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LARGE VARIETY OF PATENT MEDICINES.

WALL PAPER.

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.

FORCE PUMP.

THE undersigned is agent for one of the best Force Pumps for any depth of water or well, in the world.

SHERRY & STAMBAUGH always keep in stock a full line of GROCERIES.

Juniata



Sentinel.

E. F. SCHWEIER,

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

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOLUME XXVI, No. 28

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A., JULY 10, 1872.

WHOLE NUMBER 1322.

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.

GREAT REDUCTION

PRICES OF TEETH:

Full Upper or Lower Sets as Low as \$5.00. No teeth allowed to leave the office unless the patient is satisfied. Teeth remodeled and repaired. Teeth filled to last for life. Teething stopped in five minutes without extracting the tooth.

C. ROTHSCHOK, DENTIST.

McAlisterville, Penna.

OFFERS his professional services to the public generally. In his branches of his profession—operative and mechanical. First week—Ferryville and Richfield, Fremont and Turkey Valley. Second week—Liverpool and Will Cat Valley. Third week—Millerstown and Racoon Valley. Fourth week at his office in McAlisterville. Will visit Millin when called on. Teeth put on any of the bases, and as liberal and efficient as possible. Address by letter or otherwise. May 14, 1872-ly.

JUNIATA VALLEY BANK

MIFFLINTOWN, PENN'A.

JOSEPH POMEROY, President.

T. VANIRVIN, Cashier.

Joseph Pomroy, John J. Patterson, Joseph N. Thompson, George Jacob, John Balmboch.

Choice Beef, Veal, Mutton, and Pork.

Lard, &c.

Having opened up 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.

BEST CIGARS IN TOWN AT HOLLOWHAUGH'S SALOON.

Two for 5 cents. Also, the Free-Heart Lager, the Largest Oysters, the Sweetest Cider, the Finest Domestic Wines, and, in short, anything you may wish in the 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-ly

FORCE PUMP.

THE undersigned is agent for one of the best Force Pumps for any depth of water or well, in the world.

By attaching hose to the spout, water can be thrown 30 to 50 feet. Nothing better could be asked in case of fire. It is a non-freezing pump.

SAMUEL LEONARD, Oakland Mills, Juniata Co., Pa.

Poetry.

THERE COMES A TIME.

There comes a time when we grow old, And like a sunset down the sea, Slope gradual, and the night wind cold, Comes whispering sad and chillingly; And folks are gray.

There comes a time when joyous hearts, Which leaped as leaps the laughing main, Are dead to all such memory. As prisoner in his dungeon chain; And down of day Hath passed away, The moon hath into darkness rolled, And by the embers warm and gray, I hear a voice in whisper say,—"There comes a time when we grow old."

There comes a time when manhood's prime Is shrouded in the mist of years; And beauty, fading like a dream, Hath passed away in silent tears; And then, how dark! But oh, the spark That kindled youth to hues of gold, Still burns with clear and steady ray And fond affections, lingering say,—"There comes a time when we grow old."

There comes a time when laughing spring And golden summer ceases to be, And we are put on the autumnal robe, To tread the last declivity; But now the slope With rosy Hope, Reminds us of the days of youth, Another dawn with fairer light; While waters whisper when we sleep,—"There is a time when we grow old."

Select Story.

CAMILLA.

Paul Smith was a poor old man. He had a back room in the top of a noisy lodging house where he slept nights, and munched his meals of bread and cheese (or Bologna sausage, when he could afford it), and from whence he crept as harmless and unnoticed as a fly, down the corner of the dingy street, to the little music store of Carl Bernmann, a German retcher somewhere in Soho.

There he tinkered all day on broken violins and other musical instruments, never absenting himself for a moment, save on Saturday afternoons, when he went to the house of a small tradesman to teach the piano to three or four very stupid girls. Sundays he curled up in his bed, and amused himself, nobody knew, until Monday morning.

There are few convictions, he never went to church; but he picked ragged children from the pavement when they fell near him, and gave them half pence when he had any; shared his dinner often with a messy, dirty cur, who acted as a sort of escape valve for the ill temper of half the men and women in the street; and he roused Pat Ryan from his midnight snooze in the gutter many a cold night, and literally carried him home to Nora and the "children."

