

The Fulton County News.

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PIONEER STORIES.

Interesting Reminiscences Related By Daniel E. Fore, Esq., of His Experiences in the Far West.

Our genial friend, Daniel E. Fore, Esq., and his daughter Miss Katie, removed from the Fore homestead near Knobsville last spring to their comfortable home at the northern end of Second street, McConnellsburg. Sitting at a big plate glass window in his new home, where he has an uninterrupted view of the Cove almost up to his boyhood home, Mr. Fore takes pleasure in entertaining friends with stories of his experience in western states and in Mexico between the year 1847 and the outbreak of the Civil War. These stories are of times and conditions that will never again be witnessed by men of this, or of a future, generation.

Leaving home in March 1847, when he was twenty years of age, Mr. Fore made his way to Iowa where his brother Jacob then lived. Having sent his trunk by wagon to Pittsburgh, Mr. Fore started out afoot after it. There was much snow on the ground. At Sixmile Crossing, east of Everett, he fell in with a Mormon missionary who was also "hoofing it" to Pittsburgh. Together they walked to Greensburg 104 miles westward from here. The two travelers separated at Greensburg, Mr. Fore taking stage to Pittsburgh. In that city he saw two companies of soldiers from Franklin, Fulton and Bedford counties take boat down the river for Mexico. By the same means, Mr. Fore went down the Ohio and up the Mississippi to his destination in Iowa. During the next twelve years Mr. Fore made seven trips to Iowa, and one to the Pacific coast, including a trip across Mexico to Vera Cruz where only two weeks ago Uncle Sam withdrew a fleet of battleships which he had sent to that point over a year ago to help make Mexicans "be good."

Mr. Fore has kindly consented to permit the News to publish incidents of his travels—the first installment of which follows:

On one occasion, while he and his party were on their way to the Pacific coast, using oxen to draw the wagons, their attention was attracted to a dark line on the horizon behind them. For some time it was not possible to account for it. Some of the party thought it might be black clouds rolling up in advance of those storms that sometimes sweep the plains. Whatever it was it seemed to be moving in their direction. The black line was many miles long. In the course of time the party discovered that it was an immense herd of buffaloes. They were not advancing at a walk, but were bearing down upon the party at breakneck speed. The yearlings were in advance, and, as if to show their contempt for the "old folks," slowness, they scampered ahead, now sidewise, now bantering their mates to play at butting, just as though they had to do something to put in the time while the older members of the herd came on. Seeing that the party would be struck by about the center of the front of the herd, some rapid planning had to be done to avoid death and the destruction of their oxen and provisions. Quickly, if possible, the teams were placed in front of the other, with the oxen headed in the direction in which the buffaloes were running. One of the men thought it might cause the herd to open up in their ranks by running back and waving his hat at them; in a moment he was running for dear life for the rear wagon and threw himself under it just as the foremost animal reached it. The buffaloes thinking perhaps that the wagons and piled loads were immovable rocks, passed on each side of the wa-

"Some Good" Apples.

A few weeks ago the Editor had a letter from Jere Cromer, Cashmere, Wash., saying that he felt that a man of the Editor's age, should have the privilege of eating, at least, one good apple before "cashing in" and to make it possible, Jere said he was shipping a box by express from Cashmere, paying the express to Chicago, and sending the Editor money to pay the charges from Chicago. Good boy! Jere wanted to make sure that the editor would be able to "lift" them from the express office when they came. Well, they came—thirty apples, making a half bushel. When the Editor saw the fruit, it looked good to his eyes and he did eat; he also, gave one to his wife and she did eat and asked for more. Indeed, for flavor, size and beauty of coloring, they were the finest apples he had ever tasted. Sorry that he could not pass them around to all his friends, but like old Lawrence Everts' quart of whisky, thirty apples do not last forever.

Jere said in his letter that he had just finished harvesting a crop of 10,000 bushels.

Belgian Relief.

W. R. Sloan, Treasurer of the Belgian Relief Fund acknowledges receipt of the following sums:

Previously acknowledged	\$50.84
Sunday School of Presbyterian Ch. of McConnellsburg	2.50
McConnellsburg Lodge I. O. O. F.	5.00
Total	\$58.34

McConnellsburg on the Map.

