

The Juniata Sentinel.
ESTABLISHED IN 1846.
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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
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continued until arrangements are paid, unless
at the option of the publisher.

Business Cards.
LOUIS E. ATKINSON,
Attorney at Law,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Collecting and Conveyancing promptly
attended to.
Office on Bridge street, opposite the Court
House Square.
ROBERT McMEEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Office on Bridge street, in the room formerly
occupied by Ezra D. Parver, Esq.
S. B. LODGEN,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.,
Offers his services to the citizens of Juni-
ata county as Auctioneer and Vendor Crier.
Charges from two to ten dollars. Satisfac-
tion warranted. nov. 8, '99

O YES! O YES!
H. H. SNYDER, Perrysville, Pa.,
Tenders his services to the citizens of Juni-
ata and adjoining counties, as Auctioneer—
Charges moderate. For satisfaction give the
Dutchman a chance. P. O. address, Port
Royal, Juniata Co., Pa. [Feb 7, '72-1y]

DR. P. C. RUNDIO,
DRUGGIST,
PATTERSON, PENNA.
August 18, 1893-4.

THOMAS A. ELDER, M. D.,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Office hours 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Office in
McCall's building, two doors above the Socie-
ty office, Bridge street. [Aug 18-4]

M. B. GARVER,
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon,
Having located in the borough of Thompson-
town, offers his professional services to the
citizens of that place and vicinity.
Street—In the room recently occupied by
Dr. Sarg. [June 12, '72-4]

O. E. SMITH, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC 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 Bell's Drug
Store. [Aug 18 1893-4]

Dr. R. A. Simpson
Treats all forms of disease, and may be con-
sulted as follows:—At his office in Liverpool,
Pa., every SATURDAY and MONDAY—ap-
pointments can be made for other days.
Call on or address to
DR. R. A. SIMPSON,
Liverpool, Perry Co., Pa.

DAVID WATTS 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., MIFFLINTOWN.
Oct 29-4

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 catalogue to
HENRY GARVER, A. M.,
Sept 28, 1871-6m] Principal.

New Drug Store
IN PERRYSVILLE.
D. J. J. APPLEBAUGH has established
a Drug and Prescription Store in the
above named place, and keeps a general as-
ortment of
DRUGS AND MEDICINES.
Also all other articles usually kept in estab-
lishments of this kind.
Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal pur-
poses. Cigars, Tobacco, Stationery, Confec-
tionaries (Wholesale), Notions, etc., etc.
The Doctor gives advice free

NEW DRUG STORE
BANKS & HAMLIN,
Main Street, Mifflintown, Pa.
DEALERS IN
DRUGS AND MEDICINES.
Chemicals, Oils, Dye Stuff,
Essences, Putty, Glass,
Lamps, Coal Oil, Putty,
Cannines, Brushes,
Infants Brushes, Soap,
Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes,
Perfumery, Combs,
Razor Oil, Tobacco,
Cigars, Notions,
and Stationery.

LARGE VARIETY OF
PATENT MEDICINES,
selected with great care, and warranted from
high authority.
Furthest of WINES AND LIQUORS for Medi-
cal Purposes.
PRESCRIPTIONS compounded with
great care. [Jan 16 72-1y]

WALL PAPER.
Rally to the Place where you can buy
your Wall Paper Cheap.
THE undersigned takes this method of in-
forming the public that he has just re-
ceived at his residence on Third Street, Mif-
flintown, 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 BASON.
Mifflintown, April 5, 1872-4

RELLY & STANBAUGH always keep up
their stock of GROCERIES and will not
be excused either in the quality or price of
their goods in this line. Give them a call
before going elsewhere.

Juniata Sentinel.

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

D. F. SCHWEIER,
VOLUME XXVI, No. 29

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., JULY 17, 1872.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
WHOLE NUMBER 1323.

