

LOOKING BACKWARD.

Incidents Connected with Three of the Old Turnpike Taverns.

BY JOHN M. COOPER.

[We published recently a paper entitled "Old Turnpike Taverns," taken from Public Opinion. Mr. Cooper, shortly after its publication added the following incidents connected with the old-time hostilities:]

If it will interest your readers you may add the following to my account of the old turnpike and its taverns:

David Fegley kept tavern in Loudon as early as 1837 or 1838, and as late as 1842. How long before or after I do not know. He was a Democrat from Berk's county, friendly and full of humor, and used to call, when in Chambersburg, at the old Telegraph office, where I was learning my trade. At that time candidates for Sheriff were not nominated by Conventions, but ran a scrub race, half a dozen or more being on the track. In 1841, William Gilmore, Adam Fisher and Upton Washabaugh, of Chambersburg, William Coffroth, of Greencastle, and others not remembered, were candidates. Although parties did not nominate, they generally endeavored to concentrate on the candidate of their faith whom they believed to be the strongest. Gilmore, Washabaugh and Coffroth were Democrats; Fisher was a Whig, and there were other Whig candidates. The Democrats concentrated on Gilmore, the Whigs on Fisher. Fegley promised to do all he could for Washabaugh, from whom he got his beer, for W. was a brewer, but when the votes were counted W. did not have one at Loudon. This was thought to be a good joke on Fegley and it was rubbed in on him. He stood the rubbing very well and probably "stood treat" on it pretty often, usually remarking, "I thought he would get some votes and if there had just been one I could have claimed it."

FROM THE WINDY CITY.

From a Former Fulton Teacher.

CHICAGO, Nov. 16, 1899. B. W. PECK, A Sir.—I was surprised, agreeable, by the way, giving a copy of THE FULTON COUNTY NEWS, (sent by a few days ago, and must be a "scrumptious" lead-er old Fulton. I perused it with interest; it contained in it; even-though I were interesting and interesting to memory some of my maintainances in Fulton. Located in the Metropolis vest, and I tell you she is old burg. Things are a-coming on the move; and when the fine parks, especially the wonderful museum of the he readily sees that time nor money have been in beautifying and securing many novelties, for the on of the many people constantly visiting the weather here is right specially when one gets breeze from old Lake

received in the columns of the ding, received that the wedding really been jingling near my contact I heartily congratulate the couple with best wishes. I would like to of grace, but as time will not money close by wishing THE limited success, and ask, and to remember me to my foods in Little Fulton.

YOURS,
J. J. PALMER.

EMPTED ROBBERY.

Wednesday night as Mr. was coming from the church in Chambersburg, just as he crossed Centon Washington street, men appeared. One and upon Mr. Nace's and the other stepped behind. Just then Mr. Washabaugh came along the road, before the men said anything, and suspecting e long wrong he advised Mr. ers, do nothing to do with ors, s. In a surly manner 70 min backed off while his the age, a man wearing a me not ran up the alley north. years went on and Mr. Augh- Next threatened the big felo- 4; the police until he also doctor's alley. The larger of of 170, a derby hat and any disposed man by One of the fellows t be able would have done him an have follow had not come." or no ex-rg Journal.

morning, did you?" said the Governor in a surprised and earnest tone. "No, I came part of the way yesterday evening and the rest this morning, and I am not at all tired," said the veteran.—He related incidents connected with his service under Decatur, and at a pause in the conversation the Governor remarked to me, "We seem to be standing in the actual presence of a time long past." There were people there who had known the veteran for a long time and no part of his story could be doubted. I observed him closely and saw nothing about him that indicated such extreme age except his eyes. These were flattened to a remarkable extent, but he said he could see very well.