At the recent Suffragists' Convention which met in Scranton, the President, Mrs. Roessing, announced that she would pledge \$4,000 toward the campaign fund, bringing the amount to \$30,000, raised in personal pledges. The report of the new organization in McConnellsburg was warmly welcomed in the convention.

J. C. Heinbaugh has sold his two farms in Ayr township to Harry Hohman.

gions on their own accord, but so close to them that the frightened men could reach out and touch them. Mr. Fore says that it required three hours for the herd to pass, and that he could not see to the ends of the "wings" of the big drove that could not have been much less than a million in number.

At another time, while his party was prospecting in the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains, Mr. Fore saw at a distance what looked like a big bear. Shouldering his muzzle-loading, single-shot rifle he started after it. As he approached it, he saw that it was a bull buffalo. He succeeded in getting so close to it that he thought he could shoot it in the forehead, same as we shoot a foref. The shaggy hair in top of its head caused him to miscalculate the vital spot and he shot too high, but the bullet stunned the bull, and it fell to its knees. It then started up a blowout ravine and Mr. Fore started up another one running parallel to it. When he got a second shot, he aimed for its backbone above the shoulder. Here again the shaggy mane drew his aim too high, but the bull again fell. Following still further Mr. Fore drew a bead on the heart—this time felling the brute "for keeps." Night had overtaken him by this time, and losing his way back to camp, and carrying the bull's tail as a trophy, he fell into a river and must have wet the powder in his rifle, because next morning when a fat, sleek heifer buffalo followed some cattle into camp, he snapped three caps at her at a distance of twenty feet, but old Trusty would not shoot and the heifer took fright and scampered off.

Recent Weddings.

BAER—KEGARISE.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Scott Kegarise, Altoona, was the scene of a pretty wedding on Thanksgiving Day, at noon, when their eldest daughter, Louie May became the bride of Dr. Harry George Baer, of Johnstown. The marriage service was read by Rev. J. H. Bradigun of the third U. B. church, Altoona. The bride and groom were attended by Miss Mame, sister of the bride and by Mr. T. W. Hirschbiel, of Juniata. The bride wore a lovely dress of white satin and marquisette, and carried Brides' roses. The bride's maid wore a pink crepe de chene, and carried pink carnations and ferns. Following the greetings, a wedding dinner was served.

The home was beautifully decorated for the occasion with palms ferns, and pink and white chrysanthemums. The ceremony was witnessed by a number of friends and relatives. The bride received many useful and beautiful presents.

The out-of-town guests were: Mrs. M. E. Palmer and Mrs. Maude Beal and children, of Connellsville; Mr. and Mrs. Berkley, of Johnstown, and Miss Gertrude Ritchie, of Everett.

Dr. Baer is a son of Mrs. Elizabeth Baer, of Reading, and is a graduate of Jefferson Medical College. The bride is a Fulton county girl, the family having removed to Altoona a year ago. The couple left Altoona at 6 o'clock in a shower of rice and old shoes. They will be at home to friends after December 10th, at 122 Walnut street, Johnstown.

MORGRET—SHARPE.

A dispatch from Hagerstown, published in the North American last Friday says that Rolla Dell Morgret, of Mt. Auburn, and Miss Goldie Edith Sharpe, of Sharpe, Pa., were married in Hagerstown last week.

UNGER—MELLOTT.

Miss Carrie Mellott, of Big Cove Tannery, and G. Edmund Unger, of Cito, Pa., were married at the parsonage of the First Baptist Church by Rev. E. K. Thomas at Hagerstown.—Hancock Star.

CARNELL—AKERS.

Miss Goldie Akers, of Brush Creek township, and Samuel Carnell, of Dott, Pa., were married in Hagerstown last Tuesday.—Hancock Star.

That Four-Day School.

