

THE ADVERTISER.

Subscription, \$2.00 per Year, in Advance.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

THE GATE OF HOME.

O grave, how still thou art!
No sign is heard in thee;
No groan, no helpless heart
Aches there with misery.
Tears fall not all the night,
O grave, in thee.

O grave, how safe thou art!
By this low, peaceful shore,
Whose music soothes the heart
Like mother-hymns of yore,
Fears, troubles, sleep in thee,
O grave, no more.

O grave, stretch forth thine arms;
Open thy faithful breast,
And gather tenderly
The desolate to rest.
Hope dead, to sleep in thee,
O grave, were best.

O grave, thou art the gate,
The flower-wreathed gate of Home;
By thee, on the faithful wait,
Until their chosen come.
Shut me no longer out,
O grave, from home.

—Augusta Moore, in Scribner's Monthly.

TOUR OF THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS.

JULES VERNE'S GREAT STORY.

CHAPTER XXIX.—CONTINUED.

At eleven o'clock the whistle of the locomotive announced that they were near Plum Creek Station. Mr. Fogg rose, and, followed by Fix, he went out on the platform. Passepartout accompanied him, carrying a pair of revolvers. Mrs. Aouda remained in the car, pale as death.

At this moment the door of the next car opened, and Colonel Proctor appeared likewise upon the platform, followed by his second, a Yankee of his own stamp. But at the moment that the two adversaries were going to step off the train, the conductor ran up to them and cried:

"You can't get off, gentlemen."
"Why not?" asked the Colonel.
"We are twenty minutes behind time, and the train does not stop."
"But I am going to fight a duel with this gentleman."
"I regret it," replied the conductor, "but we are going to start again immediately. Hear the bell ringing!"

The bell was ringing, and the train moved on.
"I am really very sorry, gentlemen," said the conductor. "Under any other circumstances, I could have obliged you. But, after all, since you had not the time to fight here, who hinders you from fighting while the train is in motion?"

"Perhaps that will not suit the gentleman!" said Colonel Proctor, with a jeering air.
"That suits me perfectly," replied Phileas Fogg.
"Well, we are decidedly in America!" thought Passepartout, "and the conductor is a gentleman of the first order."

Having said this, he followed his master.
The two combatants and their seconds, preceded by the conductor, repaired to the rear of the train, passing through the cars. The last car was only occupied by about ten or a dozen passengers. The conductor asked them if they would be kind enough to vacate for a few moments for two gentlemen who had an affair of honor to settle.

Why not? The passengers were only too happy to be able to accommodate the two gentlemen, and they retired on the platforms.
The car, fifty feet long, accommodated itself very conveniently to the purpose. The two adversaries might march on each other in the aisle, and fire at their ease. There never was a duel easier to arrange. Mr. Fogg and Colonel Proctor, each furnished with two six-barreled revolvers, entered the car. Their seconds, remaining outside, shut them in. At the first whistle of the locomotive they were to commence firing. Then, after a lapse of two minutes, what remained of the two gentlemen would be taken out of the car. Truly, there could be nothing simpler. It was even so simple that Fix and Passepartout felt their hearts beating almost as if they would break.

They were waiting for the whistle agreed upon, when suddenly a savage cry resounded. Reports accompanied them, but they did not come from the car reserved for the duellists. These reports continued, on the contrary, as far as the front, and along the whole line of the train. Cries of fright made themselves heard from the inside of the cars.

Colonel Proctor and Mr. Fogg, with their revolvers in hand, went out of the car immediately and rushed forward where the reports and cries resounded more noisily.
They understood that the train had been attacked by a band of Sioux.

It was not the first attempt of these daring Indians. More than once already they had stopped the trains. According to their habit, without waiting for the stopping of the train, rushing upon the steps to the number of a hundred, they had scaled the cars like a clown does a horse at full gallop.

These Sioux were provided with guns. Thence the reports, to which the passengers, nearly all armed, replied sharply by shots from their revolvers. At first the Indians rushed upon the engine. The engineer and fireman were half stunned with blows from their muskets. A Sioux chief, wishing to stop the train, but not knowing how to maneuver the handle of the regulator, had opened wide the steam valve instead of closing it, and

the locomotive, beyond control, ran on with frightful rapidity.

