

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF
COUNT TOLSTÓY

VOLUME X.



ANNA KARENIN

VOLUME II.

By COUNT LEV N. TOLSTOY

Translated from the Original Russian and Edited by
LEO WIENER.

Assistant Professor of Slavonic Languages at Harvard University.



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The Harvester's Breakfast

Photogravure from Painting by V. O. Golýnski



The Harvester's Breakfast

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ANNA KARÉNIN

1873 - 1876

Parts III., IV., and V.

ANNA KARENIN

“Vengeance is mine, I will repay.”

PART THE THIRD

I.

SERGYÉY IVÁNOVICH KÓZNYSHÉV wanted to rest from his mental labour, and instead of going abroad, as he usually did, he arrived toward the end of May in his brother's village. According to his convictions, country life was the best. He now came to his brother's to enjoy this life. Konstantín Levín was very glad, the more so since he did not expect his brother Nikoláy during that summer. And yet, in spite of his love and respect for Sergyéy Ivánovich, Konstantín Levín was ill at ease with his brother in the country. He felt ill at ease, even annoyed, to see his brother's relation to the country.

For Konstantín Levín the country was a place of abode, that is, of joys, suffering, labour; for Sergyéy Ivánovich the country was, on the one hand, a relaxation from labour, and, on the other, a useful antidote to corruption, and he took it with pleasure and with the consciousness of its usefulness. For Konstantín Levín the country had this good in it, that it was a field for unquestionably useful labour; for Sergyéy Ivánovich the

country was particularly good because there it was possible and necessary to do nothing. Besides, Sergyéy Ivánovich's relation to the people annoyed Konstantín. Sergyéy Ivánovich said that he loved and knew the masses, frequently conversed with the peasants, which he could do well, without feigning and pretending, and from every such chat deduced general data in favour of the masses, and in proof of his knowing the people. Such a relation to the masses did not please Konstantín Levín.

For Konstantín the masses were only the chief participants in the general labour, and, in spite of all the respect and, as it were, blood love for the peasant, imbibed by him, as he himself said, no doubt with the milk of his peasant nurse, he, as a participant with them in the common labour, now and then went into ecstasy over the strength, meekness, and justice of these men, and often again, when in the common affair other qualities were needed, flew into a fury at the masses for their recklessness, sloth, drunkenness, and lying. If Konstantín Levín had been asked whether he loved the people, he would have been at a loss how to answer the question. He loved and disliked the masses, just as any other people. Of course, being a good man, he liked more people than he disliked, and so it was with the masses. But he was unable to love or dislike the masses as something by itself, because he not only lived with the masses, and not only were all his interests connected with them, but he even regarded himself as a part of the masses, saw in himself and in the masses no especial virtues or defects, and could not put himself up against the masses. Besides, although he had for a long time lived in the closest relations with the peasants, as a master and rural judge, and, above all, as an adviser (the peasants trusted him and came from a distance of forty versts to get his advice), he had no definite opinion about the masses, and in response to the question whether he knew them, he would

have been as much at a loss to answer as to the question whether he loved them. For him to say that he knew the masses would be the same as saying that he knew individual men. He had been all the time observing and meeting all sorts of people, among them individual peasants, whom he considered good, interesting people, and all the time noticed in them new features, changed his old judgments about them, and formed new ones.

Sergyéy Ivánovich, on the contrary, just as he liked and praised country life in contradistinction to the one he did not like, even so he loved the masses in contradistinction to that class of people which he did not like, and even so he knew them as something different from people in general. In his methodical mind there were clear conceptions of the definite forms of the popular life, deduced partly from the popular life itself, but mainly from the contrast. He never changed his opinion about the masses and his sympathetic relation to them.

In any difference of opinion that arose in the judgment of the brothers about the masses, Sergyéy Ivánovich always vanquished his brother, even because Sergyéy Ivánovich had definite conceptions about them, their character, qualities, and tastes; while Konstantín Levín had no definite and unchangeable view, so that in their discussions Konstantín was continually caught contradicting himself.

To Sergyéy Ivánovich, his younger brother was a fine fellow, with a *well placed* heart (as he expressed it in French), but with a mind which, though sufficiently alert, was none the less subject to the impressions of the minute and therefore full of contradictions. With the condescension of an elder brother he now and then explained to him the meaning of things, but could find no pleasure in disputing with him, because he beat him too easily.

Konstantín Levín looked at his brother as at a man

of enormous intellect and culture, noble in the highest sense of the word, and endowed with the ability to be active for the common good. But in the depth of his soul, the older he grew and the more intimately he became acquainted with his brother, the oftener and oftener did it occur to him that this ability to be active for the common good, of which he felt himself absolutely deprived, might after all be not a virtue, but a lack of something, — not a lack of good, honest, noble desires and tastes, but a lack of the vital power, that which is called heart, that striving which causes a man from all the endless paths of life that present themselves to him to choose one and wish for that one. The more he knew his brother, the more he observed that Sergyéy Ivánovich, like many others who were working for the common good, had not been led by his heart to this love of the common good, but had by reasoning arrived at the fact that it was good to attend to this matter, and so busied himself with it. Levín was confirmed in this supposition of his by the observation that his brother took the questions of the common good and of the immortality of the soul no more to heart than a game of chess or the ingenious structure of a new machine.

Besides, Konstantín Levín felt ill at ease with his brother in the country, because in the country, especially in the summer, he was constantly occupied with farm matters, and the long summer day did not suffice for him to accomplish all that was necessary, while Sergyéy Ivánovich rested himself. But, though he rested now, that is, did not work on his book, he was so used to mental activity that he was fond of uttering the thoughts that occurred to him in a beautiful, compact form, and wanted to be heard; but the most general and natural hearer was his brother. Therefore, despite the friendly simplicity of their relations, Konstantín felt embarrassed to leave him alone. Sergyéy Ivánovich was fond of

lying down in the grass to bask in the sun and talk lazily.

“You will not believe,” he said to his brother, “what enjoyment I derive from this Ukrainian indolence. There is not an idea in the head, as though it were swept clean.”

But it was tiresome for Konstantín Levín to sit and listen, especially since he knew that without him the manure would be hauled on the unplatted field and would be heaped up God knew how, if he did not watch it; and the coulter would not be screwed on to the ploughs, but would be taken down, and then they would say that coulter ploughs were a foolish device that could not compare with the old-fashioned wooden ploughs, and so forth.

“You have had enough walking in the sun,” Sergyéy Ivánovich would say to him.

“I have just to run to the office for a minute,” Levín would answer, running into the field.

II.

IN the first days of June, nurse and stewardess Agáfyá Mikháylovna, who was taking a jar of newly pickled mushrooms to the cellar, happened to slip and fall, whereat she wrenched her wrist. There arrived the young, talkative county physician, who was just fresh from the university. He examined the hand and said that it was not wrenched; he enjoyed a talk with the famous Sergyéy Ivánovich Koznyshév and, to show his enlightened view of things, told him all the county gossip and complained of the bad state of the County Council. Sergyéy Ivánovich listened attentively and asked him questions, and, incited by the new hearer, himself began to talk. He enunciated a few pertinent and weighty remarks, which were respectfully appreciated by the young doctor, and came into the animated frame of mind which was so familiar to his brother, and into which he generally came after a brilliant and animated conversation. After the doctor's departure, he wanted to go to the river with a fishing-rod. Sergyéy Ivánovich was fond of fishing and seemed to be proud of liking such a foolish occupation.

Konstantín Levín, who had to go to the tillage and the meadows, offered himself to take his brother down in a cabriolet.

It was that time of the year, in the height of summer, when the crops of the year are defined; when the cares for the next year's sowing have begun, and the mowing is

at hand ; when the rye is all headed and, grayish green, waves in the wind with light, unfilled ears ; when the green oats, with the tufts of yellow grass scattered among them, unevenly mature over the late fields ; when the early buckwheat is already in the seed, concealing the ground ; when the fallows which the cattle have tramped into a rocky mass, with the paths left through them, which the plough does not take, are half-ploughed up ; when the drying manure heaps in the fields smell at day-break and at evening twilight together with the honeyed grass, and in the lowlands, awaiting the scythe, stands a solid sea of well-kept meadows, with the black heaps of the weeded sorrel.

It was that time when in the field labour there comes a short period of rest before the beginning of the annually repeated harvest which annually calls forth all the strength of the masses. The crops were in excellent condition, and the summer days were clear and warm, and the nights short and fresh with dew.

The brothers had to travel through the forest to get to the meadows. Sergyéy Ivánovich all the time admired the beauty of the rank-leaved forest, indicating to his brother now an old linden, dusky from the shady side, a gleam with its yellow stipules, and ready to flower, and now the emerald tree shoots of the present year. Konstantín Levín did not like to talk or hear about the beauty of Nature. Words for him detracted from the beauty of what he saw. He assented to what his brother was saying, but involuntarily began to think of something else. As they emerged from the forest, all his attention was absorbed in the contemplation of a fallow field on a mound, which here was yellowed with grass, here rutted in squares, here heaped in knolls, and here even ploughed up. Long files of carts travelled over the field. Levín counted them and was satisfied to find that everything necessary was being hauled out, and, at the sight of the meadows, his thoughts

were transferred to the question of the mowing. Driving up to the meadow, Levín stopped his horse.

The morning dew was still nestling on the dense undergrowth of the grass, and Sergyéy Ivánovich, to avoid wetting his feet, asked his brother to take him in the cabriolet to the willow bush near which perches bit well. Though Konstantín Levín hated to crush his grass, he drove on the meadow. The high grass softly wound about the wheels and about the legs of the horse, leaving its seeds on the spokes and hubs.

His brother sat down beneath the bush and began to straighten out the line, while Levín took the horse a short distance away. He tied it up and walked into the illimitable, grayish-green, becalmed sea of the meadow. In the wet places the silky, ripening grass reached almost to the waist.

Levín crossed the meadow and came out on the road, where he met an old man with a swollen eye, who was carrying a swarm-basket with bees.

“Well, did you catch any, Fomích?” he asked.

“Indeed not, Konstantín Dmítrievich! I am glad to have kept my own. The mash fermented for the second time — Luckily the boys came up in time. They are ploughing at home. They unhitched the horse and rode up —”

“What do you think, Fomích, — shall I mow, or wait?”

“Well, we generally wait to St. Peter’s Day; but you always mow earlier. Well, God willing, the grass is fine. There will be some pasturage for the cattle.”

“And what do you think about the weather?”

“That is God’s affair. Maybe the weather will be all right.”

Levín walked back to his brother.

The fish did not bite. But Sergyéy Ivánovich did not feel dull and seemed to be in the happiest of moods.



Tomich and His Bees
From a scene from *Tomich* by A. L. Lohmeyer

was unacquainted with the question of the mowing. Leaving up to the peasants, Fomich stopped his horse.

The peasant, too, was still standing on the horse under-standed in the grass-cut. Sergey Ivanovich, in a word, waiting for him, when he decided to take him in the cabinet in the garden, took some other garden hit well. Though Kuznetsov, having heard in words the news, he drove on the horses. The high grass softly wound about the upper part of the legs of the horse, leaving its seeds on the grass and huts.

The change of dress beneath the tent had begun to grow more and more, while Levin took his horse a short distance away. He did it up and walked over the blue-green, bright green, he stared out of the window. In the end, he did the sick, evening was reached, passed by the road.

Levin crossed the garden and went out on the road, where he met an old man with a walking stick who was carrying a straw-bush with him.

"What are you doing here, old man?" he asked.

"I'm out here, Kuznetsov, I'm out here. I am glad to see you, but my horse. I'm out here for the second time. Finally the boys came up in time. They are standing in front. They finished the horse and took it."

"What do you think, Fomich, — shall I move, or not?"

"Walk as you please, walk to St. Peter's Day, but you must not be late. Well, that's willing, the good is for you, you will become passenger for the night."

"And what do you think about the weather?"

"The weather is better. Maybe the weather will be all right."

Fomich walked back to his brother.

He did not see him. But Sergey Ivanovich did not see him and went on to be in the house of the man.

Fomich and His Bees

Photoreproduction from Painting by I. I. Izhakévich



Levín saw that, having been stirred up by the doctor, he wanted to talk; but Levín wanted to get home as soon as possible, in order to make the proper arrangement about taking the mowers out on the next day, and to decide his doubt about the mowing, which troubled him very much.

“Well, let us go!” he said.

“What is the use in hurrying? Let us sit here awhile. How drenched you are! The fish do not bite, but it is nice here. Every sport is nice because you have to deal with Nature. How charming this steely water is!” he said. “These meadow banks always remind me of a riddle,” he continued, “do you know it? The grass says to the water: ‘And we will sway to and fro, sway to and fro.’”

“I do not know this riddle,” Levín replied, gloomily.

III.

“Do you know, I have been thinking of you,” said Sergyéy Ivánovich. “It is shameful what they are doing in your county, as the doctor has been telling me; he is not at all a stupid fellow. I have been telling you, and I tell you now: it is not good that you do not attend the meetings and that you, in general, keep away from the County Council. If decent people will keep away from it, — everything will naturally go God knows how. We pay out money which goes for salaries, and yet we have neither schools, nor medical assistants, nor midwives, nor apothecary shops, nor anything else.”

“I have tried,” Levín said, softly and reluctantly, “I cannot, so what is to be done?”

“What is it you cannot? I positively fail to understand it. Indifference, inability, I do not admit; could it really be indolence?”

“Neither the one, nor the other, nor the third. I have tried, and I see that I cannot do anything,” said Levín.

He did not pay much attention to what his brother was saying. He was looking beyond the river at a tilled field, where he could make out a black spot; he could not tell whether it was a horse, or his clerk on horseback.

“Why can you not do anything? You have made an attempt, and it did not turn out as you wanted it, and so you surrender. How can you do without ambition?”

“Ambition,” said Levín, touched to the quick by his brother’s words, “I do not understand. If I had been told

at the university that others understood integral calculus and I did not, there would have been a case for ambition. But here a man has first to be convinced that it is necessary to have a special ability for these things, and, above all, that all these things are very important."

"What, this is not important?" said Sergyéy Ivánovich, touched to the quick because his brother regarded as unimportant that which interested him, and, more especially, because he hardly seemed to be listening to him.

"It does not seem important to me; it does not rouse me, so what will you do about it?" replied Levín, having made out that what he saw was the clerk, and that the clerk had, no doubt, dismissed the peasants from the ploughing. They were turning over their ploughs. "Is it possible they are through ploughing?" he thought.

"Listen, really," his elder brother said, with a frown on his handsome, intelligent face, "there are limits to everything. It is all very nice to be an odd and frank man, and not to be fond of falsehood, — I understand it all; but what you say has either no sense or a very bad sense. How is it that you find unimportant the fact that the masses whom you love, as you assure me —"

"I have never assured," thought Konstantín Levín.

"— are dying without receiving any assistance? Coarse midwives kill the children, and the masses grow up in stark ignorance and remain in the power of every scribe, and you are given the means for aiding them, and you do not aid them because, in your opinion, this is not important."

And Sergyéy Ivánovich placed a dilemma before him: "Either you are so undeveloped that you cannot see what you can do, or you do not wish to forfeit your peace, ambition, and I know not what, in order to do this."

Konstantín Levín felt that all he could do was to surrender, or to acknowledge that he lacked love for the common good. And this offended and grieved him.

"Both," he said, with determination. "I do not see how it is possible —"

"What? It is not possible, by properly investing the money, to furnish medical assistance?"

"It is impossible, as it seems to me. Over the four thousand square versts of our county, with our thaws, snow-storms, and working season, I see no possibility of furnishing medical assistance everywhere. And, besides, I do not believe in medicine."

"Excuse me, that is not just. I will give you a thousand examples. Well, and schools?"

"What are the schools for?"

"What are you saying? Can there be any doubt about the usefulness of education? If it is good for you, it is good for everybody."

Konstantín Levín felt himself morally pinned to the wall, and so grew excited and involuntarily expressed the chief cause of his indifference to the common good.

"All this may be very well; but why should I bother myself about establishing medical centres, which I never make use of, and schools, whither I will not send my children, and whither the peasants do not wish to send theirs, and whither I am not yet firmly convinced that they ought to be sent?" he said.

Sergyéy Ivánovich was for a moment surprised to hear this unexpected view of things; but he immediately formed a new plan of attack.

He was silent for awhile, pulled out one rod, threw the line into another place, and, smiling, turned to his brother.

"You must excuse me. In the first place, the medical centre has done you some good. We had to send for the county doctor to look after Agáfya Mikháylovna."

"Well, I think that her hand will remain crooked."

"That is still a question. Then again, a literate peasant and labourer is more useful and valuable to you."

"No, you may ask whom you please," Konstantín Levín

replied, with firmness, "a literate man, as a labourer, is much worse. You can't mend the roads with him, and if he builds a bridge, he steals the material."

"However," Sergyéy Ivánovich said, with a frown, disliking contradictions, especially such as kept jumping from one subject to another, and disconnectedly introduced new proofs, so that it became impossible to tell to what to reply, "however, this is a different matter. Excuse me: do you acknowledge that education is good for the people?"

"I do," said Levín. He immediately thought that he had said something different from what he believed. He felt that, from his admitting this, it would be proved to him that he was talking nonsense. He did not know how this would be proved to him, but he knew that this would be proved to him logically, and he waited for this proof.

The proof was much simpler than Konstantín Levín had expected it to be.

"If you acknowledge it to be good," said Sergyéy Ivánovich, "you, as an honest man, cannot fail to love this matter and sympathize with it, and, therefore, to wish to work for it."

"But I do not yet acknowledge it to be good," Konstantín Levín said, blushing.

"What? You just said —"

"That is, I do not recognize it either as good or as possible."

"That you cannot know, having made no effort."

"Well, let us suppose," said Levín, although he did not at all suppose it, "let us suppose that it is so; I still fail to see why I should bother myself about it."

"How is that?"

"Well, since we have gone so far in our conversation, explain it to me from the philosophical point of view," said Levín.

"I cannot understand what philosophy has to do with

it," said Sergyéy Ivánovich, in a tone which to Levín seemed to imply that he did not recognize his brother's right to talk philosophy. And this irritated Levín.

"This!" he said, excitedly. "I believe that the prime mover of all our actions is, after all, our personal happiness. Now, in the institutions of the County Council, I, as a nobleman, see nothing which might conduce to my well-being. The roads are no better, and cannot be better; the horses take me over bad roads as well. I need no doctors and no medical centres. I need no justice of the peace, — I never turn to him, and never will. I not only need no schools, but regard them even as harmful, as I have told you. For me the establishments of the County Council are merely the obligation to pay eighteen kopeks for each desyatína, to journey to town, to sleep with bed-bugs, and to listen to all kind of nonsense and trash, — but my personal interest does not incite me."

"Excuse me," Sergyéy Ivánovich interrupted him, with a smile, "it was not personal interest that incited us to work for the emancipation of the peasants, and yet we worked."

"No," Konstantín interrupted him, getting more and more excited. "The emancipation of the peasants was a different matter. There was a personal interest connected with it. We wanted to throw off the yoke which was crushing us, all good people. But to be a member of the Council, to discuss how many privy cleaners are needed, and how the pipes are to be laid in town, where I do not live, and to be a juryman and sit in judgment over a peasant who has stolen a ham, and for six hours listen to every kind of nonsense rattled off by the defence and by the prosecuting attorneys, and to the presiding judge asking my old peasant Aléshka, the fool, 'Defendant, do you confess to the fact of the appropriation of the ham?' — 'Eh?'"

Konstantín Levín was carried away and began to repre-

sent the presiding judge and Aléshka the fool; it seemed to him that that was part of his argument.

But Sergyéy Ivánovich shrugged his shoulders.

“Well, what do you wish to say?”

“All I want to say is that all the rights which touch me — my interests — I shall always defend with all my power; that, when the gendarmes used to make a domiciliary search at the houses of us students, reading our letters, I was ready with all my power to defend my rights of education and of freedom. I understand military service, which touches the fate of my children, my brothers, and myself, and I am ready to discuss that which touches me; but to discuss how to distribute forty thousand of the county’s money, or to sit in judgment over Aléshka the fool, I do not understand, and never shall understand.”

Konstantín Levín talked as though the dam of his words had broken. Sergyéy Ivánovich smiled.

“To-morrow you may be under trial: well, would you prefer to be tried in the old criminal court?”

“I shall not be under trial. I shall not cut anybody’s throat, and I do not need it. Come now!” he continued, jumping over to something quite irrelevant, “our county institutions and all that are like the little birches which we stuck up, as on Whitsunday, that they might look like a forest that has grown up in Europe, and I am not able with my heart to water them and to believe in these birches.”

Sergyéy Ivánovich only shrugged his shoulders, to express with this gesture surprise at the birches which had suddenly made their appearance in their discussion, though he saw at once what his brother meant to say by them.

“Excuse me, but that is not the way to discuss,” he remarked. But Konstantín Levín wanted to justify his defect, — his indifference to the common good, of which he was conscious, and so he continued:

“I think,” said he, “that no activity can be durable if it has not personal interest for its basis. This is a general, a philosophical truth,” he said, with determination repeating the word “philosophical,” as though wishing to show that he, too, had a right, like anybody else, to talk of philosophy.

Sergyéy Ivánovich smiled once more. “He, too, has a philosophy of his own in the service of his inclinations,” he thought.

“You had better leave philosophy alone!” he said. “The chief problem of the philosophy of all the ages has consisted in finding that very connection which exists between personal interests and the common good. But that has nothing to do with the question; but what is to the point is that I must correct your comparison. The birches are not stuck up, but some of them are set out, and some are planted, and they have to be taken care of. Only those nations have a future, only those nations may be called historical, which have feeling for what is important and significant in their institutions, and which esteem them.”

And Sergyéy Ivánovich transferred the question into the philosophico-historical sphere, which was inaccessible to Levín, and showed him the whole injustice of his view.

“As to your not liking it, you will pardon me for saying so,—that is our Russian indolence and seigneurial bearing, and I am convinced that in you it is a temporary aberration which will pass.”

Konstantín was silent. He felt that he was completely beaten; at the same time he felt that what he had intended to say had not been understood by his brother. What he did not know was why it had not been understood, whether because he had been unable to express clearly what he meant to convey, or because his brother did not want to, or could not, understand him.

But he did not dwell on these thoughts, and, without retorting to his brother, began to think of an entirely different, personal matter.

Sergyéy Ivánovich wound up his last fishing-line and untied the horse, and they drove home.

IV.

THE personal matter, which had interested Levín during his chat with his brother, was the following: the year before he had one day come out to the mowing and, getting angry at the clerk, had employed his means for calming himself down,—he had taken a scythe from a peasant and had started mowing himself.

He took such a liking to this work that he went out to mow several times; he mowed the whole meadow in front of his house, and during the spring of this last year had formed the plan of going out to mow for days at a time by the side of the peasants. Since the arrival of his brother he had been in doubt whether he had better go out to mow, or not. He felt it improper to leave his brother for days at a time, and he was afraid that his brother would make fun of him for it. But, as he had walked over the meadow, he had recalled the impressions received from the mowing, and he had almost decided that he would mow. After the irritating conversation with his brother, he again recalled his intention.

“I need physical motion, or else my character will positively deteriorate,” he thought, and so he decided that he would mow, no matter how awkward he should feel before his brother and before the peasants.

In the evening Konstantín Levín went to the office, made his arrangements about the work, and sent word to the villages to call out the mowers for the following day, as the Viburnum Meadow, the largest and the most beautiful, was to be mowed.

"Be sure and send my scythe to Tit, to get it in shape, and have it brought out to-morrow, if you please; I shall probably be mowing myself," he said, trying not to become confused.

The clerk smiled and said:

"Yes, sir."

In the evening, at tea, he told his brother about it.

"It looks as though the weather is settled," he said.

"To-morrow I begin mowing."

"I am very fond of this work," said Sergyéy Ivánovich.

"I am passionately fond of it. I have mowed with the peasants, and to-morrow I intend mowing the whole day."

Sergyéy Ivánovich raised his head and looked with curiosity at his brother.

"How is that? With the peasants, the whole day?"

"Yes. It is very pleasant work," said Levín.

"It is nice as physical exercise, but you will hardly be able to stand it," Sergyéy Ivánovich said, without the least sign of sarcasm.

"I have tried it. At first it is hard, but later you get accustomed to it. I think I shall not fall behind."

"Indeed! Tell me, how do the peasants look upon it? No doubt they make fun of their master's oddity."

"No, I think not; but it is such merry and, at the same time, such difficult work that there is no time left for thinking."

"How are you going to dine with them? Of course, it would be awkward to send you Lafitte and roast turkey there."

"Not at all; when they rest, I shall drive home."

On the next morning Konstantín Levín got up earlier than usual, but farm matters retained him, and when he arrived at the mowing, the mowers were already taking the second swath.

Even while he was on the hill, he saw at its foot the shady, mowed part of the meadow, with the gray rows

and the black heaps of caftans, which the mowers had doffed where they had started on the first swath.

In proportion as he approached, he saw more distinctly the outstretched line of peasants, walking behind one another and variously swinging their scythes, some of them wearing their caftans, and others in nothing but their shirts. He counted forty-two men.

They moved slowly over the uneven swale, where there used to be a dam. A few of his own men Levín recognized. Here was old man Ermíl, in a very long white shirt, bending over and swaying his scythe; here was the young lad Váska, Levín's former coachman, who came swooping down with his scythe. Here was also Tit, Levín's mowing tutor, a small, lean peasant. He advanced with his face forward, without bending, cutting down his broad swath, as though playing with his scythe.

Levín dismounted and, having tied his horse near the road, walked down to Tit, who from behind a bush fetched out a second scythe, which he handed to him.

"She is all right, sir: she shaves and mows herself," said Tit, taking off his cap with a smile, and giving him the scythe.

Levín took the scythe and began to aim with it. The perspiring, merry mowers, having ended their rows, came, one after another, out on the road and, laughing, greeted the master. They were all looking at him, but not one of them said anything until a tall old man, with a wrinkled and beardless face, wearing a sheepskin blouse, coming out into the road, addressed him:

"Look out, sir, you have taken hold of the rope, so stick to it!" he said, and Levín heard a suppressed laugh among the mowers.

"I will try not to fall behind," he said, taking up his position behind Tit, and waiting for the time to begin.

"Look out," repeated the old man.

Tit made a place for him, and he followed him. The



Levin Mowing with His Harvesters
Photographed from a train by Louis Meisel

and the black dogs of silence which the workers had fallen upon, was but momentary. In the first month.

As he stepped on he approached, he saw more distinctly the unbroken line of people walking behind him, and he saw more distinctly the rhythm of their steps, some of them walking more softly, but others in nothing but a steady, unvarying tread.

He was at length in the narrow road, where there were no more. A man of his own name Levin recognized, a man of his own name. It was a very long white coat, hanging down and sweeping the ground. Here was the man of his own name. Levin's friend, a man who came from the same place with his father. There was also Tit, but he was moving; then a small, thin person. He advanced with his face forward, and his hands, holding down his head, as though rising, with his hands.

Levin, disconcerted and, having lost his way, saw the road, walked down it. He, who was behind, he had looked out a moment or two, which he turned to him.

"She is all right, she is all right, she is all right," said Tit, looking at his cap with a smile and a look of his own eyes.

Levin took the woman and looked at her with it. The woman, who was behind, looking at her with a smile, came, and after another moment she took and, laughing, crossed the road. They were all looking at him, but not out of their own eyes. And a wall of the road with a wrinkled and a small, thin person, a small, thin person, coming on and the road, although it was.

Levin, who was behind, looking at her with a smile, came, and after another moment she took and, laughing, crossed the road. They were all looking at him, but not out of their own eyes. And a wall of the road with a wrinkled and a small, thin person, a small, thin person, coming on and the road, although it was.

"Look out, you are all right," he said, taking up his position behind Tit and waiting for the time to begin.

"Look out," he said to the old man.

It made a place for him, and he followed him. The

Levin Mowing with His Harvesters

Photogravure from Painting by Louis Meynell



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grass was low, being by the road, and Levín, who had not mowed for a long time, and was embarrassed by the glances which were directed at him, at first mowed badly, though he swung the scythe with all his might. Behind him were heard the voices :

“ It is not well fitted ; the snath is too high ; see how it makes him bend ! ” said one.

“ Press down with the snath end, ” said another.

“ It's all right ; it's going nicely, ” continued the old man. “ See him go — you are taking too broad a swath, — you will wear yourself out — The master is trying hard for himself ! Just look at the grass ridge ! How we used to get it over our backs for such things ! ”

The grass grew softer, and Levín listened, without answering, and walked behind Tit, trying to mow as well as he could. They walked about a hundred paces. Tit walked on without stopping, and showing no fatigue whatever ; but Levín began to feel terribly at the thought that he should not hold out, so tired was he.

He felt that he was swinging the scythe with his last strength, and decided to ask Tit to stop. But just then Tit stopped of his own accord : he bent down, picked up some grass, wiped off his scythe-blade, and began to whet it. Levín pulled himself together and, drawing a deep breath, looked around. Behind him a peasant was walking ; he, too, was evidently tired, because, just before reaching Levín, he stopped and began to whet. Tit whetted his blade and that of Levín, and they went on.

The same happened with the second attempt. Tit walked swing after swing, without stopping and without getting tired. Levín followed him, trying not to fall behind, and it was getting harder and harder for him : a moment arrived when he felt that he had no strength left, but just then Tit stopped to whet.

Thus they went through the first row. This long row seemed particularly hard to Levín ; but when it was

ended, and Tit, shouldering his scythe, began with slow steps to walk over the tracks left by his heels in his swath, and Levín walked in the same manner over his swath, he was happy, although the perspiration came down his face in streams and dropped off his nose, and his whole back was as wet as though it had been drenched in water. What made him especially happy was that he knew for certain now that he should hold out.

His pleasure was spoiled only by the fact that his row was not good. "I will swing less with my arm, and more with my body," he thought, as he compared Tit's straight-lined swath with his scattered and uneven row.

Levín noticed that Tit had walked the first row very fast, no doubt wishing to test the master, and the row happened to be a long one. The following rows were easier, but Levín was none the less compelled to strain all his strength in order not to fall behind the peasants.

He was thinking of nothing, wishing for nothing, except that he might not fall behind the peasants and that he might do his work well. He heard only the clang of the blades, and saw before him Tit's advancing straight figure, the semicircle of the swath, the slowly bending, wavy grass, and the tops of the flowers near the scythe-blade, and in front of him the end of the row, where the rest would come.

Without becoming conscious what it was or whence it came, he in the middle of his work suddenly experienced a pleasant sensation of coolness over his warm, perspiring shoulders. He looked at the sky during the whetting of his scythe. A low, heavy cloud overcast the sky, and it was raining in large drops. Some of the peasants went for their caftans, which they put on; others, like Levín, only joyfully shrugged their shoulders under the pleasant and refreshing rain.

They passed another row, and still another. There came long and short rows, with good and with bad grass.

Levín lost all consciousness of time and positively did not know whether it was early or late. In his work now took place a change which afforded him great pleasure. In the middle of his work he was assailed by moments during which he forgot what he was doing and he felt well, and then his row was almost as even and as good as Tit's. But the moment he recalled what he was doing and tried to do better, he experienced the whole weight of his labour, and the row turned out bad.

Having made one more row he wanted to start in again, but Tit stopped and went up to an old man, to whom he said something in a soft voice. They both looked at the sun. "What are they talking about, and why do they not start in a new row?" thought Levín. It did not occur to him that the peasants had been mowing not less than four hours in succession, and that it was time for them to eat their breakfast.

"Breakfast, master," said the old man.

"Is it already time for it? Very well, let it be breakfast."

Levín gave his scythe to Tit and, with the peasants who went to their caftans for bread, went to his horse over the rain-besprinkled rows of the long, mowed expanse. It was only then that it occurred to him that he had not guessed the weather right, and that the rain had drenched his hay.

"It will spoil the hay," he said.

"Never mind, sir! Mow in rain, rake up in good weather!" said the old man.

Levín untied his horse and rode home to drink coffee.

Sergyéy Ivánovich had just gotten up. Having drunk his coffee, Levín rode back to the meadow, before Sergyéy Ivánovich had time to dress himself and come out to the dining-room.

V.

AFTER breakfast, Levín's row was no longer in the former place, but between a jesting old man, who invited him to be his neighbour, and a young peasant, who had been married the autumn before, and with whom this was the first summer of his mowing.

The old man held himself erect, walking ahead, evenly and broadly placing his out-toeing feet, and with a precise and even motion, which evidently cost him no more labour than the swinging of his arms in walking, as though playing, laid low the straight, tall rows. It was as though he had nothing to do with it, but as though the sharp scythe all by itself swished over the lush grass.

Behind Levín walked young Míshka. His sweet, youthful face, with its hair tied into a knot by a rope of fresh grass, was labouring under painful effort; but the moment any one looked at him, he smiled. He evidently was prepared to die sooner than to acknowledge that it was hard for him.

Levín walked between them. In the greatest heat the mowing did not seem so hard to him. The perspiration which drenched him cooled him off, and the sun, which burned his back, his head, and his arm, on which the sleeve was rolled up as far as the elbow, gave him strength and persistency in his work; and oftener and oftener came those moments of his unconscious state when it was possible not to think of what he was doing. The scythe mowed of its own accord. Those were blissful moments. Still more enjoyable were those minutes when, upon

reaching the river, against which the rows abutted, the old man wiped his scythe with the wet, thick grass, washed the blade in the fresh water of the river, filled his dipper, and treated Levín to a drink.

“Have some of my kvas! Eh, good?” he said, with a wink.

And indeed, Levín had never drunk such a beverage, as this warm water with the swimming ooze and the rusty taste from the tin dipper. And immediately after came the blissful, slow walk, with the scythe in his hand, during which he could wipe off the perspiration which came down in streams, breathe with full lungs, and survey the extended line of the mowers, and what was going on all about him, in the forest and in the field.

The longer Levín kept mowing, the more frequently did he feel those moments of oblivion, when not the hands waved the scythe, but the scythe itself moved along the whole self-conscious body which was full of life, and, as though by magic, without giving it a thought, the regular and distinct work proceeded of its own accord. Those were the most blissful moments.

It grew hard only when it was necessary to put a stop to this motion which had become unconscious, and to think; when it was necessary to mow around a tuft or an unweeded sorrel bed. The old man did this with ease. When a tuft came, he changed the motion, and now with the blade-point, and now with the snath-end, mowed around the tuft in short jerks. And doing this, he observed and examined everything which was before him: now he plucked a gladiolus, which he ate himself or gave to Levín; now he threw a branch away with the blade-point; now he examined a quail's nest, out of which the mother bird flew out underneath the very scythe; now he caught a snake in his swath and, raising it with his scythe as with a fork, he showed it to Levín and threw it away again.

