

County Clerk May's Landing Record.

VOL. XXVI

MAY'S LANDING, ATLANTIC COUNTY, N. J., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1902.

NO. 3.

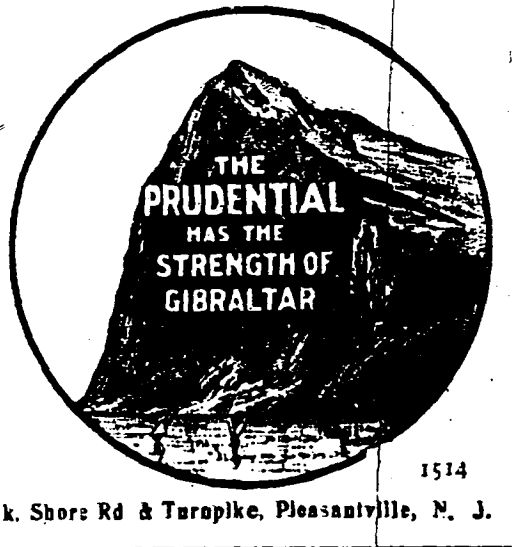
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OLD FAVORITES

On the Shores of Tennessee.
"More my armchair, faithful Pompey,
In the sunshine, bright and strong,
For this world is failing, Pompey—
Massa won't be with you long.
And I ain't worth the south wind
Bring over me the sound to me
Of the warblers softly breaking
On the shores of Tennessee."

"Mourning though the ripples murmur
As they spill the story told,
How no vessel float the banner
That I've loved so long and well:
I shall listen to their music
Drawing that again I see
Stars and stripes on sleep and shallow
Sailing up the Tennessee."

"And, Pompey, while old massa's waiting
For death's last dispatch to come,
If that called starchy banner
Should come proudly sailing home,
You shall greet it, slave no longer;
Voice and hand shall be true
That shout and point to Union colors
On the waves of Tennessee."

"Massa's berry kind to Pompey,
But old darkey's happy here,
Where he tended corn and cotton
For dese many a long gone year.
Over yonder missis' sleeping—
No one tends her grave like me;
Maybe she would miss the flowers
She used to lore in Tennessee."

"Pears like she was watching massa
If Pompey should beside him stay
Maybe she'd remember better
How for him she used to pray—
Telling him that the naughty Tarleton
Wrote as snow his soul would be
Ransomed by the Lord of heaven,
Out of life in Tennessee."

Silently the tears were rolling
Down the poor old dusky face,
As he stepped behind his master.
In his long-revered place,
Then a silence fell around them
As they gazed on rock and tree
Pictured in the placid waters
Of the rolling Tennessee."

Master dreaming of the battle,
Where he fought by Marion's side,
Where he hid the naughty Tarleton
Stoop his lovely crest of pride,
Man remembering how his sleeper
Once he bed upon his knee,
Ever he loved the gallant soldier,
Raish Verrigan of Tennessee."

Still the south wind fondly lingers
Mid the velvet silver hair,
Still the landman, close beside him,
Stands behind the old armchair;
With his dark hand uplifted
Shading eyes, he looks to see
Where the woodland, holly jutting
Turns aside the Tennessee."

Thus he watches, cloud born shadows
Glide from tree to mountain crest;
Sully creeping, eye and ear,
To the river's yielding breast.
He alone the foliage ponder
Something flutters white and free;
"Massa! Massa! Hallelujah!
The flag's come back to Tennessee!"

"Pompey, hold me on your shoulder,
Help me stand on foot once more,
That I may salute the colors
As they pass my cabin door.
Here's the paper signed that frees you—
Give a freeman's shout with me!
"Pard and Union" be my watchword
Ere I'm gone in Tennessee."

Then the trembling voice grew fainter
And the limbs refused to stand;
One prayer to Jesus and the soldier
Gazed to that better land,
When the flag went down the river
Man and master both were free,
While the ring-dove's note was mingled
With the ripples Tennessee.
—Ethelinda E. Beers.

On the Right Track.
A self-conscious and egotistical young clergyman was "supplying" the pulpit of a country church. After the service, says the New York Evening Post, he asked one of the deacons a grizzled, plain-spoken man, what he thought of "this morning's effort."

