



TERMS OF PUBLICATION. THE JUNIATA SENTINEL is published every Wednesday morning, on Main street, by H. H. WILSON. THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the paper will be TWO DOLLARS per year in advance, and \$2.50 if not paid within the first three months.

Business Cards. JEREMIAH LYONS, Attorney-at-Law, Mifflintown, Juniata County, Pa. Office on Main street South of Bridge street.

JOHN T. L. SAHM, Attorney-at-Law, MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PA. OFFERS his professional services to the public.

VENUE AUCTIONEER. The undersigned offers his services to the public as a Venue Officer and Auctioneer. He has had a very large experience, and feels confident that he can give satisfaction to all who may employ him.

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.

NEW ARRANGEMENT. The undersigned finding it impossible with one Mackey Car, to supply their customers, have purchased another, and are now prepared to furnish marketing regularly twice a week after the 1st of August.

DENTAL CARD. R. M. KEEVER, DENTAL SURGEON. MAKES the method of informing his friends in Juniata county, that owing to the reasonable good 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 McAlisterville.

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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.

NEW CLOTHING EMPORIUM. 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 CAPS, HATS, COATS, SUITS, GENTS, YOUTH, CHILDREN, COLLARS, CRAWLERS, NECKTIES, SHOES, GLOVES, HOSIERY, &c., &c.

DEAFNESS, BLINDNESS & CATARRH. treated with the utmost success, by J. ISAACS, M. D., Oculist and Aurist, (formerly of Leyden, Holland.) No. 519 PINE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Miscellaneous Reading. A WIFE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. BY EDNA CARLSON JONES.

I was only seventeen when I married Owen Wicklife. Too young, no doubt, but circumstances justified me. My mother died when I was a mere child; and my father, after the prevalent custom of widowers, showed how much he mourned her loss and respected her memory, by using all possible speed in getting another to fill her place.

It would not have been a wonder if, under the circumstances, I had accepted Owen Wicklife, even without loving him, for the sake of the quiet home he offered me; but I did love him, when I married him, with all a girl's romance, and a woman's tender devotion; and he returned my love with equal ardor—at any rate, he made me believe so.

And I, although my very soul misgave me, was too much in love with his handsome eyes to turn from his ardent pleadings, and hearken to the sage counsels of age and experience. So we were married, and went to housekeeping, a month after, at "Rose Cottage."

For a time everything went on swimmingly. Doreas was a good cook, and something more, a fine manager; the most fastidious eye could have found nothing to complain of in the neat arrangement of our rooms; or the palate of an epicure found anything amiss in the nicely flavored, nicely cooked food that daily appeared upon our table.

to have sacrificed my very life to his approbation. Women are such silly blockheads; and, as a general thing, husbands are so exceedingly sparing of approving words, and so very profuse in fault-finding, that it is a marvel to me that there are half as many pleasant homes as there are. But where the fire of true love burns upon the household altar, its ever-enduring heat welds the ties that bind heart to heart, and hand to hand, so firmly together that all the tug and strain of every day life cannot tear them apart.

"I never felt meaner in my life; but again I took refuge in my old resolution to make myself worthy of his praise; and in accordance therewith, I trotted after Doreas for two or three days, taking note of everything she did, to the poor girl's evident mortification and annoyance. But after awhile old habits got the better of me, and I fell back into the beaten track, lounging away the forenoon in my chamber, doing my crochets and worsted work, and reading the last new novel, infinitely more pleasing, to my taste, than the kitchen and the cooking stove.

"I am going to be married, Mrs. Wicklife, and must leave you this evening," and to-morrow morning she was gone. Owen did not come home to dinner; and feeling very peevish at Doreas, I resolved upon a grand supper of my own, that would throw all efforts of hers into the shade. I had the day before me and began early. My stove was in full blast, and the tea-kettle finely under way, when a little clasp made my appearance with a string of trout in one hand, and a note from Owen in the other. I read it eagerly.

my ear, a hissing splutter from below. I went down three steps at a bound. The kitchen was black with smoke, and the odor of burning trout almost drove me back. But determined to save them, I seized the pan, dropping it the instant after with a cry of pain. The red hot handle had crushed my hand to the bone; the hissing grease and burned fish flew in every direction, spoiling my pretty oil cloth and soiling my new evening wrapper beyond all redemption. In the meantime the coffee was foaming over, and the rolls were burning to coals, and every instant the stove, which I had literally crammed with wood, was increasing its heat. I felt if I should go mad. Every attempt I made to rescue my supper left its mark upon my poor hands; and, too trap the climax, in the very heat of the day there came a rap at the door. I snatched my hair, and wiped the perspiration from my face, hurried out. The comer was no other than aunt Debbie. If I ever gave utterance to anything like profanity in my heart, I feel sure that infinite justice will not hold me accountable; for there are moments in life, I think, when we sin involuntarily—sin become our souls are too weak, too sorely tried to help it.

