SENTINEL & REPUBLICAN

MIFFLINTOWN.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1887.

B. F. SCHWEIER,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Have the trade dollars redeemed by September first.

Pardoner Cleveland seldom delivers a speech without severely criticising some thing.

The newest song in Paris is the "Boulanger March." Opponents of the General call it "Jingo."

Bavispe, a town of 1200 inhabitants in Mexico, has been destroyed by an earthquake. Most of the people escaped from the town.

The New York mugwumps complain. They say "Cleveland has betrayed reform." If the mugwumps are correct they should know that it is not his first betrayal.

The new eight-inch naval gun that was put to test last week in the new cruiser Atlanta, it is said recoiled, or kicked, with such force that the deck of the ship was torn up.

A cablegram from London last week announced that one hundred ministers, attending the Conference of the Methodist Free Church, had been seized with cholera-like symptoms caused by the use of foul water.

An elevator two miles east of Minneapolis, with eleven hundred thousand bushels of wheat, the one tenth of the visible supply of the Northwest, exclusive of Duluth, was destroyed by fire on the evening of the 19th day of July.

The Democracy of Ohio, in their state convention last week passed resolutions in favor of the so called labor reform movement. Twenty-five years ago the Democracy of Ohio were in open sympathy with the slave holders' rebellion.

The French and British company that have engaged in the Panama canal enterprise, say that certain parties have conspired to ruin the canal enterprise. These canal digging foreigners want to be very virtuous, but their virtue consists in the purpose of making a fortune by floating a lot of Panama canal bonds. Call another Frenchman and Englishman.

Chauncey M. Depew, in a short speech, on the Cleveland rebel flag return order, said: "The trouble with Mr. Cleveland is that he showed to the country in issuing that order that he hadn't the remotest conception of the feeling and sentiment of the loyal soldiers of the North, or even of the loyal citizens of either party in the North. It is said in excuse for him that the issuing of the order was an inadvertence, but it was such an inadvertence as could only emanate from an intellect that was either naturally stolid or that took no interest in and had no sympathy for the war for the Union at the time it was being fought. Mr. Cleveland needed to be educated on that point, and he has been educated, but the misfortune with him is that he received his education after instead of before he issued his order.

### Equipment for Veterans.

An act approved June 1, authorizes the adjutant general of the state to supply the posts of the G. A. R. and the camps of the Sons of Veterans located within Pennsylvania with such arms and accoutrements as may belong to the state and not be necessary for the equipment of the national guard; provides that the arms and accoutrements shall be furnished on requisition from commanders of posts; that each requisition shall state the number of active members in the post, and that the arms shall be distributed in proportion to the number of active members, although not less than sixteen stand of arms shall be furnished to any one post. Posts receiving arms and accoutrements must give bonds, signed by at least one member of the post, for the safe keeping and return of the property when called for by the adjutant general, and shall be in the aggregate $10 for each rifle furnished to the post. The act gives the adjutant general the right to demand the arms at any time.—Ex.

### Gov. Curtin's Story.

Ex Gov Curtin was interviewed in Harrisburg some days ago concerning the alleged charge made by Jefferson Davis that he (Curtin) had pardoned a desperado out of the Eastern penitentiary for the purpose of having him assassinate the Confederate chieftain for a reward of $100,000. The old war governor disposed of the matter as follows:

I have no idea how such a story could have originated, but believe it was founded on an extraordinary incident that occurred in 1862 during my first term as Governor of Pennsylvania. At that time a notorious forger named Kenyon Cross was serving a long term in the Eastern penitentiary, in Philadelphia. One day I received a letter written on the official paper of the Secretary of Wars office, enclosed and sealed in an official envelope, and signed with the name of Secretary Stanton. The document was, in substance that Kenyon Cross was in a position to get through the rebel lines and obtain very important and most desirable information at rebel headquarters in case he was pardoned. The letter recommended and urged the pardon. The document bore every evidence that it was genuine, and no suspicion attached to it whatever.

I at once made out the necessary papers giving Cross his freedom and placed them, together with the letter from the War office, in the hands of the United States Marshal. Cross was taken to Washington, where it was found that the letter signed by Secretary Stanton was a forgery. Cross was put back in his cell in the State prison, and served his term. Who wrote the letter or how the official paper and envelope were obtained, could not be found out, and the incident is as much mystery to-day as it was in 1862.

