

# Sequachee Valley News.

VOL. XVII.

SEQUACHEE, TENN., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1910.

NO. 80.

## INSANE NEGRO

### Terrorizes Entire Victoria Community.

## DARING CAPTURE EFFECTED

### A. W. Ferguson's Courageous Act Does the Work. Negro Will Be Taken to Knoxville.

A sensational arrest of a colored man was made at Victoria Tuesday of last week, who was laboring under a strange delusion that "the soldiers" were after him. His name is Mack Tatum, and having armed himself with a brand new 5-lb axe and a big club, he had terrorized the community. The colored citizens were especially alarmed by his strange actions and had banded themselves together in their houses and in the woods around camp fires, afraid to remain by themselves. Tatum had a way of appearing at a cabin in the "wee sma' hours" and battering down the door with his axe, a la Carrie Nation, that was distressing to the nerves of the occupants. Attempts among his relatives to pacify him having failed to cure him of his delusion that war was on and a regiment of soldiers after him, his father went to Jasper Monday and took out a warrant for his arrest that he might be placed in some safe place for keeping.

Sheriff Westmoreland sent A. F. Shockley colored and other colored men, first to the scene of trouble to try to get possession of the axe and get the negro under control, but their efforts, after a day's work, were futile, and he telephoned to the Sheriff that there was "nothing doing."

The Sheriff then got together a posse composed of deputies A. W. Ferguson, T. L. Foster, F. M. Horton and others, and went to the scene of trouble, and from deputy A. W. Ferguson, who seems to have taken the leading part in the capture of the crazy negro, we have the following particulars.

When the posse came to the home of the crazy negro's father in the ridges east of Victoria, they found him standing on the porch with an axe in one hand and a club in the other. When they came into the yard Shockley and other colored men circled around in front, and to the left, deputy Foster was in front while deputy Ferguson and Sheriff Westmoreland were at right end of the porch.

The negro laid his club down by the door, but brandishing his axe he immediately fired up with rage at the "soldiers", as he called them, daring to try to capture him, and it was impossible get close to him so wary was his watch.

A trailis work on the porch protected the negro on one side and he kept the door onto the porch closed behind him, and the only chance to get him was to get onto the porch. The Sheriff told Tatum that he was sick and needed medicine and that they had a doctor with them to examine him, pointing out Horton as the doctor, as he sat on the fence. The negro replied that any one man, a doctor, could come up and examine him, but at the same time Horton approaching him, accidentally let fall some ropes that he had to tie the negro with, the negro caught on and advised him to "keep his distance", that he was a queer doctor to have ropes. Horton stopped and some one of the crowd remarked that Horton's hat was going up. However that was only suppositional, as Horton is a brave, cool man.

This ruse failed, however, to move him to abandon his axe and club. Threats were made to shoot him and the posse drew their pistols at him, ordering him to surrender, but this had no effect, either. To all their demands and entreaties he replied that the soldiers were after him and that he had fought them several days and he would die but once and that was nothing anyway. His appearance, too, as he stood on the porch with his axe and club and his eyes bloodshot and distended from his head, rolling first one way and then another, gave pretty good evidence that he meant what he said. There was no intention of the posse to harm him, and so it was up to them to devise a plan to effect his capture.

Deputy Ferguson was now standing about six feet from the negro at the right end of the porch, assuring him that he was his friend, and wanted to talk with him. He put his foot on the porch to get onto it when he was waved back by the negro, who said, "Get back, or I'll kill you. Get back white man, I am going to die fighting. I'll kill you." Ferguson desisted from mounting the porch and moved a chair frame back against the wall remarking to the negro that he would love to sit down and rest as he was

tired of standing up, but the negro said to stay on the ground as he knew nobody. Ferguson said that he had come to him open-handed and as a friend, but the negro reiterated his command to stand back or he would kill him, swinging his axe for a blow. Ferguson did move from the porch, and the rest of the posse told him to rush in and they would be with him in a jiffy. This, however, Ferguson was not going to do—not just then—for the negro, a powerful specimen of the African race, was too alert for him to do any grabbing business just then, and his constant order to "keep back or I'll kill you" meant business. The only chance was to look for an opening when the negro was off his guard.