To Levín and to the young fellow behind him these

changes of motion were hard. Both of them, having once fallen into intensified motion, were in full blast of work and unable to change this motion and at the same time to observe what was before them.

Levín did not notice how the time passed. If he had been asked how long he had been mowing, he would have said that it was half an hour, though it was nearing mid-day. Walking back to a new row, the old man directed Levín's attention to boys and girls, who, barely visible, were coming toward the mowers through the high grass and along the road, carrying bundles with bread and rag-stoppered kvas pitchers, which weighed their tiny hands down.

"I declare, the ladybugs are crawling up!" he said, pointing to them, and, shielding his eyes, he looked at the sun.

They passed two more rows, and then they stopped.

"Well, sir, now it is time to eat dinner!" he said, in a determined voice. And, upon reaching the river, the mowers crossed the rows toward their caftans, where, waiting for them, sat the children who had brought their dinner. The peasants assembled, — the more distant ones under the carts, the nearer ones under a willow bush, over which they threw some grass.

Levín sat down with them; he did not feel like riding away.

Every embarrassment in the presence of the master had disappeared long ago. The peasants were getting ready to dine. Some were washing themselves; the young children swam in the river; others prepared a place for rest, untied their bread wallets, and took the stoppers out of their kvas pitchers. The old man crumbed his bread into a bowl, crushed it with his spoon handle, poured into it water from his dipper, cut up some more bread, and, pouring some salt into it, began to pray to the east.

“Well, sir, have some of my pap,” he said, kneeling down before his bowl.

The pap was so savoury that Levín would not go home to dinner. He dined with the old man and started to talk with him about his domestic affairs, in which he took a very lively interest, and communicated to him all his affairs and circumstances which could interest the old man. He felt himself nearer to him than to his brother, and involuntarily smiled at the tenderness which he experienced for this man. When the old man again got up, prayed, and lay down under the bush, putting some grass under his head, Levín did likewise, and, in spite of the pestering flies and bugs which whirled about in the sun and tickled his perspiring face, he immediately fell asleep and awoke only when the sun had gone over on the other side of the bush and was beginning to get at him. The old man had been awake for quite awhile and was sitting up and getting into shape the scythes of the young lads.

Levín looked around him and did not recognize the place: everything had changed so. An enormous extent of the meadow was mown down and was shining with a special, new splendour, with its already fragrant rows, in the slanting rays of the evening sun. And the cleared bushes at the river, and the river itself, invisible before, and now sparkling with its steel at the bends, and the moving and rising people, and the straight grass wall of the unmown part of the meadow, and the hawks circling over the bared meadow, — all that was absolutely new. Shaking off his sleep, Levín began to consider how much had been mowed already, and how much more could be mowed on that day.

An unusually large amount of space had been covered by the forty-two men.

The whole large meadow, which under manorial labour was mowed by thirty scythes in two days, was already mowed now. What was left to do was only the corners

with short rows. But Levín wanted to mow as much as possible on that day, and he was vexed at the sun's setting so soon. He felt no fatigue; he only wanted to work faster and faster and as much as possible.

"Well, do you think we shall have time to mow Lady's-mantle Knoll?" he asked the old man.

"As God may wish. The sun is not high. Perhaps, if you promised a little vódka to the boys."

During the afternoon rest, when all sat down and those who smoked lighted their pipes, the old man announced to the lads, "Mow Lady's-mantle Knoll and there will be some vódka."

"Why not? Get up, Tit! We will go at it in lively fashion! You will have time to eat in the evening. Start now!" voices were heard, and, finishing their pieces of bread, the mowers started on new rows.

"Well, boys, look out!" said Tit, starting almost at a gallop in front of all.

"Go on, go on!" said the old man, hurrying after him and easily catching up with him. "Look out, I'll cut you down!"

And the young and old men seemed to have a mowing contest. But, no matter how much they hurried, they did not ruin the grass, and the rows went down as neatly and as sharply as before. The corner lot was mowed down in five minutes. The last mowers were still finishing up their rows, when the front mowers had already their caftans over their shoulders and had crossed the road toward Lady's-mantle Knoll.

The sun was already descending toward the trees, when they, tinkling with their dippers, entered the wooded ravine of Lady's-mantle Knoll. The grass was waist-high in the middle of the ravine, soft and tender and fluffy, and here and there, along the forest, bright with violets.

After a short consultation, whether they had better go

lengthwise or across, Prokhór Ermílin, also a famous mower, a huge, tawny peasant, started out. He took a row in advance, turned back, and began to work, — and all aligned themselves after him, going down-hill along the ravine, and up-hill near the very edge of the forest. The sun had sunk behind the wood. The dew was already falling. The mowers were in the sun only when they reached the summit of the mound, but below, where the mist was rising, and on the other side, they walked in the fresh, dewy shade. The work was in full blast.

The grass, which was cut down with a juicy sound, and which emitted a spicy fragrance, lay down in tall rows. The mowers, who on all sides crowded along the short rows, tinkling with their dippers and clanging with their scythes as they met, and swishing the whetstone along the blades, urged each other on with merry shouts.

Levín was still walking between the young lad and the old man. The old man, who had put on his sheepskin blouse, was just as merry, jocular, and free in his motions. In the forest they constantly came across *boleti scabri*, which were of large size in the lush grass, and these they cut down with their scythes. But the old man, upon seeing a *boletus*, each time bent down, picked it up, and put it into his bosom. "Another present for the old woman," he said each time.

However easy it was to cut the soft, weak grass, it was hard to descend and mount the steep slopes of the ravine. But this did not incommode the old man. Swaying his scythe as before, he, with the short, firm steps of his feet, which were clad in huge bast shoes, slowly climbed the steep hill and, though his whole body shook, and the bagging drawers below his shirt shook, too, he did not miss a single blade of grass, nor a single mushroom, and continued to jest with the peasants and with Levín. Levín followed after him and often thought that he should certainly fall

as he climbed such steep hills with his scythe, where it was hard to ascend even without one; but he climbed them and did his work. He felt as though an external force were pushing him on.

VI.

LADY'S-MANTLE KNOLL was mowed down; the last rows were finished; the caftans were put on, and all went merrily home. Levín mounted his horse and, regretfully bidding the peasants good-bye, rode toward the house. When he reached the summit of the hill he looked around: the peasants could not be seen in the mist which rose in the valley; he could only hear their merry, coarse voices and laughter, and the sound of the scythes striking against each other.

Sergyéy Ivánovich had had his dinner and was drinking iced lemonade in his room, looking through the newspapers and periodicals which had just been received by mail, when Levín, with his hair matted on his brow from perspiration, and with blackened, wet back and chest, broke into his room with a joyful chatter.

"We have mowed down the whole meadow! Oh, how nice! Wonderfully so! What have you been doing?" said Levín, having entirely forgotten their unpleasant conversation of the previous day.

"O Lord, how you look!" said Sergyéy Ivánovich, for a moment surveying his brother with dissatisfaction. "The door, shut the door!" he exclaimed. "I am sure you have let a dozen in."

Sergyéy Ivánovich could not bear the flies, and in his room opened the windows only at night, and carefully shut the doors.

"Upon my word, not one. And if I have let them in,

I will catch them. You would not believe me what a pleasure it is! How did you pass the day?"

"I passed it nicely. You do not mean to say you have been mowing all day? You must be as hungry as a wolf. Kuzmá has prepared everything for you."

"No, I do not feel like eating. I ate there. But I want to go to wash myself."

"Well, go, go, and I will come to see you directly," said Sergyéy Ivánovich, shaking his head and looking at his brother. "Go now, go at once," he added, smiling, and, collecting his books, he got ready to go. He himself began to feel merry and did not wish to part from his brother. "Well, and where were you during the rain?"

"It was not much of a rain, — just a sprinkle. And so I will be back in a minute. So you have passed a pleasant day? That's nice." And Levín went away to dress himself.

Five minutes later the brothers met in the dining-room. Though Levín thought that he was not hungry and seated himself at the table merely not to offend Kuzmá, the dinner seemed unusually savoury to him when he began to eat. Sergyéy Ivánovich looked at him smiling.

"Oh, yes, there is a letter for you," he said. "Kuzmá, please, bring it up. And be sure that you have shut the door."

The letter was from Oblónski. Levín read it aloud. Oblónski wrote from St. Petersburg:

"I have had a letter from Dolly, — she is in Ergushóvo, and everything is going wrong there. Just drive down to Ergushóvo and give her the benefit of your advice, — you know everything. She will be so glad to see you. She is all alone, poor woman. My mother-in-law is still abroad with all of them."

"That's very nice! I will drive down by all means," said Levín. "Say, let us both go! She is such a fine woman, — don't you think so?"

"And are they far from here?"

"Some thirty versts, or maybe forty; but the road is excellent. We shall have a fine ride."

"It will give me pleasure," said Sergyéy Ivánovich, still smiling.

The sight of his younger brother directly disposed him toward merriment.

"I must say you have an appetite!" he said, looking at his dark red, sunburnt face and neck, which were bent over the plate.

"Excellent! You don't know what a useful regimen it is against all nonsense. I want to enrich medical science by a new term, and that is *Arbeitskur*."

"Well, I do not think you need it."

"No; but it is good for all kinds of nervous patients."

"Yes, we must make a test of it. I wanted to go out to the mowing to take a look at you, but the heat was so unbearable that I did not get farther than the forest. I remained there awhile and then went through the woods to the village; I met your nurse and I sounded her in respect to the opinion which the peasants hold of you. As I understand it, they do not approve of it. She said that it was not a gentleman's business. In general, I think that in the popular conception there are certain well-defined demands made on what they term a 'gentleman's' activity. They do not permit gentlemen to emerge from the frame as it has become defined in their conception."

"Perhaps; but it is a pleasure, such as I have never experienced in all my life. And there is nothing bad about it. Don't you think so?" replied Levín. "What can I do if they do not like it? However, I think it is all right. Eh?"

"As I see," continued Sergyéy Ivánovich, "you are satisfied with your day."

"Very much so. We have mowed down the whole

meadow. And I have there made the acquaintance of such a fine old man! You can't imagine how nice he is!"

"So you are satisfied with your day. I am, too. In the first place, I have solved two chess problems, one of which is just superb,—it opens with a pawn. I will show it to you. And then, I have been thinking of yesterday's conversation."

"What? Of yesterday's conversation?" said Levín, blinking blissfully, and blowing after his dinner, and failing positively to recall what that yesterday's conversation had been about.

"I find that you are partly right. Our difference consists in your making personal interest a prime mover while I assume that the interest for the common good must be shown by every man who stands on a certain level of culture. Maybe you are right in supposing that a materially interested activity would be more desirable. You are altogether too *primesautière* a nature, as the French say; you want an impassioned, energetic activity, or nothing at all."

Levín listened to his brother, and positively did not understand and did not want to understand a thing. He was only afraid lest his brother should ask him a question which would disclose the fact that he had not heard anything.

"That's it, my dear," said Sergyéy Ivánovich, touching his shoulder.

"Yes, of course. What of it? I do not insist," replied Levín, with a childish, guilty smile. "What was it we had been discussing?" he thought. "Of course, I am right, and he is right, and everything is well. But I must go to the office to leave orders." And he got up, stretching himself, and smiling.

Sergyéy Ivánovich, too, smiled.

"If you want to take a walk, let us go together," he said, loath to leave his brother, who breathed freshness

and alacrity. "Come, let us go to the office, if you have any business there."

"O Lord!" Levín exclaimed so loudly that Sergyéy Ivánovich was frightened.

"What is the matter? What?"

"How is Agáfya Mikháylovna's wrist?" asked Levín, striking his head. "I had entirely forgotten about her."

"Much better."

"But I had better run down to see her. I will be back before you have time to put on your hat."

And the heels of his boots made a noise like a rattle, as he ran down-stairs.

VII.

WHILE Stepán Arkádevich had gone to St. Petersburg to perform a most natural and necessary duty of reminding the ministry of his existence, — a duty which is so familiar to office-holders, though incomprehensible to laymen, and without which there is no possibility of serving, — and while he pleasantly and merrily passed his time at the races and in the summer resorts, having taken with him nearly all the money in the house, for the purpose of performing his duty, — Dolly went to stay with the children in the country, in order to diminish the expenses as much as possible. She went to Ergushóvo, the village of her dower, the one of which the timber had been sold in the spring, and which was about fifty versts from Levín's Pokróvskoe.

In Ergushóvo the large old mansion had long been a ruin, and the wing had been fixed up and enlarged by the prince. Some twenty years before, when Dolly was a child, the wing had been habitable and comfortable, though, like all wings, it stood sidewise toward the driveway and the south. Now this wing was old and decaying. In the spring, when Stepán Arkádevich went there to sell the timber, Dolly had asked him to examine the house and have all the necessary repairs made. Stepán Arkádevich, who, like all guilty men, was very much concerned about his wife's comforts, had himself examined the house and given the orders for what he considered to be the necessary repairs. To his thinking, it was necessary to have all the furniture covered with new cretonne,

to have the curtains hung, the garden cleaned, a bridge built near the pond, and flowers planted ; but he forgot a number of necessary things, the lack of which later wore out Dárya Aleksándrovna.

No matter how much Stepán Arkádevich tried to be a considerate father and husband, he could not bring himself to remember that he had a wife and children. He had bachelor tastes, and he arranged his life only in reference to them. Upon his return to Moscow, he proudly informed his wife that everything was ready, that the house would be a veritable toy, and that he advised her very much to go there. To Stepán Arkádevich his wife's departure for the country was in every way acceptable : it was good for the children's health, and the expenses would be cut down, and he would be freer. On the other hand, Dárya Aleksándrovna considered her stay in the country during the summer a necessity on account of the children, especially for the sake of her little girl, who could not recuperate from the scarlet fever, and also that she might escape petty humiliations and petty debts,—to the wood dealer, the fishmonger, the shoemaker,—which had been wearing her out. Besides, her departure gave her also pleasure because she hoped to induce her sister Kitty, who was to return from the watering-place in the middle of summer, and who had been ordered to take baths, to stay with her in the country. Kitty had written to her from the springs that nothing was so enticing to her as that she would pass a summer with Dolly at Ergushóvo, which was full of reminiscences of childhood for both of them.

The first part of her country life was full of tribulation for her. She had lived there in her childhood, and she had an impression that the country was a refuge from all city annoyances, and that life, though not attractive (with that Dolly would easily put up), was inexpensive and comfortable there : everything was there ; everything was

cheap; everything could be got, and the children would be happy. But now that she came into the country as a housekeeper, she saw that it was not at all as she had expected it.

On the day following their arrival there came a down-pour, and in the night the rain leaked through in the corridor and in the nursery so that the cribs had to be transferred to the drawing-room. There was no cook for the manor. Of the nine cows it turned out, according to the statement of the cow tender, that some had not yet come in, others were with their first calf, or old, or hard milkers: there was no butter and no milk even for the children. Eggs there were none. Chickens could not be procured, and they had to boil and roast old, livid-coloured, tough roosters. It was not possible to get women to wash the floors, — they were all working in the potato-fields. They could not go out driving, because one horse was restive and tugged at the shaft. There was no spot in which to bathe, because the whole river bank was tramped over by the cattle and open from the road; there was even no place for walks, because the cattle got into the garden through a broken fence, and there was one terrible bull that bellowed and, therefore, no doubt would butt. There were no closets for the clothes; such as there were could not be shut, or opened of their own accord every time somebody passed by them. They had no pots; nor was there a kettle for the laundry or an ironing-board for the maids' room.

When, instead of rest and calm, Dárya Aleksándrovna came upon what from her standpoint were terrible calamities, she at first was in despair: she was worrying all the time, felt the hopelessness of her situation, and all the time held back the tears that came to her eyes. The superintendent, an ex-sergeant-major, to whom Stepán Arkádevich had taken a liking and whom he had promoted to this dignity from the post of a porter for his handsome

and respectful looks, took no interest in Dárya Aleksándrovna's calamities, and only said, "Impossible, — they are all such a miserable lot," and gave her no assistance.

The situation seemed to be hopeless. But in the house of the Oblónskis, as in all families, there was one unnoticed but very important and useful person, namely, Márya Filimónovna. She quieted the lady, assured her that everything was *coming on* (that was her byword, and Matvyéy had taken it up from her), and herself acted without haste or agitation.

She immediately struck up an acquaintance with the clerk's wife, and on the very first day drank tea with her and her husband under the acacias, where they discussed all matters. Soon Márya Filimónovna's club was established under these trees, and here, through this club, which consisted of the clerk's wife, the village elder, and the clerk, the hardships of life were slowly removed, and in a week things actually began to *come on*. The roof was mended; a cook was procured, — she was a friend of the elder's; chickens were bought; the cows began to give milk; the garden was fenced in with poles; the carpenter made a mangle; hooks were put into the closets so that they no longer opened of their own accord; and an ironing-board, wrapped in soldier cloth, was laid from the arm of a chair to a chest of drawers, and the odour of hot irons proceeded from the maids' room.

"And you have been despairing all the time," said Márya Filimónovna, pointing to the board.

They even built a bathhouse out of straw shields. Lily began to bathe, and at least part of Dárya Aleksándrovna's expectations of a comfortable, if not a calm, country existence was realized. Calm she could not be with her six children. One child grew ill; another might become ill; a third was lacking this or that; a fourth showed symptoms of a bad character, and so forth, and so forth. Short calm periods were very, very rare. But these cares

and disturbances were for her the only possible happiness. If these had not been, she would have been left alone with her thoughts of her husband who did not love her. Besides, no matter how hard the fear of impending diseases, the diseases themselves, and the sorrow at the discovery of symptoms of bad inclinations in her children were for the mother, the children themselves even now paid her with small joys for her sorrows. These joys were so trifling as to be unnoticeable, like gold in the sand, and in evil moments she saw only her grief, only the sand; but there were also good moments, when she saw nothing but joys, nothing but the gold.

Now, in the solitude of the country, she began oftener and oftener to be conscious of these joys. Frequently, as she looked at them, she made every effort to convince herself that she was under a delusion, that she was, like a mother, biassed in their favour. Still, she could not help saying to herself that she had excellent children, all six of them, each, in his or her way, such as could not easily be found,—and she was happy with them, and was proud of them.

VIII.

TOWARD the end of May, when everything was more or less in running order, she received her husband's reply to her complaints about the disorder in the country. In this letter he begged her forgiveness for not having considered everything, and promised to come at the first opportunity. This opportunity did not present itself, and up to the beginning of June Dárya Aleksándrovna lived all alone in the country.

During St. Peter's Fast, on a Sunday, Dárya Aleksándrovna took all her children to mass to receive the communion. In her intimate, philosophic chats with her sister, mother, and friends, she frequently surprised them by her free thought in matters of religion. She had her own strange religion of metempsychosis, in which she believed firmly, troubling herself little about the dogmas of the Church. But in her family she strictly carried out all the injunctions of the Church,—not merely to give an example, but with her whole soul,—and that the children had not been to communion for nearly a year troubled her very much, and so, with Márya Filimónovna's full consent and sympathy, she decided to perform this rite now, in the summer.

Dárya Aleksándrovna several days before began to think of how to dress the children. The dresses were made, altered, and washed, the tucks and hems let out, the buttons sewed on, and the ribbons all fixed. One dress, for Tányá, which the English governess undertook to make, put Dárya Aleksándrovna out of countenance.

The governess, in altering it, had made the seams in the wrong place, cut out the armholes too much, and almost ruined the dress. It pulled up at the shoulders so dreadfully that it was painful to see Tányá in it. But Márya Filimónovna suggested that it be pieced and that a pelerine be added. Matters were mended, but it almost came to a quarrel between Dárya Aleksándrovna and the governess. On the following morning, however, things were in good shape, and toward nine o'clock,—until which time the priest had been asked to wait with the mass, the dressed-up children, beaming with joy, stood at the porch, before the carriage, waiting for their mother.

By Márya Filimónovna's intervention, the clerk's Brownie was hitched to this carriage, in the place of restive Raven, and Dárya Aleksándrovna, who had been detained by the cares of her toilet, came out dressed in a white muslin robe, ready to take her seat.

Dárya Aleksándrovna had attended to her coiffure and toilet with anxiety and agitation. Formerly she used to dress herself for her own sake, in order to be pretty and please; then, the older she had grown, the more disagreeable it had become for her to dress up: she saw that she had lost her good looks; but now she again dressed with pleasure and agitation. Now she dressed herself not for her own sake, for the sake of her beauty, but in order that she, the mother of these darlings, might not spoil the general impression. And, looking for the last time into the mirror, she was satisfied with herself. She was pretty, not as pretty as she had been, as she had wished to be at a ball, but sufficiently pretty for the purpose which she now had in view.

In the church was nobody but the peasants, the innkeepers and their wives. But Dárya Aleksándrovna saw, or thought she saw, the delight evoked by her children and by herself. The children were not only beautiful in their gala attire, but also in the manner in which they

bore themselves. It is true, Alésha did not stand exactly right: he kept turning around, wishing to see his blouse from behind; still, he was uncommonly sweet. Tánya stood like a grown person and watched the little folk. But the youngest, Lily, was charming with her naïve admiration of everything in front of her, and it was hard to repress a smile when, after communion, she said in English, "Please, some more!"

On their way home, the children felt that something solemn had happened and were very good.

At home, too, everything went well; but at breakfast Grísha began to whistle and, what was worse still, disobeyed the governess, — and so he was to go without cake. Dárya Aleksándrovna would not have allowed such a punishment on that day if she had been present; but it was necessary to sustain the decision of the governess, and so she confirmed her decree that Grísha would get no cake. This spoiled the general joy a little.

Grísha cried, saying that Nikólenka whistled and was not punished, and that he was not crying on account of the cake, — that was all the same to him, — but because they were unfair with him. That was too sad, and Dárya Aleksándrovna decided to have a talk with the governess in order to get Grísha pardoned, and so went to see her. But, upon passing through the parlour, she saw a scene which filled her heart with such joy that tears came to her eyes, and she herself forgave the culprit.

The punished boy was sitting in the parlour on the corner window; Tánya was standing near him with a plate. Under the pretext of wanting a dinner for her dolls, she had asked the governess's permission to take a piece of cake to the nursery, and instead had taken it to her brother. He kept eating the cake which was brought to him, complaining all the time of the unfairness of the punishment meted out to him, and said through sobs, "Eat yourself, — we will eat together — together."

Tánya had been affected at first by pity for Grísha, then by the consciousness of her virtuous deed, and in her eyes, too, stood tears; but she did not decline the cake, and ate her part of it.

When they espied their mother, they were frightened, but, as they looked at her face, they knew that they were doing right, and so they laughed and, with their mouths full of cake, began to wipe their smiling lips with their hands, smearing their beaming faces all over with their tears and with the jam.

"O Lord! The new white dress! Tánya! Grísha!" said the mother, trying to save the dress, but smiling, with tears in her eyes, a blissful, ecstatic smile.

The new dresses were taken off; blouses were put on the girls, and old jackets on the boys; the line carriage was ordered to be hitched up, again with Brownny at the shaft, to the annoyance of the clerk, in order to go out mushroom hunting and bathing. A din of ecstatic screeching arose in the nursery and did not die down to the very moment of their departure for the bath-house.

They picked a whole basket full of mushrooms; Lily even found a boletus scaber. Formerly Miss Hull used to find them and show them to her; but now she herself found a large boletus, and in a transport of joy they all called out, "Lily has found a boletus!"

Then they drove up to the river, put the horses under the birches, and went to the bath-house. Coachman Térenti, having tied to a tree the horses, who were switching off the gnats, lay down in the shade of a birch, trampling down the grass, and smoked his pipe, while the incessant merry shrieking of the children was borne to him from the bath-house.

Though it was troublesome to look after all the children and stop their friskiness, and though it was hard to remember and not get mixed up all those little stockings, pantalettes, and shoes from all the feet, and to untie and

tie up all the laces and unbutton and button all the shoes, Dárya Aleksándrovna, who herself was very fond of bathing, and who considered it useful for the children, enjoyed nothing so much as bathing with all the children. To handle all those chubby little legs, pulling on the stockings; to take the little bare bodies into her arms and throw something around them, and to hear their now joyous, now frightened shrieks; to see those breathless faces, with their open, frightened and merry eyes, those sousing little cherubim of hers, was to her a great pleasure.

When half the children had their clothes on, a number of dressed-up peasant women, who had been out picking goutwort and goat's-beard, came up to the bath-house and timidly stopped there. Márya Filimónovna called one of them up to give her a sheet and a shirt, which had fallen into the water, to hang out to dry, and Dárya Aleksándrovna began to talk with the women. At first they laughed into their hands, as they did not understand the questions, but soon they became more courageous and more voluble, and they at once bribed Dárya Aleksándrovna with the sincere admiration of the children which they expressed.

"I declare, she is a beauty, — as white as sugar," one of them said, admiring Tánya, and shaking her head. "But she is so thin —"

"Yes, she has been ill."

"I say, this one, too, has had a bath," said another, in reference to the suckling babe.

"No, this babe is only three months old," Dárya Aleksándrovna proudly replied.

"I say!"

"Have you any children?"

"I had four; there are two of them left: a boy and a girl. I weaned her last meat-eating time."

"How old is she?"

"Going on the second year."

“Why did you nurse her so long?”

“It is our custom to nurse three fasts —”

And the conversation became most interesting for Dárya Aleksándrovna: What kind of childbirth she had? What diseases he had had? Where her husband was? Whether he frequently came home?

Dárya Aleksándrovna did not feel like going away from the women, the conversation was so interesting to her, and their interests were so entirely identical. What pleased Dárya Aleksándrovna most was that she saw that all these women more than anything else admired her for having so many children, and such nice ones. The women also amused Dárya Aleksándrovna and offended the governess because she was the cause of the laughter, which was incomprehensible to her. One of the younger women kept watching the governess, who dressed herself after the rest, and when she put on the third skirt, the woman could not keep from remarking, “I say, she has been twisting and twisting, and can't twist it on!” and all burst out a-laughing.

IX.

SURROUNDED by all the bathed children with their wet heads, Dárya Aleksándrovna, with a kerchief over her hair, was approaching the house when the coachman said: "A gentleman is coming there, — I think it is the master of Pokróvskoe."

Dárya Aleksándrovna looked out of the carriage and rejoiced when she saw Levín's familiar figure, in gray hat and gray ulster, walking up toward them. She was always glad to see him, but now she was especially glad because he saw her in all her glory. No one could understand her greatness better than Levín.

As he saw her, he found himself face to face with one of the pictures of his future domestic life, as it presented itself to him.

"You are like a sitting hen, Dárya Aleksándrovna."

"Oh, how glad I am!" she said, extending her hand.

"You are glad, but did not let me know that you were here. My brother is staying with me. I had a note from Stíva that you were in the country."

"From Stíva?" Dárya Aleksándrovna asked, in surprise.

"Yes. He writes that you have come down here, and he thinks you will allow me to help you in anything you may need," said Levín. Saying this, he suddenly became embarrassed and, interrupting his speech, he continued to walk in silence beside the carriage, plucking linden shoots and biting at them. He was embarrassed at the supposition that Dárya Aleksándrovna might be annoyed to receive the aid of a stranger in matters which pertained

to her husband. Indeed, Dárya Aleksándrovna did not at all like this manner of Stepán Arkádevich of burdening strangers with his family affairs. And she saw at once that Levín understood it. It was precisely for this refinement of understanding, for this delicacy, that Dárya Aleksándrovna liked Levín.

"Of course, I understood," said Levín, "that this means only that you wanted to see me, and I am very glad of it. Of course, I imagine that you, as a city housekeeper, find things wild here, and if you need anything, I am entirely at your service."

"Oh, no!" said Dolly. "At first it was inconvenient, but now everything is running all right. Thanks to my old nurse," she said, pointing to Márya Filimónovna, who understood that they were talking about her, and who was smiling a gay and friendly smile at Levín. She knew him, and knew also that he would be a good husband for the young lady, and was anxious for her to marry him.

"Take a seat here, — we will squeeze up a little," she said to him.

"No, I will walk. Children, who will run a race with me against the horses?"

The children knew Levín but little and did not remember him when they saw him, but they did not show toward him that strange feeling of bashfulness and disgust which children frequently experience before grown people who feign, and for which they frequently suffer so painfully. Feigning may deceive the cleverest and most penetrating mind; but the dullest child will discover it and turn away from it in disgust, no matter how artfully it is concealed. Whatever Levín's faults might have been, there was not a sign of hypocrisy in him, and so the children showed him the same friendliness which they discovered in their mother's face. In response to his invitation, the two elder children immediately leaped down to him and ran with him as simply as they would

have run with their nurse, with Miss Hull, or with their mother. Lily, too, begged to be let down to him, and her mother gave her in his charge. He placed her on his shoulder and ran along with her.

“Don’t be afraid, don’t be afraid, Dárya Aleksándrovna!” he said, merrily smiling at the mother, “I won’t hurt or drop her.”

And, looking at his agile, strong, cautious, and overstrained motions, the mother quieted down and smiled at him gaily and approvingly.

Here, in the country, with the children and sympathetic Dárya Aleksándrovna, Levín fell into that childish merry mood which frequently came over him, and which Dárya Aleksándrovna liked so much in him. As he ran with the children, he taught them gymnastics, amused Miss Hull with his miserable English, and told Dárya Aleksándrovna about his occupations in the country.

After dinner, Dárya Aleksándrovna, sitting alone with him on the veranda, began to talk to him about Kitty.

“Do you know, Kitty will be here to pass the summer with me.”

“Indeed?” he said, blushing. To change the subject, he immediately said: “So I shall send you two cows, if you wish. If you want to keep accounts, pay me five roubles a month for each cow, though you ought to be ashamed to mention it.”

“No, thank you. Things are running well now.”

“Well, then I will take a look at your cows, and if you permit me, I shall tell people how to feed them. The whole secret is in the feeding.”

And merely in order to change the subject, Levín began to expound to Dárya Aleksándrovna the theory of the dairy business, which was that a cow was only a machine for the transformation of feed into milk, and so forth.

Though he was talking about this, he was dying to hear the details about Kitty, and at the same time was afraid

of hearing them. He felt terribly at the thought that his rest, which had been acquired by so much labour, would now be destroyed.

“ Yes, but somebody has to watch it all, and who will ? ”
Dárya Aleksándrovna replied, reluctantly.

She had now entrusted the farm to Márya Filimónovna's care, and did not wish to disturb anything in this arrangement ; besides, she had no faith in Levín's knowledge of farming. His disquisition about a cow being only a machine for the production of milk was suspicious to her. It seemed to her that reflections of this kind could only be in the way of farming. She thought that it was all much simpler, — that it was only necessary, as Márya Filimónovna had explained to her, to give Piebald and White-Flank more feed and water, and for the cook not to carry the swill to the laundress's cow. That was clear. But the discussion about grain and grass feeding was doubtful and indistinct. And, above all, she wanted to talk about Kitty.

X.

"KITTY writes to me that there is nothing she wishes so much as solitude and calm," said Dolly, after a silence which had ensued.

"How is her health, better?" Levín asked, in agitation.

"Thank God, she has entirely recovered. I had never any faith in her having any lung trouble."

"Oh, I am very glad!" said Levín, and something touching and helpless, Dolly thought, appeared in his face while he said this and later silently looked at her.

"Listen, Konstantín Dmítrievich," said Dárya Aleksándrovna, smiling her kindly and somewhat sarcastic smile, "why are you angry at Kitty?"

"I? I am not," said Levín.

"Yes, you are. Why did you not call on us or on them when you were in Moscow?"

"Dárya Aleksándrovna," he said, blushing to the roots of his hair, "I am actually surprised that you with your goodness do not feel it. How can you fail to pity me since you know —"

"What do I know?"

"You know that I proposed and that I was refused," muttered Levín, and all the tenderness which a moment ago he had felt for Kitty was changed in his soul for a feeling of malice on account of the insult.

"What makes you think that I knew it?"

"Because everybody knows it."

"Now this time you are mistaken; I did not know it, though I surmised it."

"Ah! Then you know now."

"All I knew was that there was something which tormented her dreadfully, and that she asked me never to speak of it. And if she has not told me, she has not told anybody. Tell me, what was there between you?"

"I have told you what there was."

"When?"

"When I called on you the last time."

"Do you know what I will tell you," said Dárya Aleksándrovna, "I am dreadfully, dreadfully sorry for her. You are suffering only from injured pride —"

"Perhaps," said Levín, "but —"

She interrupted him.

"But I am dreadfully sorry for her, poor girl. Now I understand everything."

"Dárya Aleksándrovna, you must excuse me," he said, getting up. "Good-bye, Dárya Aleksándrovna, good-bye!"

"No, wait!" she said, seizing his sleeve. "Wait, sit down!"

"Please, please, let us not talk of this!" he said, sitting down, and feeling at the same time that the hope which he had thought buried rose and stirred in his heart.

"If I did not like you," said Dárya Aleksándrovna, with the tears appearing in her eyes, "if I did not know you as I do —"

The feeling which Levín had thought dead came more and more to life, rose up, and took possession of his heart.

"Yes, I now understand everything," continued Dárya Aleksándrovna. "You cannot understand it; to you men, who are free and who make the choice, it is always clear whom you love. But a girl in the attitude of expectancy, with her feminine, maidenly bashfulness, a girl who sees you men at a distance and believes everything which is said to her, may be in such a predicament that she does not know what to say."

“Yes, if the heart does not tell —”

“The heart does tell, but just think: you men have intentions on a girl; you call on her, become acquainted, watch, wait your chance, find out whether she is what you love in her, and when you are convinced that you love, you propose —”

“Well, that is not quite right.”

“It makes no difference, — you propose when your love has matured, or when the scale has tipped with one of two choices. But a girl is not asked. You want her to choose herself, but she cannot choose, and only answers ‘Yes,’ or ‘No.’”

“Yes, the choice between me and Vrónski,” thought Levín, and the reviving corpse died again and painfully weighed on his heart.

“Dárya Aleksándrovna,” he said, “thus a dress or a purchase is chosen, but not love. The choice is made, — so much the better — There can be no repetition.”

“Oh, pride, and nothing but pride!” said Dárya Aleksándrovna, as though despising him for the baseness of that sentiment in comparison with that other sentiment which only women know. “Just at the time that you were proposing to Kitty, she was in a condition when she could not answer. She was wavering between you and Vrónski. She saw him every day, while she had not seen you for a long time. Now, if she had been older, — for me, for example, there could have been no wavering. I always hated him, and so it ended.”

Levín recalled Kitty’s reply. She had said “No, it cannot be!”

