The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

$1.50 PER YEAR

Strictly in Advance.

The Chatham Record.

VOL. XIII. PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., FEBRUARY 12, 1891. NO. 27.

Wounded Knee.

"Give up your rifles!" Stern and clear
Ring out the words upon the ear.

Yet none of all that motley band
Or moves an eye or sits a hand.

In silence and disdain profound
Gaze those grim warriors on the ground.

Though round about them flagwise runs
A glittering wall of deadly guns

What all those wild and savage men
Hemmed there like cattle in a pen?

Black-haired, high-cheeked and eagle-eyed,
Have they no fear, no hate, no pride?

Ragged they are, and hunger gnaws
The vitals of their sullen squaws.

"Give up your rifles!" Now they look
Like painted Indians in a book.

Each warrior's arms are crossed, and rest
Beneath his blanket, on his breast.

They make no sign, yet soaring high
Drifts one lone buzzard through the sky.

"Give up your rifles!" To and fro
These gaunt forms sway in rhythm slow.

Listen! What means that guttural moan,
That weird, unearthly monotone?

"Enough of this!" The captain's brow
Grows black. "Forward and search them now."

Down drops the buzzard in the blue—
Is that the death chant of the Sioux?

Quickly with leveled guns the men
Step out, the ring contracts, and then—

Red devils, desperate and rash,
Fighting in ragged fire and crash

Of sudden rifles sulphurous air
And lithe fiends leaping everywhere!

Here shakes the dropping tomahawk,
There falls the splintered rifle stock.

And yonder, with uplifted knife
The lean squaw writhes amid the strife!

And all is over. White and red
Together piled lie torn and dead.

Now rake the long ravines with shot
And robbe every hiding spot!

Let none of them escape to tell
How many pale-faced warriors fell.

'Tis done. 'Twas done, nor are we aught
Let us remember how they fought.

Was the Old Guard at Waterloo
Less desperate than those fifty Sioux?

"Yield you, brave Frenchmen" was the cry:
"We never yield," they said, "we die!"

Was Custer, when he fought that day,
More daring and less rash than they?

Murderous and treacherous at best,
But no hurs gained their courage rest.

I praise them not, I love them not,
But ere their process he forgot,

And here their tribe be dead and dumb,
Oh that some native bard would come

To sing in weird and worthy strain
Those warlors of wood and plain,

To weave in sad and moving song
The story of their hate and wrong!

Perchance some sweeter time might hear
And blot the page with many a tear!

—[George Horton, in Chicago Herald.

A Maiden of Yucatan.

BY ALICE BALLPLONSON.

The first time we saw her, Conchita was seated on a very upright chair, the high heel of her dainty shoe caught on one of the lower bars, so as to raise her foot to a height enabling her to sustain her guitar in a right position. She was one of the many guests in a large house owned and occupied by a wealthy planter, who delighted in throwing open his doors to all friends during the time of a great annual fair, when lodgings were hard to find. Conchita's father was a rich planter, making plenty of money by the labor of poor Indians. Yes, Don F—— made plenty of money, but did not keep it, for he was an inveterate gamester. All his wife's entreaties availed nothing. His object in attending the great fair in the city of Izamal (Yucatan) was to sacrifice a few hours and many dollars at the tables, squandering the profits obtained from his sugar plantation. He was quite an old man, and the only being he really seemed to live was his daughter Conchita. She was about seventeen years old, very small, not more than four feet ten inches in height, and proportionately slender. A very pronounced brunette, perhaps having a slight tinge of Indian blood; this was particularly noticeable in her exceedingly dark eyes, and the obstinate straightness of her luxuriant black locks. Conchita had not a pretty figure, nevertheless she was graceful, and had beautiful little hands which appeared to advantage in playing the guitar. For the rest, though Conchita was called a belle, she really could make no pretentions to beauty, but a piquant expression made her face attractive. The wonder was how she managed to get music from the guitar, her hands being so very small. She wore a pink muslin dress, and various ornaments of gold. It was only eleven o'clock in the morning, but as soon as high mass had been celebrated in the great church standing on the opposite side of the square, the bullfight would commence; and merry maids were in evening dress, ready for that entertainment. The bull ring stood in the middle of the square. From the Salon where we sat listening to Conchita's performance, we soon saw people eagerly thronging to the spot; the gayly dressed white people, and the far more numerous natives, all clothed in white. Big and small, rich and poor, all must enjoy the bull fight. Many ladies took with them several young children, and as many servants to look after them.

