

The Fulton County News.

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CAPITAL CITY OF GREECE.

The Classic Beauty of Its Ancient Architecture

GRAPHICALLY TOLD BY RUTH WEST.

Modern Athens Scrupulously Clean, Which is Speaking Volumes of An Eastern City.

A short distance from the temple of Theseus in the Areopagus, a steep rock, approached by a flight of steps cut in the rock, where the tribunal of the Areopagus, sat in the open air. It was on this hill that the Apostle Paul preached his discourse beginning, "Men of Athens, I perceive that in all things you are too superstitious." Leaving the Areopagus, we went on to the Acropolis, up the steps and through the Propylaea, the gateway, constructed also of Pentelic marble, and of the Doric order, begun in 437 B. C. Turning to the west is the Temple of Windless Victory, a charming little temple of twenty-three feet in height, with four columns of Ionic Architecture in front. The frieze of the north and west sides were carried off by Lord Elgin to the British Museum, but have been replaced in terra cotta. Next is the Parthenon—Oh, what grandness of it, even in its ruined condition!—The reliefs from the pediments and friezes are all gone. We must go to the British Museum and elsewhere to admire them. The divisions of the interior are entirely gone, only the marks on the pavement remain as traces of their whereabouts. The Parthenon architecturally and historically, as everyone knows, is all that's to be known of it from the beginning of the story to the end. North of the Parthenon rises the Erechneum, whose architecture is of a composite nature, giving it a style which is none the less charming. It is built on three levels. The eastern temple of Athena Polias was the one in which the sacred lamp was always kept burning; on the south is the famous portico of the Caryatides (porch of maidens). The order of Architecture is Ionic, as is shown by the Ionic columns of the eastern and northern porticos. There is a museum in the Acropolis containing sculptures from the various temples. After we had gone through that and spent some time in absorbing the view,—it is one of remarkable beauty, over looking as it does at once the beautiful sea and the city—in order to get it well photographed in our minds, we reluctantly left the Acropolis and went to the theatre of Bacchus, which the former directly over looks.—The stage of this theatre is the cradle of dramatic art. On it Eschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, and Aristophanes had their master-pieces represented. The plan is circular, the seats of marble, the names of the persons to whom they belonged are inscribed upon them. Next to the theatre of Bacchus is the Odeon of Herod Atticus, which was destroyed by fire. It is in form like the Theatre of Bacchus, but differed from the theatres of its time in that it was covered by a canopy, also it was reserved for musical competitions.

On our way to modern Athens, we visited Chovagic Monument of Lysicrates, the best represented example of Corinthian Architecture; the Arch of Adrian, which divides modern Athens from the ancient city; the Temple of Jupiter, now only a hall of columns, but very beautiful; and last, the Stadium, where the Panathenian Games were celebrated.

A little about modern Athens before I leave off talking about this most splendid of all places—the city is scrupulously clean, this is speaking volumes for an eastern city. The houses are neat and artistic; streets wide and shady.

We reached Smyrna about noon on the 6th. There we spent a very pleasant afternoon, first to

HAND LACERATED.

Edward Dishong Had Thumb Sawed Off While Operating Shingle Mill.

A painful accident happened to Edward Dishong, son of Nathan Dishong of Licking Creek township, while sawing shingles at a shingle mill last Friday afternoon on the Casper Miller farm in Tod township.

While in the act of feeding the mill Ed was standing on a block, which turned under his foot, causing him to fall forward and throw his hand into the rapidly revolving saw. The thumb of his right hand was sawed off in a twinkling, and the index finger and the heart of the hand badly lacerated. Dr. Dalbey was at once summoned, and went over and dressed the wounded member, but it will be a good while before Ed will be able to use his injured hand.

GONE TO REST.

A Daughter of "Uncle" Henry Tice Dies at Her Home in Ohio.

Without a moment's warning, the death messenger entered the abode of Charles Page and claimed his faithful wife. Mrs. Page was in her usual good health going about her household duties last Saturday evening when she was stricken with apoplexy. She entered the house from the yard with some kindling and complained of being short of breath and a queer sensation in her head and she seated herself and asked her husband for the camphor, but before he could reach her she fell to the floor in what he thought to be a fainting fit. He summoned help and she was placed on the bed and the doctor called, but before the physician could reach her she was beyond all earthly help. She lingered in great agony, never regaining consciousness, for about an hour, when death quieted the groans and closed the tired eyes.

