

# Sequachee Valley News.

VOL. XI.

SEQUACHEE, TENN., THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1904.

NO. 24.

## CATTLE RAISING.

### Pronounced One of the Opportunities for Development in this County—A Man Who Ought to Know Expresses His Opinions.

W. A. Brown, of this city, in speaking of the business of the county, says that something has got to be done to improve present conditions in Marion, and advises more attention to stock raising on the part of the farmers, if we would improve conditions.

Mr. Brown expressed this opinion in a recent interview with a News reporter, and furthermore added that an object lesson can well be taken from the present conditions in Bledsoe county, where cattle raising has been the leading feature for years past, bringing large sums of money into the county and practically forming its prosperity. Up there they plant corn only to turn it into beef or pork, and every scrap of rough feed is carefully saved.

"Those people up there," said Mr. Brown, "are wise, and Marion county farmers should hasten to profit by their example, and go in to the business on a systematic manner."

He then said that the custom of burning the mountain over every fall or spring should be stopped, as it was a mistaken idea that it assisted the growth of the grass, but on the contrary destroys grass that would feed yearlings till late in the winter if not all winter.

He hoped that the influence of progressive citizens would be turned to this business and that with plenty of fat cattle and hogs to sell, good roads to transact business over, and prosperity reflected on the face of every man, Marion county could attain a more important place in the commercial world. The county is not as productive as it should be, and a determined effort should be made to raise more stuff to sell in the foreign market. Until we do this we will drag along in the same profitless channels.

## Small Farms Are Best.

It is small farms that make the country, not extensive ones. We once lived in a rural neighborhood in Grimes county, embracing about twenty small farms. There were a neat neighborhood church and a prosperous well attended school. At the little village on the creek the neighbors would assemble on Saturdays, do their trading and brag about their crops and horses and cattle and hogs. It was a real pleasure to be one of the number. The village and the surrounding country were prosperous and happy, and all worked together for the public good. This condition lasted for many years until a Mississippian came and purchased one of the best farms. But the farm was too small, and the proprietor was rich. He bought two more farms from brothers, and the next year he bought others, until he owned 13,000 acres of fine land and had it nearly all in cultivation. The school was broken up. Only missionaries used the church, and the village was almost depopulated and business was undone, for the proprietor of the 13,000 acre farm purchased less goods and wares than any one of the farmers he had bought out. A happy and prosperous neighborhood was broken up, and where it had been a green sea of cotton and corn it was desolation compared with conditions before the blight came in and spoiled the pleasant picture. —Farm and Ranch.

The News—52 papers, 50c.

## LUCUBRATIONS of Christopher Cornfield.

My Dear Brother: Your last letter to hand and contents carefully noted, as the feller says. You say you have just been fined seven dollars and freight for being in an affray. Seems to me a boy of your raisin' would be ashamed to be caught in er-gambling place. When I wuz your age I never done nothin' worse an play marvles and I quit that when I found out it wuz agin religion. A puzle of us wuz er playing marvles out in the yard one day and the circuit rider rides right up on us fo' we seed 'im. He look sad an' mournful like a minute, an' then rolling his eyes up he says, "Oh, brethren—ah—don't you no the good book says—ah—marvel not—ah," and since then I haint teched a marvel.

Well, as the poet says, Christ's mass have came and went, and so in my loose change, but I enjoyed it considerable. My girl and me wuz invited over to take Christmas dinner at Major Humphries' and of all the dinners I ever seed that wuz the bestness. I dressed up fitten to kill in my best jeans and I had on one of your billed shirts with a turn-over collar, and my girl said it wuz a plum sight to see my Adams app'er chasin' in an' out er that high collar like ground squirrel in er nothole. When we got that the Major and two city chaps what's been courtin' the girls wuz er settin' out on the piazzay and Mrs. Humphries she comes out an takes my girl off to get ready for dinner and leaves me ter talk ter the men folks.