At the same time the Sioux entered the cars; they ran like enraged monkeys over the roofs, they drove in the doors and fought hand to hand with the passengers. The trunks, broken open and robbed, were thrown out of the baggage car on the road. Cries and shots did not cease.

But the passengers defended themselves courageously, some of the cars, barricaded, sustained a siege, like real moving forts, borne on at a speed of one hundred miles an hour.

From the commencement of the attack, Mrs. Aouda had behaved courageously. With revolver in hand, she defended herself heroically, firing through the broken panes when some savage presented himself. About twenty Sioux, mortally wounded, fell upon the track, and the car wheels crushed like worms those that slipped on to the rails from the top of the platforms.

Several passengers, severely wounded by bullets, or clubs, lay upon the seats.

But an end must be put to this. This combat had lasted already for ten minutes, and could only end to the advantage of the Sioux if the train was not stopped. In fact, Fort Kearney station was not two miles distant. There was a military post, but that passed, between Fort Kearney and the next station the Sioux would be masters of the train.

The conductor was fighting at Mr. Fogg's side, when a ball struck him and he fell. As he fell, he cried:
"We are lost if the train is not stopped inside of five minutes!"

"It shall be stopped!" said Phileas Fogg, who was about to rush out of the car.

"Remain, monsieur," Passepartout cried to him. "That is my business." Phileas Fogg had not the time to stop the courageous young man, who, opening a door without being seen by the Indians, succeeded in slipping under the car. Whilst the struggle continued, and whilst the balls were crossing each other above his head, recovering his agility, his suppleness as a clown, he made his way under the cars. Clinging to the chains, assisting himself by the lever of the brakes and the edges of the window sashes, climbing from one car to another with marvelous skill, he thus reached the front of the train. He had not been seen; he could not have been.

There, suspended by one hand between the baggage car and the tender, with the other he loosened the couplings; but in consequence of the traction, he would never have been able to pull out the yoking-bar if a sudden jolt of the engine had not made the bar jump out, and the train, detached, was left further and further behind, while the locomotive flew on with new speed.

Carried on by the force acquired, the train still rolled on for a few minutes, but the brakes were maneuvered from the inside of the cars, and the train finally stopped, less than one hundred paces from Kearney Station.

The soldiers of the fort, attracted by the firing, ran hastily to the train. The Sioux did not wait for them, and before the train stopped entirely the whole band had decamped.

But when the passengers counted each other on the platform of the station, they noticed that several were missing, and among others the courageous Frenchman, whose devotion had just saved them.

CHAPTER XXX.
IN WHICH PHILEAS FOGG SIMPLY DOES HIS DUTY.

Three passengers, including Passepartout, had disappeared. Had they been killed in the fight? Were they taken prisoners by the Sioux? As yet it could not be told.

The wounded were quite numerous, but none mortally. The one most seriously hurt was Colonel Proctor, who had fought bravely, and who fell struck by a ball in the groin. He was carried to the station with the other passengers, whose condition demanded immediate care.

Mrs. Aouda was safe. Phileas Fogg, who had not spared himself, had not a scratch. Fix was wounded in the arm—but it was an unimportant wound. But, Passepartout was missing, and tears flowed from the young woman's eyes.

Meanwhile, all the passengers had left the train. The wheels of the cars were stained with blood. To the hubs and spokes hung ragged pieces of flesh. As far as the eye could reach long red trails were seen on the white plain. The last Indians were then disappearing in the south, along the banks of Republican River.

Mr. Fogg, with folded arms, stood motionless. He had a serious decision to make. Mrs. Aouda, near him, looked at him without uttering a word. He understood her look. If his servant was a prisoner ought he not to risk everything to rescue him from the Indians?

"I will find him dead or alive," he said, simply, to Mrs. Aouda.
"Ah! Mr. Fogg—Mr. Fogg!" cried the young woman, seizing her companion's hands and covering them with tears.

"Alive!" added Mr. Fogg, "if we do not lose a minute!"
With this resolution Phileas Fogg sacrificed himself entirely. He had just pronounced his ruin. A single day's delay would make him miss the steamer from New York. His bet would be irrevocably lost. But in the face of the thought: "It is my duty!" he did not hesitate.

The Captain commanding Fort Kearney was there. His soldiers—about a hundred men—had put themselves on the defensive in the event of the Sioux making a direct attack upon the station.

"Sir," said Mr. Fogg to the Captain, "three passengers have disappeared."