A special despatch from Clinton, Iowa, says: Sells Brothers' Circus wound up a performance here last evening in a startling manner, and is likely to be called upon in court for one feature of the entertainment. The show closed with a "Wild West" exhibition, in which there was a sham battle between Indians and cowboys. The Indians, who were on foot, began the fight by firing blank cartridges at the mounted cowboys. The latter rode the Indians down, and in close quarters a desperate sham fight followed. The Indians fired at the ground but the cowboys peppered the Indians' shins.

Suddenly some of the cowboys turned their revolvers on the crowd seated in tiers around the ring, and blazed away. Everybody supposed the cartridges were blanks, and there was the usual shrinking from the creaking revolvers. Then George Harrington, a boy of 17, living at Fulton, Ill., arose from his seat at the top of the tier and staggered down the aisle toward the ring, with blood streaming down his face. At the same time Mrs. A. W. Lumbertson threw up her hands, crying: "I am shot," and Wallace Phillips, a boy of 16, tumbled out of his seat. The show hurriedly came to an end, and the wounded were cared for.

It was found that young Harrington had been shot squarely in the centre of the forehead, the bullet entering his brain and lodging there. He became unconscious in a short time, and has remained in that condition since. The bullet cannot be reached, and it is expected that he will die before morning. Mrs. Lumbertson was shot in the left side of the chest, four inches above the heart. The bullet was found at the apex of the lung. It was extracted, and although the wound is a serious one, it is thought she will recover. The bullet which struck young Phillips plowed its way into the top of his skull. It was removed, and he will propably recover.

It was reported that one of the Indians was shot, but the circus got out of the town as quickly as possible. Sells Brothers left one of their men behind with instruction to spare no expense in caring for the persons injured. The circus was billed to appear at Dubuque, but skipped out of the State and will next exhibit at Prairie du Chien, Wis. No explanation of how bullets came to be in the revolvers has been offered. It is supposed that a single revolver loaded with bullets was accidentally substituted for one of the weapons usually used in the sham fight. No arrests were made.

The Newport Ledger records the following: Last February Henry Haines, in Buffalo township, owned a horse that from old age and disease had become worthless to him, and he concluded to end the animal's existence. A neighbor, named Charley Huggins, seeing an opportunity to get dog feed cheap, asked Haines for the animal to kill for that purpose. Charley was given the horse, and after taking him home he thought there was a possibility of doctoring the horse up and probably get some work out of him yet. After considerable doctering and nursing, Charley managed to get the horse in condition to do light work. This course did not please Mr. Haines, and he demanded possession of the horse which Huggins refused to surrender. An ill feeling existed about the matter, and on Thursday night of last week while the horse was enjoying his pasture in Huggin's field, some one from the public road shot and killed the horse. Charley notified Haines to come and bury the dead, but the latter would have nothing to do with it. Who shot the horse is a mystery. A law suit may yet result from the affair.

Jasper Bryan, living out on the river, east of town, relates a remarkable incident between a pig of his and a rattlesnake. A fine sow with pigs used to go in the river swamp, and frequently the sow would appear for her slops with one pig short, which so worried friend Bryan that he mustered his forces and went in search of the cause of the absence of the pigs. He had not been in the swamp long before he was startled by the peculiar sound of the rattles, and upon investigation found that a snake had swallowed a pig, but the little grunter, not being satisfied with the confinement, had actually kicked its feet through the belly of the snake and was walking about trying to find its way out of the woods, with its head still inclosed in the lower part of the snake's body. The snake was promptly killed and found to contain sixteen rattles. The pig was carried home and is doing well.

A man near London recently made a bet that he could kill, clean, cook and eat a spring chicken in fifteen minutes. Preparatory to the contest he secured the chicken and provided himself with a pot of boiling water a bucket of cold water, a hot skillet and a hot flat iron, when time was called he jerked the chicken's head off, doused it in a pot of boiling water, slipped the feathers off, cleaned it, and then laid the fry flat in the pan, with the flat-iron on top to cook the upper side. At the close of eleven and a half minutes he had the chicken bones beautifully polished.