As for his honesty, a neighbor remarked, "If he found five shillings in the street he'd wear out ten shillings worth of strength and shoe leather to find the owner!"

One cold night Paul was returning from his work, with a loaf of bread under one arm and a violin under the other, when at the street door he stumbled over a small object crumpled on the step.

"Bless us! What's this?" cried Paul, striving to regain his equilibrium. "Only me, sir!" and the small object stood up, and became a very pale, thin and ragged child.

"Are you hurt, little girl?" "No, sir." "What are you doing out here in the cold?" "Nothing."

"Why don't you go home?" "I can't get any."

The winter of 1850—came in like a lion, as many a poor wretch well remembers, and with a great blast came Paul's enemy. He turned one night a sad face from his warm corner in Bernmann's shop among the violins, and hobbled up the cold street, feeling the approach of the old rheumatic pains, and wondering what would become of his poor little Camilla.

His excitement carried him up to the last flight of stairs, and hearing Camilla's voice he paused to rest and listen. She was singing in that sweet and expressive manner which made her voice seem to him the sweetest and purest he had ever heard. At the end of the stanza she took breath, and another voice said "Child, you astonish me. Either I am a poor jodeler of music or else your voice is the finest I ever heard. You are right in preferring its cultivation to anything else."

An electric thrill shot through old Paul's frame, and quickened his blood to a rapidity that quite carried away his rheumatic pains, and in a twinkling he was up the stairs and in his little attic.

He was terrified at the sound of a man's voice, but the sight of a handsome and polished gentleman, with diamond studs in his snowy linen, a heavy ring upon his dainty white hand unquestionably broad-th upon his back, in close conversation with his Camilla, whose wondrous beauty had of late startled

even his dull perceptions, was more than Paul could bear. He was a poor old man, had been in his youth—and now that Time's withering fingers had touched him, he was shriveled and dried like withered fruit, but in his various indignation he puffed out to his fullest extent, and in his falsetto voice replied, "Camilla, how dare you invite anyone here?"

"Ah Uncle Paul! this is Mr. Clavering, a gentleman whose—whose—"

"Whose mother she saved from death. Your niece, sir, a few days since was passing through our crowded thoroughfare, when my mother's carriage drew up to the pavement. The horses were restive, and bidding the driver attend to them, she began to ascend unassisted. Her foot was on the step, when the animal sprang forward and flung her violently from her foothold. But for the sudden act of your niece, who relieved my mother in her strong young arms, the fall might have proved a fatal one. My mother at once entered a shop and keeping your niece near her, sent for me. I came to day, at my mother's earnest request, to express our heartfelt gratitude, and to offer—"

"You needn't offer, Camilla, permit me, sir. She will never forget while I've a pair of hands to work for her," said Paul.

"You mistake me, I do not wish to insult you, but would raise the child from her poverty and educate her that she might be of use to you and to herself, and become a refined woman. Don't let your selfish love stand in the light and shut it out from her. She sings like a prima donna, and wishes to study music."

"The great lustrous eyes of the child turned imploringly to her new guardian.

"Lor," Camilla, I can't stand in your way. I know you're every bit a born lady, if your poor forsaken mother did die in a hotel among wretches who turned her child into the cold as soon as the breath had left the body; but deary me, I can't part with you."

"And you shall not. Let me serve little Camilla, and she shall never leave you, but shall prove a blessing to you in your old age."

Paul could say nothing, and the strange visitor approved with a further injury to his darling than an eloquent glance from an expressive pair of eyes.

Then from the gloomy lodging house to the snug set of chambers a few streets off went Paul and Camilla, and the wretch began to look like another being, in his cleaner work clothes and Sunday suit, earned from the increased number of pupils provided through the willing assistance of their philanthropic friend Clavering.

Day after day Camilla went with her books to the teacher so strangely provided; and after a little time there came days when passes passed to listen to the warbling of the rich young voice.

When she had been there six months she entered one morning to find Mrs. Clavering in the music master's room.

"What do you propose to do with your famous pupil?" said her soft voice.

"Madam, Camilla is quite capable of doing anything in a musical way. She will be a songstress of whom the country will be proud. Ah here she is."

