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Sentinel.

B. F. SCHWEIER,

[THE CONSTITUTION—THE ORIGIN—AND THE REPOSEMENT OF THE LAWS.]

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOLUME XXVI. No. 25

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A., JUNE 19, 1872.

WHOLE NUMBER 1319.

ADVERTISE! ADVERTISE!

To all Men Whom it may Concern.

If you have anything to sell, If you have lost anything, If you have found anything, If you have a house to rent, If you want to rent a house, If you want boarding, If you want employment, If you want hired help, If you want anything,

TELL THE PEOPLE OF IT BY ADVERTISING IN THE JUNIATA SENTINEL.

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.

Mifflintown, May 2, 1872.

JUNIATA VALLEY BANK OF MIFFLINTOWN, PENN'A

JOSEPH POMEROY, President T. VAN IRVIN, Cashier.

Directors: Joseph Pomerooy, John J. Patterson, Jerome N. Thompson, George Jacobs, John Baisbach.

Loan money, receive deposits, pay interest on time deposits, buy and sell coin and United States Bonds, cash coupons, and checks, remit money to any part of the United States and also to England, Scotland, Ireland and Germany, Real Estate 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.

Flour! Flour!

THE undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he has purchased the GREST MILL in Mifflintown, 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 Stuffs and Chaff For Sale.

Flour and Feed will be delivered to families if desired. His wagon will visit Mifflintown and Perryville, three times a week.

Persons needing flour or feed, can leave their orders at the Store of John Eika in Mifflintown, or at Pennell's Store in Patterson, and addressing a note to Box 35, Patterson Post Office.

GRAIN OF ALL KINDS BOUGHT AT MARKET PRICES.

P. H. HAWN.

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.

Also, mending done in the neatest manner and upon the shortest notice. A liberal share of patient patronage is respectfully solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Shop located on the east side of Tas carora street, one door south of Main street, nearly opposite Laird & Bell's store.

March 8, 1872

O YES.

LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS!

THE undersigned offers great inducements the coming season, in the Wool Trade, as he is prepared to furnish home-made goods of all kinds to persons who have wool to exchange or will pay full cash prices to those who are desirous of selling.

He intends to travel through Juniata and adjoining counties, with his Good Wagon, and will carry the following assortment of Goods:

All Styles of Doe-Skin Cassimeres, Also Summer, Fall, and Winter Cassimeres, Tweeds, Jeans, Flannels, Cassinets, Blankets, Shawls, Carriage Robes, Water Proof Cloths, Covertlets, Coats, &c.

Persons who have wool to dispose of, will do well to wait till I call on them, as I intend to make a thorough canvass.

May 8, 1872-A. J. HERTZLER.

Piles instantly relieved and soon cured by using Dr. Briggs' Pile Remedies. They reduce inflammation, soothe the irritated parts, and have proven a blessing to the afflicted, whether internal, external, bleeding or itching piles. All kinds in all stages must yield to the wonderful influence of these never failing remedies. Sold by Druggists.

Poetry.

SPANISH LOVE SONG.

"Oh, lady, my lady, now pity my pain! A year and a day I have sued thee in vain; Thine eyes let me hope and thy lips make me fear, But if life or if death be my part, I am here. My crest bears thy colors, thy love fills my heart, From thy dear, pictured image with life shall I part, And Spain's fairest daughters in vain on me smile; Thy beauty possesses and binds me the while. Men say that in battle by lance is the surest, Men say of all knights my name is the purest; My name and my fame I have cast at thy feet, Make me thine or I die, lady sweet—lady sweet."

"For my life shall not waste in this passion, My soul were well lost if thy love I could gain, He mine, or this river, so swift and so free, Shall bear my dead body adown to the sea."

"O true heart and tender, thy love I have known, Like death to my heart was the pride I have shown; I thought of my duty, I thought of my lord, I prayed that to peace I were once more restored."

"The saints never heard me, for day after day I loved thee the more, and I love as I pray, If one heaven I love yet another I win, That angels might court and pardon my sin."

"Not blind to the danger, nor deaf to the shame, Yet thine be the glory and mine be the blame Oh, love me and hold me! I hide in thy heart, And if thou dost leave me, with life, too, I part."

