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主编：张德玉

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热爱生活 最经典的小说

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项链

[法国] 居伊·德·莫泊桑

作者介绍

居伊·德·莫泊桑(1850~1893), 19世纪末法国著名小说家, 生于法国诺曼底一个没落贵族家庭。他曾参加普法战争, 体验了军队生活, 也激发了他的爱国热情, 这在他的第一篇成名作《羊脂球》中有所反映。莫泊桑富于创造性, 描绘真切, 笔法灵活多样, 富有情趣, 讽刺深刻, 幽默生动, 结构严谨, 语言优美。代表作有《俊友》、《她的一生》等。

她天生是一个漂亮迷人的女子, 却阴差阳错地出生在一个小工匠家庭。她没有嫁妆, 没有希望, 没有任何方法使一个有钱有势的男子认识她, 了解她, 爱她, 甚至娶她。最终, 她不得不委屈地和教育部的小科员结婚。

因为没有足够的钱, 她不能追求太多的饰品, 她不开心, 总觉得自己似乎是个下嫁的女人。女人本身并没有阶级地位和出身门第之分, 她们天生的姿色、魅力和才情就是构成她们等级的唯一标准, 也能使贫穷女子的地位提升到高贵的妇人。

她觉得自己是为世间一切精美和奢华的事物而生的, 因此她为自己简陋的房屋, 陈旧的家具和庸俗的衣料而痛苦万分。也许在一个与她处境相同的妇人眼里, 这一切并算不得什么, 但她却因此伤心、懊悔。那个替她打理琐碎家务的布列塔尼省的小女佣的样子, 使她产生了诸多令人苦恼的遗憾和遐想。她想象那些安静的接待室, 笼罩在东方“帷幕”下, 点着青铜的高脚灯, 两个随时听候使唤的高个儿侍从穿着马裤, 避开暖炉的烘烤, 在大扶手椅上打起了盹。她梦想那些由古式绸布装饰的大客厅摆着精致的家具, 上面陈列

着各式贵重的瓷瓶，梦想那些别致且芳香四溢的小客厅（它们是专门为和亲密朋友进行小型聚会而设计的），在那里，她可以亲切地和男朋友——那些女人们渴望与之相识的知名男子闲谈。

每天，当她和丈夫面对面地坐在三天换一次桌布的小圆桌前吃晚饭，丈夫把那只汤盆的盖子揭开，神采飞扬地说道：“哈！苏格兰浓汤！没有比这更好的了……”她又开始幻想那些丰盛鲜美的膳食。那些光彩熠熠的银质器皿；梦想墙壁上挂着绣有仙境般园林、古装仕女和珍禽异兽的帷幕；梦想那些名贵的盘子中盛放的佳肴；梦想吃肉色粉红的鲑鱼和鸡翅时听着缠绵的情话，伴着爽朗的笑声。

她没有体面的服装，没有珠宝首饰，什么都没有。可她偏偏就喜欢这些，而且她觉得自己就是为了这些而生。她渴望自己有足够的魅力吸引别人、取悦别人，并被人羡慕和追求。

她有一个富有的朋友，是她上教会女校时的同学，可是她现在不再愿去看她，因为见面回来后她会感到很痛苦，以至接连几天她都会伤心、遗憾、忧虑甚至绝望。

一天傍晚，她的丈夫手里拿着一个大信封喜气洋洋地回来了。

他说，“有样东西是专门给你的。”

她赶紧打开信封，从里面抽出一张请贴，上面写道：

“教育部长若尔姆·波诺及夫人盛情邀请洛塞先生和太太参加1月8日在本部大楼举办的晚会。”

看了请贴后她并未像丈夫所想象的那样快乐，恰恰相反，她竟生气地将贴子扔在桌子上，伤心地喃喃道：

“你想让我怎么办？”

“怎么了，亲爱的？我原以为你一定会高兴的。你从未出去参加过什么活动，这是一个很好的机会呀！我费尽周折才将请贴弄到手，大家都想要，而发给我们小职员很少。在晚会上你将会看到政界所有重要人物。”

