



托爾斯泰

—THE WORLD BOOK CO., LTD.—

華文譯註世界近代英文名著集

發刊旨趣

近代各國，表現國民性的國民文學，已突破了國界，一變而為具有國際性的世界文學了。各國的文壇已有共通的傾向，而築上了一個世界的文壇：各國的文學共同在這個世界文壇上。我們中國，一則因為言語文字和國相去得實在太遠了，二則因為中國新文學尚在創所以我國文學還不能插足於世界文壇。然而我國進入世界文壇裏去的，只是時間的遲遲問題罷了。現我們發刊這部世界近代英文名著集的目的有三端：

(一) 促成新文學的創造。中國的文學，要站到世界的文壇裏去，新文學的創造，實為必要。十年來，我國白話文的打倒文言文，只是做到了文腔革新的一步。新文學的創造，實還是在開始進行的時期。要創造新文學，吸收西洋文學的精華，便是首先的方法也是必需的方法。這部世界近代英文名著集，都是西洋感動萬人的作品，正足以指示我們文學上的種種新途徑。且書中所有成語，典故，均有中文註釋，又附作者傳略，述其身世，評其思想，故即略通英文者，亦能閱讀，得益不少。

(二) 改進英文的研究 英語在當代，幾乎已有成爲世界語的傾向。英文的研究於是也幾乎成爲人人的必修科。從前我國的英文研究書，所取材料都是斷片的，乾燥的，現在這部世界近代英文名著集，第一因爲是西洋名著，所以文學均極優美，第二因爲所選名著均首尾完全，所以是整篇的，興味。讀者不僅能得英文研究上的進益，且能得到文學上的修養，文學興趣。

(三) 審慎 我國學校所用英語讀本，不是外人選給外人讀，就是國人模倣外人而選的，二者是「半斤八兩」，都不能適合國人情趣；教授中國學生，實少裨益。現在這部世界近代英文名著集，既盡係西洋名人傑作，文學的趣味自能使學生讀之津津有味；選材方面盡可能的以供給我國青年的需要以介紹學者不得不知的思想爲標準，且將原文的生字，難句，成語，土話，一一加以中文註釋，足以掃除學生閱讀時的困難，故以本集作爲各校教本或參考書之用，實最相宜。

這部世界近代英文名著集，現在已包有了數十國的作品，以後當陸續編纂，以成全集。海內外宏途，苟有以裨益本集，那不僅是本集的幸福呢！

一九二九年 沈知方

THE WORLD'S
MODERN LITERATURE SERIES
EDITED BY H. D. LING

SELECT SHORT STORIES OF TOLSTOY

VOL. I

TRANSLATED BY
MR. AND MRS. AYLMER MAJDE

WITH CHINESE NOTES

華 文 評 註

托爾斯泰短篇小說選

上 冊



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作者傳略

托爾斯泰 (Leo Tolstoy) 的藝術論 (What is Art?) 上說,「未來的藝術家,將要知道創作一個感動羣衆的神話,小曲,謎語或笑話。比之創作一個暫時取悅貴族隨即被人忘却的說,歌詞或圖畫爲更有價值,更有功效。單純的情感去打動一般羣衆的藝術,它的範圍最廣,可是到今日差不多還沒有人嘗試過。」托用這種藝術寫了本書裏的十八篇作品,其中有神話,有兒童故事,有俄國民間稗史,有從法國作家仿造的,有以推銷名畫或以救濟猶太人爲宗旨的,真可算是洋洋大觀了。

托氏係俄國第一流的小說家,一八二八年生於都拉 (Tula) 的耶斯那耶帕列安那 (Yasnaya Paliána)。他的父親是一位退休的陸軍中將,他的母親是王子伏爾孔司凱 (Prince Nikolai Sergeyevitch Volkonsky) 的獨養女。他曾被德國和法國的家庭教師所訓練,又曾受過大學教育。



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一八五一年，他做了高加索軍隊裏的志願兵，這時候他不但著了兒童時代 (Childhood) 和男孩時代 (Boyhood)，並且擬了哥薩克人 (The Cossacks) 的計劃。一八五三年，他參加了克里米亞 (Crimea) 的戰爭，趁閒空寫了許多戰事的筆記，叫做塞巴斯拖堡 (Sevastopol)。當他被差遣到聖彼得堡去報告塞巴斯拖堡失守的消息的時候，他遇着屠格涅夫 (Turgeniev)，這兩位大作家從未情投意合，有時甚至洶洶決裂，但屠氏臨終時却熱烈地讚美托氏於一八五七年開始注意農業和他的田產的管理。一八六三年，他的傑作戰爭與和平 (War and Peace) 出版，使他在文壇上佔了很高的地位。約摸一八七一年左右，他的第二部傑作安娜凱雷涅那 (Anna Karénina) 復行出世，它一邊描寫俄國社會上的情形，一邊却極力宣示他自己心理上的經驗，正和第一部傑作相彷彿。

一八八零年，在受着一種靈魂上的刺激之後，他出版了我的懺悔 (My Confession)。從此他對於教會都持着那社會主義者打破偶像的態度，直至一九零一年聖總會 (The Holy Synod) 下了逐出托氏的命令。一八八五年，我的宗教 (My

Religion) 出現。跟着，一八八九年又發行了銅幣交響曲 (The Krentzer Sanata)，它和托氏攏總其他作品似的，把社會的黑暗和作者的主觀儘量地寫出。一八九五年，托氏社會主義的傾向尤其明顯：他自動地放棄了一切版權和財產權，經他的夫人的反對，乃將田產讓給了她。後來他繼續地住在田莊上度着農民的生活，至一九一零年逝世。

托氏生平著作等身，除上述種種外，著名的又有復活 (Resurrection)，天國在你的心裏 (The Kingdom of God is within You) (Master and Man)，伊凡伊列依區 (Ivan Ilyin)，宗教是什麼 (What is Religion?)，現世的末日 (The End of the Age) 等等。他的著作大多是教訓的，悲觀的；他的教義是普遍的，不是傳道的；他的人生觀是利他的，慈善的，只爲了缺少哲學的健全，所以它的主張並非是權威的。就作家的立場論，托氏確是一位富於趣味的寫實派。

本書根據茅德氏夫婦 (Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer Maude) 的譯本，牛津大學出版部 (Oxford University Press) 的版本。

編者。

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THE THREE HERMITS

AN OLD LEGEND CURRENT IN THE VÓLGA DISTRICT

‘And in praying use not *vain repetitions*, as the Gentiles do: for they think that they shall be heard for their *much speaking*. Be not therefore *like unto them*: for your Father knoweth *what things ye have need of*, before ye ask Him.’—*Matt. vi. 7, 8.*

A BISHOP was sailing from *Angel* to the *Solovétsk Monastery*, and on the same vessel were a number of *pilgrims on their way to visit the shrines* at that place. The voyage was a *smooth one*. The wind *favourable* and the weather *fair*. The pilgrims lay on deck, eating, or sat in groups talking to one another. The Bishop, too, came on deck, and as he was *pacing up and down* he noticed a group of men standing near the *prow* and listening to a fisherman, who was *pointing to the sea* and telling them something. The Bishop stopped, and looked in the *direction* in which the man was pointing. He could see *nothing*, however, *but the sea glistening* in the sunshine. He *drew nearer* to listen, but when the man saw him, he took off his cap and was silent. The rest of the people also took off their caps and bowed.

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'Do not let me disturb you, friends,' said the Bishop. 'I came to hear what this good man was saying.'

'The fisherman was telling us about the hermits,' replied one, a *tradesman*, rather bolder than the rest.

'What hermits?' asked the Bishop, going to the side of the vessel and seating himself on a box. 'Tell me about them. I should like to hear. What were you pointing at?'

'Why, the little island you can just see over there,' answered the man, pointing to a spot ahead and a little to the right. 'That is the island where the hermits live for the salvation of their souls.'

'Where is the island?' asked the Bishop. 'I see nothing.'

'There, in the distance, if you will please look along my hand. Do you see that little cloud? Below it, and a bit to the left, there is just a faint streak. That is the island.'

The Bishop looked carefully, but his unaccustomed eyes could make out nothing but the water shimmering in the sun.

'I cannot see it,' he said. 'But who are the hermits that live there?'

'They are holy men,' answered the fisherman.

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‘I had long heard tell of them, but never chanced to see them myself till the year before last.’

And the fisherman related how once, when he was out fishing, he had been *stranded* at night upon that island, not knowing where he was. In the morning, as he *wandered about* the island, he came across an earth hut, and met an old man standing near it. Presently two others came out, and after having fed him and dried his *things*, they helped him mend his boat.

‘And what are they like?’ asked the Bishop.

‘One is a small man and his back is bent. He wears a priest’s *cassock* and is very old; he must be more than a hundred, *I should say*. He is so old that the white of his beard is *taking a greenish tinge*, but he is always smiling, and his face is as *bright* as an angel’s from heaven. The second is taller, but he also is very old. He wears a *tattered*, peasant coat. His beard is *broad*, and of a yellowish grey colour. He is a strong man. Before I had time to help him, he *turned* my boat over as if it were only a *pail*. He too is kindly and cheerful. The third is tall, and has a beard as white as snow and reaching to his knees. He is *stern*, with *overhanging eyebrows*; and he wears nothing but a piece of *matting* tied round his waist.’

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'And did they speak to you?' asked the Bishop.

For the most part they did everything in silence, and spoke but little even to one another. One of them would just give a glance, and the others would understand him. I asked the tallest whether they had lived there long. He frowned, and muttered something as if he were angry; but the oldest one took his hand and smiled, and then the tall one was quiet. The oldest one only said: "Have mercy upon us," and smiled.'

While the fisherman was talking, the ship had drawn nearer to the island.

'There, now you can see it plainly, if your Lordship will please to look,' said the tradesman, pointing with his hand.

The Bishop looked, and now he really saw a dark streak—which was the island. Having looked at it a while, he left the prow of the vessel, and going to the stern, asked the helmsman.

'What island is that?'

'That one,' replied the man, 'has no name. There are many such in this sea.'

'Is it true that there are hermits who live there for the salvation of their souls?'

'So it is said, your Lordship, but I don't know if it's true. Fishermen say they have seen

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them; but of course they may only be *spinning yarns*.'

'I should like to land on the island and see these men,' said the Bishop. 'How could I *manage it*?'

'The ship cannot *get close to the island*,' replied the helmsman, 'but you might be rowed there in a boat. You had better speak to the captain.'

The captain was *sent for* and came.

'I should like to see these hermits,' said the Bishop. 'Could I not be rowed *ashore*?'

The captain tried to *dissuade* him.

'Of course it could be done,' said he, 'but we should lose much time. And if I might *venture to say* so to your Lordship, the old men are not *worth your pains*. I have *heard say* that they are foolish old fellows, who understand nothing, and never speak a word, any more than the fish in the sea.'

'I wish to see them,' said the Bishop, 'and I will pay you for your trouble and loss of time. Please let me have a boat.'

There was *no help for it*; so the *order was given*. The sailors *trimmed* the sails, the *steersman put up the helm*, and the ship's *course was set for the island*. A chair was placed at the prow for

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the Bishop, and he sat there, looking ahead. The passengers all collected at the prow, and gazed at the island. Those who had the sharpest eyes could presently make out the rocks on it, and then a mud hut was seen. At last one man saw the hermits themselves. The captain brought a *telescope* and, after looking through it, handed it to the Bishop.

'It's *right enough*. There are three men standing on the shore. There, a little to the right of that big rock.'

The Bishop took the telescope, *got it into position*, and he saw the three men: a tall one, a shorter one, and one very small and bent, standing on the shore and holding each other by the hand.

The captain turned to the Bishop.

'The vessel can get no nearer in than this, your Lordship. If you wish to go ashore, we must ask you to go in the boat, while we *anchor here*.'

The *cable* was quickly *let out*; the anchor *cast*, and the sails *furled*. There was a *jerk*, and the vessel shook. Then, a boat having been *lowered*, the *oarsmen* jumped in, and the Bishop descended the *ladder* and *took his seat*. The men pulled at their oars and the boat moved rapidly towards the island. When they came *within a stone's*

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throw, they saw three old men: a tall one with only a piece of matting tied round his waist, a shorter one in a tattered peasant coat, and a very old one *bent with age* and wearing an old cassock—all three standing hand in hand.

The oarsmen pulled in to the shore, and held on with the *boathook* while the Bishop got out.

The old men bowed to him, and he gave them his blessing, at which they bowed still lower. Then the Bishop began to speak to them.

'I have heard,' he said, 'that you, *godly men*, live here saving your own souls and praying to our Lord Christ for your *fellow men*. I, an *unworthy* servant of Christ, am called, by God's *mercy*, to *keep* and teach His *flock*. I wished to see you, servants of God, and to do what I can to teach you, also.'

The old men looked at each other smiling, but remained silent.

'Tell me,' said the Bishop, 'what you are doing to save your souls, and how you *serve* God on this island.'

The second hermit sighed, and looked at the oldest, the very *ancient* one. The latter smiled, and said:

'We do not know how to *serve* God. We only *serve* and support ourselves, servant of God.'

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'But how do you pray to God?' asked the Bishop.

'We pray in this way,' replied the hermit. 'Three are ye, three are we, have mercy upon us.'

And when the old man said this, all three raised their eyes to heaven, and repeated:

'Three are ye, three are we, have mercy upon us!'

The Bishop smiled.

'You have evidently heard something about the *Holy Trinity*,' said he. 'But you do not pray aright. You have won my affection, godly men. I see you wish to please the Lord, but you do not know how to serve Him. That is not the way to pray; but listen to me, and I will teach you. I will teach you, not a way of my own, but the way in which God in the *Holy Scriptures* has commanded all men to pray to Him.'

And the Bishop began explaining to the hermits how God had *revealed* Himself to men; telling them of God the Father, and God the Son, and God the *Holy Ghost*.

'God the Son came down on earth,' said he, 'to save men, and this is how He taught us all to pray. Listen, and repeat after me: "Our Father."'

And the first old man repeated after him,

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'Our Father,' and the second said, 'Our Father,' and the third said, 'Our Father.'

'Which art in heaven,' continued the Bishop.

The first hermit repeated, 'Which art in heaven,' but the second *blundered* over the words, and the tall hermit could not say them properly. His hair had grown over his mouth so that he could not speak plainly. The very old hermit, having no teeth, also *mumbled indistinctly*.

The Bishop repeated the words again, and the old men repeated them after him. The Bishop sat down on a stone, and the old men stood before him, watching his mouth, and repeating the words as he uttered them. And all day long the Bishop laboured, saying a word twenty, thirty, a hundred times over, and the old men repeated it after him. They blundered, and he corrected them, and made them begin again.

The Bishop did not leave off till he had taught them the whole of the Lord's Prayer so that they could not only repeat it after him, but could say it by themselves. The middle one was the first to know it, and to repeat the whole of it alone. The Bishop made him say it again and again, and at last the others could say it too.

It was getting dark and the moon was appearing over the water, before the Bishop rose

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to return to the vessel. When he *took leave of* the old men they all bowed down to the ground before him. He *raised* them, and kissed each of them, telling them to *pray* as he had taught them. Then he got into the boat and returned to the ship.

And as he sat in the boat and was rowed to the ship he could hear the three voices of the hermits loudly repeating the Lord's Prayer. As the boat drew near the vessel their voices could no longer be heard, but they could still be seen in the moonlight, standing as he had left them on the shore, the shortest in the middle, the tallest on the right, the middle one on the left. As soon as the Bishop had reached the vessel and *got on board*, the anchor was *weighed* and the sails *unfurled*. The wind filled them and the ship sailed away, and the Bishop took a seat in the stern and watched the island they had left. For a time he could still see the hermits, but presently they disappeared from sight, though the island was still visible. At last it too vanished, and only the sea was to be seen, *rippling* in the moonlight.

The pilgrims lay down to sleep, and all was quiet on deck. The Bishop did not wish to sleep, but sat alone at the stern, gazing at the sea

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where the island was no longer visible, and thinking of the good old men. He thought how pleased they had been to learn the Lord's Prayer; and he thanked God for having sent him to teach and help such godly men.

So the Bishop sat, thinking, and gazing at the sea where the island had disappeared. And the moonlight *flickered* before his eyes, sparkling, now here, now there, upon the waves. Suddenly he saw something white and shining, on the bright path which the moon *cast* across the sea. Was it a *seagull*, or the little gleaming sail of some small boat? The Bishop fixed his eyes on it, wondering.

'It must be a boat sailing after us,' thought he, 'but it is *overtaking* us very rapidly. It was far, far away a minute ago, but now it is much nearer. It cannot be a boat, for I can see no sail; but *whatever it may be*, it is following us and *catching us up*.'

And he could not make out what it was. Not a boat, nor a bird, nor a fish! It was too large for a man, and besides a man could not be out there in the midst of the sea. The Bishop rose, and said to the helmsman:

'Look there, what is that, my friend? What is it?' the Bishop repeated, though he could now

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see plainly what it was—the three hermits running upon the water, all gleaming white, their grey beards shining, and approaching the ship as quickly as though it were not moving.

The steersman looked, and *let go* the helm in terror.

‘Oh Lord! The hermits are running after us on the water as though it were dry land!’

The passengers, hearing him, jumped up and crowded to the stern. They saw the hermits coming along hand in hand, and the two *outer* ones beckoning the ship to stop. All three were *gliding along* upon the water without moving their feet. Before the ship could be stopped, the hermits had reached it, and raising their heads, all three as with one voice, began to say:

‘We have forgotten your teaching, servant of God. As long as we kept repeating it we remembered, but when we stopped saying it for a time, a word *dropped out*, and now it has *all gone to pieces*. We can remember nothing of it. Teach us again.’

The Bishop *crossed himself*, and *leaning over* the ship’s side, said:

‘Your own prayer will reach the Lord, *men of God*. *It is not for me to teach you*. *Pray for us sinners*.’

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And the Bishop bowed low before the old men; and they turned and went back across the sea. And a light shone until daybreak on the spot where they were lost to sight.

1886.

THE IMP AND THE CRUST

A POOR peasant *set out* early one morning to plough, taking with him for his breakfast a crust of bread. He got his plough ready, wrapped the bread in his coat, put it under a bush, and set to work. After a while, when his horse was tired and he was hungry, the peasant *fixed* the plough, *let* the horse *loose* to graze, and went to get his coat and his breakfast.

He lifted the coat, but the bread was gone! He looked and looked, turned the coat over, shook it out—but the bread was gone. The peasant could not *make this out* at all.

‘That’s strange,’ thought he; ‘I saw no one, but *all the same* some one has been here and has taken the bread!’

It was an imp who had stolen the bread while the peasant was ploughing, and at that moment he was sitting behind the bush, waiting to hear the peasant *swear* and *call on the Devil*.

The peasant was sorry to lose his breakfast, but ‘*It can’t be helped,*’ said he. ‘After all, I shan’t die of hunger! No doubt whoever took the bread needed it. *May it do him good!*’

And he went to the well, had a drink of

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water, and rested a bit. Then he caught his horse, *harnessed* it, and began ploughing again.

The imp was *crestfallen* at not having made the peasant sin, and he went to *report* what had happened to the Devil, his master.

He came to the Devil and told how he had taken the peasant's bread, and how the peasant instead of *cursing* had said, 'May it do him good!'

The Devil was angry, and replied: 'If the man *got the better of you*, it was your own *fault*—you don't *understand your business*! If the peasants, and their wives *after them*, take to that sort of thing, it will be all up with us. The matter *can't be left like that*! Go back at once,' said he, 'and *put things right*. If in three years you don't get the better of that peasant, I'll have you *ducked in holy water*!'

The imp was frightened. He *scampered* back to earth, thinking how he could *redeem* his fault. He thought and thought, and at last *hit upon* a good plan.

He *turned himself into* a labouring man and went and *took service with* the poor peasant. The first year he advised the peasant to sow corn in a *marshy* place. The peasant took his advice and sowed in the *marsh*. The year *turned out* a very dry one, and the *crops* of the other peasants were

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all scorched by the sun, but the poor peasant's corn grew thick and tall and full-eared. Not only had he grain enough to last him for the whole year, but he had much left over besides.

The next year the imp advised the peasant to sow on the hill; and it turned out a wet summer. Other people's corn was beaten down and rotted and the ears did not fill; but the peasant's crop, up on the hill, was a fine one. He had more grain left over than before, so that he did not know what to do with it all.

Then the imp showed the peasant how he could mash the grain and distil spirit from it; and the peasant made strong drink, and began to drink it himself and to give it to his friends.

So the imp went to the Devil, his master, and boasted that he had made up for his failure. The Devil said that he would come and see for himself how the case stood.

He came to the peasant's house, and saw that the peasant had invited his well-to-do neighbours and was treating them to drink. His wife was offering the drink to the guests, and as she handed it round she stumbled against the table and spilt a glassful.

The peasant was angry, and scolded his wife: 'What do you mean, you slut? Do you think it's

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ditchwater, you *cripple*, that you must go pouring good stuff like that over the floor?’

The imp nudged the Devil, his master, with his elbow: ‘See,’ said he, ‘that’s the man who did not *grudge* his only crust!’

The peasant, still railing at his wife, began to carry the drink round himself. Just then a poor peasant returning from work came in *uninvited*. He greeted the company, sat down, and saw that they were drinking. Tired with his day’s work, he felt that he too would like a drop. He sat and sat, and his mouth kept watering, but the host instead of offering him any only muttered: ‘I can’t find drink for every one who comes along.’

This pleased the Devil; but the imp chuckled and said, ‘Wait a bit, there’s more to come yet!’

The rich peasants drank, and their host drank too. And they began to make false, oily speeches to one another.

The Devil listened and listened, and praised the imp.

‘If,’ said he, ‘the drink makes them so *foxy* that they begin to cheat each other, they will soon all be in our hands.’

‘Wait for what’s coming,’ said the imp. ‘Let them have another glass all round. Now they are like foxes, wagging their tails and trying to get

SHORT STORIES FROM LEO TOLSTOY

round one another, but presently you will see them like savage wolves.'

The peasants had another glass each, and their talk became wilder and rougher. Instead of oily speeches, they began to abuse and *snarl* at one another. Soon they *took to fighting*, and *punched* one another's noses. And the host joined in the fight and he too *got well beaten*.

The Devil looked on and was much pleased at all this.

'This is *first-rate!*' said he.

But the imp replied: 'Wait a bit—the best is yet to come. Wait till they have had a third glass. Now they are *raging* like wolves, but let them have one more glass and they will be like *swine*.'

The peasants had their third glass, and became quite like *brutes*. They mumbled and shouted, not knowing why, and not listening to one another.

Then the party began to *break up*. Some went alone, some in twos, and some in threes, all *staggering* down the street. The host went out to *speed* his guests, but he fell on his nose into a *puddle*, *smearing* himself *from top to toe*, and lay there *grunting* like a *hog*.

This pleased the Devil still more.

