SENTINEL & REPUBLICAN

MIFFLINTOWN.

Wednesday, May 17, 1876.

B. F. SCHWEIER,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

In Philadelphia—On George's Hill A Glance of Five Hours at the Centennial Exhibition on Opening Day.

If ever there was a gathering on the American Continent to equal the gathering at Philadelphia last Wednesday, on the occasion of the ceremonial opening of the Centennial Exposition, it must have taken place in pre-historic times. Who knows who lived here when the pyramids in Egypt 4,000 years ago were built? Who knows that just such jubilees did not take place on the banks of the Schuylkill, under the civilization of the days of 4,000 years ago. Four thousand years hence, who will know of the first Centennial show that the nations of the world have joined us in honor of the one hundredth year of the Republic of the United States of America.

The wisest and most learned sigh over the realization that the vast limitless past is a blank to us all. With the exception of a few historical books that relate chiefly to wars, for place; for and against religions; of the rise and fall of individuals, of families, of dynasties, and of the conquests of nations; there is nothing to tell of the pursuits of the people generally, and the inner ways of their every-day life, of the things, ways and pursuits that most interest a people whose politics, religion, and social system are organized as here in the great American Republic. But while the far off vista of the past narrows down to a blank, the world is living in a certain knowledge of the fact that the Yankee nation of the American Republic is celebrating its one hundredth birthyear at Philadelphia, now.

PHILADELPHIA,

on the morning of the Centennial Exhibition opening day presented an unique appearance, and as we rode down Market to Third street the impression that the whole town was in a flutter, fluttering in a sea of fluttering flags, could not be suppressed; it was self-evident.

The pavements were crowded with people. The streets were thronged with vehicles of every description. The horses that drew them were bedecked in flags, and bunting floated from the top of almost every carriage, cart, and street car. The streets seemed a mass of flags that were dashing hither and thither in a jig dance in honor of the day. From windows and doorways, up from the pave to the eave of houses flags of all nations on this earth floated lazily and seemingly with reluctance after the rain that had subsided in the early morning of that day, and the storekeepers inside of their houses were like the flags, disposed to flutter. They attended to customers with an abstract air, rolling their eyes streetwards, to the customers, and thence to the goods. It was plainly evident that the Centennial opening day had struck the business of Philadelphia with a feeling of unrest. The stately wholesale houses closed their doors one by one, and by 9 o'clock most of the business houses of that class were as silent and majestic in quietness as on the Sabbath day.

By 9 o'clock the streets were filled with a multitude of surging people that seemed to have neither beginning nor end. It is worth one's while once in a lifetime to get out into such a moving stream of human kind, and be borne along in its surging tide full five miles, as we were, from Third street to the Centennial grounds. It was full 11 o'clock when we reached the show ground. The inauguration ceremonies had been opened long before, and if we had desired to avail ourself of the tendered means for a place on the platform, it was then too late, for tens of thousands of people intervened, and every available space was densely packed, but we were in accord with the spirit of the people. It was not a desire to witness ceremony that had collected the masses. The American people are year by year realizing more definitely that there is nothing in ceremony, further than a means of organization, consequently the vast multitude being not directly connected with the organization that was managing the exhibition, cared nothing whatever for the ceremony, and turned to sight-seeing.

Passing around the exhibition enclosure to

GEORGE'S HILL,

we found thousands of people assembled there, looking eastward, feasting their eyes on a picture of exceeding beauty. The Centennial grounds lie close up the hill, and while they are large they seemed small in comparison to the vast plain of floating flags on house-tops of the city that stretched six miles to the front and as many miles each way to the right and left beyond the Schuylkill river. The plain of houses seemed to join with the Jersey hills east of the city, and the hills seemed to touch the clouds, that were then rapidly breaking and letting in a flood of sunlight on everything that for days before had been bathed in rain.

When you go to Philadelphia and visit the Centennial grounds, do not miss George's Hill. We got over the thrill that a view of the general picture imparts, and beauties and individual objects appeared more distinct.

The eye comes back from its distant wandering and looks down immediately in front at an easy and pleasant angle, on the great Exhibition in honor of the one hundredth year of the Yankee Republic. We can take but a

GLANCE

at it, for time on that day was precious, and if there had been an abundance of leisure to particularize on one thing, the crowd was so great and rushing in its inclination that one would have been elbowed too much to look minutely.

Can it be, that within the triangular shaped enclosure of two hundred and thirty-six acres, dotted over by some one hundred and eighty buildings of all shapes and sizes, the whole of the civilized world is exhibiting its present stage of progress in mechanics' arts, fine arts, and all things that relate to the comfort, wealth, and general well-being of the people generally. Such is the case. The world in miniature lies in your presence when you stand on George's Hill, all enclosed within 236 acres.

