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MEMORIAL ADDRESS

Delivered by Rev. John Kingsley Ford, at Sequachee, May 30th.

A few days ago I stood in one of our National Cemeteries and thinking of this occasion this statement from Holy Writ came to me: "What mean ye by these stones?"

I shall not review the history of past years, of that you know more than I. These silent memorials of those who, when our nation trembled in the balance, freely gave their lives for the unification of our land, speak more eloquently than any effort of mine.

On both sides were men gallant, brave and fearless fighting for love of home and love of patriotism. We, of the latter days, have come to respect men who stand and fight for the principles they believe to be right. We, of this day also respect and honor men who are full of courage and willing to combat wrong where ever found.

When the old banner of liberty and right—for right it was and ever will be—was fired upon and the President made that memorable call for 75,000 volunteers, quickly from city and country came men anxious to defend the nation's honor, freely to shed their blood and give their lives for the maintenance of the union, and today we scatter the flowers over their last resting place, emblematic of our love and honor for their heroic life and sacrifice. Men who not only faced danger from shot and shell but from prison, exposure and from want. The patriotism of our noble forefathers of revolutionary fame was surely to be found flowing through the arteries of the men of 61-65 and no less in the same manner in the heroes of '98.

But "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war", and although we are not overshadowed by the clouds of war and the roar of the cannon or the rattle of musketry no longer startles us with their ceaseless thundering, and peace has enfolded us in her banner of white, yet there are grave dangers confronting us which call forth the heroic of our times, men who will fight at any cost for their overthrow. In front of us stand, not in battle array with cannon and rattling muskets, those would overthrow the honor of our homes of which we are so proud. No! Yet sapping at the arteries of our nation are perils that call for heroic treatment. Perils that call for man and one of the great needs in this land of ours is not more men nor more money, but more heart, more sympathy.

I would that I had the time to show wherein lies the dangers that now confront us. But as my time is limited I can only mention two or three of the more important ones.

IGNORANCE.

The percentage of ignorance is fearfully large among men and when we come to sum up the problem and realize what a powerful force these are in our nation, this peril portends evil to our national stability. In this land of continual surprises, where expansion seems to be the great idea of the day and where we also believe in the ratio of 16 to 1,—we kill off 16 American soldiers to civilize 1 Philippine—the greatest surprise is that there is not erected on every fifth section of land a school-house with the Bible as a text book and "Old Glory" waving over it guaranteeing its protection. If I had the power to make the law it should be engraven on all the statute books that over every school house, university and academy "Old Glory" should, at least during school hours be unfurled to the welcoming breeze. And not only there but in every church should the flag of our nation have an important position. But one of the great surprises we find is the man who says we are giving to much attention to schools and our children are wasting too much time over books when they should be at the plow or at the scrub board. Do you not know that the large percentage of crime and poverty found in this land is because of ignorance. An educated man or woman makes by far the better farmer, merchant, or mechanic or housewife and mother than the ignorant, shiftless mortals.

ANARCHISM.

One of the sad thoughts that comes to the mind of all loyal men is the fact that under the protecting folds of "Old Glory" in one of our Eastern cities, is nest of these devils in human form, with their red flag of arson and death floating over it. That the nation has not long since driven them from our midst is another of these continual surprises. When that red-headed devil with unspellable, unpronounceable name, assassinated our beloved comrade and President, William McKinley, we met in mass assembly and resolved

and resolved and then passed some more resolutions about the evil but nothing else was done. It reminded me of the story of the boy who owned an old-time muzzle loading shotgun, and some one was causing much trouble in the chicken coop. Every time a chicken was missing he would put another load in his old gun. One day he was telling a man about it, and the friend said, "Well, why don't you shoot it off?" The boy replied, "I'm afraid to, the blamed old thing would kick too hard."

We have let these weeds of crime grow and flourish till they have gone to seed. What we need now is a good grubbing hoe in the hand of a man not "afraid of its kick" and up with these weeds root and branch before they place another of our Presidents on the martyred list. Men of the Grand Army of the Republic, up and at them. Let not their accursed power be felt again.

HUM POWER.

One of the greatest evils known today, one which threatens more destruction and greater calamity than any known war has ever made, is this evil of gigantic proportions, the rum power. One which places its hellish fangs upon every home and heart in this fair land of ours. In every home, at every fireside, in every pocket is its power felt. It demands that we sacrifice 100,000 boys and girls every year upon its altar. It is filling our jails, penitentiaries, insane asylums and almshouses with its victims. Murders our loved ones in cold blood before our eyes and then flaunts its right to do this "legitimate business" in our face. Pathetic indeed comes the cry from the mothers of America: "Ye who protected our homes and land from the cause of human slavery, protect us now from this slavery of rum." Comrades of the G. A. R., will we stand with folded arms and hear the heart cry of the mothers of our land and say, "I am very sorry but it is none of my business"? Will not the pathos of a mother's cry stir within you all the patriotic fire of the olden days and cause you to spring as one man into a solid phalanx to the rescue? Then by and by your grave will be in the rose garden because you made glad the sorrowing heart of some poor lonely mother. This very beautiful story came to me one day and I have saved it. Perhaps it may help some of you to make a profitable decision for right just now:

"Late in the afternoon of the first day of July we reached the picturesque town of Hanover. Near the cross-roads were lying the bloated carcasses of half a dozen cavalry horses, evidently slain in a brief skirmish between Pleasant's and Stewart's troops, a few hours before our arrival.

