

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., March 4, 1910.

P. GRAY MEEK. EDITOR
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ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

LONGACRE.—On the 25th ult., at his residence on Allegheny street, Isaac P. Longacre died after an illness dating back to about the middle of December. Mr. Longacre was born in Phoenixville, Chester county, in 1848 and spent his early life in Pottstown. He was a nail maker by trade and in 1883 came to Bellefonte and filled the position of manager of the nail works here until they closed down. Since that he has worked at Pottstown, Sunbury and Milton. Illness compelled him to resign a good position at the latter place in December, when he returned home and was able to be about until about two weeks before his death. Before coming to Bellefonte he was a member of and a regular attendant at the Methodist church. He was a man of high character, modest and retiring in his disposition, an upright and respected citizen, and one who had made many warm friends among our people since becoming a resident of the town. He leaves a wife and seven children, who deeply feel the loss of a loving husband and a kind and affectionate father. Funeral services were held on Tuesday morning and interment made in the Union cemetery.

SMITH.—Frank K. Smith died at his home in Clearfield on Monday of last week after a brief illness with heart disease. He was born in Bellefonte and was 69 years old last October. When a small boy he had his feet so badly frozen that it was found necessary to amputate both legs at the knees in order to save his life. When he became old enough he went to Pine Grove Mills and learned the tailor's trade and in 1866 he moved to Clearfield where he worked at his trade ever since. For many years he was treasurer of Clearfield borough and in 1904 he was the candidate on the Democratic ticket for register and recorder of Clearfield county but was defeated through the Republican landslide of that year. Mr. Smith was an Odd Fellow and a lifelong member of the Presbyterian church. Crippled as he was and dependent only upon the day's wages he made in his work as a tailor, he was extremely charitable and for almost half a century he supported one or more afflicted relatives. In the early sixties he was married to a Miss Hower, of this county, who survives him with no children. The funeral was held last Thursday, burial being made in the Clearfield cemetery.

EMERICK.—A victim of pneumonia, Miss Laura Belle Emerick passed from this to the life eternal on Friday evening, the 24th inst. She was the youngest member of the family of the late John and Mary Emerick, whose home was just below Hubersburg, in Walker township. Miss Emerick was a great favorite among the younger people of Nittany valley, and was known and admired for her amiable disposition, her desire to give aid or do good wherever it was needed, to almost the entire population of the valley. She was an exemplary member of the Lutheran church, constant in her devotions to her duties as such, and ever willing to do whatever was in her power for the furtherance of its work and welfare. Her unexpected death is a great shock, not only to the immediate family, of which she left two brothers and two sisters, but to the entire community which is better for her having lived in it. Funeral services were held on Tuesday evening, burial being made in the Snydertown burial ground.

FASIG.—At the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. George Garman, of Half Moon hill, on Friday night last, Mrs. Catharine Fasig passed from life into eternity. She had been ill for many weeks, suffering greatly all the time, and death must have been a happy release from the pains and sufferings of this life, for her. Mrs. Fasig was the widow of the late Jeremiah Fasig, and was well known to most of the people of Bellefonte, where she has resided almost her entire life. Her maiden name was Bartlett, and we understand was the last of the older members of the Bartlett family, her brothers and sisters all having preceded her to the grave years ago. She was a devoted member of the United Brethren church and did her duty, as she understood it, faithfully and consistently. She leaves three children, Mrs. George Garman, Mrs. David McNeal and Henry, all of this place. Funeral services were held on Monday afternoon in the church of which she was a member, Rev. W. C. Winey officiating.

CROWTHER.—Rev. Samuel F. Crowther, of the Pittsburgh conference of the Methodist church, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. James M. Donagh, East End Pittsburgh, on Sunday morning last, after an illness extending over but six days. Rev. Crowther was born in Bellefonte seventy-six years ago, and may possibly be remembered by some of the older readers of the WATCHMAN. The greater portion of his life was spent in Ohio and western Pennsylvania.

DEATH OF A CENTRE COUNTY PIONEER.
EDITOR WATCHMAN.—The following notice appeared recently in the columns of the Des Moines Register and Leader:

Lingle.—Funeral services for Alexander Lingle, who died at his home on Center, Milesburg, 1800 Seventh street, of old age, was held on Sunday at 2:30 o'clock.

