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Transcriber's Note: *Round the World in Eighty Days* (London: Routledge, 1878) was the third English translation of Jules Verne's *Le tour du monde en quatre-vingts jours* to be published. It has since been greatly overshadowed by the 1873 version by George Makepeace Towle (available on Project Gutenberg as EText-No. 103). This text version of Frith's translation was transcribed from a Google Books scan of an 1879 edition published in London by George Routledge and Sons. The text and images used were generously made available by the Internet Archive. All of Frith's deviations from Verne's text have been retained, including such unusual spellings as "Passe-partout" for "Passepartout" and "Maudiboy" for "Mandiboy," but obvious typographical errors have been corrected.

ROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS

By Jules Verne

Translated by Henry Frith

CHAPTER I.

In which Phileas Fogg and Passe-partout accept, relatively, the positions of Master and Servant.

In the year of grace One thousand eight hundred and seventy-two, the house in which Sheridan died in 1816—viz. No. 7, Saville Row, Burlington Gardens—was occupied by Phileas Fogg, Esq., one of the most eccentric members of the Reform Club, though it always appeared as if he were very anxious to avoid remark. Phileas had succeeded to the house of one of England's greatest orators, but, unlike his predecessor, no one knew anything of Fogg, who was impenetrable, though a brave man and moving in the best society. Some people declared that he resembled Byron—merely in appearance, for he was

irreproachable in tone—but still a Byron with whiskers and moustache: an impassible Byron, who might live a thousand years and not get old.

A thorough Briton was Phileas Fogg, though perhaps not a Londoner. He was never seen on the Stock Exchange, nor at the Bank of England, nor at any of the great City houses. No vessel with a cargo consigned to Phileas Fogg ever entered the port of London. He held no Government appointment. He had never been entered at any of the Inns of Court. He had never pleaded at the Chancery Bar, the Queen's Bench, the Exchequer, or the Ecclesiastical Courts. He was not a merchant, a manufacturer, a farmer, nor a man of business of any kind. He was not in the habit of frequenting the Royal Institution or any other of the learned societies of the metropolis. He was simply a member of the "Reform," and that was all!

If anyone ever inquired how it was that he had become a member of the club, the questioner was informed that he had been put up by the Barings, with whom he kept his account, which always showed a good balance, and from which his cheques were regularly and promptly honoured.

Was Phileas Fogg a rich man? Unquestionably. But in what manner he had made his money even the best-informed gossips could not tell, and Mr. Fogg was the very last person from whom one would seek to obtain information on the subject. He was never prodigal in expenditure, but never stingy; and whenever his contribution towards some good or useful object was required he gave cheerfully, and in many cases anonymously.

In short, he was one of the most uncommunicative of men. He talked little, and his habitual taciturnity added to the mystery surrounding him. Nevertheless, his life was simple and open enough, but he regulated all his actions with a mathematical exactness which, to the imagination of the quidnuncs, was in itself suspicious.

Had he ever travelled? It was very probable, for no one was better informed in the science of geography. There was apparently no out-of-the-way place concerning which he had not some exclusive information. Occasionally, in a few sentences, he would clear away the thousand-and-one rumours which circulated in the club concerning some lost or some nearly-forgotten traveller; he would point out the true probabilities; and it really appeared as if he were gifted with second sight, so correctly were his anticipations justified by succeeding events. He was a man who must have been everywhere—in spirit at least.

One thing at any rate was certain, viz. that he had not been absent from London for many a year. Those with whom he was on a more intimate footing used to declare that no one had ever seen him anywhere else but on his way to or from his club. His only amusement was a game of whist, varied by the perusal of the daily papers. At whist, which was a game peculiarly fitted to such a taciturn disposition as his, he was habitually a winner; but his gains always were expended in charitable objects. Besides, it was evident to everyone that Mr. Fogg played for the game, not for the sake of winning money. It was a trial of skill with him, a combat; but a fight unaccompanied by fatigue, and one entailing no great exertion, and thus suiting him "down to the ground!"

No one had ever credited Phileas Fogg with wife or child, which even the most scrupulously honest people may possess; nor even had he any near relatives or intimate friends, who are more rare in this world. He lived alone in his house in Saville Row, and no one called upon him, or at any rate entered there. One servant sufficed for him. He took all his meals at his club, but he never shared a table with any of his acquaintance, nor did he ever invite a stranger to dinner. He only returned home to sleep at midnight precisely, for he never occupied any one of the comfortable bedrooms provided by the "Reform" for its members. Ten hours of the four-and-twenty he passed at home, partly sleeping, partly dressing or undressing. If he walked, it was in the entrance-hall with its mosaic pavement, or in the circular gallery beneath the dome, which was supported by twenty Ionic columns. Here he would pace with measured step. When he dined or breakfasted, all the resources of the club were taxed to supply his table with the daintiest fare; he was waited upon by the gravest black-coated servants, who stepped softly as they ministered to his wants upon a special porcelain service and upon the most expensive damask. His wine was contained in decanters of a now unobtainable mould, while his sherry was iced to the most excellent point of refrigeration of the Wenham Lake.

If existence under such circumstances be a proof of eccentricity, it must be confessed that something may be said in favour of it.

The house in Saville Row, without being luxurious, was extremely comfortable. Besides, in accordance with the habits of the tenant, the service was reduced to a minimum. But Phileas Fogg exacted the most rigid punctuality on the part of his sole domestic—something supernatural in fact. On this very day, the 2nd of October, Fogg had given James Forster notice to leave, because the fellow had actually brought up his master's shaving-water at a temperature of eighty-four instead of eighty-six

degrees Fahrenheit; and Phileas was now looking out for a successor, who was expected between eleven and half-past.

Phileas Fogg was seated in his arm-chair, his feet close together at the position of "attention;" his hands were resting on his knees, his body was drawn up; with head erect he was watching the clock, which, by a complexity of mechanism, told the hours, minutes, seconds, the days of the week, and the month and year. As this clock chimed half-past eleven, Mr. Fogg, according to custom, would leave the house and walk down to his club.

Just then a knock was heard at the door of the room, and James Forster, the outgoing servant, appeared and announced, "The new young man" for the place.

A young fellow of about thirty entered and bowed.

"You are a Frenchman, and your name is John, eh?" inquired Phileas Fogg.

"Jean, sir, if you have no objection," replied the newcomer. "Jean Passe-partout, a surname which clings to me because I have a weakness for change. I believe I am honest, sir; but to speak plainly, I have tried a good many things. I have been an itinerant singer; a rider in a circus, where I used to do the trapeze like Leotard and walk the tight-rope like Blondin; then I became a professor of gymnastics; and, finally, in order to make myself useful, I became a fireman in Paris, and bear on my back to this day the scars of several bad burns. But it is five years since I left France, and wishing to enjoy a taste of domestic life I became a valet in England. Just now being out of a situation, and having heard that you, sir, were the most punctual and regular gentleman in the United Kingdom, I have come here in the hope that I shall be able to live a quiet life and forget my name of Jack-of-all-trades—Passe-partout!"

"Passe-partout suits me," replied Mr. Fogg. "I have heard a very good character of you, and you have been well recommended. You are aware of my conditions of service?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. What o'clock do you make it?"

"Twenty-two minutes past eleven," replied the valet, as he consulted an enormous silver watch.

"You are too slow," said Mr. Fogg.

"Excuse me, sir, that is impossible!"

"You are four minutes too slow. Never mind, it is enough to note the error. Now from this moment, twenty-nine minutes past eleven o'clock in the forenoon upon this 2nd of October, 1872, you are in my service!"

As he spoke, Phileas Fogg rose from his chair, took up his hat, put it on his head as an automaton might have done, and left the room without another word.

Passe-partout heard the street-door shut; it was his new master who had gone out. Shortly afterwards he heard it shut again—that was his predecessor, James Forster, departing in his turn.

Passe-partout was then left alone in the house in Saville Row.

CHAPTER II.

Passe-partout is convinced that he has attained the object of his ambition.

"Faith," muttered Passe-partout, who for the moment felt rather in a flutter; "faith, I have seen creatures at Madame Tussaud's quite as lively as my new master."

Madame Tussaud's "creatures" are all of wax, and only want the power of speech.

During the short period that Passe-partout had been in Mr. Fogg's presence, he had carefully scrutinised his future master. He appeared to be about forty years of age, with a fine face; a tall and well-made man, whose figure was not too stout. He had light hair and whiskers, a clear brow, a somewhat pale face, and splendid teeth. He appeared to possess in a very marked degree that attribute which physiognomists call "repose in action," a faculty appertaining to those whose motto is "Deeds, not words." Calm and phlegmatic, with a clear and steady eye, he was the perfect type of those cool Englishmen whom one meets so frequently in the United Kingdom, and whom Angelica Kauffmann has so wonderfully portrayed. Mr. Fogg gave one the idea of being perfectly balanced, like a perfect chronometer, and as well regulated. He was, in fact, the personification of exactness, which was evident in the very expression of his hands and feet; for amongst men, as amongst the lower animals, the members are expressive of certain passions.

Phileas Fogg was one of those mathematical people who, never in a hurry, and always ready, are economical of their movements. He never made even one step too many; he always took the shortest cut; he never wasted a glance, nor permitted himself a superfluous gesture. No one had ever seen him agitated or moved by any emotion. He was the last man in the world to hurry himself, but he always arrived in time. He lived quite alone, and, so to speak, outside the social scale. He knew that in life there is a great deal of friction; and as friction always retards progress, he never rubbed against anybody.

As for Jean, who called himself Passe-partout, he was a Parisian of the Parisians. He had been for five years in England, and had taken service in London as a valet-de-chambre, during which period he had in vain sought for such a master as Mr. Fogg.

Passe-partout was not one of those Frontii or Mascarilles, who, with high shoulders and snubbed noses, and plenty of assurance, are nothing more than impudent dunces; he was a good fellow, with a pleasant face, somewhat full lips, always ready to eat or to kiss, with one of those good round heads that one likes to see on the shoulders of one's friends. He had bright blue eyes, was somewhat stout, but very muscular, and possessed of great strength. He wore his hair in a somewhat tumbled fashion. If sculptors of antiquity were aware of eighteen ways of arranging the hair of Minerva, Passe-partout knew but one way of doing his, namely, with three strokes of a comb.

We will not go as far as to predict how the man's nature would accord with Mr. Fogg's. It was a question whether Passe-partout was the exact sort of servant to suit such a master. Experience only would show. After having passed his youth in such a vagabond manner, he looked forward to some repose.

Having heard of the proverbial method and coolness of the English gentleman, he had come to seek his fortune in England; but up to the present time fate had been adverse. He had tried six situations, but remained in none. In all of them he had found either a whimsical, an irregular, or a restless master, which did not suit Passe-partout. His last master, the young Lord Longsferry, M.P., after passing the evening in the Haymarket, was carried home on the policemen's shoulders. Passe-partout, wishing above all things to respect his master, remonstrated in a respectful manner; but as his expostulations were so ill received, he took his leave. It was at that time that he heard Phileas Fogg was in search of a servant, and he presented himself for the situation. A gentleman whose life was so regular, who never stayed away from home, who never travelled, who never was absent even for a day, was the very master for him, so he presented himself and was engaged, as we have seen.

Thus it came to pass that at half-past eleven o'clock, Passe-partout found himself alone in the house in Saville Row. He immediately commenced to look about him, and search the house from cellar to garret. This well-arranged, severe, almost puritanical house pleased him very much. It appeared to him like the pretty shell of a snail; but a snail's shell lighted and warmed with gas would serve for both those purposes. He soon discovered the room he was to occupy, and was quite satisfied. Electric bells and indiarubber speaking-tubes put him into communication with the rooms, below. Upon the chimney-piece stood an electric clock, which kept time exactly with that in Phileas Fogg's bedroom.

"This will suit me exactly," said Passe-partout to himself.

He also remarked in his room a notice fixed above the clock. It was the programme of his daily duties. It included the whole details of the service from eight o'clock in the morning, the hour at which Mr. Fogg invariably arose, to half-past eleven, when he left the house to breakfast at the Reform Club. It comprised everything—the tea and toast at twenty-three minutes past eight, the shaving-water at thirty-seven minutes past nine, and his attendance at his master's toilet at twenty minutes to ten, and so on. Then from half-past eleven a.m. until midnight, when the methodical Fogg retired to bed, everything was noted down and arranged for. Passe-partout joyfully set himself to study the programme and to master its contents.

Mr. Fogg's wardrobe was well stocked and wonderfully arranged. Every pair of trousers, coat, or waistcoat bore a number, which was also noted in a register of entries and exits, indicating the date on which, according to the season, the clothes were to be worn. There were even relays of shoes and boots.

In fact, in this house in Saville Row, which had been a temple of disorder in the days of the illustrious but dissipated Sheridan, cosiness reigned supreme. There was no library and no books, which would have been useless to Mr. Fogg, since there were two reading-rooms at the Reform Club. In his bedroom was a small safe, perfectly burglar and fire proof. There were no firearms nor any other weapons in the house; everything proclaimed the owner to be a man of peaceable habits.

After having examined the house thoroughly, Passe-partout rubbed his hands joyously, a genial smile overspread his rounded face, and he muttered:

"This suits me completely. It is the very thing. We understand each other thoroughly, Mr. Fogg and I. He is a thoroughly regular and domestic man, a true machine. Well, I am not sorry to serve a machine."

CHAPTER III.

In which a Conversation arises which is likely to cost Phileas Fogg dear.

Phileas Fogg left home at half-past eleven, and having placed his right foot before his left exactly five hundred and seventy-five times, and his left foot before his right five hundred and seventy-six times, he arrived at the Reform Club in Pall Mall, and immediately went up to the dining-room and took his place at his usual table, where his breakfast awaited him. The meal was composed of one "side-dish," a delicious little bit of boiled fish, a slice of underdone roast beef with mushrooms, a rhubarb and gooseberry tart, and some Cheshire cheese; the whole washed down with several cups of excellent tea, for which the Reform Club is celebrated.

At forty-seven minutes after twelve he rose from table and went into the drawing-room; there the servant handed him an uncut copy of *The Times*, which Phileas Fogg folded and cut with a dexterity which denoted a practised hand. The perusal of this journal occupied him till a quarter to four, and then *The Standard* sufficed till dinner-time. This repast was eaten under the same conditions as his breakfast, and at twenty minutes to six he returned to the saloon and read *The Morning Chronicle*.

About half an hour later, several of Mr. Fogg's friends entered the room and collected round the fireplace. These gentlemen were his usual partners at whist, and, like him, were all inveterate players.

They comprised Andrew Stuart, an engineer; the bankers, John Sullivan and Samuel Fallentin; Thomas Flanagan, the brewer; and Gauthier Ralph, one of the directors of the Bank of England;—all rich, and men of consequence, even in that club which comprised so many men of mark.

"Well, Ralph," asked Thomas Flanagan, "what about this robbery?"

"The bank must lose the money," replied Stuart.

"On the contrary," replied Ralph, "I am in hopes that we shall be able to put our hand upon the thief. We have detectives in America and Europe, at all the principal ports, and it will be no easy matter for him to escape the clutches of the law."

"Then you have the robber's description, of course," said Andrew Stuart.

"In the first place he is not a thief at all," replied Ralph seriously.

"What do you mean? Is not a man a thief who takes away fifty-five thousand pounds in bank-notes?"

"No," replied Ralph.

"He is then a man of business, I suppose?" said Sullivan.

"*The Morning Chronicle* assures me he is a gentleman."

This last observation was uttered by Phileas Fogg, whose head rose up from the sea of papers surrounding him, and then Phileas got up and exchanged greetings with his acquaintances.

The subject of conversation was a robbery, which was in everyone's mouth, and had been committed three days previously—viz. on the 29th of September. A pile of bank-notes, amounting to the enormous sum of fifty-five thousand pounds, had been stolen from the counter at the Bank of England.

The astonishing part of the matter was that the robbery had been so easily accomplished, and as Ralph, who was one of the deputy-governors, explained, that when the fifty-five thousand pounds were stolen, the cashier was occupied in carefully registering the receipt of three shillings and sixpence, and of course could not have his eyes in every direction at once.

It may not be out of place here to remark, which in some measure may account for the robbery, that the Bank of England trusts greatly in the honesty of the public. There are no guards, or commissionaires, or gratings; gold, silver, and notes are all exposed freely, and, so to speak, at the mercy of the first-comer. No one's honesty is suspected. Take the following instance, related by one of the closest observers of English customs. This gentleman was one day in one of the parlours of the Bank, and had the curiosity to take up and closely examine a nugget of gold weighing seven or eight pounds, which was lying on the table. Having examined the ingot, he passed it to his neighbour, he to the next man; and so the gold went from hand to hand quite down to the dark entry, and was not returned for quite half an hour, and all the time the bank official had not raised his head.

But on the 29th of September things did not work so nicely; the pile of bank-notes was not returned; and when the hands of the magnificent clock in the drawing-office pointed to the hour of five, at which time the bank is closed, the sum of fifty-five thousand pounds was written off to "profit and loss."

When it was certain that a robbery had been committed, the most skilful detectives were sent down to Liverpool and Glasgow and other principal ports, also to Suez, Brindisi, New York, &c., with promises of a reward of two thousand pounds, and five per cent on the amount recovered. In the meantime, inspectors were appointed to observe scrupulously all travellers arriving at and departing from the several seaports.

Now there was some reason to suppose, as *The Morning Chronicle* put it, that the thief did not belong to a gang, for during the 29th of September a well-dressed gentlemanly man had been observed in the bank, near where the robbery had been perpetrated. An exact description of this person was fortunately obtained, and supplied to all the detectives; and so some sanguine persons, of whom Ralph was one, believed the thief could not escape.

As may be imagined, nothing else was talked about just then. The probabilities of success and failure were warmly discussed in the newspapers, so it was not surprising that the members of the Reform Club should talk about it, particularly as one of the deputy-governors of the bank was present.

Ralph did not doubt that the search would be successful because of the amount of the reward, which would probably stimulate the zeal of the detectives. But Andrew Stuart was of a different opinion, and the discussion was continued between these gentlemen during their game of whist. Stuart was Flanagan's partner, and Fallentin was Fogg's. While they played they did not talk; but between the rubbers the subject cropped up again.

"Well," said Stuart, "I maintain that the chances are in favour of the thief, who must be a sharp one."

"But," replied Ralph, "there is no place a fellow can go to."

"Oh, come!"

"Well, where can he go to?"

"I can't tell," replied Stuart; "but the world is big enough, at any rate."

"It used to be," said Phileas Fogg, in an undertone. "Cut, if you please," he added, handing the cards to Flanagan.

Conversation was then suspended, but after the rubber Stuart took it up again, saying:

"What do you mean by 'used to be?' Has the world grown smaller, then?"

"Of course it has," replied Ralph. "I am of Mr. Fogg's opinion; the world has grown smaller, inasmuch as one can go round it ten times quicker than you could a hundred years ago. That is the reason why, in

the present case, search will be more rapid, and render the escape of the thief easier."

"Your lead, Mr. Stuart," said Fogg.

But the incredulous Stuart was not convinced, and he again returned to the subject.

"I must say, Mr. Ralph," he continued, "that you have found an easy way that the world has grown smaller, because one now go round it in three months."

"In eighty days only," said Phileas Fogg.

"That is a fact, gentlemen," added John Sullivan. "You can make the tour of the world in eighty days, now that the section of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway is opened between Rothal and Allahabad, and here is the estimate made by *The Morning Chronicle*:

London to Suez, by Mont Cenis and Brindisi, Rail and Steamer . . . 7 days.

Suez to Bombay, by Steamer . . . 13 "

Bombay to Calcutta, by Rail . . . 3 "

Calcutta to Hong Kong, by Steamer . . . 13 "

Hong Kong to Yokohama, by Steamer . . . 6 "

Yokohama to San Francisco, by Steamer . . . 22 "

San Francisco to New York, by Rail . . . 7 "

New York to London, Steam and Rail . . . 9 "

Total . . . 80 days."

"Yes, eighty days!" exclaimed Stuart, who, being absorbed in his calculations, made a mis-deal; "but that estimate does not take inter consideration bad weather, head-winds, shipwreck, railway accidents, &c."

"They are all included," remarked Fogg, as he continued to play, for this time the conversation did not cease with the deal.

"Even if the Hindoos or Indians take up the rails? Suppose they stop the trains, pillage the baggage-waggons, and scalp the travellers?"

"All included," replied Fogg quietly. "Two trumps," he added, as he won the tricks.

Stuart, who was "pony," collected the cards, and said: "No doubt you are right in theory, Mr. Fogg, but in practice—"

"In practice too, Mr. Stuart."

"I should like to see you do it."

"It only rests with you. Let us go together."

"Heaven forbid," cried Stuart; "but I will bet you a cool four thousand that such a journey, under such conditions, is impossible."

"On the contrary, it is quite possible," replied Mr. Fogg.

"Well, then, why don't you do it?"

"Go round the world in eighty days, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"I will."

"When?"

"At once; only I give you warning I shall do it at your expense."

"Oh, this is all nonsense," replied Stuart, who began to feel a little vexed at Fogg's persistence; "let us continue the game."

"You had better deal, then; that was a mis-deal."

Andrew Stuart took up the cards, and suddenly put them down again.

"Look here, Mr. Fogg," he said; "if you like, I will bet you four thousand."

"My dear Stuart," said Fallentin, "don't be ridiculous; it is only a joke."

"When I say I will bet," said Stuart, "I mean it."

"All right," said Mr. Fogg; then, turning towards the others, he said: "I have twenty thousand pounds deposited at Baring's. I will willingly risk that sum."

"Twenty thousand pounds!" exclaimed Sullivan; "why, the slightest accident might cause you to lose the whole of it. Anything unforeseen—"

"The unforeseen does not exist," replied Fogg simply.

"But, Mr. Fogg, this estimate of eighty days is the very least time in which the journey can be accomplished."

"A minimum well employed is quite sufficient."

"But to succeed you must pass from railways to steamers, from steamers to railways, with mathematical accuracy."

"I will be mathematically accurate."

"Oh, this is a joke!"

"A true Englishman never jokes when he has a stake depending on the matter. I bet twenty thousand against any of you that I will make the tour of the world in eighty days or less; that is to say, in nineteen hundred and twenty hours, or a hundred and fifteen thousand two hundred minutes. Will you take me?"

"We do," replied the others, after consultation together.

"Very well, then," said Fogg, "the Dover mail starts at 8.45; I will go by it."

"This evening?" said Stuart.

"Yes, this evening," replied Fogg. Then, referring to a pocket almanack, he added: "This is Wednesday, the 2nd of October; I shall be due in London, in this room, on Saturday, the 21st of December, at a quarter to nine in the evening, or, in default, the twenty thousand at Baring's, to my credit, will be yours, gentlemen. Here is my cheque for that sum."

A memorandum of the conditions of the bet was made and signed by all parties concerned. Phileas Fogg was as cool as ever. He had certainly not bet to win the money, and he had only bet twenty thousand pounds, half of his fortune, because he foresaw that he would probably have to spend the other half to enable him to carry out this difficult if not actually impossible feat. His opponents appeared quite agitated, not on account of the value of their stake, but because they had some misgivings and scruples about betting under such conditions.

Seven o'clock struck, and it was suggested that the game should stop, while Mr. Fogg made his preparations for the journey.

"I am always ready," replied this impassible gentleman, as he dealt the cards. "Diamonds are trumps," he added; "your lead, Mr. Stuart."

CHAPTER IV.

In which Phileas Fogg astonishes Passe-partout.

At twenty-five minutes past seven, Phileas Fogg, having won twenty guineas at whist, took leave of his friends and left the club. At ten minutes to eight he reached home.

Passe-partout, who had conscientiously studied his programme, was astonished to see Mr. Fogg appear at such an unusual hour, for, according to all precedent, he was not due in Saville Row till midnight.

Phileas Fogg went straight up to his room and called for Passe-partout.

Passe-partout did not reply. It was evident this could not refer to him, it was not time.

"Passe-partout," cried Mr. Fogg again, but without raising his voice; "this is the second time I have called you," said Mr. Fogg.

"But it is not midnight," replied Passe-partout, producing his watch.

"I know that," replied Fogg, "and I do not blame you. We start for Dover and Calais in ten minutes."

A sort of grimace contracted the Frenchman's round face; he evidently did not understand.

"Are you going out, sir," he asked.

"Yes," replied his master; "we are going around the world."

Passe-partout at this announcement opened his eyes to their greatest extent, held up his arms, and looked the picture of stupefied astonishment.

"Around the world!" he muttered.

"In eighty days," replied Mr. Fogg; "so we have not a moment to lose."

"But the luggage," said Passe-partout, who was wagging his head unconsciously from side to side.

"We want no luggage; a carpet-bag will do. Pack up two night-shirts and three pairs of socks, and the same for yourself. We will buy what we want as we go along. Bring my mackintosh and travelling-cloak down with you, and a couple of pairs of strong boots, although we shall have little or no walking. Look alive."

Passe-partout wished to speak, but could not He left his master's bedroom, and went upstairs to his own, fell into a chair, and exclaimed:

"Well, this is coming it pretty strong, and for me too, who wanted to be quiet!"

Mechanically he set about making preparations for departure. Around the world in eighty days! Had he engaged himself with a maniac? No—it was only a joke. But they were going to Dover and to Calais. So far so good. After all, he did not object to that very much, for it was five years since he had seen his native land. Perhaps they would even go on to Paris, and he would be delighted to see the capital again. No doubt a gentleman so economical of his steps would stop there; but on the other hand, this hitherto very domestic gentleman was leaving home. That was a fact.

At eight o'clock Passe-partout had packed the small bag which now contained his master's luggage and his own, and in a very troubled frame of mind he quitted his room, closed the door carefully, and went downstairs to Mr. Fogg.

That gentleman was quite ready. Under his arm he carried a copy of "Bradshaw's Continental Guide." He took the small bag from Passe-partout, opened it, and placed therein a bulky roll of bank-notes, which will pass in any country.

"You are sure you have not forgotten anything?" he asked.

"Quite sure, sir."

"You have my mackintosh and travelling-cloak?"

"Here they are, sir."

"All right, take the bag;" and Mr. Fogg handed it back to the man. "You had better take care of it," he added, "there are twenty thousand pounds in it."

Passe-partout nearly let the bag fall, as if it were weighted with the twenty thousand pounds in gold.

Master and man went downstairs together; the door was shut and double-locked. Phileas called a cab from the bottom of Saville Row, and drove to Charing Cross Station. It was twenty minutes past eight when they reached the railway. Passe-partout jumped out. His master followed, and paid the cabman. At this moment a poor beggar-woman, carrying a baby, looking very miserable with her naked feet and tattered appearance, approached Mr. Fogg, and asked for alms.

Mr. Fogg drew from his waistcoat-pocket the twenty guineas he had won at whist, and handing them to the beggar-woman, said: "Take these, my good woman. I am glad I have met you." He then entered the station.

This action of his master brought the tears into Passe-partout's susceptible eyes. Mr. Fogg had risen in his estimation. That eccentric individual now told him to take two first-class tickets for Paris, and as he turned round he perceived his five friends from the Reform Club.

"Well, gentlemen, you see I am about to start, and the visas on my passport on my return will convince you that I have performed the journey."

"Oh, Mr. Fogg," replied Gauthier Ralph politely, "that is quite unnecessary. We believe you to be a man of your word."

"All the better," was Fogg's reply.

"You won't forget when you have to come back," observed Stuart.

"In eighty days," replied Mr. Fogg. "On Saturday, the 21st day of December, 1872, at forty-five minutes past eight in the evening. *Au revoir*, gentlemen."

At twenty minutes to nine Phileas Fogg and his servant took their places in the train. At 8.45 the engine whistled and the train started.

The night was dark, and a fine rain was falling. Mr. Fogg was comfortably settled in his corner, and did not say a word. Passe-partout, still rather in a state of stupefaction, mechanically gripped the bag with the bank-notes.

But scarcely had the train rushed through Sydenham, than Passe-partout uttered a cry of despair.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Mr. Fogg.

"Oh dear me! In my hurry I quite forgot—"

"What?"

"I forgot to turn the gas off in my room!"

"Very well, my lad," replied Mr. Fogg coolly, "then it must burn while we are away—at your expense."

CHAPTER V.

In which a New Kind of Investment appears on the Stock Exchange.

When Phileas Fogg quitted London, he had no doubt that his departure would create a great sensation. The report of the bet spread from the club to outsiders, and so to all the newspapers in the United Kingdom.

This question of going round the world in eighty days was commented upon, discussed, and dissected, and argued as much as the Alabama Claims had been. Some agreed with Phileas Fogg, but the majority were against him. To accomplish the tour in fact was an impossibility, under the present system of communication. It was sheer madness.

The Times, *The Standard*, *The Morning Chronicle*, and twenty other respectable journals gave their verdict against Mr. Fogg. *The Daily Telegraph* was the only paper that to a certain extent supported him. Phileas Fogg was generally looked upon as a maniac, and his friends at the Reform Club were much blamed for having taken up the wager, which only betrayed the want of brain of its proposer.

Extremely passionate but logical articles were written upon the question. We all know the interest that the English take in any geographical problem, and readers of every class devoured the columns in which Mr. Fogg's expedition was debated.

For the first few days some bold spirits, principally women, espoused his cause, particularly when *The Illustrated London News* published his portrait, and certain gentlemen went so far as to say: "Well, why should he not after all? More extraordinary things have happened." These were chiefly readers of *The Daily Telegraph*, but they very soon felt that that journal itself began to waver.

On the 7th of October a long article appeared in the proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, the writer of which treated the question from all points of view, and clearly demonstrated the futility of the enterprise. According to that article, everything was against the traveller—all obstacles material and physical were against him. In order to succeed, it was necessary to admit miraculous concordance in the hours of the arrival and departure of trains and ships—a concordance which could not and did not exist. In Europe perhaps he might be able to reckon upon the punctuality of trains, but when three days are occupied in crossing India, and seven in traversing the American continent, how was it possible that he could count upon absolute success? Were not accidents to machinery, runnings off the rails, collisions, bad weather, or snowdrifts all against Phileas Fogg? On board ship in winter-time he would be at the mercy of hurricanes or contrary winds. Even the best steamers of the transoceanic lines experience a delay of sometimes two or three days. Now, if only one such delay occurred, the chain of communication would be irreparably severed. If Phileas Fogg lost a steamer by only a few hours, he would be obliged to wait for the following boat; and that fact alone would imperil the success of the whole undertaking.

This article made a great sensation. It was copied into almost all the papers, and the "shares" of Phileas Fogg fell in proportion.

For the first few days after his departure a good deal of money was laid on the success or failure of the enterprise. Everyone knows that people in England are great gamblers; it comes natural to them. So the public all went into the speculation. Phileas Fogg became a sort of favourite, as in horse-racing. He was of a certain value on the Stock Exchange. Fogg bonds were offered at par or at a premium, and enormous speculations were entered into. But five days after his departure, subsequently to the appearance of the article above quoted, the bonds were at a discount, and they were offered to anybody who would take them.

One supporter was still left to him, and that the paralytic Lord Albemarle. This worthy gentleman, who was unable to leave his chair, would have given his whole fortune to have made the tour of the world, even in ten years, and he had laid fifty thousand pounds on Phileas Fogg; and when people explained to him at the same time the folly and uselessness of the expedition, he would merely reply: "If the thing can be done, the first man to do it ought to be an Englishman."

Now as things were, the partisans of Phileas Fogg were becoming fewer by degrees and beautifully less. Everybody, and not without reason, was against him. People would only take fifty or even two hundred to one, when, seven days after his departure, a quite unexpected incident deprived him of support at any price. In fact, at nine o'clock on the evening of the seventh day, the Chief Inspector of Metropolitan Police received the following telegram:

"From Fix, Detective, Suez,

To Rowan, Commissioner of Police, Scotland Yard.

I have traced the bank-robber, Phileas Fogg. Send immediately authority for arrest to Bombay.—Fix."

The effect of this despatch was immediately apparent. The honourable man gave place to the "bank-robber." His photograph, deposited in the Reform Club with those of other members, was narrowly

scrutinised. It appeared to be, feature by feature, the very man whose description had been already furnished to the police. People now began to recollect Fogg's mysterious manner, his solitary habits, and his sudden departure. He must be the culprit, and it was evident that under the pretext of a voyage round the world, under shelter of a ridiculous bet, he had no other end in view but to throw the detectives off the scent.

CHAPTER VI.

In which Fix, the Detective, betrays some not unnatural Impatience.

The circumstances under which the foregoing telegram had been despatched were as follows:

On Wednesday, the 29th of October, the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer *Mongolia* was being anxiously expected at Suez. This vessel made the passage between Brindisi and Bombay through the Suez Canal. She is one of the swiftest of the Company's vessels, and her usual speed is ten knots an hour between Brindisi and Suez, and nine and a half between Suez and Bombay, and sometimes even more.

Pending the arrival of the *Mongolia*, two men were walking together up and down the quay in the midst of the crowd of natives and visitors who thronged the little town, which, thanks to the enterprise of M. de Lesseps, was becoming a considerable place. One of these men was the British Consular Agent at Suez, who, in spite of the prophecies of the English Government, and the unfavourable opinion of Stephenson the engineer, beheld daily English ships passing through the canal, thus shortening by one-half the old route to India round the Cape.

The other was a small thin man with a nervous intelligent face. Beneath his long eyelashes his eyes sparkled brightly, and at that moment he was displaying unquestionable signs of impatience, moving hither and thither, quite unable to keep still for one moment.

This man was Fix, the English detective, who had been sent out in consequence of the bank robbery. He carefully scrutinised every traveller, and if one of them bore any resemblance to the culprit he would be arrested. Two days previously, Fix had received from London the description of the criminal. It was that of the well-dressed person who had been observed in the bank.

The detective was evidently inspired by the hope of obtaining the large reward offered, and was awaiting the arrival of the *Mongolia* with much impatience accordingly.

"So you say that the steamer is never behind its time," remarked Mr.
Fix to the Consul.

