

County Record

VOL. XXV

MAY'S LANDING, ATLANTIC COUNTY, N. J., SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1902.

NO. 48.

Summer Vacations

suggest the need of Life Insurance. Additional risks need additional protection for yourself and family. Consult

The Prudential

Insurance Co. of America.

Home Office: Newark, N. J.

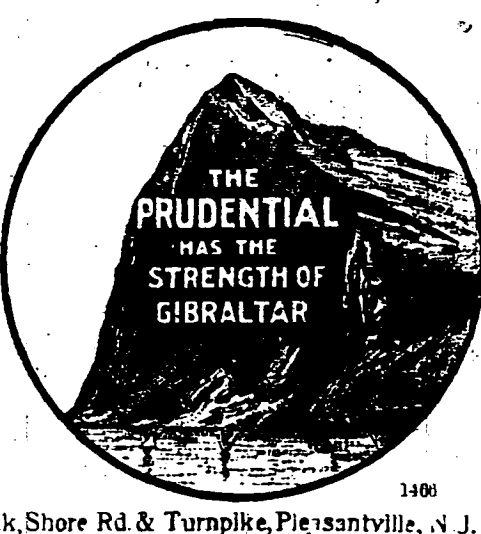
JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

LESLIE D. WARD, Vice President.

EDGAR B. WARD, Secretary.

FORREST F. DRYDEN, Counsel.

A. H. Higbie, Asst. Supr. Marine Block, Shore Rd. & Turnpike, Pleasantville, N. J.



PEST OF THE SUMMER

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE MOSQUITO.

Hatches in Stagnant Water, Passes Through Three Stages of Life and Becomes a Biting Insect After Blood-Sucking of Disease.

There are a few facts which may in the future be incorporated in the biography of the mosquito, facts which have been collected partly by the observations of laymen who live in sections where the pestiferous insect takes in great numbers. This mosquito is observed in three different forms, as an egg, in larva, as a winged adult, and as a mosquito with wings. Eggs are hatched by the warmth of the sun. One mosquito may lay 1,000, two eggs. One many of these eggs are destroyed. Mosquitoes cannot propagate without the aid of water. The eggs are deposited on the surface of the water. Eggs hatch within a few weeks after they are deposited by the female. They develop wiggles, the various forms of life often found in rain barrels, cisterns, in gutters filled with stagnant water and in stagnant pools. In this wiggly stage of his development the mosquito breathes through his tail. He spends this part of his life in rushing to and from the surface of the water. When he reaches the surface, with head down, he shows two delicate siphons through the water level, supplies his lungs with the needed air and drives under the water again. Mosquitoes suck in the vegetable juices necessary to his maintenance. He remains a wiggly tail for a week or ten days, when his wings develop and he becomes a navigator of the air and sails forth to torment members of the human family and other animals. He is a very light weight, not weighing the beam at more than one-fourth of a grain, and often not weighing quite so much. Some of them are so light that when fanned they will not disturb the balance of the fan. The mosquito is the treacherous kind. He always lights on the under side of the head or arm, apparently knowing that he is beyond the reach of the eye. He is the same fellow who will crawl under the edges of the bar or slip under the sheet. There is another and larger variety, a kind that will drop on you like a disk of snow. They land with their labium, or lance, unfolded and with point down, and they begin operations at once. While the mosquito of this brand feeds about one-half of a grain, he seems to have the tongue and potentiality of a phylloxera when he punctures the skin. There are about 250 known varieties of mosquitoes in this section of the world. The mosquito's labium, the thing he stings with, is of uncertain length. It is as sharp as a needle, hollow like a hair, and it is through this that he sucks blood into his system. The mosquito cannot stand a strong wind. He seeks a low place when the wind is high. He never gets more than 100 yards from the place of his birth. The eggs are deposited on still, stagnant water. Otherwise they will be destroyed. The life of the mosquito occupies a space of sixty days. As a disseminator of disease, scientific men have agreed that his responsibility is very heavy. New Orleans Democrat.