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 \$1.50, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.		
Administrators, Executors and Auditors' Notices, \$2.00.	Professional and Business Cards, not exceeding one square, and including copy of paper, \$8.00 per year.	Notice in reading columns, ten cents per line. Mer- chants advertising by the year at special rates.
3 weeks.....	6 weeks.....	1 year.....
One square..... \$ 3.50	\$ 5.00	\$ 8.00
Two squares.....	5.00	8.00
Three squares.....	6.00	10.00
One-fourth col.....	10.00	15.00
Half column.....	18.00	25.00
One column.....	30.00	45.00

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
—IN THE—
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 cleaned and repaired.
Teeth filled to last for life.
Teeths capped in five minutes without extracting the tooth.
Dental work done for persons without them leaving their homes, if desired.
Electricity used in the extraction of teeth, rendering it almost a painless operation, (no extra charge) at the Dental Office of G. L. Derr, established in Mifflintown in 1869.
G. L. DERR,
Jan 24, 1872-1y]

C. ROTHROCK,
DENTIST,
McAllisterville, Penna.
OFFERS his professional services to the public in general, in both branches of his profession—operative and mechanical.
First week—Every month at Richfield, Fremont and Turkey Valley.
Second week—Liverpool and Will Cat Valley.
Third week—Mifflintown and Raccoon Valley.
Fourth week at his office in McAllisterville. Will visit Mifflintown as called on.
Teeth put up on any of the bases, and as liberal as anywhere else.
Address by letter or otherwise.
May 1, 1872-1y]

New Store and New Goods.
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, & C.
Main Street, Mifflintown.
H^AVING opened up a GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE in the old stand on Main Street, Mifflintown, I would respectfully call 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
JOSEPH POMEROY, President.
T. VAN IRVIN, Cashier.
DIRECTORS:
Joseph Pomeroy, John J. Patterson,
Jerome N. Thompson, George Jacobs,
John Halsebach.
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 Revenue Stamps.
In sums of \$500 at 3 per cent. discount.
In sums of \$200 at 2 per cent. discount.
In sums of \$100 at 1 per cent. discount.

Meat! Meat!
THE undersigned hereby respectfully in-
forms the citizens of Mifflintown and
Perrysville that he will visit each of
these towns on THURSDAY, THURSDAY and
SATURDAY mornings of each week, when
they can be supplied with
Choice Beef,
Veal, Mutton,
Lard, &c.,
during the summer season, and also PORK
and SAUSAGE in season. I purpose fur-
nishing Beef every Tuesday and Saturday
morning, and Veal and Mutton every Thurs-
day morning. Give me your patronage, and
will guarantee to sell as good meat as the
country can produce, and as cheap as any
other butcher in the county.
SOLOMON SIEBER.
June 14, 1872.

BEST CIGARS IN TOWN
AT
Hollohaugh's Saloon.
Two for 5 cents. Also, the Finest 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, 1870-1y]

FORCE PUMP.
THE undersigned is agent for one of the
best Force Pumps, for any depth of cis-
tern or well, in the world. By attaching hose
to the spout, water can be drawn 80 to 80
feet. Nothing better could be asked in case
of fire. It is a non-freezing pump.
SAMUEL LEONARD,
Oakland Mills, Juniata Co., Pa.

Poetry.
WAITING.

I have one little angel waiting for me
On the beautiful banks of the crystal sea;
Not impatiently waits my darling there;
For smiles light up his brow so fair;
And his little hands hang out to meet,
So soothingly sweet to faith's listening ear;
And he lives in the smile of the Savior's love,
Who so early called my darling above.

I have one little angel waiting for me
On the beautiful banks of the crystal sea;
Forever free from sorrow and pain,
Spotless and pure from all earthly stain;
Never in erring paths to rove—
Safe in the bosom of infinite love,
Evermore, evermore walking in light,
That beautiful angel robed in white.

I have one little angel waiting for me
When I too shall stand by the crystal sea;
On the beautiful banks of the crystal sea;
My soul shall seek the home of the blest—
On the beautiful banks of the crystal sea.
My darling, still waiting, shall welcome me.

