

# THE ADVERTISER.

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

## THE WELL.

Dark and cool the water lies  
In the old time-honored well;  
Down deep the bucket flies,  
And how often, who can tell?  
For the schoolboy, hot with play,  
For the laborer, tired with toil,  
For the traveler on his way,  
Both the tireless rope uncoil.  
And how often, who can tell?  
Or, who first the gracious draught  
Drew up from the bounteous well?  
Or, who sunk the ancient shaft?  
They are dust, who slaked their thirst  
At the little silver fount  
In the wild woods, where it first  
Called the huntsman to dismount:  
They are dust, the pioneers,  
Who the strong-armed forest broke,  
Where the old well now appears,  
Where now curls the village smoke.  
So shall we within the vale  
With our children's children dwell,  
But the waters ne'er shall fail  
In the old time-honored well.

## TOUR OF THE WORLD — IN — EIGHTY DAYS.

JULES VERNE'S GREAT STORY.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

"This Mr. Fogg is an original genius?"  
"I should think so."  
"Is he rich?"  
"Evidently, and he carries such a fine sum with him in fresh, new bank-notes! And he doesn't spare his money on the route! Oh! but he has promised a splendid reward to the engineer of the Mongolia, if we arrive at Bombay considerably in advance!"  
"And you have known him for a long time, this master of yours?"  
"I," replied Passepartout, "I entered his service the very day of our departure."  
The effect which these answers naturally produced upon the mind of the detective, already strained with excitement, may easily be imagined.  
This hurried departure from London so short a time after the robbery, this large sum carried away, this haste to arrive in distant countries, this pretext of an eccentric wager, all could have no other effect than to confirm Fix in his ideas. He kept the Frenchman talking, and learned to a certainty that this fellow did not know his master at all, that he lived isolated in London, that he was called rich without the source of his fortune being known, that he was a mysterious man, etc. But at the same time Fix was certain that Phileas Fogg would not get off at Suez, but that he was really going to Bombay.  
"Is Bombay far from here?" asked Passepartout.  
"Pretty far," replied the detective.  
"It will take you ten days more by sea."  
"And where do you locate Bombay?"  
"In India."  
"In Asia?"  
"Of course."  
"The deuce! What I was going to tell you—there is one thing that bothers me—it is my burner."  
"What burner?"  
"My gas-burner, which I forgot to turn off, and which is burning at my expense. Now, I have calculated that it will cost me two shillings each twenty-four hours, exactly sixpence more than I earn, and you understand that, however little our journey may be prolonged—"  
Did Fix understand the matter of the gas? It is improbable. He did not listen any longer, and was coming to a determination. The Frenchman and he had arrived at the shop. Fix left his companion there making his purchases, recommending him not to miss the departure of the Mongolia, and he returned in great haste to the Consul's office. Fix had regained his coolness completely, now that he was fully convinced.  
"Monsieur," said he to the Consul, "I have my man. He is passing himself off as an oddity, who wishes to make the tour of the world in eighty days."  
"Then he is a rogue," replied the Consul, "and he counts on returning to London after having deceived all the police of the two continents."  
"We will see," replied Fix.  
"But are you not mistaken?" asked the Consul once more.  
"I am not mistaken."  
"Why, then, has this robber insisted upon having his stopping at Suez confirmed by a *visa*?"  
"Why? I do not know, Consul," replied the detective; "but listen to me." And in a few words he related the salient points of his conversation with the servant of the said Fogg.  
"Indeed," said the Consul, "all the presumptions are against this man. And what are you going to do?"  
"Send a dispatch to London with the urgent request to send me at once at Bombay a warrant of arrest, set sail upon the Mongolia, follow my robber to the Indies, and there, on English soil, accost him politely, with the warrant in one hand, and the other hand upon his shoulder."  
Having coolly uttered these words, the detective took leave of the Consul, and repaired to the telegraph office. Thence he dispatched to the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, as we have already seen, a quarter of an hour later Fix, with his light baggage in his hand, and, besides, well supplied with money, went on board the Mongolia, and soon the swift steamer was threading its way under full head of steam on the waters of the Red Sea.

CHAPTER IX.  
IN WHICH THE RED SEA AND THE INDIAN OCEAN SHOW THEMSELVES PROPITIOUS TO PHILEAS FOGG'S DESIGNS.

