



中文导读英文版

德莱塞作品系列

*Jennie Gerhardt*

# 珍妮姑娘

[美] 西奥多·德莱塞 著

王勋 纪飞 等 编译

清华大学出版社





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北京

## 内 容 简 介

《珍妮姑娘》是二十世纪最有影响的小说之一，由美国著名作家德莱塞编著。主人公珍妮是一位美丽、温柔、善良的姑娘，她出生在一个家教严格的德国移民家庭。为了分担家庭生活重担，她终日辛勤劳作。珍妮身上散发出的青春气息和表现的美德，使参议员布兰德喜欢并爱上了她，同时给了她很多帮助。就在布兰德打算娶珍妮为妻的时候，却突然病故，此时珍妮怀着他的遗腹女。由于未婚生女，珍妮被笃信宗教的父亲赶出家门，几经周折，父亲才原谅了她。当全家人的生活再次陷入窘境的时候，珍妮决定接受富商之子雷斯特的求爱，并与他同居生活。但雷斯特还是没有经得住世俗的重压，最终与珍妮分道扬镳。勇敢追求幸福的珍妮，没有被主流社会所接纳。但家人和孩子的亲情，以及雷斯特临终前的忏悔，还是给予了珍妮心灵上的抚慰。

该书自出版以来，一直畅销至今，并被译成十几种语言。书中所展现的故事感染了一代又一代读者的心灵。无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，本书对当代中国的读者，特别是青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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西奥多·德莱塞（Theodore Dreiser, 1871—1945），美国现代小说的先驱、最杰出的现实主义作家之一，与海明威、福克纳并称为美国现代小说的三巨头。

德莱塞 1871 年 8 月 27 日出生在印第安纳州一个破产的小业主家庭。他的童年是在苦难中度过的，为了分担家庭重担，他甚至在铁路旁捡过煤渣。他中学没毕业就去芝加哥独自谋生，刷过碗，洗过衣服，做过检票员等工作。1889 年，他在一位教师的资助下进入印第安纳大学学习，一年之后因生活所迫再次辍学。1892 年，德莱塞进入报界开始了记者生涯，先后在芝加哥《环球报》、圣路易斯《环球—民主报》和《共和报》任职；他走遍了芝加哥、匹兹堡、纽约等大城市，广泛深入地观察、了解社会，为他的文学创作积累了丰富的素材。

1900 年，德莱塞发表了第一部长篇小说《嘉莉妹妹》，这部小说因被指控“有破坏性”而长期禁止发行，但一些散发出去的赠阅本却引起了许多有影响的作家的注意。1911 年出版了《嘉莉妹妹》的姊妹篇《珍妮姑娘》，因为主人公珍妮在诸多事情上违背了当时的道德伦理准则，如未婚生子、与人同居等，所以作品仍然激起了很大的争议。1912 年和 1914 年分别发表了“欲望三部曲”的前两部《金融家》和《巨人》，这两部小说对当时美国社会产生了巨大的影响，从此奠定了德莱塞在美国文坛的地位。1915 年出版的《天才》是德莱塞自己最满意的一部长篇小说。1925 年，出版了以真实的犯罪案件为题材的长篇小说《美国的悲剧》，这部作品标志了德莱塞的现实主义创作取得了新的成就，该作品使他享誉世界。1941 年德莱塞当选为美国作家协会主席，1944 年获美国文学艺术学会荣誉奖。1945 年 12 月 28 日德莱塞病逝。在他去世后的 1946 年和 1947 年，分别出版了





他的两部长篇小说《堡垒》和《斯多噶》（“欲望三部曲”的第三部）。德莱塞的作品很多，包括 8 部长篇小说、4 部短篇小说集，诗歌、戏剧各 2 部，散文、政论、特写 7 部，但他的主要成就是长篇小说，这些小说在美国文学史上以及世界文学史上享有崇高的地位。

对我国文学界和广大读者来说，德莱塞早就很熟悉的名字。早在 20 世纪 30 年代初，伟大的新文学运动先驱瞿秋白就撰文介绍德莱塞，他在题名为《美国的真正悲剧》一文里，说德莱塞的“天才，像太白金星似地放射着无穷的光彩”，并指出“德莱塞是描写美国生活的极伟大的作家”。德莱塞的几乎所有重要作品，特别是他的 8 部长篇小说和一些优秀短篇小说，都相继被译成中文，并受到广大中国读者欢迎。德莱塞的作品，尤其是他的成名作《嘉莉妹妹》和代表作《珍妮姑娘》、《美国的悲剧》，早已列为我国大学文科必读教材。近年来国内还出版了《德莱塞文集》以及一些评述研究德莱塞生平与创作的论著，对德莱塞的研究也在不断深入。

