



中文导读英文版
哈代作品系列

The Mayor of Casterbridge

卡斯特桥市长

[英] 哈代 著
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

清华大学出版社



(中 文 导 读 英 文 版)

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内 容 简 介

《卡斯特桥市长》是英国著名小说家、诗人哈代的重要代表作之一。故事讲述主人公亨查德通过自己的努力,从一个无名小子成为受人尊敬的市长,又因性格的弱点而受到命运的捉弄,最终在贫困孤独中凄惨地死去的悲情故事。亨查德年轻时是个地位卑微的工人,他为人正直、善良。一次醉酒后,他把妻子和女儿卖给了别人。事后他追悔莫及,从此滴酒不沾。后来,凭着自己的勤奋和努力,他生意亨通,还当上了受人尊敬的卡斯特桥市长。后来妻女回到了他的身边,但由于性格中的刚愎、偏执,灾难也接踵而至。他先是与合伙人唐纳德闹翻,在竞争中陷于破产,并失去了市长的公职。妻子去世后,他又痛苦地发现女儿并非自己亲生。就在他打算与女友结婚的时候,不想女友与生意上的竞争对手唐纳德相爱并嫁给了唐纳德。破产和羞辱使他陷入狼狈的境地,而且他有伤风化的卖妻行为也流传开来,这一切使他无地自容,于是他黯然离开了卡斯特桥市,在孤独中悲惨地离开了人世。

该书自出版以来,一直受到世界各地一代又一代读者的欢迎,被翻译成十几种文字,还被改编成电影、电视剧。无论作为语言学习的课本,还是作为通俗的文学读本,本书对当代中国读者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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前言

托马斯·哈代（Thomas Hardy，1840—1928），英国著名小说家、诗人，是一位跨世纪的文学巨匠。

1840年6月2日，哈代出生在英国西南部的一个毗邻多塞特郡大荒原的小村庄，这里的自然环境成了日后哈代作品的主要背景。他的父亲是石匠，但非常重视对哈代教育。1856年哈代离开学校，给一名建筑师当学徒。1862年哈代前往伦敦，任建筑绘图员，并在伦敦大学进修语言，开始文学创作。

哈代的文学生涯开始于诗歌，因作品无法发表转而进行小说创作。1871年，他出版了第一部长篇小说《计出无奈》。1874年，出版了《远离尘嚣》，该书一经出版便立即引起轰动，并由此确立了他在英国文学界的地位。从此，他放弃了建筑职业，全身心地致力于小说创作。哈代一生共创作出版了近20部长篇小说，除《远离尘嚣》外，著名的小说还有《苔丝》、《无名的裘德》、《还乡》和《卡斯特桥市长》。出版诗集8集，共918首。此外，还有许多以“威塞克斯故事”为总名的中短篇小说，以及长篇史诗剧《列王》。

在哈代的众多作品中，《卡斯特桥市长》是他最重要的作品之一，也是英语文学中最伟大的作品之一。该书出版近一百多年来，被译成世界上几十种语言，是公认的世界文学名著之一。

在中国，《卡斯特桥市长》是最受广大读者欢迎的经典小说之一。目前，在国内数量众多的外国经典文学书籍中，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，这样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《卡斯特桥市长》，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，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由纪飞、王勋编译。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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第一章

Chapter 1



一天傍晚，一个年轻的男人和一个抱着孩子的女人，走在韦敦·普瑞厄兹村的街道上。他们穿着简朴，鞋和衣服上都蒙着一层厚厚的尘土。

那个男人身材挺拔，脸部轮廓很有棱角。他穿着褐色夹克、粗斜纹布的背心和过膝短裤，棕黄色的皮绑腿，草帽上有一个黑帆布的帽箍，背上背着一个灯芯草篮子，篮子里有一把切草刀和一个打草绳用的螺丝转。他的步子带着乡下手工艺人的特征，节奏分明、沉稳踏实。

不过，这一对男女在路上一一直都默不作声，就这样并排走着。那个男人在看着一首民歌，女人则在旁边默默地走着。对于男人不理不睬的样子，女人根本没有感到惊讶，她只是对孩子说着悄悄话。

