



英美小说选读

Selected Readings in English and American Fiction

● ● ●◎宁一中 邓颖玲 易艳萍/主编

湖南师范大学出版社



高等院校
英语专业
系列教材



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前言

英美文学方面的教材,国内外已经出版了不少,国外的如《诺顿美国文学选》、《诺顿英国文学选》、《贝德福德文学选读》(Michael Meyer, ed. *The Bedford Introduction to Literature*, Bedford Books of St Martin's Press)、《小说一百篇》(James H. Pickering, ed. *Fiction 100* MacMillan Publishing Co., Inc.) (此书也选了少数英美国家以外的作家作品)等;国内的如王佐良、李赋宁先生等主编的《英国文学名篇选注》(商务印书馆),杨岂深先生等主编的《英国文学选读》、《美国文学选读》(上海译文出版社),罗经国先生主编的《新编英国文学选读》(北京大学出版社),陈嘉先生主编的《英国文学作品选读》(商务印书馆),钱青先生主编的《美国文学名著精选》(商务印书馆),万培德先生主编的《美国二十世纪小说选读》(华东师范大学出版社),张伯香先生主编的《英国文学教程》(武汉大学出版社)等等,不一而足。这些教材各有偏重,各具特色。《诺顿文选》所选作家作品最多,让人有“浩瀚无边”之感;《贝德福德文选》设计了两种目录,即总目录与分目录,给读者提供了不少“按需阅读”的方便;《小说一百篇》的特点在于为读者提供了思考题。国内各家选本或以史料、选文结合见长,或以注解详尽取胜;时间上或自古代至当代,或独取某一时期;地域上或英或美,或英美兼及,凡此种种,各有所长。与同类教材相比,本书的特色是:①求新实用;②融知识性与研究性为一体,具有较强的研究色彩。

求新体现在两个方面:第一,选材新;第二,体例新。

选材方面 英美小说浩如烟海,各类“选读”自有“选”的范围和标准。本书以求新求精为原则,选取当代有代表意义的十余位英美作家的作品。

曼斯菲尔德是世界短篇小说中期发展阶段的代表作家之一;波兰出生的英籍小说家康拉德是当今最为评论界所重的作家之一,其代表作《黑暗的心脏》这个标题已经成了人们评论人性邪恶的常用语,对人的“黑暗的心脏”的探讨也成了很多小说的母题。当今英国文坛宿将,集学者、批评家、小说家于一身的 A·S·拜厄特,在当代英语文学界有着举足轻重的作用。小说家、剧作家、后现代主义的杰出代表塞缪尔·贝克特以及爱尔兰出生的小说家乔伊斯,都是人所皆知的世界级大师。哲学家兼文学家默多克的作品因富有哲理性而增加了理解的难度,但以优美、形象的语言表达出深邃的思想,总是给人们以无穷的魅力。以《蝇王》而获诺贝尔文学奖的威廉·戈尔丁,以表现“永恒的天性”,尤其是“人心的黑暗”而著称。格雷厄姆·格林是 20 世纪最优秀、最多产的作家之一,其作品细腻、深刻,耐人寻味。以上是英国作家。

美国黑人女作家托尼·莫里森以《最蓝的眼睛》、《宠儿》等闻名于世,并“因其富有洞察力和诗情画意的小说把美国现实的一个重要方面写活了”而于 1993 年获诺贝尔文学奖。《宠儿》通过一个凄美的黑人故事深刻地反映了美国黑人的生存状态。另一位美国女作家伊迪斯·华尔顿以描写上流社会的世态风俗见长,我们可以通过她的《豪门春秋》领略其文采及 19 世纪末 20 世纪初的美国新贵旧豪交替的情景。国内学界很少关注离散文学及美国少数族裔文学,我们选取了谭恩美、汤亭亭这两位目前非常活跃的美籍华裔作家的作品,希望借此能对东西文化碰撞和沟通的艰难过程、对美国多元文化中少数族裔的地位,尤其是少数族裔中的性别问题有所了解。美国著名作家、诺贝尔文学奖获得者福克纳是中国读者所熟悉的,他在创作手法上的试验与创新,对美国南方的深刻观察和描写,都是评论界的焦点。普利策奖得主艾丽斯·沃克的作品则很好地反映了美国社会中的妇女问题、种族问题、性别问题以及暴力问题。以上是美国作家。