"Well," answered the old man, slowly, "I'll tell you, I'll tell you in a kind of parable. It reminded me of Sim Beck's foot deer-hunt, when he was green. He followed the deer's tracks all right, but he followed 'em all day in the wrong direction."

Behind the Times.
"What is it?" he asked breathlessly, "a runaway horse?"
They looked at him in derision. "A runaway horse? No! a bulky automobile!"

LIEUTENANT ROBERT E. PEARY AND FAMILY AND THE SHIP "WINDWARD," RUNS THE WEATHER.



HOW THE OFFICIAL FORECASTER MAKES PREDICTIONS.

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In that way, then, the Washington station receives an account of the weather at all parts of the country at the same time, and, as you may easily believe, it keeps the four telegraph operators busy receiving the messages that come pouring in soon after eight o'clock. Each message is received in the telegraph room it is carried by a messenger across the hall to the forecast room, or room where predictions are made, and handed to the translator. As the translator reads aloud, the other reports from the different stations, other men in the room mark what he reads upon a map of the United States, so that when the last message has been translated the map shows just what the weather is at each one of the one hundred and eighty stations. The map is then turned over to the official who is to make the predictions. In order to get his bearings, he traces across the map the different places throughout the country where the temperature is the same, and the places where the barometer is the same. The one he marks with red lines and the other with black lines, and if you will look at a weather map you will see these red and black lines twisting and twisting all over the country.

When the reports from the North-west show a great fall in temperature he knows that a cold wave has started on a journey through the United States, and he keeps a lookout to see how fast it reaches the different stations in the West. Then he calculates how rapidly it is moving and what kind of weather it has to encounter, and perhaps when he has worked out the problem he will telegraph the following bulletin: "Cold wave, moving west, thermometer will fall thirty degrees in next twenty-four hours," and, sure enough, by next day that cold wave has got hold of our noses and toes, and the cold wave flag is almost tearing itself to pieces with delight. But sometimes the cold wave does not come as was expected—it is switched off on a side track or it melts on the way—and then the cold wave flag drops in shame. —Clifford Howard, in St. Nicholas.

SIEVE SIMS FINE.

Only Gilt-Edge Immigrants Get Farther Than Ellis Island.

While there are more immigrants at the port of New York than ever before, the deportations are correspondingly numerous. A rigid enforcement of alien laws at Ellis Island results in more people being sent back on the ship they came on than used to be the case. There are many things that may make an immigrant ineligible for a long stay on American shores, and among the thousands of foreigners that come over in the steerage every year it is natural that a certain percentage should be lacking in proper qualifications for American citizenship, or even residence. Every day at the baggage office the thousands of foreigners that come over in the immigration officials coldly make arrangements to send a man, a woman, or, mayhap, a whole family, back to the country from which they have just come. This happens very often among the Italians, says a correspondent of the Pittsburgh Gazette. A goodly percentage of the total immigration is from Italy, and there are many swindling agents in that country who persuade their fellow countrymen that they may evade the immigration laws of the United States by embarking from some foreign port away from Italy. The Italian Royal Emigration Commission has taken the matter up now. It warns all Italians that if they do not come within the provisions of the United States immigration laws they will not be allowed to land in New York. It is not believed that the Italian government desires to check emigration to this country, but it does not like to have its people sent back in disgrace, as it were. While Italians are named as the most numerous class suffering under the provisions of the immigration laws, there are people of other nationalities who find themselves sailing out of New York harbor about the time they expected to be dropping off a railroad train in the far West. The enforcement of rules at Ellis Island and the baggage office are stricter than ever they were, and only gilt-edge immigrants have any chance to pass the barriers down at the battery.

PIERPORT MORGAN OF JAPAN.

