

The Fulton County News.

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THE GRIM REAPER.

Short Sketches of the Lives of Persons Who Have Recently Passed Away.

MRS. ELLIOTT WINK.

Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Wink, widow of the late Elliott Wink, died at her home in Saskatchewan, Canada, December 13, 1913, aged 67 years. The deceased was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Clabaugh, of Clearville, Bedford county. In 1872 she was united in marriage with Elliott, a son of the late Jacob Wink, of Belfast township. After their marriage she and her husband lived on the old home place at Joe's Run; then, they went to the Cove and lived on the J. S. Trout farm and, later, on the Thomas Johnson farm. About nineteen years ago, they removed to Iowa, where they resided a few years, and then removed to Saskatchewan, Canada. Elliott died suddenly about five years ago.

Mrs. Wink was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church from early life and was a very fine woman. She is survived by her husband, one son, two daughters, four brothers: E. A. Clabaugh, of Armour, South Dakota; Simon, of Lemars, Iowa; J. F., of Mench, Bedford county, and Nathan, who resides on the old homestead, at Ray's Hill, and two sisters: Martha, wife of Reuben Miller, of Chapman's Run, and Miss Mary E. Clabaugh, of Cumberland, Maryland.

The deceased was buried at Rose Hill cemetery, North Dakota, where two children are buried.

MRS. JACOB SCHEITROMPF.

Mrs. Sallie McKee Scheitrompf, wife of Jacob Scheitrompf, died at her home near Warfordsburg, Sunday evening, January 4, 1913, after an illness of six days with pneumonia, in her 32nd year. Mrs. Scheitrompf was a member of the Christian church and was a faithful wife and devoted mother and will be greatly missed in the home. She is survived by her husband and ten children. The funeral was held on Wednesday morning and interment was made in the Methodist Episcopal church.

MRS. ANNA WOOLLET.

A telegram received by Postmaster Woollet, on Tuesday brought the sad intelligence that Mrs. Anna Woollet, formerly of Fort Littleton, had died on Monday at her home in Wilkinsburg, Pa. Mrs. Woollet was the widow of the late Scott Woollet, and a sister of David Ashton, of Mad densville. She was aged about 60 years. She is survived by two children, Bruce, Woollet, of Fanettsburg, and Miss Olivette, Wilkinsburg.

DESHONG.

Kenneth Merrill Deshong, infant son of John E. Deshong of Anderson, died Jan. 6, 1914, about 19 hours old. Interment Siloam Cem. Services conducted by their pastor Rev. E. J. Croft.

Miss Morton Entertains Pupils.

On last Thursday evening three sleds crowded to the utmost passed through our town. Our curiosity was at once aroused to find where these well behaved folks were from, and on investigation it was found that about fifty of the pupils of McGovern's school were enroute to spend the evening with their teacher, Miss Joan Morton. The teams were driven by three of the patrons; Mr. Geo. Finiff, Mr. Clyde Ott, and Mr. John Mackey.

What better proof would we want than this of the perfect harmony existing among the pupils, and teacher, of this big school?

Miss Zoe Mellott, who is teaching school near Johnstown, spent her holiday vacation with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. Mellott near Sipes Mill.

A CONDITION, AND NOT A THEORY.

Grover Cleveland's Famous Phrase Applied to Dairy Conditions as Found in Big Cove, To-day.

EDITOR NEWS:—A farmer friend noting the half-heartedness of the dairy business in Fulton county, applied the words of good old Nehemiah and asked "Why should the work cease?" About twenty-five years ago the dairy business as such started in our community with the advent of the creamery. At that time there was but one bank in McConnellsburg, and it could show deposits averaging only \$35,000. Now the combined deposits of the two banks reach a total of over \$600,000. There are other reasons for the large advance in surplus earnings, but the dairy cow is the big reason, because in her is the source of steady increase week by week through the year. By her, are the girls and boys given employment; by her are the babies, calves, and pigs nourished; by her are the other products of the farm reduced to smaller bulk and greater profits; by her, are future beef supplies kept up, and by her is built the manure pile a veritable Farmers' Bank. Our county is isolated from railroads, and hence the necessity of marketing our products in a concentrated form and at the same time preserving and increasing the fertility of our farms.

