

R. F. PARKS & SON.

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,
FOR SPOT CASH:

5c per yd. buys 6c Lawns.
8c per yd. buys 10c Lawns.
10c per yd. buys 12c and 15c Lawns.
9c buys odds and ends in the best Windsor Percales.
6c 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
12c, all as good or better than best
Fruit of Loom—3c per yd. buys
choice—come quick.
18c per yd. buys a good 9-4 Brown Sheet-
ing—not bankrupt stock but bankrupt
prices.
LACES by the piece or in remnants.
Big values. Beadings, black and
white, in Valenciennes.
Ladies' Misses, Children's Men's and
Youth's UNDERWEAR, at special
prices to close.

MATTINGS!

We have too much to carry.
8c by roll to start them. 100
yds. Matting, several Rolls, at
20c per yard. Remnants—10,
12 and 15 yds—20c cf. off.
TABLE OIL CLOTH, remnants,
(defective) start 10c yd.
15c buys good value, best goods.

American Granulated SUGAR

5 Cents.

MONDAY and TUESDAY.

75c. per Pair.

SHOES. SHOES.

And Slippers!

75c 75c
We have a lot of Odds
and Ends—must go. One
lot of 100 pairs old style
Ladies Hand and Ma-
chine Sewed kid-foxed
lasting uppers, were \$3
and \$3.50 per pair, now
go for 75c per pair.
Other shoes corre-
spondently low.

\$7.95 buys 1 Set Double Wa-
gon Harness, Body parts, 12 inch
Traces, extra leather.
\$9.25 buys one set Double
Wagon Harness body parts 12
inch traces, extra heavy stitched
—3 rows.
\$9.95 buys a bang-up single
strap Carriage Harness worth
\$12.

SPECIALS.

1c buys what we have left of
White China Butter Plates.
2c buys good Tumblers, not
cracked.
45c buys one set White China
Cups and Saucers.
\$1.99 buys one 9-piece perfect
Chamber Set.
84c buys Enterprise Coffee
next Tuesday, July 7th.
28c per pound buys June To-
bacco next Tuesday, July 7th.
20c per pound buys Job To-
bacco.

R. F. Parks & Son.

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Opens Sept. 18, 1902. One of the leading
schools for young ladies in the south. New
buildings, pianos and equipment. Campus
ten acres. Grand mountain scenery in valley
of Va., famed for health. European and
American teachers. Full course. Conserva-
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Roanoke, Va.

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cures Lung Troubles, Debility, decreasing stomach and
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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Grey
Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
25c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

HINDERCO is the only sure cure for
Corns. Stops all pain. Makes walking easy. 10c at Druggists.

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Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Grey
Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
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Original and Only Genuine.
SAFE, Always Reliable. Ladies, be warned
in RED and Gold metallic boxes, sealed
with blue ribbon. Take no others. Refuse
Dangerous Substitutions and Imita-
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"Relief for Ladies," in letter by re-
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all Druggists. Chichester Chemical Co.,
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WHITE PINE SIDING,
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WILLIAM M. W. BECK,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Chestertown, Maryland.

Office opposite M. ket Spuar

LOCAL HISTORY.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS, July 18, 1902.
Rarely is it possible to visit any local-
ity, even in this comparatively new
country, without learning historical as-
sociations of great interest to the seeker
after knowledge. Otsego county, New
York, is rich in details of authentic in-
cidents that transpired within its bound-
aries. Our great novelist, Fenimore
Cooper, laid the plots of his famous nov-
els right amid his own delightful envi-
ronments, 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, Coopers-
town, 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 cen-
tral position in the great "Empire"
State. It is populous, wealthy and fer-
tile, with undulating surface, and an ele-
vation at Richfield Springs of nearly
two thousand feet above tide water. The
scenery is picturesque, and the climate
the strongest 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 Revolu-
tionary 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, occurring in the autumn
of 1773.

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 impos-
sible for him to reach the nearest settle-
ment, fifteen miles distant, for the
necessities of life for his family. Pro-
visions 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 pale faces,
went to the Mohawk village and re-
turned laden with food, continuing to
visit them and supplying their needs
until the severity of the winter was
passed. During our war for indepen-
dence, 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 Con-
necticut, enlisting when only 19 in the
regiment of "Green Mountain Boys" of
the Continental Army, under the com-
mand 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 he was
acting. The American officer immedi-
ately 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 Connecticut farmer, faithfully cul-
tivating 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 forest 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 remark-
able 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 rap-
idly 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 in-
dependence, about four thousand dollars
of the Federal paper money issued dur-
ing the Revolution as their capital. So
greatly had this currency depreciated
in value that seven hundred dollars was
paid for one piece of smoothing iron 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 veritable 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 be-
lieved 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 island has been
preserved and is recorded in a beautiful
poem of considerable length from which
I extracted 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 com-
ing to him and through his incanta-
tions and medicine water he
healed them. They had to remain at
least one night at the home of the pro-
phet. At midnight he would steal softly
away in his canoe, land among the thick
forests of the mainland, and return to
his waiting patients bringing with
him vessels containing the precious heal-
ing water. This medicine man became
at length so proud and powerful he dared
to call himself a twin brother of 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 Iroquois, with his war-won pain,
Sought, at his hand, for health again.
Savage of mien, and dark of mood,
As well become his Indian blood,
Sullen and stern, none ever guessed,
The secrets looked in his dusky breast.
Knew not how oft, in his swift canoe,
The shivering 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 twinning, with Divinity.
Then the Great Spirit's awful frown,
Sent him and prophet hunting down,
And wandering pilgrims to that shore
Saw him or prophet never more."

