

# The Fulton County News.

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## MISSION WORK IN KENTUCKY, Miss Martha Kendall Tells of Conditions as They Exist Among the Mountaineers.

As was stated in the News of September 9th, Miss Martha, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Kendall, of Ayr township, went to Kentucky to work as a missionary under the auspices of the Associate Presbyterian church. Miss Kendall is a graduate of the McConnellsburg High School, and of the Cumberland Valley State Normal, and had she chosen to engage in the work of teaching in the public schools of her own township, could readily have gotten a salary of fifty dollars a month. But her heart was



MISS MARTHA KENDALL.

touched by the stories of the condition of the "poor whites" who live in the mountains of eastern Kentucky, and she chose to leave a comfortable home, and go among those people at a salary of twenty dollars a month, trusting that the consciousness of being an instrument in God's hands in assisting those unfortunate people to rise to a higher plain of right living, would more than compensate for the difference in salary. The following letter from Miss Kendall, telling something of the conditions that surround her, will be read with interest:

"Our mission is on Turkey Creek, Breathitt county, familiarly known as "Bloody Breathitt." This is one of the largest counties in Kentucky, being over sixty miles in length. It has become notorious on account of the many bloody deeds committed within its borders. Smoldering flames of ancient feuds still exist, which occasionally burst forth in the perpetration of some new crime. The cause, however, of most of the crimes, now, is intoxication. Whiskey must be used freely on all occasions, the mountaineers think. Just this week a "party" was given at one of the homes about three miles down the Creek from our cottage; drinking was indulged in; this brought about quarreling, and as a result, one man was shot and very seriously wounded.

The people of this section make their living by farming—corn and cane being the chief crops. Their food consists, principally, of pork, cornbread, beans, sweet potatoes and scrabum—although a few other vegetables are raised. Much weaving is done—both for bedding and for clothing.

The homes are in a most deplorable condition. They contain from one to five rooms, are heated by fireplaces, and only the barest necessities exist in the way of furniture—while they are void of anything pertaining to beauty and culture. A great many houses have no windows at all; hence light must be admitted through the open door, even in the coldest weather. But of the people, it must be said, they are the kindest and most hospitable we have ever met. They are of Scotch-Irish descent, but have lived in the mountains so long—each generation becoming more illiterate and indifferent—that

## Good Porkers.

George W. Glenn, at Webster Mills, butchered four six-months old pigs last Wednesday that made him 508 pounds of nice pork. The largest one dressed 169 pounds. That's the kind of pork that makes choice "eating." Harry Duffy butchered two on Friday—the ages of which we have not been able to get, but will risk our reputation as a guesser, that they were under thirty-nine years old, one of these hogs weighed 403 when dressed, and the other 380. S. S. Hann informs us he killed two which weighed respectively 301 and 303 pounds. Scott also imparted the information that his son in law, Thos. Oliver killed one that weighed 337 pounds.

Fernando Decker butchered a pig last week for Eld. Ahmaz Mellott. The pig was, only fourteen months old, but dressed 406 pounds. Mr. Mellott will likely remember that pig the balance of his days: for when Mr. Decker shot the pig, it fell over into a depression, and Mr. Mellott seized the animal by one of its front legs, when the pig began to struggle, and one of the pig's hoofs struck the back of Mr. Mellott's hand peeling almost all the skin off it.

Next!

Miss Harriet Alexander is visiting her brother W. A. Alexander, in Everett.

the sterling characteristics of their ancestors have become almost extinct.

Education is sadly neglected. In Breathitt county alone there are 5,500 school children. Only about one-fifth of these attend school. Hundreds of as bright, promising boys and girls as could be found anywhere are growing up in ignorance, because they have never been led to see the need of an education. The teachers are very often wholly incompetent and the school house is many cases scarcely better than a shed; hence nothing but an innate desire for knowledge could attract the children to school. Compulsory attendance laws are not enforced; in fact, no laws are enforced in the mountains, as you probably know from the accounts many of you have read, of the fall election in Breathitt county. It is said that news papers reports are sometimes exaggerated, but conditions were anything but flattering during the election season. Yet we are glad to say that but little blood was shed.

The mountaineers are a very self satisfied people. They emphasize morality to a great extent; yet their ideals are, indeed, very low. So many of them think that morality will effect salvation. This is a hard barrier to break down. The native preachers are illiterate and immoral—their lives being anything but models for others to pattern after.