"No," replied the other. "She was signalled off Port Said yesterday, and the length of the Canal is nothing to such a vessel as she is. I repeat that the *Mongolia* has always gained the twenty-five pounds allowance granted by the Government for every advance of twenty-four hours on the regulation time."

"Does she come from Brindisi direct?" asked Fix.

"Yes, direct. She takes the Indian mails on board there. She left on Saturday afternoon at five o'clock. So be patient She will not be late. But I really do not see how you will be able to recognise your man from the description you have, even Supposing he be on board."

"One knows him by instinct more than by feature," replied Fix; "by scent, as it were, more than sight. I have had to do with more than one of these gentlemen in my time, and if the thief be on board I guarantee he will not slip through my fingers."

"I hope you will catch him—it is a big robbery."

"First-rate," replied Fix enthusiastically; "fifty-five thousand pounds. We don't often have such a windfall as that. These sort of fellows are becoming scarce. The family of Jack Sheppard has died out—people get 'lagged' now for a few shillings."

"You speak like an enthusiast, Mr. Fix," replied the Agent, "and I hope you will succeed, but I fear under the circumstances you will find it very difficult. Besides, after all, the description you have received might be that of a very honest man."

"Great criminals always do resemble honest men," replied the detective dogmatically. "You must understand that ruffianly-looking fellows would not have a chance. They must remain honest or they would be arrested at once. It is the honest appearance that we are obliged to unmask; it is a difficult thing, I confess, and one that really is an art."

It was evident that Mr. Fix thought a good deal of his profession.

Meanwhile the bustle on the quay increased. Sailors of all nations, merchants, porters, and fellahs were crowding together. The steamer was evidently expected shortly.

It was a beautiful day and the east wind cooled the air. The rays of the sun lighted up the distant minarets of the town. Towards the south the long jetty extended into the roadstead. A crowd of fishing-boats dotted the waters of the Red Sea, and amongst them one could perceive some ships of the ancient build of galleys.

Fix kept moving about amongst the crowd, scrutinising professionally the countenances of its component members.

It was half-past ten o'clock.

"This steamer is not coming," he said, as he heard the clock strike.

"It can't be far off," said the Consul.

"How long will she stop at Suez?" said Fix.

"Four hours, to take her coal on board. From Suez to Aden it is thirteen hundred and ten miles, so she is to take in a good supply."

"And from Suez the boat goes directly to Bombay?" asked Fix.

"Direct, without breaking bulk."

"Well," said Fix, "if the thief has taken this route, and by this steamer, it will no doubt be his little game to land at Suez, so as to reach the Dutch or French possessions in Asia by some other route. He must know very well that he would not be safe in India, which is British territory."

"I don't think he can be a very sharp fellow," replied the Consul, "for London is the best place to hide in, after all."

The Consul having thus given the detective something to think about, went away to his office close by. The detective, now alone, became more and more impatient, as he had some peculiar presentiment that the robber was on board the *Mongolia*; and if he had left England with the intention to gain the new world, the route *via* India, being less open to observation, or more difficult to watch than the Atlantic route, would naturally be the one chosen.

The detective was not left long to his reflections. A succession of shrill whistles denoted the approach of the steamer. The whole crowd of porters and fellahs hurried towards the quay in a manner somewhat distressing for the limbs and clothes of the lookers-on. A number of boats also put off to meet the *Mongolia*.

Her immense hull was soon perceived passing between the banks of the Canal, and as eleven o'clock was striking she came to an anchor in the roadstead, while a cloud of steam was blown off from her safety-valves.

There were a great number of passengers on board. Some of them remained upon the bridge, admiring the view, but the greater number came ashore in the boats, which had put off to meet the vessel.

Fix carefully examined each one as they landed. As he was thus employed, one of the passengers approached him, and vigorously pushing aside the fellahs who surrounded him, inquired of the detective the way to the British Consul's office; at the same time, the passenger produced his passport, upon which he desired, no doubt, to have the British *visa*.

Fix mechanically took the passport, and mastered its contents at a glance. His hand shook involuntarily. The description on the passport agreed exactly with the description of the thief.

"This passport does not belong to you?" he said to the passenger.

"No," replied the man addressed; "it is my master's."

"And where is your master?"

"He is on board."

"But," replied the detective, "he must come himself to the Consul's office to establish his identity."

"Oh, is that necessary?"

"Quite indispensable."

"Where is the office?"

"In the corner of the square yonder," replied the detective, indicating a house about two hundred paces off.

"Well then, I will go and fetch my master; but I can tell you he won't thank you for disturbing him."

So saying, the passenger saluted Fix, and returned on board the steamer.

CHAPTER VII.

Which once more shows the Futility of Passports where Policemen are concerned.

The detective quickly traversed the quay once more in the direction of the Consul's office. At his particular request he was at once ushered into the presence of the official.

"I beg your pardon," he said to the Consul abruptly, "but I have great reason to believe that my man *is* really on board the *Mongolia*." And then Mr. Fix related what had passed between him and the servant.

"Good," replied the Consul; "I should not be sorry to see the rascal's face myself; but perhaps he will not present himself here if the case stands as you believe it does. No thief likes to leave a trace behind him; and moreover, the *visa* to the passport is not necessary."

"If he is the sharp fellow he ought to be, he will come," replied Mr.
Fix.

"To have his passport examined?"

"Yes. Passports are no use, except to worry honest people and to facilitate the escape of rogues. I have no doubt whatever that this fellow's passport will be all right; but I hope you will not *visé* it all the same."

"Why not? If the passport is all regular I have no right to refuse my *visa*," replied the Consul.

"Nevertheless, I must keep the fellow here until I have received the warrant of arrest from London."

"Ah, Mr. Fix, that is *your* business," said the Consul; "for my part
I must—"

The Consul did not conclude the sentence. At that moment a knock was heard, and the servant introduced two strangers, one of whom was the servant who had lately interviewed the detective on the quay. The newcomers were master and servant. The former handed his passport to the Consul, and laconically requested him to attach his *visa*.

The Consul took the passport and examined it narrowly, while Fix from a corner devoured the stranger with his eyes. When the Consul had perused the document, he said:

"You are Phileas Fogg?"

"Yes," replied that gentleman.

"And this man is your servant?"

"Yes; he is a Frenchman named Passe-partout."

"You have come from London?"

"Yes."

"And you are bound—whither?"

"To Bombay."

"Very well, sir. You are aware, perhaps, that this formality is unnecessary, even useless. We only require to see the passport."

"I know that," replied Fogg; "but I want you to testify to my presence at Suez."

"Very well, sir, so be it," replied the Consul, who thereupon attested the passport. Mr. Fogg paid the fee, and bowing formally, departed, followed by his servant.

"Well, what do you think, sir?" said the detective.

"I think he looks a perfectly honest man," replied the Consul.

"That may be," said Fix; "but that is not the point. Do you not perceive that this cool gentleman answers in every particular to the description of the thief sent out?"

"I grant you that; but you know all descriptions—"

"I will settle the business," replied Fix. "It strikes me that the servant is more get-at-able than the master. Besides, he is a Frenchman, and cannot help chattering. I will return soon, sir." As he finished speaking, the detective left the Consul's office in search of Passe-partout.

Meanwhile, Mr. Fogg, having left the Consul's house, proceeded down to the quay. There he gave his servant some instructions, and then put off in a boat to the Mongolia, and descended to his cabin. Taking out his note-book, he made the following entries:

Left London, Wednesday, 2nd October, at 8.45 p.m.

Reached Paris, Thursday, at 8.40 a.m.

Arrived at Turin, *viâ* Mont Cenis, Friday, 4th October, 6.35 a.m.

Left Turin, Friday, at 7.20 a.m.

Arrived at Brindisi, Saturday, 5th October, 4 p.m.

Embarked on *Mongolia*, Saturday, 5 p.m.

Reached Suez, Wednesday, 9th October, 11 a.m.

Total of hours occupied in the journey, 158-1/4, or 6-1/2 days.

Mr. Fogg made these entries in a journal ruled in columns, commencing on the 2nd of October, and so on to the 21st of December, which indicated respectively the month, the day of the month, and the day of the week, as well as the days at which he was due at the principal places *en route*—as, for instance, Paris, Brindisi, Suez, Bombay, Calcutta, Singapore, Hong Kong, Yokohama, San Francisco, New York, Liverpool, London. There was also a column in which the gain or loss upon the stipulated time could be entered against each place. This methodical arrangement of dates showed Mr. Fogg whether he was in advance or behindhand, and contained all necessary information.

So on that occasion, Wednesday, the 9th of October, was recorded as the day of his arrival at Suez, and he perceived at a glance that he had neither gained nor lost so far.

He then had his luncheon sent into his cabin. It did not occur to him to go and look at the town; he

was one of those gentlemen who are quite content to see foreign countries through the eyes of their servants.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which Passe-partout talks a little more than he ought to have done.

It was not very long before Fix rejoined Passe-partout on the quay. The latter was looking about him, as he did not feel he was debarred from seeing all he could.

"Well, my friend," said Fix, as he came up to him, "has your passport been *viséd* all right?"

"Ah! it is you," replied the valet. "I am much obliged to you. Yes, everything was in order."

"And now you are seeing something of the place, I suppose?"

"Yes, but we are going on so fast that it seems to me like a dream.
And so we are in Suez, are we?"

"Yes, you are."

"In Egypt?"

"In Egypt, most decidedly."

"And in Africa?"

"Yes, in Africa."

"Well now," replied Passe-partout, "I could scarcely believe it. In Africa, actually in Africa. Just fancy. I had not the slightest idea that we should go beyond Paris, and all I saw of that beautiful city was from 7.20 a.m. to 8.40, between the terminus of the Northern Railway and the terminus of the Lyons line, and this through the windows of a fiacre as we drove through the rain. I am very sorry for it. I should like to have seen Pére La Chaise and the Circus in the Champs Elysées again."

"You are in a very great hurry then?" said the detective.

"No, I am not in the least hurry," replied Passe-partout. "It is my master. By-the-way, I must buy some shirts and a pair of shoes. We came away without any luggage except a small carpet-bag."

"I will take you to a bazaar where you will find everything you want."

"Really, sir," replied Passe-partout, "you are extremely good-natured."

So they started off together, Passe-partout talking all the time.

"I must take very good care I do not lose the steamer," said he.

"Oh, you have plenty of time," replied Fix; "it is only twelve o'clock."

Passe-partout drew out his great watch. "Twelve o'clock," said he.
"Nonsense. It is fifty-two minutes past nine."

"Your watch is slow," replied Fix.

"Slow, my watch slow; why this watch has come to me from my grandfather. It is an heirloom, and does not vary five minutes in a year. It is a regular chronometer."

"I see how it is," replied Fix; "you have got London time, which is about two hours slower than Suez time. You must take care to set your watch at twelve o'clock in every country you visit."

"Not a bit of it," said Passe-partout, "I am not going to touch my watch."

"Well, then, it won't agree with the sun."

"I can't help that. So much the worse for the sun; it will be wrong then." And the brave fellow put his watch back in his pocket with a contemptuous gesture.

After a few minutes' pause, Fix remarked, "You must have left London very suddenly?"

"I believe you. Last Wednesday evening at eight o'clock, Mr. Fogg came home from his club, and in three-quarters of an hour afterwards we started."

"But where is your master going to?"

"Straight ahead—he is going round the world."

"Going round the world!" exclaimed Fix.

"Yes, in eighty days. He says it is for a wager, but between ourselves, I don't believe a word of it. It is not common-sense. There must be some other reason."

"This master of yours is quite an original, I should think."

"Rather," replied the valet.

"Is he very rich?"

"He must be; and he carries a large sum with him, all in new bank-notes. He never spares expense. He promised a large reward to the engineer of the *Mongolia* if he reached Bombay well in advance of time."

"Have you known your master long?"

"Oh dear no," replied Passe-partout. "I only entered his service the very day we left."

The effect which all these replies had upon the suspicious nature of the detective may be imagined.

The hurried departure from London, so soon after the robbery, the large sum in bank-notes, the haste to reach India, under the pretext of an eccentric bet, all confirmed Fix, and not unnaturally, in his previously conceived ideas. He made up his mind to pump the Frenchman a little more, and make certain that the valet knew no more concerning his master than that he lived alone in London, was reported to be very rich, though no one knew from whence his fortune was derived, and that he was a very mysterious man, etc. But at the same time. Fix felt sure that Phileas Fogg would not land at Suez, and would really go on to Bombay.

"Is Bombay far off?" asked Passe-partout.

"Pretty well. It is ten days' steaming from here."

"And whereabouts is Bombay?"

"It is in India."

"In Asia?"

"Naturally."

"The devil! I was going to say that there is something on my mind, and that is my burner."

"What burner?"

"Why, my gas-burner, which I forgot to turn off when I left London, and which is still alight at my expense. Now I have calculated that I lose two shillings every four-and-twenty hours, which is just sixpence more than my wages. So you see that the longer our journey is—"

It is not very likely that Fix paid much attention to this question of the gas; he was thinking of something else. The pair soon reached the bazaar, and leaving his companion to make his purchases. Fix hastened back to the Consul's office, and now that his suspicions were confirmed he regained his usual coolness.

"I am quite certain now," he said to the Consul, "that this is our man. He wishes to pass himself off as an eccentric person who wants to go round the world in eighty days."

"He is a very sharp fellow, and he probably counts on returning to

London, after having thrown all the police off the scent."

"Well, we shall see," replied Fix.

"But are you sure you are right?" asked the Consul once more.

"I am sure I am not mistaken."

"Well then, how do you account for the fellow being so determined upon proving he had been here by having his passport *viséd*?"

"Why—Well, I can't say," replied the detective; "but listen a moment." And then in as few words as possible he communicated the heads of his conversation with Passe-partout.

"Well, I must confess that appearances are very much against him," replied the Consul. "Now what are you going to do?"

"I shall telegraph to London, with a pressing request that a warrant of arrest may be immediately transmitted to Bombay. I shall then embark in the *Mongolia*, and so keep my eye on my man till we reach Bombay, and then, on English ground, quietly arrest him."

As he coolly finished this explanation, the detective bowed to the Consul, walked to the telegraph-office, and there despatched the message we have already seen.

A quarter of an hour later, Mr. Fix, carrying his light baggage and well furnished with money, embarked on board the *Mongolia*. In a short time afterwards the vessel was ploughing her way at full speed down the Red Sea.

CHAPTER IX.

In which the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean favour the Projects of Phileas Fogg.

The distance between Suez and Aden is exactly three hundred and ten miles, and the steamers are allowed one hundred and thirty-eight hours to do it in. The *Mongolia*, however, was going at a speed which seemed likely to bring her to her destination considerably before time.

The majority of the passengers from Brindisi were bound for India, some for Calcutta, some for Bombay; and since the railway crosses the peninsula it is not necessary to go round by Ceylon.

Amongst the passengers were many military officers and civil servants of every degree. The former included officers of the regular as well as the Indian army, holding lucrative appointments, for the sub-lieutenants get two hundred and eighty; brigadiers, two thousand four hundred; and generals, four thousand pounds a year.

Society, therefore, on board the *Mongolia* was very pleasant. The purser feasted them sumptuously every day. They had early breakfast, then tiffin at two o'clock, dinner at half-past five, and supper at eight; and the tables groaned beneath the variety of dishes. The ladies on board changed their toilettes twice a day, and there was music and dancing when the weather was sufficiently favourable to admit of those amusements.

But the Red Sea is very capricious; it is frequently very rough, like all long and narrow gulfs. When the wind blew broadside on, the *Mongolia* rolled fearfully. At these times the ladies went below, the pianos were silent, singing and dancing ceased. But notwithstanding the wind and the sea, the vessel, urged by her powerful screw, dashed onward to the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb.

And what was Phileas Fogg doing all this time? Perhaps it may be supposed that he was anxious and restless, thinking of the contrary winds and the speed of the ship, which was likely to be retarded by the storm, and so compromise the success of his undertaking. At any rate, whether he did or did not concern himself with these things, he never betrayed the least anxiety on the subject. He was as

taciturn and impassible as ever; a man whom no eventuality could surprise. He did not appear to be any more interested than one of the ship's chronometers. He was rarely seen on deck. He troubled himself very little about the Red Sea, so full of interest, the scene of some of the greatest incidents in the history of mankind. He never cared to look at the towns standing out in relief against the sky. He had no fear of the dangers of the Arabian Gulf, of which ancient writers, Strabo, Arian, Artemidorus, etc., have always written with horror, and upon which sailors of those days never dared to venture without first making a propitiatory sacrifice.

How then did this eccentric gentleman occupy his time, cooped up in his cabin? In the first place he regularly ate his four meals a day, for neither pitching nor rolling had the least effect upon his appetite. And he played whist, for he had made the acquaintance of some lovers of the game as enthusiastic as himself, a collector of revenue *en route* to Goa, a clergyman, the Rev. Decimus Smith, returning to Bombay, and an English general officer bound for Benares. These three were as madly devoted to whist as Mr. Fogg himself, and they spent whole days silently enjoying it.

As for Passe-partout, he had also escaped sea-sickness, and ate his meals with pleasing regularity and in a conscientious manner, worthy of imitation. The voyage after all did not displease him; he had made up his mind; he gazed at the scenery as he went along, enjoyed his meals, and was fully persuaded that all this absurd business would come to an end at Bombay.

The day after their departure from Suez, viz. the 10th of October, Passe-partout was by no means ill-pleased to meet upon deck the person who had been so civil to him in Egypt.

"I'm sure I cannot be mistaken," he said. "Have I not the pleasure of meeting the gentleman who was so polite to me at Suez?"

"Ah yes, I remember you now. You are the servant of that eccentric
Englishman."

"Exactly. Mr.—"

"Fix," replied the detective.

"Mr. Fix," continued Passe-partout, "I am delighted to find you on board. Whither are you bound?"

"Like yourself, to Bombay."

"All the better. Have you ever made this voyage before?"

"Frequently. I am an agent of the P. and O. Company."

"Oh, then you know India very well, no doubt?"

"Well, yes," replied Fix, who did not wish to commit himself.

"It is a curious part of the world, isn't it?"

"Very much so. There are mosques, minarets, temples, fakirs, pagodas, tigers, serpents, and dancing-girls. It is to be hoped that you will have time to see the country."

"I hope so too, Mr. Fix. You must be aware that a man can hardly be expected to pass his whole existence in jumping from the deck of a steamer into a train, and from the train to another steamer, under the pretence of going round the world in eighty days. No; all these gymnastics will end at Bombay, I trust."

"Is Mr. Fogg quite well?" asked Fix, politely.

"Quite well, thank you. So am I. I eat like an ogre. I suppose that is the effect of the sea-air."

"I never see your master on deck."

"No, he has no curiosity whatever."

"Do you know, Mr. Passe-partout, that I fancy this pretended journey round the world in eighty days is only a cover for a more important object, a diplomatic mission perhaps?"

"Upon my word, Mr. Fix, I know nothing about it, I declare; and what is more, I would not give half-a-crown to know!"

After this, Passe-partout and Fix frequently chatted together; the detective doing all in his power to draw the valet out, whenever possible. He would offer the Frenchman a glass of whisky or bitter beer,

which the latter accepted without ceremony, and pronounced Fix a perfect gentleman.

Meantime the steamer plunged and ploughed on her way rapidly. Mocha was sighted on the 13th, surrounded by its ruined walls, above which some date-palms reared their heads. Beyond extended immense coffee plantations. Passe-partout was delighted to gaze upon this celebrated town, and fancied that it and its ruined walls bore a great resemblance to a gigantic cup and saucer.

During the following night the *Mongolia* cleared the strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, which means the Gate of Tears, and the following day they came to Steamer Point, to the N.W. of Aden harbour, where the supply of coal was to be shipped.

It is no light task to provide the steamers with coal at such a distance from the mines, and the P. and O. Company expend annually no less a sum than eight hundred thousand pounds on this service. Depots have to be established at distant ports, and the coal costs more than three pounds a ton.

The *Mongolia* had still sixteen hundred and fifty miles to run before she could reach Bombay, and she was therefore obliged to remain four hours at Steamer Point to complete her coaling. But this delay was not at all detrimental to the plans of Phileas Fogg. It had been foreseen. Besides, the *Mongolia*, instead of reaching Aden on the 15th, had made that port on the evening of the 14th, so there was a gain of about fifteen hours.

Mr. Fogg and his servant went ashore. The former wished to have his passport *viséd*. Fix followed him unnoticed. The formality of the *visé* having been accomplished, Phileas Fogg returned on board to his game of whist.

Passe-partout, as usual, lounged about amongst the mixed races which make up the inhabitants of Aden. He admired the fortifications of this eastern Gibraltar, and the splendid tanks at which the British engineers were still at work, two thousand years after Solomon's craftsmen.

"Very curious, very curious indeed," thought Passe-partout, as he returned on board. "It is worth travelling if one can see something new each time."

At six p.m. the *Mongolia* weighed anchor, and made her way across the Indian Ocean. She had now one hundred and sixty-eight hours in which to make the passage to Bombay. The weather was good, with a pleasant nor'-west wind; so the sails were hoisted to aid the screw.

The ship being thus steadied, the lady passengers took the opportunity to reappear in fresh toilettes, and dancing and singing were again indulged in. The voyage continued under most favourable conditions. Passe-partout was delighted that he had such a pleasant companion as Fix.

On Sunday, the 20th of October, about mid-day, they sighted the coast of Hindostan. Two hours later the pilot came on board. A long range of hills cut the sky-line, and soon palm-trees began to show themselves. The mail steamer ran into the roadstead formed between the islands of Salsette, Colaba, Elephanta, and Butcher, and at half-past four o'clock the vessel came alongside the quay.

Phileas Fogg was just finishing his thirty-third rubber for that day. His partner and he had succeeded in scoring a "treble," and thus terminated the voyage with a stroke of luck.

The *Mongolia* was not due at Bombay until the 22nd of October; she had actually arrived on the 20th; so Mr. Fogg had really gained two days upon the estimated period, and he entered the "profit" accordingly in the column of his diary set apart for that purpose.

CHAPTER X.

In which Passe-partout thinks himself lucky in escaping with only the Loss of his Shoes.

Everybody is aware that the peninsula of Hindostan has a superficial area of one million four hundred thousand square miles, in which the unequally-distributed population numbers one hundred and eighty

millions. The British Government rules absolutely over the greater portion of this immense tract of country. The Governor-General resides at Calcutta, and there are also governors of presidencies at Madras and Bombay, and a deputy-governor at Agra, as well as a governor for Bengal.

British India proper only includes an area of seven hundred thousand square miles, and a population of one hundred to one hundred and ten millions; so there is still a large portion of India independent, and, in fact, there are rajahs in the interior who wield absolute authority.

From the year 1756 to the great Sepoy Mutiny, the East India Company was the supreme authority in British India; but now the country is under the rule of the English Crown. The manners and customs of India are in a continual state of change. Till lately, travelling was only by antiquated modes of conveyance, but now steamers cover the Ganges, and the railways have opened up the country, and one can go from Bombay to Calcutta in three days. But the railroad does not cut the peninsula in a direct line. As the crow flies, the distance from Calcutta to Bombay is only about eleven hundred miles, and the trains would not occupy three days in accomplishing that distance; but the journey is lengthened at least one-third of that distance by the loop the line describes up to Allahabad.

The Great Indian Peninsula Railway line is as follows: leaving Bombay Island, it crosses Salsette, reaches the mainland at Tannah, crosses the Western Ghauts, thence runs north-east to Burhampoor, skirts the independent territory of Bundelcund, ascends to Allahabad, and then, turning eastward, meets the Ganges at Benares; then, quitting it again, the line descends in a south-easterly direction, by Burdivan and Chandernagore, to the terminal station at Calcutta.

It was half-past four p.m. when the Bombay passengers landed from the *Mongolia*, and the train for Calcutta was timed to start at eight o'clock.

Mr. Fogg took leave of his colleagues of the whist-table, and going ashore, gave his servant orders concerning a few necessary purchases, enjoining him to be at the railroad station before eight o'clock, and then, at his own regular pace, he started for the Consul's office.

He saw nothing of the sights of Bombay—the town-hall, the magnificent library, the forts, the docks, the cotton market, the bazaars, mosques, &c., were all disregarded. Elephanta was ignored, and the grottos of Salsette unexplored by Phileas Fogg.

After leaving the consulate, he walked calmly to the railroad station and dined. The proprietor of the hotel particularly recommended "a native rabbit." Phileas accepted the dish as put before him, but found it horrible.

He rang the bell. The landlord was sent for.

"Is that a rabbit?" inquired Mr. Fogg.

"Yes, my lord, a jungle rabbit."

"Has that rabbit never mewed, do you think?"

"Oh, my lord, a jungle-rabbit mew! I swear—"

"Don't swear," said Fogg calmly, "and remember that formerly cats were sacred animals in India. Those were happy days."

"For the cats, my lord?"

"And perhaps for travellers too," said Fogg, as he proceeded with his dinner.

Soon afterwards Mr. Fix landed, and his first act was to go to the police-office. He said who and what he was, and stated his business and how matters stood regarding the robbery. Had any warrant been forwarded? No, nothing of the kind had been received, and of course it could not have reached Bombay, as it was despatched after Fogg's departure.

Fix was disappointed. He wanted the Commissioner to grant him a warrant on the spot, but the request was refused. The business was the Home Government's affair, not his, and he could not issue the warrant. This red-tapeism is quite British style. Fix of course did not insist, and made up his mind to await the arrival of the warrant. But he resolved not to lose sight of the robber meanwhile. He had no doubt whatever that Fogg would remain some time in Bombay—we know that was also Passe-partout's notion—and the warrant would probably arrive before the criminal left the town.

But it was now evident to Passe-partout that his master intended to push on from Bombay as rapidly as he had left Paris and Suez; that the journey was not to end at Bombay, it was to be continued to

Calcutta at any rate, and perhaps even farther still. Passe-partout then began to think that perhaps the bet was really the object, and that fate had indeed condemned him, with all his wish for rest, to journey around the world in eighty days.

However, having purchased some necessary articles, he walked about the streets of Bombay. There were a great number of people about—Europeans of all nationalities; Persians, wearing pointed caps; Buntryas, with round turbans; Scindees, with square caps; Armenians, in their flowing robes; Parsees, with black mitres. It was a Parsee festival that day.

These Parsees are followers of Zoroaster, and are the most industrious, most intelligent, and most civilised of the native races, and to which the majority of the Bombay merchants belong. On that occasion a sort of religious carnival was being held; there were processions, and numbers of dancing-girls clad in gauzy rose-coloured garments, who danced modestly and gracefully to the sound of the tom-tom and viols.

Passe-partout, as may be imagined, drank in all these sights and sounds with delight; and his expression at the unusual spectacle was that of the greatest astonishment.

Unfortunately, his curiosity very nearly compromised the object of his master's journey. He wandered on, after watching the carnival, on his way to the station; but seeing the splendid pagoda on Malabar Hill, he thought he would like to go in. He was quite unaware of two things: first, that certain pagodas are closed to all Christians, and even the believers can only obtain admittance by leaving their shoes or slippers at the doors of the temple. The British Government, respecting the native creed, severely punishes anyone attempting to violate the sanctity of the native mosques or temples.

But Passe-partout, innocent of harm, tourist-like, went in, and was admiring the pagoda and the lavish ornamentation of the interior, when he suddenly found himself sprawling on his back on the pavement Over him stood three angry men, who rushed upon him, tore off his shoes, and began to pommel him soundly, uttering savage cries as they did so.

The agile Frenchman was quickly upon his feet again, and with a couple of well-directed blows of his fists upset two of his adversaries, who were much encumbered in their long robes; then, rushing out of the temple, he quickly distanced the remaining Hindoo and evaded him in the crowd.

At five minutes to eight he presented himself at the railroad station, without his hat and shoes and minus the parcel in which all his purchases were wrapped. Fix was there on the platform. Having tracked Fogg, he perceived that that worthy was about to leave Bombay at once. Fix made up his mind to go with him as far as Calcutta, and even beyond if necessary. Passe-partout did not notice the detective, who kept in the shade; but the policeman heard the recital of the valet's adventures, which Passe-partout told to his master in a few sentences.

"I trust this will not happen again," replied Fogg, quietly, as he took his seat in the carriage.

The poor lad, quite upset and minus his hat and shoes, took his place also without replying.

Fix was getting into another compartment, when suddenly a thought struck him, and he muttered:

"No, I will remain. An offence has been committed upon Indian ground.
I've got my man!"

At that moment the engine uttered a piercing whistle, and the train moved out into the night.

CHAPTER XI.

Showing how Phileas Fogg purchased a "Mount" at a Fabulous Price.

The train started punctually, carrying the usual complement of travellers, including officers of the civil and military classes and merchants. Passe-partout was seated near his master, a third traveller had secured a corner opposite.

This gentleman was General Sir Francis Cromarty, one of Mr. Fogg's whist-party on board the *Mongolia*, who was *en route* to take up his command at Benares.

Sir Francis was a tall fair specimen of the British officer, about fifty years old. He had greatly distinguished himself during the Mutiny. He had been in India almost all his life, and only paid occasional visits to his native country. He was a well-informed man, and would willingly have imparted any information he possessed, had Phileas Fogg chosen to apply to him. But the latter did nothing of the kind. He never travelled. He merely made a track across country. He was a heavy body, describing an orbit around the terrestrial globe, according to certain mechanical laws. At that time he was actually engaged in calculating how many hours had passed since he left London, and he would have rubbed his hands joyfully, had he been one of those people who indulge in these needless enthusiastic demonstrations.

Sir Francis Cromarty had already noticed the eccentricity of his companion while at whist, and had questioned seriously whether a human heart actually beat beneath that cold envelope of flesh, whether Fogg really possessed a soul alive to the beauties of nature, and subject to human failings and aspirations. That was what puzzled the gallant soldier. None of the many original characters which it had been his fortune to encounter had, in any way, resembled this product of the action of exact science upon humanity.

Phileas Fogg had not concealed from Sir Francis the object of his journey round the world, nor the conditions under which he had undertaken it. The general saw nothing in this wager but the eccentricity of its surroundings, and the want of *transire benefaciendo* which ought to guide any reasonable man. If this extraordinary man went on in this manner all his life, he would finally quit the world, having done absolutely nothing for his own benefit or for that of others.

An hour after leaving Bombay, the train crossed the viaduct carrying the line from Salsette to the mainland. At Callyan station they left the branch-line to Kandallah and Poona on the right, and proceeded to Panwell. Here they traversed the gorges of the Western Ghauts, composed of trap and basaltic rocks, the highest summits of which are crowned with thick trees.

Sir Francis Cromarty and Phileas Fogg occasionally exchanged a few words, and at one time the general picked up the thread of conversation by remarking:

"A few years ago, Mr. Fogg, you would have experienced a considerable impediment to your journey here, and would most likely have compromised your success."

"How do you mean, Sir Francis?"

"Because the railway did not go beyond the base of these mountains, and it was then necessary to make the journey in palanquins or on ponies as far as Kandallah on the opposite slope."

"Such an interruption would not in any way have disarranged my plans," replied Mr. Fogg. "I have taken precautions against certain obstacles."

"Nevertheless, Mr. Fogg, you very nearly had an awkward bit of business on hand in consequence of yonder fellow's adventure."

Passe-partout was fast asleep, with his feet well muffled up in the railway-rug, and was quite unconscious that he was the subject of conversation.

"The British Government is extremely strict, and with reason, upon any such offences," continued Sir Francis. "Above everything, it considers that the religious feelings of the native races should be respected, and if your servant had been arrested—"

"Well," interrupted Mr. Fogg, "well. Sir Francis, suppose he had been taken and condemned and punished, he might have returned quietly to Europe afterwards. That would not have been a reason for stopping his master."

And then the conversation again languished. During the night the train crossed the mountains, passed Nassik, and next day, the 21st October, it traversed a comparatively flat district of Kandish. The well-cultivated country was sprinkled with villages, above which the minarets of the pagodas took the place of the English church-spires. Numerous tributaries of the Godavery watered this fertile territory.

Passe-partout awoke and looked about him. He could not at first believe that he actually was crossing India in a carriage upon the G. I. P. Railway. It appeared quite incredible, but it was none the less real. The locomotive, driven by an English engineer and fed with English coal, puffed its steam over coffee, cotton, clove, and pepper plantations. The smoke curled around the palm-trees, amid which

picturesque bungalows were frequently visible, and "viharis," a sort of abandoned monasteries, as well as a few temples enriched with wonderful Indian architecture, were here and there apparent. Farther on, they passed immense tracts of land extending as far as the eye could reach, and jungles in which serpents and tigers fled scared at the roar and rattle of the train; then succeeded forests through which the line passed, the abode of elephants which, with pensive gaze, watched the speeding train.

During the forenoon our travellers traversed the blood-stained district beyond Malligaum, sacred to the votaries of the goddess Kâli. Not far from this arose the minarets of Ellora and its pagodas, and the famous Aurungabad, the capital of the ferocious Aurung-Zeb, now the chief town of one of the detached kingdoms of the Nizam. It was in this country that Feringhea, chief of the Thugs—the King of Stranglers—exercised sway. These assassins, united in an invisible and secret association, strangled, in honour of the goddess of death, victims of every age without shedding blood, and in time there was scarcely a place where a corpse was not to be found. The English Government has succeeded in checking very considerably these wholesale massacres, but Thugs still exist and pursue their horrible vocation.

At half-past twelve the train stopped at Burhampore, and Passe-partout succeeded in obtaining a pair of slippers decorated with false pearls, which he wore with evident conceit.

The passengers ate a hurried breakfast, and the train again started for Assinghur, skirting for a moment the river Tapy, a small stream which flows into the Gulf of Cambay, near Surat.

