# BATH PREAKING.

PROM THE INDEPENDENT

On the grave of Parson Williams The grass is brown and bleached, It is more than fifty winters Since be lived and laurhed and preached.

But his memory in New England No Winter anowa can kill; Of his goodness and his drollness Countless legends linger still.

And among those treasured legends I hold this one a boon, How he got to Deacon Crosby's hay On a Sunday afternoon.

He was midway to a sermon, Most orthodox, on grace, When a sound of distant thunder, Broke the quiet of the place.

Now the meadows of the Crosbys Lay full within his sight, As he glanced from out the window Which stood open on his right.

And the green and fragrant haycocks By acres there did stand; Not a mendow like the Descon's Far or near in all the land.

Quick and loud the claps of thunder Went rolling through the skies, And the Parson saw his Deacon Looking out with anxious eyes.

And called with might and main, "We must get in brother Crosby's hav. 'Tie our duty now most plain!" And he shut the great red Bible, And tossed his sermon down;

"Now, my brethren," called the Parson,

Not a man could run more swiftly Than the Parson to that town. And he ran now to the meadow, With all strength and speed,

And the congregation followed, All bewildered in his lead. Ha! not often on a Sunday Such sight as this, I ween,

Of a parson and his people, A New England town had seen With a will they worked and shouted, And cleared the fields space;

And the Parson led the sir ging, While the sweat rolled down his face And it thurdered, flercer, louder, And the dark grew east and west, But the hay was under cover.

And the Parson had worked best Not a moment had been wasted: The rain was falling fast As the Parson and his people

Through the village breathless passed And again in pew and pulpit Their places took composed; And the Parson preached his sermon

To "fifteenthly," where it closed. When the services were ended The people talking stayed, And among the sternly plous There were bitter comments made

And the good old Deacon Crosby, A meek and godly man, Hardly dared rejoice, his haycocks Had been saved on such a plan.

In haste, the narrow aisle, And the descon's bent old shou'ders He patted, with a smile,

And he said: "No fear, my brother, Lest God think it is a sin; For he sent the sun to make your hay, And your friends to get it in."

## AN ANATOMICAL WONDER.

A Man Who Can Unjoint Blim-celf and Twist Blis Body Into all Borts of Bhapes. A novel exhibition in anatomy was

given yesterday afternoon to the stu-dents of the Rush Medical College. At four o'clock the large amphitheater lecture room was filled with fledged and unfledged doctors, and in the arena stood Charles Warren, a man of about thirty years of age, of athletic appearance, and apparently jointed the same as ordinary mortals. But he soon showed that he differed from most men in his make-up, for there was hardly a joint in his whole body that he could not throw out of place, or at least give that appearance. He went through his distortions, much to the amazement as well as amusement of all. He commenced by giving a circulatory move-ment to the scapulæ, moving either one or both at a time, and without any apparent motion of the shoulders. He then threw the humerus into the axilo, disjointed his elbow, wrist and phalanges. This was done merely by the contraction of the muscles of the arm, and not by the pulling of one member by another. In none of his feats was by another. In none of his feats was there any such wrench of one joint from another. Without touching any part of his bodg with his hands, the joints would move out of position. He forced the femur from the thigh bone. This he could do while standing on one or both feet or while reclining. The dislocation caused an apparent shortening of the limb. Another striking feat was the turning of his feet so that he could touch the bottoms of them while his legs were perfectly straight. while his legs were perfectly straight. Perhaps the most remarkable of all

his powers was the wonderful expansi-ty of his chest. Medical works, upon the strength of examinations of thousands of them in the army and navy, generally give five inches as the maximum of expansion. The exhibitor could expand his from nine to twelve inches. Those who did not take much interest in other performances were wonderstruck at this. This feat was performed by the remarkable degree of the compressibility of the chest, and his power to force his heart and lungs into the abdominal cavity, and then of the power to force his viscera into his chest. The abdomen was hardly less curious when the viscera was forced upward by the diaphragm than was the inflated chest; for at each time there seemed to be an entire absence of or-gans in that part of the body, and to be no distance at all from the front wells

of the abdomen to the spinal column. This subject proved a fine study in

muscles in pairs or separately, and he could make them as distinct as if dis-

Mr. Warren concluded with an exhibition of his ability to contor; his whole body, drawing himself through rings, and performing other things, much to to the amusement of the students and the professors, if they had only felt at

liberty to give way to laughter.