Of course you have not forgotten that a four-day school for farmers will be held in McConnellsburg in February. We know of some farmers who are jotting down questions to ask the State's instructors at that time. Some who are free users of potash will want to know what they are to do to tide them over until lines can again be established connecting us with the world's supply in Germany. Answers have been prepared for this question, and to many others that come up for decision before spring work begins. Jot down these questions and have them ready when you attend.

Dr. Barton Elected Mayor.

At the election held in Washington last Monday, Dr. Joseph F. Barton, a former County Superintendent of this county, was chosen mayor of the city of North Yakima, by a large majority. His election in a closely contested fight was a mark of the esteem in which our old friend is held in the city of his adoption. Besides the honor connected with his preferment, the position carries a salary of \$2,500.00 a year. The News voices sentiment of the Doctor's many Fulton County friends in extending hearty congratulations.

John A. Crouse, of Knobsville, and his brother Henry, of Decorum, spent a few hours in town last Thursday,

THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN.

Economy, Coupled with Hard Work and Plenty of It, Usually Brings Business Success.

Peter Morton & Son, a partnership existing between ex-Associate Judge Peter Morton and his son Earl, several years ago bought at public sale what to the older people is known as the Rev. White property, and to those of later years, as the Dickson Drug Store corner, on the northeast corner of Water, and Second street fronting 55 feet on Water street, and extending back along Second street to the alley, 220 feet. It may be noted here that the name Water Street, which from the time the town was laid out until recently, was applied to that portion of the turnpike which lies within the Borough limits. Since the great Lincoln Highway leading from ocean to ocean includes the turnpike leading from Bedford to Chambersburg, through McConnellsburg, the name Lincoln Highway is applied to the route outside the towns, and officially, or by common consent, the names of the streets in the respective towns have been changed to Lincoln Way; hence, what was formerly known in McConnellsburg as Water street, is now known as Lincoln Way.

The Mortons were not satisfied to purchase the property, and hold it merely for the fun of paying tax upon it; but, at once began to plan for its improvement and incidentally for the improvement of the town. Their first venture was the erection of a neat frame building fronting 15 feet on Second street, about midway along the side of the lot, in 1910. This when completed was rented as an office by the McConnellsburg Water Company. The following year, they erected a fine two-story frame building, adjoining the Water Company's office. This building has a frontage of 45 feet on Second street, and a depth of 40 feet, making two fine business rooms on the first floor, separated by a hall and stairway. The room to the north was occupied by E. R. McClain as a store room until a few days ago, when he removed, and it will now be occupied by Scott Runyan as a store room. The room south of the hall was fitted up with modern equipment for the postoffice, and has since been used as such. There are five rooms on the second floor.

Their greatest effort, however, was begun last spring. It was then that they put a force of men at work, and the old building on the corner, part stone and part logs, was torn down and removed preparatory to erecting a modern structure which should be their crowning effort—a credit, not only to themselves, but an improvement to which the town might well point with pride. On a foundation fronting 55 feet, on Lincoln Way, and extending back along Second street to a depth of 57 feet, a fine building was erected. The first floor is divided into two parts, the one on the west being used as a home for the Fulton County Bank, and the one on the east being used by E. R. McClain as a store room. The second floor contains a fine lodge room, with ante-rooms and closets complete, and is occupied by the "Red Men." This room is over McClain's store. Over the bank, are a suite of office rooms, and a suite of apartments for family housekeeping. The latter suite consisting of five rooms, bath cold storage, &c., will be occupied in a few days by our townsman Scott Runyan, and will be a very desirable place for residence. This building is frame, veneered with Bradford red pressed brick, and trimmed with gray cut stone. The structure is reinforced with more than twelve tons of steel. A somewhat detailed description of the Fulton County Bank equipment has been given in a previous issue of the News. It might

With Our Subscribers.

Mrs. John Hershey, of Earling, Iowa, sends a dollar for another year's issue of the FULTON COUNTY NEWS. Mrs. Hershey says, "I do like to read the old home news. Tell the lady that was going to publish a rheumatism remedy to hurry up, I would like to know what it is."

