THE ADVERTISER.

Subscription, \$2.00 per Year, in Advance.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

TOUR OF THE WORLD

EIGHTY DAYS.

JULES VERNE'S GREAT STORY. CHAPTER XXXIV .- CONTINUED.

Two hours! Admitting that he should jump aboard an express train at light frown passed over his forehead.

o'clock a noise sounded outside, a bustle from the opening of doors. The voice of Passepartout was heard, and

also that of Fix. Phileas Fogg's look brightened up a moment.

The door opened, and he saw Mrs. Aouda, Passepartout, Fix rushing towards him.

Fix was out of breath, his bair all disordered, and he could not speak. "Sir," he stammered, "sir-pardon an unfortunate resemblance--robber ar-

rested three days ago-vou-free! --- " the detective, looked him well in the face, and, with the only rapid movewould make in his life, he drew both his arms back and then, with the pre- mind. You, perhaps --cision of an automaton, he struck the unfortunate detective with both his

"Well hit!" cried Passepartout, who, words, quite worthy of a Frenchman, added: "Zounds! this is what might be called a fine application of English

Fix, prostrate, did not utter a word. He only got what he deserved. But Mr. Fogg, Mrs. Aouda and Passepartout immediately left the Custom-House. They jumped into a carriage, and in a few minutes arrived at the depot.

Phileas Fogg asked if there was an express train ready to start for London. It was forty minutes past two. The express left thirty-live minutes before. Phileas Fogg then ordered a special

There were several locomotives of to the exigencies of the service, the special train could not leave the depot before three o'clock

At three o'clock, Phileas Fogg, after

his mithful servant. The distance which separates Liverpool from London must be accomplished in five hours and a half--a very feasible | ried to their credit. thing when the road is clear on the whole route. But there were compul-

Phileas Fogg, after having accomplished this tour of the world, arrived five minutes behind time!

He had lost his bet. CHAPTER XXXV.

IN WHICH PASSEPARTOUT DOES NOT HAVE RES PEATED TO HIM TWICE THE ORDER HIS MASTER GIVES HIM,

The next day the residents of Saville Row would have been much surprised if they had been told that Phileas Fogg had returned to his dwelling. The doors and windows were all closed. No change had taken place outside.

After leaving the depot Phileas Fogg gave Passepartout an order to buy some provisions, and he had gone into his house.

This gentleman received with his habitual impassibility the blow which struck him. Ruined! and by the fault of that awkward detective! After moving on with steady step during this long trip, overturning a thousand obstacles, braving a thousand dangers, and having still found time to do some good on his route, to fail before a brutal act, which he could not foresee, and against which he was defenseless-that was terrible! He had left only an insignificant remnant of the large sum which he had taken away with him when he started on his journey. His fortune now only consisted of the twenty thousand pounds deposited at Baring Brothers, and those twenty thousand pounds he owed to his colleagues of the Reform Club. Having incurred so many expenses, if he had won the bet he would not have been enriched; and, it is probable that he had not sought to enrich himself, being of that class of men who bet for the sake of honor-but this bet lost would ruin him entirely. The gentleman's decision was taken. He knew what re-

mained for him to do. A room in the house in Saville Row young woman was desperate. From certain words which Mr. Fogg let drop, she understood that he contemplated

some fatal design. It is known, indeed, to what lamentable extremities these Eglishmen are carried sometimes under the pressure of a fixed idea. Thus, Passepartout, without seeming to do so, was closely

watching his master. But first the good fellow descended to his room and turned off the burner which had been burning for eighty not satisfied with rescuing me from a liety. days. He found in the letter box a note from the gas company, and he thought obliged to assure my position abroad?" grand saloon indicated twenty-five minthat it was more than time to stop the "Yes, madame," replied Fogg, "but utes past eight, Andrew Stuart, rising, expenses for which he was responsible. | events have turned against me. How-| saids

The night passed. Mr. Fogg had retired; but had he slept? As for Mrs. Aouda, she could not take a single moment's rest. Passepartout had watched. like a dog, at his master's door.

The next morning Mr. Fogg sent for him, and ordered him very briefly to prepare Mrs. Aouda's breakfast. As for himself, he would be satisfied with a cup of tea and a piece of toast. Mrs. Mr. Fogg. Aouda would be kind enough to excuse him from breakfast and dinner, for all Aonda, "want could not reach such a his time would be devoted to arranging his affairs. He would not come down. He would only ask Mrs. Aouda's permission to have a few moment's conversation with her in the evening.

