

May's Landing Record.

VOL XXVIII

MAY'S LANDING, ATLANTIC COUNTY, N. J., SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1905

NO. 24

Life Insurance for the Million

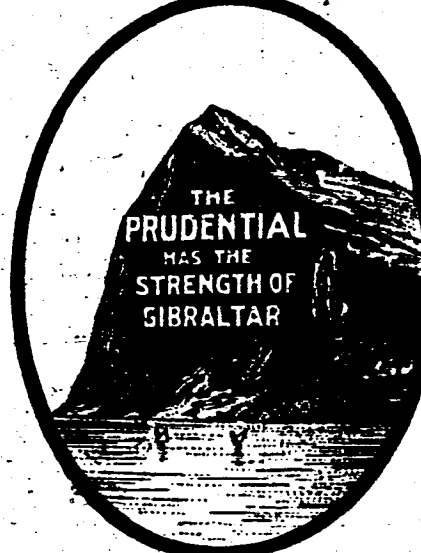
For the Millionaire
Prudential has
\$6,000,000 poli-
force, insuring
er One Billion
dollars.

Write for Information of Policies.

The Prudential

INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA. Home Office, Newark, N. J.
Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. EDGAR B. WARD, 21 V. President.
LESLIE D. WARD, Vice-President. FOREST F. DRYDEN, 24 V. Pres.
WILBUR S. JOHNSON, 4th Vice-President and Comptroller.
EDWARD GRAY, Secretary.
A. H. Higbee, Assistant Superintendent, Room 2, Burkhardt Building,
New York and Washington Avenue, Pleasantville, N. J.
Theodore W. Schump, District Manager Ordinary Department, 21 Law
Atlantic City, N. J.



Little Lesson in Patriotism

Let our object be our country, our
sole country, and nothing but our
country."

"Not his loss, but the country's."

Sherman wrote to Gen. Thomas

announcing the death of James

Birdseye McPherson, a hero of

Vicksburg, just

outside of Atlanta,

and the army will

mourn his death

and cherish his

memory as that of

one who, though

comparatively

young, had

shown the

highest

qualities of

bravery and

loyalty, and

whose death

is a great

loss to the

country.

McPherson never lost a battle. His

loyalty inspired his men to

deeds of unprecedented daring. He

was always so willing to

sacrifice his own personal happiness

for the claims of duty that his soldiers

thought that they could do no less than

he did everything with a view to

the interests of the government.

The numerous temptations to en-

richment which he met, and which he

remained incorruptible. He was

ever conscious of the presence of dan-

ger to his country, and his

own life. His death was the death

of a great soldier and a true American.

People Who Radiate Cheer.

Who can estimate the value of a

man who radiates gladness and

cheer wherever he goes instead of

gloom and sadness? Everybody is

attracted to these cheerful faces and

united lives and repelled by the gloomy

and morose and sad. We envy

people who radiate cheer wherever

they go and find out gladness from

every pore. Money, houses and lands

count for nothing beside such a dis-

position.—Detroit Free Press.

A Broad Hint.

The Barber, gathering customer and

the window—I tell you, the

shaves himself keeps the

Wilson Veteran of Cabinet

Came Into Office Under McKinley in

'97, Will Remain Four Years More.

The dean of the administration and

the sole survivor of the original Mc-

Kinley cabinet is James Wilson, sec-

retary of agriculture. He took up his

present duties March 5, 1897, and has

been invited by President Roosevelt to

serve a third term. Twelve years in

the cabinet is a record rarely made in

the history of the United States.

Wilson, who is now 67 years of age,

was born in the town of New Hope,

Penn., and came to this country in

1847. He was educated at the Uni-

versity of Pennsylvania and at the

University of Michigan. He was

admitted to the bar in 1869 and

practiced law in Philadelphia until

1874, when he came to this country.

He was elected to the Pennsylvania

Senate in 1878 and served two

terms. He was elected to the United

States Senate in 1885 and served

two terms. He was elected to the

United States House of Representatives

in 1887 and served two terms.

He was elected to the United States

Senate in 1897 and served two

terms. He was elected to the United

States Senate in 1901 and served

two terms. He was elected to the

United States Senate in 1903 and

served two terms. He was elected to

the United States Senate in 1905

and served two terms. He was

elected to the United States Senate

in 1907 and served two terms.

He was elected to the United States

Senate in 1909 and served two

terms. He was elected to the United

States Senate in 1911 and served

two terms. He was elected to the

United States Senate in 1913 and

served two terms. He was elected to

the United States Senate in 1915

and served two terms. He was

elected to the United States Senate

in 1917 and served two terms.

