













THE COMPLETE WORKS OF  
COUNT TOLSTÓY

VOLUME IX.









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ANNA KARENIN  
VOLUME II

By COUNT LEV N. TOLSTOY

Translated from the original Russian and Edited by  
LEO WIEGEL

Author's Preface at 1877. Introduction by Henry James.



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“Have you been here long?”

*Photogravure from Painting by Louis Meynell*



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# ANNA KARÉNIN

VOLUME I.

By COUNT LEV N. TOLSTÓY

Translated from the Original Russian and Edited by  
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ANNA KARÉNIN

1873-1876

Parts I. and II.



# ANNA KARÉNIN

“Vengeance is mine, I will repay.”

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## PART THE FIRST

### I.

ALL happy families resemble each other; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.

Everything was mixed in the house of the Oblónskis. The wife had found out that her husband had a liaison with the French governess, who had been living in their house, and informed her husband that she could not live with him. This situation had lasted for more than two days, and was felt painfully by husband and wife, by all the members of the family, and by the housefolk. All the members of the family and the housefolk felt that there was no sense in their living together, and that people who met accidentally in a tavern were more closely connected than they, the members of the family and the housefolk of the Oblónskis. The wife had not left her rooms, and it was now the third day that Oblónski had kept away from the house. The children ran everywhere as though at a loss what to do; the Englishwoman had had a quarrel with the stewardess, and had written a note

to a friend of hers asking her to find her a new place; the cook had left the evening before, during dinner; the scullion and the coachman asked to be paid off.

On the third day after the quarrel, Prince Stepán Arkádevich Oblónski, — Stíva, as he was called in society, — awoke at the usual hour, that is at eight o'clock, not in his wife's sleeping-room, but in his cabinet, on a saffron divan. He turned his plump, well-fed body on the springs of the divan, as though intending to fall asleep again for a long time, and on the other side firmly embraced a pillow and pressed his cheek against it; but suddenly he sprang up, sat down on the divan, and opened his eyes.

"Yes, yes, how was it?" he thought, trying to recall a dream. "Yes, how was it? Yes. Alábin gave a dinner at Darmstadt; no, not at Darmstadt, but in something American. Yes, Darmstadt was somewhere in America. Yes, Alábin gave a dinner on glass tables, yes, — and the tables sang '*Il mio tesoro*,' no, not '*Il mio tesoro*,' but something better, and there were some little decanters, who were women, too," he kept recalling.

Stepán Arkádevich's eyes sparkled merrily, and he felt to musing, and smiled. "Yes, it was nice, very nice. There were many fine things there, such as you can't mention in words, and can't express by thoughts, while awake." And, noticing a strip of light which beat side-wise through one of the cloth blinds, he merrily threw his feet down from the divan, found, by means of his feet, the gold-saffron slippers which his wife had embroidered for him (a present for his last year's birthday), and, without rising, in accordance with an old habit of nine years' standing, stretched forth his hand to the place where, in his sleeping-room, his morning-gown used to hang. He then suddenly remembered that he was not sleeping in his wife's chamber, but in his cabinet, and he recalled the reason why; the smile left his face and he knit his brow.

“Oh, oh, oh!” he grunted, as he recalled all that had happened. And before his imagination again rose all the details of his quarrel with his wife, the whole hopelessness of his situation, and, most painfully of all, his own guilt.

“Yes! She will not forgive, and she cannot. And what is most terrible of all is that I am the cause of it; I am the cause of it, but I am not guilty. That is where the whole tragedy lies,” he thought. “Oh, oh, oh!” he kept muttering in despair, as he recalled the most painful impressions from that quarrel.

Most unpleasant to him was that first minute when, returning from the theatre, happy and satisfied with himself, with an enormous pear for his wife in his hand, he had not found her in the drawing-room, or, to his surprise, in his cabinet, but had finally discovered her in the sleeping-room with the unfortunate note, which had disclosed everything, in her hand.

She, that eternally busy and bustling Dolly, whom he had always regarded as short-sighted, was sitting motionless with the note in her hand, and looked at him with an expression of terror, despair, and anger.

“What is this? This?” she asked, pointing to the note.

And, in this recollection, as is often the case, Stepán Arkádevich was tormented not so much by the event itself as by the answer he gave to these words of his wife.

At that moment there happened to him what happens to people when they are suddenly accused of something disgraceful. He had not had time to prepare his face for the attitude which he took up before his wife after the discovery of his guilt. Instead of feeling offended, denying, justifying himself, asking forgiveness, even remaining indifferent, — anything would have been better than what he did, — his face quite involuntarily (“cerebral reflexes,” thought Stepán Arkádevich, who was fond of physiology),

quite involuntarily smiled a habitual, kindly, and, therefore, stupid smile.

This stupid smile he was unable to forgive himself. When Dolly saw it, she shuddered as from a physical pain, burst, with her customary vehemence, into a torrent of cruel words, and ran out of the room. Since then she had not wished to see her husband.

"That stupid smile was the cause of everything," thought Stepán Arkádevich.

"But what is to be done? .What is to be done?" he said to himself, in despair, without finding an answer.



## II.

STEPÁN, ARKÁDEVICH was a man who was upright toward himself. He could not deceive himself and assure himself that he repented his deed. He could not repent the fact that he, a handsome, passionate man of thirty-four years of age, was not in love with his wife, the mother of five living and two dead children, who was but one year younger than he. What he regretted was that he had not concealed his act better from her. But he felt the whole gravity of his situation, and he was sorry for his wife, his children, and himself. Maybe he would have been able to conceal his sins better from her if he had suspected that the news would affect her so. He had never given the question any serious consideration, but he had dimly imagined that his wife had been suspecting that he was not true to her, and that she connived at it. It even seemed to him that she, an exhausted, aged, no longer pretty woman, a simple and in no way remarkable, though good mother of a family, ought to be condescending to him from a feeling of justice. It had turned out to be the opposite.

“Oh, it is terrible! Ugh, ugh, ugh! Terrible!” Stepán Arkádevich kept repeating, without being able to find a way out. “How nice it all was before! How well we lived together! She was satisfied, happy with her children; I did not interfere with her and allowed her to do with the children and with the house what she pleased. Of course, it is not nice that *she* had been a governess in

our house. It is not nice! There is something trivial and base in courting your governess. But what a governess!" (He vividly recalled Mlle. Roland's black, roguish eyes, and her smile.) "But so long as she was in our house, I did not take any liberties with her. And worst of all is that she is already — And all that as though on purpose! Oh, oh, oh! What, what shall I do?"

There was no answer, except that general one which life gives to all complicated and insoluble questions. It was this: It is necessary to live with the demands of the day, that is, to forget oneself. It was impossible to forget himself in sleep, at least, not until night; he could not return to the music which the decanter women gave forth; consequently he had to forget himself in the sleep of life.

"We shall see later," Stepán Arkádevich said to himself. He rose, put on a gray morning-gown, lined with blue silk, knotted the tasselled cord, and, expanding his broad pectoral cavity in a long breath, with habitual, brisk steps of his out-toeing feet, which so lightly carried his plump body, walked over to the window, raised the shade, and gave a loud ring of the bell. In response to this, there entered at once his old friend, valet Matvyéy, carrying his clothes and boots, and a telegram. Soon after Matvyéy entered a barber with his shaving utensils.

"Have the papers come from the court?" asked Stepán Arkádevich, taking the telegram, and sitting down at the mirror.

"They are on the table," replied Matvyéy. He looked interrogatively, with sympathy, at his master, and after a little while added, with a sly smile: "The liveryman has sent a man."

Stepán Arkádevich made no reply, and only looked at Matvyéy in the mirror; from their glances, which met in the looking-glass, it could be seen how well they under-

stood each other. Stepán Arkádevich's glance seemed to ask: "Why do you say this? Don't you know?"

Matvyéy put his hands into the pockets of his jacket, put forth one foot, and, silently, good-naturedly, and with a barely perceptible smile, looked at his master.

"I told him to come two Sundays from now, and not to bother you or himself in vain until then," he uttered an obviously prepared phrase.

Stepán Arkádevich saw that Matvyéy wanted to jest and to attract attention. He tore open the telegram and read it, completing the meaning of the ever incoherent words of a despatch, and his face lighted up.

"Matvyéy, sister Anna Arkádevna will be here tomorrow," he said, arresting for a moment the glossy, chubby hand of the barber who was cleaning up the swath between the long, curly side-whiskers.

"Thank God," said Matvyéy, intimating by this answer that he understood, as well as the master, the meaning of that visit, that is, that Anna Arkádevna, Stepán Arkádevich's favourite sister, might help in patching up a peace between husband and wife.

"Does she come alone, or with her husband?" asked Matvyéy. Stepán Arkádevich could not talk because the barber was busy with his upper lip, and so he raised one finger. Matvyéy nodded to the mirror.

"Alone. Shall we fix up-stairs?"

"Report to Dárya Aleksándrovna, and do as she orders."

"To Dárya Aleksándrovna?" Matvyéy repeated, as though in doubt.

"Yes, do. And take the telegram, and let me know what she says!"

"You want to try," was what Matvyéy understood, but he only said: "Yes, sir."

Stepán Arkádevich was already washed and had his hair combed, when Matvyéy, stepping slowly in his creak-

ing boots, and carrying the telegram in his hand, returned to the room. The barber was gone.

"Dárya Aleksándrovna sends word that she is going to leave. 'Let him,' that is you, 'do as he pleases,'" he said, laughing with his eyes only. Putting his hands in his pockets and inclining his head to one side, he stared at his master.

Stepán Arkádevich kept silence. Then a kindly and somewhat pitiful smile appeared on his handsome face.

"Ah? Matvyéy?" he said, shaking his head.

"All right, sir, it is coming on," said Matvyéy.

"Is it coming on?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you think so? Who is there?" asked Stepán Arkádevich, hearing outside the door the rustling of a woman's dress.

"It is I," was heard the firm, agreeable voice of a woman, and through the door was thrust the stern, pockmarked face of Matréná Filímonovna, the nurse.

"Well, Matréná?" asked Stepán Arkádevich, going up to her at the door.

Though Stepán Arkádevich was as guilty as he could be toward his wife, and himself was conscious of it, nearly everybody in the house, even the nurse, Dárya Aleksándrovna's chief friend, was on his side.

"Well?" he said, gloomily.

"Go, sir, and beg her pardon. Maybe God will be merciful. She suffers so much, — it is a pity to look at her, and everything in the house is going topsyturvy. You ought to pity the children, sir. Beg her pardon, sir! What is to be done? He who likes to coast must drag up the sled."

"But she will not receive me —"

"Do what you can! God is merciful. Pray to God, sir! Pray to God!"

"All right, go!" said Stepán Arkádevich, suddenly

blushing. "Let me get dressed," he turned to Matvyéy, with determination flinging down his morning-gown.

Matvyéy, blowing off something invisible, was holding the arched shirt, with which he in evident pleasure clad the well-fed body of his master.

### III.

HAVING dressed himself, Stepán Arkádevich sprinkled perfume over himself, straightened out his shirt-sleeves, with a habitual motion arranged in his pockets the cigarettes, the pocket-book, the matches, and the watch with its double chain and charm, and, shaking out his handkerchief, and feeling himself clean, perfumed, healthy, and physically happy, in spite of his misfortune, went, slightly jerking with both legs, into the dining-room, where his coffee was waiting for him, and where lay, by his coffee, letters and papers from the court.

He read the letters. One was a very disagreeable one, — from a merchant who was buying timber from his wife's estate. It was necessary to sell it; but now, before he and his wife made up, there could be no question of it. The worst of the matter was that the financial interest entered into the present affair of his reconciliation with his wife. The thought that this interest might influence him, that he would try to be reconciled for the sake of that timber sale, was offensive to him.

Having finished his letters, Stepán Arkádevich moved up the papers from the court, rapidly turned over the leaves of two cases, made a few remarks on them with a large pencil, and, pushing the papers aside, betook himself to his coffee: while drinking it, he unfolded the still damp morning paper and began to read it.

Stepán Arkádevich subscribed to a liberal paper, — not of the extreme, but of the tendency to which the majority belonged. And although neither science, nor

art, nor politics especially interested him, he firmly held to those opinions on all these subjects which the majority and his gazette professed, and changed them only when the majority changed them, or, to be more correct, — he did not change them, but they themselves changed in him imperceptibly.

Stepán Arkádevich chose neither direction nor views, but these directions and views came to him of their own accord, just as he did not choose the shape of his hat or coat, but took those that everybody wore. For him, living as he was in a certain society, with the need of some mental activity, which generally is developed at maturity, it was as necessary to have views as it was to have a hat. If there was a reason why he preferred the liberal tendency to the conservative, to which many of his circle belonged, it was not due to his finding the liberal tendency more sensible, but because it more nearly fitted in with his mode of life. The liberal party said that in Russia everything was bad, and, indeed, Stepán Arkádevich had many debts, while there was a definite want of money. The liberal party said that marriage was an obsolete institution and that it was necessary to reconstruct it, and, indeed, his domestic life gave him little pleasure and compelled him to lie and pretend, which was so contrary to his nature. The liberal party said, or rather implied, that religion was only a check for the barbarous part of the population, and, indeed, he could not endure even a short divine service without a pain in his legs, and could not comprehend what those terrible and turgid words about the world to come were for, when he was happy enough in this.

At the same time, Stepán Arkádevich, who was fond of a merry joke, now and then took pleasure in baffling some inoffensive man by telling him that, if a man is to take any pride at all in his genealogy, there was no sense in stopping at Rúrik and rejecting the first ancestor, the ape.

Thus the liberal tendency became his habit, and he was fond of his gazette, as of a cigar after dinner, for the light mist which it raised in his head.

He read the leader, in which was explained how perfectly foolish the present-day wail was that radicalism was threatening to swallow all the conservative elements, and that the government was obliged to take measures for crushing the revolutionary hydra, that, on the contrary, "in our opinion, the danger lies not in the imaginary revolutionary hydra, but in the stubbornness of traditionalism, which trigs progress," and so forth. He read also another article, a financial one, in which Bentham and Mill were mentioned, and pins were stuck into the ministry. With his characteristic quickness of perception, he comprehended the meaning of each pin: by whom and at whom and for what purpose it was directed, and this, as always, afforded him a certain amount of pleasure. But on that day his pleasure was poisoned by his recollection of Matréná Filímonovna's advices, and because everything in the house was going wrong. He also read that Count Beist, it was rumoured, had gone to Wiesbaden, and that there was no longer any gray hair, and about the sale of a light vehicle, and about the proposition made by a young person; but these bits of information did not afford him such ironical enjoyment as on former occasions.

Having finished his newspaper, a second cup of coffee, and a white loaf with butter, he got up, brushed off the crumbs from his waistcoat, and, adjusting his clothes over his broad chest, gave a merry smile, not because there was anything particularly agreeable in his soul,—the good digestion had evoked that happy smile.

But this happy smile at once reminded him of everything, and he fell to musing.

Two childish voices (Stepán Arkádevich recognized them as those of Grísha, the youngest boy, and of Tányá,



the eldest daughter) were heard behind the door. They had been dragging something, which they dropped.

"I told you that you couldn't put passengers on the roof!" the girl cried, in English. "Pick them up now!"

"Everything is topsyturvy," thought Stepán Arkádevich, "and the children are running about by themselves." And he walked over to the door and called them. They threw away a box, which represented a train, and went up to their father.

The girl, her father's favourite, ran in boldly, embraced him, and, laughing, hung on his neck, enjoying, as always, the familiar odour of perfume which his side-whiskers emitted. Kissing him finally on his face, which was flushed from the inclined attitude, and beaming with tenderness, the girl unlocked her arms and wanted to run back; but her father retained her.

"How is mamma?" he asked, caressing his daughter's smooth, tender neck. "Good morning," he said, smiling at the boy, who was greeting him.

He was conscious of loving this boy less, and always tried to be impartial; but the boy felt it and did not reply with a smile to his father's cold smile.

"Mamma? She is up," replied the girl.

Stepán Arkádevich heaved a sigh.

"It means another night that she has not slept," he thought.

"Is she happy?"

The girl knew that her parents had quarrelled, and that her mother could not be happy, and that her father ought to have known it, and that he only pretended when he asked so lightly about it. And she blushed for her father. He comprehended it at once, and also blushed.

"I do not know," she said. "She told us not to study, but to take a walk to grandmother's with Miss Hull."

"You may go, my dear little Tánia. Oh, wait!" he said, still holding her back and patting her tender hand.

He took down from the mantel a candy-box, which he had placed there the day before, and gave her two pieces of candy, selecting her favourite chocolate and cream.

"For Grísha?" said the girl, pointing to the chocolate candy.

"Yes, yes." And again patting her little shoulder, he kissed her at the roots of her hair and on the neck, and dismissed her.

"The carriage is ready," said Matvyéy. "A lady petitioner is waiting," he added.

"How long has she been here?" asked Stepán Arkádevich.

"About half an hour."

"How many times have I told you to announce them at once?"

"I had to let you at least finish your coffee," said Matvyéy, in a coarse, friendly tone, at which it was impossible to get angry.

"Well, bring her in at once," said Oblónski, knitting his brow from annoyance.

The petitioner, Staff-Captain Kalínin's wife, asked for something impossible and senseless; but Stepán Arkádevich, as was his wont, made her sit down, attentively, without interrupting her, listened to what she had to say, and gave her detailed advice about whom to address and how to do it, and even briskly and neatly wrote for her, in his large, broad, beautiful, legible hand, a note to a person that might be useful to her. Having dismissed her, Stepán Arkádevich took his hat and stopped to consider whether he had not forgotten something. He found that he had forgotten nothing except what he wanted to forget, — his wife.

"Oh, yes!" he lowered his head, and his handsome face assumed a melancholy expression. "To go, or not to go?" he said to himself. And an internal voice told him that he must not go; that there could be nothing but

hypocrisy; that it was impossible to correct and mend their relations, because it was impossible to make her again attractive and love-inspiring, or to make himself an old man incapable of love. Nothing could come of it now but hypocrisy and lying; and hypocrisy and lying were contrary to his nature.

“However, it will have to be sometime; it certainly cannot remain as it is,” he said, trying to brace himself. He straightened himself up, drew out a cigarette, lighted it, took two puffs, threw it away into a mother-of-pearl ash-tray, with rapid steps crossed the drawing-room, and opened another door into his wife’s sleeping-room.

#### IV.

DÁRYA ALEKSÁNDROVNA, in a sack and with her now thin, once thick and beautiful, braids pinned up on the back of her head, with a drawn, lean face and large, frightened eyes bulging out from her emaciated face, was standing amidst things scattered in the room, in front of an open chiffonière, from which she was choosing something. When she heard her husband's footsteps, she stopped, looking at the door, and vainly trying to give her face a stern, contemptuous expression. She felt that she was afraid of him and of the present meeting.

She was trying to do that which she had endeavoured to do ten times those three days: to pick out her things and those of her children, in order to take them to her mother,—and again she could not make up her mind to do it; even now, as on the former occasions, she said to herself that it could not remain so, that she must undertake something, punish, disgrace him, have him suffer at least a small part of the pain which he had caused her. She still kept saying to herself that she would leave him, but she felt that it was impossible; it was impossible because she could not give up regarding him as her husband and loving him. Besides, she felt that if she barely managed to look after five children here in the house, they would be much worse off there where she intended to go with all of them. As it was, her youngest boy had grown ill in the last three days because he had not got the right kind of a soup, and the rest had hardly had a dinner the day before. She felt that it was

impossible to leave; but she kept deceiving herself, and continued to pick out things, pretending that she was going away.

Upon seeing her husband, she dropped her hands in the drawer of the chiffonière, as though looking for something, and glanced around at him only when he had come quite close to her. But her face, to which she wanted to give a stern and determined expression, expressed discomfiture and suffering.

"Dolly!" he said, in a soft, timid voice. He drew his head into his shoulders and wanted to have a pitiable, humble look, but he none the less beamed with freshness and health. With a rapid glance she surveyed from head to foot his whole figure, which beamed with freshness and health. "Yes, he is happy and satisfied!" she thought. "And I?— And that disgusting kindness of his, for which all love and praise him: I hate that kindness," she thought. Her mouth was set, and the facial muscle on the right side of her pale, nervous face began to quiver.

"What do you wish?" she said, in a rapid, strange chest tone.

"Dolly!" he repeated, with a tremble in his voice, "Anna will be here to-day."

"What is that to me? I cannot receive her!" she exclaimed.

"But we ought to, Dolly —"

"Go, go, go," she shouted, without looking at him, as though this cry had been provoked by physical pain.

Stepán Arkádevich could be calm, thinking of his wife, could hope that everything was "coming on," according to Matvyéy's expression, and could quietly read the newspaper and drink coffee; but when he saw her emaciated, suffering face, heard that tone of voice, submissive to fate and despairing, he gasped for breath, a lump rose in his throat, and his eyes sparkled with tears.

"O Lord, what have I done? Dolly! For God's sake!

— If — ” He could not continue: the sobs stopped in his throat.

She slammed the chiffonière to and looked at him.

“ Dolly, what can I say ? — Only this: forgive me! — Remember, cannot nine years of life atone for minutes, minutes — ”

She lowered her eyes and listened, waiting to hear what he had to say, as though imploring him in some way to change her belief.

“ Minutes of infatuation — ! ” he muttered, and wanted to proceed, but at this word her lips were again compressed, as though from physical pain, and again the muscle leaped on the right side of her face.

“ Go away, go away from here ! ” she cried, more piercingly still, “ and don’t talk to me about your infatuations and about your abominations ! ”

She wanted to go away, but tottered and took hold of the back of a chair to steady herself. Her face expanded; her lips puffed up; her eyes were filled with tears.

“ Dolly ! ” he muttered, sobbing. “ For God’s sake think of the children ! They are not to blame ! I am to blame, so punish me and make me expiate my guilt ! I am prepared to do all I can ! I am guilty, — there are no words strong enough to say how guilty I am. But, Dolly, forgive me ! ”

She sat down. He heard her hard, loud breathing, and he was inexpressibly sorry for her. She was several times on the point of speaking, but could not do so. He waited.

“ Thou thinkest of the children, to play with them, but I know that they are now lost, ” she said, apparently repeating one of the phrases which she had been saying to herself more than once in the last three days.

She had employed “ thou ” to him, and he looked at her gratefully, and made a move to take her hand, but she stepped aside in detestation.

“I remember the children, and so shall do everything in the world to save them; but I do not know myself how to save them: whether by taking them away from their father, or by leaving them with their lewd father, — yes, with their lewd father — Tell me, after what was happened — can we live together? Is it possible to do so? Tell me, is it possible?” she repeated, raising her voice. “After my husband, the father of my children, has entered into a love relation with their governess —”

“What shall I do? What?” he said, in a pitiful voice, himself not knowing what he was saying, and bending his head lower and lower.

“I detest you, I loathe you!” she shouted, getting more and more excited. “Your tears are water! You have never loved me; you have no heart! You are not noble! I detest you, I despise you! You are a stranger to me, yes, a complete stranger!” She pronounced in pain and malice the word “stranger” which to her sounded so terrible.

He looked at her, and the malice which was expressed in her face frightened and surprised him. He did not understand that it was his pity for her which so irritated her. She saw his pity for her, but not love. “No, she hates me. She will not forgive me,” he thought.

“It is terrible! Terrible!” he muttered.

Just then a child began to cry in another room, having evidently fallen down; Dárya Aleksándrovna listened, and her face was suddenly softened.

It apparently took her several seconds to regain her senses, as though she did not know where she was and what she ought to do; then she rose quickly and moved toward the door.

“She does love my child,” he thought, observing the change of her face at the cry of the child, “*my* child; how, then, can she hate me?”

“Dolly, one word more,” he said, following her.

"If you follow me, I will call the people, the children! Let all know that you are a scoundrel! I shall leave to-day, and you can stay here with your paramour!"

And she left, slamming the door.

Stepán Arkádevich drew a sigh, wiped his face, and with soft steps left the room. "Matvyéy says, 'It is coming on'; but how? I do not see even the possibility. Oh, oh, how terrible! And how trivial her cry was!" he said to himself, recalling her cry and the words "scoundrel" and "paramour." "Maybe the girls have heard her! Terribly trivial, terribly!"

Stepán Arkádevich stood alone several seconds, dried his eyes, sighed, and, expanding his breast, left the room.

It was a Friday, and a German clock-maker was winding up the clock in the dining-room. Stepán recalled his joke about this accurate bald-headed clock-maker, which was that "the German himself was wound up for a lifetime, in order to wind up clocks," and he smiled. Stepán Arkádevich was fond of a good joke. "And maybe it is coming on! *Coming on* is a good little word," he thought. "I must tell it!"

"Matvyéy!" he called. "Fix everything with Márya in the sofa-room for Anna Arkádevna," he said to Matvyéy, who had made his appearance.

"Yes, sir."

Stepán Arkádevich put on his fur coat, and went out on the porch.

"Will you dine at home?" asked Matvyéy, who was seeing him out.

"It depends. Here, take this for what may be needed," he said, handing him ten roubles from his pocketbook. "Will it be enough?"

"Whether enough, or not, I shall have to manage, I suppose," said Matvyéy, slamming the carriage door to, and stepping back on the porch.

In the meantime Dárya Aleksándrovna, having quieted



the child, and judging from the sound of the carriage that he had left, again returned to the sleeping-room. That was her only retreat from domestic cares, which assailed her the moment she came out of it. Even now, in the short time during which she had stepped into the nursery, the English governess and Matréná Filímonovna had managed to address a number of questions to her, which suffered no delay, and to which she alone could reply: "What were the children to put on for the walk? Were they to get milk? Had they not better send for another cook?"

"Oh, let me alone, let me alone!" she said, and, after returning to the sleeping-room, she sat down in the same place from which she had been speaking with her husband, clinching her emaciated hands with the rings that slipped down her bony fingers, and began in imagination to review the whole past conversation.

"He has gone! I wonder how he finished up with *her*," she thought. "Is it possible he sees her still? Why did I not ask him? No, no, we cannot live together. Even if we remain living in one house, we are strangers! For ever strangers!" she again repeated that word which to her was so terrible. "How I loved him, O God, how I did love him!— How I loved him! And do I not love him now? Do I not love him more than ever? What is most terrible is—" she began, but did not finish her thought because Matréná Filímonovna thrust her head through the door.

"Will you not order me to send for my brother?" she said. "We will get some kind of a dinner ready; for yesterday the children had nothing to eat until six."

"All right, I will be out in a minute to attend to it. Have you sent for fresh milk?"

And Dárya Aleksándrovna buried herself in the cares of the day, and for awhile drowned her sorrow in them.

## V.

STEPÁN ARKÁDEVICH had studied well at school, thanks to his good ability, but had been lazy and mischievous, and so graduated way down the list; but, in spite of his sporting life, inconsiderable rank, and youthful age, he occupied an honourable, lucrative post of chief in one of the Moscow courts. This place he had obtained through the husband of his sister Anna, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich Karénin, who held one of the most prominent posts in the ministry to which the court belonged; and if Karénin had not got this appointment for his brother-in-law, a hundred other persons, brothers, sisters, cousins, uncles, aunts would have procured for Stíva Oblónski this place, or another similar position, with something like six thousand roubles salary, which he needed because his affairs, in spite of his wife's considerable fortune, were in a bad shape.

Half of Moscow and of St. Petersburg were Stepán Arkádevich's relatives or friends. He was born in the midst of those people who were or became the mighty of this world. One-third of the statesmen, the old men, had been his father's friends, and had known him in his baby shirts; another third were on an intimate footing with him, speaking "thou" to him, and the remainder were good friends of his; consequently, the distributors of the earthly benefits, in the shape of posts, tenures, concessions, and the like, were all his friends and could not overlook one of their own; and so Oblónski did not have to put forth any special effort in order to get a profitable place; all he had to do was not to refuse, not to be envious, nor

quarrel, nor be offended, which he, with his characteristic kindness of heart, never did. It would have seemed ridiculous to him if any one had told him that he would not get a position with such a salary as he needed, the more so since he did not demand anything extraordinary; all he wanted was what his comrades received, and he could attend to such duties as well as anybody.

Stepán Arkádevich was not only loved by all who knew him, for his kindly, cheerful manner and undoubted honesty; but in him, in his handsome, bright appearance, sparkling eyes, black brows and hair, whiteness and glow of face, there was something which affected people who met him with a physical sensation of friendliness and mirth. "Aha! Stíva! Oblónski! There he is!" people nearly always said, with a joyful smile, when they met him. Even though it should have happened that after a conversation with him it turned out that nothing joyful had occurred, — on the next day all again met him with the same expressions of joy.

This was the third year that he had occupied the post of chief in one of the courts of Moscow, and during that time he had gained not only the love, but also the respect of his associates, subordinates, and superiors, and of everybody who had anything to do with him. His chief qualities, which had won him universal respect in his service, consisted, in the first place, in an extraordinary indulgence to people, which was based on the consciousness of his own faults; in the second place, in his absolute liberalism, not the liberalism which he had fished out from newspapers, but that which was in his blood, and on account of which he treated all men, no matter what their condition or calling might be, with absolute equality; and, in the third, and most important, place, in a complete indifference to the business to which he attended, so that he was never carried away and never made any mistakes.

Upon arriving at his place of service, Stepán Arkádevich went to his small cabinet, accompanied by a respectful porter with a portfolio, put on his uniform, and entered the courtroom. The scribes and serving-men all rose, greeting him merrily and respectfully. Stepán Arkádevich passed as hurriedly as ever to his seat, pressed the hands of the members, and sat down. He jested and talked precisely as much as was proper, and proceeded to business. No one knew better than Stepán Arkádevich how to find the exact limit of freedom, simplicity, and official bearing which was necessary for the pleasant transaction of business. The secretary, like all the rest in Stepán Arkádevich's court, merrily and respectfully came up with some documents, and said, in that familiar and liberal tone which had been introduced by Stepán Arkádevich:

"We have at last managed to get some information from the Government office of Pénza. Wouldn't you like to see —?"

"You have, at last?" said Stepán Arkádevich, putting his finger in the document. "Well, gentlemen —" And the session began.

"If they knew," he thought, inclining his head with a significant look, while listening to the report, "what a guilty boy their chairman was but half an hour ago!" And his eyes laughed at the reading of the report. The work was to last uninterruptedly until two o'clock, when there was to be a recess and a breakfast.

It was not yet two o'clock when the large glass door of the court-hall was suddenly opened, and somebody entered. All the members, below the emperor's portrait and back of the mirror of justice, looked at the door, glad to have a distraction; but the janitor, who was standing at the entrance, immediately drove the intruder out, and closed the glass door after him.

When the case was read, Stepán Arkádevich got up

and stretched himself, and, paying his due to the liberalism of the time, drew a cigarette out of his pocket in the courtroom, and went to his cabinet. Two of his associates, Nikítin, who had become old in the service, and Page of the Chamber Grinévich came out with him.

"We shall have time enough to finish it after breakfast," said Štěpán Arkádevich.

"I should say so," said Nikítin.

"That Fomín must be a fine rascal," said Grinévich about one of the persons in the case which they were examining.

Štěpán Arkádevich frowned at Grinévich's words, thus intimating that it was not proper to form a judgment in advance, and made no reply to him.

"Who was it that came in?" he asked the janitor.

"A fellow came without asking, your Excellency, the moment I turned away. He wanted to see you. I told him that when the members came out —"

"Where is he?"

"He must have gone out into the vestibule, for he has been walking up and down here. That man there," said the janitor, pointing to a strongly built, broad-shouldered man, with a curly beard, who, without taking off his sheep-fur cap, was swiftly and lightly running up the worn steps of the stone staircase. A lean official, with a portfolio, who was descending, stopped and disapprovingly looked at the feet of him who was running, and then glanced interrogatively at Oblónski.

Štěpán Arkádevich was standing at the head of the staircase. His good-natured, beaming face, which protruded from the embroidered collar of his uniform, shone more brightly still when he recognized the man who was running up the stairs.

"That's it! Levín, at last!" he said, with a friendly, derisive smile, surveying Levín, who was coming up toward him. "So thou didst not mind looking me up in my

lair!" said Stepán Arkádevich, not satisfied with a pressure of the hand, and kissing his friend. "How long hast thou been here?"

"I have just arrived, and I wanted very much to see thee," replied Levín, timidly and at the same time angrily and restlessly looking about him.

"Come to my cabinet," said Stepán Arkádevich, who knew the egoistic and grim timidity of his friend. Taking hold of his arm, he drew him along, as though leading him past dangerous places.

Stepán Arkádevich was on "thou" terms with nearly all of his acquaintances: with old men of sixty years of age, with boys of twenty, with actors, with ministers, with merchants, and with adjutants-general, so that many of those who were on "thou" terms with him were on the two extreme points of the social ladder, and would have been very much surprised if they had found out that they had something in common through Oblónski. He spoke "thou" to everybody with whom he drank champagne, and he drank champagne with everybody, and so, if, in the presence of his subordinates, he met some of his *shameful* "thous," as he, jestingly, called many of his friends, he, with characteristic tact, knew how to minimize the unpleasantness of this impression for his subordinates. Levín was not a shameful "thou," but Oblónski with his tact felt that Levín thought that he, perhaps, did not wish to show his familiarity with him in the presence of the subordinates, and so Oblónski hastened to take him to his cabinet.

Levín was almost of the same age as Oblónski, and their "thou" relations were not due to drinking champagne alone. Levín was the companion and friend of his first youth. They loved each other, in spite of the difference of their characters and tastes, as two friends love each other who have become intimate in their first youth. And yet, in spite of it, as often happens with people who

have chosen different fields of action, each of them justifying the other's activity, in his heart detested it. It seemed to each of them that the life which he himself was leading was the only real life, and that the one which his friend was leading was merely an apparition. Oblónski could not withhold a light derisive smile at the sight of Levín. This was by no means the first time Stepán Arkádevich saw him coming to Moscow from the country, where he was doing something, but what it really was Stepán Arkádevich never could well make out, nor was he interested to know. Levín always arrived in Moscow agitated, nervous, a little oppressed and irritated by this oppressive feeling, and generally with an entirely new, unexpected view of things. Stepán Arkádevich laughed at this and loved it. Even so Levín in his innermost soul despised the city life of his friend, and his service, which he regarded as trifling, and he made fun of it all. But there was this difference, that Oblónski, doing what everybody was doing, laughed self-confidently and good-naturedly, while Levín laughed diffidently and sometimes angrily.

"We have been waiting for you for a long time," said Stepán Arkádevich, as he entered the cabinet and let go Levín's arm, as though to indicate that the danger was past here. "Very, very glad to see you," he continued. "Well, how are you? When did you get here?"

Levín kept silence, glancing at the unfamiliar faces of Oblónski's associates, and especially at the hand of elegant Grinévich, with such long, white fingers, such long, yellow nails bent at the end, and such enormous shining cuff-buttons, that these hands apparently absorbed his whole attention and did not give him any freedom of thought. Oblónski noticed this and smiled.

"Oh, yes, let me make you acquainted," he said. "My associates: Filípp Iványeh Nikítin, Mikhaíl Stanislávich

Grinévich," and, turning to Levín, "a new man of the County Council, a gymnast, who can raise two hundred pounds with one hand, a cattle-raiser and hunter, and my friend, Konstantín Dmítrievich Levín, a brother of Ser-gyéy Iványch Koznyshév."

"Happy to know you," said the old man.

"I have the honour of knowing your brother, Sergyéy Iványch," said Grinévich, offering him his thin hand with the long nails.

Levín frowned, coldly pressed the hand, and immediately turned to Oblónski. Though he had great respect for his half-brother of the same mother, the well-known author, he could not bear being addressed, not as Konstantín Levín, but as the brother of the famous Koznyshév.

"No, I am no longer interested in the County Council. I have quarrelled with everybody, and I no longer attend the assemblies," he said, turning to Oblónski.

"So suddenly!" Oblónski said, with a smile. "But how? Why?"

"It's a long story. I will tell you some day," he said, but immediately began to tell it to him. "Well, to be brief, I convinced myself that there is no such a thing as County Council activity, and that there can be none," he said, as though some one had offended him. "On the one hand, it is a toy, — they play parliament, — and I am not sufficiently young, nor sufficiently old, to waste my time with toys; on the other hand" (he hemmed), "it is a means for the county coterie to make money. In former days there used to be guardianships and courts, and now it is the County Council, not in the shape of bribes, but in the shape of unearned salaries," he spoke vehemently, as though one of the men present were disputing his opinion.

"Oho! I see, you are again in a new phase, in the conservative," said Stepán Arkádevich. "However, we shall speak later of it."



"Yes, later; but I wanted to see you," said Levín, looking hatefully at Grinévich's hand.

Stepán Arkádevich gave a scarcely perceptible smile.

"I thought you said that you would never again put on European clothes?" he said, examining his new suit, which was evidently made by a French tailor. "Yes, I see, it is a new phase."

Levín suddenly blushed, not as grown persons blush, — lightly, without noticing it themselves, — but as boys blush, — feeling that they are ridiculous in their bashfulness, and consequently feeling more ashamed, and blushing more, almost to tears. It was so strange to see this intelligent, manly face in such a boyish state that Oblónski quit looking at him.

"But where shall we see each other? I have something very, very important to talk to you about," said Levín.

Oblónski seemed to be reflecting.

"Listen! We shall drive to Gúrin's for breakfast, and there we shall have a chat. I am at liberty until three."

"No," replied Levín, after a moment's thought, "I have to make a few calls yet."

"All right, then we shall dine together."

"Dine? But I have nothing special, — only a couple of words, something to ask, and then to chat."

"Then tell me the couple of words now, and at dinner we shall chat."

"It's like this," said Levín, "however, it's nothing special."

His face suddenly assumed an evil expression, due to his effort to overcome his bashfulness.

"What are the Shcherbátskis doing? As ever?" he asked.

Stepán Arkádevich, who had known for a long time that Levín was in love with his sister-in-law Kitty, gave

a scarcely perceptible smile, and his eyes had a merry sparkle.

"You said 'a couple of words,' but I cannot answer you in a couple of words because — Excuse me for a minute —"

There entered the secretary. With a respectful familiarity and a certain modest consciousness of his superiority over his chief in the knowledge of his business, which is common to all secretaries, he walked over to Oblónski, to whom, under the guise of a question, he began to explain a certain difficulty. Stepán Arkádevich, without listening to all he had to say, graciously put his hand on the secretary's sleeve.

"No, you do as I told you," he said, softening the remark with a smile; and, giving him a brief explanation of how he understood the affair, he pushed aside the papers and said: "Do it like that, if you please, Zakhár Nikítých."

The embarrassed secretary withdrew. Levín, who during the consultation with the secretary had completely regained his composure, stood leaning with both his arms on a chair, and on his countenance there was an expression of derisive attention.

"I don't understand it, I don't," he said.

"What do you not understand?" Oblónski said, also smiling a merry smile, and taking out a cigarette. He was expecting some strange act from Levín.

"I do not understand what you are doing," said Levín, shrugging his shoulders. "How can you do it so seriously?"

"Why?"

"Because there is nothing to do."

"You think so, but we are overwhelmed with work."

"Paper work. Well, yes, you have a gift for it," added Levín.

"That is, you think that I have a lack of something?"

"Perhaps so," said Levín. "Still, I admire your greatness, and I am proud to have such a great man for my friend. But you have not answered my question," he added, with a desperate effort looking straight into Oblónski's eyes.

"All right, all right. Wait awhile and you will come to it. It is well so long as you have three thousand desyatínas in Karázin County, and such muscles, and such freshness, as in a girl of twelve years, — but you will come to it yet. About what you asked me, — there is no change, but what a pity you have not been here for so long a time!"

"Why?" Levín asked, in fright.

"Nothing," replied Oblónski. "We shall talk of it. What did you really come for?"

"Oh, we shall talk of it later," said Levín, again blushing to his ears.

"All right. So it is agreed?" said Stepán Arkádevich. "You see, I would invite you to the house, but my wife is not at all well. Say, if you want to see them, they will certainly be this afternoon, between four and five, in the Zoological Garden. Kitty is going to skate there. Go there, and I will come for you, and we will drive somewhere to dinner."

"Very well. Good-bye, then!"

"Remember! I know you, — you will forget yet, or suddenly you will return to the country!" Stepán Arkádevich called out to him, laughing.

"No, I will, sure."

And, recalling that he had forgotten to greet Oblónski's associates, when he was already at the door, Levín left the room.

"He is, no doubt, a very energetic gentleman," said Grinévich, after Levín had left.

"Yes, my friend," said Stepán Arkádevich, shaking his head. "What a lucky fellow! Three thousand desya-

tinas in Karázin County, everything ahead, and how much freshness! Not like you or me!"

"What have you to complain about, Stepán Arkádevich?"

"It is bad, miserable," said Stepán Arkádevich, heaving a deep sigh.

## VI.

WHEN Oblónski had asked Levín what he had really come for, Levín had blushed and become angry at himself for having blushed, because he could not have answered him, "I have come to propose to your sister-in-law," though that was the only reason why he had made the journey.

The houses of the Levíns and the Shcherbátskis were old, noble Moscow houses, which had always been in close, friendly relations. This intimacy had become strengthened during Levín's student days. He had prepared himself with the young Prince Shcherbátski for the university and had entered it together with him. Prince Shcherbátski was the brother of Dolly and of Kitty. At that time Levín frequently called at the house of the Shcherbátskis, and fell in love with that house. However strange it may appear, Konstantín Levín was in love with the house as a whole, with the family, especially with the feminine part of it. Levín himself did not remember his mother, and his only sister was older than he, so that in the house of the Shcherbátskis he for the first time saw that *milieu* of an old, cultured, honourable aristocratic family, of which he had been deprived by the death of his parents. All the members of this family, especially the feminine part of it, appeared to him as though covered with a mysterious, poetical curtain, and he not only failed to see any defects in them, but behind that poetical curtain, which veiled them, he assumed the most exalted sentiments and all possible perfections.

Why the three young ladies had to speak French and English on alternate days ; why they, at stated hours, one after another played the piano, the sounds of which could be heard up-stairs in their brother's room where the students studied together ; why, at stated hours, there came teachers of French literature, of music, of drawing, of dancing ; why, at stated hours, all three young ladies with Mlle. Linon drove in a carriage to the Tver Boulevard, wearing their velvet fur coats, — Dolly's coat being long, Natalie's half-long, Kitty's entirely short, so that her well-shaped legs in tightly fitting red stockings were plainly visible ; why they had to walk on the boulevard, accompanied by a lackey with a gold cockade on his hat ; all that and many more things which took place in their mysterious world he did not understand, but he knew that everything which was doing there was beautiful, and he was in love with the very mysteriousness of everything which occurred there.

During his student life he came very near falling in love with the eldest, Dolly, but she was soon married to Oblónski. Then he began to fall in love with the second. He seemed to feel that he had to fall in love with one of the sisters but could not make out which one in particular. But Natalie married the diplomat Lvov, the moment she made her appearance in society. Kitty was a mere child when he left the university. Young Shcherbátski entered the navy and was drowned in the Baltic Sea, and Levín's relations with the Shcherbátskis, in spite of his friendship with Oblónski, became less frequent. But when, this last year, Levín in the beginning of winter arrived in Moscow, after a year in the country, and saw the Shcherbátskis, he comprehended with which of the three he was really fated to fall in love.

One would think that nothing could have been simpler than for him, a man of good family, rather wealthy than otherwise, thirty-two years of age, to have proposed to

Princess Shcherbátski, — in all probability he would have been at once regarded as a suitable match. But Levín was in love, and so it seemed to him that Kitty was such perfection in every respect, such a transcendental being, and he himself such an earthly, humble creature, that there could not even be a possibility that others, and she herself, should consider him at all worthy of her.

Having passed two months in Moscow as if in a state of intoxication, nearly every day seeing Kitty in society, whither he began to go in order to see her, he suddenly decided that it could not be, and left for the country.

Levín's conviction that it could not be was based on the fact that in the eyes of her relatives he was a disadvantageous, unworthy match for charming Kitty, and that Kitty herself could not love him. To the thinking of her relatives he had no definite, habitual activity and position in the world, while his companions were, at his age of thirty-two, one a colonel and aid-de-camp, another a professor, or a director of a bank and of railways, or a chairman of a court, as Oblónski; but he (he knew full well how he must appear to others) was a landed proprietor who was interested in the breeding of cows, shooting of snipes, and building of structures, that is, he was a fellow without any talent, who had not turned out to be anything, and who, in the opinion of society, was doing precisely what worthless men did.

Mysterious, charming Kitty herself could not love such a homely man as he thought himself to be, and, above everything else, such a simple, insignificant man. Besides, his former relations to Kitty — those of an adult to a child, on account of his friendship for her brother — seemed to him a new obstacle in his love. An unattractive, good fellow, such as he regarded himself to be, might be loved like a friend, he thought, but to be loved by that love, which he himself felt for Kitty, one had to be handsome and, above all, a distinguished man.

He had frequently heard it said that women loved homely, simple men, but he did not believe it, because he judged from himself, and he could love only handsome, mysterious, distinguished women.

But, after staying two months in the country, he convinced himself that it was not one of those infatuations which he had experienced in his first youth; that this feeling did not give him a moment of rest; that he could not live without solving the question whether she would be his wife, or not; that his despair was only due to his imagination, and that he had no proofs that he would be refused. And so he now came to Moscow with the firm resolution of proposing and marrying, if he should be accepted. Or—he could not think of what would become of him if he should be refused.



## VII.

HAVING arrived in Moscow on the morning train, Levín stopped at the house of his elder half-brother, on his mother's side, Koznyshév. He dressed himself and entered the cabinet, intending to tell his brother at once why he had come, and to ask his advice ; but he was not alone. In the cabinet was sitting a famous professor of philosophy, who had arrived from Khárkov for the explicit purpose of clearing up a misunderstanding which had arisen between them on an important philosophical question.

The professor had been fiercely attacking the materialists, and Sergyéy Koznyshév had been following the controversy with interest and, having read the professor's last article, had given him his objections in a letter: he had accused the professor of making too great concessions to the materialists. And so the professor at once came to see him, in order to arrive at some understanding. The question under discussion was one which was then in vogue: Is there a line of demarcation between psychic and physiological phenomena in human activity, and where is it?

Sergyéy Ivánovich received his brother with his habitual kindly, cold smile. Having introduced him to the professor, he continued his discussion.

The little man in spectacles, with a narrow brow, for a moment tore himself away from the conversation, in order to exchange greetings, and again continued his dispute, without paying any attention to Levín. Levín sat down

in the hope that the professor would leave soon, but before long himself became interested in the subject under discussion.

Levín had in periodicals come across the articles of which they were talking, and, having studied the natural sciences at the university, had read them with interest as being the evolution of the familiar foundations of the natural sciences, but had never connected these scientific deductions about the origin of man as an animal, about reflexes, about biology and sociology, with those questions about the meaning of life and death for himself, which of late had been troubling him more and more.

As he listened to his brother's conversation with the professor, he noticed that they combined the scientific questions with questions of the heart, several times closely approached the latter, but each time, the moment they touched on that which to him seemed to be of prime importance, immediately hurried away from it, and again lost themselves in the sphere of minute subdivisions, reservations, quotations, hints, and references to authorities, so that he had difficulty in following them.

"I cannot admit," said Sergyéy Ivánovich, with his customary clearness and precision of expression and elegance of diction, "I cannot under any condition agree with Keys that my whole conception of the external world springs from the impressions. The very fundamental concept of existence is not acquired by me through sensation, for there does not even exist a special organ for the transmission of that concept."

"Yes; but they, Wurst, and Knaust, and Pripásov, will answer you that your consciousness of existence springs from the totality of all sensations, that this consciousness of existence is the result of sensations. Wurst even says directly that, as soon as there are no sensations, there is also no concept of existence."

"But I will say —" began Sergyéy Ivánovich.

Here it again seemed to Levín that, as they were approaching the main issue, they again departed from it, and he decided to propose a question to the professor.

"So, if the senses are destroyed, if my body dies, there can be no existence?" he asked.

The professor, with annoyance, and as though with mental pain from the interruption, looked around at the strange questioner, who resembled more a man who tows boats than a philosopher, and transferred his eyes to Sergyéy Ivánovich, as though to ask, "What shall I say?" But Sergyéy Ivánovich, who was far from speaking with the same effort and one-sidedness as the professor, and in whose head there was left enough room both to answer the professor and understand that simple and natural point of view from which the question was put, smiled, and said:

"We have not yet the right to decide this question —"

"We have no data," confirmed the professor, continuing his argument. "No," he said, "I point out to you that if, as Pripásov says distinctly, sensation has for its foundation impression, we must strictly distinguish these two concepts."

Levín was not listening any longer; he waited for the professor to leave.

## VIII.

AFTER the professor had left, Sergyéy Ivánovich turned to his brother.

"I am very glad that you have come. For how long? How is the farm?"

Levín knew that farming little interested his elder brother, and that he asked him about it only to please him, and so he answered only by telling him of the sale of wheat, and about money matters.

Levín wanted to tell his brother of his intention to marry, and to ask his advice,—he had firmly decided to do so; but when he saw his brother and heard his conversation with the professor, and when he later heard that involuntarily condescending tone with which his brother asked him about farm matters (their maternal estate was indivisible, and Levín had charge of both parts), Levín felt that for some reason he could not begin to speak with his brother about his intention of marrying. He felt that his brother would not look upon the matter as he should like him to.

"Well, how is the County Council with you?" asked Sergyéy Ivánovich, who was very much interested in the institution, and ascribed a great significance to it.

"Really, I do not know —"

"What? But are you not a member of the administration?"

"No, I am no longer; I have stepped out," replied Levín, "and I no longer attend the meetings."

"I am sorry!" said Sergyéy Ivánovich, knitting his brow.

To justify his action, Levín began to tell of what took place at the meetings in his county.

"It is always that way!" Sergyéy Ivánovich interrupted him. "We Russians are always that way. Maybe it is a good feature in us, this ability to see our shortcomings; but we overdo it, we take consolation in irony, which is ever ready on our tongues. Let me tell you that if such rights as our county institutions were granted to any other European nation,— the Germans and English would work out liberty from them, but we Russians only laugh."

"But what is to be done?" Levín said, guiltily. "This was my last experiment. And I tried it with all my heart. I can't. I am unfit."

"No, not unfit," said Sergyéy Ivánovich, "but you do not look at the matter right."

"Maybe," Levín replied, gloomily.

"Do you know, brother Nikoláy is here again."

Brother Nikoláy was Konstantín Levín's eldest brother and Sergyéy Ivánovich's half-brother, a ruined man, who had wasted a great part of his fortune, who moved in the strangest and worst kind of society, and who had quarrelled with his brothers.

"You don't say!" Levín cried out, in terror. "How do you know?"

"Prokófi saw him in the street."

"Here in Moscow? Where is he? Do you know?" Levín got up from his chair, as though getting ready to leave at once.

"I am sorry I told you about it," said Sergyéy Ivánovich, shaking his head at the agitation of his younger brother. "I had them find out where he lived, and sent him his note to Trúbin, which I paid. This is what he writes to me," and Sergyéy Ivánovich gave his brother

a note which he took out from underneath a paper-weight.

Levín read what was written in a strange handwriting, resembling his own: "I humbly ask to be left alone. That is all I demand from my amiable brothers. — Nikoláy Levín."

Levín read it, and, without raising his head, with the note in his hands, stood in front of Sergyéy Ivánovich.

In his heart there struggled the desire now to forget his unfortunate brother, and the consciousness that this would not be good.

"Evidently he wants to offend me," continued Sergyéy Ivánovich, "but he cannot offend me, and I should like to assist him with all my heart, but I know that it is impossible to do so."

"Yes, yes," repeated Levín. "I understand and appreciate your relation to him; but I will go to see him."

"If you want to, do so, but I advise you not to go," said Sergyéy Ivánovich. "That is, so far as I am concerned, I am not afraid of it, for he will not bring discord between you and me; but for your own sake, I advise you not to go. He cannot be helped. However, do as you please."

"Maybe he cannot be helped, but I feel, especially at this moment, — well, that is another matter, — I feel that I cannot be at rest."

"I do not understand that," said Sergyéy Ivánovich. "This much I know," he added, "it is a lesson in humility. I have begun to look differently and more leniently at what is called baseness, ever since brother Nikoláy has turned out to be what he is — You know what he has done —"

"Oh, it is terrible, terrible!" repeated Levín.

Having received his brother's address from Sergyéy Ivánovich's lackey, Levín wanted to go to see him at once, but, after some reflection, he decided to put off his visit until the evening. First of all, in order to have peace

of mind, it was necessary to settle the affair which had brought him to Moscow. From his brother's, Levín drove to Oblónski's court, and then, having learned all about the Shcherbátskis, he went where he was told he could see Kitty.

## IX.

AT four o'clock, Levín, hearing his beating heart, got out of the cab at the Zoological Garden, and along a path went to the coasting-hills and the skating-rink, quite sure that he would find her there, because he had seen the carriage of the Shcherbátskis at the entrance.

It was a clear, frosty day. At the entrance stood rows of carriages, sleighs, sledges, and gendarmes. Neat-looking people, whose hats glistened in the bright sun, swarmed at the entrance and on the swept paths, between the Russian huts with the carved gables; the old, curly birches of the garden, weighted down by the snow, seemed to have been clad in new, solemn vestments.

He walked along the path toward the rink, saying to himself: "I must not be agitated, — I must calm myself. What is the matter with you? What do you want? Keep quiet, stupid!" he addressed his heart. And the more he tried to calm himself, the more did he gasp for breath. He met an acquaintance, who called his name, but he did not even recognize him. He went up to the coasting-hills, where clanged the chains of the descending and ascending sleds, and where the coasting sleds creaked, and the merry voices resounded. He went a few steps farther, and before him lay the rink, and amidst all the skaters he immediately recognized her.

He knew that she was there, from the joy and terror that took possession of his soul. She was standing and talking to a lady, at the opposite end of the rink. There was nothing peculiar, it seemed, in her apparel or in her



pose ; but for Levín it was just as easy to tell her in that crowd as to tell a rose-bush in the nettles. Everything was illuminated by her. She was a smile that brightened everything around her.

“ I wonder whether I can go to her over the ice,” he thought. The place where she was appeared to him as an inaccessible sanctum, and there was a minute when he almost went away : he felt so terribly. He had to make an effort over himself, and to reflect that all kinds of people were walking about her, and that he himself might have come there to skate. He went down, and for a long time avoided looking at her, as at the sun, but he saw her, as the sun, without looking at her.

On that day of the week, and at that time of the day, there were gathered on the ice people belonging to one circle, — all mutual acquaintances. There were there experts in skating, who made a display of their art, and those who were learning to skate behind chairs, with timid, awkward motions, and boys, and old people, who skated for hygienic reasons. All of them appeared to Levín as especially favoured by fortune, for they were there, near her. All the skaters, it seemed, quite indifferently caught up with her, or flew past her, even spoke with her, and quite independently of her enjoyed themselves, making good use of the splendid ice and fine weather.

Nikoláy Shcherbátski, Kitty’s cousin, in a short jacket and tight pantaloons, was sitting on a bench with his skates on his feet. Upon seeing Levín, he called out :

“ Oh, Russian champion skater ! How long have you been here ? Splendid ice, so put on the skates ! ”

“ I have no skates with me,” replied Levín, marvelling at that boldness and ease of manner in her presence, and not for a moment losing sight of her, though he was not looking at her. He felt that the sun was getting nearer to him. She was in the corner ; she was skating toward

him, timidly placing her feet in the high shoes on the ice. A boy in Russian costume, who waved his hands desperately and bent his body down to the ground, was trying to skate ahead of her. She did not skate very firmly; having taken out her hands from her little muff, which was hanging down by a cord, she held them ready and, looking at Levín, whom she had recognized, smiled at him and at her fear. When the slide came to an end, she gave herself a push with her lithe foot and skated up to Shcherbátski; and, catching him with her hand, she, smiling, nodded at Levín. She was prettier than he had imagined her.

When he thought of her, he could vividly imagine her, all of her, especially the charm of that little blond head, with the expression of childlike brightness and goodness, which was so freely poised on her stately, girlish shoulders. The childlike expression of her face in connection with the slender beauty of her figure formed her especial charm, which he well understood; but what always struck him in her, as something unexpected, was that expression of her mild, quiet, and truthful eyes, and especially her smile, which always transferred Levín into a fairy world, where he felt himself touched and mollified, such as he could remember himself in the rare days of his early childhood.

"Have you been here long?" she said, giving him her hand. "Thank you," she added, when he picked up her handkerchief which had fallen out of her muff.

"I? Not long, yesterday — that is, to-day — I arrived," replied Levín, who, in his agitation, did not at once understand her question. "I wanted to call at your house," he said; but, recalling with what purpose he had come to see her, he immediately became embarrassed, and blushed. "I did not know that you could skate, and skate well."

She cast a fixed glance at him, as though wishing to know the cause of his confusion.

"I appreciate your praise. There is a tradition here

that you are a champion skater," she said, brushing off with her little black-gloved hand the needles of hoarfrost which had settled on her muff.

"Yes, at one time I was an impassioned skater; I wanted to reach perfection."

"You seem to do everything with a vim," she said, smiling. "I am so anxious to see you skate. Put on your skates, and let us skate together!"

"Skate together! Is it possible?" thought Levín, looking at her.

"I will put them on at once," he said.