"Killed?" asked the Captain.
"Killed or prisoners," replied Mr. Fogg. "That is an uncertainty which we must bring to an end. It is your intention to pursue the Sioux?"
"It is a grave matter, sir," said the Captain. "These Indians may fly beyond the Arkansas! I could not abandon the fort entrusted to me."

"Sir," replied Phileas Fogg, "it is a question of the life of three men."
"Doubtless—but can I risk the life of fifty to save three?"
"I do not know whether you can, but you ought."

"Sir," replied the Captain, "no one here has the right to tell me what my duty is."

"Let it be so!" said Phileas Fogg, coldly, "I will go alone!"
"You, sir!" cried Fix, who approached, "go alone in pursuit of the Indians!"

"Do you wish me, then, to allow to perish the unfortunate man to whom every one of us that is living owes his life? I shall go."

"Well, no, you shall not go alone!" cried the Captain, moved in spite of himself. "No! you are a brave heart! Thirty volunteers!" he added, turning to his soldiers.

The whole company advanced in a body. The Captain had to select from these brave fellows. Thirty soldiers were picked out, and an old Sergeant put at their head.

"Thanks, Captain!" said Mr. Fogg. "You will permit me to accompany you?" Fix asked the gentleman.
"You will do as you please," replied Phileas Fogg. "But if you wish to do me a service, you will remain by Mrs. Aouda. In case anything should happen to me—"

A sudden paleness overcast the detective's face. To separate himself from the man whom he had followed step by step and with so much persistence! To let him venture so much in the desert. Fix looked closely at the gentleman, and whatever he may have thought, in spite of his prejudices, in spite of his inward struggle, he dropped his eyes before that quiet, frank look.

"I will remain," he said.
A few moments after, Mr. Fogg pressed the young woman's hand; then, having placed in her care his precious traveling bag, he set out with the Sergeant and his little band.

But before starting, he said to the soldiers:
"My friends, there are five thousand dollars for you if you save the prisoners!"

It was then a few minutes past noon. Mrs. Aouda retired into a sitting room of the station, and there, alone, she waited, thinking of Phileas Fogg, his simple and grand generosity, his quiet courage. Mr. Fogg had sacrificed his fortune, and now he was staking his life—and all this without hesitation, from a sense of duty, without words. Phileas Fogg was a hero in her eyes.

The detective (Fix) was not thinking thus, and he could not restrain his agitation. He walked feverishly up and down the platform of the station, one moment vanquished, he became himself again. Fogg having gone, he comprehended his foolishness in letting him go. What! Had he consented to be separated from the man that he had just been following around the world! His natural disposition got the upper hand; he eliminated and accused himself; he treated himself as if he had been the director of the Metropolitan police reproving an agent caught at a very green track.

"I have been a silly fellow!" he thought. "The other fellow will have told him who I was! He has gone; he will not return! Where can I capture him now? But how have I (Fix) so allowed myself to be fascinated, when I have a warrant for his arrest in my pocket! I am decidedly only an ass!"

Thus reasoned the detective, while the hours slipped on too slowly for his liking. He did not know what to do. Sometimes he felt like telling Mrs. Aouda everything. But he understood how he would be received by the young woman. What course should he take? He was tempted to go in pursuit of this Fogg across the immense white plains. It did not seem impossible for him to find him. The footprints of the detachment were still imprinted upon the snow! But, under a fresh covering, every track would soon be effaced.

Fix was discouraged. He felt an almost insurmountable desire to abandon the party. This very occasion of leaving Kearney station and of prosecuting the journey, so fruitful in mishaps, was opened to him.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, while the snow was falling in large flakes, long whistles were heard coming from the east. An enormous shadow, preceded by a lurid light, slowly advanced, considerably increased by the mist, which gave it a fantastic appearance.

But no train was expected yet from the east. The help asked for by telegraph could not arrive so soon, and the train from Omaha to San Francisco would not pass until the next day. They were soon enlightened.

This locomotive, moving under a small head of steam, and whistling very loud, was the one which, after being detached from the train, had continued its course with such frightful speed, carrying the unconscious fireman and engineer. It had run on for several miles; then the fire had gone down for want of fuel; the steam had slackened, and an hour afterwards, relaxing its speed by degrees, the engine finally stopped twenty miles beyond Kearney Station.