While in Philadelphia last week Dr. Geo. S. Hull of this place, was interviewed by a Press reporter with regard to the alleged cases of extensive poisoning in New York from eating ice cream, in which he advanced the theory, after a series of experiments, that ice cream poisoning is due to chemical action which takes place in the ice cream freezer, and which dissolves the zink. He demonstrated his theory by means of an electrical instrument.—Chambersburg Opinion

The law prohibiting the killing of a calf before it has attained the proper age is very stringent. It provides "that any person who kills or causes to be killed, with intent to sell the meat thereof for family use, a calf less than four weeks old, or has in his possession such meat with the intent to sell the same for such use to foreign market, shall be imprisoned not more than six months or fined not more than $300."

A despatch from Huntingdon last Wednesday says:—Mary A. Turbett, the widowed mother of Brakeman Robert Turbett, who, with conductors Baldwin and McCahan, was killed at the Duncannon bridge disaster in January, 1886, was to day awarded $2500 damages against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Mrs. Turbett had previously received $400 gratuity from the company.

Miss Ida Warmbread, of this city, has driven a team and managed a mowing machine on the Fairview Dairy farm near this city during the present haying season and has already cut fifty acres of grass. Miss Ida will make a desirable wife for some young farmer.—Lock Haven Express.

In Tangibahoa parish, La., is an organization called the "White Horsemen." The members wear white uniforms, cover their horses with cloths, and devote considerable attention to negroes who are suspected of stealing. The last one they whipped had just robbed a smokehouse.

Among the immigrants in 1886 were 269 clergymen, standing as to number third in the list of professionals who came to this country, musicians and teachers being each a third more numerous.

The Lewistown Sentinel says, W. Greatheart, of Oliver township cradled seven and a half acres of oats in a day for William Wherton.

## Letter From Kansas.

Mr. Editor:—I left Juniata county nearly 8 years ago, and I thought I'd drop you a few lines to inform my old friends in Juniata county, how things are moving in Osborne county, Kansas. The chintz bugs this season destroyed all the wheat, rye, and millet and nearly all the oats. The corn is nearly all burnt. If rain does not come within five or six days the corn will be dead on the stalk. There has been this failure of crops more or less ever since I came to Kansas. I will say to my old friends of Juniata, don't let the Kansas fever get a hold of you for there is lots of stuff printed in the Kansas newspapers that is not correct. I mean about raising crops &c. I will say to all those in Juniata, stop where you are, for there are hundreds of people here that don't live, they only stay. There isn't more than one man in 20 that has not sunk money at farming in this county. There is always some reason for the failure of crops; sometimes hail, next hot winds, next drought, or chintz-bugs and with all these pests we once in a while get a good sized cyclone to wind up with.

Mr. Editor—I was a reader of the Sentinel long before I came to Kansas, so if you see fit to publish this, all right, if not throw it in the waste basket. I was raised near McAlisterville, Judge Jacob Smith is my brother.

S. B. Sturn,

Alton, Osborne Co., Kansas, July 18, 1887.

## Walker Township News.

Farmers are harvesting their oats. Huckleberries are rather plenty in some places. The drought is rather severe on them.

David Stouffer has a fine patch of tobacco. A few years ago many farmers were engaged in the cultivation of tobacco. This year Mr. Stouffer is the only one in the neighborhood that I know of that has planted.

Calvin Stevons of Mexico, died very suddenly on Wednesday morning. He took sick about 4 o'clock and a few minutes past five he was a corpse, not being sick much more than hour. He was interred in the grave-yard near Cedar Grove, on Friday afternoon.

Anson Wills was canvassing part of this township, last Friday for the office of Prothonotary. Mr. Wills being disabled in his limbs and cannot earn his bread at any employment that requires use of limbs. I think he is deserving of our earnest support.

We see, W. H. Moore has repainted his house. We believe that he has more than one object in view, while he is canvassing the county for Commissioner. Ladies when he comes around to see your fathers and brothers, don't forget that he is a bachelor, and while you cannot vote for him you may still scatter your influence and still win his affections.

We noticed in last weeks' columns a stranger—"Usaw"—under the old caption of "Walker Township News. Mr. "Usaw," we know who you are, you need not be inquiring after Ben Nox. We are glad to see you out in full bloom in the columns. Ben Nox will soon lay aside his rusty pen, at any rate not remaining here long for you to inquire after and we hope you will pick up your bright pen and do your best.

Ben Nox.

