SENTINEL & REPUBLICAN

MIFFLINTOWN.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1888.

B. F. SCHWEIER,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Scientific men say we are entering upon the electric age.

It is proposed by a bill in Congress to divide California.

Horace H. Osborn of Pleasant View will become a cadet at West Point.

President Harrison was hunting pheasants and partridges, two days last week.

Anarchists have been writing threatening letters to the Governor of Illinois.

There is a bill before Congress to incorporate the Nicaragua Canal Company.

Quebec, Canada people, were frightened last Friday by an earthquake shock.

In York State, after the 1st of January 1889, murderers are to be executed by electricity.

Coal Oil is said to have been found running out of the ground on the Heist farm in Montgomery Co.

Congressman Otis, of Alabama expressed the belief at Washington that negro suffrage should be abolished.

Governor Beaver, is receiving letters by the peck from all parts of the country, from men who wish to be appointed aids on his staff during the time of the inauguration of President Harrison.

Whitney, Cleveland's Secretary of war has ordered three ships of war to the island of Hayti, to demand the release of an American ship that is held by the Haytian government for some cause not clearly made known.

Some people are in constant dread of dying. Others are so greatly dissatisfied with this life that they are not content to await the processes of destroying nature, but commit suicide to hasten themselves out of this world. On last Thursday there were four suicides in New York City.

The newspapers are writing a good deal on the subject: "Is marriage a failure" An exchange answers the question by saying, marriage is not a failure where the parties to it are determined to treat each other properly and live with fidelity toward each other as they vowed to do before God and man."

President Cleveland's message to Congress is a long document, and covers the general points to be considered in a message. His political message last year covered only two points, that of an assault on the surplus and an attack upon the tariff, which has so dulled the public interest in his utterances that not one man in a thousand cares about reading his message.

Black Bart's Work.

San Francisco, Dec. 6.—News has come from Ingrams, in the heart of the Russian river redwoods forests, that a stage from Mendocino City was stopped at Ingrams at about dark last evening by a lone highwayman, who is supposed to be the notorious stage robber Black Bart, who has stopped more than three dozen stages in California. Everything about the robbery indicated Bart's methods. The trunk of a tree was rolled across the road, and a masked man with a rifle in his hand stood behind it and ordered the driver to throw down the express box and mailing. John Allman, the owner of the stage line, was in the box with the driver. Then the robber forced the driver to remove the log and the stage went on.

The express box was light, but the mail was valuable, one registered letter containing $300. Detective Hume, of Wells, Fargo & Co., says this highwayman is Black Bart without doubt. What makes the detective more positive of this is that the place selected is the identical spot where Bart robbed a stage over ten years ago, and where he left the first of his series of poetical epistles.

It will be remembered that Black Bart's robberies were the despair of detectives for about seven years. The man had a positive genius for eluding pursuit and for concealing all traces of his identity. Before he was finally captured he had robbed thirty one stages. From none of these did he secure less than $300 or $400, while from several he cleaned up between $5,000 and $6,000.

His method was to always do the business alone, and to the fact that he did not drink and had no confidants the police ascribe his escape from arrest. He used a pair of powerful field glasses, by which he could distinguish a stage a long distance. In this way he made out whether a shotgun messenger was seated by the driver. If the driver was alone Bart slipped on a gunny sack mask that covered his face and most of his person, and, Winchester in hand, halted the stage. He always made the passengers get out and hold up their hands in line. Then he robbed them of all their money and valuables. Occasionally, when a female passenger was on board, he politely returned her the jewelry she wore and some of her money. Then he would attack the mail pouches and the express box, rifling them with great dexterity. He only allowed the stage to proceed when he was ready himself to carry away his plunder. It became his habit to pin to the rifled express box a bit of paper containing a satirical verse, ridiculing the detectives and signed "Black Bart the Po8."

