

The JUNIATA SENTINEL is published every
Wednesday morning at \$1.00 a year, in ad-
vance; or \$2.00 in all cases if not paid
promptly in advance. No subscriptions dis-
counted until all arrearages 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 E. D. Parler, Esq.

S. P. LOUDEN,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Offers his services to the citizens of Juni-
ata county as Auctioneer and Vendue Officer.
Charges from two to ten dollars. Satisfac-
tion warranted.
nov 2, '99

H. H. SNYDER, Parrysville, Pa.,
Tenders his services to the citizens of Juni-
ata and adjoining counties, as Auctioneer.
Charges moderate. For satisfaction give the
highest reference. P. O. address, Post
Royal, Parrysville, Pa. (Feb 7, '99)

DR. P. C. RUNDIO,
DRUGGIST,
PATERSON, PENN'A.
August 14, 1899-11

THOMAS A. ELDER, M. D.,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Office hours 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Office in
Linton's building, two doors above the Sun
and Moon office, Bridge street. (aug 18-47)

M. B. GARVER,
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon,
Having located in the Borough of Thompson-
ton, above his professional services to the
citizens of that place and vicinity.
Office—in the room recently occupied by
Dr. Sen. (June 12, '99)

B. C. 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 Butler's Drug
Store. (aug 18, 1899-11)

Dr. R. A. Simpson
Treats all forms of disease, and may be con-
sulted as follows:—At his office in Liverpool
Pa., from SATURDAY and SUNDAY—ap-
pointment can be made for other days.
Office on 4th street.

ATTENTION!
DAVID WATTS and respectfully announce
to the public that he has prepared to
publish

SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONERY
at lowest prices. Hereafter give him a call
at 1000 E. F. ST. MAIN ST., MIFFLIN-
TOWN, PA.

**BLOOMSBURG STATE NORMAL
SCHOOL AND**
Literary and Commercial Institute.
The Faculty of this Institution aim to be
thoroughly in their instruction, and to
conduct them after the manners, health and
morals of the students.

New Drug Store
IN PERRYVILLE.
DE J. J. APPLEBAUGH has established
a Drug and Prescription Store in the
storefront 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, Con-
fectionery, etc., etc.
The Doctor gives advice free

NEW DRUG STORE.
BANKS & HAMLIN,
Main Street, Mifflintown, Pa.
DEALERS IN
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
Chemicals, Dye Stuff,
Paints,
Glass,
Perfumes,
Coal Oil,
Lamps,
Brushes,
Sponges,
Toiletries,
Tooth Brushes,
Combs,
Hair Oil,
Tobacco,
Cigars,
and Stationery.

**LARGE VARIETY OF
PATENT MEDICINES,**
obtained with great care, and warranted from
high authority.
Purest of WINES AND LIQUORS for Medi-
cal Purposes.
PRESCRIPTIONS compounded with
great care. (ma 1672-1y)

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 price before going elsewhere.
A large supply constantly on hand.
SIMON BASOM.
Mifflintown, April 5, 1872-1f

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

Juniata



Sentinel.

B. F. SCHWEIER,
[THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.]
VOLUME XXVI, NO. 31

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A., JULY 31, 1873.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
WHOLE NUMBER 1325.

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 remodeled and repaired.
Teeth filled to last for life.
Teeth stopped 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 1863.
G. L. DERR,
Jan 24, 1873-1y] Practical Dentist.

G. ROTHROCK,
DENTIST,
McAlisterville, 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, Fre-
mont and Turkey Valley.
Second week—Liverpool and Will Cat Val-
ley.
Third week—Mifflintown and Racoon
Valley.
Fourth week at his office in McAlisterville.
Will visit Millin when called on.
Send put up any of the boxes, and as
soon as they are ready to be sent.
Address by letter or otherwise.
May 1, 1873-1y]

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 BEEF,
HAM, SHOULDER, DRIED BEEF,
Confectioneries, Nuts, &c.,
Tobacco, Cigars,
GLASSWARE.**

Flour, Feed, &c.
All of which will be sold cheap for Cash or
Country Produce. Give me a call and hear
my prices.
Mifflintown, May 2, 1872.