Close to the road, near the scene of the cavalry fight, stood a farm house, at the gate of which was an old-fashioned pump and horse trough. The pump handle was in constant motion, as the weary, foot-sore soldiers flocked around it to quench their thirst with the delicious water that flowed into the mossy trough.

Coming up and waiting for my turn to drink, I noticed a sunburnt, grey-haired man leaning over his rude gate, watching the troops. He was dressed in a faded, well-worn suit of homespun, having no doubt spent the day in the hay field; and I could see that he was pleased that his pump was doing such good service.

"Good evening, sir," said I to him, removing my cap, and mopping the perspiration from my face. "It's rather hot weather, this, for marching?"

"I s'pose 'tis, though I never did any marching," was his brief response.

"As the old farmer uttered the words he moved a little, and my eye was attracted by a now-made grave among a clump of rose bushes, just inside the fence. Wondering at the sight, I ventured to ask the reason for its being there.

"Whose grave is that?" said I, pointing to the mound of fresh earth.

"A reb's," he answered laconically. "One that got killed in a fight the horseman had here to-day."

"Indeed! and so you buried him."

"Yes; buried him myself. They left him lyin' in the road out there, just as he fell. I could do no less, you know."

"Of course. But why did you make your rose-garden a graveyard?"

"Wa-al, it was the wimmin that wanted it so. Yer see, stranger, and the old man's voice trembled and grew husky—"yer see, I had a boy once. He went out with the Pennsylvania Reserves, and fought along with McClellan, down there among them Chickasawing

swamps. And one day a letter come. It was writ by a woman; and she told us how a battle had been fought near her house, while she and another woman lay hid all day in the cellar. When the battle was o'er, them women came out and found our Johnny there, his hair all bloody and tangled in the grass. So they digged a grave in the soft earth of their garden, and buried my boy right amongst their flowers, for the sake of the mother who would never see him again. So when I saw that poor reb a-lyin' out there, all dead and bloody in the dust of the road, I sed I'd bury him. And the gals, they said, "Yes, father, bury him among the rose-trees." That is why I did it, stranger."

"Then the poor old father's voice was choked by a smothered sob, while a faint cry behind him betrayed the presence of a sister to the dead hero lying in his garden grave near Richmond.

"Indeed, sir," said I, feeling my own throat tighten over the sweet pathos of the little story, "I can appreciate the love you bear your dead son. It must be some consolation to remember what you have done for the man whose body lies there under the bushes."

"Yes, stranger; that 'ere grave aint much,—and the old man turned to look at the rude mound his hands had made—"it aint much, but it will be something to remember our Johnny by."

"Bidding the farmer good-by, I hastened after the regiment, my eyes dimmed with tears, but my spirits strangely strengthened by this touching instance of human love and forgiveness."

After a while when the last "taps" have been sounded on earth, and the arch-angel of God shall sound the "assembly" from every grave shall we come forth and be marshalled before the Judge of all men, and I pray that to all the members of the G. A. R. he may say: "Come over on the right hand side." Then when the judgement is passed once more will we all be marshalled for the grand review. Wars have all ended. Peace has been declared. The bands of heaven all playing. Angels shouting the welcome of glory. All heaven gorgeously decorated. Hark! the bugles sound. Forward! Jesus the great Captain, rides at the head of the column. In through the gates of the city of God pass the great throng, down the gold paved streets to the throne.

See our Captain as he reaches the throne. He rides forward, salutes the Father and says: "These are they that have come up out of great tribulation, but have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." May God grant that not one of you, my comrades, shall be missing at "roll call."

HAVE YOU A COUGH?

A dose of Ballard's Horehound Syrup will relieve it. Have you a cold? A dose of Herbine at bedtime and frequent small doses of Horehound Syrup during the day will remove it. Try it for whooping cough, for asthma, for consumption, for bronchitis. Mrs. Joe McGrath, 237 E 1st street, Hutchinson, Kan., writes: "I have used Ballard's Horehound Syrup in my family for five years, and find it the best and most palatable medicine I ever used." 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

For sale by Sequachee Supply Store, and Whitwell Drug Co.

PETROS.

Special to the News.

