

The Fulton County News.

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THE GRIM REAPER.

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

ADAM LONG.

Adam Long died suddenly at his home near Knobsville, at 10 o'clock in the afternoon, Wednesday, December 16, 1914, aged 83 years, 6 months, and 29 days. Although he had been in good health for two years, his sudden death is thought to have been due to a paralytic stroke. Funeral was held on Friday, interment being made in the Knobsville cemetery. Services were conducted by Rev. J. V. Royer.

His wife whose maiden name was Jane Glunt, died about three years ago. Six of his seven children survive, namely, Mrs. Margaret Gress, McConnellsburg; John A., of Dublin township, wife of James Giffin, of Virginia; Jacob, of Hagerstown; Maria A., wife of David Woodall of township; Annie R., wife of Edward Foster who lives in the home where Mr. Long died.

Adam Long, son of John and Margaret Long, was born in Germany and with his parents and his sister, Barbara, came to America about sixty-four years ago. While spending a short time in New Jersey after their arrival, the mother died, and the rest of the family came to this county.

Mr. Long was a member of the reformed church of Knobsville until that congregation ceased to exist, and since that time he has been physically unable to attend the church of his choice very frequently. He was a member of the Littleton Lodge, I. O. O. F., and a veteran of the Civil War. Mr. Long was a good reader, and had a mind well stored with current events and a general knowledge of human affairs.

MRS. ANNA M. SITES.
Mrs. Anna M. Sites, widow of the late Samuel Sites, of Mercersburg, passed to her final rest Monday, December 13, 1914, at her home in Dayton, Ohio. The funeral services were conducted by her pastor, Rev. J. L. Corbin, of the Methodist Episcopal church, and the large attendance of friends and the beautiful floral display, bore testimony of the esteem in which she was held in the city in which she had resided about 27 years.

Mrs. Sites was confined to her bed about ten weeks before she was called home and relieved of her suffering. She was a good Christian woman—very quiet in her way—but always pleasant and kind to every one. The following children are left to mourn the loss of a mother, namely, Luther M. Pittman, Anna M. Sites, William Sites and Margaret Smith; four grandsons, four granddaughters, and one great-grandson—all residing in Dayton, Ohio, also, two sisters, Mrs. Denton Beck, of Thompson township, and Mrs. Job Truax, of Belfast township.

Mrs. Sites was a daughter of Benjamin and Elizabeth Pittman, of this county—both long since deceased. After the death of her husband, which occurred in Mercersburg about 25 years ago, she removed to Dayton O., where she spent the remainder of her life. Interment was made in Woodlawn cemetery.

BERTHA MILLER.
Bertha Freine, daughter of George Miller near Warfordsburg, died December 10, 1914, aged 24 years, 3 months, and 2 days. Funeral was held on December 12, interment being made in the Warfordsburg Presbyterian cemetery. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Edward J. Mellott.

MISS NELLE VAN CLEVE.
A telegram received by Mrs. T. S. Sloan, of this place, last Saturday, conveyed the sad intelligence that Miss Nelle Van Cleve, died on Friday evening at her home in Washington, Pa.

Another Fulton County Boy.

Prof. J. E. Helman, who is a graduate of F. & M. College and University of Michigan was admitted to the Bar of the State of Ohio to practice law in all the courts of that state and before the Supreme Court of the United States.

Mr. Helman received his first instruction at Cito; and after his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Helman, moved to the vicinity of Knobsville he attended the school there for twelve years. After completing the work in the common school, he attended a summer session at Hustontown, and one summer session at McConnellsburg. He taught school for two terms at Black Oak, and one term at Clear Ridge. After graduation from F. & M. college, he was elected principal of the schools at Milltown, Pa. After filling this position for three years, he was elected Vice Principal and the Head of the Mathematical Department of the Schools of Conneaut, Ohio, which he holds at the present time. We all wish him the greatest success in his new work.

Revival Meetings.

