



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.

Advertisements are paid—except at the option of the Editor.

ADVISING.—The rates of ADVERTISING are for one square, of eight lines or less, one insertion, 75 cents; three, \$1.50; and so on for each subsequent insertion. Administration, Excise and Auditor's Notices, \$2.00.

Professional and Business Cards, not exceeding 25 lines, and including copy of paper, \$3.00 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.

S. G. DRESSLER,
*Justice of the Peace, Surveyor and Con-
tractors, Susquehanna Township.*
Will attend promptly to all business con-
nected with his office. Deeds and other
scrivings done on the shortest notice and on
the most reasonable terms. Particular atten-
tion paid to land surveying. [May 1, 6m.]

JOHN T. L. SAHM,
Attorney-at-Law,
MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PA.
OFFERS his professional services to all
the public. Prompt attention given to the
prosecution of claims against the Govern-
ment, collections and all other business con-
nected with his office. Office in the Sheriff's
office, in the Court House.
Sept. 20, 1867.

VENDUE 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 house in Fer-
nagh township. Orders may also be left
at Mr. Will's Hotel.
Jan. 25, 1864. **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,
concocted.
JEREMIAH LYONS,
Attorney-at-Law,
Mifflintown, Juniata Co., Pa. [Feb]

JOSEPH S. DELL,
CLOTHIER
NO. 3 NORTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA
Clothing superior to any other establish-
ment in the City and at lower prices. Mer-
chants will find it to their advantage to call.
All goods warranted. Presented by J. K.
Savage. [Nov. 7-ly.]

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
2nd90c. ..
3rd80c. ..
Cases Gold Bar 1.40 ..
Orange 1.10 ..
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.
Jan. 20-6f. **A. T. BARNES.**

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE—
PATTERSON, P.A.
Opposite Mifflin Station on Penn'a. Railroad
The undersigned would respectfully inform
his friends and the public generally, that he
has taken charge of the above named house.
The house is large and commodious, and
well ventilated, and is fitted up in single
rooms and rooms for families, and is open day
and night. Persons awakened for any train.
The best attendance given—terms as reason-
able as the times will admit.
F. M. MICKLEY,
Jan. 20-6f. Owner and Proprietor.

DENTISTRY!

DENTISTRY.
DENTISTRY.
DENTISTRY.
DENTISTRY.

DR. S. G. McLAUGHLIN
OFFERS his professional services to the
citizens of Juniata and adjoining coun-
ties. Being in possession of all late improve-
ments he flatters himself that he can give en-
tire satisfaction to those who may need his
services. Having had twelve years experi-
ence, he is prepared to do all work in his pro-
fession, either in gold, silver or vulcanite.
The best of references given. Charges mod-
erate—to suit the times. Office in rooms for-
merly occupied by T. R. McClellan, as a jew-
elry store, Main Street, Mifflintown.
June 12, 1867-17.

ADVANCE OF SCIENCE.



Teeth inserted upon an entirely new style
of base, which is a combination of Gold and
English Rubber, (vulcanite.) Also American
Rubber, (vulcanite,) which for beauty, dura-
bility, cleanliness, and the restoration of the
natural color of the face, cannot be surpass-
ed. Either of the above basis

Special attention will be made to diseased
gums, and a cure warranted or no charge
made. Teeth filled to last for life.

Triumph in dentistry!
TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN
by a new process, without the use of ether,
chloroform or nitrous oxide, and no danger.

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. Office on Bridge Street, op-
posite the Court House Square.
G. L. DERR,
Nov. 29, '65-ly. Resident Dentist.

**MIFFLIN COACH & WAGON MANUFAC-
TORY.**—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
in order, every description of Coaches, Car-
riages, Buggies, Sulkies, Wagons, &c., also
Family and Cook cutter sleighs. We are also
prepared to manufacture Road Wagons—from
one to four horse.

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; in this or ad-
joining counties.

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 neat-
ness and dispatch. All other repairing heavy
or light will receive strict attention. Come
and examine our stock and work before pur-
chasing elsewhere. Don't forget the name,
HEFFELFINGER & CRISWELL,
Corner of the Pike & Cedar Spring road,
June 27-6f.

