
May's Landing Record.

E. C. SHANER, Editor and Proprietor.
81 GO PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1902.

Thanksgiving Proclamation.

Governor Murphy has issued the following Thanksgiving proclamation:
In conformity with the day named by the President of the United States, I appoint Thursday, November 27, as a day of public thanksgiving and prayer for the bounties received, and for prayer for the future. I do this partly because it has been an honored custom in this State since the foundation, which I hope will continue as long as the State shall endure, to set apart at least one day in the year for this purpose, and partly because it is right and proper to make public as well as private thanksgiving, and to ever living thank God for His constant and unfailing care. No nation has ever been blessed with so many material blessings of His as our nation. No nation has ever enjoyed so many of His mercies as we have. In which it is our happy lot to dwell, we are a God-fearing and a God-loving people. Let us join together in our public places of worship on the day named, and let us all join in prayer to our Father God for all His mercies. Witness my hand and the great seal of the State of New Jersey, this 21st day of November, 1902.

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EULOGY OF REV. W. S. ZANE.

GLOWING TRIBUTE TO MEMORY OF THE DEAD DIVINE.

Delivered by Presiding Elder Geo. L. Dubbins at the Obsequies Held in Trinity M. E. Church at Bridgeton last Monday.

The Rev. William Spence Zane was born in Putnam, September 18, 1813, of Christian and Methodist parents. His father, Andrew Zane, was for many years a faithful member of the church. His mother, Ellen Spence Zane, with her husband, carried her children to church before they could walk, and early dedicated them to God in baptism, and carefully brought them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. William was the first child to be baptized in his life, went without his parents to the Sunday school, where he delighted to attend with unwavering regularity.

At the age of sixteen years he was soundly converted, and was joined what was known in Philadelphia, as the "Old Brick Church" under the ministry of Rev. Alfred Cookman, of whom he was always ready to speak as his spiritual father. A few days before his death he wrote "I have been in the world ever since I was born. I never backslid. Very soon after his conversion a deep impression of his duty to preach the Gospel came to him. He would preach the Gospel, and pray to God for the high and holy calling.

In September 1832 he became a student in Princeton Seminary under the Presidency of Timothy Crane. For three years he was in the Seminary, where in 1835 he graduated with a large class well upward. While a student in Princeton he attended the services of the local church, of which he became a member. He was a student of the Seminary, where he was licensed as an Exhorter. Rev. George Windsor, pastor. Soon graduation he was licensed as a local preacher, and was ordained by the Synod of the Church. His ability as a preacher, recognized by the churches and frequently called into service.

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It is mostly the sons of poor parents, says the New York Herald, who are doing the important work of life in New Jersey these times. United States Senators Dryden, like most men who have attained political, professional and business eminence in this State, was born poor. The late Vice President Hobart was the son of a small country-storekeeper, and he borrowed part of the money on which he went through college. John V. Griggs, former Governor and former United States Attorney, was a poor boy. The late United States Senator William J. Sewell, the most potent political leader this State ever had, landed on these shores a penniless Irish lad. Former Governor Voorhees was a poor country boy, and the present Executive, FRANKLIN MURPHY, started life practically nothing. The whole list of prominent men might be gone over with not finding half a dozen exceptions to the rule that success in life comes from humble beginnings. Being born to great riches seem an insuperable bar to eminence. Many that might have proved valuable and distinguished careers have been ruined by this. There are doubtless the makings of great men in a large percentage of these children of affluence, but being relieved of the necessity of effort they make none, and lead the aimless and useless life of drones. Poverty is the saving of many great souls.

Personally conducted Tours via Pennsylvania Railroad.

Season of 1902-1903.

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LOCAL NEWS NOTES.

COINGS OF A WEEK AT THE COUNTY CAPITAL.

Shout, breezy Paragraphs, Personal and Otherwise, Gathered by Record Representatives, and Bunched Together for Quick Reading.

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SMITH CASE POSTPONED.

SLAYER OF B. OLINTON GETS A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

Argument for a New Trial for the condemned Man, Deferred Until the Court can hear the evidence of the State's witnesses.

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ATLANTIC CITY NOTES.

MINOR HAPPENINGS DOWN BY THE SEA.

Newspaper Paragraphs of Interest Gathered by a Representative of the Record.

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SHERIFF'S SALE.

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WHEN BABY BLOWETH KISSES.

