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Business Cards. JEREMIAH LYONS, Attorney-at-Law.

WILLIAM M. ALLESTY, Attorney at Law.

JOHN T. L. SAHM, Attorney-at-Law.

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Select Poetry. ESTRANGED.

And so your unloved wife is dead, And you again are free— Have placed the marble at her head, And then come back to me?

With us is o'er life's sweet Spring-time, And yet to-day you've sought For that which in your free glad prime, You put aside as naught.

Miscellaneous Reading. THE FACTORY GIRL.

BY MARY RANDOLPH. It was a little studio, quite at the top of the house. Upon the easel that occupied the post of honor in the middle of the room, a piece of canvas glowed with the soft tints of a spring landscape.

In a comfortable easy chair by the door sat a plump, rosy little female, in a lace cap with plenty of narrow, white satin ribbon fluttering from it, and a silver grey poplin dress—Mrs. Seymour, in fact, our artist's mother, who had just come up from the very basement "to see how Frank was getting along."

"Here, mother," said the young man, with an enthusiastic sparkle in his eye, "just see the way that sunset light touches the topmost branches of the old maple tree. I like the brown, subdued gold of that tint; it somehow reminds me of Grace Teller's hair."

Mrs. Seymour moved a little uneasily in her chair. "Yes, it's very pretty; but it strikes me, Frank, you are lately discovering a good many similitudes between Miss Teller and your pictures."

Frank laughed good-humoredly. "Well, mother, she is pretty." "Yes, I don't deny that she's pretty enough."

"Now, mother, what's the meaning of that ambiguous tone?" demanded the young artist, pleasantly. "What have you discovered about Miss Grace Teller that isn't charming and womanly and lovable?"

"Frank, do you know who she is?" "Yes, I know that she's a remarkable pretty girl, with a voice that sounds exactly like the low, soft rivulet, where I used to play when I was a boy."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Seymour sharply. "Well, then, if you're not satisfied with her as she is, would you like to know what she will be?"

Mrs. Seymour was puzzled. "Mother, I think she will be one day my wife!" "Frank! you are crazy!"

"Not that I know of," said Mr. Seymour, composedly, squeezing a little deep blue on his palette out of a dainty tin tube, and mixing it thoughtfully.

"We know so little about her," thought Mrs. Seymour. "To be sure, she is visiting Mary Elton, and Mary belongs to a very good family, if she does live in half a house, and take in fine embroidery for a living. But then she has no style at all compared with Cynthia Parker, and Cynthia always did fancy our Frank. Then, moreover, she has five or six thousand dollars of her own. But, dear me! A young man in love is the most head-strong creature alive!"

silk bonnet and grey shawl and set out upon a tour of investigation. "I'll find out something about Miss Teller, or I'll know the reason why," thought the indefatigable widow.

Miss Grace Teller was "at home," helping Mary Elton in an elaborate piece of fine embroidery. The room where the two girls sat was very plain, carpeted with the cheapest ingrain and curtained with very ordinary pink and white chintz, yet it looked snug and cheery, for the fat blackbird was chirping noisily in the window, and a stand of mignonette and velvet blossomed panicles gave a delicate refinement to the details of every day life.

Mary Elton was pale, and not at all pretty, though there was a tremulous sweetness about her mouth that seemed to whisper that she might have been very different under different circumstances.— Grace Teller was a lovely blonde, with large blue eyes, roseleaf skin and hair whose luminous ungold fell over her forehead like an aureole.

As Mrs. Seymour entered, a deeper shade of pink stole over Grace's beautiful cheek, but otherwise she was calm and self-possessed, and readily parried the old lady's interrogatories.

"Very warm morning, this," said the old lady, fanning herself. "Do they have as warm weather where you come from, Miss Teller?"

"I believe it is very sultry in Factorville," said Grace, composedly taking another needleful of white silk. "Factorville! Is that your native place? Perhaps, then, you know Mr. Parker—Cynthia Parker's father—who superintends in the great calico mills there?"

