

1. Phileas Fogg and His Servant, Passepartout

In the year 1872, Phileas Fogg lived at number 7 Saville Row, Burlington Gardens*. Phileas Fogg was a well-known member of a famous London club called the Reform Club.

No one knew very much about this Phileas Fogg, except that he was a very polite man and a perfect gentleman. He was an Englishman, but probably did not come from London.

Was this Phileas Fogg rich? Yes, but no one could say how he had made his money. Certainly it did not seem quite right to ask Mr Fogg how he had made it. He did not waste his money on foolish things, but he was not mean with it either. If money was needed for poor people, or something like that, he gave it. He gave it quietly and often no one knew where the money had come from.

Had he travelled? It was probable, for no one knew the world better than he. Whenever a place was mentioned he seemed to know something about it.

One thing was certain, that for many years, Phileas Fogg had not left London. Those who knew him best said that he went to his club every day and that he always arrived there by the same route. His only hobbies were reading the newspapers and playing whist*. He often won at this quiet game which seemed so suited to his character. He always gave away the money that he won. It was clear that Mr Fogg played because he liked playing and not because he wanted to win.

Phileas Fogg did not have either a wife or any children. Nor did

*Number 7 Saville Row, Burlington Gardens, a London address

*whist, a card game.

he have any relatives or close friends. He lived alone in his house in Saville Row, where nobody entered. He had only one servant. He had his breakfast and dinner at the Club. He always had his meals at the same time every day, in the same room, at the same table. No guests ever ate with him. He returned home everyday, exactly at midnight, to go to bed.

The Saville Row house was not too big, but it was very comfortably and well ordered. Phileas Fogg did not like anything to go wrong in his house. This very day, the second of October, Phileas Fogg had dismissed his servant, James Forster. The man had made him angry by bringing his washing water to him at the wrong temperature. He was now waiting to meet his next servant, who should arrive at the house between eleven and half past eleven.

The new servant

Phileas Fogg was seated firmly in his armchair. His feet and knees were close together. His hands were resting on his knees. His body was straight, his head up. He was watching the hands of the clock move. When the hands showed half-past eleven Mr Fogg, would, as he did every day, leave his house and walk to the Reform Club.

At this moment there was a knock at the door.

James Forster appeared.

'The new servant,' he said.

A man, aged thirty, came forward and bowed.

'Are you a Frenchman?' Phileas Fogg asked him.

'Yes, sir,' replied the man, 'my name is Jean Passepartout. I am an honest man, but I have had several jobs. I have been a travelling singer and I have worked in a circus. I have taught physical exercises at a school and I have been a fireman in Paris. Then I came to England where I have been a servant in a number of different houses for the last five years. Now, I find myself out of work again. I heard that you were looking for another servant, and because I have heard what kind of man you are, I have come here in the hope of living peacefully with you.'

'I like your name,' replied Mr Fogg. 'I have heard good things'

about you and your work. You know how I like to live?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘Well, what is the time, then?’

‘It is twenty-two minutes past eleven,’ replied Passepartout, taking his watch out of his pocket. It was a very large silver watch.

‘You are slow,’ said Mr Fogg.

‘Pardon me, sir, but that’s impossible,’

‘You are four minutes slow. It does not matter, now that you know. Now, from this moment, twenty-nine minutes past eleven, this Wednesday morning, October 2nd, 1872, you are my servant.’

Passepartout is alone in the house

That said, Phileas Fogg rose, placed his hat upon his head, and disappeared without another word.

Passepartout heard the street door close twice. The first time it was his new master going out, the second time it was the former servant, James Forster, leaving. Passepartout was alone in the house in Saville Row.

During the few minutes that he had seen Phileas Fogg, Passepartout had examined his future master carefully. He was a man who might be forty years old. He had a fine, handsome face. He was tall, but not thin. His hair was fair.

