

The Tour of the World in Eighty Days.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—WHICH GIVES PARALLEL TO THE OPPORTUNITY OF LEAVING CITY SOME OF THE BEST SEASONS.

Phileas Fogg was in prison. He had been shut up in the Custom House in Liverpool, and was to pass the night there, awaiting his transfer to London.

At the moment of his arrest, Passepartout wished to run upon the detective. Some policemen held him back.

Mrs. Aouda, frightened by the brutality of the fact, and knowing nothing about it, could not understand it.

Mr. Fogg, this honest and courageous gentleman, to whom his captivity was a great trial, was arrested as a robber.

The young woman protested against such an allegation, her heart rose with indignation, and tears flowed from her eyes when she saw that she could not do anything, or attempt anything to save her deliverer.

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

But then a thought came to Passepartout—the terrible thought that he was certainly the cause of all this mischief.

Indeed, why had he concealed this adventure from Mr. Fogg? When Fix had revealed to both his capacity as a detective and the mission with which he was charged, why had he decided not to warn his master? The latter, informed, would have been able to give his own account of his innocence.

He had demonstrated to him his error at any rate he had not conveyed at his expense and on his tracks this unfortunate detective, whose first care was to arrest him the moment he set foot on the soil of Great Britain.

Thinking of his faults and his imprudence, the poor fellow was overwhelmed with remorse. He felt so that it was painful to his brains out.

Mrs. Aouda as he remained, notwithstanding the fact that he was the Custom House. Neither of them wished to leave the place. They wanted to see Mr. Fogg once more.

As for that gentleman, he was really ruined, and at the very moment that he was about to reach his end. This arrest would ruin him in twenty minutes before twelve noon, on the 21st of December, he had until quarter of nine in the evening to appear at the Custom House.

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Three days before Phileas Fogg was a criminal whom the police were pursuing to the utmost, and now he was the most honest gentleman, accomplishing mathematically his eccentric tour around the world.

What an effect! What an excitement in the papers! It had been forgotten that Phileas Fogg had already forgotten this affair, revived as it was by magic. All the engagements were renewed, and it must be said that he had not a moment's rest.

The five colleagues of the gentleman, at the Reform Club, were all surprised to see him again at a premium on the market.

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moving on with steady step during this man as you. Your friends—

"I have no friends, madame."

"Your relatives—"

"I have no relatives now."

"I pity you then, Mr. Fogg, for solitude is a sad thing. What I have you not over heart in which to put you?"

"They say so, madame."

"Mr. Fogg then said to Mrs. Aouda, raising and holding out her hand to the gentleman, 'do you wish to have a relative and a friend? I will give you my own wife for your wife.'

Mr. Fogg, at this, rose in his turn. There seemed to be an unusual fervor in his eyes, a trembling of his lips.

Mrs. Aouda looked at him. The sincerity, rectitude, firmness, and sweetness of this soft look of a noble woman, who dared everything to save him to whom she owed everything, first astonished him, then penetrated him.

He closed his eyes for an instant, as if to prevent this look from penetrating deeper. When he opened them again he simply said—

"Yes, in truth, by everything most sacred in the world, I love you, and I am entirely yours!"

"It is not for me, madame, to prevent this look from penetrating deeper. When he opened them again he simply said—

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

"I would not give my part of four thousand pounds in the bet," said Andrew Stuart, seating himself.

"I have four thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine!" At this moment the hands noted forty-two minutes after eight.

"They say you look up their cards, but their eyes were constantly fixed upon the clock. It may be asserted that notwithstanding their security, the minutes had never seemed so long to them!"

"Forty-three minutes after eight," said Thomas Flanagan, cutting the cards which Gauthier Ralph presented to them.

There was a moment's silence. The intense salon of the club was quiet. But outside they heard the hubbub of the crowd, above which were sometimes heard loud cries. The pendulum of the clock was beating the seconds with mathematical regularity, and every player could count them as they ticked by.

"Forty-four minutes after eight," said John Sullivan in a voice in which was an involuntary emotion.

One more minute and the bet would be won. Andrew Stuart and his colleagues played no longer. They had counted the seconds!

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

The players rose. At the fifty-seventh second, the door of the saloon opened and a man in a top hat and frock coat entered.

It was not the sixth second, when Phileas Fogg appeared, followed by an excited crowd, who had forced an entrance into the saloon, and in his calm voice, he said—

"Gentlemen, here I am!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—IN WHICH IT IS TOLD THAT PHILEAS FOGG HAS GAINED NOTHING BY MAKING THIS TOUR OF THE WORLD, UNLESS IT BE HAPPINESS.

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"That he would seek me the tour of the world in seventy-eight days."

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

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

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

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

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

THE END.

Law.

M. ADAMS.

Barrister and Attorney-at-Law

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SOLICITOR IN BANKRUPTCY,

Agent for "Scottish Alliance Life Assurance Society."

Agent for "Imperial," "Ethna," & "Hartford" Fire Insurance Companies.

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L. J. TWEEDE,

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A. H. JOHNSON. G. B. FRASER.

WM. A. PARK,

Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor,

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