SADDLE AND HARNESS MANUFACTORY
located permanently in the Borough of Per-
ryville, two doors above Buck's Store, takes
the method of informing the public, that he
is prepared to manufacture all kinds of Sad-
dles, Harness, Bridles, Collars, &c., on
short notice, and on the most reasonable
terms. Fancy Single and Double Harness,
Whips, Fly-nets, and everything in his line
of business, always on hand and for sale at
lowest prices.

Repairing neatly executed, and all Work
warranted.
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.
June 26, '67-6f. **D. M. LEBG.**

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 *Quinine, Medi-
cines, Chemicals, Pure Wines and Liquors,*
for medicinal purposes only, and a general as-
sortment of everything pertaining to his busi-
ness.

Physicians orders promptly filled at a
small advance of eastern wholesale prices.
Prescriptions carefully compounded at his
store, at Rollman Brothers' old stand,
Main street, two doors west of Belford's store,
Mifflintown, Pa. [Jan 23, 1867-ly.]

COAL AND LUMBER YARD.—The under-
signed begs leave to inform the public
that he keeps constantly on hand a large stock
of Coal and Lumber. His stock embraces in
part, Stove Coal, Smith Coal and Lime-burn-
ers Coal, at the lowest cash rates.

Lumber of all kinds and quality, such as
White Pine Plank, two inches, do 1 1/2 White
Pine Boards, 1 inch, do one-half inch, White
Pine worked Flooring, Hemlock Boards,
Sawing, Joists, Roofing Lath, Plastering
Lath, Shingles, Striping, Sash and Doors.

Coal and Lumber delivered at short notice.
Persons on the East side of the River can be
furnished with Limeburners Coal, &c., from
the coal yard at Tysons Lock.
aug 15-ly. **GEORGE GOSHEN.**

NEW DRUG STORE, Patterson, Pa.—Dr.
P. C. KUNDO 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. He also keeps on hand Perfumery of
all kinds, and Hair Dye and Extra Black Ink,
of his own manufacture. Persons in need of
anything in his line will find it to their ad-
vantage to give him a call.

Invalids can write a statement of
their symptoms or disease and receive medi-
cine and directions for their use. All com-
munications strictly confidential.
March 27, 1867-6f.

THE OLD STAND.—The undersigned takes
this method of informing farmers and
others in need of anything in his line that he
still continues the Saddle and Harness Man-
ufacture on Water street at the old stand for-
merly occupied by William Kenny. Every-
thing sold at reduced prices. Repairing done
to order. Carriage and Buggy trimming neat-
ly executed.
May 29, 1867-6f. **JOHN DIEHL.**

STATES UNION HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA.
This Hotel is pleasantly situated on the
South side of Market Street, a few doors above
Sixth street, its central locality makes it par-
ticularly desirable to persons visiting the city
on business or pleasure.
T. H. B. SANDERS, Prop'r

Select Poetry.

I'VE BEEN THINKING.
I've been thinking, I've been thinking,
What a glorious world were this,
Did folks mind their business more,
And mind their neighbor's less.

For instance, you and I, my friend,
Are sadly prone to talk
Of matters that concern us not,
And others' follies mock.

I've been thinking, I've been thinking,
To mend our own affairs
That positively our neighbors might
Contrive to manage theirs.

We've faults enough at home to mend—
It may be so with others;
It would seem strange, if it were not,
Since all mankind were brothers.

Oh! would that we had charity,
For every man and woman,
Forgiveness is the mark of those
Who know "to err is human."

Then let us banish jealousy—
Let's lift our fallen brother,
And as we journey down life's road,
"Do good to one another."

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE RENOUNCED INHERITANCE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"Magdalene Ross, are you in your right
mind?"

"I think so, Aunt Harriet. I feel no
premonition of insanity."

Mrs. Harriet Hereford, of Hereford
Hall, leaned back in her velvet-cushioned
arm-chair, and applied her vinaigrette to
her nose. It was more than she could
comprehend—this unheard of conduct in
her niece. The fashionable woman of the
world could have no understanding of it.

"It is incredible, Magdalene! I always
thought you were a girl of good sense."

"Thank you, auntie. I claim to be."
"But you have no right to the claim!
Such an absurd thing! But you will not
persist in doing it, will you, Maggie, dear?"

