

Remarkable and Strange Story.

Just as day was dawning the other morning, William F. Parkes, who is nearly 70 years old, or that portion of him which still lives, was found by Henry Murphy, a grave-digger, lying unconscious upon Parkes' own grave, in a remote part of a St. Louis cemetery.

The unconscious man had but one arm, no legs whatever, and a portion of his left shoulder had been cut away by surgeons' knives. He had fallen from his little wheel chair into his grave, and had evidently lain there all night. The dead portion of Mr. Parkes lay buried in a rosewood coffin in the grave upon which he was found. He had come, as was his custom, to decorate and care for his own grave, and had fainted while trying to pull up a very stubborn weed.

Mr. Parkes was carried to the gatehouse, and afterward to a neighboring residence.

With the help of a physician he was revived after an hour's hard work. After a few hours' rest Mr. Parkes was taken to his home, in a humble little abode hardly half a mile from the cemetery gate.

The story of Mr. Parkes' life and his queer mania is indeed a remarkable and interesting one. Half of him is dead and buried, but in the rosewood coffin, which he purchased himself, there is still room enough for the rest of him when life passes away. He was his own undertaker, and one shroud will suffice for him, yet he will have two funerals.

Mr. Parkes was born in a suburb of Detroit, Mich., a little less than seventy years ago. His father was well-to-do. When he graduated from school—the story is told by himself—he refused to attend college, and spent all his time breaking colts and training trotters.

When but 20 years old he married Bessie Woodruff, whom he had known since infancy. This was but the commencement of his matrimonial career.

Mr. Parkes lost his first wife a year after he married her, and shortly after her death he met with his first accident. While riding a half-broken colt one day the horse suddenly shied and threw him to the ground, breaking his left leg. The surgeon who was called to attend him set the leg wrong, and it was necessary to break it again. The operation was not a success, and blood-poisoning set in. His foot swelled and mortified, and in order to save his life the doctors amputated it.

They thought they had stopped the progress of the poison, but in a few days it became apparent that it was extending further up the leg. A week afterward they amputated the leg at the knee. After a month of suffering the wound healed up, and a short time after that the deadly poison again commenced to work. After a lengthy consultation the physicians decided to cut the leg entirely off. This they did, and by doing so saved Mr. Parkes' life.

The doctors wanted to take the pieces of the leg to dissect, but young Parkes insisted that they should be buried. After much arguing his wish was gratified—his leg, in three pieces, being buried in a neighboring cemetery.

When Parkes finally recovered he married his dead wife's sister, who had nursed him during his long illness. Mr. Parkes decided to go to Saratoga Springs for his health and take his young bride with him. He was never to reach the place.

When half way to his destination the sleeping-car that carried him and his wife jumped the track and a disastrous wreck occurred. Mr. Parkes' remaining leg was crushed and mangled and he was taken from the wreck unconscious. Clashed tightly in his arms was his young bride, but she was dead. A horrible gash in her white forehead told the rest of the story.

Young Parkes' father was hastily notified, and he insisted that his son should be sent home. Notwithstanding his precarious condition, his wounded limb was bandaged and he was conveyed to his father's house, twice a widowed man.

For many long hours the best surgeons that could be procured labored to save his remaining leg. At the end they were compelled to amputate the leg close to the body. The grave was opened and the leg buried with the other, leaving Mr. Parkes a man without legs.

He was now almost entirely helpless, and for a year he remained in his father's house, almost without a hope, and longing for death. Summer came, and a unique wheel-chair was made for Mr. Parkes, and he propelled himself for short distances about the neighborhood.

Among the boarders at an adjoining farm was Miss Bessie White. She was a consumptive, and had but one arm, that member having been crushed by a fall. Her father was wealthy, and she had considerable

money in her own right. Young Parkes met her. They both were unfortunate, and their feelings were akin. Three weeks afterward they were married by the village parson.

Parkes' life seemed to brighten, and for two years—the brightest of his life—he lived with his young wife in Detroit. Then her fatal disease asserted itself, and after a lingering illness of three months she died. She left him \$20,000 and a little baby girl.

Parkes went back to his father's house, sad and entirely dejected. He hired a nurse for his baby and determined to devote the remainder of his life to her welfare.

The nurse, a widow named Mrs. Maria Lawler, was still young and handsome. Parkes fell in love with her and soon asked her to become his wife. She refused, but for six months he fought his suit with such persistence that he conquered, and they were married by a Catholic priest, Mrs. Lawler having been brought up in that denomination.

Mr. Parkes bought a neat little cottage near his father's farm, and in it he installed his wife and child. A few months afterward his father became very ill, and young Parkes remained constantly beside his bed.

