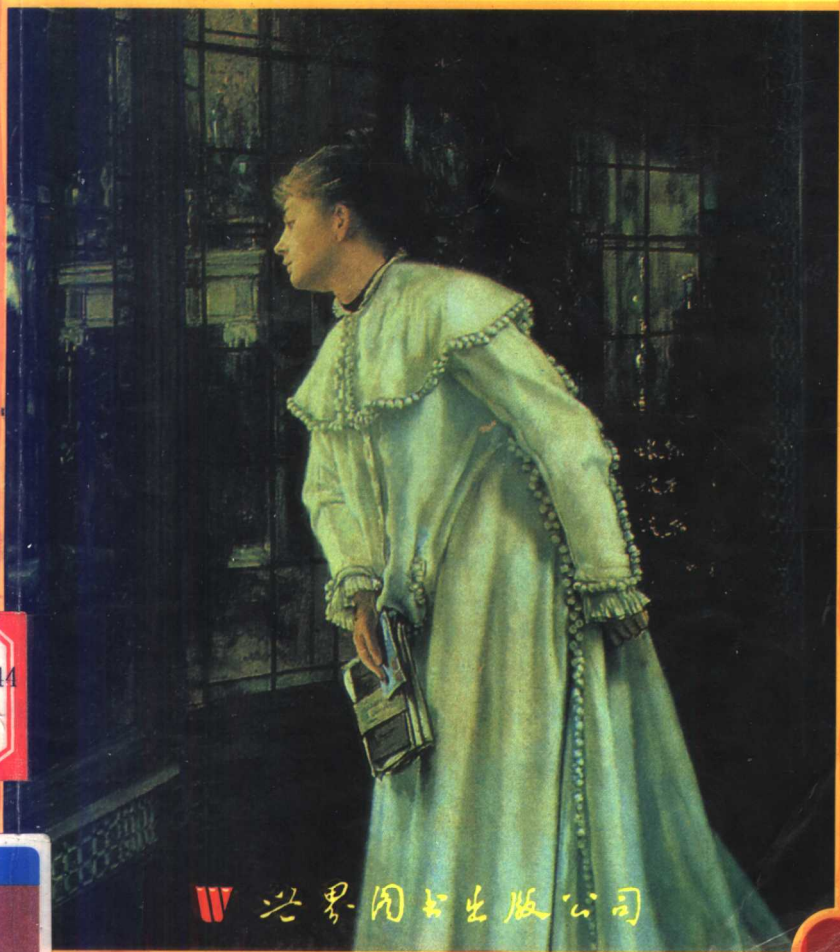


世·界·文·学·经·典·名·著·文·库

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

MADAME BOVARY
包法利夫人



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苏索才 注释

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MADAME BOVARY

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作者简介

古斯塔夫·福楼拜(Gustave Flaubert, 1821—1880)是法国19世纪闻名遐迩的批判现实主义作家。他出生在法国南部塞纳河畔的卢昂,其父为医道娴熟的外科医生,母亲为诺曼底省一个名门望族的后裔。福楼拜思想早熟,自幼具有观察事物的敏锐能力和丰富的想象力,并阅读了大量的文学作品。1841年中学毕业后,受父亲之遣去巴黎学习法律。福楼拜对有悖于他志趣和禀赋的法律专业毫无兴趣,而把大部分时间用在阅读文学作品上,后因病辍学,回到卢昂治病和休养。从此,他一直深居简出,不喜社交,把自己关在卢昂市郊的克鲁瓦塞别墅,埋头写作至去世。

福楼拜1836年开始文学创作,下笔之快令人惊奇,有“早熟的天才”之誉。小说习作有《拜伦勋爵的肖像》、《佛罗伦萨的鼠疫》等,带有浓厚的浪漫主义色彩,情节恐怖,故事骇人听闻,情意绵绵,文笔骄饰。但这些作品题材广泛,开阔了他的视野,锤炼了他驾驭文字的能力,为以后创作走上成熟奠定了基础。