在德莱塞的众多作品中，《珍妮姑娘》是他最重要的代表作之一。美国文学批评家门肯称此书是“马克·吐温的《哈克贝里·费恩历险记》以来美国最优秀的小说。”《珍妮姑娘》与《嘉莉妹妹》同时被美国《现代文库》评选为“20 世纪 100 本最佳英文小说”。该书出版一百年来，一直畅销至今，并被译成世界上十几种语言，是公认的世界文学名著之一。

在中国，《珍妮姑娘》是最受广大读者欢迎的经典小说之一。目前，在国内数量众多的《珍妮姑娘》书籍中，主要的出版形式有两种：一种是中文翻译版，另一种是英文原版。其中的英文原版越来越受到读者的欢迎，这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英文的大环境。从英文学习的角度来看，直接使用纯英文素材更有利于英语学习。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读，使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式，也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排，有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《珍妮姑娘》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作的故事主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青



# 前言

少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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## 第 1 章

### Chapter 1



让我们回溯到一八一八〇年的俄亥俄州哥伦布市。

同当时千千万万贫苦的下层民众一样，德国移民吉哈德一家也过着十分艰难的生活。威廉·吉哈德今年已经五十七岁了，是一个玻璃匠，薪水微薄。现在玻璃厂停工，他不仅歇业在家，还正生病卧床不起。妻子要照顾六个孩子，有时也靠为别人洗衣服赚点零钱补贴家用。他们的六个孩子，长子塞巴斯蒂安（人们都习惯叫他巴斯）在一个货车制造行里当学徒，每月只有四块钱收入；大女儿吉纳维夫（小名珍妮）已满十八岁，但还没有找工作。其他的孩子，乔治十四岁、马莎十二岁、威廉十岁、维罗妮卡八岁，都还太小，还在上学，不仅不能给家里任何帮助，反而要增添许多负担。吉哈德家里一贫如洗，房子抵押了出去，吃的东西是从店里赊的，煤要靠大家去外面捡。维罗妮卡偏偏又在这个时候出了疹子，无疑让这个负债累累的家庭雪上加霜。

这时，走投无路的吉老太带着大女儿珍妮去找活干，可能是她们的善良打动了账房和女管事，她们在市内的一家大旅馆找到了一份扫地擦洗的活儿，一周三块钱。哥伦布是本州首府，这个旅馆就坐落在市中心广场的一隅，有五层楼高，富丽堂皇，是本地最豪华的一家饭店，来这儿光顾的都是本州的上流人物。

二人得到这份工作，便认认真真、老老实实在地干起活来，一直干到天黑才回去。虽然辛苦，但总算得到了一份工作，吉老太和珍妮心中满心欢喜。



珍妮是一个很漂亮的姑娘，她长着一副姣好的面容，拥有白皙娇嫩的肌肤、蔚蓝色的大眼睛和圆润婀娜的体态，浑身散发着青春的活力和健康的气息。酒店里那华丽诱惑的世界和里面各色优雅、美妙的上流社会的人儿都在她脑海里留下了深刻的印象。

当晚，吉老太向家里人报告了这个好消息，家里总算度过了连日以来最舒心的一个夜晚。巴斯颇有些见识，建议她们可以去找旅店里的客人要些衣服来浆洗，这样既能多赚些钱贴补家用，还比擦楼梯要轻松些。

第二天，母女二人便去找账房提了她们的这个请求。账房因为同情这对母女，便推荐她们去找参议员布兰德先生。其实当她们在擦楼梯的时候，布兰德就已经注意到她们了。珍妮美丽的面容给他留下了深刻印象。布兰德和蔼地接待了她们的，并拿了一件衣服给她们去洗。

One morning, in the fall of 1880, a middle-aged woman, accompanied by a young girl of eighteen, presented herself at the clerk's desk of the principal hotel in Columbus, Ohio, and made inquiry as to whether there was anything about the place that she could do. She was of a helpless, fleshy build, with a frank, open countenance and an innocent, diffident manner. Her eyes were large and patient, and in them dwelt such a shadow of distress as only those who have looked sympathetically into the countenances of the distraught and helpless poor know anything about. Any one could see where the daughter behind her got the timidity and shamefacedness which now caused her to stand back and look indifferently away. She was a product of the fancy, the feeling, the innate affection of the untutored but poetic mind of her mother combined with the gravity and poise which were characteristic of her father. Poverty was driving them. Together they presented so appealing a picture of honest necessity that even the clerk was affected.

