

The Juniata Sentinel.
ESTABLISHED IN 1846.
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
BRIDGE STREET, OPPOSITE THE OLD FELLOWS' HALL,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
The JUNIATA SENTINEL is published every
Wednesday morning at \$1.50 a year, in ad-
vance; or \$2.00 in all cases if not paid
promptly in advance. No subscriptions dis-
continued until all arrearages are paid, unless
at the option of the publisher.

Juniata Sentinel.

B. F. SCHWEIER, [THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.] EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
VOLUME XXVI, NO. 26 MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A., JUNE 26, 1872. WHOLE NUMBER 1320.

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.
Administrators, Executors 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. Merchants advertising by the year at special rates.
One square..... 3.50 5.00 1 year. 2 weeks 6 months 1 year.
Two squares..... 5.00 8.00 11.00
Three squares..... 6.00 10.00 15.00
One-fourth col'n..... 18.00 25.00 45.00
Half column..... 30.00 45.00 80.00
One column..... 50.00 75.00 150.00

Business Cards.
LOUIS E. ATKINSON,
Attorney at Law,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Collecting and Conveyancing promptly attended to.
Office, second story of Court House, above Presbyterian's office.
ROBERT McMEEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Office on Bridge street, in the room formerly occupied by Ezra D. Parry, Esq.
S. B. LOUDEN,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Offers his services to the citizens of Juniata county as Auctioneer and Vendue Officer. Charges from two to ten dollars. Satisfaction warranted. nov3, '59
O YES! O YES!
H. H. SNYDER, Perryville, Pa.
Tenders his services to the citizens of Juniata and adjoining counties, as Auctioneer.—Charges moderate. For satisfaction give the Purchaser a chance. P. O. address, Port Royal, Juniata Co., Pa. [Feb 7, '72-ly
DR. P. C. RUNDIO,
DRUGGIST,
PATTERSON, PENN'A.
August 18, 1869-4f.
THOMAS A. ELDER, M. D.,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Office hours 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Office in Beilford's building, two doors above the School office, Bridge street. [Aug 18-4f
D. C. SMITH, M. D.,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Having permanently located in the borough of Mifflintown, offers his professional services to the citizens of this place and surrounding country.
Office on Main street, over Beilford's Drug Store. [Jan 18 1869-4f
Dr. R. A. Simpson
Treats all forms of disease, and may be consulted as follows:—At his office in Liverpool Pa., every SATURDAY and MONDAY—appointments can be made for other days.
Call on or address
DR. R. A. SIMPSON,
Liverpool, Perry Co., Pa.
ATTENTION!
DAVID WATTS most respectfully announces to the public that he is prepared to furnish
SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONERY
at reduced prices. Hereafter give him a call at his OLD STAND, MAIN ST., MIFFLIN, Pa. 25-4f
BLOOMSBURG STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AND
Literary and Commercial Institute.
The Faculty of this Institution aim to be very thorough in their instruction, and to look carefully after the manners, health and morals of the students.
Apply for catalogues to
HENRY CARVER, A. M.,
Principal.
Sept 28, 1871-6m
New Drug Store
IN PERRYVILLE.
DR. J. J. APPLERAUGH has established a Drug and Prescription Store in the above-named place, and keeps a general assortment of
DRUGS AND MEDICINES.
Also all other articles usually kept in establishments of this kind.
Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes, Cigars, Tobacco, Stationery, Confections (first-class), Notions, etc., etc.
The Doctor gives advice free

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 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.
J. W. KIRK.
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 Balbach.
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. Sell Foreign Stamps.
In sums of \$200 or 25 per cent. discount. In sums of \$500 or 21 per cent. discount. In sums of \$1000 or 3 per cent. discount.

