

# ROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS

BY

JULES VERNE

EDITED BY  
CHARLES F. HORNE, Ph.D.  
Professor of English, College of the City of New York;  
Author of "The Technique of the Novel," etc.



VINCENT PARKE AND COMPANY  
NEW YORK :: LONDON  
1911

moulin digital editions



2015

Copyright, 1911,  
By Vincent Parke and Company.

# ROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS

## CHAPTER I

### IN WHICH PHILEAS FOGG AND PASSEPARTOUT ACCEPT EACH OTHER AS MASTER AND SERVANT

IN the year 1872, the house No. 7, Saville Row, Burlington Gardens—the house in which Sheridan died, in 1814—was inhabited by Phileas Fogg, Esq., one of the most singular and most noticed members of the Reform Club of London, although he seemed to take care to do nothing which might attract attention.

This Phileas Fogg, then, an enigmatic personage, of whom nothing was known but that he was a very polite man, and one of the most perfect gentlemen of good English society, succeeded one of the greatest orators that honor England.

An Englishman Phileas Fogg was surely, but perhaps not a Londoner. He was never seen on 'Change, at the bank, or in any of the counting-rooms of the "City." The docks of London had never received a vessel fitted out by Phileas Fogg. This gentleman did not figure in any public body. His name had never sounded in any Inns of Court. He never pleaded in the Court of Chancery, nor the Queen's Bench. He was neither a manufacturer, nor a merchant, nor a gentleman farmer. He was not a member of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, or the London Institution, or the Literary Institution of the West, or the Law Institute, or that Institute of the Arts and Sciences, placed under the direct patronage of her gracious majesty. In fact, he belonged to none of the numerous societies that swarm in the capital of England, from the Harmonic to the Entomological Society, founded principally for the purpose of destroying hurtful insects. Phileas Fogg was a member of the Reform Club, and that was all.

Should anyone be astonished that such a mysterious gentleman should be among the members of this honorable institution, we will reply that he obtained admission on the recommendation of Baring Brothers, with whom he had an open credit. Was this Phileas Fogg rich? Undoubtedly. But the best informed could not say how he had made his money, and Mr. Fogg was the last person to whom it would have been proper to go for information. He was by no means extravagant in anything, neither was he avaricious, for when money was needed for a noble, useful, or benevolent purpose, he gave it quietly, and even anonymously. In short, no one was less communicative than this gentleman. He talked as little as possible, and seemed much more mysterious than silent. His life was open to the light, but what he did was always so mathematically the same thing, that the imagination, unsatisfied, sought further.

















































































































































































































































































## ROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS

“To-morrow evening, madame.”

“To-morrow evening! But it will be too late. We must wait—”

“Impossible,” replied the conductor. “If you are going, get aboard the car.”

“I will not go,” replied the young woman.

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

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

The detective Fix had remained.

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

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

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

During the whole night Aouda, her mind full of dark presentiments, her heart filled with anguish, wandered on the border of the prairie. Her imagination carried her afar off and showed her a thousand dangers. What she suffered during those long hours could not be expressed. Fix, still immovable in the same spot, did not sleep. Once a man approached and spoke to him, but the detective sent him away, after replying to him by a negative sign.

Thus the night passed. At dawn, the half-concealed disk of the

## ROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS

sun rose from a misty horizon. Still the eye might reach as far as two miles. Phileas Fogg and the detachment had gone to the south. The south was entirely deserted. It was then seven o'clock in the morning.

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

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

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

All—the deliverers and the delivered—were received with cries of joy, and Phileas Fogg divided among the soldiers the reward he had promised them, whilst Passepartout repeated to himself, not without reason, “I must confess that I am certainly costing my master very dearly.”

Fix, without uttering a word, looked at Mr. Fogg, and it would have been difficult to analyze the impressions struggling within him. As for Aouda, she took the gentleman's hand, and pressed it in hers, without being able to utter a word!

In the meantime Passepartout, upon his arrival, was looking for the train at the station. He thought he would find it there, ready to start for Omaha, and he hoped they could still make up the lost time. “The train, the train!” he cried.

“Gone,” replied Fix.

“And when will the next train pass?” asked Fogg.

“Not until this evening.”

“Ah!” simply replied the impassible gentleman.

## CHAPTER XXXI

### IN WHICH THE DETECTIVE FIX TAKES SERIOUSLY IN CHARGE PHILEAS FOGG'S INTERESTS

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

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

## ROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS

“Very seriously,” replied Phileas Fogg.

“I insist,” continued Fix. “It is very much to your interest to be in New York on the 11th, before nine o’clock in the evening, the time of departure of the Liverpool steamer.”

“I have a very great interest.”

“And if your journey had not been interrupted by this Indian attack, you would have arrived in New York on the morning of the 11th?”

“Yes, twelve hours before the departure of the steamer.”

“Well, you are now twenty hours behind time. The difference between twenty and twelve is eight. Eight hours are to be made up. Do you wish to try to do it?”

“On foot?” asked Mr. Fogg.

“No, on a sledge,” replied Fix, “on a sledge with sails. A man has proposed this means of conveyance to me.” It was the man who had spoken to the detective during the night, and whose offer he had refused.

Phileas Fogg did not reply to Fix; but Fix having shown him the man in question, who was walking up and down before the station, the gentleman went up to him. An instant after, Phileas Fogg and this American, named Mudge, entered a hut built at the foot of Fort Kearney.

There Mr. Fogg examined a very singular vehicle, a sort of frame laid on two long beams, a little raised in front, like the runners of a sledge, and upon which five or six persons could be seated. On the front of the frame was fastened a very high mast, to which an immense brigantine sail was attached. The mast, firmly held by metallic fastenings, held an iron stay, which served to hoist a large jib-sail. At the rear a sort of rudder allowed the apparatus to be steered.

As could be seen, it was a sledge sloop-rigged. During the winter, on the icy plains, when the trains are blocked up by the snow, these vehicles make extremely rapid trips from one station to another. They carry a tremendous press of sail, far more than a cutter, and, with the wind behind, they glide over the surface of the prairie with a speed equal to, if not greater than, that of an express train.