He was elected to the United States

Senate in 1919 and served two

terms. He was elected to the United

States Senate in 1921 and served

two terms. He was elected to the

United States Senate in 1923 and

served two terms. He was elected to

the United States Senate in 1925

and served two terms. He was

elected to the United States Senate

THE SUPREME TEST.

There are friends who come in when black sorrow's your guest,

To weep with you over your dead;

Friends who seem, in the midst of your heartache's unrest,

To know just what ought to be said.

But the Prince of them all, when grim Trouble stalks by,

And your heart can do nothing but bleed,

Is the fellow who comes when there's no one else nigh

And whispers: "How much do you need?"

Father, tenderly bless all the friends I have known

Who came in the depths of my woe,

Just to stand by my side when I felt so alone,

That I might their sympathy know;

Oh, I love every one for each hardship and tear,

And eye shall I wish them goodspeed;

But a crown for the one who, when none else was near,

Said softly: "How much do you need?"

—Los Angeles Herald.

THE CRY ON THE TRAIL.

In the high, bare sitting-room of a

lonely ranch-house, with brown, un-

painted walls, and doors and win-

dows open to the pine-clad mountain

sides, a man sat at a small deal table

leading over a pile of chequered let-

ters. They were written by a woman:

dated from a house on Beacon street,

Boston, and they dealt with books,

with music and with art. To the read-

er, who was hard-pressed in the bat-

tle of life, they seemed to let him into

the great treasure-house, while he longed

for the more constricted walls of a

home, the simpler beauties of a fire-

place. Ah, they were so intellectual,

these letters, and try as he would, he

could read nothing between their lines

of letters. He was a tiny child of three

years old, with a large

rent in her pinafore, ran in from time

to time from the open air. At sight

of her, the cry in the heart of the man

for the woman was stronger than ever.

Both of them needed her—man and

child, they needed her so much.

At length he took his pen and began

to write to her. All her letters ad-

ressed him as "Dear Mr. Geraldson,"

his letters to this date had been in-

variably superscribed to "Dear Miss

Vining." But now he broke through the

walls of reserve. He wrote to her as

the dearest woman on earth, calling

her his love. He threw aside all the

topics with which they had dallied so

long, and wrote simply of himself—

of his own hopes and fears. He told

her how for years he had been wait-

ing to ask her to come out to him;

how his poverty had forbidden his do-

ing so; and how, in spite of all his

struggles, he had managed to give her

two months ago he had believed

that at last his chance had come. He

had gone up into the Trinity mountains

to take up an offer of partnership in

a promising "project." He had re-

ceived from a friend. But on the long

stage journey from Redding through

the heat and dust, he had fallen ill

with an unfortunate Englishman, very

sick with typhoid, who had inspired

him to stand by him and see him to

his legs again. Circumstances had

been such that it had been impossi-

ble in common humanity not to stay with

this man and his little wife of a moth-

erless girl. So he had nursed and

attended him, and he had experienced

the satisfaction of pulling him through

the worst danger. But the poor fellow

was so terribly impatient, had

movement, so unlike those of a moun-

tain woman, were something to brood

upon.

"But why did you come here?"

she asked, in a long silence. "No one

ever comes here."

"I came to see my brother."

He dared not ask her any more.

He could only suppose that while he

had been away some stranger had

come into the district. But any at-

tempt at connected thought was cut

much for him, and again he fell

asleep.

When he was breathing quietly, the

woman with the beautiful hands tired

of the treading upon his head, and lean-

ing her chin upon her hand, gazed in-

terly at his pallid face. Still she kept

the bonnet on her lap, ready to don it

at the moment he should show signs

of waking, for she was determined

that he should not recognize her. She

should never let him see her, she

thought. She had saved him. She

had taken the initiative, come out from

the East, because mere letters were

not enough, and she had felt at last

that she must have something more

tangible than those impersonal epis-

odes. She had discovered him in his

extremity, and had brought him back

to life. But her joy in this was

chastened. She knew now why his

letters had been so cold. She had

been no more than an abstraction, an

intellectual phase in his life. He had

not even thought it necessary to tell

her of the important events that were

taking place with him. He had con-

soled—say, rather, ignored, as of no

possible interest to her—the fact that

he had married and had a little daugh-

ter. He had never even told her that

his wife was dead, as she could only

suppose she must be. It was plain

that he had not cared as she had cared.

