

THE ADVERTISER.

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

A NEW YORK LOVE SONG.

I love you, Love, for good or ill, As brown bees love sweet honey;

I love you, Love, I love you, Love; But oh! you must have money.

CHORUS: I love you, Love; I love you, Love; But oh! you must have money.

TOUR OF THE WORLD

— IN — EIGHTY DAYS.

JULES VERNE'S GREAT STORY.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

During the first few days which followed the departure of the gentleman important business transactions had been made on the strength of his undertaking.

Only one adherent remained steadfast to him. It was the old paralytic, Lord Albatross.

At nine o'clock in the evening of this day, the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police received a telegraphic dispatch in the following words:

“Rowan, Commissioner of Police, Central Office, Scotland Square: I have the bank robber, Phileas Fogg. Send without delay warrant of arrest to Bombay (British India).”

The effect of this dispatch was immediate. The honorable gentleman disappeared to make room for the bank note robber. His photograph, deposited at the Reform Club with those of his colleagues, was examined.

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH THE AGENT FIX SHOWS A VERY PROUD IMPATIENCE.

These are the circumstances under which the dispatch concerning Mr. Phileas Fogg had been sent.

On Wednesday, the 9th of October, there was expected at Suez, at eleven o'clock a. m., the iron steamer Mongolia, of the Peninsular and Oriental Company.

Whilst waiting for the arrival of the Mongolia, two men were walking up and down the wharf, in the midst of the crowd of natives and foreigners who come together in this town.

One of these men was the Consular agent of the United Kingdom, settled at Suez, who, in spite of the doleful prognostications of the British Government and the sinister predictions of Stephenson, the engineer, saw English ships passing through this canal every day.

The other was a small, spare man, of a quite intelligent, nervous face, who was contracting his eyebrows with re-

markable persistence. Under his long eyelashes there shone very bright eyes, but whose brilliancy he could suppress at will.

The name of this man was Fix, and he was one of the detectives, or agents of the English police, that had been sent to the various seaports after the robbery committed upon the Bank of England.

“No, Mr. Fix,” replied the Consul. “She was signaled yesterday off Port Said, and the one hundred and sixty kilometers of the canal are of no moment for such a sailer.”

“This steamer comes directly from Brindisi?” asked Fix. “Directly from Brindisi, where it took on the India mail; from Brindisi, which it left on Saturday, at five o'clock p. m.”

“I hope so, Mr. Fix, for it is a very heavy robbery,” replied the enthusiastic detective. “Fifty-five thousand pounds! We don't often have such windfalls! The robbers are becoming mean fellows. The race of Jack Sheppard is dying out!”

“Mr. Fix,” replied the Consul, “you speak in such a way that I earnestly wish you to succeed; but I repeat to you that, from the circumstances in which you find yourself, I fear that it will be difficult.”

“Consul,” replied the detective, dogmatically, “great robbers always resemble honest people. You understand that those who have rogues' faces have but one course to take, to remain honest, otherwise they would be arrested.”

It is seen that the aforesaid Fix was not wanting in a certain amount of self-conceit.

In the meantime the wharf was becoming lively little by little. Sailors of various nationalities, merchants, shipbrokers, porters and fellahs were coming together in large numbers.

It was then half-past ten. “But this steamer will never arrive!” he exclaimed, on hearing the port clock strike.

“She can not be far off,” replied the Consul. “How long will she stop at Suez?” asked Fix.

“Four hours. Time enough to take in coal. From Suez to Aden, at the other end of the Red Sea, is reckoned thirteen hundred and ten miles, and it is necessary to lay in fuel.”

“And from Suez this vessel goes directly to Bombay?”

“Directly, without breaking bulk.”

“Unless he is a very shrewd man,” replied the Consul. “You know that an English criminal is always better concealed in London than he would be abroad.”

After this idea, which gave the detective much food for reflection, the Consul returned to his office, situated at a short distance. The detective remained alone, affected by a certain nervous impatience, having the rather singular presentiment that his robber was to be found aboard the Mongolia—and truly, if this rascal had left England with the intention of reaching the New

World, the East India route, being watched less, or more difficult to watch than that of the Atlantic, ought to have had his preference.

Fix was not long left to his reflections. Sharp whistles announced the arrival of the steamer. The entire horde of porters and fellahs rushed towards the wharf in a bustle, somewhat inconveniencing the limbs and the clothing of the passengers.

