THE ADVERTISER.

Subscription, \$2.00 per Year, in Advance.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

WHY?

Why sigh we for a future time Why sigh we for a litture thing some beight day yet to come.
Till present joys are all forgot,
And life seems burden ome?
Why not enjoy the pr sent time.
The blessings that it brings?
The bright days for which we sigh, then
Will come with swifter wings.

Why heed we not another's wees, But dwell upon our own, And think that sorrow such as ours, No other heart has known? When, if we only look around, Some other's woes to cheer. Perhaps we for our own sad hearts May find a soluce here.

Why talk we of another's faults, Remembering not our own? Could we ourselves as others see, We would not be so prone To chide another for the wrongs That we ourselves might do.

Were we by the temprations led
That they, no doubt, passed through,

—Detroit Post and Tribune.

TOUR OF THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS. JULES VERNE'S GREAT STORY.

CHAPTER XXVIII, -CONTINUED.

The next day, the 7th of December, there was a stop of a quarter hour at Green River Station. The snow had fallen quite heavily through the night, but mingled with rain and half melted Passepartout in constant uneasiness, for the accumulation of the snow clogging the car wheels would certainly endanger the journey.

"for my master to travel during the winter! Could he not wait for the fine season of the year to increase his chances?"

But at this moment, while the good of the sly and the lowering of the temperature, Mrs. Aouda was experiencing more serious fears, which proceeded frem quite another cause.

Some of the passengers had got out of the cars, and were walking on the platform of the Green River station, waiting for the train to leave. The young woman, looking through the window pane, recognized among them Colonel Stamp Proctor, the American who had behaved so rudely to Phileas Fogg at the time of the political meeting in San Francisco. Mrs. Aouda, not wishing to be seen, drew back from the window. This circumstance made a live-She was attached to the man who, howeve were flying in the distance. Not a the most absolute devotion. She doubt-less did not comprehend the entire barrenness. lepth of the sentiment which her dement she gave as yet only the name of was more than that. Her heart was therefore wrung at the sight of the rough fellow of whom Mr. Fogg would,] sooner or later, demand satisfaction. Evidently, it was chance alone that had brought Colonel Proctor into this train; but he was there, and Phileas Fogg must be prevented at any cost from seeing his adversary. When the train had started again, Mrs. Aouda took advantage for a moment, when Mr. Fogg was sleeping, to post Fix and Passe-

"That Proctor is on the train!" cried Fix. "Well, compose yourself, madame; before dealing with the gentleman-with Mr. Fogg-he will have to deal with me! It seems to me that in all this business I have received the greatest insults!"

partout as to the situation.

"And, moreover," added Passepartout, "I will take care of him, Colonel, as he is."

"Mr. Fix," continued Mrs. Aouda, "Mr. Fogg will allow no one to averge him. He has said that he will return to America to find this ruffian. If, then, he sees Colonel Proctor, we can not prevent an encounter, which may lead to deplorable results. He must therefore not see him."

"You are right, madame," replied Fix; "an encounter might rain everything. Conqueror or conquered, Mr. Fogg would be delayed, and-

"And," added Passepartout, "that would win the bet of the gentlemen of the Reform Club. In four days we my master does not leave his car for four days, we may hope that chance will not put him face to face with this cursed American, confound him! Now, we can easily prevent him-"

The conversation was interrupted. Mr. Fogg had waked up, and was looking at the country through the window pane obscured by the snow. But later, and without being heard by his master or Mrs. Aouda, Passepartout said to Fix:

"Would you truly fight for him?" "I would do anything to take him back to Europe alive!" simply replied Fix, in a tone which indicated an un-

broken will. Passepartout felt a shudder over him,

but his convictions as to the honesty of his master were not weakened. And now, were there any means by

this car, so as to prevent any encounter between him and the Colonel? That could not be difficult, as the gentleman said one of the passengers. was naturally not excitable or inquisitive. At all events, the detective side of the river." thought he had found this means, for a tew moments later he said to Fogg:

"These are long and slow hours that we pass thus on the railway."

"Indeed, they are," replied the gentleman. "but they pass.' "On board the steamers," continued

at whist?" "Yes," replied Phileas Fogg, "but not far from joining with him. There "grand trunk" to Denver City, the

cards nor pariners."