Phileas Fogg was an exact man. He was never in a hurry, but he was always ready. He never wasted his time, nor his energy. Whenever he went anywhere he always took the shortest route. He never took any unnecessary steps or made any unnecessary action or movement. No one had ever seen him look upset. He never hurried, but he always arrived on time.

As for Jean Passepartout, he had always been looking for a master that he could serve really happily. So far he had been unlucky. He was a good man and had a pleasing appearance. He had blue eyes and rosy cheeks. He was very strong indeed, because of his earlier work in the circus. He had brown, untidy hair.

It is odd that two people who seemed to be so different thought that they would be happy together. Would Passepartout be the kind

of servant that his master needed? They would both find out soon. Passepartout now wanted to live a quiet, peaceful and orderly life. He expected to find this with Phileas Fogg.

At half past eleven, then, Passepartout found himself alone in the Saville Row house. He immediately decided to examine it from top to bottom. Everything he saw, he liked, and most of all he liked the fact that everything was orderly. He found his own room easily. It suited him. In it there was an electric clock which told exactly the same time as the one in his master's bedroom.

He also saw that there was a notice in his room, above the clock. It was the programme for the daily work. All the details of what he had to do were written down. His master woke at eight o'clock in the morning. Passepartout was to take him his tea and toast at twenty-three minutes past eight. The washing water was needed at thirty-seven minutes past nine, and so on. The list continued to tell him what he must do from half past eleven in the morning until midnight, the hour when Mr Fogg always went to bed. Passepartout was pleased with the programme and tried to remember the different things that he had to do.

After carefully examining the house, and seeing how peaceful, comfortable and well organized it was, Passepartout rubbed his hands. His broad face brightened, and he repeated cheerfully, 'This suites me! This is the place for me! Mr Fogg and I will understand each other perfectly!'



2. Phileas Fogg Does Something Unusual

As soon as Phileas Fogg reached his Club he went straight to the dining room. He took his seat at his normal table in front of the window. His usual breakfast was immediately up on the table before him. With it he drank some of the special tea that only the Reform Club served.

At forty-seven minutes past noon, Phileas Fogg rose and went

into another of the Club's rooms. There, a servant handed him the Times newspaper. This he read until a quarter to four. Then he read the Standard newspaper until his dinner time.

Half an hour after Phileas Fogg had finished his dinner a number of members of the Reform Club entered and came near the fireplace of the room in which Phileas Fogg was now sitting. They were the people that usually played whist with him. They were all rich and respectable men. Andrew Stuart was an engineer. John Sullivan and Samuel Fallentin were bankers. Thomas Flanagan and Gauthier Ralph were both important men at the Bank of England.

'Well, Ralph,' said Thomas Flanagan, 'what do you think about that robbery?'

'I think,' replied Andrew Stuart, 'the bank will lose the money.'

'I certainly hope not,' said Gauthier Ralph, 'I am sure we will catch the robber. Very skilful detectives* have been sent to America and Europe, to all the major ports of entry and exit, so it will be very difficult for the man to escape.'

The gentleman robber

'But do you have a description of the robber?' asked Andrew Stuart.

'Well,' said Gauthier Ralph, a serious frown settling on his face, 'he is not a robber.'

'What on earth do you mean? He is not a robber! He has just stolen fifty-five thousand pounds!'

'The newspapers describe him as a gentleman.'

It was Phileas Fogg who had just spoken. He looked out from behind his newspaper. At the same time he greeted his friends, and they greeted him in return. The subject everyone was talking about, and which was in every newspaper, had happened three days before, on the 29th September. The money had been taken from the desk of the chief clerk of the Bank of England.

It seemed that it had been easy to steal such an amount of money.

*detective, person who finds out who has done a crime.

Banks believed, in those days, that their customers were gentlemen and not thieves. They did not have the guards and strict controls that they have today.

Once the robbery was known, some of the most skilful detectives were asked to search for the robber. There was a large reward offered if any one of them was successful in catching the robber and returning the money. The reward was two thousand pounds and five percent of the money recovered.