Mary Page was born June 15, 1855, in St. Louis, Mo., and died Jan. 2, 1904. With her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tice, she came to Ohio in 1876. In 1878 she was united in marriage to Charles Page. To them were born six children. Two preceded the mother into the better world. Four children, three sons and one daughter, are left with the father and aged grandfather to mourn the loss of a good mother, wife and daughter. Mrs. Page was a good neighbor, a kind hearted woman, always ready to do the best she could. It was upon her the burden of caring for the aged mother-in-law, who has been so helpless for over a year, fell. She did it cheerfully, never complaining. She was a faithful member of the Methodist church, always in her place when she could be there.

The funeral occurred from the M. E. church Tuesday morning conducted by the pastor, Rev. W. T. Dumm. Interment in the city cemetery.

king in the sights of the city, and then winding up at the American College; here we had tea with some delightful Americans. We moored at the Constantinople quay about 6:30 p. m. on the 7th. The city is very lovely at that time; there was a beautiful afterglow that, with the outlines of the palaces, minarets, etc., against it, made a truly beautiful picture. The next morning we started out bright and early for Robert College, an American Protestant college. The situation overlooking the Bosphorus is a charming one. The college too is very interesting. We met many very pleasant Americans there. It is quite a trip by boat, so that the entire morning was exhausted by going there and returning. When we had had our lunch and procured a guide, we started out again.

Mr. and Mrs. Allison Sipes, of Hustontown, spent a few hours in town last Saturday.

ISAAC J. PECK DEAD.

Was One of the Commissioners of This County during '91, '92, and '93.

Mr. Isaac J. Peck, one of the oldest and best known citizens of Thompson township, died at his home on the 14th ult. and was interred at Mt. Zion on the 16th.

Mr. Peck was born about 76 years ago and was a son of Jacob Peck of the same township, who died a few years ago at the advanced age of 94 years. He is survived by one brother and one sister, Moses J. and Miss Barbara, and by the following children: William C., Jacob, Mary (Mrs. Stillwell Truax), Amy (Mrs. Wolford of Martinsburg, W. Va.), and Lou (Mrs. Frank Shives).

Until broken down by the infirmities of age, he was a very active Democratic politician in his township, and beginning with 1866 he served his township as constable almost continuously until he was elected to the office of County Commissioner in the fall of 1890, serving acceptably therein during the next three years, with Dennis Mellott and George F. Metzler composing the other members of the board.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

Prof. O. S. Johnston and Family at Redlands, California.

Prof. O. S. Johnston, who was obliged to close out his business in Pittsburg, Kansas, and seek the more invigorating climate of the Pacific coast, thus writes from Redlands, California:

"Since leaving the hospital I am recuperating here nicely at Redlands, where my family from Long Beach joined me about a week ago. We all enjoy the higher altitude quite well for winter. "Redlands is a beautiful little city of about 6,000. It is quite scattered owing to the large number of orange groves of from five to fifteen acres within the city limits, which this time of the year makes it especially beautiful, as the trees are all heavily laden with golden fruit.

"As this is one of the most popular winter resorts in southern California, business is very good. This little city claims 113 millionaires, the largest number for the size of the town in the United States."

Married.

SNYDER-HOCKENSMITH. Mr. Herman H. Snyder and Miss Mabel A. Hockensmith, both of Williamsport, Pa., were married at Woltaime, Del., at 2 o'clock p. m. January 1, 1904.

MELLOTT-HANN. On Wednesday January 6, 1904 at the home of the bride, in Licking Creek township, by Justice L. H. Wible of this place, Levi B. Mellott and Alice Adeline Hann, both of Licking Creek.

DECKER-MORRIS. A very beautiful wedding was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Morris, at Mench, at nine o'clock Tuesday, January 5th, when Mr. John J. Decker, of Everett, and Miss Mary Morris, were united in marriage by their pastor, Rev. S. L. Baagher.