And he went away to put on skates.

"You have not been here for a long time, sir," said the rink-keeper, holding up his foot and screwing in the skate. "Since you there have been no crack gentlemen skaters. Is it all right?" he said, tightening the strap.

"All right, all right, be quick, if you please," replied Levín, with difficulty repressing a smile of happiness, which involuntarily appeared on his face. "Yes," he thought, "this is life, this is happiness! *Together*, she said, *let us skate together*. Shall I tell her now? But I am afraid to say it for the very reason that I am happy, happy at least in hope — And then? — But I must! I must, I must! Avaunt thee, weakness!"

Levín stood up, took off his overcoat, and, taking a run over the ice, which was rough near the hut, came out where it was smooth, and was borne on with ease, as though by a mere effort of the will increasing, diminishing, and directing his pace. He approached her timidly, but her smile again calmed him.

She gave him her hand, and they went together, increasing their pace, and the faster they went, the more firmly she pressed his hand.

"With you I should learn much faster; I somehow have confidence in you," she said to him.

"And I have confidence in myself, when you lean on

me," he said; but he immediately became frightened at what he had said, and blushed. And, indeed, the moment he had pronounced these words, her face suddenly lost its kindness, as though the sun had disappeared behind the clouds, and Levín recognized the familiar play of her face, which indicated an effort of thought: a wrinkle swelled on her smooth brow.

"Has anything unpleasant happened to you? However, I have no right to ask you," he said, rapidly.

"Why not? No, nothing unpleasant has happened," she replied, coldly, and immediately added: "You have not seen Mlle. Linon?"

"Not yet."

"Go to see her, — she likes you so much."

"What is this? I have grieved her. O Lord, aid me!" thought Levín. He ran up to an old Frenchwoman with gray locks, who was sitting on a bench. She met him as an old friend, smiling and displaying her false teeth.

"Yes, we are growing," she said to him, indicating Kitty with her eyes, "and we are growing old. *Tiny bear* is big now!" continued the Frenchwoman, laughing, as she reminded him of his joke about the three young ladies, whom he used to call "three bears" from an English fairy-tale. "Do you remember, you used to call them so?"

He positively did not remember, but she had been laughing at this joke for the last ten years, and she liked it.

"Go now, go to skate! Our Kitty skates well now, does she not?"

When Levín skated up to Kitty, her face was no longer severe, and her eyes looked as truthful and kindly as before, but it seemed to him that in her kindness there was a special, feignedly calm tone. And he felt sad. She talked to him about her old governess and about her oddities, and then asked him about his own life.

"Don't you feel lonely in the country in winter?" she asked.

"No, I do not, I am very busy," he said, feeling that she was making him submit to her quiet tone, from which he would be unable to issue, just as it had happened in the beginning of winter.

"Have you come to stay long?" Kitty asked him.

"I do not know," he replied, without thinking what he was saying. The thought came to him that if he submitted to that tone of hers, with its calm friendship, he would again leave without deciding anything, and so he made up his mind to become indignant.

"You do not know?"

"I do not. That depends on you," he said, immediately becoming horrified at his words.

She had either not heard his words, or did not wish to hear them; in any case, she acted as though she had stumbled, struck her foot twice and quickly skated away from him. She ran up to Mlle. Linon, said something to her, and started for the little house where the ladies were taking off their skates.

"O Lord, what have I done! O Lord my God! Help me, instruct me!" said Levín, praying and, at the same time, feeling the necessity for violent motion, skating at full speed, and describing inner and outer circles.

Just then one of the young men, the best of the new skaters, came out, on his skates, from the coffee-house, with a cigarette in his mouth, and at full speed started down the steps, rattling and leaping up in his course. He flew down on the ice and, without changing the free position of his arms, glided along over the smooth expanse.

"Oh, it's a new trick!" said Levín. He immediately ran up-stairs in order to try this new trick.

"Don't kill yourself,—it takes practise!" Nikoláy Shcherbátski shouted to him.

Levín walked up the steps, took a run as fast as he could, and flew down, balancing himself in the unaccustomed motion with his arms. On the last step he caught his foot, but, barely touching the ice with his hand, he made a violent motion, regained his balance, and, laughing, skated on.

"A fine fellow, a dear fellow," Kitty thought at that time, as she came out of the little house with Mlle. Linon, and looking at him with a smile of calm caressing, as at a beloved brother. "Am I guilty of anything? Have I done anything bad? They say it is coquetry. I know that it is not him that I love; still it is so jolly with him,— he is such a fine fellow. But why did he say that?" she thought.

When Levín saw Kitty, who was going away, and her mother, who met her on the steps, he stopped, red from the rapid motion, and began to think. He took off his skates and at the entrance of the garden caught up with the mother and the daughter.

"Very glad to see you," said the princess. "We receive, as always, on Thursdays."

"That is, to-night?"

"We shall be very glad to see you," the princess said, dryly.

This dryness grieved Kitty, and she could not restrain herself from a wish to obliterate her mother's coldness. She turned her head to him and said, with smile:

"Good-bye!"

At just that time Stepán Arkádevich, with his hat poised sidewise, beaming in face and eyes, entered the garden like a merry victor. But, upon reaching his mother-in-law, he with a melancholy, guilty face replied to her questions about Dolly's health. After his quiet, low-spirited conversation with his mother-in-law, he straightened out his chest and took Levín's arm.

"Well, are we going?" he asked. "I have been think-

ing about you all the time, and I am very, very glad that you have come," he said, looking significantly into his eyes.

"Come, come," replied happy Levín, who was still hearing the sound of the voice saying: "Good-bye," and seeing the smile with which it was said.

"Shall it be the England or the Hermitage?"

"It makes no difference to me."

"All right, we shall go to the England," said Stepán Arkádevich, selecting that restaurant, because he owed more there than in the Hermitage. He for that reason did not consider it proper to avoid that hotel. "Have you a cab? Very well, for I have dismissed my carriage."

The two friends were silent during the whole way. Levín was thinking of what the change of expression in Kitty's face might signify, and now assured himself that there was hope, and now fell into despair and saw clearly that his hope was senseless, and yet he felt himself an entirely different man, quite different from what he had been before her smile and her words, "Good-bye."

Stepán Arkádevich on the way was composing the menu of the dinner.

"You like turbot?" he said to Levín, as they were getting near the hotel.

"What?" Levín asked him. "Turbot? Yes, I like turbot *awfully*."

## X.

WHEN Levín entered the hotel with Oblónski, he could not help observing a certain peculiarity of expression, like a repressed beam of joy, in Stepán Arkádevich's countenance and whole figure. Oblónski took off his overcoat and with hat poised jauntily entered the dining-room, giving orders to the waiters in dress coats and with napkins, who were swarming around him. Exchanging greetings on the right and on the left with his acquaintances who happened to be there, and who, as everywhere, were happy to see him, he went up to the buffet, took a fish appetizer after his vódka, and said something to the Frenchwoman behind the counter, who was done up in ribbons, laces, and curlers, so that even that Frenchwoman laughed out heartily. The only reason Levín did not take any vódka was that that Frenchwoman was offensive to him: she seemed to him to be made up of false hair, rice powder, and toilet vinegar. He quickly moved away from her as from a dirty spot. His whole soul was brimful of the recollection of Kitty, and in his eyes shone a smile of triumph and of happiness.

"This way, your Serenity, if you please! Here your Serenity will not be disturbed," said a particularly persistent, old, white-haired waiter with broad hips, over which lay sprawling the skirts of his dress coat. "If you please, your Serenity," he said to Levín, attending also to Stepán Arkádevich's guest, in order to show his respect for him.

In a twinkling he spread a clean cloth over the round



table under the bronze chandelier, though it was already covered with a cloth, moved up two velvet chairs, and stopped in front of Stepán Arkádevich, with a napkin and a bill of fare in his hands, waiting for his orders.

"If you so wish, your Serenity, a private cabinet will soon be free: Prince Golítsyn is there with a lady. We have received fresh oysters."

"Oh, oysters!"

Stepán Arkádevich fell to musing.

"Levín, had we not better change the plan?" he said, putting his finger on the menu. His face expressed serious perplexity. "Are you sure the oysters are fresh?"

"Flensburg oysters, your Serenity. There are no Ostende oysters."

"Let it be Flensburg oysters, but are they fresh?"

"They were received yesterday, sir."

"Well, had we not better begin with oysters, and then change the whole plan? Eh?"

"It makes no difference to me. I prefer beet soup and buckwheat porridge; but that we can't get here."

"Porridge *à la Russe*, if you please?" said the waiter, bending over Levín, like a nurse over her baby.

"No, without jesting, whatever you will choose will be all right. I have been skating, and so I am hungry. Don't imagine," he added, upon noticing a dissatisfied expression on Oblónski's face, "that I do not appreciate your selection. I will eat with pleasure and I will eat a great deal of it."

"I should say so! Say what you please, but it is one of the pleasures of life," said Stepán Arkádevich. "Well, then, my dear, let us have two dozen of oysters! No, it is not enough, — three dozen; soup with herbs —"

"*Printanière*," interposed the waiter.

But it apparently did not please Stepán Arkádevich to afford the waiter the pleasure of calling the courses in French.

"With herbs, you know. Then turbot with a thick sauce, then, — roast beef; be sure it is good. Then, capons, or something; well, and preserves."

The waiter, recalling Stepán Arkádevich's habit of not giving the orders according to the French bill of fare, did not repeat after him, but gave himself the pleasure of repeating the whole order to himself according to the card: "*Soupe printanière, turbot, sauce Beaumarché, pou-lard à l'Estragon, macédoine de fruit* —" and, whirling around as if he were on springs, he put down a stitched card and, picking up another, a wine card, brought it up to Stepán Arkádevich.

"What shall we drink?"

"Whatever you please, only not too much of it, — champagne will do," said Levín.

"What? To start on? However, I do not care, you are right. Do you like it with a white seal?"

"*Cachet blanc*," interposed the waiter.

"Well, let us have that brand with the oysters, and we shall see later."

"Yes, sir. What table wine do you order?"

"Let us have *Nuit*. No, classic Chablis will be better."

"Yes, sir. Do you wish *your* cheese?"

"All right, *Parmesan*. Or do you like something else?"

"No, it makes no difference to me," said Levín, unable to repress a smile.

And the waiter, with the dangling coat skirts, ran away, and five minutes later flew in with a dish containing opened oysters on mother-of-pearl shells, and with a bottle between his fingers.

Stepán Arkádevich crumpled the starched napkin, stuck it into his waistcoat, and, calmly putting down his hands, started to eat the oysters.

"Not bad," he said, tearing away the swishing oysters from the mother-of-pearl shells with a silver fork, and swallowing one after another. "Not bad," he repeated,

turning up his moist, shining eyes, now at Levín, and now at the waiter.

Levín, too, ate the oysters, though a piece of white bread with cheese would have pleased him more. But he took delight in looking at Oblónski. Even the waiter, who had uncorked a bottle and was pouring out the sparkling wine in the broad-rimmed thin glasses, adjusting his white tie, glanced at Stepán Arkádevich with an evident smile of enjoyment.

“Are you not very fond of oysters?” said Stepán Arkádevich, draining his glass. “Or are you worried? Eh?”

He wanted Levín to be merry. But Levín was not low-spirited, — he was simply oppressed. With what there was on his mind, he felt ill at ease and awkward in the restaurant, among cabinets, where they dined with ladies, amidst this hurry and bustle; this setting of bronzes, mirrors, gaslight, waiters, — all this was offensive to him. He was afraid of soiling that which was on his soul.

“I? Yes, I am worried; and, besides, all this oppresses me,” he said. “You can’t imagine how queer all this is for me, a country dweller, just like the nails of the gentleman that I saw in your cabinet —”

“Yes, I noticed that the nails of poor Grinévich interested you very much,” Stepán Arkádevich said, laughing.

“I can’t,” replied Levín. “Try and put yourself in my place! Look at it from the standpoint of a country dweller. We in the country try to get our hands into such a shape that they are fit for work; for this purpose we pare our nails and now and then roll up our sleeves. And here people purposely let their nails grow as long as they can, and attach saucers in the place of cuff-buttons, so that they can’t do a thing with their hands.”

Stepán Arkádevich laughed merrily.

“This is a sign that he has no use for coarse labour. His brain works —”

"Maybe. Still it looks queer to me, just as it is queer that, while we country dwellers try to have a meal as quickly as possible so as to be ready for work, you and I try to eat as slowly as possible, and for that purpose eat oysters."

"Of course," Stepán Arkádevich interrupted him. "But this is the purpose of culture: to make an enjoyment of everything."

"Well, if that is a purpose, I should prefer to be a savage."

"You are a savage as it is. All of you Levíns are savages."

Levín drew a sigh. He thought of his brother Nikoláy, and he felt ashamed and pained, and he frowned; but Oblónski started to talk of a subject which immediately attracted his attention.

"Well, will you call this evening on our people, that is, on the Shcherbátskis?" he said, with a significant sparkle of his eyes, pushing aside the empty rough-faced shells, and moving up the cheese.

"Yes, I will, by all means," replied Levín. "Though it looked to me as though the princess was not very cordial in inviting me."

"Don't say that! Nonsense! It is her way — Now, my dear, bring us in the soup! — That is her manner, *grande dame*," said Stepán Arkádevich. "I will be there myself, only I must first go to the song recital at Countess Bónin's. What a savage you are! How is one to explain your sudden disappearance from Moscow? The Shcherbátskis kept asking me about you all the time, as though I would know it. I know this much, — you always do what nobody else would."

"Yes," said Levín, slowly and in agitation. "You are right, I am a savage. But my savagery does not consist in my departing, but in my having arrived now. I have come —"

"Oh, what a fortunate fellow you are!" Stepán Arkádevich interposed, looking into Levín's eyes.

"Why?"

"I can tell the mettled steeds by the brands stamped on their thighs, and a youth in love I tell by the sparkle of his eyes," declaimed Stepán Arkádevich. "Everything is before you."

"And is everything behind you in your case?"

"No, not exactly, but with you it is the future, and with me the present, and the present with a heaping measure."

"Why?"

"It is not good. Well, I do not want to talk about myself, and, besides, it is impossible to explain everything," said Stepán Arkádevich. "So, what did you come to Moscow for? Oh, there, take this away!" he called out to the waiter.

"Don't you guess?" replied Levín, without taking his eyes, which were luminous in their depth, off Stepán Arkádevich.

"I guess, but cannot begin talking about it. From this alone you may see whether I have guessed rightly or not," said Stepán Arkádevich, looking with a sly smile at Levín.

"What will you say to me about it?" said Levín, in a quivering voice, and feeling that every muscle of his face was trembling. "How do you look upon it?"

Stepán Arkádevich slowly drained his glass of Chablis, without taking his eyes away from Levín.

"I?" said Stepán Arkádevich. "There is nothing I should wish so much, nothing! Nothing could be better."

"But are you not mistaken? Do you know what we are talking about?" muttered Levín, his eyes penetrating his interlocutor. "Do you think it possible?"

"I do. Why should it not be?"

"Really, you think it can be? Do tell me all you

think! But, but, if I get a refusal? — And I am even convinced — ”

“Why should you think so?” said Stepán Arkádevich, smiling at his agitation.

“I sometimes think so. It would be terrible for me, and for her, too.”

“In any case, there is nothing terrible for a girl in this. Any girl is proud of a proposal.”

“Yes, any girl, but not she.”

Stepán Arkádevich smiled. He knew well that feeling of Levín; he knew that for him all the girls in the world were divided into two classes: one of these consisted of all the girls in the world, but her, and these possessed all the human weaknesses, and were very common girls; the other class was composed of her alone, and she had no faults and was higher than everything human.

“Wait, take some sauce!” he said, holding back Levín’s hand, as he was pushing the sauce away from him.

Levín submissively took some sauce, but did not give Stepán Arkádevich a chance to eat.

“No, wait, just wait!” he said. “You must understand that for me it is a question of life and death. I have never spoken to any one about it. And I cannot speak to any one but you about it. Now, we are in everything strangers: we have different tastes, and views, and everything; but I know that you love me and understand me, and so I love you very much. But, for God’s sake, be absolutely frank with me!”

“I am telling you what I think,” said Stepán Arkádevich, smiling. “But I will tell you more still: my wife is a most remarkable woman — ” Stepán Arkádevich sighed, as he recalled his relations with his wife, and, after a moment’s silence, continued:

“She has the gift of foresight. She sees people through and through; more than that: she knows what will happen, especially in matters of marriage. For example, she

predicted that Miss Shakhóvski would marry Brénteln. No one would believe it, but so it turned out to be. And she is on your side."

"How is that?"

"That is, she not only is very fond of you, but she says that Kitty will certainly be your wife."

At these words Levín's face suddenly beamed with a smile, such as is very near to tears of contrition.

"Does she say that!" exclaimed Levín. "I always said that she was charming, your wife I mean. That will do! No more about it!" he said, getting up.

"All right, but sit down!"

But Levín could not sit. He twice crossed the cage room with a firm gait, blinked, so as not to show the tears, and then again sat down at the table.

"You must understand," he said, "that it is not love. I have been in love, but this is something different. It is not my feeling, but some external power that has taken possession of me. The reason I then left was because I made up my mind that it could not be, you understand, as a happiness which does not exist on earth; but I struggled with myself, and I see that without it there is no life. And it must be decided —"

"Why did you leave at that time?"

"Oh, wait! Oh, what a mass of thoughts! How much I must ask! Listen. You can't imagine how much you have done for me by what you have told me. I am so happy that I am really abominable; I have forgotten everything. I learned to-day that brother Nikoláy — you know, he is here — I have forgotten him too. It seems to me that he, too, is happy. It is a kind of madness. But one thing is terrible — You are married, you know the sensation — it is terrible to think that we old men, with a past — not of love, but of sins — suddenly approach a pure, innocent being; it is detestable, and so a man cannot help feeling himself unworthy."

“ Well, you have not many sins to your name.”

“ Oh, still,” said Levín, “ still, ‘ in disgust reading my life, I tremble, and curse, and bitterly regret — ’ Yes.”

“ What is to be done? Such is the course of the world,” said Stepán Arkádevich.

“ I have one consolation, as in that prayer which I have always loved, which is, that I shall be forgiven, not according to my deserts, but according to the acts of mercy. It is only thus that she can forgive.”



## XI.

LEVÍN drank his glass, and both were silent.

"I must tell you one more thing. Do you know Vrónski?" asked Stepán Arkádevich.

"No, I do not. Why do you ask?"

"Let us have another," Stepán Arkádevich turned to the waiter, who was filling the glasses and prowling about when he was not wanted.

"You have to know Vrónski, because he is one of your rivals."

"What about Vrónski?" said Levín, and his face changed from that expression of childish transport, which Oblónski had been admiring, and looked mean and disagreeable.

"Vrónski is one of the sons of Kiríll Ivánovich Vrónski, and one of the finest specimens of the St. Petersburg gilded youths. I became acquainted with him in Tver, when I served there, and he came to attend the conscription. He is dreadfully rich, handsome, has great connections, is aid-de-camp, and, at the same time, a very dear, good fellow. But he is more than merely a good fellow. As I have found out here, he is cultured, and very clever: he will go far yet."

Levín frowned and kept silence.

"Well, he made his appearance soon after you, and, as I understand, he is up to his ears in love with Kitty, and you understand that the mother —"

"Excuse me, but I do not understand a thing," said

Levín, with a gloomy scowl. And he immediately thought of his brother, and that he was abominable to have forgotten him.

"Wait, wait!" said Stepán Arkádevich, smiling and touching his hand. "I told you what I know, and I repeat that in this delicate and gentle matter, so far as one can guess, I think the chances are on your side."

Levín threw himself back in the chair; his face was pale.

"But I should advise you to settle the matter as soon as possible," continued Oblónski, filling up his glass.

"No, thank you, I cannot drink any more," said Levín, pushing away his glass. "I shall be intoxicated — Well, and how are you getting on?" he continued, apparently wishing to change the subject.

"One word more: in any case I advise you to settle the matter at once. I advise you not to speak of it to-night," said Stepán Arkádevich. "Go there to-morrow morning, in classic fashion, to propose, and may God bless you —"

"You have been talking of coming to hunt on my estate. Come in the spring!" said Levín.

He now regretted with all his soul his having begun that conversation with Stepán Arkádevich. His *particular* feeling was defiled by the conversation about the rivalry of some St. Petersburg officer and by the propositions and the advices of Stepán Arkádevich.

Stepán Arkádevich smiled. He understood what was going on in Levín's soul.

"I will go some day," he said. "Yes, my friend, women are the screw around which everything turns. My own affairs are in a bad, in a very bad shape. All on account of women. Tell me frankly," he continued, taking a cigar and holding the wine-glass with one hand, "give me some advice!"

"What about?"

“It is like this. Suppose you are married, you love your wife, and you are infatuated with another woman —”

“Excuse me, but I positively cannot understand it — it is the same as though, having dined here, I should go past a bakery and steal a loaf.”

Stepán Arkádevich's eyes glistened more than usual.

“I do not see it. A loaf sometimes is so fragrant that you can't restrain yourself.

“‘Himmlisch ist's, wenn ich bezwungen  
Meine irdische Begiehr;  
Aber doch wenn's nicht gelungen,  
Hatt' ich auch recht hübsch Plaisir!’”

Saying this, Stepán Arkádevich smiled a sly smile. Levín himself could not help smiling.

“Yes, but jesting aside,” continued Oblónski. “You must remember that the woman is a sweet, meek, loving being, a poor, lonely creature who has sacrificed everything. Now that the deed is done, — is she to be abandoned? Of course, it is possible to separate, so as not to destroy the domestic life, but is she not to be pitied and provided for?”

“You must pardon me. You know, for me all women are divided into two classes — that is, no — more correctly there are women, and there are — I have never seen, and never shall see charming fallen creatures; and such as that made-up Frenchwoman at the counter, with the curlers, are for me an abomination, and all fallen women are the same.”

“And the one in the Gospel?”

“Oh, stop! Christ would never have said those words if he had known how they would be misused. Those words are all some people remember out of the whole Gospel. However, I am not saying what I think, but what I feel. I loathe fallen women. You are afraid of spiders, and I

of that vermin. No doubt you have not studied the spiders and do not know their habits ; even so it is with me."

"It is easy enough for you to talk that way ; it is like that gentleman in Dickens who throws all troublesome questions with his left hand over his right shoulder. But the negation of a fact is not an answer. What is to be done, tell me what is to be done ! Your wife is growing old, and you are full of life. Before you have a chance to look around, you observe that you no longer can love your wife, however much you may respect her. And here suddenly a love-affair turns up, and you are lost, lost !" Stepán Arkádevich said, in gloomy despair.

Levín smiled.

"Yes, you are lost," continued Oblónski. "But what is to be done ?"

"Don't steal loaves !"

Stepán Arkádevich laughed out loud.

"Oh, you moralist ! But you must understand that there are two women : one insists only on her rights, and these rights are your love, which you cannot give her ; and the other sacrifices everything to you, and demands nothing. What are you going to do ? How is one to act ? It is a terrible tragedy."

"If you want my confession in the matter, I will tell you that I do not believe that there is a tragedy here. And for this reason : in my opinion, love — both loves, which, you will remember, Plato defines in his ' Banquet,' — both loves serve as a touchstone for people. Some people understand only one of them, and some the other. And those who understand only the non-Platonic love, speak in vain of a tragedy. With such a love there can be no tragedy. Much obliged for the pleasure you have given me, — good-bye, that is all there is to the tragedy. And for the Platonic love there can be no tragedy, because in such a love everything is clear and pure, because —"

Just then Levín thought of his sins and of his inner struggle, through which he had passed. And he suddenly added :

“However, maybe you are right. It is very possible — But I do not know, I positively do not know.”

“So you see,” said Stepán Arkádevich, “you are a very purposive man. That is your virtue and your fault. You are yourself a purposive character, and you want the whole of life to be composed of purposive phenomena, — and that is not the case. You despise the public official activity because you want affairs always to correspond to their purposes, — and that does not happen. You also want the activity of a man always to have a purpose, love and domestic life always to be the same, — but that does not happen. All the diversity, all the charm, all the beauty of life is composed of shadow and light.”

Levín sighed and made no reply. He was thinking of his own affair, and did not listen to Oblónski.

Suddenly they both felt that, although they were friends, though they dined together and drank wine, which ought to bring them nearer still, each of them was thinking only of his own affairs, and that they were not interested in each other. Oblónski had more than once experienced that extreme alienation, instead of approximation, which happens after a dinner, and knew what was to be done in such cases.

“The bill!” he exclaimed, and went into the adjoining hall, where he at once met an adjutant, an acquaintance of his, with whom he entered into a conversation about an actress and her keeper. And immediately, in his chat with the adjutant, Oblónski felt a relief and easement from his conversation with Levín, who always caused him too great a mental and moral strain.

When the waiter appeared with the bill for twenty-six roubles and kopeks, with the customary addition for the *pourboire*, Levín, who, as a country dweller, at any other

time would have been shocked by his part of the bill, which was fourteen roubles, now gave no attention to it, paid his bill, and drove home to change his clothes and to call on the Shcherbátskis, where his fate was to be decided.

## XII.

PRINCESS KITTY SHCHERBÁTSKI was eighteen years old. This was the first winter that she had been out in society. Her success was greater than had been that of either of her sisters, and even more than her mother had expected. Not only were nearly all the young people, who danced with her at the Moscow balls, in love with her, but even this very first winter two serious matches presented themselves to her: Levín and, soon after his departure, Count Vrónski.

Levín's appearance in the beginning of winter, his frequent calls and patent love of Kitty, were the cause of the first serious conversation between Kitty's parents about her future, and of disputes between the prince and his wife. The prince was on the side of Levín, and said that he did not wish anything better for Kitty. But the princess, with the characteristic feminine habit of getting around a question, said that Kitty was too young, that Levín had not in any way indicated that he had any serious intentions, that Kitty had no attachment for him, and similar things; but she did not say the main thing, which was, that she expected a better match for her daughter, and that Levín was not sympathetic to her, and that she did not understand him. When Levín suddenly departed, the princess was happy, and she said to her husband, triumphantly: "You see, I was right." But when Vrónski made his appearance, she was happier still, being quite firm in her conviction that Kitty would make not merely a good match, but even a brilliant one.

For the mother there could be no comparison whatsoever between Vrónski and Levín. What did not please the mother in Levín were his strange and sharp judgments, his awkwardness in society, which, she thought, was based on pride, and his to her distinctly savage life in the country, with his occupations with the cattle and the peasants; and she was very much displeased because he, being in love with her daughter, had been calling at the house for six weeks, and all the time waiting and watching, as though he were afraid that he would do them too great an honour if he proposed, and because he did not understand that, calling so often at a house where there was a marriageable girl, it was incumbent on him to declare his suit. And suddenly he left, without making any declaration. "It is fortunate that he is so little attractive that Kitty has not fallen in love with him," thought the mother.

Vrónski satisfied all the wishes of the mother. He was very rich, clever, of a distinguished family, on the road to a brilliant military career at court, and an attractive man. One could not expect anything better.

Vrónski openly courted Kitty at balls, danced with her, and called at her house, consequently there could be no doubt as to the seriousness of his intentions. But, in spite of that, her mother was all that winter in a terrible unrest and agitation.

The princess herself had married thirty years before, the match having been made by an aunt of hers. The fiancé, of whom everything was known in advance, came and saw the fiancée, and they saw him; the match-making aunt found out their mutual impressions, and informed both parties of them; the impressions were favourable; then, at an appointed day, the proposal was made to the parents, and they, who had been expecting it, accepted it. Everything took place so easily and so simply. At least it so appeared to the princess. But she



had found in the case of her daughters that this seemingly customary affair of getting one's daughters married was not at all such an easy and simple matter. How many frights they had had, how many thoughts they had thought, how much money was spent, and how many conflicts she had had with her husband, when marrying their two eldest daughters, Dárya and Natalie! Now, in taking their youngest out into society, they passed through the same fears, the same doubts, and still greater quarrels, than they had had in the case of the elder daughters.

The old prince was, like all fathers, particularly exacting in reference to the honour and purity of his daughters; he was senselessly jealous of his daughters, and especially of Kitty, who was his favourite, and at every step made scenes with the princess for compromising the daughter. The princess had been used to it from the elder daughters, but now she felt that her husband's exactions had a better foundation. She saw that of late many things had changed in society manners, and that a mother's duties were more difficult than ever. She saw that the girls of Kitty's age formed some kind of societies, attended some kind of university courses, freely kept company with men, drove by themselves in the streets, many of them no longer curtsied, and, what was worse, were firmly convinced that it was their business, and not that of their parents, to choose husbands for themselves. "Nowadays they do not give girls in marriage, as was the case in former days," was what all these young girls, and even all older people, thought and said. But how they gave daughters in marriage in these days was what the princess was unable to find out. The French method, which was for the parents to decide the fate of their children, was rejected and criticized; the English custom of granting the girl full liberty was not accepted, either, and was impossible in Russian society.

The Russian custom of match-making was regarded as something monstrous, — all laughed at it, even the princess. But how one was to marry or be given in marriage was something which nobody knew anything about. All with whom the princess happened to talk told her the same thing :

“It is about time, I tell you, to give up that old custom. It is the young people who are to marry, and not the parents; consequently it ought to be left to the young people to arrange it as they know best.”

It was all right for those to talk that way who had no daughters; but the princess knew that with such intimate relations the daughter might fall in love, and that she might fall in love with one she could not marry, or who was not fit for a husband. No matter how much people tried to impress upon the princess that in our day the young people ought to decide their own fate, she could not believe it, just as she could not believe that at any time loaded revolvers might be good toys for children five years of age. And thus the princess was worried more about Kitty than she had been about her other daughters.

Now she was afraid that Vrónski might stop at the mere courting of her daughter. She saw that her daughter was already in love with him, but she consoled herself with the thought that he was an honourable man, and so would not do so. But, at the same time, she knew how, with the present free relations between the sexes, it would be an easy matter to turn a girl's head, how, in general, men thought lightly of such a crime. The previous week Kitty had told her mother the conversation which she had had with Vrónski during a mazurka; this conversation partly calmed the princess; but she could not be entirely at rest. Vrónski had told Kitty that he and his brother were so accustomed to submit to their mother in everything that they never decided to under-

take anything important without first consulting her. "Even now I am waiting for my mother's arrival in St. Petersburg, as for a specially happy event," he had said.

Kitty had told this without ascribing any importance to these words. But the princess understood them differently. She knew that his mother was expected any day, and that she would approve of her son's choice, and it seemed strange to her that he kept from proposing for fear of offending his mother; still, she was so anxious to get her daughter married, and, above all, wanted so much to have her agitation allayed, that she believed it. However painful it now was for the princess to see the misfortune of her eldest daughter, Dolly, who was getting ready to leave her husband, the agitation about the impending fate of her youngest daughter absorbed all her feeling. On the present day, since Levín had made his appearance, she had received a new cause for unrest. She was afraid that her daughter, who at one time had had a feeling, she thought, for Levín, from an overscrupulous sense of honesty might refuse Vrónski, and, in general, that Levín's arrival might entangle and delay the affair which was so near a solution.

"How long has he been here?" the princess asked about Levín, when they returned home.

"He arrived to-day, mamma."

"I want to tell you this much — " began the princess, and Kitty divined, from her serious and animated face, what she would be talking about.

"Mamma," she said, blushing, and rapidly turning around to her, "if you please, if you please, do not speak to me of it. I know, I know all about it."

She wanted the same that her mother wanted, but the motives of her mother's wishes offended her.

"I only wanted to say that, having given hopes to one — "

“Mamma, darling, for God’s sake, don’t speak! It is so terrible to speak of it.”

“I will not,” said the mother, when she saw the tears of her daughter, “but only this, my dear: you promised me that you would have no secret from me. Is it so?”

“Never, mamma, never,” replied Kitty, blushing, and looking straight into her mother’s face. “But I have nothing to speak of now. I — I — if I wished, I would not know what to say and how — I do not know —”

“No, she cannot tell an untruth with those eyes,” thought the mother, smiling at her agitation and happiness. The princess smiled at the thought that what was going on in her daughter’s soul now seemed so enormous and significant to her.

### XIII.

KITTY experienced after dinner and until evening a feeling which is akin to what a young man experiences before a battle. Her heart beat vehemently, and her thoughts could not be arrested on anything.

She felt that that evening, when the two were to meet for the first time, would be decisive for her fate. She constantly brought them before her mind, now each separately, and now both together. When she thought of the past, she with pleasure and tenderness stopped on the recollection of her relations with Levín. The reminiscences of childhood and of Levín's friendship with her deceased brother lent a special, poetic charm to her relations with him. His love of her, of which she was convinced, flattered and pleased her. And it was such a joy to think of Levín. In her recollection of Vrónski she experienced a strange, uneasy feeling, although he was in the highest degree a calm man of the world; there seemed to be something false, — not in him, he was too simple and sweet, — but in herself, whereas with Levín she felt herself simple and clear. But, on the other hand, when she thought of her future with Vrónski, there arose before her a brilliant and happy perspective, while with Levín the future looked dim to her.

Upon going up-stairs in order to dress herself for the evening, and looking into the mirror, she to her joy noticed that this was one of her good days and that she was in full possession of her powers, — and this she needed for

what was impending: she was conscious of an external calm and free grace of motion.

At half-past seven, just as she had gone down to the drawing-room, the lackey announced: "Konstantín Dmítrievich Levín." The princess was still in her room, and the prince was not going to come out. "That's it," thought Kitty, and all her blood rushed to her heart. She was frightened at her paleness, when she saw herself in the mirror.

Now she knew for certain that he had purposely come earlier in order to find her alone and propose to her. And it was then for the first time that the whole matter presented itself to her from an entirely different, a new side. It was then only that she understood that the question did not touch her alone,—with whom she was to be happy and whom she loved,—but that this moment she would have to offend a man whom she loved. And she would offend him cruelly — For what? Because a dear man loved her, was in love with her. But there was nothing to be done; it had to be so, it must be so. "O Lord, must I myself tell him that?" she thought, "Shall I really tell him that I do not love him? It will be an untruth. What, then, shall I tell him? Shall I say that I love another? No, that is impossible. I will go away, I will go away!"

She had gone as far as the door, when she heard his steps. "No, it is not honest! What am I to be afraid of? I have done no wrong. Come what may, I will tell the truth. With him I shall not be ill at ease. Here he is," she said to herself, upon seeing his whole robust, timid figure, with his luminous eyes directed toward her. She looked straight into his face, as though imploring him to spare her, and gave him her hand.

"I am not on time,—it seems I am too early," he said, surveying the empty drawing-room. When he saw that his expectations were realized, that no one

was in the way of his declaration, his face became gloomy.

"Oh, no," said Kitty, sitting down at the table.

"But I really wanted to find you alone," he began, without sitting down or looking at her, in order not to lose his courage.

"Mamma will come out soon. She tired herself out yesterday. Yesterday —"

She was talking, without knowing what her lips were saying, and did not take her imploring and caressing glance off him.

He looked up at her; she blushed and grew silent.

"I told you that I did not know whether I had come to stay long — that it depended on you —"

She kept bending her head lower and lower, not knowing what she would answer to what was approaching.

"That it depended on you," he repeated. "I wanted to say — I wanted to say — I came for this — that — To be my wife!" he muttered, not knowing himself what he was saying; but, feeling that the most terrible had been said, he stopped and looked at her.

She was breathing heavily, without looking at him. She was experiencing a feeling of transport. Her soul was brimful of happiness. She had not expected at all that the expression of his love would produce such a powerful impression on her. But that lasted only a moment. She thought of Vrónski. She raised her bright, truthful eyes to Levín, and, upon seeing his despairing face, hastened to reply:

"It cannot be — forgive me."

How near, how important for his life she had been to him but a minute ago! And how strange and distant she was now for him!

"It could not be otherwise," he said, without looking at her.

He bowed and was on the point of leaving.

#### XIV.

BUT just then the princess entered. On her face was expressed terror, when she saw them alone and observed their disturbed countenances. Levín bowed to her, without saying anything. Kitty was silent and did not raise her eyes.

“Thank God, she has refused,” thought the mother, and her face beamed with the habitual smile with which she on Thursdays received guests. She sat down and began to ask Levín about his life in the country. He sat down again, waiting for the arrival of guests in order to get away unnoticed.

Five minutes later entered Kitty’s friend, Countess Nórdston, who had married the winter before.

She was a dry, sallow-faced, sickly, nervous woman with black sparkling eyes. She loved Kitty, and her love for her, like the love of all married women for young girls, was expressed in her desire to get Kitty married according to her ideal of happiness: she wanted her to marry Vrónski. Levín, whom she had frequently met at their house in the beginning of the winter, had always been unsympathetic to her. Her invariable favourite occupation, at meeting him, consisted in making fun of him.

“I am so happy when he looks at me from the height of his grandeur: he then breaks off his clever discourse with me, because I am stupid, or he becomes condescending to me! I like to see him condescending! I am so glad he cannot bear me,” she said of him.

She was right, for Levín, indeed, could not bear her, and despised her, — for what she was so proud, and re-



garded as her special desert, — for her nervousness, her refined contempt, and her indifference for everything coarse and worldly.

Between Countess Nórdston and Levín there established itself that peculiar relation, not uncommon in society, when two people, remaining outwardly in amicable relations, despise each other to such an extent that they cannot even address one another in a serious manner, and are unable to offend each other.

Countess Nórdston immediately made for Levín.

“Ah! Konstantín Dmítrievich! You have again come to our debauched Babylon,” she said, giving him her tiny yellow hand, at the recollection of what she had heard him say in the beginning of the winter, that Moscow was a Babylon. “Well, has Babylon improved, or have you become demoralized?” she added, looking smilingly at Kitty.

“It flatters me very much, countess, to have you remember my words,” replied Levín, who had regained his composure, and from force of habit at once fell into a jesting inimical relation with Countess Nórdston.

“Why, of course! I note everything down. Well, Kitty, have you been skating again?”

And she began to speak with Kitty. However awkward it was for Levín to leave just then, it would have been easier for him to commit that awkwardness than to remain the whole evening and see Kitty, who now and then glanced at him and avoided his look. He was on the point of getting up, but the princess, noticing that he was silent, turned to him.

“Have you come to stay a long time in Moscow? I thought that you were taking part in the County Council, and so couldn't absent yourself long.”

“No, princess, I no longer am interested in the County Council,” he said. “I have just come for a few days.”

“There is something peculiar about him,” thought

Countess Nórdston, gazing at his stern, serious face. "He somehow does not enter into our discussions. But I will bring him out. I enjoy nothing better than to make a fool of him before Kitty, and I will do so now."

"Konstantín Dmítrievich," she said to him, "please explain to us what it all means, — you know about such things: in our Kalúga village all the peasants and their wives have spent everything in drink, and now do not pay us anything. What does it mean? You always praise the peasants so."

Just then another lady entered the room, and Levín got up.

"Excuse me, countess, I really do not know a thing about it, and cannot tell you anything," he said, looking at a military gentleman who entered the room after the lady.

"That must be Vrónski," thought Levín, and, to convince himself of it, he looked at Kitty. She had already cast her eyes at Vrónski, and now was looking at Levín; and, by this one glance of her involuntarily shining eyes, Levín knew that she loved that man, knew it as well as though she had told him in so many words. But what kind of a man was he?

Now, — right or wrong, — Levín could not help remaining; he had to find out what kind of a man was the one whom she loved.

There are some people who, meeting their fortunate rival in whatever it may be, are ready to turn away from all the good that there is in him, and to see nothing but his faults; there are people who, on the contrary, are anxious to discover in their fortunate rival those qualities by which he has vanquished them, and, with a pinching pain in their hearts, look only for the good that there is in him. Levín belonged to this latter class. And he did not find it difficult to discover the good and attractive in Vrónski. It at once struck the observer. Vrónski

was a medium-sized, firmly built, dark-complexioned man, with a good-natured, handsome, extremely calm, and firm face. In his face and figure, from the close-cropped black hair and freshly shaven chin, to the broad, brand-new uniform, everything was simple and at the same time elegant. Permitting the lady to pass in, Vrónski went up to the princess, and then to Kitty.

Just as he was approaching her, his beautiful eyes glistened with peculiar softness, and, respectfully and cautiously leaning over her, with a barely perceptible, happy, modestly triumphant smile (as Levín thought), he offered her his small, broad hand.

Having greeted all, and said a few words, he sat down, without once looking at Levín, who did not take his eyes off him.

"Allow me to make you acquainted," said the princess, pointing to Levín. "Konstantín Dmítrievich Levín, Count Aleksyéy Kirílovich Vrónski."

Vrónski got up and, looking in a friendly manner into Levín's eyes, pressed his hand.

"This winter, I think, I was to have dined with you," he said, smiling his simple, open smile, "but you suddenly left for your village."

"Konstantín Dmítrievich despises and hates the city and us city dwellers," said Countess Nórdston.

"Evidently my words affect you powerfully, since you remember them so well," said Levín. Recalling that he had said so before, he blushed.

Vrónski looked at Levín and Countess Nórdston, and smiled.

"Do you live all the time in the country?" he asked. "It is lonesome there in the winter, I suppose?"

"Not if you have an occupation, and a person is not lonesome with himself," Levín replied, sharply.

"I love the country," said Vrónski, acting as though he had not noticed Levín's tone.

"But I hope, count, that you would not agree to living always in the country," said Countess Nórdston.

"I do not know, I have never tried it for any length of time. I have experienced a strange sensation," he continued. "Nowhere have I been so homesick for the country, the Russian village, with its bast shoes and peasants, as when I passed a winter with my mother at Nice. Nice is in itself tiresome, you know. And even Naples and Sorrento are good only for a short time. And it is there that one most vividly thinks of Russia, particularly of the country. They are —"

He was addressing both Kitty and Levín, and transferring his calm, friendly glance from the one to the other; he was evidently saying anything that occurred to him.

Upon noticing that Countess Nórdston wanted to say something, he stopped, without finishing his sentence, and began attentively to listen to her.

The conversation did not die down for a moment, so that the old princess, who had always in reserve, in case of failing themes, two heavy guns, the classical and the real education, and the universal military service, had no chance to bring them out, while Countess Nórdston had no occasion to tease Levín.

Levín wanted to take part in the general conversation, but could not. Though he kept saying to himself, "Now I must go," he did not leave, but remained as though waiting for something.

The conversation ran on turning tables and spirits, and Countess Nórdston, who was a believer in spiritualism, began to tell of the miraculous things she had seen.

"Oh, countess, do take me there, for God's sake, do! I have never seen anything unusual, though I have been looking for it everywhere," Vrónski said, smiling.

"All right, next Saturday," replied Countess Nórdston. "And you, Konstantín Dmitrievich, do you believe?" she asked Levín.

"Why do you ask me? You know what I would say."

"But I wish to hear your opinion."

"My opinion is," replied Levín, "that all these turning tables prove that the so-called cultured society does not stand above the peasants. They believe in the evil eye, and bewitchments, and charms, and we —"

"So you do not believe?"

"I cannot believe, countess."

"But if I myself saw it?"

"The peasant women, too, say that they have seen the house spirit."

"So you think that I am telling an untruth?"

And she gave a cheerless smile.

"No, Másha, Konstantín Dmítrievich says that he cannot believe," said Kitty, blushing for Levín, and Levín understood it and, getting even more excited, wanted to retort, but Vrónski, with his frank, merry smile, immediately came to the rescue of the conversation, which was threatening to become unpleasant.

"You do not at all admit the possibility?" he asked. "Why? We admit the existence of electricity, which we do not know; why, then, can there not be a new force, still unknown to us, which —"

"When that electricity was discovered," Levín quickly interrupted him, "it was only the phenomenon that was discovered, and it was unknown where it came from and what it produced, and centuries passed before an application of it was thought of. But the spiritualists, on the contrary, began by having planchettes write and spirits appear, and only then they began to talk about an unknown force."

Vrónski listened attentively to Levín, as he always did, apparently interested in his words.

"Yes, but the spiritualists say: Now we do not know what kind of a force it is, but it is a force, and it acts under such and such conditions. Let the learned men

discover what that force is. No, I do not see why it cannot be a new force, if — ”

“ Because,” Levín again interrupted him, “ in electricity you get a certain phenomenon every time you rub pitch against wool, while here it does not take place every time, — consequently it is not a natural phenomenon.”

Evidently feeling that the conversation was assuming too serious a turn for a drawing-room, Vrónski made no reply, but, trying to change the subject, smiled a merry smile and turned to the ladies.

“ Let us try it at once, countess,” he began ; but Levín wanted to finish his thought.

“ I think,” he continued, “ that this attempt of the spiritualists to explain their miracles by some new force is very unfortunate. They talk of a spiritual force, and want to subject it to material tests.”

All were waiting for him to finish, and he felt it.

“ And I think that you will make an excellent medium,” said Countess Nórdston. “ There is something enthusiastic in you.”

Levín opened his mouth wide, was on the point of saying something, blushed, and said nothing.

“ Let us test the tables at once, princess, if you please,” said Vrónski, and, turning to her mother: “ You do not object ? ”

Vrónski got up, looking for a small table.

Kitty rose to get a small table and, passing by Levín, their glances met. She was sorry for him with all her soul, the more so since she pitied him in his misfortune, of which she herself was the cause. “ If it is possible for you to forgive me, do so,” her glance said. “ I am so happy.”

“ I hate everybody, and you, too, and myself,” his glance replied, and he took his hat. But it was not fated for him to leave. They were just getting ready to settle themselves around the table, and Levín was on the point

of leaving, when the old prince entered; having greeted the ladies, he turned to Levín.

"Ah!" he began, joyously. "How long? I did not know thou wast here. Very glad to see you."

The old prince at times addressed Levín as "thou" and at others as "you." He embraced Levín and, speaking with him, did not notice Vrónski, who got up and calmly waited for the prince to address him.

Kitty felt how, after what had happened, her father's kindness was oppressive to Levín. She also saw how coldly her father at last replied to Vrónski's bow, and how Vrónski in amiable perplexity looked at her father, trying to understand, and still not understanding, how one could be inimicably disposed toward him, and she blushed.

"Prince, let us have Konstantín Dmítrievich," said Countess Nórdston. "We want to make a test."

"What test? Turning tables? Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, but, in my opinion, it is more fun to play the ring game," said the old prince, looking at Vrónski and divining that it was he who had started it. "There is some sense in the ring game."

Vrónski, in surprise, looked with his firm eyes at the prince and, barely smiling, at once turned to Countess Nórdston, to speak to her about the ball which was to take place the following week.

"I hope that you will be there," he turned to Kitty.

The moment the old prince turned away from him, Levín, unnoticed by any one, left the room, and the last impression which he carried away on that evening was the smiling, happy face of Kitty, who was answering Vrónski's question about the ball.

## XV.

WHEN the evening was over, Kitty told her mother of her conversation with Levín, and, in spite of the pity which she felt for him, she was happy at having had a *proposal*. She had no doubt but that she had acted right. But, when she retired, she could not fall asleep for a long time. One impression pursued her persistently. It was Levín's face with the overhanging eyebrows and his kindly eyes gazing gloomily underneath them, when he stood talking to her father and looking at her and at Vrónski. And she felt so sorry for him that tears came to her eyes. But immediately she thought of him for whom she had exchanged him. She vividly recalled that manly, firm face, that noble calm, and in everything the beaming kindness to everybody; she recalled the love for her felt by him whom she loved, and again she felt joyous, and with a smile of happiness lay down on her pillow. "I am sorry. I am sorry, but what is to be done? It is not my fault," she said to herself; but an inner voice told her something different. She did not know whether she regretted having misled Levín, or having refused him. But her happiness was poisoned by doubts. "O Lord, have mercy, O Lord, have mercy, O Lord, have mercy!" she kept saying to herself, until she fell asleep.

At that time, down-stairs, in the prince's small cabinet, was taking place one of the frequently repeated scenes between the parents on account of their favourite daughter.

"What? It is this," cried the prince, waving his arms, and immediately wrapping himself in his squirrel-fur



morning-gown, "you have no pride, no dignity! You are disgracing and ruining the girl with that base, stupid suit!"

"But, pray, for God's sake, prince, what have I done?" said the princess, almost in tears.

Happy and satisfied after her conversation with her daughter, she had come, as usual, to bid him good night, and, though she had had no intention of speaking to him about Levín's proposal and Kitty's refusal, she hinted to her husband that she thought the affair with Vrónski all settled, and that it would be decided as soon as his mother should arrive. It was in response to these words that her husband flew up so and began to shout indecent words.

"What have you done? It is this: in the first place, you entice a fiancé, and all of Moscow will be talking about it, and rightly so. If you give evening entertainments, invite everybody, but not chosen prospective fiancés. Invite all those *puppies*" (thus the prince called all the Moscow young men), "call a piano player, and let them dance, but not as this evening, — fiancés. It makes me sick, sick, I say, to see it, and you have succeeded in turning the girl's head. Levín is a thousand times better man than he. He is a St. Petersburg dandy, such as are turned out by a machine, all of one fashion, and a worthless lot. Even if he were a prince of the blood, my daughter has no need of him."

"But what have I done?"

"It is this —" the prince cried, in anger.

"I know, if we are to listen to you," the princess interrupted him, "we shall never get our daughter married. If so, we had better go into the country."

"It would be better."

"Hold on. I am not currying favour with him, am I? Not in the least. He is a very nice young fellow, and in love, and she, I think —"

"Yes, that's what you think! And she will really fall

in love with him, and he has marrying as much in mind as I have! Oh! If my eyes did not see it all! 'Ah, spiritualism! Ah, Nice! Ah, at the ball!'" And the prince, imagining that he was impersonating his wife, curtsied at every word. "Yes, when we shall have caused Kitty's misfortune, when indeed she will take it into her head —"

"Why do you think so?"

"I do not think, I know: that's what we men have eyes for. I see a man who has serious intentions, — that is Levín; and I see a merry bird, like that quill-driver, who thinks only of having a good time."

"When you take something into your head —"

"Yes, you will think of it when it is too late, as with Dolly."

"All right, all right, we shall not speak of it," the princess stopped him, as she thought of unhappy Dolly.

"Very well, and good night!"

And making the sign of the cross over each other and kissing, the two separated, each of them feeling that they persisted in their own opinions.

The princess had been firmly convinced that that evening had decided Kitty's fate, and that there could be no question about Vrónski's intentions; but her husband's words troubled her. And upon returning to her chamber, she, like Kitty, in terror before the uncertainty of the future, several times repeated inwardly: "O Lord, have mercy, O Lord, have mercy, O Lord, have mercy!"

## XVI.

VRÓNSKI had never known what domestic life was. His mother had in her youth been a brilliant society woman, who at her marriage, but especially later, had had many love-affairs, which were known to everybody. His father he hardly remembered, and he had been brought up in the Corps of Pages.

After leaving the school as a very young, brilliant officer, he at once fell into the rut of the rich St. Petersburg military men. Though he now and then frequented St. Petersburg society, all his love-interests lay outside that circle.

In Moscow he for the first time experienced, after his luxurious and coarse St. Petersburg life, the charm of an intimate friendship with a fashionable, sweet, innocent girl, who fell in love with him. It never even occurred to him that there could be anything objectionable in his relations with Kitty. At balls he danced chiefly with her, and he called at her house. He talked with her about things that people in society generally talk about, — namely, all kinds of nonsense, to which he, however, unwittingly lent a special significance for her. Although he had never told her anything which he might not have said in the hearing of everybody, he felt that she was getting more and more dependent on him, and the more he felt it, the greater was the pleasure it gave him, and his feeling for her grew more tender. He did not know that his mode of action in regard to Kitty had a special name, that it was an enticement of a young lady without

the intention to marry, and that this enticement was one of the bad acts so common among brilliant young men, such as he was. It seemed to him that he was the first to have discovered this pleasure, and he took delight in his discovery.

If he could have heard what her parents had said on that evening, if he could have transferred himself to the standpoint of the family, and have found out that Kitty would be unhappy if he did not marry her, he would have been very much surprised and would not have believed it. He could not have believed that that which afforded him, and especially her, such great enjoyment, could be bad. Still less would he have believed that he ought to marry her.

Marriage never presented itself to him as a possibility. He not only had no love for a family life, but in the family, and especially in the husband, he, according to the commonly accepted view of bachelor society, imagined something foreign, hostile, and, above all, something ridiculous. But, although Vrónski did not even suspect what the parents were saying, he, on going away from the Shcherbátskis that evening, felt that the secret spiritual union, which existed between him and Kitty, had become so firmly rooted on that evening that it was necessary to do something. But he could not make out what could be and ought to be done.

"It is charming," he thought, returning from the Shcherbátskis and carrying away from them, as ever, a pleasant feeling of purity and freshness, which was partly due to the fact that he had not smoked for a whole evening, and, at the same time, a new sensation of meekness of spirit at the sight of her love for him. "It is charming to think that nothing was said by either me or her, but that we so understood each other in that invisible conversation of glances and intonations, and that she told me this evening more distinctly than ever that she loved

me. And it was so sweet, and simple, and, above all, so trustful! I feel myself better and purer. I feel that I have a heart, and that there is much which is good in me. Those dear enamoured eyes! When she said, 'Very —'  
"What of it? Nothing. I am happy, and so is she."  
And he began to reflect where to pass the rest of the evening.

He surveyed in imagination the places which he might visit. "The club? A game of bezique, champagne with Ignátov? No, I won't go there. *Château des fleurs*, — there I shall find Oblónski, couplets, cancan? No, I am tired of that. That's what I love the Shcherbátiskis for, — it makes me better. I will go home."

He went straight to his room at Dussot's, ordered a supper, and then, having undressed himself, no sooner put his head down on his pillow than he fell soundly asleep.

## XVII

ON the next morning, at eleven o'clock, Vrónski drove to the station of the St. Petersburg Railway to meet his mother, and the first person whom he met on the steps of the large staircase was Oblónski, who was expecting his sister by the same train.

"Ah, your Serenity!" exclaimed Oblónski. "Whom are you after?"

"To meet my mother," Vrónski replied, smiling, like everybody else who met Oblónski. He pressed his hand, and both ascended the stairs together. "She is to be here to-day from St. Peterburg."

"I was waiting for you until two o'clock. Where did you go to from the Shcherbátskis?"

"Home," replied Vrónski. "I must confess, I felt so good after the Shcherbátskis that I did not care to go elsewhere."

"I can tell the mettled steeds by the brands stamped on their thighs, and I tell a man in love by the sparkle of his eyes," declaimed Stepán Arkádevich, just as he had done to Levín.

Vrónski smiled in such a way as though he did not deny it, but at once changed the subject.

"Whom are you meeting here?" he asked.

"I? A pretty woman," said Oblónski.

"You don't say!"

"*Honni soit qui mal y pense!* Sister Anna."

"Oh, Anna Karénin!" said Vrónski.

"You, no doubt, know her."

"I think I do. Or no— Really, I do not remember," Vrónski replied, absently, dimly connecting with the name of Karénin something affected and tedious.

"But you certainly know Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, my famous brother-in-law. Everybody knows him."

"That is, I know him by reputation and by sight. I know that he is clever, learned, divine, or something to that effect. But, you know, he is not in my line," said Vrónski.

"Yes, he is a very remarkable man; a little conservative, but an excellent man," remarked Stepán Arkádevich, "an excellent man."

"Well, so much the better for him," said Vrónski, smiling. "Oh, you are here!" he turned to a tall old lackey of his mother's, who was standing at the door. "Come in here!"

In addition to the general pleasure which Vrónski found, like everybody else, in Oblónski's company, he felt himself drawn more closely to him even by this, that he in his imagination connected him with Kitty.

"Well, shall we give the diva a dinner on Sunday?" he said to him, taking his arm with a smile.

"By all means. I will collect the subscriptions. Oh, did you get acquainted last night with my friend Levín?" asked Stepán Arkádevich.

"Certainly. He somehow went away very soon."

"He is a fine fellow," continued Oblónski. "Don't you think so?"

"I do not know," replied Vrónski. "Why is it that all the Muscovites,—of course, excepting those with whom I speak," he added, jestingly, "have something odd about them? They seem all to rear up, get angry, as though they wished to make you feel—"

"They have that peculiarity, yes, they have!" said Stepán Arkádevich, with a merry smile.

"How soon will it be here?" Vrónski turned to an attendant.

"The train has just left the station," replied the attendant.

The approach of the train became more and more defined by the hurried preparations at the station, the running of the baggage-carriers, the appearance of the gendarmes and attendants, and the arrival of persons to meet their friends. Through the frost steam could be seen workmen in short fur coats and soft felt boots, crossing the rails of subsidiary roads. There were heard the whistle of a locomotive on distant rails and the moving of something heavy.

"No," said Stepán Arkádevich, who was dreadfully anxious to tell Vrónski of Levín's intentions in regard to Kitty. "No, you have not properly estimated my Levín. He is a very nervous man and at times is disagreeable, it is true; but at times he is very nice. He has such an honest, truthful nature, and such a golden heart. But last night there was some special reason," Stepán Arkádevich proceeded with a significant smile, quite forgetful of the sincere sympathy which he had experienced the day before toward his friend, and now experiencing a similar sensation, only this time toward Vrónski. "Yes, there was a reason why he could have been either very happy, or very unhappy."

Vrónski stopped and asked directly:

"How is that? Or did he last night propose to your *belle sœur*?"

