

The Fulton County News.

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MISSION WORK IN INDIA.

Letter from Fulton County Girl Who is Giving Best Years of Her Life to Those Benighted People.

THEIR WOMEN TREATED AS SLAVES.

[It is with pleasure that we publish the following letter from Miss Alice Wishart, daughter of Hon. and Mrs. Samuel F. Wishart, of Wells Tannery, descriptive of her work in a far-off land. Too much interest cannot be manifested in this work, and in the noble men and women who are doing it. It is for fame, as the world counts fame, that they have left parents and home to go thousands of miles away to live among people of a different language, different customs, habits, and manner of living—a land infected with the most dangerous and loathsome of diseases? Is it for wealth? For they get little more than their necessary expenses. Is it for pleasure? When one comes to consider, that element cannot be found in it. No, not for any of these, but they—Alice Wishart in India, Charlie Pittman in Persia, Bertha Grove (Mrs. Reed) in Egypt, Ida Deaver in China, Anna West in Japan—all well known in this county—have gone in obedience to the parting command of Christ, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."—EDITOR.]

When I wrote last week I little thought I should be writing to you from here for my next letter, but you see the unexpected happens here as well as at home. When I wrote from Fatetigarh a few months ago about mission work in the country district, I thought it very country, but it was nothing so real as this as regards village work, right out among the crudest and heathenest of the heathen in the jungle. Mr. and Mrs. Bandy have just such work as this in the district in the winter season; but the work I saw there, was the training of the men and women brought in from the villages as a result of their work among them. This, then, is real pioneer work—the taking of the gospel to those, many of whom have never heard before, and are so ignorant you cannot even imagine how little they do know. So ignorant that their ideas of sin are the very haziest possible. In other words, they have no realization of their need of being saved at all. But let me begin at the beginning. Fatetipur District stretches over an area of about 60x25 miles, with a population of about a quarter of a million souls on an average of 400 to the square mile they say, and only one missionary with a very few native helpers, and no work for women whatever, as there are no women workers, and no man dare see the women, much less teach them. Rev. Matthison goes out evangelizing among some of these many villages every winter season, and when an invitation came to one of our canopore missionaries and myself to bring two native women teachers and join the party for a week among the villagers, you may believe it did not take long to decide to come. So early Monday morning while it was yet dark saw Shalyadi and me on the train for Fatetipur, and by 9:30 a. m. we steamed into the station to be met by Mrs. Wykoff, a missionary who has been in India forty years, and who is acting as our chaperon. A tonga was waiting to take us out to the district, with an ekka for the Indian workers, and an ox cart for the luggage. The drive was an eleven mile one through avenues of magnificent trees, with green fields on both sides, in which were clusters of native mud huts indicating small villages here and there. The air was clear and much more breathable than in the city and we began to feel freshened up the first five miles even though the sun was growing very ardent. Huge cranes, tall as ourselves, stalked away from the roadside with a dignified air, and flocks of wild ducks flew chattering overhead as we drove along while the weird cry of some jangling peacock in the distance made us feel that we were really getting into the country. The last two miles was off from the main road into a rough, deep, cart track

so that we had to get out and walk over the worst places, which was jolly, of course. About 1:30 we came in sight of a pleasant level, shady spot where we could see tents through the trees, and then we knew we had at last arrived at our destination. Fields of different kinds of Indian grain stretched away on every side, and through the trees we could see the outline of the walls of several mud villages. Mr. Matthison came out to welcome us, and in a short time we were seated at a well filled table in the most ideal dining room, out under the trees, satisfying our almost abnormal appetites. We were told the plan of campaign for the evening and following day. The Sahib had been working among the men in the nearby villages, preaching, teaching, and showing magic lantern pictures on the Life of Christ, receiving the men here at the tent, giving out medicine, etc., but he could not reach the women, and that was to be our work, by going to the villages, gathering them together and helping them in any way we could.

