

【 插图 · 中文导读英文版 】



Chronicles of Avonlea

埃文利传奇

[加拿大] 露西·莫德·蒙哥马利 著
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

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内容简介



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内 容 简 介

《埃文利传奇》是“安妮系列”丛书之一，它是二十世纪最伟大的英语文学作品之一。在安妮生活过的埃文利，还发生过不少富有浪漫色彩的传奇故事。孤僻的老淑女洛伊德，邂逅了昔年恋人的独生女儿；天生的小提琴家菲里克，用琴声抚慰了临终之人不安的灵魂；整整十五年未交一语的情人露辛达和罗姆尼，终于在一次意外中冰释前嫌；热爱拍卖的史龙老爹从拍卖场买回了一个婴儿；直到求婚者愤而离去，奥莉薇姑妈才意识到对方是自己的真命天子等等。安妮也在故事中屡屡出力，她巧施妙计，让狄奥多拉的情人展开更为热烈的追求，又帮助一对苦恋而命途多舛的情人终成眷属。在这些多姿多彩的故事中，传递着真善美的奥义。

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，书中加入了大量插图。

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露西·莫德·蒙哥马利 (Lucy Maud Montgomery, 1874—1942), 二十世纪加拿大最伟大作家之一。

1874年10月30日,露西出生在加拿大爱德华王子岛的克里夫顿。由于母亲早逝,露西的童年和少年时代几乎都是在在外祖父母家中度过的。露西自幼喜爱写作,她在中学时代就显示出了良好的文学天赋。1908年,露西出版了她的第一部小说《绿山墙的安妮》,该书一出版便成为当时最畅销的英语小说,受到全世界青少年读者的热烈欢迎。《绿山墙的安妮》俘获了众多少男少女的心,千百万崇拜者的信如雪片般飞到爱德华王子岛露西的家里,希望知道“小安妮后来怎么样了?”。在读者的鼓励和支持下,露西将安妮的故事写成了系列小说,之后陆续出版了《少女安妮》、《小岛上的安妮》、《梦中小屋的安妮》、《彩虹幽谷》、《埃文利传奇》、《壁炉山庄的丽拉》等小说,分别描述了不同时期安妮的生活经历和情感历程。

“安妮系列”小说是一套在英语国家风行近一个世纪而不衰的经典名著,颇受读者欢迎。许多人将它作为礼品书,送给成长中的女孩子。“安妮系列”从安妮的少女时代写到她成为一个6个孩子的母亲,以迷人的艺术魅力展示了一个加拿大少女丰满的成长过程,征服了全世界女孩的心。《绿山墙的安妮》之后,是《少女安妮》,写安妮在家乡生气勃勃地做小学教师;《小岛上的安妮》写安妮在大学读学士学位,经历交友、恋爱;《梦中小屋的安妮》,写安妮开始了婚姻生活,依然对一切充满爱心和好奇;在《彩虹幽谷》中,安妮的孩子们长大了,安妮给他们热情、欢乐、爱的教育。马克·吐温称:“安妮是继不朽的爱丽斯之后最令人感动和喜爱的儿童形象”,安妮的故事已成为“世界上最甜蜜的少女成长故事”。安妮系列小说故事是关于“伴随着内心秘密成长”的事,一个让两位英国首相都为之着迷的美妙故事,是让家长、老师都能从中获得感悟的心灵读物。



1942年4月24日，露西因冠状动脉血栓症在多伦多去世，丧礼于长老会的教堂举行，在绿色屋顶守夜之后，露西被葬于卡文迪什社区公墓。露西是一位多产作家，¹⁰⁴创作了二十多部长篇小说以及许多短篇小说、诗歌、自传。然而使她名扬世界的还是以安妮为主人公的系列小说，该安妮系列小说问世近百年来，至今被译成世界上几十种文字，风靡全世界；同时，它还多次被改编成电影、电视剧、动画片，影响和感染了一代又一代世界各地的读者。

