

# The Fulton County News.

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## LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

Written by O. R. Cline for the "Fulton County News." A Description of the Country.

LONG BEACH CALIF., Feb. 28.  
DEAR MR. PECK.—To write a letter for the News as you suggest, would be a pleasure to me if I could do so satisfactorily. However I will try to write something of this sunny land and our trip hither.

Hoping to obtain better health and escape a winter at home, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Lee, friends from Anthony, Kas., we set out for southern California, on Oct. 17th last. We spent two weeks on the way delightfully, and regret we did not put in four or five.

Our first night out, carried us through the new home of our esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Kelly, at Ransom, Kan., and our inability to stop off and see them was quite a disappointment to us. But we "have it in for them" yet. A soulless looking country greeted us between daylight and Pueblo—great stretches of rich agricultural land—where it is irrigated it is as fertile as the valley of the Nile; without which it is as sterile as Sahara. From Pueblo, via D. & R. G. R. R., our course is right up the Arkansas river, with the great Rockies looming up in front of us, and the white cap of Pike's Peak away off to our right, from which we could see the smoke of the little locomotive climbing near its summit. Passing the oil-fields of Colorado, at Florence, we reached Canon City about 3 p. m.

This is a pretty little city, properly named, for it stands at the entrance to the greatest canon penetrated by any railroad. The Arkansas River, which rises in Fremont Park, one hundred and seventy miles to the northwest of Canon City, here breaks its way through the Front Range of mountains, in the Grand Canon of the Arkansas. Little wonder it should be a lazy sluggard onward to its destination; for thus far its experience is enough to break the spirit of anything. Drawn by two monstrous mountain-climbing engines, we slowly enter this awful chasm in an open observation car. Close along the foaming Arkansas, around dark projecting shoulders of granite, deeper and deeper we enter until the way a mere fissure through the heights. Far above, the sky forms a blue arch of light, but all about us are somber shades which the sun's rays have never penetrated. Granite cliffs a thousand feet high, smooth and unbroken; and ragged pinnacles three times as high, form solid walls on either side. There are no trees nor birds nor flowers. But with the roar of winds and the waters about us, and the menacing crags above us, in the midst of a spiteful snow storm, we feel dwarfed and dumb in the sublime scene, and the place seems like the entrance to some infernal region.

Mrs. Lee became very sick, and we were all glad when we came out into the narrow upper valley of the Arkansas; where the scenery is still grand and beautiful, but less awful.

Night came on us at Salida, but in the light of the full moon through the thickly falling snow, the serrated summits and towering peaks of the mountains presented a scene peculiarly impressive and grand. But we missed seeing the Mount of the Holy Cross. I quote from Ernest Ingersoll's description of it. He says: "One of the side valleys coming down to the track at right angles from the southwestward, leads the eye for a momentary glimpse up through a glorious Alpine avenue to where the cathedral crest of a noble peak pierces the sky. It is a summit that would attract the eye anywhere—its feet hidden in verdant hills, guarded by mighty crags, half buried in seething clouds, its helmet vertical, frowning, plumed with gleaming snow—'Aye, every

