

The JUNIATA SENTINEL is published every Wednesday morning at \$1.00 a year, in advance, or \$2.00 in all cases if not paid promptly in advance. No subscriptions discontinued until arrears are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

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BLOOMING 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.

New Drug Store IN PERRYVILLE. DR. J. J. APPERVAUGH has established a Drug and Prescription Store in the above-named place, and keeps a general assortment of DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

NEW DRUG STORE. BANKS & HAMLIN, Main Street, Mifflintown, Pa. DEALERS IN DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

LARGE VARIETY OF PATENT MEDICINES, selected with great care, and warranted from high authority. Purest of WINE and LIQUORS for Medical Purposes.

WALL PAPER. Rally to the Place where you can buy your Wall Paper Cheap.

THE undersigned takes this method of informing the public that he has just received at his residence on Third Street, Mifflintown, a large assortment of WALL PAPER.

of various styles, which he offers for sale CHEAPER than can be purchased elsewhere in the country. All persons in need of the above article, and wishing to save money, are invited to call and examine his stock and hear his prices before going elsewhere.

Large supply constantly on hand. SIMON BASOM, Mifflintown, April 5, 1872.

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

Juniata



Sentinel

E. F. SCHWEIER,

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

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOLUME XXVI, No. 32

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN. A., AUGUST 7, 1872.

WHOLE NUMBER 1326.

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 \$3.00.

No teeth allowed to leave the office unless the patient is satisfied.

Teeth reworked and repaired.

Teeth filled to last for life.

Toothache stopped in five minutes without extracting the tooth.

Each work done for persons without them leaving their homes, if desired.

Electricity used in the extraction of teeth, rendering it almost a painless operation, (an extra charge) at the Dental Office of G. L. DERR, established in Mifflintown in 1859.

G. L. DERR, DENTIST.

Jan 24, 1872-ly

C. ROTIROCK, 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 Wild Cat Valley.

Third week—Mifflintown and Reason Valley.

Fourth week at his office in McAllisterville. Will visit Mifflin when called on.

Teeth put on any of the bases, and as liberal as anywhere else.

Admission by letter or otherwise.

May 1, 1872-ly

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 various 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

MIFFLINTOWN, PENN.

JOSEPH POMEROY, President.

T. VAN IRVAN, Cashier.

Directors.

Joseph Pomerooy, John J. Patterson, Jerome N. Thompson, George Jacobs, John Balsbach.

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 informs 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 furnishing Beef every Tuesday and Saturday morning, and Veal and Mutton every Thursday morning. Give me your patronage, and will guarantee to sell you good meat as the country can produce, and as cheap as any other butcher in the country.

SOLOMON SIEBER.

June 14, 1872

BEST CIGARS IN TOWN

Hollobach's Saloon.

Two for 5 cents. Also, the Free-hair 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 moderate 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, 1871-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.

Promises Test the Principles.

If you make a promise to do a thing, Be true to yourself and do it! Don't water and stammer and hem and haw. Going out instead of through it. The real worth of man is told, Not by his silver or his gold, Though great his hoarded treasure, Not by his boastful tongue, Although his fame may have loudly rung— But by truth's unerring measure.

Have you given your word to be or do? Is your own true faith now pledged? Let it prove as good as a written bond, And never be turned or slighted. You were reared, recruited, in an honest school And have learned by heart the golden rule— How to do by others.

If the word has gone from your heart to lip, Indorse it, then, with a hearty grip— 'Tis the golden bond of brothers.

If you make a promise to do a thing, No power on earth can rend it; For up in the record book above, The angel scribbles his promise it. It shall last while the sun and twilight glow, While mountains stand and water flows, And longer—yes, forever, Then make no promise you can't fulfill, As long as life's quick pulses thrill, No, never, never, never.

Select Story.

Lyndon's Rose.

BELLOU'S MAGAZINE.

[CONCLUDED.]

The season went by and autumn came. I was content to live this quietly, and had no wish to roam. There came a midsummer day in September, sultry and scorching. I did not go with Lyndon in the morning, but after lunch set out for a walk. I might not have been quite well—I scarcely can tell how it was—but the sun seemed to scorch me, blind me. I groped my way back to the house, and found that Lyndon had returned early on account of the extreme heat.

"My head burns and throbs fearfully, Lyndon," I said, "and I am dizzy almost to blindness!" I sat upon the sofa, and he rushed out into the hall, exclaiming with a vehemence which frightened me: "Rose! Rose! I do believe Tom has had a stroke! Do come and see what we can do for him!"

"We," he said; "but I think he was too frightened to render me any assistance. In a moment Rose entered the room, and closed the door behind her. She first placed a cool pillow under my head. "Don't be alarmed, Lyndon dear," she said, in a tone which calmed us both at once. "I don't apprehend anything serious."