Rev. Edward F. Mellott will hold a series of meetings at Oakley church, just south of Needmore, beginning Tuesday evening, December 23.

Rev. Mellott is also conducting a series of meetings at Damascus Christian Church, which are a grand success. All are made welcome at these meetings. His invitation is "Come, one and all, 'To-day is the day of salvation; come, drink of the waters of life without money and without price. This same gentleman closed on December 6th, a series of meetings of twelve nights' duration, at Mays Chapel Christian church, with thirty-four conversions. Thirty-two united with the Mays Chapel church, one, goes to Whips Cove, and one, to the M. E. church on Black Oak.

We Greet You.

To our more than ten thousand readers the NEWS wishes a "Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year." To the half-score in foreign lands, and to the several hundred in the Great West, this will come a little late. But to them our greeting is no less sincere. As Christmas after Christmas vanishes into the eternal past, we receive fresh assurance from these distant friends that the NEWS is the great medium of intercourse between them and "Down on the Old Farm" in Fulton county. Therefore, through the same channel, we extend a cordial invitation to each and all of them to visit old friends and scenes; or, if they cannot come, Uncle Sam will, for two cents, bring tidings of them to be broadcasted by the NEWS.

Cut End of Finger Off.

On Thursday of last week, while E. W. Logue was rapidly turning a sausage grinder with his right hand and feeding the machine with the other, he let the third finger of his left hand slip into the screw feed, with the result that the end of the finger was cut off between the root of the nail and the first joint.

Mrs. W. F. Sappington, after having spent a month with her sister, Mrs. J. Campbell Patterson in this place, left for Hancock last Friday. Dr. and Mrs. Sappington have rented apartments in the Bridges building in Hancock and will at once go to housekeeping.

Miss Van Cleve was the youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Abram Van Cleve, formerly residents of Ayr township, this county, and a teacher in the public schools. This is peculiarly sad from the fact that but little more than two weeks had elapsed since the death of her sister Elizabeth, Mrs. Geo. A. Stewart.

PIONEER STORIES.

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

In continuation, of Mr. Fore's stories of adventure during pioneer days on the western plains, we have selected a short one for this week that reveals some characteristics of wild life be it human or that of bird or beast. In this instance the wild creature was a human being. The second installment of stories follows:

Seemingly authentic instances are on record of how wild birds and animals seek shelter from their enemies, when hard pressed, in the dwellings of men. Mr. Fore relates an incident in which a half-wild Indian exhibited this trait and took chances to escape from pursuing enemies by rushing headlong into his camp one night. Mr. Fore's party had moved camp that evening in order to place greater distance between them and a party of Indians in whom he had little confidence. They had settled down the second time for the night and Mr. Fore was on guard on the brow of a hill when he heard running footsteps approaching. Soon a lone figure appeared in the circle of light of the camp fire. Not halting at command to do so, the Indian (for such he was) dived under a wagon and lay down close behind one of the white men who had retired for the night. The Indian could not be induced to make explanation of his conduct, and as he had no weapons, and showed fear instead of defiance, the refugee was permitted to remain under the wagon at the side of the white man all night. However, Mr. Fore had a clue to the wild man's conduct before the latter had been in camp very long. Shortly after the Indian appeared, a galloping horseman was heard to pass below them, whooping and calling to some one. Mr. Fore at once concluded that his guest was an escaped prisoner, fleeing from possible torture at the hands of a hostile tribe, although that wily wild creature might have timed the horseman in order to deceive the white men in this very manner.

Not wishing to kill the man, nor to expose him to needless danger at the hands of less civilized enemies, he was permitted to remain, but was closely guarded. Next morning when the teams were ready to start, the Indian started with the party, walking at the side of the wagon between the front and rear wheel for several miles. When they reached an overhanging cliff, seemingly too steep for any human being to scale, the mysterious visitor clambered up the side of the cliff as nimbly as a fly and disappeared over the top. As he never appeared again, and as no hostile bands molested them that trip, it was concluded that the poor fellow had been so closely pursued the night before that, in sheer desperation, he took chances with the unknown white men rather than be retaken by his savage brethren and perhaps be put to a cruel death.

