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SEQUACHEE VALLEY NEWS-BANNER.

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Sequachee and South Pittsburg, Tennessee.

A YOUNG SAMSON.

He's not a boy of any size, his years they number five,
Yet he has strength far greater than the biggest man alive.
He opens his eyes at six o'clock, and lifts his little voice
For sixty minutes straight in songs, some of 'em very fine.
And all the while he's standing on his curly head as I've
Of all the men I've ever met unaided could have done.

He dresses then and goes downstairs to wait till breakfast time,
And goes through callisthenics that great Samson in his prime,
The strongest man that ever was, I think would hesitate
To try himself to do, despite his muscles were so great.

In fact, I overheard his lad remarking gaily once:
"I wish old Samson 'd come down here and play a game of atoms."

Then through the day, while I'm away, his mother says what a world of energy,
Is just the very center of a world of energy.
He climbs at least a hundred miles in walking up the stairs,
And leaps a hundred more, she thinks, from sofas on to chairs,
And slides no doubt, the same amount upon the banisters,
And to be weary seems the last thing that to him occurs.

He'll push the bedsteads out of place, he'll climb the table legs,
He'll move the bureau here and there as though they were hot eggs;
He'll strew the floor with blocks and cars, he'll paint the cellar door,
He'll help the weary hired man do many a weary chore;
Nor doth his spirit ever fail, it knows not how to sag,
And for one whole day of this he's just prepared for tag.

—Harper's Bazar.



CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

An official report of Gen. Waterson, the officer commanding the St. Mary's expedition, has been preserved. Whether it was forwarded before his return to Laran or was written subsequently is not known. But it gives a very clear explanation of the novel method adopted in this military campaign.

It reads as follows:
"The whole plan was worked with a few slight changes, as projected. The feasibility of getting the whole regiment into St. Mary's and the neighborhood without attracting attention was easily proven. My men began to come in four days before they assembled. They were in fairly good shape and named for workmen out of employment had ladders drawn in by the excitement. It was impossible to go anywhere without seeing them mingling with the workmen and standing about on the corners with the unemployed. In three days seven hundred were in St. Mary's and three hundred in and about Paducah, with orders to come in stragglingly to the former place on the fourth day. At any other time a thousand men suddenly added to the population of so small a town would have excited suspicion, but the excitement of the strike was supposed to be drawing the men from all quarters, and great credit must be given to our forces who, as a rule, kept themselves close and avoided attracting attention. On the night of the third day, three hundred were already in the old house on the barracks or in the immediate vicinity undergoing the most extraordinary discomfort on account of the want of accommodations, and an hour before sunrise on the fourth day, I had the whole command within reach of most of them, uniformed and armed. We formed column at five o'clock in the barracks just three miles southeast of the town and marched in on the railroad track; took possession of the bank at nine o'clock, distributed money among the regiments as planned without opposition, each man carrying a hundred and fifty eagles. The buckskin belts worked admirably. I deployed two hundred men, Companies A and F, and kept crowd one thousand feet from the bank, withdrawing them in squads and replacing them with other men who were loaded up with specie; successfully avoided collision with sheriff who was completely bewildered by events; took camp at six o'clock p. m. on the terrace as planned, and the regiment began at once to melt away. Four hundred men got out of their uniforms in the center of the camp (where they were secretly shielded) before nine o'clock. The suits in the knapsacks turned out better than I expected and commissary Fenning should be credited with great skill and ingenuity in the provision of these suits. The uniforms were put into the knapsacks and at twelve midnight I started the men in Indian file to the old house, and as by that time I had four hundred men ready, there were eight hundred knapsacks and eight hundred guns to be disposed of: by making each man carry two guns and two knapsacks, I easily got the whole eight hundred into the house. The intense darkness of the night was a great advantage and the hardness of the ground and the special guards stationed along the lines to prevent straggling or the littering of the route, aided us much.

