Juniata Sentinel.

H. H. WILSON, [THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.] EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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H. H. WILSON.

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☞ No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid—except at the option of the Editor.

ADVERTISING.—The rates of ADVERTISING are for one square, of ten or less lines, one insertion, 75 cents; three, $1.50; and 50 cts for each subsequent insertion. Administrator's, Executor's and Auditor's Notices, $2.50. Professional and Business Cards, not exceeding 25 lines, and including copy of paper, $8.00 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 thirty Bills, one-eight sheet, $1.25; one-fourth, $2.00; one-half, $3.00; and additional numbers, half price—and for Blanks, $2.00 per quire.

Business Cards.

JEREMIAH LYONS,

Attorney-at-Law,

Mifflintown, Juniata County, Pa. Office on Main street South of Bridge street.

WILLIAM M ALLISON,

Attorney at Law,

AND

Notary Public.

Will attend to all business entrusted to his care. Office on Main Street, Mifflintown, Pa.

JOHN T. L. SAHM.

Attorney-at-Law,

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PA.

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 Odd Fellows' Hall, Bridge Street.

Sept. 26, 1866.

VENDUE CRIER AND AUCTIONEER

The undersigned offers his services to the public as Vendue Cryer 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 Fermanagh township. Orders may also be left at Mr. Will's Hotel.

Jan. 23, 1867. WILLIAM GIVEN.

MILITARY CLAIMS.

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. [6m]

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 "	50c.	" "
Cases 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-tf. 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-tf. BOLLOBAUGH & ROWE.

DENTAL CARD—

R. M. KEEVER, DENTAL SURGEON

TAKES this method of informing his friends in Juniata county, that owing to the reasonably good success he has met with, during the few months he has been practising his profession in said county, he feels warranted in making stated visits to Mifflintown and McAlisterville. The first Monday of each month Mr. Keever may be found at the Juniata Hotel, Mifflin, to remain two weeks. The third Monday, at McAlisterville, 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 warranted. ☞ Terms reasonable.

January 24, 1866-tf.

JOSEPH S. DELL.

CLOTHIER,

NO. 45 NORTH THIRD STREET, PHILAD'A

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. Sweyer. [nov. 7-1y.

ESTABLISHED 5 YEARS.

SORREL HORSE HOTEL

No. 263 NORTH FOURTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

A. DETWILER, PROPRIETOR.

Feb 21, 1866-1y.]

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, *not a Dye*, 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.

INVALUABLE FOR TEETHING CHILDREN.

It softens 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 pain, it gives immediate ease.

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 resolved it shall in millions, a priceless boon. For sale by Druggists everywhere. 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, 1866-1y.

ATTENTION CITIZENS.—NEWS DEPOT and Stationary Store, in Perrysville, Juniata county, Pa. (Post office Building.)

The undersigned asks leave to inform the good people of this and neighboring counties that he has opend a fine stock of Stationary Books, etc., and having bought them at a very low wholesale price in Philadelphia, by adding a small per centage, he 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	45c.
Harpers Magazine	45c.
Frank Leslie's Gazette of Fashions	45c
Godies Magazine	40c.
Ladies Friend	25c.
Ballous Magazine	25c.
Waverly Magazine (weekly)	15c.
Harpers Pictorial (weekly)	15c.
Frank Leslie's Pictorial, Illustrated	15c.
Chimney Corner	15c
Albion	15c.
New York Ledger	10c.
National Police Gazette	10c.
New York Clipper	10c.
Saturday Night	10c.
Gleasons Literary Companion	12c.
Beadle and Munroe's Novels, (each)	10c.
Beadle's Songster	10c.
Martin's Sensible Letter Writer	5c.
Fortune Tellers and Dream Books of different kinds, (each)	10c.

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 25c. 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.

Perrysville, aug. 1, '66.

S. S. LOUDON..... W. J. JACKMAN

NEW CLOTHING EMPORIUM

IN

MIFFLINTOWN,

In Wilson's Brick Store Room, on the Northwest 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, PANTS,
VESTS, SHIRTS,
COLLARS, DRAWERS,
NECKTIES, STOCKINGS,
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-tf] LOUDON & JACKMAN.