"Come! come!" exclaimed Conchita, "we shall miss the first bull."

We all went to the ring and occupied a large box. Neither man nor horses were sacrificed on that occasion, nor even injured; only a few bulls were killed, much more mercifully than in any slaughter house. Every one enjoyed the fight; Conchita's cheeks were flushed to a pretty pink.

When we had returned to the house and partaken of fruit, Conchita came to me with her hands full of gold ounces, sixteen dollar pieces; six or eight of them filled her small palm. Said she, "See what papa has given me to play with!"

"And are you going to gamble?" asked I.

"No," laughed she, "I am going to keep it."

If she did lose any of that gold at the roulette table, we were not present; but her father threw away a few thousand dollars that very night, only desisting at sunrise because he had no more on hand to lose. He expressed no regret, but played again in the afternoon, merely saying, "Santa Maria" (the name of his plantation) "will give it all back to me in a few months."

Evening found Conchita at the ball, her clear brown skin made chalky white with powder, in which respect she was no exception to the other ladies; and all were artificial flowers, though natural ones could easily be obtained.

When the fair was over, Conchita was one of the first to leave Izamal for her home in the more eastern city of Valladolid. Don F.'s traveling carriage was one of those peculiar conveyances called Colan Koche, a wagon whose bottom is a network of thick ropes, on which is spread a thin mattress, serving as seat.

Conchita said she would never occupy any other part than the foremost end of it; so there she took her place beside the driver, a barefooted, dark-skinned native, in white cotton garments. Conchita had on a cambric dress, and a Mexican rebozo (scarf) over her head and shoulders—for it is only during the last few years that the ladies of Yucatan have taken to the use of hats and gloves. Don F—— stretched himself at full-length on the mattress and fell asleep, according to his habit.

Later on we saw Conchita at her home. She, no her mother, seemed to rule the household. Her three young brothers, one sister and half a dozen Indian servants all promptly obeyed her orders, though she seemed to bestow no affection on any of them.

When next we met Conchita she was in the capital, Merida, where the family had moved, occupying one of their own houses, so that the children might have more educational advantages than they were afforded at Valladolid. As for Don F——, he was nearly always away at the plantation.

With a carriage of her own, a fine piano and first-class teacher, Conchita was fairly contented; but a new thought had crept into her life, and much of her time was spent swinging in her silky pita hammock, and taking occasional whiffs from the smallest of cigarettes. About what was her mind so busy? Why, the poor little thing was in love, and even her piano hardly interested her any longer; it required much coaxing to induce her to practise half an hour a day. It would have been quite different had the course of her true love ran smooth. But alas! her father bitterly opposed her marrying a carpenter, even though that industrious young man did call himself a cabinet maker. What was to be done? Conchita was a very dutiful child, and really loved her father, he having always gratified her little whims and fancies. So when he forbade her to speak to or look at the dear Lorenzo, she yielded implicit obedience, requesting the love lorn one to not even approach the window behind whose iron bars she sometimes sat to look abroad.

She would pass in her carriage by his door, where he was taking the cool evening air, and never turned her head his way, saying to us, "It is hard, but he knows I think of him."

When carnival time came round, at the gay and brilliant balls where one seemed to be transported to Spain itself, Conchita might dance with whom she pleased save him. Then she sighed and said, "How hard; the only one I should like to dance with, I may not even glance at with a look of recognition; but some day papa will give his consent, when he sees how sad my life will become."

And he did at last; after three years' patient waiting the wedding was celebrated with Don F——'s full blessing. Just in time, for only a few weeks after Conchita had worn white satin and orange blossoms, she had to don a black garb and mourn the death of her father.

When we asked what she would have done about marrying, had he passed away without giving his consent, she replied, "Remained single all my life and Lorenzo would have done the same."

When we last saw Conchita she was fondly gazing on a little morsel of humanity, and she said, "Papa would have loved it."—[Boston Transcript.

Cremation is Older Than Inhumation.

