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——“成长中的内心秘密”系列故事



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英美家庭陶冶情操必备儿童文学典藏  
“伴随着内心秘密成长”的心灵读物

*The Lost Prince*

# 失踪的小王子

[美] 伯内特 著  
张怀瑾 等 编译

清华大学出版社



食商卷内

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## 内 容 简 介

《失踪的小王子》是 20 世纪最伟大的儿童文学名著之一。伦敦的菲力伯特街上迎来了三位来自战火中的小国萨马维亚的客人——罗利斯坦和他的儿子马可以及他们的老仆人，他们是辗转欧洲多国来到这里的。萨马维亚曾是一个美丽富饶的国家，在经历了一位暴君的蹂躏后，人民生活在水深火热中，愤怒的人们推翻了残暴的国王，准备迎立王子艾弗为新国王。而就在这个时候，艾弗王子失踪了，宫殿的每一个角落都没有他的身影，从此萨马维亚一直笼罩在战争的迷雾中。但是罗利斯坦先生告诉儿子马可艾弗王子可能并没有死，而且王子的后代一直延续着拯救国家于水火的崇高理想。马可认识了一个跛腿的小伙伴——耗子，他们在玩耍中结下了深厚的友谊，这时罗利斯坦先生交给两个孩子一个艰巨的任务——向蛰伏在欧洲各国的萨马维亚秘密政党的成员通报即将起义的消息。一路上马可和耗子历经风雨，在经历了重重危险后，他们胜利完成了任务。当马可再次踏上萨马维亚的土地时，这里终于迎来了和平与欢笑，而这一切都与他的家族有着千丝万缕的联系，马可百感交集，失踪的王子故事也有了答案。

本书一经出版，很快就成为当时最受关注和最畅销的儿童文学作品，至今已译成世界上几十种文字，曾先后多次被改编成电影、电视剧、话剧、舞台剧。无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，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。同时，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量的插图。

本书配有纯正的英文朗读，供读者免费学习使用。

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弗朗西丝·霍奇森·伯内特 (Frances Hodgson Burnett, 1849—1924), 美国著名作家, 英语世界家喻户晓的儿童文学作家。

1849年11月24日, 伯内特生于英国的曼彻斯特市, 1865年随全家移民至美国田纳西州。因父亲早逝, 家境贫寒, 她从18岁开始在杂志上发表故事, 贴补家用。1877年, 伯内特出版了第一部小说《劳瑞家的那闺女》, 该书取材于她幼年在英国煤矿的生活, 该书一出版便成为当时最畅销的小说之一。1886年, 出版了小说《小勋爵》, 描写一个美国小男孩成为英国伯爵继承人的故事, 该书让伯内特成为当时最畅销、最富有的畅销书作家之一。1905年, 伯内特出版了《小公主》, 该书通过一位遭遇家庭变故, 善良、美丽的印度富家千金的成长和生活经历, 讲述一个关于财富、地位以及人生态度的故事。1909年, 当她在纽约长岛布置自己家花园的时候, 突发灵感, 构思出《秘密花园》, 该书于1911年出版, 成为当时英语国家最畅销童话图书。她的许多作品被改编为电影、电视剧、动画片、音乐剧和话剧, 这其中包括《小勋爵》《失踪的小王子》《小公主》和《秘密花园》。《小公主》于1939年在美国被拍成电影, 且由当时红极一时的童星秀兰·邓波儿主演, 并获得巨大成功, 而已经逝世的伯内特的声誉也由此达到巅峰。这部催人泪下的作品被看作是一剂抚慰人心的良药, 它激起了人们对于人性的关注与深思。《秘密花园》于1919年、1949年、1993年三度在美国被拍成电影, 1994年制作成电视卡通片。

伯内特一生共出版了40多部小说, 许多作品入选英国、美国、加拿大、澳大利亚等英语国家的中小学课文, 而真正使她名扬世界是其儿童文学作品。一个世纪以来, 她的儿童文学作品被译成世界上几十种文字, 迄今仍畅销不衰。除此之外, 根据她的儿童文学作品制作的各种产品, 从磁带有声书籍、幼儿图书、简写本、缩写本, 到玩具书、文具、手工艺品, 不计其数。在伯内特的所有儿童文学作品中, 《小勋爵》《失踪的小王子》《小



