

Business Cards.

LOUIS E. ATKINSON, Attorney at Law, Mifflintown, Pa.

ROBERT MEELIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Mifflintown, Pa.

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

S. B. LOUDON, MIFFLINTOWN, PA. Offers his services to the citizens of Juniata county as Auctioneer and Vendor of Crabs, from two to ten dollars. Satisfaction warranted.

DR. P. C. RUNDIO, DRUGGIST, PATTERSON, PENNA. August 18, 1874.

THOMAS A. ELDER, M. D., MIFFLINTOWN, PA. Office hours 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Office in Bell's building, two doors above the Sentinel office, Bridge Street.

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.

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—his appointments can be made for other days.

G. W. McPHERRAN, Attorney at Law, 601 SANSON STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

CENTRAL CLAIM AGENCY, JAMES M. SELLERS, 144 SOUTH SIXTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

BLOOMSBURG STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AND Literary and Commercial Institute.

LEBANON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, Of Jonestown, Pa.

J. WILSON ALLEN, Agent for Juniata, Huntingdon, Franklin, Fulton and Bedford counties.

NEW Drug Store IN PERRYVILLE.

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

BEST CIGARS IN TOWN AT Hollubaugh's Saloon.

WALL PAPER. Rally to the Place where you can buy your Wall Paper Cheap.

THE undersigned takes this method of informing the public that he has just received at his residence on Third Street, Mifflintown, a large assortment of WALL PAPER.

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# Juniata



# Sentinel.

B. E. SCHWEIER,

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

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOLUME XXV, NO. 33.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A., AUGUST 16, 1874.

WHOLE NUMBER 1274

Local Advertisements.

### Hurrah! Hurrah!

Great Excitement at the Mifflin Chair Works!

WHY is it that everybody goes to WM. F. SNYDER when they are in need of any kind of chairs? BECAUSE he keeps the Best and Finest Assortment of all kinds of Chairs that was ever offered to the eyes of the public.

### NEW DRUG STORE.

BANKS & HAMLIN, Main Street, Mifflintown, Pa. DEALERS IN DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

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

S. B. LOUDON, MERCHANT TAILOR. WOULD respectfully inform the public that he has removed his Tailoring Establishment to a room in Major Nevin's new building, on the Parker lot, on Bridge Street, Mifflintown, and has opened a new and enlarged assortment of CLOTHES.

CUSTOM WORK. On reasonable terms. By strict attention to business, he hopes to receive a liberal share of public patronage.

JUNIATA VALLEY BANK OF MIFFLINTOWN, PENN'A.

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

Boot and Shoe Shop. THE undersigned, fashionable Boot and Shoemaker, hereby respectfully informs the public that he has located in the borough of Patterson, where he is prepared to accommodate the most fastidious in

LADIES' WEAR, Gents' Fine and Coarse Boots, Brogans, CHILDREN'S WEAR, &c., &c.

The Place for Good Grape-vines IS AT THE Juniata Valley Vineyards, AND GRAPE-VINE NURSERY.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the public that he has started a Grape-vine Nursery about one mile northeast of Mifflintown, where he has been raising a large number of the different varieties of Grapes; and having been in the business for seven years, he is now prepared to furnish

VINES OF ALL THE LEADING VARIETIES, AND OF THE MOST PROMISING KINDS, AT LOW RATES.

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Poet's Corner.

### EARLY THINGS.

I saw a flower, its cheeks of blue Had just been kissed by morning dew; I passed it by in evening shade, Its beauty though it had just decayed.

I saw a maiden bright and fair As any one that breathes the air; She scorned the counsel of the wise— In yonder grave her beauty lies.

I saw a youth—a daring boy, His father's pride—his mother's joy; He mingled with the worldly pride And drank—and fell—and died.

I saw a man, his looks of gray Had once been bright, as mine, they say; But time had woven in that hair The threads of trouble, and of care.

And thus I watched with anxious eye The earthly things that bloom and die; Oh! fickle hope! how small the thread That holds the living from the dead.

### Miscellaneous Reading.

#### TIM JENKINS INTERVIEWED.

HIS OPINION OF THE SITUATION. GRANT UNGRATEFUL.

The Demijohn to take the Place of the Coffee Pot.

#### THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

Etc. Etc. Etc.

Animated by an ardent desire to serve our country and feeling that the most successful way to secure a correct expression of the views held by the party now struggling for existence is to call upon some noted leader, "interview him," and lay his expressions before the reading public, we wandered our way, one beautiful morning, down among the huge sand hills of Virginia to the domicile of good, old, honest Tim Jenkins. If it be asked why we selected a citizen of the "Old Dominion" as a subject for the horrors and excruciating agonies of the operation of "interviewing," we have only to say, in explanation of our course, that nowhere north of Mason and Dixon's line could we find a member of the Democratic party possessing sufficient backbone to answer candidly every question, and meet squarely every issue we might present.