A steed in the court and a step in the hall, One blow and two corpses—a prayer—that was all, O Jesus, have mercy! kind souls who have read, Now pity the living and pray for the dead."

Select Story.

KITTY'S STRATAGEM.

BY ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

Such a little witch as she was, this Kitty Day, of whom I write. She couldn't help flirting if she tried, and it wasn't her fault, of course, if men were taken in by the round childish face and great, innocent eyes. For there were scores of them and Kitty went on her way, rejoicing—compelling their bewilderment by the shy looks and smiles and blushes, that really meant nothing, but were very effective nevertheless.

But, in an unlucky hour Kitty, she said "Yes," to a dark, melancholy young man, who had been her shadow for months. She wasn't in earnest, but did it for the "fun of the thing" and because she wanted to know how it felt to be "engaged." It resulted seriously, however, in spite of express commands to the contrary and accepted suitors went directly to her father and told him all about it.

Mr. Day looked at his daughter mischievously that night, as she sat behind the tea urn with such a comical assumption of dignity.

"So I am to lose my little house-keeper before long am I?" questioned he significantly.

"Why, papa, what do you mean? Kitty blushed scarlet.

Mr. Gilbert called on me one day. He is an excellent young man, and the son of one of my oldest friends. I heartily approve your choice, my dear."

"He promised to keep the engagement a secret," said Kitty, in a vexed tone.

"So he told me, but concluded afterward to break his promise rather than act dishonorably. For it wouldn't have been quite fair to have concealed the engagement from me."

"I don't know why, I'm sure. It's only a bit of fun, anyway. I never meant to marry him."

Mr. Day looked at her severely.

"I'm not jesting," she added, pettishly. "He threw himself into such a passion that I was fairly frightened when saying 'Yes,' and sorry enough I've been for it since."

"Are you in earnest, Kitty?"

"Yes, I am," and the blue eyes flashed defiantly.

"It is possibly that a daughter of mine has so little feeling and principle?"

"Now, papa, what is the use of lecturing? You know me of old, I'm in trouble and want you to help me out of it."

"But you've given your word, Kitty, and must abide by it."

"Did he break his?"

"Yes, and was justified in doing so. But you are not. Still I'll give you a choice of two evils, if you think of marrying young Gilbert one. Few girls would either keep your promise and make the best of the engagement or break it and pass the winter in the country with your Aunt Dorothy. For I'm not going to have you play fast and loose with men's hearts after this fashion."

Kitty looked up in her father's face believably, but determination was written there, and filled with sudden dismay, she began to plead for a reprieve of the sentence.

But Mr. Day wouldn't listen.

"Was ever anything so provoking!" muttered Kitty, after her father had given down town.

"Aunt Dorothy lives in a forlorn look in old place, and it's a perfect old wil-

derness all around her, and papa knows that she is the closest old maid in existence. But I'll be even with him yet.

The next morning Kitty announced her intention of remaining in the city.

"But papa, if Mr. Gilbert himself should grow tired of the engagement after knowing me better, you'll not punish me for that, will you," and her eyes trembled mischievously.

"Certainly not, child. What a question to ask."

But Kitty had a motive for it. A plan had suggested itself to her mind for outwitting both her father and lover. But she didn't mean to hurry, and began to pave the way for its success cautiously.

As good luck would have it, who should call on her that morning but cousin Joe, the firm ally and abettor of all her childish mischief, and as ready to help her now as then.

"Oh! Joe, such trouble as I'm in," and she clasped her hand with a pretty little gesture of appeal.

"What—you, Kitty? Is your canary bird fractious, or is it something about a new dress or bonnet that don't equal your expectation?"

Kitty looked at him so reproachfully that he was sobered in a minute.

"Tell me about it," whispered he.

"I'm engaged," and if she'd been announcing her own funeral, she couldn't have done it in a more solemn voice.

Joe flushed up to the roots of his hair, and clasped his hand in a nervous sort of way, but didn't say anything.

Kitty watched him maliciously. "It's to that young Gilbert. He's a splendid fellow, and has great dark eyes and the dearest little nose-ache. You know him don't you?"

"No—yes—a little," stammered Joe, to the delight of his listener. "But what's the trouble about? Won't your father consent and he looked so utterly wretched that Kitty, with a faint twinge of remorse, hastened to tell him the true state of the case.

