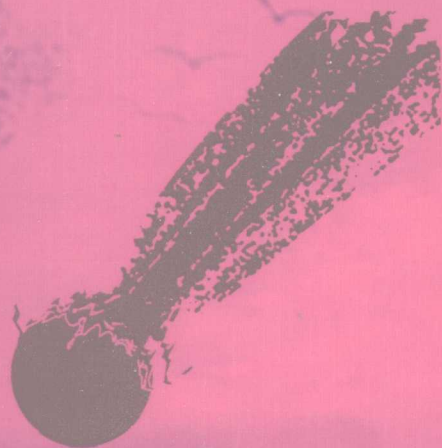


中文导读英文版



凡尔纳科幻小说系列

Off on a Comet

太阳系历险记

[法] 儒勒·凡尔纳 原著

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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北京

内 容 简 介

Off on a Comet, 中文译名为《太阳系历险记》,这是一部充满传奇、冒险与幻想的科幻著作,由法国著名作家、“现代科幻小说之父”儒勒·凡尔纳编著。

19世纪中期,一颗彗星突然与地球相撞,地中海附近的36位来自不同种族的人被带上彗星,从此开始了太阳系漫游。在一位法国上尉的带领下,他们同舟共济,战胜了在太空中遭遇的种种困难,终于在两年后重返地球。本书故事情节跌宕起伏,而关于彗星、木星、土星等天体的特征和天文知识的介绍也同样引人入胜。该书至今已被译成世界上多种文字。书中所展现的神奇故事伴随了一代又一代人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。

无论作为语言学习的课本,还是作为通俗的文学和科学读本,本书对当代中国的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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儒勒·凡尔纳（Jules Verne，1828—1905），法国著名作家，现代科幻小说的奠基人，被誉为“科幻小说之父”。一生共创作了六十多部充满神奇与浪漫的科幻小说，其代表作有《气球上的五星期》、《地心游记》、《从地球到月球》、《海底两万里》、《八十天周游世界》、《格兰特船长的儿女》和《神秘岛》等，这些小说被译成世界上几十种文字，并多次被搬上银幕，在世界上广为流传。

儒勒·凡尔纳于 1828 年 2 月 8 日出生在法国西部海港南特。自幼热爱海洋，向往远航探险。他的父亲是一位事业成功的律师，并希望凡尔纳日后也以律师作为职业。18 岁时，他遵从父训到首都巴黎攻读法律。可是他对法律毫无兴趣，却爱上了文学和戏剧。1863 年，他发表第一部科幻小说《气球上的五星期》，之后又出版了使他获得巨大声誉的科幻三部曲：《格兰特船长的儿女》、《海底两万里》和《神秘岛》。凡尔纳的科幻小说是真实性与大胆幻想的结合：奇幻的故事情节、鲜明的人物形象、丰富而奇妙的想象、浓郁的浪漫主义风格和生活情趣，使之产生了巨大的艺术魅力，赢得了全世界各国读者，特别是青少年读者的喜爱。他的作品中所表现的自然科学方面的许多预言和假设，在他去世之后得以印证和实现，至今仍然启发人们的想象力和创造力。

总的说来，凡尔纳的小说有两大特点。第一，他的作品是丰富的幻想和科学知识的结合。虽然凡尔纳笔下的幻想极为奇特、大胆，但其中有着坚实的科学基础，这些作品既是科学精神的幻想曲，也是富有幻想色彩的科学预言，他的许多科幻猜想最后变成了现实。例如，他不仅在小说《从地球到月球》中用大炮将探月飞行器送上太空，甚至还将发射场安排在了美国佛罗里达州，这正是“阿波罗登月计划”的发射场；他在小说《海底两万里》中虚构了“鹦鹉螺号”潜水艇，在该小说出版 10 年后，第一艘真正的潜水艇才下水；在《征服者罗比尔》中有一个类似直升飞机的飞行



器，数十年后，人类才将这一设想变成了现实。此外，他的小说中还出现了电视、霓虹灯、导弹、坦克和太空飞船等科学技术应用概念，而这些后来都变成了现实。第二，他的作品中的主人公是一些鲜明、生动而富有进取心和正义感的人物，他们或是地理发现者、探险家、科学家、发明家，他们具有超人的智慧、坚强的毅力和执著不懈的精神；或是反对民族歧视、民族压迫的战士，反对社会不公的抗争者，追求自由的旅行家，在他们身上具有反压迫、反强权、反传统的战斗精神，他们热爱自由、热爱平等，维护人的尊严。凡尔纳所塑造的这些人物形象，他们远大的理想、坚强的性格、优秀的品质和高尚的情操已赢得了亿万读者的喜爱和尊敬，并一直成为人们向往的偶像和学习的榜样。