The gray mosquito, the day tomorrow to, is probably the smallest variety. He is of a very light weight, not weighing the beam at more than one-fourth of a grain, and often not weighing quite so much. Some of them are so light that when fanned they will not disturb the balance of the fan. The mosquito is the treacherous kind. He always lights on the under side of the head or arm, apparently knowing that he is beyond the reach of the eye. He is the same fellow who will crawl under the edges of the bar or slip under the sheet. There is another and larger variety, a kind that will drop on you like a disk of snow. They land with their labium, or lance, unfolded and with point down, and they begin operations at once. While the mosquito of this brand feeds about one-half of a grain, he seems to have the tongue and potentiality of a phylloxera when he punctures the skin. There are about 250 known varieties of mosquitoes in this section of the world. The mosquito's labium, the thing he stings with, is of uncertain length. It is as sharp as a needle, hollow like a hair, and it is through this that he sucks blood into his system. The mosquito cannot stand a strong wind. He seeks a low place when the wind is high. He never gets more than 100 yards from the place of his birth. The eggs are deposited on still, stagnant water. Otherwise they will be destroyed. The life of the mosquito occupies a space of sixty days. As a disseminator of disease, scientific men have agreed that his responsibility is very heavy. New Orleans Democrat.

A "Sage" Politer. J. Pierpont Morgan, Charles M. Schwab and several friends were at Mr. Morgan's kennel looking over some of the prize hunting dogs recently before the first-named gentleman sailed for Europe. Mr. Schwab fell in love with a fine-looking pointer and asked Mr. Morgan for the dog's name. "That dog's name is Russell Sage," said Mr. Morgan. "And why do you call him Russell Sage?" asked Mr. Schwab. "Because," said the great financier, "he never loses a scent."—New York Times.

Alone, the public all you like; no one ever catches it in a personal effort. Nature is not only the cheapest, but the best physician.

MASTER WALLER, DIPLOMATIST

THE proudest sometimes unbend, and the botanical gardens were for one afternoon, throwing off their usual reserve. Ordinary folk had only to come across Regent's Park from Chester Gate and present a card at the entrance to the gardens, and the bowler-hatted old gentleman at the gate welcomed them as though they were most important members. Miss Llewellyn and Master Kenneth Waller, her friend, walked on the grass in the direction of music.

"Anybody you know here, Miss Llewellyn?" "I don't suppose so, Kenneth." "You don't know many people, do you, Miss Llewellyn?" "Very few."

"Wonder at that," said the small boy, "because you're not bad-looking, you know. Did you use to come here when you were well off? Do they sell lemonade here?"

"Plenty of friends," said Kenneth, wisely, "but one in particular. Wonder how old you are?"

"That," said the young woman, good-naturedly, "is the only question, Kenneth, that you must never put to a lady."

"I should guess," he said, critically, "as they set down in the low chairs near the refreshment tent and watched the people 'that you were about 25.' Miss Llewellyn gave a quaint gesture of horror."

"Well, 25, then, fancy?" "Twenty-five and not married yet?" "Young man," said Miss Llewellyn, flushing and affecting a tone of gravity, "I find your conversation much too personal. You look like lemonade, I think, and two pieces of cake."

"Of course," said he, candidly, "with cake at his mouth, 'I don't mean to say that you might get married even now. I had an aunt once who was close upon 30 before she could get any one to look at her.'"

"The instance is encouraging, Kenneth. Don't let me see you again."

"I think I agree with you there," said Master Waller, looking up contentedly. "Sometimes," said Bradley, "she isn't so tiresome, though, as some."

"I think I agree with you there," said Master Waller, looking up contentedly. "Sometimes," said Bradley, "she isn't so tiresome, though, as some."

"Her father dead?" "Don't grip a man's shoulder like that," said Bradley.

"They come into money, so my mamma says, a few years ago—" "I remember that."