For over an hour they parleyed, until the movement of the party, first on one side and then on another, got the negro very uneasy. He happened to turn his head away from Ferguson, watching the others, an instant, and that was sufficient for the courageous deputy. With a quick leap he cleared the porch and was on the negro, seizing him around the legs, binding the arm that held the axe tightly to the negro's side. It was done in an instant, completely catching him unawares. Ferguson butted him heavily, and the negro was tilted back through the door, bursting it from its hinges, and throwing him onto the foot of the bedstead. Here they struggled, the negro trying for the mastery. As the two fell, the rest of the posse rushed in and for a few moments there was a wild scene. Horton grabbed for the right arm of the negro, but was thrown clear across Ferguson by the might of the negro's powerful arm. He came back gamely, however, and got him by the throat, while Westmoreland was doing effective work, also. Foster had been stationed on the outside on guard for a possible rescue, but no attempt was made. The negro was bound both hand and foot and while on the floor tried to gnaw the planks of the floor. Shockley was hit twice on the hand while assisting in tying, and a colored trusty, who assisted in the capture dug his fingers into the insane negro's eyes during the struggle. The negro raved all the way to Jasper, being conveyed in a two horse wagon, P. A. Wolfe, driver, and seemed to think that he was to be executed.

It was a big relief to the colored population of Victoria when the negro was captured, as they came trooping back to their happy homes once more to live in peace and contentment.

The negro is confined in jail at Jasper, and Judge Pryor is trying to get him located in an Knoxville insane asylum.

A. W. Ferguson, who made the capture so bravely, is to be admired for his courageous act. He is pretty hard to down when it comes to carrying out official duty. He is a candidate for sheriff and if this is a sample of his official courage, he would make a good one.

## A Common Cold.

We claim that if catching cold could be avoided some of the most dangerous and fatal diseases would never be heard of. A cold often forms a culture bed for germs of infectious diseases. Consumption, pneumonia, diphtheria and scarlet fever, four of the most dangerous and fatal diseases, are of this class. The culture bed formed by the cold favors the development of the germs of these diseases, that would not otherwise find lodgment. There is little danger, however, of any of these diseases being contracted when a good expectorant cough medicine like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is used. It cleans out these culture beds that favor the development of the germs of these diseases. That is why this remedy has proved so universally successful in preventing pneumonia. It not only cures your cold quickly, but minimizes the risk of contracting these dangerous diseases. For sale by Whitwell Drug Co.

## Deaths at Daus.

DAUS, Tenn., Feb. 4.—Mrs. Oscar Pickett died at her home near here Wednesday morning of consumption. Internment was made at the Pickett graveyard Thursday. Mrs. Pickett was formerly Miss Lettie White.

Mrs. Levi Hackworth, who lives south of this place, died Wednesday night, and was buried at the Condra graveyard near Cedar Spring.

The famous little liver pills are DeWitt's Little Early Risers. They are safe, sure, gentle and easy to take. When you ask for DeWitt's Carbolic Witch Hazel Salve, refuse to accept a substitute or imitation. DeWitt's Carbolic Witch Hazel Salve is good for anything when you need a salve, and it is especially good for piles. Sold by Whitwell Drug Co., Whitwell; J. W. Simpson, Jasper.

## Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

The News, less than a postage stamp a copy, \$1.00 a year.

## THEY WANT RECOGNITION.

Editor News.

