

W. J. M. Alister

Juniata



Sentinel.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

H. H. WILSON,

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

VOLUME XXI, NO. 16.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., JULY 24, 1867.

WHOLE NUMBER 1056

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE JUNIATA SENTINEL is published every Wednesday morning, on Bridge 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.

NO. 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 eight lines or less, one insertion, 75 cents three, \$1.50 and 50 cts on each subsequent insertion.

Business Cards.

Jeremiah Lyons, Attorney-at-Law, Mifflintown, Juniata County, Pa.

S. G. Dressler, Justice of the Peace, Surgeon and Conspicuous, Susquehanna Township.

John T. L. Sahm, Attorney-at-Law, Mifflintown, Juniata County, Pa.

Vendue Crier, The undersigned offers his services to the public as Vendue Crier and Auctioneer.

Military Claims, The undersigned will promptly attend to the collection of claims against either the State or National Government.

Joseph S. Dell, Clothier, No. 48 North Third Street, Philadelphia.

New Tobacco Store, The best brands of Fine Cut Tobacco and in full and all kinds of Bright Tobacco at reduced prices.

Pennsylvania House, Opposite Mifflin Station, on Penn'a. Railroad.

Dentistry, The undersigned will promptly attend to the collection of claims against either the State or National Government.

Dentistry, DR. S. G. McLaughlin, OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Juniata and adjoining counties.

Plain and Fancy Job work neatly executed at this office.

ADVANCE OF SCIENCE.



Teeth inserted upon an entirely new style of base, which is a combination of Gold and English Rubber, (vulcanite.)

WARRANTED, FOR TEN YEARS.

Temporary sets inserted gratis. Special attention will be made to diseased gums, and a cure warranted or no charge made.

Teeth inserted upon an entirely new style of base, which is a combination of Gold and English Rubber, (vulcanite.)

Having been in business for upwards of ten years, five of which has been spent in Mifflintown, and being in possession of the latest improved Instruments and Machinery I warrant entire satisfaction, or the money will be refunded.

Mifflin Coach & Wagon Manufactory. We the undersigned beg leave to inform our customers and friends in this and adjoining counties, that we have enlarged our shop, and by the addition of Steam Power, are prepared to do work at the shortest possible notice.

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

Having been working at the business for a number of years ourselves, and employing none but the best of workmen, we flatter ourselves that our work cannot be surpassed for neatness and durability.

We always keep on hand from twenty to thirty sets, of best second growth, Jersey Hickory Spokes, in order to make durable wheels. And will warrant our work for any reasonable time.

Sleighs and Buggies re-painted with neatness and dispatch. All other repairing heavy or light will receive strict attention.

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

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.

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

New Drug Store, Patterson, Pa.—Dr. N. F. C. KUNDIG wishes to inform the public that he has just received an assortment of Fresh Drugs and Medicines, of all kinds, which he offers for sale at the Patterson Post-office.

BUY THE BEST.—Samuel Strayer, of Patterson, is the authorized Agent for the sale of the

Empire Sewing Machine, and also for THE WILCOX & GIBS.

Saddle and Harness Manufactory in Ferryville.—The undersigned having located permanently in the Borough of Ferryville, two doors above Buck's Store, takes this method of informing the public, that he is prepared to manufacture all kinds of Saddles, Harness, Bridles, Collars, &c., &c., on short notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

Having had several years experience in the business he flatters himself that he can give general satisfaction. Call and examine for yourselves before going elsewhere.

Select Poetry.

HUMBLE LIFE.

Tell me not that he's a poor man, That his dress is coarse and bare; Tell me not his daily pittance Is a workman's scanty fare.

Let it be a low thatched hovel— Let it be a clay-built cot— Let it be the parish work-house— In my eye it matters not.

Let it be a low thatched hovel— Let it be a clay-built cot— Let it be the parish work-house— In my eye it matters not.

Let it be a low thatched hovel— Let it be a clay-built cot— Let it be the parish work-house— In my eye it matters not.

Let it be a low thatched hovel— Let it be a clay-built cot— Let it be the parish work-house— In my eye it matters not.