I sot there in a big rockin' cheer a-talkin' er-bout old times an' er-smellin' like turpentine soap an' blacken' an' I never felt more plum satisfied in my life. Bimeby a big buck nigger that wuz dressed up nearly es good es I wuz er-pranced out, an' says, "dinner is sarved, sir." An' the Major gets up and with a low bow says, "Walk inter the dinin' room gentlemen." We walked in an' I don't think I ever saw a purtier table in my life all covered with holly and misel-toe an' red berries, but there wuzn't er blame bit er vituls. Says I ter myself they must think this is the fust of April, but I wont let on. I wuz hungry es er saw mill steer kase I had been er-starvin' up as I could do justice to the dinner. The ladies cum er-biffin' in from the other room, and neighbor's daughter, Miss Annie, had one uv them evenin' dresses as they call them two feet too long at the bottom and about a foot too short at the top—looked like she'd katch the tail uv it in the door and run half way outen hit before she could stop. She sailed up to me her skirts er-whirrin' and er-swishin' an' says ter me, says she, "how deu yeu den, Mr. Cornfield. So de-lighted ter see yeu." She had her right hand up in the air like she wuz er-reaching fer sunfin, so thinking maybe she had sore finger I tuck her other hand and shuck it. When we got settled the nigger came dashin' in with a waiter uv soup. It didn't take me long to finish mine and Mrs. Humphries axed me if I would have some more, and I said I would. I finished that one and wuz er-waitin' fur er-nother invitation when the nigger took all the plates away from us. My girl looked kinder relieved an' them city chaps were er-grinnin' like two jackasses eatin' briars. In a few minutes the nigger came er-tearin' in with a turkey about as big as an ostrick an' then he brung in one thing an' another till you jest couldn't rest. "White meat or dark?" says the Major. I passed the plate and said, "Yes'm, and a little dab er hay," just to be fashionable. My

girl kicked at me on the table and hit my pet button. I kicked back and lammed one of the nigger chaps on the chin. I wuz beginnin' to get uncomf'able an' my girl's nose wuz as red as fire—that's the way she blushes you know an' I wuz anxious to get through with that dinner as hungry as I wuz. When I made that kick I dropped my napkin under the table where I could n't reach it and directly Mr. Humphries called to the nigger and says, "Bring Mr. Cornfield another doilyer." "No'm, a thank you," says I. "I ain't let the one I got yet." I thought it wuz sumptin' to eat. The other city fellow snorted while his mouth wuz full er vituls and hit one of the young uns in the eye with a piece er picerust.

I wuz feelin' er-bout es happy as a whale with an overcoat on by now, an' my girl looked like an old maid that had waited twenty-seven years for a proposal. The nigger cleared off the table again, and brought in some trembling stuff they called jelly. Every time I moved they stuff ud shiver like it had the buckager. "Do you like Charlotte Russe?" says Miss Annie to me, trying to make me feel at ease. "Well," says I feelin' relieved right away, "I used ter like her right smart but I ain't seed her now in some years. What's the name uv the feller she married?" says I, a-rattling a'long. Well, everybody 'cept my girl jest get back and hollered, an' I lifted too kaze they did, but I wuz rattled tell I didn't have no sense.

"You can bring in the plum pudding now," says Mrs. Humphries to the nigger, an' in a few minutes he cum back with the hottest puddin' I ever seed. All puddins are mighty hot, but this one wuz so hot that the blue flames wuz er-runnin' up six inches high. They passed me down er bunk uv it er couple uv times, an' I put it in my mouth but gosh n'randy! it was so hot that I could hear it a-fryin'. So I grabbed it out and dropped it on the floor. In er-bout er minute I smelt yarn a schorchin' and noed that puddin' wuz er burnin' a hole in the carpet, but I never let on.

"How do you take your coffee?" says Miss Annie to me, her hand er hoverin' over the sugar bowl, "without?" "No'm," says I, "I'll take mine 'with'. It's more satisfiyng." After we finished the coffee the nigger brung in a lot er bowls of water with little slices of lemon in 'em. I wuz the only thet drunk the stuff and I must say it wuz about the mildest drink as I ever slung a lip over.

When we riz from the table Miss Annie smile at me as sweet as pie, add says to me she says, "Come out on the piazzay, Mr. Cornfield and let's have a little tete-tay." "No'm, I thankee," says I, determined like, "I am as full as a tick now and them French dishes don't agree with me nobow."

When we started for home my girl wuz biling hot, an' 'lowed I didn't have sense enough to put sand into a rat hole with a peggin all, an' she didn't mean no disrespect to the rat hole either. Here-after plain grub is good enough for W. H. CORNFIELD.

## CURED LUMBAGO.

A. B. Cannan, Chicago, writes March 4, 1903: "Having been troubled with Lumbago at different times and tried one physician after another; then different ointments and liniments, gave it up altogether. So I tried once more, and got a bottle of Ballard's Snow Liniment, which gave me almost instant relief. I can cheerfully recommend it, and will add my name to your list of former sufferers." 25c, 50c and \$1. For sale by Sequachee Supply Store, and Whitwell Drug Co.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

## BILL DOOLEY'S LETTER.

### Bill Writes a Letter to Uncle Joe Templeton Expressing His Regrets at Having to Loose Him from the Republican Ranks—Republican Party Ruined.