毫无疑问，这对男女是夫妇。妻子多半把眼睛盯着前面看着风景，这样的风景在这个季节的英格兰到处都是。在走近韦敦·普瑞厄兹村的时候，他们遇到了一个刨萝卜的人。男人询问这里是不是有捆干草的活干。刨萝卜的摇头说没有。男人又询问是不是有小房子出租。刨萝卜的也说没有。

捆草工一家又一直走到了集市广场。现在集市上已经没有什么像样的生意了。只有一批随便逛逛的人在闲转。两位行人没有心情去理睬那帮闲人，他们注意到两家小吃摊：一家宣扬有优质啤酒，另一家宣扬有香甜可口的麦粥。男人想去第一家，而女人想去第二家。男人听从了女人的意见，他们一起到了卖麦粥的帐篷。



帐篷里有很多人，一个丑老婆子在一口三脚大锅边上搅动着稀粥。这对男女要了一盆稀粥，不慌不忙地吃了起来。但是帐篷里还有别的东西，男人凭着本能，很快就发现了。他偷偷从老婆子那里买到了朗姆酒。他还说服他的妻子也在粥里兑了一点儿酒。后来男人还想喝更多，酒劲也很快就表现了出来。他的妻子发现他们陷进了一伙私酒贩子制造危险的旋涡中。

怀里的孩子开始哭闹，妻子不止一次地劝丈夫先去寻找住处，不然就有麻烦了。可是丈夫根本就不理睬，因为已经喝了四盆，他的行为逐渐暴露了他盛气凌人、强词夺理的本性。他在与周围人高谈阔论时，抱怨自己在十八岁就迷迷糊糊地结了婚，因此导致了现在的窘困处境。妻子早已经听惯了他这一套，所以根本不理他。男人吹嘘说自己是全英国最好的饲草行家，就是因为自己不自由，所以才身无分文。男人又说要是有人要买他的老婆，他立刻就卖。

周围的顾客立刻显露出了兴趣，还有顾客开始评价起这个女人来。妻子告诫自己的丈夫不要闹得太厉害了。可是男人反倒越说越起劲，一个劲儿地推销起自己的老婆来了。女人终于无法忍受了，毅然要求周围人拍卖自己，因为她再也无法忍受自己的丈夫了。一个小矮个儿当起了拍卖人，第一个叫价的人开玩笑似的喊出了五个先令。丈夫觉得这个价钱太便宜了，坚持少于五个畿尼绝对不卖。这时一个水手回应说自己愿意出五个畿尼。周围的人都觉得这只是一个玩笑，可是当水手拿出钱而男人又决定收下的时候，周围的人都有些傻眼了。

女人带着孩子同水手一起走了，这时男人有一些后悔了，可是当周围人对他的所作所为表示不满的时候，他又固执地坚持说自己的决定没错，女人一定会过得更加困苦。

帐篷里的人逐渐散去了，男人趴在桌子上睡着了。卖粥的老婆子把男人留在帐篷里，自己也收摊回家了。

*O*ne evening of late summer, before the nineteenth century had reached one-third of its span, a young man and woman, the latter carrying a child, were approaching the large village of Weydon-Priors, in Upper Wessex, on foot. They were plainly but not ill clad, though the thick hoar of dust which had accumulated on their shoes and garments from an obviously long journey lent a

disadvantageous shabbiness to their appearance just now.

The man was of fine figure, swarthy, and stern in aspect; and he showed in profile a facial angle so slightly inclined as to be almost perpendicular. He wore a short jacket of brown corduroy, newer than the remainder of his suit, which was a fustian waistcoat with white horn buttons, breeches of the same, tanned leggings, and a straw hat overlaid with black glazed canvas. At his back he carried by a looped strap a rush basket, from which protruded at one end the crutch of a hay-knife, a wimble for hay-bonds being also visible in the aperture. His measured, springless walk was the walk of the skilled countryman as distinct from the desultory shamble of the general labourer; while in the turn and plant of each foot there was, further, a dogged and cynical indifference personal to himself, showing its presence even in the regularly interchanging fustian folds, now in the left leg, now in the right, as he paced along.