Fell Off Roof.

On Monday of last week, John V. Schooley, near Andover, discovered that his chimney was on fire. A son climbed from the porch roof to the roof of the house to extinguish the blaze. The roof was slippery with ice and the young man slipped off. The father who was on the porch roof attempted to catch him, but they both fell to the ground. The son escaped with minor injuries, but Mr. Schooley sustained severe sprains of the muscles of his back, and has not fully recovered.

Thomas J. Comerer lost a good horse last Friday from colic, and on the same day Bert Henry lost one from stoppage of the "wind pipe."

The Strength of the Church.

According to the census of 1913 there were then in this country 37,280,370 communicant members of the Christian Church, and 225,000 churches. The population of the country is about 90,000,000, and this means that there are about 60,000,000 who are of church membership age, so that more than half of the adult population is in the Christian Church. This is an immense gain over the state of affairs at the beginning of the nineteenth century when only about three per cent. of the people were in the churches. Admitting that this half of the population is only half Christianized, yet this mass of Christians is a tremendous fact and force in our country. It is as yet only loosely organized as an instrument of public opinion and righteousness, but that it is an enormous reservoir of power cannot be doubted. It is only beginning to find itself and its day is yet to come. It has put its shoulder under a few things and has something to show to its credit. Slavery never began to budge until the churches began to talk of it as a sin, and then its day was short. It is growing into a solid front against the liquor traffic, and is slowly pressing back this organized evil into narrower areas and is sure to crowd it off the map. It is permeating our business relations and transactions and will in time write "Holiness unto the Lord" on the bells of the horses. It is pervading our social life and looking into every human condition and will in time cleanse the slums and build a decent civilization for all the children of men. It is lifting up its voice against war, and every Christian nation now at war is trying to escape the responsibility for it and endeavoring to throw the blame on somebody else. The church is yet in its untrained youth, and when it attains to full manhood and is organized and drilled it will wage battles and win victories of which we do not yet dream. Like a mighty army moves this Church of God, and it is our business to get into its ranks and help to increase its unity and efficiency in the service of building the Kingdom of God in the world.

How We Get The News.

Day before yesterday a perfectly nice lady called us up and with tears in her voice reproved us for not mentioning the fact that she had had a friend visiting her last week. We told her that she had not let us know anything about it and that therefore, we did not know that she had a visitor. Then she said, "Well you should have known. I thought you were running a newspaper." Wouldn't that rattle your slats? Some people think that the editor ought to be a cross between Argus and Anna Eva Fay. They seem to think that our five senses are augmented by a sixth that lets us know everything that happens even if we see, hear, feel, taste or smell it not. Dear lady, editors are only human or at least, almost human. If you have a friend visiting you, if you are going away, or have returned from a visit out of town, if Johnnie falls and breaks his arm, if your husband chops his toe instead of a stick of wood, if anything happens that makes you glad, or sad, happy, or mad, call us up. Tell us about it. That's the way to get it in the paper.

Big Foreign Orders.

Byron & Sons, the steam tannery firm with plants in Mercersburg and in Williamsport, Md., have received large orders for harness and similar leather from the Allies, in the European war. This will necessitate an increase of force by fully a hundred men at the beginning of the year and the running of the plant in Mercersburg on full time to fill the orders.

Subscribe for the News.

REV. GEO. B. SHOEMAKER.

Says "McConnellsburg and Fort Loudon Railroad Company" Looks Good in Print.

EDITOR NEWS:—I have watched with great interest your reports about the proposed Electric Railroad, and feel that the project is assuming good form. "The McConnellsburg and Fort Loudon Railroad Company," looks well in print; sounds very pleasant to my ears, and, I think, has a prophecy in it that will come to a complete fulfillment. All hail the day, when the smokeless Railroad reaches the dear old town!