## Standard Machinery.

Wm. Bell sells a full line of Standard machinery and farm implements, among which are American Road Machine Co's., Reversible Road Machines. Newark Machine Co's., Columbus, O., Victor Double Huller, Grain Drills, horse rakes &c. Hauck & Conastocks, Sawmills, Cider mills, Corn Planters, Feed Cutters &c. Ellis' Champion, Thresher and Separators for one and two horse tread power, sweep power, or steam power. Syracuse Chilled Plow, Riding Plows and Side Hill Plows. Root's Mount Joy, two horse, wheeled and single horse cultivators. Lawrence & Co's Champion Spring Tooth Harrows. Repairs kept for all of the above goods, also, repairs for Johnston Harvester Co., and Eureka Mower Co's machinery.

Mifflintown, Juniata county, Pa. May 2, 87. 5 mo.

## A Remarkable Trip.

[New York Times, June 23rd, 1887.]

Hon. Wolfe Rahll, of Chicago, looking for all the world as though he had just issued from the proverbial band-box, was stumbled over last night at the Windsor Hotel, where he was engaged in searching the tape line for the last quotation for July wheat. The set of Mr. Rahill's claw-hammered coat was faultless; his shirt bosom, from the centre of which a lustrous opal shot forth moonlight rays, was immaculate and unrumpled; while his trousers, marked by that latest freak of gentlemanly folly, the Prince of Wales crease, fitted him in a way that at once filled with envy all the heavy swells of Gotham who were buzzing about the wide corridors.

"It beats the world," Mr. Rahill remarked, looking up from the paper ribbon that he held between his thumb and fore-finger, "it is the greatest accomplishment of the century."

"The Chicago wheat deal?" inquiered his listener, in a vain effort to catch his drift.

"Nonsense!" he returned, dropping the line and thrusting both hands in his trousers pockets. "The Chicago wheat deal is an old story. The same thing has been done over and over again. No sir; I was speaking of the train on which I left Chicago last evening, and on which I came into Jersey City to night—one of the new vestibuled Trains that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has just put on between the two cities. It's the novelty of the age, it's the—but stop, let me tell you about it and you yourself will have to hunt for terms sufficiently glowing to describe it. I came back to Chicago yesterday afternoon after a business trip west to Omaha. I was dusty dirty, and weary, and I longed for nothing so much as a bath and a good sound sleep. I was tired of the rumble and rattle of the cars, the flying cinders, the cramped sitting posture, the dust over everything, the railroad lunch-rooms and the railroad sandwiches. I made up my mind that I would settle down in Chicago and never stir out of it again until I had to. Well, what do you suppose happened? When at four o'clock I rushed into my office on State street, I found among the letters on my desk before me I found an invitation to a friend's wedding in New York. Time: to night; 7:30 I railed at my unlucky stars. Much as I despised railroad traveling I would have gone double that distance to have seen that man married. In days gone by we were as were Damon and Pythias. I stated the case to my partner, and growled like seven bears, because I had not come home a day earlier.

"Well said my partner, after a moment's hesitation, if you'd would stop growling and hustle about a little you might get there yet."

"'Well,' said my partner, after a moo-

"'Man alive?' I exclaimed, you're crazy. The Pennsylvania Railroad's New York and Chicago Limited, which makes the fastest time of any train cast, leaves in less than an hour, and does not arrive in New York until seven o'clock to-morrow night. The wedding takes place in a church somewhere up Madison avenue. Now, how in the name of Heaven could I get shaved, put on a dress suit and ride to the church in half an hour?"

"'You're behind the century,' said Tom—Tom's my partner you know. 'Trust this matter to me and I'll have you there before the organist strikes up the wedding marches or you can call on me for ten thousand bushels of dusty stones.'"

"Well, I just put myself trustingly into his hands. The first thing he did was to start a messenger off to my house with my satchel, and instruction to put in my dress clothes and two changes of underwear, and to be at the Union Station by five o'clock sharp. The next thing he did was to secure a section for me on the Pennsylvania Vestibuled Train for that afternoon; and it was only by luck that he got it, everything had been engaged for days ahead, but somebody who could'nt go, brought back his ticket and so I was saved. At five o'clock, still dusty, dirty and weary, I climbed into the most luxurious car it has ever been my good fortune to ride in. I found that the section of which I was the lucky possessor for the trip, was a little deliciously upholstered drawing-room, with cushions and hangings of a tint that I think I have seen described somewhere as crushed strawberry. The fittings were of satin wood, and the ceiling was decorated in silver. There were silvered lighting arrangements too. Not gas brackets, my friend for that whole train is lighted by electricity. Well, I found that there was a toilet room connected with that section of mine, which, together with the section, could be cut off from the rest of the train, and so if I wanted privacy I could have all I wanted. I did want it, because I had a number of letters with me that I had no time to read carefully before I started. I shut myself in for a while with my letters, after washing my face and hands, and getting the porter to give me a thorough brushing.

