

The Fulton County News.

VOLUME 12

McCONNELLSBURG, PA., APRIL 6, 1911.

NUMBER 29

RECORD OF DEATHS.

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

ALL SEASONS ARE THINE, O DEATH.

MRS. SARAH J. WOODAL.

Mrs. Sarah Jones Woodal, widow of the late County Superintendent, Harry H. Woodal, of this county, died at her residence in Chambersburg on Monday, aged 72 years, 3 months, and 20 days. She had been confined to her room since last Thanksgiving, suffering from dropsy and heart trouble.

Her husband served as County Superintendent of this county from 1872 to 1881; he owned and edited the Fulton Democrat from 1881 to 1892, when he removed to Chambersburg to become manager for the Valley Spirit Publishing Company. About two years later he established the Franklin Review, a weekly newspaper, but its life was brief, and it was absorbed by the People's Register. Mr. Woodal died in Chambersburg in 1896.

Mrs. Woodal had long been a member of the Methodist Episcopal church. Her surviving children are: Mary, wife of Horace Cromer, Pittsburg; Harry, of Philadelphia; and Misses Georgia, Blanche and Jessie, of Chambersburg. She was a member of the well known Jones family of Path Valley. Her surviving brothers and sisters are: Harrison Jones and James Jones, of Path Valley; Mrs. Emma Jones, near Fort Littleton, and Mrs. Mary McGowan, of Philadelphia.

CORA FRYMAN KNOTT.

The many friends of George Upton Fryman, formerly of the Cove, but now a resident of Michigan, will be pained to learn that death has again invaded his family, and taken their oldest daughter, Cora. This is the third member of their family that have died from tuberculosis within a period of two years.

Cora was born in Oronoko, Berrien county, Mich., July 10, 1873. On the 25th of October, 1899, she was married to Carl Knott, and after their marriage, moved into Indiana. Last summer it became apparent that Cora was a victim of tuberculosis, and her husband took her to Tennessee in the hope that the climate would aid her in throwing off the dead malady but she grew steadily worse until the end came on the 25th of March 1911, at a sanitarium of Lookout Mountain.

One child, Robert, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Knott, who, with her father, survives. Being the youngest child of her father's family, Cora, by her constant loving service, proved a most efficient helper, and her mother often stated that Cora was so companionable that she filled for many years the place of sister as well as daughter.

JOHN MILLARD FORE.

John Millard, aged 7 months and 27 days, son of Ira and Amy Fore, at Knobsville, died Saturday after a brief illness, general on Tuesday, and interment in the cemetery at Knobsville, M. E. church. The bereaved parents have the sympathy of their friends in the loss of their little son.

HARRY C. JONES.

Harry C. Jones died at his home near Knobsville, on Monday, aged 47 years, 3 months, and 15 days. Mr. Jones had been afflicted for some time with Traumatic Prostatitis, and recently submitted to an operation in Chambersburg, which afforded temporary relief, but soon his trouble returned, and his illness was beyond the power of medical skill.

He was a son of Sylvester Doyle Jones, and was married to a Miss Naugle, who survives. Harry was pleasant

Birthday Surprise.

Last Sunday morning as Mrs. Sheridan Hann was doing her morning work, some of her neighbors called on her and requested her to accompany them to Sunday school and preaching. Without much hesitation Mrs. Hann was soon ready and they started little thinking what was planned for the future. She was scarcely seated in the church when her friends and neighbors invaded the home and took possession of the kitchen and dining room. When Mrs. Hann returned what was her surprise to find the dinner ready to be served and such a dinner, everything good for the inner man and if any one there went away not satisfied it was not the fault of the cooks as there was plenty left over. (So much the writer felt a desire to board a week.)

Just as Mrs. Hann had finished eating dinner and her nerves were getting quiet she was sprinkled with a shower of post cards. She received also some very handsome and valuable presents for which she extends her heartiest thanks and good wishes. It was her 55th birthday and her friends wish she may have many more, and that each may be as happy as April 2, 1911. Many persons could not be present on account of the prevalence of whooping cough in the neighborhood.