"Perhaps," said Stepán Arkádevich. "I thought so yesterday. Yes, if he went away early and was out of humour, it must be so — He has been in love so long, and I am sorry for him."

"You don't say! It seems to me she may count on a



better match," said Vrónski, and, expanding his breast, he began to walk around. "Still, I do not know him," he added. "Yes, it is a painful situation! That is the very reason why the majority prefer to cultivate the acquaintance of a Clara. There your failure only proves that you have not enough money, while here your dignity is on the scales. But here is the train."

Indeed, the locomotive was whistling in the distance. A few minutes later the platform shook, and, puffing steam which the frost sent downwards, there rolled up the locomotive, with the evenly and slowly falling and expanding connecting rod of the middle wheel, and the bowing, fur-wrapped, hoarfrost-covered engineer; and back of the tender, more slowly and more strongly shaking the platform, began to pass the baggage-car, with a whimpering dog in it; finally, trembling before their stop, came the passenger-cars.

A dashing conductor, whistling while in motion, leaped down, and after him, one after another, came out the passengers: an officer of the Guard, holding himself straight and casting a stern glance about him; a mercurial merchant with a wallet, smiling merrily; a peasant with a bag over his shoulders.

Vrónski, who was standing beside Oblónski, was watching the cars and those who were coming out, and had entirely forgotten about his mother. What he had just learned about Kitty excited and pleased him. His breast instinctively expanded, and his eyes sparkled. He felt himself a victor.

"Countess Vrónski is in this compartment," said the dashing conductor, walking over to Vrónski.

The conductor's voice wakened him and made him think of his mother and their meeting. In his innermost soul he did not respect his mother, and, without rendering himself an account of it, did not love her, though in accordance with the ideas of that circle in which he was

living, and in accordance with his education, he could not imagine any relations with her other than those which were in the highest degree submissive and respectful, and the more externally submissive and respectful, the less he respected and loved her in his heart.

## XVIII.

VRÓNSKI followed the conductor up to the car, and, as he entered the compartment, he stopped to make way for a lady who was coming out.

With the habitual tact of the man of the world, Vrónski, by a mere glance at this lady's exterior, at once sized her up as belonging to high life. He begged her pardon and wanted to step in, but felt the necessity of looking at her once more, not because she was very beautiful, nor on account of that elegance and modest grace, which were visible in her whole figure, but because in the expression of her sweet face, as she passed by him, there was something peculiarly amiable and gentle. As he looked back, she, too, had turned her head. Her shining, gray eyes, which looked dark under the thick lashes, rested kindly and fixedly on his face, as though she recognized him, and were immediately transferred to the waiting crowd, as though searching for some one. In this short glance Vrónski had time to notice a reserved animation, which played on her face and flitted between her sparkling eyes and the barely perceptible smile that curved her ruddy lips. It was as though a superabundance of something filled her whole being, which instinctively found its expression in a sparkle of her eyes, or in a smile. She had purposely put out the light in her eyes, but the light shone instinctively in her faint smile.

Vrónski entered the car. His mother, a dry old woman with black eyes and locks, blinked, as she looked at her son, and faintly smiled with her thin lips. Rising

from the seat and handing the maid a little bag, she gave her small dry hand to her son and, raising his head from her hand, kissed him in the face.

"Did you get the telegram? Are you well? Thank God."

"Have you had a pleasant journey?" asked the son, sitting down near her, and instinctively listening to the feminine voice behind the door. He knew that it was the voice of the lady whom he had met at the entrance.

"Still I do not agree with you," said the lady's voice.

"It is a St. Petersburg way of looking at it, madam."

"Not a St. Petersburg, but a woman's way," she replied.

"Well, let me kiss your hand."

"Good-bye, Iván Petróvich. See whether my brother is here, and send him to me!" she said at the very door and again stepped into the compartment.

"Well, have you found your brother?" said Vrónski's mother, turning to the lady.

Vrónski now recalled that it was Anna Karénin.

"Your brother is here," he said, rising. "Pardon me, I did not recognize you, and then our acquaintance has been so short," said Vrónski, bowing, "that you very likely do not remember me."

"I do," she said. "I should have recognized you because your mother and I have done nothing during the whole journey, it seems to me, but talk about you," she said, allowing at last the repressed animation to find expression in a smile. "But my brother is still not here!"

"Alésha, go and call him!" said the old countess.

Vrónski went on the platform and called out:

"Oblónski! Here!"

But Anna did not wait for her brother: when she espied him, she left the car with a determined, light step. And the moment the brother came up to her, she, with a motion that surprised Vrónski by its firmness and grace,

embraced her brother's neck with her left arm, drew him swiftly toward herself, and gave him an impassioned kiss. Vrónski did not take his eyes away from her and smiled, himself not knowing why. But, upon recalling that his mother was waiting for him, he returned to the car.

"She is very sweet, don't you think so?" the countess said about Anna Karénin. "Her husband put her into the compartment with me, and I was very glad of it. We have been conversing the whole way down. And you, they say — *vous filez le parfait amour. Tant mieux, mon cher, tant mieux.*"

"I do not know what you are referring to, mamma," the son replied, coldly. "Well, mamma, let us go!"

Anna Karénin again entered the car in order to bid the countess good-bye.

"Well, countess, you have found your son, and I my brother," she said, merrily. "All my stories are exhausted, anyway, and I should not have had anything else to tell."

"Oh, no," said the countess, taking her hand, "I could travel around the world with you without getting tired. You are one of those charming women with whom it is a pleasure both to converse and to keep silent. Don't even think of your son, please; you cannot help being separated sometimes."

Anna Karénin stood motionless, holding herself extremely erect, and her eyes smiled.

"Anna Arkádevna has a son," said the countess, explaining it to her son, "I think he is eight years old, and she has never been separated from him, and so she is all the time worried because she has gone away from him."

"Yes, the countess and I have been talking all the time, I about my son, and she about hers," said Anna Karénin, and again a smile lighted up her face, — a friendly smile, which referred to him.

"That must have been tiresome to you," said he, imme-

diately catching in its flight the ball of coquetry, which she threw at him. But she evidently did not wish to continue the conversation in that tone, and turned to the old countess :

“Thank you very much. I did not notice at all how yesterday passed. Good-bye, countess.”

“Good-bye, my dear,” replied the countess. “Let me kiss your pretty face. I will tell you frankly, like an old woman, that I love you.”

Though it was a hackneyed phrase, Anna Karénin apparently fully believed her and was glad of it. She blushed, gently bent down, offered her face to the countess's lips, again straightened herself up, and with the same smile, which hovered between the lips and the eyes, gave Vrónski her hand. He pressed the small hand offered him, and, as though it were something especial, was glad of that energetic pressure, with which she firmly and boldly shook his hand. She went out at a rapid gait, which carried with peculiar lightness her fairly plump body.

“Very sweet,” said the old woman.

The son was thinking the same. He accompanied her with his eyes until her graceful figure had disappeared, and a smile stopped on his face. He saw her through the window going up to her brother, putting her hand on his, talking with him in an animated manner, apparently about something which had nothing in common with him, Vrónski, and that seemed annoying to him.

“Well, mamma, are you quite well?” he repeated, turning to his mother.

“Everything is well, all right. Alexander was very sweet. And Marie has become very pretty. She is very interesting.”

And she began once more to tell about what interested her most, about the christening of her grandchild, which had taken her to St. Petersburg, and about the emperor's especial favour to her eldest son.

"Here is Lavrénti," said Vrónski, looking through the window. "Now let us go, if you please."

The old majordomo, who was travelling with the countess, came to the car to announce that everything was ready, and the countess rose in order to leave.

"Let us go, — there is but a small crowd here now," said Vrónski.

The maid took the bag and the dog, the majordomo and the porters took the other bags. Vrónski took his mother under her arm. Just as they were leaving the car, several men with frightened faces ran by. The station-master, too, in his cap of an odd colour, was running. Apparently something unusual had happened. The people from the train rushed back to see.

"What? What? Where? Did he throw himself down? Run over?" were the remarks made by those who passed by.

Stepán Arkádevich, with his sister under his arm, themselves with frightened faces, returned, and stopped at the car door, to avoid the crowd.

The ladies entered the car, and Vrónski and Stepán Arkádevich followed the crowd to find out the details of the calamity.

A guard, who either was drunk or too much wrapped up against the frost, had not heard the sound of the backing train, and had been crushed to death.

Even before Vrónski and Oblónski returned, the ladies had learned the details from the majordomo.

Both Oblónski and Vrónski had seen the disfigured corpse. Oblónski was apparently suffering. He was frowning, and seemed to be ready to weep.

"Oh, how terrible! Oh, Anna, if you had seen it! Oh, how terrible!" he muttered.

Vrónski was silent, and his beautiful face was serious, but completely calm.

"Oh, if you had seen it, countess!" said Stepán Arká-

devich. "His wife, too, is there — It is terrible to see her — She threw herself on the body. They say that he himself provided for a very large family. It is terrible!"

"Cannot something be done for her?" Anna Karénin said, in an agitated whisper.

Vrónski looked at her, and immediately went out of the car.

"I will be back in a minute, mamma," he added, turning around at the door.

When he returned, a few minutes later, Stepán Arkádevich was already talking to the countess about a new singer, and the countess impatiently looked at the door, awaiting her son.

"Now let us go!" Vrónski said, upon entering.

They left together; Vrónski preceded with his mother. Anna Karénin walked behind with her brother. At the exit the station-master ran up to Vrónski.

"You have handed my assistant two hundred roubles. Will you kindly inform me for whom it is intended?"

"For the widow," said Vrónski, shrugging his shoulders. "I do not understand why you should ask."

"You gave it?" Oblónski called out behind. Pressing his sister's hand, he added: "Very sweet, very sweet! Is it not so? he is a fine fellow! My regards to you, countess!"

And he stopped with his sister, looking for her maid.

When they came out, Vrónski's carriage had already left. The people who were coming out of the station were still talking about the accident.

"What a terrible death!" said a gentleman who was passing by. "They say he was cut in two."

"I, on the contrary, think it is easy and sudden," said another.

"Why don't they take proper precautions?" said a third.



Anna Karénin sat down in the carriage, and Stepán Arkádevich saw, to his surprise, that her lips were trembling, and that she with difficulty repressed her tears.

"What is the matter with you, Anna?" he asked, after they had travelled several hundred yards.

"It is a bad omen," she said.

"What nonsense!" said Stepán Arkádevich. "You have come, and that is the main thing. You can't imagine how much reliance I place on you."

"Have you known Vrónski for a long time?" she asked.

"Yes. You know we hope that he will marry Kitty."

"Yes?" Anna said, softly. "Now, let us talk about yourself," she added, tossing her head, as though she wished physically to dispel something superfluous, which was worrying her. "Let us talk about your affairs! I received your letter, and here I am."

"Yes, my whole hope rests in you," said Stepán Arkádevich.

"Well, tell me everything."

And Stepán Arkádevich began to tell her.

Upon driving up to the house, Oblónski helped his sister down, sighed, pressed her hand, and went to the court-building.

## XIX.

WHEN Anna entered the small drawing-room, Dolly was sitting there with a white-haired, chubby boy, who even now resembled his father, and was listening to the recital of his French reading lesson. The boy read, while twisting in his hand the loosely fastened button of his blouse, which he was trying to pull off. His mother several times took his hand away, but the chubby hand returned to the button. The mother tore off the button and put it into her pocket.

“Keep your hands quiet, Grísha,” she said, returning to her spread, her old work, which she took up in moments of tribulation. Now she was knitting nervously, throwing up her finger and counting the meshes. Though she had sent word to her husband the day before that she did not care whether his sister was coming or not, she had everything prepared for her arrival, and was in agitation waiting for her sister-in-law.

Dolly was crushed by her sorrow, — all absorbed by it. Yet she remembered that Anna, her sister-in-law, was the wife of one of the most distinguished men in St. Petersburg, and a St. Petersburg *grande dame*. Thanks to this circumstance, she did not carry out what she had told her husband, that is, she did not forget that her sister-in-law was to arrive.

“When it comes to that, Anna is not to blame,” thought Dolly. “I know nothing but the best of her, and I have seen from her nothing but kindness and friendship toward me.”

It is true, as much as she could recall her impression at the house of the Karénins at St. Petersburg, she did not like their home; there was a false ring in the composition of their domestic life.

“But why should I not receive her? If only she will not take it into her head to console me!” thought Dolly. “All those consolations, and admonitions, and that Christian forgiveness I have thought over a thousand times, — they are not good for anything.”

All those days Dolly had been alone with her children. She did not wish to speak of her sorrow, and with this sorrow on her mind she could not talk of any extraneous matters. She knew that, one way or another, she would tell Anna everything; now she was glad of the thought that she would unburden herself, and now she was annoyed at the necessity of speaking of her humiliation with her, his sister, and of listening to her ready phrases of admonition and consolation.

As frequently happens, she had been looking all the time at her watch, in expectancy of her guest, but had missed the time when she arrived, and so had not heard the bell.

When she heard the rustle of a gown and the sound of light steps at the door, she turned back, and on her careworn face there was an involuntary expression, not of joy, but of surprise. She got up and embraced her sister-in-law.

“What, already here?” she said, kissing her.

“Dolly, how glad I am to see you!”

“And so am I,” said Dolly, with a faint smile, trying to discover from the expression of Anna’s face whether she knew. “No doubt she does,” she thought, noticing compassion in her countenance. “Come, I will take you to your room,” she continued, trying to put off the minute of explanation as long as possible.

“Is this Grísha? O Lord, how he has grown!” said

Anna, and, kissing him, without taking her eyes off Dolly, she stopped and blushed. "No, let me stay here!"

She took off her shawl and her hat, and, catching it in a strand of her black, fluffy hair, she tossed her head until she freed her hair.

"You beam with happiness and health!" said Dolly, almost with envy.

"I? Yes," said Anna. "O Lord, Tánya! Just of the age of my Serézha!" she added, turning to the girl who was running in. She took her in her arms and kissed her. "A charming girl, charming! Show them all to me!"

She called them all, and not only remembered their names, but also the ages, months, characters, diseases of all the children, and Dolly could not help appreciating it.

"Let us go to them!" she said. "It's a pity Vása is now asleep."

Having surveyed all the children, they sat down, alone, in the drawing-room, at a cup of coffee. Anna took hold of the tray, and then pushed it away.

"Dolly," she said, "he has told me."

Dolly gave Anna a cold glance. She now expected feignedly compassionate phrases; but Anna said nothing of the kind.

"Dolly dear!" she said. "I do not want to speak to you for him, nor to console you; that is impossible. But, my darling, I am simply sorry, sorry for you with all my heart."

Tears suddenly appeared behind the thick lashes of her sparkling eyes. She sat down nearer to her sister-in-law and took her hand into her own energetic little hand. Dolly did not draw back, nor did her face change its former dry expression. She said:

"It is impossible to console me. Everything is lost after what has happened! Everything is lost!"

The moment she uttered this, the expression of her face

was softened. Anna raised Dolly's dry, lean hand, kissed it, and said :

"But, Dolly, what is to be done, what is to be done? How to act best in this terrible situation is what must be thought of."

"Everything is ended, and that is all," said Dolly. "And worst of all is that I cannot leave him, you know: the children, I am tied. But I cannot live with him, — it is a torture for me to see him."

"Dolly dear, he has told me all, but I want to hear it from you, — tell it to me!"

Dolly looked at her questioningly.

Unfeigned sympathy and love were visible on Anna's countenance.

"All right," she suddenly said. "But I shall begin with the beginning. You know how I married. With the education mamma gave me I was not only innocent, but silly. I did not know anything. They say, I know, that men generally tell their wives their former lives, but Stíva —" She corrected herself, "Stepán Arkádevich told me nothing. You will not believe it, but I thought until now that I was the only woman that he ever knew. Thus I lived for eight years. You must understand that I not only did not suspect any unfaithfulness, but even regarded it as impossible, and then, imagine, having such ideas, suddenly to find out the whole horror, the whole abomination — You must understand me. To be fully convinced of your happiness, and suddenly," continued Dolly, repressing her sobs, "to receive a letter — a letter from him to his paramour, to my governess. No, that is too terrible!" She hastened to take out her handkerchief, and covered her face with it. "I can understand an infatuation," she continued, after some silence, "but with premeditation and cunning to deceive me — with whom? To continue to be my husband with her — it is terrible! You cannot understand it!"

“Oh, yes, I can! I do understand it, dear Dolly! I do,” said Anna, pressing her hand.

“Do you think he understands the whole terror of my situation?” continued Dolly. “Not in the least! He is happy and satisfied.”

“Oh, no!” Anna quickly interrupted her. “He feels miserable, he is crushed with repentance—”

“Is he capable of repentance?” Dolly interrupted her, looking fixedly at the face of her sister-in-law.

“Yes, I know him. I could not look at him without compassion. We both of us know him. He is good, but proud, and now he is humbled so much. The chief thing that touched me” (Anna divined what the chief thing was that would touch Dolly) “is that he is tormented by two things: one is, that he is ashamed on account of the children, and the other, that, loving you—yes, yes, loving you more than anything in the world,” she hurriedly interrupted Dolly, who was on the point of retorting, “he has caused you pain,—has killed you. ‘No, no, she will not forgive me,’ he is saying all the time.”

Dolly looked pensively past her sister-in-law, listening to her words.

“Yes, I understand that his situation is terrible; a guilty person feels worse than an innocent one,” she said, “if he feels that the whole misfortune is due to his guilt. But how can I forgive him and be again his wife after her? It will now be a torture for me to live with him, even because I love my past love for him—”

Sobs interrupted her words.

And, as though on purpose, every time she became mollified, she began once more to speak of what irritated her.

“She is young; she is beautiful,” she continued. “Don’t you see, Anna, that my youth has been taken away, and by whom? By him and his children. I have served him faithfully, and in this service everything of mine was used up, and now, of course, a fresh, base creature is more

agreeable to him. They have no doubt spoken to each other about me, or, what is worse still, they have not mentioned me, — do you understand?”

Again her eyes burned with envy.

“And after this he will tell me — Do you suppose I will believe him? Never. No, everything is ended, everything which formed the consolation, the reward of labour and troubles — Would you believe it? You saw me awhile ago teaching Grísha: formerly it used to be a pleasure, but now it is a torture. Why do I try and work? What are the children for? What is terrible is that my soul has suddenly been turned upside down, and, instead of love and tenderness, I have for him only resentment, yes, resentment. I could kill him and —”

“Darling, Dolly, I understand it, but do not torture yourself. You are so offended, so excited, that you see many things wrongly.”

Dolly grew silent, and they both kept silence for about two minutes.

“What is to be done? Think, Anna, and help me! I have considered everything, and see nothing.”

Anna could not think of anything, but her heart responded directly to every word, to every expression of the face of her sister-in-law.

“I will say only this much,” began Anna, “I am his sister, I know his character, that ability to forget everything, everything” (she made a gesture before her brow), “that ability for a complete infatuation, but, at the same time, for a complete repentance. He does not know, he does not understand how he could have done what he did.”

“No, he does not understand! He understood it then!” Dolly interrupted him. “But I — You are forgetting me — does it make it any easier for me?”

“Hold on. When he told me, I must confess, I did not understand the whole terror of your situation. I

saw him only, and that the whole family was broken up; I was sorry for him, but, having talked with you, I, as a woman, see differently; I see your suffering, and I can't tell you how sorry I am for you! But, Dolly dear, I fully appreciate your sufferings; there is, however, one thing I do not know: I do not know — I do not know how much love for him there is still left in your soul. You yourself know whether there is enough of it to be able to forgive him. If there is, forgive him!"

"No," began Dolly; but Anna interrupted her, once more kissing her hand.

"I know the world better than you," she said. "I know those men, like Stíva; I know how they look upon it. You say that he has talked with her about you. That was not the case. These men are unfaithful, but their domestic circle and their wives are sacred to them. In some peculiar way these women are despised by them, and they do not interfere with the family. They draw a kind of impassable line between the family and them. I do not understand it, but it is so."

"Yes, but he has kissed her —"

"Dolly, wait a moment, darling! I saw Stíva when he was in love with you. I remember that time when he came to me and wept, talking about you and saying what poetry and exaltation you were for him, and I know that the longer he lived with you, the higher you became for him. We used to laugh at him, hearing him add to every word, 'Dolly is a remarkable woman.' You have always been a divinity to him, and this infatuation is not from the soul —"

"But if this infatuation will repeat itself?"

"It cannot, as I understand it."

"Yes, but would you forgive?"

"I do not know, I cannot judge — Yes, I can," said Anna, after a moment's reflection; and, mentally grasping the situation and weighing it on her internal scales, she



added: "Yes, I can, I can, I can. Yes, I would forgive. I should not be the same again, but I would forgive, and would forgive in such a way as though it had never happened, not at all —"

"Of course," Dolly quickly interrupted her, as though she were saying what she had often been thinking about, "otherwise it would not be forgiveness. If it is to be forgiveness, it has to be complete, complete. Well, come, I will take you to your room," she said, getting up and on the way embracing Anna. "My dear, how glad I am that you have come! I feel easier, much easier."

## XX.

ALL that day Anna passed at home, that is, at the house of the Oblónskis. She did not receive any one, though some of her acquaintances, having learned of her arrival, came that day to see her. Anna passed the whole morning with Dolly and the children. She only sent a note to her brother by all means to dine at home. "Come, God is merciful," she wrote to him.

Oblónski dined at home ; the conversation was general, and his wife spoke to him, using the pronoun "thou," which had not happened before. In the relations of husband and wife there remained the same estrangement, but there was no longer any question of a separation, and Stepán Arkádevich saw a possibility for an explanation and reconciliation.

Soon after dinner Kitty came. She knew Anna Arkádevna but slightly, and she came to her sister's not without trepidation, wondering how the St. Petersburg lady of the world, whom everybody praised, would receive her. She met with Anna Arkádevna's favour, — that she saw at once. Anna apparently admired her beauty and youth, and before Kitty had a chance to regain her senses she felt herself not only under her influence, but also in love with her, as only young girls can be in love with married and older women. Anna did not look like a society woman, or like a mother of an eight-year-old boy, but might have resembled a girl of twenty by the flexibility of her motions, her freshness, and the constant animation

of her face, which found its expression now in a smile, and now in a glance, if it had not been for the serious, even melancholy expression of her eyes, which baffled and attracted Kitty to her. Kitty felt that Anna was quite simple and did not conceal anything, but that there was in Anna another, higher world of complex, poetical interests, inaccessible to her.

After dinner, when Dolly went to her room, Anna rose rapidly and went up to her brother, who was lighting a cigar.

"Stíva," she said to him, with a merry wink, making the sign of the cross over him and pointing to the door. "Go, and may God help you!"

He threw away the cigar, having caught her meaning, and disappeared behind the door.

When Stepán Arkádevich had left, she returned to the divan, where she sat down, surrounded by the children. Either because the children saw that their mamma loved their aunt, or because they themselves felt a peculiar charm in her, the eldest two, and with them the younger ones, as is often the case with children, had been sticking to their new aunt since before dinner, and did not go away from her. The children had a kind of a game which consisted in sitting as near as possible to their aunt, touching her, holding her little hand, kissing it, playing with her ring, or at least touching the folds of her garment.

"Well, well, as we sat before," said Anna Arkádevna, sitting down in her old place.

And again Grísha stuck his head through her arm and leaned it against her garment, beaming with pride and happiness.

"So when will the ball be?" she turned to Kitty.

"Next week, and a fine ball it will be. One of those balls when it is always jolly."

"Are there balls when you always feel jolly?" Anna said, with gentle derision.

“Strange though it may seem, there are. At the Bob-ríshchevs’ it is always jolly, and so it is at the Nikítins’, while at the Mezhkóvs’ it is always dull. Haven’t you noticed it?”

“No, my dear. For me there are no balls where it is always jolly,” said Anna, and Kitty saw in her eyes that peculiar world which was not revealed to her. “For me there are only those where it is less annoying and tiresome —”

“How can it be tiresome for *you* at a ball?”

“Why should it not be tiresome for *me* at a ball?” asked Anna.

Kitty noticed that Anna knew what answer would follow.

“Because you are always better than all.”

Anna had the knack of blushing. She blushed and said:

“In the first place, never; in the second place, even if it were so, what good would it do me?”

“Will you go to that ball?” asked Kitty.

“I think I can’t refuse. Take it!” she said to Tánya, who had been pulling off a ring which came easily off her white, tapering finger.

“I shall be very glad if you go. I should like so much to see you at a ball.”

“At least, if I go, I shall be consoled by the thought that it will afford you pleasure — Grísha, don’t touse it, if you please, — it is dishevelled as it is,” she said, putting back a stray strand of hair, with which Grísha had been playing.

“I imagine you at a ball in lilac.”

“Why necessarily in lilac?” Anna asked, smiling. “Well, children, run, run! Don’t you hear? Miss Hull is calling you to tea,” she said, tearing the children away from her and directing them to the dining-room.

“I know why you want me to be at the ball. You ex-

pect so much from it, and you want everybody to be there and take part in it."

"How do you know? Yes."

"Oh, how fine your time is!" continued Anna. "I remember that blue mist, something like what one sees in the Swiss mountains. This mist which envelops everything in that blissful time when childhood is just coming to an end, and out of that enormous, happy, merry circle the path becomes narrower and narrower, and it fills you both with joy and fear to enter that defile, even though it looks bright and beautiful — Who has not passed through it?"

Kitty smiled in silence. "How did she go through it? How I should like to know her romance!" thought Kitty, recalling the unpoetical appearance of Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, her husband.

"I know a thing or two. Stíva told me, and I congratulate you, — I like him very much," continued Anna: "I met Vrónski at the railway station."

"Oh, he was there?" Kitty asked, blushing. "What has Stíva told you?"

"Stíva told me everything. And I was very glad. I travelled yesterday with Vrónski's mother," she continued, "and she never stopped talking to me about him, — he is her favourite; I know how biassed mothers are, but —"

"What did his mother tell you?"

"Oh, a great deal! I know that he is her favourite, still, it is evident that he is chivalrous — For example, she told me that he wanted to give his whole fortune to his brother, that he did something extraordinary in his childhood, — he saved a woman from drowning. In short, he is a hero," said Anna, smiling, and thinking of the two hundred roubles which he had contributed at the station.

But she did not tell of those two hundred roubles. For some reason it was unpleasant to her to recall the fact.

She felt that in that act there was something in reference to herself, and something that ought not to have been.

"She asked me very urgently to come to see her," continued Anna, "and I shall be glad to see the old lady, and so will go there to-morrow. Thank God, Stíva is staying quite awhile in Dolly's cabinet," added Anna, changing the subject, and rising, dissatisfied with something, so Kitty thought.

"No, I first! No, I!" shouted the children, having finished their tea, and running up to Aunt Anna.

"All at once," said Anna, and, laughing, she ran to meet them, and embraced and threw down the whole crowd of the swarming children, who were screaming with delight.

## XXI.

To the tea of the adults, Dolly came out of her room. Stepán Arkádevich did not come out. He evidently had left his wife's room by the back entrance.

"I am afraid that you will be cold up-stairs," remarked Dolly, turning to Anna. "I want to transfer you down-stairs, — we shall be nearer to each other."

"Oh, please, don't trouble yourselves about me," replied Anna, gazing at Dolly's face and trying to make out whether there was a reconciliation or not.

"It will be light here for you," replied her sister-in-law.

"I tell you that I sleep anywhere, and always like a marmot."

"What is it about?" asked Stepán Arkádevich, coming out of the cabinet and turning to his wife.

From the tone of his voice, both Kitty and Anna knew that the reconciliation had taken place.

"I want to transfer Anna down-stairs, but it will be necessary to change the curtains. Nobody will know how to do it, — I shall have to do it myself," replied Dolly, turning to him.

"God knows whether there was a full reconciliation," thought Anna, upon hearing her cold and calm tone.

"What is the use, Dolly, of troubling yourself all the time?" said the husband. "If you want me to, I shall do it all —"

"Yes, they must have made up," thought Anna.

"I know how you will do it," replied Dolly. "You

will tell Matvyéy to do what cannot be done, and yourself will leave, and he will get everything mixed up," and a habitual, derisive smile wrinkled the corners of Dolly's lips as she said that.

"A complete, complete reconciliation," thought Anna, "thank God!" and, happy to have been the cause of it, she walked over to Dolly and kissed her.

"Not at all. Why do you despise us, me and Matvyéy, so?" said Stepán Arkádevich, smiling a faint smile and turning to his wife.

The whole evening Dolly was, as always, slightly sarcastic in reference to her husband, and Stepán Arkádevich was contented and happy, but only to such an extent as to show that he had not forgotten his guilt.

At half-past nine, the peculiarly cheerful and pleasant evening family conversation at the tea-table of the Oblónskís was disturbed by a seemingly simple incident, but this simple incident, for some reason, seemed very strange to everybody. As they were talking about common St. Petersburg acquaintances, Anna suddenly got up.

"I have it in my album," she said, "and, besides, I will show you my Serézha," she added, with a proud maternal smile.

At ten o'clock, when she was generally in the habit of bidding her boy good night, or putting him herself to bed, if she went out to a ball, she felt sad because she was so far away from him; and no matter what they were talking about, she mentally returned to her curly-headed Serézha. She wanted to see his photograph and to talk with him. Taking advantage of the first pretext, she got up and with her light, firm gait went for the album. The staircase which led up to her room abutted on the landing of the broad, warm entrance staircase.

Just as she left the drawing-room, the bell was rung in the antechamber.

"Who can it be?" said Dolly.



"If for me, it is too early, and for anybody else it is too late to call," remarked Kitty.

"No doubt with some documents," added Stepán Arkádevich.

As Anna passed the staircase, a servant ran up to announce the caller, while the caller himself stood at the lamp, and Anna, looking down, immediately recognized Vrónski, and a strange feeling of pleasure and, at the same time, of indefinite terror, suddenly stirred in her heart. He stood without taking off his overcoat and was drawing something out of his pocket. Just as she reached the middle of the staircase, he raised his eyes and saw her, and in the expression of his face there was something like shame and fright. Lightly bending her head, she passed on, and soon after was heard the loud voice of Stepán Arkádevich, calling him to come up, and the subdued, soft, and calm voice of Vrónski, declining to do so.

When Anna returned with the album he was gone, and Stepán Arkádevich told that he had called to find out about a dinner which they were to give on the following day to a visiting celebrity.

"He would not come in for anything. How strange he is!" added Stepán Arkádevich.

Kitty blushed. She thought that she was the only one who understood why he had called and why he had not come up. "He was at our house," she thought, "and, not finding me there, he thought that I was here; but he did not come in, because he thought it was late, and because Anna is here."

All looked at one another, without saying anything, and then began to look at the album.

There was nothing strange or unusual for a man to call on his friend at half-past nine in order to find out the details of a proposed dinner, and not to come in; but it nevertheless seemed strange to everybody. Strangest and most improper it seemed to Anna.

## XXII.

THE ball had just begun, when Kitty with her mother ascended the broad staircase, which was bathed in light and lined with flowers and powdered lackeys in red caf-tans. From the halls proceeded the even hum of motion, as in a beehive, and while they on the landing, between trees, adjusted their coiffures and garments in front of a mirror, there were borne from a parlour the cautious, precise sounds of the violins of the orchestra playing the first waltz. An old civilian, who had been adjusting his gray locks at another mirror, and who emitted a strong odour of perfume, ran against them on the staircase, and so stepped aside, apparently admiring Kitty, who was a stranger to him. A beardless youth, one of those society young men whom the old Prince Shcherbátski called *pup-pies*, in a dreadfully low-cut waistcoat, adjusted his white necktie in his walk, bowed to them, and, having walked past, returned and engaged Kitty for a quadrille. The first quadrille had already been promised to Vrónski, and so she had to give this youth the second quadrille. A military man, who was buttoning his glove, stepped aside at the door and, stroking his moustache, looked admiringly at pink Kitty.

Although the toilet, the coiffure, and all the preparations for the ball had cost Kitty much labour and reflection, she now, in her tulle garment over a pink slip, carried herself at the ball as freely and as simply as though all those rosettes and laces and details of the toilet had not

cost her or her home-folk a moment of attention, and as though she had been born in that tulle and lace, with that high coiffure, with the rose and two leaves at the top.

When the old princess, before entering the parlour, wanted to straighten out a twisted ribbon of her girdle, Kitty moved gently away. She felt that everything ought to be good and graceful on her, and that there was nothing to adjust.

This was one of Kitty's happy days. The garment was not tight anywhere; the lace bertha did not droop; the rosettes were not crushed, nor torn off; the pink slippers with the high, curved heels did not pinch her feet, but were comfortable. The thick braids of blond hair were firm on her little head. All three buttons on the long gloves, which fitted her arms, without changing their form, had buttoned without tearing off. The black velvet band of the medallion most gently wound around her neck. This band was charming, and at home, as she had looked at her neck in the mirror, she had felt that that velvet band talked. In everything else there might be some doubt, but the band was charming. Kitty smiled even here at the ball, as she looked into the mirror. On her bare shoulders and neck she felt a marble coldness, a sensation of which she was particularly fond. Her eyes sparkled, and her ruby lips could not help smiling at the consciousness of her attractiveness.

She had barely entered the parlour and had not yet reached the tulle-ribbon-lace-flower group of women, who were waiting for invitations to dance (Kitty never stood in that crowd), when she was invited to a waltz, and that invitation was tendered her by the best dancer, the chief gentleman in the ball hierarchy, the famous director of balls, master of ceremonies, a married, handsome, stately man, Egórushka Korsúnski. He had just left Countess Bánin, with whom he had danced the first turn of the waltz, and was surveying his household, that is, the sev-

eral couples that had started out to dance. He espied Kitty, who had just entered, and ran up to her with that peculiar easy amble, characteristic of directors of balls, and, bowing, without asking whether she wished it or not, stretched out his arm to embrace her slender waist. She looked around for some one to give her fan to; the hostess smilingly took it from her.

"How nice that you have come in time!" he said to her, embracing her waist. "It is such a horrible habit to be late."

Bending her left arm, she placed it on his shoulder, and the small feet in the pink slippers moved rapidly, lightly, and evenly over the smooth parquetry, keeping time with the music.

"It is restful to waltz with you," he said to her, as he started on the first, slow movements of the waltz. "What charming lightness and precision!" He said to her what he generally said to all his good acquaintances.

She smiled at his praise, and over his shoulder continued to examine the parlour. She was not a *débutante*, with whom all the faces blend into one magic impression; nor was she a ball-worn girl, to whom all the faces are so familiar as to be tiresome; she was between the two: she was excited, and yet controlled herself sufficiently to be able to observe. In the left corner of the parlour, she saw, was grouped the flower of society. There was the excessively nude beauty, Lidy, Korsúnski's wife; there was the hostess; there shone with his bald head Krívin, who was always where the flower of society was gathered. In that direction looked the youths, not daring to walk up; and there she espied Stíva, and later saw the superb figure and head of Anna in a black velvet dress. And *he*, too, was there. Kitty had not seen him since the evening when she had refused Levín. Kitty immediately recognized him with her far-sighted eyes, and even noticed that he was looking at her.

“Well, another turn? Are you not tired?” asked Korsúnski, a little out of breath.

“No, thank you!”

“Where shall I take you?”

“Anna Karénin, I think, is here. Take me to her!”

“As you wish.”

And Korsúnski, slowing up, waltzed straight into the crowd in the left corner of the parlour, saying, “*Pardon, mesdames, pardon, pardon, mesdames!*” and, manœuvring between a sea of laces, tulle, and ribbons, without catching on as much as a feather, he abruptly turned his lady around, so that her slender legs in the openwork stockings were disclosed and her train opened up like a fan and covered Krívin’s knees. Korsúnski bowed, straightened out his open breast, and offered her his hand, in order to take her to Anna Arkádevna.

Kitty blushed, took her train off Krívin’s knees, and, a little dizzy, looked around in order to find Anna. Anna did not wear a lilac garment, as Kitty had wanted her to, but a low-cut, black, velvet dress, which disclosed her full shoulders and breast, that looked as though turned out of old ivory, and her round arms with thin, tiny hands. The whole dress was trimmed with Venetian guipure. On her head, in her black hair, all her own without any foreign admixture, there was a small wreath of pansies, and a similar wreath was on the black ribbon of her girdle, between white lace. Her coiffure was unnoticeable. All that one could see was those persistent short ringlets of curly hair, which, adorning her, always stood out on the nape of her neck and on her temples. On her strong, well-turned neck there was a string of pearls.

Kitty had seen Anna every day, was in love with her, and imagined her not otherwise than in lilac. But now, when she saw her in black, she felt that she had not understood all her charm. She now saw her in an entirely new and unexpected light. Now she understood

that Anna could not have been in lilac, and that all her charm consisted even in this, that she always stepped out of her toilet, that the toilet could never be seen on her. The black dress with the superb lace was not visible on her; it was merely a frame, and what was visible was she, a simple, natural, elegant, and, at the same time, merry and animated woman.

She stood bearing herself, as always, extremely erect, and, as Kitty approached that group, was talking with the host, slightly turning her head toward him.

"No, I will not throw a stone," she was replying to him, "though I do not understand," she continued, shrugging her shoulders, and immediately turning to Kitty with a gentle smile of protection. Surveying her toilet with a cursory, feminine glance, she made a barely perceptible motion with her head, which Kitty understood as being in approval of her toilet and beauty. "You even enter the parlour dancing," she added.

"This is one of my most reliable assistants," said Korsúnski, bowing to Anna Arkádevna, whom he had not yet seen. "The princess helps me to make the ball jolly and beautiful. Anna Arkádevna, a turn of the waltz," he said, bending.

"Are you acquainted?" asked the host.

"With whom are we not acquainted? My wife and I are like white wolves,—everybody knows us," replied Korsúnski. "A turn of the waltz, Anna Arkádevna."

"I do not dance whenever it is possible not to dance," she said.

"But to-night it is impossible," replied Korsúnski.

Just then Vrónski came up.

"Well, if it is impossible not to dance to-night, then let us dance!" she said, without noticing Vrónski's bow, and quickly raising her arm to Korsúnski's shoulder.

"Why is she dissatisfied with him?" thought Kitty, noticing that Anna purposely did not answer Vrónski's

bow. Vrónski went up to Kitty, reminding her of the first quadrille and regretting that he had not had a chance to see her all that time. Kitty looked in delight at Anna as she waltzed, and, at the same time, listened to him. She was waiting for him to invite her to the waltz, but he did not do so, and she looked at him in surprise. He blushed and hastened to invite her, but no sooner had he embraced her slender waist than the music suddenly stopped. Kitty looked at his face, which was at such a close range to her, and long afterward, many years later, that glance, full of love, which she then cast upon him, and which he did not return, cut her heart with painful shame.

“Pardon! Pardon! A waltz, a waltz!” Korsúnski shouted from the other end of the parlour and, putting his arm around the lady nearest to him, began himself to whirl around the room.

### XXIII.

VRÓNSKI and Kitty made several turns in the waltz. After the waltz Kitty went up to her mother, and, before she had a chance to exchange a few words with Countess Nórdston, Vrónski came after her for the first quadrille.

Nothing of any consequence was said during the quadrille. They carried on a broken conversation, now about the Korsúnskis, husband and wife, whom he very funnily described as sweet children of forty years of age, and now of the coming society theatricals, and only once did his conversation touch her to the quick, and that was when he asked her about Levín, whether he was there, adding that he liked Levín very much. But Kitty had not expected much of the quadrille. She was waiting with trepidation for the mazurka. It seemed to her that everything would be decided then. The fact that he had not invited her for the mazurka while dancing the quadrille did not trouble her. She was convinced that she was going to dance the mazurka, as at previous balls, and refused five gentlemen, saying that she was engaged. The whole ball up to the last quadrille was for Kitty a magic dream of joyous colours, sounds, and motions. She did not stop dancing except when she felt too tired and asked for a rest. But, as she was dancing her last quadrille with one of the dull youths, who could not be refused, she happened to be vis-à-vis to Vrónski and Anna. She had not seen Anna since the beginning of the ball, and here she suddenly saw her again in an entirely



new and unexpected situation. She observed in her that excitement from success, with which she was familiar in herself. She saw that Anna was intoxicated with the wine of delight roused by herself. She knew that sensation, and knew its signs, and saw them in Anna, — she saw the tremulous, flashing sparkle in her eyes, and the smile of happiness and excitement which involuntarily curved her lips, and the precise grace, security, and ease of her motions.

“Why is it?” she asked herself. “All or one?” And, without coming to the rescue of the tormented young man with whom she was dancing, to resume the conversation, the thread of which he had dropped and was unable to take up again, and outwardly surrendering herself to the merry and loud words of command given by Korsúnski, who now threw all into *grand rond* and now into a *chaine*, she made observations, and her heart was compressed more and more.

“No, it is not the admiration of the crowd, but the rapture of one that has intoxicated her. And that one? Could it really be he?”

Every time when he spoke with Anna, a joyous sparkle flashed in her eyes, and a smile of bliss curved her ruby lips. She seemed to be making an effort over herself, in order not to disclose those signs of joy, but they appeared on her face of their own accord.

“What about him?” Kitty glanced at him, and was frightened. What had so clearly shown itself to Kitty in the mirror of Anna’s face, she saw in him. What had become of his ever calm, firm manner and the carelessly calm expression of his face? No, every time he now spoke to her he slightly inclined his head, as though ready to fall down before her, and in his glance there was only the expression of submissiveness and terror. “I do not mean to offend you,” every glance of his seemed to say, “but to save myself, and I do not know

how." The expression of his countenance was such as she had never seen before.

They were speaking of their common acquaintances, chatting in the most inconsequential manner, but it seemed to Kitty that every word uttered by them decided their fate and her own. And what was strange was that, although they actually were talking about how ridiculous Iván Ivánovich was with his French language, and about how a better match might be found for Miss Elétski, their words in reality had a meaning for them, and this they felt as strongly as Kitty. The whole ball, the whole world, everything was veiled in mist in Kitty's soul. Only the severe school of education through which she had passed sustained her and made her do everything demanded of her, that is, dance, answer questions, talk, and even smile. But before the beginning of the mazurka, when the chairs were being placed, and several pairs went from the smaller rooms to the large parlour, Kitty was overcome by a minute of despair and terror. She had refused five gentlemen, and now she was not going to dance. There was even no hope that she would be invited, for the very reason that she had too much success in society, so that it could not occur to any one that she had not yet been engaged. She ought to tell her mother that she was ill, and be driven home, but her strength failed her. She felt herself crushed.

She went into the background of a small drawing-room and dropped into a chair. The airy skirt of her dress rose in a cloud around her slender waist; one of her bare, thin, tender girlish arms sank impotently into the folds of her pink robe; in the other she held a fan, and with rapid, short motions fanned her heated face. But, in spite of that appearance of a butterfly just alighted on a blade of grass and ready in a minute to fly up and unfold its rainbow-coloured wings, terrible despair pinched her heart.

"Maybe I am mistaken. Maybe there was nothing of the kind." And she again recalled what she had seen.

"Kitty, what is this?" said Countess Nórdston, who, walking noiselessly over the carpet, had come up to her. "I do not understand it."

Kitty's lower lip twitched; she rose rapidly.

"Kitty, are you not dancing the mazurka?"

"No, no," said Kitty, in a voice trembling from tears.

"He invited her to the mazurka in my presence," said Countess Nórdston, knowing that Kitty would understand who he and she were. "She said: 'Do you not dance with Princess Shcherbátski?'"

"Oh, it makes no difference to me," replied Kitty.

No one but she herself understood her situation; no one knew that she had the day before refused a man whom, perhaps, she loved, and had refused him because she had faith in another.

Countess Nórdston found Korsúnski, with whom she was to dance the mazurka, and asked him to invite Kitty.

Kitty danced with Korsúnski as the leading pair, and fortunately she did not have to talk, for Korsúnski kept running around all the time, looking after his household. Vrónski and Anna were almost opposite her. She saw them with her far-sighted eyes, and saw them near by, when they met in pairs, and the more she saw them, the more she became convinced that her misfortune was accomplished. She saw that they felt themselves alone in that filled hall. And on Vrónski's face, always so firm and independent, she saw that expression of discomposure and submissiveness which so startled her, and which resembled the expression of an intelligent dog when it is guilty.

Anna smiled, and the smile was communicated to him. She became pensive, and he grew serious. A preternatural power attracted Kitty's eyes to Anna's face. She was

charming in her simple black' dress; charming were her full arms with the bracelets; charming was the firm neck with the string of pearls; charming was the winding hair of her loosened coiffure; charming were the graceful, light movements of her small feet and hands; charming was that beautiful face in its animation, — but there was something terrible and cruel in her charm.

Kitty admired her even more than before, and suffered more and more. Kitty felt herself crushed, and her face showed it. When Vrónski saw her, as he met her at the mazurka, he did not recognize her at once, — she had changed so much.

“A beautiful ball!” he said to her, to be saying something.

“Yes,” she replied.

In the middle of the mazurka, while repeating a complicated figure of Korsúnski's invention, Anna stepped into the middle of the circle, took two gentlemen, and called up a lady and Kitty. Kitty looked in surprise at her, as she went up. Anna half-closed her eyes and smilingly looked at her, pressing her hand. But, upon noticing that Kitty's face responded to her smile only with an expression of despair and of surprise, she turned away from her and began to speak gaily with the other lady.

“Yes, there is something demoniac and enticing in her,” Kitty said to herself.

Anna did not intend to stay to supper, but the host insisted.

“Really, Anna Arkádevna,” said Korsúnski, taking her bare arm with the sleeve of his dress coat, “I have a superb idea of a cotillion! *Un bijou!*”

And he started to move slowly, hoping to draw her along. The host smiled approvingly.

“No, I will not remain,” replied Anna, smiling; but, in spite of the smile, Korsúnski and the host understood

from the firm tone of voice with which she replied that she would not stay.

“No, I have as it is danced more at your ball here in Moscow than during the whole winter in St. Petersburg,” said Anna, looking back at Vrónski, who was standing near them. “I must rest myself before the journey.”

“So you are going to-morrow for certain?”

“Yes, I think so,” replied Anna, as though surprised at the boldness of his question; but the irrepressible tremulous sparkle of her eyes and smile burnt him, as she was saying it.

Anna Arkádevna did not remain to supper, and went away.

## XXIV.

"YES, there is in me something disgusting and repulsive," thought Levín, as he left the Shcherbátskis, on his way, on foot, to his brother. "I am no good for other people. They say it is pride. No, I have not even any pride. If I had, I should not have placed myself in such a situation." And he thought of Vrónski, happy, good, clever, and self-composed Vrónski, who, no doubt, had never been in that terrible situation in which he was that evening. "Yes, she could not help selecting him. It is right so, and I have no cause to complain of anybody or anything. It is my own fault. What right did I have to think that she would wish to unite her life with mine? Who am I? And what am I? An insignificant man, whom nobody wants."

And he thought of his brother Nikoláy, and joyfully dwelt on that reminiscence. "Is he not right when he says that everything in the world is mean and contemptible? I doubt if we have been judging brother Nikoláy correctly. Of course, from the standpoint of Prokófi, who saw him in a torn fur coat and drunk, he is a detestable man; but I know him differently. I know his soul, and I know that we resemble each other. And I, instead of hunting him up, drove out to dine, and then went here." Levín walked over to a lamp, read his brother's address, which he had in his pocketbook, and called up a cabman. On his whole long drive to his brother, he vividly recalled all the familiar incidents from the life of his brother Nikoláy. He recalled how his brother had lived in the

university, and a year after leaving the university, like a monk, in spite of the ridicule of his comrades, executing all the religious rites, fasting, and attending divine service, and avoiding all pleasures, especially women; and how he then suddenly gave way, cultivating the acquaintance of the basest company, and plunging into the vilest debauch. He then recalled the story about the boy whom he had taken from the village in order to educate him, and whom, in a fit of madness, he had beaten so badly that the charge of mayhem was preferred against him. He then recalled the story about the cheat, to whom he had lost a sum of money, giving him a note, and against whom he himself preferred the charge of swindling. (It was that sum which Sergyéy Ivánovich had paid for him.) Then he recalled how he had passed a night in the lockup for riotous behaviour. He recalled the disgraceful lawsuit which he had started against his brother Sergyéy Ivánovich, claiming that he had not been paid his part of the maternal estate, and the latest case, when he had gone to the West to serve, where he was prosecuted for assault and battery committed against a village elder. All that was very low, but to Levín it did not appear by any means as low as it must have appeared to those who did not know Nikoláy, who did not know his whole history, who did not know his heart.

Levín recalled that at the time when Nikoláy had been passing through his period of piety, fasts, monasticism, divine services, when he had been looking in religion for aid, — for a bridle on his impassioned nature, — no one had sustained him, and all, he himself included, had made fun of him. He had been teased and called Noah and monk; and when everything gave way, no one helped him, but all turned away from him in terror and detestation.

Levín felt that his brother Nikoláy in his heart, in the very foundation of his heart, despite the monstrousness of

his life, was not more wrong than those men who despised him. He was not to blame for having been born with his irrepressible character and harassed mind. He always wanted to be good. "I will tell him everything; I will make him tell me everything, and I will show him that I love him and, therefore, understand him," Levín decided, as he at eleven o'clock reached the hotel indicated in the address.

"Up-stairs, Numbers 12 and 13," the porter replied, to Levín's question.

"Is he at home?"

"I think so."

The door to Number 12 was half-open, and from there, in a strip of light, issued a dense smoke of a poor quality of weak tobacco, and proceeded the sound of an unfamiliar voice; but Levín at once divined that his brother was there: he heard him cough.

As he entered through the door, the unfamiliar voice was saying:

"Everything depends on how intelligently and how consciously the case is managed."

Konstantín looked in and saw that the speaker was a young man in an enormous cap and a sleeveless coat, while a young, pockmarked woman, in a woollen garment, without cuffs or collar, was sitting on a sofa. Konstantín's heart gave a painful twinge at the thought of the strange company among whom his brother was living. Nobody heard him, and Konstantín took off his overshoes and listened to what the gentleman in the sleeveless coat was saying. He was talking about some undertaking.

"The devil take them, the privileged classes," his brother said, coughing. "Másha! Get us a supper and give us some liquor, if any is left, else send for it!"

The woman got up, stepped behind the partition, and noticed Konstantín.

"A gentleman is here, Nikoláy Dmítrievich," she said.



"Whom does he want?" was heard Nikoláy Levín's angry voice.

"It is I," replied Konstantín Levín, stepping into the light.

"Who is that?" still more angrily said Nikoláy.

Levín heard him get up with a start, his foot catching in something, and he saw before him at the door the familiar tall figure of his brother, which, nevertheless, startled him by its wildness and sickly aspect, its leanness and stooping shoulders, and large, frightened eyes.

He was leaner than he had been three years before, when Konstantín had seen him for the last time. He wore a short coat. His hands and large bones seemed larger than ever. His hair was more scanty, and the same straight moustache covered his lips, and the same eyes looked strangely at the intruder.

"Ah, Konstantín!" he suddenly exclaimed, as he recognized his brother, and his eyes glistened with joy. But that very moment he looked at the young man and made a familiar convulsive motion with the head and neck, as though his necktie were choking him; and an entirely different, savage, suffering, cruel expression rested on his emaciated face.

"I wrote both you and Sergyéy Ivánovich that I do not know you and do not want to know you. What do you want?"

He was not at all as Konstantín had imagined him. What was most oppressive and bad in his character, that which made communion with him so very difficult, had been forgotten by Konstantín Levín when he had thought of him; now that he saw his face, especially the convulsive jerking of his head, he recalled it all.

"I have no especial reason to see you," he replied, timidly. "I just wanted to call on you."

His brother's timidity apparently mollified Nikoláy. He twitched his lips.

“Oh, you have just come to see me?” he said. “Well, come in! Sit down! Do you want to eat supper? Másha, bring us three orders. No, wait! Do you know who this is?” he turned to his brother, pointing to the gentleman in the sleeveless coat. “It is Mr. Krítski, my friend, whom I used to know in Kíev, — a very remarkable man. Of course, the police are persecuting him because he is not a scoundrel.”

And, by force of habit, he looked around at all the persons in the room. Seeing that the woman, who was standing at the door, made a motion to go out, he shouted: “Wait, I say!” And with that awkwardness of speech, which Konstantín knew so well, he, once more surveying everybody in the room, began to tell his brother Krítski’s history: how he had been expelled from the university for establishing a society for the support of indigent students and Sunday schools, and how he then had entered a people’s school as a teacher and was expelled from there, too, and how later he had been under trial for something.

“From the Kíev University?” Konstantín Levín asked Krítski, in order to break the awkward silence which had ensued.

“Yes, from the Kíev University,” Krítski said, with an angry scowl.

“And this woman,” Nikoláy Levín interrupted him, pointing at her, “is the companion of my life, Márya Nikoláevna. I took her out of a house,” and he jerked his neck as he said that. “But I love and respect her, and I demand of everybody who wants to know me,” he added, raising his voice and frowning, “to love and respect her. She is the same as though she were my wife, just the same. So, now you know with whom you are dealing. And if you think that you are lowering yourself, here is the door, and God be with you!”

And again his eyes inquisitively surveyed the persons present.

“Why should I lower myself? I do not understand.”

“If so, Másha, let us have supper: three orders, vódka and wine — No, wait! — No, it is all right — go!”

## XXV.

"So you see," continued Nikoláy Levín, knitting his brow with an effort, and twitching his neck.

It apparently gave him pain to consider what to say and do.

"You see —" He pointed in the corner of the room to some iron scraps which were tied with a rope. "Do you see this? It is the beginning of a new undertaking which we are introducing. This undertaking is a producers' coöperative society."

Konstantín was barely listening. He was gazing at Nikoláy's consumptive, sickly face, and he pitied him more and more, and could not make himself listen to what his brother was telling him of the coöperative society. He saw that this society was only an anchor of safety from self-contempt. Nikoláy Levín continued to speak:

"You know that capital oppresses the labourer. Our labourers, the peasants, bear the whole brunt of labour and are so situated that, no matter how much they may work, they cannot get away from their bestial situation. All the wage-earnings with which they might improve their position and gain sufficient leisure for the acquisition of culture, all the surplus of pay, are taken away from them by the capitalists. And society is so constituted that the more they work, the more will the merchants and agriculturists gain, while they will always be beasts of burden. And this order of things must be changed," he finished, looking questioningly at his brother.

"Yes, that is so," said Konstantín, looking fixedly at

the ruddy glow which had appeared beneath the protruding cheek-bones of his brother.

"We are forming a blacksmiths' coöperative society, where all the products, and the earnings, and the chief tools of production will be in common."

"Where will that society be?" asked Konstantín Levín.

"In the village of Vózdrema, in the Government of Kazán."

"But why in a village? In the villages the people have enough to do without it, it seems to me. What use is there in a blacksmiths' coöperative society in a village?"

"Because the peasants are as much slaves now as they have ever been, and so it displeases such men as you and Sergyéy Ivánovich because we want to take them out of that slavery," said Nikoláy Levín, irritated by the retort.

Konstantín Levín sighed, while surveying the gloomy, dirty room. This sigh seemed to irritate Nikoláy still more.

"I know the aristocratic views of such men as you and Sergyéy Ivánovich. I know that he uses all his mental powers in order to justify the existing evil."

"But why do you speak of Sergyéy Ivánovich?" Levín said, smiling.

"Sergyéy Ivánovich? For this reason!" Nikoláy Levín suddenly shouted at the mention of Sergyéy Ivánovich's name. "I will tell you why — But what is the use of talking? It's all the same — What did you come to me for? You despise all this, — very well, go then, and may God be with you! Go!" he shouted, rising from his chair. "Go, go!"

"I do not despise it," Konstantín Levín said, timidly. "I do not even dispute."

Just then Márya Nikoláevna returned. Nikoláy Levín

cast an angry glance at her. She quickly walked over to him and whispered something into his ear.

"I am not well, and am irritable," Nikoláy Levín muttered, quieting down, and breathing heavily, "and then you talk to me about Sergyéy Ivánovich and his article. It is such bosh, such nonsense, such self-deception! What can a man write about justice, of which he knows nothing? Have you read his article?" he turned to Krítski, again seating himself at the table, and removing from it half-filled cigarettes, in order to clear a place.

"I have not read it," Krítski said, gloomily, apparently reluctant to enter into the conversation.

"Why not?" Nikoláy Levín now turned with irritation to Krítski.

"Because I do not regard it as necessary to waste my time."

"Excuse me, but how do you know that you would be wasting time on it? For many this article is inaccessible, that is, it is above their understanding. But with me it is different: I see through his ideas, and I know why they are weak."

All grew silent. Krítski slowly rose and took his cap.

"Don't you want to eat supper? Good night, then! Come to-morrow with the blacksmith!"

Krítski had barely left, when Nikoláy Levín smiled and winked.

"He is badly off, too," he muttered, "I see —"

But just then Krítski at the door called him.

"What do you want?" he said, going out to him in the corridor.

Being left with Márya Nikoláevna, Levín turned to her.

"How long have you been with my brother?" he asked her.

"This is the second year. His health is very bad now. He drinks too much," she said.

"What do you mean by that?"

"He drinks vódka, and that hurts him."

"Does he drink much?" Levín asked, in a whisper.

"Yes," she said, looking timidly at the door, through which Nikoláy Levín appeared.

"What were you talking about?" he said, frowning, and transferring his frightened eyes from one to the other. "About what?"

