

The Tour of the World in Eighty Days.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—WHICH GIVES PASSEPARTOUT THE OPPORTUNITY OF LEAVING HIS HOME AT LAST.

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 run upon the detective. Some policemen held him back. Mrs. Aouda, frightened by the brutality of the fact, and knowing nothing about it, could not understand it.

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 to 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 have been able to give him the means of his innocence.

He had demonstrated to him his error at any rate he had not 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 Kingdom of Great Britain.

As for that gentleman, he was really ruined, and at the very moment that he was about to reach his end. This arrest would ruin him in the eyes of the Club—that is, nine hours and five minutes, and he only needed six to reach London.

An honest man Phileas Fogg was ruined. Did he think of escaping? Did he think of looking to whether there was a practicable outlet from his prison? Did he think of trying? We would be tempted to believe so, for once he had the tour of the world. But the door was securely locked and the windows had been barred. 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 read. "Eighty-four, 11.40 A. M., and he waited. The Custom House clock struck one. Mr. Fogg observed that his watch was two hours fast on this clock.

Two hours! Admitted 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 from the window passed over his forehead.

moving on with steady step during this tour of over a thousand obstacles, braving a thousand dangers, and having still found time to do some good on his route, to fall before a brutal act which he could not foresee, and against which he was defenseless—that was terrible! He had left only one chance, and that was to go to the rescue of the Reform Club.

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

It is known, indeed, to what lamentable extremities these Englishmen are sometimes carried 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 took from 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 accumulating great sums.

The next morning Mr. Fogg sent for him, and ordered him very briefly to prepare Mrs. Aouda's breakfast. As for himself, he would be satisfied with a cup of tea and a piece of toast. Mrs. Aouda would be kind enough to excuse him from breakfast and dinner, for his time would be devoted to arranging his affairs. He would not come down.

He would only ask Mrs. Aouda's permission to have a 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 seemed himself more than ever to have become a criminal.

What an effort! It was 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 had made known his master's intentions. "Madame," he added, "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 Mrs. 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?"

risk. But they did not betray themselves, for at Samuel Fallentin's suggestion, they seated themselves at a card table.

"I would not give my part of four thousand pounds in the bet," said Andrew Stuart, seating himself. "Even if I were offered three thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine!" At this moment the hands noted forty-two minutes after eight.

"Forty-three minutes after eight," said Thomas Flanagan, cutting the cards which Gauthier Ralph presented to them. There was a moment's silence. The tense salon of the club was quiet. But outside they heard the hubbub of the crowd, above which were sometimes heard loud cries.

"At the fortieth second, nothing," said the referee. At the fifty-fifth there was a roaring like that of thunder outside, shouts, hurrahs, and even cries kept up in the street.

"At the fifty-seventh second, the door of the salon opened and the pendulum had not beat the sixtieth second, when Phileas Fogg appeared, followed by an excited crowd, who had forced an entrance into the club, and in his calm voice, he said:—

"Gentlemen, here I am!" CHAPTER XXXVIII.—IN WHICH IT IS PROVED THAT PHILEAS FOGG HAS GAINED NOTHING BY MAKING THIS TOUR OF THE WORLD, UNLESS IT BE HAPPINESS.

It will be remembered that at five minutes after eight in the evening, about twenty-five hours after the arrival of the steamer in London, Passepartout was charged by his master to inform Rev. Samuel Wilson in reference to a certain James Street, which was to take place the next day.

Passepartout went, delighted. He repaired with rapid steps to the residence of Rev. Samuel Wilson, who had not come home. Of course Passepartout waited, but he waited full twenty minutes.

In short, it was thirty-five minutes past eight when he left the clergyman's house. But in what condition! His head ached, his eyes were burning, and his memory had never been so full of the memory of man, upsetting passers-by, rushing along the sidewalks like a water-spout.

"That he would 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 Mrs. Aouda, she would not be my wife, and—"

And Mr. Fogg quickly 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, elephants, balloons. The eccentric gentleman had displayed in this feat his wonderful qualities of coolness and exactness.

But when then! What had he gained by leaving home! What had he brought back from his journey! Nothing, you say! Nothing, perhaps, but a charming woman, who, improbable as it may appear—outside him the happiest of men!

Truly, would you not, for less than that, make the tour of the world! THE END.

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