

May's Landing Record.

VOL XXVII

MAY'S LANDING, ATLANTIC COUNTY, N. J., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1903

NO. 8

Strike Now?

The success of the blacksmith lies in his skill in striking while the iron is hot. You are earning money now. Through an Endowment policy you may strike the keynote of success.

The PRUDENTIAL Insurance Co. of America.

Home Office: Newark, N. J.

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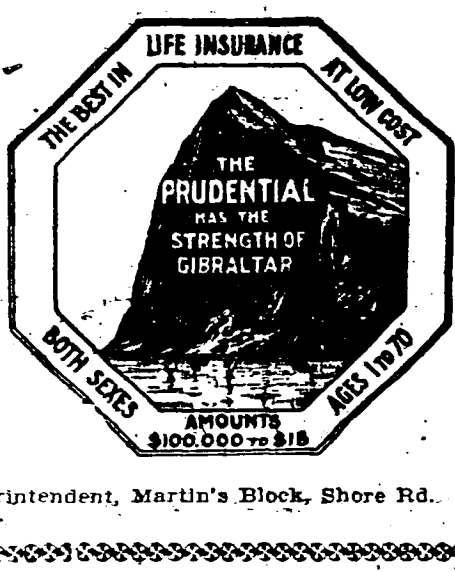
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NOVELTY IN EYEGASSES.

Without doubt there has been much more complaint of trouble with the eyes during the last half century than ever before. While no small amount of this poor sight can be laid to over use of the eyes in reading, writing, and other occupations, a large proportion is caused by lack of knowledge as to how to arrange the light to best advantage and prevent it from shining in the eyes, either directly or by reflection. A light placed at one side of the face, where the rays can shine obliquely into the eye, is very objectionable. It is not until a headache is discovered that the cause of trouble with the eyes, and have made use of a shade to screen the light from the face, but many who have tried this remedy have been annoyed by the weight of the shade of by the additional heat which it produced in the summer time and have thrown the thing away in disgust. It seems strange that the invention which we here present has not been thought of sooner than this, especially since it will overcome the objection which obtained with the old shade. It consists of a light frame, somewhat similar to that used for a pair of glasses, with two small shades shaped to fit closely to the eyebrows and extend downwards to the eye. The shape of the shade is precisely the same as that of the large shade, and should, therefore, serve its purpose equally as well, while at the same time resting lightly on the bridge of the nose and ears and causing no discomfort. The inventor is Thomas Little, of Detroit, Mich.

GERMAN CABLE CONSTRUCTION.

Seeking Connections with All Important World Points.

Consul General Chetani, at Frankfurt, reports to the State Department the following information:

"A new era in German cable construction began with the laying of a cable to Vigo, Spain, a distance of about 1,300 miles."

"During the last seven years Germany has laid 7,375 miles of cable, at a cost of over \$7,000,000. In 1898 a cable, 73 miles in length, was laid between Sassnitz and Trelleborg, and in 1899 German Southwest Africa was connected with the international telegraph system by a cable 164 miles long."

"In 1900 the first German-American cable between Emden and New York, via the Azores—a distance of 4,813 miles—was laid. At about the same time Germany put down the first German cable along the Chinese coast, the cable Tientsin-Chiao, being 295 miles and that connecting Tientsin and Shanghai 428 miles long. The year 1901 witnessed the laying of the fifth mile between Germany and England, connecting Borkum and Baktou, a distance of 280 miles. The telephone cable between Fehmarn and Laland was laid in 1902."

"The construction of a second transatlantic cable between Emden and New York, via the Azores, has been commenced, and it will, it is expected, be ready for service before the expiration of the next year. Germany is also contemplating an increase of her cable net in Eastern Asia and the South Sea by constructing cables between Alena Jo and Guam and the Palau Islands and Shanghai."

"It is said that the growth of German interests, both military and commercial, in the future require the building of more cables by Germany, independent of foreign nations. Germany now has cable works and two cable steamers."

"Cells and German in America. Seventy-five per cent of our foreign population in 1900 was of Teutonic and Celtic stock—the very same that made the English. Of course, a still larger percentage of the native born are of these races and of their blood. It is an error, then, to talk of the American race as a conglomerate of races. There is a common American race, formed by fusion of the original races that made the English."

"Apple Pie—One and one-half half affixed, one slant teaspoon, salt, two heaping teaspoonsful powder and three-quarters of

THE NEW MINISTER.

WHAT do you think, Aunt Violet? The new minister is coming to-night!"

Miriam Blake and her cousin, Effie Towers, burst into the quiet old-fashioned sitting-room like twin gales of wind so fresh and sudden and inspiring were they.

It was a very cheerful apartment with the crimson carpet flooded with October sunshine, the canary singing from his cage among the geraniums in the window-seat, and a bright wood fire crackling from the most burnished of brass andirons on the hearth—for Aunt Violet loved an open fire, and adhered to it through all the modern innovations.

"It was a woman past thirty, yet very pretty with a woman whose type of face and form would always remain youthful. Brown hair, with rippling lights of gold upon its surface, blue-gray eyes, large and shaded with long lashes, a complexion where the fresh white and red betokened perfect health and a smiling, cherry-red, melting mouth, whose smiles betrayed a singularly regular set of teeth—Miss Violet Brown was perhaps quite as attractive in her mature womanhood as she had been in her fresh girl-days."

"To-night?" said Aunt Violet. "And is the paragon all in readiness?"

"All prepared, I believe. And what do you think, Aunt Violet?" went on Miriam, with girlish eagerness, "of old Mrs. Marsh going there with her two daughters to prepare tea, and make it sort of a hum-dum, as she says, for him the first night?"