Flour! Flour!
The undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he has purchased the GRIFFIN 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 stuff 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, or addressing a note to Box 35, Patterson Post Office.
GRAIN OF ALL KINDS BOUGHT AT MARKET PRICES.
P. H. HAWN.
Apr. 3, 1872-3m

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,
JOSAS OBERHOLTZER,
Mifflintown, Juniata Co., Pa.
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 Goods Wagon, and will carry the following assortment of Goods:
All Styles of Doe-Skin Cassimeres, Also Summer, Fall, and Winter Cassimeres, Tweeds, Jeans, Flannels, Casimeres, Blankets, Shawls, Carriage Ropes, Water-Proof Cloths, Coverlets, Counterpanes, Yarns, &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, 1872-4f
A. J. HERTZLER.
A Large assortment of Queensware, China ware, Glassware, Crockeryware, Cedar ware, &c., for sale cheap by
TILLEN & SPENSCHADE'S.

Poetry.
FLOWERS.
Flowers for the humble poor,
Flowers for the weak and lone;
Let them gently, gently fall
Where the weeds of toil are sown;
Lifting up foul discontent
From the lonely tent,
As the fainting laborer there
Catches a breath of Heaven's air.
Flowers: lay them by the bed,
Where the restless sick are lying;
Let their freshness heal the air,
Wounded by the sufferer's sighing;
Let his eye a moment rest
Where his seeing may be blessed.
Ere they mingle their sweet breath,
With the heavy one of death.
Flowers for the rich and proud;
Lay them in the costly room,
Where art's thick luxurious air,
May from nature catch perfume;
And like whispering angels start
Piercing the rich man's heart—
Piercing for some humble one,
Who of flowers and fruits hath none.
Flowers for each one of earth,
Under and above the sod,
That the dead may sweeter sleep,
And the living think of God,
When we from our walks of sin
See where his soft steps have been,
Leaving these to bless our eyes,
As a glimpse of Paradise.

Select Story.
MISS HIGGINS'S MAN.
For thirty years Miss Higgins had looked under her bed every night, and had never found a man there yet; still she looked. Whether it was fear that impelled that deathless research or a fatality that was beckoning her to her fate, I know not. It would seem, however, to be the former, for she had often heard to observe: "That of all the abominations on earth a man is the most abominable."
Indeed at the informal tea drinkings of the allied forces of Chesterfield the three Misses Wheeler and two Misses Jones she had excelled them all in the withering tone with which she would remark: "Man! man!" and no one could breathe greater defiance; at this woman than she. It was at one of these tea parties that they had entered a solemn compact that, in event of Women's Rights giving either of these allies sovereign power of the nation, an Eastern law was to be by them imported and improved, and husbands buried with the dead bodies of their wives.
"As Eunice Higgins well remarked: "That would be an end to widowers pretty lively." And with this remark the Hyson flowed, and the wassail went on—with such spirit, that Aurelia Wilder, the most radical, added another clause: "That the children of widowers should be thrown in too, and not be a bother to other women." This was also well received.
Now if one thinks Miss Eunice Higgins was a woman devoid of virtues and womanly grace, I pity them; they are utterly mistaken. She had assisted a drunken father through the world till he made his exit, sustained and supported a feeble mother, and three or four children older but more helpless than she, till the mother went home to her reward, and the children had found flourishing homes for themselves, with the exception of the oldest son, who had followed his father's footsteps, literally. Indeed, when one contemplates the specimen of manhood she had been most familiar with, her aversion to the sex does not seem so wonderful. She was not shrewd-eyed, but good and kindly looking. No home was brighter than hers; no farm better managed.
The night on which commences my humble history, Miss Higgins went to her room in unusually good humor. She had had a tea-party. The allies had all been present, and admitted unanimously that such fragrant tea, such snowy biscuits and honey, such golden butter, such cakes and sweetmeats had not been partaken of that season. The scene of her benign victory rose before her as she took off the little switch of hair at the backside of her head, and pensively rolled it up ere she put it in the top bureau drawer.
She saw again the sinking sun shining through the house plants in the window, upon the crimson rug-table of the dining room; the snowy tea-table with its silver and pink spiced china; the admiring faces of her friends as they partook of her delicious food. But one memory disquieted her: "She almost mistrusted her lemon extract was losing its strength—the frosting on the fruit cake didn't seem to be flavored quite high enough." But this haunting matter was softened by the thought that "she could get a new bottle to-morrow."
By this time she was arrayed in her long white night dress and night cap. She folded up every article of clothing and laid it down at right angles; she locked up her breast pin; and then impelled by fate, she calmly advanced to the side of the bed and raised the snowy valances—gave one shriek and fell backward on the carpet, hitting her head hard as she did so on a chair rocker. There was her man under her bed!