"You have improved wonderfully, my child," said the lady, holding out her gloved hand "I came to bring you Richard's farewell. He leaves for London to night, and will remain abroad many years. Here is a little gift, as a token of remembrance."

She did not understand that Mrs. Clavering had placed a pretty necklace of coral in her hand, and then gathered up her shawl and departed; but when her teacher spoke, she cried out in mortal pain, and without a word, flew down the street toward home. As she turned the corner he rushed pell mell into the arms of a gentleman, who, on seeing her pale and tearful, said, "Why, little Camilla, what is the matter?"

"Oh, Mr. Clavering, are you going away?"

Richard Clavering's fine face grew sad and expressive as the tearful eyes looked into his own, and for the first time he comprehended that he was a young man, and that his protegee was stealing from childhood into beautiful girlhood, and was undeniably a beauty.

"Camilla, I am going away, but will you wait for my return?"

"Wait for you? I am not going to run away."

"You do not comprehend me, well, it is better so. Perhaps two years later you may understand me. Good-bye, Camilla. Kiss me good-bye."

It was a very quiet street, and so Camilla lifted her head and kissed him. In all probability the child would have kissed him in the main thoroughfare as readily as there, and I only mention the fact of the street being a quiet one to silence the startled propriety of those who are shocked at the publicity of it. Well, there they parted. He to go

over the sea, she to remain at home and improve the opportunities he had placed before her.

The great heart of the music loving public was swayed with mingled joy, pride, astonishment and awe. A new songstress had been criticised, picked over piece meal ground down to the finest point, dissected, exulted through the most perfect musical microscope, and pronounced perfect! And now the manager of a first class fashion patronized theatre had engaged her for a single night at an almost fabulous sum, and the world was to hear her voice.

The night came. The theatre was crowded from pit to roof. The orchestra pealed forth a grand overture, the expectant crowd filled the air with perfume, and soft murmurs of whispering voices and rustling silks arose in a subdued sound; and then the broad curtain rolled up and disclosed the elegant fitted stage.

Suddenly there was a crash in the vast building, and eyes grew bright with eager anticipation, as from the wing came the debutante.

A tall, graceful girl, with gleaming shoulders, and white, perfectly shaped arms; with a crown of purple black hair upon the regal head; with great, dark eyes scanning the crowd, and then with almost childish shyness veiling themselves beneath the long lashes; a mouth soft, tender and beautiful, and a cheek as fair as the pure white satin of her sweep robe; and they had seen all the talked of and highly praised beauty.

A roar like the rushing of distant waters sounded in her ears, and then swelled into a thunder of applause; and coming slowly down in the splendor of the footlight, her beautiful head erect, her eyes glowing with excitement, her beauty enhanced by the elegance of her costume, Camilla the poor little waif the child of poor old Paul Smith the protegee of proud Richard Clavering received the homage of the assembled crowd.

When the acclamations had ceased the orchestra began a soft symphony; and then through the building echoed the clear, pure notes of a voice that sounded far away, a dreamy mystic voice, full of hope, of doubt, of pain, Nearer, still nearer it sounded, and he half drowned the doubts, but yet a plaintive sorrow seemed to remain. It came nearer, and the error was a half expectant trembling glimpse of something better, and then suddenly the strange voice broke forth in a triumphal strain, and listened their breath as the wondrous notes rang out upon the air, and then faded away.

For a moment a deadly silence reigned, but it was for a moment only; and then the building vibrated with a crash of enthusiasm that came from the music-crazed audience. Men arose in their seats, and hundreds flung their floral tributes at her feet.

In one of the boxes, above the one where the music master and manager sat, an old, old looking man waved his handkerchief and cheered, with great tears falling down his wrinkled cheeks; and Camilla looked up to that one box, and gave him the only smile that crossed her lips during the night.

Back at length the curtain fell, and Camilla, weary and worn, went on to the dressing room. Some one stood in the shadow of a side scene, and when she asked permission to pass, caught her by the hands and drew her out into the light.

"Camilla, little Camilla, is it you? Have I been listening to my little girl all this glorious evening? Speak to me! I am bewildered and blind."

"Mr. Clavering! W. did you come. Oh, I am so glad, so happy!" she exclaimed.

"Are you glad? Are you happy? Oh, is this my welcome! Have you waited for me, my love, my darling?"