"Nothing," Konstantín answered, in confusion.

"If you do not want to tell, all right. Only you have no business talking with her. She is a maid, and you are a gentleman," he said, twitching his neck. "I see you have comprehended and estimated everything, and you look with compassion at my delusions," he said again, raising his voice.

"Nikoláy Dmítrievich, Nikoláy Dmítrievich!" Márya Nikoláevna again whispered, walking over to him.

"All right, all right! What about the supper? Oh, here it is," he said, seeing a waiter with a tray. "Here, here, put it down!" he said, angrily, immediately taking the vódka, filling a wine-glass, and eagerly drinking it, "Take a drink, if you want to!" he turned to his brother, at once becoming more cheerful. "We have had enough of Sergyéy Ivánovich. All the same I am glad to see you. Say what you please, but we are no strangers. Do take a drink! Tell me what you are doing!" he continued, avidly munching a piece of bread, and filling another wine-glass for himself. "How are you getting on?"

"I am living by myself in the country, as before, and attending to the farm," replied Konstantín, looking in terror at the eagerness with which his brother drank and ate, and trying to conceal his surprise.

"Why don't you get married?"

"I have had no chance," Konstantín replied, blushing.

"Why not? With me it is all over. I have ruined my life. I have always said and say even now that if I had got my part then, my life would have been a different one."

Konstantín hastened to change the subject.

"Do you know that your Vanyúsha is my office clerk in Pokróvskoe?" he said.

Nikoláy twitched his neck and fell to musing.

"Tell me how things are at Pokróvskoe. Is the house still there, and the birches, and our class-room? And is gardener Filípp still alive? How I remember the arbour and the sofa! Take my advice, don't change anything in the house, and get married as soon as you can, and let the house be run as it used to be. I will come and stay with you, if you have a good wife."

"Come now and stay with me!" said Levín. "We would have things so nice!"

"I should like to come, if I knew that I would not find Sergyéy Ivánovich there."

"You will not find him. I live quite independently of him."

"Yes, you may say what you please, but you must choose between him and me," he said, looking timidly into his brother's eyes.

This timidity touched Konstantín.

"If you want to have my full confession in this matter, I will tell you that in your quarrel with Sergyéy Ivánovich I take neither side. You are both wrong. You are wrong mostly externally, and he internally."

"Ah, ah! You have it right, you have it!" Nikoláy exclaimed, joyfully.

"But I, personally, if you want to know it, value your friendship more because —"

"Why, why?"

Konstantín could not tell him that he valued it because



Nicoláy was unfortunate and needed friendship. But Nicoláy understood that it was that that he wanted to say, and he frowned and again took to the vódka.

"That will do, Nicoláy Dmítrievich!" said Márya Nikoláevna, stretching forth her chubby bare arm toward the decanter.

"Leave it! Don't bother me! I'll beat you!" he cried.

Márya Nikoláevna smiled a meek, kindly smile, which was communicated to Nicoláy, and took away the vódka.

"Do you think that she does not understand it?" said Nicoláy. "She understands it much better than any of us. There is something good and sweet in her, — don't you think so?"

"Have you not been in Moscow before?" Konstantín said to her, to show her some attention.

"You must not say 'you' to her. That frightens her. No one has ever said 'you' to her, but the justice of the peace, when she was tried for wishing to leave the house of prostitution. O Lord, what nonsense there is in this world!" he suddenly exclaimed. "These new institutions, these justices of the peace, this County Council, — what abomination!"

And he began to tell of his conflicts with these new institutions.

Konstantín Levín listened to him, and that negation of the meaning of all the public institutions, which he shared with him and had frequently uttered, now affected him disagreeably from the lips of his brother.

"In the world to come we shall understand it all!" he said, jestingly.

"In the world to come? Oh, I do not like that world to come! I don't," he said, arresting his wild, frightened eyes on his brother's face. "One would think that it would be well to get away from all this baseness and nonsense, both of others and your own, and yet I am

afraid of death, terribly afraid of it." He shuddered. "Take a drink! Do you want some champagne? Or shall we go somewhere. Let us go to the gipsies! Do you know, I have grown very fond of the gipsies and of the Russian songs."

His tongue began to falter, and he started jumping from one subject to another. Konstantín, with the aid of Másha, persuaded him not to go anywhere, and put him to bed completely intoxicated.

Másha promised to write to Konstantín in case of necessity and to persuade Nikoláy Levín to go to live with his brother.

## XXVI.

IN the morning Konstantín Levín left Moscow, and in the evening arrived at home. On his way, in the railway car, he had been talking with his neighbours about politics and about the new railways, and, as in Moscow, he was overcome by a confusion of ideas, a dissatisfaction with himself, an indefinite shame ; but, the moment he arrived at his station and recognized his one-eyed coachman Ignát with his raised caftan collar ; when, in the dim light, which fell through the station windows, he saw his carpet sleigh, his horses with their tied-up tails, in their harness with the rings and tassels ; when coachman Ignát, even while the things were being put away in the sleigh, began to tell him the village news, about the arrival of the contractor, about Páva having calved, — he felt that the confusion of ideas was slowly clearing off, and the shame and dissatisfaction with himself passed away. This he felt at the mere sight of Ignát and of his horses ; but, when he put on the sheepskin fur coat, which he had brought with him, and seated himself in the sleigh and started, reflecting on the orders which he would have to give in the village, and looking at the worn-out Don mount which was still doing him fine service as a side-horse, he understood quite differently what had taken place with him.

He felt himself, and did not wish to be anything else. All he wanted now was to be better than before. In the first place, he decided from that day on not to count again on an unusual happiness, such as marriage was to give him, and consequently not to neglect the present so much.

In the second place, he would never again allow himself to be carried away by that base passion, the recollection of which had tormented him so much when he had been getting ready to propose. Then, thinking of his brother Nikoláy, he firmly decided that he would never again permit himself to forget him, that he would watch over him, and that he would not let him out of sight, so as to be ready to aid him, when he should be in a bad shape. And he felt that it would be soon. Then, his brother's talk on communism, on which he had looked so lightly at the time, now caused him to reflect. He considered the transformation of the economic conditions as useless; but he had always felt the injustice of his abundance in comparison with the poverty of the masses, and so he determined, in order to feel himself in the right, although he had worked much before and had lived unpretentiously, now to work even more and to allow himself even less luxury. All this seemed to him so easy of accomplishment that he passed the whole way in the pleasantest of reveries. With the strong feeling of hope for a new, better life, he drove up to his manor at nine o'clock at night.

From the windows of the room of Agáfyá Mikháylovna, his old nurse, who exercised in the house the rôle of a stewardess, fell a light on the snow in the open space in front of the house. She was not yet asleep. Kuzmá, who was wakened by her, ran, sleepy and barefoot, out on the porch. The pointer bitch Láska, almost knocking Kuzmá down, sprang out, too, and whimpered, rubbing against his knees, rearing and anxious to put her fore paws on his chest, but not daring to do so.

"But you have come back in a hurry, sir," said Agáfyá Mikháylovna.

"I got homesick, Agáfyá Mikháylovna. It is nice to visit, but nicer at home," he replied, on his way to the cabinet.

The cabinet was slowly lighted up by a candle which was brought in. There appeared the familiar details: the antlers, the book-shelves, the mirror of the stove with the damper, which ought to have been fixed long ago, his father's divan, a large table, with an open book upon it, a broken ash-tray, a writing-book with his handwriting. When he saw all that, he was for a moment assailed by doubt as to the possibility of arranging that new life of which he had been dreaming all the way down. All the traces of his life seemed to embrace him and to say to him: "No, you will not get away from us, and you will not be anything but what you have been: with the doubts, the eternal dissatisfaction with yourself, the vain endeavours to mend your ways, and backslidings, and the eternal expectation of a happiness, which is not for you and which shall not be."

Thus spoke the objects; but another voice, in his soul, said that he must not surrender to the past, and that he could do anything with himself. And, listening to this voice, he walked over to the corner, where stood a pair of dumb-bells of forty pounds each, and began to practise with them, trying to brace himself by means of the exercise. Footsteps creaked behind the door. He hurriedly put down the dumb-bells.

The clerk came in to announce that everything, thank God, was in good condition, but he informed him that the buckwheat in the new kiln was scorched. The new kiln had been built and partly invented by Levín. The clerk had always been against this kiln, and now he made the announcement of the scorching of the buckwheat in concealed triumph. But Levín was convinced that, if it was scorched, it was due to the fact that the proper precautions, which he had enjoined on them a hundred times, had not been taken. He was annoyed, and he reprimanded the clerk. There was, however, one important and joyful piece of news: Páva, a very fine, expensive

cow, which he had bought at an exposition, had had a calf.

“Kuzmá, let me have my sheepskin coat. And you order them to take a lantern,—I will go and take a look,” he said to the clerk.

The stable for the expensive cows was directly back of the house. Crossing the yard past a snow-drift near the lilac-bushes, he walked over to the stable. There was an odour of warm, steaming manure when the frosty door was opened, and the cows, surprised at the unaccustomed light of the lantern, stirred on their fresh straw. There flashed the broad, black-spotted back of a Dutch cow. Berkút, the bull, was lying down, with his ring in his lip, and wanted to get up, but changed his mind, and only panted twice, as they passed by him. The red beauty Páva, as big as a hippopotamus, turned her back toward them, shielding the calf and sniffing at it.

Levín stepped into the stall, examined Páva, and raised the dappled, red-spotted calf on its long, frail legs. Excited Páva started to low, but calmed down when Levín moved the calf up to her, and, heaving a deep breath, began to lick it with her rough tongue. The calf kept poking its nose into its mother’s side, trying to find the udder, and twisted its little tail.

“Bring the light up here! The lantern this way!” said Levín, as he examined the heifer calf. “Takes after her mother! Though in colour she resembles her father. Very fine! Long and slender! Vasíli Fédorovich, she is fine, is she not?” he turned to the clerk, completely reconciled with him for the buckwheat, under the influence of the joy on account of the calf.

“Considering the dam and the bull, how could she be anything else? Semén the contractor came the day after your departure. You will have to come to some agreement with him, Konstantín Dmítrievich,” said the clerk. “I have reported to you before about the machine.”

This one question brought Levín back to all the details of the farm, which was large and complex, and he went at once from the cow-stable to the office, and, after talking with the clerk and contractor Semén, he returned home and went up-stairs to the drawing-room.

## XXVII.

IT was a large, old house, and Levín, though living alone in it, occupied the whole of it, and had it all heated. He knew that it was foolish and wrong and contrary to all modern, new plans, but the house was Levín's whole world. It was the world in which his parents had lived and died. They had lived the life which to Levín seemed the ideal of all perfection, and which he had been dreaming of renewing with his wife, with his family.

Levín scarcely remembered his mother. His remembrance of her was a sacred memory to him, and his future wife was to have been, in his imagination, a repetition of that charming, sacred ideal of woman, such as his mother had been.

Love of woman he not only could not imagine outside of wedlock, but he first thought of the family, and then only of the woman who was to give him that family. Consequently his conceptions about marriage did not resemble the conceptions of the majority of his acquaintances, for whom marriage was one of many human affairs; for Levín it was the chief affair of life, on which his whole happiness depended. And now he had to renounce it all!

When he entered the small drawing-room, where he always drank his tea, and seated himself in his armchair with a book, and Agáfya Mikháylovna brought him the tea and, with her habitual "I will sit down, sir," seated herself on a chair near the window, he felt that, however strange it might be, he had not parted from his dreams,



and that he could not live without them. Whether with her or with another, it would be. He read the book, thought of what he was reading, stopping to hear Agáfya Mikháylovna, who kept chatting without cessation, and, at the same time, all kinds of pictures of the farm and of his future domestic life disconnectedly rose before his imagination. He felt that in the depth of his heart something was arranging itself in a firm, even, orderly manner.

He listened to Agáfya Mikháylovna's recital about Prokhór, who had forgotten God, and who, with the money which Levín had given him to buy himself a horse, had been drinking without let-up and had almost beaten his wife to death; he listened to her and continued to read the book, and recalled the whole march of his ideas, evoked by the reading. It was Tyndall's book on heat. He recalled his condemnation of Tyndall for his self-assurance in his agility in making experiments and for his lack of philosophical acumen. And suddenly there sailed out the joyful thought: "In two years I shall have in my herd two Dutch cows, and Páva herself may be still alive, and there will be twelve of Berkút's heifers, and these three to increase the pure breed,— charming!" He again took up his book. "All right, electricity and heat are the same thing; but is it possible for the solution of a question to substitute one quantity for the other? No. What then? The connection between all the forces of Nature is felt instinctively anyway— It will be particularly fine when Páva's daughter is a dappled cow, and the whole herd will be improved by these three!— Superb! To come out with my wife and the guests to see the herd return— The wife will say: 'Konstantín and I have raised this heifer like a child.' 'How can such a thing interest you so much?' the guest will say. 'Everything that interests him, interests me.' But who is she?" And he recalled what had happened in Moscow. "What

is to be done? It is not my fault. Now everything will go after a new fashion. Nonsense, that life, the past, will not permit it. I must try hard to live better, much better —”

He raised his head and fell to musing. Old Láska, who had not yet digested all the joy of his arrival, and who had been running around in the yard in order to have a bark, now returned, wagging her tail and bringing in an odour of the frosty air, went up to him, stuck her head under his arm, whining pitifully, and begging to be petted.

“All she lacks is speech,” said Agáfya Mikháylovna. “And she is but a dog — She understands that her master has returned, and so feels lonesome.”

“Why lonesome?”

“Don’t I see, sir? It is time for me to know my masters. I have grown up among my masters since childhood. Never mind, sir! So long as your health is good and your conscience pure.”

Levín looked fixedly at her, wondering how it was she understood his thoughts.

“Well, shall I bring you some more tea?” she said, taking the cup and going out.

Láska kept sticking her head through his arm. He petted her, and she immediately rolled up in a ring at his feet, placing her head on the protruding hind paw. And as a sign that everything now was in good and safe condition, she slightly opened her mouth, smacking her lips, and, placing her viscous lips more comfortably near her old teeth, she grew calm in blissful quiet. Levín attentively watched every one of these last movements of hers.

“Just so it is with me!” he said to himself. “Just so with me! All right — Everything is well.”

## XXVIII.

AFTER the ball, early on the following morning, Anna Arkádevna wired to her husband that she would leave Moscow that very day.

“Really I must, I must leave,” she explained to her sister-in-law the change of her intention, speaking in a tone of voice that implied she had in mind a mass of business that could not even be counted up. “No, I had better go to-day!”

Stepán Arkádevich was not going to dine at home, but he promised to be back to take his sister to the station at seven o'clock.

Kitty, too, did not come, sending a note that she had a headache. Dolly and Anna dined alone with the children and the English governess. Either because children are inconstant, or very sensitive, and so felt that Anna on that day was different from what she had been when they had fallen in love with her, and that she no longer was interested in them,—however it might have been, they suddenly stopped playing with their aunt and loving her, and were absolutely indifferent to her departure. Anna was busy all the morning getting ready to leave. She wrote notes to her Moscow acquaintances, made up the account of her expenses, and packed her things. It appeared to Dolly that Anna was not composed, but in that mood of worry with which she was so familiar in her own case, and which does not assail one without cause and generally conceals dissatisfaction with oneself. After dinner Anna went to her room to get dressed, and Dolly followed her up.

"How strangely you act to-day!" Dolly said to her.

"I? Do you think so? I am not strange, but bad. That happens with me. I want to cry all the time. It is very stupid, but it will pass," Anna said, rapidly, bending her blushing face over the quaint bag in which she was packing away her nightcap and batiste handkerchiefs. Her eyes had a peculiar sparkle and were constantly veiled by tears. "I hated so to leave St. Petersburg, and now I hate to leave Moscow."

"You have come here and have done a good act," said Dolly, gazing fixedly at her.

Anna looked at her with eyes wet with tears.

"Don't say that, Dolly! I have not done anything, and could not do anything. I have often wondered why people have conspired to spoil me. What have I done, and what could I have done? There was so much love in your heart that you could forgive —"

"God knows what would have happened without you! How happy you are, Anna!" said Dolly. "In your heart everything is clear and good."

"'In everybody's heart there is a skeleton,' as the English say."

"How can you have a skeleton? Everything is so clear with you."

"But I have!" Anna suddenly said, and, after a flow of tears, a sly, derisive smile suddenly puckered her lips.

"If so, your skeleton is funny, and not gloomy," Dolly said, smiling.

"No, gloomy. Do you know why I am leaving to-night, and not to-morrow? It is a confession which has been choking me, and I will make it to you," said Anna, throwing herself back in the chair with determination, and looking Dolly straight in the eye.

To her surprise, Dolly saw that Anna blushed to her ears, to her curling black ringlets on her neck.

"Yes," continued Anna. "Do you know why Kitty did not come to dinner? She is jealous of me. I have spoiled — I was the cause of the ball having been a torture, and not a joy to her. But truly, truly, it is not my fault, or only a little bit my fault," she said, protracting the word "little" in a thin voice.

"Oh, how much like Stíva you said that!" Dolly said, laughing.

Anna felt offended.

"Oh, no, oh, no! I am not Stíva," she said, frowning. "I say this to you because I will not allow myself for a moment to doubt myself," said Anna.

But just as she was saying these words, she felt that they were not true; she not only had no confidence in herself, but even felt an agitation at the thought of Vrónski, and she was going away earlier than she had intended to, only that she might not meet him again.

"Yes, Stíva told me that you danced a mazurka with him, and that he —"

"You can't imagine how ridiculous it all turned out. I had only intended to act as a go-between, and it has happened quite differently. Maybe I against my will —"

She blushed and stopped.

"Oh, they feel it at once!" said Dolly.

"But I should be in despair if there were anything serious on his part," Anna interrupted her. "I am convinced that it will all be forgotten, and Kitty will stop hating me."

"Really, Anna, to tell you the truth, I am not much in favour of this marriage for Kitty, and it would be better if nothing came of it, since he has been able to fall in love with you in one day."

"O Lord, that would be so stupid!" said Anna, and again a deep, joyous colour appeared in her face when she heard the thought that interested her expressed in words. "And so I leave, having made an enemy of Kitty, to whom

I have taken such a liking. Oh, how sweet she is! But you will fix it all, won't you?"

Dolly could hardly repress a smile. She loved Anna, but it gave her pleasure to see that she, too, had weaknesses.

"An enemy? Impossible."

"I wish so much that all of you may love me as I love you; now I have come to love you even more," Anna said, with tears in her eyes. "Oh, how silly I am tonight!"

She passed her handkerchief over her face, and began to dress herself.

Only when it was about time to leave, there arrived belated Stepán Arkádevich, with a red, gay face and the odour of wine and cigars about him.

Anna's sensitiveness was communicated also to Dolly, and when she for the last time embraced her sister-in-law, she whispered to her: "Remember, Anna: I will never forget what you have done for me. And remember that I have always loved you, and always will love you as my best friend!"

"I do not understand why," said Anna, kissing her, and concealing her tears.

"You have understood me. Good-bye, my treasure!"

## XXIX.

"THANK God, everything is over!" was the first thought that came to Anna Arkádevna when she for the last time bade farewell to her brother, who till the third bell had barred her way to the car. She sat down on her sofa seat, beside Ánnushka, and looked around in the semiobscurity of the sleeping-car. "Thank God, to-morrow I shall see Serézha and Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, and my life will go on in its good, habitual course."

Still in the same spirit of anxiety, in which she had been all day long, she fixed herself for the journey with precision and with a feeling of pleasure; with her small, agile hands she opened and closed her red bag, took a small pillow and placed it on her knees, and, carefully wrapping her legs, seated herself.

A sick lady was already lying down to sleep. Two other ladies started a conversation with Anna, and a stout old woman bundled up her legs and passed some remarks on the heating of the cars. Anna said a few words in reply to the ladies, but, foreseeing no pleasure from the conversation, asked Ánnushka to take out a little lamp, which she fastened to the arm of the chair. Then she drew out of her hand-bag a paper-knife and an English novel.

At first she could not concentrate her attention on the reading; she was disturbed by the passengers' fussing and walking around; then, when the train started, she could not help listening to the sounds; then the snow, which beat against the left window and stuck fast to the pane,

and the sight of the conductor who was passing by, with the snow drifted on one side of him, and the conversation about the terrible storm outside distracted her attention. Later it was all the time the same : the same jolting and rattling, the same snow pelting against the window-pane, the same rapid transition from sweltering heat to cold and back again to heat, — and Anna began to read and to comprehend what she was reading.

Ánnushka was already dozing, holding the red bag on her knees with her broad hands in gloves, one of which was torn. Anna Arkádevna read and comprehended, but it gave her no pleasure to read, that is, to follow the reflection of other people's life. She was herself too full of the desire to live. If she read that the heroine of the novel tended on a patient, she herself wanted to walk with inaudible steps through the patient's room ; if she read that a member of Parliament delivered a speech, she wanted to deliver it herself ; if she read that Lady Mary coursed behind a pack and teased her sister-in-law and surprised everybody by her daring, she wanted to do the same. But there was nothing to do, and she fingered the smooth paper-knife with her little hands, and buried herself in her reading.

The hero of the novel was already beginning to attain his English happiness, — a baronetcy and a fortune, — and Anna wanted to go with him to his estate, when she suddenly felt that, no doubt, he must be ashamed, and she herself was ashamed. But what was he ashamed of ? " What am I ashamed of ? " she asked herself in offended surprise. She left the book, and threw herself against the back of the chair, firmly clasping the paper-knife with both her hands. There was nothing shameful. She passed in review all her Moscow reminiscences. They were all good and enjoyable. She recalled the ball ; she recalled Vrónski and his enamoured, humble face ; she recalled all her relations with him : there was nothing shameful in



them. And yet, at this very point of her recollections, the sensation of shame increased, as though an inner voice were saying to her, as she thought of Vrónski: "It is warm, very warm, — it is hot!"

"What is it?" she said to herself, with determination, changing her position in her seat. "What does it mean? Am I afraid to look straight at it? What is it? Is it possible that between me and that boy of an officer there exist or can exist any other relations than those which I have with any other acquaintance?"

She smiled contemptuously and again took up the book, but now decidedly could not understand what she was reading. She drew the paper-knife over the window-pane, then put its cold, smooth surface to her cheek, and almost burst out into a loud laugh of joy which causelessly took possession of her. She felt that her nerves were being stretched tighter and tighter on some turning pegs. She felt that her eyes were opening wider and wider; that her fingers and toes were nervously twitching; that she had to gasp for breath, and that all the images and sounds in this quivering semiobscurity struck her with unusual distinctness. She was all the time assailed by moments of doubt whether the car was moving forward or backward, or standing entirely still; whether it was Ánnushka who was beside her or an entire stranger. "What is it there, on the arm of the chair, — a fur coat or an animal? And what am I myself here? Am I myself or somebody else?" She felt terribly at surrendering herself to this oblivion; but something drew her into it, and she could voluntarily surrender herself to it, or hold back.

She got up in order to regain her senses; she threw back the plaid and took off the pelerine of her warm robe. For a minute she came to her senses and understood that the lean peasant in the long nankeen overcoat, with one button off, who had just entered, was the fire-tender;

that he was looking at the thermometer; that a gust of wind and of snow had burst in with him through the door. Later all this became mixed — The long-waisted peasant began to chew something in the wall; the old woman stretched out her legs the whole length of the car and filled it as a black cloud; then something creaked and rattled terribly, as though a man were being torn to pieces; then a red light blinded her eyes, and then everything was hidden by the wall. Anna felt as though she had fallen through something. But all that was not terrible: it was jolly. The voice of a fur-wrapped, snow-covered man shouted something over her ear. She arose and regained her senses: she saw that they had reached a station, and that it was the conductor. She asked Ánnushka to give her the pelerine which she had taken off and a shawl; she put them on and moved toward the door.

“Is it your pleasure to step out?” asked Ánnushka.

“Yes. I want to take a breath of air. It is so hot here.”

She opened the door. A gust of wind and snow streamed in to meet her and disputed the door with her. That seemed to her jolly. She opened the door and stepped out. The wind seemed to have waited for her: it whistled merrily and wanted to pick her up and carry her away, but she took hold of the frosty rail with her hand, and, holding down her skirt, stepped on the platform, and walked back of the car. The wind was strong on the car steps; but on the platform of the station, back of the cars, there was no wind. She joyfully inhaled with full lungs the snow-filled, frosty air, and, standing near the car, surveyed the platform and the illuminated station.



"She turned around and—recognized  
Vronski!"

Photograph from *Anna Karenina* by Leo Tolstoy





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### XXX.

A TERRIBLE storm blustered and whistled between the wheels of the cars and along the posts around the corner of the station. The cars, posts, people — everything which was visible — were on one side covered with snow, and the snow fell more and more. For a moment the storm quieted down, and then once more swept down in such gusts that it seemed impossible to withstand it. In the meantime, people hurried by, conversing merrily, making the planks of the platform creak, and constantly opening and closing some large doors. The bent shadow of a man slipped by under her feet, and there resounded the beating of a hammer on the iron. “Give me the telegram!” was heard a voice on the other side, through the stormy obscurity. “This way, if you please! Number 28!” other voices shouted, and snow-covered, fur-wrapped people rushed by. Two gentlemen, with lighted cigarettes in their mouths, passed by her. She drew one more deep breath, to fill her lungs with the fresh air, and had already taken one hand out of her muff, in order to grasp the rail and enter the car, when another man, in a military overcoat, directly beside her, concealed from her the quivering light of the lamp. She turned around and that very moment recognized Vrónski. He put his hand to his visor and, bending down before her, asked her whether she did not need something, whether he could not be useful to her. She looked at him for quite awhile, without answering him, and, in spite of the shadow in which he was standing, saw, or thought she saw, the expression

of his face and his eyes. It was again that expression of respectful delight which had affected her so the night before. More than once during the last few days, and even now, she had been saying to herself that Vrónski was for her but one out of hundreds of similar young men with whom one meets everywhere, and that she would never allow herself to think of him; but now, in the first moment of their meeting, she was seized by a feeling of joyful pride. She did not have to ask him what he was doing there. She knew it as certainly as though he had told her that he was there in order to be where she was.

"I did not know that you were on the train. Why are you travelling?" she said, dropping the hand with which she was about to take hold of the rail. An irrepressible joy and animation beamed in her face.

"Why am I travelling?" he repeated, looking her straight in the eye. "You know that I am travelling to be where you are," he said. "I cannot help myself."

Just then, as though overcoming an obstacle, the wind swept some snow down from the roofs of the cars, and made a loose iron sheet flap about, and in front the deep whistle of an engine roared forth in a mournful and gloomy manner. The whole terror of the snow-storm now appeared to her even more beautiful. He had said precisely what her soul had wished, though her reason had been afraid of it. She made no reply, and in her face he saw a struggle.

"Forgive me, if what I have said offends you," he muttered, humbly.

He spoke politely, respectfully, but so firmly and persistently that she could not answer him for quite awhile.

"What you say is bad, and I ask you, if you are a good man, to forget what you have said, just as I will forget it," she said, at last.

"Not one word of yours, not one motion of yours, will I ever forget, nor can I ever —"



“Enough, enough!” she exclaimed, vainly trying to give a stern expression to her face, at which he was eagerly gazing. And, taking hold of the frosty rail, she ascended the steps and rapidly entered the vestibule of the car. But in this small vestibule she stopped, reflecting on what had happened. She could not recall her own words, or his, but she felt instinctively that that one minute’s conversation had brought them dreadfully near; and she was frightened by it and happy. After standing for a few seconds, she entered the car and sat down in her seat. The condition of tension, which had tormented her at first, was not only renewed, but even intensified and reached such a point that she was afraid that something strained too hard in her would give way. She did not sleep the whole night; but in that tension and in those reveries that filled her imagination there was nothing disagreeable or gloomy; on the contrary, there was something joyful, burning, and inciting. Toward morning Anna fell asleep, sitting in the chair, and when she awoke it was daylight, and the train was getting near to St. Petersburg. Immediately the thoughts of the house, her husband, and her son, and the cares of the present and the following days surrounded her.

The moment the train stopped at St. Petersburg and she stepped out, — the first person who attracted her attention was her husband. “O Lord! What has made his ears look like that?” she thought, looking at his cold, impressive figure, and especially at the striking ear cartilage which abutted against the brim of his round hat. When he espied her, he came up to meet her, compressing his lips into a habitual, sarcastic smile, and looking straight at her with his large, tired eyes. A disagreeable feeling pinched her heart when she met his persistent, tired glance, as though she had expected to see him a different man. She was peculiarly struck by the sensation of discontentment with herself, which she experienced in

meeting him. It was a familiar, homelike feeling, resembling that attitude of simulation which she always experienced in relation to her husband; but on former occasions she had not noticed this feeling, whereas now she was clearly and painfully conscious of it.

“Yes, as you see, your tender husband, as tender as in the second year of our marriage, was burning with the desire to see you,” he said, with his slow, thin voice and in a tone which he nearly always employed toward her, a tone of sarcasm toward him who would actually employ such words.

“Is Serézha well?” she asked.

“And that is the whole reward,” he said, “for my excessive zeal? He is well, he is —”

### XXXI.

VRÓNSKI had not even tried to fall asleep that night. He sat in his chair, now gazing straight in front of him, now surveying those who came in and went out, and, if before he had startled and agitated strangers by his look of imperturbable calm, he now appeared even more proud and self-possessed. He looked at people as at things. A nervous young man, who was serving in the Circuit Court, and who was sitting opposite to him, hated him for this glance. The young man asked him for the fire, started a conversation with him, even pushed him, just to let him know that he was not a thing, but a man; but Vrónski kept looking at him as at a lamp, and the young man made faces, feeling that he was losing his self-possession under the pressure of not being recognized as a man.

Vrónski saw nothing and no one. He felt like a king, not because he believed that he had produced an impression on Anna, — he was not yet sure of it, — but because the impression which she had produced on him gave him happiness and a feeling of pride.

What would come of it all he did not know, and did not even think. He felt that all his heretofore loosened and scattered forces were gathered into one and with terrible energy directed toward one blissful aim. And this made him happy. All he knew was that he had told her the truth that he was travelling to the place where she was and that the whole happiness of life, the only meaning of life for him, now lay in seeing and hearing her. When he left the car at Bológovo, in order to drink a

glass of seltzer, and saw Anna, his first word involuntarily told her precisely what he thought. He was glad that he had told it to her and that she now knew it and was thinking of it. He did not sleep the whole night. When he returned to the car, he uninterruptedly thought of all the situations in which he had seen her and of all the words which she had uttered, and in his imagination, thrilling him, rose the pictures of the possible future.

When he left the car in St. Petersburg, after a sleepless night, he felt himself animated and fresh as though coming out of a cold bath. He stopped near his car, waiting for her to come out. "I will see her once more," he said to himself, with an involuntary smile, "I will see her gait, her face: she will, probably, say something, turn her head, look at me, even smile." But even before he saw her, he noticed her husband, whom the station-master was politely conducting through the crowd. "Oh, yes, her husband!" Now only for the first time Vrónski clearly understood that her husband was a person that was closely connected with her. He knew that she had a husband, but had not believed in his existence, and came to believe it fully only when he saw him, with his head, his shoulders, and his legs in black pantaloons; especially when he saw that man calmly, with a proprietary feeling, take her hand.

When he saw Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich with his fresh St. Petersburg face and sternly self-confident figure, in a round hat, with a somewhat prominent back, he believed in him and experienced an unpleasant sensation, such as a man may experience, who, tormented by thirst, reaches a spring and there finds a dog, a sheep, or a swine, which has drunk there and has roiled the water. The gait of Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, who was wabbling with his whole pelvis and with his flat feet, more than anything else offended Vrónski. He recognized only his own right to love her. But she was still the same, and the

sight of her exercised the same influence upon him, physically animating and exciting him, and filling his soul with happiness. He commanded his German lackey, who came running up to him from the second class, to take his things and leave, and himself went up to her. He saw the first meeting of husband and wife, and, with the penetration of a lover, observed the signs of slight embarrassment with which she was talking to her husband. "No, she does not love him, and she cannot love him," he decided at once.

Even while he was approaching Anna Arkádevna from behind, he noticed with joy that she felt his proximity; she turned back and, recognizing him, again turned to her husband.

"Did you pass a good night?" he said, bowing to both him and her husband at the same time, thus giving Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich a chance to take the greeting as meant for him and to recognize him or not, as he might please.

"Thank you, a very good night," she replied.

Her face looked weary, and there was not upon it that play of animation which found its expression in a smile or in the eyes; however, for a moment, while she glanced at him, something flashed in her eyes, and, although this fire immediately went out, he was happy on account of that moment. She looked at her husband, in order to find out whether he knew Vrónski. Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich looked with dissatisfaction at Vrónski, absently recalling who it was. Vrónski's calm and self-confidence here struck, like a scythe-blade against a stone, against the cold self-confidence of Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich.

"Count Vrónski," said Anna.

"Ah! We are acquainted, I think," Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich said, indifferently, giving him his hand. "She went away with the mother, and comes back with the son," he said, distinctly enunciating every word. "You

are, no doubt, on a leave of absence," he said, and, without waiting for an answer, he turned to his wife in his jocular manner: "Well, did many tears flow at the separation in Moscow?"

With this address to his wife he intimated to Vrónski that he wished to be left alone, and, turning to him, he touched his hat; but Vrónski turned to Anna Arkádevna:

"I hope I shall have the honour of calling," he said.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich looked at Vrónski with his weary eyes.

"I shall be happy," he said, coldly, "we receive on Mondays." Then, having dismissed Vrónski, he said to his wife: "How nice that I had just half an hour in which to meet you and to show you my attachment for you," he continued, in the same jocular tone.

"You underline your attachment too much! You want me to feel it," she said, in the same jocular tone, instinctively listening to the sounds of the steps of Vrónski, who was walking behind them. "What do I care?" she thought, and immediately began to ask her husband how Serézha had been passing his time without her.

"Oh, admirably! Mariette says that he has been very sweet and — I must grieve you — was not in the least homesick for you, — not at all like your husband. But, once more, *merci*, my dear, for having given me a day. Our dear samovár will be delighted." (By this name he called the famous Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, for being always in a turmoil and agitation.) "She has been asking about you. Do you know, if I may advise you, you ought to go and see her this very day. Everything gives her a heartache. Just now she is, in addition to all her other cares, interested in the reconciliation of the Oblónskis."

Countess Lídiya Ivánovna was the friend of her husband and the centre of one of the circles of St. Petersburg society, with which Anna, through her husband, was more closely allied.

“ But I have written her.”

“ She wants to know all the details. Go to see her, my dear, if you are not too tired. Well, Kondráti will bring up the carriage for you, and I must go to the committee. I shall not be able to dine in private again,” continued Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich, this time no longer in a jocular tone. “ You will not believe how used I am — ”

And, pressing her hand for a long time, he put her into the carriage, with a special smile.

## XXXII.

THE first person whom Anna saw when she reached home was her son. He ran down-stairs to her, despite the cries of the governess, and with desperate delight called out, "Mamma, mamma!" He ran up to her and hung on her neck.

"I told you that it was mamma!" he cried to his governess. "I knew it was!"

And her son, too, like her husband, evoked in Anna a feeling which was akin to disappointment. She had imagined him better than he was in reality. She had to come down in reality in order to enjoy him such as he was. But even such as he was, he was charming with his blond curls, blue eyes, and full, well-shaped legs and tightly fitting stockings. Anna experienced almost a physical delight in the sensation of his nearness and love, and moral peace, whenever she met his good-natured, trustful, and loving glance and heard his naïve questions. Anna took out the presents which Dolly's children had sent him, and told her son that there was a girl by the name of Tányia in Moscow, and that she could read and even taught other children to read.

"Well, am I not as nice as she?" asked Serézha.

"For me you are the best in the world."

"I know it," said Serézha, smiling.

Anna had not yet finished her coffee when Countess Lídiya Ivánovna was announced. Countess Lídiya Ivánovna was a tall, full-formed woman, with a sickly, yellow colour in her face, and with beautiful, pensive black eyes.



Anna loved her, but on that day she seemed to see her for the first time with all her defects.

"Well, my dear, have you taken the olive-branch to them?" asked Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, before she had fully entered the room.

"That is all over; it was by no means so important as we all thought," replied Anna. "My *belle sœur* is, in general, too quick."

But Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, who was interested in everything that did not concern her, was in the habit of not listening to what interested her; she interrupted Anna:

"Yes, there is much evil and sorrow in the world, and I am so worn out to-day!"

"What is the matter?" asked Anna, trying to repress a smile.

"I am getting tired of the useless breaking of lances for truth, and now and then I am entirely unnerved. The affair with the little sisters" (that was a philanthropic, religio-patriotic establishment) "was going on nicely, but you cannot do a thing with those gentlemen," added Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, with sarcastic submissiveness to fate. "They have taken up the idea, have disfigured it, and then discuss in such a petty and insignificant manner. Two or three men, your husband among them, comprehend the whole meaning of the affair, but the others spoil it. Právdin wrote to me yesterday —"

Právdin was a famous Panslavist abroad, and Countess Lídiya Ivánovna told the contents of his letter.

Then the countess told of other unpleasantnesses and wiles against the union of the churches, and went away in a hurry, as she had on that day to attend the meeting of a certain society, and had to be in the Slavic Committee.

"Certainly all this has been before; why have I not noticed it before?" Anna said to herself. "Or is she very irritable to-day? Really, it is ridiculous: her aim is vir-

tue, — she is a Christian, — and she is all the time angry, and she has a lot of enemies, and all these in matters of Christianity and virtue.”

After Countess Lídiya Ivánovna there came a friend of hers, the wife of a director, and she told her all the city news. At three o'clock she, too, left, promising to be back for dinner. Aleksyáy Ivánovich was in the ministry. When left alone, Anna passed her time before the dinner in staying with her son at his meal (he always dined by himself), and in getting her things in order, and reading and answering the notes and letters which had accumulated on her table.

The feeling of causeless shame, which she had experienced on her journey, and the agitation had entirely disappeared. In the habitual circumstances of life she again felt herself firm and immaculate.

She recalled in surprise her condition on the day before. “What has happened? Nothing. Vrónski has said something silly, to which it is very easy to put a stop, and I made the proper reply to him. I need not, and I cannot speak of it to my husband. To speak of it would be giving importance to that which has none.” She remembered how she once had told him of what was almost a confession made to her by one of her husband's young subordinates in St. Petersburg, to which Aleksándrovich had replied that, living in society, any woman might be subjected to it, but that he completely relied on her tact, and would never allow himself to lower her and himself by jealousy. “Consequently there is no reason for mentioning it to him. Thank God, there is even nothing to talk to him about,” she said to herself.

### XXXIII.

ALEKSYÉY ALEKSÁNDROVICH returned from the ministry at four o'clock, but, as had frequently happened, had no time to come to see her. He went to his cabinet to receive the waiting petitioners and to sign certain documents which had been brought by the secretary. To dinner (there were always three or four people at the dinners of the Karénins) there came: Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich's old cousin, a director of a department, with his wife, and a young man who had been recommended to Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich for a place under him. Anna went into the drawing-room to entertain them. Precisely at six, before the bronze clock Peter I. had sounded the last stroke, Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich made his appearance in white necktie and in a dress coat with two stars, as he had to leave immediately after dinner. Every moment of his life was occupied and classified. And, in order to succeed in doing what was necessary for each day, he adhered to the strictest order. "Without haste and without rest," was his motto. He entered the room, greeted all present, and hastened to sit down, with a smile for his wife.

"Yes, my loneliness has come to an end. You will not believe how uncomfortable it is" (he emphasized the word "uncomfortable") "to dine all alone."

At dinner he talked with his wife about affairs in Moscow and asked with a sarcastic smile about Stepán Arkádevich; but the conversation, on the whole, was of a general character, about St. Petersburg social affairs and

about the service. After dinner he passed half an hour with the guests; and, once more smilingly pressing his wife's hand, he went out and had himself driven to the session of the council. Anna did not go this time to the house of Betsy Tverskóy, who, having heard of her return, had invited her to spend the evening with her, nor to the theatre, where she had a box for that day. The chief reason she did not go was that the dress on which she had been counting was not yet ready. Anna became quite dispirited when, after the departure of the guests, she began to busy herself with her toilet. Before her journey to Moscow she, expert in dressing herself inexpensively, had given three garments to a modiste to have them made over. They were to be made over in such a way that they could not be recognized, and they were to have been ready three days before. It turned out that two of these garments were not yet done, while one was not made as Anna wanted it. The modiste came to make explanations, insisting that it would be better that way, and Anna became so excited that she later felt ashamed of herself. To regain her composure, she went to the nursery, and passed the whole evening with her son; she herself put him to bed, crossed him, and placed the coverlet over him. She was glad that she had not gone anywhere and that she had passed such a pleasant evening. She was so much at ease and calm, and she saw so clearly that everything which on the railway had appeared so significant to her was only one of the usual, insignificant incidents of worldly life, that she had no reason to be ashamed of herself in reference to anybody. Anna sat down at the fireplace with an English novel, and waited for her husband. Precisely at half-past nine his ringing of the bell was heard, and he entered the room.

"At last here you are!" she said, extending her hand to him.

He kissed her hand and sat down beside her.

"I see that your journey has, in general, been a success," he said to her.

"Yes, a great success," she replied; and she began to tell him everything from the beginning: about her journey with Countess Vrónski, about her arrival, and about the accident at the station. Then she told him of her impression of pity, at first for her brother and later for Dolly.

"I do not think that such a man can be excused, even though he be your brother," said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich.

Anna smiled. She knew that he had said that for the very purpose of showing that considerations of relationship could not influence him in expressing his sincere opinion. She knew that characteristic of his and loved it.

"I am glad that everything has ended well, and that you have arrived," he continued. "Well, what do they say there about the new decree which I have carried through the council?"

Anna had not heard anything about that decree, and she felt embarrassed at having so easily forgotten that which for him could be of importance.

"Here, on the contrary, it has produced quite a stir," he said, with a self-satisfied smile.

She saw that Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich wanted to inform her of something agreeable to him in this matter, and so she elicited his story by questioning him. He told her, with the same self-satisfied smile, of the ovations which he had received in consequence of this decree.

"I was very, very happy. It proves that at last a firm and sensible view is being established in our country in regard to this matter."

After finishing his second glass of tea, with cream and bread, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich got up and went to his cabinet.

“And you did not go out at all? You must have been lonely!” he said.

“Oh, no!” she replied, getting up after him, and accompanying him across the parlour to his cabinet. “What are you reading now?” she asked him.

“Now I am reading Duc de Lille’s ‘*Poésie des Enfers*,’” he replied, “a very interesting book.”

Anna smiled, as one smiles at the foibles of beloved persons, and, linking her arm in his, took him as far as the cabinet. She knew his habit of reading in the evening, which had become a necessity with him. She knew that, in spite of all the cares of his office, which absorbed nearly all his time, he regarded it as his duty to keep an eye on every remarkable appearance in the spiritual world. She knew also that in reality he was interested in political, philosophical, and theological books, and that art was by his nature quite foreign to him; but, in spite of that, or rather on account of it, he did not let a thing pass by which made a stir in that field, and considered it his duty to read everything. She knew that in the field of politics, philosophy, and theology he was in doubt or in a state of investigation; but in questions of art and poetry, especially of music, of the comprehension of which he was entirely deprived, he had most definite and settled opinions. He was fond of talking about Shakespeare, Raphael, Beethoven, and about the significance of the new schools of poetry and music, which were all classified by him in a very clear and consistent manner.

“Well, God be with you!” she said to him at the door of the cabinet, where were prepared for him the shade on the candle and a decanter of water near his chair. “I will write to Moscow.”

He pressed her hand and kissed her again.

“He is, all the same, a fine man, truthful, good, and remarkable in his sphere,” Anna said to herself, upon returning to her room, as though defending him against

some one who was accusing him and who was saying that he could not be loved. "But what makes his ears protrude so? Has he had his hair cut?"

Exactly at midnight, while Anna was still sitting at the writing-desk, finishing a letter to Dolly, there were heard even, slippèred steps, and Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, washed clean and combed, with a book under his arm, came up to her.

"It is time, it is time," he said, with a special smile, and went into the sleeping-room.

"What right did he have to look at him in such a way?" Anna thought, as she recalled Vrónski's look at Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich.

Having undressed herself, she entered the sleeping-room, but in her face there was not that animation which, during her stay in Moscow, had positively spirted from her eyes and smile; on the contrary, now the fire seemed to be extinct in her, or hidden away somewhere deep.

#### XXXIV.

UPON leaving St. Petersburg, Vrónski had left his ample quarters on the Morskáya to his favourite comrade Petrítski.

Petrítski was a young lieutenant. He was not of a particularly good origin, and not only not well-to-do, but also deep in debt; in the evenings he was drunk and had frequently been in the guard-house for a variety of either funny or nasty affairs, but he was a favourite with his comrades and with the authorities. As Vrónski reached his lodgings from the station, at noon, he saw a familiar cab at the entrance. Standing at the door and ringing the bell, he heard the laughter of men and the lisping of a feminine voice and Petrítski's call, "If it is a rascal, don't let him in!" Vrónski did not have himself announced, but softly went into the first room. Baroness Shíltón, Petrítski's friend, shining in a lilac velvet dress and a ruddy, light-complexioned face, and like a canary bird filling the whole room with her Parisian talk, was sitting at a round table and preparing coffee. Petrítski, in an overcoat, and Captain Kámeróvski, in full uniform, evidently directly from the service, were sitting about her.

"Bravo, Vrónski!" shouted Petrítski, jumping up and rattling with the chair. "The master himself! Baroness, let him have coffee from the new coffee-pot! Well, we did not expect you! I hope you are satisfied with the adornment of your cabinet," he said, pointing to the baroness. "You are acquainted, are you not?"



"I should say so!" said Vrónski, with a merry smile and pressing the baroness's little hand. "Why, she is an old friend."

"You are just home from the road," said the baroness, "so I'll skip. Oh, I will leave at once, if I am in the way."

"You are at home wherever you are, baroness," said Vrónski. "Good morning, Kameróvski," he added, giving Kameróvski a cold pressure of his hand.

"Now, you never say such sweet things," said the baroness, turning to Petrítski.

"I do not see why. After dinner I can say them as well as he."

"After dinner there is no merit in it! I will give you some coffee, and you go and wash and dress yourself," said the baroness, sitting down again and cautiously turning a screw in the new coffee-pot. "Pierre, let me have the coffee," she turned to Petrítski, whose name she had Frenchified into Pierre, without making any secret of her relations with him. "I will put in a little more."

"You will spoil it!"

"No, I won't! Well, and your wife?" the baroness suddenly said, interrupting Vrónski's conversation with his companion. "We have gotten you married here. Did you bring your wife with you?"

"No, baroness. I was born a gipsy, and I shall die a gipsy."

"So much the better, so much the better. Give me your hand!"

And the baroness did not dismiss Vrónski, but began to tell him her last plans of life, interlarding her recital with jokes, and asked him for his advice.

"He does not want to give me a divorce! What am I to do?" (*He* was her husband.) "I want to begin a lawsuit now. What is your advice? Kameróvski, look after the coffee — it is boiling! you see, I am busy now!"

I want a lawsuit because I need my estate. He says that I am unfaithful to him — how stupid!" she said, with contempt, "and so he wants to appropriate my estate."

Vrónski listened with pleasure to the merry babbling of the pretty woman, assenting to what she was saying, and giving her semijocular advice, and immediately fell into his habitual tone of treating women of that class. In his St. Petersburg world all people were divided into two diametrically opposed classes. One of these, the lower kind, consisted of base, stupid, and, above all, ridiculous people who believed in this, that one man ought to live with one wife, the one he was betrothed to; that a girl ought to be innocent, a woman chaste, a man manly, continent, and firm; that it was necessary to educate one's children, earn one's bread, pay debts, — and similar foolish things. It was the class of old-fashioned and ridiculous people. And there was the other class of people, real men, to whom they all belonged, in which it was necessary, above all, to be elegant, magnanimous, daring, gay, and to abandon oneself to every passion without blushing, and to laugh over everything else.

Vrónski was stunned in the first minute, after the impressions of an entirely different world, brought with him from Moscow; but immediately, as though slipping his feet into old house-shoes, he entered his former gay and agreeable world.

The coffee was not made, after all, for it spirted over everybody and boiled over, and produced the very effect which was necessary, that is, it gave occasion for noise and laughter, and spotted an expensive rug and the baroness's dress.

"Now, good-bye, or else you will never get washed, and I shall have on my conscience the chief crime of a decent man, — uncleanness. So your advice is to put the knife to his throat?"

"By all means. Do it in such a way that your hand

is near to his lips. He will kiss your hand, and all will end favourably," replied Vrónski.

"So it is in the French to-night!" and, rustling with her dress, she disappeared.

Kameróvski rose, too, and Vrónski,\* without waiting for him to leave, gave him his hand and went to his dressing-room. While he was washing himself, Petrítski described to him in brief outlines his position, insomuch as it had changed since his departure. Of money there was none. His father had told him that he would not give him any, and that he would not pay his debts. The tailor wanted to have him locked up, and another, too, threatened to have him arrested. The commander of the regiment had informed him that if those scandals did not stop, he would have to resign his commission. He was tired of the baroness as of a bitter radish, especially because she insisted on letting him have money; but there was a woman,— he would show her to Vrónski,— wonderful, charming, in severe Eastern style,— "*genre* Rebecca's slave, you understand." With Berkóshev, too, he had had a fuss, and wanted to send his seconds, but, of course, nothing would come of that. Otherwise everything was in fine shape and extremely gay. And, without giving his comrade a chance to enter into the details of his situation, Petrítski started to tell him all the jolly bits of news. As Vrónski listened to the familiar stories of Petrítski in the familiar surroundings of his apartments of three years' standing, he experienced an agreeable feeling of returning to the habitual and careless St. Petersburg life.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed, dropping the pedal of the wash-basin from which he had been dashing water on his red, healthy neck. "Impossible!" he exclaimed at the information that Laura had gone to live with Miléev, having thrown up Fértinhof. "And he is still as silly and satisfied as ever? Well, and how is Buzulúkov?"

“Oh, there has been a whole story with Buzulúkov — charming!” shouted Petrítski. “His passion is balls, and he does not miss a single court ball. So he went to a grand ball in his new helmet. Have you seen the new helmets? Very fine, — much lighter! And so he was standing — But you must listen!”

“I am listening,” replied Vrónski, rubbing himself with a rough towel.

“Up comes the grand duchess with some ambassador, and to his misfortune the conversation turned on the new helmets. The grand duchess wanted to show him a new helmet. She sees our friend standing” (Petrítski showed how he was standing with his helmet), “the grand duchess asks him to give her his helmet, — he does not budge. What’s up? They kept winking, nodding, frowning at him. ‘Give it!’ He does not budge. He stands as though petrified. You can imagine the scene! — Then that fellow — what is his name? — wants to take the helmet from him, but he does not give it up. He pulled it out of his hands and gave it to the grand duchess. ‘This is the new helmet,’ says the grand duchess. She turned it upside down, and, just think of it! — plump! — out came a pear, candy, two pounds of candy — He had picked it up, the darling!”

Vrónski rolled in laughter. And for a long time later, when they were talking of quite different things, he still rolled in healthy laughter, displaying his sound, serried teeth, every time he thought of the helmet.

After having listened to all the news, Vrónski, with the help of his lackey, put on his uniform and drove out to make his presentation. After his presentation he intended to call on his brother and on Betsy, and to make a few visits, after which he intended to go into that society where he might meet Anna Karénin. As he always did when in St. Petersburg, he left the house with the intention of staying away until late into the night.

## PART THE SECOND

### I.

TOWARD the end of the winter a consultation of physicians took place in the house of the Shcherbátskis. It was to be decided what condition Kitty's health was in, and what was to be done in order to restore her waning strength. She was ill, and with the approach of spring her health got worse. The family physician gave her cod liver oil, then iron, and later lapis infernalis, but as none of the medicines had any effect, and as he advised them to take Kitty abroad in the spring, another, a famous doctor, was called in. The famous doctor, a handsome, not at all old man, said that he had to examine the patient. He insisted, with especial pleasure, it seemed, that a maiden's bashfulness was only a remainder of barbarism, and that there was nothing more natural than for a man who was not at all old to finger all over a naked young girl. He found this natural because he did it every day, and never felt or thought, it seemed to him, anything wrong while doing so, and therefore he considered a girl's bashfulness not only a remainder of barbarism, but also a personal insult.

It was necessary to submit because, despite the fact that all doctors have studied in the same school and from the same books, and know the same science, and that some said that this famous doctor was a bad physician, it was for some reason assumed in the house of the princess and in her circle that this famous doctor was the only one

who knew something special and could save Kitty. After a careful examination and tapping of the perplexed patient, who was stunned from shame, the famous physician, having well washed his hands, stood in the drawing-room, talking to the prince. The prince frowned, clearing his throat and listening to the doctor. He, as a man well along in years without having ailed, and not at all stupid, had no faith in medicine, and in his heart was angry at this whole farce, the more so since he was about the only one who fully understood the cause of Kitty's illness. "What an empty barker," he thought, mentally applying this appellation from the hunting vocabulary to the famous doctor, and listening to his prattle about the symptoms of his daughter's disease. The doctor in the meantime with difficulty repressed an expression of contempt for this seigneurial old gentleman, and with difficulty condescended to the level of his comprehension. He knew that there was no sense in talking to the old man, and that the mother was the head of the house. It was before her that he intended to throw his pearls. Just then the princess entered the drawing-room with the family physician. The prince stepped aside, trying not to let them see how ridiculous the whole farce seemed to him. The princess was at a loss what to do. She felt herself guilty toward Kitty.

"Doctor, decide our fate!" said the countess. "Tell me everything!" "Is there any hope?" was what she intended to say, but her lips trembled, and she could not utter this question. "Well, doctor?"

"Directly, princess! I will first talk with my colleague, and then I shall have the honour of announcing my opinion to you."

"So you wish to be left alone?"

"As you please."

The princess sighed and left the room.

When the doctors were left alone, the family physician

began timidly to expound his view, which was that there was a beginning of a tuberculous process, but — and so forth. The famous doctor listened to him and, in the middle of his speech, looked at his large gold watch.

“Yes,” he said, “but —”

The family physician grew politely silent in the middle of his discourse.

“As you know, we cannot determine the beginning of a tuberculous process; there is nothing definite before the appearance of the caverns. But we may suspect. And there are indications: insufficient nutrition, nervous excitement, and so forth. The question stands like this: there being a suspicion of the tuberculous process, what is to be done in order to sustain nutrition?”

“But, you know, there are always moral, spiritual causes which lurk behind it,” the family physician took the liberty of interposing, with a sly smile.

“Yes, that is a matter of course,” replied the famous doctor, again looking at his watch. “Excuse me: is the Yaúza Bridge in repair, or is it still necessary to go around about?” he asked. “Ah, it is up. Well, then I can get there in twenty minutes. So we said that the question is like this: to sustain nutrition and to build up the nerves. Both are connected, and it is necessary to act on both sides of the circle.”

“What about a journey abroad?” asked the family physician.

“I am opposed to journeys abroad. Let me tell you: if there is a beginning of the tuberculous process, which we cannot know, a journey abroad will be of no avail. What is needed is a means for sustaining nutrition without doing any harm.”

And the famous doctor expounded his plan of curing by means of Soden waters, the chief purpose in deciding in their favour being obviously that they could do no harm.

The family physician listened attentively and respectfully.

"But in favour of a journey abroad I should urge a change of habit, a removal from the conditions which call forth reminiscences. And then, the mother wants it," he said.

"Ah! In that case I do not care, let them go; only, those German charlatans will spoil the whole matter — They must obey us — Well, let them go!"

He looked at his watch again.

"Oh, it is time!" and he went to the door.

The famous doctor announced to the princess (a feeling of decency urged him on to it) that he had to see the patient once more.

"What, examine her once more!" the mother exclaimed in terror.

"Oh, no; just a few details, princess."

"If you please."

And the mother, accompanied by the doctor, entered the drawing-room, where Kitty was. Emaciated and blushing, with a peculiar sparkle in her eyes, due to the indignity to which she had been subjected, Kitty was standing in the middle of the room. When the doctor entered, she blushed, and her eyes were filled with tears. Her whole illness and the cure seemed to her so silly, and even so ridiculous! The cure appeared as ridiculous to her as the putting together of the pieces of a broken vase. Her heart was broken. And they wanted to cure her with pills and powders! But she could not offend her mother, the more so since her mother felt herself guilty.

"Please be seated, princess," said the famous doctor.

He sat down opposite her, with a smile, and once more began to put tedious questions to her. She answered him, but suddenly grew angry and got up.

"Excuse me, doctor, but this will not lead to anything! You ask me the same thing three times!"



The famous doctor was not offended.

"Morbid irritation," he said to the mother, when Kitty had left. "However, I am through —"

And the doctor proceeded scientifically to determine the state of Kitty's health to the mother, as an exceptionally clever woman, and finished with instructions about how the waters, which were not necessary, were to be taken. On being asked whether they were to go abroad, the doctor fell into deep meditation, as though solving a very difficult problem. The decision was finally promulgated: "Go, and don't rely on the charlatans, but turn to me for everything!"

Something happy seemed to have occurred after the doctor's departure. The mother cheered up, as she returned to her daughter, and Kitty pretended to be cheerful. She now had to pretend quite frequently.

