The Missing Link!

A TALE of the CHESAPEAKE BAY!

PRIZE STORY.

IN the early part of the year 1813, a fleet consisting of four ships and six frigates, under command of that despicable British officer, Admiral Cockburn, made its appearance in the waters of the lower Chesapeake bay, and taken as the vanguard of the 40 vessels, which a year latter landed more than 8,000 soldiers upon the historic grounds of North Point, we can readily form a correct opinion of the character of men whom the British government had selected to bring again into subjection, a people who had once wrestled their independence from its tyrannical hand, and who had now avowed their purpose to maintain that sacred independence by a recent declaration of war.

No act of meanness, or cruelty, or theft was too mean, or dishonest to be perpetrated by that cowardly band of maurauders, proceeding under the guise of legitimate warfare, and, under the leadership of the villainous Cockburn. Truly had the honest and industrious people of the lower counties of Maryland, adjacent to the bay, had their souls tried to the utmost limit of forbearance, and with ample reason was the very name of Cockburn held by them in utter execration, for barns were burned, and dwellings were looted, and the sanctity of families invaded, with a brazen effrontery which better became emissaries of Satan than the deputed soldiery of a nation famed for its military prowess.

When there were no longer objects worthy the despoiling hands of these red-coated usurpers in the lower bay, the desire for conquest led them to ascend amost to the point where Maryland's master stream throws its arms above its head like some mighty giant in a peaceful slumber, and when abreast of "Old Fairlee," on the Kent shore, the fleet was brought to anchor, and here several days were passed by officers and soldiery in reconnoitering and in well directed efforts to discover fresh objects upon which to vent their pent-up hatred for everything which bore the name American.

After Cockburn had obtained sufficient information from the band of spies, who returned to the vessel in due time, to give him a clear idea of the course of the stream's tributary to that section of the bay, and of the chief towns of importance adjacent to them, he was not long in planning out the tactics to be pursued.

Fours town were marked for destruction, and the forces were divided into two attachments. The larger of these were commanded by Cockburn himself and proceeded up Elk River to Havre-de-Grace and Frenchtown, where, after some show of resistance upon the part of the inhabitants, who were soon beaten back by force of superior numbers, the most disgraceful scenes occurred, and eventually these thriving towns became but a mass of smouldering ruins under the hands of British despotism.

The lesser detachment was placed under orders of Rear Admiral Stacey, a handsome young officer, and in every respect, save in years of service, the superior of Cockburn. He had evinced strong disapproval of the contemptible methods pursued by his superior officer ever since he reached American waters, but being commissioned to the unwelcome task of destroying two beautiful villages which reposed in fancied security in one of the most picturesque spots to be found upon the whole peninsula, he prepared to do the work effectively.

These towns were to be reached by sailing a more southerly course than that taken by Cockburn, and were located about 12 miles from the point of demarkation. The news of the raid to be made upon these two peaceful and defenceless hamlets, spread in every direction, and caused the utmost consternation among all classes of people thereabouts. A militia of about 50 men was hastily organized and stationed before the towns for the purpose of repulsing the invaders if possible, or, failing in that, to protect the rights and interests of the citizens by whatever means might be practical to serve that end.

On the morning of the 6th of May, 1813, Rear Admiral Stacey, commanding 600 men, in 18 barges, entered the mouth of the S—— river, and began to ascend its circuitous course. Never did the charming scenery of that weird and romantic water-way appear more beautiful than it did upon that bright May day. Here did the famous tribe of Tocwough Indians once reside, and upon these very moss-covered banks where shot and shell were being hurled with such dreadful effect, had many a council of war, or treaty of peace, or social function in the ethics of savagery been held by the warriors of that aboriginal band.

The stock of ammunition of Stacey's command must have been enormous, for to this day pieces of shell and portions of other singularly shaped projectiles are picked up along the banks, or plowed to the surface in the field for the entire length of the river as far as the besiegers went.

But on, on the detachment moved, for the objective point lay yet ahead. Meanwhile the deafening volleys, which was continuously belching forth from the deep-throated cannon, left no doubt upon the minds of those deeply wronged people that the hour of their doom was at hand. That their towns were to be destroyed, their possessions pillaged, and perhaps their very life's blood made to crimson the limped waters, whose placid surface playfully toyed with the sunlight of that perfect May morning.

Nearer and nearer came the subalterns of English despotism, until the angry-looking, death-dealing fleet was athwart the hapless towns marked for demolition.