Passepartout, having been given the this moment he could still arrive in his master, still so impassible, and he London and at the Reform Club before | could not make up his mind to quit his a quarter of nine in the evening. A room. His heart was full, and his conscience weighed down with remorse. At thirty-three minutes after two for he accused himself more than ever for this irreparable disaster. Yes! if he had warned Mr. Fogg, if he had dis- for your wife?" closed to him the plans of the detective Fix, Mr. Fogg would certainly not have dragged the detective Fix with him as far as Liverpool, and then-

Passepartont could not hold in any "My master! Monsieur Fogg!" he

cried, "curse me. It is through my "I blame no one," replied Phileas Fogg, in the calmest tone. "Go."

l'assepartout left the room and went Phileas Fogg was free! He went to to find the young woman to whom he he simply said: made known his master's intentions. "Madame," he added, "I can do ment that he ever had made or ever nothing by myself, nothing at all. I have no influence over my master's

"What influence would I have," replied Mrs. Aouda. "Mr. Fogg is subect to none. Has he ever understood that my gratitude for him was overflowallowing himself an atrocious flow of ing? Has he ever read my heart? My friend you must not leave him for a ical regions. single instant. You say that he has

> shown a desire to speak to me this "Yes, madame. It is no doubt with reference to making your position in smile.

England comfortable. "Let us wait," replied the young woman, who was quite pensive.

Thus, during this day, Sunday, the house in Saville Row was as if uninhabited, and for the first time since he lived there, Phileas Fogg did not go to his club, when the Parliament House Mrs. Aouda. clock struck half-past eleven.

And why should this gentleman have hard as he could. resented himself at the Reform Club? His colleagues no longer expected him. great speed with steam up; but, owing Since Phileas Fogg did not appear in the saloon of the Reform Club the evening of the day before, on this fatal date, Saturday, December 21, at quarter beabout a certain reward to be won, banker's to draw this sum of twenty in Edinburgh on the 17th of December. moved on in the direction of London, in thousand pounds. His opponents had Three days before Phileas Fogg was the company of the young woman and in their hands a check signed by him, a criminal, whom the police were purtwenty thousand pounds might be car- plishing mathematically his eccentric

Mr. Fogg had then nothing to take sory delays, and when the gentlemen remained in his room, putting his af- against, who had already forgotten this arrived at the depot all the clocks in fairs in order. Passepartout was con- affair, revived as if by magic. All the London were striking ten minutes to tinually going up and down stairs. The transactions became of value. All the not think he committed the least in- Fogg was again at a premium on the discretion. He looked through the market. keyhole, and imagined that he had this right. Passepartout feared at every at the Reform Club, passed these three moment some catastrophe. Sometimes days in some uneasiness. Would this he thought of Fix, but a change had Phileas Fogg, whom they had forgottaken place in his mind. He longer ten, reappear before their eyes? Where blamed the detective. Fix had been was he at this moment? On the 17th deceived, like everybody else, with re- of December-seventy-six days since speet to Phileas Fogg, and in following Phileas Fogg started, and no news from him and arresting him he had only done him! Was he dead? Had he given up his duty, while he --. This thought the effort, or was he continuing his overwhelmed him, and he considered course as agreed upon? And would he himself the most wretched of human beings.

> too unhappy to be alone, he would exactness, on the threshold of the knock at Mrs. Aouda's door, enter her room, and sit down in a corner without saying a word, and look at the young the anxiety in which for three days all woman with a pensive air.

About half-past seven in the evening, Mr. Fogg sent to ask Mrs. Aouda if she could receive him, and in a few moments after the young woman and he were alone in the room.

Phileas Fogg took a chair and sat down near the fire-place opposite Mrs. Aouda. His face reflected no emotion. Fogg returned was exactly the Fogg who had gone away. The same calmness, the same impassibility.

five minutes. Then, raising his eyes to hundred, but at twenty, ten, five; and Mrs. Aouda, he said: "Madame, will you pardon me for

having brought you to England?" suppressing the throbbings of her

ish," continued Mr. Fogg. "When I thought of taking you so far away from that country, become so dangerous for cussed, disputed, and cried the prices you, I was rich, and I counted on plac- of "Phileas Fogg," like they did those ing a portion of my fortune at your of English Consols. The policemen

happy and free. Now, I am ruined."
I know it, Mr. Fogg," replied the you: Will you pardon me for having credible proportions. followed you, and-who knows? for having perhaps assisted in your ruin by

delaying you ?" "Madame, you could not remain in India, and your safety was only assured Fallentin, the engineer Andrew Stuart, by removing you so far that those fanatics could not retake you.

horrible death, you believed you were

ever, I ask your permission to dispose of the little I have left in your favor."