DEAFNESS, BLINDNESS & CATARRH, treated with the utmost success, by J. ISAACS, M. D., Oculist and Aurist, (formerly of Leyden, Holland,) No. 519 PINE Street, PHILAD'A. Testimonials, from the most reliable sources in the City and Country can be seen at his office. The medical faculty are invited to accompany their patients, as he has no secrets in his practice. ARTIFICIAL EYES, inserted without PAIN. No charge for examination. mar 21-1y.]

Select Poetry.

ASKATING GLEE.

Fleet as the shadows glide
Over the ice we fly,
Swift as the swallows glide
Under the starry sky,
Every heart beats high,
Ecstacy rules the hour,
Thousands of forms sweep by,
Showing their graceful power.
Curling, whirling,
Gliding, Sliding,
Over the ice we sail,

Best of skies above,
Smoothest of ice below,
Bound to the steel we love,
Ever and on we go,
Over the gleaming floor,
Over the frozen tide,
Skimming the peopled shore,
Merrily now we glide,
Curling, whirling,
Gliding, sliding,
Over the ice we sail.

Shouting our words of glee,
Singing our songs of mirth,
Happier souls than we
Never were found on earth;
On, like a petrel's flight,
On like the swiftest gale,
On like the flying light,
Over the ice we sail,
Curling, whirling,
Gliding, sliding,
Over the ice we sail.

Miscellaneous Reading.

HOME INFLUENCE.

"What's that, I wonder?" said Mrs. Seaburn, as she heard a ring at the basement door.

"Ah—it's Marshall," returned her husband, who had looked out of the window, and recognized the grocer's cart.

"And what have you sent home now, Henry?"

But before Mr. Seaburn could answer, the door of the sitting room was opened, and one of the domestics looked in and asked:

"What'll I do with the demijohns, mum?"

"Demijohns?" repeated Mrs. Seaburn.

"Let them set in the hall, and I'll attend to them," interposed the husband.

"Henry, what have you sent home now?" the wife asked, after the domestic had gone.

"Some nice old brandy," replied Henry.

Cora Seaburn looked up at the clock, and then glanced down upon the floor.—There was a cloud upon her fair brow, and it was evident that something lay heavily upon her heart. Presently she walked to the wall and pulled the bell cord, and the summons was answered by the chamber-maid.

"Are George and Charles in their room?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Tell them it is school time."

The girl went out, and in a little while two boys entered the sitting room, with their books under their arms, and their caps in their hands. They were bright, happy, healthy fellows, with goodness and truth stamped upon their rosy faces, and the light of free consciences gleaming in their sparkling eyes. George was thirteen years of age and Charles eleven, and certainly those two parents had reason to be proud of them.

The boys kissed their mother, gave a happy "good morning" to their father, and then went away to school.

"Cora," said Mr. Seaburn, some time after the boys had gone, "what makes you so sober?"

"Sober?" repeated the wife, looking up.

"Yes. You have been sober and mute ever since the grocer came."

"Do you want me to tell you why?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, Henry, I am sorry you had that spirit brought into the house."

"Pooh! What's the use of talking so, Cora? You wouldn't have me do without it, would you?"

"Yes."

"Why—what do you mean?"

"I mean that I would cut clear from the stuff now and forever."

"But, Cora, you are wild. What should we do at our dinner parties without wine?"

"Do as others do who have it not."

"But—mercy! what would people think? Are you afraid that I—but no—I will not ask so foolish a question."

"Ask it, Henry. Let us speak plainly, now that we have commenced."

"Well, I was about to ask if you were afraid that I should ever—drink too much?"

"That's not a fair question, Henry, I am not thinking of that, at all. But I will answer that by and by. You have no fixed appetite for it now."

"Of course not."

"Then it will not cost you any effort of will to abstain from its use."

"Not a particle."

"And you only have it in your house and serve it to your friends, and drink it yourself, because its fashionable! or, in other words, you do it because others do it?"

"I do it because," said Mr. Seaburn, hesitating some in his choice of language—"because it would appear very odd and niggardly, and very fanatical, not to do it. This last was spoken emphatically.

"But," pursued Mrs Seaburn, with a calmness and assurance of one who feels the sustaining influence of Right, "you would not do what you what you were convinced was wrong out of respect to any such consideration, would you?"—"You know I would not, Cora. This question of temperance, I know, is good in the abstract, and I am willing to live up to it, as I understand it; but I am no teetotller."

"Henry," said his wife, with an earnest look into his face, "will you answer me a few questions, and answer them without equivocation or evasion?"

"Bless me, how methodically you put it, Cora. But I will answer."