"Oh: as for the cards, we will find it would be of no avail. easy to buy them. They are sold on if, perchance, madame

"Certainly, sir," replied the young woman, quickly, "I understand whist. That is part of the English education.' " And I," continued Fix, "have some pretensions to playing a good game. Now, with us three and a dummy

"As you please, sir," replied Phileas Fogg, delighted at resuming his favorite game, even on the railroad.

Passepartout was dispatched in search of the steward, and he soon returned with two complete decks of cards, counters and a shelf covered with cloth. Nothing was wanting. The game commenced. Mrs. Aouda understood whist well enough, and she even was complimented sometimes by the severe Phileas Fogg. As for the detective, he was simply an adept, and worthy of holding his head up with this gentleman.

"Now," said Passepartout to himself, "we will keep him. I'e will not budge any more!"

At eleven o'clock in the morning, the train had reached the dividing ridge of the waters of the two oceans. It some chance of passing."
was at Bridger Pass, at a height of sev"The deuce." said l'assepartout. en thousand five hundred and twentyfour English feet above the level of the sea, one of the highest points touched by the profile of the route in this passage across the Rocky Mountains, found the thing very feasible. He re-Aiter going about two hundred miles, the travelers finally found themselves it could not interfere with the progress on the vast plains extending as far as bridges, with trains closely coupled, of the train. But this bad weather kept | the Atlantic, and which nature made so | rushing at the height of their speed, propitious for laying a railroad.

On the slopes of the Atlantic basin took sides with the engineer's views. already appeared the first streams, tributaries of the North Platte River. "What an idea," he said to himself. The entire northern and eastern horizon was covered by the immense semicircular curtain, which forms the southern portion of the Rocky Mountains, he was willing to try anything to acthe highest being Laramie's Peak. Be- complish the passage of Medicine tween this curve and the line of the fellow was busy only with the condition road extended vast and plentifully wa- a little too "American." tered plains. On the right of the road rose the tirst spurs of the mountainous much simpler thing to do, and these mass, rounding off to the south as far as the sources of the Arkansas River, sieur," he said to one of the passenone of the large tributaries of the Mis- gers, "the way proposed by the engi-

At half past twelve, the travelers but caught sight for an instant of Fort Halleck, which commands this country. A few hours more, and the crossing of the Rocky Mountains would be accomplished. It was to be hoped, then, that no accident would mark the passage of The snow had stopped falling. The weather became cold and dry. Large us that we will pass!" ly impression upon the young woman, birds, frightened by the locomotive. er coldly, gave her every day tokens of deer, a bear, or a wolf, showed itself on perhaps be more prudent ---

partners had just resumed their in- full speed!" gratitude; but, unknown to herself, it terminable whist, when sharp whistles were heard. The train stopped.

plain this stop. No station was in fends you, at least more naturalight. Mrs. Aouda and Fix feared for an going out on the track. But the gen- heard from all directions. leman contented himself with saying to his servent:

"See then what it is."

Passepartout rushed out of the car. About forty passengers had left their

The train had stopped in front of a red signal which blocked the way. The engineer and conductor, having got out. discussed quite excitedly with a signal man, whom the station master at Medicine Bow, the next station, had sent in advance of the train. Some of the passengers approached and took part in | ural for its to have gone over the bridge | form. the discussion, among others the aforesaid Colonel Proctor, with his loud voice and imperious gestures.

Passepartout, having rejoined the group, heard the signal man say: "No! there is no means of passing, The bridge at Medicine Bow is shaky

and will not bear the weight of the

The bridge in question was a suspension bridge over a rapids, about a mile from the place where the train had stopped. According to the signal man, threatened to fall, several of the wires having snapped, and it was imshall be in New York! Well, then, if possible to risk its passage. He did not exaggerate in any way, then, in asserting that they could not pass over the bridge. And besides, with the careless habits of the Americans, we may say that when they are prudent we would be very foolish not to be so.

Passepartout, not daring to go to inform his master, listened with set teeth,

immovable as a statue.