It was a place on which we could have spent the day, looking and listening; but we hurried down, around to the main entrance, where troops of men and boys were mingling with the crowd, shouting, "Here's your fifty cent note for sixty cents. You must have a fifty cent note to get into the grounds. Two twenty-five cent notes won't let you in, and they make no change at the gates." It was true, as the boys said, people who sought admission had to have an even half dollar paper or silver piece to get in. The management would not take two twenty-five cent pieces or make change. Loud, long and frequent were the sayings against the management for such a course of action, and louder and longer and more frequent was the condemnation of the management for allowing a crowd of fellows to offer publicly to shave the people at the rate of 20 per cent for changing their money so that they could get into the enclosure. We had been informed of the fifty cent rule of admission, and were prepared with a fifty cent note, which left us inside the place of civilized wonders, without trouble. There were two powerful restraints on an individual within the enclosure to keep him from going where he pleased: first, the crowd, and second, the closed buildings, the opening of which only awaited the conclusion of the opening ceremony that was going on in front of Memorial Hall. Here again the kind tender of the Board of Finance might have availed us in getting into the closed buildings, but we desired to be outside till the throng went in, and then pass through on its rushing current. We did not saunter about the grounds, but were pushed around by the crowd till we found ourself in front of a handsome restaurant, and entered it. There was a peculiarity about it that did not seem American. However, we took a seat at a table, and soon a man came to us, dressed in what certain people call society clothes, in a swallow-tail coat, white neck-tie, &c., and before he addressed us we did not feel quite certain that he was not a French dancing master. He said, "Vot you have do eat?" The bill of fare being in French, we could not read it, and answered, "What have you?" "Ve gets you vot you vont, if you vait." We told the polite man, for we were much pleased with him, or rather with his ways, that we could not wait, but were tired enough to sleep if we had a lounge, when he chorussed in, "Ve got no lounge, but ve got someting do eat." We both understood the situation by and by, and he brought us a piece of veal, a potato, done in a peculiar way, bread and butter, and coffee. The potato was tough, the veal was done better than any that we ever ate before, and the coffee was only such as a Frenchman can make, and the bread and butter was of the best Pennsylvania quality. When the repast was partaken of, we asked for the bill. Our waiter took out a lead pencil and figured it out on the white table cloth—that was close enough in its texture to make figuring on it practicable—on a space as large as a man's hand, ejaculating as he did it, thus, "Von veal, von botato, von bread and buttah, von coffee, no vine—80 cents.

An American, who, perhaps, hails from New England, saw our waiter figuring on the table cloth, and was so struck with it that he shouted to a companion, "Look! Look! Heavens! how extravagant that fellow is! See how he writes on the table cover! These marks will never wash out." The Frenchman had manners enough to not mind the observation of the American.

A number of States have buildings there. Mississippi has a building near the foot of George's Hill, within the enclosure, of course, that attracts, perhaps, more attention for people that walk that way than any other of the State buildings. It is built of bark brought from the woods of that State, in a pleasant style of architecture. The inside is lined with pine boards also from the woods of Mississippi. The cornice, windows and doors were festooned with Southern moss; but every third man who came along was poor enough to take a piece of moss, and the consequence could easily be foreseen, that in a day or two all of the moss decorations of the lower windows and doors would be transferred to the pockets of the sight seers who might drop that way. In the neighborhood of the Mississippi house, Japan has a building that is handsome, and has a style of architecture that is its own. If we were a millionaire and kept chickens, we would have our chicken coops built after the style of architecture of the Japanese house. The California tree, that created such a flood of remarks and collected such crowds to railway stations along which it passed on its way from California, is not a great way from this neighborhood, but is not yet in position, and in passing by it we noticed a man busily engaged in counting the yearly growths on one of the larger pieces. Also in that same range is the Catholic Total Abstinence Fountain, which was drawing forth the attention of great crowds. But while the two hundred thousand people were moving about seemingly eagerly intent in looking at the many attractive buildings and objects to be met with on every hand, they were evidently waiting for the ending of the ceremonies of the occasion, when the chief buildings would all be thrown open to the public.

By and by the time came that the ceremonial procession passed through the Main Building into Machinery Hall, and the ceremonial opening was completed, and the streams of humankind passed through those storehouses of wonderful collections of the things conceived by the mind, and fashioned by the hand of man.

