

On Beautiful Little Sequatchie

By SPENCER JUDD

[The Nashville Banner has a very interesting department, edited by R. A. Wilson, entitled "Fins, Furs and Feathers," and Saturday it contained the following well written article concerning the beauties of Little Sequatchie river, which is so well known to manipulators of the rod and reel.]

"Editor Fins, Furs and Feathers:

Forty long years I had been cherishing the hope of fishing in Little Sequatchie River. I had heard so much of the classic beauty of its environment, of its blue depths of cold spring water and the consequent fighting quality of its fish, that I used to dream about the fierce contests I was to have under these ideal conditions.

"It is just over the mountain, and almost any time will do; next fall will be a fine time to go over there, and between strikes bathe my soul in all the glories of Indian summer." Thus I reasoned about it, and in the autumn would match the attractions of spring against the fading light with the result, one more postponement.

And it is not always easy to get over the mountain, as even a very small "mole hill" presents difficulties sometimes. At any rate, I did not get there while all those years rolled by. Vanishing ambition lured me many times to far distant waters, but through all that period I had a feeling, which amounted to absolute certainty, that some time I would cast my line over Little Sequatchie, and I have just now returned from that long thought of expedition.

As this charming bit of water lies "over the mountain" from most of your readers, probably they are not familiar with it, and would enjoy a picture and word of description. Of course, there is a "Big Sequatchie" and a valley by that name drained by the larger stream, and there is the little town of Sequatchie, but we are immediately concerned with none of these, except that the town is the point on the Pikeville branch of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway, where we embarked on our way to Fairy Land. A team with driver is requisitioned in short order, as night is drawing on, and we have a couple of miles to drive. We are soon bowling along towards our little river, as it passes near the town, but presently we swing away to the left, and are destined not to see the stream until we are quite a mile and a half from town. And I was so glad of that swing. I think if I had first seen the river passing under the railroad bridge, there would have been no charm to it, all the glamour of romance would have faded away.

As it was, we came upon the little beauty very much as my fond fancy had pictured it many, many times over. 'Twas in that quiet time of afterglow, when the world is filled with a mystic radiance, and only music is heard, music of which the dominant note is the silvery vesper song of the hermit thrush.

On every hand a pink and white glow came alternately from where the different shades of wild azaleas were blooming in great profusion, while the violets and the wild iris mingled their purple tones in friendly rivalry. And over all the soft light came filtering down through a tender fabric of new beech leaves. Those trees alone were worth going a long way to see. Let me say, in this little aside, that the man who has not a special admiration for the baby leaves of the beech is surely lacking in an important element, the aesthetic sense is left out of his system, and he is so hopelessly artistic as to be impossible. And such is the setting for the little gem of a river.

The road is bearing away to the right, and I am watchful and expectant when, of a sudden, through the pink of the azaleas I catch a gleam of blue water, and my right arm goes out and gathers in the reins and we stop at the very brink of Little Sequatchie River. Probably the driver is still wondering why I took the reins, why I gazed so steadily, and why I had nothing to say in the presence of the little river, about which we had so much to say before reaching it. Oh, well, let us hope his grandchildren will understand it.

What I beheld was an expanse of deep blue water, probably one hundred feet wide and reaching away to right and left unbroken by a ripple as far as we could see. I had not noticed until now how the mountains had been closing in on us as we advanced. Up Coppinger's Cove, but there they were, so close that their beetling bluffs were fairly traced on the blue water, and

one hoary monster was actually lavishing his stony foot in the limpid stream. Would you not have held up the horses in the presence of such a scene? I learned soon after that we had been looking out over the celebrated "Beech Hole," one of the most noted fishing points on the stream.

I am sending a picture of this stretch of water and I know you are going to enjoy it. It is fairly representative within its limitations of black and white. I think you will appreciate the soft, hazy effect of the spring morning, and if you have the soul of a fisherman, you will go loafing down that path to the left, and on and on far beyond the realm of care for a little while.

