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About This Edition

This book is a simplified English adaptation created for extensive reading practice.
The text was translated from French into English and simplified using ChatGPT for intermediate English learners as part of an educational project.

Target reading level: CEFR A2-B1

This edition aims to support fluency development through accessible vocabulary, expanded narration, and improved readability while preserving the original story structure.

Source Text

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Language: French

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Jules Verne, *Around the World in Eighty Days [Le tour du monde en quatre-vingts jours]* (Simplified Edition, Adapted and Simplified from French by ChatGPT)

Part 1

In the year 1872, a man named Phileas Fogg lived at No. 7 Saville Row, Burlington Gardens, in London. He was a member of the Reform Club, and many people there knew his name. Yet almost no one truly knew him. He did not try to be noticed, and he never spoke more than he needed to. People thought him strange, but they also respected him as a perfect gentleman.

No one could say clearly where his money had come from, though everyone agreed that he was rich. He was not wasteful, but he was not mean. When money was needed for something useful or kind, he gave it quietly. He had no wife, no children, and no close friends. He lived alone, and his life moved with such order that people could only wonder what kind of man he really was.

Some believed that he had traveled widely, because he seemed to know the world very well. If travelers at the club made mistakes when speaking about far places, Mr. Fogg could correct them in a few exact words. Still, he himself had not left London for many years. His days always followed the same line. He went from his house to the club, stayed there for meals, newspapers, and whist, and returned home at the same hour every night.

His habits were as exact as the hands of a clock. He expected the same exactness from the servant who worked for him. On Wednesday, October 2, he dismissed his old servant, James Forster, for bringing shaving water at eighty-four degrees instead of eighty-six. Then he waited for the new man, who had been told to arrive between eleven o'clock and half past eleven. Mr. Fogg sat upright in his chair and watched the clock while the seconds passed.

At last there was a knock at the door. James Forster entered and announced the new servant. A man of about thirty came in and bowed. Mr. Fogg looked at him calmly and asked, "You are French, and your name is John?" The man answered, "Jean, if monsieur pleases, but people call me Passepartout. I have done

many kinds of work, but I am honest, and now I want a quiet life."

Passepartout spoke openly and with energy. He said that he had once sung in the streets, worked in a circus, taught gymnastics, and even served as a fireman in Paris. But now he wanted peace, order, and family life. He had heard that Phileas Fogg was the most regular and least restless man in all England, so he had come with hope. Mr. Fogg listened and simply said, "Passepartout suits me. You are recommended to me. Do you know my conditions?"

"Yes, monsieur," Passepartout replied. Mr. Fogg then asked the time. Passepartout pulled out a large silver watch and said, "Eleven twenty-two." Mr. Fogg answered at once, "Your watch is four minutes slow." Passepartout was surprised and tried to deny it, but Mr. Fogg did not argue. He only said that from that moment, Wednesday, October 2, 1872, at eleven twenty-nine in the morning, Passepartout entered his service.

Then Mr. Fogg put on his hat and left the house without another word. Passepartout stood alone and felt half amazed and half amused. He had seen wax figures at Madame Tussaud's that seemed almost as alive as his new master. Still, the more he thought, the more pleased he became. He had long wanted a master who was steady, calm, and easy to understand.

Passepartout himself was a cheerful Parisian with a good heart. He was strong, active, and friendly, and his face showed his feelings at once. He had spent five years in England looking for a suitable place, but every master had disappointed him in some way. One had been wild, another foolish, another always running after pleasure. Mr. Fogg, by contrast, seemed made of order itself.

Left alone in the house, Passepartout began to look around. The house was not grand, but it was very comfortable and perfectly arranged. His own room pleased him at once. There were electric bells, speaking tubes, and clocks that matched the clocks in Mr. Fogg's rooms exactly. Everything in the house seemed to say the same thing: here nothing was left to chance.

Above the clock in his room, Passepartout found a written plan of the daily service. It listed every duty from morning to night. There was the tea and toast, the shaving water, the brushing of clothes, and every other detail, all marked by

the minute. Even Mr. Fogg's clothes were numbered and arranged by season and date. Passepartout smiled and thought, "This suits me very well. Mr. Fogg and I will understand each other. He is a machine, and I do not mind serving a machine."

That same day, at half past eleven, Mr. Fogg had left Saville Row and walked to the Reform Club with his usual measured step. He ate lunch at his usual table, read his newspapers at the usual hours, and did everything as he always did. Later, in the great room of the club, several other members gathered near the fire. They were men who often played whist with him: Andrew Stuart, John Sullivan, Samuel Fallentin, Thomas Flanagan, and Gauthier Ralph, one of the directors of the Bank of England.

The subject of the day was a famous robbery. Three days earlier, fifty-five thousand pounds in bank-notes had been taken from the Bank of England. The newspapers were full of the story, and all London was talking about it. Some thought the thief would quickly be caught, because detectives had been sent to many ports in Europe and beyond. Others were less hopeful.

"We shall get him," said Gauthier Ralph. "The police have sent clever men everywhere." Andrew Stuart shook his head. "The world is large," he said. At this, Phileas Fogg, who had been quiet behind his newspaper, lifted his head and said, "It was large once." The others turned toward him. Ralph agreed at once and said that modern travel had made the world smaller, because one could now move around it far more quickly than before.

Andrew Stuart laughed at the idea. Then John Sullivan reminded them of the new railways and steamship lines and repeated a calculation printed in the Morning Chronicle. According to that paper, a man could travel from London to Suez, then to Bombay, Calcutta, Hong Kong, Yokohama, San Francisco, New York, and back to London in only eighty days. Stuart called the plan foolish. He spoke of storms, broken machines, missed ships, and all the accidents that could destroy such a journey.

Phileas Fogg continued to play cards while the others spoke. He did not raise his voice or show excitement. When Stuart said, "I would like to see you try it," Mr. Fogg answered, "It is only necessary to go." Stuart, now heated, cried out that

he would gladly bet four thousand pounds that such a trip was impossible. Mr. Fogg replied, “Very well. I have twenty thousand pounds deposited at Baring Brothers. I will bet that I can make the journey around the world in eighty days or less.”

The other men were startled. Twenty thousand pounds was no small matter, even to rich men. They warned him that a single delay could ruin everything. Mr. Fogg answered only, “The unexpected does not exist,” and then, “A minimum time is enough when it is well used.” At last the others accepted the wager. Mr. Fogg added that he would leave that very evening and return to the same room of the Reform Club on Saturday, December 21, at eight forty-five in the evening, or else the money would belong to them.

A written agreement was made and signed at once. Yet even then Phileas Fogg remained calm. He did not look like a man chasing glory or excitement. He looked like a man who had simply decided on a task. When someone suggested that he stop the card game so he could prepare for departure, he answered in the same quiet manner as always, “I am always ready.”

Part 2

At seven twenty-five that evening, after winning a few more guineas at whist, Phileas Fogg rose, took leave of the gentlemen of the Reform Club, and returned home. He entered Saville Row at seven fifty, and this early return seemed almost like a crime against his own habits. Passepartout, who had already studied the written plan of the household with care, stared at his master in deep surprise. According to that sacred program, Mr. Fogg should not have come back until midnight.

Mr. Fogg went upstairs at once and called, “Passepartout.” The new servant did not answer at first. He thought the call could not be meant for him, since it was not yet the proper hour. But Mr. Fogg called again in the same calm voice, and Passepartout hurried in. He still held his watch in his hand, as if the watch itself might explain the strange event.

“This is the second time I have called you,” said Mr. Fogg. Passepartout replied, “But it is not midnight, monsieur.” Mr. Fogg answered, “I know that, and I do not blame you. We are leaving in ten minutes for Dover and Calais.” Passepartout looked at him with wide eyes and said, almost in a whisper, “Monsieur is going away?”

“Yes,” said Phileas Fogg. “We are going to make the journey around the world.” The poor fellow’s face changed completely. His mouth opened, his arms hung down, and for a moment he seemed unable to breathe. Then he repeated, “Around the world?” Mr. Fogg answered with the same cool tone, “In eighty days. So we have not a moment to lose.”

Passepartout tried to ask about trunks and luggage, but Mr. Fogg had already planned even that. “No trunks,” he said. “Only a carpetbag. Two wool shirts and three pairs of stockings for me, and the same for you. We shall buy what we need on the way. Bring down my cloak and travel blanket. Wear good shoes. We shall walk little, or not at all. Go.” That was all. The order was simple, exact, and final.

Passepartout left the room in a state close to shock. He sat on a chair in his own room and muttered that this was more than he had expected. He had come to this house to find peace. He had thought his master the quietest man in England. Now, on the very first evening of his service, he was being carried away to the ends of the earth. Still, even in his confusion, he obeyed. That was his nature. In a few minutes he had packed the clothes, closed his room, and returned with the bag.

Mr. Fogg was ready. Under his arm he carried a railway and steamship guide that contained the times of all the chief routes. He took the bag, opened it, and placed inside a thick roll of bank-notes that would be accepted in many countries. “You have forgotten nothing?” he asked. “Nothing, monsieur,” said Passepartout. “My cloak and blanket?” “Here they are.” “Good,” said Mr. Fogg. “Take the bag. There are twenty thousand pounds in it.”

The servant nearly let it fall. To him that sum seemed to weigh as much as iron. Yet there was no excitement in Mr. Fogg’s manner. He locked the house door, and master and servant stepped into the street. A cab waited at the end of Saville

Row, and they drove quickly to Charing Cross station. The streets of London were dark and wet, and the city seemed not to know that one of its most exact men was quietly escaping from it.

At the station, an old beggar woman came near. She held a child by the hand, and both looked poor and cold. Without a word of surprise or pity in his face, Mr. Fogg took from his pocket the very guineas he had just won at whist and gave them to her. “Take these, my good woman,” he said. “I am glad that I met you.” Then he moved on. Passepartout felt his eyes grow wet. That silent act told him more about his master than many speeches could have done.

The two travelers entered the station, bought first-class tickets for Paris, and there saw the same five members of the Reform Club who had made the wager with Mr. Fogg. They had come to see whether he truly meant to go. Mr. Fogg told them that his passport would be stamped at each point of the route, so that his return could be checked. One of them said that such proof would not be needed, because his word was enough. Mr. Fogg agreed, and when Andrew Stuart reminded him of the exact hour of return, he answered only, “On Saturday, December twenty-first, at eight forty-five in the evening.”

