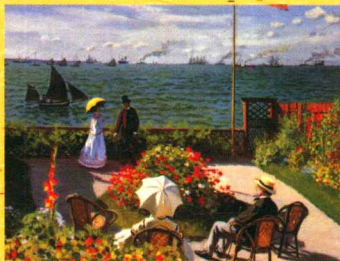


(英语原著版·第五辑)
中译经典文库·世界文学名著



美国首位女性普利策文学奖得主的获奖作品



THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

(UNABRIDGED)

纯真年代

■ Edith Wharton

在《纯真年代》中，作者以深刻的认识和幽默的笔调，描述20世纪初期纽约上流社会的生活以及该生活圈的塌陷。作家把那个时代的纽约上流社会比作一个小小的金字塔，它又尖又滑，很难在上面取得立足之地。本书是作者对养育她也束缚过她的那个社会的回顾，感情复杂，既有亲切的眷恋，又有清醒的针砭。本书于1921年获得普利策文学奖，伊迪丝·华顿因而成为该奖的第一位女性得主。

中国出版集团公司
中国对外翻译出版有限公司

中译经典文库·世界文学名著（英语原著版）

The Age of Innocence

纯真年代

Edith Wharton

中国出版集团公司
中国对外翻译出版有限公司

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

纯真年代: 英文/(美)华顿(Wharton, E.)著. —北京: 中国对外翻译出版有限公司, 2012.3

(中译经典文库·世界文学名著: 英语原著版)

ISBN 978-7-5001-3360-5

I. ①纯… II. ①华… III. ①英语-语言读物②长篇小说-美国-现代 IV. ①H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2012)第022546号

出版发行/中国对外翻译出版有限公司

地 址/北京市西城区车公庄大街甲4号(物华大厦六层)

电 话/(010) 68359376 68359303 68359719

邮 编/100044

传 真/(010)68357870

电子邮箱/book@ctpc.com.cn

网 址/http://www.ctpc.com.cn

总 经 理/林国夫

出版策划/张高里

责任编辑/章婉凝

封面设计/奇文堂·潘峰

排 版/竹页图文

印 刷/保定市中国画美凯印刷有限公司

经 销/新华书店北京发行所

规 格/787×1092毫米 1/32

印 张/8.125

版 次/2012年3月第一版

印 次/2012年3月第一次

ISBN 978-7-5001-3360-5 定价: 17.00元



版权所有 侵权必究
中国对外翻译出版有限公司

出版前言

一部文学史是人类从童真走向成熟的发展史，是一个个文学大师用如椽巨笔记载的人类的心灵史，也是承载人类良知与情感反思的思想史。阅读这些传世的文学名著就是在阅读最鲜活生动的历史，就是在与大师们做跨越时空的思想交流与情感交流，它会使一代代的读者获得心灵的滋养与巨大的审美满足。

中国对外翻译出版有限公司以中外语言学习和中外文化交流为自己的出版方向，向广大读者提供既能提升语言能力，又能滋养心灵的精神大餐是我们的一贯宗旨。尽管随着网络技术和数字出版的发展，读者获得这些作品的途径更加便捷，但是，一本本装帧精美、墨香四溢的图书仍是读书人的最爱。

“熟读唐诗三百首，不会做诗也会吟”，汉语学习如此，外语学习尤其如此。要想彻底学好一种语言，必须有大量的阅读。这不仅可以熟能生巧地掌握其语言技能，也可了解一种语言所承载的独特文化。“中译经典文库·世界文学名著（英语原著版）”便是这样一套必将使读者受益终生的读物。

PREFACE

A history of literature is a phylogeny of human beings growing from childhood to adulthood, a spiritual history of masters in literature portraying human spirit with great touch, as well as a thinking history reflecting human conscience and emotional introspection. Reading these immortal classics is like browsing through our history, while communicating across time and space with great writers into thinking and feelings. It bestows spiritual nutrition as well as aesthetic relish upon readers from generation to generation.