The county of course is very mountainous. The mountains are not in a straight range, but are very irregular, rising more as peaks, which are situated on all sides, unsystematically. Between these peaks flows the creek—which is also the road. While the autumn leaves hung on the trees, the scenery was magnificent, and is, still; although the leaves added much. All roads are in the creek bed and are very rough. No buggies are ever seen here. There is very little level land. Farming land is obtained by clearing patches on the mountain side. These are so steep that very often cultivation has to be carried on by means of hoes.

While the mountaineers live in an uncouth style, there is no reason why they may not attain to better things. They need help and enlightenment; and when they get this, surely there will be a change.

MARTHA KENDALL.

Houston, Ky.

## THE MAN WHO MADE THE FIRST STEAMBOAT

The First of a Series of  
Incidents of History  
Written for the News  
by Prof. G. W. Ashton.

It may be of interest to some of the readers of the NEWS to know that the real inventor of the steamboat was not Robert Fulton, but John Fitch who was born at South Windsor, Connecticut, Jan. 19, 1743. And it is doubtful if history has a sadder page than that on which the life, struggles and death of this strange, poor man are recorded.

A hard hearted, close fist ed father, and an elder brother of the same character, made the boyhood life of poor John Fitch one long day of grief, privation and humiliation. Attaining his majority, he learned the trade of watch-making and settled in Trenton, N. J. The war of the Revolution breaking out, he became a gun-smith, making arms for the defenders of his country, till the British destroyed his shop. He then entered the army in time to suffer the horrors of Valley Forge. From the army he went about in the country a tinker of clocks and watches, but in 1785 was sent by Virginia as deputy surveyor to the then wilds of Kentucky. In the west he was captured by the Indians and kept a year before he could escape. In poverty and want he returned and settled at Warminster, Pa. It was at this place and period of his life that the idea of using steam as a motive power for vehicles and boats took possession of him. He made a model of a steamboat identical in principle with that which has now become universal in practice.

He went to Philadelphia and there constructed a steam engine, with a three-inch cylinder, and applied the same to a skiff. An authentic historian records, This was without doubt the first steamboat ever constructed by man." Vainly did Fitch appeal to the Continental Congress, the Assembly of Pennsylvania, and the learned and wealthy men of his day. Time went by and Fitch got the reputation of being a crazy man. He finally formed a company which reluctantly furnished the means to build a boat 45 feet long, 12 feet beam, inch cylinder engine. The inventor agreed that his boat should make eight miles an hour. August 22, 1787, the boat made her trial trip on the Delaware and was successful. The members of the Constitutional Convention, with Geo. Washington at its head, adjourned on invitation and went down to see the strange invention on its first voyage. The members shook their wise heads, left the crazy man with his craft, and went back to building the Ship of State. A regular Packet line with schedule was established on the Delaware and was maintained for about three years. But the steamboat business was not a financial success and Fitch's boat was finally wrecked by a storm. From it the inventor went forth into the world penniless and a beggar. After wandering in this country, and in Europe to find financial support for his steamboat scheme, and finding none, he wandered again into the far West, Kentucky. There in a little room of a tavern in Bardstown, with not a penny in the world, prematurely old from despair and struggle, his clothes worn to tatters and rags, his face wrinkled and haggard, on the night of July 2, 1798 he fitted a cup of poison to his lips, drank the deadly potion and lay down, unhonored and unwept, to die. No stone marks his grave and his last resting place is now obscured. Here are the words he left in a letter, "The day will come when some more powerful man will get fame and riches

## SWIFT JUSTICE.

Steals an Automobile, Gets Away With It, Is Captured, Taken into Court, Gets His Sentence, and Lands in Reformatory in Less Than a Week.

Some time during Tuesday night of last week, James W. Ritter, who has been hanging around the garages in Chambersburg for several days, pried a side door open with a crowbar, entered Schaal's garage, and helped himself to Druggist Skinner's 40-horsepower Pullman touring car. Putting five gallons of gasoline into the tank, and appropriating a pair of fur gloves, he opened the front doors of the garage, "cranked up," swung out into the street, and throwing the throttle wide open, like a streak of greased lightning, he sped out the pike toward St. Thomas. On he went,—through Loudon, across the mountain, through McConnellsburg, and had it not been that there were a few things about running automobiles that James did not know, he might have been going yet; but when he ran up against Sideling Hill mountain, the machine began to suspect that it was not under the skilled guidance of Harry Skinner, and began to make trouble for its new master.

By the time the "Crossings" were reached, the machine lay down flat on Ritter, and he had to wait until Salkeld came along with his mule team carrying the U. S. mail, when he prevailed on Uncle Sam's servant to tow his craft into Everett.

As soon as the skilled eyes of the Karn boys at the Everett garage fell on the machine, they saw that Ritter had been trying to run the machine without oil, and that he had burnt out several important bearings.