"Then I became aware of the fact that I was hungry, and so I made inquiry as to the dining car. It was forward, I was told, and I strolled thither, passing through another car on the way. Although we were running at the rate of fifty miles an hour there was no necessity of catching hold of the seats to steady myself as I went. That train glided along as smoothly as a sleigh on polished runners over hard-packed snow, and I walked through it from one end to the other as I would through this corridor. I found the rest of the sleeping car in which I was located was upholstered in gendarme blue, with wood-work of Hungarian Mahogany, and delightful change from what I had been used to on the western roads. The vestibule arrangement found a most charming innovation. In passing there was no banging to of the door with one hand, holding one's hat with the other to keep it from flying off, and then making a grab for the handle of the door of the next car, in mortal terror of being swung from the platform. No sir! It was a step over a carpeted vestibule, between velvet curtains which hid from view the rubber joints that connected the two cars.

"Did I dine? Well, I should say I did, and sumptuously too, in as pretty a little dining-room—excuse me, car I mean—as man ever sat down in. The table linen was spotless, and the service unexceptionable. There were flowers in a little vase in front of a mirror over the table between the windows and whenever I raised my eyes they fell upon a most ornate bouffe that fairly shone with silver, glass and polished brass. This dining car was fitted up in old oak, with blue green velours hangings and upholstery generally. The dinner cost me a dollar and was better than the best dollar-and-a-half dinner I ever ate in a hotel. I had a pint of Pommery too, for which I paid the usual two dollars. I smoked a cigar after dinner in the smoking car, which, with its stained oak bookcases and brackets, its bric-a-brac on the shelves, and its softly cushioned wicker chairs, was more like a comfortable library in some city house; than the interior of a car running across the country at a speed that a few years ago no railroad dared even to attempt. I had some letters to answer, and so I sat down there at a desk and answered them. If I was at a loss for the spelling of a word, a dictionary was at hand and if I wanted an address, all I had to do was ask the porter for a directory of the city in which the lost party resided. Before I had finished writing it was after 9 o'clock, and we had passed Fort Wayne and were thundering on toward Crestline, our next stopping place.

"As I was tired I turned in early, and slept as soundly as though in my own home I slept far into the morning, and when I woke and went into breakfast we were somewhere between Pittsburg and Altoona. After breakfast I went into the barber shop and——"

"The barber shop!" interrupted his companion, "Where did you find a barber shop?"

"On the train of course. O, I did'nt speak of it before, did I? Well, that's another feature exclusively the property of the Pennsylvania New York and Chicago Limited. Yes, sir. There is a barber shop there, and a good barber, too. I was shaved without a scratch, had my hair trimmed and felt as fresh as a field daisy in June. I found a book in the library that interested me till lunch time, and just as I got through luncheon we arrived at Harrisburg promptly on schedule time—1.55. There I got the New York papers, looked over the grain markets, wired an order to my partner to buy 5000 bushels of July wheat for my account, and settled down with a cigar between my teeth for an hour or two with the news of the day. About four o'clock I took my satchel, made my way to the bath room—O! yes; there's a bath room, too,—had a delightfully refreshing bath, put on clean clothes, and donned this black and white attire which you now see. Before I had finished we had stopped at Broad Street Station, in Philadelphia for five minutes, and were shooting out on the Schuylkill on the last stage of the journey. Another delicious dinner occupied another hour and more. When I went into the smoking car we were somewhere between Trenton and New Brunswick, and though there was no perceptible swaying of the train, or jolting either, I was told shortly afterwards that we had made the run of twenty-five mile between those two points in twenty-seven minutes. Pretty fast going that, eh? Before I had finished my cigar we were in Jersey City. I took the upper ferry, arrived on the New York side at sharp seven o'clock, jumped into a cab and and walked into the church in time to get a good seat forward, from which I witnessed my friend's marriage from start to finish.