It may now not be out of place to record Passe-partout's reflections. Until his arrival at Bombay he had cherished the idea that the journey would not be continued farther. But now that he was being carried across India he saw things in a different light. His old love of wandering returned in full force. The fantastic ideas of his youthful days came back to him again; he took his master's projects quite seriously; he began to believe in the wager, and consequently in the tour of the world to be completed in that maximum of eighty days which must not on any account be exceeded. Even now he was beginning to feel anxious about possible delays and accidents *en route*. He felt interested in winning, and trembled when he considered that he had actually compromised the whole thing by his stupidity on the previous day. So he was much more restless than Mr. Fogg, because less phlegmatic. He counted over and over again the days that had already passed since he had started, cursed at the stoppages at stations, found fault with the slow speed, and in his heart blamed Mr. Fogg for not having "tipped" the engine-driver. He quite overlooked the fact that, though such a thing was possible on board a steamer, it was out of question on a railroad where the time of the trains is fixed and the speed regulated.

Towards evening they penetrated the defiles of the mountains of Sutpoor, which separate the territory of Khandeish from that of Bundelcund.

Next day, the 22nd, Passe-partout replied, to a question of Sir Francis Cromarty, that it was three a.m., but, as a matter of fact, this wonderful watch was about four hours slow, as it was always kept at Greenwich time, which was then nearly seventy-seven degrees west, and the watch would of course get slower and slower.

Sir Francis corrected Passe-partout's time, respecting which he made a remark similar to that made by Mr. Fix. He endeavoured to convince the valet that he ought to regulate his watch by each new meridian, and as he was still going east the days became shorter and shorter by four minutes for every degree. But all this was useless. Whether the headstrong fellow understood the general or not, he certainly did not alter his watch, which was steadily kept at London time. At any rate it was a delusion which pleased him and hurt nobody.

At eight o'clock in the morning the train stopped about fifteen miles from Rothal, at a place where there were many bungalows and huts erected. The guard passed along the line, crying out, "All change here!"

Phileas Fogg looked at Sir Francis Cromarty, who did not appear to understand this unexpected halt.

Passe-partout, not less astonished, leaped down, and in a moment or two returned, exclaiming, "There is no railway beyond this place, sir."

"What do you mean?" inquired Sir Francis.

"I mean that the train does not go any farther."

The general immediately got out. Phileas Fogg followed quietly. Both these gentlemen accosted the guard.

"Where are we?" asked Sir Francis.

"At the village of Kholby, sir," replied the guard.

"Why do we stop here?"

"Because the line is not finished beyond."

"Not finished! How is that?"

"There are about fifty miles yet to be laid between this point and Allahabad, where we take the train again."

"The papers announced the line complete."

"I cannot help that, sir; the papers were mistaken."

"But you book people 'through' from Bombay to Calcutta," persisted Sir Francis, who was waxing angry.

"Certainly we do; but it is an understood thing that the passengers provide their own conveyance between Kholby and Allahabad."

Sir Francis was furious. Passe-partout would have liked to have knocked the guard down, if he had been able. He did not dare to look at his master.

"We had better get on, Sir Francis," said Mr. Fogg; "we must get to Allahabad somehow; let us see how we can do so."

"It strikes me that this delay will upset your arrangements considerably, Mr. Fogg," replied Sir Francis.

"Oh dear no! all this has been discounted," replied Fogg.

"What! did you know that the line was unfinished?"

"No; but I was quite sure that some obstacles would crop up to retard me. Nothing is yet lost I have two days in reserve. The steamer does not leave Calcutta for Hong Kong until the 23rd, at mid-day. This is only the 22nd, and we shall reach Calcutta in good time even now."

What could be urged against such an assured reply as this? It was only too evident that the railway ceased at that point. Newspapers are so fond of anticipating, and in this case they had been decidedly premature in announcing the completion of the line. The majority of the passengers had been made aware of the existing state of things, and provided themselves with conveyance accordingly, whatever they could obtain—"palkigharies" with four wheels, waggons drawn by zebus, a sort of brahma ox, palanquins, ponies, &c. So it happened that there was nothing left for Mr. Fogg and Sir Francis Cromarty.

"I shall walk," said Phileas Fogg. Passe-partout, who was close to his master, made a very expressive grimace when he gazed at his elegant but very thin slippers. Fortunately he had made a discovery, but hesitated a little to announce it.

"Sir," he said at length, "I think I have found means for our transport."

"What is it?"

"An elephant. It belongs to a native who lives close by."

"Let us go and see this animal," said Mr. Fogg. Five minutes later Sir Francis and Mr. Fogg, accompanied by Passe-partout, reached the hut, which was surrounded by a palisade. In the hut resided the native; inside the palisade the elephant lived. The former introduced the new arrivals to the latter, at their particular request.

They found that the animal was half domesticated; it had originally been purchased for a fighting elephant, not for carrying purposes. With this end in view, the owner had begun to alter the naturally placid disposition of the beast by irritating him, and getting him gradually up to that pitch of fury called "mutsh" by the Hindoos, and this is done by feeding the elephant on sugar and butter for three months. This at first sight would appear scarcely the treatment likely to conduce to such an object, but it is successfully employed.

Fortunately, however, for Mr. Fogg, the elephant in question had not been subjected to this

treatment for a very long time, and the "mutsh" had not appeared.

Kiouni—for so was the animal called—was no doubt quite competent to perform the journey required, and in the absence of other conveyance, Phileas Fogg determined to hire him.

But elephants in India are dear, for they are becoming somewhat scarce. The males, which only are suited to the circus training, are much in request. They seldom breed when in a domesticated state, so they can only be procured by hunting. They are, therefore, the objects of much solicitude, and when Mr. Fogg asked the owner what he could hire his elephant for, the man declined point-blank to lend him at all.

Fogg persisted, and offered ten pounds an hour for the beast! It was refused. Twenty? Still refused. Forty? Declined with thanks. Passe-partout actually jumped at each "bid." But the native would not yield to the temptation.

Nevertheless the price tendered was a handsome one. Supposing that the elephant took fifteen hours to reach Allahabad, the price would amount to six hundred pounds!

Phileas Fogg, without betraying the least irritation, then proposed to the owner that he should sell the animal outright, and offered one thousand pounds for him.

But the Hindoo declined; perhaps he thought he would make more by so doing.

Sir Francis Cromarty then took Mr. Fogg aside, and requested him to reflect ere he bid higher. Mr. Fogg replied that he was not in the habit of acting on impulse, that a bet of twenty thousand pounds depended upon the accomplishment of the journey, that the elephant was absolutely necessary, and if he paid twenty times the value of the animal, it must be had.

So Mr. Fogg returned to the Indian, who perceived it was only a question of asking. Phileas offered in quick succession twelve hundred, fifteen hundred, eighteen hundred, and finally two thousand pounds. Passe-partout, usually so ruddy, was now pale with emotion. At two thousand pounds the native yielded. "I declare by my slippers, that's a pretty price for an elephant!" exclaimed Passe-partout.

This business over, there was nothing but to obtain a guide. That was easily done. A young and intelligent-looking Parsee offered his services. Mr. Fogg engaged him, and promised him a good reward, which would naturally increase his intelligence.

The elephant was got ready without delay. The Parsee was quite skilled in the business of a "mahout." He placed a sort of saddle on the elephant's back, and at each end of it he fixed a small howdah.

Mr. Fogg paid the native the two thousand pounds in bank-notes, which he took from the inexhaustible carpet-bag. Passe-partout writhed as they were paid over. Then Mr. Fogg offered Sir Francis Cromarty a seat on the elephant, which the general gratefully accepted. One traveller more or less would not signify to such an animal.

Provisions were purchased. Sir Francis and Mr. Fogg each occupied a howdah, while Passe-partout sat astride between them. The Parsee seated himself upon the elephant's neck, and at nine o'clock they quitted the village, the elephant taking a short cut through the thick palm-forest.

CHAPTER XII.

Showing what happened to Phileas Fogg and his Companions as they traversed the Forest.

The guide, hoping to shorten the journey, kept to the left of the railroad line, which would be carried in a circuitous manner through the Vindhia Mountains when completed. The Parsee, who was well acquainted with all the byways, declared that twenty miles would be saved by striking directly across the forest; so the party yielded.

Sir Francis and Mr. Fogg, buried up to their necks in the howdahs, got terribly shaken by the rough trotting of the elephant, which was urged by the driver. But they put up with the inconvenience with

true British self-restraint; they spoke but seldom and scarcely looked at each other.

Passe-partout was obliged to be very careful not to keep his tongue between his teeth, else it would have been bitten off, so unmercifully was he jogged up and down. The brave fellow, sometimes thrown forward on the animal's neck, sometimes upon the croup, performed a series of vaulting movements something like a circus clown on the "spring-board." But all the time he joked and laughed at the somersaults he performed so involuntarily; occasionally he took out a lump of sugar from his pocket and handed it to Kiouni, who took it in his trunk without slackening his pace for a second.

After proceeding thus for a couple of hours, the driver called a halt and gave the elephant an hour's rest. The animal ate all the branches and shrubs in the vicinity, as soon as he had quenched his thirst at a neighbouring spring. Sir Francis did not complain of this delay; he was terribly bruised. Mr. Fogg did not appear any more discomposed than if he had only got out of bed.

"He is a man of iron!" exclaimed the general, as he gazed at his companion admiringly.

"Of hammered iron," replied Passe-partout, who was preparing a hasty breakfast.

At noon the driver gave the signal for departure. The country soon became very wild. The dense forest was succeeded by groves of dates and palms; then came extensive arid plains dotted here and there with bushes, and sprinkled with immense blocks of syenite. The whole of this region of Bundelcund, which is seldom traversed, is inhabited by a fanatical people inured to the most fearful practices of the Hindoos. The English Government has scarcely yet entirely obtained the control over this region, which is ruled by rajahs, who are very difficult to bring to book from their almost inaccessible mountain fastnesses. Many times the travellers noticed bands of fierce natives, who gesticulated angrily at perceiving the swift-footed elephant pass by; and the Parsee took care to give them all a wide berth. They encountered very few wild animals; even monkeys were not numerous, and they fled away with grimaces and gestures, which amused Passe-partout very much indeed.

One reflection, however, troubled Passe-partout exceedingly, and that was how would his master dispose of the elephant when they reached Allahabad? Would he take it on with him? That was scarcely possible. The price of conveyance, added to the purchase-money, would be ruinous. Would he sell the beast or set him free? No doubt the animal deserved some consideration. Suppose Mr. Fogg made him, Passe-partout, a present of the elephant? He would feel very much embarrassed. So these considerations worried the valet not a little.

At eight o'clock they had crossed the principal heights of the Vindhia chain, and at a ruined bungalow upon the southern slope of the mountains our travellers halted again.

The distance traversed was about twenty-five miles, and they had still as far to go to reach Allahabad. The night was quite chilly. A fire lighted by the Parsee was very acceptable, and the travellers made an excellent supper of the provisions they had purchased at Kholby. The intermittent conversation soon gave way to steady snoring. The guide kept watch by the elephant, which slept outside, supported by the trunk of an enormous tree.

Nothing happened to disturb the party during the night. Now and then the growls of wild animals, or the chattering of monkeys, broke the silence, but nothing more terrible was heard, and the larger animals did not disturb the occupants of the bungalow. Sir Francis Cromarty "lay like a warrior taking his rest." Passe-partout, in a restless sleep, appeared to be practising the gymnastics he had executed on the elephant's back. As for Mr. Fogg, he slept as peacefully as if he were in his quiet bed in Saville Row.

At six o'clock they resumed their journey. The guide hoped to reach Allahabad that evening. In that case Mr. Fogg would only lose a portion of the eight-and-forty hours already saved since the commencement of the trip.

They descended the last slopes of the Vindhias. The elephant resumed his rapid pace. Towards mid-day the guide passed round the village of Kallenger on the Cani, one of the small affluents of the Ganges. He appeared to avoid all inhabited places, feeling more secure in the deserted tracts. Allahabad was thence only a dozen miles off in a north-easterly direction. They halted once more under a banana-tree, the fruit of which, as wholesome as bread and "as succulent as cream," as they said, was highly appreciated by our travellers.

At two o'clock they entered a dense forest, which they had to traverse for some miles. The guide preferred to travel in the shade of the woods. So far at any rate they had encountered nothing unpleasant, and there was every reason to suppose that the journey would be accomplished without accident, when the elephant, after a few premonitory symptoms, stopped suddenly.

It was then four o'clock in the afternoon.

"What is the matter?" asked Sir Francis Cromarty, putting his head up over the top of his howdah.

"I don't know, sir," replied the Parsee, listening intently to a confused murmuring sound which came through the thickly-interlacing branches.

Soon the sound became more defined. One might have fancied it was a concert at a great distance; composed of human voices and brass instruments all performing at once. Passe-partout was all eyes and ears. Mr. Fogg waited patiently without uttering a word.

The Parsee leaped down, fastened the elephant to a tree, and plunged into the thick underwood. In a few moments he came back, exclaiming: "A procession of Brahmins is coming this way! Let us hide ourselves if we can."

As he spoke he loosed the elephant and led him into a thicket, bidding the travellers to stay where they were. He was ready to remount should flight be necessary, but he thought that the procession would pass without noticing the party, for the thick foliage completely concealed them.

The discordant sounds kept approaching—a monotonous kind of chant, mingled with the beating of tom-toms and the clash of cymbals. The head of the procession soon became visible beneath the trees about fifty paces off, and Mr. Fogg and his party easily distinguished the curious individuals who composed it.

The priests, wearing mitres and long robes trimmed with lace, marched in front. They were surrounded by a motley crowd of men, women, and children, who were chanting a sort of funeral hymn, broken at intervals by the sound of the various instruments. Behind these came, on a car (the large wheels of which, spokes and all, were ornamented with the similitude of serpents), a hideous figure drawn by four richly-caparisoned zebus. This idol had four arms, the body was painted a dusky red, with staring eyes, matted hair, a protruding tongue, and lips tinted with henna and betel. Round its neck was hung a necklace of skulls, and it was girt with a zone of human hands; it stood upright upon the headless trunk of a giant figure.

Sir Francis Cromarty recognised the idol at once.

"That is the goddess Káli," he whispered; "the goddess of love and of death."

"Of death I can understand, but not of love," muttered Passe-partout; "what a villainous hag it is!"

The Parsee signed to him to hold his tongue.

Around the idol a number of fakirs danced and twirled about.

These wretches were daubed with ochre, and covered with wounds, from which the blood issued drop by drop; absurd idiots, who would throw themselves under the wheels of Juggernaut's chariot had they the opportunity.

Behind these fanatics marched some Brahmins, clad in all their oriental sumptuousness of garb, dragging a woman along, who faltered at each step.

This female was young, and as white as a European. Her head, neck, shoulders, ears, arms, hands, and ankles were covered with jewels, bracelets, or rings. A gold-laced tunic, over which she wore a thin muslin robe, revealed the swelling contours of her form.

Behind this young woman, and in violent contrast to her, came a guard, armed with naked sabres and long damascened pistols, carrying a dead body in a palanquin.

The corpse was that of an old man clothed in the rich dress of a rajah; the turban embroidered with pearls, the robe of silk tissue and gold, the girdle of cashmere studded with diamonds, and wearing the beautiful weapons of an Indian prince.

The musicians brought up the rear with a guard of fanatics, whose cries even drowned the noise of the instruments at times. These closed the *cortége*.

Sir Francis Cromarty watched the procession pass by and his face wore a peculiarly saddened expression. Turning to the guide, he said:

"Is it a suttee?"

The Parsee made a sign in the affirmative, and put his fingers on his lips. The long procession

wended its way slowly amongst the trees, and before long the last of it disappeared in the depths of the forest. The music gradually died away, occasionally a few cries could be heard, but soon they ceased, and silence reigned around.

Phileas Fogg had heard what Sir Francis had said, and as soon as the procession had passed out of sight, he said:

"What is a suttee?"

"A suttee," replied the general, "is a human sacrifice—but a voluntary one. That woman you saw just now will be burned to-morrow morning at daylight."

"The scoundrels!" exclaimed Passe-partout, who could not repress his indignation.

"And that dead body?" said Mr. Fogg.

"Is that of her husband—a prince," replied the guide. "He was an independent rajah in Bundelcund."

"Do you mean to say that these barbarous customs still obtain in India—under British rule?" said Mr. Fogg, without betraying any emotion whatever.

"In the greater portion of India," replied Sir Francis Cromarty, "these sacrifices do not take place; but we have no authority in the savage districts, one of the principal of which is Bundelcund. The entire district north of the Vindhia range is the theatre of pillage and murder."

"Poor creature," exclaimed Passe-partout; "burned alive!"

"Yes," continued the general, "burned alive; and if she was not, you have no idea to what a wretched condition she would be reduced by her relatives. They would shave off her hair, feed her very scantily upon rice, and hold no communication with her, for she would be regarded as unclean, and would die like a dog. The prospect of such treatment, even more strongly than affection or religious fanaticism, often urges the widows to submit themselves to suttee. Sometimes, however, the act is really voluntary, and energetic interference by the Government is necessary to prevent it. Some years ago, when I was in Bombay, a young widow asked the governor's leave to be burned with her late husband's body. As you may imagine, he refused her request. Then the disconsolate widow left the town, took refuge with an independent rajah, and burned herself, to the satisfaction of all concerned."

As the general proceeded, the guide nodded in assent to the truthfulness of the relation, and when the speaker had finished, the Parsee said:

"But the suttee to take place to-morrow is not voluntary."

"How do you know?"

"Everyone in Bundelcund knows that," replied the guide.

"Yet the unfortunate woman offered no resistance," said Sir Francis Cromarty.

"Because she was drugged with hemp and opium," replied the Parsee.

"But whither are they taking her?"

"To the Pagoda of Pillaji, two miles away from here. There she will pass the night, and wait for the hour appointed for the sacrifice."

"And the sacrifice will take place?"

"At dawn to-morrow."

As he spoke, the guide led forth the elephant and clambered up to his seat on its neck; but just as he was about to whistle to the animal to proceed, Mr. Fogg stopped him, and said to Sir Francis Cromarty, "Suppose we save this woman?"

"Save her!" exclaimed the general.

"I have still twelve hours to spare," continued Fogg; "I can devote that time to the purpose."

"Well, I declare you are a man with a heart in the right place," cried Sir Francis.

"Sometimes it is," replied Mr. Fogg, smiling grimly, "when I have time!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Showing how Passe-partout perceives once again that Fortune favours the Brave.

The project was a difficult one and a bold, almost impossible to carry out. Mr. Fogg was about to risk his life, or at least his liberty, and consequently the success of his undertaking; but, nevertheless, he hesitated not a moment. Besides, he found in Sir Francis Cromarty a sturdy ally. Passe-partout also was at their disposal; he was quite ready, and his opinion of his master was rising every moment. He possessed a heart, after all, beneath that cold exterior. Passe-partout was beginning to love Mr. Fogg.

The guide remained. What course would he take in this business? He would probably side with the natives. At any rate, if he would not assist, his neutrality must be assured.

Sir Francis put the question to him plainly.

"Your honour," replied the man, "I am a Parsee. The woman is a Parsee also. You may dispose of me as you wish."

"Good," replied Sir Francis.

"But," continued the guide, "you must remember that not only do we risk our lives in this affair, but we may be horribly tortured if we are taken alive. So take care."

"We have made up our minds to run the risk," said Mr. Fogg. "I think we had better wait till nightfall before we act."

"I think so too," said the guide, who then proceeded to give his employers some information respecting the lady. He said she was a Parsee, a celebrated Indian beauty, daughter of one of the richest merchants in Bombay. She had received a complete English education; her manners and tastes were all European. Her name was Aouda. She was, moreover, an orphan, and had been married against her will to the rajah. She had only been three months wed. Knowing the fate that awaited her, she had attempted to escape, but was immediately retaken; and the rajah's relatives, who were desirous, from motives of interest, for her death, had devoted her to the suttee, which now appeared inevitable.

These particulars only served to confirm Mr. Fogg and his companions in their generous resolve. It was then decided that the guide should take them as near to the pagoda as possible without attracting attention.

In about half an hour the elephant was halted in the brushwood about five hundred yards from the temple, which was not visible; but the shouts of the fanatics were distinctly audible.

The best manner of releasing the intended victim was then discussed. The guide was acquainted with the pagoda in which he declared the young woman was imprisoned. Was it possible to enter by one of the doors, when all the band of priests, etc., were wrapped in a drunken sleep? or, should they enter through a hole in the wall? This could only be decided when they reached the pagoda. But one thing was very certain, and that was that the deed must be done at night, and not at daybreak, when the victim was being led to the sacrifice. Then human aid would be powerless to save her.

So the party waited till night. At about six o'clock in the evening it would be dark, and then they would make a reconnaissance. The last cries of the fakirs would by that time be hushed. The Hindoos would by that time, according to custom, be wrapped in the intoxicating arms of "bang"—liquid opium mixed with hemp; and it would be possible to glide past them into the temple.

The whole party, guided by the Parsee, then advanced stealthily through the forest. After ten minutes' creeping beneath the branches of the trees, they reached a rivulet, whence, by the glare of the torches, they were enabled to distinguish the funeral pyre, composed of the fragrant sandal-wood, and already saturated with perfumed oil. Upon this pile lay the dead body of the deceased prince, which

was to be burned with his widow. A hundred paces from the pyre was the pagoda, the minarets of which uprose beyond the tops of the surrounding trees.

"Come on," whispered the guide.

With increasing caution the Parsee, followed by his companions, glided silently amongst the tall grasses. The murmur of the breeze through the trees was the only sound that broke the silence.

The Parsee soon halted on the border of the clearing. Some torches lit up the space. The ground was covered with groups of tipsy sleepers, and bore a great resemblance to a battle-field strewn with dead bodies. Men, women, and children lay all together. Some drunken individuals still staggered about here and there. In the background the temple loomed amid the thick trees. But greatly to the disappointment of the guide, armed rajpoots kept watch by torchlight upon the doors, in front of which they paced up and down with naked swords. No doubt the priests within were equally vigilant.

The Parsee advanced no farther. He perceived at once that it was impossible to force an entrance to the temple, and he led his companions back again. Sir Francis and Mr. Fogg also understood that no more could be done in that direction. They stopped and consulted together in undertones.

"Let us wait a little," whispered the brigadier. "It is only eight o'clock. Those sentries may go to sleep later."

"That is possible, certainly," said the Parsee.

So they all lay down under the trees and waited.

The time passed very slowly. At intervals the guide would go forward and reconnoitre. But the guards were always there; the torches burned brightly still, and an uncertain glimmer penetrated through the windows of the temple from the inside.

They waited until nearly midnight. There was no change in the situation. The sentries were sleepless, and it became evident that they intended to keep watch all night. They were probably quite sober. It now became necessary to try another plan and to cut through the walls of the pagoda. There was then the chance of finding the priests awake inside, watching their intended victim as closely as the soldiers guarded the door.

After a final consultation, the guide expressed himself ready to proceed. Mr. Fogg, Sir Francis, and Passe-partout followed. They made a long detour with the intention of approaching the pagoda from behind. About half-past twelve they gained the walls without having encountered anyone. Evidently no watch was kept at the side, but it was equally evident that there was neither window nor door at the back.

The night was dark. The moon, then in her last quarter, appeared scarcely above the horizon, and was covered frequently by thick clouds. The trees also served to render the darkness more profound. It was enough to have reached the wall, an opening must be discovered or made. To accomplish this, Mr. Fogg and his companions had nothing but their pocket-knives. Fortunately, the temple walls were only composed of bricks and wood, which would not be very hard to cut through. Once the first brick had been taken out, the rest was easy.

They set about the work immediately, and as noiselessly as possible. The Parsee and Passe-partout worked away to loosen the bricks in a space about two feet wide. The labour was continued, and they were getting on capitally, when a cry was heard from the interior of the temple, and was immediately succeeded by others from the outside. Passe-partout and the guide ceased working. Had they been heard, and had the alarm been given? Common prudence necessitated a retreat, which was effected in company with Sir Francis Cromarty and Phileas Fogg. They ensconced themselves again beneath the trees to wait until the alarm, if it were an alarm, had subsided, and ready in that event to resume their operations. But, alas! the guards now completely surrounded the pagoda and prevented all approach. It would be difficult to depict the disappointment of these four men at this unfortunate *contretemps*. As they were prevented from approaching the victim, how could they hope to save her? Sir Francis Cromarty clenched his hands, Passe-partout was almost beside himself, and even the guide had some difficulty in preserving his self-restraint. The impassible Phileas Fogg alone preserved his equanimity.

"I suppose we may as well go away now?" whispered Sir Francis Cromarty.

"That's all we can do," the guide assented.

"Don't be in a hurry," said Mr. Fogg. "It will suit me well enough if we reach Allahabad at mid-day."

"But what do you expect to do if we remain here?" said Sir Francis.
"It will be daylight in a couple of hours, and—"

"We may get a chance at the last moment."

The brigadier would have liked to have been able to read the expression of Mr. Fogg's face. What was he thinking about, this cool-headed Englishman? Would he, at the last moment, throw himself upon the burning pile, and snatch her from the clutches of her executioners openly?

Such a proceeding would have been the height of folly, and no one could for a moment imagine that Mr. Fogg was so foolhardy as that. Nevertheless, Sir Francis consented to wait the *dénouement* of this terrible scene. But the guide led the party to the edge of the clearing, where, from behind a thicket, they could observe all the proceedings. Meanwhile, Passe-partout had been hatching a project in his busy brain, and at last the idea came forth like a flash of lightning. His first conception of the notion he had repudiated as ridiculously foolish, but at length he began to look upon the project as feasible. "It is a chance," he muttered, "but perhaps the only one with such bigoted idiots." At any rate he wriggled himself to the end of the lowest branch of a tree, the extremity of which almost touched the ground.

The hours passed slowly on, and at length some faint indications of day became visible in the sky. But it was still quite dark in the neighbourhood of the pagoda.

This was the time chosen for the sacrifice. The sleeping groups arose as if the resurrection had arrived. The tom-toms sounded. Chants and cries were once more heard. The sublime moment had come!

Just then the doors of the pagoda were opened, and a strong light flashed out from the interior. The victim could be perceived being dragged by two priests to the door. It appeared to the spectators that the unhappy woman, having shaken off the effects of her enforced intoxication, was endeavouring to escape from her executioners. Sir Francis Cromarty was deeply agitated, and seizing Mr. Fogg's hand convulsively he perceived that the hand grasped an open knife.

The crowd now began to move about. The young woman had been again stupefied with hemp-fumes, and passed between the lines of fakirs who escorted her, uttering wild cries as they proceeded.

Phileas Fogg and his companions followed on the outskirts of the crowd. Two minutes later they reached the bank of the stream, and stopped about fifty paces from the funeral pyre, upon which the corpse was extended. In the dim religious light, they could perceive the outline of the victim close beside her deceased husband.

A lighted torch was then quickly applied to the pile of wood, which, saturated with oil, was instantly in a blaze. Sir Francis Cromarty and the guide had to exert all their strength to restrain Mr. Fogg, who, in his generous indignation, appeared about to rush upon the blazing pile.

But just as Phileas Fogg had succeeded in throwing them off, a change came o'er the scene. A cry of terror rose from the natives, and they bowed themselves to the earth in indescribable terror.

The old rajah was not dead after all; there he was standing upright upon the fiery funeral pile, clasping his young wife in his arms; ready to leap from amid the smoke into the midst of the horror-stricken crowd. The fakirs, the guards, the priests were all seized with superstitious fear, and lay, faces to the earth, not daring to lift their eyes to behold such a stupendous miracle.

The resuscitated man was thus practically quite close to the place where Phileas Fogg and Sir Francis Cromarty were standing with the guide.

"Let us be off," exclaimed the "spectre."

It was only Passe-partout, who had, unperceived, gained the pyre under cover of the smoke, and had rescued the young lady from certain death. It was Passe-partout himself who, thanks to his happy audacity, was enabled to pass unharmed through the terrified assemblage.

In an instant the four friends had disappeared in the woods, and the elephant was trotting rapidly away. But very soon the loud cries and the clamour that arose told them that the trick had been discovered, and a bullet whizzed by as an additional confirmation. For there upon the blazing pile lay the rajah's corpse; and the priests quickly understood that a rescue had been so far successfully accomplished. They immediately dashed into the forest, accompanied by the soldiers, who fired a volley; but the fugitives had got away, and in a few moments more were out of reach of arrows and bullets both.

CHAPTER XIV.

In which Phileas Fogg descends the charming Valley of the Ganges, without noticing its Beauties.

The rash attempt had proved successful. An hour later, Passe-partout was laughing at the result of his venturous plan. Sir Francis Cromarty had shaken hands with him. His master had said, "Well done!" which from him was high commendation indeed. To which expressions of approbation, Passe-partout had replied that all the credit of the affair belonged to his master. His own share in it had been an absurd notion after all; and he laughed again when he thought that he, Passe-partout, the ex-gymnast, ex-sergeant of the fire brigade, had actually played the part of spouse of a beautiful young lady, the widow of an embalmed rajah!

As for the young lady herself, she was still insensible, and quite unconscious of all that was passing or had lately passed. Wrapped up in a railroad-rug, she was now reclining in one of the howdahs.

Meanwhile the elephant, guided with unerring care by the Parsee, was progressing rapidly through the still gloomy forest. After an hour's ride, they arrived at an extensive plain. At seven o'clock they halted. The young lady was still quite unconscious. The guide poured some brandy down her throat, but she remained insensible for some time afterwards. Sir Francis Cromarty, who was aware that no serious evil effects supervened from the inhalation of the fumes of hemp, was in no way anxious about her.

But if her restoration to consciousness was not a subject of anxiety to the brigadier, he was less assured respecting her life in the future. He did not hesitate to tell Mr. Fogg that if Madame Aouda remained in India, she would sooner or later be taken by her would-be executioners. Those fanatics were scattered everywhere through the peninsula, and there was not a doubt that, despite the English police, the Hindoos would claim their victim, no matter in what presidency she might endeavour to take refuge. And in support of his assertion, Sir Francis instanced a similar case which had recently taken place. His opinion, therefore, was that she would only be in absolute safety when she quitted India for ever.

Mr. Fogg replied that he would consider the matter, and give his opinion later.

About ten o'clock the guide announced that they were close to Allahabad. Then they would be able to continue their journey by the railroad, and in about four-and-twenty hours they would reach Calcutta. Phileas Fogg would in that case be in time to catch the Hong Kong steamer, which was to sail at noon on the 25th of October. The young woman was safely bestowed in a private waiting-room, while Passe-partout was hurriedly despatched to purchase various necessary articles of clothing, etc, for her use. His master supplied the funds for the purpose.

Passe-partout hastened away, and ran through the streets of Allahabad—the City of God—one of the most sacred cities of India, inasmuch as it is built at the junction of the two holy streams of the Ganges and the Jumna, whose waters attract pilgrims from every part of the peninsula. We are also told that the Ganges has its source in heaven, whence, owing to the influence of Bramah, it condescends to earth.

While he made his purchases diligently, Passe-partout did not forget to look about him and see something of the city. It was at one time defended by a splendid fort, which has since become the State prison. Commerce and business no longer occupy their former places in Allahabad. Vainly did the worthy European seek for such emporiums as he would have met in Regent Street; he could find nothing better than the shop of an old Jew clothesman—a crusty old man he was too. From him he purchased a tweed dress, a large cloak, and a magnificent otter-skin pelisse which cost seventy-five pounds. With these garments he returned in triumph to the railway station.

Mrs. Aouda had by that time partly recovered consciousness. The influence of the drug administered by the priests was passing away by degrees, and her bright eyes were once again resuming their soft and charming Indian expression.

The poet-king, Uçaf Uddaul, celebrating the charms of the Queen of Ahundnagara, thus sings:

"Her shining locks, parted in the centre of her forehead, set off the harmonious contours of her white and delicate cheeks, all glowing in their freshness. Her ebon brows have the shape and power of the bow of Kama, the god of love; and beneath her silken lashes, her dark eyes swim in liquid tenderness, as in the sacred lakes of the Himalayas is reflected the celestial light. Her glittering, even, pearl-like

teeth shine between the smiling lips as the dewdrops in the half-closed petals of the passion-flower. Her tiny ears, with curves divine, her small hands, her little feet, tender as the buds of lotus, sparkle with the pearls of Ceylon and the dazzling diamonds of the famed Golconda. Her rounded, supple waist, which hand may circle round, displays the curving outline of the hips, and swelling bosom, where youth in all its loveliness expands its perfect treasures. Beneath the tunic-folds the limbs seem formed within a silver mould by the god-like hand of Vicvarcarnia, the immortal sculptor."

Without exactly comparing Mrs. Aouda with the foregoing description, it may be stated that she was a most charming woman, in the fullest acceptation of the term. She spoke English with fluency and purity, and the guide had only stated the truth when he had averred that the Parsee lady had been transformed by her education.

The train was about to start; Mr. Fogg was paying the Parsee guide his hire as agreed—not a farthing in excess. This business-like arrangement rather astonished Passe-partout, when he recalled all they owed to the guide's devotion. In fact, the Parsee had risked his life voluntarily by engaging in the affair at Pillaji, and if he should be caught by the Hindoos he would very likely be severely dealt with. There was still Kiouni, however. What was to be done with the elephant, which had cost so much? But Phileas Fogg had already made up his mind on that point.

"Parsee," said he to the guide, "you have been most useful and devoted to us. I have paid for your services, but not for your devotion. Would you like to have the elephant? If so, he is yours." The eyes of the guide sparkled.

"Your honour is giving me a fortune!" he exclaimed.

"Take him," replied Mr. Fogg, "and then I shall still be in your debt."

"Hurrah!" cried Passe-partout; "take him, my friend. Kiouni is a fine animal;" and going up to the beast, he gave him some pieces of sugar, saying, "Here, Kiouni, take this, and this."

The elephant gave vent to some grunts of satisfaction, and then seizing Passe-partout by the waist with his trunk, he lifted him up. Passe-partout, not in the least afraid, continued to caress the animal, which replaced him gently on the ground, and to the pressure of the honest Kiouni's trunk, Passe-partout responded with a kindly blow.

