



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.

Business Cards.

JOHN C. HUTTON, M. D. formerly of Harrisburg, having located in the borough of Perryville, offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and surrounding country. [Aug. 7, 1867-41.]

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

JOHN T. L. SAHM, Attorney-at-Law, MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PA. OFFERS his professional services to the public.

VENUE AUCTIONEER CRISP The undersigned offers his services to the public as Venue 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.

JEREMIAH LYONS, Attorney-at-Law, Mifflintown, Juniata Co., Pa. [Field] Doors and Shutters.—The undersigned has had purchased from Wm. E. Bowers his Foot and Shoemaker Shop on the corner of Main and Bridge streets, is now prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with a call.

BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS. Ladies' Fine Shoes, Children's Shoes, &c., at moderate prices. All work warranted. E. B. FASIC. Mifflintown, April 6, 1867-1y

NEW DRUG STORE, Patterson, Pa.—Dr. P. C. BUNDO 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.

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, Stone Coal, Smith Coal and Lime-burners Coal, at the lowest cash rates.

DENTISTRY! DENTISTRY! DENTISTRY! DENTISTRY! DENTISTRY! DENTISTRY! DENTISTRY! DENTISTRY! DENTISTRY! DENTISTRY!

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

Select Poetry.

THE TWO KITTENS.

There were two little kittens In a family I knew; And their history, dear children; May be of use to you.

As they grew older they improved By warmth, and care, and food; But one grew very beautiful, The other, very good.

The good one, searching round the house For mice, would never tire; The other, all the morning long, Lay sleeping by the fire.

Now this was such a waste of time, Neglecting thus her duty; Her mistress soon began to think But little of her beauty.

At length the mistress said, that cats Were not, like boys, to play with; As one could do the duty well, One must be made away with.

A pretty face to look upon Is better than a plain one; But talents form the character, And we must try to gain one.

Miscellaneous Reading. BREAD UPON THE WATERS. A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"Ah, Jacob, now you see how all your hopes are gone. Here you are—worn out with old age—all your children removed from you by the hand of death, and ere long we must be inmates of the poor house.

The old white haired man looked up at his wife. He was, indeed, bent down with years, and age sat trembling upon him.

An oppressive embargo upon the shipping business had been the first weight upon his head, and other misfortunes came in painful succession.

"Don't repine, Susan," said the old man. "True, we are poor, but we are not yet forsaken."

"Not forsaken Jacob? Who is there to help us now?" Jacob Manfred raised his trembling fingers toward heaven.

"Ah, Jacob, I know God is our friend, but we ought to have friends here. Look back and see how many you have befriended in days long past.

"Hush, Susan, you forget what you say. To be sure, I have hoped that some kind hand of earth would lift me from utter want; but I do not expect it as a reward for any thing I may have done."

"Yes, Jacob," returned the wife, in a lower tone, "I know you have been good, and in your memory you can be happy; but, alas! there is a present upon which we must look; there is a reality upon which we dwell. We must beg for food or starve."

The old man started, and a deep mark of pain was drawn across his features. "Beg?" he replied, with a quick shudder. "No, Susan—we are—"

"We are what, Jacob?" "We are going to the poor house!" "Oh, God! I thought so!" fell from the poor wife's lips, as she covered her face with her hands.

"Don't give it up, Susan," softly urged the old man, laying his hand upon her arm. "It makes but little difference to us now. We have not long to remain upon earth, and let us not wear our last days in fruitless repinings. Come, come!"

"But when shall we go?" "Now—to-day." "Then God have mercy on us." "He will."

The old couple sat for a while in silence. When they were aroused from their painful thoughts, it was the stopping of a wagon in front of their door. A man entered the room where they sat. He was the keeper of the poor house.

"Come, Mr. Manfred," he said, "the selection have managed to crowd you into the poor house. The wagon is at the door and you must get ready as soon as possible."

Jacob Manfred had not calculated the strength he should need for this ordeal. There was a coldness in the very tone and manner of the man who had come for him that went like an ice-bolt to his heart, and, with a deep groan, he sank into his seat.

"At that moment a heavy covered carry all drove up to the door. "Is this the house of Mr. Jacob Manfred?"

"The question was asked by a man who entered from the carryall. He was a kind-looking man, about forty years of age. "That's my name," said Jacob.

"Then they told me truly," uttered the new comer. "Are you the keeper of the almshouse?" he continued, turning towards the man.

"Yes," Jacob Manfred—Lucius Williams. That little boy whom thirty years ago, you saved from the house of correction; that poor boy whom you so kindly took from the hands of the law, and placed on board of one of your vessels."

"And are you—" "Yes—yes. I am the man you made. You formed me a rough stone from the hands of poverty and example. It was you who brushed off the evil, and who first led me to the sweet waters of moral life and happiness.

"You formed me a rough stone from the hands of poverty and example. It was you who brushed off the evil, and who first led me to the sweet waters of moral life and happiness. I have profited by the lessons you gave me in early youth, and the warm spark which your kindness lighted up in my bosom has grown brighter and brighter ever since.

Jacob Manfred tottered forward, and sank upon the bosom of his preserver. He could not speak his thanks, for they were too heavy for words. When he looked up again he sought his wife.

"Susan," he said, in a choking, trembling tone, "my bread has come back to me." "Forgive me, Jacob." "No, Susan. It is not I who must forgive—God holds us in his hand."

A VERY LUCKY MINER. The St. Paul Press of the 21st tells the following story of extraordinary luck on the part of a miner named Yetchell, who had been patiently hunting for gold in Montana for about two years.