The detectives in time secured a good description of him, but it did not seem to aid them in the search. Although the robber frequently had only two or three hours' start of the officers, he invariably escaped and left no clue. He was caught at last, merely by an accident, through his carelessness in leaving at the scene of a robbery in Nevada county one of his shirt cuffs. This bore a laundry mark, and the detectives finally located the laundry in this city. They found the mark had been placed on the clothing of one C. E Bolles, who was regarded as a mining man. They located Bolles, searched his trunk and found convincing proof of his guilt. He was convicted, and because he gave up bullion valued at $3,000 that he had buried, he was given only seven years in San Quentin, the other charges of robbery being dismissed.

Bart was a model prisoner. He worked in the hospital and became an expert chemist, so that he could have earned a good living on his discharge if he had been so inclined.

After his release, on January 23 last, he went to Visalia and Merced, in the lower San Joaquin Valley. He lived at good hotels and spent his time in looking at land. In Visalia he registered as M. Moor. When he left there last March he confided to the landlord a well filled satchel, which he said he would send for. The landlord, who had seen him in San Quentin, notified Hume and the detective examined the satchel. He found cuffs and handkerchiefs bearing the old mark which led to Barts' former identification. As the satchel was uncalled for, Hume suspected that Bart had returned to his old life.

The robbery of a stage by a lone highwayman near Redding on July 27, last confirmed these suspicions. Hume examined the ground and all the passengers and found plain traces of Bart's methods, although the wily criminal left no poetry behind. Clues, as usual, were lacking. Then followed, in October and early this month, three other strange robberies, all by one man, and all in sections which could easily have been traversed by Bart. From one robbery there was secured $2,200 in gold bullion; from another the mail bags hauled out over $1,000. From the description of passengers Hume learned that the robber had lost one front tooth.

Bart was nervy, systematic and skilful. His last robbery was the boldest on record, the stopping of a stage with six men on the outskirts of the town of Redding. Hume has no clue to Bart's whereabouts, but he claims that he is sure of catching the cunning criminal before long. Next time Black Bart will probably get a life term in San Quentin.

Fighting With Devils.

Wabash, Ind., Dec. 1.—Jacob and David Dill, two traveling preachers, who have been holding holiness meetings in the rural districts of Huntington county for a year or so past, last night became insane almost at the same instant at the home of Jacob, in Rock Creek township. Jacob and his family had retired and David was sitting moodily by the fire, when suddenly he lost his reason, sprang to his feet and began an imaginary fight with the devils. A moment later Jacob jumped out of bed, ran out doors and got a stick of wood and joined David in his combat. The furniture was soon reduced to wreck and the windows broken when the maniacs left the house and started for a neighbor's. The family of Jacob meanwhile alarmed people in the vicinity, who closed in and captured the brothers and tied them up until officers were summoned. At two o'clock this morning they were hurried off to Huntington and jailed. All day they walked restlessly about the corridors of their prison uttering imprecations in one breath and invoking blessings in the next. Water was given them at their request for baptism. They half drowned the turnkey and smashed the bucket. Each gave encouragement to the other not to break the fast they had begun, and not a drop of water passed their lips. To night, being refused baptism of water, they set fire to their bedclothing, and but for the alarm given by the other prisoners, would have been burned to death. The case excites much interest in Huntington county, where they have spent their lives. Their insanity is due wholly to religious zeal. Jacob is fifty and David is forty years of age.

Fire Eats the Hay.

A large, healthy-looking rustic sat snuggled away in a wagon load of hay this morning, driving two nut-brown mules at a comfortable jog. He was on Sixth street, and as he neared Buttonwood a lad on the sidewalk shouted to him, "Say, there, mayseeds, your hay's afire." The healthy-looking rustic, knowing the pranks and capers of the city youth, passed on heedlessly until a letter carrier shouted to the same effect. Incredulous at first, but finally convinced by the odor of smoke the former clambered to the top of his wagon, and it didn't take him long to realize that the whole cart load of hay was doomed. He brought his team to a standstill on the side of the car tracks and began to jump energetically on the hay to extinguish the blaze. But it was of no avail. A policeman who came down the street saw the farmer's dilemma and hastened to a firearm box at Seventh and Callowhill streets.

