

## DESERET EVENING NEWS.

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## DESERET NEWS WEEKLY NEWS.

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## THE DESERET STARLET.

A bi-monthly magazine. It costs you work, trouble, and interest to carry it.

## BURNING DIAMONDS.

Cette experiments finally settle a much disputed subject.

In the year 1864 it was discovered by actual experiment that a diamond would burn. Then Georges III had one fixed in the frame of a lamp glass, and after some exposure to the rays of the sun it cracked, communicated heat to the glass, and caused it to burst, leaving only a small trace that it had ever existed, not even an atom of ash.

But experiments of this very same body were long in yielding any sensible result. It was only a long and tedious process that could afford to see his results vanish like the gifts of a fairy godmother. Another potenteate, Francis I, tried the quality of a number of valuable diamonds in the heat of a furnace. I must say he was successful, but he did not know that they had disappeared. This was in 1775, and about twenty years later scientific experiments burned a magnificent diamond in a trice.

A lesser named Lettigns now performed and denied the possibility of burning a diamond, even going so far as to accuse the chemist, Marquay, of fraud in conducting his diamond burning operations. He has often, however, exposed diamonds to great heat, with the sole result of increasing their brilliancy.

M. Stoeber just did the same with another but it seems that Le-Blaire only knew half of what Mr. Stoeber knew. When Moyses demanded that the jeweler return some diamonds in coal in a crucible he easily asserted, and in three times they had all disappeared.

Then Mallard, who seems to have had his suspicions of these operations, put them in an oven, took them out in powdered form, and exposed them to intense heat without injury. Next, Lavoisier came forward with his examination of the phenomena attending the results of these various experiments. He says that by shooting out the air, diamonds are preserved in the intense heat of a furnace, but that the admission of oxygen, which combines with the carbon of the diamond, allows it to burn almost as readily as a piece of coal.—See Louis Republic.

A noted British Novelist. Mr. Purjess is before the medium height, with a jolly, round face and small size whiskers. He is an excellent company, and entertains many choice spirits at his home in Adelaid road, South Hampton. Mr. Purjess is an enterprising reader, and has the family of characters which books strongly described. What he reads for the night he always has a table on which are a heap of books, and there are four matches placed beside his bed. In his library shelves Mr. Purjess is singularly unaffected.

He writes all his novels on a typewriter, in the manipulation of which he has become an expert. On one occasion he composed and set up a complete novel at a case which he had in his study. It is a short, simple, white, and always carries his name, and his pocket. If no one writes him, he will know whether he is on the road, or in bed. He promptly makes a memorandum of it in his notebook. Mr. Purjess has been engaged on three novels at the same time, and has sold more than two under way. He has made a great deal of money from his writings, but he is an extremely liberal man, and spends it freely.—See Our Friends Times-Vulcan.

**ANATOMIC STUDENTS IN SICKNESS.** Every sensible physician relies to a great extent on the recuperative powers of the patient. He leaves as much as possible to nature, trusting perfectly well to his own skill. But if his skill fails him, he turns to the services of some physician who has been induced to exaggerate the anatomic branch of the healing art, and among them the German shaft, who called his system "Anatomism," and the Scotch doctor Steven, both eminent practitioners of the last century.

Dr. Brown called himself "anatomist," and his principles seem to have been to minimize the vital principle by means of life, and to substitute a greater or less percentage of alcohol or by the use of less active stimulants such as aromatic substances. The practical use of anesthetics as a preventive is as old as Hippocrates, while the science of perfumery is universally regarded as beneficial by modern hygienists.—See Practitioner Chronicle.

**TYPE OF ANARCHIST.** In the middle and eastern states the insures against fire, robbery, and ruined ships found in various cities along the coast prove most valuable mines for agriculturists, who view them as a top dressing for their farms. In the neighborhood of the metropolis, Mr. ——, there are no minerals which are estimated to contain less than \$8,000,000 worth of gold, silver, and copper.

The Illinois Plants Extracting, comprising Dr. Gould's of the Hutchinsons, in reference to his solitary for assisting in the World's fair preparations, says that he is very well informed concerning the world's fairs.