Mr. Warren has a daughter who takes after himself, and can dislocate her joints with such ease that they like rattles. - Chicago Journal.

#### Wild-Cat Loose in a Theater.

There was a fight advertised to comoff at the Albambra Theater Sunday afternoon, between an eastern fighting bull-dog, named Turk, and a forty-two pound wildest, a victous brute, for \$100 a side—that is, the cat and dog were to fight for their lives, and men bet \$100 a side on the result. The fight was to be followed by a grand olio upon the stage. It was an immense bill, and it In due time the cat was introduced upon the stage, and was imme-diately followed by Turk; but at the first kiss of the dog the cat took to the audience, and the olio, instead of beaudience, and the offo, instead of being performed by the troupe, was done by the spectators, tooth and toe-nail accompaniment. The first bound of the cat took it upon the piano of the orchestra. The pawer of ivory left the swelling strain unfinished, and turned a back-handspring over among audience. The next leap of the "grandint" was at the contrabass, and both player and instrument went down player and instrument went down instanter with broken heads. The cal Agered loving.

To test their quality,
out among the audience. In an olio in dead earnest, but not the out advertised, although the fight was over it consisted of ground and lofts turbling, leap-frog, and such like the dexterity, all having a single of the dearence by a glimber to amuse the audience by a glimber sunlight out of the doors and under the free sky of heaven once more. It is player did his best. Time—shortest of record—169. Everything went off well—especially the audience. The cat was found a few moments later looking out of the boxes and waiting for an of the boxes and waiting for an off the boxes and waiting for an allen crown. To they can not converse with each others the deck resounds with a babel of tongs. lingered lovingly among the strings, as if to test their quality, and then sprang out among the audience. Then began

American rivals who claim to have made the electric light practicable for general and private use. But with each method is involved the unsolved problem of the cost of the light. Edison claims that as his is a light of incandes. cence, there is no consuming cost other than that required to run the steam engine. This he admits is quite heavy but he claims it is below the cost of gas light. Now comes Mr. Gary, of Boston, according to a special dispatch to the New York Times, of the 14th inst. who claims to have invented a magnet ie motor that solves the question of cheap power so far as it relates to the economical production of the electric light. Magnectic electric currents are usually produced by a cylinder or wheel volves within an outer cylinder or rim also studded with magnets. One set consists of permanent magnets, the other of induction magnets. Rotating either one of the wheels produces a constant change of position, the effect of which is to induce currents of electricity in the induction magnets. By multiplying their number a practically continuous current is discharged upon the conducting wire with which all the wires of the induction magnets have metallic connection. The current so generated will produce the electric light, but it is necessary to revolve the wheel rapidly. As Mr. Edison has found it necessary

to put up an eighty-horse power engine to work the machinery required to complete his experiments with the electric light on a large scale, it is obvious that to light up an entire city will require a vast amount of steam power, as nu-merous and very large electric generating machines must be used. This heavy expense Mr. Gary claims to have obviated by an important discovery relative to polarity in magnetic currents. The principle of it is that there exists a neutral line at a point in a magnetic field where polarity changes, and that no other movement is necessary than to barely cross that line. The current is not generated until the moving magnet reaches that line, and consequently a large portion of the magnetic field through which the magnet sweeps involves that much waste of mechanical power. To economize his d'scovery, Mr. Gary claims to have devised appliances that make very little power nec essary. The discovery is important, if true, as it will greatly cheapen the cost of the electric light, but in this age of premature surprises, fanned into existence by public expectation, it is well to await the "returns from the back counties" before accepting as a demonstra-ted fact the statements of even so trustworthy journal as the New York Times. But it is a source of gratulation to know that the best inventive genius of this quickening age is bending every energy to the solution of the electric light problem and that it may now be class-ed among the certainties of the early future. - Burlington Hawkeye.

