

The Fulton County News.

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DAVID LEWIS.

The Noted Highwayman and Counterfeiter.

It is but justice to Sheriff Bitner, and Mr. Hendrick, to say, that in conducting me from Carlisle to Chambersburg, they treated me as well as I could expect, particularly the latter. In the afternoon of the same day that I was lodged in the jail at Chambersburg, where I was shortly after my confinement gratified with a visit from his excellency Gov. Findley, who opportunely had arrived at Chambersburg nearly about the same time. He condescended with me on my present misadventure, and after the jailer and spectators had left the room, we had a private interview, during which we conversed freely on different subjects, not necessary now to mention, but any person will wrong His Excellency, if he supposes the conversation related to an office. He never promised me any such thing, nor did I ask one of him. His Excellency did not remain with me longer than half an hour, and on leaving the room, he gave me an affectionate squeeze of the hand.

I did not long remain in confinement before I tricked Mr. Leader who was confident I would not leave him. My escape was owing to the negligence of the jailer, who in his hurry to see a fight that was going on in the street forgot to lock the door of the convicts, contenting himself with bolting it, and fastening the wicket door, or rather window with the key that unlocked the other rooms, he omitted to return and secure the door in the usual way. During the day the prisoners had fixed a soap string over the top of the door, and concealed it in a crack on the outside, and by means of a loop or slip knot, they succeeded in pulling out the key, the plan succeeding they unlocked the door through the window; having thus got to the entry and having the necessary key to open the door of the room in which I was confined, I was in this manner liberated, and springing the lock of this door leading into the women's apartment, and the door leading from thence into the yard, as well as that of the gate opening into the street, luckily I and four other criminals effected our escape undiscovered by anybody, about two o'clock in the morning. We proceeded about half a mile, and finding my hobbles troublesome, we entered a pine thicket, where by means of an axe and cold chisel, I extricated myself from the irons. While thus employed we heard distinctly the noise of the town bells, which were ringing on the occasion to alarm the inhabitants and arouse them to pursuit, and could not help laughing very heartily, notwithstanding the terror we were in, at the confusion and mortification our escape must produce among the wise citizens of Chambersburg. There is no truth in the supposition, that I had bribed the jailer, or gave him any directions about his getting fifteen hundred dollars, which I said, I had concealed in the pines, south of the Walnut bottom road. I never hid any money there, nor promised Mr. Leader any bribe whatever. He always treated me with humanity as long as I was his prisoner, and is wrongfully accused, if anybody suspects my escape was owing to his criminality.—We remained all that day in a rye field, and at night pursued our course to Doubling Gap. Near this place is a cave in a cliff in the mountain, formed by a projecting rock, and here we remained for several days. After refreshing ourselves, and I had succeeded in procuring a change of clothes, I disguised myself as well as I could, and passing for a well digger paid frequent visits to Newville, especially in the night. I generally took a round through the taverns, to learn

Broken Friendship.

(Written for the FULTON COUNTY NEWS by Prof. George W. Ashton, Middletown, Pa.)

It is a trite saying that human friendship, like glass, is easily broken but not easily mended.

The sweet word friendship is expressive of a relationship that may contribute materially to the happiness of those who are thus linked together. It is supposed to be based upon intimate and somewhat prolonged acquaintance between the parties. It is thus the result of slow growth, and yet there is something back of this and out of which grows this beautiful relationship. There are those to whom we become attached, as friends from our first introduction. We feel that there is something in them that meets a want of our own being. We are naturally drawn toward such persons, and we seek that intimacy which fosters the growth of unalloyed affection. Such friendships are more lasting than those produced under any other circumstances.

But, however formed, friendship is a natural human want. We are not simply sociable by nature. We are never satisfied with mere society. We must have friends bound to us and we to them by intimate and confidential ties. Into this soul privacy not all can be admitted, and those who would dwell sweetly together in this inner sanctuary of human love must have somewhat kindred spirits. Then, there are pleasures to be tasted which ennoble and beautify the soul; intercourse to be enjoyed that will prove precious seasons during their continuance and that will furnish pleasurable memories in the long after years.