"Then—first, do you believe you, or your friends, are in any way benefitted by the drinking of intoxicating beverages at your board? That is, do you derive any real good from it?"

"No, I can't say that we do."

"Do you think the time has ever been since we were married, when we actually needed wine in the house either for health or comfort?"

"Why—I think it has administered to our comfort, Cora."

"How?"

"Oh—in many ways!"

"Name one of them."

"Why—in the real enjoyment of our guests."

"Ah! but I am speaking of our selves, Henry—of you and me and our little family. Has it ever ministered to our comfort?"

"No, I can't say that it has."

"And if it was banished from our house to day, and forever, as a beverage, should we suffer in consequence?"

"Certainly. What would our friends say?"

"Ah, but stop. I am only speaking of our own affairs, as shut out from the world, by our own fireside. I want all extraneous considerations left out. Should we, as a family, suffer in our moral, physical, social or domestic affairs in the total abstinence from this beverage?"

"No, I don't know that we should."

"Then to you, as a husband, and as a father, and as a man, it is of no earthly use?"

"No."

"And it would cost you no effort, so far as you alone are concerned to break clear from it?"

"Not a particle."

"And now, Henry," pursued the wife, with increased earnestness, "I have a few more questions to ask. Do you believe that the drinking of intoxicating beverages is an evil in this country?"

"Why, as it is now going on, certainly do."

"And isn't it an evil in society?"

"Yes."

"Look over this city, and tell me if it is not a terrible evil."

"A terrible evil grows out of the abuse of it, Cora."

"And will you follow me, what good grows out of the use of it?"

"Really, love, when you come down to this abstract point, you have the field—but men should govern their appetites.—All things may be abused."

"Yes. But will you tell me the use, the real good, to be derived from drinking wine and brandy?"

"As I said before, it is a social custom, and has it charms."

"Ah, there you have it Henry. It has its charms as the deadly snake is said to have! But I see you are in a hurry."

"It is time I was at the store."

"I will detain you but a moment longer, Henry. Just answer me a few more questions. Now call to mind all the families of your acquaintance; of all the domestic circles you have known from your schoolboy days to the present. Run your thoughts through the various homes where you have been intimate. Do this, and tell me if, in any one instance you ever knew a single joy to be planted by the hearth-stone by the wine cup. Did you ever know one item of good to a family from its use?"

"No, I cannot say that I ever did; not as you mean."

"And now you answer me again.—Think of these homes once more. Call to memory the playmates of your childhood—think of the homes they have made—think of other homes—think of the firesides where all you know dwell, and tell me if you have seen any sorrows flow from the wine cup? Have you seen any great griefs planted by the intoxicating bowl upon the hearth stone?"

Henry Seaburn did not answer, for there passed before him such grim specters of sorrow and grief that he shuddered at the mental vision. He saw the youth cut down in the hour of promise; he saw hearts broken and homes made desolate; he affection wither up and die; and noble intellects stricken down! Good heavens! what sights he saw as he unrolled the canvas of his memory.

"Henry," whispered the wife, moving to his side, and winding one arm gently around his neck, "we have two boys—they are growing to be men. They are noble, generous and warm hearted. They love their home and honor their parents. They are here to form those characters—to receive those impressions which shall be the basis upon which their future weal or woe must rest. Look at them—O, think of them. Think of them doing battle in the great struggle of life before them. Shall they carry out from their home one single evil influence? Shall shall they, in the time to come, fall by the way side, cut down by the demon of the cup, and in their dying hour curse the example whence they derive their appetite? O—for our children—for those two boys—for the memories we would have them cherish of their homes—for the good old age they may reap—let us cast out this thing now and forever?"

"Henry, you are not offended?"

"No," he said. He returned her kiss, and without another word left the house and returned to the store.

How strange did circumstances work to keep the idea his wife had given him, alive in his mind. That very morning he met a youth, the son of a wealthy friend, in a state of wild intoxication; and during the forenoon he heard that young Aaron G. had died at sea. He knew that young Aaron had been sent away that he might be reclaimed.

After the bank had closed, and as Henry Seaburn was thinking of going to his dinner, he received a note through the Penny Post. It was from a medical friend, and contained a request that he would call at the hospital on his way home. The hospital was not much out of his way, and he stopped there.

"There is a man in the lower wards who wishes to see you," said the doctor.

"Does he know me?" asked Seaburn.