"What is it you would like to do?" he said.

"Maybe you have some cleaning or scrubbing," she replied, timidly. "I could wash the floors."

The daughter, hearing the statement, turned uneasily, not because it irritated her to work, but because she hated people to guess at the poverty that made it necessary. The clerk, manlike, was affected by the evidence of beauty

in distress. The innocent helplessness of the daughter made their lot seem hard indeed.

"Wait a moment," he said; and, stepping into a back office, he called the head housekeeper.

There was work to be done. The main staircase and parlour hall were unswept because of the absence of the regular scrub-woman.

"Is that her daughter with her?" asked the housekeeper, who could see them from where she was standing.

"Yes, I believe so."

"She might come this afternoon if she wants to. The girl helps her, I suppose?"

"You go see the housekeeper," said the clerk, pleasantly, as he came back to the desk. "Right through there"—pointing to a near-by door. "She'll arrange with you about it."

A succession of misfortunes, of which this little scene might have been called the tragic culmination, had taken place in the life and family of William Gerhardt, a glass-blower by trade. Having suffered the reverses so common in the lower walks of life, this man was forced to see his wife, his six children, and himself dependent for the necessities of life upon whatever windfall of fortune the morning of each recurring day might bring. He himself was sick in bed. His oldest boy, Sebastian, or "Bass," as his associates transformed it, worked as an apprentice to a local freight-car builder, but received only four dollars a week. Genevieve, the oldest of the girls, was past eighteen, but had not as yet been trained to any special work. The other children, George, aged fourteen; Martha, twelve; William, ten, and Veronica, eight, were too young to do anything, and only made the problem of existence the more complicated. Their one mainstay was the home, which, barring a six-hundred-dollar mortgage, the father owned. He had borrowed this money at a time when, having saved enough to buy the house, he desired to add three rooms and a porch, and so make it large enough for them to live in. A few years were still to run on the mortgage, but times had been so bad that he had been forced to use up not only the little he had saved to pay off the principal, but the annual interest also. Gerhardt was helpless, and the consciousness of his precarious

situation—the doctor's bill, the interest due upon the mortgage, together with the sums owed butcher and baker, who, through knowing him to be absolutely honest, had trusted him until they could trust no longer—all these perplexities weighed upon his mind and racked him so nervously as to delay his recovery.

Mrs. Gerhardt was no weakling. For a time she took in washing, what little she could get, devoting the intermediate hours to dressing the children, cooking, seeing that they got off to school, mending their clothes, waiting on her husband, and occasionally weeping. Not infrequently she went personally to some new grocer, each time farther and farther away, and, starting an account with a little cash, would receive credit until other grocers warned the philanthropist of his folly. Corn was cheap. Sometimes she would make a kettle of lye hominy, and this would last, with scarcely anything else, for an entire week. Corn-meal also, when made into mush, was better than nothing, and this, with a little milk, made almost a feast. Potatoes fried was the nearest they ever came to luxurious food, and coffee was an infrequent treat. Coal was got by picking it up in buckets and baskets along the maze of tracks in the near-by railroad yard. Wood, by similar journeys to surrounding lumber-yards. Thus they lived from day to day, each hour hoping that the father would get well and that the glass-works would soon start up. But as the winter approached Gerhardt began to feel desperate.

"I must get out of this now pretty soon," was the sturdy German's regular comment, and his anxiety found but weak expression in the modest quality of his voice.

To add to all this trouble little Veronica took the measles, and, for a few days, it was thought that she would die. The mother neglected everything else to hover over her and pray for the best. Doctor Ellwanger came every day, out of purely human sympathy, and gravely examined the child. The Lutheran minister, Pastor Wundt, called to offer the consolation of the Church. Both of these men brought an atmosphere of grim ecclesiasticism into the house. They were the black-garbed, sanctimonious emissaries of superior forces. Mrs. Gerhardt felt as if she were going to lose her child, and watched sorrowfully by the cot-side. After three days the worst was over, but there was no bread in the house. Sebastian's wages had been spent for medicine. Only coal was free for

the picking, and several times the children had been scared from the railroad yards. Mrs. Gerhardt thought of all the places to which she might apply, and despairingly hit upon the hotel. Now, by a miracle, she had her chance.

