

The Juniata Sentinel.
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MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A., JUNE 21, 1871.

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LEBANON MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF JONESTOWN, PA.

J. WILSON ALLEN,
Agent for Juniata, Huntington, Franklin, Fulton and Bedford counties. [aug17-ly]

New Drug Store
IN PERRYVILLE.

DR. J. J. APPELEBAUGH has established above-named place, and keeps a general assortment of
DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

NEW DRUG STORE.
BANKS & HAMLIN,
Main Street, Mifflintown, Pa.

DEALERS IN
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
Chemicals, Oils, Varnishes, Putty, Lamps, Chimneys, Brushes, Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Perfumery, Hair Oil, Cigars, and Stationery.

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

PRESCRIPTIONS compounded with great care. [m1670-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 Tuncovers 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. He keeps on hand the celebrated Simrod Cook Stove, which is the best baker, most economical and best plated stove now in use. He will keep on hand the Oriental Heater, and a general assortment of the best Stoves manufactured. JOHN DUNBAR.

Juniata Sentinel

[THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.]
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
WHOLE NUMBER 1266

Medical.

The Great Medical Discovery!
Dr. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA
VINEGAR BITTERS,
Hundreds of Thousands
Best Testimony to their Wonder.

WHAT ARE THEY?
FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS, such as
Pain in the Head, Stomach, Liver, &c.



THEY ARE NOT A VILE
FANCY DRINK,
Made of Pure Rum, Whiskey, Proof
Spirits and Refine Liquors, &c.

FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS, such as
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Doct's Corner.

SO GOES THE WORLD.
Our varied days pass on and on,
Our hopes fade unfulfilled away.

Our little dramas come to nought;
Our lives may fall, our darling plan
May crumble into nothingness.

Our firmest castle turn to sand;
And yet the children sing and dance,
The money seekers laugh and shout.

The stars, unmindful, still shine bright,
Unconscious that our light is out,
And so the world goes on.

And God goes on, and with our woe
Weaves golden days of joy and peace;
Guarding with His heart of hearts
Our days of pain, our days of ease.

He marks them all—the seed, the sheaves,
The danger's smile, the mourner's tears,
And keeps them safe—his children all—
Through all the great eternal years.

And so, thank God, the world I go on.

Miscellaneous Reading.
Thrilling Adventure at Bath.

A STRONG-NERVOUS LADY.

The following curious adventure happened in Bath, in the year 179—, and the lady who narrated it to the writer was in those days a young girl staying in the house. It was in the palmy days of Bath, when that now fallen city rivalled London in brilliancy and dissipation, and when all the rich, the gay, and the high born of England congregated there in the same season and grace of the balls and assemblies.

Mrs R—, once the belle of the court of George III., first at this period gradually retiring from general society, possessed one of the largest of the old houses, and gave in it entertainments which were the most popular of the day. She was celebrated for three things (once for four, but the fourth—her beauty—was of the days gone by); these things were her fascination, her benevolence, and a set of the most perfect and matchless amethysts.

Her house contained tapestried chambers. The walls of the one in which she slept were hung around with designs from heathen mythology, and the finest piece in the room was that which hung over her dressing-table. It represented Phobus driving the chariot of the sun. The figures and horses being life-size, it filled the whole space between the two windows; and the horses were concealed behind the high, old-fashioned Venetian looking glass; while Phobus himself, six feet high, looked down by day and night upon his Mistress at her toilet.

One evening Mrs. R— had an unusually large party at home. She wore all her amethysts. On retiring to her room, about four o'clock in the morning, she took off all her jewelry, laid them on the table, and dismissing the weary maid, intended to put them away herself, but before doing so knelt down, as usual, to her prayers. While engaged in her devotions, it was a habit with her to look upwards, and the face of Phobus was generally her point of sight, as it were, and the object on which her eyes most easily rested. On this particular night as usual, she raised her eyes to Phobus. What does she see? Has Pygmalion been here at work? Has he filled those dull eyes with vital fire? No. Possessed naturally of wonderful courage and calmness, she continued to move her lips as if in silent prayer, and never once withdrew her gaze, and still the eyes looked down on hers. The light of her candles shone distinctly on liquid, living orbs, and her good keen sight enabled her, after a cleverly managed scrutiny, to see that the tapestry eyes of Phobus had been cut out, and that, with her door locked, and the servants in bed in their distant apartments, and all her jewels spread out before her, she was not alone in the room.

