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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. Also all other articles usually kept in establishments of this kind.

Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes, Cigars, Tobacco, Stationery, Confectioneries, (first-class), Notions, etc., etc. The Doctor gives advice free.

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

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EATING OR DRINKING LINE at the most reasonable prices. He has also refitted his BILLIARD HALL, so that it will now compare favorably with any Hall in the interior of the State. June 1, 1870-1y

Juniata



Sentinel.

B. F. SCHWEIER,

[THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.]

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOLUME XXVI, NO. 19

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A., MAY 8 1872.

WHOLE NUMBER 1313.

Local Advertisements.

JUNIATA VALLEY BANK

OF MIFFLINTOWN, PENN'A.

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

DIRECTORS. Joseph Pomeroy, John J. Patterson, Jerome N. Thompson, George Jacobs, John Balsbach.

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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 testing 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.

by the single vine, dozen, hundred or thousand. All persons wishing good and thrifty vines will do well to call and see for themselves. Good and responsible Agents wanted. Address, JONAS OBERHOLTZER, Mifflintown, Juniata Co., Pa.

The "Guppy" Market Car.

THE undersigned, having purchased of S. H. Brown, the renowned "Guppy" Market Car, desires to inform his friends of Mifflin, Patterson and vicinity, and the public generally, that he will run the car regularly, leaving Mifflin Station every Monday noon for the Eastern markets, and returning on WEDNESDAY, loaded with

FRESH FISH, OYSTERS, APPLES, VEGETABLES OF ALL KINDS IN SEASON, And Everything Usually Carried in a Market Car.

Also, Freight Carried, at Reasonable Rates, Either Way. Orders from merchants and others solicited. Prompt attention to business will be given and satisfaction guaranteed. Orders left at Joseph Pennell's store in Patterson, will receive attention. G. W. WILSON. April 28, 1871.

Flour! Flour!

THE undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he has purchased the GRIEST MILL, in Millford township, recently owned by Jacob Lemon, and, having remodeled and otherwise improved the same, is now prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage.

Wheat Flour and Sifted Corn Meal always on hand and for sale, wholesale and Retail. Also, Shorts, Bran, Ship-stuff and Chop For Sale.

Flour and Feed will be delivered to families if desired. His wagon will visit Mifflin, Patterson and Perryville three times a week. Persons needing flour or feed, can leave their orders at the Store of John Etka in Mifflin, or at Pennell's Store in Patterson, or addressing a note to Box 33, Patterson Post office, a large assortment of GRAIN OF ALL KINDS BOUGHT AT MARKET PRICES. P. H. HAWN. Jan. 3, 1872-2m

New Store and New Goods.

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, & C.

Main Street, Mifflintown.

HAVING opened out a GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE in the old stand on Main Street, Mifflintown, I would respectfully ask the attention of the public to the following articles, which I will keep on hand at all times: SUGAR, COFFEE, TEA, MOLASSES, RICE, FISH, SALT, DRIED AND CANNED FRUIT, HAM, SHOULDER, DRIED BEEF, Confectioneries, Nuts, &c., Tobacco, Cigars, GLASSWARE, Flour, Feed, &c.

All of which will be sold cheap for Cash or Country Produce. Give me a call and hear my prices. J. W. KIRK. Mifflintown, May 2, 1871.

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, of various styles, which he offers for sale CHEAPER than can be purchased elsewhere in the county. All persons in need of the above article, and wishing to save money, are invited to call and examine his stock and hear his prices before going elsewhere. Large supply constantly on hand. SIMON BASOM. Mifflintown, April 5, 1871-4f

Poetry.

FAITH AND REASON.

BY LIZZIE YORK CASE

Two travelers started on a tour With trust and knowledge laden, One was a man with mighty brain, And one a gentle maiden. They joined their hands and vowed to be Companions for a season; The gentle maiden's name was Faith, The mighty man's was Reason.

He sought all knowledge from the world, And every world near it; All matter and all mind were his, But hers was only spirit. If any stars were missed from heaven, His telescope could find them; But while he only found the stars, She found the GOD behind them.

He sought for truth above, below, All hidden things revealing; She only sought it woman wise, And found it in her feeling. He said "This earth's a rolling ball," And so doth science prove it; He but discovered that it moves, She found the springs that move it.

He reads with geological eye The record of the ages, Unfolding strata he translates, Earth's wonder written pages. He signs around a mountain base, And measures it with plummet; She leaps it with a single bound, And stands upon the summit.