I had gotten too much of the sun, so could not go out before evening with Miss Beach and the Bible women to get the lay of the ground, but they were able to help some sick folks and so open the way a little more for the evening service which was a magic lantern show. Some of the women in these villages have never seen a white face, and are so frightened when they see us that they run like kill-deers. When evening came we started out across the fields with the light of the stars and a lantern, to this nearest village where Mr. Matthison set up his screen and lantern in an open space surrounded on all four sides by houses whose verandas opened outward. The usual charpoi (bed) was placed for us to sit upon while the villagers gathered silently, looking like so many draped brown marble figures, sitting in two long rows on the ground, while the women placed themselves at our feet or modestly in the background. Poor, shy, ignorant, darkened souls! The men classify them along with the cattle, and they meekly say, "Yes, we are no better than the cattle." Indeed, they do not receive so much honor or consideration as a cow. Picture after picture was thrown on the scene, from the birth of Christ on through many scenes of His life, with explanations and teachings from them all. The interest was intense and real, and hearts seem touched, though just how much was grasped, we could not know. After the service Mr. Matthison talked to a little group of men personally, and we, to some of the women. Not a great deal for one evening; but the gospel had been given, Christ and His life purpose brought before them, salvation offered, an opening made. The next day several sick women and children came to the tent for medicine, one poor old blind body, to whom we could give no help except consolation, which I fear her poor, slow mind could scarcely grasp, simple as we tried to make it. In the meantime the Sahib brought in a fine big wild peacock which he picked up on his morning trip. Breakfast over, we started out in the tonga to some far distant villages. Mr. Matthison on ahead on his wheel, while the Indian workers went on foot to the women of some nearby villages. We drove miles and miles through fields, groves and jungle with always villages to the right and left. Sometimes the women would run when they saw us coming, but the men were never afraid. Often the track was so bad we would have to get out and walk. Men, women and children would run a little way after us to see these strange creatures. Our sun hats made them think us men dressed in women's clothes. How we longed to gather them all together—these poor neglected ones—

(Continued on page five.)

ROCKS, WRECKS, RESULTS.

Excerpts from an Address by Prof. J. Willis Barney, Son of Rev. J. H. Barney, of Clearville, Pa.

DELIVERED AT ELON COLLEGE, N. C.

"A ship, laden with many passengers, starts from New York across the Atlantic. With smooth seas and favoring winds she is proudly plowing her way across the mighty deep, when suddenly with a grinding crash, she stops. The cry of 'Rocks ahead' goes up; her engines are reversed, and she backs off, only to give a lurch and go down with all on board; or if she does not at once sink, she is deserted by her passengers and is left to drift, a derelict of no value to any one, and a menace to navigation, avoided by other vessels; and, unless she is towed into port by another ship, after tossing about for a time, she finally sinks.

"How often do we see a human life, freighted with rich possibilities, go down to eternal destruction after having given promise of making a successful voyage. The shores of time are strewn with such wrecks. We may see them at every turn in our great cities. We pick up a newspaper and in glaring type we read: 'Suicide of a once prominent business man.' The ship has gone down. We draw back in disgust from a miserable being who, clothed in rags and reeking with alcohol and tobacco, comes reeling down the street. The ship is still drifting, although abandoned and avoided by others.

"When a rock dangerous to navigation is discovered in the ocean, it is marked by a buoy so that mariners in the future may be able to avoid it. The rocks on which so many human lives are wrecked are also marked; but how many rush blindly upon them, either trusting to fate or indifferent as to the result.

"Let us stand on the shore, and, looking out over the ocean on which we are about to embark, read the names on the buoys which mark the rocks along our passage. Mark you, I say, because there is a passage safe from all dangers.

"The first we see is Idleness. How many promising young men and women starting out in life, have struck on the rock, Idleness, and there have gone down, or thereafter have drifted slowly on without any definite purpose or ambition. Remember, that only by conquering every lesson or task assigned to us, may we steer entirely clear of this rock.

