

THE JUNIATA SENTINEL is published every Wednesday morning at \$1.50 a year, in advance, or \$2.00 in all cases if not paid promptly in advance. No subscriptions discontinued until arrears are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

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**LOUIS F. ATKINSON,**  
Attorney at Law,  
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.

Collecting and Conveyancing promptly attended to.  
Office, second story of Court House, above Prothonotary's office.

**ROBERT MCMEEN,**  
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Offers his services to the citizens of Juniata county as Auctioneer and Vendor. Charges, from two to ten dollars. Satisfaction warranted. [1892-5m.]

**DR. P. C. RUNDIO,**  
**DRUGGIST,**  
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August 18, 1893-1f.

**THOMAS A. ELDER, M. D.,**  
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Office hours 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Office in Belford's building, 230 North Main Street, the Southern office, Bridge Street. [Aug 18-1f]

**D. C. 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 Beidler's Drug Store. [Aug 18 1893-1f]

**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.

At John G. Lipp's residence, Mifflintown, Juniata Co., Pa., June 1st, 1871, till evening of the funeral. [1892-1f]

Call on or address  
DR. R. A. SIMPSON,  
dec 7  
Liverpool, Perry Co., Pa.

**G. W. McPHERRAN,**  
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sup 18 1896-1y  
CENTRAL CLAIM AGENCY.

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Wholesale, Retail, Pensions, Back Pay, Horse Claims, State Claims, &c., promptly collected. No charge for information, nor when money is not collected. [1892-1f]

**LEBANON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,**  
Of Jonestown, Pa.

POLICIES Perpetual, at low rates. No steam risks taken. This is one of the best conducted and most reliable Companies in the State.

J. WILSON ALLEN,  
Walnut P. O., Juniata Co., Pa.,  
Agent for Juniata, Huntington, Franklin,  
Fulton and Bedford counties. [1892-1y]

**New Drug Store**  
IN PERRYVILLE.

DR. J. J. APPLERAUGH has established a Drug and Prescription Store in the above-named place, and keeps a general assortment of

**DRUGS AND MEDICINES.**  
Also all other articles usually kept in establishments of this kind.  
Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes. Cigars, Tobacco, Stationery, Confections (first-class), Natives, &c., &c.  
The Doctor gives advice free.

**NEW DRUG STORE.**  
BANKS & HAMLIN,  
Main Street, Mifflintown, Pa.  
DEALERS IN  
DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Chemicals, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Putty, Coal Oil, Varnishes, Glass, Paints, Lamps, Brushes, Chamber Brushes, Soap, Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Perfumery, Combs, Hair Oil, Cigars, Notions.

and Stationery.  
**LARGE VARIETY OF PATENT MEDICINES,**  
selected with great care, and warranted from high authority.  
Purest of WINES AND LIQUORS for Medical Purposes.

Prescriptions compounded with great care. [1891-70-ly]

**New Tin and Stove Establishment.**  
Perryville, Juniata County, Pa.

The undersigned has opened out a new Tin and Stove Establishment in the room on Railroad Street, next door to the Tuscon Hotel, where he would be pleased to see the people of this place and vicinity. He will also give prompt attention to all orders for Ranging, 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.

He keeps on hand the celebrated Ninrod Cook Stove, which is the best boiler, most economical and heaviest plated stove now in use. He will keep on hand the Oriental Heater, and a general assortment of the best Stoves manufactured. JOHN DUNBAR.

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# Juniata Sentinel.



B. F. SCHWEIER,

(THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.)

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOLUME XXV, NO. 21

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A.

WHOLE NUMBER 1262

**Miscellaneous.**

**The Great Medical Discovery!**  
DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS,

Hundreds of Thousands of Sufferers from all forms of Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, &c., have found relief in the use of this medicine.

WHAT ARE THEY?

Hundreds of Thousands of Sufferers from all forms of Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, &c., have found relief in the use of this medicine.

DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS, a pure, healthy, and invigorating tonic, which will cure all the above-named ailments, and restore the system to its normal condition. No more of the same old, same old, same old medicine!

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS, and a full description of the medicine, send for a copy of the "FANCY DRINK," which is a complete and reliable authority on the subject.

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**Poet's Corner.**

**SPRING AND ITS BEAUTIES I LOVE.**  
BY ADELINA.

I love the earth—the vernal earth,  
When in the Spring time clad,  
Its varied beauties greet the eye,  
And make the heart beat glad.  
I love the velvet grass that springs  
Around the sylvan path—  
The roseate lines and perfumed breath  
The flow'rs set ever bath.  
I love the limpid, laughing rill,  
That gently warm'rs 'neath,  
The dulcet notes of plumed birds  
That gaily sing on high.  
I love the mountain's massive brow—  
Its towering heights to scan,  
The corn-clad hills, and waving grain  
That bringeth food to man.