Magdalene lifted her handsome head
with an air of quiet pride. Her cheeks
glowed, and her hazel eyes shone with a
calm and steady light. There was deter-
mination like iron in the curve of her red
lips.

"I shall do it. It is my duty! God
helping me, I will never shrink from that.
And I should be doubly a coward if I re-
fused to walk in the path of justice, now
that it lies so plainly and clearly before
me. Should I do otherwise than I prop-
ose to do, I should despise myself for-
ever!"

"How foolish! How ridiculous! The
property is yours! No person in the
world would doubt the fact for a moment.
John Greenough was of sound mind and
in full possession of his faculties when he
made the will which gives you everything
of which he died possessed."

"Granted. I do not dispute that. But
when the will was made he was under the
influence of an angry passion, and no man
can be perfectly sane when passion sways
him utterly. You know the circumstan-
ces as well as I do. He had set his heart
on his son's marriage with Miss Vane—a
lady of wealth and social position—and
that son refused to obey him, choosing
rather to follow the dictates of his own
inclination. He married a poor farmer's
daughter; his father never saw his face
again. He disowned him—nay, more, he
cursed him—cursed him and his innocent
children, and when Charles Greenough
died his own father turned from his door
the messenger who came to bring the me-
lancholy tidings. You know how it has
been since. The widow of his son has
supported her two children by her own
industry, and brought them up rightly;
a son and daughter, so I have been told,
that any mother might be proud of. The
property of John Greenough belongs not
to me, but to those children."

"Magdalene, you are over conscientious.
Mr. Greenough gave it to you of his own
free will. You saved his life, and he loved
you better than he loved any other per-
son."

"I was fortunate enough to do him a
service."

"A service? You speak lightly. The
dog would have killed him but for you!"

"Aunt Harriet, no credit is due to me.
Hero knew me, and desisted from his at-
tack on the helpless old man because I
called him. There was no sacrifice on my
part. But for this Mr. Greenough felt
grateful, and during the time that I taught

school near his house I frequently went
in to read to him, or tell him the news of
the day. I never dreamed of being re-
warded for it. He was a hard, stern old
man but I enjoyed his society, and I have
been happiest always while doing right."

"And you are resolved?"
"Yes, I am resolved, Aunt Harriet."
A bitter smile wreathed the handsome,
anserative face of Mrs. Hereford.

"Very well, Magdalene. I hope you
will not repent your decision. I have
tried hard to do by you as I should, dur-
ing the few months you have been with
me. You know that I do not approve of
voluntary poverty. I was greatly opposed
to your mother's marriage with Arthur
Res. Not that I have anything to bring
against your father's character—but he
was poor. Well, he is dead, and so is
Helen—I will let them rest. But I hoped
to have made their child understand what
was for her own good. I have failed, it
seems. I hope you know that you can
have no expectations from me?"

Magdalene's cheek flushed—a scornful
blaze in her dark eye. "I have taken
care of myself for the past three years.—
I think you need be under no apprehen-
sions." Then, her face softening a little,
she added: "No expectations, save for
your love. You are my only living rela-
tion, and you surely will not deny me
that?"

"I shall remember that you are my
niece. But what of Ralph Howard?"
"Have you thought of his wishes in the
matter?"

Magdalene's eyes dropped—a soft flush
stole up to her forehead.

"He will desire me to do what is right,
I think. If not, then we shall be much
better apart."

"Well you have chosen, and you will
see. Have you spoken to him about your
absurd decision?"

"I have written him."
"Will you let me see the reply?"

"If you wish it. But, of course, a
right-minded man could have but one
opinion on the matter."

"You think so? Well, as I said, we
shall see." And gathering up the mass
of her silken drapery from contact with
the costly carpet, Mrs. Hereford left the
room.

From the conversation we have given
the reader will understand the character
of Mrs. Hereford and her niece, and there
is no need of further explanation.

Ralph Howard's note to Magdalene cut
the heart of the noble girl like a knife,
but after the first pang was over she felt
very thankful that her life had not been
bound with that of this sordid man. She
gave him back the freedom she knew he
desired, and their paths separated.

The property left her by Mr. Greenough
was legally transferred to the children of
Charles Greenough—Edward and Alice,
both of whom resided in a distant city.—
The business was all transacted by Judge
Dana—Magdalene's lawyer—and although
Edward Greenough strongly opposed the
transfer, he was forced to acquiesce. He
urged her through her counsel, to retain
at least the old mansion where his grand-
father had lived and died, but this she re-
fused to do; and likewise did she decline
the yearly annuity he wished so much to
settle upon her.

