

# The Fulton County News.

VOLUME 11

McCONNELLSBURG, PA., NOVEMBER 25, 1909.

NUMBER 7

D. W. FRAKER

**Describes His Trip Last Summer From His North Dakota Home to That of His Father at Fort Littleton.**

Being prevailed upon by friends and relatives to furnish a little intelligence by writing them, I will impose on the space of the NEWS as a medium in giving them a little retrospective idea of my appreciation of my trip and visit this last summer, when I spent a few weeks in the unsurpassed society of my Fulton county friends.

Of course, you must use your imagination on the contents of my epistle concerning contrasts and comparisons between the treeless prairies of North Dakota, and the rugged and forest-covered regions of Fulton county, which goes to make up its share of the great Trans montaine region of the Appalachian Highlands, and one must consider Geographical features and conditions to harmonize with comparisons in the above mentioned sections as to scenic beauty and agricultural resources, and advantages.

As one boards an East bound train in northern Dakota, his eye falls on the natural spectacles that fall to view, as well as to the improvement of the country, both rural and town life. As he speeds his way onward, he takes note of the green fields adorned on every hand with growing crops, peculiarly adapted and especially impressed by the extent of view spread out before him—here a natural stream is fringed with a natural growth of trees; occasionally a lake of modest dimensions lies placidly blinking in the sunshine, or stirred to silvery ripples by winds or breeze, and more often in the older settled parts of the State, a transplanted grove of trees beautifully arranged in regular rows, gives variety to scene about the homes in the towns, as well as on the farms.

After crossing the famous Red River of the North, whose banks are skirted with a vigorous growth of timber, one enters into a more wooded country, in the renowned Lake region of Minnesota. Wending onward through our sister state, we come to the great gateway of the Northwest, St. Paul and Minneapolis, which retains a historical as well as an early legendary lore, especially the Falls of Minnehaha, sanctified by the Song of Hiawatha, by the children's poet, Henry W. Longfellow; the great St. Anthony's Falls on the Mississippi are here, famous as an Indian rendezvous. Old in song and story, they being likened to the Spirit Manitou, as the "giver of the great waters." Here at these falls is to be found one of the greatest milling industries in the world—one mill making as much as 20,000 barrels of flour per day, the St. Anthony Falls furnishing a superabundance of power, as much as 40,000 horses pulling at once.

The cities, of course, are at the head of navigation; consequently, on this account, and the nearness to the great wheat fields of the northwest, and lumber regions, is attributed the reason for the cities becoming great manufacturing and commercial centers.

Leaving these we enjoy a trip down along the left bank of the Mississippi—down along close the river's very edge, far below the great towering bluffs that the Father of Waters has been so many ages rendering more gigantic and imposing. For 300 miles to Savannah, Ill., we enjoy the greatest scenic view to be found in all the great Mississippi Valley. Then we turn Eastward through the rich agricultural State of Illinois, and on our way to Chicago, the appearance of the crops attracts attention. It is the last of June. The oats are beginning to turn yellow, and the corn looks yellow and puny. Up in northern Dakota, oats was about six inches high, wheat about the same, barley just com-

Autumn Weddings.

HEBNER—MORGRET.

In the Lutheran parsonage, Buck Valley, Nov. 10, 1909, John Hebner and Mrs. Susan Morgret (nee Holly) were united in marriage according to the law of Pennsylvania, and the prescribed formula of the Evangelical Lutheran church.

After the ceremony the bride and groom returned to their home where they, together with a number of friends, enjoyed an excellent supper and a magnificent serenade. Mr. Hebner is one of Buck Valley's good farmers and a well-to-do citizen. Being a widower since February, 1905, Mr. Hebner has been under deep conviction for some years, and is now happily converted to the important fact that it is not good for man to be alone. May their lives be long and happy together.—Fulton Republican.

LAYTON—WINK.

At the Lutheran parsonage in this place last Wednesday evening, by the pastor, Rev. J. C. Fasold, Mr. Alfred S. Layton, son of Aaron and Mary Layton, of Whips Cove, was united in marriage to Miss Lillie Wink, of Belfast township. The groom is an energetic young farmer, and the bride is one of Fulton county's successful school teachers. The NEWS extends to the worthy young couple its heartiest congratulations.