她狂怒地看着他，不耐烦地喊道：“你打算让我穿什么衣服去呢？”

他没想那么多，顿时语塞了：

“你去看戏时穿的那条裙子，看上去很漂亮，我……”

看到妻子要哭了，他不说了，愣在那里，不知所措。两颗豆大的泪珠从她的眼角慢慢地滑落到嘴角。

“你怎么了？你到底怎么了？”他颤抖着问道。

她强忍着痛苦，擦干被泪水浸湿的脸颊，用平静的口吻回答道：

“没什么。我只是没有衣服。所以不能去参加晚会。把请贴给你的朋友吧，他的妻子会打扮得比我漂亮得多。”

他的心都要碎了。

“这样吧，玛蒂尔德，”他接着说，“一件像样的晚礼服大概要多少钱？去买一套吧，简单点的，以后遇到其他场合也可以穿。”

她顿了顿，盘算着价钱，考虑着什么样的价位不至引起这个谨慎的小职员吃惊，甚至干脆地拒绝。

最后她有些犹豫地回答道：

“确切多少钱我也不知道，但我想四百法郎总可以买到。”

他的脸色变得苍白，因为他的手头刚好有一笔这个数目的存款，准备买一支枪，以便在下个夏季的周末和朋友们去南兑尔平原上的一个小狩猎场打云雀。

然而他却回答道：“好吧，我给你四百法郎，不过你要想办法做套漂亮的裙子。”

晚会的日期越来越近，洛塞尔太太看起来却极其忧伤，烦躁不安。然而，她的新裙子却做好了。一天傍晚，丈夫问她：

“你怎么了？这3天以来你怎么有些奇怪呢？”

“我没有一件首饰，没有一颗珠宝，没有任何饰物可以戴，真让我心烦。”她答道，“我什么都没有，宁可不参加这个晚会了。”

“你可以戴几朵鲜花呀，”他接着说，“这个时令，正是鲜花盛开的时节。花10个法郎，就可以买到三两朵很漂亮的玫瑰花。”

她一点都听不进去。

“不行……世上最让人丢脸的事就是在许多有钱的女人面前露穷酸相。”

“你真傻！”她丈夫高声喊道，“去找你的朋友伏来士洁太太呀，问她借点首饰。你知道她是很富有的，凭你们的交情一定可以办到的。”

她快活地叫了出来：“对啊，我怎么没有想到呢。”

第二天，她到她的那位朋友家里去，向她谈起了自己的烦心事。

伏来士洁太太走向他的梳妆台，拿出一个箱子，递给玛蒂尔德，并打开箱子对她说：“亲爱的，你自己选吧！”

起初她看到了许多手镯，然后是一串用珍珠镶嵌成的项链，接着是一个做工精巧、镶着宝石的威尼斯款式金十字架。她兴奋地在镜前试着这些首饰，犹疑不决，不知道该戴哪个，其实她哪个都不舍得放下。她还一直问着：

“还有其他的什么吗？”

“有，你自己找吧。我不知道你最中意哪种。”

忽然在一个黑缎布的小盒子里，她发现一串华美的宝石项链，眼前顿时一亮，一种占有的奢望促使她心跳加快。她颤抖着双手拿起它，戴在脖子上，搭配着她那套高贵的裙子，对着镜子端详了许久。

然后，她犹豫着，痛苦地问道：

“你能把这件首饰借给我吗？我只借这一件。”

“可以啊，当然可以了。”

她高兴地跳起来，热烈地拥抱着她的朋友，然后带着这件宝贝心满意足地走了。

晚会的那天，洛塞尔太太的虚荣心得到了极大的满足，她比其他女宾都要漂亮，时髦，迷人，她频频地向人微笑，高兴得近乎发狂。她吸引了所有男宾的目光，他们打探她的姓名，设法托人与她结识。本部机要处的人员都想邀她共舞，部长也注意到她了。