The picture was taken the morning after my arrival and when I tell you that I spent the first half day with the camera before I touched the rod you will understand somewhat the compelling beauty of the stream, also that I have learned something of the sweet philosophy of patience. There were many attractive bits of scenery to be recorded, and the fish could wait.

There are not many stretches where the little stream is in such a "reflective mood" as at "Beech Hole." That is rather exceptional, as it is a dancing, frolicking little river, hurrying along as if glad to escape from the gloomy caverns in these towering crags, from whence it sprang.

Oh, yes, a very happy river, gurgling and singing, and sometimes shouting as it leaps over boulder-strewn shoals, and swings like a dancing dervish into the foaming pool beyond. Full of all the bubbling enthusiasm of most young things, it makes a joyous start on its long journey to the sea.

For three days, all too short, we had a fine time, just the little river and I entered into the rejuvenating spirit of the frolic and waded the icy water where the current was fierce and almost irresistible. I paddled a canoe against the current, and up and down this stream I tumbled, without a bruise, along its rock strewn shore. Yes, we had a great time those three days, and for three nights I was highly entertained by stories, mostly reminiscent, related by mine host, Uncle Austin Coppinger, a pioneer and original character, all of his sixty-seven years having been spent right there in Coppinger Cove, and all his life he has been a hunter and fisherman. He is a gifted story teller, with an un-fading memory and a highly developed sense of humor. I have a good picture of him, with his old long rifle, and I will send you a print, with a little sketch later on.

Why are you so inquisitive about the fish? Of course I caught fish. If you do not believe it, ask old man Coppinger if we did not have fish for breakfast every morning.

Patton Chapel.

Special to the News
We are having plenty of rain now. Andrew Jackson was in Chattanooga Wednesday.

R. J. Massey went to St. Elmo Saturday.

Everett Tittle made a business trip to Wauhatchie Saturday.

J. F. Massey was in Chattanooga Monday.

Work on Signal Mt. railroad, across the river from this place, is about completed, and it is expected that cars will be running by the first of September.

Crops are looking fine in this vicinity. The recent good rains have caused corn and oats to grow, while wheat is better than it has been for the past year or two.

Several from this place attended prayer meeting at Wauhatchie Sunday night.

B. F. Tittle, of New England, Ga., is visiting relatives here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Massey were visiting relatives in Ellenville the latter part of last week.

Miss Georgia Marable, of Rising Fawn, Ga., is here the guest of her cousin, Miss Martha Marable.

J. H. Short, overseer of roads for this district, has been working the road here, filling up ditches and rebuilding culverts washed out by the recent heavy rains. The "pike" comes only a short distance down the valley and the part ungraded is almost untravelable in rainy weather.

"The Story of Jim Crow" was very interesting, and we regret that Jim's life was so tragically ended.

Valley Bird.

Splendid Offer.
THE NEWS and the Louisville, Ky., Home and Farm one year each for \$5c. Regular price of both papers, \$1.00.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

THE REPAIR AND MAINTENANCE OF EARTH ROADS

(From U. S. Department of Public Roads.)

If you look at the ordinary country road after a shower you will see small puddles along the wheel ruts and sometimes larger pools. This water stays on the road surface because it cannot drain away into the side ditches. If you look closely you will see side ditches which have grown up with bushes and weeds in many cases, and which are so far from the traveled part of the road that the rain water does not run into them. That part of the roadway where the wagons travel is called the traveled way. To prevent water from standing on the traveled way, the road should be raised in the center and should slope gently into broad shallow ditches. It is then said to have a crown. If it is 10 feet from the center of the road to the side ditch, the surface at the side ditch should be at least 10 inches lower than it is at the center where the horses travel. The road then has a 10-inch crown. The rain that falls on a road properly crowned will run quickly to the side and not soak into the surface or form pools. The side ditches for surface water should run parallel to the right of way, and should be open at every low point so that the water can run out of them into neighboring brooks or streams. If the ditches merely collect the water from the road surface and it cannot run away, large pools will be formed along the roadside, which will gradually soak into the soil beneath the road and make it so soft that the wheels of wagons will cut through the road surface and soon destroy it.