Neither the engineer nor the fireman was dead, and after a very long swoon they revived.

The engine had stopped. When he saw himself in the desert, and the locomotive without cars attached to it, the engineer understood what had happened. He could not guess how the locomotive had been detached from the train, but he did not doubt that the train left behind, was in distress.

The engineer did not hesitate as to what he ought to do. To continue his course in the direction of Omaha was prudent, to return towards the train, which the Indians were perhaps yet robbing, was dangerous. No matter! Coal and wood were thrown into the furnace, the fire started up again, the head of steam increased again, and about two o'clock in the afternoon the engine returned, running backwards to Kearney Station. This was the whistling they heard in the mist.

It was a great satisfaction for the travelers, when they saw the locomotive put at the head of the train. They were going to be able to continue their journey so unfortunately interrupted.

On the arrival of the engine, Mrs. Aouda came out of the station, and addressing the conductor, she asked:
"You are going to start?"
"This very instant, madame."
"But the prisoners—our unfortunate companions—"

"I can not interrupt the trip," replied the conductor. "We are already three hours behind time."
"And when will the next train coming from San Francisco pass?"
"To-morrow evening, madame."
"To-morrow evening! But it will be too late. We must wait—"

"Impossible," replied the conductor. "If you are going, get aboard the car."
"I will not go," replied the young woman.

Fix heard this conversation. A few moments before, when every means of locomotion failed him, he had decided to quit Kearney, and now that the train was there, ready to continue its course, and he only had to seat himself again in the car, an irresistible force fixed him to the ground. The platform of the station burned his feet, and he couldn't tear himself away from it. The conflict within himself recommenced. His anger at his want of success choked him. He was going to struggle on to the end.

Meanwhile the passengers and some of the wounded—among others Colonel Proctor, whose condition was very serious—had taken seats in the cars. The buzzing of the overheated boiler was heard; the steam escaped through the valves; the engineer whistled; the train started and soon disappeared, mingling its white smoke with the whirling of the snow.

The detective, Fix, had remained. Some hours passed. The weather was very bad, the cold very keen. Fix, seated on a bench in the station, was motionless. It might have been supposed that he was sleeping. Notwithstanding the storm, Mrs. Aouda left every moment the room which had been placed at her disposal. She went to the end of the platform, trying to look through the tempest of snow, wishing to pierce the mist which narrowed the horizon around her, listening if she could hear any sound. But there was nothing. She went in then, chilled through, to return a few moments later, and always in vain.

Evening came. The little detachment had not returned. Where was it at this moment? Had it been able to overtake the Indians? Had there been a fight, or were these soldiers, lost in the mist, wandering at a venture? The Captain of Fort Kearney was very uneasy, although he did not wish to let his uneasiness appear.

Night came; the snow fell less heavily, but the intensity of the cold increased. The most intrepid glance would not have looked at this vast, obscure space without terror. An absolute silence prevailed over the plain. Neither the flight of a bird nor the passage of a wild beast disturbed the unbroken quiet.

During the whole night, Mrs. Aouda, her mind full of dark presentiments, her heart filled with anguish, wandered on the border of the prairie. Her imagination carried her afar off and showed her a thousand dangers. What she suffered during those long hours could not be expressed.

Fix, still immovable in the same spot, did not sleep. At a certain moment, a man approached and spoke to him, but the detective sent him away, after replying to him by a negative sign.

Thus the night passed. At dawn, the half-concealed disk of the sun rose from a misty horizon. Still the eye might reach as far as two miles. Phileas Fogg and the detachment had gone to the south. The south was entirely deserted. It was then seven o'clock in the morning.

The Captain, extremely anxious, did not know what course to take. Ought he to send a second detachment to help the first? Ought he to sacrifice fresh men with so few chances of saving those who were sacrificed at first? But his hesitation did not last, and with a gesture calling one of his Lieutenants, he gave him the order to throw out a reconnaissance to the south, when shots were heard. Was it a signal? The soldiers rushed out of the fort, and half a mile distant they perceived a small band returning in good order.

Phileas Fogg marched at the head, and near him Passepartout and the two passengers, rescued from the hands of the Sioux.

There was a fight ten miles south of Fort Kearney. Passepartout and his two companions were already struggling against their captors, and the Frenchman had knocked down three of them with his fist, when his master and the soldiers rushed to their rescue.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FACTS AND FIGURES.

