

The Fulton County News.

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MISS ALICE WISHART.

Reached Allahabad, India, Her Destination in Time for Christmas Dinner.

IS DELIGHTED WITH THE PLACE.

Tells of Her Arrival, the Meeting of Miss Todd, and Her Introduction to the Eurasian Girls. Something of Their Home Life.

I staid, as I expected to do, with Dr. and Mrs. Abbott at Bombay from Saturday noon, when we landed, until Monday night, when I came on to Allahabad, reaching here Wednesday at 2 a. m. Miss Todd met me at the train and I hadn't the least trouble in recognizing her. I am writing out on the big veranda surrounded with the loveliest palms—four immense beauties as tall as myself in huge pots are in sight, with dozens of the handsomest chrysanthemums and ferns I ever saw sitting in groups here and there on the floor. How I wish I had a picture of it to send in this letter. The grounds are fine—but I didn't finish what I began. This makes me think of the "Bishop," for soon after my chotti haurri (little breakfast brought into my room by the ayah) Miss Todd had the bearer bring a little table and chair out here so that I could write. I had only finished one letter when I heard some unearthly sound like a bagpipe coming up the driveway—and there he was—the man with the mongoose and the cobra, ready to perform for the "Miss Sahib" who had just come; but I concluded that snakes could wait, and letters must be ready to go in to-morrow's mail; so he vanished.

Just here a native woman dressed in white with a red chador and anklets came up on the steps and salamed low to me, and as I've learned how, I returned it.

But now to go back to Bombay. Dr. and Mrs. Abbott are rich missionaries and lovely people.—They did everything possible for my comfort, and I had a delightful little visit there. We were invited to Dr. Abbott's sisters' to tea that same afternoon with all the rest of our party; then part of them were to dinner at the Abbott's that evening and some for 9 o'clock breakfast Monday morning.

Sunday I attended five services which I shall write up for the S. S. and C. E. at home just as soon as I have time. Miss Todd is so fearfully rushed and I am so glad to be able to help her with the things I can do about the house. Monday morning Mrs. Abbott and her mother, Mrs. Clarke, took me shopping. I had to get a carry-all and comfortable for traveling, for one must carry one's bedding along when one travels in India. Bombay is a beautiful city with the handsomest public buildings I ever saw. The shops are tantalizingly lovely, and there is no end of interesting sights.

Monday afternoon I was invited to take tiffin at the American Mission. All the people there are Humes or related to them, with several who had come up from Ahmednager to meet their friends, the Lees and Dr. Ruth Hume. After I returned to the Abbott's we went driving on Malabar Hill, the aristocratic part of Bombay, overlooking the harbor. I never before saw such luxuriance of palms, ferns and flowers—such magnificent sunsets—for a pink glow stays in the sky long after the sun sinks. Dr. Abbott took me to the train at 8:30 and I slept all night. One funny thing—I couldn't find my trunks anywhere, nor my shawl-strap with my rug, rain coat, jacket and pillow. They had not been sent from the custom house; so Dr. Abbott gave me his overcoat (the nights are very cold) to put around me in the train or I would have been greatly chilled. I had a note this morning, however, saying they are all right and will be on in a few days—meantime I

JOB HART BADLY HURT.

Native of this County Struck by Hack Near His Store in Chester From Chester Times, March 11.

As the result of being knocked down by one of the hacks owned by John McFadden shortly before noon yesterday, J. Hart, the piano dealer at 602 Edgmont avenue, is now lying at his home, 2316 Providence avenue, suffering with a badly injured hip and severe contusions about the head. Dr. D. P. Maddux is in attendance and as yet has been unable to fully diagnose the extent of the injuries, although it will be some time before the injured man will be able to get out of bed.

At the time the accident happened Mr. Hart was crossing from Market street to Edgmont avenue and was about to step up on the curbstone in front of the Arcade hotel when the hack came dashing by and although Mr. Hart had one foot on the curb, the horses struck him and dashed him to the ground, striking his head against the curbstone and injuring his head and twisting his hip.