In a few moments, the bargain was concluded between Mr. Fogg and the owner of this land craft. The wind was good. It blew with a strong breeze from the west. The snow had hardened, and Mudge was certain that he could take Mr. Fogg in a few hours to Omaha. There the trains are frequent, and the routes leading to Chicago and New York are numerous. It was not impossible to make up the time lost. There should be no hesitation in making the attempt.

Mr. Fogg, not wishing to expose Aouda to the discomforts of a trip in the open air, with the cold rendered more unbearable by the speed, proposed to her to remain under Passepartout’s care at Kearney station. The honest fellow would undertake to bring her to Europe by a better route and under more acceptable conditions.

## ROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS

Aouda refused to be separated from Mr. Fogg, and Passepartout felt very happy at this determination. Indeed, nothing in the world would have induced him to leave his master, since Fix was to accompany him.

As to what the detective then thought, it would be difficult to say. Had his convictions been shaken by Phileas Fogg's return, or rather did he consider him a very shrewd rogue, who, having accomplished his tour of the world, believed that he would be entirely safe in England? Perhaps Fix's opinion concerning Phileas Fogg was really modified. But he was none the less decided to do his duty, and more impatient than all of them to hasten with all his might the return to England.

At eight o'clock the sledge was ready to start. The travelers—we were tempted to say the passengers—took their places, and wrapped themselves closely in their traveling cloaks. The two immense sails were hoisted, and, under the pressure of the wind, the vehicle slipped over the hardened snow with a speed of forty miles an hour.

The distance between Fort Kearney and Omaha is, in a straight line—in a bee-line, as the Americans say—two hundred miles at the most. If the wind continued, this distance could be accomplished in five hours. If no accident happened, the sledge ought to reach Omaha at one o'clock in the afternoon.

What a journey! The travelers, huddled up against each other, could not speak. The cold, increased by the speed, cut off their words. The sledge glided as lightly over the surface of the plain as a vessel over the surface of the water—with the swell at least. When the breeze came, skimming the earth, it seemed as if the sledge was lifted from the ground by its sails, which were like huge wings. Mudge, at the rudder, kept the straight line, and with a turn of the tiller he corrected the lurches which the apparatus had a tendency to make. All sail was carried. The jib had been arranged so that it no longer was screened by the brigantine. A top-mast was hoisted, and another jib stretched to the wind added its force to that of the other sails. It could not be exactly estimated, but certainly the speed of the sledge could not be less than forty miles an hour.

“If nothing breaks,” said Mudge, “we shall arrive!”

It was Mudge's interest to arrive at the time agreed upon, for Mr. Fogg adhering to his plan, had stimulated him by the promise of a handsome reward.

The prairie, which the sledge was crossing in a straight line, was as flat as a sea. It might have been called a frozen pond. The railroad which ran through this section, ascended from southwest to northwest by Grand Island, Columbus, an important Nebraska town, Schuyler, Fremont, then Omaha. During its entire course, it followed the right bank of Platte river. The sledge, shortening this route, took the cord of the arc described by the railroad. Mudge did not fear being stopped by the Platte river, at the short bend in front



## ROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS

of Fremont, as it was frozen over. The way was then entirely free of obstructions, and Phileas Fogg had only two things to fear: an accident to the apparatus, a change or a calm of the wind.

But the breeze did not abate. On the contrary, it blew so hard that it bent the mast, which the iron fastenings kept firm. These metal fastenings, like the chords of an instrument, resounded as if a violin bow had produced their vibrations. The sledge slid along in the midst of a plaintive harmony, of a very peculiar intensity.

“These cords give the fifth and the octave,” said Mr. Fogg.

And these were the only words he uttered during this trip. Aouda, carefully wrapped in furs and cloaks, was preserved as much as possible from the attacks of the cold.

Passepartout, his face red as the solar disk when it sets in the mist, drew in the biting air. With the depth of unshaken confidence that he possessed, he was ready to hope again. Instead of arriving in New York in the morning, they would arrive there in the evening, but there might be some chances that it would be before the departure of the Liverpool steamer.

Passepartout even experienced a strong desire to grasp the hand of his ally Fix. He did not forget that it was the detective himself who had procured the sledge with sails, and consequently the only means there was to reach Omaha in good time. But by some unknown presentiment, he kept himself in his accustomed reserve.

At all events, one thing which Passepartout would never forget was the sacrifice which Mr. Fogg had unhesitatingly made to rescue him from the hands of the Sioux. As for that, Mr. Fogg had risked his fortune and his life—No! his servant would not forget him!

Whilst each one of the travelers allowed himself to wander off in such various reflections the sledge flew over the immense carpet of snow. If it passed over creeks, tributaries, or sub-tributaries of Little Blue river, they did not perceive it. The fields and the streams disappeared under a uniform whiteness.

The plain was absolutely deserted. Comprised between the Union Pacific Road and the branch uniting Kearney to St. Joseph, it formed as it were a large uninhabited island. Not a village, not a station, not even a fort. From time to time they saw passing like a flash some grimacing tree, whose white skeleton was twisted about by the wind. Sometimes flocks of wild birds rose: sometimes, also, prairie wolves in large bands, gaunt, famished, urged on by a ferocious demand of nature, vied with the sledge in swiftness. Then Passepartout, with revolver in hand, held himself ready to fire upon those that came nearest. If any accident had then stopped the sledge, the travelers, attacked by these ferocious carnivorous beasts, would have run the greatest risks. But the sledge kept on in its course, it was not long in getting ahead, and soon the whole howling band was left behind.

At noon, Mudge recognized by certain landmarks that he was

## ROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS

crossing the frozen course of the Platte river. He said nothing, but he was sure that in twenty miles more he would reach Omaha.

And, indeed, one hour afterwards this skillful guide, abandoning the helm, hastened to the halyards of the sails and furled them, whilst the sledge, carried on by its irresistible force, accomplished another half mile under bare poles. Finally it stopped, and Mudge pointing out a mass of roofs white with snow, said: "We have arrived."