You report fine sleighing in your last issue. Out here in Iowa, we have some snow but not enough for sleighing; but all signs point to the coming of plenty of the beautiful before the winter is over.

You did pretty well back there to have zero weather; but on last Monday morning, my thermometer registered 20 degrees below zero, and, until yesterday, we had a pretty cold snap. Today is moderate, starting this morning at 10 degrees above zero.

We had a beautiful fall. The men on farms got all the corn out of the fields and into cribs before Thanksgiving, and without snow on it. Fine crop this year for which they are now getting 50c per bushel.

Not long ago there came a soft spell of weather, with some rain, and then a sudden freeze. That made the roads very rough. Now the roads are quite good, and, if no thaw comes, we will have fine sleighing.

My friend Stevens, an old Fulton County boy, had a carload of apples,—York Imperial—shipped from Lehmaster's Station to Sumner, Iowa. I bought some, and some of those I bought are "a mellerin" up down in the cellar. My brother, Will, sent me by mail some good chestnuts from the old State, and Mr. Reed, a resident of Sumner, had buckwheat flour shipped from old "Pennsy," and I bought some of that; thus it is that I am enabled to keep in touch with the old home state, though I am far, far away.

When you come to your Christmas festivities think of us as all gathering in our home at Sumner. The three married sons, with their wives and children—twelve of us in all—three sons, three grandsons, three daughters-in-law, the daughter at home, and Grandpa and Grandma, (This last sounds funny to me,) four families of three each, will be stowed away in the parsonage at Sumner for a few days during the Xmas holidays. To all the families of the NEWS I send a "Merry Christmas Greeting." What has become of my friend Hughes, who used to live in the city of Brothery Love?

GEORGE B. SHOEMAKER.
Sumner, Iowa,
December 19, 1914.

Must Stop Hunting.

The State Livestock Sanitary Board has ordered that all hunting be stopped in counties under quarantine for foot and mouth disease. We are unable to give the reasons for the order, but as fresh outbreaks of the disease have recently occurred in many places, we presume that the Board has good reasons for believing that those who roam through infected fields and woodlands pick up the infection and carry it on their feet and clothing to other places. Also, the rabbits and other game killed may carry the germs. The fact that "visiting" cats, dogs, foxes, rats, and even birds, are known to carry disease makes it necessary that all precautions be taken when any outbreak occurs in a community.

To-night and to-morrow are the times for Christmas fires.

Of Course—Why Not.

"Will good times ever return?" inquired a pessimist in speculating on his Christmas expenditures.

Of course they will! Why not? Here's the why of the will:

1. There is just as much money in the country now as there ever was.

2. The farmers have just harvested one of the biggest crops in history and are selling at good prices.

3. Federal reserve banks have been opened and millions of dollars of new money will be placed at the disposal of the banks of the country.

4. The banks in turn will have plenty of money to loan to big manufacturing and other industries for operating capital.

5. These concerns in turn will start the wheels of commerce to revolving and millions of unemployed men and women will return to work.

6. Foreign governments are placing heavy orders for all kinds of supplies needed in prosecuting their war.

7. Other orders for American made goods are pouring in from all parts of the world.

8. The financial situation has clarified, banks are opening up their vaults, and great manufacturing industries are preparing to open again on an extensive scale, many of them even now calling in employees who were laid off many weeks ago.

Yes, you can dig down and spend that Christmas money without any fear of where the next dollar is coming from. It is on the way—and hitting the high places.

A Ham and Bacon Show.

