

# The Fulton County News.

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## DOGS GET IN THEIR WORK.

And the Dog Tax Fund Suffers to the Tune of \$139.

### NEARLY WHOLE FLOCK DESTROYED.

Twenty-nine Fine Sheep Killed for Daniel B. McQuade on the Ross Farm Last Wednesday Night.

D. B. McQuade lives two or three miles south of this place but had a flock of 33 sheep on the Ross farm, two miles west of town on the Meadowground road.

At an early hour last Thursday morning Mr. J. J. Conrad and son Clarence were awakened by the furious barking of dogs in the direction of the fields in which Mr. McQuade had his sheep; and they at once arose, Clarence got his gun, and the two went to see what was the matter. By the time they reached the flock nearly all of the number had been killed, their carcasses strewn over almost the entire farm. Seeing two dogs worrying a sheep away down the hollow, Clarence brought his trusty gun to bear on one of the dogs, pulled the trigger—and there was one dog less for the assessor. During the morning another dog was killed by one of Peter Scheideman's boys, and one by John Hoopengardner.

The owner of the sheep was notified and made complaint before Justice Thomas, who notified the auditors of Ayr township—D. H. Patterson, Conrad Glazier, Jr., and Geo. F. Mellott, who appraised the loss at \$139.

The dogs, it is believed, belong to some of the families up at Africa.

It may be a matter of some interest just now to know what to do in case you wake some morning to discover that a lot of your sheep have been killed by dogs. From the Act of May 25, 1893, we learn that the first thing is to go to your justice of the peace and make a complaint in writing over your own name. The justice will then notify the township auditors, who shall constitute a board of inquiry, with power to subpoena witnesses, administer oaths, and after having determined the facts in the matter, and find if possible, who is the owner or keeper of the dogs, shall make an award of damages, and make a full report of their proceeding to the justice. The justice now adds a certificate to the report of the auditors that such appraisement was regularly made, and upon payment of all costs up to this time by the said claimant, delivers the report, together with all papers pertaining thereto, to the county commissioners, who will cause a draft to be drawn on the county treasurer, for the payment of said damages.

The fund from which this is paid is supported by the dog tax. The assessor shall annually assess each dog in his township or borough over four months old—the rate in this county being 35 cents for male dogs, and 70 cents for female. When at the end of any fiscal year it is found that there is a fund exceeding \$200 in the hands of the treasurer, the excess shall be transferred to the fund for county purposes.

If the owner of the dog or dogs refuses to kill them upon receiving notice from the constable through the justice, he shall become liable for all damages and costs. If the owner of the dogs as reported by the auditors does not kill the dog, the commissioners shall notify said owner and if the dog is not killed within ten days, the commissioners will notify the constable to do it, for which service he shall be paid one dollar a dog out of the sheep fund.

The justice's costs are a dollar, and the auditors get a dollar a day each, for time spent in the investigation.

Miss Esther Sloan of the Cove, started on Tuesday of last week for a trip to Denver, Colo., and other points in the West.

## BUT LITTLE RAIN IN IOWA.

Rev. Geo. B. Shoemaker Writes of Crop Conditions.

ELDORA, IOWA, May 4, 1904. EDITOR NEWS.—In my last letter I told of three murder cases,—one in Hardin county, and one each in Grundy and Marshall, which are neighboring counties to Hardin.

The Grundy county man is in jail and will be tried at August term of court. The grand jury discharged the Marshall county man. The Eldora man, whose name is Blydenburgh, was tried last January, convicted and sentenced for life at hard labor in the penitentiary at Anamosa. During the trial this town and community were very much interested. The court room was crowded at every session, and it was impossible to get the attention of the public from the trial. The jury took but one ballot which was unanimous for conviction. The defense appealed to the supreme court and, of course, the prisoner has hopes of a new trial.

This has been a backward spring; but for two weeks, now, the weather has been ideal.