她陶醉在疯狂的舞步中，沉浸在欢乐的海洋里，什么都不想。她出众的容貌，骄人的荣耀，还有世间最美的爱慕和赞叹，就像幸福的祥云包围着她，使她抛开了一切烦恼和忧愁。她曾渴望的一切都被唤醒，她的虚荣心得到了最大限度的满足。

她清晨四点多钟才离开。她丈夫自从半夜 12 点钟就和另三位男宾在一间无人顾暇的小客厅睡着了，那三位男宾的妻子也正玩得开心。丈夫把一件御寒的家居简朴外套披在她的肩头，这种东西的寒碜相和晚会富丽豪华的气派极不相配。她觉察到了这一点，于是为了避开另外那些裹着珍贵皮衣的太太们的注意，她想迅速地逃遁开。

洛塞尔叫住了她：

“等会儿，你到外边会受寒的，我去找辆出租车来。”

但她不听，匆匆忙忙下了楼梯。等他俩走到街上时竟找不到一辆车，于是他们开始四处寻找，追着喊着那些他们远远望见的车子。

他俩向着塞纳尔河沿走去，两个人失望至极，浑身冻得发抖。最后，他

俩在码头发现了一辆像夜游病者一样的轿车——这样的车子只有在巴黎深夜的时候才可以看到，或许在白天它们会感到自惭形秽吧。

车子把他俩送到教街的寓所大门外，他俩惆怅地上了楼，回到自己的公寓，对于她来说，这算是结束了。而他呢，却在想着明天早上十点钟准时到部里去上班。

她在镜子前脱下了围在肩头的外衣，想再端详一下无比荣耀的自己。但是，突然间，她尖叫了一声。脖子上的那串宝石项链不翼而飞了！

“你怎么了？”她丈夫赶忙问道，衣服刚脱了一半。

她呆呆地转身来，悲痛欲绝地说：

“我……我……我把伏来士洁太太的那串项链弄丢了……”

他张皇失措地站起来，

“什么？……不可能吧！”

于是他俩在那件裙子的衣褶里，外套的衣褶里，口袋里，找了个遍，然而没找到。

“你确信离开舞会时还戴在脖子上吗？”

“是呀，我在部里的走廊里还摸过它。”

“但是如果是在路上掉的，我们应该能听到声音啊！”

“对，有可能。你记得车牌号吗？”

“不记得。你呢，你当初也没注意吗”

“没有。”

他俩目瞪口呆地对视，最后洛塞尔重新穿好了衣服。

“我沿着回来的路再走一遍，”他说，“看看是不是可以找到。”

说着他出去了。她穿着那套晚礼服，连上床的力气都没有了，歪在椅子上，大脑一片空白。



她丈夫7点钟回来了，什么也没有找到。

他到警察局和各报馆去看，希望在失物招领处知道什么线索，他又走到各处出租街车的公司，总之，凡是能想到的有一线希望的地方他都走遍了。

她却在极度惶恐的状态下呆呆地等了一整天。

洛塞尔先生晚上回来，脸色消瘦，有些苍白，他什么都没有发现，很失望。

“应该给你朋友写封信，”他说，“告诉她说你弄断了那条项链的搭钩，我们叫人修理。这样我们就有时间再继续找了。”

她在他的口授下写了这封信。

一周以后，他们所有的希望彻底破灭了。洛塞尔似乎年老了五岁，他说：“我们现在必须设法赔这条宝石项链了。”

第二天，他们拿着装那条项链的盒子，按照盒子里面的招牌到珠宝店去了，店里的老板查了许多账簿，说：

“太太，这条项链不是我店里卖出去的，我只提供了挂钩。”