A few of the immediate members of the families and some friends witnessed the ceremony. After receiving congratulations they left on a wedding trip to Fulton county where they will spend several weeks among friends.

Both bride and groom are well known people of this community with a host of friends who wish them well during their sail over the matrimonial sea.—Everett Press.

Marie, the 14-months-old daughter of Vincent Lawrence, of Gettysburg, was sitting in her high chair near the stove when she reached for something and tipped over. In falling her head struck and broke the oven door, but despite the force of the blow her only injury was a deep gash on her forehead above the nose.

ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Miss Alice Wishart Continues Her Journey To India.

FAMILIAR SONG ATTRACTS ATTENTION

Was at Port Said, Egypt, Dec. 9th—Drinking Turkish Coffee and Listening to Heathen Music Is Oriental For Sure.

While I was reading my letters I heard a strangely familiar tune being played somewhere. I rushed to the rail, and there were three men with violins, and a woman with a harp, playing "The Honeysuckle and the Bee." The dock was crowded with vendors, musicians, beggars, dancing girls, acrobats, clowns, and freaks of all sorts trying to coax money out of travellers; but I had eyes and ears for nothing but my "Honeysuckle and the Bee" melody, on whom I squandered some good English coin—just because they happened to play that silly old ditty M and I used to sing and play together. The performance of hand organs, harps, dancing, &c., kept up till the boat left. I bought two little white silk shawls very cheaply there from a tously-haired, coffee-colored woman. It had been cold in England, and through France I wished I had furs; but here the sun came out clear and warm. I never saw a more beautiful sight than Marseilles as we steamed out into the blue Mediterranean sea—the city lying at the foot of, and creeping half way up, the low lying hills, with here and there a dome or cross catching the sunlight, and dozens of sail boats, ocean liners and men-of-war steaming majestically past—and then the blue sea. My head is too thick to describe it as I saw it, but it was too beautiful ever to be forgotten.

I did not attend service yesterday (Sunday) morning, but took a nap on deck in the afternoon and went to service in the evening. There are four English clergymen on board and one preached a really fine sermon. There are some real interesting people on board. A piano is up here on deck and another in the saloon, with quite a number of good musicians. There is always something going on. Here are our meals: At 6:30 the stewardess brings fruit, roll, and coffee or cocoa to us in bed; breakfast at 9; beef tea is served on deck at 10:30; dinner at 1; tea at 4; supper at 6:30, and chocolate with crackers and cheese at 9 o'clock.

"This morning when I went on deck I was admiring what I thought was a bank of white clouds, but it turned out to be snow-capped mountains on the island of Crete, where Paul touched, you remember. I can scarcely stay down stairs long enough to write for fear of losing some sight. There are six hours' difference in time between us now, and I can count back and imagine what you are doing at any particular time. Saturday night at one o'clock we passed Stromboli, a volcano on the island of Sicily, in full eruption, but of course I was asleep and missed the fire works. I told you, did I not, that we bought sola topis (pith hats) in London at Thresher & Glumy's, who supply the king and queen with hosiery. It is beginning to get very warm, and to-night after a hot sea bath I shall have to discard all heavy clothes for summer weight; then tomorrow a white shirt waist and topi—and perspiration!

Did I tell you my seasick experience on the English Channel? It was horrid, but I got over it and know now what it is to be seasick—and think, I have my sea legs now, sure enough. Tomorrow at 5 p. m. we reach Port Said, where we remain till the next morning at 8, then four days to Aden and change to the S. S. "Oriental." After I get on land and get settled I can write better—my head won't be quite so heavy. You ought to see the dizzy-looking, seasick people who

BIG "FRUIT."

W. H. Hann Throws a Shadow on School's Pumpkin Story.

Enclosed you will find postoffice money order for one dollar to set my subscription to the News ahead for another year. In this connection I will say that the NEWS has indeed been as a letter from home every week.

At this, the beginning of another year, I must say that the year just gone has been a very prosperous one for southern California—especially in the line of work in which I am engaged—bricklaying; prospects for the coming year not so good.