"How much do you charge?" the housekeeper asked her.

Mrs. Gerhardt had not thought this would be left to her, but need emboldened her.

"Would a dollar a day be too much?"

"No," said the housekeeper; "there is only about three days work to do every week. If you would come every afternoon you could do it."

"Very well," said the applicant. "Shall we start today?"

"Yes; if you'll come with me now I'll show you where the cleaning things are."

The hotel, into which they were thus summarily introduced, was a rather remarkable specimen for the time and place. Columbus, being the State capital, and having a population of fifty thousand and a fair passenger traffic, was a good field for the hotel business, and the opportunity had been improved; so at least the Columbus people proudly thought. The structure, five stories in height, and of imposing proportions, stood at one corner of the central public square, where were the Capitol building and principal stores. The lobby was large and had been recently redecorated. Both floor and wainscot were of white marble, kept shiny by frequent polishing. There was an imposing staircase with hand-rails of walnut and toe-strips of brass. An inviting corner was devoted to a news and cigar-stand. Where the staircase curved upward the clerk's desk and offices had been located, all done in hardwood and ornamented by novel gas-fixtures. One could see through a door at one end of the lobby to the barber-shop, with its chairs and array of shaving-mugs. Outside were usually two or three buses, arriving or departing, in accordance with the movement of the trains.

To this caravanserai came the best of the political and social patronage of the State. Several Governors had made it their permanent abiding place during their terms of office. The two United States Senators, whenever business called them to Columbus, invariably maintained parlour chambers at the hotel. One of them, Senator Brander, was looked upon by the proprietor as more or less of a

permanent guest, because he was not only a resident of the city, but an otherwise homeless bachelor. Other and more transient guests included Congressmen, State legislators and lobbyists, merchants, professional men, and, after them, the whole raft of indescribables who, coming and going, make up the glow and stir of this kaleidoscopic world.

Mother and daughter, suddenly flung into this realm of superior brightness, felt immeasurably overawed. They went about too timid to touch anything for fear of giving offence. The great red-carpeted hallway, which they were set to sweep, had for them all the magnificence of a palace; they kept their eyes down and spoke in their lowest tones. When it came to scrubbing the steps and polishing the brass-work of the splendid stairs both needed to steel themselves, the mother against her timidity, the daughter against the shame at so public an exposure. Wide beneath lay the imposing lobby, and men, lounging, smoking, passing constantly in and out, could see them both.

"Isn't it fine?" whispered Genevieve, and started nervously at the sound of her own voice.

"Yes," returned her mother, who, upon her knees, was wringing out her cloth with earnest but clumsy hands.

"It must cost a good deal to live here, don't you think?"

"Yes," said her mother. "Don't forget to rub into these little corners. Look here what you've left."

Jennie, mortified by this correction, fell earnestly to her task, and polished vigorously, without again daring to lift her eyes.

With painstaking diligence they worked downward until about five o'clock; it was dark outside, and all the lobby was brightly lighted. Now they were very near the bottom of the stairway.

Through the big swinging doors there entered from the chilly world without a tall, distinguished, middle-aged gentleman, whose silk hat and loose military cape-coat marked him at once, among the crowd of general idlers, as some one of importance. His face was of a dark and solemn cast, but broad and sympathetic in its lines, and his bright eyes were heavily shaded with thick, bushy, black eyebrows. Passing to the desk he picked up the key that had already been laid out for him, and coming to the staircase, started up.



The middle-aged woman, scrubbing at his feet, he acknowledged not only by walking around her, but by graciously waving his hand, as much as to say, "Don't move for me."

The daughter, however, caught his eye by standing up, her troubled glance showing that she feared she was in his way.

He bowed and smiled pleasantly.

"You shouldn't have troubled yourself," he said,

Jennie only smiled.

When he had reached the upper landing an impulsive sidewise glance assured him, more clearly than before, of her uncommonly prepossessing appearance. He noted the high, white forehead, with its smoothly parted and plaited hair. The eyes he saw were blue and the complexion fair. He had even time to admire the mouth and the full cheeks—above all, the well-rounded, graceful form, full of youth, health, and that hopeful expectancy which to the middle-aged is so suggestive of all that is worth begging of Providence. Without another look he went dignifiedly upon his way, but the impression of her charming personality went with him. This was the Hon. George Sylvester Brander, junior Senator.