"And then Miss Llewellyn's governor put all his money into a business and came out again. That's why she has to manage the calisthenic school that I go to. And I say, can you touch your toes with the tips of your fingers without wincing?"

"Where does she live now?" Bradley seemed excited. "In rooms," replied Master Waller, volubly. "I've been there to tea along with my sisters. (That's a fine orchid there. You can't see it now; a girl's aunt is in the way.) And Miss Llewellyn got awfully fine furniture and photographs, and—"

"Master Waller, I remember now where I've seen your face before, Mr. Bradley. Only without the short beard."

"Come outside," said Bradley, "and tell me."

"They made their way through the crowd and reached the exit. Bradley held his breath and bent to hear the small boy's reply."

"On a dressing table," whispered Master Waller, confidentially, "in the beautiful frame you ever saw, and—where are you going?" "Back to Miss Llewellyn," cried Bradley.

IOWA MILLIONAIRE'S CHARITY.

Abraham Sillmer to Give Vast Fortune Away to Poor.

Millionaire, bachelor, philanthropist, Abraham Sillmer, of Waverly, Iowa, recently moved out of the \$50,000 residence in which he has lived for fifty years, took up his habitation in his wooded and turned over his magnificent home to the Sisters of Mercy to be used as a hospital. Furthermore, this strange man says he will give away all the rest of his fortune ere he dies.

His fortune is variously estimated at from \$1,000,000 to \$10,000,000, and Mr. Sillmer is 73 years old, so he will be giving away money pretty rapidly in the next few years.

Mr. Sillmer is no novice at the game of charity. He has already become famous about the State—in fact, throughout the United States—for his mail every day includes a great heap of prayer for money. But they are twisted into knots and tossed into his waste-basket. Abraham Sillmer gives as he chooses and not because he is asked.

Thus he knew of the Finley Hospital at Dubuque. He found it was a worthy institution. He wrote a short letter. "I will give \$50,000 if you raise a like amount," he said.

The other \$50,000 was raised and Abraham Sillmer wrote out his check. He never has been known to give to any but the Sisters of Mercy without asking the recipient to secure a like amount from others. He wants this evidence of good faith, he says.

It is estimated that Mr. Sillmer's gifts have already amounted to \$300,000. He has been so generous that vaunted himself is not genuine.

"If you mention me in naming the institution I will not give you a cent," was what was told the Finley institution. The body of Mr. Sillmer is placed in the crypt directly under the altar in the mausoleum.

The body of Mr. Mackay's son, John W. Mackay, Jr., who was killed in France in 1875, was placed in the mausoleum soon after its completion, and the body of Mr. Mackay's mother rests there. The body of Marcus Italy has been resting in one of the crypts, pending the erection of a family vault. The body of Mr. Mackay is placed in the crypt directly under the altar in the mausoleum.

POPE LEO'S OLD NURSE.

Woman Now Over One Hundred Years Old at the Vatican.

The Pope recently gave an audience to Anna Moroni, a woman over 100 years old, who, as a young girl, acted as his nurse. She was conducted over the Vatican, and she was rewarded for services rendered for sovereigns, and sat opposite the Pope in a papal arch, also an extraordinary favor, much against Vatican etiquette. The holy father smiled benignly on "Signora Anna," and she spoke.

After a while the old woman commenced to talk of old times and old friends.

"Do you remember when good old Auntie Proper saved you from the bad boys on the market place in Belletti? I sure if Auntie hadn't interfered, for you were not a strong boy."



MACKEY MAUSOLEUM IN GREENWOOD.

IN A \$300,000 MAUSOLEUM.

Where the Remains of the Late Millionaire Mackay Rest.