And casting off all ties, Magdalene
went into a neighboring State as precep-
tress in a flourishing academy. Here for
two years she lived on without love. And
what is harder than that for a woman?—
She may be poor, and humble, and un-
known, but if there is one true heart that
loves her, then life is a glory and a bless-
ing.

At the end of these two years of
solitude, Magdalene found her strength fail-
ing. The physician prescribed sea air;
and one sultry July day she beheld, for
the first time, the great ocean.

Halsey beach was a quiet resort for
quiet people, who, disliking the noise and
fashion of Newport and Long Branch,
preferred seclusion and the substantial table
of the Rock View House.

The second evening after her arrival
Magdalene walked down on the beach.—
How quiet and still was everything! No
sound but the ceaseless break of the surf
on the beach—a sound old as creation it-
self. The sun was down—a breath of
south wind swayed lazily the flag of red,
white and blue at the top of the flag-staff
on Beacon Cliff, and before her, at her
very feet, lay stretched out the illimitable
ocean.

The long reach of white, glittering
sand tempted Magdalene to prolong her
walk—and loitering along she reached
the extremity of the beach. Just beyond
across the rocks, there was a patch of
sand even whiter and more beautiful than
that she had just crossed, and with a light
step she bounded over the rocks, and set
foot upon the treacherous waste. At the
first few steps her light weight hardly
made an impression on the sand, but as
she went onward she sunk ankle deep,
and with a slow horror stealing over her
she found that it required all her strength
to extricate her feet from the power which
held them. A voice from the rocks,
ringing clear through the distance, cried
out—

"Not another step forward. Remain
just where you are. You are in the Hal-
sey quicksands!"

She turned toward the voice, and saw
dimly defined through the gloom a tall
man hurrying toward her. A boat wreck-
ed and bleached by the storms was strand-
ed at a little distance—he tore out a piece
of plank, and made a bridge for himself.
He stepped fearlessly upon it, and succeed-
ed in drawing her out and in safety to
the plank. He did not speak until they
were standing together on the shore.—
Then he said, looking down at her grave
face—

"You are not acquainted with Halsey
Beach, I conclude?"

For the first time she looked at him
fairly. He had a strong, reliable face—
not a handsome one. The forehead was
broad and full, the features good, the hair
chestnut and inclined to curl, and the
eyes gray, deep, and of that kind which
keeps the owner's secrets.

"No," she said, in reply to his question;
"I have never seen the sea until yester-
day."

"Do not condemn it for threatening to
swallow you," he said, gaily. "I certainly
shall not if it gives me the pleasure of
your acquaintance. But I must hurry
you to the house. You will take cold;
the air is getting chilly." He gave her
his arm. How very delightful to this
lonely woman was the sense of protection
this man's presence gave her.

"At the door she paused. "You have
done me a great service, sir; may I not
know your name?"

"Allston. And yours?"
"Magdalene Ross."

A sudden flush went over her face; and
he stooped over her and took her hand.—
"Magdalene Ross?" he said. "I shall re-
member. Take care of yourself, and good-
night."

After that Miss Ross and Mr. Allston
met constantly. They walked, and drove,
and watched the sunsets together, and
perhaps before either was aware they had
drifted into love. Magdalene realized
how deeply her heart was stirred when he
spoke of leaving Halsey Beach on the
morrow. Something he saw in her face
led him to speak.

"Magdalene, one word from you would
keep me through all time! Will you say
it?"

She looked at him, but dimly compre-
hending his meaning.

"I will make myself clearer. I love
you; I want your love in return. What
answer have you?"

She put her hands into his. "I love
you, Mr. Allston."

"And you are not afraid to trust me,
utter stranger as I am, of whom you know
nothing?"

"No, I am not afraid. I feel some as-
surance within that I shall never repent
my confidence in you."