分别于1856年和1869年发表的《包法利夫人》和《情感教育》是福楼拜的代表作。他以自己所处的社会生活为题材,运用批判现实主义的手笔,把19世纪的法国社会淋漓尽致地展现给读者。《包法利夫人》的创作前后用了5年时间。它通过对包法利夫人堕落一生的描绘,揭露了七月王朝时期法国社会的腐败糜烂,给人们描绘了一幅醉生梦死,淫乱成风、道德败坏的社会风俗图。这本书的出版为福楼拜引来了官司,他被指控为“亵渎宗教”和“伤风败俗”,后由于舆论压力和律师辩护,才被宣告无罪。《情感教育》最初的创作开始于1843—1845年,20年后才重新修改发表。小说从一对年轻人的人生

际遇起笔,前后写了1840—1867年近三十年的事件,被誉为是七月王朝和第二帝国的形象的编年史。

《纯朴的心》(1877)是福楼拜短篇小说中的杰作。小说以一个普通劳动妇女为题材,写了她为别人效劳但却逃脱不了悲剧命运的一生。小说细微的观察体验和精湛的写作技巧具有很强的艺术感染力。

此外,福楼拜还创作了以宗教为题材的小说《圣安东尼的诱惑》(1874),《修道士圣于连的传说》(1877),另有历史小说《萨朗波》(1862)和未完成的遗作《布瓦尔和佩居榭》(1881)。

福楼拜关心青年作家,他以慈父般的心情教诲莫泊桑,在法国文坛上传为佳话。

故 事 梗 概

查理·包法利是一位生性羞怯、愚钝木讷、然学习刻苦的中学生，几年下来，已搞得了一张行医的执照。某天夜里，他突然被唤醒去外地急诊。卢欧老爹摔伤了腿，在就医的过程中，他被卢欧老爹的女儿爱玛所吸引。一待他娶的又老又丑的寡妇一过世，他就和爱玛办了婚事。

婚后，爱玛来到包法利设在道特的诊所。她整天无事可做，沉浸于对过去修道院里学到的关于情人、婚姻和宗教的回忆之中。慢慢地她发现婚姻带给她的并不是她所憧憬的幸福。包法利因循守旧、谈吐平庸、见解庸俗，使她大为失望。

附近一位侯爵举办的舞会无疑给爱玛寂静的生活掀起一阵波澜。在宴会上，她对那些传情递信的少妇和老贵族十分羡慕，对舞会的豪华也十分向往，当然最不能忘记的则是同她跳舞的一位子爵。

出于对爱玛健康的关心，包法利医生把诊所迁到了气候较好、也较繁华的永镇。这时她已生下一个女儿。在包法利医生手下实习的见习生赖昂对爱玛表示好感，但由于他太年轻，行动不免畏缩，始终把对爱玛的爱理在心底直至离开永镇去巴黎之前都未敢有什么越轨行为。

爱玛的生活变得更加烦闷了。她发现她就象关在笼中的鸟一样，受到家庭习俗的禁锢，她这束鲜花也在幽闭中枯萎起来。有一天，附近庄园的地主罗道耳夫带着仆人看病，见爱玛长得标致，又发现包法利实在很蠢，就想勾引爱玛。罗道耳夫是玩弄女性的老手，他先领着爱玛在农展会上转游，后又教她骑马散心，最终让她屈从于他的欲望的支配。他们频繁地幽会，爱玛也更加注重生活享受。时装商人勒乐投其所好，为她送来各种各样的巴黎货和向她提供借贷。爱玛觉得生活越来

