

THE ADVERTISER.

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

AFTERGLOW.

Four mounds of earth lie side by side Where summer sunshine far and wide Its largess throws...

TOUR OF THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

JULES VERNE'S GREAT STORY.

CHAPTER XXX.—CONTINUED.

All—the deliverers and the delivered—were received with cries of joy, and Phileas Fogg divided among the soldiers the reward he had promised them...

CHAPTER XXXI.

Phileas Fogg found himself twenty hours behind time. Passepartout, the involuntary cause of this delay, was desperate. He had certainly ruined his master!

At this moment the detective approached Mr. Fogg, and looking closely in his face, asked: "Very seriously sir, you are in a hurry?"

There Mr. Fogg examined a very singular vehicle, a sort of frame laid on two long beams, a little raised in front, like the runners of a sledge...

should be no hesitation in making the attempt. Mr. Fogg, not wishing to expose Mrs. Aouda to the discomforts of a trip in the open air...

At eight o'clock the sledge was ready to start. The travelers were tempted to say the passengers—took their places, and wrapped themselves closely in their traveling cloaks.

The distance between Fort Kearney and Omaha is, in a straight line—in a bee-line, as the Americans say—two hundred miles at the most.

The prairie, which the sledge was crossing in a straight line, was as flat as a sea. It might have been called a frozen pond.

At thirty-five minutes after nine, on the evening of the 11th, the train entered the great depot at Jersey City, the walls of which are washed by the Hudson River.

lodge, not a station, not even a fort. From time to time they saw passing like a flash some grimacing tree, whose white skeleton was twisted about by the wind.

At noon, Mudge recognized, by certain landmarks, that he was crossing the frozen course of the Platte River.

The Pacific Railroad, properly so called, has its terminus at this important city in Nebraska, placing the Mississippi basin in connection with the great ocean.

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interest; when he thought that this enormous bet, added to the heavy expenses of this now useless journey, would completely ruin Mr. Fogg, he overwhelmed himself with opprobrium.

The next day was the 12th of December. From the 12th, at seven in the morning, to the 21st, at eight forty-five in the evening, there remained nine days, thirteen hours, and forty-five minutes.

Phileas Fogg left the hotel alone, having recommended his servant to wait for him, and to notify Mrs. Aouda to hold herself in readiness at any moment.

He was a man fifty years old, a sort of sea wolf, a grumbler who would not be very accommodating. His large eyes, his complexion oxidized copper, his red hair, his large chest and shoulders, indicated nothing of the appearance of a man of the world.

Phileas Fogg did not change countenance. But the situation was serious. It was not at New York as at Hong Kong, nor with the Captain of the Henrietta as with the Captain of the Tankadere.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

—A London firm is now making dishes of paper. —Little boys and girls are considered a necessary part of a bridal procession now-a-days.

—The largest steam hammer in the United States was recently placed in position in the Black Diamond Steel Works of Park Brothers & Co., at Pittsburgh.

—There is at present in round numbers 25,000,000 barrels of crude petroleum stored in the iron tanks in the oil regions of Pennsylvania.

—The concern that always makes money—the mint.—Lowell Courier. —It's pretty bad but we're going to spring it on you.

—Literary: Wanted—A story of a burglary or ghosts in which the night is not very dark without, and the wind does not blow in fitful gusts and the old oak in front of the house does not groan dimly.