

# May's Landing Record.

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MAY'S LANDING, ATLANTIC COUNTY, N. J., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1904

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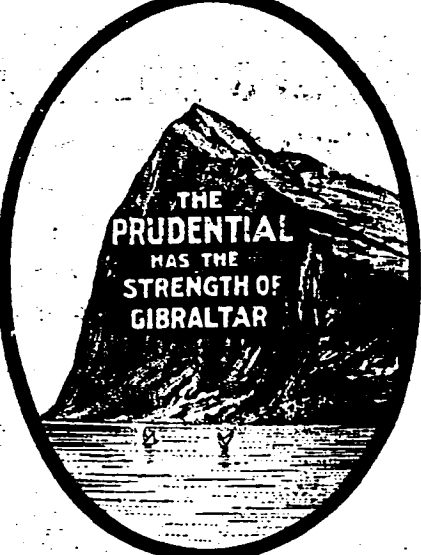
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### A SCULPTURED ROCK.

In the western part of Persia stands the rock of Behistun, which means the "Place of the Gods." It is an immense cliff rising 1,700 feet out of the level plain. On this huge rock King Darius the Great left to posterity the record of his mighty deeds. From the granite face, 500 feet from the ground, the ancient sculptors, obeying the royal command, did their work, and did it so well that it exists almost unimpaired to the present day. Professor Jackson of Columbia University has recently paid a visit to Behistun. An account of his experience is given in the New York Times.

It was early in the morning when Professor Jackson, after four days in the saddle, first sighted the great sentinel of stone that was to be the scene of his exciting labors in the cause of science. At noon the party reached the base of the rock and established their camp. The day had been hot, but the night brought a keen chill. High above the little huts of the dwellers Behistun pushed its colossal dome of granite into the sky.

Before dawn the professor and his party were stirring. The caravan included five Persian guides, experts in climbing. Inch by inch they crept up the stone. Every tiny crack, every knob of rock yielded service to their nimble toes and fingers. As they wormed and wriggled their way upward they pulled Professor Jackson after them with ropes of hair. The breaking of a rope or the slipping of a hand or foot might have sent the whole party to death, but the ascent was accomplished without accident, and at last the climbers threw themselves, exhausted, on the narrow ledge that runs along the base of the inscription made by Persia's great king.

An inspection of the work of the ancient artists showed that a considerable space had been chiseled into smoothness. This contained two rows of tablet inscriptions in three languages. A large tablet of sculptured figures shows Darius pronouncing judgment on ten captive kings.

Professor Jackson spent four days upon the rock, making as minute an examination as possible. The upper tablets were beyond reach, and he begged the guides to allow him to use a ladder. This they stoutly refused on account of a high wind which was blowing at the time. The professor copied, collated and verified the inscription, and took a number of photographs of the tablets. These he secured by leaning out backward over the precipice, held in mid-air by the guides.

The writings of the great king end with a malediction pronounced upon the head of him who shall destroy the record. Darius has returned to dust, but no one has dared to brave the malediction. Only a cataclysm of the force of the blowing of the wind or the driving of the rain will efface this tale of mighty deeds.

The complaint is frequently made by married women of their husbands' not complying them. Have they ever tried good cooking on them?



One Distinguishing Feature of the Remington Typewriter is that it LASTS. It does good work when it's new, and continues to do good work when it is old.

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### THE RICHES OF LOVE.

Talk about Poverty—nothing it seems; Rich am I ever, with Love and the dream! Who with my wealth in the world can compare— Rich in the glory of Jenny's gold hair! Beautiful, down streaming hair, I hold In the hands of me—kissing and loving its gold.

Talk about Poverty—bright the sun streams! Take the world's riches and give me Love's dream! Dreams in the dark skies, and dreams in the fair! The light—the brave splendor of Jenny's gold hair! Earth hath its millions—rich nothing like this: Her gold hair to shadow me—sweet with Love's kiss!

There is no Poverty—Give me, dear God, Not the gold harvest that color the sod; Not the world's breath, over far oceans blown— But the red lips of Jenny, that teach me my own! And ever, in death just as I, like to this: Her gold hair to shadow me—sweet with Love's kiss!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

### THREE IN A GARDEN

On the gray stone steps that led from one smooth lawn to another stood Cynthia. One foot had sought a lower step, the other lingered above, and the clinging gown of white, out of which peeped shoulders yet whiter, outlined the slender figure. The expression on the face under the large hat, bent downward by ribbon and hair, was one of intense concentration. Her gold hair to shadow me—sweet with Love's kiss!