The latest crop bulletin for the State says: "For the week ending Monday a. m., May 2, the daily mean temperature was from 2 to 5 degrees below normal. The weather, however, was mostly fair, and at the close the conditions were about all that could be desired for farming operations and the germination of cereals. Reports are generally favorable as to the conditions of oats, spring wheat and barley, which appear to be generally coming up in good time and promising a fair stand. Good progress has been made in plowing and preparing ground for corn, and a very large area is now in readiness for the planters. In some favored localities planting was begun on the last two days of April, and with continued good weather a very considerable acreage will be planted the first week in May. Conditions are much more favorable than at the corresponding date last year for the cereal crops and all kinds of fruits, except peaches. The season is ten days late as to germination of seed and growth of vegetation, but the general outlook has not been more encouraging at the first of May within the past five years." But little rain has fallen this spring, and, yet, ground is in good condition to work. In my small garden I have radishes, onions and lettuce up, and my early potatoes are just coming through the ground. Have had two pickings of rhubarb, or as we call it in this country "pie plant." A nice rain would be very acceptable. The last rain fall we had was on Saturday, April 23, 1904. Potatoes are selling now at \$1.40 per bushel; apples 50 cents a peck; asparagus 15 cents a bunch; strawberries 20 cents a basket; cabbage 5 cents a pound; bananas 20 cents a dozen. For quite a while this spring we bought nice navel oranges for 12 cents a dozen, but now they are 30 cents. Eggs are 15 cents, butter 20 unless you want the creamery make which is 25 cents.

Considerable work in the way of new buildings will be done this summer. Among these is a fine brick building on a corner lot in a prominent part of the town, which is to be the home of our postoffice on first floor. The building is to be completed by the first of July and is rented to the government for ten years. Several residences will be built this summer also. The Industrial School for boys, a state institution located here, has received from the legislature an appropriation for some new buildings.

Our public schools close on the 3rd of June. It falls to the lot of the writer to preach the class sermon on Sunday, May 29th, which is no unpleasant task I assure you. We look forward with considerable pleasure to an anticipated visit from Mrs. Shoemaker's brother and his wife, Rev. A. S.

Very truly,  
GEO. B. SHOEMAKER.

## TWO MORE SUICIDES.

One at Mercersburg Last Friday and One at Fannettsburg Saturday.

John Armstrong of Mercersburg, aged about 30 years, committed suicide by hanging last Friday.

He lived at the home of his parents and on Thursday evening went home drunk, kicked his mother out of doors and flung a burning lamp after her. He was arrested and put in the lockup. When the officer took him his breakfast next morning he did not notice anything unusual in his conduct; but when the officer went back at dinner time, he found Armstrong hanging dead from the top of the cage. He had torn up his shirt and made a rope, which, with his suspenders, made string enough with which he accomplished his purpose.

James B. Seibert, aged about fifty years and living at Fannettsburg, committed suicide about 6 o'clock last Saturday morning. He had not been in good health for some years, and lately had been worrying over imaginary business troubles. His body was found hanging on the garret of his residence. Mr. Seibert was a highly esteemed citizen and an active member of the Presbyterian church of Fannettsburg. He was a saddler by trade and was born in Mercersburg, but had spent the greater part of his life in Fannettsburg. Mr. Seibert is survived by his wife and seven children.

## JUMPED TOO FAR.

Little Walter Scott Unconscious After Leaping to the Barnfloor.

Last Thursday afternoon Walter, 6 year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Scott of Tod township, with Minnie Connelly, two or three years older, was at play in his father's barn. It occurred to them that it would be fun to see which could leap the greatest distance from the haymow to the barnfloor, upon which lay a little pile of loose straw. Walter made one extra effort and cleared the straw, alighting upon the hard barnfloor, receiving such a jar that the little fellow was unconscious for some time. After regaining consciousness he was asked how he felt and he said, "I feel like I do when I ride a horse down hill on a trot."

Baldwin and wife, on their return from the General Conference, Iowa will then be in her glory, and we look upon it as a very fortunate time to make a visit to this glorious land.

When I read in the last copy of the "News" about the mountain fires, I wanted to be in the old home so I could see once more at night the light of the mountain fires.

Tell "Grandpap" Nace, that "Foxy Grandpap" Shoemaker greets him and reports the grandson doing very well "I thank you."

The News comes to me regularly, and I enjoy reading it very much. Many new names appear and frequently people are spoken of about whom I am in doubt as to whether I know them or not, but always there are some mentioned whom I know are the friends of my youth and I am glad to hear of them once more. I was saddened by the record you made last week of the death of ex-postmaster Shimer. "Peace to his ashes." Our time will come before a very great while. God help us to be ready.