"Wasn't that a fine-looking man who went up just now?" observed Jennie a few moments later.

"Yes, he was," said her mother.

"He had a gold-headed cane."

"You mustn't stare at people when they pass," cautioned her mother, wisely. "It isn't nice."

"I didn't stare at him," returned Jennie, innocently. "He bowed to me."

"Well, don't you pay any attention to anybody," said her mother. "They may not like it."

Jennie fell to her task in silence, but the glamour of the great world was having its effect upon her senses. She could not help giving ear to the sounds, the brightness, the buzz of conversation and laughter surrounding her. In one section of the parlour floor was the dining-room, and from the clink of dishes one could tell that supper was being prepared. In another was the parlour proper, and there some one came to play on the piano. That feeling of rest and

relaxation which comes before the evening meal pervaded the place. It touched the heart of the innocent working-girl with hope, for hers were the years, and poverty could not as yet fill her young mind with cares. She rubbed diligently always, and sometimes forgot the troubled mother at her side, whose kindly eyes were becoming invested with crows' feet, and whose lips half repeated the hundred cares of the day. She could only think that all of this was very fascinating, and wish that a portion of it might come to her.

At half-past five, the housekeeper, remembering them, came and told them that they might go. The fully finished stairway was relinquished by both with a sigh of relief, and, after putting their implements away, they hastened homeward, the mother, at least, pleased to think that at last she had something to do.

As they passed several fine houses Jennie was again touched by that half-defined emotion which the unwonted novelty of the hotel life had engendered in her consciousness.

"Isn't it fine to be rich?" she said.

"Yes," answered her mother, who was thinking of the suffering Veronica.

"Did you see what a big dining-room they had there?"

"Yes."

They went on past the low cottages and among the dead leaves of the year.

"I wish we were rich," murmured Jennie, half to herself.

"I don't know just what to do," confided her mother with a long-drawn sigh. "I don't believe there's a thing to eat in the house."

"Let's stop and see Mr. Bauman again," exclaimed Jennie, her natural sympathies restored by the hopeless note in her mother's voice.

"Do you think he would trust us any more?"

"Let's tell him where we're working. I will."

"Well," said her mother, wearily.

Into the small, dimly lighted grocery store, which was two blocks from their house, they ventured nervously. Mrs. Gerhardt was about to begin, but Jennie spoke first.

"Will you let us have some bread to-night, and a little bacon? We're working now at the Columbus House, and we'll be sure to pay you Saturday."

"Yes," added Mrs. Gerhardt, "I have something to do."

Bauman, who had long supplied them before illness and trouble began, knew that they told the truth.

"How long have you been working there?" he asked.

"Just this afternoon."

"You know, Mrs. Gerhardt," he said, "how it is with me. I don't want to refuse you. Mr. Gerhardt is good for it, but I am poor, too. Times are hard," he explained further, "I have my family to keep."

"Yes, I know," said Mrs. Gerhardt, weakly.

Her old shoddy shawl hid her rough hands, red from the day's work, but they were working nervously. Jennie stood by in strained silence.

"Well," concluded Mr. Bauman, "I guess it's all right this time. Do what you can for me Saturday."

He wrapped up the bread and bacon, and, handing Jennie the parcel, he added, with a touch of cynicism:

"When you get money again I guess you'll go and trade somewhere else."

"No," returned Mrs. Gerhardt; "you know better than that." But she was too nervous to parley long.

They went out into the shadowy street, and on past the low cottages to their own home.

"I wonder," said the mother, wearily, when they neared the door, "if they've got any coal?"

"Don't worry," said Jennie. "If they haven't I'll go."

"A man run us away," was almost the first greeting that the perturbed George offered when the mother made her inquiry about the coal. "I got a little, though," he added. "I threw it off a car."

Mrs. Gerhardt only smiled, but Jennie laughed.

"How is Veronica?" she inquired.

"She seems to be sleeping," said the father. "I gave her medicine again at five."

While the scanty meal was being prepared the mother went to the sick child's bedside, taking up another long night's vigil quite as a matter of course.

While the supper was being eaten Sebastian offered a suggestion, and his