于是他俩一家家首饰店逐一拜访，根据记忆，寻找和丢失的那条相同的项链，痛苦得几乎病倒。

他们在故宫街的一家小店里看到一串珍珠项链，觉得正像他们要找的。它价值四万法郎，店里可以36000法郎卖给他们。

他们恳请店老板3天内不要卖掉这条项链，并且讲好，如果原来的那条在二月底前找回来，小店就用34000法郎收买回去。

洛塞尔手里存有父亲留给他的18000法郎，剩下的就得去借。

他开始着手借钱了，向这个借1000，那个借500，从这处借5枚路易斯金元，再从另一处借3枚。他签了许多借据，订了许多令自己破产的契约，

和那些盘剥重利、不同国籍的放款人打交道。他毁了自己的前途，不计后果地冒险签上了自己的姓名。一想到将来要面对的苦恼，想到即将面临的黑暗和贫穷，想到物质生活的匮乏和精神生活饱受折磨的情景，他感到了恐怖，最终他还是走到那个珠宝商人的柜台边付了36000法郎，取走了那条新项链。

在洛塞尔太太把项链还给伏来士洁

太太的时候，伏来士洁太太不悦地对她说：

“你该早点还给我，也许我会用到它。”

她没有像洛塞尔太太所担心的那样打开盒子来看。如果她看穿了这是个替代品，她会怎么想？她会说什么？她会把她当成一个贼吗？

洛塞尔太太尝到了穷人的困窘。从那一刻起她勇敢地打定注意，务必要努力偿还这笔骇人的债务，一定得还。于是他们辞退了女佣，搬了家，租了一间阁楼。

她渐渐知道了家务的艰辛和繁重以及令人厌恶的厨房琐事。她刷洗厨具，满是油垢的罐锅底子磨坏了她粉色的指甲。内衣和抹布都要由她亲自洗濯晾晒在绳子上。每天早上，她都要把垃圾搬运到楼下，再把水提到楼上，每走完一层楼梯，她就要坐在台阶上大口喘气。她穿得像一个平民妇人，她用手臂挽着篮子穿梭于蔬菜店，杂货店和肉店，与他们讨价还价，为了节省两个铜元而不顾挨骂的危险。每月他们都要收回好些借据，同时还要立几张新的借据来延长还款的日期。

傍晚，她丈夫去替一个商人誊清账目，他还得抄录，只能拿到两便士半一页的微薄报酬，而且要时常工作深夜。

这种生活持续了 10 年之久。

在十年之末，他们居然还清了高利贷者连本带息的全部债务。

洛塞尔太太像是衰老了好多。她俨然成了贫苦人家那种强健、粗硬、能吃苦耐劳的妇人。头发凌乱地挽着，裙子歪歪地系着，双手红通通的，说话嗓音极其尖锐，用大盆的水冲刷着地板。但是有时候她丈夫到办公室去了，她独自坐在窗前，回想那个晚会，那个令她欣喜若狂的舞会，那时的她是那样美貌，那样快活。

如果她没有把那件首饰弄丢，她现在会是什么样子？谁知道？谁知道呢？

多么奇怪的人生啊，真是变化无常！
害你还是救你只消一点点小事。

一个周日，她正在香榭丽舍大街上散步，以消除一周工作的辛劳。这时她突然看到一个领着孩子的妇人，那正是伏来士洁太太，她仍旧那么年轻貌美，那么有魅力。

洛塞尔太太有些不好意思，该不该和她说话呢？应该的，当然应该和她说话，况且债务也已还清了，可以告诉她整个事情的经过了，为什么不去做呢？

她走了过去。

“早上好，珍妮！”

可那一位却一点也认不出她来了，
被一个平民装束的妇人这样亲热地叫着令她感到很吃惊，

“但是……这位太太……”她支支吾吾地说，“我好像并不认识你……，你认错人了吧。”

“没错，我是马蒂尔德·洛塞尔呀。”

她那个女朋友尖叫起来，

“噢！……可怜的马蒂尔德，你怎么变成这样了！”

“是啊，自从我上一次见过你，我经历了许多艰难困苦、并且一切都是因为你……”

“因为我……这到底是怎么回事？”


“你应该还记得曾经借给我一串项链去参加部里晚会的事吧？”

“当然记得，怎么了？”

“哦，我把项链弄丢了。”

“怎么会呢，你早已还给我了。”