"At three o'clock in the morning the regiment, as a uniformed organization, had disappeared. The disposition of the men was as follows: One hundred went scattering from the camp back to town in their former clothes at ten o'clock; another hundred got off at eleven o'clock, and a third at twelve o'clock. I drove them up by companies in a circle in the center of the camp and started them out in radiating lines. I calculated that in fifteen minutes, if the men walked briskly, that there would be a distance of five hundred feet between each man, and, of course, those going south and east would have to make a large detour to reach the town. At 2:30 I was reduced to five hundred men, at least two hundred having gone toward Paducah in the same straggling manner. The remaining five companies were started from the old house between 2:30 and four o'clock, going in widening lines south, southeast and southwest through the barracks and about one hundred under orders to strike the railroad track at long intervals and return to town. I held a detail of twelve trusty men with me to complete the work—stripping up the fragments and scattering the material in the house. The guns were stowed into the cellar and the knapsacks humped upon the first floor and scattered by the two barrels

of ironstone that were knocked in the head on the floor above. At five o'clock Capt. Einstein, of Company D, who was left behind to complete the destruction, touched a match to the building and then retreated to the railroad track, coming back later with the few inhabitants who were attracted at that hour by the flames. "He met me the next night at Snowdon's hut on the Mississippi, where I was waiting for him, and reported that the destruction was complete and that the guns had been effectively covered by the ashes and debris and would not be discovered until an attempt was made to remove the rubbish. "My calculations with regard to the direction the search would take for the regiment were right, as you will see by the papers, and the plan of bringing the sows over from the other side of the Ohio and cutting them loose above Paducah was a good one. The general belief at once seized the authorities that the men had crossed the river from Indiana. "I am now convinced by actual demonstration that I can, with a thousand men, carry out the eastern scheme of which you speak. The chances of success are increased by the audacity of the attempt. Whatever appears to be incredible will succeed before the community can bring itself to acknowledge it."

CHAPTER XVI.

Enough has been already told to indicate that Hendricks had in his keeping two prisoners whose presence added a perilous element to the underground society. These men, employed by the secret service of the government, were to Hendricks the first direct intimation that the forces of society had in some way put faces enough together to warrant an intelligent attempt to run him down. Whatever theory these officers had been working on had been summarily frustrated by Hendricks taking them both prisoners. He had, with his usual quickness of decision, summed up the whole chain of consequences. Their mission was a secret one and only the secret service department knew of it, but their disappearance would speedily bring about his place the whole engineering of the government. He expected to be besieged in the end, but as war on a large scale had been part of his calculation from the start this did not deter him. He calculated as usual with great shrewdness on the element of time, and he felt sure that if the underground rendezvous could be kept from the knowledge of the public until all his plans were matured he would preserve an enormous advantage even in a fight with the government.

In order to narrate what occurred in the Laran at this time it is necessary to go back to Miss Laport. Miss Laport was a slender and pretty girl of twenty, with serious gray eyes, a great abundance of beautiful wavy chestnut hair and a rather pensive oval face, in which there were indications of strong character and much spirituality. She had received an excellent education when her father's means were ample and she had suffered deeply when his disgrace came. She was now living a life of expectancy and mystery, waiting only for the release of her father to redeem the promise early made to go away with him and forget in some distant place their wrongs and their troubles. Placed under Fenning in Memphis she proved a valuable amanuensis and clerical assistant. She worked patiently and uncomplainingly and got to know a great deal of the confidential business that was carried on between the Bayou house and the office. She awakened Fenning's interest and respect and she was grateful for his consideration and care of her, and when he began to evince a deeper interest she did not repulse him, although he awakened in her none of the emotions to which a girl of her age is susceptible. She treated Fenning with an undisguised kindness, for he had shown a real solicitude in her personal comfort and her future welfare, and had secured for her a handsome salary which she scrupulously put in the savings bank.

