

The Juniata Sentinel.  
ESTABLISHED IN 1843.  
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,  
BRIDGE STREET, OPPOSITE THE OLD FELLOWS' HALL,  
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.

# Juniata



# Sentinel.

B. F. SCHWEIER,  
VOLUME XXVI, NO. 42

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A., OCTOBER 16, 1872.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,  
WHOLE NUMBER 1336.

One square.....	3.50	5.00	8.00
Two squares.....	5.00	8.00	11.00
Three squares.....	6.00	10.00	15.00
One-fourth col'n.....	10.00	17.00	25.00
Half column.....	18.00	25.00	45.00
One column.....	30.00	45.00	80.00

3 months 6 months 1 year

**Business Cards.**  
LOUIS E. ATKINSON,  
Attorney at Law,  
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.

ROBERT MOELEN,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.

S. B. LOUDEN,  
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.

H. H. SNYDER, Perryville, Pa.  
Tenders his services to the citizens of Juniata county as Auctioneer and Vendue Officer.

DR. P. C. RUNDIO,  
DRUGGIST,  
PATTERSON, PENN'A.

THOMAS A. ELDER, M. D.,  
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.

M. B. GARVER,  
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon,  
Having located in the borough of Thompson...

D. C. SMITH, M. D.,  
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

Dr. R. A. Simpson  
LIVERPOOL, PENN. CO., PA.

DAVID WATTS most respectfully announces to the public that he is prepared to furnish

NEW DRUG STORE  
IN PERRYVILLE.

DR. J. J. APPLEBAUGH has established a Drug and Prescription Store in the above named place, and keeps a general assortment of

BLOOMSBURG STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AND Literary and Commercial Institute.

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

BEST CIGARS IN TOWN AT

Hollobaugh's Saloon.  
Two for 5 cents. Also, the Finest Lager, the Largest Oysters, the Sweetest Cider, the Finest Domestic Wine, and, in short, anything you wish to see.

BILLIARD HALL.  
so that it will compare favorably with any hall in the interior of the State.

COAL, Lumber, Fish, Salt, and all kinds of Merchandise for sale.

CHELLY & STAMBAUGH always keep up their stock of GROCERIES and will not be excelled either in quality or price of their goods in this line.

## MIFFLINTOWN WHOLESALE AND RETAIL HARDWARE STORE,

D. P. PAISTE,  
SUCCESSOR TO  
JOHN S. GRAYBILL & CO.,  
CRYSTAL PALACE BUILDING.

Having purchased the entire mammoth stock and fixtures of John S. Graybill & Co., I would respectfully inform the public that I have on hand at all times a

FULL ASSORTMENT OF  
Hardware, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Leather,  
AND all kinds of Goods kept in a First-Class Hardware Store.

Hay Cutters, Cider Mills, Meat Cutters and Stuffers for Sale.

Having had a full experience in the Wholesale and Manufacturing Hardware Business, I can afford to sell the same quality of Goods as cheap as any store in city or country.

Merchants are especially invited to buy, as they can save freight, and at the same time buy at Philadelphia prices. All persons are invited to inspect the stock throughout the house.

COME ONE! COME MANY! COME ALL!  
Sept. 18, 1872-ly

D. P. PAISTE.

Crystal Palace. Crystal Palace.  
Shelley & Stambaugh

The First,  
The Best,  
The Cheapest,  
The Largest  
Stock of Goods  
IN THE COUNTY,  
To Offer to the Public  
AT THE  
VERY LOWEST PRICES.

Seeing Them will Guarantee You Satisfaction.  
SHELLEY & STAMBAUGH.  
NEW CRYSTAL PALACE BUILDING,  
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.  
Oct. 8, 1872.

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 FRUIT,  
HAM, SHOULDER, DRIED BEEF,  
Confectioneries, Nuts, &c.,  
Tobacco, Cigars,  
GLASSWARE,  
Flour, Feed, &c.

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.,  
and SAUSAGE in season. I purpose furnishing Beef every Tuesday and Saturday morning, and Veal and Mutton every Thursday morning. Give me your partridge, 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

Caution.  
ALL persons are hereby cautioned against hunting, fishing, or in any way trespassing on the farm occupied by the undersigned, in Mifflintown township. All persons offending will be dealt with to the full extent of the law.

JOSEPH FUNK.

