

The Juniata Sentinel.
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Juniata Sentinel.

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MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A., DECEMBER 14, 1870.
WHOLE NUMBER 1239

RATES OF ADVERTISING—
All advertising for less than three months
for one square of eight lines or less, will be
charged one insertion, 75 cents, three \$1.50,
and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.
Administrators, Executors and Auditors
Notices, \$2.00. Professional and Business
Cards, not exceeding one square, and includ-
ing copy of paper, 50 cents per line. Mer-
chants advertising by the year at special rates.
3 months—\$ 4.00
6 months—\$ 7.00
1 year—\$ 12.00
One square—\$ 4.50
Two squares—\$ 6.00
Three squares—\$ 8.00
One-fourth col'n—\$ 1.00
Half column—\$ 1.50
One column—\$ 2.00

Business Cards.

LOUIS E. ATKINSON,
Attorney at Law,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Collecting and Conveyancing promptly
attended to.
Office, second story of Court House, above
Prothonotary's office.

ROBERT McMEEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Office on Bridge Street, in the room formerly
occupied by Ezra D. Farber, Esq.

ALEX. K. McCURE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
144 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
Oct 27-4f

S. B. LOUDEN,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Offers his services to the citizens of Juni-
ata county as Auctioneer and Vendor Crier.
Charges from two to ten dollars. Satisfac-
tion warranted. [Nov 25-5m.]

THOMAS A. ELDER, M. D.,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Office hours 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Office in
Belton's building, two doors above the So-
cial office, Bridge street. [Aug 18-4f]

Sewing Machines.

THE CELEBRATED SINGER
SEWING MACHINE
The superior merits of the "Singer" Ma-
chines over all others, for either family
or manufacturing purposes, are so well
established and so generally admitted, that
an enumeration of their relative excellencies
is no longer considered necessary.



OUR NEW FAMILY MACHINE,
which has been years in preparation and
which has been brought to perfection regard-
less of time, labor or expense, and is now
confidently presented to the public as com-
parably the best Sewing Machine in exist-
ence.

The Machine in question is simple, com-
pact, durable and beautiful. It is quiet, light
running, and capable of performing a range
and variety of work never before attempted
upon a single Machine—using either Silk-
Twist, Linen or Cotton Thread, and sewing
with equal facility the very finest and coarsest
materials, and anything between the two ex-
tremes, in the most beautiful and substantial
manner. Its attachments for hemming, blind-
stitching, cording, quilting, felling, trim-
ming, binding, etc., are novel and practical,
and have been invented and adjusted espe-
cially for this Machine.

Machines always kept on hand at our
"Clothing Store" on Grover & Baker's street, Mifflintown,
Pa., for the inspection of the public, and for
sale at the most reasonable prices.

Machine Cotton, Needles, Thread, Oil, Ac.,
and everything pertaining to this Machine
constantly kept on hand for sale.

D. W. HARKLEY & CO., Agents,
Mifflintown, July 13, 1870-ly

GROVER & BAKER'S SEWING MACHINE.

The following are selected from thou-
sands of testimonials of similar character,
as expressing the reasons for the preference
for the GROVER & BAKER Machines
over all others.

"I like the Grover & Baker Machine,
because, if I had any other, I should still
use a Grover & Baker, and, having a Grover
of all the rest. It does a greater variety of
work and it is easier to learn than any other."
—Mrs. J. G. Croft (Singer Jane).

"I have had some experience with a Grover &
Baker Machine, which has given me great
satisfaction. I think the Grover & Baker
Machine is more easily managed, and less
liable to get out of order. I prefer the
Grover & Baker, decidedly."—Mrs. Dr. Watts,
New York.

"I have had one in my family for some two
years, and from what I know of its workings,
and from the testimony of many of my
friends who use the same, I can hardly see
how anything could be more complete or give
better satisfaction."—Mrs. General Grant.