Stell Story.
TIMMS' STRATEGY.
A STORY OF CALIFORNIA LIFE.
Mapes was a chivalrous by nature;
he believed in "seeking the bubble repu-
tation, even in the cannon's mouth." His
enthusiasm was aroused by the recital of
stories of deeds of desperate daring;
while he had nothing but contempt for
every success won by crooked and indi-
rect means. Timms, on the contrary,
believed that there was policy in war,
and that the end justified the means,
particularly if the end was attained.
Companions from infancy, their lives
had been spent in competition for schol-
astic and such other honors as the lo-
cally afforded, without even a momen-
tary break in their friendship. But now,
in early manhood, they struggled for a
prize of incalculable value, with an ar-
dent that threatened a complete rupture
of friendly relations. The heart and
hand of Eliza Reed, the neighborhood
belle, were to be won; and these none
others might aspire, to in the face of such
formidable competition as that of Mapes
and Timms. They alone—each by
virtue of his own personality and posi-
tion—had a right to lay siege to the
heart of that variable, irritable, imperi-
ous beauty, and for months the strife
between them had gone on. Each one
had called into play all his personal and
social resources; for the local society
had taken such an interest that it was
divided into two factions, known as the
Mapesites and the Timmsites. And yet
Miss Eliza could not be brought to ex-
press a preference. If she rode with one
to day, she was careful to walk abroad
with the rival to morrow.
Courtship is delicious to a woman; and
Eliza would not have been feminine had
she been in haste to have made an election.
Nevertheless, she did not intend
to miss her opportunity. She knew well
the war could not always last, and feared
that when one of the aspirants for her
favor withdrew from the contest, the
love of the other, wanting the stimulus
of competition, would grow cold; hence,
she had made up her mind, that, upon
the first favorable opportunity, she would
signify to Mapes that his suit, so often
pressed, was at last accepted. The op-
portunity, it seemed, was not to be long
wanting; for invitations were given out
for an apple-bee in the neighborhood,
and Eliza found means to convey an in-
imation to Mapes that she expected to
meet him there, and counted on his es-
cort home at the conclusion of the frolic.
The appointed evening looked
with such nervous anticipation by Mapes
came at last. He felt that it was the
most important of his life, and arrayed
himself as only a rustic dandy can. His
way lay across a meadow, through which
ran—or rather loitered—a deep, but nar-
row stream, spanned by a single log. It
was so dark when he reached the primi-
tive bridge that he was compelled to feel
his way slowly across. As he progress-
ed it commenced to swing lightly—
something very unusual—until he reach-
ed the centre, when, to his utter con-
fusion, it gave way, and he was launched
into the water. He scrambled out, then
suddenly the night became luminous
with that lurid light which people
refer when they say, in speaking of some
profane wretch, "He swore until all was
blue." Whatever illuminating qualities
this lurid light possessed, it had no dry-
ing ones, and Mapes was forced to bid
adieu for the night to all hopes of pligh-
ting his troth to the loved Eliza.
In the rural districts Down East, in
early times, the good people had such
habits of industry and rigid economy
that they seldom gave, or attended par-
ties, unless such as were cloaked under
the names of raisings, quokings, husk-
ings, or apple-bees; thus, the apple-bee,
fraught with momentous consequences to
Mapes and Timms, was but a social par-
ty in disguise—a few apples being par-
celed, quartered, cored and strung in the
early evening for appearance sake.

As usual, Eliza Reed was the belle of
the occasion. Good looks entire self-
possession, and a keen, satirical wit al-
ways assured her that position; and
this night she shone with unusual bril-
liancy, until, as the hours wore away,
and Mapes came not, she began to lose
herself in pondering why, and at length
she asked Timms:
"Is your friend Mapes ailing?"
"I guess not," replied Timms; "saw
him to day. He wasn't complaining."
"He denies himself much pleasure,"
said Eliza, "in not coming here to-night,
for this is the place where we always
have a good time. Aunt Judy knows
how to give an apple-bee."
"You let Mapes alone," answered
Timms; "he knows what he's about."
"What do you mean?" asked Eliza.
"Oh, I mean," replied Timms, "that
Mapes is the prince of good fellows, and
gives invitations where the rest of us
don't."
"Where is Mapes to night?" asked
Eliza, now fully aroused.
"I don't know for sure," answered
Timms. "He told me to day there were
special reasons for his coming here, but
that he had an invitation to the rich
and aristocratic Squire Hutton's, who
is celebrating his daughter's birthday,
and that he didn't know which way he
would go;" and Timms turned away to
talk to the next prettiest girl in the
room.