Arrived! Arrived indeed at the station which, by numerous trains is in daily communication with the eastern part of the United States! Passepartout and Fix jumped to the ground and shook their stiffened limbs. They helped Mr. Fogg and the young woman to descend from the sledge. Phileas Fogg settled generously with Mudge, whose hand Passepartout shook like a friend's, and all hurried towards the depot in Omaha.

The Pacific Railroad, properly so called, has its terminus at this important city in Nebraska, placing the Mississippi basin in connection with the great ocean. To go from Omaha to Chicago, the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Road is taken, running directly to the east, and passing fifty stations.

A through train was ready to start. Phileas Fogg and his companions only had time to hurry into a car. They had seen nothing of Omaha; but Passepartout acknowledged to himself that it was not to be regretted, as they were not on a sight-seeing tour. The train passed with very great speed into the state of Iowa, through Council Bluffs, Des Moines, and Iowa City. During the night it crossed the Mississippi at Davenport, and entered Illinois at Rock Island. The next day, the 10th, at four o'clock in the afternoon, they arrived at Chicago, already risen from its ruins, and sitting more proudly than ever on the shores of the beautiful Lake Michigan.

Nine hundred miles separate Chicago from New York. Trains are not wanting at Chicago. Mr. Fogg passed immediately from one to the other. The nimble locomotive of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railway started at full speed, as if it understood that the honorable gentleman "had no time to lose." It traversed Indiana and Ohio, passing by populous cities and over wide expanses of agricultural land, with but few pauses; and, sixteen hours after leaving Chicago, the Ohio was reached.

At thirty-five minutes after nine, on the evening of the 11th, the train entered the great depot at Jersey City, the walls of which are washed by the Hudson river. From this station, the eastern terminus of a railroad system of great magnitude, fifty-one passenger and eighty-one freight trains depart every twenty-four hours, and an equal number arrive. Steamers and sailing vessels lined the miles of docks extending on both sides of the station, and the mighty river was filled with craft of all kinds engaged in the commerce of New York, which rose in front of the travelers as they emerged upon the broad, cov-

## ROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS

ered way running in front of the depot, where the gigantic ferryboats of the railroad company receive and land their myriads of travelers, pausing not in their work day or night.

At thirty-five minutes after nine at night, the train stopped in the depot, near the very pier of the Cunard line of steamers, otherwise called The British and North American Royal Mail Steam Packet Company.

The *China*, bound for Liverpool, had left thirty-five minutes before!

### CHAPTER XXXII

#### IN WHICH PHILEAS FOGG ENGAGES IN A DIRECT STRUGGLE WITH ILL LUCK

THE *China*, in leaving, seemed to have carried away with her Phileas Fogg's last hope. In fact, none of the other steamers in the direct service between America and Europe, neither the French Transatlantic steamers, nor the ships of the White Star line, nor those of the Inman Company, nor those of the Hamburg line, nor any others, could serve the gentleman's projects.

The *Pereire*, of the French Atlantic Company, would not start until the 14th of December. And besides, like those of the Hamburg Company, she would not go directly to Liverpool or London, but to Havre, and this additional trip from Havre to Southampton, delaying Phileas Fogg, would have rendered his last efforts of no avail.

The gentleman posted himself thoroughly about all this by consulting his Bradshaw, which gave him, day by day, the movements of the transoceanic vessels.

Passepartout was annihilated. It killed him to miss the steamer by thirty-five minutes. It was his fault, he who, instead of aiding his master, had not ceased to scatter obstacles in his way! And when he reviewed in his mind all the incidents of the journey; when he calculated the sums spent, which was pure loss, and for his own interest; when he thought that this enormous bet, added to the heavy expenses of this now useless journey, would completely ruin Mr. Fogg, he overwhelmed himself with opprobrium.

Mr. Fogg did not reproach him at all, and leaving the pier of the ocean steamers, he said only these words: "We will consult tomorrow. Come."

Mr. Fogg, Aouda, Fix, and Passepartout crossed the Hudson from Jersey City in the ferry boat, and got into a carriage, which took them to the St. Nicholas Hotel, on Broadway. Rooms were put at their disposal, and the night passed—a very short one for Phileas Fogg, who slept soundly, but very long for Aouda and her compan-

## ROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS

ions, whose agitation did not allow them to rest.

The next day was the 12th of December. From the 12th, at seven in the morning, to the 21st, at eight forty-five in the evening, there remained nine days, thirteen hours, and forty-five minutes. If, then, Phileas Fogg had left the night before in the *China*, one of the best sailers of the Cunard line, he would have arrived at Liverpool, and then in London, in the desired time!

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

Mr. Fogg repaired to the banks of the Hudson, and among the ships moored to the wharf, or anchored in the stream, he sought with care those which were about to leave. Several vessels had their signals for departure up and were preparing to put to sea at the morning high tide, for in this immense and admirable port, there is not a day when a hundred vessels do not set sail for every quarter of the globe; but the most of them were sailing vessels, and they would not suit Phileas Fogg.

This gentleman was seeming to fail in his last attempt, when he perceived, moored in front of the battery, at a cable's length at most, a merchantman, with screw, of fine outlines, whose smoke-stack, emitting clouds of smoke, indicated that she was preparing to sail.

Phileas Fogg hailed a boat, got in it, and with a few strokes of the oar, he found himself at the ladder of the *Henrietta*, an iron-hulled steamer, with her upper parts of wood.

The captain of the *Henrietta* was on board. Phileas Fogg went up on deck and asked for the captain, who presented himself immediately.

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

"The captain?" asked Mr. Fogg.

"I am he."

"I am Phileas Fogg, of London."

"And I am Andrew Speedy, of Cardiff."

"You are going to start?"

"In an hour."

"You are loaded for—?"

"Bordeaux."

"And your cargo?"

"Gravel in the hold. I have no freight. I sail in ballast."

"You have passengers?"

"No passengers. Never have passengers. A merchandise that's in the way and reasons."