"Look at the second. It is marked Low Conversation and Profanity. We recall a fable which told of a poor shepherd who one day found a small blue flower on the hillside on which his flocks were grazing. As soon as he had plucked the flower he saw before him a door which opened into the interior of the hill. He entered and found himself in the presence of an old kobold who was seated on a throne in the midst of a magnificent chamber lighted by hundreds of glistening lamps, and filled with beautiful gems of all kinds. The kobold spoke kindly to him and told him to take all he wanted and not forget the best. The shepherd eagerly filled his pockets with gems and was leaving, when the kobold cried out, 'Don't forget the best.' The shepherd, thinking he meant the best stones emptied his pockets and refilled them with larger ones and started to leave again when again he was checked by the words, 'Don't forget the best.' Again he emptied his pockets and refilled them with the largest gems he could find, and again as he turned to go did he hear the words, 'Don't forget the best;' but this time he passed out. As soon as he came out into the sunlight he felt in his pockets to reassure himself that the gems were still there, when lo!—he found nothing but leaves.

He had forgotten the best—the keyflower that had opened to him the door of the secret chamber and would have made his treasures real, had he kept it. To us is given a keyflower—the mind, which can open for us the storehouse of the world's knowledge; but how many of us forget the things that are best and fill our minds and hearts with those things that are low and degrading; so that when we go out into the world and place our lives to the test of usefulness, we find we are carrying only leaves. By listening to and indulging in low stories and low conversation we fill our minds so full of worthless waste, that should we wait to apply it in the acquisition of useful knowledge in later life, we find ourselves sadly handicapped in our efforts. As to profanity, for that sin there is absolutely no reason or excuse. It has been said that the man who lies or steals may gain something by it; but the man who swears serves the devil for the lowest wages of any one in his employ, because he gains nothing whatever by it. Look out for the rock, Low Conversation and Profanity. Do not imperil the safety of your vessel upon it.

"The next we notice is marked Cigarettes. How many bright hopes and promising futures have been shattered upon this rock. How many are rashly drifting on to the same fate. Our jails and asylums are crowded with wrecks from this source. Nearly every day we may read of some revolting crime which has been committed through the influence of cigarettes and the dope habit. The young man who begins the use of cigarettes may well write this in his diary. 'I have this day taken the first step to make of my life a total failure. How long it will take, God alone can tell.'

"As we look farther we see the next one is marked Intemperance. Notice the shattered hulks lying around this one. Hark to the breezes bearing to us the despairing cries of souls plunging for the last time into the remorseless depths. And yet in spite of all these warnings, witness the endless procession pursuing the same course and at last suffering the same fate. Beware of the rock, Intemperance.

"We notice another marked Scepticism and Infidelity. This one certainly has not been very dangerous, because we see few wrecks close around it; but look farther on in the course in which this rock lies, see the vast number. Some have even reached the entrance to the harbor; but none have ever entered; all who have struck on this rock have gone down. Listen to what Thomas Paine, one of the greatest infidels, says as the end of his voyage draws near: 'I am about to take a leap into the dark.' Young man steer far from the rock marked Scepticism. You may not realize your danger until far on your voyage; but rest assured you will realize it then. For you there shall be no beacon light to guide you safely into port, no cheerful welcome as your bark touches the shore, but only darkness and despair.

"We see still other buoys marked Deception, Dishonesty, Worldly Lusts, Pride, etc.; and we ask ourselves: 'Is it possible with all the confronting us to make the voyage safely?' But do not despair. Look! On yonder shore of the sea on which we are about to embark there stands a radiant cross from which a gleam of light reaches even to the shore on which we stand; and in this light we see a passage free from all dangers; and we hear a voice saying: 'Launch out into the deep. Put your trust in me and I will guide you safely all the way.'

Let us then accept Christ as our pilot and with the light from the cross shining round us on our way we may safely breast the storms of life; and, when at last our voyage is done, we shall safely enter the harbor and hear the voice of the Master saying, 'Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

J. W. BARNEY.

WORK OR CASH—WHICH?

The Townships of Ayr, Bethel, and Wells Will Vote Upon the Question of Abolishing the Work Road Tax

AT THE COMING FEBRUARY ELECTION.

By reference to a notice elsewhere in this paper, it may be seen that the voters of the townships of Ayr, Bethel, and Wells, will determine at the February election, whether they desire to abolish the plan of working part of their road tax out, or paying the same in money.