“Dárya Aleksándrovna,” he said dryly, “I esteem the confidence you place in me; I think you are mistaken. Whether right or wrong, this pride, which you despise so much, makes for me every thought of Katerína Aleksándrovna impossible, — you understand, quite impossible.”

“I will say only this much: you understand that I am

speaking of my sister whom I love as I do my own children. I do not say that she loves you; I only wanted to say that her refusal at that moment does not prove anything."

"I do not know!" said Levín, leaping up. "If you knew how you pain me! It is as though a child of yours had died, and people should say to you, 'He might have been such and such, and could have lived, and you might have had your joy with him.' But he is dead, dead, dead —"

"How funny you are," said Dárya Aleksándrovna, looking with a sad smile at Levín's agitation. "Yes, now I understand more and more," she continued, pensively. "So you will not come to see us when Kitty is here?"

"No, I will not. Of course I will not avoid her, but, wherever possible, I will try to save her the unpleasantness of my presence."

"You are very, very funny," repeated Dárya Aleksándrovna, looking tenderly into his face. "All right, let it be as though we had not talked of it. What did you come for, Tánya?" said Dárya Aleksándrovna, in French, to her daughter who had just entered.

"Where is my spade, mamma?"

"I am talking to you in French, and you must answer me in French."

The girl wanted to do so, but could not think of the French for "spade;" her mother helped her out, and then told her in the same language where to find it. And this seemed disagreeable to Levín.

Everything in Dárya Aleksándrovna's house and in her children now appeared to him less nice than before.

"Why does she talk in French to her children?" he thought. "How unnatural and false it all is! And the children feel it. They are taught French and insincerity," he thought, not knowing that Dárya Aleksándrovna had thought so herself more than twenty times, and yet, at the

risk of insincerity, had found it necessary to instruct the children in that manner.

“Why are you in such a hurry? Sit awhile!”

Levín remained until tea, but his mirth was all gone, and he felt ill at ease.

After tea he went to the antechamber to order up his horses, and when he returned, he found Dárya Aleksándrovna excited, with a disturbed countenance and with tears in her eyes. While Levín was out, there took place an event which suddenly destroyed all of Dárya Aleksándrovna's happiness and pride in her children. Grísha and Tányá had a fight on account of a ball. Hearing cries in the nursery, Dárya Aleksándrovna ran out and found them in a terrible plight. Tányá was holding Grísha's hair, and he, with a face disfigured with rage, struck her with his fist wherever he could. Her heart sank when she saw this, as though darkness had veiled her life: she understood that those children of hers, of whom she had been so proud, were not only most ordinary, but even naughty, badly brought up, bad children, with coarse, animal instincts.

She could not speak or think of anything else, and could not help telling Levín her misfortune.

Levín saw that she was unhappy, and tried to console her, saying that it proved nothing bad, and that all children were in the habit of fighting; but saying this, he thought in his heart: “No, I will not act the clown and talk French with my children; and I shall not have such children; children must not be spoiled and maimed, and they will be fine. Yes, I shall have different children.”

He said good-bye and went away, and she did not try to keep him.

XI.

IN the middle of July the elder of the village belonging to Levín's sister, about twenty versts from Pokróvskoe, came to see Levín with a report about the state of affairs and the mowing. The chief income from his sister's estate was derived from the intervalles. In former years the peasants used to buy the standing hay at twenty roubles the desyatína. When Levín took the estate into his hands, he examined the mowings and found that they were worth more, and so he set the price at twenty-five roubles the desyatína. The peasants would not give him this price and, as Levín suspected, kept off other purchasers. Then Levín went there himself and made arrangements about mowing the fields partly by hired labour and partly on shares. The peasants opposed this innovation all they could, but matters went well, and during the very first year almost double the sum was realized. On the third and past year the peasants had kept up their opposition, but the harvest went on in the same order. During the present year the peasants had taken all the mowings at one-third shares, and the elder came to inform him that the grass had all been mown, and that he, fearing rain, had invited the clerk to be present at the division of eleven of the manor's ricks. From the indefinite answers to his question how much hay there was in the main meadow, from the whole tone of the peasant, Levín understood that there was something wrong in this division of the hay, and he decided to drive down in order to investigate matters on the spot.

He arrived in the village at dinner-time. Leaving the horse with an old peasant, a friend of his and the husband of his brother's nurse, Levín went to see him in his apiary, as he wanted to find out from him the details of the hay harvest. The garrulous, respectable old man, Parménych by name, was glad to see Levín; he showed him his farm and told him all the details about his bees and about the swarming of the present year, but he replied indefinitely and reluctantly to Levín's questions about the haying. This still more confirmed Levín in his suspicions. He went to the meadows to examine the ricks. There could not possibly be fifty wagon-loads in each rick, and, in order to catch the peasants, Levín sent for the wagons that had been hauling the hay and ordered them to take a whole rick to the barn. There were only thirty-two wagons in that lot. In spite of the elder's assurances about the lightness of the hay and its having settled in the ricks, and in spite of his oath that everything had been done in an honest way, Levín insisted that the hay had been divided up without his order, and that he, therefore, did not accept this hay as being fifty wagon-loads to each rick. After long disputes the matter was adjusted in such a way that the peasants took the eleven ricks for themselves, counting them at fifty loads, and the manorial share was made out anew. These parleys and the division of the stacks lasted until supper. When the last of the hay was divided up, Levín entrusted the supervision of the rest to the clerk and sat down on a stack which was marked with a willow stick, to look at the meadow, which was astir with people.

Before him, in the bend of the river, beyond a little bog, moved a variegated line of peasant women, merrily chattering with their sonorous voices, and from the tedded hay rapidly rose gray, winding rows on the bright green aftermath. The women were followed by peasants with pitchforks, and the rows were changed to broad, tall,

puffed-up stacks. On the left, over the cleared field, rumbled the carts, and one after another, pitched off in huge bunches, disappeared the stacks, and in their places rose heavy wagon-loads of fragrant hay, pressing against the backs of the horses.

"Haul it off in good weather! It will make fine hay!" said the old man, sitting down near Levín. "It is tea, and not hay! They are picking it up, as though you threw kernels out for the ducks!" he added, pointing to the growing loads. "They have hauled off a good half since dinner."

"Is it the last?" he shouted to a young lad who, standing on the front of the cart box, was waving the ends of his hempen lines as he drove past.

"The last, sir!" cried the lad. He held back his horse, smilingly looked back at the gay, also smiling, ruddy woman who was sitting in the cart box, and drove on.

"Who is this? Your son?" asked Levín.

"My youngest!" the old man said, with a kindly smile.

"What a fine fellow!"

"Yes, a nice lad."

"Is he married?"

"Yes, he married a Filíppovki woman three years ago."

"Well, any children?"

"Indeed not! For a whole year he did not know a thing, and he is so bashful," replied the old man. "What hay! Real tea!" he repeated, wishing to change the subject.

Levín looked fixedly at Vánka Parménov and his wife. They were pitching a stack not far from him. Vánka Parménov was standing in the wagon, receiving, spreading, and tramping down huge masses of hay, which his pretty wife handed to him, at first in armfuls and then on the pitchfork. The young woman worked lightly, merrily, and nimbly. The heavy, settled hay did not at

once go on the fork. At first she loosened it, then she stuck in the fork and with a flexible and rapid motion leaned against it with all the weight of her body, and, bending her back, which was girded with a red belt, straightened herself up and, displaying her full breast under her white chest-kerchief, with an agile movement caught the fork and threw the hay high up on the wagon. Vánka rapidly caught the bundle with his open arms, evidently wishing to save her every unnecessary minute of work, and spread the hay over the wagon. After having pitched the last hay with the rake, the woman shook off the chaff which had fallen behind her neck and, adjusting the red kerchief over her white, bleached forehead, she crawled under the cart to tie it up. Vánka taught her how to catch on the reach, and burst out a-laughing at something she said. In the expressions of their faces could be seen vigorous, youthful, lately awakened love.

XII.

THE wagon was secured with ropes. Vánka jumped down and led the good, well-fed horse by the bridle. The woman threw the rake on the wagon, and at a brisk gait, waving her arms, went to the women who were assembled for the common song. Vánka reached the road, where he joined a long procession of carts. The women, with rakes over their shoulders, gleaming with their bright colours and chattering with their merry, melodious voices, were walking back of the wagons. A coarse, wild woman's voice started a song and sang it down to the refrain, when some fifty deep and soft, healthy voices unanimously repeated the song from the beginning.

The women, singing, came near to Levín, and he felt as though a thunder-cloud of mirth were moving up to him. The cloud came near and took him in, and the stack on which he was lying, and the other stacks and the wagons, and the whole meadow with the distant field, — everything quaked and fell in with the measure of this wild, hilarious song, with its shouting and whistling and clapping. Levín became envious of this lusty mirth and felt like taking part in the expression of this joy of life. But he could do nothing and had to lie, and look, and listen. When the people with their song disappeared from view and were out of hearing, an oppressive feeling of pining on account of his loneliness, his bodily indolence, and his hostility to this world took possession of him.

A few of those same peasants, who more than the rest had been quarrelling with him on account of the hay, those whom he had offended, or those who had intended to offend him, — these same peasants merrily bowed to him, and evidently had no resentment, and could have none, toward him, and no regret, or even recollection, of having intended to cheat him. All this was drowned in the sea of the merry mass work. God had given the day, and God had given the strength. And the day and the strength were devoted to the work, and in it was its own reward. And for whom was the work? What would be the fruits of the work? Those were secondary and unimportant considerations.

Levín had frequently admired this life and had frequently envied these people who lived this life, but on that day, especially under the influence of what he had seen in Vánka Parménov's relations with his young wife, the thought struck him clearly for the first time that it depended on him to change that oppressive, indolent, artificial, personal life, which he had been living, for this pure, common, charming life of work.

The old man who had been sitting with him had long ago gone home; the peasants had all scattered. Those who were from near-by villages had gone home, and those who were from a distance had assembled in the meadow for supper and for the night. Unnoticed by the people, Levín remained lying on the stack, and looking, listening, and thinking. The people who stayed in the meadow for the night hardly slept any during the whole short summer night. At first he heard a general merry conversation and laughter at their supper, and later again songs and laughter.

The whole long work-day had left no other trace in them than mirth. Before daybreak all grew quiet. One could hear only the nocturnal sounds of the unsilenced frogs in the swamp and of the horses snorting in the

meadow in the mist which rose before morning. Coming to, Levín rose and looked at the stars, and he saw that the night had passed.

"Well, what, then, shall I do? How shall I do it?" he said to himself, trying to give expression to what he had thought and felt through that short night. Everything he had thought and felt could be divided into three separate mental processes. One was the renunciation of his old life, of his absolutely useless education. This renunciation afforded him pleasure and was easy and simple for him. Other thoughts and representations had reference to the life which he wished to live now. He clearly felt the simplicity, purity, and legality of this life, and was convinced that he would find in it that satisfaction, peace, and dignity, the lack of which he felt so painfully. But a third series of thoughts gyrated about the question of how to make this change from the old to the new life. And here nothing presented itself to him clearly. "To have a wife. To have work and the necessity of work. To leave Pokróvskoe? Buy land? Join the Commune? Marry a peasant woman? How can I do it?" he again asked himself, and found no answer. "Well, I have not slept the whole night, and so cannot give myself any clear answer," he said to himself. "I will settle that later. One thing is certain: this night has decided my fate. All my former dreams of a domestic life are nonsense, not the thing," he said to himself. "All this is much simpler and better —"

"How beautiful!" he thought, looking at what resembled a mother-of-pearl shell of white fleecy clouds, which had stopped overhead in the middle of the sky. "How charming everything is in this charming night! And when was this shell formed? It is only a moment ago that I looked at the sky, and there was nothing on it, — only two white stripes. Yes, even thus my views of life have imperceptibly changed."



Meeting of Levin and Kitty
Woodcut from *Anna Karenina* by I. Kramskoy



He left the meadow and walked on the highway toward the village. A breeze rose, and it grew gray and gloomy. It was that murky moment which generally precedes the daybreak, — the complete victory of light over darkness.

Shrinking from the cold, Levín walked rapidly, gazing at the ground. "What is this? Some one is driving," he thought, raising his head, as he heard the tinkling of little bells. About forty paces from him a carriage with its luggage, drawn by four horses, was driving toward him, along the grassy highway on which he was walking. The shaft horses pressed against the shaft to avoid the ruts, but the agile coachman, who was sitting sidewise on his box, kept the shaft along the rut, so that the wheels ran on the smooth road.

This was all Levín noticed. Without thinking who it might be, he absently glanced at the carriage.

An old woman was sleeping in the corner of the vehicle, while at the window, apparently just awakened, sat a young girl, holding with both her hands the ribbons of her white cap. Bright and pensive, all filled with a refined, complicated internal life, which was foreign to Levín, she looked past him at the morning glow in the east.

Just at that moment, as the vision was disappearing, her truthful eyes looked at him. She recognized him, and surprised joy brightened up her face.

He could not have made a mistake. There were no other eyes like those in the world. There was only one being in the world who was capable of focusing for him the whole light and significance of life. It was she. It was Kitty. He understood that she was travelling from the railroad station to Ergushóvo. And everything which had been agitating Levín in that sleepless night, all the resolves which had been made by him, — everything vanished at once. He thought in disgust of his intention of marrying a peasant woman. Only there, in that rapidly receding carriage, which had gone over on the other side of

the road, only there was there a possible solution of the riddle of his life, which of late had weighed so painfully on him.

She did not look out again. The sound of the springs was no longer heard, and the bells were barely audible. The barking of the dogs proved that the carriage had passed the village, — and around him were left the empty fields, the village in front, and he himself, lonely and a stranger to everything, walking alone on the neglected highway.

He looked at the sky, hoping there to find the shell, which he had admired, and which personified to him the march of his thoughts and feelings during the past night. Nothing resembling the shell was now to be seen in the sky. There, in the unattainable height, a mysterious change had already taken place. There was not even a trace of the shell; there was only an even carpet of fleecy clouds growing smaller and smaller, and covering the whole half of the heavens. The sky looked blue and bright, and it replied to his entreating look with the same tenderness, but also with the same inaccessibility.

“No,” he said to himself, “however good this simple life of work may be, I cannot return to it. I love *her*.”

XIII.

NOBODY but those who were nearest to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich knew that this seemingly cold and calculating man had one weakness which ran counter to the general composition of his character. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich could not with indifference hear or see the tears of a child or woman.

The sight of tears undid him, and he at once lost the ability to reflect. The manager of his office and his secretary knew this, and they took care to inform the lady petitioners not to weep, if they did not wish to spoil their cases. "He will get angry, and will not listen to you," they said. And indeed, in such cases the spiritual confusion produced in Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich by tears found its expression in hasty anger. "I cannot do anything for you. Please go away!" he generally cried under such circumstances.

When, returning from the races, Anna had informed him of her relations with Vrónski and soon after had covered her face with her hands and burst out weeping, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, in spite of the resentment which that had evoked in him, at the same time felt the access of that spiritual confusion which tears always produced in him. Knowing this and also that the expression of its feelings at that moment would be incompatible with his situation, he tried to repress in himself every manifestation of life, and so did not stir or look at her. It was this that had caused that strange expression of deadness, which so startled Anna.

When they reached the house, he saw her out of the carriage and, making an effort over himself, bade her good-bye with customary politeness and pronounced those words which did not bind him to anything: he said that he would inform her of his decision on the morrow.

His wife's words, which confirmed his worst suspicions, produced a cruel pain in his heart. This pain was still more increased by that strange sensation of physical compassion for her, which her tears produced in him. But, when he was left all alone in his carriage, he to his surprise and joy experienced a complete liberation from this compassion and from the doubts and pangs of jealousy, which had been tormenting him of late.

He experienced the sensation of a man who has a tooth pulled that has been aching for a long time. After a terrible pain and a sensation of something enormous, something larger than the head itself being pulled out of his jaw, the patient, still incredulous of his happiness, feels that that which so long has poisoned his life and has riveted his whole attention no longer exists, and that he can again live, think, and interest himself in something besides his tooth. It was such a feeling that Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich experienced. The pain had been a strange and terrible one, but now it was past; he felt that he could again live, and think of something other than his wife.

“Without honour, without heart, without religion, a corrupt woman! I have known it and have seen it all the time, though I have tried, pitying her, to deceive myself,” he said to himself. And, indeed, it seemed to him that he had seen it all the time; he recalled the details of his past life, which before that had not appeared bad to him, — but now these details showed clearly that she had always been corrupt. “I made a mistake in uniting my life with hers; but in my mistake there is nothing bad, and so I cannot be unhappy. It is not I who am

guilty," he said to himself, "but she. But that is not any concern of mine. She does not exist for me —"

Everything which would befall her or her son, toward whom his feelings had changed as much as toward her, no longer interested him. What did interest him was the question of how in the best, most decent, and convenient, hence most just, way to shake off that mud, with which she had bedraggled him in her fall, and to continue marching on his path of an active, honest, and useful life.

"I cannot be unhappy because a contemptible woman has committed a crime; I must merely find the best issue out of this grave situation, in which she has placed me. And I will find it," he said to himself, frowning more and more. "I am not the first, and not the last." And, leaving aside historical examples, beginning with Menelaus, — his memory had just been refreshed by "Fair Helen," — a whole series of contemporary cases of women's infidelities to their husbands in high life arose in Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's imagination. "Daryálov, Poltávski, Prince Karibánov, Count Paskúdin, Dram — Yes, and Dram, too — such an honest, fine man — Seménov, Chágin, Sigónin," Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich kept recalling. "It is true, a certain senseless ridicule is attached to these men, but I have never seen anything but misfortune in this, and I have always sympathized with them," he said to himself, though it was not true, as he had never sympathized with misfortunes of this kind, but had always valued himself more highly, the more frequent were the cases of women deceiving their husbands. "It is a misfortune that may befall anybody. And this misfortune has befallen me. The only question is how best to endure this situation." And he began to consider the details of the actions of the men who had been in the same situation with him.

"Daryálov fought a duel —"

Duelling had had a particular attraction for Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich in his youth, for the very reason that he was a physically weak man, and he knew it. He could not think without terror of a pistol directed at him, and had never in all his life handled a weapon. This terror had in his youth made him frequently think of duels, and imagine himself in situations in which he would have to subject his life to dangers. When he gained success and a firm position in life, he entirely forgot that feeling; but the habit of the sentiment prevailed, and the terror before his timidity even now proved so strong that he for a long time and from all sides considered and mentally fondled the question of the duel, although he knew in advance that he would never fight.

“Our society is unquestionably still so savage (not at all as in England) that many,” and among these many were all those whose opinion he esteemed, “will look at a duel from its good side; but what result will be attained? Let us say, I will challenge him,” Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich continued speaking to himself, and, vividly representing to himself the night which he should pass after the challenge, and the pistol directed upon him, he shuddered, and he knew that he should never do it, “let us say, I will challenge him. Suppose I am taught how,” he continued to think. “I shall be placed in position, I will press the trigger,” he said to himself, closing his eyes, “and it will turn out that I have killed him,” he said to himself, shaking his head, in order to dispel these foolish thoughts. “What sense is there in the murder of a man in order to define one’s relation to a criminal wife and to a son? I shall still have to decide what is to be done with her. But, what is more probable still, and what will happen without fail,—I shall be killed or wounded. I, an innocent man, the victim,—am dead or wounded. More senseless still. More than that: a challenge on my part will be a dishonest act. Do I not

know in advance that my friends will never permit me to fight a duel, — that they will not allow the life of a statesman, whom Russia needs, to be subjected to danger? What, then, will happen? It will be this: I, knowing in advance that it will never come to the point of danger, have intended only to gain a certain false splendour by such a challenge. That is dishonest and false and a deception of myself and of others. A duel is unthinkable, and nobody expects it of me. My aim consists in securing my reputation, which I need for an unimpeded continuation of my activity." His official activity, which even before had had a great significance in his eyes, now appeared even more significant to him.

Having discussed and considered the duel, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich turned to divorce, — another issue, chosen by some of the men whom he could think of. Passing in review all the known cases of divorce (there were very many in the highest circles with which he was well acquainted), he did not find one in which the aim of the divorce was what he had in view. In all these cases the husband relinquished or sold his unfaithful wife, and the very party that on account of her guilt had no right to enter into wedlock assumed fictitious, seemingly legalized relations to her putative husband. But Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich saw that in his case the attainment of a legal divorce, that is, of such, in which only the guilty wife should be set aside, was an impossibility. He saw that the complex conditions of life, in which he was, did not admit the possibility of those coarse proofs which the law demanded in order to convict a woman of criminal conduct; he saw that a certain refinement of his life did not even admit the application of these proofs, if they existed, and that the application of these proofs would lower him more than her in public opinion.

An attempt at securing a divorce could only lead to a scandalous lawsuit, which would be a veritable find for

his enemies, for gossip, and for detracting from his high position in the world. But the main object, the definition of his status with the least disturbance, was not attained by means of a divorce. Besides, a divorce, even an attempt at obtaining it, manifestly disrupted his wife's relations with her husband and united her with her lover. But in Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's soul, in spite of his now complete, as he thought, contemptuous indifference toward his wife, there was one feeling left in respect to her, — a disinclination to allow her unimpeded union with Vrónski, and her profiting from her crime. This one thought so irritated Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich that at the mere suggestion of it he grunted from internal pain, raised himself, and changed his position in the carriage, and for a long time afterward, frowning, wrapped his chilly, bony legs in a fluffy plaid.

Outside of a formal divorce, he might act as Karibánov, Paskúdin, and that good Dram had done, that is, separate from his wife, he continued to think, after quieting down; but this measure, too, presented the same inconveniences of disgrace as the divorce, and, above all, like the formal divorce, it threw her into Vrónski's arms. "No, that is impossible, impossible!" he said, loudly, again turning over his plaid. "I cannot be unhappy, but it is necessary that she and he should not be happy."

The feeling of jealousy which had tormented him during the period of uncertainty had disappeared the moment when, by his wife's words, his tooth with the pain was extracted. But this feeling gave way to another, — a desire that she should not triumph and should even get retribution for her crime. He did not acknowledge this feeling, but in the depth of his heart he wanted her to suffer for violating his calm and honour. And again passing in review the conditions of the duel, the divorce, and the separation, and again rejecting them, he convinced himself that there was but one issue, — to keep her, conceal

ing what had happened from the world, and employing all proper measures in order to put a stop to the liaison, and, above all, — a thing which he did not acknowledge to himself, — in order to punish her.

“I must announce my decision to her, which is that, after considering the grave situation in which she has placed her family, all other issues would be worse for both parties than a nominal *in statu quo*, and that I am prepared to observe it, but with the stern proviso that she, on her part, will do my will, that is, will put a stop to her relations with her lover.”

In confirmation of this decision, when finally accepted, an important reflection occurred to Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich. “Only with such a solution do I act in conformity with religion,” he said to himself. “Only with such a solution do I not turn away my wicked wife, but give her a chance to mend, and even — however hard that will be for me — devote part of my powers to mending and saving her.”

Although Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich knew that he could have no moral influence on his wife, and that nothing would come from this attempt at correction, but lies; although, while passing through those oppressive moments, he had not once thought of seeking a guide in religion, — now that his solution coincided with what he thought to be the demands of religion, this religious sanction of his decision afforded him full satisfaction and partial peace. It gave him pleasure to think that even in such an important affair of life no one would be able to say that he did not act in conformity with the tenets of that religion, the banner of which he had always carried high amidst the general chillness and apathy. In considering the further details, Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich could not see why his relations with his wife could not remain almost the same as ever. Of course, he would never be able to return to her his former respect; but

there was no reason, and there could be none, why he should disturb his life and suffer in consequence of her being a bad and unfaithful wife.

“Yes, time, all-mending time, will pass, and our relations will be the same as of old,” he said to himself, “that is, they will be rehabilitated to such an extent that I will not feel the disturbance in the course of my life. She must be unhappy, but I am not guilty, and so cannot be unhappy.”

XIV.

ON nearing St. Petersburg, Aleksy y Aleks ndrovich not only had fully decided on this solution, but had even mentally composed the letter which he would write to his wife. As he entered the porter's lodge, he glanced at the letters and documents which had been brought from the ministry, and ordered them to be taken to his cabinet.

"Put them off, and receive nobody," he said in response to the porter's question, with some degree of pleasure, which served as a symptom of his happy frame of mind, and with an emphasis on the word "nobody."

In the cabinet, he walked twice up and down, and then stopped in front of a large writing-table, on which the valet, who had entered before him, had lighted six candles. He cracked his fingers and sat down, fingering the writing apparatus. Placing his elbows on the table, he inclined his head toward one side, mused for awhile, and began to write, without stopping even for a second. He wrote without addressing her, in French, using the pronoun "you," which does not have that character of chilliness that it has in Russian.

"At our last conversation, I expressed my intention of announcing to you my decision respecting the subject of our conversation. Having carefully considered everything, I write to you for the purpose of carrying out my promise. My decision is as follows: Whatever your acts may be, I do not consider myself empowered to break those

ties by which we are united from above. The family cannot be disrupted by the caprice, the arbitrary will, or even the crime of one of the married pair, and our life must continue as before. That is necessary for my sake, for yours, and for the sake of our son. I am fully convinced that you have repented and regret the act which is the cause of the present letter, and that you will cooperate with me in the attempt to eradicate the cause of our discord, and to forget the past. Contrariwise you can yourself imagine what awaits you and your son. I hope to discuss this matter more fully at a personal meeting. As the summer season is coming to an end, I would ask you to move to St. Petersburg as soon as possible, not later than Tuesday. All necessary arrangements for your journey will be made. I beg you to observe that I ascribe a special significance to the execution of my request.

“A. KARÉNIN.

“P.S. Enclosed you will find some money, which you may need for your expenses.”

He read the letter and was satisfied with it, especially because he had thought of the money enclosure; there was not a cruel word, no rebuke, but also no condescension. The main thing was the golden bridge for her return. Having folded the letter and smoothed it with a large massive ivory knife and placed it with the money in an envelope, he rang the bell with an expression of pleasure, which was always evoked in him when handling his convenient writing apparatus.

“Give it to the courier to take to-morrow to Anna Arkádevna at the summer residence,” he said, rising.

“Yes, your Excellency! Do you wish the tea brought to your cabinet?”

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich ordered the tea in the cabinet and, playing with the massive knife, went to the arm-

chair, near which stood prepared a lamp and lay a half-read book on the Eugubian inscriptions. Above the chair hung an oval portrait of Anna, in a gilt frame, beautifully painted by a famous artist. Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich glanced at it. Her impenetrable eyes looked sarcastically and boldly at him, as on that last night of their explanation. Unbearably bold and provoking appeared to him the sight of the exquisitely painted black lace on her head, of the black hair, and the beautiful white hand with ring-bedecked ring-finger. Looking for about a minute at the portrait, he shuddered so that his lips trembled and produced the sound "brr," and he turned his face away.

He hastily sat down in the chair and opened the book. He tried to read, but was quite unable to revive his former lively interest in the Eugubian inscriptions. He was looking into the book, but thinking of something else. He was thinking, not of his wife, but of a complication which had of late arisen in his administrative activity, and which at that time formed the chief interest of his official life. He felt that he now entered more deeply than ever into that complication, and that his head had given birth, — he could say so without self-flattery, — to a capital idea which would disentangle the whole case, raise him in his official career, defeat his enemies, and, therefore, be of the greatest use to his country.

The moment the servant had put down the tea and left the room, Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich got up and went to the writing-table. He moved the portfolio with the current affairs to the middle of the table, with a faint smile of self-satisfaction took a pencil out of the stand, and buried himself in the reading of the tangled case which had reference to the present complication, and for which he had called.

The complication was as follows: The peculiarity of Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich as a statesman, that characteristic feature, peculiarly his own, which every promising

official has, and which, with his stubborn reserve, honesty, and self-confidence, had made his career, consisted in contempt for red tape, in the abbreviation of correspondences, in the directest possible relation to the live question, and in economy.

It then happened that in the famous commission of the 2d of June was brought up the case of the irrigation of the fields of the Government of Zaráysk, which was under the jurisdiction of Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's ministry, and which presented a glaring example of unprofitable expenditures and of red tape. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich knew that it was true. The case of the irrigation of the fields of the Government of Zaráysk had been begun by the predecessor of Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's predecessor. Indeed, a great deal of money had been spent on this business, in a most unproductive manner, and nothing could manifestly come of it. When Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich took his office, he saw that at once and wanted to lay his hands on this case; but at first, while he did not feel himself yet secure, he knew that it involved too many interests and was unwise; later, when he busied himself with other matters, he entirely forgot this case. Like all other cases, it went on by itself, by the power of inertia. (Many people derived a living from this case, especially a very moral and musical family: all the daughters played on some instruments. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich knew that family, and had given one of the elder daughters away.)

The raising of this case by a hostile ministry was, in Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's opinion, a piece of dishonesty, because in every ministry there were much worse cases, which no one thought of raising, from a certain sense of official decency. But now that they had cast that gauntlet to him, he boldly took it up, and demanded the appointment of a special commission for the study and verification of the labours of the commission which dealt

with the irrigation of the fields of the Government of Zaráysk; and now he showed no mercy to those gentlemen. He demanded also the appointment of a special commission to investigate the condition of the aliens. The case of the condition of the aliens had incidentally been raised in the committee of the 2d of June, and had energetically been defended by Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, as brooking no delay, on account of the pitiful state of the aliens. In the committee this case had called forth rebuttals from several ministries. The ministry which was hostile to Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich proved that the aliens were in a flourishing condition, and if anything was wrong, it was due to the failure of Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich's ministry to carry out the measures which were prescribed by law.

Now Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich intended to demand: first, that a new commission be chosen for the purpose of investigating on the spot the condition of the aliens; secondly, that, if it be found that the condition of the aliens was actually such as appeared from the official data in the hands of the committee, another new, learned commission be appointed to investigate the causes of this hopeless condition of the aliens from the following standpoints, (*a*) the political, (*b*) the administrative, (*c*) the economical, (*d*) the ethnographic, (*e*) the material, and (*f*) the religious; thirdly, that the hostile ministry be requested to furnish information in regard to the measures which in the last decennium had been taken by that ministry in order to ward off those disadvantageous conditions under which the aliens now lived; and fourthly, that the ministry be requested to furnish information why, as was evident from the data in the committee's possession, under numbers 17,015 and 18,308, dated respectively December 5, 1863, and June 7, 1864, it had acted in direct opposition to the fundamental and organic law of Vol. —, Art. 18, and note to Art. 36.

A flush of animation covered Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich's face as he rapidly sketched down a conspectus of these thoughts. After filling a whole sheet of paper, he got up, rang the bell, and sent a note to the manager of the office, asking him to furnish him certain information. He walked up and down the room and, again glancing at the portrait, frowned and smiled contemptuously. Having read for a while the book on the Eugubian inscriptions and renewed the interest in them, he retired at eleven o'clock, and when, lying in his bed, he recalled the affair with his wife, it no longer appeared to him in such a gloomy aspect.

XV.

THOUGH Anna had stubbornly and with resentment contradicted Vrónski, when he had told her that her position was impossible, she in the depth of her soul regarded her position as false and dishonest, and with all her heart wished to change it. On returning with her husband from the races, she in a moment of agitation told him everything, and, in spite of the pain which she experienced in doing so, she was glad of it. When her husband had left her, she said to herself that she was glad that now everything would be clearly defined, and that, at least, there would be no lie and no deception. The pain which she had caused herself and her husband, in saying those words, would now be rewarded, she thought, since everything would be clearly defined. That evening she saw Vrónski, but did not tell him what had taken place between her and her husband, though, to define her position, she ought to have told him.

When she awoke the next morning, the first thing that occurred to her were the words which she had spoken to her husband, and they seemed so terrible to her that she was now unable to comprehend how she could have had the courage to utter those strange, coarse words, and was unable to see what would be the end of it. But the words had been said, and Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich had left without saying anything.

“I saw Vrónski, and did not tell him. The very moment he turned to leave, I wanted to keep him back and tell

him, but changed my mind, because it was so strange I had not told him at first. Why did I not tell him, since I wanted to do so?"

And in reply to this question, a hot blush of shame spread over her face. She knew what it was that had kept her from it; she knew that she was ashamed. Her position, which had seemed to her cleared up on the previous evening, now suddenly not only seemed not cleared up, but actually hopeless. She felt terribly at the thought of the disgrace, of which she had not thought before. The most terrible thoughts came to her as she reflected on what her husband might do. It occurred to her that the manager would come at once to drive her out of the house, and that her disgrace would be proclaimed to the whole world. She asked herself whither she would go if she were driven out of the house, and could find no answer.

When she thought of Vrónski, it seemed to her that he did not love her, that he was getting tired of her, and that she could not offer herself to him, and for this she felt a hostility toward him. It seemed to her that the words which she had said to her husband, and which she kept repeating in her imagination, had been uttered by her in the hearing of all. She did not have the courage to look into the eyes of those with whom she was living. She could not make up her mind to send for her maid, and, still less, to go down-stairs and meet her son and the governess.

The maid, who had for a long time been listening at the door, herself entered the room. Anna looked questioningly into her eyes, and blushed in fright. The maid excused herself for having entered, saying that she thought she had heard the bell. She brought the garments and a note. The note was from Betsy. Betsy reminded her that on that morning Líza Merkálov and Baroness Stolz, with their admirers, Kalúzhski and old man Strémov, would be at her house for a game of croquet. "Come, at

least to make a study of manners. I am waiting for you," she concluded.

Anna read the note and drew a deep sigh.

"I need nothing, nothing," she said to Ánnushka, who was arranging the bottles and brushes on the toilet-table. "Go, I will be dressed in a minute, and will come out. I need nothing, nothing."

Ánnushka went out, but Anna did not dress herself. She remained sitting in the same posture, leaning her head on her arms, and occasionally shuddered with her whole body, as though wishing to make some gesture or say something, and again grew quiet. She kept repeating, "My God! My God!" but neither "my" nor "God" had any meaning for her. Though she never doubted the faith in which she had been brought up, the idea of seeking aid from religion in her position was as foreign to her as invoking Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's aid. She knew in advance that aid from religion was possible only on condition of renouncing everything which formed the whole meaning of life to her. She not only felt oppressed, but also began to experience terror before her new mental state, which she had never known before. She felt that everything was beginning to appear double in her heart, just as objects sometimes seem double to weary eyes. At times she did not know what she was afraid of, or what she wished, whether it was that which was, or that which would be.

"Oh, what am I doing?" she said to herself, suddenly feeling a pain on both sides of her head. When she regained her consciousness, she saw that she was holding her hair at the temples with both her hands and pressing it down. She sprang up and began to walk.