Mrs. James Toomie of Taverna, is now visiting her daughter, Mrs. Gus Williams.

Dr. J. W. Smith returned from Nashville Saturday.

Mrs. J. F. Lee, Rev. J. M. Jimison, and Mrs. Dr. Gott will leave Tuesday to attend the missionary conference at Spring City.

M. L. Monroe left Saturday to take a vacation of several weeks. He will visit the World's Fair during the time.

Mr. Camper will leave this week for his home in Atlanta much to the regret of his friends.

Mrs. V. C. Evans entertained the embroidery circle at her home Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Bob Blevans will visit friends here next week.

Decoration Day was observed here Saturday. An appropriate programme was rendered at the Hall.

Mrs. C. Morgan attended the carnival at Chattanooga last week.

Driven to Desperation.

Living at an out of the way place, remote from civilization, a family is often driven to desperation in case of accident resulting in Burns, Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, etc. Lay in a supply of Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It's the best on earth, 25c at Whitwell Drug Co.

NOTICE.

I will be in Sequachee Friday of each week. All desiring dental work may call on me at the Hotel Marion. Will be at Jasper Mondays.

N. B. MOORE,

Dentist.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Galt*

BILL DOOLEY'S LETTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEWS.

I don't think you saw anything in the News last week from your Uncle William because he did not write anything and the main reason was he didn't know anything that would interest any one. It is very common now-a-days for people to take offense at things that were not intended by the writer to convey any unpleasantness, and what I am going to say in solid history of the two political parties known as democrats and republicans.

There is one class of men who don't read much, and these are the men who are most ready to cuss when they see something or hear something read from newspapers that don't suit their way of thinking or believing. If they don't read the papers of both parties they never know but one side of the great question that now confronts the people of the United States, which now demands the most careful and intelligent consideration of the voters who will cast their votes next November for a man to fill the highest office to be given by free-born liberty loving American citizens, the President, who is to be our chief magistrate for the next four years, and it behooves every man who is a well-wisher to the welfare of his fellow men to give this matter a careful consideration from an impartial standpoint, and not loiter along until the time, and then cast his vote to suit some one else. There is no man who gets a living by the sweat of his brow or the muscle of his strong right arm, but what knows that things could be put in a worse shape than they are at present.

While there is a probability that things could be put in better condition than they are, it is not at all likely to happen soon and taking all the probabilities and possibilities west of the Rocky Mountains it won't establish a single fact. All the Democratic party realized from its great victory of 1892 was the small consolation of placing Grover Cleveland in the White House and the fruitless result of securing in both houses of congress a majority that was either too cowardly or too wise and too conscientious to keep faith with the voters who had placed it in power.

Yet, notwithstanding the disastrous conditions which resulted from the democratic victory of 1892 the Democracy amply illustrated the proverb that they are like the Bourbons who never learn anything and never forget anything for out of the midsummer madness of the Chicago convention of 1896 William J. Bryan was born with pilfered rhetoric concerning a cross of gold. He rallied to his standard at the cave of Aladdin everyone who was discontented and everyone who was in debt and he flamed across the political horizon like a meteor of ruin.

Bryan was the most unique and original figure that ever appeared in American politics. He was a national and local hero. He was experimental, revolutionary and reckless. He mistook his opinion for principles and was determined to formulate his crude and undigested ideas into law. No advice, no argument, no appeals of friends or assaults of foes could move him. He was infected with the anti-wealth rabies of anarchy. He was obstinate in his purpose to array the poor against the rich and he did not consider nor did he care.

In doing so he also arrayed the idle against the industrious. He was indifferent of consequences to others if he could only enhance his own consequence. He was intoxicated to delirium with his own personality. He was with himself. He had the Bryan jimmies. The defeat of 1896 did not crush him. The defeat did not end him. He said with the French king who lost a battle: "Has God then forgotten all that I have done for him?" and with great assurance he began to prepare for 1904. He took himself seriously. He believed in himself utterly and no force known to nature was ever able to disturb his good opinion of himself.

There are four great egotists in our country. Grover Cleveland is one; Carl Schurz is one and W. J. Bryan is the other two. He is the grandest charlatan of his time. He is the Cagliostro of his century. He hypnotized the great Democratic leaders into subjection to his will. He seized the conservative and decorous Doctor Jekyll of Democracy, and, with the poison of wealth hatred, he transformed that once outwardly respectable practitioner into a malignant Mr. Hyde and set him to dancing the devil's carminole all over the land. Don't let our democratic friends think for a single moment that he is done with them. He will stick to them like the seven year itch, a ghost or a counterfeiter dollar.

There was once a man that was tormented with a ghost and tried every plan he knew how to get rid of his tormentor without success, and finally concluded to move off and leave the spook behind, so after he had his furniture piled high on the wagon, a friend passing by asked "Going to move?" "Yes, going to move," said the man. And at that time the inquiring man looked upon the loaded wagon and there sat the ghost smiling, and said, "Yes, we are going to move."

