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Mr. Unlukikus Shoots

(This was the last sketch published in the News from the pen of Clarence H. Pearson, a gift citizen and town builder of this place during its palmy days. It was originally published in the Granite Monthly, of New Hampshire, from which it is now taken.)

Mr. Unlukikus and Mr. Bildriver went shooting one day last fall. Mr. Bildriver had never before been shooting with Mr. Unlukikus. That was why he went with him this time.

They took an early train out of the city and arrived at a small way station about twenty miles distant just as the sun was rising. Then they started across country to a large cattle pasture where Mr. Unlukikus said there was an abundance of game. Mr. Unlukikus always knows where there is an abundance of game.

Mr. Bildriver had just climbed the high brush fence surrounding the pasture and was engaged in tightening his belt when he heard an explosion behind him and the dirt flew up in close proximity to his right foot. Turning, he saw his companion laughing up in the fence with a smoking gun in his hand.

"See here, Unlukikus," cried Bildriver, excitedly, "you want to remember that you are carrying a gun in your hands and not a walking stick or a crowbar. If you are going to shoot holes in the atmosphere in that promiscuous fashion I want you to give me a chance to hide behind a stump or crawl into a hollow log. You hear me?"

"Oh, well," said Unlukikus soothingly, "these little accidents will occasionally happen in spite of all the precautions the most careful sportsman can take. I am glad it's no worse. But, say, look at that dog. He's scented a quail or a partridge already. I paid \$60 to have him trained to point and I don't grudge a cent of it. Say, ain't he a dandy?"

The dog came to a point a few rods ahead of them and they advanced cautiously with their guns at full cock. As they came up the dog flushed a little bird about the size of an adult bumble bee.

"Ya-as," said Bildriver in metallic tones; "ya-as, Unlukikus, he is a dandy."

Mr. Unlukikus had had nothing to say. They proceeded for a while in silence and then the dog stiffened himself in front of a garter snake which lay coiled on a rock basking in the sun. Then his master rebuked him

sharply with a birch withe. For a time after this the dog seemed melancholy and depressed in spirits, but presently he rallied and pointed a chipmunk.

"Say, what is the matter with your blamed dog, anyway?" shouted Bildriver in a rage. "Does he think we get up in the middle of the night, make a railway journey, and then walk twelve miles thru thistles and underbrush to shoot pee-wees or field mice?"

"I don't know what ails him," said Unlukikus, dejectedly, "I paid sixty dollars!"

"Ya-as," broke in Bildriver, "you paid sixty dollars to have him taught to point and he points all right, but he lacks discrimination. He'll point anything from a circus procession down to a bluebottle fly. What you want to do now is to expend five or six hundred dollars more and give him a thorough course of instruction in ornithology so that he will be able to discern the salient points of difference between a bull frog and a crested grouse."

Unlukikus kicked the dog five feet in the air, and they started for a small grove which they could see in the distance, Bildriver striding gloomily along ahead. Before long Unlukikus saw the dog stealthily advancing toward a small clump of bushes with his nose in the air and he began fingering the lock of his gun nervously. In a moment there was a report and Bildriver's cap was lifted from his head while Bildriver himself danced up and down like a madman.

"I thought that dog of yours had the least sense of anything on top of this earth," he yelled as he rubbed the place where a stray shot had scalped his bald scalp, but he is an intellectual giant compared with you. Did you think a wild turkey was roosting on my head? Can't you tell the difference between a feathered fowl and a free-born American citizen?"

Unlukikus humbly apologized and spoke soothing words to the injured man and put some court plaster, a quantity of which he always carried with him, on the damaged scalp and

Pershing Thanks Y. M. C. A. For Its Canteen Service

NOW THAT FIGHTING IS OVER, GENERAL RELIEVES RED TRIANGLE, AT ITS OWN REQUEST, OF POST EXCHANGE WORK

Chaumont, France, Feb. 23.—The American Y. M. C. A., at its own request, has been relieved of its work in maintaining the post exchanges with the American army. Correspondence has been exchanged between General Pershing and E. C. Carter, in charge of the Y. M. C. A. with the army, resulting in this decision. On Jan. 29 Mr. Carter wrote to General Pershing saying that duties of the Y. M. C. A. in promoting athletics and entertainments were so heavy that he thought it should be relieved of the exchange work.

