



TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The JUNIATA SENTINEL is published every Wednesday morning, on Bridge street, by W. W. WILSON.

Business Cards.

JEREMIAH LYONS, Attorney-at-Law, Mifflintown, Juniata County, Pa.

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WE have one room devoted entirely to Gents Furnishing Goods and Ready Made Clothing, such as Coats, Pants, Vests, Over Coats, Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps, White Shirts, Flannel Shirts, Undershirts, and Drawers.

Select Poetry.

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN. BY MRS. CLEVELAND. Talking of sects till late one eve, Of the various doctrines the saints believe,

And a "Churchman" down the river came: When I heard a strange voice call his name, "Good father, stop: when you cross the tide, You must leave your robes on the other side."

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track, But his gown was heavy, and held him back, And the poor old father tried in vain A single step in the flood to gain.

Then down the river a Quaker strayed, His dress of a sober hue was made: "My coat and hat must be all of gray, I cannot go any other way."

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of Psalms, Tied nicely up in his aged arms; And hymns as many, a very wise thing, That the people in Heaven "all round" might sing.

And after him, with his MSS., Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness; But cried "Dear me, what shall I do? The water has soaked them through and through."

Then straightway plunging with all his might Away to the left—his friend to the right, Apart they went from this world of sin, But at last together they entered in.

And no when the river was rolling on, A Presbyterian Church went down; Of women there seemed an innumerable throng, But the men I could count as they passed along.

I watched them all in my curious dream, Till they stood by the borders of the stream, Then, just as I thought, the two ways met, But all the brethren were talking yet,

And would talk on till the heaving tide Carried them over side by side; Side by side, for the way was one, The toilsome journey of life was done,

Miscellaneous Reading. A THRILLING SEA STORY. THE MAGIC TUB, OR, PHOEBE THE FICKLE. A Romance of Land and Water, (with very Little Water.)

Gentle reader, have you ever stood on the beach side of the canal on one of those mild January evenings so peculiar to the early Autumn, and watched the sun rise from his gorgeous couch athwart the Western sky, and listened to catch the musical warble of distant coal heavers, mingled with the cries of a ragged canal driver encouraging a pair of attenuated esauo mules?

After considerable time spent in reflection, it appears rather necessary that we should say, because you wouldn't know it if we didn't, that the young man had seen but nineteen Springs, yet did he urge suit with the passionate ardor of one who had attained the ripe age of four score years and ten; and although his weight didn't exceed one hundred and twenty-five pounds, he couldn't have plead more eloquently had he weighed a ton.

The maiden she was fair. Tooth brush handles couldn't compare with her teeth in whiteness, and the raven's wing had no more business by the side of her glossy curls than a stove brush. Can we wonder that the young man swore he would cheerfully catch the measles for her sake, and express a willingness to have the scarlet fever a second time to prove his devotion?

Alas! the perversity of woman! Although loving him devotedly, she replied to these declarations by sitting down on a stone and writing him a letter of introduction to the marines, to whom she recommended him to report that narrative. Driven to frenzy (in an open hack) by such trifling, Caleb—for Caleb was his name—turned so red in the face that he tore all the buttons off his vest, and frothed at the mouth to such an extent that he split a bran new coat down the back.

"Farewell, false one, forever!" threw a double somersault backward, and disappeared behind a board fence. Phoebe Ann she panted. CHAP. SECOND. We left Phoebe Ann in a swoon, or rather Caleb did. As soon as consciousness came Phoebe Ann came too, and then she remembered with a pang that she had driven Caleb away. She called aloud, "Caleb! Caleb!" but no Caleb answered. However, well other Calebs might answer for others, no one but her Caleb would answer for her, and he couldn't because he wasn't in hearing—Where had he gone?

A thought struck her. (A coward thought to strike a woman.) She recalled his love for the briny deep, which induced him when a mere lad to run away from home to drive on the White water canal. Then his father, humoring his passion for riding mountain waves and climbing giddy masts, procured for him, through his influence with the President of the U. S. the appointment of 3d Assistant Leek Tender. "What more natural," thought the Phoebe bird, "than for Caleb to follow his youthful passion and go for a sailor?" Her resolution was taken. (Beware of pickpockets.) What was it? We shall see. CHAP. THIRD.

Before explaining the meaning of this thrilling ejaculation, let us take a brief review of doings at the period of our

story. Old Bourbon ruled France and Kentucky. Gin swayed the sceptre of Holland, and Sweden was governed a good deal by the price of Sweed & Co's Iron. Wales was becoming celebrated for her prints, known all over the world as the prints of Wales. Columbus having completed his labors by discovering gold near Newton Hamilton, had retired to Broad Top, and Johnny Morrissey had been elected to the Continental Congress. Our readers being now thoroughly posted in regard to the condition of things we will proceed to inform them what's in another chapter.

When Caleb left the fickle Phoebe, it was with the determination never to see her more. He would be a wanderer.—He would land on other lands, and climb foreign climes—he would go and be an ancient mariner. Filled with this desperate resolve, he put a box of paper collars in his valise, and started for the river. A gallant tug lay at the landing, and this he boarded, requesting to see the captain. A sailor whose voice was deeply bronzed by exposure to the mainmast mizen gangway, invited him to walk below.

When Caleb entered the cabin, he was struck with the singularly youthful appearance of the captain. He was about to tell him that he had come to ship the—well, smoke-stack—when the supposed captain raised his cap, and a shower of raven ringlets fell upon his shoulders. "What!" exclaimed the lover, as a gleam of recognition flashed across his brain, "Phoebe Ann?" "Caleb!"

They rushed into each other's arms—After an embrace, which caused the thermometer in the cabin to rise 100 degrees in the shade, explanations ensued. She had divined his purpose to go for a sailor, and she resolved to thwart it. The captain of the tug being an aunt of hers, had allowed her to be captain for the day, and chance had done the rest. Phoebe Ann was penitent, Caleb forgiving, and that very day they agreed before a minister to share the tug of life together.

Hogs generally are quadripid. The extreme length or their antiquity has never been fully discovered; they existed a long time before the flood, and they existed a long time since. There is a great deal of internal revenue in a hog; there isn't much more waste in them than there is in an oyster. Even their tails can be worked up into whistles.

Hogs are good, quiet boarders; they always eat what is set before them, and don't ask any foolish questions. They never have any disease but the measles, and they never bat that but once—once seems to satisfy them. There is a grate many breeds amongst them.

Some are a close corporation breed, and some are built more apart like a hemlock slab. They used to have a breed in New England, a few years ago, which they called the striped breed; this breed was in high repute among the landlords; almost every tavern-keeper had one, which he used to show to travelers and brag on him.

They canawl rute well; a hog that kant rute well has been made in vain. They are a short-lived animal, and generally die as soon as they git fat. The hog can be lart a great wenny cunning things, such as histing the front gate off from the hinges, tipping over the swill barrels, and finding a hole in the fence to get into a corn-field; but there ain't any length to their memory; it is awful hard for them to find the same hole to get out at, especially if you are at all anxious they should.

Hogs are very contrary, and seldom drive well the way you are going; this has never bin fully explained, but speaks volumes for the hog. "You need a little sun and air," said a physician to a lady patient. "If I do," was the reply, "I'll wait till I get a husband." "What kind of a horn is easiest seen through? A greenhorn."