The letters from people away from the old town as I read them from time to time in the "News" are of great interest to me, and, trusting word from a former resident, who loves the old town, and wishes he could visit with her people oftener, will bring some pleasure to at least a few of your readers, I make bold to send this.

With kind regards to all, I am,  
Very truly,  
GEO. B. SHOEMAKER.

## BORN AT SIPES MILL 1815.

Benjamin F. Clevenger, Now a Resident of the Hoosier State.

### HALE AND HEARTY THOUGH NEARLY 90.

Is Visiting Friends and Relatives in this County, and is a Whole Encyclopedia of Reminiscences of the Past.

Mr. Benjamin F. Clevenger of Deerheld, Indiana, is visiting friends in this county, and spent a day or two the first of the week with the family of Judge Morton—Mrs. Morton being a niece of Mr. Clevenger. During his stay here he called at the News office and entertained the editor with reminiscences of the early part of the last century; for Mr. Clevenger, although possessing a memory as clear as a bell, and a step as elastic as a Japanese regular, was born 89 years ago. He can reel you off stories enough about our grandfathers in their palmy days to fill a Hagerstown almanac—and then some. He told us about being up at Harrisonville at muster one summer day in 1838, and among others there, were Jim Gregory and Jake Hauger. (The older folks can tell you who those men were—Joseph B. Mellott of Ayr township, lives on the Hauger place, and Lewis Bard of Belfast on the Gregory farm.)

It was a poor muster day when there were not a dozen fistic encounters; for men traveled on their muscle in those days, and this muster day at Harrisonville in 1838 was no exception to the general rule.

But to return to Hauger and Gregory. Hauger was captain of a militia company, and Gregory was a private. Gregory became offended in some way, and while Hauger was standing on the porch at Cook's hotel calling the roll, Gregory broke ranks, charged on Hauger, and snatched the latter's sword, Hauger struck at Gregory and at that moment Gregory, who stood on the ground somewhat lower than the porch on which Hauger stood, grabbed Hauger around the legs, pulled him off and, in an instant, they were rolling and tumbling on the ground pounding, punching, biting, and each exerting every nerve to gain the supremacy. At last their friends interfered and the two belligerents were separated. After the fragments of the melee were gathered up it was found that Gregory had bitten off Hauger's lower lip, and Hauger had bitten off Gregory's upper lip, and, said Mr. Clevenger, "both men carried that deformity to the end of their lives."

### Memorial Sermon.

Rev. B. A. Salter will preach a memorial sermon in the M. E. church at Hustontown, on Sunday, May 29th at 10 o'clock, a. m. Everybody invited.

### Grissinger-Griffith.

In Huntingdon on Wednesday, May 4th, by Rev. Black of the M. E. church, Mr. Carlton Grissinger, son of J. L. Grissinger of New Grenada, was married to Miss Ida Griffith, daughter of Jackson Griffith of Broadtop City.

### Road Plow Case Again.

The Supreme Court has just refused the defendant appeal from the Superior Court in the case of Miss Florence Hawks vs. Ayr township. This is the road plow case that was tried twice in the courts of this county and both times the verdict was in favor of the township, but on appeals to the Superior Court judgments were reversed. The last proceedings were to obtain an appeal to the Superior Court, and, as the defendant failed, the case will be tried again in this county.

Capt. and Mrs. C. T. Dixon of Sipes Mills, were among the throng of shoppers in town last Saturday, and of course, did not forget to leave some money with the printer.

## THE MISSION OF SORROW.

Written for the News by Prof. George W. Ashton

"I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul." *Lamentations 3:15.*

"I shall go softly all my years" Thus said a saddened King of old. When through the mistiness of tears He saw the grief his days must hold.

It would indeed be a strange life that had not been touched with sorrow. No such life has ever lived in this world. Ella Wheeler Wilcox in her beautiful poem "Gethsemane" says:

"All paths that have been or shall be Pass somewhere through Gethsemane—the garden of sorrows— The sky that is clear to-day is overcast to-morrow."