It was half past ten o'clock, before Mr. Skinner found out that some one had borrowed his car, and he at once got busy. The telephone soon brought him word that his machine was going through Harrisonville, and soon after noon, Harry, with a party of Chambersburg friends, passed through McConnellsburg in pursuit. When they reached Everett, they found the machine—and the man; but the constable, who was new in the business, fooled a round until Ritter got away in the direction of Bedford. Officer Charley Beagle, of Bedford was notified by phone to be on the lookout. That was enough. They don't get away from Charley, and the next morning he telephoned the Chambersburg party to come to Bedford and get their man.

They went to Bedford Thursday morning, got Ritter, returned with him the same day to Chambersburg, and placed him in jail. He went into Court Monday, plead guilty, and Judge Gill sentenced him to the Huntington Reformatory, reserving further sentence, until it is seen whether the Reformatory will work a reformation in his character.

## Bazaar and Fish-pond.

The Ladies' Aid Society of Asbury Methodist Episcopal church of Harrisonville charge, will hold a bazaar and festival and conduct a fish-pond at the Mann House, along the pike, near Salvia, Thursday evening, Dec. 16. Come and buy a nice Christmas present for your friend and try your luck at the fish-pond.

## COMMITTEE.

from my invention; but nobody will believe that poor John Fitch can do anything worthy of attention." Robert Fulton in the 19th made the steamboat a success; John Fitch in the 18th century invented it and died a pauper and a suicide.

MORAL: The world does not always rightly bestow its honor. Wichita, Kansas.

## THE LUTHERAN CHURCH.



The above is a picture of the St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran church of McConnellsburg, and will awaken many recollections of the past in the minds of those who have gone out from McConnellsburg, but who attended that place of worship in their younger days. During the more than a hundred years of its existence, twenty-three pastors have served the congregations, and the church is now in a flourishing condition. The names of the pastors who have served, and the time each was here, is as follows: Jonathan Ruthiauff, 1804-14; Ferdinand Cramer, 1814-26; M. Schultz, 1826; Reuben Weiser—; Diefenbaugh—; Samuel Rothreck, 1835-7; Peter Zahn, 1837-43; David Smith; 1843-5; W. A. Kopp, 1845-50; Martin M. Bechtel, 1850-54; Solomon McHenry, 1854-9; G. Roths, 1859-64; A. M. Whetstone, 1864-9; Philip Doerr, 1869-71; J. B. Anthony, 1871-3; Joseph R. Focht, 1874-6; H. B. Winton, 1876-80; B. F. Kautz, 1880-88; D. S. Kurtz, 1888-90; J. C. McGaughey, 1891-94; D. P. Drawbaugh, 1895-1900; A. G. Wolf, 1900-06; J. C. Fassold, 1907 to December 1, 1909. The congregation is without a pastor at this time.

## ANOTHER WARNING.

Well Known Liveryman in Bedford Nearly Loses His Life from Mistake Made in Giving Him Medicine.

The number of accidents that have occurred on account of the carelessness of housekeepers in keeping drugs and medicines about the house without having them labeled properly, should be a warning, as will be noticed in the following account taken from last week's Bedford Inquirer.

The Inquirer says that Ross A. Stiver, the well known liveryman, of Bedford, was poisoned last Friday evening by taking a dose of horse medicine in mistake.

He had been out in the country buying horses on Friday and stopped at the home of his brother-in-law John Williamson in Bedford township for supper. He felt ill and was given what Mr. Williamson and his wife supposed to be medicine for cramp which was in a bottle with a label on it to that effect. In some manner, Hess's Colic Cure, a horse medicine, composed principally of chloroform and Indian hemp, was put into a bottle with a label similar to the bottle containing the medicine which Mr. Williamson wished to give Mr. Stiver. He took three or four tablespoonfuls of this, about four times the usual dose for a horse, and then ate his supper. He became very ill and started at once for Bedford, accompanied by Mr. Williamson. On the way he became unconscious. He was taken at once to his livery stable where four physicians worked with him for several hours before he began to show any signs of recovery. For a long time his body was rigid with scarcely any perceptible sign of life. The persistent efforts of the physicians, aided by his naturally vigorous constitution, at length overcame the effects of the poison, and he began to rally. Mr. Stiver is now thought to be out of danger, but it was a close call.

We are pleased to note that at the recent convention of the Maryland State Christian Endeavor Society, Mr. William M. Robinson, of Baltimore, a former McConnellsburg boy, was chosen president for the ensuing year. While Mr. Robinson is a successful business man, he finds time to make himself very useful in the several branches of Christian work in which his church is identified.