Suggestion That All Great Financiers

The excellent Baron Hishinawa, often alluded to as "Pierpont Morgan of Japan," created a highly favorable impression in this country during his recent visit. Possessing a physiognomy which, barring an Asiatic taint and a crown of hair of an European straightness, blackness and fineness, might have been that of a prosperous elderly banker of American, English or Scotch nationality, and a grave and sagacious financial bearing, he spread everywhere the wonder how the Japanese could so soon have assimilated themselves to Western ways. A rare wit, by the way, that financier has not looked essentially alike in all countries and ages? asks a writer in Harper's Weekly. Many wits and astute financiers of prominent ability have been dug up in Greece and Rome and are to be seen in museums to-day whose faces strongly suggest close attention to the prophecies of some sort, and they look just like our bankers. There is nothing new under the sun of finance, except the scale of the propositions, the financiers and their ways are eternally the same. Baron Hishinawa is an excellent type of the kind. His manners and his bearing were not the well-assimilated Japanese business men seen daily on our streets, who look as if they were born in European clothes, and who have substituted the New York fashion for the old Japanese style. They were for some reason real Westerners, merely masquerading in Japanese dress. In the group of photographs which they are permitted to be taken for the papers the awkwardly bending knees look as if they were being out for the kindly protection of flowing robes.

Local Distinctions.

The spirit of democracy, which hates sham formality, was the motive in the policy of a traveling salesman to a party of State Senators whom he met at the boarding house of an interior town. They were on their way to the capital, says the Philadelphia Times, and were compelled to wait over for a change of cars during dinner time. Their conversation soon revealed to the other guests that they were newly elected "Solons," full of the dignity of their position, and anxious to make an impression upon the other members of the body with whom they came in contact. Their ponderous diction at table distinguished the salesman. It was "Will the gentleman from Bilgeville have the butter?" and "Will the gentleman from Beldonia please be bread?" and "Does the gentleman from Nowhere Junction care for the pickles?" and "Did the gentleman from Signboard Township enjoy the trip?"

Even the natives present began to squirm under the excessive formality of it all, so that there was a hearty laugh when the salesman, turning to the negro waiter, asked with fine bouquet of what the French call the "grand manner."

"Will the gentleman from Ethelopia bring another cup of coffee?"

Sympathetic Critic.

The first play ever witnessed by Miss Sparrow of Brooklyn was a comedy. She sat breathless and spellbound until the curtain had dropped for the last time, and not until she was well on her way home did she confide her opinions and feelings to her niece.

"I pitied Ophelia," she said at last; "yes, I certainly pitied her; but you see she didn't realize such a great deal, after all, her wits leaving her that way. 'Twas a mercy for her, but I couldn't help thinking 'twould have been better to take her right out of the piece when her head got so weak."

"But yet I could see that woman had thrown Hamlet into a position where he'd have had to say more to fill up the story, and as it was, he looked so sick I didn't know as he'd live to finish the performance. Nothing would have surprised me less than to see him topple right over where he stood, and if he's got any relatives—if there's a 'single one of the Hamlet family anywhere round—I should think they'd see to it that he has the doctor before morning."

Made a Good Guess.

She was an amateur artist, and, like most of her kind, considered herself several laps in advance of the average amateur. She was eager, however, to know how her work would impress one of the masters who had managed the great sickle fame by the back of the neck.

One day a real painter called at her home, and she immediately conceived the idea of testing him. She would show him a specimen of her handiwork, and would request him to tell her, but would reveal nothing that might lead him to suspect her as being the creator thereof. So the fair amateur proceeded to guide the real painter toward her masterpiece.

"Of what school would you call this painting?" she asked, expectantly.

"Of the boarding school," promptly replied the real painter.—Spare Moments.

Some women show their age and some cover it with a coat of paint.

People build houses, wise men buy them.