But while we wait in the shadows let us watch for the kindling light, it will come. How true it is that:

"There is no flock however watched and tended But one dead lamb is there; There is no firebrand however defended But has one vacant chair."

Friend after friend departs and earth grows strange and lonely as one chamber after another is locked in our hearts, but heaven should seem nearer every day.

The great flood of human anguish that flows down and onward through the ages is largely due to death, a word pregnant with mysteries past conception and terrors past repression. We stand appalled in its presence, it is so overwhelming in its reality, and our very instinctive solicitude recoils at its contemplation. This, however, is due to the weakness of human nature and the fact that death hides the faces of loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of our existence, but the chain of affection has been but loosened, not a link of it has been broken for love is too divine to be come dust. What we call death the angels call immortality, and even in the night of death, hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

While sorrow always abounds in the world, we are not always equally conscious of it. It is only when it enters our homes, or comes within the circle of our intimate friends, that we feel its touch more keenly than usual and are prostrated with grief. It is then that sorrow overshadows our lives and makes them sadly serious. While thus bowed down with woe, we are led to inquire: What is the meaning of all this sorrow, and why does it come?—Is there anything good in it?—Must we simply bow to these things with a little more submission and patience, but with only a feeling that it is the stern decree of fate from which there is no possible relief? Or are these sorrows somehow to result in good to us, so that while we can not escape them, nor mitigate their painfulness, yet we ourselves are not to be left by them just as they found us? While we ponder we are impelled to acknowledge that God's hand is in it all. We are not the victims of blind fate. We live in a universe of intelligence all of which is under the control and direction of one sovereign power. We need to be reminded of this when the shadows have settled about us and the sharpness of our own suffering has caused us to forget the greater world and the higher hand that rules it.

Sorrow seems to serve as a refining fire to us. It burns out some of the baser metals for the time at least. It is good to weep. It makes us childlike. The child heart is tender. It weeps easily. And we adults are reduced to the tenderness of childhood when something has brought us to the point of feeling at which we weep. The human heart is always tender under a real sorrow. Our ill feelings are overcome. Our little animosities, our jealousies and hostilities all fade away. They are drowned out by the flood of present sorrow. Then we can forgive, we can love, we can pity, as we did not do before. Our hearts are soft and the depths of the soul are broken up by the penetrating stroke.

"Grief has a wondrous softening; It melts every soul it sears; Though it touch Commoner or King"

They are building the third bank. It will cost about \$10,000. I found all the people kind and clever, and I arrived home on the 18th of the same month,

S. C. LAYTON.

## HAS CROSSED THE POND.

George R. Martin Writes From Liverpool, England.

April 26.—I reached here last Wednesday evening, after having been on the ocean seven days and nights sailing at the rate of 450 miles a day. It was a nice trip, as we had fair weather all through. I came on the White Star—Teutonic. It is 587 feet in length, has 28 boilers, and takes 300 sailors to man it.

One morning a man was missed. We were all ordered out on deck and marched around the ship and counted by the Captain, but the man was gone—he must have fallen overboard during the night.

Here the street cars are all two stories high, and the hauling is all done on one-horse wagons and carts. I have not seen a buggy nor an American since I came.—When two horses are worked in a wagon, one is hitched in front of the other as boat mules and then 13 tons is a common load.—The draft horses nearly all weigh 20 to 21 hundred.

The wages here for a laboring man is four shillings a day. This is a very large city. There will be a large parade next Saturday. I came over on the mail boat and I suppose there was four four-horse wagon loads of mail on it. It starts back to-morrow. People in Fulton county have a good place to live and don't know it—a place where they can worship God under their own vine and fig tree and have plenty to live on.

I expect to remain here about a week.

GEO. R. MARTIN.

### HUSTONTOWN.

W. R. Speer and wife of Salvia, spent Sunday with the latter's parents in this place.

Rev. Sparks and family of Runville, Pa., are visiting at the home of Mrs. Sparks' parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Heefner, Sr. The Rev. will preach in the U. B. church next Sunday evening.

The entertainment held in the P. O. S. of A. Hall last Friday night was a success both socially and financially. Among those present from a distance were Mr. Frank Daniels and Miss Katherine Metzler of Harrisonville, and Frank Mort and Miss Sadie Wilson of Clear Ridge.