"Really, mamma, I am well. But if you want to go abroad, let us go!" she said. And, trying to show that she was interested in the journey, she began to talk about the preparations for the departure.

## II.

Soon after the doctor left, Dolly arrived. She knew that there was to be a consultation on that day, and, although she had but lately risen from childbirth (a girl had been born to her at the end of winter), and although she had enough cares and troubles of her own, she left her suckling babe and her ailing daughter, and came to find out Kitty's fate, which was to be decided on that day.

"Well?" she said, as she entered the drawing-room, without taking her bonnet off. "You are all so happy. No doubt all is well!"

They endeavoured to tell her everything the doctor had said, but it turned out that, although the doctor had spoken very long and very clearly, it was impossible to impart it to her. The only interesting thing was that it was decided to go abroad.

Dolly heaved an involuntary sigh. Her best friend, her sister, was going away. Her own life was far from happy. Her relations with Stepán Arkádevich had become humiliating after the reconciliation. The soldering applied by Anna was not durable, and the family concord broke in the same place. There was nothing definite, but Stepán Arkádevich was hardly ever at home; of money there was hardly any, and suspicions of infidelity constantly assailed her, and she now regularly dispelled them, as she was afraid of the suffering from jealousy which she had formerly experienced. The first outburst of jealousy, through which she had passed, could not return to her, and even the discovery of his infidelity could no longer affect her as

the first had done. Such a discovery now could deprive her only of her domestic habits, and she allowed herself to be deceived, despising him, and herself even more, for this weakness. Besides, the cares of the large family constantly vexed her: now the nursing of a babe did not go satisfactorily; now a nurse left her; now, as in the present case, one of the children grew ill.

“Well, how are your people?” her mother asked her.

“Oh, mamma, we have enough of our own sorrows. Lily is sick, and I am afraid that it is the scarlet fever. I have just gone to find out how things are; I sha’n’t get away for the longest time, if, God forbid, it is the scarlet fever.”

The old prince, too, came out of his cabinet after the doctor’s departure. Offering his cheek to Dolly and having talked with her for awhile, he turned to his wife:

“Now have you decided? Are you going abroad? Well, what are you going to do with me?”

“I think you had better stay, Aleksánder,” said his wife.

“As you wish.”

“Mamma, why cannot papa go with us?” said Kitty. “It will be jollier for him, and for us too.”

The old prince got up and patted Kitty’s hair. She raised her face and, smiling with an effort, looked at him. It had always seemed to her that he understood better than anybody in the family what the matter with her was, though he never spoke much with her. Being the youngest, she was her father’s favourite, and she thought that his love for her made him perspicacious. As her glance now met his blue, kindly eyes, which were gazing fixedly at her, it seemed to her that he saw through and through her and comprehended all that badness which was going on within her. She blushed and leaned toward him, expecting a kiss, but he only tapped her on her hair and said:

“These stupid chignons! You can’t get down to your

real daughter, but keep patting only some kind of hair. Well, Dolly," he turned to his elder daughter, "what is your trump doing?"

"All right, papa," replied Dolly, who knew that he meant her husband. "He is out all the time, and I hardly ever see him," she could not refrain from saying, with a sarcastic smile.

"Has he not yet been in the country to sell the timber?"

"No, he is getting ready to go."

"Indeed!" said the prince. "And so I, too, had better get ready? Yes, madam," he turned to his wife, as he seated himself. "Now listen, Kitty," he added, turning to his youngest daughter, "wake up one of these beautiful days and say, 'I am quite well and happy, and papa and I will go out early in the morning to take a walk in the nice, frosty air!' Eh?"

One would think that what the father said was very simple, but Kitty at these words became embarrassed and lost her composure, like a detected criminal. "Yes, he knows everything and understands everything, and with these words he means to tell me that, although it is a shame, I must live down my shame." She could not collect herself sufficiently to answer him. She began to say something, but suddenly burst out into tears and ran out of the room.

"That's what comes from your jokes!" the princess made for her husband. "You always —" she began her rebuke.

The prince listened for quite awhile to the reproaches of the princess and was silent, but his brow was knit more and more.

"She is so miserable, poor girl, so miserable, and you do not feel that every hint at that which has been the cause of this pains her. Oh, how one can be deceived in people!" said the princess, and by the change of her

voice Dolly and the prince understood that she was talking of Vrónski. "I cannot comprehend how it is there are no laws against such base, ignoble people!"

"I wish I did not have to hear this!" the prince said, gloomily, rising from his seat, as though on the point of leaving, but stopping at the door. "There are laws, my dear, and since you have provoked me, I will tell you who is to blame for the whole thing; it is you, you alone. There are laws and always have been against such fine fellows! Yes, madam, if that which never ought to have been had never happened, I, an old man, would have called out that fop. But now, go ahead and cure her, and invite all those charlatans!"

Obviously there was very much yet that the prince wanted to say, but the moment the princess heard his tone, she immediately, as always in serious cases, became humble and repentant.

"Alexandre, Alexandre," she whispered, moving up, and bursting out into tears.

The moment she began to weep, the prince, too, grew quiet. He walked over to her.

"That will do, that will do! It is hard for you, too, I know! What is to be done? There is no great misfortune. God is merciful — be thankful —" he said, himself not knowing what he was saying, and responding to the princess's wet kiss, which he felt on his hand. And the prince left the room.

Even when Kitty had left the room in tears, Dolly, with all her maternal family habit, saw at once that here was some work for a woman to do, and she immediately got ready for it. She took off her bonnet and, morally rolling up her sleeves, preparing herself for action. During her mother's attack on her father, she tried to hold her mother back, in so far as her filial respect permitted her to do so. During the prince's outburst she kept quiet; she was ashamed for her mother and felt a tenderness for her

father for the goodness which at once returned in him ; but, when her father had left, she got ready to do the chief thing which was needed, — to go to Kitty and calm her.

“ I wanted to tell you long ago, mamma : do you know that Levín wanted to propose to Kitty, when he was here the last time ? He told Stíva so.”

“ What of it ? I do not understand — ”

“ Maybe Kitty has refused him. Has she not told you anything ? ”

“ No, she has not, neither about the one, nor about the other : she is too proud. But I know that this is all on account of that — ”

“ Yes, imagine if she has refused Levín, — and she would not have refused him if it had not been for all that, I know. And then, he has deceived her so dreadfully.”

The princess felt terribly at the thought of how guilty she was toward her daughter, and she grew angry.

“ Oh, I do not understand a thing ! Nowadays they want to live by their own brains, — they do not tell their mothers anything, and then — ”

“ Mamma, I will go to her.”

“ Go ! I do not forbid you, do I ? ” said the mother.

### III.

UPON entering Kitty's small cabinet, a pretty, pink little room, with old Saxon dolls, just as youthful, pink, and cheerful as Kitty herself had been two months before, Dolly recalled how they had both together fixed up that room the year before, and with what merriment and love. Her heart was chilled when she saw Kitty, who was sitting on the low chair nearest to the door and fixing her motionless eyes on the corner of the rug. Kitty glanced at her sister, and the cold, somewhat stern expression of her face was not changed.

"I shall go home now, not to leave there for a long time, and you will not be able to come to see me," said Dárya Aleksándrovna, sitting down beside her. "I want to have a talk with you."

"About what?" Kitty asked, rapidly, raising her head in fright.

"Why, of course, about your sorrow."

"I have no sorrow."

"Stop, Kitty! Do you really think that I do not know? I know it all. And believe me, it is so insignificant — We have all passed through it."

Kitty was silent, and her face had a severe expression.

"He is not worth it, that you should suffer on his account," continued Dárya Aleksándrovna, directly approaching the matter.

"Yes, because he has slighted me," Kitty said, in a trembling voice. "Don't talk! Please don't talk!"

“Who told you so? Nobody said so. I am sure that he was in love with you, and still is, but —”

“Oh, most terrible to me are all these expressions of sympathy!” exclaimed Kitty, suddenly growing angry. She turned around in her chair, blushed, and began rapidly to move her fingers, compressing the buckle of the girdle which she was holding now with one hand, and now with the other. Dolly knew her sister’s habit of moving her hands restlessly whenever she was in a passion; she knew that Kitty was capable in a moment of rage of forgetting herself and saying a lot of unnecessary and unpleasant things, and Dolly wanted to soothe her; but it was too late.

“What, what do you want to intimate to me, what?” Kitty spoke rapidly. “That I was in love with a man who does not want to know me, and that I am dying of love for him? And this I am told by a sister who thinks that — that — that she is expressing her condolence to me! I do not want your condolences and hypocrisy!”

“Kitty, you are unjust.”

“Why do you torment me?”

“On the contrary — I see that you are grieved.”

But Kitty, in her passion, did not hear her.

“I have no need of repentance or consolation. I am proud enough not to allow myself to love a man who does not love me.”

“I am not saying anything about it — Tell me this much, tell me in truth!” said Dárya Aleksándrovna, taking her hand. “Tell me, has Levín talked to you?”

The mention of Levín seemed to have deprived Kitty of the last trace of her self-possession; she sprang up from the chair and, throwing the buckle on the floor and making swift motions with her hands, began to talk.

“What has Levín to do with it? I cannot understand why you want to torment me? I told you, and I repeat it to you, that I am proud and that never, *never* will I do



what you are doing, — to return to a man who has betrayed me, who has fallen in love with another woman. I do not understand it! You may be able to do it, but I cannot.”

And, having said these words, she looked at her sister, and, seeing that Dolly was silent, bending her head in sadness, Kitty, instead of leaving the room, as she had intended to do, sat down at the door and, covering her face with her handkerchief, lowered her head.

The silence lasted about two minutes. Dolly was thinking of herself. That humiliation of hers, of which she was always aware, was especially painful to her when her sister reminded her of it. She had not expected such cruelty from her sister, and was angry at her. But suddenly she heard the rustling of a dress and, at the same time, the sound of a storm of repressed sobs, and somebody's arms embraced her neck from beneath. Kitty was kneeling in front of her.

“Dolly, I am so, so unhappy! Forgive me!” she whispered.

And her tear-covered, sweet face was buried in the skirt of her sister's dress.

The tears seemed to be the proper lubricant without which the machine of the mutual communion between the two sisters could not work successfully. After their tears the sisters did not talk of what interested them, but, even though they spoke of extraneous matters, they understood each other. Kitty knew that what she had said in a rage about the infidelity of Dolly's husband and about her humiliation had cut her poor sister to the quick, but that she forgave her. Dolly, on her side, understood everything she wanted to know; she convinced herself that her guesses were correct; that Kitty's sorrow, incurable sorrow, was due to the fact that Levín had proposed and she had refused him, while Vrónski had deceived her; and that she was prepared to love Levín and hate

Vrónski. Kitty did not say a word about it; she spoke only of her mental condition.

"I have no sorrow," she said, after calming down, "but — will you believe it? — I hate, detest, and despise everything, especially myself. You can't imagine what horrible ideas I have about everything."

"What horrible ideas can you have?" asked Dolly, smiling.

"The basest and the coarsest. I cannot tell you. It is not pining, nor tedium, but much worse. It is as though everything good that there was in me had hidden itself, and nothing but what is base were left. How shall I tell it to you?" she continued, seeing perplexity in her sister's eyes. "Papa began to talk to me a minute ago — it seems to me all he is thinking about is that I should marry. Mamma takes me to a ball: it seems to me that she is taking me there to get me married as soon as possible, and to get rid of me. I know it is not so, but I cannot tear myself away from these thoughts. So-called prospective fiancés I cannot bear to see. It seems to me that they are measuring me. Formerly it used to be a simple pleasure to me to go out in a ball-dress, and I was delighted with myself; but now I feel ashamed and awkward. Well, what more do you want? The doctor — Well —"

Kitty hesitated; she wanted to say that ever since that change had taken place in her, Stepán Arkádevich had become intolerably objectionable to her, and that she could not see him without connecting the coarsest and most monstrous thoughts with him. :

"Yes, everything appears to me in the coarsest and basest form," she continued. "That is my ailment. Maybe it will pass —"

"Don't think —"

"I can't. I am well only with the children, at your house."

“What a pity you cannot be with me!”

“But I will come. I have had the scarlet fever, and so I will ask mamma to let me.”

Kitty persisted in her intention, and moved over to her sister's, and during the whole time of the scarlet fever, which actually came, tended on the children. The two sisters were successful in bringing all six children through, but Kitty's health did not improve, and at the Great Lent the Shcherbátskis left for abroad.

#### IV.

THE higher circle of St. Petersburg society is in reality one; all know one another, and even call on each other. But in this large circle there are subdivisions. Anna Arkádevna Karénin had friends and close relations in three different circles. One of these was the official circle of her husband, consisting of his associates and subordinates, who socially were connected and disconnected in the most varied and capricious manner. Anna now with difficulty recalled that feeling of almost pious veneration which she had experienced at first toward these people. Now she knew every one of them, as people know each other in a provincial city; she knew the habits and foibles of each, and where the shoe pinched this man and that man; she knew their relations with each other and with the chief centre; she knew who was for whom, and how each held himself, and in what they agreed and disagreed; but this circle of administrative, masculine interests could never interest her, in spite of the persuasions of Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, and she avoided it.

Another intimate circle of Anna's was the one through which Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich had made his career. The centre of this circle was Countess Lídiya Ivánovna. It was the circle of old, homely, virtuous, and pious women, and clever, learned, ambitious men. One of the clever men who belonged to this circle called it "the conscience of St. Petersburg society." Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich esteemed this circle very much, and Anna, who could easily get along with anybody, during the first period of her St. Petersburg life, had found friends even in this circle.

Now, after her return from Moscow, this circle became unbearable to her. It seemed to her that she and all of them were pretending, and she felt so lonely and ill at ease in this society that she called as little as possible on Countess Lídiya Ivánovna.

The third circle, at last, where Anna had connections, was the "world" proper, — the world of balls, dinners, brilliant toilets, the world which with one hand held on to the court, in order not to descend to the half-world, which the members of this circle professed to despise, but with which they had in common not merely similar, but identical, tastes. Her connection with this circle was through Princess Betsy Tverskóy, the wife of her cousin, who had an income of 120,000, and who, at the very first appearance of Anna in society, had taken a special liking for her, had paid her attentions, and had drawn her into her circle, while ridiculing the circle of Countess Lídiya Ivánovna.

"When I am old and ugly, I will be just like that," said Betsy, "but for you, a pretty young woman, it is too early yet to join that charitable institution."

At first Anna had avoided this society of Princess Tverskóy as much as possible, as it demanded expenditures above her means, and because in her heart she preferred the first; but after her journey to Moscow it all changed. She avoided her moral friends and went into grand society. There she met Vrónski, and experienced an agitating joy in his presence. Most frequently she met Vrónski at Betsy's, who was a Vrónski by birth, and a cousin of his. Vrónski was wherever he might meet Anna, and he talked to her of his love. She gave him no cause, but every time they met there flickered up in her the same feeling of animation which had overcome her that day in the car, when she saw him for the first time. She was herself conscious of the fact that, at the sight of him, joy beamed in her eyes and puckered her lips into a

smile, and she could not obliterate the expression of that joy.

At first Anna was sincerely convinced that she was dissatisfied with him for pursuing her so; but soon after her return from Moscow, when she went to an evening entertainment where she expected to meet him, and he was not there, she saw clearly by the sadness which assailed her that she was deceiving herself, and that this pursuit was far from being disagreeable to her, and even formed the whole interest of her life.

A famous singer was to sing for the second time, and all grand society was in the theatre. Espying his cousin from his chair in the first row, Vrónski did not wait for the end of the act, but at once went to her box.

"Why did you not come to dinner?" she said to him. "I am surprised at this clairvoyance of the lovers," she added, with a smile, so that he alone might hear it: "*She was not there.* But come after the opera!"

Vrónski looked interrogatively at her. She bent her head. He thanked her with a smile and sat down beside her.

"I must laugh when I think of your sarcasm!" continued Princess Betsy, who derived a special pleasure from watching the progress of this passion. "What has become of it? You are caught, my dear."

"All I wish is to be caught," replied Vrónski, with his calm, good-natured smile. "If I complain, it is that I am not caught enough, — to tell you the truth. I am beginning to lose hope."

"What hope can you have?" said Betsy, feeling offended for her friend. "*Entendons-nous* —" But in her eyes flickered little lights, which told that she knew full well, every bit as well as he, what hope he meant.

"None," said Vrónski, laughing and displaying the solid rows of his teeth. "I beg your pardon," he added, taking

the opera-glass out of her hand and looking over her bared shoulder at the opposite row of the boxes. "I am afraid I am becoming ridiculous."

He knew very well that in the eyes of Betsy and of all the society people he ran no risk of becoming ridiculous. He knew very well that in the eyes of these people the rôle of an unfortunate lover of a girl, of a free woman in general, might be ridiculous; but that the rôle of a man who was showing persistent attention to a married woman, and who was doing his level best to lead her to commit adultery, — that this rôle had something beautiful and majestic about it, and could never be ridiculous, and so he dropped the opera-glass with a proud and merry smile, which played beneath his moustache, and looked at his cousin.

"Why did you not come to dinner?" she said, looking admiringly at him.

"I must tell you that. I was busy, and with what? I will let you guess it a hundred, a thousand times, and you will not guess it. I was conciliating a husband with the offender of his wife. Truly!"

"Well, have you reconciled them?"

"Almost."

"You must tell me that," she said, getting up. "Come during the next recess!"

"Impossible. I am going to the French Theatre."

"Away from Neilson?" Betsy asked, in horror, though she would have been at a loss to tell Neilson from any chorus girl.

"What is to be done? I have an engagement there, in matters of that very pacification."

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be saved," said Betsy, recalling something like that, which she had heard somebody say. "Well, sit down and tell me all about it!"

And she sat down again.

## V.

"It is a little immodest, but so sweet that I am dying to tell it to you," said Vrónski, looking at her with laughing eyes. "I will not mention names."

"But I will guess, — so much the better."

"Listen! Two merry young men are driving —"

"Of course, officers of your regiment."

"I do not say officers, but simply two young men who have had their breakfast."

"Translate: who have had something to drink —"

"Maybe. They are out driving to a dinner at a friend's, in the merriest of moods. And they see a pretty woman is driving past them in a cab and looking at them, and, at least they think so, nodding to them and laughing. Of course, they — after her. They race at full gallop. To their surprise the beauty stops in front of the very house to which they are driving. The beauty runs up to the upper story. All they see is ruddy lips beneath a short veil and beautiful small feet."

"You are telling this with so much feeling that it seems to me you are one of those two young men."

"What did you tell me just a minute ago? Well, the young men step in to their friend's: he is giving a farewell dinner. Here, indeed, they probably drink a little too much, as is always the case with farewell dinners. At the dinner they begin to ask who is living in the upper story. Nobody knows, and only the host's lackey replies to the question whether there are any *mamzelles* living up-stairs, that there are many of them there. After dinner



the young men go into the host's cabinet and write a letter to the unknown lady. They compose an impassioned letter, a confession, and then themselves carry it up-stairs, in order to make clear anything which may not be intelligible in their missive."

"Why do you tell me such nasty stories? Well?"

"They ring the bell. A maid comes to the door, and they hand her the letter and assure her that they are so much in love that they will die that very minute at the door. The girl, in perplexity, parleys with them. Suddenly appears a gentleman with sausage side-whiskers, red as a lobster, telling them that no one lives there but his wife, and drives them both away."

"How do you know that he has side-whiskers like sausages, as you say?"

"Listen! I have been making peace between them to-day."

"Well, and —?"

"Here comes the most interesting thing. It turns out that the head of this happy married couple is a Titular Councillor. This Titular Councillor enters a complaint, and I am the peacemaker, and what a peacemaker! I assure you that Talleyrand is nothing in comparison with me."

"Where is the difficulty?"

"All right, listen! We express our regrets as is proper: 'We are in despair, we beg to be forgiven for this unfortunate misunderstanding.' The Titular Councillor with the sausages is beginning to melt, but himself wants to express his sentiments, and, the moment he begins to express them, he gets excited and says a lot of mean things, and again I have to set in motion all my diplomatic talents. 'I admit that their act is not good, but I beg you to take into consideration the misunderstanding, and their youth; besides, the young men had just had their breakfast. You understand: they repent it

with all their hearts, and beg you to forgive them their guilt.' The Titular Councillor is mollified again: 'I admit it, count, and am ready to forgive, but you must understand it, my wife, my wife is an honourable woman who is subjected to the persecution, impudence, and boldness of urchins, scoun—' And you must understand that the urchins are right there, and I must conciliate them. Again I set in motion my diplomacy, and again, just as the whole matter is to be settled, my Titular Councillor gets angry, is red in his face, his sausages rise up, and again I employ my diplomatic finesses."

"Oh, you ought to hear that!" Betsy laughingly turned to a lady who just entered the box. "He has amused me so much! Well, *bonne chance*," she added, giving Vrónski a finger which was free from holding the fan, and with a shrug of her shoulder she threw down the bodice which had crept up, so as to be completely nude when moving forward toward the balustrade, into the gaslight and in sight of everybody.

Vrónski drove to the French Theatre, where he had to see the commander of the regiment, who did not miss a single performance in the French Theatre, in order to talk with him about the peacemaking, which had been interesting and amusing him for three days. In this affair were mixed up Petrítski, whom he liked, and another fine young fellow, young Prince Kedróv, who had just entered the army, and who was an excellent chum. Above all, the interests of the regiment were here at stake.

Both belonged to Vrónski's squadron. The official, Titular Councillor Vénden, had gone to this commander of the regiment with a complaint against the officers who had insulted his wife. His young wife, Vénden said (he had been married six months), had been in church with her mother, and suddenly feeling ill, which was due to a certain condition of hers, she could not stand up any longer and so had herself driven home by the first cab

she could get. Then the officers pursued her ; she became frightened and ran up-stairs, more ill than before. Vénden himself, who had returned from the bureau, had heard the bell and some voices, and, coming out, saw the drunken officers, whom he kicked out. He demanded that they be severely punished.

“ Say what you may,” the commander of the regiment said to Vrónski, having invited him to his house, “ Petrítski is becoming impossible. Not a week passes without some scandal. This official will not stop here ; he will go on with this matter.”

Vrónski saw the whole thanklessness of this affair ; he saw that there could be no duel and that it was necessary to do everything in order to mollify the Titular Councillor and to suppress the matter. The commander of the regiment had called upon Vrónski for the very reason that he knew him to be a noble and clever man and, above all, a man who was concerned about the honour of the regiment. They talked awhile and decided that Petrítski and Kedróv would have to go with Vrónski to that Titular Councillor, in order to apologize. The commander and Vrónski both understood that Vrónski's name and the monogram of the aid-de-camp would have some influence in mollifying the Titular Councillor. And, indeed, these two means were partially effective ; but the result of the conciliation remained doubtful, just as Vrónski had said.

Upon arriving at the French Theatre, Vrónski retired with the commander to the lobby, where he told him of his success or failure. Taking everything into consideration, the commander decided to let the matter pass without any consequences, but later, for pleasure's sake, he kept asking Vrónski about the details of his interview, and for a long time he rolled in laughter as Vrónski told him of how the pacified Titular Councillor suddenly again burst forth whenever he thought of the details of the affair, and of

how Vrónski, manœuvring with the last words of the conciliation, retreated, pushing Petrítski to the front.

“It is a bad story, but killing. Certainly Kedróv cannot fight a duel with him! So he was in a passion?” he laughingly repeated the question. “How fine Claire is to-night! Wonderful,” he said, in reference to the new French actress. “No matter how often you look at her, she is a new one every night. Only the French can do this.”

## VI.

PRINCESS BETSY left the theatre without waiting for the end of the last act. She had barely had time to enter her boudoir, to powder her long, pale face and rub the powder off again, to adjust her garments, and to order tea in the large drawing-room, when, one after another, the carriages began to drive up to her immense house in the Great Morskáya. The guests stepped out on the broad platform, and a stout porter, who, for the edification of the passers-by, could be seen in the mornings reading newspapers behind the glass door, noiselessly opened this enormous door, allowing the guests to pass in.

At about the same time there entered, through one door, the hostess, with renovated coiffure and refreshed face, and, through another, the guests. They walked into the large drawing-room with dark walls, fluffy rugs, and brightly illuminated table, which glistened in the light of the candles with the whiteness of its table-cloth, the silver of the samovár, and the translucent china of the tea service.

The hostess sat down at the samovár and took off her gloves. Moving the chairs with the aid of invisible lackeys, the company were seated, dividing into two parts, — at the samovár, with the hostess, and, at the opposite corner of the drawing-room, around the beautiful wife of an ambassador, with sharply outlined black eyebrows, dressed in black velvet. The conversation in both centres, as always during the first minutes, wavered, interrupted

by meetings, salutations, and offers of tea, as though in search of a subject to dwell upon.

“As an actress she is uncommonly good: it is evident that she has studied Kaulbach,” said a diplomatist in the circle of the ambassador’s wife. “Did you notice how she fell down?”

“Oh, please let us not speak of Neilson! Nothing new can be said of her,” said a stout, red blonde lady, without eyebrows or chignon, who was wearing an old silk gown. It was Princess Myágki, who was known for her simplicity and coarseness of address, and who was called “*enfant terrible*.” Princess Myágki sat in the middle between the two circles, and, listening, took part in both. “I have heard three people to-night repeating the same phrase about Kaulbach, as though there were a conspiracy about it. I do not see what there is in that phrase that they have taken a liking to.”

The conversation was interrupted by this remark, and a new theme had to be discovered.

“Tell us something funny, but not malicious,” said the ambassador’s wife, an expert in elegant conversation, which the English call “small-talk,” turning to the diplomatist, who did not know himself what to do.

“They say that this is very hard, that only that which is malicious is funny,” he began with a smile. “But I will try. Give me a theme! The whole question is in the theme. The theme being given, it is easy to embroider on it. I often think that the great talkers of the past century would be at a loss now to speak cleverly. Everything clever has become so tedious —”

“That has been said long ago,” the ambassador’s wife interrupted him, smiling.

A charming conversation was started, but even for the reason that it was too charming it soon stopped. It became necessary to have recourse to the certain, never-failing means, — to aspersions.

“Don't you find that there is in Tushkévich something reminding one of Louis XV.?” he said, indicating with his eyes a handsome, blond young man, who was standing at the table.

“Oh, yes! He is in the same tone with the drawing-room, and that is why he is so often here.”

This conversation was sustained, because they were hinting at what could not be mentioned in that drawing-room, — at Tushkévich's relations with the hostess.

Around the samovár and the hostess, the conversation, having for some time wavered in a similar manner between three inevitable themes, the latest bit of social news, the theatre, and the condemnation of a neighbour, had in the meantime become established, as soon as it had struck the last theme, that is, aspersions.

“Have you heard Maltíshcheva — not the daughter, but the mother — is getting a costume *diable rose* made for herself?”

“Impossible! No, that is superb!”

“I am surprised that, with her good sense, — for she is certainly not stupid, — she does not see how ridiculous she is.”

Every one of them had something to say in condemnation and ridicule of unfortunate Maltíshcheva, and the conversation began to crackle in a lively fashion, like a well-burning camp-fire.

Princess Betsy's husband, a good-natured fat fellow, an impassioned collector of engravings, hearing that his wife had some guests, entered the drawing-room before going to the club. He inaudibly, over the soft carpet, walked up to Princess Myágki.

“How did you like Neilson?” he said.

“Oh, how can you steal in such a way? How you have frightened me!” she replied. “Don't talk to me about the opera, if you please, — you do not understand anything about music. It will be better if I descend to

you and talk to you about your majolicas and engravings. Well, what treasure have you lately bought in the second-hand market?"

"If you wish it, I will show them to you. But you cannot make out anything."

"Show them to me! I have learned from those — what do you call them? — bankers — they have beautiful engravings. They showed them to us."

"What, you have been at Schützburg's?" the hostess at the samovár asked.

"I have, *ma chère*. They invited my husband and me to dinner, and I was told that the sauce at that dinner cost one thousand roubles," Princess Myágki spoke in a loud voice, conscious of being listened to by all, "and it was a very nasty sauce, — something green. I had to invite them, too, and I made a sauce for eighty-five kopeks, and all were very much satisfied. I cannot make thousand rouble sauces."

"She is unique!" said the hostess.

"Wonderful!" said some one.

The effect produced by the speeches of Princess Myágki was always the same, and its secret consisted in the fact that, although she did not always speak as appropriately as upon that occasion, she said simple things that made sense. In the society in which she moved such words produced the effect of very clever jokes. Princess Myágki could not make out why they produced that effect, but she knew that they did act that way, and she made use of that.

As all were listening to Princess Myágki, while she was speaking, and the conversation about the ambassador's wife had stopped, the hostess wanted to unite the company into one, and so turned to the ambassador's wife.

"Do you absolutely want no tea? You had better come over to us."

"No, we are very comfortable here," the ambassador's



wife replied, with a smile, continuing the interrupted conversation.

They were having a very pleasant talk. They were passing judgment on the Karénins, husband and wife.

"Anna has changed very much since her Moscow visit. There is something strange in her," said her friend.

"The chief change is that she has brought with her the shadow of Aleksyéy Vrónski," said the ambassador's wife.

"What of it? Grimm has a fairy-tale about a man without a shadow, a man deprived of his shadow. It is some punishment for something. I could never make out what the punishment was for. But a woman must, no doubt, be uncomfortable without a shadow."

"Yes, but women with a shadow have generally a bad ending," said Anna's friend.

"A blister on your tongue!" Princess Myágki suddenly exclaimed, as she heard these words. "Anna Karénin is a fine woman. I do not like her husband, but I like her very much."

"Why do you not like her husband? He is such a remarkable man," said the ambassador's wife. "My husband says that there are few such statesmen in Europe."

"My husband tells me so, too, but I do not believe it," said Princess Myágki. "If our husbands did not talk, we should see that which exists; in my opinion Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich is simply stupid. I say this in a whisper — That clears up everything, does it not? Formerly, when I was told to find him clever, I kept searching, and I discovered that I myself was stupid in that I could not see his intellect; but the moment I said, in a whisper, 'He is stupid,' everything has become clear, has it not?"

"How malicious you are to-night!"

"Not in the least. I have no other way out. One of us two is stupid, and you know that one can never say that about oneself."

"No one is satisfied with his possessions, and everybody

is satisfied with his intellect," the diplomatist quoted a French verse.

"Precisely, precisely," Princess Myágki hastened to turn to him. "The point is that I will not let you have Anna. She is so sweet and charming. She cannot help it if everybody is in love with her and follows her like a shadow."

"I do not even mean to condemn her," Anna's friend justified herself.

"If no one follows us like a shadow, it does not prove that we have the right to condemn."

Having belaboured Anna's friend as was proper, Princess Myágki got up and with the ambassador's wife joined the table, where was going on a general conversation about the King of Prussia.

"Whom have you been maligning there?" asked Betsy.

"The Karénins. The princess has characterized Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich to us," replied the ambassador's wife, sitting down to the table with a smile.

"What a pity we have not heard it!" said the hostess, looking at the entrance door. "Ah, there you are at last!" she turned, with a smile to Vrónski, who had just entered.

Vrónski was not only acquainted with everybody, but every day saw those whom he met there, and so he entered with that calm composure with which a person comes back to people whom he has just left.

"Where do I come from?" he replied to the question of the ambassador's wife. "What is to be done? I must confess it: from the Bouffe. It seems as though I have been there a hundred times, but always with new enjoyment. It is charming! I know that it is disgraceful; but at the opera I sleep, while in the Bouffe I sit to the last moment, and it is jolly. This evening —"

He mentioned a French actress and was on the point of telling something about her; but the ambassador's wife interrupted him in jocular horror.

"Please, do not tell us about that horror!"

"I sha'n't, the more so since everybody knows these horrors."

"And all would go there, too, if it were as accepted as the opera," interposed Princess Myágki.

## VII.

STEPS were heard at the entrance door, and Princess Betsy, knowing that it was Anna Karénin, glanced at Vrónski. He was looking at the door, and his face had a strange, new expression. He looked joyfully, fixedly, and, at the same time, timidly at the newcomer, and slowly rose from his seat. Into the drawing-room entered Anna. Holding herself extremely erect, as always, and without changing the direction of her glance, she, with a firm, rapid, and light step, which distinguished her gait from that of other society women, made the few paces which separated her from the hostess, pressed her hand, smiled, and with the same smile looked back at Vrónski. Vrónski made a low bow and moved a chair up for her.

She replied only with an inclination of her head, blushed, and frowned. But nodding quickly to her acquaintances and pressing the extended hands, she at once turned to the hostess.

"I called on Countess Lídiya and had intended to come earlier, but sat there too long. Sir John was at her house: he is very interesting."

"Oh, that missionary?"

"Yes. He told so interestingly about his life in India!"

The conversation, interrupted by the arrival, again flickered up, like the fire of a lamp that is being blown out.

"Sir John! Yes, Sir John. I saw him. He speaks well. Vlásaeva is quite in love with him."

"Is it true that the younger Vlásaeva is going to marry Tórov?"

"Yes. They say that it is decided."

"I am surprised at the parents. They say it is a love marriage."

"Love marriage? What antediluvian ideas you have! Who talks of love nowadays?" said the ambassador's wife.

"What is to be done? That old stupid love has not yet gone out of fashion," said Vrónski.

"So much the worse for those who stick to that fashion. The only happy marriages I know are those of reason."

"Yes, but how often the happiness of marriages of reason is dispersed like dust, for the very reason that love, which they did not recognize, makes its appearance," said Vrónski.

"But we call marriages of reason those in which both parties have gone through their infatuations. It is like scarlet fever, — one has to go through it."

"In that case love ought to be artificially inoculated, like the smallpox."

"In my youth I was in love with a sexton," said Princess Myágki. "I do not know if that has helped me."

"No, I think, without jesting, that, in order to find out love, it is necessary to make a mistake and then correct it," said Princess Betsy.

"Even after marriage?" the ambassador's wife said, jocularly.

"It is never too late to mend!" the diplomatist quoted the English proverb.

"That's it," Betsy interposed, "it is necessary to make a mistake and then to mend it. What do you think about it?" She turned to Anna, who, with a barely per-

ceptible, firm smile on her lips, was silently listening to the conversation.

"I think," said Anna, playing with her glove, "I think that if there are as many minds as there are heads, there are as many kinds of love as there are hearts."

Vrónski looked at Anna, and in trepidation waited to hear her answer. He drew a sigh, as after a danger, when she enunciated these words.

Anna suddenly turned to him:

"I have had a letter from Moscow. I am informed that Kitty Shcherbátski is very ill."

"Indeed?" Vrónski said, frowning.

Anna glanced sternly at him.

"Does this not interest you?"

"On the contrary, very much. What is it they write to you, if I may ask?" he said.

Anna got up and walked over to Betsy.

"Let me have a cup of tea," she said, stopping back of her chair.

As Betsy was filling the cup, Vrónski stepped up to Anna.

"What do they write to you?" he repeated his question.

"I often think that men do not understand what is ignoble, though they talk about it," said Anna, without answering him. "I wanted to tell you long ago," she added, and, making a few steps, sat down at a corner table with albums.

"I do not quite understand the meaning of your words," he said, handing her the cup.

She looked at the sofa near her, and he immediately sat down.

"Yes, I wanted to tell you," she said, without looking at him: "You have acted badly, badly, very badly."

"Do I not know that I have acted badly? But who is the cause of my having acted so?"



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"It was not he, but she, who became  
embarrassed"

The engraving from *Drawing by Louis Meyers*

Anna had made up her lips, and silently listened to the conversation.

"I think," said Anna, playing with her gloves, "I think there is more love in many minds as there are heads, there are many hearts of love as there are hearts."

Vronski looked at Anna, and in trepidation waited to hear her answer. He drew a sigh, as after a danger, when she pronounced these words.

Anna suddenly turned to him.

"I have had a letter from Moscow. I am informed that Nina Tchernavinski is very ill."

"Indeed?" Vronski said, trembling.

Anna glanced roundly at him.

"Does not my answer suit?"

"On the contrary, very good. What is it they wrote to you, if I may ask?" he said.

"Does not suit and walked over to Isidore."

"I will tell you all that," Vronski jumping back at once.

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"I will tell you all that," Vronski jumping back at once.

"I often think that you do not understand what is broken through they will never do," said Anna without answering him. "I would so tell you long ago," she added, and looking at the clock, got down at a corner table with a friend.

"I do not quite understand the meaning of your words," he said, tracing her the way.

She looked at the side near him and he immediately saw that.

"Yes I wanted to tell you," she said without looking at him. "You have acted badly, badly, very badly."

"For I do not know that I have acted badly. But who is the cause of my having acted so?"

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**"It was not he, but she, who became  
embarrassed"**

*Photogravure from Drawing by Louis Meynell*





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“Why do you say that to me?” she said, looking sternly at him.

“You know why,” he replied, boldly and joyfully, meeting her glance, and not lowering his own.

It was not he, but she, who became embarrassed.

“This proves only that you have no heart,” she said. But her glance said that she knew that he had a heart, and that therefore she was afraid of him.

“That which you have just mentioned was a mistake, and not love.”

“You will remember that I have forbidden you to pronounce that word, that nasty word,” Anna said, with a shudder; but she immediately felt that with that one word “forbidden” she proved that she recognized a certain right over him, and thus only encouraged him to continue talking of love to her. “I wanted to tell you so long ago,” she continued, looking him firmly in the eye, and all aglow with the blush which burned her face, “and this evening I came on purpose, knowing that I would find you. I came to tell you that this must end. I have never blushed before any one, but you make me feel guilty toward myself for something.”

He was looking at her, and was struck by a new, spiritual beauty of her face.

“What do you want of me?” he said, simply and seriously.

“I want you to go to Moscow and ask Kitty’s forgiveness,” she said.

“You do not want that,” he said.

He saw that she was saying what she was compelling herself to say, and not what she wished to say.

“If you love me, as you say,” she whispered, “do that which will make me calm.”

His face was lighted up.

“Do you not know that you are my whole life for me? But I do not know peace, and I cannot give it to you. All

of myself, love — yes. I cannot think of you and me separately. You and I are the same to me. And I do not see ahead of me any peace, either for myself, or for you. I see the possibility of despair, misfortune — or I see the possibility of happiness, of what happiness! — Is it impossible?" he added with the lips only; but she heard him.

She strained all the powers of her mind in order to tell him what was proper; but instead she let her glance, full of love, rest upon him, and made no reply.

"Here it is!" he thought in delight. "Just as I was beginning to despair, and when no end seemed to be in view — here it is! She loves me. She confesses it."

"Then do it for me: never speak these words to me, and we shall be good friends," she said in words; but her glance said something quite different.

"We shall not be friends, you know that yourself. But whether we shall be the happiest or the unhappiest of mortals, — that lies in your power."

She wanted to say something, but he interrupted her.

"I ask but for this: I ask for the right to hope and be tormented as at present; but, if even that is impossible, command me to disappear, and I shall be gone. You will not see me if my presence is oppressive to you."

"I do not wish to drive you away."

"Don't change anything! Leave everything as it is," he said, in a trembling voice. "Here is your husband."

And, indeed, just then Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, with his calm, awkward gait, entered the drawing-room.

He cast a glance at his wife and at Vrónski, and went to the hostess, where he seated himself with a cup of tea and began to talk in his leisurely, always audible voice, making fun of some one in his habitual jocular tone.

"Your Rambouillet is complete," he said, surveying all the company: "The graces and the muses."

But Princess Betsy could not bear that tone of his, that sneering, as she called it, and, like a clever hostess, she at once led him up to a serious conversation about the universal military service. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich was at once carried away by the conversation, and began in all earnestness to defend the new ukase before Countess Betsy, who was attacking him.

Vrónski and Anna continued to sit at the small table.

"This is getting indecent," whispered a lady, with her eyes indicating Anna, Vrónski, and her husband.

"What did I tell you?" replied Anna's friend.

And not only these two ladies, but nearly all those who were in the drawing-room, even Princess Myágki and Betsy herself, several times cast glances at the two who had removed themselves from the common circle as though it incommoded them. Only Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich did not once look in that direction, and was not disturbed in the interesting discussion on which he had launched out.

Noticing the disagreeable impression produced by them, Princess Betsy substituted another person in her place, to listen to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, and walked over to Anna.

"I always marvel at the clearness and precision of your husband's expressions," she said. "The most transcendental ideas become accessible to me when he speaks."

"Oh, yes!" said Anna, beaming with a smile of happiness, though she did not understand a word of what Betsy was saying to her. She went over to the large table and took part in the general conversation.

Having sat about half an hour, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich went up to his wife and proposed going home with her; but she did not look up at him, and replied that she would stay to supper. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich bowed himself out and went away.

An old fat Tartar, Anna Karénin's coachman, in patent leather coat, was with difficulty holding back the frozen left gray, which was rearing at the entrance. A lackey stood near the open carriage door. The porter held the outer door. Anna Arkádevna with her swift little hand unfastened the lace of her sleeve from the hook of her fur coat and, bending her head, was listening in delight to what Vrónski, who was seeing her off, was saying.

"It is true, you have not said anything; I do not demand anything," he said, "but you know that it is not friendship that I need; there is only one possible happiness for me in life, and that is the word which you so dislike — yes, love —"

"Love —" she repeated slowly, with an inner voice, and suddenly, just as she had unfastened the lace, she added: "I dislike the word for the very reason that it means too much to me, — a great deal more than you are able to comprehend," and she looked into his face. "Good-bye!"

She gave him her hand, and with a rapid, flexible gait passed by the porter and disappeared in the carriage.

Her glance and the touch of her hand burned him through and through. He kissed his palm where she had touched it, and drove home, happy in the consciousness that on that evening he had come much nearer to his aim than in the last two months.

## VIII.

ALEKSYÉY ALEKSÁNDROVICH had found nothing peculiar or improper in his wife's sitting with Vrónski at a separate table and carrying on an animated conversation with him ; but he had noticed that it had appeared strange and improper to the others in the drawing-room, and so it seemed improper to him, too. He decided that he ought to tell his wife about it.

Upon returning home, Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich went to his cabinet, as he was in the habit of doing, sat down in his armchair, opened a book on popery at a page marked by a paper-knife, and, as usual, read until one o'clock. Only now and then he rubbed his high forehead and tossed his head, as though dispelling something. At the accustomed hour he rose and made his toilet for the night. Anna Arkádevna was not yet back. With the book under his arm he went up-stairs ; but on that evening, instead of the usual thoughts and reflections on affairs of service, his mind was filled with his wife and with something unpleasant that had happened in connection with her. Contrary to his habit, he did not lie down in his bed, but, linking his fingers behind his back, began to pace to and fro in the room. He could not lie down, feeling that first he had to reflect on the newly arisen circumstance.

When Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich had decided to have a talk with his wife, it had seemed very easy and simple to him ; but now that he had begun to reflect on this newly arisen circumstance, it appeared very complicated and embarrassing.

Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich was not jealous. Jealousy,

in his opinion, was an insult to a wife, and a wife ought to enjoy confidence. Why he should have confidence in his wife, that is, the full assurance that his young wife would always love him, he did not ask himself; but he had no suspicion, and so had confidence, and said to himself that it was necessary to have it. But now, although his conviction that jealousy was a disgraceful sentiment and that it was necessary to have confidence was not destroyed, he felt that he stood face to face with something illogical and senseless, and did not know what was to be done. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich stood face to face with life, with the possibility of his wife's loving some one else besides himself, and that seemed so very senseless and incredible to him, even because it was life itself. All his life he had passed working in official spheres, which had to do with reflections of life. And every time he came in contact with life, he stepped aside. Now he was experiencing a sensation which was akin to what a man might experience, who, having calmly crossed a bridge over an abyss, should suddenly see that the bridge was taken away, and that below was a whirlpool. This whirlpool was life itself, and the bridge was that artificial life which Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich had passed. Now for the first time occurred to him the possibility of his wife's loving some one else, and he was horrified at the thought.

He did not undress himself, but walked with his even steps to and fro over the resounding parquetry of the dining-room, which was illuminated by a lamp, over the rug of the dark drawing-room, in which the light was reflected only from his large new portrait, which was hanging over the sofa, and through her cabinet, where were burning two candles, lighting up the portraits of her relatives and friends, and the pretty, long familiar knickknacks of her writing-desk. Through her apartment he went as far as the door of the sleeping-room, when he turned back.



At each stretch of his walk, and generally on the parquetry of the bright dining-room, he stopped, saying to himself: "Yes, that has to be decided and put an end to; I must tell her my opinion on the matter, and my decision." And he turned back. "But tell her what? What decision?" he said to himself in the drawing-room, and he found no answer. "When it comes to that," he asked himself before the turn in the cabinet, "what has happened? Nothing. She talked to him for a long time. What of it? A woman is likely to talk to a lot of people in society! Besides, to be jealous means to degrade myself and her," he said to himself, as he entered the cabinet; but this reflection, which before had had such weight with him, now weighed and meant nothing to him. And he turned back from the door of the sleeping-room, toward the parlour; but the moment he entered the dark drawing-room, a voice told him that it was not so, and that if others had noticed it, there must be something to it. And he again said to himself in the dining-room: "Yes, that has to be decided and put an end to, and I must tell her my opinion —" And again in the drawing-room, before the turn, he asked himself how to decide it; and then he asked himself what had happened. And he replied, "Nothing," and he recalled that jealousy was a sentiment which degraded the wife; but in the drawing-room he convinced himself once more that something had happened. His thoughts, like his body, completed a full circle, not striking anything new. Noticing this, he rubbed his brow, and sat down in her cabinet.

As he here looked at her table, with a malachite blotter and an unfinished note lying upon it, his thoughts suddenly changed. He began to think of her, of what she thought and felt. He for the first time formed a vivid picture of her individual life, her ideas, her desires, and the thought that she might and ought to have a life of her own seemed so terrible to him that he hastened to

dispel it. It was that whirlpool which he could not look into without a feeling of terror. To transfer himself in thought and feeling into another society was a mental process which was foreign to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. He regarded such a mental process as injurious and dangerous reveries.

“What is most terrible,” he thought, “is that just now when my affair is coming to an end” (he was thinking of a project which he had introduced), “when I need all the peace and all the powers of my soul, now there comes down upon me this senseless vexation. But what is to be done? I am not one of those men who endure unrest and tribulation, and have not the courage to look them straight in the face.

“I must consider, decide, and reject,” he said, aloud.

“The questions about her sentiments, about what has been going on and may be going on in her soul, do not concern me, — they are matters of her conscience and are subject to religion,” he said to himself, feeling a relief at the thought that he had found the particular subdivision of the code which covered the newly arisen circumstance.

“And so,” Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich said to himself, “the questions about her sentiments, and so forth, are questions of her conscience, which cannot concern me. My duty is clearly defined. As the head of the family, I, — a person who is obliged to guide her, and is thus partly a responsible person, — I must indicate to her the danger which I see, warn her, and even employ force. I must admonish her.”

And in Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich’s head arose a clear conception of what he ought to say now to his wife. In reflecting on what he was going to say, he regretted that he would have to employ his time and mental powers so imperceptibly, for domestic use; but, in spite of it, he arranged in his mind, clearly and distinctly, like a report, the precise form and consecutiveness of his impending

speech. "I must say and enunciate the following: first, an explanation of the meaning of public opinion and decency; secondly, the religious exposition of the meaning of marriage; thirdly, if necessary, an indication of the possible misfortune for her son; fourthly, an indication of her individual misfortune." And, bending finger after finger, palms downward, Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich pulled them, until they cracked in their joints.

This gesture — a bad habit — of uniting his hands and making his fingers crack, always soothed him and brought him back to his precision, of which he now was badly in need. At the entrance was heard the sound of a carriage driving up. Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich stopped in the middle of the parlour.

Feminine steps ascended the staircase. Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, ready with his speech, stood, pressing his crossed fingers and trying to get another crack out of them. One joint actually cracked.

Now again he knew by the sound of her light steps on the staircase that she was near, and, though he was satisfied with his speech, he felt terribly at the thought of the impending explanation —

## IX.

ANNA was walking with drooping head and playing with the tassels of her hood. Her face was agleam with a bright splendour; but it was not a merry gleam, — it reminded one of the terrible gleam of a fire in a dark night. Upon noticing her husband, Anna raised her head and smiled, as though wakening from a dream.

“You are not yet abed? How strange!” she said. She threw off her hood and, without stopping, went on to her boudoir. “It is time, Aleksy y Aleks ndrovich,” she said, from behind the door.

“Anna, I have to talk with you.”

“With me?” she said, in surprise, coming out of the room and looking at him. “What is it? About what?” she asked, seating herself. “Well, let us have a chat, if it must be. But it would be better to go to sleep.”

Anna said anything that occurred to her, and she was herself surprised at her ability to lie. How simple and natural were her words, and how simple her statement that she wanted to sleep! She felt herself clad in an impermeable mail of lies. She felt that an invisible force was aiding and sustaining her.

“Anna, I must warn you,” he said.

“Warn me?” she said. “About what?”

She looked so simple and so merry that any one who did not know her, as her husband knew her, could not have noticed anything unnatural in the sounds, or in the meaning of her words. But to him who knew her, who knew that when he lay down five minutes too late she

noticed it and asked for the cause of it, to him who knew that she always immediately communicated all her joys and sorrows, to him it now signified a great deal, — seeing that she did not wish to notice his condition and that she did not wish to say a word about herself. He saw that the depth of her soul, always open to him, was now closed against him. More than that: by her tone he saw that she was not even embarrassed by it, but seemed directly to say to him, “Yes, it is closed, and it must be so, and shall be so henceforth.” He now experienced a sensation such as a man experiences who returns home and finds his house locked. “Maybe the key will be found yet,” thought Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich.

“I want to warn you,” he said, in a soft voice, “that your thoughtlessness and indiscretion may give cause in society for talking about you. Your too animated conversation this evening with Count Vrónski” (he pronounced this name with firmness and calm deliberation) “has attracted attention.”

As he was speaking, he looked at her laughing eyes, which now were terrible to him by their impenetrableness, and he felt the whole uselessness and vainness of his words.

“You are always like that,” she replied, as though absolutely failing to comprehend him, and purposely understanding only the last of his words. “Now it displeases you to see me lonesome, and now it displeases you to see me happy. I was not lonesome. Does that offend you?”

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich shuddered and bent his hands to make them crack.

“Oh, please don’t crack your fingers; I cannot bear it,” she said.

“Anna, is it you?” Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich said, softly, making an effort over himself, and keeping back the motion of his hands.

“But what is it?” she said, in such sincere and comic surprise. “What do you want of me?”

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich was silent for a moment and with his hand rubbed his brow and his eyes. He saw that, in place of what he had intended to do, that is, to caution his wife against committing a mistake in the eyes of the world, he was involuntarily agitated about what concerned her conscience, and fighting an imaginary wall.

“This is what I intend to say,” he continued, coldly and calmly, “and I will ask you to listen to me. As you know, I look upon jealousy as an offensive and degrading sentiment; but there are certain laws of decency which cannot be transgressed with immunity. I noticed this evening, and, to judge from the impression which was produced on society, all noticed it, that you did not bear yourself quite as you ought to.”

“I positively fail to understand you,” said Anna, shrugging her shoulders. “He does not care,” she thought, “but they have noticed it in society, and that vexes him. You are not well, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich,” she added, rising and walking toward the door; but he moved up, as though wishing to stop her.

His face was homely and gloomy, such as Anna had never seen it before. She stopped and, bending her head backward and sidewise, began with her swift hand to pick out the hairpins.

“Well, I am listening, to see what is coming,” she said, calmly and sarcastically. “And I will even listen with interest, because I should like to comprehend what it is all about.”

She was talking and wondering all the time at that natural, calm, sure tone in which she was talking, and at the choice of words which she was making.

“I have no right to enter into all the details of your sentiments, and, in general, consider this useless and even harmful,” began Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. “When we

rummage in our soul, we frequently discover something which has been lying there unnoticed. Your feelings are a matter of your conscience; but it is my duty before you, before myself, and before God to point out to you your duties. Our lives are united not through men, but through God. This union can be dissevered only by a crime, and a crime of this character brings with it its punishment."

"I do not understand a thing. O Lord, and to my misfortune I am so sleepy!" she said, quickly rummaging through her hair with one hand and trying to find the remaining hairpins.

"Anna, for God's sake, don't talk that way!" he said, meekly. "Maybe I am mistaken, but believe me, what I am saying I am saying as much for my own sake as for yours. I am your husband, and I love you."

For a moment her face fell, and the sarcastic spark in her glance went out; but the words "I love you" again provoked her. She thought, "He loves me? But can he love? If he had not heard that there is such a thing as love, he would never have used these words. He does not know what love is!"

"Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, truly, I do not understand," she said. "Be specific about what you find —"

"Allow me to finish. I love you. But I am not speaking for myself; our chief persons in this case are our son and you yourself. I repeat, it may be that my words will appear to you useless and out of place; maybe they are evoked by my delusion. In that case I beg you to pardon me. But if you yourself feel that there is even the slightest foundation, I beg you to stop and think and, if your heart prompts you, to tell me —"

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, without noticing it himself, was speaking something he had not prepared.

"I have nothing to tell. And —" she suddenly exclaimed, with difficulty repressing a smile, "really, it is time to go to bed!"

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich heaved a sigh and, without saying anything else, went to the sleeping-room.

When she entered the chamber, he was already in bed. His lips were firmly compressed, and his eyes did not look at her. Anna lay down in her bed and waited any moment for him to begin speaking again. She was both afraid that he would speak, and anxious for it. But he was silent. She waited for a long time, lying motionless, and had already forgotten about him. She was thinking of some one else; she saw him, and she felt that her heart was at this thought filled with agitation and criminal joy. Suddenly she heard an even and peaceful nasal whistle. In the first moment Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich seemed to become frightened at his whistling, and so stopped; but, after the interval of two breathings, the whistling was renewed with peaceful precision.

"It is late, very late," she whispered, with a smile. She lay for a long time motionless, with open eyes, the sparkle of which she thought she could herself see in the dark.



## X.

FROM that time on there began a new life for Aleksy y Aleks ndrovich and his wife. Nothing especial had happened. Anna, as usual, went into society, was very frequently at the house of Princess Betsy, and everywhere met Vr nski. Aleksy y Aleks ndrovich saw this, but could do nothing. To all his attempts to provoke an explanation, she opposed an impenetrable wall of a kind of merry perplexity. Outwardly it was the same, but their inner relations had entirely changed. Aleksy y Aleks ndrovich, who was such a powerful man in his activity as a statesman, here felt himself impotent. Like a steer, submissively lowering his head, he was waiting for the fall of the axe, which, he felt, was raised above him. Every time he began to think of it, he felt that he ought to make one more attempt, that with kindness, tenderness, persuasion, there was still a hope of saving her and bringing her back to her senses, and every day he prepared himself to speak with her. But every time he began to speak with her, he felt that the spirit of evil and falsehood which had taken possession of her was also taking possession of him, and he spoke to her entirely different things and in a different tone from what he had intended to use toward her. He involuntarily spoke to her in his habitual tone of ridiculing him who might have spoken so. But in that tone it was impossible to say that which it was necessary to tell her.

## XI.

THAT which for nearly a year had formed Vrónski's exclusive desire, substituting itself for all his former desires; that which for Anna had been an impossible, terrible, and so much the more alluring dream of happiness, — that desire was gratified. Pale, with trembling lower jaw, he stood over her and implored her to calm herself, himself not knowing how and why.

“Anna! Anna!” he spoke, in a quivering voice. “Anna, for God's sake!”

But the louder he spoke, the lower she inclined her once proud and gay, but now shamefaced head, and she bent all up and slipped down from the sofa, on which she was sitting, on the floor, before his feet; she would have fallen on the carpet if he had not held her.

“O Lord! Forgive me!” she spoke, with sobs, pressing his hands to her breast.

She felt herself so criminal and guilty that there was nothing left for her to do but humble herself and crave forgiveness; in life there was now none left to her but he, and so she turned to him with her entreaties to be forgiven. Looking at him, she felt her physical degradation, and she could not say anything else. He, for his part, felt what a murderer must feel when he sees the body which is deprived of life. This body, deprived of life, was their love, the first period of their love. There was something terrible and loathsome in the thought of that for which they had paid that dreadful price of shame. The shame before her moral nakedness choked her and

was communicated to him. But, in spite of all the terror which the murderer experiences before the body of the murdered man, it is necessary to cut it up in pieces, to conceal the body, to make use of that which the murderer has gained by his murder.

And in a fury, as though in passion, the murderer throws himself on that body, and drags it along, and cuts it up; even thus he covered her face and shoulders with kisses. She held his hand and did not stir. "Yes, these kisses are what has been bought by this shame. Yes, and the hand which always will be mine is the hand of my accomplice." She raised that hand and kissed it. He sank down on his knees and wanted to see her face; but she concealed it and did not say anything. Finally, as though making an effort over herself, she got up and pushed him aside. Her face was as beautiful as ever, but it was so much the more pitiful.

"Everything is ended," she said. "I have nothing but you. Remember this!"

"I cannot help remembering that which is my life. For a minute of this happiness —"

"What happiness!" she said, in disgust and terror, and this terror was involuntarily communicated to him. "For God's sake, not a word, not a word more!"

She rose swiftly and moved away from him.