Fix was examining carefully all those that landed, when one of them approached him, after having vigorously pushed back the fellahs who overwhelmed him with their offers of service, and asked him very politely if he could show him the office of the English Consular agent.

“This passport is not yours?” he said to the passenger.

“No,” replied the latter, “it is my master's passport.”

“And your master?”

“Remained on board.”

“But,” continued the detective, “he must present himself in person at the Consul's office to establish his identity.”

Thereupon, the passenger bowed to Fix and returned aboard the steamer.

CHAPTER VII.

WHICH SHOWS ONCE MORE THE USELESSNESS OF PASSPORTS IN POLICE MATTERS.

The detective left the wharf and turned quickly toward the Consul's office. Immediately upon his pressing demand he was ushered into the presence of that official.

“Consul,” he said, without any other preamble, “I have strong reasons for believing that our man has taken passage aboard the Mongolia.”

“Consul,” replied the detective, “if he is a shrewd man, as we think, he will come.”

“To have his passport visé?”

“No, my friend,” said Fix, coming up to him, “is your passport visé?”

“Ah! it is you, monsieur,” replied the Frenchman. “Much obliged. It is all in order.”

“And you are looking at the country?”

“Yes, but we go so quickly that it seems to me as if I am traveling in a dream. And so we are in Suez?”

“No, I am not, but my master is. By-the-by, I must buy some shirts and shoes! We came away without trunks, with a carpet bag, only.”

“Monsieur,” replied Passepartout, “you are really very kind!”

“Above all,” he said, “I must take care not to miss the steamer!”

“You have the time,” replied Fix, “it is only noon!”

“Noon. Pahaw! It is eight minutes of ten!”

“Your watch is slow!” replied Fix. “My watch! A family watch that has come down from my great grandfather! It don't vary five minutes in the year. It is a genuine chronometer.”

“I see what is the matter,” replied Fix. “You have kept London time, which is about two hours slower than Suez. You must be careful to set your watch at noon in each country.”

“What! I touch my watch!” cried Passepartout. “Never.”

“Well, then, it will not agree with the sun.”

“So much the worse for the sun, monsieur! The sun will be wrong then!”

And the good fellow put his watch back in his box with a magnificent gesture.

“I know it, sir,” replied Phileas Fogg, “but I wish to prove by your visé my trip to Suez.”

“Very well, sir.”

And the Consul, having signed and dated the passport, advised his seal.

Fix settled the fee, and, having bowed coldly, he went out, followed by his servant.

“Well?” asked the detective.

“Well,” replied the Consul, “he has the appearance of a perfectly honest man!”

“I agree with you, but you know that all descriptions—”

“I shall have a clear conscience about it,” replied Fix. “The servant appears to me less of a riddle than the master. Moreover, he is a Frenchman, who cannot keep from talking. I will see you soon again, Consul.”

The detective then went out, intent upon the search for Passepartout.

In the meantime Mr. Fogg, after leaving the Consul's house, had gone towards the wharf. There he gave some orders to his servant; then he got into a boat, returned on board the Mongolia, and went into his cabin. He then took out his memorandum book, in which were the following notes:

“Left London, Wednesday, October 2, 8:45 p. m.”

“Arrived at Paris, Thursday, October 3, 7:20 a. m.”

“Left Paris, Thursday, 8:40 a. m.”

“Arrived at Turin via Mont Cenis, Friday, October 4, 6:30 a. m.”

“Left Turin, Friday, 7:20 a. m.”

“Arrived at Brindisi, Saturday, October 5, 4 p. m.”

“Set sail on the Mongolia, Saturday, 5 p. m.”

“Arrived at Suez, Wednesday, October 9, 11 a. m.”

“Total of hours consumed, 138 1/2; or in days, 6 1/4 days.”

Mr. Fogg wrote down these dates in a guide-book arranged by columns, which indicated, from the 2d of October to the 21st of December—the month, the day of the month, the day of the week, the stipulated and actual arrivals at each principal point, Paris, Brindisi, Suez, Bombay, Calcutta, Singapore, Hong Kong, Yokohama, San Francisco, New York, Liverpool, London, and which allowed him to figure the gain made or the loss experienced at each place on the route.