Sitting around the store stove disputing the question of who found the North Pole, will not contribute a single chunk toward the filling of the ice house.

We speed on. Here a fine tract of timber dots the prairie. We cross railroad tracks at angles and right angles. Where do they stretch to in every direction? Here we cross a river occasionally. Soon we are approaching the great Metropolis of the west, as well as the great lake port. As we roll into the Union Depot yards, my heart gives a bounding thrill of joy. There's a train waiting to pull me out that has Pennsylvania written the whole length of the car. How inviting and assuring the good old Keystone name implies. It is beyond the power of language to relate.

How many people seem to be here! where are they all going? Surely, they are not traveling just because I am; at least, they are not going the same direction; for, see, there they hurry through the gates to go west, over the same road I came on. All night finds me covering the distance over the states of Indiana and Ohio and the next morning I break the fast in Columbus, the Capital City of Ohio, and the same afternoon I arrived in Pittsburg. I slid out to Pittsburg to see my friends and cousins, I am tendered royal welcome and hospitality. I'm anxious to get home, and the next day at 12:01 p. m., I board one of the elegant express trains bound for New York, would not go to New York though. Mt. Union is the jumping off place for me. I make connections to board a train on the E. B. T. Ry. The people seem so much more sociable than anywhere all along on my trip. I stand on the rear platform and drink in the sights and scenes as nearer and nearer home I get, when Three Springs rushes around the bend to meet me. I feel better still an hour or two by team across the ridges and valleys bringing me nearer nearer home.

But what a feeling descends on one's spirit. I am back where I was fifteen years ago in my memory, as well as my neighborhood. A lump slips up in my throat; I can hardly speak. There is a change that no reparation can be applied, and hearts must speak when lips are dumb. But then I am at home.

D. W. FRAKER.

Benjamin Edward Black.

Benjamin Edward Black, a son of Edward Black, of Dublin Mills, died at the home of his parents last Saturday, aged 15 years, 8 months and 26 days. The cause of his death was typhoid fever, from which he suffered six weeks. He was born at Mt. Savoy, February 24, 1894, and was buried at Center M. E. church on Sunday, November 21, 1909, the Rev. Harry Moyer conducting the services.

LADIG.

Miss Lydia Mumma, of Hustontown, is spending some time visiting friends and relatives in this place.

B. F. Price and son Floyd, who are employed at Kearney, spent Sunday at home.

Miss Nora Ritchey, who has had employment in McConnellsburg, during the summer, is spending a couple weeks at home.

After having been employed at Gracey a couple weeks, Miss Myrtle Price returned home last Saturday.

Those who, spent Sunday at Jonas Lake's were: Mrs. M. E. Stevens, Misses, Clara Laidig, Lydia Mumma, Sara Laidig, Rose Houpt, Mabel Laidig and Roy Laidig.

Miss Rose Houpt, of McConnellsburg, is employed at Mrs. M. E. Stevens.

NEW GRENADA.

Mrs. John Thomas is seriously ill with erysipelas on her face.

Martha Black, of Robertsdale, has been suffering with throat affection. She went to Huntingdon and had one tonsil removed, and the other burned out. She is improving slowly.

Fred Lodge, of Brush Creek, teacher of No. 3 school in Wells, accompanied Dr. Campbell last Saturday on a trip over the Broad-top coal fields, sightseeing. He, also, visited friends in New Grenada.

G. W. Coulter and wife, daughter Maude, and son Paul—all of Edgewood, Pa., are visiting among the Cunninghams. The father and son and daughter run the P. R. R. ticket office at their home. George has been in the employ of the Pennsy for 30 years.

Harry Clymens has finished his summer's work with S. P. Metzler, and gone to his home at Decorum, Pa. William Dick, who formerly lived with Samuel Hoop is now at Metzlers', working on the farm.

Mrs. John Bergstresser, of Waterfall, spent Sunday with friends in New Grenada.

Harry Gaster and wife are visiting the latter's parents near Dane.

James and Chloe Grissinger, near McKinleyville, visited their uncle Harry Gaster, here last Sunday.

Howard Everhart, of Woodvale, was a visitor in our city last Sunday.

Charles Thomas and family, of Saitillo, drove up Saturday evening and remained until Sunday evening with his parents, J. W. Thomas and wife.