越平淡无奇，她要罗道耳夫带她远走他乡，可罗道耳夫哪肯上当，为自己添上这个累赘。在给她写了一封信后就离开了永镇。爱玛痛心至极，病了一个多月。

对爱玛这种感情的转移，性情迟钝的包法利医生并不知其中的原因。为了让她散心，他领她去卢昂看戏，凑巧在剧场遇上赖昂。分别三年，赖昂变得大不相同了。他决定抓住这次机会，向爱玛求爱，他们俩又鬼混了一些时日。勒乐发现了她的秘密，上门逼债，要她以房地产清偿。她大肆挥霍，债台高筑，面临上法庭的威逼，爱玛去找公证人居由曼帮忙。居由曼也是好色之徒，想利用这一机会从爱玛身上捞到好处，遭到爱玛拒绝。绝望之中，她去找罗道耳夫，想借他三千元钱，可罗道耳夫虽然嘴里承认他还爱着爱玛，但是没有钱借给她。最后一线希望破灭后，爱玛服砒霜自杀。

爱玛死后，包法利无比伤心。不久，诊所也已破产。一向靠钻营谋生的药剂师成了永镇的名医。

包法利死后，他留下的东西只卖了十几法郎。他女儿只得投奔亲戚，后去一个纱厂当了女工。

PART ONE



CHAPTER I

WE were in the preparation room when the head came in, followed by a new boy in ordinary day clothes, and by a school servant carrying a large desk. Those of us who were asleep woke up, and we all rose to our feet doing our best to give the impression that we had been interrupted in the midst of our labours.

The head made a sign to us to be seated; then, turning to the master on duty:

'Monsieur Roger,' he said in a low voice, 'I am putting this boy in your charge. He will start in the fifth. Later, should his work and general conduct warrant promotion, he will be moved into the senior class where, at his age, he ought to be.'

The new boy had withdrawn so completely into the corner behind the door as to be scarcely visible. He was a country lad, about fifteen years of age, and a good deal taller than any of the rest of us. He wore his hair cut in a straight fringe on his forehead like a village choirboy. He looked solemn and very shy. Though he was not particularly broad in the shoulders, his green cloth jacket with its black buttons seemed to irk him uncomfortably under the arms, and a pair of red wrists, accustomed to exposure, showed through the openings in his cuffs. His legs, encased in blue stockings, emerged from yellowish trousers braced very high. On his feet he wore heavy, badly polished shoes, studded with nails.

We began to recite our lessons. He listened with all his ears. So intent was he on what was being said that it might have been a sermon. He was far too frightened either to cross his legs or to lean on his elbow. When the bell sounded at two o'clock, the master had to tell him to fall in with the rest of us.

It was our custom on entering the classroom to throw our caps on the ground so as to leave our hands free. We used to stand at the door and fling them under the bench in such a way that they would strike

the wall and raise a great cloud of dust. We regarded this as being the 'thing to do.'

But either because he had not noticed what we did, or because he was too shy to follow suit, he was still holding his on his knee when prayers were over. *It was a nondescript sort of object, combining a number of different features - part woollen comforter, part military head-dress, part pill-box, part fur bonnet, part cotton night-cap; one of those shoddy affairs which, like the face of an idiot, seems to express a certain secretive significance.* Its general shape was that of an egg, and the upper part, stiffened with whale bone, rose from a base consisting of three bulging, circular, sausage-like protuberances. Above these was a pattern of alternating lozenges of rabbit-fur and velvet separated from one another by strips of some scarlet material. *Higher still was a species of sack ending in a polygon of cardboard covered with a complicated design in braid, and finished off with a long, and excessively thin, cord from which hung a small truss of gold threads in place of a tassel.*

It was new and had a bright, shiny peak.

'Stand up,' said the form-master.

He rose. His cap fell to the ground. The class began to laugh.

He bent down to pick it up. The boy next to him knocked it out of his hand with a jerk of the elbow. He picked it up again.

'I should be obliged if you would get rid of your — er — helmet —' said the form-master who had a pretty wit.

There was a roar of laughter which put the poor chap quite out of countenance. So confused was he that he did not know whether to keep the cap in his hand, to leave it lying on the ground, or to put it on his head. He resumed his seat and laid it on his lap.

'Stand up!' said the form-master again, 'and tell me your name.'

