

# The Fulton County News.

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## SEEING KANSAS.

**Enoch C. Peck Writes Interestingly of His Observations in the Sunflower State.**

**VISITED FRANK ROCKEFELLER'S RANCH**

Mr. Enoch C. Peck, a native of Belfast township, this county, who with his daughter Miss Minnie, spent several weeks last summer visiting among relatives and old time friends in this county, went to Kansas several years ago, and is now one of the Sunflower State's prosperous citizens. He is now making a trip through the southwestern part of his State, and incidentally dipping down into Oklahoma. Mr. Peck is a close observer, and writes interestingly of conditions as he sees them.

But, we will let him talk for himself—

"I left my home in Kingman the latter part of October, went west as far as Pratt on the A. T. & S. F. railroad, staid there all night, and next day went over the Rock Island railroad to Plains, Kas., where I spent about a week. Then I returned to Minneola, thence across the country by livery team thirty miles to Ashland, the county seat of Clark county, in four hours, at a cost of \$3.20. From Ashland, I went west on the Sante Fe to Englewood, a town in the southwestern part of the State, which is the terminus of the road. After a stay of a week at Englewood, I went south into Beaver county, Oklahoma, where I got into a furious snow storm; but I saw lots of nice land, and some that was not so nice, but all covered with grass, and hundreds of cattle grazing—many with no other feed, and a few with a little Kaffir corn. Yearling steers are worth \$20 and two year olds, \$30. They are being shipped away to city markets by the train load.

"My next stop was at Coldwater, where I spent nearly three weeks. Here one sees nice level country. It is inclined to be a little sandy and gravelly; and by some persons, the soil is not considered very good. The price of it, however, ranges from \$4.50 to \$25 an acre; and the tracts run from 40 to 20,000 acres. There are some beautiful streams of water flowing through it from the size of Licking Creek down to the ordinary spring run. The streams are generally very sandy in the bottom, and have low sandy banks—the sand a very light color. The "bottom" land a few feet from the stream, although very sandy, is generally productive.

"Plains, Kansas, is up on a high table land, and is so level that the water stands in ponds, covering from a few rods to fifteen acres in a wet time; but it is not often that water stands very long at a time. Plains is a great wheat country. Three men in Plains each own about 32,000 acres, and they are aiming to have it all put into wheat as soon as they can get it plowed. They raise from 15 to 25 bushels per acre, and get from 65 to 80 cents per bushel. The land is black, heavy, clayey soil, and cost them, two or three years ago, about \$2.50 or \$3.00 an acre; now it is worth \$25 to \$30, or more, but is not for sale; so you see how land speculation goes here. Some quarters of 160 acres each, sold for \$200, that are now selling for \$5,000 to \$10,000. Many people are going from Kingman county. They sell at from \$20 to \$50 an acre, and buy in Western Kansas and Eastern Colorado at from \$1.25 to \$1.87 an acre, and some are homesteading claims—government land—to be paid for in 5 years at \$1.25 per acre.

"Hotel business is one of the money-makers here in the west now—25 a meal, and 25 to 50 cents a night for bed—each person—and no discount by the week. The higher priced hotels charge \$2 a day—straight, and have all

they can well accommodate. Hotels take in from \$10 to \$120 a day. Groceries are about the same price here as in Fulton county.

"I came last Friday to Belvidere, where Frank Rockefeller lives. He is a brother of the famous "John D." Frank and I had quite a nice visit—he called me Peck's bad boy. He owns about 15,000 acres of good land along Soldier Creek. His ranch is 8 or 10 miles in length. Here I saw 22 buffaloes—some of them, big old fellows; and, some, little calves.

"I tell you that was a sight of a life time to see that herd of buffaloes! I was within twenty feet of them, and they seemed perfectly gentle; but no one can get near enough to touch them. They are in a 300 acre pasture, surrounded by wire fence. Then we went on a few miles up the creek, and came to a field of deer and one big buffalo. The deer came up within three feet of us.

## CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

**Memorable Day of Song, Gladness, and Gifts. Written for The Fulton County News.**

**BY PROFESSOR GEORGE W. ASHTON.**

"A waken, glad hearts! Get up and sing! It is the birth day of thy King!"

The Christmas song still lingers. If not in the fields and upon the streets, yet in our hearts and homes we still sing sweet Christmas carols. Love runs into poetry; gladness finds expression in song. Even upon the birth of Christ poetry and song were laid under angelic contribution to celebrate the auspicious event. Ever since, poets have sung their sweetest strains when their tongues were touched with this heavenly fire.

God loved and gave. The gift was the most costly, precious, beneficent, the universe afforded. The gift of all the stars would have been infinitely less valuable. The gift of His own glory, power and wisdom would not have equaled it. The gift of His Son, to reign and serve in His might and glory, would have been immeasurably less than the gift of that Son as a sufferer to be clothed in mortality, poor, despised, tempted, insulted, sorrowful, the brother of every lost sinner, the burden-bearer of our race, a sin-offering for all. On the anniversary of our Lord's birth a manger would hold remember the gift and the giver. Such wonderful love should beget love in return.

Real love always gives. That is its nature. It cannot be restrained. Christmas is the day of gifts. Jesus takes pleasure in such celebrations of His birth. There is fragrance in the blooming of love, far sweeter than in all frankincense and myrrh. Let it break forth freely! All possible expressions of it are worship. Give to the old, the middle-aged and the young; give to the rich and the poor; to the loved and the pitied; to the joyful and the sorrowful, give for Jesus sake; celebrate generously and joyfully. Give crinkles and treasures, toys and mementoes; the useful and ornamental; the cheap and the costly; both food and clothing; to the body and the mind; to the eye and the heart; to the family and the church. Wherever love extends gifts should go on Christmas day, that the whole earth may be flooded with gladness and all hearts filled with praise. The Lord will recognize and approve it all; the clatter of presents will raise a sweet melody to the skies; not a note will be lost, and not a discord permitted. Love's work is harmony; love's gifts on X'm's day, whether to the grandmother or the baby, the relative or the stranger, raise a Psalm of praise to the Savior, and send a bright smile of pleasure over His glorious face.

Love delights in receiving as well as giving. Jesus has pleasure in saving, and being welcomed to souls redeemed. Our gift direct to Him should be our hearts. Christmas is a good day for consecration, and entering into the joys of our Lord. There are many hearts no given to Christ. Let them be given as a Christmas present. They will gladden His heart and call down His benediction. Who will send a thrill of joy to heaven? Who will add to the pleasures of Christmas in glory? Jesus longs for gifts; angels await them with strong desire; in our giving let us give our hearts to Christ.

Upon this good, glad day more than upon any other day in the whole year do we seem to realize the fulfillment of the angelic song: "Peace on earth and good will to men." Every heart seems filled with peace and good will. It is a day when the cares and vexations of life are measurably forgotten; when the bitter waters of strife

and contention are dried up; when ill will and all malevolent passions are stilled, and when our whole hearts go out kindly and benevolently toward our fellowmen.

As this blessed day is coming around again, may it dawn with a holier, purer light than ever. May its sacred associations and its pleasant memories lift us all up into a better moral atmosphere. We would have it the best, and cheeriest and happiest day of the whole year to the readers of the NEWS. We can make it such a day by hangering and thirsting for the fullness of the Christ-life in us. And may its holy influence become an abiding presence in our hearts.

"Welcome merry Christmas! hear the joyful song. How its ringing echoes wide and long. Not a face but brightens at the sound we hear. Not a heart but welcomes Christmas drawing near. Careworn men and we met, childish voices gay. All unite to honor Dear Old Christmas Day."

John W. Shimer, car inspector in the yards at McKeesport, is spending the holidays in the home of his mother, Mrs. Barbara A. Shimer, of this place. He was called home on account of the death of his grandmother.

