The Juniata Sentinel.

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Juniata Sentinel.

B. F. SCHWEIER, [THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.] EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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WILL EXHIBIT AT

MIFFLINTOWN,

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31st, 1872.

Poetry.

Ask Me Not to Drink.

Fair lady, ask me not to drink,
A toast to thee to-night;
For broken vows and blasted hopes,
Expose the demon's blight.
Put back the wine—I dare not taste—
Put back the sparkling bowl;
For who hath quaffed a draught so deep,
And reached a blissful goal?

Oh, ask me not, there lies within
A poison deep and dire;
And every drop but serves the more,
To fan the latent fire.
Each draft will quench my sense of guilt,
And blast youth's budding hope;
Each drop will sink me deeper still,
In moral night to grope.

Oh, press me not to touch the cup,
Within are glaring eyes,
And starving widows, hungry babes,
And freezing orphan's cries;
Whom the gods destroy they first make drunk,
Then ask me not to drink;
Oh tempt me not, but spare my soul,
From death's eternal brink.

I have three sisters, mildly fair,
Like angels round my way;
Whose love is like the stars that shine,
With undiminished ray;
Shall they be doomed to see me fall,
A prey to maddening drink,
And sundered be the love that binds,
Or snap the golden link?

Another sleeps where sadly wave,
The willows in the vale;
And midnight whispers from the sky,
Come on the sighing gale;
She passed away as summer's breath,
In life's incipient bloom;
Then tempt me not, I would not mar,
Her slumbers in the tomb.

Miscellany.

Romantic.

Two Loving Hearts United after Seven Years of Waiting.

In a recent issue the Kansas City *Bulletin* relates the following:—

Quite a romantic marriage took place at the Garno House, Wayndotte City, on Saturday last. The circumstances are these:—A Miss Moshier, living in Freeport, Stevenson county, Illinois, became engaged to young man named Morrison, of the same place. Business being dull there in 1865, the time our story commences, he concluded to try his fortunes in California. So after taking a long farewell of the loved one, he departed on his journey, promising to write regularly, and either come or send for her as soon as fortune smiled upon him. Two long, weary years rolled by, and she received no letters from him, and nothing was heard by his or her friends of his whereabouts. A report about this time was freely circulated by a young man named Shipman, post master of Freeport, that Morrison was married. Although hardly credited by Miss Moshier, still his long silence, together with the report of his marriage, made her come to the unwilling conclusion that she was forgotten.

Shipman now became very assiduous in his attentions to her, and, after a short courtship, asked her to become his wife, she, stung to the quick with the treatment of her first love, finally consented, and in due time they were married and concluded to make their home out West, removing from Freeport to Kansas City, Mo. Here everything went on smoothly for a time, but, in an unguarded moment, her husband told her he had intercepted Morrison's letters to her, and that he had written repeatedly and often, but, as soon as they came into his hands they were destroyed. Instead of forgiveness, as he expected, she upbraided him for his perfidy, and, in short, led him such a life that he soon deserted her. After a reasonable time she commenced action for a divorce, which was duly granted on grounds of abandonment. She still remained in Kansas City, doing the best she could to earn a livelihood.

We must now turn to Morrison, who, after waiting two years, and hearing nothing from the object of his affections grew restless, but still worked on until news came of her marriage. On hearing this he immediately packed up with the intention of coming home to ascertain the truth of the report. On his way home he determined to stop at Kansas City, which he did, and upon his arrival there almost the first person he met was his long lost love. Mutual explanations took place, and she being free again a speedy marriage was agreed upon, which duly took place before justice Newman of Wyandotte, last Saturday, and thus after nearly seven years of patient waiting and suffering, two loving hearts became one.