To the casual reader this might appear to be merely a notice of the passing away of an aged gentleman who had lived out nearly a score of years more than the time allotted to man, yet to we, native born Centre countians, the name above suggests that something more extended, in a publication in his native country, be given his demise. It was the pleasure of the writer to visit the old gentleman, at the pleasant and comfortable home provided for him in his declining years by a devoted daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. C. Loomis, formerly of Halifax, Pa., and to talk over the events of the earlier days of his life. His mind was very bright and his stock of information pertaining to practically all of the old residents of the valley, and especially those living near the old canal, seemed to be without limit; and up to within ten minutes of his death, his intellect was as bright as that of a school boy. He was born at Eagleville, March 21st, 1821, and had lived a few days more would have rounded out eighty-nine years. He was one of the pioneer canal men; and survivors of that one time vocation will not fail to remember him, as will also other older residents who can call to mind the coming of the boats laden with cargoes of Philadelphia "store goods," and Captain Alec. Lingle's boat among them. Just before the Civil war, and before the destruction of the old canal, he moved his base of operations to Halifax, where he continued the business until the encroachment of railroad transportation occasioned the transfer of his energies to other fields. In 1878 he bought and operated Pennsylvania canal boats, later "lakers" on the Erie canal, carrying grain from Buffalo to New York. After a time he transferred his energies to lighter vessels in New York harbor, during the winter months, and during the summer making long trips with his barges to towns up the Hudson and to Lake Champlain; down the sound to Connecticut cities; south as far as Norfolk and by inland water to Albemarle Sound and wherever it was safe for his boats to navigate. His was an active and enterprising career, terminated only by reason of extreme old age.

At eighty he was still as active as most young men at his perilous and laborious calling, but soon thereafter, as the result of such persistence, he went alone to Roosevelt hospital in New York city and submitted to the amputation of his left leg. So vigorous and healthy was this old son of Pennsylvania, due largely to his active and temperate life, that in little more than thirty days after the operation, he was back at his work, directing its operation. But the end of his activity overtook him and during the summer of 1907 he came to Des Moines to pass his remaining years with his only surviving daughter, where, ministered to with filial and affectionate care, he lived over again in memory the years of the past.

Captain Alex Lingle came far to find a final resting place, but he sleeps finally in one of the most beautiful spots in Woodland cemetery, amidst the monuments of pioneers who have built up a great city, the very site of which was unknown when the subject of this sketch was starting his business career. Of the large family of Paul and Mary Lingle, only George W., of Bellefonte, and James, of Milesburg, yet survive, at the ages of eighty-seven and eighty-five years respectively.

If we mistake not one of the name was at one time sheriff of Centre county. In closing we add the following reminiscence:

THE BOAT IS IN THE LOCK.
Back in the misty Fifties
When Centre knew not rails;
When o'erhead had it's transit
Long the Towpaths quite trails,
When telephone and telegraph
Were then not common stock
A steamer's horn proclaimed the news.
"The boat is in the lock."

The merchant in the little burg,
Who many months ago
Returned to tell his waiting trade
Of what he'd bought below;
The best that Philadelphia had
Would surely be in stock
As soon as Lingles horn would sound
"The boat is in the lock."

Just twice a year the "new goods" came.
Hedgehogs, boxes, barrels galore—
Enough to last from Spring to Fall,
From Fall to Spring he'd store;
For old winter tied things up
And transportation block
The welcome news the horn would sound.
"The boat is in the lock."

In summer time the boatman's home
Contained a vacant chair,
A wife and little ones alone,
Anxiety always there.
And as the days and months rolled by,
No tidings for his flock.
When suddenly the horn blew out
"The boat is in the lock."

Those days of slow though certain trend
Will soon forgotten be.

The boatman, with a new craft launched
Upon an unknown sea,

His last trip o'er, his life work done.

His craft, not grounded or on rock

As he heard his captain's horn proclaim

"The boat is in the lock."

—S. W. BAKER.
Des Moines, Ia., Feb. 23rd, 1910.