公主》和《秘密花园》是她最成功的儿童文学作品。“成长中的内心秘密”，或者说，“伴随着内心秘密的成长”一直是弗朗西斯·霍奇森·伯内特这些作品的永恒主题，这位影响了整个 20 世纪的女作家，她对“成长”中那种内心获得的力量非常敬畏，这一点在其代表作《小公主》和《秘密花园》中更是显露无遗，前者的力量来自于磨难和爱，而后者的力量则来自于爱和大自然，伯内特用她那优美、细腻、化平凡为神奇的文笔，给这些力量穿上了带有“魔法”色彩的外衣。这些儿童文学作品故事感动了一代又一代人，美丽的故事曾经带给了许多人梦想和希望，相信即使在今天，这些故事仍旧能带给你由衷的感动。在英语儿童文学里，这四部小说是公认的低龄界限的精品，也是能打通雅俗之间界限的文学作品。由于这些作品语言平实，刻画出的人物却极为传神，同时思想丰富、情节精彩曲折，容易吸引青少年学生，因而在世界各地常被选作英文教材教学或英语课外阅读用书；同时，该书一直是西方家庭为陶冶孩子情操必备的文学读物。

在中国，这四部儿童文学作品同样是最受广大青少年读者喜爱。作为世界儿童文学宝库中的经典之作，它影响了一代又一代中国人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《小勋爵》《失踪的小王子》《小公主》和《秘密花园》这四部儿童文学的经典之作，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，也尽可能保留原作简洁、精练、明快的风格。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。同时，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量的插图。我们相信，该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人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书是中文导读英文名著系列丛书的一种，编写本系列丛书的另一个主要目的就是为准备参加英语国家留学考试的学生提供学习素材。对于留学考试，无论是 SSAT、SAT 还是 TOEFL、GRE，要取得好的成绩，就必须了解西方的社会、历史、文化、生活等方面的背景知识，而阅读西方原版名著是了解这些知识最重要的手段之一。

作为专门从事英语考试培训、留学规划和留学申请指导的教育机构，啄木鸟教育支持编写的这套中文导读英文原版名著系列图书，可以使读者在欣赏世界原版名著的同时，了解西方的历史、文化、传统、价值观等，



# 前言

并提高英语阅读速度、阅读水平和写作能力，从而在 TOEFL、雅思、SSAT、SAT、GRE、GMAT 等考试中取得好的成绩，进而帮助读者成功申请到更好的国外学校。

本书中文导读内容由张怀瑾编写。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有王勋、纪飞、赵雪、刘乃亚、蔡红昌、陈起永、熊红华、熊建国、程来川、徐平国、龚桂平、付泽新、熊志勇、胡贝贝、李军、宋亭、张灵羚、张玉瑶、付建平等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。

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# 第一章 菲力伯特街上新来的房客

## Chapter 1 The New Lodgers at No. 7 Philibert Place



伦敦的菲力伯特街是一条令人感到绝望的街道，黑乎乎的砖墙与残缺不全的栅栏使这里看起来像即将死去的老人那样阴气沉沉，行走在街上的人们大都面无表情，身上散发着干完苦力活而留下的酸腐的汗味。十二岁的男孩马可·罗利斯坦与他的父亲正站在这条街道上，这将是他们颠沛流离生活的另一个临时落脚点。马可和其他的孩子有着迥异的人生轨迹，他皮肤微深，目光坚毅，眼神中有一份少年老成。在他的记忆里，童年生活总是跟随着父亲在各个国家辗转，他没有什么固定的玩伴，并且

要保守一个天大的秘密——他将誓死效忠他的祖国萨马维亚。马可从没有踏上过祖国的土地，但是他与他最敬佩的父亲的身上流淌着萨马维亚人永不变更的血液，他们有一颗为祖国跳动的核心。马可见过很多行色匆匆的人找到父亲，密谈一番又消失在夜色中，父亲告诉他，他们与自己有着共同的名字——流亡者。也就是在菲力伯特街上，在父亲的见证下，小马可面对着代代相传的祖先的神圣宝剑许下了诺言——愿为祖国献出宝贵的生命。

