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[THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.]  
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### TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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ADVERTISING.—The rates of ADVERTISING are for one square, of eight lines or less, one insertion, 75 cents three, \$1.50 and 50 cts. or each subsequent insertion. Administrators, Executors and Auditor's Notices, \$2.00. Professional and Business Cards, not exceeding 25 lines, and including copy of paper, \$5.00 per year. Merchants advertising (changeable quarterly) \$15 per year, including paper at their stores. Notices in reading columns, ten cents per line.

Job Work.—The prices of JOB WORK, for Heavy Bills, one cent sheet, \$1.25; one-fourth, \$2.00; one-half, \$3.00; and additional numbers, half price—and for Blanks, \$2.00 per 1000.

### Business Cards.

**JEREMIAH LYONS,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Mifflintown, Juniata County, Pa. Office on Main street South of Bridge st. et.

**WILLIAM M. ALLISON,**  
Attorney at Law,  
and  
Notary Public.

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OFFERS his professional services to the public. Prompt attention given to the prosecution of claims against the Government, collections and all other business entrusted to his care. Office in the Old Fellows Hall, Bridge Street, Sept. 26, 1866.

**VENUE AUCTIONEER**  
The undersigned offers his services to the public as Venue Crier and Auctioneer. He has had a very large experience, and feels confident that he can give satisfaction to all who may employ him. He may be addressed at Mifflintown, or found at his home in Perryman township. Orders may also be left at Mr. Will's Hotel.  
Jan. 29, 1867. WILLIAM GIVEN.

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THE undersigned will promptly attend to the collection of claims against either the State or National Government, Pensions, Back Pay, Bounty, Extra Pay, and all other claims arising out of the present or any other war, collected.

**JEREMIAH LYONS,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Mifflintown, Juniata Co., Pa. (Feb 1)

**NEW TOBACCO STORE.**—Just received at Barnes' Cigar and Tobacco Store, a fresh supply of pure Yara Cigars and Tobaccos.  
Best Navy.....\$1.00 per lb  
2nd.....90c  
3rd.....80c  
Cass Gold Bar.....1.40  
Oranoke.....1.40  
The best brands Fine Cut loose and in foil, and all kinds of Bright Tobacco at reduced prices. The lovers of good chewing and smoking tobacco are respectfully invited to call and examine my stock.  
June 20-17. A. T. BARNES.

**NEW ARRANGEMENT.**—The undersigned finding it impossible with one Market Car, to supply their customers, have purchased another, and are now prepared to furnish marketing regularly twice a week after the 1st of August. One car will arrive in Patterson every Wednesday evening, the other will arrive every Friday evening. We wish it distinctly understood, we will do nothing but a strictly cash business in future. Persons ordering goods regularly every week are expected to pay promptly each trip. One car will leave Patterson for Philadelphia every Monday morning, the other will leave every Wednesday morning.  
July 25-17. HOLLOBAUGH & ROWE.

**DENTAL CARD.**  
**R. M. KEEVER, DENTAL SURGEON**  
TAKES this method of informing his friends in Juniata county, that owing to the increasing success he has met with, during the few months he has been practicing his profession in said county, he feels warranted in making stated visits to Mifflintown and McAllisterville. The first Monday of each month Mr. Keever may be found at the Juniata Hotel, Mifflintown, to remain two weeks. The third Monday, at McAllisterville, to remain during the week. Teeth inserted on VULCANITE, GOLD & SILVER. TEETH FILLED and extracted in the most approved manner, and with the least possible pain.  
Strict attention given to diseased gums, &c. All work guaranteed. Terms reasonable.  
January 24, 1867-17.

**JOSEPH S. DELL,**  
**CLOTHIER,**  
NO. 43 NORTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA  
Clothing superior to any other establishment in the City and at lower prices. Merchants will find it to their advantage to call. All goods warranted. Presented by J. K. Sawyer.  
[Nov. 7-17.]

**ESTABLISHED 5 YEARS.**  
**SORREL HORSE HOTEL**  
No. 268 NORTH FOURTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.  
A. DEWILDER, Proprietor.  
Feb. 21, 1867-17.]

### DR. LEON'S CELEBRATED PREPARATIONS

THE PERFECTION OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

#### Dr. Leon's Electric Hair Renewer.

It is a positive cure for baldness. It restores grey hair to its original color. It is a Tonic, and acts upon the secretions.

