

The railroads of the United States have cost nearly ten billions of dollars

Some of the largest ocean steamers can be converted into armed cruisers in thirty hours.

There are four natives of Georgia and seven of Kentucky in the United States Senate. New York furnishes eight and Ohio six.

An historical writer of recent date says that in year 1820 it was nothing uncommon to see teams of trained Apaches in Illinois and Missouri.

A complaint comes from Russia of the scarcity of physicians throughout the Empire. The number of medical men is only one in 6000 of the entire population. These are mostly in the large cities. The village population has only one in 30,000, while the remote provinces have only one doctor to 120,000 people.

A New York confidence man says that he and his fellows victimize more cities than lawsuits. The rural visitor, when he comes to town, is suspicious and on his guard; while the city man who thinks he knows it all, is a much easier victim. Besides he does not run to the police when he is "jerked."

A writer in Harper's Weekly, in criticizing James M. Bailey, of Danbury, Mass., tells us that the Danbury News man would never allow an article reflecting upon the private life of any individual or likely to wound any person's sensibilities, to be published. He preferred that his journal should chronicle the good deeds of his town people, rather than reveal their weaknesses and failures.

Canada promises to offer notable treasures to future historians of that continent. The Archives Department of Ottawa now presents for reference 320 volumes of printed correspondence, and many hundreds of copies of documents bearing upon the history of the New England colonies, Acadia, French Canada and the more western regions. The British War Office handed over to the Department some three and a half tons of valuable historical material, comprising 400,000 official documents.

All Europe seems to the New York Times to have the exhibition fever, and some sort of world's fair is to be held in every European capital during the year. And the epidemic is spreading farther afield. Alexandria is preparing a national exhibition of ancient and modern Egypt, to be open in that city during the coming summer. It is to be a complete exposition of the modern life, social, industrial, and artistic of the land of the Pharaohs, and also of much of the country's wondrous past.

Chemistry seems likely to furnish substitutes for the expensive perfumes now made from flowers, predicts the New York Sun. It has long been known that the exact odor of the banana is produced in the laboratory. There seems a possibility, however, that even when some fragrant plants cease to be cultivated for the perfume, may yet become of importance in surgery. It has been discovered that some such plants are free from the attacks of insects and from fungous growths, and this may be due to the fact that their essential oils have antiseptic qualities. The eucalyptus yields an antiseptic, and so do other familiar plants.

Says the New York Observer: We do not know how many hundred thousand times the old adage that "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," has been repeated, but we think it is about time that some one should give us a condensed suggestion of the possible evil effects of great knowledge. It is not at all certain that the wonderful knowledge achieved in the scientific world, which enables men to make such deadly munitions of war as are now produced, is a blessing to mankind. The London Spectator calls attention to the fact that the new explosive of anarhine could not have been created without the diffusion of chemical knowledge. A burglar can use chloroform in his nefarious purposes quite as successfully as a surgeon can relieve pain with it. Much of the crime of the day is committed by persons of education, whose resources in that respect aid them in their operations. The conclusion to be reached in the matter is, that knowledge, like all other good things, needs to be sanctified, in order to be put to the highest use for the blessing of mankind and to prevent its perversion.

"We have a trustworthy man on purpose for that work," was the reply. "That may be," said I skeptically, "but after all, if you could let me have an alarm clock, I would feel more safe."

"I will lend you my own, although I assure you it is unnecessary," said the host, and accordingly I carried the tiny clock to my room, wound the alarm, set it at six, stood it on a little table beside the bed, and went to sleep with a quiet mind.

I was in a heavy slumber when I felt my arm being shaken violently.

"What's the matter?" I grumbled without opening my eyes.

"You have only just time, sir," said a voice in my ear.

"Time for what?" I asked, looking up drowsily.

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For larger advertisements 10% extra  
rates will be made.

## The Golden Age.

If men were happy in the days of gold—  
Who should be sorry and complain?—  
Has Nature failed her fertile ground, or old  
Land lost its power the fanning fields and

soil?

Has rain made the harvests of the sky?

Or have the mountains stopped their royal

stones?

Have warmer winds lowered the battle-axe?

Has the dragon-like lion said to roar?

Has not the tiger been tamed?

Have the continents moved all away?

Are the oceans running wild in flood?

Look forth! Look forth!

Look forth! Look forth with shout and cheer,

Behold! Behold!—and here's our hero!

E. H. Miller, in Independent.

## HUMOROUS.

Teacher: What is the punishment of the wife to which Johnny—To bad.

"Hic et nunc sit et mundus?"  
Small brother: "The shield saved up  
coupons." Ugh.

Many a person thought the old boy played the piano when he really did, she is only playing with the piano.

Can anybody give a good reason why dogs should roll when they are required to walk every time?

"Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me."  
She replied, "I kiss."

"When he looks at me."  
He means me.

Patience out among us is nothing compared to a man waiting for an empty pocket full of matches.

Such is that a woman's life is a sum of vanity. I hope Well, it isn't half enough for a man's manners.

"The modern Hindoo," said Uncle Allen, with his eyes on the open book, "is a most wonderfully high-minded proceeding."

Take these medicines to medicament, and the body will be soon well.

