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A VISIT TO THE GANGES.

Miss Alice Wishart Tells How Hindu's Wash Away Their Sins.

[The following was written by Miss Alice Wishart to her mother at Wells Tannery.—Ed.]
Dearest Mother.—While I'm waiting on my Pundit, I'll begin your next week's letter. This morning I had an engagement with Francis and Dr. Lucas to go to the Mela', at 8 o'clock. When I got to the Lucas', I found two American young men staying over Sunday, on their way around the world—the elder, a young Presbyterian minister—Princeton man—Mr. Erdman by name, and the younger, a Chicago man, who will enter Yale this year.

We all piled into gari's and started for the Ganges about 8:30. The sun was hidden behind heavy clouds—an unusual thing this time of year, and the air was damp and chilly in consequence. We always take gospels and tracts when we go, as it is a great opportunity to spread the message, for people come here from hundreds of miles away—as many as 6,000 came in on one train. They then walk from the station to the river. We passed hundreds of men, women and little children on the way down; and as far as we could see ahead, down the level stretch of road, was a moving mass of red, green, yellow and crimson turbans and chadders (veils which the women wear). Many—almost all—were carrying water jugs to bring back holy water from the Ganges. Tired, foot-sore and expectant women, weary little children hanging on to their mother's or father's hand, men of every caste with the mark of some god on their forehead—all going for one purpose, and with one end in view—to be cleansed from sin in Mother Ganges.

As we neared the level plain this side of a slight elevation beyond which is the plain sloping down to the river, the crowd grew denser. Here we got out and while waiting for our elephant to come, gave gospels and looked into the numerous booths where merchants of every kind sat—jewelers with all the great variety of such things Hindu women wear; kaprawalas, with garments of every hue and color; basket makers, bottle makers, glass bead sellers, candy-men, with piles and piles of Hindustani sweets; men selling red and yellow powder to mark foreheads, flower sellers and grain men—all plying a brisk trade. Our American acquaintances were much interested in all this.

Just before the elephant came, Mr. Grace, the Y. M. C. A. Secretary, brought Mr. Fred Smith, of New York, one of the most successful workers among men known now, who is taking a tour around the world, and wanted to see this famous Fair, as he said, he never expected to see anything like it again.

We were introduced all around and then the elephant came lumbering up—a great mountain of a beast with a padded quilt and a meek looking driver on his back. A ladder was set up against him, after he kneeled down, for us to crawl up. We all got settled comfortably (?) and held our breath while the huge beast arose—first on its fore feet, tilting us at such a perilous angle, that I was sure we would all slide off backward on our heads, then slowly, oh, so slowly arose and ambled off, with us holding on to the ropes for dear life. It wasn't so bad after the first terrible rising sensation.

Then we went up over the hill and down among the throg to the junction of the river. Fakirs and gods to the right of us, gods and fakirs to the left of us, the crowd of one hundred thousand souls in front and behind us! Horrible idols, in front of which men and women were placing offerings of rice and money; men on spike beds; men holding up an arm until it had become lifeless, and other things too horrible to mention. On high poles over the

different booths were gay flag, and down at the water's edge the bathing. From our superior height we could see it all—the seething mass of humanity, trying to wash away with dirty Ganges water what no water can cleanse. Many had returned shivering so from the cold that they could scarcely get dry clothes on.

We watched the boats and the bathers, and then turned our little beast back again to meet others of the party who changed places with two of our number who had not yet seen the crowd from a height.

A number of snap shots were taken by the Americans, while we made our way through the multitude and back to the starting place to take a look at some more hideous images, and the priests, who make a living at being taken care of as messengers of the gods. Most of them were seated on the ground shivering over fires.

The offerings of rice, flowers, and rice in little piles in front of them. The sun was not shining so we could get near without the danger of our shadows contaminating them.

There is nothing either funny or amusing about such a scene, but wofully pathetic and heart-breaking, to see thousands and thousands of lives going on and on in such a delusion—in such darkness. The home church has an awful responsibility in this matter, I feel.