He brings to light the hidden force In nature's labyrinth lurking, And binds it to his onward car To do his mighty working. He sends his message 'cross the earth, And down where sea gems glisten; She sends hers to God Himself, Who binds his His ear to listen.

All things in beauty, science, art, In common they inherit; But he has only clasped the form, While she has clasped the spirit. God's wall infinite now looms up Before Faith and her lover; But while he tries to scale its heights, She has gone safely over.

He tries from earth to forge a key To open the gate of heaven; That key is in the maiden's heart, And back its bolts are driven. They part: without her aid is dark, His knowledge vain and hollow; For Faith has entered in with God, Where Reason may not follow.

Select Story.

A DAY IN PETTICOATS.

BY A MODEST YOUNG MAN.

'I couldn't think of such a thing.' But you must. My happiness depends upon it. Here put on the thimble-guns, and the what's its name. And my friend Bob Styles held up before my hesitant gaze a full suit of feminine apparel.

His idea was that I should personate his lady love for one day, to prevent any body from suspecting the truth—namely, that she had joined him in a runaway marriage party—until it should be too late for interference; that is, until the minister should have tied a knot between them that nothing but a special grant of the Legislature could untie.

The schemes were not actually so absurd as it appeared at first sight. Maggie Lee was a tall, queenly woman, with an almost masculine air, and at that time I had a very slight form—almost effeminate, so that in fact, there was really but little difference on that point. Then I had light hair parted in the middle, and put a bonnet on my head and a few persons will observe that I am not of the softer sex. These accessories also gave me quite a decided resemblance to Maggie Lee, especially as when in this case the disguise was her own.

Then the day chosen for the runaway match was an auspicious one. Maggie's pa was to drive her to D—, a small village near where she lived, and there she was to join a sailing party down—river, to the grove three miles below; from which the party was to return in the evening in carriages.

Our plan was, that I should be waiting in the village, and should go on the boat with the sailing party, while Maggie after leaving her father should slide off with Bob Styles across the country.

At last I got dressed, and presented myself before Maggie, blushing a great deal, I believe, feeling very much pinched about the waist and with an uncomfortable consciousness that my—shirt sleeves were too short; or wanting altogether.

Everything finished, in the way of toilet, Bob Styles took me in his light wagon and drove me over to D— by a secluded route and left me at the hotel, where the sailing party was to assemble. Several of the picnickers were there, and they greeted my cavalier with cordiality, (everybody knew Bob Styles,) asking if he was going with them. He told them he was not.

Pressing business engagements you know, and all that sort of thing. Duceed sorry I can't go, though. I just had time to bring Miss Lee over, and I'm off. Mr. Bimby, this is Miss Lee, and he rattled off a lot of brief introductions, which convinced me that there was but few of the company that were acquainted with the young lady whom I was personating—a very fortunate thing for the preservation of my disguise.

Mr. Bimby, a tall, legal looking man, with a book nose, and eye glass and puffing his nose, pleased with my personelle, and I overheard him whisper to Bob Styles as he went out: "Nice looking girl that Miss Lee."

"Yes," answered Bob with a mischievous glance at him, "she is a nice girl, though a little go ahead sometimes. Keep a little lookout on her, will you?" then lowering his voice said—"not a bad match for you, old fellow she is rich."

Is she? said Bimby, his interest deepening. "On my honor," replied Bob. Forty thousand dollars in her own right.

"Day, Day!" he was gone. Maggie Lee artful creature as she was, had told her father that the party was to assemble at another hotel, and thither he had taken her. Having business in D— he left her there, merely saying that he would send the carriage after her at seven o'clock. She, like a dutiful daughter, kissed him and bade him good bye, and before he had got a hundred rods got into Bob Style's light wagon, which had driven up to the back door as Mr. Lee drove from the front, and the old story of head-strong love and prejudiced age was enacted over again.

As for us of the picnic excursion, we had a delightful sail down to the grove, but somehow, I could not enjoy it as I ought to have done. When I walked on board the boat, I felt awkward, as if everybody was looking at me. I found Mr. Bimby, as I had suspected, a young and rising lawyer, mighty in Blackstone in his own opinion. He insisted on paying my fare (the boat was a regular packet) and purchasing enough oranges, pears and candies, to set up a street stand. Four or five times I was on the point of swearing at his impudent officiousness, but bit my tongue just in time to prevent my exposure. But it was not with him I found my role the hardest to play.