"You put her hands over her eyes mourning."

"You do not mean your words! I am dreaming? I—I am mad?"

"You are here, wide awake, Camilla, and I am asking you to love me, and to be my wife."

She drew him away for a brief moment and laid her weary head within his arms. Then she passed on to her dressing room, and when she put out her hand saying, "Oh, Richard, take me away! I am sick of all this."

"And you will only sing—"

"In your nest. Come, we must not forget Uncle Paul. He is waiting in the box for me."

The box was near at hand, and in a moment they stood at the door. It was ajar, and Richard pushed it open to allow Camilla to enter, and saw the old man sitting on one of the luxurious chairs, his head lying back upon the cushions, and his hands peacefully folded.

"Uncle Paul!" cried Camilla. "Why you naughty boy, you are not asleep! Come it is time to go home. Ah!"

She started back with a cry, for the hand she touched was icy cold and fell back, stiff and helpless.

"Camilla, darling, come away I will attend to him."

"Oh, Richard!"

"Hush, love! He is beyond us now. Those strains of music have carried him to heaven, from whence they came."

The poor old man was dead. With the consummation of his heart's wish his quiet, unpretending unoffending life had passed out into a new existence.

There were loud growls in the music loving world, but nothing ever came of them; for Richard Clavering removed their singing bird so deftly that few knew the cause of her flight! and now she sings only to him, and to her brood of young Claverings.

A DIAMOND RING. A DREADFUL INCIDENT.

As already stated, among the victims of the recent railroad smash up at Mottuch, N. J., was a Danish couple named Potassen, but two months married, Mr. Potassen being the son of a Danish nobleman. They were on their bridal tour, and were on the way to San Francisco, where Potassen's brother is Danish Consul. When the terrible crash came all was darkness and confusion for a few moments; but the gentleman soon recovered consciousness, and his first thought was of his bride. An immediate search was made for the lady, who was at last found beneath a heap of debris, senseless, and covered with blood. Upon raising her up her husband was horrified to find that one of her arms had been completely torn off.

The unfortunate lady was removed to shelter, and the husband began the sickening task of seeking his wife's missing arm. He proclaimed that upon one of the fingers was a diamond wedding ring, a jewel worth many hundred dollars, and instantly a general search was begun. Among the prowlers about the wreck was a train hand, who was observed to secrete something under his coat and walk away. He was soon overhauled, and on perceiving that he had been detected he threw down his burden, which proved to be the lost arm. It was picked up by the nobleman, who removed the ring, and caused the arm to be taken care of. The lady was brought to St. Barnabas' Hospital to Newark, where she now lies in a fair way of recovery.

HOW A PRINTER GOT HIS PAY.—A circus company in Iowa refused to pay a bill for advertising and offered an editor a ticket for advertising and refused to pay it. Thereupon the editor called upon the sheriff, who attached the Bengal tiger and brought him around to the news paper office in his cage. He was placed in the composing room, and during the first two days he not only consumed fifteen dollars' worth of beef, but he scratched six dollars' worth of trousers from the leg of a local reporter who endeavored to stir him up with a broom handle to make him roar. On the third day the tiger broke loose, and the entire force of the compositor descended the staircase with judicious suddenness. The editor was alarmed to find his exit through the composing room cut off, and that the latch upon the saucer door was broken. So he climbed out of the window and sought safety upon the roof. The paper was not issued for a week, and even after the tiger was shot, the editor had to slide down the water spout because he was afraid to descend by the route by which he came.

A Gentleman in Massachusetts being threatened with a contagious disease, said to his little son, who in an affectionate mood, wished to embrace him, "You must hug me—you'll catch the scarlet fever." Willie, standing back, looked in amazement upon his papa (who, by the way, is a pattern of propriety), and quickly asked, "Why, papa, who did you hug?"

"A man sold a farm a few days since as 'perfectly level.' The buyer went to look at it, and found a mountain on it. 'But,' said the man, 'the land will be perfectly level—after you take the hill away; I sell you the level land underneath and throw in the mountain.'

"FRED," said a father to his son, "I hear that you and your wife quarrel and wrangle every day. Let me warn you against such a fatal practice." Who ever told you that, father, was totally mistaken; my wife and I haven't spoken to one another for a month."