1900年，儒勒·凡尔纳的第一部中译本小说《八十天周游世界》（当时的中文译名是《八十日环游记》）被介绍给中国的读者，直至新中国成立之前，陆续又有梁启超、鲁迅等文化名人将凡尔纳的作品翻译出版。20世纪50年代后期，凡尔纳的科幻小说又开始为国内翻译界和出版界所关注，并在新中国读者面前重新显示了科幻小说旺盛的生命力。20世纪80年代，凡尔纳的作品再次受到读者的青睐，国内许多出版社相继翻译出版了凡尔纳的科幻小说，一时形成了“凡尔纳热”。

目前，国内已出版的凡尔纳小说的形式主要有两种：一种是中文翻译版，另一种是中英文对照版。而其中的中英文对照读本比较受读者的欢迎，这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英文的大环境。而从英文学习的角度上来看，直接使用纯英文的学习资料更有利于英语学习。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，我们决定编译凡尔纳系列科幻小说中的经典，其中包括《气球上的五星期》、《地心游记》、《从地球到月球》、《环游月球》、《海底两万里》、《八十天周游世界》、《格兰特船长的儿女》、《神秘岛》、《沙皇的信使》、《喀尔巴阡古堡》、《无名之家》、《征服者罗比尔》、《大臣号幸存者》、《亚马逊漂流记》、《太阳系历险记》、《两年假期》和《测量子午线》等，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风格。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，这些经典著作的



引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的科学素养和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、左新杲、黄福成、冯洁、徐鑫、马启龙、王业伟、王旭敏、陈楠、王多多、邵舒丽、周丽萍、王晓旭、李永振、孟宪行、熊红华、胡国平、熊建国、徐平国、王小红等。限于我们的文学素养和英语水平，书中难免不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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第一章 决斗

Chapter 1 A Challenge



十二月三十一日正午，在阿尔及利亚一个小海岬的顶端，赫克托尔·瑟尔瓦德克上尉和瓦西里·铁马什夫伯爵两人为争夺一个女人在这里商议，谁也不肯让步。最后商定以决斗来解决此事，双方的证人将在两点钟在莫斯塔加内姆城参谋部相见，协商决定相关事宜。

伯爵提议：决斗对外宣称因音乐问题而引发，伯爵喜欢华格纳，上尉喜欢罗西尼。于是两人交换了名片，道了再见。伯爵上了岸边的四桨小艇，坐定后，小艇飞快驶向不远处的多布里纳号双桅帆船。

帆船。

上尉向二十步外的士兵打了个手势，士兵将一匹阿拉伯骏马牵了过来，他飞身上马，士兵跟在后面，向莫斯塔加内姆方向奔去。一时三刻，他们跨进了马斯卡拉城门。

莫斯塔加内姆有居民一万五千人，是奥兰省一个县级政府和军分区的所在地。它的港口设备完善、安全可靠。多布里纳号双桅帆船在这一带过冬，船上悬挂着一面俄国国旗和一面法兰西俱乐部的游船标志，上面绣着缩写字母：M.C.W.T。

瑟尔瓦德克上尉进入城内，就到司令部找自己的两个朋友——第二步兵团团长和第八炮兵连连长，要他们为自己当决斗的证人。当他们听说是为一些音乐问题而决斗时，建议双方都做些让步。而上尉坚持自己的观点，两位军官看事已至此，便向参谋部走去。两点钟，他们和伯爵的证人见了面，两小时后，决斗条件谈定，身为沙皇副官的铁马什夫伯爵同意用剑解

决问题。时间定在第二天即一月一日上午九时，地点在高出谢利夫河口一公里半的一块悬崖上。

这两个星期，上尉一直没在“武器广场”自己的住所住。根据测绘的需要，这位上尉参谋一直和勤务兵住在离高谢利夫河四到五公里的一间茅屋里。

走在去茅屋的路上，他在拼凑一首十三行诗献给他要为之决斗的年轻寡妇。可怎么也拼凑不好，他问身边的勤务兵本祖夫写过诗没有，勤务兵也只是听一位江湖艺人念过一首诗，并将这首蹩脚的诗背了出来。上尉感到太平淡了，随即自己想了两句。当六点钟到达茅草屋时，依然还是那四句诗。

“Nothing, sir, can induce me to surrender my claim.”