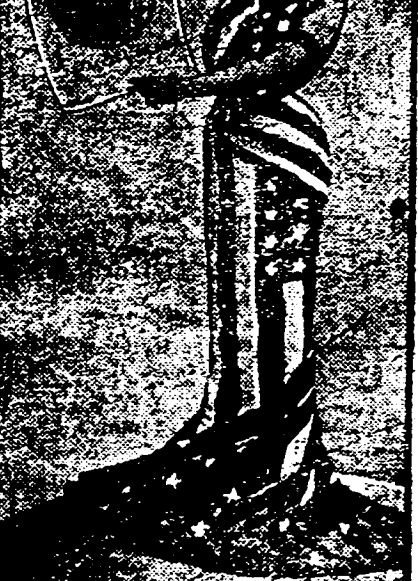
The Mackay mausoleum in Greenwood cemetery, Brooklyn, in which the body of the late millionaire now rests, was completed two years ago and is one of the most elaborate structures of the kind in the United States. Its designer was a Kentuckian and its cost was \$300,000. A large granite cross surmounts the building, and at each corner of the roof there is a life size figure. The mosaic work of the marble floor and ceiling is elaborate, and the interior is in the form of a chapel, with an altar. Electric lights around the ceiling are lighted automatically by the opening of the bronze doors of the mausoleum. There are 22 crypts for bodies in the building.

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POSTERS FOR WORLD'S FAIR.

Old Flag Used to Drape a Figure in Found Effective.

Among the posters designed submitted to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company is what is called the Columbus series. In posing this poster an old flag with a long history was used.



WORLD'S FAIR POSTER.

tained and the figure was draped with the stars and stripes conspicuously displayed. It is thought that circulation in foreign countries of such a design may entice Americans abroad.

A GOLD CRADLE.

In 1720 a certain German Prince sent to Queen Ulrica Eleonora, of Sweden, a cradle of solid gold as a christening present for her child. The ship containing the gift was driven by a terrible gale to the shores of the island of Tjorn, where it became a total wreck. The inhabitants of the island massacred the shipwrecked mariners and pillaged the ship, but the cradle, by a curious chain of circumstances, was saved, and now lies buried in a lovely part of the island. The story having by some means revived, the present King of Sweden has offered 10,000 kronor—about \$500—to whoever discovers Queen Ulrica's cradle of gold.

Empty Seats.

One Sunday morning a countryman attended service in a certain London church, and, fearing lest he should take a seat that was not free, he stopped the organist, and the following question: "Hil, Mister Varlin, are there any of these seats vacant that's not full?"

Making German Soldiers Economical. One of the peculiarities about the military service in Germany is the paternal interest that the officers are required to take in the frugality of the men. The pay of the soldier is only six cents a day, but the army regulations guard jealously. Each man is expected to keep his money in a little bag suspended from a string around his neck, and any officer during inspection may demand to have the bag opened and then contented. If it is found that the soldier is spending his pay too freely he is reprimanded and punished. He is compelled to make his pay cover his expenses.

OLD FAVORITES

The Day is Done. The day is done, and the darkness Falls from the wings of Night. As a feather is wafted downward From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village Gleam through the rain and the mist, And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me That my soul cannot resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing That is not akin to pain, And resembles sorrow only As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem, Some simple and heartfelt lay, That shall soothe this restless feeling, And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters, Not from the bards sublime, Whose distant footsteps echo Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music, Their mighty thoughts suggest Life's endless toil and endeavor; And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet, Whose words have hushed my heart, As showers from the clouds of summer, Or tears from the eyelids start.

Who, through long days of labor, Still heard his soul's music, Or wonderful melodies, Such songs have power to quiet The restless pulse of care, And come like the benediction That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume The poem of thy choice, my dear, And lend to the rhyme of the poet The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music, And the cares that infest the day Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs, And as silently steal away.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

O, My Love's Like a Red, Red Rose. O, my love's like a red, red rose, That's newly sprung in June; O, my love's like the melody That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass, So deep in love am I; And I will love thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And the rocks melt with the sun; And I will love thee still, my dear, While the sands of life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only love! And fare thee weel awhile! And I will come again, my love, When the sun and moon are new, And the deep seas have dried up.

