

THE EVENING NEWS.

Tuesday, September 24, 1872.

THE CHEMIST'S STORY.

[CONTINUED]
"My friend, I suppose I am wanted to attend an inquest, or what is your purpose?"
"No, doctor, the man ain't dead yet."
"Anything in the surgical way?"

"I was Police Surgeon as well as Coroner."

"No."

"Well, then, why am I sent for at this time of night?"

"Don't bother, Perfesser; the man ain't dead yet, but they say he will be before morning."

"He's dead, attending him?"

"What's the master with him?"

"Well," said the official, "some folks say he's got so much knowledge into him that he can't live under it."

"Cerebral disorder, eh?"

"What?" asked the man.

"Brain disorder, I mean. Something wrong here."

I lifted my forehead, and so did he, as he said:

"Ay, and I thought I'd drop in and tell you if you was going to the station to-morrow to take a look and see if its post mortem or not. Besides, I wanted to see where I could always find you in case I need you."

I bowed and attributed his visit to a feeling of curiosity. He sat on the sink, one rubbered foot thrown over the other, and wiped his nose with a dirty handkerchief several times, while his eyes wandered about like Christopher Columbus after discoveries. Finally he spoke like one who felt called upon to say something.

"Perfesser, there has been an accident this afternoon, terrible, too."

"A what?" said I.

"What was it?"

"Nitro-glycerin explosion up in the iron mills—a hundred fellow mortals buried."

"Sad!"

"Affecting, very." Here he rubbed his mouth with the back of his hand. "Perfesser, what is that nitro-glycerin?"

"It is a very dangerous article," I answered, happy to display my knowledge. "It has nearly twice the destructive power of gunpowder, and, unlike it, does not explode on the application of heat. A red hot coal dropped into it does not explode it. It will freeze. It is yellow and greasy. Its symbols in our nomenclature are, CS, 115 (No. 3) On."

"You don't mean to say so?" said the officer, interrupting me in disagreeable tones, in the very middle of a choice extract from one of my lectures. "Well, but you haven't told me how it goes on. If fire won't burst it, what the devil will?"

I told him it were pressed, or anything, fell on it, it would explode.

"Place it under the center of a cedar mill, strike it with a hammer, let a weight fall on it from a height."

"Yes," said my man, "and that rouses its volcanie, does it? How does it come, perfesser?"

"I little care—why, like these?" said I, recovering that there was a little can of it on the marble sink, which I had carelessly neglected to replace in the cellar. I then took a little of the glycerin, spread it on an anvil, and struck it with a hammer.

A slight explosion and a flame burst from the paper.

"No, really," said the policeman, starting back. "I suppose, perfesser, that ere can would make a mighty big noise if allowed to explode here all at once?"

"It would blow the entire building to atoms," said I, resuming the analysis of Mrs. Johnson's stomach.

"No!" I heard the policeman remark. "In deliberate Yankee tones, "you don't say so!"

The next moment I lay on my back, a gag in my mouth, terribly frightened and sick at heart. Over me stood the policeman, and the first thing the functionary did was, looking me straight in the face, to take off his nose. He then rid himself of his red eyebrows, hair and cap, and became a determined-looking fellow, with the eyes of a fendi and the look of a Roman, and he was saved.

In order to accomplish this end, it will be necessary to remove from the face of the earth not only the stomach of his miserable wife yonder, but also, my dear Professor—I am sorry to be obliged to say it, for I believe you were my brother's teacher and friend—yourself as well as I saw he was in deadly earnest.

Your death, I fear, will probably result from accident; at least, so it must seem to the authorities. My brother is in jail, and they will not suspect him, and they certainly will not suspect me."

What terrible deed was in his brain hatching—was he going to murder me? The hard-earned knowledge of a score of years I would have given for power to do one thing only. He took me in his arms and laid me in a chair, and bound me to it, and then from his side pocket he produced another rope.

Was it myself that was to hang instead of Joe?

No, yes. He placed the line pulley-like over the arm of a hanging chandelier. This was altogether too slight a support even for a man of slender frame. It was not to be hanging there. To one end of the rope he attached a weight, and raised it by pulling the other six or eight feet from the floor. The loose end he secured to the sink. Was he mad? Did he mean to draw me under this weight and send me out of the world in a novel way by letting it fall and drag me out? To the sink end he attached a long yellow string. Under the weight on the floor he placed the can of nitro-glycerin; I recognized the yellow string; it was a fuse, it would burn in sixty minutes. It would run across the marble slab, there was no hope of igniting any substance that would warn my friends.

To be continued.

NOTICE.

To Physicians, Surgeons, &c.
The office of a Physician and Surgeon practicing in our practice in Salt Lake City, is called to the lowing Ordinance, passed by the authority of said city:

AN ORDINANCE.

RELATING TO PHYSICIANS.

Sec. 1. Be it ordained by the City Council of Salt Lake City, that any person who shall practice or give advice of Surgery within the limits of said City, is required to pay an annual yearly license fee to the City Council for the sum of \$100.

Sec. 2. That a committee of three shall be appointed by the City Council, whose duty it shall be to examine into the qualifications of those who practice Medicine or Surgery within the limits of said City, and to issue to them a certificate of their competency to entitle them to a license from said Council.

Sec. 3. That a person who fails to comply with the requirements of this Ordinance, shall be liable to pay a fine in any sum not less than ten nor more than one hundred dollars for each offense.

Fined March 12, 1872.

THE COUNCIL OF DEAN, &c.

This certifies that the foregoing is true copy, given under my hand and seal of Salt Lake City, this 12th day of March, A.D. 1872.

W. F. ANDREW, Chairman of Board.

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RAILROADS.

UTAH SOUTHERN RAILROAD.

MIXED TRAINS WILL RUN DAILY.

ON AND AFTER SEPT. 23, 1872,

GOING SOUTH:

Leave Salt Lake City at 7 a.m. and 2:30 p.m.

Sandy at 8 a.m. and 3:30 p.m.

Ariv. at Lehi at 9:30 a.m. and 4:30 p.m.

Arriv. at S.L. City at 11:45 a.m. and 7 p.m.

GOING NORTH:

Leave Lehi at 9:30 a.m. and 4:30 p.m.

Sandy at 10:30 a.m. and 5:30 p.m.

Arriv. at S.L. City at 11:45 a.m. and 7 p.m.

FARES:

Leave Salt Lake City at 7 a.m. and 2:30 p.m.

Sandy " " 100

Diamond " " 125

Point " " 125

Lehi " " 225

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