Mrs. O. R. Dunlap (Nora Johnston), of Pittsburg, Kansas, in sending the cash to push her subscription to the NEWS well into 1916, wishes the editor and his wife a "merry Christmas," and that Santa will be "good" to all the rest of her Fulton county friends. Nora has not neglected her penmanship, for she writes just as pretty a hand as when she went to school in McConnellsburg.

It has been more than fifty years since J. W. Bowman, or perhaps, better remembered by the older folks as "Wes" Bowman, left McConnellsburg to try his fortune in the West. Mr. Bowman now lives at Oneida, Ill., and is a constant and appreciative reader of the NEWS. In sending a dollar to pay his subscription to Christmas, 1915, says that notwithstanding the many years that have elapsed since he went away from McConnellsburg, the names of persons and places given in the NEWS are familiar, and it seems like renewing the acquaintance of old-time friends.

In remitting cash to advance her subscription well into 1916 Nora Ferrenberg Zorn, of Gibsonburg, O., says she gets a great deal of pleasure in reading the news from her old home. Her many former schoolmates and friends in McConnellsburg will be pleased to hear from her.

Little Shotgun.

Sportsmen know that little shotguns can be purchased in .22, .32, and .44 calibres. These little guns take metallic ammunition, shaped similar to the ball cartridge used in rifles of similar design. They are very useful for killing rats and small game at short range. But many of our readers will be surprised to know that paper shells, of regular pattern, are now on the market for a little, 30-inch barrel shotgun of .41 caliber. Since .41 means forty-one hundredths of an inch, it will be seen that the bore is but a trifle over two-fifths of an inch. At present, these little shells are loaded with one-third of a dram of smokeless powder and three-tenths of an ounce of No. 8 chilled shot. These light guns are not toys, but are being made to meet a demand from hunters where the necessary range is not over twenty-five or thirty yards.

be mentioned here that Mr. Morton furnished all the stationary bank furniture including the vault which is equipped with a modern steel door hung on crane hinges and furnished with single pressure system, operated by a hand wheel. The entire building is heated by steam, the heating plant having been installed by Messrs W. H. and O. L. Greathead, of McConnellsburg.

The elder Mr. Morton is something of a hustler. Fourteen years ago he purchased and moved onto the Fields farm just east of town. At once he set about improving the property. He built a large bank barn equipped with a silo (the first in the county) an automatic litter carrier, and concrete ditches in the stables. The next year he erected a fine large three-story dwelling house to take the place of the old one. The other improvements about the farm are in keeping with the buildings. A peep into his stables will reveal the fact that he appreciates the value of improved live stock as well as improved farm machinery and improved methods in the soil cultivation.

Sudden Deaths in a Silo.

A recent fatal accident in Ohio calls attention to a danger to farmers which cannot be too widely circulated. Since 1875, when the first American silo was built by Dr. Manley Miles, this method of preserving forage for livestock has been generally adopted. Although the Department of Agriculture has frequently called attention to the danger of carbon dioxide gas accumulating in silos under certain conditions, no fatalities have been reported heretofore. On the morning of September 19, four workmen on the farm of the Athens (Ohio) State Hospital ascended the ladder on the outside of a silo to an open door about twelve feet from the top and jumped down one after another on to the silage, the top of which was about six feet below the door. About five minutes after, two other workmen following them found them unconscious. Although a large force of workmen were immediately summoned and the bodies of the four men removed at once through a lower door, the physicians of the hospital who were at once on the ground were unable to resuscitate any of the four men. Evidently the carbon dioxide gas had accumulated during the night, filling the silo up to the level of the door and forming a layer of carbon dioxide gas six feet deep. Such accidents, says The Journal of the American Medical Association, might easily be repeated on any modern farm. Agriculture journals should call the attention of the farmers to this danger, and should urge that silos be carefully ventilated before being entered.

Farmer's Week.

