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THE WISHING WELL.

A lonely man, and crossed by Fortune's frowns,
Stood by the mystic well,
Whose waters quaffed to clearest wishes give
Fulfillment, so men tell.

He stooped, and to his lips the waters raised,
And wished for riches vast;
But ere he drank, a wave of memory rolled
Up from the golden past.

Again he stooped, and thought what bliss
'T would be
To look the thousand firs
That flesh inheres; but the wish died out:
His bosom felt Love's thrill.

Once more he wavered, and the thought of
Life
To patriarchal age
Seemed fair; but not "Life without love is
nausea,"
A blank, unlovely page.

"For thee, my absent love, I'll wish for thee;
Thy presence far outweighs
Those blessings which I fondly deemed so
dear—
Wealth, health and length of days."

TOUR OF THE WORLD — IN — EIGHTY DAYS.

JULES VERNE'S GREAT STORY.

CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

Nine days after leaving Yokohama Phileas Fogg had traversed exactly the half of the terrestrial globe.

In fact, the General Grant, on the 23d of November, passed the one hundred and eightieth meridian, upon which in the southern hemisphere are to be found the antipodes of London. It is true that of the eighty days at his disposal he had used fifty-two, and there only remained to him twenty-eight to be consumed. But we must notice that if the gentleman only found himself half way round by the difference of meridians, he had really accomplished more than two-thirds of its entire course. Indeed, what forced detours from London to Aden, from Aden to Bombay, from Calcutta to Singapore, from Singapore to Yokohama! By following around the fiftieth parallel, which is that of London, the distance would have been but about twelve thousand miles, whilst Phileas Fogg was compelled, by the caprices of the means of locomotion, to travel over twenty-six thousand, of which he had already made about seventeen thousand five hundred, at this date, the 23d of November. But now the route was a straight one, and Fix was no longer there to accumulate obstacles.

It happened also that on this 23d of November Passepartout made quite a joyful discovery. It will be recollected that the obstinate fellow had insisted on keeping London time with his famous family watch, deeming incorrect the time of the various countries that he traversed. Now this day, although he had neither put his watch forward or back, it agreed with the ship's chronometers.

The triumph of Passepartout may be comprehended. He would have liked to know what Fix would have said if he had been present.

"The rogue who told me a heap of stories about the meridians, the sun and the moon!" said Passepartout. "Eshaw! if one listened to that sort of people, we would have a nice sort of clocks and watches! I was very sure that one day or another, the sun would decide to regulate itself by my watch!"

Passepartout was ignorant of this; that if the face of his watch had been divided into twenty-four hours like the Italian clocks, he would have had no reason for triumph, for the hands of his watch, when it was nine o'clock in the morning on the vessel, would have indicated nine o'clock in the evening, that is, the twenty-first hour after midnight—a difference precisely equal to that which exists between London and the one hundred and eightieth meridian.

But if Fix had been capable of explaining this purely physical effect, Passepartout, doubtless, would have been incapable, if not of understanding it, at least of admitting it. And in any event, if the impossible thing should occur that the detective would unexpectedly show himself aboard at this moment, it is probable that Passepartout would have spitefully talked with him on quite a different subject, and in quite a different manner.

Now, where was Fix at this moment? He was actually on board the General Grant.

In fact, on arriving at Yokohama the detective, leaving Mr. Fogg, whom he thought he would see again during the day, had immediately gone to the English Consul's. There he finally found the warrant of arrest, which, running after him from Bombay, was already forty days old, which had been sent to him from Hong Kong on the very Carnatic on board of which he was supposed to be. The detective's disappointment may be imagined! The warrant was useless! Mr. Fogg had left the English possessions! An order of extradition was now necessary to arrest him!

"Let it be so!" said Fix to himself, after the first moment of anger. "My warrant is no longer good here; it will be in England. This rogue has the appearance of returning to his native country, believing that he has thrown the police off their guard. Well, I will follow him there. As for the money, Heaven grant there may be some left! But what with traveling, rewards, trials, fines, elephants, expenses of every kind, my man has already left

more than five thousand pounds on his route. After all, the Bank is rich!"

His decision taken, he immediately went on board the General Grant, and was there when Mr. Fogg and Mrs. Aouda arrived. To his extreme surprise, he recognized Passepartout under his fantastic costume. He concealed himself immediately in his cabin, to avoid an explanation which might damage everything—and, thanks to the number of the passengers, he counted on not being seen by his enemy, when this very day he found himself face to face with him on the forward part of the ship.