A provision in Section 2, of the Act of 1905, says, "That any township may, by a majority vote of the electors thereof, at the February municipal election, after thirty days prior notice thereof, change the system of taxation for working the public roads. Such election shall be authorized by the court of quarter sessions, upon a petition of at least twenty-five taxpayers of said township; and any township, which shall have abolished the work tax, shall annually receive from the State fifteen per centum of the amount of the road tax collected in said township, as shown by a sworn statement of the board of township supervisors, furnished to the State Highway Commissioner on or before the fifteenth day of March in each year."

In accordance with the above provision, petitions from the requisite number of citizens of the townships named, presented petitions at the January term of court, and Judge Swope ordered that an opportunity should be given the voters of those townships to decide whether or not they were tired of working on the road.

That there is a "screw loose," in the machinery of road making in Fulton, as well as in many other counties of the State, has long been apparent to every thoughtful observer. This county has spent thousands and tens of thousands of dollars for the improvement of its public roads—to be more exact—more than ten thousand dollars is spent each year, and the truth of the matter is, that the roads are not in as good condition now as they were twenty years ago. There are, here and there, some pieces of nice work, but they are the exceptions. And the roads will not be any better in twenty years to come, if the system of working out the tax is followed.

A bright active man will take on the road ten men who are willing to put in as many hours, and work with the same fidelity that they would if they were employed in the harvest field, or public works, and accomplish more than the ordinary supervisor does with two dozen boys and old men, the former without experience, and the latter without strength.

There is not one farmer in Fulton county that would pay a dollar a day for help on his farm and be satisfied with the quality of the hands on the road and with the work they do.

According to the latest official report, Fulton county has 816 miles of public highway, and spends \$10,649.35, which is over \$13 a mile. Ayr township has 65 miles of road and spends \$1,946.72—more than \$30 a mile. Bethel has 94 (that seems large) miles, spends \$934.25, which is a trifle less than \$10 a mile. Wells has 35 miles, and spends \$744.90—a little over \$21 a mile.

Now, by accepting the provisions of the law, each township would receive in cash from the State fifteen per cent. of the tax levied, additional; which, to Ayr township, would mean a gift of almost \$200, and a like proportionate amount to each of the others.

It might be noted just here, that there is some doubt as to the constitutionality of the law. Judge Crisswell, of Venango county, a year ago declared the right to vote for the payment of work

Married in Clearfield.

Mr. James Hann and Miss Glendola Truax, both of this county, were married at the home of the bride's brother in Clearfield, on Thursday evening, the 20th ult. at 5 o'clock. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Truax, and the happy couple are worthy young people. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful and useful gifts, and both she and her husband have the kindest wishes of their numerous friends for a safe and prosperous journey through life.

John D. Noble.

John D. Noble, son of the late John Noble, deceased, a native of Cassville, Pa., died at his home at Fairburg, Neb., on the 18th ult., from paralysis, aged about 56 years. Mr. Noble was a nephew of Mrs. L. E. Harris, of this place, and is survived by his second wife, Sadie Keepers, and two little daughters; and by a son Roll, and daughter Lillian, of a former marriage to Miss Mary Woollet, sister of Postmaster Woollet, of this place. The deceased was a brother of James Noble, in the west; Mrs. Sue DeVore, of Duluth, Minn.; Mrs. Lou Burton, of Edenville, N. C., and W. F. Noble, a M. E. minister of Sinnemahoning, Pa.

EXCELSIOR.

Our school is progressing very nicely under the management of George Lehman.

Basil Powell, of this place, is visiting relatives in Hagerstown. The Stoner Bros. have moved their saw mill upon Scott Bottenfield's farm, where they will be engaged in sawing timber for quite awhile.

Hugh Beatty and son, of Romeoville, W. Va., who have been visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity, returned home last Friday.

John Hoopengardner, who has been employed in Pittsburgh, returned home a few days ago.

James A. Beatty, who has been seriously ill, is slowly improving. John E. Hoopengardner and wife, visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Scott Bottenfield, last Sunday.

There will be an Oyster supper at Belle Grove, Saturday night, February 9th.