During 1912 the price of butter averaged thirty cents a pound an increase of ten cents per pound since 1904. In 1912, 600,000 pounds of butter was made in one of our creameries—an increase over 1911 of 50 per cent. Probably the other creamery did equally well. Does 1913 tell as good a story? Be, that as it may there is food for thought in the fact that there is a disposition at the present time to drop out of the dairy business, a disposition that bodes ill to the prosperity of the community. Some of our best cows are being sold and driven out of the County, feeding is not done in a scientific manner neither are there any silos being erected. The friendly rivalry that formerly existed between farmers is no longer noticeable. There is noticeable, however, a lack of co-operation on the part of creamery managers, bankers, and other business men, toward making agriculture more remunerative and hereby increasing their own business as all our resources are in the first foot of soil. Such co-operation in the Western states has revolutionized vast dairy and general farming sections.

The cows of Fulton county are not treated properly, and they return only about half of what they should. A visit to many of our barnyards will show plenty of fat cows with shriveled udder, improper feeding accounting for it; because, many men do not know what a balanced ration is. As rich land may not produce properly for lack of some element just so many fat, nice looking cows fail to give proper quantities of milk for lack of some one or more milk-making element in their food. What is needed, perhaps, is more intelligence and foresight; or, is it true, as a friend remarked lately that "Outside monopoly has strangled home co-operation, and the dairy business is in danger of languishing, as it has done in some of our neighbor farming communities?"

W. C. Patterson.

Sledding Party.

Cloyd Everhart brought a jolly sledding party from Knobsville to McConnellsburg and they spent last Friday evening in the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Washbaugh. The party was composed of Cloyd Everhart and wife, Harry O. Hamil, wife and son Walter, Mrs. B. F. Cline and son John; A. L. Wible, Jennie Wood, Al, Etta Snyder, Grace Lodge, Emory Giunt, and Bruce Wible.

FROM WILL HUGHES.

Interesting Description of Walk, and of What May Be Learned Along the Way in Winter.

DEAR EDITOR NEWS:—I took a walk yesterday—a not unusual thing for me to do. Not in the city, however: City walks are common to many persons, and there is value in them in a way, but not the highest value. My walk was in the country. A trolley car, in forty minutes, landed me at Angora, where runs Cobb's Creek, the dividing line between Philadelphia and Delaware counties, on the southwest. This is a point from which many summer excursions start to near and far-away fields, woods and streams in quest of wild flowers, etc. The place is familiar to me, as is all the country for miles around; for, have I not been over all of it at least a hundred times? and at all seasons? and in every possible condition of weather? For five hundred years, until several years since, the largest White Oak in Pennsylvania stood near this place. It measured twenty-five feet around at four to ten feet above ground. A great wind upturned it, and now naught remains to mark its site.

I cross the bridge and am on the Baltimore pike—one of the many fine roadways that lead out from the city in all directions,—as suitable to those who carry themselves as to those who employ autos, or other vehicles to do the carrying. The day is "gray," and the temperature about right for snow, perhaps rain; it will matter little to me which comes; though a blinding snow storm would shut me out from many interesting objects by the way.

There are three purposes to my walk—aye, four. First, the walk itself—the ten miles of leg-stretching I mean to do; with spasms of "dog-trotting," to increase the blood circulation, followed by pauses for deep breathings to fill my lungs with the better rural ozone; this must not be omitted; it is a physical health measure—good for everybody, but sadly neglected by most people. I regret to state. Secondly, I mean to use my eyes in seeing any wild plants, and especially trees, that may be in evidence; which innocent diversion will afford me great pleasure and some profit. If I fail to do this my conscience will tell me that I have sinned against my higher self. God is never nearer to me than when I behold him in his handiwork. "God made the country, and man made the town," is true in more sense than one. My third purpose is to meet several young men who wish to learn the many Art of Self-Defense. Accordingly, the hand bag which I carry, contains a set of ten-ounce Boxing gloves. For purposes of instruction a mushy glove is most agreeable to the pupil, since it allays his fears of a knockout punch. My fourth object is to visit an old-time friend in order to learn something from his superior knowledge of matters zoologic.