"But you, Mr. Fogg, "what will become of you?" asked Mrs. Aouda.
"I. madame," replied the gentleman, coldly, "I do not need anything." "But how, sir, do you look upon the fate that awaits you?"

"As I ought to look at it," replied

"In any event," continued Mrs. man as you. Your friends-

"I have no friends, madame." "Your relatives-

"I have no relatives now." "I pity you then, Mr. Fogg, for solitude is a sad thing. What! have you programme for the day, had nothing to not one heart into which to pour your do but to conform to it. He looked at troubles? They say, however, that with two misery itself is bearable!"

"They say so, madame." "Mr. Fogg," then said Mrs. Aouda, rising and holding out her hand to the gentleman, "do you wish at once a relative and a friend? Will you have me

Mr. Fogg, at this, rose in his turn. There seemed to be an unusual reflection in his eyes, a trembling of his lips. Mrs. Aouda looked at him. The sincerity, rectitude, firmness and sweetwho dared everything to save him to compromise the tour" whom she owed everything, first astonished him, then penetrated him. He prevent this look from penetrating deeper. When he opened them again,

"I love you. Yes, in truth, by everything most sacred in the world, I love you, and I am entirely yours!"

"Ah," cried Aouda, pressing his hand to her heart.

immediately. Mr. Fogg was still holding Mrs. Aouda's hand in his. Passepartout understood, and his broad face among them. Admitting the most fashone like the sun in the zenith of trop-

Mr. Fogg asked him if he would be too late to notify Rev. Samuel Wilson, of Mary-le-Bone Parish. Passepartout gave his most genial

"Never too late," he said.

It was then tive minutes after eight. "It will be for to-morrow, Monday," he said.

"For to-morrow, Monday?" asked Mr. Fogg, looking at the young woman. "For to-morrow, Monday!" replied

Passepartout went out, running as

CHAPTER XXXVL

IN WHICH "PHILEAS POGG" IS AGAIN AT A PREMIUM IN THE MARKET. It is time to tell here what a change of opinion was produced in the United Kingdom when they learned of the fore nine, his bet was lost. It was not arrest of the true robber of the bank, a saying a few words to the engineer even necessary that he should go to his certain James Strand, which took place

and it only needed a simple writing to suing to the utmost, and now he was go to Baring Brothers in order that the the most honest gentleman, accom-

tour around the world. What an effect, what an excitement him out, and he did not go out. He in the papers! All the betters, for or hours did not move for this poor fel- engagements were renewed, and it low. He listened at the door of his must be said that betting was resumed master's room, and in doing so, did with new energy. The name of Phileas

The tive colleagues of the gentleman, appear on Saturday, the 21st day of December, at a quarter before nine in When, finally, Passepartout would be the evening, the very impersonation of saloon of the Reform Club?

We must give up the effort to depict of London society lived. They sent dispatches to America, to Asia, to get news of Phileas Fogg. They sent morning and evening to watch the house in Saville row. Nothing there. The police themselves did not know what had become of the detective Fix. who had so unfortunately thrown himself on a false scent. This did not prevent bets from being entered into anew on a large scale. Phileas Fogg, like a race-horse, was coming to the last He remained without speaking for turn. He was quoted no longer at one the old paralytic, Lord Albemarie, bet . even in his favor.

So that on Saturday evening there "I, Mr. Fogg!" replied Mrs. Aouda, was a crowd in Pall Mall and in the neighboring streets. It might have been supposed that there was an im-"Be kind enough to allow me to fin- mense crowd of brokers permanently established around the Reform Club. Circulation was impeded. They diswas set apart for Mrs. Aouda. The disposal. Your life would have been had much difficulty in keeping the repaired with rapid steps to the resihour approached at which Phileas Fogg young woman, "and I in turn will ask ought to arrive, the excitement took in-

> This evening, the five colleagues of the gentleman were assembled in the grand saloon of the Reform Club. The two bankers. John Sullivan and Samuel Gauthier Ralph, the Directors of the Bank of England, and the brewer, "So, Mr. Fogg," replied Mrs. Aouda, Thomas Flanagan, all waited with anx-