The puny seeming militia soon fled before the heavy firing which immediately commenced. What shot and shell could not accomplish, the torch and the fagot effectually supplied, and when the village on the north bank of the stream had yielded its last homestead to the unjust fury of British malevolence, the force of the attack was concentrated upon the more imposing and attractive borough of G— on the opposite shore. Shot and shell and destructive projectile broke in vast volumes upon the defenseless spot, and every home save one was razed. There, standing proudly aloft as if gazing contemptously upon the scene of hellish violence below, was a grand old colonial mansion, which, reposing upon a terraced eminence back from the water front, was far beyond the reach of cannon's range. That dwelling was the hospitable home of Madam Kitty Sunstrum—a widow of ample means—with a charming daughter just blooming into attractive womanhood, and, a colonial ancestry of whose valorous deeds she was very fond of speaking. She was a woman renown for her hospitality, and yet one who was usually regarded as able to defend herself or her property should occasion occur.

A brief conference was held between Admiral Stacey and his men, regarding the most effectual means to be employed in the destruction of the Sunstrum mansion. At length, selecting a dozen of his trustiest followers, he directed them to accompany him on the shore, and to take along a quantity of highly inflammable matter that the crowning act of infamy might be the most expiditiously accomplished.

These 13 men having reached land, at once entered the tortuous footpath which wound through the terraced lawn, and which led straight up to the great piazza which entirely covered the front of this elegant abode.

As the little army approached, Madam Sunstrum, armed with a destructive looking shooting iron of primitive mould, and accompanied by Winnie, her pretty and most accomplished young daughter, went forth to meet them, and when the intruders had drawn sufficiently close to be addressed, she proceeded to tell them in unmistakable terms in precisely what estimation she held them. She commanded them to leave her premises, and defied them to harm anything thereabout, warning them of their peril should they persist in doing so.

All laughed heartily at the woman's bravado, and Stacey directed the men to apply the brand. Several times the attempt was made, and several times was the kindling flame kicked aside. Stacey was commencing to lose his temper, and sternly ordered the woman to leave. Madam Sunstrum took a new position in defiance of the command, and as she looked contemptuously down on the rear admirable, the soft breezes toyed gently with her silvered locks, and the sunlight brought her every feature out in bold relief, it was a remarkable face, and caused the antique jewels of her ears, and the antique and most ancient looking medallion about her throat, to scintillate in the sunbeams, and to remind one of some Roman model about which he had read. Doubtless some of the men were more concerned just at that time with the problem how to secure those jewels, than they were with the art of fire-making. Stacey issued another order more vigorous than the preceeding ones, but the last word of command had scarcely died upon his lips when a death-like pallor was observed upon his face. His eyes appeared to be transfixed upon the person of the courageous Madam Sunstrum, and for a few moments he was unable to articulate a sentence, but with a motion of his hand he bade the men to desist and smother out the flames which were now commencing to gain headway. The party observing that something unusual had occurred to their leader, readily executed his orders and retired from the scene. The admiral was seen to say some confidential things to the Madam, whose countenance wore an intensely surprised and yet triumphant expression, but save a few staccato exclamations, which were uttered in a louder tone than that employed in conversation, and which sounded like "Mysterious," "Providential," "The future will reveal," &c., nothing could be gleaned from that unusual and deep-meaning colloquy. The admiral and his men hastily left the Sunstrum premises, and enjoining that the utmost secrecy be observed regarding what they had seen, the admiral ordered all back upon the vessels, and following himself the detachment was soon moving down the river from whence it came, and the next day rejoined the main fleet with Cockburn in command, and whose subsequent actions are merged into the several strategic movements made under the other leaders, and whose ulterior objects were the taking of Baltimore.

More than a year had passed since the strange experience of Admiral Stacey at Madam Sunstrum's home. Hostilities were over. Universal amnesty had been declared, and the angel of peace seemed hovering over the war-fretted surface of our beautiful Chesapeake bay.

It was an evening in September 1814. The day was fast drawing to a close. The golden sunbeams were folding their wings to recline upon the bosom of the night, pausing only for a few brief moments, while the beautiful mild twilight, like a silver clasp united the day with the night. It was the holy hour for new resolves, quiet communion with the past, and questionings for the future. What were the feelings of that outraged populace, who sixteen months before had been homeless, almost helpless, by English vandalism? What must not have been the remorse and penitence of Stacey, could he have seen the ruin and desolation which was visible on all sides in the twilight of the evening above referred to, and for whose pitiful condition he alone was responsible? But Stacey was near at hand, back under the shade and gloom of the tall pine trees, which stood like frowning sentinels upon the river's banks, just in the vicinity where two charming hamlets stood, could be seen indefinitely a small sailing craft passing along spirit like under the pressure of a light breeze. The boat was not dissimilar to a vast number of fishing smacks which were continuously moving about the stream, and for that reason attracted but little attention. But O, had the truth been suspected, or had it ever been surmised that Admiral Stacey was its chief occupant, how terribly the avenging rod of injured innocence would have fallen upon him, and crushed his young life away. But Providence ordains all things wisely, and that was not to be.