"Your vessel sails swiftly?"

"Between eleven and twelve knots. The *Henrietta*, well known."

## ROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS

“Do you wish to convey me to Liverpool, myself and three persons?”

“To Liverpool? Why not to China?”

“I said Liverpool.”

“No!”

“No?”

“No. I am setting out for Bordeaux, and I shall go to Bordeaux.”

“It don’t matter what price?”

“It don’t matter what price!”

The captain spoke in a tone which did not admit of a reply.

“But the owners of the *Henrietta*—” replied Phileas Fogg.

“The owners of the *Henrietta* are myself,” replied the captain. “The vessel belongs to me.”

“I will freight it for you.”

“No.”

“No?”

“I will buy it from you.”

Phileas Fogg did not change countenance. But the situation was serious. It was not at New York as at Hong Kong, nor with the captain of the *Henrietta* as with the captain of the *Tankadere*. Until the present the gentleman’s money had always overcome obstacles. This time the money failed.

But the means of crossing the Atlantic in a vessel must be found, unless they went across in a balloon, which would have been very venturesome, and which, besides, was not practicable.

Phileas Fogg, however, appeared to have an idea, for he said to the captain: “Well, will you take me to Bordeaux?”

“No, even if you would pay me two hundred dollars.”

“I offer you two thousand.”

“For each person?”

“For each person.”

“And there are four of you?”

“Four.”

Captain Speedy commenced to scratch his forehead as if he would tear the skin off. Eight thousand dollars to be made, without changing his course; it was well worth the trouble of putting aside his decided antipathy for every kind of passenger. Passengers at two thousand dollars apiece, besides, are no longer passengers, but valuable merchandise.

“I leave at nine o’clock,” said Captain Speedy, simply, “and you and yours will be there?”

“At nine o’clock we will be on board!” simply replied Mr. Fogg.

It was half past eight. To land from the *Henrietta*, get in a carriage, repair to the St. Nicholas Hotel, and take back with him Aouda, Passepartout, and even the inseparable Fix, to whom he graciously offered a passage, this was all done by the gentleman with the quiet which never deserted him under any circumstances. At the

## ROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS

moment that the *Henrietta* was ready to sail, all four were aboard.

When Passepartout learned what this last voyage would cost, he uttered one of those prolonged “Oh’s!” which run through all the spaces of the descending chromatic scale!

As for Detective Fix, he said to himself that the Bank of England would not come out whole from this affair. In fact, by the time of their arrival, and admitting that this Mr. Fogg would not throw a few handfuls besides into the sea, more than seven thousand pounds would be missing from the bank notes in the traveling bag!

### CHAPTER XXXIII

#### IN WHICH PHILEAS FOGG SHOWS HIMSELF EQUAL TO CIRCUMSTANCES

AN hour afterwards the steamer *Henrietta* passed the light-boat which marks the entrance of the Hudson, turned Sandy Hook Point, and put to sea. During the day she skirted Long Island, in the offing of the Fire Island Light, and rapidly ran towards the east.

At noon of the next day, the 13th of December, a man went upon the bridge to take charge of the vessel. It would certainly be supposed that this man was Captain Speedy! Not at all. It was Phileas Fogg.

As for Captain Speedy, he was very snugly locked up in his cabin, and was howling at a rate that denoted an anger very pardonable, which amounted to a paroxysm.

What had happened was very simple. Phileas Fogg wanted to go to Liverpool; the captain would not take him there. Then Phileas Fogg had agreed to take passage for Bordeaux, and during the thirty hours that he had been on board, he had maneuvered so well with his bank notes, that the crew, sailors and firemen—an occasional crew, on bad terms with the captain—belonged to him. And this is why Phileas Fogg commanded in the place of Captain Speedy, why the captain was shut up in his cabin, and why, finally, the *Henrietta* was steering her course towards Liverpool. It was very clear, seeing Mr. Fogg maneuver, that he had been a sailor.

Now, how the adventure would come out, would be known later. Aouda’s uneasiness did not cease, although she said nothing. Fix was stunned at first. Passepartout found the thing simply splendid.

“Between eleven and twelve knots,” Captain Speedy had said, and the *Henrietta* did indeed maintain this average of speed.

If then—how many “ifs” yet!—if the sea did not become too rough, if the wind did not rise in the east, if no mishap occurred to the vessel, no accident to the engine, the *Henrietta* in the nine days, counting from the 12th of December to the 21st, could accomplish the three thousand miles separating New York from Liverpool. It is

true that once arrived, the *Henrietta* affair on top of the bank affair might take the gentleman a little farther than he would like.

During the first few days they went along under excellent conditions. The wind was not too rough; the sails were hoisted, and with them the *Henrietta* sailed like a genuine transatlantic steamer.

Passepartout was delighted. The last exploit of his master, the consequences of which he preferred not to consider, filled him with enthusiasm. The crew had never seen a gayer, more agile fellow. He made a thousand friendships with the sailors and astonished them by his acrobatic feats. He lavished upon them the best names and the most attractive drinks. He thought that they maneuvered like gentlemen, and that the firemen coaled up like heroes. His good humor was very communicative, and impressed itself upon all. He had forgotten the past, with its annoyances and its perils. He thought only of the end, so nearly reached, and sometimes he boiled over with impatience, as if he had been heated by the furnaces of the *Henrietta*. Frequently, also, the worthy fellow revolved around Fix; he looked at him with a distrustful eye, but he did not speak to him, for there no longer existed any intimacy between these two old friends.

Besides, Fix, it must be confessed, did not understand this thing at all. The conquest of the *Henrietta*, the purchase of her crew, and Fogg maneuvering like an accomplished seaman—this combination of things confused him. He did not know what to think. But, after all, a man who commenced by stealing fifty-five thousand pounds could finish by stealing a vessel. And Fix was naturally led to believe that the *Henrietta*, directed by Fogg, was not going to Liverpool at all, but into some quarter of the world where the robber, become a pirate, would quietly place himself in safety! This hypothesis, it must be confessed, could not be more plausible, and the detective commenced to regret very seriously having entered upon this affair.