My verdict consequently is, that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's new Vestibuled Train beats the World. There is not another road on the face of this globe that could have afforded such a service as that, and I am willing to make my bet on it that you choose to propose."

Then the Hon. Wolf Rahll made the announcement that he intended to take the Limited back to Chicago at nine o'clock this morning and bade his friend good night.

FROM LIFE TO DEATH

is but a moment if rheumatism or neuralgia strikes the heart. These diseases are the most painful and the most dangerous of any to which humanity is heir. They come without warning, and liniments and other outward applications are in themselves dangerous because they are liable to drive the disease to some vital organ and cause instant death. Rheumatism and neuralgia are diseases of the blood, and can only be reached by a remedy which will drive from the blood the dangerous acids. Such a remedy is Athlophoros. It has been thoroughly tested and is a safe, sure cure.

Spruce Creek, Pa., Oct. 5, 1885.

In answer to your request to know what your Athlophoros has done for me, I will say it has done wonderful work. I have suffered from rheumatism for eighteen years more or less, and sometimes not able to put my clothes on or eat alone. I took all kinds, doctored with a good many doctors, but nothing did me any good. I was getting worse instead of better. I read your advertisement in the "Democrat" and "Sentinel" papers of Lonistown. I have taken in all four bottles. I feel no pain. I was drawn crooked, but now I am straight once more. Thank you for the good it done me. Athlophoros is the medicine. Philip Harbstreit.

Your medicine has cured me of neuralgia. I suffered with it for three days, and it gave me instant relief.

Wm. F. Kirsch.

Palmyra, N. Y., August 19th, 1886.

I used one bottle of Athlophoros for neuralgia after being laid up eight weeks. The result was very satisfactory.

R. S. Eddy.

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After much suffering from Liver and Stomach troubles, I have finally been cured by taking Ayer's Cathartic Pills. I always find them prompt and thorough in their action, and their occasional use keeps me in a perfectly healthy condition.—Ralph Weeman, Annapolis, Md.

Twenty-five years ago I suffered from a torpid liver, which was restored to healthy action by taking Ayer's Pills. Since that time I have never been without them. They regulate the bowels, assist digestion, and increase the appetite, more surely than any other medicine.—Paul Churchill, Haverhill, Mass.

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Ayer's Pills are a superior family medicine. They strengthen and invigorate the digestive organs, create an appetite, and remove the horrible depression and despondency resulting from Liver Complaint. I have used these Pills in my family, for years, and they never fail to give entire satisfaction.—Otto Montgomery, Oshkosh, Wis. ††

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Jan 23, 1887—tf

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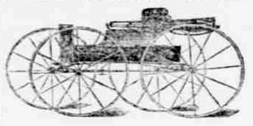

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The celebrated author, in this admirable essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

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41 Ann St., New York, N. Y.;

Oct. 8-86.] Post-Office Box 450.

Private Sale.

The undersigned will sell at private sale, a farm of 25 acres, in Milford township, midway between Mifflin and Port Royal, along the railroad. The land is nearly all cleared and tillable, watered by a spring. The land is manured with iron ore near the surface. Sloping to the sun, it is a desirable situation for fruit growing, especially peaches. The improvements are a good house, and bank barn, all kinds of fruit and a peach orchard of six hundred trees just coming into bearing. I will sell it for seven hundred dollars. For further particulars call on, or address

Maurice Leonard,
Oakland Mills,
Juniata County, Pa.

March 16, 1887, tf.

PEABODY HOTEL,

Ninth St, south of Chestnut, one square south of the New Post Office, one-half square from Walnut St. Theatre and in the very business centre of the city. On the American and European plans. Good rooms from 50c to $2.00 per day. Remodeled and newly furnished. W. PAINE, M. D.,

Owner and Proprietor.

Nov. 21, 1883, 1y.

A COLOSSAL COLLECTION

—OF—

Bright, New Spring

—AND—

SUMMER STYLES!

The Champion Clothier of Juniata County having just returned from the Eastern cities with a wonderful

SPRING & SUMMER STOCK,

Will make friends, outshine rivals, win victories, and sell itself on its merits. MEN'S BOY'S & CHILDREN'S

FASHIONABLE CLOTHING,

and Gent's furnishing goods. First Class, combining Style, Quality and Elegance, with prices that will astonish you. No sale is expected unless I prove this.

