

CHAPTER XVIII.

In which Phileas Fogg, Passe-partout, and Fix severally go each about his own business.

During the latter part of the voyage the weather was very bad; the wind was blowing freshly--almost a gale--right in the teeth of the Rangoon, which rolled considerably, and disturbed the passengers very much.

In fact, on the 3rd and 4th of November there was quite a tempest, and the Rangoon was obliged to proceed slowly. All the sails were furled, and the captain was of opinion that they would be twenty hours late at Hong Kong, or perhaps more, if the storm lasted.

Phileas Fogg gazed at the turbulent sea as coolly as ever; he betrayed no impatience, even though twenty hours' delay would upset his calculations, by causing him to lose the Yokohama steamer. It seemed almost as if the storm were part of his programme, and Mrs. Aouda, who sympathised with him, was surprised to find him quite unmoved.

But Fix did not look upon these things with unconcern; he was very glad that the storm had happened, and would have been delighted if the Rangoon had been obliged to scud before the tempest. All these

delays were in his favour, because they tended towards detaining Mr. Fogg at Hong Kong; he did not mind the sea-sickness he suffered, and while his body was tortured, his spirit was exultant.

But Passe-partout was very much annoyed by this bad weather. All had gone well till now. Everything had appeared to favour his master, hitherto. Steamers and railways obeyed him; wind and steam had united to assist him. Was it possible that the hour of misfortune had struck? Passe-partout felt as if the wager of twenty thousand pounds was to come out of his own purse. The storm exasperated him, the wind made him furious, and he would liked to have whipped this disobedient sea. Poor fellow! Fix all the time carefully concealed his personal satisfaction, for had Passe-partout perceived it, Fix would have had a bad time.

Passe-partout remained on deck as long as the storm lasted, for it was quite impossible for him to go down below. He assisted the crew in every way in his power, and astonished the sailors by his activity. He questioned the captain, the officers, and the men hundreds of times as to their progress, and got laughed at for his pains. He wanted to know how long the tempest would last, and was referred to the barometer, which had evidently not made up its mind to rise; even when Passe-partout shook it, it would not change its mind.

At last the storm subsided, and the wind veered round to the south, which was in their favour. Passe-partout regained his serenity as the

weather improved. Sails were once more set on the Rangoon and she resumed her route at great speed, but she could not make up for lost time. It could not be helped, however, and land was not signalled till five o'clock on the morning of the 6th of November. The itinerary of Phileas Fogg showed that they ought to have arrived the day before, so they were twenty-four hours behindhand, and the Yokohama steamer would be missed.

At six o'clock the pilot came on board. Passe-partout longed to ask the man if the Yokohama steamer had sailed, but he preferred to nurse his hopes till the last moment. He had confided his troubles to Fix, who, sly fellow as he was, pretended to sympathise with him, and told him he would be in time if his master took the next steamer, a remark which put Passe-partout into a violent rage.

But if he did not like to ask the pilot, Mr. Fogg, having consulted his Bradshaw, did not hesitate to inquire when the steamer left for Yokohama.

"To-morrow, at the morning's flood-tide," replied the pilot.

"Ah, indeed," said Mr. Fogg, without manifesting any emotion.

Passe-partout could have embraced the pilot for this information, while Fix would gladly have twisted his neck.

"What is the name of the steamer?" asked Mr. Fogg.

"The Carnatic," replied the pilot.

"Ought she not to have sailed yesterday?"

"Yes; but one of her boilers required repairing, so she will not start till to-morrow."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Fogg, as he descended quietly to the cabin.

Passe-partout wrung the pilot's hand, exclaiming, "Well, you are a good fellow."

Probably to this day the pilot has not the slightest idea of what Passe-partout was driving at. He merely whistled, and went back to his station on the bridge to guide the steamer through a flotilla of junks, tankas, and fishing-boats, and a crowd of other vessels which encumbered the waters of Hong Kong.

At one o'clock the steamer was alongside the quay, and the passengers went ashore.

On this occasion it must be confessed that fortune had singularly favoured Phileas Fogg. But for the necessary repairs to her boilers, the Carnatic would have sailed on the 5th, and the travellers bound

for Japan would have been obliged to wait for eight days for the next steamer. Mr. Fogg, it is true, was twenty-four hours behindhand, but this would not seriously affect his journey.

In fact, the steamer which plied from Yokohama to San Francisco was connected with the Hong Kong boat, and would not start till the arrival of the latter; so, if he were twenty-four hours late at Yokohama, he would make it up in crossing the Pacific. At present, however, Phileas Fogg found himself twenty-four hours late during the thirty-five days since he quitted London.

The Carnatic would sail the next morning at five o'clock, so Mr. Fogg had still sixteen hours to devote to Mrs. Aouda. He landed with the young lady upon his arm, and conducted her to the Club-house Hotel, where apartments were engaged for her accommodation. Mr. Fogg then went in search of her relatives, telling Passe-partout to remain until his return, so that the young lady might not feel herself quite alone.

Mr. Fogg made his way to the exchange, for he rightly conjectured that such a rich man as Jejeeb would be most likely heard of in that direction.

The broker to whom Mr. Fogg addressed himself knew the man for whom he was inquiring, but he had left China two years before, and gone to live in Holland, he thought; for he had principally traded with Dutch

merchants.

Phileas Fogg returned to the hotel, and informed Mrs. Aouda that her cousin had left Hong Kong, and had gone to live in Holland.

Mrs. Aouda made no reply for a moment; she passed her hand across her brow, and appeared lost in thought. At length, in a gentle voice, she said, "What ought I to do, Mr. Fogg?"

"Your course is simple enough," he replied; "come on to Europe."

"But I cannot intrude upon you."

"You do not intrude in the least. Passe-partout."

"Sir."

"Go to the Carnatic and secure three berths."

Passe-partout was delighted to think that the young lady was going to continue her journey with them, for she had been very kind to him. He accordingly quitted the hotel to execute his master's orders cheerfully.