As the newspapers said, there was good reason to think that the robber was not an ordinary thief. On the 29th September, a well-dressed gentleman had been noticed going in and out of the paying room, which was where the robbery had taken place. A fairly accurate description was therefore made, and it was sent to all the detectives in England and Europe. Some hopeful people, especially Gauthier Ralph and Thomas Flanagan, believed that they had good reason to expect that the robber would not escape. Andrew Stuart did not agree with these hopeful people.

Their discussion of the bank robbery continued even after they had all sat down for their normal game of whist.

'I am sure,' said Andrew Stuart, 'that the robber has a very good chance of escaping. He must be a very clever man.'

'Well,' said Ralph, 'where can he go safely, now that every country has been warned to watch for him?'

'I am sure the world is big enough to hide him,' said Andrew Stuart.

'It was before,' said Phileas Fogg in a low voice.

'What do you mean?' asked Stuart. 'Has the world now grown smaller?'

'It certainly has,' said Ralph, 'I agree with Mr Fogg. We can now go round the world ten times quicker than it was possible one hundred years ago. And so you see, we will be able to search for our robber very quickly.'

Phileas Fogg reminded his friends of the need to play their card game properly. A little while later the interest in their conversation was again too strong.

'Mr Ralph,' said Stuart, 'how can you say that the world has grown smaller, just because it now only takes three months to go round it?'

'It only takes eighty days,' said Phileas Fogg.

'Yes, gentlemen,' agreed John Sullivan, 'eighty days, since the new railway across India has been opened. There is a report about it in the newspaper. I will read it to you:

"From London to Suez, by rail and steamship	7 days
From Suez to Bombay, steamship.....	13 days
From Bombay to Calcutta, train	3 days
From Calcutta to Hong Kong, steamship	13 days
From Hong Kong to Yokohoma (Japan), steamship	6 days
From Yokohoma to San Francisco, steamship	22 days
From San Francisco, to New York, train	7 days
From New York to London, steamship and train	9 days

80 days"

'Yes, eighty days!' said Andrew Stuart, who, by not watching his cards properly, played very badly, 'But if one met with any bad weather, difficult winds, shipwrecks and train accidents it would not be possible.'

'I disagree,' replied Phileas Fogg, 'I am sure it could be done.'

The card game continued, though no one was playing as well as they should have been.

The bet

'I should very much like to see you do it! said Andrew Stuart.

'Well, let us go together,' said Phileas Fogg.

'Good Heavens! I can't,' replied Stuart, 'but I will happily bet* four thousand pounds that such a journey, made in eighty days, is impossible.'

'I disagree. I think it is quite possible,' replied Mr Fogg.

'Well, make it then!'

*bet, to risk one's money against another's on the result of a doubtful event.

'The tour of the world in eighty days?'

'Yes!'

'I am willing.'

'When?'

'At once.'

'It is madness!' cried Stuart. 'Stop this useless talk. Let us play cards properly instead.'

They began to play again, but not for long.

Andrew Stuart looked up from his cards and said, 'Well, Mr Fogg, I will bet you four thousand pounds!'

'My dear Stuart,' said Fallentin, 'you cannot be serious.'

'When I say "I bet",' replied Andrew Stuart 'it is always serious.'

'Very well,' said Mr Fogg. He turned to face his companions and said, 'I have twenty thousand pounds in the Baring Brothers bank. I will willingly risk them.'

'Twenty thousand pounds!' cried John Sullivan. 'Twenty thousand pounds, and if you are delayed you will lose all that?'

'I will not lose my money,' said Phileas Fogg quietly.

'You are joking!' said Sullivan.

'A good Englishman never jokes when he is making a bet,' replied Phileas Fogg. 'I will bet twenty thousand pounds against anyone that I will make the tour of the world in eighty days or less. Do you accept?'

'We accept,' replied all his companions after talking among themselves.