Owing to the fact that the injured man had been crippled in his right hip for many years the injuries to that part may prove to be more serious than at first anticipated. Bystanders rushed to the aid of the injured man and he was assisted to his store and afterwards conveyed to his home in a cab. This morning he was unable to move with out the most in ten

Robert Shimer, who had been visiting his parents and other friends in this place, for some time returned to Harrisburg Monday morning to take charge of his former position.

am wearing borrowed clothes. A minute after I got off the train Miss Todd came rushing up and said, "Are you Miss Wishart?" Just as I said, "Are you Miss Todd?" she gave me a hug and a kiss, and was so sweet and sympathetic that I promptly fell in love with her. We got into our gari, and in about 15 minutes were driving up "our" driveway between neat little hedges of green. The driveway is about 12 feet wide and forms a horse shoe in front of the house, which is big and looks like white marble (but ish).

I felt at home with Miss Todd from the first. When we got here she took me to my room at once, brought me a cup of hot bouillon which she made me drink right off for fear I was chilled, and tucked me in bed with a good-night kiss. We have the most exquisitely beautiful roses here now I have ever seen, and some one had placed a dozen pink and white beauties on my dressing table. At 7 Miss Todd awakened me saying it was a shame not to let me rest, but that I must eat my "chotti haurri" and rest later on. We breakfast usually at 11 a. m., but this first morning a little earlier on account of our Xmas preparations, with which I helped by stuffing dates, making candy, arranging the table—that is, the dollies and flowers for our Xmas dinner in the evening. I was stuffing dates on the veranda when Miss Todd brought out the bearer and mayhter and introduced them, both salaming very low and saying that the new Miss Sahib would be their Miss Sahib just as Miss Todd Sahib is. Then the seven Eurasian girls, who are called "the young ladies," were introduced, also some of the other teachers and natives about the establishment. Miss Todd called a gari after breakfast (we have prayers every morning at table, reading verse about), and we went to a fancy sale to get some Xmas things, then to several shops and home for tiffin. (Have to stop again and help with the children's Xmas things.

(Continued next week.)

THOSE QUINTUPLETS.

David Swope's Name Will be Familiar in Every American Household.

David Swope is a son of George Swope at Wells Tannery, and just now his name is riding the headlines of all the leading newspapers of the country. It all came about this way: Davy is a "crack" bridge builder, and is employed by the Wabash Railroad Co., and has been at work in, or near, Pittsburg. Last Friday's dailies contained a dispatch from Pittsburg saying that Dave had received a telegram saying that his wife Annie, who lived on a farm with her parents in Fulton county, had given birth to five boys, and that Dave should come home at once to help take care of them. Of course the five-boy business is a fake. Dave's wife's name is Annie, but she lives with her husband in the western part of the State.

The funny part of it is the way the papers over the country bit on it as a piece of news. Here is what the Chicago Inter-Ocean says of it editorially:

"The earliest dispatches with reference to the Swope affair in Fulton county, Pennsylvania, are entirely unsatisfactory in so far as they relate to one of the principals.

"David Swope is a steel worker, and was engaged in riveting bolts in a Wabash bridge, at a height of 125 feet above the water, on Thursday last, when the foreman handed him a telegram reading:

"Annie gave birth to five boys today. Come home at once. Annie and boys all doing well."

"Annie, it appears, is David Swope's wife. It is significant that her husband, though suspended in midair when he got the dispatch, lost neither his presence of mind nor his balance, but, on the contrary, quietly laid down his tools, folded his blouse, called for his time, and quit his job, saying, like a good husband, that his place was by the side of his wife and five boys.

"The story is apparently correct up to this point, but where it represents David Swope as saying that under no circumstances would he permit the five boys, or any of them, to be named after politicians, thereby leaving the inference that he was disinclined to let the Roosevelt administration have any credit for his wife's achievement, it seems to give plain evidence of having been tampered with by the President's enemies.