But I ask your patronage only when I give complete satisfaction. My stock of HATS, CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES OVER-ALLS, WATCHES and JEWELRY, Calico, Percale and White Shirts, Neck wear, Collars and Cuffs, Trunks and Satchels, is full and complete. Call and see

Sam'l STRAYER,

THE OLD RELIABLE CLOTHIER AND FURNISHER IN PATTERSON.

June 16, 1886.

J. WARREN PLETTE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA CO., PA.

Collecting and conveyancing promptly attended to. Office in second story of Belford building. Entrance on Main street. [4-29-87.]

Louis E. Atkinson. F. M. M. Pennell.

ATKINSON & PENNELL,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

MIFFLINTOWN, PA.

Collecting and Conveyancing promptly attended to.

Office—On Main street, in place of residence of Louis E. Atkinson, Esq., south of Bridge street. [Oct 26, 1886.

D. M. CRAWFORD, M. D.,

Has resumed actively the practice of Medicine and Surgery and their collateral branches. Office at the old corner of Third and Orange streets, Mifflintown, Pa. March 29, 1876.

John McLaughlin. Joseph W. Stimmel

McLAUGHLIN & STIMMEL,

INSURANCE AGENTS,

PORT ROYAL, JUNIATA CO., PA.

Only reliable Companies represented.

Dec. 8, 1886-1y

SPRING OPENING.

You will want to buy from our new and complete stock of

SPRING & SUMMER

GOODS.

Our Dress Goods Department is full to overflowing. Don't miss the bargains, we invite you to come in and see for yourself. You can be suited with our low priced dress goods of all the newest shades. You may want something in Black and Colored Silks, Black and Colored Cashmeres. We have them. Call for what you want.

OUR SHOE DEPARTMENT

You will find one of the most complete in the county. The boots and shoes that we sell this season have an improved sole and heel that adds to their wearing quality. Don't miss them.

We have Men's Fine Shoes at prices that will astonish you, our stock of Ladies' Shoes can not be surpassed in the county. Our stock is all fresh and clean and sold at prices that will surprise you. We have on hand a full line of Fresh, Plain and Fancy

GROCERIES.

Also, the only full line of

QUEENSWARE

in the county. Every house must have its full supply of Queens and Glassware, this is the store to call on for such articles.

All orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

Remember the place,

Main Street, Opposite Court House,

Mifflintown, Pa.,

Frederick ESPENSCHADE.

DR. SINE'S SYRUP CURES COUGHS AND COLDS.

Subscribe for the Sentinel and Republican

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

TIME-TABLE

On and after Sunday May 22nd, 1887 trains that stop at Mifflin will run as follows:

EASTWARD.

Altoona Accommodation leaves Altoona daily at 5 20 a. m., Tyrone 5 52 a. m., Huntingdon 6,35 a. m., Mount Union at 6,50 a. m., Newton Hamilton 7,01 a. m., McVeytown 7,20 a. m., Lewistown 7,30 a. m., Milford 8,11 a. m., Mifflin 8,17 a. m., Port Royal 8,23 a. m., Mexico 8,28 a. m., Tuscarora 8,32 a. m., Vandyke 8,35 a. m., Thompsontown 8,43 a. m., Dorwart 8,47 a. m., Millerstown 8,54 a. m., Newport 9,04 a. m., arriving at Harrisburg at 10 10 a. m., and at Philadelphia, 3 15 p. m.

Sun Shore Express leaves Altoona daily at 6,55 a. m., and stopping at all regular stations between Altoona and Harrisburg, reaches Mifflin at 9,56 a. m., Harrisburg 11,40 p. m., and arrives in Philadelphia at 3,19 p. m.

Mail Train leaves Pittsburg daily at 6,55 a. m., Altoona at 9,00 p. m., and stopping at all regular stations arrives at Mifflin at 5 43 p. m., Harrisburg 7,00 p. m., Philadelphia 4 25 a. m.

Mail Express leaves Pittsburg at 7 40 p. m., Altoona 9,27 p. m.; Tyrone 9 54 p. m.; Huntingdon 7,37 p. m.; Lewistown 8 51 p. m.; Mifflin 9 05 p. m.; Harrisburg 10 45 p. m.; Philadelphia 4 25 a. m.