Uncle Joe, I was greatly surprised to see your name in the News and learn that you had flopped over to the democrats when you knew by so doing you would ruin the republican party. Hearing of the event I did not know whether to be sorry or glad, but after I had taken everything into consideration I was glad for I know how badly you hated to work, and knowing you have enjoyed the privilege of having work so long at good wages payable in money, is enough to make a man want to get back under Uncle Grover's wing again, when men had nothing to do only squirrel hunt and fish, and lay in the shade of idleness.

Now Uncle, it was necessary for you to have consulted some of the leading democrats about the matter before trying to force yourself on them. They are mighty particular, and if they did n't take you the republicans might not take you back.

Now, Uncle Joe, you should try to inform yourself. Start out among the laboring people and you will find that democracy and republicanism are with the laboring people things of the past, and now instead of politics it is the matter of bread and butter, luxuries that keep soul and body together, is their best interest. We remember that it was not very long ago since the country was thronged with tramps looking for work. Now you don't see any man out on that business for there is no reasonable excuse for tramping over the country for work. Every man that is willing to apply himself to some useful calling has got employment and is getting good wages for his services, and if things were left to the intelligent voters of both parties things would go on all right, but as long as the illiterate vote is allowed to come to the polls it will be a case of idiocy murdering the intelligence of the country in cold blood.

Some may think this is reaching out too far but they can think as they please. The fact is that if they don't vote very intelligently that things are likely to get in very bad shape. While the wheels of industry run let them alone. The man who is not economical enough to make a good living under present conditions is not economical enough to keep it if he had Jay Gould's possessions.

I never could see the propriety in swapping off a good work horse in a crotime for one that you did not know whether he would work or not. So we had better get Teddy Roosevelt in the government harness at present, and as long as he is doing as well as he is doing he is doing well enough. If he did dine with Booker T. Washington didn't Grover Cleveland dine with Fred Douglass and also walked with him, and who was Fred Douglass? A negro Congressman with his head as kinky as a two months old lamb, and black as the inside of a stovepipe. Our evidence for this assertion is the newspapers, and I guess it is so for I don't believe any editor would tell a fib about an small thing as a white president and negro congressman. Newspapers are not that kind of stuff.

I now see why N. B. Moore has announced himself as a candidate for the legislature. He knew that when he got Templeton flopped over to the democrats that that would beat me, as me and Joe were republicans. Now, Boney, I was not decided before the change in politics took place, and as I had not announced myself I can get out with honor. Now we leave Joe and the Dr. to fight their own battles, hoping Joe will get in all right although it will be a great set back to the republican ticket in 1904. We will have to give him up, Goodby Joe.

Christmas night Santa sent all the Dooley family something but old Bill. I went to Sequachee last night aiming to meet the old gentleman there, but he failed to show up. The train being some 10 minutes late I followed what had been waiting along for him and at last had to drive out and leave him. At any rate I didn't get the benzine. When I had made the drive of five miles up Dixon's Cove as dry inside as a powder horn I felt like doing something mean, and I asked the old woman if she thought dam was a cuss word. She said dam was used to emphasize and that it alone was not necessarily a cuss word, for when Adam and Eve were in the garden of Eden and ate the forbidden fruit and became wise that Adam in all probability asked Eve if he could kiss her, and that she could have given her consent by saying "I don't care Adam if you do," without using profanity. So when I became fully convinced that it was not profanity I came very near emphasizing a little but did n't.

Now after giving to all the News readers my best respects and wishing them a long and happy life I will close. Would be much obliged if M. E. G. would have something to say about the health of H. M. Cunningham. He is Mrs. Dooley's father and is in poor health. Him and Than are old friends. Yours truly,

BILL DOOLEY.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

## MONTEAGLE.

Special to the News. As every thing has been so quiet there is not much news. We are busy for Sunday schools and Xmas trees. We have three Sunday Schools and all are doing well. Everything passed off very nicely and there was not much drinking. Right here allow me space to congratulate our esteemed editors for not accepting blood money for advertising such low establishments as the liquor business. We are certainly proud of such men as the editors of the News.

About all the excitement here now is the proposed pike to be built from Montecagle to Polkham, or rather to Payne's Wunder Cave in the Valley three miles distant. Shares have been taken to the amount of \$1,700 or \$1,800.