In a few moments several engines, hose carts, a truck and the insurance patrol responded. A horse was attached to a plug at Sixth and Buttonwood and under its great force burning hay flew hither and thither clinging to trees and brick walls, and scattering along the streets. The firemen with their fire-poles removed the hay from the wagon and spread it in the street. It did not take long, however, to put the fire out and the mules and wagon were pulled to one side unharmed. Street cars were blocked for two squares, and until the smouldering mass was removed they could not move. A large crowd collected around the scene and offered various theories for the cause. A lad wearing a white felt hat built for his elder said that he saw a boy touch a match to the rear of the load, and a man, who looked like a philosopher, expressed it as his opinion that spontaneous combustion was responsible.

The driver was H. Walker, of Hatboro, Bucks county. The load was consigned to Daniel McCauley, a livery stable proprietor at Nos. 337 and 339 Griscom street. The hay, which was completely ruined by fire, smoke and water, was insured for $28.—Philadelphia Bulletin, December 4.

A Wife's Love.

Lancaster, Pa., Dec. 5.—Jacob W. Hollinger sued Wallace D Evans, of Lititz for $5000 damages for alienating his wife's affections. The case had been on trial for two days and a large number of witnesses had been examined. The jury this morning rendered a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for $8 damages. The case has been tried three times. In the first trial the jury gave Hollinger $100, and the second jury decided in favor of the defendant. Evans will now pay the $8, and that will end the suit.

Dreadful.

Complaints were recently made concerning the condition of the St. Ambrose, Canada city reservoir water. The authorities finally resolved to empty the reservoir to find out the cause. The task was began a few days ago and was completed, when to the great astonishment of the engineers and workmen, the remains of eleven children were discovered at the bottom of the reservoir, in an advanced state of decomposition. The authorities of the locality are at a loss to know who are the authors of the murders, as an inquest has revealed that every one of the children had been born alive, and had breathed for several hours at least."

A Cure for Rheumatism.

President Norvin Green of the Western Union Telegraph Company is reported to have discovered a remedy for rheumatism. The coquettish maiden, Madame Rumor, says that he wears a piece of copper in his shoe under one heel and a piece of zinc under the other. Thus having the two poles of a battery, a gentle current of electricity is constantly playing through the genial president's anatomy and neutralizing the effects of agonizing rheumatic pains. It is said that the copper and zinc does the perfect work so completely that Mr. Green experiences no annoyance; in fact, he is not aware that is carrying an infant battery around with him.—New York Sun.

Saved by Superstition.

SHE WITHDREW HER MONEY BECAUSE THE BANK WAS PAINTED RED.

From the Pittsburg Despatch

The examination of the books of the Farmers and Merchants' Bank, on the South Side is still going on. An expert accountant has been called into requisition and until he finishes nothing definite as to the liabilities and assets can be stated. But the present suspense exerts a very harassing influence upon the people who are directly interested in the bank failure, and that clever individual who always asserts that he knew so and so would occur is now having a great time on the South Side by crying out to everybody.

Didn't I tell you that the bank would burst?"

An old German woman lives on Jane street who is well known for being extraordinarily superstitious. She was once one of the depositors in the bank, but, thanks to her superstitious notions, she is no more, because she drew her money out only last week. She means to be her own banker in the future. This how ever is the reason: About two weeks ago the woman passed the bank on her way to market when she noticed that painters were occupied putting a fresh color on the walls. No sooner had she noticed this than she turned around and ran straight away for home.

"Gottfried!" she cried, nearly out of breath when she arrived, "vere is dot pank book? Gvick, I tell you; get it for me; hurry up schnell!"

The man looked at his wife in astonishment, but, being used to obedience, he fetched the book for her. No sooner had she got it than she ran away again, and in about a quarter of an hour returned with all the money they had saved during the last ten years.