"I believe it to be the best, all things
considered, of any that I have known. It is
very simple and easily learned; the sewing
from the ordinary spool is a great advan-
tage; the stitch is entirely reliable; it does
ornamental work beautifully; it is not liable
to get out of order."—Mrs. A. M. Spenser, 36
Broad Street, Brooklyn.

"I am acquainted with the work of the
principal machines; and I prefer the Grover
& Baker to them all, because I consider the
stitch more elastic. I have work now in the
house which was done nine years ago, which
is still good."—Mrs. Dr. McCready, No. 43
East Twenty-third Street, New York.

"More than two-thirds of all the sewing
done in my family for the last two years has
been done by Grover & Baker's Machine, and
I never had a garment rip or need mending,
except those rents which foolish boys will
make in whole cloth. It is in my opinion by
far the most valuable of any I have tried."
—Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher.

Poet's Corner.

OVER THE RIVER.
BY MRS. A. C. WAKEFIELD.
Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the further
side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of snowy gold,
And eyes the reflection of Heaven's own
blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal
view.
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see.
Over the river—over the river—
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom barque
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river—the mystic river—
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale,
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,
And lo! they have passed from our yearning
hearts.

Who cross the stream, and are gone for aye,
We may not savor the veil apart,
That opens to our visions the gates of day;
We only know that their barques no more
May sail with us over life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
To the better shore of the spirit land;
I shall know the loved ones who have gone
before;
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river—the peaceful river—
The angel of death shall carry me.

Secret Story.

THE IRON VAULT.

I live in San Francisco, and am a
lock-smith by trade. My calling is a
strange one, and possesses a certain fasci-
nation, rendering it one of the most agree-
able of pursuits. Many who follow it,
see nothing in it but labor—think of
nothing but its returns in money. To me
it has almost other charms than these. I
am called almost daily to open doors,
and peer into long neglected apartments;
to spring the stubborn locks of safes,
and gloat upon the treasures piled with-
in; to quietly enter the apartments of
ladies with more beauty than discretion,
and pick the locks of drawers contain-
ing peace-destroying missives, that the
dangerous evidence of wandering affec-
tions may not reach the eye of a hus-
band or father possessing the mystic
key; to force the fastenings of cash
boxes and depositories of records; telling
of men made suddenly rich, of corpora-
tions plundered, of orphans robbed, of
hopes crushed, of families ruined, of
no charm in this—no food for specula-
tion—no scope for the range of pleas-
ant fancy? Then who would not be a
locksmith, though his face is begrimed
with the soot of the forge, and his hands
are stained with rust?

But I have a story to tell—not exact-
ly a story either, for that implies the com-
pletion as well as the beginning of a
narrative—and mine is scarcely more
than the introduction to one. Let him
who deals in fancy write the rest.

In the Spring of 1856—I think it was
April—I opened a little shop on Kearney
street, and soon worked myself into a
fair business. Late one evening, a
closely veiled lady entered my shop, and
pulling from beneath her cloak a small
japanned box, asked me to open it. The
lock was curiously constructed, and I
was a whole hour fitting it with a key.
The lady seemed nervous at the delay,
and at length requested me to close the
door. I was a little surprised at the
suggestion, but of course complied. Shut-
ting the door and returning to my work,
the lady withdrew her veil, disclosing as
pretty a face as can be imagined. There
was a restlessness in the eye and pallor in
the cheek, however, which plainly told
of a heart ill at ease, and in a moment
every emotion for her had given place to
that of pity.

"Perhaps you are not well, madam,
and the night air is too chilly!" said I,
rather inquisitively. I felt a rebuke in
her reply.

"In requesting you to close the door,
I had no other object than to escape the
attention of persons passing."

I did not reply, but thoughtfully con-
tinued my work. She resumed:

"That little box contains valuable pa-
pers—private papers—and I have lost
the key, or it has been stolen. I should
not wish to have you remember that I
ever came here on such an errand," she

continued with some hesitation, and gave
me a look which was no difficult matter
to understand.

"Certainly, madam, if you desire it;
if I can not forget your face, I will at
least attempt to lose the recollection of
ever seeing it here."