inch a king.' It is the Mount of the Holy Cross, bearing the sacred symbol in such heroic characters as dwarf all human engraving, and set on the pinnacle of the world as though in sign of possession forever. The Jesuits went hand in hand with the Cheyenne Dubois, proclaiming Christian Gospel in the northern forests; the Puritan brought his testament to New England; the Spanish banners of victory on the golden shores of the Pacific were upheld by the fiery zeal of the friars of San Francisco; the frozen Alaskan cliffs resounded to the chanting of the monks of St. Peter and St. Paul. On every side the virgin continent was taken in the name of Christ, and with all the eclat of religious conquest. Yet from ages unnumbered, before any of them, centuries oblivious in the past time, the Cross had been planted here. As a prophecy during unmeasured generations, as a sign of glorious fulfillment during nineteen centuries, from always and to eternity, a reminder of our fealty to heaven, this divine seal has been set upon our proudest eminence, &c." Its altitude is 14,176 feet. As we mounted to the summit in Tennessee Pass, at an altitude of two miles, our ears were snapping and creaking, and some suffered from heart trouble. But the strenuous throbbing of engines here gave place to a rapidly, noiseless gliding, or coasting downward into the valley of the Grand, and we woke up in a cheerless looking country between the Grand and Green Rivers, the bed of which in ages past was a great inland sea, the northern shore of which is now represented and outlined by the Book Cliffs—desert and lifeless-looking, multi-jorm and vari-colored piles of apparent clay or scoria. For nearly two hundred miles we traversed mountain desert. Then for ninety miles we climbed the Wasatch mountains, the scenery growing wilder and more varied and still more so as we descend into the Utah Valley, the home of the Mormons. This favored spot has an Arcadian beauty, and is said to resemble the vales of Scotland. In its center lies Utah Lake, the Mormons' Sea of Galilee, which empties through the Jordan into the Great Salt Lake, a veritable Dead Sea. The valley is like a well kept garden, watered by crystal streams thickly crowded with trim farms having neat white houses and fruit trees in profusion, all testifying to the industry and frugality of the Mormon farmer. As we looked upon these neatly appearing cottage homes, we had a curiosity to know what was the condition of domestic life within. But in several days spent in Salt Lake City, we observed little difference in its people from that of other cities, though the city is different in many respects. It is a beautiful city, having paved streets 132 ft. wide, with a stream of clear mountain water flowing in the curb ditch on either side, and bordered with long rows of shade trees; modern business blocks of splendid structure, and fine and rapidly growing residence districts. The finest residence portion occupies the mountain bench, once the shore of the Great Salt Lake, now eighteen miles distant from the water lines, yet plainly to be seen above the city. The six-million-dollar Mormon Temple, with walls of granite ten feet thick; the Tabernacle, Assembly Hall, and other buildings of Temple Square; together with the Bee Hive and Lion House, former homes of Brigham Young and his many wives, are all interesting, but not all open to the visitor. The street railway, water and lighting service is fine, and all owned by the Mormon church. From earnest and intelligent guides we listened to the story of Divine inspiration and revelation that directed Brigham Young in leading his followers to this "Promised Land," in formulating and administering their govern-

## REV. GEORGE B. SHOEMAKER

Writes From Eldora, Iowa, and Suggests a "Home Coming Week," for the Wanderers from McConnellsburg.

ELDORA, Iowa, March 8th.  
EDITOR NEWS:—When I last wrote to you, I had some fears as to the behavior of the month of February, because we had such a beautiful January. We have passed safely through February, and she was very good to us. There was but one bad storm during the month, and the weather was at no time severely cold. March came in beautifully, with thunder and rain, and change from clouds to sunshine, and thus far has been very quiet. Of course, there is plenty of time for March to storm and blow and freeze before the end of the month, but she has been mild thus far. The frost is not all out of the ground yet, but the roads are very muddy. This makes it quite unpleasant for those who move from one farm to another, because it is difficult to haul loads or to drive stock. Changes on farms are made here from first to middle of March. The "ground hog" did not see his shadow here this year, and we have had very moderate weather since. Whether the old fellow is running at large or not, we are having the kind of weather the theory allows to accompany him in his freedom.

I am expecting an early spring but will know more about that after a few weeks have gone by. On the first day of March, in the evening, I officiated at a wedding near Iowa Falls, a former charge about sixteen miles from Eldora. The father of the groom, a man past seventy (70) years of age, was among the guests. The night was very dark and rainy, and in order to reach their home, this elderly gentleman and those with him had to drive eight or nine miles. When within half a mile of their home, he got out of the buggy to cross a bridge before the team. He found the bridge and road all tight, and called to them to come on. The carriage stopped for him when the bridge was crossed, but he did not get in. He did not respond to the call of his friends. When they found him, he had fallen over the fence and was lying face down, in a few inches of water, dead. It was a terrible shock to his family and to the community in which he lived. Having married his son on Thursday night, I was asked to preach his funeral sermon, which I did on the afternoon of the Sunday following.