The distance between Suez and Aden is exactly thirteen hundred and ten miles, and the time-table of the company allows its steamers a period of one hundred and thirty-eight hours to make the distance. The Mongolia, whose fires were well kept up, moved along rapidly enough to anticipate her stipulated arrival. Nearly all the passengers who came aboard at Brindisi had India for their destination. Some were going to Bombay, others to Calcutta, but via Bombay, for since a railway crosses the entire breadth of the Indian peninsula, it is no longer necessary to double the island of Ceylon.  
Among these passengers of the Mongolia, there were several officials of the civil service and army officers of every grade. Of the latter, some belonged to the British army, properly so-called; the others commanded the native Sepoy troops, all receiving high salaries, since the Government has taken the place of the powers and charges of the old East India Company.  
There was good living on board the Mongolia, in this company of officials, to which were added some young Englishmen, who, with a million in their pockets, were going to establish commercial houses abroad. The purser, the confidential man of the company, the equal of the Captain on board the ship, did things up elegantly.  
But the Red Sea is very capricious and too frequently rough, like all long, narrow bodies of water. When the wind blew either from the coast of Asia, or from the coast of Africa, the Mongolia, being very long and sharp built, and struck amidships, rolled fearfully. And yet, notwithstanding the squall and the agitated waters, the steamer, driven by its powerful engine, pursued its course without delay to the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb.  
What was Phileas Fogg doing all this time? It might be supposed that, always uneasy and anxious, his mind would be occupied with the changes of the wind interfering with the progress of the vessel, the irregular movements of the squall threatening an accident to the engine, and, in short, all the possible injuries, which, compelling the Mongolia to put into some port, would have interrupted his journey.  
By no means, or, at least, if this gentleman thought of these probabilities, he did not let it appear as if he did. He was the same impassable man, the imperturbable member of the Reform Club, whom no incident or accident could surprise. He did not appear more affected than the ship's chronometers. He was seldom seen upon the deck. He troubled himself very little about looking at this Red Sea, so fruitful in recollections, the spot where the first historic scenes of mankind were enacted.  
What was this queer fellow, imprisoned upon the Mongolia, doing? At first he took his four meals a-day, the rolling and pitching of the ship not putting out of order his mechanism, so wonderfully organized. Then he played at whist. For he found companions as devoted to it as himself; a collector of taxes, who was going to his post at Goa; a minister, the Rev. Decimus Smith, returning to Bombay, and a Brigadier-General of the English army, who was rejoining his corps at Beares. These three passengers had the same passion for whist as Mr. Fogg, and they played for entire hours, not less quietly than he.  
As for Passepartout, sea-sickness had taken no hold on him. It must be said that the voyage made under these circumstances was decidedly not unpleasant to him. He rather liked his share of it. Well fed and well lodged, he was seeing the country, and besides he asserted to himself that all this whim would end at Bombay. The next day after leaving Suez it was not without a certain pleasure that he met on deck the obliging person whom he had addressed on landing in Egypt.  
"I am not mistaken," he said, on approaching him with his most amiable smile, "you are the very gentleman that so kindly served as my guide in Suez?"  
"Indeed," replied the detective, "I recognize you! You are the servant of that odd Englishman—"  
"Just so, Monsieur—"  
"Fix."  
"Monsieur Fix," replied Passepartout, "delighted to meet you again on board this vessel. And where are you going?"  
"Why, to the same place as yourself, Bombay."  
"That is first-rate! Have you already made this trip?"  
"Several times," replied Fix. "I am an agent of the Peninsular Company."  
"Then you know India?"  
"Why—yes," replied Fix, who did not wish to commit himself too far.  
"And this India is a curious place?"  
"Very curious! Mosques, minarets, temples, fakirs, pagodas, tigers, serpents, dancing girls! But it is to be hoped that you will have time to visit the country?"  
"I hope so, Monsieur Fix. You understand very well that it is not permitted to a man of sound mind to pass his life in jumping from a steamer into a railway car and from a railway car into a steamer, under the pretext of making the tour of the world in eighty days! No. All these gymnastics will cease at Bombay, don't doubt it."  
"And Mr. Fogg is well?" asked Fix in the most natural tone.  
"Very well, Monsieur Fix, and I am, too. I eat like an ogre that has been fasting. It is the sea air."  
"I never see your master on deck."  
"Never. He is not inquisitive."  
"Do you know, Mr. Passepartout, that this pretended tour in eighty days might very well be the cover for some