"Not a word more," she repeated, and, with a strange expression of cold despair in her face, she parted from him. She felt that at that moment she could not express in words that feeling of shame, joy, and terror at this initiation into a new life, and she did not wish to speak of it, — debase this feeling with inexact words. But even later, on the following and the next following day, she not only could find no words with which to express all the complexity of these feelings, but did not even find the thoughts with which to reflect on what was going on in her soul.

She said to herself: "No, I cannot think of it now; I will later, when I am calmed down." But the calm for thinking never came; every time the thought came to her of what she had done and what would become of her, and what she ought to do, she was assailed by terror, and she drove these thoughts away from her.

"Later, later," she said, "when I am quieter."

But in her dreams, when she had no power over her thoughts, her situation presented itself to her in all its monstrous nakedness. The same dream returned to her nearly every night. She dreamed that both were her husbands at the same time, that both lavished their caresses on her. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich wept, kissed her hands, and said: "How nice it is now!" And Aleksyéy Vrónski was there, too, and he, too, was her husband. And she, wondering how it could have appeared to her impossible before, laughingly explained to them that this was much simpler, and that both of them now were satisfied and happy. But this dream choked her like a nightmare, and she awoke in terror.

## XII.

EVEN during the first period after his return from Moscow, Levín said to himself, every time when he shuddered and blushed, recalling the disgrace of the refusal: "Just so I blushed and shuddered, considering myself lost, when I received a one mark in physics and was not promoted from my second year; just so I considered myself lost when I spoiled my sister's affair, which had been entrusted to me. Well, what happened? Now that the years have passed, I recall these things, and marvel how they could have grieved me. It will be the same with this sorrow. Time will pass, and I will be indifferent to it."

But three months had passed, and he had not grown indifferent, and it was just as painful for him to think of it as it had been during the first days. He could not quiet down because, having dreamed so long of a domestic life, and feeling himself so ripe for it, he was still unmarried and farther than ever from marriage. He felt painfully, as also felt all those who surrounded him, that it was not good that a man of his years should be alone. He recalled how he once, before his departure for Moscow, had said to his cattle-tender Nikoláy, a naïve peasant, with whom he was fond of chatting: "Well, Nikoláy, I want to get married," and how Nikoláy had hurriedly replied, as though there could be no doubt in the matter, "It has long been time, Konstantín Dmítrievich!" But marriage was now farther removed from him than ever. The place was occupied, and when he in his imagination now tried to put in this place one of the girls he was

acquainted with, he felt that it was quite impossible. Besides, the recollection of the refusal and of the rôle which he had played in it tormented him with shame. No matter how much he said to himself that he was not to blame for anything, this recollection, together with other equally disgraceful recollections, made him shudder and blush. There were in his past, as with every man, a number of deeds which he recognized as being bad, and for which his conscience ought to have tormented him; but the recollection of these bad acts was far from tormenting him as much as these insignificant and yet disgraceful recollections did. These wounds never healed up. On a par with these recollections now were his refusal and that miserable situation in which he must have appeared to others on that evening. But time and work did their own. The oppressive recollections were more and more veiled by the significant events of his country existence, though these were invisible to him. With every advancing week he thought less and less often of Kitty. He was waiting impatiently for the news that she was already married, or would get married in a few days, hoping that such a bit of news, like the pulling of a tooth, would completely cure him.

Meanwhile beautiful, friendly spring came, without the expectations and deceptions of spring, one of those rare springs, in which plants, animals, and men rejoice equally. This beautiful spring still more roused Levín and confirmed him in his intention of renouncing his past, in order to establish his single life firmly and independently. Although many of the plans, with which he had returned to the country, had not been fulfilled, the main thing, the purity of life, had been observed by him. He did not experience that sense of shame which used to torment him after a fall; and he could boldly look into people's eyes.

As early as February he had received a letter from

Márya Nikoláevna that the health of his brother Nikoláy was getting worse and that he did not wish to undergo any cure. In consequence of this letter Levín went to Moscow to see his brother, and he succeeded in persuading him to consult a physician and to go abroad to a watering-place. He was so successful in persuading his brother and loaning him money for the journey, without irritating him, that in this respect he was satisfied with himself.

In addition to the work on the farm, which in the spring demanded especial attention, and the reading of books, Levín had that winter begun writing a work on agronomy, the plan of which consisted in taking the workman on the estate as an absolute factor, like the climate and the soil, and, consequently, in deducing the foundations of agronomic science not merely from the data of the soil and the climate, but from the data of the soil, the climate, and of a certain invariable character of the workman. Thus, in spite of his solitude, or on account of it, his life was full; only occasionally he experienced the unsatisfied desire to communicate his vagrant thoughts to some one else than Agáfya Mikháylovna, though with her he frequently discussed questions of physics, of the theory of agronomy, and especially of philosophy; philosophy was Agáfya Mikháylovna's favourite subject.

The spring was late in opening up. The last weeks of Lent the weather was clear and frosty. In the daytime the snow melted in the sun, but in the night the thermometer fell to seven degrees Réaumur; the snow was frozen into such a crust that the wagons travelled over it, off the roads. The snow was still on the ground at Easter. Then suddenly, on the second day of Easter week, there blew a warm wind and clouds overcast the sky, and for three days and nights there raged a warm rain-storm. On Thursday the wind died down, and a dense, gray mist arose, as though concealing the mystery of the changes taking place in Nature. The waters flowed

through the mist; the ice cracked and began to move; the turbid, foaming torrents bore down more rapidly, and on the evening of Quasimodo Sunday the fog lifted, the clouds scudded away in cirri; it grew bright, and real spring was at hand. In the morning, the warm sun, rising, quickly ate away the thin ice sheet that had filmed the waters, and all the warm air was a-tremble with the evaporations of the reviving earth, which filled it. The old grass and the sprouting, needle-shaped blades of the new grass turned green; the buds of the viburnums, the currant-bushes, and the viscous, vinous birches were swelling; and in the vines, which were besprinkled with golden flowers, hummed the liberated, flitting bees. The invisible skylarks poured forth their songs over the velvety green or chilled blackness of the fields; the plovers shrieked over the lowlands and swamps covered with dark brown, stagnant water, and the storks and geese flew high through the air, with their vernal cries. The cattle shedding their coats, with hair still hanging in spots, belowed in the pastures; the bandy-legged lambs gamboled around their bleating, wool-shedding mothers; the swift-footed children ran over the drying paths, leaving their footprints in the damp earth; the merry voices of the women with their homespun rang out on the pond, and in the yards resounded the axes of the peasants, mending their ploughs and harrows. Real spring had come.



### XIII.

LEVÍN put on his long boots and a sleeveless cloth coat, instead of the furs he had worn heretofore, and went over the estate, crossing over runlets, which made the eyes smart with their reflections from the sun, and stepping now on the thin ice, and now into the sticky mud.

Spring is the time of planning and of anticipations. And, as a tree in the spring does not yet know whither and how its young shoots and branches, which are still contained in the swelling buds, will grow, so Levín, upon coming out into the open, did not yet know what occupations in his beloved estate first to turn to, but he felt that he was full of the best of plans and anticipations. First of all he went to see the cattle. The cows were let out into the enclosure. They were warming themselves in the sun, glistening in their moulted hair, and lowing, begging to be let out into the field. Having enjoyed the sight of the cows, whom he knew down to the minutest details, he ordered them to be driven out into the field, and the calves to be let into the enclosure. The shepherd ran cheerfully to get ready for the field. The women cow-tenders, raising their skirts and plashing through the mud with their white, not yet sunburnt, bare feet, ran with sticks after the bleating calves, who were mad with vernal joy, driving them into the yard.

Having enjoyed the sight of the increase of the present year, which was unusually fine, — the early calves were of the size of a peasant cow, and Páva's calf, of three months, was as big as a yearling heifer, — Levín ordered their

trough to be brought out and hay to be fed to them through the crating. But it turned out that the crating, which had been made in the fall, and which in the winter had not been in use in the enclosure, was all broken. He sent for the carpenter, who according to the schedule was to have been working on the threshing-machine. But it turned out that the carpenter was fixing the harrows, which were to have been mended in the Butter-week. That was very annoying to Levín. What so vexed him was that they repeated that eternal carelessness on the farm, against which he had been fighting with all his strength for so many years. The crating, as he learned, being useless in winter, had been taken to the working stables, and there was broken, for it had been lightly constructed for the use of the calves. Besides, this led to the discovery that the harrows and all the other farm implements, which he had ordered to be examined and mended in the winter, and for which three carpenters had been employed, were not yet put in shape, and they were working on the harrows when it was time to harrow. Levín sent for the office clerk; but he at once went to look him up himself. The clerk, beaming, like everything else on that day, in his sheepskin coat, fringed with lamb-wool, was walking from the threshing-floor, breaking a straw in his hands.

“Why is not the carpenter working on the threshing-machine?”

“I wanted to report to you yesterday: it was necessary to mend the harrows. It is time to plough.”

“Why wasn’t that done in winter?”

“What do you need the carpenter for?”

“Where is the crating from the calf-yard?”

“I have had it put away. What is to be done with these people?” said the clerk, waving his hand.

“Not with these people, but with this clerk!” said Levín, flying up. “What do I keep you for?” he ex-

claimed. But, upon recalling that this would not help matters, he stopped in the middle of his speech and only sighed. "Well, can we sow now?" he asked, after a moment's silence.

"Back of Túrkino we shall be able to do so to-morrow or day after to-morrow."

"And the clover?"

"I have sent out Vasíli and Míshka: they are sowing it. I do not know whether they will get through: the mud is so sticky."

"For how many desyatínas?"

"For six."

"Why not for all?" exclaimed Levín.

That they were sowing in only six desyatínas, instead of twenty, was more aggravating still. The sowing of clover, according to theory, and according to his own experience, was only good when it was done as early as possible, almost over the snow. And Levín had never been able to carry that out.

"There are no working people. What will you do with these people? Three of them have not arrived. There is Semén—"

"Well, you ought to take them away from the straw."

"I have."

"Where, then, are the workmen?"

"Five of them are making compot" (he meant compost). "Four of them are pouring the oats over, for fear that it might be touched, Konstantín Dmítrievich."

Levín knew very well that "for fear that it might be touched" meant that the English seed oats were spoiled already,—again they had not carried out his orders.

"But I told you about it as early as Lent!" he shouted.

"Never mind, everything will be done in time."

Levín angrily waved his arms, went to the granaries to look at the oats, and returned to the stable. The oats

were not yet spoiled. But the workmen were shovelling the grain, whereas it could be let down directly into the lower granary. Having given this order and thus gaining two men for the sowing of the clover, Levín calmed down from his vexation with the clerk. Besides, the day was so beautiful that it was impossible to be angry.

"Ignát!" he called out to the coachman, who, with his sleeves rolled up, was washing a buggy at the well. "Saddle me —"

"Which one do you wish?"

"Well, let it be Kólpik."

"Yes, sir."

While the horse was being saddled, Levín again called up the clerk, who was keeping in sight; he wished to make peace with him, and he began to tell him about the oncoming spring work and farm plans.

The manure was to be hauled as early as possible, so that everything might be finished by the early mowing. The distant field was to be ploughed without interruption, so as to keep it in black fallow. The mowing was to be done, not by halves, but with the aid of hired help.

The clerk listened attentively, and apparently made an effort to approve of his master's plans; but he, nevertheless, had that familiar hopeless and gloomy aspect, which always irritated Levín. This aspect said: "All that is very nice, but as God may wish it."

Nothing so grieved Levín as that tone of his. But such a tone was common to all clerks, as many as he had tried. All took up the same attitude toward his plans, and so he no longer grew angry, but grieved and felt himself still more provoked to struggle against that elemental force, which he did not know how to call otherwise than "as God may wish," and which was always opposed to him.

"If we have the time, Konstantín Dmítrievich," said the clerk.

"Why should you not have the time?"

“We must by all means hire fifteen hands more. They do not come. To-day they came, but they ask seventy roubles for the summer.”

Levín grew silent. Again this force was opposed to him. He knew that, no matter how much they tried, they could not hire more than forty, really about thirty-seven or eight, hands at the present rate; forty they could get, but no more. Still, he could not help struggling.

“Send to Súry, to Chefiróvka, if they do not come. We must find them.”

“As to that, I will send,” Vasíli Fédorovich said gloomily. “But here, the horses are getting weak.”

“We shall buy new ones. I know,” he added, smiling, “you want to do as little and as poorly as possible; but this year I will not let you do as you please. I will look after everything myself.”

“You sleep too little as it is. It is jollier for us under the eyes of the master —”

“So the clover is being sowed in back of the Birch Wold? I will ride down there and take a look,” he said, seating himself on the small dun-coloured Kólpik, which the coachman had brought up.

“You can’t ride through the brook, Konstantín Dmítrievich,” shouted the coachman.

“All right, then I will ride through the woods.”

And, letting his good little horse, which snorted at the puddles and begged for the reins, run at a brisk amble, Levín rode over the mud of the courtyard and through the gate into the field.

If Levín felt merry in the cattle-yard and stables, he felt merrier still in the field. Shaking evenly at the amble of his good little horse, inhaling the warm, though fresh, odour of the snow and air, as he rode through the forest, over the brittle, powdery snow with its slushy tracks, he enjoyed the sight of every tree of his, with the reviving moss on its bark and the swelling buds. As he emerged

from the forest, there lay before him, over an enormous extent of space, an even, velvety cover of green, without a single bald spot or washout, only here and there, in the swales, spotted with remnants of melting snow. He was not angered by the sight of a peasant horse and yearling colt, which were trampling his sprouting fields (he ordered a peasant whom he met to drive them off), nor at the sarcastic and stupid answer of peasant Ipát, whom he asked, upon meeting, "Well, Ipát, will you be sowing soon?" "It is necessary first to plough up, Konstantín Dmítrievich," replied Ipát. The farther he rode, the merrier he felt, and farm plans, one better than the other, rose in his imagination: he would plant willows on the southern sides of all the fields so that the snow should not drift under them; he would cut up the whole field into six manured lots and three reserves with mowings; he would build a cattle-yard at the remote corner of the field, and would dig a pond; for the manuring he would build transportable enclosures for the cattle. And then there would be three hundred desyatínas of wheat, one hundred of potatoes, 150 of clover, and not one exhausted desyatína.

With such reveries, he carefully turned his horse along balks, so as not to trample over his sprouting fields, and rode up to the men who were sowing the clover. The seed-cart was standing not on a path, but on the ploughed field, and the winter wheat was rutted by the wheels and tramped down by the horse. Both men were sitting on a balk, evidently smoking a common pipe. The earth in the cart, with which the seed was mixed, was not powdered, but lay in frozen lumps. Upon seeing the master, Vasíli, one of the hands, went up to the cart, and Míshka began to sow. That was not nice, but Levín rarely was angry with the workmen. When Vasíli came close to him, Levín ordered him to take the horse back to the path.

"Never mind, sir, it will smooth out again," said Vasíli.

"Please don't discuss matters," said Levín, "but do as you are told!"

"Yes, sir," replied Vasíli, putting his hand to the horse's head. "The sowing, Konstantín Dmítrievich," he said, "is first-class. Only it is awful to walk! I have to drag forty pounds on each bast shoe."

"Why has the earth not been sifted?" asked Levín.

"We will crush it," answered Vasíli, picking up a handful of seed and crushing the earth in his hands.

It was not Vasíli's fault that they had given him unsifted earth, but it was none the less annoying.

Having more than once advantageously applied a certain means for suppressing his annoyance and for making everything which had seemed bad good again, he even now used this means. He watched Míshka trudging over the field, stirring up enormous glebes of earth which stuck to each of his feet, then himself climbed down from his horse, took Vasíli's seeder, and went himself to sow.

"Where did you stop?"

Vasíli pointed to a foot-mark, and Levín went to sow the earth with the seed, as best he could. It was hard to walk as in a bog, and, having trudged a furrow's length, he began to perspire, when he stopped and gave up the seeder.

"Now, sir, you must not hold me responsible for this furrow's length in the summer," said Vasíli.

"Why not?" Levín asked, merrily, feeling already the effect of the means employed.

"You wait for the summer to come. It will be fine. See how I sowed last spring. How well I did it! Konstantín Dmítrievich, I try for you as though you were my own father. I myself do not like to have things badly done, and I do not let others do so. What is good for the master is good for us. As I look there," said Vasíli, pointing to the field, "my heart rejoices."

"It is a fine spring, Vasíli."

"It is a spring such as the old men cannot recall. I was at home, — there my father has sowed three osmínas<sup>1</sup> of wheat. He says you cannot tell it from the rye."

"How long is it since you have begun to sow wheat?"

"You taught us two summers ago: you made me a present of two measures. We sold a chétvert and sowed three osmínas."

"Be sure and crush the lumps," said Levín, going to his horse, "and watch Míshka. If the seed comes up well, you will get fifty kopeks the desyatína."

"Much obliged to you. We are satisfied with you as it is."

Levín mounted his horse and rode to the field where the last year's clover was, and to the other, which was being prepared by the plough for the spring wheat.

The clover had come up superbly. It had already revived and looked green amidst the broken stubbles of last year's wheat. The horse sunk in the mud up to the pastern, and each foot smacked as it was withdrawn from the half-thawed earth. Over the ploughed field it was entirely impossible to ride: the horse could step only where there was a frozen crust, but in the thawed furrows the foot sank down above the pastern. The ploughed field was in superb condition: in two days it would be possible to harrow it and begin the sowing. Everything was beautiful and cheering. Levín rode back over the brook, hoping that the water would be low enough to cross. And, indeed, he did cross it, and scared up two ducks. "There must be wood-snipes, too," he thought, and just at the turn to the house he met the forest guard, who confirmed him in his belief about the wood-snipes.

Levín galloped home, in order to be in time for dinner and to prepare his gun for the evening.

<sup>1</sup> An osmína, one-half of a chétvert; a chétvert is nearly six bushels.



#### XIV.

As he rode up to the house, in the happiest of moods, he heard a little bell tinkling on the side of the main entrance.

“Why, that is from the railway,” he thought. “Just the time for the Moscow train— Who may it be? What if it is brother Nikoláy? He said, ‘Maybe I will go to the watering-place, and maybe I will come to see you.’”

At first he felt terribly displeased at the thought that the presence of his brother Nikoláy might destroy his happy vernal disposition. But he felt ashamed of this sentiment, and immediately, as it were, opened his spiritual embrace, and with meek joy waited and wished with his whole soul that it might be his brother. He touched his horse and, riding out from behind an acacia, saw a hired *tróyka* driving up from the station, and a gentleman in a fur coat. It was not his brother. “Oh, if it is only a pleasant man, with whom one may have a chat!” he thought.

“Ah!” Levín exclaimed, joyfully, lifting up both his hands. “What a welcome guest! Oh, how glad I am to see you!” he shouted, when he recognized Stepán Arkádevich.

“I shall now find out for certain whether she is already married, or when she will get married,” he thought.

And on that beautiful spring day he felt that the memory of her was not painful to him.

"Well, you did not expect me?" said Stepán Arkádevich, climbing out of the sleigh, with pieces of mud on the bridge of his nose, on his cheek, and on his forehead, but beaming with joy and health. "I come to see you, that is one," he said, embracing and kissing him, "to shoot snipes, that is two, and to sell the timber in Ergushóvo, that is three."

"Very well! What a spring! But how did you get here in a sleigh?"

"In a cart it is even worse, Konstantín Dmítrievich," replied the driver, whom he knew.

"Well, I am very, very glad that you have come," Levín said, smiling a sincere, childish joyous smile.

Levín took his guest to the guest-chamber, whither were brought Stepán Arkádevich's things, a bag, a gun in a case, and a cigar-pouch; and, leaving him to wash himself and get dressed, he in the meantime went to the office to talk about the ploughing and the clover. Agáfya Mikháylovna, who was always concerned about the honour of the house, met him in the antechamber with questions about the dinner.

"Do as you please, so you get it ready at once," he said. And he went to see the clerk.

When he returned, Stepán Arkádevich, washed, combed, and beaming with a smile, was coming out of his door, and they both together went up-stairs.

"How glad I am to have reached you! Now I shall understand wherein the mystery consists which you are practising here. Really, I envy you. What a house! How charming everything is! It is light and bright," said Stepán Arkádevich, forgetting that it was not spring all the time and as clear as on that day. "And how charming your nurse is! A pretty chambermaid in an apron would be more desirable; but with your monkishness and severe style this is very good."

Stepán Arkádevich told many interesting bits of news,

and what interested Levín in particular, that his brother, Sergyéy Ivánovich, was thinking of visiting him in the country in the summer.

Stepán Arkádevich did not say a single word about Kitty and about the Shcherbátskis in general; he only gave him his wife's regards. Levín was grateful to him for his delicacy, and was very happy to have his guest with him. During his solitude he had, as always when left alone, accumulated a mass of ideas and feelings which he was unable to transmit to those who surrounded him, and so he now poured out on Stepán Arkádevich the poetic joy of spring, and the failures and plans of his estate, and his ideas and remarks about the books which he had read, and especially the idea of his work, the basis of which, without his noticing it, was formed by the criticism of all the old works on agronomy. Stepán Arkádevich, always pleasant and understanding everything by hints, was particularly pleasant during this visit, and Levín observed in him a new feature of respect and tenderness for him, by which he was flattered.

The efforts of Agáfya Mikháylovna and of the cook to make the dinner particularly good had only this for its result, that both hungry friends, sitting down to the appetizer, filled themselves with bread and butter, a roast half of a goose, and pickled mushrooms, and that Levín ordered the soup brought in without the patties, with which the cook had hoped to surprise the guest. But Stepán Arkádevich, though used to quite different dinners, found everything exquisite: the herb wine, the bread, the butter, and especially the roast goose, and the mushrooms, and the nettle soup, and the chicken with the white sauce, and the white Crimean wine, — everything was superb and exquisite.

"Excellent, excellent," he said, lighting a fat cigarette, after the roast. "Coming to you I feel as though I left the noise and jolting of a steamer for the quiet shore.

So you say that the element of the farm-hand has to be studied itself and should lead in the choice of the methods of farming. I am a layman in these matters; but it seems to me that the theory and its application will have an influence on the farm-hand himself."

"Yes, but wait! I am not speaking of political economy, but of the science of agronomy. It must be like the natural sciences, observing the given phenomena, and the farm-hand in his economic, ethnographic —"

Just then Agáfya Mikháylovna entered with the preserves.

"Well, Agáfya Mikháylovna," Stepán Arkádevich said to her, kissing the tips of his chubby fingers, "what a fine roast you have, and what fine herb wine! Is it not time now, Konstantín?" he added.

Levín looked through the window at the sun setting behind the bare tree-tops.

"It is, it is," he said. "Kuzmá, get the line carriage ready!" and he ran down-stairs.

Stepán Arkádevich went down-stairs, himself carefully took the canvas cover off the lacquered box, and, opening it, began to take out his expensive new-fashioned shotgun. Kuzmá, who anticipated a fat *pourboire*, did not leave Stepán Arkádevich, and put on his stockings and boots, which Stepán Arkádevich cheerfully submitted to.

"Leave word, Konstantín, if Ryabínin, the merchant, comes, — I told him to come to-day, — to receive him and let him wait —"

"Are you selling your timber to Ryabínin?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"Certainly I do. I have had dealings with him *absolutely and definitely*."

Stepán Arkádevich laughed. "Definitely and absolutely" were the merchant's pet words.

"Yes, he talks very funnily. Do you know where your master is going to?" he added, patting Láska, who was

whining and keeping close to Levín, licking now his hand, and now his boots and his gun.

The line carriage was standing at the porch when they came out.

"I have ordered the carriage to be hitched up, or had we better walk?"

"No, I prefer to ride," said Stepán Arkádevich, walking over to the vehicle. He took his seat, covered his feet with a striped plaid, and lighted a cigar. "Why don't you smoke? A cigar is, not exactly a pleasure, but the crown and symptom of pleasure. This is life! How nice! I should like to live so myself!"

"Who keeps you from it?" Levín said, smiling.

"Yes, you are a happy man. You have everything you like. You like horses, here they are; you like dogs, you have them; the chase, you have it; a farm, you have it."

"Maybe because I enjoy what I have, and do not worry about what I have not," said Levín, thinking of Kitty.

Stepán Arkádevich understood and looked at him, but did not say anything.

Levín was grateful to Oblónski that, with his usual tact, he did not say anything about the Shcherbátskis, when he saw that Levín was afraid of mentioning them; now Levín wanted to find out what so tormented him, but he did not dare to speak of it.

"Well, how are your affairs?" said Levín, surmising that it was not right for him to think only of himself.

Stepán Arkádevich's eyes sparkled merrily.

"You do not admit that one should like white loaves so long as one has rye flour and grits, — according to your opinion that is a crime; but I do not acknowledge life without love," he said, understanding Levín's question in his own way. "I cannot help it, I was born so. Really, so little harm is done to any one by it, and so much pleasure to one's self —"

"What, is it something new?" asked Levín.

“Yes, my dear! You see, you know the type of Ossianic women — of women whom you see in your dream — Well, there are such women in actual life — and these women are terrible. A woman, you see, is a subject which, no matter how much you may study it, will all the time be something quite new.”

“Then it is best not to study them.”

“No. Some mathematician has said that the enjoyment is not in the discovery of the truth, but in the searching for it.”

Levín listened in silence, and, in spite of all the efforts which he was making over himself, he was absolutely unable to transfer himself into the soul of his friend and to comprehend his feelings and the charm of studying such women.

## XV.

THE shooting-place was not far away, above a brook in the aspen brush. Upon reaching the forest, Levín got out of the vehicle and led Oblónski to the edge of a mossy and boggy clearing, which was already free from snow. He himself returned to the other end, to a twin birch, and, leaning his gun against the fork of the lowest, dry limb, he took off his caftan, girded himself better, and tried the freedom of the motions of his arms.

Old gray Láska, who was following them, sat down cautiously in front of him, and pricked her ears. The sun set behind the dense forest ; and in the twilight, the little birches, which were scattered through the aspen grove, stood out in sharp outlines with their pendent branches, with their swollen buds, ready to burst.

From the dense forest, where still lay the snow, was heard the faint ripple of water meandering down in narrow runlets. The tiny birds chirped and now and then flitted from tree to tree.

In the intervals of complete quiet was heard the rustling of last year's leaves, which were stirring from the thawing of the ground and the sprouting of the grass.

"How fine! One can hear and see the grass grow!" Levín said to himself, as he noticed a slate-coloured wet aspen leaf moving near a new grass-blade. He stood, listening and looking, now down on the wet mossy grass, now at attentive Láska, now at the sea of bare tree-tops which extended before him at the foot of a hill, now at the darkling heaven veiled by white-striped clouds. A

hawk, leisurely flapping its wings, flew high above the distant forest; another hawk flew in the same direction and disappeared. The birds began to chirp louder and more busily in the thicket. Not far away an owl began to hoot, and Láska, shuddering, cautiously took a few steps and, bending her head sidewise, began to listen. A cuckoo was heard back of the brook. It cuckooed twice with its usual sound, then began to snore, and to call rapidly, and was all mixed up.

"What, the cuckoo already?" said Stepán Arkádevich, stepping out from behind a bush.

"Yes, I hear," replied Levín, reluctantly breaking the quiet of the forest in a voice which seemed disagreeable to him. "It will not be long now."

Stepán Arkádevich's figure again disappeared behind the bush, and Levín saw only the bright fire of a match, which soon after gave way to the red ashes of a cigarette, and a blue puff of smoke.

"Chick, chick!" clicked the hammers which Stepán Arkádevich was cocking.

"What makes that noise?" asked Oblónski, turning Levín's attention to a protracted hollow sound, as though a colt, frisking, were neighing in a thin voice.

"Don't you know? It is a male hare. But we must stop talking! Listen, it is flying!" Levín almost shouted, cocking his gun.

There was heard a distant thin whistle, and, in precisely that even beat which is so familiar to the hunter, two seconds later, a second, a third whistle, and after the third whistle could be heard the screeching.

Levín cast his eyes about to the right and the left, and there, in front of him, against the turbidly blue sky, over the blending, tender shoots of the aspen-tops there appeared a flying bird. It was flying straight toward him; the near sounds of the screeching, resembling the even tearing of a tightly drawn fabric, resounded above his



ears; the long beak and neck of the bird were already visible, and the very moment that Levín aimed, a red flash of lightning gleamed behind the bush where Oblónski was standing, and the bird came down as an arrow and again whirled up in the air. Again lightning flashed, and a thud was heard; and, flapping its wings, as though trying to hold itself in the air, the bird stopped, stood still for a moment, and heavily dropped down on the boggy ground.

"Is it possible I have missed?" exclaimed Stepán Arkádevich, who could not see through the smoke.

"Here it is!" said Levín, pointing to Láska, who, raising one ear and wagging high the tip of her shaggy tail, with slow steps, as though wishing to prolong the pleasure, and as though smiling, was bringing up the dead bird to her master. "I am glad that you were successful," said Levín, at the same time experiencing a sensation of envy because he had not himself had the chance to kill that woodcock.

"A nasty miss from the right barrel," said Stepán Arkádevich, loading his gun. "Hush — it is flying."

Indeed, they heard penetrating whistles, rapidly following each other. Two wood-snipes, playfully racing with one another, and only whistling, without screeching, flew over the very heads of the hunters. There resounded four shots, and, like swallows, the wood-snipes whirled rapidly around and disappeared from view.

The shooting was superb. Stepán Arkádevich killed another brace, and Levín killed a brace, but of these he did not find one. It began to grow dark. Bright, silvery Venus was already shining low in the west, through the birches, with its gentle splendour, and high in the east gloomy Arcturus already was changing its red lights. Overhead Levín caught and lost the stars of the Ursa Major. The wood-snipes had stopped flying; but Levín decided to wait until Venus, which he could see below a

certain branch of a birch-tree, should pass above it, and until he should see all the stars of the *Ūrsa Major*. Venus had risen above the bough, and Charles's Wain with its shaft was already visible in the dark blue sky, but he was still waiting.

"Is it not time to go?" asked Stepán Arkádevich.

The forest was quiet, and not a bird moved.

"Let us stand awhile yet," Levín replied.

"As you wish."

They were now standing about fifteen paces from each other.

"Stíva!" Levín suddenly exclaimed, "why don't you tell me whether your sister-in-law has married, or when she will get married?"

Levín felt himself so firm and calm that no answer, he thought, could affect him. But he had not at all expected what Stepán Arkádevich told him.

"She has not even thought of marrying, but she is very ill, and the doctors have sent her abroad. They are even afraid for her life."

"You don't say?" cried Levín. "Very ill? What is the matter with her? What was —"

Just as they were saying this, Láska pricked up her ears and looked at the sky and reproachfully at them.

"What a time they have found for talking!" she thought. "And there it flies — sure enough, there it is. They will miss it —" thought Láska.

But just at that moment both suddenly heard a piercing whistle which seemed to graze their ears, and both suddenly clasped their guns, and two streaks of lightning flashed, and two reports resounded at the identical moment. The wood-snipe, which was flying high, immediately folded its wings and fell into the thicket, bending down the slender shoots.

"Excellent! Common game!" exclaimed Levín, running with Láska into the thicket to find the wood-snipe.

“ Oh, yes, what was that disagreeable thing ? ” he thought. “ Yes, Kitty is ill — What is to be done ? I am very sorry,” he thought.

“ Oh, you have found it ! Clever dog ! ” he said, taking the warm bird out of Láska’s mouth, and putting it into the full bag. “ She has found it, Stíva ! ” he exclaimed.

## XVI.

UPON returning home, Levín asked for all the details of Kitty's illness and for the plans of the Shcherbátskis, and, though he should have been ashamed to confess it, what he learned gave him pleasure. It pleased him because there was still some hope left, and still more it pleased him because the one who had pained him was pained. But when Stepán Arkádevich began to speak of the causes of Kitty's illness and mentioned Vrónski's name, Levín interrupted him.

"I have no right whatsoever to know the domestic details, and, to tell the truth, no interest whatsoever in the matter."

Stepán Arkádevich gave a faint smile, as he caught the sudden and to him familiar change in Levín's face, which became as gloomy as it had been merry a minute before.

"Have you entirely settled your affair about the timber with Ryabínin?" asked Levín.

"Yes, I have. It is an excellent price, — thirty-eight thousand. Eight in advance, and the rest in six annual payments. I have had an awful bother with it. No one would give me more."

"That means that you have given away the timber," Levín said, gloomily.

"How is that?" Stepán Arkádevich said, with a good-natured smile, knowing that from now on everything would appear bad to Levín.

"Because the timber is worth at least five hundred roubles per desyatína," replied Levín.

"Oh, you agriculturists!" Stepán Arkádevich said, jestingly. "This is your tone of contempt for us city people! But when it comes to doing business, we do it better than anybody. Believe me, I have calculated everything," he said, "and the timber is very profitably sold, so much so that I am afraid that he may refuse yet. It is not a scrappy forest," said Stepán Arkádevich, wishing with the word "scrappy" to convince Levín completely of the injustice of his doubts, "but mainly of big timber. And it will not stand more than thirty sázhens<sup>1</sup> to the desyatína, for which he gives me two hundred roubles."

Levín smiled contemptuously. "I know," he thought, "that manner, not of him alone, but of all the city dwellers in general, who, having been in the country twice in ten years, and having caught two or three peasant expressions, use them in season and out of season, and think that they know everything. *Scrappy, stands thirty sázhens.* He talks, and does not know what he is saying."

"I will not undertake to teach you about what you are writing in your office," he said, "but if I need, I shall ask your advice. And you are so convinced that you understand everything about this wisdom of the forest. It is a difficult one. Did you count the trees?"

"Count the trees?" Stepán Arkádevich said, still wishing to get his friend out of his bad mood. "The stars, the planets' beams, the exalted mind perchance might count —"

"Yes, Ryabínin's exalted mind can. Not one merchant will buy it without counting, unless he gets it for nothing, as in your case. I know your forest. I hunt there every year, and your forest is worth five hundred roubles in cash, and he gives you two hundred on time. This means that

<sup>1</sup> A sázhen = seven feet.

you have made him a present of something like thirty thousand."

"Don't get so excited!" Stepán Arkádevich said, pityingly. "Why did not any one else give me as much?"

"Because he is in a league with the merchants; he has bought them off. I have had business with all of them, and I know them. They are not merchants, but usurers. One of these men will not take up a piece of business where he can make ten or fifteen per cent., but wants to buy by paying twenty kopeks on the rouble."

"Don't say that! You are out of sorts."

"Not in the least," Levín said, gloomily, as they drove up to the house.

At the porch already stood a small cart tightly covered with leather and iron bands, and with a tightly harnessed, well-fed horse with broad side-straps. In the cart sat a bloodshot and tightly belted clerk, who served Ryabínin as a coachman. Ryabínin himself was in the house, where he met the friends in the antechamber. Ryabínin was a tall, lank man of middle age, with moustache and shaven, prominent chin and bulging, turbid eyes. He wore a long-skirted blue coat, with buttons below the small of the back, and tall boots crumpled at the ankle and straight at the calf, over which were large overshoes. He wiped his face with a handkerchief in a circular manner and, wrapping his coat around him, though it was hanging properly as it was, he greeted the two friends with a smile, extending his hand toward Stepán Arkádevich, as though he wanted to catch something.

"Ah, there you are," said Stepán Arkádevich, giving him his hand. "Very well."

"I did not dare to disobey the orders of your Serenity, though the road was very bad. I positively came all the way on foot, but have made my appearance at the proper time. Konstantín Dmítrievich, my respects to you," he turned to Levín, trying to catch his hand also. But

Levín, frowning, looked as though he did not see his hand, and took out the snipes. "You have deigned to enjoy the chase! What kind of a bird may this be?" added Ryabínin, looking contemptuously at the snipes. "I suppose they have some kind of a taste." And he shook his head in disapproval, as though being considerably in doubt whether the game was worth the candle.

"Do you want to go to the cabinet?" Levín said, with a gloomy scowl, in French, to Stepán Arkádevich. "Go to the cabinet and talk it over with him!"

"We can go wherever it pleases you, sir," Ryabínin said, with contemptuous dignity, as though to intimate that others might perhaps have some difficulty in knowing how to act before people, but that for him there never could be any difficulty in anything.

When they entered the cabinet, Ryabínin looked around, as was his habit, as though to find an image, but, having found it, he did not cross himself. He cast a glance at the cases and book-shelves, and, with the same doubt, as in the case of the wood-snipes, he smiled contemptuously and disapprovingly shook his head, now no longer admitting that the game was worth the candle.

"Well, have you brought the money with you?" asked Oblónski. "Sit down!"

"There will be no trouble about the money. I have come to see you and have a talk with you."

"A talk! About what? Sit down!"

"That I will do," said Ryabínin, sitting down and leaning against the back of the chair in a most uncomfortable manner. "You will have to come down some, prince. I can't do it. The money is definitely ready, to the last kopek. There will be no trouble about the money."

Levín, who had been putting his gun into a closet, was already at the door, but, upon hearing the merchant's words, he stopped.

“And so you got the forest for nothing,” he said. “He has come to me too late, or else I should have put a price on it.”

Ryabínin rose and, in silence, with a smile, surveyed Levín from foot to head.

“Konstantín Dmítrievich is very stingy,” he said, with a smile, turning to Stepán Arkádevich. “I can positively buy nothing of him. I tried to buy his wheat, and offered a good price for it.”

“Why should I give away that which belongs to me? I did not find it on the ground and did not steal it.”

“How can you say that? Nowadays it is positively impossible to steal. Nowadays we have courts by jury, and everything is now done nobly; let us not talk of stealing. I meant it in all honour. The prince is asking too much for the forest: I can’t see my way. I beg you to lower the price a little.”

“Is your business settled or not? If it is, there is no sense in haggling; if not,” said Levín, “I will buy the timber.”

The smile suddenly disappeared from Ryabínin’s face. The rapacious, cruel expression of a vulture took its place upon it. With his swift, bony fingers he unbuttoned his coat, displaying his outwardly worn shirt, the brass buttons of his waistcoat, and a watch-chain, and quickly drew out a fat, old pocketbook.

“If you please, the timber is mine,” he muttered, making a swift sign of the cross, and extending his hand. “Take the money,—the timber is mine. This is the way Ryabínin makes a trade: there’s no need counting the pennies,” he said, frowning and flourishing the pocketbook.

“If I were in your place, I should not be in such a hurry,” said Levín.

“Why,” Oblónski said, in surprise, “but I have promised him.”





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“Take the money - the timber is  
mine.”

What's your New England's Your Money?





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Levín left the room, slamming the door. Ryabínin looked at the door and, smiling, shook his head.

“It’s all on account of his youth, positively mere childishness. If I am buying it, believe my word, it is only for the sake of the reputation, — to be able to say that Ryabínin, and nobody else, bought Oblónski’s grove. God knows whether I shall be able to come out all right from it. Upon my word. If you please, sign the agreement —”

An hour later, the merchant, cautiously wrapping himself in his cloak and hooking his coat, with the agreement in his pocket, seated himself in his tightly clamped cart and drove home.

“Oh, those gentlemen!” he said to his clerk. “They are a lot!”

“How is that?” replied the clerk, giving him the reins and buttoning the leather boot. “Have you bought it, Mikhaíl Ignátich?”

“Well, well —”

## XVII.

STEPÁN ARKÁDEVICH, his pocket bulging out with the bank-bills, which the merchant had paid him for three months in advance, went up-stairs. The business with the timber was settled; the money was in his pocket; the shooting had been fine, — and Stepán Arkádevich was in the happiest of moods, and so he was particularly anxious to dispel the brown study into which Levín had fallen. He wanted to end the day at supper as pleasantly as it had been begun.

Levín was, indeed; out of sorts, and, in spite of all his wish to be kind and considerate to his guest, he could not control himself. The intoxication caused by the news that Kitty was not yet married began by degrees to work in him.

Kitty was not married, and she was ill, ill from love for a man who had scorned her. This insult seemed to fall upon him. Vrónski had scorned her, and she had scorned him, Levín. Consequently, Vrónski had the right to despise Levín, and was his enemy. But Levín did not reflect on all that. He felt dimly that in all that there was something offensive for him, and he was not angry at what was the cause of his annoyance, but found fault with everything that presented itself to him. The stupid sale of the timber, — the deception practised on Oblónski, which was consummated in his house, irritated him.

“Well, are you through?” he said, meeting Stepán

Arkádevich up-stairs. "Do you want to eat your supper?"

"I will not refuse it. What an appetite I have in the country! Just wonderful! Why did you not invite Ryabínin to supper?"

"The devil take him!"

"How strangely you act toward him!" said Oblónski. "You did not even offer him your hand. What harm is there in giving him your hand?"

"Because I do not give my hand to a lackey, and a lackey is a hundred times better than he."

"How retrograde you really are! What about the welding of the classes?" said Oblónski.

"If anybody wants to weld, let him do so, but to me it is an abomination."

"I see, you are positively retrograde."

"Really, I have never thought what I am. I am Konstantín Levín, and nothing more."

"Yes, Konstantín Levín, who is out of humour," Stepán Arkádevich said, with a smile.

"Yes, I am, and do you know why? On account of your stupid sale, pardon me for saying so —"

Stepán Arkádevich frowned in a good-natured manner, like a man who is insulted and annoyed for no cause whatever.

"Stop it!" he said. "When has it not been so that as soon as a man sells something, people tell him that it was worth a great deal more? But while one is selling, nobody makes an offer — No, I see, you have a grudge against that unfortunate Ryabínin."

"Maybe I have. And do you know why? You will again say that I am retrograde, or some such terrible word; but I am annoyed and pained to see the progressive impoverishment of the gentry, to which I belong and, in spite of the welding of the classes, am very glad to belong — The impoverishment is not due to excessive

luxury. That would not be so bad. To live in seigneurial fashion is all right for the gentry: they alone know how to do it. Now the peasants are buying up all the land around us, and that does not annoy me. The master does not do anything, the peasant works and pushes out the lazy man: that is proper, and I am glad for the peasant. But what offends me is to see this impoverishment taking place through some — what shall I call it? — innocence. Here a Polish tenant has bought up for half its value a charming estate belonging to a lady who lives in Nice. Here a merchant rents an estate at a rouble the *desyatína*, though it is worth ten. Here you have for no cause whatever made that rascal a present of thirty thousand."

"What of it? Shall I count every tree?"

"By all means. You have not counted, but Ryabínin has. Ryabínin's children will have means for living and getting educated, and yours, perhaps, will not have any!"

"You must pardon me, but there is something petty in this counting of yours. We have our occupations, and they have theirs, and they have to earn something themselves. However, the deed is done, and that is the end of it. Here come the poached eggs: I like them best that way. And Agáfya Mikháylovna will let us have a little of that excellent herb wine —"

Stepán Arkádevich sat down at the table and began to jest with Agáfya Mikháylovna, assuring her that he had not eaten such a dinner and supper for a long time.

"You at least praise it," said Agáfya Mikháylovna, "while with Konstantín Dmítrievich it makes no difference what we give him; if it is only a crust of bread, — he eats it and goes away."

No matter how much Levín endeavoured to conquer himself, he was gloomy and reticent. He had to put a question to Stepán Arkádevich, but he could not make up his mind to, and could not find the proper form or time in



which to do it. Stepán Arkádevich had already gone down-stairs to his room; he had undressed himself, washed himself once more, put on his gaufered night-gown, and lain down, but Levín still dallied in his room, talking of all kinds of trifles, and unable to ask him what was in his mind.

"See how wonderfully they make soap now," he said, unwrapping and examining a perfumed cake of soap, which Agáfyá Mikháylovna had left for the guest, but which Oblónski had not used. "Look at it! It is a work of art!"

"Yes, they have reached perfection in everything," said Stepán Arkádevich, with a moist, blissful yawn. "The theatres, for example, and those amusements — ah-ah-ah!" he yawned. "Electric light everywhere — ah-ah!"

"Yes, electric light," said Levín. "Yes. Well, and where is Vrónski now?" he asked, suddenly putting down the soap.

"Vrónski?" asked Stepán Arkádevich, stopping his yawn. "He is in St. Petersburg. He left soon after you, and has not been in Moscow since. And do you know, Konstantín, I will tell you the truth," he continued, leaning against the table and resting on his arm his handsome, ruddy face, from which shone, like stars, his liquid, kindly, sleepy eyes. "It was your own fault. You were frightened of your rival. I told you then — I do not know on whose side were the greater chances. Why did you not go for it? I told you then that —" He yawned with his jaws only, without opening his mouth.

"Does he know that I proposed, or not?" thought Levín, looking at him. "There is something cunning, diplomatic in his countenance," and, feeling that he was blushing, he silently looked Stepán Arkádevich in the face.

"If there was anything then on her part, it was an infatuation for appearances," continued Oblónski. "That

perfect aristocratism, you know, and the future position in the world affected, not her, but her mother."

Levín frowned. The insult of the refusal, through which he had passed, burned his heart as though with a freshly received wound. But he was at home, and at home the walls are a succour.

"Wait, wait," he said, interrupting Oblónski. "You say 'aristocratism.' Permit me to ask you what this aristocratism of Vrónski, or of anybody else, consists in, — such an aristocratism, that I could be scorned. You consider Vrónski an aristocrat, but I do not. A man whose father has risen from nothing through intrigues, whose mother has had liaisons with God knows whom — No, you must pardon me: I regard as aristocrats people like myself, who can point back to three or four honourable generations of men who stood on the highest level of culture (talent and intellect is another matter), and who have never acted with rascality toward any one, and were in need of no one, as my father and grandfather have been. And I know many such. It seems petty to you that I count the trees in the forest, and you give away thirty thousand to Ryabínin; but you will get some tenure and I do not know what, while I shall not, and so I hold dear what my ancestors have left me and I work for — We are aristocrats, and not those who can live only by favours from the mighty of this world, and who can be bought for two dimes."

"Whom are you aiming at? I agree with you," said Stepán Arkádevich, sincerely and merrily, though he felt that Levín had him, too, in mind when he spoke of those who could be bought for two dimes. Levín's animation gave him real pleasure. "Whom are you aiming at? Much of what you say about Vrónski is not true, but I am not speaking of that. I tell you frankly, in your place I would go to Moscow now with me, and —"

"I do not know whether you know, or not, but it is all

the same to me. I will tell you, — I proposed and received a refusal, and Kitty Aleksándrovna is now an oppressive and shameful memory to me.”

“Why? Nonsense!”

“Let us not speak of it. Forgive me, if you please, if I have been rude to you,” said Levín. Now that he had unburdened his heart, he was again the same that he had been in the morning. “Stíva, please don’t be angry,” he said, and, smiling, took his hand.

“Not in the least. There is no reason why I should be. I am glad to have had an explanation. Do you know, shooting is generally good in the morning. Had we not better go? I would not be sleeping anyway, and from the shooting I can go directly to the station.”

“Very well.”

## XVIII.

ALTHOUGH Vrónski's whole inner life was taken up by his passion, his external life rolled on, unchangeably and irrepressibly, over the old, habitual rails of worldly and regimental interests. The interests of the regiment took up an important place in Vrónski's life, because he loved the regiment and, still more, because he was loved in the regiment. Not only was he loved there, but he was also respected and an object of pride. They were proud of him because he, an immensely wealthy man, with an excellent education and natural gifts, with his road open to every kind of success and ambition, scorned all this, and of all the interests of life had taken those of the regiment and of his comrades nearest to his heart. Vrónski was conscious of the view which his comrades held in regard to him, and he not only was fond of that life, but felt it his duty to maintain the view which had once been established in regard to him.

Naturally he did not speak to any of his comrades about his love, did not betray himself during the wildest potations (however, he never was so drunk as to lose control of himself), and closed the mouths of those frivolous comrades who attempted to refer to his liaison. But, in spite of it all, his love was known in the whole city: all guessed more or less correctly about his relations with Anna Karénin; the majority of the young men envied him, — which to him was the most oppressive part of his love, — Karénin's high position and, therefore, the prominence of this liaison in society.

The majority of the young women, who envied Anna, and who had long ago become tired of hearing her called "upright," were glad of what they suspected, and were only waiting for confirmation of the changed public opinion, which was to come down upon her with all the weight of its contempt. They were preparing those lumps of mud which they were going to throw at her when the time came. The majority of the older people and of men high in office were dissatisfied with this coming public scandal.

Vrónski's mother, upon hearing of this liaison, was at first satisfied, both because nothing, according to her opinion, so much gave the last touch to a brilliant young man as a liaison in the higher circles of society, and because Anna Karénin, to whom she had taken such a liking, and who had talked so much about her son, was after all just what all beautiful and decent women were according to her thinking. But she had lately learned that her son had declined a post offered to him, which would have been important for his career, only that he might remain in the regiment and be able to see Anna, and she had also learned that prominent personages were dissatisfied with him for it, and so she changed her opinion. She was also dissatisfied with him because, from everything she had heard about this liaison, it was not that brilliant, graceful, worldly liaison of which she would have approved, but of the Werther kind, — a desperate passion, as she was told, which might lead him to commit rash acts. She had not seen him since his sudden departure from Moscow, and sent word through her eldest son that he should come to see her.

The elder brother, too, was not satisfied with him. He did not consider what kind of a love it was, whether great or small, passionate or impassionate, wicked or not (he himself, a father of a family, kept a dancing-girl, and so was lenient in such things), but he knew that it was a

love which did not please those whom it ought to please, and so he did not approve of his brother's conduct.

In addition to his occupations connected with his service and with society, Vrónski had still another occupation, — horses, of which he was passionately fond.

During that year the officers were to have hurdle-races. Vrónski entered the list, bought himself an English thoroughbred mare, and, in spite of his love, was passionately, though with reserve, carried away by the coming event.

The two passions did not interfere with each other. On the contrary, he needed an occupation and distraction, independent of his love, in which he refreshed and rested himself from the impressions which agitated him too much.

## XIX.

ON the day of the Krasnosélsk races, Vrónski came earlier than usual to eat a beefsteak in the common mess-room of the officers. He did not need to keep very strict diet because his weight was exactly equal to the required 180 Russian pounds; but he had to keep from adding fat, and so he avoided pastry and sweetmeats. He was sitting with his coat unbuttoned over his white vest, leaning both his arms on the table and, while he waited for the beefsteak, looking into a French novel which was lying on his plate. He was looking into the book merely to avoid getting into a conversation with the officers who came in and went out, and was thinking.

He was thinking of the rendezvous which Anna had appointed after the races. He had not seen her for three days and, on account of her husband's return from abroad, did not know whether he could see her on that day, nor did he know how to find out. The last time he had seen her at the summer residence of his cousin Betsy. The summer home of the Karénins he frequented as little as possible. He wanted to go there now, and was reflecting on the question of how to do it.

"Of course, I will say that Betsy has sent me to find out whether she would be at the races. Of course I will go there," he decided, raising his head from the book. And, as he vividly presented to himself the happiness of seeing her, his face became serene.

"Send some one to my house and tell them there to hitch my tróyka at once," he said to the servant who

brought him a beefsteak on a hot platter. Moving up the dish, he began to eat.

In the adjoining billiard-room could be heard the striking of the balls, sounds of conversation, and laughter. Through the entrance door appeared two officers: one, a young man, with a weak, thin face, who had but lately entered the regiment from the Corps of Cadets; another, a puffy old officer with a bracelet on his wrist and swollen eyes.

Vrónski glanced at them and knit his brow and, as though he did not see them, looked sidewise at the book and continued to eat and read at the same time.

"Well, are you strengthening yourself for work?" asked the puffy officer, sitting down near him.

"As you see," replied Vrónski, frowning and wiping his mouth, without looking at him.

"Are you not afraid that you will put on flesh?" the officer said, turning around a chair for the young man.

"What?" Vrónski said, angrily, making a face of disgust and showing his serried rows of teeth.

"Are you not afraid that you will put on flesh?"

"Oh, there, sherry!" said Vrónski, without answering, and, putting the book on the other side, he continued to read.

The puffy officer took the wine-card and turned to the young officer.

"Select what we are going to drink," he said, giving him the card, and looking at him.

"Please, some Rhenish wine," said the young man, timidly looking askance at Vrónski and trying to catch his sprouting little moustache with his fingers. Seeing that Vrónski did not turn around, the young officer got up.

"Let us go to the billiard-room!" he said.

The puffy officer rose submissively, and they directed their steps toward the door.



Just then tall and stately Captain Yáshvin entered the room. Disdainfully nodding to the two officers, he went up to Vrónski.

"Ah, there he is!" he exclaimed, giving him a strong blow with his large hand on his shoulder-strap. Vrónski looked back angrily, but immediately his face beamed with its characteristic calm and firm kindness.

"That's clever, Alésha," said the captain, in a loud baritone. "Eat now, and then you will drink a little wine-glass full."

"I do not want to eat."

"There are the inseparable ones," added Yáshvin, looking sarcastically at the two officers, who had just left the room. And he sat down near Vrónski, bending at a sharp angle his shin and thigh, which were too long for the height of the chair, and which were clad in tightly fitting riding-breeches. "Why did you not come last night to the Krásnenski Theatre? Numérova was not at all bad. Where were you?"

"I stayed a little too long at the Tverskóys," said Vrónski.

"Ah!" retorted Yáshvin.

Yáshvin, a gambler, carouser, and not only a man without principles, but even an immoral man, — Yáshvin was Vrónski's best friend in the regiment. Vrónski loved him, both for his extraordinary physical strength, which he generally displayed in being able to drink like a fish, and to go nights without sleeping and yet show no change, and for his great moral strength, which he displayed in relation to his superiors and comrades, calling forth terror and respect toward himself, and in his games, where he handled tens of thousands, and which, despite the wine consumed, he played so cleverly and so firmly that he was regarded as the first card-player in the English Club. Vrónski respected and loved him, more especially because he felt that Yáshvin loved him not for his name and

wealth, but for his own sake. And of all people, Vrónski wanted to speak only to him of his love. He felt that Yáshvin was the only one who, though he seemed to despise all sentiment, could understand that strong passion which now filled his whole life. Besides, he was convinced that Yáshvin certainly found no enjoyment in gossip and scandals, but that he understood that feeling as was proper, that is, that he knew and believed that this love was not a joke, a pastime, but something more serious and important.

Vrónski did not speak to him about his love, but he knew that he knew everything and that he understood it as was proper, and it gave him pleasure to see that in his friend's eyes.

"Oh, yes!" said Yáshvin, in response to Vrónski's statement that he had been at the Tverskóys', and, with a gleam of his black eyes, he took hold of his left moustache and, from force of a bad habit, began to turn it into his mouth.

"Well, and you, what were you doing last night? Did you win anything?" asked Vrónski.

"Eight thousand. But three of them are bad, — he will hardly pay them."

"In that case you may lose your bet on me," Vrónski said, laughing. (Yáshvin was betting heavily on Vrónski.)

"I sha'n't lose under any consideration. Makhótin is the only danger."

And the conversation turned on the outlook of the coming races, of which alone Vrónski could now think.

"Come, — I have finished," said Vrónski, rising, and walking toward the door.

Yáshvin, too, rose, stretching his enormous legs and long back.

"It is too early yet for my dinner, but I must take a drink. I will be back in a minute. Oh, there, wine!"

he shouted in his hollow tone, famous in commanding, which made the window-panes rattle. "No, I don't want it," he immediately shouted again. "You are going home, so I will go with you."

And he went out with Vrónski.

## XX.

VRÓNSKI was living in a spacious, clean Finnish hut, which was partitioned into two rooms. Petrítski was living with him in the camp, too. Petrítski was asleep when Vrónski entered the room with Yáshvin.

"Get up! You have slept enough," said Yáshvin, walking behind the partition, and jerking by the shoulder the tousled Petrítski, who had stuck his nose into the pillow.

Petrítski suddenly got up on his knees and looked around him.

"Your brother was here," he said to Vrónski. "He woke me up, — the devil take him, — and said that he would come again." And pulling the coverlet over him, he again threw himself on the pillow. "Let me alone, Yáshvin," he said, angrily, to Yáshvin, who was pulling off his coverlet. "Stop!" He turned around and opened his eyes. "You had better tell me what to drink: there is something so nasty in my mouth that —"

"Vódka is better than anything," Yáshvin said, in a bass voice. "Tereshchéenko! Bring your master some vódka and cucumbers," he shouted, evidently fond of hearing his own voice.

"You think vódka will do it? Eh?" asked Petrítski, frowning, and rubbing his eyes. "And will you drink? Let us drink together! Vrónski, will you?" said Petrítski, rising, and wrapping himself under his arms in the striped blanket.

He went through the partition door, raising his hands and singing, in French, "There was a king in Thule."

"Vrónski, will you drink?"

"Get away," said Vrónski, who was putting on a coat handed him by his lackey.

"Where are you going?" Yáshvin asked him. "Here is the tróyka," he added, as he saw the approaching vehicle.

"To the stable, and then I have to go to Bryánski, to see about the horses," said Vrónski.

Vrónski had, indeed, promised to be at Bryánski's, which was about ten versts from Peterhof, and to bring him the money for the horses; and he wanted to be there in time. But his comrades immediately understood that that was not the only place he was driving to.

Petrítski, continuing to sing, winked with one eye and puffed up his lips, as much as to say: "We know what kind of a Bryánski you mean."

"Only don't be too late!" was all Yáshvin said, and, to change the subject, he added: "How is my sorrel doing? Drawing well?" he asked, looking out of the window at the centre horse, which he had sold.