At last, at eight forty-five, the train moved out. Night had fully fallen, and a thin rain beat against the windows. Phileas Fogg sat back in his corner without speaking. Passepartout held the carpetbag close and tried to think. The journey had begun so suddenly that his mind had not yet caught up with his body. He stared into the darkness outside, as if he hoped to see sense in it.

Then, before the train had gone very far, he gave a cry of true pain. Mr. Fogg turned and asked, “What is the matter?” Passepartout answered in misery, “In my hurry, in my confusion, I forgot to put out the gas in my room.” Mr. Fogg replied with perfect calm, “Then it will burn at your expense.” That answer ended the matter. The train ran on.

While Fogg and his servant crossed Europe and moved toward the East, London shook with excitement. At first the story of the wager spread through the Reform Club alone. Then reporters carried it to the newspapers, and from the newspapers it rushed into the whole city and then into all England. Everyone

discussed this attempt to go around the globe in eighty days. Some treated it as a grand adventure, but most called it foolish. The newspapers examined the route, the ships, the railways, the weather, and every possible delay.

One paper especially printed a long and serious article to prove that the plan could not succeed. A single missed ship, a storm at sea, an accident on the railway, or even a few hours lost in one city would break the whole chain of travel. Soon the public began to bet on Mr. Fogg's fate. His name became almost like the name of a racehorse. Men offered money for and against him, and for a few days business in "Phileas Fogg" was active, as if he were a stock on the market.

Yet opinion soon turned against him. His chances fell lower and lower. A few bold spirits, and especially some ladies, still hoped he might succeed. But most people laughed. One old nobleman, Lord Albermale, remained loyal and even staked a large sum on Mr. Fogg. He said that if such a thing could be done, it was good that an Englishman should be the first to do it. Even so, support for Fogg became weaker each day.

Then, on the seventh day after his departure, a new event changed everything. A telegram reached the head of the London police from Suez. It declared that the suspected bank robber was none other than Phileas Fogg and asked that a warrant be sent quickly to Bombay. At once the daring traveler disappeared in the public mind, and in his place stood a criminal running away from justice. His photograph at the Reform Club was examined again, and many now felt certain that his mysterious life, sudden departure, and strange wager had all been part of a plan to escape the police.

The truth behind this telegram had begun in Suez on the morning of Wednesday, October ninth. The steamer Mongolia was expected there at eleven o'clock. Among the people waiting on the quay stood two Englishmen. One was the British consul at Suez. The other was a small, thin man with sharp features, quick eyes, and a restless body that could not keep still. His name was Fix, and he was one of the detectives sent out to watch the great ports after the robbery.

Fix had received from London the description of the man suspected of taking the bank-notes. He knew that the Mongolia was coming from Brindisi, and he

knew that one passenger on board might match that description. So he walked up and down the quay, asked questions, studied faces, and waited in rising impatience. He had the kind of mind that moved quickly from doubt to belief once a few signs seemed to fit together.

At last the steamer arrived. Boats moved about the harbor, passengers prepared to land, and the bustle of the port grew louder. Among those who came ashore was Phileas Fogg. He was calm as ever, dressed with perfect care, and holding himself with the quiet certainty of a gentleman. He went at once to the British consul's office in order to have his passport stamped, since he wished to show the exact route of his journey to the gentlemen in London.

Fix watched him closely. The man's appearance agreed with the description from England. His behavior seemed strange. What innocent traveler, thought Fix, would be in such haste and would carry such a large amount of money over so wide a route? As Fogg placed his passport before the consul and asked for the visa, Fix studied him with all his strength. Before the Mongolia sailed again, the detective's suspicion had become almost a certainty. He now believed that Phileas Fogg was the man he had been sent to find.

Part 3

In Suez, Detective Fix did not waste a moment. As soon as he left the consul's office, he hurried after Passepartout, who was wandering happily along the quay and looking at everything. The servant was not like his master. He did not believe that travel meant keeping one's eyes shut. He wanted to see places, people, colors, and movement, even if only for a few minutes.

"Well, my friend," said Fix, coming up to him with a friendly smile, "is your passport properly stamped?" Passepartout answered at once, "Ah, it is you, monsieur. Yes, thank you. Everything is in order." Then he looked around with bright eyes and added that the whole thing felt like a dream. He could hardly believe that they were truly in Suez.

Fix asked, "And do you enjoy seeing the country?" Passepartout laughed and

said that they were moving so fast that he felt he was only seeing the world through sleep. Then he asked one question after another. Were they truly in Egypt? And in Africa? When Fix said yes to both, Passepartout repeated the last word with wonder, as if he had stepped onto another planet.

He explained that only a few days before he had imagined that the journey would go no farther than Paris. Even Paris, he said sadly, had passed before him like a shadow. He had seen it only through the windows of a cab, in heavy rain, while being carried from one station to another. He had wanted to see old places again, but the journey had pushed him forward without mercy.

Fix began to lead him toward the shops, since Passepartout needed shirts and stockings. As they walked, the detective asked a simple question in a careless tone. “Did you leave London in a hurry?” Passepartout answered with complete honesty. He told how Mr. Fogg had returned unexpectedly from the club, and how, three quarters of an hour later, they had already left England.

“And where is your master going?” asked Fix. Passepartout threw out his hands and replied, “Always forward. He is making the journey around the world.” Fix stopped short and repeated the words. Passepartout nodded and added that the whole business was a wager, though he himself still could not believe that such a thing made good sense.

Then, with the free speech that was natural to him, he told even more. He said that Mr. Fogg was certainly rich, that he carried a large amount of new bank-notes, and that he did not spare money when speed was needed. He even spoke of the reward promised to the engineers of the Mongolia if they helped them arrive in Bombay ahead of time. Every word fell into the mind of Fix like proof added to proof.

Fix asked whether Passepartout had known his master long. “I entered his service on the very day we left,” replied the Frenchman. To the detective this seemed highly important. Here was a man who had fled London at once, carried much money, traveled under the excuse of a strange wager, and was accompanied by a servant who knew almost nothing about him. Fix felt his suspicions grow harder and sharper inside him.

The talk continued. Passepartout asked whether Bombay was far away, and Fix told him that there were still about ten days of sea before them. “Bombay is in India,” he said, “and India is in Asia.” Passepartout seemed troubled by this great distance. Then, with perfect seriousness, he explained the matter that was really on his heart.

“There is one thing that worries me,” he said. “My gas.” Fix stared at him. Passepartout explained that he had forgotten to turn off the gas in his room in London, and that it was now burning at his own expense. He had even calculated the cost, and he feared that if the journey continued too long, the total would grow larger than his wages.

Fix no longer listened closely to this strange complaint. By then his mind was made up. He left Passepartout at the bazaar with a warning not to miss the departure of the Mongolia, and went back in haste to the consul. There he stated flatly that he no longer had any doubt. The supposed traveler, he said, was the bank robber, hiding himself behind an eccentric journey around the world.

The consul asked again whether he might be mistaken, but Fix refused to retreat. He admitted that he could not explain why such a man had chosen to have his passport stamped in Suez. Still, every sign seemed to point in the same direction. He therefore sent a telegram to London, asking that a warrant for arrest be sent to Bombay, and he prepared to sail on the same ship as his suspect.

Meanwhile, Phileas Fogg had returned quietly to the Mongolia. Once in his cabin, he opened a small notebook and wrote down the times of his journey with perfect care. London, Paris, Turin, Brindisi, Suez: each place stood in its place, with arrival and departure noted to the minute. On his special table of travel, Suez brought him neither gain nor loss. He had arrived exactly as planned.

After that, he ate breakfast in his cabin. He did not think of walking through the town or studying the shore. He belonged to that kind of Englishman who lets his servant see places for him. To Mr. Fogg, Suez was only a point on a line, and the line had to be followed without pause.

The Mongolia soon left Suez and moved down the Red Sea. On board were government officials, officers, ministers, merchants, and a few ladies, all living

very well in the rich style of the great steamship lines. There were heavy meals, music, and sometimes dancing when the sea was kind. Yet the Red Sea was not always kind. When the wind struck from one coast or the other, the long ship rolled badly, the ladies disappeared, and the music stopped.

None of this seemed to touch Phileas Fogg at all. If he worried about wind, waves, or delay, he gave no sign of it. He ate his four meals each day as if he were sitting safely in London, and he found on board three excellent partners for whist. A tax officer going to Goa, a clergyman returning to Bombay, and a general bound for Benares shared his taste, and many silent hours passed over the cards.

Passepartout, on the other hand, enjoyed the voyage more and more. Sea-sickness did not trouble him, and the good food pleased him greatly. He had a cabin in the front of the ship and began to admit that such travel was not a bad thing at all. Well fed, well housed, and carried from country to country, he slowly accepted his fate.

On the day after leaving Suez, he met Fix again on deck and greeted him warmly. The detective said that he too was going to Bombay and knew the India route well. Passepartout was delighted to have found a friendly companion. The two men soon began talking often, and Fix was careful to make himself useful and pleasant.

He described India in bright colors. There would be mosques, temples, pagodas, holy men, dancers, snakes, and tigers, he said. Passepartout listened with wonder and declared that once they reached Bombay, all this wild exercise from ship to train and train to ship must surely end. No reasonable man, he said, could go on leaping around the world in that way forever.

Fix asked in the most natural tone whether Mr. Fogg was in good health. Passepartout answered that his master was perfectly well, though he was never seen on deck because he was not curious. Then Fix suggested that perhaps this journey hid some secret political mission. Passepartout replied honestly that he knew nothing and did not care to know. He would not give half a crown for the truth of it, he said.

So the days passed. The ship moved quickly along the Arabian coast.

Passepartout was pleased to see the famous town of Mocha from the sea, and he thought its shape looked like a great half-cup. During the night, the Mongolia passed through the narrow gate called Bab-el-Mandeb, the Gate of Tears, and on the next day it reached Aden, where it had to take on coal.

Here again Phileas Fogg had his passport stamped and returned at once to the ship. Passepartout used the stop to walk through the town and admire its strong walls, its mixed crowd of peoples, and its great old water tanks. He came back saying to himself that travel was certainly useful if one wished to see new things. By six in the evening the Mongolia was moving once more, now out across the Indian Ocean.