When they went to Laran Mrs. Hendricks treated her as an equal and a guest. But if it had not been for Fenning, her life there would have been monotonous enough. He secured for her the latest books, took her out for long rides and looked after her amusement and comfort in a thousand ways. But Fenning's was evidently not the nature to touch her deeply. His cool, mathematical mind may have won her admiration when she saw it exercised in a crisis or dilemma, but it did not move her affections. She was under heavy obligations to Fenning and she would not hurt his feelings. The moment that Lieut. Stocking became a guest in the house, the whole aspect of things changed. Here was a passionate, heroic and emotional southerner, who immediately exercised over her an influence that she could not resist. His nature was the antithesis and the complement of hers. He was immediately attracted by her. They came together easily and often, and all the amusements which had been enjoyed with Fenning now wore a new ardor of romance. I believe, these young persons fell instantly and deeply in love.

When, therefore, on that morning of the fight, she had seen him wounded and dragged fighting to the signal room, her indignation was unbounded and her misery uncontrollable. She knew enough of Hendricks' affairs to suspect that he was in some way acting in opposition to the authorities, and she had gathered from Stocking something of the peculiar nature of his visit. When, therefore, he disappeared down the shaft, her heart sank within her. She believed that he would never return. In this wretchedness she took to her room until Mrs. Hendricks endeavored to extricate her from her despair. That lady found her in a condition of morbid melancholy from which it was no easy matter to rescue her, and it did not take her long to as-

certain that contact with the lieutenant had changed the girl's views materially. She wanted to go away and reminded Mrs. Hendricks that Hendricks had promised to release her father at the expiration of a year. To this Mrs. Hendricks replied that he had been at liberty to go for some time but had become interested in the completion of a run and was staying voluntarily to see it tested. She further insisted that Lieut. Stocking would be treated well, and probably was anxious to communicate with her in the signal room. This brought about a request from Mrs. Hendricks to Hendricks to let Stocking speak to her through the telephone, and the lieutenant was surprised to hear Hendricks say: "There is a young lady who wishes to communicate with you at the shaft. I will accompany you."

"They walked to the instrument together. The lieutenant said nothing. When he took the mouthpiece in his hand he asked: "Are you going to listen?" "Is there a lady at the other end?" "Yes," replied the lieutenant. "Then I will not listen," said Hendricks. He lifted his hat and walked away.

This little unexpected show of chivalry touched Stocking. The moment that he was alone the following colloquy took place:

Miss Laport—Is that you?
Lieutenant—Yes.
Miss Laport—Are you getting well?
Lieutenant—Yes, I'm all right. There is a good doctor here.
Miss L.—Are you a prisoner?
Lieutenant—Yes.
Miss L.—Are you happy?
Lieutenant—No. How could I be?
Miss L.—What can be done?
Lieutenant—Nothing but wait.
Miss L.—Suppose I come down.
Lieutenant—Can you?
Miss L.—Yes, I think I shall prefer it. Mrs. Hendricks is coming.

Lieutenant—Has anything happened since on the grounds?
Miss L.—No. Everything is quiet. But it is lonesome and Mrs. Hendricks is going away.
Lieutenant—Do you know where she is going?
Miss L.—No.

Lieutenant—Why do you not seize the opportunity and go with her?
Miss L.—I must stay here a little longer. I cannot tell you why.

Two days after this conversation Miss Laport and Mrs. Hendricks were down in the Laran, and with Miss Endicott and the negro servant this made four women now in the underground community. The hazy-burly of preparation and excitement of camp life extended at this time from the rotunda for at least two miles and filled all the echoing spaces far beyond the lake. A little community was living in comparative peace in the Portal arena. The fragile cottages that encircled the space looked like a Dore picture under the central light, and dried branches that profusely ornamented a column in the center space, fretted the ground with sharply outlined shadows. It was eternal night here, but man had robbed it of most of its noxious terrors and woman had left the traces of her presence round the doorways of some of the habitations. In front of one cottage there was a stand of strange plants, curious cryptogamous growths that had been gathered in the recesses of the place; and arranged in symmetrical order were crystals of carbonate of lime, symmetrical and translucent stalactites and fossil dug from the walls of the distant passages.