JUNIATA VALLEY BANK
OF
MIFFLINTOWN, PENN'A.

JOSEPH POMEROY, President.
T. VAN IRVIN, Cashier.

Directors:
Joseph Pomeroy, John J. Patterson,
Jerome N. Thompson, George Jacobs,
John Balesbach.

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 \$200 at 2 per cent. discount.
In sums of \$500 at 2 1/2 per cent. discount.
In sums of \$1000 at 3 per cent. discount.

Meat! Meat!
THE undersigned hereby respectfully in-
forms the citizens of Mifflintown and
Patterson that his wagon will visit each of
these towns on TUESDAY, 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.
SOLAMON SIEBER.
June 14, 1872.

BEST CIGARS IN TOWN
AT
Hollobach's Saloon.

Two for 5 cents. Also, the Free-Press Lager,
the Largest Oysters, the Sweetest Cider, the
Finest Domestic Wines, and, in short, any-
thing 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 cistern
or well, in the world. By attaching hose
to the spout, water can be thrown 30 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.

The Golden Side.
BY MISS A. KIDDER.

There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it!
To the sunny sea that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust we'er faithful,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope though the clouds hang low,
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep thro',
When the ominous clouds are lifted,
There was never a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to Heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snare the delicate, minute threads
Of our curious lives together;
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

Select Story.

Lyndon's Rose.
FROM BALLOU'S MAGAZINE.

We were playmates in boyhood and
firm friends in later youth—Lyndon
Anthon and I. Both were mother-
less, and I was fatherless, too. My
father, at that time of his death, was in
efficient circumstances, and Mr. Anthon
being his nearest friend, was appointed
my guardian. So he came to live at my
home—Maple River—bringing with him
Lyndon, his only child. He was poor,
but gentlemanly and kind, and he man-
aged my father's estate in an able and
conscientious manner, giving me, with
Lyndon, a father's care.

Lyndon was a greater favorite with
the household than I. He was a hand-
some boy, gentle and mild; while I was
plain in appearance, and restless in dis-
position. He was blue eyed and fair, I
dark, and tall for my age, seeming much
older than I really was. At school I
was a favorite with the tutors, but the
pupils seldom liked me, for I was distant,
and sleek into myself. The teachers
were kind to me because I was invari-
ably perfect in my recitations. I almost
devoured my books, more because I
wished to finish them and seek for some-
thing new, than from a love of study.

Lyndon always understood me, al-
ways loved me, whether I was moody or
gay; and though a favorite with his
schoolmates, he would never leave me if
I desired his companionship. So we
grew to manhood; and when we left
college he settled down to study law
with his father, while I, who was allowed
to follow the bent of my own inclinations,
determined to set upon an Eastern tour.

One evening, soon after I had made
this resolve, Lyndon and I took a stroll
down by the river side. There we met
an ugly crone, a fortune teller, belonging
to a straggling band of gipsies, who
were temporarily wandering about the
neighborhood.

"Let me tell your fortunes, young
gentlemen," she said, in a whining voice,
which struck me as being assumed for
the occasion.

"Why should I wish to know my for-
tune?" I asked, rather sharply. "It
unfolds itself all too slowly, it is true;
but I fancy it is scarcely lovely enough
to charm me with a contemplation of its
beauties."

"Let us hear what she has to say,"
Tom, said Lyndon, in his cheerful
voice. "It can do no harm, assuredly."

"As you please," I answered, recall-
ing the gipsy.

She thanked me as I placed some
money in her hand, and then, as I stepped
back, she turned to Lyndon, who stood
with a bright but half-credulous smile
upon his face.

"You are a very pleasant tempered
young gentleman," she said, gazing upon
his open palm with a wise and mysteri-
ous look upon her dark face. "A happy
life lies before you. You will love, and
what is better, your lady will be true."

"Thank you, good mother!" laughed
Lyndon. "I could not ask for a better
fortune, I am sure."

had also, by practice, become skilled in
reading characters from actions and fa-
ces.