China Translation and Publishing Corporation (CTPC), with a publishing mission oriented toward readings of Chinese and foreign languages learning as well as cultural exchange, has been dedicated to providing spiritual feasts which not only optimize language aptitude but also nourish heart and soul. Along with the development of Internet and digital publication, readers have easier access to reading classic works. Nevertheless, well-designed printed books remain favorite readings for most readers.

“After perusing three hundred Tang poems, a learner can at least utter some verses, if cannot proficiently write a poem.” That is true for learning Chinese, more so for learning a foreign language. To master a language, we must read comprehensively, not only for taking in lingual competence, but also for catching the unique cultural essence implied in the language. “World Literary Classics (English originals)” can surely serve as a series of readings with everlasting edifying significance.

作家与作品

伊迪丝·华顿(1862—1937)是美国女作家。她出身于纽约一个富裕的家庭,有两个兄弟。她受过高等教育,熟悉美国的上流社会。1885年,她和比她大13岁的爱德华·华顿结了婚。爱德华出身于波士顿的上流社会,与伊迪丝门当户对。夫妻二人的共同兴趣是旅行,但伊迪丝很难在精神上与丈夫交流。两人于1913年离婚,结束了28年的婚姻。伊迪丝·华顿将这场婚姻称作“最严重的错误”。从此以后,她移居欧洲,长住巴黎,直到1937年去世。在第一次世界大战期间,伊迪丝竭力投身于慈善事业,并在1916年因此获得“骑士”荣誉勋号。她的具体工作包括为失业的法国女性、音乐家创作就业机会,开设肺结核诊所,为比利时难民创立美国旅社等。1918年一战结束,伊迪丝·华顿离开巴黎市区,迁居巴黎郊区。她是法国印象派的拥护者,她自称是“狂热的印象派人”。1923年,她回美国去领取耶鲁大学授予的荣誉博士学位,她移居欧洲以后只回过一次美国。

伊迪丝·华顿起初是为了排遣上流社会家庭生活的苦闷而开始写作的。她写了10余部长篇小说和一些中、短篇小说,以及游记、评论、回忆录等。主要作品有小说《欢乐之家》(1905)、《伊坦·弗洛美》(1911)、《乡土风俗》(1913)、《夏》(1917)、《纯真年代》(1920),短篇小说集《高尚的嗜好》(1899)、《关键时刻》(1901)、《人与鬼》(1910),诗歌《韵文》(1878)、《十二诗》(1926),纪实文学《住宅装潢》(1897)、《意式别墅及庭院》(1904)、《摩洛哥》(1920)、

《回顾》(自传, 1934), 等等。伊迪丝 1899 年开始发表短篇小说, 获得了意外的成功。1905 年成名之作长篇小说《欢乐之家》出版, 使她成了 20 世纪前二十年最受欢迎的美国作家。1920 年出版的《纯真年代》获得了普利策奖。她与同时代的很多文人、政客保持着良好的关系, 包括西奥多·罗斯福、F. 斯科特·菲兹杰拉德、海明威以及亨利·詹姆斯等。她在创作上受到亨利·詹姆斯的影响, 风格细腻精致, 善于表现人物内心感情和心理活动。伊迪丝·华顿的许多作品都具有微妙的“舞台讽刺”的特性。她成长于一战前的上流社会, 也成为了该社会体系最敏锐的批评家之一。凭借对上流社会的洞察力以及自身聪颖幽默的天赋, 她的作品诙谐且深刻。在她的代表作《欢乐之家》和《纯真年代》中, 她应用幽默以及深刻的认同手法来描述在 20 世纪初期纽约上流社会的生活以及该生活圈的塌陷。相比之下, 在描述劳动阶层的小说《伊坦·弗洛美》中, 她的文风则比较尖刻。