Some short time after, Phileas Fogg, Sir Francis Cromarty, and Passe-partout were seated with Mrs. Aouda, who occupied the best place in a comfortable compartment of the train, which was speeding towards Benares. This run of eighty miles from Allahabad was accomplished in two hours, and in that time the young lady had quite recovered from the drugs she had inhaled. Her astonishment at finding herself in the train, dressed in European garments, and with three travellers utterly unknown to her, may be imagined.

Her companions in the first place showed her every attention, even to the administration of a few drops of liqueur, and then the general told her what had happened. He particularly dwelt upon the devotedness of Phileas Fogg, who had risked his life to save hers, and upon the termination of the adventure, of which Passe-partout was the hero. Mr. Fogg made no remark whatever, and Passe-partout looked very bashful, and declared it was not worth speaking of.

Mrs. Aouda thanked her deliverers effusively by tears at least as much as by words. Her beautiful eyes even more than her lips expressed her gratitude. Then her thoughts flew back to the suttee, and as she remarked she was still on Indian territory, she shuddered with horror. Phileas Fogg, guessing her thoughts, hastened to reassure her, and quietly offered to escort her to Hong Kong, where she could remain till the affair had blown over. This offer the lady moat gratefully accepted, for—curiously enough—a relative of hers, a Parsee like herself, was then residing at Hong Kong, and was one of the principal merchants of that British settlement.

At half-past twelve the train stopped at Benares. Brahmin legends state that this town is built upon the site of the ancient Casi, which was at one time suspended between heaven and earth, like Mahomet's coffin. But in these practical days, Benares, which orientals call the Athens of India, rests prosaically upon the ground, and Passe-partout caught many a glimpse of brick houses and numerous clay huts, which gave the place a desolate appearance, without any local colour.

Sir Francis Cromarty had now reached his destination; the troops he was to command were encamped a few miles to the north of the town. He took farewell of Phileas Fogg, wished him every success, and expressed a hope that he would continue his journey in a more profitable and less original manner. Mr. Fogg gently pressed his companion's hand. Mrs. Aouda was more demonstrative; she could not forget what she owed to Sir Francis Cromarty. As for Passe-partout, he was honoured with a hearty shake of the general's hand, and was much impressed thereby. So they parted.

From Benares the railway traverses the valley of the Ganges. The travellers had many glimpses of the varied country of Behar, the hills covered with verdure, and a succession of barley, wheat, and com fields, jungles full of alligators, neat villages, and thick forests. Elephants and other animals were bathing in the sacred river, as were also bands of Hindoos of both sexes, who, notwithstanding the advanced season of the year, were accomplishing their pious ablutions. These devotees were declared enemies of Buddhism, and were strict Brahmins, believing in Vishnu, the sun god; Shiva, the personification of nature; and Brahma, the head of priests and rulers. But how do Brahma, Shiva, and Vishnu regard India, now completely Anglicised, with hundreds of steamers darting and screaming along the holy waters of the Ganges, frightening the birds and beasts and faithful followers of the gods dwelling along the banks?

The landscape passed rapidly by, and was occasionally hidden by the stream. The travellers could now discern the fort of Chunar, twenty miles south-west of Benares; then Ghazipore and its important rose-water manufactories came in sight; then they caught a glimpse of the tomb of Lord Cornwallis, which rises on the left bank of the river; then the fortified town of Buxar; Patna, the great commercial city and principal opium-market of India; Monghir, an European town, as English as Manchester or Birmingham, with its foundries, factories, and tall chimneys vomiting forth volumes of black smoke.

Night fell, and still the train rushed on, in the midst of the roaring and growling of wild animals, which fled from the advancing locomotive. Nothing could of course then be seen of those wonders of Bengal, Golconda, the ruins of Gom, and Morschabad, Burdwan, the ancient capital, Hooghly, Chandernagore, in French territory, where Passe-partout would have been glad to see his country's ensign.

At last, at seven o'clock in the morning, they reached Calcutta. The steamer for Hong Kong was not to leave till mid-day, so Phileas Fogg had still five hours to spare.

According to his journal, he was due at Calcutta on the 25th October—twenty-three days from London; and at Calcutta he was as arranged. He had neither gained nor lost so far. Unfortunately, the two days he had had to spare he spent as we have seen while crossing the peninsula; but we must not suppose that Phileas Fogg regretted his actions for a moment.

CHAPTER XV.

In which the Bag of Bank-notes is lightened by some Thousands of Pounds more.

Passe-partout was the first to alight from the train; Mr. Fogg followed, and helped out his fair companion. Phileas had counted upon proceeding directly to the steamer, so as to settle Mrs. Aouda comfortably on board. He was unwilling to leave her so long, as she was on such dangerous ground.

As Mr. Fogg was leaving the station a policeman approached him, and said, "Mr. Phileas Fogg, is it not?"

"It is," replied Phileas.

"And this is your servant?" continued the policeman, indicating Passe-partout.

"Yes."

"Will you be so good as to follow me?"

Mr. Fogg did not appear in the least degree surprised. The policeman was a representative of the law, and to an Englishman the law is sacred. Passe-partout, like a Frenchman, wanted to argue the point, but the policeman touched him with his cane, and his master made him a sign to obey.

"This young lady can accompany us?" said Mr. Fogg.

"Certainly," replied the policeman.

Mr. Fogg, Mrs. Aouda, and Passe-partout were then conducted to a "palkighari," a sort of four-wheeled carriage, holding four people, and drawn by two horses. They drove away, and no one spoke during the twenty minutes' drive.

The carriage passed through the "Black Town," and then through the European quarter, which, with its brick houses, well-dressed people, and handsome equipages, presented a marked contrast to the native town. The carriage stopped before a quiet-looking house, which, however, did not appear to be a private mansion. The policeman directed his prisoners—for so we may term them—to alight, and conducted them to a room, the windows of which were barred.

"At half-past eight," he said, "you will be brought before Judge Obadiah." He then went out and locked the door.

"So we are prisoners," exclaimed Passe-partout, dropping into a chair.

Mrs. Aouda, turning to Mr. Fogg, said tearfully: "Oh sir, pray do not think of me any longer. It is on my account that you have been arrested. It is for having saved me."

Phileas Fogg calmly replied that such a thing was not possible. It was quite out of the question that they could be arrested on account of the suttee. The complainants would not dare to present themselves. There must be some mistake, and Mr. Fogg added that in any case he would see the young lady safe to Hong Kong.

"But the steamer starts at twelve o'clock," said Passe-partout.

"We shall be on board before that," replied the impassible Fogg.

This was said so decidedly that Passe-partout could not help muttering, "That's all right then, we shall be on board in time no doubt." But in his soul he was not so very certain of it.

At half-past eight the door opened, the policeman entered, and conducted the friends into an adjoining room. This was the court, and was pretty well filled by Europeans and natives. The three companions were allotted seats on a bench lacing the magistrate's desk. Judge Obadiah, followed by the clerk, entered almost immediately. He was a fat, round-faced man. He took down a wig from a nail and put it on.

"Call the first case," he began, but immediately putting his hand to his head he said, "This is not my wig."

"The fact is, your honour, it is mine," replied the clerk.

"My dear Mr. Oysterpuff, how can you expect a judge to administer justice in a clerk's wig?"

The exchange was made. All this time Passe-partout was boiling over with impatience, for the hands of the clock were getting on terribly fast towards noon.

"Now, then, the first case," said the judge.

"Phileas Fogg," called out the clerk.

"Here I am."

"Passe-partout."

"Here."

"Good," said the judge.

"For two days we have been awaiting you."

"But of what do you accuse us?" cried Passe-partout impatiently.

"You are going to hear," said the judge quietly.

"Your honour," said Mr. Fogg, "I am a British citizen, and I have the right—"

"Have you not been properly treated?" asked the judge,

"Oh yes, but—"

"Very well, then. Call the plaintiffs."

As the judge spoke the door opened, and three Hindoo priests were introduced by an usher.

"It is that, after all," muttered Passe-partout. "Those are the fellows that wanted to burn our young lady."

The priests stood erect before the judge, and the clerk read aloud the complaint of sacrilege against Phileas Fogg and his servant, who were accused of having defiled a place consecrated to the Brahmin religion.

"You hear the charge," said the judge to Phileas Fogg.

"Yes, your honour," replied the accused, looking at his watch, "and I confess it."

"You admit it?"

"I admit it, and I wait to see what these priests in their turn will confess respecting their doings at the Pagoda of Pillaji."

The priests looked at each other. They evidently did not understand the reference.

"Of course," cried Passe-partout impetuously, "at the Pagoda of Pillaji, where they were about to burn their victim."

The priests looked stupefied, and the judge was almost equally astonished.

"What victim?" he asked. "To burn whom? In Bombay?"

"Bombay!" exclaimed Passe-partout.

"Of course. We are not talking of the Pagoda of Pillaji but of the Pagoda of Malabar Hill at Bombay."

"And as a proof," added the clerk, "here are the shoes of the profaner of the temple;" and he placed a pair of shoes upon the desk as he spoke.

"My shoes!" exclaimed Passe-partout, who was surprised into this incautious admission.

One can imagine the confusion which ensued. The incident at the pagoda in Bombay had been quite forgotten by both master and man, and it was on account of that that they were both detained.

The detective Fix had seen at once the advantage he could derive from that *contretemps*; so, delaying his departure for twelve hours, he consulted with the priests at Malabar Hill and had promised them a large reward, knowing very well that the English Government would punish with extreme severity any trespass of such a description. Then he had sent the priests by train on the track of the offenders. Owing to the time spent by Phileas Fogg and his party in releasing the young widow from the suttee, Fix and the Hindoo priests had reached Calcutta first, but in any case Mr. Fogg and his servant would have been arrested as they left the train in consequence of a telegraphic despatch which had been forwarded to Calcutta by the authorities. The disappointment of Fix may be imagined when he heard on his arrival that Fogg had not reached Calcutta. He thought that his victim had stopped at one of the intermediate stations, and Had taken refuge in the southern provinces. For four-and-twenty hours Fix had restlessly paced the railway station at Calcutta. What was his joy when that very morning he perceived his man descending from the train in company with a lady whose presence he could not account for. He had immediately directed a policeman to arrest Mr. Fogg, and that is how the whole party came to be brought before Judge Obadiah.

If Passe-partout had been less wrapped up in his own business he would have noticed the detective seated in the corner of the court, watching the proceedings with an interest easy to be understood, for at Calcutta, as heretofore, he still wanted the warrant to arrest the supposed thief.

But Judge Obadiah had noticed the avowal, which Passe-partout would have given the world to recall.

"So the facts are admitted," said the judge.

"They are," replied Fogg coldly.

"Well," continued the judge, "inasmuch as the English law is intended to protect rigorously, and without distinction, all religions in India, and as this fellow, Passe-partout, has confessed his crime, and is convicted of having violated with sacrilegious feet the Pagoda of Malabar Hill at Bombay during the

day of the 20th of October, the said Passe-partout is condemned to fifteen days' imprisonment and to pay a fine of three hundred pounds."

"Three hundred pounds!" exclaimed Passe-partout, who was scarcely conscious of anything but the amount of the fine.

"Silence!" shouted the usher.

"And," continued the judge, "seeing that it is not proved that this sacrilege was connived at by the master, but as he must be held responsible for the acts and deeds of his servant, the said Phileas Fogg is sentenced to eight days' imprisonment and a fine of one hundred and fifty pounds. Usher, call the next case."

Fix, in his corner, rubbed his hands to his satisfaction. Phileas Fogg detained eight days at Calcutta! This was fortunate, by that time the warrant would have arrived from England. Passe-partout was completely dumbfoundered. This conviction would ruin his master. His wager of twenty thousand pounds would be lost; and all because he, like an idiot, had gone into that cursed pagoda.

But Phileas Fogg was as cool and collected as if he were in no way concerned in the matter. At the moment the usher was calling on the next cause, Phileas rose and said, "I offer bail."

"That is within your right," said the judge.

Fix's blood ran cold; but he revived again, when he heard the judge say, that as the prisoners were strangers, a bail of a thousand pounds each would be necessary. So it would cost Mr. Fogg two thousand pounds, if he did not put in an appearance when called upon.

"I will pay the money now," said that gentleman; and from the bag which Passe-partout still held, he drew bank-notes for two thousand pounds, and placed them on the clerk's desk.

"This sum will be restored to you, when you come out of prison," said the judge. "Meantime you are free on bail."

"Come along," said Phileas Fogg to his servant.

"But I suppose they will give me back my shoes?" said Passe-partout angrily.

They gave him back his shoes. "They have cost us pretty dearly," he muttered, "more than one thousand pounds apiece, without counting the inconvenience to myself;" and with the most hang-dog appearance, Passe-partout followed his master, who had offered his arm to the young lady. Fix was still in hopes that his prey would not abandon such a sum as two thousand pounds; so he followed Mr. Fogg closely.

Phileas took a fly, and the whole party were driven down to the quays. Half-a-mile from the pier the *Rangoon* was moored, the "blue-peter" at the mast-head. Eleven o'clock was striking, so Mr. Fogg had an hour to spare. Fix saw him put off in a boat, with Mrs. Aouda and his servant. The detective stamped with rage.

"The rascal!" he exclaimed; "he is going then. Two thousand pounds sacrificed. He is as reckless as a thief. I will follow him to the end of the world, if necessary; but at the rate he is going, the stolen money will soon be spent."

The detective was not far wrong. In fact, since he had left London, what with travelling expenses, "tips," the money paid for the elephant, in fines, and in bail, Phileas Fogg had already disbursed more than five thousand pounds, so that the percentage upon the sum likely to be recovered by the detective (as he imagined) was growing small by degrees and beautifully less.

CHAPTER XVI.

Fix does not at all understand what is said to him.

The *Rangoon*, one of the P. and O. Company's vessels, plying between India, China, and Japan, was an iron screw steamer of about one thousand seven hundred and seventy tons, with engines of four hundred horse-power. She was as fast but not so comfortable as the *Mongolia*, and Mrs. Aouda was scarcely as well accommodated as Phileas Fogg would have wished. But as the voyage was only three thousand five hundred miles, that is to say eleven or twelve days' steaming, and the young lady was not difficult to please, it was no great matter.

During the first portion of the voyage she became well acquainted with Phileas Fogg, and gave expression to her great gratitude on every occasion. That phlegmatic gentleman listened to her protestations with the most unmoved exterior, not an expression, not a movement evidenced the slightest emotion; but he took care that the young lady should want for nothing. He saw her at certain hours every day, if not to talk, at least to listen to her conversation; he exhibited towards her the greatest politeness, but the politeness of an automaton. Mrs. Aouda did not know what to think of him, though Passe-partout had given her a few hints about his eccentric master, and had told her of the wager about going round the world. Mrs. Aouda had rather ridiculed the idea, but after all did she not owe him her life? And Mr. Fogg would not lose by being regarded through the glasses of gratitude.

Mrs. Aouda confirmed the Parsee guide's explanation of her past history. She was, in fact, of the highest native caste.

Many Parsee merchants had made great fortunes in cotton in India. One of them, Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, has been made a baronet by the English Government, and Mrs. Aouda was connected with this personage, who was then living in Bombay. It was a cousin of his whom she hoped to join at Hong Kong, and with whom she trusted to find protection. She could not say whether she would be received or not; but Mr. Fogg told her not to trouble herself, as all would come mathematically square. These were the words he used. It was uncertain whether the young lady quite understood him. She fixed her great eyes—"those eyes as limpid as the sacred lakes of the Himalayas"—upon him; but Mr. Fogg was as impassive as ever, and did not show any disposition to throw himself into those lakes.

The first portion of the voyage passed very pleasantly. Everything was favourable. The *Rangoon* soon sighted the great Andaman, with its picturesque mountain called Saddle Peak, two thousand four hundred feet high, a landmark for all sailors. They skirted the coast, but they saw none of the inhabitants. The appearance of the islands was magnificent. Immense forests of palm, teak, and gigantic mimosas (tree-ferns), covered the foreground of the landscape, while at the back rose the undulating profile of the hills. The cliffs swarmed with that species of swallows which build the edible nests so prized in China.

But the islands were soon passed, and the *Rangoon* rapidly steamed towards the Straits of Malacca, which give access to the Chinese Sea.

Now what is Fix doing all this time? Having left instructions for the transmission of the warrant to Hong Kong, he had embarked on board the *Rangoon* without being perceived by Passe-partout, and was in hopes to be able to keep out of sight until the steamer should have reached her destination. In fact, it would be difficult to explain his presence on board without awakening the suspicions of Passe-partout, who thought him in Bombay. But fate obliged him to resume acquaintance with the lad, as we shall see later.

All the aspirations and hopes of the detective were now centred in Hong Kong, for the steamer would not stop at Singapore long enough for him to do anything there. It was at Hong Kong that the arrest must be made, or the thief would escape, and, so to speak, for ever.

Hong Kong, in fact, was English territory, but the last British territory which they would see on the route. Beyond that, China, Japan, and America would offer an almost secure asylum to Mr. Fogg. If they should find the warrant of arrest at Hong Kong, Fix could hand Fogg over to the local police, and have done with him. But after leaving the island a simple warrant would not be sufficient; a warrant of extradition would be necessary, which would give rise to delays of all kinds, and of which the criminal might take advantage and escape; so if he did not arrest him at Hong Kong, he might give up the idea altogether.

"Now," said Fix to himself, "either the warrant will be at Hong Kong, and I shall arrest my man, or it will not be there; and this time I must delay his departure at any cost. I have failed both at Bombay and Calcutta, and if I make a mess of it at Hong Kong, my reputation is gone. I must succeed, at any cost; but what means shall I adopt to stop him if the worst comes to the worst?"

Fix then, as a last resource, made up his mind to tell Passe-partout everything, and what sort of a man his master was, for he was not his accomplice evidently. Passe-partout would no doubt under those circumstances assist him (Fix). But in any case this was a dangerous expedient, and one not to be

employed except under pressure. A hint from Passe-partout to his master would upset the whole thing at once.

The detective, therefore, was very much embarrassed, and the presence of Mrs. Aouda on board gave him more food for thought. Who was this woman? and how did it happen that she was in Fogg's society? They must have met between Bombay and Calcutta, but at what place? Was it by chance, or had he purposely gone to seek this charming woman? for she was charming no doubt—Fix had seen as much in the court at Calcutta.

He was puzzled, and began to think that perhaps there had been an elopement. He was certain of it. This idea now took complete possession of Fix, and he began to think what advantage he could gain from the circumstance: whether the young lady was married or not, there was still the elopement; and he might make it so unpleasant for Mr. Fogg at Hong Kong that he would not be able to get away by paying money.

But the *Rangoon* had to get to Hong Kong first, and could he wait? for Fogg had an unpleasant habit of jumping from one steamer to another, and might be far away before anything had been settled. The thing to do, therefore, was to give notice to the English authorities, and to signal the *Rangoon* before she arrived. This was not difficult, as the steamer stopped at Singapore, and he could telegraph thence to Hong Kong.

In any case, before taking decisive action, he determined to question Passe-partout. He knew it was not difficult to make the lad talk, and Fix decided to make himself known. There was no time to lose, for the steamer would reach Singapore the following day.

That afternoon, therefore. Fix left his cabin, and seeing Passe-partout on deck, the detective rushed towards him, exclaiming:

"What, you on board the *Rangoon*?"

"Mr. Fix, is it really you?" said Passe-partout, as he recognised his fellow voyager of the *Mongolia*. "Why, I left you at Bombay, and here you are on the way to Hong Kong. Are you also going round the world?"

"No," replied Fix, "I think of stopping at Hong Kong for a few days, at any rate."

"Ah!" said Passe-partout, "but how is it I have not seen you on board since we left Calcutta?"

"The fact is I have not been very well, and obliged to stay below. The Bay of Bengal does not suit me as well as the Indian Ocean. And how is your master, Mr. Phileas Fogg?"

"Oh, quite well, and as punctual to his time as ever; but Mr. Fix, you do not know that we have got a young lady with us."

"A young lady?" repeated the detective, who pretended not to understand what was said.

Passe-partout nodded, and immediately proceeded to give him the history of the business at the pagoda, the purchase of the elephant, the suttee, the rescue of Aouda, the judgment of the Calcutta court, and their release on bail. Fix, who was quite familiar with the last incidents, pretended to be ignorant of all, and Passe-partout was quite delighted to have such an interested listener.

"But," said Fix, when his companion had ceased, "does your master wish to carry this young lady to Europe?"

"By no means, Mr. Fix, by no means. We are simply going to Hong Kong, to place her under the care of a relative of hers, a rich merchant there."

"Nothing to be done on that line," said the detective to himself, as he concealed his disappointment. "Come and have a glass of gin, monsieur."

"With all my heart, Mr. Fix; the least we can do is to have a friendly glass to our meeting on board the *Rangoon*."

CHAPTER XVII.

What happened on the Voyage between Singapore and Hong Kong.

After that, Passe-partout and the detective met frequently, but the latter was very reserved and did not attempt to pump his companion respecting Mr. Fogg. He only encountered that gentleman once or twice, for he kept very much in the cabin, attending on Mrs. Aouda, or engaged in a game of whist.

As for Passe-partout, he began to meditate very seriously upon the curious chance which had brought Mr. Fix once again on his master's track, and it certainly was somewhat astonishing. How was it that this amiable, good-natured gentleman, whom they had met first at Suez, and on board the *Mongolia*, who had landed at Bombay, where he said he was going to remain, was now on board the *Rangoon* bound for Hong Kong, and, in a word, following Mr. Fogg step by step—that was the question? It certainly was a most extraordinary coincidence, and what did Fix want? Passe-partout was ready to wager his Indian shoes, which all this time he had carefully preserved, that this man Fix would leave Hong Kong with them, and probably on board the same steamer.

If Passe-partout had worried his head for a hundred years, he never would have hit upon the real object of the detective. It would never have occurred to him that Phileas Fogg was being tracked round the globe for a robbery. But as it is only human nature to find some explanation for everything, this is how Passe-partout interpreted Fix's unremitting attention, and after all it was not an unreasonable conclusion to arrive at. In fact, he made up his mind that Fix was an agent sent after Mr. Fogg by the members of the Reform Club, to see that the conditions of the wager were properly carried out.

"That's it," repeated Passe-partout to himself, very proud of his shrewdness. "He is a spy these gentlemen have sent out. It is scarcely a gentlemanly thing to do, Mr. Fogg is so honourable and straightforward. Fancy sending a spy after us! Ah, gentlemen of the Reform Club, this shall cost you dearly."

Passe-partout, quite delighted with the discovery, determined to say nothing to his master on the subject, lest he should be very justly offended at his opponents' distrust, but he determined to chaff Fix at every opportunity without betraying himself.

On Wednesday, the 30th of October, the *Rangoon* entered the Straits of Malacca, which separate that peninsula from Sumatra, and at four o'clock the next morning the *Rangoon*, having gained half a day in advance of time, anchored at Singapore to coal.

Phileas Fogg having noted the gain in his book, went ashore accompanied by Mrs. Aouda, who expressed a wish to land for a few hours.

Fix, who was very suspicious of Fogg's movements, followed without being noticed; and Passe-partout, who was secretly amused at the detective's manoeuvres, went about his usual business.

The island of Singapore, though not grand or imposing, still has its peculiar beauties. It is a park traversed by pleasant roads. A well-appointed carriage took Phileas Fogg and Aouda through palm-groves and clove-plantations, various tropical plants perfumed the air, while troops of monkeys gambolled in the trees; the woods, also, were not innocent of tigers, and to those travellers who were astonished to learn why these terrible animals were not destroyed in such a small island, the reply would be that they swam across from the mainland.

After a couple of hours' drive, Mr. Fogg and Aouda returned to the town and went on board ship again, all the time followed by the detective. Passe-partout was awaiting them on deck; the brave fellow had purchased some beautiful mangoes, and was enabled to offer them to Mrs. Aouda, who received them gracefully.

At eleven o'clock the *Rangoon* resumed her voyage and a few hours later Malacca had sunk below the horizon. They had about thirteen hundred miles to traverse to reach Hong Kong, and Phileas Fogg hoped to get there in six days, so as to be able to catch the steamer for Yokohama on the 6th of November.

The weather, which had hitherto been very fine, changed with the last quarter of the moon. There was a high wind, fortunately favourable, and a very heavy sea.

The captain set the sails at every opportunity, and the *Rangoon*, under these circumstances, made rapid progress. But in very rough weather extra precautions were necessary, and steam had to be reduced. This delay did not appear to affect Phileas Fogg in the least, but it worried Passe-partout

tremendously. He swore at the captain, the engineers, and the company, and consigned all concerned to a warmer climate than Hong Kong. Perhaps the thought of the gas that was still burning in his room in London may have had something to do with his impatience.

"You seem in a great hurry to reach Hong Kong," said Fix to him one day.

"I am," replied Passe-partout. "You think Mr. Fogg is anxious to catch the steamer for Yokohama?"

"Very anxious indeed."

"You believe in this journey round the world, then?"

"Most decidedly; don't you?"

"Not a bit of it."

"You are a sly one," replied Passe-partout with a wink.

This remark rather disturbed Fix, without his knowing why. Could the Frenchman have discovered who he was? He did not know what to do. But how could Passe-partout have found out his real object? And yet in speaking as he did, Passe-partout must certainly have had some ulterior motive.

On a subsequent occasion the valet went still further, and said, half maliciously:

"Well, Mr. Fix, shall we be so unfortunate as to lose the pleasure of your society at Hong Kong?"

"Well," replied Fix, somewhat embarrassed, "I am not quite sure. You see—"

"Ah," said Passe-partout, "if you would only come with us I should be so delighted. An agent of the company cannot stop halfway, you know. You were only going to Bombay, and here you are almost in China. America is not far off, and from America to Europe is but a step."

Fix looked very hard at his companion, whose face was perfectly innocent, and laughed too. But Passe-partout was in the humour for quizzing, and asked him if he made much by his present business.

"Yes and no," replied Fix, without flinching. "We have our good and bad times, but of course I do not travel at my own expense."

"Of that I am quite sure," said Passe-partout, laughing.

Fix then returned to his cabin, where he remained deep in thought. Somehow or another the Frenchman had found him out, but had he told his master? Was he his accomplice or not? And must the whole thing be given up? The detective passed many hours considering the matter in all its bearings, and was as undecided at the end as he had been at the beginning.

But he retained his presence of mind, and resolved at length to deal frankly with Passe-partout, if he could not arrest Fogg at Hong Kong. Either the servant was an accomplice, knowing everything, and he would fail; or the servant knew nothing, and then his interest would be to quit the service of the criminal.

Such was the state of affairs, and meantime Phileas Fogg appeared perfectly indifferent to everything. But nevertheless there was a disturbing cause not far off, which might be able to produce an influence on his heart; but no, Mrs. Aouda's charms had no effect, to the great surprise of Passe-partout.

Yes, it certainly was a matter of astonishment to that worthy man, who every day read the lady's gratitude to his master in Mrs. Aouda's eyes. Phileas Fogg must certainly be heartless; brave he was no doubt, but sympathetic, no. There was no proof that the incidents of the journey had wakened any feelings in his breast, while Passe-partout was continually indulging in reverie.

One day he was contemplating the working of the machinery, when a pitch of the vessel threw the screw out of the water. The steam roared through the valves, and Passe-partout exclaimed, indignantly: "The escape valves are not sufficiently charged! We make no way! That is English all over. Ah! if this were only an American ship—we might blow up, perhaps, but at any rate we should go quicker meantime."

CHAPTER XVIII.

In which Phileas Fogg, Passe-partout, and Fix severally go each about his own business.

During the latter part of the voyage the weather was very bad; the wind was blowing freshly—almost a gale—right in the teeth of the *Rangoon*, which rolled considerably, and disturbed the passengers very much.

In fact, on the 3rd and 4th of November there was quite a tempest, and the *Rangoon* was obliged to proceed slowly. All the sails were furled, and the captain was of opinion that they would be twenty hours late at Hong Kong, or perhaps more, if the storm lasted.

Phileas Fogg gazed at the turbulent sea as coolly as ever; he betrayed no impatience, even though twenty hours' delay would upset his calculations, by causing him to lose the Yokohama steamer. It seemed almost as if the storm were part of his programme, and Mrs. Aouda, who sympathised with him, was surprised to find him quite unmoved.

But Fix did not look upon these things with unconcern; he was very glad that the storm had happened, and would have been delighted if the *Rangoon* had been obliged to scud before the tempest. All these delays were in his favour, because they tended towards detaining Mr. Fogg at Hong Kong; he did not mind the sea-sickness he suffered, and while his body was tortured, his spirit was exultant.

But Passe-partout was very much annoyed by this bad weather. All had gone well till now. Everything had appeared to favour his master, hitherto. Steamers and railways obeyed him; wind and steam had united to assist him. Was it possible that the hour of misfortune had struck? Passe-partout felt as if the wager of twenty thousand pounds was to come out of his own purse. The storm exasperated him, the wind made him furious, and he would liked to have whipped this disobedient sea. Poor fellow! Fix all the time carefully concealed his personal satisfaction, for had Passe-partout perceived it, Fix would have had a bad time.

Passe-partout remained on deck as long as the storm lasted, for it was quite impossible for him to go down below. He assisted the crew in every way in his power, and astonished the sailors by his activity. He questioned the captain, the officers, and the men hundreds of times as to their progress, and got laughed at for his pains. He wanted to know how long the tempest would last, and was referred to the barometer, which had evidently not made up its mind to rise; even when Passe-partout shook it, it would not change its mind.

At last the storm subsided, and the wind veered round to the south, which was in their favour. Passe-partout regained his serenity as the weather improved. Sails were once more set on the *Rangoon* and she resumed her route at great speed, but she could not make up for lost time. It could not be helped, however, and land was not signalled till five o'clock on the morning of the 6th of November. The itinerary of Phileas Fogg showed that they ought to have arrived the day before, so they were twenty-four hours behindhand, and the Yokohama steamer would be missed.

At six o'clock the pilot came on board. Passe-partout longed to ask the man if the Yokohama steamer had sailed, but he preferred to nurse his hopes till the last moment. He had confided his troubles to Fix, who, sly fellow as he was, pretended to sympathise with him, and told him he would be in time if his master took the next steamer, a remark which put Passe-partout into a violent rage.

But if he did not like to ask the pilot, Mr. Fogg, having consulted his Bradshaw, did not hesitate to inquire when the steamer left for Yokohama.

"To-morrow, at the morning's flood-tide," replied the pilot.

"Ah, indeed," said Mr. Fogg, without manifesting any emotion.

Passe-partout could have embraced the pilot for this information, while Fix would gladly have twisted his neck.

"What is the name of the steamer?" asked Mr. Fogg.

"The *Carnatic*," replied the pilot.

"Ought she not to have sailed yesterday?"

"Yes; but one of her boilers required repairing, so she will not start till to-morrow."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Fogg, as he descended quietly to the cabin.

Passe-partout wrung the pilot's hand, exclaiming, "Well, you are a good fellow."

Probably to this day the pilot has not the slightest idea of what Passe-partout was driving at. He merely whistled, and went back to his station on the bridge to guide the steamer through a flotilla of junks, tankas, and fishing-boats, and a crowd of other vessels which encumbered the waters of Hong Kong.

At one o'clock the steamer was alongside the quay, and the passengers went ashore.

On this occasion it must be confessed that fortune had singularly favoured Phileas Fogg. But for the necessary repairs to her boilers, the *Carnatic* would have sailed on the 5th, and the travellers bound for Japan would have been obliged to wait for eight days for the next steamer. Mr. Fogg, it is true, was twenty-four hours behindhand, but this would not seriously affect his journey.

In fact, the steamer which plied from Yokohama to San Francisco was connected with the Hong Kong boat, and would not start till the arrival of the latter; so, if he were twenty-four hours late at Yokohama, he would make it up in crossing the Pacific. At present, however, Phileas Fogg found himself twenty-four hours late during the thirty-five days since he quitted London.

The *Carnatic* would sail the next morning at five o'clock, so Mr. Fogg had still sixteen hours to devote to Mrs. Aouda. He landed with the young lady upon his arm, and conducted her to the Club-house Hotel, where apartments were engaged for her accommodation. Mr. Fogg then went in search of her relatives, telling Passe-partout to remain until his return, so that the young lady might not feel herself quite alone.

Mr. Fogg made his way to the exchange, for he rightly conjectured that such a rich man as Jejeeb would be most likely heard of in that direction.

The broker to whom Mr. Fogg addressed himself knew the man for whom he was inquiring, but he had left China two years before, and gone to live in Holland, he thought; for he had principally traded with Dutch merchants.

Phileas Fogg returned to the hotel, and informed Mrs. Aouda that her cousin had left Hong Kong, and had gone to live in Holland.

Mrs. Aouda made no reply for a moment; she passed her hand across her brow, and appeared lost in thought. At length, in a gentle voice, she said, "What ought I to do, Mr. Fogg?"

"Your course is simple enough," he replied; "come on to Europe."

"But I cannot intrude upon you."

"You do not intrude in the least. Passe-partout."

"Sir."

"Go to the *Carnatic* and secure three berths."

Passe-partout was delighted to think that the young lady was going to continue her journey with them, for she had been very kind to him. He accordingly quitted the hotel to execute his master's orders cheerfully.

CHAPTER XIX.

Showing how Passe-partout took too great an interest in his Master, and what came of it.

Hong Kong is only an island, which fell into the possession of the English by the Treaty of Nankin, in 1843. In a few years the colonising enterprise of the British made of it an important city and a fine port

—Victoria. The island is at the mouth of the Canton river, sixty miles only from Macao, upon the opposite bank. Hong Kong has beaten the other port in the struggle for commercial supremacy, and the greater traffic in Chinese merchandise finds its way to the island. There are docks, hospitals, wharfs, warehouses, a cathedral, a Government house, macadamised roads, &c., which give to Hong Kong as English an aspect as a town in Kent or Surrey, which had by some accident fallen to the antipodes.

Passe-partout, with his hands in his pockets, wandered towards Port Victoria, gazing at the people as they passed, and admiring the palanquins and other conveyances. The city appeared to him like Bombay, Calcutta, and Singapore; or like any other town colonised by the English.