This second sea was kinder than the first. The wind stood well, the sails could help the engine, and the rolling became lighter. The ladies reappeared in fresh dresses, songs returned, and dancing began again. The voyage went forward in the best possible conditions. When the coast of India finally came into view on Sunday, October twentieth, the ship was already ahead of schedule.

A pilot came aboard, the green lines of palms rose more clearly, and at half past four in the afternoon the Mongolia reached Bombay. At that moment, Phileas Fogg was calmly finishing the thirty-third rubber of the day. He and his partner ended with a brilliant hand, as if the whole passage had been arranged only to complete that game. The ship was not due until October twenty-second, so Mr. Fogg had gained two full days since leaving London.

Part 4

Bombay gave Phileas Fogg only the short space between the landing of the steamer and the departure of the train for Calcutta. He used that space in the simplest way. He gave Passepartout a list of necessary things to buy, ordered him to be at the station before eight o’clock, and then went first to the passport office and then to dine. He showed no wish to visit the great buildings, the markets, the temples, or the famous caves near the city. To him, Bombay was not a city to be admired. It was only the next step on a road.

At dinner, one small event briefly disturbed the calm order of the meal. The waiter warmly praised a dish of “native rabbit,” and Mr. Fogg tasted it without comment. After a few mouthfuls, however, he looked at the man and asked, “Are you sure this is rabbit?” The waiter swore that it was. Mr. Fogg answered, “It did not cry like a rabbit when it died,” and then added coldly that in old times cats had been sacred in India, which had perhaps been better for travelers as well as for cats. Having said this, he continued to dine in peace.

At the same time, Detective Fix had gone straight from the harbor to the police office in Bombay. He presented himself, explained his mission, and asked whether the arrest warrant from London had arrived. It had not. Since the warrant had been sent after Phileas Fogg’s departure, it could not yet be there. Fix was deeply annoyed. He wished to arrest his man at once, but the police official refused to act without legal authority from London.

That refusal forced Fix to change his plan, but not his purpose. He decided to keep Fogg always in sight until the warrant reached India. He still believed that Fogg would remain in Bombay for some time, and that the necessary papers would arrive before the suspect moved on. Yet, while Fix was making these arrangements, Passepartout had already begun to understand a truth that he had long resisted. Bombay was not the end of the journey any more than Paris or Suez had been. The tour of the world was real.

After buying shirts and stockings, Passepartout wandered through the city in wonder. Crowds filled the streets. He saw Europeans of many nations, Persians in pointed caps, merchants in bright turbans, Armenians in long robes, and Parsis dressed in dark headgear. A religious festival was taking place, and the music of drums and stringed instruments filled the air. Dancers moved through the procession in light garments of gold and silver, and the whole city seemed to shine, ring, and turn before his delighted eyes.

Unfortunately, delight carried him too far. Passing near the splendid pagoda of Malabar Hill, he had the foolish idea of going inside. He did not know that Christians were forbidden to enter certain Hindu temples. He also did not know that even believers must leave their shoes at the door. Thinking only as a curious

traveler, he stepped in and admired the rich colors and glittering ornaments of the sacred place.

In an instant, three priests threw themselves upon him in fury. They struck him down, tore off his shoes and socks, and beat him while shouting angrily. Passepartout was strong and quick. He jumped up, gave back blows with fists and feet, knocked two of the priests aside, and ran. Bareheaded and barefoot, chased by cries and noise, he escaped from the pagoda and rushed through the streets toward the station.

He reached it only a few minutes before the train left. His hat was gone, his feet were bare, and the parcel containing his purchases had disappeared in the struggle. Fix was on the platform and saw everything, though he kept himself hidden. Passepartout hurried to his master and told the whole story in a few short words. Mr. Fogg heard him out and said only, “I hope this will not happen again.”

At that moment, however, Fix made a new decision. He had first meant to follow Fogg by train. Now another thought stopped him. A crime had been committed on Indian soil, and this might be useful later. He said to himself that he now held his man more surely than before. So he stayed in Bombay, hoping to use Passepartout’s foolish act if needed, while the train carrying Fogg and his servant moved eastward into the Indian night.

The next morning, the train crossed a rich and changing land. It ran past coffee plants, spice trees, villages, temples, and wide fields, while the smoke of the engine drifted among palms and old religious buildings. Sometimes the railway cut through jungle where snakes and tigers lived. Sometimes it passed through forest where even elephants, standing at a distance with grave and thoughtful eyes, watched the iron machine rush by. Passepartout looked out with wonder and could hardly believe that he was crossing India in a railway carriage.

In their compartment sat a third traveler, Sir Francis Cromarty, a general who had already met Mr. Fogg on the voyage from Suez. He was returning to his post near Benares. He knew India well and would gladly have spoken of its history and people, but Phileas Fogg asked nothing. Fogg had explained the wager to him, and Sir Francis thought it a strange enterprise, bold but useless. Still, he could not

help respecting the calm force of the man.

During the journey, Sir Francis referred to Passepartout's trouble at the temple and said that English rule was severe in such matters. If the servant had been caught, he might have faced real punishment. Mr. Fogg answered, "If he had been caught, he would have served his sentence and then returned to Europe. I do not see why that should have delayed his master." After that, the matter ended. Such was Fogg's way. He neither excused nor blamed more than necessary.

Passepartout, meanwhile, had begun to change. At first he had treated the whole wager like a wild joke. Now he counted the days, feared delay, and felt himself tied to the success of the journey. He blamed every halt of the train and secretly wished that railways, like steamers, could be pushed faster by money. He remained lively and talkative, but his thoughts were no longer loose and playful. The race with time had entered him.

On the morning of October twenty-second, a strange and unpleasant surprise came. The train stopped in a lonely clearing near a few workers' huts. The conductor walked past the carriages and called out that the passengers must get down there. Sir Francis and Passepartout thought at first that this must be some brief stop, but they soon learned the truth. The railway was not complete. About fifty miles still remained to be built before Allahabad, where the line began again.

Sir Francis grew angry and said that the newspapers had announced the full opening of the route. The conductor answered that the newspapers had been mistaken, but that passengers surely knew they would have to finish the journey by other means. Phileas Fogg did not argue and did not lose time in useless complaint. He looked at the situation exactly as he always looked at everything: as a fact that must be dealt with.

Several vehicles were standing there, but all had already been taken by other travelers. Then, under a group of trees, Sir Francis saw an elephant with a saddle and side seats. Its owner, a Parsi guide, was willing to let it out, but Phileas Fogg at once offered to buy the animal. The guide hesitated, then demanded a very high price. Mr. Fogg accepted without a change in voice. A fine elephant named Kiouni became theirs, and the guide himself agreed to lead them through the forest to

Allahabad.

Soon the three travelers were mounted and moving away from the unfinished railway. Sir Francis and Mr. Fogg sat in seats on either side of the beast. Passepartout rode higher and suffered more from the jolting, but he still found time to laugh and to feed the elephant bits of sugar from his bag. The guide took them through woodland and open ground by the shortest paths he knew, hoping to save many miles by cutting across the country.

They rode until evening and then passed the night in a ruined bungalow at the foot of the Vindhya hills. Wild animals cried in the darkness, but none came near. At dawn they set out again, and the road led deeper into lonely country. After noon they entered a thick forest, and the elephant advanced beneath the close shade of great trees. Everything around them seemed silent and hidden, as if the woods were listening.

Then, at about four o'clock, Kiouni suddenly stopped. The guide bent his head and listened. At first the others heard nothing clearly, only a far-off murmur under the branches. Little by little, that murmur grew stronger. It became a strange mixture of human voices, drums, and metal instruments coming toward them through the forest. The guide quickly drew the elephant into a dense thicket and whispered that a religious procession was approaching.

Part 5

Hidden in the thick leaves, the travelers waited while the sound came nearer. Soon a long procession appeared between the trees. Men in bright clothes moved first, carrying torches, flags, and musical instruments. Behind them came priests in rich robes, then soldiers with old weapons, and after them a group of servants who carried a body on a great frame. The dead man was covered with flowers and precious cloth, and near him walked a young woman dressed like a bride. Even from a distance, her slow steps and hanging head showed that something was terribly wrong.

The guide looked closely and then whispered the meaning of the scene. The

dead man, he said, was a rajah of Bundelkund, and the woman was his widow. She had not chosen to join the funeral fire of her own free will. She had been drugged and would be burned alive with the body of her husband at dawn. Sir Francis Cromarty frowned and said that such cruel acts still survived in secret places, even under British rule. Passepartout, who had first stared like a child at a strange show, now felt his blood turn cold.

The guide went on in a low voice. The young woman's name was Aouda, and she came from a Parsi family. She had been educated in Bombay and knew European ways. Her old husband had forced her into marriage, and now his priests meant to kill her in the name of religion. Sir Francis said that if she were not saved that night, she would certainly die in the morning.

Phileas Fogg had listened without a change in face. He asked only a few exact questions. How far was the pagoda where the ceremony would take place? How many men were there? At what hour would the burning begin? The guide answered each point, and then Mr. Fogg said quietly, "We must save this woman."

Sir Francis looked at him in surprise. The plan was dangerous, and time was precious. Every hour lost in the forest could cost the wager dearly. But Mr. Fogg did not repeat himself or argue. He had heard that a woman was to be burned alive. For him, that was enough. Sir Francis, seeing that the decision was fixed, accepted it at once, and the guide, though frightened for his own safety, agreed to help.

The elephant was left hidden in a safe place, and the four men moved carefully through the forest after the procession. The light of the torches showed them the path. At last they came near the pagoda of Pillaji, a dark and lonely place standing under great trees. Many people had now gathered there. Some were still dancing and shouting around fires. Others watched priests who prepared the funeral pile.

The travelers crept close enough to see that the guide had spoken the truth. The rajah's body lay near the wood that would soon be set on fire. The young widow, still under the heavy power of the drug, had been placed beside it. Her eyes were open, but they saw nothing clearly. She seemed alive only in body, not in mind. To leave her there was impossible, but to take her away by force before

so many eyes also seemed impossible.

They drew back into the darkness and held a quick council. Sir Francis thought they might rush in at dawn during the final confusion, though such an attack would be desperate. The guide warned them that the crowd was large and fanatical, and that once the priests cried out, hundreds of hands would rise against them. For a few moments no one could see a clear road. Then Passepartout suddenly said, “I may have found one.”