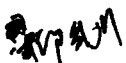
The new boy stammered out something wholly unintelligible.

'Again!'

Once more we heard the sound of garbled syllables drowned by the shouts of the class.

'Louder!' said the master, 'louder!' The new boy, as though making a desperate resolve, opened his enormous mouth, and, with the full force of his lungs, as though he were calling to someone at a distance, enunciated the single word— '*Charbovari!*'

At that pandemonium broke loose, rising to a confused crescendo of shrill voices (shrieks, yells, stamping of feet, and *Charbovari!* — *Charbovari!* repeated again and again) which gradually dispersed in single syllables. Finally, and with great difficulty, it was got under control, only to be taken up again by the occupants of another bench,



as some burst of stified laughter exploded on a sudden like a badly extinguished squib. To the accompaniment of a rain of impositions, order was eventually restored, and the form-master having at last succeeded in getting hold of the name, Charles Bovary, by dint of having it dictated, spelled out and read over to him, immediately told the poor wretch to take his place on the 'dunces' bench' which stood immediately below his own rostrum. The boy started to move, but hesitated before actually leaving his place.

'What are you looking for?' asked the form-master.

'My c —' replied the new boy timidly, with an anxious glance about him.

'Five hundred lines—the whole lot of you!' The words, uttered in a furious voice, quelled the rising storm like *Quos ego*.

'I will have quiet!'—went on the outraged pedagogue, adding, as he moped his forehead with a handkerchief which he took from under his cap, 'as for the new boy, he will copy out for me the verb *ridiculus sum* twenty times!'

Then in a kinder voice:

'Better go and retrieve that hat of yours: no one's stolen it.'

Calm settled down once more. Heads were bent over exercise-books, and for the next two hours the new boy behaved in exemplary fashion, though, from time to time, a pellet of paper, propelled by a pen-holder, hit his face with a moist thud. He merely wiped away the mess with his hand, not moving at all, and keeping his eyes on the ground.

In prep that evening he took a pair of protective cuffs from his desk, put his few odds and ends in order, and carefully ruled his paper. We noticed how conscientiously he did his work, what pains he was at to look up every word in the dictionary. Thanks, no doubt, to this evidence of good intentions, he managed not to be sent down to the class below: for, though he had a fairish acquaintance with the rules of grammar, his phrasing lacked elegance. He had been grounded in Latin by his local curé, because his parents, from reasons of economy, had delayed sending him to school as long as possible.

His father, Monsieur Charles Denis Bartholomew Bovary, formerly an assistant surgeon-major in the army, had become involved, about 1812, in some scandal connected with conscription cases, and been compelled to leave the service. As a result of this he had exploited his personal appearance, and had leaped at the chance of pocketing a dowry of sixty thousand francs which went with the daughter of a hosier who had become enamoured of his good looks. He was a handsome man, and a bit of a boaster, who strutted round with much jin-

gling of spurs sported a pair of whiskers which joined up with his moustache, always wore rings, and dressed in loud colours. Though he looked the devil of a fellow, he combined with his aspect of the warrior all the easy familiarity of a commercial traveller. Once married, he lived for two or three years on his wife's money, doing himself well in the matter of food, getting up late, smoking large porcelain pipes, going to the theatre of an evening before returning home, and becoming a familiar figure at various cafés. The father-in-law died, leaving little in the way of an estate. Indignant at being so treated, the exsoldier tried his luck as a manufacturer, lost a bit of money at that, and then retired into the country with the intention of 'making the land pay'. But, since he knew no more about farming than he had done about cotton goods, rode his horses instead of sending them to the plough, drank his bottled cider instead of selling it, ate the best of his fowls, and greased his riding-boots with the fat of his pigs, he very soon realized that he had better abandon speculation altogether.

He found, in a village lying on the borderline between the district of Caux and Picardy, a dwelling, half farm, half country house, which was to let for two hundred francs a year. There, at the age of forty-five, morose, gnawed by regrets, full of resentment against heaven and envy of his fellow-men, he shut himself away. He was, he said, disgusted with the world, and determined to live in peace.

