

The Fulton County News.

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DAINGEROUS FORD.

J. U. Martin, of Bethel Township, Had Thrilling Experience Wednesday of Last Week.

WHY NOT GIVE THEM A BRIDGE?

On Wednesday of last week Mr. J. U. Martin left his home, near Franklin Mills, to visit Carrell's store at Dott, and in so doing had to cross Tonoloway creek near the above named postoffice. The creek at this time was about its normal condition; and while he could not cross at the fording, he crossed a short distance below in safety, went on to the store, made a few purchases, and started at once to return home. But when he reached the fording he found conditions very much changed, as the creek by this time had become a raging torrent, made so by the melting of the snow. Mr. Martin hardly knew what to do. It was almost dark; and if he could not cross at that fording, he would be compelled to drive at least eight miles in order to reach his home, which was little more than a mile from the creek. After some consultation with Mr. Weise, Mr. Harry Mann, Mr. Oliver Mann, and your scribe, he decided to try if possible to cross; but when the mule he was driving entered the creek, it soon became evident that it was going to be very dangerous and he paused. After more parley, he decided to try to back out, but even with help to pull the buggy back the mule was unable to back out; as the bank was steep and icy. Mr. Martin had gotten out of the buggy, was holding the lines, and pondering what to do, when the mule, tired of standing in the icy waters, started forward jerking the lines from Mr. Martin's grasp. The mule at once started down stream, but by obeying Mr. Martin's commands, started to cross to the other side. When within twelve or fifteen feet of the opposite bank the buggy upset throwing the mule and then began the roll down stream for life or death,—death plainly having the advantage. After rolling for over 100 yards, the buggy and mule became separated, and the mule floated out upon the bank of the creek on the same side from which he entered, but buggy, robes, and store goods continued down stream. The mule was taken to the home of Mr. Wm. Downs' where it was cared for the night, and Mr. Martin made his way home on foot.

Mr. Martin is like most of us—a man of only ordinary means, and the loss is not easily made good. This is not the only accident near this ford, as a horse was drowned a few years ago just where this accident occurred; and only this winter, Mr. James Slayman came very near losing a horse at the Franklin Mills ford, by breaking through the ice, and Dr. Rensburg has frequently been compelled to make his professional visits in that vicinity on foot because of the impassable condition of the ford. It was only two or three years ago that a traveling salesman lost his "grip" containing about \$50, and never recovered it, and, about the same time, two ladies from Franklin county, came very nearly being drowned, and almost ruined a suit-caseful of good clothes. These are only a few of the many accidents that have occurred, to say nothing of the cruelty to animals, and the inconvenience to the public. The writer was compelled to drive eight miles out of his way to reach home, the same day that Mr. Martin's accident occurred; and, after a team has hauled a heavy load to Hancock, and returned within a mile and a half of home, and then to be compelled to go eight miles farther, it is calculated to make a man have wicked thoughts. These circumstances are all the

MORE STATE HIGHWAY IN FRANKLIN.

Will Give New Outlet for Path Valley at Loudon—Longest State Road.

Unless something occurs to hinder—says the Chambersburg Valley Spirit, it is altogether likely that Path Valley will be given a new outlet at Fort Loudon, and this in the form of a state road. This announcement was made but recently and it is stated that supervisors of that township will at an early date, petition the county commissioners.

The road will be four miles in length and goes through a thickly inhabited district. For this reason, H. B. Ganoe, of Chambersburg, who makes many trips through that section has started a subscription list and it is stated that it already amounts to more than \$800.

The road will start at Richmond Furnace, the terminal of the South Penn branch of the Cumberland Valley railroad, and end at Fort Loudon, where the road will join the Chambersburg and Bedford turnpike. At Richmond Furnace it will connect with the new state road known as the Metal road and will make a continuous state highway of almost ten miles. Another portion is to be added to the road recently built above Metal and when these different stretches are completed it will be the longest continuous state road in Franklin county.