BURNT CABINS.

John Kerlin and son Howard, of Clear Ridge, spent Saturday here.

Levi P. Merton, of Fort Littleton, spent Friday night with Oren Cisney in this place.

Charlie Cowan and sister, Mrs. John North, spent Sunday at Fort Littleton.

Lucinda Cisney, of New Paris, Bedford county, is spending some time with her son, Clell, in this place.

Maggie Parsons, of Mount Union, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Snyder, of this place, has returned to her home.

Mrs. Jones Appleby, who has been visiting her parents near here, has returned to her home in Pittsburgh.

Rev. W. J. Cline is holding his protracted meeting at Carruck. Katherine Waters, near here, is spending some time with her brother, P. J. Waters.

A number of our young people spent Friday evening in singing at the home of Ann E. Cline.

Harvey Kelley, of Decorum, left on Friday for Pittsburgh, where he expects to have employment for the winter.

road tax in cash, to be unconstitutional; and Judge Hall, of the Clinton Cameron-Elk judicial district, and Judge Evans, of the Montour-Columbia district, have recently refused to entertain the petition, on the same grounds.

The action of the Judges named, of course, effects only their respective counties, and would in no way interfere with the carrying out of the provisions of the act in this county, until their opinions were confirmed by a higher court.

FOR MORE GOOD ROADS.

State Highway Commissioner Hunter Urges Big Appropriation for Improvements Under 1905 Law.

LEGISLATURE ASKED FOR \$6,000,000.

State Highway Commissioner Hunter announces that the department has completed 285.5 miles of road, of which 158.2 miles were built during 1906. There are 216.5 miles under contract or in readiness to be contracted for. Of the 97,940 miles of public roads in Pennsylvania, 2,500 miles have already been surveyed. The work already done, says the Commissioner, is sufficient to show that the reports of mileage made by the County Commissioners are very far from accurate and the total road mileage of the State is consequently a purely unknown quantity.

The department has experimented to a limited extent during the past season with a tar treatment for road surfaces, the use of which is calculated to prevent the "traveling" of the road material and the consequent rapid wear and also to obviate the "dust nuisance." After the result of a winter's exposure has been ascertained, the department will be ready either to adopt such a method of treatment for all roads which it builds, or, if necessary, to experiment further.

Mr. Hunter recommends an appropriation of \$6,000,000, to be expended in the reconstruction of township roads under the act of 1905, in addition to the sum appropriated by that act; also, \$2,000,000 for the construction by the State of trunk lines of "Good Roads" through the Commonwealth under the care of the State Highway Department.

Doing "Heap Business."

The Merrill (Iowa) Record of the 16th inst., says:

"Mr. and Mrs. George Raw of Paullina, are visiting among friends here this week. Mr. Raw came down to assist Messrs. Hoke and Aldrich in the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank. Mr. Hoke tells us that his bank is doing the largest volume of business in the history of the institution. The Record congratulates."

This Mr. Hoke is a son of the late Geo. Hoke, of McConnellsburg. He is now a prominent western banker and lives at home. Cal thinks McConnellsburg not a bad place to be born in, if you do not linger around too long after that important event occurs.

DOTT.

Rev. W. H. Hendershot will preach at Cedar Grove, first Sunday in February, at 10:30 o'clock a. m.; also, Rev. T. P. Garland will preach the same Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.

The snow that fell last week is leaving very fast.

J. Tilden Hill and Mrs. Wm. Carnell are ill at this writing. The men in our vicinity are taking times easy, while the roads are so bad.

George Kirk is singing, a charge to keep. It's a boy.

The protracted meeting at Cedar Grove, closed last Thursday evening. Had six conversions, and received seven into the church. Large crowds and excellent order prevailed. Bert Carnell had the misfortune to get kicked below the elbow, by a horse, last Saturday, breaking one of the bones.

Men Wanted.

Six additional, vigorous young men, married or single, to work in and around tannery. Wages, \$1.46 per day and upwards. Don't wait, but come, and go to work immediately.

SALTILO TANNERY,
1-24-24
Saltville, Pa.