# Harvest Scene in Minnesota.

We are now on Section 17, on which the harvesters are at work. It is high rolling ground and away on every side are seen the golden mounds thickly dotted with the shocks of wheat. Twelve hundred acres have already fallen before the greedy sickles of the favorite harvesters, and we are just in time to

without a jar, the nicely-bound sheaves failing lightly on the stubble, with heads

. We followed the procession, anxious to witness the complete operation; for this is not by any means a perfect field of wheat. Here the wind and rain have beaten down a backward piece, and the stalks lie broken and tangled. Straight on the machine walks, and every spear is bound, but the bundle is not handsome. Now comes a patch in which the trailing wild-pea vine wheat and all, and a tangled mass falls off the harvester, tightly bound. Now we reach a part of the field where strong. rank weeds, encouraged by the rain and sun, have reared their heads far above the wheat. This, we think, will try
the machine of the weeds are tough, and the
sap is growny. But there is fit such
thing as for are, and it binds the worthless weeds faithfully and easily as it and rours the fifteen giants walk, de-ing the work faithfully, although guided f green men, who find little to do exact attend to the horses.

A Babel of Tongues. e in Hungary, and the lannow Magyar. The politics are reage as those of Audris as the in which the patriot speaks.

The aspirations, but they are not mward, and the language points east rather than the west. Budais the Hungarian capital, and not ha; and the Magyar sympathies go the Turks, who are their near al-

the uttermost parts of Dalmatia. We now begin to understand how uneasy must be the head that wears the Austrian crown. The steamer passes out of the "Kaiserlich-Konigliche" dominons, and soon we have on our right hand a principality, in which we can see that the Turks, who now and then come on board at the chief stopping places, are by no means popular. are in Servia, and yet among the Slavs. But at the Iron Gate of the Danube again the people and the language range. Instead of a fair-haired people speaking German or any of the end-Slavonian dialects, we suddenly find the vessel boarded by swarthy douaniers who talk to each other a language strange to us. The towns on the left bank fly an unfamiliar flag. while the great fortresses opposite, which frown at similar buildings on the shore, are surmounted by the crescent and the star. We are in Wallacia, if we land on the north side, and in what was Turkey if on the south. The north shore is ruled by Carl I, of Roumania, until recently the tributary of the Sultan while the southern banks are inhabited by the Bulgarians, now by the flat of Europe once more a nation. The Bulgars on the south are, however, of a very different race from the Wallachs on the north. Tongue, manners and

### In the Arctic Sea.

traditions, all are different; this we

speedily discover as we steam down the

ever-widening river, and continually lowering banks. - Cassell's Magazine.

Now let me give you an instance of how the adoption of a hobby saved a ship's crew from scurvy. There were three of us altogether three full-rigged Greenland ships each with a crew, all told, of nearly ninety men, and I myself made one in one of the three; the weather had been exceedingly mild for several weeks, and in the pursuit of our avocation we had bored our way many. many miles in through the ice, towards Greenland West. There, thinking he was sure of us, King Winter blew on us from the north with his icy breath, and lo! we were held as in a vice, and thus remained for months, fully one hundred miles from blue water. As time went on, the fear that we might not escape from our snowy prison increased, and the captain of our vessel very properly reduced our allowance of food. Light was in plenty, both night and day, for the sun never set; water we had enough of and to spare; but, as I said, our provisions were stinted, and they were mostly salt. We had neither books nor games to amuse us, the solitude of our situation was more dreary than I can describe, for no living thing, bird or beast, ever came in sight. Besides, we had nothing positively to do, and too much time to do it in. Taking exercise in a case of this sort is very monotonous, because you know you are merely taking it to keep body and soul together. It was a happy thought then of old Peter Noble, our spectioneer, which found vent in the following words:

"Pitch ayway your pipes, lads; there is more to do in this world than smoke, and mop and moarn. Let us make silver rings for our wives and our sweet-hearts." "Bravo!" chorused his companions, "that's a capital idea; let us make rings for the dear ones at home. harvesters, and we are just them, and our minds will reveal them. This subject proved a fine study in the anatomy of the muscles, because he could contract them so as to show the position of each from origin to insertion. He had this power over the

ing ropes in splieting. Well, the coin, being adjusted on this handy instrument, had to be hammered gradually adown it, until the hole was supposed to be wide enough to admit the finger of the fair one for whom it was intend-ed; this done, it had to be filed, and afterward nicely polished. Of course there were both big and little rings to

"My little Mary," said one sailor, as he hammered away and thought of home; "biess her heart; her little finger ain't thicker than a pipe stalk,"
"An" said another, "but my Sue is a fine lass; half a crown ain't a bit too big for her finger." Now the upshot of all this ring making was that, first and foremost, there was not a coin left. trunks of the weeds are tough, and the sap is gamely. But there is fit such thing as folders, and it binds the worth-less woods faithfully and easily as it does the suable wheat. Still round and rour, the fifteen giants walk, do-ling the work faithfully, although its, and that the crews of both the disc ships were down with, and some died scurvy. Cassells Family Magazine.