If sun and fire worship be the earliest forms of religion in the world, it is reasonable to infer that cremation is older than inhumation. And yet the Chaldeans, who were fire worshippers, regarded the burning of a human body as a pollution of their deity, and the ancient Parsees, as do their modern representatives, exposed their dead to the attacks of beasts of prey, caring not about the flesh, and confident in the indestructibility of the bones. It is curious, however, that the ancient German races did not regard it as a pollution of the Earth deity to bury their dead. The Scythians, again, deified both fire and earth, and made their graves in the air, hanging the bodies on trees, while the Ichthyophagi of Egypt sought theirs in the sea. These last, it will be observed, thought to avoid corruption in the very manner which the Homeric heroes dreaded most—by the extinction of the fire of the soul in water.

The old Balearians, according to Diodorus Siculus, adopted a curious compromise. They affected urn burial without burning—crushing the flesh and bones into urns, upon which they heaped wood without fire. And that the Hebrews were not unacquainted with cremation is certain, for the men of Jabesh burned the bodies of Saul and his sons.

The Massagetæ, who, according to Herodotus, inhabited the country to the east of the Caspian, had a cheerful habit of boiling their aged and infirm relatives, and of feasting on their bodies, "esteeming universally this mode of death the happiest." Those who died from disease, however, were not eaten, but were buried in the earth as altogether unfortunate subjects, to be forgotten quickly as unworthy members of the family. Yet as the Massagetæ were sun worshipers, we may imagine something of the religious element in the boiling process.—[Scottish Magazine.

Will Explore Death Valley.

Secretary of Agriculture Rusk has been for some time engaged in organizing an expedition to explore the famous Death Valley in Colorado. This region is a veritable terra incognita. The heat there is so intense that dead animals do not decompose. Water in the valley is unknown, and the expedition will carry water and food for mules and men.

It is a question whether the animals will be able to survive the expedition. Two of the chief botanists of the department are at present working their way into the valley from Southern Nevada, while another expedition is on a march from Southern California, and the two expeditions are expected to meet, if nothing goes wrong with them, at a point previously decided upon in the valley.

Professor Merriam will leave in a few days to take charge of the expedition. There is reason to believe that there are rich gold and silver mines in the region named. A story is told by an adventurous miner who some years ago penetrated into the valley and found the skeleton of a miner. A wooden pail was lying near it and in it was a chunk of gold of great value.

On his return to California he showed his find to a group of miners and their curiosity was so excited that, other means failing, they tortured him to make him confess where he had found the gold, believing that he had discovered a gold mine, the location of which he would not reveal. Scientific men with the expedition will make a map of the country and secure specimens of such animals and insects as exist there, if any do. Secretary Rusk regards the expedition as of great importance.—[San Francisco Chronicle.

No Longer a Wonder.

The ox-hide shields of ancient warriors were said to be invulnerable to the sharpest arrow or spear. The secret of this strength lay in their make. Along with the hide the shield manufacturer used to cut off the least a layer of what passes nowadays for boarding-house steak.—[Philadelphia Press.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE SNOWBIRD.

When all the ground with snow is white,
The merry snowbird comes,
And hops about with great delight
To find the scattered crumbs.

How glad he seems to get to eat
A piece of cake or bread!
He wears no shoes upon his feet,
Nor hat upon his head.

But hopple t is he, I know,
Because no cage with bars
Keeps him from walking on the snow
And painting it with stars.

—[Harper's Young People.

HORSE SENSE.

A great many horses are fed on the streets from "eat-bags" drawn up over their noses, and wabbling about in a manner which must make it very uncomfortable to eat one's dinner in that way. A bright horse down in "Pie alley" the other day had nearly reached the bottom of his bag. It wabbled awfully, but the oats were sweet and he was hungry. In front of him stood a wagon, and the wagon had a wheel. Happy thought. He walked up to the wheel, rested his canvas bucket on the top of it, and finished his dinner to the last oat in a comfortable, leisurely manner, and with a twinkle in his eye. If that was not a triumph of mind over matter, what is?—[Boston Herald.

THE SPIDER MONKEY.

The spider monkey is remarkable for its long and prehensile tail which moves about among the branches of the trees as if there were an eye in the tip of it.

Should the monkey discover some prize, such as a nest of eggs or any little dainty which lies in a crevice too small for the hand to enter, it inserts the end of this extremely useful tail into the cranny and hooks out the desired object. Spider monkey is certainly a very appropriate name for this animal, for its head is so small, its body so short (measuring less than a foot), its limbs so slender, and its tail so limbelike, that anyone seeing it is immediately reminded of the long-legged spider that scuttle so awkwardly over the ground.—[Detroit Free Press.

