

# Juniata Sentinel

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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### EXTINCTION OF RACES.

BY H. DANNING.

"So flourish and fade majestic man,  
That races rise up, reach the height  
of power, and gradually decay, all his  
tory bears testimony. The mightiest  
races of antiquity arose to the highest  
attainment in civilization, and to the vast  
acquisitions of territory; but their annals  
record no exception to this decree of  
limitation. In the animal kingdom we see  
this law in full exercise. In the geologic  
periods the simplest forms of the animal  
and vegetable world were gradually re-  
placed by other and higher organizations  
until the lofty types which exist in the  
present age were formed. In many parts  
of the world are found evidences of  
civilization which has run its course to  
extinction, and in whose remains the  
practiced eye of the antiquary fails to detect  
the date of its origin or decay. Pre-  
historic research gives evidence of an  
extinct civilization in countries occupied  
now by nations in the savage and semi-  
barbarous states. Thus, on the American  
continent, the Mississippi valley bears  
evidence of a civilization long since dead,  
and in the British Isles we see Druidical  
remains,—monuments reared by that  
barbarous nation, the Celts; and in  
many parts of Europe exist the works of  
their neighbors, the Teutons. That the  
nations of antiquity had attained a high  
degree of civilization thousands of years  
before the Christian era, their monuments  
yet standing attest. The massive archi-  
tecture of Egyptian temples was followed  
by the graceful structures of the refined  
and philosophic Greeks; and each  
possessed an artistic merit that attracts  
the art students of the present day. The  
influence of the works of the ancients  
enters largely into the formation of  
modern creations of art and literature,  
while science continues more independently  
progressive, owing to its dependence upon  
the constant observation of man in its  
slow accretions of truth. Thus the man  
of literature or art of our day, not only  
endeavors to excel men of his own age  
in the production of his works, but takes  
for his model some genius of antiquity  
whose thoughts and words have come  
down through all the ages.

### THE BEAVER.

A stroll along the banks of the small  
rivers revealed many fresh beaver tracks.  
The beaver, when forced to leave his  
house by the Spring freshets, which fill  
it with water, seeks his living along the  
banks of the small river, until the waters  
subside. He is a gregarious and playful  
animal, fond of gymnastics for their own  
sake. When he finds a steep, smooth  
mud-bank, he usually amuses himself by  
crawling up and then sliding off into the  
water, repeating the process many times,  
apparently enjoying the fun as much as  
boys do coasting. He is nocturnal in his  
habits, and very timid. Taking the small  
canoe, Kurilla paddled patiently up and  
down, making as little noise as possible,  
and scanning the water near the banks  
for the beaver's nose. This is the only  
part visible, the rest being below the sur-  
face. A crack, followed by a shout, told  
me that my Scotch rifle had done its work,  
and Kurilla soon appeared in triumph,  
bearing a small beaver. The flesh of  
this animal is to most persons disagree-  
able. A slight odor and flavor which ac-  
company it frequently produces nausea  
with those unaccustomed to it. I never  
ate the meat, but the paws and tail I  
found very good. The former are cov-  
ered with black skin, with only a hair  
near the junction with the arm or leg;  
when thoroughly boiled they resemble  
pig's feet. The tail is composed of mus-  
cular fibre containing a large amount of  
peculiarly sweet fat in interstices. The  
skin which covers the tail has the appear-  
ance of scales, but there are no real scales.  
The skin readily peels off if scorching in  
the fire, and the tail when boiled is a  
delicious morsel. The muscles and inner  
skin are reduced by boiling, to a kind of  
jelly, and the whole is so rich that one  
cannot eat much of it. The castoreum  
which is used in medicine, is contained  
in two glands that open near the tail.  
Their use is not clearly understood, but  
is probably similar to that of musk glands  
in the musk-rat and the musk-deer. A  
favorite amusement among the Kutchin  
Indians consist in taking the humerus in  
the hands and endeavoring to break it;  
as it is very short and strong, this re-  
quires considerable strength. After skin-  
ning the beaver, and stretching the skin  
on a hoop of green willow, we pushed off.  
—Dall's Alaska.

