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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

WHY?

Why sigh we for a future time... Why heed we not another's woes...

Why talk we of another's faults... Why heed we not another's woes...

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here it would be difficult. I have neither cards nor partners.

"Oh! as for the cards, we will find it easy to buy them. They are sold on all trains in America. As for partners, 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 re-summing 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. He 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 was at Bridger Pass, at a height of seven thousand five hundred and twenty-four 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.

After going about two hundred miles, the travelers finally found themselves on the vast plains extending as far as the Atlantic, and which nature made so propitious for laying a railroad.

On the slopes of the Atlantic basin already appeared the first streams, tributaries of the North Platte River. The entire northern and eastern horizon was covered by the immense semi-circular curtain, which forms the southern portion of the Rocky Mountains, the highest being Laramie's Peak.

At half past twelve, the travelers 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 train through this difficult region. The snow had stopped falling. The weather became cold and dry. Large birds, frightened by the locomotive, were flying in the distance.

After a very comfortable breakfast, served up in the car, Mr. Fogg and his partners had just resumed their interminable whist, when sharp whistles were heard. The train stopped.

Passepartout put his head out of the door and saw nothing which could explain this stop. No station was in sight. Mrs. Aouda and Fix feared for an instant that Mr. Fogg would think of going out on the track.

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 signalman, it threatened to fall, several of the wires having snapped, and it was impossible to risk its passage.

"You are right, madame," replied Fix; "an encounter might ruin 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 shall be in New York! Well, then, if 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—"

was a material obstacle against which, this time, all his master's bank-notes would be of no avail.

The disappointment was general among the passengers, who, without counting the delay, saw themselves obliged to foot it fifteen miles across the plain covered with snow. There was a hubbub, exclamations, loud and deep, 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 passing."

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

Passepartout stopped and devoured the engineer's words. "But the bridge threatens to fall!" continued the conductor.

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

"The deuce!" said Passepartout. But a certain number of the passengers were immediately carried away by the proposition.

It pleased Colonel Proctor particularly. That hot-head found the thing very feasible. He recalled, even, that engineers had had the idea of passing rivers without bridges, with trains closely coupled, rushing at the height of their speed, etc. And, finally, all those interested took sides with the engineer's views.

"We have fifty chances for passing," said one. "Sixty," said another. "Eighty! Ninety out of one hundred!"

"Eighty!" 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 American addressed, shrugging his shoulders, "since the engineer assures us that we will pass!"

"Without doubt," continued Passepartout, "we will pass, but it would perhaps be more prudent—"

"What prudent!" cried Colonel Proctor, jumping at this word, heard by chance. "At full speed, you have been told! Don't you understand? At full speed!"

"I know—I understand," repeated Passepartout, whom no one would allow to finish his phrase; "but it would be, if not more prudent, since the word offends you, at least more natural—"

"Who? What? How? What is the matter with this fellow?" was heard from all directions.

The poor fellow did not know whom to address. "Are you afraid?" Colonel Proctor asked him.

"I, afraid?" cried Passepartout. "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 Passepartout; "all aboard! and right away! But they can't prevent me from thinking that it would have been more natural for us to have gone over the bridge afoot 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 axle smoked; 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 to 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.

principal town of Colorado. This Territory is rich in gold and silver mines, and more than fifty thousand inhabitants have already settled there.

At this moment thirteen hundred and eighty-two miles had been made from San Francisco in three days and three nights. Four nights and four days, if nothing interfered, ought to be sufficient 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 Sedgewick, and they touched at Julesburg, on the South Fork of the Platte River.

At eight o'clock in the morning Fort McPherson was left behind. Three hundred and fifty-seven miles separated this point from Omaha. The railroad followed, on its left bank, the capricious windings of the South Fork of Platte River. At nine o'clock they arrived at the important town of North Platte, built between the two arms of the main stream, which join each other around it, forming a single artery—a large tributary—whose waters mingle with those of the Missouri a little above Omaha.

The one hundred and first meridian was passed. Mr. Fogg and his partner had resumed their play. Neither of them complained of the length of the route—not even the dummy.

Mr. Fogg 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 moment, 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 Bull!" replied the coarse fellow.

Mrs. Aouda became pale. All the blood went to her heart. She seized Phileas Fogg's arm, and he gently repulsed her. Passepartout was ready to throw himself on Proctor, who was looking at his adversary with the most 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 satisfaction."

"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 car, and the American followed him on the platform.

"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 completed the business which calls me to the Old World."

"Truly?" "Will you appoint a meeting with me in six months?"

"Why not in six years?" "Isay six months," replied Mr. Fogg, "and I will be prompt to meet you."

"All evasions!" cried Stamp Proctor. "Immediately, or not at all." "All right," replied Mr. Fogg. "You are going to New York?"

"To Chicago?" "No." "To Omaha?" "It concerns you very little! Do you know Plum Creek Station?"

"No," replied Mr. Fogg. "It is the next station. The train will be there in an hour. It will stop ten minutes. In ten minutes we can exchange a few shots with our revolvers."

"Let it be so," replied Mr. Fogg. "I will stop at Plum Creek." "And I believe that you will remain there!" added the American, with unparalleled insolence.

"Who knows, sir?" replied Mr. Fogg, and he re-entered the car as coolly as usual.

That gentleman commenced to reassure Mrs. Aouda, saying to her that blusters were never to be feared. Then he begged Fix to act as his second in the encounter which was going to take place. Fix could not refuse, and 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 eats.

—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 is 638,841 acres, producing 472,661,159 pounds.

—Six valuable marble quarries are now giving employment to many hands in Hawkins County, Tenn.

—The demand for leeches now is mainly in the Western States and the yearly 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 festival. On that day they crowd to the seaside to bathe, picnic and go to 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-rot 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 vineyard.

—According to semi-official figures, compiled for the New Orleans *Pecayune*, 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 toupées.—*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 Post-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 lead all around a lamp post.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

—"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."—*Boston Transcript*.

—A great deal is being said about the brave women of America, and our beloved land can truthfully boast of the heroic spirit possessed by its fair ones. And yet there is scarcely a woman in all the wide country who cannot feel the roots of her hair begin to swell every time she sees an innocent little mouse scamper frightfully across the floor.—*Detroit Free Press*.

—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*.