

The Fulton County News.

VOLUME 11

McCONNELLSBURG, PA., JANUARY 13, 1910.

NUMBER 14

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT AT BURNT CABINS.

Brakes Would Not Hold, and Sled Load of Lumber Pushed Team Down Steep Hill at Terrific Speed.

FLOYD PETERSON SERIOUSLY INJURED

One of the most exciting experiences in the life of Floyd Peterson, nineteen-year old son of Mr. Morris Peterson, who resides at Neelyton, Huntingdon county, occurred last Saturday afternoon at Burnt Cabins, when the young man narrowly escaped a horrible death.

Saturday morning Floyd's father told him to hitch two horses to the bob sleds and go to W. M. Comer's planing mill at Burnt Cabins, eight miles away, and bring home a load of dressed lumber. In obedience to the directions of his father, Floyd went to the planing mill, and by three o'clock in the afternoon he had the load on the sled, and the lumber well secured with a chain and a boom pole. He sprang lightly up to a seat on top of the load of lumber where he would be able to drive and at the same time control the brakes, for the roads at Burnt Cabins, as in every other part of this section of the country, were coated with a thick covering of ice almost as hard as flint. Between the planing mill and the Cabins, which are only about a quarter of a mile distant from each other, there is a steep hill, and as soon as Floyd started to descend that hill with his load, he found that he could not hold the load with the brakes, and the only hope for his safety was to keep the horses going fast enough to keep out of the way of the sled which was gaining in speed every second, and was beginning to fly like the wind. To make the turn and take the road toward home was out of the question, and his only hope was in keeping straight ahead and hitting the hill that leads up from McGehee's store through the Cabins and out by the school house. His planning was good, and had it worked out, he would have had the team under perfect control before they reached the top of the hill. But, just in front of McGehee's store, the sled hit an obstruction, and like a flash it upset, pinning young Peterson's body tightly between the heavy load of lumber and the trunk of a big tree.

As the load went over, the front sled became detached from the rear one, and the team dashed furiously onward up the hill, and when near the Brodbeck hotel, they switched off to the right between the hotel and stable, and ran out the Shade Gap road. On excitedly they ran, until going down a hill on the Tom Comer farm, the horses slipped on the ice, and both fell in a heap. There they lay until a young Mr. Matthias came along, and seeing their plight, tried to extricate them. He succeeded in getting the older of the horses up, which did not seem to be very much injured; but when he took hold of the bridle, and bade the other, which was a fine young horse worth, at least \$200—when he bade that horse get up, the horse attempted to arise—made one plunge, and fell over dead as a stone.

The crash that came with the upsetting of the sled and the crushing of the unfortunate young man, between the load of lumber and the tree brought together a number of men, women, and children—all of whom did everything in their power to rescue the young man who was now unconscious, from his perilous position. With almost superhuman strength the men succeeded in pushing back the lumber and releasing the young man, who was tenderly taken into the home of Mr. McGehee, and Dr. Himes, at Shade Gap, was summoned by phone, as was also the father at

LATE RAILROAD NEWS.

Charter issued at Harrisburg last Friday for Line Forty-Five Miles Long Through Fulton.

CONNECTS TUSCARORA WITH B. & O.

[The following which appeared in the Franklin Repository last Saturday evening, is given without any comment on our part. Mr. Patterson was called up by phone Tuesday, but he took good care to keep what he knew about it strictly under his hat. So when you read the article you will know as much about it as we do.—Ed.]

A charter was issued at Harrisburg last Friday to the Tuscarora Railroad company, to build a line forty-five miles long in Huntingdon and Fulton counties. The company is controlled almost entirely by New York and Connecticut people and proposes to construct a line from Blair's Mills, Huntingdon county, to a point in Fulton county where Licking creek crosses the line between Pennsylvania and Maryland. The company's capital stock is \$450,000.

The incorporators are George L. Cathin, of Bridgeport, Conn., and L. S. Farlee, of New York, each of whom has 747 shares; M. G. Addison, New York; D. H. Patterson, Webster's Mills; J. M. Blair, Blair's Mills; N. H. Suloff, Rosefarm, Juniata county, and N. S. Ross, York.

Mr. Patterson and Mr. Suloff are said to be interested in the Tuscarora Valley railroad, a narrow gauge line running through the Tuscarora Valley and touching the Pennsylvania railroad at Port Royal.