At one time his wife had been mad about him. Her love had expressed itself in an attitude of servility the only effect of which was to estrange him still more. Once gay, generous and fond, she became, as she grew older (like flat wine which turns to vinegar) a woman of difficult moods, shrill-voiced and nerve-ridden. In the early days of their marriage she had suffered much but complained little: had seen him run after all the village drabs, hang about all the places of ill-fame, and come home to her at night physically exhausted and stinking of liquor. At last her pride had rebelled, but she had said nothing, swallowing her anger and taking refuge in a silent stoicism which she maintained until the day of her death. She was forever occupied in various chores and matters of business. She made appointments with the solicitor and the local Justice, remembered when bills would fall due, and carried through all the arrangements to have them renewed. At home she ironed, sewed, did the washing, kept an eye on the workmen and saw that they were paid, while her lord and master bothered his head about nothing, spent his time drowsing ill-temperedly, and roused himself only for the purpose of saying hurtful things to her. All day long he sat in the corner of the hearth, smoking and spitting into the fire.

When her child was born it had to be put out to nurse, and when the little brat was eventually brought home he was thoroughly spoiled and treated like a young prince. His mother stuffed him with sweets, his father let him run about barefoot, and, wishing to pose as a philosopher, went so far as to say that he might go naked for all he cared, like the beasts of the field. In opposition to her maternal solicitude, he developed a theory that childhood should be a time of manly rigours. He did his best to rear his son on these lines, determined that he should be brought up in a school of *Spartan austerity*, and so grow strong in body. He made him sleep in a room without a fire, taught him to indulge in long draughts of rum, and trained him up to insult all religious processions. But the boy, who was of a mild temperament, responded ill to these attempts. His mother dragged him about with her wherever she went, cut out cardboard figures for him, told him stories, and indulged with him in endless monologues full of melancholy gaiety and baby-talk. Living, as she did, in unbroken loneliness, *she lavished on the child her few shreds and shards of vanity*. She dreamed of a great position for him, saw him in imagination a grown man, handsome and intelligent and settled in life as a civil-servant or a magistrate. She taught him to read and even to sing a few sentimental ballads to the accompaniment of an old piano which was one of her possessions. To all of which, Monsieur Bovary, caring little for the humaner arts, reacted by saying that it wasn't worth the trouble! How could they ever afford to send him to a government school, buy him a post or set him up in business? Besides, *all a man needed in order to get on in this world was plenty of cheek*. Madame Bovary bit her lip, and the boy ran wild about the village.

He followed the men at the plough and put the crows to flight with clods of earth. He ate the blackberries that grew in the hedgerows, kept watch over the turkeys, armed with a stick, helped in the hay-making, wandered about the woods, played at hopscotch in the church porch when it was raining, and, on the great feast-days, wheedled the sexton into letting him ring the bells, so that he might hang with his full weight on the end of the great rope and feel himself jerked off his feet as it bounced up and down.

He grew like a young oak tree. He acquired strong hands and a good colour.

When he was twelve, his mother made it her business to see that he should learn something. He was put in the charge of the curé. But the lessons were so short and so ill-planned, that he got little from them. *They were hurried affairs, given at odd moments standing in the vestry, sandwiched between a christening and a funeral*. Occasionally,

after the angelus, the curé, when no duties called him from home, would send for his pupil. On these occasions they sat upstairs in his room while the midges and moths fluttered about the candle flame. It was hot: the boy dozed. Very soon, the good priest, his hands clasped on his stomach, grew drowsy and began to snore with his mouth hanging open. At other times, on his way home from administering the sacrament to a sick parishioner, and seeing Charles up to some mischief in the fields, he would call him over, lecture him for fifteen minutes or so, and take advantage of the occasion to make him conjugate a verb beneath a tree. Frequently the rain would interrupt these sessions, or some passing acquaintance. The curé, too, *always* expressed himself as satisfied with his charge, and went so far as to say that the *young man* had a remarkably good memory.