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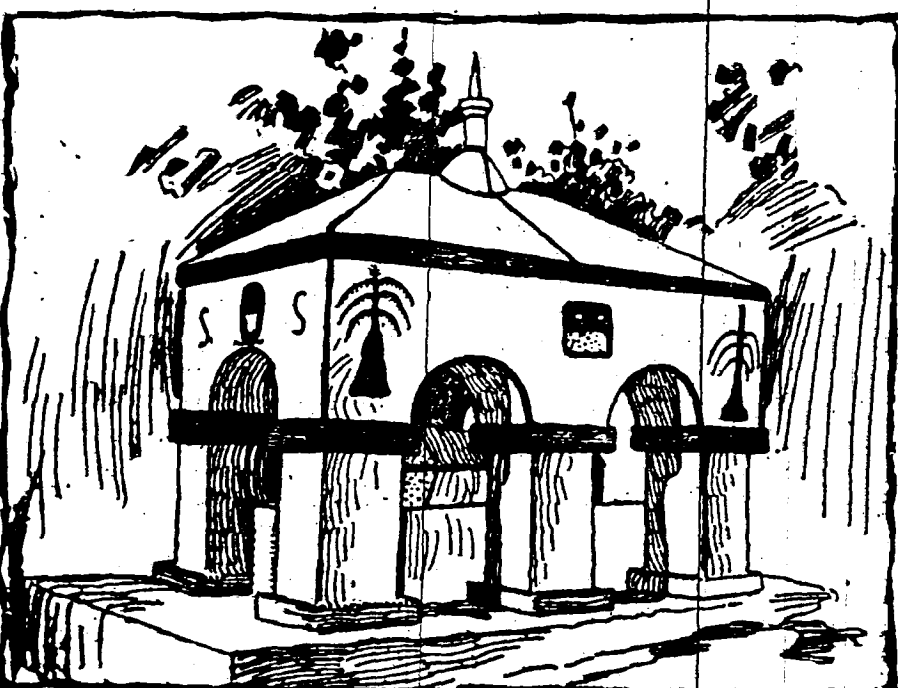
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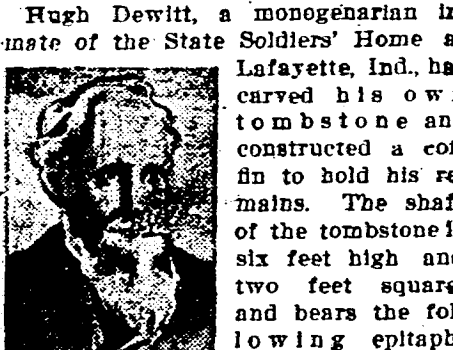
MAUSOLEUM OF A VOODOO PRIEST.



Lagleside, Hayti, has a mausoleum covering the remains of a Voodoo priest. The structure is made of clay, the same kind that the people use for the construction of their huts. It is 15 feet high and 25 feet long. Curious faces and palm trees have been painted on the sides of the tomb. The representation of the coffin is also made of clay and is about the size of an ordinary one. The priest who lies buried under the mausoleum was the chief "Aga Lo" in President Solomon's time, 1887, and the Voodoo worshippers have frequent gatherings around the tomb. They used to sacrifice children during their religious rites, but this custom died out, or rather, was stopped by the authorities; and they are now content with killing goats in connection with their ceremonies.

Few white people have succeeded in attending Voodoo festivities, but I gained a clear account of how they are carried on through an old negro. The ceremony is a long chant. Each singer keeps on one chord, and as they all sing a different key the chant has a weird and unearthly sound. The song is accompanied by three tambours (drums), each of which is of a different size. One is very large and is struck regularly and slowly all through the chant. Another is small and has a fast sound. The third, a medium-sized drum, is played with both hands and feet. The player moves his feet up and down the sides of the drum to produce either a high or low sound. They and the ceremony by drinking the blood of a freshly killed goat. There are still many adherents of Voodooism in Hayti, which dates back to the time the Spaniards brought negroes as slaves from Africa to the West Indies.

NONOGENARIAN WHO HAS CARVED HIS OWN TOMBSTONE.



Hugh Dewitt, a nonagenarian inmate of the State Soldiers' Home at Lafayette, Ind., has carved his own tombstone and has placed it in his room to hold his remains. The shaft of the tombstone is six feet high and two feet square, and has the following epitaph, composed by Dewitt:

A bachelor lies beneath this and Who disobeyed the laws of GOD: Advice to others thus I give— Don't live a "bachelor," as I did live. Dewitt's name does not appear on the stone. A plain mound of earth lies at the foot of the simple monument, and beneath the original principles. It is of the ordinary size, and at the surface resembles any grave. Below, however, for a distance of three feet from the bottom, it is walled in with brick and cement, and the bottom is cemented. Two stone slabs fit over the top of the wall, leaving a cavity for the coffin, as Dewitt says he wants "room to turn around in" and wants no dirt about the coffin.

Sound Sleep.