My first trip to Bedford was made in 1845, in the stage, which, stopped at Ottinger's. In the office I noticed an active young man, with round and pleasant face, who was making himself useful in a very agreeable manner. I did not hear his name and never saw him again, and there was nothing to fix him on my mind except his pleasant face and the attention he bestowed upon every person or thing in need of attention. Years rolled by and I became Pardon and Appointment Clerk in the Attorney General's office during Buchanan's administration. One day there came into my hands, from a northwestern State, an application for the pardon of a postmaster who had been convicted of stealing from the mails and sentenced to the penitentiary. The family name given was one that I was familiar with, and on examining the papers I found that the prisoner belonged to a Franklin county family well known to me. I remembered the father and the mother; (the former dead but the latter still living at that time,) and was well acquainted with two of their sons, but this one I had never heard of. Among the papers was a letter from the mother, setting forth the suffering she was undergoing on account of her erring son. Among other striking things she said "my flesh is consuming off my bones." I wrote to the son with whom the mother was then living, and assured him that I would endeavor to have his brother pardoned. I then made up the case in the usual way, wrote a letter of my own to President Buchanan, stating what I knew of the family and asking to quench the fire which was consuming the flesh off the bones of the good old mother, who was then over 80 years of age.—Judge Black took the case to the President, and I was directed to draw up the form for the pardon. Of course I sent the glad tidings at once to the son with whom the mother was living, nor did I lose any time in drawing up the pardon.

About a dozen years afterward, in conversation with Mr. George Megraw, (since deceased,) of the Juniata Crossings, I referred to my first trip up the turnpike to Bedford, and to the active and pleasant-faced young man at the stage hotel in that place, whose name I had learned. Mr. Megraw said he knew him well, that he had at one time been engaged at the Crossings, that his name was _____, that he was from Franklin county, that he had taken to drinking. This was the man whose prison doors I had opened away up in the northwest. I hope he never went astray again.

Considering all that I have written about the old Turnpike running westward from Chambersburg, you will naturally conclude that I remember it with a feeling akin to affection, and you will not wonder that I remember and continue to admire a speech made by a colored brother in the course of a debate long ago in one of the Ohio river towns. The question was: "Which is the preferable mode of traveling, by coach or by turnpike or by boat on the river?" The champions of the river discoursed eloquently on the floating palaces gliding smoothly along, while the passengers enjoyed all the comforts of a well-appointed home. The champions of the turnpike did their best with the rattling coach, the prancing horses, the driver's horn and the steaming dish of chicken on the tavern table, but the tide of debate seemed to be running against them, for the river brethren demolished their strongest point by affirming that the boat carried

chickens in coops and the passenger not only found them on the table but had a chance to walk off with one if he reached his landing at night. Fortunately for the champions of the turnpike they had the concluding speech and their last orator proved himself worthy of the mighty task before him. With "his eyes in a fine frenzy rolling" and his two rows of ivory shining like a polished steel muskrat trap, he jumped to his feet and delivered this short but irresistible speech: "Ef you trappel by de turnpike and de coach brakes down, dar you is; but ef you trappel by de ribber and de boat splodes up, whar is you?" Judges, spectators, and even champions of the river, each agreed that in case of accident he would rather his friends should be able to say "dar he is" than to have them running wildly up and down the river asking "whar is he?" So the turnpike won by a unanimous vote.

Your compositer evidently thought I made a slip of the pen when I wrote, in the paragraph relating to the "Juniata Crossings," that the original Dennison house at the old Crossing was probably the one alluded to as "Dennis's" by the two Philadelphia travelers in 1819, and so he lengthened "Dennis's" into Dennison's and made a mistake instead of correcting one. I wrote it as it ought to have been. The travelers said they arrived at "Dennis's," near the river, on the old road. The Crossing farm was a large one—700 or 800 acres—and extended from a short distance above the turnpike crossing to a considerable distance below the old road crossing, and the old house, at the old crossing, was one or two hundred yards west of the river. Having always understood that Dennison built and kept the tavern at the turnpike crossing and owned the whole tract of land, I conjectured that he had kept tavern at the old crossing and that this was the place meant by the Philadelphia travelers when they had arrived at "Dennis's." The old house was a wooden structure of good size for its time. It was unoccupied for years and its doors left open, and Mr. Megraw's sheep used to go in it to rest in the shade or escape the rain. During a violent storm lightning struck down the chimney and killed 25 or 30 of the sheep, after which Mr. Megraw, to prevent future mishaps of the kind, destroyed the house by fire. George Washington may have dined or rested and otherwise refreshed himself in it when returning from Bedford to Philadelphia at the time of the "Whiskey Insurrection" in 1794.