"Coffee is ready, and the mamzelle is waiting with Serézha," said Ánnushka, who had returned and found her in the same attitude.

"Serézha? What about Serézha?" Anna suddenly

asked, with animation, for the first time during the morning recalling the existence of her son.

"He has been naughty, I think," Ánnushka replied, smiling.

"How so?"

"You had some peaches in the corner room; I think he secretly ate one of them."

The reminder about her son brought Anna out of that hopeless position, in which she had been. She recalled that partly sincere, though much exaggerated, rôle of a mother living for her son, which she had assumed in late years, and felt joyfully that in the condition in which she was she had a hold, which was independent of the attitude which she would take toward her husband and toward Vrónski. That hold was her son. In whatever situation she might be, she could never abandon her son. Let her husband disgrace her and drive her away, let Vrónski cool off toward her and continue to lead his independent life (she again thought of him with malice and reproach), she could not abandon her son. She had an aim in life. And she had to act, to act, in order to secure such a position in reference to her son that they could not take him away from her. Indeed, she had to act at once, as soon as possible, so long as they had not yet taken him away from her. She had to take her son and go away with him. That was the one thing she now had to do. She must calm herself and emerge from her painful situation. The thought of the direct work which was connected with her son, and of leaving with him for some unknown place, gave her that calm.

She dressed herself rapidly, went down-stairs, and with determined steps entered the drawing-room where, as usual, the coffee and Serézha with his governess were waiting for her. Serézha, all in white, was standing at the table, beneath a mirror, and, bending his head and back, with an expression of intense preoccupation, which

was familiar to her, and by which he resembled his father, was doing something with the flowers which he had brought.

The governess looked unusually stern. Serézha called out in a piercing voice, such as he frequently had, "Ah, mamma!" and stopped in indecision whether he should throw away the flowers and run to his mother to greet her, or whether he had better first finish his wreath and then go with the flowers to her.

The governess greeted her, and proceeded, in a long and circumstantial manner, to tell of the transgression of which Serézha was guilty, but Anna was not listening to her; she was thinking whether she would take her along. "No, I won't," she decided. "I will go away with only my son."

"Yes, that is very bad," said Anna. She took her son by the shoulder, not with a stern, but with a timid glance, which confused and delighted the boy, looked at him, and kissed him. "Leave him with me," she said to the surprised governess, and, without letting her son's hand out of hers, she seated herself at the table, on which stood her coffee.

"Mamma! I—I—did not—" he said, trying to make out from the expression of her face what was in store for him on account of the peach.

"Serézha," she said, the moment the governess had left the room, "that was bad, but you will not do it again, will you? Do you love me?"

She felt that tears were standing in her eyes. "How can I help loving him?" she said to herself, gazing at his frightened and at the same time delighted face. "Could he stand by his father in condemning me? Will he not pity me?" The tears were already coursing down her cheeks, and, in order to conceal them, she rose with a start and almost ran out on the terrace.

After the storm of the last few days, the weather had

become cold and clear. Even with the bright sun beating through the rain-washed leaves, the air was cold.

She shuddered from the cold and from the internal terror, which took possession of her with new strength in the pure air.

"Go, go to Mariette," she said to Serézha, who had followed her out. She began to walk over the straw carpet of the terrace. "Is it possible they will not forgive me? Will they not understand that it could not have been otherwise?" she said to herself.

As she stopped to look at the tops of the aspens shaking in the wind, with their rain-washed leaves that gleamed brightly in the cold sun, she understood that they would not forgive, and that everything and everybody would be pitiless to her, like that sky, like that verdure. And again she felt that things were becoming double in her heart. "I must not, I must not think," she said to herself. "I must get ready. Whither? When? Whom shall I take with me? Yes, to Moscow, by the evening train. Ánnushka and Serézha, and only the most necessary things. But first I must write to both." She went hurriedly into the house and to her cabinet, seated herself at the table, and wrote to her husband:

"After what has happened, I can no longer remain in your house. I am going away, and taking my son with me. I do not know the law, and so do not know with what parent the child must stay; but I take him with me because I cannot live without him. Be magnanimous and leave him with me!"

Up to that point she wrote rapidly and naturally, but her appeal to his magnanimity, which she did not acknowledge in him, and the necessity for concluding the letter in a touching manner arrested her.

"I cannot speak of my guilt and repentance, because —"

Again she stopped, finding no connection in her

thoughts. "No," she said to herself, "it is not necessary," and, tearing the letter, she rewrote it, leaving out the reference to his magnanimity.

Another letter had to be written to Vrónski. "I have informed my husband," she wrote, and remained sitting for a long time, unable to proceed. That was so coarse, so little feminine. "What can I write him after that?" she asked herself. Again a blush of shame covered her face; she recalled his calm, and a feeling of annoyance made her tear into shreds the sheet of paper with the sentence written upon it. "It is not at all necessary," she said to herself, and, putting away the blotting-case, she went up-stairs, told the governess and the servants that she was going to Moscow that evening, and immediately proceeded to pack her things.

XVI.

JANITORS, gardeners, and lackeys were walking through all the rooms of the summer-house, carrying things out. The safes and chests of drawers were open; twice they went to the shop to buy twine; on the floor newspapers were scattered. Two trunks, bags, and a bundle of plaids were taken down to the antechamber. Anna, who during the work of packing had forgotten her inner trouble, was packing her travelling-bag, standing at the table in her cabinet, when Ánnushka directed her attention to the rumble of an approaching carriage. Anna looked through the window and saw at the porch Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's courier, who was ringing the front door-bell.

"Go and find out what he wants," she said, sitting down on a chair with calm readiness for everything, and folding her hands on her knees.

A lackey brought a fat package addressed in Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's own hand.

"The courier has been ordered to bring back an answer," he said.

"All right," she said. The moment he went out, she with trembling fingers tore the letter open. A roll of smooth, uncrumpled bank-bills, with a band around them, fell out of it. She drew out the letter and began to read it from the end. "I have made arrangements for your journey, I ascribe a significance to the execution of my request," she read. She ran it over and back again, read it all, and once more read the letter from the beginning. When she was through, she felt cold, and knew that

a terrible misfortune, such as she had not expected, had come down upon her head.

In the morning she had regretted what she had said to her husband, and had wished for nothing more than that the words might have been unuttered. Now this letter recognized these words as unsaid, and gave her what she had wanted. But now the letter appeared more terrible to her than anything she could imagine.

“He is right, he is right!” she said. “Of course, he is always right, — he is a Christian, he is magnanimous! Yes, a low, base man! And no one but me understands this, or will ever understand; and I cannot explain it to anybody. They say that he is a religious, moral, honest, clever man; but they do not see what I have seen. They do not know that for eight years he has choked the life out of me, has choked everything living in me, — that he has not once thought of the fact that I am a living woman who needs love. They do not know how he has offended me at every step, and remained satisfied with himself. Have I not tried, tried with all my strength, to find a justification for my life? Have I not tried to love him, to love my son, when it was no longer possible to love my husband? But the time came, and I understood that I could no longer deceive myself, that I am alive, that I am not guilty, that God has made me such that I must love and live. And what now? If he killed me, if he killed him, — I should have endured it all, should have forgiven it, but no, he —

“Why did I not foresee what he would do? He will do what is in conformity with his base character. He will remain in the right, and me, the ruined woman, he will ruin more and more —” “You may imagine yourself what awaits you and your son,” she recalled the words of the letter. “That is a threat that he will take my son away, and, no doubt, their stupid laws allow that. Do I not know what he says this for? He does not be-

lieve in my love for my son, or despises (has he not always made fun of it?) — despises this feeling of mine; but he knows that I will not abandon my boy, that I cannot give him up, that without him there can be no life for me even with the man whom I love, and that, in abandoning my son and running away from him, I will act as the lowest, most debased woman, — he knows it, and he knows that I shall not have the strength to do so.”

“Our life must proceed as before,” she recalled another sentence of the letter. “That life has been painful before, and it was terrible of late. What will it be now? And he knows all this, he knows that I cannot regret breathing and loving; he knows that outside of lying and deception nothing will come of it; but he must continue tormenting me. I know him; I know that, like a fish in the water, he swims in lies and enjoys them. But no, I will not afford him that pleasure, — I will tear to pieces that cobweb of lies in which he wants to ensnare me. Come what may! Anything is better than lying and deception!

“But how? My God! Has woman ever been so unhappy as I am?

“No, I will tear it, I will tear it!” she exclaimed, leaping up, and holding back her tears. And she went up to the writing-desk, in order to write him another letter. But in the depth of her soul she already felt that she would not be able to tear anything, that she would not have the strength to emerge from that situation, no matter how false and dishonest it was.

She sat down at the writing-desk, but, instead of writing, she placed her arms on the table, put her head upon them, and burst out a-weeping, sobbing, and shaking with her whole bosom, as only children weep. She wept because her dream of clearing up and defining her situation was for ever destroyed. She knew in advance that everything would remain as of old, and even worse than

of old. She felt that that position in the world which she had enjoyed, and which in the morning had seemed so insignificant to her, was after all dear to her; that she would not have the strength to exchange it for the disgraceful position of a woman who had abandoned her husband and her son, in order to join her lover; that, no matter how much she might try, she would not be stronger than she was. She would never experience the freedom of love, but would for ever remain a transgressing woman, in danger of conviction at any moment, and deceiving her husband for the sake of a disgraceful union with an independent stranger, with whom she could not live one life. She knew that it would be so, and, at the same time, this was so terrible that she could not even imagine how it would all end. And so she wept, without restraining herself, as weep children who have been punished.

The footsteps of the lackey, who was approaching, made her regain her consciousness. Hiding her face from him, she pretended to be writing.

"The courier is asking for an answer," the lackey reported.

"An answer? Yes," said Anna, "let him wait! I will ring the bell."

"What can I write?" she thought. "What can I decide by myself? What do I know? What do I want? What do I love?" She began to feel once more that her heart was doubling. She was again frightened at this feeling and grasped the first excuse for an activity which could take her away from her thoughts of herself. "I must see Aleksyéy" (thus she mentally called Vrónski); "he alone can tell me what I should do. I will go to Betsy's,—maybe I shall find him there," she said, forgetting entirely that the evening before, when she had told him that she should not be at the house of Princess Tverskóy, he had told her that he would not go there for that reason. She went up to the table, and wrote to her husband, "I

have received your letter. A.," and, ringing the bell, gave the note to the lackey.

"We shall not leave," she said to Ánnushka, who had entered.

"Not at all?"

"No. Don't put away things until to-morrow, and leave the carriage! I will go to the princess."

"Which dress shall I get ready?"

XVII.

THE croquet party, to which Princess Tverskóy invited Anna, was to consist of two ladies with their admirers. These two ladies were the chief representatives of a select St. Petersburg circle which was called, in imitation of the imitation of something, "*Les sept merveilles du monde.*" These ladies, it is true, belonged to the highest circle, but one which was entirely hostile to the circle which Anna frequented. Besides, old Strémov, one of the influential men of St. Petersburg, Liza Merkálov's admirer, was officially Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's enemy. Considering that, Anna did not wish to go to Betsy's, and the hints in the note of Princess Tverskóy had reference to this refusal to attend. But now Anna intended to go there, in the hope of seeing Vrónski.

Anna arrived at Betsy's house before the other guests.

Just as she entered, Vrónski's lackey, with well-groomed side-whiskers, resembling a page of the chamber, was entering, too. He stopped at the door and, taking off his cap, let her pass first. Anna recognized him, and then only remembered that Vrónski had told her the night before that he would not come. No doubt he was sending a note to that effect.

As she took off her wraps in the antechamber, she heard the lackey, who pronounced his *r*'s like a page of the chamber, saying, "From the count to the princess," as he handed the note.

She wanted to ask where his master was. She wanted to go back and send him a letter asking him to come to

her house, or herself to go to see him. But it was impossible to do any of these things; the bells had been rung to announce her arrival, and the lackey of Princess Tverskóy had already wheeled half-way around at the open door, waiting for her to pass into the inner apartments.

"The princess is in the garden, — you will be announced at once. Would you not like to go to the garden?" another lackey reported in another room.

The situation of indecision and indefiniteness was the same it had been at home; it was even worse, for it was impossible to undertake anything; she could not see Vrónski, and yet had to stay there, in strange company, which was so contrary to her present mood, but she wore a robe which she knew was becoming to her; she was not alone, around her was that habitual circumstance of idleness, and she felt more at ease than at home; she did not have to think what to do. Everything took place mechanically. Upon meeting Betsy in a white robe, which startled Anna by its elegance, Anna smiled at her, as she always did. The princess was walking with Tushkévich and with a young lady relative of hers, who, to the delight of her provincial parents, was passing the summer with the famous princess.

Evidently there was something peculiar about Anna, for Betsy noticed it at once.

"I had a bad night," replied Anna, gazing at the lackey who was coming toward them, and who, according to her calculations, was bringing a note from Vrónski.

"How glad I am that you have come," said Betsy. "I am tired, and just wanted to drink a cup of tea, before they arrive. But you had better go," she turned to Tushkévich, "with Másha and try the croquet-ground, where the grass has been clipped. And we will have a cosy chat at the tea, won't we?" she turned to Anna, with a smile, pressing her hand, in which she was holding her parasol.

"The more so since I cannot stay long with you, — I

must by all means hurry on to old Madame Vrède's. It is more than a hundred years ago that I promised her to call," said Anna, for whom lies, so foreign to her nature, had become not only simple and natural in society, but even pleasant to her. She was quite unable to understand why she said this, of which she had not thought a second before. The only consideration which led her to say it was that, since Vrónski would not be there, she had to secure her freedom and try in one way or another to see him. But why she had mentioned the old maid of honour, Madame Vrède, with whom she had no more business than with anybody else, was more than she could tell, and yet, as it proved later, she could not have used a more sagacious means for meeting Vrónski.

"No, I will not let you go for anything in the world," replied Betsy, looking fixedly at Anna. "Really, I should be insulted, if I did not love you so much. You act as though you were afraid lest my company should compromise you. Please, bring us the tea to the small drawing-room," she said, half-closing her eyes as she always did when she spoke to a lackey.

She took the note from him and read it.

"Aleksyáy has given us the slip," she said, in French. "He writes that he cannot be here," she added, in such a simple, natural tone, as though it could never have occurred to her that Vrónski could have any other meaning for Anna than merely that of a partner in the game of croquet. Anna knew that Betsy knew everything, but whenever she heard her talk of Vrónski in her presence, she for a moment made herself believe that she did not know anything.

"Ah!" Anna said, indifferently, as though taking little interest in the matter. She continued, smiling: "How can your company compromise anybody?"

This play with words, this concealment of the secret, had a great charm for Anna, as for all women. It was not

the necessity of concealing, nor the end for which anything was concealed, but the process of concealing itself which attracted her.

"I cannot be more Catholic than the Pope," Anna continued. "Strémov and Líza Merkálov are the cream of the cream of society. Then, they are everywhere received, and *I*," she emphasized the word *I*, "have never been severe and intolerant. I have simply no time for it."

"Well, you probably do not wish to meet Strémov. Let him break lances with Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich in the committee,—that does not concern us. But in society he is the most charming man that I know of, and he is an impassioned croquet player. You will see for yourself. In spite of his ridiculous situation as Líza's old lover, you ought to see how he works himself out of that ridiculous situation! He is very sweet. Don't you know Sapho Stolz? She is a new, an entirely new style."

Betsy was saying all that, but Anna in the meantime felt, from her merry, intelligent glance, that she partly divined her situation and was concocting something. They were in a small cabinet.

"Still, I must write to Aleksyéy," and Betsy seated herself at the table, wrote a few lines, and put the note into an envelope.

"I tell him to come to dinner. One of my ladies will be left at dinner without a gentleman. See whether it is convincing. Excuse me, but I will leave you for a minute. Please seal it and send it off," she said at the door. "I have to attend to something."

Without thinking for a moment, Anna sat down at the table with Betsy's letter, and, without reading it, added at the bottom: "I must see you. Come to Vréde's garden. I will be there at six." She sealed the note, and Betsy, upon returning, sent the letter away in her presence.

Indeed, at the tea, which was brought to them on a

small tray table into a small, cool drawing-room, the two women entered into a cosy chat, such as Princess Tverskóy had promised her before the arrival of the guests. They gossiped about all whom they expected, and the conversation stopped on Líza Merkálov.

"She is very sweet, and has always been sympathetic to me," said Anna.

"You must love her. She raves about you. Yesterday she came up to me after the races and was in despair because she did not find you. She says that you are a real heroine of a novel, and that if she were a man she would do foolish, rash acts on your account. Strémov says that she does them anyway."

"But tell me, I have never been able to understand," said Anna, after some silence and in a tone which showed conclusively that she was not putting an idle question, but that what she was asking was of greater importance to her than it ought to have been, "tell me, what are her relations with Prince Kalúzhski, who is called Míshka. I have not met them much. What are they?"

Betsy smiled with her eyes and looked fixedly at Anna.

"A new fashion," she said. "They have all chosen this new fashion. They have thrown their caps beyond the mills. But there are fashions and fashions in throwing them away."

"Yes, but what are her relations with Kalúzhski?"

Betsy suddenly laughed a merry, unrestrained laugh, which did not happen with her often.

"You are reaching over into the sphere of Princess Myágki. That is the question for a terrible child," and Betsy evidently wanted to restrain herself, but could not, and burst out into that contagious laughter which is characteristic of people who laugh rarely. "We must ask them," she said, through tears of laughter.

"No, you are laughing," said Anna, herself involuntarily becoming infected by the laughter, "but I have never been

able to understand. I do not understand the rôle of the husband in that case."

"The husband? Líza Merkálov's husband carries her plaids after her, and is always ready to serve her. But what else there is about it, nobody cares to know. You know, in good society people do not speak or even think of certain details of the toilet. So it is with this."

"Will you be at Rolandaki's fête?" asked Anna, to change the subject.

"I think not," replied Betsy. Without looking at her friend, she began cautiously to fill the small translucent cups with fragrant tea. She pushed a cup over to Anna, took a pachitos and, sticking it into a silver cigarette pipe, lighted it.

"You see, I am in a happy situation," she began, now without laughing, taking her cup into her hand. "I understand you, and I understand Líza. Líza is one of those naïve natures who, like children, do not understand what is good and what bad. At least she did not understand when she was very young. And now she knows that this lack of understanding is becoming to her. Now she probably does not understand on purpose," Betsy said, with a refined smile. "Still, it is becoming to her. You see, the same thing may be looked upon from its tragic side, and be made a torture, or you may look at it simply and even gaily. It may be that you are inclined to look too tragically at things."

"How I should like to know others as well as I know myself," Anna said, seriously and pensively. "Am I worse than others, or better? I think, worse."

"A terrible child! A terrible child!" repeated Betsy. "But here they are."

XVIII.

STEPS were heard and a male voice, then a woman's voice and laughter, and thereupon the guests entered, Sapho Stolz and a young man beaming with the superabundance of health, nicknamed Váška. It was evident that his body had profited from his diet of rare beef, truffles, and Burgundy. Váška bowed to the ladies and looked at them, but only for a second. He entered the drawing-room after Sapho, and followed her even in the room, as though he were tied to her, and did not take his sparkling eyes off her, as though he wanted to devour her. Sapho Stolz was a blonde with black eyes. She entered with small brisk steps on the high heels of her half-shoes, and in a firm and manly fashion pressed the hands of the ladies.

Anna had not yet met this new celebrity, and was startled by her beauty, by the extreme to which her toilet was carried, and by the boldness of her manners. On her head there was such a scaffolding of a coiffure, produced by her own hair and by false locks of a delicately golden hue, that the head was equal in size to her superbly arched bust, which was very bare in front. The impetuosity of her motion was such that with every turn the forms of her knees and of the upper parts of her legs were defined beneath her garment, and involuntarily the question presented itself of where, behind, in that bolstered, wavy mountain, her real, small, and stately body, so bared above and so concealed behind and below, actually ended.

Betsy hastened to make her acquainted with Anna.

"Just think of it, — we came very near crushing two soldiers," she began to tell, blinking, smiling, and jerking back her train, which she had thrown too much on one side. "I was driving with Váška — oh, yes, you are not acquainted." And she, calling the young man by his family name, introduced him and, blushing, sonorously laughed at her blunder in calling him Váška to a stranger. Váška once more bowed to Anna, but did not say anything to her. He turned to Sapho: "The bet is lost; we arrived the first. You must pay it," he said, smiling.

Sapho smiled more gaily still.

"Not now," she said.

"It makes no difference, — I will get it later."

"All right, all right! Oh, yes!" she suddenly turned to the hostess. "I am a nice one — I forgot — I have brought you a guest. Here he is."

The unexpected young guest, whom Sapho had brought with her and whom she had forgotten, was such an important guest that, in spite of his youth, both ladies rose to receive him.

This was Sapho's new admirer. He now followed at her heels, like Váška.

Soon after came Prince Kalúzhski and Líza Merkálov with Strémov. Líza Merkálov was a slender brunette with an indolent Eastern type of face and charming, unfathomable eyes, as everybody said. The character of her dark toilet (Anna noticed it and appreciated it at once) was in complete harmony with her beauty. Líza was as soft and loose as Sapho was firm and snug.

But to Anna's taste Líza was much more attractive. Betsy had said of her before Anna that she had taken upon herself the rôle of an unknowing child, but when Anna saw her, she felt that it was not true. She was indeed an unknowing and spoilt, but sweet and irresponsible woman. It is true her tone was the same as Sapho's; like Sapho, she was followed, as though they were sewed

to her, by two admirers, a young and an old man, who devoured her with their eyes ; but there was something in her which was higher than what surrounded her, — there was in her the sparkle of the pure water of a diamond among glass. This sparkle gleamed in her superb, indeed unfathomable eyes. The weary and, at the same time, passionate glance of these eyes, which were surrounded by a dark ring, startled one by their absolute sincerity. As a person looked into these eyes, he thought that he knew all of her, and, knowing her, he could not help loving her. At the sight of Anna, all her face was suddenly lighted up by a joyous smile.

“ Oh, how glad I am to see you ! ” she said, walking over to her. “ I wanted to go up to you yesterday at the races, but you were gone. I wanted so much to see you yesterday. Don't you think it was terrible ? ” she said, looking at Anna with her glance which seemed to reveal her whole soul.

“ Yes, I had not expected to become so agitated, ” Anna said, blushing.

The company just then rose to go into the garden.

“ I will not go, ” said Líza, smiling, and seating herself close to Anna. “ You won't go there either, will you ? What pleasure is there in playing croquet ? ”

“ Oh, I like it, ” said Anna.

“ Now, how do you manage to keep from feeling dull ? It makes one gay to look at you. You are living, but I feel dull. ”

“ How so ? But you are the gayest company in St. Petersburg, ” said Anna.

“ It may be that those who are not of our company feel duller still ; but we, I certainly, do not at all feel happy, but terribly, terribly dull. ”

Sapho lighted a cigarette and went into the garden with the two young men. Betsy and Strémov remained sitting at their tea.

"How could it be dull?" said Betsy. "Sapho says that they had a fine time last night at your house."

"Oh, how tiresome it was!" said Líza Merkálov. "We all went to my house after the races. Eternally the same and the same people! And eternally the same thing! They pressed down the sofas all the evening. Where is there the merriment? No, how do you manage to keep dulness away?" she again turned to Anna. "It is enough to look at you to see that here is a woman who may be happy or unhappy, but who feels no ennui. Teach me how you do it."

"I do not do it at all," replied Anna, blushing from these inquisitive questions.

"Now this is the best manner," Strémov interposed. Strémov was about fifty years of age, half-gray, still fresh, very homely, but with an impressive and clever face. Líza Merkálov was his wife's niece, and he passed all his free hours with her. On meeting Anna Karénin, he, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's official enemy, as a worldly and clever man, tried to be particularly attentive to her, the wife of his enemy.

"Not at all," he interposed, with a thin smile, "is the best means. I have been telling you all the time," he turned to Líza Merkálov, "that, in order not to feel ennui, you must not think that it is going to be dull. It is just the same as that you must not be afraid that you will not fall asleep, if you are afraid of sleeplessness. Anna Arkádevna has told you precisely the same."

"I should be very happy to have said so, because it is not only clever, but the truth," Anna said, smiling.

"No, tell me why we cannot fall asleep and why we cannot help feeling ennui."

"In order to fall asleep, we must work a little, and in order to make merry, we must work, too."

"Why should I work, since my work is of no use to any one? But I cannot and will not feign."

"You are incorrigible," said Strémov, without looking at her. He again addressed Anna.

As he met Anna but rarely, he could say nothing but trite things to her, but he told her those trite phrases about her moving to St. Petersburg and about how Lídiya Ivánovna loved her with an expression which showed that he wanted with his whole soul to be agreeable to her and to express his respect for her and even more.

Tushkévich entered, and announced that the company was waiting for the croquet players.

"No, don't go away, if you please," Líza Merkálov begged her, when she heard that Anna was going to leave. Strémov joined her.

"The contrast is too great," he said, "to leave this company and go to old Madame Vréde. Besides, for her you will only be an opportunity for malicious remarks, while here you evoke only the very best of feelings, such as are the very opposite to calumny," he said to her.

Anna for a moment wavered in indecision. The flattery of that clever man, the naïve, childish sympathy which Líza Merkálov showed her, and all these habitual, worldly surroundings, — all that was so light, and something so very heavy was in store for her, that for a moment she was undecided whether she had better not stay and put off the oppressive minute of the explanation. But, on reflecting what awaited her at home if she did not make some resolve, and recalling that gesture when she grasped her hair with both her hands, which was terrible to her even in imagination, she said good-bye and departed.

XIX.

VRÓNSKI, in spite of his seemingly frivolous society life, was a man who despised disorder. When he was young, attending the military school, he had experienced the humiliation of a refusal when, becoming financially embarrassed, he had asked for a loan, and since then he had not once allowed himself to be placed in such a situation.

In order always to have his affairs in shape, he, according to circumstances, more or less frequently, about five times a year, retired and cleared up his affairs. This he called squaring up, or *faire la lessive*.

On awakening late the next morning after the races, Vrónski, without shaving himself or bathing, put on his bedgown and, placing his money, bills, and letters on the table, went to work. Petrítski knew that in such circumstances he generally was angry, so, upon waking and discovering his comrade at the writing-desk, he quietly dressed himself and went out, without disturbing him.

Every man who knows down to the minutest details the whole complexity of the conditions surrounding him involuntarily supposes that the complexity of these conditions and the difficulty of clearing them up is only his personal, accidental peculiarity, and does by no means assume that others are surrounded by just such a complexity of their own personal conditions as he himself. Even thus it appeared to Vrónski. And he thought, not without internal pride and without any foundation, that any other man would have become entangled long ago

and would have been compelled to act badly, if he had been in a similar, difficult situation. But Vrónski felt that now was the time for him to cast his accounts and clear up his state of affairs, in order not to become entangled.

The first thing Vrónski took up, as being the easiest, was his monetary affairs. On a sheet of letter-paper he wrote down in his fine hand everything he owed, added up the sum, and found that he owed seventeen thousand and some hundreds, which he rejected for clearness' sake. He counted up his money and what was in his bank-book, and found that he had eighteen hundred roubles left, and there was no prospect of getting any more money before New Year. Vrónski read over the list of his debts and copied it, dividing it into three categories. In the first he wrote down all the debts which had to be paid immediately, or, in any case, for which he had to have money on hand, so that when it was demanded there would not be a moment of delay. Such debts amounted to about four thousand roubles: fifteen hundred roubles for a horse, and twenty-five hundred roubles as security for his young comrade Venévski, who had lost that sum to a cheat, in Vrónski's presence. Vrónski had offered that sum at the time (he had it with him), but Venévski and Yáshvin insisted that they would pay and not Vrónski, who had not been playing at all. All that was very nice, but Vrónski knew that in that nasty affair, in which he had taken part only to the extent of verbally going security for Venévski, he needed the twenty-five hundred roubles, in order to throw them at the cheat, and have nothing more to do with him. Thus, in this important category, he needed four thousand roubles.

The eight thousand roubles of the second division were less important debts. These had been contracted mainly in connection with the racing stable, and were owing to the oats and hay dealer, the Englishman, the harness-

maker and so forth. Of these debts he had to pay about two thousand roubles, to be entirely at his ease.

The last division of the debts, — to shops, hotels, and the tailor, — were such as gave him no concern. Thus he needed at the least six thousand roubles for current expenses, whereas he had only eighteen hundred roubles on hand.

For a man with an annual income of one hundred thousand roubles, at which Vrónski's fortune was estimated by everybody, it would seem that such debts could not be embarrassing; but the trouble was that he was far from having that income. His enormous paternal estate, which in itself brought in as much as two hundred thousand roubles a year, was undivided between the brothers. When his elder brother, who had an immense pile of debts, married Princess Várya Chírkov, the daughter of a Decembrist without any fortune, Aleksyéy transferred to him the whole income from his father's estate, securing for himself only twenty-five thousand roubles a year. Aleksyéy then told his brother that that amount would do him so long as he was not married, and that, no doubt, he should never marry. His brother, who was in command of one of the most expensive regiments, and who had just married, could not refuse that gift.

His mother, who had her separate fortune, gave Aleksyéy an additional twenty thousand roubles a year, and he spent it all. Of late, his mother, provoked at his liaison and his departure from Moscow, had quit sending him the money. In consequence of this, Vrónski, who had arranged his life on a scale of forty-five thousand roubles a year, and who now received only twenty-five thousand, was in an embarrassing situation. To emerge from it, he could not ask his mother for any money. Her last letter, received by him the day before, irritated him more especially on account of the hints which it contained that she was prepared to help him succeed in the

world and in service, but not in a life which scandalized all good society. His mother's attempt at bribing him offended him to the depth of his soul, and still more cooled him off toward her.

But he could not retract the magnanimous promise, though he felt now, dimly foreshadowing certain events in his relation with Anna, that his magnanimous promise had been made too frivolously, and that he, a bachelor, might be in need of the whole one hundred thousand roubles of his income. But it was impossible to retract. He had only to think of his brother's wife, to recall how sweet, dear Vára took every opportunity to tell him that she was mindful of his magnanimity, and that she appreciated it, in order to understand the impossibility of taking the gift back. It was as impossible as striking a woman, stealing, or lying.

There was one thing possible and peremptory, and Vrónski made that decision without a moment's hesitation: to borrow money of a usurer, say ten thousand roubles, about which there could be no difficulty, in general to cut down his expenses, and to sell his race-horses. Having decided upon that, he immediately wrote a note to Rolandaki, who had more than once offered to buy his horses of him. Then he sent for the Englishman and for the money-lender, and apportioned the money which he had according to his list. This done, he wrote a sharp, cold answer to his mother. Then he took three of Anna's notes out of his pocketbook, read them, and burned them; recalling the conversation he had had with her on the previous day, he fell to musing.

XX.

VRÓNSKI'S life was particularly felicitous in that he had a code of rules which definitely determined what he had to do, and what not. The code of these rules embraced a very small circle of conditions, but then, these rules were indubitable, and Vrónski, who never left that circle, never wavered in the execution of what had to be done. These rules settled it beyond any doubt that a cheat must be paid and a tailor need not be; that it was not right to lie to men, but to a woman it was allowable; that one must not deceive any one but a husband; that insults must not be forgiven, but that one might insult others, and so forth. All these rules might be senseless and bad, but they were indubitable, and, carrying them out, Vrónski felt that he was calm and could hold his head high. Only during the very last time, in respect to his relations with Anna, he began to feel that the code of his rules did not entirely determine all the conditions, and in the future there presented themselves difficulties and doubts, in which Vrónski no longer found a guiding thread.

His present relations to Anna and her husband were to him simple and clear. They were clearly and precisely determined in his code of rules by which he was guided.

She was a decent woman, who had given him her love, and he loved her, and so she was for him a woman who was worthy of the same respect or even of a greater respect than a legal wife. He would sooner have allowed an arm of his to be chopped off than to offend her by a

word or a hint, or by not showing her the highest degree of respect on which a woman might count.

His relations to society were also clear. All might know and suspect it, but no one could dare to speak of it. But if they did, he was prepared to silence the talkers and make them respect the non-existing honour of the woman whom he loved.

His relations to her husband were clearest of all. From the moment that Anna loved Vrónski, he considered his own right inalienable. Her husband was only a superfluous, interfering person. To be sure, he was in a pitiable plight, but what was to be done? There was but one thing her husband had a right to, and that was to demand satisfaction with a weapon in his hands, and this Vrónski had been prepared to give from the first moment.

But of late new, internal relations between him and her had appeared, and these frightened him by their indefiniteness. It was only the day before that she had informed him of her pregnancy. And he felt that this news and what she expected of him demanded something which was not fully defined in the code of those rules by which he was guided in life. Indeed, he was taken at unawares, and in the first moment, when she told him of her condition, his heart prompted him to ask her to leave her husband. He had told her so, but now, after reflection, he saw clearly that it would be better to do without that; at the same time, saying this to himself, he was afraid that that might be bad.

“If I told her to leave her husband, it means that she is to join me: am I ready for it? How shall I take her away when I have no money? Of course, I might arrange matters — But how shall I take her away while I am connected with the army? If I said it, I must be prepared for it, that is, I must have money, and resign my commission.”

He fell to musing. The question whether to ask for his

dismissal or not led him to another, secret interest of his whole life, known to him alone and his chief concern, even though it was concealed.

Ambition had been the old dream of his childhood and youth, — a dream which he did not acknowledge to himself, but which was nevertheless so strong that even now that passion struggled with his love. His first steps in the world and in the army had been successful, but two years before he had made a bad blunder. Wishing to show his independence and to be promoted, he had declined a position offered to him, in the hope that the refusal would increase his worth; but it turned out that he had been too bold, and he was left alone; and, having unwittingly gained the reputation of an independent man, he bore it, carrying himself very shrewdly, as though he had no grudge against any one, did not consider himself offended, and wished only to be left alone because he was so happy.

In reality he had ceased being happy ever since last year when he had gone to Moscow. He felt that that independent position of a man who could do everything but did not want to was beginning to wear off, and that many were beginning to think that he could not do anything but be a good, honest fellow. His liaison with Anna, which produced such a stir and directed the universal attention to him, gave him a new splendour and for awhile pacified the gnawing worm of ambition within him, but the week before that worm had awakened with renewed vigour. The friend of his childhood, belonging to the same circle and the same society with him, and his schoolmate at the military academy, Serpukhovskóy, who had graduated the same year with him, and who had been his rival in his studies, and at gymnastics, and in pranks, and in dreams of ambition, had returned from Central Asia, having there received two ranks and a distinction which was rarely accorded to such young generals.