在中国，安妮同样是读者最熟悉、最喜爱的少女形象。时至今日，在中国这部被世界公认的文学名著仍然散发着永恒的魅力。基于以上原因，我们决定编译安妮系列丛书，系列丛书包括《绿山墙的安妮》、《少女安妮》、《小岛上的安妮》、《彩虹幽谷》、《梦中小屋的安妮》、《埃文利传奇》、《壁炉山庄的丽拉》和《埃文利新传奇》，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故事主线。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，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，书中加入了大量插图。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、熊金玉、李丽秀、李智能、李鑫、熊红华、傅颖、乐贵明、王婷婷、熊志勇、聂利生、傅建平、蔡红昌、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、胡武荣、贡东兴、张镇、熊建国、张文绮、王多多、陈楠、彭勇、王婷婷、邵舒丽、黄福成、冯洁、熊红华、王晓旭、王业伟、龚桂平、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中可能会有一些不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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1. 路多比克变积极了

路多比克俊俏的面孔，暗想假如自己在此地坐着，等待着迟迟不愿意求婚的中年情郎，心里会怎么想呢？

两日后，安妮再次拜访迪克老屋，这次谈话的重点是路多比克。

安妮忍不住用试探的语气问：“狄奥多拉，我想请教一个失礼的问题，你为什么不和路多比克结婚呢？”

狄奥多拉的脸上浮现出笑意：“他可从来没有跟我求过婚呀！”

“他是不是太内向了点？”安妮问。

狄奥多拉停下手头的工作，心不在焉地望着远处翠绿的斜坡，“那倒不是，只是……‘史彼得’家教太严，做起事情来都慎重得要命。路多比克确实喜欢我，总有一天会求婚，问题在于那一天是否会到来……而我又怎么好意思催他呢！”

安妮从狄奥多拉的回答中捕捉到了忧郁的气息，她想了想，突然兴奋地说：“我有一个绝招！”

在接下来的某个折转处之后，第一幕喜剧上演了。

教堂外面月光如水，安妮请来的最优秀——史蒂夫·艾宾的亲戚阿诺路

德正站在大门外的阶梯上。而路多比克则按照长年养成的习惯，斜倚在坟场围墙一角，等待着狄奥多拉。

当狄奥多拉走下阶梯时，阿诺德突然走上前，朝她鞠了一躬，说：“小姐，我送您回家吧！”狄奥多拉装作很沉着的样子，挽起了对方的手，高傲地走过了路多比克身旁。路多比克眼睁睁地看着她消失在树荫里。

1. 路多比克变积极了

The Hurrying of Ludovic

路多比克从没有想过，自从狄奥多拉嫁给他以来，每当祈祷会结束后，他总是和狄奥多拉并肩成双地走回家。没想到半路杀出个程咬金，竟然当着他的面抢走了狄奥多拉！



黄昏时分，安妮正坐在狄奥多拉的客厅里，眺望逐渐下沉的夕阳。

这时，她看到路多比克朝小径走来。据说，路多比克追求狄奥多拉已经有十五年了。她打量着狄奥多拉俊俏的面孔，暗想假如自己在此地坐着，等待着迟迟不愿意求婚的中年情郎，心里会怎么想呢？

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在接下去的某个祈祷会之后，第一幕喜剧上演了。

教会外面月光如水，安妮请来的救兵——史蒂夫·艾宾的亲戚阿诺路

1. 安妮坐在狄奥多拉的客厅里

The Hunting of Ludovic



安妮坐在狄奥多拉的客厅里

“不回来”，她像往常一样说。她的心不在焉，工作也不认真。狄奥多拉说：“你又在想什么？”安妮说：“我在想，如果我能像你一样，就好了。”狄奥多拉说：“你是在想什么？”安妮说：“我在想，如果我能像你一样，就好了。”

“你是在想什么？”

狄奥多拉说：“你是在想什么？”安妮说：“我在想，如果我能像你一样，就好了。”

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当狄奥多拉走下阶梯时，阿诺路德突然走上前，朝她鞠了一躬，说：“小姐，我送您回家吧！”狄奥多拉装作很沉着的样子，挽起了对方的手，高傲地走过了路多比克的身旁。路多比克呆若木鸡，只能眼睁睁地瞧着他俩消失在树荫里。