Petted young women are seldom log-
ical or patient. When the party broke
up, Eliza accepted Timms' escort to her
home, and before they arrived there, he
had consented to become, with the least
possible delay, Mrs. Timms. The next
morning the engagement was announced,
and preparations for the wedding com-
menced. Timms was exultant—happy
Timms!
For a few days Timms was not much
seen in public—perhaps for want of
courage to wear his blushing honors
openly; perhaps want of courage to meet
other contingencies—who knows? But
a man can not make arrangements for
his own wedding from a fixed standpoint,
and he was compelled to venture out.
In a quiet and secluded way he met
Mapes. The meeting to him was a sur-
prise; he smiled feebly, and extended his
hand. But Mapes, intent on business,
strode squarely up to Timms and
planted a vigorous blow on one of his
eyes, which caused that gentleman to
measure his length in the dust. Timms
sprang to his feet, and showed fight;
but another blow on the other eye sent
him again to grass, where he continued
to lie.
"Get up," said Mapes.
"You'll knock me down again," said
Timms.
"Yes," returned Mapes, "I will."
"Then I won't get up," said Timms.
"You're an infernal scoundrel," said
Mapes.
"I can't help your saying so," answer-
ed Timms.
"You saved the log," said Mapes.
"What log?" asked Timms.
"You saved the log," repeated Mapes,
advancing a step.
"Yes—stop," said Timms; "I saved
the log."
"Well, you needn't think," said Mapes,
"that after your marriage you're going
to tell that story, and make me a laugh-
ingstock."
"I'll never speak of it," whined Timms.
"Perhaps you won't," said Mapes;
"but I'm going to swear you before I
get through. There's another thing;
you won the woman by your trickery,
and I know it is in you to abuse her;
so I'm going to swear you to treat her
kindly."
"I'll swear," said Timms.
"Hold up your hand," said Mapes.
Timms held up his hand.
"Now, repeat after me: 'I, Silas
Timms, solemnly swear that I will never
bring to the knowledge of any human
being that I saw the log whereby
Daniel Mapes fell into the creek and lost
a wife; and, further, that I will, she con-
senting, marry Eliza Reed, and always
treat her kindly; so help me God.'"
Timms repeated the oath, *verbatim*.
"Now, get up and go home," said
Mapes. "I don't think you'll be married
till your eyes get out of morning, and
by that time I'll be far enough away.
But don't think I'll lose sight of you;
and if you don't keep your oath, you'll
see me."
Timms arose from the ground, shook
off the dust, and walked away; but
when he had secured a safe distance, he
shouted back exultingly:
"Mapes, she's an angel!"
In twenty years Daniel Mapes had
learned many things, and among them
this: Life is very much as we make it.
In other words, the world is like a mir-
ror, and looks at us with the face we
present. It returns a scowl for a scowl, and
smile for smile. It echoes our sobs and
our laughter. To the cold, it is as
icy as the northern seas; to the loving
it is as balmy as the isles of the tropics.
He had learned a still harder lesson;
which was to forget the griefer, the sor-
row, the slights, the wrongs, and the