"Ah, indeed!" cried Colonel Proctor. "we are not going, I imagine, to remain here, and take root in the snow?" "Colonel," replied the conductor, "we have telegraphed to Omaha for a train, but it is not probable that it will arrive at Medicine Bow before six

hours.' "Six hours!" cried Passepartout. "Without doubt," replied the conductor. "Besides, that time will be which Mr. Fogg could be detained in necessary for us to reach the station on

"But it is only a mile from here," "A mile, in fact, but on the other

"And can not the river be crossed in

a boat?" asked the Colonel. "Impossible. The creek is swollen with the rains. It is a torrent, and we

ten miles to the north to find a ford." The Colonel launched a voiley of over those boundless plains, leveled by the detective, "you used to take a turn oaths, blaming the company, the con- nature. ductor, and Passepartout, furious, was There was the branch from the

this time, all his master's bank-notes

The disappointment was general all trains in America. As for partners, among the passengers, who, without counting the delay, saw themselves obliged to foot it fifteen miles across the plain covered with snow. There nights. Four nights and four days, if was a hubbub, exclamations, loud and nothing interfered, ought to be suffideep, which would certainly have attracted Phileas Fogg's attention, if that gentleman had not been absorbed in his game.

But Passepartout found himself compelled to inform him, and with drooping head he turned towards the car, when the engineer of the train, a genuine Yankee, named Forster, raising his voice, said:

"Gentlemen, there might be a way of the Platte River. of passing.

"On the bridge?" asked a passenger. "On the bridge."
"With our train?" asked the Colonel.
"With our train."

Passepartout stopped and devoured

the engineer's words. "But the bridge threatens to fall I" continued the conductor.

"It don't matter," replied Forster. "I believe that by rushing the train over at its maximum of speed we would have

But a certain number of the passengers were immediately carried away by the proposition. It pleased Colonel Proctor particularly. That hot-head called, even, that engineers had had the idea of passing rivers without etc. And, finally, all those interested

"We have lifty chances for passing." said one. *
"Sixty," said another.

"Eighty! Ninety out of one hundred!" Passepartont was perplexed, although Creek, but the attempt seemed to him

"Besides," he thought, "there is a people don't even think of it. Monneer seems a little hazardous to me,

"Eighty chances!" replied the passenger, turning his back to him.

"I know very well," replied Passepartout, addressing another gentleman,

but a simple reflection-"No reflection, it is useless!" replied the train through this difficult region. the American addressed, shrugging his shoulders, "since the engineer assures

> "Without doubt," continued Passepartout, "we will pass, but it would Bull!" replied the coarse fellow.

"What prudent?" cried Colonel Proc-After a very comfortable breakfast, chance. "At full speed, you have pulsed her. Passepartout was ready to liverer inspired in her, and to this senti- served up in the car, Mr. Fogg and his been told! Don't you understand? At throw himself on Proctor, who was

Passepartout, whom no one would allow Passepartout put his head out of the to finish his phrase; "but it would be, door and saw nothing which could ex- if not more prudent, since the word of-

"Who? What? How? What is instant that Mr. Fogg would think of the matter with this fellow?" was

The poor fellow did not know whom

to address. "Are you afraid?" Colonel Proctor asked him.

"I, afraid?" eried Passepartout. seats, and among them Colonel Stamp "Well, so be it! I will show these people that a Frenchman can be as American as they!"

" All aboard! All aboard," cried the conductor. "Yes, all aboard," repeated Passe-

partout; "all aboard! and right away! But they can't prevent me from thinkafoot and then brought the train afterwards!"

But no one heard this sage reflection, and no one would have acknowledged its justness.

The passengers took their seats again in the cars. Passepartout resumed his without saying anything of what had occurred. The players were entirely absorbed in their game.

The locomotive whistled vigorously. The engineer reversed his engine and backed for about a mile-returning like

a jumper who is going to take a leap. Then, at a second whistle, they commenced to move forward; the speed increased; it soon became frightful; but a single puffing was heard from the locomotive; the pistons worked twenty strokes to the second; the axles smoked in the journals. They felt, so to speak, tor. "Immediately, or not at all." that the entire train, moving at the rate of one hundred miles to the hour. did not bear upon the rails. The speed destroyed the weight.

And they passed! And it was like a flash of lightning. They saw nothing of the bridge. The train leaped, it might be said, from one bank to the other, and the engineer could not stop his train for five miles beyond the station. But the train had scarcely crossed the river than the bridge, already about minutes. In ten minutes we can exto fall, went down with a crash into the rapids of Medicine Bow.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN WHICH CERTAIN INCIDENTS ARE RELATED, ONLY TO BE MET WITH ON THE RAILROADS OF

THE UNITED STATES. That same evening the train continued its course without obstructions, passed Fort Sanders, crossed the Cheyenne Pass and arrived at Evans Pass. At this point the railroad reached the highest point on the route, i. e., eight thousand and ninety-one feet above the will be compelled to make a detour of level of the ocean. The travelers now ond in the encounter which was going only had to descend to the Atlantic to take place. Fix could not refuse,

here it would be difficult. I have neither was a material obstacle against which, principal town of Colorado. This Territory is rich in gold and silver mines, and more than afty thousand inhabit-

ants have already settled there. At this moment thirteen hundred and eighty-two miles had been made from San Francisco in three days and three cient to reach New York. Phileas Fogg was then still within his time.