John M. Houck was confined to the house last week with throat trouble. He is able to be out again.

The lecture in Bethel last Saturday night by Rev. Collins, of Orbisonia, was one of the grandest treats in that line that we have ever heard. The subject was "The House That Jack Built." The church was full of eager, attentive listeners, and we dare say everyone got more than was coming to him. The reverend gentleman preached a very interesting sermon on Sunday morning at Bethel; he also preached in Wells Valley church in the afternoon, and at Woodvale at night.

Among those from a distance Sunday morning, at Bethel services, we noticed Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Laidig and Dr. and Mrs. H. C. McClain, of Hustontown, Pa.

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IN SCOTLAND.

Miss Wishart Tells of the Kindness Shown by Her New Friends, the Henrys.

[The News of the 11th, inst., told of Miss Alice Wishart's leaving New York for India, on the 16th of October, and her voyage across the Atlantic. The letter this week tells of her stay in Scotland.—Ed.]

October 25.—Here I am in the land of our forefathers, in the comfortable home of a new friend writing to you beside a cozy open fire!

It was my good fortune to make the acquaintance of the Henrys—whom I mentioned in a previous letter—warm friends of Missions they are, who for the sake of the cause I represent, insisted that instead of going to a hotel, I come with them, which I was pleased to do.

Their home is most pleasantly situated near the Union of Glasgow, and they possess all one could wish in worldly goods; but what is still better, a Christ-like spirit which expresses itself in most practical and beautiful ways.

The first sight of Scotland I had was yesterday morning when we entered the Clyde, and steamed up past the island of Arran and Goats Fell, a fairly high dour looking peak, with cascades tumbling down its sides, and mettle over with dried heather and bracken. It was misty and cold, but Mr. Henry took me out on deck before breakfast to point out the places of interest all along the way up the Clyde to Greenock. It was not in the least disappointing as I feared it might be. On the right bank were soft green fields—so unusual at home this time of year—interspersed with tiny settlements which look like neat little villages in a picture book with here and there a handsome place belonging to Sir Somebody or other, the landlord and patron of the parish. Running up between purple peaks and promontories were wind swept rocks, which I fancy must be blue and smiling when the sun shines, but look fierce and stern with the rain dashing across them. By the time we reached Greenock, the sun was trying to come out. The tide was out, also; so, instead of going on to Glasgow by boat, we were transferred to a tender, taken on shore, and out by train. The customs officials were very easy—my trunks were not even opened. My suit case was lost in the shuffle, but appeared this morning in good condition. All our heavy baggage was sent on board the "Massilia" so we will have no further anxiety about that. All the Salon passengers were sent up first-class, and we had a merry time until we arrived at the Glasgow station at 12:30.

I had planned to put up at The Waverly, a nice quiet hotel, well recommended for Americans, but when the Henrys found out from their eldest sons, who came to the station to meet them, that all was well at home, they at once said, "You are going home with us!" etc., etc., and I could not resist their kindly cordiality, as it was so real and sincere. I felt at home at once, and proceeded to take a heavy cold after dinner—a thing I had escaped so far; so Mrs. Henry put me to bed with a hot water bottle, and bundled up like an Eskimo. I was made stay there until this morning at 10 o'clock. Absolutely every thing was done for my comfort that could be done, and I am saved another siege once more. A dainty tray was brought in at tea time, and hot lemonade at night, an open fire in the grate made the room pleasantly warm—and all this kindness because I have the good fortune to be a missionary. Surely it was a case of—"I was a stranger, and ye took me in," and an: "Inasmuch," as well.

This morning I am busy with letters, and this afternoon Mr.

Local Institute.

The second educational meeting of Union township was held at Fairview school, Friday evening, November 12, 1909. The questions discussed were: 1. Supplementary work, amount of, value of, and where prepared; 2. Moral training and character building; 3. How to teach reading to obtain the best results?

Teachers present were: Ella Barton, Ada Barton, Lucy Peightel, Thomas Truax, and Lewis Stahl, all took an active part in the institute. Dr. McKibbin was also present and gave us a very interesting and instructive talk. The institute adjourned to meet at Zacks Ridge School in the near future.—Ada Barton, secretary.

SALUVA.