The lady bowed very cold at what I
considered a fine compliment, and I pro-
ceeded with my work, satisfied that a
suddenly discovered partiality for me had
nothing to do with the visit.

Having succeeded, after much filing
and fitting, in turning the lock, I was
seized with a curiosity to get a glimpse
at the precious contents of the box, and
suddenly raising the lid, discovered a
bundle of papers and a daguerrotype, as
I slowly passed the box to its owner.

She seized it hurriedly, and placing
the letters and picture in her pocket,
locked the box, and drawing the veil
over her face, pointed to the door. I open-
ed it, and as she passed into the street,
she merely whispered—"Remember!"

We met again, and I have been thus
particular in describing her visit to the
shop, to render probable a subsequent re-
cognition.

About two o'clock in the morning, in
the latter part of May following, I was
awakened by a gentle tap upon the win-
dow of the little room back of the shop
in which I lodged. Thinking of burglars,
I sprang out of bed, and in a moment
was at the window, with a heavy ham-
mer in my hand, which I usually kept at
that time within convenient reach of my
bedside.

"Who's there?" I inquired, raising
the hammer, and peering out into the
darkness—for it was dark as Egypt,
when under the curse of Israel's God.

"Hist!" exclaimed a figure stepping
in front of the window; "open the door
—I have business for you."

"Rather past business hours, I should
say; but who are you?"

"No one that would harm you," re-
turned the voice, which I imagined was
rather feminine for a burglar's.

"No one that can!" I replied emphat-
ically, by way of a warning, as I tight-
ened my grip on the hammer, and pro-
ceeding to the door, I pushed back the
bolt and slowly opened it, and discovered
the stranger already upon the steps.

"What do you want?" I abruptly in-
quired.

"I will tell you, if you dare open the
door wide enough for me to enter," an-
swered the same voice.

"Come in," said I resolutely, throwing
the door ajar, and proceeding to light a
candle.

Having succeeded, I was turned to examine
my visitor. He was a small and neatly
dressed gentleman, with a heavy Rag-
lan around his shoulders, and a blue
navy cap drawn suspiciously over his
eyes. As I advanced toward him, he
seemed to hesitate a moment, then raised
the cap from his forehead, and looked
me curiously in the face.

I did not drop the candle, but I com-
posed to a little nervousness as I hurriedly
placed the light on the table, and silently
proceeded to invest myself with two or
three necessary articles of clothing.

As I live, my visitor was a lady, and the
same for whom I had opened the little
box a month before! Having completed
my hasty toilet, I attempted to utter
an apology for my rudeness, but stammered
failed. The fact was, I was confounded.
Smiling at my discomfort, she said:

"Disguise is useless. I presume you
recognize me?"

"I believe I told you, madam, I should
not soon forget your face. In what way
can I serve you?"

"By doing an half hour's work before
daylight, and receiving five hundred dol-
lars for your labor," was the reply.

"It is not ordinary work," said I in-
quiringly, "that commands so munificent
a compensation."

"It is labor common to your calling,"
replied the lady. "The price is not so
much for the labor, as the condition un-
der which it is to be performed."

"And what is the condition?" I in-
quired.

"That you will submit to being con-
veyed from, and returned to, your own
door blindfolded."

I deem of murder, burglary, and almost
every other crime of villainy, hurriedly
presented themselves to my visions, and
I bowed and said:

"I must understand something more
of the character of the employment, as
well as the conditions, to accept your
offer."

"Will not five hundred dollars answer
in lieu of an explanation?"

"No—nor five thousand."

She patted her foot nervously on the
floor. She had placed too low an esti-
mate on my honesty, and I felt some
gratification on being able to convince
her of the fact.

"Well, then, if it is absolutely neces-
sary for me to explain," she replied "I
will tell you that you are required to
pick the lock of a vault, and—"

"You have gone quite far enough,
madam, with the explanation," I inter-
rupted; "I am not at your service."