He had not remembered—perhaps had

never experienced—those moments

when they had met in Boston five

years ago, in which it had seemed to

her so much had passed without words,

between them that even in the letters

—for all their impersonality—it had

appeared permissible to read between

the lines meanings tender and mag-

nificent. She had known too much for

that. She had known too much for

love! It was high time she

should take her departure. She went

quietly out of the room, and left the

little child sitting alone. She loved

the mother very much, she loved

him very much. She had known too

much for love! It was high time she

should take her departure. She went

quietly out of the room, and left the

little child sitting alone. She loved

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the mother very much, she loved

SANTO DOMINGO

The Improvident Little West Indian Republic...

The recent determination of the

United States to assume temporary

control of the finances of the Domini-

can Republic has brought to the

attention of the world the

little West Indian Republic.

It is a small, poor, and

improvident little Republic, but

it has a long and interesting

history. It is a Republic of

the people, and it is a

Republic of the people.

It is a Republic of the

**SEVERE KIDNEY
AND
LADDER TROUBLE**



Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I have been cured by your medicine of catarrh of the bladder, which has not been cured by any of the other medicines commonly used." "I am glad to hear of his success, and will be pleased to give him my assistance and the confidence of his medical advice." "The confidence held strictly confidential."

Even the best housekeepers cannot make a good cup of coffee without good material. Dirty, adulterated and queerly blended coffee such as unscrupulous dealers shovel over their counters won't do. But take the pure, clean, natural flavored

LION COFFEE, the leader of all package coffees—the coffee that for over a quarter of a century has been daily welcomed in millions of homes—and you will make a drink fit for a king in this way:

THREE MINUTES ONLY. Add your coffee granules to the water.
2. WITH COLD WATER. Add your cold water to the paste and bring it to a boil over medium heat, add a little cold water, and in five minutes it's ready to serve.

- 3. Don't boil it too long.**

Don't let it sit longer than ten minutes before serving.
BONDS Do not use water that has been boiled before.

TWO WAYS TO SETTLE COFFEES.


1st. Stir and Sip. Use part of the white of an egg, mixing it with the ground LION COFFEE before boiling.


2nd. With Cold Water Instead of Eggs. After boiling add a dash of cold water, and set aside for eight or ten minutes, then serve through a strainer.

Insist on getting a package of genuine LION COFFEE.

TRUMPET CALLS.
 ...'s Horn Sounds a Warning Note
 to the Unredeemed.

VIRTUE is the
 secret of vigor.
 Faith alone can
 see His face.




 An agnostic is one who does not know whether he knows or not.

"Thy cometh in the morning" - not for the night of desipation.

When you see a man with a big sign on his back that says "I am a saint, don't trust him with a cent." - you know he is a good man - people find the church a good place.

faith rather than on the fever of feelings.

The atheist cannot find God for the simple reason that the thief cannot find policeman.

When we talk of worshipping God, we are usually found looking for with a gun or a rod.

When a man's heart is in Heaven it does not arise from ambition, envy or hatred.

where, no matter where you live, W. L. Douglas, above all others, is the one to whom we should look.

EQUAL 50.00 CENTS.

"I have won W. L. Douglas, \$1.00 above all others, and consider this my \$1.00 share of the prize. I have been very much satisfied." — W. L. Douglas, Real Estate Agent, Kansas City.

Boys wear W. L. Douglas, \$1.00 and \$2.00 shoes because they fit better, hold their shape and wear better than any other shoe.

W. L. Douglas says: "Children who buy \$1.00 shoes, buy Cereals that cost \$1.00 a box." Cereals that cost \$1.00 a box are the best for children.

Paul Cole says: "Boys will not wear anything but W. L. Douglas shoes."

is not on the people who love you,
on the number of people you can
love. It is not much use talking to the
multitude about the Kingdom of Heaven
if you show them the kindness of
a Pharisee.

Jesus talked about the mustard seed
in his sermon; but some preachers
say nothing but mustard in all their
sermons.

FOR SIXTY YEARS
MRS. WINSLOW'S
SOOTHING SYRUP.
Has cured tens of millions of children for
their children woe, teething, colds, coughs,
croup, whooping cough, and all the ailments of
infancy. It cures all pain, cures whooping
cough, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea and
colic. Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

DR. J. C. KENNEDY'S
NEW DISCOVERY

a switch-back where they need
descent into sea to give the im-
for the rise into glory.

Merey's Conjecture.
What causes contraction of the
?
A collision between two trains
thought, I suppose.

Why not be insured and save
money at the same time?
Our new policy is the best

What's that?
Getting other people to mind
your business.
Daphne Rose Farrow

The Point:
How many times have you been told
that you're "too salesy" or "pushy"?
Well, guess what? You're not.