The boat was soon moored to the old forsaken pier, and Stacey took the same winding foot-path to Madam Sunstrum's home which he had trod before. The silence of that place seemed ominous, and Stacey would have gladly been relieved from encountering it, but here alone could the mystery be solved, and here he must come before his return to England, in order to clear away a legal doubt that meant so much to him.

He shortly found himself on the broad piazza, and giving several taps upon the old brass knocker, he was soon ushered into the ancient looking yet richly furnished parlor, and handing a card to an attendant, was informed that Madam Sunstrum was at home. He was not kept long in suspense, but in the few brief moments which preceded the madam's appearance he was wondering if his reception would be cordial, or if this eventful moment which had caused him so much solicitude would be fraught with bitter disappointment. The great heavy door swung back on its hinges and Madam Sunstrum, with all the dignity of a queen, passed into the room. Stacey arose and approaching to meet the hostess said, as he extended his hand in a most cordial manner: "My dear madam, it affords me untold pleasure to meet you once again, and under circumstances, I hope, vastly different from those to which my mind now reverts as to a horrible nightmare."

"O, Admiral Stacey," replied Madam, "I am glad to welcome you, under the circumstances you stated upon your rather abrupt departure about 16 months ago, but if it were not for the 'mystery' which I belive is to be solved on this occasion, I am free to say you would not be permitted to enter the portals of this dear old home which you tried so very hard to destroy."

"Pardon me, dear madam," said the Admiral, "if you can find it in your kind heart to forgive one who has so cruelly wronged the unoffending people of this neighborhood, but I hope one great good resultant from this interview will be my ability to help undo a terrible wrong which has been done to those around you."

"Then," said the Madam, "if there is any prospect of reimbursing my poor, afflicted friends and neighbors in the loss they have sustained, you are thrice welcome, and let us begin the interview at once."

With these words, two great easy arm chairs were rolled into the deep-recessed window, near where the admiral stood, and through which a dreamy light from the rising moon stole in, as if to stand in evidence of the truth of the dual recitals which were about to be made. Pointing to one of the chairs she bade the admiral to be seated, whilst she assumed a very comfortable attitude in the other, and when all was in readiness for a lengthy hearing she said: "Now admiral, I am prepared to remain a patient listener to the mysterious tale of the "Missing Link," which is, I believe, the title I might give it, judging from the hasty words you spoke when last I saw you."

"Well, Madam," said Stacey, "call it what you will, but I am prepared to furnish only the English edition, so to say, and to you alone is reserved all rights to the American production."

"Then go ahead," said the Madam,

A SPECIAL INVITATION TO CALL AT

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A GREAT SEMI-ANNUAL REDUCTION SALE COMMENCES TO-DAY, which will create no little sensation among those who watch our advertisements with interest, knowing the advantages therein, will be afforded a great opportunity. The year 1895 has ended most satisfactorily, and we have decided to make a GREAT SACRIFICE of all our remaining goods, consisting of

Men's and Boys' Overcoats and Suits,

And a Complete Line of FURNISHINGS.

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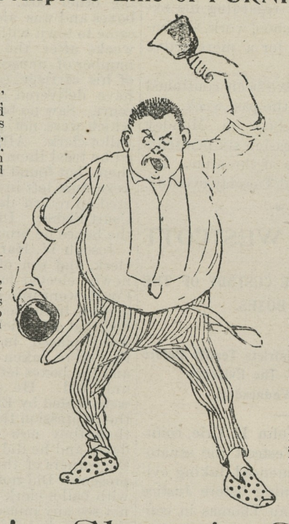
Fine Imported Black, Blue and Brown Kersey, Beaver, Cassimere and Cheviots in various shades, for $3.75, $4.50, $6, $7.50, $8.75, $10 and $12.50, all of which have been reduced to one-third their former price.

Men's Suits.

All-Wool Dickey Kersey for $5. Fine Imported Clay Regent Frock, Plain Cassimere, Fancy Worsteds and Cheviots $3.75, $5, $6.25, $7, $8.50 to $11, which is a reduction of about 20 per cent.

Men's Single Pants.

In Fine Imported Worsteds, Cassimeres & Domestic Goods, in neat Stripes and Plain styles, $1, $1.50, $2, $2.75, $3.50.



