Dask of dimper day when strange and still
The dark moon moves across the shining sun:
All these dissolved and mingled all in one—
The dream I had last night.

Grace Pearl Macomber in Springfield Homestead.

CREMATED.

In reciting the following somewhat remarkable experience 1 know that I am hying 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 dei Seilano, 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 firmest and most intimate description. I may say that sough we have long been separated by the exigencies of our respective battles for life, the friendship remains to this day as cordial as ever.

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, and as we separated at the great gate of Marischal college we promised to keep each other posted as to all our movements.

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, where presently I fancied I had found my metier 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 dei Seilano. 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 steady, 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 say that in addition to the feeling of amity which existed there was the newspaper man's anxiety to see something movel. 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 or invention. Once comfortably seated in our big armchairs the lighthearted 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 dispos-ing 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 (and here I found that he was gradually becoming more serious in his manner and was gazing with growing intentmess 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

1 say! You are the subject for my first and greatest experiment!" I sank back in my chair with a sigh of helplesaness and relinquished myself to his will without a word of protest. Ris-ing from his seat he bade me follow him. With an uneasy sense of presenti-ment I rose unsteadily to my feet and we passed together from the room. Up a few steps to a short corridor, along

ge and into a small room about 12

feet wide by 18 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 plank on rollers. In front of the foot of this bed was a large box, apparently made of iron, but japanned to represent oak. 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 hox.

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. 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. There cannot be a failnre. 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 crema-

"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 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, consuming everything in their terrible passage. Bit by bit I saw the flesh disappear, the ligaments wither up and the bones fall asunder and frizzle and sizzle in the all absorbing, frightful heat. Strange to say, my brain seemed clear 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 my head and then-

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. 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. iff New York Recorder.

How Masseua Rewarded Bravery. Massena, when wounded, had his carriage, coachman and postilion at Wag-ram, 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. The whole army admired their bravery, which was of the most voluntary sort, as they were not soldiers. The emperor said to Massena: "There are here 300,000 fighting on both sides. Well, would you know who are the bravest? They are your coachman and your postilion, as we are all here to do our duty, while they have

no military obligations.' The marshal had a very large fortune. He received 200,000 francs as commander of an army, 200,000 as Duc de Rivoli, 300,000 francs as Prince of Essling. Massena, however, waited two months without thinking of doing anything for these two men. One evening he was with his staff and announced that he would give to each 400 francs. Marbot imprudently asked, "Four hundred francs a year?" Massena was furious, and said, "Do you want to ruin me?"-San Francisco Argo-

A Dental Bootjack.

Yankees 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 coun-

We had been wet since morning, and as a natural consequence our feet were swollen and boots shrunken to such an extent that we despaired of getting them off at all. No plan which our ingenuity could devise was found to answer.

When all had failed, our invaluable Yakov came to the rescue, and by the application of his teeth to the toe of ach boot-which were fortunately long -aided by his hands at the heels, effected his purpose with surprising ease.

Plants That Are Reservoirs.

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, or flower. Many plants have thick, fleshy leaves, in which they store up moisture against the time of need; some, such as the common sorrel and dandelion, become ice plants; all over their fieshy leaves and stems are little diamondlike drops, which when broken are found to drops, which when broken are round to be full of pure water, a little plant some-times having a cupful stored in this way. Some live by having their leaves closely pressed together into little solid squares or balls, so saving all evaporation from their surfaces.—Fortnightly Review.

Being Reared in Music. There is at least one child in Brooklyn who should cultivate an ear for musicthat 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 or-gan stands. There it nestles among the blankets and pillows all day long, while the father turns the crank and the mother skirmishes around with a tin cup for pennies .- Brooklyn Eagle.

In the manufacturing line paper bids or of cells of a large electric battery. fair to supplant wood in the manufacture of boxes, buckets, packing cases and many other articles. It is much lighter than wood, and can be made fire-"is it not simple? The body is proof, to say nothing of its cheapness.

STREET THE STREET SHIPS SHIPS STREET STREET, THE GREET STREET

Five thousand long green watermelone 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 recent-Surrounding these watermelons were little pyramids of canteloupes, some 2,000 or 3,000 in number. The top of this board inclosure served as a table, on which the melons, sliced by big knives into halves, were laid, only to be eagerly assaulted by waiting crowds of merry people, who fined the tables as close as they could stand The only restrictions were numerous rudely painted signs tacked to trees, reading, "Please leave your rinds upon the tables

It was Meion 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. The quality of his product was so superior that 100 acres of melons could not supply the demand.