"Now don't be cross, Joe; you're the only friend I have in the world," and Kitty raised her eyes imploringly.

He was mollified at once. "Why not break with Gilbert and accept the alternative," suggested he. "It won't be so very dull at Aunt Dorothy's. I've a college friend in the neighborhood and can visit you occasionally."

Poor Joe; the idea of having her all to himself was delightful, and he waited for her answer with subdued eagerness.

"Is that the only plan that has occurred to you?" answered Kitty, sarcastically: "you haven't much integrity if you can't devise some other way of getting me out of this dilemma. I've no intention of becoming an animated fossil. Now listen to what I propose."

Then Kitty disclosed her plot, and Joe listened approvingly, and the two heads were still bent close together when young Gilbert called, an hour later. He entered unannounced, and Kitty gave such a start and blush at sight of him that Joe's hopes again sank to zero. But if he had been sensible, he would have known that her embarrassment was the result of surprise rather than emotion. She was very arch and winning that morning until after Joe left (the little witch knew he was on retires all the time; then she changed her tactics and scolded him so furiously that he was glad to escape into the street from such a vexation.

Had he seen Kitty laugh and clap her hands as he vanished from the scene, he'd have been more puzzled than ever.

The next time they meet she greeted him with such a charming smile, and looked so naive and unconscious, that this little episode would have passed from his memory if it had not been for one circumstance.

He accidentally (!) overheard a conversation between her cousin and another gentleman! Kitty was the theme of the discourse.

"She's a dear little girl, but a regular virago," said Joe. "Everybody is afraid of her when she gets into one of her tantrums. She just raves and goes on in a way that's perfectly frightful. There's a taint of insanity in the blood. You know her aunt and grandmother died in a lunatic asylum."

Young Gilbert listened, shuddering. These words explained the scene that had puzzled him before and awakened forebodings for the future.

"You say her father come down town last week with his head all bandaged up, and heard him tell, perhaps, how terribly he's afflicted with neuralgia," continued Joe. "Poor old gentleman! 'twas Kitty did the mischief, for in one of her angry fits she threw a flat iron across the table and hit him on the temple. He's anxious enough to marry her off, and I hear Gilbert's to be the happy man."

That individual turned pale. He remembered Mr. Day's eagerness in forwarding his suit, and the wish he had expressed that the wedding should take place an early date. Though his love for Kitty was as strong as his shallow nature was capable of feeling, a vixenish wife would be unendurable.

A week after he called on Kitty—just at dusk—and was ushered by mistake (!) into the library. The door between that and the dining room stood slightly ajar; a woman's shrill voice reached him from thence. Was it Kitty? Yes, he recognized it; he had heard it once before, pitched in the same high key.

"Don't tell me you didn't mean to," she shrieked, more like a mad woman than anything else. "You did, you did; you wretched little imp!" Then there was the sound of a heavy blow and the shriek of a child.

"Oh! don't, Miss Kitty!" wailed a piteous voice; "twas so dark I couldn't see when you ran up against me, and I stumbled and fell and the pitcher got broken, and I tried to keep the milk off your pretty dress, but couldn't."

"You stumbled and fell," mimicked Kitty. "Well, I'll teach you not to another time. Take that, and that, and that," giving the child blow after blow that resounded through the room. "Stop your snivelling, too. Do you hear? I'll make you, if you don't."

The sobb were hushed up, and Kitty went on. "Twas the prettiest dress I ever saw, and you've ruined it."

through your carelessness, you little imp. Oh, if I'd only a rawhide! 'Twould do me good to give you just such a whipping as you deserve."

"Kitty, let that child alone," said a new voice; and Gilbert recognized it as her cousin's.

"I shall do no such thing. Get out of the way, and mind your own business!" she shrieked; and there was something that sounded like a bottle whizzing through the room and crashing up against the wall. Then a man's groan was heard distinctly.

"Oh! Kitty, how could you?" said her cousin, reproachfully. "You've cut my cheek terribly; see how the blood runs."

Gilbert didn't wait to hear any more, but fled from the house, resolved that he wouldn't marry such a vixen, though she had the face and form of a Hebe.