property with her life. Let us not be too hard with her—she is not the only one of us who has found that it is more easy to dream of great achievements than to accomplish them. She is not the only one, who, at the first shock, has shrieked and tumbled down before adverse fate.
But Eunice Higgins was not one to waver before a calamity. Not long did she lie there but as short a time as it was, when she lifted her head her man confronted her. He was a very little man, indeed, not more than seven years old, and small at that; very good looking and well clothed, although exceedingly disheveled and uncomfortable in appearance.
"How came you here, under my bed?" This was the first question, but it was repeated before her answered with drooping head and glances:
"I've runned away."
"Run away from where?"
"From our folks' house."
"Who is your folks?"
"Father."
Here the dialog terminated suddenly, Eunice Higgins becoming suddenly conscious that a night gown and night cap were not the proper raiment in which to entertain even so small a man. Out in the pleasant sitting-room, beneath the warm light of kerosene gleaming through rose geraniums, and the keener light of Eunice Higgins's eyes, the inquisition was continued. From which these facts were gleaned; that the boy, Johnny Dale, had been so tired with his father, because he wouldn't him go to a circus, that he had run away.
It was early in the morning, he said and he had got a ride with a teamster and had rode with him till afternoon, so he must have come some distance. After the teamster stopped he had walked on, and coming to her door in the twilight, he thought he would ask for some supper; but there was no one in; Miss Higgins had gone a piece with her visitors. "But the tea table stood there, laden with good things; he had helped himself generously, and then, as he heard her step suddenly out side, guilt, which makes cowards of us all, drove him into the bed room, and as the step came nearer and nearer, under the bed, his unusual fatigue had overpowered him, and he had fallen asleep, and was awakened only by her scream as she discovered him.
Miss Higgins had found the man she had been looking for for thirty years, but now the question arose: what was she to do with him? As he had no designs upon her property or her life, she could not lecture him therefore. And as his courage arose, he displayed a pretty—very pretty—face, surmounted by a mass of bright curls, in which shone to her father's. Miss Higgins was very neat, but where is the feather bed that will not occasionally shed a few feathers, dry tears haply falling over memories of former fights?
Miss Higgins good sense, backed by her good heart, taught her that what her man needed now was a good supper and a bed. But in the morning the question vexed her. What was she to do with her man—should she advertise him. Again she questioned him in the sun-light dining room as he ate his excellent breakfast.
"Whereabouts do your folks live—in what place?"
He looked up mildly at her, with a large piece of peach pie midway between his plate and mouth, and answered obediently:
"Old folks' house."
"Who is your folks?"
"Father!"
The allies were called in; the stiffly starched inquest sat on Miss Higgins's man. The additional result of their over questioning being that there was every evidence that the father of Miss Higgins's man belonged to that corrupt and shameless sect—widowers!
Miss Higgins trembled.
"Had she not better dispose of her man at once? Was it not in a way encouraging widowers in their nefarious doings to harbor these small men?"
She asked these questions with some relenting of heart, for already had the childish charms of her man won upon her, and it was with great relief that she heard the decision of Aurelia, the most radical of the allies.
"No! keep him here. Such a chance was seldom vouchsafed to the allies to teach one of these men—widowers—a lesson they would not soon forget. Punish that wretch, that unnatural widower, by saying nothing about the child. Let him think he is lost; let him hunt him up the best way he can."
The youngest Miss Jones—she was only forty, and naturally timid and apprehensive—suggested that "it would be just like one of these men to come right here to Miss Higgins after him. There wasn't anything that they hadn't the face to do. It would be just like one of 'em to walk into her settin' room."
Here Miss Higgins remarked with spirit:
"She would like to see him walk into