从所选作家来看,既有无法回避的公认的“大家”,如康拉德、福克纳,也有值得关注却被国内一些同类教材忽略的

“名家”、“新秀”,如 A·S·拜厄特、谭恩美、汤亭亭。这样,一则可以与既有教材互为补充,二则可以让读者通过有限的篇幅窥见当代英美小说概貌。

体例方面 本书为湖南师范大学出版社筹划、出版的“英美文学选读课系列教材”四种之一(其他三种分别为《英美诗歌选读》、《英美散文选读》、《英美戏剧选读》),该系列教材的统一编写体例为:全书分若干单元,每一单元由作品选读、文学知识、拓展阅读以及研究指南四个部分组成。本书遵此体例,由 13 个单元和书末附录组成。“作品选读”包括“作家简介”、“选文”、“题解”、“注释”和“思考题”五部分。“文学知识”部分包括“理论与评论”以及“文学术语”两部分。“拓展阅读”主要有“选文”、“题解”、“注释”和“思考题”四部分,“选文”内容可能出自本单元选文的同一作者,也可能出于同一流派的另一作者,目的是便于读者对同一作家作品作进一步的了解,或与风格相近的作家作品进行比较。“研究指南”部分包括“参考书目”和“相关网站”,主要目的是为对该作家作品的进一步研究提供帮助,尤其希望为本科生毕业论文的撰写提供有益参考。“附录”包括英美文学选读测试样卷、英美小说术语汇编以及英美文学流派简介三部分。由此可见,体例上的“求新”主要是为了教学过程中的“实用”。

除“求新实用”之外,本教材的另一个突出特点是融知识性与研究性为一体,也就是说,本书除了像一般教材那样提供必要的文学知识之外,还具有较强的研究色彩,其研究性特点表现在书中的“思考题”、“理论与评论”、“文学术语”、“研究指南”诸项。这些项目的设置,主要目的是为学生撰写学位论文提供指导。学生们结合选文对这些项目进行研读、体会,既能从选题的思路得到启发,又能了解论文写作的基本方法,还能找到有用的参考书和搜寻网上资料的途径。不用说,这些项目不仅对本科生有益,还为有关的研究者提供了进一步研究的参考。

综上所述,本书不仅可以作为英语专业本科生文学选读课程的教材,同时也可作为英美文学爱好者、研究者以及英美文学专业研究生入学考试的参考书目。

本教材由北京、上海、湖南等地的几所著名大学的博士、教授联合编写。教材编写的分工情况:宁一中,第一、二单元;程倩,第三单元;王雅华、王怡福,第四、五单元;邓颖玲,第六、七单元;胡俊,第八、九单元;陆薇,第十、十一单元;易艳萍,第十二、十三单元;附录,宁一中、邓颖玲、易艳萍。全书由宁一中筹划、修改和统稿,邓颖玲和易艳萍参加了全书最后的校对工作。

在本书的编写和出版过程中,得到了湖南师范大学外国语学院蒋坚松教授、肖明翰教授、白解红教授、蒋洪新教授、黄振定教授、彭长江教授以及北京语言大学外国语学院方立教授、邱鸣教授的支持和帮助;湖南师范大学出版社有关领导和工作人员为本书的出版提供了有力的帮助,尤其是责任编辑李阳先生自始至终对本书表现了很大的热情,并为此付出了很多的心血和智慧,为书稿增添了色彩,在此一并致以诚挚的谢意!

在本书的编写过程中,我们参考了很多文献和研究成果,这些都已在每个单元的参考书目中列出;本书部分文章的版权分别属于不同的个人或机构,谨此对有关作者、编者和出版者致以诚挚的谢意,并敬请各版权所有者通过出版社与本书编者联系处理。

编者水平有限,纰漏在所难免,恳请读者批评指正。

宁一中
2004年7月
于北京语言大学

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Unit One

Katherine Mansfield

作品选读 Selected Reading

◆ 作家简介/About the Author

凯瑟琳·曼斯菲尔德(Katherine Mansfield 1888—1923),原名 Kathleen Mansfield Beauchamp,生于新西兰的惠灵顿,英国短篇小说家。她父亲是银行家,家庭殷实,生活优裕。她1903年赴伦敦女王学院学习,精通法语、德语,擅长拉小提琴。1906年第一次以笔名发表作品,1908年决定以 Katherine Mansfield 作为自己的名字。