THE IMP AND THE CRUST

‘Well,’ said he, ‘you have *hit on* a first-rate drink, and have quite made up for your *blunder* about the bread. But now tell me how this drink is made. You must first have put in fox’s blood: that was what made the peasants sly as foxes. Then, I suppose, you added wolf’s blood: that is what made them fierce like wolves. And you must have *finished off* with swine’s blood, to make them *behave* like swine.’

‘No,’ said the imp, ‘that was not the way I did it. All I did was to see that the peasant had more corn than he needed. The blood of the beasts is always in man; but as long as he has only enough corn for his needs, it is *kept in bounds*. While that was the case, the peasant did not grudge his last crust. But when he had corn left over, he looked for ways of getting pleasure out of it. And I showed him a pleasure—drinking! And when he began to turn God’s good gifts into spirits for his own pleasure—the fox’s, wolf’s, and swine’s blood in him all came out. If only he *goes on* drinking, he will always be a beast!’

The Devil praised the imp, forgave him for his former blunder, and *advanced* him to a *post of high honour*.

1886.

A GRAIN AS BIG AS A HEN'S EGG

ONE day some children found, in a *ravine*, a thing shaped like a *grain of corn*, with a *groove* down the middle, but as large as a hen's egg. A traveller *passing by* saw the thing, bought it from the children for a *penny*, and taking it to town sold it to the King as a *curiosity*.

The King *called together* his wise men, and told them to find out what the thing was. The wise men *pondered and pondered* and *could not make head or tail of it*, till one day, when the thing was lying on a *window-sill*, a hen flew in and *pecked at* it till she made a hole in it, and then every one saw that it was a grain of corn. The wise men went to the King, and said :

'It is a grain of corn.'

At this the King was much surprised ; and he ordered the *learned men* to find out when and where such corn had grown. The learned men pondered again and searched in their books, but could find nothing about it. So they returned to the King and said :

'We can give you no answer. There is nothing about it in our books. You will have to ask the peasants ; perhaps some of them may

A GRAIN AS BIG AS A HEN'S EGG

have heard from their fathers when and where grain grew *to such a size.*'

So the King gave orders that some very old peasant should *be brought before him*; and his servants found such a man and brought him to the King. Old and bent, *ashy pale* and toothless, he just managed with the help of two *crutches* to *totter into the King's presence.*

The King showed him the grain, but the old man could hardly see it; he took it, however, and felt it with his hands. The King questioned him, saying:

'Can you tell us, old man, where such grain as this grew? Have you ever bought such corn, or sown such in your fields?'

The old man was so deaf that he could hardly hear what the King said, and only understood with great difficulty.

'No!' he answered at last, 'I never sowed nor reaped any like it in my fields, nor did I ever buy any such. When we bought corn, the grains were always as small as they are now. But you might ask my father. He may have heard where such grain grew.'

So the King *sent for* the old man's father, and he was found and brought before the King. He came walking with one crutch. The King

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showed him the grain, and the old peasant, who was still able to see, *took a good look at it*. And the King asked him :

‘Can you not tell us, old man, where corn like this used to grow? Have you ever bought any like it, or sown any in your fields?’

Though the old man was rather *hard of hearing*, he still heard better than his son had done.

‘No,’ he said, ‘I never sowed nor reaped any grain like this in my field. As to buying, I never bought any, for in my time money was *not yet in use*. Every one grew his own corn, and when there was any need we *shared with one another*. I do not know where corn like this grew. Ours was larger and *yielded* more flour than *present-day grain*, but I never saw any like this. I have, however, heard my father say that in his time the grain grew larger and yielded more flour than ours. You had better ask him.’

So the King sent for this old man’s father, and they found him too, and brought him before the King. He entered walking easily and without crutches : his eye was clear, his hearing good, and he spoke distinctly. The King showed him the grain, and the old grandfather looked at it and *turned it about* in his hand.

A GRAIN AS BIG AS A HEN'S EGG

'It is long since I saw such a fine grain,' said he, and he *bit* a piece off and tasted it.

'It's the *very* same kind,' he added.

'Tell me, grandfather,' said the King, 'when and where was such corn grown? Have you ever bought any like it, or sown any in your fields?'

And the old man replied:

'Corn like this used to grow everywhere in my time. I *lived on* corn like this in my young days, and fed others on it. It was grain like this that we used to sow and reap and *thresh*.'

And the King asked:

'Tell me, grandfather, did you buy it anywhere, or did you grow it all yourself?'

The old man smiled.

'In my time,' he answered, 'no one ever thought of such a sin as buying or selling bread, and we knew nothing of money. Each man had corn enough of his own.'

'Then tell me, grandfather,' asked the King, 'where was your field, where did you grow corn like this?'

And the grandfather answered:

'My field was God's earth. Wherever I ploughed, there was my field. Land was free. It was a thing no man called his own. Labour was the only thing men called their own.'

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‘Answer me two more questions,’ said the King. ‘The first is, Why did the earth *bear* such grain then, and has ceased to do so now?’ And the second is, Why your grandson walks with two crutches, your son with one, and you yourself with none? Your eyes are bright, your teeth *sound*, and your speech clear and pleasant to the ear. How have these things *come about*?’

And the old man answered:

‘These things are so, because men have ceased to live by their own labour and *have taken to depending on* the labour of others. In the old time, men lived according to God’s law. They had what was their own and *coveted* not what others had produced.’

1886

THE REPENTANT SINNER

'And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy Kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, Today shalt thou be with me in *paradise*.'—Luke xxiii, 42, 43.

THERE was once a man who lived for seventy years in the world, and *lived in sin* all that time. He fell ill, but even then did not *repent*. Only at the last moment, as he was dying, he wept and said :

'Lord! forgive me, as Thou forgavest the thief *upon the cross*.'

And as he said these words, his soul left his body. And the soul of the sinner, feeling *love towards God* and *faith in His mercy*, went to the gates of heaven, and knocked, praying to be let into the heavenly kingdom.

Then a voice spoke from within the gate :

'What man is it that knocks at the gates of Paradise, and what *deeds* did he do during his life?'

And the voice of the *Accuser* replied, *recounting* all the man's evil deeds, and not a single good one.

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And the voice from within the gates answered:
'Sinners cannot enter into the kingdom of
heaven. *Go hence!*'

Then the man said:

'Lord, I hear thy voice, but cannot see thy
face, nor do I know thy name.'

The voice answered:

'I am Peter, *the Apostle.*'

And the sinner replied:

'Have pity on me, Apostle Peter! Remember
man's weakness, and God's mercy. *Wert* not thou
a disciple of Christ? Didst not thou hear his
teaching from his own lips, and *hadst thou not his*
example before thee? Remember then how, when
he *sorrowed* and was *grieved* in spirit, and three
times asked thee to *keep awake* and *pray*, thou
didst sleep, because thine eyes were *heavy*, and
three times he found thee sleeping. *So it was with*
me. Remember, also, how thou didst promise to
be faithful unto death, and yet didst thrice deny
him, when he was taken before *Caiaphas.* So it
was with me. And remember, too, how when the
cock crowed thou didst go out and didst weep
bitterly. So it is with me. Thou canst not refuse
to let me in.'

And the voice behind the gates was silent.

Then the sinner stood a little while, and again

THE REPENTANT SINNER

began to knock, and to ask to be let into the kingdom of heaven.

And he heard another voice behind the gates, which said :

‘Who is this man, and how did he live on earth?’

And the voice of the Accuser again repeated all the sinner’s evil deeds, and not a single good one.

And the voice from behind the gates replied:

‘Go hence! Such sinners cannot live with us in Paradise.’ Then the sinner said :

‘Lord, I hear thy voice, but I see thee not, nor do I know thy name.’

And the voice answered :

‘I am *David*, king and *prophet*.’

The sinner did not *despair*, nor did he leave the gates of paradise, but said :

‘Have pity on me, King David! Remember man’s weakness, and God’s mercy. God loved thee and *exalted* thee among men. Thou hadst all: a kingdom, and honour, and riches, and wives, and children; but thou sawest from thy house-top the wife of a poor man, and sin entered into thee, and thou tookest the wife of *Uriah* and didst *slay* him with the sword of the *Ammonites*. Thou, a rich man, didst take from the poor man

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his one ewe lamb and didst kill him. I have done *likewise*. Remember, then, how thou didst repent, and how thou saidst, "I acknowledge my *transgressions*: my sin is *ever before me*." I have done the same. Thou canst not refuse to let me in.'

And the voice from within the gates was silent.

The sinner having stood a little while, began knocking again, and asking to be let into the kingdom of heaven. And a third voice was heard within the gates, saying:

'Who is this man, and how has he spent his life on earth?'

And the voice of the Accuser replied for the third time, recounting the sinner's evil deeds, and not mentioning one good deed.

And the voice within the gates said:

'*Depart hence!* Sinners cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven.'

And the sinner said:

'Thy voice I hear, but thy face I see not, neither do I know thy name.'

Then the voice replied:

'I am John *the Divine*, the beloved disciple of Christ.'

And the sinner rejoiced and said:

THE REPENTANT SINNER

‘Now surely I shall be allowed to enter. Peter and David must let me in, because they know man’s weakness and God’s mercy; and thou wilt let me in, because thou lovest much. Was it not thou, John the Divine, who wrote that God is Love, and that he who loves not, knows not God? And in thine old age didst thou not say unto men: “Brethren, love one another”? How, then, canst thou *look on me with hatred, and drive me away?* Either thou must *renounce* what thou hast said, or loving me, must let me enter the kingdom of heaven.’

And the gates of Paradise opened, and John embraced the repentant sinner and took him into the kingdom of heaven.

1886

THE EMPTY DRUM

(A FOLK-TALE LONG CURRENT IN THE
REGION OF THE VÓLGA)

EMELYÁN was a labourer and worked for a master. *Crossing the meadows* one day on his way to work he nearly *trod on* a frog that jumped *right in front of him*, but he just *managed to avoid it*. Suddenly he heard some one calling to him from behind.

Emelyán looked round and saw a *lovely lassie*, who said to him: 'Why don't you get married, Emelyán?'

'How can I marry, my *lass?*' said he. 'I have but the clothes I *stand up in*, nothing more, and no one would have me for a husband.'

'Take me for a wife,' said she.

Emelyán liked the *maid*. 'I *should be glad to,*' said he, 'but where and how could we live?'

'Why *trouble about that?*' said the girl. 'One only has to work more and sleep less, and one can clothe and feed oneself anywhere.'

'Very well then, let us marry,' said Emelyán. 'Where shall we go to?'

'Let us go to *town.*'

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So Emelyán and the lass went to town, and she took him to a small hut on the very edge of the town, and they married and began *house-keeping*.

One day the King *driving* through the town passed by Emelyán's hut. Emelyán's wife came out to see the King. The King noticed her and was quite surprised.

'Where did such a beauty come from?' said he; and stopping his carriage he called Emelyán's wife and asked her: 'Who are you?'

'The peasant Emelyán's wife,' said she.

'Why did you, who are such a beauty, marry a peasant?' said the King. 'You ought to be a queen!'

'Thank you for your kind words,' said she, 'but a peasant husband is *good enough for me*.'

The King talked to her awhile and then drove on. He returned to the palace, but could not get Emelyán's wife out of his head. All night he did not sleep but kept thinking how to get her for himself. He could think of no way of doing it, so he called his servants and told them they must find a way.

The King's servants said: 'Command Emelyán to come to the palace to work, and we will work

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him so hard that he will die. His wife will be left a widow and then you can take her yourself.'

The King followed their advice. He sent an order that Emelyán should come to the palace as a workman, and that he should live at the palace and his wife with him.

The *messengers* came to Emelyán and gave him the King's *message*. His wife said, 'Go, Emelyán; work all day but come back home at night.'

So Emelyán went, and when he got to the palace the King's *steward* asked him. 'Why have you come alone, without your wife?'

'*Why should I drag her about?*' said Emelyán. 'She has a house to live in.'

At the King's palace they gave Emelyán work enough for two. He began the *job* not hoping to finish it, but when evening came, *lo and behold! it was all done*. The steward saw that it was finished and set him four times as much for next day.

Emelyán went home. Everything there was *swept* and *tidy*; the *oven* was *heated*, his supper was cooked and ready, and his wife sat by the table sewing and awaiting his return. She greeted him, *laid the table*, gave him to eat and drink, and then began to ask him about his work.

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'Ah!' said he, '*it's a bad business; they give me tasks beyond my strength and want to kill me with work.*'

'Don't *fret about* the work,' said she, 'don't look either before or behind to see how much you have done, or how much there is left to do; only keep on working and all will be right.'

So Emelyán lay down and slept. Next morning he went to work again and worked without once looking round. And, lo and behold! by the evening it was all done, and before dark he came home for the night.

Again and again they increased Emelyán's work, but he always *got through it in good time* and went back to his hut to sleep. A week passed, and the King's servants saw they could not *crush* him with rough work, so they tried giving him work that required skill. But this also was *of no avail*. *Carpentering*, and *masonry*, and *roofing*, whatever they set him to do, Emelyán had it ready *in time*, and went home to his wife at night. So a second week passed.

Then the King called his servants and said: 'Do I *feed* you for nothing? Two weeks have gone and I don't see that you have done anything. You were going to *tire* Emelyán out with work, but I see from my windows how he goes home

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every evening—singing cheerfully! Are you *making a fool of me?*'

The King's servants began to *excuse* themselves. 'We tried our best to *wear him out* with rough work,' they said, 'but nothing was too hard for him; he *cleared it all off* as though he had swept it away with a broom. *There was no tiring him out.* Then we set him tasks needing skill, which we did not think he was clever enough to do, but he managed them all. *No matter what one sets him* he does it all, no one knows how. Either he or his wife must know some *charm* that helps them. We ourselves are *sick of him* and wish to find a task he cannot master. We have now thought of setting him to build a *cathedral in a single day.* Send for Emelyán and order him to build a cathedral in front of the palace in a single day. Then if he does not do it let his head be cut off for disobedience.'

The King sent for Emelyán. 'Listen to my command,' said he: 'build me a new cathedral *on the square* in front of my palace and have it ready by tomorrow evening. If you have it ready I will reward you, but if not I will have your head cut off.'

When Emelyán heard the King's command he *turned away* and went home. 'My *end* is at

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hand,' thought he. And coming to his wife, he said: 'Get ready, wife, we must *fly from here* or I shall be *lost by no fault of my own.*'

'What has frightened you so?' said she, 'and why should we run away?'

'How can I help being frightened? The King has ordered me, tomorrow, in a single day, to build him a cathedral. If I fail he will cut my head off. There is only one thing to be done, we must fly while *there is yet time.*'

But his wife *would not hear of it.* 'The King has many soldiers,' said she. 'They would catch us anywhere. We cannot escape from him, but must obey him as long as strength *holds out.*'

'How can I obey him when the task is beyond my strength?'

'*Eh, goodman,* don't be *downhearted.* Eat your supper now and go to sleep. Rise early in the morning and *all will get done.*'

So Emelyán lay down and slept. His wife roused him early next day. 'Go quickly,' said she, 'and finish the cathedral. Here are *nails* and a *hammer*; there is still enough work there for a day.'

Emelyán went into the town, reached the *palace square*, and there stood a large cathedral not quite finished. Emelyán set to work to do

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what was needed, and by the evening all was ready.

When the King awoke he looked out from his palace, and saw the cathedral and Emelyán *going about driving in nails* here and there. And the King was not pleased to have the cathedral—he was *annoyed* at not being able to *condemn* Emelyán and take his wife. Again he called his servants. ‘Emelyán has done this task also,’ said the King, ‘and there is no excuse for putting him to death. Even this work was not too hard for him. You must find a more *cunning* plan, or I will cut off your heads as well as his.’

So his servants planned that Emelyán should be ordered to make a river round the palace with ships sailing on it. And the King sent for Emelyán and set him this new task.

‘If,’ said he, ‘you could build a cathedral in one night, you can also do this. Tomorrow all must be ready. If not, I will have your head off.’

Emelyán was more *downcast* than before, and returned to his wife sad at heart.

‘Why are you so sad?’ said his wife. ‘Has the King set you a fresh task?’

Emelyán told her about it. ‘We must fly,’ said he.

But his wife replied: ‘*There is no escaping*

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the soldiers; they will catch us wherever we go. *There is nothing for it but to obey.*'

'How can I do it?' *groaned* Emelyán.

'Eh! eh! goodman,' said she, 'don't be down-hearted. Eat your supper now and go to sleep. Rise early, and all will get done in good time.'

So Emelyán lay down and slept. In the morning his wife woke him. 'Go,' said she, 'to the palace—all is ready. Only near the wharf in front of the palace there is a mound left; take a spade and level it.'

When the King awoke he saw a river where there had not been one; ships were sailing up and down and Emelyán was levelling a mound with a spade. The King* wondered, but was pleased neither with the river nor with the ships, so *vexed* was he at not being able to condemn Emelyán. 'There is no task,' thought he, 'that he cannot manage. What is to be done?' And he called his servants and again *asked their advice*.

'Find some task,' said he, 'which Emelyán cannot *compass*. For whatever we plan he fulfils and I cannot take his wife from him.'

The King's servants thought and thought, and at last devised a plan. They came to the King and said: 'Send for Emelyán and say to him: "Go to there, don't know where, and

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bring back that, don't know what!" Then he will not be able to escape you. No matter where he goes, you can say that he has not gone to the right place, and no matter what he brings, you can say it is not the right thing. Then you can have him *beheaded* and can take his wife.'

The King was pleased. 'That is well thought of,' said he. So the King sent for Emelyán and said to him: 'Go to "there, don't know where," and bring back "that, don't know what." If you *fail to bring* it I will have you beheaded.'

Emelyán returned to his wife and told her what the King had said. His wife became thoughtful.

'Well,' said she, 'they have taught the King how to *catch* you. Now we must act *warily*.' So she sat and thought, and at last said to her husband: 'You must go far, to our *Grandam*—the old peasant woman, the mother of soldiers—and you must ask her aid. If she *helps you to anything*, go straight to the palace with it, I shall be there: I cannot escape them now. They will take me by force, but it will not be for long. If you do everything as Grandam directs you will soon save me.'

So the wife got her husband ready for the journey. She gave him a *wallet* and also a *spindle*.

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'Give her this,' said she. 'By this *token* she will know that you are my husband.' And his wife showed him his road.

Emelyán set off. He *left* the town *behind* and came to where some soldiers were being *drilled*. Emelyán stood and watched them. After drill the soldiers sat down to rest. Then Emelyán went up to them and asked: 'Do you know, brothers, the way to "there, don't know where"?' and how I can get "that, don't know what"?'

The soldiers listened to him with surprise. 'Who sent you *on this errand*?' said they.

'The King,' said he.

'We ourselves,' said they, 'from the day we became soldiers go we "don't know where," and never yet have we got there; and we seek we "don't know what," and cannot find it. We cannot help you.'

Emelyán sat a while with the soldiers and then went on again. He *trudged* many a mile, and at last came to a *wood*. In the wood was a hut and in the hut sat an old, old woman, the mother of peasant soldiers, *spinning flax* and *weeping*. And as she *spun* she did not put her fingers to her mouth to *wet* them with *spittle* but to her eyes to wet them with tears. When the old woman saw Emelyán she cried out at him:

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'Why have you come here?' Then Emelyán gave her the spindle and said his wife had sent it.

The old woman *softened* at once and began to question him. And Emelyán told her his whole life: how he married the lass; how they went to live in the town; how he had worked, and what he had done at the palace; how he built the cathedral, and made a river with ships on it, and how the King had now told him to go to 'there, don't know where,' and bring back 'that, don't know what.'

The Grandam listened to the end, and ceased weeping. She muttered to herself: 'The time has surely come,' and said to him: 'All right, my *lad*. Sit down now, and I will give you something to eat.'

Emelyán ate, and then the Grandam told him what to do. 'Here,' said she, 'is a ball of thread; roll it before you and follow where it goes. You must go far till you come *right to the sea*. When you get there you will see a great city. Enter the city and ask for a night's lodging at the furthest house. There look out for what you are seeking.'

'How shall I know it when I see it, *Granny?*' said he.

'When you see something men obey more

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than father or mother, that is it. Seize that and take it to the King. When you bring it to the King he will say it is not right, and you must answer: "If it is not the right thing it must be *smashed*," and you must beat it and carry it to the river, break it in pieces, and throw it into the water. Then you will get your wife back and my tears will be dried."

Emelyán *bade farewell* to the Grandam and began rolling his ball before him. It rolled and rolled until at last it reached the sea. By the sea stood a great city and *at the further end* of the city was a big house. There Emelyán begged for a night's lodging and was granted it. He lay down to sleep, and in the morning awoke and heard a father rousing his son to go and cut wood for the fire. But the son did not obey. 'It is too early,' said he, 'there is time enough.' Then Emelyán heard the mother say, 'Go, my son, your father's bones ache, would you have him go himself? It is time to be up!'

But the son only murmured some words and fell asleep again. Hardly was he asleep when something *thundered* and *rattled* in the street. Up jumped the son and quickly putting on his clothes, ran out into the street. Up jumped Emelyán, too, and ran after him to see what it was that a

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son obeys more than father or mother. What he saw was a man walking along the street carrying, *tied to his stomach*, a thing which he beat with sticks, and that it was that rattled and thundered so and that the son had obeyed. Emelyán ran up and had a look at it. He saw it was round, like a small *tub*, with a skin *stretched* over both ends, and he asked what it was called.

He was told, 'A drum.'

'And is it empty?'

'Yes, it is empty.'

Emelyán was surprised. He asked them to give the thing to him, but they would not. So Emelyán left off asking and followed the drummer. All day he followed, and when the drummer at last lay down to sleep, Emelyán *snatched* the drum from him and ran away with it.

He ran and ran till at last he got back to his own town. He went to see his wife, but she was not at home. The day after he went away the King had taken her. So Emelyán went to the palace and *sent in a message* to the King: 'He has returned who went to "there, don't know where," and he has brought with him "that, don't know what."''

They told the King, and the King said he was to come again next day.

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But Emelyán said, 'Tell the King I am here today and have brought what the King wanted. Let him come out to me, or I will go in to him!'

The King came out. 'Where have you been?' said he.

Emelyán told him.

'That's not the right place,' said the King. 'What have you brought?'

Emelyán pointed to the drum, but the King did not look at it.

'That is not it.'

'If it is not the right thing,' said Emelyán, 'it must be smashed *and may the devil take it!*'

And Emelyán left the palace carrying the drum and beating it. And as he beat it all the King's army ran out to follow Emelyán, and they *saluted* him and waited his commands.

The King from his window began to *shout at* his army telling them not to follow Emelyán. They did not listen to what he said but all followed Emelyán.

When the King saw that, he gave orders that Emelyán's wife should be taken back to him and he sent to ask Emelyán to give him the drum.

'It can't be done,' said Emelyán. 'I was told to smash it and to throw the *splinters* into the river.'

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So Emelyán went down to the river carrying the drum and the soldiers followed him. When he reached the river bank Emelyán smashed the drum to splinters and threw the splinters into the stream. And then all the soldiers ran away.