She concluded her prayers with her face in her hands. We can all imagine what those last prayers must have been! She knew there was some one behind that tapestry, she knew that bells and screams were equally useless, and she lay down in her bed as usual, and waited the issue, her only omission being that she did not put away her jewels. "They may save my life," said she to herself, and she closed her eyes.

The clock struck five before a sound was heard, and there the moment arrived. She heard a rustle, a descent from behind the tapestry, and a man stood at her dressing table. He took off his coat, and one by one he secured the jewels beneath his waistcoat. What would be

his next move? Would it be to her bedside, or to the door, or window? He turned, and approached her bedside; but by that time she had seen enough, and again closing her eyes, resigned herself to the Providence whose protection she has just been craving. The man was her own coachman.

Apparently satisfied by a brief glance under his dark lantern that he had not disturbed her, he quietly unlocked the door and left her. For two hours—she must have seemed two days—she allowed the house to remain unalarmed, her only movement having been to relock the door which her living Phobus had left ajar. At seven in the morning she rang her bell, and ordered the carriage found immediately after breakfast. This was according to her usual habits. On the box was a man who had cost her a night's rest, and most probably all her jewels. However, she drove off; she went straight to the house of a magistrate.

"Seize my coachman," said she—"he cured him and search him. I have been robbed, and I can hardly think he had time to disembowel himself of the jewels he has taken from me."

She was obeyed, and she was right; the amethysts were still about him, and he gave himself up without a struggle. All he said was: "I wish now I had killed her. I meant to do it; only she was so good, I hadn't the heart."

It is most probable that, after this exciting episode, the tapestry of that bedchamber was remorsefully condemned, and the eyeless Phobus consigned to oblivion.

THE CITY OF LONDON.

It is four times more populous than New York and St. Petersburg, twice as populous as Constantinople, his two-thirds more people in it than Paris, and one-fourth more than Peking. It contains as many people as Scotland, twice as many as Denmark, and three times the number of Greece. Every eight minutes on an average, night and day, one person dies; every five minutes one is born. Eight hundred thousand have been added to the population since 1851. Only half a million of all this population attend public worship, and there are a million of absentees who, if inclined to attend, would require to have 800 new places of worship built; 10,000 people work on Sundays; there are 140,000 habitual gin drinkers; 190,000 intoxicated people every year taken off the streets. 100,000 fallen women; 10,000 professional gamblers; 50,000 children trained to crime; 30,000 thieves and receivers of stolen goods. There are 10,000 public houses and beer shops, frequented regularly by 500,000 persons. In every 890 of the population is one insane. There is one baker for every 1,206 persons; one butcher for every 1,553; one grocer for every 1,500; and one policeman for every 608 inhabitants. On the other hand, out of 60,000 street Arabs, 30,000 are at ragged schools. There are 400 Bible women; 350 city missionaries, and 820,000 persons attending public worship in the theatres every Sunday evening. It is a world in itself.

A Reporter's Joke.

Mr. Thomas Gill, a veteran newspaper reporter, who died in Boston a week or two ago, was in his lifetime very fond of a joke. Washington Chronicle gives an amusing instance of his drollery. The Hon. Robert Rantoul, Jr., was delivering to an immense audience an oration at a celebration on Bunker Hill, in the course of which he described with great pathos and effect the famous battle which had occurred on the very spot where they were assembled. As he resumed his seat, Gill, who was seated near him, carelessly remarked, "My father was in that battle." Rantoul immediately sprang to his feet and announced this fact, whereupon there were vehement calls from the crowd for the son of the Revolutionary hero. Mr. Gill modestly rose, and after acknowledging the vociferous cheers which greeted him, quietly informed his hearers that it was true that his father was in the battle of Bunker Hill, but he was fighting on the other side! The scene that followed is beggared description. Mr. Gill was an Englishman by birth, and one of the first professional reporters who came to America.