hates of the past. The effect of this
lesson was to make it appear that the
lines, to him, had fallen in pleasant plac-
ces. His retentive and firm muscle
bespoke a good digestion, while a cheer-
ful equanimity told of mental peace. A
fair woman named him husband, and
children called him father. A beautiful
home in the Santa Clara Valley was
theirs; besides which, Mapes had many
broad acres of land, as well as many
head of stock running nearly wild in the
counties of Monterey and San Luis
Obispo.
Once in each year the cattle that
graze on California's thousand hills are
gathered in bands at convenient places,
to be claimed and branded by their own-
ers—such assemblies being called
ranches. Mapes had been down across
the Llanos Plains, in attendance upon
a *ranch*; and, being on his return, jog-
ging along on his Mustang, he saw, far
in the distance, but nearing him, an
equally lone traveler. Slowly the dis-
tance between them decreased; and as
they approached, Mapes—with Califor-
nia prudence—slipped his revolver upon
the belt which sustained it, from his
back, round to his left side, bringing the
hilt under the shadow of his bridle arm,
and within easy reach of his right hand.
A near look assured Mapes that he had
no occasion for weapons; the coming
man was of middle-age, but his look was
worn, weary, dejected, and hopeless—in
local phrase, his Manner was that of
a person who has "lost his grip;" and
those who have met that terrible misfor-
tune are never highway robbers, "grip"
being the very quality wanted in that
hazardous pursuit.
The travelers met, with a long, in-
quiring gaze, when from their lips simulta-
neously burst the words, "Mapes!"
"Timms!" After a moment of mute
surprise, Mapes, spurring his Mustang,
drove nearer Timms.
"So—we meet, at last! I have been
wanting to see you, this many a year."
The movement seemed ominous to
Timms, and he cried out: "Don't, don't
shoot! I have no weapons! Besides, I
have kept my oath—at least, as well as
I could. I never told the reason why you
didn't attend the apple-bee, nor ever
breathed a syllable about the saved log
—upon my solemn oath!"
"I wasn't thinking of the ducking,"
said Mapes.
"Don't come any nearer," returned
Timms. "I have always tried to use
that woman well; but she wouldn't be
used well. I have done my best to treat
her kindly; but she wouldn't be treated
kindly."
"It is no use to go over the grounds
to me Timms."
"But," replied Timms, "you have no
idea what that woman is; you wouldn't
blame me if you only knew. She's
browbeat me till I ain't half a man."
"So I see," said Mapes.
"No you don't see," replied Timms.
"You don't see half. Look at this scar"
—taking off his hat, and showing a
long seam on his scalp; "that was done
with the skillet."
"You have suffered," said Mapes.
"Suffered!" returned Timms. "You
ought to have sworn her, too. If you
only knew how I have thought of you,
and my oath to you; and how I have
borne blows, and been quiet—how I
have been called a brute and a fool, and
kept silent—how I have endured taunts
and sneers, hunger and discomfort, with-
out a word of reproach—you would for-
give me; you wouldn't harbor thoughts
of revenge."
"Thoughts of revenge!" answered
Mapes. "Let us dismount, and have a
settlement; for I see my chance has
come at last."
"Mapes, would you take the life of an
unarmed man?"
"Timms, you're crazy! Let me ex-
plain. I have no wrongs to avenge. It
isn't for vengeance that I have wanted
to see you. I have heard about you of-
ten—know all your life and experiences;
and I have only wanted to meet you, to
offer you a home and friendship employ-
ment and opportunities for prosperity,
here in California. I owe you no debt
but one of gratitude, for the inestimable
service you did me by that little job of
carpet work; and that I mean to pay.
Come with me." He took Timms' horse
by the bridle, turned him about with re-
monstrance, and they traveled on in si-
lence.
After awhile, Timms raised his eyes
timidly from the ground, and said:
"Mapes, she's not an angel!"—*Over-
land Monthly.*

A young couple were sitting together
in a romantic spot with birds and flow-
ers about them, when the following dia-
logue ensued:
"My dear, if the sacrifice of my life
would please thee, most gladly would I
lay it at thy feet."
"Oh sir, you are to kind! But it just
reminds me that I wish you'd stop using
tobacco."
"Can't think of it. It's a habit to
which I am wedded."
"Very well, sir, since this is the way
you lay down your life for me, and as
you are already wedded to tobacco, I'll
take good care you are never wedded to
me, as it would be bigamy."