Mrs. Dunkin, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Dunkin, Jr. and Mr. and Mrs. Tobie Turner have come from McAlister, I. T. Will go to Nunley Ridge for their future home.

Geo. E. Seely, Sr., and Geo. Seely, Jr., came home from Ensley, Ala., last week.

We have the measles and whooping cough now.

Doc Tucker has pneumonia but is recovering.

Mrs. M. J. Samply is visiting relatives at Stevenson, Ala.

Santa Claus was not expected at the Christmas entertainment at the C. P. Church but he appeared anyway.

Wishing the News and its readers a happy and prosperous New Year I'll ring off. Rex.

## IMPERFECT DIGESTION.

Means less nutrition and in consequence less vitality. When the liver fails to secrete bile, the blood becomes loaded with bilious properties, the digestion becomes impaired and the bowels constipated. Herbine will rectify this; it gives tone to the stomach, liver and kidneys, strengthens the appetite, clears and improves the complexion, infuses new life and vigor to the whole system. 50c a bottle.

For sale by Sequachee Supply Store; Whitwell Drug Co.

## FAIRMOUNT.

Special to the News. Christmas passed off very quietly. There were only five Christmas trees on the ridge.

Leo Smith gave Fairmount a flying visit last week.

Mrs. Geo. Alexander and children of Sherman Heights, spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Connor.

Misses Lillie and Olga Johnson are spending vacation with home folks.

Noah Roberts and John Shannon spent Xmas at Uncle Tom Connor's. They had a little dispute on the way as to who was the prettiest, Miss Cora or Miss Willie.

Misses Mabel Brown and Lilly Lusk are visiting friends in Chattanooga.

C. W. Shackelford is at home this week.

John Brymer is visiting in Sequachee Valley.

Listen for the wedding bells. John Adams and Mary Vandegriff, the beau and belle of Fairmount, attended the Christmas tree at the M. E. Church.

"Sweet Marie" wanted to escort a certain young lady home the other night. While he was trying to decide whether or not to make the attempt, another young man walked off with her. A sympathizing friend said to Sweet Marie, "well, bow do you feel?" and received this answer, "I feel like a fool."

Rev. Carlisle P. B. Martin, L. L. D.

Of Waverly, Texas, writes: "Of a morning, when first arising, I often find a troublesome collection of phlegm, which produces a cough and is very hard to dislodge; but a small quantity of Ballard's Horehound Syrup will at once dislodge it, and the trouble is over. I know of no medicine that is equal to it, and it is so pleasant to take. I can most cordially recommend it to most persons needing a medicine for throat or lung trouble. 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by Sequachee Supply Store, and Whitwell Drug Co."

## VICTORIA.

Special to the News. The farmers have been busy in the fields and plowing is well advanced.

Rev. S. P. Angel, of Whitwell, was in town Friday.

Capt. John Frater is making many improvements to his already beautiful home "The Poplars."

Dr. Thompson is the laziest man in town. He would rather walk a couple of miles than saddle a horse to ride it.

The line of tracks, trestle work and ties on Inman branch to a distance of 600 feet of the "V" has been taken up.

Will Friend had an eye nearly taken out by a stick of wood flying up and striking him while he was chopping it.

Postmaster Pryor looked happy and contented after his Christmas dinner.

Domestic Troubles.

It is exceptional to find a family where there are no domestic ruptures occasionally, but these can be lessened or by having Dr. King's New Life Pills around. Much trouble they save by their great work in Stomach and Liver troubles. They not only relieve you but cure. 25c at Whitwell Drug Co.

The News is only 50c a year. Read it.

## SHERIFF'S LAND SALE.

In Chancery Court at Jasper, Tenn. ANNA E. WALDRAVEN et al. vs. J. M. DAY et al.