“我买了一条和你那个完全相同的还你的。过去的十年我们一直在拼命赚钱还债直至现在，这一切对于我们多么不容易呀。我们没有钱……还好，最终还是还清了所有的债务，我也可以心安理得了。”



伏来士洁太太停下了脚步。

“你是说你买了一条宝石项链代替我的那条还给我了？”

“是啊，你没发现吗？它们很相像，几乎完全相同。”

说完，她带着骄傲而又天真的表情幸福地笑了。

伏来士洁太太被深深地感动了，握紧了她的两只手。

“唉，可怜的马蒂尔德，我那条项链原本是假的，顶多值 500 法郎！……”

The necklace

Guy de Maupassant

She was one of those pretty and charming girls born, as though fate had blundered over her, into a family of artisans. She had no marriage portion, no expectations, no means of getting known, understood, loved, and wedded by a man of wealth and distinction; and she let herself be married off to a little clerk in the Ministry of Education.

Her tastes were simple because she had never been able to afford any other, but she was as unhappy as though she had married beneath her; for women have no caste or class, their beauty, grace, and charm serving them for birth or family. Their natural delicacy, their instinctive elegance, their nimbleness of wit, are their only mark of rank, and put the slum girl on a level with the highest lady in the land.

She suffered endlessly, feeling herself born for every delicacy and luxury. She suffered from the poorness of her house, from its mean walls, worn chairs, and ugly curtains. All these things, of which other women of her class would not even have been aware, tormented and insulted her. The sight of the little Breton girl who came to do the work in her little house aroused heart-broken regrets and hopeless dreams in her mind. She imagined silent antechambers, heavy with oriental tapestries, lit by torches in lofty bronze sockets, with two fall footmen in knee-breeches sleeping in large arm-chairs, overcome by the heavy warmth of the stove. She imagined vast saloons hung with antique silks, exquisite pieces of furniture supporting priceless ornaments, and small, charming, perfumed rooms, created just for little parties of intimate friends, men who were famous and sought after, whose homage roused every other woman's envious longings.

When she sat down for dinner at the round table covered with a three-day-old cloth, opposite her husband, who took the cover off the soup-tureen, exclaiming delightedly, "Aha! Scotch broth! What could be better?" she imagined

delicate meals, gleaming silver, tapestries peopling the walls with folk of a past age and strange birds in faery forests; she imagined delicate food served in marvellous dishes, murmured gallantries, listened to with an inscrutable smile as one trifled with the rosy flesh of trout or wings of asparagus chicken.

She had no clothes, no jewels, nothing. And these were the only things she loved; she felt that she was made for them. She had longed so eagerly to charm, to be desired, to be wildly attractive and sought after.

She had a rich friend, an old school friend whom she refused to visit, because she suffered so keenly when she returned home. She would weep whole days, with grief, regret, despair, and misery.

One evening her husband came home with an exultant air, holding a large envelope in his hand.

"Here's something for you," he said.

Swiftly she tore the paper and drew out a printed card on which were these words:

The Minister of Education and Madame Ramponneatt request the pleasure of the company of Monsieur and Madame Loisel at the Ministry on the evening of Monday, January the 8th.

Instead of being delighted, as her husband hoped, she flung the invitation petulantly across the table, murmuring:

"What do you want me to do with this?"

"Why, darling, I thought you'd be pleased. You never go out, and this is a great occasion. I had tremendous trouble to get it. Every one wants one; it's very select, and very few go to the clerks. You'll see all the really big people there."

She looked at him out of furious eyes, and said impatiently: "And what do you suppose I am to wear at such an affair?"

He had not thought about it; he stammered:

"Why, the dress you go to the theatre in. It looks very nice, to me..."

He stopped, stupefied and utterly at a loss when he saw that his wife was beginning to cry. Two large tears ran slowly down from the corners of her eyes towards the corners of her mouth.

"What's the matter with you? What's the matter with you?" he faltered.

But with a violent effort she overcame her grief and replied in a calm voice, wiping her wet cheeks:

"Nothing. Only I haven't a dress and so I can't go to this party. Give your invitation to some friend of yours whose wife will be turned out better than I shall."

