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THE DREAM I HAD LAST NIGHT.

The dream I had last night
[illegible]
The dream I had last night.
—Grace Pearl [illegible] in Springfield Homestead.

CREMATED.

In writing the following somewhat remarkable experience I know that I am laying myself open to the accusations of the incredulous and the skeptical, still, on account of its unique character and because I myself remain a skeptic, I shall relate the adventure exactly as it occurred to me.

When I was studying medicine in the Scottish university of Aberdeen I formed the acquaintance of Isidore del Soliano, a young Italian who had chosen the Granite City school for his studies. Our tastes were in many respects identical, and our acquaintanceship soon developed into a friendship of the tenderest and most intimate description. I may say that though we have long been separated by the exigencies of our respective battles for life, the friendship remains to this day as cordial as ever.

Del Soliano and I had many interests in common, but none was stronger than our desire to dip into the mysteries of the supernatural. We passed out of the university on the same day with our degrees of bachelor of medicine and master of surgery, and as we separated at the great gate of Marischal college we promised to keep each other posted as to all our movements.

Del Soliano went to his home in the vicinity of Marseilles, where his family formerly possessed large estates. My star led me from one quarter of the world to the other, forced me to give up the practice of medicine, and finally brought me over to the United States, where presently I fancied I had found my métier in the profession of journalism. But my visits to England have been frequent, and upon the occasion of one of these flying trips about six years ago I again met my old friend.

I was sitting in my room in the Grand hotel at Charing Cross making preparations for my return to New York in five days' time when a bellboy handed me the card of Isidore del Soliano. I pass over our mutual pleasant greetings. Isidore told me he had been in London for some four months, having determined upon trying his luck as a practitioner there. He had grown into a sturdy, somewhat morose man, remarkably handsome, dark and stern. But his black eyes softened as we talked of our old friendship. Presently he told me that he had continued his metaphysical studies, and among other things had become a strong advocate for cremation. He had even perfected and was about to patent a crematorium on the most approved principles.

He hoped I would come and see this new machine. He had it at his house in Harley street. Why should I not come to spend the evening with him? Suffice to say that in addition to the feeling of amity which existed there was the newspaper man's anxiety to see something novel. It was therefore agreed that I should dine with Isidore and spend the evening with him.

I found him awaiting me. We had an excellent dinner. Having lit our cigarettes, at my host's request I followed him into his study, there to enjoy our smoke by ourselves and to talk over his great invention. Once comfortably seated in our big armchairs the light-hearted manner of my friend changed to one of serious earnest, and I at once saw that he meant to take me completely into his confidence, and would insist upon my "doing" the crematorium very thoroughly.

It was a long story that he told me of his arriving at the conviction that cremation was the proper mode of disposing of the dead. "I have experimented upon living and dead animals of every kind," he said suddenly, "but never upon a human being. And before I can be certain that my machine is perfect in every detail I must do this. Moreover [illegible] I found that he was gradually becoming more serious in his manner and was gazing with growing thoughtfulness at me. I mean to have a living human being upon whom to experiment, and I have come to the conclusion that no one could more appropriately serve me than my oldest and dearest friend. You will do me this favor, will you not?"

How shall I describe the sensation of horror which crept over me as I heard these words spoken with stony coldness, yet with an affectation of friendship which positively shocked me. I was about to rise from my seat, indignant, when, with a peculiar glitter in his eye and a forward movement of his body and outstretched hand, he exclaimed:

"Sit where you are! You must do as I say! You are the subject for my first and greatest experiment!"

I sank back in my chair with a sigh of helplessness and relinquished myself to his will without a word of protest. Rising from his seat he bade me follow him. With an uneasy sense of presentiment I rose mechanically to my feet and we passed together from the room. Up a few steps, to a short corridor, along a passage and into a small room about 12 feet wide by 15 feet long.

The room was dark when we entered, but as Isidore touched a little wooden knob it was flooded with a brilliant light from several incandescent electric lamps. Along one side of the room stood a sort of trestle bed, upon which was a plain pillow. In front of the foot of this bed was a large box, apparently made of iron, but japanned to represent [illegible]. In another corner of the room stood a number of cells of a large electric battery and a network of wires were conducted from these to the under side of the box.

"Here is my apparatus," said Del Soliano. "It is not simple! The body is placed upon this trestle; by touching a spring the doors at the end of this patent box open, and simultaneously the flesh begins rapidly to move forward until it is well inside. Then the doors close automatically upon the body. Next I touch this tiny knob, and in a few seconds all is over. The doors at the other end of the box open, the plank—which is of pure platinum worked with asbestos—comes out, and upon it are lying in a little heap the ashes of the cremated being. Simple, isn't it? And beautifully constructed. You cannot be a failure. Now, you must take your place upon the plank!"

Without a word, for I could no longer resist, I lay flat on my back on the plank, with my feet to the doors of the crematorium.

"Capital, capital!" said my tormentor. "Why, one would almost say you had been cremated before! Now lie perfectly still, and observe, for I want you to tell me everything about it when you come out on the other side."