'Very well,' said Mr Fogg. 'The Dover* train starts at nine o'clock. I shall take it.'

'You mean tonight?' asked Stuart.

'I do,' replied Phileas Fogg. 'And since today is Wednesday, the second of October, I ought to be back in London, in the Reform Club, on Saturday, the twenty-first of December, at nine o'clock in the evening! If I am not, my twenty thousand pounds at Baring Brothers will belong to you.'

*Dover, a sea-port in Southern England.

Phileas Fogg took some writing paper and wrote down what the bet was all about and the six men then all signed it. Phileas Fogg had remained cool. He had risked only half his fortune, because he knew that he would probably need the rest to make his difficult journey.

Seven o'clock then struck, but Mr Fogg refused to stop playing. It was not until twenty-five past seven, after he had won twenty pounds at whist, that Mr Fogg said goodbye to his friends and left the Reform Club. He reached his house at ten to eight.

The tour begins

Passepartout was very surprised to see his master home so early. The notice in his room said that he would not return until midnight.

Mr Fogg had to call his new servant twice, before he answered.

'It is the second time I have called you,' said Mr Fogg.

'But it is not midnight,' replied Passepartout, with his watch in his hand.

'I know that,' continued Mr Fogg, 'and I am not angry with you. We leave in ten minutes for Dover and France.'

Passepartout did not seem to understand.

'You are going to leave home?'

'Yes,' replied Phileas Fogg. 'We are going to make the tour of the World.'

Passepartout could not believe his ears.

'The tour of the world,' he said stupidly.

'In eighty days,' replied Mr Fogg. 'So we have not a moment to lose. We will not take much baggage. Only two changes to clothing. We will buy what else we need on the way. Go and get it ready.

Passepartout would have liked to make a reply. He could not. He left Mr Fogg and went to his own room. There he fell into a chair.

'Well, well,' he said to himself. 'And I wanted a quiet life!'

By eight o'clock both Mr Fogg and his servant were ready. Mr Fogg made sure that his general guide to railways and steamships was packed in his bag. He also slipped into his bag an enormous package of bank-notes. He then handed the bag to Passepartout.

'Take good care of that,' he said 'It has twenty thousand pounds in it.'

The Dover train

The master and servant then left the Saville Row house, locking it carefully behind them. They reached the railway station at twenty past eight. Mr Fogg gave his servant the money to buy two first-class tickets to Paris. Then, looking round the station, Mr Fogg noticed his five friends from the Reform Club.

'Gentlemen, I am going,' he said, 'and I will have my passport* stamped at each country I visit, so that when I return you will know where I have been.'

'Oh! Mr Fogg,' replied Gauthier Ralph, 'that is not necessary. You are a gentleman.'

'I think it is better if I do so,' replied Mr Fogg. 'I will be back in eighty days. Saturday, December 21, 1872, at nine o'clock in the evening. Goodbye, gentlemen.

At five minutes to nine, Phileas Fogg and his servant took their seats on the train. At nine o'clock the whistle sounded, and the train started.

The night was dark. It was raining a little. Phileas Fogg, leaning back in his corner, did not speak. Passepartout, still surprised by what was happening to him, held tightly to his master's bag, the bag that contained all the money.

Then Passepartout cried out in horror!

'What is the matter?' asked Mr Fogg.

'Well, in - in the rush - I forgot—'

'Forgot what?'

'To turn off the gas light in my room.'

'Well, said Mr Fogg coldly, 'you will have to pay the bill when we return.'

When Mr Fogg left London he did not know about the excitement that his journey was causing. The news of the bet spread through

*passport, travel document



the Reform Club. Then the newspapers learnt what was happening. Everyone was talking about 'the tour of the world'. Some believed that Phileas Fogg could do the journey in eighty days. Others, and they soon became the more numerous, did not.



3. Is Mr Fogg the Bank Robber?

A few days after Phileas Fogg left London the Chief of British Police received a telegram:

Suez to London.

