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**E. H. Miller, - Salisbury,**  
 Agent for  
**W. B. Cook & Son.**

**Baltimore & Ohio R. R.**

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MAY 17, 1908.  
**MEYERSDALE.**  
 Daily. Daily except Sunday. (Sunday only.)

**CONNELLSVILLE & PITTSBURG.** Depart 11:24 a. m., 6:30 p. m. (local) 11:44 a. m. (local). Arrive 10:55 a. m. (local) 11:24 a. m., 4:50 p. m., 8:20 p. m. (local).  
**CHICAGO.** Depart 6:30 p. m. Arrive 11:24 a. m., 4:50 p. m.

**WASH. BALTO. PHILA. & NEW YORK.** Depart 11:24 a. m., 4:50 p. m., 8:20 p. m. Arrive 6:44 a. m., 2:46 p. m., 6:36 p. m.

**CUMBERLAND.** Depart 10:55 a. m. (local) 11:24 a. m., 4:50 p. m., 8:20 p. m. (local). Arrive 10:55 a. m., 4:50 p. m., 8:20 p. m. (local).  
 Depart 10:55 a. m., 4:50 p. m. (local), 6:36 p. m.

**JOHNSTOWN and Way Stations.** Depart 6:30 a. m., 7:52 a. m., 4:50 p. m. Arrive 10:55 a. m., 4:50 p. m., 7:05 p. m.

**RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ILLUSTRIOUS CITIZEN.**

BY T. F. LIVENGOOD, M. D.

"A man he was to all the country dear,  
 And passing rich, with forty pounds a year."

Primitive in aspect, stern in environment, and severely Puritanic in the simplicity of all its customs, Salisbury, late in the "Forties" was a hamlet remote from the centers of civilization. Residences and business houses were built of logs; some of them unhewn. The streets were not lighted, and were convenient places for ash-heaps and wood-piles. Sidewalks were not even dreamed of, and the safest place for pedestrians at night was the middle of the road. All kinds of animals were given the freedom of the place. Horses, sheep, swine, geese and chickens banqueted on "The Commons," and once—on the testimony of the late Capt. Balthazar Welley—a large bear, snorting and sneering, defied the people and sauntered through the streets in broad daylight.

Residences were lighted with tallow candles and churches illuminated with lard oil lamps. The vehicles of transportation were principally wheelbarrows. Could that great genius, Leonardo da Vinci, who painted "The Last Supper" and invented the wheelbarrow, have known to what extent his one-wheel push-cart was patronized by the citizens of Salisbury, he probably would have stopped old Charon on "The Styx" and insisted that he be rowed back to enjoy the sight of his triumph.

English was spoken, but Pennsylvania Dutch was the dominant tongue. Food was abundant, and stimulants plentiful. The "bitters-bottle" was in all well regulated households more likely to be found on the library table than Lindlay Murray's Grammar. Men took their toddy as regularly, perhaps even more so, than they said their prayers. To the haymakers it was served as freely and frequently as water. Clergymen were addicted to this all-prevailing habit to such extent that they would ask for a "nightcap" on retiring and an "eye-opener" in the morning. Rev. Mukenhaupt, preacher, surgeon, horse-racer, gambler and factotum—excelling in them all—was the limit. Keeping his congregation waiting for two hours, he once came to town in such maudlin condition that his church officers carried him to bed. Far from censuring the bibulous, versatile dominie, a compassionate people condoned the act, lauded his preaching, but abated not one iota their own snoring in church.

Such was the status when Arthur McKinley, coming from Hancock, Md., began his business of saddle and harness-making in Salisbury. Had he not in years previous roamed through Ohio, then a wild border land, and into the Mingo Bottom, where Lewis Wetzel and his brothers preferred shooting a red man to killing a deer, the sight might have been to him appalling. As it was, he became naturalized, and for a time, at least, tacitly subscribed to existing conditions. During his sojourn in "The Buckeye State" he contracted "chills and fever," and became so ill, that taking the advice of his physician, he started "east," hoping to get rid of his malaria.

Feeling very sick, he went into a drug store in Wheeling and told the apothecary to mix twenty grains of quinine, that he wanted to take in one dose. Half an hour after, he was seized with the most dreadful cramps, and a physician was summoned. His soon discovered that the druggist had made a mistake and had given him arsenic instead of quinine. Vigorous and skillful treatment saved life, but the victim suffered from impaired hearing the rest of his life, and was months in regaining his health.

When a lad he visited his uncle, who had a large harness shop in Martinsburg, Va. He was greatly interested in the town and its surroundings. On one of the adjacent hills he saw an old canon, and reported confidentially his discovery to one of the journeymen saddlers in the shop, telling that he supposed the discharge of the piece would make the whole earth tremble. "Sonny," said the "jour," "wouldst like to hear it go off?" "Nothing would please me better," said the lad. "Well," remarked the "jour," "if you give money, I'll buy five pounds of powder, and this evening we'll shoot her off and skeer the hull town." Using a fence rail for a rammer, they filled the gun to the muzzle with limestone rocks obtained from a quarry hard by.

