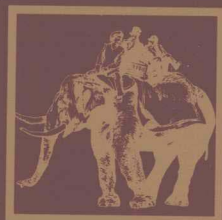




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Around the World in Eighty Days

Jules Verne (法) 著

外语教学与研究出版社

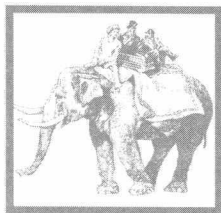
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Chapter 1

In which Phileas Fogg and Passepartout accept each other as master and man

IN THE YEAR 1872, No. 7 Savile Row, Burlington Gardens, the house in which Sheridan died in 1816, was occupied by Phileas Fogg, Esq. Of the members of the Reform Club in London few, if any, were more peculiar or more specially noticed than Phileas Fogg, although he seemed to make a point of doing nothing that could draw attention.

So one of the greatest orators who honour England had for a successor this man, Phileas Fogg, a sphinx-like person, of whom nothing was known except that he was a thorough gentleman and one of the handsomest men in English high society.

He was said to be like Byron—his head, at least, was supposed to be like Byron's, for his feet were faultless—a Byron with moustache and whiskers, a phlegmatic Byron, who would have lived a thousand years without getting any older.

English Phileas Fogg certainly was, though perhaps not a Londoner. No one had ever seen him at the Stock Exchange or the Bank, or at any of the offices in the City.

No ship owned by Phileas Fogg had ever been berthed in the basins or docks of London. He was not to be found on any board of directors. His name had never been heard among the barristers of the Temple, Lincoln's Inn or Gray's Inn. He was never known to plead in the Court of Chancery or of Queen's Bench, in the Court of Exchequer or in an Ecclesiastical Court. He was neither manufacturer nor merchant, tradesman nor farmer. The Royal Society of Great Britain, the London Society, the Workmen's Society, the Russell Society, the Western Literary Society, the Law Society, the Society of United Arts and Sciences, which is under the patronage of Her Gracious Majesty—he belonged to none of these. In a word, he was not a member of a single one of the many associations that swarm in the English capital, from the Armonica Society to the Entomological Society, founded chiefly for the object of destroying noxious insects.

Phileas Fogg was a member of the Reform Club, he was nothing else.

That such a mysterious person should have been numbered among this honourable company might cause astonishment; let me say, then, that he was admitted on the recommendation of Messrs Baring Brothers, on whom he was at liberty to draw to an extent unlimited. From this fact he derived a certain standing, as his cheques were regularly cashed at sight out of the balance of his current account, always in credit.

Phileas Fogg was undeniably a wealthy man, but how he had made his fortune was more than the best-informed could say, and Mr Fogg was the last person to whom it would have been wise to apply for information on the subject. At all events, while in no way extravagant, he was not mean, for wherever a sum of money was wanted to make up the amount required for some noble, useful or generous object, he gave it quietly and even anonymously. Well, nothing could be more uncommunicative than this gentleman. He spoke as little as possible, and this silence made him appear all the more mysterious. And yet he lived quite openly, but there was ever such a mathematical regularity about everything he did, that imagination was disappointed and went beyond the facts. Had he travelled? Probably, for nobody had a more intimate knowledge of the map of the world. There was not a spot, however remote, with which he did not appear to be specially acquainted. Sometimes, in a few words succinct and clear, he would correct the statements innumerable current in the Club about those travellers who had been lost or had gone astray; he would point out what had in all probability happened, and his words often turned out to have been as though inspired by a gift of second-sight, so completely justified were they always in the event.

The man must have travelled everywhere—mentally, if in no other way.

One thing was certain, however: Phileas Fogg had not left London for years. Those who had the honour of knowing him a little better than the rest asserted that no one could say he had ever seen him elsewhere than at the Club, or on his way to the Club, whither he went straight from his house day after day.

His one pastime consisted in reading the papers and playing whist. At this silent game, so congenial to his nature, he often won, but the money he won never went into his purse; it represented an important sum in the budget of his charity. Moreover, be it noted that Mr Fogg obviously played for

the sake of playing, not of winning. For him the game was a fight, a struggle against a difficulty, but a struggle free from motion, change of place or fatigue. This just suited his temperament. As far as anyone knew, Phileas Fogg had neither wife nor child, which may happen to the most respectable people; he had no relations, no friends, which verily is more exceptional.