What are a handful of missionaries among so many? There will be a very serious time when the final accounts are made up, I fear, for those who might have sent, or come—or who hindered any from coming. All of America has had the gospel, while millions here have not even heard of it. We all feel there needs to be very much of a waking up, and that before very long.

Good Returns.

Mr. and Mrs. Tobias Glazier of Ayr township, who have retired from the active duties of farm life, and are now keeping but one cow and a few hens, believe that more depends upon the care you take of cows and poultry, than upon the large number you may have, for the profit that may be gained. For a proof of this Mrs. Glazier during the first sixty-six days of this year sold from one cow to the creamery at Webster Mills, milk, in addition to what was used in the family, for which she received \$23.53—almost 95 cents worth a day; and from ninety hens, she sold during the months of January and February, 144 dozen eggs, for which she received \$32.93.

Mr. and Mrs. Glazier have found that hens, if properly cared for, are just as willing to lay eggs when they are bringing a high price, as to wait for warm weather when the price comes down, as does the hen who does not receive any attention.

WEST DUBLIN.

J. E. Lyon is having quite a lot of lumber hauled to Three Springs. Six teams are hauling some days.

Albert King and family, of Altoona, spent a few days among relatives here on their return from the Inauguration at Washington.

Clarence Hoover, of Lacking Creek, spent part of Wednesday and Thursday at this place.

Grant Hoover returned last Wednesday from a visit to friends in Schuylkill county. His wife who had spent the winter there, accompanied him to this place.

S. S. Wilson has employment near Burnt Cabins.

One day recently, Mrs. Barbara Hess, who is about eighty years old, walked from the Russell farm on the turnpike, to Stephen Wilson's, near this place, a distance of over four miles. The next day she walked back to the Russell farm.

TROLLEY BILL GETS BLACK EYE.

Farmer Creasy's Proposition to Discharge Committee, Voted Down.

When Farmer Creasy introduced a bill into the House a few weeks ago, to permit trolley roads to carry freight, the hope that Fulton county people have of "some day" getting, at least, a trolley road, brightened, and they have waited impatiently to hear that the bill had become a law, and thus the last barrier removed from the trolley proposition in this county. But like most other things that headed toward this county, it got a black eye last week. It came about this way: In order to facilitate work in the legislature, the 204 members of the House are divided up into committees, and when bills are offered, the bills are classified and placed in the hands of the proper committee.

This committee is supposed to examine into the merits or demerits of the bill and report it back to the House, if approved.

Now, in this particular instance, there is too much sentiment throughout the State in favor of the bill, to openly vote it down in committee; and yet, the Steam Railroad bosses who have a controlling interest in legislative stock, will not allow it to become a law. Hence the thing to do is, to smother it in committee—that is, fool around with something else and pretend the committee has not been able to reach it until the session closes.

Now, there is a way to head a committee off that is suspected of a trick like this, and the way is for the House to pass a resolution to take the bill in question out of the hands of the committee and bring it at once before the House.

Mr. Creasy feeling that the committee on City Passenger Railways to which his trolley bill had been sent, did not intend that it should ever see the light of day, on Monday night of last week proposed to discharge the committee from further consideration (?) of his bill.

In behalf of the farmers of the State, Farmer Creasy insisted the bill should be considered before the close of the session. He declared that the committee proposed to smother the bill and he made a lively speech, threatening the Republican majority should his bill be finally killed.

Thomas V. Cooper made a rambling speech, insisting the committee be given more time for considering the bill, but he was not strong enough to hold the overwhelming Republican majority behind him. Creasy's appeal in behalf of the farmers struck a responsive chord in the House, and the spirit of revolt seemed to be spreading rapidly, when Speaker Henry F. Walton disposed of the question by putting it to a vote.

While Farmer Creasy was loudly demanding a roll call, the speaker put the question, but Farmer Creasy would not down and finally forced the call. The vote stood 43 in favor of discharging the committee to 98 against it. Many of the members representing rural constituencies voted with the Republican majority and they are likely to hear from that particular vote should they ask for re-election.

