

The Fulton County News.

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REV. GEORGE B. SHOEMAKER.
Tells of Things in Western Iowa. Successful Union Revival Services.
ELDORA, IOWA,
JANUARY 29, 1906.
EDITOR NEWS:—I noticed in a recent issue of your paper, mention made of myself by a gentleman who wrote a very interesting letter from one of the western states—Nebraska I think. I am glad to know of his appreciation of my letters, and I can assure all who write for the "News" that I enjoy very much the letters and articles they prepare. I read every thing in the paper—even to the advertisements; and while they do not often change either language or subject, I enjoy them just the same.

Iowa has been good to us this winter. The month of January has been exceptionally nice. I recall only two stormy days for the entire month, and they were not severely cold. During the month we have had good sleighing, and scarcely any slush or soft roads. To day the snow is melting rapidly, and the water is running freely in the streets. Last night when we returned from church, I found that the furnace fire was out, but it was so comfortable in the house that I did not re-kindle it, and we sat for a long time without fire—had none until morning. Think of that in Iowa in January! Really, it seems like spring. Of course the "old grumbler" is not happy, and out of the drawn down corner of his mouth he is saying, "Oh, well, this is only a weather breeder. Wait until February comes in, and you'll see what we will get. Ugh! I'm freezing now while I think of it." Well, February may bring cold weather, but I'm going to enjoy this beautiful winter weather while I have it.

One of the members of my church went to Chicago to day with ten hundred and fifty head of sheep. They had five double deck cars to carry them. These sheep were bought last fall out in Montana and shipped to Iowa Co., Farm far feeding. They turned them out into the corn fields and let them forage, but while before shipping to market, they were fed for the purpose of fattening. These men handled at a good profit this fall and winter nearly four thousand sheep.

I made mention in my last letter about a proposed Union meeting, an I asked the Christian people in the old home to pray for us. The meetings began on Sunday, December 31, 1905, and closed on Monday, January 22, 1906, and while the evangelist at no time announced the number of conversions, there were more than two hundred. Some old men, among them one man who was sixty-five years of age, whole families—father, mother and children—were swept into the kingdom. While the Evangelist is a Congregationalist, he used the old method of calling penitents forward, and upon their knees before God he led them to plead for pardon. Night after night the altar was crowded with penitents. Large numbers of students in the high school were happily converted. It made me think of the last meeting that was held in the old stone M. E. church in McConnellsburg—that meeting from which I date my conversion to God, and in which forty and more of the students of the upper room in the old brick school house were born again.

Yesterday I opened the doors of our church, and forty-nine persons gladly and freely united on probation. Oh, what a meeting we had! It will be remembered for many years; yes, by many forever. The other churches will receive their share of the converts. Perfect harmony prevailed among the christian people during the entire time. All expenses were met and a generous free will offering was given the Evangelist. I write this that the christian people of old Fulton

FIRE ALARM.
The burning out of the Chimney in J. G. Keisner's Residence Last Friday Evening Causes Excitement.

What seemed for a time last Friday evening like McConnellsburg was to have a very disastrous conflagration, was happily averted, and the excitement which ran high for a time, subsided when it was found that the danger point had been passed. Early in the evening flames were discovered emitting from top of the chimney in the main building, of the residence of J. G. Keisner, throwing a shower of sparks and balls of burning soot, much of which was falling on the wooden roof of Mr. Keisner's house and on that of Miss Mary Daniels.

The building immediately to the west of Mr. Keisner's is the residence of Senator Alexander. Being one of the most methodical men in town, Mr. Alexander is generally equal to an emergency; and for the protection of his own property, keeps a hose attached to the water pipe in the cellar, and a ladder in easy reach; hence as soon as Mr. Alexander was apprised of the danger, it only took him a minute to turn on the water grab the hose, and the next minute he was scurrying up the ladder and throwing a stream of water on the roof that protected it completely from any danger from ignition by the burning soot.