Following is a list of those present: Sheridan Hann, wife, son Henry and daughter Ette; A. P. Garland, wife and son Carl; H. M. Truax, wife and son Lee; C. L. Bard, John Bard, Mrs. Glenn Hann and daughter Anna, Mrs. Lydia Bard and son George, Mrs. Maggie Bard and son Herman, Rev. John Mellott, wife and sons Calvin and Webster; Barney Weller, and wife; Benj. Garland and wife; Stulwell Truax, wife and daughter Dotte and sons Oscar and Clem; Eli Hann, wife, daughter Maggie and sons Harrison, Edward and David; Mack Mellott, wife and son Raymond and daughter Mores; Mrs. Susie Wink, Rhoda and Nellie Garland, David Fitterer and Jim Mellott; making a total of 46.

About 4 o'clock all returned to their respective homes feeling the day had been well spent.

TRUX.

Recent Wedding.

DIVELBISS-DESHONG.

Thursday, March 30th at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Ranck at Warfordsburg, Mr. Oliver Divelbiss of near Franklin Mills and Miss Ivy Grace Deshong, of Dott, were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony by Squire Wm. B. Ranck. The bride, who is a pretty blonde was attired in a lovely costume of blue mohair with hat and gloves to match Miss Deshong is a popular young lady, she having won a beautiful set of silver ware at a show here not long ago as being the most popular among quite a number of ladies. The groom is a young man of excellent character and habits, and during his stay of several years here, has made many friends. The happy couple have the best wishes of their many friends.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Deshong. Her father died several years ago and her mother is now the wife of Mr. Jeremiah Golden of Warfordsburg.

On Sunday, April 9, Rev. J. B. Stansberry, D. D. presiding elder will speak in the Cito A. M. E. church at 7:30 at which time communion will be observed. Other services during the day will be Class at 10; love feast at 11; speaking at 11:30 and 2:30.

and affable, and had a wide circle of friends.

The funeral took place yesterday, and his remains were laid to rest in the cemetery at the M. E. church, Knobsville.

MISSION WORK.

Mrs. Charles R. Pittman Tells of Tour in Persia She and Her Husband Took Last Fall.

On the 27th of last October, Mr. Pittman and I left for a short tour to Maragha visiting a few villages on the way. It was a bright sunny day, not very cold, in fact uncomfortably warm in the sun, especially between the hours of 11 and 3 o'clock. We did not have very good horses—charvadar horses are not all that is to be desired in horses. One is never sure of just what they are going to do, whether they are going to be able to keep on their feet or not; and then, it is hard to get them to go any faster than a very slow walk. However, we do manage by coaxing with the whip, which is kept up continually, to reach our mazel or stopping places for the day.

At noon we reached a village about eight miles from Tabriz, had lunch, rested the horses for an hour, then mounted for the last half of our journey for the day, reaching Ilkechee at about 4:30 p. m. I was obliged to walk part of the way on the last half of our journey because I was so tired from the saddle, it had been some years since I had ridden horseback, and it took a few days to get accustomed to the saddle again.

There is something exhilarating traveling horseback in this country, and being one of many on the road. Now it is a caravan of horses or donkeys, or a large caravan of the animals of the desert with their slow steady tramp, tramp. Occasionally a wagon or carriage load of people will pass us, if we are on the main road, every one anxious and eager to see who the new comers might be, some times there will be a cheery greeting as they pass, some times a stare. In any case, it was always a stare, and a long one at that with often a nudge and a grin on the part of my inquisitive and interested companions. Often I would hear incredulously, "Yes, it is a woman!" And then I would wish that I could talk to them and tell them of the narrow road which leads to heaven and upon which we all want to travel.