There are many dreary and dingy rows of ugly houses in certain parts of London, but there certainly could not be any row more ugly or dingier than Philibert Place. There were stories that it had once been more attractive, but that had been so long ago that no one remembered the time. It stood back in its

# 第一章 菲力伯街上新来的房客

Chapter I The New Lodgers at No. 7 Philbert Place



马可和他的父亲

There were many things and things more of the houses in certain parts of London, but there certainly would not be any low white walls or dingy lanes. There were some that had once been fine structures, but that had been so long ago that we can remember the time. It stood back in the



gloomy, narrow strips of uncared-for, smoky gardens, whose broken iron railings were supposed to protect it from the surging traffic of a road which was always roaring with the rattle of busses, cabs, drays, and vans, and the passing of people who were shabbily dressed and looked as if they were either going to hard work or coming from it, or hurrying to see if they could find some of it to do to keep themselves from going hungry. The brick fronts of the houses were blackened with smoke, their windows were nearly all dirty and hung with dingy curtains, or had no curtains at all; the strips of ground, which had once been intended to grow flowers in, had been trodden down into bare earth in which even weeds had forgotten to grow. One of them was used as a stone-cutter's yard, and cheap monuments, crosses, and slates were set out for sale, bearing inscriptions beginning with "Sacred to the Memory of." Another had piles of old lumber in it, another exhibited second-hand furniture, chairs with unsteady legs, sofas with horsehair stuffing bulging out of holes in their covering, mirrors with blotches or cracks in them. The insides of the houses were as gloomy as the outside. They were all exactly alike. In each a dark entrance passage led to narrow stairs going up to bedrooms, and to narrow steps going down to a basement kitchen. The back bedroom looked out on small, sooty, flagged yards, where thin cats quarreled, or sat on the coping of the brick walls hoping that sometime they might feel the sun; the front rooms looked over the noisy road, and through their windows came the roar and rattle of it. It was shabby and cheerless on the brightest days, and on foggy or rainy ones it was the most forlorn place in London.

At least that was what one boy thought as he stood near the iron railings watching the passers-by on the morning on which this story begins, which was also the morning after he had been brought by his father to live as a lodger in the back sitting-room of the house No. 7.

He was a boy about twelve years old, his name was Marco Loristan, and he was the kind of boy people look at a second time when they have looked at him once. In the first place, he was a very big boy—tall for his years, and with a particularly strong frame. His shoulders were broad and his arms and legs were long and powerful. He was quite used to hearing people say, as they glanced at him, "What a fine, big lad!" And then they always looked again at

his face. It was not an English face or an American one, and was very dark in coloring. His features were strong, his black hair grew on his head like a mat, his eyes were large and deep set, and looked out between thick, straight, black lashes. He was as un-English a boy as one could imagine, and an observing person would have been struck at once by a sort of SILENT look expressed by his whole face, a look which suggested that he was not a boy who talked much.

This look was specially noticeable this morning as he stood before the iron railings. The things he was thinking of were of a kind likely to bring to the face of a twelve-year-old boy an unboyish expression.

He was thinking of the long, hurried journey he and his father and their old soldier servant, Lazarus, had made during the last few days—the journey from Russia. Cramped in a close third-class railway carriage, they had dashed across the Continent as if something important or terrible were driving them, and here they were, settled in London as if they were going to live forever at No. 7 Philibert Place. He knew, however, that though they might stay a year, it was just as probable that, in the middle of some night, his father or Lazarus might waken him from his sleep and say, “Get up—dress yourself quickly. We must go at once.” A few days later, he might be in St. Petersburg, Berlin, Vienna, or Budapest, huddled away in some poor little house as shabby and comfortless as No. 7 Philibert Place.

He passed his hand over his forehead as he thought of it and watched the busses. His strange life and his close association with his father had made him much older than his years, but he was only a boy, after all, and the mystery of things sometimes weighed heavily upon him, and set him to deep wondering.