The chimney was a good strong one and took plenty of time to burn out, and now Mr. Keisner feels that it is likely to be several years before he need apprehend any danger from that source again.

Two-Cent Fares.

The first blow at the railroads since the anti pass rule went into effect was struck in the Ohio Legislature, when the Senate passed a bill making the maximum rate to be charged in that State, for passenger traffic, two cents a mile. There was not a dissenting vote when the bill was passed. A similar bill was introduced in the House and referred to the Committee on Railroads. The committee postponed action for one week, whereupon incensed members threatened to remove the chairman. This action of the Senate of Ohio is a forerunner of action which will be taken by the Legislature of other States.

Bills of similar nature were introduced in former Legislatures, but they never got beyond the committee because the representative of the railroads, who was always in attendance, was able to pigeon-hole them by the judicious use of passes. At the present sessions of Legislatures, the railroads cannot influence or direct legislation as formerly, the pass privileges having been withdrawn. It is humiliating to confess it, but new legislation is inspired less by desire to deal justly with the traveling public than to get square with the railroads.

Having been relieved of all sense of obligation to the transportation companies, the Legislatures of other States will pass two-cents-a-mile bills, and whether these be retaliatory or otherwise, they will be endorsed by those who will be directly affected by their operation. In the long run the railroads are bound to lose by the retirement of passes.

Mrs. Henry Barmont and daughter Rheny and Miss Elsie Wagner spent a day recently at the home of Daniel E. Fore, Esq.

may rejoice with us.

Down stairs, while I write, little feet are pattering over the floor, and a little voice reaches me in laugh, or shout, or cry, and it seems as though old days had come back, and I was young again; but as I stop to think, I remember it is my grandson. Well, I'm glad just the same, for he is the finest grandson the sun shines upon. If my friend A. U. Nace tells you that is not so, don't you believe him. Very truly
GEO. B. SHOEMAKER.

MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE.

Scott Dickson Crashed Through the Glass in J. K. Johnston's Store Door.

It if there were not known that Scott Dickson, son of druggist William S. Dickson, is one of the most peacefully disposed boys in town, there would be reason to suspect from the quantity of court plaster that he is carrying on his face that he had been "doing up" the chief of police. Being surcharged with that excess of energy and vitality incident to a healthy growing boy, he went bounding into J. K. Johnston's store last Friday evening, and in some way one of his feet slipped just as he reached the door, and he pitched headlong through the glass in the door, shattering the pane and badly cutting his nose. Blood flowed profusely for a time but when the wounds were dressed it was found that he had not been seriously hurt. The glass was strong double-thick, and it makes one shudder to think of what might have happened.

The famous Horseshoe Curve on the Pennsylvania Railroad is to be eliminated. This has been definitely decided upon by the officials of the railroad. Two methods are proposed, and four sets of plans have been prepared. Two of the plans are for tunnels through the Allegheny Mountains one nine miles, and the other eleven miles. The other plans are for new routes across the mountains, one 90 and the other 150 miles long. It is the consensus of opinion among the officials that the nine-mile tunnel plan will be adopted. President Cassatt expects at least to start this work before his retirement. The tunnel would enter the mountain at or near Kittanning Point, and emerge between Cresson and Lilly. This would be the second largest tunnel in the world, the only one larger being the Simplon Tunnel through the Alps, which is twelve miles long. The tunnel will accommodate four tracks and will be ventilated by air-shafts reaching to the crest of the mountain. All operations through it will be by electric power. The cost of the tunnel and making connections with the main line is estimated at over \$15,000,000.—Ex.

Another Doctor.

Monday, George with his little hatchet, nailed up his shingle. Not George Washington. He's dead. The George we are now telling about is Dr. George M. Robinson, a graduate of the Columbian Medical College. Deciding to engage in the practice of medicine and surgery in this place, he went before the State Board of Medical Examiners last December, and passed a most satisfactory examination. He has now received his medicines and instruments, and has opened an office in the residence of his father, Editor S. M. Robinson, on West Water street, where he may be found for professional services.