Thanks to the wisdom of the County Commissioners of Fulton county, that county forfeited to the State some \$65,000 appropriated for Highway construction in Fulton county. When it is considered that Bedford county, Huntingdon county, Franklin county—all Fulton's neighbors—grasp with eagerness for every dollar the State is willing to give, it would seem that all the fool highway people reside outside of Fulton county.

In a letter enclosing the "long green" to advance his subscription to the News well into the year 1911, Mr. C. A. Foster, formerly of this county, writes: "We have lived in Pittsburg four years, and are always glad to get the news from old Fulton. I am a conductor for the Pittsburg Railway Co., and like the work very much. It is rather cold work in winter, but in summer it is very pleasant."

more aggravating in the face of the fact that the court granted a bridge at this ford about four or five years ago; but up to this time it has received no attention from the "Powers that Be." For what reason I am unable to say, but will allow the public to make their own deductions.

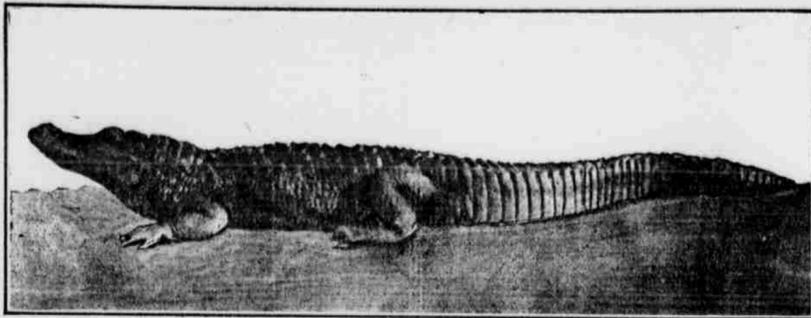
I feel certain that if all the taxpayers in the county could see one team cross this ford when the water is low, they would have no desire to see one cross when it is high; and they would not be willing to allow another summer season to pass without seeing a bridge at this most needed of places.

I can assure you, fellow taxpayers of the County, that if your influence is used to get a bridge at this place, and if in the future there is one needed in your community, you shall have the hearty co-operation of this part of the County. If it were not for the kindness of Mr. Golden in permitting the public to drive through his fields, there would be days and days, that this road would not be open to travel.

Hoping this may have the effect of helping to enlighten the public as to the great necessity of a bridge at this ford, I remain an advocate of good roads and good bridges.

IRA D. MELLOTT,

THE SIPES ALLIGATOR.



The above is an excellent likeness of the pet alligator belonging to Mrs. James Sipes, of this place, who, on Friday, rounds out his twenty-fifth year in his present home.

On March 4, 1885, Mrs. Sipes and son Harvey, who had spent the winter in Florida, and were homeward bound by way of New Orleans and the World's Cotton Exposition, were spending the morning in one of the many bird stores of the City. There birds of all kinds are on sale, and alligators from three inches to seven feet in length, may be purchased. As the little 'gators proved very interesting, Harvey and his mother bought a small one, about eight inches long, paying two dollars for it; had it placed in a small wooden box, and brought it along home to show to their northern friends. After their return, the little reptile was viewed by scores of people, as it was generally believed that he would live only a short time.

That was twenty-five years ago To-day the eighteen-inch baby alligator lacks one inch of being five feet in length, and measures two feet, two inches around his body.

His summer home is in the rear of the Sipes residence, where he is provided with a good-sized yard in which is a small house containing a tank, which is always filled with fresh water. On warm days he is out in the yard, but if it be cloudy, he remains all day in the water, and lies every night buried in the sand in the bottom of the tank. In winter, Mr. 'Gator is placed in a large box in the cellar of the house, covered with rugs and left to himself.

His diet consists of fish, mice, sparrows, and fresh meat—sparrows preferred; but these luxuries he enjoys for only four months of the year—from May to September—the rest of the time he lives solely on water. A large tank is kept in the cellar, and every two weeks during the winter, this is filled with water, and he takes a drink and a swim.