"One would think," said a friend to the celebrated Dr. Samuel John, "that sickness and the view of death would make men more religious." "Sir," replied Johnson, "they do not know how to get about it. A man who has never had religion before, no more grows religious when he is sick, than a man who has never learned figures can count when he has need of calculation."

CENTRAL New York has a starch factory with twelve acres of floor, 600 large cisterns and twenty miles of steam pipes, making twenty-six tons of starch daily.

SOLON'S wisdom is said to be due to the fact that he had 700 wives, whom he consulted on all occasions.

ANOTHER COOLIE HORROR.

Mutiny of the Celestials.
SHIP "DON JUAN" BURNED.
SIX HUNDRED COOLIES PERISH.
A HARROWING TALE OF SUFFERING.

Intelligence has just been received at San Francisco from two sources, of the burning of the coolie ship "Don Juan," which left Macao on the 14th of May, with a cargo of coolies for Peru. The information came from Macao, from which place the crew, together with eight Chinamen, had escaped and was also brought by fifty coolies who had been rescued by a junk which was passing, and brought on to this port. The "Don Juan" was landed at Macao, taking six hundred and fifty coolies on board for Peru. She was only permitted to convey them upon her change of flag as the San Salvadorian ship "Dolores Ugarte." She was not allowed to carry coolies by the Government of Macao, therefore she was sold to a Peruvian, or by the pro-tem. consul declared national, and hoisted the Peruvian flag.

She left Macao on the 4th of May, being towed to sea by the steamer "White Cloud," and on the 6th she was burned to the water's edge, not more than fifty miles from Hong Kong. The coolies who have arrived in Hong Kong give various particulars of the catastrophe which are worth being noted, though they must of course be accepted with caution. It appears, however, so far as it is possible to judge, that the men are not in any way combined together, and though this contingency must always be borne in mind in accepting Chinese statements, there does not appear reason to conclude that in the accounts they have given to the superintendent of the jail and others they have done otherwise than state facts, so far as under the exciting and terrible circumstances they could understand them.

The theory is that the fire must have been accidental and have originated after in a lazaretto, where the stores and ship's material are kept. They all aver that their treatment by the officers and crew was humane, and that they had nothing whatever to complain of, either as to their allowance of food or its quality or quantity, and their statement of their idea is that the whole affair was simply accidental. The other view in question, namely, that the ship was set on fire by designing men among the Chinese is not impossible, but there is a difficulty in accepting this, from the fact that, as a rule, the bulkhead dividing the main hold from the lazaretto were of very hard wood and from four to five inches thick, and would probably be thickly studded with broad nails, which would effectively prevent saws or other carpenters' tools being used without being easily heard over the ship.

On the other hand, there is no doubt that any coolie could easily conceal as much flint and steel about him as would make a fire at any moment, and it is well known that they are most skillful in concealing material for getting lights. It is therefore, quite possible that the fire might have originated among the coolies, either by design or accident, in which case it is quite certain that no evidence with regard to it would be got from any of these men. If the fire originated below, it would spread with the greatest rapidity, as the deck, or false deck, was usually made of soft wood, which would burn like touchwood, as no doubt it has been in the ship since her last voyage, and would be dry as chip.

Very careful inquiry failed to elicit anything more definite as to the origin of the fire than given above, and the manner in which replies are given makes it evident, if an official investigation takes place, it will be found very difficult to get at the truth of the matter. Some of the men, however, are quite clear in this statement, that no explosion was heard when the fire broke out. With regard to the most important point—namely, the question whether the holds were opened to admit the escape of the men—the whole of them agree that a forefinger came and pried locks and bolts off with a crowbar, calling out, "Run Save Life!"

An incident of some importance is related in connection with this, namely, that some of the men were looking out of the gratings at the time to avoid suffocation from the smoke, thus showing that the fire, whatever way it originated, must have broken out below and well aft. One of the men distinctly avers he heard an explosion of gun powder aft and also smelt a strong smell of it. Others again say they did not hear any report; that they were nearly overpowered by the sickening smell of the ship's material burning aft. It is to be regretted that the European who had the humanity to open the hatches did not succeed in saving his own life, as he was overtaken by the coolies, who made a rush at the boat which was waiting for him, and a general scramble occurred to get to it, the Euro-

pean using arms to prevent the coolies getting in it, in the course of which one who has now gone to the hospital, was hit on the leg.