"Wait!" Petrítski shouted to Vrónski, who was already going out. "Your brother has left you a letter and a note. Wait, where are they?"

Vrónski stopped.

"Well, where are they?"

"Where are they? That is the question," Petrítski spoke solemnly, pointing his forefinger upwards from his nose.

"Tell me, for this is stupid," Vrónski said, smiling.

"I have made no fire. It must be here somewhere."

"Stop your fooling! Where is the letter?"

"Really, I have forgotten. Or did I see it in a dream? Wait, wait! What is the use of getting angry? If you had drunk yesterday, as I did, four bottles apiece, you

would not know now where you are lying. Wait! I will recall it in a minute!"

Petrítski went back of the partition and lay down on his bed.

"Wait! I was lying like this, and he was standing like this. Yes, yes, yes, yes — Here it is!" And Petrítski pulled the letter out from underneath the mattress, whither he had put it away.

Vrónski took the letter and his brother's note. It was precisely what he had expected, — a rebuke from his mother for not having come, and a note from his brother saying that he wanted to have a talk with him. Vrónski knew that it was all about the same matter. "What have they to do with it?" thought Vrónski. Crumpling the letter and the note, he stuck them between the buttons of his coat, in order to read them more attentively on his way. In the vestibule of the hut he met two officers: one from his own regiment, and the other from a different regiment.

Vrónski's quarters were always the retreat of all the officers.

"Which way?"

"To Peterhof, on business."

"Has the horse come from Tsárskoe?"

"Yes, but I have not yet seen it."

"They say Makhótin's Gladiator is limping."

"Nonsense! Only how will you race in this mud?" said the other.

"Here are my saviours!" cried Petrítski, upon seeing the newcomers, while before him stood the servant with the vodka and pickled cucumber on a tray. "Yáshvin tells me to drink this, in order to brace me up."

"Well, you gave it to us last night!" said one of the newcomers. "You did not let us sleep all night long."

"Really, how charmingly we ended up!" Petrítski began to tell the story. "Volkóv climbed on the roof and

said that he felt sad. Says I: 'Let us have music, — a funeral march!' He fell asleep on the roof to the sounds of the funeral march."

"Drink, drink some vódka by all means, and then seltzer, and a lot of lemons," said Yáshvin, standing in front of Petrítski, like a mother compelling her child to swallow his medicine, "and then a little bit of champagne, — say a little bottle."

"This is clever. Wait, Vrónski, we will drink together!"

"No, good-bye, gentlemen! I do not drink to-day."

"Well, will you put on flesh? If so, we will drink without you. Let us have seltzer and a lemon!"

"Vrónski!" shouted some one, when he was already in the vestibule.

"What?"

"You had better get your hair cut, for it is too heavy, particularly on the bald spot."

Vrónski was indeed getting prematurely bald. He gave a merry laugh, showing his rows of sound teeth, and, pushing his cap over his bald spot, he went out and seated himself in the vehicle.

"To the stable!" he said. He took out his letters, in order to read them, but changed his mind, so as not to distract his attention before the examination of the horse. "Later!" —

## XXI.

THE temporary stable, a plank booth, had been built close to the hippodrome, and thither his horse was to have been brought on the day before. He had not yet seen her. During the last days he had not taken the horse out himself, but had turned her over to the trainer, and now he was in complete ignorance in what condition she had arrived and was now. He had barely got out of his carriage, when his groom, the so-called boy, having recognized his vehicle from a distance, called out the trainer. The dry Englishman in tall boots and short jacket, with only a tuft of hair left under his chin, walking with the awkward gait of jockeys, spreading his elbows, and swaying his body, came out to meet him.

“How is Frou-Frou?” he asked in English.

“All right, sir,” the Englishman said, somewhere within his throat. “You had better not go there,” he said, raising his cap. “I have put a muzzle on her, and she is excited. You had better not go to the horse,—it makes her nervous.”

“I will go in. I want to take a look.”

“Let us go!” the Englishman said, still keeping his mouth closed. Knitting his brow and swaying his elbows, he walked ahead with his loose gait.

They entered a little courtyard in front of the booth. An attendant, in a clean blouse, a spruce, dashing young boy, with a broom in his hand, met the persons entering and followed them. In the booth there were five horses in the stalls, and Vrónski knew that thither must have been



brought on that day his main rival, Makhótin's chestnut Gladiator, which was five vershóks<sup>1</sup> high. Vrónski was even more anxious to see Gladiator, whom he had not seen; but he knew that the etiquette of horse-racing demanded that he should not see him, and that it was even improper to ask about that horse. Just as he was walking through the corridor, the boy opened a door leading to the second stall on the left, and Vrónski saw a large chestnut horse with white feet. He knew that this was Gladiator, but, with the feeling of a man who turns away from a stranger's opened letter, he turned his head away and walked over to Frou-Frou's stall.

"Here is the horse that belongs to Ma-k — Mak — I can never pronounce that name," said the Englishman, over his shoulder, pointing his finger with its dirty nail at Gladiator's stall.

"Makhótin? Yes, that is my one serious rival," said Vrónski.

"If you rode him," said the Englishman, "I would bet on you."

"Frou-Frou is more nervous, while he is stronger," said Vrónski, smiling at the praise conferred on his riding.

"In hurdle races everything is in the riding and the pluck," said the Englishman.

Vrónski was not conscious of sufficient pluck, that is, energy and daring, but, what was more important still, he was firmly convinced that no one in the world could have more pluck than he had.

"You no doubt know that there was no need of a big sweating?"

"There was no need," replied the Englishman. "Please do not speak loud! The horse is nervous," he added, nodding his head toward the closed stall, before which they were standing, and where could be heard the pattering of the horse's feet on the straw.

<sup>1</sup>A vershók = 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches.

He opened the door, and Vrónski stepped into the stall, which was dimly lighted up by one small window. Here stood a dun-coloured horse with a muzzle, restlessly changing the position of her feet on the straw. Having become accustomed to the semiobscurity of the stall, Vrónski once more, with one general glance, involuntarily took in all the parts of his favourite horse. Frou-Frou was of medium size and not without blemishes. She was all narrow-boned; her breast was narrow, though her breastbone protruded prominently. Her buttocks sloped a little too much, and her fore legs, but especially her hind legs, were considerably curved. The muscles of her arms and of her legs were not particularly large; but in her girth she was unusually broad, which was the more striking with her training and her lean belly. The bones of her shanks did not look wider than a finger, when seen from the front, but looked exceedingly broad when seen from the side. Outside of her ribs she looked pinched at the sides and stretched lengthwise. But she possessed in the highest degree one quality which made one forget her defects; this quality was her *blood*, that blood which *tells*, as the English say. The sharply outlined muscles beneath a network of veins, which was stretched out in the thin, movable, velvety smooth skin, seemed to be as firm as bones. Her dry head, with its bulging, sparkling, merry eyes, widened at the nose into prominent nostrils, with blood-filled membrane. In her whole figure, but especially in her head, there was a definite, energetic, and at the same time tender expression. She was one of those animals which, it seems, do not talk merely because the mechanical structure of their mouths does not permit them to do so.

At least, Vrónski thought that she understood everything which he, looking at her, was feeling now.

The moment that Vrónski entered her stall, she inhaled the air deeply and, squinting her bulging eye so that the

white was filled with blood, looked from the opposite corner at the visitors, shaking the muzzle and flexibly changing the position of her feet.

"You see how nervous she is," said the Englishman.

"Oh, darling, oh!" said Vrónski, going up to the horse, and quieting her.

But the nearer he approached her, the more agitated she was. Only when he walked over to her head, she suddenly quieted down, and her muscles shook under her thin, tender skin. Vrónski patted her firm neck, threw back a strand of the mane, which had strayed across the withers, and moved his face up to her expanding nostrils, which were as thin as the wing of a bat. She loudly inhaled and exhaled the air through her strained nostrils, shudderingly dropped her sharp ear, and pointed her strong black lip toward Vrónski, as though wishing to catch his sleeve. But recalling about her muzzle, she shook it and once more began to change the position of her well-turned feet.

"Calm yourself, darling, calm yourself!" he said, patting her over her buttock. He left the stall with the joyous consciousness that the horse was in the best of condition.

The agitation of the horse was also communicated to Vrónski; he felt that the blood was rushing to his heart, and that, like the horse, he wanted to move and bite; he was filled with both terror and joy.

"Well, I rely upon you," he said to the Englishman, "to be on the spot at half-past six."

"All right," said the Englishman. "And whither are you going now, milord?" he suddenly asked, employing the word, "milord," which he had never used before.

Vrónski raised his head in surprise, and looked, as he could look, not into the eyes, but at the forehead of the Englishman. But, upon seeing that the Englishman, in

putting this question, was looking at him not as at his master, but as at a jockey, he replied to him :

“I have to see Bryánski. I shall be back in an hour.”

“How many times to-day will they ask that of me?” he said to himself, blushing, which did not happen frequently with him. The Englishman looked fixedly at him. And, as though knowing whither Vrónski was going, he added :

“The first thing is to be calm before the riding. Don't get out of sorts, and do not allow yourself to be irritated !”

“All right,” Vrónski said, smiling. Leaping into his carriage, he ordered the coachman to drive him to Peterhof.

He had travelled but a few steps when a cloud, which had been threatening rain ever since morning, overcast the sky, and the rain came down in torrents.

“Too bad !” thought Vrónski, raising the top of the carriage. “It was muddy enough before, but now it will be simply a swamp.” Sitting in the solitude of his covered carriage, he took out his mother's letter and his brother's note, and read them.

Yes, it was still the same. All of them, his mother, his brother, all found it necessary to interfere with the affair of his heart. This interference roused him to resentment, — a feeling which he rarely experienced. “What business is it of theirs? Why does every one regard it as his duty to be concerned about me? And why do they annoy me? Because they see that it is something which they cannot understand. If it were a common, base, worldly liaison, they would leave me alone. They feel that it is something different, that it is not mere play, and that that woman is dearer to me than life. And this is incomprehensible and, therefore, vexatious to them. Whatever our fate may be or shall be in the

future, we have made it, and we do not complain," he said, in the word "we" connecting himself with Anna. "No, they must tell us how to live. They have no conception of what happiness is; they do not know that without that love there is no happiness, nor unhappiness for us, — simply no life," he thought.

He was angry with all for this interference, for the very reason that he felt in his soul that they, those all, were right. He felt that the love which united him with Anna was not a momentary infatuation, which would pass, as pass worldly liaisons, without leaving any other traces in the lives of either than pleasant or unpleasant reminiscences. He was conscious of the painfulness of his position and of hers, the whole difficulty, considering their prominence in the eye of society, of concealing their love, of lying and deceiving, — of lying, deceiving, outwitting, and eternally thinking of others, whereas the passion which united them was so strong that they both forgot everything else but their love.

He thought vividly of those frequent occasions when lies and deceptions, which were so contrary to his nature, had been necessary; he recalled most vividly that feeling of shame on account of this necessity of lying and deceiving, which he had more than once observed in her. And he experienced a strange feeling, such as now and then had assailed him since his liaison with Anna. It was the feeling of loathing for something, — whether for Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, or for himself, or for the whole world, he did not know for certain. But he always dispelled that strange feeling. And now he shook himself, and continued the march of his ideas.

"Yes, she was unhappy before, but proud and calm; now she cannot be calm and dignified, though she does not show it. Yes, I must put an end to it," he decided.

And now for the first time occurred to him the clear

idea that it was necessary to stop this lie, and the quicker, the better. "She and I must give everything up, and we must hide ourselves somewhere alone with our love," he said to himself.

## XXII.

THE downpour did not last long, and as Vrónski drove on at the full speed of the centre horse, which drew along the side horses that were galloping through the mud without the reins, the sun again made its appearance, and the roofs of the summer residences and the old lindens of the gardens on both sides of the main street sparkled in their wet splendour, and the water merrily dropped from the branches and came down in streams from the roofs. He was no longer thinking of how this downpour must have ruined the hippodrome, but was glad that, thanks to this rain, he, no doubt, would find her at home, and alone, for he knew that Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, who had lately returned from the watering-place, had not yet come down from St. Petersburg.

Hoping to find her alone, Vrónski, to attract as little attention as possible, got out of his carriage, as he always did, before reaching a small bridge, and proceeded on foot. He did not ascend the porch from the street, but entered the courtyard.

“Has the master come?” he asked the gardener.

“No, sir. The lady is at home. You had better enter by the porch: there are people there, and they will open the door for you,” replied the gardener.

“No, I will enter from here.”

And, being convinced that she was alone, and wishing to take her by surprise, for he had not promised to be there on that day, and she, no doubt, did not expect him to come before the races, he walked on, holding his sword

and cautiously stepping over the sand of the path, which was lined by flowers, toward the terrace that fronted the garden. Vrónski had now forgotten everything he had thought on his way about the burden and difficulty of his situation. He was thinking only of seeing her soon, not merely in imagination, but alive, just as she was in reality. He was already entering, stepping flatly, in order not to make any noise on the declivitous steps of the terrace, when he suddenly recalled, what he always forgot, and what formed the most painful side of his relations with her, — her son, with his inquisitive, disgusting glance, as he thought.

This boy had more frequently than any one else been an obstacle to their relations. When he was present, neither Vrónski nor Anna dared to mention anything that could not have been repeated before everybody ; they even did not allow themselves to hint at anything that the boy could not understand. They had had no agreement about it : it had established itself of its own accord. They would have considered it an insult to themselves to deceive that child. In his presence they conversed like acquaintances. But, in spite of this caution, Vrónski had frequently observed the boy's fixed, dismayed glance directed upon him, and his strange timidity and unevenness, which now found expression in caresses, and now in coldness and bashfulness toward him. The child seemed to feel that between that man and his mother there existed some important relation, the significance of which he could not grasp.

Indeed, the boy felt that he could not understand that relation, and he tried hard and in vain to make clear to himself what feeling he ought to have toward that man. With a child's sensitiveness to the manifestation of feelings, he saw clearly that his father, his governess, his nurse, — all did not love Vrónski, and even looked at him with contempt and fear, though they did not speak



about him, and that his mother regarded him as her best friend.

“What does it mean? Who is he? How must I love him? If I do not understand, I am to blame, or I am a stupid or bad boy,” thought the boy; and it was this that caused his scrutinizing, inquisitive, partly hostile expression, and that timidity and unevenness which so oppressed Vrónski. The presence of that boy always and invariably evoked in Vrónski that strange feeling of causeless loathing, which he had experienced of late. The presence of the boy called forth in Vrónski and in Anna a feeling which was akin to that experienced by a navigator, who sees by the compass that the direction in which he is rapidly moving diverges greatly from the one he ought to take, but that it is not in his power to arrest the motion; that every minute removes him more and more from his course, and that to acknowledge the divergence from the right course is the same as acknowledging his ruin.

This child with his naïve view of life was the compass which indicated to them the deflection from what they knew, but did not wish to know.

This time Serézha was not at home, and she was all alone, sitting on the terrace, and waiting for the return of her son, who had gone out for a walk and had been overtaken by the rain. She had sent out a man and a girl to find him, and was sitting there and waiting for him. She was dressed in a white robe with broad embroidery, and was sitting in the corner of the terrace behind some flowers and did not hear his approach. Inclining her black, curly head, she pressed her brow against a cold watering-can which was standing on the balustrade, and was holding it with both her beautiful hands, the rings of which he knew so well. The beauty of her whole figure, head, neck, arms, every time struck Vrónski as something unexpected. He stopped, looking at her in delight. But the moment he wanted to take a step in order to approach her, she felt his

presence, pushed aside the watering-can, and turned toward him her heated face.

"What is the matter with you? Are you ill?" he said in French, walking up to her. He wanted to run up to her; but, thinking that there might be strangers near by, he looked at the door of the balcony and blushed, as he blushed every time, at the thought of being obliged to be afraid and look around.

"No, I am well," she said, rising, and giving a firm pressure to his offered hand. "I did not expect — you."

"O Lord! What cold hands!" he said.

"You frightened me," she said. "I was waiting for Serézha: he went out for a walk; they will come from this direction."

But, although she tried to be calm, her lips trembled.

"Forgive me for having come, but I could not go through the day without seeing you," he continued, in French, in which language he always spoke to her, thus avoiding the impossible, cold "you" between them, and the dangerous "thou" of the Russian.

"Forgive you for what? I am so glad!"

"But you are not well, or you are grieved," he continued, without letting her hand out of his, and bending down over her. "What were you thinking about?"

"Always about the same!" she said, with a smile.

She told the truth. At whatever moment she might have been asked what she was thinking about, she could have replied without making a mistake: "About the same thing, — about my happiness, and about my unhappiness." Just at the moment when he came to her she was thinking of this: she was wondering why for others, for Betsy, for example (she knew of her secret liaison with Tushkévich), everything was so easy, while for her it was so painful. On that day this thought tormented her for certain special reasons. She asked him about the races. He answered her, and, seeing that she was agitated, and



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"Always about the same!"  
Viewed from the West

pressed pointed hand the watering-man, and turned toward her and toward Leon.

"What is the matter with you? Are you ill?" he said as he stood, walking up to her. He wanted to run up to her; but, thinking that there might be strangers near by, he looked at the door of the balcony and flushed, as he flushed every one of the thoughts of being obliged to be strong and look ahead.

"No, I am well," she said, rising and giving a firm pressure to his offered hand. "I did not expect — you."

"O Lord! What cold hands!" he said.

"You frightened me," she said. "I was waiting for somebody. Do send out for a walk; they will come from the theatre."

She, however, no longer remembered her own situation.

Thinking that she would have had to go and go through the very same thing, and, as happened, in the end to reach a certain conclusion, she had, in her thoughts, already said to herself, "I am not going to be frightened by this," and she had, in fact, not been frightened.

"I am not frightened," she said to herself.

"But what is the matter with you? Are you ill?" she said, as she stood, walking up to her; but, thinking that there might be strangers near by, she looked at the door of the balcony and flushed, as he flushed every one of the thoughts of being obliged to be strong and look ahead.

"No, I am well," she said, rising and giving a firm

pressure to his offered hand. "I did not expect — you." "O Lord! What cold hands!" he said. "You frightened me," she said. "I was waiting for somebody. Do send out for a walk; they will come from the theatre." She, however, no longer remembered her own situation. Thinking that she would have had to go and go through the very same thing, and, as happened, in the end to reach a certain conclusion, she had, in her thoughts, already said to herself, "I am not going to be frightened by this," and she had, in fact, not been frightened. "But what is the matter with you? Are you ill?" she said, as she stood, walking up to her; but, thinking that there might be strangers near by, she looked at the door of the balcony and flushed, as he flushed every one of the thoughts of being obliged to be strong and look ahead.

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“Always about the same!”

*Photogravure from Drawing by Louis Meynell*



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wishing to divert her, he began to tell her in the simplest tone about the details of the preparations for the races.

"Shall I tell him, or not?" she thought, looking at his calm, caressing eyes. "He is so happy, so busy with his races, that he will not understand it as he ought to,— he will not understand the whole significance of this event for us."

"But you have not told me what you were thinking about when I entered," he said, interrupting his narrative. "Do tell me."

She made no reply and, inclining her head a little, looked stealthily and questioningly at him with her eyes sparkling behind the long lashes. Her hand, which was playing with a plucked leaf, was trembling. He saw this, and his face expressed that submissiveness, that slavish devotion, which so bribed her.

"I see that something has happened. How can I be calm for a moment, when I know that you have some sorrow which I do not share? Tell it to me, for the Lord's sake!" he repeated, imploringly.

"Yes, I will not forgive him if he does not understand the whole meaning of this. It would be better not to tell him than to put him to the test," she thought, still looking at him, and feeling that her hand with the leaf was trembling more and more.

"For God's sake!" he repeated, taking her hand.

"Shall I tell?"

"Yes, yes, yes —"

"I am pregnant," she said, softly and slowly.

The leaf in her hand trembled more violently still, but she did not turn her eyes away from him, so that she might see how he would receive it. He grew pale, wanted to say something, but stopped, dropped her hand, and lowered his head. "Yes, he has grasped the whole meaning of this event," she thought, and gratefully pressed his hand.

But she was mistaken in her assumption that he understood the meaning of the news as she, a woman, understood it. Upon receiving this information he experienced with tenfold strength the attack of that strange feeling of loathing toward some one, which had been assailing him; at the same time he understood that the crisis he had wished for had finally arrived, that it was impossible to keep it much longer from her husband, and that it was necessary in one way or another as soon as possible to put a stop to that unnatural situation. And, besides, her agitation was communicated to him in a physical way. He looked at her with a submissive, tender glance, kissed her hand, got up, and silently walked up and down on the terrace.

"Yes," he said, with determination, as he walked over to her, "neither you nor I have looked upon our relations as play, and now our fate is decided. It is necessary to put an end," he said, looking around, "to the lie in which we are living."

"To put an end? How shall we put an end to it, Aleksyéy?" she said, softly.

She was composed now, and her face was beaming with a tender smile.

"To leave your husband and unite our lives."

"They are united as it is," she said, in a barely audible voice.

"Yes, but entirely, entirely!"

"But how, Aleksyéy? Instruct me how?" she said, with a sad smile at the hopelessness of her situation. "Is there a way out of this situation? Am I not the wife of my husband?"

"There is a way out of any difficulty. You must make up your mind," he said. "It will, in any case, be better than the situation in which you are living. I see how you are worrying on account of everything, on account of society, and of your son, and of your husband."



"Oh, only not on account of my husband," she said, with a simple smile. "I do not know, I do not think of him. He does not exist."

"You do not speak sincerely. I know you. You are worried on his account, too."

"He does not even know," she said, and suddenly a deep red appeared on her face: her cheeks, forehead, and neck were flushed, and tears of shame appeared in her eyes. "Let us not speak of it!"

### XXIII.

VRÓNSKI had several times tried, though not as firmly as this time, to lead her up to the discussion of her situation, and had every time run up against that superficiality and levity of judgment with which she even now responded to his challenge. It looked as though there was in this matter something which she could not, or would not, make clear to herself, as though every time when he began to speak of it, she, the real Anna, retreated into herself, and another, different woman, a stranger to him, whom he did not love and was afraid of, and who resisted him, came out in her stead. But he determined to tell her everything on that day.

"Whether he knows, or not," Vrónski said, in his habitual firm voice, "whether he knows, or not, does not concern us. We cannot — we cannot remain in the position in which we are, especially now."

"What, in your opinion, must be done?" she asked, with the same light sarcasm. She, who had been afraid that he might look lightly at her pregnancy, now was annoyed because he concluded from this that it was necessary to do something.

"You must tell him everything and leave him."

"Very well. Suppose I do it," she said. "Do you know what will come of it? I will tell you in advance," and an evil light burned up in her eyes, which but a minute ago had been so tender. "'Ah, you love another and have entered into criminal relations with him?'" (She imitated her husband and emphasized the word "criminal")

just as he would do it.) “‘I have warned you of the consequences in their religious, civil, and domestic relations. You have paid no attention to me. Now I cannot have my name disgraced — ’” (“and my son,” she wanted to add, but she could not speak lightly of her son) “‘my name disgraced,’ and something of that kind,” she added. “He will certainly say, in his presentative manner, with precision and distinctness, that he cannot free me, but that he will take the proper measures in order to stop the scandal. And he will calmly and precisely do what he says. That is what will happen. He is not a man, but a machine, and a bad machine at that when he gets angry,” she added, recalling Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich with all the details of his figure and his manner of speech, and making him guilty of everything bad she could find in him, and forgiving him nothing for that terrible sin of which she was guilty toward him.

“But, Anna,” said Vrónski, in a persuasive, soft voice, trying to calm her, “it is nevertheless necessary to tell him, and then to be guided by what he will do.”

“Well, shall we run away?”

“Why not? I see no possibility of continuing this. And not for my own sake, — I see that you are suffering.”

“Yes, to run away, and I to become your paramour,” she said, resentfully.

“Anna,” he said, tenderly, but reproachfully.

“Yes,” she continued, “to become your paramour and ruin everything — ”

She had again intended to say “my son,” but could not pronounce that word.

Vrónski could not understand how she, with her strong, honest nature, could bear that situation of deceit without wishing to get out of it; but he did not divine that the chief cause was that word “son,” which she could not pronounce. When she thought of her son and

his future relations to the mother, who had abandoned her husband, she felt so terribly at what she had done that she did not stop to reflect, but, like a woman, tried to ease her conscience with deceptive thoughts and words, so that everything might be left as of old and that she might be able to forget the terrible question of what would become of her son.

"I beg you, I implore you," she suddenly said, in an entirely different, a sincere and tender voice, taking his hand, "never speak with me about this!"

"But, Anna —"

"Never. Leave it to me! I know all the baseness, all the terror of my situation; but it is not so easy to decide as you think. Leave it to me, and obey me! Never speak of it to me! Do you promise?— Yes, yes, you must promise me!"

"I promise everything, but I cannot be calm, especially after what you have told me. I cannot be calm when you are not —"

"I?" she repeated. "Yes, I am tormented at times; but that will pass, if you will never speak to me of it. Only when you mention it to me, I am tormented."

"I do not understand," he said.

"I know," she interrupted him, "how hard it is for your honest nature to lie, and I am sorry for you. I often think that you have ruined your life for my sake."

"I have been just thinking myself," he said, "that you have sacrificed everything for me! I cannot forgive myself your unhappiness."

"I unhappy?" she said, moving up toward him, and looking at him with an ecstatic smile of love. "I am like a hungry person who has been given to eat. Maybe he is cold, and his garment is torn, and he is ashamed, but he is not unhappy. I unhappy? No, here is my happiness —"

She heard the voice of her approaching son and, cast-

ing a rapid glance at the terrace, she got up with a start. Her eyes were kindled with the fire he knew so well; with a rapid motion she raised her beautiful, ring-be-decked hands, took his head, gazed at him with a long glance, and, bending her face toward him, with her open, smiling lips rapidly kissed him on his mouth and both eyes, and pushed him aside. She wanted to go away, but he held her back.

“When?” he muttered, looking ecstatically at her.

“To-night, at one o’clock,” she whispered. Drawing a laboured sigh, she went with her light, rapid steps to meet her son.

Serézha was caught in the rain in the large garden, and he and his nurse had remained all the time in an arbour.

“Well, good-bye,” she said to Vrónski. “Now I must go soon to the races. Betsy has promised to come after me.”

Vrónski looked at his watch and hurried away.

## XXIV.

As Vrónski looked at his watch on the balcony of Karénin's summer residence, he was so upset and occupied with his thoughts that he saw the hands on the dial, but could not make out what time it was. He went out into the avenue and, cautiously walking over the mud, directed his steps toward his carriage. He was so brimful of feeling for Anna that he did not think what time it was and whether he could still go to see Bryánski. As often happens, he now had only the external faculty of memory, which told him only in what succession things decided upon were to be done. He went up to his coachman, who had fallen asleep on the box in the slanting shadow of a dense linden, looked in surprise at the whirling columns of the gnats that were circling about the sweaty horses, and, waking the coachman, leaped into the vehicle and told him to drive him to Bryánski's. Only after he had ridden seven versts, he regained his senses sufficiently to be able to look at his watch, and then he saw that it was half-past five and that he was late.

On that day there were to be a number of events: a race of the Guards, then a race of the officers of two versts, and one of four versts, the one in which he was to race. He had time yet to get there for his race, but if he first went to see Bryánski, he could barely get back in time, and then the whole yard would be full, and that was not good. But he had given Bryánski his word, and so he decided to go on, telling the coachman not to spare the horses.

He arrived at Bryánski's, stayed there five minutes, and had himself driven back. The swift driving calmed him down. Everything oppressive that there was in his relations with Anna, all the indefiniteness which was left after their conversation, — everything had leaped out of his head; he was now thinking with delight and agitation about the race and that, after all, he would get there in time, and now and then the expectation of the rendezvous at night flashed with a bright light through his imagination.

The sensation of the forthcoming race took possession of him more and more, in proportion as he approached the atmosphere of the races, riding past the carriages which were driving to the races from St. Petersburg and from the summer residences.

In his quarters no one was at home: they were all at the races, and his lackey was waiting for him at the gate. While he changed his clothes, the lackey told him that the second event had already begun, that a number of gentlemen had come to ask about him, and that a boy had twice come running from the stable.

Having changed his clothes without any haste (he was never in a hurry and did not lose his self-composure), Vrónski told his coachman to drive him to the booths. At the booths he could see an ocean of carriages, pedestrians, and soldiers surrounding the hippodrome, and the stands swarming with people. Evidently the second race was on, for just as he entered the booth, he heard a bell. Walking over to the stable, he fell in with Makhótin's white-footed chestnut Gladiator, who, caparisoned with an orange housing, trimmed in blue, with seemingly enormous blue-fringed ears, was being led into the hippodrome.

"Where is Cord?" he asked the groom.

"In the stable, saddling."

In the open stall Frou-Frou was already saddled. She was just being brought out.

“Am I late?”

“All right! All right!” said the Englishman. “Don’t get nervous!”

Vrónski once more surveyed the charming, beloved shape of his horse, who was trembling in her whole body, and, tearing himself with difficulty away from this spectacle, he left the booth. He walked up to the stands at the most advantageous time, in order not to attract anybody’s attention. The two-verst race was just ended, and all eyes were directed to the chevalier guard in front, and the body-hussar behind, who were urging on their horses with all their might, and getting close to the stake. From within and without the circle all crowded around the stake, and a group of soldiers and officers of the chevalier guards, shouting loudly, expressed their joy at the expected victory of their officer and comrade. Vrónski entered the middle of the crowd unnoticed, almost at the same time as the bell was rung to announce the end of the race, and a tall, mud-bespattered chevalier guard, who came in first, dropped down in his saddle and gave the reins to his hard-breathing, gray stallion, who looked dark from the sweat.

The stallion, with difficulty planting his feet, slowed down the rapid motion of his huge body, and the officer of the chevalier guards, like a man waking from a profound sleep, looked around and gave a laboured smile. He was surrounded by a crowd of friends and strangers.

Vrónski purposely avoided that select crowd from high life, which was moving with reserve and freedom, and talking in front of the stands. He had learned that Anna and Betsy and his brother’s wife were there, and had not gone near them, so as not to divert his attention. But his acquaintances, whom he met at every step, made him stop, telling him the details of the past events, and asking him why he was late.

Just as the racers were called to the stand to receive



their prizes, and all turned to go there, Vrónski's elder brother, Aleksánder, a colonel with shoulder-knots, of low stature, just as sturdy as Aleksyéy, but handsomer and ruddier, with a red nose and drunken, open face, came up to him.

"Did you get my note?" he said. "You can never be found."

Aleksánder Vrónski, in spite of his life of debauch, which consisted mainly in drinking hard, was a courtier in the fullest sense.

Speaking with his brother about what for him was a very disagreeable piece of business, and knowing that the eyes of many might be directed upon them, he now had a smile on his face, as though he was jesting with his brother about something very unimportant.

"I received it, and I positively cannot understand what you are worrying about," said Aleksyéy.

"What I am worried about is that I was told, but awhile ago, that you were not here, and that on Monday you were seen at Peterhof."

"These are things that fall under the notice of those who are directly interested in them, and the affair about which you are worrying is such as —"

"Yes, but in such a case people don't serve, don't —"

"I ask you not to interfere, that is all."

Aleksyéy Vrónski's frowning face grew dark, and his protruding lower jaw jerked, which rarely happened with him. As he was a man with a very good heart, he was seldom angry, but when he did get angry, and his chin began to tremble, he was dangerous, and Aleksánder Vrónski knew that. Aleksánder Vrónski smiled a gay smile.

"I only wanted to transmit to you mother's letter. Answer her, and don't get nervous before the race. *Bonne chance*," he added, smiling, and going away from him.

But, soon after him, another friendly greeting stopped Vrónski.

“You do not want to know your friends! Good evening, *mon cher!*” said Stepán Arkádevich, who here, among all this splendour of St. Petersburg, shone not less than in Moscow, with his ruddy face and glistening, well-groomed side-whiskers. “I arrived yesterday, and am very glad to be able to see your triumph. When shall we see each other?”

“Come to-morrow to the mess-room,” said Vrónski. Excusing himself, and pressing the sleeve of Stepán Arkádevich’s overcoat, he walked to the middle of the hippodrome, whither they were bringing in the horses for the great hurdle race.

The perspiring, tired horses, which were led out by the grooms, were being taken home, and one after the other there appeared new, fresh horses, for the coming event, — mostly English horses, in hoods, resembling, with their pinched bellies, some strange, huge birds. On the right they brought in the lank beauty Frou-Frou, who stepped on her elastic and fairly long pasterns as on springs. Not far from her they were taking off the housing from spoon-eared Gladiator. The large, superb, very regular shape of the stallion, with magnificent buttocks and unusually short pasterns abutting directly on the hoof, involuntarily attracted Vrónski’s attention. He wanted to go up to his horse, but was again stopped by an acquaintance.

“Ah, there is Karénin!” said to him an acquaintance, with whom he was speaking. “He is looking for his wife, and she is in the middle of the stand. Have you not seen her?”

“No, I have not,” replied Vrónski. Without looking around at the stand where Anna was indicated to him, he went up to his horse.

Vrónski had not had time to examine the saddle, about which he wanted to give certain orders, when the contestants were called up to the stand to take their numbers and start. With serious, stern, and many of them with

pale faces, seventeen officers assembled at the stand and drew their numbers. Vrónski got Number 7. Some one called, "Mount!"

Feeling that he, together with the other contestants, formed the centre toward which all eyes were directed, Vrónski, in a condition of tension, in which he generally became slow and calm in his motions, walked over to his horse. On account of the solemnity of the races Cord had put on his gala costume, a black buttoned coat, a stiffly starched collar, which abutted against his cheeks, a round black hat, and jack-boots. He was as calm and dignified as always, and himself held the two reins of the horse, standing in front of her. Frou-Frou continued to tremble as in an ague. Her eye, full of fire, was looking awry at Vrónski, who was coming up to her. Vrónski stuck his finger under the girth. The horse looked more awry still, showed her teeth, and dropped her ears. The Englishman puckered his lips, wishing to express a smile at having his saddling examined.

"Mount, and you will not be so nervous."

Vrónski for the last time surveyed his rivals. He knew that he should not see them during the race. Two of them were already riding up to the starting-place. Gáltsin, one of Vrónski's dangerous rivals and his friend, were circling around his bay stallion, which did not allow him to mount. A small body-hussar in tight riding-breeches was galloping ahead, arching his back like a cat, from a desire to imitate the English. Prince Kuzóvlev was pale, sitting on his thoroughbred mare of the Grabóvski stud, and an Englishman led her by the bridle. Vrónski and all his comrades knew Kuzóvlev and his peculiarity of "weak" nerves and tremendous egotism. They knew that he was afraid of everything, even of riding a horse of the line; but now, because it was all so terrible, and because people broke their necks, and at every obstacle there stood doctors, and an ambulance with the cross upon it, and the sisters

of mercy, he decided that he would take part in the race. Their eyes met, and Vrónski winked to him kindly and approvingly. There was one, however, whom he did not see, and that was his chief rival, Makhótin, on his Gladiator.

"Don't be in a hurry," Cord said to Vrónski, "and remember this: don't check the horse near the obstacles, and don't send her ahead; just let her do as she pleases."

"All right, all right," said Vrónski, taking the reins.

"If possible, head the race; but don't lose courage to the last minute, even though you may be behind."

Before the horse had a chance to move, Vrónski, with a flexible, strong motion, put his foot into the notched steel stirrup, and lightly and firmly placed his solid body on the saddle with its creaking leather. Finding the stirrup with his right foot, he with a habitual motion straightened out the double reins, and Cord took his hands off. As though uncertain with which foot to step first, Frou-Frou, drawing out the reins with her long neck, moved as if on springs, shaking her rider on her flexible back. Cord quickened his steps and followed him. The excited horse drew out her reins now from one side and now from another, trying to deceive the rider, and Vrónski tried in vain to calm her with his voice and hand.

They were already approaching the dammed river, on the way toward the place from which they were to be started. Many of the contestants were in front and many behind, when Vrónski suddenly heard behind him the sounds of a horse galloping through the mud, and Makhótin rode past him on his white-footed, spoon-eared Gladiator. Makhótin smiled, displaying his long teeth, but Vrónski looked angrily at him. He did not like him in general, but now he regarded him as his most dangerous rival, and he was annoyed at him because he had raced past, exciting his horse. Frou-Frou threw up his left leg

for a gallop, took two leaps, and, angry at the tightly pulled reins, passed to a jogging trot, which jolted the rider. Cord, too, knit his brows, and almost ran at an amble after Vrónski.

## XXV.

THERE were in all seventeen officers who contested in the race. The race was to take place on a large elliptic track of four versts in front of the stand. On this track there were placed nine obstacles: a river; a large, blind barrier, about five feet wide, in front of the stand; a dry ditch; a ditch with water; a slope; an Irish banquette (one of the most difficult of obstructions), consisting of a brush-covered embankment, behind which, invisible for the horse, there was a ditch, so that a horse had to clear both obstacles, or get killed; then two more ditches with water, and one dry ditch, — and the end of the race was opposite the stand. But the race began not at the track, but about seven hundred feet to one side of it, and on that distance was the first obstacle, — the dammed river, three arshíns<sup>1</sup> in width, which the riders could clear or ford at their option.

Two or three times the riders took up their stand in a line, but each time some one horse got out of the line, and they had to line up once more. The expert starter, Colonel Sestrín, was beginning to get angry, when, at last, he called out for the fourth time, "Go," and the riders started.

All eyes, all opera-glasses, were turned to the variegated crowd of riders, while they were lining up.

"They have started! They are racing!" was heard on all sides, after a silence of expectation.

And groups of men and single pedestrians began to run from place to place, in order to see better. In the first

<sup>1</sup> An arshín = 2½ feet.

minute the assembled group of riders spread out, and they were seen approaching the river by twos and threes, and one after another. To the spectators it appeared as though they had started together; but for the riders there were seconds of difference, which had a great significance for them.

Agitated, and exceedingly nervous, Frou-Frou lost her first moment, and several horses got the start of her, but, before reaching the river, Vrónski, keeping as tight a rein as he could on the horse, easily outran three of them, and he was headed only by Makhótin's chestnut Gladiator, and ahead of all by charming Diana, who was carrying Kuzóvlev, more dead than alive.

At first Vrónski did not control himself or the horse. Up to the first obstacle, the river, he could not guide her movements.

Gladiator and Diana came up together and at almost the same moment: up, up, they rose above the river and flew across to the other side; imperceptibly, as though flying, Frou-Frou rose in the air; but, at the same moment that Vrónski felt himself in the air, he suddenly saw, almost under the feet of his horse, Kuzóvlev rolling over with his stallion on the other side (Kuzóvlev dropped the reins after the leap, and the horse went head over heels with him). Vrónski did not learn these details until later; now he only saw that right underfoot, where Frou-Frou had to land, might be Diana's foot or head. But Frou-Frou, like a falling cat, made an effort with her feet and back, while on the leap, and bore on past the horse.

"Oh, darling!" thought Vrónski.

Beyond the river Vrónski got entire control of his horse and began to check her in, expecting to cross the large barrier back of Makhótin and then to attempt to pass him on the following, unimpeded distance of about fourteen hundred feet.

The large barrier was placed before the emperor's booth. The emperor, and the whole court, and masses of the people, all were looking at them, — at him and at Makhótin, who was a horse's length ahead of him, just as they were approaching the devil (thus the blind barrier was called). Vrónski felt that all eyes were on all sides directed upon him, but he did not see anything except the ears and neck of his horse, the earth which was running toward him, and the crupper and white feet of Gladiator, beating time in front of him and remaining at the same distance. Gladiator rose, without striking anything, swished his short tail, and disappeared from Vrónski's eyes.

“Bravo!” exclaimed somebody's voice.

At that same moment the boards of the barrier flashed under his eyes and directly in front of him. Without the least change of motion, the horse bore upwards underneath him; the boards disappeared, and only behind him was heard a thud. Excited by Gladiator who was heading her, the horse rose too early before the barrier and struck her hoof against it. But her speed did not change, and Vrónski, who got a lump of mud into his face, understood that he was again at the same distance from Gladiator. He again saw in front of him his crupper, his short tail, and again the same rapidly moving white feet that did not change their distance.

At the very moment that Vrónski thought that it was necessary to get around Makhótin, Frou-Frou herself, understanding what he was thinking of, without any encouragement, considerably increased her speed and began to approach Makhótin from the most advantageous side, from the rope side. Makhótin did not let her have the rope. Vrónski was just thinking that he might outrun Makhótin on the outer side, when Frou-Frou changed her foot and began to get around him on the other side. Frou-Frou's shoulder, which was getting dark from the perspiration, was on a line with Gladiator's crupper. A few paces



they went side by side. But, before the obstacle, which they were approaching, Vrónski, to avoid making the large circle, began to work the reins, and quickly overtook Makhótin on the slope. He barely caught a glimpse of his face, which was bespattered with mud. It even seemed to him that Makhótin had smiled.

Vrónski outran him, but he felt him immediately behind him and heard all the time behind his back the even gallop and felt the freshness of the puffed breathing of Gladiator's nostrils.

The following two obstacles, the ditch and the barrier, were easily cleared, but Vrónski began to hear nearer and nearer Gladiator's panting and tramping. He sent his horse ahead and felt with delight that she was easily increasing her speed, and the sound of Gladiator's hoofs could be heard again at the former distance.

Vrónski was heading the race,—precisely what he wanted and Cord had advised him to do,—and now he was sure of success. His agitation, joy, and tenderness for Frou-Frou kept increasing. He wanted to look back, but did not dare to do so, and he tried to calm himself and to keep the horse back so as to save her reserve force, equal to what, he felt, was left in Gladiator. One more, the most difficult, obstacle was left; if he could clear it ahead of the others, he would certainly come in first. He was galloping up to the Irish banquette, and for a moment both he and the horse were assailed by doubt. He noticed the indecision in the horse's ears and raised his whip, but he immediately felt that his doubt was unfounded: the horse knew what to do. She increased her speed, and evenly, just as he had expected her to do, flew up, and, pushing herself away from the ground, surrendered herself to the force of inertia, which carried her far beyond the ditch; and she continued her race at the same pace, without any effort, and from the same foot.

“Bravo, Vrónski!” he heard the voices of a group of

men, — he knew they were friends from his regiment, — who were standing near that obstacle ; he could not help recognizing Yáshvin, but he did not see him.

“Oh, my precious one!” he thought of Frou-Frou, listening to what was going on behind. “He has cleared it!” he thought, hearing the tramp of Gladiator’s feet behind him. There was left the last ditch with water, about two arshíns in width. Vrónski did not look at it, but, wishing to come in far ahead, he began to work the reins in a circular form, raising and dropping the horse’s head in even time with her gallop. He felt that the horse was using her last strength ; not only her neck and shoulders were moist, but the perspiration came out in drops on her withers, her head, and her sharp ears, and she breathed in short, quick gasps. But he knew that she had enough reserve force for the remaining two hundred sázhens. Only because he felt himself nearer to the ground, and by the peculiar softness of the motion, Vrónski knew how much she had increased her speed. She flew over the ditch, as though she did not notice it. She flew across it like a bird ; but just then Vrónski, to his terror, felt that he had not fallen in with the motion of the horse, but that, himself not knowing how, he had made a bad, unpardonable movement by sinking down into the saddle. Suddenly his position changed, and he knew that something terrible had happened. He was not yet able to account for it to himself when the white feet of the chestnut stallion flashed by him, and Makhótin passed ahead at a rapid pace. Vrónski touched the ground with one foot, and his horse staggered on that foot of his. He had barely withdrawn his leg, when she fell down on one side, grunting heavily, and making desperate efforts with her thin, perspiring neck, in order to rise, but she floundered at his feet, like a wounded bird. The awkward motion made by Vrónski had broken her back ; but that he understood only much later. What he saw now was that Makhótin was rapidly

moving off, while he stood, staggering, all alone on the muddy, motionless ground, and before him, breathing heavily, lay Frou-Frou and, bending her head toward him, looked at him with her charming eye. Still ignorant of what had happened, Vrónski pulled her reins. She again quivered like a fish, making the wings of the saddle creak and straightening out her fore legs, but, unable to raise her back, she again floundered and fell down on her side. With his face disfigured from passion, pale, and with trembling nether jaw, Vrónski struck her belly with his heel, and began to pull the reins again. But she did not move: she stuck her muzzle into the ground and looked at her master with her speaking glance.

“Ah, ah, ah!” Vrónski grunted, clasping his head. “Ah, ah, ah! What have I done?” he cried. “The race lost! And through my shameful, unpardonable fault. And this unfortunate, dear, ruined horse! Ah, ah, ah! What have I done?”

A crowd of people, a doctor and his assistant, and officers of his regiment ran up to him. To his misfortune he felt that he was whole and unharmed. The horse had broken her back, and it was decided to shoot her. Vrónski was unable to answer questions, — he was unable to speak with any one. He turned around and, without picking up his cap, which had slipped off, he went away from the hippodrome, himself not knowing whither he was going. He felt unhappy. For the first time in his life he experienced a deep misfortune, an irreparable misfortune, of which he himself was the cause.

Yáshvin, with his cap, caught up with him and took him home, and half an hour later Vrónski regained his composure. But the recollection of this race for a long time remained in his soul as the most oppressive and painful recollection of his life.

## XXVI.

THE external relations of Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich with his wife were the same as ever. The only difference was that he was even busier than before. As in former years, with the opening of spring he had gone abroad to a watering-place, to improve his health, which was every year shattered by the intensified winter work. And, as always, he returned in July and immediately went to work at his accustomed task with renewed vigour. As usual, his wife had moved to the summer residence, while he remained in St. Petersburg.

Since that conversation which had taken place after the evening at Princess Tverskóy's, he had never again spoken to Anna about his suspicions and jealousy, and that habitual tone of his, which consisted in representing some one else, was most convenient for his present relations with his wife. He was somewhat colder toward her. He only seemed to have a slight grudge against her for that first nocturnal conversation, which she had declined. In his relations with her there was a shade of annoyance, but nothing more. "You did not want to have an explanation with me," he seemed to say, turning mentally to her, "so much the worse for you. Now you will be asking me, but I will not have any explanations. So much the worse for you," he said, mentally, like a man who, having tried in vain to put down a fire, should get angry at his vain endeavours and should say: "There, take it! Burn if you want to!"

He, that clever and shrewd statesman, did not compre-

hend the whole insanity of such a relation to his wife. He did not comprehend it, because it was too terrible for him to comprehend his real situation, and he in his soul had shut, locked, and sealed the box in which were contained his feelings for his family, that is, for his wife and son. He, an attentive father, since the end of the winter had become unusually cold toward his son, and maintained the same sarcastic attitude toward him as toward his wife. "Ah, young man!" he would address him.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich thought and said that in no previous year had he had so much business on hand as just then; but he did not acknowledge that in that year he invented work for himself, as this was one of the means of not opening the box where lay the feelings for his wife and family, and the thoughts of them, which became the more terrible the longer they lay there. If any one had had the right to ask Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich what he thought of his wife's behaviour, meek, humble Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich would have made no reply, and would have become very much angered at the one who put that question to him. For this reason there was something proud and severe in the expression of Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's face, whenever he was asked about his wife's health. He did not wish to think anything about the conduct and feelings of his wife, and he really did not think of them.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's permanent summer residence was in Peterhof, and generally Lídiya Ivánovna lived there also in the summer, in the vicinity, and in constant relations with Anna. During that summer Lídiya Ivánovna refused to live in Peterhof, had not once called on Anna Arkádevna, and had hinted to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich about the inconvenience of Anna's cultivating Betsy's and Vrónski's acquaintances. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich sternly stopped her, expressing his idea that his wife was above suspicion, and since then had begun to

avoid Countess Lídiya Ivánovna. He did not wish to see, and he did not see that in society many had been looking askance at his wife; he did not wish to understand, and he did not understand why his wife had so insisted on going to Tsárskoe, where Betsy lived, and from where it was not far to the camp of Vrónski's regiment. He did not permit himself to think of it, and he did not think of it; but, at the same time, he in the depth of his soul, without as much as saying that to himself, and without having any proofs, or suspicions, knew positively that he was a deceived husband, and this made him deeply unhappy.

How often, during his happy matrimonial existence of eight years, had Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich said, as he looked at faithless women and deceived husbands, "How could they allow it to come to that? Why do they not break this monstrous situation?" But now, since the misfortune had come down on his own head, he not only did not think of how to break the situation, but did not even want to know it, for the very reason that it was too terrible, too unnatural.

Since his return from abroad, he had gone twice to his summer residence. Once he had dined there, and another time he had passed an evening there with guests, but not once did he sleep there, as he had been in the habit of doing in previous years.

The day of the races was a very busy one for Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich; but, having scheduled his occupations for the day, he decided that immediately after his early dinner he would go to his wife at the summer residence, and from there to the races, where would be the whole court, and where he himself intended to be. The reason he wanted to call on his wife was that he had decided for propriety's sake to see her once a week. Besides, on that day, which was the 15th, he had to hand his wife, according to custom, her money for expenses.

With his usual control over his ideas, he, having considered everything about his wife, did not permit his thoughts to pass beyond what concerned her.

The morning was a very busy one for him. On the day before, Countess Lídiya Ivánovna had sent him a pamphlet of a famous China traveller, who was then staying in St. Petersburg, with a letter, in which she asked him to receive the traveller himself, a man who, for many reasons, was very interesting and useful. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich had not had time to read the whole pamphlet in the evening, and so finished it in the morning. Then there appeared petitioners; there began reports, receptions, appointments, removals, awards of premiums, pensions, and salaries, and his correspondence, — that “Week-day” work, as he called it, which took so much time away from him. Then came his personal business, — the visit of his doctor and his manager. The manager did not take up much of his time. He only transmitted to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich sums of money desired by him, and gave a short report of the state of affairs, which were not quite satisfactory, because, on account of the frequent journeys undertaken that year, more had been spent, and so there was a deficit. But the doctor, a famous St. Petersburg physician, who was in friendly relations with Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, took up much of his time. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich had not expected him on that day, and was surprised at his visit, and still more so when the doctor carefully inquired about the state of his health, auscultated and tapped him, and felt his liver. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich did not know that his friend, Lídiya Ivánovna, who had noticed that his health was not so good that year, had asked the doctor to call on him and examine him. “Do it for me!” Countess Lídiya Ivánovna had said to him.

“I will do that for Russia,” the physician had replied.

“He is a priceless man!” Countess Lídiya Ivánovna had said.

The doctor remained very much dissatisfied with Aleksyé Aleksándrovich. He found the liver considerably enlarged, nutrition weakened, and no effect from the mineral waters. He prescribed as much physical exercise as possible and as little mental exertion as possible, and, above all, the avoidance of causes for sorrow, that is, what for Aleksyé Aleksándrovich was as impossible as to stop breathing; and he went away, leaving in Aleksyé Aleksándrovich the unpleasant feeling that something was wrong in him, and that this could not be mended.

Leaving Aleksyé Aleksándrovich, the doctor on the porch met his acquaintance Slyúdin, Aleksyé Aleksándrovich's secretary. They had been comrades at the university, and, although they rarely met, respected each other and were good friends, and so there was no one to whom the doctor would have so openly expressed his opinion about the patient as to Slyúdin.

"How glad I am that you have called on him," said Slyúdin. "He is not well, and I think — Well, how is it?"

"It is like this!" said the doctor, waving above Slyúdin's head to his coachman, to bring up the carriage. "It is like this," said the doctor, taking into his white hands the finger of his kid glove and stretching it. "Don't stretch a string, and try to break it, and you will find it hard to do; but stretch it to the last point, and press the weight of your finger against the strained string, — it will burst. But he, with his assiduity and conscientious work, is strained to the last point; and there is an external, a heavy pressure," concluded the doctor, significantly raising his eyebrows. "Will you be at the races?" he added, walking down to the carriage, which had driven up. "Yes, yes, it takes much time," said the doctor to something Slyúdin had said and he had not made out.

Soon after the doctor, who had taken up so much of his time, there appeared the famous traveller, and Aleksyé



Aleksándrovich, making use of the pamphlet, which he had just read, and of his previous knowledge of the matter, startled the traveller by the depth of his knowledge of the subject and by the breadth of his enlightened view.

At the same time with the traveller there was announced the arrival of a Government marshal of nobility, who had come to St Petersburg, and with whom he had to have a talk. After the departure of this man, he had to finish his daily task with his secretary, and then he had to call on an important personage, in a serious and weighty matter. He got back only at five o'clock, the time of his dinner, and, having dined with his secretary, he invited him to ride with him to his summer residence, and then to the races.

Without accounting to himself for this, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich always tried to have a third person present during his meetings with his wife.

## XXVII.

ANNA was standing up-stairs before a looking-glass, pinning up, with Ánnushka's help, the last ribbon on her dress, when she heard on the driveway the sounds of wheels pressing against the pebbles.

"It is too early for Betsy," she thought, and, looking through the window, she saw the carriage and, coming out of it, Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich's black hat and familiar ears. "How unseasonable! I wonder whether he means to stay overnight!" she thought, and everything which might come from it seemed so terrible to her, that, without a moment's reflection, she with a happy and beaming face went out to meet him and, feeling in her the presence of that familiar spirit of lying and deceit, immediately surrendered herself to this spirit and began to speak, herself not knowing what she was going to say.

"Ah, how sweet this is!" she said, giving her hand to her husband and greeting the friend of the house, Slyúdin, with a smile. "I hope you will stay overnight," were the first words which the spirit of deceit dictated to her, "and now we shall go together. What a pity I promised Betsy: she said she would come after me."

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich frowned at the mention of Betsy's name.

"Oh, I will not separate the inseparable ones," he said, in his habitual tone of jesting. "Mikhaíl Vasílevich will go with me. The doctors order me to walk. I will walk a little on the way, and will imagine that I am at a watering-place."

"There is no hurry," said Anna. "Do you want tea?" She rang the bell.

"Bring in tea, and tell Serézha that Aleksyey Aleksándrovich is here! Well, how is your health? Mikhaíl Vasílevich! You have not called on me; see how beautiful things are on my balcony!" she said, turning now to one, and now to another.

She spoke very simply and naturally, but too much and too rapidly. She felt that herself, the more so since in the curious look which Mikhaíl Vasílevich cast upon her she had noticed that he seemed to watch her.

Mikhaíl Vasílevich at once went out on the terrace.

She sat down beside her husband.

"You do not look very well," she said.

"Yes," he replied, "the doctor called on me to-day and took an hour of my time. I feel that one of my friends must have sent him to me: my health is so precious —"

"Well, what did he say?"

She asked him about his health and occupations, advised him to take a rest, and to come to stay with her.

All this she said merrily and rapidly, and with a peculiar sparkle of her eyes; but Aleksyey Aleksándrovich now ascribed no significance to this tone of hers. He only heard her words and gave them only the direct meaning which they had. And he replied to her simply, though jestingly. In all this conversation there was nothing peculiar, but afterward Anna could never think of this short scene without an anguish of shame.

Serézha entered, preceded by his governess. If Aleksyey Aleksándrovich had allowed himself to observe, he would have noticed the timid, embarrassed glance with which Serézha looked at his father, and then at his mother. But he did not wish to see anything, and he did not see anything.

"Ah, young man! He has grown. Really, he is getting to be a man. Good day, young man!"

And he gave his hand to frightened Serézha.

Serézha, who even before had been timid in the presence of his father, now that his father had begun to call him "young man," and that his mind was crossed by the doubt whether Vrónski was a friend or foe, was shy of him. He looked at his mother, as though asking her protection. Only with his mother did he feel at ease. In the meantime Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, talking with the governess, held his son by the shoulder, and Serézha felt so painfully uncomfortable that Anna saw that he was getting ready to cry.

Anna, who had blushed when her son had entered, now, upon noticing that Serézha was ill at ease, sprang up, took Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich's hand off his shoulder, and, kissing her son, took him to the terrace and immediately returned.

"Well, it is time now," she said, looking at her watch. "I wonder why Betsy is not coming!"

"Yes," said Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich. He rose and, dovetailing his hands, cracked the fingers. "I have also come to bring you money, since nightingales are not to be fed on fairy-tales," he said. "I suppose you need it."

"No, I do not — yes, I do," she said, without looking at him, and blushing to the roots of her hair. "I suppose you will come here from the races."

"Oh, yes," replied Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich. "Here is the ornament of Peterhof, Princess Tverskóy," he added, looking through the window at the approaching English carriage with elegant trimmings and a tiny, high-swung body. "What foppishness! Superb! Let us go, too!"

Princess Tverskóy did not leave the carriage, but her lackey, in gaiters, pelerine, and black hat, jumped down at the door.

"I am going, good-bye!" said Anna. Kissing her son,

she went up to Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich and gave him her hand. "It is so nice of you to have come!"

Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich kissed her hand.

"Well, good-bye! You will come to tea, and that is nice," she said, leaving the room, with a beaming smile and happy. But the moment she was out of his sight, she felt the spot on her hand which his lips had touched, and shuddered from disgust.