I had a letter recently from one of my old friends, and a former resident of McConnellsburg, in which he asked me, when I wrote to the "News" again, to suggest a "Home Coming Week" for the wanderers from old McConnellsburg. I think his idea is to make it an annual affair, and he suggests as the time that would be appropriate the first week in November. I am pleased to make the suggestion for him, and am sure I would be glad to be at such a gathering, when I could. It would be exceedingly pleasant to meet the "boys and girls" in the old town, on such an occasion. What a time we could have if we could only get there. I do not know whether the invitation should come from the old town, or whether we should invite ourselves to the old home. Should the thought meet with favor, I would like to hear more about it in later issues of the "News."

With kind regards to all the people of the old home.  
Very truly yours,  
GEO. B. SHOEMAKER.

ment; laying out and constructing their new "City of Zion," etc., to which they might have added, living with nineteen wives. Here we are, only half way here, and my letter too long. Will finish later if permitted.  
O. R. CLINE.

## MRS. EMANUEL SHARPE

Daughter of Enoch and Catherine Hart, of Needmore, Died at Her Home in Big Timber, Montana.

In our last issue we announced the death of Mrs. Emanuel Sharpe, the following particulars have reached us in time for press. Mrs. Elizabeth Sharpe was the daughter of Enoch and Catherine Hart, of Needmore, and was born on the old home farm near there, July 7, 1864. She was married to Emanuel Sharp in the winter of 1888, and will be remembered as one of the most beautiful young ladies in all that section. Her rosy cheeks and well rounded figure at that time gave promise of long life, and no one could have suspected the existence of germs which later developed into a fatal and relentless disease—the White Plague, to which she fell a victim, in spite of every effort on the part of her husband and family for her protection. A change of climate being recommended, she was removed to Big Timber, Mont., about two years ago, but she grew weaker steadily, until the date of her death, March 1st. As her poor frail body grew weaker, her faith in God increased and her last words to her grief-stricken family were: "Do not fret for me for Jesus is with us." She had carefully arranged all details of her funeral, having chosen her dress and selected the hymns for the occasion. She had lived the life of a consistent christian wife and mother, and her death was a most triumphant one. She was a member of the Tonoloway (Old School) Baptist church for ten years prior to her death. In addition to her husband and fifteen-year-old daughter Beatrice, she is survived by her aged mother, Mrs. Enoch Hart, and brother, W. F. Hart, of Needmore, to all of whom we extend our tenderest sympathy.

## Almost A Fire.

A fire that might have proved a serious one was discovered by Mr. Sanner Ray one day last week, in time to save their supply of meat. It appears that Mr. Ray used a dutch oven in which to make the smoke in his smoke house. This oven was placed on the floor, and Mr. Ray went to the building to see after the fire when he detected the smell of burning pine. On closer examination he discovered that the oven had become overheated and the boards under it were burned almost through. A short time more and Mr. Ray's stock of meat would have gone up in smoke.

## Line Completed.

The Pennsylvania Telephone line was completed to this place on Thursday last and on Friday Manager McCloud of Chambersburg, put a 'phone in Trout's drug store. We are now connected with every prominent town in the United States. A number of our people tested it on Friday afternoon and found it working admirably. A conversation with a party in Baltimore was very satisfactory. The sound of the voice was so plain that it was recognized. W. J. C. Jacobs, the manager at Waynesboro, deserves the credit for giving us this service.

At the stockholder's meeting of the Chambersburg & Bedford Turnpike Road Co., recently held, the old board of managers was elected as follows: D. V. Sipes, McConnellsburg; David Brake, St. Thomas; M. J. Slick, Mercersburg; D. B. Nace and J. A. Strite, Chambersburg. The board organized by re-electing the old officers: President and attorney, J. A. Strite; secretary and treasurer, M. J. Slick.

Ground was broken for the new house of C. R. Spangler, on North Second Street, on Friday, and David Gress is laying the foundation for the same.

## WHY NOT WAKE UP!

Wm. J. Helm, of Pittsburg, Writes a Very Interesting Letter to the People of Fulton County.

PITTSBURG, PA., MARCH 5th.  
GENTLEMAN.—I noticed in the issue of the "Fulton County News" of February 28th, a notice of the project of building a line from Chambersburg to Mount Union via. McConnellsburg. About three years ago I visited Fulton county for the first time, and shortly after, purchased about 160 acres of land, and there fore being interested in the welfare of that territory, it might be of some interest to the residents of Fulton county to hear the impressions gained by a visitor who has kept in close touch with the conditions there for the last three years.