"Dad, I am supposed to be plain, but the medicine is not good."

There was great consternation on the part of the Oriental last evening," wrote the critic, "when Ali Sung, the leading actor, left home."

A lawyer said to him: "You're a nice fellow, ain't you?" Witness replied: "I am, but if I was not on my oath I'd say the same of you."

"What sort of a doctor are you?" Will asked the doctor. "Perhaps I can help you?" "Well, sir?" said Will. "Unconscious Americans."

My heart is very sorely grieved.

Curse me, curse me.

Curse me, curse me.

Miss Eddy: I don't understand why some women are so vindictive towards me. I have never tried to be unkind to any woman.

Mrs. Clutter: Do you believe that sickness can be affected by the laying on of hands? Mrs. Clutter: Most certainly. I cured myself from smoking in that way.

"I'll send you a pal to contempt of court, sir," said the mate, piling up the money.

"I'm afraid you'll be disappointed," replied the lawyer. "Don't do your Honor," pleaded the lawyer. "I don't want a trial sentence."

"What's the name of your patient?" "Gandy," was the ready reply.

"The doctor's all right."

Jack: I'm going into the perfumery business. Tom: Why not? You don't know anything about it, do you?

Jack: No, but if I had, I'd be sure to come out a few scents ahead.

"Why, sir," said the young man, "why you refer to them as sublime, inconceivable poems?" "Because," replied the editor, "they are." "Well, sir?" "It has more than a faint and transient effect."

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"To catch your train," was the reply.

I sat up and glanced at the clock.

"It was half past six!

Without another word, I leaped from the bed with such precipitation

that I threw over the table with the

little clock, dashed into my clothes,

crowded my few belongings into my

trunk frantically, flew down the stairs,

four at a time, sprang into the stage

which was awaiting me, and hardly

drew breath until I was on the train.

—Sarah K. Barnes, in the Independent.

## Beware of the Bomb!

I was looking over the papers in the smoking-room of a Paris cafe. My eye chanced to fall upon the "Echoes of the Stage" column, and I exclaimed:

"At it again!"

A Frenchman sitting near me looked up in wonder at my exclamation, so I hastened to explain, speaking fluently, in very bad French:

"Round the World in Eighty Days" is on the boards again. Will they ever have done with that absurd affair? They seem to think it a feat

equal to the labors of Hercules."

The Frenchman looked shocked.

"Philips Egg was no better than a bomb!" I cried heatedly. "I could do much better than he—"

"You can go round the world in less than eighty days?" asked my hearer slowly, and I saw him in the same tone: "I will go round the world in seventy days if you like."

"I take you up!" he cried.

"What do you bet?"

"Five thousand francs."

"Done," said I, and we exchanged cards and bows.

That was how it came about that I left Paris for the East on the 5th of January, and stepped on board a transatlantic steamer from New York pier on the 5th of March. So far I had not lost a minute, and now it only remained to be seen whether I should reach Havre in seven days as the steamship company promised. It would be a close shave, but a variety of detours might occur; a slight accident to the machinery, and all would be lost.

I was nearly consumed with anxiety but the ship acted up to her reputation, and soon more or less on French soil.

I cast the ship a look of gratitude as she lay at the Harve pier letting off steam from her monstrous boiler. Then I glanced at my watch. It was four in the afternoon; there was plenty of time for me to dine at my ease and catch the six-forty express. That would bring me to Paris at half-past eleven. I took out my time-table to make sure. As I ran my eye down the column of figures, an inspiration came to me.

"Let me go!" I cried. "Let me go! And I swear I will come back in an hour—"

The gendarme's lips described a circle behind his thick mustache, as he took possession of me again, this time with both hands.

"Come, now, don't try that," said one of the railway officials; "you may as well confess. You arrived from New York in great haste and under suspicious circumstances. Who are you? What have you in this trunk?"

"Clothes, nothing but my clothes," I answered, speaking worse French than usual in my agitation.

"No explosives?" insisted the official.

"Explosives? What for? I am not a pyrotechnist, nor a chemist."

"Then what is the meaning of this strange noise?" Inside your trunk there is a sound of machinery—in short, an infernal machine. Yesterday, the London police arrested four American anarchists who had similar articles in their possession. Your trunk is to be opened."

"I know it is to be opened," I said.

"What's the use of starting this evening?" I said to myself, "if I get there too early, it will look as if I were afraid of losing the water. How much better to arrive at the very last second, with brilliancy and dash and dramatic effect, just as they do on the stage. That would be worth of a genius. Now, here is a train which leaves Havre tomorrow morning at 6.55, and reaches the Saint Lazare Station at 11.30. The time fixed for me to meet the fellow at the office of the Semaphore just before the first stroke of noon, I can easily go from Annecy in time to catch the 6.55."

"Come, now, don't try that," said the official again.

"I will go to the 6.55 train tomorrow morning," I said to the hotel-proprietor; can you have me awakened in time?"

"We have a trustworthy man on

purpose for that work," was the reply.

"That may be," said I skeptically,

"but after all, if you could let me have an alarm clock, I would feel more safe."

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"Here I am, gentleman!"

## Messenger Swallows.

The next instant the first stroke of noon sounded from the Exchange clock.—[From the French, in Romance.]