Emelyán took his wife and went home with her. And after that the King ceased to trouble him, and so they lived happily ever after.

1891

*GOD SEES THE TRUTH,
BUT WAITS*

IN the town of *Vladimir* lived a young merchant named *Iván Dmitrich Aksénov*. He had two shops and a house of his own.

Aksénov was a handsome, fair-haired, curly-headed fellow, full of fun and very fond of singing. When quite a young man he had been given to drink and was riotous when he had had too much; but after he married he gave up drinking except now and then.

One summer *Aksénov* was going to the *Nizhny Fair*, and as he bade good-bye to his family his wife said to him, 'Iván *Dmitrich*, do not start today; I have had a bad dream about you.'

Aksénov laughed, and said, 'You are afraid that when I get to the fair I shall go on the spree.'

His wife replied: 'I do not know what I am afraid of; all I know is that I had a bad dream. I dreamt you returned from the town, and when you took off your cap I saw that your hair was quite grey.'

Aksénov laughed. 'That's a lucky sign,' said he: 'See if I don't sell out all my goods and bring you some presents from the fair.'

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So he said good-bye to his family and *drove away*.

When he had travelled half-way, he met a merchant whom he *knew*, and they *put up* at the same inn for the night. They had some tea together, and then went to bed in *adjoining* rooms.

It was not Aksēnov's habit to sleep late, and, wishing to travel while it was still *cool*, he *aroused* his driver before dawn and told him to *put in* the horses.

Then he *made his way across* to the landlord of the inn (who lived in a *cottage at the back*), *paid his bill*, and *continued his journey*.

When he had gone about twenty-five miles he stopped for the horses to be fed. Aksēnov rested awhile in the *passage* of the inn, then he stepped out into the *porch* and, ordering a *samovár* to be heated, *got out his guitar* and began to *play*.

Suddenly a *tróyka* drove up with *tinkling bells*, and an official *alighted*, followed by two soldiers. He came to Aksēnov and began to *question* him, asking him who he was and whence he came. Aksēnov answered him fully, and said, 'Won't you have some tea with me?' But the official went on *cross-questioning* him and asking him, 'Where did you spend last night? Were

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you alone, or with a *fellow-merchant*? Did you see the other merchant this morning? Why did you leave the inn before dawn?’

Aksénov *wondered* why he was asked all these questions, but he *described* all that had happened, and then added, ‘Why do you cross-question me as if I were a thief or a robber? I am travelling on *business of my own*, and there is no need to question me.’

Then the official, *calling* the soldiers, said, ‘I am the *police-officer* of this district, and I question you because the merchant with whom you spent last night has been *found with his throat cut*. We must *search your things*.’

They entered the house. The soldiers and the police-officer *unstrapped* Aksénov’s *luggage* and searched it. Suddenly the officer *drew a knife out of a bag*, crying, ‘Whose knife is this?’

Aksénov looked, and seeing a *blood-stained knife taken from his bag*, he was *frightened*.

‘*How is it* there is blood on this knife?’

Aksénov tried to answer, but could *hardly utter a word*, and only *stammered*: ‘I—don’t know—*not mine*.’

Then the police-officer said, ‘This morning the merchant was found in bed with his throat cut. You are the *only* person who could have

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done it. The house was locked from inside, and no one else was there. Here is this blood-stained knife in your bag, and your face and manner *betray* you! Tell me how you killed him and how much money you stole?’

Aksēnov *swore* he had not done it; that he had not seen the merchant after they had had tea together; that he had no money except eight thousand *rúbles* of his own, and that the knife was not his. But his voice was *broken*, his face *pale*, and he *trembled with fear as though he were guilty*.

The police-officer *ordered* the soldiers to *bind* Aksēnov and to put him in the cart. As they *tied* his feet *together* and *flung* him into the cart, Aksēnov crossed himself and wept. His money and goods were *taken from him*, and he was sent to the nearest town and *imprisoned* there. *Enquiries as to his character* were made in Vladímir. The merchants and other inhabitants of that town said that in former days he *used to drink* and waste his time, *but that* he was a good man. Then the *trial came on*: he was *charged with murdering* a merchant from *Ryazán* and *robbing him of* twenty thousand *rúbles*.

His wife was *in despair*, and did not know what to believe. Her children were all quite

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small ; one was a baby *at the breast*. Taking them all with her, she went to the town where her husband was in *gaol*. At first she was not *allowed* to see him ; but, after much begging, she *obtained permission* from the officials and was taken to him. When she saw her husband *in prison-dress* and *in chains*, *shut up with* thieves and criminals, she *fell down* and did not *come to her senses* for a long time. Then she drew her children to her, and sat down near him. She *told* him of things at home, and *asked* about what had happened to him. He told her all, and she asked, 'What can we do now?'

'We must *petition* the *Tsar* not to let an *innocent man perish*.'

His wife told him that she had sent a petition to the *Tsar*, but that it had not been accepted.

Aksēnov did not reply, but only *looked down-cast*.

Then his wife said, 'It was *not for nothing* I dreamt your hair had turned grey. You remember? You should not have started that day.' And *passing* her fingers *through* his hair she said : 'Ványa dearest, tell your wife the truth ; was it not you who did it?'

'So you, too, *suspect* me!' said Aksēnov, and, *hiding* his face in his hands, he began to

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weep. Then a soldier came to say that the wife and children must go away, and Aksënov said good-bye to his family *for the last time*.

When they were gone, Aksënov *recalled* what had been said, and when he remembered that his wife also had suspected him, he said to himself, 'It seems that only God can know the truth; it is to Him alone we must appeal and from Him alone expect mercy.'

And Aksënov wrote no more petitions, *gave up all hope*, and only prayed to God.

Aksënov was *condemned* to be *flogged* and *sent to the mines*. So he was flogged with a *knout*, and when the *wounds caused by the knout were healed*, he was *driven to Siberia* with other *convicts*.

For twenty-six years Aksënov lived as a convict in Siberia. His hair turned white as snow, and his beard grew long, *thin*, and grey. All his *mirth went*; he *stooped*; he walked slowly, spoke little, and never laughed, but he often prayed.

In prison Aksënov learnt to make boots, and *earned a little money*, with which he bought *The Lives of the Saints*. He read this book when it was *light enough* in the prison; and on Sundays in the *prison-church* he read the *epistle* and sang in the *choir*, for his voice was still good.

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The prison *authorities* liked Aksēnov for his *meekness*, and his *fellow-prisoners* respected him: they called him '*Grandfather*,' and '*The Saint*.' When they wanted to petition the prison authorities about anything, they always made Aksēnov their *spokesman*, and when there were *quarrels* among the prisoners they came to him to *put things right*, and to judge the matter.

No news reached Aksēnov from his home, and he did not even know if his wife and children were still *alive*.

One day a *fresh gang of convicts* came to the prison. In the evening the old prisoners *collected round* the new ones and asked them what towns or villages they came from, and what they were *sentenced for*. Among the rest Aksēnov sat down near the *new-comers*, and *listened with downcast air* to what was said.

One of the new convicts, a tall, strong man of sixty, with a *closely-cropped* grey beard, was telling the others what he had been *arrested for*.

'Well, friends,' he said, 'I only took a horse that was tied to a *sledge*, and I was arrested and *accused of stealing*. I said I had only taken it to get home quicker, and *had then let it go*; besides, the driver was a *personal friend* of mine. So I said, "It's all right." "No," said they, "you

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stole it." But how or where I stole it they could not say. I once really did something wrong, and ought *by rights* to have come here long ago, but that time I was not *found out*. Now I have been sent here for nothing at all. *Eh*, but it's lies I'm telling you; I've been to Siberia before, but I did not stay long.'

'Where are you from?' asked some one.

'From Vladímir. My family are of that town. My name is *Makár*, and they also call me *Semēnich*.'

Aksēnov raised his head and said: 'Tell me, *Semēnich*, do you know anything of the merchants *Aksēnov*, of Vladímir? Are they still alive?'

'Know them? *Of course* I do. The *Aksēnovs* are rich, though their father is in Siberia: a sinner like ourselves, *it seems!* *As for you, Gran'dad*, how did you come here?'

Aksēnov did not like to speak of his *misfortune*. He only *sighed*, and said, 'For my sins I have been in prison these twenty-six years.'

'What sins?' asked *Makár Semēnich*.

But *Aksēnov* only said, 'Well, well—I must have *deserved* it!' He would have said no more, but his *companions* told the new-comer how *Aksēnov* came to be in Siberia: how some one had killed a merchant and had put a knife among

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Aksënov's things, and he had been unjustly condemned.

When Makár Semënich heard this he looked at Aksënov, *slapped* his own knee, and *exclaimed*, 'Well, this is *wonderful!* Really wonderful! But how old you've grown, Gran'dad!'

The others asked him why he was so surprised, and where he had seen Aksënov before; but Makár Semënich did not reply. He only said: 'It's wonderful that we *should meet here, lads!*'

These words made Aksënov wonder whether this man knew who had killed the merchant; so he said, 'Perhaps, Semënich, you have heard of that affair, or *maybe* you've seen me before?'

'How could I help hearing? The world's full of rumours. But it's long ago, and I've forgotten what I heard.'

'Perhaps you heard who killed the merchant?' asked Aksënov.

Makár Semënich laughed, and replied, 'It must have been him in whose bag the knife was found! If *some one else hid* the knife there— "*He's not a thief till he's caught,*" as the saying is. How could any one put a knife into your bag while it was under your head? It would surely have *woke* you up.'

When Aksënov heard these words he *felt sure*

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this was the man who had killed the merchant. He rose and *went away*. All that night Aksēnov *lay awake*. He felt terribly unhappy, and *all sorts of images rose in his mind*. There was the image of his wife as she was when he *parted from* her to go to the fair. He saw her as if she were present; her face and her eyes rose before him, he heard her *speak and laugh*. Then he saw his children, quite little, *as they were at that time*: one with a little cloak on, another at his mother's breast. And then he remembered himself *as he used to be—young and merry*. He remembered how he sat playing the guitar in the porch of the inn where he was arrested, and how *free from care* he had been. He saw in his mind the place where he was flogged, the *executioner*, and the people standing around; the chains, the convicts, all the twenty-six years of his prison life, and his *premature* old age. The thought of it all made him so wretched that he was *ready to kill himself*.

'And it's all that *villain's* doing!' thought Aksēnov. And his anger was so great against Makár Semēnich that he *longed for vengeance*, even if he himself should *perish for it*. He kept saying prayers all night, but could *get no peace*. During the day he did not go near Makár Semēnich, nor even look at him.

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A fortnight passed *in this way*. Aksénov could not sleep at nights and was so *miserable* that he did not know what to do.

One night as he was *walking about* the prison he noticed some *earth* that came *rolling* out from under one of the *shelves* on which the prisoners slept. He stopped to see what it was. Suddenly Makár Seménich crept out from under the shelf, and looked up at Aksénov *with frightened face*. Aksénov tried to pass without looking at him, but Makár *seized* his hand and told him that he had *dug* a hole under the wall, *getting rid* of the earth by putting it into his high boots and *emptying* it out every day on the road when the prisoners were *driven to their work*.

'Just you *keep quiet*, old man, and you shall get out too. If you *blab* they'll *flog the life out of me*, but I will kill you first.'

Aksénov *trembled with anger* as he looked at his enemy. He *drew his hand away*, saying, 'I have no wish to escape, and you have no need to kill me; you killed me long ago! As to telling of you—I may do so or not, as God shall direct.'

Next day, when the convicts were led out to work, the *convoy soldiers* noticed that one or other of the prisoners emptied some earth out of his boots. The prison was searched and the *tunnel*

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found. The *Governor* came and questioned all the prisoners to *find out* who had dug the hole. They all *denied* any *knowledge* of it. Those who knew would not betray Makár Semēnich, knowing he would be flogged almost to death. At last the Governor turned to Aksēnov, whom he knew to be a just man, and said :

‘You are a truthful old man ; tell me, before God, who dug the hole?’

Makár Semēnich stood as if he were quite *unconcerned*, looking at the Governor *and not so much as glancing at Aksēnov*. Aksēnov’s lips and hands trembled, and for a long time he could not utter a word. He thought, ‘Why should I *screen* him who *ruined* my life? Let him *pay* for what I have *suffered*. But if I tell, they will probably flog the life out of him, and maybe I suspect him wrongly. And, *after all, what good* would it be to me?’

‘Well, old man,’ repeated the Governor, ‘tell us the truth : who has been digging under the wall?’

Aksēnov glanced at Makár Semēnich and said, ‘I cannot say, *your honour*. It is not God’s will that I should tell! *Do what you like with me ; I am in your hands*.’

However much the Governor tried, Aksēnov

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would say no more, and so the matter had to be left.

That night, when Aksēnov was lying on his bed and just beginning to *doze*, some one came quietly and sat down on his bed. He *peered* through the darkness and *recognized* Makár.

‘What more do you want of me?’ asked Aksēnov. ‘Why have you come here?’

Makár Semēnich was silent. So Aksēnov sat up and said, ‘What do you want? Go away or I will call the *guard!*’

Makár Semēnich *bent close over* Aksēnov, and *whispered*, ‘Iván Dmítrich, *forgive me!*’

‘What for?’ asked Aksēnov.

‘It was I who killed the merchant and hid the knife among your things. I *meant* to kill you too, but I heard a noise outside; so I hid the knife in your bag and escaped through the window.’

Aksēnov was silent and did not know what to say. Makár Semēnich *slid off the bed-shelf* and *knelt upon* the ground. ‘Iván Dmítrich,’ said he, ‘forgive me! For the love of God, forgive me! I will *confess* that it was I who killed the merchant, and you will be *released* and can go to your home.’

‘It is easy for you to talk,’ said Aksēnov, ‘but I have suffered for you these twenty-six

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years. Where could I go to now? My wife is dead, and my children have forgotten me. I have nowhere to go. . . .'

Makár Semënich did not rise, but *beat his head on the floor*. 'Iván Dmitrich, forgive me!' he cried. 'When they flogged me with the knout it was *not so hard to bear as it is to see you now* ...yet you *had pity on me* and did not tell. *For Christ's sake forgive me, wretch that I am!*' And he began to *sob*.

When Aksënov heard him sobbing he, too, began to weep.

'God will forgive you!' said he. 'Maybe I am *a hundred times worse than you*.' And at these words his heart grew *light* and *the longing for home left him*. He no longer had any desire to leave the prison, but only hoped for his *last hour* to come.

In spite of what Aksënov had said, Makár Semënich confessed his guilt. But when the order for his release came, Aksënov was already dead.

1872

A PRISONER IN THE CAUCASUS

I

AN officer named *Zhilin* was *serviug* in the army in the Caucasus.

One day he received a letter from home. It was from his mother, who wrote: 'I am getting old, and *should like* to see my dear son once more before I die. Come and *say good-bye to me* and *bury* me, and then, if God pleases, return to service again *with my blessing*. But I have found a girl for you, who is *sensible* and good and has some *property*. If you can love her, you *might* marry her and *remain at home*.'

Zhilin thought it over. It was quite true, the old lady was *failing fast* and he might not have another *chance* to see her alive. He *had better* go, and, if the girl was *nice*, why not marry her?

So he went to his Colonel, *obtained leave of absence*, said good-bye to his *comrades*, *stood the soldiers four pailfuls of vodka as a farewell treat*, and *got ready* to go.

It was a time of war in the Caucasus. The roads were not safe by night or day. If ever a Russian *ventured* to ride or walk *any distance away from his fort*, the *Tartars* killed him or

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carried him off to the hills. So it had been arranged that twice every week a body of soldiers should march from one fortress to the next to convoy travellers from point to point.

It was summer. *At daybreak the baggage-train got ready under shelter of the fortress; the soldiers marched out; and all started along the road. Zhilin was on horseback, and a cart with his things went with the baggage-train. They had sixteen miles to go. The baggage train moved slowly; sometimes the soldiers stopped, or perhaps a wheel would come off one of the carts, or a horse refuse to go on, and then everybody had to wait.*

When *by the sun* it was already past noon, they had not gone half the way. It was dusty and hot, the sun was *scorching*, and there was no shelter anywhere: *a bare plain all round*—not a tree, not a bush, by the road.

Zhilin rode on *in front*, and stopped, waiting for the baggage to *overtake* him. Then he heard the *signal-horn* sounded behind him: the company had again stopped. So he began to think: 'Hadn't I better ride on by myself? My horse is a good one: if the Tartars do *attack* me, I can *gallop away*. Perhaps, however, it would be wiser to wait.'

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As he sat *considering*, Kostilin, an officer carrying a gun, rode up to him and said :

'Come along, Zhilin, let's go on by ourselves. It's *dreadful*; I am *famished* and the heat is *terrible*. My shirt is *wringing wet*.'

Kostilin was a *stout, heavy* man, and the *perspiration* was running down his red face. Zhilin thought awhile, and then asked: 'Is your gun *loaded*?'

'Yes, it is.'

'Well, then, let's go, but *on condition that we keep together*.'

So they rode forward along the road across the plain, talking, but *keeping a look-out* on both sides. They could see *afar* all round. But after crossing the plain the road ran through a valley between two hills, and Zhilin said: 'We had better climb that hill and have a look round, or the Tartars may be *on* us before we know it.'

But Kostilin answered: 'What's the use? Let us go on.'

Zhilin, however, would not *agree*.

'No,' he said; 'you can wait here if you like, but I'll go and look round.' And he turned his horse to the left, up the hill. Zhilin's horse was a *hunter*, and carried him up the hillside as if it

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had wings. (He had bought it for a hundred rúbles as a *colt* out of a *herd*, and had *broken it in* himself.) *Hardly* had he reached the top of the hill, *than* he saw some thirty Tartars not much more than a hundred yards *ahead* of him. *As soon as* he caught sight of them he turned round, but the Tartars had also seen him, and *rushed after him at full gallop*, getting their guns out as they went. Down galloped Zhilin *as fast as the horse's legs could go*, shouting to Kostilin: 'Get your gun ready!'

And *in thought* he said to his horse: 'Get me well out of this, my *pet*; don't *stumble*, for if you do *it's all up*. Once I reach the gun, they *shan't* take me prisoner.'

But *instead of* waiting, Kostilin, as soon as he caught sight of the Tartars, turned back towards the fortress *at full speed*, whipping his horse *now* on one side *now* on the other, and its *switching tail* was all that could be seen of him in the dust.

Zhilin saw it was a bad look-out; the gun was gone, and *what could he do with nothing but* his sword? He turned his horse towards the *escort, thinking to escape*, but there were six Tartars *rushing to cut him off*. His horse was a good one, but theirs were still better; *and besides*,

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they were *across his path*. He tried to *rein in his* horse and to turn another way, but it was going so fast that it could not stop, and *dashed on straight towards* the Tartars. He saw a red-bearded Tartar on a grey horse, with his gun raised, *come at him, yelling and showing his teeth*.

'Ah,' thought Zhilin, 'I know you, *devils that you are*. If you *take me alive* you'll put me in a *pit* and flog me. I will not be taken alive!'

Zhilin, though not a big fellow, was brave. He drew his sword and *dashed at* the red-bearded Tartar, thinking: 'Either I'll *ride him down* or *disable him* with my sword.'

He was still a *horse's length* away from him, when he was fired at from behind and his horse was *hit*. It fell to the ground with all its *weight*, *pinning Zhilin* to the earth.

He tried to rise, but two *ill-savoured* Tartars were already sitting on him and binding his hands behind his back. He *made an effort* and *flung them off*, but three others jumped from their horses and began beating his head with the *butts of their guns*. His eyes grew *dim*, and he *fell back*. The Tartars seized him, and, taking *spare girths* from their *saddles*, *twisted his hands* behind him and tied them with a *Tartar knot*.

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They knocked his cap off, pulled off his boots, searched him all over, tore his clothes, and took his money and his watch.

Zhilin looked round at his horse. There it lay on its side, poor thing, just as it had fallen; struggling, its legs in the air, unable to touch the ground. There was a hole in its head, and black blood was pouring out, turning the dust to mud for a couple of feet around.

One of the Tartars went up to the horse and began taking the saddle off; it still kicked, so he drew a dagger and cut its windpipe. A whistling sound came from its throat, the horse gave one plunge, and all was over.

The Tartars took the saddle and trappings. The red-bearded Tartar mounted his horse, and the others lifted Zhilin into the saddle behind him. To prevent his falling off they strapped him to the Tartar's girdle; and then they all rode away to the hills.

So there sat Zhilin, swaying from side to side, his head striking against the Tartar's stinking back. He could see nothing but that muscular back and sinewy neck, with its closely shaven, bluish nape. Zhilin's head was wounded: the blood had dried over his eyes, and he could neither shift his position on the saddle nor wipe the blood off. His

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arms were bound so *tightly* that his *collar-bones* ached.

They rode up and down hills for a long way. Then they reached a river which they *forded*, and came to a *hard* road leading across a valley.

Zhilin tried to see where they were going, but his *eyelids* were *stuck together* with blood, and he could not turn.

Twilight began to fall; they crossed another river, and rode up a stony hillside. There was a *smell* of *smoke* here, and dogs were barking. They had reached an *Aoul* (a Tartar village). The Tartars got off their horses; Tartar children came and stood round Zhilin, *shrieking* with pleasure and throwing stones at him.

The Tartar drove the children away, took Zhilin off the horse, and called his man. A *Nogáy* with high *cheek-bones*, and *nothing on but a shirt* (and that so *torn* that his breast was *all bare*), answered the call. The Tartar gave him an order. He went and *fetches* shackles: two blocks of oak with iron rings attached, and a *clasp* and *lock* fixed to one of the rings.

They untied Zhilin's arms, fastened the shackles on his leg, and dragged him to a *barn*; where they *pushed* him in and locked the door.

Zhilin fell on a heap of *manure*. He lay still

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awhile, then *groped about* to find a soft place, and *settled down*.

II

That night Zhilin *hardly slept at all*. It was the time of the year when the nights are short, and *daylight* soon showed itself through a *chink* in the wall. He rose, *scratched* to make the chink bigger, and *peep'd out*.

Through the hole he saw a road leading downhill; to the right was a Tartar hut with two trees near it, a black dog lay on the *threshold*, and a goat and *kids* were *moving about* wagging their tails. Then he saw a young Tartar woman *in a long, loose, bright-coloured gown*, with trousers and high boots showing from under it. She had a coat *thrown over her head*, on which she carried a large metal *jug* filled with water. She was leading by the hand a small, closely-shaven Tartar boy, who *wore nothing but a shirt*; and as she went along *balancing herself*, the *muscles* of her back *quivered*. This woman carried the water into the hut, and soon after the red-bearded Tartar of yesterday came out *dressed in a silk tunic*, with a *silver-hilted dagger* hanging by his side, *shoes on his bare feet*, and a tall black sheepskin cap set far back on his head. He came out, *stretched him-*

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self, and *stroked* his red beard. He stood awhile, gave an order to his servant, and went away.