"Why doesn't your father take a newspaper?" asked a man of a little boy when he found pilfering one from his doorstep. "Cause he'd rather send me to take it," was the reply.

A party of gypsies were in Danbury recently. The News says: "Those people appear to think a great deal of their native land; they carry it around with them."

Why is the letter G like a gentleman who has left an evening party? Because it makes one gone.

RAILROADS have three gauges: A broad gauge, a narrow gauge, and a mortgage.

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.

Table with 3 columns: Rate, 3 months, 6 months, 1 year. Rows include One square, Two squares, Three squares, One-fourth col'n, Half column, One column.

WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU ARE IN TROUBLE.

Don't try to quench your sorrow in rum or narcotics. If you begin this you must keep right on with it, till it kills you to ruin; or if you try to pace, you must add physical pain and the consciousness of degradation to the sorrow you seek to escape. Of all wretched men his condition is the most pitiful who having sought to drown his grief in drink, awakes from his delirium with shattered nerves, aching head and depressed mind, to face the same trouble again. That which was at first painful to contemplate will, after drink, seem unbearable. Ten to one the fatal drink will be again sought till the victim sinks a hopeless, pitiful wreck.

Work is your true remedy. If misfortune hits you hard, hit you something else hard; pitch into something with a will. There's nothing like good, solid, absorbing, exhausting work to cure trouble. If you have met with losses, you don't want to lie awake thinking about them. You want sweet, calm, sound sleep, and to eat your dinner with appetite. But you can't unless you work. If you say "I don't feel like work, and go a loafing off day" to tell Dick and Harry the story of your woes, you'll lie awake and keep your wife awake by your tossing, spoil her temper and your own breakfast the next morning, and begin to-morrow feeling ten times worse than you do to-day.

There are some great troubles that only time can heal, and perhaps some that can never be healed at all; but all can be helped by the great panacea, work. Try it, you who are afflicted. It has proved its efficacy since first Adam and Eve left behind them with weeping their beautiful Eden. It is an official remedy. All good physicians in regular standing prescribe it in case of mental and moral disease. It operates kindly and well, leaving no disagreeable sequelae, and we assure you that we have taken a large quantity of it with most beneficial effects. It will cure more complaints than any nostrum in the materia medica, and comes nearer to being a "cure-all" than any drug or compound of drugs in the market. And it will not sicken you if you do not take it against conviction.

Be thorough in your work for God. Do it as the Lord would have you. If you are in the service of others be as faithful to their interests as you would to your own. Remember God sees you. If you are the head of a family rule it for God. Have religion respected in your house. Keep the devil out, as far as it is in your power to do so. Keep one in your employ whose "evil communications corrupt good manners." Be sure that your rule of household government is scriptural, then steadfastly insist upon obedience thereto.

As often as we ask for daily bread and for pardon of our trespasses, we are taught to pray, "Lead us not into temptation," a petition which is equivalent to an entreaty that the providence of God may so order events as to preserve us from those sudden and surprising onsets of the evil one, under which many strong men have fallen in the day of trial.

When we collect our poor to work, feed, or clothe them, we need not sift them. Among them will be found, no doubt, many tares,—but work for them, however small their numbers, is work for God; and its worth, effect, and reward is not measured by the amount done, but by the spirit that does the work.

RELIGION ought to sweeten and soften the whole man. A Christian ought to be a polite man; not necessarily with the airs and grace of mere fashionable society, but certainly with genuine heart-politeness.

DOWN below all the crust of human conceptions, of human ideas, Christ sank an artesian well into a source of happiness so pure and blessed that even yet the world does not believe in it.

AN Atlanta man wants the thief who stole his well bucket and rope, to come back and get the well, as it is of no present use to him.

ALL of us, who are worth anything, spend our manhood in unlearning the follies or expiating the mistakes of our youth.

It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross was in our composition.

I THINK it easier to acquire a virtue than to get rid of a vice; to add to one's habits rather than renounce any.

WE know not how much we love the world, till we find pain and difficulty in parting with its good things.

MEekness is a virtue by which a man may know a Christian better than by his name.

A MAN is usually refused credit for one of two reasons—either because we don't know him, or because we do.