



TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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

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Advertisements.—The rates of ADVERTISEMENTS are for one square, of ten lines or less, one insertion, 75 cents; three, \$1.50; and 50 cts for each subsequent insertion.

Business Cards.—The price of JOB WORK, for thirty bills, one-eighth sheet, \$1.25; one-fourth, \$2.00; one-half, \$3.00; and additional numbers, half price—and for Blanks, \$2.00 per cent.

Business Cards. JOHN C. HILL, M. D., formerly of Harrisburg, having located in the borough of Perryopolis, offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and surrounding country.

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

JOHN T. L. SAHM, Attorney-at-Law, MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PA.

OFFERS his professional services to the public. Prompt attention given to the prosecution of claims against the Government, collections and all other business entrusted to his care. Office in the Sheriff's office, in the Court House.

WENDE 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.

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.

MARBLE WORKS. The undersigned having entered into partnership with J. H. Bowers, is prepared to fill all orders for Tombstones, Monuments, Table Tops, or any other articles in our line of business, on short notice and the most reasonable terms.

BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, Ladies' Fine Shoes, Children's Shoes, &c., at moderate prices. All work warranted.

PAVING. The undersigned is prepared to lay all kinds of paving stones, and is prepared to do all kinds of paving work, on short notice and the most reasonable terms.

DR. S. G. McLAUGHLIN. OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Juniata and adjoining counties. Being in possession of all the latest improvements he flatters himself that he can give more satisfaction to those who may need his services.

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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, durability, cleanliness, and the restoration of the natural color of the face, cannot be surpassed. 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, opposite the Court House Square.

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 York cutter sledges. 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 adjoining 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.

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

Physicians orders promptly filled at a small advance on eastern wholesale prices. Prescriptions carefully compounded at his Store, at Rollman Brothers' old stand, Main street, two doors west of Bellaria's store, Mifflintown, Pa. Jan 25, 1867-ly.

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. His stock embraces in part, Stove Coal, Smith Coal and Line-burners 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, Sausage, Joist, Roofing Lath, Plastering Lath, Shingles, Striping, Sash and Doors. Coal and Lumber delivered at short notice.

Select Poetry.

NO AND YES. BY THEODORE TILTON.

I watched her at her spinning, And this was my beginning Of wooing and of winning.

So cruel, so unearring, So scornful was her bearing, She set me half despairing.

Yet sorry wit one sees, Who loves, and thinks he loses Because a maid refuses.

Love prospers in the making, By help of all its aching, And quaking, and heart-breaking.

A woman's first denying Evinces her complying Upon a second trying.

When first I said in pleading, "Behold, my love lies bleeding!" She shook her head unheeding.

But when again I told her, And blamed her cheek growing colder, She dropped against my shoulder.

Then, with her eyes of rj lender, She gave a look so tender, I knew she would surrender!

So down the lane I led her, And while her cheek grew redder, I sued outright to wed her.

Good end from bad beginning! My wooing came to winning! And still I watch her spinning!

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE LOST WILL.

The scenes I am about to describe occurred about the year 1860, to a respectable family by the name of Culverton, in Orange county, New York.

The Culvertons had lived in the old family mansion and enjoyed the revenues of the family estate for many years, without the slightest doubt that they had a right to it, when suddenly there started up from goodness knows where, an individual who laid claim on the property, and seemed likely to prove his claim to all but the Culvertons themselves.

It was certain, Jabez Hardy was the nearest relative, and certain that Mrs. Culverton was only a grand-niece of Hiram Hardy, deceased; but the Culvertons had lived with the old man for years, and he had promised, time and time again to leave them everything. He had even declared that his will was made in their favor; and that such a document was actually in existence, Mr. Culverton could not doubt; but diligent search had been made in vain, and Jabez Hardy, whom the old man never saw, was to take the place of people he loved so fondly, and who had been his comfort in his last hours.

"It was a shame!" said every one. "A cruel wicked thing!" sobbed Mrs. Culverton. And Mr. Culverton, who had never expected a reverse, was quite crushed as the pending lawsuit progressed.

A thousand times a day he said: "How providential it would be if uncle Hiram's will would turn up at this moment!" "I wonder how he rest, poor man, with such injustice going on."

But no matter what they said, or how they managed, no will was found, and Jabez rubbed his hands in triumph. It was strange that while matters were in this condition, one so deeply interested as Mrs. Culverton necessarily was, should dream of anything else; but dream she did, night after night, of an entirely different subject.

for while Johanna remains here I shall never live another cook." And just as she said this there was a scream in the kitchen, and the little errand girl ran in, frightened out of her senses to tell how Johanna, lifting the wash boiler, had fallen with it and scalded herself.