Then two lads rode past from *watering* their horses. The horses' noses were wet. Some other closely-shaven boys ran out, without any trousers, and wearing nothing but their shirts. They crowded together, came to the barn, *picked up* a twig, and began pushing it in at the chink. Zhilin gave a shout, and the boys *shrieked* and *scampered off*, their little bare knees *gleaming* as they ran.

Zhilin was very thirsty; his throat was *parched*, and he thought: 'If only they would come and *so much as* look at me!'

Then he heard some one unlocking the barn. The red-bearded Tartar entered, and with him was another, a smaller man, dark, with bright black eyes, red cheeks, and a short beard. He had a merry face and was always laughing. This man was even more richly dressed than the other. He wore a blue silk tunic *trimmed with gold*, a large silver dagger in his belt, red *morocco slippers worked with silver*, and over these a pair of thick shoes, and he had a white sheepskin cap on his head.

The red-bearded Tartar, entered, muttered something as if he were *annoyed*, and stood *leaning*

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against the *doorpost*, playing with his dagger, and glaring *askance* at Zhilin, like a wolf. The dark one, quick and lively, and moving as if *on springs*, came straight up to Zhilin, *squatted down* in front of him, slapped him on the shoulder, and began to talk very fast in his own language. His teeth showed, and he *kept winking, clicking* his tongue, and repeating, 'Good *Russ*, good *Russ*.'

Zhilin could not understand a word, but said, 'Drink! give me water to drink!'

The dark man only laughed. 'Good *Russ*,' he said, and went on talking in his own tongue.

Zhilin made signs with lips and hands that he wanted something to drink.

The dark man understood and laughed. Then he looked out of the door, and called to some one: 'Dina!'

A little girl came running in: she was about thirteen, *slight, thin*, and like the dark Tartar in face. *Evidently* she was his daughter. She, too, had clear black eyes, and her face was *good-looking*. She had on a long blue gown with wide sleeves, and no girdle. The *hem* of her gown, the *front*, and the sleeves, were *trimmed with red*. She wore trousers and slippers, and over the slippers *stouter* shoes with high *heels*. Round her neck she had a *necklace* made of Russian *silver coins*. She was

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bareheaded, and her black hair was *plaited* with a *ribbon* and *ornamented* with *gilt braid* and silver coins.

Her father gave an order, and she ran away and returned with a metal *jug*. She handed the water to Zhilin and sat down, *crouching* so that her knees were as high as her head; and there she sat with wide open eyes watching Zhilin drink, as though he were a wild animal.

When Zhilin handed the empty jug back to her, she gave such a *sudden jump back*, like a wild goat, that it made her father laugh. He sent her away for something else. She took the jug, ran out, and brought back some *unleavened bread* on a round *board*, and once more sat down, *crouching*, and looking on with *staring eyes*.

Then the Tartars went away and again locked the door.

After a while the Nogáy came and said: 'Ayda, the master, Ayda!'

He, too, knew no Russian. All Zhilin could *make out* was that he was told to go somewhere.

Zhilin followed the Nógay, but *limped*, for the shackles dragged his feet so that he *could hardly step at all*. *On getting out of* the barn he saw a Tartar village of about ten houses, and a Tartar *mosque* with a small *tower*. Three horses

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stood *saddled* before one of the houses ; little boys were holding them by the *reins*. The dark Tartar came out of this house, *beckoning* with his hand for Zhilin to follow him. Then he laughed, said something in his own language, and returned into the house.

Zhilin entered. The room was a good one : the walls *smoothly plastered with clay*. Near the front wall lay a pile of bright-coloured *feather beds* ; the side walls were covered with *rich carpets* used as *hangings*, and *on* these were fastened *guns, pistols, and swords, all inlaid with silver*. *Close to one of the walls was a small stove on a level with the earthen floor*. The floor itself was as clean as *a thrashing-ground*. A large *space* in one corner was *spread over with felt*, on which were *rugs*, and on these *rugs* were *cushions stuffed with down*. And on these five cushions sat five Tartars, the dark one, the red-haired one, and three guests. They were wearing their indoor slippers, and each had a cushion *behind his back*. Before them were standing *millet cakes* on a round board, *melting butter* in a bowl, and a jug of buza, or Tartar beer. They ate both cakes and butter with their hands.

The dark man jumped up and ordered Zhilin to be placed on one side, not on the carpet but

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on the *bare ground*, then he sat down on the carpet again, and *offered* millet cakes and *buza* to his guests. The servant made Zhilin sit down, after which he took off his own *overshoes*, put them by the door where the other shoes were standing, and sat down nearer to his masters on the felt, watching them as they ate, and *licking his lips*.

The Tartars ate as much as they wanted, and a woman dressed in the same way as the girl—in a long gown and trousers, with a *kerchief* on her head—came and took away what was left, and brought a handsome *basin*, and a *ever* with a narrow *spout*. The Tartars washed their hands, *folded them*, *went down on their knees*, *blew to the four quarters*, and said their prayers. After they had talked for a while, one of the guests turned to Zhilin and began to speak in Russian.

‘You were *captured* by *Kazi-Mohammed*,’ he said, and *pointed at* the red-bearded Tartar. ‘And *Kazi-Mohammed* has given you to *Abdul Murad*,’ pointing at the dark one. ‘*Abdul Murad* is now your master.’

Zhilin was silent. Then *Abdul Murad* began to talk, laughing, pointing to Zhilin, and repeating, ‘*Soldier Russ, good Russ.*’

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The *interpreter* said, 'He orders you to write home and tell them to *send a ransom*, and as soon as the money comes he will *set you free*.'

Zhilin thought *for a moment*, and said, 'How much ransom does he want?'

The Tartars talked awhile, and then the *interpreter* said, 'Three thousand roubles.'

'No,' said Zhilin, 'I can't pay so much.'

Abdul jumped up and, waving his arms, talked to Zhilin, thinking, as before, that he would understand. The *interpreter* translated: 'How much will you give?'

Zhilin *considered*, and said, 'Five hundred roubles.' At this the Tartars began speaking very quickly, all together. Abdul began to *shout* at the red-bearded one, and *jabbered* so fast that the *spittle* *spurted out* of his mouth. The red-bearded one only *screwed up* his eyes and clicked his tongue.

They *quietened down* after a while, and the *interpreter* said, 'Five hundred roubles is not enough for the master. He paid two hundred for you himself. Kazi-Mohammed was *in debt* to him, and he *took you in payment*. Three thousand roubles! Less than that *won't do*. If you refuse to write, you will be put into a pit and flogged with a whip!'

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'Eh!' thought Zhilin, '*the more, one fears them the worse it will be.*'

So he *sprang to his feet*, and said, 'You tell that dog that if he tries to frighten me I will not write at all, and he will get nothing. I never was afraid of you dogs, and *never will be!*'

The interpreter translated, and again they all began to talk at once.

They jabbered for a long time, and then the dark man jumped up, came to Zhilin, and said: 'Dzhigit Russ, dzhigit Russ!' (Dzhigit in their language means 'brave.')

And he laughed, and said something to the interpreter, who translated: 'One thousand roubles will satisfy him.'

Zhilin *stuck to it*: 'I will not give more than five hundred. And if you kill me you'll get nothing at all.'

The Tartars talked awhile, then sent the servant out to fetch something, and *kept looking now at Zhilin now at the door*. The servant returned followed by a stout, bare-footed, *tattered man*, who also had his leg *shackled*.

Zhilin *gasped with surprise*: it was Kostilin. He, too, had been taken. They were put side by side, and began to tell each other what had occurred. While they talked the Tartars looked on *in silence*. Zhilin *related what had happened*

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to him, and Kostlin told how his horse had stopped, his gun *missed fire*, and this same Abdul had *overtaken and captured him*.

Abdul jumped up, pointed to Kostlin, and said something. The interpreter translated that they both now belonged to one master, and the one who first paid the ransom would be set free first.

'There now,' he said to Zhilin, 'you get angry, but your comrade here is gentle; he has written home, and they will send five thousand roubles. So he will be well fed and *well treated*.'

Zhilin replied: 'My comrade can do as he likes; maybe he is rich, I am not. It must be as I said. Kill me, if you like—you will gain nothing by it; but I will not write for more than five hundred roubles.'

They were silent. Suddenly *up sprang* Abdul, brought a little box, took out a pen, ink, and *a bit of paper*, gave them to Zhilin, slapped him on the shoulder, and made a sign that he should write. He had agreed to take five hundred roubles.

'*Wait a bit!*' said Zhilin to the interpreter; 'tell him that he must feed us properly, give us proper clothes and boots, and let us be together. It will be more *cheerful* for us. And he must have these shackles taken off our feet,' and Zhilin looked at his master and laughed.

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The master also laughed, heard the interpreter, and said: 'I will give them the best of clothes: a *cloak* and boots *fit to be married in*. I will feed them like *princes*, and if they like they can live together in the barn. But I can't take off the shackles or they will run away. They shall be taken off, however, at night.' And he jumped up and slapped Zhilin on the shoulder, *exclaiming*: 'You good, I good!'

Zhilin wrote the letter, but *addressed* it wrongly so that it should not reach its *destination*, thinking to himself: 'I'll run away!'

Zhilin and Kostilin were taken back to the barn and given some *maize straw*, a jug of water, some bread, two old cloaks, and some *worn-out* military boots—evidently taken from the *corpses* of Russian soldiers. At night their shackles were taken off their feet and they were *locked up* in the barn.

III

Zhilin and his friend lived in this way for a whole month. The master always laughed and said: 'You, Iván, good! I, Abdul, good!' But he fed them badly, giving them *nothing but unleavened bread* of *millet-flour* baked into flat cakes, or sometimes only *unbaked dough*.

Kostilin wrote home a second time, and did

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nothing ~~but~~ *mope* and wait for the money to arrive. He would sit *for days together* in the barn sleeping, or *counting* the days till a letter could come.

Zhilin knew his letter would reach no one, and he did not write another. He thought: 'Where could my mother get enough money to *ransom* me? As it is she *lived chiefly on* what I sent her. If she had to raise five hundred rubles, she would be quite *ruined*. With God's help I'll *manage to escape!*'

So he *kept on the look-out*, planning how to ~~run~~ away.

He would walk about the Aoul *whistling*; or would sit working, *modelling* dolls of clay, or *weaving* basl ets out of twigs, for Zhilin was *clever with his hands*.

Once he modelled a doll with a nose and hands and feet and with a Tartar gown on, and put it up on the roof. When the Tartar women came out to *fetch water*, the master's daughter, Dina, saw the doll and called the women, who put down their jugs and stood looking and laughing. Zhilin took down the doll and held it out to them. They laughed, but dared not take it. He put down the doll and went into the barn, waiting to see what would happen.

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Dina ran up to the doll, *looked round*, seized it, and ran away.

In the morning, at daybreak, he looked out. Dina came out of the house and sat down on the threshold with the doll, which she had dressed up in bits of *red stuff*, and she *rocked* it like a baby, singing a Tartar *lullaby*. An old woman came out and *scolded* her, and *snatching* the doll *away broke it to bits*, and *sent* Dina *about her business*.

But Zhilin made another doll, better than the first, and gave it to Dina. Once Dina brought a little jug, put it on the ground, sat down gazing at him, and laughed, pointing to the jug.

‘What pleases her so?’ *wondered* Zhilin. He took the jug thinking it was water, but it *turned out to be* milk. He drank the milk and said: ‘That’s good!’

How pleased Dina was! ‘Good, Iván, good!’ said she, and she jumped up and clapped her hands. Then, seizing the jug, she ran away. After that, she *stealthily* brought him some milk every day.

The Tartars make a *kind of* cheese out of goat’s milk which they dry on the roofs of their houses; and sometimes, *on the sly*, she brought him some of this cheese. And once, when Abdul had killed a sheep, she brought Zhilin a *bit of*

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nutton in her sleeve. She would *just* throw the things down and run away.

One day there was a *heavy storm* and the rain fell *in torrents* for a whole hour. All the *streams* became *turbid*. At the *ford* the water rose till it was seven feet high, and the *current* was so strong that it *rolled* the stones *about*. *Rivulets* flowed everywhere, and *the rumbling* in the hills never ceased. When the storm was *over*, the water ran in streams down the village street. Zhilin got his master to lend him a knife, and with it he shaped a small *cylinder*, and cutting some little boards, he made a wheel to which he fixed two dolls, one on each side. The little girls brought him some bits of stuff and he dressed the dolls, one as a *peasant*, the other as a *peasant woman*. Then he *fastened* them in their places and set the wheel so that the stream should *work* it. The wheel began to turn and the dolls danced.

The whole village collected around. Little boys and girls, Tartar men and women, all came and clicked their tongues.

'Ah, Russ! Ah, Iván!'

Abdul had a Russian clock which was *broken*. He called Zhilin and showed it to him, clicking his tongue.

'Give it me; I'll *mend* it for you,' said Zhilin.

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He took it to pieces with the knife, sorted the pieces, and put them together again so that the clock went all right.

The master was delighted and made him a present of one of his old tunics which was all in holes. Zhilin had to accept it. He could at any rate use it as a coverlet at night.

After that Zhilin's fame spread; and Tartars came from distant villages, bringing him now the lock of a gun or of a pistol, now a watch, to mend. His master gave him some tools—pincers, gimlets, and a file.

One day a Tartar fell ill and they came to Zhilin, saying, 'Come and heal him!' Zhilin knew nothing about doctoring, but he went to look, and thought to himself, 'Perhaps he will get well anyway.'

He returned to the barn, mixed some water with sand, and then in the presence of the Tartars whispered some words over it and gave it to the sick man to drink. Luckily for him, the Tartar recovered.

Zhilin began to pick up their language a little, and some of the Tartars grew familiar with him. When they wanted him, they would call: 'Iván! Iván!' Others, however, still looked at him askance, as at a wild beast.

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The red-bearded Tartar disliked Zhilin. Whenever he saw him he *frowned* and *turned away* or *swore at* him. There was also an old man there who did not live in the Aoul but used to come up from the foot of the hill. Zhilin only saw him when he passed on his way to the Mosque. He was short, and had a white cloth wound round his cap. His beard and *moustaches* were *clipped*, and white as snow, and his face was *wrinkled* and *brick-red*. His nose was *hooked* like a hawk's, his grey eyes looked *cruel*, and he had no teeth except two *tusks*. He would pass, with his *turban* on his head, *leaning on his staff*, and *glaring round* him like a wolf. If he saw Zhilin he would *snort with anger* and turn away.

Once Zhilin *descended* the hill to see where the old man lived. He went down along the *pathway* and came to a little garden surrounded by a stone wall, and behind the wall he saw *cherry* and *apricot* trees, and a hut with a flat roof. He came closer, and saw *hives made of plaited straw*, and bees flying about and *humming*. The old man was *kneeling*, busy *doing something with* a hive. Zhilin *stretched* to look and his shackles *rattled*. The old man turned round and, giving a *yell*, *snatched* a pistol from

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his belt and shot at Zhilin, who just *managed to shelter* himself behind the stone wall.

The old man went to Zhilin's master to *complain*. The master called Zhilin and said with a laugh, 'Why did you go to the old man's house?'

'I did him no harm,' replied Zhilin. 'I only wanted to see how he lived.'

The master *repeated* what Zhilin said.

But the old man was *in a rage*; he *hissed* and *jabbered*, showing his tusks and shaking his *fists* at Zhilin.

Zhilin could not understand all, but he *gathered* that the old man was telling Abdul he ought not to keep Russians in the Aoul, but ought to kill them. At last the old man went away.

Zhilin asked the master who the old man was.

'He is a great man!' said the master. 'He was the bravest of our fellows; he killed many Russians, and was *at one time* very rich. He had three wives and eight sons, and they all lived in one village. Then the Russians came and *destroyed* the village, and killed seven of his sons. Only one son was left, and he *gave himself up to* the Russians. The old man also went and gave

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himself up, and lived among the Russians for three months. At the end of that time he found his son, killed him with his own hands, and then escaped. After that he *left off fighting* and went to *Mecca* to pray to God; that is why he wears a turban. One who has been to Mecca is called "*Hadji*," and wears a turban. He does not like you fellows. He tells me to kill you. But I can't kill you. I have paid money for you and, besides, I have *grown fond* of you, Iván. *Far from* killing you, I would not even let you go if I had not *promised.*' And he laughed, saying in Russian, 'You, Iván, good; I, Abdul, good!'

IV

Zhfilin lived in this way for a month. During the day he *sauntered about* the Aoul or busied himself with some *handicraft*, but at night, when all was silent in the Aoul, he dug at the floor of the barn. *It was no easy task digging*, because of the stones; but he *worked away at* them with his file, and at last had made a hole under the wall large enough to get through.

'If only I could get to know the *lay* of the land,' thought he, 'and which way to go! But none of the Tartars will tell me.'

So he chose a day when the master was

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away from home, and set off after dinner to climb the hill *beyond* the village and look round. But before leaving home the master always gave orders to his son to watch Zhilin and not *to lose sight of him*. So the lad ran after Zhilin, shouting: 'Don't go! Father does not allow it. I'll call the neighbours if you won't come back.'

Zhilin tried to *persuade* him, and said: 'I'm not going far;—I only wanted to climb that hill. I want to find a *herb—to cure sick people with*. You come with me if you like. How can I run away with these shackles on? Tomorrow I'll make a bow and arrows for you.'

So he persuaded the lad and they went. To look at the hill, it did not seem far to the top, but it was hard walking with shackles on his leg. Zhilin *went on and on*, but it was all he could do to reach the top. There he sat down and noted how the land lay. To the south, beyond the barn, was a valley in which a *herd of horses* was *pasturing* and at the bottom of the valley one could see another Aoul. Beyond that was a *steeper* hill and another hill beyond that. Between the hills, *in the blue distance*, were forests, and still farther off were mountains, rising higher and higher. The highest of them were covered with snow, white as sugar; and one snowy peak

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towered above all the rest. To the east and to the west were other such hills, and *here and there* smoke rose from Aouls in the ravines. 'Ah,' thought he, 'all that is Tartar country.' And he turned towards the Russian side. At his feet he saw a river, and the Aoul he lived in, surrounded by little gardens. He could see women, like tiny dolls, sitting by the river *rinsing* clothes. Beyond the Aoul was a hill, lower than the one to the south, and beyond it two other hills *well wooded*; and between these, a smooth bluish plain, and far, far across the plain something that looked like a cloud of smoke. Zhilin tried to remember where the sun used to rise and set when he was living in the fort, and he saw that there was no mistake: the Russian fort must be in that plain. Between those two hills he would *have to make his way* when he escaped.

The sun was beginning to set. The white, snowy mountains *turned* red, and the dark hills turned darker; *mists* rose from the ravine, and the valley, where he supposed the Russian fort to be, seemed *on fire with the sunset glow*. Zhilin looked carefully. Something seemed to be *quivering* in the valley like smoke from a chimney, and he felt sure the Russian fortress was there.

It had grown late. The Mullah's cry was

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heard. The herds were being driven home, the cows were *lowing*, and the lad kept saying, 'Come home !' But Zhilin did not feel *inclined to go away*.

At last, however, they went back. 'Well,' thought Zhilin, '*now that I know the way, it is time to escape.*' He thought of running away that night. The nights were dark—the moon had *waned*. But *as ill-luck would have it*, the Tartars returned home that evening. They generally came back driving cattle before them and *in good spirits*. But this time they had no cattle. All they brought home was the dead body of a Tartar—the red one's brother—who had been killed. They came back *looking sullen*, and they all gathered together for the *burial*. Zhilin also came out to see it.

They *wrapped* the body in a piece of *linen* without any *coffin*, and carried it out of the village, and laid it on the grass under some *plane-trees*. The Mullah and the old men came. They wound cloths around their caps, took off their shoes, and *squatted on their heels*, side by side, near the corpse.

The Mullah was in front: behind him *in a row* were three old men in turbans, and behind them again the other Tartars. All *cast down*

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their eyes and *sat in silence*. This continued a long time, until the Mullah raised his head and said: 'Allah!' (which means God). He said that one word, and they all cast down their eyes again and were again silent for a long time. They sat quite *still*, not moving or making any sound.

Again the Mullah lifted his head and said, 'Allah!' and they all repeated: 'Allah! Allah!' and were again silent.

The dead body lay *immovable* on the grass and they sat as still as if they too were dead. Not one of them moved. There was no sound but that of the leaves of the plane-trees *stirring in the breeze*. Then the Mullah repeated a prayer, and they all rose. They lifted the body and carried it in their arms to a hole in the ground. It was not an ordinary hole, but was *hollowed out* under the ground like a *vault*. They *took the body under the arms and by the legs, bent it*, and let it gently down, pushing it under the earth in a *sitting posture*, with the hands *folded in front*.

The Nogáy brought some green *rushes*, which they stuffed into the hole, and, quickly covering it with earth, they smoothed the ground, and set an *upright* stone at the head of the grave. Then

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they *trod* the earth down and again sat in a row before the grave, keeping silence for a long time.

At last they rose, said 'Allah ! Allah ! Allah !' and sighed.

The red-bearded Tartar gave money to the old men ; then he too rose, took a whip, struck himself with it three times on the *forehead*, and went home.

The next morning Zhilin saw the red Tartar, followed by three others, leading a *mare* out of the village. When they were beyond the village the red-bearded Tartar took off his tunic and *turned up* his sleeves, showing his stout arms. Then he drew a dagger and *sharpened* it on a *whetstone*. The other Tartars raised the mare's head and he cut her throat, threw her down, and began *skinning* her, *loosening* the hide with his big hands. Women and girls came and began to wash *the entrails and the inwards*. The mare was *cut up*, the pieces taken into the hut, and the whole village collected at the red Tartar's hut for a *funeral feast*.

For three days they went on eating the flesh of the mare, drinking *buza*, and praying for the dead man. All the Tartars were at home. On the fourth day at dinner-time Zhilin saw them preparing to go away. Horses were brought out,

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they got ready, and some ten of them (the red one among them) rode away; but Abdul stayed at home. It was new moon, and the nights were still dark.

'Ah!' thought Zhilin, 'tonight is the time to escape.' And he told Kostilin; but *Kostilin's heart failed him.*

'How can we escape?' he said. 'We don't even know the way.'

'I know the way,' said Zhilin.

'Even if you do,' said Kostilin, 'we can't reach the fort in one night.'

'If we can't,' said Zhilin, 'we'll sleep in the forest. See here, I have *saved* some cheeses. What's the *good* of sitting and moping here? If they send your ransom—well and good, but suppose they don't *manage to collect it*? The Tartars are angry now, because the Russians have killed one of their men. They are *talking of killing us.*'

Kostilin thought it over.

'Well, let's go,' said he.

V

Zhilin crept into the hole, widened it so that Kostilin might also get through, and then they both sat waiting till all should be quiet in the Aoul.

