

【名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版】

世界儿童文学名著精选

——伊迪丝魔幻传奇系列故事



*The Phoenix and the Carpet*

# 凤凰与魔毯

[英] 伊迪丝·内斯比特 著

王勋 等 编译



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## 内 容 简 介

《凤凰与魔毯》是世界儿童文学名著。故事发生在一个五兄妹的家庭，妈妈买回了一条普通的地毯，但是孩子们惊讶地发现里面有一颗金色的蛋。好奇心驱使他们打开了金蛋，没想到一只具有魔法的凤凰破壳而出，由此开启了孩子们的奇幻之旅。那条地毯能够满足他们各种愿望，依靠着它孩子们穿越崇山峻岭，来到了阳光灿烂的海边，结识了印度女王，发现了隐藏在下水道中的宝藏。种种奇遇既充满了神奇的魔法，又表现了脉脉温情，在潜移默化中教会一个孩子如何去想象，如何做一个正直的人，如何面对人生。

该书自从出版以来，已被翻译成多种语言，成为世界各地、特别是欧美国家青少年的必读书籍。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。英国女作家伊迪丝·内斯比特用她充满诙谐与魔力的语言带我们进入了孩子们的世界，就让我们跟随着他们的脚步一起去冒险吧。

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伊迪丝·内斯比特（Edith Nesbit, 1858—1924），英国著名童话作家、小说家、诗人。

1858年8月15日，伊迪丝出生在英国伦敦，先后在法国、德国和英国接受教育。她的父亲是农业化学家，在她三岁的时候去世了。十七岁的时候，伊迪丝就开始在杂志上发表自己的作品。她二十一岁结婚，由于丈夫生意破产且长期生病，所以经济拮据的伊迪丝一家一直靠她的写作为生。

伊迪丝是一位多产的作家，一生出版过各种文体的作品一百多部，其中包括诗歌、小说和剧本等，而使她名扬世界的是儿童文学作品。她是一位充满想象力的儿童文学作家，一生共出版了四十多部儿童文学作品，其中大部分已经成为世界儿童文学宝库中的经典之作。伊迪丝的儿童文学主要分为两类：一类是小说，代表作有《寻宝六少年》《神奇探宝人》《想做好孩子》和《铁路边的孩子们》等，主要描写现实家庭的冒险故事，这类作品对儿童性格刻画鲜明，对家庭生活描写真切动人；另一类是魔幻故事，代表作有《沙仙活地魔》《魔法古城堡》《凤凰与魔毯》和《护身符传奇》等，这些故事悬念重重、曲折离奇、想象力丰富，给孩子以身临其境、真实可信的感觉。在她的冒险、魔幻故事中，内斯比特以其超凡的想象力，将冒险、魔法世界与现实世界结合得浑然一体。

伊迪丝是“世界一流的现代儿童文学作家”，她是英国儿童文学史上第一个黄金时代的巨星。《哈利·波特》系列小说的作者J·K·罗琳说：“伊迪丝·内斯比特的作品，一直是我行文风格的临摹对象，她笔下的童话故事永远是浩瀚无垠且趣味横生的神奇世界！……她是最欣赏的儿童文学作家，我创作《哈利·波特》系列小说的灵感来自于《沙仙活地魔》。”一个世纪以来，她的冒险、魔幻儿童故事一直受到全世界读者的喜爱，至今被译成几十种文字，曾先后多次被改编成电影、电视和卡通片，受到世界各地读者的喜爱。



在中国，伊迪丝冒险、魔幻儿童文学故事同样是最受广大青少年读者欢迎的经典童话作品。作为世界童话文学宝库中的传世经典之作，它影响了一代又一代人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。目前，在国内数量众多的此类书籍中，主要的出版形式有两种：一种是中文翻译版，另一种是中英文对照版。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。从英文学习的角度来看，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，我们决定编译伊迪丝系列魔幻传奇系列童话故事，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中的一种，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、历时、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，了解西方的历时、文化、传统、价值观等，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王勋编写。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有纪飞、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、张灵玲、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