Charles could not go on like that. His mother was a woman of energy. His father, from a sense of shame, or, more probably, from sheer exhaustion, gave up the struggle. It was agreed that they should wait a year until after the urchin had made his first communion. Six months passed, and the next year Charles was finally sent to the *College in Rouen*, whither his father accompanied him in person towards the end of October, at the time of the *Saint-Romain Fair*.

We should all of us now find it impossible to remember a thing about him. He was an even-tempered youth who joined in our games, did his work in prep, listened carefully in class, slept soundly in the dormitory and ate heartily in hall. He had been put in the charge of a wholesale ironmonger in the rue Ganterie, who asked him out on one Sunday in each month after the shop was closed, told him to take a walk down to the harbour and look at the ships, and delivered him back at school about seven, just before supper. Each Thursday evening the boy wrote a long letter to his mother in red ink, and this he sealed with three wafers. Having thus done his duty, he would revise his history notes, or read an old copy of *Anacharsis* which used to lie about in the classroom. When he went on our regular walks he always talked to the school servant, who was, like himself, from the country.

By dint of constant application he managed to maintain his place somewhere about the middle of the form-list. Once he even got a 'highly commended' in natural history. But at the end of his third year, his parents took him away, and sent him to study medicine, convinced that he could get on sufficiently, without outside help, to be sure of a degree.

His mother took a room for him on the fourth floor of a house facing on to the *Eau-de-Robec*, belonging to a dyer of her acquaintance. She made all necessary arrangements for his board, bought some furni-

ture—a table and two chairs—sent him a cherry-wood bedstead from home, and enough wood to keep him warm. Having stayed with him for a week, she took her departure, after giving him a thousand lectures about being on his best behaviour now that he was *to be left to his own devices*.

The list of lectures which he read in the official time-table set his head in a whirl. They covered anatomy, pathology, physiology, pharmacy, chemistry, botany, clinical medicine and therapeutics, to say nothing of hygiene and materia medica—all words about the etymology of which he knew nothing, words which seemed to him like the portals of sanctuaries in which dwelt the shades of the august. He understood absolutely nothing. No matter how hard he listened, he made but heavy weather of the lectures. Nevertheless, he worked, equipped himself with bound notebooks, attended all the courses, and never played truant. He accomplished his little daily task in the manner of a mill horse, which goes round and round in blinkers, doing what he does without knowing the reason for it.

In order to save him expense, his mother sent him each week by the carrier a piece of baked veal, off which he made his luncheon every morning when he got back from the hospital, stamping his feet to keep himself warm. As soon as he had finished eating, he had to run off to a further lot of lessons, either in the lecture theatre or at the hospital, returning home, when they were over, along the endless streets. In the evening, after the scanty dinner provided by his landlord, he went up to his room, and once more settled down to work, his damp clothes steaming on his body as he sat in front of his glowing stove.

On fine summer nights, when the hot streets were deserted, and the servant-girls were playing at battledore and shuttlecock on the doorsteps, he would open his window and lean on his elbow, looking out. The river, which makes this part of Rouen seem like a miniature and squalid edition of Venice, flowed beneath, yellow, violet or blue, crossed by bridges and edged with wharves. He could see the workmen squatting on the banks washing their arms in the current. Great skeins of cotton hung drying in the open air suspended from poles which projected from the windows of lofts. Opposite, above the roofs, was a wide stretch of cloudless sky, and the sun setting in a scarlet haze. How lovely (he thought) it must be now in the country, beneath the beeches! He would distend his nostrils hoping to catch a whiff of the good country smells, though these could never reach him at his perch. He grew thinner and more lanky, and his face took on a sort of mournful expression which made him look almost interesting.