### Poet's Corner.

#### WHO WILL CARE?

Who will care?  
When we lie beneath the daisies  
Underneath the church-yard mold;  
And the long grass o'er our faces  
Lays its fingers damp and cold:  
When we sleep from care and sorrow,  
And the ill of earthly life,  
Sleep to know no sad to-morrow,  
With its bitterness and strife—  
Who will care?

Who will care?  
Who will come to weep above us,  
Lying, O, so white and still,  
Underneath the skies of summer,  
When all nature's pulses thrill  
To a new life, glad and tender,  
Full of beauty, rich and sweet,  
And all the world is clad in splendor,  
That the world shall e'er repeat—  
Who will care?

Who will care?  
When Queen Autumn's flowers blossom,  
And she stoops in pity down,  
With a white flower for her bosom,  
Taken from her royal crown?  
Who will come to kneel in pity  
By our long and narrow bed,  
When the wild winds sing their ditty  
In the grasses o'er our head—  
Who will care?

Who will care?  
When the Spring time's glad smile lingers  
On the meadows far and wide,  
And she drops with rosy fingers,  
Bloom and leaf on every side,  
Who will come with tender yearning,  
To the graves of those they miss?  
Who will sigh for our returning  
To their presence and their kiss—  
Who will care?

Who will care?  
Who will think of white hands lying  
On a still and silent breast,  
Nevermore to dream of sighing,  
Evermore to know of rest?  
Who will care? No one can tell us,  
But if rest and peace befall,  
Will it matter if they miss us,  
Or they miss us not at all?  
Who will care?

### Miscellaneous Reading.

#### SINGULAR ORNAMENT.

A brooch worn by the Countess of K— has recently been the subject of conversation in an eminent company of polished nobility who are now exiles in Paris. Encircled by twenty brillants upon a dark blue ground lapislazuli; and protected by a glass in front, may be seen—what? A portrait! A lock of hair? No, neither the one nor the other, but only four bent pins, which are wrought together in form of a star. The history of this singular ornament is contained in the following communication:

The Count— was some years ago, in his own country, suspected of being too much inclined to politics, and was consequently one night, without examination or further inquiry torn from the bosom of his family by police officers, conveyed to a fortress in a distant part of the country, and thrown into a damp, dark dungeon. Days, weeks, and months passed away without his being brought to trial. The unhappy man saw himself robbed of ever succor. In the stillness of death and darkness of the grave, he felt not only strength failing him, but also his mind wandering. And unexpressed anguish took hold upon him. He who feared not to appear before his judges, now trembled before himself. Conscious of his danger, he endeavored to find something to relieve himself from the double misery idleness and loneliness and thus preserve him from a terrible insanity.

Four pins, which accidentally happened to be in his coat, and fortunately escaped the notice of his jailer. Those were to be the means of deliverance to his spirit. He threw the pins upon the earth, which alone was the floor of his gloomy dungeon, and then employed himself in seeking for them in the darkness. When after a tiresome search, he succeeded in finding them he threw them down anew; and so, again and again, did he renew his voluntary task. All the day long, sitting lying, or kneeling, he groped about with his hand until he found the pins which he had intentionally

### EUGENIE'S ROMANCE.

WHAT SHE WISHED AND WON.