Sometimes water runs from land along the road into the road and forms a little stream down the wheel tracks or in the middle where the horses travel. When driveways into farm yards are built across the side ditches they frequently form channels for water from the farm yard to run into the road. The pipes under driveways become filled with leaves or rubbish and the water cannot longer run away. If the driveways that stop the ditch water were rebuilt so that no pipes were necessary and the ditch could be left open, much trouble from surface water would be stopped.

Sometimes a road runs across low ground or through a swamp where the ground cannot be drained by side ditches alone. If the road were built higher like a railroad embankment across such low land and made with a crown, it would be dry and hard. Sometimes a road passes through what is called a cut. This is a place where the earth has been dug out so that the road can go over a hill without being too steep. The water which always flows quietly under the ground on hill sides is known as ground water. In road cuts such water sometimes makes the road very muddy, and the road needs what road builders call under drainage. A good kind of under drainage is a trench to go along under the side drain and about 3 feet deep and a foot and a half wide. In this trench a pipe is laid near the bottom and covered with loose stones or bigger than an egg. When the trench is completely filled with loose stones the ground water, instead of soaking into the roadway, will stop among the stones and flow down the hill through the pipe.

To keep a road smooth and crowned the best method is to drag it with a road drag. A road drag is made easily with two halves of a log which has been split. The log should be about 6 or 8 inches in thickness and about 6 or 8 feet long. The two halves of the log are set 3 feet apart with the smooth faces forward and upright. They are then fastened together with braces set in holes bored through the log. A pair of horses may be used to drag the road, and a chain is fastened to the front half of the log. The road drag should move forward so that it slants across the road in such a way that a small amount of earth will slide past the smooth face of the log toward the center of the road, thus forming the crown. The edges of the logs will smooth out the ruts. The best way to drag is to begin at the side ditch and go up one side of the road and then down the other. The next trip the drag should be started a little nearer the center and the last trip over the road the drag may work close to the center itself. Small ridges of earth will be thrown in the horse track and smeared by the round side of the log smoothly over the road. The smearing of the earth by the drag it called "padding" and it tends to make the surface of the road smooth and water tight after the sun comes out. The road is always dragged after it has rained and not when it is dry. A good strong pair of horses with well built drag can drag about 3 or 4 miles of road in a day, and it is the best way to maintain good roads. In every county some farmer along each four miles of road should own a drag and drag the road when it rains, and he would always find the road in good condition when he goes to market.

Owing to the fact that many rural schools were closed at the time when the prize maintenance essay was announced by Director Logan Waller Page of the Office of Public Roads, it has been decided to extend the limit for receiving the essays to October 15, 1913. In addition to the gold medal given as first prize, two silver medals will be given as second and third prizes. If a child who has submitted one essay previous to the issue of this notice should care to try again, he is at liberty to do so, but he must be a pupil of a rural school. There is some misunderstanding in regard to the subject of the essay. The idea is to set the children thinking how to better their earth roads with the material they have at hand.

UNCLE TOM'S LETTER

Our old and respected friend, James Disheroon, departed this life June 8. He was laid to rest in the city cemetery. He left a wife, two sons and three daughters to mourn his loss. Another old friend, John Flanigan, was called to go hence and was buried the 7th inst. in the City Cemetery. Uncle John leaves one son and one daughter to mourn his loss. Uncle John was 84 years old. Uncle Wm. Foster passed away the seventh and was buried the 8th in the city cemetery. He leaves a family to mourn his loss. Thus one by one Death has been playing havoc with the old people of Tracy City in the last 10 days. There are some younger people sick and not expected to live.