In the course of this scramble several Chinese were drowned. The boat, however, ultimately succeeded in getting clear of the ship, but had not gone far when it upset, in sight of but not within reach of the coolies. The coolies then seem to have had a little leisure to look around, when they observed the other three boats at a distance. During this time all the materials of the ship were rapidly burning, and a large number perished in the hold, some of whom were no doubt suffocated, but from others the cries which were made were pitiful. Many, however, jumped into the water and escaped by drowning, the more horrible death by fire. While the luckless men were on the deck and on the bowsprit in this position one of the mates fortunately gave way, and the men at once made such efforts as they could to reach it.

Having got to it they clung on with desperation, calling out as loud as they could to save life. They had been long in the water before a fishing junk came up, and they were taken off, two or three at a time, in a small sampans. The mast was held on the wreck by wire rigging, or it would otherwise undoubtedly have drifted away to sea. The coolies state that there were no less than fifty Euro-peans on the vessel, so that it remains to be seen what became of them. Some no doubt, were lost in the boat that swamped. We hear this morning that the man who was hit in the leg and sent to the hospital to have his burns cured is considered to have little chance of recovery. Should his death occur, doubtless a full investigation of the matter will be made before the Coroner.

From Macao it is reported that thirty-five of the crew have arrived there, and that they are unanimous in stating the coolies mutinied and set fire to the ship aft in hopes of forcing all forward and so take the vessel. It seems they thought that the fire could be extinguished afterwards. This statement of the affair is certainly not improbable, and calls for suspension of judgment until a full investigation has been made.

THE WATCH.

"Watch" is from a Saxon word signifying "to wake." At first the watch was as large as a saucer; it had weights, and was called "the pocket clock." The earliest known use of the modern name occurs in a record of 1542, which mentions that Edward VI had "one larum or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron gilt, with two plummettes of lead." The first great improvement, the substitution of the spring for weights, was about 1550. The earliest springs were not coiled, but only straight pieces of steel. Early watches had only one hand, and required winding twice a day. The dials were of silver or brass; the cases had crystals, but opened at the back and front, and were four or five inches in diameter. There is a watch in a Swiss museum only three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, in the top of a pencil-case. It little dial indicates not only hours, minutes, and seconds, but also, days of the month. It is a relic of the old times, when watches were inserted in saddles, snuff-boxes, shirt-studs, breast-pins, bracelets, and finger-rings. Many were fan-tailed—oval, octagonal, cruciform, or in the shape of pears, melons, tulips, or coffins.

THE THISTLE.

One time the Danes invaded Scotland, and they prepared to make a night attack on a sleeping garrison. So they crept along as still as possible until they were almost up to the spot. Just at that moment a barefooted soldier stepped on a great thistle, and the hurt made him utter a sharp, shrill cry of pain. The sound awoke the sleepers, and each man sprang to arms. They fought with great bravery, and the invaders were driven back with much loss. Thus the thistle saved Scotland, and ever since it has been placed on their seal as their nation's flower.

A CITY miss, newly installed as the wife of a farmer, was one day called upon by a neighbor of the same profession, who, in the absence of her husband, asked her for the loan of his plow for a short time. "I am sure you would be accommodated," was the reply, "if Mr. Stone was only at home. I do not know, though, where he keeps his plow; but," she added, evidently zealous to serve, "there is the cart in the yard; couldn't you plow with that till Mr. Stone gets back?"

A citizen of Nebraska was boasting that in his town there wasn't either a doctor, a lawyer, or a clergyman, and only one rum-seller.

"How many inhabitants are there's all together?" asked a by-stander.

"Well" was the reply, "there's only my family and my brother Jake's and Jake is the rum-seller."