啄木鸟教育（[www.zmnedu.com](http://www.zmnedu.com)）

2014 年 5 月



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# 第一章 一颗凤凰蛋

## Chapter 1 The Egg



十一月十五日，几个孩子们聚集在儿童房中，看他们一本正经的样子，你一定会以为发生了什么惊天动地的大事，其实他们只是在商量着提前检验一下节日里要放的烟火的质量。孩子们分成了两派，具有怀疑精神的罗伯特坚持要检验，而简则声称自己亲自购买的烟火称得上“物美价廉”四个字。西里尔和安西娅不置可否，坚持自己观念的人总会取得胜利，大家向罗伯特妥协了，不过天公不作美，屋外下着倾盆大雨，因此这项危险的检验就被安排在了房间内。激动人心的时刻到了，明艳的火光伴着劈啪作响的声音充斥在儿童房中，好像披着灿烂外衣的仙子在跳跃嬉戏。只有一个用玩偶盒子包装的烟火怎么也没法点燃，当罗伯特用到第二十三根火柴时，奇迹发生了，一束巨大的火焰像一条龙般窜上了天，西里尔的眼睫毛被烤焦了，火焰像长了脚蔓延到地毯上。孩子们当机立断，迅速卷起了地毯，这才化险为夷，但是地毯却被烧出了一个大洞。妈妈回来后看到孩子们像炭一样黑的脸蛋，还有惨不忍睹的地毯，感到又好气又好笑，她向商人订购了一块新的地毯。就在新地毯快铺好的时候，眼疾手快的西里尔发现了一颗奇怪的蛋，它的周身泛着奇妙的金光，向里面看去似乎有淡淡的火焰在跳跃。孩子们面面相觑，他们怀着好奇心把这颗蛋摆在了壁炉上。

一天晚上，孩子们围着壁炉在探讨如何能够拥有神奇的魔力，安西娅



聚在一起检查烟火的质量





认为用火焰炙烤雪松、树胶、还有桉树油能够达到目的。就在孩子们手忙脚乱地准备材料时，那颗金蛋不小心掉进了火炉中，蛋壳裂开了一个口子，飞出一只颜色像火焰的鸟。罗伯特惊讶地发现这是一只凤凰，而且是一只会说话的凤凰，孩子们一个个都瞪大了眼睛，好像一切都发生在梦中。凤凰向孩子们微微鞠了一躬，感谢他们重新赋予了自己生命。凤凰是一种神奇的鸟儿，它已经度过了两千年的漫长岁月，每隔五百年它就会浴火重生，然后变成一颗沉睡的蛋，等待下一次生命的启程。也许对很多人来说，长生不老是梦寐以求的事情，可是对于一只永生的凤凰来说，时间就像静止地一般。凤凰告诉孩子们那条新地毯是一条神奇的魔毯，孩子们感觉一切都像是天方夜谭，不过他们都同意不把凤凰的事情告诉爸爸妈妈，因为有时候大人总是把小孩子的世界想得很复杂。

*I*t began with the day when it was almost the Fifth of November, and a doubt arose in some breast—Robert's, I fancy—as to the quality of the fireworks laid in for the Guy Fawkes celebration.

'They were jolly cheap,' said whoever it was, and I think it was Robert, 'and suppose they didn't go off on the night? Those Prosser kids would have something to snigger about then.'

'The ones I got are all right,' Jane said; 'I know they are, because the man at the shop said they were worth thribble the money—'

'I'm sure thribble isn't grammar,' Anthea said.

'Of course it isn't,' said Cyril; 'one word can't be grammar all by itself, so you needn't be so jolly clever.'

Anthea was rummaging in the corner-drawers of her mind for a very disagreeable answer, when she remembered what a wet day it was, and how the boys had been disappointed of that ride to London and back on the top of the tram, which their mother had promised them as a reward for not having once forgotten, for six whole days, to wipe their boots on the mat when they came home from school.

So Anthea only said, 'Don't be so jolly clever yourself, Squirrel. And the

fireworks look all right, and you'll have the eightpence that your tram fares didn't cost to-day, to buy something more with. You ought to get a perfectly lovely Catharine wheel for eightpence.'

'I daresay,' said Cyril, coldly; 'but it's not YOUR eightpence anyhow—'

'But look here,' said Robert, 'really now, about the fireworks. We don't want to be disgraced before those kids next door. They think because they wear red plush on Sundays no one else is any good.'

'I wouldn't wear plush if it was ever so—unless it was black to be beheaded in, if I was Mary Queen of Scots,' said Anthea, with scorn.

Robert stuck steadily to his point. One great point about Robert is the steadiness with which he can stick.

'I think we ought to test them,' he said.

'You young duffer,' said Cyril, 'fireworks are like postage-stamps. You can only use them once.'

'What do you suppose it means by "Carter's tested seeds" in the advertisement?'

There was a blank silence. Then Cyril touched his forehead with his finger and shook his head.