If friendship is so sweet a bond with what care should we protect it that it be not broken. Its conditions are simple. Its first law is sincerity.

The friendship of the world is often called hollow. That which it most lacks is sincerity. This lack of the very first quality of continued life will make it evanescent. It cannot bear the strains that at time it will be subjected to. And whenever the heart that confides in such a friend, discovers the absence of sincerity, the friendship, which has all the time been one-sided, must cease. To continue, then, this precious relationship must be sincerity.

So must there be mental confidence. We must feel assured that we can trust our friend.—Our interests must be secure in his keeping. If there be no assurance that our good name and our soul-secrets which may be confided to a friend will be sacredly kept, there can be no continued friendship. Confidence implies the confiding, the trusting of something. That something most usually is the secrets of our hearts and of our lives. And how often do we want some one to whom they can be confided. Such confidence enhances human joys, it mitigates human heart-sorrows, and lessens life's heavy trials and vexatious burdens.

Mutual interest is essential to friendship. Selfishness and friendship dwell not together in the same heart. A soul intent on its own interests has no responsive chord to the touch of a loving heart. This out-going of the soul in warm sympathy with the interests of others must ever be experienced, if we would have true friends. If thou wouldst have friends show thyself friendly, is the language alike of experience and inspiration.

And, now, if we would never realize the unhappiness of broken friendship, we must keep sacred these conditions. Then distance may separate; time may run into years; trials may test our fidelity; new relations may be established; but still the blooming immortelle of friendship will continue to shed its fragrance over our hearts. And why may it not ever bloom? Why would the tenderest human sensibility by some rude act of self-interest, some mistrustful and suspicious word, some whispered thought of insincerity?

DEATH RECORD.

Those Who Have Been Summoned to the Other World.

JOHN LAWSON JACKSON.

John Lawson Jackson died at his home one mile north of Akersville, last Friday aged about seventy years.

Mr. Jackson had not been well for several days, but on last Wednesday evening he took a violent attack of pneumonia, from which he did not recover.

The deceased was one of Brush Creek's most estimable citizens. For a great many years he had been a leading member of the Methodist Episcopal church at Akersville; he was a great Bible student, and was, several years ago, licensed as a local preacher.

It was one of his sons, N. Burdine Jackson, who was killed a few weeks ago by being kicked by a horse, and the deceased was settling up his son's estate as administrator. His other children are—Marshall, at home; James E., at Akersville; Rachel, married to James Baughman, and Annie, married to John Baughman, living on adjoining farms near Everett; Elizabeth, married to Grant Hixson, Kane, Pa.; Minnie, wife of Wm. Ott, at Akersville, and Miss Lucretia at home.

Funeral took place on Tuesday, and his remains were interred at Akersville.

EMANUEL MELLOTT.

Mr. Emanuel Mellott, a well-known resident of Belfast township, Fulton county, died on the 9th instant, after an illness of short duration, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Benjamin A. L. Ross, in Everett, aged 61 years, 1 month and 11 days. His death was due to a general breaking down of his constitution. He had come here on a visit in hopes of recuperating his health. Early in life he was united in marriage to Miss Lydia A. Daniels. To this union there were eight children, namely: Harry A., Curwensville; Mrs. A. C. Deshong, Mrs. S. J. Deshong, James H., Russell C., and Reuben D., of Fulton county; Mrs. Lewis Sponsler and Mrs. B. A. L. Ross, of Everett. On the following Wednesday the remains were taken to Saluvia, where on Thursday the funeral occurred from the Christian church, Rev. Foor officiating.—Everett Republican.

Pattersons Run.

A. G. Dishong lost a very valuable coon dog one day last week. Mrs. V. R. Sipes and Mrs. Elmer Dishong spent Sunday with their mother, Mrs. Jane Decker, who is in very ill health.

R. P. Schooley was seen going down the Licking Creek road the other day with a load of Christmas goods. Think of the writer, Dick.

Mrs. Sallie Beseker expects to return to her old home Monday, after a stay of nine months in Chambersburg.

Bert Wilson moved into M. P. Sipes' house along Licking Creek Tuesday.

