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DR. J. J. APPELBAUGH has established a Drug and Prescription Store in the above-named place.

NEW DRUG STORE IN PERRYVILLE.

DR. J. J. APPELBAUGH has established a Drug and Prescription Store in the above-named place.

NEW DRUG STORE.

BANKS & HAMILIN, Main Street, Mifflintown, Pa.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

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.

SHREVE & STAMBAUGH always keep in stock all kinds 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.

Teeth stopped in five minutes without extracting the tooth.

Dental work done for persons without leaving their homes.

Teeth removed and replaced.

Teeth filled to last for life.

Teeth stopped in five minutes without extracting the tooth.

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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 looks are gray,

And eyes of saddest blue behold

The leaves all weary drift away,

And lips of faded coral stay,—

There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when joyous hearts,

Which leaped as leaps the laughing main,

Are dead to all such memory,

As prisoners in his dungeon chain;

And dawn of day

Hath passed away,

The moon hath into darkness rolled,

And by the embers warm and gray,

I hear a voice in whispery 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 left to pondering say,—

To tread the last declivity;

But now the slope

With rosy Hope,

Remains to cheer the way,

Another dawn with fairer light;

While waters whisper when we sleep,

There is a time when we grow old.

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 looks are gray,

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The leaves all weary drift away,

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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

even his dull perceptions, was more than Paul could bear.

He was a young 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. Claver-

ing, a gentleman whose—whose—"

"Whose mother she saved from death.

Your niece, sir, a few days since was

passing through our crowded thorough-

fare, 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 ani-

mal sprang forward and flung her vio-

lently 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, a pen-

ny, she will never suffer 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 her-

self, 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 guard-

ian.

"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 pro-

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 patron-

ized 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 per-

formance, and soft murmurs of whisper-

ing voices and rustling silks arose in a

subdued sound; and then the broad cur-

tain rolled up and disclosed the elegant-

ly fitted stage.

Suddenly there was a crash in the

vest 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 them-

selves beneath the long lashes; a mouth

soft, tender and beautiful, and a cheek

as fair as the pure white satin of her sweep-

ing 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

wa