I notice all kinds of stories of big hogs and beaves, apples and pumpkins, from Fulton county. It would be useless for me to tell some of the California stories about some things, especially fish; but I will herewith enclose a clipping from a Los Angeles paper that I think will lay Mr. Watt Schooley's pumpkin in the shade several degrees:

"BIG PUMPKIN."

"The chamber of commerce makes pumpkins a specialty at this time of year and the growth this season is up to all the records of the past. There is a group of six pumpkins weighing in the aggregate 800 pounds that were grown all on one vine.—Then there is another wonder in the shape of a squash, small but of great interest. The seed was planted on July 4 and when the first squash appeared some days later the word "Glendale" was scratched on the side with a nail. The squash grew steadily, but the wonderful thing about it is that the word grew also, and when the vegetable was picked on November 18 the word appears in relief on the side of the squash in letters that stand out half an inch from the skin and that are three inches long. The curiosity receives much attention. A great advertisement for the gentle climate here was sent to the chamber yesterday. The exhibit consists of three large and juicy looking melons raised on a ranch, with twenty dozen more, which were grown without irrigation and which were picked yesterday morning and sent in for sale for Thanksgiving. Watermelons at this season of the year would sound altogether too good to be true in the east or anywhere else but here.

Couldn't do Without It.

Mr. D. W. Baker, formerly of Taylor township, but now a prosperous citizen of Benedict, Nebraska, in sending a dollar bill to advance his subscription into 1905, says: We do not see how we could do without the Fulton County News; for it is almost our only medium of communication from the old home. We get it here every Saturday."

While the NEWS goes as a great big letter every week into more than 800 families outside of this county, scattered all over the United States, as well as in foreign countries, some of the members of whom spent their boyhood or girlhood days in "Little Fulton," keeping them in touch with the friends and places dear to their childhood, there are still others who do not know of the paper. Have you not some friend who, you think, would like to have the NEWS? If so, and you do not feel like sending the paper to them as a present, send us their names and we will send them a sample copy.

come on deck and down to dinner. It is the strange motion, and you cannot imagine what it is like till you experience it. We are rolling quite a bit, and I shall have to give up writing at this time.

PORT SAID, EGYPT, Dec. 9.—Had the funniest time of my life last night on shore, seeing the sights, drinking Turkish coffee, listening to heathen music, and taking a donkey ride. This is Oriental for sure!

FORMER FULTON COUNTY TEACHER.

Now a Successful Business Man at Six Mile Run. Warm Side for Fulton.

Mr. John C. Nicholson, who taught school in this county a score of years ago, in adding his name to our list of subscribers, writes: "My last visit to McConnellsbury was on the occasion of my attendance at the teachers' county institute, Prof. Joseph F. Barton county superintendent of schools, in Dec. 1884. During that session Dr. S. E. Duffield of your place recited "Thanatopsis" with great feeling, the memory of which in a few brief months, thereafter, was saddened by news of the worthy Doctor's death.

Prof. H. H. Woodal long since passed from labor to reward was there, as was also, Prof. B. W. Peck, and others high in the educational ranks in the county.

I recall with pleasure many of the incidents of the two sessions of the teachers' institute I attended at McConnellsbury, the one in Dec. 1883 and the other in Dec. 1884. What changes the hand of father time has wrought in those two decades!

The winter of 1885 I spent teaching in my native county of Huntingdon, which I left in April 1886 and went to Cambria county where I spent a short time, coming to Riddlesburg, Bedford county in May 1886, where I spent about four and a half years clerking for W. C. Ashcom in his large mercantile establishment. I then spent about two years with Sweet & Brown, general merchants, Defiance, Pa. I came to this place—the borough of Coaldale—Six Mile Run postoffice, Bedford county, and started in business for myself Sept. 20, 1892 and here I am yet, and the mercury this morning at 19 degrees below zero "in the shade."

This section of Bedford county composes a part of the celebrated Broadtop coal fields; and although mining began not later than in 1865, the region is not yet fully developed. The past two years are regarded as the best period in the history of the region. The coal trade is now flat with ominous clouds on the business horizon; and with the presidential election year just dawned, the wage question coming up for adjustment in March, and the general glutted condition of the iron and coal market, business men generally are loth to regard prospects as very promising at this time.