An extraordinary tale was told by one Thomas Smith, a countryman, at a London police court, the other day. The prosecutor, who, we are told, appeared in the witness box habited only in trousers, shirt and collar, charged a woman with luring him into a house in Spitalfield's, under pretense of finding him a lodging, and there depriving him of his boots, coat, necktie and hat, locking him up in a room, and, while keeping him a prisoner, pawning his clothes. It appears that, under a threat of murder, the man had been so frightened as to submit confinement for thirty-six hours. His clothes, which had been discovered at a pawn-broker's, were restored to him by order of the magistrate, and the prisoner was remanded.

An Amusing Mistake.

The Wrong Kind of a Hotel.

The Brussels *Echo du Parliament* tells a pleasant story of an Englishman and his wife, who, not knowing a word of German, but being able to express themselves well in French, resolved to visit Berlin and Dresden. At Berlin they had been recommended to a hotel, whither they were riding in a hack, when all at once the lady espied an imposing edifice upon which were inscribed in large letters the words "Hotel Radzievill." She cried out, "There is a beautiful hotel, and the situation is splendid." "Suppose we go there?" suggested the husband. "All right." It was done as soon as said. The driver was stopped. There were several ladies about the hotel, but none of them spoke either English or French. However the servants were made to understand by gestures that they were to take in the luggage, and the travelers were ceremoniously conducted into an apartment. The lady asked by signs, for a sleeping room, to which she was led, and on her return said to her husband:—"I never saw in all my life a hotel so admirably furnished. Come and see the chamber and sleeping room?" Having dressed, our English folk lunched and announced to the servant that they would dine at five. They went to walk. On their return a gentleman of distinguished appearance entered their room, saluted them and said something in German which they did not understand. The Englishman, thinking him a little familiar, replied carelessly in English, "Good morning." "How do you do?" And the stranger withdrew. A delicious dinner was served. When the servants had gone, "My dear," said the gentleman to his wife, "all this is excellent. This is evidently first-class. But it must be very dear, and, as a matter of prudence, it will be well to ask for the bill to-morrow morning." But he neglected to do so and two days more passed like the first. At last the bill was asked for but it was not brought. "I am beginning to be a little uneasy, my dear," said the husband. "Surely no one can be better cared for than we are are here but I am persuaded the charges will be frightful." At that moment the gentleman of distinguished appearance entered and the following dialogue took place:—

The stranger.—"I am Prince Radzievill."

The Englishman (rising and bringing a chair).—"To what may I attribute the honor of this visit?"

The Prince.—"You have evidently taken this house for a public hotel."

The Englishman.—"Certainly."

The Prince.—"Well, this is my private house, my hotel."

The Englishman was so astonished that he could make no reply and could not explain the mistake of his wife, who, in the greatest consternation, began to tell the prince in English that the word "hotel" over the door had caused his error. The prince, who saw their confusion, politely expressed his satisfaction at having given hospitality to English people, and begged them to remain a few days longer that he might enjoy their society. Of course the invitation was politely declined. The Englishman succeeded in making the servants accept a few presents, and the prince insisted upon accompanying them to a real "hotel!" in his own carriage. Prince Radzievill is the Russian ambassador at Berlin.

The Pittsburg *Chronicle* of Saturday a week says: Yesterday afternoon there was a strange and terrible occurrence at a house on Third avenue, near Wood street. The corpse of a little child had been laid out in the front room, and wax candles placed around it. One of these lighted candles fell over in some manner and set fire to the surroundings of the little corpse, and the body itself was quite badly burned before the flames were discovered. To extinguish the fire was but a brief work after the discovery of it.

Hotels and landlords are often the prey of sharp rogues, and new tricks are continually brought to light, by means of which some one gets fleeced. The last dodge of all, and one it seems easy to be accomplished is thus related of one of these sharpers: He took a room and slept in it over night. In the morning he points out to the porter, three trunks from a pile in the hall as his, and directs them to be carried to his room, which was done there being nothing to excite suspicion. He then broke the trunks open, selected such articles as suited his fancy, and got away with the spoils.—*Lancaster Examiner.*

Speak kindly in the morning, it lightens the cares of the day, and makes the household and all other affairs move on more smoothly. Speak kindly at night for it may be that before dawn some loved one may finish his or her space of life for this world and it will be too late to ask forgiveness.

