

THE ADVERTISER.

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

A HUSBAND'S LECTURE.

"My dear," said the young husband, "do not fret. For just a simple tea-cup; do not scold. As if the cup was gold. Dupay can make another like the set—At least, so I've been told.

"Believe me, dear, that nothing in this life is worth your fretting for. Do as I do—Be of the happy few.

Who do not wear themselves away in strife; Be calm—do as I do."

The placid master stood serenely o'er His pet aquarium, watching its still life So calm and void of strife (The husband's not by often in a bore. Even to a loving wife.

Just then a footman entered with a note, And turning quickly, the aquarium fell. "Ah! what! how shall I tell How this bare master the poor culprit taught, And how he pulled the bell,

And called the man and maids, and banged the door, Frotted and rained in passionate regret, And how his foot got wet, And how the handsome carpet on the floor Was ruined by his pet?

Meanwhile the wife, serene and calm and still, Sat smiling in her chair. "My dear," she said, "Where is your patience dead? You should control yourself. There is no ill Worth fretting for." Do as I do, instead."

No answer then, The wreck was all removed. Then came this frank confession: "Lucy, dear, I have been wrong, I fear; My poor pet patience is, indeed, reprieved," "Then she drew kindly near, And whispered something—what, I cannot tell; But ever since, the wife's small troubles find A sympathetic mind. —Harper's Weekly.

TOUR OF THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS.

JULES VERNE'S GREAT STORY.

CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

In the meantime they were moving on rapidly. John Bunsby had high hopes. He said to Mr. Fogg several times that they would arrive at Shanghai at the desired time. Mr. Fogg simply replied that he counted on it. The whole crew went to work in earnest. The new set enticed these good people. So there was not a sheet which was not conscientiously tightened! Not a sail which was not vigorously hoisted! Not a lurch for which the men at the helm could be blamed! They would not have maneuvered more rigorously in a regatta of the Royal Yacht Club.

In the evening the pilot marked on the log a distance of two hundred and twenty miles from Hong Kong, and Phileas Fogg might hope that on arriving at Yokohama he would not have to note any delay in his journal. Thus, the first serious mischance that he had suffered since his departure from London would probably not affect his journey worth mentioning.

During the night, toward the early morning hours, the Tankadere entered, without difficulty, the Straits of To Kien, which separate the large island of Formosa from the Chinese coast, and she crossed the Tropic of Cancer. The sea was very rough in these straits, full of eddies formed by counter-currents. The schooner labored heavily. The short waves broke her course. It became very difficult to stand up on the deck.

With daybreak the wind became fresher. There was the appearance of a squall in the heavens. Besides, the barometer announced a speedy change of the atmosphere; its daily movement was irregular, and the mercury oscillated capriciously. The sea was seen rising towards the southeast in long swells, betokening a tempest. The evening before the sun had set in a red haze, amid the phosphorescent scintillations of the ocean.

The pilot examined the threatening aspect of the sky for a long time and muttered between his teeth indistinctly. At a certain moment, finding himself near his passenger, he said, in a low voice:

"Can I speak freely to your honor?"

"You can," replied Phileas Fogg.

"Well, we are going to have a squall."

"Will it come from the north or the south?" asked Mr. Fogg, simply.

"From the south. See. A typhoon is coming up."

"Good for the typhoon from the south, since it will send us in the right direction," replied Mr. Fogg.

"If you take it so," replied the pilot, "I have nothing more to say."

John Bunsby's presentiments did not deceive him. At a less advanced season of the year the typhoon, according to the expression of a celebrated meteorologist, would have passed off like a luminous cascade of electric flames, but in the winter equinox it was to be feared that it would burst with violence.

The pilot took his precautions in advance. He had all the schooner's sails reefed and the yards brought on deck. The pole-masts were dispensed with. All hands went forward. The hatches were carefully fastened. Not a drop of water could then enter the hull of the vessel. A single triangular sail, a foresail of strong canvas, was hoisted as a storm-jib, so as to hold the schooner to the wind behind. And they waited.

John Bunsby had begged his passengers to go down into the cabin; but in the narrow space, almost deprived of air, and knocked about by the waves, this imprisonment had in it nothing agreeable. Neither Mr. Fogg nor Mrs.

Aouda, nor even Fix, was contented to leave the deck.