"Very well—I have often seen him." "Are you acquainted with Cynthia?" "No—I believe Miss Parker spends most of her time in this city."

"That's very true," said Mrs. Seymour sagely. "Cynthia often says there's no society worth having in Factorville—only the girls that work in the factory—and Cynthia is very genteel. But—excuse my curiosity, Miss Teller—how did you become acquainted with Mr. Parker, and not with the daughter?"

Grace colored. "Business brought me in contact frequently with the gentleman of whom you speak, but I never happened to meet Miss Parker."

Mrs. Seymour gave a little start in her chair—she was beginning to see through the mystery. "Perhaps you have something to do with the calico factory?"

"I have," said Grace, with calm dignity. "A factory girl?" gasped Mrs. Seymour, growing red and white.

"Is there any disgrace in the title?" quietly asked Grace, although her own cheeks were dyed crimson.

"Disgrace? Oh, no—certainly not; there's no harm in earning one's living in an honest way," returned Mrs. Seymour, absently. The fact was, she was thinking in her inmost mind, "What will Frank say?" and anticipating the flag of triumph she was about to wave over him.

"I do not hesitate to confess," went on Grace, looking Mrs. Seymour full in the eyes, "that to the calico factory I owe my daily bread."

"Very laudable, I'm sure," said the old lady, growing a little uneasy under the blue, clear gaze, "only—there are steps and gradations in all society, you know, and—I am a little surprised to find you so intimate with Miss Elton, whose family is—"

Mary came over to Grace's side, and stooped to kiss her cheek. "My dearest friend—my most precious companion," she murmured, "I should be quite lost without her, Mrs. Seymour."

The old lady took her leave stilly, and did not ask Grace to return the call, although she extended an invitation to Mary, couched in the politest and most distinct terms. "Frank!" she ejaculated, never once stopping to remove her shawl or bonnet, and bursting into her son's studio like an express messenger of life-and-death news, "who do you suppose your paragon of a Miss Teller is?"

lady at the height of her lungs, "a fact—to—ry girl!"

"Well, what of that?" "What of that? Frank Seymour, you never mean to say that you would have anything to do with a common factory girl."

"I should pronounce her a very—un common factory girl, mother," said the young man, with aggravating calmness. "Frank, don't jest with me," pleaded the poor little mother, with tears in her eyes. Tell me at once that you will give up that idle fancy for a girl who is in no respect equal to you."

"No—she is in no respect my equal," returned Frank, with reddening cheek and sparkling eye, "but it is because she is in every respect my superior. Grace Teller is one of the noblest women that ever breathed this terrestrial air, as well as one of the most beautiful. Mother, I love her, as she has promised to be my wife."

Mrs. Seymour sat down, limb, lifeless and despairing. "Frank, Frank, I never thought to see my son marry a factory girl!"

And then a torrent of tears came to her relief, while Frank went on quietly touching up the scarlet foliage of a splendid old maple in the foreground of his picture.

"So you are determined to marry me, Frank, in spite of everything?" Grace Teller had been crying; the dew was wet on her eyelashes, and the unnatural crimson on her cheeks, as Frank Seymour came in, and Mary Elton considerably slipped out "to search for a missing pattern."

"I should rather think so," said Frank looking admirably down on the golden head that was stooping among the pansies. "But your mother thinks me far below you in social position."

"Social position be—ignored! What do I care for social position, as long as my little Gracie has consented to make the sunshine of my home?"

"Yes, but Frank—" "Well, but Grace?" "Do you really love me?"

For answer he took both the fair, delicate little hands, and looked steadily into her eyes.

"Frank," said Grace Teller, demurely, looking looking admirably down on the golden head that was stooping among the pansies. "I should wonder, Gracie."

And so the golden twilight faded into a purple softer than the shadow of eastern anemthesis, and the stars came out one by one, and still Frank and Gracie talked on, and still Mary Elton didn't succeed in finding that pattern.