Each winter, during the holiday season when a large number of the hundreds of students at State College are at home for the Christmas and New Year's vacation, an elaborate program is prepared for visiting farmers and their families. The crowded condition of the boarding houses and the lecture rooms is relieved by the absence of the regular students, and the farmers have full opportunity at that time to spend a week studying matters of importance to them in their everyday work at home. This winter the week begins December 28, and ends January 2. There is no charge to the farmers for the week's entertainment. Reduced fares can be had on railroads and boarding can be had in the town of State College for \$1.00 a day and upwards. The crowds in attendance grow each year. Cars over the Cumberland Valley railroad, and over the lines leaving Bedford county are filled every season. There is nothing that broadens out one's ideas and stimulates him to attain more efficiency at his work on the farm like a week spent with live farmers each winter at our experiment and demonstration station at State College. Go, even if you should have to save the money for the trip and board by wearing the old overcoat one more winter.

Mrs. Belinda Mann.

Mrs. Belinda Mann, wife of John H. Mann of Bethel township, died at her home December 1, 1914, aged 66 years, 8 months and 23 days. Her remains were laid to rest on the 5th in the cemetery adjoining May's Chapel Christian church. Her pastor Rev. Thomas Garland, conducted the funeral services, and paid a glowing tribute to the many christian virtues of this woman. She is survived by her husband and nine sons and daughters, together with one brother, John D. Hendershot, of Bethel township, and one sister, wife of Hon. Harris Richardson, of Aitch, Huntingdon county.

Mrs. Mann was a woman beloved by all who knew her, and her death has cast a gloom over the community in which she lived.

PNEUMONIA.

Little Talks on Health and Hygiene by Samuel G. Dixon, M. D., LL. D., Commissioner Health.

This is the season when pneumonia becomes the chief ally of death and slaughters thousands. During the changeable weather when winter sets in and again in the spring, it's greatest toll is exacted.

Pneumonia is a germ disease; the minute organism which causes it is called by physicians the pneumococcus. It is to a certain extent contagious. However, these germs are sometimes found in the throats of perfectly healthy persons. When the bodily resistance of the individual becomes lowered through physical exhaustion and this is followed by exposure in poorly-ventilated rooms, offices, crowded street cars, local railroad trains or ill-ventilated theatres which are hot beds for the infection, pneumonia is apt to result.

Cold itself is not directly a factor. In the Arctic regions the germs do not exist in the pure frigid air. This points to one of the secrets for avoiding the disease; seek fresh air, for pneumonia is found where it is forbidden. Work and sleep with the windows open.

Men have more of a tendency to the disease than women, because of the additional exposure to impure air and hardships which they must endure. Alcoholism is a factor in many cases. The man who indulges in much alcohol is apt to reduce this power of resistance and thereby become susceptible.

Great fatigue should be avoided, if possible, for it is a predisposing factor in lessening the natural resistance to this and other disease. If you are exposed to rough weather and get wet and cold, take a rub down with a coarse towel and change to dry clothing. Above all, avoid stuffy, ill-ventilated places where crowds congregate.

Many people consider it impossible to follow this advice at this season of the year when the holiday rush is on. Because it is, or seems to be impossible for thousands of our workers to observe these precautions, the grim figures will head the mortality tables for December.

Camphor For Colds.

One of the most efficient remedies for breaking up a cold during its earliest stage is camphor, says a physician. When the eyes begin to water and there is the accompanying tingling of the nose and feeling of chilliness, place three drops of camphor on a lump of loaf sugar and put the sugar in the mouth.

Repeat this every fifteen minutes until four or five doses have been taken. At the same time place the feet where they will become thoroughly warm. This will usually prove very effectual in breaking up a cold if the cold is taken at its very beginning. For a child, but one drop should be placed upon sugar and five or six doses administered.

Another method of taking the camphor, which is sometimes preferred for grown people, is to put a spoonful of sugar in a cup, add hot water and from ten to fifteen drops of camphor. This makes what is called camphor sling. Camphor may be prepared by placing in a tightly corked bottle as much camphor gum as the amount of alcohol which the bottle holds will dissolve. Place some of the gum in the alcohol and add more as this is taken up. This makes a strong, pure solution. Or it may be bought ready to take.

The Methodist Sunday School will render Lorenzen new Cantata "Come Down the Chimney With Santa Claus" on Christmas evening at 7 o'clock in the School Auditorium. Admission free, but a collection will be taken for the benefit of Belgian sufferers,