her house. He wouldn't stir a step beyond the hall, and as for that stair carpet she was going to take it up and cleanse it, anyway."
This remark, which was warmly applauded, terminated the discourse.
Johnny did not seem adverse to the arrangement. He was at the age when bodily comfort overshadows the mental. He appeared to have a great deal of affection for his father, but there was Bridget, at the very mention whose name he almost gashed his teeth. "She was awful—she had shaken him, pinched him, pulled his hair."
Eunice Higgins's warm heart almost melted within her at the recital of his sufferings.
A week passed away, and daily had Miss Higgins's man gained upon her affections. She was the youngest child of her parents, and had never known the delights of childish society. She had dwelt so long alone, that to have that bright manly little face opposite hers at the breakfast table, looking out of the window, hailing her return from her short absences, his merry, innocent prattle and ringing laugh, was all the more agreeable to her than she would be willing to acknowledge.
She grew lenient to the boyish nerve of her man, for the best of boys have unregulated moments; looking benignly upon him as he captured in the garden paths in startling proximity to her marrowfat and cluster cucumbers. She revelled out a long stocking, and out of one of her second best Morocco shoes made a ball for him; and when he lost it in her best meadow she herself boldly breast the clover waves, side by side with him in pursuit of it.
So that pleasant week passed away, and one morning Eunice Higgins was called from her snowy dairy room by a rattle at her front door.
Opening it, she confronted a pleasant looking man of about her own age. His man's unerring intuition said to her "this is he." Here was the opportunity to withdraw him with her glances. But how could she when he looked so much like Johnny, just such a pleasant, manly look to his face. Eunice did not waver.
"I have been informed, Madam, that there has been a boy, a runaway boy here—is it so?"
Instead of the pruric and vinegar that she had designed to have in her tone, the likeness to her man so softened her voice that it was only pleasantly acidulous like a ripe lemon, as she replied:
"Yes, sir, it is."
"Is he here now?"
"Yes, sir, he is."
His anxious eyes so brightened at this, that she entirely forgot her carpets and her enmity, and actually invited him in.
No sooner was he seated than Johnny ran in with eager eyes.
"Father! father!"
He threw his arms around his father's neck, and kissed his bearded lips, and then, in his delight he turned and threw his arms around Eunice Higgins's neck and kissed her with the same pair of lips, and still Miss Higgins could say in the dying words of the great statesman:
"I still live!"
"Mr. Dale was a man of means and a man of leisure. He thought the air of the little town exceedingly good. He obtained board for the summer, for himself and son, at the little hotel. But in Chesterville no air was so pure and salubrious, he thought, as the air of Miss Eunice Higgins's parlor; consequently he sought that healthful retreat often. Johnny going before like an olive branch.
Day after day did Mr. Dale tread over the immaculate purity of her carpets and they were not taken up and "cleansed." Hour after hour did he sit upon her parlor sofa, and it was not purified with soapuds or benzine.
And at last, one peaceful twilight it was on the fourteenth day of September, at the close of a long conversation—both of the parties being, at the time, of sound mind—Johnny's father kissed Miss Higgins upon the cheek.
When I say that she did not immediately burn out the spot with lunar caustic, you may be prepared for the result.
The next week Eunice Dale, late Higgins, was ignominiously expelled from the allied forces of Chesterville; her name washed out in hot streams of Hyson, and still more burning indignation. But Eunice made a happy home for her man and her father, and rejoicing in their content and her own, she cared not for the "allied" proceedings. And thus ended the story of Miss Higgins's Man.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.
Melancholy Suicide of a Young Lady—The Old Story over Again—Uncertain Love and Its Consequences.
From the Pittsburg Gazette, June 15.]
Early yesterday morning a very sad and touching tragedy occurred at the Union Depot Hotel. A strange young lady committed determined suicide, the fatal act being, without doubt, brought about by despondency on account of unaffection.
On Monday morning about nine o'clock a gentleman and young lady entered the Union Depot Hotel, the former telling the clerk that the lady desired a room. He further stated that the lady was a stranger to him and that he had only casually made her acquaintance while traveling in the same car on the Pennsylvania Railroad. After a room had been secured and the lady's name registered as Emite Leinberger of Baltimore, the gentleman left. The young lady was at once shown to her room and her baggage sent up after her. Throughout the day she only left the room to eat her meals, and then nothing particular was noticed in her appearance or manners.