The alligator begins eating, taking one bite a day, and gradually increasing the quantity of food as the weather becomes warmer, and decreasing by degrees as soon as cool weather comes. For about three months—June, July and August—he eats from six to eight sparrows a day. He does not chew them—just gives one snap—and they are gone. In the spring, on warm days, before going into summer quarters, he frequently goes out the yard at his will; and when evening comes he goes leisurely into the house and under the stove, where he remains until morning, the family paying no more attention to him than if he were the cat.

During the last few years, he has escaped several times from his enclosure, once getting as far away as Mr. Jas. Henry's, where he was discovered and made to return home. At that time it was reported he had escaped into the Cove creek and the boys immediately lost all desire to go "swimmin'" in the old "Blue Hole."

All these years, the "Old Gator," as the folks call him, has been the special care of Mrs. Sipes, and he knows her well, as she carries him in her arms, or holds him on her lap, as one would

a child, and he is always quiet and docile. Recently, however, because of his size and weight, Mrs. Sipes gave him into the care of her son, Harvey.

On a warm summer day, anyone who calls at Mr. Sipes' residence, may see the 'gator stretch ed on a log in the warm sunshine, blissfully content, dreaming no doubt, of his old home, and his wild mates in the swamps and marshes of Louisiana.

A MEAT STORY.

How Farmer John S. Nelson, of Todd, Lost a Bunch of His Winter's Bacon.

STEPS WHICH LED TO ITS RECOVERY.

Ex-County Commissioner S. A. Nesbit owns, and lives in, the Brady Seylar property on the northeast corner of Walnut and Second streets, this city, but he owns a farm in Todd township, known to the older people as the Kittle property. John S. Nelson owns and resides on a farm adjoining the Nesbit farm, on the south, the two sets of farm buildings being not over a quarter of a mile distant from each other.

Now, if there is anything that Farmer John Nelson likes better than another, it is ham, and in providing for his winter supplies of food, the larder always receives special attention. Then, too, John has a reputation for knowing how to cure his bacon, and when you sit down to his table and face a big plate of big brown slices, you at once get an appetite like a steam sawmill. Notwithstanding the high price of hogs, John, last fall, put away an unusually nice lot of meat—curing it by the salt-petre-molasses method, and placing it in an out-building to dry and cure.

Samuel A. Nesbit has (or had) a tenant living in his farmhouse, one Grover Cleveland Dishong. With Mr. and Mrs. Dishong, the latter's brothers, Kissler Cooper aged about 12, and George Cooper aged about 10, lived occasionally.

On Thursday morning, the 17th ult., as Mrs. Nelson was preparing breakfast, she took the carving knife and a big plate and went out to the meat house to cut meat for breakfast. As she entered, her eye was quick to discover that seven of the eighteen pieces had disappeared during the night—two hams and five shoulders. Mr. Nelson's attention was called to the matter, and upon examination, tracks showed that two persons had approached the house in which the meat was kept, during the night, and that the same two persons had left going toward the Ridge. The tracks were easily followed until a wood chop ping was reached, when they were lost.

John believing that "all things cometh to him that waiteth," made no information before an officer—probably because he lacked information—and just bided his time.

On last Friday evening, and on Saturday, word was brought to town that little George Cooper had confided the information that the meat might be found under the floor of the kitchen of the Nesbit farmhouse. So, on Saturday afternoon, S. A. Nesbit, accompanied by Sheriff Harris,

went out to Mr. Nesbit's farm, entered the kitchen, (the Dishong people were not at home), took up the carpet, found that one or more boards in the floor were loose. They cautiously raised the boards, peered down, and—there was meat! There is no cellar under the kitchen, and it was an "awful" handy place to keep meat.