The visitor can scarcely realize the fact when he steps on the threshold of the last mentioned building, that he is entering a house that is 1402 feet long, 360 feet wide and 70 feet high, and covers 14 acres of ground, and that it contains an engine in the centre of it that runs the eight miles of machinery that is under its roof. He is amazed, dazed, at the wonderful collection, and rushes through it with a confused sense of the power of the mechanical skill of the people of the world. He steps over to the Main building, fairly reeling with weariness that comes with not being able to grasp in detail the mechanical wonders that he has seen, and on its threshold he involuntarily asks himself, how is it here? and as he penetrates its depths in a rush, as a man can only be hurried along as the fractional part of a body of two hundred and fifty thousand people, the number that day within the enclosure, he exclaims, "A wilderness of wonders!" He is traveling through a house that is 1880 feet long, 464 feet wide and 70 feet high, and covers 21½ acres of ground. American exhibitors have five acres for their goods in this house.

We met merchant John Kirk, John Graybill and wife in a groupe in that building. The salutations of the day were passed and they were lost to us in the endless crowd. It was with a feeling of relief that we stepped out of the house near the east end. The green of the grass, even the grey of the asphalt walks was a relief for the eyes that had been so wearied with efforts to catch as much as possible of the collection of valuables on the hasty passage through the nave of the building. After a momentary rest, Memorial Hall or Art Gallery was entered. This building is 365 feet long, 210 feet wide and 59 feet high. It contains statuary of all kinds, from the model physical man and woman, naked as when born, to heroic historical characters with whom and of whose exploits the student reads. There are pictures, which, if placed in a row one against another, would extend miles away.—Pictures of all kinds, from Pomethius chained to a rock down to the commonest subject, pictures of naked men and women, beautiful landscapes and pictures of historical events. In this hall the same ceaseless tramp and push that greeted one everywhere else hurried one always, and the recollection of it is as of some beautiful indescribable dream.

We met Brodie Crawford in the French department. He had come from Princeton with over 300 other college boys to see the sights. In the throng in this gallery we passed a woman with an infant child in her arms. Her looks indicated that she was the babe's mother. We put our back to the wall and followed her with our eyes, till she was lost to sight in the crowd. She was gentle and refined in her bearing, and we said God bless the woman who has the individuality to bring her babe here on a day like this, and God bless the babe—may it live to witness the next Centennial Jubilee in 1976. It was nearly 5 o'clock P. M. when we emerged from Memorial Hall. Threatening clouds admonished us of an approaching rain. We hurried to the P. C. R. R. Co's. Centennial station, opposite the main building. It rained before we quite reached the building. Such an exodus of people can scarcely be imagined as came from the enclosure when it rained. Every place was full of them, and if they could have taken wings they would have darkened the light, so numerous were they. Men offered as much as two dollars for a ride to the city in a covered wagon, and thus ended our five hours glance at the Centennial show.

Many articles are not yet in place. The grounds, in places, are not yet in proper trim. In a week or ten days more it will be a most delightful place to pass a few days or a month, if one has means and leisure to give. By this time a double narrow gauge railroad will have been completed through the grounds, the length of which will be about five miles, and over which one can travel for five cents. It will prove a great and cheap convenience when one gets tired strolling. If one desires something more exclusive the accommodation may be had by taking a rolling chair, which will be managed by a man in livery or uniform of a light blue or grey color. There are people there ready to minister to your every want, if you have money to pay them. By the time the rain ceased a train of cars came along, Westward bound, and in it we returned to this quiet place among the mountains, without even a glance at the many other buildings, excepting as we saw them from George's Hill.

The Lost Cause Not Lost.

In Charlotte, N. C., on the 10th inst., a Republican district convention sat and transacted such business as is usually done in political conventions. The rebel element of that community held a meeting at the same town on the same day. Theirs was not an impromptu meeting; arrangements had been perfected days before. The orator of the occasion was S. Taylor Martin. His effort was strongly in favor of a restoration of slavery, and full of prediction that that institution will before long be restored. The following are a few specimen paragraphs:

"It is with mingled feelings of sorrow and satisfaction that I to-day recall the issues of 1860 and 1861. We all mourn the loss of our glorious dead and heroic fallen. The South is to-day ruled over by the miserable thrall of Yankeedom; but they cannot muzzle our chivalry and patriotic devotion to the lost cause. We fought for our rights, but in God's dispensation we are now vanquished but not cowed."

"Slavery was a divine institution, and we must have that institution or the South will ever be bankrupt. They speak of our cause as the 'lost cause.' If so, shall it be lost forever? No! A new generation has sprung up, and at a not far distant day there will be 'stars and bars' floating proudly over our sunny South. In the next political campaign we must, even if in the minority, support a Southern man who will build up our interests and hurl the Yankee pickpockets from our midst. We are to-day united to the Puritanical host by an artificial tie; but we are a distinct people, and God and the right will enable us to show the world the truth and the equity of our claims. Our statesmen now in Congress are the cream of that body, and are the only element that reflects credit on the United States. Is it not better to hang on to the 'lost cause' than to stay in a government of corruption?"