At the port situated at the mouth of the Canton river was a regular confusion of ships of all nations, commercial and warlike: junks, sempas, tankas, and even flower-boats, like floating garden-borders. Passe-partout remarked several of the natives, elderly men, clothed in nankeen; and when he went to a barber's to be shaved, he inquired of the man, who spoke pretty good English, who they were, and was informed that these men were all eighty years of age, and were therefore permitted to wear the imperial colour, namely yellow. Passe-partout, without exactly knowing why, thought this very funny.

After being shaved, he went to the quay from which the *Carnatic* was to start, and there he found Fix walking up and down, in a very disturbed manner.

"Ho, ho!" thought Passe-partout, "this does not look well for the Reform Club;" and with a merry smile he accosted the detective without appearing to have noticed his vexation. Fix had indeed good reasons for feeling annoyed. The warrant had not arrived. No doubt it was on its way, but it was quite impossible it could reach Hong Kong for several days, and as this was the last British territory at which Mr. Fogg would touch, he would escape if he could not be detained somehow.

"Well, Mr. Fix," said Passe-partout, "have you decided to come to
America with us?"

"Yes," replied Fix, between his clenched teeth.

"Come along, then," said Passe-partout, laughing loudly; "I knew you could not leave us. Come and engage your berth."

So they went to the office, and took four places. But the clerk informed them that the *Carnatic*, having had her repairs completed, would sail that evening at eight o'clock, and not next morning, as previously announced.

"Very good," said Passe-partout, "that will suit my master exactly. I will go and tell him."

And now Fix determined to make a bold move. He would tell Passe-partout everything. This was perhaps the only way by which he could keep Phileas Fogg at Hong Kong.

As they quitted the office. Fix offered his companion some refreshment, which Passe-partout accepted. They saw a tavern close by, which they entered, and reached a large well-decorated room, at the end of which was a large camp-bedstead furnished with cushions. On this lay a number of men asleep. About thirty people were seated at small tables drinking beer, porter, brandy, or other liquors; and the majority of drinkers were smoking long pipes of red clay filled with little balls of opium steeped in rose-water. From time to time a smoker would subside under the table, and the waiters would carry him and place him on the bed at the end of the room. There were about twenty of these stupefied smokers altogether.

Fix and Passe-partout perceived that they had entered a smoking-house, patronised by those wretched idiots devoted to one of the most injurious vices of humanity—the smoking of opium, which the English merchants sell every year to the value of one million four hundred thousand pounds. The Chinese Government has vainly endeavoured by stringent laws to remedy the evil, but in vain. The habit has descended from the rich to the poorest classes, and now opium is smoked everywhere at all times by men and women, and those accustomed to it cannot do without it A great smoker can consume eight pipes a day, but he dies in five years.

It was to one of these dens that Fix and Passe-partout had come for refreshment; the latter had no money, but accepted his companion's treat, hoping to return the civility at some future time. Fix ordered two bottles of port, to which the Frenchman paid considerable attention, while Fix, more cautious, watched his companion narrowly. They talked upon many subjects, and particularly respecting Fix's happy determination to sail in the *Carnatic*; and that put Passe-partout in mind that he ought to go and inform his master respecting the alteration in the time of the steamer's departure, which, as the bottles were empty, he proceeded to do.

"Just one moment," said Fix, detaining him.

"What do you want, Mr. Fix?"

"I want to speak to you seriously."

"Seriously!" exclaimed Passe-partout. "Well, then, let us talk to-morrow, I have no time to-day."

"You had better wait," said Fix; "it concerns your master."

Passe-partout looked closely at his companion, and as the expression of his face was peculiar he sat down again.

"What have you got to say to me?" he said.

Fix placed his hand on his companion's arm, and said, in a low voice,
"You have guessed who I am, eh?"

"Rather," replied Passe-partout.

"Well, then, I am going to tell you everything."

"Yes, now that I know everything, my friend. That's pretty good. However, go on; but first let me tell you that those gentlemen have sent you on a wild-goose chase."

"It is evident that you do not know how large the sum in question is," said Fix.

"Oh yes, but I do," said Passe-partout, "it is twenty thousand pounds."

"Fifty-five thousand," replied Fix, shaking the Frenchman's hand.

"What!" exclaimed Passe-partout, "has Mr. Fogg risked fifty-five thousand pounds? Well, then, all the more reason we should not lose any time," he added, as he rose from his chair.

"Fifty-five thousand pounds," continued Fix, pressing his companion into his seat again, as a flask of brandy was placed before them; "and if I succeed I shall get a percentage of two thousand pounds. If you will assist me I will give you five hundred."

"Assist you!" exclaimed Passe-partout, as he stared wildly at the detective.

"Yes, assist me to keep Mr. Fogg here for some hours longer."

"What is that you say?" said Passe-partout. "Not content with tracking my master, do these gentlemen suspect his good face and wish to put obstacles in his way? I am ashamed of them."

"What are you talking about?" said Fix.

"I say it is a piece of meanness; they might just as well pick Mr.
Fogg's pocket."

"That is just the very thing we want to do."

"Then it is a conspiracy, is it?" exclaimed Passe-partout, who was getting excited by the brandy which he unconsciously had swallowed, "a regular conspiracy; and they call themselves gentlemen and friends!"

Fix began to feel very puzzled.

"Friends!" exclaimed Passe-partout, "members of the Reform Club, indeed! Do you know, Mr. Fix, that my master is an honest man, and when he has made a bet he wins it fairly?"

"But can you guess who I am?" said Fix, looking steadily at
Passe-partout.

"An agent of the members of the club, whose business it is to hinder my master; and a dirty job it is, too; so although I have found you out long ago, I did not like to betray you to Mr. Fogg."

"Then he knows nothing about it," said Fix quickly.

"Nothing," replied Passe-partout, emptying his glass once more.

The detective passed his hand over his eyes and considered what he was to do. Passe-partout

appeared sincere, and this rendered his plan all the more difficult; he evidently was not his master's accomplice. "He will, therefore, help me," said Fix to himself.

There was no time to lose. At any risk Fogg must be stopped at Hong Kong.

"Listen," said Fix, in a sharp tone; "I am not what you think me."

"Bah!" said Passe-partout.

"I am a detective, sent out by the police authorities in London."

"You a detective?"

"Yes, I can prove it. Here is my authority;" and drawing a paper from his pocketbook, he exhibited his instructions to the stupefied Passe-partout, who was unable to utter a word.

"This wager of Mr. Fogg's," continued Fix, "is merely to blindfold you and his colleagues at the Reform Club. He had a motive in securing your unconscious complicity."

"But why?" said Passe-partout.

"For this reason. On the 28th of last September, the sum of fifty-five thousand pounds was stolen from the Bank of England, by a person whose description is fortunately known. That description tallies exactly with Mr. Fogg's appearance."

"Absurd," exclaimed Passe-partout, striking the table with his fist; "my master is the most honest man in the world."

"What do you know about it?" replied Fix. "You only entered his service on the day he left on a mad excursion, without luggage, and carrying an immense sum in bank-notes; and do you dare to maintain that he is an honest man?"

"Yes, yes," repeated the other mechanically.

"Do you wish to be arrested as an accomplice?"

Passe-partout clutched his head with both hands; he was stupefied. He did not dare to look at the detective. Phileas Fogg a robber! This brave, generous man, the rescuer of Aouda, a thief? And yet circumstantial evidence was strong. Passe-partout did not wish to believe it. He could not believe in his master's guilt.

"Well, then, what do you want me to do?" he said, with an effort.

"Look here," said Fix: "I have tracked Mr. Fogg so far, but as yet I have not received a warrant, which I asked to be sent from London. You must help me to keep your master in Hong Kong."

"But I—"

"If so, I will share with you the reward of two thousand pounds promised by the bank."

"Never!" replied Passe-partout, who attempted to rise, but fell back utterly exhausted and stupefied.

"Mr. Fix," he stammered, "even if you have told the truth, supposing my master is the thief you are searching for—which I deny—I have been, I am still in his service; he is kind and generous to me, and I will never betray him for all the gold in the world."

"You refuse, then?"

"Absolutely."

"Well, then," said Fix, "forget all I have said. And now let us have a drink."

"Yes, let us have another glass."

Passe-partout felt that the liquor was overcoming him more and more. Fix having made up his mind that he must be separated from his master at any price, determined to finish the matter. On the table were some pipes of opium. Fix handed one of these to Passe-partout, who took a few puffs and fell back perfectly insensible.

"At last," muttered Fix, as Passe-partout collapsed. "Mr. Fogg will not hear of the change of time for

the sailing of the *Carnatic*, and if so, he will have to go without this infernal Frenchman."

Then paying the score, he quitted the tavern.

CHAPTER XX.

Showing how Fix and Fogg come face to face.

While these events, which gravely compromised Mr. Fogg's future, were passing, that gentleman and Mrs. Aouda were walking through the town. Since she had accepted Mr. Fogg's escort to England, she wished to make some purchases for the voyage, for a lady could not travel with a hand-bag, as a gentleman might do. So she bought some necessary clothing, etc., and Mr. Fogg overcame all her excuses with his characteristic generosity.

"It is in my own interest," he invariably replied; "a part of my programme."

Having purchased what they required, they returned to dinner at the hotel Mrs. Aouda subsequently retired to rest, leaving Mr. Fogg reading *The Times* and *Illustrated News*.

Had Mr. Fogg been a man likely to be astonished at anything, he would have been surprised at the absence of his servant at bedtime; so believing that the steamer did not start for Yokohama till the following morning, he did not trouble himself; but Passe-partout did not appear when Mr. Fogg rang for him next morning, and then he learnt that his servant had not come in during the night. Without a word Mr. Fogg packed his bag, and sent to call Mrs. Aouda and for a palanquin. It was eight o'clock, and the *Carnatic* was to sail at high-water at half-past nine. Mr. Fogg and his companion got into the palanquin and reached the quay. Then, and not till then, they were informed that the *Carnatic* had left the previous evening.

Mr. Fogg, who had made up his mind to find the steamer and the servant both awaiting him, was obliged to go without either. He showed no anxiety, merely remarking to Mrs. Aouda, "An incident of travel, madam, nothing more."

At this moment, a man who had been watching them approached. It was
Fix. He approached Mr. Fogg, and said:

"Were you not one of the passengers on board the *Rangoon* yesterday, as well as myself?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Fogg coldly; "but I have not the honour—"

"Excuse me, but I expected to find your servant here."

"Do you know where he is?" asked the young lady quickly.

"What!" exclaimed Fix, in feigned surprise, "is he not with you?"

"No," replied Mrs. Aouda, "he has been absent since yesterday. Perhaps he has sailed in the *Carnatic*."

"Without you, madam?" said the detective. "You will excuse my question, but you counted on leaving in that steamer?"

"Yes, sir."

"So did I, madam; and I am terribly disappointed. The fact is, the *Carnatic* was ready for sea twelve hours sooner than was expected, and now we shall have to wait twelve days for another steamer."

Fix was delighted as he said this. In eight days the warrant would arrive. His chances were good. But his disgust may be guessed when he heard Fogg say, in his usual calm tone, "I suppose there are other ships besides the *Carnatic* in Hong Kong harbour;" and offering his arm to Mrs. Aouda, he turned away towards the docks.

Fix followed him in a dogged sort of manner. He appeared to be attached to Fogg by some invisible cord. But fortune had evidently abandoned Phileas Fogg. For three mortal hours he wandered about the docks, endeavouring to charter a vessel to take him to Yokohama; but all the ships were either loading or unloading, and could not go. The detective's spirits rose again.

But Mr. Fogg was not discouraged. He made up his mind to continue his search, even if he had to cross to Macao. At length he was accosted by a sailor.

"Is your honour looking for a boat?"

"Have you a boat ready to sail?" asked Mr. Fogg.

"I have. A pilot-boat, No. 43; the best in the harbour."

"Can she sail fast?"

"She can make eight or nine knots an hour, or more. Would you like to see her?"

"Yes."

"You will be pleased, I am sure. Is it for a trip that you require her?"

"Somewhat more than that; for a voyage."

"A voyage?"

"I want you to take me to Yokohama."

The sailor folded his arms and looked steadily at Mr. Fogg. "Is your honour serious?" he said.

"Yes. I have lost the *Carnatic*, and I must be at Yokohama on the 14th, at latest, to catch the steamer for San Francisco."

"I am very sorry," replied the pilot, "but it is impossible."

"I will give you a hundred pounds a day and a bonus of two hundred pounds, if you arrive in time."

"Are you in earnest?" asked the pilot.

"Very much so," replied Mr. Fogg.

The pilot took a turn up and down the wharf; he looked out to sea, and was evidently struggling between his wish to get the money and his fear of venturing so far. Fix, all this time, was on tenter-hooks.

Mr. Fogg turned to Mrs. Aouda, and asked her if she were afraid.

"Not with you, Mr. Fogg," replied the young lady.

Just then the pilot returned, twirling his hat in his hands.

"Well, pilot?" said Mr. Fogg.

"Well, your honour," replied the pilot; "I cannot risk my life, or my men, or even you in such a voyage, in so small a ship, at this time of year. Besides, we could not get to Yokohama in time. It is one thousand six hundred and fifty miles away."

"Only one thousand six hundred," said Mr. Fogg.

"Oh, it is all the same." Fix breathed again. "But," continued the pilot, "we might manage it in another way."

Fix scarcely dared to breathe.

"How do you mean?" asked Fogg.

"By going to Nagasaki, which is only eleven hundred miles, or to Shanghai, which is eight hundred. In the latter case we shall be able to keep close in-shore, and have advantage of the current."

"But," replied Fogg, "I must take the American mail steamer at Yokohama, and not at Shanghai or Nagasaki."

"Well, why not?" replied the pilot. "The *San Francisco* does not start from Yokohama; it starts from

Shanghai, and only calls at Yokohama and Nagasaki."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"Certain."

"And when does she leave Shanghai?"

On the 11th, at seven o'clock in the evening. So we have four days, which are ninety-six hours; and at the rate of eight knots an hour, if the wind hold, we shall be able to reach Shanghai in time."

"And when will you be able to start?"

"In an hour. I only want to buy some provisions and bend the sails."

"Well, it is a bargain. Are you the owner?"

"Yes; my name is John Bunsby, owner of the *Tankadere*."

"Would you like something on account?"

"If convenient to your honour."

"Here are two hundred pounds. Sir," continued Fogg, turning to Fix, "if you would like to take advantage of this opportunity—"

"Thank you, sir," replied Fix. "I was about to beg the favour of you."

"Well, then, we shall be ready in half an hour."

"But what shall we do about the servant?" said Mrs. Aouda, who was much distressed at Passe-partout's absence.

"I will do all I can for him," replied Fogg; and while they directed their steps towards the police-office. Fix went on board the pilot-boat. Phileas left the description of his servant with the police, and a sum of money to be spent in seeking him. The same formality was gone through at the French Consulate; and then procuring their luggage, which had been sent back to the hotel, they went down to the wharf.

Three o'clock struck; the pilot-boat No. 43 was ready to start. She was a pretty little schooner, about twenty tons, built for speed, like a racing-yacht. She was as bright and clean as possible, and Bunsby evidently took a pride in his little craft. Her masts raked rather. She carried foresail and the usual sails for a ship of her tonnage. She could evidently make good way, as indeed she had proved by winning several prizes.

The crew consisted of the owner and four other men, all well acquainted with the neighbouring seas, which they scoured in search of ships wanting pilots. John Bunsby was a man of about five-and-forty, vigorous and full of decision and energy, calculated to reassure the most nervous passengers.

Phileas Fogg and Mrs. Aouda went on board, where they found Fix already installed. The accommodation was not extensive, but everything was clean and neat.

"I am sorry I have nothing better to offer you," said Mr. Fogg to Fix. The latter bowed without replying, for he felt somewhat humiliated in accepting Mr. Fogg's kindness under the circumstances.

"At any rate," he thought, "if he is a rascal he is a very polite one."

At ten minutes past three the sails were hoisted, the English flag was run up to the peak; the passengers took a last look at the quays in the hope of descrying Passe-partout, but they were disappointed. Fix was somewhat afraid that some chance might bring the lad whom he had treated so badly in that direction, and then an explanation would surely have ensued of a nature by no means satisfactory to the detective. But the Frenchman did not turn up, and no doubt he was still under the influence of the opium.

So John Bunsby stood out to sea, and the *Tankadere*, with the wind on the quarter, went bounding briskly over the waves.

CHAPTER XXI.

Showing how the Owner of the *Tankadere* nearly lost the Bonus of Two Hundred Pounds.

This voyage of eight hundred miles was one of great risk at that season of the year in those seas, which are usually very rough, particularly during the equinoxes, and it was then the beginning of November.

It would have been very much to the advantage of the owner of the *Tankadere* to have gone on to Yokohama, as he was paid so much a day, but such a voyage would have been extremely rash. It was a risk to go to Shanghai; still, John Bunsby had confidence in his ship, which sailed like a bird, and perhaps he was right.

"There is no need for me to urge you to speed," said Fogg to Bunsby, when they had got out to sea.

"Your honour may depend upon me," replied Bunsby; "I will do all I can."

"Well, it is your business and not mine, pilot, and I trust you thoroughly."

Phileas Fogg, standing upright, with his legs stretched apart, was as steady as a sailor as he gazed over the foaming sea. Mrs. Aouda, seated aft, was somewhat nervous as she contemplated the ocean. The sails bellied out overhead like great wings, and the schooner ran before the wind at a great pace. Night fell. The moon was only in the first quarter, and her light would soon be quenched beneath the horizon. Clouds were rising in the east, and already banking up.

The pilot hung out the vessel's lights, an indispensable proceeding, for collisions were by no means unfrequent, and any such occurrence, at the speed they were now going, would shatter the gallant little craft to pieces.

Fix, seated up in the bows, held himself aloof, as he knew Fogg was not much of a talker; besides, he did not quite like to enter into conversation with this man whose good offices he had accepted. He thought of the future, for it now seemed certain that Fogg would not stop at Yokohama, but would immediately take the steamer for San Francisco, so as to reach America, where he would be safe. Fogg's plan seemed to the detective to be very simple.

Instead of embarking in England for the United States, like a common swindler, Fogg had made a tour three-parts round the globe, so as to gain the American continent more safely; and once there, he could enjoy himself comfortably with his spoil. But what could Fix do in the United States? Should he give up the man? No, certainly not; and until he had obtained an act of extradition, he would not lose sight of him. This was his duty, and he would carry it out to the bitter end. There was one thing, at any rate, to be thankful for, Passe-partout was not now with his master; and after Fix's confidence imparted to him, it was very important that the servant should not see his master again in a hurry.

Phileas Fogg was himself thinking about his servant, who had so curiously disappeared. But after consideration of the circumstances, it did not appear improbable that the young man had gone on board the *Carnatic* at the last moment. This was also Mrs. Aouda's opinion, for she deeply regretted the worthy fellow's absence, as she was so deeply indebted to him. They might, therefore, find him at Yokohama, and if he were on the *Carnatic*, it would be easy to ascertain the fact.

About ten o'clock the breeze began to freshen, and though it might have been prudent to take in a reef or two, the pilot, after taking an observation, let the sails stand, for the *Tankadere* carried her canvas well; but everything was prepared to furl the sails in case of necessity.

At midnight, Phileas Fogg and Mrs. Aouda went below. Fix had already turned in, but the owner and his crew remained on deck all night.

By sunrise next morning the schooner had made a hundred miles. The log showed they were going about eight or nine knots an hour. They were still carrying on, and, if the wind held, the chances were in their favour. The vessel made her way along the coast all that day. The sea was not so rough, as the wind blew off-shore, which was a very fortunate circumstance for such a small vessel.

About noon the breeze fell a little, and shifted to the south-east. The owner spread his topsails, but furled them again, as the breeze showed signs of freshening once more.

Mr. Fogg and Mrs. Aouda did not suffer from sea-sickness, and ate with a good appetite, and Fix,

invited to partake of the meal, was obliged to accept very unwillingly. He did not like to travel and eat at the expense of the man he was tracking; but yet he was obliged to eat, and so he ate.

After dinner he found an opportunity to speak to Mr. Fogg privately. "Sir," he said—this term scorched his lips, so to speak, and he had to control himself; his impulse was to arrest this "gentleman"—"sir," said he, "it is very good of you to give me a passage; but although I cannot spend money as freely as you do, I shall be happy to pay my expenses."

"You need not say anything about that," replied Mr. Fogg.

"But if I insist upon it?"

"No, sir," replied Fogg, in a tone which admitted of no discussion, "this is included in my general expenses."

Fix bowed, he felt half stifled; and going forward, he sat down and did not speak for the whole day.

Meantime they were making good progress. John Bunsby was in hopes of succeeding, and frequently said to Mr. Fogg that "they would be in time;" to which Fogg merely replied that "he counted upon it." The crew, also inspired by the hope of reward, worked hard. Not a sheet required bracing, not a sail that was not well hoisted, not one unnecessary lurch could be attributed to the steersman. They could not have worked the schooner better if they had been sailing a match in the Royal Yacht Club Regatta.

By the evening the log showed that they had run two hundred and twenty miles, and Mr. Fogg hoped that when he arrived at Yokohama he would not have to record any delay in his journal. If so, the only check he had met with since he left London would not affect his journey.

Towards morning the *Tankadere* entered the Straits of Fo-kien, which separate Formosa from the Chinese coasts. The sea was very rough, and it was difficult to stand on deck. At daybreak the wind freshened still more, and there was every appearance of a storm. The mercury rose and fell at intervals. In the south-east the sea rose in a long swell, which betokened a tempest.

The pilot studied the aspect of the heavens for a long time, and at last said to Mr. Fogg:

"I suppose I may tell your honour what I think?"

"Of course," replied Fogg.

"Well, then, we are going to have a storm."

"From the north or south?" asked Mr. Fogg calmly.

"From the south. A typhoon is approaching."

"I am glad it is coming from the south, it will help us on."

"Oh, if you look on it in that light," said Bunsby, "I have no more to say."

The presentiments of Bunsby were fulfilled. During the summer the typhoon would have been probably dissipated in an electric cascade, but in the winter it would probably have its course. So the pilot took his precautions. He took in his sails and set merely the storm-jib, and waited.

The pilot begged his passengers to go below, but in such a narrow and confined space the imprisonment was far from agreeable, so none of them would quit the deck.

About eight o'clock the hurricane, with torrents of rain, burst upon them. With nothing but the small jib, the *Tankadere* was almost lifted out of the water by the tempest. She darted through the sea like a locomotive at full-speed.

All that day the vessel was hurried towards the north, borne on the top of the monstrous waves. Time after time she was almost engulfed, but the careful steering of the pilot saved her. The passengers were drenched with spray, but took it philosophically. Fix grumbled, no doubt; but the brave Aouda regarded her companion and admired his coolness, while she endeavoured to imitate it. As for Phileas Fogg, he took it as a matter of course.

Hitherto the *Tankadere* had been sailing northwards, but towards evening, as the pilot had feared, the wind veered round to the north-west The schooner plunged terribly in the trough of the sea, and it was fortunate she was so solidly built. The tempest increased if possible at night, and John Bunsby began to feel anxious; he consulted his crew as to what they should do.

He then came to Mr. Fogg, and said, "I think we should make for one of the ports hereabouts."

"So do I," replied Fogg.

"Yes," said the pilot; "but which?"

"I only know of one," said Fogg quietly.

"And that is—?"

"Shanghai."

This reply took the pilot aback rather at first; but recognising Mr. Fogg's firmness, he said: "Yes, your honour is right, Shanghai be it."

So they kept their course.

The night was fearful; it seemed a miracle that the little vessel did not founder. Twice she was caught in the trough of the sea, and would have gone down, but that everything was let fly. Mrs. Aouda was knocked about, and more than once Mr. Fogg rushed to her assistance, though she made no complaint.

At daybreak the storm was still raging, but suddenly the wind backed to the south-east. This was a change for the better, and the *Tankadere* again proceeded on her course, though the cross-sea gave her some tremendous blows, sufficient to have crushed a less solid craft. The coast was occasionally visible through the mist, but not a sail was in sight.

At noon the weather cleared a little, the gale had blown itself out, and the travellers were enabled to take some rest. The night was comparatively quiet, and the pilot was induced to set a little more sail, and at day-break next morning John Bunsby was able to declare that they were less than a hundred miles from Shanghai.

A hundred miles, and only one day to accomplish the distance. On that evening they ought to be at Shanghai if they wished to catch the steamer for Yokohama; but for the storm, which had delayed them several hours, they would then have been within thirty miles of their destination.

The breeze continued to fall, and the sea went down. All canvas was spread, and at twelve o'clock the Tankadere was only forty-five miles from Shanghai. Six hours still remained, and all were afraid they could not do it. Everyone on board, except Phileas Fogg no doubt, felt the keenest anxiety. They must maintain a speed of nine knots an hour, and the wind was falling rapidly, and coming in puffs.

Nevertheless, the schooner was so light and carried such a spread of canvas, besides being aided by the shore currents, that at six o'clock Bunsby reckoned they were only ten miles from the Shanghai river. The town itself was situated about twelve miles higher up.

At seven o'clock they were still three miles from Shanghai. The pilot swore a formidable oath as he perceived the bonus of two hundred pounds slipping away from him. He looked at Mr. Fogg; Mr. Fogg was impassible, although his whole fortune was in the balance.

At this moment a long black funnel, from which a thick train of smoke was issuing, appeared. This was the American steamer leaving Shanghai at the proper time.

"Confound it!" cried Bunsby, as he kept the schooner away a point.

"Signal her," said Fogg quietly.

There was a small brass cannon on the forecastle, which was used during fogs.

This piece was charged to the muzzle, but just as the pilot was going to fire, Phileas said:

"Hoist your flag."

The ensign was run up half-mast. This was a signal of distress, and they hoped that the steamer would see it and heave-to to assist them.

"Fire!" exclaimed Mr. Fogg.

And the report of the little cannon immediately boomed over the sea.

CHAPTER XXII.

Showing how Passe-partout finds out that, even at the Antipodes, it is prudent to have Money in his Pocket.

The *Carnatic*, bound for Japan, left Hong Kong on the 7th of November. Two cabins were unoccupied—they had been engaged by Mr. Phileas Fogg. The following morning the sailors were astonished to perceive a dishevelled, half-stupefied figure emerge from the fore-cabin and sit down on deck.

This passenger was Passe-partout, and this is what had happened:

Soon after Fix had left the opium-tavern, two waiters had laid Passe-partout upon the couch reserved for smokers; three hours later Passe-partout, haunted by one idea, woke up and struggled against the stupefying influence of the drug. The thought of his unfulfilled duties assisted him to shake off his torpor. He left the den of drunkenness, and guiding himself by the walls, he staggered on, crying out, as in a dream: "The *Carnatic*, the *Carnatic*!"

The steamer was alongside the wharf, ready to start. Passe-partout had but a few paces to traverse; he rushed across the gangway, and fell senseless on the deck just as the paddles began to revolve. The sailors, accustomed to this sort of thing, took him down to the fore-cabin, and when he awoke he was fifty miles from Hong Kong.

This is how he found himself on board the *Carnatic*, inhaling the sea-air, which sobered him by degrees. He began to collect his thoughts, which was no easy matter, but at length he was able to recall the occurrences of the day before—Fix's confidence and the opium-smoking, etc.

"The fact is," he thought, "I have been very tipsy. What will Mr. Fogg say? At any rate, I have not missed the steamer, and that is the principal thing;" then he thought of Fix. "As for him," he muttered, "I trust he has not dared to follow us on board this ship, as he said. A detective tracking my master, and accusing him of robbing the Bank of England! Bosh! he is no more a robber than I am an assassin."

Now, was he to tell all this to his master? Would it not be better to wait till they all reached London, and when the detective had followed them all round the world, to have a good laugh at him? This was a point to be considered. The first thing was to find Mr. Fogg and ask his pardon.

Passe-partout accordingly got up; the sea was rough, and the ship rolled considerably. It was with some difficulty he reached the quarterdeck, but could not see anyone at all like his master or Mrs. Aouda.

"All right," he thought, "the lady is not up yet, and Mr. Fogg is probably playing whist as usual."

Passe-partout accordingly went down to the saloon. Mr. Fogg was not there. All he could do now was to ask the purser for his master's cabin. That individual replied that he knew no passenger by the name of Fogg.

"Excuse me," said Passe-partout, "he is a tall, cool, quiet-looking gentleman, and is accompanied by a young lady."

"There is no young lady on board," said the purser. "However, here is the passenger-list, and you can see for yourself."

Passe-partout did so. His master's name was not entered.

Suddenly an idea occurred to him, and he said: "Am I on the *Carnatic*?"

"Yes," replied the purser.

"On the way to Hong Kong?"

"Yes, decidedly."

Passe-partout for the moment was afraid he had got on the wrong ship, but if he was on the *Carnatic* it was evident his master was not.

Passe-partout fell back on a chair. He was thunder-struck. All at once the light broke in upon his mind; he remembered that the hour of the ship sailing had been altered, that he ought to have told his master, and he had not done so. It was therefore his fault that they had missed the vessel.

His fault no doubt, but still more the fault of that traitor who had endeavoured to keep his master at Hong Kong, and had made him (Passe-partout) tipsy. He saw it all now. His master was ruined, arrested, and imprisoned perhaps. Passe-partout was furious. Ah, if Fix ever came within his reach, what a settling of accounts there would be!

Passe-partout by degrees recovered his composure, and began to look things in the face. He was on his route to Japan, at any rate, but he had no money in his pocket, and this was not a pleasant reflection. He literally did not possess a penny. Fortunately his passage had been paid, so he had five or six days to make up his mind. He ate accordingly for the whole party, and as if there was nothing to be got to eat when he reached Japan.

The *Carnatic* entered the harbour of Yokohama on the morning tide of the 13th, and came alongside the quay, near the Custom House, amidst a crowd of ships of every nationality.

Passe-partout went on shore to this curious land without any enthusiasm; he had nothing to do but to wander aimlessly through the streets. He first found himself in a thoroughly European quarter of the town, with houses ornamented with verandahs and elegant peristyles. This portion of the town occupied all the space between the promontory of the Treaty and the river, and included docks and warehouses, with many streets and squares. Here, as at Hong Kong and Calcutta, were a crowd of Americans, English, Chinese, and Dutch merchants ready to buy or sell almost anything, and Passe-partout felt as strange amongst them as a Hottentot might have done.

He had one resource at any rate, he could apply to the French or English consuls; but he shrank from telling his adventures, which were so intimately connected with his master. So before doing so, he thought he would try every other chance for a livelihood.

After traversing the European quarter, he entered the Japanese district, and made up his mind to push on to Yeddo if necessary.

The native quarter of Yokohama is called Benter, after the sea-goddess worshipped on the neighbouring islands. Here he noticed beautiful groves of fir and cedar; sacred gates of peculiar construction; bridges, enclosed by bamboos and reeds; and temples, surrounded by immense and melancholy-looking cedars, wherein Buddhist priests and votaries of Confucius resided. There were long streets with crowds of infants, who looked as if they were cut out of Japanese screens, and who were playing with bandy-legged poodles, and with yellow cats without tails, of a very lazy and very affectionate disposition.

The streets were crowded with people passing and repassing: priests, policemen, custom-house officers, and soldiers—the Mikado's guard, in silken doublets and coats of mail, as well as other soldiers of all descriptions; for in Japan the army is as much regarded as it is despised in China. There were friars, pilgrims with long robes, and civilians with long black hair, large heads, long waists, thin legs, and short of stature; with complexions, some copper-colour, some pale, but never yellow like the Chinese, from whom the Japanese differ essentially. Amongst the carriages, the palanquins, the barrows with sails, bamboo litters, he noticed many very pretty women moving about with tiny steps, on tiny feet, and shod with canvas shoes, with straw sandals and wooden clogs. They appeared to have small eyes, fiat chests, black teeth, according to fashion; but wearing gracefully the national robe called "kirimon," a sort of dressing-gown, crossed with a silk scarf and tied behind in a large knot, a mode which Parisian ladies have borrowed from the Japanese.

Passe-partout wandered about in the crowd for some hours, looking at the shops, at the glittering jewellers' establishments; the restaurants, which he could not enter; the tea-houses, where they drank "saki," a liquor made from the fermentation of rice; and comfortable-looking tobacco-shops, where they smoked, not opium, which is almost unknown in Japan, but a fine tobacco. Thence he went on into the fields amongst the rice-plantations; there were flowers of all sorts, giving forth their last perfumes—beautiful camellias, not on bushes, but on trees; and bamboo enclosures, with cherry, plum, and apple trees, Which the natives cultivate rather for their blossom than their fruit. On almost every cedar-tree an eagle was perched, and on the willows were melancholy herons, standing on one leg; and crows, ducks, hawks, wild geese, and a quantity of cranes, which are looked upon as sacred by the Japanese, as conferring upon them long life and happiness.

As he wandered on, Passe-partout noted some violets amid the grass. "Good," he said, "here is my supper;" but he found they were scentless.

"No chance there," he thought.

Certainly, as a precaution, he had taken care to have a good meal before he left the *Carnatic*, but after walking a whole day, he felt somewhat hungry. He had already remarked that the butchers' shops

displayed neither mutton, pork, nor kids; and as he knew that it was forbidden to kill oxen, which are reserved for farming, he concluded that meat was scarce in Japan. He was not mistaken, but he could have put up with wild boar even, partridges, quails, fish, or fowl, which the Japanese eat almost exclusively with rice. However, he kept his spirits up, and looked forward to a meal next day.

Night fell, and Passe-partout re-entered the native quarter, where he wandered through the streets in the midst of coloured lanterns, looking on at the conjurers, and at the astrologers, who had collected a crowd round their telescopes. Then he wandered back to the harbour, lighted up by the fishermen's torches.

At length the streets began to get empty, and to the crowd succeeded the patrols. These officers, in their splendid uniforms and followed by their attendants, looked like ambassadors; and every time Passe-partout met one of these parties, he said to himself:

"Good, good; another Japanese embassy going to Europe."

CHAPTER XXIII.