One night, when he was watching his dying father, a servant whom he had hired came home to his cottage intoxicated, upset a kerosene lamp in his room, and set the house afire. Mrs. Parkes and the baby were sleeping soundly, and before assistance arrived they both were smothered to death. Just as the sad news was brought to Mr. Parkes, who sat at his father's bedside, his aged parent raised himself, uttered a few incoherent words, and fell back dead.

Parkes' father and his wife and child were buried on the same day. It was a sad day for Parkes. After the graves had been covered and the last sad words spoken, Parkes was placed in a carriage to be taken to a now utterly cheerless home. As the carriage was crossing some railroad tracks an engine came screeching along, the horses became mad with fright, and, despite the efforts of the driver, they dashed down the road at headlong speed. Parkes was within, utterly helpless. Suddenly the carriage collided with a tree, smashing the vehicle instantly killing the driver, and throwing Parkes out, breaking his left arm in two places and crushing it.

He was carried home unconscious, and when he was himself again the doctors had amputated the arm close to the shoulder. It was buried with the other portions of Mr. Parkes.

For many years he remained in his mother's house, passing the time the best he could. Two years ago his mother died, and shortly afterward he sold the farm and came to St. Louis. He bought the little cottage he now owns and determined to pass the remainder of his life there.

When he was settled he purchased a handsome rosewood coffin, placed it in his parlor and sent for the remainder of his body. When they arrived he purchased a dress suit, dressed the legs in the trousers, the arm in one coat sleeve, and placed them in the coffin in their natural positions. The rest of the suit he is saving until the rest of him is dead.

Once a week Parkes determined he would visit his own grave, decorate it, and keep it in good order. He had a little chair made, so he could propel himself by turning a crank.

On his second trip to his grave Mr. Parkes was run over by a runaway horse and his left shoulder was severely injured. The doctors were compelled to take out a bone and cut away a large portion of the flesh. The grave was opened again and the bone and flesh placed in the coffin at Mr. Parkes' direction.

He is a familiar figure to all the workmen in the cemetery and they call him "the man who is dead, but living."

When he was found unconscious this morning the physician declared that he had but a short time to live, and he now, although apparently in good health, seems to think that the time is not far off when what remains of him will be ready for the grave and his remarkable life will be ended.

An Interesting Book.

Robert Hunter, M. D., of New York, the celebrated consumption specialist, has just published a very interesting little work entitled "The Story of Consumption." It treats of this most insidious disease under the headings: Its true theory now established; its treatment through the stomach; its treatment through the skin; its treatment through the lungs the only rational treatment; criticisms of Dr. Koch's lymph treatment. This concise and valuable little treatise may be had upon application at 101 Bay street Toronto.

Scientific and Industrial.

The distinction is now said to belong to Bombay of possessing the greatest piece of solid masonry construction that the world has seen in modern times. It appears that for years past the water supply of Bombay depended upon works known to be defective, involving the possibility of a water famine in that great Eastern seaport, and in view of this a consultation of eminent engineers was held, under the direction of the Government, with the result that a large dam was determined on, to enclose the watershed of the valley which drains into the sea south of Bombay. This gigantic structure, designed and accomplished by the superior engineering skill of T. C. Glover, is two miles long, 118 feet in height, and 103 feet wide at the base, with a roadway on the top twenty-four feet wide, the stonework alone costing \$2,000,000. The lake of water which this dam imprisons is some eight square miles in area, and sixty miles of pipe perform the service. Twelve thousand Hindoos were specially trained by Engineer Glover for employment on this dam.

A French firm have had built for them on the Clyde what is said to be the largest sailing ship in the world, 360 feet long, 48 feet 9 inches broad, and 30 feet deep, with gross tonnage of about 3,760 and dead-weight carrying capacity at 6,150 tons. There is a double bottom, with capacity for 1,000 tons of water ballast, while amidships there are several watertight compartments, for 1,200 tons of water, the cubic capacity of these compartments, eight in number, being nearly 43,000 feet—equal to carrying 1,200 tons of water ballast or cargo when the ship is laden, and efficient pumping arrangements are provided. The mizzenmast is a single piece, 140 feet in length, and the lower and topmasts in the other cases are also each in a single piece, the lengths above deck varying from 150 to 168 feet, and the diameters showing 17 to 30 inches, that of the topgallant masts being 10 to 16. The length of the lower yards is 82 feet, of the upper yards 77, and the bowsprit is 50 feet long and 12 to 30 inches in diameter.