Phileas Fogg lived by himself in his house in Savile Row, which nobody ever entered.

Of his home life never a word.

One servant ministered to all his wants. He lunched and dined at the Club at absolutely regular hours, in the same room, at the same table; he never treated his fellow-members, never invited a stranger. He never availed himself of those comfortable bedrooms that the Reform Club places at the disposal of its members, but went home at midnight punctually, just to go to bed. Out of twenty-four hours he spent ten at home, either sleeping or attending to his toilet. If he took walking exercise, he invariably did so with measured step on the inlaid floor of the front hall, or in the circular gallery under a dome of blue glass supported by twenty Ionic pillars of red porphyry. Whether he dined or lunched, it was the Club's kitchens, the Club's larder, pantry, fish-stores, and dairy that supplied his table with their savoury provisions; it was the Club's waiters, solemn-faced men in dress-coats, with molleton under the soles of their shoes, who served his food on special china, upon admirable Saxony napery; it was out of the Club's matchless glasses that he drank his sherry, his port, or his claret flavoured with cinnamon and capillaire; and it was the ice of the Club, imported at great expense from the American lakes, that kept his beverages in a satisfactory state of coolness.

If such a mode of life denotes eccentricity, there is no denying that eccentricity has points. Though not palatial, the house in Savile Row was commendable for extreme comfort. And the habits of its tenant being what they were, the service was very light; but Phileas Fogg required quite exceptional punctuality and regularity of his one servant.

That very day, the second of October, Phileas Fogg had dismissed James Foster, because the fellow had committed the offence of bringing him shaving-water at eighty-four Fahrenheit instead of eighty-six, and he was expecting the new servant, who was to report himself between eleven

and half-past.

Phileas Fogg, sitting in his armchair, squarely and bolt upright, with head erect, his feet close together like those of a soldier on parade, his hands resting on his knees, was watching the progress of the hand of the clock, a complicated piece of mechanism, which marked the hours, the minutes, the seconds, the days of the month with their names, and the year. On the stroke of half-past eleven Mr Fogg, as was his wont day after day, would be leaving home to go to the Reform Club.

At this moment there was a knock at the door of the morning-room in which Mr Phileas Fogg was sitting. James Foster, the dismissed servant, appeared and said:

‘The new servant.’

A man some thirty years of age presented himself and bowed.

‘You are a Frenchman, and your name is John?’ queried Phileas Fogg.

‘Jean, if you please, sir,’ replied the newcomer, ‘Jean Passepartout. The surname has stuck to me, justified as it was by my natural gumption for getting out of scrapes. I believe I am an honest fellow, sir, but, to tell you the truth, I have done more things than one to earn a living. Street singing, vaulting like Léotard, tight-rope walking like Blondin; I did all this and then, to make better use of my attainments, I became a teacher of gymnastics, and last I was a sergeant of firemen in Paris. My service record actually contains mention of noteworthy fires. But it is now five years since I left France and became a valet in England, having a mind to see how I should like family life. Now, being out of a place, and hearing that Mr Phileas Fogg was the most particular and most sedentary gentleman in the United Kingdom, I have come to you, sir, in the hope of living here in peace and quietness, and forgetting the very name of Passepartout.’

‘Passepartout suits me very well,’ replied the gentleman; ‘you have been recommended to me. Your references are good. You know my terms?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘That is all right. What time do you make it?’

‘Twenty-two minutes past eleven,’ answered Passepartout, pulling out a huge silver watch from the depths of his pocket.

‘You are slow,’ said Mr Fogg.

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

‘You are four minutes slow. It is of no consequence; I wish to point out the error, nothing more. Well then, from this moment, eleven-twenty-nine a.m., Wednesday, October 2nd, 1872, you are in my service.’

Thereupon Phileas Fogg got up, took his hat with his left hand, put it on his head with the action of an automaton, and disappeared without saying another word.

Passepartout heard the street-door shut once; it was his new master going out; then he heard it shut a second time; that was his predecessor, James Foster, likewise making his exit.

Passepartout remained alone in the house in Savile Row.

Chapter 2

In which Passepartout is convinced that he has at last found his ideal

‘**M**Y WORD,’ said Passepartout to himself, a little dazed at first, ‘I have known at Madame Tussaud’s folks with just as much life in them as my new master!’