The way they muzzle dogs in most of the Western towns is by placing the muzzle behind the ear and pulling the trigger.

Golden Words From a Merchant.

We all want to know how good and strong men have made their ways in the world. They were once boys like you.—What steps did they take to become true men? An eminent merchant in New York, Mr. Jonathan Sturgis, tells us a little of his experience, which, I am sure every boy will be glad to hear about.

"One of my first lessons," says Mr. Sturgis, "was in 1813, when I was eleven years old. My grandfather had a fine flock of merino sheep which were carefully tended during the war of that day. I was the shepherd boy, and my business was to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy who was more fond of his book than the sheep was sent with me, but left the work to me while he lay under the trees and read. I did not like that, finally went to my grandfather and complained of it. I shall never forget the kind smile of the old gentleman as he said:

"Never mind, Jonathan, my boy, if you watch the sheep you will have the sheep."

"What does grandfather mean by that? I said to myself; I don't expect to have sheep. My desire was moderate, and a fine buck was worth a thousand dollars. I could not exactly make out in my mind what it was, but I had great confidence in him, for he was a judge and had been to Congress in Washington's time; so I concluded it was all right and went back contentedly to the sheep. After I got into the field I could not keep his words out of my head. Then I thought of Sunday's lesson—"Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." I began to see through it. 'Never you mind who neglects his duty; be you faithful and you will have your reward.

"I received a second person soon after. I came to this city as a clerk to the late Kymen Reed. A merchant from Ohio, who knew me, came to buy goods, and said: 'Make yourself so useful that they cannot do without you.' I took his meaning quicker than I did that of my grandfather.

"Well I worked upon those two ideas until Mr. Reed offered me a partnership in the business. The first morning after the partnership was made know, Mr. James Geery, the old tea merchant, called to congratulate me, and said: "You are all right now. I have only a word of advice to give you: be careful who you walk the streets with." That was lesson number three.

And what valuable lessons they are! "Fidelity in little things; do your best for your employer; carefullness about associates." Let every boy take these lessons home and study them well. They are the foundation-stones of character and honorable success.

A Novel Duel.

Among the reminiscences told of the Franco Prussian war is the account of a curious duel between two subordinate officers of the French army.

"You intend to fight a duel eh?" asked the commandant.

"Yes Colonel. Words have passed which can only be wiped out by blood. We don't want to pass as cowards."

"Very well, you shall fight, but it must be in this way:—Take your carbines, place yourselves on a line facing Malmaison, where the enemy is. You will march upon their garrison with equal step. When sufficiently near their posts you will then fire upon them. The Prussians will reply. You continue to advance and fire. When one falls the the other may turn upon his heels, and his retreat shall be covered by one of my companies."

"In this way," concluded the commandant, "the blood which you both demand will be spilled with profit and glory, and he who comes back will do so without regret, without the remorse of having killed or wounded with his own hand a Frenchman, at a time when France needs all her defenders and all her children. If you both fall, who shall say that you are cowards? I may also add that I thus give you an excellent opportunity for putting a couple of Germans out of the way, a service that will procure for you a good recommendation for reward and promotion."

The matter was arranged as the commandant had dictated. At twenty paces from the walls of Malmaison, one of the adversaries was wounded, staggered and fell. The other ran to him, raised him up, and carried him off on his shoulders amid a perfect hail storm of balls—both, thenceforth, entitled to the greatest honor and respect from the whole regiment.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

A petrified buffalo, full size, standing, and in the act of eating, has been found near Spiraneyville, Iowa.

Remarkable Adventure.

A Man Swept Through a Mile of Sewer Comes Out Alive.