The Tuscarora Valley railroad extends from Port Royal, about forty-five miles west of Harrisburg, southward through Tuscarora valley to Blair's Mills, near the Juniata county line in Huntingdon county. The new railroad is to extend from that point through the eastern part of Huntingdon county, within a few miles of the Franklin county line, to the Maryland line. This terminus is within a few miles of the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and there may something more than appears upon the surface in the formation of the new company to extend the Tuscarora Valley line, especially in view of the fact that it has been for some time reported that the Tuscarora people are contemplating the standardization of their railroad. The new line is separated from a Franklin county extension of the Cumberland Valley by only a few miles, a hilly country.

SLIM RIDGE.

M. M. Brakeall, of McKeesport, is visiting his mother.

Miss Annie Wink, of McKeesport, and C. J. Wink, wife and daughter, were visiting Mrs. Brakeall, as were, also, Mrs. Mar the Peck and her two daughters. James Peck and Grant Brakeall have their ice-houses filled with choice ice, seven inches thick.

Warner Slacker, who had been living in Hancock, died on the second day of January, and was buried at Antioch by the P. O. S. of A.

Reason Yonker has been on the sick list, but we are glad to be able to report that he is improving.

John H. Fisher is sawing a "set" for Remmie A. Sharpe.

Gabriel Snider, of Plum Run, made a business trip to Bedford county last week.

Neelyton. Both the father and doctor arrived about the same time, and after a careful examination, the doctor expressed the belief that no bones had been broken; but whether or not the young man was suffering some internal injury could not then be determined. A light sled was procured, a bed was placed upon it, and the young man conveyed to his home fairly comfortable Saturday evening.

THE FULTON COUNTY COURT.



Seated to the right in the picture is President Judge Samuel Mc. Swope; in the middle, Hon. John Wesley Hoop—Associate Judges. Back of Judge Swope may be seen Master George Mosser, son of our townsman Dr. J. W. Mosser. Judge Swope is serving on the sixth year of his second term, Judge Humbert is on his fifth year, and Judge Hoop on his second.

FIRE AT KNOBSVILLE.

Mrs. Nancy Divens' Dwelling House Destroyed Last Friday. Water Scarce. No Insurance. Will Rebuild.

The dwelling house of Mrs. Nancy Divens, widow of the late Henry Divens, was destroyed by fire between twelve and one o'clock last Friday afternoon. The building was a one and a half story log house, was situated above the road at the north end of the village, and was occupied by Mrs. Divens and her son-in-law James Keebaugh and his family. There were no fires, and the smoke was carried from the stoves by pipe which led out through the roof.

As soon as the fire was discovered, an alarm was given, and the neighbors responded promptly and did all they could to save the household effects, but water was so inconvenient to get at, and so scarce, that it was out of the question to save the house. Practically all the household goods were saved except a bureau, a stove, a mattress, and some potatoes.

Mrs. Divens, and her son-in-law and family, are staying at the home of Samuel Divens near Knobsville, and steps are being taken to rebuild on the old foundation.

This is a serious loss to Mrs. Divens, as there was no insurance, but she has the sympathy and good will of a neighborhood that never fails to come to the aid of any one in hard luck.

SLIPPED ON ICE.

Mr. Jonas Mellott, of Belfast township, is suffering from a dislocated hip, the result of a fall last Friday.

Another victim of the icy condition that exists in this section at present is Mr. Jonas Mellott, of Belfast township. While Mr. Mellott is nearly 80 years of age, and has been blind for nearly a score of years, he is active, and goes about his home as fearlessly as though his sight were perfect. Last Friday he went to a rain barrel just near the door to get some water. He knew of the ice surrounding the barrel, and in the path, but he had taken the precaution to drive some tacks in the soles of his shoes, and was probably depending too much on the tacks, for his feet slipped from under him, and down he went on the ice, falling with such force that one of his hips was dislocated. Dr. Palmer was summoned and reduced the fracture, but Mr. Mellott suffered much inconvenience from the bandaged condition of his limbs necessary to the restoration of the fracture.

Subscribes for the News.

DR. DIXON EXPLAINS SCHOOL INSPECTION.

Need of Preventive Measures in Pellagra, Infantile Paralysis, Measles and Whooping Cough.

Harrisburg, January 8.—Medical inspection of schools in the rural districts, which was decided upon yesterday by the advisory board of the State Department of Health, was in accordance with the act of April 27, 1905.