《纯真年代》是伊迪丝·华顿的代表著。主要内容写 19 世纪 70 年代末 80 年代初的纽约上流社会。作家把那个时代的纽约上流社会比作一个小小的金字塔, 它又尖又滑, 很难在上面取得立足之地。处在塔顶, 真正有贵族血统的只有两三户人家, 他们是上流社会的最高阶层, 但显然已处于日薄西山的衰败阶段; 上流社会的中坚力量是名门望族, 他们的祖辈都是来自英国或荷兰的富商, 早年在殖民地发迹, 成为有身份有地位的人物; 处于金字塔底部的是富有却不显贵的人们, 他们多数是内战之后崛起的新富, 凭借雄厚的财力, 通过联姻而跻身上流社会。本书是作家时隔 40 年后, 对养育她也束缚过她的那个社会的回顾, 感情复杂, 既有亲切的眷恋, 又有清醒的针砭。该书于 1921 年获得普利策文学奖, 伊迪丝·华顿因而成为该奖的第一位女性得主。

CONTENTS

++ ++

Book One

Chapter 1	1
Chapter 2	6
Chapter 3	11
Chapter 4	17
Chapter 5	21
Chapter 6	28
Chapter 7	34
Chapter 8	39
Chapter 9	45
Chapter 10	54
Chapter 11	62
Chapter 12	69
Chapter 13	78
Chapter 14	83
Chapter 15	89
Chapter 16	97
Chapter 17	104
Chapter 18	112

Book Two

Chapter 19	122
Chapter 20	130
Chapter 21	139
Chapter 22	150
Chapter 23	156
Chapter 24	164
Chapter 25	168
Chapter 26	175
Chapter 27	184
Chapter 28	190
Chapter 29	195
Chapter 30	201
Chapter 31	208
Chapter 32	218
Chapter 33	225
Chapter 34	237

Book One

CHAPTER I



On a January evening of the early seventies, Christine Nilsson was singing in *Faust* at the Academy of Music in New York.

Though there was already talk of the erection, in remote metropolitan distances 'above the Forties,' of a new Opera House which should compete in costliness and splendour with those of the great European capitals, the world of fashion was still content to reassemble every winter in the shabby red and gold boxes of the sociable old Academy. Conservatives cherished it for being small and inconvenient, and thus keeping out the 'new people' whom New York was beginning to dread and yet be drawn to; and the sentimental clung to it for its historic associations, and the musical for its excellent acoustics, always so problematic a quality in halls built for the hearing of music.

It was Madame Nilsson's first appearance that winter, and what the daily press had already learned to describe as 'an exceptionally brilliant audience' had gathered to hear her, transported through the slippery, snowy streets in private broughams, in the spacious family landau, or in the humbler but more convenient 'Brown *coupé*.' To come to the Opera in a Brown *coupé* was almost as honourable a way of arriving as in one's own carriage; and departure by the same means had the immense advantage of enabling one (with a playful allusion to democratic principles) to scramble into the first Brown conveyance in the line, instead of waiting till the cold-and-gin-congested nose of one's own coachman gleamed under the portico of the Academy. It was one of the great livery-stableman's most masterly intuitions to have discovered that Americans want to get away from amusement even more quickly than they want to get to it.

When Newland Archer opened the door at the back of the club box the curtain had just gone up on the garden scene. There was no reason why the

young man should not have come earlier, for he had dined at seven, alone with his mother and sister, and had lingered afterward over a cigar in the Gothic library with glazed black-walnut bookcases and finial-topped chairs, which was the only room in the house where Mrs Archer allowed smoking. But, in the first place, New York was a metropolis, and perfectly aware that in metropolises it was 'not the thing' to arrive early at the opera; and what was or was not 'the thing' played a part as important in Newland Archer's New York as the inscrutable totem terrors that had ruled the destinies of his forefathers thousands of years ago.