She drew up an ottoman to the side of the sofa, and commenced to bathe my forehead from a bowl which she held in her hand, with a liquid, cool, fragrant and clear. Then she brought me a glass of acid lemonade. After this she resumed her seat, bathing my head again, and lightly brushing back my hair. In a few moments the pain was charmingly away. I closed my eyes and wondered what mesmeric power was hidden within her light slender fingers, that their touch should thrill me so. A subtle soothing influence seemed to steal over me—something like the magic of a mother's song to a weary child—and I slept.

When I awoke it was evening, and my mind was strangely clear; though I opened my eyes with the consciousness that I had whispered some one's name in waking. No one was within the room, but through the lace-drawn windows I saw Lyndon's form, resting against a pillar of the porch. Rose sat beside him, in a low rustic chair. She wore white; something dainty and misty; and as I looked, Lyndon plucked a spray of cypress blossoms, with their light feathery foliage, from the pillar, and laid it against her hair.

I closed my eyes and turned my face away. Why? Was it strange that Lyndon should love his wife, and that wife—Rose—the queen of true-hearted women? I said my mind was clear. I knew then, for the first time, that I was wildly, madly in love with Rose—with Lyndon's Rose!

God knows I never meant it to be so. I tried to love them alike, as brother and sister. I had been so happy under the delusion that I had succeeded in doing so, and this was the end! I groped my way to my room, wondering if murderers were ever more conscience smitten than was I. Lyndon had always been my friend—a friend such as few can boast. Years before, he had saved me from a life of misery, and this was his reward.

I looked out upon the warm, glowing landscape, and shivered as with cold. The river sparkled in the moonlight, and brought me back a memory of the gipsy's prophecy I had loved—but I was drifting still—rocked and dashed by the pitiless waves of a bitter, lashing despair.

There was but one thing for me to do. I must leave Maple River forever. I must go—but whither? O, how dreary seemed the world to me then. How cold! Two days afterwards I stood upon the porch equipped for my journey. Rose stood near me, her child in her arms;

and Lyndon was in his room preparing to accompany me to the depot. I took the boy from farewell camp, to hide my real sorrow, but he looked into my face with eyes so like his father's I only kissed him silently. His nurse appeared at that moment to take him for his morning nap, and unclasping his arms from my neck, I gave him into her charge. I heard Lyndon's voice giving some directions to a servant, and then I turned to bid Rose adieu.

"Good-by," she said, regretfully. "I am sorry you do not like us well enough to remain, but I hope you may be happy wherever you may go."

What could I tell her? The touch of her hand—her very presence, thrilled my soul—and yet we were so far apart. "Thank you," I said, at last.

I waited. I was looking upon her face for the last time, perhaps. For the moment reason gave way to passion. She had been so good to me—and I loved her so! I could not leave her to think I was ungrateful for all her kindness.

"Rose," I said, white and calm from the intensity of my passion, "It is because I am too happy here, that I am going away."

She looked up quickly. She had already seemed to divine my motives readily, and she understood me at once. A scarlet flush suddenly flamed her cheeks, and, retreating a step or two, she drew herself up proudly. Her eyes flashed, if altogether in anger, I could not tell.

"If that be true," she answered, slowly, "you must remain. Lyndon and I will leave at once."

"No, no!" I cried, quickly. "You are unjust to speak so!" Lyndon came out upon the porch. He heard my last words, and saw the flush upon the face of his wife.

"You are not quarrelling, I hope," he said, half in jest, half in regretful surprise.

"No," I answered, feeling guilty at heart. "Rose seems to fear you are trespassing upon my bounty in remaining here. She cannot know how much I love you, or what you have always been to me."

I could have sobbed outright, my feelings were so overwrought. Rose seemed undecided whether to speak or not; so I turned, and touching my hat hurried down the walk. Lyndon stopped to converse a moment with his wife, and then they came down to the gate together. Rose reached out her hand to me.

"Good-by, once more, Tom," she said. "I did not mean to anger you, for I wish to be your friend."

"You have been—you are—little Rose," I answered. "God bless you!" and then we were whirled away.

Lyndon parted from me affectionately, and set out upon my wanderings. To the remotest ends of the earth I went, but my conscience would not cease to upbraid me. Never had I loved Lyndon so much as now, since I had proved unworthy of his friendship. All his little acts of kindness in youth came up before me, all his generous devotion and love, and the memory smote me as a two-edged sword.

I had taken with me no memento of Rose. Not a picture she had touched, not a trifle which her deft hands had fashioned, not a flower which she had gathered. I do not mean that I was praiseworthy in this, for it would have been torture. I only prayed that I might forget her, but forgetfulness never came.