As for Captain Speedy, he continued to howl in his cabin, and Passepartout, whose duty it was to provide his meals, did it only with the greatest precautions, although he was so strong. Phileas Fogg had no longer the appearance of even suspecting that there was a captain on board.

On the 13th, they passed the edge of the Banks of Newfoundland. Those are bad latitudes. During the winter, especially, the fogs are frequent there, the blows dreadful. Since the day before, the barometer, suddenly fallen, indicated an approaching change in the atmosphere. In fact, during the night the temperature varied, the cold became keener, and at the same time the wind shifted into the southeast.

This was a misfortune. Mr. Fogg, in order not to be driven out of his course, had to reef his sails and increase his steam. But the progress of the ship was slackened, owing to the condition of the sea, whose long waves broke against her stern. She was violently

tossed about, and to the detriment of her speed. The breeze increased by degrees to a hurricane, and it was already a probable event that the *Henrietta* might not be able to hold herself upright against the waves. Now, if she had to fly before the storm, the unknown, with all its bad chances, threatened them.

Passepartout's face darkened at the same time as the sky, and for two days the good fellow was in mortal dread. But Phileas Fogg was a bold sailor, who knew how to keep head against the sea, and he kept on his course, without even putting the vessel under a small head of steam. The *Henrietta*, whenever she could rise with the wave, passed over it, but her deck was swept from end to end. Sometimes, too, when a mountain wave raised the stern out of the water, the screw came out of the water, beating the air with its blades, but the ship still moved right on.

Still the wind did not become as severe as might have been feared. It was not one of those hurricanes which sweep on with a velocity of ninety miles an hour. It continued quite fresh, but unfortunately it blew obstinately from the southeast, and did not allow the sails to be hoisted. And yet, as we will see, it would have been very useful if they could have come to the aid of the steam!

The 16th of December was the seventy-fifth day that had elapsed since leaving London. The *Henrietta* had not yet been seriously delayed. The half of the voyage was nearly accomplished, and the worst localities had been passed. In summer, success would have been certain. In winter they were at the mercy of the bad weather. Passepartout did not speak. Secretly he hoped, and if the wind failed them, he counted at least upon the steam.

Now, on this day, the engineer ascended to the deck, met Mr. Fogg, and talked very earnestly with him. Without knowing why—by a presentiment, doubtless—Passepartout felt a sort of vague uneasiness. He would have given one of his ears to have heard with the other what was said. But he could catch a few words, these among others, uttered by his master: "You are certain of what you say?"

"I am certain, sir," replied the engineer. "Do not forget that, since our departure, all our furnaces have been going, and although we had enough coal to go under a small head of steam from New York to Bordeaux, we have not enough for a full head of steam from New York to Liverpool!"

"I will take the matter under consideration," replied Mr. Fogg.

Passepartout understood. A mortal fear took possession of him.

The coal was about to give out.

"Ah! if my master wards that off," he said to himself, "he will certainly be a famous man!"

And having met Fix, he could not help posting him as to the situation.

"Then," replied the detective, with set teeth, "you believe that we are going to Liverpool?"



"I do, indeed!"

"Idiot!" replied the detective, shrugging his shoulders as he turned away.

Passepartout was on the point of sharply resenting the epithet, whose true signification he could not understand; but he said to himself that the unfortunate Fix must be very much disappointed, and humiliated in his self esteem, having so awkwardly followed a false scent around the world, and he refrained from condemning him.

And now what course was Phileas Fogg going to take? It was difficult to guess. But it appeared that the phlegmatic gentleman decided upon one, for that evening he sent for the engineer and said to him: "Keep up your fires and continue on your course until the complete exhaustion of the fuel."

A few moments after, the smoke stack of the *Henrietta* was vomiting torrents of smoke.

The vessel continued, then, to sail under full steam; but, as he had announced, two days later, the 18th, the engineer informed him that the coal would give out during the day.

"Don't let the fires go down," replied Mr. Fogg. "On the contrary, let the valves be charged."

About noon of this day, having taken observations and calculated the position of the vessel, Phileas Fogg sent for Passepartout and ordered him to go for Captain Speedy. This good fellow felt as if he had been commanded to unchain a tiger, and he descended into the poop, saying to himself, "Positively I shall find a madman!"

In fact, a few minutes later a bomb came on the poop deck, in the midst of cries and oaths. This bomb was Captain Speedy. It was evident that it was going to burst.

"Where are we?" were the first words he uttered in the midst of his choking anger, and certainly if the worthy man had been apoplectic, he would never have recovered from it.

"Where are we?" he repeated, his face purple.

"Seven hundred and seventy miles from Liverpool," replied Mr. Fogg, with imperturbable calmness.

"Pirate!" cried Andrew Speedy.

"I have sent for you, sir—"

"Sea-skimmer!"

—"Sir," continued Phileas Fogg, "to ask you to sell me your ship."

"No! by all the devils, no!"

"I shall be obliged to burn her."

"To burn my ship!"

"At least her upper portions, for we are out of fuel."

"Burn my ship!" cried Captain Speedy, who could no longer pronounce his syllables. "A ship that is worth fifty thousand dollars!"

"Here are sixty thousand!" replied Phileas Fogg, offering him a

roll of bank notes.

This produced a powerful effect upon Andrew Speedy. No American is without emotion at the sight of sixty thousand dollars. The captain forgot in an instant his anger, his imprisonment, all his grievances from his passenger. His ship was twenty years old. It might be quite a bargain! The bomb could not explode. Mr. Fogg had withdrawn the fuse.

“And the iron hull will be left me,” he said in a singularly softened tone.

“The iron hull and the engine, sir. It is a bargain?”

“A bargain.”

And Andrew Speedy, snatching the roll of bank notes, counted them and slipped them into his pocket.

During this scene, Passepartout was white as a sheet. As for Fix he narrowly escaped an apoplectic fit. Nearly twenty thousand pounds spent, and yet this Fogg was going to relinquish to the seller the hull and the engine, that is, nearly the entire value of the vessel! It is true that the sum stolen from the bank amounted to fifty-five thousand pounds!

