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Juniata Sentinel

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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.

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New Drug Store IN PERRYVILLE. Dr. J. J. Applebaugh has established a Drug and Prescription Store in the above-named place, and keeps a general assortment of DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

WILLIAM WISE, Mifflintown, Pa., Agent of the CELEBRATED AMERICAN ORGANS for Juniata county.

COAL LUMBER, Fish, Salt, and all kinds of Merchandise for sale. Chestnut Oak Bark, Railroad Ties, all kinds of Grain and Seeds bought at the highest market price for cash or exchanged for merchandise, coal, lumber, &c., to suit customers.

BLOOMSBURG STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AND Literary and Commercial Institute.

LEBANON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, of Jonestown, Pa.

The Guyper Market Car Runs to Philadelphia every Monday and returns every Wednesday evening with POTATOES, CABBAGE, FRESH FISH, Oyster in the shell, or opened, to suit purchasers. Orders from merchants solicited. Goods carried at fair rates. S. H. BROWN.

Miscellaneous. THE GREAT Medical Discovery! Dr. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS, Hundreds of Thousands Bear testimony to their Wonderful Curative Effects.



THEY ARE NOT A VILE FANCY DRINK, State of Poor Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirits and Rouse Linners, doctors, and unscrupulous to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that led the people on to drink them, but are a true Medicine, made from the Native Roots and Herbs of California, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Dropsy, Indigestion, Biliousness, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION. Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Indigestion, the Mouth, Bitter Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the Regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia.

POISONED DISEASES, Eruptions, Tetters, and Itches, Rheumatism, Spots, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-Worms, Scald-Head, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Itch, Scars, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One bottle in such cases will cure the most incurable of their kind.

WORMS, TAPE and other WORMS, lurking in the bowels, and causing all kinds of distressing symptoms, are effectively destroyed and removed. For full directions, read carefully the circular around each bottle.

WALKER, Proprietor, R. H. McDONALD & CO., Druggists and Genl. Dispensers, 221 and 223 South Second Street, NEW YORK, SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

Grocery and Provision Store. THE undersigned, having removed his store from East Point to the building recently occupied by Ems Berg as a flour and feed store, on Main street, opposite the Post Office, would hereby announce to the citizens of Mifflintown and surrounding country that he has on hand a full and well-selected assortment of:

Groceries and Notions. As follows: Syrups, Teas, Coffee, Flour and Feed, Raisins, Currants, Soap, Candles, Lard, Bacon, Sausages, Pickles, Pickled Onions, Pickled Peas, Pickled Beans, Pickled Apples, Pickled Cucumbers, Pickled Tomatoes, Pickled Potatoes, Pickled Turnips, Pickled Carrots, Pickled Parsnips, Pickled Beets, Pickled Radishes, Pickled Onions, Pickled Peas, Pickled Beans, Pickled Apples, Pickled Cucumbers, Pickled Tomatoes, Pickled Potatoes, Pickled Turnips, Pickled Carrots, Pickled Parsnips, Pickled Beets, Pickled Radishes.

WANTED! I Will Exchange Greenbacks for 500 Cords of good Chestnut Oak Bark, Perryville, or Thompson's R. R. Station.

Will Pay Cash for Railroad Ties. I Will Buy all Kinds of Lumber. Go where you can sell your Lumber, Bark, Posts &c., for CASH, as you can buy more for \$9 in cash than you can for \$10 in trade.

Executive's Notice. Estate of Elizabeth Bell, deceased. NOTICE is hereby given that Letters Testamentary on the estate of Elizabeth Bell, late of Fayette township, dec'd., have been granted to the undersigned, residing in Walker township. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will please present them properly authenticated for settlement.

COAL AND LUMBER YARD. The undersigned has 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.

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Port's Corner. IT NEVER PAYS. It never pays to fret or growl When fortune seems our foe to lead. The better part will push ahead And strike the braver blow.

It never pays to foster pride And squander wealth in show, For friends thus won are sure to run In times of want or woe.

The noblest work Of all the earth Are deeds of heart and brain, A conscience clear, A household dear, And hands without a stain.

It never pays to hate a foe, Or enter to a feud, To fawn and whine, much less repine, To barrow or to lend.

The faults of men Are fewer when Each rows his own canoe; For faults and debts, And pampered pets Unhobnobbed mischief brew.

It never pays to be a blind refrain, Worth while of a song, For age and youth must earn the truth, That nothing pays that's wrong.