It was Stocking's amusement to gather these curiosities in his moody rambles, and it was Miss Laport's melancholy delight to arrange them where the electric light played fantastic tricks with them at all hours. Under the awning which on one side of the little house offered a protection from the light, sat Miss Laport and Lieut. Stocking. At a short distance on the same side were two other and similar abodes, one of which was given over to the lieutenant and Calicut; the other, connecting with Miss Laport's by a latticed alleyway, was in possession of the doctor. Miss Endicott having a room in Miss Laport's establishment.

"Now that you have told me about your father, Miss Franklin," said Lieut. Stocking, "and there is nothing to prevent you both from leaving this place, why do you not urge him to go at once? Mr. Calicut asked me to speak to you seriously about it and impress you with the urgency of it."

"Why should he be anxious about it?" asked the girl.
"He has made up his mind about the result of the conflict and he fears if you delay much longer you will not be able to get away at all."
"And you?" said the girl with real solicitude.

"I'm in Calicut's hands. I suppose we shall be liberated at some time. He seems to think so."
"You appear to admire and trust him very much."
"Yes, I wish I could get you to trust him. He says you ought to go away at once. Shall I tell you what he said to me?"
"Yes, do."
"It was this: 'Stocking,' he said, 'you can get Hendricks' permission to take that old man and his daughter out, if you will give your word of honor not to betray his retreat and to return. You could then put them in a boat and help them to cross the Mississippi.'"

"I want to save them," he said.
"But you do not care to save me," I objected.
"Yes," he said, "if you follow my plan it will save you."
"Then I am not to return?"
"Yes, you are. You must come back. But it will take you two days."
"To come back here is not to be saved," I said. "You will have to explain yourself."
"Yes," said the girl, with interest. "Did he explain?"

"No. He merely said: 'I wish you would take my advice.'"
"You are frank with me," I exclaimed.
"If you will do as I bid you," he replied, "everything will explain itself and we shall all be released."
"Then why not do it?" asked Miss Laport.

"Because I have to pledge myself to give up liberty and you, and come back to this tomb to be buried alive. Do you think that an easy matter?"
"And yet you say you trust your friend. Now I would obey him implicitly and trust him if I knew him as well as you do."
"Yes," said the lieutenant. "It is characteristic of a woman. But I am a man—a helpless one."

Twenty minutes later these two young people had taken the train and got off at the platform in the rotunda. It was Miss Laport who first discovered Calicut standing in a pensive attitude, and, with a sudden burst of selfishness, she said: "There is your friend now. Why not go to him and prove that you trust him? I am going to leave you together and go back with the doctor."

Stocking was disinclined to accede to this request, but Miss Laport was pleasantly firm and, a few moments later, he had joined Calicut. The first thing he said, rather grimly, was: "There is murder going on overhead."

"Yes," replied Calicut. "That is the name for war when we are not in it."
The two men walked side by side through the exit of the rotunda until they came to the lake, where at intervals there was a natural bench of satin spar, very pure and beautiful in the electric light—and here they sat down.

"Calicut," said Stocking, "I give you credit for too much manliness to lose your vindictiveness under pleasant treatment and for too much good sense to be overthrown by the magnificence of a sophism when it is put into execution."
"Quite right," replied Calicut. "You will live to see that my opposition to Hendricks and his conspiracy is much deeper and broader than yours. With you it is an impulse. With me it is a cool conviction. Your impulse prevents you from admiring his skill. My conviction will enable me to thwart his purpose."

"If I thought you could without being a traitor to your conscience, I would place myself under your orders and ask no questions," said Stocking.
"I was going to ask you to do that."
"There is only one reason why I should," Stocking said.
"What is that?"
"Miss Franklin has asked me to."

CHAPTER XVII.

While this conversation was going on there arrived at the sanitarium a sheriff's posse. Among them was the deputy who had escaped when the house was surrounded. The doctor was now in charge of the place and no obstruction was offered to their entrance. They were led by the sheriff of Tipton county, a grim and grizzly veteran, known as Clip Davis, who had a wide reputation as a fighter, and he brought a pocketful of warrants.

The doctor expressed his entire sympathy with their purpose, denounced Hendricks as an outlaw and offered to aid the officers in any way in destroying the gang. He placed the house at their disposal, treated them hospitably and gave it as his opinion that Hendricks and his men had gone east.