Let it be a low thatched hovel— Let it be a clay-built cot— Let it be the parish work-house— In my eye it matters not.

Let it be a low thatched hovel— Let it be a clay-built cot— Let it be the parish work-house— In my eye it matters not.

Let it be a low thatched hovel— Let it be a clay-built cot— Let it be the parish work-house— In my eye it matters not.

Let it be a low thatched hovel— Let it be a clay-built cot— Let it be the parish work-house— In my eye it matters not.

Let it be a low thatched hovel— Let it be a clay-built cot— Let it be the parish work-house— In my eye it matters not.

Let it be a low thatched hovel— Let it be a clay-built cot— Let it be the parish work-house— In my eye it matters not.

Let it be a low thatched hovel— Let it be a clay-built cot— Let it be the parish work-house— In my eye it matters not.

Let it be a low thatched hovel— Let it be a clay-built cot— Let it be the parish work-house— In my eye it matters not.

Let it be a low thatched hovel— Let it be a clay-built cot— Let it be the parish work-house— In my eye it matters not.

Let it be a low thatched hovel— Let it be a clay-built cot— Let it be the parish work-house— In my eye it matters not.

Let it be a low thatched hovel— Let it be a clay-built cot— Let it be the parish work-house— In my eye it matters not.

Let it be a low thatched hovel— Let it be a clay-built cot— Let it be the parish work-house— In my eye it matters not.

Let it be a low thatched hovel— Let it be a clay-built cot— Let it be the parish work-house— In my eye it matters not.

Let it be a low thatched hovel— Let it be a clay-built cot— Let it be the parish work-house— In my eye it matters not.

Let it be a low thatched hovel— Let it be a clay-built cot— Let it be the parish work-house— In my eye it matters not.

Let it be a low thatched hovel— Let it be a clay-built cot— Let it be the parish work-house— In my eye it matters not.

Let it be a low thatched hovel— Let it be a clay-built cot— Let it be the parish work-house— In my eye it matters not.

Let it be a low thatched hovel— Let it be a clay-built cot— Let it be the parish work-house— In my eye it matters not.

Let it be a low thatched hovel— Let it be a clay-built cot— Let it be the parish work-house— In my eye it matters not.

of a refusal, and the poor man at length, after invoking the choicest blessings of heaven on his generous benefactor.

He then repaired to the shop of the principal jeweler in the city in order to sell the diamonds. Seeing a miserably dressed man anxious to dispose of magnificent jewels, with whose value he was unacquainted, the master of the shop very naturally suspected his honesty, and, while appearing to examine the diamonds with close attention, whispered a few words in the ear of one of his assistants.

The latter went out, and speedily returned, accompanied by several soldiers of police, who arrested the unhappy artist in spite of his protestations of innocence.

"You must first come to prison," they said, "afterward you can give an explanation to the magistrate."

The prisoner wrote a few lines to his benefactor, imploring his assistance. Liszt hastened to the jeweler.

"Sir," said he, "you have caused the arrest of an innocent man. Come with me immediately, and let us have him released. He is the lawful owner of the jewels in question, for I gave them to him."

"But, sir," asked the merchant, "who are you?"

"My name is Liszt."

"I do not know any very rich man of that name."

"That may be; yet I am tolerably well known."

"Are you aware, sir, that these diamonds are worth six thousand florins—that is to say, about five hundred guineas, or twelve thousand francs?"

"So much the better for him on whom I have bestowed them."

"But in order to make such a present you must be very wealthy."

"My actual fortune consists of three ducats."

"Then you are a magician!"

"By no means; and yet, by just moving my fingers, I can obtain as much money as I desire."

"If you choose I'll disclose to you the magic I employ."

Liszt had seen a piano in the parlor behind the shop. He opened it, and ran his fingers over the keys; then, seized by sudden inspiration, he improvised one of those soul-touching symphonies peculiar to himself.

As he sounded the first chords, a beautiful young girl entered the room. While the melody continued she remained speechless and immovable; then, as the last note died away, she cried, with irrepressible enthusiasm:

"Bravo, Liszt! 'tis wondrous!"