"Later news from Fulton county, we are confident, will place David Swope in a much better light before the American people. Although nothing is known at present concerning his antecedents, it stands to reason that he has always voted the Republican ticket, for there is not on record an instance in which a nonpartisan, independent, or mugwump has ever become the father of quintuplets, all boys.

"This being the case, then, it also stands to reason that, as soon as the excitement in his home subsides, Mr. Swope will demonstrate his loyalty and gratitude by naming his boys Theodore Roosevelt Swope, Jacob Riis Swope, Henry Cabot Lodge Swope, John Hay Swope, and Seth Low Swope."

Off For St. Louis.

This is what the Altoona Mirror says about a former Fulton county boy:

"John L. McQuade, of 723 1/2 Chestnut avenue, an employe of the Twelfth street shops, left last night on the St. Louis express, to which place he has been transferred by the Pennsylvania Railroad company, to take charge of a crane on the exposition grounds this coming summer. Mr. McQuade is said to be one of the best cranesmen in the employ of the company. His many friends join in wishing him success."

W. C. Mann of Salvia is critically ill.

FROM CHARLIE PITTMAN.

Interesting Account of a Tour in Persia Last Summer.

MEETS A FORMER COLLEGE-MATE.

Glimpses of His Life and Work as a Missionary in that Far-Off Land. Likes the People Very Much.

(Continued from last week.)

We left the caravansera or inn where we had spent the night, soon after sun-up and traveled slowly but steadily until noon.—At noon we reached a spot near a village where there were trees and a nice spring of water. Here we stopped and ate our lunch of bread, cold chicken and cucumbers, which had been prepared the evening before, except the cucumbers which we bought on the road. We rested awhile under the trees and let the horses eat grass, then continued our journey until about four o'clock when we reached a village where we wished to remain over night. We asked for a room and were told that all the houses had "ganas" in them. (The gana is an insect which makes strangers its victims and whose bite produces fever and sometimes death.)—Nevertheless, we stopped at a house and put our baggage on the flat roof and entered the house which consisted of two apartments, the first being a stable for cattle, donkeys, sheep, and goats; through this we passed into the second apartment, which was the living room for the family.

The room was very empty and there were evidences of poverty. The woman in the house told me that there were robbers living in that village who had taken every thing they had. Near sunset, I went upon the roof by means of a ladder placed against the outside of the house and sat down on my camp stool in the shade of a stack of hay which had been placed on the roof. Here, it was clean and cool as well as high and dry.—From this point, I could see all over the village and I thought, as I sat there, that if I had my McConnellsburg friends with me I could give them a better idea of a Persian village in ten minutes than by any amount of writing.—Women and children and some men sat on the ground in groups near the house where they could see me and commented on my clothes and general appearance, and speculated as to the probable business which brought me into their midst. Horses and donkeys driven by boys were bringing wheat strapped on their backs from the fields to the village threshing floor where it was stacked to be tramped out later by oxen. Other boys were bringing flocks of sheep and goats from the neighboring hills and mountain sides into the village. They all knew their owners and five or ten separated from the flock and stopped at each house along the street. Then the women came out of the houses with earthen bowls and milked them.

My servant came and said he had been hunting something for supper but could not find anything in the village but bread and that he had brought a little rice from Zejan and he would cook that.—I told him to do so.

Later he came back and said that he could not find any wood in the village or any fuel to cook the rice. But we also had a little charcoal with us and with that he boiled some water and I had some boovil which I carry for such emergencies, and I made some broth which I ate with native bread and tea.

It was now dark and we spread our beds on the roof of the house and lay down to sleep—the natives also sleep on the roof of the houses in summer. Two days later we reached Ardabil where a Syrian physician trained in England is practicing and we spent four days in his house, and here I had the opportunity of seeing a Persian prison. I looked through

NEW INDUSTRY FOR CHAMBERSBURG.

The Norland Land Company Meets Capitalists Half-way.