We, the citizens of North Marion County, do earnestly appeal to the intelligent board appointed to locate the proposed county high school Saturday, Feb. 13, 1910, to note carefully what we have to say in regard to the matter. We feel that we have been neglected by the county courts for many years past. While South Marion enjoys the distinction of having pike roads leading in different directions, which we were taxed to help build, we have no pike roads up here and our roads are very rough, but we have to make out with them. And not until all the bridges needed for the southern part of the county had been built, did we get one. We all feel slighted and neglected, notwithstanding the fact that we are taxed to raise the amount required to do these things, and now that we are to have the county high school, we see that our taxes are to be raised to meet the demands. We feel that what would be to our interest in the proper location would be to the interest of all. Should you take into consideration the money proposition probably South Pittsburg will offer more money than either Sequatchie or Jasper, but what is the money to compare with the lives of our children at stake. A \$50,000.00 structure in that swampy atmosphere, filled with cement that has settled everywhere, and that germ-laden river water to drink, with pool rooms, blind tigers and so on to ruin the morals of our boys. Money is no object. Money is a great power, I admit, but we are more interested in our children's welfare than to barter them for any consideration. Now, we might illustrate like this: Should some rich syndicate propose to construct a \$100,000.00 building, with all the modern conveniences out on top of Cumberland mountain and deed it to Marion County, would you, could you accept the offer simply because of the great amount of money used to build it. We can't be convinced of the fact that the honorable board can conscientiously and lawfully, having all Marion County's children's interests at heart, locate the high school at South Pittsburg.

We understand that our county seat, Jasper, is going to offer as an inducement to the board, Pryor Institute at a reduction. Jasper is not as proud of Pryor Institute as all her boys and girls are who have been educated there. How sad they would all feel to know Pryor Institute is no more. We all feel proud of that college. No, by all means, let the dear old College live and go down in history as Pryor Institute.

We don't know what Sequatchie will do, but we do know the finest water on earth is to be had at Sequatchie. It has also good natural drainage; no local cause for malaria; centrally located; a quiet, peaceful, healthful, happy little village; nothing to corrupt the children's morals. Perhaps the money donations will not equal South Pittsburg's but they offer inducements money cannot buy. Locate the county high school at Sequatchie and you will always be glad you did it, and the majority of her citizens will be glad and all can patronize the school from both ends of the county.

## CITIZEN.

Cedar Springs, Marion Co., Feb. 7, '10.

## Capt. J. W. Thaxton.

DUNLAP, Tenn., Feb. 3.—Capt. J. W. Thaxton died here Saturday very suddenly at 8 a. m. He got up as usual at 5 o'clock and apparently was feeling well, and went to kindle a fire in the fire place, but complained a few minutes later of feeling dizzy. He was assisted to his bed, but never recovered, death coming three hours later. Internment was made at the Stone graveyard Monday. Rev. J. L. Griffith officiating, assisted by Rev. A. D. Stewart. He was 73 years old, and a pioneer citizen of Sequatchie County.

## Took All His Money.

Often all a man earns goes to doctors for medicines to cure "a Stomach, Liver or Kidney trouble that Dr. King's New Life Pills would quickly cure at slight cost. Best for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, Jaundice, Malaria, and Debility. 25c at Whitwell Drug Co., Whitwell.

## State Pensions.

The board of pension examiners at Nashville has made its annual revision of the pension roll of the state. Among those from nearby points we find the following added to the rolls:

Fourth class—Wm. Barlow, Tracy City; W. B. Drummright, South Pittsburg; Wm. Hatfield, Tracy City.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

There is no medicine made that is relied upon with more implicit confidence than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by Whitwell Drug Co.

## UNCLE TOM'S LETTER.

Well, boys, I had a race on the night of the 5th inst. I didn't reach the head of the Cove, but I was in hearing distance. The reason was my dogs jumped a fox at the Davis place and went to the Foster Gulf, so I never heard much of the race, but I learned my cove hunter friends wouldn't be out that far. Well, the weather was rather cold for a hunt, but I went all the same. I would like to meet any or all the hunters sometime this spring, for a two or three day's chase. Suppose we organize a meet somewhere and have a good time. I am in for a chase right. I think it the finest sport in the world, a regular camp fox hunt. What about it, Mr. John Norwood? Does the proposition suit you? I think Mr. Goodson, head of the Company store here at Tracy, would like such a hunt, though his bounds are now at Manchester, Tenn. Joe Martin has them down there.