The second reason for his delay was a personal one. He had dawdled over his cigar because he was at heart a dilettante, and thinking over a pleasure to come often gave him a subtler satisfaction than its realisation. This was especially the case when the pleasure was a delicate one, as his pleasures mostly were; and on this occasion the moment he looked forward to was so rare and exquisite in quality that—well, if he had timed his arrival in accord with the prima donna's stage-manager he could not have entered the Academy at a more significant moment than just as she was singing 'He loves me—he loves me not—*he loves me!*' and sprinkling the falling daisy petals with notes as clear as dew.

She sang, of course, 'M'ama!' and not 'he loves me,' since an unalterable and unquestioned law of the musical world required that the German text of French operas sung by Swedish artists should be translated into Italian for the clearer understanding of English-speaking audiences. This seemed as natural to Newland Archer as all the other conventions on which his life was moulded: such as the duty of using two silver-backed brushes with his monogram in blue enamel to part his hair, and of never appearing in society without a flower (preferably a gardenia) in his buttonhole.

'M'ama . . . non m'ama . . . ' the prima donna sang, and 'M'ama!', with a final burst of love triumphant, as she pressed the dishevelled daisy to her lips and lifted her large eyes to the sophisticated countenance of the little brown Faust-Capoul, who was vainly trying, in a tight purple velvet doublet and plumed cap, to look as pure and true as his artless victim.

Newland Archer, leaning against the wall at the back of the club box, turned his eyes from the stage and scanned the opposite side of the house. Directly facing him was the box of old Mrs Manson Mingott, whose monstrous obesity had long since made it impossible for her to attend the

Opera, but who was always represented on fashionable nights by some of the younger members of the family. On this occasion, the front of the box was filled by her daughter-in-law, Mrs Lovell Mingott, and her daughter, Mrs Welland; and slightly withdrawn behind these brocaded matrons sat a young girl in white with eyes ecstatically fixed on the stage-lovers. As Madame Nilsson's '*M'ama!*' thrilled out above the silent house (the boxes always stopped talking during the Daisy Song) a warm pink mounted to the girl's cheek, mantled her brow to the roots of her fair braids, and suffused the young slope of her breast to the line where it met a modest tulle tucker fastened with a single gardenia. She dropped her eyes to the immense bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley on her knee, and Newland Archer saw her white-gloved finger-tips touch the flowers softly. He drew a breath of satisfied vanity and his eyes returned to the stage.

No expense had been spared on the setting, which was acknowledged to be very beautiful even by people who shared his acquaintance with the Opera Houses of Paris and Vienna. The foreground, to the footlights, was covered with emerald green cloth. In the middle distance symmetrical mounds of woolly green moss bounded by croquet hoops formed the base of shrubs shaped like orange-trees but studded with large pink and red roses. Gigantic pansies, considerably larger than the roses, and closely resembling the floral penwipers made by female parishioners for fashionable clergymen, sprang from the moss beneath the rose-trees; and here and there a daisy grafted on a rose-branch flowered with a luxuriance prophetic of Mr Luther Burbank's far-off prodigies.

In the centre of this enchanted garden Madame Nilsson, in white cashmere slashed with pale blue satin, a reticule dangling from a blue girdle, and large yellow braids carefully disposed on each side of her muslin chemisette, listened with downcast eyes to M. Capoul's impassioned wooing, and affected a guileless incomprehension of his designs whenever, by word or glance, he persuasively indicated the ground-floor window of the neat brick villa projecting obliquely from the right wing.

'The darling!' thought Newland Archer, his glance flitting back to the young girl with the lilies-of-the-valley. 'She doesn't even guess what it's all about.' And he contemplated her absorbed young face with a thrill of possessorship in which pride in his own masculine initiation was mingled with a tender reverence for her abysmal purity. 'We'll read *Faust* together . . . by the Italian lakes . . .' he thought, somewhat hazily confusing

the scene of his projected honeymoon, with the masterpieces of literature which it would be his manly privilege to reveal to his bride. It was only that afternoon that May Well had let him guess that she 'cared' (New York's consecrated phrase of maiden avowal), and already his imagination, leaping ahead of the engagement ring, the betrothal kiss and the march from *Lohengrin*, pictured her at his side in some scene of old European witchery.