'A little wrong here,' he said. 'I was always afraid of that with poor Robert. All that cleverness, you know, and being top in algebra so often—it's bound to tell—'

'Dry up,' said Robert, fiercely. 'Don't you see? You can't TEST seeds if you do them ALL. You just take a few here and there, and if those grow you can feel pretty sure the others will be—what do you call it?—Father told me—"up to sample". Don't you think we ought to sample the fire-works? Just shut our eyes and each draw one out, and then try them.'

'But it's raining cats and dogs,' said Jane.

'And Queen Anne is dead,' rejoined Robert. No one was in a very good temper. 'We needn't go out to do them; we can just move back the table, and let them off on the old tea-tray we play toboggans with. I don't know what YOU think, but I think it's time we did something, and that would be really

useful; because then we shouldn't just HOPE the fireworks would make those Prossers sit up—we should KNOW.'

'It WOULD be something to do,' Cyril owned with languid approval.

So the table was moved back. And then the hole in the carpet, that had been near the window till the carpet was turned round, showed most awfully. But Anthea stole out on tip-toe, and got the tray when cook wasn't looking, and brought it in and put it over the hole.

Then all the fireworks were put on the table, and each of the four children shut its eyes very tight and put out its hand and grasped something. Robert took a cracker, Cyril and Anthea had Roman candles; but Jane's fat paw closed on the gem of the whole collection, the Jack-in-the-box that had cost two shillings, and one at least of the party—I will not say which, because it was sorry afterwards—declared that Jane had done it on purpose. Nobody was pleased. For the worst of it was that these four children, with a very proper dislike of anything even faintly bordering on the sneakish, had a law, unalterable as those of the Medes and Persians, that one had to stand by the results of a toss-up, or a drawing of lots, or any other appeal to chance, however much one might happen to dislike the way things were turning out.

'I didn't mean to,' said Jane, near tears. 'I don't care, I'll draw another—'

'You know jolly well you can't,' said Cyril, bitterly. 'It's settled. It's Medium and Persian. You've done it, and you'll have to stand by it—and us too, worse luck. Never mind. YOU'LL have your pocket-money before the Fifth. Anyway, we'll have the Jack-in-the-box LAST, and get the most out of it we can.'

So the cracker and the Roman candles were lighted, and they were all that could be expected for the money; but when it came to the Jack-in-the-box it simply sat in the tray and laughed at them, as Cyril said. They tried to light it with paper and they tried to light it with matches; they tried to light it with Vesuvian fusees from the pocket of father's second-best overcoat that was hanging in the hall. And then Anthea slipped away to the cupboard under the stairs where the brooms and dustpans were kept, and the rosiny fire-lighters

that smell so nice and like the woods where pine-trees grow, and the old newspapers and the bees-wax and turpentine, and the horrid an stiff dark rags that are used for cleaning brass and furniture, and the paraffin for the lamps. She came back with a little pot that had once cost sevenpence-halfpenny when it was full of red-currant jelly; but the jelly had been all eaten long ago, and now Anthea had filled the jar with paraffin. She came in, and she threw the paraffin over the tray just at the moment when Cyril was trying with the twenty-third match to light the Jack-in-the-box. The Jack-in-the-box did not catch fire any more than usual, but the paraffin acted quite differently, and in an instant a hot flash of flame leapt up and burnt off Cyril's eyelashes, and scorched the faces of all four before they could spring back. They backed, in four instantaneous bounds, as far as they could, which was to the wall, and the pillar of fire reached from floor to ceiling.