Toward eight o'clock the storm of rain and wind struck the deck. With nothing but her little bit of sail, the Tankadere was raised like a feather by the wind, the violence of which could not well be described in words. Compare her speed to quadruple that of a locomotive rushing along under full head of steam, and it would still be below the truth.

During the whole day the vessel ran on thus towards the north, carried by the tremendous waves, preserving, fortunately, a rapidity equal to theirs. Twenty times she was almost submerged by these mountains of water which rose upon her in the rear, but an adroit turn of the helm by the pilot warded off the catastrophe. The passengers were sometimes covered all over by the showers of spray, which they received philosophically. Fix did not like it, doubtless, but the intrepid Aouda, with her eyes fixed upon her companion, whose coolness she could only admire, showed herself worthy of him, and braved the storm at his side. As for Phileas Fogg, it seemed as if this typhoon formed a part of his programme.

Up to this time the Tankadere had always held her course towards the north; but, toward evening, as might have been feared, the wind, shifting three quarters, blew from the north-west. The schooner, now having her side to the waves, was terribly shaken. The sea struck her with a violence well calculated to terrify any one who does not know how solidly every part of a vessel is fastened together.

With nightfall the tempest grew wilder. Seeing darkness come on, and with it the increase of the storm, John Bunsby felt great uneasiness. He asked himself if it would not be time to put in somewhere, and he consulted his crew.

His men consulted. John Bunsby approached Mr. Fogg, and said to him: "I believe, your honor, that we would do well to make one of the ports of the coast."

"I believe so, also," replied Phileas Fogg.

"Ah!" said the pilot, "but which one?"

"I only know one," replied Mr. Fogg, quietly.

"And that is—?"

"Shanghai!"

The pilot could not at first comprehend for a few moments what this answer meant; how much obstinacy and tenacity it comprised. Then he cried: "Ah well, yes! your honor is right. On to Shanghai!"

And the direction of the Tankadere was unwaveringly kept to the north.

It was truly a terrible night! It was a miracle that the little craft did not capsize. Twice she was submerged, and everything would have been carried off the deck, if the fastening of the ropes had given away. Mrs. Aouda was worn out, but she did not utter a complaint. More than once Mr. Fogg had to rush toward her to protect her from the violence of the waves.

Daylight reappeared. The tempest was still raging with the greatest fury. However, the wind fell again into the southeast. It was a favorable change, and the Tankadere resumed her way on this high sea, whose waves then struck those produced by the new direction of the wind. Thence a shock of counter-rolling waves, which would have crushed a less solidly-built bark.

From time to time through the broken mist, the coast could be perceived, but not a ship in sight. The Tankadere was the only one keeping the sea.

At noon there were some signs of a calm, which, with the sinking of the sun toward the horizon, were more distinct.

The short duration of the tempest was owing to its very violence. The passengers, completely worn out, could eat a little and take some rest.

The night was comparatively quiet. The pilot had the sail again hoisted at a low reef. The speed of the vessel was considerable. The next day, the 11th, at day-dawn, the coast being sighted, John Bunsby was able to assert that they were not one hundred miles from Shanghai.

One hundred miles, and only this day left to make the distance! That very evening Mr. Fogg ought to arrive at Shanghai, if he did not wish to miss the departure of the Yokohama steamer. Without this storm, during which he lost several hours, he would not, at this moment, have been thirty miles from port.

The breeze sensibly slackened, but fortunately the sea fell with it. The schooner was covered with canvas. Poles, stay-sails, counter-jibs, all were carried, and the sea foamed under her keel.

At noon, the Tankadere was not more than forty-five miles from Shanghai. She had six hours more to make that port before the departure of the steamer for Yokohama.

The fears of all were great; they wanted to arrive at any cost. All felt their hearts impatiently beating—Phileas Fogg, doubtless, excepted. The little schooner must keep up an average of nine knots an hour, and the wind was constantly going down! It was an irregular breeze, with capricious puffs coming from the coast. They passed, and the sea became more smooth immediately after.

But the vessel was so light, and her high sails, of a fine material, caught the capricious breeze so well that, with the current in their favor, at six o'clock John Bunsby counted only ten miles to Shanghai River, for the city itself is situated at a distance of twelve miles at least above the mouth. At seven o'clock they were still three miles from Shang-

hai. A formidable oath escaped from the pilot's lips. It was evident that the reward of two hundred pounds was going to slip from him. He looked at Mr. Fogg. Mr. Fogg was impassible, and yet his whole fortune was at stake at this moment.