在几次失败的恋爱婚姻经历后,1911年曼氏遇上了中产阶级出身的牛津大学才子默里(John Middleton Murry,1889—1957),彼此情投意合。曼氏在默里主编的季刊 Rhythm 上发表了很多具有心理分析特色和印象主义写作技巧的作品,具有很大影响,并因此而与默里一起被称为文坛“二虎”(the two tigers)。Rhythm 于1913年停刊后,他们共同编辑了三期 Blue Review。后来他们与 D.H. Lawrence 建立了深厚的友谊,并一起主办过杂志 Signature。此外,他们还与文坛名人伍尔夫、罗素、庞德、艾略特、哈代等过从甚密。

1915年10月,曼斯菲尔德的弟弟在比利时去世,对她的打击很大。不久后她写道:“我选择的形式整个儿变了。我觉得在这世界上我所关心的再也不是事物的表面现象了。”1918年曼氏的结核病越来越严重,为了健康,她往返于伦敦与瑞士之间。1923年1月9日,曼斯菲尔德于法国枫丹白露(Fontainebleau)辞世。

1917年,伍尔夫(Virginia Woolf)约她为 Hogarth Press 写一篇故事时,曼氏把以前基于自己家庭经历写的 *The Aloe* 重新修改,以《序曲》(*Prelude*, 1918)为题发表。经修改的小说分为十二部分,以电影手法生动表现了作者的情感,有着一种“特殊散文”的韵致。1920年结集出版了《幸福集》,其中《布里尔小姐》(*Miss Brill*)、《陌生

人》(*The Stranger*)及《已故中校的女儿们》(*The Daughters of the Late Colonel*)吸引了评论界的注意,并得到托马斯·哈代的激赏。《园会集》(1923)的出版,确定了她在现代主义作家中的地位。她的最后一个短篇是《金丝鸟》(*The Canary*),故事中金丝鸟那柔弱地歌唱着的形象,在某种意义上说就是曼氏的自画像,这是一首低沉凄婉的挽歌。

曼斯菲尔去世后,由默里编辑出版了曼氏的作品集,包括:《鸽巢集》(*The Dove's Nest and Other Stories*, 1923),《幼稚集》(*Something Childish and Other Stories* (1924),《诗集》(*Poems*, 1924),《日志》(*The Journal of Katherine Mansfield*, 1928),《芦荟》(*The Aloe*, 1930),《小说与小说家》(*Novels and Novelists*, 1930),《拾零》(*The Scrapbook of Katherine Mansfield*, 1937),《两地集》(*Katherine Mansfield's Letters to John Middleton Murry*, 1913—1922, 1951)。她的作品被翻译成 20 多种文字,并被改编成戏剧、电视、电影、广播作品,甚至芭蕾舞。她本人的一生也被拍成电影,其中以 *Leave All Fair* (1984) 和 *A Portrait of Katherine Mansfield: The Woman and the Writer* (1987) 最为有名。

曼氏的作品不以恢弘的场面、重大的题材或复杂的情节见长。她关注的是普通人和他们的日常生活及内心世界;表现的是他们的孤独、失望、痛苦,是社会上的虚伪、假象、冷漠、互不信任。她受契诃夫的影响,擅长细节描写,善于捕捉人物瞬间的强烈感受与体验。其故事语言优美,风格清新,刻画人物细致入微。伍尔夫曾在日记中钦佩地写道:“曼斯菲尔的短篇小说是惟一让我感到嫉妒的作品。她与契诃夫、乔伊斯、S·安德森一起代表了短篇小说发展的中期阶段——前期阶段的代表作家为 W·欧文、N·霍桑、果戈理、爱伦坡;现阶段的代表作家为卡夫卡、波格斯、纳波柯夫等。

◆ 选文/Selection

A Cup of Tea

Rosemary Fell was not exactly beautiful. No, you couldn't have called her beautiful. Pretty? Well, if you took her to pieces... But why be so cruel as to take anyone to pieces? She was young, brilliant, extremely modern, exquisitely well dressed, amazingly well read in the newest of the new books, and her parties were the most delicious mixture of the really important people and... artists—quaint creatures, discoveries of hers, some of them too terrifying for words, but others quite presentable and amusing.