In which Passe-partout's Nose gets immeasurably long.

Next morning, Passe-partout, very tired and very hungry, began to think that he ought to eat something, and the sooner the better. He still had his watch, which he could sell, but he would rather die of hunger than do that; so now or never, he must make use of his powerful, if not melodious, voice, with which nature had endowed him. He knew several French and English songs, and resolved to make the attempt. The Japanese were no doubt fond of music, since they were always beating cymbals, tomtoms, and drums, and they would no doubt appreciate European talent.

But perhaps it was somewhat early to start a concert, and the *dilettanti*, awakened inopportunely, would not, perhaps, pay him in current coin of the realm. So Passe-partout decided to wait; and meantime it occurred to him that he might as well change his clothes for some more in keeping with his present position, and afterwards he might be able to purchase something to eat.

He immediately set about to carry out the idea, and after a long search he discovered a dealer in old clothes, with whom he made an exchange, and left the shop dressed in a Japanese robe and discoloured turban; but he had some money in his pocket also.

"All right," he thought; "I must only fancy myself at a carnival."

Passe-partout's first care was to enter a quiet-looking tea-house, and then, with a portion of fowl and some rice, he breakfasted like a man who had not yet solved the problem as to where dinner was to come from.

"Now," he thought, after a hearty meal, "I must consider what I am about. All I can do now is to sell this dress for another still more Japanesey. I must think of some means of quitting this Country of the Sun as quickly as possible, and I shall not have a very pleasant recollection of it."

He accordingly went to look at the steamers about to sail to America, for he intended to offer himself as a cook or steward, in exchange for his passage and food. Once at San Francisco he would manage to get on. The important thing was to cross the ocean. He was not the man to think about a thing very long, so he went at once to the docks; but his project, which had appeared so simple in idea, was not so easy to execute. What need was there for a cook or steward on board an American mail-boat? And how could they trust him in his present costume? What reference or recommendation could he offer?

As he was turning these questions over in his mind his gaze fell upon a placard, which a circus clown was carrying through the streets. The notice was in English, and read as follows:

THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM BATULCAR'S TROUPE OF JAPANESE ACROBATS.

POSITIVELY THE LAST REPRESENTATIONS, PRIOR TO THEIR DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA,

OF THE

LONG - NOSES - LONG - NOSES.

Under the Special Patronage of the God Tingou.

GREAT ATTRACTION!

"The United States of America!" exclaimed Passe-partout; "that suits me all round."

He followed the "sandwich-man," and was soon in the Japanese quarter once again. In about a quarter of an hour they stopped before a large hut, adorned with flags, upon which a troupe of jugglers were depicted, without any attempt at perspective.

This was the establishment of the Honourable Mr. Batulcar, a sort of Barnum, a director of a troupe of acrobats and jugglers, who were giving their last representations, prior to their departure to the United States. Passe-partout entered and asked for the proprietor. Mr. Batulcar appeared in person.

"What do you want?" he said to Passe-partout, whom he took for a native.

"Do you need a servant, sir?" asked Passe-partout.

"A servant!" echoed the Barnum, as he stroked his beard; "I have two, obedient and faithful, who have never left me, and serve me for nothing but nourishment; and here they are," he added, as he extended his brawny arms, on which the great veins stood out like whipcord.

"So I can be of no use to you, then?"

"Not the least."

"The devil! It would have been very convenient if I could have sailed with you."

"Ah, yes," said the Honourable Batulcar; "you are just about as much a Japanese as I am a baboon, I guess. What are you dressed up like that for?"

"One is obliged to dress as one can."

"That's a fact. You are a Frenchman, ain't you?"

"Yes; a Parisian."

"Then I suppose you know how to make grimaces?"

"Well," replied Passe-partout, somewhat vexed that his nationality should provoke such a question. "It is true that we Frenchmen do know how to make grimaces, but no better than Americans."

"That's so. Well, if I cannot take you as a servant I can engage you as a clown. You see, my lad, this is how it is: in France they exhibit foreign clowns, and in foreign countries French clowns."

"I see."

"You are pretty strong, I suppose?"

"More particularly when I get up after dinner."

"And you know how to sing?"

"Yes," replied Passe-partout, who at one time had sung in the street concerts.

"But can you sing standing on your head with a top spinning on the sole of your left foot, and a sword balanced on your right foot?"

"Something of that sort," replied Passe-partout, who recalled the acrobatic performances of his youth.

"Well, that is the whole business," replied the Honourable Mr. Batulcar.

And the engagement was ratified there and then.

At length Passe-partout had found something to do. He was engaged to make one of a celebrated Japanese troupe. This was not a high position, but in eight days he would be on his way to San Francisco.

The performance was advertised to commence at three o'clock, and although Passe-partout had not rehearsed the "business," he was obliged to form one of the human pyramid composed of the "Long-Noses of the God Tingou." This was the great attraction, and was to close the performance.

The house was crowded before three o'clock by people of all races, ages, and sexes. The musicians took up their positions, and performed vigorously on their noisy instruments.

The performance was very much the same as all acrobatic displays; but it must be stated that the Japanese are the cleverest acrobats in the world. One of them, with a fan and a few bits of paper, did the butterfly and flower trick; another traced in the air with the smoke of his pipe a compliment to the audience; another juggled with some lighted candles which he extinguished successively as they passed his mouth, and which he relit one after the other without for a moment ceasing his sleight-of-hand performances; another produced a series of spinning-tops which, in his hands, played all kinds of pranks as they whirled round—they ran along the stems of pipes, on the edges of swords, upon wires, and even on hairs stretched across the stage; they spun round crystal goblets, crossed bamboo ladders, ran into all the comers of the stage, and made strange music, combining various tones, as they revolved. The jugglers threw them up in the air, knocked them from one to the other like shuttlecocks, put them into their pockets and took them out again, and all the time they never ceased to spin.

But after all the principal attraction was the performance of the "Long-Noses," which has never been seen in Europe.

These "Long-Noses" were the select company under the immediate patronage of the god Tingou. Dressed in a costume of the Middle Ages, each individual wore a pair of wings; but they were specially distinguished by the inordinate length of their noses and the uses they made of them. These noses were simply bamboos from five to ten feet long, some straight, some curved, some ribbed, and some with warts painted on them. On these noses, which were firmly fixed on their natural ones, they performed their acrobatic feats. A dozen of these artists lay upon their backs, while their comrades, dressed to represent lightning-conductors, leaped from one to the other of their friends' noses, performing the most skilful somersaults.

The whole was to conclude with the "Pyramid," as had been announced, in which fifty "Long-Noses" were to represent the "Car of Juggernaut." But instead of forming the pyramid on each other's shoulders, these artistes mounted on each others noses. Now one of them, who used to act as the base of the car, had left the troupe, and as only strength and adroitness were necessary for the position, Passe-partout had been selected to fill it on this occasion.

That worthy fellow felt very melancholy when he had donned his costume, adorned with parti-coloured wings, and had fixed his six-foot nose to his face; but, at any rate, the nose would procure him something to eat, and he made up his mind to do what he had to do.

He went on the stage and joined his colleagues; they all lay down on their backs, and then another party placed themselves on the long noses of the first, another tier of performers climbed up on them, then a third and a fourth; and upon the noses a human monument was raised almost to the flies.

Then the applause rose loud and long. The orchestra played a deafening tune, when suddenly the pyramid shook, one of the noses at the base fell out, and the whole pyramid collapsed like a house of cards!

It was all owing to Passe-partout. Clearing himself from the scramble, and leaping over the footlights, without the aid of his wings, he scaled the gallery, and fell at the feet of one of the spectators, crying out, as he did so, "Oh my master, my master!"

"You!"

"Yes, it is I."

"Well then, under those circumstances you had better go on board the steamer."

So Mr. Fogg, Aouda, who accompanied him, and Passe-partout hastened out of the theatre. At the door they met the Honourable Mr. Batulcar, who was furious, and demanded damages for the breaking of the "Pyramid." Mr. Fogg quickly appeased him by handing him a roll of notes.

At half-past six, the appointed hour for the sailing of the vessel, Mr. Fogg, Mrs. Aouda, and Passe-partout, who still wore his wings and long nose, stepped upon the deck of the American mail-steamer.

CHAPTER XXIV.

In which the Pacific Ocean is crossed.

The reader will easily guess what happened at Shanghai. The signals made by the *Tankadere* were perceived by the mail-steamer, and soon afterwards, Phileas Fogg having paid the price agreed upon, as well as a bonus of five hundred and fifty pounds, he and his party were soon on board the steamer.

They reached Yokohama on the 14th, and Phileas Fogg, leaving Fix to his own devices, went on board the *Carnatic*, where he heard, to Aouda's great delight, and probably to his own though he did not betray it, that a Frenchman named Passe-partout had arrived in her the day before.

Mr. Fogg, who was obliged to leave for San Francisco that very evening, immediately set about searching for his servant. To no purpose was it that he inquired at the Consulate or walked about the streets, and he gave up the search. Was it by chance or presentiment that he visited Mr. Batulcar's entertainment? He would not certainly have recognised his servant in his eccentric dress, but Passe-partout had spied his master out. He could not restrain a movement of the nose, and so the collapse had occurred.

All this Passe-partout learnt from Mrs. Aouda, who also told him how they had come from Hong Kong with a certain Mr. Fix.

Passe-partout did not even wink at the name of Fix, for he thought the moment had not yet come to tell his master what had passed; so in his recital of his own adventures, he merely said that he had been overtaken by opium.

Mr. Fogg listened coldly to his excuses, and then lent him money sufficient to obtain proper clothes. In about an hour he had got rid of his nose and wings, and was once more himself again.

The steamer in which they were crossing was called the *General Grant,* and belonged to the Pacific Mail Company. She was a paddle-steamer of two thousand five hundred tons, had three masts, and at twelve knots an hour would not take more than twenty-one days to cross the ocean; so Phileas Fogg was justified in thinking that he would reach San Francisco on the 2nd of December, New York on the 11th, and London on the 20th, so gaining several hours on the fatal 21st.

Nothing of any consequence occurred on the voyage. The Pacific fully bore out its name, and was as calm as Mr. Fogg himself. Mrs. Aouda felt more and more attached to this taciturn man by even stronger ties than gratitude. She was more deeply impressed than she was aware of, and almost unconsciously gave herself up to emotion, which, however, did not appear to have any effect upon Mr. Fogg. Besides, she took the greatest interest in his projects—anything that threatened to interfere with his plans disquieted her extremely. She frequently consulted with Passe-partout, and he, guessing how deeply she was interested, praised his master all day long. He calmed her apprehensions, insisted that the most difficult part of the journey had been accomplished, that they would be soon in civilised countries, and the railway to New York and the transatlantic steamer to Liverpool would bring them home within their time.

Nine days after leaving Yokohama, Mr. Fogg had traversed just exactly one half of the globe. On the 23rd of November this *General Grant* passed the 180th meridian, the antipodes of London. Of the eighty days he had had, he had, it is true, spent fifty-two, and only twenty-eight remained; but it must be remarked that if he had only gone halfway, according to the difference of meridians, he had really accomplished two-thirds of his journey. He had been obliged to make long detours; but had he followed the 50th parallel, which is that of London, the distance would only have been twelve thousand miles, whereas by the caprices of locomotion he had actually been obliged to travel twenty-six thousand miles, of which he had now finished seventeen thousand five hundred. But now it was all plain sailing, and Fix was not there to interfere with him.

It also happened on that day that Passe-partout made a great discovery. It may be remembered that he had insisted on keeping London time with his famous family watch, and despised all other timekeepers on the journey. Now on this day, although he had not touched it, his watch agreed exactly with the ship's chronometer. His triumph was complete, and he almost wished Fix had been there that he might crow over him.

"What a lot of falsehoods the fellow told me about the meridians, the sun, and the moon. Nice sort of time we should keep if we listened to such as he. I was quite sure that the sun would regulate itself by my watch one of these days."

Passe-partout did not know that if his watch had been divided into the twenty-four hours like Italian clocks, the hands would now show that it was nine o'clock in the evening instead of nine o'clock in the morning—that is to say, the one-and-twentieth hour after midnight, which is the difference between London time and that at the 180th meridian. But this Passe-partout would not have acknowledged even if he understood it, and, in any case, if the detective had been on board. Passe-partout would have argued with him on any subject.

Now, where was Fix at that moment?

Fix was actually on board the *General Grant*.

In fact, when he reached Yokohama, the detective immediately went to the English Consulate, where he found the warrant which had come by the *Carnatic*, on which steamer they thought he himself had arrived. His disappointment may be guessed, for the warrant was now useless, and an act of extradition would be difficult to cause Fogg to be arrested.

"Well," he thought, when his first anger had evaporated, "if the warrant is no use here it will be in England. The fellow is returning to his native land, thinking he has put the police off the scent. I will follow him; but I hope to goodness some of this money will be left. He must already have spent more than five thousand pounds; however, the bank can afford it."

So he made up his mind to proceed on the *General Grant*, and was actually on board when Mr. Fogg and Mrs. Aouda arrived. He was surprised to recognise Passe-partout in such a dress, but he quickly went down-stairs to avoid explanation, and hoped, thanks to the number of passengers, that he would remain unperceived by his enemy. But that very day he came face to face with Passe-partout.

Passe-partout, without a word, caught him by the throat, and greatly to the delight of the bystanders, who immediately made bets on the result, he proved the superiority of the French system of boxing over the English.

Passe-partout was much refreshed by this exercise. Fix rose in a very dishevelled condition, and asked his adversary "whether he had quite finished?"

"For the present, yes."

"Then let me speak to you."

"But—"

"It is all in your master's interest."

Passe-partout seemed conquered by the detective's coolness, and followed Fix to the fore part of the ship.

"You have given me a licking," said the detective. "So far, so good. I expected it; but just now you must listen to me. Hitherto I have been playing against Mr. Fogg. I am now in his favour."

"Oh, then you believe him honest at last?"

"By no means. I think he is a thief. Be quiet, hear me out. So long as Mr. Fogg was on British territory, I did all I could to detain him till the warrant for his arrest arrived. It was I who put the Bombay priests on your track. I hocussed you at Hong Kong. I separated you from your master, and caused him to lose the Yokohama steamer."

Passe-partout clenched his fists as he listened.

"But now," continued Fix, "Mr. Fogg appears likely to return to England. All right, I will follow him. But in future I will do as much to keep his way clear, as I have done to prevent his progress. I have changed my game, and have done so for my own interest; your interest is the same as mine, for it will be only in England that you will ever find out whether your master is honest or not."

Passe-partout listened attentively, and felt that Fix meant what he said.

"Are we friends?" asked Fix.

"Friends, no; allies, yes; but only to a certain point, for at the least sign of treason, I will twist your neck."

"That's a bargain," said the detective calmly.

Eleven days afterwards, viz. on the 3rd of December, the *General Grant* entered the Golden Gate of San Francisco.

Mr. Fogg had neither gained nor lost a day.

CHAPTER XXV.

A Glimpse of San Francisco. A Political Meeting.

At seven o'clock in the morning, Mr. Fogg and his companions landed in America, or rather upon the floating pier at which the steamers load and unload. There they mingled with ships and steamers of all nationalities, and steam ferry-boats with two or three decks which performed the service on the Sacramento and its affluents.

Passe-partout was so delighted to reach America, that he thought it necessary to execute one of his most active leaps. But when he landed upon the quay, he found the planks worm-eaten, and he went through them. His cry of alarm frightened all the birds which perched upon these floating quays.

Mr. Fogg's first care was to ascertain when the next train left for New York. It started at six o'clock, so they had a whole day before them. Then hiring a carriage, they drove to the International Hotel. From his position on the box of the vehicle, Passe-partout observed with great curiosity the wide streets, the rows of lofty houses, the churches and other places of worship built in the Anglo-Saxon gothic style, immense docks, palatial warehouses, innumerable cabs, omnibuses, and tramway-cars; while Americans, Europeans, Chinese, and Indians occupied the pathways. San Francisco surprised Passe-partout. It was no longer the habitation of bandits, incendiaries, and assassins, who gambled for gold-dust, a revolver in one hand and a knife in the other. This "good time" had passed. The city was now the hive of commerce. The tower of the city-hall overlooked the labyrinth of streets and avenues, which crossed each other at right angles, amongst which verdant squares extended; and the Chinese quarter looked like an importation from the Celestial Empire in a toy-puzzle. Sombreros, red shirts, and Indian head-dresses had given way to silk hats and black coats, and some of the principal streets were lined with splendid shops, offering the products of the whole world for sale.

When Passe-partout reached the International Hotel, he could scarcely recognise that he was not in England. The ground-floor of this immense building was occupied by a bar, at which free lunch of cold meat, oyster soup, biscuits and cheese, was always to be had; wine or beer had to be paid for. The restaurant was comfortable. Mr. Fogg and Mrs. Aouda sat down to a table, and were waited on by the blackest of negroes.

After breakfast, Phileas Fogg, accompanied by Mrs. Aouda, went to the English Consul to have his passport *viséd*. On the pavement he met his servant, who wanted to know whether he should not purchase some revolvers and rifles. Passe-partout had heard of Sioux and Pawnees, who are in the habit of stopping the trains. His master replied that the precaution was needless, but permitted him to do what he pleased in the matter, and pursued his way to the Consulate.

He had not gone very far when, of course by the merest chance, he met Fix. The detective appeared very much astonished. Was it possible that he and Mr. Fogg had crossed in the same steamer, and never met? Fix professed himself honoured at meeting the gentleman to whom he owed so much. Business called him to Europe, and he would be proud to travel in such agreeable company.

Mr. Fogg replied that the honour would be his, and thereupon Fix, who had made up his mind not to lose sight of the other, requested permission to accompany Mr. Fogg in his walks about the city, which was granted.

So the three travellers soon found themselves in Montgomery Street, and on the outskirts of a great crowd. People were everywhere looking on and shouting, going about carrying large printed bills; flags, and streamers were waving, and everyone was calling out "Hurrah for Camerfield!" or "Hurrah for Maudiboy!"

It was a political meeting, at least Fix thought so; and said to Mr. Fogg that it might perhaps be better not to mingle with the crowd for fear of accidents.

Mr. Fogg agreed, and added "that blows, even though inflicted in a political sense, were nevertheless blows."

Fix smiled, and then in order to be able to see without being hustled, the three travellers mounted a flight of steps at the upper end of the street. Opposite was a large platform towards which the crowd appeared to be moving.

Mr. Fogg could not form any opinion as to what the meeting was about. Perhaps it was the nomination of a governor of a State, or of a member of Congress, which was not unlikely. Just then the excitement of the crowd became greater, fists were raised as if to register a vote by a show of hands. The crowd swayed backwards and forwards, flags were displayed and immediately torn to pieces, hats were smashed, and the greater part of the crowd seemed to have grown suddenly shorter.

"It is evidently a political meeting," said Fix; "perhaps it is about the Alabama Claims, although they are settled by this time."

"Perhaps it is," replied Mr. Fogg.

"At any rate," continued Fix, "here are the candidates. The Honourable
Mr. Camerfield and the Honourable Mr. Maudiboy have met."

Aouda, leaning upon Mr. Fogg's arm, was regarding the tumult with curiosity, and Fix was about to ask the reason of the disturbance when the uproar increased to a terrific extent. The crowd became more excited, blows were exchanged, boots and shoes were sent whirling through the air, and the spectators thought they could hear the crack of revolvers mingling with the cries of men. The combatants approached the steps on which the party had taken refuge. One of the candidates had evidently been repulsed, but whether Camerfield or Maudiboy had got the best of it, mere spectators could not tell.

"I think we had better retire," said Fix; "if there is any discussion about England, and we were recognised, we might receive some injury."

"An Englishman—" began Mr. Fogg.

But he never finished the sentence, for a tremendous uproar arose on the terrace just behind them, and there were loud shouts for Maudiboy, a party of whose adherents were taking their opponents in the flank.

Our travellers were now between two fires; it was too late to escape; the torrent of men armed with life-preservers and sticks could not be withstood. Phileas Fogg and Fix did all they could to protect their fair companions with the weapons nature had provided, but unsuccessfully. A great ruffian, with a red beard, who appeared to be the chief of the band, was about to strike Mr. Fogg, and would probably have done him serious injury if Fix had not stepped in and received the blow in his stead, thereby getting his hat completely smashed.

"You low Yankee!" exclaimed Mr. Fogg contemptuously.

"You English beast!" replied the other.

"We shall meet again."

"Whenever you please."

"What is your name?"

"Phileas Fogg; and yours?"

"Colonel Stamp Proctor."

And the tide of humanity swept past, overturning Fix, who, however, speedily regained his feet, and though much dishevelled was not seriously hurt. His overcoat was torn in two, and his trousers were more like those worn by the Indians; but fortunately Aouda had escaped, and Fix only showed any traces of the encounter.

"Thank you," said Mr. Fogg to the detective when they were out of the crowd.

"Don't mention it," replied Fix; "let us go on."

"Where to?"

"To a tailor's."

In fact this course had become necessary, for the clothes of both men were torn as badly as if they had taken an active part in the contest, but in an hour they were newly clad and safely back at the hotel again.

There they found Passe-partout waiting and armed with a dozen six-barrelled central-fire revolvers. When he perceived Fix with Mr. Fogg he frowned, but when Mrs. Aouda had told him all that had passed his brow cleared. Fix evidently was no longer an enemy; he was an ally, and was adhering to his agreement.

After dinner they took a carriage and drove to the railway-station. As Mr. Fogg was getting into the cab he said to Fix, "Have you seen that Colonel Proctor since?"

"No," replied Fix.

"I will make a point of coming back to America to find him out," replied Fogg coolly. "It would never do for an Englishman to allow himself to be treated as he treated us."

The detective smiled, but made no reply. It was evident, however, that Mr. Fogg was of that race of Britons who, though they do not permit duelling at home, fight in foreign countries when their honour is in any way attacked.

At a quarter to six the travellers reached the railway-station, and found the train ready. Mr. Fogg called a porter and asked him the reason of the excitement that afternoon.

"It was a meeting, sir," replied the porter.

"I thought there was some great commotion in the streets."

"It was merely an election meeting."

"For a commander-in-chief, no doubt?" suggested Mr. Fogg.

"Oh dear no," replied the man. "It was for a justice of the peace."

On this reply Phileas Fogg entered the train, which started almost immediately.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Showing how Mr. Fogg and Party journeyed in the Pacific Express.

"From ocean to ocean," as the Americans say, and this sentence is the usual expression to intimate the crossing of the continent by the Pacific Railway. That line is really divided into two, viz. the Central Pacific, between San Francisco and Ogden; and the Union Pacific, between Ogden and Omaha. There are five trunk-lines from Omaha to New York.

New York and San Francisco are thus united by a continuous iron road more than three thousand seven hundred and eighty-six miles in length; between the Pacific and Omaha the railroad traverses a country still inhabited by Indians and wild beasts, and a vast extent of territory which the Mormons began to colonise in 1845, when they were driven out from Illinois.

Formerly, under the most favourable circumstances, the journey from New York to San Francisco occupied six months, now it is accomplished in seven days.

It was in 1862 that, notwithstanding the opposition of Confederate members of Congress, who desired a more southerly route, the railroad track was planned between the forty-first and the forty-second parallels of latitude. President Lincoln himself fixed the termination of the new line at Omaha, in Nebraska. The work was immediately begun and continued with characteristic American energy, which is neither red-tapeish nor bureaucratic. The rapidity of the work did not affect its completeness; they laid a mile and a half of line across the prairie every day; an engine, carrying the rails to be used next day, ran on the line only just laid, and advanced as quickly as they were fixed.

The Pacific railroad has several branches in the States of Iowa, Kansas, Colorado, and Oregon. When it leaves Omaha the line runs along the left bank of the river Platte, as far as the mouth of the northern branch, follows the south branch, crosses the Laramine territory and the Wahsatch Mountains to Salt Lake City (the Mormon capital), plunges into the Tuilla Valley across the desert, Mounts Cedar and Humboldt, the Humboldt river and the Sierra Nevada, and then descends by Sacramento to the Pacific; the gradient all the way, even over the Rocky Mountains, not exceeding a hundred and twelve feet to the mile.

Such was the line along which Phileas Fogg hoped to be carried to New York in seven days in time to reach the Steamer to Liverpool on the 11th.

The car in which our travellers were seated was a sort of long omnibus, with four wheels at each end, without compartments; rows of seats were placed at each side, a passage running between them from end to end of this carriage, and practically of the train, for every carriage was closely connected with the next. There were drawing-room cars, smoking-cars, and restaurants. The only thing wanting was the theatre-car, but no doubt that will some day be supplied. Vendors of books and papers, eatables, drinkables, and tobacco, continually passed through the train.

The train started from Oakland Station at six p.m. It was already dark, and snow was threatening; the pace did not exceed twenty miles an hour, including stoppages. There was not much conversation amongst the passengers, and most of them soon went to sleep. Passe-partout was next to the detective, but did not address him, for after what had happened there could be no sympathy between them. Fix had not altered, but Passe-partout was extremely reserved, and on the least suspicion would have strangled his former friend.

In about an hour snow began to fall, but not sufficiently thick to hinder the progress of the train. Nothing could be seen from the windows but an immense white sheet, against which the steam of the engine looked gray.

At eight o'clock the steward entered and said that bed-time had come. The backs of the seats were thrown down, bedsteads were pulled out, and berths improvised in a few moments. By this ingenious system each passenger was provided with a bed, and protected by curtains from prying eyes. The sheets were clean, the pillows soft. There was nothing to do but to go to bed and sleep, which everybody did as if they were on board ship, while the train rushed on across the State of California.

The territory between San Francisco and Sacramento is not very hilly, and the railroad runs in a north-easterly direction along the American river which falls into the Bay of San Pablo. The hundred and twenty miles' distance between these cities was accomplished in six hours, and as it was midnight when they passed through Sacramento, the travellers could see nothing of the city.

Leaving Sacramento and passing Junction, Rochin, Auburn, and Colfax, the railroad passes through the Sierra Nevada range, and the train reached Cisco at seven o'clock. An hour afterwards the sleeping-car was retransformed to an ordinary carriage, and the passengers were enabled to look out upon the magnificent scenery of this mountainous country. The track followed all the caprices of the mountains, at times suspended over a precipice, boldly rounding angles, penetrating narrow gorges which had apparently no outlet. The engine, with fire gleaming from the grate and black smoke issuing from its funnel, the warning-bell ringing, the "cow-catcher" extending like a spur, mingled its whistlings and snortings with the roar of torrents and waterfalls, and twining its black smoke around the stems of the pine-trees. There are few tunnels or bridges on this portion of the route, for the line winds round the sides of the mountains and does not penetrate them.

About nine o'clock the train entered the State of Nevada by the Carson Valley, still proceeding in a north-easterly direction. At midday the train quitted Reno, where it had stopped twenty minutes for luncheon.

After lunch the passengers took their places in the car again, and admired the scenery. Sometimes great troops of buffaloes were massed like an immense moveable dam on the horizon. These immense troops frequently oppose an impassable barrier to the trains, for they cross the track in close array in thousands and thousands, occupying several hours in their passage. On these occasions the train is brought to a standstill and obliged to wait till the track is clear.

In fact, an incident of this kind happened on this occasion. About three o'clock in the afternoon a troop of ten or twelve thousand beasts blocked the line. The engineer slackened speed and tried to proceed slowly, but he could not pass the mass of buffaloes.

The passengers could see the buffaloes defiling quietly across the track, and now and then bellowing loudly. They were larger than European bulls, the head and shoulders being covered with a long mane, beneath which rises a hump; the legs and tails are short. No one would ever think of attempting to turn them aside. When once they have taken a certain direction, they cannot be forced to swerve from it. They compose a torrent of living flesh which no dam can withstand.

The passengers gazed on this curious spectacle, but the man most interested of all in the speedy progress of the train, Phileas Fogg, remained calmly in his place to wait till the buffaloes had passed by. Passe-partout was furious at the delay which the animals caused, and wished to discharge his armoury of revolvers at them.

"What a country this is!" he exclaimed. "Fancy a whole train being stopped by a herd of cattle, which do not hurry themselves in the least, as if they were not hindering us; I should like to know whether Mr. Fogg anticipated this delay. And here we have an engine-driver who is afraid to run his train against a few cows."

The engine-driver certainly did not attempt to do so, and he was quite right. No doubt he might have killed two or three of the first buffaloes he came in contact with; but the engine would soon have been thrown off the line, and progress would have been hopeless.

The best thing to do, then, was to wait patiently, and trust to make up time when the buffaloes had passed; but the procession of animals lasted for fully three hours, and it was night before the track was clear. The head of the column had ere this disappeared below the southern horizon.

It was eight o'clock when the train had traversed the defiles of the Humboldt range, and half-past nine when it entered Utah, the region of the great Salt Lake and the curious Mormon territory.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Showing how Passe-partout went through a Course of Mormon History, at the rate of Twenty Miles an Hour.

During the night of the 5-6th December, the train kept in a south-easterly direction for about fifty miles, and then went up in a north-east course towards Salt Lake.

About nine o'clock in the morning, Passe-partout went out upon the platform to get a breath of fresh air. The weather was cold and the sky was dull, but there was no snow falling then. The sun in the mist looked like an enormous disc of gold, and Passe-partout was calculating what it would be worth in English money, when he was disturbed by the appearance of a very curious personage.

This individual, who had got into the train at Elko, was tall and of dark complexion, had a black moustache, wore black stockings, and black hat and clothes, except his necktie, which was white, and his gloves, which were dog-skin. He looked like a minister. He went the whole length of the train, and fastened a small notice-bill on the door of every car. Passe-partout read one of these "posters," and learnt that the Honourable Elder William Hitch, Mormon Missionary, would take advantage of the

occasion to deliver a lecture upon Mormonism, in car No. 117, at eleven o'clock in the fore-noon till twelve noon, and invited all those who wished to learn something about the "Latter-day Saints" to attend the lecture.

"Faith, I'll go," muttered Passe-partout, who knew nothing about Mormonism, except the plurality of wives.

The news spread rapidly amongst the passengers, and about thirty out of the hundred travellers were attracted to car No. 117. Passe-partout took a front seat. Neither his master nor Fix troubled themselves about the matter.

At the hour named the elder William Hitch got up, and in a somewhat irritable manner, as if he had been already contradicted, cried out:

"I tell you that Joe Smith is a martyr, and his brother Hiram is another, and the way the Government is persecuting Brigham Young will make him a martyr also. Now who dares say anything to the contrary?"

No one ventured to contradict him, and his vehemence certainly contrasted strangely with his calm features. But no doubt his anger was kindled by the indignities to which the Mormons had been actually exposed. The United States Government had certainly had a great deal of trouble to bring these fanatics to reason. It was now master of Utah, after having imprisoned Brigham Young on the charges of rebellion and polygamy. Since that time the followers of the prophet had redoubled their efforts, and, if not by deeds, by words resisted the authority of the United States Government. Elder W. Hitch, as we have seen, was endeavouring to gain converts in the railroad-cars.

Then he went on to recite passionately the history of Mormonism from patriarchal times. How in Israel a Mormon prophet of the tribe of Joseph published the annals of the new religion, and left them to his son Morom; and how, many centuries later, a translation of this wonderful book was made by Joseph Smith, junior, a Vermont farmer, who revealed himself as a prophet in 1823, when the angel appeared to him and gave him the sacred roll of the book.

About this time several of the audience left the car, but the lecturer continued to relate how Smith, junior, his father and brothers, and a few disciples founded the religion of the Latter-day Saints, which can count its converts not only in America, but in Scandinavia, England, and Germany. Also how a colony was established in Ohio, where a temple was erected at a cost of two hundred thousand dollars, and a town built at Kirkland. How Smith became an opulent banker, and received a papyrus scroll written by Abraham and several celebrated Egyptians.

The narrative being very tiresome, the greater part of the audience decamped, but the lecturer nevertheless continued his tale respecting Joe Smith, his bankruptcy, his tarring and feathering, his reappearance at Independence, Missouri, as the head of a flourishing community of about three thousand disciples, his pursuit, and settlement in the Far West.

By this time Passe-partout and ten others were all that remained of the audience, who were informed that after much persecution Smith reappeared in Illinois and founded the beautiful city of Nauvoo, on the Mississippi, of which he became chief magistrate; how he became a candidate for the Presidency of the United States; how he was drawn into an ambuscade at Carthage, imprisoned, and assassinated by a band of masked murderers.

Passe-partout was now absolutely the only listener, and the lecturer looking him steadily in the face recalled to his memory the actions of the pious Brigham Young, and showed him how the colony of Mormon had flourished.

"And this is why the jealousy of Congress is roused against us. Shall we yield to force? Never! Driven from State to State we shall yet find an independent soil on which to rest and erect our tents. And you," he continued to Passe-partout, "and you, my brother, will not you pitch your tent beneath the shadow of our flag?"

"No," replied Passe-partout firmly, as he walked away, leaving the Mormon elder by himself.

While the lecturer had been holding forth the train had been progressing rapidly, and had reached the north-west extremity of Salt Lake. From that point the passengers could see this immense inland sea—the Dead Sea, as it is sometimes called, and into which an American Jordan flows. It is even now a splendid sheet of water, but time and the falling-in of the banks have in some degree reduced its ancient size.

Salt Lake is seventy miles long and thirty-five wide, and is more than three miles above the level of the sea. Though quite different from Lake Asphaltites, it contains salt in large quantities. The specific gravity of the water is one thousand one hundred and seventy; the same distilled is one thousand. No fish can live in it; and though brought down by the Jordan, Weber, and other rivers, soon perish; but it is not true that its density is so great that no men can swim in it.

The surrounding country is well cultivated, for the Mormons are great farmers, and various flowers, etc., would have been observed later. Just then the ground was sprinkled with snow.

The train got to Ogden at two o'clock, and did not start again until six; so Mr. Fogg and party had time to visit the City of the Saints by the branch-line to Ogden. They passed a couple of hours in that very American town, built, like all cities in the Union, with the "melancholy sadness of right angles," as Victor Hugo said. In America, where everything is supposed to be done on the square, though the people do not reach that level, cities, houses, and follies are all done "squarely."