“I am sorry, count, but in such a matter your views cannot modify mine.”

“But allow me to point out that my seniority unquestionably gives me a prior fight.”

“Mere seniority, I assert, in an affair of this kind, cannot possibly entitle you to any prior claim whatever.”

“Then, captain, no alternative is left but for me to compel you to yield at the sword’s point.”

“As you please, count; but neither sword nor pistol can force me to forego my pretensions. Here is my card.”

“And mine.”

This rapid altercation was thus brought to an end by the formal interchange of the names of the disputants. On one of the cards was inscribed: Captain Hector Servadac, Staff Officer, Mostaganem.

On the other was the title: Count Wassili Timascheff, On board the Schooner Dobryna.

It did not take long to arrange that seconds should be appointed, who would meet in Mostaganem at two o’clock that day; and the captain and the count were on the point of parting from each other, with a salute of punctilious courtesy, when Timascheff, as if struck by a sudden thought, said abruptly: “Perhaps it would be better, captain, not to allow the real cause of this to



transpire?”

“Far better,” replied Servadac; “it is undesirable in every way for any names to be mentioned.”

“In that case, however,” continued the count, “it will be necessary to assign an ostensible pretext of some kind. Shall we allege a musical dispute? a contention in which I feel bound to defend Wagner, while you are the zealous champion of Rossini?”

“I am quite content,” answered Servadac, with a smile; and with another low bow they parted.

The scene, as here depicted, took place upon the extremity of a little cape on the Algerian coast, between Mostaganem and Tenes, about two miles from the mouth of the Shelif. The headland rose more than sixty feet above the sea-level, and the azure waters of the Mediterranean, as they softly kissed the strand, were tinged with the reddish hue of the ferriferous rocks that formed its base. It was the 31st of December. The noontide sun, which usually illuminated the various projections of the coast with a dazzling brightness, was hidden by a dense mass of cloud, and the fog, which for some unaccountable cause, had hung for the last two months over nearly every region in the world, causing serious interruption to traffic between continent and continent, spread its dreary veil across land and sea.

After taking leave of the staff-officer, Count Wassili Timascheff wended his way down to a small creek, and took his seat in the stern of a light four-oar that had been awaiting his return; this was immediately pushed off from shore, and was soon alongside a pleasure-yacht, that was lying to, not many cable lengths away.

At a sign from Servadac, an orderly, who had been standing at a respectful distance, led forward a magnificent Arabian horse; the captain vaulted into the saddle, and followed by his attendant, well mounted as himself, started off towards Mostaganem. It was half-past twelve when the two riders crossed the bridge that had been recently erected over the Shelif, and a quarter of an hour later their steeds, flecked with foam, dashed through the Mascara Gate, which was one of five entrances opened in the embattled wall that encircled the town.

At that date, Mostaganem contained about fifteen thousand inhabitants,

three thousand of whom were French. Besides being one of the principal district towns of the province of Oran, it was also a military station. Mostaganem rejoiced in a well-sheltered harbor, which enabled her to utilize all the rich products of the Mina and the Lower Shelif. It was the existence of so good a harbor amidst the exposed cliffs of this coast that had induced the owner of the Dobryna to winter in these parts, and for two months the Russian standard had been seen floating from her yard, whilst on her mast-head was hoisted the pennant of the French Yacht Club, with the distinctive letters M. C. W. T., the initials of Count Timascheff.

Having entered the town, Captain Servadac made his way towards Matmore, the military quarter, and was not long in finding two friends on whom he might rely—a major of the 2nd Fusileers, and a captain of the 8th Artillery. The two officers listened gravely enough to Servadac's request that they would act as his seconds in an affair of honor, but could not resist a smile on hearing that the dispute between him and the count had originated in a musical discussion. Surely, they suggested, the matter might be easily arranged; a few slight concessions on either side, and all might be amicably adjusted. But no representations on their part were of any avail. Hector Servadac was inflexible.