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As soon as all was quiet, Zhilin crept under the wall, got out, and whispered to Kostilin, 'Come!' Kostilin crept out, but in so doing he *caught a stone* with his foot and made a noise. The master had a very *vicious watch-dog*, a *spotted* one called *Ulyáshin*. Zhilin had been careful to feed him for some time before. Ulyáshin heard the noise and began to bark and jump, and the other dogs did the same. Zhilin gave a *slight whistle*, and threw him a bit of cheese. Ulyáshin knew Zhilin, wagged his tail, and stopped barking.

But the master had heard the dog and shouted to him from his hut, '*Hayt, hayt, Ulyáshin!*'

Zhilin, however, *scratched* Ulyáshin behind the ears, and the dog was quiet and rubbed against his legs, wagging his tail.

They sat hidden behind a corner for a while. All became silent again, only a sheep *coughed* inside a *shed*, and the water *rippled* over the stones in the *hollow*. It was dark, the stars were high overhead, and the new moon showed red as it set, *horns upward*, behind the hill. In the valleys the *fog* was white as milk.

Zhilin rose and said to his companion, 'Well, friend, come along!'

They started; but they had only gone a few

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steps when they heard the Mullah crying from the roof, 'Allah, *Bismillah! Irahman!*' That meant that the people would be going to the Mosque. So they sat down again, hiding behind a wall, and waited a long time till the people had passed. At last all was quiet again.

'Now then! *May God be with us!*' They crossed themselves and started once more. They passed through a yard and went down the hillside to the river, crossed the river, and went along the valley.

The mist was thick but only near the ground, overhead the stars shone quite brightly. Zhilin *directed their course* by the stars. It was cool in the mist, and easy walking; only their boots were *uncomfortable*, being worn out and trodden down. Zhilin took his off, threw them away, and went barefoot, jumping from stone to stone and guiding his course by the stars. Kostilin began to *lag behind*.

'Walk slower,' he said, 'these *confounded* boots have quite *blistered* my feet.'

'Take them off!' said Zhilin. 'It will be easier walking without them.'

Kostilin went barefoot, but *got on still worse*. The stones *cut* his feet and he kept lagging behind. Zhilin said: 'If your feet get cut they'll

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heal again, but if the Tartars catch us and kill us, it will be worse !'

Kostilin did not reply, but went on, *groaning* all the time.

Their way lay through the valley for a long time. Then to the right they heard dogs barking. Zhilin stopped, looked about, and began climbing the hill, *feeling with his hands*.

'Ah !' said he, 'we have gone wrong and have come too far to the right. Here is another Aoul, one I saw from the hill. We must turn back and go up that hill to the left. There must be a wood there.'

But Kostilin said: 'Wait a minute! Let me *get breath*. My feet are all cut and *bleeding*.'

'Never mind, friend! They'll heal again. You should *spring more lightly*. Like this!'

And Zhilin ran back and turned to the left up the hill towards the wood.

Kostilin still lagged behind and groaned. Zhilin only said '*Hush!*' and went on and on.

They went up the hill and found a wood, as Zhilin had said. They entered the wood and *forced their way* through the *brambles*, which *tore* their clothes. At last they came to a path and followed it.

'Stop!' They heard the *tramp* of *hoofs* on

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the path, and waited, listening. It sounded like the tramping of a horse's feet, but then ceased. They moved on, and again they heard the tramping. When they *paused*, it also stopped. Zhilin crept nearer to it and saw something standing on the path where it was not quite so dark. It looked like a horse, *and yet* not quite like one, and on it was something *queer*, not like a man. He heard it *snorting*. 'What can it be?' Zhilin gave a low whistle, and *off* it *dashed* from the path into the thicket, and the woods were filled with the noise of *crackling*, as if a *hurricane* were *sweeping through* breaking the branches.

Kostilin was so frightened that he *sank to the ground*. But Zhilin laughed and said: 'It's a *stag*. Don't you hear him breaking the branches with his *antlers*? We were afraid of him, and he is afraid of us.'

They went on. *The Great Bear* was already setting. It was near morning, and they did not know whether they were going the right way or not. Zhilin thought it was the way he had been brought by the Tartars, and that they were still *some seven miles* from the Russian fort; but he had *nothing certain to go by*, and at night one easily mistakes the way. After a time they came to a *clearing*. Kostilin sat down and said: 'Do

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as you like, I can go no farther! My feet won't carry me.'

Zhilin tried to persuade him.

'No, I shall never get there; I can't!'

Zhilin grew angry, and spoke roughly to him.

'Well, then, I shall go on alone. Good-bye!'

Kostilin jumped up and followed. They went another three miles. The mist in the wood had *settled down* still more *densely*; they could not see a yard before them and the stars had grown dim.

Suddenly they heard the sound of a horse's hoofs in front of them. They heard its shoes *strike the stones*. Zhilin *lay down flat* and listened with his ear to the ground.

'Yes, so it is! A *horseman* is coming towards us.'

They ran off the path, *crouched* among the bushes, and waited. Zhilin crept to the road, looked, and saw a Tartar on horseback driving a cow and *humming to himself*. The Tartar rode past. Zhilin returned to Kostilin.

'God has led him past us; get up and let's go on!'

Kostilin tried to rise, but fell back again.

'I can't; *on my word* I can't! I have no strength left.'

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He was heavy and stout and had been *perspiring freely*. Chilled by the mist, and with his feet all bleeding, he had grown quite *limp*.

Zhilin tried to lift him, when suddenly Kostilin *screamed out*: 'Oh, how it hurts!'

Zhilin's heart *sank*.

'What are you shouting for? The Tartar is still near; he'll have heard you!' And he thought to himself, 'He is really *quite done up*. *What am I to do with him? It won't do to desert a comrade.*'

'Well, then, get up and climb up on my back. I'll carry you if you really can't walk.'

He helped Kostilin up, and put his arms under his *thighs*. Then he went out on to the path, carrying him.

'Only, for the love of heaven,' said Zhilin, 'don't *throttle me* with your hands! *Hold on to my shoulders.*'

Zhilin found his *load* heavy; his feet, too, were bleeding, and he was *tired out*. Now and then he stooped to balance Kostilin better, *jerking him up* so that he should sit higher, and then went on again.

The Tartar must, however, really have heard Kostilin scream. Zhilin suddenly heard some one galloping behind and shouting in the *Tartar tongue*. He darted in among the bushes.

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The Tartar seized his gun and fired but did not hit them, shouted in his own language, and galloped off along the road.

‘Well, now we are *lost*, friend!’ said Zhilin. ‘That dog will *gather* the Tartars together to *hunt* us *down*. Unless we can get a couple of miles away from here we are lost!’ And he thought to himself, ‘*Why the devil did I saddle myself with this block? I should have got away long ago had I been alone.*’

‘Go on alone,’ said Kostilin. ‘Why should you perish because of me?’

‘No, I won’t go. It won’t do to desert a comrade.’

Again he took Kostilin on his shoulders and *staggered on*. They went on in that way for another half-mile or more. They were still in the forest and could not see the end of it. But the mist was already *dispersing* and clouds seemed to be gathering; the stars were no longer to be seen. Zhilin was quite done up. They came to a spring *walled in* with stones by the side of the path. Zhilin stopped and set Kostilin down.

‘Let me have a rest and a drink,’ said he, ‘and let us eat some of the cheese. It can’t be much farther now.’

But hardly had he lain down to get a drink,

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than he heard the sound of horses' feet behind him. Again they darted to the right among the bushes, and lay down under a *steep slope*.

They heard Tartar voices. The Tartars stopped at the very spot where they had turned off the path. The Tartars talked *a bit*, and then seemed to be *setting a dog on the scent*. There was a sound of crackling twigs and a strange dog appeared from behind the bushes. It stopped, and began to bark.

Then the Tartars, also strangers, came climbing down, seized Zhilin and Kostilin, bound them, put them on horses, and rode away with them.

When they had ridden about two miles, they met Abdul, their owner, with two other Tartars following him. After talking with the strangers, he put Zhilin and Kastilin on two of his own horses and took them back to the Aoul.

Abdul did not laugh now and did not say a word to them.

They were back at the Aoul by daybreak, and were set down in the street. The children came crowding round, throwing stones, shrieking, and beating them with whips.

The Tartars gathered together in a circle, and the old man from the foot of the hill was also there. They began discussing; and Zhilin heard

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them considering what should be done with him and Kostilin. Some said they ought to be sent farther into the mountains; but the old man said: 'They must be killed!'

Abdul *disputed with* him, saying: 'I gave money for them and I must get ransom for them.' But the old man said: 'They will pay you nothing, but will only bring misfortune. It is a sin to feed Russians. Kill them, and *have done with it!*'

They dispersed. When they had gone the master came up to Zhilin and said: 'If the money for your ransom is not sent within a fortnight, I will flog you; and if you try to run away again, I'll kill you like a dog! Write a letter and write properly!'

Paper was brought to them, and they wrote the letters. Shackles were put on their feet, and they were taken behind the Mosque to a deep pit about twelve feet square, into which they were let down.

VI

Life was now very *hard* for them. Their shackles were never taken off, and they were not let out into the fresh air. Unbaked dough was thrown to them as if they were dogs, and water was let down in a *can*.

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It was wet and *close* in the pit and there was a horrible *stench*. Kostilin grew quite ill, his body became *swollen*, and he *ached all over* and *moaned* or slept all the time. Zhilin, too, grew downcast; he saw it was a bad look-out and could think of no way of escape.

He tried to make a tunnel, but there was nowhere to put the earth. His master noticed it and threatened to kill him.

He was sitting on the floor of the pit one day, thinking of freedom and feeling very *down-hearted*, when suddenly a cake fell into his *lap*, then another, and then *a shower of cherries*. He looked up and there was Dina. She looked at him, laughed, and ran away. And Zhilin thought: 'Might not Dina help me?'

He *cleared out* a little place in the pit, *scraped up* some clay, and began modelling toys. He made men, horses, and dogs, thinking, 'When Dina comes I'll throw them up to her.'

But Dina did not come next day. Zhilin heard the *tramp* of horses; some men rode past and the Tartars *gathered in council* near the Mosque. They shouted and argued; the word 'Russians' was repeated several times. He could hear the voice of the old man. Though he could not *distinguish* what was said, he guessed that

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Russian *troops* were somewhere near, and that the Tartars, afraid they might come into the Aoul, did not know what to do with their prisoners.

After talking awhile, they went away. Suddenly he heard a *rustling* overhead and saw Dina crouching at the edge of the pit, her knees higher than her head, and *bending over* so that the coins of her plait *dangled* above the pit. Her eyes gleamed like stars. She drew two cheeses out of her sleeve and threw them to him. Zhflin took them and said, 'Why did you not come before? I have made some toys for you. Here, catch!' And he began throwing the toys up, one by one.

But she shook her head and would not look at them.

'I don't want any,' she said. She sat silent for awhile and then went on, 'Iván, they want to kill you!' And she pointed to her own throat.

'Who wants to kill me?'

'Father; the old men say he must. But I am sorry for you!'

Zhflin answered: 'Well, if you are sorry for me, bring me a long *pole*.'

She shook her head, *as much as to say*, 'I can't!'

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He *clasped* his hands and prayed her: 'Dína, please do! Dear Dína, I beg of you!'

'I can't!' she said, 'they would see me bringing it. They're all at home.' And she went away.

So when evening came Zhilin still sat looking up now and then, and wondering what would happen. The stars were there, but the moon had not yet risen. The Mullah's voice was heard; then all was silent. Zhilin was beginning to doze, thinking: 'The girl will be afraid to do it!'

Suddenly he felt clay falling on his head. He looked up, and saw a long pole *poking into* the opposite wall of the pit. It *kept poking about* for a time and then it came down, *sliding into* the pit. Zhilin was glad indeed. He *took hold of* it and *lowered* it. It was a strong pole, one that he had seen before on the roof of his master's hut.

He looked up. The stars were shining high in the sky, and just above the pit Dína's eyes gleamed in the dark like a cat's. She stooped with her face close to the edge of the pit and whispered. 'Iván! Iván!' waving her hand in front of her face to show that he should speak low.

'What?' said Zhilin.

'*All but two* have gone away.'

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Then Zhilin said, 'Well, Kostilin, come; let us have one last try; I'll help you up.'

But Kostilin would not hear of it.

'No,' said he, 'It's clear I can't get away from here. How can I go when I have hardly strength to *turn round*?'

'Well, good-bye, then! Don't *think ill of me!*' and they kissed each other. Zhilin seized the pole, told Dina to *hold on*, and began to climb. He *slipped* once or twice; the shackles hindered him. Kostilin helped him and he managed to get to the top. Dina, with her little hands, pulled with all her might at his shirt, laughing.

Zhilin *drew out* the pole, and said, 'Put it back in its place, Dina, or they'll notice and you will be beaten.'

She dragged the pole away, and Zhilin went down the hill. When he had gone down the steep *incline*, he took a sharp stone and tried to *wrench* the lock *off* the shackles. But it was a strong lock and he could not manage to break it, and besides, it was difficult to *get at*. Then he heard some one running down the hill, springing lightly. He thought: 'Surely, that's Dina again.'

Dina came, took a stone, and said, 'Let me try.'

She knelt down and tried to wrench the lock

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off, but her little hands were as *slender* as little twigs, and she had not the strength. She threw the stone away and began to cry. Then Zhilin *set to work* again at the lock, and Dina *squatted* beside him with her hand on his shoulder.

Zhilin looked round and saw a red light to the left behind the hill. The moon was just rising. 'Ah!' he thought, 'before the moon has risen I must have passed the valley and be in the forest.' So he rose and threw away the stone. Shackles or no, he must go on.

'Good-bye, Dina dear!' he said. 'I shall never forget you!'

Dina *seized hold* of him and *felt about* with her hands for a place to put some cheeses she had brought. He took them from her.

'Thank you, my little one. Who will make dolls for you when I am gone?' And he *stroked* her head.

Dina *burst into tears*, hiding her face in her hands. Then she ran up the hill like a young goat, the coins in her plait clinking against her back.

Zhilin crossed himself, took the lock of his shackles in his hand to prevent its clattering, and went along the road, dragging his shackled leg and looking towards the place where the

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moon was about to rise. He now knew the way. If he went straight he would have to walk nearly six miles. If only he could reach the wood before the moon had quite risen! He crossed the river; the light behind the hill was growing whiter. Still looking at it, he went along the valley. The moon was not yet *visible*. The light became brighter; and one side of the valley was growing lighter and lighter, and *shadows* were *drawing in* towards the foot of the hill, creeping nearer and nearer to him.

Zhilin went on, keeping in the shade. He was hurrying, but the moon was moving still faster; the tops of the hills on the right were already *lit up*. As he got near the wood the white moon appeared from behind the hills, and it became light as day. One could see all the leaves on the trees. It was light on the hill, but silent, as if nothing were *alive*; no sound could be heard but the *gurgling* of the river below.

Zhilin reached the wood without meeting any one, chose a dark *spot*, and sat down to rest.

He rested, and ate one of the cheeses. Then he found a stone and set to work again to knock off the shackles. He *knocked* his hands *sore*, but could not break the lock. He rose and went along the road. After walking the greater part

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of a mile he was quite done up and his feet were aching. He had to stop every ten steps. '*There is nothing else for it,*' thought he. 'I must drag on as long as I have any strength left. If I sit down I shan't be able to rise again. I can't reach the fortress; but when day breaks I'll lie down in the forest, remain there all day, and go on again at night.'

He went on all night. Two Tartars on horseback passed him, but he heard them a long way off, and hid behind a tree.

The moon began to grow *paler*, and the dew to fall. It was getting near dawn and Zhilin had not reached the end of the forest. 'Well,' thought he, 'I'll walk another thirty steps, and then *turn in* among the trees and sit down.'

He walked another thirty steps and saw that he was at the end of the forest. He went to the edge; it was now quite light, and straight before him was the plain and the fortress. To the left, quite close at the foot of the *slope*, a fire was *dying out*, and the smoke from it spread around. There were men gathered about the fire.

He looked *intently* and saw guns *glistening*. They were soldiers—*Cossacks!*

Zhilin was filled with joy. He collected his *remaining* strength and *set off* down the hill,

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saying to himself: '*God forbid* that any mounted Tartar should see me now, in the open field! Near as I am, I could not get there in time.'

Hardly had he said this when, a couple of hundred yards off, on a *hillock* to the left, he saw three Tartars.

They saw him also and *made a rush*. His heart sank. He waved his hands and shouted with all his might, 'Brothers, brothers! Help!'

The Cossacks heard him, and a party of them on horseback *darted to cut across the Tartars' path*. The Cossacks were far and the Tartars were near; but Zhilin, too, made a last effort. Lifting the shackles with his hand, he ran towards the Cossacks hardly knowing what he was doing, crossing himself and shouting, 'Brothers! Brothers! Brothers!'

There were some fifteen Cossacks. The Tartars were frightened, and stopped before reaching him. Zhilin *staggered up* to the Cossacks.

They surrounded him and began questioning him. 'Who are you? What are you? Where from?'

But Zhilin was *quite beside himself* and could only weep and repeat, 'Brothers! Brothers!'

Then the soldiers came running up and crowded round Zhilin—one giving him bread,

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another *buckwheat*, a third *vódka*: one *wrapping* a cloak round him, another breaking his shackles.

The officers recognized him, and rode with him to the fortress. The soldiers were glad to see him back, and his comrades all gathered round him.

Zhílin told them all that had happened to him.

'*That's the way* I went home and got married!' said he. 'No. It seems *plain* that fate was against it!'

So he went on serving in the Caucasus. A month passed before Kostílin was released, after paying five thousand rúbles ransom. He was nearly dead when they brought him back.

1870

THE BEAR-HUNT

[The adventure here *narrated* is one that happened to Tolstóy himself, in 1858. More than twenty years later he *gave up* hunting, on *humanitarian grounds*.]

WE were out on a bear-hunting expedition. My comrade had shot at a bear, but only gave him a *flesh-wound*. There were traces of blood on the snow, but the bear had *got away*.

We all collected in a group in the forest, to decide whether we ought to *go after* the bear at once or wait two or three days till he should *settle down* again. We asked the peasant bear-drivers whether it would be possible to *get round* the bear that day.

'No. It's impossible,' said an old bear-driver. 'You must let the bear quiet down. In five days' time it will be possible to *surround* him, but if you followed him now, you would only *frighten* him *away* and he would not settle down.'

But a young bear-driver began *disputing* with the old man, saying that it was quite possible to *get round* the bear now.

'On such snow as this,' said he, 'he won't go far, for he is a fat bear. He will settle down

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before evening, or, if not, I can *overtake* him on snowshoes.'

The comrade whom I was with was against following up the bear and advised waiting. But I said:

'We need not argue. You do as you like, but I will follow up the track with *Demyán*. If we get round the bear, *all right*. If not, we lose nothing. It is still early and there is nothing else for us to do today.'

So it was *arranged*.

The others went back to the *sledges* and returned to the village. *Demyán* and I took some bread and *remained behind* in the forest.

When they had all left us, *Demyán* and I examined our guns and, after *tucking* the *skirts* of our warm coats *into* our belts, we started off, following the bear's tracks.

The weather was fine, *frosty* and *calm*; but it was hard work *snow-shoeing*. The snow was deep and soft: it had not *caked* together at all in the forest and fresh snow had fallen *the day before*, so that our snow-shoes sank six inches deep in the snow, and sometimes more.

The bear's tracks were visible from a distance and we could see how he had been going; sometimes sinking in up to his *belly* and *ploughing up*

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the snow as he went. At first, while under large trees, we *kept in sight* of his track; but when it turned into a thicket of small *firs*, Demyán stopped.

‘We must leave the *trail* now,’ said he. ‘He has probably settled somewhere here. You can see by the snow that he has been *squatting down*. Let us leave the track and go round; but we must go quietly. Don’t *shout or cough*, or we shall frighten him away.’

Leaving the track, therefore, we turned off to the left. But when we had gone about five hundred yards, there were the bear’s traces again right before us. We followed them and they *brought us out on to the road*. There we stopped, examining the road to see which way the bear had gone. Here and there in the snow were prints of the bear’s *paw, claws and all*, and here and there the marks of a peasant’s *bark shoes*. The bear had evidently gone towards the village.

As we followed the road, Demyán said:

‘It’s no use watching the road now. We shall see where he has turned off, to right or left, by the marks in the soft snow at the side. He must have turned off somewhere, for he won’t have gone on to the village.’

We went along the road for nearly a mile,

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and then saw, ahead of us, the bear's track *turning off* the road. We examined it. How strange! It was a bear's track *right enough*, only not going from the road into the forest but from the forest on to the road! The *toes* were pointing towards the road.

'This must be another bear,' I said.

Demyán looked at it and considered a while.

'No,' said he. 'It's the same one. He's been *playing tricks* and walked backwards when he left the road.'

We followed the track, and found it really was so! The bear had gone some ten steps backwards, and then, behind a fir tree, had turned round and gone straight ahead. Demyán stopped and said:

'Now we are sure to get round him. There is a *marsh* ahead of us and he must have settled down there. Let us go round it.'

We began to make our way round through a fir thicket. I was *tired out* by this time, and it had become still more difficult to *get along*. Now I *glided on* to *juniper bushes* and caught my *snow-shoes in them*, now a tiny fir tree appeared between my feet, or, from want of practice, my snow-shoes *slipped off*; and now I came upon a *stump* or a *log* hidden by the snow. I was getting

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very tired and was *drenched with perspiration*, and I took off my fur cloak. And there was Demyán all the time, gliding along as if in a boat, his snow-shoes moving as if of *their own accord*, never catching against anything nor slipping off. He even took my fur and *slung* it over his shoulder and still kept *urging me on*.

We went on for two more miles and came out on the other side of the marsh. I was lagging behind. My snow-shoes kept slipping off and my feet *stumbled*. Suddenly Demyán, who was ahead of me, stopped and waved his arm. When I came up to him, he *bent down*, pointing with his hand, and whispered :

‘Do you see the *maggie chattering* above that *undergrowth*? It *scents* the bear from afar. That is where he must be.’

We turned off and went on for more than another half-mile and *presently* we came on to the old track again. We had, therefore, been right round the bear, who was now *within the track* we had left. We stopped, and I took off my cap and *loosened* all my clothes. I was as hot as in a *steam bath* and as wet as a drowned rat. Demyán too was *flushed*, and *wiped* his face with his sleeve.

‘Well, sir,’ he said, ‘we *have done our job* and now we must *have a rest*.’

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The evening glow already showed red through the forest. We took off our snow-shoes and sat down on them, and got some bread and salt out of our *bags*. First I ate some snow and then some bread; and the bread tasted so good, that I thought I had never in my life had any like it before. We sat there resting until it began to grow *dusk*, and then I asked Demyán if it was far to the village,

'Yes,' he said. 'It must be about eight miles. We will go on there tonight, but now we must rest. Put on your fur coat, sir, or you'll be catching cold.'

Demyán *flattened* down the snow, and breaking off some fir branches made a bed of them. We lay down side by side, resting our heads on our arms. I do not remember how I *fell asleep*. Two hours later I woke up, hearing something *crack*.