BRUNGART.—Announcement of the death of Mr. Thomas Brungart, of Rebersburg, which occurred on Thursday morning last, will be shock to scores of people throughout the county, who knew him well and admired him for his many admirable qualities. He had been ill less than a week with pneumonia, but no apprehension of fatal results were entertained up to within a few hours of his death. Mr. Brungart was a life-long resident of Miles township. By industry and business tact he accumulated a very comfortable competency and a few years ago retired from active work and settled down in Rebersburg. He was an earnest and devoted member of the Lutheran church, one of the most influential men in the township, a Democrat of the purest type, and a citizen of whom any community could be proud. He was about sixty-two years of age and left a widow, one son and four daughters. The funeral services were held on Monday morning, and interment made in the Union cemetery.

HENSHEY.—At Unionville on Saturday morning last, Mrs. B. B. Henshey, widow of the late Rev. B. B. Henshey, passed peacefully to her long home. She was a daughter of Abe Russell, deceased, of Unionville, a woman greatly respected for

REV. D. M. WOLF.—In the death of Rev. D. M. Wolf, which occurred at his home in Spring Mills at an early hour on Monday morning last, Pennsvalley loses one of its best known and best beloved citizens. Rev. Wolf was born near Hubersburg, June 15th, 1837, and was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wolf, and one of a family of eleven children. He began his career as a teacher at the age of fourteen, prepared for college at the Aaronsburg Academy, under the principalship of J. Ilgen Burrell, and in the fall of 1860 entered the Sophomore class of Franklin and Marshall college, from which he graduated three years later, receiving the first honor of his class. He then taught for a year in the Boalsburg Academy after which he entered the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg where he remained for one year. He was principal of the Oley Academy in Berks county during 1865 and 1866 and then took charge of the Penn Hall Academy, which he conducted until 1868 when he was chosen adjunct professor of languages and mathematics at Franklin and Marshall, serving two years in that capacity, when he became pastor of St. John's German Reformed church of this place. This pastorate he resigned after two years service to accept the professorship of ancient languages at Franklin and Marshall college III health compelled the resignation of this position, after filling it a few years and he came back and resumed teaching at Spring Mills, at which place he followed this vocation almost his entire life, except during the years 1881-1882 and 1883, when he filled the position of county superintendent of public schools.

As a minister of the Gospel he was earnest and convincing and his memory as a pastor will linger long and pleasantly among the people he served. His greatest force however was as an educator and to this profession he showed a devotion and developed abilities, which, to few if any, in this section of the State could be credited. Falling in health some six or seven years later, he retired from active work and has since lived a quiet and retired life. The example of his exemplary life can well be followed by the young men of the valley in which his name will long be revered and his death sincerely mourned. The full measure of good he accomplished will only be known when the issues of his life are balanced by the Judge of all.

The funeral services were held on Thursday morning. Many ministers of the church with which he had been so long connected participated and an unusually large concourse of devoted friends and neighbors were in attendance. The remains were buried in the cemetery at Spring Mills near which over fifty years of his life were spent.

GATES.—Lindley Hasting Gates, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Gates, passed to the Great Beyond on Sunday night, following a lingering illness with tuberculosis and an involvement of the bowels. Last June the deceased enlisted in the Fifth Regiment bugle corps, which was later disbanded, and accompanied the Second Brigade to camp at Somerset, last July, as a member of company F., of Indiana, Pa. While in camp he contracted typhoid fever, but after his return home he partially recovered, though later he fell prey in his weakened condition to the grim disease, tuberculosis, which was the direct cause of death. Five weeks ago, upon the advice of his physician, he entered the state sanatorium at Mont Alto, where in spite of the very best attention he passed away at the above mentioned time. He was ever characteristic, hopefully and cheerful, so that when he realized the serious nature of the disease against which he had to contend he earnestly desired to improve his every chance for recovery and departed for Mont Alto, anxiously and bravely striving to regain his lost health. Practically until the end his letters home and to his friends were cheerful and reflected the courage and fortitude he possessed.

Deceased was born in Bellefonte, August 3rd, 1889, thus being aged 20 years, 6 months and 24 days. He had since early boyhood been an industrious, energetic and ambitious young man. During his school days he carried the *Daily News*, and later accepted a position as clerk in W. J. Zeller's drug store. For several years he also acted as driver for Sechler & Co., and upon the illness and death of the late Joseph Barnes he accepted the position of driver for the Adams Express company in Bellefonte, which he filled most acceptably until his own recent illness. He was a jovial, kindly young man and won the high esteem of a large circle of acquaintances in this community, who deeply mourn his demise. For several years past he had been a consistent member of the Presbyterian church and was an upright Christian.