In not one of the many countries he knew had he ever met a boy whose life was in the least like his own. Other boys had homes in which they spent year after year; they went to school regularly, and played with other boys, and talked openly of the things which happened to them, and the journeys they made. When he remained in a place long enough to make a few boy-friends, he knew he must never forget that his whole existence was a sort of secret whose safety depended upon his own silence and discretion.

This was because of the promises he had made to his father, and they had been the first thing he remembered. Not that he had ever regretted anything

connected with his father. He threw his black head up as he thought of that. None of the other boys had such a father, not one of them. His father was his idol and his chief. He had scarcely ever seen him when his clothes had not been poor and shabby, but he had also never seen him when, despite his worn coat and frayed linen, he had not stood out among all others as more distinguished than the most noticeable of them. When he walked down a street, people turned to look at him even oftener than they turned to look at Marco, and the boy felt as if it was not merely because he was a big man with a handsome, dark face, but because he looked, somehow, as if he had been born to command armies, and as if no one would think of disobeying him. Yet Marco had never seen him command any one, and they had always been poor, and shabbily dressed, and often enough ill-fed. But whether they were in one country or another, and whatsoever dark place they seemed to be hiding in, the few people they saw treated him with a sort of deference, and nearly always stood when they were in his presence, unless he bade them sit down.

"It is because they know he is a patriot, and patriots are respected," the boy had told himself.

He himself wished to be a patriot, though he had never seen his own country of Samavia. He knew it well, however. His father had talked to him about it ever since that day when he had made the promises. He had taught him to know it by helping him to study curious detailed maps of it—maps of its cities, maps of its mountains, maps of its roads. He had told him stories of the wrongs done its people, of their sufferings and struggles for liberty, and, above all, of their unconquerable courage. When they talked together of its history, Marco's boy-blood burned and leaped in his veins, and he always knew, by the look in his father's eyes, that his blood burned also. His countrymen had been killed, they had been robbed, they had died by thousands of cruelties and starvation, but their souls had never been conquered, and, through all the years during which more powerful nations crushed and enslaved them, they never ceased to struggle to free themselves and stand unfettered as Samavians had stood centuries before.

"Why do we not live there," Marco had cried on the day the promises were made. "Why do we not go back and fight? When I am a man, I will be a soldier

and die for Samavia.”

“We are of those who must LIVE for Samavia—working day and night,” his father had answered; “denying ourselves, training our bodies and souls, using our brains, learning the things which are best to be done for our people and our country. Even exiles may be Samavian soldiers—I am one, you must be one.”

“Are we exiles?” asked Marco.

“Yes,” was the answer. “But even if we never set foot on Samavian soil, we must give our lives to it. I have given mine since I was sixteen. I shall give it until I die.”

“Have you never lived there?” said Marco.

A strange look shot across his father’s face.

“No,” he answered, and said no more. Marco watching him, knew he must not ask the question again.

The next words his father said were about the promises. Marco was quite a little fellow at the time, but he understood the solemnity of them, and felt that he was being honored as if he were a man.

“When you are a man, you shall know all you wish to know,” Loristan said. “Now you are a child, and your mind must not be burdened. But you must do your part. A child sometimes forgets that words may be dangerous. You must promise never to forget this. Wheresoever you are; if you have playmates, you must remember to be silent about many things. You must not speak of what I do, or of the people who come to see me. You must not mention the things in your life which make it different from the lives of other boys. You must keep in your mind that a secret exists which a chance foolish word might betray. You are a Samavian, and there have been Samavians who have died a thousand deaths rather than betray a secret. You must learn to obey without question, as if you were a soldier. Now you must take your oath of allegiance.”

He rose from his seat and went to a corner of the room. He knelt down, turned back the carpet, lifted a plank, and took something from beneath it. It was a sword, and, as he came back to Marco, he drew it out from its sheath. The child’s strong, little body stiffened and drew itself up, his large, deep eyes flashed. He was to take his oath of allegiance upon a sword as if he were a man.