And now I start. Few persons being in sight, I break away in a gentle run (dogtrot), and am soon a quarter mile ahead. Here I stop to climb a fence to see if Draba Verna (Whitlow grass), is in bloom. Some years this wee wilding comes to the fore thus early; but today there is no sign of it. On to the pike again, a five minutes pause for some deep breathings, and I am off, but soon halted before a fine specimen of Fraxinus Americana (White Ash), having a diameter of three and a half feet, and a height of seventy-five. The Ash is one of the opposite leaf, branch, and bud trees; common to us are several native species and one European. All are beautiful, and the White is the largest. There is no better time to study the characteristics of deciduous

trees than winter—the resting season. Soon I reach Fernwood, only to hurry through it, since it is about as horrid in its general make-up as any place I know. It has no beauty, and mud is always present. I hasten along with my eyes shut.

Now I am in Lansdowne, one of our finest suburban towns. Here is beauty in all seasons. Many people of great wealth reside here. Their houses and lawns are superb—wait until summer comes and then behold the attractive displays of cultivated shrubbery and vegetable gardens. See this huge Black Walnut—a typical specimen, with a limb outstretch of ninety feet, giving gracious shades to two yards. But, hark! what sound falls upon my ear? Oh! I see, it is the Downy Woodpecker, a winter resident. He is drumming upon a dead limb of that noble twin chestnut tree that stands on the brow of yonder hill, overlooking the valley. He is dining on grubs, insects, etc., which he knows are there. Downy is a friend to the farmer and deserves protection. With my glass I bring him close to me and note his black, white and red markings.

I run down the steep hill to Darby Creek, note its rocky bed, and the many Alder bushes, lavishly adorned with dull-red catkins, along its sides. Two months hence the display of yellow blossoms and pollen here will be immense. Crossing the bridge I leisurely walked up the hill and entered the town of Clifton Heights—a dingy old place indeed I have known it for thirty years, but have never been able to speak in its praise. It seems to progress backward. The pavements are poor and scattered, with plenty of debris everywhere. It is in strange contrast to its neighbor Lansdowne. The school houses are antiquated—they need a baptism of fire. In fact the entire place should be wiped out as a town, and either built up anew, or sown with wheat! But here it is I meet my class: so, after an hour with them. I hurriedly skip along to the home of my friend, who welcomes me heartily and takes me at once to his "den," where he is preparing a paper for Collier's on some phase of Natural History; for my friend is an all round Naturalist, and a good one. What he does not know of local birds, the smaller animals, and insects is hardly worth knowing. He first invites me to a tramp which I am obliged to decline. He introduces me to his well-groomed 12-pound jet-black cat, which he avers, is the sweetest dispositioned feline he ever knew; and, to prove his assertion, he puts him through a course of rough handling that would put almost any living thing out of humor, but Puss does not seem to be perturbed by it. On the contrary, he manifests a strong desire for more—to my astonishment. Then we gossip and gabble and even seriously discuss several interesting nature problems, until the old clock on the stairs reminds us of the flight of an all-too-short hour, when I rise to take my leave; he insists, however, in showing me the latest additions to his working library—(already replete with the generally accepted authorities in every branch of Natural Science),—and his collections of birds and butterflies, all of which are beautifully preserved and classified. Now we say the parting word, and I am soon on the pike again, retracing my steps to Angora. On this back trip I see nothing of movement excepting a flock of snow-birds. I reach my home a 3 p. m., after a day of pleasure and profit.

W. M. F. HUGHES.

P. S.—It would please me to hear directly from any of my youthful associates, or to read an article from their pen in the News. Come on, now, don't be bashful. Truly yours, W. F. HUGHES, 143 N. 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ALICE WISHART IN INDIA.

Letter Written to Dr. Bertha Caldwell, of Johnstown, While Alice Was in Mountains.

Dr. Bertha Caldwell, of Johnstown, sends an interesting letter which she received recently from Miss Alice Wishart, of Wells Tannery, now doing missionary work in India. Miss Wishart was home three years ago for an operation for appendicitis, from which she has not fully recovered, and the accompanying letter tells of her sojourn in the foothills to recuperate. It is as follows:

"Liberty Hall" in "The Vale of the Blue," Nov. 13, 1913.