[From the Cincinnati Gazette, August 15.]

Our citizens will remember how the showers came night before last, in frequent succession, pouring torrents, while they lasted, but stopping after a brief pour. Well, there were, at 8 o'clock on that evening, seven men at the point in Sycamore and Abigail streets to which is completed the great sewer which is really an up-town extension of the big Eggleston avenue sewer. Their business is to clean the open end of that sewer, so as to prevent delay to workmen engaged in constructing it up Sycamore street. It had occurred to them that by stirring the sediment at the bottom of the sewer the waters from the showers would wash it away, and their work would in this way be greatly expedited. After a long cessation in the rain they went into the sewer some distance and continued their work. While so engaged, one of those heavy, sudden showers which characterized the evening came up and poured down its tremendous streams. The first warning they had of their peril was a sudden rush of waters upon them, carrying the whole party off their feet. The four men nearest the mouth of the sewer escaped with difficulty, battling up stream against a powerful current, the other three were carried down toward the river by the galloping tide of the defiled waters. Two of them caught at a man-hole near the canal and succeeded in making themselves heard by their four fortunate companions who had escaped. They were drawn up to the solid ground by these. But John Clark, one of their companions, was not so fortunate. He continued to travel down to Court street, where he made a short turn and thence proceeded before the every moment increasing volume of waters to Eggleston avenue sewer, where he made a turn to the right, whence it was a straight road to the river. Mr. Clark tells the story himself. He says he proceeded down in the darkness, his back to the press of the waters and his face to their current. As he could not stand up, he put himself nearly as possible in a sitting position, and went down the stream very much as a boy slides down hill on a sled, only Mr. Clark had no sled. Coming to the mouth of the sewer, where its waters discharge into the Ohio river, he cried for help. Mr. Lewis, who lives in a tenement wharf-boat at that point, and who hires row-boats to parties, heard his cries, came to his relief, and saved him. Mr. Clark last night, exhibited a badly torn pair of pants, and a pretty roughly bruised body.

A Bold Robbery.

[From the Reese River Reveille, Aug 3.]

The Battle Mountain stage was stopped and robed last night about eleven o'clock on its up trip, at the forks of the road three miles below "Vick's Station," about half way between this city and Bottle Mountain. Three robbers sprang suddenly up out of the sage brush at the above described place and ordered Scott, the driver, to stop, and as the request was instituted at the butt-end of a shotgun Scott instantly complied and pulled up his team. The road agents, after unhitching the leaders, ordered the passengers to alight, and obliged them to stand in a row by the side of the road with their hands pointed toward the firmament while one of their number went through the party to the turns of about $1,000 in coin and watches. The treasure box was broken open, but Mr. Crockett, the express agent here, is of the opinion that nothing of any consequence was found in it. The robbers then broke open and examined all the baggage on the stage, even broached a box of egg in search of concealed treasure, without, however, finding anything to repay them for their trouble. There were eight passengers on board the stage, two of whom were females. The ladies where exempted from the general search, and one of them, who was unwell, was allowed to retain her seat in the coach while her fellow-passengers were being interviewed by the robbers on the outside. Mr Rodabush, who was riding on the box with the driver had a valuable gold watch and a six shooter taken from him; the pistol, which was the only one on the stage, was not loaded. Mr. Rodabush had ninety four dollars in gold coin in one of the pockets of his pantaloons, but having on a pair of overalls the robbers failed to find it. Mr Spencer, of the liquor house of Hotaling & Co., of San Francisco, was mulct to the tune of several hundred dollars and a valuable gold watch. A gentleman named Letcher contributed two hundred and fifty dollars to the gentleman fund, and a boy who was coming out from the States to seek his fortune in the silver mines, was relieved of a hundred and fifty dollars, but the benevolent road agents, in consideration of his youth and innocence, generously returned him a five dollar piece for breakfast money, etc., on his arrival in Austin.