"Dost thou know him, then, my daughter?" asked the jeweler.

"This is the first time that I have had the pleasure of seeing or hearing him," replied she; "but I do not know that none living, save Liszt, could draw such sweet sounds from the piano."

Expressed with grace and modesty, by a young girl of remarkable beauty, this admiration could not fail to be more than flattering to the artist. However, after making his best acknowledgments, Liszt withdrew, in order to deliver the prisoner, and was accompanied by the jeweler.

Grieved at his mistake, the worthy merchant sought to repair it, by inviting the two musicians to supper. The honors of the table were done by his amiable daughter, who appeared no less touched at the generosity of Liszt, than astonished at his talent.

That night the musicians of the city serenaded their illustrious brother. The next day the nobles and most distinguished inhabitants of Prague presented themselves at the door. They entreated him to give concerts, leaving it to himself to fix any sum he pleased as a remuneration. Then the jeweler perceived that talent, even in a pecuniary light, may be more valuable than the most precious diamonds. Liszt continued to go to his house, and to the merchant's great joy, he soon perceived that his daughter was the cause of these visits. He began to love the company of the musician, and the fair girl, his only child, certainly did not hate it.

One morning, the jeweler, coming to the point with German frankness, said to Liszt: "How do you like my daughter?"

"She is an angel!"

"What do you think of marriage?"

"I think so well of it that I have the greatest possible inclination to try it."

"What would you say to a fortune of three million francs?"

"I would willingly accept it."

"Well, we understand each other. My daughter pleases you; you please my daughter; her fortune is ready—be my son-in-law."

"With all my heart."

The marriage was celebrated the following week.

And this, according to the chronicles of Prague, is a true account of the marriage of the great and good pianist, Liszt.

FEARFUL LIGHTNING STROKE.

Last Thursday afternoon, about five o'clock, a large crowd had assembled in the Fair Grounds of the Springville Union Agricultural Association, when a sharp thunderstorm came up. The rain began to fall, and the crowd sought refuge from its effects in the exhibition sheds. A flash of lightning took place, accompanied by a loud peal of thunder, and instantly an awful spectacle was presented.

The lightning struck one of the sheds which contained men, women and horses. About a hundred persons were paralyzed in an instant, falling on their faces, and as many as fifty were rendered insensible for five or ten minutes, while about a dozen were quite seriously burned. Two horses were killed on the spot. An old gentleman named John Gordenier, and two or three others, are not expected to recover. One woman was prostrated and deprived of her senses, but not her power of locomotion; she instantly jumped up and ran to the omnibus and was conveyed to Holmes' Hotel, and declares she had no knowledge of what took place after the flash until she found herself in a room at the house.

The lightning struck a post in the centre of the shed, against which Henry Tilou, the landlord of the West Falls Hotel, was leaning, and to which a horse was attached by a chain halter. The horse was instantly killed, while Mr. Tilou escaped by being dashed and knocked down. A singular fact mentioned in connection with the strange freak of the electric fluid is that all the persons rendered insensible fell on their faces.

A young lady named Miss Nellie Cassey, who wore a white and black checked dress, was quite seriously injured, and her dress was fairly scorched, but did not take fire. Another woman was struck on the shoulder, the fluid passing down her side raising a perfect blister in its course. A man from Otto was hit on the right side of the head, and on his recovery the mark was found to commence at the right eye, which was swelled like a puff ball, and could be plainly traced down the neck, across the chest, and off the left arm.

The most fearful consternation existed among the people until it was discovered how light the injuries were that had been inflicted, and the excitement was most intense. A great many attributed the stroke to the attraction of a mowing machine which stood near the shed, but two boys who were sitting on it at the time escaped uninjured, nor was the machine at all damaged, if struck.

A valuable mare which was hitched to the pole was knocked down and died on Friday from the effects of the lightning.

If such thunderbolts visit Fair grounds, other establishments may expect to be visited, but, thanks to the genius of the immortal Franklin, ample protection is afforded to all who avail themselves of the services of lightning rods.—Buffalo (N.Y.) Express.