Naturally, through sheer carelessness, the good resolutions he

had made came gradually to lose their hold on him. A day came when he failed to turn up at the hospital, and next morning he missed a lecture. So sweet were the hours of idleness, that, little by little, he gave up all attempts to keep to his timetable. He formed the habit of frequenting bars, and developed a passion for dominoes. To sit of an evening cooped up in a grubby public room, for the sole purpose of stacking little oblongs of sheep's bone, marked with black dots, on a marbled table, seemed to him now to be a significant gesture of freedom, something which raised him in his own estimation. He grew to regard it as a ritual of initiation into the great world, as the key to forbidden pleasures. Each time he entered the place he turned the knob of the door with a thrill that had about it something almost sensual. As he stepped across the threshold a great weight of frustration was lifted from his spirit. He learned by heart snatches of song with which he entertained the women who were always welcome visitors there, came to have a passion for *Béranger*, mastered the secret of making punch, and eventually had his first experience of love.

Thanks to these preparatory labours, he failed to pass his examination for the Public Health Service. On the fatal evening his parents were waiting for him at home with all preparations made to celebrate his success. He set out on foot, halted at the outskirts of the village, sent a message asking his mother to come to him, and told her all. She found plenty of excuses for him, and put the blame for his failure on the unfairness of the examiners. Having thus, to some extent, drawn the sting from his smart, she undertook to arrange matters.

It was not until five years later that Monsieur Bovary learned the truth. By that time it had become ancient history, and he accepted his son's defeat the more readily since he found it impossible to admit that any child of his could be a fool.

Charles once more settled down to work, and studied uninterruptedly for his examination, taking the precaution of memorizing all the questions in advance. He passed reasonably high on the list. It was a proud day for his mother, and was marked with a grand dinner.

Then came the question of where he was to practise. The choice fell on Tostes. There was only one old doctor in the place. For a long time Madame Bovary had been hoping that he would die, and almost before he had taken his departure, Charles was installed *opposite* as his successor.

But it was not enough for her to have brought up a son, had him taught medicine, and found in Tostes a happy hunting ground for his abilities. He needed a wife. She found him one, the widow of a Dieppe bailiff, a woman of forty-five with a yearly income of twelve hundred

frances. Ugly though she was, thin as a lath and with as many pimples as the spring has buds, she had had no lack of suitors from whom to choose. Before Madame Bovary the elder could achieve her object, *she had to send the lot of them packing, and succeeded very cleverly in outwitting the intrigues of a pork-butcher who had Church influence behind him.*

Charles had hoped that marriage would open up for him a brighter future. He had imagined that he would enjoy greater freedom than he had previously known, and might now do as he pleased both with himself and with his money. But his wife took control. She ordained what he should and should not say in public, made him fast on Fridays, dress as she thought fit, and dun those of his patients who were slow in settling their accounts. She opened his letters, spied on his movements, and listened through the wall whenever he had women in his consulting-room.

She had to have her chocolate brought to her every morning, and expected to be waited on hand and foot. She was for ever complaining of her nerves, of the state of her lungs, of her many and various ailments. The noise of people moving about made her feel ill, but no sooner was she left alone than she found her solitude unbearable. If anyone came to see her, it was, she felt sure, because they wanted to make certain that she was dying. When Charles came home of an evening, she would bring her long skinny arms, from beneath the bed-clothes, clasp them about his neck, make him sit on the edge of the bed, and then tell him of her woes. She accused him of neglect, of loving someone else, and always ended by asking for something to take for her health, and a little more love-making.

CHAPTER II

ONE night about eleven o'clock, they were awakened by the sound of a horse stopping at their door. The maid-servant opened the attic window and spent some time in parley with a man in the street below. He had come for the doctor, and was the bearer of a letter. Nastasie shivered her way downstairs, turned the key and drew the bolts. The man left his horse where it was and entered the house in her wake. From the inside of his woollen cap with grey tassels he drew a letter wrapped in a scrap of linen, and presented it with scrupulous care to Charles, who propped himself on his elbow to read it. Nastasie stood by the bed, holding a light. Madame, from a sense of modesty, remained with her face to the wall, and presented only her back to the room.