I believe Phileas Fogg is the bank robber. Send warrant* of arrest to Bombay. India, without delay.

Fix, detective.

As soon as people learnt of this, Phileas Fogg the gentleman traveller, was forgotten, and people thought of Phileas Fogg, the bank robber, instead. His photograph was shown everywhere. It exactly fitted the description of the bank robber. Everyone remembered how little they had really known about Phileas Fogg. They remembered that he had always lived alone and had never had close friends. They remembered how suddenly he had left London. It seemed certain that Mr Fogg, while pretending to make a journey round the world, and by betting on it, had no other aim than to trick the British police and their detectives.

This is how the telegram about Phileas Fogg came to be sent:

On Wednesday, the ninth of October, the steamship Mongolia was expected at Suez at eleven o'clock. It was a very fast ship and was always early.

Fix and the British Consul

Whilst waiting for the arrival of the Mongolia, two men were walking up and down by the harbour. One of these was the British Consul* at Suez. The other was a small thin man who had a quiet intelligent face. He looked nervous at the moment, and kept frowning. Under his long eyelashes he had very bright eyes. He kept on jumping up and down, unable to remain on the spot.

The name of this second man was Fix. He was one of the detectives working for the British police to find the man who had robbed the

*warrant, official paper giving the right of arrest.

*Consul, person in charge of official government business a foreign country.

Bank of England of fifty-five thousand pounds. Fix was supposed to watch, with the greatest care, all travellers taking the Suez route. If any one of them seemed suspicious he was to follow him until a warrant of arrest arrived. Just two days earlier, Fix had received the description of the supposed robber from the English police. The description was that of the well-dressed gentleman who had been noticed in the paying-room of the bank. The detective was very excited by the large reward promised in case of success. It was for this reason that detective Fix looked so nervous and was waiting so impatiently for the arrival of the Mongolia.

'And you say, Consul,' he asked for the tenth time, 'this ship cannot be late?'

'No, Mr Fix,' replied the Consul. 'I repeat to you that ~~the Mongolia has always received the reward of twenty-five pounds given by the Government for every gain of twenty-four hours over the normal time.~~ Be patient. It cannot be late arriving. But really I do not see how, with the description that you have received, you could recognized your man, even if he is on board the Mongolia.'

'Consul, replied Fix, 'we feel these people rather than know them. It is a special sense using hearing, sight and smell. I have in my life arrested more than one of these gentlemen, and, if my robber is on board, I am certain that he will not slip from my hands.'

'I hope so, Mr Fix, for it was a very large robbery.'

'It was indeed,' replied the detective. 'Fifty-five thousand pounds! We don't often see or hear of such a lot! Most robbers seem to take very little these days!'

'Mr Fix,' replied the Consul, 'you speak in such a way that I do hope you succeed, but I repeat that it will be difficult. Don't you see that the description you have received of this robber fits that of an honest man exactly?'

'Consul,' replied the detective, 'great robbers always look like honest people.'

In the meantime the harbour had become much busier. More and more people were arriving to meet the steamship. Moving among this crowd, Fix, from the habit caused by his job, was carefully

examining the people near him with quick, sharp looks.

It was then half past ten.

'This ship will never arrive!' he cried when he heard the clock in the town striking.

'She cannot be far away now,' replied the Consul.

'How long will she stop in Suez?' asked Fix.

'Four hours.'

'And from Suez this ship goes directly to Bombay?'

'Yes.'

'Well then,' said Fix, 'if the robber has taken this route and this ship, he must mean to get off in Suez and go on to Dutch or French owned lands. He must know very well that he would not be safe in India, because it is British.'

'Unless he is very clever,' replied the Consul. 'You know that an Englishman is always better hidden in London than he would be abroad.'

After saying this, the Consul returned to his office, which was only a short distance from the harbour.

