

# THE EVENING NEWS

Wednesday, - September 25, 1872.

## THE CHEMIST'S STORY.

[CONCLUDED.]  
"Do you begin to think through it?" asked Joe Johnson's brother.  
I believe I cursed him with my eyes. I could only breathe through my nostrils, and great veins were swelling and growing hot in my forehead.

Drawing a match from his pocket, he lighted and applied it to the fuse; that little tyrant that gave a man an hour to live, kill him at the end of it—that little Providence-like terror that, less merciful Providence! told a man the second he was to die, if frightened, how prepared him to himself. Slowly the flames crept, snake-like, around the twines.

"In one hour," said the prisoner's brother, "you will be in heaven or hell. I will watch with you for half an hour, and the other half you will spend alone."

He sat down some minutes in a chair, watching the flame. Then he rose and took a piece of paper, with the murderer's name thereon, from the table, and shook his head gloomily.

"I am chemist enough to know that it is arsenic," said he. "Yet those bright metallic eyes, betrayal of the guilty! Science, thou wouldst kill my brother—thou shall save him. Let us see how hand thou art most powerful. Here is a man who by thy aid bids the poison strike him, and write in brilliant characters a foul confession on this piece of poison. But behold, O science! It is no sooner written than by thy word the whole confession and thy chosen servant are annihilated. Let the good professor use chemicals; the bad brother only asks a little can of nitro-glycerin."

I heard him speech, indeed; but great heat it was to my eyes and not my ears that was burning. For beneath the table, covered by a crimson cloth, and which I faced, appeared the face of a child. The hair was ruffled, and the blue eyes were just opening from sleep. The intelligent forehead was wrinkled strangely. "It was my boy Billy. I was afraid I would call 'papa.' If he did, the implacable world would add the murder of the child to the crime of his dumb fire-agents."

But my boy had none of this. He had, I suppose, crept under the table known to me, and had fallen asleep there, tried to tell the little fellow to hide again and wait for the final half-hour, when my master would be gone. Whether he understood me or not, aided by what he heard, I do not know, but he quickly withdrew his little head, first kissing his hand (slightly to me, and then shaking his fist at the schemer watching so belligerently his dumb fire-agents).

The fire-agents wore slowly away. O heavens! what a sight did I suffer! Not for myself, but for my child. A slight noise might discover his presence; the match might run its teeth sooner than was expected; he might be murdered or blown to atoms.

The fuse burned on—on. The half-hour was up. The brother of the murderer arose to go.

"Commit your soul to God's keeping," he said. "You hold the evidence of my brother's guilt—nothing can save you now."

With that he turned to take his hat from on the table covered with the crimson cloth, beneath which hid my priceless boy. Something attracted his attention. He held out his hands and lowered them. I thought he discovered my boy. No, he was lifting something in either hand—the wires of the electric battery. In another instant my boy had leaped from under the table, and was turning the crank fast and furiously.

The murderer's brother was in the power of my boy. He could not drop the wires, he was helpless. How my boy cried for help! The old college ring with his voice. The prisoner's brother added his voice to my boy's in his agony. He begged, he beseeched—all his nerves were shocked—great waves of galvanism leaped, surged, trembled and jarred over every sensitive nerve and fibre. Still my boy was inflexible, and shouted and turned faster. Unperceived upon the marble, in the track of the burning fuse, was a pool of inflammable oil. It burst forth a great length was burned away. It could last just five minutes, and no more.

"Father!" shouted my boy, "if no assistance comes, this villain must die with us. I dare not free him. Help! Help!"

Aias! I could not answer him.

Thank God! But some one else did. The fuse is burnt up. The rope is on fire—the nitrogen is burning. The door opens. Tom Richardson, on a midnight visit to the sick, has heard the cry comprehends all; he seizes the can in his hand; the weight descends, but not on the death-dealing oil. No; down it goes, through the office floor—down, down, like an evil spirit, to give back a metallic echo from the cellar beneath.

We were saved!

Joe Johnson, the prisoner, was hanged; but his brother remains unpunished by the law, for he stabbed himself with a knife, and thus escaped the hangman's rope.

## ESTRAYS.

I HAVE in my possession a four year old iron gray Mare; her feet white, branded on right shoulder.

A roan mare four years old, branded S on left shoulder.

Two colts, one black, one white, 3 months old, will be sold at public sale at the east end of town. W. G. GREEN, District Found-keeper.

American Fork, Sept. 23, 1872.

John H. Bassett.

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ON AND AFTER SEPT. 23, 1872,

MIXED TRAINS

WILL RUN

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GOING SOUTH:

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

do Sandy at 8:30 a.m. and 4:30 p.m.

Arrive at Ogden at 9:15 a.m. and 4:30 p.m.

GOING NORTH:

Leave Ogden at 8:30 a.m. and 4:30 p.m.

do Sandy at 10:30 a.m. and 6:30 p.m.

Arrive at Salt Lake City at 11:45 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Passengers will please purchase tickets at the Office.

H. H. DAVIS,

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MONDAY JULY 17th

1872.

Trains will leave Salt Lake City daily at 8 a.m. and 2:30 p.m. arrive at Ogden 7 a.m. and 4:30 p.m.; leave Ogden City at 8 a.m. and 5:30 p.m.; arrive at Salt Lake City 10 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

In addition to the above

MIXED TRAINS

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DAILY, SUNDAYS EXCEPTED

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