Passepartout jumped at Fix's throat, without any other explanation, and to the great delight of certain Americans, who immediately bet for him, he gave the unfortunate detective a superb volley of blows, showing the great superiority of French over English boxing.

When Passepartout had finished, he found himself calmer and comforted. Fix rose in pretty bad condition, and, looking at his adversary, he said to him, coldly:

"Is it finished?"

"Yes, for the moment."

"Then I want a word with you."

"But I—"

"In your master's interest."

Passepartout, as if conquered by this coolness, followed the detective, and they both sat down in the forward part of the steamer.

"You have thrashed me," said Fix.

"Good; I expected it. Now, listen to me. Until the present I have been Mr. Fogg's adversary, but now I am with him."

"At last!" cried Passepartout, "you believe him to be an honest man?"

"No," replied Fix, coldly. "I believe him to be a rogue. Sh! Don't stir, and let me talk. As long as Mr. Fogg was in the English possessions, I had an interest in retaining him whilst waiting for a warrant of arrest. I did everything I could for that. I sent against him the priests of Bombay, I made you drunk at Hong Kong, I separated you from your master, I made him miss the Yokohama steamer."

Passepartout listened with clenched fists.

"Now," continued Fix, "Mr. Fogg seems to be returning to England? Well, I will follow him there. But henceforth it shall be my aim to clear the obstacles from his path as zealously and carefully as before I took pains to accumulate them. You see, my game is changed, and it is changed because my interest desires it. I add that your interest is similar to mine, for you will only know in England whether you are in the service of a criminal or an honest man."

Passepartout listened to Fix very attentively, and he was convinced that the latter spoke with entire good faith.

"Are we friends?" asked Fix.

"Friends, no," replied Passepartout; "allies, yes; and under this condition that, at the least appearance of treason, I will twist your neck."

"Agreed," said the detective, quietly.

Eleven days after, on the 3d of December, the General Grant entered the bay of the Golden Gate, and arrived at San Francisco.

Mr. Fogg had neither gained nor lost a single day.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN WHICH A SLIGHT GLEIMISE OF SAN FRANCISCO IS HAD—A POLITICAL MEETING.

It was seven o'clock in the morning, when Phileas Fogg, Mrs. Aouda and Passepartout set foot on the American Continent, if this name can be given to the floating wharf on which they landed.

Mr. Fogg, as soon as he landed, ascertained the time at which the first train left for New York. It was at six o'clock in the evening. He had, then, an entire day to spend in the California Capital. He ordered a carriage for Mrs. Aouda and himself. Passepartout mounted the box, and the vehicle, at three dollars for the trip, turned towards the International Hotel.

Passepartout was quite surprised at all he saw. He was yet in the city of 1849, in the city of bandits, incendiaries and assassins, running after the native gold, an immense concourse of all the outlaws, who gambled with gold dust, a revolver in one hand and a knife in the other. But this "good time" had passed away. San Francisco presented the aspect of a large commercial city. The high tower of the City Hall overlooked all these streets and avenues, crossing each other at right angles, between which were spread out verdant squares, then a Chinese quarter, which seemed to have been imported from the Celestial Empire in a toy-box. No more sombreros, or red shirts after the fashion of the miners, or Indians with feathers, but silk hats and black clothes worn by a large number of gentlemen of absorbing activity. Certain streets, among others Montgomery street, the Regent street of London, the Boulevard des Italiens of Paris, the Broadway of New York, the State street of Chicago, were lined with splendid stores, in whose windows were displayed the products of the entire world.

When Passepartout arrived at the International Hotel, it seemed to him that he had not left England.

The hotel restaurant was comfortable. Mr. Fogg, and Mrs. Aouda took seats at a table and were abundantly served in very small dishes by negroes of darkest hue.

After breakfast, Phileas Fogg, accompanied by Mrs. Aouda, left the hotel to go to the office of the English Consul to have his passport *vised* there. On the pavement he found his servant, who asked him if it would not be prudent, before starting on the Pacific Railroad, to buy a few dozen Enfield rifles or Colt's revolvers. Passepartout had heard so much talk of the Sioux and Pawnees stopping trains like ordinary

Spanish brigands. Mr. Fogg replied that it was a useless precaution, but he left him free to act as he thought best. Then he went to the office of the Consul.