Surviving are his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Gates, and the following brothers and sisters: Edward L., Winifred M., Eva J., and Charles E. His father left for Mont Alto on Monday and accompanied the remains home, arriving in Bellefonte Tuesday afternoon. Funeral services were held on Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock, from the home on East Lamb street, conducted by his pastor, Rev. J. Allison Platts. Interment was made in the Union cemetery.

HENSHEY.—At Unionville on Saturday morning last, Mrs. B. B. Henshey, widow of the late Rev. B. B. Henshey, passed peacefully to her long home. She was a daughter of Abe Russell, deceased, of Unionville, a woman greatly respected for

her kindly disposition, her Christian virtues, and the charitable acts performed during her life of seventy years. Interment was made in the Unionville cemetery on Tuesday afternoon.

SHECKLER.—After a lingering illness extending over several months, Mrs. John Sheckler passed peacefully away at her home on Thomas street, on the evening of February 24th. Within the year Mrs. Sheckler had buried two sisters, who were taken with the same dread disease—consumption—that carried her off. Before marriage Mrs. Scheckler was Miss Clara Hoover, daughter of Mr. A. M. and Ada Hoover, of Bald Eagle Valley. She was a woman admired by all who knew her; a devoted member of the Methodist church and one who had made many friends among the people of our town. She was about 24 years of age and leaves a husband and two children to mourn their great loss. The funeral services were held on Sunday morning, and interment made in the new or Tricziulyn cemetery at Milesburg.

HERRING.—William Herring, of Pennsvalley Furnace, died in the hospital at Altoona on Sunday morning last, from an ulcerated stomach. He was a son of Daniel and Rebecca Herring, and was born at Eagleville, 55 years ago. He leaves two sisters, Mrs. C. L. Williams and Mrs. Frank Sparr, both of Altoona.

—There will be no moving picture entertainment at the Scenic tonight, owing to Brush, the magician, appearing in Petrikens hall, but to-morrow night you can witness the same good quality of pictures as are shown there night after night. Always the latest and always the best; and five cents pays for almost an hour of rare entertainment.

THE LONG AGO.—For the following interesting reminiscences of Bellefonte and Methodism in these parts we are indebted to Rev. T. S. Wilcox, to whom the letter was addressed. We know it will be read with great interest by the children and grand-children of the families mentioned and by others whose people were residents of the town at the time referred to. Sixty-eight years ago is a long time to remember and we doubt if there is a single living person in this section, who was a member of the M. E. church of Bellefonte at that time who will recollect Mr. Waring or his struggles to prepare for the ministry. We can recall possibly a half dozen citizens who will remember him as an apprentice to Mr. Harris, and a resident of the town, but the principal Harris shop in the place. When I handed him the paper, after reading it, he said, "What kind of a saddle and bridle do you want?" I said, "None." He said I could return her at the end of the year, or pay him sixty dollars and keep her. I explained to him the situation and thank him; but did not accept this kind offer.

I think it was on Tuesday night, as I was sitting alone reading, a friend came in. It was Maj. George W. Weaver, a Presbyterian gentleman. Saying that he had heard that I was going on a circuit, he remarked that I would want a horse, and he had come to offer me the use of one he owned, (a beautiful young mare, dappled gray, and that rode like a top.) He said I did not need a horse to Meadville; that he would draft an outline of study for me, and that I would have the advantage of putting all I acquired into immediate practical use; and furthermore that he was going to hold a quarterly meeting on one of the circuits the next week, and that he could arrange so I could get the use of a horse, or help in securing one. But this did not convince me, and I did not promise that I would go. But now three unforeseen circumstances occurred that led me to accept this kind offer.