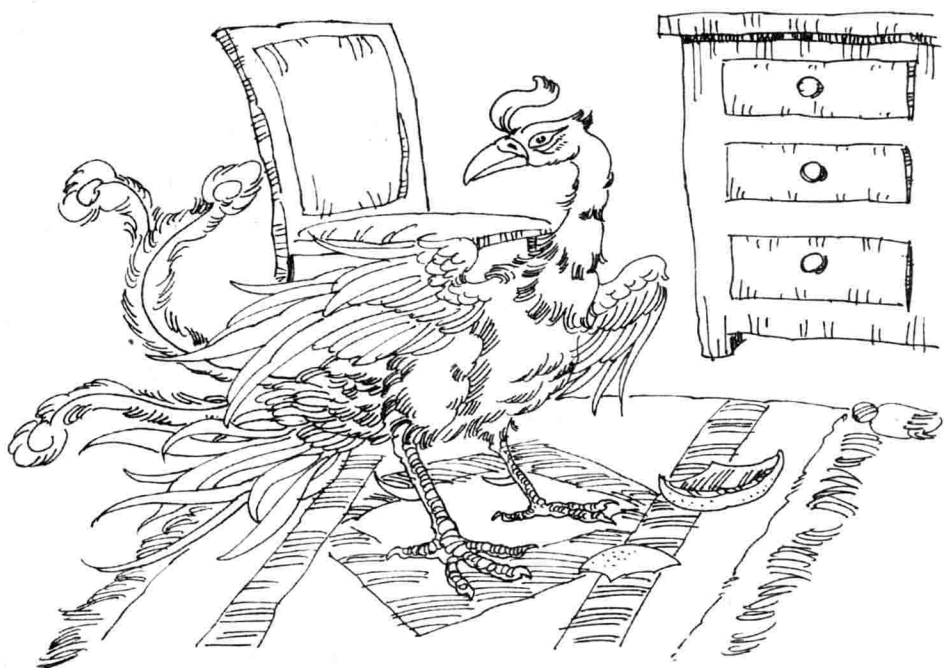
'My hat,' said Cyril, with emotion, 'You've done it this time, Anthea.'

The flame was spreading out under the ceiling like the rose of fire in Mr Rider Haggard's exciting story about Allan Quatermain. Robert and Cyril saw that no time was to be lost. They turned up the edges of the carpet, and kicked them over the tray. This cut off the column of fire, and it disappeared and there was nothing left but smoke and a dreadful smell of lamps that have been turned too low.

All hands now rushed to the rescue, and the paraffin fire was only a bundle of trampled carpet, when suddenly a sharp crack beneath their feet made the amateur firemen start back. Another crack—the carpet moved as if it had had a cat wrapped in it; the Jack-in-the-box had at last allowed itself to be lighted, and it was going off with desperate violence inside the carpet.

Robert, with the air of one doing the only possible thing, rushed to the window and opened it. Anthea screamed, Jane burst into tears, and Cyril turned the table wrong way up on top of the carpet heap. But the firework went on, banging and bursting and spluttering even underneath the table.

Next moment mother rushed in, attracted by the howls of Anthea, and in a few moments the firework desisted and there was a dead silence, and the



飞出了一只凤凰



children stood looking at each other's black faces, and, out of the corners of their eyes, at mother's white one.

The fact that the nursery carpet was ruined occasioned but little surprise, nor was any one really astonished that bed should prove the immediate end of the adventure. It has been said that all roads lead to Rome; this may be true, but at any rate, in early youth I am quite sure that many roads lead to BED, and stop there—or YOU do.

The rest of the fireworks were confiscated, and mother was not pleased when father let them off himself in the back garden, though he said, 'Well, how else can you get rid of them, my dear?'

You see, father had forgotten that the children were in disgrace, and that their bedroom windows looked out on to the back garden. So that they all saw the fireworks most beautifully, and admired the skill with which father handled them.

Next day all was forgotten and forgiven; only the nursery had to be deeply cleaned (like spring-cleaning), and the ceiling had to be whitewashed.

And mother went out; and just at tea-time next day a man came with a rolled-up carpet, and father paid him, and mother said—

'If the carpet isn't in good condition, you know, I shall expect you to change it.' And the man replied—

'There ain't a thread gone in it nowhere, mum. It's a bargain, if ever there was one, and I'm more'n 'arf sorry I let it go at the price; but we can't resist the lydies, can we, sir?' and he winked at father and went away.

Then the carpet was put down in the nursery, and sure enough there wasn't a hole in it anywhere.

As the last fold was unrolled something hard and loud-sounding bumped out of it and trundled along the nursery floor. All the children scrambled for it, and Cyril got it. He took it to the gas. It was shaped like an egg, very yellow and shiny, half-transparent, and it had an odd sort of light in it that changed as you held it in different ways. It was as though it was an egg with a yolk of pale fire that just showed through the stone.





'I MAY keep it, mayn't I, mother?' Cyril asked.

And of course mother said no; they must take it back to the man who had brought the carpet, because she had only paid for a carpet, and not for a stone egg with a fiery yolk to it.

So she told them where the shop was, and it was in the Kentish Town Road, not far from the hotel that is called the Bull and Gate. It was a poky little shop, and the man was arranging furniture outside on the pavement very cunningly, so that the more broken parts should show as little as possible. And directly he saw the children he knew them again, and he began at once, without giving them a chance to speak.

'No you don't' he cried loudly; 'I ain't a-goin' to take back no carpets, so don't you make no bloomin' error. A bargain's a bargain, and the carpet's puffik throughout.'

