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Commencing July 7, 1902, we begin our

Summer Reduction Sale!

OUR MOTTO:

Lowest Prices! Best Values!

Obtainable for the money.

Next Monday, July 7, 1902,
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5c per yd. buys 6¼c Lawns.
8½c per yd. buys 10c Lawns.
10½c per yd. buys 12½ and 15c Lawns.
9c buys odds and ends in the best Windsor Percales.
6¼c buys best Lancaster Apron Gingham.
BLEACHED MUSLIN REMNANTS—ranging 3, 5, 10 and 15 yards—some of them as good as Pride of West, worth 12½c, all as good or better than best Fruit of Loom—8½c per yd. buys choice—COME QUICK.
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28c per pound buys June Tobacco next Tuesday, July 7th.
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LOCAL HISTORY.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS, July 18, 1902.

Rarely is it possible to visit any locality, even in this comparatively new country, without learning historical associations of great interest to the seeker after knowledge. Otsego county, New York, is rich in details of authentic incidents that transpered within its boundaries. Our great novelist, Fenimore Cooper, laid the plots of his famous novels right amid his own delightful environments, and so true are his descriptions of the lake and places he mentions, that a stranger can easily find them without other guide than Cooper's pen pictures. A sojourn at Richfield Springs, Cooperstown, Cherry Valley, or vicinity, cannot fail to recall a past well worthy of note, and enjoy a present, full of profit and pleasure. This country occupies a central position in the great "Empire" State. It is populous, wealthy and fertile, with undulating surface, and an elevation at Richfield Springs of nearly two thousand feet above tide water. The scenery is picturesque, and the climate bracing. The strong Sulphur Springs here have been known for ages. The Indian Aborigine seeking the famed "Medicine Water," for the cure of his ailments, giving to them a name in his own language signifying "bad smelling," which is certainly descriptive and well deserved. Up to the time of our Revolutionary War, Otsego county had only a few small settlements of the "pale faces." The one at Cherry Valley being the scene of a barbarous massacre by hostile Indians, occuring in the autumn of 1778

John Lindsey was one of the first white settlers in this region, locating here in 1740. During his first winter snow fell to such a depth it was impossible for him to reach the nearest settlement, fifteen miles distant, for the necessities of life for his family. Provisions were exhausted and starvation would have been their lot, except for the chance visit of a friendly Indian, who came on snow shoes, and seeing the distressed condition of the bale faces, went to the Mohawk village and returned laden with food, continuing to visit them and supplying their needs until the severity of the winter was passed. During our war for independence, the British had many Indian allies, and so dreadful were the cruelties inflicted upon whole families along the frontier, that most of the settlements west of Albany were abandoned. After peace was declared migration to this country from Europe progressed rapidly, and soon peopled these fertile regions. Towns were founded and flourished. Among the first settlers was "Nathan Dow," belonging to the colony of Connecticut, enlisting when only 19 in the regiment of 'Green Mountain Boys" of the Continental Army, under the command of Col. Ethan Allen, and was with his company marching against Fort Ticonderoga; Col. Allen demanded the surrender of the Fort by the British and was asked by whose authority was he acting. The American officer immediately replying, "in the name of the Great Jehovah and Continental Congress." Nathan Dow distinguished himself for bravery while serving in the cause of liberty and when independence was gained, returned to his arduous duties as a Connecticuit farmer, faithfully cultivating the rocky soil, until a desire came upon him to migrate to a more fertile locality. Accordingly in 1800 he and his wife made a journey on horse back from New England to New York, seeking a new home. Being pleased with this part of the country he decided to move here, and as I have said was one of the pioneer settlers at Richfield. He lived here until 1841, a flourishing village having grown up where there was only an almost unbroken forrest at the time of his coming—the wilderness being converted into finely cultivated farms when he was called to his rest. The name of Nathan Dow is especially linked with the history of the far-famed Sulphur Springs of Richfield. Like his predecessors, the Indians, he had great faith in their medical properties, and it is a matter of record, to his credit as owner of the locality, that he declared the spring must ever continue free of access to all, effecting this arrangement before he died, proving that he had the christian idea of benefiting humanity.