Phileas Fogg had not gone two hundred steps when, "by the merest accident," he met Fix, who manifested very great surprise. How! Mr. Fogg and he had taken together the voyage across the Pacific, and they had not met on board the vessel! At all events Fix could only be honored by seeing again the gentleman to whom he owed so much; and his business calling him to Europe, he would be delighted to continue his journey in such agreeable company.

Mr. Fogg replied that the honor would be his, and Fix—who made it a point not to lose sight of him—asked his permission to visit with him this curious city of San Francisco, which was granted.

Mrs. Aouda, Phileas Fogg and Fix sauntered through the streets. They soon found themselves in Montgomery street, where the crowd of people was enormous. On the sidewalks, in the middle of the street, on the horse-car rails, notwithstanding the incessant passage of the coaches and omnibuses, on the steps of the stores, in the windows of all the houses, and even up to the roofs, there was an innumerable crowd. Men with placards circulated among the groups. Banners and streamers floated in the wind. There were shouts in every direction.

"Hurrah for Camerfield!"

"Hurrah for Mandiboy!"

It was a political meeting. At least so Fix thought, and he communicated his ideas to Mr. Fogg, adding:

"We will perhaps do well, sir, not to mingle in this crowd. Only hard blows will be got here."

"In fact," replied Phileas Fogg, "blows, if they are political, are not less blows."

Fix could not help smiling at this remark, and in order to see without being caught in the crowd, Mrs. Aouda, Phileas Fogg and he secured a place upon the upper landing of a flight of steps reaching to the top of a terrace, situated in the upper end of Montgomery street. Before them, on the other side of the street, between the wharf of a coal merchant and the warehouse of a petroleum dealer, there was a large platform in the open air, towards which the various currents of the crowd seemed to be tending.

And now, why this meeting? What was the occasion of its being held? Phileas Fogg did not know at all. Was it for the nomination of some high military or civil official, a State Governor, or a member of Congress? It might be supposed so, seeing the great excitement agitating the city.

At this moment there was quite a movement in the crowd. Every hand was thrown in the air. Some, tightly closed, seemed to rise and fall rapidly in the midst of the cries—an energetic manner, no doubt, of casting a vote. The crowd fell back. The banners wavered, disappeared for an instant, and reappeared in tatters. The surging of the crowd extended to the steps, whilst every head moved up and down on the surface like a sea suddenly agitated by a squall. The number of black hats diminished perceptibly, and the most of them seemed to have lost their normal height.

"It is evidently a meeting," said Fix; "and the question which has excited it must be a stirring one. I would not be astonished if they were still discussing the Alabama affair, although it has been settled."

"Perhaps," simply replied Mr. Fogg; "in any event," replied Fix.

"Two champions are in each other's presence, the Hon. Mr. Camerfield and the Hon. Mr. Mandiboy."

Mrs. Aouda, leaning on Phileas Fogg's arm, looked with surprise at this noisy scene, and Fix was going to ask one of his neighbors the reason of this popular effervescence, when a more violent movement broke out. The hurrahs, interspersed with insults, redoubled. The staffs of the banners were transformed into offensive arms. Instead of hands, there were fists everywhere. From the top of carriages and omnibuses blocked in their course, formidable blows were exchanged. Everything was made use of as projectiles. Boots and shoes described extended curves in the air, and it seemed even as if some revolvers mingled their national sounds with the loud cries of the crowd.

The crowd approached the flight of stairs, and swept over on to the lower steps. One of the parties had evidently been repulsed without disinterested spectators knowing whether the advantage was with Mandiboy or Camerfield.

"I believe that it is prudent for us to retire," said Fix, who did not want his "man" to get hurt or mixed up in a bad business. "If this is an English question, and we are recognized, we will be treated roughly in this mixed crowd."

"An English citizen—" replied Phileas Fogg.

But the gentleman could not finish his sentence. Behind him, on the terrace above the stairs, there were frightful yells. They cried, "Hip! hip! hurrah for Mandiboy!" It was a party of voters coming to the rescue, flanking the Camerfield party.

Mr. Fogg, Mrs. Aouda and Fix found themselves between two fires. It was too late to escape. This torrent of men, armed with loaded canes and bludgeons, was irresistible. Phileas Fogg and Fix, in protecting the young woman, were very roughly treated. Mr. Fogg, not less phlegmatic than usual, tried to defend himself with the natural weapons placed at the end of the arms of every Englishman, but in vain. A large, rough fellow, with a red beard, flushed face, and broad shoulders,

who seemed to be the chief of the band, raised his formidable fist to strike Mr. Fogg, and he would have damaged that gentleman very much, if Fix, throwing himself in the way, had not received the blow in his place. An enormous bump rose at once under the detective's silk hat, transformed into a simple cap.