We found "Tim" at home, and what was better, at leisure, quietly quaffing something contained in a black bottle, that was a shade darker than water.—Seeing that we had hit the right time, we with becoming dignity, made known the purpose of our business.

Going to report 'em? said he. Reporter. Yes, that is our intention. Tim. Well I don't care about taking part in this matter; but I am willing to serve the people at all times, and can have no objection to giving the public the benefit of my views and opinions.

R. What do you think of the situation? Tim. Things are not much more encouraging now than they were when Grant tumbled Pemberton out of Vicksburg and Meade sent Lee spinning round the mountains of Pennsylvania. That was the worst defeat our party ever sustained, and I don't think it will ever recover so as to be able to do much hereafter. The men who whipped us in the field haven't changed their principles a bit, and are just as determined to whip us in this peaceful contest as they were in the days of the rebellion.

R. But you forget that the Democratic party in Pennsylvania has nominated two soldiers.

Tim. No, I haven't forgotten it, but this thing of a man fighting on the one side and voting on the other is something I don't understand and can't appreciate, and I don't think the voters of the "old Keystone" are in any better predicament.

They will look upon this little "clap-trap" arrangement as a despicable and desperate attempt to gain place and power.

R. I am advised that they are putting forth an herculean effort to carry the State.

Tim. I know the last kick of a dying calf is said to be the hardest; but then nothing is hurt by it but the calf itself.

GRANT'S INGRATITUDE. R. What do you think of Grant? Tim. The most flagrant fault I find in Grant is his base ingratitude toward us.

R. What claims have you upon him. Tim. We made him what he is.

R. I don't quite understand you. Tim. I was under the impression that he was elected by Republican votes.

Tim. The whole subject is plain enough. Had there been no Democratic party there would have been no rebellion; and had there been no rebellion there would have been no Gen. Grant; and had there been no Gen. Grant it is very doubtful whether there would have been a President Grant. So you see he is largely indebted to us for his present high position, and yet he has done nothing for us—has not given us one good

HOW HAWKINS WON HIS WIFE.

Seth Hawkins was a fine specimen of manhood as can be seen—tall, broad-shouldered, well-proportioned, with eyes of the deepest blue, light hair, and ruddy countenance, which betokened a familiarity with out-door occupation. Suffice it to say he was a farmer, and a well-to-do in this world's goods, but afflicted with a disease called bashfulness.

He was deeply in love with a pretty sparkling, roguish-eyed lass, whom we will call Sally T.—

Seth could talk politics, farming, and all the usual topics of the day, when not in Sally's company; but when he became seated in her presence, his courage left him, and he left all the talking to be done by Sally T.—

The latter gazed upon him matters stood with him, and in a spirit of mischief, increased his embarrassment by several little remarks, which almost drove him to distraction, and made him think his case hopeless.

He had courted Sally a long time, but had never found sufficient courage to know his fate.

One pleasant Sunday evening he again sallied forth, determined to know the worst and to ask Sally to be his—

He found her sitting by a bright blazing fire in the kitchen, and looking prettier than ever, with her rosy cheeks and laughing eyes. Her mother sat in an old-fashioned rocking chair, reading her Bible, while a candle, sitting on a stand close by, served to light the apartment.

She seated him in a chair near the fire, and after making a few remarks, to which he gave the usual monosyllabic answers, turned her head with a smile.

He felt the blood rush to his head, and face, as he scanned his person over to see if he could discover the object of Sally's mirth, when he turned his head half way around, he discovered some white cloth behind him.

Now the question was what could it be!

He awaited another opportunity, and when Sally was not looking, put his arm around behind him, and slipping his hand under the edge of his jacket, proceeded to push it down into the back of his pants.

He felt a relief, and on looking up perceived that Sally was convulsed with suppressed laughter.

He looked around again, and to his utter astonishment found that, instead of the cloth disappearing, it seemed to be larger than before.

The perspiration started in every pore and with a quick nervous push he made another effort to get it out of sight.— Another opportunity soon presented itself, when he made a dash of it, and with the perspiration standing in drops all over his forehead, he felt almost out of patience with Sally for building such a hot fire.

At the moment of its disappearance, Sally, who had been watching affairs on the sly, burst into a loud peal of laughter, and rushed into the room adjoining, giving the door a violent slam, which caused the old lady to look up with astonishment, and Seth to seize his hat and rush from the house, toward home, as fast as his legs could carry him, and in anything but a happy frame of mind.