She continued—"You are required to
pick the lock of a vault, and rescue from

death a man who has been confined for
three days there."

"To whom does the vault belong?"
I inquired.

"My husband," was the somewhat re-
luctant reply.

"Then why so much secrecy; or rather,
how came a man confined in such a
place?"

"I secreted him there to escape the ob-
servation of my husband. He suspected
as much and closed the door upon him.
Presuming he had left the vault, and
quitted the house by the back door, I did
not dream until to-day that he was con-
fined there. Certain suspicious acts of
my husband this afternoon convince me
that the man is there, beyond hearing,
and will be starved to death by my bar-
berous husband, unless immediately re-
scued. For three days he has not left
the house. I drugged him less than an
hour ago, and he is now so stupefied that
the lock may be picked without his in-
terference. I have searched his pockets,
but could not find the key; hence my
application to you. Now you know all.
Will you accompany me?"

"To the end of the world, on such an
errand!"

"Then prepare yourself; there is a
cab in waiting."

I was a little surprised, for I had not
heard the sound of wheels. Hastily
drawing on a coat, and providing myself
with the required implements, I was at
the door. There, sure enough, was the
cab, with the driver in his seat, ready for
the mysterious journey.

I entered the vehicle, followed by the
lady. As soon as I was seated, she pro-
duced a handkerchief, which, by the faint
light of an adjacent street lamp, she
carefully bound around my eyes.—
The lady seated herself beside me, and
the cab started. In half an hour it stop-
ped in what part of the city I am en-
tirely ignorant, as it was evidently driv-
ing anything but the direct course from
the point of starting.

Examining the bandage, to see that
my vision was completely obscured, the
lady handed me the bundle of tools, and
taking me by the arm led me through a
gate into a house which I knew was of
brick; and after taking me through a
passage way which could not have been
less than fifty feet in length, and a flight
of stairs into what was evidently an un-
derground basement, stopped beside a
vault, and removed the handkerchief
from my eyes.

"Here is the vault—open it," said she
springing the door of a dark lantern, and
throwing a beam of light upon the
massive lock.

I seized a bunch of skeleton keys and
after a few trials—which the lady watched
with the most painful anxiety—sprung
the bolt. The door swung upon its hinges
and my companion, telling me not to close
it, as it was self-locking, sprang into the
vault. I did not follow. I heard the
murmur of voices within, and the next
moment the lady re-appeared; and lean-
ing upon her arm, a man, with a face so
pale and haggard that I started at the
sight. How he must have suffered dur-
ing the long three days of his confine-
ment!

"Remain here," she said handing me
the lantern, "I will be back in a minute."

The two slowly ascended the stairs,
and I heard them enter a room immedi-
ately above where I was standing. In
less than a minute, the lady returned.

"Shall I close it madam?" I asked,
placing my hand upon the door of the
vault.

"No! No!" she exclaimed hastily seiz-
ing my arm: "it awaits another occu-
pant!"

"Madam, you certainly do not intend
to—"

"Are you ready?" she interrupted,
impatiently holding the handkerchief to
my eyes. The thought flashed across
my mind that she intended to push me
into the vault, and bury me and my se-
cret together. She seemed to read the
suspicion, and continued, "Do not be
alarmed. You are not the man?"

I could not mistake the truth of the
fearful meaning of the remark, and I
shuddered as I bent my head to the hand-
kerchief. My eyes were carefully band-
aged as before, and I was led to the cab,
and thence driven home by a more cir-
cuitous route, if possible, than the one
by which we came.

Arriving in front of the house, the
handkerchief was removed, and I stepped
from the vehicle. A purse of five
hundred dollars was placed in my hand,
and in a moment the cab and its mys-
terious occupant had turned the corner,
and were out of sight.

I entered the shop, and the purse was
the only evidence I could summon in my
bewilderment, that all I had just done
and witnessed was not a dream.

A month after that I saw the lady,
and gentleman taken from the vault,
walking leisurely along Montgomery
street. I do not know, but I believe
the sleeping husband awoke within the
vault, and that his bones are there to
this day! The wife is still a resident of
San Francisco.