What was really peculiar, however, in this couple's progress, and would have attracted the attention of any casual observer otherwise disposed to overlook them, was the perfect silence they preserved. They walked side by side in such a way as to suggest afar off the low, easy, confidential chat of people full of reciprocity; but on closer view it could be discerned that the man was reading, or pretending to read, a ballad sheet which he kept before his eyes with some difficulty by the hand that was passed through the basket strap. Whether this apparent cause were the real cause, or whether it were an assumed one to escape an intercourse that would have been irksome to him, nobody but himself could have said precisely; but his taciturnity was unbroken, and the woman enjoyed no society whatever from his presence. Virtually she walked the highway alone, save for the child she bore. Sometimes the man's bent elbow almost touched her shoulder, for she kept as close to his side as was possible without actual contact, but she seemed to have no idea of taking his arm, nor he of offering it; and far from exhibiting surprise at his ignoring silence she appeared to receive it as a natural thing. If any word at all were uttered by the little group, it was an occasional whisper of the woman to the child—a tiny girl in short clothes and blue boots of knitted yarn—and the murmured babble of the child in reply.

The chief—almost the only—attraction of the young woman's face was its

mobility. When she looked down sideways to the girl she became pretty, and even handsome, particularly that in the action her features caught slantwise the rays of the strongly coloured sun, which made transparencies of her eyelids and nostrils and set fire on her lips. When she plodded on in the shade of the hedge, silently thinking, she had the hard, half-apathetic expression of one who deems anything possible at the hands of Time and Chance except, perhaps, fair play. The first phase was the work of Nature, the second probably of civilization.

That the man and woman were husband and wife, and the parents of the girl in arms there could be little doubt. No other than such relationship would have accounted for the atmosphere of stale familiarity which the trio carried along with them like a nimbus as they moved down the road.

The wife mostly kept her eyes fixed ahead, though with little interest—the scene for that matter being one that might have been matched at almost any spot in any county in England at this time of the year; a road neither straight nor crooked, neither level nor hilly, bordered by hedges, trees, and other vegetation, which had entered the blackened-green stage of colour that the doomed leaves pass through on their way to dingy, and yellow, and red. The grassy margin of the bank, and the nearest hedgerow boughs, were powdered by the dust that had been stirred over them by hasty vehicles, the same dust as it lay on the road deadening their footfalls like a carpet; and this, with the aforesaid total absence of conversation, allowed every extraneous sound to be heard.

For a long time there was none, beyond the voice of a weak bird singing a trite old evening song that might doubtless have been heard on the hill at the same hour, and with the self-same trills, quavers, and breves, at any sunset of that season for centuries untold. But as they approached the village sundry distant shouts and rattles reached their ears from some elevated spot in that direction, as yet screened from view by foliage. When the outlying houses of Weydon-Priors could just be described, the family group was met by a turnip-hoer with his hoe on his shoulder, and his dinner-bag suspended from it. The reader promptly glanced up.

“Any trade doing here?” he asked phlegmatically, designating the village in his van by a wave of the broadsheet. And thinking the labourer did not

understand him, he added, “Anything in the hay-trussing line?”

The turnip-hoer had already begun shaking his head. “Why, save the man, what wisdom’s in him that ‘a should come to Weydon for a job of that sort this time o’ year?”

“Then is there any house to let—a little small new cottage just a builded, or such like?” asked the other.

The pessimist still maintained a negative. “Pulling down is more the nater of Weydon. There were five houses cleared away last year, and three this; and the volk nowhere to go—no, not so much as a thatched hurdle; that’s the way o’ Weydon-Priors.”

The hay-trusser, which he obviously was, nodded with some superciliousness. Looking towards the village, he continued, “There is something going on here, however, is there not?”

“Ay. ’Tis Fair Day. Though what you hear now is little more than the clatter and scurry of getting away the money o’ children and fools, for the real business is done earlier than this. I’ve been working within sound o’t all day, but I didn’t go up—not I. ’Twas no business of mine.”