Mrs. Culverton followed the young girl into the kitchen, and found Johanna in a wretched condition; and the doctor being sent for she was put to bed and declared useless for her domestic capacity for at least a month to come. A temporary substitute must be had, and Mrs. Culverton, that very afternoon, went to New York to find one at the intelligence office.

Strangely to say, in the bustle she had quite forgotten her dream, until she suddenly stood face to face with the very girl she had seen in it. A small young woman with very singular blue eyes in a white face, and whose features betrayed Scottish origin. She had risen—this girl—from a seat in the office, and stood before her twisting her apron strings and murmuring "I'd like to hire with you, ma'am," she said.

The very words of the dream, also—Mrs. Culverton started, and in her confusion could only say: "Why?" The girl blushed.

"I don't know," she said, "only it seems to me I'd like to live with you." It seemed a fatal thing to Mrs. Culverton, but she put the usual questions and received the most satisfactory answers, except as to references.

"But I can't employ you without reference," said Mrs. C., knowing that fate had decreed that this girl should take a place in her kitchen. "If you can't I must out with it," said the girl. "There's my lady's name, ma'am. She will tell you I am honest and capable; but she turned me off for frightening the family."

"How?" asked Mrs. Culverton. "Seeing ghosts?" replied the girl—"Every day I saw a little child in white playing about the house; and all said there was no such child there, though there had been one once, but he was dead. Mistress said I pretended to see it for the sake of importunance, and she discharged me, but I knew by her trembling that she thought I had seen a ghost. I went to a doctor and he called it optical delusion, and it would soon pass away; and sure enough, I have not seen it since I left the house."

It was a queer story; but Mrs. Culverton believed it, and before she left the office, had hired Jessie to fill Johanna's place, for the space of one month from that day. That evening she came and went to work with a will.

Dinner time passed comfortably and tea-time came. The Culvertons never ate anything but a biscuit or a cake at this meal, and cups were handed about in the sitting room. Jessie came in at the appointed hour with her tray, served every one, and then stood smiling before Mrs. Culverton as she said:

"Please ma'am let me pass you, the old gentleman has not yet been helped. Yes, sir, in a minute." "The—old—gentleman!" cried Mrs. Culverton.

"Yes, ma'am—behind you in the corner there, please." "There's no gentleman, young or old, there," said the lady. "I can't imagine what you took for one."

The girl made no answer but turned quite white and left the room. Mrs. C. followed. At first she could extort no explanation, but by and by the girl declared she saw an old gentleman sitting in an arm chair in the corner, who beckoned to her, and she fancied in a hurry for his tea.

"What did he look like?" asked Mrs. Culverton. "He was thin and tall," said the girl—"his hair was white and very long, and I noticed that one of his knees looked stiff, and a thick gold headed cane beside him."

"Uncle Hiram?" cried Mrs. Culverton, "upon my word you've described my great grand-uncle, who has been dead for twenty years." Jessie began to cry. "I shall never keep a place," she said—"You will turn me away now." "See as many ghosts as you please," she said, "as long as you don't bring them

before my eyes," and went back to her tea without saying a word to any of the family on the subject, although she was extremely mystified.

Surely if the girl had never seen her uncle Hiram—which was not likely, considering that he had been dead nearly her whole life time—she must have seen something in the ghost line; and if indeed it were her uncle Hiram's spirit, why should he not come to aid them in their trouble? Mrs. Culverton had always had a little superstition hidden in her soul, and she soon began to believe this version of the case.

The next morning she went into the kitchen, and shutting the door, said to Jessie:

"My good girl, I do not intend to dismiss you, so be quite frank with me. I do not believe that these forms are optical illusions. I feel sure that they are actual spirits. What do you think?" "I think as you do, ma'am," said the girl. "Our folks have always seen ghosts, and grand-father had the second sight for ten years before he died."

"If you should see the old gentleman you told of again," said Mrs. Culverton, "be sure and tell me. I'd keep the story from the young folks, and Mr. Culverton would only laugh at it; but you describe my dear old grand-uncle, and my belief is you saw him."

The girl promised to mention anything that might happen, to her mistress; and from that day an interchange of glances between them and a subsequent conference in the kitchen was of frequent occurrence.

The girl saw her apparition seated on the sofa in the parlor, seated at the dinner table, walking in the garden, and so like was it that she found it impossible to refrain from passing plates and cups and saucers to it, to the infinite amusement of people who saw only empty air in the same spot.