Nine Democrats were present and all voted for the resolution. One hundred twenty-eight Republicans were present and voting, but only thirty-five helped the Democrats.

It is only fair to say that a larger number of Republicans would support the bill, if reported favorably by the committee, than voted to take it up in the House over the head of the committee; but it is generally conceded that the test made, as before stated, is sufficient to show that, as in former legislatures trolley bills were pigeonholed, and so will the Creasy bill fall by the way in the present legislature.

LIKE A LETTER FROM HOME.

Says W. M. Cunningham, Policeman and Prominent Odd Fellow, Pittcairn, Pa.

W. M. Cunningham, a former Fulton county boy, but now a resident of Pittcairn, Pa., in sending us cash to advance his paper into 1906, says: "I am always glad to get the 'News'—it is just like getting a letter from home."

"I was re-elected constable this spring. This is my second term. We have lots of work to do. I don't do anything else now. I do police duty from 12 o'clock, midnight, until daylight. Am paid by the business people of the town. The population of our town is 4,500. We have our own light plant; one school building with twelve rooms, and will build another this summer. We are paving the streets—so you see we will soon be up to date. We have one weekly newspaper, a good lodge of Odd Fellows, of which I was the instituter, and have now about 250 members. We initiated ten last meeting night. I, also, instituted the Encompiant Branch of the Order, which has a large membership. I have now made application for the last degree, namely, the Canton, or the degree of Chivalry.

With love to all my old friends in Little Fulton, I am
Respectfully,
W. M. CUNNINGHAM.

WHO CAN SOLVE IT?

An Interesting Puzzle in Figures to Think About.

The Pittsburg Times has been puzzling its readers with the following problem. It is not to be doubted that there are many News readers who can give the solution in short order. Send them in. Here is the puzzle:

A train one mile long starts from the station at Gladby. The engineer leaves the station and the conductor waits until the caboose comes when he jumps on the caboose and walks forward over the train. When the engine reaches the next station, Oxley, four miles distant from Gladby, the conductor steps off the engine. How far does the conductor ride and how far does he walk?

Surprise Party.

On Tuesday morning of last week, as Mrs. Mary Oyler was busy with her morning's work, she noticed an unusual number of conveyances moving along the road, which led her to wonder whether there was a wedding on hands somewhere, or whether there might be a funeral in the neighborhood. As Pat would say, "It was nayther," for by this time they were all driving up to her front gate, and looking for a convenient place to hitch their horses. They were to be her guests, "to be sure," but why should so many of her friends happen to come at the same time? Just as the e queries were puzzling her brain, it dawned on her mind that this was her 50th birthday.

Without any ceremony the party went into the house, and soon the ladies were busy emptying baskets filled with everything that goes toward getting up a first class dinner, which was at length announced, and the table was soon surrounded by a happy jovial crowd.

The afternoon was spent in having a good time, and the time came all too quickly for the guests to take their departure. Mr. and Mrs. Oyler greatly appreciated this little token of good will on the part of their friends and neighbors. The guests present were: Mrs. Oyler's mother, Mrs. Wagner; Mrs. Alice Glantz, William Snyder and family, Cy-rus Wagner and wife, Mrs. E. D. Wagner and son Pierce, Misses Elsie Wagner, Nellie Snyder, and Mary Ewing; Mrs. Alice Brant, and Nicholas Finiff and family.

Mrs. W. H. Wink is on the sick list.

DIDN'T LIKE THE TOWN.

Peter Shives and Frank Carmack Went to the Country to Hunt Work.

The March Term of Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, which has been officially advertised to take place in the Court House in McConnellsburg, beginning on Monday, the 20th day of March, will be carried out to the letter with the exception of the Jail Delivery part. This has been attended to.