Japanese Women.

The Japanese women are not pretty; but they have charming natural manners, with beautifully-shaped arms and tiny hands. The young women are all as remarkable for their superb white teeth as the married ones are for their hideous black ones. This custom originated some two or three hundred years ago, and is supposed to show the wife's devotion to her husband. One of the Mikado's wives, so goes the legend, was very lovely, and to show her indifference to her personal appearance, and to prove her love for her husband, blackened her beautiful teeth and shaved off her eye-brows. This was considered such a sacrifice, that all living wives (not to be outdone by Mrs. Mikado) followed her example. The custom has become compulsory.

Whether the married women like thus to blacken their teeth or not is disputed among foreign residents here. The men compel them, however, to do it, whether they like it or not, for it is the great sign by which a man consecrates and shows off his female chattel to the world. Whoever has blackened teeth is not to be touched by other men, on pain of death. The eyebrows of married women, I may as well add here, are shaved, and their lips roughed. Needs there, then, this penalty of death?

A merchant, who seems to be rich in the good things of the world, has just let one of our ladies peep into his wife's inner bed chamber, and here is the brief result of her explorations:

"Little or no furniture; no chairs, no bedstead—nothing but mats to sleep on. A toilet box was on the floor near the wall—about the only piece of furniture in the room. In this box there were five drawers, and two laquer basins on top. In the top drawer of this box there was a metalic mirror, like our hand-glasses. In the second drawer she kept her powder, paint, wax, brush, tooth-powder and brush. Two little drawers come next; in one she had her false hair, and in the other fancy pins, gilt paper, and other fixings for her hair. In the lower drawer was her pillow, which is placed under the neck when sleeping on the mats, so as to prevent the hair from being rumpled. It is made of wood, and covered with paper on the top. The powder looks like starch, and when they use it they mix a little water in it, and rub it in like paste; and they have two brushes that they use to rub it off with. The paint looks green, and turns red when put on the lips and cheeks.

The following is her recipe for blacking the teeth:

"Take three pints of water, and having warmed it, add half a tea cupful of wine (sakii). Put into this mixture a quantity of red-hot iron; allow it to stand five or six days, when there will be a scum on the top of the mixture, which should then be poured into a small tea-cup and placed near the fire. When it is warm, powdered gall-nuts and iron filings should be added to it, and the whole be warmed again. The liquid is then painted on the teeth by a soft feather brush, with more powdered gall-nuts and iron, and, after several applications, the desired color will be obtained."—*Brooks' Seven Months' Run.*

Meat Famine in England.

We seemed to be threatened with a meat famine as well as a famine of coal. All over the North the workmen and their wives are protesting quite savagely against the price of meat and the butchers are holding meetings to see if they cannot compel Mr. Foster to let in foreign cattle more freely. At a meeting of the butchers of Manchester, on Thursday it was stated that the British supply of meat had been declining for three consecutive years, while the demand among the working classes had tripled. Formerly they ate meat on alternate days, but now, said one jolly butcher, "It was chop, and steak, and frizzle and fry all the week long,' a change he for some odd reason appeared to regret. The prospect, moreover, does not improve. The plague has appeared at Hamburg, and Mr. Foster, with a lively recollection of the cattle-plague stampede, when the country gentlemen trod down all opposition, and justice, too, has been compelled to order German cattle and sheep to be slaughtered before landing. The only hope appears to be in Australian meat of American bacon, and both need much improvement in preparation. By the way, would it not pay to prepare beef, say in Holstein, and send it over ready to eat? It would not be so cheap as Australian meat, but it might be much better prepared.—*London Spectator of August 3.*

The Count de Grasse was once wounded in the knee with a musket ball. The doctors cut and hacked, and made many incisions, when, getting out of all patience, the Count asked why they cut him up so much. "We are seeking," said the surgeon, "for the ball." "Why didn't you mention that before? I have the ball in my pocket.