It immediately arrests falling out of the hair. It alleviates neuralgia and headache. It radically cures dandruff and humors. It keeps the scalp healthy, clean and cool. It is an elegant and exquisitely fragrant hair dressing.

It restores, cultivates and beautifies the hair. It makes harsh hair flexible and lustrous. Dr. Leon's Electric Hair Renewer has enjoyed a high local reputation for many years. Its wonderful restorative and invigorating properties are well known to the medical faculty of Philadelphia.

Being fully satisfied of the merits of Leon's Electric Hair Renewer we have procured exclusive ownership and are determined that every household in our land shall have opportunity to reap its benefit.

#### DR. LEON'S INFANT REMEDY.

A most delightful and efficacious cure for the various ills to which infants and young children are subject.

AVAILABLE FOR TEething CHILDREN. It soothes the gums, abates inflammation, invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and is a sure and speedy cure for Colic, Cramps and Windy Pains.

A most excellent preparation for children of a restless and fretful habit and in all cases of looseness, griping, vomiting or other inward grief, it gives immediate relief.

Used for more than half a century in the private practice of one of the most eminent physicians of Philadelphia.

In now placing this article within the reach of all our countrymen, we would remark that we know it to be a remedy of unrivalled excellence and that it has proved in thousands of cases, as we are received it shall in millions, a priceless boon. For sale by Drugists every where. Address all orders to ZIEGLER & SMITH, SOLE PROPRIETORS, 137 North Third St., Philadelphia.

#### SILVER'S WASH POWDER.

Saves time, labor, money. Makes washing a pastime and Monday a Festival. Sold everywhere. Try it. Nov 14, 1866-17.

#### ATTENTION CITIZENS.—NEWS DEPOT

and Stationery Store, in Perryville, Juniata county, Pa. (Post Office Building). The undersigned asks leave to inform the good people of this and neighboring counties that he has opened a fine stock of Stationery Books, etc., and having bought them at a very low wholesale price in Philadelphia, by adding a small per centage, is certain he can sell cheaper than any other establishment in the county. The following is a list of Magazines and Periodicals kept, with prices attached, any of which will be sent by mail free of postage to any place upon receipt of the annexed price, viz:

- Atlantic Monthly.....47c
- Harpers Magazine.....47c
- Frank Leslie's Gazette of Fashions.....45c
- Godeys Magazine.....40c
- Ladies Friend.....25c
- Bainous Magazine.....25c
- Waverly Magazine (weekly).....15c
- Harpers Pictorial (weekly).....15c
- Country Corner.....15c
- Allen.....15c
- New York Letter.....10c
- National Police Gazette.....10c
- New York Clipper.....10c
- Saturday Night.....10c
- Gleasons Literary Companion.....12c
- Headless and Monroe's Novels, (each).....10c
- Headie's Songster.....10c
- Martin's Sensible Letter Writer.....50c
- Porteus Tellers and Dream Books of different kinds, (each).....40c

Also all kinds of 25c Novels.  
N. B.—Any of the Daily Philadelphia papers furnished at 75c per month, or tri-weekly at 50c, per month, semi-weekly 30c or weekly 20c per month, also Music, Magazines and other bindings attended to.

P. S.—Back numbers of all Magazines and Papers furnished at short notice. I am determined to supply a great want in this county by furnishing the people with reading matter at a reasonable price.  
I respectfully solicit your patronage.  
JOHN M. THOMPSON.  
Perryville, Aug. 1, '66.

#### NEW CLOTHING EMPORIUM

IN MIFFLINTOWN,  
In Wilson's Brick Store Room, on the North-west Corner of Bridge and Water Streets.

THE undersigned would respectfully announce that they have opened in the above well-known stand a very fine and select assortment of READY-MADE CLOTHING, consisting in part of

- COATS, CAPES,
- VEST, SHIRTS,
- COLLARS, CRAVATS,
- TRICOTS, HOODINGS,
- HANDKERCHIEFS, &c., &c.

BOOTS & SHOES for men, women & children. HATS & CAPS for men and boys, &c., &c. Our stock is composed of ENTIRELY NEW GOODS, and all who desire any article in our line would do well to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. Doing nothing but a strictly Cash Business, we are enabled to sell goods at a very low figure. Close cash buyers would do well to examine our stock. We respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.  
Nov 7, 1866-17.] LONDON & JACKMAN.