After reaching Ilkechee, we dismounted at a private house in which Mr. Pittman has been stopping for some years, and after getting our loads in, and eating a little lunch we were ready for work. The men of the house, unfortunately, were away; so we had only some women and boys to talk to. I talked to them from John 14th, emphasizing "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." The old woman in the house said that it had been so long since any one had come, that just that morning she had prayed "Oh God bring the ladies." After reading and talking to her she said "It has been so long since my ears have heard the sweet words." During the evening she said that she believed that Christ was the Son of God. It is hard to get them to say so much or acknowledge that they believe that Christ is the Son of God and especially before others. She has heard the gospel a great many times from Miss Holliday and others.

Just as we were leaving Tabriz on that first day out, a party of pilgrims were leaving for Kerbelah. We were on different roads but in sight of each other for part of our journey. After a little the two roads met, but they were a little ahead; presently we got in the lead—behind us they came a dozen horses and mules, bells of all sizes and kinds were fastened around their necks, and these bells kept up a continual tinkle, tinkle,—each sending forth its own sound. Men on horseback, women and children in the Kajavas, willing and glad to be able to take this long hazardous journey, involving great expense and sacrifice, as well as

sickness and probable death in order that they might earn the good will of God and make atonement for their past sins as well as for any they might commit in the future. As we were in the lead, how I longed that we might in reality be leading them in the True Way, that they might know and believe that Christ is The Way, that the journey they were willing to take to help work out their own salvation was so useless, that Christ had suffered for them, and all they had to do was to appropriate what he has done for them. I sometimes think that salvation is so simple and easy that it is hard for men to believe. We always want to do something ourselves, and cannot rest on the finished work of Christ.

We left Ilkechee the next morning, going to the next village at which we would stop, some eight miles away. We reached there before noon, had lunch of some good fresh native bread, matzoon, grapes, cheese and tea. In the early afternoon the women began to come. I received the women in one room and Mr. Pittman the men in another room and we were both busy with callers all the afternoon and evening. In the afternoon I spoke to about 25 women and in the evening five more came in. Some of these women had never seen a missionary nor heard the gospel, and I felt it a great privilege to tell them the good news. Two little girls came to my window, one ten years old and the other 12, both soon to be married. The one ten years old was to be married to a man of 25 years, and the other's fiancée is much older. They were very pretty little girls and it makes one's heart ache for them, to know of all that they must endure besides being robbed of their childhood and girlhood. These people urge us to come again and stay for a longer period which we hope to do sometime this Spring.

There is something very attractive about village life and village people in spite of their extreme ignorance and filth, but one has to look above their actual surroundings. We had an upstairs room which had a window overlooking the street; right in front of our window was a pool of water, 30 feet long and about as many feet wide, with walks on the four sides. All that part of the village came there for water. In the evening they let the water out of this pool into the gardens after which it fills up with "new" water. (I do not dare say clean water.) It was quite interesting if not horrifying to see how the people would use the water. For example: Across from us on the farther side of the pool, a woman comes out of her house with her baby and gives it a bath—that is washing its face and its feet and limbs to the waist. Then she washes out its dirty clothes, picks up her baby and goes back into the house. Shortly another woman comes along with her water jug, fills it, and for some reason she happens to come to the same place where the woman had washed her baby and clothes, and after filling her water jug, makes her morning ablutions. On the other side a man drives his donkey in the water to drink, and then he rubs it down with some of this water. We have asked for some grapes and cheese for breakfast as well as tea. From our side of the pool the woman of our house comes out and washes our tea and grapes and fills her water jug with this same water. By and by, a girl comes along and pollutes the water more, and so it keeps on all during the day. Needless to say that when our grapes and cheese came in, we scalded them with boiling water, as we had to eat them and thankful that it was no worse. Do you wonder that there is cholera, typhoid and every other illness in this country?

It began to rain the next morning when we were ready to start, (Continued on page four)

"Genesis LI."

Over 1000 years ago the following so-called "Genesis 51" was used to puzzle biblical scholars, and to-day, where it is read aloud in any mixed company, it is questionable if its fraudulent nature would be discovered, so beautifully is the spirit and language of the Old Testament imitated:

(1) And it came to pass after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun.