He would explain no more than was needed. His idea was bold, almost wild, but it used darkness, surprise, and his own quick body. Mr. Fogg listened and approved with a single movement of the head. The others waited in silence through the remaining hours of the night. Around them the forest seemed to sleep, but from the pagoda there still came the dull beat of drums and the broken cries of the worshippers.

At last the first gray light touched the trees. The priests and servants lifted the rajah’s body and carried it to the top of the funeral pile. They placed Aouda beside it and made ready for the sacred fire. The crowd pressed close. The moment had come. Suddenly, before the torch could fall, the dead rajah himself seemed to rise from the pyre.

A cry of terror broke from every mouth. The figure wrapped in funeral cloth stood up, lifted the young woman in his arms, and came down from the pile like a spirit escaped from death. For one second, the crowd believed in a miracle and fell back in fear. In the next second, the miracle was gone into the trees. The false dead man was Passepartout, and he carried Aouda away with all the strength and speed of his old life in the circus and the fire brigade.

Phileas Fogg, Sir Francis, and the guide were already waiting at the edge of the forest. They seized the young woman, ran to the elephant, and all mounted in haste. Then Kiouni sprang forward under the guide’s hand and rushed through the trees. Shouts rose behind them. Soon bullets and cries followed, but the forest was thick, the elephant was swift, and the pursuers lost ground. Before long the sounds of anger faded far behind.

They rode on through the dark hours before morning. Aouda still lay in deep

weakness, wrapped in blankets, while Passepartout, half laughing and half shaking from what he had done, sat high on the elephant and looked back from time to time. Sir Francis warmly praised his courage. Passepartout answered that the whole honor belonged to his master, since the thought of the rescue had first come from him. Yet in his heart he was delighted that, for a few moments, he had played the part of a dead rajah and stolen away a living queen.

When daylight came fully, they stopped for a short rest. The guide gave the young woman water and a little brandy. Sir Francis said that the drug would pass away in time and that she would recover. But he also warned that she would never be truly safe if she remained in India. Men of that kind, he said, could find her again in Madras, Bombay, or Calcutta. Mr. Fogg answered only that he would remember this.

By about ten o'clock in the morning, the guide announced that they were nearing Allahabad. There the railway began again, and Mr. Fogg would be able to continue east without losing the steamer for Hong Kong, which was to leave Calcutta the next day at noon. The young woman was carried to a room at the station, where she could rest in quiet. Mr. Fogg then sent Passepartout into the town with orders to buy whatever she might need: clothes, a shawl, warm coverings, and all the rest. He placed no limit on the money.

Passepartout ran through the streets of Allahabad with joy in his legs. He looked at the city as he searched for a shop and had to make do with a difficult old dealer who sold him a dress, a large cloak, and a fine warm fur. Though the price was high, he paid it without argument and hurried back in triumph. By then Aouda had begun to return to herself. The cloud over her mind was slowly lifting, and her eyes, dark and clear, opened with growing understanding.

She was very beautiful, but what mattered more at that moment was that she spoke English well and could understand those around her. Little by little she learned what had happened. She saw the strange faces near her, the travel clothes, the station room, and the garments that had been bought for her. When she understood that she had been saved from the fire by these men, deep gratitude filled her whole face. Phileas Fogg accepted her thanks with the same calm

manner he would have shown in any other matter. Then, when the time came to leave, he paid the guide, and, because the man had shown courage and faithful service, he gave him not only his price but also the elephant Kiouni.

Part 6

From Allahabad, the journey began again by railway. Aouda, now more awake and better able to understand her situation, took her place beside Phileas Fogg and Sir Francis Cromarty. Passepartout moved about them with warm care and lively respect. He felt that the young woman's presence had already changed the journey, making it less like a race of iron wheels and more like a human story.

During the long ride eastward, Aouda listened while Sir Francis gently explained what had happened. She learned how she had been rescued from the funeral fire, how the elephant had carried her through the forest, and how these strangers had risked both life and time for her sake. She thanked them with deep feeling, but especially Mr. Fogg. He answered in his usual quiet way, as if the saving of a life were a matter no more worthy of display than the buying of a ticket.

Sir Francis then raised the question of her future. Since she could not remain safely in India, it seemed best to place her with the rich relative who lived at Hong Kong. Aouda said that this man, a merchant named Jeejeebhoy, was indeed one of her last possible protectors. Mr. Fogg replied that they would take her there. He said this simply, as if adding one more stop to a written timetable.

The train continued across the great plain of the Ganges. It crossed rivers, fields, and villages, while the light changed from golden afternoon to evening gray. Passepartout pressed his face to the glass and tried to see everything at once, though the speed of the train seemed always to leave the world half finished. Yet even he now remembered the clock. Beauty was no longer enough. Every mile had to lead them nearer to the next ship.

By the following morning, they reached Calcutta in time. Mr. Fogg's calculations had once again been correct. The steamer for Hong Kong, the

Rangoon, would not leave until noon, and there seemed to be no danger of missing it. But before the travelers could go freely aboard, a new obstacle rose before them, and it came from Bombay, where Passepartout had entered the sacred temple in his shoes.

As they were about to leave the station, two men in official dress stepped forward with policemen and approached Phileas Fogg. One carried a paper and said that he held a warrant ordering the arrest of Phileas Fogg and his servant. Passepartout at once looked ashamed and angry, knowing that his foolish curiosity had caused the trouble. Mr. Fogg asked only whether the men belonged to the law, and when they said yes, he offered no resistance.

The two priests from the pagoda had followed the matter with care and had brought the charge before the court at Calcutta. Therefore Fogg and Passepartout were taken before the judge without delay. Fix was present in the room and watched everything closely. He had hoped that the same train of events might bring Fogg into real legal danger and perhaps detain him long enough for the warrant from London to arrive.

The case itself was plain enough. Passepartout had entered a forbidden temple and had struck priests while escaping. The facts could not be denied. The servant admitted everything honestly. He even declared that he was ready to bear the punishment, but begged the court to understand that he had acted in ignorance and had not meant insult. Phileas Fogg then stated that if anyone had to answer for the servant's actions, the responsibility should fall upon the master as well.

The judge, however, was not moved by this fairness. He sentenced Passepartout to fifteen days in prison and a fine, and Phileas Fogg to eight days and a fine for being responsible for his servant. At once, and before the words had fully settled in the room, Mr. Fogg asked whether they might be freed on bail. When the amount was named, he paid it without the least sign of pain. A few notes from his bag were enough. Time, not money, was the true thing at stake.

Thus the law kept its form, but the journey did not stop. The priests were furious, and Fix was bitterly disappointed. He had hoped for delay and had received none. Mr. Fogg, Aouda, and Passepartout went straight from the court

toward the steamer, and by noon they were aboard the Rangoon. As the vessel moved out from Calcutta and entered the waters that would lead them toward Singapore and Hong Kong, Fix quietly followed them on board.

The voyage through the Bay of Bengal began under fair conditions, though the sea was less gentle than the Indian Ocean had been. For a time Fix kept out of sight. Passepartout thought him left behind in India and felt no wish to see him again. Meanwhile, Aouda, now dressed in the garments bought for her at Allahabad, recovered her full strength little by little and grew more at ease in the company of her rescuers.

She soon saw more clearly what kind of man Phileas Fogg was. He was not warm in manner, and he said little, but in every true difficulty he acted with courage, generosity, and perfect firmness. That silent strength touched her more deeply than loud kindness would have done. She also began to care greatly whether he would win his wager, and she followed the progress of the voyage with growing anxiety.

Passepartout, for his part, had become a man of strong faith where his master was concerned. He praised Mr. Fogg’s honesty, calmness, and power at every chance he found, and he repeated to Aouda that the worst part of the route was already behind them. They had escaped the forests of India and were moving back toward lands more closely tied to Europe. He spoke confidently of the remaining stages, though he still knew how many accidents one missed ship could bring.

Fix, shut in his cabin and angry with fortune, spent many hours thinking. Bombay had failed him. Calcutta had failed him. Hong Kong now became the one place on earth where he might still act with success. There, and there only, Fogg would still be on British ground. If the warrant waited for him there, all would be well. If not, then Fogg might pass into China, Japan, and America beyond his reach.

He therefore began to consider desperate measures. If the warrant was not in Hong Kong, he must somehow delay Phileas Fogg’s departure from that port. He even thought of telling Passepartout the truth about the supposed bank robbery, hoping that the servant, frightened by the danger, might turn against his master.

But this seemed risky. A single warning from Passepartout to Mr. Fogg could ruin everything.

Then Aouda's presence suggested another line of thought. Who was she to Fogg? Why had he taken her with him? Could she become a cause of delay in Hong Kong? Fix did not yet know, but he watched and waited. As for Mr. Fogg, he kept to his habits even on this moving world of deck and cabin. He ate, rested, and played cards whenever possible, and his mind seemed never to wander from the straight path of his journey.

On October thirtieth, the Rangoon was nearing Singapore, and that morning Fix at last stepped onto the deck meaning to speak first to Passepartout. He found the Frenchman walking forward with cheerful steps. Throwing surprise into his face, Fix cried out, "You here on the Rangoon!" Passepartout turned, stared, and then broke into delighted laughter. "Monsieur Fix!" he said. "I leave you in Bombay, and I meet you again on the road to Hong Kong!"

Fix answered that he too was going to Hong Kong, at least for a few days. Passepartout, who never knew how to hide his thoughts, poured out the whole story at once. He described the elephant, the rescue, the court case at Calcutta, and Aouda's place among them now. Fix listened with care and asked whether Mr. Fogg meant to bring the young lady all the way to Europe. Passepartout replied that no, they would simply place her with her relative, a rich merchant of Hong Kong. At that answer, Fix felt both relief and frustration. Much, he thought, would depend on what they found when they reached that city.

Part 7

The Rangoon reached Singapore on the evening of October thirty-first. The stop was short, and there was no question of delay. Phileas Fogg went ashore only to have his passport stamped and then returned at once to the ship. Aouda did not leave the vessel, but Passepartout, with his usual hunger for new sights, hurried through the streets and came back full of color, noise, and light.

