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Having a large line of above-mentioned articles, we have decided to cut prices in half in order to clear them up, as we don't want to carry any over. We have Beautiful Duck Skirts, were $1.00, now 50c.; Shirt Waists, were 75c., now 48c., and other things in proportion. Come early and get the benefit of our cut-prices. We must have room for fall goods.

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Now a word for our new and well-selected line of Men's and Boys' HATS. The latest style in color and kind. Come and examine our line before buying elsewhere.

Come and bring your trade. We pay highest cash prices for trade at the old stand of J. J. Morris, Jr.

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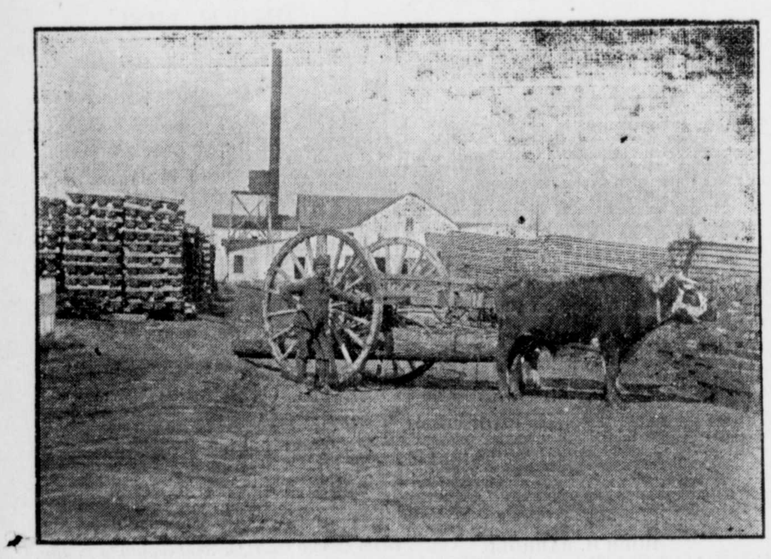

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Directly opposite Court House. Square Dealing Clothiers.

[Continued from Second Page.]

our destination was flanked on our right by a wood, and on the left by an open field. It now became a question of much importance, if we should continue with the wood so near or if it would be more prudent to take the field. It was a very fine, clear, moonshiny night, and our marines had all bright muskets; in short, we had a host of unforeseen events to fight against, and only one wise mode of proceeding, which was to have retreated. Fate hurried us on to destruction; for, after a council of war which road to pursue, we took the worst, of course, and advanced along the open ground, perceptible to our enemies from the aforementioned reasons, whilst they, obscured by the wood, remained entirely hidden from our sight. Our ill-fated march was arrested by the approach of

A SINGLE HORSEMAN,

who, having arrived close to our men, began in a nasal tone of speach after the following manner:

"Well, now, that's odd enough! I calculate I have made a mistake, for, I guess you be the Britishers.".

"Who are you?" asked Sir Peter Parker.

"Why, I expect I am nobody at all in the face of God's earth."

This man is said, by our author, to have been a colonel of militia. He was placed in charge of the gunner's mate, who was ordered under no circumstances to let him escape. The American colonel met his fate in the following shameful manner: When the first volley took place the gunners' mate led him away from the firing and stood by him with a pistol in his hand; he had not been long in that position before a troop of horses came, in full trot, in that direction. The gunner's mate, turning to his prisoner said:

"I'm sorry, sir, to do it, but I must do it, you know."

"Do what?" replied the prisoner.

"Why, shoot you, to be sure. Did you not hear the captain desire me not to let you escape?"

"Why, now I expect," said the American, "you would not shoot me in cold blood; for I calculate you're a man, although you are a Britisher, I guess."

"Here they come," said Jack, and shot the colonel through the head, the leading dragoon at that moment cleaving him through the shoulder, and leaving him like a fowl with the wings nearly severed from the trunk.

This story may be true, but there is very little in any of the other accounts of the battle that goes to confirm it, and, inasmuch as all the accounts of the battle agree in stating that none of the Americans were killed, it seems probable that the writer, though generally truthful, added this yarn to embellish his narrative. Another thing which casts upon the credibility of this story is the language which is put into the mouth of the American, which, however much it may have resembled that of the New Englanders, bears no resemblance to that of an Eastern Shoreman; furthermore, this barbarous jargon was not invented by English writers till long after the incident is said to have occurred.

But to return to the story of the fight:

SIR PETER

mounted the horse of the captured officer, and ordered the batallion to advance. Soon after, they passed through another small village, which no doubt was the negro quarters on a plantation, and where there were several hurdles across the road. Sir Peter dismounted and the guide, prefacing that the enemy were in a few yards of us, asked if we preferred being led through the woods, and thus coming on the rear of the enemy's camp, or passing through a narrow defile and facing the foe. It being decided to advance in the face of the enemy, the word "March" was heard along our file, and we proceeded to the field of action. Had the cavalry attacked us as we crossed the hurdles, our defeat would have been easy and our fate inevitable. We now entered the defile, broad enough for five men to march abreast, and had progressed to about the mid-distance, when the enemy's riflemen, who flanked the road and were concealed behind the trees within a few paces of us, opened their fire, which was rapid, well directed, and consequently destructive. The order to charge reverberated through the wood and was heard above the firing. We suddenly emerged into an open field, divided by a road, and perfectly surrounded by a thick wood. The road led up a gentle ascent, on the summit of which the enemy had planted five field pieces directed down the road and through the defile we had passed. These guns formed the center of the American forces, and they had about five hundred men, equally divided on the flanks; the woods sheltered some riflemen, and the cavalry were in the rear of the line. As the fire was too hot and much too fatally directed to allow us to continue our charge along the roads up to the very muzzles of the artillery, the marines, under their respective officers, and accompanied by Sir. Peter Parker and Lieut. Pearce, struck off to the right, whilst the blue jackets, under Lieut. Crease, advanced on the left side of the field. As the marines fired rapidly the whole force of the enemy was drawn to oppose us, and we advanced at double-quick time, in the hope of closing with our foes and finishing the fight, but they cautiously retreated as we advanced toward the wood in the rear. At last they made a halt, and we distinctly heard one of the officers telling his men to stand firm against the attack of the British lions, as they called themselves. Up to this moment Sir Peter Parker had cheered on the marines with his usual determined courage. His Turkish saber sparkled in the moonlight as he waved it over his head, and his continual cry of "Forward!" "Forward!" resounded amidst the firing, but now his voice failed, and he

FELL INTO MY ARMS.

The whole animation of the party died when he dropped. The Americans, fortunately, had begun another retreat, and our ceasing fire only led them to believe that we were following the quicker. Sir. Peter's only words were these: "I fear they have done for me. Pearce, you had better retreat, for the boats are a long way off."

At this juncture six of the marines lifted the dying baronet upon their shoulders, and the whole squad began hasty retreat. Sir. Peter's wound was caused by a buckshot, which cut the femoral artery, and he bled to death before they reached the shore.

While being carried towards the vessel on the stretcher, one of Sir. Peter's shoes was lost. It was picked up by the Americans the next morning and was afterwards placed in a museum in Baltimore, where it remained on exhibition for many years.

Sir Peter Parker is spoken of as a brave, generous and excellent man; rigid in discipline, firm of purpose, resolute in action, and notwithstanding his severity, must have possessed some excellent qualities, when the seamen he had severely punished regretted his loss and wept like children over his coffin.

His body was preserved in a cask of spirits and taken to England and buried, we believe, in Westminster Abbey.

THE FOLLOWING EPITAPH,

written by his kinsman, Lord Byron, may be found on his monument:

There is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
But nations swell the funeral cry,
And triumph weeps above the brave.

For them is sorrow's purest sigh,
O'er man's heaving bosom sent;
In vain their bones unburied lie,
All earth becomes their monument!

A tomb is theirs on every page,
An epitaph on every tongue;
The present hours, the future age,
For them bewail, to them belong.

For them the voice of festal mirth,
Grows hushed, their name the only sound;
While deep remembrance pours to earth
The goblet's tributary round.

A theme to crowds that know them not,
Lamented by admiring foes,
Who would not dare their righteous lot?
Who would not die the death they chose?

And gallant Parker! Thus enshrined
Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be,
And early valor, glowing find
A model in thy memory.

But there are breasts that bleed with thee
In woe, that glory cannot quell;
And shuddering, hear of victory
Where one so dear, so dauntless, fell.

Where shall they turn to mourn thee less?
When cease to hear thy cherished name?
Time cannot teach forgetfulness
While grief's full heart is fed by fame.

Alas, for them, though not for thee,
They cannot choose but weep the more.
Deep for the dead the grief must be
Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before.

—*Baltimore American.*

During last May an infant child of our neighbor was suffering from cholera infantum. The doctors had given up all hopes of recovery. I took a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy to the house, telling them I felt sure it would do good if used according to directions In two days time the child had fully recovered. The child is now vigorous and healthy. I have recommended this remedy frequently and have never known it to fail.—MRS. CURTIS BALER, Bookwalter, Ohio. Sold by M. A. Toulson, druggist, Chestertown, Md.

Happy Birds.

The editor of Home Words sends us a little poem with this title, the opening stanza of which is as follows:

"Happy birds that sing and fly;"
Cruel hands that make you die!
Blood for beauty, shot for song—
Who would not your lives prolong?
But are we less cruel and vain,
Decked with "feathers" plucked with pain?

"A hymn for certain choirs and congregations" is the appropriate sub-heading of the verses.—Westminster Gazette.

THE MAN WHO DID.

All doctors in my town failed to relieve me of rheumatism. I have used about half a bottle of Nelaton and feel so much improved, that while I may not need it, I enclose P. O. order for $1 for one more bottle of the remedy that has been such a God-send to me. I cheerfully recommend Nelaton to anyone suffering with rheumatism.

MRS. JULIA A. PORCH, Lacon, Ill.

A HEARTFELT LOSS.—Casey—So poor Cassidy is dead? Sure, everybody will miss him!

Flannigan—They will! He was the only mon in the war-rd thot everybody could lick!—Puck.

ANCIENT HISTORY.—"She's a good actress, isn't she?"

"Yes. You used to know her!"

"Oh, yes. But that was five or six husbands ago.—Life.

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Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

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Carpets, Rugs, Matting and Oil Cloths,

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