The young folks are very busy getting ready for the entertainment at Siloam, Wednesday evening the 24th.

Burnt Cabins.

Miss Barbara Fore, of Knobsville, is visiting her niece Mrs. Chas. McGehee.

Miss Jessie Speck, who has been at Hagerstown taking a course in music, has returned home to spend the holidays.

Samuel Widney made a flying trip to Philadelphia last week.

There will be a Christmas entertainment at the M. E. church of this place, Friday evening December 26th.

Mrs. John Baldwin spent last Thursday in McConnellsburg. Ferdinand Briggs and Bert Mathias were in Chambersburg last Thursday.

Hunting season is over and the gunners have all left—It's buck-wheat cakes and fresh sausage now.

Surprise Party.

On Monday of last week a large number of the friends of James A. Sipes of Licking Creek township, assembled at his home to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of his birth.

In order that the surprise might be complete, one of his neighbors called and invited him to take a sleigh ride, which was so prolonged that, when they returned the friends were all there, and a big dinner well under way.

A day of delightful social intercourse was spent, and late in the afternoon the impromptu visitors took their leave, wishing Mr. Sipes many more happy returns. A large number of gifts will help to emphasize the esteem in which he is held by his numerous friends.

New Grenada.

A "Merry Christmas" to all the readers of THE NEWS.

Superintendent Charles E. Barton spent last Thursday and Friday in the schools of Wells township.

Rev. Finney of Orbisonia was registered at the Hook House on Monday. The reverend gentleman was on his way to Shermaans Valley to hold a week's special services in the Presbyterian church there.

Jesse O. McClain of Robertsdale, and Libbie Grissinger near New Grenada are still confined to their beds on account of sickness.

Levi Truax of Eid left Monday morning for an extended trip to western cities. He will spend a few days with his son Harry in Altoona.

Mrs. A. D. Keith and sons Russell and Amon, and daughter Mary, spent last Sunday with the family of James Keith at Eagle Foundry.

Clyde Hockenberry printed and finished about 500 photographs at his car here last Thursday and Friday.

Miss Della Foster and A. J. Repper were visitors in the home of Undertaker F. G. Mills last Friday.

Miss Maggie Stunkard entertained a number of her young friends at her home near Eid, last Saturday evening. By no means the least interesting feature was the tuffy pulling.

The pumpkin and guessing contest at H. H. Bridenstine's store seems to be the center of interest here just now. Thirteen prizes are to be distributed among the lucky guessers the day after Christmas.

The amount of business at Bergstresser's mill at Waterfall has increased so greatly that an assistant miller has been secured and the mill now runs day and night—the regular miller Clark Bergstresser being assisted by John Grissinger of Dublin Mills.

Drs. William S. Hunter and his brother Robert M., drove over from Cassville to this place last Sunday. Bob has returned, but Will will spend his holiday vacation here and look after any obstreperous molars in the neighborhood.

Mrs. J. G. Cunningham had the misfortune a few days ago to slip and fall on the ice injuring one shoulder and arm—not so seriously, however, but that she is able to be about again.

Last week, one day, Michael Broadbeck of near Three Springs was traveling across the mountain in a sled from New Grenada to Broad Top, and while ascending the mountain near the point where Dr. Campbell's accident occurred some weeks ago, his sled which was loaded with beef and produce, slid off the road.

There was so much ice on the road and such a heavy crust on the snow that Mr. Broadbeck with team sled and all went down over the rocks and through the bushes and timber in one promiscuous jumble, and Mr. Broadbeck being an aged man, it is a wonder that he ever escaped with his life. As it was he was badly cut and bruised and his team and load greatly damaged. This is the second accident this season, and still no guard rails. Carbon township had better take warning.

FROM REV. GEO. B. SHOEMAKER.

Had One of the Foote Brothers with Him. Other Eastern People.

