

# County Clerk May's Landing Record.

MAY'S LANDING, ATLANTIC COUNTY, N. J. SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1902.

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## Summer Vacations

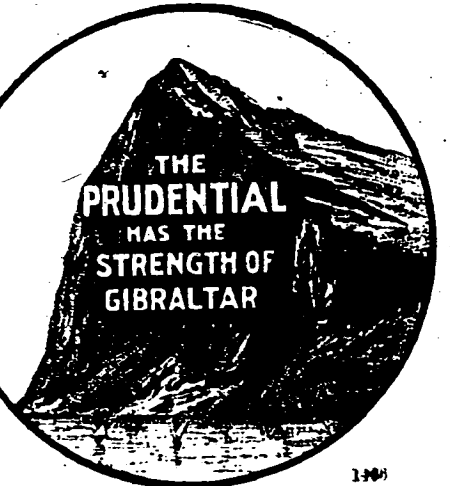
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## PREMONITIONS OF DEATH

"Premonitions of death are often recounted," said a well-known Washington newspaper man, "but there are occasionally authentic instances arising which raise doubts as to whether there may not be after all some sort of indefinable spiritual phenomena in the incidents."

"It may be recalled that a well-known chief of division in one of the departments, in apparent perfect health on the last day he appeared at the office, died recently of apoplexy on that night. I have since learned that on the evening in question, shortly before he retired, a large dog in his household set up such a prolonged and dismal howling in his yard that he went out with a revolver under the supposition that there might be intruders prowling about although the dog howled and returned to the appearance of him in the morning, he had been slain by the ring of the bell."

"Some time started on a few days after the colored woman, who had been a slave in her family, having been raised with my wife's mother, called at the house. As in similar instances in the South there was a warm attachment existing between former mistress and slave, which had continued through life. She declared she had been warned that my wife's mother had died at an early hour on that morning on the train. When asked whether she had received a telegram to that effect she replied that she had not, but that at the hour in question she had been awakened by the ringing of the front door bell. In responding to the call she had found no one on the steps in each instance, the bell having been pulled three successive times. Her house, by the way, was on a down town street, and was recently razed to make room for a business structure."

"At about 10 o'clock on the morning of the day when the former slave had communicated the intelligence of my wife's mother's death we received a telegram from the officials of the railroad, dated from a far Western State, announcing her sudden death at about the hour when the colored companion of her early childhood had heard the pull at the bell. Had the bell been rung during the ordinary hours of the day, we would have attached no importance to the former slave's positive assertion of a spiritual visitation from the deceased lady, but as it was at about 8 o'clock in the morning the incident has ever been one of more than usual interest in our family. If the pull at the bell were not supernatural, they were assuredly a strange coincidence."—Washington Star.

## A Story with a Point.

Among Bookers T. Washington's many stories the content of the low class Southern whites for the negro is this one:

"One day," says Mr. Washington, "a poor, ignorant white man came to the polls to vote."

"I wish you'd oblige me by voting this ticket," said a bright mulatto, who was standing near the polls.

"What kind of a ticket is it?" asked the poor white man.

"Why," said the mulatto, "you can see for yourself."

"But I can't read."

"What can't you read the ballot on have been in your hand and which one are about to vote?" exclaimed the colored man.

"No," said he, "I can't read at all."

"Well," said the colored man, "this ballot means that you are in favor of giving equal franchise to both white and colored citizens."

"It means to let the niggers vote, does it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I don't want it. Niggers don't know enough to vote."—New York Times.

Care is the stumbling block in the path-way of happiness.

## THE GUILTY MAN

SHE had nerved herself to meet her father. She glanced in the mirror, and saw a pale, pale woman. Her father would be pale, too, but how different his pallor from her own—his pallor like none other in the world.

A shiver passed over her. Did she love her father? But she went out to him, not her love. Her love was for Jack, and he could never be anything to her. Last night she had written to Jack and told him the truth, and the truth would separate them forever. She was the daughter of a thief.

What uselessness it had been for her mother to move hundreds of miles from the old home. It had been done for the husband, not for the daughter. For the daughter there had been a half year's residence in the new place, and a lesson in how to love a man whom she had last night declined to marry. Her father had wrought this unhappiness as he had wrought so much more.

What grief had her father wrought? The day he was in prison for the first time, he had been in the bank where he had been cashier and her mother's father's manager, had not her mother's father fallen dead? The world had said the old banker could not stand the disgrace. And what more? Had not her mother's mother, always an invalid, been stricken by her husband's death, and never been told of her son-in-law's crime? There had been a mass of deception, the poor, feeble woman being led to believe that her daughter's husband, whom she loved as a son, had gone away on business, and letters written in his prison cell had been read to her, and they told her of a great prosperity in the West, with a cheerfulness that was appalling. Yes, the girl almost hated her father as she thought over the events of the past four years. And yet would she have hated him save for Jack?