To him, Singapore was another of those strange English cities planted far

from England, half European and half Eastern. He saw broad roads, gardens, trade houses, and then, a little farther on, palms, native crowds, and all the movement of the port. Yet even while enjoying it, he no longer forgot the race they were running. The ship sailed again, and he returned on board pleased, but also eager to know whether the next stage would keep to time.

At first it seemed that nothing would go wrong. But when the Rangoon entered the China Sea, the weather turned against it. The wind rose, the waves became violent, and the ship was forced to fight its way forward instead of gliding over a friendly sea. Day after day the storm held them. Masts groaned, decks were wet, and the whole vessel seemed to climb and fall without rest.

Phileas Fogg watched this struggle with his usual calm. A delay of many hours might cause him to miss the next ship from Hong Kong, yet his face did not darken. He neither complained nor urged the captain with useless words. Aouda, who now understood the seriousness of each lost hour, looked at him with growing wonder. He seemed to accept even the storm as if it were one more item already written into his plan.

Fix, however, took a very different pleasure in the bad weather. He did not want the ship to sink, but every hour lost at sea improved his hope. If Fogg reached Hong Kong too late, the Carnatic would be gone, and then perhaps the arrest warrant from London would catch up at last. Passepartout, on the other hand, was driven nearly wild by the same delay. He climbed everywhere, asked everyone questions, and would gladly have beaten the sea itself for disobedience.

At last the storm weakened. The Rangoon, though late, came into Hong Kong Harbor on November sixth. The delay was serious, but not fatal. The Carnatic, the ship they needed for Yokohama, was not to leave until the following day. That one fact restored hope. Fogg had lost time, but not the road itself. For the moment, the wager still lived.

Hong Kong was a busy and growing English city at the mouth of the Canton River, crowded with ships from every part of the world. Its docks, warehouses, broad roads, and great stream of trade made it seem almost like a city of England carried across the globe and set down on the edge of China. Mr. Fogg took rooms

for Aouda and himself at a good hotel, and then he began the business that had brought her there. Her relative, the merchant Jeejeebhoy, had to be found.

But this search failed at once. The merchant was no longer in Hong Kong. He had left the colony, and some believed that he was now in Europe, perhaps in Holland. Aouda received this news quietly, but it left her in a hard position. She had no protector in Asia and no safe place to go. After a short silence, Phileas Fogg simply said that if she wished, he would take her to Europe. The offer was made without display, but Aouda felt all the kindness inside it and accepted with deep gratitude.

This decision changed more than one heart. Aouda, who had already admired Fogg's courage, now saw his goodness even more clearly. Passepartout, hearing that the young lady would continue with them, was delighted. He thought her presence honorable and pleasant, and he was proud that his master should act in so noble a way. Fix alone felt disappointment, for a woman who traveled onward with Fogg might strengthen his position instead of weakening it.

Since the Carnatic was still due to leave the next day, Fogg spent the evening quietly and gave Passepartout clear orders for the morning. The servant was to learn exactly when boarding would begin and to keep all in readiness. After that, there seemed to be no reason for fear. But in the night, without proper notice, the repaired Carnatic was made ready to leave earlier than expected. This small change of time became the turning point of everything.

The next day Passepartout went out cheerfully to the harbor, putting his hands in his pockets and walking with the easy step of a man who believes the worst has passed. He looked around the port, saw the strange mix of Chinese boats and Western ships, and even stopped to be shaved in Chinese fashion. He laughed at old men dressed in imperial yellow and found pleasure in every small thing. Then he reached the quay of the Carnatic and saw Fix walking there with a face full of anger and disappointment.

Passepartout greeted him with joy and at once thought he understood the matter. "Things are going badly for the gentlemen of the Reform Club," he said to himself. Fix, however, had far deeper trouble. No warrant had yet arrived from

London. Worse still, the clerk at the shipping office told them that the Carnatic would now leave that very evening at eight, not the next morning as expected. Passepartout was glad of this, because it seemed to help his master, and he cried that he must run back at once and tell Mr. Fogg.

At that moment Fix made his boldest move. He stopped Passepartout and said that before he ran anywhere, there were serious things to discuss. He led him into a tavern and began by speaking in a low voice. Passepartout, who had long believed that Fix was some agent sent by the Reform Club to watch the wager, sat down without fear. Glasses were brought. The talk began lightly, then turned.

Fix said first that Passepartout was mistaken about him. He was not connected with the club at all. He was a detective from the London police. Then he showed his official paper. Passepartout stared, unable at first to understand. Fix went on and declared that Phileas Fogg's journey was only a pretense, that the wager was a mask, and that the real purpose of the flight was to escape after robbing the Bank of England of fifty-five thousand pounds.

For one second the name of such a sum struck Passepartout like a blow. Then his natural loyalty rose in full force. He refused to believe a word against his master. The whole thing, he cried, was a shameful trap. He accused the gentlemen of London of dishonorable conduct, not even understanding that Fix meant a very different enemy. While he spoke, he drank the brandy that Fix kept placing before him, and little by little his head grew hot and heavy.

Fix, seeing that plain truth would never win him, changed his goal. If Passepartout would not help against Fogg, then at least he must be kept from warning or serving him. The brave Frenchman still tried to rise and said again that he must go at once to his master, because the Carnatic was leaving early. But the drink, his excitement, and the trick played on him all worked together. His thoughts became confused. His steps no longer obeyed him.

What followed passed like a dark dream. He was held back, drawn deeper into the poor quarter near the harbor, and at last left in a place where he could neither think clearly nor return in time. The evening closed over Hong Kong, the lamps were lit, and the Carnatic prepared to sail. Passepartout, who had promised

himself that nothing would part him from his master, was now absent at the very hour when he was most needed.

Meanwhile, Phileas Fogg waited at the hotel with perfect patience. The servant did not return. The hour grew late. At last Fogg and Aouda went down to the harbor themselves and learned the truth. The Carnatic had already sailed twelve hours earlier than first announced. The next regular departure for Yokohama would not be for eight days. At those words, Fix felt his heart leap with joy. Eight days in Hong Kong would save everything.

But Phileas Fogg merely said, “There are other vessels in the port, I think.” Then he offered his arm to Aouda and began to search the harbor in every direction. For three hours he looked for any ship that could be hired or sent out at once. None was suitable. Some were loading, some unloading, and none could sail. Even then, he did not show the least sign of defeat.

At last, on the outer side of the port, a sailor came toward him and asked whether he was looking for a boat. Mr. Fogg answered yes. The man owned a small pilot boat, Number 43, a quick little craft. Could he carry them to Yokohama? No, said the sailor, that was too far. Then Fogg asked whether he could take them to Shanghai, where the mail steamer from Yokohama would stop on its way to San Francisco. That might be possible. The sailor’s name was John Bunsby, and after hearing the offer of high pay and a reward for speed, he agreed.

The pilot boat was called the Tankadere. It was small, but fast, and it needed only to catch the American steamer at Shanghai. Before night ended, all was arranged. Aouda would go. Fix, seeing no better road open, accepted Fogg’s offer of passage and went with them. Passepartout alone was missing. And so, while the harbor lights trembled on the dark water and Hong Kong slipped behind them, Phileas Fogg left the port on the Tankadere without his servant, not knowing what had become of him.

Part 8

When Passepartout came back to his senses, he did not at first know where

he was. The motion under him was no longer the motion of land but of a ship. He opened his eyes, sat up with effort, and found himself in a cabin on board a steamer. His head still felt heavy, and his memory returned only in broken pieces. Then, all at once, the truth struck him. He had been tricked, held back, and separated from his master.

He struggled to his feet and made his way out onto the deck. The sea was rough, and the ship rolled beneath him. He looked everywhere for Phileas Fogg and Aouda, but he saw neither face. At first he tried to calm himself. Perhaps they were still below. Perhaps they had found places in some quiet corner of the vessel. But when he questioned the purser and looked at the passenger list, his heart seemed to stop.

Phileas Fogg's name was not there. Nor was Aouda's. Passepartout then understood the whole disaster. He himself was on the Carnatic, sailing toward Yokohama, while his master and the young woman had been left behind in Hong Kong. He remembered the changed sailing time, his promise to warn Mr. Fogg, the drugged drink, and Fix's false friendship. Now the full shape of the betrayal stood before him.

For a few moments he was crushed by it. He imagined his master ruined, the wager lost, perhaps even arrested. He pulled at his hair and called himself a fool. He would gladly have thrown himself into the sea if that could have taken him back a few hours. Then, little by little, his better nature returned. Rage was useless. Grief was useless. He must think. If Mr. Fogg still had any chance, then that chance lay ahead, not behind.

But that thought brought little comfort. Passepartout had only a few coins in his pocket. He was going toward Yokohama without money enough to live well, and without knowing whether he would find his master there at all. Still, he clung to one hope. Mr. Fogg was not a man to stop because one road was closed. If any human being could still force his way onward from Hong Kong, it was he.

Meanwhile, Phileas Fogg had done exactly that. The Tankadere, under John Bunsby, had left Hong Kong in rough weather and fought northward toward Shanghai. It was a dangerous run for so small a vessel. The sea of China was hard,

the wind uncertain, and more than once the little craft seemed likely to lose the race. Yet Bunsby was bold, and his men worked as if the promised reward had turned them into parts of the same machine that drove Fogg himself.

Aouda bore the voyage with courage, though the sea was violent and the danger real. She now understood that Phileas Fogg had risked not only money but life itself in order to save both her and the journey. Fix, who had no choice but to continue with them, watched this strange gentleman with growing confusion. Fogg remained calm, polite, and exact even on that tossing deck. It was hard to feel hatred for a man who behaved with such steady courage.

The weather worsened during the night. The wind rose sharply, the waves grew short and cruel, and the Tankadere was thrown about with heavy force. John Bunsby admitted in a low voice that the passage might fail if the storm strengthened much more. Mr. Fogg answered only that he counted on arriving in time. This quiet confidence did not change the sea, but it seemed to strengthen the men who heard it.

By the following day the little vessel had come far enough north to hope again. The storm began to break, and Bunsby kept all the canvas he safely could. Hour after hour the Tankadere cut through the water with desperate speed. At last, as they neared Shanghai, smoke appeared in the distance. It was the American mail steamer that would continue east across the Pacific.