It was a picture a man might look upon for all a summer's day, and then not have his fill. But I, from my post beneath the trees, found no pleasure in it.

"Curse the long-haired, addling fellow!" I muttered, and began to walk across the lawn to Cynthia. But even when I stood below her, with my hat doffed, I might have been a man invisible for all the notice I gained. "Good day, Cousin Cynthia," said I. The music from behind the hedge sobbed and wailed yet louder. I myself could have fancied a tune with more spirit, something to stir a man's blood—to fill him with the wild madness of the charge—aye, or even a rousing song to suit the passage of the fagon. But it was evidently to the taste of my cousin, for she still stood listening, and took no notice of my salutation.

"It is a fair morning," said I, at length, thinking she was not aware of my presence, and seeking to attract her notice.

"Your voice is not in harmony with these sweet strains," she replied, not favoring me with even so much as a look.

"In truth, a crying child would suit them better," I retorted.

Cynthia declined to reply, but drew aside as I ascended the steps and sped toward her.

"You treat me harshly, cousin," said I, "did not bid you come."

"Will you go up with me?" I inquired, pointing to the lawn above us.

"To him," I added, bitterly. "You do, indeed, go down."

Cynthia laughed merrily. "A witty cousin," she cried. "But possessing little courtesy, as, indeed, I have just ascertained."

"I was angered, and did not pick my words," I said. "Indeed, but you did, cousin; you picked the most unpleasant."

"Perhaps I had occasion."

"Furphy!" I retorted. "It is of little consequence," exclaimed Cynthia, raising her white shoulders with a great show of indifference. "Good morning, cousin."

She held out her hand to me, and I touched it lightly with my lips. Then she ran down the steps, and began to trod the lawn below.

I have heard it said, and by those who should know, that none moved with more grace than my cousin Cynthia. And I, as I stood motionless on the steps, gazing after her, was suddenly filled with a very passion of love and longing. I would go after her—throw myself at her feet, and beg her to give me back her love, which but a few moments before had been mine.

But as my pride and my love fought within me, Cynthia had reached the hedge whence came the music. I fancied she half turned her head toward me; certainly she paused a moment. I ran down the steps.

After the execution of Charles I., and the restoration of the Stuarts to royal power, Edward Whalley and William Goffe, two of the judges that condemned the unhappy monarch to the scaffold, fled to the fastnesses of the New Hampshire hills. They came to America, and for a time they hid in a rock cavern near New Hampshire. This hiding place has since been known as the "regicides' cave," and is one of the interesting spots in that locality.

A Wonderful Engine.

The heart of a man is a wonderful pumping engine. Let us try to form some estimate of its work. In twenty-four hours it does an amount of work which if gathered up into one big lift, would lift 124 tons weight one foot off the ground. This calculation is made by noting how much force the heart exerts at one stroke, and by multiplying its strokes and their work for the twenty-four hours.

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### FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Last night I had a Christmas-tree down at the new church; and a lot of things that I did, somehow, I couldn't understand.

Way back among those Christmas times of fifty years ago.

The preacher rode to meet in a new steam wagon which made such a racket that it high scared the folks in the church.

The organ was most wonderful; but then it didn't sound as reverent as it somehow ought to be.

And through that good old hymn, I seemed to hear the voice of the old world.

And when they sang "Joy to the World," that thrilled my soul those Christmas times of fifty years ago.

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### A MATTER OF HEALTH

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### HISTORIC CHRISTMAS

Noteworthy Occurrences During the Holiday Season.

While 25 events comparable with the event of all events in the history of the world which is commemorated by all Christians on Dec. 25 has ever taken place on about that date.

These events marked the occurrence of a few noteworthy deeds and other happenings in the annals of our race. Some of these things have been so happy and so propitious in character in keeping with the spirit of the time itself, and others have been quite the reverse of this.

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### THE VIOLINIST'S CHRISTMAS

It was old and feeble and poor—just as the old man was.

He had lived too long. Slowly he wandered his way down the dreary street until he reached that sign which marks the border line of hope and despair for so many human hearts—the three balls.

Poor, shrunken from his three-score years, he quivered in his thin lips and looked from his great thoughtful, hungry eyes.

Proud blood flushed the pallid features of the old man as he approached the door of the old man's home.

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### PASSING OF THE COWBOY.

He Has Done Much for the Western Country, but His Day Has Gone.

The passing of the cowboy from the Western country is an inevitable part of our national development.

With the restriction of pasture and the introduction of fences the necessity for guardians of our grazing lands is fast disappearing, and the entire western figure of the cowboy is disappearing.

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