"Don't you remember, Gottfried," she now volunteered to explain, "ven we lived in Baltimore we lost one tousend dollars in der pank just after dey had painted der building qvite red? Vell, doy was painting der pank on Garson street now, and I dinks we don't lose our money again dot vay, so I fetched it out. Now dey can paint der pank green or blue, but I got my moneys, I pet you!"

Mrs Catherine Haas who ran a brewery at Bellefonte, but was refused license at last Court by Judge Furst, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, $500 fine and costs for selling without license. It was her second offense, the court holding over the sentence from the last conviction. She fainted when sentence was passed, and had to be carried out of the court room.

The Milistones—Upper and Under.

A man may labor from year to year;
May slave and may slave through all kinds of weather.;
May be of any and all the peer;
Get money and lands with titles clear,
Yet fall twixt the millstones upper and nether.

May go to ruin—lose all his gains
And spite of his struggles with grim disaster,
May save but honor for all his pains;
And happy he if a friend remains
Whose faith to his friend, shall but find him faster.

Another may idle away his days;
May bask in the sunshine or doze by the fire;
May dance and laugh through the world's highways.
Nor think his now all his future sways,
And know, in his soul, not a worthy desire.

May live on fichings from other men;
Get money in plenty to keep or squander;
And getting, wrecks not, of how nor when,
But gets and spends and enjoys and then?
And then 'scapes the millstones, upper and under.

I wonder much and I ponder long,
But never can see—though forever trying—
Why true men fall in their efforts strong,
While villians false, doing naught but wrong,
Succeed in their schemes, God and men defying.

"The Fates," says one, 'must have spun life's thread,
And destiny urges to each endeavor.
Men live the natures within them bred
And right or wrong, they but go as led—
Must go in a predestined way forever."

And one: 'men reap of the chop they sow—
The wheat or the tares that their free hands scatter.
They face the ways that, divergent, go
To sun lit heights or to lowlands low,
And choose, and the choice is the final matter."

I may not see neath the turbid waves;
Nor mark where the rocks are life current fretting;
Nor know what demon or sleeps or raves
In human breasts — those mysterious caves—
The souls of the true and the false besetting.

I only know that the mills grind on;
I see wheat and tares crushed and ground together;
I hear the ceaseless eternal moan
Of those who fall neath their burdens prone,
And slip twixt the great stones upper and nether.

I trust indeed that the years may hide
A haven of rest for the bruised and broken;
A peaceful realm where their souls may bide,
And undisturbed through its green vales glide:
Where never a word of reproach is spoken.

Unknown.

The Sharpless Murder.

The reader has a recollection of the Sharpless murder in Delaware county, and how a colored man named Johnson was arrested, convicted and sentenced for the crime, and how the Governor has from time to time put off the day of execution on the plea of the colored man's attorney, that the real murderer will be revealed. Meanwhile other parties were charged with the murder, and now a confession is made public that declares that the murderer is not the colored man, but two white men, the one named Gus Chopaz, the other named Charles Wilson.

The Philadelphia Bulletin says, Chopaz made a confession of the crime of having killed Sharpless to a man named Joseph Lubberman. Lubberman has made a sworn statement of Chopaz, as follows: During the month of August, 1887, I was serving out a sentence in the Eastern Penitentiary, Philadelphia, and became acquainted whilst there with Gustavus Chopaz.

After having a short interview a few days ago with Detective Donaghy about the Sharpless murder case, during which he asked me whether Gus had said anything to me about it, it preyed so heavily on my mind that I had a sleepless night, thinking if I should betray Gus or not. The more I meditated the more I was convinced that I was doing justice by telling you the entire case as he (Gus) told it to me, and knowing that an innocent man is convicted for this crime which he knows nothing about. I myself was once convicted as innocent as a child and went to prison for it. I know how I felt and I can imagine the feelings of that poor soul at Media, so I will tell the entire conversation I had with Gus in regard to the case.