"Maggie, put your face here on my
shoulder, close to mine. I have a confi-
sion to make to you. I am not what I
seem. I am not Mr. Allston. My name
is Edward Allston Greenough. No, I
will not let you go. You must hear me
through. When you renounced your in-
heritance to my sister and myself, I ap-
preciated so perfectly the noble spirit
which prompted you that I made a vow
to seek you out, and, if possible, win your
love. I loved you before I saw you.—
My sister is dead—I am all alone in the
world, and so are you. I followed you
here from Decatur, where you have been
teaching, and arrived just in season to
save your life. I claim it now; shall I
have it?"

She lifted her luminous eyes to his face,
and he read his answer there.

So Magdalene became the mistress of
the grand old house where John Green-
ough lived and died; and shared the in-
heritance she had once renounced.

EVIL EFFECTS OF DRAM DRINKING.

In a familiar epistle from Lute A. Tay-
lor, of Wisconsin, to Joe Elwell, publish-
ed in the La Crosse Republican, we find
a touching and powerful exposition of the
result of an intemperate use of ardent
spirits, and the danger of acquiring a
morbid taste for liquor:

My pen is arrested, Joe, and my thought
involuntarily turns to another theme. A
friend of other days, but for whom friend-
ship is now shorn of respect, and has only
pity left, just came to me and asked for a
small sum to buy strong drink. "Oh! it
was pitiful." With a heart naturally
noble, a mind active and strong, a gen-
tleman, a ready writer, a pleasant friend,
he has gone to disgrace with fearful rapid-
ity; and wrecked, broken, desolate, and
damned, he pleads for a pittance with
which to buy another draught of forget-
fulness, delirium and death. I read too,
to-day, of the miserable death of ex-Senator
McDougal—the quenching of that
splendid intellect in which his life was
strong enough to strike through the fog-
giest fumes of alcohol, and the brilliancy
of whose lustre put the abstemious schol-
ars to blush. O, the fatal mastery of "hab-
it!" It steals upon its victim with noiseless
feet and binds him with chains softer than
silk and stronger than steel. Once in the
charmed circle of its invidious influence,
and the strong man is like Sampson in the
lap of Delilah. He sleeps in fancied se-
curity in the lap of Indulgence, until hab-
it has stolen resolution from his soul, and
then awakes to a terrible consciousness of
his degradation, but powerless to retrieve
his lost estate. No position or attainments
are a safeguard against the wiles of habit,
and intellect of a lofty order seems rather
to invite than to repel its destructive mas-
tery. If there is a sight on earth, sadder
and more terrible than all else, it is
to see a liquor-charred remnant of a once
great man, groping in delirium at death's
dark doors, with hell-born horrors peopling
the brain where once dwelt pure af-
fections and regal thoughts.

LEARNING A TRADE.

Stephen Girard had a favorite clerk,
and he always said he "intended to do
well by Ben Lippencott." So when Ben
got to be twenty-one, he expected to hear
the Governor say something of his future
prospects, and perhaps lend a helping
hand in starting him in the world. But
the old fox carefully avoided the subject.
Ben mustered courage. I suppose I am
now free, sir," said he, "and I thought I
would say something to you as to my
course. What do you think I had better
do?" "Yes, yes, I know you are," said
the millionaire; "and my advice is that
you go and learn the cooper's trade."

This application of ice neatly froze
Ben out; but, recovering his equilibrium,
he said, if Mr. Girard was in earnest, he
would do it. "I am in earnest," and Ben
forthwith sought the best cooper in Spring
Garden, became an apprentice, and in due
time could make as good a barrel as the
best. He announced to old Stephen that
he had graduated, and was ready to set
up in business. The old man seemed
gratified, and immediately ordered three
of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben
did his pretties, and wheeled them up to
his counting room. Mr. Girard pro-
nounced them first-rate, and demanded
the price. "One dollar," said Ben, "is as
low as I can live by." "Cheap enough!
Make out your bill."

The bill was made out, and old Stephen
settled it with a check for \$50,000 which
he accompanied with this little moral to
the story: "There, take that, and invest
it in the best possible manner; and if you
are unfortunate and lose it, you have a
good trade to fall back upon, which will
afford you a good living."

A lady asked her gardener why
the weeds always outgrew and covered up
the flowers. "Madam," answered he,
"the soil is mother of the weeds, but only
step-mother of the flowers."

"Are you not afraid your wife will
get married again when you die?" "I
hope she may, as there will be one man in
the world who will know how to pity me."