(2) And behold a man, bowed with age, came from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff.

(3) And Abraham arose and met him, and said unto him, Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night, and thou shalt arise early on the morrow, and go thy way.

(4) But the man said, Nay, for I will abide under this tree.

(5) And Abraham pressed him greatly; so he turned, and they went into the tent, and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat.

(6) And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, Wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, Creator of heaven and earth?

(7) And the man answered and said, I do not worship the God thou speakest of, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myself a God, which abideth always in mine house, and provideth me with all things.

(8) And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness.

(9) And at midnight God called unto Abraham saying, Abraham, where is the stranger?

(10) And Abraham answered and said, Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name, therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness.

(11) And God said, Have I borne with him these hundred ninety and eight years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me, and couldst not thou, that art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?

(12) And Abraham said, Let not the anger of my Lord wax against his servant; lo! I have sinned, forgive me, I pray thee.

(13) And Abraham arose and went forth into the wilderness, and sought diligently for the man, and found him, and returned with him to the tent, and when he had entreated him kindly, he sent him away on the morrow with gifts.

(14) And God spake unto Abraham saying, For this thy sin shall thy seed be afflicted four hundred years in a strange land.

(15) But for thy repentance will I deliver them, and they shall come forth with power, and with gladness of heart, and with much substance.

In 1759, when in England as agent for the Colony of Pennsylvania, Benjamin Franklin first wrote and privately printed this "Chapter," as he always termed it. Taking only a sheet of paper, he kept it laid in his Bible at the end of Genesis, and used to amuse himself by reading it aloud to his friends, and hearing them express their surprise that they had never recollected reading it, and their openly expressed admiration of the moral it carried with it. As originally written and printed it did not contain the last four verses, and also differed from the above version in several minor particulars; but that it at the time pleased Franklin is shown by the fact that he distributed copies among his friends though these copies have nothing to show who was the author; for to have claimed the authorship, or given it the general circulation which anything with his name attached was sure to obtain, would have defeated his purpose, preventing its being passed off as a bona-fide chapter of the Old Testament.

When Franklin revised and

Must Tell How It Was Spent.

A decision was handed down by the Supreme Court of this State quite recently that settled a disputed question concerning the corrupt practice act of 1906, for the regulation of money expenditures by candidates for office in carrying on their campaign. The case was that of Judge Umbell, of Fayette county, who was elected in 1909. The Fayette county court in a charge preferred against Judge Umbell, for not having made a full and clear statement of the expenditure of money in his campaign, ruled that a candidate need not specifically designate by whom and for what purposes money used in a campaign was spent. The case appealed to the Superior Court, which reversed the Fayette courts ruling. Then the case was appealed to the Supreme Court which has just sustained the Superior Court, so that candidates must tell specifically for what objects and purposes their disbursements are made.

Horse Ran Off.

Last Saturday evening a week Elmer Tolbert, the efficient mail carrier between Big Cove Tannery and McConnellsburg, accompanied by Ralph Mellott, was crossing Scrub Ridge into Belfast township. When at Mrs. Elizabeth McEldowney's barn, the horse became frightened and ran away, throwing the occupants out, and injuring them; in fact Elmer was so broken up that he was unable to carry the mail for a week. The horse became detached from the buggy, and ran on toward the upper end of the township, and was not returned to the owner until the next week.

Real Estate Sales.

Geo. A. Harris, Agent, sold the following properties during the past week. They were advertised in the NEWS.

The A. L. Lamberson property at Gem, Pa., to Ranard Mellott, of Needmore, Pa., for \$700.00.

The David Forner farm of 160 acres in Dublin township, near Hustontown, Pa., to Mrs. Susan Mellott, of Hustontown, Pa., for \$1200.00. Possession May first. Mr. Forner will have sale and rent for a year.

Many other properties that had been sold by Agent Harris during the past few months; were closed up April first.

Low Price of Wheat.