I was reading to him about that Rahway mystery, and he said, 'I don't like to hear that." I said: "What?" "I will tell you something, Joe, one of these days."

I then mentioned about the Sharpless case and gave him my word I would never betray him, so he told all. That Charlie Wilson came to him the night before it took place and asked him if he would take a hand in a big job, and Gus said: "Yes, I am broke," and told Wilson, "I will do anything for money." Then Wilson told Gus that John Sharpless had a great deal of money in the house, that the girl at Sharpless's told a friend of his about it, so the first plan was to go and hang the family up for it.

This was Gus's plan, but Wilson said to Gus: "It is better to get old Sharpless out of the way." Then Wilson got up the plan about the carriage and proposed to Gus to disguise as niggers. They both blackened up and Gus put a white handkerchief around his neck. He said he did this because his neck is half again as big as an ordinary man's, and he and Gus went to the door and knocked. Wilson was down at the barn. Gus told Mr. Sharpless that he broke his carriage and had two ladies in it, and asked for a piece of rope. Mr. Sharpless put his hat on and let the lamp and his wife said he had better put on his coat. Gus said he was very nervous because Mrs. Sharpless kept looking at him.

"We then," continued Gus, "went towards the barn. As we got near it I caught him by the throat, and Sharpless said, 'My God, don't.' At this Wilson hit him with a lead pipe several times. Then Wilson went through his pockets." Gus said he had hardly the grit to go back to the house, but went and asked where the money was and said the girl knew, but Gus became frightened and ran out. They then went and set the neighboring barn on fire, so if Mrs Sharpless would give the alarm they could get away and the people would go to the fire. They then went to Wilmington and got a room on Water street, but being frightened they came to Philadelphia and had a room on Third street, and Gus had work, but as he said soon got tired of it. He then went to odd jobs to keep the detectives off of his track. Chopaz said to me: "If they would only hang the nigger I would feel safe, but as long as he is living I will be in hot water." "I wish Wilson was in ——," was another expression he often made to me. He told me time and again, "I wish I had not told you Joe." Gus also told me they went to the barn first and put a candle underneath the basket and lit it, in order that it might set the barn on fire. They then went, he said to the Sharpless house, and after the murder they went back to the barn kicked the basket over and set the barn on fire.

Lubbermen is a thief and a convict and his statement is in doubt in the minds of people in Delaware county, but with all that it is entitled to the most careful investigation which it is now receiving.

Richfield and Vicinity.

Thanksgiving is over and business has resumed as usual.

The farmers are about through husking corn.

Mr. F. P. Richart is making an improvement upon his house by having sliding put on.

Mr. S. V. Mills has moved to town. Mr. Mills has invented a new and important agricultural improvement, viz: "Mills Farmyard Amonistor," which bids fair to be a success, as he has received some very kind words from different parts of the United States.

The revival in the U. B. church which has been in progress for some time has closed.

Spelling Bees are getting into operation again. We had some quite successful ones within the past few weeks.

Mrs. Kurtz & Winey are doing quite an extensive business in the manufacture of Rustic chairs

Misses Mamie and Mira Mills have returned from Lancaster county, where they had been staying for some time past.

Our prophets predict that there is snow in the air. We shall not dispute the fact as the time for sleighing is fastly approaching, when the ringing of bells and merry laughter will awaken the stillness of the moonlight nights. Dick.

December 7th, 1888.

The Population of Mifflintown and Patterson is about 1000, and we would say at least one half are troubled with some affection of the Throat and Lungs, as those complaints are, according to statistics, more numerous than others. We would advise all not to neglect the opportunity to call on their druggist and get a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. Price 50c and $1.00. *Trial size free.* Sold by all druggists.

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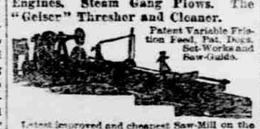

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Mifflintown, May 26, 1869.

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Robert E. Parker, Louis K. Atkinson,
T. V Irwin.