HONOR FOR ILLINOIS GIRL. Miss Augusta Cottlow Was Born and Reared in Shelbyville. Shelbyville, Ill., lays claim to the distinction of being the home and birth place of many men and women whose diverse talents have won for them a national reputation and reflected credit upon this city. Prominent among this number is Miss Augusta Cottlow, familiarly known as Gussie by her Shelbyville friends.

Miss Cottlow was born on April 2, 1878. At the early age of 8 years she played the piano and at 4 she began the regular study of music. From that age until 9 her only teacher was her mother. Since then she has studied under the best teachers in this country and in Europe, where she spent five years and played before many of the crowned heads, eliciting in every instance merited applause and commendation. Her success in Berlin was noted.

Towns with Many Historic Trees. Litchfield, Conn., has more historic trees than any other town in New England. Among others are two oaks planted by John C. Calhoun, a sycamore said to be one of thirteen planted by Oliver Wolcott, signer of the declaration of independence, and named after the thirteen original colonies, an elm which served as a whipping post in colonial days, and a willow tree which grew from a walking stick stuck in the ground by Colonel Talmadge, the American officer who captured Major Andre the British spy.

Seeks Damages the Lost Tooth. A Russian opera singer who lost 10 teeth in a railway accident, on the Trans-Caucasian line has just been awarded \$50,000 damages, or at the rate of \$10,000 for each tooth. She claims that the loss of her teeth prevented her from singing, and deprived her of a large revenue.

Heartless. Sleepless Sam—It's a heartless world, par. Guess what a woman does the other day when I asked her to 'give something' I keep body and soul together.

Long Ike—Dunno. Sleepless Sam—She grins a safer plan.

About the maddest thing on this earth is a woman wearing a white dress caught down town in a rain storm.

May's Landing Record.

E. C. SHAW, Editor and Proprietor.

80 CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1902.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR CONGRESS—SECOND DISTRICT.

JOHN J. GARDNER.

OF Atlantic County.

FOR SENATE.

THOMAS C. ELVINS.

OF Hamilton.

FOR SHERIFF.

SAMUEL KIRBY.

OF Atlantic City.

FOR SHERIFF.

E. C. SHAW.

OF May's Landing.

FOR CONGRESS.

RICHARD E. BENSON.

OF Buena Vista.

A VOTE FOR CONGRESSMAN GARDNER

next Tuesday means a vote for a continu-

ance of the present prosperous condition

of the country.

SAMUEL KIRBY, profiting by experience

is better able to perform the duties in-

herent upon the Sheriffship than any

other candidate before the people.

FOR COUNTY PRIDE let's roll up a ma-

jority for the Hon. JOHN J. GARDNER.

The great and varied interests of the

Second Congressional District demands

that this should be done.

WHEREAS RICHARD E. BENSON is known

to be the highest in the esteem

of his fellow men, Mr. Benson is of

the qualities that make a man a

man; honesty, integrity and purity of

character. He will make a good official

and his administration of the affairs of

the Commonwealth will be a credit to

the State. He is a man of high

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LOCAL NEWS NOTES.

NOTES OF A WEEK AT THE

COUNTY CAPITAL.

SHORT, BREEZY PARAGRAPHS. Per-

sonal and otherwise. Gathered by

Record Representatives, and Bun-

ded Together for Quick Reading.

The following fall on Thursday, 25th

inst. The "bogy" man did not make his ap-

pearance.

John's "man" is better than ever.

Rev. William Z. Zane spent the day at Ocean

City Tuesday.

He and Mrs. Andrew Grob Thurn

came to the city.

A number of maiden ballots will be cast in

the election here next Tuesday.

Vote early next Tuesday and get your

neighbor to deposit his ballot.

Thomas E. Johnson, county clerk, has been or-

dered to take the oath of office.

He and Mrs. D. W. Traster at Mc-

Kee City Tuesday last, a nurse and her

son.