The old sheriff was suspicious, blunt and unceremonious. "You've got a damned suspicious house here," he said, "and I'm going to get to the bottom of it. Where does that wire go?"
"It was intended to go to Memphis, but it was never finished."
"Well, sir, there has murder been committed here. If I don't find the guilty parties I'm in search of I'll bag the whole establishment and take you to Covington."

The doctor smiled—remarked that that would be rather rough treatment for innocent people and then asked the sheriff to drink.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

stab ends of yournides and your outsides will take care of themselves.

Don't cry over spilt milk; drive up another cow.

A fragrant mind is the choicest perfume.

Forgiving grows easy with practice. By the time a man learns he is a fool he begins not to be one.

A cynic always tries to pick a rose up by its thorn.

Fashionable society is a dehumanized association of individuals.

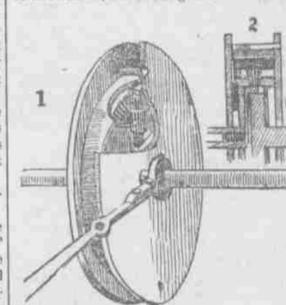
The egotist has a certain kind of bravery in that he admires that most which most people do not admire at all.



IMPORTANT INVENTION.

Differential Gearing for Which a Great Many Things Are Claimed by Its Inventor.

The gearing represented in the engraving comprises two shafts rotating independently of each other and yielding connected by a coiled spring held in the reduced hollow end of one of the shafts, says the Scientific American. The shaft carrying the coiled spring is provided with a disk, upon which axes are mounted, carrying pinions. Upon the other shaft a gear wheel is mounted. Of the pinions carried by the disk, the lower ones are always in mesh with the gear-wheel on the shaft, but may be moved in or out of engagement with a fixed gear-wheel held in the frame of the apparatus opposite to the shaft gear wheel. The other or upper pinions can be made to engage a larger gear-wheel also fixed to the frame, but arranged on the same



HOW IT WORKS.

side as the gear-wheel mounted on the shaft. The two fixed gear-wheels are adapted to engage the pinions alternately.

Upon rotating the gear-wheel shaft, the pinions are made to revolve. When the lower pinions are in mesh with the smaller fixed gear-wheel, as shown in the section, they roll off on this fixed gear-wheel, and therefore the disk carrying the pinions is made to revolve on the shaft on which it is formed. When, by shifting the disk shaft, the upper pinions are made to mesh with the larger fixed gear-wheel, then an opposite motion and different speed are imparted to the disk shaft, as the upper pinions roll off on the larger fixed gear-wheel. If, on the contrary, the disk shaft is rotated, then the disk carries its pinions around and they then roll off on either of the fixed gear-wheels, and consequently cause the shaft gear-wheel to rotate the shaft upon which it is mounted.

When it is desired to change the pinions, the coiled spring in the reduced end of the disk shaft is made to yield longitudinally, so as to permit both shafts to be moved closer together or farther apart, depending upon the size of the new pinions.

CURE FOR INDOLENCE.

French Doctor Calls It a Weakness Which is Amenable to Rational Scientific Treatment.

A French doctor declares that indolence is a weakness of dyspeptic and neuropathic, which is amenable to scientific treatment. He divides indolent people into various classes and proposes to treat each case according to its special symptoms. He looks upon the indolent as hopeless, but believes that the remorseful indolent, especially the intermittently indolent, are more or less open to cure. The first thing a physician should do is to change the sudden fits of industry, which exhaust the brain energy, and give only partial results, into regular steady work. The doctor should impress the patient with a fixed, guiding idea, and then form a habit, or, in other words, substitute an automatic act, which is easy, for a voluntary act, which is difficult. To be really effective, this habit must be emphasized until it borders on a mania, and one of the most important details that the time for work should always be the same. The best time of the day at which to acquire a habit of works is the morning, directly after rising, when the brain is clearest. The greatest care must be taken not to overtake an indolent but willing patient. One hour's work a day is quiet enough for him to begin with. The time should be gradually increased, but never to such an extent as to produce exhaustion. A short walk, or a meal, or a rest, may break the spells of work, and the ruling idea should be to have a clear knowledge of the aim in view and to limit the time for work, for people usually work best when the time for exertion has fixed limits.

