

# The Fulton County News.

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## WOOD AND WON.

Romantic Adventure of "Pusher of Construction Work" on Wabash. Another Girl Wins.

### DIDN'T THINK MARRIAGE A FAILURE.

Franklin Mills, Oct. 15.—With the coming of the Wabash railroad to Hancock, came one Nathaniel Lancaster, who represented himself to be a "pusher of construction work"—whatever that means.

He hung about the camp of Mike Ellwood, a contractor, and to all appearance, was a man of leisure, with plenty of money which he spent in the most lavish manner, giving wine suppers, and having a good time generally.

He admitted the fact that he was a widower, but was not one of those who thought marriage a failure; and he intimated that he could give any young lady matrimonially inclined, a home so magnificent that it would make her head swim. Yes, he was the owner of modern cottages, already gorgeously furnished, and only awaiting a dear little wife to walk in, and repose in the bosom of luxury.

Among others whose eyes were dazzled by the flashes from Lancaster's diamonds, was Miss Annie B. Weaver, a prepossessing young lady, residing near Hancock. Her eyes feasted upon the glitter of his gold, and her heart bounded with joy and keenest anticipation, as she listened to his descriptions of the splendors of the home he could give her if she would consent to fill the place in his heart, made vacant by the death of his former loving companion.

Miss Weaver showed good judgment in not entering too hastily into the proposed alliance; but after a courtship lasting three months, she made up her mind, and on the 27th day of August, last, she stood before the altar of hymen, and there pledged her faith and love to this man—forsaking all others, and living for him only.

But now, we enter upon another chapter of this story.

But a very short period of conjugal bliss followed, when there appeared upon the scene a lady from Washington Heights, Va., who soon convinced all parties concerned that she was the legal wife of Mr. Lancaster, that she had been deserted by him last March, and that the gentleman in question was "bad medicine." She expressed the deepest sympathy for Annie Weaver. Wife No. 1 said that her married life with Lancaster, had been anything but pleasant; that he had brutally abused her, and had even threatened her life.

Just what steps shall be taken to mete out proper punishment for the scoundrel, has not been developed. He, probably, is not sufficiently interested in the political situation to remain about until after the election; but may go into a new field, and win No. 3.

When? Oh! when? will girls learn not to be such an easy mark for strange men? The experience of Belfast, of Thompson, of Brush Creek, and now this case—ought to contain lessons of warning that should prevent a recurrence of any such misfortune in the future to Fulton county girls, at least.

### The Very Biggest.

We are informed by one who saw them, that ex County Treasurer, Jos. B. Mellott, one of the most extensive farmers and stock-raisers in the county, has two hogs that, competent judges say, will now weigh 800 pounds apiece. Mr. Mellott means to keep them until sometime in December, when they will clean about 800 pounds each. Two grown persons could lie comfortably on the broad back of either hog. Surely these are the very biggest in the county, if not in a large section of the state.

## SUDDEN DEATH.

Mrs. Hannah Goldsmith Ruptured Blood-vessel Coughing Tuesday Evening and Died in a Few Minutes.

### EXCELLENT WOMAN CALLED HOME.

McConnellsburg people were greatly shocked about nine o'clock Tuesday evening when it was reported that Mrs. Hannah Goldsmith was dead. While Mrs. Goldsmith had not been in vigorous health for several months, yet she was able to attend to her usual household duties; and during the day Tuesday, she seemed more than ordinarily cheerful and well. Mrs. Elizabeth Pittman called Tuesday evening and she and Mrs. Goldsmith chatted until about nine o'clock, when Mrs. Pittman bade her good night, and went home. Just at that moment Miss Mary, her daughter, had stepped into her brother's store next door, and it was but a minute afterwards when their attention was called to a rap on the window, and upon going to the door they found Mrs. Goldsmith seated on a box near the door. Seeing blood issuing from Mrs. Goldsmith's mouth, they were greatly alarmed and at once summoned Dr. Mosser, and carried Mrs. Goldsmith into her home. But it was too late for any human aid, and in less than ten minutes from the time she bade Mrs. Pittman adieu "good night; come again" she was a corpse.