About three o'clock yesterday morning one of the chambermaids thought she heard a heavy breathing in the lady's room. Becoming alarmed and fearing that something serious had happened, the domestic at once summoned assistance and the room was entered. The poor young lady was discovered to be lying on her bed in an insensible condition and apparently in the article of death. Dr. Dickson was immediately summoned, and on his arrival he at once discovered that Miss L. was suffering from the effects of an overdose of some powerful narcotic. On searching the room a vial was found with some twenty grains of morphia remaining in it. The remainder of the contents, some forty grains, had been taken by the unfortunate young lady—a dose which was more than sufficient to produce death. The usual remedies were applied and everything done to restore life but she did not recover sensibility, and at five o'clock yesterday morning departed this life.
Acting Coroner Neubert was summoned and an inquest held, the verdict being that death resulted from an overdose of narcotic poison administered by her own hands.
An examination of the baggage of the deceased was made. A large trunk filled with fine clothing, jewelry, &c., had belonged to her. Various letters and papers were found among its contents, from which it appeared that she had resided in St. Louis, where her father, stepmother, and brothers are living. It would appear that she had traveled at one time with Madame Janauschek's theatrical company. She came from Baltimore to this city, and was probably on her way home to St. Louis. A memorandum book was found, in which she had written statements about herself and about her intended suicide. Some of the writing was in German. One of the paragraphs stated that she was born in St. Louis, July 5th, 1853. The following letter, written in the book in English, explains the motive of the suicide:
"I have gone to rest. You shall never see me again, for I am in a happier land than you. I could not live any longer, for I love the man who does not love me, and so I had to make an end with me. Better to die quick than to die for grief and trouble. I would not live a day longer, for I have loved too much. If you shall get this book in your hands keep it for a remembrance present from your dying friend. You will never see me again in this world, but you will see me in another world, and that world is heaven. I will see my love my only love. I will see him there. And so good bye forever, forever, good bye. Think of the girl who died for you. Keep this as a secret, and never let any one get this book for it is from a dying poor sinner, but take this little book and keep it if you will do and observe a dead person's wish, so keep this little book. Good-bye. Good-bye you and Madam. Hoping you will live happier together and will always remember a poor sinner like me."
On the next leaf of the book was written: "I took my life on the 5th of June, 1872, for the man I loved." On another page: "On the 5th day of June I had to leave from my love with pain and sorrow, because jealousy troubled a second one, and therefore my pain will never relieve me, for I had to part from the man I love."
On another page: "On the 12th of May I traveled with Madame Janauschek and my dear Mr., 1872."
The body of the unfortunate young lady was taken charge of by an undertaker, and a dispatch announcing her melancholy end sent to her father, C. Leinberger, at St. Louis. About thirty-three dollars in money was found in a deceased trunk, which was taken charge of by acting coroner Neubert.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.
A singular and horrible accident was recently investigated before the courts in Cologne, Prussia. It seems that one day last fall the house of the peasant Franz Bucher was deserted save by the venerable Bucher, who was past sixty and crippled with rheumatism. The old man had many times crawled into the huge oven where bread was baked to sleep, and on the day in question he went into his accustomed sleeping place, and the warmth soon alleviated his pains and sent him to sleep. Toward evening the servant entered, lit the fire, and seeing the old man in the oven told him to come out, as he would get warmed up too much. But he refused and retired to the rear of the oven, pulling the doors together. The servant could not make him come out, but thinking the heat would soon scare him, allowed the cooking to go on. Toward nine o'clock in the evening he was found baked almost to a crisp. The servant, brought before the court a fortnight since, declared that she had completely forgotten the old man, and was condemned to only twenty-four hours of prison.
RATS AND MATCHES.—Rats have an unaccountable fondness for the taste of phosphorus, and to this fact may be attributed the origin of many mysterious fires. These rodents build their nests of inflammable materials, and take to them any stray matches that they find lying around loose. This accomplished, they undertake to gratify their appetites by nibbling the coated ends of the matches, which are once ignited, when the nest is set in a blaze, and the destruction of the house or perhaps the ship which contains it follows. Great care should always be taken with matches. The phosphorus which is used on them is nasty and poisonous. Workmen engaged in their manufacture often die a fearful death from exhalation of the lower jaw, and children who have sucked a match, if they do not die, usually suffer terrible agonies.—Exchange.