You will doubtless want to know from start to finish about my coming out here: so herewith it is set forth in order, at least it is begun as I promised; whether the P. T. C.'s will let me finish it is still to be seen. For your benefit I'll explain that P. T. C. stands for "Pathian Tiger Club" of which there are two, one of which is leaning over the back of a chair in front of me this minute gazing with big, lovely brown eyes from under his little fez and running a grimy finger down the page as I write; but more of the P. T. C.'s later: sufficient to say just now that they are two-legged cubs, nevertheless there are real, genuine four-legged ones here. Not the tracks of a cub, but those of a mature tiger were seen in the dust on the road up here the day before we came over it. Lucky, we came the day after his promenade, wasn't it, else I might not be here to tell the tale? But to return: When those dreadful "adhesions"—I suppose you know what they are—it sounds like court plaster to me—got fit to travel the doctor said I must get away from the heat and dust of Allahabad at once; the high hills would not suit, as they were too damp and cold just then, I must think of some cold dry place where it was perfectly quiet. How was I to get "perfect quiet" in a boarding house, pray? Impossible! Like a flash the remembrance of an invitation I had had last March came to me, and I knew at once that it was the very place of all places in India I wanted to go to "recuperate" just then, and when I told the doctor he said, "Go, if she'll have you, it would suit you down to the ground!" "She" was willing to have me, though a bit doubtful as to how I was to be gotten over seven miles of stony road with the "adhesions." Lucky that "she" did not know how bad the road was, or I would never have dared run the risk. The doctor, always most careful of every minute detail, gave E. B. instructions about the arrangements for the journey, little dreaming what awaited us after we left the train at Diowala, where we got out at 4:30 a. m., or rather I should say were lifted out—I was at least. It was dark and chilly, and nothing but a pile of ballast and high jungle grass stretching away into the blackness could be seen; a tiny flicker of light indicated that there might be a station of some kind away up the line. We were in the next to the last carriage of a very long train, and when a sleepy looking guard appeared below the step and declared that this was the place we had asked him to put us out, I inquired how ever we were to accomplish this feat, as the "adhesions" were not supposed to permit acrobatic stunts. Indian guards are especially accommodating, and this one was more so, as he very kindly put down his lantern and held out his arms, I couldn't quite tell whether to catch me or lift me down. I must have looked smaller than I really am in the dim light, or I doubt whether he would have ventured: anyway appreciating his kindness and realizing that it was the only way out

(Continued on page four.)

From Brother Bryner.

In sending a dollar to renew his subscription, Rev. C. W. Bryner formerly pastor on the McConnellsburg-Knobsville-Ft. Littleton charge, but now in Centralia, Pa., says the FULTON COUNTY NEWS is a very welcome weekly visitor to their home. Mr. Bryner says: "When it arrives on Friday morning, activities about the manse usually cease until we have scanned its pages, learned of the arrivals and departures, the weddings and divorces, the good fortunes and the misfortunes of our Fulton friends. We were exceedingly sorry to learn of the sad accident and death of our old and much esteemed friend, D. V. Sipes, but feel that our loss is his gain.

We are well as usual and busy endeavoring to hold down our job, and one of the indications that we have, at least, been partially successful in our efforts is the fact that, after 3 years of tolerance on the part of our people in this place, we have been unanimously invited and urged to return for a fourth year.

Our church and Sunday school is in a flourishing condition, for a mining town in which Catholicism is in the ascendancy. The Sunday school rendered on Xmas evening a very entertaining Cantata, entitled: "Santa's Gold Mine." We distributed over 400 Xmas treats, including our Home Department and Cradle Roll.

I am the teacher of a Men's Organized Bible Class with a membership of 80. At our regular monthly business meeting of the class on last Friday evening we had an attendance of 60. We have in our Sunday school 60 members who are entitled to an \$56 gold pin given as a reward for a perfect record of attendance during the year 1913.

Our men in this section are not working quite full time at present, which is unusual for this season of the year, but the supply of stored coal seems to be greater than the demand. We are paying for pea coal at the mines \$2.85, and for Chestnut and stove grades, \$3.85 per long ton of 2240 pounds.

Wishing you and yours, in fact all our Fulton County friends a happy and prosperous New Year, I am,

Fraternally yours, C. W. BRYNER.