Misses Sadie and Margaret Clevenger and Nina Kirk of West Dublin, visited friends in this place last week.

Those who accompanied Prof. Lamberson to McConnellsburg last Monday to attend the Normal at that place were Harry and Elmer Horton, Will Hoover, Eugene Chesnut, Frank Deavor, Alice Keebaugh and May Chesnut.

Dr. A. K. Davis claims to be the inventor of a machine whereby old mads can be made young, tall girls short and vice versa. The presumption is, that if the invention proves a success, the Doctor will have a busy time this summer.

### Trip To Clearfield.

Mr. S. C. Layton of Whips Cove gives the following sketch of a recent trip to Clearfield:

I started from Everett April 2 on the 9:36 train and got to Huntingdon at 11:30; after waiting 30 minutes I started for Tyrone, arriving there at 12:30. I left Tyrone at 3:55 and arrived at Clearfield at 6:10. I found my sons, James, and Edward and wife, all well. I visited Mr. Job Fletcher and family, and Thomas Duckett, and found them all well.

My son Edwards drives the bakery wagon, and James works in the brick yard. Clearfield has 3 brick yards, 1 tannery, 1 foundry, 1 toy factory, a wooden-ware factory and a tile factory. I was at the steel plant one day. That is a large concern, and employs about 400 hands.

They are building the third bank. It will cost about \$10,000. I found all the people kind and clever, and I arrived home on the 18th of the same month,

## 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. and Mrs. J. E. Lyon of Dublin, spent last Friday at the County Seat.

N. B. Hawks of Emmaville, was in town attending to some business last Friday.

Mrs. Archie W. Johnston of the Cove, was a pleasant caller at this office last Friday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davis of Laidig, were pleasant callers at the News office while in town last Wednesday.

Mrs. Amanda Pratt and daughter Miss Lillian, of Big Cove Tannery, spent last Thursday in town.

Mr. Russell Mellott of Pleasant Ridge passed through town early Monday morning on his way to Franklin county.

Rev. J. R. Logue will preach at Pleasant Grove next Saturday evening; at Antioch Sunday at 10, and at Oakley at 2:30.

Mr. Dennis Morgret took occasion while in town last Friday to come into the News office and advance his subscription to 1906.

Landlord Harry Hamill of Fort Littleton attended a horse sale in Chambersburg last Saturday, and we are informed purchased two of the equines.

Mr. Levi Crawford, one of our valued Union township subscribers spent last Friday night in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mason of this place.

John Stouffer of near Everett, Adams county, will be 91 years old May 22. Sunday last he walked two miles to church and then back after the meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Martin and their sons Paul R., and Christian were recent visitors at the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Martin in the Cove.

Miss Mary E. Thompson and Mr. Breathed Bridges of Hancock, were married Wednesday evening of last week at the Eckington Presbyterian church by Rev. W. F. Thompson the bride's father.

Mrs. Alice D. Gordon passed through this place last Friday on her way to Fort Littleton. Mrs. Gordon has been absent from home since last October visiting her children in the western part of the State.

Mr. W. H. Duffy of Webster Mills spent from Saturday until Monday visiting his daughter Florence in Chambersburg, and was accompanied home by Ted, who had been spending a couple of weeks in Chambersburg.

Rev. Mason L. Sipes, a retired Christian minister, formerly a resident of this county but now postmaster at Tatesville, Bedford county, is reported suffering from a serious affliction of erysipelas on the face.

The first Quarterly Meeting of the Methodist Episcopal church will be observed as follows:—Wednesday, May 11, at 7:30 p. m., Love Feast; Sunday, May 15, at 9:30 a. m., Sunday school; at 10:30 Communion; 2 p. m. Junior League; 6:30 Senior League; 7:30 sermon. Wednesday, May 18, at 3 p. m., Quarterly Conference.

J. V. ADAMS, Pastor.  
Eugene Hawks, who played third base for Penn Park the past three years, has returned from Fall River, Mass., where he had gone to play this season. Hawks says this section of the country is the ball player's paradise and he cares to wander from it no more. He stopped off in this city yesterday afternoon on his way to Chambersburg, where he will join Manager Lawson's team.—Harrisburg Patriot.