The good and pure Alone are sure To bring prolonged success: While what is right In Heaven's sight Is always sure to bless.

Miscellaneous Reading. A REMINISCENCE OF GEN. SCOTT. One evening after our supper I said to the General, "There is one question I have often wished to ask you, but have been restrained by the fear that it might be improper." The General drew himself up and said in his emphatic manner, "Sir, you are incapable of asking an improper question."

"You are very kind; but my inquiry is indiscreet I am sure you will allow it to pass unanswered." "I hear you, Sir," he replied. "Well then, General, did anything remarkable happen to you on the morning of the battle of Chippewa?" "Yes, Sir; something did happen to me—something very remarkable. I will now for the third time in my life relate the story: "The 4th of July, 1841, was one of extreme heat. On that day my brigade skirmished with a British force commanded by General Riell from an early hour in the morning till late in the afternoon.

We had driven the enemy down the river some twelve miles to Street's Creek, near Chippewa, where we encamped for the night, our army occupying the west, while that of the enemy was encamped on the east side of the creek—After our tents had been pitched I observed a flag borne by a man in peasant's dress, approaching my marquee. He brought a letter from a lady who occupied a large mansion on the opposite side of the creek, informing me that she was the wife of a member of Parliament, who was then at Quebec; that her children, servants, and a young lady friend were alone with her in the house; that General Riell had placed a sentinel before her door; and that she ventured, with great doubts of the propriety of the request, to ask that I would place a sentinel upon the bridge to protect her against stragglers from our camp. I assured the messenger that the lady's request should be complied with. Early the next morning the same messenger, bearing a white flag, reappeared with a note from the same lady, thanking me for the protection she had enjoyed, asking that, in acknowledgment of my civilities, she begged that I would, with such members of my staff as I choose to bring with me, accept the hospitalities of her house at a breakfast which had been prepared with considerable attention, and was quite ready. Acting upon an impulse which I have never been able to analyze or comprehend, I called two of my aids, Lieutenants Worth and Watts, and returned with the messenger to the mansion already indicated. We met our hostess at the door, who ushered us into the dining-room, where breakfast awaited us, and where the young lady previously referred to was already seated by the coffee-urn. Our hostess, asking to be excused for a few moments, retired, and the young lady immediately served our coffee. Before we had broken our fast Lieutenant Watts rose from the table to get his bandana (that being before the days of napkins), which he had left in his cap on the side table by the window, glancing through which he saw Indians approaching the house on one side, and red-coats approaching it on the other; with an evident purpose of surrounding it and us, and instantly exclaimed, "General we are betrayed!" Springing from the table and clearing the house, I saw our danger and remembering Lord Chesterfield had said, "Whatever is proper to do, it is proper to do well," and as we had to run, and my legs were longer than those

of my companions, I soon outstripped them. As we made our escape we were fired at, but got across the bridge in safety. "I felt so much shame and mortification at having so nearly fallen into a trap, that I could scarcely fix my mind upon the duties which now demanded my undivided attention. I knew that I had committed a great indiscretion in accepting that singular invitation, and that if any disaster resulted from it, I richly deserved to lose both my commission and my character. I constantly found myself wondering whether the lady really intended to betray us, or whether we had been accidentally observed. The question would recur even amidst the excitement of battle. Fortunately my presence and services in the field were not required until Generals Porter and Ripley had been engaged at intervals for several hours; so that when my brigade, with Towson's artillery, were ordered to cross Street's creek my nerves and confidence had been measurably quieted and restored. I need not describe the battle of Chippewa. That belongs to and is part of the history of our country. It is sufficient to say that at the close of the day we were masters of the position, and that our arms were in no way discredited. The British army had fallen back, leaving the wounded in our possession. The mansion which I had visited in the morning was the largest house near, and to that the wounded officers in both armies were carried for surgical treatment. As soon as I could leave the field I went over to look after my wounded. I found the English officers lying on the first-floor, and our own on the floor above. I saw in the lower room the young lady whom I had met in the morning at the breakfast-table, her white dress all sprinkled with blood. She had been attending to the British wounded. On the second floor, just as I was turning into the room where our officers were, I met my hostess.

"One glance at her was quite sufficient to answer the question which I had been asking myself all day. She had intended to betray me, and nothing but the accident of my aid rising for his handkerchief saved us from capture.