He did not in the least wish the future Mrs Newland Archer to be a simpleton. He meant her (thanks to his enlightening companionship) to develop a social tact and readiness of wit enabling her to hold her own with the most popular married women of the 'younger set,' in which it was the recognised custom to attract masculine homage while playfully discouraging it. If he had probed to the bottom of his vanity (as he sometimes nearly did) he would have found there the wish that his wife should be as worldly-wise and as eager to please as the married lady whose charms had held his fancy through two mildly agitated years; without, of course, any hint of the frailty which had so nearly marred that unhappy being's life, and had disarranged his own plans for a whole winter.

How this miracle of fire and ice was to be created, and to sustain itself in a harsh world, he had never taken the time to think out; but he was content to hold his view without analysing it, since he knew it was that of all the carefully-brushed, white-waistcoated, buttonhole-flowered gentlemen who succeeded each other in the club box, exchanged friendly greetings with him, and turned their opera-glasses critically on the circle of ladies who were the product of the system. In matters intellectual and artistic Newland Archer felt himself distinctly the superior of these chosen specimens of old New York gentility; he had probably read more, thought more, and even seen a good deal more of the world, than any other man of the number. Singly they betrayed their inferiority; but grouped together they represented 'New York,' and the habit of masculine solidarity made him accept their doctrine in all the issues called moral. He instinctively felt that in this respect it would be troublesome—and also rather bad form—to strike out for himself.

'Well—upon my soul!' exclaimed Lawrence Lefferts, turning his opera-glass abruptly away from the stage. Lawrence Lefferts was, on the whole, the foremost authority on 'form' in New York. He had probably devoted more time than anyone else to the study of this intricate and

fascinating question; but study alone could not account for his complete and easy competence. One had only to look at him, from the slant of his bald forehead and the curve of his beautiful fair moustache to the long patent-leather feet at the other end of his lean and elegant person, to feel that the knowledge of 'form' must be congenital in anyone who knew how to wear such good clothes so carelessly and carry such height with so much lounging grace. As a young admirer had once said of him: 'If anybody can tell a fellow just when to wear a black tie with evening clothes and when not to, it's Larry Lefferts.' And on the question of pumps versus patent-leather 'Oxfords' his authority had never been disputed.

'My God!' he said; and silently handed his glass to old Sillerton Jackson.

Newland Archer, following Lefferts's glance, saw with surprise that his exclamation had been occasioned by the entry of a new figure into old Mrs Mingott's box. It was that of a slim young woman, a little less tall than May Welland, with brown hair growing in close curls about her temples and held in place by a narrow band of diamonds. The suggestion of this head-dress, which gave her what was then called a 'Josephine look,' was carried out in the cut of the dark blue velvet gown rather theatrically caught up under her bosom by a girdle with a large old-fashioned clasp. The wearer of this unusual dress, who seemed quite unconscious of the attention it was attracting, stood a moment in the centre of the box, discussing with Mrs Welland the propriety of taking the latter's place in the front right-hand corner; then she yielded with a slight smile, and seated herself in line with Mrs Welland's sister-in-law, Mrs Lovell Mingott, who was installed in the opposite corner.

Mr Sillerton Jackson had returned the opera-glass to Lawrence Lefferts. The whole of the club turned instinctively, waiting to hear what the old man had to say; for old Mr Jackson was as great an authority on 'family' as Lawrence Lefferts was on 'form.' He knew all the ramifications of New York's cousinships, and could not only elucidate such complicated questions as that of the connection between the Mingotts (through the Thorleys) with the Dallases of South Carolina, and that of the relationship of the elder branch of Philadelphia Thorleys to the Albany Chiverses (on no account to be confused with the Manson Chiverses of University Place), but could also enumerate the leading characteristics of each family: as, for instance, the fabulous stinginess of the younger lines of Leffertses (the

Long Island ones); or the fatal tendency of the Rushworths to make foolish matches; or the insanity recurring in every second generation of the Albany Chiverses, with whom their New York cousins had always refused to intermarry—with the disastrous exception of poor Medora Manson, who, as everybody knew . . . but then her mother was a Rushworth.