Chambersburg will have a silk mill as soon as the structure can be erected, says the Repository. The Norland Land Company of Chambersburg has arranged with some Scranton capitalists who are interested in several silk mills throughout the State to put in operation one in Chambersburg. To bring about this, however, the land company gives to the silk company a piece of land along the C. V. R. R. 200x250 feet. On this tract the land company will erect a two story brick building 40x120 with a power house in the center. The building will be so constructed as to be enlarged into a square as the increase in business demands.—The silk company agrees to place in the building, as a beginning, fifty looms, and to employ not less than sixty people at the start. They also assure the local company they will employ over one hundred within six months after they have begun operations and will gradually increase the force.

Here is given the secret of the development of a town. If improvements are to be made which need the assistance of outside capital, the people interested in the locality must show their faith in the enterprise by a willingness to share the risk of the enterprise.

Misses Netha Nesbit, Annie B. Frey and Kitty Crosby of this place spent Wednesday the guests of Miss Mary H. Kendall and Mrs. Grove Keefe of the Cove.

a small door made of iron bars in to a room about eight by thirty feet in size. An iron rod ran the length of the room through the centre and about six inches from the floor. On each side of this iron rod sat twenty-five or thirty prisoners facing each other and fastened to one another by a heavy chain about the neck of each. At night one foot of each prisoner is chained to the iron rod. It was a hot ill ventilated place and I was told that many become sick and die. The floor was of mud. They asked me for bread and I was told by the keeper that there was no allowance for food out that they had to depend upon charity. I did not give anything as there was little chance that it would reach its intended destination.—Some of the prisoners were taken out each day and beaten.

We remained in Ardabil four days and after six days more journeying reached Tabriz on the fourth of August. Although we traveled in mid-summer and entirely by day light we did not suffer from the heat. This was due to the elevation of the land being from five to eight thousand feet. I remember that on the 29th of June the people were sleeping beside a fire at night.

I was very glad for the opportunity of visiting this part of our field. The thing that impressed me most on this tour as on former tours was the great number of unreached villages which we passed by daily not having time to stop in them and which have never heard the gospel and the great number of the unreached in the towns and villages that have been merely touched.

Our greatest needs are, first, that the Holy Spirit may be poured out in abundance upon the christians of this land both missionaries and natives that they may be impressed by their responsibility as possessors of the light, and, second that the Lord of the Harvest may raise up and thrust forth other laborers into this part of His harvest field. It is my privilege and pleasure to remember the churches of McConnellsburg, and especially the young people, before the throne of Grace.

Yours sincerely,
CHAS. R. PITTMAN.

PASSED BEYOND THE RIVER.

Another Week's Record of the Doings of the Grim Reaper.

MARY C. PATTERSON.

The unfolding leaves of time continue to bring to us the unlooked for with startling effect. On last Saturday morning the whole community was shocked by the announcement that Miss Mary C. Patterson had passed peacefully away at 3 o'clock A. M. Some two months or more ago she suffered from an attack of gripple from which she seemed to partly recover, yet it had so depleted her vital force and greatly aggravated some heart weakness that she soon relapsed into very serious heart complication which her physicians were unable to overcome; and after an illness of about five weeks, in which every thing was done that could be done to save and prolong a useful life, the inevitable came.

Miss Mary was a member of the United Presbyterian church, and a lady of more than ordinarily high endowments, and lived a very active life, always engaged in some kind of religious or benevolent work. At the time of her death she was president of a "Sewing Guild," which she was instrumental some two or more years ago in organizing in this community, and which has for its object the relief and help of the destitute. She was for many years treasurer of the Presbyterian Women's Missionary Society receiving and paying out of the benevolent funds of all the societies of the Presbytery. This office she filled until failing strength compelled her to relinquish it.—She was a great worker in her own congregation. During the whole of the present pastorate of nearly twenty years she was a very efficient teacher in the Sabbath school having charge most of this time of the primary department. In the Young People's Societies she was alike efficient and helpful. In the Women's Missionary Society she always took a deep interest and was president of the society at the time of her death. And in every worthy effort in the congregation she was always ready to take a leading part. But her work in the earthly sanctuary is done. "Well done good and faithful servant." In the grace of her personal character she was beautiful. Possessed of a high sense of honor, a heart full of sympathy and keen regard for the rights and interests of every one, she was respected, esteemed and loved by all who knew her.