"Yankoe!" said Mr. Fogg, casting at his adversary a look of deep scorn.

"Englishman!" replied the other.

"We will see each other again."

"When you please."

"Your name?"

"Phileas Fogg. And yours?"

"Colonel Stamp Proctor."

Then the crowd passed on, throwing Fix down. He rose with his clothes torn, but without serious hurt. His traveling overcoat was torn in two unequal parts, and his pantaloons resembled those of certain Indians, who, as a fashion, put them on only after first taking out the seat. But to sum up, Mrs. Aouda had been spared, and Fix alone had been harmed by the first blow.

"Thanks," said Mr. Fogg to the detective, as soon as they were out of the crowd.

"No thanks necessary," replied Fix, "but come with me."

"Where?"

"To the tailor's."

In fact, this visit was opportune. The garments of Phileas Fogg and Fix were in tatters, as if these two gentlemen had fought for Hon. Messrs. Camerfield and Mandiboy.

An hour afterwards they had respectable clothes and hats. Then they returned to the International Hotel.

Passepartout was waiting there for his master, armed with a half-dozen sharp-shooting, six-barreled, breech-loading revolvers. When he perceived Fix in company with Mr. Fogg, his brow darkened. Mrs. Aouda, however, having told in a few words what had happened, Passepartout became calm again. Fix was evidently no longer an enemy, but an ally. He was keeping his word.

Dinner over, a coach drove up to take the passengers and their baggage to the station. As they were getting into the coach Mr. Fogg said to Fix:

"Did you see Colonel Proctor again?"

"No," replied Fix.

"I shall return to America to find him again," said Mr. Fogg, coldly.

"It would not be proper for an English citizen to allow himself to be treated in this way."

The detective smiled and did not answer him. But it is seen that Mr. Fogg was one of those Englishmen who, while they do not tolerate dueling at home, will fight abroad, when it is necessary to maintain their honor.

At a quarter before six the travelers reached the station and found the train ready to start.

At the moment that Mr. Fogg was going to get into the cars, he called a porter, and asked him:

"Was there not some disturbance in San Francisco to-day?"

"It was a political meeting, sir," replied the porter.

"But I thought I noticed a certain excitement in the streets."

"It was simply a meeting organized for an election."

"The election of a General-in-Chief, doubtless?" asked Mr. Fogg.

"No, sir, of a Justice of the Peace."

Upon this reply, Phileas Fogg jumped aboard the car, and the train started at full speed.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN WHICH OUR PARTY TAKE THE EXPRESS TRAIN ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

"From Ocean to Ocean"—so say the Americans, and these four words ought to be the general name of the "grand trunk," which traverses the United States in their greatest breadth. But, in reality, the Pacific Railroad is divided into two distinct parts: the Central Pacific from San Francisco to Ogden, and the Union Pacific from Ogden to Omaha. At that point five distinct lines meet, which place Omaha in frequent communication with New York.

New York and San Francisco are, therefore, now united by an uninterrupted metal ribbon, measuring not less than three thousand seven hundred and eighty-six miles. Between Omaha and the Pacific, the road traverses a country still frequented by the Indians and wild animals—a vast extent of territory which the Mormons commenced to colonize about 1845, after they were driven out of Illinois.

Formerly, under the most favorable circumstances, it took six months to go from New York to San Francisco. Now it is done in seven days.

The Pacific Railroad throws off several branches on its route in the States of Iowa, Kansas, Colorado and Oregon. Leaving Omaha, it takes the left bank of Platte River as far as the mouth of the North Fork, follows the South Fork, crosses the Laramie Territory, and the Wahsatch Mountains, turns Salt Lake, arrives at Salt Lake City, the Capital of the Mormons, buries itself in the Tullia Valley, crosses the American Desert, the Cedar and Humboldt Mountains, Humboldt River, the Sierra Nevada, and redescends via Sacramento to the Pacific, its grade, even in crossing the Rocky Mountains, not exceeding one hundred and twelve feet to the mile.