Sally soon made her appearance again, and her mother remonstrated with her upon her unchristian-like conduct on Sabbath evening.

Sally bore it with as much composure as possible, but said nothing to her mother of the cause of her mirth.

Pretty soon the old lady made preparation for bed, and soon began to search for her night-gown; but failing to find it, came out of the bedroom, saying: "Sally, where is my night dress? I left it some where, and I can't tell for the life of me, where."

"Why Seth Hawkins's voice it home!" she replied.

"What! wore it home!"

Amid tears and laughter, Sally explained the events of the evening to her mother.

The next afternoon a boy rapped at the door, and presented a package for Miss Sally, which she soon opened, and found the unlucky night dress, all nicely washed and ironed, with the following words, written on a bit of paper, in pencil: "I am much obliged for the use of it.—SALLY!"

The next time they met, he found his bashfulness had disappeared, and before leaving Sally, he had gained her consent to be his own little wife.

Years have elapsed since that eventful night, but he is never weary of telling his children how he won their mother through the old lady's night dress.

There has recently been perfected a new respirator for firemen, in which the solid particles of the dense smoke are arrested by films of cotton wool wetted with glycerine, and the most pungent gas by layers of charcoal. By these simple means firemen can remain within burning buildings for upwards of half an hour at a time with safety and comfort so far as their respiration is concerned.

A Lively Scene—Hard-Shell Crabs in a Street Car.

No little consternation was created in a South Baltimore City passenger car on Monday evening, caused by a dozen and more of hard shell crabs making a circuit of the floor of the vehicle. These unusual passengers belonged to a young man who had caught them in the vicinity of Ferry Bar, and a gentleman in entering the car at the corner of Camden and Sharp streets, accidentally stumbled against the basket, and in a twinkling the crabs were crawling about the floor in all directions. A lady in the car was first notified of the presence of the crabs by a sharp pain in one of her ankles, and when she discovered what caused the pain she uttered such a scream as almost threw another lady into spasms.

The crab maintained a stubborn hold upon the ankle, and at last a gentleman essayed to remove the monster, and in so doing he evidenced the fact that he was not posted in the art of pinning a crab, as the latter quitting his hold upon the lady's ankle, caught the thumb of the gentleman and just here a new source of trouble arose: the sudden attack of the crab caused the man to utter a peculiar expletive, and in his agony he described a swift semi-circle with his left hand, and with such force as to detach the body of the crab from the claw which encircled the thumb of the gentleman, and the crab went full into the bosom of the lady mentioned, as being almost afflicted with spasms. Her screams now made confusion worse confounded, and in less than a minute after the basket of crabs had been overturned the liveliest scene imaginable was going on in that car, but the crabs were finally captured and returned to the basket, and quiet restored "along the line."

A VENERABLE TYPO.—The Lebanon (Verm.) Herald says that there is a man named William L. Barry employed as a compositor in the office of that paper, who completed the ninety-first year of his age on the 16th of March. On the day before and after his birthday, the old gentleman did a full day's work.— He is at his post promptly at seven o'clock, and puts up his six thousand a day without trouble. There is no pecuniary necessity for his laboring at all, and he sets type purely from love of the art which he has followed so long. He commenced to set type in 1798—seventy-three years ago—and has continued at the business ever since. The venerable gentleman is still hale and hearty. He is held in high esteem by the proprietors and attaches of the office.

On Thursday evening of last week during the thunder storm, Miss Tillie Williams, daughter of John C. Williams, of Upper Chichester, Delaware county, went up stairs for the purpose of closing the windows. A flash of lightning struck a lightning-rod attached to the house. The shock was terrific, knocking her speechless, deaf and blind upon the floor. She remained in that condition for seven hours. Dr. Christ was sent for, and administered the proper restoratives. She has partially recovered, being able to read large print and to hear tolerably well. There was no evidence of the rod having been struck, excepting its rattling and the shaking of the house, and no external indication of Miss Williams having been struck.— West Chester Republican.

A Yale freshman recently attempted to get a check cashed, but being a stranger in New Haven, he found some difficulty in identifying himself. At last, after repeated attempts to convince the clerk that the name on the check was his own, a brilliant idea struck him. He hurriedly unbuttoned his coat and vest, and triumphantly pointed to the name on his shirt. Imagine his discomfort and his disgust when the clerk read off the name of his clum, whose shirt he had donned by mistake that morning.

HANGING.—The Archbishop of Dublin once inquired of a physician: "Why does the operation of hanging kill a man?"

"Because the inspiration is checked, circulation stopped, and the blood suffices and congests the brain."

"Bosh!" replied his grace, "it is because the rope is not long enough to let his feet touch the ground."