STOCKHOLDERS:

Philip M. Kepner, Annie M. Shelley,
Joseph Rothrock, Jane H. Irwin,
L. K. Atkinson, R. E. Parker,
W. C. Pomeroy, J. Hunter Irwin,
John Hertzler, T. V. Irwin,
Mary Kurtz, Jerome N. Thompson, Jr
Charlotte Snyder.

Three and Four per cent interest will be paid on certificates of deposite.

Jan 25, 1887—tf

New Firm.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

No more summer for months to come. Fall and Winter are here, and to conform to the change, the Senior member of the firm has just returned from Eastern Markets, where he selected with great care the goods that his many patrons favor.

DROP IN.

We have now filled our shelves with Fall and Winter Goods of all kinds. Our customers have appreciated our efforts to give them goods to suit their purposes, and we believe that we are better prepared than ever to merit their confidence. We invite you to come and see and be satisfied in our dress goods department we have almost everything. Don't be backward, call for what you want.

Shoes and Boots.

Our Boot and Shoe Department is full in its assortment, and you certainly can be suited in fit, quality and price. Whatever improvements have been added by the manufactures we have them all. We can supply you with foot wear for any in or out door service. Our grocery Department never lags. 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.,

Fred'k ESPENSCHADE & Son.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

TIME-TABLE

On and after Sunday Nov. 25, 1888 trains that stop at Mifflintown as follows.

EASTWARD.

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

Accommodation leaves Altoona daily at 5.20 a. m., Tyrone 5.40 a. m., Huntingdon 6.35 a. m., Mount Union at 6.57 a. m., Newton Hamilton 7.45 a. m., McVeytown 8.02 a. m., Lewistown 7.50 a. m., Milford 8.05 a. m., Mifflin 8.12 a. m., Port Royal 8.17 a. m., Mexico 8.22 a. m., Tuscarora 8.26 a. m., Academia 8.30 a. m., Millerstown 8.40 a. m., Thompsontown 8.57 a. m., Dorward 9.03 a. m., Millerstown 9.09 a. m., Newport 9.24 a. m., arriving at Harrisburg at 10.05 a. m., and at Philadelphia, 1.25 p. m.

Sea Shore Express leaves Altoona daily at 6.05 a. m., and stopping at all regular stations eastward between and Harrisburg reaches Mifflintown at 8.56 a. m., Harrisburg 11.40 p. m., and arrives in Philadelphia 3.15 p. m.

Mail Train leaves Pittsburg daily at 9.55 a. m., Altoona at 2.00 p. m., and stopping at all regular stations arrives at Mifflintown at 6.07 p. m., Harrisburg 7.00 p. m., Philadelphia 4.25 a. m.

Mail Express leaves Pittsburg at 12.05 p. m., Altoona 6.20 p. m.; Tyrone 6.40 p. m., Huntingdon 7.37 p. m.; Lewistown 8.05 p. m., Mifflin 9.19 p. m., Harrisburg 10.45 p. m., Philadelphia 4.20 a. m.

Philadelphia Express will stop at Mifflintown at 11.37 p. m., when flagged.

WESTWARD.

Fast Line leaves Philadelphia daily at 11.00 a. m., Harrisburg 2.40 p. m., 3.05 p. m., Lewistown 3.28 p. m., Mifflin 3.40 p. m., arrives at Pittsburg at 8.10 p. m.

Way Passenger leaves Philadelphia daily at 4.40 a. m., Harrisburg 8.15 a. m., Duncannon, 8.54 a. m., Newport, 9.21 a. m., Millerstown, 9.40 a. m., Thompsontown, 9.52 a. m., Van Gorden, 10.00 a. m., Tuscarora, 10.04 a. m., Mexico, 10.07 a. m., Port Royal, 10.12 a. m., Mifflin, 10.20 a. m., Milford, 10.26 a. m., Narrows, 10.34 a. m., Lewistown, 10.40 a. m., McVeytown, 10.54 a. m., Newton Hamilton, 11.09 a. m., Huntingdon, 12.17 p. m., Tyrone, 1.05 p. m., Altoona, 1.45 p. m., and stopping at regular stations between Harrisburg and Altoona.