Henry Hamby is conducting a protracted service in North Tracy. I've not paid much attention to protracted meetings this year. I've been too much on the go. The high tide of religion has somewhat subsided on the mountain.

Bro. Summer begins a protracted service at Coalmont today, the 8th. A sacramental service is to be held at the Foster School House the 15th inst. by Brother DuBose. I am aiming to go and take dinner with Comrade F. M. Albany who lives near there, it being his birthday. I notified a nice widow lady if she would fix a basket of eatables I would get a buggy and take her with me. "La, me," says she, "if I was to do that people would say I was setting out to marry again." "Well," said I, "What if they do? Is it any hanging crime to marry?" "No." So you see ladies are restrained from taking buggy rides with "Uncle Tom" for fear people would say, "Why, she wants to marry." Well, I have but one time to pass this way and I intend to get all out of this life I can that is honorable and just. I am not tied to anything whatever. I believe God Almighty wants me to enjoy all the blessings of this life. I've cut loose from all my little narrow contracted ideas and notions I once possessed and look upon all such as foreign to the Christian religion. For instance regarding dancing. I believe for social enjoyment and recreation dancing is far ahead of any other exercise I know of and was practiced upon as great occasions of church and state. The Bible does not condemn dancing, only man has placed the ban on the exercise and only man abuses his God-given privileges and condemns the social recreations of the ages.

I trust my religion is bigger than denominational creeds and dogmas, and a man who is a slave to his denomination hasn't much liberty. I can tell you, I believe in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man and I don't intend to let the narrow denominationalism of the churches sway or influence me any more. Here in Tracy City we are cursed with sectarianism until the people have almost lost confidence in religion. Why, if I was to point out the selfishness of our preachers who pretend to be preachers and servants of God they would want to hang me for telling the truth. Mighty little great big humanist among them. I've seen it tested not so very long ago on a funeral occasion. Well, God Almighty is much harder to deceive than the people. My! What is our duty to man regardless of our denominational affiliations, is the question. Well, I'll call no names, but when a poor old man dies not many preachers will run over each other to attend the burial. Oh, no. But let a rich man die and note the difference. Well, the angels took care of the Lazaruses but the other class are always buried in pomp and splendor.

Christianity gives us joy and peace and a good time, but a lot of canting hypocrites don't want us to get any joy out of life at all. All they want is to get our money, eat good grub and make us hewers of wood and drawers of water. Why, even some of our goody-goody condemned our great Chattanooga rennion and jumped on it with both feet. I saw more hospitality and kindness shown at Chattanooga without discrimination than I ever saw displayed among our religious congregations. The church isn't in it by the side of our reunion folks. No sir! Visit a reunion and note its influence, please.

UNCLE TOM.

Tracy City, Tenn., June 7, 1913.

Most Children Have Worms.

Many mothers think their children are suffering from indigestion, headache, nervousness, weakness, costiveness, when they are victims of that most common of all children's ailments—worms. Feeble, ill-tempered, fretful children who toss and grind their teeth, with bad breath and colicky pains, have all the symptoms of having worms, and should be given Kickapoo Worm Killer, a pleasant candy lozenge, which expels worms, regulates the bowels, tones up the system and makes children well and happy. Kickapoo Worm Killer is guaranteed. All druggists or by mail, Price 25c. Kickapoo Indian Medicine Co., Philadelphia and St. Louis, Whitwell Drug Co., Whitwell, Tenn.

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MARION COUNTY TRUST & BANKING CO., Jasper, Tenn. 4 per cent. Interest on Time Deposits

HORSES DOING HARD WORK SHOULD NOT RUN ON PASTURE

For animals that must do hard work, or are worked regularly, it is not economical nor beneficial to give them any appreciable amount of green feed. For such animals and for driving horses nothing but dry feed should be used. It is probably more economical, when their efficiency and freedom from sickness are considered, to buy dry feed for such animals rather than allow them to graze or get green feed in any way. There is no more frequent cause of scouring, colic, founder and other disturbances of that sort than green feed for hardworking or driving animals. The animal that is in pasture at night and on Sunday, or other idle days, is almost certain to suffer from too great looseness of the bowels the next day, if given fast or hard work.