The front door had no sooner closed on him, when the actors in the above drama went off into spasms of merriment. Kitty stood revealed in the gashlight with dress unimpaired; there was no cut to be seen on Joe's face; the child was nowhere visible.

"Oh! 'twas too funny!" gasped Kitty, "that while would have deceived anybody, 'twas so natural. You deserve a reward of merit for such splendid acting."

"Give me one, then," whispered Joe; "Well, what will you have?"

"Yourself."

"What a modest demand!"

"Do you think so?" and taking the mischievous little face between his hands scanned it closely. What he saw there was evidently satisfactory, for he kissed it over and over.

"Tis well to be off with the old love before you are on with the new," whispered he slyly.

"Gilbert's done for, and I've stepped into his place."

"I hope not," 'Twould be worse for him if he had. I'd shoot him in a minute."

Mr. Day was surprised the next morning by a call from Kitty's late suitor.

"I understand, sir, that insanity is hereditary in your family," he began awkwardly "and—and," he paused and tried to collect his ideas—that Kitty's aunt and grandmother died in a lunatic asylum."

"All a mistake," responded Mr. Day, pompously. "There was never a case of insanity, either among my own kindred, or that of my late wife's."

"But your daughter, sir, has a peculiar disposition. We should be miserable together. I desire, therefore, to withdraw from the engagement."

"And have you told her this?" thundered his listener, white with rage.

"Dear me! the father is worse than the daughter," thought the young man. Aloud he answered, "Oh, no; I came to you first."

"Well, sir, all I have to say is that you are a mean, contemptible villain, and if you don't get out of my office this minute, I'll kick you down stairs."

Young Gilbert made a hasty retreat to the street.

Kitty listened demurely to her father's version of the affair, and the anathema as he hurled against her recent lover. It was 'till not two years afterwards that he learned the truth, and Kitty was married to Joe, who, I forgot to say, was not her own cousin, though she called him so, but sort of distant relation. Mr. Day received the revelation good-humoredly (Joe had always been his special favorite) and was ready enough to laugh with the rest over the way in which he had been outwitted.

Prince Kammehaunee-kamme-kame, or something of that sort, is on his way from the Sandwich Islands to this country, for the purpose of improving his mind. This is the proper place for that purpose.

A pound of flesh—A prize fight.

A Woman who Never Slanders Her Neighbors.

"Mercy knows," said Aunt Jerusha, as she settled herself in her small rocking-chair, and wiped her steel bowed specks on her apron before placing them astride her nose—"mercy knows I never slander my neighbors, I've enough to take care of my own affairs. Now there is Dorothea Ann—always knows just what every one has on at church. The idea of looking at people's dress in church! But that is some folk's failing. We have our failings, I s'pose, and a sigh finished the sentence.

Whether this barrange was addressed to the world in general, or for the special benefit of a tall young lady seated at the table near by, inserting a pair of shears into a piece of cloth, we do not know. The young lady made no reply, but a mischievous smile flitted over her face, and a silence followed, unbroken save by the veneful snip of the shears as they closed over the cloth, and the loud tick of the clock in the corner. Suddenly Aunt Jerusha peered out of the window. "Look, Minerva Jane, ain't them the Carpenter girls going by?"

"Yes," was the isonic reply. "Do you see how they are dressed? They came sailing into church during prayer time last Sunday looking like peacocks. I watched them down the aisle clear to their seats. They wore green silks, velvet coats, and their bonnets looked like flower gardens. I noticed their furs in particular; they were new and fashionable. Much cause they have to be proud. I should think a glance at home would lower their feathers some. But here comes Mrs. Baker! Oh dear! She is a regular gossip, and we shall have to listen to her yarns all the afternoon. What a bore she is!" A vigorous knock at the door was followed by the entrance of the lady in question. Aunt Jerusha rose with a beaming face to greet her. "My dear Mrs. Baker how do you do? I was just thinking about you. Lay aside your things and spend the afternoon. Minerva Jane, bring out the rocking chair for Mrs. Baker." The two ladies were soon seated with their sewing, and Aunt Jerusha asked:

"Have you seen Mrs. Nash recently? I wonder if her husband is as bad as ever? I declare that woman has a time of it. I s'pose you know he stole the pork from Mr. Brien's cellar a few weeks ago!" "Yes, I heard of it." "Have you seen Mrs. Slocum riding with the young doctor?" "To be sure; some folks say he's her cousin, but I don't believe it." "Well now, I do say," replied Aunt Jerusha, "I don't slander my neighbors; but that's pretty doings, any how. Did you ever hear what a wild girl she was before she was married? My sister's husband's cousin used to know her, and she said she was perfectly independent; didn't care what folks said about her. But I suppose you have heard of Mr. Este's failure? For my part I don't wonder at it, his wife was so extravagant; you've no idea how much waste there was in that house; I'm not surprised that her husband failed. They say he drinks; I should think Mrs. Smith would feel dreadful bad to have Susan marry him; they reengaged. I'm told; I wouldn't have him courting Minerva Jane for anything; but then Susan ain't any better than she should be; I don't slander my neighbors, but I must say I should not want a daughter of mine doing as she does. Why Mrs. Baker, you ain't putting up your work; do stay till after tea; well if you can't, good bye; come again soon. There! if I ain't relieved," continued Aunt Jerusha, as the door closed upon the departing guest. "Did you ever hear a woman go on so about her neighbors? The idea of slandering everybody as she does; to be sure I have to talk with her when she's here; but mercy knows I don't slander my neighbors."

THE same God who moulded out the sun and stars, watches the flight of insects. He who balanced the clouds, and hung the earth upon nothing, notices the fall of the sparrows. He who gave Saturn his two rings, and placed the moon, like a ball of silver, in the broad arch of heaven, gives the rose leaf its delicate tint. And the same Being notices equally the praise of the cherubim and the prayers of the little child.

Just as the goldsmith sets a foil around a sparkling brilliant, even so the Lord has allowed moral and physical evil to come into this world to cause his infinite wisdom, grace, power, and all his other attributes, to be better seen by the whole intelligent universe.—Spurgeon.

"SACRED TO GOD," is to be inscribed on all our possessions, in the use of which we are to consult His honor and acquiesce in His arrangements.

Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required that he forgive.

Pride hides a man's faults from himself and magnifies them to others.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

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 Auditor's Notices, \$2.00. Professional and Business Cards, not exceeding one square, and including copy of paper, \$8.00 per year. Notices in reading columns, ten cents per line. Merchants advertising by the year at special rates.

One square..... \$ 2.50 3 months 6 months 1 year, 2 squares..... 5.00 8.00 12.00 Three squares..... 6.00 10.00 15.00 One-fourth col'n. 10.00 17.00 25.00 Half column..... 18.00 25.00 45.00 One column..... 30.00 45.00 80.00

THE WILD WINDS.

FURTHER REPORTS CONCERNING THE LATE TORNAO IN THE WEST—CLEAN SWEEP OF HOUSES, TREES AND FENCES.

CINCINNATI, June 11.—Later particulars from the scene of the tornado which visited Quincy and Degraff, in Logan county, on Saturday evening, show that it was more terrible and destructive than the first reports indicated. A sultry day was followed by the appearance of a cloud in the west at 5 o'clock in the evening, which gathered in blackness and size with fearful rapidity. A heavy wind set in, and at 6:30 o'clock the wild wind struck the earth five miles from Quincy, moving northwesterly.

The destroyer was hardly more than five minutes in reaching Quincy, through which it passed, making a clean sweep of houses, trees, and fences along its path, which fortunately was comparatively narrow. In this village fifty or sixty dwellings and stores and two churches, and as many more shops, stables, and outbuildings, were unroofed, rocked upon their foundations, or demolished.

The air was literally filled with flying weather-boards, furniture, lath and plaster. A parlor stove was caught up by wind and hurled through the air, and falling upon a woman crushed her so that she died. The Baptist, Methodist, and Episcopal churches were completely destroyed. The tornado, on the way to De Graff, struck Boggs' flouring mill, five stories high, containing three thousand bushels of grain, moving the building nine inches upon its foundation, and carrying away the roof and a portion of the fifth story.

It ploughed its way through De Graff, scattering destruction in its path, but hurting fewer persons and injuring a less number of buildings. After leaving De Graff, it passed several settlements, and finally rose from the earth, and was seen for miles carrying in its funnel-shaped form timber