

# THE ADVERTISER.

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

## ONLY A SMILE.

Only a smile that was given me  
On the crowded street one day!  
But it pleased the gloom of my saddened heart  
Like a sudden sunbeam's ray.  
The shadow of doubt hung over me,  
And the burden of pain I bore,  
And the voice of hope I could not hear,  
Though I listened o'er and o'er.  
But there came a rift in the crowd about,  
And a face that I knew passed by,  
And the smile I caught was brighter to me  
Than the blue of a summer sky.  
For it gave me back the sunshine,  
And scattered each somber thought,  
And my heart rejoiced in the kindling warmth  
Which that kindly smile had wrought.  
Only a smile from a friendly face  
On the busy street that day,  
Forgotten as soon as given, perhaps,  
As the donor went his way,  
But straight to my heart it went speeding  
To rid the clouds that were there,  
And I found that of sunshine and life's blue  
I also might take my share.

## TOUR OF THE WORLD

IN  
EIGHTY DAYS.

JULES VERNE'S GREAT STORY.

CHAPTER XXVI.—CONTINUED.

The travelers left Oakland Station at six o'clock. It was already night, cold and dreary, with an overcast sky, threatening snow. The train did not move with great rapidity. Counting the stops, it did not run more than twenty miles an hour, a speed which ought, however, to enable it to cross the United States in the fixed time.

They talked but little in the car. Sleep soon overcame the passengers. Passepartout sat near the detective, but he did not speak to him. Since the late events, their relations had become somewhat cold. No more sympathy or intimacy. Fix had not changed his manner, but Passepartout retained an extreme reserve, ready at the least suspicion to choke his old friend.

An hour after the starting of the train a fine snow commenced to fall, which fortunately could not delay the progress of the train. Through the windows nothing was seen but an immense white sheet, against which the clouds of steam from the locomotive looked grayish.

At eight o'clock a steward entered the car, and announced to the passengers that the hour for retiring had come. This was a sleeping car, which in a few minutes was transformed into a dormitory. The backs of the seats unfolded, beds carefully packed away were unrolled by an ingenious system, berths were improvised in a few moments, and each passenger had soon at his disposal a comfortable bed, which thick curtains protected from all indiscreet looks. The sheets were clean and the pillows soft. Nothing more to be done but to lie down and sleep—which every one did, as if he had been in the comfortable cabin of a steamer—while the train moved on under full head of steam across the State of California.

In that portion of the country between San Francisco and Sacramento the ground is not very hilly. This portion of the railroad, under the name of the Central Pacific, originally had Sacramento for its starting point, and went towards the east to meet that starting from Omaha. From San Francisco to the Capital of California the line ran directly to the northeast, along American River, which empties into San Pablo Bay. The one hundred and twenty miles included between these two important cities were accomplished in six hours, and towards midnight, while they were getting their first sleep, the travelers passed through Sacramento. They saw nothing of that large city, the seat of the State Government of California, nor its fine wharves, its broad streets, its splendid hotels, its squares, nor its churches.

Leaving Sacramento, the train having passed Junction, Rocklin, Auburn and Colfax Stations, plunged into the Sierra Nevada. It was seven o'clock in the morning when Cisco Station was passed. An hour afterwards the dormitory had become an ordinary car, and the passengers could get through the windows a glimpse of the picturesque views of this mountainous country.

About nine o'clock the train entered the State of Nevada, through the Carson Valley, always following a northerly direction. At noon it left Reno, where the passengers had twenty minutes for breakfast.

From this point the iron road, skirting Humboldt River, passed a few miles to the north. Then it bent to the east, and did not leave the stream until it reached the Humboldt range, where the river takes its source, nearly in the eastern end of the State of Nevada.

After breakfasting, Mr. Fogg, Mrs. Aouda and their companions took their seats again in the car. Philéas Fogg, the young woman, Fix and Passepartout, comfortably seated, looked at the varied country passing before their sight, vast prairies, mountains whose profiles were shown upon the horizon, and creeks tumbling down, a foaming mass of water. Sometimes, a large herd of bisons, gathering in the distance, appeared like a moving dam. These innumerable armies of grazing animals frequently oppose an insurmountable obstacle to the passage of trains. Thousands of these animals have been seen moving on for several hours in close ranks across the railroad. The locomotive is then forced to stop and wait until the path is clear again.

The same thing happened on this occasion. About three o'clock in the afternoon a herd of ten or twelve thousand blocked the railroad. The engine, having slackened its speed, tried to plunge its spur into the flank of the immense column, but it had to stop before the impenetrable mass.

