

The Juniata Sentinel.
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BRIDGE STREET, OPPOSITE THE OLD FELLOWS' HALL,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.

Business Cards.
LOUIS E. ATKINSON,
Attorney at Law,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.

ROBERT MCMEEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.

ALEX. K. McCURE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
144 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

DR. P. C. RUNDIO,
DRUGGIST,
PATTERSON, PENN'A.

D. C. SMITH, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

Dr. R. A. Simpson,
Treats all forms of disease, and may be consulted as follows:—At his office in Liverpool, Pa., every SATURDAY and MONDAY—appointments can be made for other days.

Attorney at Law,
601 SANSON STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

JAMES M. SELLERS,
144 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

NEW DRUG STORE
IN PERRYSVILLE.

BANKS & HAMLIN,
Main Street, Mifflintown, Pa.

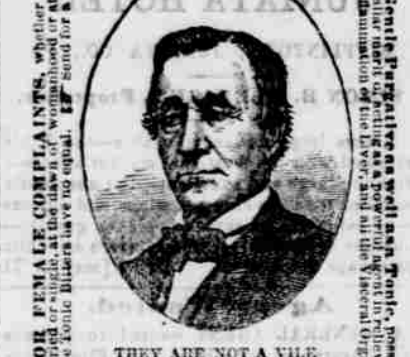
LARGE VARIETY OF
PATENT MEDICINES,
selected with great care, and warranted from high authority.

THE undersigned has opened out a new Tin and Stove Establishment on the Railroad Street, next door to the Tuscarora Hotel, where he would be pleased to see all who are in want of Tinware, Stoves, &c. He will also give prompt attention to all orders for Roofing, Spouting and Jobbing, all of which he guarantees to put up with the best of material and in a workman-like manner. Having had over ten years experience in the business he flatters himself that he can give entire satisfaction to the public.

Juniata Sentinel

VOLUME XXV, NO. 20 MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A., MAY 17, 1871. WHOLE NUMBER 1261

Miscellaneous.
The Great Medical Discovery!
Dr. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA
VINEGAR BITTERS,
Hundreds of Thousands
Have testified to their Wonderful
Effects.



WHAT ARE THEY?
THEY ARE NOT A VILE
FANCY DRINK,
Made of Pure Rum, Whiskey, Proof
Spirits and Refine Liquors, do not
suffer to please the taste, called
"Tonic," "Appetizer," "Stomachic," &c., that lead
the sufferer on to drunkenness and ruin, but are
strictly medicinal, made from the Native Roots and
Herbs of California, free from all Alcoholics
and Stimulants. They are the GREAT BLOOD
PURIFIER and LIFE GIVING PRINCIPLE
of the system, carrying off all poisonous matter and
restoring the blood to a healthy condition. No
person can take these Bitters according to directions
and remain unwell.

FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS, such as
Pain in the Head, Stomach, Liver,
Bladder, &c., and all kinds of
Disorders of the Female System.

Poet's Corner.
THE RIVER OF TIME.
BY R. F. TAYLOR.

Oh! wonderful stream is the River of Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme.
And a broader sweep and a surer sublime,
Till it blends with the ocean of years.

Oh, remember for aye the magical tale,
All the days of our life until night;
When the evening comes with its beautiful
smile;
When our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that Greenwood of soul be in sight.

Salted Story.
THE JUDGE'S DAUGHTER.
My story seems braided into my
memory in letters of fire. It is no story
conjured up by the imagination, nor yet
one that needs glossing over by a fertile
pen. All its incidents are real—none ex-
aggerated.

"Rupert," she observed, presently,
"the way is open for you at last. My
money is left untouched. In no way
would its use give me so much joy as to
know that it was aiding you to obtain
your life's desire. You shall go to Eng-
land, France and Germany. Only re-
turn to me as pure as you leave me."

At last he consented. He would only
consider it a loan, to be repaid at some
future day. He would send her as a
banker for what he required, and remain
away some four or five years.

His two years were spent in England,
and he received money from her every
quarter. He lived in style, even luxury;
surrounded himself with everything
he could wish for; and though she
thought he must be extravagant in his
habits, she made no inquiries, no com-
ments.

He went to Germany. He remained
two years longer. The last year of his
proposed absence he wrote to Estelle
thus:
"My love I do not know how to say
what I wish. My five years have nearly
expired. I believe I am nearing the
goal, which, save for the goodness of
your true and noble heart, I never should
have hoped to obtain, but yet I am not
satisfied. I wish to see you so much
my poor, lone birdling that I am ready
to drop everything, give up every future
hope for this world and the next, to fly
to you. But I restrain myself. I wish
to be entirely worthy of you and all you
have done for me when I do return—
Oh, if I could remain here two years
longer, I might accomplish much there-
in!"