For several weeks three men have been enjoying the hospitality of Sheriff Alexander, and there never was the least bit of evidence, either by word or deed that they did not greatly relish the Sheriff's buckwheat cakes and sausage. There was plenty of good wood within the walls of the old Fort to keep the inmates comfortable, and the great brick wall, three bricks in thickness, and rising to the height of twelve or thirteen feet, served as a protection against the wintry blasts of old Boreas as they swept down from the Ridge.

This condition was not to be dispised as long as the men could look out and see the snow piled in drifts along the streets, and Nick Roettger with his force of men digging down through the frozen ground to thaw out the water pipes; but when the sun began to make his appearance after his visit to the southern hemisphere, they began to long for other scenes.

They didn't have to "long" long after they had made up their minds to quit the sheriff's bed and board. Nobody does that wants to take leave of the Fulton county jail. So last Friday morning when the Sheriff made his early morning rounds, he found the cooks only need to prepare breakfast for one instead of three. The third man did not eat, he felt just then. He, no doubt, leave that if he should become lonesome, he could go at any other time just as well.

The names of the prisoners, who had thus taken their departure were Peter Shives, awaiting trial on the charge of rape, and Frank Carmack, who was in jail on a charge of theft. The one who remained was Mr. C. P. Carmack, Larry's father.

The Carmacks were in the large room at the end of the corridor upstairs, and Shives was locked in a strong (?) cell the first at the head of the stairway. (You know the locat'n, don't you?)

Shives' charge being more grave than the others, it was thought best to make him feel that he was in the strong clutches of the law, and he was locked in this gloomy cell. Not a window, save a narrow opening through the wall near the top of the cell that a kitten couldn't get through. In the floor is a great bull ring, that would make one shiver to think of being tied to it. A narrow cot serves to sleep on, and a small stove to keep the cell warm; but all this is endurable. What strikes terror to the heart of the man confined in the cell is to be told yet.

The entrance to the cell is made through a heavy oak door, covered with sheet iron. Great heavy barn door hinges holds it in place. Yes, here's the trouble. They do not hold it in place. The wood into which the staple which is only about four inches in length, has decayed, the staples have been pulled out and put in so often and wedged up with nails and shivers of wood that they will not hold. So that what terrorizes the prisoner most is the thought that as he lies down at night to rest, that that blamed heavy door may fall on him at any minute, and when he wakes up next morning he will find himself in kingdom come. So, we suppose Peter stood the agony as long as his nerves would permit, and last Friday night, he just pulled the old staples out, set the door aside gave him the tip, and they walked out into the jail yard.

Two doors open out from a

close) in the wall at the rear of the yard. These doors are about six feet in height. Placing an old bench across them for a platform on which a ladder was made out of a pair of old bed rails, and it did not take three minutes to be on top of the wall.

A rope was fastened in the wall near the top, and it was no trick to slide down those few feet to the ground, and bid good-bye to prison life.

Now, it is not our purpose to fool anybody. Don't infer from this that you can commit any sort of crime you wish, get into the Fulton county jail, and then walk away just before court. It has been seriously suggested that the county commissioners rent a smoke house some where in town to put prisoners in that are expected to be present when court calls.

Sheriff Alexander is just beginning to realize that it is not every thing to live in the jail. He feels that there is nothing to hinder anyone from climbing over the jail wall any night, lifting the doors off their hinges, walking right in and stealing his meat.

HUSTONTOWN.

Jacob Bowser, near Everett, spent a night last week with Jeremiah Laidig. He was accompanied by his daughter-in-law Mrs. Fannie Bowser, who will remain with Mrs. Maggie Laidig for a few weeks.

T. S. Shoemaker and mother left last Monday for their new home in Hollidaysburg, Miss Mary and H. L. Campbell having left on Tuesday of last week. Their many friends wish them success and happiness in their new home.

Miss Lullie Uttley, of Saltillo, and Miss Bertha Locke, of Maddensville, were in town a day last week having some dental work done.

A very pleasant Birthday social was held at the home of Harry Dawney last Friday night. Mrs. Dawney being (?) years of age on that day. The invited guests being the members of the Ladies' Aid Society. All report a good time and speak highly of the ability of Mrs. Dawney to entertain.