Philadelphia Express will stop at Mifflin at 11 35 when flagged.

WESTWARD.

Fast Line leaves Philadelphia daily at 11 50 a. m.; Harrisburg 3 40 p. m.; Mifflin 5 08 p. m.; Lewistown 5 26 p. m.; Altoona 8 10 p. m.; arrives at Pittsburg at 11 35 p. m.

Way Passenger leaves Philadelphia daily at 4 30 a. m.; Harrisburg, 8 15 a. m.; Duncannon, 8 54 a. m.; Newport, 9 22 a. m.; Millerstown, 9 40 a. m.; Thompsontown, 9 52 a. m.; Van Dyke, 10 00 a. m.; Tuscarora, 10 04 a. m.; Mexico, 10 07 a. m.; Port Royal, 10 13 a. m.; Mifflin, 10 22 a. m.; Milford, 10 26 a. m.; Narrows, 10 34 a. m.; Lewistown, 10 46 a. m.; McVeytown, 11 0 a. m.; Newton Hamilton, 11 19 a. m.; Huntingdon, 12 17 p. m.; Tyrone, 1 01 p. m.; Altoona, 1 40 p. m., and stop at all regular stations between Harrisburg and Altoona.

Owl Express leaves Philadelphia daily at 5 40 p. m., Harrisburg, 10 25 p. m., stopping at Rockville, Marysville, Duncannon, Newport, Millerstown, Thompsontown, Port Royal, time at Mifflin, 11 [illegible] a. m., Altoona, 2 20 a. m., and Pittsburg, 6 10 a. m.

Mail Train leaves Philadelphia daily at 7,00 a. m., Harrisburg 11,20 a. m., Newport, 12 13 p. m., Mifflin 12,42 p. m., stopping at all regular stations between Mifflin and Altoona reaches Altoona at 4,30 p. m., Pittsburg 8,20 p. m.

Altoona Accommodation leaves Philadelphia daily at 11 50 a. m., Harrisburg at 4,15 p. m., Duncannon 4,40 p. m., Newport 4,54 p. m., Millerstown 5,00 p. m., Thompsontown 5,06 p. m., Vandyke 5,11 p. m., Tuscarora 5,18 p. m., Mexico 5,21 p. m., Port Royal 5,34 p. m., Mifflin 5,40 p. m., Lewistown 6,25 p. m., McVeytown 6,48 p. m., Newton Hamilton 7,00 p. m., Huntingdon 7 40 p. m., Altoona 9,00.

Pacific Express leaves Philadelphia 11,2 p. m.; Harrisburg 3 40 a. m.; Duncannon 4 29 a. m.; Newport 4 04 a. m.; Mifflin 4,42 a. m.; Lewistown 5 04 a. m.; McVeytown 5,27 a. m.; Mt. Union 5 54 a. m.; Huntingdon 6 29 a. m.; Petersburg 6,35 a. m.; Spruce Creek 6 48 a. m.; Tyrone 7 07 a. m.; Bell's Mills 7,27 a. m.; Altoona 8,00 a. m.; Pittsburg 12 40 p. m.

Sea Shore Express east, on Sunday, will connect with Sunday Mail east leaving Harrisburg at 1 15 p. m.

Way Passenger west and Mail east will stop at Lucknow and Freeman's Spring, when flagged.

LEWISTOWN DIVISION.

Trains leave Lewistown Junction for Kilroy at 6 55 a. m., 10 55 a. m., 3 10 p. m., at Sunbury at 7 15 a. m., 3 40 p. m.

Trains arrive at Lewistown Junction from Milroy at 9 00 a. m., 1 25 p. m., 4 30 p. m., from Sunbury at 9 25 a. m., 4 15 p. m.

TYRONE DIVISION.

Trains leave Tyrone for Bellefonte and Lock Haven at 8 10 a. m., 7 10 p. m. Leave Tyrone for Curwensville and Clearfield at 8 20 a. m., 3 05 p. m., 7 25 p. m.

Trains leave Tyrone for Warriors Mark, Pennsylvania Furnace and Scotia at 9 20 a. m. and 4 30 p. m.

Trains arrive at Tyrone from Bellefonte and Lock Haven at 12 05 p. m. and 6 37 p. m.

Trains arrive at Tyrone from Curwensville and Clearfield at 9 55 a.