路多比克从来没有觉得这么胆战心惊过！十五年以来，每当祈祷会结束后，他总是和狄奥多拉俩影成双地走回家。没想到半路杀出个程咬金，竟然当着他的面抢走了狄奥多拉！

次日清晨，路多比克就驱车来到卡莫迪拜访狄奥多拉。

没想到的是，阿诺路德先他一步，正坐在路多比克的“专座”上。路多比克只好闷闷不乐地坐在另一张摇椅上，他发现狄奥多拉的容貌和衣着显然精心修饰过。一想到狄奥多拉从不曾为自己打扮，路多比克的心情更加沮丧了。

到了第二个周日，路多比克终于爆发了。当阿诺路德和狄奥多拉双双来到教会，依偎着坐在一起时，路多比克突然从自己的座位上站了起来，过了一会才坐下。因为对于克拉夫顿人来说，除非到了订婚的地步，否则一对男女绝对不会在教会里坐在一起！

当然，此时的狄奥多拉内心也十分慌乱，假如她的做法还不能激怒路多比克，反而使他陷入绝望的深渊，又该如何是好呢？她感到自己的处境十分悲惨，连牧师说的话也一个字都没听进去。

然而，史彼得的子弟们不容易感到亢奋，一旦亢奋起来却令人无法预料。祈祷会结束后，狄奥多拉发现路多比克正在阶梯下等着，他挺直身子，高昂着脑袋，眼睛里燃烧着挑战的怒火。

“我能送你回去吗？”路多比克语气强硬地问。

狄奥多拉看了阿诺路德一眼，就抓起了路多比克的手。她不得不承认，安妮的计谋生效了，路多比克终于变得积极起来了。

Anne Shirley was curled up on the window-seat of Theodora Dix's sitting-room one Saturday evening, looking dreamily afar at some fair star land

beyond the hills of sunset. Anne was visiting for a fortnight of her vacation at Echo Lodge, where Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Irving were spending the summer, and she often ran over to the old Dix homestead to chat for awhile with Theodora. They had had their chat out, on this particular evening, and Anne was giving herself over to the delight of building an air-castle. She leaned her shapely head, with its braided coronet of dark red hair, against the window-casing, and her gray eyes were like the moonlight gleam of shadowy pools.

Then she saw Ludovic Speed coming down the lane. He was yet far from the house, for the Dix lane was a long one, but Ludovic could be recognized as far as he could be seen. No one else in Middle Grafton had such a tall, gently-stooping, placidly-moving figure. In every kink and turn of it there was an individuality all Ludovic's own.

Anne roused herself from her dreams, thinking it would only be tactful to take her departure. Ludovic was courting Theodora. Everyone in Grafton knew that, or, if anyone were in ignorance of the fact, it was not because he had not had time to find out. Ludovic had been coming down that lane to see Theodora, in the same ruminating, unhastening fashion, for fifteen years!

When Anne, who was slim and girlish and romantic, rose to go, Theodora, who was plump and middle-aged and practical, said, with a twinkle in her eye:

"There isn't any hurry, child. Sit down and have your call out. You've seen Ludovic coming down the lane, and, I suppose, you think you'll be a crowd. But you won't. Ludovic rather likes a third person around, and so do I. It spurs up the conversation as it were. When a man has been coming to see you straight along, twice a week for fifteen years, you get rather talked out by spells."

Theodora never pretended to bashfulness where Ludovic was concerned. She was not at all shy of referring to him and his dilatory courtship. Indeed, it seemed to amuse her.

Anne sat down again and together they watched Ludovic coming down the lane, gazing calmly about him at the lush clover fields and the blue loops of the

river winding in and out of the misty valley below.

Anne looked at Theodora's placid, finely-moulded face and tried to imagine what she herself would feel like if she were sitting there, waiting for an elderly lover who had, seemingly, taken so long to make up his mind. But even Anne's imagination failed her for this.

"Anyway," she thought, impatiently, "if I wanted him I think I'd find some way of hurrying him up. Ludovic SPEED! Was there ever such a misfit of a name? Such a name for such a man is a delusion and a snare."