The corn huskers have about all returned to their homes now, and are quite busy laying in a good supply of pork and buckwheat cakes for the winter.

Harvey Strait, our successful young farmer, has been quite busy hauling limestone during the past three weeks.

Emory Hessler had the misfortune to lose a valuable cow last week.

Myrtle Mellott is spending a few days in Everett this week.

Mrs. J. W. Mellott, Mrs. Goldie Brant and daughters Myrtle, Toledo, and Dorothy of Johnstown, Pa., spent several days last week in the home of the former's brother Fernando Decker, near Saluvia.

Della Deshong has been employed a few weeks at the home of Leon Hockensmith's. Leon is singing "a charge to keep have I." It's a girl.

Lee Decker and George Ensey were quite busy last week moving Dick Mellott from Geo. Sipes' tenant house to L. C. Mannhouse on Sideling Hill mountain. Go for the deer now, Dick.

Quite a number of our young folks attended the institute at Morton's Point last Friday evening.

D. S. Mellott has been confined to his room for some time, on account of a fall one evening as he was getting ready for bed. There were no bones broken, but he was pretty badly shaken up.

John A. Mellott who has spent the past three years in Deshier, Ohio, has returned to his native land, and spent last Saturday with his father D. S. Mellott who lives with his daughter Mrs. F. Decker. John says he has not seen a squirrel since he went west; but expects to kill squirrels and deer both now.

Sebert Barton, of Crystal Springs, spent Saturday and Sunday on this side of the mountain.

We are all glad to hear that Daily Strait who has been at Baltimore in the hospital for several weeks, is getting along finely.

Miss Cora Strait was among the shoppers in McConnellsburg last Saturday.

Rev. Bryner, of McConnellsburg, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Strait last Sunday.

The bang, bang, bang, of the hunters' guns is not heard so much during the last few days. Some of them have left the mountain and are now making a still hunt in the valley for deer. Some fellows would rather strangle a deer than a deer.

Henry is taking me to see the Art Gallery and the Union.

Wednesday, Miss McCunn will come up from Greenock, where she is staying with cousins, and we will spend the day in Edinburgh, then, on to Liverpool to catch our boat Thursday for the long part of our voyage.

We landed here on the 24th instead of the 26th thus giving us more time in Scotland. My first impressions are not happy and favorable, and I know how glad you will all be to hear of the kindness which I have received at the hands of comparative strangers—yet not strangers, but "brethren in Christ."

ALICE E. WISHART.

Surprise Party.

Some people think the number 13 is a hoodoo, but the 13th day of November was one of the most pleasant days of the month for Mrs. Elizabeth Brumbaugh, of Licking Creek township, as well as for a large number of her friends.

Mrs. Brumbaugh had been away from her home, and when she returned on the day above mentioned, she found that her friends and neighbors had just taken complete possession of her domicile from garret to cellar, and were just making themselves at home. They did not chase her away, however, but gave her a most hearty welcome, and wished her seventy-one more "happy returns."

Did you ever hear of a surprise party where a big feed was not served? And this was no exception, for the folks had come prepared, and when dinner time came, there was a lay out that would make the mouth of Dry Run water. After dinner everybody played ball until time to go home. The names of those present are:

C. M. Sipe and wife, Henry Sipe, wife and baby, Frances Truax, R. P. Deshong and wife, Clara Decker, Florence Wink, Wishart Decker and wife, Gilbert Deshong, wife and son Floyd, Lorey Schooley and wife, Mack Sipe, wife and baby, Dick Schooley and wife, Cleveland Strat and wife, May Lake and children, Sarah Funk, Mrs. J. A. Mellott and son Marshall, Ally, Clyde, and Pleasant Deshong; Mary, Helen, Dotte and Becky Jane Deshong; Dollie, Verlie, Lenora, Regina, and George Decker; Ethel Schooley, Clemie and Vernon Schooley; Maurice, Clyde, Charley, Wilbur, Owen, Lester and Baltzer Sipe; Rebecca, Anna, Helen, Lulu, Emil, Mary, Clara, Jessie, and May Sipe; Mrs. Nevin Laidig and daughters Margaret and Helen; Mrs. Alice Sipe, and Mrs. Effie Sipe.

WATERFALL.

Wh are having another flour famine, the result of the continued dry spell.