They saw these buffaloes, as the Americans improperly call them, moving with their steady gait, frequently bellowing terribly. They had a larger body than those of the bulls of Europe, short legs and tail, a projecting saddle forming a muscular hump, horns separated at the base, their heads, neck and shoulders covered with long, shaggy hair. They could not think of stopping this moving mass. When the bisons have adopted a course nothing can swerve them from it or modify it. They are a torrent of living flesh which no dam could hold.

The travelers, scattered on the platforms, looked at this curious spectacle. But Philéas Fogg, who ought to be the most in a hurry, had remained in his seat and was waiting philosophically until it should please the buffaloes to open a passage. Passepartout was furious at the delay caused by the mass of animals. He wanted to fire all his revolvers at them.

"What a country!" he cried. "Mere cattle stop trains, and move along in procession without hurrying, as if they did not impede travel! Parbleu! I would like to know if Mr. Fogg had foreseen this mischance in his programme! And what an engineer, who does not dare to rush his engine through this impeding mass of beasts!"

The engineer had not attempted to overcome the obstacle, and he acted wisely. He would undoubtedly have crashed the first buffaloes struck by the cow-catcher; but, powerful as it was, the engine would have soon been stopped and the train thrown off the track and wrecked.

The best course, then, was to wait patiently, ready to make up the lost time by an increase of the speed of the train. The passage of the bisons lasted three full hours, and the road was not clear again until night-fall. At this moment the last ranks of the herd crossed the rails, whilst the first were disappearing below the southern horizon.

It was then eight o'clock when the train passed through the defiles of the Humboldt range, and half-past nine when it entered Utah Territory, the region of the Great Salt Lake, the curious Mormon country.

CHAPTER XXVII.  
IN WHICH PASSEPARTOUT FOLLOWS, WITH A SPIRIT OF TWENTY MILES AN HOUR, A COURSE OF MORMON HISTORY.

During the night of the 5th to the 6th of December the train went for fifty miles to the southeast, then it ran upwards about as far northerly, approaching the Great Salt Lake.

Passepartout, about nine o'clock in the morning, went on the platform to take the air. The weather was cold, the sky gray, but it had stopped snowing. The disc of the sun, enlarged by the mist, looked like an enormous piece of gold, and Passepartout was busy calculating its value in pounds sterling, when his attention was taken from this useful work by the appearance of a very strange personage.

This personage, who took the train at Elko Station, was tall, very brown, had black moustache, black stockings, a black silk hat, black waistcoat, black pantaloons, white cravat and black dog-skin gloves. He might have been taken for a clergyman. He went from one end of the train to the other, and on the door of each car fastened with wafers a written notice.

Passepartout approached and read on one of these notices that Elder William Hitch, taking advantage of his presence on train No. 48, would, from eleven to twelve o'clock, deliver an address on Mormonism in car No. 117—inviting to hear him all desirous of being instructed concerning the mysteries of the religion of the "Latter Day Saints."

"Certainly, I will go," said Passepartout to himself, who knew nothing of Mormonism but its custom of polygamy, the base of Mormon society.

The news spread rapidly through the train, which carried about one hundred passengers. Of this number, thirty at most, attracted by the notice of the meeting, occupied at eleven o'clock the seats in car No. 117. Passepartout was prominent in the front rank of the faithful. Neither his master nor Fix thought it worth while to take the trouble.

At the appointed hour Elder William Hitch rose, and in quite an irritated voice, as if he had been contradicted in advance, he cried:

"I tell you that Joe Smith is a martyr, that his brother Hiram is a martyr, and that the persecution by the United States Government of the prophets will also make a martyr of Brigham Young. Who dares to maintain the contrary?"

No one ventured to contradict the missionary, whose excitement contrasted with his naturally calm physiognomy. But, without doubt, his anger was explained by the fact that Mormonism was now subjected to severe trials. The United States Government had, not without difficulty, just reduced these independent fanatics. It had made itself master of Utah, and had subjected it to the laws of the Union, after imprisoning Brigham Young, accused of rebellion and polygamy. Since that period, the disciples of the prophet redoubled their efforts, and, whilst not coming to acts, resisted in words the demands of Congress.