A MODERN WIFE.
"You're a pretty girl to be married!"
said an aged aunt to her niece. "Why,
what do you know about house-keeping,
just from a boarding school? I am sure
your husband has need of a mist of mon-
ey."
"La! aunt, expect to board; you need
not think I shall bother my head with
domestic concerns. Everybody boards
now that gets married generally the first
year. Mr. Hyde says he can get first
class board and accommodations for fit
teen dollars; two rooms beautifully situ-
ated! and I am sure that is cheap
enough. What is Hyde's salary? Why
six hundred dollars now, and the prom-
ise of promotion—perhaps eight hundred
before the next year is out."
"So you are going to live on the per-
haps, are you? Now let me tell you
Susie, you talk foolishly. If your husband
is at present receiving six hundred, do
you lay up one of them? It's all non-
sense to go beyond your means."
"Why, aunt! nobody would respect
us if we did not live as stylish as other
people; there is a great deal in begin-
ning."
"True, child, that is what I am trying
to impress upon you."
The year passed away. Susie lived in
style, paid fifteen dollars for board, re-
ceived her genteel acquaintances, worked
some fancy netting, drew a few sketch-
ings from oil paintings, grew tired of
boarding, and was just entering upon
fashionable house-keeping, when, lo! a
defalcation came out. Hyde had taken
money unlawfully, was arrested, held to
bail, and a prison stared him in the
face.
Susie did not believe him guilty;
they had always lived so economically,
and it could not be.
But the trial proved otherwise, and he
was convicted and sentenced to impris-
onment for years.
"How did you come to do so, Hyde?"
asked the good old aunt.
"To please my wife's fancy," was the
reply. "She wanted to live like other
people, and I wished to gratify her, and
in this way I committed my first breach
of trust."
The broken-hearted wife lamented the
beginning which she had made, when
also it was late to rectify it. She
found respectability preferable to great-
ness. She now lived at her father's with
a worse than widow's sorrow to harrow
her feelings, and takes to sewing for a
livelihood.
The plain road to ruin is here plainly
marked out. We see what must be the
result of such a course. But are not
thousands of others sacrificing their hus-
band's reputation by less obvious but
still as certain course of extravagance?
Off with the nonsensical thought that gen-
tility demands such a sacrifice beyond
one's ability. If you value the opinions
of the truly worthy and estimable, you
will find them always on the side of pru-
dent expenditure and economical living.
"Cut your garment according to your
cloth," is an old maxim—and the senti-
ment is as true now as in the olden time.
A life of gaudy show may do for a
butcher, but not for a man or woman
who expects to survive one season.

The Miner's Journal has the follow-
ing account of a case of clear gilt: "Near
Shamokin on Friday evening, as an en-
gine with twenty loaded coal cars was
coming down the grade from the junc-
tion on the Northern Central Railroad,
which is a single track at that point, a
cow was run over. The engine kept the
track, but the cars were thrown off, piled
up and wrecked. The fireman, thinking
the engine was off the track, jumped
from the engine, with steam on, kept
on down the grade, and passed at a rate
of speed 30 or 35 miles an hour through
Shamokin. In a few minutes the pas-
senger train from Sunbury would be due,
and if the engine kept on a collision
would be inevitable, the results of which
would unquestionably involve loss of
life and property. As the coal engine
with not a living soul upon it dashed to-
wards the scales a young man employed
there named Miles Gray took in the
whole situation at a glance. As the en-
gine was dashing past, a grasp at one of
the iron supports and a simultaneous
spring placed him on the engine, and he
succeeded in stopping it three minutes
before the passenger train came in. The
act was one involving great personal
risk; it unquestionably prevented a
serious accident, and young Gray should
receive a substantial testimonial for his
bravery and the risk he ran."

A New Chicago Specialty.
A Chicago paper says: Divorce par-
ties are coming into fashion in Chi-
cago. Social philosophers say that all
great questions pass through three sta-
ges, viz: Ridicule, argument, adoption.
Chicagoans have bravely encompassed
all, so far as divorce is concerned, and
as the world knows, now led in un-
disputed luxury of full possession. In
fact, divorce has become a fashion-
able thing, and, like all kindred events,
such as births and marriages, is cele-
brated with festive proceedings. The West
division witnessed an affair of this kind
the other evening. There was a large
gathering, and the newly-made widow
received the congratulations of friends and
relatives with as much pleasure as would
a newly-wedded wife after the ceremony
of marriage. A handsome "divorce cake"
was one of the features of the occasion.
It was mounted by a handsome moun-
tainer, the letter "D," for divorce, being
entwined with the lady's name before
her marriage. There were also some
highly suggestive presents.