## XXVIII.

WHEN Aleksy y Aleks ndrovich made his appearance at the races, Anna was already sitting in the stand, beside Betsy, where all the high life was collected. She saw her husband from a distance. Two men, her husband and her lover, were two centres of life for her, and she felt their nearness without the aid of the external senses. She was conscious of the approach of her husband while he was yet a distance away, and involuntarily followed him in those waves of the crowd, among which he was moving. She saw him come up to the stand, now condescendingly responding to fawning salutations, now kindly or absent-mindedly greeting his equals, now cautiously catching the glance of the mighty of this world, and taking off his large, round hat which pressed down the tips of his ears. She knew all these ways of his, and she loathed them. "Nothing but egoism, a desire to succeed, — that is all there is in his soul," she thought, "and the elevated ideas, the love of enlightenment, religion, all this is only a tool for his successes."

From his glance at the ladies' stand (he was looking straight at her, but did not recognize her in the sea of gauze, ribbons, feathers, parasols, and flowers), she knew that he was endeavouring to find her; but she purposely did not notice him.

"Aleksy y Aleks ndrovich!" Princess Betsy called out to him. "You evidently do not see your wife: here she is!"

He smiled his cold smile.

"There is so much splendour here that my eyes are bewildered," he said, entering the stand. He smiled at his wife as a husband ought to smile when meeting his wife whom he has just left, and exchanged greetings with the princess and other acquaintances, giving each his or her due, that is, jesting with the ladies and saluting the gentlemen. Below, near the stand, stood an adjutant-general, famous for his intellect and culture, a man whom Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich respected very much. Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich began to talk with him.

There was an interval between the races, and so nothing interfered with their conversation. The adjutant-general condemned the races. Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich defended them. Anna listened to his thin, even voice, without missing a single word, and every word of his seemed to her to have a false ring and painfully affected her ear.

When the four-verst hurdle-race began, she bent forward and, without taking her eyes away, looked at Vrónski, who walked over to the horse and mounted, and at the same time heard that disgusting, incessant voice of her husband. She was tormented by fear for Vrónski, but still more she was vexed by what to her seemed to be the incessant sound of her husband's thin voice with its familiar intonations.

"I am a bad woman, a ruined woman," she thought, "but I do not like to lie, I cannot endure lying, while *he*" (her husband) "lives on lying. He knows everything, sees everything; what can he feel, if he can speak so calmly? If he killed me, or Vrónski, I could respect him. But no, all he needs is lies and decency," Anna said to herself, without thinking what she really wanted from her husband, how she wanted him to be. Nor did she understand that the present garrulousness of Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, which irritated her so much, was only an expression of his inner alarm and unrest. Just as a child that has hurt himself jumps about and brings his muscles into action in

order to drown his pain, thus Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich was in need of mental exercise, in order to drown those thoughts about his wife, which in her presence and in that of Vrónski, and during the eternal repetition of his name, forcibly attracted his attention. And as it is natural for a child to jump about, so it was natural for him to speak well and cleverly. He said:

"The danger connected with military cavalry races is a necessary condition of these races. If England is able in her military history to point to most brilliant cavalry achievements, this is due mainly to the fact that she has historically developed in herself this power of animals and men. Sport, in my opinion, has a great meaning, but we, as is always the case, see only what is on the surface."

"Not at the surface," said Princess Tverskóy. "An officer, they say, has had two of his ribs broken."

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich smiled his smile, which only showed his teeth, but which said nothing else.

"Let us admit that this is not superficial," he said, "but something internal. But that is another matter," and he again turned to the general, with whom he was speaking earnestly. "You must not forget that those who race are military men who have chosen this activity, and you will confess that every calling has its reverses. This is directly part of the military duties. The monstrous sport of boxing or of the Spanish toreadors is a sign of barbarism. But the specialized sport is a sign of development."

"No, I will not go to see it a second time: it agitates me too much," said Princess Betsy. "Don't you think so, Anna?"

"It agitates, but you cannot tear yourself away," said another lady. "If I had been a Roman, I should not have missed a single circus."

Anna did not say anything and, without putting down her opera-glass, kept looking at one spot.



Just then a distinguished general crossed the stand. Interrupting his speech, Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich rose hurriedly, but in a dignified manner, and bowed low to the military man who was passing.

"Are you not racing?" the military man jested.

"My race is harder," Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich replied, respectfully.

And although the answer had no meaning, the military man looked as though he had heard a clever saying from a clever man, and as though he fully understood *la pointe de la sauce*.

"There are two sides," continued Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, "the participants and the spectators; and the love of these spectacles is a certain symptom of the low development of the spectators, I confess, but —"

"Princess, will you bet?" was heard from below the voice of Stepán Arkádevich turning to Betsy. "Whom are you for?"

"Anna and I are for Prince Kuzóvlev," replied Betsy.

"I am for Vrónski. A pair of gloves."

"It goes."

"How beautiful it is, don't you think so?"

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich was silent, while they were talking about him, but immediately began once more.

"I agree, not the manly games —" he continued.

But just then the riders were being started, and all conversations stopped. Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, too, grew silent, and all rose and turned to the river. Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich was not interested in the races, and so did not look at the riders, but absently began to survey the spectators with his weary eyes. His glance stopped on Anna.

Her face was pale and severe. She evidently did not see anything or anybody but one. Her hand convulsively compressed her fan, and she did not breathe. He looked at her, and hurriedly turned away and gazed at the others.

"This lady is agitated, and the other ladies, too, are agitated; that is quite natural," Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich said to himself. He wanted to avoid looking at her, but his glance was instinctively attracted to her. He once more scanned her face, trying not to read what was so clearly written upon it, and, against his will, he read in terror what he did not wish to know.

Kuzóvlev's first fall at the river agitated everybody. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich saw clearly by Anna's pale, triumphant face that the one she was looking at had not fallen. When later Makhótin and Vrónski cleared the great barrier, and the officer following them fell on his head, dying on the spot, and a buzz of horror ran through the crowd, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich saw that Anna did not even notice it and with difficulty understood what they were talking about near her. And he began to look at her oftener and oftener, and with greater persistency. Anna, all absorbed in watching Vrónski gallop, felt the sidewise glance of her husband's cold eyes directed upon her.

She looked back for a moment, glanced interrogatively at him, and, slightly frowning, again turned away from him.

"Oh, it is all the same to me," she seemed to say to him, and never again looked at him.

The races were unfortunate, and of the seventeen men more than half had fallen off or been hurt. Toward the end of the races all were in agitation, which was the more noticeable since the emperor was dissatisfied.



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"She completely lost her composure"

Illustration from *Madame de M...*

"This lady is agitated, and the other ladies too are agitated, that is quite natural," Aleksey Aleksandrovich said to himself. He wanted to avoid looking at her, but his glance was instinctively attracted to her. He once more scanned her face, trying not to read what was so clearly written upon it, and, against his will, he read to horror what he did not wish to know.

Kozlov's first fall at the river agitated everybody. Aleksey Aleksandrovich saw clearly by Anna's pale, triumphant face that the one she was looking at had not fallen. When later Makhotin and Vronski cleared the great barrier, and the others following them fell on his head, dying on the spot, and a hail of terror ran through the crowd, Aleksey Aleksandrovich saw that Anna did not even notice it and with difficulty understood what they were thinking about her life. And his heart began to beat so rapidly and so loudly, and with greater strength, that he felt as if he were in Vronski's grasp, and his eyes were fixed on her.

She looked toward the emperor, gazed anxiously at the soldiers, then turned toward the crowd and ran away from him.

— "She is in a state of great excitement, and will be very nervous, and will be very nervous," said the doctor.

The crowd began to move, and of the seventeen men none that had not fallen off or been hurt. Toward the end of the race all were in agitation, which was the more noticeable since the emperor was dissatisfied.

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"She completely lost her composure"

*Photogravure from Drawing by Louis Meynell*



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## XXIX.

ALL loudly proclaimed their disapproval and repeated the phrase, which some one had started, "All that is needed now is a circus with lions," and terror was felt by everybody, so that when Vrónski fell and Anna gave a loud cry, there seemed to be nothing unusual in it. But immediately afterward a change took place in her countenance, which was positively indecent. She completely lost her composure. She began to flutter like a caged bird: she now wanted to get up and go somewhere, and now turned to Betsy.

"Let us go, let us go!" she said.

But Betsy did not hear her. She was bending down and talking to a general who had come up to her.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich walked over to Anna and politely offered her his arm.

"Let us go, if you wish," he said to her, in French; but Anna was listening to what the general was saying, and did not notice her husband.

"They say he broke his leg," said the general.

"That is disgraceful."

Anna, without replying to her husband, raised her opera-glass and looked at the spot where Vrónski had fallen; but it was so far, and there was such a crowd assembled there, that it was impossible to make out anything. She dropped her opera-glass and wanted to go; but just then an officer galloped up to the emperor and reported something to him. Anna leaned forward to hear.

"Stíva! Stíva!" she called out to her brother.

But her brother did not hear her. She again wanted to leave.

"I again offer you my arm, if you wish to go," said Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, touching her hand.

She turned away from him in disgust and, without looking into his face, replied:

"No, no, leave me! I shall stay here!"

She now saw that from the place of Vrónski's fall an officer was running across the track to the stand. Betsy waved her handkerchief to him. The officer brought the news that the rider was not killed, but that the horse had broken her back.

Upon hearing this, Anna quickly sat down and covered her face with her fan. Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich saw that she was weeping and unable to restrain not only her tears, but even her sobs, which made her breast rise. Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich concealed her from view by standing in front of her, thus giving her time to regain her composure.

"For the third time I offer you my arm," he said after awhile, turning to her. Anna looked at him and did not know what to say. Princess Betsy came to her rescue.

"No, Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, I will take Anna home, — I promised her I would," Betsy interposed.

"Pardon me, princess," he said, smiling politely, but looking firmly into her eyes, "I see that Anna is not quite well, and I wish she would go with me."

Anna looked frightened about her, humbly rose, and put her hand on her husband's arm.

"I will send to him to find out, and will let you know," Betsy whispered to her.

Upon leaving the stand, Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich spoke, as usually, with those he met, and Anna was compelled to answer and talk, as usually; but she



was not herself and walked as in a sleep, holding her husband's arm.

"Is he killed, or not? Is it true? Will he come, or not? Shall I see him to-night?" was what she thought.

She silently sat down in Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's carriage and silently left the mass of equipages. In spite of everything which he had seen, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich still refused to think of the real situation of his wife. He had only seen the external symptoms. He had seen her act improperly, and regarded it as his duty to tell her so. He opened his mouth in order to tell her how improperly she had conducted herself, but involuntarily said something quite different.

"How prone we all are to look at these cruel spectacles," he said. "I observe —"

"What? I do not understand," Anna said, contemptuously.

He was offended, and immediately started to say what he wished to say.

"I must tell you," he said.

"Here it is, the explanation," she thought, and she felt terribly.

"I must tell you that you have conducted yourself improperly this evening," he said to her, in French.

"How have I conducted myself improperly?" she said aloud, rapidly turning her head to him and looking him straight in the eye, but no longer with her former merriment under which she concealed something, but with a determined look, under which she with difficulty concealed the terror which she was experiencing.

"Don't forget," he said to her, pointing to the open window opposite the coachman.

He got up and raised the window.

"What did you find improper?" she repeated.

"That despair which you were unable to conceal at the fall of one of the riders."

He was waiting to hear what she would reply ; but she was silent and looked in front of her.

“I have asked you to conduct yourself in such a manner before the world as not to give evil tongues a chance to say anything against you. There was a time when I used to speak of internal relations ; I do not speak of them now. Now I speak of external relations. You have acted improperly, and I wish that this should not be repeated.”

She had not heard one-half of his words ; she was experiencing terror before him, and was thinking of whether it was true that Vrónski was not killed. Was it of him that they said he was unharmed, and that his horse had its back broken ? She only smiled a feigned sarcastic smile when he was through, and made no reply because she had not heard what he had said. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich began to speak boldly, but when he understood clearly what he was talking about, the terror which she was experiencing was communicated to him. He noticed that smile, and a strange delusion came over him.

“She is smiling at my suspicion. Yes, she will say directly what she told me then : that there are no foundations for my suspicion, and that it is ridiculous.”

Now that the discovery of everything was pending over him, there was nothing he wished so much as that she should answer him sarcastically, as before, that his suspicion was ridiculous and unfounded. What he knew was so terrible, that he was now prepared to believe anything. But the expression of her frightened and gloomy face did not even give promise of any deception.

“Perhaps I am mistaken,” he said. “In such case I beg to be pardoned.”

“No, you are not mistaken,” she said, slowly, looking desperately at his cold face. “You are not mistaken. I was in despair, and could not help being. I am listening to you, and thinking of him. I love him, I am his para-

mour, I cannot bear — I am afraid — I hate you — Do with me what you please!”

And, throwing herself into the corner of the carriage, she covered her face with her hands and burst out into tears. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich did not stir and did not change his direct glance. But his face suddenly assumed the solemn immobility of a dead man, and this expression did not change during the whole time of the journey to the summer residence. As they drove up to the house, he turned his head to her, still with the same expression.

“Yes! But I demand the observance of the external conditions of decency until,” his voice trembled, “until I shall have taken the measures which will ensure my honour, of which I shall inform you.”

He stepped out first and helped her out. In sight of the servants, he pressed her hand, seated himself in the carriage, and drove back to St. Petersburg.

Soon after he left, a lackey came from Princess Betsy, with a note for Anna :

“I sent to Aleksyéy to find out about his health, and he writes to me that he is sound and safe, but in despair.”

“So *he* will be here!” she thought. “How well it was that I told him everything!”

She looked at her watch. Three hours were left still, and the recollection of the details of their last meeting burned her blood.

“O Lord, how light it is! It is terrible, but I love to see his face, and I love this fantastic light — My husband! Oh, yes — Well, thank God, everything is over with him.”

### XXX.

As in all places where people congregate, even so in the small watering-place, whither the Shcherbátskis went, society had assumed its crystallized form, which assigned to each member a definite and unchangeable position. Just as definitely and unchangeably as a particle of water in the cold assumes a certain form of a snow crystal, even so every new arrival at the watering-place at once fell into his appropriate place.

*Fürst Shcherbátski sammt Gemahlin und Tochter*, from the lodgings which they occupied, and from their name, and from the acquaintances which they met, immediately crystallized into their definite and predetermined place.

That year there was at the resort a real German *Fürstin*, in consequence of which the crystallization of society went on more energetically than ever. Princess Shcherbátski wanted by all means to introduce her daughter to the *Fürstin*, and this ceremony took place on the second day. Kitty curtsied gracefully and low in her *very simple*, that is, very stylish, Parisian summer gown. The *Fürstin* said: "I hope that the roses will soon return to this pretty face," and definite paths of life were at once firmly established for the Shcherbátskis, and they no longer could depart from them.

The Shcherbátskis became also acquainted with the family of an English lady, and with a German countess, and with her son who had been wounded in the late war, and with a Swedish savant, and with M. Canut and his sister. But the company of the Shcherbátskis was instinctively composed of a Moscow lady, Márya Evgénievna

Rtíshchev and her daughter, who was unsympathetic to Kitty because she had grown ill, like herself, from love, and of a Moscow colonel, whom Kitty had seen since her childhood and had known in uniform and epaulettes, and who here, with his small eyes and open neck with a coloured tie, was very funny and very tiresome, because it was impossible to get rid of him.

When all this had assumed a definite form, Kitty began to feel dull, the more so since the prince went to Karlsbad, and she was left alone with her mother. She was not interested in those she knew, as she felt that nothing novel would come from them. But the chief interest of her heart at the watering-place consisted in observing and guessing about those whom she did not know. In accordance with her character, Kitty always assumed the very best in people, especially in those whom she did not know. And even now, trying to guess who was who, what relations there existed between them, and what kind of people they were, Kitty imagined the most remarkable and beautiful characters, and found confirmation in her observations.

Among such persons she was most interested in a Russian girl, who had come to the resort with an ailing Russian lady, Madame Shtal, as she was called. Madame Shtal belonged to the upper classes of society, but was so ill that she could not walk, and only on rare, fine days appeared at the springs in a small vehicle. But it was not so much her illness as her pride, as the princess explained it, that kept Madame Shtal from getting acquainted with any of the Russians. The Russian girl tended on Madame Shtal, and, besides, Kitty had observed, cultivated the acquaintance of all the seriously ill patients, of whom there were many at the springs, and in the most natural manner tended on them. This Russian girl, according to Kitty's observation, was not a relative of Madame Shtal's, and, at the time time, was not a hired

attendant. Madame Shtal called her Várenka, while others called her Mlle. Várenka. Outside of the interest which Kitty found in watching the relations that existed between this girl and Madame Shtal and other strangers, Kitty, as frequently happens, experienced an inexplicable sympathy for this Mlle. Várenka, and felt, from the glances which she exchanged, that she was liked, too.

Mlle. Várenka was not exactly not in her first youth, but was really a being without youth: she might have been taken for nineteen, or for thirty. On examining her features closely, it would have been found that, in spite of the sickly colour of her face, she was rather beautiful than otherwise. She would even have been well proportioned, were it not for the excessive dryness of her body, and her disproportionate head, as compared with her medium size; but she could not be attractive to men. She resembled a beautiful, full-petalled, but faded and odourless flower. Besides, she could not be attractive to men because she lacked that of which there was such an abundance in Kitty, — the reserve fire of life and consciousness of her own attractiveness.

She seemed to be busy all the time doing something in which there could be no doubt, and, therefore, looked as though she could not be interested in extraneous matters. It was this contrast which more than anything else attracted Kitty to her. Kitty felt that in her, in her mode of life, she would find a sample of what she was now painfully in search of, — the interests of life, the dignity of life, outside the worldly relations of a girl toward men, which was so loathsome to Kitty, and which to her now appeared as a disgraceful display of wares waiting for the purchasers. The more Kitty observed her unknown friend, the more she became convinced that this girl was that perfect being she thought her to be, and the more she was anxious to become acquainted with her.

The two girls met several times a day, and at each

meeting Kitty's eyes said, "Who are you? What are you? Is it true that you are that charming being I imagine you to be? But, for God's sake, do not think," her glance added, "that I am taking the liberty of thrusting myself upon your acquaintance. I simply admire you and love you." "I, too, love you, and you are very, very sweet. And I should love you more still, if I had the time," replied the glance of the strange girl. Indeed, Kitty saw that she was always busy. Either she was taking the children of some Russian family away from the springs, or carrying a plaid for some patient, or wrapping her in it, or she was trying to divert the attention of some irritable sick man, or selecting and buying pastry for somebody's coffee.

Soon after the arrival of the Shcherbátiskis, two persons, who attracted the general hostile attention, made their appearance at the morning hours at the springs. Those were a very tall, stooping man with huge arms, wearing an old, short overcoat, which was not in proportion to his size, with black, naïve, and, at the same time, terrible eyes, and a pockmarked, good-looking woman, who was very badly and tastelessly apparelled. Taking these people for Russians, Kitty began in her imagination to form a very beautiful and touching romance about them. But the countess, learning from the *Kurliste* that it was Nikoláy Levín and Márya Nikoláevna, explained to Kitty what a bad man this Levín was, and all her reveries about these two people were at once dispelled. Not so much because her mother had told her so, as because it was Konstantín's brother, these persons suddenly became very objectionable to Kitty. This Levín, by his habit of jerking his head, now provoked in her an irrepressible feeling of disgust.

It seemed to her that in his large, terrible eyes, which persistently followed her, there was an expression of hatred and sarcasm, and she tried to avoid meeting him.

### XXXI.

It was a nasty day ; it had been raining since morning, and the patients with umbrellas were crowding in the gallery.

Kitty was walking with her mother and the Moscow colonel, who was foppishly displaying his ready-made coat of a German make, which he had bought at Frankfurt. They were walking along one side of the gallery, trying to avoid Levín, who was walking along the other side. Várenka, in her dark dress and black hat with drooping brim, was walking the whole length of the gallery with a blind Frenchwoman, and every time she met Kitty she exchanged a friendly glance with her.

"Mamma, may I speak with her?" said Kitty, who had been watching her friend, noticing that she was going up to the spring, and that they might meet there.

"Yes, if you want to ; I will first find out about her, and will come up myself," said her mother. "What remarkable quality have you discovered in her? No doubt, a travelling companion. If you want to, I will make Madame Shtal's acquaintance. I used to know her *belle-sœur*," added the princess, proudly raising her head.

Kitty knew that the princess was offended because Madame Shtal seemed to avoid making her acquaintance. Kitty did not insist.

"Wonderfully sweet she is!" she said, looking at Várenka, just as she was handing the Frenchwoman a glass. "See how simple and sweet it all is!"

"Your *engouements* are amusing to me," said the prin-



cess. "We had better go back!" she added, upon noticing Levín, who was moving toward them, with his lady and a German doctor, with whom he was discussing something in a loud and angry voice.

They turned around, in order to go back, when they suddenly heard, no longer loud talking, but shouting. Levín had stopped and was shouting, and the doctor, too, was excited. The princess and Kitty hurried away, and the colonel joined the crowd, to find out what it was all about.

A few minutes later the colonel overtook them.

"What was it there?" asked the princess.

"A shame and disgrace!" replied the colonel. "One is eternally afraid to meet Russians abroad. That tall gentleman had words with the doctor, speaking rudely to him because he did not cure him in the right way, and even raising his cane against him. It is simply disgraceful!"

"Oh, how disagreeable!" said the princess. "Well, how did it end?"

"Fortunately a girl interfered, — the one in the mushroom bonnet. I think she is a Russian," said the colonel.

"Mlle. Várenka?" Kitty asked, joyfully.

"Yes, yes. She was the first one to know what to do: she took the gentleman's arm and led him away."

"You see, mamma?" Kitty said to her mother. "You wonder why I admire her!"

On the following day, when Kitty again started watching her stranger friend, she noticed that Mlle. Várenka was already in the same relations with Levín and his woman as with all her other protégés. She went up and talked to them, and acted as interpreter for the woman, who could not speak any foreign language.

Kitty began to implore her mother to allow her to make her acquaintance. And, although it was unpleasant for the princess to make as it were the first step in be-

coming acquainted with Madame Shtal, who for some reason allowed herself to be haughty,—she made inquiries about Várenka, and, having learned the details in regard to her, which led to the conclusion that there was nothing bad, though little good, in this acquaintance, she herself first walked up to Várenka and made her acquaintance.

The princess selected the time when Kitty had gone to the spring, and Várenka had stopped in front of the baker's, in order to go up to her.

"Permit me to get acquainted with you," she said, with her distinguished smile. "My daughter is in love with you. You may not know me. I—"

"It is more than mutual, princess," Várenka hastened to reply.

"What a good act you did yesterday to our pitiable countryman!" said the princess.

Várenka blushed.

"I do not remember. It seems to me I did nothing," she said.

"Why, you saved Levín from some unpleasantness."

"Yes, *sa compagne* called me, and I tried to calm him: he is very ill, and was dissatisfied with the physician. I am in the habit of tending on such patients."

"Yes, I heard that you lived at Menton with your aunt, I believe, Madame Shtal. I used to know her *belle-sœur*."

"No, she is not my aunt. I call her mamma, but I am not related to her; I was brought up by her," Várenka replied, blushing again.

This was said so simply, and the truthful, open expression of her face was so sweet, that the princess understood why Kitty had fallen in love with Várenka.

"What about this Levín?" asked the princess.

"He is leaving," replied Várenka.

Just then Kitty came up from the spring, with a face

beaming with joy, because her mother had made the acquaintance of Várenka.

"Now, Kitty, your strong desire to get acquainted with Mlle. —"

"Várenka," Várenka helped her out, smiling. "Everybody calls me so."

Kitty's face was flushed with joy, and she for a long time pressed the hand of her new friend, who did not respond to her pressure, but let her hand lie motionless in Kitty's. Her hand did not answer the pressure, but Mlle. Várenka's face shone forth with a calm, joyful, though somewhat sad, smile, which disclosed her large, but beautiful teeth.

"I myself wished it long ago," she said.

"But you are so busy —"

"Oh, on the contrary, I have nothing to do," replied Várenka; but that very moment she was compelled to leave her new acquaintances, because two little Russian girls, the daughters of a patient, were running up to her.

"Várenka, mamma wants to see you!" they shouted.

And Várenka went away with them.

## XXXII.

THE details which the princess had learned about Várenka's past and her relations with Madame Shtal, and about Madame Shtal herself, were the following :

Madame Shtal, of whom some said that she had worn out her husband, while others said that he had worn her out with his immoral conduct, had always been an ailing, overexcited woman. When, separating from her husband, she bore her first child, the child died at once, and Madame Shtal's relatives, knowing her sensitiveness and fearing that this news might kill her, substituted for it a girl who was born the same night in the same house in St. Petersburg, — the daughter of a court cook. This was Várenka. Madame Shtal learned later that Várenka was not her daughter, but continued to educate her, the more readily, since, very soon after, Várenka was left without any relatives.

Madame Shtal had been living continually abroad in the South, for more than ten years, never getting up from her bed. Some said that Madame Shtal had made for herself a social position of a virtuous, highly religious woman ; others said that she was in her heart that highly moral being, living for the good of others, that she appeared to be. No one knew what her religion was, whether Catholic, Orthodox, or Protestant ; but this much was sure : she stood in friendly relations with the highest personages of all churches and religions.

Várenka had been living abroad with her all the time,

and all who knew Madame Shtal knew and loved Mlle. Várenka, as they all called her.

Having learned all the details, the princess found nothing prejudicial in her daughter's cultivating Várenka's acquaintance; the more so since Várenka had the very best manners and education: she spoke excellent French and English, and, above all, communicated to her Madame Shtal's regrets that on account of her illness she was deprived of the pleasure of getting acquainted with the princess.

When Kitty became acquainted with Várenka, she admired her more and more, and every day discovered new virtues in her.

Hearing that Várenka sang well, the princess asked her to come to see them in the evening and sing for them.

"Kitty plays, and we have a piano, — it is true, not a good one, — but you will afford us a great pleasure," said the princess, with her feigned smile, which now especially displeased Kitty because she noticed that Várenka did not want to sing. However, Várenka came in the evening, and brought her music with her. The princess invited Márya Evgénievna and her daughter and the colonel to her house.

Várenka seemed to be quite indifferent to the presence of strangers, and immediately walked over to the piano. She could not accompany herself, but read the music for singing nicely. Kitty, who played well, accompanied her.

"You have unusual talent," the princess said to her, after she had sung the first piece nicely.

Márya Evgénievna and her daughter thanked and praised her.

"Just see," said the colonel, looking out of the window, "what an audience has assembled here to hear you!"

Indeed, beneath the window stood a fairly large crowd.

"I am very glad that this affords you pleasure," Várenka answered, in a simple manner.

Kitty looked proudly at her friend. She was delighted at her art, and at her voice and face, but more than anything at her manner, which showed that she had no thought of her singing and was quite indifferent to the praise; she only seemed to ask whether she should sing more, or whether it was enough.

"If it had been I," Kitty thought of herself, "how proud I would have been of it! How glad I should have been of this crowd beneath the window! But it makes no difference whatsoever to her. She is actuated only by the desire not to refuse and to do mamma a favour. What is there in her? What gives her that power to scorn everything, to be independently calm? How I should like to know it, and learn it from her!" Kitty thought, gazing at this calm face. The princess asked Várenka to sing something else, and she sang another piece, just as evenly, distinctly, and well, standing straight at the piano and keeping time on it with her thin, olive-coloured hand.

The following piece in her music album was an Italian song. Kitty played the prelude and looked around at Várenka.

"Let us omit this one," Várenka said, blushing.

Kitty arrested her frightened, questioning glance on Várenka's face.

"Well, another," she said, hurriedly, turning the leaves and comprehending at once that something was connected with that piece.

"Yes," replied Várenka, putting her hand on the music, and smiling, "yes, let us have it!" And she sang just as calmly, coldly, and well as before.

When she got through, all thanked her again and went to tea. Kitty and Várenka walked into the little garden which was near the house.

"Am I right in thinking that some memory is connected with that song?" Kitty asked her. "Don't tell me," she added, hurriedly, "only say whether I am right."

"Why not, I will tell you," Várenka said, simply, and, without waiting for a reply, continued: "Yes, a memory, and it was once oppressive. I loved a man, and I sang that song to him."

Kitty looked silently and reverentially at her, opening wide her large eyes.

"I loved him, and he loved me; but his mother did not wish it, and he married another. He now lives not far from us, and I see him now and then. You did not think that I, too, had a romance?" she said, and in her beautiful face flickered the fire which Kitty felt at one time had illuminated the whole of her.

"Why should I not have thought so? If I were a man, I should be unable to love anybody else after seeing you. But I cannot understand how he, to please his mother, could have forgotten you and made you so unhappy; he had no heart."

"Oh, no, he is a very good man, and I am not unhappy; on the contrary, I am very happy. So we shall not sing again to-night?" she added, starting toward the house.

"How good you are, how good!" exclaimed Kitty. She stopped and kissed her. "If I could be only a little like you!"

"Why should you be like any one? You are good as you are," Várenka said, smiling her meek, weary smile.

"No, I am not at all good. Tell me — Wait, let us sit down," said Kitty, seating her on the bench, beside herself. "Tell me, is it really not offensive to think that a man has scorned your love, that he did not want you?"

"But he did not scorn me; I believe that he loved me, but that he was an obedient son —"

"Yes, but if he had done so of his own accord, and not

by his mother's wish?" said Kitty, feeling that she had betrayed her secret, and that her face, which was burning with the glow of shame, had already given her away.

"In that case he would have acted badly, and I would not have regretted it," replied Várenka, evidently comprehending that this eventuality referred not to her, but to Kitty.

"But the insult?" said Kitty. "It is impossible to forget the insult, impossible!" she continued, recalling her glance at the last ball, during the pause in the dance.

"Where is here the insult? You have not acted badly?"

"Worse than badly, — disgracefully."

Várenka shook her head and placed her hand on Kitty's.

"Where is the disgrace?" she said. "You certainly could not tell a man, who was indifferent to you, that you loved him?"

"Of course not; I never said a single word, but he knew. No, no! there are glances and manners. I shall not forget it, if I live a hundred years."

"What of it? I do not understand. The question is whether you love him now, or not," said Várenka, calling everything by its name.

"I hate him; I cannot forgive myself."

"Very well, then."

"But the disgrace, the insult!"

"Oh, it would be bad if all girls were as sensitive as you," said Várenka. "There is not a girl who has not experienced this. It is all so unimportant."

"What, then, is important?" asked Kitty, gazing at her face in curious surprise.

"Oh, much is," Várenka said, smiling.

"What, for example?"

"Oh, many things are more important," replied Várenka,



not knowing what to say. But just then the princess was heard calling through the window, "Kitty, it is damp! Either take a shawl, or come into the house!"

"That is so, it is time!" said Várenka, getting up. "I have to call yet on Madame Berthe; she asked me to."

Kitty held her hand, and with impassioned curiosity and entreaty asked her with her glance: "What is that important thing that gives that peace? You know, so tell me!" But Várenka did not understand what Kitty's glance asked her about; all she remembered was that she had to go that evening to see Madame Berthe and be in time for tea with her *mamma*, at midnight. She entered the house, collected her music, and, bidding all good-bye, started to leave.

"Allow me to see you home," said the colonel.

"Indeed, how can she go home all alone at night?" the princess confirmed him. "Let me at least send Parásha along!"

Kitty saw that Várenka with difficulty repressed a smile at the words that it was necessary to see her home.

"No, I always go by myself, and nothing ever happens to me," she said, taking her hat. And kissing Kitty a second time, after all without telling her what was important, she with a rapid step, with the music under her arm, disappeared in the semiobscurity of the summer night, carrying away with her the secret of what was important and what gave her that enviable calm and dignity.

### XXXIII.

KITTY made also the acquaintance of Madame Shtal, and this acquaintance, together with her friendship with Várenka, not only had a powerful influence upon her, but also consoled her in her sorrow. This consolation she found in the fact that, thanks to this acquaintanceship, a new world was disclosed to her, one that had nothing in common with her past, — an exalted, beautiful world, from the height of which she could calmly look at her past. What was revealed to her was that, in addition to the instinctive life to which Kitty had abandoned herself, heretofore, there was also a spiritual life. This life was revealed to her in a religion, which had nothing in common with the one she had known from childhood, and which had found its expression in masses and vespers in the Widow House, where acquaintances might be met, and in the memorizing of Slavic texts with the priest; this religion was exalted, mysterious, and connected with a series of beautiful ideas and sentiments, which it not only was possible to believe in, because that was commanded, but which one could also love.

It was not from words that Kitty learned all this. Madame Shtal spoke with Kitty as with a dear child, whom she admired as a reminiscence of her own youth, and only once she hinted that in all human sorrows consolation is found only in love and faith, and that for Christ's mercy to us there are no insignificant sorrows, — and immediately changed the subject. But Kitty in every

motion of hers, in every divine glance, as she called it, especially in the whole history of her life, of which she learned from Várenka, in everything saw *that which was important* and which she had not known heretofore.

But, no matter how elevated Madame Shtal's character was, no matter how touching her whole history, no matter how exalted and gentle her speech, Kitty involuntarily noticed certain traits in her, which confounded her. She noticed that, asking about her relatives, Madame Shtal smiled disdainfully, which was contrary to Christian goodness. She noticed also that, when she once met a Catholic priest at her house, Madame Shtal carefully kept herself in the shadow of the lamp-shade and smiled in a peculiar manner. However insignificant these observations were, they confounded her and made her lose confidence in Madame Shtal. But Várenka, lonely, homeless, friendless Várenka, who with her sad disappointment did not wish for anything and did not complain about anything, was the same perfection that Kitty permitted herself to dream about. She understood, through Várenka's example, that it sufficed to forget oneself and love others, in order to be calm, happy, and beautiful. And Kitty wanted to be like that. Now that she understood what *the most important* thing was, Kitty was not satisfied merely to admit it, but immediately abandoned herself with all her soul to this newly revealed life. From Várenka's narrative about what Madame Shtal and others, whom she named, did, Kitty formed for herself the plan of her future life. Like Madame Shtal's niece, Aline, of whom Várenka told her so much, she would, wherever she might be, look up the unfortunate, would aid them as much as possible, distribute the Gospel, read the Gospel to the sick, to criminals, and to the dying. The idea of reading the Gospel to criminals, as Aline did, had a special charm for Kitty. All these were secret dreams, which Kitty did not disclose to her mother, or to Várenka.

Still, in expectation of the time when she could carry out her plans on a large scale, Kitty even now, in the watering-place, where there were so many patients and unfortunate people, easily found an opportunity for applying her new rules, in imitation of Várenka.

At first the princess only noticed that Kitty was under a powerful influence from her *engouement*, as she called it, toward Madame Shtal, and especially toward Várenka. She saw that Kitty not only imitated Várenka in her activity, but also involuntarily imitated her manner of walking, talking, and blinking. Later the princess observed that, independently of this enchantment, a serious transformation was taking place in her daughter.

The princess saw that Kitty was reading in the evenings the French Gospel, which Madame Shtal had presented to her, which she had never done before; that she avoided society acquaintances and visited the patients who were under Várenka's protection, especially the needy family of the sick artist Petrów. Kitty was apparently proud of acting as a sister of mercy in that family. All that was very well, and the princess had no objection to it, the more so since Petrów's wife was a very decent woman, and since the German princess, who had noticed Kitty's activity, had called her a consoling angel. All that would have been very nice, if there had not been an excess of it. The princess saw that her daughter was falling into an extreme, and she told her so.

"*Il ne faut jamais rien outrer,*" she said to her.

But her daughter made no reply to her; in her soul she thought that it was impossible to talk of overdoing in matters of Christianity. What excess could there be in complying with a religion which enjoins us to give the other cheek when we are smitten on one, and to give away our cloak when they take our coat from us? But the princess did not like this excessive zeal, and was still more displeased because she felt that Kitty did not wish to lay

her whole soul bare to her. Indeed, Kitty concealed her new views and feelings from her mother. She concealed them, not because she did not respect or love her, but only because she was her mother. She would have disclosed them to any one sooner than to her mother.

"Anna Pávlovna has not called on us for quite awhile," the princess once said about Petróv's wife. "I invited her to come, but she seems to be dissatisfied with something."

"No, I have not noticed, mamma," Kitty said, blushing.

"When were you there last?"

"We are meaning to take an outing into the mountains to-morrow," Kitty replied.

"Well, go, if you wish," said the princess, gazing at her daughter's embarrassed expression, trying to divine the cause of this embarrassment.

On that day Várenka came to dinner, bringing the information that Anna Pávlovna had changed her mind and would not go to the mountains on the following day. And the princess noticed that Kitty again blushed.

"Kitty, have you not had some unpleasantness with the Petróvs?" asked the princess, when they were left alone. "Why has she stopped sending the children and coming herself?"

Kitty replied that nothing had happened, and that she was positively at a loss to understand why Anna Pávlovna seemed to be dissatisfied with her. Kitty told the truth. She did not know the cause of Anna Pávlovna's change of feeling toward her, though she surmised it. She suspected something which she could not tell her mother, and which she did not even say to herself. It was one of those things which one knows, but dare not mention to oneself: so terrible and disgraceful it would be to make a mistake.

Again and again she passed in review all her relations with that family. She recalled the naïve joy which had

been expressed on Anna Pávlovna's good-natured, round face whenever they met ; she recalled their secret discussions about the sick man and their plotting to take him away from work, which he was forbidden to do, and to entice him to go out walking with them ; and she thought of the devotion of the youngest boy, who called her " My Kitty," and who would not lie down to sleep without her. How nice it had all been ! Then she recalled Petrón's dreadfully lean figure, and his long neck, and the cinnamon-coloured coat which he wore, his scanty curling hair, his interrogative blue eyes, which at first had frightened Kitty, and his morbid attempts to appear brisk and animated in her presence. She recalled the effort which at first she had had to make in order to overcome the loathing which she had experienced toward him, as toward all consumptives, and the difficulty she had had in discovering what to say to him. She recalled that timid, meek glance which he used to cast at her, and the strange feeling of compassion and awkwardness, and later of the consciousness of her goodness, which she had experienced then. How well it had all been ! But all that had been at first. Now, a few days past, everything suddenly was changed for the worse. Anna Pávlovna met Kitty with feigned amiability, and kept watching her and her husband.

Was it possible that his touching joy at her approach was the cause of Anna Pávlovna's coldness ?

" Yes," she recalled, " there was something unnatural in Anna Pávlovna, and not at all resembling her kindness, as she said, two days ago : ' He has been waiting for you all the time, and would not drink the coffee without you, though he was dreadfully weakened.'

" Maybe it displeased her when I handed him the plaid. It was all so simple, but he accepted it so awkwardly, and kept thanking me so long, that I myself felt ill at ease. And then that portrait of me, which he painted so well. And, above all, that confused and

tender glance! Yes, yes, it is so!" Kitty repeated to herself in terror. "No, it cannot, it must not be! He is so pitiable!" she said to herself soon after.

This doubt poisoned the charm of her new life.

#### XXXIV.

JUST before the end of the watering season, Prince Shcherbátski, who had gone from Karlsbad to Baden and Kissingen, to his Russian acquaintances, — to fill himself with the Russian spirit, as he said, — returned to his family.

The views of the prince and the princess on life abroad were diametrically opposed to each other. The princess found everything beautiful and, in spite of her well-established position in Russian society, endeavoured abroad to resemble a European lady, which she was not, — because she was a Russian lady, — and so she pretended that she did not feel quite at her ease. But the prince, on the contrary, found everything abroad bad, was oppressed by the European life, stuck to his Russian habits, and purposely tried to appear less European abroad than he really was.

The prince returned thinner in body, with loosely hanging bags of skin on his cheeks, but in the merriest of moods. His happy disposition was increased when he saw Kitty completely restored. The news of Kitty's friendship with Madame Shtal and Várenka, and the observations which the princess communicated to him about a certain change that had taken place in Kitty, worried the prince, and called forth his usual feeling of jealousy of everything that carried his daughter away from him, and the fear lest his daughter should get away from his influence to some regions which would be inaccessible to him. But these disagreeable bits of news



were drowned in the sea of good nature and mirth which he always possessed, and which had become intensified by the Karlsbad springs.

On the day following his arrival, the prince in his long cloak, with his Russian wrinkles and bloated cheeks, which were supported by a starched collar, and in the happiest of moods, went with his daughter to the springs.

It was a beautiful morning: the neat, cheerful houses with their little gardens, the sight of the red-faced, red-armed, beer-filled, cheerfully working servant girls, and the bright sun, made the heart glad; but, the nearer they approached the springs, the more frequently did they come across sick people, and their aspect was even more pitiable amidst the habitual conditions of the well-regulated German life. Kitty was no longer struck by this contrast. The bright sun, the merry sheen of verdure, the sounds of the music, were for her the natural frame for all these familiar faces, and of the changes for better or for worse, which she had been observing; but to the prince the brightness and splendour of the June morning, and the sounds of the orchestra, playing a new, merry waltz, and especially the sight of the buxom servant girls, appeared as something indecent and monstrous, in connection with these gloomily moving corpses, collected from all the ends of Europe.

In spite of the feeling of pride and return of youth, which he was now experiencing, as his favourite daughter was walking with him arm in arm, he seemed to feel ill at ease and ashamed of his sturdy gait and the large, plump members of his body. He almost experienced the feeling of a man who is not dressed in society.

"Introduce me, introduce me to your new acquaintances," he said to his daughter, pressing her hand with his elbow. "I love your nasty Soden for having set you up again. Only it is sad, very sad here. Who is this?"

Kitty gave him the names of the acquaintances and strangers whom they met. At the very entrance into the garden they met blind Madame Berthe with her attendant, and the prince was happy to see the blissful expression of the old Frenchwoman when she heard Kitty's voice. She immediately began to speak with him, with French excessive amiability, praising him for having such a charming daughter, and before her extolling her to the skies, and calling her treasure, pearl, and consoling angel.

"Well, then she is the second angel," the prince said, smiling. "She calls Mlle. Várenka angel number one."

"Oh, Mlle. Várenka is a real angel, *allez*," Madame Berthe interposed.

In the gallery they met Várenka herself. She was walking hurriedly toward them, carrying an elegant red bag.

"Here is papa, who has arrived!" Kitty said to her.

Várenka made, simply and naturally, as she did everything, a motion, intermediate between a greeting and a curtsy, and immediately started talking with the prince, without embarrassment and simply, as she spoke with everybody.

"Of course, I know you, know you very well," the prince said to her with a smile, from which Kitty was happy to learn that her father liked her. "Whither are you hurrying so?"

"Mamma is here," she said, turning to Kitty. "She has not slept all night, and the doctor has advised her to be out. I am carrying some handiwork to her."

"So this is angel number one!" the prince said, when Várenka had left.

Kitty saw that he wanted to make fun of Várenka, but that he was quite unable to do so because he had taken a liking to her.

"Now we shall see all your friends," he added, "and Madame Shtal, too, if she deigns to recognize me."

"Did you know her before, papa?" Kitty asked him, in terror, as she noticed a fire of sarcasm burning in the prince's eyes at the mention of Madame Shtal.

"I used to know her husband, and her a little, before she joined the pietists."

"What is a pietist, papa?" asked Kitty, frightened to hear that that which she so highly esteemed in Madame Shtal had a name.

"I do not exactly know myself. All I know is that she thanks God for everything, for every misfortune, — even because her husband has died. Now this turns out to be ridiculous, because they did not live well together."

"Who is this? Such a pitiful face!" he asked, noticing on a bench an undersized patient in a cinnamon-coloured overcoat and white pantaloons, which made strange folds on the fleshless bones of his legs. This gentleman raised his straw hat above his scanty curling hair, disclosing a high forehead, which was unhealthily reddened by the hat.

"That is Petrón, an artist," Kitty replied, blushing. "And this is his wife," she added, pointing to Anna Pávlovna, who, as though on purpose, while they were approaching, started after her child, who had run off on the path.

"What a pitiful and what a sweet face he has!" the prince said. "Why did you not go up to him? He wanted to tell you something."

"Let us go up, then!" Kitty said, turning around with determination. "How is your health to-day?" she asked Petrón.

Petrón got up, leaning on his cane, and timidly looked at the prince.

"This is my daughter," said the prince. "Allow me to make your acquaintance!"

The artist bowed and smiled, opening his strangely glistening white teeth.

"We were waiting for you yesterday, princess," he said to Kitty.

He staggered as he said this, and, repeating this motion, he tried to show that he did so on purpose.

"I wanted to come, but Várenka told me that Anna Pávlovna had sent word that you would not go."

"Why should we not go?" Petrón said, blushing and immediately beginning to cough, searching for his wife with his eyes. "Anna, Anna!" he exclaimed aloud, and on his thin white neck the thick veins swelled like ropes.

Anna Pávlovna came up.

"How is it you sent word to the princess that we would not go?" he whispered in irritation, having lost his voice.

"Good morning, princess!" Anna Pávlovna said, with the feigned smile, which was so different from her former address. "Very glad to make your acquaintance," she turned to the prince. "They have been expecting you for a long time, prince."

"How is it you sent word to the princess that we would not go?" the artist whispered hoarsely a second time, more angrily than before, apparently becoming more irritated because his voice betrayed him and he was unable to give his words the expression he wished to give to them.

"O Lord, I thought that we should not go," his wife answered with annoyance.

"How, when —" He began to cough and waved his hand.

The prince raised his hat and went away with his daughter.

"Oh, oh!" he drew a deep sigh. "Oh, the unfortunates!"

"Yes, papa," replied Kitty. "And you must know that they have three children, no servants, and almost no means.

He gets something from the Academy," she spoke with animation, trying to drown the agitation which had risen in her on account of the peculiar change in Anna Pávlovna's relations with her.

"Here is Madame Shtal," said Kitty, pointing to a vehicle, in which, surrounded by pillows, something was lying under a parasol, wearing something gray and blue. That was Madame Shtal. Behind her stood a gloomy, sturdy German labourer, who was rolling her. Near by stood a blond Swedish count, whom Kitty knew by name. A few patients were dallying near the vehicle, looking at this lady as at something unusual.

The prince went up to her, and Kitty immediately noticed in his eyes a fire of sarcasm, which embarrassed her. He went up to Madame Shtal and started speaking with her most politely and charmingly, in that excellent French which only a few speak now.

"I do not know whether you will remember me, but I must introduce myself to you in order to thank you for your kindness to my daughter," he said to her, taking off his hat, and not putting it on again.

"Prince Aleksándr Shcherbátski," Madame Shtal said, raising up to him her heavenly eyes, in which Kitty observed dissatisfaction. "Very glad to see you! I have grown so fond of your daughter."

"Is your health still not good?"

"Yes, I am used to it," said Madame Shtal. She introduced the prince to the Swedish count.

"You have changed very little," the prince said to her. "I have not had the honour of seeing you for ten or eleven years."

"Yes, God gives us the cross, and the strength to bear it. One often wonders what this life is tending to. From the other side!" she vexedly turned to Várenka, who was wrapping her legs with a plaid in a way that she did not want.

"To do good, no doubt!" the prince said, laughing with his eyes.

"That is not for us to judge," said Madame Shtal, observing the shade of the expression in the prince's face.

"So you will send me the book, dear count? Thank you very much," she turned to the young Swede.

"Ah!" exclaimed the prince, upon noticing the Moscow colonel, who was standing near by, and, bowing to Madame Shtal, he went away with his daughter and the Moscow colonel, who had joined them.

"That is our aristocracy, prince!" said the Moscow colonel, meaning to be sarcastic. He had a grudge against Madame Shtal because she was not acquainted with him.

"She is still the same," replied the prince.

"Did you know her before her illness, that is, before she took to her bed?"

"Yes. She took to her bed in my day," said the prince.

"They say she has not been up these ten years —"

"Yes, because she is short-legged. She is very ill-proportioned —"

"Papa, that is impossible!" exclaimed Kitty.

"Evil tongues say so, my dear. But your Várenka catches it from her," she added. "Oh, those ailing ladies!"

"Oh, no, papa!" Kitty retorted, warmly. "Várenka worships her. And then, she does so much good! Ask whom you please! Everybody knows her and Aline Shtal."

"Perhaps," he said, pressing her hand with his elbow, "but it is much better to do it so that, no matter whom you ask, nobody knows anything about it."

Kitty grew silent, not because she had nothing to say, but because she did not wish to reveal her secret thoughts. But, strange to say, although she prepared herself not to submit to her father's view, not to give him access to her holiness, she felt that the divine image of Madame Shtal,

which she had carried in her soul for a whole month, had disappeared irretrievably, just as a figure formed from a robe cast down vanishes the moment you know how the robe is lying. There was left only a short-legged woman, who was lying down because she was ill-proportioned, and who was tormenting Várenka for not wrapping her plaid right. And by no effort of her imagination was she able to bring back the former Madame Shtal.

## XXXV.

THE prince communicated his happy mood to his home-folk, and to his friends, and even to the German landlord, where the Shcherbátskis were living.

After returning from the springs with Kitty and having invited the colonel and Márya Evgénievna and Várenka to coffee, the prince ordered the table and chairs to be brought out into the little garden, under a chestnut-tree, and breakfast to be served there. And the landlord and the servants became animated under the influence of his cheerfulness. They knew his liberality, and half an hour later an ailing Hamburg doctor, who was living up-stairs, was looking enviously through the window at this merry company of healthy Russians assembled under the chestnut-tree. Under the shadow of the leaves, trembling in circles, at the table which was covered with a white cloth and filled with coffee-pots, bread, butter, cheese, and cold venison, the princess sat in a head-dress with lilac ribbons, passing cups and sandwiches. At the other end sat the prince, eating with gusto, and talking loud and merrily. The prince had spread near him all his purchases, carved boxes, spelicans, paper-knives of all kinds, of which he had bought a mass at every watering-place, and which he distributed to everybody, including Lieschen, the chambermaid, and the landlord, with whom he jested in his comical German brogue, assuring him that it was not the mineral waters that had cured Kitty, but his excellent food, especially the cherry soup. The princess made fun of her husband for his Russian habits, but was more ani-



mated and merry than she had been during all her time at the springs. The colonel, as always, smiled at the prince's jokes; but in respect to Europe, which he had carefully studied, he took the part of the princess. Good-natured Márya Evgénievna rolled in laughter at every funny remark made by the prince, and Várenka—a thing Kitty had never before observed in her—almost died with a feeble, but contagious laughter, which was provoked in her by the jokes of the prince.

All that amused Kitty, but she could not help being worried. She could not solve the problem, which her father had involuntarily set before her, by his merry attitude toward her friends and toward the life of which she had become so fond. To this problem was also added the change in her relations with the Petróvs, which had become so disagreeably manifest on that day. All were cheerful, but Kitty could not be, and this increased her torment. She experienced a feeling akin to what she used to experience in childhood, when she was locked up in her room as a punishment and heard the merry laughter of her sisters.

"What did you buy this mass for?" said the princess, smiling, and handing her husband a cup of coffee.

"I would be out walking and would pass a shop, and they would invite me to buy: '*Erlaucht, Excellenz, Durchlaucht.*' When they got as far as '*Durchlaucht*' I could not withstand them any longer, and ten thalers were gone."

"He did it only from tedium," said the princess.

"Of course, from tedium. I felt so dull, my dear, I did not know what to do with myself."

"How can one feel dull, prince? There are now so many interesting things in Germany," said Márya Evgénievna.

"But I know everything of interest: I know their cherry soup and their pea sausages. I know it all."

"No, say what you please, prince, their institutions are charming," said the colonel.

"What is there interesting? They are all satisfied like copper pennies: they have conquered everybody. But what have I to be satisfied with? I have not conquered anybody; all I have to do is to take off my own boots and put them myself in front of the door. In the morning you have to get up, dress yourself at once, and go to the hall to drink miserable tea. It is quite different at home! You wake up when you get ready, grumble at something or other, growl, regain your consciousness, think matters over, and are in no hurry whatsoever."

"But time is money, — you are forgetting," said the colonel.

"Nonsense! There is some time which you would gladly get rid of at half a rouble a month, and again you would not take any amount of money for half an hour. Am I right, Kitty? What makes you so gloomy?"

"Nothing."

"Where are you hurrying? Sit awhile," he turned to Várenka.

"I must go home," said Várenka, rising, and again bursting out into laughter. She adjusted herself, bade them all good-bye, and went into the house to get her hat.

Kitty followed after her. Even Várenka now appeared quite different to her. She was not worse, but different from what she had imagined her before.

"Oh, I have not had such a laugh for a long time!" said Várenka, picking up her parasol and bag. "How dear your father is!"

Kitty was silent.

"When shall we see each other?" Várenka asked.

"Mamma wanted to call on the Petróvs. Won't you be there?" asked Kitty, with an inquisitive glance.

"I will," Várenka replied. "They are getting ready to leave, and I promised them to help them pack."

"I will be there, too."

"No, why should you?"

"Why not? Why not?" Kitty said, opening her eyes wide, and taking hold of Várenka's parasol, in order to keep her back. "No, wait, why not?"

"Well, your papa has come, and, then, they are embarrassed in your presence."

"No, you must tell me why you do not want me to be often at the Petróvs? You do not want me to! Why?"

"I did not say so," Várenka replied, calmly.

"Yes, you must tell me!"

"Shall I tell you everything?" asked Várenka.

"Everything, everything!" Kitty replied.

"There is nothing special, except that Mikhaíl Alekseyévich" (that was the artist's name) "had at first intended to leave earlier, and now he does not want to leave," Várenka said, smiling.

"Well, well?" Kitty hurried her, looking gloomily at her.

"Well, I do not know how, but Anna Pávlovna said to him that the reason he did not wish to leave was because you were here. Of course it was not proper, but this led to a quarrel between them. And you know how irritable patients are."

Kitty frowned more and more, and kept silence, and Várenka talked by herself, trying to soothe and pacify her, when she saw a gathering outburst of either tears or words, — she did not know which.

"And so it is better for you not to go — You understand, — you are not offended —"

"Serves me right, serves me right!" Kitty spoke rapidly, taking the parasol out of Várenka's hands, and looking past the eyes of her friend.

Várenka wanted to smile, as she saw the childish anger of her friend, but she was afraid she might offend her.

"How does it serve you right? I do not understand," she said.

"It serves me right, because all this was hypocrisy, because this was all made up, and not from the heart. What business have I with a stranger? And now it has turned out that I am the cause of a quarrel, and that I have done what nobody has wanted me to do. Because it is all hypocrisy, hypocrisy, hypocrisy!"

"But why should one be hypocritical?" Várenka said, softly.

"Oh, how stupid, how mean! I had no business — It is all hypocrisy!" she kept saying, opening and closing the parasol.

"But for what purpose?"

"In order to appear better before people, before oneself, before God, to cheat everybody. No, now I will not again surrender myself to it! Let me be bad, but at least not false to myself, a cheat!"

"Who is a cheat?" Várenka said, reproachfully. "You speak as though —"

But Kitty was still in her fit of excitement. She did not allow Várenka to finish her sentence.

"I am not talking of you, not at all of you. You are perfection. Yes, yes, I know that you are all perfection; but what is to be done if I am bad? This would not be if I were not bad. If so, let me be such as I am, and not a hypocrite. What business have I with Anna Pávlovna! Let them live as they please, and I will live as I please. I cannot be different from what I am — It is not that, not that!"

"What is not that?" Várenka asked, in perplexity.

"It is not that. I cannot live otherwise than from my heart, and you live by rules. I have fallen in love with you simply, but you, no doubt, have taken a liking to me, in order to save me, to instruct me!"

"You are unjust," said Várenka.

"I am not saying anything about others, — I am just speaking of myself."

"Kitty!" was heard her mother's voice. "Come here and show father your corals!"

Without making peace with her friend, Kitty, with a proud look, took the corals in a box from the table and went to her mother.

"What is the matter with you? Why are you so red?" her mother and father said, in one voice.

"Nothing," she replied. "I will be back at once," and she ran back.

"She is still here!" she thought. "What shall I tell her, O Lord? What have I done? What have I said? Why did I offend her? What shall I do? What shall I tell her?" thought Kitty, stopping at the door.

Várenka, in her hat and with the parasol in her hands, was sitting at the table, looking at the spring which Kitty had broken. She raised her head.

"Várenka, forgive me, forgive me!" Kitty whispered, going up to her. "I did not know what I was saying. I —"

"Really, I did not mean to cause you grief," Várenka said, smiling.

Peace was made. But with her father's arrival, the whole world in which Kitty had lived changed for her. She did not renounce everything which she had learned, but she understood that she had been deceiving herself, thinking that she could be what she wished. She seemed to have come to her senses; she saw the whole difficulty of maintaining herself, without hypocrisy and boasting, on the height to which she wished to raise herself; besides, she felt the whole weight of this world of woe, of diseases, of the dying, in which she was living; all the efforts she had been making over herself, in order to love it all, seemed painful to her, and she wanted to get out into the fresh air, back to Russia, to Pokróvskoe, where

her sister Dolly had already gone with her children, as she had learned from a letter.

But her love for Várenka suffered no diminution. Taking leave of her, Kitty asked her to visit her in Russia.

"I will come, when you are married," said Várenka.

"I never will marry."

"Well, then, I shall never come."

"If so, I will marry just to have you there. Look out: remember your promise!" said Kitty.

The doctor's prophecy came true. Kitty returned home, to Russia, cured. She was not as free from cares and as merry as she had been, but she was calm. Her Moscow sorrows had become a reminiscence.









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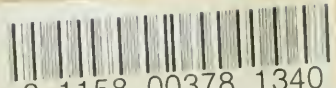
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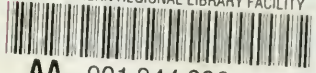
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