# Billy Scott, a Maryland Segro. W. Claims that he is 149 Years Old.

Old Uncle Bill Scott, of Baltimore, in 149 years old. He was not Washing-ton's body-servant, but he was Love Howe's. He was born in Calvert County in 1729 and remained with his owner. Miss Percy Lawrence, till he was forty-eight (that makes 1777). He was then body-servant to Colonel Hoskins for four years (1782). While he with the Colonel's regiment was crossing the Rocky Mountains he was lassed by an Indian and detained a captive for two months and detained a captive for two months and a half. Then General Howe engaged him and paid him \$48 a month taking him to England after a year (1782), where Lord Howe obtained his services for \$100 a month, and they traveled together through Europe, Africa and Asia, the faithful domestic being specially impressed with what he saw in Japan. After spending thirty-two years in England, Japan, etc., old Uncle Bill Scott returned, the ship taking twelve months to cross the Atlantic (that makes it 1815). He then worked as a farm hand for Mr. Taneyhill for eight years (1823) and since then, for a period of over fifty years, by has done odd chores. He remembers the din of which a linguist might destructed the voices of Slavs, Germans, Czechs, Ruthemans, Poles, Slowens, Groats, Seros, Bulgars, Italians, Ladins, Magyars, Valaks, Jews, Armenians, Bohemians, and the dwellers in till Mr. Disney was fourteen years old, Mr. Disney says it was his father, born in 1767, that old Uncle Bill nucsed. Mr. Disney has made the following affidavit:

On the 9th day of December, A. D. 1878, before me, the subscriber, a Justice of Peace, for the State of Mary-land, in and for Baltimore County, per sonally appeared Snowden James Disney, and made oath on the Holy Evan-

gelists of Almighty God as follows: My name is Snowden James Disney. was born in a part of Anne Arundel County, now called Howard County, on the fifth (5th) day of October, in the one thousand eight hundred and second year of our Lord (1802 A. D.), making me in the seventy-seventh (77th) year of my age. I have known William Scott personally about fifty (50) years. He does not look any older, with an exception of a slight stoop in the shoviders, than he did when I first knew him. I have heard Scott and my father often speaking together of the latter's childhood days. My father told me that Scott, the same William Scott living at this day at No. 157 Sarah Ann street, had nursed him when he was a child. My father died thirty-five (35) years ago. He was at the time of his death in the seventy-sixth (76th) year of his age. As far as I know I believe Scott to be a truthful and trustworthy man. From information received from my father, and the traditions of my father's family, I honestly believe Scott to be fully as old as he claims to be, viz., one hundred and forty-nine (149) years of age.

SNOWDEN JAMES DISNEY. Test-Wm. Pole, sr., J. P. Sworn to and subscribed before WM. POLE, J. P.

## The Princess and the Scotch Reel.

This is the way, according to the New York Sun, that the Princess Louise danced the Scotch reel: "The dance was a Scotch reel, and

the hopping and spinning were some-thing extraordinary. The motion, while no doubt decorous to those familiar with it, was scarcely staid; and, moreover, the participants were urged on by a constant chorus of peculiar sharp cries from the bystanders and from one another, which were wild and unctuous, beyond anything that you would be willing to suspect. These cries, of course, and indeed the very nature of the dance itself, served to provoke a constantly increasing simulousness among those who took part, and, after a little while, the Governor General and the Princess were throwing their feet about with what may, to speak definitely within bonds, be called vigor. It was as pleasing as astonishing to behold her Royal Highness engaged in this exhilarating recreation, hounded on the while-that is the proper term to express the nature of the vociferations by the cries of a flushed and enthusiastic circle of onlookers. Her eyes were as bright as her diamonds, and a charming smile parted her lips as her feet, nimblest of all, stepped to the quick requirements of the reel. The Governor General was not less enthusiastic in pursuit of the dance, and stepped lightly, with precision, and very high."