Surprise Party.

A surprise party in honor of the 26th birthday anniversary of Mrs. John Souders, who resides on the Sipes farm east of town, was given on Monday of this week, and the occasion was a very enjoyable one to those present, who were,

William Pavlor, wife and daughter Thoebe, Mrs. William Comer, Mrs. Samuel Kelley, Mrs. Jacob Motter, Mr. and Mrs. P. Scheideman, Mrs. Cyrus Mentzer, Mrs. Andy Mellott, Mrs. Lynn Alexander, Mrs. Daniel Clevenger, George Paylor, wife, and little sons Maynard and Lawrence; Mrs. McQuade and daughter Myrtle, Mrs. Philip Ott and daughter Nora, Mrs. Scott Souders, and Miss Susie Black. Mrs. Souders received some very nice presents, and served a very nice dinner.

Subscribe for the NEWS.

Tribulations of The Editor.

If the make-up of the "News" this week seems tame, and there does not seem to be the usual grist of startling events, we trust our readers will forbear making any harsh criticisms. To be able to serve up a whole newspaperful of crisp entertaining matter, and keep that up week in and week out fifty two times a year, year in and year out, may not be just as funny a job as you might think. Sometimes things happen. Sometimes they don't. Sometimes they come very near happening, and then, all at once you find they did not happen.

When you have been out of meat at your house, have you gone out, and after a weary hunt, succeeded in getting hold of a fat rabbit, and just about the time you were congratulating yourself upon your good luck, the rabbit made one desperate lunge, and the last you saw of it, the cotton tail was disappearing in the green briar thicket? You went home discouraged, and all the more, if the preacher was to be there for supper.

Such is life. We came very near having a two column article, with a big three-decker scare head, right in this week's paper—an article that would have been read by every man, woman, and child in the county, and telegraphed to all the leading city dailies. Yes; it would have attracted as much popular interest as the investigation of the methods practiced by the State Insurance Commissioner at Harrisburg.

The head would have run something like this: "Terrific Explosion." "One of the Leading Stores in McConnellsburg Blown to Atoms." "Kindled Morning Fire with Dynamite."

Well, as we have said, the reason the article does not appear this week is, that the material for it did not ripen.

Not quite.

This is how near: Mr. George W. Hays, who for many years was the trusted clerk in the Thomas Patterson store, recently purchased from the Patterson heirs, the remaining interest in the store and building, and will now be the sole owner of the business. For several days, William Hull, of the Racket Store, J. Lind Patterson, formerly one of the proprietors of the Webster Mills store, and J. B. Runyan, McConnellsburg's marble and granite man, who acquired a practical familiarity with the mercantile business several years ago—all have been busy making an invoice of the stock in the store, preparatory to Mr. Hays taking entire possession.

Before closing the store one evening last week, Elmer Peck sent in for four sticks of dynamite and four dynamite caps. The order was filled—or it was supposed that it was filled. Next morning Mr. Hays was at the store early, and assisted in sweeping up the paper and other accumulations on the floor, incident to the business of the day before.

The store is heated by a great big box stove, and it was a convenient place to put the rubbish. Into the stove it went, just as former rubbish had done a hundred times before; but just as Mr. Hays closed the stove door, —B-o-o-m! went something within the stove that fairly lifted Mr. Hays off his feet, and the great stove heaved, the smoke and ash flew, and for a moment Mr. Hays stood dazed.

It was all over in a second. No mischief done. Nobody hurt. He looked into the stove. The wood was shimmering as though undecided whether to burn or go out. There was a mystery, and Mr. Hays could not solve it; at least, he did not until about an hour later, when Elmer Peck came into the store and inquired where those dynamite caps were that he had purchased the preceding evening, and were not in the package when he reached home.

It was all plain enough now. The caps had been brushed off

SUDDEN DEATH.