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

Harry Dawney spent a few days visiting in Franklin county last week.

Miss May Barton is home from Millersville State Normal on a vacation.

Samuel Strait and wife, of West Dublin, visited the former's parents in this place last Sunday. The Richards Comedy Co., advertised the town last Monday for two entertainments in the Hall, evenings of March 15, 16.

NEEDMORE.

We surely do not "needmore" mud than we have been having during the past few days.

The extremely heavy ice on the streams is wearing away so gradually that no one is likely to suffer much damage from the break-up.

Ed Peck is hauling lumber for T. J. Bridges & Co.

Mrs. T. R. Palmer has been confined to her room during the last week with grip.

Commissioner E. P. Palmer and daughter, Tillie, were the guests of T. W. Peck and family last Sunday.

J. W. Lafe and family spent Sunday in the home of Mrs. Lafe's parents, Elder and Mrs. T. R. Palmer.

Miss Orpha Snyder was the guest of W. F. Hart's family last Saturday.

It is rumored that Dr. Swartz-welder is about to sell his property here to Dr. Fisher.

Mrs. Florence Wink of Pleasant Ridge is spending a short time with the family of T. R. Palmer.

Mrs. Rhoda Smith, of Bedford county, daughter of Dr. Mellott, has been spending some time with her father's family.

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.

Miss Esther Sloan spent several days in Chambersburg last week.

Rev. Powers is holding protracted services in Whips Cove this week.

Mrs. S. M. Robinson entertained a number of her lady friends at tea last Thursday evening.

Mr. John Deaver, a Millersville state normal student, is at home for a two weeks' vacation.

Walter Lynch and Harry Bender left Tuesday for Illinois, where they expect to find employment.

Maurice Trout, of Philadelphia has been spending a week at the home of his mother, Mrs. M. B. Trout.

A little daughter came to bless the home of Prof. and Mrs. Galy Chambers at Ridley Park, Pa., a few days ago.

H. H. Helman spent several days last week with friends at Mercersburg and Chambersburg.

Harry Dalbey, who is employed in Philadelphia, is visiting his parents, Dr. and Mrs. A. D. Dalbey, of this place.

Prothonotary Geo. A. Harris spent from Saturday until Monday with his brother-in-law, S. D. Stevens, at Chambersburg.

Mrs. Emaline Robinson has sold her farm in Bethel township and bought a property in Hancock into which she will move in a few weeks.

Grant Mann, who had been spending several months in Chicago left on Tuesday of last week for Burlington, Colorado, where he expects to remain for an indefinite time.

Mr. John Bishop, of Timber Ridge, spent last Sunday night at the home of his sister, Mrs. M. A. Kelley in this place. Mrs. Culler accompanied him home Monday.

Elder Ahimaz Mellott will preach in the Laurel Ridge school house at 10 o'clock a. m. on the fourth Sunday of March, and at the same hour on the fourth Sunday of each succeeding month during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Culler, of Thompson township, spent last Friday night in the home of Mrs. Culler's sister, Mrs. Mary A. Kelly of this place. Mr. Culler returned home Saturday and Mrs. Culler remained on account of Mrs. Kelly's illness.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Little have just returned from the eastern cities where they were spending ten days buying their spring and summer stock of millinery. They took with them "on this" trip two of their "girls," Miss Myrtle Stoutangle and Miss Dot Crook to get the latest ideas and styles. See their new ad.

Educational Meeting.

The sixth educational meeting of Belfast, held at Morton's Point last Friday evening, was called to order by the teacher, Miss Cora Funk. Joseph Lake was elected chairman.

The questions "How do you make the latter part of school interesting?" "Literature; How taught; its effects," and "What constitutes a good school?" were well discussed by the teachers present.

Prof. Palmer was present and gave an interesting talk on Literature. Several recitations and songs were rendered by the school, which speaks well of the teacher and pupils.—Gilbert C. Mellott, secretary.

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