



TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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

Business Cards.

JOHN C. HUTTON, M. D. formerly of Harrisburg, leaving located in the Borough of Mifflintown, where 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 South of Bridge street.

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Select Poetry.

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.

I wrote some lines once on a time In wondrous merry mood, And thought, as usual, men would say They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer, I laughed as I would die; Albeit in the general way, A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came; How kind it was of him, To mind a slender man like me, He of the mighty limb.

"These to the printer," I exclaimed, And in my humorous way, I added, (as a triding jest,) "There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper and I watched, And saw him peep within; At the first line he read, his face Was all upon the grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad, And about from ear to ear; He read the third; a chuckling noise I now began to hear.

The fourth; he broke into a roar; The fifth; his waistband split; The sixth; he burst five buttons off, And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye, I watched that wretched man, And since, I never dare to write As funny as I can.

Miscellaneous Reading.

AUTUMN GLOSSOMS.

How was it that I came to be an old bachelor? Not because of hating woman, I am sure, for I liked them very much, and never could have spoken to one rudely or discourteously for my life.

Father died, leaving a family of children, a wife, and an old father and mother, of whom only myself was able to earn a dollar.

So, after the first great grief, when we had calmed down and were able to look matters quietly in the face, there was a wretched sort of prospect for us.

And the result of that letter, and of another from the lawyer who had Annie Hunter's little fortune in charge, was that one soft spring day found me on board of a great steamer which lay at rest after her voyage in the protecting arms of great New York.

I saw you on your knees," I said. "And thought me a silly fellow, eh? But you don't know, Ned. You can't understand, you've been so calm and cool all your life through, you know. She's driving me mad, Ned, I do believe she takes me, but she won't say yes. I'd give my right hand for her love. I must have it, and I think you can help me, Ned. From something she said, I believe she thinks you would disapprove; perhaps that you are one to marry for money. Tell her you're not, Ned,—dear old fellow,—tell her you have no objection, and I'll never forget it,—indeed, I won't!"

"Tell her I have no objections," I repeated, mechanically. "You know you are master here, and as much my father as if you really were one instead of a brother," said Ashton.

"If I did not know how kindly you had always felt to us both, I shouldn't confide in you, for it's a serious thing to be in love, Ned, and you may thank Heaven you know nothing of it!"

"I'll do what I can, Ashton," I said at last. "I'll try my best."

And he flung his arm about me in his own boyish fashion, and he left me alone—alone with my own thoughts.

He had said truly: I had been like a father to him. I was old enough to be hers, and no one should know my silly dream. I would hide it while I lived.

As I had once said, "I've only the old folks and the children now," and I said then, "I will only think of mother and of Ashton. Let my own life be as nothing

day, before prosperity came to us—died within an hour of each other—for granite just said:

"I think I'll lie down a bit, now Lemuel don't need me. I'm very tired."

Then she kissed me and said: "You've been a good boy to your grandpa, Edward. You'll have that to think of."

And when next we looked at her she was dead, with her cheek upon her hand, like a sleeping child.

So two were gone, and we were sadder than before. And then Jean, my eldest sister, married at sixteen, a clergyman, who carried her off to Hindostan in her honeymoon.

And we could none of us feel the wedding a happy thing.

But prosperity did come at last. I had worked hard for it, and anything a man makes his soul object in this life he is very sure to attain.

We were comfortable—easy. Ah, what a word that is after years of struggle. At last we were rich. But by that time I was five-and-forty—a large, dark, middle-aged man, with a face that looked to myself in the glass as though it were perpetually intent on figures.

Dick had taken to the sea, and we saw him once a year or so, and Ashton was at home with mother and myself—the only really handsome member of our family, and just two-and-twenty. And it was on his birthday, I remember, that that letter came to me from poor Hunter—that letter which began:

"When these lines reach you, Ned Sanford, I shall have my six feet of earth—all I ever owned, or would if I had lived to be an hundred."

We had been young together, though he was really older than I; and we had been close friends once, but a roving fit had seized him and we had not met for years. I knew he had married a young Southern girl, and knew no more, but now he told me that she was dead and that his death would leave a daughter an orphan.

"She is not quite penniless," he wrote: "for her mother had a little income, which poor as I was, I was never brute enough to meddle with, and it has descended to her. But I have been a rolling stone, gathering no moss all my life, and we have never staid long enough in one place to make friends. Will you be her guardian? It is a dying man's last request."

And then he wrote some words, coming from his heart, I knew, which, being of myself, I cannot quote even here—I could not think that I deserved them.

And the result of that letter, and of another from the lawyer who had Annie Hunter's little fortune in charge, was that one soft spring day found me on board of a great steamer which lay at rest after her voyage in the protecting arms of great New York, with two little hands in mine, and a pair of great brown eyes lifted to my face, and a sweet voice choked with sobs saying something of "poor papa."

And of how much he had spoken of me, and of the lovely voyage, and the green graves left behind, and I, who had gone to meet a child and found a woman, looking at her and feeling toward her as I had never looked upon nor felt to any other.

Not to Elsie Hall. It was not the boyish love-dream come again.