—Louisiana has 108 varieties of trees well suited for lumber and fuel.

—Cigar boxes are made of Spanish cedar, imported from Cuba.

—Railroad builders now at work in Texas outnumber the United States army.

—A cistern four feet in diameter will hold ninety-four gallons of water to every foot in depth.

—Forty-three wool growers in Tom Greene County, Texas, sheared last spring 442,240 pounds of wool.

—Papier-mache is made from paper pulp without sizing; sometimes clay, chalk and other pigments are used.

—An electric headlight has been successfully used on a locomotive in Australia. It illuminated the track clearly for 500 yards, but the atmosphere there is exceedingly clear.

—In Germany, last year, out of 1,000 girls married, 103 were 26 years old, 103 were 27, and 102 were 28. These were most favored matrimonial ages, and there were more women married at 35 than at 19.

—The report of the newly-established Analytical Laboratory, in Paris, shows that out of 452 samples of wine purchased by the inspectors in the month of June, 318 were adulterated; out of 22 of cider, 16; out of 180 of milk and cream, 120; out of 19 of butter, 10. No fewer than 48 out of the 54 samples of spices analyzed were condemned in like manner. The report on chocolate and sweetmeats is scarcely more favorable.

—The census now reports the total production of tobacco in this country at 472,661,150 pounds. The largest producers, strange to say, yield the smallest amount per acre. Thus Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky and Tennessee, which raise most of the exported tobacco, show an annually decreasing average to the acre; whereas, in those States where tobacco is raised mainly for domestic use, the yield is high and increasing every year.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—A prominent New York lawyer confidentially informs us that during his experience he has never met with a divorce case but what there was a woman in it.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

—The New York Commercial Advertiser speaks of Cory O'Lanus as the only Irish play of Shakespeare, evidently forgetting O'Thello, who was one of the Moores of Ireland.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—An expert zoological garden man says that the female among animals of the cat species are always the most cruel and ferocious. How proud man naturally feels of his sex.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—J. W. Riley has a poem on "The Lost Kiss." He doesn't make it very plain as to how he lost it; but it is presumed he lost it to the room just in time to catch her at it.—*Rochester Express.*

—The discoverer of petroleum, Colonel Drake, died in Pennsylvania, a comparatively poor man, while hundreds of undertakers and coroners grow wealthy from the fruits of his discovery.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—That White Mountain highwayman took the wrong method of preying upon people visiting summer resorts. He should have started a hotel; he would thus have found the business easier and attended with less risk.—*Somerville Journal.*

—About three o'clock yesterday afternoon a large crowd of men and boys, near the corner of Main Street and Austin Avenue, were treated to an exhibition of wifely devotion, which could not but affect the strongest heart. The woman had found her husband lying in a beastly state of intoxication in an alley. Instead of being exasperated, she gently turned him over to a comfortable position, and, running her hand into his vest pocket, she extracted a twenty-dollar bill, and remarked: "I reckon I've got the deadwood on that new bonnet I've been sufferin' for." She made a straight streak for the nearest millinery shop. Strong men wiped the moisture from their eyes at the wife's heroic devotion for a husband who had, by strong drink, brought himself so low as to neglect to provide his wife with the common necessities of life.—*Texas Siftings.*

Her Recommendations.

'Twas a dull, heavy evening; the light of the dozen gas-jets along the streets only served to make the haze and fog visible. The clock just tinkled forth the hour of nine, and, with the usual remark that "'twas time honest folks were abed," old McGunniggle trudged off up-stairs, followed by the aged partner of his sorrows and searcher for his joys.

"Don't you young folks set up till the morning paper comes, this time," shouted she over the bannister.
"No—o—o," replied a sweet voice from the parlor; "we won't, will we?" said she in an undertone.

"Not if I know it," was the reply. "If the old folks are going to be as sour as this I guess I'll skip now," and he reached for his hat.
"See here!" and the girl's eyes gleamed with earnestness, "you're the first fellow I've had, and you've got to put down that hat, and sit up and court me in good shape. I'm homely, I know, but I can build better bread, iron a bosom shirt, knit a pair of stockings quicker, and make \$1.37 go further than any girl in the village. Them's my recommendations."

"That suits me exactly," and his hat flew into the corner, and that evening the details of the wedding were all arranged. He depended on a girl as smart as that to get the best of the old folks.