She had heard when the steamship
arrived. They only lived twenty miles
distant—sure he would come the next
day. But the next day came, and the
next, and the next, and he came not.

She saw his name among the arrivals;
was she sick? She was tempted to go
down when a gentleman called upon her.
"I have seen your friend, Dr. Kings-
land, in the city," he said. "He told
me to inform you that he had been de-
tained, and would soon be up."

Two weeks went past, and the num-
bered three. Then a note came which
commenced as follows:
"My dear friend, I feel as if I can say
to you, through a note, that which I
wish to say, better than face to face—
Estelle, you have been my best friend,
my good samaritan, and I am sure you
will rejoice at my happiness. I was
married last night to Miss Morse. You
remember her. A young lady of wealth,
beauty and good position in society."

She became sensible again, but her
heart was utterly broken. Seven years
of waiting, and the false-hearted lover
had left her—left her after squandering
her property, to die in misery!

BURIED ALIVE.
The Scranton Republican says: The
main of the Dunmore water company,
which is laid through Mead street, passes
over the abandoned mine of the old No. 6
shaft of the Pennsylvania coal com-
pany near No. 6. During Friday night
a portion of the earth beneath this water
pipe sank, cracking the surface of the
ground for a space of some twelve rods
in length and nearly twenty in width.

She read more. Some one in the
adjoining room heard a heavy fall, and
rushed in. They found her on the floor,
apparently dead. They picked her up
and sent for a physician.

She had all his letters, little keepsakes,
and every trifle pertaining to him,
brought to her. She bound them up
and addressed them to him.
"After I am gone send them to him,"
she said.

A week later they laid her away, and
fulfilled her request.
He began to practice early, and his
success was wonderful, despite the noto-
riety which his falsehoods had brought
upon him.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (10 lines) for 3 months	\$3.00	\$8.00	\$12.00
Two squares (20 lines) for 3 months	5.00	12.00	18.00
Three squares (30 lines) for 3 months	6.00	15.00	22.00
One-fourth col. (10 lines) for 3 months	1.00	2.00	3.00
Half column (20 lines) for 3 months	1.80	3.60	5.40
One column (30 lines) for 3 months	2.50	5.00	7.50

SHORT ITEMS.
Two white rats were caught in a barn
near Boyertown, Berks county, a few
weeks since.

Princeton College is to have a new
literary building. The \$100,000 cost
will be paid by Mr. John Green of New
York.

The Cameron Herald says that 600
rats passed Lock Haven on the recent
flood, and 400 passed Harrisburg. A
flood amount of logs and timber is yet
back waiting for another.

A woman on trial two weeks in Read-
ing, Pa. on a charge of murdering her
son, a boy ten years of age, was acquit-
ted, it being unexpectedly proved that
the boy is alive and well. Circumstan-
tial evidence was strongly against her.

A Rhode Island man's house was
struck by lightning, on Sunday evening
week, while he was standing near the
mantel piece in his parlor. It threw him
to the floor, and made a hole in each of
his boots, but he was not injured, and
his stockings were not torn or burned.

A Minister Murdered in His Pulpit.
The New Era, of Fort Smith, Ark.,
under date of April 28, says:
The most dastardly outrage heard of
for a long time was perpetrated Sat-
urday at Choceville, a quiet and flour-
ishing village in the southern part of
this county near the Indian line. We
have the following particulars from the
Hon. E. E. Henderson, Superintendent
of Public Instruction for this district,
who returned last evening from a visit
to Waldron, and passed through Choceville
yesterday as the murdered man was bur-
ied. On Saturday morning as the Rev.
Mr. De Champ, of the Missionary Baptist
Church at Choceville, was about to
open religious services, and while the
congregation was still gathering, a rufian
named Handley entered the meeting-
house, revolver in hand, and approaching
the minister, asked him his name.

On being told, Handley leveled his re-
volver at Mr. De Champ and fired four
shots at him, three of which took effect
in the head and one in the arm. The
demonic assassin then wheeled round
and leveling his revolver at the congrega-
tion, drove them out of the house with
curses and imprecations, and threats of
death. The afflicted people of course
hastily fled in every direction. The mur-
derer then looped upon his horse, tied
close to the building, and galloped off—
He has not yet been captured.

David A. Wells is traveling through
the south and west delivering free-trade
lectures. The most elegant halls are
procured for him, no charge is made for
admission, and the free-trade papers in
each place write him up for days before-
hand, so that he draws large crowds.—
We believe there are no truth tellers en-
gaged to follow him and confute his false-
hoods.