By virtue of the order of Court which has been issued by the Clerk and Master of Chancery Court at Jasper, Marion County, Tenn., in the above named cause dated Aug. 8, 1903, I will on

**Saturday, February 6th, 1904.**

sell to the highest and best bidder for cash in hand in front of the Courtroom in Jasper, Marion County, Tennessee, within the legal hours prescribed by law, the following real estate situated in the 7th civil district of Marion County, Tenn., and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

1st TRACT.—Beginning at a stake with small oak monument, J. P. Marton line of a 50-acre tract, which beginning point is 5 1/2 poles N. 23 W. from a stake and small sweet gum and oak pointers at a post oak stump at the S. E. corner of said 50-acre tract, and H. H. Havron N. W. corner; thence S. 87 degrees east 84 poles along the line of lot No. 1 (as shown on map registered on page 11 in Book "93" of the Register's office of Marion County, Tenn., which reference is had,) to a stake in said line in a field; thence 2 1/2 degrees east 47 1/2 poles to a small persimmon bush in the north boundary line at the fence; thence with said line north 87 1/2 deg. west 13 poles to a stake; thence south 80 deg. west 32 poles to a stake; thence south 1/2 deg. east 1/2 poles to a stake; thence north 83 1/2 deg. west 39 poles to a stake with whit oak and oak and other pointers, corner to what is known as the J. P. Havron tract; thence with Jas. P. Havron old line south 23 deg. east 44 1/2 poles to the beginning, containing 23 3/4 acres more or less.

2nd TRACT.—Beginning at a stake with small oak monument, the line of the east boundary line of the Coushal tract of which this tract and the one first herein described are parts, about 2 poles east of the wagon road leading from Shellmound to Sorrel's Hill and in the line of Jas. P. Havron 100-acre tract, which beginning point is 19 1/2 poles north 3 1/2 deg. west from the south-west corner of said 100-acre tract, the southeast corner of the said Coushal tract; thence north 1/2 deg. west with the line of the said Havron 100-acre tract 38 1/2 poles to a stake, black oak pointers on the side of the house; thence south 87 1/2 deg. west 7 poles to a stake with black oak pointers on the south side of the road, at the road at the fence; thence along the old fence north 4 deg. east 65 poles to the corner of the field; thence north 66 1/2 deg. west 37 1/2 poles to a stake; thence south 70 deg. W. 14 1/2 poles to a stake; thence south 83 1/2 deg. west 16 poles to a stake; thence north 87 1/2 deg. west 15 poles to a small persimmon bush, the northeast corner of the first tract described; thence with a line 2 1/2 deg. west 37 1/2 poles to a stake in the field, the southeast corner of the first tract herein described; thence south 87 1/2 deg. east 80 poles to the beginning, containing 23 1/2 acres, more or less. Said land is levied on as the property of J. J. Belk, and for the satisfaction of the execution writ.

Said property is fully described in a deed from P. and E. G. Avery to J. J. Belk, dated March 6th, 1888, and of record in Book "O," pp. 10 and 11, of the Register's office of Marion County, Tenn., to which reference is made for better description. This levy is made subject to any right of homestead which J. J. Belk may have in said land.

This Dec. 20, 1903, at 8 o'clock a. m.

F. M. McCULLOUGH, Sheriff of Marion County.

I also levy the within execution on the following described land belonging to W. J. Day and subject to any legal claim of homestead said Day may have in the same. Said land described as follows: Lying in the 7th district of Marion County, Tenn., and bounded on the north by lands of J. W. Brown, south by A. J. Ball, east by Lascant lands, and west by A. J. Ball, containing 14 acres, more or less, and levied on as the property of W. J. Day.

This Jan. 4, 1904, at 1 o'clock p. m. F. M. McCULLOUGH, Sheriff of Marion County.

Printer's Fee, \$23.20. Jan. 7, 1904.

## Saved From Terrible Death.

The family of Mrs. M. L. Houbert of Badgerston, Tenn., saw her lying and were powerless to save her. The most skillful physicians and every remedy used failed, until consumption was slowly but surely taking her life. In this terrible hour Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption turned despair into joy. The first bottle brought immediate relief and its continued use completely cured her. It's the most certain cure in the world for all throat and lung troubles. Guaranteed. Bottles 25c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at Whitwell Drug Store.

## The Cherry Trial.

The Cherry trial at Winchester, will continue and is exciting much interest. R. A. Cherry and Robt. Cherry are charged with perjury in connection with the burning of a house at Montecagle, in which they claimed furniture to the amount of \$2,000 was burned. The trial was resumed Tuesday after adjournment from Saturday.

## A Very Close Call.

I stuck to my engine although every joint ached and every nerve was racked with pain," writes C. W. Bellamy, a locomotive fireman at Burlington, Iowa. "I was weak and pale, without any appetite and all run down. As I was about to give up, I got a bottle of Electric Bitters, and after taking it I felt as well as I ever did in my life." Weak, sickly, run-down people always gain new life, strength and vigor from their use. Try them. Satisfaction guaranteed by Whitwell Drug Co. Price 50c.