The Tankadere was still too far to make itself heard easily, and for a few anxious moments it seemed that the steamer might pass on without seeing them. Then Bunsby fired a signal. Attention was caught. Speed changed. The great ship slowed enough to take them aboard. Thus, by daring, luck, money, and exact timing, Phileas Fogg stepped from the tiny pilot boat to the large American steamer and saved the route once more.

From Shanghai the travelers continued to Yokohama, where the Carnatic had already arrived with Passepartout. The poor fellow had landed in Japan with almost no money and no protector. At first he searched the port wildly, hoping beyond reason that Mr. Fogg might already be there. But hour after hour passed, and no trace appeared. Hunger soon became stronger than hope, and he was forced

to think of the next meal.

Yokohama was the chief open port of Japan and full of life. European houses stood near narrow native streets. Flags flew over trade buildings. There were shop signs in many languages, carts, sailors, traders, priests, and laborers moving through the same crowded roads. Yet to Passepartout, none of it held the charm that Bombay or Singapore had held. A hungry man sees little beauty.

He first thought of going to the French or English consulate, but pride stopped him. What could he say? That he had failed his master through foolishness and drink? He tried instead to sell what little he had left. His watch he would not sell. That famous old watch, still holding London time, had become a point of honor with him. But his coat, then small objects from his pockets, and then even his last comfort had to go, little by little, until almost nothing remained.

At length he found himself weak with hunger, wandering through the poorer streets where the smell of food seemed sharper because he could not buy any. He looked into houses where laborers ate, watched cooks at open stalls, and felt half mad. Yet even then his anger against Fix burned hotter than his hunger. If the detective had appeared before him in that hour, the meeting would not have ended peacefully.

By chance he came at last upon a public square where a traveling company of performers had put up posters and flags. Their leader was a kind of clown-manager who wanted strong and active men. Passepartout, who had once worked in a circus and on the stage, saw at once that here was a possible road to bread. He entered, offered his services, and after a quick trial of his agility and balance, he was accepted.

The troupe was made up of acrobats, clowns, tumblers, and strange comic figures wearing masks and rich painted clothes. Passepartout was first put to simple work, helping the company and joining a few group movements. Soon, however, his old training returned. His body remembered what his mind had almost forgotten. He leaped, turned, balanced, and drew praise from the manager, who thought he had found a useful new man.

For a day or two this life held him afloat. He ate, worked, slept among the

players, and each morning asked himself whether he should remain in Yokohama or try somehow to move on. He decided at last that he must wait one more day. If Mr. Fogg had truly forced his way through from Hong Kong, then Yokohama was the place where they must meet. If not, then all was lost in any case.

On the evening of the great performance, the hall was full. Merchants, sailors, officers, and travelers sat together under bright lights while drums sounded and painted figures crossed the stage. Passepartout, dressed in costume and carrying his role with all the skill he could still command, went through the early parts of the show well enough. The final act required the acrobats to build a living pyramid, climbing one above another until the top figure stood high in the air.

Passepartout had taken his place near the summit when he suddenly looked out over the crowd and froze. There, in the audience, calm as ever, sat Phileas Fogg. Beside him was Aouda. For one second Passepartout thought he was dreaming. Then joy burst out of him so strongly that he forgot all balance, all timing, and all obedience. He cried out, broke the human pyramid, and jumped down in wild confusion.

The whole structure collapsed. Performers fell, drums stopped, the audience shouted, and the manager roared with rage. But Passepartout heard nothing. He rushed across the hall, pushed through the surprised crowd, and threw himself at his master's feet. "Monsieur!" he cried. "You are here!" Phileas Fogg looked at him and said with his usual calm, "Ah, there you are. We are just going to take passage for America."

Passepartout could hardly speak for happiness and shame together. He tried to explain everything at once: the drink, the trick, the Carnatic, the empty passenger list, his hunger, the circus. Mr. Fogg listened and did not reproach him. Aouda, warmly moved, greeted him with kindness. The servant felt that he had been brought back from misery into life itself. Whatever remained of the journey, he would now face it again at his master's side.

There was no time for long speeches. The General Grant, the steamer for San Francisco, was due to leave on the next day. Passage was already secured. Passepartout spent the remaining hours helping with luggage and making himself

useful with double energy, as if work might wash away his fault. When night came, he slept with a lighter heart than he had known since Hong Kong.

The next day the three travelers, now united again, went aboard the General Grant. Fix also was there, still following, still suspicious, and still unable to leave the man he hunted. The Pacific lay before them, broad and calm under the light. As the ship moved away from Yokohama, Passepartout looked back once at the shore where he had nearly been lost. Then he turned toward the east, where the long sea road to America had begun.

Part 9

The General Grant was a large and powerful ship, far more comfortable than the smaller vessels on which the travelers had lately trusted their lives. It crossed the Pacific by wheel and sail and carried a mixed company of merchants, officials, sailors, and wanderers moving between Asia and America. Once on board, Phileas Fogg settled into his usual habits as if he had merely changed rooms in the Reform Club. Passepartout, now safely clothed again and restored to his place, felt as if he had come back from the dead.

The Pacific, true to its name for much of that voyage, was calmer than the seas they had lately crossed. The air grew cooler as the ship moved eastward. Days passed with little to disturb the travelers except the endless width of sky and water. Aouda spent many hours near Mr. Fogg, and though he was never talkative, his quiet steadiness now seemed to her more valuable than bright conversation.

Fix also remained on board, but his position had changed in his own mind. Once he had followed Fogg as a hunter follows prey. Now, for the first time, he had to think like a guard. Since no arrest could be made outside British territory, it had become necessary not to lose Phileas Fogg before they reached England. This strange change did not make him trust the man, but it tied his movements more closely than ever to those of the supposed criminal.

During the voyage, games of whist were arranged, and Fix himself sometimes joined Fogg at the card table. Passepartout found that sight almost

unbearable. He still burned with anger when he thought of Hong Kong, the false friendship, and the trap that had separated him from his master. Yet he said nothing. He had decided to keep the truth from Mr. Fogg until a better moment, and so he watched the detective in silence, storing up his hatred like fire under ashes.

One day, as the ship neared the great turning line of the globe, the officers spoke of the change of date that travelers must note when crossing the Pacific. The matter was curious, but Phileas Fogg needed no explanation. He already knew how such changes worked, and he marked the time with his usual care. Passepartout, however, listened poorly and thought more of meals than of meridians. That small neglect would matter greatly later, though no one guessed it then.

The General Grant made good speed and arrived off the American coast on November third, earlier than the schedule required. The first sight of San Francisco rose before them in clear light, with hills, wharves, shipping, and the growing city spread along its bay. The journey from Yokohama had added a new continent to the race. Phileas Fogg had now crossed nearly the whole width of the world without once losing his calm.

San Francisco was unlike the cities the travelers had already seen. It was young, noisy, restless, and full of that force by which new countries seem to build themselves while men are still speaking of them. Streets climbed hills or ran straight down to the water. Wooden houses stood beside larger buildings. Carts, horses, traders, miners, Chinese laborers, and gentlemen in black coats all moved through the same rough, active life. It was a city that did not seem finished and perhaps did not wish to be.

There were several hours before the departure of the train for New York. Phileas Fogg, who never left time unused, proposed to Aouda that they walk through part of the city. Passepartout followed, looking everywhere with fast-moving eyes. Fix came too, not from pleasure but because he could not let his man out of sight. Thus the four passed through busy streets at the very moment when a great political meeting was filling the town with heat and noise.

The election struggle in America was then fierce, and San Francisco that day

held one of those public meetings where argument is never far from blows. The travelers were soon caught in the edge of a crowd that moved like a wave. Flags were lifted, speeches shouted, names of rival parties cried from every side, and then, almost without warning, the whole meeting broke into violence. Fists flew, clubs rose, hats fell, and men who had come to listen began to fight.

Phileas Fogg had no interest at all in American politics, but he did have a perfect dislike of being pushed. When a rough fellow struck him in the confusion, Fogg gave him back a clean and exact blow that sent the man away in poor condition. Another sprang forward. Then another. Passepartout entered the matter gladly and used his fists with all the old strength of his youth. Fix did the same, though with less joy, and for several moments the four travelers were forced to fight their way out.

In the middle of this disorder, one man of large build and violent manner fixed his eyes on Fogg and shouted a challenge. His name was Colonel Stamp Proctor, and he had taken personal offense at the Englishman's blow. He threatened Fogg with a later meeting, and his words were full of insult. Phileas Fogg answered very little, but what he did say made it plain that he would not refuse a reckoning if chance placed the man before him again.

Once they were free of the crowd, the travelers returned to the station. The train of the Pacific Railroad stood ready, long and powerful, with its sleeping cars, dining arrangements, and the many parts needed for a journey across the breadth of America. Aouda and Passepartout entered with relief. Fix entered with care. Phileas Fogg looked only at the hour. When the train moved out of San Francisco, he had once more taken the road at exactly the right moment.

At first the line passed through cultivated country, where fields, villages, and prosperous farms showed the energy of the new American West. But that did not last. The road soon entered wilder regions. The speed remained great, and the passengers settled into the life of the railway, eating, reading, sleeping, and talking while the land slipped by in long changing pictures.

Among the travelers was a man who wished very much to talk. He was a Mormon elder, eager to explain the history and greatness of his religion to anyone

who would listen. Passepartout, who loved stories and never feared strange company, soon found himself beside this speaker. The train was then moving toward the territory of Utah, and the elder seemed delighted to have an audience while his own country approached.

He began at once with Joseph Smith, the prophet and founder, and with the wanderings, persecutions, and strange growth of the sect in the American wilderness. He spoke of sacred books, new revelations, many wives, and the building of a people in the desert. Passepartout listened with growing astonishment. The train ran at twenty miles an hour, but the elder's history seemed to move even faster, leaping from vision to battle, from doctrine to family law, and from heaven to earth without taking breath.

Outside the windows the land widened and grew more severe, while inside the carriage the Mormon lecturer continued his course with great confidence. Passepartout did not know what to admire more, the speed of the train or the boldness of the religion. He asked questions now and then, but these only led to longer answers. Soon he found himself learning far more church history than he had ever wished to know, yet he could not escape politely and so remained trapped by both courtesy and curiosity.