General Pershing, in his reply, said: "As you correctly state, the Y. M. C. A. undertook the management of the post exchanges at my request at a time when it was of the greatest importance that no available soldier should be taken away from the vital military functions of training and fighting. As the reasons which impelled me at that time to request you to undertake this work no longer exist, I am glad to approve of your suggestion."

"In making this change, permit me to thank you for the very valuable services and assistance which the Y. M. C. A. has rendered to the American Expeditionary Force in handling these exchanges. Handicapped by a shortage of tonnage and land transportation, the Y. M. C. A. has by extra exertion served the army better than could have been expected, and you may be assured that its aid has been a large factor in the final great accomplishment of the American army."

finally got him in condition to proceed.

"I think you are a better shot than I am, so you would better go ahead," said Mr. Unlukikus with a feeble attempt at diplomacy.

"Not much, I don't go ahead," said Mr. Bildriver, firmly. "A man has a natural curiosity to know what kills him, and so long as you have powder and shot and a gun about your person you'll head the mournful procession and I'll bring up the rear. The next time I go shooting with a discharging lunatic with a mania for homicide I'll wear a complete suit of plate armor, and then I won't be so particular."

At this moment their attention was attracted by the actions of the dog, which was pawing away the leaves from under an old log and barking noisily.

"It's a woodchuck," said Unlukikus, as they hurried forward. It isn't exactly a game animal, but we will take him in," and he caught hold of the log and rolled it over, while the dog, with a frantic yelp, rushed in and dragged a small black and white animal from underneath it.

"Great Scott!" cried Unlukikus, "it's a skunk, isn't it?"

"Naw," snarled Bildriver, "it's a bird of paradise, that's what it is. I knew that college-bred dog of yours would distinguish himself if he got a chance," and grasping his nose in one hand and his gun in the other he made a bee line for the station and was seen no more.

"Well, dear," chirruped Mrs. Unlukikus that evening as she met her husband at the door, "what did you shoot?"

"Shoot," he growled disgustedly, "I shot a valuable piece of real estate. I shot a Scotch tweed cap, I shot the whole scalp off the friend of my bosom, I shot!"

"Uriah," interrupted his wife sniffing the air, "what is that horrid smell?"

"It's mignonette, Mrs. Unlukikus, it's mignonette," he responded. "I bagged a conservatory on the way home. Or perhaps it's oil of wintergreen. I shot a drug store down near the station, I also shot!"

But Mrs. Unlukikus shot out of the room.

"She scents the truth," muttered Mr. Unlukikus, with a mirthless chuckle, as he dragged himself wearily upstairs to the bathroom.

[Advertisement.]

Woolford-Johnson Infirmary has vacancies for two or three young ladies who wish to take training. Room, board and laundry, and small salary while training. A two years' course. Apply at once to Mrs. Emma Brockman, Superintendent of Nurses 700, McCallie Ave., Chattanooga, Tenn.

KILLED BY RAILROAD ENGINE

Mrs. N. E. Jackson left Friday for Whitwell, Tenn., to attend the funeral of her nephew, Clifford Womack, who was killed in Birmingham, Ala., on Thursday afternoon. He was at work on the electric block signals for the A. G. S. Railroad in the Birmingham yards. He had just fixed the wires in the tower and was fastening them to the rails when a passenger backed into him. The accident was due to the carelessness of the railroad, as the flagman thought he was through and took down the flag which was the signal for the engine to pull up. He is survived by one brother, Carl Womack, radio operator on the U. S. S. Huntington, who was at this time on his way to France.—Crossville Chronicle.