In addition to this forest of family trees, Mr Sillerton Jackson carried between his narrow hollow temples, and under his soft thatch of silver hair, a register of most of the scandals and mysteries that had smouldered under the unruffled surface of New York society within the last fifty years. So far indeed did his information extend, and so acutely retentive was his memory, that he was supposed to be the only man who could have told you who Julius Beaufort, the banker, really was, and what had become of handsome Bob Spicer, old Mrs Manson Mingott's father, who had disappeared so mysteriously (with a large sum of trust money) less than a year after his marriage, on the very day that a beautiful Spanish dancer who had been delighting thronged audiences in the old Opera House on the Battery had taken ship for Cuba. But these mysteries, and many others, were closely locked in Mr Jackson's breast; for not only did his keen sense of honour forbid his repeating anything privately imparted, but he was fully aware that his reputation for discretion increased his opportunities of finding out what he wanted to know.

The club box, therefore, waited in visible suspense while Mr Sillerton Jackson handed back Lawrence Lefferts's opera-glass. For a moment he silently scrutinised the attentive group out of his filmy blue eyes overhung by old veined lids; then he gave his moustache a thoughtful twist, and said simply: 'I didn't think the Mingotts would have tried it on.'

CHAPTER 2



Newland Archer, during this brief episode, had been thrown into a strange state of embarrassment.

It was annoying that the box which was thus attracting the undivided

attention of masculine New York should be that in which his betrothed was seated between her mother and aunt; and for a moment he could not identify the lady in the Empire dress, nor imagine why her presence created such excitement among the initiated. Then light dawned on him, and with it came a momentary rush of indignation. No, indeed; no one would have thought the Mingotts would have tried it on!

But they had; they undoubtedly had; for the low-toned comments behind him left no doubt in Archer's mind that the young woman was May Welland's cousin, the cousin always referred to in the family as 'poor Ellen Olenska.' Archer knew that she had suddenly arrived from Europe a day or two previously; he had even heard from Miss Welland (not disapprovingly) that she had been to see poor Ellen, who was staying with old Mrs Mingott. Archer entirely approved of family solidarity, and one of the qualities he most admired in the Mingotts was their resolute championship of the few black sheep that their blameless stock had produced. There was nothing mean or ungenerous in the young man's heart, and he was glad that his future wife should not be restrained by false prudery from being kind (in private) to her unhappy cousin; but to receive Countess Olenska in the family circle was a different thing from producing her in public, at the Opera of all places, and in the very box with the young girl whose engagement to him, Newland Archer, was to be announced within a few weeks. No, he felt as old Sillerton Jackson felt; he did not think the Mingotts would have tried it on!

He knew, of course, that whatever man dared (within Fifth Avenue's limits) that old Mrs Manson Mingott, the Matriarch of the line, would dare. He had always admired the high and mighty old lady, who, in spite of having been only Catherine Spicer of Staten Island, with a father mysteriously discredited, and neither money nor position enough to make people forget it, had allied herself with the head of the wealthy Mingott line, married two of her daughters to 'foreigners' (an Italian Marquis and an English banker), and put the crowning touch to her audacities by building a large house of pale cream-coloured stone (when brown sandstone seemed as much the only wear as a frock-coat in the afternoon) in an inaccessible wilderness near the Central Park.

Old Mrs Mingott's foreign daughters had become a legend. They never came back to see their mother, and the latter, being, like many persons of active mind and dominating will, sedentary and corpulent in her habit, had

philosophically remained at home. But the cream-coloured house (supposed to be modelled on the private hotels of the Parisian aristocracy) was there as a visible proof of her moral courage, and she throned in it, among pre-Revolutionary furniture and souvenirs of the Tuileries of Louis Napoleon (where she had shone in her middle age), as placidly as if there were nothing peculiar in living above Thirty-fourth Street, or in having French windows that opened like doors instead of sashes that pushed up.