The moment he arrived in St. Petersburg, people began to talk of him as of a rising star of the first magnitude. He, Vrónski's chum and messmate, was a general, expecting an appointment which might have an influence on the course of state affairs, while Vrónski, though an independent, brilliant man who was loved by a charming woman, was only a captain, who was permitted to be as independent as he pleased. "Of course, I do not envy and cannot envy Serpukhovskóy; but his advancement shows me that a man has to bide his time, and that the career of a man like me may be made in a short time. Three years ago he was in the same position in which I am now. If I resign my commission, I shall burn my ships. Remaining in the army, I lose nothing. She said herself that she did not wish to change her position. And I with her love cannot envy Serpukhovskóy." And, twisting his moustache with a slow motion, he rose from the table and walked up and down in the room. His eyes were sparkling with a peculiar lustre, and he was conscious of that firm, calm, joyful mood which always came over him after clearing up his situation. Everything was clean and clear, as after previous accounts. He shaved and dressed himself, took a cold bath, and went out.

XXI.

"I AM after you. Your wash is lasting long this morning," said Petrítski. "Well, are you done?"

"I am," replied Vrónski, smiling with his eyes only and cautiously twisting the ends of his moustache, as though after the order brought into his affairs every overbold and rapid motion might work his destruction.

"After this performance you are always as though you came out of a bath," said Petrítski. "I have come from Grítska" (thus they called the commander of their regiment), — "they are waiting for you."

Vrónski looked at his comrade, without making any reply, as he was thinking of something else.

"Why, I hear music there," he said, listening to the familiar sounds of polkas and waltzes played by bass horns. "What holiday is this?"

"Serpukhovskóy has arrived."

"Ah!" said Vrónski. "I did not know."

The smile of his eyes sparkled brighter than before.

Having once for all decided that he was happy in his love, and had sacrificed his ambition for her in taking that rôle upon himself, Vrónski could no longer feel any envy toward Serpukhovskóy, nor any annoyance because, having arrived in the regiment, he had not called on him first. Serpukhovskóy was a good friend, and he was glad he was there.

"Oh, I am very glad."

The commander of the regiment, Démin, occupied a large manor. All the company was in the spacious lower

veranda. The first thing that Vrónski noticed in the yard were the singers in blouses, standing near a vódka keg, and the healthy, merry figure of the commander surrounded by officers: he had walked out to the first step of the veranda, and, shouting louder than the music, which was playing a quadrille by Offenbach, he gave orders and waved his hands to some soldiers who were standing at one side. A group of soldiers, a sergeant-major and a few under-officers, walked over to the veranda at the same time with Vrónski. The commander returned to the table, again walked out on the veranda with his glass in his hand, and drank a toast: "To the health of our former comrade and brave general, Prince Serpukhovskóy. Hurrah!"

Serpukhovskóy, smiling, and holding a glass in his hand, came out after the commander.

"You are getting younger all the time," he turned directly to the dashing, red-cheeked sergeant-major who, serving his second term, was standing in front of him.

Vrónski had not seen Serpukhovskóy for three years. He had grown more manly, having raised side-whiskers, but he was still as slender as ever, striking not so much for his handsome looks as for the tenderness and nobility of his face and whole figure. There was one change which Vrónski observed in him, and that was a calm, steady gleam, which comes on the faces of successful men, who are sure of having their success acknowledged by everybody. Vrónski knew what this gleam was, and immediately noticed it on Serpukhovskóy's countenance.

As he descended the stairs, Serpukhovskóy saw Vrónski. A smile of joy lighted up Serpukhovskóy's face. He nodded upward with his head, raised his glass to greet Vrónski and to indicate with that gesture that he had first to walk over to the sergeant-major, who, straightening himself up, had already put his lips together for a kiss.

"There he is!" exclaimed the commander of the regi-

ment. "And Yáshvin told me that you were in your dumps."

Serpukhovskóy kissed the dashing sergeant-major on his moist, fresh lips and, wiping his mouth with his handkerchief, went up to Vrónski.

"How glad I am!" he said, pressing his hand, and leading him aside.

"Look after him!" the commander called out to Yáshvin, pointing to Vrónski, on his way down to the soldiers.

"Why did you not go to the races yesterday? I had hoped I should see you there," said Vrónski, inspecting Serpukhovskóy.

"I did go there, but it was late. Excuse me," he added, turning to an adjutant: "Please distribute it in my name, as much as will come to each man."

And he hurriedly took three one hundred rouble bills out of his pocketbook, and his face was flushed.

"Vrónski! Will you have a bite of something, or a drink?" asked Yáshvin. "Oh, there, give the count something to eat! And here, take this and drink!"

The carousal at the house of the commander of the regiment lasted for a long time.

They drank a great deal. Serpukhovskóy was swung and thrown up on a blanket. Then they swung the commander of the regiment. Then the commander himself danced with Petrítski in front of the singers. Then the commander, a little weakened, sat down in the yard on a bench and began to prove to Yáshvin the superiority of Russia over Prussia, especially in cavalry charges, and the carousal for a moment died down. Serpukhovskóy went into the house, to the dressing-room, to wash his hands, and there found Vrónski; Vrónski was pouring water over his face. He had taken off his blouse and, placing his hirsute red neck under the stream from the wash-basin, he rubbed the water over his neck and head with his hands. Having finished his ablution, Vrónski

sat down beside Serpukhovskóy. Seated on the sofa, they began a conversation which was very interesting to both of them.

"I heard about you from my wife," said Serpukhovskóy. "I am glad that you have seen her often."

"She is friendly with Vára, and they are the only St. Petersburg women whom it gives me pleasure to see," Vrónski replied, with a smile. He smiled because he foresaw the theme on which their conversation would turn, and that pleased him.

"The only ones?" Serpukhovskóy asked him, smiling.

"I have heard about you, and not only through your wife," said Vrónski, warding off the hint with a stern expression of his face. "I was very glad to hear of your success, but was not in the least surprised. I expected even more."

Serpukhovskóy smiled. He was apparently pleased to hear this opinion about himself, and he did not consider it necessary to conceal his pleasure.

"I, on the contrary, I must tell you frankly, have expected less. But I am glad, very glad. I am ambitious, that is my weakness, and I confess it."

"Maybe you would not confess if you were not successful," said Vrónski.

"I think not," said Serpukhovskóy, again with a smile. "I won't say that it would not be worth while living without it, but it would be dull. Of course, I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that I have some ability in the sphere of action which I have chosen, and that in my hands the power, whatever it may be, if I have it at all, will be safer than in the hands of many I know," Serpukhovskóy said, with a beaming consciousness of success. "And so, the nearer I am to it, the more I am contented."

"That may be so for you, but not for everybody. I thought so myself, and yet I live and I find that it is not worth while to live only for it," said Vrónski.

"Indeed! Indeed!" Serpukhovskóy said, smiling. "I have already heard about you, about your refusal — Of course, I approved of you. But there is a way in everything. I think myself that the act itself was good, but you did not do it right."

"What is done, is done, and you know that I never go back on what I do. Besides, I am all right."

"All right for a time. You will not be satisfied, — I am not speaking to your brother. He is a dear child, just like our host. There he is!" he added, listening to the shout of "Hurrah!" — "He is having a jolly time, but that does not satisfy you."

"I do not say that it does."

"Yes, not this alone. Men of your type are needed."

"By whom?"

"By whom? By society, by Russia. Russia needs men, needs a party, else everything is going and will go to the dogs."

"How is that? Berténev's party against the Russian communists?"

"No," said Serpukhovskóy, frowning in annoyance at being suspected of such stupidity. "*Tout ça est une blague*. That has always been and always will be. There are no communists. But intriguing people must always invent a dangerous, harmful party. That is an old trick. No, what is wanted is a party of power consisting of independent men, such as you and I."

"Why?" Vrónski named several men in power. "Why are they not independent people?"

"Because they have not, or have not had since their birth, an independent fortune, nor a name, — there has not been that nearness to the sun, in which we were born. They can be bought with money or favours. And to be able to hold themselves, they have to invent a tendency. And they carry out some idea, some tendency in which they themselves have no faith, and which creates wrong;

and all this tendency is only a means for getting a house from the government and so much salary. *Cela n'est pas plus fin que ça*, when you look into their cards. It may be that I am worse and more stupid than they, though I do not see why I should be. But you and I have unquestionably an important advantage,—it is harder to buy us. And such men are wanted now more urgently than ever.”

Vrónski listened attentively, but it was not so much the contents of his words that interested him as the fact that Serpukhovskóy was already intending to battle with the power, and in this world had already his sympathies and antipathies, while for him there existed only the interests of his squadron. Vrónski understood also how powerful Serpukhovskóy might be with his unquestionable ability to deliberate and to comprehend things, with his mind and his gift of oratory, which were so rare in the sphere in which he was living. And, however much ashamed he was of it, he envied him.

“Still, I lack one important thing for it,” he replied, “I lack the desire for power. I had it, but it is gone.”

“Excuse me, that is not true,” Serpukhovskóy said, smiling.

“Yes, it is true, it is! It is now, to be frank with you,” Vrónski added.

“Yes, it is true, *now*, that is another matter; but this *now* will not be for ever.”

“Perhaps,” replied Vrónski.

“You say *perhaps*,” continued Serpukhovskóy, as though divining his thoughts, “and I tell you *certainly*. And it was for this reason that I wanted to see you. You have acted as was proper. I understand it, but you must not persevere. I only ask for a *carte blanche* from you. I am not patronizing you — And again, why should I not patronize you? How often have you patronized me! I hope

that our friendship is above it. Give me a *carte blanche*, leave the army, and I will imperceptibly draw you in."

"But you must understand that I do not need anything," said Vrónski, "except that everything should remain as it has been."

Serpukhovskóy got up and stood in front of him.

"You say that everything should remain as it has been. I understand what that means. But listen! We are of the same age, — maybe you have known a larger number of women than I have." Serpukhovskóy's smile and gestures said that Vrónski need not fear that he would gently and carefully touch a sensitive spot. "But I am married, and believe me that, knowing your one wife (as some one has written), whom you love, you will know all women better than if you knew a thousand of them."

"We will be there directly!" Vrónski exclaimed to an officer who looked into the room and called them to the commander.

Vrónski now wanted to hear and find out what Serpukhovskóy intended to tell him.

"And here is my opinion. Woman is the main stumbling-block in a man's activity. It is hard to love a woman and be doing something. For this there is only one means, which is both convenient and does not interfere with love, and that is marriage. How, how can I best explain it to you?" said Serpukhovskóy, who was fond of comparisons. "Wait, wait! Yes, it is possible to carry a *fardeau* and do something with your hands, only when the *fardeau* is tied on to the back, — just so is marriage. This I discovered when I married. My hands suddenly became free. But to drag this *fardeau* along without marriage, — your hands will be so full that it will not be possible to do anything. Look at Mezankóv, at Krúpov. They have ruined their careers on account of women."

"What women!" said Vrónski, recalling a French-

woman and an actress, with whom the two persons mentioned had had liaisons.

"So much the worse. The firmer a woman's position in society, the worse it is. That is the same, — what shall I say? — as — not as dragging the *fardeau* with your hands, but as pulling it away from another."

"You have never loved," Vrónski said, softly, looking in front of him, and thinking of Anna.

"Perhaps not. But remember what I have told you. Another thing: all women are more material than men. We make something huge out of love, but they are always *terre-à-terre*."

"Directly, directly!" he turned to the lackey who had entered. But the lackey did not come to call them out, as he thought. He brought a note for Vrónski.

"A man has brought this from Princess Tverskóy."

Vrónski opened the letter, and blushed.

"My head aches, — I will go home," he said to Serpukhovskóy.

"Good-bye, then. Do you give me *carte blanche*?"

"We shall speak of it later, — I will find you in St. Petersburg."

XXII.

It was already past five, and so, in order to get there in time and not to travel with his own horses, which everybody knew, Vrónski took Yáshvin's hired carriage and ordered the coachman to drive him as fast as possible. It was an old, spacious, double-seated carriage. He sat down in the corner, stretched out his legs on the front seat, and fell to musing.

The dim consciousness of that clearness which had been brought into his affairs, the dim recollection of the friendship and flattery of Serpukhovskóy, who regarded him as an important man, and, above all, the coming rendezvous, — all that united into a common impression of a joyous feeling of life. This feeling was so strong that he involuntarily smiled. He put down his legs, crossed one knee over the other, and, taking it into his hand, touched the firm calf of his leg, which he had bruised the day before in his fall, and, leaning back, he several times inhaled the air with full lungs.

"Good, very good!" he said to himself. He had frequently before experienced the joyous consciousness of his body, but never before had he loved himself, his body, so much as now. It gave him pleasure to feel this light pain in his strong leg, and he enjoyed the muscular sensation of his breast's motion in breathing. That same clear, cold August day, which had acted so dispiritingly on Anna, seemed to him bracing, and refreshed his face and neck which were heated from the ablution. The odour of the brilliantine on his moustache was particularly pleasing

to him in the fresh air. Everything which he saw through the carriage window, everything, in this cold, pure air, in this pale glamour of the sunset, was as fresh, merry, and strong as he himself: the roofs of the houses, gleaming in the beams of the setting sun, and the sharp outlines of the fences and corners of buildings, and the figures of the occasional pedestrians and carriages, and the motionless verdure of the trees and grasses, and the fields with their regular potato furrows, and the slanting shadows which fell from the houses and trees and bushes, and even from the potato furrows. Everything was beautiful, like a fine landscape, just finished and varnished.

"Faster, faster!" he said to the coachman, putting his head out of the window and, taking out of his pocket a three-rouble bill, he handed it to the coachman, who had turned around. The driver's hand fumbled near the lamp, there was heard the swish of the whip, and the carriage flew rapidly over the level avenue.

"I need nothing, nothing, but this happiness," he thought, looking at the bone bell-handle in the space between the two windows, and imagining Anna as he had seen her the last time. "As time advances I love her more and more. Here is the garden of Vrède's government summer residence. Where is she? Where? How? Why did she appoint a rendezvous here, and why did she write in Betsy's letter?" was all he was thinking; but it was now too late to think. He stopped the coachman before reaching the avenue, and, opening the door, sprang out of the carriage while it was in motion, and went up the avenue which led to the house. Nobody was there; but, upon looking to the right, he saw her. Her face was covered with a veil, but he, with a joyous glance, took in the peculiar, characteristic movement of her gait, the slope of her shoulders, and the poise of her head, and immediately he felt as though an electric current were coursing through his body. He felt himself with renewed

strength, from the flexible motion of his legs to the motion of his lungs in breathing, and something tickled his lips.

As she met him, she gave him a firm pressure of her hand.

"Are you not angry with me for having called you out? I had to see you by all means," she said; and the stern and serious position of her lips, which he saw underneath her veil, at once changed his mood.

"I, angry! But how did you get here, and whither are you going?"

"Never mind," she said, putting her hand on his arm. "Come, we must have a talk."

He understood that something had happened, and that the meeting would not be a cheerful one. In her presence he did not have his will: without knowing the cause of her alarm, he felt that the same alarm was being communicated to him.

"What is it? What?" he asked, pressing her hand with his elbow, and trying to read her thoughts in her face.

She walked a few steps, collecting herself, and suddenly stopped.

"I did not tell you last night," she began, breathing rapidly and heavily, "that on my way home with Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich I told him everything — I told him that I could not be his wife, that — I told him everything."

He listened to her, involuntarily bending his whole stature, as though wishing thus to lighten the burden of her situation. But the moment she had said all that, he suddenly straightened himself up, and his face assumed a proud and stern expression.

"Yes, yes, that is better, a thousand times better! I understand how hard it was," he said. But she was not listening to his words: she was reading his thoughts

in the expression of his face. She could not have known that this expression had reference to the first thought that occurred to him,—about the inevitableness of the duel. The idea of a duel had never been in her mind, and so she interpreted quite differently that fleeting expression of sternness.

When she received her husband's letter, she knew in the depth of her heart that everything would remain as of old, and that she would not have the strength to disregard her position, to abandon her son, and to unite with her lover. The morning passed with Princess Tverskóy only confirmed her in this. Still, the meeting was of great importance to her. She hoped that this meeting would change their position and would save her. If he, upon hearing this news, should say with determination and passion, without a moment's wavering, "Throw up everything and run with me!" she would abandon her son and would run with him. But the news had not produced the effect which she had expected: he only seemed to be offended at something.

"It was not in the least hard for me. It all came of its own accord," she said, in irritation, "and here —" she took her husband's letter out of her glove.

"I understand, I understand," he interrupted her, taking the letter, but not reading it, and trying to comfort her. "I had but one wish, one desire,—to break this situation, in order to devote my life to your happiness."

"Why do you tell me this?" she said. "Can I have any doubts about it? If I had —"

"Who is coming there?" Vrónski suddenly said, pointing to two ladies who were coming toward them. "They may know us!" and he hurriedly turned into a side path, drawing her along with him.

"Oh, it makes no difference to me!" she said. Her lips trembled, and it seemed to him that her eyes looked at

him behind the veil with strange resentment. "So I say that that is another matter, and that I cannot doubt it; but here is what he writes to me. Read it!" And again she stopped.

Again, as at the first moment, when he received the news of her rupture with her husband, he, reading the letter, involuntarily abandoned himself to the natural impression evoked in him by his relation to the injured husband. Now, as he was holding the husband's letter in his hands, he instinctively thought of the challenge which he would find at his house to-day or to-morrow, and of the duel itself, during which he, with the same cold and haughty mien which even now was on his face, would shoot into the air and would submit himself to the shot of the injured husband. And just then the idea which Serpukhovskóy had told him but awhile ago, and which he himself had had in the morning, flashed through his mind, that it was best not to bind himself,—and he knew that he could not communicate that thought to her.

Having read the letter, he raised his eyes to her, and in his glance there was no firmness. She understood at once that he had been thinking of it before. She knew that, no matter what he might tell her, he would not tell her everything he thought. And she understood that her last hope was shattered. It was not what she had expected.

"You see what kind of a man he is," she said, in a trembling voice. "He —"

"Forgive me, but I am glad of it," Vrónski interrupted her. "For the Lord's sake, let me finish," he added, imploring her with his glance to give him time to explain his words. "I am glad because it cannot under any circumstances remain as he supposes."

"What cannot?" muttered Anna, repressing her tears, apparently no longer ascribing any meaning to what he was saying. She felt that her fate was decided.

Vrónski wanted to say that, after the inevitable duel,

as he thought, this could not last, but he said something different.

"It cannot last. I hope that now you will leave him. I hope," he became embarrassed and blushed, "that you will allow me to arrange and consider our lives. Tomorrow —" he began.

She did not allow him to finish.

"And my son?" she exclaimed. "You see what he is writing! I must abandon him, and I cannot and will not do it."

"But, for God's sake, what is better? To leave your son, or to continue this humiliating situation?"

"Humiliating for whom?"

"For everybody, and most of all for you."

"You say it is humiliating — don't say it! These words have no meaning for me," she said, in a trembling voice. She did not want him to tell an untruth now. All she had left was his love, and she wanted to love him. "You must understand that everything has changed with me since the day I first loved you. I have only one thing, and that is your love. So long as it is mine, I feel myself so high, so firm, that nothing can be humiliating for me. I am proud of my situation because — I am proud of — proud —" She did not finish saying what she was proud of. Tears of shame and of despair choked her voice. She stopped and burst out weeping.

He, too, felt a lump rising in his throat and something tickling his nose, — and for the first time in his life he felt like crying. He would have been unable to say what it was that touched him so; he was sorry for her, and he felt that he could not aid her, and at the same time knew that he was the cause of her misfortune and that he had done something bad.

"Is not a divorce possible?" he said, timidly. She shook her head, without replying.

"Can't you take the son and still leave him?"

"Yes; but that all depends on him. I must now go to see him," she said, dryly. Her presentiment that everything would remain as of old had not deceived her.

"On Tuesday I shall be in St. Petersburg, and everything will be decided."

"Yes," she said. "But let us not talk of it again!"

Anna's carriage, which she had sent off, and which she had ordered to call at the gate of Vrède's garden, drove up now. Anna bade Vrónski good-bye and rode home.

XXIII.

ON Monday took place the usual meeting of the committee of the 2d of June. Aleksy y Aleks ndrovich entered the hall of the meeting, exchanged greetings with the members and with the chairman, as he was wont to do, and sat down in his seat, placing his hands on the documents which were put before him. Among these papers lay also the necessary references and the conspectus which he intended to introduce. He really did not need any references. He remembered everything and did not consider it necessary to repeat in his mind what he was going to say. He knew that when the time came and he should see before him the face of his adversary, vainly attempting to assume an indifferent expression, his speech would flow better of its own accord than he could prepare it now. He felt that the contents of his speech were so weighty that each word would have a significance. At the same time, while he was listening to the usual report, he had a most innocent, harmless look. No one looking at his white hands with the swollen veins, the long fingers of which were so gently fingering the two edges of the sheet of white paper in front of him, and at his head, which was inclined toward one side with an expression of fatigue, would have thought that in a few minutes his lips would pour forth a speech that would produce a terrible storm, and would cause the members to shout in their attempts to interrupt each other, and the chairman to ask them to preserve order.

When the report was read, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich announced in his soft, thin voice that he intended to communicate some of his reflections on the case dealing with the condition of the aliens. Attention was directed toward him. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich cleared his throat and, without looking at his adversary, but selecting, as he always did at the delivery of his speeches, the nearest person to him, a small, meek old man who never had any opinion in the commission, he began to expound his views. When the affair reached the fundamental and organic law, his adversary jumped up and began to retort. Strémov, too, who was a member of the commission, and was touched to the quick, began to justify himself, — and, in general, there ensued a stormy session; but Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich triumphed, and his project was accepted: three new commissions were appointed, and on the following day they talked of nothing in a certain St. Petersburg circle but of that session. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's success was even greater than he had expected.

On the following morning, a Tuesday, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, on awakening, thought with joy of his victory of the night before, and could not help smiling, although he tried to appear indifferent, when the manager of his office, trying to flatter him, informed him of the rumours which he had heard about the occurrence in the commission.

While busying himself with the manager of his office, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich completely forgot that this was Tuesday, the day appointed for the arrival of Anna Arkádevna, and so he was surprised and disagreeably affected when a servant came to report her arrival.

Anna had arrived early in the morning; a carriage had been sent out for her in response to her telegram, and so Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich might have known of her arrival. But when she came, he did not receive her. She was told that he had not yet come out and was busy with

the manager of his office. She sent word to her husband that she had arrived, and herself went to her cabinet and attended to the unpacking of her things, waiting for him to come to her. But an hour passed, and he did not come. She went to the dining-room, under the pretext of giving orders, and purposely spoke in a loud voice, hoping that he would come out to her; but he did not do so, although she heard him walk to the door of the cabinet, letting out his manager. She knew that he would as usual drive at once to his office, and she wanted to see him before, so that their relations might be defined.

She walked through the parlour and with determination directed her steps toward him. When she entered his cabinet, he was sitting at a small table, wearing his undress uniform, apparently ready to depart. He was leaning his arms upon the table and looking in front of him. She saw him before he saw her, and she saw that he was thinking of her.

Upon seeing her, he wanted to get up, but changed his mind; then his face became all flushed, a thing which Anna had never before observed in him, and he rose with a start and walked up to her, looking not into her eyes, but above them, at her forehead and coiffure. He went up to her, took her hand, and asked her to be seated.

"I am very glad that you have come," he said, sitting down by her side. He evidently was on the point of saying something to her, but hesitated. He tried to say something several times, but always stopped. Although, in preparing herself for this meeting, she had taught herself to despise and accuse him, she did not know what to say to him, and she pitied him. Thus the silence lasted for quite awhile.

"Is Serézha well?" he asked and, without waiting for an answer, added: "I shall not dine at home to-day, and I must leave at once."

"I wanted to go to Moscow," she said.

“Yes, you have done very, very well to have come,” he said. He again kept silence.

“Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich,” she said, looking at him and not lowering her eyes under his glance, which was directed at her coiffure, “I am a wicked woman, a bad woman, and I am the same that I told you then that I was, and I have come to inform you that I cannot change anything.”

“I do not ask you about it,” he said, suddenly looking her straight in the eye, with determination and hatred, “and that is what I supposed.” Under the influence of his rage he apparently fully regained the control of his faculties. “But, as I then told you and as I wrote to you,” he said, in a sharp, thin voice, “and as I now repeat, — I am not obliged to know it. I ignore it. Not all women are so good as you to hurry to communicate such a *pleasant* bit of news to their husbands.” He emphasized the word “pleasant.” “I ignore it so long as the world does not know it, so long as my name has not been disgraced. And so I merely warn you that our relations must remain the same they have always been, and that only when you compromise yourself will I be obliged to take measures to protect my honour.”

“But our relations cannot be what they have always been,” Anna said, in a timid voice, looking at him in fright.

When she again saw his calm gestures and heard that piercing, childish, sarcastic tone of his voice, her loathing for him destroyed her former compassion for him, and she was only afraid; but she wanted at any cost to clear up her situation.

“I cannot be your wife; when I —” she began.

He laughed an evil, cold laugh.

“No doubt the manner of life which you have chosen is being reflected on your conceptions. I respect or despise both so much — I respect your past and despise

your present — that I was far from the interpretation which you have given to my words.”

Anna sighed and lowered her head.

“However, I do not understand how, having as much independence as you have,” he continued, growing excited, “frankly informing your husband of your infidelity, and finding nothing prejudicial in it, as it seems, you find the execution of your wifely duties prejudicial in respect to your husband.”

“Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, what do you want of me?”

“What I want is not to find this man here, and to have you comport yourself in such a way that neither the *world* nor the *servants* could accuse you — I want you not to see him. It seems little. For this you will enjoy the privileges of an honest wife, without performing her duties. This is all I have to tell you. Now I must leave. I shall not dine at home.” He rose and walked toward the door.

Anna rose too. He bowed in silence and let her pass out.

XXIV.

THE night passed by Levín on the stack did not go by unnoticed: he was tired of the farming, as he had been carrying it on, and lost every interest in it. In spite of the excellent harvest, he had never had, at least it seemed to him that he had never had, so many failures and so many hostile relations between him and the peasants, as during the present year, and the cause of the failures and of the hostility was now quite comprehensible to him. The charm which he had experienced in the work itself; the consequent friendship with the peasants; the envy which he experienced of them and of their lives; the desire to enter their life, which during that night had been with him not merely a dream, but an intention, the details of which he had been discussing with himself,—all that so changed his view on the management of the farm that he no longer could find in it the former interest, and could not help seeing that unpleasant relation of his to the farm-hands, which was the foundation of the whole matter.

The herds of improved cows, like Páva; the whole extent of the fertilized ground ploughed up by coulter ploughs; nine equal fields hedged with willows; nine desyatínas of deeply ploughed manure; planting-machines, and so forth,—all that was beautiful, if he did it all himself, or with the aid of companions who sympathized with him. But he now saw plainly (his work on the book about agronomy, the chief element of which was to be the farm-hand, had helped him a great deal in this),—he now saw clearly

that the farming which he was carrying on was only a cruel and stubborn fight between him and the peasants, in which on one side, on his side, there was a constant strained tendency to change everything into what seemed to be the best form, while on the other side was the natural order of things. And in this struggle he saw that, with the greatest expenditure of strength on his part, and without any effort or even intention on the other, all that was accomplished was that the farm was carried on to nobody's advantage, and the fine implements, the fine cattle, and the earth were wasted for nothing. But the main thing was that not only was the energy which was directed toward it wasted in vain, but he could also not help observing, now that the meaning of the farming was revealed to him, that the aim of his energy was most unworthy.

In reality, what did the struggle consist in? He was looking out for every penny (nor could he do otherwise, for he needed only to slacken his energy, and he would not have enough money to pay the farm-hands), while they were only after working quietly and agreeably, that is, as they were accustomed to work. It was to his interest that every labourer should work as much as possible, should keep his senses, should not uselessly break the winnowing-machines, the horse-rakes, the threshers, and should keep in mind what he was doing; but the labourers wanted to work as comfortably as possible, with rests and, above all, carelessly and forgetfully, — without thinking.

This he had observed during the whole of the last summer. He had sent out men to mow the clover for hay, selecting the bad *desyatínas* that were overgrown with grass and wormwood, and that were not good for seed, — and they mowed down in succession the best seed *desyatínas*, excusing themselves by saying that the clerk had ordered them to do so, and that it would make ex-

cellent hay; but he knew that the cause of it was that those desyatínas were easiest to mow. He sent out a tedder to turn up the hay, — and they broke it in the first rows, because the peasant got tired sitting on the box beneath the flapping wings. All the answer he received was, “Don’t worry, the women will ted it all right.” The coulter ploughs turned out useless, because it did not occur to the ploughman to let down the coulter, and because, putting his whole weight on it, he wore out the horses and spoiled the ground; and still they asked Levín not to worry. The horses were let into the wheat, because no one farm-hand wanted to be a night watchman, but all took their turns each night, in spite of the order to the contrary, and Vánka, who had worked all day, fell asleep, and then repented of his transgression by saying, “Do with me as you please!” Three of the best heifers were overfed because they were let out on the rowen without giving them any water, and they did not wish to believe that it was the clover that had swelled them so, but told him in consolation that a neighbour of his lost 112 head in three days.

All this was done not because anybody meant any harm to him or his farm, — on the contrary, he knew that he was loved and was regarded as a simple master (which is the highest praise they could bestow); but only because they wanted to work merrily and carelessly, and his interests were not only strange and incomprehensible to them, but fatally opposed to their own most just interests. Levín had for a long time been feeling dissatisfaction with his relation to the farm. He felt that his boat was leaky, but he did not find, and did not try to find the leak, perhaps deceiving himself on purpose (nothing would be left to him if he were disappointed). Now he no longer could deceive himself. The farm which he was carrying on not only did not interest him, but even disgusted him, and he could no longer attend to it.

To this was added the presence within thirty versts of Kitty Shcherbátski, whom he wanted to see, but could not. Dárya Aleksándrovna Oblónski had invited him to call again, for the purpose of renewing the proposal to her sister, who, she was sure, would accept him this time. Levín himself felt, when he saw Kitty, that he had not stopped loving her; but he could not call on the Oblónskis, knowing that Kitty was there. His having proposed to her and her having refused him placed an unsurmountable barrier between them. "I cannot ask her to be my wife simply because she cannot be the wife of him whom she wanted to marry," he said to himself. This thought made him cold and hostile toward her. "I shall not have the strength to talk to her without a feeling of reproach, and to look at her without malice, and she will hate me more than ever, as it should be. And, then, how can I go to see them now, after what Dárya Aleksándrovna has told me? Can I help showing that I know what she has told me? And I shall arrive magnanimously to forgive and pardon her! I before her in the rôle of one who forgives and honours her with my love! Why did Dárya Aleksándrovna tell me that? I might have seen her by accident, and then everything would have taken place naturally, but now it is impossible, impossible!"

Dárya Aleksándrovna sent him a note, asking him for a lady's saddle for Kitty. "I was told that you had a saddle," she wrote to him. "I hope you will bring it in person."

This was more than he could bear. How could a clever, refined woman so debase her sister! He wrote ten notes and tore them all up, and sent the saddle without any answer. He could not write that he would come, because that he could not do; and to write that he could not come because something kept him back, or because he had gone away, was worse still. He sent the saddle without an answer, and, with the consciousness that he had

done something shameful, he on the following day turned over the farm, of which he was tired, to his clerk, and went to a distant county to call on a friend of his, Sviyázhski, near whom there were superb snipe bogs, and who had lately written him asking him to make good his long-standing promise of coming to see him. The snipe bogs in Súrov County had long ago attracted Levín, but he kept putting off the visit on account of farm matters. Now he was glad to get away from the neighbourhood of the Shcherbátskis and, above all, from his own farm, in order to devote himself to hunting, which in all his sorrows served him as a consolation.

XXV.

THERE was no railway nor stage road into Súrov County, and Levín travelled in his own tarantás.

In the middle of his journey he stopped at the house of a rich peasant, to feed his horses. A bald-headed, fresh-looking old man, with a broad, red beard, which was gray near the cheeks, opened the gate and stood at the gate post, to let the tróyka in. The old man showed the coachman a place under the penthouse in the large, clean, neat yard with its clean ploughs, and asked Levín to go to the best room. A neatly dressed young woman, with galoshes on her bare feet, was bending down over the floor in the new vestibule, and washing it. She was frightened at the dog that came running in after Levín and cried out, but immediately laughed at her own fright when she found out that the dog would not harm her. She indicated the door of the best room to Levín with her bared arm, and, bending down, again hid her pretty face and continued to wash.

“Would you like a samovár?” she asked.

“Yes, if you please.”

It was a large room, with a Dutch oven and a partition. Beneath the image stood a table with a design painted upon it, a bench, and two chairs. Near the entrance was a small cupboard with dishes. The shutters were closed, there were but few flies, and the room was so clean that Levín took care that Láska, who had been running on the road and had bathed in puddles, should not soil the floor, and pointed out to her a place in the corner, near the

door. Having inspected the room, Levín went out to the back yard. The good-looking woman in galoshes, swinging her empty buckets on a yoke, was running in front of him toward the well, to fetch water.

"Lively!" the old man merrily called out to her, and walked over to Levín. "Well, sir, are you on your way to Nikoláy Ivánovich Sviyázhski? He stops here, too," he began garrulously, leaning on the balustrade of the porch. In the middle of the old man's story about his acquaintance with Sviyázhski, the gate creaked again, and the farm-hands drove in from the field, with their ploughs and harrows. The horses which drew these were well fed and large. The men were apparently members of the family; two of them were young, in chintz shirts and leather caps; the other two, an old man and a young lad, wore hempen shirts.

The old man went away from the porch and began to unhitch the horses.

"What have they been ploughing?" asked Levín.

"They have ploughed through the potatoes. We have some land of our own. Fedót, don't let out the gelding, but put him to the trough, — we will hitch up another horse."

"Father, I have ordered the ploughshares to be taken away; did he bring them in?" asked a tall, sturdy fellow, apparently the old man's son.

"They are there, in the sleigh," replied the old man, winding up the lines which he had taken off, and throwing them on the floor. "Fix them on while they are eating their dinner."

The good-looking woman, with the buckets pulling her shoulders down, walked into the vestibule. Other women, some young, pretty, some middle-aged, and some old and homely, with children and without them, made their appearance.

The samovár began to boil under the chimney; the

farm-hands and the family, having attended to the horses, went to eat their dinner. Levín took his provisions out of his carriage, and invited the old man to drink tea with him.

“I have drunk tea already,” said the old man, evidently delighted to accept the invitation, “but I will do so for company’s sake.”