My friend at Whitwell should take care of "Big 'Un." All the hunters of Tracy know "Big 'Un" and know that he is a top and not a gulf dog, so bring in another horse. The deer hide spells nothing. The first deer I ever killed I shot and no bullet hole was in the hide. Where did I hit it? Well, I like to hear our amateur hunters but Joe Martin don't. I tell him it is such a relief for the boys to get rid of the extra gas they save up.

Many funny things happen in a sportsman's life and most especially our would be sportsmen. It was so among the old timers and, like them, they get things mixed. For instance this year: "Game was plenty in those days, Uncle John?" "Yes, child, you'd better believe it. I was out long side of my wheat patch one day and the turkeys were mighty bad on it. It was just ready to harvest. Getting three of 'em in a range, down I brings them all—biggest turks you ever saw. So big that as I had them by the legs over my shoulder on my way home, their heads 'drug in the snow." "How is that, Uncle John? Snow in harvest time?" "Oh, ho! child, I've got two stories sorter mixed."

Uncle John was like some of this day and time. They get things mixed. Uncle John was a great hunter and story teller, but he never could prevent a mixture, like the story of the bear he fought on the log. I believe I've told the News readers this story which is funny, but not as funny as the story I heard my great uncle Morgan Smith tell about a deer his old dog caught on Sunday morning up in the knobs of Beech Grove, Tenn.

Uncle Morgan said: "Be gad, Tommie, I was 18 years old and was much of a man", and he was as I knew, counted the bully of Bedford county. "So me and Bro. William went up in the knobs one Sunday morning, roving around just to be doing something, having Old Watch along. The old dog jumped a deer and came right down the Hill to the hollow where we were and caught it. So we ran up and grabbed the deer by the throat and made the dog turn loose, then I says "William, you skin some papaw bark and by gad I'll drive this gentleman home with us. William bent over a papaw bush and snap it went and up got the deer and then the fun began. I tried to throw it but couldn't. Finally it nearly got loose and I grabbed it by the tail, and dem me, Tommie, if I didn't bear every joint in that deer's tail crack and some times the dem thing had me ten feet high in the air. Soon as I could I told William to make the dog take hold. The dog did so and I was so dem mad at being outdone by a dem little deer I choked it to death and toted it home in place of driving it." Uncle Morgan was never a hunter like his brothers William, Robin and Tom, but his old time stories were rich and juicy.

"UNCLE TOM." Tracy City, Tenn., Feb. 7, 1910.

## Wants High School Here.

Editor News: All the people of this section are anxious to have the High School located at Sequatchie. It is the proper and logical position for the school. There is no town in the Valley that has the advantages that Sequachee has in fine water, healthfulness, pleasant surroundings, convenience to depot, and good morals. We feel that the Commissioners should locate the High School at Sequachee, for we understand that those people are preparing a liberal proposition. In fact, a liberal donation to the county. It is not right for the taxpayers to have to assume a \$10,000 debt with interest accumulating to secure Pryor Institute, nor is it right to allow the South Pittsburg end to buy the High School for \$25,000. The first would be a detriment to taxpayers, and the second would be an injustice to both taxpayers and children.

B. B. ALDER, Sulphur Spring, Feb. 7, 1910.

The News, \$1.00 per year.

## Savings Department

In connection with our general and commercial banking department we have decided to open a new department which will be known as our Savings Department.

This department will be run entirely separate from the other departments of the bank and on the same principle as regular Savings Banks.

This gives us three departments:—  
First—The General or Commercial Banking.  
Second—Certificates of Deposit.  
Third—Savings Department.  
Deposits taken from one dollar up—it's not the amount, but the start that counts.

## Marion Trust & Banking Co.,

JASPER, TENN.

## Jasper Department

Conducted by F. D. M.

Miss Hallie Wright visited in Dunlap last week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wolfe last week, a boy.

J. M. Marshall, representing the Archer Paper Co., was here last week.

Mrs. Clarence Tate of Chattanooga, has been visiting D. M. Tate and family.

Mrs. C. F. McCollon, of Chattanooga, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. C. H. Vann, last week.

Mrs. C. A. Lewis and daughter, Miss Katie Griffith, of Jasper, visited here several days last week.