secret mission—a diplomatic mission, for example!"  
"Upon my word, Monsieur Fix, I don't know anything about it, I confess, and really I wouldn't give half a crown to know."  
After this meeting, Passepartout and Fix frequently talked together. The detective thought he ought to have close relations with the servant of this gentleman Fogg. There might be an occasion when he could serve him.  
In the meantime the steamer was rapidly getting on. On the 13th they sighted Mooha, which appeared in its inclosure of ruined walls, above which were hanging green date trees.  
During the following night the Mongolia passed through the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, the Arabic name of which signifies "The Gate of Tears," and the next day, the 14th, she put in at Steamer Point, to the northwest of Aden harbor. There she was to lay in coal.  
The Mongolia had still sixteen hundred and fifty miles to make before reaching Bombay, and she had to remain four hours at Steamer Point, to lay in her coal. But this delay could not in any way be prejudicial to Phileas Fogg's programme. It was foreseen. Besides, the Mongolia, instead of not arriving at Aden until the morning of the 15th, put in there the evening of the 14th, a gain of fifteen hours.  
Mr. Fogg and his servant landed. The gentleman wished to have his passport *visé*. Fix followed him without being noticed. The formality of the *visa* through with, Phileas Fogg returned on board to resume his interrupted play. Passepartout, according to his custom, loitered about in the midst of the population of Scenalis, Banyans, Parsees, Jews, Arabs, Europeans, making up the twenty-five thousand inhabitants of Aden.  
Passepartout admired the fortifications which make of this town the Gibraltar of the Indian Ocean, and some splendid cisterns, at which the English engineers were still working, two thousand years after the engineers of King Solomon. "Very singular, very singular!" said Passepartout to himself on returning aboard.  
"I see that it is not useless to travel, if we wish to see anything new."  
At six o'clock p. m. the Mongolia was plowing the waters of the Aden harbor, and soon reached the Indian Ocean. She had one hundred and sixty-eight hours to make the distance between Aden and Bombay. The Indian Ocean was favorable to her, the wind kept in the northwest, and the sails came to the aid of the steam.  
On Sunday, the 20th of October, toward noon, they sighted the Indian coast. Two hours later the pilot came aboard the Mongolia. The steamer entered the harbor formed by the islands of Salsette, Colaba, Elephanta, Butcher, and at half-past four she put in at the wharves of Bombay. Phileas Fogg was then finishing the thirty-third rubber of the day, and his partner and himself, thanks to a bold maneuver, having made thirteen tricks, wound up this fine trip by a splendid victory. The Mongolia was not due at Bombay until the 22d of October. She arrived on the 20th. This was a gain of two days, then, since his departure from London, and Phileas Fogg methodically noted it down in his memorandum-book in the column of gains.  
CHAPTER X.  
IN WHICH PASSEPARTOUT IS ONLY TOO HAPPY TO GET OFF WITH THE LOSS OF HIS SHOES.  
No one is ignorant of the fact that India, this great reversed triangle whose base is to the north and its apex to the south, comprises a superficial area of fourteen hundred thousand square miles, over which is unequally scattered a population of one hundred and eighty millions of inhabitants. The British Government exercises a real dominion over a certain portion of this vast country.  
But English India, properly so-called, counts only a superficial area of seven hundred thousand square miles, and a population of one hundred to one hundred and ten millions of inhabitants. It is sufficient to say that a prominent part of the territory is still free from the authority of the Queen; and, indeed, with some of the rajahs of the interior, fierce and terrible, Hindoo independence is still absolute. Steamboats traverse with great rapidity the Indus and the Ganges, and a railway crossing the entire breadth of India, and branching in various directions, puts Bombay at only three days from Calcutta.  
The route of this railway does not follow a straight line across India. The air line distance is only one thousand to eleven hundred miles, and trains, going at only an average rapidity, would not take three days to make it; but this distance is increased at least one-third by the arc described by the railway rising to Allahabad, in the northern part of the peninsula.  
It was at half past four p. m. that the passengers of the Mongolia had landed in Bombay, and the train for Calcutta would leave at precisely eight o'clock. Mr. Fogg then took leave of his partners, left the steamer, gave his servant directions for some purchases, recommended him expressly to be at the station before eight o'clock, and with his regular step, which beat the second like the pendulum of an astronomical clock, he turned his steps towards the passport office. He did not think of looking at any of the wonders of Bombay. After leaving the passport office, Phileas Fogg quietly repaired to the station, and there had dinner served.  
A few minutes after Mr. Fogg, the detective Fix also landed from the Mongolia, and hastened to the Commissioner of Police in Bombay. He made himself known in his capacity as detective, the mission with which he was charged, his position towards the robber. Had a warrant of arrest been received from London? They had received nothing. And, in fact, the warrant, leaving after Fogg could not have arrived yet.  
