

AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS

Jules Verne

"Yes, gentlemen," added John Sullivan, "eighty days, since the section between Rothal and Allahabad, on the Great Indian Peninsula Railway, has been opened. Here is the calculation made by the Morning Chronicle:

From London to Suez via Mont Cenis and

Brindisi, by rail and steamboats	7 days
From Suez to Bombay, by steamer	13 days
From Bombay to Calcutta, rail	3 days
From Calcutta to Hong Kong, (China) steamer	13 days
From Hong Kong to Yokohama (Japan) steamer	6 days
From Yokohama to San Francisco, steamer	22 days
From San Francisco to New York, rail	7 days
From New York to London, steamer and rail	9 days
	80 days"

"Yes, in eighty days!" exclaimed Andrew Stuart, who, by inattention, made a wrong deal, "but not including bad weather, contrary winds, shipwrecks, running off the track, etc."

"Everything included," returned Phileas Fogg, continuing to play, for this time the discussion no longer respected the game.

"Even if the Hindus or Indians tear up the rails!" exclaimed Andrew Stuart;

"if they stop the trains, plunder the cars, and scalp the passengers!"

"All included," replied Phileas Fogg, who, throwing down his cards, added: "Two trumps."

Andrew Stuart, whose turn it was to deal, gathered up the cards, saying:

"Theoretically, you are right, Mr. Fogg, but practically--"

"Practically also, Mr Stuart."

"I would like very much to see you do it."

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"It depends only upon you. Let us start together."

"Heaven preserve me!" exclaimed Stuart, but I would willingly wager four thousand pounds that such a journey, made under these conditions, is impossible."

"On the contrary, quite possible," replied Mr. Fogg.

"Well, make it, then!"

"The tour of the world in eighty days?"

"Yes."

"I am willing."

"When?"

"At once. Only I warn you that I shall do it at your expense."

"It is folly!" cried Stuart, who was beginning to be vexed at the persistence of his partner. "Stop! Let us play rather."

"Deal again, then," replied Phileas Fogg. "for there is a false deal."

Andrew Stuart took up the cards again with a feverish hand; then suddenly, placing them upon the table, he said:

"Well, Mr. Fogg, yes, and I bet four thousand pounds!"

"My dear Stuart," said Fallentin, "compose yourself. It is not serious."

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

"So be it," said Mr. Fogg; and then, turning to his companions, continued:

"I have twenty thousand pounds deposited at Baring Brothers. I will risk them--"

"Twenty thousand pounds!" cried John Sullivan. "Twenty thousand pounds, which an unforeseen delay may make you lose."

"The unforeseen does not exist," replied Phileas Fogg quietly.

"But, Mr. Fogg, this period eighty days is calculated only as a minimum of time?"

"A minimum well employed suffices for everything."

"But, in order not to exceed it, you must jump mathematically from the trains into the steamers, and from the steamers into the trains!"

"I will jump mathematically."

"That is a joke."

"A good Englishman never jokes when so serious a matter as a wager is in question," replied Phileas Fogg.

"I will bet twenty thousand pounds against who will that I will make the tour of the world in eighty days or less - that is, nineteen hundred and twenty hours, or one hundred and fifteen thousand two hundred minutes. Do you accept?"

"We accept," replied Messrs. Stuart, Fallentin, Sullivan, Flanagan, and Ralph,

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after having consulted.

"Very well," said Mr. Fogg. "The Dover train starts at eight forty-five. I shall take it."

"This very evening?" asked Stuart.

"This very evening," replied Phileas Fogg. Then he added, consulting a pocket almanac, "since to-day is Wednesday, the second of October, I ought to be back in London, in this very saloon of the Reform Club, on Saturday, the 21st of December, at eight forty-five in the evening, in default of which the twenty thousand pounds at present deposited to my credit with Baring Brothers will belong to you, gentlemen, in fact and by right. Here is a cheque of like amount."

A memorandum of the wager was made and signed on the spot by six parties in interest. Phileas Fogg had remained cool. He had certainly not bet to win, and had risked only these twenty thousand pounds - the half of his fortune - because he foresaw that he might have to expend the other half to carry out this difficult, not to say impracticable, project. As for his opponents, they seemed affected, not on account of the stake, but because they had a sort of scruple against a contest under these conditions.

Seven o'clock then struck. They offered to Mr Fogg to stop playing, so that he could make his preparations for departure.

"I am always ready," replied this tranquil gentleman, and dealing the cards, he said: "Diamonds are trumps. It is your turn to play, Mr Stuart."