Salt as a Medium of Exchange. In Abyssinia, not long ago, salt was the principal medium of exchange, being practically used as money.

BLOOD CIRCULATION.

New and Strikingly Original Theory Advanced by a Western Physician and Student.

A new and strikingly original theory of circulation of the blood has been advanced by Dr. M. J. Rodermund, of Appleton, Neb., in a paper read by him before the National Electrical Medical Association.

Dr. Rodermund denies that the heart is a pump by whose muscular contraction the blood is sent through the system, pointing out that the heart in order to do this would have to exert a power at every pulsation equal to 50 pounds—an equivalent of 200,000 pounds every hour. This is an energy sufficient to raise its own weight 20,000 feet every hour, an energy, the doctor says, which an organ of the size of the heart would be utterly unable to exert.

Instead of the blood-carrying oxygen through the system, it is the oxygen from the air that sends the blood bounding through all the minute capillary blood vessels, exactly reversing the old theory that has stood for nearly three centuries. In other words, it is the oxygen we breathe based on the fundamental law of electricity.

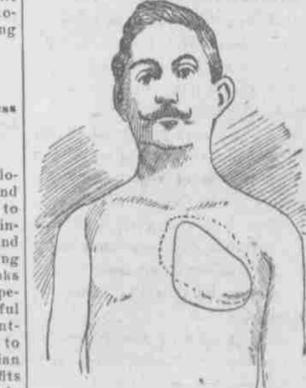
It is well known that all positive electric bodies proportionally repel, while all negatives and positives attract each other; hence, this oxygen or electricity, both elementarily the same, is one of the chief agents and means of life, and is introduced into the system by breathing. This air when breathed charges the air cells of the lungs while the iron in the blood attracts the oxygen; this charges both the air and the blood cells positively, and thereby generates a powerful self-acting propelling force by each repelling that in the other. The function of the heart, instead of propelling the blood, is the reverse—that is, to regulate and not to propel the blood, but to hold this electrified fluid in check, otherwise it would circulate too fast to perform its life work. So it follows that if you want to labor hard with brain or muscles without exhaustion or injury, breathe abundantly of good and pure air which contains the normal amount of oxygen, for it is only oxygen that is taken up in the blood. It is the invigorator of life and all functions of the body.

Get lots of pure air into your lungs is Dr. Rodermund's advice, and your blood will circulate all right. Get it awake and sleeping, too, and you'll never have the blues. Sluggish circulation of the blood is due chiefly to a lack of fresh air, he says, and if you wish to be healthy, wealthy and wise breathe the plenty of oxygen.

SIZE OF THE HEART.

It is Affected by Excitement, Fright, Exercise or the Effort of Eating and Drinking.

After all, science proves that the statement "his heart was in his throat" is not very far wrong. About ten years ago several Germans discovered that the heart changed its position, its size and its shape under excitement,



ENLARGED BY EXERCISE.

fright, exercise or the effort of eating. They used only the primitive means of percussion—a system of tapping the fingers of the right hand on the fingers of the left pressed against the heart—to explain their theories.

Now Dr. Capitan comes forward with his stethoscope, employing Bianchi's method of phrenology, and the most thorough examination of the heart is possible. A button of the stethoscope is pressed over the heart and the skin is tapped. When by means of rubber tubes that connect the apparatus with the nose and ears, the noise and tapping are no longer heard, the limit of the organ has been reached and so the entire outline may be traced. In nervous subjects the heart is not apt to rise and expand often. Dyspeptics and people given to alcoholic indulgence are apt to be subject to expansion of the heart. Under the same emotions in the same subject the heart does not always take the same course. Sometimes it may contract.

The king of Italy, like his famous father, Victor Emmanuel, takes only one meal a day when he takes a holiday from court pomp and ceremonies.