Mr. Nesbit and the Sheriff replaced the boards and the carpet, went over to Nelson's, and reported the result of their investigations. Mr. Nelson came to town, went before Justice Conrad, procured the necessary "papers" gave them to Constable Charlie Steach, who deputized Ex-Sheriff Alexander, and the officers with Mr. Nelson, returned to the Dishong home, looked down under the kitchen floor, and found the meat, which was promptly identified by Mr. Nelson—four pieces, three of the missing pieces having disappeared. The meat was taken by Mr. Nelson to his home, and the officers waited for the return of the Dishong family. Toward evening, Mrs. Dishong and her brother Kissler Cooper returned. They were taken into custody, brought to town, and committed to jail.

Up to this time Cleveland has not appeared to file any objections to the intrusion of the officers into his home, or to the carrying away of his family.

TO BE REPEATED.

The Thalian Club Will Give Their Play Again, Friday Evening. It's Worth the Money.

On the evening of the "22nd," the Thalian Club gave, in the Public School Building, a play entitled "A Kentucky Belle." The writer of this article has heard every play given by the Club since its organization years ago, and does not hesitate to say that this is the best effort ever put forth by the club. This statement is endorsed by scores of others who have spoken in highly commendatory terms about the play.

Owing to the fact that many of those who heard the play have brought to bear upon the Club such great pressure for its repetition, the Club has decided to repeat it in the auditorium of the School Building, on Friday evening, March 4th. Very many of those who heard it on the 22nd, want to hear it again, and those who have not heard it, will miss a rare opportunity to hear a good thing if they do not take advantage of this second chance.

Admission—Reserved seats, 25 cents; general, 25 cents; children, 10 cents. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Entertainment begins at 7:30. Tickets will be on sale at Trout's Drug store, on Thursday, March 3rd, at 9 a. m.; also at the School Building, on the evening of the entertainment.

C. P. Carmack and family moved back to this place from Mercersburg last week, and are now comfortably fixed in Senator Alexander's tenant house on West Water street. Mr. Carmack came back to take his former place as driver of one of the hacks on the Sheets stage line.

RECORD OF DEATHS.

Persons Well Known to Many of Our Readers, Who Have Answered Final Summons.

ALL SEASONS ARE THINE, O DEATH.

WALTERS.

On Thursday, February 24, 1910, the death angel visited the home of W. H. Walters, at Akersville, Pa., and removed from their midst the loving wife and mother, after an illness of several months.

The deceased was a daughter of the late Joel and Julian Barton, and was born near Crystal Springs, Oct. 7, 1846, and died Feb. 24, 1910. She was therefore aged 63 years, 3 months and 17 days. Her entire life was spent within a few miles of her birth place.

She was a good Christian woman, a member of the M. E. church for 50 years, and died triumphant in the faith. She had a host of friends and was loved and esteemed by all who knew her. Her kindness and influence will be missed by many, especially by the sorrowing family and relatives.

In March, 1864, she was united in marriage to W. H. Walters. To this union 9 children, 7 boys and 2 girls were born. The youngest preceded her to the Spirit world. Besides the aged husband, she is survived by the following children: J. B. and Mrs. C. W. Thomas, of Six Mile Run, Pa.; Elsha L., of Flemington, Pa.; W. Calvin, of Altoona, Pa.; Mrs. Wilson Connor; R. H. and S. E., of Akersville, and T. Haslet at home; also by one brother, T. H. Barton, of Coatsville, Pa.

She was laid to rest in the cemetery at Akersville, on Sunday Feb. 27th. Funeral services conducted by her pastor Rev. C. F. Weise.

GARLAND.

Lemuel Garland, a well known citizen of Belfast township, died at his home near Needmore, last Saturday. The funeral took place on Monday, and interment was made in the cemetery at Hill's Chapel, the sermon being preached by Elder C. L. Funk.

Besides his wife, who was a daughter of the late Asa Truax, of Belfast township, he is survived by three daughters and three sons, namely, Jane, wife of Nathan Mellott, in Whips Cove; Alice, wife of Oliver Plessinger, near Needmore, and Mrs. Samantha Morgret, residing at Boswell, Indiana; David A., Joseph, and Aaron P., also residing in Belfast township.