The most economical plan is to keep the horses and mules working every day, just as nearly as it is possible to do so, and grow on the farm, or purchase, if the feed is not grown, sufficient dry feed to supply the entire needs of this work stock. We know the animals like the green feed, and that it is their "natural" feed, but we are not keeping them under "natural" conditions when we work them hard or drive them fast, and consequently what is their "natural" feed under "natural" conditions ceases to be their "natural" feed when the conditions are "unnatural," or those of the hardworked horse or mule either on the farm or elsewhere. For idle animals, or for those doing light work, the cheapest source of feed is a good pasture, but for an animal doing regular, hard work, or hard or fast work irregularly a pasture is not only not economical, but is a common cause of sickness and reduced efficiency.

The man who works his horses and mules hard as regularly and constantly as possible and produces on the farm sufficient dry feed to supply their entire needs the year round is keeping his work stock the most economically, when freedom from disease and efficiency are considered.—Tait Butler, in The Progressive Farmer.

Empire, Ala.

Special to the News.

The order of the day is driving to the new camp.

Mr. Boatright and family and Mr. Deglon and family went out to the new camp at Beltonia the other day.

Robt. Smith went to the city of Sippy today.

Mrs. White is spending the afternoon at T. B. Knot's.

Mrs. Hettie Smith is visiting Mrs. Della Watson.

Dora Tittle spent Sunday with Mamie Ford.

I wish someone would start Tennis Smith back to Empire.

I sure would love to see Robt. Smith.

W. A. Upton arrived in Empire Sunday evening.

Ada Boatright spent Sunday with Florabell Knott.

There was an all day singing and dinner on the ground at the Baptist Church at Dora Sunday.

Charlie Butler and Ellen Parks and Ethel McFarland were out walking Sunday.

Mrs. Hettie Smith and Maud Smith went to Dora Monday and had a real nice time.

There was a big ball game at Empire Saturday. Flat Creek and Dora played. Empire sure did beat.

Hurb Barnes has moved to Beltonia. Mrs. Dave Simpson has left Empire and come to Tennessee for her health. Wonder if any one has seen her. John and Jim Simpson were here last week and returned to Mulga. John is so badly dissatisfied that he don't know what to do. I don't think he will stay at Mulga much longer.

TWO BALL GAMES HERE JULY 4TH

HERE JULY 4TH

Etna Team to Cross Bats With Locals.

Manager Hill, of the local team, has just concluded arrangements for two ball games here July 4th with the Etna team. He recently challenged them for two games on that date to be paid back Labor Day, when Etna will probably have a big picnic. The Etna boys play good ball and have been putting up some fast games with Chattanooga teams. Will Looney is manager. The following is Mr. Looney's letter in reply:

"Rooke, Tenn., June 7, 1913. "Manager Hill:

We accept your challenge for two games on the 4th of July. Get your men on the diamond. We will be there and then we will expect two games from you on our ground Labor Day." Hoping the weather will be fine and we will have a large crowd, I remain,

WILL LOONEY, Manager Etna Ball Team. A big time is expected. The Etna boys are a quiet, gentlemanly sort, and always in the game to win. Arrangements will be made to entertain them during their stay in the city.

LOCAL FREIGHT DERAILED NEAR MT. AIRY

The local freight was derailed Thursday evening near Mt. Airy. Fireman C. D. Hill received slight injuries to an ankle in jumping from his engine, which threatened to turn turtle. Several cars were derailed also, and the road was blocked until the wrecker got things straightened up. The accident is supposed to have been caused by a rock lodging next to rail at a crossing.

Old newspapers for sale at this office 20c per 100, generous count.

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No matter how small,
No matter how large,

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This message applies to all.

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