Mrs. Goldsmith's maiden name was Wilson, and she was born in Harrisburg October 2, 1829, being at the time of her death, 77 years and 14 days. She was united in marriage to David Goldsmith on the 29th of November, 1849, and soon thereafter came to McConnellsburg.

Mother Goldsmith was a consistent member of the Lutheran church for many years, and was one of those cheerful, gentle, kind-hearted women, whose presence was a benediction to those about her.

Funeral this afternoon at 3:30, and interment in the graveyard at the Lutheran church.

### Death of Rachel Hill.

Mrs. Rachel Hill departed this life Friday afternoon, October 5th, aged 88 years and 4 months, at her home in Bethel township, with the infirmities of old age.

Her husband, Lemuel Hill, died some twenty years ago, and Mrs. Hill resided with her son, Job L. Hill all these years; where she and her husband began life together, where they laid the foundation for a good and substantial home, where the wayfarer always found a generous welcome, and their children grew to manhood and womanhood, honored and respected by those who knew them.

She was followed to the cemetery connected with the church known as Hill's Chapel, on Saturday, the 6th, by a large concourse of relatives and friends. Funeral services were conducted by Elder Funk, assisted by Rev. Powers, of the Christian church. Mrs. Hill was identified with the Baptist church for many years. Her maiden name was Rachel Brewer, sister of Henry B. Brewer, of Thompson township, and the following children are living: Mrs. Ezra Mellott, Mrs. Denton Hendershot, Mrs. Frank Lynch, Mrs. Simon Fix, Job L. Hill, and G. F. B. Hill. Dr. H. H. Hill, now deceased, who resided in Everett, was her son.

Mother Hill was highly respected by the people who knew her and will be greatly missed by those who know her best.—Fulton Republican.

E. H. Kirk, president of the Fulton County S. S. Association, and his mother-in-law—both of Hiram, were at the Washington House last Friday on their return from the State Sunday School Convention at Gettysburg.

## MISSION WORK IN INDIA.

Letter from Miss Alice Wishart to Her Parents at Wells Tannery.

Have you noticed that it is only when I get off for a few days in some quiet place, that you get a really long letter? This is a good thing for you to miss, so I must give you just a bit of a glimpse of mission in the country, in India. I believe thoroughly in seeing all kinds of mission work one can, as it helps so much in one's own work, although it may be different; so when Mrs. Bandy, of the Farakkaod (Pres.) mission, gave me a pressing third invitation to visit them and see their work, the way opened up to go; I went; and shall always be glad for it.

Fatehgarh is only about 150 miles northeast of Allahabad; but being off the main line, hard to reach, taking parts of two days to make the journey. The railroad guard tacked a reserved card on my carriage, so I had it all to myself the whole way, I being the only European traveling. Such a slow old train! But I enjoyed it, because we were going through country all the way—green waving fields of corn, groves of lovely trees, banks of wild lantana, creepers, monkeys, and all the animals that inhabit the country places. Such swarms of native people were traveling, and all so merry and good-natured. The rams have been good; so everywhere the fields were green and crops look ed well, and why should they not be happy.

The train pulled into Fatehgarh station in that leisurely way Indian trains do, about 3 in the afternoon, and a host of coolies crowded to the door of my compartment to see who would get the luggage first. After selecting one, we made our way through a chattering, vociferating crowd of turbaned heads to the exit, where a man in clean white clothes, salaamed and said he had been sent by Bandy Sahib to meet me, so off we went in one of those rattley vehicles called a theka gari. I was so afraid the mission house would be in the city, and was so glad when we left all the houses behind and drove out into the real country. Rev. Bandy met us half way on his wheel, and pointed out places of interest on the way out. Soon we saw the mission buildings and drove into a huge compound where two families of missionaries live, and scores of native christians—a nice plain little church used for the Training School classes, and also the workshop for the industrial work, with the Boys Orphanage.