No; the young ladies were the difficult ones to deceive. For instance there was one among them, a beautiful girl of seventeen, just returned from boarding school, who had not seen Maggie Lee for three years. Of course she was delighted to see me, when she found that I was Maggie Lee; which by the way did not occur until we had started. She threw herself into my arms, pulled my veil aside, and kissed me half a dozen times, in a manner that made my finger ends tingle for an hour. It was a very nice, but if I had been a propria persona I would have liked it better. As it was I felt as though I was obtaining goods under false pretenses, and lawyer Bimby might issue a warrant for my arrest on the ground at any moment.

A whole lot of crimson then surrounded me, on the upper deck of the boat, to the utter disgust of Mr. Nimby and all the other gentlemen. I kept very quiet only speaking in monosyllables, in a falsetto voice.

But the others—Lord bless you! how they gabbled. Under a strict promise of secrecy, the boarding school maiden who had kissed me so affectionately, revealed all her love affairs and also became unpleasantly confidential about other matters—innocent enough in themselves but not customarily talked of between ladies and gentlemen.

I was terribly embarrassed, but it would not do to give up then. As soon as my trick should become known, Bob Styles trick would come out, and news of that kind travels fast in the country, he and his lady love would be telegraphed, and followed before they could reach Philadelphia, where Styles lived and where the knot was to be tied.

The river breeze was very fresh where we sat, and I noticed that several of the ladies were glancing uneasily at me. I couldn't divine the reason, until Jennie, my little friend from the boarding school laid her face dangerously close to mine, and said: "My dear Maggie, your dress is blowing up terribly high—your ankles will be the town talk with all the gentlemen."

Now I was conscious of having a small foot for a man, and had donned a pair of open worked stockings which came up nearly to my waist, with a pair of gaiters borrowed from a servant girl, in all which together my "running gear" looked quite feminine and respectable—but the idea of the girl telling me of the gentlemen talking about my ankles, who would have been frightened to death if I had told her the same thing yesterday, was too much for me, I burst into a sort of strangled laugh, which I could only check, by swallowing half of my filagree lace edged handkerchief. The young ladies all looked at me with apparent astonishment with such a voice, and I wanted to laugh the more. Fortunately Mr. Bimby came to my rescue at the moment and edged himself in among the crimson.

"May I sit here?" he asked, pointing to a low stool near me. "Certainly," I simpered in my high falsetto.

"Ah, thank you," said Bimby, with a lackadaisical air which nauseated me, as coming from one man to another; you are as kind as you are fascinating?" "You flatter me!"

"I? No, indeed; praises of you cannot be flattery, Miss Lee."

"Oh, sir, really, you are a very naughty man, I said in the most feminine tone I could command. He cast a languishing glance at me through the black lace veil and I fairly began to fear for his feelings. We soon arrived at the grove, and found our band engaged before hand awaiting us. Of course dancing was the first amusement, and lawyer Bimby led me out for a strotische. It was hard at first to take a lady's part in the dance, but I soon got accustomed to it. A waltz was proposed, and I resolved to have a little amusement at the expense of the unfortunate Mr. Bimby.

I had first made him purposely jealous by dancing with two others, one of whom I knew in my own character, but who never suspected me as Maggie Lee. The young man was a great woman killer, a sort of an easy devil may-care rascal, who made the ladies run after him, by his rash action and coolness of protestation. I selected him to play off against my legal admirer. I allowed him to hold to me very closely, and occasionally looked at him with a half fascinating expression. When we stopped dancing, he led me to my seat, keeping his arm about my waist, and I permitted it.

Having thus stirred Bimby up to wrathful feats of valor, I asked one of the gentlemen to direct the musicians to play a waltz. Bimby came immediately.

"Ahem—a Miss Lee, shall I have the honor of—a—trying to waltz with you?" I smiled a gracious acquiescence, and we commenced.

Now I am an old stager at waltzing. I can keep up longer than any non-professional dancer, male or female, whom I ever met. As long as the Cachuch or Schounbrunn rings in my ears, I can go on if it is a year.

Not so, Bimby. He plead want of practice, and said that he soon got dizzy. "Aha old boy," thought I, "I'll give you a turn then!"

But I only smiled, and said that I should probably get tired first. "Oh, yes!" he exclaimed. "Of course I can waltz as long as any lady, but no more."

For the first five minutes my cavalier did well. He went smoothly and evenly but at the expiration of that time began to grow warm. Five minutes elapsed and Bimby's breath beat harder and harder. On he went, however, and I scorned to notice his slackening at every round, when we passed my seat. After some ten or twelve minutes the wretched man gasped out between his steps: "Ah, a—are you not—getting very tired?"