He did not know that his small hand opened and shut with a fierce understanding grip because those of his blood had for long centuries past carried swords and fought with them.

Loristan gave him the big bared weapon, and stood erect before him.

"Repeat these words after me sentence by sentence!" he commanded.

And as he spoke them Marco echoed each one loudly and clearly.

"The sword in my hand—for Samavia!

"The heart in my breast—for Samavia!

"The swiftness of my sight, the thought of my brain, the life of my life—for Samavia.

"Here grows a man for Samavia.

"God be thanked!"

Then Loristan put his hand on the child's shoulder, and his dark face looked almost fiercely proud.

"From this hour," he said, "you and I are comrades at arms."

And from that day to the one on which he stood beside the broken iron railings of No. 7 Philibert Place, Marco had not forgotten for one hour.

## 第二章 年轻的世界公民

### Chapter 2 A Young Citizen of the World



这并不是马可第一次来到伦敦，上一次他来到伦敦时才八岁，不过这次他准备好好把这座城市游历一番。常年的颠簸辗转使马可增长了不少见识，他不知道自己是什么时候学会英语、法语、德语、意大利语和俄语的。他有着敏锐的观察力与一颗好奇的心，他会漫步在街头看尽人生百态，他有时和鞋匠闲聊，有时候会认真地看泥瓦匠干活，他喜欢流浪歌手，从马可嘴里唱出的民歌总有一股别样的韵味。贫穷并没有剥夺父亲培养他的决心，他常常领着马可到处参观博物馆和图书馆，用人类历史上最宏伟庄严的知识与艺术熏陶儿子的心灵。令马可感到惊奇的是，父亲对那些名画如数家珍，尽管穿着破旧的衣服，父亲的身上总是散发着一股坚韧的贵族气质。陪马可闲逛的老仆人拉萨勒斯对马可的父亲总是充满崇敬，在没人看到的时候，他总会像个军人那样朝着罗利斯坦敬礼，好像他就是萨马维亚永恒的太阳。

He had been in London more than once before, but not to the lodgings in Philibert Place. When he was brought a second or third time to a town or city, he always knew that the house he was taken to would be in a quarter new to him, and he should not see again the people he had seen before. Such slight links of acquaintance as sometimes formed themselves between him and other children as shabby and poor as himself were easily broken. His



father, however, had never forbidden him to make chance acquaintances. He had, in fact, told him that he had reasons for not wishing him to hold himself aloof from other boys. The only barrier which must exist between them must be the barrier of silence concerning his wanderings from country to country. Other boys as poor as he was did not make constant journeys, therefore they would miss nothing from his boyish talk when he omitted all mention of his. When he was in Russia, he must speak only of Russian places and Russian people and customs. When he was in France, Germany, Austria, or England, he must do the same thing. When he had learned English, French, German, Italian, and Russian he did not know. He had seemed to grow up in the midst of changing tongues which all seemed familiar to him, as languages are familiar to children who have lived with them until one scarcely seems less familiar than another. He did remember, however, that his father had always been unswerving in his attention to his pronunciation and method of speaking the language of any country they chanced to be living in.

"You must not seem a foreigner in any country," he had said to him. "It is necessary that you should not. But when you are in England, you must not know French, or German, or anything but English."

Once, when he was seven or eight years old, a boy had asked him what his father's work was.

"His own father is a carpenter, and he asked me if my father was one," Marco brought the story to Loristan. "I said you were not. Then he asked if you were a shoemaker, and another one said you might be a bricklayer or a tailor—and I didn't know what to tell them." He had been out playing in a London street, and he put a grubby little hand on his father's arm, and clutched and almost fiercely shook it. "I wanted to say that you were not like their fathers, not at all. I knew you were not, though you were quite as poor. You are not a bricklayer or a shoemaker, but a patriot—you could not be only a bricklayer—you!" He said it grandly and with a queer indignation, his black head held up and his eyes angry.

Loristan laid his hand against his mouth.

"Hush! hush!" he said. "Is it an insult to a man to think he may be a carpenter or make a good suit of clothes? If I could make our clothes, we