Fix was very much out of countenance. He wished to obtain from the Commissioner an order for the arrest of this gentleman Fogg. The director refused. The affair concerned the metropolitan Government, and it alone could legally deliver a warrant. This strictness of principles, this rigorous observance of legality is easily explained with the English manners, which, in the matter of personal liberty, does not allow any thing arbitrary. Fix did not persist, and understood that he would have to be resigned to waiting for his warrant. But he resolved not to lose sight of his mysterious rogue, whilst he remained in Bombay. He did not doubt that Phileas Fogg would stop there—and as we know, it was also Passepartout's conviction—which would give the warrant of arrest the time to arrive.  
But after the last orders which his master had given him on leaving the Mongolia, Passepartout had understood very well that it would be the same with Bombay as with Suez and Paris, that the journey would not stop here, that it would be continued at least as far as Calcutta, and perhaps further. And he began to ask himself if, after all, this bet of Mr. Fogg was not really serious, and if a fatality was not dragging him, he who wished to live at rest, to accomplish the tour of the world in eighty days! Whilst waiting, and after having obtained some shirts and shoes, he took a walk through the streets of Bombay. There was a great crowd of people there, and among them Europeans of all nationalities, Persians with pointed caps, Bunyans with round turbans, Sindes with square caps, Armenians in long robes, Parsees in black miters. A festival was just being held by the Parsees, the direct descendants of the followers of Zoroaster, who are the most industrious, the most civilized, the most intelligent, the most austere of the Hindoos—a race to which now belong the rich native merchants of Bombay. Upon this day they were celebrating a sort of religious carnival, with processions and amusements, in which figured dancing girls dressed in rose-colored gauze embroidered with gold and silver, who danced wonderfully and with perfect decency to the sound of viols and tam-tams.  
It is superfluous to insist here whether Passepartout looked at these curious ceremonies, whether his eyes and ears were stretched wide open to see and hear, whether his entire appearance was that of the freshest greenhorn that can be imagined. Unfortunately for himself and his master, whose journey he ran the risk of interrupting, his curiosity dragged him further than was proper.  
In fact, after having looked at this Parsee carnival, Passepartout turned towards the station, when, passing the splendid pagoda on Malebar Hill, he took the unfortunate notion to visit its interior. He was ignorant of two things: First, that the entrance into certain Hindoo pagodas is formally forbidden to Christians, and next, that the believers themselves can not enter there without having left their shoes at the door. It must be remarked here that the English Government, for sound political reasons, respecting and causing to be respected in its most insignificant details the religion of the country, punishes severely whoever violates its practices. Passepartout, having gone in, without thinking of doing wrong, like a simple traveler, was admiring in the interior the dazzling glare of the Brahmin ornamentation, when he was suddenly thrown down on the sacred floor. Three priests, with furious looks, rushed upon him, tore off his shoes and stockings, and commenced to beat him, uttering savage cries. The Frenchman, vigorous and agile, rose again quickly. With a blow of his fist and a kick he upset two of his adversaries, very much hampered by their long robes, and rushing out of the pagoda with all the quickness of his legs, he had soon distanced the third Hindoo, who had followed him closely, by mingling with the crowd.  
At five minutes of eight, just a few minutes before the leaving of the train, hatless and barefoot, having lost in the scuffle the bundle containing his purchases, Passepartout arrived at the railway station. Fix was on the wharf. Having followed Mr. Fogg to the station, he understood that the rogue was going to leave Bombay. His mind was immediately made up to accompany him to Calcutta, and further, if it was necessary. Passepartout did not see Fix, who was standing in a dark place, but Fix heard him tell his adventures in a few words to his master.  
"I hope it will not happen to you again," was all Phileas Fogg replied, taking a seat in one of the cars of the train. The poor fellow, barefoot and quite discomfited, followed his master without saying a word.  
Fix was going to get in another car, when a thought stopped him, and suddenly modified his plan of departure. "No, I will remain," he said to himself. "A transgression committed upon Indian territory. I have my man."  
At this moment the locomotive gave a vigorous whistle, and the train disappeared in the darkness.  
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Who in the pretty girl with blonde hair and deep blue eyes there in the jaunty hat?" asked Alfred, at the lawn party. "Who?" replied Annie, "that tawny-haired girl with the tallow eyes, and that nightmare of blue rags on her head? I never saw her before; nobody we want to know." That, brethren, is the way different people look at a pretty girl in a pretty hat.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