"When baby bloweth kisses,
From fingers pink and wee,
Like some sweet rain of blisses,
To bless my heart and me,
I care not then how utter
Or stern the day's demands,
While I watch the flutter, flutter,
Of the waving little hands.

When baby bloweth kisses
To me upon the cheek,
She sometimes says, "Now kiss
A kiss as very sweet."
And I tell her, "I leave her
To kiss better than the rest;
And faith! I don't deceive her,
For each of them is best.

When baby bloweth kisses
The bees that seek their store
In blossoms pink and blue,
Might turn to her for more,
And oh, her laughter ringeth
Like some sweet rain of blisses,
And oh, my old heart singeth
A song no words may tell.

When baby bloweth kisses—
Ye men who love the street,
While life the pathway mimes
To summer lands of peace,
Now tell me if there lingers
Elsewhere a sweeter sight
To match the little fingers
That wait to kiss you tight.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

SAVED BY STRATEGY.

AN you guide me to Mason's

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, I shall expect to start

"I will be ready."

"Can you furnish two good horses?"

"Yes."

"Then you may come at the appoint-

ed time."

With a low bow, the Mexican guide

turned and strolled down the street.

He was seated on the piazza of a large

two-story frame house, which possessed

the distinction of being the only

hotel in that section of the town.

I had just arrived from Las Vegas,

and was on my way to Mason's ranch,

which lies forty miles to the north

west of that place.

The guide who served me had been

engaged as a young Mexican not over

10 years of age. He was slender in

build, with hair of a jet black and skin

of a deep copper color.

He might easily have passed for a

full-blooded Indian, but his features

showed that there was an indication

of Indian blood in his face and

something of the swiftness in his

black eyes.

Though only a youth, he had been

recommended as a thoroughly

competent person to guide me only

where in the Territory.

I had very little doubt but that I

could have found my way to Mason's

ranch without a guide had I possessed

any kind of a conveyance. Yet,

even in that case, I might have

required the services of a guide for

there were rumors of a threatened

break among the Apaches under Chief

Victorio, and as the country through

which I was to pass was known to be

infested with roving bands of these

predatory savages, I thought it best

not attempt the journey alone.

It was just sunrise the next

morning, when my faithful guide, Manuel

made his appearance at the hotel with

two horses bridled and saddled,

ready for my journey.

He was armed with a repeating rifle

and two pistols, while I had only one

pistol—a small thirty-two, which I al-

ways carried with me on my travels.

However, seeing that Manuel had

thought it necessary to be well armed,

I procured a rifle and a hundred rounds

of cartridges before leaving the sta-

tion.

Thus equipped, we set out upon our

journey, taking a course to the north-

west in the direction of the San Fran-

cisco range of mountains.

The plain over which we were travel-

ing soon began to give place to a more

hilly and broken country, and there

was a narrow canyon that wound

its way through ranges of low hills.

It was in the afternoon. We had

traveled twenty-five miles, at least,

and were making our way across a

strip of barren, broken country, when

Manuel pointed to his horse and dis-

mounted.

Heading down, he examined the

ground closely for some time, then he

cast a hasty glance at his watch.

"Perhaps we had better turn back,"

I suggested. "I am not anxious to en-

counter a band of hostile savages."

But Manuel assured me that such a

course of action was not to be thought

of. There might be no danger, after all,

but if there were, it could not be

turned or returned. It was just as

probable that we might encounter the

Apaches by doing so, as by continuing

on our course. So, after a few mo-

ments spent in considering the matter,

we resumed our journey.

We rode on for four miles farther

when Manuel pointed to a little hill

we were suddenly in sight of a squad

of perhaps twenty Indians, advancing

from the north, and not more than a

mile away.

Turning our horses quickly about

and keeping under the bow of the hill,

we galloped to the south, hoping to

avoid an encounter with them.

There was a chance that our presen-

ce had not been discovered by the In-

dians, and it was our aim to put as

much distance as possible between us

before encountering them on the open plain

that lay to the south.

A few minutes' gallop brought us to

a stretch of sandy plain, but scarcely

had we reached this, when, glancing

backward, we saw the whole band of

Apaches leading their ponies and com-

ing in swift pursuit.

The war ponies of the Apaches are

always the best that can either be pur-

chased or stolen in the Territory, and

I recognized the fact that, as we were

mounted on animals far inferior to

those ridden by the savages, we were

in a decidedly close place.