"He says he does."

"What is his name."

"He won't tell us. He goes by the name of Smith; but I am satisfied that such is not his true name. He is in the last stage of consumption and delirium. He has lucid intervals, but they do not last. He has been here a week. He was in the street and brought here. He heard your name and said he knew you once."

Mr. Seaburn went to the room where the patient lay, and looked at him.—Surely he never knew that man. "There must be some mistake," he said.

The invalid heard him, and opened his eyes—such blood shot, sunken, unearthly looking eyes.

"Harry," he whispered, trying to lift himself upon his elbow, "is this Harry Seaburn?"

"That is my name."

"And you do not know me?"

"I am sure I do not." And he would have said he did not wish to, only the man seemed so utterly miserable that he would not wound what little feeling he might have left.

"Have you forgotten your old playmate in boyhood, Harry—your friend in other years—your chum in College?"

"What!" gasped Seaburn, starting back aghast, as a glimpse of truth burst upon him. "This is not Alec Lomberg?"

"All that is left of him, my Hal," returned the poor fellow, putting forth his wasted, skeleton hand, and smiling a faint, quivering, dying smile. "Ah—Pater Peccavi?"

"Alexander Lomberg!" said Harry, gazing into the bloated, disfigured face before him.

"You would not have known me, Hal?"

"Good heavens—no!"

"I know I am altered. Ah, Hal, *sic transit gloria mundi!*"

"But, Alec," cried Seaburn, "how is this? Why are you here?"

"Rum, Hal, rum! I am about done for—but I wanted to see you. They told me you lived not far away; and I would look upon one friend before I died."

"But I heard you were practicing in your profession, Alec, and doing well."

"So I did well when I practiced, Hal. I have made some pleas; but I have given up all that."

"And your father, where is he?"

"Do not mention him, Hal. We've broken. I do not know him: he taught me and then turned the cold shoulder to me when I drank too much. But I am going, Hal—going, going."

Harry Seaburn gazed into that horrible face, and remembered what its owner had been—the son of wealthy parents; the idol of a fond mother; the favorite at school, at play, at college; a light of intellect and physical beauty; and a noble, generous friend. And now, alas!

"Alec, can I help you?"

"Yes." And the poor fellow started higher from his pillow, and something of the old light struggled for a moment in his eye. "Pray for me, Hal, pray for my soul. Pray that I may go where my mother is. She won't disown her boy. She could not have done it had she lived. Oh! she was a good mother, Hal. Thank God she did not live to see this! Pray for me—pray—pray? Let me go to her!"

And the wasted man sank back—he fell to weeping; and in a moment more one of his paroxyms came on, and he began to rave. He thought Henry was his father, and he cursed him, and cursed the habit that had been fastened upon him under that father's influence. But Henry could not stop to listen. With an aching heart he turned away and left the hospital. He could not go home to dinner then; he walked down town, and got dinner there. At night he went to the hospital again. He would inquire after his friend, if he could not see him.

"Poor fellow," said the physician, he never came out of that fit. He died in half an hour after you went out."

It was dark when Seaburn reached home.

"You didn't tell Bridget where to put those demijohns, Henry," said his wife. She had not noticed his face, for the gas was burning dimly.

"Ah, I forgot. Come with me, Cora, and we'll find a place for them." His wife followed him down in the basement, and one by one he took the demijohns and carried them into the rear yard, and there he emptied their contents into the sewer. Then he broke the vessels with his foot, and bade Bridget have the dirt man take the fragments away in the morning.—Not one word had he spoken to his wife all the while, nor did she speak to him. He returned to the sitting-room, where his boys were at their books, and took a seat upon one of their tete a tetes. He called his wife and children around him, and then told the story of Alexander Lomberg.

"And now, my loved ones," he added, laying his hands upon the heads of his boys," I have made a solemn vow that, henceforth, my children shall find no such influence at their homes. They never shall have occasion to curse their father. I will touch the wine cup no more forever. What say you, my boys, will you join me in the sacred pledge?"

They joined him with glad, gushing willingness, for their hearts were full, and their sympathies all turned by a mother's careful love, to right.

"And you, Cora?"

"Yes, yes," she cried, "and may the holy lessons of this hour never be forgotten. O, God, let it rest an angel of mercy upon my boys. Let it be a light to their feet in time of temptation. And so shall they bless through life, the influence they carry with them from their homes."