## DOWN SOUTH IN DIXIE.

**John H. H. Lewis Tells of a Trip He is Making Through Virginia and West Virginia.**

**Peoribus, Va., Dec. 14.—**Leaving Hagerstown at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 10th inst., over the Norfolk & Western, my first stop was at Roanoke, Va., a distance of 339 miles. Much of this trip was made too early in the morning to have a good view of the country through which I was passing; and yet I was passing over historic ground made so by the war of the Rebellion. The devastation produced by that terrible crisis, is not entirely obliterated, as the ruins here and there of an old chimney, partly standing testify.

Roanoke is an enterprising city, situated on the Roanoke river, the foot hills of the Alleghenies being plainly visible to the west. The impress of northern push and enterprise is plainly visible, and the city is located in a splendid agricultural section of limestone land. Pursuing our course to the south and west over the Norfolk and Western, we are soon winding our way in a kind of serpentine direction around crags and spurs, and through tunnels of the Alleghenies, until we strike the New River at Radford, not far from the Tennessee line; thence on south side of this river to the place mentioned at the head of this letter.

West Virginia is romantic, and full of picturesque scenery. As I write, I can look from my hotel window and see a mountain peak 2,500 feet above sea level. Near this place are the Hot Springs, where there are 800 or more hotel guests, principally from New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Pittsburgh, seeking health or pleasure. The cheapest rate for board is seven dollars a day. Andy Carnegie has a fine cottage at the Hot Springs.

There are many other resorts in this section, such as the Warm Springs, the All-Healing Springs, etc. A syndicate has just purchased several thousand acres in Craig county, Va., near the West Virginia line, for the purpose of opening up other summer resorts. The Tidewater railroad is now in course of construction along the banks of the New River. It is said that 5,000 men are engaged on this work, and the spot cash is paid at every step—the Standard Oil Company is putting up the money. This railroad will penetrate the great Kanawha Valley opening great mineral resources as well as gas and oil.

The man who wrote "O the Sweet, Sweet Virginia Hills" and had it set to music, must have foreseen the future greatness of this State conceived and brought forth under such peculiar circumstances, and of its people, who, when along the southern horizon hung such dark and ominous clouds, stood loyally by the Union.

C. M. Sipes, near Andover, has eight nice Berkshire Poland-China pigs, 4 weeks old, that he will sell.

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## FARMERS' INSTITUTE.

**Held at Greenhill Presbyterian Church, December 4th and 5th, 1906.**

**MANY PRACTICAL DISCUSSIONS.**

**TUESDAY AFTERNOON SESSION.**

Hon. E. S. Hoover, Lancaster, Pa., gave an excellent talk on topic,—How can we keep up the Fertility of the Soil the Cheapest? This is a question which concerns and interests every farmer in Fulton county, as well as every other section of the state. It will pay any farmer well for the time spent going to hear this talk.

Many of the farmers of Licking Creek and adjoining townships missed a good thing by not coming to hear Mr. Hoover. It was a practical talk by a practical farmer.

Recitation,—Just Because, by Miss Thilma Metzler, nicely rendered.

Mr. J. H. Peachey, Belleville, Midlin county, Pa., gave a grand talk on topic,—The Clover Crop and How to Grow It. Every farmer knows about the feeding, manurial, and fertilizing values of clover. Every farmer also knows how difficult, of late years, it has been to get clover to grow, to get a good set.

Mr. Peachey gave a practical plan how to grow clover, and get a good set without failure. Those farmers who missed hearing his talk, missed something valuable.

Mr. D. H. Watts, of Kernmoor, Clearfield county, Pa., gave an instructive talk on topic,—The Soil, the Seed bed and Plant. How many farmers in Fulton county know what crops the soil of their farms is best adapted to—know what plant food their soil is deficient in, and know what plant food to supply to their exhausted soils, and know just what conditions of soil should be to grow sure and good crops.

It was a practical talk from a practical farmer.

**THURSDAY EVENING SESSION.**

Singing,—America,—National Hymn.