MAQUOKETA, IOWA, Dec. 15, 1902.—

We think, or rather trains of thought are started, through association. It was my pleasure to have with me on yesterday, (Sunday), Rev. Foote, of Fairfield, Iowa, one of the Foote Bros. evangelists. Meeting him brought to mind the fact that several years ago the Foote Brothers held a series of meetings in McConnellsburg. I spoke to him about old Fulton county. He was pleased to know that I was from "Old Fulton," and he remembered many of the people and spoke kindly of them all. He is a pleasant gentleman and gave on Sunday morning a scriptural talk on the Holy Spirit, and worshiped with us, as also in the evening. I thought some of your many readers might be pleased to hear of this brother, especially if he was instrumental in leading them into a Christian life. At the present, Mr. Foote is not in evangelistic work but is caring for his aged father.

I went into the C. M. & St. Paul depot one day since coming here and asked the agent the fare to Huntingdon, Pa. He said, before answering my question,—"Why, I know that country: I was born near Huntingdon." We had a visit, you may be sure. I begin to feel as though the woods are full of Pennsylvania people. I meet them on every hand; and, for the most part, they are pretty fair specimens of humanity, too. We have only been in this community a little over two months, but we are beginning to feel at home among these people. They treat us very kindly, and we hope to do them good.

We are having a delightful winter as to temperature, but we might have some more sunshine. Sleighing is splendid; coasting is simply magnificent. As I see the boys and girls with their sleds on the hills of this town, I think back to the time when coasting was the joy of my life in the old home.

Speaking of the lack of sunshine reminds me of the story told of a Scotch minister, which is as follows—

A Scotch minister from a large town once visited and preached in a rural parish, and was asked to pray for rain. He did so, and the rain came in floods and destroyed some of the crops, whereupon one elder remarked to another:

"This comes o' entrusting sic a request to a meenister who isna acquantit wi' agriculture."

We have had so much rain during the past summer and this fall that I am afraid some Scotchman has overdone the matter.

We are preparing for our Christmas entertainment in our church. We will decorate with an imitation snow bank, and have a program by the Sunday school. Our stores are filled with Christmas goods of all kinds, and people are beginning to buy quite freely. This week and next, will show a large trade if the weather will permit the people to get in from the country.

I paid one dollar to-day for a bushel of winter apples—Iowa grown. That was not bad, was it? Potatoes sell at retail for fifty-five cents a bushel. Oysters are thirty-five cents a quart, but are not like the big fellows I used to "shuck" down cellar, in what is now the home of "The News", but they are palatable, and we enjoy them. We are paying high prices for coal and wood, and have not been able yet to get any hard coal at all. I think we will have to get through the winter on soft coal; and when spring comes, we will need a good scrubbing.

There is a very marked change in conditions in Iowa, and for the better, financially. Since I came West, many people have made good fortunes, and are surrounded

A Pretty Wedding.

A very prettily appointed wedding occurred yesterday at high noon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Pollock, near Canonsburg. The bride was their daughter, Cleonie E., and the groom was Morrow McN. Kendall, of McConnellsburg, Fulton county. The bride wore a beautiful costume of coline trimmed with point lace and wore a bridal veil. She had on a fine breastpin of jet and pearls, which her Grandmother Murray had worn. A beautiful ring ceremony was used by the bride's pastor, the Rev. Charles Fulton. He was assisted by the Rev. G. R. Murray, of Thomas, and the Rev. Pressly Thompson, of Washington. The bridal party consisted of Mrs. R. B. Leslie, of Washington, matron of honor; Clara J. Pollock, sister of the bride, maid of honor; Ralph Johnson of Pittsburg, best man. Other attendants were Mrs. Gretta McKinley and Jeannette McNary, and S. Murray Pollock, brother of the bride. Miss Etta Matthews of Canonsburg, sang a song, "Just Because I Love You So," preliminary to appearance of wedding party, and her sister, Miss Clara Matthews, played the wedding march. After the ceremony the guests to the number of 125, partook of a wedding dinner. The newly wedded couple will spend a short honeymoon traveling, when they will make their home in Fulton county.

Quite a number of guests were present from Washington and different parts of the state. The colors of the wedding were green and white. The home was beautifully decorated and the room all darkened. A Canonsburg caterer assisted in serving the dinner.—Washington, (Pa.) Observer, Dec. 18.

Knobsville.

Our town has increased 6 in population this year.

There was a Christmas entertainments at the M. E. church Christmas Eve.