Mr. Edward Niles is nursing a painful in-

jury to his left leg sustained by a fall.

Dr. J. C. Brown, a well known physician, is

the physician in charge of the hospital at the

Temperance Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Smith, of Ocean City,

were here last Sunday as the guests of Mr.

Thomas Johnson.

If you contemplate the purchase of a steel

range, cookstove, wood or oil heater, worth

every cent of your price, see Austin.

Local sportsmen are getting their dikes in

the opening of the hunting season, nine days

ago.

For sick headache try Chamberlain's

Stomach and Liver Tablets; they will ward off

the attack if taken in time. For sale by

North & Co., Ltd.

Every vote cast next Tuesday for Gardner,

Elvins and Kirby will be a vote for the best

interests of May's Landing.

You can have your home protected for

less cost by getting a fire alarm system.

Pratt, electrician and dealer in bicycle and

sporting goods.

The regular monthly business meeting of

the Board of Directors of the May's Landing

Hotel, held on Tuesday evening, 25th inst.

Ten roofing, shoe repairs, tin, lava, copper,

stagnant, nickel, copper, hollow-ware at Aus-

tin's. We will get you a special price on

stock or make it for you.

Editor Carl Voecker, of the Atlantic City

Times, who is the democratic candidate

for Governor, is in town Thursday and will

make a formal call on the Mayor.

Mr. Harry Jenkins and daughters Miss

Grace, Pearl and Nellie and Mrs. John Abbott

are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wadsworth at

Wilmington, Del.

Everybody in May's Landing knows Sam

Kirby and almost everybody in the town is

going to cast a ballot for the popular

choice of the people.

Have doors for mellow land. What you

will see: Frank Middleton, surveyor,

office 21 Pennsylvania Avenue, North, Atlantic

City, N. J., P. O. Box 193.

Rev. W. H. Thompson, D. D., of Philadelphia,

will preach at the Presbyterian Church, at the

morning and evening services.

The entire people of Hamilton Township

will be asked to vote on Tuesday, 25th

inst. The election will be held at the

Presbyterian Church, at the morning and

evening services.

The many friends of Capt. Julius T. Cole

will be asked to vote on Tuesday, 25th

inst. The election will be held at the

Presbyterian Church, at the morning and

evening services.

Mr. J. L. Smith, of Philadelphia, will

preach at the Presbyterian Church, at the

morning and evening services.

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Mr. J. L. Smith, of Philadelphia, will

DEATH WATCH REMOVED.

MURDERER SMITH GETS A NEW

LEASE OF LIFE.

Grained a Will of Error Pending

Argument for a New Trial—Smith

Clapped His Hands for Joy When

Informed of County's Action.

There is little probability that leader

Smith, who murdered Boyd Johnson

on November 2, the day he was executed

at the State Prison, will be hanged

again. The County Board of Prisoners

has decided to grant him a new trial.

Justice Hendrickson, who presided over

the trial, has been ordered to grant

Smith a new trial. The County Board

of Prisoners has decided to grant

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ATLANTIC CITY NOTES.

MINOR HAPPENINGS DOWN BY

THE SEA.

Newspaper Paragraphs of Interest

Gathered by a Representative of

"The Record" and Presented in

Condensed Form.

The population of the city is estimated

at 10,000.

President Roosevelt has designated Thurs-

day, 27th inst., as Thanksgiving Day.

The County Board of Prisoners will hold

a regular stated meeting in Memorial Hall

at 10 o'clock on Tuesday, 26th inst.

Billow Jumbo are as good as they are big.

Congressman Gardner delivered an eloquent

address before an enthusiastic audience that

packed the Criterion Theatre at Bridge-

town yesterday evening.

Indications point that the entire city and

County tickets will be secured substantially

majorities in every voting precinct of this

city next Tuesday.

The Atlantic Sea Deposit and Trust Com-

pany declared a semi-annual dividend of

three per cent, and added \$10,000 to its