At three o'clock our travellers were walking about the city. They remarked very few churches, but the public buildings were the house of the prophet, the court, the arsenal; houses of blue brick, with porches and verandahs surrounded by gardens, in which were palm-trees and acacias, etc. A stone wall ran round the city. In the principal street was the market-place and several hotels; amongst them Salt Lake House rose up.

There was no crowd in the streets, except near the temple. There was a superabundance of females, which was accounted for by the peculiar tenets of Mormons; but it is a mistake to suppose that all the Mormons are polygamists. They can do as they please; but it may be stated that the females are chiefly anxious to wed, as unmarried women are not admitted to the full privileges of membership. These poor creatures do not appear to be well off or happy. Some perhaps are rich and clothed in European style, but the majority were dressed *à la Indienne*.

Passe-partout beheld these women with some degree of awe, but above all he pitied the husbands of these wives. It seemed to him to be an awful thing to guide so many wives through all the mazes of life, and to conduct them to the Mormon paradise, with the prospect of meeting the glorious Joe Smith, who no doubt was there a shining light. He felt quite disgusted, and he fancied—perhaps he was mistaken—that some of the young ladies gazed at him alarmingly, and in a manner to compromise his liberty.

Fortunately his sojourn in the City of the Saints was not of long duration. At four o'clock the travellers took their places in the return train. The whistle sounded, but just as the train began to move a cry was heard, "Stop, stop!"

But the train did not stop. The gentleman who uttered these cries was a Mormon too late for the train. He ran till he was out of breath. Fortunately the railroad was quite open, there were no barriers nor gates to pass. He rushed along the line, jumped upon the footboard of the last carriage, and then threw himself panting into the nearest seat. Passe-partout, who had been watching him intently, learnt that he had run away after some domestic quarrel, and when the Mormon had recovered his breath Passe-partout plucked up courage to inquire how many wives the fugitive had left, as, judging from his anxiety to get away, he must have had twenty at least.

"One, sir," replied the Mormon, raising his arms to heaven. "One, sir; and, by thunder, that one was quite enough!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

In which Passe-partout cannot make anyone listen to the Language of Reason.

The train leaving Salt Lake and Ogden Station went on northwards as far as Weber River, about nine hundred miles from San Francisco; from this point it turned to the west across the Wahsatch range. It was in this part of the State that the American engineers had found the greatest difficulty. In this portion of the line also the Government subsidy had been raised to forty-eight thousand dollars a mile,

instead of the sixteen thousand dollars a mile on the plains; but the engineers, so it is said, had stolen a march on nature, turned all the difficulties instead of cutting through them, and pierced only one tunnel of fourteen thousand feet in length.

At Salt Lake the line reached its greatest altitude—from that point it took a long curve towards Bitter-creek Valley, and then rose again to the watershed between the valley and the Pacific Creeks were numerous hereabout, and Muddy Creek, Green Creek, and others were successively crossed on culverts. As they approached the end of their journey Passe-partout became more and more impatient, while Fix was very anxious to get on, for he feared delays and accidents, and was more anxious to reach England than even Phileas Fogg.

The train stopped for a short time at Fort Bridger at ten o'clock, and twenty miles farther on entered Wyoming State, formerly Dakota. The next day, the 7th of December, they stopped at Green River. Sleet had fallen during the night, but not sufficient to interfere with the traffic. However, this bad weather annoyed Passe-partout very much, for any great fall of snow would have compromised the success of the journey.

"Any way, it is absurd of my master having undertaken such a journey in winter; he might just as well have waited for fine weather and had a better chance."

But while the honest fellow was worrying himself about the weather, Mrs. Aouda was disquieted for an entirely different reason, as amongst the passengers who had alighted at Green River she recognised Colonel Stamp Proctor, who had insulted Mr. Fogg at the San Francisco meeting. She drew back, as she did not wish to be recognised, but the circumstance affected her deeply.

In fact she had become attached to the man who, notwithstanding his coldness of manner, betrayed every day the interest he took in her. No doubt she herself was not aware of the depth of the sentiment with which he inspired her, which she believed to be gratitude, but was doubtless a deeper feeling. Her heart almost ceased to beat at the moment she recognised Mr. Fogg's enemy. Evidently it was mere chance which had led Colonel Proctor to this particular train, but he and Mr. Fogg must be kept apart at all hazards.

She took an opportunity, when Mr. Fogg was asleep, to tell them whom she had seen.

"That man Proctor on the train!" cried Fix. "Well, you may be quite easy, madam; before he sees Mr. Fogg he has to settle with me. It seems to me that in this matter I have been the most insulted of any."

"And I have a little business with him also, though he is a colonel," added Passe-partout.

"Mr. Fix," replied Mrs. Aouda, "Mr. Fogg would permit nobody to interfere with his quarrel. He has declared that he will come back to America to find out that man who insulted him. If then he sees Colonel Proctor, we cannot prevent a meeting which might have most deplorable results. They must not see each other."

"You are right, madam," replied Fix; "a meeting would spoil everything. Whether victor or not, Mr. Fogg would be delayed, and—"

"And," added Passe-partout, "that would just play into the hands of the Reform Club. In four days we shall be in New York. If during that time my master does not leave his car, the chances are he will not meet the American. At any rate, we must try to prevent a meeting."

The conversation ceased, for Mr. Fogg just then awoke and looked out of window at the snow. Shortly afterwards Passe-partout whispered to the detective, "Would you really fight for him?"

"I would do anything in the world to get him back to Europe alive," replied the detective in a determined tone.

Passe-partout shuddered, but his confidence in his master was unshaken.

And now the question was, how could they detain Mr. Fogg in the car and prevent him meeting the Colonel? It ought not to be a very difficult matter, for Phileas was naturally of a sedentary disposition. However, the detective found a way, for shortly afterwards he said to Mr. Fogg:

"The time passes very slowly."

"Yes," replied Fogg, "but it does pass."

"On board the steamer," continued the detective, "you used to like a game of whist."

"Yes," replied Fogg, "but here I have neither cards nor partners."

"Ah, we can easily purchase cards. As for partners, if madam can take a hand—"

"Certainly," replied the young lady. "I know whist, it is part of an English education."

"And," continued Fix, "I also have some little knowledge of the game, so we can play dummy."

"As you like," said Fogg, delighted to play his favourite game even in the train.

Passe-partout was immediately despatched to the steward, and he quickly returned with two packs of cards, some markers, and a board covered with cloth.

The game commenced, Mrs. Aouda played fairly well, and was complimented by Phileas. As for the detective, he was a first-rate player, and a worthy opponent of Mr. Fogg.

"Now," thought Passe-partout, "we have got him down and he won't move."

At eleven o'clock in the morning the train reached the watershed at Bridger Pass, at an elevation of seven thousand five hundred and twenty-four feet above the level of the sea. After traversing about two hundred miles more, the travellers found themselves in one of those extensive plains which proved so convenient to the laying of the railway.

At half-past twelve the travellers got a glimpse of Fort Halleck, and in a few hours afterwards they had crossed the Rocky Mountains. They were now in hopes that no accident would imperil the journey; the snow had ceased, and the air was frosty. Some large birds, startled by the locomotive, rose up, but no wild beasts appeared; the whole plain was a desert.

After a comfortable breakfast in his own car, Mr. Fogg and his companions resumed their whist. Just then a loud whistling was heard, and the train came to a stop. Passe-partout put his head out, but could see no cause for the stoppage. Mrs. Aouda and Fix were afraid that Mr. Fogg would get up and see what was the matter, but he merely told his servant to ascertain the reason of the delay.

Passe-partout jumped down. He found a number of passengers already on the ground, and amongst them Colonel Proctor.

The train had been stopped by signal. The engine-driver and guard were talking excitedly with the signalman, whom the station-master at Medicine Bow had sent down. The passengers joined in the discussion, and prominent amongst them was Colonel Proctor.

Passe-partout, as he joined the group, heard the signalman say: "You cannot pass. The bridge is unsafe, and will not bear the weight of the train."

The viaduct in question was a suspension-bridge over a rapid about a mile farther on. The signalman said that many of the supports were broken, and that it was impossible to cross; he did not exaggerate the danger, and it may be taken for granted that when an American is prudent there is good reason for not being rash.

Passe-partout did not dare to tell his master, but remained, listening with clenched teeth, motionless as a statue.

"That is all very fine," said Colonel Proctor, "but I guess we ain't going to stop here to take root in the snow."

"We have telegraphed to Omaha for a train, Colonel," said the guard; "but it can't reach Medicine Bow in less than six hours."

"Six hours!" exclaimed Passe-partout.

"Yes," replied the guard; "but it will take us that time to reach Medicine Bow on foot."

"Why, it is only a mile from here," said one of the passengers.

"Only a mile, but on the other side of the river."

"And can't we cross in a boat?" asked the Colonel.

"Quite impossible; the creek has swollen with the rains; we shall have to go round ten miles to a ford."

The Colonel vented a choice collection of oaths, condemning the company, the guard, and creation generally; and Passe-partout, who was very angry, felt inclined to join him. Here was a material obstacle which all his master's money would not be able to remove.

The disappointment of the passengers was general, for, without reckoning the delay, they found themselves obliged to walk fifteen miles in the snow. The commotion would have attracted Phileas Fogg's attention had he not been entirely absorbed in his game.

Nevertheless, Passe-partout would have told him of it if the engineer, a true Yankee, named Foster, had not said:

"Perhaps there is a way we can get over after all, gentlemen."

"Over the bridge?" asked a passenger.

"Yes."

"With the train, do you mean?" asked the Colonel.

"With the train."

Passe-partout stopped and listened anxiously for the engineer's explanation.

"But the bridge is almost broken," said the guard.

"Never mind," replied Foster: "I think that by putting on full-steam we may have a chance of getting across."

"The devil!" muttered Passe-partout.

But a certain number of the passengers were attracted by the suggestion; Colonel Proctor was particularly pleased, and thought the plan quite feasible. He related various anecdotes concerning engineers, whom he had known, who crossed over rivers without any bridges at all by merely putting on full-steam, etc. The end of it was that many of the passengers agreed with the engineer.

"The chances are fifty to a hundred about our getting over," said one.

"Sixty!" said another.

"Eighty, ninety!" said a third.

Passe-partout was dumfounded, and although he was very anxious to cross the river, he thought the proposed plan a little too American.

"Besides," he thought, "there is an easier way, which does not seem to have occurred to either of them;" so he said aloud to one of the passengers:

"The engineer's plan seems to me somewhat dangerous; but—"

"Eighty chances!" replied the person addressed, turning away.

"I know that," replied Passe-partout, as he spoke to another; "but an idea—"

"Ideas are no use," replied the American; "the engineer tells us we can cross."

"No doubt," replied Passe-partout; "but perhaps it would be more prudent—"

"What, prudent!" exclaimed Colonel Proctor, who was ready to quarrel with anyone suggesting prudence. "Do you not understand that we are going across at full speed? Do you hear, at full speed?"

"I know, I know," said Passe-partout, whom no one would allow to finish his sentence; "but it would be, if not more prudent, since that word displeases you, at any rate more natural—"

"Who is this, what's this? Who is talking about natural?" cried the passengers on all sides.

Poor Passe-partout did not know which way to turn.

"Are you afraid?" asked Colonel Proctor.

"I afraid?" cried Passe-partout; "you think so, do you? I will show these people when a Frenchman can be as American as themselves."

"All aboard!" cried the guard.

"Yes, all get in," muttered Passe-partout; "but you cannot prevent my thinking that it would be much more natural for us to cross the bridge on foot and let the train follow."

But no one heard this wise reflection, and if so, probably no one would have acknowledged its justice.

The passengers took their places, as did Passe-partout, without saying what had happened. The whist-players were still deep in their game.

The engine-driver whistled and then backed his train for nearly a mile, then whistling again he started forward. The speed increased to a fearful extent, and rushing along at a pace of nearly a hundred miles an hour, seemed hardly to touch the rails at all.

They passed over like a flash of lightning. No one saw anything of the bridge; the train leaped, as it were, from bank to bank, and could not be stopped till it had passed the station for some miles.

Scarcely had the train crossed the bridge when the whole structure fell with a tremendous crash into the rapids beneath!

CHAPTER XXIX.

In which certain Incidents are told which are never met with except on Railroads in the United States.

That evening the train proceeded without interruption; passed Fort Saunders, crossed Cheyenne Pass, and arrived at Evans' Pass. Here the railroad reached its greatest elevation, eight thousand and ninety-one feet above the sea. The track was now downhill all the way to the Atlantic, across naturally level plains. From here the Grand Trunk Line led to Denver, the capital of Colorado State, rich in gold and silver mines, and boasting more than fifty thousand inhabitants.

Three days and three nights had now been passed in accomplishing one thousand three hundred and eighty-two miles; four days and four nights more would suffice to reach New York, and Phileas Fogg had not lost time.

During the night they had passed Camp Walbach, and entered Nebraska at eleven, passing Julesburg on the south branch of the Platte river. It was here that General Dodge inaugurated the Union Pacific road on the 23rd of October, 1867. Here two powerful locomotives with nine carriages full of guests stopped, three cheers were given, the Sioux and Pawnee Indians had a sham fight, fireworks were let off, and the first number of a paper called *The Railway Pioneer* was printed in a press carried in the train.

Fort MacPherson was passed at eight in the morning; they had still three hundred and fifty-seven miles to go to Omaha. At nine o'clock the train stopped at North Platte, a town built between the two arms of the river.

The hundred-and-first meridian was now passed.

Mr. Fogg and his partner had resumed their whist; none of them, not even the dummy, complained of the length of the journey. Fix had at first won several guineas which he now seemed about to lose, but he was not a less passionate player than Fogg. Fortune distinctly favoured that gentleman, and showered trumps and honours upon him.

On one occasion he was on the point of playing a spade, when a voice behind him said, "I should play a diamond."

The players all looked up, and beheld Colonel Proctor. He and Fogg recognised each other at the same moment.

"Oh, you are that Britisher, are you?" exclaimed the Colonel. "So you are going to play a spade?"

"Yes, and I play it too," replied Fogg coldly, as he threw down the ten.

"Well, I choose to have diamonds," said Proctor insolently. He made a movement as if to seize the card just played, adding, "You know nothing about whist."

"Perhaps I do, as well as other people," said Fogg, rising.

"You have only got to try, you son of a John Bull," said the stout man.

Mrs. Aouda now turned very pale; she seized Fogg by the arm, and pulled him back. Passe-partout was quite ready to throw himself upon the American, who continued to regard his adversary with an insolent stare, but Fix rose and said, "You forget that this is my business, sir; I was not only insulted, but struck."

"Mr. Fix, excuse me," said Fogg; "this is entirely my business. By pretending that I did not know how to play, the Colonel has insulted me, and shall give me satisfaction."

"When and where you please," said the American; "name your weapons."

Aouda tried to keep Mr. Fogg back; the detective also tried to make the quarrel his own; Passe-partout wanted to throw the Colonel out of the window, but a sign from his master checked him. Mr. Fogg left the car, and the American followed him to the platform.

"Sir," said Fogg, "I am in a great hurry to return to Europe; any delay will be very prejudicial to my interest."

"What is all that to me?" said the Colonel.

"Sir," continued Fogg, very politely, "after our dispute at San Francisco, I had promised myself to return to America and find you out, when I had finished my business in England."

"Really!"

"Will you meet me six months hence?"

"Why don't you say six years?"

"I said six months," said Fogg, "and I shall not fail to be at the rendezvous."

"This is all humbug," cried Proctor; "it must be now or never."

"Very well," said Mr. Fogg; "are you going to New York?"

"No."

"To Chicago?"

"No."

"To Omaha?"

"It can't matter to you. Do you know Plum Creek?"

"No," replied Mr. Fogg.

"It is the next station. We shall stop there ten minutes; we shall have lots of time to exchange shots."

"All right," replied Mr. Fogg; "I will stop at Plum Creek."

"I guess you will stay there altogether," replied the American, with unparalleled insolence.

"Who knows?" replied Mr. Fogg, entering the car as coolly as ever, and commenced to reassure Mrs. Aouda, by telling her that braggarts need never be feared. He then asked Fix to be his second in the approaching duel, which Fix could not well refuse to be; and then Phileas Fogg sat down quietly and resumed his whist, without betraying the least emotion.

At eleven o'clock the whistle of the engine announced their approach to Plum Creek. Mr. Fogg got up, and followed by Fix and Passe-partout, carrying a brace of revolvers, went out upon the platform. Mrs. Aouda remained in the car, as pale as death.

At that moment the door of the next car opened, and Colonel Proctor appeared, followed by his second, a Yankee of the same stamp as himself. They were about to descend when the guard ran up and

said, "You cannot get out, gentlemen."

"Why not?" demanded the Colonel.

"We are twenty minutes late, and cannot stop."

"But I am going to fight a duel with this gentleman."

"I am very sorry," said the guard, "but we must be off at once; there is the bell ringing."

As he was speaking the train started.

"I am really extremely grieved, gentlemen," said the guard, "and under any other circumstances I should have been able to have obliged you. But though you cannot stop to fight, there is nothing to prevent your doing so as you go along."

"Perhaps that would not suit that gentleman," said the Colonel in a jeering tone.

"It will suit me quite well," replied Phileas Fogg.

"Well, we are actually in America, I see," thought Passe-partout; "and the guard is a gentleman of the highest standing."

The two adversaries, their seconds, and the guard passed down to the rear of the train. The last car had only about a dozen passengers in it, and the conductor asked them if they would mind moving, as the two gentlemen had a little affair of honour to settle.

The passengers were very glad to oblige the gentlemen, and they retired accordingly.

The car, about fifty feet long, was very suitable for the purpose. The combatants could advance towards one another between the seats, and fire at their leisure. Never had there been a duel more easy to arrange. Mr. Fogg and Colonel Proctor, each carrying a six-barrelled revolver, entered the car. Their seconds, having locked them in, withdrew to the platform. The duellists were to begin to fire at the first whistle of the engine, then, after a lapse of two minutes, what remained of the two gentlemen would be taken from the car.

Nothing could be easier. It was even so simple, that Fix and
Passe-partout could hear their hearts beating as they listened.

Everyone was on the *qui vive* for the first whistle, when suddenly savage cries resounded, accompanied by shots, which certainly did not come from the duellists. On the contrary, the reports rose all along the train; cries of terror were heard inside the cars.

Colonel Proctor and Mr. Fogg, revolvers in hand, were hastily released, and rushed forward into the thick of the struggle, when they perceived that the train had been attacked by a band of Sioux. This was not the first time that this hardy tribe had attacked the train. According to custom, they leaped on the footboards as the train proceeded, as easy as a circus-rider would mount a horse at full gallop. The Sioux were armed with guns, to which the passengers replied with revolvers. The Indians had first mounted the engine, and stunned the engine-driver and firemen with blows on the head. A chief wished to stop the train, but not knowing how to do so had opened instead of closing the regulator, and the train was now proceeding at tremendous speed. Others of the tribe had entered the cars as actively as apes, and were now engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with the passengers. They pillaged the baggage-waggon, and were all the time fighting incessantly.

The travellers defended themselves courageously; they barricaded some of the cars which were besieged like forts, carried along at the rate of forty or fifty miles an hour. Mrs. Aouda had been most courageous. Revolver in hand, she defended herself heroically, firing through the broken windows whenever she caught sight of a savage. As many as twenty Sioux had fallen, and lay crushed by the wheels; and many passengers, grievously wounded, lay stretched upon the seats.

But it was necessary to put an end to the fight, which had lasted for ten minutes, and would result in a victory for the Indians if the train were not stopped. Fort Kearney Station, where there was a guard, was only a couple of miles farther on, and if that were passed, the Indians would be masters of the train till the next station was reached. The guard was fighting bravely by the side of Mr. Fogg, when he was shot down. As he fell he cried, "If the train is not stopped in less than five minutes, we are all lost!"

"It shall be stopped," said Fogg, who was about to rush out.

"Stay where you are, sir," said Passe-partout, "this is my business."

His master had not time to stop the brave fellow, who, unseen by the Indians, managed to creep along beneath the carriages, and then calling all his agility to his aid, with marvellous dexterity he managed to reach the fore part of the train without being seen. There, suspended by one hand between the baggage-waggon and the tender, with the other hand he unfastened the coupling-chains; but owing to the great tension, he was not able to loose the draw-bar, but it was fortunately jerked out as the train jolted. The locomotive, thus detached, sped along at a tremendous pace in front, while the train gradually slackened speed, and the breaks assisting it, it was pulled up within a hundred feet of Fort Kearney. The soldiers, attracted by the sound of firing, hastily turned out; but the Indians did not wait for them. They all disappeared before the train stopped.

But when the travellers came to count the passengers, they found that several were missing, and amongst the absentees was the brave Frenchman who had devoted himself to save them.

CHAPTER XXX.

In which Phileas Fogg simply does his Duty.

Three of the travellers, including Passe-partout, had disappeared, but it was impossible to say whether they had been killed or taken prisoners.

Several were wounded, but none mortally. Colonel Proctor was one of the most severely hurt; he had fought bravely, and was carried with the other wounded into the station, where he was attended to as well as the circumstances admitted of.

Mrs. Aouda was safe, and Phileas Fogg, who had been in the midst of the fight, had not received a scratch. Fix had a flesh-wound in the arm, but Passe-partout was missing, and Aouda could not help weeping. Meanwhile the travellers all got out of the train, the wheels of which were covered with blood and jagged pieces of flesh. Red tracks were visible on the whitened plain. The Indians were disappearing in the south along the Republican River.

Mr. Fogg was standing motionless with folded arms, and Aouda looked at him without speaking, but he understood her; he had to make up his mind. If his servant were a prisoner, ought he not to rescue him from the Indians?

"I will find him, living or dead," he said simply to Aouda.

"Oh Mr. Fogg!" exclaimed the young lady, seizing his hands, upon which her tears fell fast.

"Living," added Mr. Fogg, "if we lose no time."

By this resolution Phileas Fogg sacrificed everything, he pronounced his own ruin. A delay of even one day would lose the steamer at New York and his wager. But he thought it was his duty, and did not hesitate.

The commandant of Fort Kearney was present; his company were under arms to repel any further attack.

"Sir," said Mr. Fogg to him, "three passengers are missing."

"Dead?" asked the captain.

"Dead or prisoners," replied Fogg; "I must find out which. Is it your intention to pursue the Sioux?"

"That would be a very serious thing," replied the captain. "The Indians may retreat beyond the Arkansas, and I cannot leave the fort undefended."

"Sir," replied Fogg, "the lives of three men are in question."

"No doubt; but can I risk fifty to save three?"

"I do not know if you can, sir; but I know you ought."

"Sir," replied the captain, "no one here is fit to teach me my duty."

"Very well," said Fogg coldly, "I will go alone."

"You, sir!" exclaimed Fix, who now approached. "Do you mean to go alone in pursuit of the Indians?"

"Do you wish me to leave that unfortunate man to perish to whom everyone here owes his life? I shall certainly go."

"No, sir, you shall not go alone," said the captain, who was moved in spite of himself. "You are a brave fellow. Now, then, thirty volunteers," he added, turning to the troops.

The whole company advanced at once. The captain had only to pick his men. Thirty were chosen, and a steady old non-commissioned officer put in command.

"Thanks, captain," said Mr. Fogg.

"You will let me go with you?" said Fix.

"You can do as you please, sir, but if you wish to do me a service you will remain with Mrs. Aouda. Should anything happen to me—"

The detective turned very pale. Should he separate from the man he had followed so persistently? Should he leave him to wander thus in the prairie? Fix gazed attentively at Mr. Fogg, and notwithstanding his suspicions and the struggle going on within him, his eyes fell before that frank look.

"I will remain," he said.

In a few moments Mr. Fogg, having shaken hands with the young lady and confided his precious bag to her care, departed with the soldiers. But before marching away he said to his escort, "My friends, I will divide a thousand pounds amongst you if we save the prisoners."

It was then a little past midday.

Mrs. Aouda retired to a waiting-room, and there she remained thinking of the generosity and courage of Phileas Fogg, who had sacrificed his fortune and was now risking his life for what he believed to be his duty. In her eyes Mr. Fogg was a hero.

But Fix's thoughts were very different; he could scarcely conceal his agitation; he walked up and down the station and soon recovered himself. Now that Fogg had gone, Fix perceived how foolish he had been to let him go. He began to accuse himself in pretty round terms, as if he had been his own inspector.

"What a fool I have been," he thought. "The fellow has gone and won't come back. How is it that I, actually with a warrant for his arrest in my pocket, could have been so played upon? Well, I am an ass!"

Thus reasoned the detective as he walked up and down the platform. He did not know what to do. Sometimes he thought he would tell Aouda everything, but he knew how she would receive his confidence. He then thought of following Fogg over the prairie, and he thought it not impossible he might find him, as the footsteps of the escort would be imprinted in the snow. But after a further fall they would soon be obliterated.

Fix became discouraged, and felt inclined to give up the whole thing. He had now an opportunity to leave Kearney Station and pursue his way homewards. In fact about two o'clock, in the midst of a snowstorm, long whistles were heard from eastward; a great shadow was slowly advancing; no train was expected from that direction. The assistance telegraphed for could not possibly arrive so soon, and the train to San Francisco was not due till the next day. The mystery was soon explained.

It was the runaway locomotive that was approaching. After it had left the train, it had run a long distance till the fire got low and the steam went down. Then it stopped, still bearing the half-conscious engine-driver and firemen. When they found themselves alone in the prairie they understood what had happened, and they had no doubt they would find the train somewhere on the track, helpless. The engine-driver did not hesitate. To go on to Omaha would be only prudent, while to return would be dangerous. He nevertheless built up the fire and ran back to Fort Kearney, whistling through the mist as he went.

The travellers were all delighted to see the engine attached to the train once more. They could now

resume their journey, so fatally interrupted.

When the engine was coupled on, Mrs. Aouda asked the guard if he were really going to start?

"Right away, ma'am," he replied.

"But the prisoners, our unfortunate companions—"

"I cannot interrupt the service," he replied; "we are three hours late already."

"And when will the next train arrive from San Francisco?"

"To-morrow evening."

"That will be too late. It must wait."

"That is impossible. If you wish to go on, please get in."

"I will not go," replied the lady.

Fix heard this conversation. A short time before, when there was no chance of his going on, he had decided to leave Kearney, and now that it was necessary for him to take his place, something seemed to detain him. The conflict in his mind waxed fiercer, he wished to fight it out.

Meantime the passengers, some of them wounded, including Colonel Proctor, took their places in the train, which started immediately and soon disappeared, the steam mingling with the falling snow.

Fix had remained behind.

Some hours passed away. The weather was wretched and very cold. Fix remained seated, apparently asleep, on a bench. Aouda, notwithstanding the tempest, continually came out of the room set apart for her, and walking to the extremity of the platform, attempted to penetrate the thick falling snow, as she listened intently for some sound of the return of the escort. But she saw and heard nothing, and would return chilled to the bone, only to sally forth once more in vain.

Night fell, the troops had not returned; the commandant began to feel anxious, though he did not betray his anxiety. The snow fell less thickly now, but the cold was intense; absolute silence reigned around. All night Mrs. Aouda kept wandering about, filled with the most dismal forebodings—her imagination suggested a thousand dangers, and her anxiety was terrible.

Fix remained immovable, but he did not sleep either. A man approached him once and spoke to him, but a shake of the head was the only reply he received.

Thus passed the night. At sunrise it was possible to distinguish objects at the distance of two miles; but towards the south, in which direction the party had gone, there was no sign. It was then seven o'clock.

The captain, who was now seriously alarmed, did not know what to do. Should he send a second detachment after the first, and sacrifice more men on the slender chance of saving those who had already gone? But he did not hesitate long, and was on the point of ordering a reconnaissance to be made, when the sound of firing was heard. The soldiers rushed out of the fort and perceived the little troop returning in good order.

Mr. Fogg was marching at their head. Close to him were Passe-partout and the other two passengers, rescued from the hands of the Sioux. They had encountered the Indians ten miles from Kearney. Just before they arrived Passe-partout and his companions had turned upon their captors, three of whom the Frenchman had knocked down with his fists, when his master and the escort came to his assistance.

The party was welcomed most joyously.

Phileas Fogg distributed the promised reward to the soldiers, while Passe-partout muttered, and not without reason, "I must confess that I cost my master pretty dearly."

Fix looked at Mr. Fogg without speaking, and it would have been difficult to analyse his thoughts at that moment. Mrs. Aouda, whose feelings were too deep for expression, took Mr. Fogg's hands in hers and pressed them without speaking.

Ever since his return Passe-partout had been looking for the train; he hoped to find it there ready to start for Omaha, and trusted that the lost time might be regained.

"But where is the train?" he exclaimed.

"Gone," replied Fix.

"When is the next train due here?" asked Mr. Fogg.

"Not until this evening."

"Ah!" replied the impassible gentleman simply.

CHAPTER XXXI.

In which the Detective forwards Mr. Fogg's Interest considerably.

Phileas Fogg was twenty hours behind time, and Passe-partout, the involuntary cause of the delay, was desperate; he had decidedly ruined his master.

The detective approached Mr. Fogg, and, looking at him attentively, said, "Seriously, sir, are you really in such a hurry?"

"Very seriously I am," replied Fogg.

"It is absolutely necessary, then, for you to be in New York on the 11th—before the departure of the English mail-steamer?"

"I have a very great interest in so doing."

"If, then, your voyage had not been interrupted, you would have reached New York on the morning of the 11th?"

"Yes, with twelve hours to spare."

"Well, you are now twenty hours late. Twelve from twenty leaves eight—you must regain those eight hours. Do you wish to try?"

"On foot?"

"No, on a sledge," replied Fix; "on a sledge with sails; a man has proposed it to me."

It was, in fact, the man who had spoken to Fix during the night, and whose offer he had refused.

Mr. Fogg did not immediately reply, but Fix pointed out the man, and Fogg went up and spoke to him. Shortly after they entered a hut built just beyond the fort. Here Mr. Fogg was shown a very curious vehicle—a sort of sledge, with room for five or six people. A high mast was firmly supported by wire rigging, and carried a large sail; it was also furnished with a rudder. In fact it was a sledge rigged like a cutter. During the winter, on the frozen plains, the trains cannot run, and these sledges make rapid passages from station to station, and when running before the wind they equal, if they do not exceed, the speed of the train.

The arrangement was soon made. The strong west wind was in their favour. The snow was hard, and Mr. Mudge, the owner, was confident of being able to reach Omaha in a few hours. Thence were plenty of trains to Chicago and New York. It was just possible to recover the lost time, and they did not hesitate to make the attempt.

Mr. Fogg did not wish to expose Aouda to the cold, and suggested that she should remain at the station with Passe-partout, who would escort her to England under more favourable circumstances; but she refused to leave Mr. Fogg, greatly to the delight of Passe-partout, who would not leave his master alone with Fix.

The detective's thoughts would be difficult to guess. Was his conviction shaken by Fogg's return, or did he still regard him as a scoundrel who hoped to be safe in England on his return? Perhaps Fix's opinion concerning Fogg had altered; but he would do his duty, nevertheless; and he would do his duty and hasten his return to England as much as possible.

At eight o'clock the sledge was ready. The passengers took their places, the sails were hoisted, and the vehicle sped over the snow at forty miles an hour. The distance between Fort Kearney and Omaha, as the crow flies, is two hundred miles at most. If the wind held they could reach Omaha by one o'clock, if no accident happened.

What a journey it was! The travellers huddled close together, unable to speak in consequence of the intense cold. The sledge glided over the snow like a boat on a lake, and when the wind rose it was almost lifted off the ground. Mudge steered in a straight line, and counteracted the occasional lurches of the vessel. They hoisted all sail, and certainly could not be going less than forty miles an hour.

"If nothing carries away," said Mudge, "we shall get there in time."

Mr. Mudge had an interest in accomplishing the journey, for Mr. Fogg, as usual, had promised him a handsome reward.

The prairie was as flat as possible, and Mudge steered perfectly straight, taking the chord of the arc described by the railroad, which follows the right bank of the Platte River. Mudge was not afraid of being stopped by the stream, for it was frozen over. So the way was free from all obstacles, and there were but two things to fear—an accident or a change of wind. But the breeze blew steadily in the same direction, and even increased in force. The wire lashing hummed like the chords of a musical instrument, and the sledge sped along accompanied by a plaintive harmony of peculiar intensity.

"Those wires give us the fifth and the octave," said Mr. Fogg.

These were the only words he spoke throughout the passage. Mrs. Aouda was well wrapped up in furs. Passe-partout's face was as red as the setting sun, and, with his usual confidence, began to hope again. Instead of reaching New York in the morning they would get there in the evening, perhaps before the departure of the steamer for Liverpool. Passe-partout had a great desire to clasp Fix by the hand, for he did not forget that it was the detective who had procured the sledge, the only means of reaching Omaha in good time; but some presentiment induced him to remain quiet. However, Passe-partout would never forget Mr. Fogg's devotion in rescuing him from the Indians.

The sledge still flew along. The plain and the streams were covered with the mantle of snow. A great uninhabited island appeared to be enclosed between the Union and Pacific Railroad and the branch-line which unites Kearney with St. Joseph. Not a house was in sight. They occasionally passed some gaunt tree, and sometimes flocks of wild birds rose about them, or a band of starving wolves pursued the sledge. On these occasions Passe-partout, revolver in hand, was ready to fire on those which came too near. Had an accident happened, the wolves would have made short work of the travellers; but the sledge held on its course, and soon left the howling brutes behind.

At midday Mudge thought they were crossing the Platte River. He said nothing, but he was sure that Omaha was only twenty miles farther on. And in fact in less than an hour their skilful steersman left the helm and hauled down his sails, while the sledge ran on with its acquired impetus. At length it stopped, and Mudge, pointing to a cluster of snow-covered houses, said, "Here we are!"