Artificial or manufactured oysters are now being sold in Paris, where the real bivalve is very expensive. The only genuine thing about the manufactured oysters is the shell, which is purchased second hand by the makers at small cost. The spurious oyster is fastened on with a tasteless paste, and is sold on the half shell. Those who have indulged in these counterfeit bivalves say that when lemon juice or vinegar has been added they cannot be told from the real article. The secret of their manufacture has not yet been disclosed, but the ingredients of which they are made are said to be harmless.

Harry Weller, aged 18 years, whose home is in Berlin, Somerset county, approached an officer at Berlin on Tuesday and said he wanted to be taken to the Somerset jail. He admitted that he was implicated in the killing of August Glessner, of Allegheny township, same county, two weeks last Sunday. He accompanied the officer to the woods where the murder was committed and unearthed a beer bottle and a pocketbook. Later he made a confession to District Attorney Rufus Myers, implicating Milton Sheets, aged 19. He confessed that he struck Glessner over the head with the beer bottle to get 8100 Glessner had shown in Berlin. Weller he said, had nothing to do with the murder. Both boys were locked up to await trial.

The man who has a really cheerful disposition is he who can whistle when he has only five cents in his pocket and no hope of getting more until next salary day.

AN OLD FASHIONED VIEW OF RAILROADS.

Traveling is now so easy, and used to be so difficult, that it is hard for us to realize that the introduction of so useful an improvement as the "iron horse" was not immediately and universally welcomed; but it was not. In an old family letter are recorded the impressions of an early traveler by rail, after her great journey behind a locomotive.

"The speed is very terrifying," she wrote, "and the clattering and jolting inconceivably unpleasant. The atmosphere is less on-ly than I expected; but, on the other hand, there is much soot and upon everything, even shortly upon the faces and hands of the travelers. Then the appalling screeches proceeding from the locomotive engine, which it gives out on coming to a stop and at other times, are most distressing and discordant.

"It is a method of travel with but one advantage, a saving of time; and with more disadvantages than can be enumerated, beginning as they do with danger and concluding with dirt.

"Between cities of large population, whence the necessities of business force men to hasten to and fro, and for carrying of goods and merchandise, the railroad is no doubt destined to fill a useful position. But that it can ever be employed for ordinary travel, after public curiosity is satisfied, by individuals of leisure and good personal habits—by gentlemen and gentlewomen, in short—or even by cleanly and comfortable people not gently bred, unless in cases of necessity, I cannot believe."

It is easy to sympathize with this dainty lady's dislike of grime and noise, but what would she have said could she have lived to ride in a parlor car, dine at a flying buffet or sleep away a journey of three or four hundred miles secluded in a comfortable berth?—Public Ledger.

Manners in Public.

The person who has been trained from childhood to consider the comfort and convenience of others at the expense of his own will instinctively take the least comfortable seat in a car and get on or off the car in a way which will cause others the least inconvenience. The person who has not been trained in this way will make himself obnoxious and will cause much inward swearing among his neighbors. Let the children be trained to be polite.—Washington Times.

John I. Blair in his earlier days owned a western railroad, along the route of which he established a series of lunchrooms, at which the employees were to be charged fifty cents and all passengers seventy-five cents. Mr. Blair once dined at one of these places, and, concluding his meal, laid down a half dollar. "Hold on!" cried the cashier. "You don't belong to this road." "I know that," he replied; "the road belongs to me."