"I heard Doreas had left you," she said, in her pleasantest, even voice, "and I thought I'd drop in and see if you wanted help." "No, no, no!" I broke out, passionately. "I can do well enough myself. I'm cooking supper now. Sit down here, please; Owen will be home directly."

"These are capital trout, Wat," he said as he helped him to them. "I ordered them purposely when I heard you were in town. Do them justice, now; and take a roll—my wife is famous for making good bread." I could hear my heart palpitate, and my hand trembled so that I could scarcely pour out the muddily, unsettle coffee. Mr. Seymour put out his small, delicate hand, and took a roll, broke off its black top, glanced at its heavy, spongy middle, and pushed it aside. It was rather heavy he thought, and he was compelled to avoid everything indigestible, he was so prone to dyspepsia. Owen swallowed a bitter mouthful of burned trout with a look of excessive annoyance.

"The rolls are heavy," he said; "your yeast must have failed, Mag; but try a bun, Wat—Mag makes prime buns." Mr. Seymour took one, tasted it, and laid it beside his roll. Owen, who had taken one, also, looked up in utter astonishment.

on the rug before the fire, and cried myself up to a fit of nervous headache. I lay there, hour after hour with that one thought in my mind. At last I heard his step upon the stairs. He paused at the door, and finding it locked, tapped once or twice; but I made no movement in answer. He rapped again, and then called, "Maggie, are you asleep?"

He was sorry, eager to make all right between us, I could tell by the tone of his voice, yet I replied stubbornly, "No; but I don't wish to be disturbed." "Very well!" and the moment after I heard the street door close behind him. It was very late when he returned. I had unlocked my door, certain that he would come in; but, to my infinite surprise and aggravation, he passed on to his dressing room, without even so much as pausing. We had never spent a single night apart since our marriage; and it seemed terrible to lie there alone. The hours were dreadfully long and lonesome. Once or twice I was sorely tempted to go to him, and beg him to forgive me; but my pride kept me back. I was not to blame—I had tried to please him. After all, aunt Debbie was in the right, I ought not to have married so young. Oh, if I were only a girl again! The letters, which had hitherto seemed only silken bands of love, cut like galling chains. Toward day-break, despite my burning hand and aching head, I fell into a troubled sleep, from which I did not awake until late in the morning. I hurried down to the kitchen, determined, if possible, to atone for the delinquencies of the previous evening.

"I'm glad you've come down, Maggie," he said. "I didn't think you'd indulge your temper so far as to absent yourself from the table." His words set me all ablaze. "I shall do as I please," I retorted. "Undoubtedly," turning on his heel; "you've given us good proof of your self-will already." "And you've given me as good proof of your good manners, to say no more; insulting me last night in the presence of a stranger, after I had done the best I could," I replied.

"Your best, Mag?" with stinging contempt; "Heavens save us from your worst then!" "You shall be saved from any such efforts of mine for the future, sir. Cooking wasn't my vocation before I married—it shall be now." "I trust not, for the sake of my inner man." His bantering sarcasm stung me. I broke out passionately. "If you had been a good husband you wouldn't have left me here with all this drudgery on my hands. I was not raised for a cook!" "More's the pity." "More's the pity that I married, you'd better say," I went on, bursting into tears. "I wish I had listened to my friends; but it's not too late to remedy the evil now. I shall go back to my father." "I wish you would!" The response startled me into my senses. Did he really wish so? I turned to read the truth in his eyes, but he was gone. We had no breakfast that morning, the day went by idly. I was busy all the time packing up my trunks. Aunt Debbie remonstrated and persuaded, but finding me fixed in my determination, left me to myself. Toward night I had everything in readiness, my trunks locked and labelled. I hurried on my things, and started out, fearing to look back lest my heart should fail me. On the threshold a strong hand held me back. "Maggie, what does this mean?" "I'm going home—that's all." "To leave me, Maggie?" I could scarcely command my voice, the tender words, and sad beseeching eyes thrilled me so; but I managed to utter, "Yes you wished me to go!" "Oh, Maggie, Maggie! you don't know I didn't mean it—you know how I love you." His arms clasping me, his kisses raining on my face. "Come back, darling, come back, and I'll never find fault again." "I did my best, Owen," I sobbed clinging to his breast. "I know you did, poor little Mag—forgive me, and I'll never grieve you any more. Come now, dry your tears, and we'll both go down and try our hands at getting up a supper together." I was only too glad to obey him. We went down hand in hand, and everything worked like magic. I made buns, and he made coffee. That was our first and last quarrel. "We are growing old now, but every year only brings our wedded hearts more closely together; and by the blessing of heaven, we tell the story of that long gone trouble to our two blooming daughters, that they may shun the breakers upon which our happiness came so near being wrecked."