### Poetry.

When Mary was a Lassie.  
The maple trees are tinged with red,  
The birch with golden yellow,  
And high above the orchard wall  
Hang apples rich and mellow;  
And that's the way, through yonder lane,  
That looks so still and grassy—  
The way I took one Sunday eve,  
When Mary was a lassie.

You'd hardly think that patient face,  
That looks so thin and faded,  
Was once the very sweetest one  
That ever beautied shaven;  
But when I went through yonder lane,  
That looks so still and grassy,  
Those eyes were bright, those cheeks were fair,  
When Mary was a lassie.

But many a tender sorrow,  
And many a patient care,  
Have made those furrows on the face  
That used to be so fair.  
Four times to yonder churchyard,  
Through the lane so still and grassy,  
We've borne and laid away our dead,  
Since Mary was a lassie.

And so, you see, I've grown to love  
Earth's winter flowers are sweeter far  
Than all Spring's dewy posies.  
They'll carry us through yonder lane,  
That looks so still and grassy—  
Adown the lane I used to go  
When Mary was a lassie.

### Miscellany.

#### A Polish Lady Knouted.

THE OFFICIAL WHIPPING IN PUBLIC OF ALEXANDRINA KOSSOWITZ.

At a gathering of Poles in the little village of Kernst, on the Southern Niemen, on the 29th of July last, when all thought themselves secure from the intrusion of any of the numerous spies who keep the Russian officials informed of the malcontents among them, Alexandrina Kossowitz, a young lady whose father, the younger son of a formerly noble Polish family, was killed in the recent troubles in Warsaw, expressed her sympathy with the unfortunate whom Russian severity had murdered or sent into exile. The meeting was a purely social one, and none dreamed that anything said there would reach the ears of spies for all present were known to be Poles, and firm haters of the harsh rule under which they then lived. Still, as the young girl in her passionate remembrances of a father's hero she deplored his death, expressed her sympathy with the rebellion and her detestation of her oppressors, she was caught by the "old soldier" who gave the people at the window to hear her. With a hasty glance as though to read in the faces of those about her who should betray her, the young lady ceased her exclamations and relapsed into silence. When ten o'clock arrived, the latest hour of Polish gatherings, the company separated, and Alexandrina Kossowitz, accompanied by her affianced, Julian Tomeny, went to her home.

If in passing from the house of the gathering, she had been more observant, Alexandrina would have seen the malicious triumphant glances cast after her by Catherine Mordoff, a woman of about thirty-five years, a Pole by birth, and a sympathizer with her unhappy countrywomen whenever her own passion was not concerned, and, from the subsequent proceedings it seems, that in this case she had been superseded in the affections of the young Dr. Tomeny by the more beautiful and younger Alexandrina Kossowitz.

On the following day, shortly after rising, Alexandrina was seized in her own home, a short distance from Kernst, by two Cossacks of the guard at the garrison, and taken before the petty judge. The young lady of nineteen handsome and trembling, produced no feeling of pity. Having at first denied the accusation, she was confronted with Catherine Mordoff and then acknowledged her offense. In passing sentence the petty judge said that her seductive utterances might have warranted him in sending her before a higher tribunal, where the penalty would be death; but in view of her youth and constitution, he should merely order her to receive thirty lashes of the knout. Almost unheeded with shame and terror, the girl was led away to be prepared for punishment, for in Russia all sentences, save that of death, are carried out immediately after they have been pronounced.

Word having been sent to the officer commanding the troops, a guard of two hundred men was ordered into the garrison square, and the executioner of the troops was called upon to be ready to carry out the duties of his office. In half an hour after the sentence had been given the troops had formed in a hollow square, in the centre of which had been placed a scaffold, standing on four legs, the top of which was an inclined plane. Beside this stood the executioner, having in his muscular hand the knout. This weapon consists of a stick, or handle, two feet long, with a lash four feet long of soft leather, to the end of which is attached by a loop a piece of flat raw hide two inches wide and two feet long. In the hands of an experienced man the piece of raw hide can be made to cut like a knife.

As the executioner stood facing the scaffold, Alexandrina Kossowitz was brought to him by her guard, and in a few moments her clothing was removed to her waist, despite her almost mute appeals to be spared the shame. As she pleaded in vain, she was bound to the scaffold, her hands strapped to the two upper corners, and her ankles secured to the foot of the structure. One of the executioner's assistants held her head, and the petty judge gave the order for whipping to commence. Twirling the long lash in the air the executioner stepped suddenly backward, and with a sharp crack the thong fell on the back of the sobbing girl, cutting a livid streak from her right shoulder to her waist. A terrible tremor passed over her, and a quick low cry escaped her lips, but it was the only sound she uttered, and were it not for the blood which soon commenced to flow, it might have seemed that the whipping was being done on the back of a corpse. When the last lash had been given the young lady was unfastened, and, with her clothing rudely thrown over her, she was taken to prison, and there, after thanking the judge for his mercy, according to the necessary formula, she was delivered over to her friends.