AN INSECT GOLIATH.

The bird spider of tropical America grows to be three inches in breadth and as much as four and a half in length, being the largest of the several hundred species of spiders known to naturalists. Its nests resemble those of the large caterpillars of France and Spain, and consist of a white silken tissue of several thick layers, and strengthened by very strong threads capable of arresting the flight of any small bird. In the centre of this nest are placed the eggs, 1500 to 2000 in number. The creature is very powerful and is provided with formidable instruments of attack, enabling it not only to destroy small birds and the young of larger species, as some writers have maintained, but large lizards and reptiles.—[St. Louis Republic.

A LITTLE GIRL WITH TWO FACES.

I heard a strange thing the other day. It was of a little girl who had two faces. When she is dressed up in her best clothes, when some friends are expected to come to tea, or when she is going out with her mother to call on some neighbors, she looks so bright and sweet and good that you would like to kiss her. With a nice white dress on, and perhaps a blue sash, and pretty little shoes, she expects her mother's friends will say: "What a little darling!" or, "What a sweet face, let me kiss it!" And so she always has a nice smile on her face, and when she is spoken to she says "Yes, ma'am," "No, ma'am," when she ought, and "Thank you," very sweetly, when anything is given her.

But, do you know, when she is alone with her mother, and no company is expected, she does not look at all the same little girl. If she cannot have what she would like, or do just what she wishes, she will pout, and scream, and cry, and no one would ever think of kissing her then.

I also know a little girl who has only one face, which is always as sweet as a peach, and never sweeter than when she is at home, and her mother wants her to be as useful as she can and help her. I think I need scarcely ask you which of these little girls you like best, or which of them you would like to resemble.—[New York Witness.

An Idea for Your Feet.

Shoeman at Field's: We have many complaints about tender feet and sore ankles. If people who suffer in this respect will take a flat sheet of rubber and cut out two pieces large enough to fit inside of the shoe soles they will find immediate relief.—[Chicago Tribune.

A CURIOUS FACT.

How a Steam Launch Was Built by a Gold Hunter in Alaska.

Engines and Boiler of Ordinary Gas Pipe and Sheet Iron

Under the cover of an old tarpaulin stretched over some pieces of scantling on a corner of Long wharf, in proximity to the Ariel Club boathouse, is a very peculiar craft. It has a history that few people in San Francisco know, and the details were told to a Chronicle reporter by one of the rowing men.

"That's a queer-looking boat," said the votary of aquatics. "It's a steam launch built on the big Yukon river in Alaska by Charley Farriot, an engineer and prospector, in 1883. Charley was one of the men that went up to Alaska to search the Yukon river banks for gold with the Schiefflin party. I guess every one knows that they found but little gold, and all returned to San Francisco except Farriot. He wouldn't give up, and located at a place called Nuklakayet, 100 miles up the river. After going about in birch bark canoes to various likely looking places he began to get tired of the slow method of transportation. So he thought a steam launch would prove of use in his travels. But how to build an engine was the great problem. The hull of the boat he and some traders constructed from drift wood sawed into planks, and the fastenings were improvised bolts of rod iron.

"Among the stores that Schiefflin left on the river were a number of lengths of gas pipe of various sizes and a few sheets of thin Russia iron. With great ingenuity Farriot went to work, and so many succeeded in building cylinders and a boiler of the coil type out of the gas pipes. Connecting rods, eccentrics and other parts of the engine were built of rod iron and any pieces of metal he could pick up around the trading post.

"Well, the boat was finished and the engines in place, but the propeller was wanting. Nothing daunted, Farriot built a furnace of clay, made molds and with scraps of iron and brass he cast the articles. For the smokestack ordinary stovepipe was made use of. The shaft, a very short one, was hammered by hand and a good job it was, well answering the purpose.