About 300 people live in this compound, and you may be sure it is a busy place. Mr. Bandy has started a band for some of the musical boys, and half a dozen are tooting as many different tunes just now in the next room, so you can guess under what "stress" this letter is being written. One must not get nervous in India; no, never! After 4 p. m. dinner, we went over to Rakka, 3 miles, to the Girls' Orphanage, where the boys were to give their first performance. It was to be a "musical evening." Native people love music dearly; so a number of the men who play the dhola—a little drum on which they strum with their fingers, and another instrument much like cymbals, came along to play in the intervals. The girls in their white chadders looked very demure sitting on the ground in orderly rows singing "Onward Christian Soldiers," to the band accompaniment; but what I liked best, was the native hymns sung by the village men with the dhola and majira. One clever fellow, who has been a Christian only two years, sang the story of the creation of man, put into verse in his own dialect by himself in dialogue form with answers sung as a kind of refrain by two others. It was weird, wild and lovely. Such a quaint scene; white clothed group on the ground in front

of which stood the dark, stalwart native boys with their instruments, back of them two Hindu-stani pastors with their grave, calm faces, then the tall, fine looking missionary, whose every feature expressed the love and patience of a father. with the strength of a statesman and ruler, while the "lady missionaries" sat on chairs on one side. Hymn after hymn, bhajan after bhajan was sung with all the zest and expression a deeply religious and music loving people could throw into it. Then when the shadows began to fall, Padre Kider Nath, spreading his brown hands over the bowed heads, pronounced the benediction, and we drove back in the beautiful Indiamoonlight, with the sweet plaintive strains of the Bhajans still haunting us. Sunday was full of interest. The church was under repair, so Sunday school and preaching services were held outside under the trees. A typical missionary gathering like you see in pictures; spreading palm and Neem trees, under which are seated groups of dark skinned natives, looking up eagerly into the face of the missionary who stands in front with an open Bible in his hand. I was given a class of eighteen very lively, but very good children to teach. After Sunday school the native pastor preached an excellent sermon, rich in illustration and practical spiritual truths. At 4 o'clock, all the native folk came out on the lawn at the side of the house for a "sing." That was a joy! They seemed so happy, so joyous, so glad to have been redeemed, hymns and prayers followed each other in rapid succession, the women and babies came too, and joined in the praises until the whole air re-echoed with singing. It was with difficulty that the singing could be brought to a close, and while we were standing for the last bhajan, a young man came forward for baptism, who had been prepared some weeks before by Padre Kider Nath.

This mission is just now opening up the east end of their field having baptized 224 people in the last three months, and have about 800 inquirers out there. During the first six months of this year, 504 people have been baptized, and it is the hope of those in charge to exceed the 1000 figure this year. Whole villages became Christian at once, often converted to Christ through some relative, with the help of the evangelists who have been trained in the Bible school here. In the district, there are now 3000 Christians, with 15 churches and 63 schools.

Monday I spent in the Compound Training school—so far as I know, the only co-educational school of the kind in India. The bell rang at 7 a. m., and as I walked over to the school with Mrs. Bandy, who has charge of it, we saw men, women and children pouring in for the opening exercises, which consisted of an hour of Bible exposition, and a singing lesson. I wish you could see it all as I did; rows and rows of stalwart village men, most of their dark faces eager and full of interest; their wives on the other side of the room, wrapped demurely in their many colored chadders; babies, gaires, playing with mama's slate, and then toddling over to be disciplined by the stern father. With almost no exceptions, the people all have sweet voices, and when the singing lesson began, every eye was fixed on the quiet, dark face of the native Padre, who is both a poet and musician. First he would close his eyes, drop his head between his shoulders, and then a kind of sweet melancholy wail would drift out from some internal region, a broken band would lift and come down with a gentle pat, with a similar movement of the right foot and head, and then the notes rolled forth, increasing in volume, and always

## WEDDING IN PERSIA.

Charles Pittman, a Native of McConnellsburg, the Groom, and Miss Drake, of Chicago, the Bride.