She left a blessing with us, and then
glided swiftly and silently away. Ly-
ndon and I turned slowly towards home.
The house seemed more brilliantly light-
ed than usual, and upon our arrival we
were informed that a young lady, Miss
Agatha Rodney, had just reached Maple
River, and the guest chamber had been
prepared for her, according to Mr. An-
thon's directions.

Lyndon smiled at this intelligence,
for Miss Rodney was his cousin. She
had been one of his favorites in his youn-
ger days, but he had not seen her for
years, as both had been engaged with
their studies.

I was greatly annoyed by what I in-
wardly termed Miss Rodney's untimely
visit. I intended to leave Maple River
in a month, at furthest, to be absent for
years, perhaps; and I disliked to be
disturbed in my last days at the dear old
house. Still, I would not fail to wel-
come the lady for Lyndon's sake, and so
I met her with courteous words.

For Lyndon's sake I tried to assist
in entertaining her first, and then it be-
came very pleasant to me to do so for my
own. Miss Rodney was dazzlingly beau-
tiful, with a fascinating manner, whose in-
fluence I sought in vain to resist. I was
intoxicated with her beauty, for she
seemed to me the embodiment of all that
was good and glorious upon earth. I
had never been in the slightest degree
impressible to woman's charms before;
had never loved until I met her. But
there was a peculiar softness in her ex-
pression and manner towards me, which
won me in spite of myself. I asked her
to be my wife, and she promised. I re-
membered the gipsy's prophecy, be-
lieved, and was satisfied.

The week's fled swiftly, and one morn-
ing I went out to meet Agatha in the
garden. I found her earnestly engaged
in conversation with Lyndon. His
voice was raised to a higher key than
usual, and he seemed to be expostulating
with her. Wondering somewhat, I
passed on, until her words, flowing clear-
ly through the garden alleys, reached my
ear.

"Love him!" she exclaimed, with a
mocking laugh; "I do not, indeed. He
is too ugly, decidedly. But I am poor,
you know, Lyndon; and Maple River is
a fine old place. I greatly prefer to be
its mistress, to a situation as teacher or
seamstress. I can afford to tolerate Tom
for his sake, especially as he is blind
enough to believe in me."

"Agatha," he answered, warningly,
"you have gone too far in pressing upon
my silence. Tom is my friend. I
love him far better than I love you.
Rest assured that unless you break the
engagement in as gentle a manner as
possible, I shall not hesitate to expose
you."

"You dare not!" she exclaimed, scorn-
fully. "It would be the height of folly
for you to do it, because he would never
believe you against me. But, if you will
not listen to reason, you may do your
worst!"

"I will!" he cried, passionately.
"And he will know I speak the truth,
for I never yet deceived him!"

"You never have, dear Lyndon!" I
exclaimed, breaking in upon them like a
ghost in the parlor of my passion. "As
for you," I said, turning to where
Agatha shrieked and feigned to swoon,
"I must never look upon your face
again!"

I think I would have fallen but for
Lyndon's protecting arm. He led me to
my room, bade me lie down, and bathed
my forehead, soothing me into a semi-
blance of quietude.

Agatha left Maple River; how, or
when, I know not; and I rose and
stalked about more restless than before,
hating the sunshine, the south wind, the
birds, the flowers—loving the tem-
pests, the lightnings and the storms. I
had no mother's memory to restrain me
—for I had not yet learned to love one
I had never known—and I cursed all
women alike, as false-hearted, frivolous
and despicably vain.

I besought Lyndon to accompany me
upon my travels, but he refused. He
was already indebted to me for his edu-
cation—he must work now. I was
wealthy, and could afford to travel. But
he was poor and proud—he would never
be an idler.

and enumerated at length the many virtues
of his betrothed. I must come back
to Maple River, he said. It would be
pleasanter for me than ever before, and
Rose should be my sister.

I smiled at this, half pitying Lyndon,
as I remembered my own experience in
love. But when two years had passed
away I determined to return Lyndon
urged it so strongly, even proposing that
Rose and he should leave Maple River,
if I preferred solitude.