At this moment, too, a long, black funnel, crowned with a wreath of smoke, appeared on the edge of the water. It was the American steamer going at the regular hour.

"Maledictions on her!" cried John Bunsby, who pushed back the rudder desperately.

"Signal her!" said Phileas Fogg, simply.

A small brass cannon stood on the forward deck of the Tankadere. It served to make signals in hazy weather. The cannon was loaded to the muzzle, but at the moment that the pilot was going to apply a red-hot coal to the touch-hole, Mr. Fogg said:

"Hoist your flag!"

The flag was hoisted half-mast. It was a signal of distress, and it was to be hoped that the American steamer, perceiving it, would change her course for a moment to assist the little craft.

"Fire!" said Mr. Fogg.

And the booming of the little cannon sounded through the air.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN WHICH PASSEPARTOUT SEES VERY WELL THAT, EVEN AT THE ANTIPODES, IT IS PRUDENT TO HAVE SOME MONEY IN ONE'S POCKET.

The Carnatic, having left Hong Kong on the 6th of November, at half-past six p. m., turned under full head of steam toward the Japanese shores. She carried a full load of freight and passengers. Two cabins aft were unoccupied. They were the ones retained for Mr. Phileas Fogg.

The next morning the men in the forward part of the vessel saw, not without some surprise, a passenger, with half-stupefied eyes and disordered head, coming out of the second cabin, and, with tottering steps, taking a seat on deck.

This passenger was Passepartout himself. This is what happened:

Some minutes after Fix left the smoking-house two waiters raised Passepartout, who was in a deep sleep, and laid him on the bed reserved for the smokers. But, three hours later, Passepartout, pursued even in his bed dreams by a fixed idea, woke again and struggled against the stupefying action of the narcotic. The thought of unaccomplished duty shook off his torpor.

He left this drunkard's bed, reeling, supporting himself by the wall, falling and rising, but always and irresistibly urged on by a sort of instinct. He finally went out of the smoking-house, crying in a dream, "the Carnatic! the Carnatic!"

The steamer was there, steam up, ready to leave. Passepartout had only a few steps to go. He rushed upon the plank, crossed it, and fell unconscious on the forward deck at the moment that the Carnatic was slipping her moorings.

Some of the sailors, as men accustomed to these kind of scenes, took the poor fellow down into a second cabin, and Passepartout only waked the next morning, one hundred and fifty miles from the Chinese coast.

This is then why Passepartout found himself this morning on the Carnatic's deck, taking full draughts of the fresh sea-breezes. The purser sobered him. He commenced to collect his ideas, but he did not succeed without difficulty. But, finally, he recalled the scenes of the day before, the confidences of Fix, the smoking-house, etc.

"It is evident," he said to himself, "that I have been abominably drunk! What will Mr. Fogg say? In any event I have not missed the steamer, and this is the principal thing."

Then, thinking of Fix, he said to himself:

"As for him, I hope we are now rid of him, and that he has not dared, after what he proposed to me, to follow us on the Carnatic. A police detective on my master's heels, accused of the robbery committed upon the Bank of England! Ishaw! Mr. Fogg is as much a robber as I am a murderer!"

Ought Passepartout to tell these things to his master? Would it be proper to inform him of the part played by Fix in this affair? Would it not be better to wait until his return to London, to tell him that an agent of the Metropolitan police had followed him, and then have a laugh with him? Yes, doubtless. In any event, it was a matter to be looked into. The most pressing thing was to rejoin Mr. Fogg and get him to pardon him for his inexcusable conduct.

Passepartout then rose. The sea was rough, and the ship rolled heavily. The worthy fellow—his legs not very steady yet—reached as well as he could the after-deck of the ship.

He saw no one on the deck that resembled either his master or Mrs. Aouda.

"Good," said he, "Mrs. Aouda is still abed at this hour. As for Mr. Fogg, he has probably found some whist-player, and according to his habit—"

So saying, Passepartout descended to the saloon. Mr. Fogg was not there. Passepartout had but one thing to do: to ask the purser which cabin Mr. Fogg occupied. The purser replied that he did not know any passenger of that name.

"Pardon me," said Passepartout, persisting. "The gentleman in question is tall, cold, non-communicative, accompanied by a young lady."

"We have no young lady on board," replied the purser. "To convince you, here is the list of passengers. You can examine it."

Passepartout looked over the list. His master's name did not appear.

He felt bewildered. Then an idea struck him.

"Ah! but see! I am on the Carnatic!" he cried.