#### PURE LIBERTY WHITE SOAP

The Whitest, the most durable and the most economical. Try it! Manufactured only by

ZIEGLER & SMITH,  
Wholesale Drug, Paint & Glass Dealers  
No. 137 North THIRD St., PHILADELPHIA.  
Jan. 21, '67-17.]

### Select Poetry.

BY-AND-BY.

There's a little mischief-making Elf, who is ever nigh,  
Thwarting every undertaking,  
And his name is By-and-by.  
What we ought to do this minute,  
"Will be better done," he'll cry,  
"If to-morrow we begin it,"  
"Put it off," says By-and-by."

Those who heed his treacherous wooing  
Will his faithless guidance rue;  
What we always put off doing,  
Clearly, we shall never do.  
We shall reach what we endeavor,  
If on Now we more rely;  
But unto the realm of Never,  
Leads the pilot By-and-by.

### Miscellaneous Reading.

#### THE IRON VAULT.

A THRILLING STORY.

I live in San Francisco, and I am a locksmith by trade. My calling is a strange one, and possesses a certain fascination rendering it one of the most pleasant of pursuits. Many who follow it see nothing but its return in Gold and Silver. To me it has other charms than the money it produces. I was called upon almost daily, to open doors and peer into long neglected apartments; to spring the stubborn locks of safes, and gloat upon the treasures piled within; to quietly enter the apartments of ladies with more leniency than discretion, and pick the locks of drawers containing peace destroying missives, that the dangerous evidences of wandering affection may not reach the eye of a husband or father, in possession of the missing key; to force the fastenings of such boxes, and depositories of records, selling of men grown suddenly rich, of corporations plundered, of orphans robbed, of hopes crushed, of families ruined, is there no charm in all of this?—no food for speculation?—no scope for the range of pleasant fancy? Then, who would not be a locksmith, though his face is begrimed with the soot of the forge and his hand are stained with rust?

But I have a story to tell—not exactly a story, either—for a story implies the completion as well as the beginning of a narrative—and mine is scarcely more than the introduction to one. Let him who deals in things of fancy, write the rest.

In the spring of 1856, I think it was in April—I opened a little shop on Kearney street and soon worked myself into a fair business. Late one evening, a lady, closely veiled, entered my shop and pulling from beneath a cloak, a small japanned box, requested me to open it. The lock was curiously constructed and I was all of an hour in fitting it with a key. The lady seemed nervous at the delay, and at length requested me to close the door. I was a little surprised at the suggestion, but of course complied. Shutting the door, and returning to my work, the lady withdrew the veil disclosing as sweet a face as can well be imagined. There was a restlessness in the eye and a pallor in the cheek, however, which plainly told of a heart ill at ease, and in a moment every emotion for her had given way to that of pity.

"Perhaps you are not well, madam, and the night air is too chilly?" said I, rather inquisitively.

I felt a rebuke in her reply. "In requesting you to close the door I had no other object than to escape the attention of persons."

I did not reply but thoughtfully continued my work. She resumed:  
"That little box contains valuable papers—private papers—and I have lost the key, or it has been stolen, I should no wish to have you remember that I came here on such an errand," she continued, with some hesitation, and giving a look which it was no difficult matter to understand.

"Certainly madam if you desire it.—If I cannot forget you face, I will, at least attempt to lose the recollection of ever seeing it here."

The lady bowed rather coldly at what I considered a fine compliment, and I proceeded with my work, satisfied that a sudden discovered partiality for me had nothing to do with visit.

Having succeeded after much filing and fitting in turning the lock, I was

seized with a curiosity to get a glimpse at the precious contents of the box, and suddenly raising the lid, discovered a bundle of letters and a daguerrotype, as I slowly passed the box to its owner. She seized it hurriedly, and placing the letters and picture in her pocket, locked the box and drawing the veil over her face, pointed to the door. I opened it, and as she passed into the street, she merely whispered—"remember!" We met again and I have been thus particular in describing her visit to the shop, to render probable a subsequent recognition.

About two o'clock in the morning in the latter part of May following, I was awake by a gentle tap upon the window of the little room back of the shop in which I lodged. Thinking of burglars, I sprang out of bed, and in a moment was at the window, with a heavy hammer in my hand which I usually kept at that time within convenient reach of the bedside.

"Who's there?" I inquired, raising the hammer, and peering out into the darkness—for it was dark as Egypt when under the curse of Israel's God.

"Hist!" exclaimed a figure stepping in front of the window; "open the window, I have business for you."

"Rather past business hours I should say; but who are you?"