When Andrew Speedy had pocketed his money, Mr. Fogg said to him: “Sir, don’t let all this astonish you. Know that I lose twenty thousand pounds if I am not in London on the 21st of December, at a quarter before nine in the evening. Now, I had missed the steamer from New York, and as you refused to take me to Liverpool—”

“And I have done well, by all the imps of the lower regions,” cried Andrew Speedy, “since I make by it at least forty thousand dollars.”

Then he added, more calmly: “Do you know one thing, captain—?”

“Fogg.”

“Well, Captain Fogg, there is something of the Yankee in you.”

And having paid his passenger what he thought to be a compliment, he went away, when Phileas Fogg said to him: “Now this ship belongs to me?”

“Certainly, from the keel to the truck of the masts, all the wood, understand.”

“Very well. Cut away the inside arrangements and fire up with the *débris*.”

It may be judged how much of this dry wood was necessary to maintain the steam at a sufficient pressure. This day, the poop deck, the cabins, the bunks, and the spare deck all went.

The next day, the 19th of December, they burned the masts, the rafts, and the spars. They cut down the masts, and delivered them to the ax. The crew displayed an incredible zeal. Passepartout, hewing, cutting, sawing, did the work of ten men. It was a perfect fury of demolition.

The next day, the 20th, the railings, the armor, all of the ship

## ROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS

above water, the greater part of the deck, were consumed. The *Henrietta* was now a vessel cut down like a pontoon.

But on this day they sighted the coast of Ireland and Fastnet Light.

However, at ten o'clock in the evening, the ship was only passing Queenstown. Phileas Fogg had only twenty-four hours to reach London! Now, this was the time the *Henrietta* needed to reach Liverpool, even under full headway. And the steam was about to fail the bold gentleman!

"Sir," said Captain Speedy to him then, who had come to be interested in his projects, "I really pity you. Everything is against you. We are as yet only in front of Queenstown."

"Ah!" said Mr. Fogg, "that is Queenstown, the place where we perceive the light?"

"Yes."

"Can we enter the harbor?"

"Not for three hours. Only at high tide."

"Let us wait," Phileas Fogg replied calmly, without letting it be seen on his face that, by a last inspiration, he was going to try to conquer once more his contrary fate!

Queenstown is a port on the coast of Ireland, at which the transatlantic steamers coming from the United States deposit their mail bag. These letters are carried to Dublin by express trains always ready to start. From Dublin they arrive in Liverpool by very swift vessels, thus gaining twelve hours over the most rapid sailers of the ocean.

These twelve hours which the American couriers gained, Phileas Fogg intended to gain, too. Instead of arriving by the *Henrietta* in the evening of the next day, at Liverpool, he would be there by noon, and, consequently, he would have time enough to reach London before a quarter of nine in the evening.

Towards one o'clock in the morning, the *Henrietta* entered Queenstown harbor at high tide, and Phileas Fogg, having received a vigorous shake of the hand from Captain Speedy, left him on the leveled hulk of his vessel, still worth the half of what he had sold it for!

The passengers landed immediately. Fix, at this moment, had a fierce desire to arrest Mr. Fogg. He did not do it, however. Why? What conflict was going on within him? Had he changed his mind with reference to Mr. Fogg? Did he finally perceive that he was mistaken? Fix, however, did not leave Mr. Fogg. With him, Aouda, and Passepartout, who did not take time to breathe, he jumped into the train at Queenstown at half past one in the morning, arrived in Dublin at break of day, and immediately embarked on one of those steamers—regular steel spindles, all engine—which, disdainingly rising with the waves, invariably pass right through them.

At twenty minutes before noon, the 21st of December, Phileas

## ROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS

Fogg finally landed on the quay at Liverpool. He was now only six hours from London.

But at this moment Fix approached him, put his hand on his shoulder, and, showing his warrant, said: "You are really Phileas Fogg?"

"Yes, sir."

"I arrest you, in the name of the Queen!"

### CHAPTER XXXIV

#### WHICH GIVES PASSEPARTOUT THE OPPORTUNITY OF LETTING OUT SOME ATROCIOUS, BUT PERHAPS UNPUBLISHED, WORDS

PHILEAS FOGG was in prison. He had been shut up in the custom house in Liverpool, and was to pass the night there, awaiting his transfer to London.

At the moment of his arrest, Passepartout wished to rush upon the detective. Some policemen held him back. Aouda, frightened by the brutality of the act, and knowing nothing about it, could not understand it. Passepartout explained the situation to her. Mr. Fogg, this honest and courageous gentleman, to whom she owed her life, was arrested as a robber. The young woman protested against such an allegation, her heart rose with indignation, and tears flowed from her eyes when she saw that she could not do anything, or attempt anything to save her deliverer.

As for Fix, he had arrested the gentleman because his duty commanded him to, whether he was guilty or not. The courts would decide the question.

But then a thought came to Passepartout—the terrible thought that he was certainly the cause of all this misfortune! Indeed, why had he concealed this adventure from Mr. Fogg? When Fix had revealed both his capacity as a detective and the mission with which he was charged, why had he decided not to warn his master? The latter, informed, would without doubt have given Fix proofs of his innocence; he would have demonstrated to him his error; at any rate he would not have conveyed at his expense and on his tracks this unfortunate detective, whose first care was to arrest him the moment he set foot on the soil of the United Kingdom. Thinking of his faults and his imprudence, the poor fellow was overwhelmed with remorse. He wept, so that it was painful to look at him. He felt like blowing his brains out.

Aouda and he remained, notwithstanding the cold, under the porch of the custom house. Neither of them wished to leave the place. They wanted to see Mr. Fogg once more.