The Opening of the Centennial Exposition.

Last Wednesday, the 10th day of May, A. D. 1876, the first Centennial Exposition of the United States of America was opened in Philadelphia to the public. The ceremony of the opening of the World's great show of the industries of every day life was commenced about half-past ten o'clock, when the President of the United States of America—President Grant—appeared on the ground at the head of a procession of representatives of governments of the world—from Oriental, European, North and South American nations—officers of the Government of the Republic and citizen soldiers. The President and suite were welcomed by Gen. Hawley, President of the Centennial Commission, and Mr. John Welsh, President of the Board of Finance, and formally received and conducted to chairs on the platform of the south front of Memorial Hall, where the President was to preside over the ceremonies of the occasion.

As the President was being escorted to his seat, the orchestra took up "Wagner's Centennial Inauguration March," for the composition of which the author received $5,000. A vast multitude had assembled there to see and to hear.

General Hawley introduced the Right Reverend Bishop Simpson, of the M. E. Church, who delivered the opening prayer. At the conclusion of the prayer the American Poet, Whittier's Centennial Hymn was sung by the grand chorus, 1,000 voices of the Centennial choral society. The words of the hymn are as follows:

Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalship of hand and brain.

Thou who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our western skies fulfill
The Orient's mission of good will,
And, freighted with Love's golden fleece,
Send back the Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee, while withal we crave
The austere virtue strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought or sold.

Oh! make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law,
And cast in some divine mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old.

At the close Mr. John Welsh, President of the Board of Finance, then formally presented the buildings to Gen. Jos. R. Hawley, President of the Centennial Commission. At the close of the address the chorus sang the following cantata:

From this hundred-terraced height,
Sight more large with nobler light
Ranges down yon towering years;
Humbler smiles and lordlier tears
Shine and fall, shine and fall,
While old voices rise and call
Yonder where the to-and-fro,
Weltering of my Long-Ago,
Moves about the moveless base,
Far below my resting-place.

Mayflower, Mayflower, slowly hither flying,
Trembling Westward o'er yon balking sea,
Hearts within, Farewell, dear England, sighing,
Winds without but dear in vain replying,
Gray-lipp'd waves about thee shouted, crying
"No! It shall not be!"

Jamestown, out of thee—
Plymouth, thee—thee, Albany—
Winter cries: "Ye freeze; away!"
Fever cries: "Ye burn; away!"
Hunger cries: "Ye starve; away!"
Vengeance cries: "Your graves shall stay!"

Then old Shapes and Masks of Things,
Framed like Faiths or clothed like Kings—
Ghosts of Goods once fleshed and fair,
Grown foul Rads in alien air—
War, and his most noisy lords,
Tongued with lithe and poisoned swords—

Error, Terror, Rage, and Crime,
All in a windy night of time
Cried to me from land and sea:
"No! Thou shalt not be!"

Hark!
Huguenots whispering yes in the dark;
Puritans answering yes in the dark!
Yea, like an arrow shot true to his mark,
Darts through the tyrannous hearts of Denial,
Patience and Labor and solemn-souled Trial,
Foiled, still beginning;
Soiled, but not sinning;
Toil through the stertorous death of the Night;
Toil when wild brother-wars new-dark the Light,
Toil and forgive and kiss o'er and replight.

Now praise to God's oft-granted grace;
Now praise to man's undaunted face.
Despite the land, despite the sea,
I was, I am, and I shall be—
How long, Good Angel, oh! how long?
Sing me from Heaven a man's own song!
"Long as thine Art shall love true love;
Long as thy Science truth shall know;
Long as thine Eagle harms no Dove;
Long as thy Law by law shall grow;
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear Land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow!"

O Music! from this height of time my Word unfold;
In thy large signals all men's hearts Man's Heart behold;
Mid-heaven unroll thy cords as friendly flags unfurled,
And wave the world's best lover's welcome to the world.

The formal presentation of the Exhibition to the President of the United States was then made by Gen. Joseph B. Hawley, President of the Centennial Commission, in a speech, after which delivery President Grant proclaimed the International Exhibition of 1876 open to the world. He spoke as follows:

My Countrymen:—It has been thought appropriate, upon this Centennial occasion, to bring together in Philadelphia, for popular inspection, specimens of our attainments in the industrial and fine arts, and in literature, science, and philosophy, as well as in the great business of agriculture and of commerce.

That we may the more thoroughly appreciate the excellencies and deficiencies of our achievements, and also give emphatic expression to our earnest desire to cultivate the friendship of our fellow members of this great family of nations, the enlightened agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing people of the world have been invited to send hither corresponding specimens of their skill to exhibit on equal terms in friendly competition with our own. To this invitation they have generously responded; for so doing we tender them our hearty thanks.