The subsequent history of the transaction showed that the cannon had been left there years before, by retreating British troops, and that the patriotic people of Martinsburg had used it on the Fourth of July a number of times. Wet weather had softened the ground and depressed the muzzle, so that instead of pointing over the town, the aim was direct for one of the streets. Filled as their minds were with the idea that they were going to give the people an innocent, but terrible fright, the gunners never thought where the weapon might be aimed, but strained their every energy in the hurry of preparation.

"Now, sonny, stand back on tiptoes and keep your mouth wide open, 'cause when I put this here burning stick to that thur powder at the touch

hole, it will knock you as deaf as a post." The gunners were at their stations. The stick was ignited. The fire touched the powder. There was a blinding flash, followed by a tremendous roar that shook the hills, thundered in the ravines and echoed among the mountains and along the river until people ten miles away heard it and wondered. Fortunately, the citizens of Martinsburg were at supper, and the streets deserted; otherwise probably some lives would have been lost, and many persons wounded. Thinking that an earthquake was working destruction to them, the terrified people rushed to the streets. Everywhere ruin and mutilation stared them in the face. A physician had just completed a beautiful frame house, and was going to occupy it the next day. Part of the roof was torn off, several of the windows demolished, and the weatherboarding on one side completely torn to pieces. Other houses had windows broken, and were scarred and seamed almost beyond repair. Porches and signs were torn to kindling wood, and the whole street appeared as if it had passed through a cyclone.

As soon as the excitement had subsided and the citizens began to realize what had happened, their indignation knew no bounds, and lynching was their verdict.

When the "jour" saw the results of his shot, he precipitately fled to the woods, and never after was seen or heard from. But—  
 "The boy, O, where was he?"

Not realizing the damage he had unintentionally wrought, triumphantly he came marching down the hill, anxious to know how badly the people had been scared, and wondering whether he had obtained a passport to the good graces of the leading citizens. Consternation soon took the place of elation, when he heard the cry, "lynch him! lynch him!" Fortunately there were men of calmer judgement, who said a boy of his years was incapable, unaided, to do such a thing.

Cross questioning laid bare the fact that the perpetrator had made good his escape, but there had to be a victim to appease the wrath of the excited people. Young McKinley was arrested, taken before a magistrate and committed to jail to await trial. Just then his uncle, who had been out of town, appeared on the scene and bailed his nephew out. In time the whole episode was suppressed.

An average good citizen was A. McKinley for some months after he came to Salisbury; more guiltless in vice than aggressive in virtue, perhaps, but certainly condoning intemperance, which was then sapping the foundations of everything that was good in that place.

"See, the conquering hero comes."  
 The reformer was at hand. Rev. Henry Knepper, still remembered and revered by such good citizens and patriarchs as Oliver W. Boyer and Henry DeHaven, began preaching in the church that stood in the old cemetery on the hill above the village. A more eloquent, earnest, enthusiastic, aggressive, powerfully convincing evangelist, never preached in Salisbury.

In less than a fortnight he had the whole village penitent. According to the testimony of A. McK. and others who heard him, such men as John Wesley, Whitfield and Moody never electrified a congregation with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" as did Rev. H. Knepper. At one of these meetings often referred to by Mr. McK., the evangelist prayed with such fervency and power that men and women cried out in their agony of guilt and despair, "O, what must we do to be saved?" Before that prayer was finished, every person in the audience was praying audibly. Then the preacher said: "I was going to preach a sermon to-night, but when God speaks, let man be silent;" and he dismissed the congregation with the benediction.

A. McKinley was one of those converted, and this conversion was the beginning of a zealous religious life which lasted to the end of his earthly existence.

The Washingtonian temperance movement found McKinley an ardent apostle. He instituted a lodge of Sons of Temperance in Salisbury, and was the presiding officer. All these reform efforts were energetically antagonized by a great majority of the well-meaning, but misguided citizens. One of the meetings was to be held in the old red school house, but was prevented by a band of lawless men armed with picks and bludgeons. McK. had these people promptly arrested for riot, and they had to give bail for their appearance at the next term of court. There they were found guilty of the charge, and sent to jail. Had not McK. interceded for them with the Judge, they would have learned a trade in Pittsburg.

John Engle, father of the present worthy John J., had all the material ready to raise a barn. He was influenced by McK. not to provide the customary whisky. When the neighbors who had assembled to assist in the work, discovered that there would be no booze, they told Mr. Engle, "no whisky, no raising;" but he was inexorable, and the would-be raisers quit the scene, expecting Mr. E. to send for them soon. Hearing of this, Gabriel

Miller, then one of the leading citizens of the village, and McK., mounted horses and scoured the township, appealing to good men for help in this crisis. Response was prompt, and the barn was raised that day.

David Livengood, one of the best men that ever lived in Elk Lick, was influenced by McK. to keep whisky out of the harvest field. The reapers said that he would never succeed in getting men to do the work, and some threatened to burn his field. The grain was harvested in good season, and the crop saved. Other farmers saw the good result, and in a few years whisky was banished from raisings and the harvest field.