He was heart-broken.

"Look here, Mathilde," he persisted. "What would be the cost of a suitable dress, which you could use on other occasions as well, something very simple?"

She thought for several seconds, reckoning up prices and also wondering for how large a sum she could ask without bringing upon herself an immediate refusal and an exclamation of horror from the careful-minded clerk.

At last she replied with some hesitation:

"I don't know exactly, but I think I could do it on four hundred francs."

He grew slightly pale, for this was exactly the amount he had been saving for a gun, intending to get a little shooting next summer on the plain of Nanterre with some friends who went lark-shooting there on Sundays.

Nevertheless he said, "Very well. I'll give you four hundred francs. But try and get a really nice dress with the money."

The day of the party drew near, and Madame Loisel seemed sad, uneasy and anxious. Her dress was ready, however. One evening her husband said to her:

"What's the matter with you? You've been very odd for the last three days."

"I'm utterly miserable at not having any jewels, not a single stone, to wear," she replied. "I shall look absolutely no one. I would almost rather not go to the party."

"Wear flowers," he said. "They're very smart at this time of the year. For ten francs you could get two or three gorgeous roses."

She was not convinced.

"No...there's nothing so humiliating as looking poor in the middle of a lot of rich women."

"How stupid you are!" exclaimed her husband, "Go and see Madame Forestier and ask her to lend you some jewels. You know her quite well enough for that."

She uttered a cry of delight. "That's true. I never thought of it."

Next day she went to see her friend and told her her trouble.

(Madame Forestier went to her dressing-table, took up a large box, brought it to Madame Loisel, opened it, and said:)

"Choose, my dear."

First she saw some bracelets, then a pearl necklace, then a Venetian cross in gold and gems, of exquisite workmanship. She tried the effect of the jewels before the mirror, hesitating, unable to make up her mind to leave them, to give them up. She kept on asking:

"Haven't you anything else?"

"Yes. Look for yourself. I don't know what you would like best."

Suddenly she discovered, in a black satin case, a superb diamond necklace; her heart began to beat covetously. Her hands trembled as she lifted it. She fastened it round her neck, upon her high dress, and remained in ecstasy at sight of herself.

Then, with hesitation, she asked in anguish:

"Could you lend me this, just this alone?"

"Yes, of course."

She flung herself on her friend's breast, embraced her frenziedly, and went away with her treasure.

The day of the party arrived. Madame Loisel was a success. She was the prettiest woman present, elegant, graceful, smiling, and quite above herself with happiness. All the men stared at her, inquired her name, and asked to be introduced to her. All the Under Secretaries of State were eager to waltz with her.

She danced madly, ecstatically, drunk with pleasure, with no thought for anything, in the triumph of her beauty, in the pride her success, in a cloud of happiness made up of this universal homage and admiration, of the desires she had aroused, of the completeness of a victory so dear to her feminine heart.

She left about four o'clock in the morning. Since midnight her husband had been dozing in a deserted little room, in company with three other men whose wives were having a good time. He threw over her shoulders the garments he had brought for them to go home in, modest everyday clothes, whose poverty clashed with the beauty of the ball-dress. She was conscious of this and was anxious to hurry away, so that she should not be noticed by the other women putting on their costly furs.

Loisel restrained her.

"Wait a little. You'll catch cold in the open. I'm going to fetch a cab."

But she did not listen to him and rapidly descended the staircase. When they were out in the street they could not find a cab; they began to look for one, shouting at the drivers whom they saw passing in the distance.

They walked down towards the Seine, desperate and shivering. At last they found on the quay one of those old night-prowling carriages which are only to be seen in Paris after dark, as though they were ashamed of their shabbiness in the daylight.

It brought them to their door in the Rue des Martyrs, and sadly they walked up to their own apartment. It was the end, for her. As for him, he was thinking that he must be at the office at ten.

She took off the garments in which she had wrapped her shoulders, so as to