It should be said that Madame Tussaud’s ‘folks’ are wax figures, very popular with sight-seers in London, and in which speech alone is lacking. Passepartout had just had a very hurried glimpse of Phileas Fogg, but he had quickly, yet carefully, looked over his new master.

His age might have been forty, his countenance was noble and handsome, his figure tall, and none the worse for a slight tendency to stoutness, his hair and whiskers were fair, his forehead was smooth and bore no signs of wrinkles at the temples; the face had little colour, the teeth were splendid. He appeared to possess in the highest degree what physiognomists call ‘rest in action,’ a virtue shared by all who are more efficient than noisy. Even-tempered, phlegmatic, with a clear and steady eye, he was the perfect type of those cool Englishmen who are fairly numerous in the United Kingdom, and whose somewhat academic pose has been wonderfully portrayed by the brush of Angelica Kaufmann. When you considered the various functions of this man’s existence, you conceived the idea of a

being well balanced and accurately harmonised throughout, as perfect as a chronometer by Leroy or Earnshaw.

The fact is Phileas Fogg was the personification of accuracy. This was clearly shown by the 'expression of his feet and hands,' for in man, as well as in animals, the limbs themselves are organs that express the passions.

Phileas Fogg was one of those mathematically precise people who, never hurried and always ready, waste no step or movement. He always went by the shortest way, so never took a stride more than was needed. He never gave the ceiling an unnecessary glance, and never indulged in a superfluous gesture. No one ever saw him moved or put out. Though no man ever hurried so little, he was always in time.

Howbeit, one can understand why he lived alone, and, so to speak, outside all social intercourse. He knew that there is always in social life a certain amount of friction to be taken into account, and, as friction is a cause of delay, he avoided all human contact.

As for Jean, surnamed Passepartout, he was a real Parisian of Paris; for five years he had been living in England, acting as valet in London, and in vain looking for a master he could like. He was none of your swaggering comedy flunkeys, with a look of airy assurance and callous indifference—impudent rascals at best. Not a bit of it. Passepartout was a good fellow with a pleasant face, lips rather prominent, ever ready to taste and to kiss; he was a gentle, obliging creature, with one of those honest round heads that you like to see on the shoulders of a friend. His eyes were blue, his complexion warm, his face was chubby enough to allow him to see his cheek-bones. His chest was broad, his frame big and muscular, and he was endowed with Herculean strength which had been admirably developed by the exercises of his youth. His hair, which was brown, was somewhat ruffled. If the sculptors of antiquity knew eighteen ways of dressing Minerva's locks, Passepartout knew but one for the disposal of his: three strokes of a large toothcomb, and the operation was over.

Whether or not the man's open-hearted, impulsive nature would harmonise with Phileas Fogg's, the most elementary prudence forbids us to say. Would Passepartout prove to be the thoroughly precise and punctual servant his master required? Experience alone could show. His youth, as we know, had been largely spent in wandering about, and he was now

anxious to settle down. Having heard much good of English regularity of life and the proverbial reserve of English gentlemen, he came to try his luck in England. Hitherto, however, fate had been unkind. He had not been able to take root anywhere. He had been in ten places. In every one his employers were crotchety, capricious, fond of adventures or travelling, which no longer appealed to Passepartout. His last master, young Lord Longsferry, M.P., after spending his nights at the Haymarket Oyster Rooms, only too often returned home on the shoulders of the police. Passepartout, who more than anything wanted to be able to respect his master, ventured on a few words of humble remonstrance, which were not well received, so he left. He, thereupon, heard that Phileas Fogg, Esq., was looking out for a servant, and found out what he could about this gentleman. A man whose manner of life was so regular, who never slept out, never travelled, who was never away from home, even for a day, must be just what he wanted. He called and was accepted as we have seen.

Well, half-past eleven had struck, and Passepartout was alone in the house in Savile Row. He forthwith began to inspect this house. He went over it from cellar to attic. It was a clean house, orderly, austere, puritanical, well arranged for service; he liked it. It gave him the impression of a handsome snail-shell, but a shell lighted and heated by gas, for all the requirements of light and warmth were supplied through the agency of carburetted hydrogen. Passepartout had no difficulty in finding, on the third floor, the room intended for him. He liked it. Electric bells and speaking-tubes enabled him to communicate with the rooms on the first and second floors. On the mantelpiece stood an electric clock synchronising with the clock in Phileas Fogg's bedroom; the two time-keepers beat the same second at the very same instant. 'This is all right; this will suit me down to the ground,' said Passepartout to himself. He likewise noticed in his room a card of instructions stuck over the clock. This was the daily-service routine.