The local historian speaks of a very old apple tree near the town, still called "The Indians' tree," as it is known to bear fruit from the very earliest coming of the white settlers. Tradition says the fruit of this tree is remarkable for its keeping qualities. Apples were the first fruits available to the pioneer colonist and the trees were carefully planted around the early homes and highly valued. We little realize the many changes which have come so rapidly to us, as a nation, to-day enjoying such abundance. It is related of a family named Dorthick, migrating from Connecticut to this part of New York, bringing with them, soon after our independence, about four thousand dollars of the Federal paper money issued during the Revolution as their capital. So greatly had this currency depreciated in value that seven hundred dollars was paid for one pair of smoothing irons for family laundry work. About three quarters of a mile from the springs is the beautiful lake, "Canadarago," 5 miles long and from one to one mile and one half in width. A picturesque, wooded island of seven acres rests upon the bosom of this lake, another island once stood directly west of this remaining one, but suddenly disappeared about the beginning of the nineteenth century. This is a veriable fact recorded from personal knowledge of the people living in this vicinity at that time. It is spoken of as "The Sunken Island," and is believed to have gone deep to the bottom of the lake. I was told that tops of tall trees can still be discovered through the depths of the clear water of the lake when it is calm. The Indian tradition concerning this sunken isle has been preserved and is recorded in a beautiful poem of considerable length from which I extraced the story and transcribed a few of the verses. The tradition says that a famous "Indian Medicine Man," a great prophet, once dwelt on this sunken island, to whom the sick red men came for healing from many tribes. The Mohawk, the Iroquois, and others coming to him and through his incantations and medicine water he healed them. They had to remain at least one night at the home of the prophet. At midnight he would steal softly away in his canoe, land among the thick forrest trees of the mainland, and return to his waiting patients bringing with him vessels containing the precious healing water. This medicine man became at length so proud and powerful he dared to call himself a twin brother of the the "Great Spirit." This blasphemy kindled the anger of the Almighty, and one morning when a bridal party came seeking his blessing as a prophet, the island and the prophet had both entirely disappeared. The Indians believed that the "Great Spirit" had sunk the prophet and his home so deep that the water of the lake where they had gone could not be fathomed.

"Fair Canadarago, a legend keeps,
To be whispered low when the midnight creeps,
Moonless and still on the lonely shore,
A tale of the lost for ever more.
Far back in the time of the long ago,
Stood an island fair in the summer's glow,
Where ever alone a prophet dwelt,
For whose healing touch the suffering knelt.

Thither the Mohawk warrior came,
With his wound from poison dart, aflame,
And the Iroquios, with his war-won pain,
Sought, at his hand, for health again.
Savage of mein, and dark of mood,
As well became his Indian blood;
Sullen and stern, none ever guessed,
The secrets locked in his dusky breast.

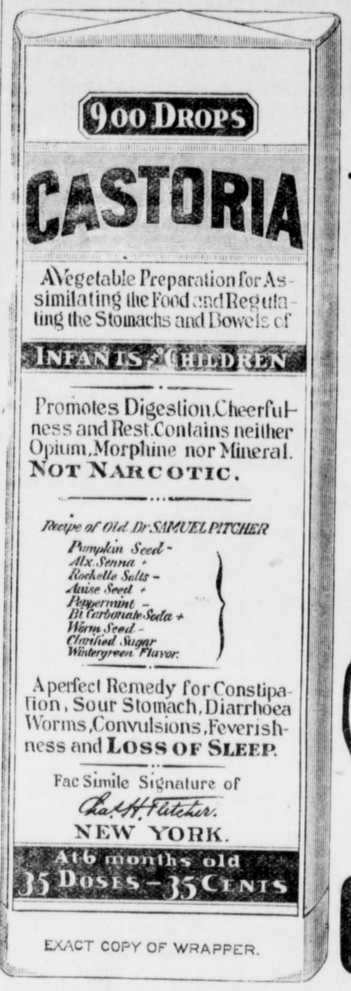
Knew not how oft, in his swift canoe,
The shivered waters from his paddles flew,
As close by the dim deep forest stayed
The prophet's foot as in darkness he strayed,
Till close by the bitter fountain's brink,
He stopped at last, but not to drink,
But bore from thence the wondrous draught,
The source and secret of his craft.