I waited for a reply patiently, but it was months before one came. Then I received a short note from a neighbor and mutual friend, telling me of Lyndon's death. He had received my letter, and unable to answer it, had his friend to write me of his unaltered affection, and wishes for my happiness.

It was so like Lyndon my dear, true-hearted boy! and the tidings brought me some degree of peace. I made my preparations to return to Maple River for Rose had left and the place needed my care. After I reached home I wrote to Rose, assuring her of my desire to be her friend, and she must not hesitate to call upon me if she ever needed my counsel.

Her mother, Mrs. Dorr, answered the letter in a chatty and rather effusive strain, thanking me for her daughter, and for herself, urging me to call often at her house; but never a word from Rose.

Two years passed by. I had not availed myself of Mrs. Dorr's invitation; but one day, when I chanced to drive past her house, which was about ten miles distant from Maple River, an irresistible desire to see Rose once more came over me. So I stopped, and ascended the steps of the fine old mansion which showed some signs of decay, though the grounds were neatly kept.

I found Mrs. Dorr in the parlor. She was a well preserved lady of fifty and seemed to be a very practical sort of person. She sent up to Rose of my arrival, and then informed me, in a semi-confidential way, that she had persuaded her daughter to lay aside mourning, and enter society once more. I had called just in the right time, she said. There was a large company of city friends invited to her house for the month of June. Would I honor her, and become her guest also? And how followed numberless excuses for the very plain manner in which they lived. However, if I would come, they would endeavor to the best of their ability to make it pleasant for me. Here Rose entered and interrupted her mother's apologies.

Rose came forward and quietly grasped my hand. I wondered if she remembered my words when I held it in mine last. A little flush shot over her face, and there was a slight flutter of the white eyelids, but that was all. She might have been welcoming the merest acquaintance, but for that. She sat near me and commenced conversation in the old way, graceful and quiet, though she did not speak of the past.

Before I left, Mrs. Dorr renewed her invitation. I accepted for a few days, and, according to promise, arrived at her house about the middle of June.

I found the place quite gay. There was Mr. Algood, an elderly gentleman, who seemed very familiarly to the members of the company, and very polite to Mrs. Dorr; Mr. Berwick, a handsome and dashing widower of thirty five; Agatha Rodney, as stately as ever, and almost as beautiful, and a few other ladies and gentlemen, ordinary in appearance, who served as excellent foils for the more brilliant members of the company.

I soon began to fear that I had been too tardy in my arrival for Mr. Berwick seemed absolutely fascinated with Rose, and was very marked in his attention to her. I fancied that Agatha disliked him exceedingly. I had joined the company only that I might have an opportunity to rob Rose. I was an awkward lover, and, somehow, could never bring about a single line to a lady; while Mr. Berwick who was always perfectly at ease, monopolized her upon every walk or ride.

After watching them for two or three days, I became fully convinced that Rose loved him. I would have returned to Maple River, but somehow, I could not. So I remained, and grew more and more desperate each day.

One evening, when I had listened to the pretty nothings which Mr. Berwick uttered for the amusement of Rose, I became half frantic with jealousy, and rushed out on the porch to sit in the moonlight alone. I was scarcely seated, when I heard a footstep, and Agatha Rodney stood beside me.

"Don't look so forbidding!" she exclaimed, in a low tone, and glancing about to assure herself that no one was near. "You hate me?" And she sat down by my side. "I don't love you. So no harm can come of this interview."

I smiled a little in spite of myself; I believe I admired the woman still; and said, "Certainly not," in reply.

"You love Rose—" she began.

I started up.

"I shall speak of her in a moment; some one may come out. Rose's carriage he is in love with her better. He only likes me because she has a certain reserved manner toward all gentlemen, and so he must, of course, win her to fall down and worship him."

"Rose loves him?" I said.

"I cannot tell, but I don't believe it. This I do know. Mrs. Dorr is very anxious for Rose to marry."

"But why?"

"O, because she herself is engaged to Mr. Algood, and after their marriage, which is to take place in the fall, Rose will be in the way. You know very well how it is to have a third person in a family, for you tried it six months with Lyndon and Rose. Don't flush! I know nothing of your experience except what I surmise. What I mean to say is this. If Mr. Berwick asks Rose to be his wife, Mrs. Dorr will surely urge her to accept him."

"Whether Rose loves him or not? Surely, Rose would follow her own inclinations in the matter!"

"I am no prophet—at least where her action is connected. But we all know a faint heart never conquers. Mr. Berwick likes me—was on the eve of a proposal three weeks ago. I know he is fickle, but it is his worst fault."