## CLARENCE SHORE

Tells of His Visit to Clear Ridge During His Vacation in the Hunting Season.

As the annual Thanksgiving vacation comes around and nearly every one takes advantage of the same. I decided to spend mine back on the old happy hunting grounds among the hills of Fulton county.

As I started on my homeward journey my attention was turned toward the busy industries along the road over which I traveled, and I find that prosperity has almost returned to its normal state or as it was, before the panic of 1907 cast its shadows over our country.

Traffic of all kinds has been increasing daily; and, of course will continue to do so until after the holiday rush. The "Pensy" reports that within twenty-four hours it handled more than 7,500 cars over the Middle Division.

Upon approaching nearer to the village of Clear Ridge, I was reminded as the Indian terms it, that it was several moons ago that I had been an eye witness of the beautiful picturesque scenery of Fulton county. The beautiful foliage that clustered on the various trees had disappeared, and this brought to my mind that winter was near; and by looking around, quite a number of incidents arose before me that brought me back to boyhood days when I used to roam through the wooded lands and over the hills.

Next, I found myself within the village; and after taking note of some of the changes and improvements, I find the Patrons of Husbandry is erecting a two story lodge and storeroom which adds to the appearance and prosperity of the village.

General Merchant J. Winegardner is still behind the counter doing his usual amount of business; and, of course, still smoking occasionally.

The live and up to date Postmaster and notionman is found at his usual place attending to the nice little business that is coming to him; and, the continuous odor of skunk will not let one forget that the fur dealer Bert Winegardner is still in that business.

N. B. Henry & Son, contractors and builders, with a large force of men, are still as busy as ever; and now, are doing some work in Orbisonia. Hence business is still flourishing here as well as abroad.

I then strolled into the Me-

## ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW

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

## NAMES OF VISITORS AND VISITED

Mrs. S. B. Worliet and Mrs. J. W. Mosser spent Tuesday in Chambersburg shopping.

Lucille Grissinger, spent a few days last week with the family of Harry Stevens, near Mercersburg.

Miss Martha Funk, of Needmore, spent a day last week with Pearl and Hazel Garland, at their home near McConnellsburg.

Miss Lillian DeHart returned home from Chambersburg, Tuesday, on account of her mother's illness. She will remain at home until after the holidays.

Geo. W. Sipes and grand-daughter Esther, and his brother Lewis, of Whips Cove, were pleasant callers at the News office while in town a few days ago.

Mrs. J. L. Garland, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Harriet Deshong, of Mercersburg, were visiting friends at Huston town this week.

C. J. Wink, of Plum Run, came to town last Saturday, and on Sunday returned home, accompanied by his wife, who had been spending the week in the home of their son-in-law and daughter, Ex-Sheriff and Mrs. J. G. Alexander.

Daniel Naugle and wife, of Huntington county, spent a week in this county during the deer-hunting season. Part of the time they were guests of their brother-in-law, Randolph Palmer, and part of the time with the family of Geo. W. Sipes.

Druggist and Mrs. W. H. Irwin, of Altoona, spent the time from Saturday until Monday, in the home of the former's brother, John A. Irwin, at this place. Will and his wife and been visiting their daughter who is a student at Wilson College, Chambersburg.

Last Saturday evening as Mrs. Mary A. Kelly was quietly sitting with her mother she was greatly surprised by Mrs. C. J. Wink and Mrs. J. G. Alexander and Master George Barton, entering and showering 172 post cards down upon her. Mrs. Kelly wishes to thank her many friends for so kindly remembering her on her birthday.

Miss D. Viola Hixson, daughter of John N. Hixson, of Brush Creek valley, left on Monday of last week for New York City, where she will be employed as a professional trained nurse, in the New York branch of the Florence Crittenton Home. Miss Hixson graduated last May from the Washington, D. C. branch of that famous institution.

Clayton Trogler, of Denver, Colo., was a guest in the home of J. L. Garland and wife, from Saturday until Wednesday. Mr. Trogler left Mercersburg five years ago in company with his parents, to make his home in the city of Denver, which lies at an altitude of a mile above sea level, and from his personal appearance the climate has agreed with Clayton.

chanics Hall and spent the remainder of the evening listening to the sweet strains of music rendered by the Mechanics Band under the leadership of David Fleming.

A series of revival services conducted by the Rev. Harry Moyer was in progress, and was well attended both by the people nearby and of the neighboring towns.

As my vacation draws to a close I have to retrace my steps and return to the busy little city where I am employed, and if this letter does not find its way to the waste basket, I may in the future give you through the columns of the NEWS a description of the same. A VISITOR.