From eight o'clock in the morning, the regulation time at which Phileas Fogg got up, till half-past eleven, the hour at which he went out to lunch at the Reform Club, it specified every item of service: the tea and toast at twenty-three minutes past eight, the shaving-water at thirty-seven minutes past nine, the hair-dressing at twenty minutes to ten, etc. Then from half-past twelve in the morning to twelve at night, when the methodical gentleman went to bed, everything was noted down and settled

in advance. To think over this programme and impress its various details on his mind was sheer delight to Passepartout. The gentleman's wardrobe was very well supplied and chosen with excellent judgement. Every pair of trousers, coat or waistcoat, bore a number; this number was reproduced on a register, which stated when the garments were put in or taken out, and showed the date at which they were to be worn in turn, according to the time of the year. Like regulations obtained for the boots and shoes.

This house in Savile Row, which must have been the temple of disorder in the days of the illustrious but dissipated Sheridan, was furnished with a comfort that told of ample means. There was no library, no books, which would have been of no use to Mr Fogg, as the Reform Club placed two libraries at his disposal, one for general literature, the other for law and politics. In his bedroom stood an average-sized safe, which was so constructed as to defy fire and theft alike. There were no weapons in the house, not a single utensil of the hunter or warrior. Everything pointed to the most pacific habits.

After a detailed examination of the house, Passepartout rubbed his hands, his broad face beamed, and he joyfully said over and over again: 'This will suit me! It's the very thing I wanted! We shall get on famously together, Mr Fogg and I! A man of stay-at-home and regular habits! A real machine! Well, I'm not sorry to serve a machine!'

Chapter 3

*In which a conversation takes place which may prove costly for
Phileas Fogg*

PHILEAS FOGG LEFT his house in Savile Row at half-past eleven and, when he had put down his right foot five hundred and seventy-five times before his left foot, and his left foot five hundred and seventy-six times before his right foot, he arrived at the Reform Club, a huge edifice, standing in Pall Mall, that cost quite a hundred and twenty thousand pounds to build.

Phileas Fogg went straight into the dining-room, whose nine windows

looked out on a beautiful garden with trees already touched with the gilding of autumn. He sat down at the accustomed table, where his place was ready for him. His lunch consisted of a side-dish, boiled fish with tip-top Reading sauce, underdone roast beef flavoured with mushroom ketchup, rhubarb and gooseberry tart, and a piece of Cheshire cheese, washed down with a few cups of that excellent tea specially procured for the Reform Club's buttery.

At forty-seven minutes past twelve, he got up and made his way to the big drawing-room, a magnificent room adorned with paintings in splendid frames. There a servant handed him the uncut *Times*, which Phileas Fogg unfolded and cut with much care and a dexterity that denoted great familiarity with this difficult operation. The reading of this paper occupied Phileas Fogg till forty-five minutes past three, and that of the *Standard*, which followed, lasted till dinner. This meal was accomplished in the same conditions as lunch, with the addition of Royal British sauce.

At twenty minutes to six, he returned to the big drawing-room and gave his whole attention to the *Morning Chronicle*. Half an hour later, several members of the Reform Club came in and drew near to the hearth on which burnt a coal fire. They were Mr Phileas Fogg's habitual partners at whist, passionately fond of the game like himself: the engineer Andrew Stuart, the bankers John Sullivan and Samuel Fallentin, the brewer Thomas Flanagan, and Gauthier Ralph, one of the governors of the Bank of England.

They were wealthy and respected persons even in this Club, which numbers amongst its members the princes of industry and finance.

'How now, Ralph,' said Thomas Flanagan, 'what about this theft business?' 'Well,' replied Andrew Stuart, 'the Bank will lose the money.' 'I think not,' said Gauthier Ralph. 'I hope we shall lay hands on the thief. Police-inspectors, very smart fellows, have been sent to America and the Continent, to all the principal ports, and the gentleman will have a job to escape them.' 'Have they his description, then?' asked Andrew Stuart. 'In the first place, the man is not a thief,' replied Gauthier Ralph seriously. 'Not a thief, what? the fellow who purloined fifty-five thousand pounds in banknotes!' 'No,' answered Gauthier Ralph. 'What then, is he a manufacturer?' said John Sullivan.