Mr. Fogg took no part in this discussion. He sat near Aouda, calm and reserved, and allowed the miles to pass. Fix watched him from time to time and wondered how such a man could remain unchanged by everything around him. New continents, storms, danger, rescue, fights, and delays had all come and gone, yet Phileas Fogg still seemed to move within the same inward silence. Only the direction of his path had changed. The manner of his march had not.

As evening drew on, the train pressed deeper into the vast interior of America. Behind them lay Japan and the Pacific. Ahead lay the long crossing of the United States, with its plains, mountains, and dangers still unknown to Aouda and only partly imagined by Passepartout. Yet for the moment the journey held. The wheels turned, the timetable lived, and Phileas Fogg was still moving east toward London.

Part 10

After the Mormon elder had at last ended his long history, the train continued eastward through colder and emptier country. Snow had already fallen in some places, though the sky now cleared and the air turned hard and dry. The passengers felt that they were crossing a severe land, one made more for distance and struggle than for comfort. Even so, the train still ran well, and Phileas Fogg remained within the time allowed by his plan.

The incident in San Francisco had not ended in San Francisco. Colonel Stamp Proctor was on the same train, and the insult he had exchanged with Fogg had not been forgotten. The man's violent nature made peace impossible. More than once he threw hard looks toward the Englishman, and at last he spoke again in a tone meant to wound. Phileas Fogg answered little, but it became clear that, if the colonel truly wanted a meeting, he would get one.

Passepartout was alarmed. He knew that a duel, even if won, could destroy the whole journey. He tried to reason with the colonel, with his master, with anyone who would listen. He begged them to think of the wager, of the danger, of the uselessness of bloodshed in the middle of America. But he could not make the language of reason heard. The colonel wanted satisfaction, and Phileas Fogg, once challenged beyond a certain point, would not step back.

At last it was agreed that the matter would be settled when the ladies were not present. The two men were to meet in another carriage of the train, and the affair would be decided quickly and quietly. Passepartout was in despair. He would gladly have tied one man to a seat and hidden the other if that could have saved them. But the train itself interrupted what he could not stop.

Toward noon, violent whistles sounded, and the train suddenly came to a halt before a red signal. Passepartout jumped down to learn the cause. A guard from the next station had come forward to warn the engineer that the bridge over the Medicine Bow was damaged. Several supports had been weakened, and no one believed it could bear the full weight of the train in the ordinary way. Passengers gathered around at once, arguing, shouting, and giving opinions.

The engineer at last made a bold decision. If the train crossed the bridge

slowly, the structure might collapse under its steady weight. But if it rushed across at the highest speed, the momentum might carry it over before the bridge had time to give way. It was a terrible risk, yet no other road existed. The passengers hurried back into their places, and many faces turned pale.

The locomotive moved back to gain space, then sprang forward with fearful force. The whole train shook as if it no longer rested on the rails at all. It seemed to fly. In a flash the bridge was passed, and for one brief moment all had succeeded. But almost at once, behind the last carriage, the bridge broke apart and fell roaring into the rapid below. The train had crossed only by a second.

This danger overcome, the line continued through the high country and then began to descend toward the eastern plains. The mountains fell away behind them. Immense open land spread out on every side. The train moved on through forts, lonely stations, and stretches of snow and grass so wide that even the eye seemed to lose courage. The journey, however, still held together, and by the figures of his route Phileas Fogg remained on time.

Yet America had not finished with them. Later, as the train ran over the wide plains beyond the mountains, a new danger came from living enemies instead of broken iron. A band of Sioux suddenly appeared, mounted and swift, racing beside the train and pouring shots against it. In that wild country such attacks were known, and soon the passengers understood that this was no passing alarm. The Indians meant to stop the train and seize what or whom they could.

Panic spread at once. Some travelers cried out, others fired wildly from the windows, and the conductors ran from carriage to carriage. The Sioux clung to the sides of the train, leaped onto the steps, broke windows, and fought hand to hand with the men inside. Passepartout used his fists and all the strength of his body. Fix fought too. Phileas Fogg stood firm beside Aouda and defended her with cold and exact courage, as if this attack were only another duty to be carried out properly.

In the middle of the struggle, a new disaster nearly destroyed them all. The engineer and fireman were struck down, and the train, no longer fully controlled, rushed forward through the plain at dangerous speed. If it could not be checked,

it might pass the next station, lose the chance of help, or break itself on the line. Someone had to reach the mechanism beneath the carriages and act while the train was still in motion.

Passepartout saw what had to be done before anyone else. Without waiting for orders, he slipped out through the side, dropped dangerously low, and worked his way under the moving train. It was desperate work. One false movement would have crushed him. But he crawled beneath the shaking cars, reached the chains and brakes, and managed, at terrible personal risk, to do what was needed. The train slowed at last and came to a stop near Fort Kearney.

But the Sioux had taken their chance in those last moments. When the train stopped, they carried off several prisoners, and Passepartout was among them. Colonel Proctor had also been badly wounded during the attack, and the ground around the station was full of confusion, cries, steam, and blood. Soldiers from the fort came out at once to protect the passengers, but the raiders had already disappeared over the plain with their captives.

The officer in command was cautious. He had men enough to defend the station, but not enough, he thought, to throw them lightly into the wilderness after a fast and dangerous enemy. He said that the Sioux might retreat far away and that he could not risk many lives in a doubtful chase. Phileas Fogg listened, then answered that three men had been taken and that the matter could not be left there. The captain hesitated again.

Then Mr. Fogg said quietly, “I shall go alone.” Those words ended the debate. The captain, moved in spite of himself, called for volunteers, and many soldiers stepped forward at once. Thirty men were chosen under an old sergeant. Fix offered to go too, but Fogg asked him instead to remain near Aouda in case something happened. The detective lowered his eyes and agreed. It was one more moment in which the man he pursued behaved less like a criminal than like the best of men.

Phileas Fogg then took leave of Aouda without display and went out into the cold with the soldiers. Snow was falling again, and the plain lay dim and empty under a lowering sky. Hours passed. The station remained in painful silence.

Aouda waited in deep anxiety, going again and again to the edge of the platform to search the storm and darkness. Fix stayed near, still and troubled. He had followed Fogg across half the world, yet now his heart was divided in a way he had never expected.

The night seemed endless. No sound came from the south where the rescuers had gone. The cold grew sharper, and the snow drifted over the plain. At dawn the captain was about to send out another group when shots were heard in the distance. Soldiers ran forward, and soon a small party appeared through the mist, returning in good order. Phileas Fogg walked at the front. Beside him was Passepartout, alive and free.

There had been a fight some miles from the fort. Passepartout and the other prisoners had already begun to struggle against their captors when Fogg and the soldiers fell upon the Sioux and broke them apart. The captives were saved. When they came back to the station, joy rose from everyone who saw them. Fogg paid the promised reward to the soldiers without hesitation. Passepartout, bruised but full of life, could only repeat to himself that he certainly cost his master a great deal.

Yet Phileas Fogg showed no sign that he regretted a single hour. He had risked the wager, delayed the route, and gone out into snow and danger for the sake of one servant. To him, the act needed no explanation. Passepartout understood that better than anyone. If he had once admired his master, he now loved him with complete loyalty. And so, after violence, fear, captivity, and rescue, the journey stood ready to begin again from Fort Kearney, though the lost time would soon have to be paid for elsewhere.

Part 11

When the rescued party returned to Fort Kearney, Passepartout ran first to the station in the hope that the delayed train might still be there. It was gone. The next would not leave until that evening. Phileas Fogg had thus lost twenty hours, and even his servant, who loved him most, thought for a moment that the wager

must now be beyond saving.

It was then that Detective Fix came forward and, for the first time in many days, acted openly for Fogg's success. He asked whether Mr. Fogg was truly anxious to reach New York before the Liverpool steamer left on the evening of December eleventh. When Fogg answered yes, Fix pointed out that the journey might still be repaired in part. A man named Mudge had offered a strange but rapid means of travel across the snow-covered plains: a great sail-sled.

Mr. Fogg at once examined the vehicle. It was built on long runners like a sled, with a high mast and a broad sail that could catch the hard prairie wind. Five or six people could sit upon it, and the frozen ground would carry it swiftly where wheels might fail. Nothing could have seemed more uncertain, yet uncertainty never stopped Phileas Fogg when speed was still possible.

They set out at once over the white plains, driven forward by a strong wind that filled the sail and flung the light machine eastward with astonishing speed. The cold cut like a knife, and the travelers could hardly speak for the force of the air against them. Aouda bore it bravely. Passepartout and Fix clung on while Mudge handled the craft with skill. The sled sometimes seemed less to run than to fly.

By the middle of the day, the bold machine reached the station where the eastern trains could be taken again. Mudge was paid generously, and Passepartout shook his hand with deep feeling. A direct train stood ready, and the travelers had only just enough time to throw themselves inside. They passed through Iowa during the night, reached Chicago on the afternoon of the tenth, and at once changed again for New York without losing even a little time in the city.

That last American run was made at full speed. The engine seemed to understand that its passengers were fighting the clock itself. Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey were crossed in a blur of stations and darkness, and at last the Hudson appeared. Then, at eleven fifteen on the night of December eleventh, the train stopped at the river-side station in New York. The China, the Cunard steamer for Liverpool, had departed forty-five minutes earlier.

For the first time, all ordinary paths seemed closed. No ship of the other great

lines could carry Mr. Fogg to England soon enough. One French vessel would leave too late and would go to Le Havre, not directly to Liverpool. Other companies were no better. It appeared that the last hope had sailed away with the China. Yet Phileas Fogg did not complain. He simply began to look for another road across the sea.

Down at the harbor, among the shipping, he found a steam vessel named the Henrietta preparing to leave. Her captain, Andrew Speedy, was a hard American sailor with no wish to change his plans for any man. The ship was bound for Bordeaux, not Liverpool. When Fogg asked to be taken to England, the captain refused flatly. He refused again when Fogg offered to charter the ship, and again when Fogg offered to buy it outright.

Mr. Fogg then changed his question. Would the captain at least carry four passengers to Bordeaux? For two thousand dollars each, he would. In less than half an hour, Fogg had gone to his hotel, brought back Aouda, Passepartout, and even Fix, and all were aboard before the Henrietta sailed. Passepartout cried out when he learned the price of the passage, but at that stage he no longer expected money to obey ordinary rules in his master's hands.