Chinese cucumbers are said to grow five to eight feet in length, and from six to nine inches in diameter.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
All advertising for less than three months for one square of nine lines or less, will be charged one insertion, 75 cents, three \$1.00, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.
Administrator, Executor and Auditor's Notices, \$2.00. Professional and Business Cards, not exceeding one square, and including copy of paper, \$5.00 per year. Notices in reading columns, ten cents per line. For charts advertising by the year see special rates.

WHAT WOMEN EAT.
[From Appleton's Journal.]

It is a popular belief that woman eat nothing. It is of course conceded that they sustain life by the consumption of some article of nourishment, but eating, in the whole acceptance of the word, is supposed to be foreign to females nature. This fallacy is founded and sustained by woman themselves, who, during the affected period of their lives, cultivate small appetites as being of semi-angelic construction. When this pernicious nonsense is conscientiously carried out, the results of the would-be angels are squarish, red noses, certain loss of vigor, general limpidness, and some other unpleasant consequences. But, as a rule, the smallest appetites at the fashionable tables are exhibited by those ethereal girls whose natural and healthy wants have been thoroughly appeased by secret stuffing. Need we refer our readers to the historical poem concerning Violante in the pantry, gnawing of a mutton bone reminding them how he gnawed it, how she clawed it, when she found herself able!

All this is a direct deceit, however, practised upon unsophisticated old bachelors, who, when they have made the dainty creatures their, find out by the butcher's book an ocular proof what starchy trencher-women they have married. Watch a healthy girl at supper, during the intervals of dancing; she consumes by instalments four times as much as her partner, and seems, and is, none the worse for it. Our experience tells us that woman eat, in proportion to their weight, as much as men, and are no more faries in this respect than in the matter of weight.

A WISE MERCHANT.—The following incident is not without a lesson to a large class who think that fine "feathers make fine birds":

A servant girl went to a leading dry-goods store to purchase a cloak. The clerk who waited upon her, after displaying one or two patterns, rudely refused to show her any more, and she left the store. The facts came to the knowledge of her employer, who communicated them to the proprietor of the establishment. This led to an interview between the parties, and the offending clerk was pointed out by the girl and instantly dismissed by his employer. "I want you and all in my employ to understand," said the dry goods millionaire, "that a servant girl who comes into my store to purchase goods, is of as much importance to me as the richest lady in the city. The people are my customers, and it is to their support that I owe my business success."

THE late Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, was strongly opposed to temperance, and his tableboard was loaded with brandy, wine, etc. On one occasion, Mr. Perkins, of the Sons of Temperance, dined with the Bishop, who, pouring out a glass of wine, desired him to drink with him.

"Can't do it, Bishop. Wine is a mocker."

"Take a glass of brandy, then."

"Can't do it, Bishop. Strong drink is raging."

By this time, the Bishop, becoming somewhat excited, remarked to Mr. Perkins: "You'll pass the decanter to the gentleman next to you?"

"No, Bishop, I can't do that. 'Twas unto him that put the bottle to his neighbor's lips."

A BAD case of tetanus or lock jaw has been successfully treated in Cincinnati. The dangerous symptoms resulted from a wound inflicted in the sole of the foot by accidentally treading upon a small tack. The physician called in resorted to a novel mode of treatment. He made a free incision in the wound, applied a marsh posidice moistened with laudanum, then administered hydrate of chloral, and gradually the patient, a lady, improved, after having suffered seven convulsions and remaining in an unconscious state for some time. She had so far recovered as to be considered out of danger.

Two young fellows got to bantering each other a few days ago. Finally one of them exclaimed: "Well, there's one thing you can't put your head into an empty barrel." "Oh, nonsense," exclaimed the other, "why can't I?" "Because," dryly rejoined the first, "it is an impossibility to put a hoghead into a barrel."

"Come here, my little Eddie," said a gentleman to a youngster of seven years of age, while sitting in the parlor where a large company was assembled; "do you know me?" "Yes, sir, I think I do." "Who am I then? Let me hear." "You are the man who kissed sister Angeline last night in the parlor." Angeline faints.

MANY persons are shy of religion—they make one day's worship answer for a week.

WHAT was Eve made for? Answer—Adams express company.