Mr. D. H. Watts gave an interesting address on topic,—Farm Buildings and Blunders. He said that farm buildings are very miscellaneous arranged. In some instances, the house is located where the barn should be, and the barn is located where the house should be. In other instances, the pig sty is located where the front lawn should be. He then gave instructions, plans and directions, as to proper location of farm buildings, and surroundings, plans for erection thereof for convenience, and comfort, and the furnishing thereof with ventilation, water, heat, light and all necessary equipments. He said the rural home is the grandest home in this country. The 16,000,000 rural homes are the greatest bulwark of this government. The attention and interest of the large audience was fully elicited.

Recitation,—Cherish the bright Side, by Miss Alluria Daniels, well rendered.

Mr. J. H. Peachey, gave a good address on topic,—Echoes from the Farm. The audience was held spell-bound as the speaker described the many sad echoes coming from the farm, and the farm home. And whilst describing the pleasant, cheerful, and happy echoes coming from the farm, and farmer.

## 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**

Max Sheetz was in Chambersburg last Saturday.

Hon. Jno. P. Sipes spent a day in Harrisburg last week.

Mrs. C. B. Stevens and the editor's wife were in Harrisburg over Sunday.

John D. Motter, of Hollidaysburg, is visiting his parents here.

Miss Sadie Stewart, of Greenhill, is a guest in the home of L. H. Wible, Esq.

After having spent almost two weeks in Buck Valley, Dr. W. L. McKibbin has returned home.

Mrs. J. C. Grimes is making a holiday visit among her Greencastle relatives and friends.

Nora Fisher, Alice Hays, Bess Irwin, and Nettie Stouteagle—students at the C. V. State Normal, are home for their holiday vacation.

Miss Helen Collier, who had been visiting in the home of Rev. and Mrs. Grimes several weeks, has returned to her home in Greencastle.

Jno. Cobick, the efficient agent of the E. B. T. R. R. at Three Springs, slaughtered on the 11th inst. for his winter meat, two hogs which dressed 512½ and 492½ respectively, or, a total of 1,005 pounds. Not a bad pair of pigs, John.

## DIED IN SYRIA.

**Prof. Robert H. West, Son of Rev. Dr. Wm. A. West, Died Last Sunday.**

After conducting his usual services in the Presbyterian church last Sunday, Rev. Dr. West hastened away to Chambersburg on the early hack Monday morning to attend a meeting of the trustees of Wilson College of which the Doctor is a member, little thinking of the cloud of sorrow that was lowering ready to burst into a furious storm. During the day a message came to the telegraph office in this place for Dr. West conveying the sad intelligence that his son Prof. Robert H. West had died last Sunday afternoon at his home in Beirut, Syria.

The message was telegraphed to the Doctor at Chambersburg. There was no particulars other than that typhoid fever was the cause of death.

Prof. West was 44 years old and leaves his wife and six children. Also his father and three sisters Miss Anna, Tokyo, Japan; Mrs. Wm. Jennings, Harrisburg; Mrs. R. Sharpe Patterson, Newville.

Prof. West was of the faculty of the Syrian Protestant College, a Presbyterian institution at Beirut.

## REBECCA T. COMERER.

At the home of her daughter, Mrs. Barbara A. Shimer, in this place, last Wednesday evening, 12th inst., Mrs. Rebecca Tice Comerer died at the advanced age of 88 years, 2 months and 21 days. In the death of "Aunt Beckett," as she was familiarly known, there has passed away McConnellsburg's most aged resident. Her husband, Jacob Comerer, died fifty-six years ago.

Mrs. Comerer was a lifelong member of the Lutheran church, and enjoyed the esteem of all who knew her.

She is survived by four daughters, namely, Mrs. Shimer, Mrs. Agnes Ray, Mrs. Mary Ellen Seylar, and Rebecca, wife of J. H. L. Jr., Hustontown. Two sisters and a brother, namely, Mulvina Cardiff, Illinois; Hannah Witter, Oklahoma; and Henry H. Tice, Gibsonburg, O., are all that are left of a family of thirteen children, all of whom grew to manhood.

Funeral on Sunday morning, and interment in the Lutheran graveyard.

Miss Jennie Alexander, who had been spending a couple of months at Narberth, returned to her home in this place, on Tuesday evening of last week.