Soldier Returns From War

Will Makins returned to his home in Jasper from Camp Jackson Friday. He is a colored soldier, and served at Villevalle, France in Bat. D. 351 F. A. He was one of the first to go from this county, volunteering with A. Westmoreland in the beginning of the fracas. Westmoreland, however, died in camp. Makins had his helmet and gas mask and attracted considerable attention. He said he was well satisfied to be once more home.

Returned From Camp.

D. O. Hoge has returned from camp and has resumed his duties as bookkeeper for A. R. Pryor, Inc., at Jasper. He did not get to cross the "pond" to see the "Huns", but all the same got a severe dose of military service and is glad to be back in his old stamping grounds.

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Live Farm Facts For Tennesseans

Sweet potato storage houses, as recommended by the United States Department of Agriculture, are proving eminently satisfactory in Tennessee, and require only ordinary care to make them successful.

The national Duroc-Jersey association has granted pig club members the privilege of registering their Duroc pigs at the same rate as members of the association.

The W. S. S. organization of the State met at the University of Tennessee recently and developed plans for 1919.

Poultry club members of Northhampton County, North Carolina, have begun the cooperative shipment of graded eggs.

Sweet clover seed is in great demand in Nebraska this year.

Wisconsin has 55,000 silos in use today.

Toland County, Connecticut, tobacco growers have found that by working as an organization they can effect a saving of \$2,500 in the sorting of their crops over the cost if the work were done individually.

American foul brood, a disease of bees, is prevalent this year in Ohio.

In spite of war conditions, Great Britain has maintained her herds of cattle, and has increased her sheep; her loss in hogs has been small.

The New York State federation of county sheep growers' association has just been perfected. This includes at present 23 of the county wool growers' association of New York.

The 21 creameries in Mississippi manufactured 3,600,000 pounds of butter last year.

E. J. Lehman, of Cannon County, secured 20 dozen eggs a day during January from 450 pullets, netting him \$111.00.

At the annual sale of the Marshall County Jack and Jennett Breeders' Association the 50 jacks that were sold averaged \$360, the highest animal going for \$1,600.

AUSTIN MOSIER HOME ON FURLOUGH

Austin C. Mosier, of the U. S. Army, was here Monday from Camp Jackson where he is still under treatment for disability from "mustard gas," which affected his heart and lungs. He is in on a ten-day furlough to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Mosier, of Bridgeport. He says he has had enough of it and the French had better fight their own battles from now on, as far as he is concerned. His friends here were all glad to see him, and his experiences are interesting to hear. He was accompanied by his mother and other members of the family, who visited relatives here and in Coppinger Cove. "Ault" didn't bring home a pretty French girl with him, but says the girls of the U. S. A. are good enough for him.

Looney's Creek.

Miss Ruth Tipton has started to school at Whitwell. She drives to and from school, which is about five miles from home.

Misses Nan Reed, Bertha and Joe Teague came home Friday night from the Marion High School, and spent Saturday and Sunday with homefolks.

Mrs. Vance Barker and little son, Joe, are visiting Mrs. Barker's mother, Mrs. J. E. Teague, this week.

Surveyor Curry Kelly was here last week surveying the land of the J. E. Teague estate which is to be divided in a short time between the heirs.

Our pastor, Rev. Newell, left an appointment for Rev. Wilson to address the people at Looney's Creek last Saturday night, but the rain came in his place. For lack of boats no one went to hear Bro. Wilson, as Looney's Creek looked like a river.

Our Sunday school holds its own O. K. The attendance has been about 35 for sometime.

Bad weather and bad roads do not stop crosstie men from hauling ties. More than a dozen wagons are delivering ties at Pickett Switch.

Mrs. W. E. Anderson is spending a few days with friends in Whitwell.

Mrs. J. E. Holloway is in St. Elmo with her sister, Mrs. Yechchem, who fell last week and sustained painful, if not fatal injuries.

Albert Condra went to Whitwell Monday, the first time since he took the "flu." Blue Jay.

Statistics say that there are 20,000,000 dogs in the United States. How many sheep are there?

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