Such was this long artery which the trains would pass over in seven days, and which would permit the Honorable Phileas Fogg—at least he hoped so—to take the Liverpool steamer, on the 11th, at New York.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—When a mother says her son is a chip of the old blockhead, it is a question of great moment whether she means what she says or says what she means.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—All prizes, honors and degrees which the Royal University of Ireland can confer have now been opened to women as well as to men.

—Dr. Talmage's salary has been increased from \$7,000 to \$12,000. He has lately preached his twelfth anniversary sermon as pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle Congregation.

—The Congregational Church of Stratford, Conn., which is not less than two hundred and thirty years old, has also celebrated its antiquity by the publication of a manual containing historical sketches of its sixteen former pastors. It has furnished twenty-two men to the ministry, among them the Rev. H. S. Barnum, missionary in Turkey.

—Mr. Matthew Arnold says that in the matter of middle-class education Ireland and England are about on a par, and that the middle class in England and Ireland is the worst-schooled middle class in Western Europe. The secondary schools of Ireland are "grimy and disgusting," badly managed and insufficiently provided. Nor is there any general organization of existing educational resources scattered over the country, as is the case in Scotland. Everywhere, Mr. Arnold says, the boys are "addled and answer by accident."

—Miss Myra Kingsbury has been ordained for the ministry in the Universalist Church at Sheshequin, N. Y. A correspondent of the *Extra Advertiser* says: "So quiet, retired and studious has been her maidenly life that her calling to a public work was as much of a surprise to her nearest friends as to those who know her only by reputation. Rarely gifted, both intellectually and spiritually, she has stepped from her modest home into the fullness of the light. For a year past she has had charge of a church in Vermont, and given great comfort and satisfaction to her flock. She soon returns to her parish."

—The French system of education is peculiar, the whole being comprised under the title of the University of France, and the Minister of Public Instruction being designated as the Grand Master of the University. The University of France falls into the three categories or grades of primary, secondary, and superior education. Each grade has its staff of teachers, who can and frequently do obtain promotion from one division into the other. Geographically, the University is divided into sixteen academies, each comprising from four to five departments. At the head of each academic district is a Rector, appointed by the Government, who has the control and complete supervision of the University faculties, lycées, colleges and primary schools. His connection with the last is, however, almost entirely formal, and the real authority over them resides with the Prefect of the Department. Each rector is assisted by an educational board, appointed by the Minister. Primary education has been based almost entirely on Guizot's law of 1833, but several reform bills are now under discussion in the French Chambers. These bills tend to make education compulsory, gratuitous and unsectarian.

Newspaper Fortunes.

About two years ago, a young man of twenty-two—a journeyman carpenter in Philadelphia—had laid up a few hundred dollars in the savings-bank. With this money he intended to open a shop of his own, and, if successful in his business, to marry. Just at this time a sudden stroke of so-called "luck" came to him. Opening the newspaper one morning, he saw his own name in capitals—John Carson, sole heir to a title, and an estate of \$10,000,000. The lad grew dizzy and blind. There could be no mistake. His mother's and grandfather's names were accurately given in the newspaper paragraph. The estate was in England. Inquiries had been made for the heir. The agent of the London lawyers was in the city, and had told the story far and wide. John Carson dressed himself in his Sunday clothes and went to find the agent. No more shop for him that day or any day. The agent was at the hotel and welcomed the lad subserviently. Undoubtedly the estate was the young man's, he said. There were some legal formulas before he could be put in possession, which would require a little money, etc., etc. In the meantime, Mr. or Sir John Carson must come to the hotel and live as befitted his rank. New friends swarmed around him. There was no measure to the flattery and adulation the supposed heir received. He withdrew his savings from the bank and spent them freely. What did a paltry hundred or two matter to the heir of millions? The agent, in reality, had simply got scent of some long-contested suit in chancery in the Carson family, to which John had not the ghost of a chance. For about a year he received the poor boy's money, and profited by the credit which his reputed fortune gained. Then he vanished, and with him estate and title, leaving the once industrious mechanic a drunken idler, with a mountain of debt on his shoulders. A drunken idler he remained until he ended his days in a street-brawl.

This sort of deception is common in this country. Scarcely a month passes that does not bring an account of some American family which has fallen heir to large English estates, involving thousands, sometimes millions, of dollars. The amount always runs up to large proportions. Many American families have been turned out of their course of honest industry by these fantastic hopes which have ended in miserable disappointment. The only person benefited has been the agent, whose expenses have been paid to "look to the interests" of his credulous dupes. —*Youth's Companion.*