At the tea Levín learned the whole history of the old man’s life. The old man had rented 120 desyatínas of a proprietress ten years ago, and last year he had bought them, and now hired three hundred more of a neighbouring proprietor. A small part of the land, the worst, he let, and about forty desyatínas he ploughed himself with his family and two hired men. The old man complained about the farm; but Levín knew that he did so only from a sense of decency, and that his farm was in a flourishing condition. If it were not, he would not have bought the land at 105 roubles, nor married off three sons and a nephew, nor built new houses after two fires, each time a better one than before. In spite of the old man’s complaints, it was evident that he was justly proud of his well-being, proud of his sons, nephew, daughters-in-law, horses, cows, and proud especially that his farm was in good condition. From his conversation with the old man Levín learned that he was not averse to innovations. He planted potatoes on a large scale, and the potatoes which Levín had seen in driving up had already flowered and were drying up, while Levín’s potatoes were just beginning to flower. He ploughed the potatoes with an improved plough, which he borrowed from a proprietor. He sowed wheat. The small detail that, in weeding out the rye, the old man fed his horses on the weeded rye, particularly struck Levín. How often had Levín wanted to save this fine feed, seeing that it was wasted, and yet found it impossible to accomplish it! And here the peasant was doing it and could not say enough in favour of this feed.

"What else are the women to do? They take the heaps out on the road, and the carts pick them up."

"Now with us proprietors things go badly in regard to the farm help," said Levín, passing him a glass of tea.

"Thank you," said the old man, taking the tea, but declining the sugar and pointing to a nibbled lump which he had left. "It is a hard business with the farm help," he said. "They only cause your ruin. Take, for example, Sviyázhski. We know what soil he has,—it's the finest, and yet he cannot boast of good crops. All on account of carelessness!"

"But I see you have hired men."

"We are peasants. We can attend to everything ourselves. If they are no good, away they go, and we attend to it ourselves."

"Father, Finogén told me to get the tar," said the woman in the galoshes, who entered the room.

"Yes, sir!" said the old man, getting up. He crossed himself for a long time, thanked Levín, and left the room.

When Levín went to the "black" room to call out his coachman, he saw the whole family of men at the table. The women attended to them standing. The young sturdy son, with his mouth full of porridge, was telling something funny, and all roared, especially the young woman in the galoshes, who was pouring beet soup into a bowl.

Very likely the good-looking face of the woman in the galoshes had much to do with the impression of orderliness which this peasant house produced on Levín; in any case, this impression was so strong that Levín could never get rid of it. And the whole way from the old man to Sviyázhski's he kept thinking of that household as though something in that impression demanded his special attention.

XXVI.

SVIYÁZHSKI was the marshal of nobility in his county. He was five years older than Levín and had long been married. In his house lived his young sister-in-law, a girl who was very sympathetic to Levín. Levín knew that Sviyázhski and his wife were very anxious to have him marry this girl. He was absolutely sure of it, just as all young men, so-called prospective bridegrooms, know it, but he would not have dared to say so to anybody ; he knew also that, despite his desire to get married, and although from all the known data this extremely attractive girl would make an excellent wife, he could no more marry her, even if he were not in love with Kitty Shcherbátski, than fly to heaven. And this knowledge poisoned that pleasure which he expected to derive from his visit at Sviyázhski's.

When Levín received Sviyázhski's letter inviting him to the chase, he immediately thought of it, but he decided at once that such intentions of Sviyázhski's were only his own unfounded supposition, and that he would go to see him. Besides, in the depth of his heart he wanted to test himself, to measure himself with that girl. The domestic life of the Sviyázhskis was extremely attractive to him, and Sviyázhski himself, the very best type of a County Councillor known to Levín, was exceedingly interesting to him.

Sviyázhski was one of those men, so surprising to Levín, whose consistent, though never independent, reasoning goes on by itself, while their lives, extremely definite and firm

in their tendency, go on by themselves, quite independently and nearly always diametrically opposed to their reasoning. Sviyázhski was an extremely liberal man. He despised the nobility and regarded the majority of the gentry as secret adherents of serfdom, who did not express their views from timidity only. He considered Russia a ruined country, something like Turkey, and the Russian government so bad that he never permitted himself seriously to criticize her actions, — and yet he served and was a model marshal of the nobility, and when out travelling always put on a red-brimmed cap with a cockade. He assumed that human life was possible only abroad, where he went to live whenever an opportunity offered itself, and at the same time he managed in Russia a very complex and improved farm, and with extraordinary interest watched everything and knew everything which was going on in Russia. He regarded the Russian peasant as standing in his development on a transitional stage between a monkey and a man, and yet at the elections of the County Council took especial delight in pressing his hand and listening to his opinions. He did not believe in charms, or in death, but was very much concerned about the question of improving the condition of the clergy and the parcelling out of the parishes, and in particular used his influence to retain the church in his village.

In the woman question he was on the side of the extreme advocates of the fullest liberty for women, especially of their right to work ; but he lived with his wife in such a manner that all admired their friendly, childless domestic life, and he so arranged his wife's existence that she did nothing and could do nothing but share her husband's care of how to pass the time in the best and merriest way.

If Levín had not been in the habit of explaining men's characters from their best side, that of Sviyázhski would have offered him no difficulty ; he would have said to him-

self, "A fool or a scoundrel," and all would have been cleared. But he could not say "fool," because Sviyázhski was unquestionably not only a very clever, but even a very cultured man, who bore his culture with extreme simplicity. There was no subject which he did not know, but he displayed his knowledge only when he was compelled to do so. Still less could Levín say that he was a scoundrel, because he was unquestionably an honest, good, sensible man, who gaily, vivaciously, constantly did what was highly respected by those who surrounded him, and who certainly never did, and never could do, consciously any wrong.

Levín tried to understand him, but never did, and always looked at him and at his life as at a living riddle.

He and Levín were friends, and so Levín took the liberty of questioning Sviyázhski, of endeavouring to get at the basis of his views on life; but that was always in vain. Every time Levín tried to penetrate beyond the reception-rooms of Sviyázhski's mind, which were open to all, he noticed that Sviyázhski became slightly embarrassed; a barely perceptible fright was expressed in his glance, as though he were afraid that Levín would comprehend him, — and he resisted in a good-natured and merry way.

Now, after his disappointment in farming, it gave Levín especial pleasure to visit Sviyázhski. In the first place it simply gave him pleasure to see those happy doves, who were satisfied with themselves and with everybody else, and that orderly nest; then he wanted, now that he felt dissatisfied with his own life, to get at Sviyázhski's secret, which gave him such clearness, definiteness, and happiness in life. Besides, Levín knew that he would at their house see the proprietors of the neighbourhood, and he just now was particularly interested in hearing and talking about the crops, the hire of farm help, and so forth, subjects which, Levín knew, were considered as exceed-

ingly vulgar, but which to him now appeared very important. "It may be that it was not important during serfdom, and probably is not in England. In both cases the conditions are defined ; but with us, where everything has been turned upside down and is only assuming shape, the question how all this will come out, is the only important question for Russia," thought Levín.

The chase did not turn out so good as Levín had expected. The bog had dried up, and there were no snipes whatever. He walked a whole day, and brought only three birds with him, but, as always, after the chase, he brought with him an excellent appetite, an excellent mood, and that excited mental state which in him always accompanied any vehement physical motion. And at the chase, when, it seemed, he was not thinking of anything, the old peasant with his family again bobbed up in his imagination, and that impression seemed to demand not only his attention, but also the solution of something which seemed to be connected with it.

In the evening, at tea, in the presence of two landed proprietors who had come in the matter of some guardianship, that interesting conversation was started, which Levín had been waiting for.

Levín was sitting near the hostess at the tea-table, and was obliged to carry on a conversation with her and her sister, who was sitting opposite him. The hostess was a round-faced, blond, medium-sized woman, beaming with her dimples and smiles. Levín tried to get out of her the solution of that important riddle, which her husband presented to him ; but he did not have full liberty of thought, because he felt painfully ill at ease. What so embarrassed him was the fact that opposite him sat her sister in a special gown, which he thought she had purposely put on for his sake, with a peculiar trapezoid opening over her white breast ; this quadrangular opening, in spite of the fact that the breast was very white, or be-

cause of it, deprived Levín of his liberty of thought. He imagined, no doubt wrongly so, that this opening was made for his sake, and tried not to look at it; but he felt that he was to blame even because this opening had been made. It seemed to Levín that he was deceiving somebody, that he had to explain something, but that that explanation was impossible, and so he kept blushing, was restless, and felt ill at ease. The embarrassment was also communicated to the hostess's pretty sister. But the hostess herself did not seem to notice it, and purposely drew him into a conversation.

"You say," the hostess continued their conversation, "that my husband cannot be interested in everything Russian. On the contrary: though he is happy abroad, he is more so here. Here he feels himself in his sphere. He has so much to do, and he has the gift of interesting himself in everything. Oh, you have not been in our school, have you?"

"I saw it — It is that ivy-covered house, is it not?"

"Yes, that is Nástyá's work," she said, pointing to her sister.

"Do you teach there yourself?" asked Levín, trying to look past the opening, but feeling that no matter where he was looking in that direction he would see the opening.

"Yes, I have taught, and still teach, but we have an excellent teacher. We have also introduced gymnastics."

"No, thank you, I want no more tea," said Levín. He felt that he was doing something improper, but he was absolutely unable to keep up the conversation, and so got up, blushing. "I hear a very interesting conversation," he added, walking over to the other end of the table, where sat the host with the two proprietors. Sviyázhski was sitting sidewise at the table, turning the cup with the hand which was leaning on it, and taking into the other hand his beard and carrying it up to

his nose and letting it out again, as though smelling at it. With his sparkling black eyes he was looking straight at the excited proprietor with the gray moustache, and evidently derived amusement from his speeches. The proprietor was complaining about the peasants. It was evident to Levín that Sviyázhski knew an answer to the proprietor's complaint, which would at once annihilate the whole meaning of his speech, but that in his position he could not make that retort, and that he listened with delight to the proprietor's comical remarks.

The proprietor with the gray moustache was apparently a rabid defender of serfdom, an old-fashioned and impassioned landed proprietor. Levín saw signs of this in his old-fashioned shiny long coat, in which he apparently felt uncomfortable, in his intelligent, frowning look, in his popular Russian diction, in his commanding tone, evidently acquired through long practice, and in the decisive movements of his large, sunburnt hands with one old wedding-ring on his ring-finger.

XXVII.

"If it were not a pity to throw up what has been started, — much labour has been put into it, — I should turn my back upon it, sell it all, and go, like Nikoláy Ivánovich, to hear 'Helen,'" said the proprietor, with a pleasant smile, which lighted up his intelligent old face.

"Still, you do not throw it up," said Nikoláy Ivánovich Sviyázhski, "consequently you must have some reason for it."

"The only reason is that I live at home, not in a bought or hired house. And I still hope that the people will come to their senses. Believe me, it is nothing but drunkenness and debauch! Everything has been divided up, and they have neither horse nor cow. They are starving, but try to hire them, — they will ruin everything you have, and then will take you before a justice of the peace."

"But then, you, too, may complain to the justice of the peace," said Sviyázhski.

"I complain? For nothing in the world! There will be such talk that I will be sick of the complaint! There, in the still, — they took an earnest, and went away. What did the justice of the peace do? He acquitted them. What holds us up is the township court and the elder. He wallops them as of old. Were it not for that, we should have to run, — to the end of the world!"

It was evident that the proprietor was teasing Sviyázhski, but Sviyázhski was not angry; on the contrary, he was amused by it.

"But we manage to run our farms without those measures," he said, smiling, "I, Levín, he." He pointed to the other proprietor.

"Yes, Mikhaíl Petróvich manages it, but ask him how? Is this rational farming?" said the proprietor, apparently making a display of the word "rational."

"My farming is quite simple," said Mikhaíl Petróvich. "I cannot complain. All my farming consists in having the money ready in the fall for the taxes. Peasants come to me, saying, 'Help us out, father!' Well, they are my neighbouring peasants, so I pity them. Well, I give them for the first third, and I say to them, 'Remember, boys, I have helped you out, and so you must help me when the time comes, whether it be the sowing of oats, or haying, or reaping,'—well, I come to an agreement with them as to how much from each hearth. There are, it is true, among them some who are unscrupulous."

Levín, who had long been acquainted with these patriarchal methods, exchanged glances with Sviyázhski and interrupted Mikhaíl Petróvich, again turning to the farmer with the gray moustache.

"So what is your wish?" he asked. "How do you expect to run a farm nowadays?"

"As Mikhaíl Petróvich runs it, — either to work it on halves, or to let it to the peasants; that is possible, only the country's wealth is destroyed in this manner. Where the land under serf labour and good farming produced ninefold, it will produce only threefold in letting it on halves. The emancipation has ruined Russia!"

Sviyázhski looked with smiling eyes at Levín and even made a faint sarcastic sign to him; but Levín did not find the proprietor's words funny, — he understood them better than he understood Sviyázhski. And much of what the proprietor proceeded to say, proving that Russia was ruined by the emancipation, seemed to him very correct, though new, and incontrovertible. The proprietor

was evidently expressing his own thought, — which is so rare, — a thought to which he had been led, not by the desire to occupy his idle mind, but which grew out from the conditions of his life, which he had hatched out in his village solitude and had considered from all its sides.

“The point is, you see, that every progress is achieved by power,” he said, apparently wishing to show that he was not averse to culture. “Take the reforms of Peter, of Catherine, of Alexander. Take European history. The more so the progress in agriculture. Take the potatoes, — even they were introduced in our country by force. Nor did we always have wooden ploughs. They were, no doubt, introduced during feudal times, and in any case by force. Now, in our day, we, the proprietors, under serfdom, have introduced several improvements on our farms: the kilns, and the winnowing-machines, and the hauling of manure, and all implements, — everything we introduced by force, and the peasants at first opposed us, and then imitated us. Now, with the destruction of serf right, the power has been taken from us, — and so our estates, which had been raised to a high level, must descend again to the wildest primeval state. That is the way I understand it.”

“But why? If it is rational, you can run it by hired labour,” said Sviyázhski.

“We lack the power. With whom am I to run it, permit me to ask you?”

“Here it is, — the working power, the chief element of agriculture,” thought Levín.

“With the farm-hands.”

“The farm-hands do not want to work well or to use good tools. Our farm-hand knows only one thing, and that is to get beastly drunk and to spoil everything you give him. He will founder the horses, tear the good harness, take off the tire wheel and spend it in drinks, let a

peg down in the thresher, in order to break it. It makes him sick to see things that are not like his own. That is the reason why farming has gone down. The land is abandoned and overgrown with wormwood, or given away to the peasants, and where formerly a million chétverts were produced, they now grow only one hundred thousand; the common wealth has diminished. If the same had been done with reason — ”

And he proceeded to expound his plan of the emancipation, in which all these inconveniences would have been avoided.

Levín was not interested in this, but, when he was through, Levín returned to his first proposition and said, turning to Sviyázhski and trying to provoke him to express his serious opinion :

“ It is quite true that the level of farming has been lowered and that with our relations to the farm-hands it is impossible to carry on farming in a rational way,” he said.

“ I do not find it so,” Sviyázhski said, this time seriously. “ All I see is that we do not know how to run our farms and that, on the contrary, the estates, far from standing high under serf law, were at a very low level. We have no machinery, no good working-horses, no proper management, and no sense of keeping accounts. Ask a proprietor, and he will not be able to tell you what is profitable, and what not.”

“ Double bookkeeping,” the proprietor said, ironically. “ Carry it on in that way, and they will spoil things so badly that there will be no profit left.”

“ Why should they spoil things? They will break a nasty little threshing-machine, — one of your Russian pestles, but they will not break my steam thresher. One of your Russ horses, — what do you call them? — of the Pull breed, that you have to pull by the tail, they will spoil; but provide yourselves with Percherons, or at least

with Russian draught-horses, and they will not spoil them. And so it is with everything. We must lift up the farming."

"Yes, if we had the means, Nikoláy Ivánovich! It is easy enough for you to do so, but I have to support a son in the university and educate the youngsters in a gymnasium,—so I cannot buy Percherons."

"There are banks for that."

"To have them sell the last you possess under the hammer? No, thank you!"

"I do not agree with you that it is necessary or possible to raise the level of farming," said Levín. "I busy myself with it, and I have the means, and still I have been unable to do anything. I do not know for whom the banks are useful. I, at least, have lost money, no matter on what I have spent it on the farm: the cattle are a loss, the machines are a loss."

"That is so," the proprietor with the gray moustache confirmed him, with a smile of satisfaction.

"And I am not alone in this," continued Levín. "I will refer you to all the proprietors who carry on rational farming: all, with rare exceptions, are running their farms at a loss. Well, will you tell me that your farming is profitable?" said Levín, and immediately he observed in Sviyázhski's glance that fleeting expression of fright, which he noticed every time when he wanted to penetrate beyond the reception-rooms of Sviyázhski's mind.

Besides, this question was not quite honest on Levín's part. The hostess had just told him at tea that they had sent to Moscow for a German expert bookkeeper, who for a fee of five hundred roubles examined the condition of the estate and had found that it footed up a loss of three thousand roubles or more. She did not remember exactly how much, but she thought the German had figured it out to one-fourth of a kopek.

The proprietor smiled at the mention of profit from

Sviyázhski's estate, evidently knowing what profit his neighbour and the marshal of nobility could have.

"Perhaps it is unprofitable," replied Sviyázhski. "That only proves that I am either a poor farmer, or that I am spending my capital in order to increase my income."

"Oh, income!" Levin exclaimed, in fright. "There may be an income in Europe, where the land has become better from the work which is put into it, but with us the land is getting worse the more labour is put into it, that is, from ploughing it up, — consequently there can be no income."

"How can there be no income? That is a law."

"Then we are outside the law: an income does not explain anything to us, but only tangles up matters. You will tell me that the doctrine of income —"

"Would you like to have some curds? Másha, send us up some curds, or raspberries," he turned to his wife. "This year the raspberries have been keeping remarkably late."

And Sviyázhski got up in the happiest of moods, apparently assuming that the conversation had come to an end at the very point where Levin thought that it was only beginning.

Having lost his interlocutor, Levin continued the conversation with the proprietor, to whom he tried to prove that the whole difficulty was due to the fact that we did not wish to know the qualities and habits of our working population; but the proprietor was, like all men who think independently and in their solitude, hard of comprehension in reference to other people's ideas, and especially biassed in favour of his own. He insisted that the Russian peasant was a swine and fond of swinishness, and, to lead him out of swinishness, power was needed, and this was gone; a stick was needed, but we had become liberal and had suddenly exchanged the millennial stick for some

lawyers and conclusions, which led us to feed the worthless, stinking peasants on good soup and counting out to them cubic feet of air.

"Why do you think," said Levín, trying to return to the question, "that it is impossible to find the proper relation to the working power, by which the labour would be productive?"

"That will never happen with the Russian nation! The power is lacking," replied the proprietor.

"New conditions may be discovered!" said Sviyázhski, who had eaten some curds, lighted a cigarette, and again approached the disputants. "All the possible relations to the working power have been determined and studied," he said. "The remainder of barbarism, the primitive Commune [with mutual security falls to pieces by itself, the serf law is abolished, — there is left only free labour, and its forms are defined and ready, and all that is necessary is to take them. The farm-hand, the day labourer, the farmer, — you cannot come away from this."

"But Europe is dissatisfied with these forms."

"Dissatisfied and looking for new forms; and, no doubt, it will find them."

"That's what I say," replied Levín. "Why, then, are we not to look for it on our side?"

"Because that would be like inventing new ways for building railways. They are ready, all thought out."

"But if they do not fit us, if they are stupid?" asked Levín.

And again he noticed the expression of fright in Sviyázhski's eyes.

"Yes, we want to hurrah that we have found what Europe is looking for! I understand it all, excuse me, but do you know everything that Europe has done in respect to the labour question?"

"No, hardly."

"This question now occupies the best minds in Europe.

Schulze-Delitzsch's direction — Then all that immense literature of the labour question, of the most liberal Lasalle tendency — The Mühlhausen experiment is now a fact, you, no doubt, know."

"I have an idea, but a very dim one."

"No, you are only saying so; you certainly know all that as well as I do. Of course, I am not a professor of political economy, but that has interested me, and, indeed, if it interests you, you ought to look into it."

"What results did they arrive at?"

"Excuse me —"

The proprietors rose, and Sviyázhski, again baffling Levín in his disagreeable habit of looking back of the reception-rooms of his mind, went to see his guests off.

XXVIII.

LEVÍN felt unbearably dull with the ladies on that evening: he was agitated, as never before, by the thought that the discontentment with farming, which he was experiencing now, was not his exclusive state, but a general condition, in which all of Russia was, and that the discovery of some such relation of the working class, when they would work as with the peasant in the middle of the road, was not a dream, but a problem which had to be solved by all means. And it seemed to him that it could be solved and that people should try to do so.

After bidding the ladies good night, and promising them to stay another whole day with them, in order to go with them on horseback to inspect an interesting landslide in the Crown forest, Levín, before retiring, went to the host's cabinet to take from him the books on the labour question, which he had promised him. Sviyázhski's cabinet was a very large room, filled with book-safes, and with two tables, — one a massive writing-table, which stood in the middle of the room, and another, a round one, covered with the last numbers of newspapers and periodicals in various languages, radiating from the lamp. Near the writing-table was a stand with all kinds of drawers, with gilt labels, containing all kinds of matters.

Sviyázhski got down the books and sat down in a rocking-chair.

“What are you looking at?” he asked Levín, who had stopped at the round table and was turning over the leaves of the periodicals.

"Oh, there is a very interesting article in that," Sviyázhski said about the magazine which Levín had in his hand. "It turns out," he added, with gay animation, "that it was not Frederick who was the chief cause of the partition of Poland. It turns out —"

And, with a clearness which was characteristic of him, he told briefly this new, very important, and interesting discovery. Although Levín was now busy thinking of farm matters, he, listening to his host, asked himself: "What is there sitting in him? And why, why is he interested in the partition of Poland?" When Sviyázhski was through, Levín involuntarily asked himself, "Well, what of it?" But there was nothing: all that was interesting was that "it turns out." But Sviyázhski did not take the trouble to explain to him why that interested him.

"Yes, but I am very much interested in the cross old proprietor," Levín said, heaving a sigh. "He is an intelligent man, and there is much truth in what he says."

"Oh, go! He is an obdurate, secret advocate of serfdom, like the rest of them!" said Sviyázhski.

"Of whom you are the marshal —"

"Yes, only I lead them in another direction," Sviyázhski said, laughing.

"What interests me is this," said Levín. "He is right in saying that our business, that is, the rational farming, does not go, and that only that usurious farming, like that of the quiet proprietor, or the simplest kind goes — Who is to blame for it?"

"Of course, we ourselves. Besides, it is not true that it does not go. Vasílchikov's farming pays."

"His distillery —"

"But I do not understand what it is that surprises you. The masses stand on such a low level of both material and moral development that they naturally must resist everything which is foreign to them. In Europe rational

farming pays because the nation is educated : consequently our masses must be educated, — that is all.”

“ But how are the masses to be educated ? ”

“ In order to educate the masses, three things are needed : schools, schools, and schools.”

“ But you yourself said that the masses are standing on a low level of material development ; how will the schools help them ? ”

“ Do you know, you remind me of the advice given to a patient, ‘ You had better try a laxative.’ He took it, and grew worse. ‘ Try leeches.’ He tried them, and grew worse. ‘ Well, then pray to God.’ He prayed, and grew worse. Just so you are treating me. I say, ‘ Political economy,’ and you say, ‘ Worse.’ I say, ‘ Socialism,’ and you say, ‘ Worse.’ ‘ Education,’ — ‘ Worse.’ ”

“ But how will the school help here ? ”

“ They will give them other needs.”

“ That is something I have never been able to understand,” Levín retorted, with excitement. “ How will the schools help the masses to improve their material existence ? You say that the schools and education will give them new needs. So much the worse, for they will not be able to satisfy them. How the knowledge of addition and subtraction and of the catechism will ever help them to improve their material existence is something I have never been able to understand. Two days ago I met a woman with an infant, and I asked her where she was going. She said, ‘ I went to the midwife, — the whimpers have befallen the boy, and so I took him there to be cured.’ I asked her, ‘ How does the midwife cure the whimpers ? ’ ‘ She puts the baby on the chicken perch and says some charms.’ ”

“ Exactly ! In order that she should not carry the child to be cured from the whimpers by being put on a perch, it is necessary — ” Sviyázhski said, with a merry smile.

“ Oh, no ! ” Levín said, in annoyance. “ This cure is to

me only an example of the cure proposed by means of schools. The masses are poor and uneducated, — that we see as distinctly as the woman sees the whimpers, because the child is crying. But why the schools are to be a cure of this misfortune of poverty and ignorance is as unintelligible to me as why the hens on the perch will cure the whimpers. Where they need aid is against their poverty."

"Well, in this you at least agree with Spencer, whom you dislike so much; he, too, says that education may be the result of great well-being and comfort of life, — of frequent ablutions, as he says, but not of the knowledge of reading and counting —"

"Well, I am glad, or, on the contrary, very unhappy, to agree with Spencer; but that I have known for a long time. The schools will not aid them, but they will be aided by an economic structure which will make the masses richer and will give them more leisure, — and then there will be schools."

"But the schools are now obligatory in the whole of Europe."

"But how is it you yourself agree in this with Spencer?" asked Levín.

But in Sviyázhski's eyes flashed the expression of fright, and he said, smiling:

"Really, these whimpers are superb. Did you actually hear it yourself?"

Levín saw that he should not find the connection between that man's life and his thoughts. It was evident that it was a matter of absolute indifference to him what the reasoning would lead to; all he needed was the process of reasoning, and it annoyed him whenever the process of reasoning led him into a cul-de-sac. This was what he disliked and evaded, changing the subject to something pleasant and merry.

All the impressions of that day, beginning with the im-

pression of the peasant in the middle of his journey, which had served as it were as a basic principle of all his impressions and thoughts of that day, agitated Levín very much. This charming Sviyázhski, who harboured ideas only for social use, and who apparently had some other bases of life, which were concealed from Levín, and who with a crowd, the name of which is legion, was guiding public opinion by means of thoughts foreign to him; that angry proprietor, who was completely right in his reasoning extorted from him by life, and wrong in his resentment against a whole class, the best class in Russia; his own dissatisfaction with his activity, and a dim hope of finding a remedy for these things,—all this blended into a feeling of internal alarm and expectation of a near solution.

When he was left alone in the room set aside for him, and lay on the spring mattress which at every motion unexpectedly threw up his legs and arms, he could not fall asleep for a long time. Nothing of what he had talked about with Sviyázhski, though the latter had said many clever things, interested Levín; but the proprietor's proofs demanded reflection. Levín involuntarily thought of all his words, and in his imagination corrected his own answers to him.

“Yes, I ought to have told him, ‘You say that our farming does not go because the peasant despises all innovations, and that they must be introduced by force; if farming could not be carried on without these improvements, you would be right; but it does go where the farm-hand acts in conformity with his habits, as in the case of the old man in the middle of the road. Our common dissatisfaction with our farming proves that we are to blame, and not the peasants. We have been for a long time aping the European fashion, without inquiring about the properties of the working power. Let us try to assume the working power to be not an ideal working *power*, but the

Russian peasant, with his instincts, and let us build up the farming in conformity with this assumption. Imagine, I ought to have told him, 'that your farm is carried on as with that old man, and that you have found a method of interesting the farm-hands in the success of the labour, and that you have discovered that mean in the improvements which they acknowledge, and you will receive two and three times as much as before, without exhausting the soil. Divide into two parts; give one-half to the working power; the difference which will be left for you will be greater, and the working power, too, will receive more. In order to accomplish this, it is necessary to lower the level of the farming and to interest the labourers in the success of the farming. How is this to be done? That is a question of details; but unquestionably it is possible.'"

This thought agitated Levín very much. He lay awake half the night, reflecting on the details needed to carry out this idea. He had not intended to leave on the following day, but now he decided that he would leave the next morning for home. Besides, that sister-in-law with the opening in her gown produced in him a feeling resembling shame and regret on account of a bad act which he might have committed. But the main reason was, he had to go home at once in order to get there in time to propose the new project to the peasants before the winter grain was to be sowed, so that the work might be done under the new conditions. He decided to undo all his former farming.

XXIX.

THE execution of Levín's plan presented many difficulties; but he struggled with all his might and attained, not what he wanted, but enough so that, without deceiving himself, he could believe that the work was worth the trouble. One of the chief difficulties was that the estate was in full operation, and that it was impossible to stop everything and begin everything anew, but the machine had to be altered while in motion.

When, on the evening of his arrival at home, he informed the clerk of his plans, the clerk with apparent pleasure agreed with him in that part of his remarks which proved that everything done by him heretofore had been nonsense and unprofitable. The clerk said that he had been saying so for a long time, but that no attention was paid to him. But when it came to the proposition made by Levín that he should take part with the farmhands, as a shareholder, in the whole farming business, the clerk expressed only great ennui and no definite opinion, and immediately started talking of the necessity of hauling off the remaining rye-stacks on the morrow and of sending out men to plough down the ground, so that Levín felt that now was not the time.

In talking about the same with the peasants and offering them the land on the new conditions, he again ran up against the chief difficulty, which was that they were so busy with the current work that they had no time to deliberate on the advantages and disadvantages of the undertaking.

One naïve peasant, Iván the cattle tender, seemed to

have fully grasped Levín's proposition, which was that he and his family were to take part in the profits of the cattle yard, and fully sympathized with it. But when Levín tried to impress upon him the future advantages, Iván's face expressed alarm and regrets at not being able to listen to him, and hastened to take up some work which brooked no delay: he either took the pitchfork to pitch hay from the stall, or filled the trough, or cleaned up the manure.

Another difficulty lay in the unsurmountable diffidence of the peasants, who could not imagine that the aim of the proprietor could be anything but a desire to fleece them as much as possible. They were fully convinced that his present aim (no matter what he might say about it) would always be what he would never tell them. And they themselves retorted many things, but never said what their real aim lay in. Besides (Levín felt that the bilious proprietor was right), the peasants made it the first, invariable condition of any agreement whatsoever that they should not be compelled to use any new methods of farming, or employ any new implements. They admitted that a coulter plough ploughed better and that a steel plough did better work, but they found a thousand reasons why none of these were to be used, and, although he was convinced that the level of farming had to be lowered, he hated to give up improvements, the advantage of which was so manifest. But, in spite of all these difficulties, he gained his point, and in the fall the thing worked, or at least he thought it did.

At first Levín had intended to turn over the farm as it was to the peasants, the farm-hands, and the clerk on new partnership conditions; but he convinced himself very soon that that was impossible, and decided to divide up the farm. The cattle yard, the orchard, the garden, the mowings, the fields, partitioned into several parts, were to form separate lots. Naïve Iván, the cattle tender,

who, Levín thought, had best grasped his idea, got together a company of his own, consisting mainly of members of his own family, and became a partner in the cattle yard. A distant field, which had been lying fallow for eight years, was taken up by six families of peasants, under the leadership of an intelligent carpenter, Fédor Ryezunóv, on the new communal conditions, and peasant Shuráev took all the gardens on the same conditions. The rest was left as of old, but these three lots were to be the beginning of the new order, and exceedingly interested Levín.

It is true in the cattle yard things did not run any better than before, and Iván was very much opposed to the warm housing of the cows and to the making of cream butter, insisting that a cow needed less feed in the cold, and that sour cream milk was better, and demanded his wages as before, without taking the least interest in the fact that the money which he received was not wages, but the advance payment of his profits.

It is true Fédor Ryezunóv's company did not plough over with coulter ploughs, as had been agreed upon, giving as their excuse that the time was too short. It is true the peasants of this company, though they had agreed to carry on the work on the new conditions, called this land not common land, but land on shares, and more than once the peasants of this company, including Ryezunóv, told Levín, "You had better receive money for the land, and then you would be better satisfied, and we should be freer." Besides, the peasants with all kinds of excuses kept delaying the building of the cattle yard and grain-kiln, which had been agreed upon, putting it off for the winter.

It is true Shuráev wanted to parcel out to the peasants the gardens which he had rented. It was evident that he understood quite perversely, and purposely so, the conditions on which the land was given to him.

It is true, speaking often with the peasants and explaining to them the advantages of the undertaking, Levín felt that the peasants were listening to the cadences of his voice, being all the time convinced that, no matter what he might say, they would not allow themselves to be cheated by him. This he felt most when he talked with the most intelligent of the peasants, Ryezunóv; he noticed that play in his eyes which clearly showed that he was laughing at Levín and that he was firmly convinced that, if anybody was to be cheated, it would certainly not be Ryezunóv.

But, in spite of it, Levín thought that things were running well and that, keeping a strict account and insisting that his plans be carried out, he would prove to them in the future the advantages of such an arrangement, and that then things would run easily.

These matters, with the remaining farm which was still on his hands, and with his cabinet work on his book, so occupied Levín's whole summer that he hardly went out hunting. He learned at the end of August, from the man who brought back the lady's saddle, that the Oblónskis had moved back to Moscow. He felt that, by not answering Dárya Aleksándrovna's letter, he, through his incivility, which he could not recall without a flush of shame, had burned his ships and should never again go to see them. The same thing he had done with the Sviyázhskis, whom he had left without bidding them good-bye. But he should never call on them, either. Now it was all the same to him. The affair of the new order on his farm interested him more than had anything else in his life. He read all the books which Sviyázhski had given him, and sent for such as he did not have and read all the political economies and socialistic works dealing with this subject, but, as he had expected, he found nothing in them which might refer to the matter in hand. In the works on political economy, in Mill, for example,

who was the first to be studied by him with great enthusiasm, in the hope of finding in his book at any moment some solution of the questions that interested him, he saw certain laws deduced from the condition of European agriculture; but he could not for the life of him see why these laws, which were inapplicable to Russia, should be general. The same he found in the socialistic books: either they were beautiful, but inapplicable fancies, with which he used to be infatuated when he was a student, or corrections and improvements of the state of affairs current in Europe, with which Russian agriculture had nothing in common. Political economy said that the laws by which the wealth of Europe has been developed were general, incontrovertible laws. The socialistic doctrine said that the development along the line of these laws was leading us to ruin. But neither the one nor the other gave him an answer, or even the slightest indication of what he, Levín, and all the Russian peasants and agriculturists were to do with their millions of hands and of desyatínas, to make them more productive for the common welfare.