I answered, that if he did so I would
never visit the place again, and so he
was content.

I took my way homeward slowly,
writing sometimes to Lyndon; though
I did not tell him the precise time at
which I expected to reach Maple River,
for I wished to surprise him, in a certain
degree, at least. I wished to see wheth-
er he was as happy in his married life as
he represented, so I would not give him
an opportunity to spread a mask of prepa-
ration before my eyes.

It was evening when I reached home,
the twilight of early spring. The trees
were just budding, the hyacinths and
daffodils were in bloom, and the whole
air was sweet. A hush seemed to hang
over the house and over the river, very
soothing to the sense of a weary wan-
derer.

I paused a moment upon the porch.
The door opened, and a servant came
out. He recognized me at once, and
was about to rush in with the news of
my arrival, but I checked him.

"Is Mr. Anthon at home?" I asked.
"Yes sir," was the reply; "he and
Mrs. Anthon are spending the evening
in the library."

"You need not announce me—I will
seek them there."

He bowed, and stood aside for me to
enter. Removing my hat, I passed
quietly through the hall, which was not
lighted, to the open library door.

One glance within, and I paused, as
before a sacred shrine. The evening
was slightly cool, and a fire had been
kindled within the grate. The bright
flame leaped gaily upward from the
bed of glowing coal, casting a scarlet
light over the room. The blinds of the
deep eastern windows were open, and
the white rays of the moon came through
the lace curtains, casting shadows of
swaying ivy-bells and rose cups on the
carpet.

Lyndon sat moving near the fire, his
check resting against his hand, and a
soft glow in his eyes as he glanced over
to where Rose sat, with his child upon
her knee—the little child which bore my
name.

Rose turned toward the moon-
light, shading the closed eyes of the boy
as she rocked slowly to and fro, and
softly sang a lullaby song. She was
slender and pale, scarcely beautiful, but
O how white and pure!

They were so happy, so content!
And I, a weary pilgrim, stood at the
doorway, as dazed as I might have been
with a glimpse of heaven. I was very
weary and there was something in that
low song which touched me to the heart.
It was not that it brought sweet remem-
brances of my own childhood. Perhaps
if I had ever heard my mother's song, it
might have made me better, purer; and
now, as I stood, something like rever-
ence for her whose life was taken for
mine, rushed over me for the first time.
I had never known why my life had
been so utterly desolate until now.

How long I stood with that weary
soul-hunger within me, I cannot tell. I
remembered wondering, as I looked upon
Rose's white face, whether it was the
moonlight, or the firelight, or the mist
about my eyes, which cast the halo
round her head.

I was not long in doubt. She came in
almost immediately, and Lyndon rose,
proudly, I thought, and said:
"My wife, Tom, and your sister
Rose."

She extended her hand with a few
words of welcome, and took her seat near
us, with a bright but pleasant smile up-
on her face. She did not seem demon-
strative, and yet she was not shy. I
felt at ease at once. She seemed to ex-
pect me to act my own pleasure, and her
presence was not an unpleasant restraint
as I had feared it might be.

She soon marshalled us into the li-
brary, saying the parlor was cheerless
without a fire, and drew up an armchair
for me opposite Lyndon's by the grate.
She did not object to cigar smoke, but
said she seemed to thrive in it; and in a
few moments I was puffing away at a
choice Havana, my feet upon the fender,
and elbow resting upon the arm of my
chair, wondering where my weariness had
gone.

Then rose said to Lyndon that he
must take me up to my room to bathe
my face when I had finished smoking,
and fitted away. So, when I threw
my cigar, we went up stairs, and
there Lyndon left me.

"You will find everything right in your
room, I think," he said, as he turned to
go down again. "Rose is very precious
in such matters."

Everything was right; just at hand,
somehow, and there was a cheerful fire
frobly lighted within the grate. The
room at first seemed unchanged, but
when I came to look more closely about
me, it appeared brighter than ever be-
fore. The furniture was just the same,
but two or three sunny pictures had
been added, and some pretty tridles in
the way of toilet articles. A Parian
vase stood upon the mantel, filled with
fragrant hyacinths, thin lily-like green
leaves drooping gracefully upon the
blooms. There was a comfortable easy-
chair, too, which looked very inviting,
but I did not stop to try it. Hastily
arranging my toilet, I returned to the li-
brary.