At least one hotel is destroyed by fire every day in the United States and Canada. In fact, even this high figure is sometimes exceeded; for in 1877 the number of hotels burned was 451. In 1876 the number was 390, and in 1875 it was 337.

Miss Rose Hubbard, the daughter of an English Member of Parliament, is a successful poultry fancier, and can also cut down a tree almost as well as Mr. Gladstone himself.

Mr. Spurgeon has declined a gift of 25,000 from his congregation.

#### OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

# Felephone tione Crasy Trying to Serve too Many Masters.

The telephone occasionally goes crang yesterday into a shoe-store between which and its wholesale manufactory a telephone had been constructed was amused to behold the genial proprietor with face affame and eyes dilating dan-cing a horapipe, while to his ears he held the speaking tube of the instru-

"What the blank, blank, blank does the idiot mean? he exclaimed to the clerks who amixbly clustered around him. One does not always let a chance to see a shoe manufacturer cause. Suddealy changing the tube from his ear to his mouth, he shouted out. "D. your salt fish; I tell you to have those s made to button. An interval of silence.

mutton; button," he shricked. to the lookers on to be the lookers on the lookers of the lo darking question: "Have you got too I sent up packed in hee?" "he are you?" called out the re-

To. J. 143-7 preferred. Take said streebody softly, as if muricing to himself among the pyr/Amir. of Egypt. a "How many cases have been han to the Anchor line" was the thundering

dresmily and then the rered under a storm of

"your business," replied the and there was a bang as if had slattered down the pov-

Our seasons of rest are to those many hard workers have to notice to enjoy them. Some men, long w hard, must go on working. no other chance for them. sit is to break down; to rest is a die. giving the mind perpetual occupation. Everyone remembers how Luther said: "I rush out among my pigs rather than sit still and do nothing." It is sad, but it is true, that human beings, not much like Luther in any characteristic are like him in this: that they dare not have a quiet think. Hence the sorrowful resort to alcohol, opium, chloral; hence the craving for unconsciousness. which is temporary annihilation. If pigs can help you, as they helped Luth-er, be thankful. Some folk, clever and good, need more than a pig can doeven such an animal, s poetic breeder. proud of his age and dimensions, called his Auld Lang Swine. In any case few minds are self-sufficing. All human beings who have attained middle age must be buttressed from without. may be sacred nature, green grass, green trees, gardening, pigs, horses, human companions, worry or quiet occupation; but the longer 1 live, the more assured I am that most men live in mortal terror of themselves. Years ago, short years, but a good many, when this hand was young, it wrote a discourse of Michael Scott's Familiar Spirit, which (as the legend goes) de-manded that its master should provide it with constant work or it would tear him to pieces. Thus in parable is set forth the educated man's relation to his own mind. You must find i. ceaseless occupation, or it will make you miserable. The little girl of seven years had found this out who cried, "Oh, read me a story to make the time pass quick." People find it out waiting bree-quarters of an hour at country railroad stations. They will diligently read all the advertisements struck about the squalid sheet rather than sit down idle. They will read right through the leading article of the Liddie Ped-dington Courier. One saw all this early One sees it yet more plainly now .- Fraser's Magazine.

### Trying to tiet the Desperado Rande out of Prison,

Rande, the desperado, is again comng into notice from his seclusion in the Joliet penitentiary. The Joliet Signal contains this paragraph concerning Rande, the murderer, who was sent to the penitentiary from Knox county last

"Henry Scott, brother of Frank Scott, alias Frank Rande, the murderous hero of St. Elmo, and the accredited slayer of seven men, is in the city, and pro-poses to have his brother liberated in a few months through gubernatorial elem-ency or otherwise. He asserts that his rother was insane at the time and must be liberated. The powerful order to which Rande belongs, he declares, saved him from the gallows, and will now save him from life imprisonment. Mr. Scott bears a striking resemblance to Rande, his alleged

To this the Galesburg Republican Register remarks:

But for the fact that as great scoundreis as Rande have been pardoned and turned loose upon the community, we would feel no uneasiness in consequence of the efforts of Scott to secure Rande's

release under the insanity dodge or the pardoning over of the governor.

Should the release be secured and the time of liberation be generally known, and he would have a happy time of it in getting out of the State.