I love the clear, cerulean heaven,  
Its bright effulgent train,  
The gorgeous iris arching o'er  
Pure ether's azure plain.  
I love the friends—the constant friends  
Of youth's untarnished hours.  
When Hope propitious rounds us rings  
Her garland of flowers.

O yes, I'd fondly, dearly love  
This beautiful earth of ours,  
Could we but pluck life's thorns away,  
Reserving all its flowers,  
For joys and cares, and hopes and fears,  
We've oft combined;  
Each transient pleasure here enjoyed,  
But leaves a sting behind.  
Our life at best's a fitful scene,  
Forever varying,  
And every quick, succeeding year  
Successive changes brings.  
Thus, thus while life continueth,  
With the world we keep moving on,  
Till each loved link we tread,  
With us are fled and gone.

**Select Story.**

[From Appleton's Journal.]

**THE DEATH-WATCH.**

SINGULAR AND ABSORBING STORY.

"Hidn't you hear it?"  
"When?"  
"Just now."  
"No."  
"They say it foretells death. Hark!"  
The two men sat motionless. Not a sound broke the silence, not even a creak of the old boards in the floor, or a sigh of the wind, or a flapping shutter.

**JUNIATA VALLEY BANK**

MIFFLINTOWN, PENN'A.

JOSEPH POMEROY, President.  
T. VAN IRVIN, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

Joseph Pomerooy, John J. Patterson,  
Jerome S. Thompson, George Jacobs,  
John Balaban.

Loan money, receive deposits, pay interest on time deposits, buy and sell coin and United States Bonds, cash, coupons and checks. Remit money on order to any part of the United States and also to England, Scotland, Ireland and Germany. Sell Revenue Stamps.

In sums of \$200 at 2 per cent. discount.  
In sums of \$500 at 2 1/2 per cent. discount.  
In sums of \$1000 at 3 per cent. discount.

"I tell you, Shiftlet, we must do it the night after this blast's done, and the men in the shed say the coal will run out on the 6th, that's to-morrow. When Peters is fixed, the managers will have to give in or quit runnin' the furnace."

Both men sat with their arms leaning on the table, and the flickering light of the tall candle between them showed two faces, rough, begrimed by smoke and soot, and disfigured by evil passions, that grew fiercer as they calmly plotted against the life of a fellow-being.

"We'll meet at one where the roads cross. 'I'll be quiet then, and Peter's house is alone."

"'I'll be right," said Shiftlet, with a grin that rendered his brute-like countenance doubly repulsive. "I'm confounded tired. Bring your candle and light me down them infernal stairs."

The men stood up. Monk, small and slim, was dwarfed by the almost giant stature of his companion. With a few parting words as to secrecy and silence, they separated.

Monk stood on the upper step until Shiftlet disappeared, then closed the door and replaced the candle on the table.

The room, neither large nor small, was a mere hole, smoked, dirty, and unplastered, high up in a frame tenement-house. Two or three chairs, an old chest of drawers, a rickety bedstead, and pine table, composed its furniture. Some old boots and broken pieces of pig iron lay scattered about. The small, box-shaped window was set just below where the ceiling or roof sloped to the wall. The only door led directly to the stairs that went down two, three flights to the ground. There were many such places in Agatha, where the furnace-hands lived.

Monk walked rapidly up and down the room, as if making an effort to waken off the excitement that the last few moments had brought upon him. His features had lost much of the malignant expression, which was by no means habitual. His countenance was not hardened or stamped with the impress of crime like

Shiftlet's, who had just parted from him at the door—a countenance in which every trace of conscience had long ago been erased. Monk's face was neither good nor bad, neither bright nor dull; but he was a man easily wrought into a passion, governed by impulse.

Crossing to the table, he slung his coat over a chair, and stretched out his hand to extinguish the light. Midway in the action he suddenly checked himself. The room looked so close at his right, and he turned only to hear it on the other side, then in front, then behind. Again and again he searched, and swore in his exasperation and disappointment.

The sound became exaggerated by his distempered imagination, till he trembled lest some one else should hear this men who so plainly foreshadowed his anticipated crime. Once an hour dragged by, and his unseen tormenter was silent. His eyes, that had glittered with deadly hatred, now were a startled look, and wandered restlessly about the room.