We sleep the soundest between three and five o'clock in the morning. An hour or two after going to bed you sleep very soundly; then your slumber grows gradually lighter, and it is easy enough to waken you at one or two o'clock. But when four o'clock comes you are in such a state of somnolence that it would take a great deal to waken you.



The United States produces 25 per cent of the world's coal.

A combine of all the peanut factories in Virginia is under way.

Mrs. J. C. Smith will supervise the construction of the lake channel in the St. Louis fair grounds for her husband.

During July the Pressed Steel Car Company turned out an average of 103 cars per day, of a total value of \$3,250,000.

It is told that the gross membership of the labor organizations who are connected with the American Federation of Labor exceeds 1,000,000.

An attempt is being made to consolidate the leading mailable ten foundations of the country, with capital from \$10,000,000 to \$20,000,000.

One of the results for England of the Boer war is that the wages of the working people fell off nearly \$8,000,000 last year, as compared with the previous one.

New York capitalists are promoting a \$25,000,000 trust to take in all the ax-manufacturers, handle manufacturers and griststone factories in this country and Canada, the plants to be operated under one management.

The production of iron ore in France is centered principally in three districts—that of the northeast, or the Meuse-Charbonnais, is the most important, producing 4,600,000 tons of the 5,600,000 tons of iron ore mined in France annually, that of the Pyrenees, producing 250,000 tons, and that of Normandy, 150,000 tons.

The monks who manufacture the Chartreuse liquor in France have let to an American syndicate for ninety-nine years their cloister, factory and grounds, including the mountain where the wild plants required for the liquor are gathered, together with the recipes and good will. The rental is said to be \$2,000,000.

A census report on the manufacture of locomotives in the United States during the year 1900 shows the number turned out at 3,046, of which 2,774 were built in twenty-eight independent establishments and 272 in twenty-six railroad shops. The independent concerns employ an aggregate capital of \$40,813,753, and pay \$10,841,474 for wages.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, the millionaire inventor, keeps half a dozen mechanical draughtsmen busy on drawings of his inventions. When in New York city he has a large number of his time with these draughtsmen in his office on the seventh floor of a business block on Broadway, where may be seen models and drawings of fire boxes, coal cars and other devices which he has patented.

Statistics compiled by Carroll D. Wright show that the business of taking summer boarders flourished in the rather startling sum of \$6,049,864 in New Hampshire alone in 1899, and it has, to all appearances, steadily increased since. Not sentimental results alone have followed Governor Rollins' ingenious conception of the institution of "Old Home Week." The annual visit of so many of the sons and daughters of the State from all over the country has revived their recollection of the agreeable New England summer climate and has boomed the summer boarder industry.

Ben Tillett, who has returned to London after a tour among the labor organizations of the United States, has issued his report on the position of American labor. He dwells upon the buoyant and hopeful demeanor of the workers, and the prevailing franker and more businesslike relations between capital and labor than prevails in England. The power of unionism seemed to be growing, and American employers are more scientific than those there, and the worker does not give the maximum of work for the minimum of wages, as he does in England. Tillett maintains that in England the highest quality of work is energy, is claimed by the employers to be the value which they call average ability.

In America, on the other hand, superior proficiency always received extra compensation.

The Choice of Two Evils.

An ominous silence reigned in the entrance. There was a wild look in his eyes; his clothes were disarranged, and there was just a suggestion of blood about his mouth. Mamma frowned severely, and papa hid himself behind his paper.

"Ahem," began mamma. Bobby squirmed his shoulders, and prepared for the coming attack.

"Ahem! Don't you know, Bobby, that it's very wrong of little boys to fight?"

Bobby pretended to find a point of interest in the pattern of the hearth-rug.

"Haven't I told you, Bobby, that it's very wicked to fight?" demanded mamma. In a tone that was meant to be severe.

This challenged Bobby tell back on argument.

"He hit me first, mamma," he pleaded.

"Ah, but that doesn't make any difference. Nobody loves little boys who fight."

Bobby pondered for a few moments, and then his face brightened.

"Is that so?" he asked.

"Yes, my dear, nobody will love you if you are always fighting. And look at your clothes!"

"Well," said Bobby, with slow deliberation, "then, mamma, I think it's better to be unloved!"

Something between a shriek and a laugh escaped from papa as he fled from the room—London Judy.

