

CHAPTER IV.

In which Phileas Fogg astonishes Passe-partout.

At twenty-five minutes past seven, Phileas Fogg, having won twenty guineas at whist, took leave of his friends and left the club. At ten minutes to eight he reached home.

Passe-partout, who had conscientiously studied his programme, was astonished to see Mr. Fogg appear at such an unusual hour, for, according to all precedent, he was not due in Saville Row till midnight.

Phileas Fogg went straight up to his room and called for Passe-partout.

Passe-partout did not reply. It was evident this could not refer to him, it was not time.

"Passe-partout," cried Mr. Fogg again, but without raising his voice; "this is the second time I have called you," said Mr. Fogg.

"But it is not midnight," replied Passe-partout, producing his watch.

"I know that," replied Fogg, "and I do not blame you. We start for Dover and Calais in ten minutes."

A sort of grimace contracted the Frenchman's round face; he evidently did not understand.

"Are you going out, sir," he asked.

"Yes," replied his master; "we are going around the world."

Passe-partout at this announcement opened his eyes to their greatest extent, held up his arms, and looked the picture of stupefied astonishment.

"Around the world!" he muttered.

"In eighty days," replied Mr. Fogg; "so we have not a moment to lose."

"But the luggage," said Passe-partout, who was wagging his head unconsciously from side to side.

"We want no luggage; a carpet-bag will do. Pack up two night-shirts and three pairs of socks, and the same for yourself. We will buy what we want as we go along. Bring my mackintosh and travelling-cloak down with you, and a couple of pairs of strong boots, although we shall have little or no walking. Look alive."

Passe-partout wished to speak, but could not. He left his master's bedroom, and went upstairs to his own, fell into a chair, and exclaimed:

"Well, this is coming it pretty strong, and for me too, who wanted to be quiet!"

Mechanically he set about making preparations for departure. Around the world in eighty days! Had he engaged himself with a maniac? No--it was only a joke. But they were going to Dover and to Calais. So far so good. After all, he did not object to that very much, for it was five years since he had seen his native land. Perhaps they would even go on to Paris, and he would be delighted to see the capital again. No doubt a gentleman so economical of his steps would stop there; but on the other hand, this hitherto very domestic gentleman was leaving home. That was a fact.

At eight o'clock Passe-partout had packed the small bag which now contained his master's luggage and his own, and in a very troubled frame of mind he quitted his room, closed the door carefully, and went downstairs to Mr. Fogg.

That gentleman was quite ready. Under his arm he carried a copy of "Bradshaw's Continental Guide." He took the small bag from Passe-partout, opened it, and placed therein a bulky roll of

bank-notes, which will pass in any country.

"You are sure you have not forgotten anything?" he asked.

"Quite sure, sir."

"You have my mackintosh and travelling-cloak?"

"Here they are, sir."

"All right, take the bag;" and Mr. Fogg handed it back to the man.

"You had better take care of it," he added, "there are twenty thousand pounds in it."

Passe-partout nearly let the bag fall, as if it were weighted with the twenty thousand pounds in gold.

Master and man went downstairs together; the door was shut and double-locked. Phileas called a cab from the bottom of Saville Row, and drove to Charing Cross Station. It was twenty minutes past eight when they reached the railway. Passe-partout jumped out. His master followed, and paid the cabman. At this moment a poor beggar-woman, carrying a baby, looking very miserable with her naked feet and tattered appearance, approached Mr. Fogg, and asked for alms.

Mr. Fogg drew from his waistcoat-pocket the twenty guineas he had won

at whist, and handing them to the beggar-woman, said: "Take these, my good woman. I am glad I have met you." He then entered the station.

This action of his master brought the tears into Passe-partout's susceptible eyes. Mr. Fogg had risen in his estimation. That eccentric individual now told him to take two first-class tickets for Paris, and as he turned round he perceived his five friends from the Reform Club.

"Well, gentlemen, you see I am about to start, and the visas on my passport on my return will convince you that I have performed the journey."

"Oh, Mr. Fogg," replied Gauthier Ralph politely, "that is quite unnecessary. We believe you to be a man of your word."

"All the better," was Fogg's reply.

"You won't forget when you have to come back," observed Stuart.

"In eighty days," replied Mr. Fogg. "On Saturday, the 21st day of December, 1872, at forty-five minutes past eight in the evening. Au revoir, gentlemen."

At twenty minutes to nine Phileas Fogg and his servant took their places in the train. At 8.45 the engine whistled and the train started.

The night was dark, and a fine rain was falling. Mr. Fogg was comfortably settled in his corner, and did not say a word.

Passe-partout, still rather in a state of stupefaction, mechanically gripped the bag with the bank-notes.

But scarcely had the train rushed through Sydenham, than Passe-partout uttered a cry of despair.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Mr. Fogg.

"Oh dear me! In my hurry I quite forgot--"

"What?"

"I forgot to turn the gas off in my room!"

"Very well, my lad," replied Mr. Fogg coolly, "then it must burn while we are away--at your expense."