"Yes," replied the purser. "En route for Yokohama?"

"Exactly so."

Passepartout had for a moment feared that he had mistaken the vessel! But though he was on the Carnatic, he was certain that his master was not there.

Passepartout dropped into an arm-chair. It was a thunder-stroke for him. And, suddenly, there was a gleam of light. He recollected that the hour of departure for the Carnatic had been anticipated, that he was to notify his master, and that he had not done it!

It was his fault, then, if Mr. Fogg and Mrs. Aouda had missed this steamer! His fault, yes, but still more that of the traitor who, to separate him from his master, to keep the latter in Hong Kong, had made him drunk! For at last he understood the detective's maneuver.

And now Mr. Fogg surely rained, his bet lost, arrested, perhaps imprisoned! Passepartout at this thought tore his hair. Ah! if Fix ever fell into his hands, what a settlement of accounts there would be!

Finally, after the first moment of bewilderment, Passepartout recovered his coolness and studied the situation. It was not enviable. The Frenchman was on the road to Japan. Certain of arriving there, how was he to get away. His pocket was empty. Not a shilling, not a penny in it! However, his passage and meals on board were paid in advance. He had then five or six days to come to a decision. It could not be described how he ate and drank during the voyage. He ate for his master, for Mrs. Aouda, and for himself. He ate as if in Japan, where he was going to land, was a desert country, bare of every eatable substance.

At high tide on the morning of the 13th, the Carnatic entered the port of Yokohama.

This place is an important stopping point in the Pacific, where all the mail and passenger steamers between North America, China, Japan and the Malay Islands put in.

The Carnatic came alongside the wharf at Yokohama near the jetties of the port and the Custom House, in the midst of the numerous vessels belonging to all nations.

Passepartout set foot, without any enthusiasm, on this so curious soil of the Sons of the Sun! He had nothing better to do than to take chance for his guide, and to go at a venture through the streets of the city.

Passepartout had, it is true, one resource; it was to make himself known at the French or English Consular Agent's established at Yokohama; but he hated to tell his story, so intimately connected with that of his master, and before coming to that he wished to exhaust all other chances.

Then, having gone through the European quarter of the city without chance having served him in anything, he entered the Japanese quarter, decided, if it was necessary, to push on to Jeddo.

The native portion of Yokohama is called Bentein, from the name of a goddess of the sea, worshipped in the neighboring islands. In the streets there was a constant swarm, going and coming incessantly; priests passing in procession, beating their monotonous tambourines; patrol men, Custom-House or police officers, with pointed hats incrustated with lace, and carrying two sabers in their belts; soldiers dressed in blue cottonade, with white stripes, and armed with percussion muskets; guards of the Mikado, enveloped in their silken doublets, with hauberk and coat-of-mail, and a number of other military men of all ranks—for in Japan the profession of a soldier is as much esteemed as it is despised in China. Then, mendicant friars, pilgrims in long robes, simple civilians, with their glossy and jet-black hair, large heads, long bust, slender legs, short stature and complexions from the dark shades of copper to dead white, but never yellow like that of the Chinese, from whom the Japanese differ essentially.

Passepartout walked for some hours in the midst of this checkered crowd, looking at the curious and rich shops; the bazars where are heaped up all the display of Japanese jewelry; the restaurants, adorned with streamers and banners, into which he was interdicted from entering; and those tea-houses in which are drunk full cups of the warm, fragrant tea, with "saki"—a liquor extracted from fermented rice—and those comfortable smoking-houses, where very fine tobacco is smoked, and not opium, whose use is almost unknown in Japan.

Then Passepartout found himself in the fields, in the midst of immense rice fields. There were expanding, with flowers which threw out their last perfumes, dazzling camellias, not borne upon shrubs, but upon trees; and in the bamboo inclosures, cherry, plum and apple trees, which the natives cultivate rather for their blossoms than for their fruit, and which grinning scarecrows protect from the beak of the sparrows, the pigeons, the crows and other voracious birds.

Wandering thus, Passepartout saw some violets among the grass, and said: "Good! there is my supper."

But having snelt them, he found no odor in them.

"No chance there!" he thought.

—TO BE CONTINUED.

When we say of a shiftless fellow that he does not "earn his salt," we allude to an ancient custom among the Romans. Among them a man was said to be in possession of a salary when he had his *salarium*, his allowance of salt-money, or of salt, wherewith to savor the food by which he lived. Thus "salary" comes from "salt," and, in this view of the word, how many there are who do not "earn their salt!"