Miss Lizzie Price has returned from Ooltewab, Tenn., where she has been teaching school.

Owen Dunnaway, of South Pittsburg, candidate for County Court Clerk, was here last week, seeing voters.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert O'Neil, and their children, Miss Audra and Master Clyde, left Tuesday evening for South-west Texas where they go for the benefit of Mr. O'Neil's health, which has been failing for some time, as result of close confinement at the Pikeville depot. Mr. O'Neil has been here since the railroad was built, as agent and operator. We doubt if there is another family in Pikeville that were held in higher esteem than this little family. Everyone is a staunch friend to Mr. O'Neil. We hope for his recovery and return among us.—Pikeville Banner.

Mr. and Mrs. C. I. Foster were in Chattanooga Saturday.

Walter Tittle, of Rossville, Ga., was here Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Boone called on Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Massey Sunday.

Jeff Hartman, of this place, and B. Allen, of Chattanooga, were fox hunting Thursday night.

T. A. Boone was in Chattanooga Saturday on business.

George Levi was visiting near Stanley Thursday.

Miss Alice Taylor, assistant teacher of Wauhatchie School, No. 2, visited home folks at Alton Park Saturday and Sunday.

There will be singing at Patten's Chapel Sunday.

Bill Hartman was in Chattanooga Thursday.

Eld. G. Levi was visiting in Stanley Saturday and Sunday.

Hill Thompson, of the Shoals, passed through this vicinity Sunday en route to Lookout.

J. S. Massey and son, Rufus, of Kelly's Ferry, were here a few days last week.

Frank Nabors, of Wauhatchie, was here Friday on business.

Mrs. Lizzie Tittle, of Rossville, is visiting Mrs. Nellie Foster this week.

George Gossett went to Chattanooga Monday. Valley Bird.

## Lame Shoulder.

This is a common form of muscular rheumatism. No internal treatment is needed. Apply Chamberlain's Liniment freely three times a day and a quick cure is certain. This Liniment has proven especially valuable for muscular and chronic rheumatism. Sold by Whitwell Drug Co.

## Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

"When I leave here I shall have to depend on my brains for a living." "Don't take such a pessimistic view of things."—Cornell Widow.

Read the News—\$1.00 a year.

John Rankin, of Ketchall, was here last week.

J. A. Hughes, of Ketchall, was a visitor here last week.

Miss Minerva Pope has returned from a visit at Ft. Payne, Ala.

George Carey, of Whitwell, was here Friday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. V. J. Alexander last week, a girl.

W. A. Cantrell, of Whitwell, was here Saturday.

Miss Hattie Miller, of Clarksville, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. W. L. Crouch.

Mrs. P. H. Thach has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Raulston, in Sweeten's Cove.

Mrs. T. A. Campbell died at the home of her son, Thomas Campbell, last week after a short illness.

Harley Lane, formerly of this place, but now of Chattanooga, was here last week, representing the interests of the Empire Laundry.

A Colonial Tea on Feb. 22, Washington's Birthday, is an event to be given by the Ladies' Home Mission Society at the residence of Mrs. A. L. Roberson.

## WHITESIDE STORE ROBBED.

WHITESIDE, Tenn., Feb. 5.—The general store of J. W. Price was robbed here Thursday night by burglars, who carried off a large amount of clothing and about \$40 in money, secured from the cash register. The thieves entered by a rear window, and after securing the clothing, took the cash register, and carrying it off with them, broke it open a short distance from the store. Perry Phipps was telephoned for by Mr. Price as soon as he discovered his loss to take up the trail with his bloodhounds. The dogs followed the thieves for two miles to a point on the railroad where some of their discarded clothing was found. It was believed they boarded a train there.

Don't forget the News Job Office can fill your orders promptly.

## Your Banking?

No matter how small,  
No matter how large,

## The Bank of Whitwell

will give it careful attention.  
This message applies to all.

## OFFICERS

J. J. DYKES, President.  
D. T. LAYNE, Vice-President.  
R. E. DONNELLY, Vice-President.  
J. R. MORAN, Cashier.  
R. A. DYKES, Asst. Cashier.