

happened at the temple in Bombay, but it was this that was the cause of their being brought in front of the judge in Calcutta.

Fix had realized immediately how he could make use of the business of the shoes. He had been to the Bombay temple and had advised the priests to make a complaint to the government. If they did this, the man who had gone into the temple with his shoes on, and then knocked down the priests, would be forced to pay them a large sum of money. The priests had agreed, and had come with Fix to Calcutta by the next train.

Because of the time that Fogg and his companions had spent saving the young girl, Fix and the priests had reached Calcutta first. Fix had sent a telegram from Bombay to the Calcutta police, telling them to stop Mr Fogg and Passepartout when they got off the train, so he was very disappointed when he learned that nothing had been seen of them. He then thought that they had got off at one of the stations and were making their way towards the south of India.

For twenty-four hours, suffering from terrible anxiety, he had been watching at the station. That morning his patience had been rewarded when he saw the two men get off the train. He immediately ordered a policeman to stop them and to bring them to court. But who the woman was, and how she had come to join them, was more than he could understand.

If Passepartout had been paying less attention to his own business, he would have seen Mr Fix, sitting in a corner and listening with the greatest interest to everything that was said. For at Calcutta, as at Bombay and Suez, the warrant for Mr Fogg's arrest had not yet reached him.

The judge noted that Passepartout had said that the shoes were his.

'You agree, then,' said the judge, 'that what has been said is true. You were inside the temple and you had not taken off your shoes.'

'Yes,' said Passepartout.

'According to English law,' the judge went on, 'the ideas of the Indians in such matters must be respected. It has been proved that you behaved in a disrespectful and disorderly way in the temple on Malabar Hill, Bombay, on 20th October. For this you will be kept in prison for fourteen days, and you must pay three hundred pounds.'

'Three hundred pounds?' cried Passepartout.

'And,' added the judge, 'although it has not been proved that Phileas Fogg had anything to do with the matter, he is the master of this man, and so must suffer for the fault of his servant. You will be kept in prison for seven days and pay a fine of a hundred and fifty pounds.'

Fix, in his corner, was very happy. The warrant would certainly come before the seven days had passed.

Passepartout was in a terrible state, as may be imagined. His master's plans had failed; the bet would be lost, and so would Mr Fogg's whole fortune. And all because, like a fool, he had gone into that temple.

Mr Fogg showed no sign of disappointment. He said, calmly, 'I offer bail.'

'You have the right to do so,' agreed the judge.

This did not suit Mr Fix at all, but he felt no anxiety when he heard the judge say, 'As Phileas Fogg and his servant are strangers, the amount of bail will be one thousand pounds for each of them.'

'I will pay it,' said Mr Fogg. And out of the bag that Passepartout was carrying he took a packet of bank notes and put it on the table in front of the court official!

'This money will be given back to you when you have served your time in prison,' said the judge. 'For now, you are out on bail.'

'Come along,' said Phileas Fogg to his servant.

'But at least they must give me back my shoes!' cried Passepartout, in an angry voice.

They gave him his shoes.

'They have cost a lot of money,' he said. 'More than a thousand pounds each! And they do not fit very well, either.'

Passepartout, in a very unhappy state of mind, followed Mr Fogg, who had offered his arm to Aouda. Fix still hoped that the robber (as he thought Mr Fogg to be) would never agree to lose the two thousand pounds, and that he would go to prison for seven days. All the same, he followed him closely.

Mr Fogg took a carriage, and Aouda, Passepartout and he took their places in it. Fix ran behind it until they reached the port, where the carriage stopped. Half a mile out to sea was the steamer *Rangoon*. It was eleven o'clock, and Mr Fogg was one hour early.

Fix saw him get down from the carriage and, with his companions, take his place in a boat which set off immediately in the direction of the *Rangoon*. The detective stamped his feet with disappointment.

'He has gone!' he cried. 'And two thousand pounds have gone too! The thief! I will follow him to the end of the world, but at the rate he is spending the money, there will be nothing left of what he has stolen!'

The detective had some reason for thinking this. Mr Fogg had, as a matter of fact, spent more than five thousand pounds since he had left London – and as the money grew less, so also did any reward that the detective could hope for when this affair was over.