"Oh, Aunt Violet!" said Effie, coaxingly, stealing both arms around Miss Brown's slender waist, "nobody ever thinks of your being old!"

"It's an indisputable fact nevertheless," said Aunt Violet, severely.

"Aunt Violet," said Miriam suddenly, as she sat looking her aunt full in the face, "how I wish Mr. Smith would fall in love with you!"

"Aunt Violet shrugged her shoulders. "My dear child, isn't Brown a sufficiently common cognomen but you want to change it into the still more hackneyed name of Smith?"

"I want thinking of the name," said Aunt Violet, "was only reflecting to myself that it was a very common name."

"What nonsense!" ejaculated the girl. "Why, Aunt Violet, you are the prettiest of our whole set, yet with your sweetest complexion and those big innocent eyes of yours—"

But here Effie Towers interrupted, speaking gravely with solemn glance.

"You know that makes Aunt Violet speak as if Miriam has had the disappointment years and years ago."

"Aunt Violet!" said Effie, "years and years ago, as Effie says, I had a lover," returned Aunt Violet, calmly.

"What! when?" returned Aunt Violet, interrupting.

"I was foolish, and wished to tell my power. Clarence, that was his name, was hearty and impulsive, and I fully incited him. So we parted."

"And he married?" asked Aunt Violet.

"I do not know. I have never seen him since he left home. He was only spending the summer vacation, a college student, in our quiet village."

"What was his name?" asked Aunt Violet.

"Nonsense, Miriam, do not let us disinter any more of the horrid past. I have told you my folly. See that you take warning by it!"

"And none of Miriam Blake's soft cooings could win from Aunt Violet any further confidences."

"You are not an old maid, darling aunt," said Miriam, "but Sarah Marsh is, and I mean to enter the lists for her myself to win the new minister's favor. The old minister was a very pretty man for such a big man as I am, all embowered in roses and carnations, and full of delicious little by windows and maple-shaded piazzas. I hope he's young and good-looking."

"He's just thirty-five," said Effie, for Deacon Alden told her so.

"Did he say whether he was good-looking or not?"

"No, he didn't, as if Deacon Alden cared for his looks."

"Thirty-five—that is rather old-fashioned, but a man isn't totally past reform at thirty-five," observed Miriam, positively. "If Aunt Violet won't have him I'll try my chance."

"I shall never marry," gravely reiterated Aunt Violet, with more seriousness than Miriam's light-jesting way seemed to call for.

"If that's the case," said Miriam, "I'll go and rip up the breeches of my lilac lawn dress, and have the faded ruffles done up. One can't be too careful of one's advantage of costume at such a critical time, and I know Miriam Blake has got a white dress with blue rosebuds all over it."

"Miriam, what a rattlepate you are," said Effie.

"Don't tell me I need a minister for a husband, just to sobel me down?"

And with this Parthian arrow of retort, Miss Miriam quitted the room, with Effie following her.

Presently she came back again, dancing merrily into the room.

"I've found out my future husband's name."

"What is it?"

"A decided novelty—John Smith."

Aunt Violet smiled, and Miriam laughed once more like a twinkling bit of thistle-down.

Violet Brown sat gazing into the coral depths of the bright embers that had fallen through the logs on the hearth. Somehow, spite of her asser-

tion of self-reliance and independence, she felt very lonely that October afternoon.

"I'll go for a walk," thought Violet. "Perhaps a little exercise will dissipate this gathering despondency."

She tied a round hat under her curls, put on a coquettish scarlet circle, tasseled with white silk, which, according to her loving nieces, "made her look like a delicious little Red Riding Hood," and went out into the fresh autumn air, where the woods, all radiant with gold and crimson glories, were showering their leafy trophies on the walks below, as she entered their silent aisles.

"Autumn," she thought, sadly, "how soon it has come upon me, and it's but a little while since spring was here with her dew and roses. My spring has vanished, too, and unlike the sacred season of birds and blossoms, it will never return to me again. Heigho! I wonder what I was born for!"

She slipped home through the dusk, and found the paragon all in readiness.

"What an air of old maid!" demanded the elder lady.

"Oh, but he has for I've seen him. And you needn't stay here any longer, for he has concluded to remain at our house to-night."

Mrs. Marsh and her daughters both stared.

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two elderly, hard-favored daughters, had not the paragon all ready, even to lighting the evening lamps on the study-table, and poking the clear anthrax fire that burned in the dining-room grate.

Miss Mehetable had turned the tumbler of crimson currant jelly into the cut-glass dish, and disposed the green sprigs of parsley to the most striking effect round the thin-cut slices of boiled tongue, while Miss Sarah made a Leaning Tower of Pisa of the butter-milk blanchet, and whisked the fire away from the sugar-basin in readiness for the expected guest, and like the hero of song, "still he came not!"

"The little's bollen," and the tea's all steeped," said Mrs. Marsh, as she sat in the big rocking-chair in front of the fire. "I'll be so glad if he don't come pretty soon."

"He'll be here presently now," said Miss Mehetable, loosening her curls from their confining papers. "Oh, ma! I wonder he'll be pleased with what he sees!"

"He can't help it," said Mrs. Marsh, mentally congratulating herself on her double chances of being the minister's mother-in-law. But the words were yet on her lips and the triumphant reality yet in her mind, when a knock came softly to the door, and Miriam Blake entered, rosy with her long walk through the frosty autumn twilight.

"Have you heard the news?" asked Miriam, as she came over and sat on the sofa.

"The new minister has come," said Mrs. Marsh, as she came over and sat on the sofa.

"Sakes alive!" ejaculated Mrs. Marsh.

"I don't believe it," said Mehetable. "Oh, but he has for I've seen him. And you needn't stay here any longer, for he has concluded to remain at our house to-night."

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