"No concession is possible," he replied, resolutely. "Rossini has been deeply injured, and I cannot suffer the injury to be unavenged. Wagner is a fool. I shall keep my word. I am quite firm." "Be it so, then," replied one of the officers; "and after all, you know, a sword-cut need not be a very serious affair." "Certainly not," rejoined Servadac; "and especially in my case, when I have not the slightest intention of being wounded at all."

Incredulous as they naturally were as to the assigned cause of the quarrel, Servadac's friends had no alternative but to accept his explanation, and without farther parley they started for the staff office, where, at two o'clock precisely, they were to meet the seconds of Count Timascheff. Two hours later they had returned. All the preliminaries had been arranged; the count, who like many Russians abroad was an aide-de-camp of the Czar, had of course proposed swords as the most appropriate weapons, and the duel was to take place on the following morning, the first of January, at nine o'clock, upon the cliff at a spot

about a mile and a half from the mouth of the Shelif. With the assurance that they would not fail to keep their appointment with military punctuality, the two officers cordially wrung their friend's hand and retired to the Zulma Care for a game at piquet. Captain Servadac at once retraced his steps and left the town.

For the last fortnight Servadac had not been occupying his proper lodgings in the military quarters; having been appointed to make a local levy, he had been living in a gourhi, or native hut, on the Mostaganem coast, between four and five miles from the Shelif. His orderly was his sole companion, and by any other man than the captain the enforced exile would have been esteemed little short of a severe penance.

On his way to the gourbi, his mental occupation was a very laborious effort to put together what he was pleased to call a rondo, upon a model of versification all but obsolete. This rondo, it is unnecessary to conceal, was to be an ode addressed to a young widow by whom he had been captivated, and whom he was anxious to marry, and the tenor of his muse was intended to prove that when once a man has found an object in all respects worthy of his affections, he should love her" in all simplicity. "Whether the aphorism were universally true was not very material to the gallant captain, whose sole ambition at present was to construct a roundelay of which this should be the prevailing sentiment. He indulged the fancy that he might succeed in producing a composition which would have a fine effect here in Algeria, where poetry in that form was all but unknown.

"I know well enough," he said repeatedly to himself, "what I want to say. I want to tell her that I love her sincerely, and wish to marry her; but, confound it! the words won't rhyme. Plague on it! Does nothing rhyme with 'simplicity'? Ah! I have it now: 'Lovers should, whoe'er they be, Love in all simplicity.' But what next? how am I to go on? I say, Ben Zoof," he called aloud to his orderly, who was trotting silently close in his rear, "did you ever compose any poetry?"

"No, captain," answered the man promptly: "I have never made any verses, but I have seen them made fast enough at a booth during the fete of Montmartre."

"Can you remember them?"

"Remember them! to be sure I can. This is the way they began: 'Come in!

come in! you'll not repent The entrance money you have spent; The wondrous mirror in this place Reveals your future sweetheart's face.'"

"Bosh !" cried Servadac in disgust; "your verses are detestable trash."

"As good as any others, captain, squeaked through a reed pipe."

"Hold your tongue, man," said Servadac peremptorily; "I have made another couplet. 'Lovers should, whoever they be, Love in all simplicity; Lover, loving honestly, Offer I myself to thee.'"

Beyond this, however, the captain's poetical genius was impotent to carry him; his farther efforts were unavailing, and when at six o'clock he reached the gourbi, the four lines still remained the limit of his composition.

第二章 瑟尔瓦德克上尉和他的勤务兵

Chapter 2 Captain Servadac and His Orderly



今年三十岁的赫克托尔·瑟尔瓦德克从小就是孤儿，是一位种植葡萄的农妇把他养大的。他服役已经超过十四年，上过两年圣西尔军校，现任莫斯塔加内姆上尉参谋，曾荣获骑士级勋章。

他至今未婚，年收入一千二百法郎。他对金钱不感兴趣，却十分渴望荣誉。他头脑聪明，喜欢绘画，驯马的技术也十分高超。他曾在日本和苏丹参加作战，随后一直在阿尔及利亚任职，现在负责从特内斯到谢利夫河口海滨地区的测绘工作。