"No one that would harm you," returned the voice, which I imagined was rather feminine for a burglar.

"Nor to one that can't!" I replied rather emphatically by way of warning, as I tightened my grip upon the hammer, and proceeded to the door, I pushed back the bolt, and slowly opening the door, discovered the stranger already upon the steps.

"What do you want?" I abruptly inquired.

"I will tell you," answered the same soft voice, "if you dare open the door with enough for me to enter."

"Come in," said I resolutely, throwing the door ajar, and proceeded to light a candle. Having succeeded, I turned to examine the visitor. He was a small and neatly dressed gentleman, with a heavy Raglan around his shoulders, and a blue navy cap drawn suspiciously over the eyes. As I advanced toward him, he seemed to hesitate a moment, then raised the cap from his forehead, and looked me earnestly in the face. I did not drop the candle, but acknowledged to a little nervousness as I hurriedly placed the light upon a table and silently proceeded to invest myself with two or three very necessary articles of clothing. As the Lord himself, my visitor was a lady, and the same for whom I had opened the little box about a month before! Having completed my hasty toilette, I attempted to stammer an apology for my rudeness, but utterly failed. The fact is, I was confounded!

Smiling at my discomfiture, she said:  
"Disguise is useless; I presume you recognize me?"

"I believe I told you, madam, I should not soon forget your face. In what way can I serve you?"

"By doing half an hour's work before daylight to-morrow, and receiving five hundred dollars for your labor," was the reply.

"It is not ordinary work," said I, inquiringly, "that commands so magnificent compensation."

"It is a labor common to your calling," replied the lady. "The price is not so much for the labor, as the condition under which it must be performed."

"What is the condition?" I inquired.

"That you will submit to being conveyed from and return to your own door blindfolded."

Idea of murder, burglary, and almost every other crime to villainy, hurriedly presented themselves in succession, as I politely bowed, and said:

"I must understand something more of the character of the employment, as well as the conditions, to accept your offer."

"Will not five hundred dollars answer in lieu of an explanation?" she inquired.

"No—nor five thousand!"  
She patted her foot nervously on the floor. I could see she placed entirely too low an estimate on my honesty, and I felt some gratification in trying to convince her of the fact.

"Well, then, if it is absolutely necessary for me to explain," she replied, "I

must tell you that you are requested to pick the lock of a vault, and—"

"You have gone quite far enough, madam, with the explanation," I interrupted, "I am not at your service."

"As I said," she continued, "you are requested to pick the lock of a vault, and rescue from death a man who has been confined there for three days."

"To whom does this vault belong?" I inquired.

"To my husband," was the somewhat reluctant reply.

"Then why so much secrecy, or rather, how come a man to be confined in such a place?"

"I secreted him there to escape the observation of my husband. He suspected as much, and closed the door upon him. Presuming he had left the vault, and quitted the house by the back door, I did not dream until to-day that he was confined there. Certain suspicious acts of my husband, this afternoon, convinced me that the man is there, beyond human hearing, and will be starved to death by my barbarous husband, unless immediately rescued. For three days he has not left the house. I dragged him less than an hour ago, and he is now so completely stupefied that the lock may be picked without his interference. I have searched his pockets but could not find the key; hence my application to you. Now you know all; will you accompany me?"

"To the end of the world, madame, on such an errand."

"Then prepare yourself, there is a cab waiting at the door."

I was a little surprised, for I had not heard the sound of wheels. Hastily drawing on a coat, and providing myself with the required implements, I was soon at the door. There, sure enough, was the cab with the driver in his seat, ready for the mysterious journey. I entered the vehicle, followed by the lady. As soon as I was seated, by the faint light of an adjacent street lamp, she carefully bound a handkerchief round my eyes.

The lady seated herself beside me, and the cab started. In half an hour the vehicle stopped—in what part of the city I am entirely ignorant, as it was evidently driven by anything but a direct course from the point of starting.

Examining the bandage to see that my vision was completely obscured, the lady handed me the bundle of tools with which I was provided, then taking me by the arm, led me through a gate into a house which I knew was of brick, and after taking me along a passage way which could not have been less than fifty feet in length, and down a flight of stairs into what was evidently an underground basement, stopped beside a vault and removed the handkerchief from my eyes.

"Here is the vault—open it," said she, springing the door of a dark-lantern, and throwing a beam of light upon the lock.