She pressed her hands fiercely to her eyes. Suddenly she started. There was a step on the stairs. Her mother was bringing her father up to her. How should she greet him? Had it not been for Jack she knew how she should have met him. But her father had forced Jack from her.

The steps ascending the stairs stopped. There was a cough outside the library door. She knew the sharp little cough. She tried to fly to meet her father four years back when she heard that little cough in the hall in the old home. Now she did not move from the chair she sat in.

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are in the presence of a broken heart. Doesn't your father accuse himself of more than you accuse him of? 'No, no are you, with your paltry love troubles, to come to him in a time like this?' "Hush, Mary," said her husband. "Hush!"

The silence fell again. Annie sat alone. She was apart from everything. There was no love for her anymore. Her father had expelled his sin in the eyes of the world. In her heart the sin that had been his still lived. For there was Jack and she loved him up because of her father's guilt. There was a narrowing of the path. No matter for Jack if her father were only an innocent man. Love surely created a desire for purity, for she who had loved a thief, and grown upon her, and before that the sin had been tempered by her pitying love and her prayers for heaven's forgiveness.

The daughter of a thief! Oh, why had she met Jack? Why had she loved him? Why had she let herself feel glad when she knew that he loved her? Why had she greatly desired that he should tell her that he had given his heart to her and demanded her own in return?

How many sadly confused questions did she put to herself as she sat there in the miserable silence. Her mother and her father at a greater distance from her than they had ever been before, while she vainly tried to accuse her heart, and her daughter's affection of transgressing, was all that she could do through the silence that, but for her father's crime, she might have claimed woman's perfect happiness on earth.

Her mother and her father apparently failed to realize how she sat there in the miserable silence. Her mother and her father at a greater distance from her than they had ever been before, while she vainly tried to accuse her heart, and her daughter's affection of transgressing, was all that she could do through the silence that, but for her father's crime, she might have claimed woman's perfect happiness on earth.

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## THE DISINTERMENT OF JESSE JAMES' REMAINS.



JESSE JAMES, JR., EXHIBITING THE SKULL OF HIS FATHER.

THE holding bones of Jesse James, Missouri's bandit king, have at last found their final resting place. All that is left of the dead bandit was recently buried in the Baptist cemetery at St. Joseph, Mo., where he was buried at the hands of Bob Ford in St. Joseph in 1882. The skull which was buried in the Baptist cemetery at St. Joseph in 1882, was disinterred in the morning, placed in a new black casket and in the afternoon was reburied by the side of the deceased's wife and little brother in the family lot in the cemetery on the edge of town.

There will be erected the stone shaft which has stood guard over the remains for twenty years in the corner of the lot at James' burial place, which has been a shrine for his aged mother, watched over by her for two decades, and the remains of a band of sightseers. The curious have been a source of family revenue, paying 25 cents a head.

The body of Jesse James had really been dust so long that it has disappeared. As the metal casket was lifted its sides parted from the bottom and the remains fell back, with the cushion. The action of the air instantly disintegrated the body, leaving only the skull, hair and beard in view. Young Jesse brushed aside the dark brown hair and located the hole in the skull which Ford's bullet had made. It was as large as a quarter and situated behind the left ear. The remains were placed in a new black coffin with a simple name plate of silver on top.

The identification of the remains was complete and unquestioned. Often since the bandit's death it has been asserted that he was not killed, but had played a trick on the authorities. Often, too, it has been asserted that his body was stolen either before or after burial. Both of these stories are set at rest for all time now; there is no longer a doubt to keep them alive.

## NEW YORK HAS WORLD'S MOST REMARKABLE BUILDING.

The most remarkable building in the world is a twenty-story "sky scraper" that has just been erected in the heart of New York City. The structure is shaped like a long and narrow letter Y. It towers high above all the buildings in the neighborhood and from the north looks so frail, by reason of its great height and extreme narrowness, that one almost fears a good puff of wind would blow it over. No structure ever put up in the metropolis has as this towered so high into the air, and its many and knots of people staring up at it may be seen in the vicinity at all hours.

More persons pass the junction of Broadway, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street every day than any other point in New York. It is right here that this wonderful building stands.

Those were precisely the most disastrous days of the history of France that "Napoleon," a French general, was thus compelled to salute on the anniversary of Waterloo. In the midst of English generals who had fought there. He was unable to do what he could, to repress the emotion that was choking him during that second. Cold shivers ran through his body; the hand that he kept at his forehead, all his body, just as you used to like them, and the pictures.