Mrs. Seymour was the first guest to arrive at Mrs. Randall's select soiree on the first Wednesday evening in July; the fact was, she wanted a chance to console her grief to Mrs. Randall's sympathetic ear.

"Crying? Yes of course, I have been crying, Mrs. Randall—I've done nothing but cry for a week."

"Mercy upon us," said Mrs. Randall, elevating her kid gloved hands, "what is the matter? I hope Frank isn't in any sort of trouble?"

"My dear," said the old lady, in a mysterious whisper, "Frank has been entrapped—invaginated into the most dreadful entanglement. Did you ever fancy that he, the most fastidious and particular of human beings, could be resolutely determined on marrying—a factory girl?"

You are acquainted with Miss Teller?" asked Mrs. Randall, with some surprise. "Quite well; in fact I have had the management of her property for some years. Miss Teller is the young lady who owns the extensive calico factories from which our village takes its name."

"Dear me!" ejaculated Mrs. Seymour, turning, and sinking down upon a divan near her, "Why, they say the heiress of the old gentleman who owned the Factorville property is the richest girl in the county."

"Grace," said Frank, gravely and almost sternly, "what does this mean?" The blue eyes filled with tears as she clung close to his arm.

"I can't help owning the calico factories, Frank. Don't you love me just as well as though I did it?" "My little deceiver! But why didn't you tell me?"

"Why should I tell you, Frank! It was so nice to leave the heiress behind, and be plain, Grace Teller for a while— And when I saw how opposed your mother was to our engagement, a spark of woman's willfulness rose up within me, and I resolved I would maintain my incognito, come what might. Mrs. Seymour, she added, turning archly round and holding out her hand to the discomfited old lady, "didn't I tell you I owed my daily bread to the factory?"

And poor Mrs. Seymour, for once in her life, was at a loss for an answer. "IT WAS MY BROTHER'S!"

While passing along rapidly up King street, we saw a little boy seated on a curb stone. He was apparently about five or six year old, and his well combed hair, clean hands and face, bright though well patched apron, and white appearance, indicated that he was the child of a loving though indigent mother. As we looked at him closely, we were struck the heart-broken expression of his countenance, and the marks of recent tears on his cheek. So, yielding to an impulse which always leads us to sympathize with the joys or sorrows of the little ones, we stopped, and, putting a hand upon his head, asked what was the matter.— He replied by holding up his open hand, in which we beheld the fragments of a broken toy toy—a figure of a cow.

"Oh! is that all? Well, never mind it. Step into the nearest toy shop and buy another," and we dropped a four pence into his hand. "That will buy one, will it not?" "Oh!" replied he, bursting into a paroxysm of grief, "but that was little brother Tommy's, and he is dead."

The wealth of the world could not have supplied the vacancy that the breaking of that toy had left in his little heart. It was Tommy's, and he was dead!

Seeing a wretched looking lad on the plains near the Humboldt desert, nursing a starving baby, a traveler asked him what the matter was. "Well, now," responded the youth, "I guess I'm kinder streak. Ole dad's drunk, ole woman's got the hysterics; brother Jim be playing poker with two gamblers; sister Sal's down that a courtin of an entire stranger; this yere baby's got the deerce the wast sort; the team's clean gut out; the wagon's broke down; it's twenty miles to the next water—I don't care a darn if I never see Californy."

A hobby young man in Cleveland, asked employment of an individual, who inquired whether he could ride, and he said he wanted a person for a business that made it necessary to do a good deal of traveling. The applicant at first eagerly seized at the opportunity, but was disgusted to find that the business consisted in riding a blind and infirm old horse, in a circular track, for the laudable purpose of grinding tan-bark. He declined the proposition.

Rebel General Hindman writes to the President for pardon from Carlotta, Mexico. He desires returning to the United States, and writes a very doleful letter stating his present condition as very pitiful.

"Aw, how do you like my moustache, Mith Laura?" hisped a dandy to a merry girl. "O, very much; it looks like fax on the back of a caterpillar!"

Young ladies who faint on being proposed to, may be readily restored by whispering in their ear that you were only joking.