Owego Express leaves Philadelphia daily at 5.40 p. m., Harrisburg, 10.25 p. m., stopping at Rockville, Marysville, Duncannon, Newport, Millerstown, Thompsontown, Port Royal, Mexico at Mifflin, 11.35 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, 12.03 p. m., Mifflin 12.47 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 4.15 p. m., Duncannon 4.49 p. m., Newport 5.10 p. m., Millerstown, 5.28 p. m., Thompsontown 5.46 p. m., Van's 5.58 p. m., Tuscarora 6.18 p. m., Mexico 6.24 p. m., Port Royal 6.31 p. m., Mifflin 6.39 p. m., Lewistown 6.55 p. m., McVeytown 7.08 p. m., Newton Hamilton 7.29 p. m., Huntingdon 7.40 p. m., Mount Union 8.00 p. m., Tyrone 8.20 p. m., Altoona 8.45 p. m., arriving at Harrisburg at 12.05 a. m., and at Philadelphia 8.15 a. m.

Pacific Express leaves Philadelphia 11.30 p. m.; Harrisburg 3.10 a. m.; Duncannon 3.38 a. m.; Newport 4.01 a. m.; Mifflin 4.31 a. m.; Lewistown 4.51 a. m.; McVeytown 5.11 a. m.; Mt. Union 5.49 a. m.; Huntingdon 6.12 a. m.; Petersburg 6.25 a. m.; Spruce Creek 6.40 a. m.; Tyrone 7.00 a. m.; Bell's Mills 7.22 a. m.; Altoona 8.05 a. m.; Pittsburg 12.45 p. m.

Sea Shore Express east, on Sundays, will connect with Sunday Mail west leaving Harrisburg at 1.15 p. m.

LEWISTOWN DIVISION.

Trains leave Lewistown Junction for McVeytown at 9.10 a. m., 10.55 a. m., 3.15 p. m. for Sunbury at 7.45 a. m., 3.00 p. m.

Trains arrive at Lewistown Junction from Milroy at 8.55 a. m., 1.20 p.m., 4.35 p. m.; from Sunbury at 9.25 a. m., 4.40 p. m.

TYRONE DIVISION.

Trains leave Tyrone for Bellefonte and Lock Haven at 8.10 a. m., 7.15 p. m. Leave Tyrone for Curwensville and Clearfield at 8.20 a. m., 3.06 p. m., 7.25 p. m.

Trains leave Tyrone for Warriors Mark, Pennsylvania Furnace and Scotia at 4.00 p. m. and 7.10 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 8.58 a. m., and 11.05 a. m., 6.17 p. m.

Trains arrive at Tyrone from Scotia, Warriors Mark and Pennsylvania Furnace at 9.45 a. m., at 6.10 p. m.

H. & B. T. R. R. & BEDFORD DIVISION.

Trains leave Huntingdon for Bedford, Hyndman and Cumberland at 8.45 a. m. and 6.25 p. m.

Trains arrive at Huntingdon from Bedford, Hyndman and Cumberland at 12.10 p. m., 6.20 p. m.

HOLLIDAYSBURG BRANCH.

Trains leave Altoona for points South, at 7.20 a. m., 8.25 a. m., 12.30 p. m., 1.40 p. m., 5.00 p. m., 8.00 p. m., 9.50 p. m.

Trains arrive at Altoona from points South, at 6.45 a. m., 11.35 a. m., 1.15 p. m., 3.50 p. m., 6.40 p. m., 7.10 p. m., and 10.35 p. m.

Caution Notice.

All persons are hereby cautioned, not to trespass on the lands of the undersigned in Spruce Hill, and Beale townships, for the purpose of gathering berries, hunting, fishing, or in any other way trespassing on said lands, as the trespass law will be enforced against people who violate said law.

Hannah Musser.

June 9, 1869.

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