"In June, 1883, the little launch was put into the water, and she proved a complete triumph. Farriot made several trips up and down various small rivers, tributaries of the big river, but I don't know if he found any gold. However, he told me that the launch saved his life on one occasion. He and a native employed to steer and pilot the boat were asleep one night on the banks of a slough, when they were suddenly aroused by a scraping on the side of the launch. Farriot rose from his bed on the bottom of the launch and saw three bears trying to climb into the boat. Quick as thought he opened the valve of the little steam whistle, which emitted what the bears evidently deemed a very peculiar sound, as they speedily sheered off toward the shore. They had probably been attracted by the smell of a freshly killed deer that had been shot on the previous day by the natives.

"The little launch was brought to this city from the Yukon river on the steamer St. Paul about five years ago, and has made a few trips on the bay. Her method of construction and the material used in building the engines have aroused much admiration for Farriot's capabilities among the machinists of this city."—[San Francisco Chronicle.

He Had an Object.

"Look here," said a Sixth avenue druggist to a boy who had come in and gone out of the store and left the door open each time, half a dozen times in one afternoon, "you must be a very careless boy. I have had to shut that door after you each time you have gone out."

"I know it," replied the boy.

"Then it was done purposely on your part?"

"Yes, sir. My brother has patented a door spring, and my object was to call attention to it. Put you one on for a dollar which will shut that door a million times and never miss a cog."—[New York Sun.

A Different Man Altogether.

Gay—I feel like a new man to-day.

Bright—Do you? Glad to hear it. Perhaps you can see your way clear to pay that little bill.

Gay—I'm a new man, I told you. You can't expect me to assume the liabilities of the old concern.—[Boston Transcript.

Sitting Bull's Pride.

During a visit of Sitting Bull and some of his braves to Washington several years ago it was decided to take a photograph of them in the Capitol. The photographer got his camera ready, and the group was arranged. Several of the Indians had on their hats, and through one of the interpreters the photographer suggested that the picture would look better with heads uncovered. The Indians were loath to remove their hats, but finally after much persuasion they consented to appear in the picture bareheaded. Only Sitting Bull refused. He had on a tall silk hat of an ancient date—probably "of the vintage of '79"—and he was evidently impressed with his own appearance.

The photographer appealed to him through the interpreter to remove the hat; but Sitting Bull made no reply. He merely folded his arms, threw himself "back on his dignity" and struck a heroic attitude. He presented a most ludicrous appearance, but he swelled with evident pride and dignity, and I said not a word. The photographer saw it was useless, and so the picture was taken. In the group of forty or fifty Indians there appeared only one with covered head. That one was the old chief Sitting Bull.—[Brooklyn Citizen.

A Game Oasis.

The surveyors of a railroad line along the south shore of the Caspian have called attention to the existence of a hunters' paradise in a region which thus far has been almost entirely neglected by the sportsmen of western Europe. In the Persian province of Khorassan, and about thirty English miles south of the Bay of Astrabad, the coast-hills swell into mountains which run for nearly two hundred miles in a northwesterly direction, and in several places rise to a height of fifteen thousand feet above tide-water. The summit region of this majestic range, known as the Elburz mountains, is covered with stately forests and abounds with game to a degree that would have delighted even the venison-surfeited soul of Dan Boone. Elk, deer and roes are met at all highland meadows; a species of wild cows haunt the jungles of the larger rivers, and bears and panthers are so frequent that the mountain shepherds have to defend their flocks by packs of mastiff-like watch-dogs.—[New York Voice.

False Teeth Lengthen Life.

Very few people realize how much the dentist has done for mankind. To mention one thing only, the perfection to which the manufacture of false teeth has been carried has practically abolished old age—that is, old in the sense that I used to know it. You see none of the helpless, mumbling old men and women that you formerly did. This is not because the people do not attain the age their parents and grandparents reached, but because the dentist has prevented some of the most unpleasant consequences of advanced years. Men of 70 no longer either look or feel old, because they are not deprived of nourishing food at the time when they need it most. Statistics have been made showing that the average length of life has been increased from four to six years by the use of false teeth.—[St. Louis Dispatch.

A Witty Answer Brought Success.

A young newspaper man who last spring found himself in Whitman County, Washington, nine miles from his base of supplies and "stake" hired out to a farmer. He was set to ploughing with a pair of horses, but both man and beasts being new to the business, the furrows looked as if they were the result of an earthquake rather than of design, so crooked and zig zag were they. At the close of the day the farmer rather tersely criticised the job. The newspaper man felt that his doom was sealed, but mustered courage to reply: "I know the rows are rather crooked, but the sun was exceedingly hot today, and it warped them." The answer turned away the farmer's wrath, and, instead of being discharged, the newcomer was given a much easier and pleasanter job, and is now the farmer's son-in-law.