I have before alluded to Cherry Val-
ley, about twelve miles distant from
Richfield. The history of its name, ac-
cording to the historian Lossing, shows
what slight circumstances become mem-
orable 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. Lindsey in reply
suggested a familiar name in his boy-
hood'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 cru-
elly butchered; women nor children
were spared, many soldiers and their of-
ficers suffering agonizing tortures
by their savage foes. The details are
too harrowing to repeat.

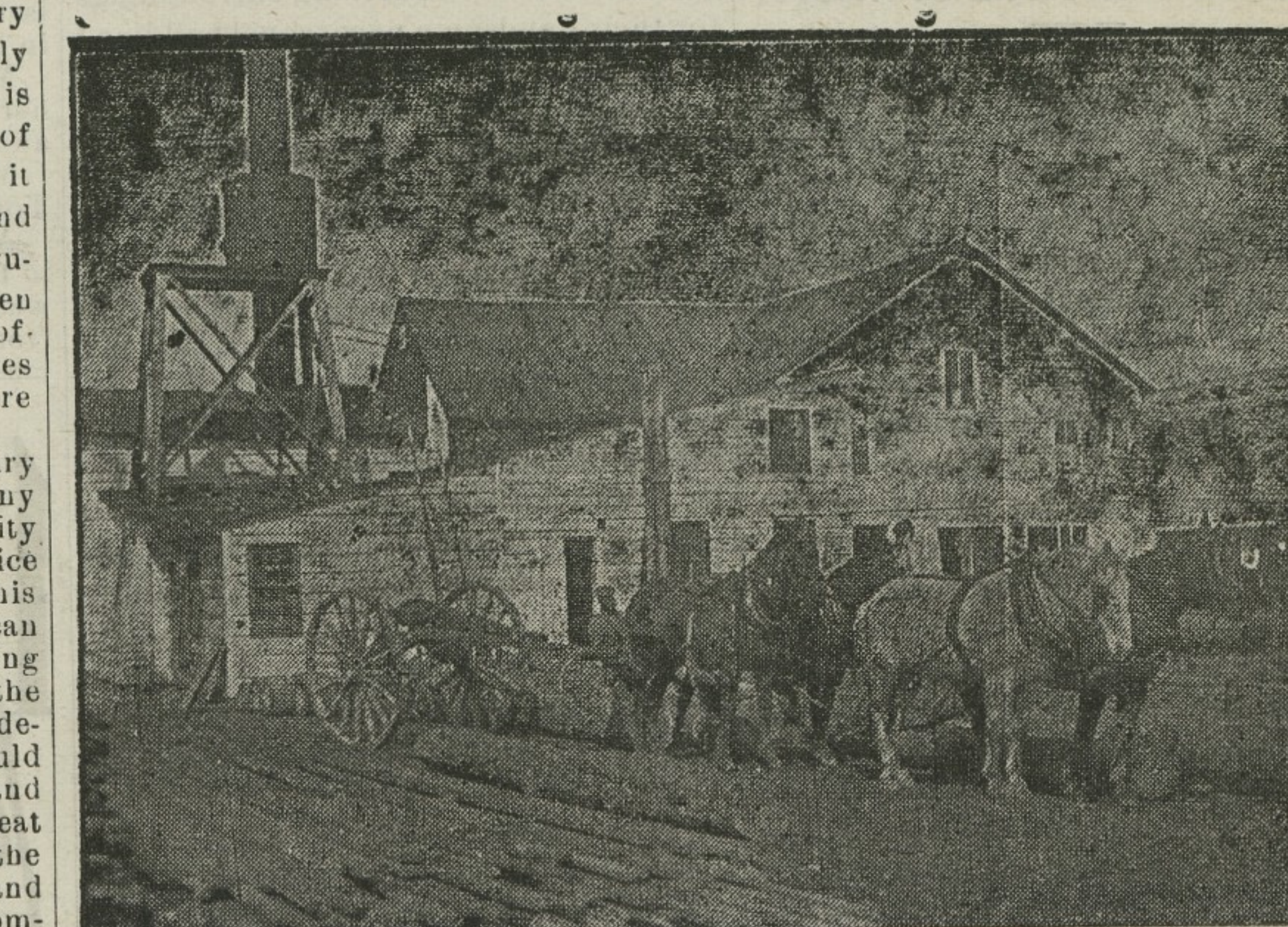
After the close of our Revolutionary
War, Cherry Valley was rebuilt, many
of the settlers handing down to posterity
names distinguished for eminent service
to their country. Among annals of this
section, full of deepest interest, I can
only dwell upon a very few. During
our war for national freedom, in the
spring of 1779, the military council de-
termined 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 com-
mand, and dividing their men were to
approach from two directions. The ex-
pedition 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 possi-
bility of his 230 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 be-
came 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, in-
juring the grain very seriously. The In-
dians were amazed at such a condition
of affairs in a very dry season, and ut-
terly unable to comprehend the cause,
convinced in their superstition that it
was a manifestation of serious displeas-
ure of the Great Spirit. Observing Gen.
Clinton and his men moving down the
stream in their numerous boats, the red
men dared offer no resistance, and last-
ly retreated into the depths of the for-
ests. HARRIETT L. W. HILL.

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