Having once undertaken this thing, he conscientiously read everything referring to this subject, and intended in the fall to go abroad, in order to study the whole matter on the spot, so that he might not have the same fate in this question that he had had in a variety of other subjects. The moment he would begin to grasp the idea of his interlocutor and to expound his own views, some one would suddenly say to him: "And Kauffmann, and Johns, and Dubois, and Miceli? You have not read them? Read them: they have worked out the problem."

He now saw clearly that Kauffmann and Miceli had nothing to tell him. He knew what he wanted. He saw that Russia had excellent land and excellent workmen, and that in certain cases, as with the peasant in the middle of the road, the farm-hands and the lands pro-

duced much, but in the majority of cases, when the capital is applied in European fashion, little is produced. And he saw that the farm-labourers want to work and do work well only in their own peculiar manner, and that this resistance was not accidental, but constant, having its basis in the spirit of the nation. He thought that the Russian masses, whose destiny it was to settle and cultivate enormous unoccupied extents of land, consciously stuck to the methods necessary for these purposes, so long as all the land was not yet occupied, and that these methods were not at all so bad, as was generally supposed. And it was this that he wished to prove theoretically in his book and practically on his farm.

XXX.

TOWARD the end of September, timber was hauled down for the building of the farmhouses on the land taken up in partnership, and the butter was sold, and the profits were divided. In practise the farm was running excellently, or at least seemed to Levín to run so. But, in order theoretically to elucidate the whole matter and to finish his work, which, according to his dreams, was not only to produce an upheaval in political economy, but even to abolish the whole science and lay the foundation for a new science,—about the relation of the masses to the land,—he had to go abroad and study on the spot what had been done there in this direction, and to find convincing proof of the fact that everything which was being done there was useless. Levín was waiting only for the sale of wheat, to receive the money for it and to go abroad. But the rains began, which made it impossible to harvest the grain and the potatoes, and stopped all the work, and even the hauling of the wheat. On the roads there was impassable mud; two mills were carried off by a flood, and the weather was getting worse and worse.

On the 30th of September the sun came out in the morning, and Levín, who expected good weather, began to get ready for the journey. He ordered the wheat to be hauled, sent his clerk to the merchant to receive money from him, and himself went over the farm to give his last orders before his departure.

Having attended to all his business, wet from the streams that ran down his leathern coat back of his neck

and into his boots, but still in the liveliest and most excited of moods, Levín returned home late in the evening. The weather had become worse than ever: the hail struck so painfully against the drenched horse, which was shaking its ears and head, that it walked sidewise; but Levín felt happy under his cape, and looked merrily about him, now at the turbid streams that ran down the ruts, now at the drops hanging down from all the bared branches, now at the white spot of the unmelted hail on the planks of the bridge, now at the lush, fleshy leaves of an elm that clung in a dense layer about the bared tree. Despite the sombreness of surrounding Nature, he felt himself pleasantly excited. His conversation with the peasants of a remote village showed him that they were getting used to his new relations. An old innkeeper, to whom he went to dry himself, evidently approved of Levín's plan, and himself proposed to enter into the partnership after the purchase of cattle.

"All that is necessary is persistently to march toward the aim, and I will reach it," thought Levín. "At least there is something to work and labour for. It is not my personal affair, but a question of the common good. The whole farming, the chief position of the whole nation, must change completely. Instead of poverty there is to be general wealth, abundance; instead of hostility, concord and a union of interests. In short, there is to be a bloodless revolution, the greatest of its kind, first in the small circle of our county, then in the Government, in Russia, in the whole world. A just idea cannot help being fruitful. Yes, it is an aim worth working for. And that it is I, Konstantín Levín, the same fellow that used to go to balls in a black necktie, and whom Kitty Shcherbátski has refused, and who is so miserable and insignificant, — all that does not prove anything. I am convinced that Franklin felt himself just as insignificant and had just as little faith in himself, when he thought of himself

as he was. It does not mean anything. He, too, must have had his Agáfya Mikháylovna, to whom he confided his secrets."

It was with such thoughts that Levín reached the house in the dark.

The clerk, who had driven to the merchant, was back with part of the money for the wheat. The agreement was made with the innkeeper, and on his way the clerk learned that the grain was still in the fields, so that Levín's 160 ricks were nothing in comparison with what the others had.

After his dinner, Levín, as he was wont, sat down in an armchair with a book in his hand and, while reading, continued to think of his expected journey in connection with the book. He now saw very clearly the whole significance of his work, and involuntarily there rose in his mind whole sentences, expressive of the essence of his thoughts. "I must write them down," he thought. "That must form a short introduction, which heretofore I considered unnecessary." He got up to walk over to the writing-table, and Láska, who was lying at his feet, stretched herself and got up, too, and looked at him, as though asking him where to go. But he had no time to make any notes, because the day bosses came, and Levín went out to see them in the antechamber.

Having given them the orders for the next day, and having received all the peasants who had any business with him, Levín went to his cabinet and began to work. Láska lay down under the table; Agáfya Mikháylovna sat down in her place with a stocking in her hand.

After writing for awhile, Levín suddenly with extraordinary vividness recalled Kitty, her refusal, and their last meeting. He got up and began to walk up and down in the room.

"There is no reason why you should feel lonely," said Agáfya Mikháylovna. "Why do you stay at home? You

had better go to the hot springs, since you have been getting ready for them."

"I intend to go there day after to-morrow, Agáfya Mikháylovna! I must finish my business."

"What business? You have rewarded the peasants enough as it is! They say that their master will be rewarded for it by the Tsar. I cannot understand why you trouble yourself so much about the peasants."

"I am not troubling myself about them, but am doing it for my own sake."

Agáfya Mikháylovna knew all the details of Levín's farm plans. Levín had frequently expounded to her his ideas with their minutest shades, and had often disputed with her, refusing to accept her explanations. But this time she understood quite differently what he had said to her.

"Of course, a man must think of his soul as much as possible," she said, with a sigh. "For example, there was Parfén Denísyeh, — though he was illiterate, may God grant others to die like him," she said of a manorial servant who had died lately. "He made his confession, and received the extreme unction."

"I am not speaking of that," he said. "I say that I am doing it for my advantage. It is more profitable for me to have the peasants work better."

"If a man is lazy, it will not make much difference, — he will continue to bungle things. If he has a conscience he will work; and if he has none, you can't do anything with him."

"But you say yourself that Iván is looking after the cattle better."

"All I have to say," replied Agáfya Mikháylovna, evidently not by accident, but with severe consistency of thought, "is that you ought to get married, that's what!"

His being reminded by Agáfya Mikháylovna of what he had been thinking but a minute ago, grieved and offended

him. Levín frowned and, without replying to her, again sat down to work, repeating to himself everything he thought of the significance of his work. Now and then he listened in the stillness to the sound of Agáfya Mikháylovna's knitting-needles, and, as he recalled what he did not wish to think about, he scowled again.

At nine o'clock a bell and the dull swaying sound of a carriage-bed on the mud was heard.

"A guest is coming, and so you will not feel so lonely," said Agáfya Mikháylovna, getting up and walking toward the door. But Levín ran ahead of her. His work did not proceed well, and he was glad to receive a guest, whoever it might be.

XXXI.

RUNNING half-way down the stairs, Levín heard in the antechamber the familiar sound of coughing; but he did not hear it clearly on account of the sound of his footsteps, and hoped he might be mistaken; then he saw the whole lank, bony, familiar figure, and there seemed no room left for a mistake, but he still hoped he might have erred and that that lean man, who was taking off his overcoat and was coughing, was not his brother Nikoláy.

Levín loved his brother, but it was always painful for him to be with him. Now that Levín, under the influence of the thought which had come to him and of Agáfya Mikháylovna's reminder, was in an indistinct, muddled state, the impending meeting with his brother seemed to him particularly oppressive. Instead of a happy, healthy, stranger guest, who, he hoped, would divert him in his spiritual indefiniteness, he had to meet his brother, who understood him through and through, and who would evoke in him all his intimate thoughts and cause him to make a clean breast of everything, and this he did not wish to do.

Angry at himself for such a base feeling, Levín ran down into the antechamber; the moment he saw his brother at close range, this feeling of personal disenchantment vanished and gave way to pity. No matter how terrible his brother Nikoláy had been before with his leanness and sickliness, he now was leaner and more emaciated still. He was a skin-covered skeleton.

He was standing in the antechamber, jerking his long,

lean neck and pulling off a shawl from it, and he smiled in a strange and pitiful manner. When Levín saw this meek, humble smile, he felt that convulsions were compressing his throat.

"Here I have come to you," Nikoláy said, in a hollow voice, without taking his eyes off his brother for a single second. "I had intended to come long ago, but I was not quite well. Now I have greatly improved," he said, wiping his beard with his large lean hands.

"Yes, yes!" replied Levín. And he felt more terribly still when, kissing him, he felt with his lips the dryness of his brother's body and saw near him his large, strangely sparkling eyes.

A few weeks before, Konstantín Levín had written to his brother that from the sale of a small part of undivided property his brother was to receive his share, about two thousand roubles.

Nikoláy said that he had come to receive this amount and, above all, to stay awhile in his nest, to touch the soil, in order, like the Russian giants, to gather strength for his new activity. In spite of the increased stoop of his shoulders and in spite of his leanness, which was the more striking on account of his height, his motions were, as always, rapid and jerky. Levín took him to his cabinet.

His brother changed his clothes, dressing himself more carefully than usual, combed his scanty, straight hair, and, smiling, came up-stairs.

He was in the kindest and happiest of moods, such as Levín had known him in his childhood. He even mentioned Sergyéy Ivánovich without any malice. When he saw Agáfya Mikháylovna, he jested with her and asked about the old servants. The news about the death of Parfén Denísych affected him unpleasantly. His face expressed fright; but he at once regained his composure.

"Well, he was quite old," he said, changing the conversation. "Yes, I will stay a month or two with you, and

then I will go to Moscow. You know Myágkov has promised me a place, and I am going to serve. I am going to arrange my life quite differently now," he continued. "You know I have put away that woman."

"Márya Nikoláevna? Why? For what reason?"

"Oh, she is a bad woman! She has caused me no end of trouble." But he did not tell what the trouble was. He could not tell that he had driven her away because the tea was weak and, above all, because she tended on him as on a patient.

"Besides, I now want to change my life entirely. Of course, like everybody else, I have been doing foolish things, but my fortune is the last thing, — I do not regret it. If God only gives me health, and my health, thank God, is better now."

Levín was listening and thinking all the time what to say to him, but could not discover anything. Apparently Nikoláy felt the same; he began to ask his brother about the state of affairs, and Levín was glad to talk about himself, as he could do so without feigning. He told his brother of his plans and his actions.

His brother listened, but evidently was not interested in what he was saying.

These two men were so close and so related to each other that the slightest motion, the tone of their voices, told them more than anything that could be uttered in words.

Just now both of them had but one idea, — Nikoláy's illness and nearness to death, — which drowned everything else. But neither the one nor the other dared to speak of it, and so everything they said, without expressing what was really in their minds, was nothing but a lie. Levín had never before been so glad to have the evening come to an end, and to retire. Never, either with a stranger, or at an official visit, had he been so unnatural and so false, as on that day. And the consciousness of

this unnaturalness and his repentance of it made him even more unnatural. He wanted to weep over his dying beloved brother, and was compelled to hear and sustain a conversation about how he was going to live.

As the house was damp, and only one room heated, Levín put his brother in his sleeping-room behind a partition.

His brother lay down and — whether he slept or not — tossed about like a sick man, coughed, and grumbled whenever he could not clear his throat. At times, when he drew a laboured breath, he said, “O Lord!” At other times, when the phlegm choked him, he angrily exclaimed, “The devil!” Levín did not fall asleep for a long time, listening to him. He had a great variety of thoughts, but the end of all of them was the same, — death.

Death, the inevitable end of everything, for the first time presented itself to him with irresistible force. And this death, which was here, in his brother, who groaned in his waking moments and indifferently, from force of habit, invoked either God or the devil, was not at all so far off as he used to think. It was in him, too, — so he felt. If not to-day, to-morrow; if not to-morrow, in thirty years, so what difference did it make? But what this inevitable death was he not only did not know, not only had never thought of, but even did not dare and did not know how to think of.

“I am working; I want to do something, and I have forgotten that everything is coming to an end, that there is death.”

He sat on his bed in the dark, all doubled up and embracing his knees, and, holding his breath, was thinking tense thoughts. But the more he strained his thoughts, the clearer it became to him that it was unquestionably so; that he had really forgotten and overlooked a small circumstance in life, namely, that death would come and all would be ended; that it was not worth while beginning

anything, and that he could not help it all. Yes, it was terrible, but it was so.

"But I am still alive. What am I to do now, what am I to do?" he spoke in despair. He lighted a candle, cautiously got up, went to the mirror, and began to look at his face and hair. Yes, there were gray hairs over his temples. He opened his mouth. The back teeth were beginning to decay. He bared his muscular arms. Yes, there was much strength left in them. But Nikoláy, too, who was breathing with what there was left of his lungs, had a sound body. And suddenly he recalled how they used to go to bed together when they were children, and how they used to wait for Fédor Bogdánych to leave the room, in order to pelt pillows at each other and laugh, laugh uproariously, so that even the fear of Fédor Bogdánych could not arrest this overbrimming and foaming consciousness of the happiness of life. "And now this bent, empty chest—and I, not knowing why I am and what will become of me—"

"Kkha! Kkha! Oh, the devil! Why are you up there instead of being in bed?" his brother called out to him.

"Oh, I do not know, just sleeplessness."

"And I have had a good sleep, and I do not perspire any more. Just see and feel my shirt! Is there any perspiration?"

Levín felt the shirt, went on the other side of the partition, put out the candle, but could not fall asleep for a long time. The moment the question became clear to him of how to live, a new, unsolved question arose,—death.

"He is dying; he will die in the spring. How can I help him? What can I tell him? What do I know about it? I have forgotten that it exists."

XXXII.

LEVÍN had observed long ago that when one feels ill at ease with people on account of their excessive yielding and humbleness, one soon feels intolerably on account of their excessive exactions and nagging. He felt that the same would happen with his brother. And, indeed, the meekness of his brother Nikoláy did not last long. He became irritable the very next morning, and took delight in nagging his brother, touching him in the sorest spots.

Levín felt guilty, and could not mend matters. He felt that if they both did not feign, but talked what is called from the heart, that is, only what they actually thought and felt, they would only be looking into each other's eyes, and Konstantín would say, "You are going to die, you are going to die!" and Nikoláy would only answer, "I know that I shall die; but I am afraid, afraid, afraid!" And they would be talking nothing else, if they were to talk from the heart. But it was impossible to live in that manner, and so Konstantín tried to do what he had been endeavouring to do all his life without achieving it, and what, according to his observation, many knew so well how to do, and what it was impossible to live without: he tried to speak what he did not think, and he felt all the time that it had all a false ring, and that his brother caught him at it and so became irritated.

Two days later Nikoláy provoked his brother to tell him his plan once more, and he not only began to condemn it, but purposely to mix it up with communism.

“You have only taken somebody else’s idea, but you have distorted it and want to apply it to the inapplicable.”

“But I tell you that it has nothing in common with anything else. They all deny the justice of property, of capital, of inheritance, while I, without rejecting this chief *stimulus*” (Levín himself was loath to use such words, but ever since he had been infatuated by his work, he involuntarily had begun to use foreign words), “want only to regulate work.”

“That’s precisely it! You have taken somebody else’s idea, have cut off everything which forms its strength, and want to make out that it is something new,” said Nikoláy, angrily jerking his neck.

“But my idea has nothing in common — ”

“There,” Nikoláy Levín said, with an angry sparkle of his eyes and an ironic smile, “there you will find at least a charm, — how shall I say it? — a geometric charm of clearness, of indubitableness. It may be a utopia. But let us admit that a *tabula rasa* may be made of the whole past, — no property, no family, — and the work can be built up. But with you there is nothing — ”

“Why do you mix things up? I have never been a communist!”

“And I have, and I find that it is too previous, but sensible, and that it has a future, like Christianity in the first centuries.”

“All I propose is to consider the working power from the standpoint of natural history, that is, to study it, acknowledge its properties, and — ”

“But that is all in vain. This power, according to its development, finds its own peculiar activity. There have been slaves everywhere, then *métayers*; and we, too, have work on shares, and tenantry, and peasant labour, — what are you, then, looking for?”

Levín suddenly became excited at these words, because in the depth of his soul he was afraid that it was the

truth, — that it was true that he wanted to balance himself between communism and definite forms, and that that was hardly possible.

“I am looking for means to work productively for myself and for the labourer. I want to build up —” he replied, with animation.

“You do not want to build up anything; it is simply that you want to do as you have all your life, — to be original, to show that you are not exploiting your peasants simply, but with an idea.”

“Well, if you think so, let it be!” replied Levín, feeling that the muscle of his left cheek was leaping about beyond his control.

“You have never had any convictions, and you do not have them now; all you want is to satisfy your egoism.”

“All right, but leave me alone!”

“I will! I ought to have done so long ago, and go to the devil! I am sorry I have come!”

No matter how much Levín after that tried to calm his brother, Nikoláy would not listen to him, saying that it would be better for them to part, and Konstantín saw that life was simply unbearable to his brother.

Nikoláy was all ready to leave, when Konstantín again came to see him, asking him in an unnatural manner to forgive him if he had in any way offended him.

“Ah, magnanimity!” said Nikoláy, smiling. “If you want to be right, I can afford you that pleasure. You are right, but I will leave all the same.”

Only before his actual departure, Nikoláy kissed him, saying to him, with a strange, serious glance at his brother:

“Still, do not think ill of me, Konstantín!” and his voice quivered.

Those were the only words which were said sincerely. Levín saw that what was meant by these words was: “You see and you know that I am in bad shape and that

we shall, probably, never see each other again." Levín understood this, and tears burst from his eyes. He kissed his brother once more, but was unable to say anything to him.

Two days after the departure of his brother, Levín went abroad. On the railway he met with Shcherbátski, Kitty's cousin, who was startled at Levín's gloomy aspect.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Shcherbátski.

"Oh, nothing, — there is so little joy in the world."

"How so? Come with me to Paris, instead of going to your Mühlhausen. You will see how jolly it is!"

"No, I am done with it. It is time for me to die."

"That's nice!" Shcherbátski said, smiling. "I am just getting ready to begin."

"I thought so myself awhile ago, but now I know that I shall die soon."

Levín was saying what he had actually been thinking of late. In everything he saw only death, or a preparation for it. But his undertaking none the less interested him. It was necessary in some fashion to live out his days, so long as death had not come. Darkness covered everything for him; but on account of that very darkness he felt that the only guiding thread in this darkness was his undertaking, and he grasped it and held on to it with his last strength.

PART THE FOURTH

I.

THE Karénins, husband and wife, continued to live in the same house, meeting every day, but remaining complete strangers to each other. Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich made it his invariable rule to see his wife every day, in order to give the servants no cause for suspicions, but he avoided dining at home. Vrónski never came to the house, but Anna saw him elsewhere, and her husband knew it.

The situation was painful for all three of them, and not one of them would have been able to persist one day in this situation, if they had not expected things to change and had not looked upon it as a temporary, grievous complication, which would soon pass. Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich waited for this passion to come to an end, just as everything comes to an end ; he thought that all would forget it, and his name would remain unpolluted. Anna, on whom this situation depended, and for whom it was most painful, bore it only because she not only waited, but was even firmly convinced that all this would soon be disentangled and cleared up. Vrónski, who involuntarily surrendered himself to her, was also waiting for something to happen which was independent of him, and which would clear up all the difficulties.

In the middle of winter Vrónski passed a very lonely week. He was attached to a foreign prince who was visiting St. Petersburg, and had to show him all the sights

of the city. The reason he was attached to the prince was that he had a representative figure, and, besides, possessed the art of bearing himself with dignified respect and had been in the habit of meeting such persons. But this duty seemed extremely irksome to him. The prince did not wish to miss anything about which they might ask him at home whether he had seen it in Russia, and himself was anxious to taste the Russian pleasures as much as possible. Vrónski was to guide him in both these directions. In the morning they drove out to see the sights; in the evening they attended national entertainments. The prince enjoyed excellent health, even for a prince; by gymnastics and proper attention to his body, he had acquired such strength that, in spite of excesses, to which he surrendered himself in his pleasures, he was as fresh as a large, green, glossy Dutch cucumber. The prince had travelled a great deal and found that one of the chief advantages of the present ease of communication consisted in the accessibility of the national entertainments. He had been in Spain, and there had serenaded a Spanish woman who played the mandolin and had cultivated her acquaintance. In Switzerland he had killed a chamois. In England he had raced in a red coat over hedges and had killed two hundred pheasants on a bet. In Turkey he had been in a harem. In India he had travelled on an elephant, and now, in Russia, he wanted to partake of all specially Russian pleasures.

Vrónski, who acted as it were in the capacity of chief master of ceremonies to the prince, had quite a time arranging the schedule for all the Russian entertainments which had been proposed to the prince by a number of persons. There were races, and flat-cakes, and bear-hunts, and tróykas, and gipsies, and carousals with the Russian smashing of dishes. And the prince acquired the Russian spirit with extraordinary ease, broke the trays with the dishes, seated a gipsy maid on his knees, and seemed to

be asking, "What else is there, or does the Russian spirit consist in this only?"

In reality no Russian entertainment pleased the prince so much as French actresses, a ballet-dancer, and champagne with a white seal. Vrónski had been accustomed to princes, but, either because he himself had changed of late, or because of his great proximity to this prince, — this week was especially irksome to him. All that week he without interruption experienced the sensation which a man may experience who is attached to a dangerously insane person, who is afraid of the madman, and, at the same time, on account of his proximity to him, is afraid for his own reason. Vrónski constantly felt the need of not slackening for a moment the tone of stern official respectfulness, in order not to be insulted. The manner of the prince's treatment of the persons who, to Vrónski's surprise, went mad in order to afford him Russian entertainments, was contemptuous. His judgments on Russian women, whom he wished to study, more than once made Vrónski blush with indignation. But the chief reason why the prince was so irksome to Vrónski was that he instinctively saw himself in him. And what he saw in that mirror did not flatter his egoism. He was a very stupid, and very self-confident, and very healthy, and very cleanly man, and nothing else. He was a gentleman, that was true, and Vrónski could not deny it. He was equal and not at all servile with his superiors, free and simple in his address with his equals, and contemptuously good-natured with his inferiors. Vrónski was precisely such a man and regarded this as a great virtue; but in relation to the prince he was an inferior, and that contemptuously good-natured relation to himself made him indignant.

"A stupid ox! Is it possible I am like him?" he thought.

However it may have been, when he bade him good-bye

on the seventh day, before his departure for Moscow, and received his thanks, he was happy to be freed from his awkward situation and disagreeable mirror. He took leave of him at the station, after their return from a bear-hunt, where for a whole night they had given him a performance in Russian daring.

II.

ON returning home, Vrónski found a note from Anna. She wrote: "I am ill and unhappy. I cannot leave, and cannot be longer without seeing you. Come in the evening. At seven o'clock Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich goes to the Council and will be away until ten." For a moment he was startled at the strangeness of her calling him to the house, although her husband had demanded that he be not received, but he decided to go there.

During the winter Vrónski was promoted to the rank of colonel, when he left the army and lived by himself. After his breakfast he lay down on a sofa, and in five minutes the recollection of the shameless scenes of the last few days became mixed up and connected in his imagination with pictures of Anna and a peasant bear-baiter, who had played an important rôle in the bear-hunt, — and he fell asleep. He awoke in the dark, trembling from fright, and hurried to light a candle. "What was it? What? What was that terrible thing which I saw in my dream? Yes, yes. The peasant bear-baiter, I think, that small, dirty man with dishevelled beard was doing something, bending over, and saying some terrible words in French. There was nothing else in the dream," he said to himself. "But why was it so terrible?" He vividly recalled the peasant and those incomprehensible words which the peasant had uttered, and terror ran down his back in a chill.

"What nonsense!" thought Vrónski, looking at his watch.

It was already half-past eight. He rang the bell for a servant, hurriedly dressed himself, and went out on the porch, entirely oblivious of his dream, and worrying only because he was late. As he reached the porch of the Karénin's, he looked at his watch and saw that it was ten minutes to nine. A tall, narrow carriage, drawn by a pair of grays, was standing near the entrance. He recognized it as Anna's carriage. "She was coming to see me," thought Vrónski, "and that would be better. I do not like entering this house. Still, it makes no difference, — I cannot hide myself," he said to himself, and with that manner of a man who has nothing to be ashamed of, which he had acquired in childhood, he left his sleigh and went up to the door. The door opened and the porter, with a plaid on his arm, called up the carriage. Vrónski, who was not in the habit of noticing details, nevertheless now noticed the expression of surprise with which the porter looked at him. Almost at the door, Vrónski ran up against Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. A gaslight fell directly upon the bloodless, sunken face beneath a black hat, and upon the white tie which glistened from underneath the beaver collar of the overcoat. Karénin's motionless, blurred eyes were directed upon Vrónski's face. Vrónski bowed, and Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, munching with his mouth, raised his hand to his hat and walked on. Vrónski saw him seat himself in the carriage, without looking around, receive the plaid and the opera-glass through the window, and disappear. Vrónski entered the antechamber. His brow was knit and his eyes sparkled with an evil, haughty splendour.

"A fine situation!" he thought. "If he fought and defended his honour, I could act and express my sentiments; but this is either weakness or baseness. He is placing me in the position of a cheat, though I have never wished to be that."

Ever since his explanation with Anna in Vrède's garden,

his thoughts had changed. Involuntarily submitting to the weakness of Anna, who surrendered herself to him completely and expected from him the solution of her fate, submitting in advance to everything, — he had long ceased to believe that this union could end as he had then expected. His ambitious plans again receded to the background, and he, feeling that he had left the circle of activity where everything was determined, completely abandoned himself to his sentiment, and this sentiment bound him more and more strongly to her.

While in the antechamber, he heard her departing steps. He knew that she was waiting for him, listening at the door, and that now she had returned to the drawing-room.

“Yes!” she exclaimed, as she saw him, — and at the first sound of her voice the tears appeared in her eyes. “Yes, if this is going to continue, it will happen much, much earlier!”

“What, my dear!”

“What? I have been waiting and worrying for an hour or two. No, I will not! I cannot quarrel with you. No doubt you could not. No, I will not!”

She put both her hands on his shoulders and for a long time looked at him with a deep, ecstatic, and at the same time questioning glance. She was studying his face for the time that she had not seen him. As at every meeting, so even now she collated her representation of him (impossible and incomparably better than reality) with what he actually was.

III.

"HAVE you met him?" she asked, when they seated themselves at the table under a lamp. "That is your punishment for being late."

"But how is it? He was to be at the Council!"

"He was, and came back, and has again gone somewhere. But that is nothing. Don't talk of it! Where have you been? All the time with the prince?"

She knew all the details of his life. He wanted to say that he had not slept all night and so had fallen asleep, but, looking at her agitated and happy face, he felt ashamed. And he said that he had to go to give an account of the prince's departure.

"Is it all over now? Has he left?"

"Thank God, it is over. You can't imagine how intolerable it all was to me."

"But why? Is not that the usual life of you young men?" she said, with a frown. Taking hold of some work which was lying on the table, she, without looking at Vrónski, began to pull out the crochet-needle from it.

"I abandoned that life long ago," he said, wondering at the changed expression of her face and trying to scrutinize its meaning. "I confess," he said, showing his serried white teeth in a smile, "this week I have been looking into a mirror, and that was disagreeable to me."

She was holding the handiwork in her hand, but did not crochet; she looked at him with a strange, beaming, hostile glance.

"This morning Líza came to see me, — they are not yet

afraid of calling on me, in spite of Countess Lídiya Ivánovna,"— she added, "and she told me about your Athenian evening. What an abomination!"

"I only wanted to say that —"

She interrupted him.

"That Thérèse, whom you used to know, was there."

"I wanted to say —"

"How nasty you men are! Why can't you understand that a woman can never forget it," she said, growing more and more excited, and thus revealing to him the cause of her irritation. "Especially a woman who cannot know your life. What do I know? What did I know?" she said. "Only what you tell me. How do I know that you are telling me the truth?"

"Anna, you are offending me. Do you not believe me? Have I not told you that I have no thought which I could not disclose to you?"

"Yes, yes," she said, apparently trying to dispel her jealous thoughts. "But if you knew how it pains me! I believe you, I do — So what were you saying?"

But he could not at once think of what he intended to say. These attacks of jealousy, which of late assailed her more and more frequently, frightened him and, no matter how much he tried to conceal it, cooled him off toward her, although he well knew that the cause of the jealousy was her love for him. How often he had said to himself that her love was happiness; and now she loved him, as only a woman could love, for whom love outweighed all the good of life, — and he was much further removed from happiness than when he had followed her from Moscow. At that time he had regarded himself as unhappy, but happiness was ahead of him; now he felt that the best happiness was behind him. She was not all that he had thought her to be; and morally and physically she had changed for the worse. She had grown broader, and in her face, while she was talking of the

actress, was an evil, distorted expression. He looked at her as a man looks at a wilted flower plucked by him, in which he with difficulty recognizes the beauty for which he has plucked and ruined it. And yet he felt that then, when his love was strongest, he might have been able, if he had desired it very much, to pluck out the love from his heart, — but now, when, as at that moment, it seemed to him that he felt no love for her, he knew that his bond with her could not be broken.

“Well, well, what did you want to tell me about the prince? I have chased away the demon,” she added. Between them jealousy was called “the demon.” “You began to say something about the prince. Why was it so hard for you?”

“Oh, intolerable!” he said, trying to catch the thread of the lost thought. “He did not gain from closer acquaintance. To define him, I should say that he is a well-fed animal, such as those that receive first prizes at exhibitions, and that he is nothing else,” he spoke with annoyance, which interested her.

“How so?” she retorted. “But he has seen much, is educated?”

“Their education is an entirely different education. It is evident that he is educated only for the purpose of having the right to disdain everything but animal pleasures.”

“But all of you love animal pleasures,” she said, and again he noticed a gloomy look, which was evading him.

“Why do you defend him so?” he asked, with a smile.

“I do not, — it is all the same to me; but I think that if you yourself did not like those pleasures, you could have refused. But it gives you pleasure to see Thérèse in Eve’s costume —”

“Again, again the devil!” said Vrónski, taking the hand which she had placed on the table, and kissing it.

“Yes, but I cannot help it! You do not know how it

wore me out to wait for you! I do not think I am jealous. I am not; I believe you when you are here, with me; but when you there somewhere lead all alone your incomprehensible life — ”

She leaned away from him, finally got her crochet-needle out of the work, and rapidly, with the aid of the forefinger, began to take up meshes of the white wool, which glistened under the lamplight, and swiftly and nervously moved her thin hand in the crocheted mitten.

“ Well, where did you meet Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich ? ” her voice suddenly sounded unnaturally.

“ We ran up against each other at the door. ”

“ And he bowed to you ? ”

She lengthened her face and, half-closing her eyes, rapidly changed the expression of her countenance, and folded her hands, and Vrónski suddenly saw in her pretty face the same expression with which Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich had bowed to him. He smiled, and she merrily laughed that sweet chest laugh, which was one of her chief charms.

“ I positively fail to understand him, ” said Vrónski. “ If after your explanation at the summer residence he had broken with you, if he challenged me to a duel, I could understand it; but this I do not comprehend: how can he endure such a situation? He is suffering; that is evident. ”

“ He ? ” she said, with sarcasm. “ He is quite satisfied. ”

“ Why are we all tormented, since all could be so well ? ”

“ Not he. Do I not know him, — that lie with which he is all saturated? Can a man, who has any feeling, live as he is living with me? He does not understand, does not feel anything. How can a man who has any feeling live with his wicked wife in the same house? Can he talk with her? Say ‘ thou ’ to her ? ”

And again she involuntarily imitated him. "Thou, *ma chère*, thou, Anna!"

"He is not a man, not a human being, but a doll! Nobody knows it, but I do. Oh, if I were in his place, I should long ago have killed or torn to pieces that wife, such a woman as I am, — I should not be saying, 'Thou, *ma chère*, Anna!' He is not a man, he is a ministerial machine. He does not understand that I am your wife, that he is a stranger, that he is a superfluous man — Let us not talk of it, please!"

"You are wrong, and again wrong, my dear," said Wrónski, trying to soothe her. "But, never mind, let us not talk of it! Tell me what you have been doing? What is the matter with you? What is that illness, and what did the doctor say?"

She looked at him with sarcastic joy. Evidently she still was thinking of ridiculous and monstrous sides in her husband, and was waiting for the time to express them.

But he continued:

"I suppose it is not an illness, but your condition. When will it be?"

The sarcastic sparkle went out in her eyes, but another smile, — that of the knowledge of something unknown to him and of quiet grief, — took the place of her former expression.

"Soon, soon. You said that our situation is painful, that it has to be cleared up. If you only knew how hard it is for me, and how I would give everything to be able to love you freely and boldly! I would not be tortured myself, and would not torment you with my jealousy. And that will be soon, but not as you think it."

And at the thought of how that would be, she felt such pity for herself that tears appeared in her eyes, and she was unable to proceed. She placed her hand, which sparkled in the lamplight with its own whiteness and with the rings, upon his sleeve.

“It will not be as we think it. I did not wish to tell you about it, but you have made me. Soon, soon everything will be cleared up, and we shall all of us be pacified, and shall not be tormented any longer.”

“I do not understand you,” he said, though he did understand her.

“You asked me when. Soon. And I shall not outlive it. Don’t interrupt me!” And she hastened to speak. “I know it, and know it for certain. I shall die, and am very glad that I shall die and liberate myself and both of you.”

Tears flowed from her eyes; he bent down to her hand and began to kiss it, trying to conceal his agitation, which, he knew, had no foundation, but which he was unable to overcome.

“Now, this is better,” she said, pressing his hand with a rapid motion. “This is all that is left to us.”

He collected himself and raised his head.

“What nonsense! What senseless things you are saying!”

“Yes, it is true.”

“What, what is true?”

“That I shall die, I had a dream.”

“A dream?” repeated Vrónski, immediately recalling the peasant of his dream.

“Yes, a dream,” she said. “It is a long time ago that I dreamt it. I dreamt that I ran into my sleeping-room, that I had to get something there, to find out something: you know how it is in a dream,” she said, opening her eyes wide in terror, “and in the sleeping-room, in the corner, there stood something —”

“Oh, what nonsense! How can you believe —”

But she did not allow him to interrupt her. What she was saying was too important to her.

“And that something turned around, and I saw that it was a peasant with a dishevelled beard, a small, terrible-

looking man. I wanted to run, but he bent down over a bag and was rummaging in it with his hands — ”

She showed him how he was rummaging in the bag. There was terror in her face. And Vrónski, recalling his dream, felt the same terror, which filled his soul.