'We don't want you to take it back,' said Cyril; 'but we found something in it.'

'It must have got into it up at your place, then,' said the man, with indignant promptness, 'for there ain't nothing in nothing as I sell. It's all as clean as a whistle.'

'I never said it wasn't CLEAN,' said Cyril, 'but—'

'Oh, if it's MOTHS,' said the man, 'that's easy cured with borax. But I expect it was only an odd one. I tell you the carpet's good through and through. It hadn't got no moths when it left my 'ands—not so much as an egg.'

'But that's just it,' interrupted Jane; 'there WAS so much as an egg.'

The man made a sort of rush at the children and stamped his foot.

'Clear out, I say!' he shouted, 'or I'll call for the police. A nice thing for customers to 'ear you a-coming 'ere a-charging me with finding things in goods what I sells. 'Ere, be off, afore I sends you off with a flea in your ears. Hi! constable—'

The children fled, and they think, and their father thinks, that they couldn't have done anything else. Mother has her own opinion.

But father said they might keep the egg.

‘The man certainly didn’t know the egg was there when he brought the carpet,’ said he, ‘any more than your mother did, and we’ve as much right to it as he had.’

So the egg was put on the mantelpiece, where it quite brightened up the dingy nursery. The nursery was dingy, because it was a basement room, and its windows looked out on a stone area with a rockery made of clinkers facing the windows. Nothing grew in the rockery except London pride and snails.

The room had been described in the house agent’s list as a ‘convenient breakfast-room in basement,’ and in the daytime it was rather dark. This did not matter so much in the evenings when the gas was alight, but then it was in the evening that the blackbeetles got so sociable, and used to come out of the low cupboards on each side of the fireplace where their homes were, and try to make friends with the children. At least, I suppose that was what they wanted, but the children never would.

On the Fifth of November father and mother went to the theatre, and the children were not happy, because the Prossers next door had lots of fireworks and they had none.

They were not even allowed to have a bonfire in the garden.

‘No more playing with fire, thank you,’ was father’s answer, when they asked him.

When the baby had been put to bed the children sat sadly round the fire in the nursery.

‘I’m beastly bored,’ said Robert.

‘Let’s talk about the Psammead,’ said Anthea, who generally tried to give the conversation a cheerful turn.

‘What’s the good of TALKING?’ said Cyril. ‘What I want is for something to happen. It’s awfully stuffy for a chap not to be allowed out in the evenings. There’s simply nothing to do when you’ve got through your homers.’

Jane finished the last of her home-lessons and shut the book with a bang.

‘We’ve got the pleasure of memory,’ said she. ‘Just think of last holidays.’

Last holidays, indeed, offered something to think of—for they had been

spent in the country at a white house between a sand-pit and a gravel-pit, and things had happened. The children had found a Psammead, or sand-fairy, and it had let them have anything they wished for—just exactly anything, with no bother about its not being really for their good, or anything like that. And if you want to know what kind of things they wished for, and how their wishes turned out you can read it all in a book called *Five Children and It* (It was the Psammead). If you've not read it, perhaps I ought to tell you that the fifth child was the baby brother, who was called the Lamb, because the first thing he ever said was 'Baa!' and that the other children were not particularly handsome, nor were they extra clever, nor extraordinarily good. But they were not bad sorts on the whole; in fact, they were rather like you.

'I don't want to think about the pleasures of memory,' said Cyril; 'I want some more things to happen.'

'We're very much luckier than any one else, as it is,' said Jane. 'Why, no one else ever found a Psammead. We ought to be grateful.'

'Why shouldn't we GO ON being, though?' Cyril asked—'lucky, I mean, not grateful. Why's it all got to stop?'

'Perhaps something will happen,' said Anthea, comfortably. 'Do you know, sometimes I think we are the sort of people that things DO happen to.'

'It's like that in history,' said Jane: 'some kings are full of interesting things, and others—nothing ever happens to them, except their being born and crowned and buried, and sometimes not that.'

'I think Panther's right,' said Cyril: 'I think we are the sort of people things do happen to. I have a sort of feeling things would happen right enough if we could only give them a shove. It just wants something to start it. That's all.'

'I wish they taught magic at school,' Jane sighed. 'I believe if we could do a little magic it might make something happen.'

'I wonder how you begin?' Robert looked round the room, but he got no ideas from the faded green curtains, or the drab Venetian blinds, or the worn brown oil-cloth on the floor. Even the new carpet suggested nothing, though its