"Oh, no! I burst forth as coolly as if we were riding around the dance; "Oh, no, I feel as though I could dance all night."

The look of despair that he gave me was terrible to see. I was bound to see him through, and we kept at it. Bimby staggered and made wild steps in all directions. His collar wilted, eyes protruded, his jaw lunged down; and altogether, I saw he could not hold out much longer.

"This is delightful," said I, "and you, Mr. Bimby, waltz so easily?" "Puff—ah—puff—ah—puff—yes—oh—puff—very—puff—delightful," he gasped.

"Don't you think it ought to go a little faster?" He rolled his eyes heavenward in agony.

"Ah—puff—I don't—ah—puff—don't know." So when we neared the musicians, I said: "Faster, if you please—faster," and they played a la whirlwind.

Poor Bimby threw his feet about like a fast pacer, and revolved after the manner of a teetotum which was nearly run down. At last he staggered a step backwards, and spinning eccentrically away from me, pitched headlong in the midst of a bevy of young ladies in a corner. I turned coolly, walked to my seat, and sent the young woman-killer after a glass of ice water.

I got some idea from this of the fun young ladies have in tormenting us poor devils of the other sex.

At this juncture, and before Mr. Bimby had time to apologize for his accident, little Jennie came running into the pavilion which served for a ball room. As she came near, I perceived her hands were clutched tightly in her dress, and I positively shuddered as she whispered to me—

"Oh, Maggie, come and help me fix my skirts, for they are coming down." "What should I do?" I was in agony. A cold perspiration broke out over my forehead. I wished myself a thousand miles away, anathematized Bob Style's Masquerading project inwardly, male-dictions.

"I said I was tired—could not be anybody else?" "No, nothing would do but I must accompany her to the house of a gentle-

man who owned the grove, and assist her to arrange her clothing.

So I went. What if it should be necessary to remove the greater part of her raiment? What if she should tell me to do some sewing? What if in the midst of all the embarrassment of being clothed with a beautiful girl of seventeen, in a state of comparative freedom from drapery, my real sex should be discovered?

I felt as if an apple pie fit would be a fortunate occurrence for me just then. However I nerved myself for the task, and accompanied Jennie to the house designated. An old lady showed us into her chamber, and Jennie, heaving a sigh of relief, let go her dress. As she did so, a—pardon my blushes—a petticoat fell to the floor. She was about to proceed but I alarmed her by a sudden and vehement gesture.

"Stop!" I cried frantically, and forgetting my falsetto, "don't undress for God's sake."

She opened her great brown eyes to their widest extent. "And why not?" "Because I am—I am—can you keep a secret?"

"Why, yes—how frightened you look!" "Why, what is the matter—Maggie!—you, why, oh! oh!" And she gave three screams.

"Hush, no noise, or I am lost!" I exclaimed, putting my hand over her mouth. "I swear I mean no harm; if I had, I would not have stopped you. Don't you see?"

She was all of a tremble, poor little thing, but she saw the force of my argument. "Oh, sir," she said, "I see you are a man; but what does it all mean? Why did you dress so?"

I told her the story as briefly as possible, after exacting from her a promise of the most sacred secrecy.

I then went outside the door, and waited until she had arranged her dress, when she called me again. She had heard of me from Maggie and others and she wanted to hear all the particulars; so I sat down by her and we had a long talk, which ended in mutual feelings of friendliness and old acquaintanceship, quite wonderful for people meeting for the first time. Just as we started to go back to the pavilion, I said I must relieve my mind of just one more burden.

"And what is that?" she asked. "Those kisses. You thought I was Maggie Lee, or you would not have given them. They were very sweet but I suppose I must give them all back."

And I did. She blushed a good deal, but she didn't resist, only when I got through she glanced up and said: "I thank you are real naughty anyhow."

When I returned, I found lawyer Bimby quite recovered from his dizziness, and all hands ready for supper, which was served in the bar room. I sat between Bimby and Jennie, and Maggie Lee to both in turn; to one as Maggie Lee and to the other myself. After supper, at which I astonished a great many by eating rather more heartily than young ladies generally do, we had more dancing, and I hinted pretty strongly to Mr. Bimby that I should like to try another waltz.

He didn't take the hint. Finding it rather dry amusement to dance with my own kind, I soon abandoned the pleasure and persuaded Jennie to take a stroll off into the moonlight with me. We found the grove a charming place, full of picturesque little corners and rustic seats; and great gray rocks leaning out over the river. On one side of these latter a little bench was placed in a nook sheltered from the night.