At last, the olden legend saith,
He claimed the power to conquer death,
And spoke in horrid blasphemy
Of twinship, with Divinity.
Then the Great Spirit's awful frown,
Sent isle and prophet hunting down,
And wandering pilgrims to that shore
Saw isle or prophet never more."

I have before alluded to Cherry Valley, about twelve miles distant from Richfield. The history of its name, according to the historian Lossing, shows what slight circumstances become memorable sometimes. Lossing says that in 1780 a venerable pastor, named Dunlop, was writing letters in his study to friends in old England. The proprietor of the surrounding land happened to be in the same room with Dunlop, to whom he addressed the question, "How shall I date my letters?" Mr. Lindsay in reply suggested a familiar name in his boyhood's home in Scotland. Mr. Dunlop, raising his eyes and looking out of his window, noticed some very fine cherry trees and said, "Why not call this lovely region Cherry Valley?" and so it is called to-day. Late in the autumn of that year this frontier settlement, as it was then, was devastated by Tories and hostile Indians, and the inhabitants cruelly butchered; women nor children were spared, many soldiers and their officers suffering agonizing tortures by their savage foes. The details are too harrowing to repeat.

After the close of our Revolutionary War, Cherry Valley was rebuilt, many of the settlers handing down to posterity names distinguished for eminent service to their country. Among annals of this section, full of deepest interest, I can only dwell upon a very few. During our war for national freedom, in the spring of 1779, the military council determined to send as large a force as could be collected to chastise the Tories and Indians, who had perpetrated great atrocities upon the settlers loyal to the cause of liberty. General Sullivan and General Clinton were placed in command, and dividing their men were to approach from two directions The expedition was supposed to be unknown to their enemies, but when near the hilly country bordering on Lake Otsego, to their dismay, scouts reported their plan had been discovered and the Indians were on the alert, thus adding greatly to the difficulties to be overcome by the patriots. General Clinton also made the unwelcome discovery that the unusually dry season had lowered the water of the lake so much that there was no possibility of his 220 boats passing through the narrow outlet into the river. Happily he conceived the idea of erecting a dam at the foot of the lake that the water might accumulate sufficiently to carry his boats safely through the outlet. This was done, and the water in the lake became not only sufficiently high for his boats to pass, but overflowed its banks and inundated the extensive corn fields of the Indians surrounding the lake, injuring the grain very seriously. The Indians were amazed at such a condition of affairs in a very dry season, and utterly unable to comprehend the cause, conceived in their superstition that it was a manifestation of serious displeasure of the Great Spirit. Observing Gen. Clintion and his men moving down the stream in their numerous boats, the red men dared offer no resistance, and hastily retreated into the depths of the forests.

HARRIETT L. W. HILL.



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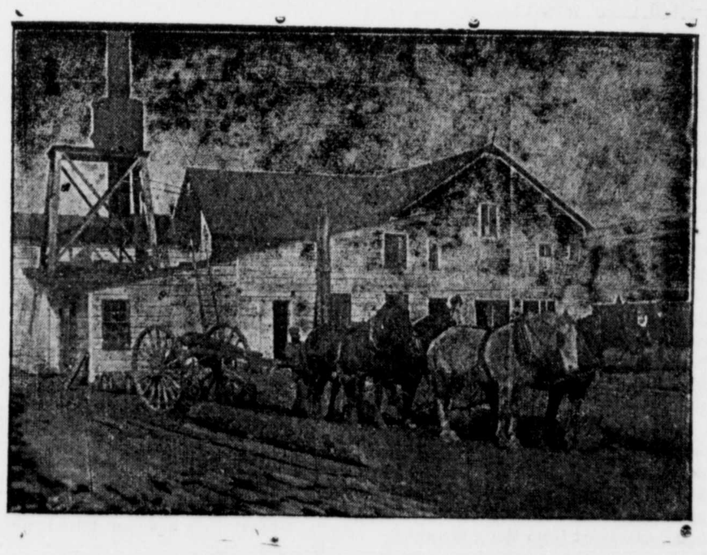

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