The beauty and utility of the contributions will this day be submitted to your inspection by the managers of this Exhibition. We are glad to know that a view of specimens of the skill of all nations will afford to you unalloyed pleasure, as well as yield to you a valuable practical knowledge of so many of the remarkable results of the wonderful skill existing in enlightened communities.

One hundred years ago our country was new and but partially settled. Our necessities have compelled up to chiefly expend our means and time in felling forests, subduing prairies, building dwellings, factories, ships, docks, warehouses, roads, canals, machinery, etc., etc. Most of our schools, churches, libraries, and asylums have been established within an hundred years. Burdened by these great primal works of necessity, which could not be delayed, we yet have done what this Exhibition will show in the direction of rivaling older and more advanced nations in law, medicine, and theology; in science, literature, philosophy, and the fine arts. While proud of what we have done, we regret that we have not done more. Our achievements have been great enough, however, to make it easy for our people to acknowledge superior merit wherever found.

And now, fellow-citizens, I hope a careful examination of what is about to be exhibited to you will not only inspire you with a profound respect for the skill and taste of our friends from other nations, but also satisfy you with the attainments made by our own people during the past one hundred years. I invoke your generous co-operation with the worthy commissioners to secure a brilliant success to this International Exhibition, and to make the stay of our foreign visitors—to whom we extend a hearty welcome—both profitable and pleasant to them.

I declare the International Exhibition now open.

After the declared opening, the President and attending procession passed through Main Building and into Machinery Hall, where the large engine that has power to run the miles of machinery was put in motion by the President under the directions of Mr. George H. Corliss, the inventor and builder of the engine. And thus the World's Show in honor of the one hundredth birth year of the Republic was opened.

The Molly Maguires.

The revelations in the Pottsville murder trials combine to render credible the existence of a secret order of assassins which is said to have figured bloodily in the Old World in medieval times. Whatever may have been the original object of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, of which the Molly Maguires are said to be part and parcel, it is certain that the fruits of the order as exemplified in the mining region are evil, and that only. The origin of the Order leads to the belief that its objects were chiefly political; but there seems to be no reason for the existence of the Order outside of Ireland. It is certain that neither honest labor nor capital can afford to contribute anything toward its maintenance in this country. The objects and transactions of the Order in the mining regions seem to relate to the creation of a community of desperadoes with whom to have killed a man is highest commendation. It is hardly possible that this dangerous combination can actively exist in the light of the revelations now being made by McParlan. But such of us as are rather eager to lay the blame of Ireland's woes upon England may now suspect, at least, that there are two sides to the old, old story. Even the Vendetta, and the blood-feuds between the North American tribes furnish nothing in the nature of ingrained savageism more extraordinary than pertains to the transactions of the Molly Maguires.—*North American.*

The St. Louis *Times* (straight Dem.) is not particularly clamorous in its eagerness for a repetition of a cheating campaign in 1876 such as its party conducted in 1872 with Greeley as a "Democratic" candidate. Seeing a reproduction of that disastrous swindle and joke in the current talk about nominating Judge David Davis at St Louis, the *Times* has this to say about that project: "If a fat man is wanted Judge Davis is the man the occasion calls for. But we cannot call to mind now any other overpowering qualification he is possessed of." Which is rough on Davis.

Last year the Democrats elected their Mayor in Ogdensburg, New York, by a majority of 56. On Tuesday a week the Republicans carried the town by a majority of 312. A change in one year of 368. That is good enough straw.

News Items.

Henry Ward Beecher's new Lecture is called Education and Religion.

Ole Bull, the great fiddler, and his wife have separated.

Six hundred and sixty-one is the number of appointments made by Governor Hartranft during the sitting of the Legislature, and confirmed by the Senate.

A New York State man has an ox at the Centennial Exhibition that is said weighs 4,000 pounds, and a heifer that weighs 3,300 pounds.

Commodore Vanderbilt is eighty-two years of age, has been sick for forty years, and especially so for the last twenty years, having received a railroad shock twenty years ago from which he has never recovered. During parts of his forty years' illness he has been afflicted with a number of complaints, and from all of which he is still more or less suffering, in addition to which he has to bear the weight of over eighty summers and winters.

A prophet has arisen in Arabia. He predicts that within ten years the crescent will rule over Europe.

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has decided that the ten-hour law is constitutional.

Over fifty thousand dollars worth of horses have been shipped out of Somerset county by rail within the past three months.

A Catholic church in Hoboken, New Jersey, was entered by burglars on Tuesday night a week, and robbed of altar ornaments, silverware, etc., to the value of $1,500.