Now the village of Rocky Ford is in the center of thousands of acres of wawords ringing in my ears: "Remembert termelon vines, while as far as the eye can reach, stretch prolific fields of grain and hay, interspersed with young orchards and inxuriant vegetable gardens. All this is the result of irrigation during the past ten years. No wonder the residents of this valley delight in celebrating this annual Melon Day .- Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Speculations from Storms.

Physicists-that is to say, the physicists 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 typezigzag, with sharply defined borders, without any apparent width, in sheets or in the shape of fireballs—has been | same price, \$1.00 or 6 for \$5.00. seen, and several lives have been lost by these Olympian thunderbolts. But what is most curious is that cattle have been more frequently struck than human be ings, even when the chances of both were equal. This has been noticed more than once by students of electricity.

Thus, a miller standing between a horse and a mule was only shaken a little, while the animals were killed. There is also the well known instance of the Abbey of Noirmoutiers, near Tours, where a flash of lightning killed twentytwo horses without doing any other harm to the 150 monks whom it visited in the refectory than overturning the 150 bottles which contained their rations of wine.-London Graphic.

A Family of Alligators.

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 toot 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. They were very. savage, and would snap at anybody who touched them when he first caught them, but they have now become quite tame when in the presence of any one that they are familiar with.

They play about Mr. Cope's feet and crawl about the floor. Catching flies is a great pastime with them, and their jaws slfut on their food with a snap that is quick and startling. stranger enters the shop the alligators know it instantly, and make off into the corners of the room and hide themselves behind anything that may be convenient. -West Chester (Pa.) News.

An Artists' Knocker.

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 che 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. The figure will be of silver and will lean against a brazen background.—London Telegraph.

Prehistoric Monsters.

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 een discovered it would probably have been found to be that of an animal thirty feet long.-Exchange.

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, \$230, 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.

Telepathy is Universal. 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 to the land of deeper may dream of that which and or per-

son 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. -Blackwood's Magazine.

Early Hours for Smart Boys. Bingo-You haven't seen my youngest boy, have you? Great youngster, that. Only three years old and can talk like a good fellow. Come up some night. Kingley-What time do you put him

Bingo-At 9. Kingley-I am afraid that's a little bit

Momen.

too late for me.—Harper's Bazar.

The common affiletions of women are sick-headaches, indigestion and nervous troubles. They arise largely from stomach disorders. As Joy's Vegetable Sursaparilla is the only bowel regulating preparation, you can see why it is more effective than any other Sarsaparilla in those troubles. It is daily relieving hundreds. The artion is mild, direct and effective. We have scores of letters from grateful women.

We refer to a few: Nervous debility, Mrs. J. Barron, 142 7th St., S. F. Nervous debility, Mrs. Fred. Loy, 327 Ellis St., S.F. General debility, Mrs. Belden, 510 Mason St., S.F. Nervous debility, Mrs. J. Lamphere, 735 Turk St.,

ryous debility, Miss R. Rosenblum, 232 17th omach troubles, Mrs. R. L. Wheaton, 704 Post St., S. F. Sick hendaches, Mrs. M. B. Price, 16 Prospect Place, S. F.

Sick headaches, Mrs. M. Fowler, 327 Ellis St., S.F. Indigestion, Mrs. C. D. Stuart, 1221 Mission St., S. F. Coustipation, Mrs. C. Melvin, 126 Kearny St., S.F.

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A Revelation.



Few people know that the bright bluish-green color of the ordinary teas exposed in the windows is not the natural color. Unpleasant as the fact may be, it is nevertheless matter being used for this purpose. The effect is two-fold. It not only makes the

tes a bright, shiny green, but also permits the use of "off-color" and worthless teas, which,

once under the green cloak, are readily worked off as a good quality of tee.

An eminent authority writes on this subject: "The manipulation of poor teas, to give them affiner appearance, is carried on extensively. Green teas, being in this country especially popular, are produced to meet the demand by coloring cheaper black kinds by glazing or facing with Prussian blue, tumeric, gypsum, and indigo. This method is so general that very little penuine uncolored green tea is offered for sale."

It was the knowledge of this condition of Tea before the public. It is absolutely pure and without color. Did you ever see any genuine uncolored Japan tea? Ask your grocer to open a package of Beech's, and you will see it, and probably for the very first time. It will be found in color to be just between the artificial green rea that you have been accustomed to and the black teas.

It draws a delightful canary color, and is so fragrant that it will be a revention to tead of the see that the see that it will be a revention to tead of the see.

drinkers. Its purity makes it also more economical than the artificial teas, for less of it is required per cup. Sold only in pound packages bearing this trade-mark:

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