The accident was caused by the breaking of a rail. The engine, tender and the three first cars passed safely over, but the two next, truck cars, containing four cages, in which were the royal Bengal tigers, the hyena, two bears, and the tapir, were thrown off, the cages smashed and the animals released.

The animals released did no damage to each other with the exception that one of the bears killed a fawn. The tigers and one of the bears at first manifested a hostile disposition towards each other. The bear assumed an upright position, and stood upon his guard in regular feline style, and when the striped beast came snuffing about him a scuff or two was exchanged, which seemed to satisfy both parties.

The accident occurred on a high embankment, but the couplings of the rear cars that remained on the track prevented the others from rolling entirely to the bottom.

A DESPERATE LOVER. An exerting love story is told by the Mount Holly Mirror, as follows: A certain fellow, living a few miles from here, courted a gal. Nothing strange about that. He wanted the gal to go to the person's with him, so that both could be made one. She couldn't see it. She flatly refused.

The love stricken swain then returned to his lady love, and again began his importunities when he received a direct and emphatic refusal, couched in rather sharp words. He informed her, if she would not make him happy, by joining her fate with his, that he would shoot himself, and thus shuffle off the mortal coil that was a burden instead of a pleasure to him.

Some men who recently returned from the Plains tell a story of a young Englishman traveling in the West, who was made the victim of a practical joke. Like most of his countrymen, he was full of conceit, and thought because he lived in London that he knew the whole world.

Several of his acquaintances, out of jest, proposed to one of the peaceful chiefs for the hand of his daughter, assuming that the proposal came from the Londoner. The Indian accepted at once, and informed his dusky child of the fact. She relished the betrothal, and went to her supposed lover, saying, in broken English, "My your squaw; very glad. Go cross big water. Take squaw now?"

The Englishman was shocked and horrified as well he might have been, at the idea of carrying home the child of the forest, who, among other pleasant habits was sitting drunk, and standing on her head at the corner of the street. He was afraid however, to decline, and when he asked council, the wags swore the savage would consider his refusal an insult to the tribe, and revenge it on the spot.

The unfortunate Englishman was in a desperate strait, and the same night bought a horse, left his baggage behind, rode off into the woods, and was not seen until a month after in St. Louis. He resolved never to return to the Plains, where he fancied he would instantly be tomakawked.

A MISSOURIAN informed a traveler, who had inquired about corn, that "each stalk had nine ears on it, and was fifteen feet high."

"That's nothing to our corn," replied the traveler. "Up in Illinois, where I came from, we always had nine ears to each stalk, and a peck of shelled corn hanging to each tassel; but we never could raise any field beans with it."

"Why?" asked the other. "Because the corn grew so fast as to pull the beans up."

STOPPING A NEWSPAPER. Some people seem to think that their subscription to a newspaper obligates the editor to advocate their own peculiar views on all questions which affect the public, forgetting that an editor should be an independent thing, honest enough to give his opinions, and let his readers judge of what they are worth.

A certain man hit his toe against a pebble and fell headlong to the ground. He was vexed, and under the influence of anger and self-sufficiency, he kicked mother earth right snugly. With imperturbable gravity, he looked to see the earth itself dissolved and come to naught. But the earth remained, and only his poor foot was injured in the encounter.

This is the way of man. An article in a newspaper touches him in a weak spot, and straightway he sends to "Stop his paper!" With great self-complacency he looks to see the crash when the object of his spleen shall cease to be. Poor fool, he has only hit his own toe against a world that does not perceptibly feel the shock, and injures to a slight extent none but himself.

INHABITANTS OF AN OYSTER.—Observations with a microscope have shown that the shell of an oyster is a world occupied by an innumerable quantity of small animals, compared to which the oyster is a colossus. The liquid enclosed between the shells of an oyster contains a multitude of embryos covered with transparent scales, which swim with ease; a hundred and twenty of those embryos, placed side by side, would not make an inch in breadth. This liquor contains also a great variety of animalcules, five hundred times less in size, which give out a phosphoric light. Yet besides these inhabitants of this dwelling, there are also three distinct species of worms.

PIQUANT.—At a literary dinner in London, where Thackeray and Angus B. Reach were *à-côté* at the table, Thackeray—who had never before met Mr. Reach, pronouncing the name as orthographically would naturally indicate. "Re-ack, sir—Re-ack, if you please," said Mr. Reach, who was punctilious upon having his name pronounced in two syllables, as if it spelled Reak. Thackeray, of course, apologized and corrected his pronunciation; but in the course of the dinner took occasion to hand a plate of fine peaches across the table, saying in a tone which only he possessed, "Mr. Reak, will you have a peak?" Whether Mr. Reak took a peak or a pique is not recorded.

DIFFERENT CLASSES OF READERS.—Coleridge has said that there are four classes of readers. The first he compares to an hourglass; their reading being as the sand—it runs in and runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class resembles a sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it in nearly the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class he likens to a jelly bag, which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains all the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class may be compared to the slaves in the diamond mines of Golconda, who casting aside all that is worthless, preserve only the pure gem.

SUPPOSE a man and a girl were married—the man thirty five years old, the girl five; this makes the man seven times as old as the girl; they live together until the girl is ten years old—this makes him forty years old, and four times as old as the girl; they still live until she is fifteen, the man being forty five—this makes the man three times as old; they still live until she is thirty years old—this makes the man sixty, only twice as old, and so on. Now, how long would they have to live to make the girl as old as the man?

SOME FELLOW—who was jilted, we should judge, and brought to grief by some fair beauty—thus revenges his wrongs: "Eve did not know as much as her daughters of the present day. Had they been in her place, instead of being deceived, they would have deceived the devil."

A coal mine near South Carrollton, Ky., has been on fire for nearly six months.