Presently Ludovic got to the house, but stood so long on the doorstep in a brown study, gazing into the tangled green boskage of the cherry orchard, that Theodora finally went and opened the door before he knocked. As she brought him into the sitting-room she made a comical grimace at Anne over his shoulder.

Ludovic smiled pleasantly at Anne. He liked her; she was the only young girl he knew, for he generally avoided young girls—they made him feel awkward and out of place. But Anne did not affect him in this fashion. She had a way of getting on with all sorts of people, and, although they had not known her very long, both Ludovic and Theodora looked upon her as an old friend.

Ludovic was tall and somewhat ungainly, but his unhesitating placidity gave him the appearance of a dignity that did not otherwise pertain to him. He had a drooping, silky, brown moustache, and a little curly tuft of imperial,—a fashion which was regarded as eccentric in Grafton, where men had clean-shaven chins or went full-bearded. His eyes were dreamy and pleasant, with a touch of melancholy in their blue depths.

He sat down in the big bulgy old armchair that had belonged to Theodora's father. Ludovic always sat there, and Anne declared that the chair had come to look like him.

The conversation soon grew animated enough. Ludovic was a good talker when he had somebody to draw him out. He was well read, and frequently surprised Anne by his shrewd comments on men and matters out in the world, of which only the faint echoes reached Deland River. He had also a liking for

religious arguments with Theodora, who did not care much for politics or the making of history, but was avid of doctrines, and read everything pertaining thereto. When the conversation drifted into an eddy of friendly wrangling between Ludovic and Theodora over Christian Science, Anne understood that her usefulness was ended for the time being, and that she would not be missed.

"It's star time and good-night time," she said, and went away quietly.

But she had to stop to laugh when she was well out of sight of the house, in a green meadow bestarred with the white and gold of daisies. A wind, odour-freighted, blew daintily across it. Anne leaned against a white birch tree in the corner and laughed heartily, as she was apt to do whenever she thought of Ludovic and Theodora. To her eager youth, this courtship of theirs seemed a very amusing thing. She liked Ludovic, but allowed herself to be provoked with him.

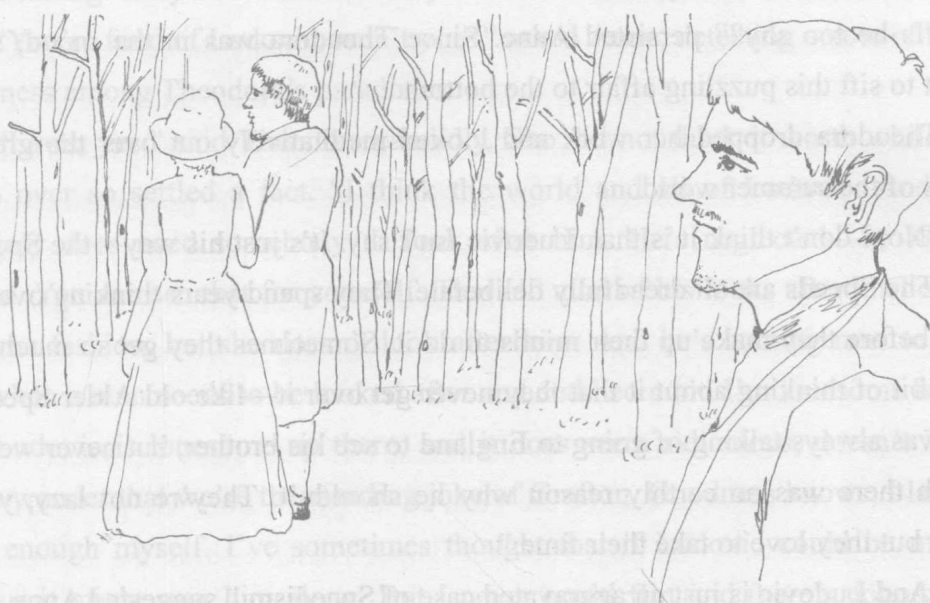
"The dear, big, irritating goose!" she said aloud. "There never was such a lovable idiot before. He's just like the alligator in the old rhyme, who wouldn't go along, and wouldn't keep still, but just kept bobbing up and down."