Future of the New England Country.

Our citizens of foreign birth are seeking and have sought the New England farms, and are there going through the experiences which made our own ancestors self-supporting farmers; to wit, living prudently, saving their money, making no show of dress or equipage or lavish living, and raising large families of boys and girls, and keeping them at work indoors and out of doors, at home. There is no fear for the future of New England rural life, says the Hon. John D. Long in the New England Magazine.

Under and Over the Stars.

I have slipped away from the music,
The laughter light and the flowers,
And out where night-gathering shadows,
Fall fast in the path of the hours.

I can hear the feet of the billows
As they tread over the wide sand-bars
And lie at rest on the silent warm grass
Looking up at the beautiful stars.

On the brown jewelled breast of our mother
I lay my head, weary with care;
The wind has blown chill through life's valleys
And scattered its snows in my hair.

I catch from yon dark-masted schooner
The songs of some homeward bound tars
We both see the lights of a harbor,
But—I look at the beautiful stars.

So I lie on the grass while evening
Glides by with her feet shod with dew,
And the lights fade out of the windows,
For the cares of to-day are the night.

But perchance when the dead of summer
Again earth's lost poison bears,
I shall be lying under the grass,
Looking down at the beautiful stars.

—[Grace D. Roe, in the Boston Transcript.

HUMOROUS.

A night watchman—The astronomer.

Reputation may be a bubble but it is not best made by a blower.

Instead of trying to appease the editor, Spring poets keep on adding fuel to the flames.

When a brainless individual gets a cold in the head, it is a case of a long-felt want being filled.

Beggar—Say, this quarter you gimme has got a hole in it. Wickwire—It is a lucky thing for you that it hasn't a string to it also.

The man who pays his rent when it is due must keep his dog, and it is also a fact that the man who doesn't pay his rent keeps moving right along.

"I tell you the poor have no chance." That's particularly true in regard to poetry. I know editors who reject poems for no other reason than that they are poor.

He—You absolutely refuse, then, to share my lot in life? She—Absolutely. He—There are plenty of fish in the sea. She—Well, if it's fish you want don't let me detain you.

A morning paper, in noting the successful career of a venerable man who has just died in Maine, makes the startling announcement that "he was born without a dollar in his pocket."

"There goes a young fellow who lives on the fat of the land and doesn't do a stroke of work." "How does he do it?" "Well, you see, his mother is the fat woman in the dime museum."

"Soap, Charlie, don't ask me. I've always regarded you as a good joke, that's all," said the fair maiden. "Well, I tell you what," returned Charlie, "you'd better soap me right up. Good jokes are hard to find nowadays."

Miss Gossip—I hear your club had a meeting last night. Miss Dorcas—Yes, indeed. We had a splendid dinner at Delmonico's that cost $20 a plate, after which our president read a doleful paper on "How to live on $500 a year."

Drainage.

How few people realize the results of extensive drainage, such as a highly civilized country presents. No inconsiderable changes are wrought by artificial drainage. Much of surface water, instead of being left to form marshes, saturate the soil, or be taken up by evaporation, is carried away underground through drain-pipes. Consequently the air is not so moist as formerly, and the soil, instead of being constantly chilled by evaporation, is rendered warm and genial. This result has been particularly noticed in England and Scotland, where very extensive areas have been artificially drained. Holland has been, one might say, reclaimed from the sea. The water has been dyked out, and many parts of the country that were the bottom of the sea, are now dry land, and, though below sea-level, form the homes of happy and industrious communities. Years ago there were, along the lower banks of the Mississippi, "drowned lands," subject to overflow and uninhabitable, covering an area larger than the State of New York. Many of these lands have been reclaimed by means of levees. Thus, by man's agency, are the surface, climate and general physical condition of the earth being changed.—[The Ledger.

Our Legless Population.

It is estimated that there are about 350,000 persons in this country with only one or with no legs. Many lost their limbs in the war, but since that time the great amputator is the railroad. Ninety per cent of amputations are chargeable to the railroad, according to a writer in the New York Times, who says that among 9056 cases of loss of limbs reported in the daily papers in six months 8500 were railroad cases.