

THE DREAM I HAD LAST NIGHT.

The dream I had last night... I thought I had been... I was studying medicine in the Scottish university of Aberdeen...

CREMATED.

In reciting the following somewhat remarkable experience I know that I am laying myself open to the accusations of the incredulous and the skeptical...

When I was studying medicine in the Scottish university of Aberdeen I formed the acquaintance of Isidore dei Seilano, a young Italian who had chosen the Granite City school for his studies...

Dei Seilano 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...

Dei Seilano 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...

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 dei Seilano...

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...

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...

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 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 unsteadily to my feet...

placed upon this tremble; by touching a spring the doors at the end of this pretty box open, and simultaneously the plank begins rapidly to move forward until it is well inside. Then the doors close automatically upon the body...

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 Dei Seilano'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 interior 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, disintegrating the component parts, rushing, jumping, leaping from place to place upon my naked carcass...

There was a knock at my door. The bell boy entered and handed me a card. It was that of Isidore dei Seilano, 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 having accidentally heard I was at the Grand had called to resume our old friendship...

How Massena Rewarded Bravery. Massena, when wounded, had his carriage, coachman and postilion at Wagram, where hundreds of men were killed near their carriage. A ball went through the coat of one of them, another ball killed one of the horses...

An Artists' Knockout. The days of Benvenuto Cellini are over past, and perhaps on the whole it is as well, but sometimes yet we may find an artist of genius applying his skill to motives not too bright or good for human nature's daily food...

A Dental Bootjack. Yankies think themselves fairly ingenious and "handy," but how many of them ever thought of a simple trick which an American traveler in Siberia saw performed by a native of that country?

Plants That Are Resurrected. In Africa many plants live by means of fleshy bulbs buried deep under the ground, and in years when no rain falls they do not appear above the surface...

Being Reared in Music. There is at least one child in Brooklyn who should cultivate an ear for music—that is, if quantity counts for anything. An enterprising organ grinder has built a resting place for his baby girl between the handles of the cart on which the organ stands...

At a ball in Liverpool a gentleman, for a joke, removed a chair just as a male guest was about to sit down. The victim fell to the ground and injured his spine. He brought an action in the Liverpool county court, and the practical joker was ordered to pay the plaintiff's claim, \$330, with costs.

A new freezing apparatus for laboratory use has been constructed by M. Ducretet. It is called the cryogen, and in it the expansion of liquid carbonic acid, escaping through a coiled metallic tube, quickly causes a fall of temperature to 100 degs. or 110 degs. below zero, Fahrenheit.

Melon Day at Rocky Ford. Five thousand long green watermelons of the "swank" variety were arranged in a huge pile within a low board inclosure under the shade of New Cottonwood grove, in the pleasant little village of Rocky Ford, Colo., one morning recently...

It was Melon Day at Rocky Ford, and this melon pen was the center of all interest, and every one of the 5,000 visitors present at this annual festival were welcome to as much melon as they could stow away. Ten years ago a single ranchman named G. W. Swank, was raising melons for market in this valley...

Physicians—that is to say, the physicians who are not idling—are now busy reaping the aftermath of the thunderstorms which for a week or more have been the chief meteorological feature of our climate. Lightning of every type—zigzag, with sharply defined borders, without any apparent width in sheets or in the shape of fireballs—has been seen, and several lives have been lost by these Olympian thunderbolts...

David Cope, who occupies a shop on Gay street, has a family of nine young alligators which play around him like kittens. The saurians are from eight inches to a foot long and are about six months old. Mr. Cope caught them last spring in Florida, and brought them home with him for the amusement of himself and friends...

The days of Benvenuto Cellini are over past, and perhaps on the whole it is as well, but sometimes yet we may find an artist of genius applying his skill to motives not too bright or good for human nature's daily food. Harry Bates, the sculptor of "Hounds in Leash," bought by the Earl of Wemyss, and "Pandora," who soon will be taking her place among the other purchases under the Chantrey bequest, has just made a veritable chef d'oeuvre in the shape of a knocker. The design, which represents an exquisite female figure standing in a pose of extraordinary grace, is apart from all technical excellencies, full of the pure spirit of classic refinement, strong, yet dainty, more perfect than the Tanagra statuettes, yet, it would seem, touched with a kindred inspiration...

Near Higate, about forty miles west of St. Thomas, Canada, was discovered the largest skeleton of any extinct animal yet found. It belonged to the order Mastodon giganticus, and measured twenty-two feet from end of nostrils to tip of tail. The tooth only of one of these huge monsters of prehistoric times was dug up recently at Falling Springs, near Belleville, Miss., which weighed 14 pounds 13 ounces, and had the skeleton been discovered it would probably have been found to be that of an animal thirty feet long...

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With me suspicion has gradually strengthened until I have scarcely any doubt that the agency—telepathy—is truly universal. I find it certainly at work in the land of dreams, for one may dream of just which another person is doing, or has lately done or thought of, and commonplace instances of this are no more to be despised on that account than are the electric movements of a straw. Indeed, they are all the more valuable, as being further removed from the apparently supernatural...

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