Rosemary had been married two years. She had a duck of a boy^①. No, not Peter—Michael. And her husband absolutely adored her. They were rich, really rich, not just

comfortably well off, which is odious and stuffy and sounds like one's grandparents. But if Rosemary wanted to shop, she would go to Paris as you and I would go to Bond Street. If she wanted to buy flowers, the car pulled up at that perfect shop in Regent Street, and Rosemary inside the shop just gazed in her dazzled, rather exotic way, and said: "I want those and those and those. Give me four bunches of those. And that jar of roses. Yes, I'll have all the roses in the jar. No, no lilac. I hate lilac. It's got no shape." The attendant bowed and put the lilac out of sight, as though this was only too true; lilac was dreadfully shapeless. "Give me those stumpy little tulips. Those red and white ones." And she was followed to the car by a thin shopgirl (staggering) under an (immense) white paper armful that looked like a baby in long clothes...

One winter afternoon she had been buying something in a little antique shop in Curzon Street. It was a shop she liked. For one thing, one usually had it to oneself. And then the man who kept it was ridiculously fond of serving her. He beamed whenever she came in. He clasped his hands; he was so gratified that he could scarcely speak (Flattery,) of course. All the same, there was something...

"You see, Madam," he would explain in his low respectful tones, "I love my things. I would rather not part with them than sell them to someone who does not appreciate them, who has not that fine feeling which is so rare..." And, breathing deeply, he unrolled a tiny square of blue velvet and pressed it on the glass counter with his pale finger-tips. 铺开、打开

Today it was a little box. He had been keeping it for her. He had shown it to nobody as yet. An exquisite little enamel box with a glaze so fine that it looked as though it had been baked in cream. On the lid a (minute) creature stood under a flowery tree, and a more minute creature still had her arms round his neck. Her hat, really no bigger than a geranium petal^②, hung from a branch; it had green ribbons. And there was a pink cloud like a watchful cherub^③ floating above their heads: Rosemary took her hands, put off her long gloves. She always took off her gloves to examine such things. Yes, she liked it very much. She loved it; it was a great duck. She must have it. And, turning the creamy box, opening and shutting it, she couldn't help noticing how charming her hands were against the blue velvet. The shopman, in some dim cavern of his mind, may have dared to think so too. For he took a pencil, leant over the counter, and his pale bloodless fingers crept timidly towards those rosy, flashing ones, as he murmured gently: "If I may venture to point out to Madam, the flowers on the little lady's bodice^④."

"Charming!" Rosemary admired the flowers. But what was the price? For a moment the shopman did not seem to hear. Then a murmur reached her. "Twenty-eight guineas,

Madam."

"Twenty-eight guineas." Rosemary gave no sign. She laid the little box down; she buttoned her gloves again. Twenty-eight guineas. Even if one is rich. She looked vague. She stared at a plump tea-kettle like a plump hen above the shopman's head, and her voice was dreamy as she answered: "Well, keep it for me—will you? I'll..."

But the shopman had already bowed as though keeping it for her was all any human being could ask. He would be willing, of course, to keep it for her for ever.

The discreet door shut with a click^⑤. She was outside on the step, gazing at the winter afternoon. Rain was falling, and with the rain it seemed the dark came too, spinning down like ashes. There was a cold, bitter taste in the air, and the new-lighted lamps looked sad. So were the lights in the houses opposite. Dimly they burned as if regretting something. And people hurried by, hidden under their hateful umbrellas. Rosemary felt a strange pang. She pressed her muff against her breast; she wished she had the little box, too, to cling to. Of course, the car was there. She'd only to cross the pavement. But still she waited. There are moments, horrible moments in life, when one emerges from shelter and looks out, and it's awful. One oughtn't to give way to them. One ought to go home and have an extra-special tea. But at the very instant of thinking that, a young girl, thin, dark, shadowy—where had she come from? —was standing at Rosemary's elbow and a voice like a sigh, almost like a sob, breathed: "Madam, may I speak to you a moment?"

"Speak to me?" Rosemary turned. She saw a little battered creature with enormous eyes, someone quite young, no older than herself, who clutched at her coat-collar, with reddened hands, and shivered as though she had just come out of the water.

"Madam," stammered the voice. "Would you let me have the price of a cup of tea?"

"A cup of tea?" There was something simple and sincere in that voice; it wasn't in the least the voice of a beggar. "Then have you no money at all?" asked Rosemary.

"None, Madam," came the answer.

"How extraordinary!" Rosemary peered through the dusk, and the girl gazed back at her. How more than extraordinary! And suddenly it seemed to Rosemary such an adventure. It was like something out of a novel by Dostoevsky, this meeting in the dusk. Supposing she took the girl home? Supposing she did one of those she was always reading about or seeing on the stage, what would happen? It would be thrilling.

And she heard herself saying afterwards to the amazement of her friends: "I simply took her home with me," as she stepped forward and said to that dim person beside her: "Come

home to tea with me."