As for that gentleman, he was really ruined, and at the very mo-

ment that he was about to reach his end. This arrest would ruin him irrecoverably. Having arrived at Liverpool at twenty minutes before twelve, noon, on the 21st of December, he had until quarter of nine in the evening to appear at the Reform Club—that is, nine hours and five minutes, and he only needed six to reach London. At this moment, anyone entering the custom house would have found Mr. Fogg seated motionless, on a wooden bench, without anger, imperturbable. He could not have been said to be resigned, but this blow had not been able to move him, in appearance at least. Was he fostering within himself one of those secret spells of anger, terrible because they are pent up, and which break out only at the last moment with irresistible force? We do not know. But Phileas Fogg was there, calm, waiting for—what? Did he cherish some hope? Did he still believe in success, when the door of his prison was closed upon him?

However that may be, Mr. Fogg carefully put his watch on the table, and watched the hands move. Not a word escaped from his lips, but his look had a rather singular fixedness.

In any event the situation was terrible, and for anyone that could read his thoughts, they ran thus:

An honest man, Phileas Fogg was ruined.

A dishonest man, he was caught.

Did he think of escaping? Did he think of looking to see whether there was a practicable outlet from his prison? Did he think of flying? We would be tempted to believe so; for, once he took the tour of the room. But the door was securely locked and the windows had iron bars. He sat down again, and took from his pocket-book the diary of his journey. On the line which bore these words:

“December 21st, Saturday, Liverpool,” he added:

“Eightieth day, 11:40 A.m.,” and he waited.

The custom house clock struck one. Mr. Fogg observed that his watch was two hours fast by this clock.

Two hours! Admitting that he should jump aboard an express train at this moment he could still arrive in London and at the Reform Club before quarter of nine in the evening. A light frown passed over his forehead.

At thirty-three minutes after two o'clock, a noise sounded outside, a bustle from the opening of doors. The voice of Passepartout was heard, and also that of Fix.

Phileas Fogg's look brightened up a moment.

The door opened, and he saw Aouda, Passepartout, Fix, rushing towards him.

Fix was out of breath, his hair all disordered, and he could not speak.

“Sir,” he stammered, “sir—pardon—an unfortunate resemblance—robber arrested three days ago—you—free—!”

Phileas Fogg was free! He went to the detective, looked him well in the face, and, with the only rapid movement that he ever had

## ROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS

made or ever would make in his life, he drew both his arms back, and then, with the precision of an automaton, he struck the unfortunate detective with both his fists.

“Well hit!” cried Passepartout, who, allowing himself an atrocious flow of words, quite worthy of a Frenchman, added: “Zounds! this is what might be called a fine application of English fists!”

Fix, prostrate, did not utter a word. He only got what he deserved. But Mr. Fogg, Aouda, and Passepartout immediately left the custom house. They jumped into a carriage, and in a few minutes arrived at the depot. Phileas Fogg asked if there was an express train ready to start for London.

It was forty minutes past two. The express had left thirty-five minutes before.

Phileas Fogg then ordered a special train. There were several locomotives of great speed with steam up; but, owing to the exigencies of the service, the special train could not leave the depot before three o'clock.

At three o'clock, Phileas Fogg, after saying a few words to the engineer about a certain reward to be won, moved on in the direction of London, in the company of the young woman and his faithful servant.

The distance which separates Liverpool from London must be accomplished in five hours and a half—a very feasible thing when the road is clear on the whole route. But there were compulsory delays, and when the gentleman arrived at the depot all the clocks in London were striking ten minutes of nine.

Phileas Fogg, after having accomplished this tour of the world, arrived five minutes behind time!

He had lost his bet.

## CHAPTER XXXV

### IN WHICH PASSEPARTOUT DOES NOT HAVE REPEATED TO HIM TWICE THE ORDER HIS MASTER GIVES HIM

THE next day the residents of Saville Row would have been much surprised, if they had been told that Phileas Fogg had returned to his dwelling. The doors and windows were all closed. No change had taken place outside.

After leaving the depot Phileas Fogg gave Passepartout an order to buy some provisions, and he had gone into his house.

This gentleman received with his habitual impassibility the blow which struck him. Ruined! and by the fault of that awkward detective! After moving on with steady step during this long trip, overturning a thousand obstacles, braving a thousand dangers, and having still found time to do some good on his route, to fail before a brutal

act, which he could not foresee, and against which he was defenseless—that was terrible! He had left only an insignificant remnant of the large sum which he had taken away with him when he started on his journey. His fortune now only consisted of the twenty thousand pounds deposited at Baring Brothers, and those twenty thousand pounds he owed to his colleagues of the Reform Club. Having incurred so many expenses, if he had won the bet he would not have been enriched; and, it is probable that he had not sought to enrich himself, being of that class of men who bet for the sake of honor—but this bet lost would ruin him entirely. The gentleman's decision was taken. He knew what remained for him to do.

A room in the house in Saville Row was set apart for Aouda. The young woman was desperate. From certain words which Mr. Fogg let drop, she understood that he contemplated some fatal design.

It is known, indeed, to what lamentable extremities these Englishmen are carried sometimes under the pressure of a fixed idea. Thus, Passepartout, without seeming to do so, was closely watching his master.

But first the good fellow descended to his room and turned off the burner which had been burning for eighty days. He found in the letter box a note from the gas company, and he thought that it was more than time to stop the expenses for which he was responsible.

The night passed. Mr. Fogg had retired; but had he slept? As for Aouda, she could not take a single moment's rest. Passepartout had watched, like a dog, at his master's door.

The next morning Mr. Fogg sent for him, and ordered him very briefly to prepare Aouda's breakfast. As for himself, he would be satisfied with a cup of tea and a piece of toast. Aouda would be kind enough to excuse him from breakfast and dinner, for all his time would be devoted to arranging his affairs. He would not come down, he would only ask Aouda's permission to have a few moment's conversation with her in the evening.

Passepartout, having been given the programme for the day, had nothing to do but to conform to it. He looked at his master, still so impassible, and he could not make up his mind to quit his room. His heart was full, and his conscience weighed down with remorse, for he accused himself more than ever for this irreparable disaster. Yes if he had warned Mr. Fogg, if he had disclosed to him the plans of the detective Fix, Mr. Fogg would certainly not have dragged the detective Fix with him as far as Liverpool, and then—

Passepartout could not hold in any longer. "My master! Monsieur Fogg!" he cried, "curse me. It is through my fault that—"

"I blame no one," replied Phileas Fogg in the calmest tone. "Go."