"Years afterward, in reflecting upon this incident, I was led to doubt whether I had not misconstructed her startled manner as I suddenly encountered her. That unexpected meeting would have occasioned embarrassment in either contingency; and it is so difficult to believe a lady of cultivation and refinement capable of such an act, that I am now, nearly half a century after the event, disposed to give my hostess the benefit of that doubt.

"And now, Sir," added the General, "this is the third time in my life I have told this story. I do not remember to have been spoken to before on the subject for many years." He looked at me and seemed to be considering with himself a few moments, and then: "Remembering your intimacy with General Worth, I need not inquire how you came to a knowledge of our secret."

"Well, General," I replied, "I have kept the secret faithfully for more than forty years, always hoping to obtain your own version of what struck me as a most remarkable incident in your military life."—Harper's Magazine.

A ROMANCE.—The Springfield Republican gives the particulars of a romance in real life which came to light in the town of Westfield last week. It seems that a young resident of Westfield, and only son who made an honorable record as a soldier of the 10th Massachusetts regiment during the late war, having married unhappily at its close, left his wife and child about four years ago and took up his abode in Northern New Hampshire, near the Canada line, where, until quite recently, he lived an adventurous life, his whereabouts unknown to his family or friends. He had been away two years when he saw in the papers a notice of his own death by drowning. He took the matter as a harmless joke, having once before, while in the army, read his own obituary as a consequence of his name inadvertently appearing in the list of killed in battle. He did not contradict the story, and was accordingly mourned as one dead by his relatives in Westfield. A short time ago news reached the wanderer that his father was at the point of death, and he hastened back to Westfield to see him before he should die, surprising hundreds of his old acquaintances, who supposed him dead, and still more his family. His father, on the brink of the grave, was just able to recognize him. Meantime, the wife, supposing herself a widow, had married again, the fruit of the new union as of the first, being one child. And now it happens that the father, believing his son dead, had made a will, in which he, the only lawful heir, (barring the widow's third) is said to be left out, while the property, variously estimated at from \$6000 to \$10,000 is supposed to be bequeathed partly to his stepmother and her children by a former husband, who have no hereditary claim upon it. His wife finds herself with two husbands, but he is said the wandering soldier boy has no wish to disturb the relations last formed, and will leave the woman and her two children in the charge of her second choice, although they are not legally married.

A GIRL OF ANOTHER PERIOD. A Young Lady who was in Heaven for a Week returns to Earth on a Sunday Evening. The Rev. H. Simsbaugh relates the following singular circumstances: On the 7th of November, Rev. Joseph N. Pershing, of the Saltburg circuit, began a series of meetings at Kelley's Station, on the West Penn. railroad, where the Methodist have a small, unfinished church and very feeble society. The few composing the church were disheartened and seemed reluctant to co-operate with the pastor at the beginning of the meeting. However, as the work began to take on more hopeful features, they entered upon it with a degree of cordiality. While these meetings were in progress in the church, a company of Universalists met each evening in a house near by, for the purpose of discussing their doctrines of belief. They indulged freely in ridiculing Methodist doctrines and usages, as also orthodoxy in general, and did their utmost to divert the minds of the people from the subject of personal salvation. The pastor was ordered by certain of them to erase from the church records the names of some of the young people who had joined the church, at the same time threatening their children with punishment should they go to the altar of prayer.

During the second Sabbath evening of the meeting the opposition became very violent, and the prospect was so discouraging that the pastor had about concluded to close the meetings. A sermon was preached, however, and penitents invited forward, when a young lady, Miss Emeline Taylor, a daughter of Mr. John Taylor, of White's Station, a young lady of quiet and amiable disposition, came forward for prayer.

With the exception of her mother and herself, all the members of the family were elder members of the Universalist Church or strongly in sympathy with their doctrines. One of her brothers took a very leading part in their public discussions. She remained at the altar quite a length of time, appearing to be calm in mind, and yet earnestly and devoutly looking for the mercy of God—About 9 o'clock her prayer seemed to have been answered. Her face wore an expression of unusual brightness as she looked upward repeated several times with distinct emphasis, "Oh, that beautiful place over there!" She became entirely unconscious, and was carried to a house near by, it being thought inadvisable to remove her to her father's house, which was about three miles distant. In this condition she remained for seven days, in the meantime taking no nourishment whatever.

On Tuesday she began to speak in a low tone of voice, and for half an hour told of the scenes of another world, after which she remained silent for several hours.

The first of whom she spoke were two ministers: one was the Rev. H. Thomas, of the Pittsburg Conference, the other was the Rev. White, of the Presbyterian Church, once the pastor of the church at Saltburg.