Butter and Eggs do Pay.

A dealer near Dover, Del., reports that during 1903 from 450 hens he collected 59,487 eggs.—At the very moderate price of 24 cents a dozen this represents a money value of \$1180.74, an average production of \$2.64 to the hen.

We do not need to go away from Fulton county to find results as good as those of the Delaware man. Mrs. Lewis Kelso, near Kuobsville, kept 60 hens during 1903, and from these, in that time she received for the eggs she sold \$119.46, in addition to those she used for hatching, and for table use. Mrs. Kelso wished to know whether it paid to bother with cows; and during the year 1903, she kept account with the following result: During three months of the year, she had three cows, and during nine months, two cows. From these cows she made during the year 570 pounds of butter, and after supplying the table for a family of six, she sold enough to bring her nine ten-dollar bills.

It is our opinion that if many of the farmers of this county would devote the same amount of labor and expense to the raising of feed that is now given to wheat and then have as many good cows and Leghorn hens as the feed on hand would justify, and then take good care of the cows and hens, they would have ten good dollars in their pockets at the end of the year to one that they now have.

ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW

Snapshots at Their Movements, as They Come and Go.

NAMES OF VISITORS AND VISITED.

Home for a Vacation, Away for an Outing, a Trip for Business or Pleasure, You'll Find It Right Here.

Mr. Foster Bolinger of Dublin Mills called to see us a few minutes while in town last Saturday.

Elmer Suders after having had a very pleasant visit with friends here returned to Hoytsdale last Saturday.

Mr. D. B. Nace of Chambersburg, spent a few days in this place last week returning home on Saturday.

Mrs. W. L. Nace returned to her home in Carlisle last Saturday, after having spent a fortnight among friends in this place.

Mr. Harry Bergstresser of near Warfordsburg, spent a couple of days with his sister, Mrs. E. A. Largent, the beginning of this week.

Holy communion at Big Cove Tannery next Sabbath at 10 a. m. Preparatory service on Saturday at 2:30 p. m. Divine service at St. Paul's on Sabbath at 7 p. m.

A. G. WOLF, pastor.

J. K. Johnston and Lafayette Tuck of this place attended the funeral of Captain Mackey in Chambersburg, on Thursday of last week.

Our merchant friend M. Laidig of Dublin Mills, spent a day in town last week. Michael does not get to town as frequently as he did when he lived at Laidig.

Mr. Lewis C. Mann, one of Everett's most enterprising business men was in McConnellsbury last Wednesday, and took time to call and advance his subscription two years.

Mr. William Spade of Emmaville, and Ira Smith of Locust Grove, spent last Friday night in town. They were pleasant callers at the News office and both left some cash with ye printer.

Mrs. Nancy McQuade and son John, who have been visiting the former's daughter, Mrs. Dwight Thompson, and other relatives in this place for some time past, returned to their home in Altoona last Tuesday.

Nothing succeeds like success. On the 6th inst., 20 new members were initiated into the Arcanum at Carlisle, and all over the country we read of large accessions. The Arcanum is now regarded the cheapest and best insurance organization in America.

Mr. Clarence Mock, a former employe of the NEWS office left last Friday noon for his home in Allentown, Pa., where he is engaged as shipping clerk with Julius Alvarez & Co., wholesale dealers and manufacturers of cigars. He had been spending his holiday vacation with his father and grandfather in Tod township.

IN THE BAHAMAS.

Walter Peck Spending the Winter at Nassau, New Providence.

Walter C. Peck, nephew of the editor, was employed during the summer at the Bedford Springs hotels. Mr. Bemis the manager of that famous summer resort, is also manager of several fine winter hotels in the Bahama Islands and offered Walter a position in one of those hotels, which was accepted. He left Philadelphia by rail at noon on the 22d of December and reached Miami, the most southern town on the east coast of Florida, in the night of the 24th. The next day he took a steamer and landed at Nassau on the 27th. In a letter he says:—"This is a fine hotel. It accommodates from 600 to 700 people.—The lawn extends down to the ocean, and is dotted with Palm and Coconut trees. It is warm here; last night I slept with my window up and a sheet and counterpane over me."