Boys' and Children's Overcoats.

Boys' Stormers, Kerseys, Cassimere and Beavers, from 14 to 19 in size, for $2.75, $3.50, $4.75 and $5, many are marked from $8 and $8.50. Children's Coats from 4 to 14 years, with and without capes, in Stormers, Cheviots, &c., from $2 upward to $4.

Boys' and Children's Suits.

All-Wool Kersey only $3.75. Union and Plain Cassimere, Fine Imported Worsteds and Cheviots in Long Pants Suits for $2.75, $3.25, $4, $5.50 to $7.75. Short Pants Suits for $1, $1.50, $2.25 to $3.50. A few Boy's Refer Overcoats left, which will go at $1.87.

Boy's Single Pants meet a similar reduction as other goods hereabove mentioned.

Shoes! Shoes! Shoes!

The Shoe Trade has been VERY good, and we have now many pairs of single Shoes which will be sold at a big loss, besides we have a line of complete sizes, which will also be sold at a reduction. Our line of UNDERWEAR, HATS, CAPS, NECKWEAR and HOSIERY are unexcelled in quality, and prices upon them to suit the times.

Thanking you for your liberal patronage in '95 and wishing you all a prosperous year of '96, I am

Yours, very respectfully,

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Directly opposite Stam's Hall. Leading Clothers.

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Want everybody to know our Stock is Large, Assortment Immense, Presents useful and abundant. Your Needs require what we have! If you are looking for DRY GOODS and NOTIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, Gum or Leather, Small or Large, we have the Stock. CARPETS and OIL CLOTHS! We carry and show the largest and best line in the county. Best Rag for 27½c. in the State. Ingrains and Brussels in proportion. Nice line of Handkerchiefs and Mufflers, Silk, Linen and Cambric, ranging from 5c up. Muffs, Boas, etc., Pocket Books, Neck Ties, Towels, Napkins, Table Linen, etc. Trunks, Valises, Telescopes, large and small. Blankets by 100 pairs, from 55c. per pair up. Our $2.69 Blanket is a daisy—worth $3.50. Robes, a good Robe for $4.75. Horse Blankets, etc. Nice line of Rugs, Moquet and Turkish. Window Blindes, fron 16⅔c. up, on spring rollers. Chamber Sets from $1.98 up; Tea Sets from $3.75 up. Dinner Sets, several styles; Cups and Saucers, fine china for 75 c. per set. Lamps in abundance, Banquet and other styles. Floor Oil Cloth from 20c. per yard up. and Special Prices on Carpets for the Holidays. Bed Spreads at 60c.

FLOUR BY THE BARREL! $3.50 WILL BUY A GOOD FAMILY FLOUR.

Buckwheat by the 100 pounds for $2.13.

Tobacco 20 cents pound.

Molasses 13 cents gallon.

LADIES' COATS! MISSES' COATS!

Both Plush and Cloth. Nobby Styles, ranging from $12.50 up.

Kersey Suits and Separate Pants,

Yours, for Business,

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ROYAL INSURANCE CO.

Farm Property a specialty; No Sixty-Day Payment Clause. Losses paid Immediately upon adjustment without discount. Live Stock against Lightning on premises and elsewhere.

PHENIX, of Brooklyn,

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ST. PAUL FIRE AND MARINE,

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Write or call for rates and information.

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THE BEST IN THE MARKET AT LOWEST PRICES, at P. T. McFEELY'S Furniture Store.

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Drugs, Glass, Paints, Oils, Varnishes,

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The Quick Cure for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, and all Throat and Lung Affections.

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Va. and Georgia Pine Flooring,

JUNIPER PICKETS FOR WIRE FENCES.

3,000 Locust and Cedar Posts FOR FARM FENCES.

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STEAMER EMMA A. FORD will leave Chestertown at 8 o'clock A. M. on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Bogle's, Queenstown and Kent Island. Returning, will leave Baltimore at 10.30 A. M. on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, making the above stops.

The daily round trips on the Centreville route will be discontinued after Nov. 2. Beginning Nov. 4, the

STEAMER B. S. FORD, will leave Centreville at 8 A. M., Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, stopping at landings on Corsica River, Jackson Creek and Rock Hall. Returning, will leave Baltimore at 10.30 A. M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, for same landings.

A Special Round Trip from Baltimore to Rock Hall and return will be run on SATURDAYS, leaving Baltimore at 3 P. M., and leaving Rock Hall at 5 P. M. This will give Rock Hall patrons an opportunity to leave home Saturday morning for Baltimore and return same day.

GEORGE WARFIELD, Pres't.

Nov. 2, 1895.