### DESCRIPTION OF THE CEREMONIES.

Wednesday evening, September 5th, was the occasion of a very pretty wedding in the mission church at Tabriz, Persia. Miss Drake and Mr. Pittman had planned a very quiet wedding, in the presence of the missionaries only, but so great was the desire of their many European and Persian friends to see their marriage, and so strong the conviction on the part of many that a wedding in which the people could share, would strengthen the bonds which bind them and the mission together, that they yielded their own preferences and the result was a very happy affair. Everybody had a finger in the pie. Mrs. Wilson made the Groom's cake, Mrs. Vanneman the Bride's cake; others decorated the church, etc. The pulpit, hidden in green and potted plants on either side, formed the background for the bridal party. One of our English friends who is a skilled musician, filled the air with music while the people gathered, and glances wandered in the direction of the prayer-meeting room where portiers had been hung in front of the middle door. A few minutes after eight, the portier was lifted, the wedding march begins, and a hush falls as Dr. Wright comes down the aisle followed by the groom accompanied by Mr. Jessup; one always ventures to pity that first detachment of a wedding party standing face about in the glare of lights to wait for the bride, but our gentlemen passed through the ordeal nobly, and after all, everybody is thinking more about the bride who is about to appear than the poor, lonely, conspicuous bride-groom. The pause is not great until the ushers, two Armenians and two Nestorians, from among the leading church members, conduct a group of flower girls, all little maidens of the missionary families, seven in number, followed by the maid of honor, Miss Beaber, and then Dr. Wilson with Miss Drake on his arm. Two of the little girls were in delicate blue, Miss Beaber wore a light fawn color with blue ribbons, and never looked prettier, while the rest of the party were in white. Miss Drake wore a simple mull without train, and plain net veil, and I am sure Mr. Pittman thought he had never seen a sweeter bride, while less partial eyes pardoned the thought. Dr. Wilson assisted Dr. Wright in the ceremony which was soon ended, although M. S. Pittman declared afterwards that she had never heard Dr. Wright speak so slowly in his life. She did not flinch with her "yes" although the good Doctor did not gloss the injunction "to obey," indeed some of us thought he gave it a special emphasis; but the happy bride declares it was all right.

Missionary and European guests went from the Church to the Girls' School, where they found the Bride and Groom standing to receive congratulations, in the bay window of the parlor, which had been carpeted and draped with beautiful silk rugs, lent for the occasion by a carpet merchant from America, who happened to be a guest at this time. The same friend had carpeted the wide veranda and draped every place that a handsome rug could be used. Cushion seats, Japanese lanterns, groups gathered at tea tables in the parlor and on the veranda, pretty maidens flitting about offering various nice things to eat and bride's cake to dream on, sociability in French, German, Greek, Italian, Russian and English languages all contributed to a delightful event. The following day a reception was held for the church members, and Armenian and Nestorian friends. Friday one for Moslem

## FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

How to Manage Your Lace Curtains when You Wash Them.

One among the many excellent housekeepers in Ayr township, who has had her own troubles, like many another, in successfully washing and drying lace curtains, has come upon an expedient, which removes all the dread in undertaking that delicate work. The plan is as follows: Take the curtains down from the window, lay the two halves of the pair carefully together. Then with a small darning needle and some tidy cotton, baste the scallops together. Of course, in washing, you handle both pieces at once, but when washed and hung on the line with the scallops on the line, and nicely stretched, your trouble, if trouble you have had, is all over, and in a short time, they are dry and ready to be folded and put away for future use.

### Married.

Mr. Daniel Knauff and Miss Sadie Fisher, of Ayr township, were quietly married at the parsonage of Christ Reformed church in Hagerstown, on Wednesday of last week, by the Rev. C. Clever, D. D. The young people start on their matrimonial journey through life with the best wishes of their numerous friends.