The next moment he had touched the fatal spring, and before my eyes I saw the door opening and the plank rapidly moving forward. In another second I was inside the box and the doors were closed upon me with Del Soliano's last words ringing in my ears: "Remember! Observe! Everything!"

And now came the terrible part of my trial. I heard a little "click," and instantly the dark recesses of the box became one flood of illumination from millions of tiny sparks from as many invisible points. In less time than it takes to write it my clothing was consumed and the sparks were attacking my flesh, tearing it from my bones, eating into it, [illegible] the component parts, climbing, jumping, leaping from place to place upon my naked carcass, devouring everything in their horrible passage. Bit by bit I saw the flesh disappear, the ligaments wither up and the bones fall asunder and friends and [illegible] all [illegible], frightful heat. Strange to say, my brain seemed alert throughout, though the mental agony was far more terrible than the pain of the burning. This was so fearfully rapid that I am bound to say I hardly felt anything. At last, however, the fire attacked the head—and then—

There was a knock at my door. The bellboy entered and handed me a card. It was that of Isidore Del Soliano, my old friend—my recent tormentor. I instructed the boy to bring him up. After mutual congratulations he told me he was practicing in London, and further [illegible] he had called on me [illegible] old friendship. That evening he did show me a new apparatus he had invented for the cremation of human beings, but he did not offer to experiment upon me.—T. I. P. in New York Recorder.

The Fashions of Paris.

The opening of the salon always brings out the prettiest of the new fall toilets, and they make up a picture more pleasing to the average female mind than the pictures on the walls. The soft, rich failles in the new shades are seen more often than any other silken fabric. There is a very lovely new brocade, half silk and half wool, soft and light, yet quite thick enough for autumn wear. The grounds are of pale biscuit, almond, tan and gray, with also the new shades in purples, which run to plum and the exquisite dark green. The figures are in the wool, which is entirely a new effect, and is very pleasing.

TWO STYLISH COSTUMES.

The light costume represented in the picture is made of this brocade. It has a perfectly straight front and three ruffles all around the bottom, headed by a puffing of pink and brown silk. The material is in pearl gray, with Havana or tobacco brown figures. The costume is of pearl faille, shirred three times around the waist, and with a flounce of white lace. The sleeves are of the brocade. The ruff at the neck is of faille, edged with pink and brown striped silk. The hat is of Havana brown velvet and plumes, edged with gray pearl beads.

The other costume is of myrtle green camel's hair, with a plain skirt with a[illegible] piped with narrow pink faille. A full vest is made of the same. The corsage is in the form of a small jacket and is very neat and chic. The large hat is of gray felt trimmed with myrtle green velvet and ostrich tips.

The wrap is of plaid shawl, made so that the fringe forms a trimming at the bottom. It has much green in it, with gray as a foundation. The wrap for the other costume is seal brown camel's hair, with large jet ... [illegible]

Riverside, a suburb of Chicago, has a woman composer, Miss Alice H. Ferris, who has made both the music and the poetry of some [illegible] ballads.

A Swiss engineer, backed by the Swiss government, is just now seriously contemplating the construction of an underground railway on Mount Jungfrau in Switzerland. It will be completed early in 1892 if everything goes well.

A three year old child died at Topeka, Kan., the other day, which had lived for [illegible] months on raw eggs and milk. A year ago it ate some soft soap, and after that its stomach would never retain anything but the diet mentioned.

UNFORTUNATE IN OLD AGE.

The Late Ex-President Grevy Had a Pitiful [illegible]

François Jules Paul Grevy, recently deceased, was at one time the most fortunate and ... [illegible]

[illegible]

He was born Aug. 15, 1807, at Mont-sous-Vaudrey, in the Jura, among the foothills of the mountains. [illegible]

He began the practice of law in Paris in 1837, and soon became noted, and when the revolution of 1848 broke out [illegible]

The disasters of 1870 brought him again to the front. He was elected president of the national assembly in February, 1871, [illegible] January 30, 1879, chosen president of the republic [illegible] December, 1887. [illegible]

A Suit Against the Brooklyn Bridge.

It is about time the more important damage suit that has ever been brought against the Brooklyn bridge will be tried. It is for $1,000,000, and will involve some new points of law. [illegible]

There is an interesting story told of Bridge Secretary Henry Beam in connection with the sinking of these caissons. [illegible] William C. Kingsley [illegible] —Brooklyn Eagle.

Mother Hubbard.

A rich man of Boston has one son. He has him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye. [illegible]

And each replied in turn, complimenting of his business and advising the father to [illegible] for the future prosperity of the young man. [illegible]

The Pulpit and the Stage.

Rev. F. M. Shrout, pastor United Brethren Church, Blue Mound, Kan., says: "I feel it my duty to tell what wonders Dr. King's New Discovery has done for me. My lungs were badly diseased, and my parishioners thought I could live only a few weeks. I took five bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, and am sound and well, gaining 26 pounds in weight." Arthur Love, Manager Love's Funny Folks' Combination, writes: "After a thorough trial and convincing evidence, I am confident Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption beats 'em all, and cures when everything else fails. The greatest kindness I can do my many thousand friends is to urge them to try it." Free trial bottles at A. C. Smith & Co's Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and $1.00. 2

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