Mrs. Christina Miller Dropped Dead in the Yard at the Home of Her Sister, Mrs. Peter Shives.

Mrs. Christina Miller, wife of John Miller, had been having her home with her son Clarence Miller, near Plum Run in Thompson township. While not of robust build, she has been in reasonably good health for some time.

A few days ago, she went down to the home of her sister, Mrs. Peter Shives, near Hancock, to spend a few days, and intended to return to the home of her son Clarence, last Sunday; and she had planned further to go this week to the Little Cove to visit her daughter, Mrs. George Yeakle.

Last Friday morning she threw a breakfast shawl over her head and walked out of the house at Mr. Shives'. There was nothing in this, of course, to attract any attention; but when it was noticed by some member of the family after a little time that Mrs. Miller had not returned, they went out and found her lying near the house, cold in death.

This was a great shock to the family, and her body was tenderly carried into the house. Later the body was removed to the home of her son Clarence, where, on Sunday morning, funeral services were conducted by Rev. A. G. Wolf, of the Ev. Lutheran church, McConnellsburg, and the remains taken to the graveyard at the Methodist church in the Little Cove, and laid to rest beside the remains of her kindred gone before.

Mrs. Miller was a member of the Lutheran church in the Little Cove, and aged 69 years, 10 months, and 7 days.

ALBERT SCOTT WALKER.

Formerly of Clear Ridge, Dies at McKeesport of Cerebro-Spinal Meningitis.

The many friends of A. S. Walker, formerly of Clear Ridge, will be pained to learn of his death which occurred at McKeesport, Pa., on Friday, January 26, 1906.

The deceased was a son of the late Edmund Walker—his mother now being the wife of W. R. Fields, of Clear Ridge. Some time last summer, Scott left his home at Clear Ridge, and like many other young men, went out to the western part of the state where work is plenty and wages good.

At the time he was stricken down with that terrible disease, he was learning the trade of plastering, and by his genial manners had won many warm friends.

He was aged about 23 years. His body was brought to the home of his mother, arriving on Saturday night following his death, and on the following Monday was laid to rest in the little graveyard at Cromwell's church.

HULDAH MELLOTT.

Wife of Luther Mellott Dies at Her Home in Ayr Township, Saturday Morning.

Mrs. HulDAH Mellott, died at her home in Ayr township, last Saturday morning, after an illness dating back several years. Funeral services conducted at the home by Rev. J. V. Adams, of the Methodist Episcopal church of this place, after which the remains were taken to the Sideling Hill Baptist church, where concluding services were conducted by Rev. J. C. Garland, of the German Baptist church, and interment was made in the graveyard at that place.

Mrs. Mellott was aged about 43 years. She was a daughter of the late David B. Mellott, of Belfast township, and is survived by two brothers and two sisters, namely, Margaret, wife of John Riley, Cumberland, Md.; Mary, wife of R. E. Garland, of Ayr township; Job H., of Gapsville, Bedford county, and Elijah, of McConnellsburg. She is also survived by her husband and 7 children: Stella, wife of Seth H. Mellott, of Ayr township, and William, Annie, Edith, Ernest, Mabel, and Zena, at home.

Mrs. Mellott was a kind hearted, industrious wife and mother; and while she had never identified herself with any church, the rite of baptism was administered to her recently by Rev. Adams, of the Methodist church, and she died in the full hope of a blessed immortality.

Resolutions of Respect.

At a meeting of King Post No. 365, G. A. R., held in the Post Room at McConnellsburg, Pa., on Saturday, February 3, 1906, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst our late comrade, John Elliot Rummel, one of the charter members of this Post and formerly a gallant soldier in Co. H, 20th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers during the civil war.