During the night they passed to the left of Camp Walbach. Lodge Pole Creek ran parallel to the road, following the straight boundary between the Territories of Wyoming and Colorado. At eleven o'clock they entered Nebraska, passing near Sedgwick, and they touched at Julesburg, on the South Fork

At eight o'clock in the morning Fort Mcl'herson was left behind. Three hundred and fifty-seven miles separate this point from Omaha. The railroad followed, on its left bank, the capricious windings of the South Fork of Platte in Hawkins County, Tenn. River. At nine o'clock they arrived at the important town of North Platte, stream, which join each other around it, forming a single artery-a large tributary-whose waters mingle with Omaha.

was passed. Mr. Fogg and his partner had resumed their play. Neither of them complained or the length of the route-not even the dummy. Mr. Fix had won a few guineas at first, which he was in a fair way to lose, but he was not less deeply interested than Mr. Fogg. During this morning chance singularly favored this gentleman. Trumps and honors were showered into his hands. At a certain mon.ent, after having made a bold combination, he was about to play a spade, when behind the seat a voice was heard, saying:

"I should play a diamond."

Mr. Fogg, Mrs. Aouda and Fix raised their heads. Colonel Proctor was near them. Stamp Proctor and Phileas Fogg

recognized each other at once. "Ah, it is you, Englishman," cried the Colonel: "it's you who are going to play a spade."

"And who plays it," replied Fogg, coldly, laying down a ten of that color. "Well, it suits me to have it diamonds," replied Colonel Proctor, in an

irritated voice. And he made a motion as if to pick up the card played, adding: "You don't understand anything of

this game. "Perhaps I will be more skillful at another," said Phileas Fogg, rising.

"You have only to try it, son of John Mrs. Aouda became pale. All the blood went to her heart. She seized tor, jumping at this word, heard by Phileas Fogg's arm, and he gently relooking at his adversary with the most "I know-I understand," repeated insulting air. But Fix had risen, and

going to Colonel Proctor, said to him: "You forget that you have me to deal with; me, whom you have not only

insulted, but struck!' "Mr. Fix," said Mr. Fogg, "I beg your pardon, but it concerns me alone. In insisting that I was wrong in playing a spade, the Colonel has insulted me anew, and he shall give me satis-

"When you will, and where you will," replied the American, "and with whatever weapon you please!"

Mrs. Aouda tried in vain to restrain Mr. Fogg. The detective uselessly endeavored to take up the quarrel on his own account. Passepartout wanted to throw the Colonel out of the door, but a sign from his master stopped him. Phileas Fogg went out of the ear, and ing that it would have been more nat- | the American followed him on the plat-

"Sir," said Mr. Fogg to his adversary. "I am very much in a hurry to return to Europe, and any delay whatever would be very prejudicial to my interests.'

"Well! what does that concern me?" replied Colonel Proctor.

"Sir," replied Mr. Fogg, very politely." after our meeting in San Francisco, I formed the plan to come back to America to find you, as soon as I had | ton Transcript. completed the business which calls me to the Old World."

"Truly!" in six months?

"Why not in six years?" "I say six months," replied Mr. Fog.; and I will be prompt to meet you. "All evasions!" cried Stamp Proc-

"All right," replied Mr. Fogg.

"You are going to New York?" 1. 10. 11

"To Chicago?" ** No. 15

"To Omaha?"

"It concerns you very little! Doynow Plum Creek Station?" "No," replied Mr. Fogg. "It is the next station. The train w.:

be there in an hour. It will stop ten change a few shots with our revolvers.' "Let it be so," replied Mr. Fog 6. "I will stop at Plum Creek.

"And I believe that you will rema. there!" added the American, with urparalleled insolence.

"Who knows, sir;" replied Mr. Fogg, and he re-entered the car as cool-

as usual. That gentleman commenced to reissure Mrs. Aouda, saying to her that blusterers were never to be feared. Then he begged Fix to act as his secand Phileas Fogg resumed quietly his interrupted game, playing a spade with perfect serenity.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FACTS AND FIGURES.