Mr. Daniel Gunnels arrived home last week from Altoona.

We are having a set of saints here about a mile or so from here; but they are nothing but a set of Mormons, and should be driven from a civilized country. It is a shame to tolerate such a nuisance. Two persons went crazy over them, and one his wife left him because of ill-treatment. They are nothing but a set of Devil's darlings. I would furnish rotten eggs to have them driven out. They make more disturbance in family than good. When they say they cannot sin they are telling a big lie then, unless the Bible lies, as it says that there is no man living but what sins. We have some in all community think Mormons are the stuff. They are off in the head.

DEF.

Mr. Cyrus Wagner of Knobsville is spending the holidays with friends at Newville and Harrisburg.

ed with all the comforts of life.

So rapidly have some accumulated in Iowa, that I am not sure but that the following occurred in this western country:

"An Irishman who had but recently arrived in this country applied to a Scotchman for a job. The Scotchman decided to give Pat a trial—also a little advice. "It will be your own fault if you don't get ahead in this country, Pat," said the Scotchman.—"Twenty years ago I landed in New York with but one shirt to my back, but since then by my own exertions I have managed to accumulate a million." "Faith, an' O'd loike to be afther knowin' phwat any man wants with a million shirts!" exclaimed Pat, "he can't wear more than wan at a tolme, begorra!"

I'll not be in McConnellsburg to catch the Editor for a "Christmas Gift," but I wish you all A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Brief Mention of Persons and Places You Know.

Charlie Mumma spent a few hours in town Monday.

J. A. Helman, of Knobsville, left some cash with us, Monday.

John Deaver is home from Millersville for the holidays.

Ed Buckley is visiting his father and sister at Fort Littleton.

Dr. W. L. McKibbin of Union, is in town.

Gertrude Barton, of Brush Creek township is visiting relatives in Taylor.

Ed Reiser one of Lancaster county's best teachers, is spending the holidays with his parents Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Reiser.

Chris Demmick of Elmwood, Iowa, is spending the holidays with his sisters in this place.

Charley Lodge of Brush Creek spent Saturday evening and Sunday with Hon. and Mrs. S. W. Kirk of this place.

Clyde Ott of Everett came down Sunday to eat Christmas dinner with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Ott.

Robert N. Shimer who has been employed in Altoona for the past few months, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Shimer, of this place.

Prof. Ernest Gress, principal of the public schools at Nicholson Pa., came home last Friday to spend the holidays with his wife and baby.

Miss Elizabeth Patterson, of Blairsville, Pa., is spending the holidays with her parents, Hon. and Mrs. D. H. Patterson at Webster Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian Martin of the Cove are spending the holidays with their son John in Franklin county and attending the wedding of their niece.

Miss Annie Deshong of this place began Monday to finish teaching the unexpired term of school at Cedar Lane in Belfast township.

James H. Fields of Clear Ridge spent a day in town last week. Mr. Fields will move with his family on to the James Sipes farm east of town the first of April.

Miss Annie Irwin, a former teacher of this county, but now holding a remunerative position as stenographer at Tyre, N. Y., is spending the holidays with her sister, Miss Ella, of this place.

Mr. William Mellott and family after an absence of two years, arrived here from their home in Bureau county, Ill., and will visit Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Mellott and other friends during the next few weeks.

There will be a meeting of the Big Cove Agricultural Society at McNaughton's schoolhouse next Saturday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock. In addition to an interesting program, an election of officers will take place and other matters of interest involving general institute work. It is important that every member of the society be present.

When Logue Hess came home from Hancock the other evening he missed one of his best hogs.—Next morning he found that the porker had gone into a vacated dwelling house, opened the star door, gone up stairs and had helped himself to a pile of corn stored up there. When Logue tried to induce the hog to go down the steps the hog objected, and intimated that if Logue persisted too much that the hog would jump out of the window. Logue then left the hog and went for the assistance of a neighbor. When they returned they found that the hog had gone up the garret stairs, was on the garret, and was trying to climb a ladder to get out through the hatch hole onto the roof. It was only by seizing the hog and tying him that they were able to get him back safe to terra firma.