FRIDAY.—Superstitious people, who are afraid to begin an undertaking on Friday, should read the following: Columbus set sail, on Friday, August 21st, 1492; first discovered land, Friday, October 12th, 1492; Pilgrim Fathers landed Friday, December 22d, 1620; Washington born, Friday, February 22d 1732; Bunker Hill fought, Friday, June 16th, 1775.

How to Cool a Room.—Now that the hot weather is full upon us, it may be interesting to be reminded that the simplest and cheapest way to cool a room is to wet a cloth of any size, the larger the better, and suspend it in the place you want cool. Let the room be well ventilated, and the temperature will sink from ten to twelve degrees in less than an hour.

Table with 3 columns: Advertisement rates per square, per column, and per line. Includes rates for one square, two squares, three squares, one-fourth column, half column, and one column.

SHORT ITEMS.

One farmer in Iowa raised 4000 bushels of wheat this year.

The whitewashers in Chicago make more money than the portrait painters.

It is supposed that artificial ice was made as far back as in the fifth century.

A woman in Cincinnati has obtained license to perform the marriage ceremony.

Owing to the failure of the hay crop good cows sell for \$10 each in Penobscot county, Maine.

"I wonder what caused my eyes to be so weak?" said a top to a gentleman.— "They are in weak places," replied the latter.

Partridges in Dauphin county are becoming very numerous since protection from death has been afforded them by the law.

A secret organization is reported as having been formed at Cincinnati for the purpose of opposing Roman Catholicism in all shades.

The widow of a man who died in front, Ohio, of delirium tremens, has recovered \$5,000 damage from the man who furnished the whiskey.

A schoolmaster lately informed his pupils that the feminine gender should be applied to all ships and vessels afloat except mail steamers and men-of-war.

Franklin said: "A newspaper and Bible in every house, and a good school in every district, are the principal supporters of virtue, morality, and civil liberty."

A Corry stonemason, who mournfully wailed, "I'm lonely to-night, love, 'til-out thee," had his loneliness alleviated by a number of dogs, who made it lively enough for him the balance of the night.

Joseph Gussler, aged about 64 years, and John A. Gussler, (his son,) aged about 38 years, were smothered to death almost instantly in a lime kiln, near Hoffa's mill, Buffalo township, Union county.

Two hundred roddy made buildings have been shipped from Chicago to Colorado recently. They are said to be the earliest things to put up and the readiest things to blow down that can well be imagined.

Mark Twain says Horace Greeley once tried to make a living as writing-master, and failed. His copy was, "Virtue is its own reward," and the scholars got it. "Washing with soap is wholly absurd."

A California squirrel hunter claims to have killed no less than 10,000 in a single season. He sells the skins for 15 cents each to kid glove makers, and receives 10 cents per head bounty from the State. It is admitted that he is the "charmpion" in the squirrel line.

A Southern lady went into Independence Hall, the other day, and after looking around carefully at the portraits, asked the janitor, "Where is Jeff Davis' picture?" and seemed somewhat annoyed when she was told it was not there.— Comment is unnecessary.

A California genius has invented what he calls the Eureka Boot-puller, which consists of a leather belt, having two hooks attached to it. He places the belt over his right shoulder, adjusts the hooks in the boot-straps, and then leans backward, and the tightest boot is conquered.

George Hall, a farmer residing four miles from McDonoughsburg, Fulton county, Pa., was killed on the 2d inst, while digging a well. The fowl air overpowered him and he fell a distance of twenty feet. His friends were unable to get him out before life was extinct. He leaves a wife and six small children.

One of the late speakers in a Methodist conference illustrated his readiness to fraternize with his Southern brethren, and his feeling toward them, by the story of the two men that would not speak to each other; but one having been converted at a camp meeting, on seeing his former enemy, held out his hand, saying, "How do you do, Kemp? I am humble enough to shake hands with a dog."

A young chap who had gone to a Methodist revival meeting to create a disturbance, said, on being asked to become quiet, that he had heard that miracles were performed there, and had come to see some performed at that time; whereupon the muscular minister said, "We don't perform miracles, but we cast out devils," and sure enough, the devil did go out, his exit being somewhat hastened by the clerical gentleman.

The Harrisburg State Journal makes the following statement doubtless with the intention of laking the "rag off the bush": Patrick Farrell, residing in Derby township, this county, is the owner of a poodle dog remarkable for having latched a brood of nine ducks this year.

The dog kept close watch over the nest sitting on the eggs with the faithfulness of a maternal fowl, until the birth of the ducklings. The same wonderful taste was displayed last year by the dog in hatching a flock of about a dozen chickens from a nest of eggs.