WANTED.—MEN.

The times are calling for men. Real
men. Not the diamond ringed kind, nor
the delicately moustached "young gen-
tlemen," who are proud of their white
hands and beautifully tapered fingers,
but those who look upon life as a real
thing, who feel that there is a higher des-
tiny for them than to appear in frivolous
circles as well dressed coxcombs, and
who live so that when they leave this
world their loss is felt. Such men are
needed. Business men need them—so-
ciety needs them, and the whole country
is loudly calling for them.

The majority of boys now rapidly en-
tering upon manhood, have been edu-
cated with wrong ideas of life, and soon
this will be demonstrated by the diffi-
culty in getting, for all kinds of business,
employees who can be depended upon—
trusted. Not the employees who work
so as to secure money to lavish on fash-
ion and dissipation and failing to com-
mand by their inferior services, a suffi-
cient amount to gratify their extravagant
desires, enter upon a course of dishonesty
which leads to ruin—but the young
men who work because he prefers it to
idleness—who look forward to future
life with a prudent care and feels that
he owes a duty to the age in which he
lives—who wants the world to be bet-
ter on account of his having lived in it,
and desires to fulfill the purpose for
which God placed him here. That is
the kind of man who is wanted. To such
there are always positions open. They
will have no difficulty in obtaining them
anywhere. Their character will secure
them, and once obtained, their evident
worth will keep them.

Young men, endeavor to form such a
character, and the best way to do it, is
to have in all things for your guide,
Him who through the lips of David said—
"Show thyself a man." Only try
this, and your success in life is as cer-
tain as though already attained.—Every-
body's Journal.

BOWIE AND HIS KNIFE.

James Bowie, the inventor or discoverer
of the terrible weapon which bears his
name, was as utterly a fearless man
as ever was born. He was full of en-
thusiasm over the fatal superiority of
his knife, and discussed the matter with
all the zeal of an inventor and the erudition
of an expert. A huge Spaniard
once argued the case with Bowie, claim-
ing that a good old Spanish knife was
not only the equal of the new weapon,
but its superior. Finally, as worthy ar-
guments only hardened the opinions and
confidence of each, it was proposed to
settle the doubt in a practical way by a
knife fight. There was no enmity be-
tween these two worthies, but they want-
ed each to prove himself right in an un-
answerable way. The left arm of these
philosophers were tied together from the
wrists to the elbows—there was a mo-
ment's pause, each nerving himself for
the horrid work; the word was given;
an instant, and sudden jerk by Bowie
gave him the chance to drive his knife in-
to the body of the Spaniard sinking it
to the very hilt. The Spaniard dropped,
Bowie catching the body on his knee.—
Then to make sure work, he gave his
knife a scientific turn in the Spaniard's
body, drew it out, followed by the spout-
ing blood; cut the cord which bound
their arms and allowed the dead Spaniard
to fall to the earth as indifferently
as though it had only been the carcass
of a hog. This was the supremacy of
Jim's knife fairly, fearfully and triumph-
antly vindicated, and it remains unchal-
lenged by rivals until this very day—
Southern Paper.

THE ROW OF BRICKS.—

There is a great deal of philosophy in the following:
A boy hearing his father say, "Twas
a poor rule that didn't work both ways,
said, 'If father applies this rule at his
work, I will test it in my play.'"
So setting up a row of bricks, he tipped
over the first, which, striking the
second, caused it to fall on the third,
which overturned the fourth, and so on,
until all the bricks lay prostrate.

"Well," said the little boy, "each
brick has knocked down his neighbor. I
only tipped one. Now I will raise one
and see if he will raise his neighbor." He
looked in vain to see them rise.—
"Here father," said the boy, "its a poor
rule that won't work both ways. They
knock each other down, but they will
not raise each other up."

"My son, bricks and mankind are alike
made of clay, active in knocking down
each other, but not disposed to help each
other up."