For a time the voyage continued quietly enough. The weather on the Atlantic was rough in places, but the Henrietta was strong and made good speed. Phileas Fogg watched her course with exact attention and soon saw that Bordeaux would not serve him. He needed Liverpool, or at least the nearest point from which England could still be reached in time. Once he had made that decision, he acted as he always acted: directly.

By an arrangement with the crew and officers, and by the force of the money he offered, the ship was gradually brought onto a more northern course. Captain Speedy, when he understood what had happened, burst into furious anger and had to be shut away while the voyage continued. Fogg had not taken the ship by violence for gain. He had simply bent another obstacle into the shape his journey required. Passepartout admired this daring, though even he was astonished by it.

Days passed, and the Henrietta drove on under steam toward the British Isles. At length the captain was brought out and told the truth. They were no longer on

the road to Bordeaux. They were some hundreds of miles from Liverpool. Speedy raged and called Fogg a pirate, but his anger could not change the position of the ship. Worse still, another danger now stood before them. Fuel was running out.

Phileas Fogg then calmly asked the captain to sell him the vessel, since otherwise he would be forced to burn parts of it for steam. Speedy refused in fresh fury. Fogg answered by offering sixty thousand dollars. The sight of so much money changed the matter. The captain accepted, keeping for himself the iron hull and machinery while Fogg bought all the wood above. The sale was made, and the race went on.

Then began one of the strangest scenes of the whole journey. Cabins, walls, deckhouses, spare wood, masts, rails, and every other wooden part that could be cut away were fed to the furnaces. The crew worked like men under a spell. Passepartout himself chopped, sawed, and carried wood with the strength of ten workers. Bit by bit the Henrietta lost her shape and became almost a floating engine on a bare iron shell, but she kept moving.

On December twentieth the coast of Ireland appeared at last, and the light of Fastnet was seen. Yet even then everything was not won. The ship came only abreast of Queenstown late in the evening, and Liverpool still lay too far away to be reached in time by sea, especially with steam nearly gone. Captain Speedy, now half admiring and half pitying his passenger, said that all seemed lost at last. Mr. Fogg merely asked whether the harbor ahead was Queenstown.

It was. And from Queenstown the American mails were carried at once by train to Dublin and then by swift steamer to Liverpool, arriving many hours before the slower ships from the Atlantic. As soon as the tide allowed entry, the travelers landed. Captain Speedy left them with a strong handshake and remained behind on the stripped carcass of his vessel. Fogg, Aouda, Passepartout, and Fix took the night train, crossed to Dublin, and then boarded the fast packet for Liverpool.

At last, on December twenty-first, at twenty minutes before noon, Phileas Fogg stepped onto the quay at Liverpool. London was now only six hours away. The struggle seemed all but won. But at that exact moment, Detective Fix came forward, laid a hand upon his shoulder, and said, “In the Queen’s name, I arrest

you.”

Part 12

Detective Fix had spoken the words at Liverpool with full official force, and for one moment even Passepartout was too shocked to move. Phileas Fogg turned toward him, looked him straight in the face, and asked only, “You say you arrest me?” Fix answered yes. He believed he was doing his duty at the last possible hour. So, instead of stepping onto the final train to London, Mr. Fogg was taken away under guard.

The hours that followed were cruel in their uselessness. Fogg sat in a room at the customs office while messages were sent and checked. Aouda waited in deep anxiety. Passepartout walked like a trapped animal and wished with all his heart that he could break down the door and carry his master away by force. Time, which had been fought over oceans and continents, was now being wasted in silence by a mistake.

At last the truth arrived. The real bank robber had already been arrested in England, and Phileas Fogg was innocent. In that instant Fix understood the full weight of his error. He had followed an honest man around the world, delayed him, arrested him, and perhaps ruined him at the very edge of success. Fogg looked at him once more, stepped forward, and with the only sudden movement of his life struck the detective squarely with both fists.

Passepartout cried out with savage delight that this was what might truly be called English fists. Fix said nothing. He had earned the blow and knew it. There was no time to waste in anger. Phileas Fogg, Aouda, and Passepartout rushed at once to the station, but when they arrived it was already too late. The express for London had left thirty-five minutes earlier.

Mr. Fogg then ordered a special train. The railway men did all they could, but even a special train could not leave at once. At three o’clock the engine finally started, and the last race began. Fogg promised a reward to the driver if the run was made at the greatest possible speed. The train flew through the winter evening

toward London with all the force that steam and iron could give it.

Yet even speed has limits, and railways have their own laws. Signals, traffic, and necessary delays broke the perfect line that Mr. Fogg needed. The minutes fell away one by one. Aouda watched the darkness outside and felt each lost moment like pain. Passepartout could hardly remain still, but Phileas Fogg sat as he always sat, quiet, exact, and unreadable.

At last the train reached London. The clocks were striking eight minutes before nine. Mr. Fogg had returned to the city, had crossed the world, had passed through every danger, and yet he was five minutes too late. He had lost the wager. Twenty thousand pounds now belonged to the gentlemen of the Reform Club, and almost all the rest of his fortune had already gone in the journey itself.

He returned to Saville Row without complaint and without display. The house closed again around him as if nothing had happened. From the street, no one would have guessed that the master of that house had just come back from a journey around the whole earth. Inside, however, sorrow and shame filled every room.

Aouda was in despair, not only because the wager had been lost, but because she feared for Phileas Fogg himself. Certain words he had spoken made her think that he might choose some dark and terrible end rather than live ruined and defeated. Passepartout watched his master like a faithful dog. He blamed himself more bitterly than ever, because if he had spoken earlier of Fix's plan, none of this would have happened.

That night passed heavily. The next morning, which they believed to be Sunday, Mr. Fogg remained in his room. He asked only for tea and toast for himself and told Passepartout to look after Mrs. Aouda. He meant to spend the whole day putting his affairs in order. He would speak to Aouda in the evening, he said, for a few moments. There was no anger in him, but there was also no light.

At one point Passepartout could no longer bear the weight of his guilt. He burst out and begged his master to blame him, curse him, punish him. Phileas Fogg answered in the calmest voice, "I accuse no one. Go." The servant left the room in tears and went to Aouda. He told her that perhaps she alone might speak

to Mr. Fogg's heart.

All day the house remained still. For the first time in many years, Phileas Fogg did not go to the Reform Club at half past eleven. There was no reason for him to go. His friends no longer expected him, and the hour he had failed to meet stood like a closed door before him. Evening came early in the winter light, and the silence in Saville Row grew deeper.

At last Phileas Fogg came to Aouda. He spoke with the same quiet care as always, but there was a grave gentleness in his manner. Since her relative was not in Hong Kong and since he had brought her to England, he wished, he said, to make sure that her future would be safe. He had lost his fortune, but he would still do what honor required for her. Aouda listened, and her heart rose against such cold generosity.

Then she answered in the only way she could. She told him that he had not ruined her life but saved it, and that she did not need protection from him so much as she wished to belong to him. She asked, with a trembling courage greater than any shown on the journey, whether he would take her as his wife. For one moment even Phileas Fogg seemed changed. He took her hand. Then he called for Passepartout and asked whether it was too late to go at once to the Reverend Samuel Wilson of Marylebone.

Passepartout came running, saw the joined hands, and understood everything in a second. His broad face shone with joy. "Too late?" he cried. "Never too late!" Then he added, after a glance at the clock, that it was only five minutes past eight. The marriage, he said, could be arranged for tomorrow, Monday. At those words both Fogg and Aouda looked at him sharply.

"Tomorrow, Monday?" repeated Phileas Fogg. "Tomorrow, Monday," said Aouda in turn, surprised by the same thing. Then, in one great flash, the truth struck all three. If tomorrow was Monday, then today was Sunday. If today was Sunday, then yesterday had been Saturday, not Sunday. And if yesterday had been Saturday, then at eight forty-five that evening the gentlemen of the Reform Club would still be waiting.

Passepartout gave a cry that seemed to shake the whole house. His watch had

kept London time all through the journey, but he had never thought to count the days. Now the lost day stood clear before them. In traveling eastward around the world, they had moved with the sun and had gained a whole day without knowing it. While Phileas Fogg had seen the sun reach noon eighty times, the men in London had seen it do so only seventy-nine.

There was no need for further explanation. It was twenty minutes past eight. Phileas Fogg took his hat. Passepartout rushed after him like a storm. Aouda followed to the door with folded hands and a face full of hope and fear. Then Mr. Fogg went out once more into London, moving quickly but still with the same straight, exact purpose that had carried him around the world.

In the Reform Club, the five gentlemen who had made the wager sat waiting in growing tension. They had heard of the arrest of the real bank thief. They no longer believed Fogg a criminal, but they did not know whether he was alive, lost, or defeated. The clock moved toward the fatal moment. Eight forty-two came. Then eight forty-three. Then eight forty-four. The room was full of silence.

At the very instant when the clock marked eight forty-five, the door opened, and Phileas Fogg entered. He walked into the room and said, “Here I am, gentlemen.” That was all. But it was enough. He had returned in eighty days. He had won the wager of twenty thousand pounds. The man who had seemed beaten by five minutes now stood once more, exact to the second, before the men who had doubted him.

He had indeed gained the money, though he had spent almost all of it on the road. What remained was not large. He shared part of it with honest Passepartout and even with unfortunate Fix, toward whom he bore no lasting hate. Only, with perfect order, he kept back from his servant the cost of the gas that had burned in Saville Row for the full length of the journey. Even in victory, Phileas Fogg remained Phileas Fogg.

That same evening he returned to Aouda and asked, with his usual grave calm, whether she still wished to marry him. She answered that now he was rich again, perhaps it was she who should ask the question. Mr. Fogg replied that the fortune belonged to her, because without her thought of marriage, Passepartout

would never have gone to the clergyman, and the lost day would never have been discovered. “Dear Aouda,” he said, and she answered, “Dear Mr. Fogg.”

The marriage was celebrated two days later, and Passepartout, splendid with happiness, stood as witness for the bride. He had saved her life, and no one denied him that honor. The next morning he woke at dawn, ran to his master’s door, and cried out that they could have made the journey in only seventy-eight days if they had not crossed India. Mr. Fogg answered from within that if they had not crossed India, he would not have saved Aouda, she would not have become his wife, and then he quietly closed the door.

So Phileas Fogg had gone around the world and won his wager. But he had found something better than money or victory. He had found happiness.