Everyone (including Mr Sillerton Jackson) was agreed that old Catherine had never had beauty—a gift which, in the eyes of New York, justified every success, and excused a certain number of failings. Unkind people said that, like her Imperial namesake, she had won her way to success by strength of will and hardness of heart, and a kind of haughty effrontery that was somehow justified by the extreme decency and dignity of her private life. Mr Manson Mingott had died when she was only twenty-eight, and had ‘tied up’ the money with an additional caution born of the general distrust of the Spicers; but his bold young widow went her way fearlessly, mingled freely in foreign society, married her daughters in heaven knew what corrupt and fashionable circles, hobnobbed with Dukes and Ambassadors, associated familiarly with Papists, entertained Opera singers, and was the intimate friend of Mme. Taglioni; and all the while (as Sillerton Jackson was the first to proclaim) there had never been a breath on her reputation; the only respect, he always added, in which she differed from the earlier Catherine.

Mrs Manson Mingott had long since succeeded in untying her husband’s fortune, and had lived in affluence for half a century; but memories of her early straits had made her excessively thrifty, and though, when she bought a dress or a piece of furniture, she took care that it should be of the best, she could not bring herself to spend much on the transient pleasures of the table. Therefore, for totally different reasons, her food was as poor as Mrs Archer’s, and her wines did nothing to redeem it. Her relatives considered that the penury of her table discredited the Mingott name, which had always been associated with good living; but people continued to come to her in spite of the ‘made dishes’ and flat champagne, and in reply to the remonstrances of her son Lovell (who tried to retrieve the family credit by having the best chef in New York) she used to say laughingly: ‘What’s the use of two good cooks in one family, now that I’ve married the girls and can’t eat sauces?’

Newland Archer, as he mused on these things, had once more turned his eyes toward the Mingott box. He saw that Mrs Welland and her sister-in-law were facing their semi-circle of critics with the Mingottian *aplomb* which old Catherine had inculcated in all her tribe, and that only May Welland betrayed, by a heightened colour (perhaps due to the knowledge that he was watching her), a sense of the gravity of the situation. As for the cause of the commotion, she sat gracefully in her corner of the box, her eyes fixed on the stage, and revealing, as she leaned forward, a little more shoulder and bosom than New York was accustomed to seeing, at least in ladies who had reasons for wishing to pass unnoticed.

Few things seemed to Newland Archer more awful than an offence against 'Taste,' that far-off divinity of whom 'Form' was the mere visible representative and vicegerent. Madame Olenska's pale and serious face appealed to his fancy as suited to the occasion and to her unhappy situation; but the way her dress (which had no tucker) sloped away from her thin shoulders shocked and troubled him. He hated to think of May Welland being exposed to the influence of a young woman so careless of the dictates of Taste.

'After all,' he heard one of the younger men begin behind him (everybody talked through the Mephistopheles-and-Martha scenes), 'after all, just *what* happened?'

'Well—she left him; nobody attempts to deny that.'

'He's an awful brute, isn't he?' continued the young enquirer, a candid Thorley, who was evidently preparing to enter the lists as the lady's champion.

'The very worst; I knew him at Nice,' said Lawrence Lefferts with authority. 'A half-paralysed white sneering fellow—rather handsome head, but eyes with a lot of lashes. Well, I'll tell you the sort: when he wasn't with women he was collecting china. Paying any price for both, I understand.'

There was a general laugh, and the young champion said: 'Well, then?'

'Well, then she bolted with his secretary.'

'Oh, I see.' The champion's face fell.

'It didn't last long, though: I heard of her a few months later living alone in Venice. I believe Lovell Mingott went out to get her. He said she was desperately unhappy. That's all right—but this parading her at the Opera's another thing.'