At the moment that the clock in the

"Gentlemen, in twenty minutes the time agreed upon between Mr. Philens Fogg and ourselves will have expired." At what hour did the last train arrive from Liverpool?" asked Thomas

Flanagan. "At twenty-three minutes after sevreplied Gauthier Ralph, "and the next train does not arrive until ten min-

utes after twelve, midnight." "Well, gentlemen," continued Andrew Stuart, "if Phileas Fogg had arrived in the train at twenty-three minutes after seven, he would already be here. We can then consider we have

won the bet." "Let us wait before deciding," replied Samuel Fallentin. "You know that our colleague is an oddity of the first order. His exactness in everything is well known. He never arrives too late or too soon, and he will appear here at the very last minute, or I shall be very much surprised.'

"And I," said Andrew Stewart, who was, as always, very nervous, "would not believe it was he if I saw him."

"In fact," replied Thomas Flanagan, "Phileas Fogg's project was a senseless one. However exact he might be, he could not prevent the occurrence of inevitable delays, and a delay of but two ness of this soft look of a noble woman, or three days would be sufficient to

"You will notice besides," added John Sullivan, "that we have received closed his eyes for an instant, as if to no news from our colleague, and yet only seventy-nine days after his departtelegraph lines were not wanting upon | ure. his route."

"Gentlemen, he has lost," replied Andrew Stuart, "he has lost a hundred times! You know, besides, that the China-the only steamer from New York that he could take for Liverpool to be of any use to him-arrived yes-He rang for Passepartout. He came terday. Now, here is the list of passengers, published by the Shipping Gazette, and the name of Phileas Fogg is not vorable chances, our colleague has scarcely reached America! I calculate twenty days, at least, as the time that he will be behind, and old Lord Albemarle will be minus his five thousand pounds!"

"It is evident," replied Gauthier Raiph, "and to-morrow we have only to present to Baring Brothers Mr. Fogg's

At this moment, the clock in the saloon struck forty minutes after eight. "Five minutes yet," said Andrew Stuart.

The five colleagues looked at each other. It may be believed that their hearts beat a little more rapidly, for, even for good players, it was a great risk. But they did not betray themselves, for at Samuel Fallentin's suggestion, they seated themselves at a card table.

"I would not give my part of four thousand pounds in the bet," said Andrew Stuart, seating himself, "even if I was offered three thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine!"

At this moment the hands noted forty-two minutes after eight.

The players took up their cards, but their eyes were constantly fixed upon the clock. It may be asserted that, notwithstanding their security, the minutes had never seemed so long to

"Forty-three minutes after eight," said Thomas Flanagan, cutting the cards which Gauthier Ralph presented

to him. Then there was a moment's silence. The immense saloon of the club was quiet. But outside they heard the hubbub of the crowd, above which were sometimes heard loud cries. The pendulum of the clock was beating the seconds with mathematical regularity, and every player counted them as they

struck his ear. "Forty-four minutes after eight," said John Sullivan in a voice in which was heard an involuntary emotion.

One more minute and the bet would be won. Andrew Stuart and his colleagues played no longer. They had abandoned their cards! They were counting the seconds!

At the fortieth second, nothing. At the fiftieth still nothing!

At the fifty-fifth, there was a roaring like that of thunder outside, shouts, hurrahs, and even curses kept up in one prolonged roll.

The players rose. At the fifty-seventh second the door of the saloon opened, and the pendulum had not beat the sixtieth second when Phileas Fogg appeared, followed by an excited crowd, who had forced an entrance into the club, and, in his calm

voice, he said: "Gentlemen, here I am!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII. IN WHICH IT IS PROVED THAT PHILEAS FOGG HAS GAINED NOTHING BY MAKING THIS TOUR OF THE WORLD UNLESS IT HE HAPPINESS.

Yes! Phileas Fogg in person. It will be remembered that at five minutes after eight in the evening, about twenty-five hours after the arrival of the travelers in London, Passepartout was charged by his master to ence to a certain marriage which was to

take place the next day. Passepartout went, delighted. He crowd back, and in proportion as the dence of Rev. Samuel Wilson, who had not come home. Of course Passepartout waited, but he waited full twenty minutes at least.

In short, it was thirty-five minutes past eight when he left the clergyman's house. But in what a condition! His hair disordered, hatless, running as has never been seen in the memory of man, upsetting passers-by, rushing along the sidewalks like a waterspout.

In three minutes he had returned to the house in Saville Row, and fell, out of breath, in Mr. Fogg's room.