Without lesson leaves and commentaries, Sunday school teaching consisted for the greater part in reading the Holy Scriptures. Not satisfied with this method, McK. procured commentaries and notes on the Bible, and taught his pupils that putting new wine into new bottles did not mean, as was then supposed, glass bottles, but that the bottles in those days were made out of the skins of animals. His pupils also learned that the corn the Disciples plucked and ate did not mean maize, or what is now called corn, but grain. While it cannot be asserted that he chose his pupils, it was conceded that the material made ready response to his efforts. Some of those who comprised his class, and whom he ever after took great pride in commending, were Rev. John S. Wagner, Albert Plahler, afterwards President of the bar in his judicial district; Prof. John D. Meese, Frank Bruckman, teacher and son of the late Dr. Bruckman; Lloyd C. Boyer, Dennis Kurtz and T. F. Livengood. He also taught the largest Bible class ever organized in that place.

Seeing the crude quack methods then in vogue by which domestic animals were treated, he bought that classic, "Youast on The Horse," and other works on diseases of cattle. Of these he made a thorough study, besides making dissections and doing autopsies until he became a learned and skillful veterinary, easily outclassing all others in the county. A number of cases attesting his proficiency in his profession came under the observation of the writer, but one, as example, will suffice.

A valuable horse in Maryland, fell and was unable to rise. Several farriers were summoned, and said the horse had dislocated his leg. They obtained ropes and pulleys and tried to pull it into joint. This caused great suffering to the animal, but, after many efforts, failed to relieve the condition. Some one present had heard of McK., and told the owner to send for him. He came to Salisbury and told the veterinary about the case, and was at once informed that his horse had not dislocated his leg, but that he was suffering with rheumatism. The man retorted that he had seen the horse, that competent farriers had seen him, and what he wanted was to have him come and set the leg. McK. told him that he would not go near the horse, but if he would give the medicine he directed, he would guarantee the animal would be cured. The owner took the medicine with him, but was angry and as skeptical as he could be. Two days afterward he returned, and said that his whole community thought McK. was a wizard, as the horse was walking as if nothing had ever ailed him. For the first time in the history of that region the treatment of animals was taken out of the hands of quacks and mountebanks and placed on a scientific basis. Arthur McK. had done it.

He was kind to the poor, helpful to the afflicted and hopeful to the despondent. He was an exhorter in religion, a patron of education, a promoter of patriotism, a denouncer of vice, an exalter of virtue, and an illustrious citizen.

"A life with purer thought and aim, a voice more kind,  
 We may not hope on earth to find:  
 And love that lingers over his name  
 Is more than fame."

**Success.**  
 "What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.  
 "Push," said the button.  
 "Never be led," said the pencil.  
 "Take pains," said the window.  
 "Always keep cool," said the ice.  
 "Be up-to-date," said the calendar.  
 "Never lose your head," said the barrel.  
 "Make light of everything," said the fire.  
 "Do a driving business," said the hammer.  
 "Aspire to greater things," said the nutmeg.—Selected.

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**BOWLING OUTFIT FOR RENT!**—Consists of two alleys, all necessary pins, balls, etc., in a good location and good room. A good chance to make money. Place has always done a good business. For terms and particulars, apply to Fred. J. Harris, Elk Lick, Pa. 11-12

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**\$500 REWARD.**

The Pittsburg Gazette Times in Search of Story Writers.

Purpose is to Find an Amateur Competent to Complete Helen Mather's Great New Serial.

One of the greatest strokes of enterprise by newspaper publishers is the proposal of the Pittsburg Gazette Times to pay \$100 for the best solution to the mystery in Helen Mather's remarkably clever unfinished new serial, entitled "Love, the Thief," the first installment of which will appear in The Gazette Times on Sunday, November 8, when full details of the contest are to be published.

The balance of the \$500 will be distributed as follows: \$25 to the person who submits the second best solution, \$10 to the one sending the third best, and \$5 each to those who supply the 75 next best.

Thousands of people will hail this opportunity not alone as a means of earning Christmas money, but to show their ability at gathering up the ends of a strange mystery and clearing it in few words. Literary talent is not necessary. As The Gazette Times offers the prizes not for a literary composition, but for the best SOLUTIONS to the story.

Men and boys, as well as women and girls may compete. Only the employes of the publishers, in fairness to the public, will be ineligible.

Installments of the story will appear regularly in the Sunday and daily editions of The Gazette Times to the conclusion of next to the final chapter.

Then solutions will be received during the period lapsing between that issue and the issue of the following week.

The prizes will be awarded at the earliest possible date after the judges have determined the awards—in plenty of time to give the successful contestants use of the money for Christmas.

The Gazette Times announces that manuscripts of contestants must be forwarded by mail, addressed to the Prize Mystery Story Editor, care Pittsburg Gazette Times, Pittsburg, Pa. Personal interviews cannot be granted.

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