Passepartout approaches Fix

Mr Fix continued to wait for the steamship, thinking over what the Consul had just said. He was sure that his robber would be on board the Mongolia. Fix did not have to wait much longer for the ship. As the town clock struck eleven, the ship arrived. There were quite a number of passengers on board. Some remained on deck, but most of them came ashore in the small boats that had gone out to greet the Mongolia.

Fix carefully examined all those who landed. Then one of them approached him. The man asked him very politely if he could show him the office of the British Consul. And at the same time this passenger showed Fix a passport, which he clearly wanted to have stamped. Fix took the passport that was held towards him. He looked quickly at the description written in it. It was exactly the same as the description of the robber he had received from the Chief of Police in London.

'This passport is not yours?' he said to the passenger.

'No,' the man replied, 'it is my master's passport.'

'Where is your master?'

'He remained on board.'

'But,' continued the detective, 'he must go himself to the Consul's office to prove that this is his passport.'

'What, is that necessary?'

'It is.'

'And where is the office?'

'Over on that corner,' replied the detective, pointing to a house about two hundred feet away.

'Then I must go and fetch my master. He will not like having his plans upset!'

Then the passenger bowed to Fix and returned on board the ship.

The detective left the harbour and turned quickly towards the Consul's office. As soon as he got there he demanded to see the Consul.

'Consul,' he said, 'I have strong reasons for believing that our man is aboard the Mongolia.' Then Fix told him how he had met the man's servant and seen the man's passport.

'Well, Mr Fix,' replied the Consul, 'I shall not be sorry to see this man's face. But perhaps he won't come to my office at all. It is not necessary, you know, to have a British passport stamped in British-territory? It only shows that he has been here, and that will not help him to hide.'

'Consul,' replied the detective, 'if he is a clever man he will come.'

'Why?'

'His passport will all be in order, and that will make everyone think he is an honest man. Then we can trick him. You must refuse to stamp his passport.'

'I cannot do that. If his passport is in order, I must stamp it.'

'But Consul, I must keep this man here until I have received a warrant from London.'

'Ah, Mr Fix, that is your business,' replied the Consul, 'but I cannot refuse to stamp his passport.'

Mr Fogg has his passport stamped

Just then there was a knock on the door of the Consul's office, and the office boy brought in two foreigners, one of whom was the servant who had been talking to the detective. They were indeed master and servant. The master handed his passport to the Consul, asking the Consul briefly to be kind enough to stamp it. The Consul took the passport and read it carefully. Fix was standing in one corner of the room, staring straight at the stranger. He would never forget his face.

When the Consul had finished reading, he asked, 'You are Phileas Fogg?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the gentleman.

'And this man is your servant?'

'Yes, a Frenchman named Passepartout.'

'You come from London?'

'Yes.'

'And you are going where?'

'To Bombay.'

The Consul then stamped the passport. Mr Fogg paid the necessary fee, then he bowed coldly and left, followed by his servant.

'Well?' asked the detective.

'He looks just like an honest man!' replied the Consul.

'Possibly,' replied Fix, 'but that is not the point. Don't you agree he looks just like the description of the robber that I have just received?'

'I agree with you, but you know that all descriptions -'

'I am sure I am right,' interrupted Fix. 'I think the servant will be great help to me. He is a Frenchman, and cannot stop talking. I will see you again soon, Consul.'

The detective went out, determined to find Passepartout.

In the meantime Mr Fogg returned to the Mongolia. He was keeping an account of where they had been so far, and how long

they were taking on their journey. He therefore always knew whether they were ahead of time or behind. So far they had neither lost nor gained any time at all.

Passepartout did not go on board immediately. He was walking round the harbour when Fix found him.

Fix questions the servant

'Well, my friend,' said Fix, coming up to him, 'is your passport stamped?'

'Ah! It is you, sir,' replied the Frenchman. 'Thank you for your help earlier. Yes, everything is in order.'

'And are you looking at the country?'

'Yes, but we go so quickly that it seems to me as if I am travelling in a dream. So this is Suez?'