#### Erra an Food. Eggs of farious winds are largely

sed as food for man, and it is scarcely possible to exaggerate their value in this capacit, so simple and convenient are they in heir form, and so manifold may be their transformations. They are exceedingly delicions, highly nutritious, and easy of digestion; and when the shell is actuded they may be said to contain in themselves all that is re quired for the construction of the b It has been chimed for them that the may be served in about six hundred ways, although it is generally found that the more simply they are prepared the more they are approved. Although other eggs than those of birds—for instance turtles' eggs - it is generally confewl, and of the plover, possess the richest and sweetest flavor. The eggs richest and sweetest flavor. The eggs of ducks and geese are frequently used fit contery, but they are of too coarse a nivered to be eaten alone. The eggs of the turkey and of the pea-hen are highly esteemed for some purposes.

The weight of an ordinary was bald hen's egg is from one and a half to live and a half ounces avoirdupois, and the quantity of dry solid matter contained in it amounts to about two hundred.

in it amounts to about two hundred grains. In one hundred parts about ten parts consist of the shell, sixty of white and thirty of yolk. It contains no fatty matter, but consists chiefly of albumen in a dissolved state. All the fatty matin a dissolved state. All the fatty matter of the egg is accumulated in the
jolk, which contains relatively a smaller proportion of nitrogenous matter,
and a larger proportion of solid matter
than the white. The larger, in an allmentary point of view, the white and
the yolk differ considerably from each
other, the former being mainly a simple solution of albumen, the latter being mainly a simple solution of modifield albumen, together with a quantity
of fat.

of fat.

Raw and lightly poiled eggs are easy of digestion. It wished that realliest are more easily digested than the egg presents a lecided constitute to gastric solution, and has a mantipator action on the bowels.—Castel's Domes in Dictionary.

dulgence is in one respect like indusered in strong drink. Having get into you must go on. otherwise there come manifold morbid and paisful experiences. There are those who tell you that once they could be moderately happy when resting; now they dare rest no more. They may try to make work less urgent, less feverish; but it will not do to stand still. They are kept sane and serviceable only by upon. All these names of countries should have their final syllables sound ed at length with a broad a, such as Belocchistan and Hindostan. Of late an entirely new spelling has been given to names of the cities by the best English authorities. The effort is no longer made to Anglicize Hindustance but to adapt English letters to the exact native pronunciation, thus: Punjaub is an error, Punjab being correct. Nepaul is no longer seen in the books. Nipal being substituted for it. We have some names of flindustance in use in the United States, and we call Delhi, very perversely, Del-high, when it should be Del-he. - N. Y. Times.

### The Latest Dog Story.

There is a dog at Taupo, and also s young pig, and these two afford a curious example of animal sagacity and confidence in the bona fide of each other. These two animals live on the pah on the opposite side of Tapuacharuru, and the deg discovered some happy hunting grounds on the other side. and informed the pig. The pig, being only two months old, informed the dog that becould not swim across the river. which, at that spot debouches from the lake, but that in time he hoped to share the adventures of his canine friend. The dog settled the difficulty. He went into the river, standing up to his neck in wa er, and crouched down; the pig got on his back, clasping his neck with his fore legs. The dog then swam across, thus carrying his chum over. Regularly every morning the two in this way would go across and forage around Tapuacharuru, returning to the pah at night; and if the dog was ready to go home before the pig, he would wait until his friend came down to be ferried over. The truth of this story is vouched for by several who have been watching the movements of the pair for some weeks past. - New Zealand pa-

## PERSONAL.

The magician Heller left \$400,000 to his wife and daughters.

Miss Von Hillern's excessiev walking has brought on paralysis of the

Marshal McMahon is an ardent sportsman and makes frequent shooting excursions.

Mrs. Poly Fancher, the mother of Prof. Cyrus Northop, of Yale College, has just celebrated her one hundredth birthday.

Mrs. Ama Maria Rowley, eldest daughter and last surviving child of Dr. Adam Clarke, the commentator, has just diet, in the 85th year of her age, at the residence of her eldest son, the Rev. Adam Clarke Rowley, of Lincolnshire.

A correspondent of the Country Gen tleman tersely remarks that the "com-ing farmer" will be the man who sees in his land and stock so much capital that must sturn a fair interest to him. besides paying him for his labor and repairing wirn-out material.