"She flitted away, and I sat for some time pondering upon her words. At last I rose and reentered the parlor. "Mr. Castleton," said Mrs. Dorr, as I took my seat near Mr. Berwick and Rose, "you have not heard of our arrangements for to-morrow. We propose a ride up to the summit of Mount Hope. The roads are rough a part of the way, but the view from the top of the mountain is really grand."

"It is, indeed," I replied. "But will we not cease to make some arrangement about the carriages to-night?"

"Hardly," returned Mr. Berwick. "Mrs. Dorr has a large carriage, which will easily carry all but four of us. You and I each have our horse and lighter phaeton, and can take a lady apiece."

"A very good arrangement," I observed, carelessly. Agatha turned and looked me full in the face, but I did not need her warning. "Mrs. Anthon," I continued, "will you honor me with your company on the trip?"

I can hardly describe the effect which my words produced. Mr. Berwick sprang to his feet, but recovering himself sat down again. A "wide-mouthed smile" showed itself upon Mrs. Dorr's face, and Mr. Algood's lips twitched suspiciously under his white mustache. Agatha looked as though she would like to pat me upon the head, and the remainder of the company showed evident signs of surprise.

Rose only smiled.

"I shall be very glad to accompany you, Mr. Castleton," she said.

Next morning, quite early, we set out. I handed Rose into the carriage with a little feeling of pride, and as my boys were slightly restive, one of the ladies in Mrs. Dorr's carriage requested that I should lead the way, as she was rather timid. I readily consented, and away we sped. The horses were fleet, but easily controlled by a firm hand, Mr. Berwick closely followed us, and I was glad to see Agatha by his side. Rose seemed to enjoy the drive, and was almost gay.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 4 columns: Rate type, 3 months, 6 months, 1 year. Rows include One square, Two squares, Three squares, One-fourth col'n, Half column, One column.

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.

A merry laugh broke over the party in Mrs. Dorr's carriage. For myself, I was almost delicious with joy, but Rose was trembling, frightened.

"I hope I have not been overbold," she exclaimed, doubtfully, in a low voice.

"Overbold!" I cried, unable to hide my triumph. "If you have been, I'll match you, my darling!" And I stooped and touched her lips with mine before them all. Then I handed her into the carriage, and bowing, led the way.

The ride down the mountain was grand, for the clouds were beautiful; some seemed to scud before us, below our path. The forked lightnings flashed around us, and the thunder was deep and loud. There was slight danger in the situation, perhaps, but, shared together, the very peril was sweet and full of fascination. I think we scarcely spoke during the ride. I was too happy for words, and as for Rose, her clear eyes had lost their hardness, and dropped before my own. But I knew her heart was mine, and all the bitter cringing agony of years was recompensed.

After we reached home the ladies kissed and congratulated Rose—I think they sobbed over her a little—and then Agatha asked their congratulations too. She seemed happy—perhaps she was truly so. I was too overjoyed to judge, her, even if I had the right.

This was three years ago. To-night I sit in the library, and again the bright fire glows within the grate, casting rosy shadows about the room. My life ship drifts restlessly no longer, but lies peacefully anchored by the inexplicable strength and power of my darling's love.

Rose—not Lyndon's now, but mine—sits in the rocker, soothing to slumber our little child—my boy, with Lyndon's name.

O Lyndon! my more than brother! when we meet at last given "they neither marry nor are given in marriage," you will know that I never, even in thought, meant to wrong you. You will know that, next to the child which sleeps upon Rose's knee, I love the one resting by your side; and next to my darling's love which is the strongest emotion of my passionate soul, your memory, O Lyndon, is cherished in my heart of hearts!

MEDICAL and scientific authorities state that there is an alarming increase in the demand for opium in the United States. Last year the entire yield of Smyrna opium, the kind used in America and Europe, was 500,000 pounds of which the United States took 250,000 pounds. An immense quantity of opium is produced in India, but it is of a poorer quality and is consumed mostly in China. It is stated that the production in Smyrna is growing less every year, so that there is a strong probability that the inferior Indian drug will soon be put into the market and sold as the genuine. Indeed there is strong reason to suspect that such is already the case. Any kind of opium is bad enough, but the substitution of that just mentioned for the Smyrna is as bad as discarding the best Otard brandy for the worst quality of strychnine whiskey. Opium eaters, beware!

An Ohio paper tells the following:—Our sheriff, M. M. McPheridge, lost a valuable silver watch in a strip of timberland in Davies county, fifteen years ago, and after a thorough search was unable to find it. The timber has since been cleared off, and the ground has been under cultivation about six years. Six weeks ago, a little girl of Mr. Wigglesworth was playing beans she found a silver watch with a silver chain attached. After taking it home she gave it to her father, who opened it and found Mr. McPheridge's name engraved upon the inside. The watch and chain were in good preservation, and Mr. McPheridge states that the only