-All sorts of furniture are now made out of paper.

-Pennsylvania is said to supply nearly one-half the eggs that New

York cats. -A leading Chicago builder calculates that 2,000,000 brick are being laid

every day in Chicago. -Large deposits of gold have been found in the bed of Little River, Blount County, Tenn.

-Four barrels of water of the Great Salt Lake will leave, after evaporation, nearly a barrel of salt. -The annual production in the

United States for several years past has been about 7,000,000,000 pins. The total area planted with tobacco in the United States in 638,841 acres,

producing 472,661,159 pounds. Six valuable marble quarries are now giving employment to many hands

The demand for leeches now is mainly in the Western States and the yearly built between the two arms of the main supply consists of about 30,000 imported, and 350,000 on a leech farm at Newton, L. I., by Mr. Witte.

The Belgian idea of Sunday is a those of the Missouri a little above festival. On that day they crowd to the seaside to bathe, picnic and go to The one hundred and first meridian the places of amusement. On one recent Sunday 7,000 excursionists arrived in Ostend.

-Electricity is now employed in the rectification of inferior alcohol. The electricity generated by a voltaic battery and a dynamo-electro machine is passed through the alcohol so as to disengage the superfluous hydrogen. By this means beet-root alcohol, which is usually very poor, can be made to yield eighty per cent. of spirits, equal to that

obtained from the best malt. - Raisin making is becoming an immense business in California. One fruit grower has bought paper to line 250,000 boxes. He has already sold \$20,000 worth of grapes this season, and the raisins at \$2 per box will bring \$500,-000 more. The size of his vineyard is not stated, but \$10,000 per season has been obtained from a twenty-acre vine-

-According to semi-official figures, compiled for the New Orleans Ficayune, the sugar crop of the year ending September 1, 1881, was the largest in Louisiana since the war. The total pounds of sugar are given at 272,982,-899, and gallons of molasses, 15,255,-030. About one-third of the total product of sugar comes from the vacuum pan. The substitute of the most approved methods of handling the juice has been steadily going on. The percentage of open kettle sugar is constantly decreasing. Producers are learning the wants of the commercial world, and appreciating the fact that the better the goods the better the price. As far as manufacture has determined this year, the crop now being harvested is one-third less than the previous one. The rice crop last year was larger than ever, and this year it is still greater.

WIT AND WISDOM.

The more flour a housekeeper has

the more she kneads .- Lowell Courier. -A case without a parallel is manifestly not a printer's case. - Philadelphia Sun.

-There is a great variety of wigs, but paradoxical as it may seem, you will find any of them as much alike as toupees .- Wit and Wisdom. -Mormonism has some redeeming

features. For instance it doesn't throw the burden of supporting a husband on one woman. - St. Louis Fost-Dispatch. Those who patronize Texas stage lines will please take notice that stage

robbers now refuse to take silver coins with holes in them. - Texas Siftings. -"What makes men fat?" asks a correspondent. Don't know, but about a quart of whisky will make a man lean all around a lamp post. -Burlington

-Class in geography-"Who can tell me anything about a strait?" asks the teacher. Boy-"I heard my dad say, last night, that it beats two pair." -- Bos--A great deal is being said about the

brave women of America, and our beloved land can truthfully boast of the "Will you appoint a meeting with me heroic spirit possessed by it fair ones. And yet there is scarcely a woman in all the wide country who cannot feel the roots of her hair began to swell every time she sees an innocent little mouse scamper affrightedly across the floor. -

Detroit Free rress. -A late poem begins: "Only a smile that was given me on the crowded street one day! But it pierces the gloom of my saddest heart like a sudden sunbeam's ray." A "smile" does make the gloom of some hearts migrate. as it were; but it should never be given in a crowded street. People will talk, you know; and a man ought to have enough self-respect to take his friend around the corner or up an alley when he wishes to banish his gloom with a 'smile" he carries in a bottle in his pistol pocket.—Norristown Herald.

-- And this was the story we told the Chicago editor: "Yes, sir, there's a man in New York who was born drunk. Both his parents were hard drinkers. His mother was drunk when he was born. And from the moment he came into the world he has been in a state of beastly intoxication, though he has never touched a drop of liquor." The Chicago man had listened with great interest. "Does he feel drunk and act drunk all the time?" he eagerly asked. "He does," we replied. There was a sad, chastened far-away look in the Chicago man's eyes as he murmured:

"Some men have dead loads of luck."

-Boston Post.