By and by she invariably spoke of her ghost as the old gentleman, and was no more affected by his presence than by that of a living being. If it was an optical illusion it was the most singular on record.

But all this while—ghost or no ghost—the figure never spoke, and never did anything to help the Culvertons in their dilemma, and the lawsuit was nearly terminated, without the shadow of a doubt, in Jabez Hardy's favor.

In three days all would be over, and the Culvertons who have earned their property, if ever mortals did, by kindness and attention to their aged relatives—whom they truly loved and honored—would probably be homeless.

One morning Mrs. Culverton sat over her breakfast after the others had left the room, thinking of this, when Jessie came in.

"I've something to tell you, ma'am," she said. "There's a change in the old gentleman."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Culverton. "I've seen him twice at the foot of my bed in the night," said the girl, "and though he always, before me, has been kind and pleasant looking, now he frowns and looks angry. He beckons me to go somewhere, and I don't dare, in the night time."

"You must," said Mrs. Culverton. "I know he will come again, and I'll sit with you all night and go where you go. It may be of great use to us all, Jessie."

chain is made of such bright, yellow hair, I thought at first it was gold." "His wife's hair," said Mrs. Culverton. "It was buried with him. You see old Uncle Hiram. Does he look at me?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Jessie. "Uncle," said Mrs. C., "do you know me after all these years?" "He nods," said the girl.

"Have you come to help us—lear uncle?" said the lady. Uncle Hiram was described as nodding very kindly and beseeching.

"He wants us to follow him," said the lady, and took the light. The moment she opened the door Jessie saw the figure pass through it.

Mrs. Culverton still could see nothing. Obeying to the girl's movements, Mrs. C. descended the stairs and stood in the library.

The ghost paused before a book case. "He wants me to open it," said Jessie. "Do so," said the lady. "He signs to take down the books," said the girl.

And Mrs. Culverton's own hands went to work. Book after book was taken down—novels and romances, poems and plays.

A pile of volumes lay upon the library carpet, and still the ghost pointed to the rest till they were all down.

"He looks troubled, ma'am. He seems trying to think," said the girl. "Oh, ma'am, he's gone to the other case!"

And so, to cut a long story short, the four great book cases were emptied without apparent result.

Suddenly Jessie screamed: "He's in the air. He's risen, ma'am to the top of the case. He wants me to climb up."

"Get the steps, Jessie," said her mistress—and Jessie obeyed. On the very top of one of the cases, and covered by cobwebs, she found an old German book, and brought it down.

"This was there," she said. Mrs. Culverton took it in her hand, and from between the leaves dropped a folded paper fastened with red tape and sealed.

The lady picked it up, and read on the outside these words: "The last will and testament of Hiram Hardy." For a little while she could only weep and tremble; soon she found words: "Uncle," she said, "in the name of my husband, and my dear children, I thank you from my soul. Does he hear me, Jessie?" "Yes; he nods and smiles," said the girl.

"Will you let me see you, Uncle?" said Mrs. Culverton. "He has gone," said the girl. "He has kissed his hand and gone." And so he had for good; for from that moment he was never seen again by mortal eyes.

Nobody believed the story of his appearance. But the will has been discovered, without doubt, and the Culvertons were no longer in danger of expulsion from their old home. There they lived and died, and Jessie remained until she married; and all her life received every kindness from the family, who were indebted to her singular peculiarity for their comfort and happiness.

Whether Uncle Hiram's spirit really came back to earth or not, is a question; but Mrs. Culverton always asserts that it did, and quibbled with every one who ventures to doubt the assertion.

A SHORT SERMON.—A certain Madam Creswell, famously celebrated in the plays of Charles the Second's time, died in Bridewell, and bequeathed ten pounds to have a sermon preached in which nothing but what was well of her should be said. The sermon is said to have been written by the Duke of Buckingham, and was as follows: "All I shall say of her is this: 'She was born well, she married well, she lived well, and she died well—for she was born at Shad-well, married to Creswell, she lived of Clarke-well, and died at Bridewell.'"

"Did you see MacGinnis, the defendant 'steal the pig?'" asked a judge of an Irish witness. "Well, not exactly, yer honor, but I met him the day Widdy Flaherty lost her grunter—and sez I, 'Hillo, Pat?'" "Hillo!" says he. "Ah, hah!" sez I—"Oh, ho!" sez he. "The divil!" sez I. "The divil!" sez he; and that's all I know about the pig, yer honor."