She leaned over and kissed him before she went out and closed the door behind her.

And was alone with her father. She heard him moving carefully around, taking up a book, only to lay it down again. Before the last picture he lingered, making no sound, but looking at the face of the old bank manager who like a daughter—the daughter of a thief! That unalterable word, that disgraced word, would come uppermost to her. But for Jack would this have been so? The daughter of a thief?

There came a tap on the door, and it opened on her mother. "Mark," she said to her husband, "it is cook. She wishes to speak to me about dinner. I am going to get the things you used to call the things you like. Of course the servants know nothing, dear. You have been West, you know. The servants have only been with us since we moved here. Would you like to come downstairs, or will you stay here in the library?"

"I will stay here," he said, in his husky way. "Here."

"Very well," returned his wife. "I shan't be gone long. See, here is all that I have for you. I have brought you just as you used to like them, and the pictures."

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## DESCENDANT OF GEORGE IV.

The reported marriage of Mrs. Lucy Ord Mason of Washington, D. C., to Walter A. Donaldson fulfills the romantic necessities which seem to follow the matrimonial contracts of the Ord family. Mrs. Mason is the daughter of Gen. Ord of the United States army, whose retirement made way for Gen. Miles to become the commander of the army. Her family is of romantic origin.

On December 21, 1755, George IV., then Prince of Wales, married Mrs. Maria Fitz Herbert, by whom he had three children, the oldest a boy.

The then Prince of Wales was so fascinated by the beauty and wit of the young Englishman's only daughter, that he declared it invalid and declared that the offspring should in no wise inherit the royal dignities of their father even in the bar shiring.

The oldest boy was brought to this country and entered at Georgetown college as a student. An old Jesuit father was his guardian and the boy received costly presents from an illustrious Englishman on his birthday. He was entered on the rolls of the college as James C. Ord and afterward entered the navy and was then transferred to the army of the United States.

He settled in Maryland, married, and was the father of eleven sons. One of them, Gen. E. O. C. Ord, was famous as an officer during the civil war.

Miss Lucy Ord was a brilliant belle. She followed the romantic infatuation of her family and her first marriage to Lieut. Sanford B. Mason was a runaway match, although the parents on either side were opposed to it.

All the Ords have contracted their marital engagements in some odd manner. The last scion of the house was Lieut. Ord who fell on the crest of San Juan hill just as the American colors were victoriously planted there.

Mrs. Mason's marriage to Walter A. Donaldson is delayed because she receives a small pension from the government and it will close immediately on her marriage. Her salary as a clerk in the War Department will also terminate.

Mrs. Mason has three daughters by her first husband, says the New York World, and one of the most brilliant of the army of her father and grandfathers and brother and the fact that her first husband lost his life in the Sioux campaign she, rising only the pittance of \$500 per month, which, to educate and rear these girls, she received a promotion to \$300 per month the day her engagement to Mr. Donaldson was announced.

## AN INGENUOUS FAN.

Man wastes lots of time and energy fortifying himself against the powers of heat. Here is an apparatus, the creation of some man's ingenuity, bearing toward that end.

It is a spring motor attached to a chair, and when in operation it produces a delightful cooling breeze; but little exertion is necessary in producing the breeze.

This fan has no connection with any external motive force, but is complete in itself, having a spring motor located

inside the casing, which runs the fan by means of the endless cable leading over the pulleys at the joint of the vertical and horizontal supports. The fan itself is not very large, but the slight movement of air will serve the purpose if the person in the chair is keeping quiet.

The fan is shown attached to a dining chair, the horizontal arm being adjusted to throw the breeze in a nearly vertical direction, to strike the head and shoulders of a person sitting in the chair. When the fan is not in use the arm folds over the back and against the motor casing. Moses Ottensmeyer, of Baltimore, is the patentee.

She Had Seen Him.

"By dear, how well and happy you look; your very walk has an exaltation." "Is it?" smiled the girl. "Well, it ought to be; I have just seen him."

"But I thought Arthur was now in Portland," said the speaker, referring to the girl's returned lover.

"Arthur is in Portland," returned the girl. "My wild spirits and exuberant youth are due to another man's influence on me—no, don't look shocked. If you ever meet that patient leather face, you'd know that there's a certain brand of joy that only a chiroplast can measure but—New York Evening Sun.

trouble with experience is, nearly every man thinks he is so smart that he can win where others have failed.

Give a girl a new dress, and before she is thankful she complains that she has no place to wear it.

A wash out on a railway line is one thing and it is quite another as a clothes line.

It is a spring motor attached to a chair, and when in operation it produces a delightful cooling breeze; but little exertion is necessary in producing the breeze.

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