

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

In which Passe-partout uses Strong Language.

Phileas Fogg was in prison. He had been shut up in the Custom House, pending his removal to London.

Passe-partout would have attacked Fix when he arrested his master, had not some policemen prevented him. Mrs. Aouda was quite upset by the occurrence, which was quite unintelligible to her. Passe-partout explained to her how it had come to pass, and the young lady, who was of course powerless, wept bitterly.

Fix had merely done his duty, whether Mr. Fogg was guilty or not guilty. The judge would decide that.

It then occurred to Passe-partout that this was all his fault. Why had he not communicated the facts to Mr. Fogg? He should have told him who Fix was and his errand. Thus forewarned he could have given proofs of his innocence, and at any rate the detective would not in that case have travelled at Mr. Fogg's expense, and arrested him the moment he landed. As he thought of all this Passe-partout was ready to shoot himself. Neither he nor Aouda left the Custom House, notwithstanding the cold weather. They were anxious to see Mr. Fogg once more.

As for that gentleman he was completely ruined, and at the very moment he had succeeded in his attempt. The arrest was fatal. He had just eight hours and forty-five minutes to reach the Reform Club, and six hours would have sufficed to get to London.

Could anyone have seen Mr. Fogg they would have found him seated calmly on a form in the Custom House, as cool as ever. Resigned is scarcely the word to apply to him, but to all appearance he was as unmoved as ever. If he was raging within he did not betray any symptoms of anger. Was it possible that he still hoped to succeed?

At any rate he had carefully placed his watch on the table before him, and was watching it intently. Not a word escaped him, but his eyes wore a curious fixed expression. Honest or not, he was caught and ruined.

Was he thinking of escape, did he think of looking for an outlet? It was not unlikely, for every now and then he got up and walked round the room. But the door and window were both firmly closed and barred. He sat down, and drawing his journal from his pocket, read:

"21st December, Saturday, Liverpool."

To this he added--

"Eightieth day, 11.40 a.m."

Then he waited. The clock of the Custom House struck one. Mr. Fogg perceived that his watch was two minutes fast.

Two o'clock came! Admitting that he could at that moment get into an express train, he might yet arrive in London and reach the Reform Club in time.

At 2.33 he heard a noise outside of opening doors. He could distinguish Passe-partout and Fix's voices. Mr. Fogg's eyes glittered. The door was flung open and Mrs. Aouda, Fix, and Passe-partout rushed in.

"Ah sir!" exclaimed Fix, hurrying up to the prisoner, "a thousand pardons--an unfortunate resemblance! The true thief is arrested. You are free, free!"

Phileas Fogg was free. He walked quietly up to the detective, looked him steadily in the face for a second, and with a movement of his arm knocked him down!

"Well hit!" exclaimed Passe-partout. "By jingo, that's a proper application of the art of self-defence!"

Fix lay flat on the ground, and did not say a word. He had only received his deserts. Mr. Fogg, Aouda, and Passe-partout immediately quitted the Custom House, jumped into a cab, and drove to the railway-station.

Mr. Fogg inquired when there would be a train for London. It was 2.40; the train had left five-and-thirty minutes before. Mr. Fogg ordered a "special."

There were plenty of engines capable of running at a high speed, but the train could not be got in readiness before three. At that hour Mr. Fogg having said a few words to the engine-driver respecting a certain "tip," was rushing up to London, accompanied by Mrs. Aouda and his faithful Passe-partout.

The distance was accomplished in five hours and a half, a very easy thing when the line is clear, but there were some unavoidable delays, and when the special arrived in London the clock pointed to ten minutes to nine.

Thus Phileas Fogg, having accomplished his journey round the world,  
had returned five minutes too late!

He had lost his wager.