TERMS OF COURT.

The first term of the Courts of Fulton county in the year shall commence on the Tuesday following the second Monday of January, at 10 o'clock A. M. The second term commences on the third Monday of March, at 2 o'clock P. M. The third term on the Tuesday next following the second Monday of June at 10 o'clock A. M. The fourth term on the first Monday of October, at 2 o'clock P. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

President Judge—Hon. S. McC. Swope. Associate Judges—Lemuel Kirk, Peter Morton. Prothonotary, &c.—Frank P. Lynch. District Attorney—George R. Daniels. Treasurer—Theo. Sipes. Sheriff—Daniel Sheets. Deputy Sheriff—James Hamel. Jury Commissioners—David Rotz, Samuel H. Bookensmith. Auditors—John S. Harris, D. H. Myers, A. J. Lamberson. Commissioners—L. W. Cunningham, Albert Pessinger, John Stunkard. Clerk—S. W. Kirk. Coroner—Thomas Kirk. County Surveyor—James Lake. County Superintendent—Clem Chesnut. Attorneys—W. Scott Alexander, J. Nelson Sipes, Thomas F. Sloan, F. Tolson, John M. R. Shaffer, Geo. B. Daniels, John P. Sipes.

FOR SALE.

D. EDWARD FORE offers his Store and Property for sale. Possession given at once to the buyer of property and goods. I offer my line of goods for sale at the lowest cash price. Kind felt boots. "Circle Sam" with cover, at \$2.50; others at \$2.00. Shoes at the lowest prices without regard to advance of 10 to 20 per cent. in manufacturers price. All goods sold for cash at a reduction of 5 to 10 per cent. I WILL NOT BE UNDERPAID, and will allow you ten cents per dozen more for cash, in trade, than any bootster in town. Kind Fruit of all kinds. Fine clothing in season. You will find my stock, consisting of Dry Goods, Notions, Suspenders, Quarters, Ties, Hats, Caps, and general line of goods, complete. Prices low for cash. Remember I will not be underpaid. D. EDWARD FORE, Knoxville, Pa.

FALL AND WINTER. REISNERS'. We are now prepared to show our Friends the Largest and Best Selected Stock of GENERAL MERCHANDISE IN FULTON COUNTY, (a claim that is being extensively made.) Satisfy yourself about that matter. We will show you the LARGEST LINE OF Ladies' Wraps that Fulton county has ever had in it, and at prices as low as is consistent with perfect goods. The range on Plush capes \$2.50 to \$13.00. Cloth capes as low as \$1.25. See them. Jackets, \$4.00 up. We have the prettiest line of Ladies' Skirts to show you from 20 cents to \$2.00. Dress Goods in Stacks. A good Wool Suiting for 19 cents, well worth 25 cents. See our stock of Ladies' and Men's Neckwear. —Lots of new, nice things. A matter of interest to all is good warm UNDERWEAR, for cold weather. We have it. We have a case of 32 dozen of MEN'S SHIRTS and DRAWERS, at 40 cents apiece, that lots of people won't be slow to ask 50 cents for. They are perfect in make and fit, and in every way acceptable. Of course we have lots cheaper, and several lines of Underwear at 50c., 75c. and \$1.00, and up; Ladies' from 20c. to \$1.00. Children's 10c. and up. LEWIS SHOES. WEAR RESISTERS. Within reach OF EVERY POCKET-BOOK. A Word about SHOES. We have two lines of Ladies' and Children's Shoes that we will stand against anything anywhere, price considered, for fit, and wear, and appearance. A general line, including Men's, Boys', Ladies' and Misses', that will stand against any line, we don't care who produces them, or their price. We are selling a very fair Children's Shoe, 8-12 at 65c. A first-rate Oil Grain Shoe for women at 98c. Men's Boots as low as \$1.50. A very good one. Ready-made Clothing. A larger stock than you will find anywhere else in town. We know the prices are all right, every time.