We see that Elder William Hitch was trying to proselyte even on the trains. And then he related, emphasizing his narrative by his loud voice and the violence of his gestures, the history of Mormonism from Bible times: "How in Israel, a Mormon prophet of the

tribe of Joseph published the annals of the new religion and bequeathed them to his son Moroni; how, many centuries later, a translation of this precious book, written in Egyptian characters, was made by Joseph Smith, Jr., a farmer in the State of Vermont, who revealed himself as a mystical prophet in 1825; how, finally, a celestial messenger appeared to him in an illuminated forest and gave him the annals of the Lord."

At this moment, some of his hearers, not much interested in the retrospective narrative of the missionary, left the car; but William Hitch, continuing, related "how Smith, Jr., with his father, his two brothers, and a few disciples, founded the religion of the Latter Day Saints—a religion which, adopted not only in America, but in England, in Scandinavia, and in Germany, counts among its faithful, artisans and also a number of people engaged in the liberal professions; how a colony was founded in Ohio; how a temple was built at a cost of two hundred thousand dollars, and a city built at Kirkland; how Smith became an enterprising banker and received from a simple mummy showman a papyrus scroll containing a narrative written by Abraham and other celebrated Egyptians."

This narrative becoming a little long, the ranks of his hearers thinned out still more, and the audience only consisted of twenty persons.

But the Elder, undisturbed by this desertion, related the details of "how Joe Smith became bankrupt in 1837; how his ruined stockholders gave him a coat of tar and feathers; how he appeared again, more honorable and more honored than ever, a few years after, at Independence, in Missouri, at the head of a flourishing community, which counted not less than three thousand disciples; and that then, pursued by the hatred of the Gentiles, he had to fly to the far West."

Ten hearers were still there, and among them the honest Passepartout, who listened with all his ears. Thus he learned "how, after long persecutions, Smith reappeared in Illinois, and in 1839 founded, on the banks of the Mississippi, Nauvoo the beautiful, whose population rose to twenty-five thousand souls; how Smith became the Mayor, Chief Justice and General-in-Chief; how in 1843 he announced himself as candidate for the Presidency of the United States; and how, finally, he was drawn into an ambush at Carthage, thrown into prison, and assassinated by a band of masked men."

At this moment Passepartout was the only hearer in the car, and the Elder, looking him in the face, fascinated him by his words, recalled to his mind that, two years after the assassination of Smith, his successor, the inspired prophet, Brigham Young, leaving Nauvoo, established himself on the banks of Salt Lake, and that there in that splendid Territory, in the midst of that fertile country on the road which the emigrants take in crossing Utah to reach California, the new colony, thanks to the Mormon principles of polygamy, had increased enormously.

"And this," added William Hitch, "is why the jealousy of Congress has been aroused against us! why the United States soldiers have invaded the soil of Utah! why our chief, the prophet Brigham Young, has been imprisoned in defiance of all justice. Shall we give up to force? Never! Driven from Vermont, driven from Illinois, driven from Ohio, driven from Missouri, driven from Utah, we shall find some independent territory yet where we shall pitch our tents. And you, my brother," added the Elder, fixing his angry look on his single hearer, "will you plant yours in the shadow of our flag?"

"No," replied Passepartout bravely, flying in his turn, leaving the fanatic to preach in the desert. But, during this discourse, the train had advanced rapidly, and about half-past twelve it touched the northwest corner of the Great Salt Lake. Thence could be embraced in a vast circumference the aspect of this inland lake, which also bears the name of the Dead Sea, and into which empties an American Jordan. A beautiful lake, hemmed in by craggy rocks of broad surface, inclosed with white salt, a superb sheet of water which formerly covered a larger space; but in time, its shores, rising by degrees, reduced its superficial area and increased its depth.

The Salt Lake, about seventy miles long, and thirty-five wide, is situated three thousand eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. Very different from Lake Asphaltite, whose depression is twelve hundred feet below the sea, it holds considerable salt in solution, and one-fourth the weight of the water is solid matter. Its specific gravity is 1.170, that of distilled water being 1.000. Fishes can not live in it. Those that the Jordan, Weber and other creeks carry into it soon perish; but it is not true that the density of its waters is such that a man cannot dive into it.

Around the lake the country was admirably tilled; for the Mormons understand agricultural pursuits; ranches and corrals for domestic animals; fields of wheat, corn, sorghum, luxuriant prairies and everywhere hedges of wild roses, clumps of acacias and euphorbias, such would have been the appearance of this country six months later; but at this moment the ground was covered with a thin sheet of snow, descending lightly upon it.