Moody and Sankey have been invited to hold revival meetings in Boston.

The Reading *Eagle* says: Aaron L. Bowman, Superintendent of the Lebanon Rolling Mills at Lebanon, Pa., with his wife, has left for parts unknown. He has in his employ about 140 workmen, all of whom are thrown out of employment and have wages due from one to two weeks. Seven attachments have been issued and iron in transitu stopped by the employees, who claim it for wages. Nearly one hundred suits for wages have been instituted. It is reported that he is guilty of some very queer transactions and fled to escape the law. His father reports himself involved by his conduct.

A discrepancy of $5,600 has been discovered in the Commissioners' office in Delaware county, Pa., and Emmor S. Leedom, the clerk, has been arrested and bound over to court. Some time since McDade, one of the Commissioners of the county, disappeared and has not yet been heard of. He is now alleged to have committed the embezzlement, the clerk being an accomplice. Three coupon bonds, $5,000, $400 and $200, which had been exchanged for registered bonds, are supposed to have been re-issued and to be now outstanding.

ALL FOR LOVE.—There is a kind-hearted old woman who lives in Louisville, and she passes her time in the streets on the lookout for ladies whose skirts are coming down. Sometimes her anxiety leads her astray, and she sees in imagination skirts falling which are really perfectly secure. But she sweetly says all the same, "My dear, your skirt is falling; if you step into this doorway I will pin it for you." Ladies in general object to falling skirts in the streets; the very thought is a terror, and when so approached, are very apt to go into the doorway without looking as to the truth. When there the kind old woman tells the woman she is so kind to, a pretty story of her nice home, gives a suggestion that she is well off in the world's goods, and that she wanted to fix the skirts because the lady's beautiful face reminded her of her own daughter.—During the fixing process the dress is necessarily handled, and though the work is awkward it would not of course do to offer money to the nice, well attired, kind-hearted old lady, who talks so glibly of her property. So the other lady leaves with gratitude, which is changed to a somewhat different feeling when she finds that her pocket has been cut, and has gone away with her purse.

New Advertisements.

Notice to Assessors.

THE Assessors of the several districts of Juniata county are hereby notified to call at the Commissioners' Office on or before Monday, May 29th, 1876, and lift their Registration Books, and proceed to register the voters of their respective districts. By order of the Commissioners.

JAMES DEEN, Clerk.

Commissioners' Office, Mifflintown, May 10, 1876.

DISSOLUTION.

THE co-partnership heretofore existing between Noah Hertzler, John G. Hertzler, and David Hertzler, Jr., trading as the firm of Noah Hertzler & Sons, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

NOAH HERTZLER.
JOHN G. HERTZLER.
DAVID HERTZLER, Jr.

The business and all accounts due said firm will be settled by the undersigned, who will continue business as heretofore.

NOAH HERTZLER.
JOHN G. HERTZLER.

Port Royal, May 15, 1876.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Juniata County.

In re Assigned Estate of Isaac Haldeman.

The undersigned, Auditor, appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Juniata county to make distribution of the balance in the hands of John H. Moyer, Assignee of Isaac Haldeman, of Monroe township, said county, on his partial account confirmed May 9th, 1876, hereby gives notice that he will meet all persons interested for the purposes of his appointment at his office in the borough of Mifflintown, on Tuesday, the 20th day of June, 1876, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 4 o'clock P. M. of said day, when and where all persons having claims against the said Isaac Haldeman, must present them or be barred from participation in said fund.

JEREMIAH LYONS,

May 15, 1876.

New Advertisements.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

AT

J. B. M. TODD'S,

PATTERSON, PA.

I have just returned from Philadelphia with a full line of

MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING.

Men's Suits, $3.50, $5.00 to $20.00. Boys' Suits, $2.50, $4.50 to $10.00.

A full line of the

MOST FASHIONABLE HATS,

at low prices. A complete assortment of Ladies' Best Shoes, at $1.25 and upwards. A full line of Children's Shoes. I have also a full line of Ladies' Hose, Handkerchiefs, &c. Also, a large stock of

GROCERIES.

Arbuckles' Coffee 30c. Mackeral, No. 1, $2.50 per ½ bbl.

I am now selling SEWING MACHINES at WHOLESALE PRICES. I will sell you any kind of a machine at

TWENTY PER CENT. LESS

than they are usually sold. Leave your orders, and you can have any kind you want.

J. B. M. TODD.

Patterson, May 17, 1876.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE CENTENNIAL HISTORY OF THE U. S.

The great interest in our thrilling history makes this the fastest selling book ever published. It contains a full account of the Grand Centennial Exhibition.