### An Old Story Retold.

A STORM OF TWENTY-FOUR YEARS AGO. A correspondent, writing from Square Beach, New Jersey, gives the following graphic narrative, which fell from the lips of an old resident of that place: "On the 14th of February, 1848," said Uncle Tommy Cook, "I was awakened in the night by the shaking of my house; I could feel my bed trembling under me, and as I rose and donned my clothes in the darkness, I told my wife that an awful storm was upon us, and I feared it would make dreadful work. I was wreck master, and the appearance of the sky the day before had told me to expect this; but when I opened the door and passed out the wind nearly lifted me off my feet. I was strong and tough, however, and buttoning my coat close to my chin, I started down to the beach. When I reached the meadows I found them under the water, and the wind blowing so fearfully that I was compelled to turn about and back towards the shore. The sleet struck my face like needles, and I was forced to do this to escape the shot that more than once brought me to a stand still. But I kept on, as the day was beginning to break, and here and there I could catch sights of figures moving toward the beach. When I finally passed upon the bluff, I saw through the driving snow and sleet the almost blinding spray of the breakers a schooner broadside on, with all her sails gone, and pounding upon the beach. The breakers went over her deck at every sweep, and I could see a man in the front and one in the after rigging. I hurried away to get a rope, and while I was gone one of the men dropped into the water. When I came back there were five fishermen on the ground, and we instantly formed a line for the purpose of bringing in the other. Before starting I paused a moment and looked sharply at him, thinking he was frozen in the rigging, as the ropes were covered with ice, and it was one of the coldest nights I ever knew. But while looking I saw him raise his right hand, and fasten one button of his coat. We then formed our line, and managed to bring him in. As they laid him out upon the beach I raised his cap and found his forehead still warm, and I believe if we had possessed facilities he might have revived, but in the intense cold he lived but a few minutes longer. I had scarcely raised my eyes from his face when I saw, scarcely one hundred yards from shore, the American bark John Minton going by like a race horse. Every sail was blown away, and her deck was crowded with passengers, many of whom shouted to us as she hurriedly carried them swiftly by. The vessel first spoken of was the Alabama, that lost her entire crew, numbering six. As they were now all gone, I hurried down the beach to see what could be done to help the Minton in her extremity. She soon struck, by which time hundreds of the neighbors had gathered on the shore, hoping that they might do something to save the women and children, who were huddled together in the bow, the stern having quickly gone to pieces. Several attempts were made to launch the life boat, and finally two sailors got off in it, carrying a line with them, but the current swept them to the south as swift as an arrow, and they were compelled to cut the rope to save themselves being swamped, and although they made repeated attempts they were unable to get back. At eleven o'clock at night the Minton broke up. I heard the crash of the timbers and the shrieks of the passengers as they sank into the waves, but we could see nothing. By and by the bodies began washing up the beach. Many of them had been frozen stiff, as they sat in a cramped posture, and I saw quite a number sitting so naturally on the sand that it was not until I had held the lantern up to their faces that I knew they were dead. There were thirty bodies recovered from the John Minton, many of them terribly mangled. The wife of the captain had her jaw knocked off, and he was caught by the timbers in such a way that his head was wrenched entirely off. On the same night the Lotta came ashore and lost two of her crew. One of these was the captain who attempted to swim ashore, but was swept under the bow of the bark New Jersey, where he was drowned. The latter vessel managed to get off without any loss. Shortly after this, and mainly through the efforts of ex-Governor William A. Newell, the "life car" was brought into use along our coasts, and its success has been so marked that we have had no serious loss of life from shipwreck during the last twenty years.—Wilmington Evening Evening

### A New Right of Women.

WHEN SHE HAS THE RIGHT TO KILL HER HUSBAND.