At two o'clock the travelers got out at Ogden. The train stopping for six hours, Mr. Fogg, Mrs. Aouda and their two companions had time to repair to the City of the Saints by the short branch from Ogden.

At three o'clock the travelers were promenading through the streets of the town, built between the banks of the

Jordan and the first rise of the Wahsatch Mountains. They noticed there few or no churches, but as monuments, the prophet's house, the court-house, and the arsenal; then houses of bluish bricks with verandas and porches, surrounded by gardens bordered with acacias, palms and locusts. A wall of clay and pebbles, built in 1853, surrounded the town. In the principal street, where the market is, were some hotels adorned with pavilions, and among others Salt Lake House.

Mr. Fogg and his companions did not find the town thickly peopled. The streets were almost deserted, save perhaps the part where the Temple was, which they reached only after having traversed several quarters surrounded by palisades. The women were pretty numerous, which was explained by the singular composition of Mormon households. It must not be supposed, however, that all Mormons are polygamists. They are free, but it is well to remark that all the females in Utah are anxious to be married; for, according to the religion of the country, the Mormon heaven does not admit to the possession of its beatitudes the unmarried or the female sex. These poor creatures neither seemed well off nor happy. Some, the richer ones, doubtless, wore a short, low-cut, black silk dress, under a hood or a very modest shawl. The others were dressed in Indian fashion.

Passepartout, in his position as one convinced, did not regard, without a certain fright, these Mormon women, charged, in groups, with making a single Mormon happy. With his good sense, it was the husband whom he specially pitied. It seemed to him terrible to have to guide so many wives at once through the vicissitudes of life, conduct them, as it were, in a body to the Mormon paradise, with the prospect of finding them to all eternity in the company of the glorious Smith, who was to be the ornament of this place of delights. Certainly, he did not feel called, and he thought—perhaps he was mistaken—that the women of Salt Lake City cast rather embarrassing looks at his person.

Very fortunately, his stay in the City of the Saints was not prolonged. At a few minutes past four the travelers were again at the station, and took their seats in the cars.

The whistle sounded; but at the moment that the driving-wheels of the locomotive, slipping upon the rails, commenced to impart some movement to the train, the cry, "Stop! stop!" was heard.

They do not stop trains just started. The gentleman who uttered the cry was evidently a Mormon behind time. He was breathless from running. Fortunately for him the station had neither gates nor barriers. He rushed, then, on the track, jumped upon the steps of the last car, and fell, out of breath, on one of the seats.

Passepartout, who had followed with emotion the incidents of this gymnastic feat, went to look at the tardy one, in whom he took a lively interest, when he learned that this citizen of Utah had thus taken flight in consequence of a household scene.

When the Mormon had recovered his breath, Passepartout ventured to ask him politely how many wives he had to himself—and from the manner in which he had just run away he would suppose that he had at least twenty of them.

"One, sir!" replied the Mormon, raising his arms heavenward—"One, and that was enough!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.  
IN WHICH PASSEPARTOUT COULD NOT RESIST IN MAKING ANYONE LISTEN TO REASON.

The train leaving Great Salt Lake and the station at Ogden rose for an hour towards the north, as far as Weber River, having accomplished about nine hundred miles from San Francisco. Leaving this point, it resumed the easterly direction across the rocky hills of the Wahsatch Mountains. It is in this part of the Territory, comprised between these mountains and the Rocky Mountains properly so called, that the American engineers were caught with the greatest difficulties. On this portion of the route the subsidy of the United States Government was raised forty-eight thousand dollars per mile, whilst on the plains it was only sixteen thousand dollars; but the engineers, as has already been said, have not done violence to nature—they have played with her, going round the difficulties. To reach the great basin, only one tunnel, fourteen thousand feet long, was bored in the entire route of the railroad.

At Salt Lake the road had up to this time reached its greatest altitude. From this point its profile described a very long curve, descending towards Bitter Creek Valley, then reascending to the dividing ridge of the waters between the Atlantic and Pacific. The creeks were numerous in this mountainous region. It was necessary to cross the Muddy, the Green, and others, on culverts. Passepartout became more impatient in proportion as he approached the end of his journey. Fix in his turn would have been very glad to get out of this rough country. He feared delays, he dreaded accidents, and he was more in a hurry than Philéas Fogg himself to set foot upon English soil!

At ten o'clock at night the train stopped at Fort Bridger Station, which it left almost immediately, and twenty miles further on it entered Wyoming Territory—following the entire valley of the Bitter Creek, whence flow a portion of the streams forming the water system of Colorado.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—Because a woman has a b in her bonnet it is no sign that she always wants to stay to hum.