Whereas, the intimate relations long held by our deceased comrade with us, and his earnest labors as an officer and member of our Post seem to make it proper that we should in some way give expression to our feelings toward him, Therefore, be it

Resolved by King Post, No. 365 G. A. R. R., Department of Pennsylvania: That in the death of our comrade, John Elliot Rummel, which occurred Sunday morning, January 28, 1906, at the age of 64 years and 2 months, this Post loses a most esteemed comrade who was always loyally devoted to every interest in the Post from the time he entered it as a charter member, and the community in which his life was spent a warm hearted, generous citizen whose loss will long be deeply felt by all who knew him.

Resolved that we tender to his widow and family our heartfelt sympathy in this their sad affliction.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon minutes of the Post and that a copy of them be sent to the family of our deceased comrade and to each of the county papers.

GEO. W. SKINNER,
W. L. MCKIBBIN,
H. S. WISHART,
Committee.

At the Reformed Church.

"Foreign Mission Day" will be observed by St. Paul's Reformed Sunday school, this coming Sunday, at 10:30 a. m. A printed Service prepared by the Foreign Mission Board will be used. The offerings will be devoted to Foreign Missions. Divine services in the evening at 7 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Mathias, who called home on account of the sickness and death of the latter's father, Nicholas Metzler, near Burnt Cabins, have returned to their home in Fargo, N. D.

NEW ELECTRIC CAR LINE.

It Will Run Between Bedford and Altoona.

The prospects of an electric street car line between Altoona and Bedford have brightened considerably and talk of the proposed line is current in the Mountain City.

It is an almost assured fact that the Southern Traction company will build the proposed road from Altoona through to Bedford Springs. The name has been changed to "The Altoona, Hollidaysburg and Bedford Springs Railway company." It is said that the organization will be financed by a New York trust company, and that a mortgage has been executed and recorded in the Blair county courts in favor of the New York financial institution for \$1,200,000. The construction work will be begun at once and it is expected the entire road will be completed with cars running on it before next winter.

The building of the line means considerable to Bedford. The trolley would boom the famous Bedford Springs by making it more accessible than it is at present. The company has already secured a right of way which taps many small towns.

A Word About the Weather.

January of 1906 stands as a record breaker for many years to come. The warm wave which held the Eastern and Middle States is something of which we have no previous reliable record; and yet, in the Middle West, a blizzard raged and in Colorado trains were buried by the snow-slides. In Pittsburg occurred one case of heat prostration. At Devil's Lake, Wis., a blizzard was blowing with the temperature at 20 degrees below zero. The crest of the warm wave appears to have been in Ohio, where a temperature of 77 degrees were recorded on the 21—or nearly 100 degrees' difference between Wisconsin and Ohio. In Vermont, butterflies and caterpillars were seen, and wasps were flying about in Troy.

In Saratoga, a thermometer placed in the sun at noon registered 86. At Coney Island many waded in the surf. But it isn't safe to lay away winter wraps where they cannot be reached readily. There is probably severe weather ahead of us yet. It will be remembered that the winter of 1887-8 was a comparatively mild one until the latter part of the season, when the weather grew more severe, culminating in the big blizzard in March. The weather may have a similar surprise for us yet.

While January weather was warm to the very last day in this section, and much ploughing was done, February has shown that she believed in having cold weather in winter time. Consequently when the groundhog came out last Thursday the clouds were drawn apart and the full blaze of sunlight dropped down on the pig's back that made a shadow so strong that the pig was frightened and scampered back into his hole, there to keep warm while six weeks of arctic weather shall have the land in its grip.

Elias Hartz, the veteran goosebone prognosticator, in Berks county, is a firm supporter of the groundhog theory as an auxiliary to the belief in his own method. On Thanksgiving Day Hartz predicted that this January would be the mildest for years, and it happened to be so.

He also said that cold weather would start about the beginning of February and that during the middle of the month there would be a blizzard. He predicts plenty of snow and hail, and declares that the goosebone shows that the weather will be very severe.

Thus far, his predictions have proved correct, the groundhog corroborates his forecast, and the venerable goosebone man is in his glory. He says that the cold weather will extend well into March.