## FACTS AND FIGURES.

—Austrian manufacturers have vastly improved their processes of sugar-making.  
—The average English and American brain is said to weigh 45.7 ounces, against French, 44.6; German, 44.1; Italian, 44; negro, 40.5.  
—The City of Boston gives concerts by military bands on its Common on Sunday afternoon, and draws the line at pleasure boats, the passenger boats on the pond in the public garden being prohibited from running on that day.  
—The works of Borsig, of Berlin, for construction of locomotives, employ at present three thousand workmen and turn out two hundred to two hundred and fifty engines annually. The first locomotive was made in 1842. In 1846 Borsig completed his one hundredth locomotive, in 1854 his five hundredth, and in 1858 his one thousandth.  
—W. C. Bagnall, of Stafford, England, has just completed the smallest locomotive ever fitted together for actual use. It has a 3-inch cylinder and 13½-inch wheel, and its maximum width is only 31 inches. It is of 3-horse power and 18-inch gauge. It is to be used on some road in South America. Locomotives by the same builder, of the same type, but a little larger, are employed in South Africa, Java and India.  
—The Pullman car shops at Detroit have lately completed two sportsmen's cars for the Pennsylvania Railroad. They are furnished with berths for twelve persons, and each has, in addition, a kitchen, refrigerator, ice-chest for game, wine closet, gun closet, ammunition room and accommodations for twelve dogs. They are appropriately named "David Crockett" and "Isaac Walton." It is said that both are engaged for the entire season.  
—The *Industrial World* says that a simple method of cooling shaft journals consists in placing an endless belt of loose water-absorbing texture on the shaft as near the heated part as may be and allowing the lower light to run in cold water, which may be held in a vessel at a convenient distance below the shaft. Continuous contact of the liquid band carries away the heat of the friction as it is produced, without spilling or splashing water on or about the machinery and without contact of the lubricant in the journal boxes.  
WIT AND WISDOM.  
—The farmers of Illinois are very much excited about the depredations of the Hessian fly, and want to know something of its origin. If we mistake not it was General Stark who first made the Hessian fly in this country.—*Yonkers Gazette.*  
—The dust, and the glare of the sun, are very trying on the eyes at Austin. A few days ago Gus de Smith went to an Austin doctor, and, with a tearful expression about the eyes, said: "Doctor, I experience a great deal of inconvenience with my eyes." "My dear sir, you would experience a great deal more without your eyes."—*Derrick.*  
—A Laramie man who used to own a watermelon patch and a bull-dog in Iowa is having constructed for the World's Fair a log-cabin bed-quilt containing 2,135 pieces. The blocks are relics of boys' pants pried out of the jaws of the bull-dog during the years that the owner was general manager of the melon patch.—*Laramie Boomerang.*  
—The *Elmira Advertiser* asks if it is true that men who whistle have no brains? May be so, but we would rather go to them for sympathy or the loan of a few dollars in an emergency than to the fellows who are all brains and no whistle. Every good man, like every good engine, needs to blow off steam some time or other.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*  
Taking Time by the Forelock.  
"This 'ere man," said Bijah to his Honor as he brought out Alexander Martin, "tried to bribe me last night to let him out, and when that wouldn't work he threatened my life and yours, too."  
"How much did he offer you?"  
"Two shillings."  
"And you stood firm?"  
"Firm as a rock, your Honor."  
"Good! you may consider yourself elevated to the top-shelf of my estimation. How easy it would have been for you to have taken that money and skipped for Europe and passed the remainder of your days in luxurious seclusion, and yet you turned your back on the temptation. Bijah, your conduct shall be reported to the Police Commissioners in glowing terms, and next winter you shall have the biggest pair of ear-muffs of any citizen in Detroit as a personal gift from me. So, Mr. Martin, you threatened our lives, eh?"  
"No, sir. I simply said that when I got out I would see about this."  
"Are you insane?"  
"No, sir."  
"Well, then, be a little careful how you make threats. You are charged with drunkenness."  
"Yes, sir, but it was for next Christmas. I always get drunk on Christmas."  
"Weren't you rather taking time by the forelock?"  
"I couldn't tell whether I'd be alive next winter."  
"I see. Do you call that a good line of reasoning?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Well, then, because you may not be alive next winter I shall send you to the Work-house now. Please consider yourself off on a summer vacation for thirty days."  
The prisoner so considered, and sat down and enjoyed the sensation of having his board paid four weeks in advance.—*Detroit Free Press.*