There is a lot of our town sports living high this week. They are boarding at a hotel. Among the number are Merchant George W. Reinsner, County Superintendent, Chas. E. Barton, Lawyer S. Wesley Kirk, and Banker Merrill W. Nace. Their wives, respectively, went away on a visit and left their huddles at home to keep house. They kept house—that is, until all the dishes about the house, including the contents of the china closet, needed a dishwasher, and then they pulled down the blinds, locked the kitchen doors, and wended their way to a hotel. The editor has been suggesting to his wife that she save up her money and take a trip and enjoy life like other people. But she doesn't go, and so we have to board at home. Oatmeal for breakfast, force for dinner, and shredded wheat biscuit for supper.

ladies of rank, and Saturday a company of poor women, who would not have had much of a chance for a good time with the others, because of the rigid etiquette of the country, making a real Oriental wedding lasting four days, necessitated partly for lack of room to entertain so many at one time, and partly because of differences in languages and race, presenting many difficulties in the way of entertaining those of different nationalities together, for the natives do not entertain themselves or each other; neither do they present their compliments except some refreshments and take their departure, but sit stiffly in place for three or four hours speaking only when spoken to, and the whole force of lady missionaries was required to make the time pass pleasantly in the absence of dancing girls and similar entertainments to which they are accustomed. This is especially true of Moslem women.

The Armenians are year by year becoming more Europeanized. No gentlemen were allowed to appear the days the Moslem ladies were received; but on Thursday Armenian and Nestorian ladies and gentlemen both called, although they did not mix together in a company. That a company of Armenian ladies, however, would be gathered on one end of the veranda, the other end of which was occupied by gentlemen, is a great innovation over former years; all the various parties passed off charmingly, leaving happy memories with the many guests and a wealth of benediction in their good wishes for the newly wedded pair, and the new Missionary home.  
L. C. VANHOOK.

## 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

Prothonotary Harris spent last Thursday in Harrisburg, on business.

Joseph Sipes and wife, of Saluvia, were among those shopping in town Saturday.

Mrs. S. W. Kirk and son Malcolm, are visiting friends in Brush Creek township.

Prof. T. Scott Hershey, of Knobsville, was in town on business, Saturday.

D. T. Clark, of Harrisburg, Postoffice inspector, made a tour of this county last week.

Mrs. John Booth, of Maddensville, is visiting her many friends in and around town.

Miss Jennie Alexander left Monday for Philadelphia, where she expects to remain indefinitely.

Mason Barton and John Hixson, two of Brush Creek's clever citizens, were in town, Tuesday.

John Snyder, a fireman on the P. R. R., with home at Altoona, is visiting his mother in this place.

Mrs. E. A. Largent and Lewis Youse and wife were among those who attended the Hagerstown Fair last Thursday.

Mrs. Agnes Ray and daughter Miss Emma, of this place, spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives in Hustontown.

Grant Baker, last week, sold the farm recently purchased from the Hershey heirs, to T. Scott Hershey. Terms private.

Commissioner S. A. Nesbit and Miss Cornelia, left Tuesday morning for an "overland" trip to Perry county.

Mrs. Lizette McKibbin and son Alexander, of Brush Creek township, were business visitors at the County Seat, Friday.

W. J. Hunter, the irrepressible salesman of the International Harvester Company, has been in town a day or two this week.

Wm. B. Karus and wife, of Everett, returned home Monday after visiting among their friends and relatives here a few days.

Minnie Dalbey has returned to Pittsburg, after having spent several weeks in the home of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. A. D. Dalbey.

H. P. Skipper, who had been visiting his father and other friends at Harrisonville, returned to his home at Waynesboro, Saturday.

Samuel W. Bender, of Marion, spent the time from Thursday until Saturday morning among his former friends on this side of the mountain.

Mrs. Will Fix and children, and Mrs. W. M. Hann, of Orbisonia, spent several days last week in the home of Judge Morton, near town.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Comerer and their baby daughter, accompanied by Miss Zentmeyer—all of Mercersburg, spent last Sunday with relatives in this place.

Mrs. Conrad Gress and daughter Nellie, returned home Tuesday afternoon after having had a nice visit in the homes of the former's daughters in Harrisburg.

Mrs. I. L. Detwiler and daughter, Mrs. Oellers, of Philadelphia were guests in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Johnston, from Saturday until Tuesday noon.

Blanche O. Peck, returned to the Pennsylvania Business college at Lancaster on Monday, after having spent a week very pleasantly at the home of her parents near Knobsville.

J. B. Runyan went down to Needmore Sunday afternoon, and on Monday returned, bringing with him his mother, who will spend a week in this place visiting among her relatives and friends.