"Father," said the boy, "does the
first brick represent Adam?"

The father replied: "When men fall
they love company, but when they rise
they love to stand alone like yonder
brick and see others prostrate before
them."

Henry Ward Beecher says that the
most gratifying circumstances in his life
was the being kissed by Kossuth. A
contemporary asks: "Isn't this a little
hard upon poor Mrs. Beecher?"

SHORT ITEMS.

People who are behind the times should
be fed on "ketchup."

They have a girls' base ball club at
Lancaster, Ohio.

Buffalo steaks are five cents a pound
in Kansas.

San Francisco wild ducks are fifty
cents a pair.

One-sixth of the female population of
England work out of doors.

One half the oilcloth manufactured in
the United States comes from Maine.

One farmer in New Hampshire has
made 1,000 barrels of cider this season.

The new King of Spain is described
as being very taciturn.

There will be less chattering in Paris
now the monkeys are eaten.

In Indianapolis dyspeptics try sick-
ing eggs; in Cincinnati sucking pigs.

A big tame bear, in Serantun, preman-
ulates the streets like a common dog.

Mr. Perry, of Michigan, traded his
wife for an old shot-gun and \$5 to boot.
He's a Perry-patic entrepreneur.

One of the largest enterprises in Pitts-
burg, is the American Iron Works, em-
ploying 2800 operatives.

Two Georgia negroes have had a but-
ting match of sixty-four rounds, which
resulted in a draw.

A young lady of Boston counted
among her wedding presents recently,
eleven pie knives.

The scarlet fever is still raging in
Pottsville, and is carrying off many chil-
dren.

Philadelphia is twenty-five miles long
with an average width of five and half
miles.

Ladies and gentlemen who are not en-
gaged will be pleased to learn that it is
fashionable to walk arm-in-arm on the
promenade.

A tiger, said to have escaped from a
menagerie, is roaming in Schuylkill coun-
ty.

A West Chester man has lately lost
\$750 worth of poultry by the chicken
cholera.

It is a good discretion not to make
too much of a man at first; because one
cannot hold out that proportion.

It is safer to affront some people than
to oblige them; for the better a man de-
serves, the worse they will speak of
him.

When a lady indulges in a yawn or
two, gentlemen editors are justified in
taking there hats and viewing the house
from the outside.

In Boston a poor man, who less than
one year ago, had only one suit of
clothes, went into the newspaper busi-
ness, and now has eight suits. Several
of them are for linen.

An acre of land has been sold in the
city of London for \$3,000,000, and in
nearly every portion of the city land is
said to be increasing in value every
year.

At an agricultural horse trot in Seran-
ton, the driver of one of the horses was
thrown from his sulky, while his horse
kept on his way. He gathered himself
up, took a short cut across the ground,
intercepted his horse, remounted the
sulky, and won the heat and the race.

The engineer of a train on the Hous-
ton road, recently discovered a drove
of cattle on the track; it being too late
to stop, he put on all steam, and thro-
w all but one clear of the train. This one
was found wedged firmly between the
head of the boiler and the pilot frame,
vainly struggling to escape.

An Israelite lady, sitting in the same
box at an opera with a physician, was
much troubled with ennui, and happened
to gaze. "Excuse me, madam, said the
doctor. "I am glad you did not swal-
low me."

"Give yourself no uneasiness," replied
the lady. "I am a Jewess; and never eat
pork."

The prairie fires around Silver Falls
one night last week drove a herd of bu-
faloes into the town. The inhabitants
heated themselves coming in time to get
out their arms, and all who had guns suc-
ceeded in securing a liberal supply of
fresh meat. It was an exciting time,
and next morning the streets were gory
with the blood of the slaughtered game.

A west hickory farmer lately heard a
scratching under his bed. Putting on
his trousers, he reached for the intruder,
and in a minute found himself in the
corner, partly scalped, with his lower limbs
looking as though he had been through a
wool-curling machine, while, with a spit
and a growl, a catamount disappeared
through the open window.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania
has decided that the mere name of a per-
son on the back of a promissory note does
not hold such indorsor responsible for
the payment of the same. He must
write over his signature "I guarantee
the payment of the within when due,"
or something to that effect. This how-
ever, does not apply to the person to
whose order the note may be drawn.