In politics, Mr. Garland was an ardent Democrat of the Old School; and, until his health began to fail on account of advancing years, he took an active interest in local politics. He served the County as Commissioner during the years 1885-6-7, he being elected with W. H. Spangler of Wells, and W. H. Charlton, of Bethel. Mr. Spangler resigning in the spring of 1886 to go to North Dakota, John A. Wishart was appointed to fill the unexpired term of Mr. Spangler. Mr. Garland was a pleasant, affable gentleman; and the conscientious manner in which he discharged the duties of his office, won to him a host of friends all over the County.

Mr. Garland was aged about 72 years, 6 months.

MOTTER.

Mrs. Mary E. Motter, widow of the late Cyrus Motter, deceased, died at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. George Thomas, near Back Run in Ayr township, on Thursday of last week, aged 80 years, 2 months, and 16 days.

Mrs. Motter had been an invalid for several years, and bedfast during the past two years. She was a consistent member of the German Baptist church, and her funeral was conducted by

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. Helen F. Peck and Miss Marguerite Stiver returned to Meyersdale, Monday.

Ex-Commissioner W. L. Cunningham, of Wells, was a business visitor at the County Seat Tuesday and Wednesday.

Ex-Prothonotary, James P. Waltz, of Thompson, spent Tuesday night in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Harr in Todd township.

Miss Maye McEldowney who was here attending the funeral of her grand-mother, Mrs. Mary Motter last Sunday, returned to Hagerstown, Monday.

Rev. J. C. Garland on last Sunday, interment being made in the cemetery at the Lutheran church near Big Cove Tannery. She is survived by two sons, Henry U. residing in Clearfield county, Pa.; and Jacob L., near McConnellsburg, Pa., and by six daughters, namely, Mrs. Elizabeth McEldowney, Gem, Pa.; Maggie, wife of E. M. Rodgers, McKeesport, Pa.; Mattie, wife of U. G. Boyer, also residing at McKeesport; Rebecca, wife of George Thomas, and Ida, wife of William Thomas, near McConnellsburg, and Ella, wife of William St. Clair residing in Franklin county. She is survived, also, by 39 grand-children, and 15 great-grand-children.

Mrs. Motter's maiden name was Washabaugh, a sister of the late Henry Washabaugh, of Ayr township.

HORTON.

Abner Horton an aged and respected citizen died at his residence in Sallito, Pa., February 22, 1910, aged 64 years, 5 months, and 5 days. He leaves to survive him his widow, four sons and one brother—Wm. H., of Chicago; Abner E., of Pittsburg; Edward S. and David H., of Sallito, and his brother Abram, of Cassville, Pa. Mr. Horton was born near Broad Top City, and lived twenty-seven years near Hustontown, and removed to Sallito several years ago. Mr. Horton was a good citizen and respected by all who knew him. Funeral services were conducted at New Grand by his pastor at 10:30 a. m., on the 24th, and interment was made in Hill View cemetery.

MRS. CORNELIUS DOYLE.

Mrs. Mary Doyle, wife of Cornelius Doyle, died at her home in Harrisburg, last Sunday night aged about 54 years. The funeral services were held yesterday afternoon from her late residence and were in charge of Rev. Dr. J. A. Lyter, pastor of the Derry Street, United Brethren Church. Interment in the Paxtang cemetery.

Mrs. Doyle had been in failing health for several months, suffering from a complication of diseases. She had many friends in McConnellsburg, who will long remember her generous hospitality, and the many other good qualities of mind and heart.

HILL.

Minnie C., wife of James K. Hill, of Belfast township, died at her late home last Friday, aged 26 years, 8 months, and 21 days. The funeral conducted by her pastor, Rev. A. G. B. Powers, assisted by Eld. C. L. Funk, took place on Sunday, and interment was made at the cemetery at Hills Chapel.

The large number of sorrowing people that assembled to pay a parting tribute to the deceased, shows the high esteem in which she was held in the community in which she had lived.

Four years ago, she united with the Christian church and was an exemplary member to the time of her death.

She leaves to mourn their loss a husband, two children, two sisters, and her mother.