NEW DRUG STORE.
BANKS & HAMLIN,
Main Street, Mifflintown, Pa.
DEALERS IN
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
Chemicals, Oils, Varieties, Putty, Lamps, Burners, Chimneys, Brushes, Infants Brushes, Soap, Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Perfumery, Combs, Hair Oil, Tobacco, Cigars, and Stationery.
LARGE VARIETY OF PATENT MEDICINES,
selected with great care, and warranted from high authority.
Purest of WINES and LIQUORS for Medicinal Purposes.
PRESCRIPTIONS compounded with great care. [Jan 1872 ly
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
BEST CIGARS IN TOWN
AT
Hollobach's Saloon.
For 5 cents. Also, the Free-Press Lager, the Largest Brewery, the Sweetest Cider, the Finest Domestic Wine, and, in short, anything you may wish in the
EATING OR DRINKING LINE
at the most reasonable prices. He has also returned his
BILLIARD HALL,
so that it will now compare favorably with any Hall in the interior of the State.
June 1, 1870-ly

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PROPERTY WITH HER LIFE. Let us not be too hard with her—she is not the only one of us who has found that it is more easy to dream of great achievements than to accomplish them. She is not the only one, who, at the first shock, has shrieked and tumbled down before adverse fate.
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Miss Higgins had found the man she had been looking for for thirty years, but now the question arose: what was she to do with him? As he had no designs upon her property or her life, she could not lecture him therefore. And as his courage arose, he displayed a pretty—very pretty—face, surmounted by a mass of bright curls, in which shone to her father's. Miss Higgins was very neat, but where is the feather bed that will not occasionally shed a few feathers, dry tears haply falling over memories of former fights?
Miss Higgins good sense, backed by her good heart, taught her that what her man needed now was a good supper and a bed. But in the morning the question vexed her. What was she to do with her man—should she advertise him. Again she questioned him in the sun-light dining room as he ate his excellent breakfast.
"Whereabouts do your folks live—in what place?"
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Miss Higgins trembled.
"Had she not better dispose of her man at once? Was it not in a way encouraging widowers in their nefarious doings to harbor these small men?"
She asked these questions with some relenting of heart, for already had the childish charms of her man won upon her, and it was with great relief that she heard the decision of Aurelia, the most radical of the allies.
"No! keep him here. Such a chance was seldom vouchsafed to the allies to teach one of these men—widowers—a lesson they would not soon forget. Punish that wretch, that unnatural widower, by saying nothing about the child. Let him think he is lost; let him hunt him up the best way he can."
The youngest Miss Jones—she was only forty, and naturally timid and apprehensive—suggested that "it would be just like one of these men to come right here to Miss Higgins after him. There wasn't anything that they hadn't the face to do. It would be just like one of 'em to walk into her settin' room."
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PROPERTY WITH HER LIFE. Let us not be too hard with her—she is not the only one of us who has found that it is more easy to dream of great achievements than to accomplish them. She is not the only one, who, at the first shock, has shrieked and tumbled down before adverse fate.
But Eunice Higgins was not one to waver before a calamity. Not long did she lie there but as short a time as it was, when she lifted her head her man confronted her. He was a very little man, indeed, not more than seven years old, and small at that; very good looking and well clothed, although exceedingly disheveled and uncomfortable in appearance.
"How came you here, under my bed?" This was the first question, but it was repeated before her answered with drooping head and glances:
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