Floyd Shaw and wife and two children, of Tyrone, are visiting Fred's father, Mr. Lewis Shaw.

Butchering is in full swing now. A little earlier this year than usual, but on account of the out of sight price of corn.

Miss Velna Alloway and Miss Jessie Cutchall were guests in the home of W. R. Berkstresser last Sunday.

That same old stork left an eleven pound boy at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Knepper last Thursday.

All the City hunters north of Jimmy Lyon's have returned to their respective homes, they not having committed any depredations, nor worked harm to their fellow man.

W. R. Berkstresser and wife were visitors in the home of David Laidig and wife last Sunday.

Howard Barnett and children spent last Sunday at Z. B. Barnett's.

Isaac Baker and wife called at William Knepper's last Sunday to offer congratulations.

James Barnett has purchased the John A. Black farm for \$1,200.00.

John Shaw entertained a hack load of people from Hustontown last Sunday.

Charley Cutchall is operating a draw limekiln near Three Springs.

A fire on Sideling Hill mountain north of the State Road, destroyed a lot of timber last Sunday.

Bruce Lauderbaugh, of Mercersburg, bought the Rinehart "Fruit Farm" between the Gap and Mercersburg last Saturday afternoon at public sale in Chambersburg, for \$61.75 an acre. The farm contained 212 acres. The 182-acre farm was sold to Geo. A. Stewart, of Shippensburg, for \$28 50 an acre.

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

Mrs. Peter Scheideman spent Sunday with Miss Katie Fore.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Heefner, of Hiram, spent last Friday in McConnellsburg on business.

Nora Vallance and Annie Harr spent Saturday and Sunday visiting relatives and friends at Hustontown.

M. V. Cromer, spent last week very pleasantly with relatives and friends at Port Littleton and Burnt Cabins.

Frank Fore and wife of Markes, Franklin county, spent from Friday evening until Saturday evening with Daniel E. Fore, Esq.

Miss Annie A. Ott, of Tod town ship, left Friday for Altoona, where she will spend the holidays with her sister, Mrs. George H. Knotts.

Misses Jessie Shimer and Emma Doyle, of this place, are spending a week or two in the home of the former's sister, Mrs. Casper Worley at Newburg.

Mrs. Bessie Pheil and her sister-in-law, Miss Emma Pheil, of Williamson, were visiting Mrs. Pheil's grandfather, Daniel E. Fore, Esq., last week.

Local Institute.

The third local institute of Tod township was held at Knobsville last Friday evening. The meeting was called to order by the teacher Blanche O. Peck, after which the president, Mr. Peightel, presided. The topics for discussion were as follows: 1. Library; value of; how obtained, and how conducted. 2. Phonetic spelling; how taught to obtain desired results? 3. Duties of directors, patrons and teacher. These subjects were well discussed and some very good suggestions given. The following teachers were present: Mary Ott, Neil Barmont, A. D. Peightel, Blanche O. Peck, Ethel Cisney, Dotte Deshong, Robert Cromer, D. K. Chesnut, John Woodcock, and Levi P. Morton.

The discussions were interspersed by literary work by the school. The large number present showed their interest in educational work by excellent order and attention.

The institute adjourned to meet at McGovern's school, December 17, 1909.—Blanche O. Peck, Secretary.

Fall Spraying and Pruning.

A number of requests for information in regard to fall spraying and fall pruning reached Professor H. A. Surface, State Zoologist of Pennsylvania, recently. The following reply to one of the letters received will be of interest to owners of orchards everywhere.

"Replying to your letter asking if you must spray this fall for scale insects, I beg to say that it is not necessary to spray in the fall, but if your trees are much infested, it is better to spray both fall and spring. If my trees were not badly infested, I should spray only in the spring when the buds are swelling, I consider this the best time of the year to spray, and, of course, the boiled lime sulphur wash, either commercial or homemade, is my choice of material.

"In regard to fall pruning I can say that this is as good as spring pruning, the pruning being done at any time when the leaves are off. If you will prune your trees this fall, you can then spray them at any time during the fall, winter or spring, and have good results in killing the scale. Thoroughness of spraying is necessary, and it will be easier for you to do a complete job after the trees are pruned than before. Also, pruning helps to put vigor into that part of the tree which remains."