The girl drew back startled. She even stopped shivering for a moment. Rosemary put out a hand and touched her arm. "I mean it," she said, smiling. And she felt how simple and kind her smile was. "Why won't you? Do. Come home with me now in my car and have tea."

"You—you don't mean it, Madam," said the girl, and there was pain in her voice.

"But I do," cried Rosemary. "I want you to. To please me. Come along."

The girl put her fingers to her lips and her eyes devoured Rosemary. "You're—you're not taking me to the police station?" she stammered.

"The police station!" Rosemary laughed out. "Why should I be so cruel? No, I only want to make you warm and to hear—anything you care to tell me."

Hungry people are easily led. The footman held the door of the car open, and a moment later they were skimming through the dusk.

"There!" said Rosemary. She had a feeling of triumph as she slipped her hand through the velvet strap. She could have said, "Now I've got you," as she gazed at the little captive she had netted. But of course she meant it kindly. Oh, more than kindly. She was going to prove to this girl that—wonderful things did happen in life, that—fairy godmothers were real, that—rich people had hearts, and that women were sisters. She turned impulsively, saying: "Don't be frightened. After all, why shouldn't you come back with me? We're both women. If I'm the more fortunate, you ought to expect."

But happily at that moment, for she didn't know how the sentence was going to end, the car stopped. The bell was rung, the door opened, and with a charming, protecting, almost embracing movement, Rosemary drew the other into the hall. Warmth, softness, light, a sweet scent, all those things so familiar to her that she never even thought about them, she watched that other receive. It was fascinating. She was like the rich little girl in her nursery with all the cupboards to open, all the boxes to unpack.

"Come, come upstairs," said Rosemary, longing to begin to be generous. "Come up to my room." And, besides, she wanted to spare this poor little thing from being stared at by the servants; she decided as they mounted the stairs she would not even ring for Jeanne, but take off her things by herself. The great thing was to be natural!

And "There!" cried Rosemary again, as they reached her beautiful big bedroom with the curtains drawn, the fire leaping on her wonderful lacquer furniture, her gold cushions and the primrose and blue rugs.

The girl stood just inside the door; she seemed dazed. But Rosemary didn't mind that.

"Come and sit down," she cried, dragging her big chair up to the fire, "in this comfy chair. Come and get warm. You look so dreadfully cold."

"I daren't, Madam," said the girl, and she edged backwards.

"Oh, please,"—Rosemary ran forward—"you mustn't be frightened, you mustn't, really. Sit down, and when I've taken off my things we shall go into the next room and have tea and be cosy. Why are you afraid?" And gently she half pushed the thin figure into its deep cradle.

But there was no answer. The girl stayed just as she had been put, with her hands by her sides and her mouth slightly open. To be quite sincere, she looked rather stupid. But Rosemary wouldn't acknowledge it. She leant over her, saying: "Won't you take off your hat? Your pretty hair is all wet. And one is so much more comfortable without a hat, isn't one?"

There was whisper that sounded like "Very good, Madam," and the crushed hat was taken off.

"And let me help you off with your coat, too," said Rosemary.

The girl stood up. But she held on to the chair with one hand and let Rosemary pull. It was quite an effort. The other scarcely helped her at all. She seemed to stagger like a child, and the thought came and went through Rosemary's mind, that if people wanted helping they must respond a little, just a little, otherwise it became very difficult indeed. And what was she to do with the coat now? She left it on the floor, and the hat too. She was just going to take a cigarette off the mantelpiece when the girl said quickly, but so lightly and strangely: "I'm very sorry, Madam, but I'm going to faint. I shall go off, Madam, if I don't have something."

"Good heavens, how thoughtless I am!" Rosemary rushed to the bell.

"Tea! Tea at once! And some brandy immediately!"

The maid was gone again, but the girl almost cried out: "No, I don't want no brandy[®]. I never drink brandy. It's a cup of tea I want, Madam." And she burst into tears.

It was a terrible and fascinating moment. Rosemary kneelt beside her chair.

"Don't cry, poor little thing," she said. "Don't cry." And she gave the other her lace handkerchief. She really was touched beyond words. She put her arm round those thin, bird-like shoulders. Now at last the other forgot to be shy, forgot everything except that they were both women, and gasped out: "I can't go on no longer like this. I can't bear it. I can't bear it. I shall do away with myself. I can't bear no more."