Lyndon still sat by the fire, but Rose
stood a little apart, in the fall blaze of
the chandelier. Why did the light fall
over her so whitely? Or was it her
pale face which made the light seem
clearer? And yet she was not too
ethereal.

I took my place near Lyndon, and
asked for my little namesake.

"He is asleep," Rose said, "and I do
not wish to disturb him to night."

Then she touched the bell, and tea
was brought up; a cosy little supper of
her own ordering, and with my favorite
dishes too. When I laid my head upon
the pillows that night, I felt more at
peace than I had before in years.

The days passed. Rose treated me
as a sister, but a sister only. I never
met her, accidentally, in any of the se-
cluded garden paths. Her eyes always
met mine serenely and quietly, and yet
she was almost as frank and free as
Lyndon himself. If it chanced that I
did not go with Lyndon to his office,
but remained at home throughout the
day, I would find an entertaining volume
upon the table in my room, and Rose
would be unusually occupied with her
household affairs. Or, if she brought
out her sewing upon the porch in the
afternoon, to watch for Lyndon's return,
the boy was always playing at her feet,
always seeming to come between us and
keep us a little apart, though he was
very dear to both.

I pondered upon these things one
evening as I sat alone in my room. I
was glad that it was so; glad there was
one woman in this world who did not
expect me to fall down and worship her;
and I found myself repeating the lines—
"None knelt at her feet confessed lovers in
thrall;
They knelt to God more than they used—
that was all!"

It was true. She seemed to bring me
up to the level of her pure thought and
life, and the bitter cynicism of my na-
ture vanished. I had never known
what it was to have a home before—
never realized the full beautiful meaning
of the word.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]
A REPORTER who attended a banquet,
concludes his description with a candid
statement that it is not remembered by
anybody present who made the last
speech.

A REAL Christian loves close, pointed,
searching preaching, and seeks not the
ministry of those who speak with en-
ticing words of man's wisdom.

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.
Advertisements, Executive and Auditor's
Notice, \$2.00. Professional and Business
Cards, not exceeding one square, and includ-
ing copy of paper, \$5.00 per year. Notice
in reading columns, ten cents per line. Mer-
chant's advertising by year at special rates.

One square.....	3 months	6 months	1 year
Two squares.....	\$ 3.50	\$ 6.00	\$ 8.00
Three squares.....	5.00	8.00	11.00
One-fourth col'n.	6.00	10.00	15.00
Half column.....	10.00	17.00	25.00
One column.....	18.00	25.00	45.00
	30.00	45.00	80.00

SHORT ITEMS.

When a maiden gets married, she ends
a miss spent life.

Dresses for love—coloring your mus-
tache to please a woman.

Land in some parts of Florida is offered
for sale eighteen cents an acre.

Keep on good terms with your wife,
your stomach and your conscience.

In one town "down east" 30 men
make 180 bushels of tooth-picks daily.

A Finnish army surgeon recommends
wooden shoes as a preventive of rheuma-
tism.

A shrewd old lady compares her hus-
band to a tall candle; he always splut-
ters and smokes when he is put out.

An Indiana woman was run over re-
cently and killed on the railroad in try-
ing to save a pot boiling from a similar
fate.

A Poughkeepsie man died the same
day that the news came of his having
inherited \$70,000 from a relative in the
old country.

"Cotton is declining," said Mr. P.,
reading the morning paper. "I thought so,"
said Mrs. P.; "the last thread I
bought was quite weak."

Attention falls upon some as the
genial showers upon earth's bosom, to
call forth fair flowers from seeds long
sterile.

"What should you be, dearest," said
Waite to his sweetheart, "if I was to
press the seal of wax upon those sealing-
wax lips?"—"I should be stationary."

A gentle father in Vicksburg, Miss.,
a short time ago, tied his twelve year old
son to the rafters of the house by his feet
and flogged him till he was nearly dead.