[While the foregoing letter was not written for publication, we are sure that it will be read with pleasure by the many friends of the Bryners in this county.—EDITOR.]

Starting Large Orchard.

Over three thousand apple trees of the Winesap, Jonathan, Black Twig, Grimes Golden, and York Imperial varieties, have recently been planted on the fruit farm of J. E. Reisner, three miles southeast of Shippensburg along the old Baltimore road, covering about 60 acres of land, 12 acres of which was cleared during the past two months.

Following the planting of the new orchard Mr. Reisner's bearing orchard consisting of over 600 large trees has been trimmed and put in first class condition for the coming season.—Shippensburg Chronicle.

[Editors note:—Mr. Reisner is a brother of our townsmen, Messrs. Geo. W. and J. G. Reisner.]

For Information on Pests.

A great many persons write to State Zoologist H. A. Surface, at Harrisburg, making the request for information in such a general way that Prof. Surface finds it impossible to give the definite information that is needed. He has, therefore, made special effort to request correspondents to be as specific or detailed as possible in describing conditions, and especially to be careful to send specimens with inquiries. It is necessary for him to know every detail possible in order to be accurate in his diagnosis.

KEEP SPRAYING.

Very Satisfactory Results May Be Obtained by the Use of a Small Cheap Pump.

An Allegheny county correspondent wrote to Professor H. A. Surface, Economic Zoologist, Harrisburg, Pa., for information as to whether it was necessary to have a traction or high power spray pump in order to obtain good results in spraying for scale. Professors reply will be found of value to others, and is as follows:

"Replying to your letter of the 15th inst., asking if it is necessary to use a traction spray pump to spray trees, or if good work in spraying can be done with a small pump, I can say that it can be in a thoroughly effective manner with any kind of pump or apparatus that will cover the bark of twigs, branches and trunks with the liquid. In fact, I know of a man near Harrisburg who sprayed a few unusually large apple trees with a very small hand pump, that worked like a squirt gun. He climbed the tree with a ladder, and with a strong lime-sulfur solution in a bucket, and drew the liquid into a hand pump and sprayed it over the trees, continuing this until he had covered them, and he afterwards said that he had excellent results in the control of the scale.

"It does not make any difference in fact whether the trees are sprayed or washed. It is not essential for the lime-sulfur solution to go on the trees in the form of a spray in order to kill the scale. It can be applied as a solid stream, and it will do the work and also will not injure the trees in the least. If a light pump is used at an elevation by which the trees could be reached, and the upper and lower sides of the branches were covered by the liquid, it is all that could be expected even from a larger or heavier pump, and the result should be satisfactory. That is one of the beauties of the lime-sulfur preparation, that it does not make any difference how the lime-sulfur is applied, just so it covers the bark. I understand this is not true of the oils, as one can not do a heavy job of drenching without injuring the trees, but even with oil sprays a light pump can be used in such a way as to be satisfactory as a heavy pump. The only difficulty is that with a light apparatus it takes much longer to be through in the application."

Lives in Shannon, Ill.

The editor was much pleased a few days ago, in receiving a letter from Harry Boerner, of Shannon, Ill. Harry was the oldest son of Adam and Amanda Grove Boerner, who for many years lived in McConnellsburg, and then went to Illinois. Harry began his school work in the old Stone House with Mrs. Sterrett, and "graduated" in the old "Brick" in the spring of 1881 under the Editor of the News. Among the boys in the same school that winter were Walt Hoover, Frank Shimer, Will Hays, Harry Goldsmith, Harry Thompson, Ben Robinson, Will Greathead, Nick Trout, Oscar Johnston, Harry Linn and Leander Unger. Harry's father is dead. His mother although having passed her seventieth birthday, is very well. Harry is afflicted with Bright's Disease and locomotor ataxia, has not been able to walk a step for four years, and lives in an invalid chair.

Living next door to the Boerners in Shannon, is Joseph Warner who was reared down about Webster Mills. Harry says that Mr. Warner is a retired farmer, that he owns and lives in one of the finest houses in that city, and owns one of the finest farms around the city.

The editor suggests that it would be a gracious thing for any of Harry's old school-mates or friends to remember him occasionally with a post-card or letter. His address is Shannon, Illinois.