Two evenings later, when Anne went over to the Dix place, she and Theodora drifted into a conversation about Ludovic. Theodora, who was the most industrious soul alive, and had a mania for fancy work into the bargain, was busying her smooth, plump fingers with a very elaborate Battenburg lace centre-piece. Anne was lying back in a little rocker, with her slim hands folded in her lap, watching Theodora. She realized that Theodora was very handsome, in a stately, Juno-like fashion of firm, white flesh, large, clearly-chiselled outlines, and great, cowey, brown eyes. When Theodora was not smiling, she looked very imposing. Anne thought it likely that Ludovic held her in awe.

"Did you and Ludovic talk about Christian Science ALL Saturday evening?" she asked.

Theodora overflowed into a smile.

"Yes, and we even quarrelled over it. At least I did. Ludovic wouldn't quarrel with anyone. You have to fight air when you spar with him. I hate to square up to a person who won't hit back."



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"Theodora," said Anne coaxingly, "I am going to be curious and impertinent. You can snub me if you like. Why don't you and Ludovic get married?"

Theodora laughed comfortably.

"That's the question Grafton folks have been asking for quite a while, I reckon, Anne. Well, I'd have no objection to marrying Ludovic. That's frank enough for you, isn't it? But it's not easy to marry a man unless he asks you. And Ludovic has never asked me."

"Is he too shy?" persisted Anne. Since Theodora was in the mood, she meant to sift this puzzling affair to the bottom.

Theodora dropped her work and looked meditatively out over the green slopes of the summer world.

"No, I don't think it is that. Ludovic isn't shy. It's just his way—the Speed way. The Speeds are all dreadfully deliberate. They spend years thinking over a thing before they make up their minds to do it. Sometimes they get so much in the habit of thinking about it that they never get over it—like old Alder Speed, who was always talking of going to England to see his brother, but never went, though there was no earthly reason why he shouldn't. They're not lazy, you know, but they love to take their time."

"And Ludovic is just an aggravated case of Speedism," suggested Anne.

"Exactly. He never hurried in his life. Why, he has been thinking for the last six years of getting his house painted. He talks it over with me every little while, and picks out the colour, and there the matter stays. He's fond of me, and he means to ask me to have him sometime. The only question is—will the time ever come?"

"Why don't you hurry him up?" asked Anne impatiently.

Theodora went back to her stitches with another laugh.

"If Ludovic could be hurried up, I'm not the one to do it. I'm too shy. It sounds ridiculous to hear a woman of my age and inches say that, but it is true. Of course, I know it's the only way any Speed ever did make out to get married. For instance, there's a cousin of mine married to Ludovic's brother. I don't say

she proposed to him out and out, but, mind you, Anne, it wasn't far from it. I couldn't do anything like that. I did try once. When I realized that I was getting sere and mellow, and all the girls of my generation were going off on either hand, I tried to give Ludovic a hint. But it stuck in my throat. And now I don't mind. If I don't change Dix to Speed until I take the initiative, it will be Dix to the end of life. Ludovic doesn't realize that we are growing old, you know. He thinks we are giddy young folks yet, with plenty of time before us. That's the Speed failing. They never find out they're alive until they're dead."

"You're fond of Ludovic, aren't you?" asked Anne, detecting a note of real bitterness among Theodora's paradoxes.

"Laws, yes," said Theodora candidly. She did not think it worth while to blush over so settled a fact. "I think the world and all of Ludovic. And he certainly does need somebody to look after him. He's neglected—he looks frayed. You can see that for yourself. That old aunt of his looks after his house in some fashion, but she doesn't look after him. And he's coming now to the age when a man needs to be looked after and coddled a bit. I'm lonesome here, and Ludovic is lonesome up there, and it does seem ridiculous, doesn't it? I don't wonder that we're the standing joke of Grafton. Goodness knows, I laugh at it enough myself. I've sometimes thought that if Ludovic could be made jealous it might spur him along. But I never could flirt and there's nobody to flirt with if I could. Everybody hereabouts looks upon me as Ludovic's property and nobody would dream of interfering with him."

"Theodora," cried Anne, "I have a plan!"