The trusser and his family proceeded on their way, and soon entered the Fair-field, which showed standing-places and pens where many hundreds of horses and sheep had been exhibited and sold in the forenoon, but were now in great part taken away. At present, as their informant had observed, but little real business remained on hand, the chief being the sale by auction of a few inferior animals, that could not otherwise be disposed of, and had been absolutely refused by the better class of traders, who came and went early. Yet the crowd was denser now than during the morning hours, the frivolous contingent of visitors, including journeymen out for a holiday, a stray soldier or two come on furlough, village shopkeepers, and the like, having latterly flocked in; persons whose activities found a congenial field among the peep-shows, toy-stands, waxworks, inspired monsters, disinterested medical men who travelled for the public good, thimble-riggers, nick-nack vendors, and readers of Fate.

Neither of our pedestrians had much heart for these things, and they looked around for a refreshment tent among the many which dotted the down.

Two, which stood nearest to them in the ochreous haze of expiring sunlight, seemed almost equally inviting. One was formed of new, milk-hued canvas, and bore red flags on its summit; it announced "Good Home-brewed Beer, Ale, and Cyder." The other was less new; a little iron stove-pipe came out of it at the back and in front appeared the placard, "Good Furnity Sold Hear." The man mentally weighed the two inscriptions and inclined to the former tent.

"No—no—the other one," said the woman. "I always like furnity; and so does Elizabeth-Jane; and so will you. It is nourishing after a long hard day."

"I've never tasted it," said the man. However, he gave way to her representations, and they entered the furnity booth forthwith.

A rather numerous company appeared within, seated at the long narrow tables that ran down the tent on each side. At the upper end stood a stove, containing a charcoal fire, over which hung a large three-legged crock, sufficiently polished round the rim to show that it was made of bell-metal. A haggish creature of about fifty presided, in a white apron, which as it threw an air of respectability over her as far as it extended, was made so wide as to reach nearly round her waist. She slowly stirred the contents of the pot. The dull scrape of her large spoon was audible throughout the tent as she thus kept from burning the mixture of corn in the grain, flour, milk, raisins, currants, and what not, that composed the antiquated slop in which she dealt. Vessels holding the separate ingredients stood on a white-clothed table of boards and trestles close by.

The young man and woman ordered a basin each of the mixture, steaming hot, and sat down to consume it at leisure. This was very well so far, for furnity, as the woman had said, was nourishing, and as proper a food as could be obtained within the four seas; though, to those not accustomed to it, the grains of wheat swollen as large as lemon-pips, which floated on its surface, might have a deterrent effect at first.

But there was more in that tent than met the cursory glance; and the man, with the instinct of a perverse character, scented it quickly. After a mincing attack on his bowl, he watched the hag's proceedings from the corner of his eye, and saw the game she played. He winked to her, and passed up his basin in reply to her nod; when she took a bottle from under the table, slyly measured

out a quantity of its contents, and tipped the same into the man's furmity. The liquor poured in was rum. The man as sliely sent back money in payment.

He found the concoction, thus strongly laced, much more to his satisfaction than it had been in its natural state. His wife had observed the proceeding with much uneasiness; but he persuaded her to have hers laced also, and she agreed to a milder allowance after some misgiving.

The man finished his basin, and called for another, the rum being signalled for in yet stronger proportion. The effect of it was soon apparent in his manner, and his wife but too sadly perceived that in strenuously steering off the rocks of the licensed liquor-tent she had only got into maelstrom depths here amongst the smugglers.

The child began to prattle impatiently, and the wife more than once said to her husband, "Michael, how about our lodging? You know we may have trouble in getting it if we don't go soon."

But he turned a deaf ear to those bird-like chirpings. He talked loud to the company. The child's black eyes, after slow, round, ruminating gazes at the candles when they were lighted, fell together; then they opened, then shut again, and she slept.

At the end of the first basin the man had risen to serenity; at the second he was jovial; at the third, argumentative, at the fourth, the qualities signified by the shape of his face, the occasional clench of his mouth, and the fiery spark of his dark eye, began to tell in his conduct; he was overbearing—even brilliantly quarrelsome.