"You shan't have to. I'll look after you. Don't cry any more. Don't you see what a good thing it was that you met me? We'll have tea and you'll tell me everything. And I shall

arrange something. I promise. Do stop crying. It's so exhausting. Please!"

The other did stop just in time for Rosemary to get up before the tea came. She had the table placed between them. She plied the poor little creature with everything, all the sandwiches, all the bread and butter, and every time her cup was empty she filled it with tea, cream and sugar. People always said sugar was so nourishing. As for herself she didn't eat; she smoked and looked away tactfully so that the other should not be shy.

And really the effect of that slight meal was marvellous. When the tea-table was carried away a new being, a light, frail creature with tangled hair, dark lips, deep, lighted eyes, lay back in the big chair in a kind of sweet languor, looking at the blaze. Rosemary lit a fresh cigarette; it was time to begin.

"And when did you have your last meal?" she asked softly.

But at that moment the door-handle turned.

"Rosemary, may I come in?" It was Philip.

"Of course."

He came in. "Oh, I'm so sorry," he said, and stopped and stared.

"It's quite all right," said Rosemary, smiling. "This is my friend, Miss—"

"Smith, Madam," said the languid figure, who was strangely still and unafraid.

"Smith," said Rosemary. "We are going to have a little talk."

"Oh yes," said Philip. "Quite," and his eye caught sight of the coat and hat on the floor. He came over to the fire and turned his back to it. "It's a beastly afternoon," he said curiously, still looking at that listless figure, looking at its hands and boots, and then at Rosemary again.

"Yes, isn't it?" said Rosemary enthusiastically. "Vile."

Philip smiled his charming smile. "As a matter of fact," said he, "I wanted you to come into the library for a moment. Would you? Will Miss Smith excuse us?"

The big eyes were raised to him, but Rosemary answered for her: "Of course, she will." And they went out of the room together.

"I say," said Philip, when they were alone. "Explain. Who is she? What does it all mean?" Rosemary, laughing, leaned against the door and said: "I picked her up in Curzon Street. Really. She's a real pick-up. She asked me for the price of a cup of tea, and I brought her home with me."

"But what on earth are you going to do with her?" cried Philip.

"Be nice to her," said Rosemary quickly. "Be frightfully nice to her. Look after her. I don't know how. We haven't talked yet. But show her—treat her—make her feel—"

"My darling girl," said Philip, "you're quite mad, you know. It simply can't be done."

"I knew you'd say that," retorted Rosemary. "Why not? I want to. Isn't that a reason? And besides, one's always reading about these things. I decided—"

"But," said Philip slowly, and he cut the end of a cigar, "she's so astonishingly pretty."

"Pretty?" Rosemary was so surprised that she blushed. "Do you think so? I—I hadn't thought about it."

"Good Lord!" Philip struck a match. "She's absolutely lovely. Look again, my child. I was bowled over^⑦ when I came into your room just now. However... I think you're making a ghastly mistake. Sorry, darling, if I'm crude and all that. But let me know if Miss Smith is going to dine with us in time for me to look up ~~the~~ the Milliner's Gazette[®]."

"You absurd creature!" said Rosemary, and she went out of the library, but not back to her bedroom. She went to her writing-room and sat down at her desk. Pretty!

Absolutely lovely! Bowled over! Her heart beat like a heavy bell. Pretty! Lovely! She drew her cheque-book towards her. But no, cheques would be no use, of course. She opened a drawer and took out five pound notes, looked at them, put two back, and holding the three squeezed in her hand, she went back to her bedroom.

Half an hour later Philip was still in the library, when Rosemary came in.

"I only wanted to tell you," said she, and she leaned against the door again and looked at him with her dazzled exotic gaze, "Miss Smith won't dine with us tonight."

Philip put down the paper. "Oh, what's happened? Previous engagement?"

Rosemary came over and sat down on his knee. "She insisted on going," said she, "so I gave the poor little thing a present of money. I couldn't keep her against her will, could I?" she added softly.

Rosemary had just done her hair, darkened her eyes a little, and put on her pearls. She put up her hands and touched Philip's cheeks.

"Do you like me?" said she, and her tone, sweet, husky, troubled him.

"I like you awfully," he said, and he held her tighter. "Kiss me."

There was a pause.

Then Rosemary said dreamily: "I saw a fascinating little box today. It cost twenty-eight guineas. May I have it?"

Philip jumped her on his knee. "You may, little wasteful one," said he.

But that was not really what Rosemary wanted to say.