"Now, what are you going to do?" exclaimed Theodora.

Anne told her. At first Theodora laughed and protested. In the end, she yielded somewhat doubtfully, overborne by Anne's enthusiasm.

"Well, try it, then," she said, resignedly. "If Ludovic gets mad and leaves me, I'll be worse off than ever. But nothing venture, nothing win. And there is a fighting chance, I suppose. Besides, I must admit I'm tired of his dilly-dallying."

Anne went back to Echo Lodge tingling with delight in her plot. She

hunted up Arnold Sherman, and told him what was required of him. Arnold Sherman listened and laughed. He was an elderly widower, an intimate friend of Stephen Irving, and had come down to spend part of the summer with him and his wife in Prince Edward Island. He was handsome in a mature style, and he had a dash of mischief in him still, so that he entered readily enough into Anne's plan. It amused him to think of hurrying Ludovic Speed, and he knew that Theodora Dix could be depended on to do her part. The comedy would not be dull, whatever its outcome.

The curtain rose on the first act after prayer meeting on the next Thursday night. It was bright moonlight when the people came out of church, and everybody saw it plainly. Arnold Sherman stood upon the steps close to the door, and Ludovic Speed leaned up against a corner of the graveyard fence, as he had done for years. The boys said he had worn the paint off that particular place. Ludovic knew of no reason why he should paste himself up against the church door. Theodora would come out as usual, and he would join her as she went past the corner.

This was what happened, Theodora came down the steps, her stately figure outlined in its darkness against the gush of lamplight from the porch. Arnold Sherman asked her if he might see her home. Theodora took his arm calmly, and together they swept past the stupefied Ludovic, who stood helplessly gazing after them as if unable to believe his eyes.

For a few moments he stood there limply; then he started down the road after his fickle lady and her new admirer. The boys and irresponsible young men crowded after, expecting some excitement, but they were disappointed. Ludovic strode on until he overtook Theodora and Arnold Sherman, and then fell meekly in behind them.

Theodora hardly enjoyed her walk home, although Arnold Sherman laid himself out to be especially entertaining. Her heart yearned after Ludovic, whose shuffling footsteps she heard behind her. She feared that she had been very cruel, but she was in for it now. She steeled herself by the reflection that it was all for his own good, and she talked to Arnold Sherman as if he were the

one man in the world. Poor, deserted Ludovic, following humbly behind, heard her, and if Theodora had known how bitter the cup she was holding to his lips really was, she would never have been resolute enough to present it, no matter for what ultimate good.

When she and Arnold turned in at her gate, Ludovic had to stop. Theodora looked over her shoulder and saw him standing still on the road. His forlorn figure haunted her thoughts all night. If Anne had not run over the next day and bolstered up her convictions, she might have spoiled everything by prematurely relenting.

Ludovic, meanwhile, stood still on the road, quite oblivious to the hoots and comments of the vastly amused small boy contingent, until Theodora and his rival disappeared from his view under the firs in the hollow of her lane. Then he turned about and went home, not with his usual leisurely amble, but with a perturbed stride which proclaimed his inward disquiet.

He felt bewildered. If the world had come suddenly to an end or if the lazy, meandering Grafton River had turned about and flowed up hill, Ludovic could not have been more astonished. For fifteen years he had walked home from meetings with Theodora; and now this elderly stranger, with all the glamour of "the States" hanging about him, had coolly walked off with her under Ludovic's very nose. Worse—most unkindest cut of all—Theodora had gone with him willingly; nay, she had evidently enjoyed his company. Ludovic felt the stirring of a righteous anger in his easy-going soul.

When he reached the end of his lane, he paused at his gate, and looked at his house, set back from the lane in a crescent of birches. Even in the moonlight, its weather-worn aspect was plainly visible. He thought of the "palatial residence" rumour ascribed to Arnold Sherman in Boston, and stroked his chin nervously with his sunburnt fingers. Then he doubled up his fist and struck it smartly on the gate-post.

"Theodora needn't think she is going to jilt me in this fashion, after keeping company with me for fifteen years," he said. "I'LL have something to say to it, Arnold Sherman or no Arnold Sherman. The impudence of the