CAUTION.—Old, incomplete and unreliable works are being circulated; see that the book you buy contains 442 *Fine Engravings* and 925 *pages.*

Send for circulars and extra terms to agents. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

$12 A DAY at home. Agents wanted.—Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.

"Screw the finger as tight as you can, that rheumatism; one turn more, that's gout," is a familiar description of these two diseases. Though each may and does attack different parts of the system, the cause is believed to be a poisonous acid in the blood. Purify this by the use of

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.

It will do its work speedily and thoroughly. It is the great friend of the sufferer from rheumatism and gout.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

LAND FOR SALE.

60,000 ACRES OF FARMING AND TIMBER LANDS; near the great Kanawha River, in Putnam county, West Virginia, in quantities to suit purchasers. Soil good, water pure and abundant, timber excellent; churches, schools and mills convenient; title perfect. Price $3 to $8 per acre. Terms accommodating. Send for full description to J. L. McLEAN, Winfield, Putnam Co., W. Va.

This Claim-house Established in 1865.

Pensions obtained for Officers, Soldiers, and Seamen of WAR of 1861-5, and for their heirs. The law includes deserters and those dishonorably discharged. If wounded, injured, or have contracted any disease, apply at once. Thousands entitled. Great numbers entitled to an increased *rate*, and should apply immediately. All Soldiers and Seamen of the WAR of 1812 who served for any period, however short, whether disabled or not,—and all widows of such not now on the Pension rolls, are requested to send me their address at once.

Bounty. Many who enlisted in 1861-2-3 are entitled. Send your discharges and have them examined. Business before the PATENT OFFICE solicited. Officers returns and accounts settled, and all just claims prosecuted.

As I make no charge unless successful, I request all to enclose two stamps for reply and return of papers.

GEORGE E. LEMON.
Lock Box 47, Washington, D. C.

I recommend Captain Lemon as an honorable and successful Practitioner.—S. A. Hurlbut, M. C., 4th Congressional District of Illinois, late Maj.-Gen'l U. S. Vols.

In writing mention name of this paper.

$77 PER WEEK GUARANTEED to Agents, Male and Female, in their own locality. Terms and OUTFIT FREE. Address P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Terms free. Address GEO. STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

"PSYCHOMANCY, OR SOUL CHARMING." How either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affections of any persons they choose, instantly. This simple mental acquirement all may possess, free, by mail, for 25 cents; together with a Marriage Guide, Egyptian Oracle, Dreams, Hints to Ladies. A queer book. 100,000 sold. Address T. WILLIAM & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

FOR SALE!

A VALUABLE TRACT OF LAND, containing SIXTY-THREE ACRES, more or less, situated in Walker township, Juniata county, Pa., two and a half miles north of Thompsontown and one mile east of Van-Wert, on which David A. Patterson now resides.

43 Acres are Cleared;

the balance is Woodland. Parties desiring to purchase will please go and see the land. About price consult John H. Patterson, Academia, Juniata Co., Pa.

J. W. PATTERSON,
West Dublin, Fulton, Co., Pa.

May 10, 1876—5t

Administrator's Notice.

Estate of Jane Curran, deceased.

LETTERS of Administration on the estate of Jane Curran, late of Walker township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will please present them without delay to

JOHN N. MOORE,
Administrator.
Van Wert, Juniata Co., Pa.

May 3, 1876.

Dissolution Notice.

THE partnership heretofore existing between Daniel W. Harley and John Horning, in the Clothing Business, in the borough of Mifflintown, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent.

DANIEL W. HARLEY.
JOHN HORNING.

April 15, 1876.

The business will hereafter be conducted by D. W. Harley, at the same place, with whom all bills due to or by the firm should be settled without delay.

D. W. HARLEY.

New Advertisements.

HEALTH AND ITS PLEASURES,

or

Disease with its Agonies:

CHOOSE BETWEEN THEM.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

Nervous Disorders.

WHAT is more fearful than a breaking down of the nervous system? To be excitable or nervous in a small degree is most distressing, for where can a remedy be found? There is one:—drink but little wine, beer, or spirits, or far better, none; take no coffee,—weak tea being preferable; get all the fresh air you can; take three or four Pills every night; eat plenty of solids, avoiding the use of slops; and if these golden rules are followed, you will be happy in mind and strong in body, and forget you have any nerves.

Mothers and Daughters.

If there is one thing more than another for which these Pills are so famous, it is their purifying properties, especially their power of cleansing the blood from all impurities, and removing dangerous and suspended secretions. Universally adopted as the one grand remedy for female complaints, they never fail, never weaken the system, and always bring about what is required.

Sick Headaches and Want of Appetite.