## FACTS AND FIGURES.

—Out of every 100 inhabitants of the United States sixteen live in cities.

—France is now building 17 iron-clads, England 10. This will give France 53 and England 57.

—The number of cars going through the Hoosac Tunnel during August was 11,396, and the largest number in one day was 570.

—"Jersey Queen," a famous Vermont cow, owned by Peachman, gave 4103 pounds of milk during the first one hundred days of her yearly test, making 251 pounds of butter.

—The largest boat on the great lakes is being built at Cleveland. It is to be of iron, 302½ feet in length, 39 feet in breadth of beam, and 25 feet depth of hold, and to have a capacity of 3,200 tons.

—Eighty million pounds of tea, valued at \$25,000,000, were imported into the United States in 1880, and the chances are that these figures will show increase for the current year.

—Several years ago Ericsson predicted that the Nile and the Ganges would be lined with cotton and other factories driven by solar heat. A French engineer in Algiers is already contributing to the fulfillment of this prediction by pumping water and making it boil by solar force alone.

—Charles Brush is said to have invented a new style of storing electricity. He uses metal plates that can store large quantities of the fluid and retain it a long time. With this invention people can make their own electric lights and run street cars and machinery.

—Iron ore deposits sufficient to supply the world for many years are said to have been found in Swedish Lapland, near the West Fjord. The ore holds seventy per cent. of iron. English and Dutch capitalists are after it; and a railroad is to be built from Fagernaes to the mines.

—Kerosene oil, or naphtha, or even turpentine, will, in a short time, penetrate between minute crevices in joints that have been long in contact, whether bolts or nuts or steam joints. They should be ignited when possible, when the effects of heat and diffusion will soon loosen the metals. Nuts rust so tight sometimes that no wrench will remove them without breaking off the bolts. A gentle hammering on the sides and top will sometimes start them a little. A driven joint or rust joint between flanges, formed by cast iron borings and sal ammoniac in solution in them, can not be parted by any means short of destroying the castings. The scrap heap is the only remedy.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

—Spanish lace costs \$24 a yard. Those of our readers who have never seen it can look at some elegant specimens at this office. The cheap editor has all his night-shirts trimmed with it.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—"What yer chewin' on?" queried one boot-black of another at the post-office yesterday. "Gum." "What else?" "Turbacker." "Got 'em both on the same side o' yer mouth?" "Yum." "Like 'em that way?" "Well, not overmuch, but it saves half a day of chawin'."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A superstitious person, desiring to learn less of the future than he already knows, visits the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter and explains his mission. "Twenty francs, please?" "Twenty francs! That's pretty steep. Say ten!" "Rash mortal, ten francs wouldn't pay the spirits for the labor of lifting the veil of futurity, to say nothing of the wear and tear of the veil!"—*French Paper.*

—A Louisville lady is anxious to learn "why it is that a man entering alone, a church of empty pews, and seating himself, always puts his hat in the pew in front of him instead of laying it at his side, the front pew being as liable to be filled as any other?" She thinks it may be for the reason that, as has always been noticed, when this animal comes out of a saloon wiping his mouth, he goes one way and looks another.—*Courier-Journal.*

—A nervous-looking man went into a store the other day and sat down for half an hour or so, when a clerk asked him if there was anything he could do for him. He said no, he didn't want anything. She went away and he sat there half an hour longer, when the proprietor went to him and asked if he wanted to be shown anything. "No," said the nervous man, "I just want to sit around. My physician has recommended perfect quiet for me, and says above all things I must avoid being in crowds. Noticing that you did not advertise in the newspapers, I thought that this would be as quiet a place as I could find, so I just dropped in for a few hours of isolation." The merchant picked up a bolt of paper cambric to brain him, but the man went out. He said all he wanted was a quiet life.—*Peck's Sun.*

—Nuts intended for planting should not be allowed to become dry, if it is desired to have them sprout the season they are planted. Immediately upon falling from the trees they must be inserted in soil, covering but slightly with light, friable earth or sand, and early the next spring the young plants will appear. In the case of walnuts it will be well to hull them before placing under ground. Owing to the difficulty experienced in transplanting all kinds of bearing trees, the seeds should be placed where the trees are desired to remain. Nuts intended for planting may be preserved over winter in slightly moist sand placed in a cool cellar, and of course set in the open ground as soon as germination begins, which will be very early.