他是在一次宴会中认识L夫人的。L夫人去世的丈夫是一个上校，她年轻美貌，对别人献的殷勤不屑一顾，所以上尉一直没有冒昧向她表白。明天，上尉就是为她去决斗的。

上尉的勤务兵是巴黎人，出生在著名的蒙马特高地。当时他可以选择做阿尔及利亚总督的副官或上尉的勤务兵，他选择做了上尉的勤务兵。他没有雄心大志，只是想有一天能和上尉一起回蒙马特安度晚年。为此每天都要在上尉面前叙说蒙马特的美丽，这使上尉烦透了。他已超期服役，二十八岁正准备退役时，忽然接到通知，让他去做上尉的勤务兵。从此，他跟随上尉参加战斗，表现十分勇敢。上级要发给他一枚十字勋章让他退役，可他舍不得离开上尉，上尉曾在日本救过他一命，他也曾在苏丹救过上尉一命，他俩算是生死之交。

At the time of which I write, there might be seen in the registers of the Minister of War the following entry: SERVADAC (Hector), born at St. Trelody in the district of Lesparre, department of the Gironde, July 19th, 18-. Property: 1200 francs in rentes. Length of service: Fourteen years, three months, and five days. Service: Two years at school at St. Cyr; two years at L'Ecole d'Application; two years in the 8th Regiment of the Line; two years in the 3rd Light Cavalry; seven years in Algeria. Campaigns: Soudan and Japan. Rank: Captain on the staff at Mostaganem. Decorations: Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, March 13th, 18-.

Hector Servadac was thirty years of age, an orphan without lineage and almost without means. Thirsting for glory rather than for gold, slightly scatter-brained, but warm-hearted, generous, and brave, he was eminently formed to be the protege of the god of battles.

For the first year and a half of his existence he had been the foster-child of the sturdy wife of a vine-dresser of Medoc—a lineal descendant of the heroes of ancient prowess; in a word, he was one of those individuals whom nature seems to have predestined for remarkable things, and around whose cradle have hovered the fairy godmothers of adventure and good luck.

In appearance Hector Servadac was quite the type of an officer; he was rather more than five feet six inches high, slim and graceful, with dark curling hair and mustaches, wellformed hands and feet, and a clear blue eye. He seemed born to please without being conscious of the power he possessed. It must be owned, and no one was more ready to confess it than himself, that his literary attainments were by no means of a high order. "We don't spin tops" is a favorite saying amongst artillery officers, indicating that they do not shirk their duty by frivolous pursuits; but it must be confessed that Servadac, being naturally idle, was very much given to "spinning tops." His good abilities, however, and his ready intelligence had carried him successfully through the curriculum of his early career. He was a good draughtsman, an excellent rider—having thoroughly mastered the successor to the famous "Uncle Tom" at the riding-school of St. Cyrand in the records of his military service his name had several times been included in the order of the day.

The following episode may suffice, in a certain degree, to illustrate his character. Once, in action, he was leading a detachment of infantry through an intrenchment. They came to place where the side-work of the trench had been so fiddled by shell that a portion of it had ctually fallen in, leaving an aperture quite unsheltered from the grape-shot that was pouring in thick and fast. The men hesitated. In an inStant Servadac mounted the side-work, laid himself down in the gap, and thus filling up the breach by his own body, shouted, "March on!"

And through a storm of shot, not one of which touched the prostrate office, the troop passed in safety.

Since leaving the military college, Servadac, with the exception of his two campaigns in the Soudan and Japan, had been always stationed in Algeria. He had now a staff appointment at Mostaganem, and had lately been entrusted with some topographical work on the coast between Tenes and the Shelif. It was a matter of little consequence to him that the gourbi, in which of necessity he was quartered, was uncomfortable and ill-contrived; he loved the open air, and the independence of his life suited him well. Sometimes he would wander on foot upon the gandy shore, and sometimes he would enjoy a ride along the summit of the cliff; altogether being in no hurry at all to bring his task to an end. His occupation, moreover, was not so engrossing but that he could find leisure for taking a short railway journey once or twice a week; so that he was ever and again putting in an appearance at the general's receptions at Oran, and at the fetes given by the governor at Algiers.

It was on one of these occasions that he had first met Madame de L-, the lady to whom he was desirous of dedicating the rondo, the first four lines of which had just seen the light. She was a colonel's widow, young and handsome, very reserved, not to say haughty in her manner, and either indifferent or impervious to the admiration which she inspired. Captain Servadac had not yet ventured to declare his at tachment; of rivals he was well aware he had not a few, and amongst these not the least formidable was the Russian Count Timascheff. And although the young widow was all unconscious of the share she had in the matter, it was she, and she alone, who was the cause of the challenge just given and accepted by her two ardent admirers.