A correspondent of the Lynchburg Virginia closes a recent letter in reference to the Imperial family of France with the following very romantic story of the Empress, hitherto unpublished, but for the exact truth of which he can vouch, and the curiosity of which is such that he relates it even at the risk of some imputation of egotism:

In 1851 the uncle of the writer resided as American Minister at Paris, with a large family around him. At this time appeared in society there Eugenie Marie de Guzman, Countess of Montijo, a lovely person and an aristocratic name securing her brilliant conquests in that society, and constituting her one of the most famous ladies in Paris. It was thought, indeed freely remarked that her mother was more ambitious than herself; that the former designed for her son's great alliance, while Eugenie herself appeared a model of simple sincerity—a girl who would choose to consult her heart in any matrimonial affair. Her sister had just married the Duke of Alba and Berwick, a lineal descendant of James II of England; and the worthy mother, Donna Maria, no doubt designated at least an equal matrimonial destiny for the more beautiful of her daughters. But the heart is not always to be controlled, even in the most aristocratic life, or to yield to its exactations of convenience. Eugenie lost hers to a fine-looking blonde Virginian, young William C. Byes, son of the American minister. They were engaged to be married; but Miss Judy Byes, a Virginia matron, very decided and angular in her scruples, interfered and broke off the match; the Countess was too "fast" for her old Virginia views of social propriety. The woman for whom Eugenie had reserved so much escaped the comparatively humble match that her heart had decided upon—the destiny of a quiet Virginia housewife—to ascend the throne of France. Alas, what other contrasts may yet remain for her? If an event had been ordered differently; if a prospective mother-in-law had proved complacent, the Empress, the woman who has adorned the throne of France, and has played to the world the charmer of another Cleopatra, might at this moment be a quiet country matron living in a farm-house near Cobham depot, county of Albemarle and State of Virginia!

### AN INVOLUTION TO DINNER.

A good story is told of a couple of farmers who lived a few miles apart. One day one called on the other, happening around at dinner time. The person called upon, by the way, was a rather penurious old fellow. He was seated at the table, enjoying his dinner. The visitor drew to the stove, looking very wishfully towards the table, expecting the old farmer to invite him to dine. The old farmer kept on eating.

"What's the news up your way, neighbor?" Still eating. "No news eh?"

"No, I believe not." Presently a thought struck the visitor. "Well yes, friends, I did hear out them of news that's worth mentioning."

"Ha! what is that?"

"Neighbor Jones has a cow that has five calves."

"Is that so? Good gracious! what in thunder does the fifth calf do when the others are sucking?"

"Why he stands and looks on just as I do. Like a durn fool."

"Mazy, put on another plate."

Among the many curious phenomena which presented themselves to me in the course of my travels, says Humboldt, I confess there were few by which my imagination was so powerfully affected as by the cow tree. On the parched side of a rock, on the mountains of Venezuela, grows a tree with dry and leathery foliage, its large, woody roots scarcely penetrating into the ground. For several months in the year its leaves are not moistened by a shower; its branches look as if they were dead and withered; but when the trunk is bored a bland and nourishing milk flows forth. It is as surprising that the vegetable should flourish so freely. At that time the blacks and natives are seen coming from all parts provided with large bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow and thickens as its surface. Some empty their vessels on the spot, while others carry them to their children. One inquired he sees the family of a shepherd who is distributing the milk to his flock.

A few days since a fortune-teller was standing in front of St. Joseph's market, Rue Montmartre, and driving a good business with the cooks. While he was dealing with the cards which were to reveal destiny, a man asked him for the grand jeu. The fortune-teller promised him, for twelve sous, honor fortune, long life, good health, a faithful loving, good humored wife. He asked the fortune-teller: "Can't you tell your own fortune?" "Oh! I never read my own fortune." The customer said: "Then I'll tell it. You'll have a wife who'll love you more than I do." "And a night's sleep." "And a night's sleep." "And a night's sleep." "And a night's sleep." "Can never fail in making a couple of fools."

### COURTSHIP.

Two or three dears and two or three sweets;  
Two or three balls and two or three treats;  
Two or three serenades given as lure;  
Two or three oaths how much they endure;  
Two or three messages sent in one day;  
Two or three soft speeches made by the way;  
Two or three tickets for two or three times;  
Two or three love letters written in rhyme;  
Two or three months keeping strict to the rules;  
Can never fail in making a couple of fools.