

our whole weight left on the limb, it split loose from the tree and only some bark and a splinter left to hold our weight and I knew if we undertook to climb up it that it would tear loose and we would be goners. While I cried and waited and longed for someone to help us, Pa called from away up the river and I answered, and he was soon there. When he had taken in the situation, he said, "Hold tight, and I will swim in and get you one at a time, Johnnie first. Let me have him as I swim by." I did so, and as I saw the horse's tail floating straight out behind, I grabbed it and let him pull me to shore. Let me say here, that in all my 80 years experience, this was the most unhappy hour of my life.

My Mother appointed me to gather up the eggs at the barn each day when at home and we had one negro house away off from the others, with noone living in it, and one evening while gathering up eggs, I heard a hen cackling down at this house. Directly, I saw the hen come running to the house, so I went on down to hunt the rest. The house was high up on one side but settled down to the ground on the other side. I soon discovered the nest full of eggs between the sill and first sleeper which was away to one corner. I crawled under all the sleepers but one, and it was too low so I scratched a hole under it, at the far end from the nest. I scratched a place large enough to get my head under and would scratch a little and scrcudge a little farther until I was clear under and between the sill and sleeper, but I still could not reach the eggs, nor could I scratch the dirt to get closer on account of some large rocks and decided I would crawl back the way I had come; and perhaps get the eggs next day. But I could not turn around, did not have room, then I began to holler for help, but was too far away to be heard. I cried and worried and finally dropped off to sleep. They missed me at the house at dark, and began calling me everywhere and after a while I heard or dreamed I heard somebody say, "Here is the basket of eggs", and I woke up, and called Ma and the girls answered. When It told them I could not get out, they got an ax in a hurry, and Pa came with them and chopped me out. My father said I could never have gotten out without help.

Reelfoot Lake lies 25 miles west of Union City, Tenn. the county seat of Obion Co. and on a line dividing Lake and Obion Co. The lake was formed by an earthquake; it sank about 1811 and counting the deep cracks it was about 14 miles wide by 140 miles long, but it has been dredged and lowered until it is about 8 by 20 miles and is famously known as a great place for goose and duck hunting, fishing, bathing and dancing and having a big time and disposing of your surplus cash. There are 4 small villages at different parts of the lake where groceries and refreshments are for sale, and fish are bought and sold and fish yarns are exchanged for ghost stories; then everybody takes a drink of soda-pop of course and goes to bed. Many years ago some fellow set up a saw-mill near the Lake and began raising logs and sawing them into lumber, that had lain in that lake of water for more than 100 years, and it is said to be the finest lumber ever put on the market, and brings a fancy price. There was much walnut logs, some very large and long; most of these logs are lying down but some are still standing upright with just the tops sticking out..... other places, the water is so deep there is no sign of trees at all, just a clear lake deep and blue.

Now, did you ever hear of the mud-negro? If so, did you believe it or consider it a hoax or falsehood? The mud-negro was one of the world's greatest mysteries. He made his appearance in Obion Co. about the year 1890.