'Yes, it is in Egypt.'

'And in Africa.'

'Yes, in Africa.'

'In Africa, repeated Passepartout. 'I cannot believe it. Just think, sir, I did not think we would go further than Paris! I thought I would see so much of my dear city, but we were only there from twenty past seven till twenty to nine in the morning. And it rained all that time!'

'You are in a great hurry, then?' asked the detective.

'No, I am not, but my master is. I mustn't forget to buy some shirts and shoes! We left London with only a small bag each.'

'I will take you to a shop where you will find everything you want.'

'Sir,' replied Passepartout, 'you are really very kind.'

As they walked towards the shop, Passepartout never stopped talking.

'The most important thing is that I don't miss the ship,' said Passepartout.

'You have plenty of time,' replied Fix, 'it is only noon!'

Passepartout pulled out his large watch.

'Noon,' he said. 'It is eight minutes to ten!'

'Your watch is slow!' replied Fix.

'My watch! This watch used to belong to my great-grandfather! It doesn't even lose five minutes a year.'

'I see what has happened,' replied Fix. 'Your watch is still telling London time, which is about two hours slower than Suez. You must be careful to set your watch at noon in each new country.'

'What! I will never touch my watch,' cried Passepartout.

After a few moments Fix said to him: 'You left London very suddenly then?'

'I should say so! Last Wednesday, at eight o'clock in the evening, Mr Fogg returned from his Club, and in three-quarters of an hour after that we had started our journey.

'But where is your master going, then?'

'He is making the tour of the world!'

'The tour of the world!' cried Fix.

'Yes, in eighty days! He has made a bet, he says. But, between ourselves, I do not believe it. It would be madness. There must be something else.'

'Is this Mr Fogg clever?'

'I should think so.'

'Is he rich?'

'He seems to be. He has bought a lot of money with him for this trip. He's not afraid to spend it either. He has promised the engineer of the Mongolia a large reward if he can get the ship to Bombay a few days early.

'And you have known him for a long time, this master of yours?'

'I,' replied Passepartout, 'became his servant the very same day that we left London.'

Fix grows more suspicious

The effect which these answers naturally produced on the mind of the detective may easily be imagined.

The sudden idea to leave London so soon after the robbery; the large amount of money carried with them; the speed of travel from

one country to another, pretending to have made a bet — all these things could only make Fix believe more and more that he was right about Mr Fogg. He made the Frenchman keep talking, and learned for certain that this man did not know his master at all. He learnt that Phileas Fogg lived alone in London, that he was known to be rich, but that no one knew where his money had come from. He was a mysterious man. But at the same time, Fix was certain that Phileas Fogg would not get off the boat at Suez, but he was really going to Bombay.

'Is Bombay far from here?' asked Passepartout.

'Quite far,' replied the detective. 'It will take you more than ten days by sea.'

'And where is Bombay?'

'It is in India?'

'In Asia?'

'Of course.'

Fix left Passepartout at the shop, reminding him not to be late for the ship. He then rushed back to the Consul's office.

'Sir,' he said to the Consul, 'I have my man. He is pretending to be a little strange, a person who is making the tour of the world in eighty days.'

'Are you not mistaken?' asked the Consul once more.

'I am not mistaken.'

Fix then told the Consul what he had learned from the servant, Passepartout.

'Well,' said the Consul, 'it seems that you are probably right. What are you going to do?'

'Send a telegram to London asking for a warrant to arrive in Bombay as soon as possible. Then I will sail on the Mongolia, with this Mr Fogg, to India. There, on British soil, I will be able to arrest him.'

Mr Fix said goodbye to the Consul and went to the telegram office. As soon as he had sent his telegram he went to get himself ready to sail on the Mongolia. A quarter of an hour later Fix, with a large bag in his hand, and well supplied with money, went on board

the Mongolia. Soon the fast steamship was going as quickly as she could across the Red Sea.



4. India