This act authorizes the Commissioner of Health to make at least twice a year a medical inspection of schools, which shall include the examination of the nose, mouth, eyes, and ears of every pupil attending the public schools of the Commonwealth that are located in the rural districts outside of the limits of cities, boroughs and townships of the first class.

Health Commissioner Dixon explained to-day that this action will prove an entering wedge for a thorough and comprehensive system of medical inspection of school children, for which there is such a need. It will be done under the supervision of the department's medical inspector in each county, and will include approximately 400,000 children. Doctor Dixon emphasized particularly the point that the examination will be done in such a manner as to not in any way conflict with family physicians.

Medical inspectors will also instruct teachers how to detect communicable diseases in their incipency, so that children may be sent home from school before the disease has infected other pupils and thereby prevent epidemics.

With reference to placing hookworm, pellagra and infantile paralysis on the list of diseases to be reported by physicians throughout the State, Doctor Dixon explained that as pellagra has been recognized recently as far north as Chicago, the Pennsylvania Department of Health has instituted original research work with the intention of following up its theories, which point to the possible cause responsible for the existence of the disease. Cases must be reported in order that preventive measures may be instituted. Similar precautions are necessary to prevent the spread of infantile paralysis, which in the last two years has occurred several times as an epidemic, and for hookworm, the origin, communicability and cure of which have been settled.

With regard to measles and whooping cough, epidemics which

DAM COLD BATH.

Ice on Bergstresser's Dam Gave Way, and Driver and Team Went Down into the Chilling Waters.

WITH DIFFICULTY HORSES RESCUED.

An experience that sends the cold chills chasing each other up and down the spinal column of Ephraim Yingling, of Clay township, Huntingdon county, every time he thinks about it, originated at Bergstresser's dam between Waterfall and New Grenada, a few days ago. Mr. Yingling knowing that the thickness of the ice was at least twelve inches, drove his team on the dam with the greatest confidence in his safety. Imagine his consternation, when the ice began to give way, and soon his team was struggling in the ice-cold water, and he was in great peril himself.

Some time previous to this day the ice had been cut and removed from this particular place, and a second freezing had taken place, but only a few inches in thickness. A slight snowfall had so covered it, that the thin ice could not be detected.

It was with great difficulty that the horses were rescued. One of them had to remain in the water about an hour until a way could be hewn out of the thick ice, which took lots of hard labor and exposure.

LUCKY FIND.

Edwin Brant Raked in Ten Good Dollars on King's Knob, on Monday of Last Week.

No one would have thought Monday, January 3rd a better day for hunting gold or other valuables, than any other day would be. Possibly Edwin Brant expected to find something when he started for a little walk along King's Knob, on that day. He had read in history of persons in the early days of this country looking for gold and sassafras. So he carried a mattock with him. He came upon a trail, followed it, found the treasures, took them home and disposed of them in the afternoon for ten dollars, as good as gold.

What did he find? Seven skunks—all in one place.

spread rapidly, the advisory board acted under the law of 1905 in requiring houses to be disinfected prior to public funerals, and in case of such public funerals the dead body shall not be directly exposed. In the event of such disinfection not being performed, the funeral must be private and limited to the immediate members of the household.

THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

Two Well Known New Grenada Gentlemen Went Over Icy Bank on Mountain Road Side Sunday Night.

DARK AS BLACK CATS.

Dr. R. B. Campbell and L. L. Cunningham had a thrilling experience and narrow escape from serious injury last Sunday night. They had been up the Valley, and on their return home to New Grenada, they undertook to go up to Thornton Foster's over a by-road, which was very narrow and sideling. With much difficulty, they reached Mr. Foster's, but the interesting part of the trip was in attempting to get back to the Valley road. To add to the peril of the undertaking, a slight skiff of snow had fallen—enough to cover the ice, and as they were driving carefully over what seemed to be a very innocent looking piece of road, but what was in reality, the slipperiest kind of a slipper road, the sleigh became suddenly possessed of an irresistible desire to skid, and skid it did, and it did skid—so wickedly did it skid, that in less than two seconds and a quarter, the sleigh with the dispenser of life insurance, and the guardian of the community's health, went flying through the air down over embankment, the insurance man landing less than two rods down the mountain side and lodged in the friendly grasp of a mountain brook. A friendly tree with outstretched branches caught the pill man, and saved him from being dashed against the icy covered rocks. To add to their discomfort and peril, it was as dark as a pile of black cats. Gathering themselves together, and calling the roll, it was found that neither was missing but there were two wounded and badly shaken-up people. Being somewhat familiar with the ground, they succeeded in getting the team back upon the road, which strangely enough, had not suffered any injury, and the two gentlemen reached New Grenada without any further mishap.