An owl that perched on the topmost branch of a high tree near by, screamed the loudest long. A bat flew in at the open window, lunging against the ceiling, and dashed out.

Monk shivered. Lending his head between his arms, he drummed nervously on the table with his fingers. Instantly the clear metallic click sounded again—He looked up, and a strange light broke into his face, a mixed expression of amazement and fright. For a moment he seemed stupefied, then raising his head, he fastened his gaze against the wood with his finger nail.

The last tap had not died until it was answered by what seemed like a fainter repetition of itself.

Uttering a fearful oath, Monk recoiled from the table, but, as if drawn back and held by a weird fascination, he sat an hour striking the hard surface with his nails, and pausing for the response that each time came clear and distinct.

Gray streaks crept along the east, and quivered like a faded fringe bordering the black canopy. Still he sat tapping, but no answer came. He waited, listened vainly; no echo, no sound, and the dull, hazy light of the cloudy morning glistened at his window. Then he threw himself on his bed, and fell into restless slumbers.

A damp thick fog enveloped the house in its slimy embrace. At nightfall its reeking folds gathered themselves from the ground, and a noiseless drizzle came suddenly down.

Monk had not stirred from his room, all day. The feverish sleep into which he had fallen died from him before noon, and now he stood at his window looking out into the blackness. A clammy air blew against his face. He stretched out his hand and drew it back suddenly, as if he had touched the dead. It was cold and moist. He rubbed it violently against his clothes, as though he could not wipe off the dampness. A tremor seized upon him. Hark! was that the dripping of water? No. A sickly smile played over his countenance. He went to the table and tapped lightly with his fingers, as he had done before. In another moment the taps were answered, and he involuntarily counted as they came. one—two—three—four—five—six—seven—then all was silent. He made the call a second time, he tried it over and over and at each response it ticked seven times, never more, never less, but seven times clearly, distinctly. Suddenly he sprang up, and through shut teeth hissed:

"The seventh day, by heaven! But I'll cheat you—I'll not kill him!"

He darted noiselessly down the stairs, and struck out through the woods. In half an hour he emerged on the edge of a clearing, a dozen yards from a chopper's cabin. Creeping stealthily to the door he shook it, then after a moment's irresolution cried out:

"Peter! Peter! Look out for Shiftlet. He has sworn to murder you to-night."

Without waiting for a reply he sprang away, and was quickly lost among the trees.

A moment afterward a tall form arose out of the shadow of a stump near the cabin, and passed rapidly in an opposite direction.

At the summit of the hill east of Agatha, a steep precipice is formed by a great, bare projecting rock. From the valley, its outline resembles an enormous face in profile, and they call it "The Devil's Head." The full moon rendered the unbroken mass of cloud translucent, producing a peculiarly sinister effect.

The mist still blew through the air, but in the zenith there was a dull ashen hue, and the surrounding cloud was the color of earth. The far-off hills loomed up majestic, terrible, against the gloom; nearer objects were strangely magnified in the tawny light.

At the foot of this phantom crag, on a terrace, is the ore-bank and blackened coal shed. Below these the metal-stack, from whose stone hearth a waste of sand sloped gently to the creek; the furnace squatted grim and black. Its blood-shot eye was shut, its gaping throat uttered no sigh, no groan; its throbbing pulse was stilled—the fierce, struggling monster was dead.

The only bright spot in all the valley was the yellow circle made by the watchman's lantern in the coal shed.

After leaving the "chopping," Monk threaded his way through the forest, coming out at last on the open road. This road led directly over the "Devil's Head," and entered the valley by a steep descent half a mile to the south.

The wind eddied with a mournful wail, and the constant motion of tall trees gave the scene almost the wavering, unsubstantial appearance of a vision. There was something oppressive in this strange, midnight twilight, but Monk did not feel it. He only felt relief, inexpressible relief; he only stopped there to breathe, to breathe freely once more with the heavy weight thrown from him. After a moment he ran carelessly down the hill, passed under the ore car and into the coal shed. He halted Patterson, the watchman, and the lantern threw gigantic shadows of the two men over the ground.

Then he walked along the narrow cinder-road to the bridge over the creek. Sometimes the willows, that grew on either side, swept their damp hair against his face. An hour ago he would have started convulsively—now he heeded not, for he was free and light of heart.

Monk reached the stairs, and ascended to his room. As he passed in the powerful figure of Shiftlet sprang upon him from behind. There was a scuffle, some mumbled oaths, and then a heavy fall—Monk lay stretched upon the floor motionless, lifeless, and the echo of fleeing steps died away, leaving the place still as the now silent death watch.

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