BALTO., CHESAPEAKE and ATLANTIC RAILWAY CO.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT Dec. 25th, 1895.

WATER AND RAIL ROUTES to Ocean City and all points on the Chesapeake Bay.

FOR HEALTH, PLEASURE AND BUSINESS.

Unexcelled facilities for both passenger and freight traffic. Close connection with the trunk line railroads, insuring convenience to the traveller, and the quick dispatch of all freights. Fifteen commodious and handsomely fitted out steamers. Comfortable staterooms. Good cuisine. Polite attendance. Steamers from Piers 3, 4, and 4½ Light St. Wharf, Baltimore, as follows:

RAILWAY DIVISION—4.30 p. m. daily, except Saturday and Sunday. Saturday 3.00 p. m., for Claiborne and stations to Ocean City.

CHOPTANK RIVER LINE—8 p. m. daily, except Sunday, for Easton, Oxford, Cambridge, and landings to Denton. Returning, leave Denton at 12.30 p. m. daily, except Saturday, Cambridge 6 p. m., Oxford 7.30 p. m., Easton 9.30 p. m., arriving in Baltimore 5 a. m.

WICOMICO RIVER LINE—5 p. m. every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday for Wingate's Point, Deal's Island and landings to Salisbury. Returning, leave Salisbury at 2.30 p. m., every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, arriving in Baltimore at 6 a. m.

NANTICOKE RIVER LINE—5 p. m. every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday for Deal's Island, and landings to Seaford, Del. Returning, leave Seaford at 12 o'clock noon Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday, arriving in Baltimore at 5 a. m.

GREAT WICOMICO AND PIANKATANK RIVER LINE—5 p. m. every Tuesday and Friday for the Great Wicomico River, Dividing, Indian and Dymer's Creek's, Little Bay, Milford Haven and Piankatank River to Freeport. Returning, leave Freeport 6 p. m. every Monday and Thursday, arriving in Baltimore at 5 a. m.

STEAMERS FROM SOUTH STREET PIER:

POCOMOKE RIVER LINE—5.30 p. m. every Tuesday and Friday for Crisfield, Tangier Island, Onancock, and landings to Pocomoke City and Snow Hill. Returning, leave Snow Hill at 6 a. m., Crisfield 6 p. m. every Monday, and Thursday, arriving in Baltimore at 6 a. m.

MESSONGO RIVER LINE—5.30 p. m. every Monday and Wednesday for Fords, Crisfield, Harborton, Evans, Boggs, Hunting Creek and Messongo. Returning, leave Messongo every Friday at 6 a. m., Crisfield 6 p. m., arriving in Baltimore at 6 a. m.

OCCOHANNOCK RIVER LINE—5.30 p. m. every Sunday for Ford's, Crisfield, Harborton, Evans, Boggs, Cedar View, Nandua, Concord, Read's, Davis', Shield's, Rues. Returning leave Rues every Tuesday at 8.30 a. m., Crisfield, 6 p. m., arriving in Baltimore at 6 a. m.

WILLIARD THOMSON, Gen'l Mgr.

Baltimore, Maryland.

BALTO. & DELAWARE BAY RAILROAD.

TIME-TABLE,

TO TAKE EFFECT NOVEMBER 27th, 1893.

Going East. Pass. No. 1 Daily ex. Sunday.	STATIONS.	Going West Pass. No. 2 Daily ex. Sunday.
Leave. A. M.		Arrive. P. M.
6.50	CHESTERTOWN	12.05
		A. M.
7.05	WORTON	11.50
7.10	LYNCH'S	11.45
7.15	HEPBRON	11.40
7.28	KENNEDYVILLE	11.27
7.41	BLACK'S	11.14
7.54	LAMBSON'S	11.01
8.08	MASSEYS	10.47
8.22	DELANEY'S	10.32
8.30	BINGHAM'S	10.25
Arrive.		Leave.
8.40	CLAYTON	10.15

E. P. STACEY, Sup't.

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Flour and Feed!

Farmers and others can save a long ride and wait by exchanging their Grain at the store. Mill rates and Mill features maintained.

Flour for Sale by Bbl. or Sack!

Meal and Feed in quantities to suit.

Damaged and Garlicy Wheat rejected. Complete stock always on hand. FULL ROLLER PROCESS.

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REVOLVERS! REVOLVERS!

SHOT! SHOT! SHOT!

POWDER! POWDER!

LOADED SHELLS! LOADED SHELLS

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SEND to Mr. Kendall, Fairlee, and get a Good Farm Gate for $4.35.

WHITE WINE VINEGAR for sale by R. W. F. SIMPERS.

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