The conversation took a high turn, as it often does on such occasions. The ruin of good men by bad wives, and, more particularly, the frustration of many a promising youth's high aims and hopes and the extinction of his energies by an early imprudent marriage, was the theme.

"I did for myself that way thoroughly," said the trusser with a contemplative bitterness that was well-night resentful. "I married at eighteen, like the fool that I was; and this is the consequence o't." He pointed at himself and family with a wave of the hand intended to bring out the penuriousness of the exhibition.

The young woman his wife, who seemed accustomed to such remarks,

acted as if she did not hear them, and continued her intermittent private words of tender trifles to the sleeping and waking child, who was just big enough to be placed for a moment on the bench beside her when she wished to ease her arms. The man continued—

“I haven’t more than fifteen shillings in the world, and yet I am a good experienced hand in my line. I’d challenge England to beat me in the fodder business; and if I were a free man again I’d be worth a thousand pound before I’d done o’t. But a fellow never knows these little things till all chance of acting upon ’em is past.”

The auctioneer selling the old horses in the field outside could be heard saying, “Now this is the last lot—now who’ll take the last lot for a song? Shall I say forty shillings? ’Tis a very promising broodmare, a trifle over five years old, and nothing the matter with the hoss at all, except that she’s a little holler in the back and had her left eye knocked out by the kick of another, her own sister, coming along the road.”

“For my part I don’t see why men who have got wives and don’t want ’em, shouldn’t get rid of ’em as these gipsy fellows do their old horses,” said the man in the tent. “Why shouldn’t they put ’em up and sell ’em by auction to men who are in need of such articles? Hey? Why, begad, I’d sell mine this minute if anybody would buy her!”

“There’s them that would do that,” some of the guests replied, looking at the woman, who was by no means ill-favoured.

“True,” said a smoking gentleman, whose coat had the fine polish about the collar, elbows, seams, and shoulder-blades that long-continued friction with grimy surfaces will produce, and which is usually more desired on furniture than on clothes. From his appearance he had possibly been in former time groom or coachman to some neighbouring county family. “I’ve had my breedings in as good circles, I may say, as any man,” he added, “and I know true cultivation, or nobody do; and I can declare she’s got it—in the bone, mind ye, I say—as much as any female in the fair—though it may want a little bringing out.” Then, crossing his legs, he resumed his pipe with a nicely-adjusted gaze at a point in the air.

The fuddled young husband stared for a few seconds at this unexpected

praise of his wife, half in doubt of the wisdom of his own attitude towards the possessor of such qualities. But he speedily lapsed into his former conviction, and said harshly—

“Well, then, now is your chance; I am open to an offer for this gem o’ creation.”

She turned to her husband and murmured, “Michael, you have talked this nonsense in public places before. A joke is a joke, but you may make it once too often, mind!”

“I know I’ve said it before; I meant it. All I want is a buyer.”

At the moment a swallow, one among the last of the season, which had by chance found its way through an opening into the upper part of the tent, flew to and from quick curves above their heads, causing all eyes to follow it absently. In watching the bird till it made its escape the assembled company neglected to respond to the workman’s offer, and the subject dropped.

But a quarter of an hour later the man, who had gone on lacing his furmity more and more heavily, though he was either so strong-minded or such an intrepid toper that he still appeared fairly sober, recurred to the old strain, as in a musical fantasy the instrument fetches up the original theme. “Here—I am waiting to know about this offer of mine. The woman is no good to me. Who’ll have her?”

The company had by this time decidedly degenerated, and the renewed inquiry was received with a laugh of appreciation. The woman whispered; she was imploring and anxious: “Come, come, it is getting dark, and this nonsense won’t do. If you don’t come along, I shall go without you. Come!”

She waited and waited; yet he did not move. In ten minutes the man broke in upon the desultory conversation of the furmity drinkers with. “I asked this question, and nobody answered to ‘t. Will any Jack Rag or Tom Straw among ye buy my goods?”

The woman’s manner changed, and her face assumed the grim shape and colour of which mention has been made.

“Mike, Mike,” she said; “this is getting serious. O!—too serious!”

“Will anybody buy her?” said the man.

“I wish somebody would,” said she firmly. “Her present owner is not at all