The French Court of Assize, held at Bastia, in Corsica, has just recognized a new Right of Women. By the laws of all nations a husband taking his wife in flagrante delicto could put her and her paramour to death on the spot, and be held blameless before the law. But women are not allowed the same privilege in the same circumstances. Lucia Medelli married three years since Carlo Bonavente, and they lived happily together for about two years, when the husband formed a criminal attachment to Maria Fantu, the maid of the daughter of the marriage. The wife was frantically jealous, took the child from the maid and tried to dismiss her. But the girl refused to go unless dismissed by her master. One night the wife watched the husband and saw him enter the bedroom of the maid, about midnight. Not long afterward she silently approached the fatal room, opened the door with a pass-key, and, by the light of her candle, saw her husband sleeping in the arms of his mistress. Having previously armed herself with his revolver, she fired two shots at him and killed him on the spot. The jury unanimously acquitted her, and she was discharged. This action of theirs is sustained by the French doctrine of the equality before the law of men and women, and that the same measure should be meted to the one as to the other. This is more than can be said of those disgraceful juries which have acquitted in more than one scandalous case women who had the sense or principle to preserve their virtue, and who sought to cover their nakedness and revenge their own weakness and crime by assassination.

A CERTAIN locality at Kensington has become historic for the suicides connected with it, embracing the branches of a large family. The original was a respectable old gentleman having two sons, one of whom removed to Maine, the other settling near his father, and becoming in time a man of much character, and a Senator from his district, having a family of three sons. The wife cut her throat with her husband's razor, and of the three sons one drowned himself, the second hung himself, and the third committed suicide at the west. The husband and father, while on a visit to Boston, drowned himself. The old gentleman's father, by some accident, was killed. He left a daughter, and the son from Maine returned to settle the estate but drowned himself on hearing that the will would be contested, making in all seven persons who in a brief space of time came to violent deaths by their own hands.

A lady from the country entered one of our grocery stores and asked the clerk if he wanted to purchase any chickens—a couple of them—at the same time throwing a couple of live ones on the counter. The clerk replied that he did, and as the tied pair showed considerable anxiety to be released from their unpleasant fix, he asked her if they would lay there—meaning would they lie a few moments on the counter until he could attend to them. "Lay there!" indignantly asked the old lady, "of course not; them's roosters, they won't lay nowhere."

An English gentleman propounds the practicability and economy of using chalk as a substitute for coal. He says he has studied the matter, and that he has discovered how chalk may be burnt with coals as fuel, the result being a saving of thirty to forty per cent. of cost.

### A New Way of Killing Tigers.

STRYCHNINE PUT TO GOOD USE.

An English tiger hunter tells the *Juniata Pioneer* how he kills the "Royal Bengal": "I use the old Kentucky pea rifle, eighty-bore, which I had with me in Texas and Colorado. Since then I got it converted into a breech-loader and it now takes three and a half drachms of powder, and a hollow picket nearly three diameters in length, made of thin steel and coated with platinum to give it weight and enable it to take the rifling. There is a small screw plug in the base, which can be taken out. The cases, which are very long, and the pickets, I am obliged to get out from Springfield, Massachusetts, as there are none manufactured in England. Well, the secret of my bagging to a certainty every tiger I hit with a single bullet from this pea-rifle is this, that I fill up the hollow in the picket with nine or ten grains of strychnine of Schele's strength. That is, I reckon, an overdose, as I believe one grain of this strength would kill a tiger; but I give him to the extent the picket will hold. With this bullet so prepared, it does not matter in the slightest degree in what part of the body you hit the tiger; all that is necessary is that the bullet penetrate the skin somewhere, and if you sit down and smoke your pipe, as I generally do after firing, you will find the animal lying dead in from ten minutes to an hour or so, according, I fancy, as to whether the picket breaks up at a large or small vein. When found, the tiger is frequently as stiff as if he had been shot two or three days previously. It is very curious to watch the effects of the strychnine, which appear to vary a good deal. On one occasion I came on a tiger that I had a few minutes before wounded in the fleshy part of the hind leg; he was standing motionless with his legs spread out like a four-legged stool, and panting like an express steam engine. I did not mind in going up to within a few yards of him, as I had my three-barrel breech-loader in my hand; but he, nevertheless, took no notice of me, although he must have seen me. I then went gradually nearer, but he never moved, and at last, not wishing to keep the beast in pain, I went up into a tree just above him, and punched a neat hole in his skull with a single picket from the Kentucky.

On several other occasions I have seen a tiger which I had wounded walking through the jungle apparently all right, but falling into convulsions whenever a twig or branch of a tree which he was passing under touched his back. He was passing under a tree which he was passing under touched his back. He was passing under a tree which he was passing under touched his back. He was passing under a tree which he was passing under touched his back.

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