I had slept so *soundly* that I did not know where I was. I looked around me. How wonderful! I was in some sort of a *hall*, all *glittering* and white with *gleaming pillars*, and when I looked up I saw through *delicate white tracery*, a *vault*, of *raven blackness* and *studded with coloured lights*. After a good look, I remembered that we were in the forest and that what I *took for* a hall and pillars, were trees covered with snow and *hoar-*

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frost, and the coloured lights were stars twinkling between the branches.

Hoar-frost had settled in the night; all the twigs were *thick with it*, Demyán was covered with it, it was on my fur coat, and it dropped down from the trees. I woke Demyán, and we put on our snow-shoes and started. It was very quiet in the forest. No sound was heard but that of our snow-shoes *pushing through* the soft snow; except when now and then a tree, cracking from the frost, made the forest *resound*. Only once we heard the sound of a living creature, Something *rustled close to us* and then rushed away. I felt sure it was the bear, but when we went to the *spot* whence the sound had come, we found the footmarks of *hares*, and saw several young *aspen* trees with their *bark gnawed*. We had *startled* some hares while they were *feeding*.

We came out on the road and followed it, dragging our snow-shoes behind us. It was easy walking now. Our snow-shoes *clattered* as they *slid* behind us from side to side of the *hard-trodden* road. The snow *creaked* under our boots and the cold hoar-frost settled on our faces like down. Seen through the branches the stars seemed to be running to meet us, now *twinkling*, now *vanishing*, as if the whole sky were *on the move*.

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I found my comrade sleeping, but woke him up and related how we had got round the bear. After telling our peasant *host* to collect *beaters* for the morning, we had supper and lay down to sleep.

I was so tired that I could have slept on till midday if my comrade had not roused me. I jumped up and saw that he was already dressed, and busy doing something to his gun.

'Where is Demyán?' said I.

'In the forest, *long ago*. He has already been *over* the tracks you made and been back here, and now he has gone to *look after* the beaters.'

I washed and dressed, and loaded my guns; and then we got into a sledge and started.

The sharp frost still continued. It was quiet, and the sun could not be seen. There was a thick mist above us, and hoar-frost still covered everything.

After *driving* about two miles along the road, as we came near the forest we saw a *cloud of smoke* rising from a hollow, and presently reached a group of peasants, both men and women, armed with *cudgels*.

We got out and went up to them. The men sat *roasting potatoes* and laughing and talking with the women.

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Demyán was there too; and when we arrived the people got up and Demyán led them away to place them in the circle we had made the day before. They went along *in single file*, men and women, thirty in all. The snow was so deep that we could only see them from their *waists* upwards. They turned into the forest and my friend and I followed in their track.

Though they had trodden a path, walking was difficult; but, *on the other hand*, it was impossible to fall: it was like walking between two walls of snow.

We went on in this way for nearly half a mile, when *all at once* we saw Demyán coming from another direction—running towards us on his snow-shoes and beckoning us to join him. We went towards him, and he showed us where to stand. I took my place and looked round me.

To my left were tall fir trees, between the trunks of which I could see a good way, and, like a black *patch* just visible behind the trees, I could see a beater. In front of me was a *thicket* of young firs, about as high as a man, their branches *weighed down* and stuck together with snow. Through this *copse* ran a path thickly covered with snow and leading straight up to where I

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stood. The thicket *stretched away* to the right of me and ended in a small *glade*, where I could see Demyán placing my comrade.

I examined both my guns and considered where I had better stand. Three steps behind me was a tall fir.

'That's where I'll stand,' thought I, 'and then I can *lean* my second gun *against* the tree'; and I moved towards the tree, *sinking up to my knees* in the snow at each step. I trod the snow down, and made a *clearance* about a yard square to stand on. One gun I kept in my hand; the other, ready *cocked*, I placed *leaning up against* the tree. Then I *unsheathed* and replaced my dagger, to make sure that I could draw it easily *in case of need*.

Just as I had finished these preparations I heard Demyán shouting in the forest:

'He's *up!* He's *up!*'

And as soon as Demyán shouted, the peasants round the circle all replied in their different voices.

'Up, up, up! *Ou!* *Ou!* *Ou!*' shouted the men.

'Ay! Ay! Ay!' screamed the women *in high-pitched tones*.

The bear was inside the circle, and as Demyán drove him on, the people all round kept

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shouting. Only my friend and I stood silent and motionless, waiting for the bear to come towards us. As I stood *gazing* and listening, my heart beat *violently*. I trembled, holding my gun *fast*.

‘Now, now,’ I thought. ‘He will come suddenly. I shall aim, fire, and he will *drop*——’

Suddenly, to my left, but *at a distance*, I heard something falling on the snow. I looked between the tall fir trees, and some fifty paces off, behind the trunks, saw something big and black. I *took aim* and waited, thinking:

‘Won’t he come any nearer?’

As I waited I saw him move his ears, turn, and go back; and then I *caught a glimpse* of the whole of him *in profile*. He was an immense *brute*. In my *excitement* I fired, and heard my bullet go ‘*flop*’ against a tree. Peering through the smoke, I saw my bear *scampering back* into the circle, and disappearing among the trees.

‘Well,’ thought I. ‘My chance is lost. He won’t come back to me. Either my comrade will shoot him or he will escape *through the line of beaters*. In any case he won’t give me another chance.’

I *reloaded* my gun, however, and again stood listening. The peasants were shouting all round,

SHORT STORIES FROM LEO TOLSTOY

but to the right, not far from where my comrade stood, I heard a woman screaming in a *frenzied* voice:

'Here he is! Here he is! Come here, come here! Oh! Oh! Ay! Ay!'

Evidently she could see the bear. I had *given up expecting him* and was looking to the right at my comrade. All at once I saw Demyán with a stick in his hand, and without his snowshoes, running along a *footpath* towards my friend. He crouched down beside him, pointing his stick as if aiming at something, and then I saw my friend raise his gun and aim in the same direction. Crack! He fired.

'There,' thought I. 'He has killed him.'

But I saw that my comrade did not run towards the bear. Evidently he had missed him or the shot had not *taken full effect*.

'The bear will get away,' I thought. 'He will go back, but he won't come a second time towards me.—But what is that?'

Something was coming towards me like a *whirlwind*, *snorting* as it came, and I saw the snow flying up quite near me. I *glanced* straight before me, and there was the bear, rushing along the path through the thicket *right at me*, evidently beside himself with fear. He was hardly half a

THE BEAR-HUNT

dozen paces off, and I could see the whole of him—his black *chest* and enormous head with a reddish *patch*. There he was, *blundering* straight at me and *scattering* the snow *about* as he came. I could see by his eyes that he did not see me, but, mad with fear, was rushing blindly along, and his path led him straight at the tree under which I was standing. I raised my gun and fired. He was almost upon me now and I saw that I had missed. My *bullet* had gone past him, and he did not even hear me fire, but still came *headlong* towards me. I lowered my gun and fired again, almost touching his head. Crack! I had hit, but not killed him!

He raised his head and, laying his ears back, came at me, showing his teeth.

I *snatched* at my other gun, but almost before I had touched it, he had *flown at me* and, *knocking* me over into the snow, had passed right over me.

'Thank goodness, he has left me,' thought I.

I tried to rise, but something *pressed* me down and prevented my getting up. The bear's *rush* had carried him past me, but he had turned back and had *fallen on* me with *the whole weight of his body*. I felt something heavy *weighing* me down, and something warm above my face, and I

SHORT STORIES FROM LEO TOLSTOY

realized that he was *drawing* my whole face *into* his mouth. My nose was already in it and I felt the heat of it, and smelt his blood. He was pressing my shoulders down with his paws so that I could not move: all I could do was to draw my head down towards my chest *away from* his mouth, trying to *free* my nose and eyes, while he tried to get his teeth into them. Then I felt that he had seized my *forehead* just under the hair with the teeth of his lower *jaw*, and the flesh below my eyes with his upper jaw, and was closing his teeth. It was as if my face were being cut with knives. I struggled to get away, while he *made haste* to close his jaws like a dog *gnawing*. I managed to *twist* my face away, but he began drawing it again into his mouth.

‘Now,’ thought I, ‘*my end has come!*’

Then I felt the weight lifted, and looking up, I saw that he was no longer there. He had jumped off me and run away.

When my comrade and Demyán had seen the bear knock me down and begin *worrying* me, they rushed to the *rescue*. My comrade, in his haste, *blundered*, and instead of following the trodden path, ran into the deep snow and fell down. While he was struggling out of the snow, the bear was gnawing at me. But Demyán just as he was,

THE BEAR-HUNT

without a gun and with only a stick in his hand, rushed along the path shouting:

‘He’s eating the master! He’s eating the master!’

And as he ran, he called to the bear:

‘Oh, you *idiot!* What are you doing? *Leave off!* Leave off!’

The bear obeyed him, and leaving me ran away. When I rose, there was as much blood on the snow as if a sheep had been killed and the flesh hung *in rags* above my eyes, though in my excitement I felt no pain.

My comrade had come up by this time and the other people collected round, they looked at my wound and put snow on it. But I, forgetting about my wounds, only asked:

‘Where’s the bear? Which way has he gone?’

Suddenly I heard:

‘Here he is! Here he is!’

And we saw the bear again running at us. We seized our guns, but before any one had time to fire, he had run past. He had grown *ferocious* and wanted to gnaw me again, but seeing so many people he *took fright*. We saw by his track that his head was bleeding, and we wanted to follow him up; but, as my wounds had become

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very *painful*, we went *instead* to the town to find a doctor.

The doctor *stitched up* my wounds with silk, and they soon began to heal.

A month later we went to hunt that bear again, but I did not get a chance of finishing him. He would not come out of the circle, but went *round and round*, *growling* in a terrible voice.

Demyán killed him. The bear's lower jaw had been broken, and one of his teeth knocked out by my bullet.

He was a huge creature and had *splendid* black fur.

I had him *stuffed*, and he now *lies in* my room. The wounds on my forehead healed up so that the *scars* can scarcely be seen.

(Written about 1872)

SELECT SHORT STORIES OF TOLSTOY

VOLUME I

NOTES

- 1 hermits, 隱士.
legend, 傳奇.
current, 流行.
Vólga (vól'gá) district, 伏爾加區.
vain, 無謂的; 虛飾的.
repetitions, 重複話.
Gentiles, 外邦人(猶太教徒中的非猶太人).
much speaking, 多話.
like unto them, 效法他們.
what things ye have need of, 你們所需要的東西.
Matt. (Matthew 之縮寫), 馬太福音.
bishop, 僧正; 主教.
Archangel (árk-án'jél), 阿堪達(域名, 在俄羅斯北部).
Solovétsk (sól'ó-vétsk') Monastery, 紹羅外磁克寺.
vessel, 船.
pilgrims, 香客; 參拜聖地者.
on their way to visit, 往謁; 去朝拜.
shrines, 廟.
a smooth one, 無顛簸的航行; 平穩的航行.
- favourable, (風) 順.
fair, (天氣) 好.
pacing, 緩步.
prow, 船首.
pointing to, 指著.
direction, 方向.
nothing...but (=only), 僅; 只.
glistening, 閃著光.
drew nearer, 更接近.
- 2 tradesman, 商人.
rather bolder, 多少勇敢些.
that little island...over there, 對面的小島.
ahead, 在前.
for the salvation of, 爲救...的原故.
a faint streak, 模糊的斑紋.
unaccustomed, 不慣的; 未習熟的.
make out, 看出.
shimmering, 閃著光.
- 3 heard tell of, 聽人說及.
chanced to see, 不期而見.
the year before last, 前年.
related, 述; 述.
stranded...upon, 擱淺於.

wandered about, 閒逛.
 came across, 發見; 尋得.
 things, 物件 (指衣服).
 mend, 修理.
 cassock, 法衣.
 I should say, 我以為.
 taking a greenish tinge, 帶
 些綠色.
 greenish, 微綠的.
 tinge, 色澤.
 bright, 快活的.
 tattered, 破舊的; 襤褸的.
 broad, 寬闊的; 滿足的.
 turned...over, 翻轉.
 pail, 提桶.
 stern, 嚴厲的.
 overhanging, 懸垂的.
 eyebrows, 眉毛.
 matting, 席; 蓆.
 waist, 腰.
 4 for the most part, 大半.
 frowned, 蹙額; 蹙眉.
 muttered, 喃喃; 出怨言.
 have mercy upon us, 垂憐
 我們; 寬恕我們.
 drawn nearer, 愈加接近.
 plainly, 明顯地.
 your Lordship, 閣下(貴族的
 尊稱).
 stern, 船尾.
 helmsman, 舵工; 舵手.
 5 spinning yarns, 講講故事;
 說荒唐話.
 manage, 進行; 籌備.
 get close to, 近.
 sent for, 着人邀請.

ashore, 向岸; 上岸.
 dissuade, 勸阻; 諫止.
 venture to say, 敢說.
 worth your pains, 值得你費
 心.
 heard say, 聽人說.
 no help for it, 無法(勸阻無
 效的意思).
 order was given, 命令發下
 了.
 trimmed, 整理.
 steersman, 舵工.
 put up, 裝好.
 helm, 舵.
 course, 航路.
 set for, 向.
 6 telescope, 望遠鏡.
 right enough, 很對.
 got it into position, 將牠對
 準.
 anchor here, 在此下錨; 停
 泊在這裏.
 cable, 錨鏈.
 let out, 放出.
 cast, 拋.
 furled, 捲起.
 jerk, 急動.
 lowered, 放下.
 oarsmen, 划手; 撐槳者.
 ladder, 梯.
 took his seat, 就座.
 within a stone's throw, 投
 石可及的距離內.
 7 bent with age, 因年老而
 樞僕.
 held on, 勒住.

boathook, 釣篙(一端有鈎的篙子).

got out, 出來.

godly men, 虔誠的人們; 敬上帝的人們.

fellow men, 同種的人; 同胞. unworthy, 無價值的.

by God's mercy, 靠着上帝的仁慈.

keep, 守護; 保佑.

flock, 人羣; 信徒.

serve, 事奉.

ancient, 老.

8 thres are ye, thres are we, have mercy upon us, 你們三人, 我們三人, 但願垂憐我們.

Holy Trinity, 神聖的三位一體.

aright, 對; 無誤.

won my affection, 為我所愛.

Holy Scriptures, 聖經.

revealed, 啓示.

Holy Ghost, 聖靈.

9 blundered, 弄錯(讀不上口的意思).

mumbled, 喃喃; 嚶嚶.

indistinctly, 不清楚地.

10 took leave of, 離開.

raised, 扶起.

got on board, 登舟.

weighed, 拉起.

unfurled, 張開.

rippling, 漾着微波.

11 flickered, 閃爍.

cast, 放射; 照出.

seagull, 海鷗.

overtaking, 追及.

whatever it may be, 不論那是什麼.

catching us up, 正要追及我們.

12 let go, 放鬆; 丟掉.

in terror, 驚怖.

outer, 外邊的.

gliding along, 滑動而前.

dropped out, 脫落.

all gone to pieces, 都已破碎(全然忘却的意思).

crossed himself, 以手作十字形交叉於身上(表示虔誠或驅除凶惡).

leaning over, 斜倚; 斜倚.

men of God, 聖徒們.

it is not for me to teach

you, 我不應該教你們的.

pray for us sinners, 為我們

犯罪者祈禱.

14 imp, 小鬼.

crust, 麵包乾片.

set out, 動身; 啓程.

bush, 叢林.

fixed, 安置; 固定.

let...loose (=set free), 放出.

make...out, 明瞭; 弄明白.

but all the same, 然而.

swear, 咒詛.

call on ... Devil, 祈求魔鬼(為崇於偷麵包者).

it can't be helped, 那是沒有辦法的.

may it do him good! 但願

有益於他呀!

15 harnessed, 駕裝馬具.
crestfallen at, 因...而沮喪.
report, 報告.
cursing, 咒罵.

got the better of you, 勝過
你.

fault, 過失; 缺點.

understand your business,

明瞭你的任務.

after them, 效法他們.

take to that sort of thing,

愛好那一類的事.

it will be all up with us, 我

們的希望將完全沒有了.

can't be left like that, 不能
聽牠這樣.

put things right, 改正那
些事情.

ducked in holy water, 投入
聖水中.

scampered, 疾走.

redeem, 補救; 贖.

hit upon, 想得.

turned...into, 變爲.

took service with, 服務
於....

marshy, 低溼的.

marsh, 低溼的地方; 沼澤.

turned out, 結果; 竟成.

crops, 收穫; 收成.

16 scorched, 燒焦.

thick, 豐富的; 密集的.

full-eared, 有全穗的.

last, 維持.

had much left over besides,

此外賸餘的很多.

left over, 餘賸.

wet, 多雨的.

beaten down, (被雨) 打倒;
衝倒.

rotted, 腐爛.

fill, 充實.

not know what to do with it

all, 不知道怎樣處置這般.

mash, 搗爛; 春雜.

distil, 蒸(酒).

spirit, 酒; 酒精.

strong drink, 強烈的飲料.

boasted, 誇口.

made up for, 彌補; 補償.

failure, 失敗.

how the case stood, 實情如
何.

invited, 邀請.

well-to-do, 殷富的.

treating, 款待; 宴請.

stumbled against, 偶觸.

spilt a glassful, 潑出一杯之
量.

scolded, 責罵.

shut, 賤婦; 牝犬.

17 ditchwater, 溝中污水.

cripple, 肢體殘廢者.

good stuff, 好(飲料).

nudged...with his elbow, 用
肘輕觸或輕推.

grudge, 吝惜.

railing at, 責罵.

carry the drink round him.
self, 自行進酒.

uninvited, 未被邀請的。
 a drop, 一杯(酒)。
 kept watering, 不斷垂涎; 常流口水。
 I can't find drink for every one who comes along, 我不能拿酒供給每個前來的人。
 find, 供給。
 comes along, 前來。
 chuckled, 咯咯地笑。
 wait a bit, 稍待。
 make false, oily speeches, 作虛偽而阿諛的說話。
 foxy, 如狐的; 狡猾的。
 in our hands, 在我們的掌握(支配)中。
 have another glass all round, 大家再飲一杯。
 get round, 欺騙。
18 snarl at, 咆哮; 詈罵。
 took to fighting, 開始打架。
 punched, 拳打。
 got well beaten, 受了重打。
 first-rate, 極好的; 第一等的。
 raging, 狂鬧。
 swine, 豬。
 brutes, 野獸。
 break up, 分散。
 staggering, 搖搖欲跌地走。
 speed, 送出。
 puddle, 停滯的污水。
 smeared, 塗污。
 from top to toe, 從頭到腳。
 grunting, 作豬鳴。
 hic, 噓。
19 hit on, 偶然想到。

blunder, 過失。
 finished off, 竣工; 完成。
 behave, 行動。
 kept in bounds, 防守得堅牢; 絕不出軌。
 while that was the case, 當情形是那樣的時侯。
 goes on, 繼續。
 advanced, 擢升; 提拔。
 a post of high honour, 高位; 顯職。
20 ravine, 峽谷。
 a grain of corn, 一粒穀。
 groove, 細槽; 凹線。
 passing by, 從旁行過。
 penny, 辨士(英國銅幣名)。
 curiosity, 珍品; 骨董。
 called together, 召集。
 pondered and pondered, 反復考慮。
 could not make head or tail of it, 對了他茫無頭緒; 不知道牠的究竟。
 window-sill, 窗檯。
 pecked at, 啄。
 learned men, 博學者。
21 to such a size, 達到這樣的大小。
 be brought before him, 帶到他的面前。
 ashy pale, 如灰一般蒼白的(毫無血色的)。
 crutches, 拐杖。
 totter into the King's presence, 蹣跚而至王前。
 sent for, 差人往請。

22 took a good look at it,

仔細看看牠。

hard of hearing, 聽覺不靈。

not yet in use, 尙未使用。

shared with one another,

共同享受。

yielded, 出產。

present-day grain, 今日的穀。

turned it about, 將牠翻來覆去。

23 it is long since..., 自從

...以來已是好久了。

bit, 咬。

very, 全然的。

lived on, 吃。

thresh, 擊落穀粒。

24 bear, 生產。

sound, 健全的。

come about, 出來; 發生。

have taken to depending

on, 開始倚賴。

coveted, 貪求。

25 repentant, 悔改的。

paradise, 天堂。

lived in sin, 生活於罪中。

repent, 悔改。

upon the cross, 在十字架上的。

love towards God, 對於上帝的愛 (愛上帝)。

faith in His mercy, 相信上帝的仁慈 (信上帝)。

deeds, 行爲。

Accuser, 控訴者。

recounting, 詳述。

26 go hence (=go from

here), 走開這裏; 快滾。

the Apostle, 使徒; 聖徒。

wert, "was" 的第二身, 單

數, 直說法 (現在只用於莊嚴文字及詩歌中)。

disciple, 門人; 門徒。

hadst thou not his example before thee? (=did you

not follow the example of him?) 你不是將他作榜

樣的麼?

sorrowed, 悲歎。

grieved, 憂傷。

keep awake, 保持警醒。

heavy, 昏昧的; 遲鈍的 (形容睡眼)。

so it was with me (=so was I), 我也是這樣。

Caiaphas (kā'yá-fās; kī'á-fās), 該亞法 (人名)。

27 David. (dā'vid); 大衛 (人名)。

prophet, 先知。

despair, 失望; 絕望。

exalted, 升擢; 使高。

Uriah (ū-rí'á), 烏利亞 (人名)。

slay, 殺; 戮。

Ammonites (ám'ō-nīts); 亞捫人 (種族名, 見舊約聖經)。

28 likewise, 同樣。

transgressions, 罪過。

ever before..., 永遠在...的

面前。

depart hence, 離開這裏。

the Divine, 神人; 聖徒.

29 look on me with hatred,

恨恨地看著我.

drive me away, 驅逐我.

renounce, 取消; 否認.

30 folk-tale, 傳說; 古語.

Emelyán (ēm'él-yán'), 恩默

立安 (人名).

crossing, 橫過.

meadows, 草場; 牧場.

trod on, 踏著.

right in front of..., 正在...

的面前.

managed to avoid, 設法避

開.

lovely lassie, 可愛的少女.

get married, 娶親.

lass, 女郎.

stand up in, 一身所著的.

maid, 少女; 處女.

should be glad to (take you

for a wife), 我願 (娶你為

妻).

trouble about, 慮及.

town, 城市.

31 housekeeping, 料理家

務.

driving, 驅車; 駕馬.

good enough for me, 於我極

好的.

32 messengers, 使者.

message, 使命.

steward, 家宰.

why should I drag her

about? 為什麼我要把她拖

來拖去呢?

job, 工作; 包工.

lo and behold! 看哪 (引起特

別注意時用語)!

it was all done, 完全畢事.

swept, 掃清.

tidy, 整潔.

oven, 爐.

heated, 生熱.

laid the table, 預備餐桌.