The funeral services on Sabbath afternoon were conducted by her pastor, Rev. J. L. Grove, assisted by Revs. C. M. Smith, and S. B. Houston.

The mark of esteem in which she was held was marked by the great concourse of people and the rich floral tributes by the hands of loving friends.

A touching incident in the exercises was the attendance of her Sabbath school class assembling at the casket and each one laying the tribute of a beautiful flower upon it.

Interment was made in the Union cemetery, where the body still united to Christ shall rest till His loving voice shall announce the morning of the glorious day of the Lord.

PASTOR.

ELLEN I. WATSON.

Mrs. Ellen I. Watson, wife of Isaac Watson, and daughter of Henry Cauton of Franklin county, Pa., died at her late home in this place on Sabbath last at 2:30 A. M., after a protracted illness which began with an attack of gripple, aged 45 years, 3 months and 17 days.

Mrs. Watson was a member of the United Presbyterian church, and a woman of strong religious convictions and devotion to her church, regular in her attendance upon all its meetings, and ready to do her part. She led the services of the meeting of the Missionary Society at the last

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.

Mrs. A. D. Dalbey has returned home after having spent a week among friends in Philadelphia.

Any of our subscribers who have been waiting for a chance to send us a little money might send it next week along with some trusty neighbor coming to court.

Those of our subscribers whose change of residence this spring will make a change in their post-office address should notify us in time so that they may not miss any numbers of their paper.

In a letter from Lake McDonald a few days ordering his paper sent up to Willet, N. Y., he says he has just made a purchase of 175,000 feet of lumber on the stump, and will be kept busy for some time getting it sawed.

Mr. J. A. Stevens, a dealer and breeder in high bred poultry at Three Springs, Pa., captured eleven prizes at the Annual Poultry Show at Johnstown last month—two 1st, two 2nd, three 3rd, one 4th, and three special prizes, were awarded on eight entries.

Joseph Smith, head of the Mormon church, brazenly acknowledges that he has five wives and five sets of children, but the several wives each have an establishment of their own. The old reprobate ought to be severely punished. He should be required to live with all his wives under the same roof.

Mr. Jonathan P. Peck on last Wednesday moved his family from his farm in Belfast township, to the farm recently purchased by Mr. J. F. Johnston from J. C. Fore near Knobsville. Mr. J. T. Laley moved from the "David Myers" farm down on Licking Creek, to Mr. Peck's farm, and Mr. William F. Engle goes to the Myers farm.

Waynesboro was visited by almost one hundred disciples of the Royal Arcanum Society last Wednesday evening, delegations also being present from Mercersburg, Greencastle and elsewhere the object being to confer the degree of the order on a class of ninety candidates. Addresses were made by Grand Regent McNulty, Grand Vice-Regent Wickersham, of Steelton, and others.

meeting she was able to attend. She died very confidently in the faith in which she lived.

Mr. Watson's family has suffered much affliction in the last few years. Within a period of about five years three children and, now, the mother, have been called away, leaving only the father and one only daughter. Mr. Watson and daughter are certainly entitled to the sympathy of their friends and neighbors.

PASTOR.

JAMES A. ZIMMERMAN.

From last Friday's Pittsburg Post, we learn of the sudden death from heart disease of James Allen Zimmerman a prominent business man of Connellsville, Pa., which occurred at his home in that place last Wednesday evening.

Mr. Zimmerman was born in this county in 1851 and went to Connellsville 21 years ago. Twenty years ago he married Carrie Fields of Martinsburg, W. Va., who with four daughters, Misses Edna, Etta, Julia and Josephine, survive him. He was a thirty-second degree Mason, a Henta-soph, an Odd Fellow and a member of the Order of Iroquois. He was also a member of the official board of the Methodist Episcopal church, and a director of the Young Men's Christian association.