These feelings which so sadden us, most frequently arise from annoyances or trouble, from obstructed perspiration, or from eating or drinking what is unfit for us, thus disordering the liver and stomach. These organs must be regulated if you wish to be well. The Pills, if taken according to the printed instructions, will quickly restore a healthy action to both liver and stomach, whence follow, as a natural consequence, a good appetite and a clear head. In the East and West Indies scarcely any other medicine is ever used for these disorders.

How to be Strong.

Never let the bowels be either confined or unduly acted upon. It may appear singular that Holloway's Pills should be recommended for a run upon the bowels, many persons supposing that they would increase relaxation. This is a great mistake, however; for these Pills will immediately correct the liver and stop every kind of bowel complaint. In warm climates thousands of lives have been saved by the use of this medicine, which in all cases gives tone and vigor to the whole organic system, however deranged,—health and strength following as a matter of course. The appetite, too, is wonderfully increased by the use of these Pills, combined in the use of solid in preference to fluid diet. Animal food is better than broths and stews. By removing acrid, fermented, or other impure humors from the liver, stomach or blood, the cause of dysentery, diarrhœa, and other bowel complaints is expelled. The result is, that the disturbance is arrested, and the action of the bowels becomes regular. Nothing will stop the relaxation of the bowels so quickly as this fine correcting medicine.

Disorders of the Kidneys

In all diseases affecting these organs, whether they secrete too much or too little water; or whether they be afflicted with stone or gravel, or with aches and pains settled in the loins over the regions of the kidneys, these Pills should be taken according to the printed directions, and the Ointments should be well rubbed into the small of the back at bedtime. This treatment will give almost immediate relief when all other means have failed.

For Stomachs out of Order.

No medicine will so effectually improve the tone of the stomach as these Pills; they remove all acidity, occasioned either by intemperance or improper diet. They reach the liver and reduce it to a healthy action; they are wonderfully efficacious in cases of spasms—in fact they never fail in curing all disorders of the liver and stomach.

Holloway's Pills are the best remedy known in the world for the following diseases:

Ague,	Inflammation,
Asthma,	Jaundice,
Bilious Complaints,	Liver Complaints,
Blotches on the Skin,	Lumbago,
Bowel Complaints,	Piles,
Colics,	Rheumatism.
Constipation of the Bowels,	Retention of Urine,
Consumption,	Scrofula, or King's Evil,
Debility,	Sore Throat,
Dropsy,	Stone and Gravel,
Dysentery,	Secondary Symptoms
Erysipelas,	Tic-Douloureux,
Female Irregularities	Tumors,
Fevers of all kinds,	Ulcers,
Fits,	Venereal Affections,
Gout,	Worms of all kinds,
Headache,	Weakness from any cause, &c.
Indigestion,	

CAUTION!—None are genuine unless the signature of J. HAYDOCK, as agent for the United States, surrounds each box of Pills and Ointment. A handsome reward will be given to any one rendering such information as may lead to the detection of any party or parties counterfeiting the medicines or vending the same, knowing them to be spurious.

*** Sold at the Manufactory of Professor HOLLOWAY & Co., New York, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicines throughout the civilized world, in boxes at boxes at 25 cents, 62 cents, and $1 each.

There is considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each box. [apr26, '76—1yeow.

PUMPS!

PUMPS!

PUMPS!

Pumps, light or heavy, made to order. Cucumber Wood Pumps always on hand. These guaranteed never to freeze in Winter. Wood, Iron, Terra Cotta, or Lead Water Pipe put down on short notice.

Repairing promptly attended to.

Please give us a call before purchasing elsewhere, as we are determined to sell at the very lowest prices.

Call on or address

WM. NOBLE, Port Royal,
or, FRANK NOBLE, Mifflintown.

mar22-8m

NEW DRUG STORE.

BANKS & HAMLIN,

(Belford Building,)

Main Street, Mifflintown, Pa.

DEALERS IN

DRUGS AND MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, DYE STUFF, PAINTS OILS, VARNISHES, GLASS, PUTTY, COAL OIL, LAMPS, BURNERS, CHIMNEYS, BRUSHES, HAIR BRUSHES, TOOTH BRUSHES, PERFUMERY, COMBS, SOAPS, HAIR OIL, TOBACCO, CIGARS, NOTIONS, STATIONERY

LARGE VARIETY OF

PATENT MEDICINES,

Selected with great care, and warranted from high authority.

Purest of WINES AND LIQUORS for medical purposes.

PRESCRIPTIONS compounded with great care. [June 22-tf.

The Sentinel and Republican office is the place to get job work done. Try it. It will pay you if you need anything in that line.

A fine assortment of cloths, cassimeres vestings, &c., always on hand and for sale by S. B. LOUDON.

JOB PRINTING OF EVERY KIND done at this office.