Analyzing the emotion, I found only a great longing to protect and comfort her—to guard her from every pain and ill; and I said to myself:—This is as a father must feel to a daughter; I can be a parent to George Hunter's child in very truth.

And I took her home to the old house and to my old mother. I thought only of those; somehow I never thought of Ashton.

Shall I ever forget how she brightened the sombre rooms! How, as her sadness wore away, she sang to us in the twilight! How strangely a something which made the return home and the long hours of the evening seem so much brighter than they had ever been before, stole into my life. I never went to sleep in church now; I kept awake to look at Oliver Hunter—to listen to her pure contralto as she joined in the singing. Sometimes I caught her eye, her great unfathomable brown, for she had a habit of looking at me—Was she wondering how a face could be so stern and grim? I used to ask myself, Ashton used to look at her also. He had been away when she first came to us, and when he returned, she was a grand surprise to him.

"Great Heaven! how lovely she is!" he had said to me.

"She is very pretty," I replied. Ashton laughed.

"May I never be an old bachelor if it brings me to calling such a girl 'very pretty,'" he said; and I felt conscious that my cheek flushed and I felt angry that he should have spoken of me thus, though I never cared before.

They liked each other very much—these two young things. They were together a great deal. A pretty picture they made in the Venetian window in the sunset. He was a fair-haired, blue-eyed, English-looking youth; she so exquisitely dark and glowing.

Every one liked her. Even my old clerk, Stephen Hadly, used to say her presence lit the office more than a dozen lamps, the nearest approach to a poetical speech of which old Stephen was ever known to be guilty; and I never knew how much she was to me until one evening, when, coming home earlier than usual, I saw in that Venetian window where Ashton and Oliver had made so many pleasant pictures for me, one that I never forgot—that I never shall forget as long as I live.

She stood with her back to me. Ashton was kneeling at her feet. The sound of the opening door dissolved the picture but I had seen it, and I stole away to hide the stab that it had given me.

I sat down in my own room and hid my face in my hands, and would have been glad to hide it beneath my coffin-lid—I knew now that I loved Olive Hunter; that I loved her not as an old man might love a child, but as a young man might love the woman who ought to be his wife—better than I had loved Elsie Hall; for it was not boyish passion, but earnest love.

I in love! I arose, and looked in the mirror, and my broad-shouldered reflection blushed before my gaze.

The spring-time of my life had flown, and my summer had come and gone, and in the autumn I had dreamt of love's bud and blossom.

Yes, I had dreamt of it; I knew it now. And she might have loved me had I had Ashton's soft skin, and blue eyes, and graceful figure, and his youth and light-heartedness. Oh, the bright possibilities of that might have been!

I knelt beside my bed, and prayed that I might not hate my brother—that I might not even envy him. His touch upon my door startled me. He came in with something in his manner not usual to him, and sat down just opposite to me. For a few moments we were silent. Then he said, speaking rapidly and blushing like a girl:

"Ned, old fellow, you—you saw me making a fool of myself just now, I suppose?"

"I saw you on your knees," I said. "And thought me a silly fellow, eh? But you don't know, Ned. You can't understand, you've been so calm and cool all your life through, you know. She's driving me mad, Ned, I do believe she takes me, but she won't say yes. I'd give my right hand for her love. I must have it, and I think you can help me, Ned. From something she said, I believe she thinks you would disapprove; perhaps that you are one to marry for money. Tell her you're not, Ned,—dear old fellow,—tell her you have no objection, and I'll never forget it,—indeed, I won't!"

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He had said truly: I had been like a father to him. I was old enough to be hers, and no one should know my silly dream. I would hide it while I lived.

As I had once said, "I've only the old folks and the children now," and I said then, "I will only think of mother and of Ashton. Let my own life be as nothing

—I have lived for them, if needs be, I will die for them."

But I would not see or speak to Olive that night, nor until the next day was quite gone. Then, in the twilight, I sat beside her and took her hand.

"Olive," I said, "I think you know that Ashton loves you. I am sure he has told you so. And you can—can you not love him?"

She drew her hand from mine, and said not one word.

"I should rejoice in my brother's happiness. I should think him happier in having your love than anything else could make him," I said. "I told him I would tell you, so."

And then she spoke: "You wish me to marry Ashton?"

Reproach was in the tone—reproach and sorrow. "If you can love him, Olive," I said. She arose. She seemed to shrink from me, though in the dark I could not see her face.

"I do not love him," she said. And we were still as death. Then suddenly Olive Hunter began to sob.

"You have been very kind to me, I love you all," she said, "but I cannot stay here now. Please let me go somewhere else. I must—I cannot live here."

"Go from us, Olive? Nay, we are no tyrants; and once assured you do not love him, Ashton will—"

"Hush!" she panted—"hush! Please let me go away. Please let me go away." The moon was rising. Her new-born light fell upon Olive's face. Perhaps its whiteness made her look so pale.

She leaned against the wall with her little hand upon her heart, her unfathomable eyes fell of pain. How had I hurt her so? A new thought struck me.