Wheat, which is now bringing about 82 cents, is selling at the lowest level touched in four years. Two years ago it sold at \$1.50, which was the highest price reached since the close of the Civil War, when it sold for \$2.50 a bushel. Wheat was at its lowest sixteen years ago, when it sold at 46 cents. Five years ago, it dropped to 68 cents.

The prospects for an advance in prices very soon are not encouraging as grain dealers say they are handling larger quantities of the cereal than last year. Many farmers held their crops of 1909 and 1910 for higher prices.

Miss Blanche E. Brant, who very successfully taught the McGovern school in Tod township during the past winter finished the term on Wednesday of last week, and has gone to the new home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Brant, near Wilkerson Franklin county.

added the last four verses it is impossible to say with any certainty; but it was probably during his second English visit. Of this second edition there is a copy in the Congressional Library—a little leaflet, not as large as a sheet of note-paper, yet invoiced in the Franklin Collection at \$20; and, by Mr. Stevens, the former of the collection, it was always affirmed to be the only copy in existence.

(Continued next week.)

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

Geo. C. Deshong, of Pleasant Ridge, was in town a few hours last Friday attending to business.

Mr. and Mrs. Riley Deshong of Sipes Mill were in town last Friday. Mr. Deshong is one of Belfast township's supervisors.

Mr. George Lynch of Laurel Ridge in Ayr township, spent a few hours in town last Saturday and called at the NEWS office and pushed his subscription ahead well into the year 1912.

George W. Sipes who recently sold his farm in Licking Creek township and purchased another in Taylor was in town Tuesday. He says they like their new home and surroundings very much.

Mr. M. C. Greenland and daughter Mary, of Wells Valley, made a trip to McConnellsburg last Saturday. Mr. Greenland has come through the winter in good shape, and is looking bright and happy as ever.

Mr. Otho Souders, of Tod township, was in town last Saturday for the first since last fall. Otho has been laid up with rheumatism much of the time this winter, but when the weather gets settled, we hope he will be able to forget his aches and pains.

Our old friend and school-mate John S. Hull, formerly of Bethel township, but for many years a resident of Mansfield, O., in sending a letter with a dollar bill to renew his subscription writes: "It has been thirty-one years since I left Old Fulton to make my home in the West, but I still have a strong desire to hear from my old friends back in the county of my boyhood. It looks like winter out here this week—snowing and very cold. Wishing all my old friends good luck and plenty of it, I am as ever, John S. Hull."

SIDELING HILL.

Spring is here, and all the women's talk is "cleaning house" and "making garden." If the weather continues as it has been during the past week there will not be much of either kind of work done very soon.

Miss Goldie Mascn visited her sister Miss Zoe at Warfordsburg last Saturday and Sunday.

Albert Hess, wife and son, of Locust Grove, spent last Sunday with Ira Hess and wife.

Miss Achsah Griffin is staying with the family of Job Hill.

Oliver Divelbiss and Miss Ivy Deshong were quietly married last Thursday by Justice of the Peace Ranck at Warfordsburg.

G. J. Mellott is sawing lumber for Chas. Hess.

Wesley Heinbaugh has returned home.

Mrs. Ella Garland has returned home after having spent some time visiting in Cumberland.

Mrs. Mary A. Hess, near Hancock, is staying this week with her sister Mrs. Catharine Lynch.

T. K. Downs and Miss Kate Smith, of Iddo, spent last Sunday at the home of Alex. Bernhard.

Chas. Hess expects to build a new house this summer.

B. W. Robinson, of Hancock, spent Saturday evening and Sunday at this place.

A Sunday-School was organized at Bedford's Chapel Sunday morning with the following officers: Superintendent, T. K. Downs; Assistant Superintendent, Job Garland; Secretary, Goldie Akers; Treasurer, Wm. Carnell. Sunday School at 9 o'clock next Sunday.

Mrs. N. E. Fisher spent a day last week at this place.

There will be preaching at Bedford's Chapel Friday evening, April 7 at 7:30 p. m., by the pastor Rev. Cline.