Being born and raised in Pittsburg, which every one knows is a city of manufacture, mechanics, and electricity, well named the "World's Workshop," I was amazed to find a lack of public interest and facilities and old time methods so close to our city, and in a territory which I feel is so naturally rich as to merit development. I mentioned this to several residents and the reply was, the old "South Penn" had come so near completion, and then was dropped, that the people had lost all hope and everything deteriorated. If I am not mistaken, that occurred nearly twenty years ago, and it seems to me that if that is the real reason, it is time to rise and become clear of railroads who maroon localities, and happily the last ten years has so developed electricity that it solves the problem, and is proving a boomerang all over this country to the railroads, who practically had everything in their hands up to the last few years. As an instance I will state that up to five years ago, the best part of Pittsburg lay on the north side of the Monongahela river. On the south side of the river is a mountain (we call it a hill) called Mt. Washington and in back of this mountain lay miles of farm land which sold for \$100 per acre ten years ago. About three years ago a tunnel three-fourth of a mile was bored through Mt. Washington, and a fast electric line was run through and across country to Charleroi and Allentown (about 28 miles) This line taps a dozen towns along the Monongahela river, which formerly were only reached by rail, which followed the river and had to travel twice as many miles. This electric road makes almost as good time as the P. R., any cars pass any point every half hour; the fare is less than half, and the result is that acreage, now laid out in lots, is worth from \$2,500 to \$5,000, and Pittsburg is rapidly taking up this section. Further construction is about to begin to extend a branch of this line to Wheeling, W. Va., a distance of 72 miles by rail. This road does not carry freight, probably there is legislative against it, but it certainly is an exceedingly good paying line. This proves practically that settlement and development will surely follow the establishment of facilities and every land owner should lend his aid and encouragement to any projects of this kind.

If there is to be legislation on the subject of allowing freight haulage on electric lines, it seems that the News should stimulate interest in every way to demand this legislation, and this will of course be fought by railroads. Every man should write his representative to support any such measure, or a petition prepared and sent to the proper legislatures.

Electricity certainly is the coming power, it is cheaper, its roads climb over hills and in places where a locomotive could not climb, and at that, the expenses are less than steam.

The system of electricity is extending all over the country; a road is partly completed from

Pittsburg to Uniontown; I believe one is contemplated from Uniontown to Bedford. If the road from Mt. Union to Chambersburg is finished, a gap of about 35 miles, I believe, from McConnellsburg to Bedford will soon be closed and it will be a short time only when a trip to Pittsburg from Chambersburg or Mt. Union can be made on electric roads, and perhaps from Harrisburg too.

It won't take much of a stretch of the imagination to see the boom which will result in these neglected lands.

I will do all in my power to further any plan of this nature.

Why not wake up!  
Very truly  
WM. J. HELM.

## Death of J. George Tritle.

On Monday evening, March 5th, McConnellsburg received a shock by the announcement of the sudden demise of one of her aged and most respected citizens, in the person of J. G. Tritle. Eight months ago Mr. Tritle was stricken with paralysis, the result of which were constantly felt. Though kept close to his home, during those months, yet he was able to circulate among his neighbors and immediate friends, bearing his afflictions with christian fortitude. On Monday evening, while conversing with his pastor, in his usual good spirits, suddenly he received another stroke from which he never rallied. In a few moments after the shock was observed, his physician was administering to his needs, but the last enemy had given unmistakable evidence of his presence, and intention to claim his subject, no antidotes for his virus could be administered, by human hands, and in less than three hours all that was with us, was the mortal remains of our old friend.

Mr. Tritle came to Fulton county, with his parents, from Washington county, Maryland, in 1851, at the age of 16 years. He was the third in age, of a family of six children, and next to the last one to pass to the eternal world. His parents located in Ayr township, only a few miles from McConnellsburg, where he spent the greater part of his earthly career.