The book is bound in four different styles and cost \$1.00 each.

PRICES: 45 cents, 55 cents, and \$1.00.

## THE FUNERAL MAN.

Carrying Coffins of a certain character, who carries the dead.

A funeral procession would probably go down Mission street. The carriages would hasten over the pavements.

The house was a white one, and the little coffin inside was covered with flowers.

An old man passing along stopped and asked his but as the horse passed him, and a group of noisy street gamins stopped to play a bout. As the old carriage turned the corner a strange figure shambled into sight—a weird figure that seemed to have suddenly out of the mist like a specter.

He was running as fast as he could,

with a sort of rattling limp that brought him every minute nearer the last carriage.

He stumbled painfully over a stone in the street, but he never paused; he limped beautifully on, his eyes glowing with an eager light.

He was a thin, gaunt old man with a long grey face and jaws that moved horribly.

Just as the procession stopped at the church the strange figure stumbled forward.

When the little coffin was lifted carefully from the white bier the figure pushed eagerly up to the steps. The mourners walked carefully up the stairs to the door.

On the topmost step stood the tall man. He was still. His lean arm was stretched out in a gesture of thanks. His wild eyes were bright with a fanatic's ardor.

When the coffin passed him he waved his stick with a hearty greeting. He muttered something to himself. A policeman took him by the arm.

"Merry eve!" he said.

The tall man started suddenly. The tall fat man took him by the hand. He limped slowly away. A little child standing near the steps shouted her mother.

"Oh," she said, terrified, "there is the funeral man."

The funeral man is a well known character, all the undertakers know him, but no one knows where he lives.

Home bound infidels seem to live in places where the unchristian do not live.

He limps the afflicted neighborhoods until the funeral procession comes.

Then he hurries behind the carriage

and always manages to reach the church in time to meet the coffin as it is borne to the church.

Home bound infidels seem to live in places where the unchristian do not live.

He is covered by a gray cap and his arms are bent back along sides. He never speaks to any one nor does he reply when one addresses him.

No one ever sees him except at the funeral.

He seems to think it is his mission

to convert his mysterious words

to the ears of infidels.

There is scarcely a church in the city upon whose steps he has not stood and waved his gaunt arm in a solemn greeting in a silent figure to the coffin.

The drivers of the horses know him, and look back expectantly at the sound of his rattling limp.

The little children of the poor, who wander aimlessly in the wake of any funeral, know him, and shrink away abashed at his appearance.

He has learned the meaning of the nodding of the mourners.

He follows only to the end of the heavy laden bier.

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No one knows his name or how he lives.

He is simply the "Funeral Man."

To what strange happenings he says the ghostly tales who can say?

Francisco Rameau.

What did the Preacher Think?

In Jersey City there is a very right old man of 70 years whose face is a picture of age.

He has just come from the church.

A few minutes ago the person went to the communion service, and had been left at home to escape the long ceremony.

It was a warm day, and "Communion," the usual closing hymn, blotted out through the open windows.

The good deacon took the pastor home to dinner with him. When grace had been said both hands clasped.

"I know you were young home ago."

"How did you know, little one?"

"Cause I heard the song."

"What song?" asked the preacher.

"Oh, you know, the one where you say, 'Bring forth the royal demesnes,'"

—New York Letter.

He had a small opinion of the Bishop.

The old Englishman was once talking to a neighbor, and unfortunately let fall a remark which probably showed his lack of knowledge how to manage his words. Hodge looked at him round-eyed in an amazement too big for utterance. But when the bishop had turned aside to eat.

"I'm a bishop, indeed!" he said. "Why, 's alive! It's all a joke!" —Exchange.

Sophocles Charged With Heresy.

A certain sophist, while lecturing on

Divorce at Athens, did not let him

pass a journey of a quarter of a mile

without half, passed by him, with

one leg, and not until he had gone

out six miles farther did the man

strike him that he ought to have

known more about him.—Palliser's

Moments in Cleopatra.

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