"Perhaps you love some one else, Olive?" I said. And at that she turned her face from me and hid it in her hands.

"Too much—too much. You might have spared me that," she said. "Let me go away. I wish you had never bro't me here."

And I arose and went to her. I bent over the woman I loved. I touched her with my hand; her soft hair brushed my cheek.

"Olive," I said, "if coming here has brought pain upon you, I wish I had not. I would have died to make you happy."

And my voice trembled, and my hand shook, and she turned her face toward me again and looked into my eyes. What she saw in mine I do not know—the truth I think. In hers I read this: I was not old to her; not too old to be loved.

I stole my arm about her; she did not resist it. I uttered her name, "Olive," huskily. Afterwards, I told her of my struggle with myself, not then. I said: "Olive, I love you, but it cannot be you care for me. I am old enough to be your father."

And again I saw in her eyes the happy truth, and took her to my heart. And I was not old, nor even middle-aged, but young again in the bliss of that bright moment, and I think I have been growing younger ever since.

But we kept our secret for a while, for we both loved Ashton, and both knew his wound was not too deep to find a balm; and within a year, when the boy brought home a bride, a pretty creature whom he loved, and who loved him, I claimed Olive.

And she is mine now; and the autumn blossoms of my heart will only fade on earth to bloom again through all eternity.

COUNTRY MEETING TALK.

An Illinois editor, who sometimes has an attack of phronography, attended a meeting where he took down the following notes of the different topics of conversation at one time:

Vote for Lovejoy! exclaimed a political aspirant, indignantly, I'd as leave vote for Lloyd Garrison himself, loaded down as he is with—

Two of the fattest and best critters you ever set your eyes on, interrupted a dealer in cattle, that I sold for—

The horrid yellow dress again, exclaimed Miss Spruce, in what might have sounded like a whisper, if she had been on the other side of the room, pointed too, half an inch thick, and wears—

Teeth and toe nail to get into office, broke in another politician, but the people will not trust him again, besides he is—

Spavined in both hind legs, wind-broken and foundered to boot, as I told Mr. Jervis at the time—

One tea cup full of butter, two of sugar, three of flour, four eggs and a sprinkle of nutmegs, makes—

Both ends meet when the year comes round, poor woman! she has got six children, the oldest one blind, and—

No saddle or bridle to ride him with, somebody stole it while I was gone to Chicago after—

The long promised millennial day which we have no doubt is to be brought about through the ministration of—

Two Dutchmen, a monkey and a hand organ to grind; and oh, it made the funniest music and the little figures danced around like—

Ninety-nine hundred miles of railroad track, and that is at an estimated cost of—

Five cents a dozen. I sold four hens to Mr. Wilson, and the hawks carried off three, besides any number of chickens and—

Such a handsome young man, and he danced so beautiful. Did you ever see a handsome pair of whiskers, or a more fascinating—

Handle to my tea pot, and Tommy declared he hadn't touched it at all, and I know Emily hadn't for she had been all the time—

Running at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour with no headlights on, and around the curve at that, when the locomotive broke the bridge over—

That young Miss Brown that had the small pox last spring. They do say she is going to marry—

Two pointer dogs and the best gun in town. I wanted the gun the worst way and offered him—

The scarlet fever and the whooping cough, and I don't know what he hasn't had, poor little darling. This is the first time that I have taken him out since—

The Mexican war, which I consider was entirely unjustifiable, unless it be on the ground that—

The preacher has come, exclaimed a boy, and depositing my report in my pocket, I proceeded into the school house to muse upon the utility of phronography.

CONCERNING RATS.

A writer in the London Builder gossips at length concerning rats. He estimates that there are sixty millions of them in the United Kingdom. As to their destructive power, he remarks:

"I can testify from experience, when they have young they will carry away and store up scores of young chickens, ducks or turkeys in a single night, much the same as a cat having kittens. A friend of mine who had a little rabbit warren opposite his windows, saw his cat catch a young rabbit. He followed her and found that she had already laid up thirty-six that morning near her kittens. I have known of a brace of foxes taking thirty seven turkeys in a single night, and burying many of them up in some dung-heaps which were upon an adjoining field ready for spreading.

When hard pressed for food themselves or their young, rats are very daring and will attack large chickens and good sized rabbits. I know a case where a youth was awake in the night by a rat beginning upon his ear. Wherever stock are fed with meal or grain, there the rats will surely come, to share, with the pigs especially their barley meal and pollard."

Rats migrate, and travel a long way in a night in search of food. A neighbor of mine told me that he one night met a small army of them, some hundreds together. Rats find abundant accommodation and concealment under the old fashioned wooden barn floors and outspaded or thatched farm buildings. The modern system of asphaltting upon concrete is an effectual barrier; they cannot gnaw it; their only chance is to burrow under and between the ground and the concrete, and this, by a careful examination, may be easily prevented. A very destructive, cunning old rat, that could never be trapped, was taken in the following manner: Every hole except one was carefully stopped with gas-tar substances, and the part set at the remaining hole. For two days and nights he declined coming out, but hunger and thirst at last compelled him to face the trap, and he was taken.