Engineers pronounce as simply perfect the Cramp method of building large boilers with thick plates for high pressures. These plates are in the first place pickled in a wooden bath containing a five per cent. solution of sulphuric or hydrochloric acid, after remaining in which for about six hours they are removed and thoroughly scrubbed with hickory brooms, while a strong stream of fresh water is played upon them; they are then immersed in a bath of lime water to neutralize any remaining acid, and again washed with clean water. All holes are drilled, and the edges of the plates planed and bevelled for calking; the shell plating is bent cold to the proper curvature in the rolls, and the flanging is done by a hydraulic flanger, the plate being heated to a bright cherry red, a length of about eight feet being flanged at each heat; furnace mouth plates are flanged in cast-iron dies at a single heat. After the flanging of tube plates, &c., is completed they are reheated and the plates straightened on a cast-iron surface plate, being finally annealed by cooling in the open air from a cherry-red heat. The riveting is performed by a Tweddell hydraulic riveter, using a pressure of 1,500 pounds per square inch on the flange, which gives a stress of about ninety tons upon the rivet.

The twisted wire nail—a cross as it were between a screw and the ordinary plain wire nail—is said to be working its way into popular favor, and is believed to represent as great an improvement upon the plain wire nail as that useful invention is over the old cut nail; for while the latter tears and crushes the fibres of the wood as it is driven and its tapering shape destroys the greater portion of its holding power when it is partially withdrawn, the plain wire nail, on the contrary, being pointed and smooth, does not crush the wood fibres as does the cut nail, but presses them aside; and as the diameter of the nail is the same throughout its length, it fits as tightly and holds as firmly on being partially drawn as when driven home. The twisted wire nail not only crushes the fibres of the wood less than the two other forms of nails, but by its screw shape possesses a much greater holding power than the other forms. The nail in question is of English origin; but quite similar to this screw modification of the wire nail is the recent American idea brought forward, viz., the making of a wood screw that will drive nearly as well as a nail, and yet can be withdrawn by means of a screw driver as readily as any screw.

As is well understood, in the ordinary construction of double-expansion steam engines, and in all the compound locomotives that have thus far been built, a single low-

"August Flower"

For Dyspepsia.

A. Bellanger, Propr., Stove Foundry, Montigny, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower for Dyspepsia. It gave me great relief. I recommend it to all Dyspeptics as a very good remedy."

Ed. Bergeron, General Dealer, Lauzon, Levis, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower with the best possible results for Dyspepsia."

C. A. Barrington, Engineer and General Smith, Sydney, Australia, writes: "August Flower has effected a complete cure in my case. It acted like a miracle."

Geo. Gates, Corinth, Miss., writes: "I consider your August Flower the best remedy in the world for Dyspepsia. I was almost dead with that disease, but used several bottles of August Flower, and now consider myself a well man. I sincerely recommend this medicine to suffering humanity the world over." ©

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer.

Woodbury, N. Y. U. S. A.

pressure cylinder of about twice the sectional area of the high-pressure cylinder is used with each high-pressure cylinder—an arrangement which frequently necessitates a low-pressure cylinder of rather cumbersome diameter, and on this account is regarded with special disfavor by some locomotive engineers: some of the English compound locomotives are constructed on the plan of having only two cylinders, one high and one low pressure. But a radical departure from the ordinary practice in this line has lately been announced, the plan consisting in the substitution of two low-pressure cylinders of about the size of the high-pressure cylinder for the one large low-pressure cylinder, according to the well known arrangement. In the carrying out of this method the pistons in the low pressure cylinders are coupled by their rods to a single crosshead, and they move together.

A wood-carving machine, which is in reality an embossing machine, pressing any desired figure or form of wood engraving into a plain wood surface, has passed its experimental stage, and is now in use with large and practical results. This machine produces perfect imitations of hand carvings of all designs, on any length, width, and thickness of stock, and in the most satisfactory manner. The apparatus is simple in construction, occupies only two by four feet floor space, and is noiseless, automatic in action, and free from dust or dirt. It will perfectly finish from one thousand to two thousand lineal feet in ten hours, and from one thousand to two thousand pieces of panelling per day.

A liquid glue for joining wood to metals may be prepared, says M. Heeze by a mixture of 100 parts of argentine, 100 parts cabinet makers' glue, 25 parts alcohol, and 2 parts alum, the whole mixed with 200 parts of 20 per cent. acetic acid, and heated on a water bath for six hours; it possesses great resistive power.

No act, however long, is safe that does not match a thought that is still longer.—[Perrhurst.]

Hamilton Spectator:—A large dog came to the city treasurer's office to-day to buy his own tag. He had an envelope in his mouth containing the money and a letter stating that his name was Onkey Fly, that he lived at Derby cottage, Wellington street south, and had earned the money himself carrying messages. He got his tag and departed.

Mrs. Newed: "I always put some Pearl-line in my wash water. Do you ever use any?"

Mrs. Oldun: "Oh, yes, Pyle's."—The King's Jester.