'The *Morning Chronicle* says he's a gentleman.' The man who gave

this reply was none other than Phileas Fogg, whose head was at that moment emerging from the sea of paper about him.

So saying, Phileas Fogg bowed to his fellow-members, who returned his salutation.

The case in question, which was being keenly discussed in all the newspapers of the United Kingdom, had happened three days before, on the 29th of September. A bundle of banknotes, amounting to the enormous sum of fifty-five thousand pounds, had been taken from the table of the chief cashier of the Bank of England.

When someone expressed astonishment that such a theft could have been carried out so easily, the sub-manager, Gauthier Ralph, replied simply that at that very moment the cashier was busy entering the receipt of three shillings and sixpence, and that a man could not attend to everything.

But there is one thing to be said which makes the matter more explicable: that admirable establishment, the Bank of England, appears to have the utmost regard for the dignity of the public. There are no guards, no old soldiers, no gratings! The gold, silver and banknotes are freely exposed and, so to speak, at the mercy of anyone. It would not do to cast the slur of suspicion on the respectability of the man in the street, no matter who he may be. One of the best observers of English customs relates the following incident.

He happened one day to be in one of the rooms of the Bank and, feeling curious to see more closely an ingot of gold weighing seven or eight pounds, which lay on the cashier's table, he took it up, examined it, passed it on to his neighbour, who handed it to someone else, so that this ingot travelled from hand to hand to the very end of a dark passage, and it was half an hour before it returned to its former place, and the cashier never even looked up.

But, on September 29, things did not happen quite in this manner. The bundle of banknotes did not return, and when the magnificent clock, installed over the drawing-office, struck five, the closing hour, the Bank of England was reduced to passing fifty-five thousand pounds to the account of profit and loss.

When the theft had been duly verified, picked detectives were sent to the principal ports, to Liverpool, Glasgow, Havre, Suez, Brindisi, New

York, etc., and, in case of success, there was a promise of a reward of two thousand pounds and five percent of the sum recovered.

Until the inquiry, which had been opened immediately, should furnish them with information, these police-officers were to watch closely all arriving or departing travellers.

Now, as was stated in the *Morning Chronicle*, there was reason to suppose that the man who had committed the theft was not a member of any English gang. On that day of September 29, a well-dressed gentleman of polished manners and refined appearance had been observed walking about the pay-room, where the theft had taken place. As a result of the inquiry, a fairly precise description of this gentleman was obtained and this description was at once dispatched to all the detectives of the United Kingdom and the Continent. In consequence a few sensible people, one of whom was Gauthier Ralph, felt justified in hoping that the culprit would not escape. The event, as you can imagine, was the daily talk of London and the whole country. People argued excitedly for or against the probabilities of the Metropolitan Police being successful. A debate of the same question among the members of the Reform Club will, therefore, cause no astonishment, all the more that one of them was a sub-manager of the Bank.

The Honourable Gauthier Ralph refused to believe that this search would fail, as he considered that the proffered reward must make the detectives exceptionally keen and acute. But his colleague, Andrew Stuart, was far from sharing this confidence. The discussion continued even after they had sat down at a card-table, Stuart opposite Flanagan, and Fallentin opposite Phileas Fogg. When play started conversation ceased, but it was renewed between the rubbers, and became more and more heated.

‘I maintain,’ said Andrew Stuart, ‘that the chances are in favour of the thief, who is sure to be no fool.’ ‘Nonsense!’ replied Ralph, ‘there is not a country left in which he can take refuge.’ ‘What an idea!’ ‘Where do you want him to go?’ ‘I can’t say,’ replied Andrew Stuart, ‘but, after all, the world is large enough.’ ‘It was so...’ said Phileas Fogg in an undertone. Then, placing the cards before Thomas Flanagan, he added, ‘Will you cut?’

The discussion was interrupted during the rubber. But Andrew Stuart soon took it up again, saying: ‘What do you mean by *was*? Has the world

got smaller, eh?’ ‘Of course it has,’ rejoined Gauthier Ralph; ‘I agree with Mr Fogg. The world has got smaller, since one can travel over it ten times more rapidly than a hundred years ago. And that is just the thing that will hasten the pursuit of the thief.’ ‘And will likewise facilitate his escape!’ ‘It is your turn to play, Mr Stuart,’ said Phileas Fogg. But the incredulous Stuart was not convinced. ‘You must confess,’ he said, addressing Ralph, when the rubber was finished, ‘that you have hit upon a funny way of showing that the world has got smaller. So, because one can now go round it in three months ...’