Here we sat, in the full flood of the moonlight and having just had supper, I felt wonderfully in need of a cigar. Accordingly I went back to a little stand near the ball room and purchased several of the wondering woman who sold refreshments. Then returning to the seats by the rocks, I gave up all cause of fears for my incognito, and revelled in the pleasures of solitude—the fragrance of my cigar—the moonlight—and little Jennie's presence.

How long we sat there, heaven knows. We talked and laughed and sang, and looked into each other's eyes, and told fortunes; and performed all the non-sensical operations common amongst young people just falling in love with each other, and might have remained till the month of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, for aught I know, had not the carriages been sent to convey us home, and the rest of the company began to wonder where we were.

This wonder began questions, the questions fears, and fears search, headed by the valiant Bimby. They called and looked and listened, but our position down in the sheltered nook among the rocks prevented them from hearing, or seeing us.

At length they hit upon our path, and all came along in single file, until they got to the open space above.

Then they saw a sight. I was spread out in a free and easy position, my bonnet off, and my hair somewhat towzled up. One foot rested on the ground, and the other on a rock about level with my head, (regardless of ankles this time,) and there I sat puffing away in a very un lady-like manner.

Jennie was sitting close beside me with her head almost on my shoulder and her small waist encircled by my arm. Just as the party came along above I laughed out in a loud masculine voice— "Just think of poor what's his name there, Bimby! Suppose he knew that he had been making love to a man?"

"Hush!" cried Jennie. "Look, there he is—and oh, my gracious! there is the whole company." "Yes, we are fairly caught." It was of no use for me to clap on my bonnet and assume my falsetto again—they had all seen too much for that. Besides, by this time Bob Styles and Maggie Lee were doubtless 'one flesh,' and my disguise was of no further importance, so I owned up and told the story. Lawyer Bimby was in a rage. He vowed to kill me, and even squared off, but the rest of the party laughed at him so unmercifully, and suggested that we should waltz it out together, that he finally cooled, and slunk away to take some private conveyance to D—.

Bob Styles and I are living in a double house together. He often says he owes his wife to my masquerading, but he doesn't feel under any obligations to me, for I owe my wife to the same thing. N. B.—My wife's name is Jennie.

A BROOKLYN ELOPEMENT.

A Free Confession of a Church Member to His Sorrowing Brethren.

On Saturday evening, March 29, Mr. Stephen Owen, of 100 Hampden street, Brooklyn, started ostensibly for home from his place of business in New York. As he had not reached home on the Sunday and Monday following, detectives were employed. They found no clue.

Mr. Owen was a member of the Johnson street Methodist Church, and superintendent of the Sunday school. He was 45 years of age. Had a wife, but no family. His reputation was unblemished, but about a week after his disappearance it was rumored that he had eloped with a lady. On Thursday, April 11, Mr. Owen reappeared as suddenly as he had left. Nothing was heard of him until last Sunday evening. Then the Rev. F. W. Ware, pastor of the Johnson street church read the following communication from Mr. Owen to the church: To the members of the Johnson Street M. E. Church: I deem it my duty to make a full statement. It is a duty I owe to you and my own soul. At the time I so mysteriously disappeared from my home and your midst a few weeks ago, I had fallen into a great sin. It is due to you to know that I had eloped with another man's wife. I have committed a terrible sin, and God made me a great sufferer. For about six or seven weeks before I left I was walking before God, but I indulged in thoughts and then fell. What induced those thoughts I cannot tell. I put in no plea of insanity. I fell before the temptations of Satan, and sinned against God, my friends and the members of this church, and brought a dark reproach against the church, and put a stumbling stone before unbelievers. I have no words to express the agony that I have felt, and I ask you to forgive me. At the time that I left I stood a member of the Johnson Street Church, and now I say that I am perfectly willing that you should pursue that course with me that will be for the good of the church. I know of nothing that I can do more. STEPHEN OWEN.

The Rev. Mr. Ware was much affected while reading the letter. At its conclusion he said that Mr. Owen, after leaving home, went to Toronto, Canada. There he was seized with contrition and sent the lady home. His intention had been to go where he was not known, and send word to his wife, making a full confession, and if she returned to him to go far away, but he had remembered his church, and had come to lift the stain from it. He rejoiced in the perfectly frank way in which he had proceeded, and said it was the only way to expect to get the Divine favor. With whom Mr. Owen eloped is not yet known.—New York Sun.

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, \$2.00, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion. Administrator's, Executor's and