THE WILL OF THE DRUNKARD.—I die a wretched sinner; and I leave to the world a worthless reputation, a wicked example, and a memory only fit to perish.

I leave to my parents sorrow and bitterness of my soul all the days of their lives.

I leave to my brothers and sisters shame, and grief, and reproach of their acquaintances.

I leave to my wife a widowed and broken heart, and a life of lonely struggling, want and suffering.

I leave to my children a tainted name, a ruined position; a pitiful ignorance, and the mortifying recollection of a father who, by his life disgraced humanity, and at his premature death joined the great company of those who are never to enter the kingdom of God.

A MAN ATTACKED BY A LION.—A PERFORMANCE NOT IN THE BILL.

The following we take from the Rochester Union of July 5:

Last night, during the performance of Messrs. Thayer & Noyes' Great Circus and Collection of Wild Animals, a most frightful accident occurred.

At the termination of the circus performance a huge den, containing four ferocious lions, was dragged into the ring. Mr. Charles White was then introduced, and fearlessly entered the cage and commenced performing with these brutes.

The performance consists of the lions jumping through hoops, and over barrels, and concludes with Mr. White feeding the animals raw meat out of his hands.

The performance went smoothly along for several minutes when it was observed that one of the lions, a vicious looking fellow, seemed loth to act his part, and White commenced punishing him with his whip. This so enraged the beast that he sprang upon Mr. White, felling him to the floor of the cage, setting his jaws into his body, as though he intended to eat the fellow up. It was very soon noticed that a part of the programme was being enacted not advertised in the bills.

The canvas was filled to its utmost, many ladies being present, and the scene which followed baffles description. The furious roaring of the lions, creaking of the breaking bones of this unfortunate man, and the screaming of the women, was more than the stoutest heart could stand. Men who braved the danger of the battle-field, and saw death in its every form, turned pale and trembled.

A few seconds only elapsed, when it was noticed that Nero, a noble lion, rushed forward to the rescue of his keeper, and in the meantime Messrs. Thayer and Noyes, with their usual presence of mind, with a few of their attendants, rushed to the cage armed with bars of iron, axes and everything that was conveniently near, and commenced beating the brute off his keeper.

In this they soon succeeded, and Mr. White was taken bleeding from the lions' den and carried to the National Hotel, where he now lies in a very critical situation.

Dr. Whitebeck was called in to dress Mr. White's wounds, of which there are many. His right shoulder is most horribly mangled by the sharp teeth and ponderous jaws of the excited and furious beast.

Every attention possible is shown to this unfortunate gentleman by Messrs. Thayer & Noyes, and it is hoped that, with good care and the skillful treatment of Dr. Whitebeck, Mr. White will recover.

The circus closed with this rather tragical performance, and has left the city, taking these lions to exhibit elsewhere.

ARISTOCRACY.—One of the parvenu ladies of Cincinnati, who would be wonderfully aristocratic in all her domestic concerns, was visiting at the house of Major G—, (all know the old Major,) when, after tea, the following conversation between the Major's lady and "Top knot," in consequence of the hired girl occupying a seat at the tea table:

"Why, Mrs. G—, you do not allow your hired girl to eat with you at the table, do you?"

"Most certainly I do. It was so when you worked for me—don't you recollect?"

"This was a 'cooler' to silk and satin greatness, or, as the boy calls it, 'Codfish aristocracy.'" After coloring and stammering, she answered in a low voice:

"Yes, I believe it was," and went home.

One day Jack Whaley's wife chanced to find an elegant piece of white leather on the road, and she brought it home with her in great delight to mend Jack's small clothes, which she did very neatly. Jack set off next day. Little expecting what was in store for him; but when he had trotted about five miles—it was in the month of July—he began to feel mighty uneasy in his saddle, a feeling that continued to increase at every moment, till at last he said "it was like taking a canteen on a bee hive in swarming time," and well it might, for the piece of leather was no other than a blister that the apothecary's boy had dropped that morning on the road.

Slander not others because they have slandered you; bite not a reptile because you have felt its bite.