Why doesn't one of our enterprising merchants—or a group of them—organize a country ham and bacon show to be held at some convenient place within the next few weeks? It could easily be made so attractive that it might become an annual early-winter event. There are many farmers who are curing their own hams and bacon and these could be induced to exhibit. It might be possible to secure the services of a demonstrator from the agricultural college who would instruct other farmers and their sons, wives and daughters in the best methods of home-curing. The smoke house, so long a neglected adjunct to the farm, is coming into its own once more and the farmers who are overlooking this source of profit are just a bit behind the times. There is a brisk market for home cured hams and bacon in the larger towns and in the cities and this market may easily be cultivated to the great advantage of the farmer. Let us make this section of the country famous for its home-cured hams and bacon. The way to start the thing is to organize an exhibit, offer attractive prizes, work up plenty of enthusiasm. This paper will do its share. Who's for the first annual ham and bacon exhibit?

The Stough Campaign Closed.

The Stough evangelistic meetings came to a close in Harrisburg on Sunday with 7,000 converts in the campaign. The money given to Dr. Stough amounted to 5500 for himself and party, the whole campaign cost \$25,000 Chambersburg gave Dr. Biederwolf \$4300.

The Hamilton—Gould campaign which just closed in Bedford resulted in 436 conversions, and \$1180 given to Hamilton and his party. In proportion to population, Hamilton had about 25 per cent more converts than Stough, and Bedford gave about three times as much as a free will offering to the evangelist. If Harrisburg had contributed to Stough as Chambersburg did to Biederwolf, Stough would have received more than \$17,000 instead of \$7,000.

CANDIES FOR CHILDREN.

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

Along with Santa Claus' other provisions is usually a generous store of sweets. No matter how many dolls and drums and other things may have been requested by the younger members of the family, they take it for granted that there will be candy.

Much of the indigestion and consequent distress which follow the holiday feasting is due to the excessive use of candy by both old and young. Of course, the principal constituent of candy is sugar. Sugar is a food, and one that is necessary to the human body. It produces heat and energy, but when taken in excess, it undergoes fermentation in the digestive tract and gives rise to various disturbances in the stomach and intestines. Not only this, but it overburdens the liver with evil results.

If the children and grown-ups are to have candy, it should be eaten with or immediately after the meals. The usual custom is to have sweets within everybody's reach and to stuff them between meals.

To properly carry on their functions the stomach and intestinal tract require a certain degree of rest. This is the reason that it is much better to eat at regular hours. When candy is eaten between meals, it means that the digestive organs must be continually at work. As a result, instead of exercising their functions during the usual portion of the twenty-four hours, they are overworked and it is not surprising when the consumption of food is apt to be excessive.

Pure candies are not harmful if they are taken in reasonable quantities. Unfortunately there is an enormous amount of cheap candy sold throughout the country which is grossly adulterated. Much of this is colored with coal-tar dye to make it attractive to the eye of youth.

Following the holiday season there is always a notable increase in illnesses which are traceable to disturbances of the digestive system, and there is likewise a perceptible increase in the mortality from these causes. There is little doubt that the overfeeding and the excessive use of sweets, which do not permit the rational rest of the digestive organs and so reduce the general resistance of the entire system, is the cause."

Feed Down, Trap Sparrow.

Do you like to see the fussy little woodpeckers come to the trees at your door to amuse you with their summersaults and upside-down trapeze performances? They will come every cold day if you nail little pieces of fatty beef to the trunks of the trees for them to eat. It must be fresh—not salted. Then, next summer they will repay you 1000 per cent, by nesting near by and raising more little downy woodpeckers to eat up the insects. True, it is discouraging to try to coax other than sparrows to stay, but what shall we do about it? Shall we let all perish rather than let the pesky sparrow share the food? To shoot the sparrows frightens other birds away. Thousands of sparrows can be trapped at night by putting up a box—say ten feet long—and divide into little apartments like nesting places, with little holes for entrance. A trap door as long as the box can be made to drop and shut the holes after dark. In the morning the sparrows can be killed in a merciful manner, and made into delicate potpies, for the sparrow is as good to eat as quail.

Russel Runyan, of Pittsburgh, expects to eat his Christmas dinner with "The Old Folks at Home." Nothing like it; is there, Russell?