



H. H. WILSON.

[THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.]

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The superior merits of the "Singer" Machines over all others, for either family use or manufacturing purposes, are so well established and so generally admitted, that an enumeration of their relative excellencies is no longer considered necessary.

OUR NEW FAMILY MACHINES, which has been over two years in preparation, and which has been brought to perfection regardless of time, labor or expense, and is now confidently presented to the public as incomparably the best Sewing Machine in existence.

The Machine in question is simple, compact, durable and beautiful. It is quiet, light running, and capable of performing a range and variety of work never before attempted upon a single Machine, using either Silk, Twist, Linen or Cotton Thread, and sewing with equal facility the very finest and coarsest materials, and anything between the two extremes.

Machines always kept on hand at my Tailoring Establishment, second story Saloon, Frow & Parker's Store, Bridge street, Mifflintown, Pa., for the inspection of the public, and for sale at the most reasonable prices.

WILLIAM WISE, Agent. Mifflintown, Jan. 16, 1867-ly.

MIFFLIN COACH WAGON MANUFACTORY.

WE are constantly manufacturing and make to order, every description of Coaches, Carriages, Buggies, Sulkeys, Wagons, &c., also Family and Truck cutter sleighs.

HEIPLEINER & GRISWELL, Corner of the Pike & Cedar Spring road, June 27-ly.

JACOB BEIDLER, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, &c.

WORLD respectfully inform the citizens of Mifflintown and surrounding country that he has just received from the east a large and well selected assortment of Drugs, Medicines, &c.

Physicians orders promptly filled at a small advance of eastern wholesale prices.

COAL AND LUMBER YARD.—The undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he keeps constantly on hand a large Stock of Coal and Lumber.

GEORGE GOSHEN, aug 15-ly.

BEAUTY. Auburn, Golden, Flaxen & Silken Curles.

BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists, No. 285 River St., Troy, N. Y., Sole Agents for the United States.

ESSLER, FOSTER & CO., are now prepared to furnish all kinds of Flooring, Weatherboarding, Door and Window Frames, Blinds, Sash, Doors, Brackets, &c.

BUCKLEY'S PATENT DRY KILN, by which we can dry lumber in from TWO TO FOUR DAYS.

EMPIRE SEWING MACHINE, and also for THE WILCOX & GIBS.

WANTED.—SUCAM.—The undersigned wishes to purchase pure Sumac in large or small quantities.

WILLIAM WISE, Agent, Jan 9, 1867.

New Store in Patterson.

SAMUEL STRAYER, having purchased of Levi Hecht, keeps in the new Brick Building, Main Street, Patterson, a large and elegant assortment of Ready-Made Clothing, consisting in part of

Overcoats, Frock Coats, Dress Coats, Pantaloons, Vests, Drawers, Collars, Undershirts, Handkerchiefs, Boots & Shoes.

FANCY GOODS. Also a large and carefully selected assortment of Fancy Goods, of all classes, kinds and qualities, all of which will be sold at the lowest possible living prices.

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS. He has on hand a beautiful assortment of Carpets, Oil Cloths, &c., which are of a good quality, and well worth the inspection of the buyer.

WATCHES & JEWELRY. Gold and Silver Watches, Ear rings, Plain and Fancy rings.

10,000 PERSONS WANTED TO USE HOPE'S EXTERMINATOR.

HOOP SKIRTS. NEW SPRING STYLES, "OUR OWN MAKE."

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WILLIAM WISE, Agent, Jan 9, 1867.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE LAWYER'S REVENGE, OR THE ANGEL AND THE TEMPTRESS.

George Jackson was a young man of promise, and was so considered by all in his native town.

He had one great drawback to contend against, however. He was a man of a strong, impetuous nature, and had inherited with it a fondness for dissipation.

In his younger days, and until he conquered the practice of his profession, he had led a wild, reckless life, and had been regarded as a hopeless case.

Upon receiving his certificate he had suddenly astonished his friends by an abrupt discontinuance of his old habits, and a steady application to business.

Yet no one knew what a struggle it cost him to do so. No one knew the mental agony he endured in trying to cast off the temptation which constantly lauded him, and sought to cast him down from the position he had reached.

It was, with him, a continual effort; for, in the society in which he moved, not a day passed that he did not experience a temptation to abandon his resolution, and indulge just once in the dangerous pleasure.

His legal friends were by no means so strict in their habits, and they frequently urged him to join in a friendly glass; and he scarcely attended an entertainment that he was not offered wine.

All these offers were quietly and courteously refused; but sometimes the young man felt that the effort would snap his heart.

He made the struggle bravely, though. He firmly resolved never again to taste intoxicating liquor for he knew himself well enough to be assured that the first glass would only lead to another, and the old thirst for liquor once aroused, he could not tell where it would end.

Thus matters stood when this story opens.

Mr. Jackson, feeling that he was on the road to success, and that prudence and energy would certainly bring him that blessing, thought it about time that he should take a wife.