Many expedients were used to restore her to consciousness, among which were singing and animated religious services, but all without the desired effect. On Friday her friends became very much alarmed owing to the opinions expressed by the physicians, that having been so long without food, she would never be restored. The effort was made to give her some nourishment, but in vain. She was asked whether she would ever be able to rise, when she replied, "My Saviour has not told me." At different times she had spoken of her Saviour as present with her as her guide and instructor. Shortly after this she told them that her Saviour had just informed her that she might return to earth on Sabbath evening at nine o'clock. This statement occasioned a joyful surprise to her anxious friends. The father said that should it thus come to pass he would believe all she would say concerning the future state.

On Sabbath evening a large company of the neighbors had gathered to learn the sequel. There was no clock in her room nor any way in which she could mark the flight of the hours, for her eyes had remained closed from the first. At three minutes before nine she raised her right hand and waved it as if giving farewell to persons vanishing in the distance, and then raised her left hand in like manner, and at precisely nine o'clock she opened her eyes, spoke a greeting to her friends, began praising the Lord and called upon those around to join her in praise for His great mercy. When asked if she was hungry, she replied that she was not so in the least; that she had been fed with milk, and indeed her strength was so wonderfully renewed that it seemed as though she had been fed by an unseen hand.

The original paper, on which these statements were written as they fell from her lips, is in the hands of Rev. J. N. Pershing. It is a most remarkable narration of events, and a description of scenes that she still avers were as real to her as any other in her whole life. As to the effect of this event upon the community, there was no further opposition to the meeting. One of the gentlemen who had ordered his son's name stricken from the church list, came to the pastor and desired that it might remain there. The meeting went forward gloriously, with many conversions, and the number of members doubled at that appointment.

"I DARE NOT." A group of boys stood on the sidewalk before a large fine drug store, peering each other with snow-balls. In an unlucky moment the youngest sent his spinning through the frosty air against the large plate-glass of the druggist's window. The crash terrified them all, but none so much as the little fellow who now stood pale and trembling, with startled eyes, gazing at the mischief he had wrought.

"Won't old Kendrick be mad! Run, Ned, we won't tell. Run, quick!" "I can't," he gasped. "Run, I tell you he's coming! Coward! Why don't you run? I guess he wouldn't catch me!" "No, I can't run," he faltered. "Little fool! he'll be caught! Not spunk enough to run away! Well, I've done all I can for him," muttered the elder boy.

The door opened; an angry face appeared. "Who did this?" came in force tones from the owner's lips. "Who did this, I say?" he shouted as no one answered. The trembling, shrinking boy drew near. The little, delicate-looking culprit faced the angry man in tones of truth replied: "I did it, sir."

"And you dare tell me of it?" "I dare not deny it, sir; I dare not tell a lie." "The reply was unexpected. The stern man paused; he saw the pale cheek, the frightened eyes wherein the soul of truth and true courage shone, and his heart was touched.

"Come here, sir; What's your name?" "Edward Howe, sir. Oh! what can I do to pay you? I'll do anything!" his eyes filled with tears—"only don't make my mother pay it, sir!" "Will you stand my walk when the next snow falls?" Ned's face was radiant as he answered: "All winter, sir. I'll do it every time, and more too, sir. I'll do anything!" "Well, that's enough; and do you know why I let you off so easy? Well, it's because you're not afraid to tell me the truth. I like a boy that tells the truth always. When the next snow falls be sure you come to me!" "I will, sir."

"We'll all help him," shouted the others, and as they turned away, three hearty cheers arose for Mr. Kendrick, and three more for the boy that dared not run away.—Child at Home.

"Where do you live?" Said the judge. "Live with my mother." "Where does your mother live?" "She lives with father." "Where does he live?" "He lives with the old folks." "Where do they live?" says the judge, getting very red, as an audible snicker goes round the room. "They live at home." "Where in thunder is their home?" roars the judge. "That's where I'm from," says the boy, sticking his tongue in a corner of his cheek, and slowly closing one eye on the judge.—"Here, Mr. Constable," says the Court, "take the witness out and tell him to travel." "He evidently does not understand the nature of an oath." "You would think different," says the boy, going toward the doorway, "if I was once to give you a cussin!"