33 a bad business, 壞事體;

不好的事體.

tasks, 工作; 事務.

beyond my strength, 超出

我的能力的.

fret about, 因...而煩惱.

got through, 終了; 終結.

in good time, 恰好; 正合

時.

crush, 壓倒.

of no avail, 無效; 枉然.

carpentering, 木工.

masonry, 泥水工.

roofing, 蓋屋頂.

in time, 恰好及時.

feed, 給以食物; 供以所需.

to tire...out, 使...疲乏.

34 making a fool of me, 愚

弄我.

excuse, 辯明.

to wear him out, 使他疲倦;

使他力竭.

cleared it all off, 完全掃去

(意即完全散光).

broom, 掃帚.

there was no tiring him

out, 不能使他疲乏.

no matter what one sets

him, 不論誰給他什麼事情.
charm, 魔術.

sick of him, 厭惡他.

cathedral, 大禮拜堂.

a single day, 僅僅一日.

on the square, 在廣場上.

turned away, 轉身而去.

end, 死亡; 末日.

at hand, 接近; 在眼前.

35 fly from here, 逃避此地.

lost, 失去; 送命.

by no fault of my own, 並

不是爲了我自己的罪.

there is yet time, 還算有工

夫.

would not hear of it, 不以爲

然.

holds out, 可以支持.

Eh, 呀; 唉(表示驚疑的歎聲).

goodman, 良人; 夫君.

downhearted, 灰心; 沮喪.

all will get done, 一切將辦

妥.

nails, 釘.

hammer, 錘.

palace square, 殿前方場.

36 going about, 從事.

driving in nails, 將釘旋入.

driving, 旋轉.

annoyed, 煩惱.

condemn, 宣布有罪; 定罪;

非難.

cunning, 巧妙的.

downcast, 沮喪.

there is no escaping, 逃不掉.

37 there is nothing (-
there is no help) for it
but to obey, 除服從外別
無良策.

groaned, 歎氣說.

mound, 小坵; 土墩.

spade, 鏟; 鏟.

level, 使平; 夷平.

vexed, 惱怒.

asked their advice, 請求他

們的指教.

compass, 成就.

38 beheaded, 斬首.

fail to bring, 不帶來; 不取

來.

catch, 陷害.

warily, 謹慎; 小心.

Grandam, 祖母; 女祖先.

helps you to anything, 把

什麼東西給你.

wallet, 行囊; 皮包.

spindle, 紡錘.

39 token, 標誌; 記號.

left...behind, 離去; 離開...而

前進.

drilled, 訓練; 操練.

on this errand, 辦這差事.

errand, 差遣.

trudged, 跋涉.

wood, 森林.

spinning, 紡.

flax, 亞麻.

weeping, 哭.

spun, 紡.

wet, 使溼.

spittle, 唾液; 涎沫.

40 softened, 柔和; 寧靜.
lad, 青年; 後生(親暱語).
right to the sea, 直到海.
Granny, 老祖母; 老婆婆.

41 smashed, 打碎.
bade farewell to, 向...告別.
at the further end, 在更遠
的一邊.

thundered, 作雷鳴.
rattled, 急響.

42 tied to, 縛於.
stomach, 肚腹(原義爲“胃”).
tub, 桶.

stretched, 緊張; 張.
snatched, 攫奪.
sent in a message, 遞信進去.

43 and may the devil take
it! 願魔鬼將牠拿去(咒詛
語)!

saluted, 向...行敬禮.
shout at, 對...大聲而叫.
splinters, 碎片.

45 God sees the truth, but
waits, 上帝深知真情, 但期
待著; 天網恢恢, 疏而不漏.
Vladimir (vlád'í-mír), 佛拉
德米爾(地名).

Iván Dmitrič Aksēnov
(i-ván' Dmít'rič ák'sē-
nōv), 伊凡·德密特利區, 阿
克森諾甫(人名, ē=yō, 後
同).

handsome, 漂亮的; 美麗的.
fair-haired, 美髮的; 金髮的.
curly-headed, 有鬈髮的頭
的.

full of fun, 極詼諧的.
very fond of singing, 極愛
歌唱的.

given to drink, 酷好杯中物;
沉溺於酒.

riotous, 滋鬧的; 放蕩的.
had had too much, 吃醉了.
gave up drinking, 戒酒.

now and then, 有時; 偶爾.
Nizhny Fair (nizh'ní fár),

尼善市.
bade good-bye, 辭別.
start, 動身.

got to, 到達.
on the spree, 狂飲.
grey (=gray), 灰白.

a lucky sign, 吉兆.
see if (=see whether), 試看
是否.

sell out, 賣完.
presents, 贈品; 禮物.

46 drove away, 駕車而去.
knew, 認識.

put up, 寄宿; 息駕.
adjoining, 毗連的; 相鄰的.
cool, 清涼; 涼爽.

aroused, 喚起.
driver, 御者.
before dawn, 在黎明以前.

put in, 駕好.
made his way...to, 走向.
across, 橫過(副詞).

landlord, 旅館主人.
cottage, 茅舍; 小屋.
at the back, 背後; 後面.
paid his bill, 付他的帳.

continued his journey, 繼續他的行程.
 passage, 走廊; 穿堂.
 porch, 門廊; 入口; 牆門間.
 samovár (sám'ô-vâr'), (俄國煮茶用的) 銅罐.
 got out his guitar, 取出他的六弦琴.
 play, 彈奏.
 tróyka (trô'ôo-ká), 三馬車.
 tinkling bells, 聲音叮叮的鈴.
 alighted, 下車.
 followed by, 被...跟着.
 question, 問.
 cross-questioning, 反詰; 盤問.
 47 a fellow-merchant, 同業的商人.
 wondered, 不知; 驚疑.
 described, 敘述.
 as if I were, 好像我是.
 on business of my own, 爲自己的事務.
 no need, 無須.
 calling, 招呼著.
 police-officer, 警官.
 found with his throat cut, 發覺他的喉被割斷.
 search your things, 搜查你的物件.
 unstrapped, 解開...的皮帶.
 luggage, 行李.
 drew...out of a bag, 從囊中抽出...
 blood-stained, 血污的; 有血痕的.

taken, 取出.
 frightened, 恐怖的.
 how is it, 爲什麼.
 hardly, 殆難.
 utter a word, 發一言.
 stammered, 口吃; 結舌.
 only, 唯一的.
 48 betray, 顯示; 洩露...的祕密.
 swore, 發誓.
 rúbles (róo'b'iz), 盧布 (俄國銀幣).
 broken, 斷續的 (如口吃).
 pale, 蒼白的.
 trembled with fear, 因恐怖而戰慄.
 as though (= as if), 一似; 好像.
 guilty, 有罪的.
 ordered, 下令; 吩咐.
 bind, 束縛.
 tied...together, 縛起來.
 flung, 擲; 推.
 taken from him, 從他奪去.
 imprisoned, 下獄.
 enquiries (= inquiries), 質問; 審查.
 as to, 關於.
 character, 品格; 身分.
 used to, 習於; 慣於.
 but that (= but they said that), 但是.
 the trial came on, 審判開始.
 charged with murdering, 被加上了謀殺...的罪名.
 Ryazán (ri-á-zán'), 里阿贊 (地名).

robbing him of, 從他劫去.
 in despair, 失望; 絕望.
49 at the breast, 吃奶的.
 taking, 攜帶着.
 gaol, 監獄.
 allowed, 被允許.
 obtained permission from,
 得到...的許可.
 in prison-dress, 穿着囚衣.
 in chains, 繫着鐵鏈.
 shut up with..., 和...共同禁
 錮着.
 fell down, 倒下.
 come to her senses, 蘇醒.
 for a long time, 許久.
 told...of..., 告訴...關於....
 asked about, 問及.
 petition, 請願.
 Tsar (=Czar), 沙皇 (俄皇的
 稱號).
 innocent, 清白的.
 perish, 滅亡 (受冤而死).
 looked downcast, 現着垂頭
 喪氣的模樣.
 not for nothing, 不是沒來由
 的.
 passing, 使通過.
 through, 貫; 穿.
 Ványa (vân'î-â), 凡尼亞
 (Aksénov 的名字).
 suspect, 猜疑; 懷疑.
 hiding, 逃.
50 for the last time, 末次.
 recalled, 回憶.
 it seems that (=it seems to
 me that =I think), 我想.

it is to Him alone we must
 appeal, 我們所必須求援
 的, 只有他 (上帝)了.
 appeal to, 求援於; 訴諸
 (將 to Him 放在句首, 再冠
 以 it is, 所以加重語氣).
 expect mercy, 期望憐恤.
 gave up all hope, 拋棄一切
 希望.
 condemned, 定罪; 宣判有
 罪.
 flogged, 鞭撻.
 sent to, 放逐到.
 mines, 鐵坑.
 knout, (俄國鞭撻犯人的) 鞭.
 wounds caused by, 爲...所
 引起的創傷.
 healed, 痊愈.
 driven to Siberia (sî-bě'-
 rî-d), 放逐到西比利亞.
 convicts, 犯人; 罪人.
 thin, 稀少.
 mirth, 歡娛.
 went, 消滅.
 stooped, 偻僂; 曲身駝背.
 earned a little money, 賺得
 一點工錢.
 The Lives of the Saints, 聖
 徒傳.
 light enough, 够亮的.
 prison-church, 監獄內教堂.
 epistle, (新約聖經中的)使徒
 書信.
 choir (kwîr), 唱歌班.
51 authorities, 當局者.
 meekness, 溫良; 謙遜.

fellow-prisoners, 同受囚禁的犯人。

respected, 尊敬。

grandfather, 祖父(對於老年人的尊稱)。

spokesman, 代言者; 代表者。

quarrels, 爭鬧; 不睦。

to put things right, 將事情改正; 調停。

alive, 生存。

a fresh gang of convicts, 一批新到的犯人。

collected round, 圍繞。

sentenced for, 爲...而判決。

new-comers, 新來者。

listened with downcast air

to what was said, 帶了哭喪着臉的樣子傾聽着所說的話。

closely-cropped, 剪短的。

arrested, 被捕。

sledge, 橇; 雪車。

accused of stealing, 被控爲偷竊。

had then let it go, 然後放去了牠。

let go, 放鬆; 放去; 遣。

a personal friend, 知交。

52 by rights, 當然; 照規矩。

found out, 發覺。

eh, 唉; 呀。

Makár (mák'ér), 馬卡(人名)。

Seménich (sè-mén'ich), 森門匿區(人名)。

of course, 自然。

it seems, 似乎(略等於“as we are told”)。

as for you, 至於你。

Gran'dad (=grandfather), 老公公(尊稱)。

misfortune, 不幸; 薄命。

sighed, 歎。

deserved, 應得。

companions, 同伴。

53 slapped, 拍; 擊。

exclaimed, 呼喊。

well, 哎呀(表示驚異的感歎字)。

wonderful, 奇妙的。

should meet here, 竟在這裏相遇。

lads, 朋友(親暱語, 指任何年齡的男子)。

maybe (=perhaps), 或; 恐。

how could I help hearing? 我怎能够不聽?

full of rumours, 極多謠言。

some one else, 其他某人。

hid, 藏。

he's not a thief till he's caught, 不被捉得的不算是賊(意即捉賊捉贓)。

saying, 成語。

woke ... up, 攪醒。

felt sure, 確實覺到。

54 went away, 離去。

lay awake, 睡不着。

all sorts of images, 各種意象。

rose in his mind, 浮在他的胸臆中。

parted from, 離開.
speak and laugh, 說和笑
(二字都是不定式, 因為在
heard 一字之後, 所以省去
to 字).
as they were at that time,
就像那時他們的模樣.
as he used to be, 一如他從
前的常態.
young and merry, 年少而快
樂.
free from care, 無牽掛; 不
耽心.
executioner, 行刑者.
premature, 早熟的; 太早的.
ready to kill himself, 準備
自殺.
villain's, 棍徒; 惡漢.
longed for vengeance, 切望
報仇.
vengeance, 報仇; 雪恨.
perish for it, 爲報仇而死 (it
指報仇).
get no peace, 不得安靜.
55 fortnight, 二星期.
in this way, 如此的狀態.
miserable, 苦惱的.
walking about, 環行.
earth, 泥土.
rolling, 轉動.
shelves, 架; 棚.
with frightened face, 帶着
恐怖的臉色.
seized, 握; 攬.
dug, 掘.
getting rid of, 除去.

emptying, 傾; 摺注.
driven to their work, 被強
迫工作.
just, 只; 僅.
keep quiet, 保持安靜; 勿聲
張.
blab, 多言; 洩漏 (秘密).
flog the life out of me, 將
我鞭死.
trembled with anger, 怒而
震顫.
drew his hand away, 抽開
他的手.
convoy soldiers, 護兵.
tunnel, 地道.
56 Governor, 管理者; 統
轄者.
find out, 尋出.
denied, 否認.
knowledge, 知曉.
unconcerned, 漠不相關的.
and not so much as glanc-
ing at Aksénov, 却不向阿
克森諾甫看一眼.
not so much as (=not
ever), 就連...也不.
screen, 庇護.
ruined, 毀壞.
pay for, '償付; 因...而受
罰.
suffered, 嘗受; 遭遇.
after all, 畢竟.
what good, 何益.
your honour, 大人.
do what you like with me,
聽憑你如何處理我.

in your hands, 在你的掌握中。

however much, 不論怎樣多方(試探)。

57 left, 擱置。

doze, 微睡; 半睡。

peered, 注視。

recognized, 認識。

guard, 看守者。

bent close over, 屈身親近。

whispered, 低語; 密談。

forgive, 寬恕; 原諒。

meant, 意欲。

slid off the bed-shelf, 離床架而潛行。

slid, 潛行。

knelt upon, 跪在...上。

confess, 直認; 自首。

released, 釋放。

58 beat his head on the floor, 以頭叩地。

not so hard to bear as ..., 不如...的難受。

had pity on, 憐恤。

for Christ's sake, 爲基督的原故。

wretch that I am, 我真是惡人。

sob, 嗚咽; 悲嘆。

a hundred times worse than you, 比你壞一百倍。

light, 快活的。

the longing for home left him, 那回家的熱望就此消

失了。

last hour, 最後的時間; 死亡。

in spite of, 不管; 不論。

59 prisoner, 俘虜; 囚人。

Caucasus (kə'kɑ:sūs), 高加索。

officer, 將校; 武官。

Zhilin (zhil'in), 什林(人名)。

serving, 服務。

should like, 要(慣用語)。

say good-bye to me, 和我永談。

bury, 葬。

with my blessing, 帶着我的祝福。

sensible, 明達; 有識見。

property, 財產。

might(=could easily), 可以。

remain at, 留在。

thought... over, 反復思考。

failing fast, 迅速地衰弱。

chance, 機會。

had better, 毋寧; 不如。

nice, 美好的。

Colonel, 陸軍上校。

obtained leave of absence, 得到了休假的許可。

comrades, 伴侶。

stood... as a farewell treat,

款以...爲臨別的招待。

stood, 款; 對...作東道。

four pailfuls of vodka, 伏特卡四桶(伏特卡是由裸麥製成的烈酒)。

got ready, 準備。

ventured, 冒險。

any distance away from his fort, 離開要塞的任何距離。

Tartars, 韃靼人.

60 carried ... off, 擄去.

arranged, 佈置.

a body of soldiers, 一隊兵.

fortress, 堡壘.

convoy, 護送.

from point to point, 由這崗

位到那崗位.

at daybreak, 黎明; 破曉.

baggage-train, 輜重列車.

shelter, 庇護.

marched out, 出發.

started, 啓程.

cart with his things, 載他

的衣物的車.

come off ..., 從... 脫落.

refuse, 不肯.

had to wait, 必須守候.

by the sun, 依照日光.

by, 有“依照...計算”之意.

scorching, 烘燒着.

a bare plain all round, 四

圍都是濯濯的原野.

in front, 在前.

overtake, 追到.

signal-horn, 號角.

attack, 襲擊.

gallop away, 疾馳而去.

61 considering, 考慮.

Kostilin (kós'ti-lin), 刻斯帖

林(人名).

come along, 跑向前.

let's (=let us), 我們還是.

dreadful, 可怕的.

famished, 餓了.

terrible, 可怖的.

shirt, 襯衣; 汗衫.

wringing wet, 可以絞出水來

的溼.

stout, 強壯的; 壯健的.

heavy, 壯大的.

perspiration, 汗.

loaded, 裝彈藥.

on condition that, 以...爲
條件.

keep together, 同行.

keeping a look-out, 守望;

警戒.

afar, 遙遠.

on, 襲擊.

agree, 同意.

hunter, 獵馬.

62 colt, 馬兒; 駒.

herd, (馬) 羣.

broken ... in, 訓練(馬).

hardly...than..., 纔...就....

ahead, 在前.

as soon as, 一等到.

caught sight of, 發現; 看見.

rushed after, 突進而追逐.

at full gallop, 疾馳.

as fast as the horse's legs

could go, 極馬蹄的所能而

馳騁.

in thought, 意思中.

pet, 愛物; 寵物.

stumble, 顛覆; 失足.

it's all up, 萬事休矣; 糟糕
了.

once, 一經; 一度.

shan't, 就不會 (shall not 之
略).

instead of, 不。
 at full speed, 以全速力。
 now...now..., 時而...時而...
 switching tail, 動搖的尾巴。
 saw, 悟會; 想見。
 what could he do with no-
 thing but...? 只有...他能
 做什麼?
 escort, 衛兵。
 thinking to escape, 意欲逃
 走。
 rushing to cut him off, 突進
 而截斷他的去路。
 and besides, 除此以外; 更加
 一層。
63 across his path, 橫斷
 他的去路。
 rein in, 控制; 勒住。
 dashed on straight to-
 wards..., 衝闖前進而直趨。
 come at, 攻擊。
 yelling, 呼號着。
 showing, 露出。
 devils, 魔鬼。
 take me alive, 生擒着我。
 pit, 地坑。
 dashed at, 衝向。
 ride...down, 騎馬衝倒。
 disable, 使負重傷; 使成殘廢。
 length, 距離。
 hit, 被打中。
 weight, 重量。
 pinning, 釘住; 緊縛 (形容落
 馬後爬不起來的樣子)。
 ill-savoured, 氣味惡劣的。
 made an effort, 出力。

flung...off, 擲去; 丟去。
 butts, 粗端。
 dim, 昏暗的。
 fell back, 向後倒下。
 spare girths, 備換的馬肚帶。
 spare, 備換的; 備不時之需
 的。
 saddles, 馬鞍。
 twisted, 纏繞; 盤曲。
 knot, 結。
64 lay on its side, 側臥。
 just as it had fallen, 恰像
 牠曾跌倒的樣子。
 turning the dust to mud, 變
 塵土為膠泥。
 for a couple of feet around;
 周圍二尺。
 drew, 抽出。
 dagger, 短劍。
 windpipe, 氣管。
 whistling sound, 嘯聲; 特種
 尖銳聲。
 plunge, 暴跌。
 all was over, 一切休矣。
 trappings, 馬飾。
 prevent, 防止。
 falling off, 跌下。
 strapped, 用帶扣。
 girdle, 腰帶。
 swaying, 擺動。
 stinking back, 發惡臭的背。
 muscular, 強壯的。
 sinewy neck, 壯健的頸項。
 closely shaven, 剃光的。
 bluish nape, 淺藍的頸項。
 wounded, 受傷。

dried over, 凝結在...上面.
 shift, 移動.
 wipe...off, 拭去.
65 tightly, 緊.
 collar-bones ached, 鎖骨疼.
 forded, 涉水而過.
 hard, 難行的; 艱險的.
 eyelids, 眼瞼; 眼皮.
 stuck together, 黏合.
 twilight began to fall, 薄暮初臨.
 a smell of smoke, 煙味.
 Aoul (a'oul), 韃靼人的鄉村.
 shrieking, 呼號.
 Nogáy (nō-gāy'), 諾蓋人(韃靼族人的一種).
 cheek-bones, 頰骨; 顴骨.
 nothing on but a shirt, 祇著短衫.
 torn, 破碎的.
 all bare, 完全裸出的.
 gave...an order, 發給一個命令.
 fetched, 取.
 shackles, 鍊銬.
 blocks, 塊.
 oak, 橡木.
 attached, 附著.
 clasp, 鉤; 鈕.
 lock, 鎖.
 barn, 牛房; 馬棚; 小舍.
 pushed...in, 推入.
 manure, 肥料; 糞.
 lay still, 靜臥.
66 groped about, 四面摸索.

settled down, 安身.
 hardly slept at all, 幾乎完全沒有睡.
 daylight, 日光; 陽光.
 chink, 小孔.
 scratched, 爬抓.
 peeped out, 窺探.
 threshold, 門檻; 門戶.
 kids, 小山羊.
 moving about, 四面行動.
 in a long, loose, bright-coloured gown, 著着極長寬鬆而色彩鮮明的長袍.
 gown, (婦女所著的) 長袍.
 thrown over, 遮蓋.
 jug, 壺; 瓶.
 wore nothing but, 只穿; 僅著.
 balancing herself, 使她的身體保持平衡.
 muscles, 筋肉.
 quivered, 顫動.
 dressed in, 穿著.
 tunic, (一種寬而長的) 外衣.
 silver-hilted, 裝銀柄的.
 shoes on his bare feet, 赤足著鞋.
 stretched, 伸展.
67 stroked, 撫摸.
 watering, 飲(馬)以水.
 picked up, 拾起.
 gave a shout, 大聲疾呼.
 shrieked, 驚喊.
 scampered off, 跑開.
 gleaming, 發亮; 閃光.
 parched, 焦燥.

so much as (=even), 甚至.
trimmed with gold, 飾以金.

morocco slippers worked with silver, 繡以白銀的摩洛哥皮鞋.

slippers, 拖鞋. worked, 繡.

annoyed, 煩惱.

leaning, 憑; 倚.

68 doorpost, 門柱.

askance, 側目 (副詞).

on springs, 跳躍.

squatted down, 蹲下.

kept winking, 不斷地霎眼.

clicking, 作响聲.

Russ, 俄國人.

slight, 苗條的.

thin, 纖細的; 瘦的.

evidently, 顯然.

good-looking, 好看的.

hem, 邊緣.

front, 胸衣.

trimmed with red, 飾以赤色物.

stouter, 較肥大的.

heels, 腳跟.

necklace, 頸圈.

silver coins, 銀幣.

69 bareheaded, 未戴帽的; 光頭的.

plaited, 編辮.

ribbon, 絲絲.

ornamented, 飾.

gilt braid, 鍍金的織帶.

jug, 壺; 瓶.

crouching, 蹲伏; 屈膝.

a sudden jump back, 驟然躍回.

unleavened bread, 未經發酵的麵包.

board, 盤.

staring, 凝視的.

after a while, 片刻之後.

make out, 明; 曉.

limped, 跛行的.

could hardly step at all, 差不多完全不能步行.

on getting out of, 當離開... 時.

mosque, 回教的寺院.

tower, 塔.