He noted down then this day, Wednesday, October 9, his arrival at Suez, which agreeing with the stipulated arrival, neither made a gain nor a loss. Then he had his breakfast served up in his cabin.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH PASSEPARTOUT PERHAPS TAKES A LITTLE MORE THAN IS PROPER.

Fix had in a few moments rejoined Passepartout on the wharf, who was loitering and looking about, not believing that he was obliged not to see any thing.

“Well, my friend,” said Fix, coming up to him, “is your passport visé?”

“Ah! it is you, monsieur,” replied the Frenchman. “Much obliged. It is all in order.”

“Yes, but we go so quickly that it seems to me as if I am traveling in a dream. And so we are in Suez?”

“Yes, in Suez.”

“In Egypt?”

“You are quite right, in Egypt.”

“And in Africa?”

“Yes, in Africa!”

“In Africa!” repeated Passepartout.

“I can not believe it. Just fancy, sir, that I imagined we would not go further than Paris, and I saw this famous capital again between twenty minutes after seven and twenty minutes of nine in the morning, between the Northern station and the Lyons station, through the windows of a cab in a driving rain! I regret it! I would have so much liked to see again Pere La Chaise and the Circus of the Champs-Elysees!”

“You are then in a great hurry?” asked the detective.

“No, I am not, but my master is. By-the-by, I must buy some shirts and shoes! We came away without trunks, with a carpet bag, only.”

“Monsieur,” replied Passepartout, “you are really very kind!”

“Above all,” he said, “I must take care not to miss the steamer!”

“You have the time,” replied Fix, “it is only noon!”

Passepartout pulled out his large watch.

“Noon. Pahaw! It is eight minutes of ten!”

“Your watch is slow!” replied Fix. “My watch! A family watch that has come down from my great grandfather! It don't vary five minutes in the year. It is a genuine chronometer.”

“I see what is the matter,” replied Fix. “You have kept London time, which is about two hours slower than Suez. You must be careful to set your watch at noon in each country.”

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FACTS AND FIGURES.

—Florida contributes this year 30,000,000 oranges.

—G. O. Hansel, of Lancaster, Pa., has 10,000 silk-worms at work.

—Growers in a single county in Maryland realized a fraction over \$100,000 for their strawberry crop.

—Pennsylvania now holds third place as a tobacco-growing State, having advanced from the twelfth in 1870.

—It was the opinion of the astronomer Kepler that the celestial spaces were as full of comets as the seas of fishes.

—General Bidwell, of San Francisco, shipped from his ranch 45,000 pounds of cherries, one tree realizing \$90, or a product of 900 pounds.

—The deepest well in the world is 3,200 feet, or more than three-fifths of a mile in depth, and is located at Buda Pesth, Hungary.

—Blast-furnace slag or cinder is turned to a useful purpose at the Scalessin Iron Works, near Liege, Belgium. After the molten slag has escaped from the furnace it is conveyed immediately to a stream of cold water.

—The rapid increase in the demand for alligator leather in Europe makes it possible that alligator farming may become an important industry in our Southern swamps.

—Car wheels are now kept in their place without being keyed on. In former times they were almost sure to precipitate an accident; besides, keys would drop out by the constant jar and be weakened by the axles and wheels.

—A fortune awaits the man who will invent store trousers without that self-asserting crease down the legs.

—The Bostonians are undecided whether to construct their exhibition buildings in the form of a loaf of brown bread or a heaping plate of baked beans, the votes of the most aesthetic rather favoring the latter design.

—How beautiful is the language of flowers!

—“which is your favorite flower, Mr. Smart?” “Graham,” said Smart, sententiously. Miss Posigush thinks there are some persons without a particle of sentiment in their souls.

—A canary bird in New York imitates the most difficult air performed on the piano. A smart bird; but a canary in Norristown warbles the choicest selections from the old composers and accompanies itself on a piano.

—Those people who have for years past annually expressed sorrow for bald-headed men in fly-time have wasted their breath.

—The comet is now in a fair way to be disposed of. For a time there was a good deal of disturbance among the heavenly hosts, and Sagittarius was sent out with a bow and arrow to shoot the affair, but he failed to score on the target, since when archery has been unpopular up that way; then Aquarius was asked to play his hose on the business and try to extinguish it, but 'twas all in vain.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)