They had arrived at the desired station, which was in constant communication with the Eastern States. Passe-partout and Fix jumped down and stretched their stiffened limbs. They then assisted Mr. Fogg and Mrs. Aouda to alight. The former paid Mudge handsomely. Passe-partout shook his hands warmly, and then the whole party rushed towards the railway-station.

A train was ready to start, and they had only just time to jump in; though they had seen nothing of Omaha, they did not regret it, as they were not travelling for pleasure.

The train rushed across the State of Iowa, past Conneil Bluffs, Des Morines, and Iowa city. During the night they crossed the Mississippi at Davenport and entered Illinois. Next day, the 10th, at four p.m., they reached Chicago, which had risen from its ashes, and, more proudly than ever, was seated on the borders of the beautiful Lake of Michigan.

They were still nine hundred miles from New York, but there were plenty of trains. Mr. Fogg passed at once from one train to another, which started at full-speed as if it knew he had no time to lose. It crossed Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey like lightning, through towns with antique names containing streets and tramways, but as yet no houses. At length the Hudson Plain appeared, and at a quarter-past eleven p.m., on the 11th, the train stopped in the station on the right bank of the river, before the very pier from which the Cunard, otherwise known as the British and North American, Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's steamers start.

The *China* had left for Liverpool three-quarters of an hour previously.

CHAPTER XXXII.

In which Phileas Fogg struggles against Ill-luck.

The *China* seemed to have carried off Mr. Fogg's last hope, for no other steamers of any other line would be of use. The *Pereire*, of the French Transatlantic Company, did not leave till the 14th, while the boats of the Hamburg American Company also went to Havre, and not direct to Liverpool or London; and this extra passage from Havre to Southampton would upset his calculations.

The Inman steamer *City of Paris* would not start till next day—that would be too late. Nor would the White Star Line serve his purpose; all of which Mr. Fogg learnt from "Bradshaw." Passe-partout was completely upset; it was maddening to lose the steamer by three-quarters of an hour, and it was his fault, too, for putting obstacles in his master's way; and when he looked back at the incidents of the journey, the sums expended on his account, the enormous wager, and tremendous charges of the now useless trip, he was overwhelmed. Mr. Fogg, however, did not reproach him, but as he quitted the pier, said: "We will see to-morrow what is best to be done. Come along."

The party crossed the river, and drove to the St. Nicholas Hotel, in Broadway, where they engaged rooms; but Fogg was the only one who slept. Next day was the 12th of December. From that day, at seven in the morning, to the 21st, at a quarter to nine in the evening, was a period of nine days, thirteen hours, and forty-five minutes; so if Phileas Fogg had sailed in the *China*, he would have reached London in time to win his wager.

Mr. Fogg left the hotel by himself, telling the others to wait his return, but to be ready to leave at a moment's notice. He went down to the Hudson River, to see if there were any vessels about to start. Several were getting ready to go to sea, but the majority of them were sailing ships, which of course did not suit Mr. Fogg. He appeared to have lost his last hope, when he perceived a small screw-steamer moored off the battery; the funnel was pouring forth black smoke, and everything looked like a speedy departure. Mr. Fogg hailed a boat, and soon found himself on board the *Henrietta*, which was an iron steamer. The captain was on board, and approached Mr. Fogg to answer his inquiries. This captain was a man about fifty, a regular sea-wolf.

"Are you the captain?" asked Mr. Fogg.

"I am."

"I am Phileas Fogg, of London."

"And I am Andrew Speedy, of Cardiff."

"You are about to sail, I suppose?"

"In an hour."

"Where are you bound?"

"For Bordeaux."

"And your cargo?"

"I am only in ballast."

"Have you any passengers?"

"I never take passengers; they are always in the way, and always talking."

"Does your ship steam well?"

"Between eleven and twelve knots. The *Henrietta* is well known."

"Would you like to take me and my three friends to Liverpool?"

"To Liverpool! Why not China at once?"

"I said Liverpool."

"No."

"No?"

"No, I tell you. I am bound for Bordeaux, and to Bordeaux I shall go."

"Will money have any effect?"

"Not the least."

The captain spoke in a tone which did not admit of argument.

"But the owners of the *Henrietta*?" began Fogg.

"I am the owner. The vessel belongs to me."

"I will hire it from you."

"No."

"I will buy it, then."

"No."

Mr. Fogg did not betray the slightest disappointment, notwithstanding the gravity of the situation. Things were not at New York as at Hong Kong, nor was the captain of the *Henrietta* like the pilot of the *Tankadere*. Hitherto money had smoothed all obstacles. Now it failed.

Nevertheless, some means of crossing the Atlantic must be found, and
Phileas Fogg, apparently, had an idea, for he said to the captain:

"Will you take me to Bordeaux, then?"

"Not if you gave me two hundred dollars."

"I will give you two thousand dollars."

"What, for each passenger?"

"Yes."

"And there are four of you?"

"Yes."

This reply caused Captain Speedy to scratch his head. There were eight thousand dollars to be gained, by simply going his own route; and such a sum might well overcome his antipathy to passengers. Besides, passengers at two thousand dollars apiece become valuable merchandise.

"I start at nine o'clock," said Captain Speedy quietly; "and if you and your party are ready, why, there you are."

"We shall be on board at nine," replied Mr. Fogg, not less quietly.

It was then half-past eight. To land again, drive up to the hotel, and bring off his party to the *Henrietta*, did not take Mr. Fogg very long. He even offered a passage to the inseparable Fix. All this was done by Mr. Fogg as coolly as possible.

They were all on board by the time the *Henrietta* was ready to start.

When Passe-partout heard what the voyage was going to cost, he uttered a prolonged "Oh!" which descended through all the notes of the gamut.

As for Fix, he concluded at once that the Bank of England would not recover much of the money, for by the time they reached England, if Mr. Fogg did not throw away any more money, at least seven thousand pounds would have been spent.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

In which Phileas Fogg rises to the Occasion.

An hour later the *Henrietta* passed the light-ship at the mouth of the Hudson, rounded Sandy Hook, and skirting Fire Island and Long Island, steamed rapidly eastward.

At noon next day Phileas Fogg mounted the bridge, to ascertain the ship's position, for Captain Speedy was safely locked up in his cabin, where he was using some very strong, but, under the circumstances, excusable language.

The fact was that Mr. Fogg wished to go to Liverpool, and the captain did not; and had made such good use of the time he had been on board, and of his money, that he had won the whole crew, who were not on the best terms with the captain, over to his side. And this is why Phileas Fogg was in command, why the captain was shut up in his cabin, and why the ship was heading for Liverpool. By the way Mr. Fogg managed the vessel, it was evident he had been a sailor.

How the adventure ended will be seen later on. Aouda was anxious, but said nothing. Fix had been completely upset from the first; but Passe-partout thought the manoeuvre simply splendid. The captain had said that the *Henrietta* could make between eleven and twelve knots, and he had not exaggerated.

If, then—for there were still ifs—if the sea did not get too rough, nor the wind shift to the east, nor any accident happen to the machinery, it was possible for the *Henrietta* to cross the Atlantic in nine days. But it was not improbable that, when he reached Liverpool, Mr. Fogg would have to answer some awkward questions about the *Henrietta*, as well as about the bank business.

For the first few days everything went well, and the *Henrietta* steamed and sailed like a transatlantic liner.

Passe-partout was charmed. This last exploit of his master delighted him above everything; he was the life and soul of the crew, and his good spirits were infectious. He had forgotten the past vexation, and only looked forward to the future. He kept his eye warily upon Fix, but scarcely spoke, for the old intimacy no longer existed between them.

It must be confessed that Fix did not understand what was going on. The seizure of the *Henrietta*, the bribery of the crew, and Fogg's seamanlike qualities perfectly astounded him; he did not know what to think; for a gentleman who had begun by stealing fifty-five thousand pounds might end by stealing a vessel, and Fix not unnaturally came to the conclusion that the *Henrietta* would not reach Liverpool at all, but proceed to some port where Mr. Fogg, turned pirate, would be in safety. The detective was sorry he had gone into the business.

All this time Captain Speedy continued to grumble and swear in his cabin, and Passe-partout, who took him his meals, was obliged to be very circumspect. Mr. Fogg did not seem to care whether there was a captain on board or not.

On the 13th they passed the Banks of Newfoundland. This was a dangerous part of the coast, particularly in winter, when fogs and gales are frequent. On this occasion the barometer had been falling all the preceding day, and during the night the cold became more intense, and the wind chopped to the south-east.

This was unfortunate. Mr. Fogg furled his sails and put on full-steam; nevertheless the speed fell off, as the vessel pitched heavily. The wind rose, and the position of the *Henrietta* became precarious.

Passe-partout's face darkened as the sky, and for two days he was in mortal terror. But Mr. Fogg was a bold sailor, and kept the ship head to sea without even reducing the steam. The *Henrietta* rushed through the waves and deluged her decks. Sometimes the screw was clear out of the water, but still they kept on.

Although the wind did not increase to a tempest, it held to the south-east, so the sails were rendered useless, and a great aid to the screw was thus lost.

The 16th of December was the seventy-fifth day since Fogg's departure from London, and half the voyage across the Atlantic had been accomplished, and the worst was over. In the summer, success would have been assured, but in winter the weather had them at its mercy. Passe-partout said nothing, but consoled himself with the reflection that the steam would not fail them, and he hoped on.

One day the engineer came on deck and spoke anxiously to Mr. Fogg. This consultation made Passe-partout very uneasy; he would have given his ears to have heard what they were saying; he managed to catch a few words, and heard his master say, "Are you sure?"

"Quite certain," replied the engineer; "you must not forget that we have been piling up the fire ever since we left, and though we had sufficient coal to go under easy steam to Bordeaux, we had not enough to carry us to Liverpool at full pressure."

"I will think about it," said Mr. Fogg; and then Passe-partout understood it all.

The coal was failing!

"If my master can get over this," he thought, "he will be a clever fellow."

He was so agitated he could not help imparting his knowledge to Fix, who replied, "Then you really think we are going to Liverpool?"

"Of course we are."

"You idiot!" replied the detective, shrugging his shoulders, as he turned away.

Passe-partout would have revenged himself for this insult if he had not reflected that the unlucky Fix was very probably disappointed and humiliated at having followed a false scent all the way round the world.

But what would Phileas Fogg do now? No one could say; but he himself appeared as cool as ever, and to have decided, for he told the engineer, the same evening, to keep the full-steam on till the coal was exhausted.

So the *Henrietta* proceeded at full-steam until, on the 18th, the coals began to give out, as the engineer had foretold.

"Keep up the steam as much as possible," said Mr. Fogg.

About midday, Phileas Fogg, having taken the ship's reckoning, told Passe-partout to release Captain Speedy. The Frenchman would rather have unloosed a tiger, and said, as he went aft, "What an awful rage he will be in."

A few minutes later a bomb appeared on deck. This bomb was Captain
Speedy, and looked ready to burst.

"Where are we?" was his first remark, as soon as his anger would allow him to speak. "Where are we?" he repeated, looking round.

"Seven hundred and seventy miles from Liverpool," replied Mr. Fogg calmly.

"Pirate!" roared Andrew Speedy.

"I requested your attendance, sir."

"You robber!"

"Sir," said Mr. Fogg, "I wish to ask you to sell me your vessel."

"Never, by all the devils!"

"Then I shall be obliged to burn her."

"Burn my ship?"

"Yes, at least the upper works, as we are in want of fuel."

"Burn my ship!" roared Captain Speedy; "why she is worth fifty thousand dollars!"

"Here are sixty thousand dollars," replied Fogg, as he offered him a roll of bank-notes.

This had a great effect upon Captain Speedy. In an instant he forgot his anger, his incarceration, and all his complaints. The ship was twenty years old, he would make his fortune. The bomb would not burst after all. Mr. Fogg had extinguished the fuze.

"I shall still keep the hulk, I suppose?"

"The hulk and the engine are yours. Is it a bargain?"

"Yes." And Speedy, seizing the proffered money, put it (speedily) into his pocket.

All this time Passe-partout was as pale as a ghost, while Fix looked as if he were going into a fit. Twenty thousand pounds expended, and the captain still possessed the hull and the machinery, the most valuable portion of the vessel! It was true that fifty-five thousand pounds had been stolen.

When Speedy had pocketed the money, Mr. Fogg said to him: "Don't be astonished at all this; you must know that if I do not reach London on the 21st of December, I shall lose twenty thousand pounds. Now you see I lost the steamer at New York—you refused to take me to Liverpool—"

"And I was right," replied the captain, "for I have made twenty thousand dollars by the refusal." Then he added, more seriously:

"Do you know one thing, Captain—"

"Fogg," said that worthy.

"Captain Fogg; you've got a spice of the Yankee in you!" And having paid him this compliment, as he fancied, he was going below, when Fogg said, "Now the vessel is mine!"

"Certainly; from truck to keelson—the wood I mean!"

"All right. Please have all the woodwork cut away and burnt."

It was absolutely necessary to burn the dry wood for fuel; and that day the poop, cabin fittings, bunks, and the spar-deck were consumed.

Next day, the 19th December, they burned the masts and spars. The crew worked with a will, and Passe-partout sawed away as lustily as any ten men. Next day the upper works disappeared, and the *Henrietta* was then only a hulk. But on that day they sighted the Fastnet Light and the Irish coast. By ten o'clock they passed Queenstown. Phileas Fogg had now only twenty-four hours left to reach Liverpool, even if he kept up full-speed; and the steam was likely to give out apparently.

"Sir," said Speedy, who was now almost as much interested as the rest, "I should really suggest your giving up the game. Everything is against you. We are only just passing Queenstown."

"Ah," exclaimed Fogg, "is that Queenstown where the lights are?"

"Yes."

"Cannot we enter the harbour?"

"Not before three o'clock; the tide will not serve."

"Let us wait then," said Fogg calmly, without betraying any emotion that, by a last effort, he was about to conquer his ill-luck.

Queenstown is the port at which the American mails are landed, which are then forwarded to Dublin by an express train, and from thence to Liverpool[A] by fast steamers, thus gaining twelve hours upon the fastest vessels.

[Footnote A: Holyhead.—*Trans.*]

Mr. Fogg calculated upon gaining this space of time, and so, instead of reaching Liverpool next evening, he would be there at noon, and be able to reach London by a quarter to nine p.m.

About one a.m. the *Henrietta* entered Queenstown, and Mr. Fogg, exchanging a clasp of the hand with Captain Speedy, left that personage upon the vessel, now a mere hulk.

All the party went ashore at once. Fix was much inclined to arrest Fogg on the spot, but refrained. Why? Did he think he was mistaken after all? At any rate he would not abandon Mr. Fogg. They all got into the train at half-past one a.m., and were in Dublin at daybreak, and immediately embarked on the mail-steamer which, disdaining to ride over the waves, cut through them.

At twenty minutes to twelve (noon) Mr. Fogg disembarked at Liverpool.[B] He was within six hours' run from London now.

[Footnote B: Holyhead.—*Trans.*]

But at that moment Fix approached him, and putting his hand upon Mr. Fogg's shoulder, said:

"Are you really Phileas Fogg?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then I arrest you in the Queen's name!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

In which Passe-partout uses Strong Language.

Phileas Fogg was in prison. He had been shut up in the Custom House, pending his removal to London.

Passe-partout would have attacked Fix when he arrested his master, had not some policemen prevented him. Mrs. Aouda was quite upset by the occurrence, which was quite unintelligible to her. Passe-partout explained to her how it had come to pass, and the young lady, who was of course powerless, wept bitterly.

Fix had merely done his duty, whether Mr. Fogg was guilty or not guilty. The judge would decide that.

It then occurred to Passe-partout that this was all his fault. Why had he not communicated the facts to Mr. Fogg? He should have told him who Fix was and his errand. Thus forewarned he could have given proofs of his innocence, and at any rate the detective would not in that case have travelled at Mr. Fogg's expense, and arrested him the moment he landed. As he thought of all this Passe-partout was ready to shoot himself. Neither he nor Aouda left the Custom House, notwithstanding the cold weather. They were anxious to see Mr. Fogg once more.

As for that gentleman he was completely ruined, and at the very moment he had succeeded in his attempt. The arrest was fatal. He had just eight hours and forty-five minutes to reach the Reform Club, and six hours would have sufficed to get to London.

Could anyone have seen Mr. Fogg they would have found him seated calmly on a form in the Custom House, as cool as ever. Resigned is scarcely the word to apply to him, but to all appearance he was as unmoved as ever. If he was raging within he did not betray any symptoms of anger. Was it possible that he still hoped to succeed?

At any rate he had carefully placed his watch on the table before him, and was watching it intently. Not a word escaped him, but his eyes wore a curious fixed expression. Honest or not, he was caught and ruined.

Was he thinking of escape, did he think of looking for an outlet? It was not unlikely, for every now and then he got up and walked round the room. But the door and window were both firmly closed and barred. He sat down, and drawing his journal from his pocket, read:

"21st December, Saturday, Liverpool."

To this he added—

"Eightieth day, 11.40 a.m."

Then he waited. The clock of the Custom House struck one. Mr. Fogg perceived that his watch was two minutes fast.

Two o'clock came! Admitting that he could at that moment get into an express train, he might yet arrive in London and reach the Reform Club in time.

At 2.33 he heard a noise outside of opening doors. He could distinguish Passe-partout and Fix's voices. Mr. Fogg's eyes glittered. The door was flung open and Mrs. Aouda, Fix, and Passe-partout rushed in.

"Ah sir!" exclaimed Fix, hurrying up to the prisoner, "a thousand pardons—an unfortunate resemblance! The true thief is arrested. You are free, free!"

Phileas Fogg was free. He walked quietly up to the detective, looked him steadily in the face for a second, and with a movement of his arm knocked him down!

"Well hit!" exclaimed Passe-partout. "By jingo, that's a proper application of the art of self-defence!"

Fix lay flat on the ground, and did not say a word. He had only received his deserts. Mr. Fogg, Aouda, and Passe-partout immediately quitted the Custom House, jumped into a cab, and drove to the railway-station.

Mr. Fogg inquired when there would be a train for London. It was 2.40; the train had left five-and-thirty minutes before. Mr. Fogg ordered a "special."

There were plenty of engines capable of running at a high speed, but the train could not be got in readiness before three. At that hour Mr. Fogg having said a few words to the engine-driver respecting a certain "tip," was rushing up to London, accompanied by Mrs. Aouda and his faithful Passe-partout.

The distance was accomplished in five hours and a half, a very easy thing when the line is clear, but there were some unavoidable delays, and when the special arrived in London the clock pointed to ten minutes to nine.

Thus Phileas Fogg, having accomplished his journey round the world, had returned five minutes too late!

He had lost his wager.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Passe-partout obeys Orders quickly.

The inhabitants of Saville Row would have been astonished, next day, if they had been told that Mr. Fogg had returned, for the doors and windows of his house were still shut, and there was no change visible exteriorly.

When he left the railway-station, Mr. Fogg had told Passe-partout to purchase some provisions, and then he quietly went home.

Mr. Fogg preserved his usual impassibility under the trying circumstances; he was ruined, and all through the fault of that blundering detective. After having achieved his long journey, overcome a thousand obstacles, braved a thousand dangers, and even found time to do some good on the way, to fail at the very moment that success was certain was indeed terrible. A very small portion remained to him of the large sum he had taken away with him; his whole fortune was comprised in the twenty thousand pounds deposited at Baring's, and that sum he owed to his colleagues at the club. After having paid all expenses, even had he won he would have been none the richer, and it is not likely he

wished to be richer, for he was one of those men who bet for reputation; but this wager would ruin his altogether. However, he had fully made up his mind what to do.

A room had been set aside for Aouda, who felt Mr. Fogg's ruin very deeply. From certain words she had heard she understood he was meditating some serious measures. Knowing that Englishmen of an eccentric turn of mind sometimes commit suicide, Passe-partout kept watch on his master unobserved; but the first thing the lad did was to extinguish the gas in his room, which had been burning for eighty days. In the letter-box he had found the gas company's bill, and thought it was quite time to put a stop to such an expense.

The night passed. Mr. Fogg went to bed, but it is doubtful whether he slept. Aouda was quite unable to rest, and Passe-partout kept watch like a dog at his master's door.

Next day, Mr. Fogg told him, shortly, to attend to Mrs. Aouda's breakfast, while he would have a cup of tea and a chop. He excused himself from joining Aouda at meals on the plea of putting his affairs in order, and it was not till evening that he asked for an interview with the young lady.

Passe-partout having received his orders had only to obey them, but he found it impossible to leave his master's room. His heart was full, his conscience was troubled with remorse, for he could not help blaming himself for the disaster. If he had only warned his master about Fix, Mr. Fogg would not have brought the detective to Liverpool, and then—

Passe-partout could hold out no longer.

"Oh, Mr. Fogg!" he exclaimed, "do you not curse me? It is all my fault—"

"I blame no one," replied Phileas Fogg, in his usual calm tone. "Go!"

Passe-partout quitted the room and sought Mrs. Aouda, to whom he delivered his message.

"Madam," he added, "I am powerless. I have no influence over my master's mind; perhaps you may have."

"What influence can I have?" she replied; "Mr. Fogg will submit to no one. Has he really ever understood how grateful I am to him? Has he ever read my heart? He must not be left alone an instant. You say he is going to see me this evening?"

"Yes, madam. No doubt to make arrangements for your sojourn in England."

"Let us wait, then," replied the young lady, becoming suddenly thoughtful.

So, through all that Sunday, the house in Saville Row appeared uninhabited; and for the first time since he had lived in it, Phileas Fogg did not go to his club as Big Ben was striking half-past eleven.

And why should he go to the Reform Club? His friends did not expect him. As he had not appeared in time to win the wager, it was not necessary for him to go to the bank and draw his twenty thousand pounds. His antagonists had his blank cheque; it only remained for them to fill it up and present it for payment.

As Mr. Fogg, then, had no object in going out, he stayed in his room and arranged his business matters. Passe-partout was continually running up and down stairs, and thought the day passed very slowly. He listened at his master's door, and did not think it wrong; he looked through the keyhole, for every instant he feared some catastrophe. Sometimes he thought of Fix, but without any animosity. Fix, like everyone else, had been mistaken, and had only done his duty in following Mr. Fogg, while he (Passe-partout)— The thought haunted him, and he thought himself the most wretched of men.

He was so unhappy that he could not bear to remain alone, so he knocked at Mrs. Aouda's sitting-room, and, permitted to enter, sat down in a corner, without speaking. She, too, was very pensive.

About half-past seven Mr. Fogg asked permission to go in; he took a chair and sat close by the fireplace, opposite to the young lady; he betrayed no emotion—the Fogg who had come back was the same as the Fogg who had gone away. There was the same calmness, the same impassibility.

For five minutes he did not speak, then he said: "Madam, can you forgive me for having brought you to England?"

"I, Mr. Fogg!" exclaimed Mrs. Aouda, trying to check the beating of her heart.

"Pray allow me to finish," continued Mr. Fogg. "When I asked you to come to this country I was rich,

and had determined to place a portion of my fortune at your disposal. You would have been free and happy. Now I am ruined."

"I know it, Mr. Fogg," she replied; "and I, in my turn, have to ask your pardon for having followed you, and, who knows, retarded you, and thus contributed to your ruin."

"You could not have remained in India," replied Mr. Fogg, "and your safety was only assured by taking you quite away from those fanatics who wished to arrest you."

"So, Mr. Fogg," she replied, "not satisfied with having saved me from death, you wished to insure my comfort in a foreign country."

"I did," replied Fogg; "but fate was unpropitious. However, I wish to place at your disposal the little I have left."

"But," she exclaimed, "what will become of you, Mr. Fogg?"

"Of me, madam? I am in want of nothing."

"But," she continued, "how can you bear to look upon the fate in store for you?"

"As I always look at everything," replied Mr. Fogg; "in the best way I can."

"At any rate," said Aouda, "your friends will not permit you to want anything."

"I have no friends, madam."

"Your relations, then."

"I have no relations now."

"Oh then indeed I pity you, Mr. Fogg. Solitude is a terrible thing. Not a single person to whom you can confide your sorrow? Though they say that even grief, shared with another, is more easily supported."

"So they say, madam."

"Mr. Fogg," said Aouda, rising and extending her hand to him, "do you care to possess at the same time a relative and a friend? Will you take me for your wife?"

Mr. Fogg had risen also. There was an unusual gleam in his eyes, and his lips trembled. Aouda looked at him. In this regard of a noble woman, who had dared everything to save the man to whom she owed her life, her sincerity, firmness, and sweetness were all apparent. He was at first astonished, and then completely overcome. For a moment his eyes closed, as if to avoid her glance, and when he opened them again he said simply:

"I love you. By all I hold sacred, I love you dearly; and I am yours for ever."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Aouda, as she pressed her hand upon her bosom.

Passe-partout was immediately summoned. Mr. Fogg was still holding the lady's hand. Passe-partout understood it all, and his face became radiant.

Mr. Fogg asked him if it were too late to notify the Rev. Samuel
Wilson, of Marylebone Church, about the wedding.

Passe-partout smiled, as he replied, "It is never too late." It was then five minutes past eight.

"Will the wedding take place to-morrow, Monday?" he said

"Shall we say to-morrow?" asked Mr. Fogg, turning to Aouda.

"If you please," she replied, blushing.

Passe-partout hurried away as fast as he could go.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

In which Phileas Fogg's Name is once again at a Premium on the Exchange.

It is now time to say something of the change which English opinion underwent when the true bank robber, one James Strand, was arrested in Edinburgh on the 17th of December.

Three days before Fogg was a criminal, followed by the police; now he was a gentleman, who had only been taking an eccentric journey round the world. There was great discussion in the papers, and those who had laid wagers for or against Mr. Fogg rose once more as if by magic. The "Fogg Bonds" were once more negotiated, and Phileas Fogg's name was at a premium.

The members of the Reform Club passed those three days in great discomfort. Would Phileas Fogg, whom they had forgotten, return? Where was he on that 17th of December, which was the seventy-sixth day after his departure, and they had had no news of him? Had he given in, and renounced the struggle, or was he continuing the journey at a more reasonable rate, and would he appear on Saturday, the 21st of December, at a quarter to nine in the evening, as agreed upon?

We cannot depict the intense agitation which moved all classes of society during those three days. Telegrams were sent to America and Asia for news of Mr. Fogg, and people were sent, morning and night, to Saville Row; but there was no news. Even the police did not know what had become of Fix. But all these things did not prevent bets being made, even to a greater amount than formerly. Bonds were quoted no longer at a hundred per cent. discount, but went up to ten and five; and even old Lord Albemarle was betting at evens.

So that Saturday night a great crowd was assembled in Pall Mall and the Reform Club. Traffic was impeded; disputes, arguments, and bets were raging in every direction. The police had the greatest difficulty to keep back the crowd, and as the hour when Mr. Fogg was due approached, the excitement rose to fever-heat.

That evening that gentleman's five friends had assembled in the drawing-room of the club. There were the two bankers, John Sullivan and Samuel Fallentin; Andrew Stuart, the engineer; Gauthier Ralph, the director of the Bank of England; and Thomas Flanagan, the brewer; all awaiting Mr. Fogg's return with the greatest anxiety.

At twenty minutes past eight Stuart rose and said: "Gentlemen, in twenty-five minutes the time agreed upon will have expired."

"At what time was the last train due from Liverpool?" asked Flanagan.

"At 7.23," replied Ralph; "and the next does not arrive till past midnight."

"Well, then, gentlemen," replied Stuart, "if Mr. Fogg had arrived by the 7.23, he would have been here before now, so we may look upon the bet as won."

"Do not be in too great a hurry," replied Fallentin. "You know that our friend is very eccentric, and his punctuality is proverbial. I, for one, shall be astonished if he does not turn up at the last minute."

"For my part," said Stuart, who was very nervous, "if I should see him
I could not believe it was he."

"In fact," replied Flanagan, "Mr. Fogg's project was insane. No matter how punctual he may be, he cannot prevent some delay; and a day or two would throw all his arrangements out of gear."

"And you will remark besides," said Sullivan, "that we have not received any news from him all the time he has been away, although there are telegraphs all along his route."

"He has lost, gentlemen," said Stuart, "a hundred times over. The only ship he could have come by and been in time was the *China*, and she arrived yesterday. Here is a list of the passengers, and Phileas Fogg's name is not included. On the most favourable computation our friend can scarcely have reached America. I do not expect him for the next twenty days, and my Lord Albemarle will lose his five thousand pounds."

"Then we have nothing to do," replied Ralph, "but to present his cheque at Baring's to-morrow."

The hands of the clock were then pointing to twenty minutes to nine.

"Five minutes more," said Stuart.

The five friends looked at each other. One could almost hear their hearts beating, for it must be confessed that even for such seasoned players the stakes were pretty high, but they did not wish their anxiety to be remarked, and on Fallentin's suggestion they sat down to whist.

"I would not give up my four thousand pounds," said Stuart as he sat down, "if anyone were to offer me three thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine."

The clock pointed to eighteen minutes to nine.

The players took up their cards, but kept looking at the clock. No matter how safe they felt, the minutes had never appeared so long.

"8.43," said Flanagan, as he cut the pack Ralph passed to him.

At that moment the silence was profound, but the cries of the crowd outside soon rose again. The clock beat out the seconds with mathematical regularity, and each of the players checked every tick of the pendulum.

"8.44," said Sullivan, in a voice which betrayed his nervousness.

One minute more and they would have won their bet. They laid down their cards and counted the seconds.

At the fortieth second no news; at the fiftieth still nothing. At the fifty-fifth second a loud roar was heard from the street mingled with cheers and oaths.

All the players rose simultaneously.

At the fifty-seventh second the door of the room was thrust open, and before the pendulum had marked the minute Phileas Fogg advanced into the room, followed to the door by an excited crowd who had forced their way in, and he said in his usual calm tone,

"Here I am, gentlemen."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Showing how Phileas Fogg gained only Happiness by his Tour round the World.

Yes, it was Phileas Fogg in person.

Our readers will recollect that at five minutes after eight that evening—about twenty-five hours after our travellers' arrival in London—Passe-partout had been requested to arrange about a certain marriage with the Rev. Samuel Wilson. Passe-partout had gone on his mission rejoicing, but the clergyman was not at home. He naturally waited, but he was kept at least twenty minutes.

It was 8.35 when he left the clergyman's house, but what a state he was in! His hair was disordered, he ran home without his hat, overturning the passers-by as he went rushing along the pathway.

In three minutes he was back in Saville Row, and he rushed breathlessly into Mr. Fogg's room.

He was unable to speak.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Fogg.

"Oh, sir—the marriage—impossible."

"Impossible?"

"Impossible for to-morrow."

"Why so?"

"Because to-morrow is—Sunday."

"It is Monday," said Mr. Fogg.

"No, to-day is Saturday."

"Saturday? impossible."

"It is, it is!" exclaimed Passe-partout. "You have made a mistake of one day. We arrived twenty-four hours before our time, but we have only ten minutes left now."

As he spoke Passe-partout fairly dragged his master out of his chair.

Phileas Fogg, thus seized, had no choice. He rushed downstairs, jumped into a cab, promised the driver a hundred pounds, ran over two dogs, came into collision with five cabs, and reached the Reform Club at 8.45.

So Phileas Fogg had accomplished the journey round the world in eighty days, and had won his bet of twenty thousand pounds.

Now how was it that such a methodical man could have made a mistake of a day? How could he imagine that he had got back on Saturday the 21st when it was really Friday the 20th, seventy-nine days after his departure?

The reason is very simple.

Phileas Fogg had unconsciously gained a day, simply because he journeyed always eastward, whereas, had he journeyed westward, he would have lost a day.

In fact, travelling towards the east, he had gone towards the south, and consequently the days got shorter as many times four minutes as he crossed degrees in that direction. There are three hundred and sixty degrees, and these multiplied by four minutes give exactly twenty-four hours; that is the day Fogg gained. In other words, while Phileas Fogg, going east, saw the sun pass the meridian eighty times, his friends in London only saw it seventy-nine times, and that is why on that day, which was Saturday, and not Sunday, as Mr. Fogg thought, they expected him at the Reform Club.

Passe-partout's wonderful watch, which had always kept London time, would have confirmed this had it only marked the days as well as the hours and minutes.

So Phileas Fogg had won his twenty thousand pounds, but as he had expended nearly nineteen thousand pounds, his gain was small. However, he had not bet for money. He actually divided the thousand pounds that remained between honest Passe-partout and the unfortunate Fix, against whom he bore no malice. But from Passe-partout's share he deducted, on principle, the cost of the gas which had been burning for one thousand nine hundred and twenty hours. That same evening Mr. Fogg, as tranquilly as ever, said to Aouda, "Is the prospect of our marriage still agreeable to you?"

"Mr. Fogg," she replied, "it is I who ought to have asked you that question. You were ruined then, but now you are rich."

"Excuse me, madam," he replied, "this fortune belongs to you. If you had not thought of the wedding, my servant would never have gone to see Mr. Wilson, and I should not have found out my mistake."

"Dear Mr. Fogg," said the young lady.

"My dearest Aouda," replied Phileas Fogg.

The marriage took place forty-eight hours afterwards, and Passe-partout, beaming and resplendent, gave the bride away. Had he not saved her life, and was he not entitled to the honour?

On the wedding morning Passe-partout knocked at his master's door.

"What is the matter, Passe-partout?"

"Well, sir, I have just this moment found out that we might have gone round the world in seventy-eight days only."

"No doubt," replied Mr. Fogg, "if we had not crossed India; but if I had not crossed India we should not have rescued Mrs. Aouda, and she would never have been my wife."

And Mr. Fogg shut the door quietly.

So Phileas Fogg won his wager, and made the tour of the world in eighty days. To do this he had made use of every means of transport—steamers, railways, carriages, yacht, trading-ship, sledges, and elephants. That eccentric gentleman had displayed all through his most marvellous qualities of coolness and exactness; and after all what had he really gained? What had he brought back?

"Nothing," do you say? Well, perhaps so, if a charming woman is nothing, who, however extraordinary it may appear, made him the happiest of men.

And in truth, reader, would not you go round the world for less than that?

THE END.

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