70 saddled, 裝鞍的.

reins, 轡.

beckoning for..., 向... 招手 (或點頭) 示意.

smoothly plastered with clay, 用黏土塗飾得平滑.

feather beds, 羽毛被褥.

rich carpets, 質美的絨毯.

hangings, 垂帷; 掛布.

on... guns=guns were fastened on these.

pistols, 手鎗; 短銃.

inlaid, 鑲嵌.

close to, 近.

stove, 火爐.

on a level with, 和... 相平行.

earthen floor, 土製的地板.

a thrashing-ground, 打穀場.

space, 場所.

spread over with felt, 鋪着毛氈.

felt, 毛氈.
 rugs, 粗毯.
 cushions, 坐褥.
 stuffed with down, 裝以絨毛的.
 down, 絨毛.
 behind his back, 在他的背後.
 millet cakes, 粟餅.
 melted butter, 溶解的牛酪.
71 bareground, 空白的地方.
 offered, 進呈; 供奉.
 overshoes, 套鞋.
 licking his lips, 舐他的唇.
 kerchief, 頭巾.
 basin, 盆.
 ewer, 廣口的水瓶.
 spout, (瓶的) 嘴.
 folded them, 合了他們(指掌).
 went down on their knees, 跪下.
 blew to the four quarters, 向四方吹氣.
 captured, 俘獲.
 Kazi-Mohammed (káz'i-mō-hām'mēd), 卡齊穆罕默德(人名).
 pointed at, 指著.
 Abdul Murad (ab'dōol mōō'rād), 阿卜都穆刺德(人名).
72 intérpreter, 翻譯者.
 to send a ransom, 寄贖金.
 set...free, 使自由.
 for a moment, 片刻.
 considered, 考慮.
 shout, 呼喊; 喧嘩.

jabbered, 呢喃; 亂語.
 spittle, 口水; 涎沫.
 spurted out of..., 從...噴出.
 screwed up, 扭歪.
 quietened down, 平靜下去.
 in debt to, 欠...的債.
 took...in payment, 以...為代價(支付, 賠償).
 won't (=will not) do, 不行.
73 the more...the worse, 愈...愈壞.
 sprang to his feet, 起立; 驟然起立.
 never will be, 將來亦決不.
 dzhigit (dzhí'jit), 勇敢的(韃靼語).
 stuck to it, 堅忍不拔.
 kept looking ... at, 繼續瞧著.
 tattered, 衣衫破碎的.
 shackled, 上腳鍊.
 gasped with surprise, 驚異而氣喘.
 in silence, 靜默.
 related, 敘述; 詳說.
74 missed fire, 射擊不中.
 overtaken and captured him, 追到而擒獲他.
 well treated, 受良好待遇.
 up sprang, 躍起.
 a bit of paper, 一小片的紙.
 wait a bit, 稍待.
 cheerful, 愉快的; 快活的.
75 cloak, 大衣.
 fit to be married in, 適於結婚時穿著的.

princes, 王子.
 exclaiming, 喊說.
 addressed, 寫信面.
 destination, 目的地.
 maize straw, 玉蜀黍梗.
 maize, 玉蜀黍.
 worn-out, 破舊的.
 corpses, 屍身.
 locked up, 鎖閉.
 nothing but unleavened
 bread, 只有未發酵的麵包.
 millet-flour, 粟粉.
 unbaked dough, 未熟的麵團.
76 mope, 怏怏, 憂鬱.
 for days together, 歷數日
 之久.
 counting, 計算.
 ransom, 贖取.
 lived chiefly on, 大都倚靠
 ... 爲生活.
 ruined, 敗(家); 破產.
 manage to, 設法.
 kept on the look-out, 繼續
 瞭望.
 whistling, 作嘯聲.
 modelling, 型成; 塑.
 weaving, 編製.
 clever with his hands, 手
 腕靈妙的.
 fetch water, 取水.
77 looked round, 四顧.
 red stuff, 紅織物; 紅布呢.
 rocked, 搖.
 lullaby, 催眠歌.
 scolded, 責罵.
 snatching ... away, 擄去.

broke it to bits, 碎成片片.
 sent ... about her business,
 逡行斥逐.
 wondered, 驚奇.
 turned out to be, 竟是.
 stealthily, 私下; 竊竊然.
 a kind of cheese, 一種乾酪.
 on (or by) the sly, 暗中; 秘密.
 a bit of mutton, 一塊羊肉.
78 just (=barely), 好容易纔.
 a heavy storm, 暴風雨.
 in torrents, 成急流.
 streams, 水流.
 turbid, 渾濁.
 ford, 淺水; 小河.
 current, 流水.
 rolled ... about, 推滾; 旋轉.
 rivulets, 小川; 溪澗.
 the rumbling, 殷殷鳴聲.
 over, 停止; 了結.
 cylinder, 圓筒.
 peasant, 農夫.
 peasant woman, 農婦.
 fastened, 縛.
 work, 推動.
 broken, 壞了.
 mend, 修理.
79 took it to pieces, 拆成
 片片.
 sorted, 類別.
 went all right, 行動如意.
 delighted, 大樂; 大快.
 made him a present of one
 of his old tunics, 將他的
 一件舊寬衣贈他爲禮物.

all in holes, 全部有孔。
 at any rate, 無論如何。
 coverlet, 被褥。
 fame spread, 名聲飛揚。
 pincers, 手鉗。
 gimlets, 手鑽。
 file, 銼刀。
 get well anyway, 無論如何
 總會好起來。
 in the presence of, 當... 的
 面。
 luckily, 幸而。
 recovered, 復原。
 pick up their language a
 little, 零碎學得一點他們
 的語言。
 grew familiar with, 漸和...
 親熱。
80 frowned, 蹙額。
 turned away, 避開。
 swore at, 詬罵。
 moustaches, 鬚。
 clipped, 剪短; 截短。
 wrinkled, 起縐紋的。
 brick-red, 磚紅色的。
 hooked, 鈎曲的。
 cruel, 殘酷的; 兇猛的。
 tusks, 長牙。
 turban, 頭巾。
 leaning on his staff, 倚着他
 的杖。
 glaring round, 周身睜視。
 snort with anger, 動怒而噴
 鼻發聲。
 descended, 下。
 pathway, 徑; 小路。

cherry, 櫻桃。
 apricot, 杏子。
 hives made of plaited
 straw, 由編織的麥梗所造
 成的蜂房。
 hives, 蜂房。
 humming, 作營營聲。
 kneeling, 跪着。
 doing something with, 處
 理。
 stretched, 伸張肢體。
 rattled, 作瑟瑟聲。
 yell, 呼號。
 snatched, 驟取; 擄得。
81 managed to shelter,
 努力遮蔽。
 complain, 控訴。
 repeated, 重述。
 in a rage, 憤怒的。
 hissed, 發嘶嘶聲。
 jabbered, 喃喃; 急語。
 fists, 拳。
 gathered, 推度。
 at one time, 在某時。
 destroyed, 毀滅。
 gave himself up to, 自首於;
 屈服於。
82 left off fighting, 停止
 戰鬥。
 Mecca (mæk'ā), 麥加(城名)。
 Hadji, 曾參拜麥加城的回教
 徒。
 grown fond of, 漸漸喜歡。
 far from, 絕不。
 promised, 允許。
 sauntered about, 浪遊。

handicraft, 手藝.
 it was no easy task digging
 (=digging was no easy
 task), 掘地不是一件容易
 的事情.
 worked away at, 勤勉作去.
 away (=on), 不斷地.
 lay, 形勢; 位置.
 83 beyond, 在... 的外面;
 遠離.
 to lose sight of him, 不見他.
 persuade, 說服; 勸說.
 herb, 藥草.
 to cure sick people with,
 用以醫治病人.
 went on and on, 行行重行
 行; 一直向前走去.
 a herd of horses, 一羣馬.
 pasturing, 食草.
 steeper, 更險峻的.
 in the blue distance, 在顯
 現碧色的遠處.
 84 towered above all the
 rest, 高出於衆山之上.
 here and there, 處處.
 ravines, 峽谷.
 rinsing, 輕洗.
 well wooded, 樹木蔥蘢的.
 have to make his way, 必
 須找他的路.
 turned, 變成.
 mists, 霧.
 on fire with the sunset
 glow, 帶晚霞而燃燒着.
 sunset glow, 晚霞.
 quivering, 顫動.

85 lowing, (牛) 吼.
 inclined to, 傾向於; 願意.
 now that (=since), 既然.
 waned, 虧; 缺.
 as ill-luck would have it,
 不幸.
 in good spirits, 興高采烈的.
 looking sullen, 形態悲慘.
 burial, 殯葬.
 wrapped, 包.
 linen, 亞麻布.
 coffin, 棺材.
 plane-trees, 篠懸木.
 squatted on their heels, 蹲
 下.
 in a row, 成一行.
 cast down, 低垂.
 86 sat in silence, 默坐.
 still, 靜默的.
 immovable, 不動的.
 stirring in the breeze, 在微
 風中搖動着.
 hollowed out, 挖空.
 vault, 拱頂; 拱形圓頂.
 took the body under the
 arms and by the legs, 執
 着屍身的臂與腿.
 bent, 屈曲.
 sitting posture, 坐着的姿勢.
 folded in front, 在前面合攏
 起來.
 rushes, 瑣物(植物的梗桿等).
 upright, 直立的.
 87 trod, 踏.
 forehead, 額.
 mare, 牝馬.

turned up, 捲起.
sharpened, 磨快.
whetstone, 砥石.
skinning, 剥皮.
loosening, 放鬆.
the entrails and the in-
wards, 臟腑.
cut up, 割碎; 剖開.
funeral feast, 葬禮的宴會.

88 Kostilin's heart failed
him, 刻斯帖林的腦力已失-
saved, 貯積.
good, 益處; 用處.
manage to collect it, 設法
集款.
talking of, 想要.

89 caught a stone, 碰到
了一塊石頭.
vicious watch-dog, 兇悍的
看守犬.
spotted, 有斑紋的; 有斑點
的.

Ulyáshin (óo'li-ásh'in), 烏
立亞興 (犬名).

a slight whistle, 輕輕的嘯
聲.

hayt, 呵 (喚犬聲).

scratched, 抓.

coughed, 咳嗽.

shed, 棚; 寮.

rippled, 起微波; 幽咽.

hollow, 山間凹地.

horns upward, 月角向上.

fog, 霧.

90 Bismillah! 奉上帝的名
(回教徒發誓用語)!

Ilrahman! 預備作禮拜!

now then, 好了.

may God be with us! 但願上
帝保佑我們!

directed their course, 引他
們的路.

uncomfortable, 不適意的.

lag behind, 在後緩步.

confounded, 可厭的; 可憎的-
blistered, 弄痛.

got on still worse, 愈加難於
前行.

cut, 割開.

91 groaning, 呻吟; 歎氣.

feeling with his hands, 用
手摸索.

get breath, 緩口氣.

bleeding, 出血.

spring more lightly, 更敏捷
地跳躍.

Hush! 靜些! 勿響!

forced their way, 勉強走路-
brambles, 荆棘.

tore, 扯裂.

tramp, 踐踏聲.

hoofs, 馬蹄.

92 paused, 停息.

and yet, 然而.

queer, 奇怪的.

snorting, 鼻噴發聲.

off...dashed=dashed off,
一衝而去.

crackling, 拆裂聲; 爆聲.

hurricane, 暴風.

sweeping through, 掠過; 掃
過.

sank to the ground, 倒地.
 stag, 牡鹿; 牡赤鹿.
 antlers, 角.
 The Great Bear, 大熊星; 北
 斗七星.
 some seven miles, 約七哩;
 七哩左右.
 nothing certain to go by,
 沒有確定的事物以爲前進
 的指南.
 clearing, 開拓的地域.
93 settled down, 降下.
 densely, 稠密.
 strike the stones, 碰擊石頭.
 lay down flat, 平伏臥下.
 horseman, 騎者.
 crouched, 蹲伏.
 humming to himself, 自行低
 唱著.
 on my word, 決非假話; 確實.
94 perspiring freely, 發汗
 很多.
 chilled, 致冷.
 limp, 軟弱的; 無氣力的.
 screamed out, 尖聲喊出.
 heart sank, 意氣沮喪.
 quite done up, 倦極.
 what am I to do with him?
 我將何以處置他呢?
 won't do, 不行; 不該.
 desert, 遺棄.
 thighs, 股腿.
 throttle me, 扼我的喉.
 hold on to, 緊握著.
 load, 負荷; 所載的東西.
 tired out, 疲極.

jerking...up, 急引; 急擲.
 ton ue (=language), 語言.
 ㄅㄨ lost, 完了; 罷了.
 gather, 集合.
 hunt...down, 追捕; 追殺.
 why the devil did I saddle
 myself with this block?
 爲什麼我要把這個蠢漢駝
 在自己背上呢?
 the devil, 加重 why 語氣
 的疏狀語.
 block, 呆人; 蠢漢.
 had I been alone (=if I had
 been alone), 倘然我個人獨
 自走了.
 staggered on, 踉蹌前行.
 dispersing, 消散.
 walled in, 圍在裏面.
96 steep slope, 陡峻的斜坡.
 a bit (=a little), 稍稍.
 setting a dog on the scent,
 使犬追尋臭跡.
97 disputed with, 和...爭
 辯.
 have done with it, 結束了這
 事(it指 to feed Russians).
 hard, 艱苦的.
 can, 罐.
98 close, 狹隘的; 鬱悶的.
 stench, 惡臭; 臭氣.
 swollen, 腫脹.
 ached all over, 全身疼痛.
 moaned, 呻吟.
 downhearted, 抑鬱不樂.
 lap, 膝衣; 坐時垂在膝前的衣
 裾.

- a shower of cherries, 一陣
驟雨般的櫻桃。
cleared out, 掃清; 掃乾淨了。
scraped up, 刮起了。
tramp, 踐踏聲。
gathered in council, 集會。
distinguish, 區別。
99 troops, 軍隊。
rustling, 沙沙聲。
bending over, 俯風着。
dangled, 垂擺。
pole, 竿。
as much as to say, 意思好
· 像是說。
100 clasped, 握住。
poking into, 伸入; 突入。
kept poking about, 繼續四
面撥動。
sliding into, 滑入; 不覺溜入。
took hold of, 握住。
lowered, 放低。
all but two, 除兩人外總
都。
101 turn round, 轉向; 轉
向。
think ill of, 看不起; 輕賤。
hold on, 緊持。
slipped, 失足; 滑脫。
drew out, 抽出。
incline, 斜坡; 斜路。
wrench...off, 扭去。
to get at, 措手; 及到。
102 slender, 纖細的。
set to work, 著手; 起工。
squatted, 蹲。
seized hold of, 握; 執。
felt about, 摸索。
stroked, 撫摩。
burst into tears, 忽然大哭;
涕泗滂沱。
103 visible, 可見的。
shadows, 影。
drawing in, 收回; 漸短。
lit up, 明亮。
gurgling, 潺潺。
spot, 地點。
knocked, 打; 擊。
sore, 痛。
104 there is nothing else
for it, 無可如何; 就此罷
了。
paler, 較暗淡的。
turn in, 向內。
slope, 斜坡。
dying out, 將熄。
intently, 一心一意; 專切地。
glistening, 閃耀着。
Cossacks, 哥薩克人。
remaining, 餘剩的; 存留的。
set off, 登程。
105 God forbid, 願上帝不
容; 最好沒有。
mounted, 騎馬的。
hillock, 小丘; 小山。
made a rush, 猛然前進。
a party of, 一隊。
darted to cut across the
Tartars' path, 突然取捷
徑以橫斷韃靼人的路。
staggered up, 蹣跚而上。
quite beside himself, 精神
錯亂; 忘其所以。

106 buckwheat, 蕎麥.
 wrapping, 圍裹.
 that's the way, 這就是...的經過.
 way, 途程; 經過.
 plain, 明白的; 易曉的.
107 narrated, 敘述.
 gave up, 放棄.
 on humanitarian grounds, 爲人道的原故.
 out, 離家; 外出.
 on a bear-hunting expedition, 爲了獵熊的遠征.
 flesh-wound, 皮肉傷; 微傷.
 traces of blood, 血跡.
 got away, 逃去.
 go after, 追尋.
 settle down, 安身; 靜居.
 to get round, 圍困.
 surround, 圍困.
 frighten...away, 嚇走.
 disputing with, 和...爭辯.
108 overtake, 追到.
 Demyán (dém'í-an), 登米安 (人名).
 all right, 很好.
 arranged, 布置好.
 sledges, 雪車; 雪橇.
 remained behind, 留於後方.
 tucking...into, 包入; 塞入.
 skirts, 裙; 邊緣.
 frosty, 有霜的; 寒冷的.
 calm, 寂靜的.
 snow-shoeing, 著雪鞋而行.
 caked, 固結; 凝結.
 the day before, 前日.

belly, 腹.
 ploughing up, 翻起.
109 kept in sight of, 繼續見到.
 firs, 樅; 鐵杉.
 trail, 獸跡.
 squatting down, 坐下; 蹲下.
 shout or cough, 呼喊或咳嗽.
 or (=otherwise), 否則.
 brought us out on to the road, 把我們帶出到大路上.
 paw, 掌; 蹠.
 claws and all, 爪等.
 bark shoes, 樹皮(做的)鞋子.
110 turning off, 離開.
 right enough, 的確確.
 toes, 趾.
 playing tricks, 惡作劇; 戲弄人.
 marsh, 沼澤; 低溼的地方.
 tired out, 疲憊.
 to get along, 前進.
 glided on, 滑走.
 juniper, 杜松; 檜.
 bushes, 灌木; 叢林.
 caught my snowshoes in them, 將我的雪鞋絆在松叢裏.
 slipped off, 滑脫.
 stump, 殘幹; 樹椿.
 log, 木頭.
111 drenched with perspiration, 爲汗所溼透.
 of their own accord, 自由; 隨意.
 slung, 拋擲.

urging me on, 催我前進.
 stumbled, 顛蹶.
 bent down, 俯下.
 magpie, 鴉.
 chattering, 嘈嘈而鳴.
 undergrowth, 腳樹; 矮樹;
 藪.
 scents, 嗅知.
 presently, 少頃; 有間.
 within the track, 在足跡圈
 內.
 loosened, 解鬆.
 steam bath, 蒸汽浴.
 flushed, 面紅.
 wiped, 揩拭.
 have done our job, 已完成
 我們的工作.
 have a rest, 休息一會.
112 bags, 囊.
 dusk, 黃昏的; 薄暮的.
 flattened, 使平.
 fell asleep, 睡熟.
 crack, 破裂.
 soundly, 酣熟.
 hall, 大廳.
 glittering, 輝煌; 燦爛.
 gleaming, 發光的; 閃爍的.
 pillars, 柱.
 delicate, 精緻的; 絕妙的.
 tracery, 窗花; 窗上花飾.
 vault, 拱頂; 拱形圓頂.
 raven, 黑如烏鴉的; 有黑澤
 的.
 studded with, 滿布着; 點綴
 着.
 took for, 誤認; 疑爲.

hoarfrost, 白霜.
113 thick with it, 佈滿了
 它(霜).
 pushing through, 衝透.
 resound, 反響; 回聲.
 rustled, 作沙沙聲.
 close to, 近.
 spot, 地點.
 hares, 野兔.
 aspen, 檜白楊.
 bark, 樹皮.
 gnawed, 被咬過.
 startled, 驚動.
 feeding, 食草.
 clattered, 作嘩嘩聲.
 slid, 滑動.
 hard-trodden, 被人踏硬的.
 creaked, 作咯吱聲.
 twinkling, 閃爍着.
 vanishing, 消滅着.
 on the move, 在動着.
114 host, 主人.
 beaters, 獵戶.
 long ago, 好久以前.
 over, 越過.
 to look after, 照料; 照顧.
 driving, 疾趨; 奔馳.
 a cloud of smoke, 一縷煙雲;
 一道煙.
 cudgels, 棍.
 roasting, 烘; 焙.
 potatoes, 馬鈴薯.
115 in single file, 作單行.
 waists, 腰.
 on the other hand, 在他方
 面; 反之.

all at once (=all of a sudden), 忽然。
 patch, 小片。
 thicket, 叢林。
 weighed down, 重重沉下。
 copse, 叢藪; 矮林。
116 stretched away, 伸開。
 glade, (森林中) 空曠草地。
 lean ... against, 倚放。
 sinking up to my knees, 深入及膝。
 clearance, 掃除。
 cocked, 扳上鎗機。
 leaning up against, 豎倚。
 unsheathed, 由鞘拔出。
 in case of need, 倘若有需要時。
 up, 蹶起。
 Ou! 噢 (一種呼喊聲)!
 screamed, 尖聲叫喊。
 in high-pitched tones, 用尖音; 用高調。
117 gazing, 注意; 凝視。
 violently, 劇烈地。
 fast, 緊。
 drop, 倒斃。
 at a distance, 距離稍遠。
 took aim, 瞄準。
 caught a glimpse of, 瞥見。
 in profile, 側面。
 brute, 野獸。
 excitement, 興奮。
 flop, 啪嗒。
 scampering back, 急遽奔回;
 匆匆逃回。

through the line of beaters, 穿過獵人的陣線。
 in any case, 無論如何; 總之。
 reloaded, 復裝彈; 重新裝彈。
118 frenzied, 癡狂的。
 given up expecting him, 不再等待著他。
 footpath, 狹徑; 小路。
 taken full effect, 充分奏效。
 whirlwind, 旋風。
 snorting, 鼻息噴發著; 氣咻咻。
 glanced, 瞥見。
 right at me, 正對著我。
119 chest, 胸部。
 patch, 大斑點; 污點。
 blundering, 盲進。
 scattering ... about, 四面播散。
 bullet, 彈子。
 headlong, 鹵莽地; 逆進地。
 snatched, 急取。
 flown at me, 飛向; 飛擾。
 knocking ... over, 撲倒。
 pressed, 壓。
 rush, 突進; 匆忙。
 fallen on, 攻擊。
 the whole weight of his body, 牠身體的全重量。
 weighing ... down, 壓倒。
120 drawing ... into, 引入; 吞入。
 away from, 離開。
 to free, 使自由。
 forehead, 額。
 jaw, 顎; 牙床。

made haste, 迅速.

gnawing, 咬.

twist, 扭開.

my end has come! 我命休矣!

worrying, 咬碎; 咬傷; 咬殺.

to the rescue, 援救.

blundered, 蹉跌; 失錯.

121 idiot, 蠢物; 呆子.

leave off, 滾開.

in rags, 縷縷碎裂.

ferocious, 兇猛的.

took fright, 受驚; 突然驚怖.

122 painful, 痛苦的.

instead, 替代 (意即 instead of following him up).

stitched up, 縫合.

round and round, 周轉而又周轉; 循環而又循環.

growling, 咆哮.

splendid, 光彩的; 華麗的.

stuffed, 剝製.

lies in, 躺在.

scars, 傷痕.

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