He believed that he had arrived at years of discretion, and was capable of making a judicious selection, and he ended the matter by resolving to settle this question as soon as he had an opportunity.

In the town in which he was residing were two young women, who had long divided the admiration of the gallants.

One was a beautiful, brilliant creature, with glorious black tresses of the same hue. She was, by many considered the belle of the town; and indeed it seemed hard to find a more beautiful woman than Sarah Carlyle.

Others, however, gave the preference to Lucy Lane, a quiet, modest little thing whose exquisitely sweet face seemed to have stepped out from one of Raphael's pictures.

Mr. Jackson had known both ladies for some time, but as he had not until recently considered himself a "marrying man," he regarded them simply as ordinary acquaintances.

Like others, he had been perplexed to decide which was the more beautiful. At the first glance he invariably awarded the palm to Miss Carlyle; but a sight of Lucy Lane's sweet face would scatter this conclusion to the winds, and he would feel irresistibly drawn by the latter.

When he made up his mind to hunt for a wife, his thoughts went immediately to the two beauties, and he resolved, that if he found their other qualities such as he hoped, to try and win the one he could love best for his wife; to tell the truth, the young man was half in love with both, but with a growing preference to Lucy.

He wanted a wife for something more than mere beauty, and he could not help believing that he would find what he desired more surely in Miss Lane than in Miss Carlyle. A favorable opportunity soon presented itself to decide the question.

Miss Carlyle felt flattered by the attention of one who bade so fair to achieve distinction, and resolved to win him if her powers of fascination could do so.

On her twenty-fourth day she gave an entertainment which surpassed anything the town had ever witnessed. George Jackson was there. She was radiantly

WHIPPING ROUND THE STUMP.

Just after the State election in Pennsylvania, Mr. Smith, a warm Cass man, met his friend, Mr. Jones, an enthusiastic Taylor man.

"Jones," said Smith, "the election of Johnston does not increase General Taylor's chances in Pennsylvania."

"Yes it does," answered Jones. "I'll bet you a hundred dollars that Cass carries that State," cried Smith.

"Done," exclaimed Jones. "But," he added after a moment's hesitation—"but if we bet, we shall lose our votes."

"So we shall," said Smith. "I'll tell you what," Jones cried, his face brightening up—"I'll tell you what may be done. My wife shall call on your wife, and bet with her."

"Good," says Smith. Home went Jones? "My dear Mrs. Smith wants to bet a hundred dollars with you that Cass will carry Pennsylvania."

"Mrs. Smith bet a hundred dollars with me?" exclaimed the lady. "Yes if you would like to bet, there's the money. Go round this afternoon and see her, and put the stakes into the hands of a lady friend."

The two ladies met, and the money was deposited. As soon as the result was known, Jones told his wife to go and draw the money, as he had won. The lady was not slow in obeying her husband that time, and before an hour the two hundred dollars, exchanged into half eagles, were glittering through the interstices of her beautiful purse.

When Jones came home at night, he said to his wife—"Well, my dear, did you get the money?" "Yes," was the reply. "I'll trouble you for it, darling, if you please."

"Trouble me for what?" "For the money that I won of Smith." "You won! Did you bet, Mr. Jones?" "No, no, that is, yes. I bet in fact, though to save my vote, I made you the agent," answered Jones with visible embarrassment.

"I cannot consent, my dear husband," said the lady, with great dignity, "to be a party in any violation or evasion of the law. I cannot consent on your account—you whose honor is so dear to me. And I shall therefore keep the money, in order that I may still retain my respect for a law-loving, law-honoring, law-obeying husband. Dear Jones, kiss me."

The lady was as good as her word, and Jones discovered, that in his attempt to whip the old gentleman round the stump, he had lost a clean hundred.

This is a fact.—N. Y. Dispatch.

THE DANDY AND HIS TURKEY.

Chief Justice Marshall was in the habit of going to market himself, and carrying home his purchases. Frequently he would be seen at sunrise, with poultry in one hand and vegetables in the other.

On one of these occasions a fashionable young man from the North, who had removed to Richmond, Va., was swearing violently, because he could find no one to carry home his turkey; Marshall stepped up and asked where he lived, and said, on being told, "That is my way, and I will take it for you." When he came to the house the young man inquired: "What shall I pay you?" "Oh, nothing," said the Chief Justice, "it was on my way, and no trouble." "Who was that polite old man that brought home my turkey?" inquired the young man of a bystander. "That," replied he, "is John Marshall, Chief Justice of the U. S." "Why did he bring home my turkey?" asked he. "To give you a severe reprimand, and teach you to attend to your own business," was the reply. True, genuine greatness never feels above doing anything that is useful; but especially the truly great man will never feel above helping himself.

In a tract distributed by the Mormon preachers, the following question and answer occur: "What shall be the reward of those who have forsaken their wives for righteousness sake? A hundred fold of wives here, and wives everlasting hereafter!"

GOING OFF.—It is a popular delusion to believe that powder on a lady's face has the same effect as in the barrel of a musket—assists her to go off.