However, there was nothing left for

us to do but trust to the fleetness of

our horses to carry us out of danger,

as a light on the open plain with such

a number of Apaches would be worse

than madness.

We had not ridden a mile before I

was plainly evident that our pursuers

were gaining on us rapidly, and must

soon overtake us.

The sun was still high in the west

horizon, and there was no hope that

we could keep up the race till darkness

would offer us a chance of escape. Un-

less we could soon gain cover of some

kind, we would be forced to stop and

fight our pursuers on the open plain,

and in that case it was not hard to im-

agine the outcome.

On, on we urged our panting horses,

with the yelling savages drawing near-

er and nearer to us with every step.

Suddenly Manuel turned his horse

slightly to the left, and pointing across

the plain, said:

"We must get to the house."

Then, for the first time, I saw a small

building nearly a mile ahead of us,

and toward this we urged our horses

at their greatest speed.

A few minutes' ride brought us to

the house which proved to be one of

those small adobe structures so com-

mon in New Mexico and Arizona, erect-

ed for the use of Mexican sheep herds,

but long since abandoned.

In a moment we had thrown our

selves from our saddles and stood by

the open door.

"Come," said Manuel, "we must get

the horses inside."

Quickly we entered the cabin, lead-

ing our horses after us. A glance

showed us that we were in a room

about fourteen feet square, with a

single hole in the western wall that served

as a window. The door, which was on

the eastern side, was a rickety affair,

rudely constructed out of pine planks,

and showing very plainly the

signs of decay.

We had barely time to gain the in-

side, and bar the door with the wooden

bolt with which it was provided, when

the Apaches, with yells of savage rage,

dashed up to within sixty yards of the

cabin and began circling about it; but

not a shot was fired.

After some time spent in manuever-

ing, they suddenly separated into two

squads, one going to the west of the

house, and the other remaining on the

east.

They had now withdrawn out of rifle

range and seemed to be debating the

question what they should do next.

It is hard to understand the manue-

vering of these savages, and we kept on

our guard, ready for an attack that

might come at any moment.

I stood by the door, rifle in hand,

while Manuel, stationed at the west

by the doorway, kept a sharp lookout

in the direction of the Apaches.

It was soon evident that they did not

mean to attack us immediately, but

undoubtedly intended to wait until night

fall, when they could do so under cover

of darkness.

This was Manuel's view of the situa-

tion, and it required no argument to

show us that we had little hope of

being able to hold the place against

them.

Scattered about the room were a few

pine boxes and several articles of cas-

tro clothing, and in one corner a pile

of coarse black wool and straw, which

had doubtless done service as a bed

in this past.

The floor was of clay and the walls

of sun-dried brick or adobe, while the

roof was of boards, held in their place

by huge wooden pins.

Now that we were apparently free

from any immediate danger, I began to

look my brain for some plan of escape.

"Night would soon be upon us, and

then we might expect an attack. It

would not require much force to beat

down the rickety door, and then we

would be at the mercy of the merciless

foes. What was to be done? I looked

about the room, but could see no way

in which our fortifications could be

strengthened.

We must make an attempt to escape

from the place before attack came,

but how were we to proceed?

There was only one plan, so far as I

could see, and that was to wait for

night and then steal from the cabin

and try to elude the enemy in the dark-

ness.

"Call Manuel to my side, I hastily

laid my plan before him, but he only

shook his head.

"No, sir," he said, "I have just

been thinking of a way."

"What is it?" I asked, eagerly.

"Wait and see," he replied, briefly.

Then, signaling for me to keep watch

upon the Apaches, he walked over to

the far end of the room, where the

door was situated. Presently he re-

turned, and he was holding a small

piece of wood in his hand, which he

was using to dig at the door.

"What is that?" I asked, in surprise.

"A wooden peg," he said, "which I

saw at first appeared to be two men

sitting in the saddle, fastened secure-

ly to the door, and I was about to

shoot at them, when I saw that they

were only Apaches, and I was about

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were only Apaches, and I was about

to shoot at them, when I saw that they

were only Apaches, and I was about

would strike the horse squarely on the

side as soon as he began to gallop.

This would keep the horse running at

his best, and so draw the savages

away to a great distance before the de-

ception could be discovered, and if

properly managed, would give us a

chance to escape before the Indians

could return to the cabin.

Having completed every arrangement