THE MEANEST LIQUOR DEALER YET DISCOVERED
flourishes in Wino, Miss. He
hired a poor woman to make some shirts
for him, and then effect her bill by her
husband's whisky account.

NOTHING more unbecomes a heavenly
hope than an earthly heart.
HONEY BEES are winged merchants—
they call their honey.
An oyster leads a placid life until he
gets into a stew.
Not a misse—A pretty widow.

How It Feels to be Blown Up.

Captain W. H. Pierce, one of the sur-
vivors of the explosion of the ill-fated
McDonald, near McGregor, Iowa, gives
the following account of his trial trip:
"I was awakened by a heavy concussion,
followed immediately afterward by a second
and heavier one. Everything seemed
to give way. There was a rush of hot
air, and I found myself going through
the air. Something struck me in the
side and broke my ribs. I knew in a
moment what was the matter, and I had
all my senses about me. It seems to me
that I went up a frightful distance. How
far, of course, I cannot tell. I left the
hot air that started with me, and struck
a cooler current. I went up head first,
and as I stopped, I turned over and came
down head first. The thought passed
through my mind that this was unfortu-
nate; for I might strike a piece of the
wreck and injure myself. Just then a
stick struck me and whirled me over so
that I struck the water feet first. The
blow left a mark on my right leg about
eight inches long, and crippled it so that
I could not use it. I took a full breath
of air as I touched the water and soon
began to rise. The thought struck me,
what if I come up just in time to be
hit by a falling timber! As I came up
I thrust up my hand over my head to
protect it, and caught it on a piece of the
roof, cutting it somewhat. My theory is
that it was a part of the roof over me, I
had followed it up and beat it coming
down. I looked around and saw the
wreck had already sunk. The deck
seemed to be attached in some way to the
wreck, for I floated away from it, and
began to look around for something to
cling to. I found a mass of timber, and
I was trying to get together enough to
support my weight, when Vol. Bigelow
cried out: 'Come here, Cap. I've got a
raft,' so I left my pile and swam over
to him. The next person I saw was Bob
Solomon. He was close to the stern
bulkhead, and was climbing on it. I
asked him and Bigelow if they were hurt.
Both said not much, and we drifted
away from Solomon, and I saw no more
of him."

The appearance of the river was
frightful. I saw five or six men come up
to the surface with blood streaming from
their wounds. Some of them would
struggle for a few moments, shriek out,
and then go down. Others would give
a groan and drop back. One man, with
a terrible cut, cried out: 'Oh, my God!'
and sank. Others cried, 'I am killed.'
One poor fellow they called Little Dan,
came up and threw his arms over a tim-
ber. He was cut nearly in two from his
navel to his backbone."

A NEVADA paper, speaking of the
rarity of the atmosphere at Virginia City,
says that ballet dancers are frequently
unable to go through their parts, and
encore are impossible. Persons arriving
from places near the level of the sea,
who are home rapid walkers, soon find
themselves brought up with a round turn,
and either spit blood or bleed at the nose.
Little brisk walking is ever seen in the
city. People do not seem so active as
they really are, for the reason that they
have been compelled to adopt a gait
which if not lazy is at least rather lein-
sured. Hot weather is felt much more
severely and is much more debilitating
than at the sea level. When the ther-
mometer marks 80 degrees in this ele-
vated region, the air is of much less value
than it is at the sea level under the same
heat. Pigeons that fly very strongly in
California are almost like unfeathered birds
when brought here. Lots of pigeons
brought from California for pigeon shoot-
ing matches are often almost worthless,
as upon being sprung from the trap they
will flutter and come to the ground be-
fore going two rods.

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tainer, the letter "D," for divorce, being
entwined with the lady's name before
her marriage. There were also some
highly suggestive presents.

NARROW SOULS.—It is with narrow-
souled people as with narrow-necked
bottles—the less they have in them, the
more noise they make in pouring it out.

HONEY BEES are winged merchants—
they call their honey.
An oyster leads a placid life until he
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