DRUGGIST.

DR. P. C. RUNDIO,
PATTERSON, PENN'A.
August 18, 1869-4f.

D. E. SMITH, M. D.,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Having permanently located in the borough
of Mifflintown, offers his professional services
to the citizens of this place and surrounding
country.
Office on Main street, over Elder's Drug
Store. [Aug 18 1869-4f]

G. W. McPHERRAN,
Attorney at Law,
601 Sansom Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
aug 18 1869-ly

CENTRAL CLAIM AGENCY,
JAMES M. SELLERS,
144 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
709, Houston, Pensions, Back Pay, Horse
Claims, State Claims, &c., promptly collected.
No charge for information, nor when success
is not collected. [Oct 27-4f]

WILLIAM WISE,
Mifflintown, Pa.
Agent of the CELEBRATED AMERICAN
ORGANS for Juniata county. These are
the best ORGANS now made. Suited to all
circumstances. Prices ranging from \$100
\$1000.
Also, Agent for FIRST CLASS PIANOS.
All instruments sold warranted for five years.
aug 2 1870-4f.

LEBANON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

OF JONESTOWN, PA.
POLICIES Perpetual, at low rates. No
steep risks taken. This is one of the
best conducted and most reliable Companies
in the State. The undersigned, agent, will
visit Mifflintown and Patterson on the second
Wednesday of each month.

JOHN SWAN,
Agent for Mifflintown and Juniata counties.
Lewistown Aug 17, 1870-ly

CLARK & FRANK,
HARDWARE DEALERS,
OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE,
MIFFLINTOWN, PENN'A.
Iron, Steel, Nails, Nail Rods, Horse Shoes,
Carpenters, Builders, Casing Makers, Cab-
inet Makers and House Furnishing
HARDWARE.
Call before purchasing elsewhere, at
CLARK & FRANKS,
aug 18, 1869-4f Mifflintown, Pa.

Hollobaugh's Saloon.

Two for 5 cents. Also, the Fresh Lager,
the Largest Oysters, the Sweetest Cider, the
Finest Domestic Wines, and, in short, any
thing you may wish in the
EATING OR DRINKING LINE,
at the most reasonable prices. He has also
refitted his
BILLIARD HALL,
so that it will now compare favorably with
any Hall in the interior of the State.
June 1, 1870-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, Stone Coal, Smith Coal and Lime-bur-
ners 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,
Scautling, Joist, 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 Tyson's Lock.
aug 15-ly. GEORGE GOSHEN

J. M. KEPHEART

BARNES BROTHER & HERRON,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
HATS AND CAPS,
503 Market Street, Philadelphia.
aug 18, 1869-ly.

ALL KINDS OF BLANK WORK, &c., done
at this Office in the neatest manner and
at low prices.

New Firm.

FASICK & NORTH,
BOOT & SHOE MAKERS,
MAIN STREET, MIFFLIN,
In the Hotel Building of Mr. Albright.

Having entered into partnership, we are now
prepared to manufacture and have for sale
all kinds of
BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS,
FOR
GENTS', LADIES' AND CHILDREN.

Our work is all manufactured by ourselves,
and we warrant it to be made of the best ma-
terial. Oil work sold at our counter will be
repaired free of charge, should the sewing
give way.
Give us a call, for we feel confident that we
can furnish you with any kind of work you
may desire.
Repairing done neatly and at reason-
able rates. **FASICK & NORTH.**
aug 18, 1869-4f.

KOONS, SCHWARZ & CO.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS
AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
**MACKEREL, SALMON, HERRING,
SHAD,**
AND PROVISION GENERALLY.
144 North Delaware Avenue, and
137 North Water Street
PHILADELPHIA, PENN'A.
aug 18 1869-ly