On the 14th of February 1866, Mr. Tritle was united in holy wedlock to Miss Lydia Tritle of Waynesboro, Pa., which union was blessed with nine children, all of whom are living except two. Those who remain to comfort a bereaved mother are the following: Scott and Frank, Annie intermarried with Jas. Fryman, and Etha intermarried with Geo. A. Comer, all of this place; Henry at Marks, Franklin county, also Walter and Winter, at Waynesboro, Pa. Eleven grand-children are connected with this family.

The widow of Mr. Tritle is of a large family, having had five brothers and eight sisters. In point of age she was next to the youngest, and, at present, has but one brother and one sister living.

Early in life Mr. Tritle was received into full communion with the Evangelical Lutheran congregation at this place. In this body he received the living Christ who made him the character he presented, an honor and a blessing to his community.

A precious one from us is gone,  
A voice we loved is stilled;  
A place is vacant in our home,  
Which never can be filled.  
God in His wisdom has recalled  
The boon His love has given;  
And though the body slumbers now,  
The soul is safe in heaven.

Miss Elizabeth Patterson left on Monday for her Fulton county home where she will spend some time prior to her going to Pittsburg, Pa. For a number of months Miss Patterson successfully conducted a musical studio at this place. She is an accomplished musician. Not only will she be missed by numerous pupils but her gracious manner won for her many friends, who are sorry to see her leave.—Everett Press.

Subscribe for the News.

## ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW

Snapshots at Their Comings and Goings Here for a Vacation, or Away for a Restful Outing.

### NAMES OF VISITORS AND VISITED

J. Nelson Daniels of Pleasant Ridge, was a business visitor at McConnellsburg Saturday.

John Williams and son Lewis of Salvia, were among those in town on business Saturday.

Thomas Hollenshead and son Loy of Harrisonville, were in town on business Saturday.

Mrs. George W. Hayes of this place, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Eliza Michaels of Everett.

S. D. Stevens of Chambersburg, spent from Tuesday until Friday at this place and Laidig on business.

Mrs. Elizabeth Spanuth died on March 12th, at her home near Knobsville, aged 79 years, 2 months and 5 days.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Skipper and two children of Waynesboro, were visiting relatives at Harrisonville the first of this week.

C. B. Stevens, merchant tailor of this place, spent several days the first part of this week in the vicinity of Dry Run on business.

Miss Sadie Hann of Chambersburg, was called to Salvia Saturday on account of the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. Anna Hann.

Cecil Sipes of Pittsburg, who has been visiting relatives and friends in the vicinity of Harrisonville, spent Saturday in this place, the guest of relatives.

Nelle Barmont and Blanche Anderson, and John and Harvey Barmont were pleasant and welcome visitors at Daniel E. Fore's Sunday evening.

Mrs. Minnie King and son Elmer, of Hiram, spent the past week the guest of her parents, W. Scott and wife. They were accompanied home by Clem Brant and Miss Zena.

Word of the death of Jacob C. Hewett, of Thompson township, was received in this place on Monday morning. He was a veteran of the Civil War and a prominent citizen of his township.

Dr. F. K. Stevens, Frank Henry, C. B. Stevens, George A. Harris, Esq., Prof. C. E. Barton, M. W. Nace, Edward Shimer, and Dwight Thompson of this place, paid a fraternal visit to Harrisonville Lodge, I. O. O. F. Saturday night.

George Alvy Keefer, Geo. Alvy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Keefer, Webster Mills, departed this life at the home of his parents, March 10, 1906. Aged 8 months and 22 days. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. A. G. Wolf, on Monday after which the remains were interred in the Union Cemetery.

Dearest Alvy thou hast left us,  
Here thy loss we deeply feel,  
But 'tis God who hath bereft us,  
He can all our sorrows heal.  
Dark within our dwelling,  
Lonely are our hearts today,  
For the one we loved so dearly,  
Has forever past away.  
Budded on Earth,  
But will live in heaven.

Farmers' Local Institute. The friends of Agriculture expect to hold a Local Institute at Webster Mills school house on the afternoon of Saturday, March 17th.

Discussions will be held on such topics as the following: The Selection of Seed Corn. Township Settlements. The Road Question and The Road Law. Practical Nature Study in our Country Schools.

The pupils of the school will be present and contribute to the program. Teachers and all others interested in the last topic should be there, as well as the farmers and their families.

W. C. PATTERSON,  
Secretary.