‘In as few as eighty days,’ said Phileas Fogg.

‘Yes, indeed,’ added John Sullivan, ‘in eighty days, now that the section of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway between Rothal and Allahabad has been opened; and this is how the *Morning Chronicle* tabulates the journey:

From London to Suez via Mont-Cenis and	
Brindisi, by rail and boat	7 days
From Suez to Bombay, by boat	13 „
From Bombay to Calcutta, by rail	3 „
From Calcutta to Hong-Kong (China), by boat	13 „
From Hong-Kong to Yokohama (Japan), by boat	6 „
From Yokohama to San Francisco, by boat	22 „
From San Francisco to New York, by rail	7 „
From New York to London, by boat and rail	9 „
Total	80 days.’

‘Yes, eighty days!’ exclaimed Andrew Stuart, who inadvertently trumped a winning card; ‘but that is making no allowance for rough weather, head winds, wrecks, etc.’

‘Allowing for everything,’ replied Phileas Fogg, who went on playing, for by now they were talking regardless of the game.

‘What! Even if the Hindus or Indians removed the rails!’ cried Andrew Stuart; ‘if they stopped the trains, plundered the luggage-vans, and scalped the travellers!’

‘Allowing for everything,’ replied Phileas Fogg, and added, laying his cards on the table: ‘Two winning trumps.’

Andrew Stuart, whose turn it was to shuffle, picked up the cards and

said:

‘In theory you are right, Mr Fogg, but practically...’ ‘Practically too, Mr Stuart.’ ‘I should like to see you do it.’ ‘That lies with you. Let us go together.’ ‘Heaven forbid!’ cried Stuart, ‘but I would readily wager four thousand pounds that such a journey, made in such conditions, is impossible.’ ‘Nay, rather, quite possible,’ replied Mr Fogg. ‘Well, then, go and do it!’ ‘Around the world in eighty days?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘All right.’ ‘When?’ ‘This minute. Only I warn you that I shall do it at your expense.’ ‘This is madness!’ exclaimed Andrew Stuart, who was getting annoyed at his partner’s pertinacity. ‘Look here, better play on.’ ‘Shuffle again, then,’ said Phileas Fogg, ‘it’s a misdeal.’ Andrew Stuart took up the cards with a shaky hand, then suddenly he put them down again and said:

‘Well, Mr Fogg, I will bet four thousand pounds! ...’ ‘My dear Stuart,’ said Fallentin, ‘calm yourself. This is not serious.’

‘When I make a bet,’ replied Andrew Stuart, ‘I always mean what I say.’ ‘Very well,’ said Mr Fogg, turning to his fellow-members; ‘I have twenty thousand pounds on deposit at Baring’s Bank. I am quite prepared to venture this sum ...’ ‘Twenty thousand pounds!’ exclaimed John Sullivan, ‘twenty thousand pounds that you might lose through a single unforeseen delay!’ ‘There is no such thing as the unforeseen,’ was Phileas Fogg’s simple reply. ‘But, Mr Fogg, this space of eighty days is calculated as a minimum of time!’

‘A minimum, if properly used, is sufficient for anything.’ ‘But, if you are not to exceed it, you will have to jump mathematically from trains to boats and from boats to trains!’ ‘I shall jump mathematically.’ ‘You are joking!’ ‘A true Englishman never jokes, when it is a question of a thing so serious as a wager,’ replied Phileas Fogg. ‘I will bet twenty thousand pounds with anyone that I shall make the tour of the world in eighty days or less, that is in nineteen hundred and twenty hours or one hundred and fifteen thousand two hundred minutes. Do you accept?’

Messrs Stuart, Fallentin, Sullivan, Flanagan and Ralph consulted together and signified their acceptance.

‘Very well,’ said Mr Fogg. ‘The Dover train leaves at eight-forty-five. I shall take it.’ ‘This very evening?’ asked Stuart. ‘This very evening,’ replied Phileas Fogg. ‘Therefore,’ he added, consulting a pocket-calendar,