The next morning I noticed Mr. Harris writing at his desk. Soon he turned to me, handing me a folded paper, and requesting me to take it to Mr. Harvey McClure's. He did not say anything as to the object in view, and as I was in the habit of carrying messages for him, I did not suspect his purpose. This Brother McClure was one of our leaders and had the principal Harris shop in the place. When I handed him the paper, after reading it, he said, "What kind of a saddle and bridle do you want?" I said, "None." He said, "You must take the work the elder wants you to, and you will need them." I said, "No, I have not agreed to go; and besides that Mr. Harris has said nothing to me about this thing; and I would not take them at all without an understanding with him." "O," he replied, "this is an order for a complete outfit for you, saddle, bridle and saddle-bags, and I am not going to lose the trade. I do not keep saddle-bags in stock; but I am going to make you a pair. Come in here." So taking me by the hand, he led me into an adjoining room, where he had his best goods behind sash; and taking out a fair leather saddle and bridle, he asked me how they would suit me. I said very well if I wanted them; but I said "I will do nothing till I see Mr. Harris," and walk out. My way back led me past a place where a gentleman named John Montgomery, a Universalist, had a merchant tailor shop. He happened to be in the door, and calling to me, asked me in. He then repeated the story of my proposed appointment, and said, "You will need a new suit of clothes, and I want to make them for you." I also explained to him the situation. "Well," he said, "it makes no difference: I will make you the clothes and you can pay for them whenever it is convenient; I thank him; but told him I would see him again; and went home. There I found that Brother McClure had already sent the bridle, saddle and halter by another route, ahead of me; and they were there, ticketed with my name. The next day I got a letter from the elder saying that he had made arrangements with the circuit by which I could get the use of a horse, or help to get one; that he had made the appointment, and that my work would begin on the next Sabbath morning, telling me where, and giving me three appointments and fifteen miles of travel the first Sabbath. These events put an entirely new face on the whole affair. I began to see, as I thought, a provocation in it. I felt that it would be wrong for me to try and do the best I could under the circumstances; and in the end, mounted on the iron grey, equip with the accoutrements accepted as a present from my employer, I made my way to the place assigned me. The suit of clothing and saddle-bags were made and obtained in due time, and in six months it was all settled for, and I was free of the world.

The work to which I was assigned was called Sinnamahoning circuit. It extended from Snow Shoe north to within 20 miles of the York State line, and lay in the counties of Centre, Clinton, Potter, McKean, Elk and Clearfield. Cameron county was not then formed; and at the site of Emporium, then called the Portage, there was a small saw mill, two or three log houses and a small log school house in which we held our meetings. I had a colleague, a bachelor, named Thomas Fulton, and there were 20 or 25 appointments on the work to be filled every four weeks. But the work grew on our hands, and shortly a third preacher was sent to help. In 1850 I was received on trial in the old Baltimore conference, in which I remained until 1857, when I fell by division into the East Baltimore conference; and that year was transferred to Iowa, by Bishop Beverly Waugh where I have since been. Four of the years I was in the old conference were spent south, one in Maryland, one in Virginia, and two in what is now West Virginia. And I have been always glad of that arrangement; for it gave me an inside view of the working of the slave system that I could not otherwise have acquired. For several years I have been on the retired list. But a number of years ago, when pastor of the old historic Old Zion church in Burlington, Iowa, once the Territorial Capital, my attention was called to the history of our Iowa Methodism, and I began to gather material, much of it from the original sources, and this last year, the 82, I prepared the manuscript of the history for publication, which has been approved by the Iowa conference, which appointed a committee of publication, and we hope soon to see it in book form.

You may say to the friends in the Bellefonte society that, tho I have not been there since 1873, I have never forgotten the place or the church. It remains still sacred to me by these early associations, altho the old landmarks are mostly gone, and the early workers, pastors and people, have long since reaped their reward. But I trust that greater blessings and more abundant success may attend the church, honored as it has been in its past history, in all the departments of its work in the days to come.

Believe me, dear Brother, yours in Christ,

EDMUND H. WARING,
Iowa Conference.

I did not get to the Conference of 1850. We had an appointment on the Susquehanna, on the county line, and just above the mouth of the Sinnamahoning. Some colored refugees had made their way there, and built them homes in Centre county, where they would be more secure, in the remote woods, from the slave hunters. They were honest, industrious people who attended our meetings. On the north side of the river the people were whites. We had held no special meetings for them, and I remained for that purpose. The two races met together, the colored people coming in their canoes. I took quite a number of both to Massasa into the church, and left them to be cared for by the preachers and to the circuit. And I did not learn of my new work—Bloomsburg, Columbia county, until I came in to Bellefonte after the meeting.

PINE GROVE MENTION.

Tuesday Geo. Inhoof fished to State College. Mrs. Milton Carver is laid up with a badly broken ankle.

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