He could not speak. What is the matter?" asked Mr. "Master"-stammered Passepartout

"Marriage-impossible!" "Impossible?"

"Impossible—to-morrow." "Why P" "Because to-morrow is -Sunday!"

"Monday," replied Mr. Fogg.

"No-to-day-Saturday."
"Saturday? Impossible!" "Yes, yes, yes, yes!" cried Passepar-tout. "You have made a mistake of one day. We arrived twenty-four hours in advance—but there are not ten minutes left!"

Passepartout seized his master by the collar, and dragged him along with irresistible force!

Phileas Fogg, thus taken, without having time to reflect, left his room, went out of his house, jumped into a cab, promised one hundred pounds to the driver, and, after running over two dogs and running into five carriages, arrived at the Reform Club.

The clock indicated quarter of nine, when he appeared in the grand sa-

Phileas Fogg had accomplished this tour of the world in eighty days! Phileas Fogg had won his bet of twen-

ty thousand pounds! And now, how could so exact and cautious a man have made this mistake of a day? How did he think that it was the evening of Saturday, December 21, when it was only Friday, December 20,

This is the reason for this mistake. It

is very simple. Phileas Fogg had, without suspecting gained a day on his journey-only because he had made the tour of the world going to the east, and on the contrary he would have lost a day going in the contrary direction, that is, towards

the west. Indeed, journeying towards the east, Phileas Fogg was going towards the sun, and consequently the days became as many times four minutes less for him, as he crossed degrees in that direction. Now there are three hundred and sixty degrees to the earth's circumference, and these three hundred and sixty degrees, multiplied by four minutes, give precisely twenty-four hours -that is to say, the day unconsciously gained. In other words, while Phileas Fogg, traveling towards the east, saw the sun pass the meridian eighty times, his colleagues, remaining in London, saw it pass only seventy-nine times. Therefore, this very day, which was Saturday, and not Sunday, as Mr. Fogg thought, his friends were waiting for him in the saloon of the Reform Club.

And Passepartout's famous watch, which had always kept London time, would have shown this, if it had indicated the days, as well as the minutes

and hours! Phileas Fogg, then, had won the twenty thousand pounds. But as he spent in his journey about nineteen thousand, the pecuniary result was small. However, as has been said, the eccentric gentleman had sought in his bet to gain the victory, and not to make money. And even the thousand pounds remaining he divided between Passepartout and the unfortunate Fix, against whom he could not cherish a grudge. Only for the sake of exactness, he retained from his servant the cost of the gas burnt through his fault for nineteen hundred and twenty hours.

This very evening Mr. Fogg, as impassible and phlegmatic as ever, said to Mrs. Aouda:

"This marriage is still agreeable to "Mr. Fogg," replied Mrs. Aouda, it is for me to ask you that question.

You were ruined; now you are rich -" "Pardon me, madame; my fortune belongs to you. If you had not thought of the marriage, my servant would not have gone to the house of Rev. Samuel Wilson. I would not have been apprised of my mistake, and —" "Dear Mr. Fogg," said the young

"Dear Aouda," replied Phileas Fogg. It is really understood that the marriage took place forty-eight hours later, and Passepartout, superb, resplendent, dazzling, was present as the young woman's witness. Had he not saved her, and did they not owe him that

At daylight the next morning Passepartout knocked noisily at his master's The door opened, and the impassible

honor?

gentleman appeared. ·What is the matter, Passepartout?" "What's the matter, sir! I have just found out this moment---

" What?" "That we could make the tour of the world in seventy-eight days."
"Doubtless," replied Mr. Fogg, "by

not crossing India. But if I had not crossed India, I would not have saved Mrs. Aouda, she would not be my wife, And Mr. Fogg quietly shut the door.

Thus Phileas Fogg won his bet. In eighty days he had accomplished the tour around the world! To do this he inform Rev. Samuel Wilson in refer- had employed every means of conveyance, steamers, railways, carriages, yachts, merchant vessels, sledges, elephants. The eccentric gentleman had displayed in this affair his wonderful qualities of coolness and exactness.

But what then? What had he gained by leaving home? What had he brought back from his journey? Nothing, do you say? Nothing, per-

haps, but a charming woman, who-improbable as it may appear-made him the happiest of men!

Truly, would you not, for less than that, make the tour of the world?

THE END.

-- The yellow stain made by the oil used on sewing machines can be removed if before washing in soapsuds the spot is rubbed carefully with a bit of cloth wet with ammonia.