I seized a bunch of skeleton keys, and after a few trials, which the lady seemed to watch with the most painful anxiety, sprang the bolt. The door swung upon its hinges, and my companion, telling me not to close it, as it was self-locking, sprang into the vault.

I did not follow. I heard the murmurs of low voices within, and the next moment the lady reappeared and leaning upon her arm, a man with face so pale and haggard that I started at the sight. How he must have suffered during the three long days of his confinement.

"Remain here," she said, handing me the lantern; "I will be back in a moment."

The two slowly ascended the stairs, and I heard them enter a room immediately above where I was standing. In less than a minute the lady returned. "Shall I close it, madam?" said I, placing my hand upon the door of the vault.

"No! no!" she exclaimed, hastily seizing my arm; "it awaits another occupant."

"Madam, you certainly do not intend to—"

"Are you ready?" she interrupted, impatiently, holding the handkerchief to my eyes. The thought flashed across my mind that she intended to push me into the vault, and bury me and my secret together. She seemed to read the suspicion, and continued:

"Do not be alarmed. You are not the man!"

I could not mistake the truth or the fearful meaning of the remark, and I

shuddered as I bent my head to the handkerchief. My eyes were as carefully bandaged as before, and I was led to the cab, and thence driven home by a more circuitous route, if possible, than the one by which we came. Arrived in front of the house, the handkerchief was removed and I stepped from the vehicle. A purse of five hundred dollars was placed in my hand, and in a moment, the cab and its mysterious occupant had turned the corner, and were out of sight.

I entered the shop, and the purse of gold was the only evidence I could summon in my bewilderment, that all I had just done and witnessed was not a dream.

A month after that, I saw the lady and the gentleman taken from the vault, walking leisurely along Montgomery St. I do not know, but I believe the sleeping husband awoke within the vault, and his bones are there to day! The wife is still a resident of San Francisco.

### TEMPERANCE ORATORS—A SUGGESTION.

To make an audience laugh seems to be the main object of many of the intemperate lecturers who have entered the list against intemperance. Funny stories, going to show that indulgence in strong potations engenders wit and humor, and leads to a ludicrous adventures, are the principal staple of half the discourses delivered, ostensibly in the interest of temperance. The tendency of such harangues is bad. They are more likely to make a man in love with inebriety than to inspire him with a horror of it; but there is a popular element in them and they pay. Just as urchins make merry over the vagaries of a drunkard in the street, children of a larger growth chuckle over the absurdities of inebriety as illustrated by facetious temperance lecturers. No sot will ever be rescued from degradation by presenting to him the comic phases of the vice that is destroying him; nor will any man who has not yet fallen into the slough of dissipation be saved from it by calling his attention to the grotesque sayings and doings of beings already wallowing in its mire.

One of the most effective arguments in favor of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks is their universal and horrible adulteration. Never before has what is called "doctored" of liquors and wines been practised to the same dangerous extent that it is now. Let any temperance lecturer who wishes to create a profound sensation in the public mind obtain samples of the distilled and fermented liquors sold, and have them analyzed by competent chemists. Let him exhibit to his audience the proportions of deadly poison which the unerring processes of science prove them to contain, and he can hardly fail to startle the moderate drinker and make the drunkard shudder. The fact is that under existing revenue laws no man can make a living by selling spirituous beverages unless he mixes the product of the still at least half and half with poison more or less diluted. Vile essences and essential oils, ether, vitriol and strychnine are mingled with the water used to increase the quantity of the liquor. Thus is the stuff imbued at every bar fired and flavored. The worst liquor retailed in New York ten years ago was not as pernicious as that now sold in what are called "respectable bar-rooms." Let this fact be demonstrated (as it easily may be) and urged upon the attention of the public by the apostles of temperance. It will surely have a more beneficial effect than the jocular anecdotes with which many of them endeavor to amuse their hearers.

A foolish woman calling herself Rosa Celeste, tried to walk a tight rope near San Francisco, and wheel a barrow with a man named Kennovan in it along the cable. Kennovan became scared just before the performance was to begin, and drank heavily to get courage. The woman then declined to undertake the feat, but the audience jeered her for want of pluck, and she made the attempt. The drunkard fellow however, changed his position in the barrow, and he, it and Celeste fell to the ground. Kennovan was frightfully bruised and mangled, and Celeste had her elbow and shoulder bone broken. It is feared that both the man and woman have received internal injuries which may prove fatal.

A modest minister out west marries for a drink of whisky, a dozen eggs, and the first kiss of the bride.