Mr. Bryan will be at the St. Louis convention. He will be perched on top of the load, whether the nominal driver be the conservative Parker or the revolutionary Hearst. It is Bryan who will direct the movement of the team. He cannot be dislodged, any more than the Old Man of the Sea could be dislodged from the shoulders of Sinbad the Sailor until he was made drunk to repletion. That the Boy Orator of the Platte will write the Democratic platform and name the Democratic candidates is a 16 to one bet.

I guess I will be called a meddlesome fool for writing this article, but let that be as it will every word that I have written happens to be a solid truth, and I consider that any man has a perfect right to speak the truth in his own defense. And as this is the year to elect the men to fill the most responsible offices in the United States, it is time for the man who gets his living by his daily labor to begin to think about what is the best interest of the wage earner. Every man that has to work by daily work for the support of a family should stop long enough to think what happened from 1892 to 1904 when a man with a family of eight children was compelled to work for 50c a day, and his family could consume every cent of his wages in bread and was compelled to live on that. When the miners didn't get but one and two days work each week, and their prices cut on coal until they got almost nothing but starvation out of what they did get. When the best farms produced nothing but mortgages and law suits, when the last piece of valuable furniture went to the pawn shop or auction room, when you had to keep your children away from the public school because you could not furnish them books and clothing, when your wife had but one dress at a time, when you had to lay out in the woods or get in a barrel behind the door until your wife mended your breeches, when you had to sell Old Pled the last cow on the place for nine dollars to pay your poll tax.

All this and much more was brought about by men listening to smart politicians, and it will be the same thing again if men don't think about these things, and elect good men regardless of his political persuasion.

WHITWELL DRUG CO.'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

We take great pleasure in announcing to our patrons and the general public that we will have with us for the following days only, JUNE 13TH & 14TH, an expert optician, representing the celebrated firm of A. K. Hawkes, Atlanta, Ga., the largest and most favorably known optical establishment in the South.

He Will Test Eyesight and Fit Glasses.

The Doctor is a graduate of one of the leading Ophthalmic Colleges in the United States, is thoroughly conversant with all modern methods in refractive science, including Retinoscopy, etc., and has long experience in his specialty.

Remember

that we have arranged this engagement and secured the services of a man of ability and reputation and that we, personally, guarantee his work.

All examinations are free and only regular prices will be charged for glasses.

You Can Save Money

and obtain the highest class of professional service in this line by taking advantage of this opportunity.

Bear in mind the dates June 13th and 14th.

John Crutchfield who took his wife to Fairmont for medical treatment, will return in a few days.

Alvin Lusk and John Crutchfield were in from Fairmont last week, and stayed all night with yours truly.

BILL DOOLEY.

OAK GROVE.

Special to the News.

Children's Day will be observed here Sunday, June 13th, with the following program.

Song, "Our father's God to Thee We Sing," Choir.

Invocation.

Introductory Sentences.
Song, "More Love to Thee, O Christ," By Choir.

Responsive Reading.

Song, "Little Mansions," Children.

Recitation, "The Child in the Midst."

Recitation, "The Duty of the Older Ones."

Song, "More About Jesus Would I Know," By Choir.

Responsive Reading.

Solo, "Jesus' Love,"

By Hattie Huddleston.

Recitation, "The Dew is On the Clover and Daisies."

Song, "Welcome, Little Ones,"

by Choir.

Recitation, "What Little Ones Can Do"

Song, "A Little Child Shall Lead Them," Choir.

Responsive Reading.

Song, "The Boy of Gallilee," Choir.

Recitation, "The Children in the Church Service."

Recitation, "When He Had Taken Them in His Arms."

Song, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," Choir.

Recitation, "The Other Children."

Recitation, "The Children's Gifts."

Recitation, "Except Ye Become as a Little Child."

Recitation, "A Starless Crown."

Song, "O Happy Children on This Day"

Choir.

Rev. and Mrs. A. G. Beecham went to New Hope Thursday where Rev. Beecham filled his appointment Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Mitchell spent Sunday in Jasper.

Quite a number from here attended quarterly meeting at Sulphur Spring Sunday.

Chas. Ketter of Bridgeport, spent Sunday here with home folks.

Worst of All Experiences.

Can anything be worse than to feel that every minute will be your last? Such was the experience of Mrs. S. H. Newsome, Decatur, Ala. "For three years," she writes, "I suffered insufferable pain from indigestion, stomach and bowel trouble. Death seemed inevitable when doctors and all remedies failed. At length I was induced to try Electric Bitters and the result was miraculous. I improved at once and now I am completely recovered." For Liver, Kidney, Stomach and Bowel troubles Electric Bitters is the only medicine. Only 50c. It's guaranteed by Whitwell Drug Co.

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