A Boy's View of Forgiveness. We heard from a Sunday-school teacher, the other day, an illustration of one kind of forgiveness. Improving upon the day's lesson, the teacher asked a boy whether, in view of what he had been studying and repeating, he could forgive those who wronged him. "Could you," said the teacher, "forgive a boy, for example, who had insulted or struck you?" "Yes, sir," replied the lad very slowly, "I—guess I—could;" but he added, in a much more rapid manner, "I could, if he was bigger than I am."

A live cat was found in a mail bag at a town in Maine recently. The Postmaster made diligent search through all the postage laws of the United States to ascertain the amount of postage on the animal, but found nothing touching the case.

"Alas!" said a moralizing bachelor within earshot of a witty young lady of the company. "This world is at best but a gloomy prison!" "Yes," sighed the mercenary mix; "especially to the poor creatures doomed to solitary confinement!"

Jehiel Slab says. "Before you finally conclude that you have committed the unpardonable sin, it would be well to consult a physician and see if there is not something the matter with your liver."

Milton was the son of a scavenger. Sunday is the favorite day for crime in New York. Nine hundred and fifty-seven Smith's are in Chicago. Smallpox has appeared in New York to an alarming extent. The house in which Senator Cameron resides, at Harrisburg is 105 years old. An Illinois editor, in advertising his office for sale, announces that he is going to peddle shoe strings. There are said to be 61,000 clergymen in the United States, their average pay being about \$700 a year. Of the twenty-four members of the Senate whose terms expired on the 14th instant, only seven have been re-elected. A muskrat made a hole through the dam of a Wisconsin farmer's trout pond, and thirteen hundred trout escaped therefrom. William Forrester, a New York burglar, is believed, by the police of that city, to be the murderer of Mr. Nathan. Proof accumulates. Kansas agents are organizing colonies for emigration to the State, in all parts of New England. They vary from fifteen to fifty families each. A clergyman, in Illinois, who recently preached a sermon against drinking, was afterwards attacked in the street, by a saloon keeper and severely beaten. A little boy in Lawrence county, went rat shooting the other day, and brought down his mother at the first fire. The old lady's wound is not serious, fortunately.

The largest valley in the world is the Valley of the Mississippi. It contains 500,000 square miles, and is one of the most fertile and profitable regions on the globe. North Carolina has "an old man of the mountains," who lives about 40 miles from Greenville, and has reached the age of 143 years. At the time of Braddock's defeat he was 20 years old, and had a wife and three children. A farmer in Hillsdale county has brought suit against a mowing machine manufacturing firm for damages for the loss of his arm. While he was mowing the seat gave way and he fell on the knives, having his arm cut off. "I want to have told you of that hole," said a gentleman to his friend who was walking with him in his garden, and stumbled into a pit full of water.—"No matter," said the friend, blowing the mud and water out of his mouth, "I've found it."

A grand welcome will be accorded to the German troops on their entry into Berlin. The preparation for their reception have been going on for weeks, and the Berliners are determined to make the occasion memorable. The city will be illuminated in a manner of unprecedented splendor. A New York woman has sent a communication to a journal of that city, stating that she is desirous of selling her hair, which "is a yard and a quarter long, and thick in proportion, and of a light brown color." She is led to this course because she is in arrears for her rent, and she proposes to sell her hair for \$100. A young woman from Boston, the wife of an army officer on the frontier, became much interested in a noble savage until he stole all her jewelry, got leantily drunk with the proceeds, and was found half-buried in the mud one morning in front of the fort. She has since ceased to regard the red man romantically. These years' grace is allowed to France for the payment of Germany's big bill. Should she pay it at the rate of a million of dollars a day almost three years would be required to get rid of the principal alone. The interest would be an hundred millions more, at a low estimate. Colonel Colman, of the Rural World, says none of the root crops save the turnip thrive well in the latitude of St Louis; that all roots, even the potato, thrive best in a cooler climate, and that on account of the dry summers and comparatively dry springs they cannot raise one-fourth the quantity of roots that can be grown further north. A child of Maggie Helfright, of Huntington, took sick and, apparently, died. A neighbor was sent for to wash and dress it, preparatory to placing it in the coffin. When the lady responding to the call was about to wash the child, it was seen to move and open its eyes.—It lived about three hours afterwards, and then died, the body becoming cold and lifeless. An old farmer named Jenison, living in Wapello county, Iowa, recently came into a legacy of \$10,000,000, left him by a relative in England, which it was necessary for him to go after. When he received the news he was hammering on a barn which he was building. He paused, scratched his head, and finally said: "I don't see how I can go now; I've got this barn to finish!"