FACTS AND FIGURES.

—There are 20,000 seeds of oats in a pound, and 686,400 seeds of white clover.

—Tucson, Arizona, talks about an exhibit of minerals and agricultural products next year.

—In perceiving the tints of scarlet, our eyes are affected by undulations recurring 482,000,000 times a second.

—Athens, along with being the university town of Georgia, has no less than five cotton factories in and around the city.

—The largest North Carolina watermelon heard from this season was from Wake County and weighed 60 pounds.

—The improvements in the plow have, according to the statement made by Mr. Coffin, effected a saving of ninety million dollars in last year's crops.

—The New York Grape-Sugar Company has been incorporated by ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt and others, and will have a capital of \$1,000,000. It will have a branch establishment at Des Moines.

—A mammoth tree cut down in Lewis County, Ky., recently, and believed to be 300 years old, produced 33,462 feet of lumber and twenty-five cords of firewood. It was sixteen feet in diameter and 120 feet high.

—There are 7,092 public houses and 4,425 beer houses in London. During 1880, 29,868 persons were apprehended for drunkenness. Of these, 15,998 were males and 13,870 females. The average of arrests for drunkenness seems to be diminishing.

—A new speed indicator, called the strathmograph, for indicating the speed of locomotives, has been introduced on the Hanoverian railroads. By it the engineer can read from a scale the actual speed of his engine at any moment; besides, a record of the trip is kept on a strip of paper.

—The real facts about Lake Tahoe are: It is 6,220 feet above the sea, is 22 by 12 1/2 miles, greatest depth 1,506 feet, highest temperature 60 degrees and lowest 39. Drowned persons never rise, the water being too cold to permit generation of gas. Buoyancy average.

—A French chemist has obtained a very valuable oil from the kernels of the grape—the refuse left after distilling brandy, or making verdigris, being dried and ground fine in an ordinary mill, and the yield of oil is in direct proportion to the fineness of the grinding. The oil is sweeter than nut oil, and remains fluid at a lower temperature. When burned in lamps it gives a bright, smokeless, odorless and agreeable flame.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Hapless sons of clay are frequently bricks.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

—E. Perkins says he likes to be called a liar. He must have a howling good time.—Boston Post.

—The drouth along the Ohio river has been so severe that the people are hauling water to keep the ferry-boats running.—Chicago Tribune.

—A homely girl with a small and pretty foot takes ten per cent. more comfort in this world than a prettified girl who knows it is all day with her if she falls over a log.—Detroit Free Press.

—The Kansas papers tell of a man in that State who has two hearts. We reckon they "beat as one." But if that man could only fill to them what a lovely lush he would have!—Burlington Hawkeye.

—We heard yesterday how an Augusta man "gave himself away," the worst kind in Norfolk the other day. He went to that point on an excursion and put up at one of the first-class hotels. The clerk gave his baggage and the key to his room to a porter, who conducted the Augusta gentleman to the elevator. Closing the door they began to ascend, unperceived by the traveler. He eyed the four walls of the elevator a moment and exclaimed: "Take my baggage back to the office; you can't put me off in a little room like this!"—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

—Two commercial agents met at the depot with their grips, when one said: "Hello, John, where have you been?" John said that he had been laying off; but now he had an interest in the business, and was going on the road again. The friend congratulated him on having gained the proud position of partner in one of the largest houses in Milwaukee, which was making money hand over fist, when John broke in by saying: "No, I am not a partner; but the old man told me if I didn't take more interest in the business he would bounce me, so I have concluded to take an interest in it hereafter. Good day."—Peck's Sun.

Fooling the Family.

On a Canada Southern train, the other day, was a man with his wife and several children, bound for some point in the West, and when St. Thomas was reached the man got out with others and rushed into the eating-house, and hurriedly called for coffee, bread, meat, etc., and began to cram himself so fast that a disgusted Detroiter at his elbow finally laid down a silver dollar on the counter.

"Dollar—yes—I see," mumbled the man, with his mouth full; "you'll bet a dollar to a cent that I'm a hog, but you'd lose if I kivered the bet. You see I told the old woman and children that we couldn't get anything to eat this side of Detroit, and I've got to fill up in five or six minutes and get back, or they'll tumble to the racket. Please pass the mustard—only fifty seconds left to fill up, pick my teeth and get back!"—Detroit Free Press.