A Convivial Man.

At a dinner in Denver Judge Ben R. Lindsey told a story about Christmas conviviality.

"There used to be an old fellow of sixty," he said, "who got arrested about twice a week for conviviality. He was always hailed before Magistrate Blank, and, as the Magistrate was about sixty, too; a queer kind of comradeship, almost friendship, arose between the two men.

"In the late autumn the toper was called away from Denver. He did not return until Christmas time. The convivial air was, of course, too much for him, and the day after his return he was hailed before the usual Magistrate on the usual charge.

"The Magistrate, in the green-festooned court room, felt kindly and forgiving.

"Well, George," he said to the prisoner, "you are here again, at last, eh?"

"Yes, your honor," said old George humbly.

"You've been away some time, haven't you?"

"Yes, your honor; nigh onto three months."

"And how many times, Geo. did you get drunk during that period?"

"I don't like to say, your honor," old George faltered, "before all these here people."

"Well," said the Magistrate, "take paper and pencil and write it down."

"So George wrote, and the paper was passed up to the Magistrate, who looked at it and said:

"Ah, well, it's the Christmas season; and since you were away three months, George, and only got drunk sixteen times, I'll let you off."

"Thank you, Judge," said old George, as he left the dock. "You looked at the paper upside down, though."

HARRY EDWARDS HURT.

Was on Broad Top Last Friday With Sled and Horses. Cannot Tell How It Happened. Was Unconscious.

MAY BE CONCUSSION OF BRAIN.

Among the many accidents that have happened during the past week on account of the icy condition of the roads, it is not easy to tell just now how serious was the one that happened to Mr. Harry Edwards, of Wells Valley. Last Friday he drove over to Robertsdale in a sled, attended to his business, and started back in the afternoon, in good time to get down the mountain to New Grenada before dark, on account of the icy condition of the road.

William Alloway, who operates a coal mine on top of the mountain, and who has a shanty a short distance from the road leading from Robertsdale to New Grenada, saw Mr. Edwards' team passing leisurely going toward New Grenada, but did not see Mr. Edwards. It being bitter cold weather, it occurred to him that Harry had wrapped himself in the blankets and had lain down in the sled. Without giving the matter another thought, Mr. Alloway went into his shanty. He had not been in the shanty a great while, until his attention was directed by a rather strange noise at the door, and upon opening it, there stood Harry Edwards with blankets and whip in his arms, apparently making an effort to speak.

"Why Harry, what's the matter?" said Mr. Alloway, by this time thoroughly alarmed by Harry's peculiar actions.

There was a vacant stare in Harry's eyes, and after a few moments' effort, he succeeded in saying, "O, I'm so sick," and then collapsed. Mr. Alloway with effort got Harry into the shanty, and making him as comfortable as possible, telephoned to Dr. Campbell at New Grenada. Dr. Campbell was out. Then Mr. Alloway called for Dr. Black and found him at Robertsdale. As soon as the distance could be covered, Dr. Black and a few others arrived at the Alloway shanty, and a careful examination showed that the unfortunate man had suffered some violent shock about the head. While Harry, by this time, was conscious of his surrounding, he did not—nor does he yet—remember where he was hurt, how he was hurt, or how he got to Mr. Alloway's shanty.

A careful examination of the road over which Mr. Edwards had traveled from Robertsdale, failed to show that there had been an upset, or that there had been a struggle of any kind with highwaymen—for it was thought at first that he had been sand-bagged. The only clue that led to anything like a reasonable conclusion, was some blood on a hard clod of frozen earth covered with ice.

It is now believed that Harry was sitting on a loose box in the sled, and that the sled gave a sudden, unexpected lurch, when Harry, encased in the blankets, was thrown out, his head striking the frozen clod, thus making him semi-unconscious, and that by aimless wandering he fortunately came to Mr. Alloway's shanty.

Mr. Edwards was taken to his home Saturday, and is now resting comfortably, yet not out of danger.

Mr. Frank Ranck, one of Fulton county's most progressive farmers spent a day in town this week. Frank was one of the first farmers in the County to see the value of the silo, and after having tried it to his own satisfaction, he has been instrumental in interesting a number of other farmers in the erection of the silo. Elmer Hendershot, in the Cove, and Ira Zimmerman, in Thompson township, are among those who are building silos for next winter's use.