Passepartout left the room and went to find the young woman to whom he made known his master's intentions. "Madame," he add-

## ROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS

ed, "I can do nothing by myself, nothing at all. I have no influence over my master's mind. You, perhaps—"

"What influence would I have," replied Aouda. "Mr. Fogg is subject to none. Has he ever understood that my gratitude for him was overflowing? Has he ever read my heart? My friend you must not leave him for a single instant. You say that he has shown a desire to speak to me this evening?"

"Yes, madame. It is no doubt with reference to making your position in England comfortable."

"Let us wait," replied the young woman, who was quite pensive.

Thus, during this day, Sunday, the house in Saville Row was as if uninhabited, and for the first time since he lived there, Phileas Fogg did not go to his club, when the Parliament House clock struck half past eleven.

And why should this gentleman have presented himself at the Reform Club? His colleagues no longer expected him. Since Phileas Fogg did not appear in the saloon of the Reform Club the evening of the day before, on this fatal date, Saturday, December 21, at quarter before nine, his bet was lost. It was not even necessary that he should go to his banker's to draw this sum of twenty thousand pounds. His opponents had in their hands a check signed by him, and it only needed a simple writing to go to Baring Brothers in order that the twenty thousand pounds might be carried to their credit.

Mr. Fogg had then nothing to take him out, and he did not go out. He remained in his room, putting his affairs in order. Passepartout was continually going up and down stairs. The hours did not move for this poor fellow. He listened at the door of his master's room, and in doing so, did not think he committed the least indiscretion. He looked through the keyhole, and imagined that he had this right. Passepartout feared at every moment some catastrophe. Sometimes he thought of Fix, but a change had taken place in his mind. He no longer blamed the detective. Fix had been deceived, like everybody else, with respect to Phileas Fogg, and in following him and arresting him he had only done his duty, while he—. This thought overwhelmed him, and he considered himself the most wretched of human beings.

When, finally, Passepartout would be too unhappy to be alone, he would knock at Aouda's door, enter her room, and sit down in a corner without saying a word, and look at the young woman with a pensive air.

About half-post seven in the evening, Phileas Fogg sent to ask Aouda if she could receive him and in a few moments after the young woman and he were alone in the room.

Phileas Fogg took a chair and sat down near the fireplace opposite Aouda. His face reflected no emotion. Fogg returned was exactly the Fogg who had gone away. The same calmness, the same impassibility.



## ROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS

He remained without speaking for five minutes. Then, raising his eyes to Aouda, he said:

“Madame, will you pardon me for having brought you to England?”

“I, Mr. Fogg!” replied Aouda, suppressing the throbbings of her heart.

“Be kind enough to allow me to finish,” continued Mr. Fogg. “When I thought of taking you so far away from that country, become so dangerous for you, I was rich, and I counted on placing a portion of my fortune at your disposal. Your life would have been happy and free. Now, I am ruined.”

“I know it, Mr. Fogg,” replied the young woman, “and I in turn will ask you:—Will you pardon me for having followed you, and—who knows? for having perhaps assisted in your ruin by delaying you?”

“Madame, you could not remain in India, and your safety was only assured by removing you so far that those fanatics could not retake you.”

“So, Mr. Fogg,” replied Aouda, “not satisfied with rescuing me from a horrible death, you believed you were obliged to assure my position abroad?”

“Yes, madame,” replied Fogg, “but events have turned against me. However, I ask your permission to dispose of the little I have left in your favor.”

“But you, Mr. Fogg, what will become of you?” asked Aouda.

“I, madame, replied the gentleman, coldly, “I do not need anything.”

“But how, sir, do you look upon the fate that awaits you?”

“As I ought to look at it,” replied Mr. Fogg.

“In any event,” continued Aouda, “want could not reach such a man as you. Your friends—”

“I have no friends, madame.”

“Your relatives”

“I have no relatives now.”

“I pity you then, Mr. Fogg, for solitude is a sad thing. What! have you not one heart into which to pour your troubles? They say, however, that with two misery itself is bearable?”

“They say so, madame.”

“Mr. Fogg,” then said Aouda, rising and holding out her hand to the gentleman, “do you wish at once a relative and a friend? Will you have me for your wife?”

Mr. Fogg, at this, rose in his turn. There seemed to be an unusual reflection in his eyes, a trembling of his lips. Aouda looked at him. The sincerity, rectitude, firmness, and sweetness of this soft look of a noble woman, who dared everything to save him to whom she owed everything, first astonished him, then penetrated him. He closed his eyes for an instant, as if to prevent this look from pene-











## ROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS

“Dear Aouda,” replied Phileas Fogg.

It is readily understood that the marriage took place forty-eight hours later, and Passepartout, superb, resplendent, dazzling, was present as the young woman’s witness. Had he not saved her, and did they not owe him that honor?

At daylight the next morning, Passepartout knocked noisily at his master’s door.

The door opened, and the impassible gentleman appeared. “What is the matter, Passepartout?”

“What’s the matter, sir! I have just found out this moment—”

“What?”

“That we could make the tour of the world in seventy-eight days.”

“Doubtless,” replied Mr. Fogg, “by not crossing India. But if I had not crossed India, I would not have saved Aouda, she would not be my wife, and—”

And Mr. Fogg quietly shut the door.

Thus Phileas Fogg won his bet. In eighty days he had accomplished the tour around the world! To do this he had employed every means of conveyance, steamers, railways, carriages, yachts, merchant vessels, sledges, elephants. The eccentric gentleman had displayed in this affair his wonderful qualities of coolness and exactness.

But what then? What had he gained by leaving home? what had he brought back from his journey?

Nothing, do you say? Nothing, perhaps, but a charming woman, who—improbable as it may appear—made him the happiest of men!

Truly, would you not, for less than that, make the tour of the world?

THE END