“ He was rummaging, and talking so fast in French, with a guttural pronunciation of his *r*'s, ‘ *Il faut le battre le fer, le broyer, le pétrir —* ’ And I wanted to wake from terror, and I did wake up — but I woke up in my dream. And I began to ask myself what it meant. And Kornéy said to me, ‘ You will die in childbirth, in childbirth, motherkin — ’ And I awoke.”

“ What nonsense, what nonsense ! ” said Vrónski, feeling himself that there was no persuasiveness in his voice.

“ Let us not talk of it ! Ring the bell, I will have tea brought in. Wait, it is not long to — ”

But suddenly she stopped. The expression of her face was suddenly changed. Her terror and agitation suddenly gave way to an expression of calm, serious, blissful attention. He could not understand the meaning of this change. She felt in herself the quickening of a new life.

IV.

AFTER meeting Vrónski on his porch, Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich was driven to the Italian opera, as had been his original intention. He remained there through two acts and saw everybody whom he needed to see. When he returned home, he carefully examined the clothes-rack and, observing that there was no military overcoat upon it, went as usual to his cabinet. But, contrary to his habit, he did not lie down, but paced to and fro in his cabinet until three o'clock in the morning. His feeling of anger at his wife, who would not observe the proprieties and carry out the only condition demanded of her, — which was that she should not receive her lover, — gave him no rest. She did not comply with his demand, and he had to punish her and carry out his threat, — to ask a divorce and take away the son. He knew all the difficulties which were connected with this matter, but he had said that he would do it, and so had to carry out his threat. Countess Lídiya Ivánovna had hinted to him that that was the best way out from his situation, and of late the legal handling of divorces had been carried to such perfection that Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich saw the possibility of overcoming the formal difficulties. Besides, misfortune never comes single, and his case about the condition of the aliens and about the irrigation of the fields of the Government of Zaráyask had caused such unpleasantness to him in his official capacity that lately he was in a very irritable state.

He did not sleep the whole night, and his anger, increasing in some huge proportion, reached the extreme limits in the morning. He dressed himself in a hurry and, as though carrying a full bowl of anger and fearing lest he should spill it, and fearing lest with his anger he should lose the energy which he needed for his explanation with his wife, he entered her room as soon as he heard that she was up.

Anna, who thought that she knew her husband well, was startled by his look, when he came in. His brow was knit, and his eyes glanced gloomily in front of him, evading her glance; his mouth was compressed firmly and contemptuously. In his gait, his movements, the sound of his voice, there was determination and firmness, such as his wife had never seen in him. He entered the room and, without greeting her, went straight to her writing-desk and, taking the keys, opened a drawer.

“What do you want?” she exclaimed.

“The letters of your lover,” he said.

“They are not there,” she said, closing the drawer; but he understood by this motion that he had guessed correctly, and, rudely pushing her hand aside, he quickly grasped the portfolio, where, he knew, she put away the most important papers. She wanted to tear the portfolio out of his hands, but he pushed her aside.

“Sit down! I have to talk with you,” he said, putting the portfolio under his arm and pressing it so hard with his elbow that his shoulder was raised.

She silently looked at him in amazement and fright.

“I have told you that I will not permit you to receive your lover at the house.”

“I had to see him in order —”

She stopped, being unable to find an explanation.

“I do not enter into the details of why a woman has to see her lover.”

“I wanted, I only —” she said, flaring up. His rude-

ness provoked her and gave her courage. "Don't you feel how easy it is for you to insult me?" she said.

"An honest man and an honest woman may be insulted, but to tell a thief that he is a thief is only *la constatation d'un fait*."

"This new feature of cruelty I did not suspect in you."

"You call it cruelty when a man gives his wife her liberty, giving her the honourable protection of his name under the condition only that she preserve the proprieties. Is that cruelty?"

"It is worse than cruelty, — it is baseness, if you want to know!" Anna called out, in an outburst of rage. She got up and wanted to leave.

"No!" he cried, in his squeaky voice, which now rose a note higher than usual. Clutching her hand so firmly with his large fingers that she had red marks left on it from her bracelet, which he pressed against it, he forced her to sit down.

"Baseness? If you want to use that word, I will tell you that it is baseness to abandon your husband, your son, for your lover, and to eat your husband's bread."

She bent her head. She not only failed to tell him what she had told her lover the evening before, that he, her husband, was a superfluous man, — she did not even think of it. She felt the whole justice of his words, and only said, softly:

"You cannot describe my situation in worse terms than I myself understand it to be; but why do you tell me this?"

"Why do I say it, why?" he continued, just as angrily. "That you may know that, since you have not done my will in the matter of observing the proprieties, I will take such measures as will put an end to this situation."

"It will soon, very soon, end anyway," she said, and again tears at the thought of her near, now so much wanted death came to her eyes.

"It will end sooner than you and your lover have imagined! You need the gratification of your animal lust —"

"Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich! I do not say that it is not magnanimous, but that it is not decent to strike a prostrate person."

"Yes, you think only of yourself! But the sufferings of a man who has been your husband do not interest you. It is all the same to you that his whole life is ruined, or how much I have sur — sur — surfured."

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich was talking so fast that his tongue became tied up and he could not pronounce that word. He finally pronounced it *surfured*. That appeared funny to her, but she immediately felt ashamed at having found anything funny at such a moment. And for the first time she for a minute felt for him, and transferred herself to his place, and was sorry for him. But what could she say or do? She lowered her head and kept silence. He, too, was silent for a little while, after which he spoke in a less squeaky, cold voice, emphasizing arbitrarily chosen words, which had no special importance.

"I came to tell you," he said.

She glanced at him. "No, it only seemed so to me," she thought, recalling the expression of his face when he got mixed on the word *surfured*. "Yes, how can a man with these blurred eyes, with this self-contented calm, feel anything?"

"I cannot change anything," she whispered.

"I came to tell you that to-morrow I shall leave for Moscow and shall not return again to this house, and you will get my decision through the lawyer to whom I shall entrust the divorce case. My son will go to stay with my sister," said Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, making an effort to recall what it was he intended to say about his son.

"You need Serézha in order to cause me pain," she said,

looking stealthily at him. "You do not love him — Leave Serézha here!"

"Yes, I have lost even my love for my son, because with him is connected my loathing for you. But I will nevertheless take him. Good-bye!"

And he wanted to go, but this time she stopped him.

"Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, leave Serézha!" she whispered once more. "I have nothing else to say. Leave Serézha until my — I shall soon bear a child, — leave him!" Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich flamed up and, tearing his hand away from her, left the room in silence.

V.

THE waiting-room of the famous St. Petersburg lawyer was full when Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich entered it. Three ladies, an old woman, a young woman, and a merchant's wife, and three gentlemen, a German banker with a ring on his finger, a merchant with a beard, and an angry official in an undress uniform, with a cross on his neck, had apparently been waiting for quite awhile. Two assistants were writing at tables, squeaking with their pens. The writing-apparatus, for which Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich had a weakness, was unusually fine. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich could not help noticing it. One of the assistants, half-closing his eyes and without rising, turned angrily to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich.

"What do you wish?"

"I have some business with the lawyer."

"The lawyer is busy," the assistant replied, sternly pointing with his pen to the people waiting, and proceeding with his writing.

"Can't he find some time?" said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich.

"He has no leisure, — he is always busy. Please to wait."

"Then will you not take the trouble to hand him my card," Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich said, with dignity, seeing the necessity for revealing his incognito.

The assistant took his card and, apparently not approving of its contents, passed through the door.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich in principle sympathized

with public courts, but did not fully approve of certain details of their application in Russia, from higher official considerations which were well known to him, and he condemned them in so far as he could permit himself to condemn anything instituted by order of the sovereign. His whole life had been passed in an administrative activity, and so, if he did not approve of a thing, this disapproval was modified by the recognition of the unavoidable nature of mistakes and the possibility of improvement in every affair. In the new institutions of the courts he did not approve of the conditions under which the practice of the law was placed. But until then he had had no recourse to the law, and so had found fault with it merely from theoretical considerations; now his disapproval was strengthened by that disagreeable impression which he received in the lawyer's waiting-room.

"He will come out directly," said the assistant, and, indeed, in about two minutes there appeared the long figure of an old jurist, who had been consulting the lawyer, and the lawyer himself.

The lawyer was a small, stocky, bald-headed man, with a reddish black beard, long light eyebrows, and an overhanging forehead. He dressed up like a bridegroom, from his necktie and double chain to his patent leather boots. He had a shrewd peasant face, and his attire was foppish and in bad taste.

"If you please," said the lawyer, turning to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. And, gloomily allowing Karénin to pass in, he closed the door.

"Will you not be seated?" He pointed to a chair at the writing-table, which was covered with paper, and himself sat down in the presiding place, rubbing his little hands with their short fingers, which were overgrown with white hair, and inclining his head to one side. But, just as he settled himself in his pose, a moth flew across the table. The lawyer, with a rapidity that one could not

have expected of him, spread his hands, caught the moth, and resumed his former position.

"Before speaking of my case," said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, having in amazement watched the lawyer's movements, "I must remark that the affair of which I am about to speak must remain a secret."

A faint smile expanded the lawyer's overhanging reddish moustache.

"I should not be a lawyer if I could not keep secrets entrusted to me. But if you wish a confirmation —"

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich looked at his face and saw that his intelligent gray eyes were laughing, as though they knew everything.

"Do you know my name?" continued Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich.

"I know you and your useful" — he caught a moth again — "activity, as any Russian may know," said the lawyer, inclining his head.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich heaved a sigh, filling himself with courage. But, having once taken the resolve, he continued, in his squeaky voice, without timidity and without hesitation, and now and then putting a special emphasis on certain words.

"I have the misfortune," began Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, "of being a deceived husband, and I wish legally to disrupt my relations with my wife, that is, to be divorced from her, but in such a manner that my son shall not be left with his mother."

The lawyer's gray eyes tried not to smile, but they leaped about from incontinent joy, and Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich saw that this was not only the joy of a man who is receiving a profitable order, but that there was triumph and transport, a gleam resembling the ominous gleam which he had seen in the eyes of his wife.

"Do you wish my coöperation in the achievement of the divorce?"

"Yes, precisely, but I must warn you that I am in danger of trespassing on your attention. I have come only to consult you in a preliminary way. I want a divorce, but the forms under which this is possible are of importance to me. It is not unlikely that if the forms do not coincide with my demands I shall refuse a legal suit."

"Oh, that is always the case," said the lawyer, "and that is always subject to your wish."

The lawyer dropped his eyes on Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich's feet, feeling that he might offend his client by letting him see his incontinent joy. He looked at a moth that flew past his nose, and jerked his hand, but did not catch it, from respect to Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich's situation.

"Although our statutes respecting this subject are known to me in a general way," continued Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, "I should like to know the general forms under which similar cases are disposed of in practice."

"Do you want me," replied the lawyer, without raising his eyes, and not without pleasure entering into the tone of his client's discourse, "to expound to you the paths along which the execution of your wish is possible?"

In response to the affirmative nod of Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich's head, he proceeded, only now and then casting a fleeting glance at Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich's face, which was red in spots.

"According to our laws," he said, with a faint shade of a disapproval of our laws, "divorce is possible, as you know, in the following cases — Let them wait!" he turned to the assistant who had thrust his head through the door; but he also got up, said a few words, and sat down again. "In the following cases: physical defects of either party, then a five years' absence without knowledge of the whereabouts," he said, bending his short, hairy finger, "then adultery" (this word he pronounced with manifest

pleasure). "The subdivisions are" (he continued to bend his fat fingers, although the cases and subdivisions evidently could not be classified together): "physical defects of either husband or wife, then adultery committed by either husband or wife." As he had used up all his fingers, he unbent them all and continued: "That is the theoretical view; but I assume that you have done me the honour of turning to me in order to find out the practical application. And so, being guided by precedents, I must inform you that all the divorce cases reduce themselves to the following — there are no physical defects, so far as I can understand, nor a five years' absence? —"

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich nodded affirmatively.

"Reduce themselves to the following: adultery of either husband or wife, and the conviction of the criminal party by mutual consent, or, for want of such a consent, by involuntary conviction. I must say, the latter case rarely happens in practice," said the lawyer. Casting a cursory glance at Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, he grew silent, like a dealer in pistols, who has described the advantages of this weapon and of that, and is waiting for the purchaser to make the choice. But Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich was silent, and so the lawyer proceeded: "The most customary and simple and sensible, I take it, is adultery by mutual consent. I should not take the liberty of expressing myself in this manner, if I were speaking to an undeveloped man," said the lawyer, "but I assume that that is comprehensible to you."

However, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich was so upset that he did not at once grasp the reasonableness of adultery by mutual consent, and he expressed this perplexity in his view; but the lawyer immediately came to his rescue.

"The people can no longer live together, — here is the fact. And if both agree to it, the details and formalities are a matter of indifference. At the same time that is the simplest and safest way."

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich now fully comprehended. But he had religious scruples which interfered with the admission of this measure.

"This is out of the question in the present case," he said. "Only one case is possible here: involuntary conviction, confirmed by letters, which I have in my possession."

At the mention of letters, the lawyer firmly set his lips and produced a thin, compassionate, and contemptuous sound.

"You see," he began, "matters of this kind are, as you well know, passed upon by the clerical department; now the father protopopes are in these things very fond of the minutest details," he said, with a smile, which evinced sympathy for the taste of the protopopes. "Letters, no doubt, can be partially confirmatory; but the proof must be obtained directly, that is, by means of eye-witnesses. However, if you will do me the honour to bestow your confidence on me, you must leave to me the choice of the measures which are to be employed. He who wants results, must admit the means."

"If so —" Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich began, suddenly growing pale; but just then the lawyer got up and again walked over to the door to the assistant, who had interrupted him.

"Tell her that we have no bargain-counter here!" he said, returning to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich.

On the way back he stealthily caught another moth. "My rep will be fine by summer!" he thought, frowning.

"And so you were pleased to remark —" he said.

"I will give you my decision in writing," said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, getting up and holding on to the table. After standing for awhile, he said: "From your words I conclude that the achievement of the divorce is possible. I should also ask you to inform me what your charges are."

"It can all be done, if you give me complete liberty of action," said the lawyer, without replying to the question. "When may I count on an answer from you?" asked the lawyer, moving toward the door, and with his eyes and his patent leather boots sparkling.

"In a week. You will be so kind as to give me an answer whether you will take the case and under what conditions."

"Very well, sir."

The lawyer bowed respectfully, let his client pass out, and, when left alone, abandoned himself to his joyful sensation. He was so happy that, contrary to his rules, he came down on his price to the haggling lady, and stopped catching moths, having decided that his furniture should in the winter get the same kind of a velvet upholstery that Sigónin's furniture had.

VI.

ALEKSYÉY ALEKSÁNDROVICH obtained a brilliant victory in the meeting of the commission of the 17th of August, but the consequences of this victory undid him. The new commission for an all-round study of the condition of the aliens was formed and despatched to the spot with unusual rapidity and energy, due to Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich's initiative. A report was furnished in three months. The condition of the aliens was investigated in its political, administrative, economic, ethnographic, material, and religious aspects. To all the questions answers were neatly appended, and they were answers that could not be doubted, as they were not the product of human thought, which is subject to error, but of the official activity. The answers were all the results of official data, of reports of governors and bishops, which were based on the information furnished by county chiefs and priors, which, on their side, were based on the reports of township organizations and parish priests; consequently all the answers were impeccable. For example, all the questions about why there were failures of crops, why the inhabitants stuck to their peculiar faiths, and so forth, — questions which without the conveniences of the official machine are not decided, and cannot be decided, in ages, received a clear, indubitable solution. And this solution was in favour of Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich's opinion.

But Strémov, who in the last meeting had felt himself touched to the quick, on the receipt of the commission's reports made use of tactics which Alekseyéy Aleksándro-

vich had not foreseen. Strémov drew several other members along with him and suddenly passed over to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's side, and not only warmly defended the execution of the measures proposed by Karénin, but himself proposed other extreme measures in the same direction. These, far more radical than what had been Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's fundamental idea, were accepted, and then only Strémov's tactics became apparent. Being carried to the extreme, these measures suddenly proved to be so stupid that at one and the same time the statesmen, and public opinion, and the clever ladies, and the newspapers, —everybody came down upon them, expressing their indignation against the measures themselves and against their professed father, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. But Strémov himself withdrew, making it appear that he had blindly followed Karénin's plan, and that now he was himself surprised and indignant at what had happened.

This undid Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. But, in spite of his failing health, in spite of his domestic sorrows, he did not surrender. In the commission a schism took place. Some of the members, with Strémov at their head, justified their error by asserting that they had believed implicitly in Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's revisionary commission, and said that the report of this commission was the merest bosh and nothing more than paper scribbled over. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, with a party of men, seeing danger in such a revolutionary relation to the papers, continued to support the data which had been worked out by the revisionary commission.

The result of it was that in the higher spheres and even in society everything became mixed, and, although everybody was interested in it in the highest degree, no one was able to make out whether the aliens were impoverished and perishing, or flourishing. In consequence of this, and partly also on account of the contempt which

fell upon him through his wife's infidelity, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's position became very shaky. While in this condition, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich took an important step. To the surprise of the commission, he announced that he would ask for permission to go personally to the spot in order to investigate the matter. Having received this permission, he departed for the distant Governments.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's proposed journey produced quite a stir, especially since before his departure he officially returned the travelling money, which was for twelve horses to the place of his destination.

"I find it very noble," Betsy said of him to Princess Myágki. "What use is there of paying for stage-horses when everybody knows that there are railways everywhere?"

But Princess Myágki did not agree with her, and the opinion of Princess Tverskóy even irritated her.

"It is easy enough for you to say so," she said, "since you have millions, I do not know how many of them,—but I like to see my husband go out in the summer on his inspection tours. It is very good for his health and great fun for him, while I have made it my custom to keep a carriage and a driver on this money."

On his way to the distant Governments Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich stopped in Moscow for three days.

On the day after his arrival he drove out with the intention of calling on the governor-general. At the cross-road, near Gazette Lane, where there is always a crowd of carriages and cabs, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich suddenly heard his name called out in such a loud and merry voice that he could not help turning around. Stepán Arkádevich, dressed in a fashionable short overcoat, with his fashionable small hat poised sidewise, aglow with a smile of his white teeth between red lips, looking merry, young, and beaming, was standing at the curb of the sidewalk, calling out in a determined and persistent voice,

and demanding that the coachman stop. With one hand he was holding on to the window of a carriage that had stopped at the corner of the street; out of the carriage were thrust a lady's head in a velvet bonnet, and two little children's heads. Stepán Arkádevich kept smiling and beckoning to his brother-in-law. The lady smiled a kindly smile, and herself, too, was beckoning to Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich. That was Dolly with her children.

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich did not wish to see any one in Moscow, least of all his wife's brother. He raised his hat and wanted to drive on, but Stepán Arkádevich ordered his coachman to stop, and ran up to him over the snow.

"Now, are you not ashamed not to send word? How long have you been here? I was at Dussot's last night, where I saw 'Karénin' on the board; it did not even occur to me that it was you!" said Stepán Arkádevich, thrusting his head through the carriage-window. "What a shame not to let us know!" he repeated.

"I had no time,—I am very busy," Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich answered, dryly.

"Come to my wife! She wants to see you."

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich took off the plaid in which his cold legs were wrapped, and, leaving the carriage, made his way through the snow to where Dárya Aleksándrovna was.

"How is this, Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich? Why do you avoid us?" said Dolly, smiling.

"I was very busy. I am very glad to see you," he said, in a tone which plainly showed that he was rather pained. "How is your health?"

"How is my dear Anna?"

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich muttered something and wanted to go back. But Stepán Arkádevich stopped him.

"This is what we shall do to-morrow. Dolly, invite

him to dinner! We shall send for Koznyshév and Pestsov, in order to serve up to him Moscow culture."

"So please come," said Dolly. "We shall be waiting for you, at five, at six, if you wish. Well, how is my dear Anna? How long —"

"She is well," Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich grunted, with a frown. "Very glad to have met you!" and he walked back to his carriage.

"Will you come?"

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich muttered something which Dolly could not make out through the noise of the moving carriages.

"I will call on you to-morrow!" Stepán Arkádevich cried after him.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich climbed into his carriage and buried himself in it in such a way as not to see or be seen.

"What an odd man!" Stepán Arkádevich said to his wife. He looked at his watch, made a motion with his hand in front of his face, to indicate a caress for his wife and children, and dashingly walked down the sidewalk.

"Stíva! Stíva!" cried Dolly, blushing.

He turned around.

"I have to buy overcoats for Grísha and for Tánya; so let me have some money."

"Never mind! Tell them that I will pay!" and he disappeared, gaily nodding to an acquaintance who drove by.

VII.

THE next day was a Sunday. Stepán Arkádevich drove to the Grand Theatre to attend a ballet rehearsal, where he presented Másha Chíbiso, a pretty dancer who had just joined the theatre under his protection, with some corals, which he had promised her the day before, and behind the curtain, in the day darkness of the theatre, managed to kiss her pretty face, which was beaming on account of the gift. Besides bringing her the corals, he had made an engagement with her for a meeting after the ballet. He explained to her that he could not be there at the beginning of the ballet, but promised to come to the last act, after which he would take her to supper. From the theatre Stepán Arkádevich drove to the Hunting Row, where he himself picked out fish and asparagus for dinner, and at noon was already at Dussot's, where he had to see three persons who, by luck, all stopped in the same hotel: Levín, who had just returned from abroad; his new chief, who had just entered on his higher duties and was inspecting Moscow; and his brother-in-law Karénin, whom he intended by all means to take home to dinner.

Stepán Arkádevich was fond of dining; still more did he like to give a dinner, a small dinner, but one that was refined in its food and beverages, and in its choice company. The programme of the coming dinner pleased him very much: there would be live perch, asparagus, and *la pièce de résistance*, — a superb, though simple roast

beef, and corresponding wines ; so much for eating and drinking. Of guests there were to be Kitty and Levín, and, that this be not too startling, there would be also a lady cousin and young Shcherbátski, and *la pièce de résistance* of the guests, — Sergyéy Koznyshév and Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich : Sergyéy Ivánovich, a Muscovite and philosopher, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, a Petersburgian and man of practical affairs ; and he would also invite the famous eccentric, enthusiastic Pestsóv, liberal, talker, musician, historian, and dearest youth of fifty years, who would be the sauce or garnish to Koznyshév and Karénin. He would stir them up and set them against one another.

The money for the timber had been received from the merchant for the second term, and had not yet been spent ; Dolly had been very sweet and good of late, and the thought of this dinner in every respect gave Stepán Arkádevich pleasure. He was in the happiest of moods. There were just two somewhat disagreeable circumstances ; but these were drowned in the sea of good-natured merriment which surged in Stepán Arkádevich's soul. These two circumstances were : the first, that when he met Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich in the street on the previous day, he had noticed that he was stern and dry with him, and, connecting the expression of Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's face, and the fact that he had not called on them or made his presence known, with the rumours which he had heard about Anna and Vrónski, Stepán Arkádevich guessed that something was wrong between husband and wife.

That was one unpleasant thing. The other somewhat disagreeable fact was that the new chief, like all new chiefs, had already the reputation of a terrible man, who got up at six o'clock, worked like a horse, and demanded the same kind of work from his subordinates. Besides, this chief had the reputation of being a bear in his address, and was, so far as rumour went, a man of the very opposite tendency from that of his former chief, and

from that which had heretofore been Stepán Arkádevich's tendency. On the day before Stepán Arkádevich had appeared in the office in his uniform, and the new chief had been very amiable, and had talked with Oblónski as with an acquaintance; therefore Stepán Arkádevich regarded it as his duty to call on him in civilian clothes. The thought that the new chief might not receive him well was this second disagreeable circumstance. But Stepán Arkádevich felt instinctively that everything was *coming on* well. "All men are like us sinful people: why then get angry and quarrel?" he thought, as he entered the hotel.

"Good day, Vasíli," he said, walking down the corridor, with his hat poised jauntily, and turning to the lackey he knew, "have you been raising side-whiskers? Levín is number seven, eh? Take me to him, if you please! And find out whether Count Ánichkin" (that was the new chief) "will receive."

"Yes, sir," Vasíli replied, smiling. "You have not been here for quite awhile."

"I was here yesterday, only from another entrance. Is this seven?"

Levín was standing with a Tver peasant in the middle of the room and measuring a bear-skin with a yardstick, when Stepán Arkádevich entered.

"Ah, you have killed it?" exclaimed Stepán Arkádevich. "A fine specimen! A she-bear? Good day, Arkhíp!"

He pressed the peasant's hand and sat down on a chair, without taking off his overcoat or hat.

"Take it off, and sit awhile!" said Levín, taking off Stepán Arkádevich's hat.

"No, I have no time. I have come for just a moment," said Stepán Arkádevich. He unbuttoned his coat, and later took it off and passed a whole hour talking with Levín about the hunt and about most intimate subjects.

“Do tell me, — what have you been doing abroad? Where have you been?” asked Stepán Arkádevich, after the peasant had left.

“I have lived in Germany, in Prussia, in France, in England, not in the capitals, but in the factory towns, and I have seen many new things. I am glad to have been there.”

“Yes, I know your idea about the labour question.”

“Not at all: in Russia there can be no labour question. In Russia the question is about the relation of the peasants to the land; it exists there, too, but only as an improvement of something spoiled, while with us — ”

Stepán Arkádevich listened attentively to Levín.

“Yes, yes!” he said. “Very likely you are right. Still, I am glad that you are in such a brisk mood: you are baiting bears, and working, and becoming infatuated — You see, Shcherbátski told me — he has met you — that you were in a melancholy mood, thinking all the time of death — ”

“Well, I have not stopped thinking of it,” said Levín. “It is true, we shall die soon, and all this is nonsense. Let me tell you: I value my reasoning and my work very much, but in reality, just think of it: this whole world of ours is a small bit of mould that has grown on a tiny planet. And we imagine that there can be anything great — ideas, deeds! All these are mere kernels of sand.”

“My friend, that is as old as the world!”

“Yes, old. But when you grasp it clearly, everything becomes insignificant. When you understand that you will die to-day or to-morrow, and nothing will be left, everything grows so insignificant! I regard my idea as very important, but it turns out to be as insignificant, even if it were to be executed, as trapping this bear. And so a person passes his life, finding diversion in hunting and working, only to avoid thinking of death.”

Stepán Arkádevich smiled a fine, kindly smile, as he listened to Levín.

"Of course! So you have come over to me; you remember, you used to attack me for looking for pleasures in life? O moralist, be not so severe!"

"No, there is in life that good —" Levín got mixed up. "I do not know. All I know is that we shall die soon."

"Why soon?"

"You know there is less charm in life when you think of death, but, at the same time, more peace."

"On the contrary, it is jollier in consequence of it. Well, I must go," said Stepán Arkádevich, getting up for the tenth time.

"Sit a little longer!" said Levín, keeping him back. "When shall we see each other? I shall leave to-morrow."

"I am a nice man! That's what I came for — By all means come to our house to dinner to-night. Your brother will be there, and Karénin, my brother-in-law."

"Is he here?" said Levín. He was on the point of asking about Kitty. He had heard that she had been at St. Petersburg during the beginning of winter, visiting her sister, the wife of a diplomatist, and did not know whether she had come back or not, but changed his mind, and did not ask him. "Let her be or not, — what difference does it make?"

"So you will come?"

"Of course."

"At five o'clock, informally."

Stepán Arkádevich rose and went down-stairs to see the new chief. Stepán Arkádevich's instinct had not deceived him. The new, terrible chief turned out to be a very affable man, and Stepán Arkádevich breakfasted with him, staying with him so long that he did not get to see Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich until nearly four o'clock.

VIII.

ALEKSYÉY ALEKSÁNDROVICH, after his return from mass, remained at home the whole morning. He had two affairs to attend to. In the first place, he had to receive and direct the deputation of the aliens, which now was in Moscow, on their way to St. Petersburg, and, in the second place, to write the promised letter to the lawyer. The deputation, though called for by Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich's initiative, presented many inconveniences and even dangers, and Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich was very glad to have met them in Moscow. The members of this deputation did not have the slightest conception of their rôle and duties. They were naïvely convinced that their business was to explain their wants and the present state of affairs, asking the government's aid, and absolutely failed to comprehend that certain information and demands of theirs supported the hostile party, and, therefore, imperiled their cause. Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich had much trouble with them, wrote them out a programme, from which they were not to depart, and, dismissing them, wrote letters to St. Petersburg for the direction of the deputation. The chief assistant in this matter was to be Countess Lídiya Ivánovna. She was a specialist in the matter of deputations, and no one was as capable as she in giving a froth and proper direction to deputations. Having finished this business, he wrote a letter to the lawyer. He gave him, without the least hesitation, the liberty to act according to the best of his knowledge. In the letter he enclosed three notes

from Vrónski to Anna, which he had found in the portfolio taken from her.

Ever since Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich had left his home, with the intention of not returning to his family, and ever since he had been at the lawyer's and had told at least one man about his intention, but especially since he had transferred the case from life to paper, he grew more and more accustomed to his intention, and now clearly saw the possibility of its realization.

He was sealing the envelope to the lawyer, when he heard the loud sounds of Stepán Arkádevich's voice. Stepán Arkádevich was having a dispute with Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's servant, insisting that he should announce him.

"It makes no difference," thought Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich; "so much the better, — I will inform him at once about my situation in reference to his sister, and will explain to him why I cannot dine with him."

"Receive him!" he called out, in a loud voice, picking up the papers and putting them into the blotting-case.

"You see, you have been lying, and he is at home!" Stepán Arkádevich was heard replying to the lackey, who had not admitted him, and, taking off his overcoat as he walked along, Oblónski entered the room. "I am very glad to find you in! So I hope —" Stepán Arkádevich began, merrily.

"I cannot be there," said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, standing, and not asking his guest to be seated.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich expected at once to assume that cold mien which he ought to have toward the brother of his wife, against whom he had begun an action for divorce; but he had not counted on that sea of good-nature which ran over the shores in Stepán Arkádevich's soul.

Stepán Arkádevich opened wide his clear, sparkling eyes.

"Why can't you? What do you mean?" he said, in perplexity, in French. "But you have promised! And we are all counting on you."

"I mean to say that I cannot be at your house, because those relations which have existed between us are about to be severed."

"How so? What do you mean? Why?" Stepán Arkádevich said, smiling.

"Because I have begun an action for divorce against your sister, my wife. I was compelled —"

But Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich did not finish his sentence when Stepán Arkádevich acted quite differently from what he had expected. Stepán Arkádevich groaned and sat down on a chair. "No, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, you don't say!" exclaimed Oblónski, and his face expressed suffering.

"Yes, it is so."

"Excuse me, but I cannot believe it —"

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich sat down, feeling that his words had not had the effect which he had expected, and that he would perforce have to explain, and that, no matter what the explanation might be, his relations with his brother-in-law would remain the same.

"Yes, I am placed under the painful necessity of demanding a divorce," he said.

"I will say this much, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, I know you as an excellent, just man, and I know Anna — excuse me, I cannot change my opinion about her — as a fine, excellent woman, and, therefore, pardon me, I cannot believe it. There is some misunderstanding about it," he said.

"If it were only a misunderstanding —"

"Excuse me, I understand," Stepán Arkádevich interrupted him. "But, of course — One thing: you must not do things in a hurry. You must not, must not hurry!"

"I was not in a hurry," Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich said, coldly, "and no counsel can be taken in such matters. I have firmly decided on it."

"That is terrible!" said Stepán Arkádevich, heaving a laboured breath. "There is one thing I would do, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. I implore you, do it!" he said. "The action has not yet been begun, as I understand. Before beginning the action, see my wife, and speak with her. She loves Anna like a sister, she loves you, and is a remarkable woman. For God's sake, talk with her! Do me that favour, I implore you!"

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich fell to musing, and Stepán Arkádevich looked at him with compassion, without interrupting his silence.

"Will you go down to see her?"

"I do not know. I did not call at your house because I suppose that our relations must change."

"Why should they? I do not see it. Permit me to think that outside of our relationship you have at least part of those friendly feelings for me that I have always had for you — And real respect," said Stepán Arkádevich, pressing his hand. "Even if your worst suspicions should prove true, I will not take upon myself to judge either party, and I see no reason why our relations should change. But now, do it for me, come to see my wife!"

"Well, we look at things differently," Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich said, coldly. "However, we shall not speak of it."

"But why should you not come? At least to-night, to dinner? My wife is waiting for you. Please, do come! And, above all, speak with her. She is a remarkable woman. For God's sake, I implore you on my knees!"

"If you want it so much, I will come," Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich said, with a sigh.

And, wishing to change the subject, he asked him about

what interested them both, — about Stepán Arkádevich's new chief, who, still a young man, had suddenly received such a high appointment.

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich had had little love for Ánichkin before and always had differed with him in opinions, but now he could not keep from expressing his hatred, so natural for an official who had suffered defeat, against him who had been promoted.

"Well, have you seen him?" asked Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, with a stinging smile.

"Yes, I have. He was in our court yesterday. He seems to know his business well, and is a very active man."

"Yes, but toward what is his activity directed?" said Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich. "Toward doing something, or toward upsetting what has already been done? The misfortune of our country is the paper administration, of which he is a worthy representative."

"Really, I do not know what there is in him to condemn. I do not know his political bias, but this much I know, he is a fine fellow," replied Stepán Arkádevich. "I have just called on him, and, indeed, he is a fine fellow. We dined together, and I have taught him to prepare that beverage, you know, wine with oranges. It cools one off so much. It is surprising he did not know it. He liked it very much. Really, he is an excellent fellow."

Stepán Arkádevich looked at his watch.

"O Lord, it is nearly five, and I have to be at Dolgovúshin's yet! So please, come to dinner! You can't imagine how you will offend me and my wife."

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich saw his brother-in-law off in a different way from that in which he had received him.

"I promise, and I will be there," he answered, gloomily.

"Believe me, I appreciate it, and I hope you will not regret it," Stepán Arkádevich replied, smiling.

He put his overcoat on as he went and with his hand touched the lackey's head, at which he laughed, and then went out.

"At five o'clock, informally, if you please!" he called out, once more, returning to the door.

IX.

It was past five, and several guests had already arrived, when the host himself made his appearance. He entered together with Sergyéy Ivánovich Koznyshév and Pestsóv, who had met at the entrance. They were the chief representatives of Moscow culture, as Oblónski had called them. They were both respected for their characters and for their minds. They respected each other, but in nearly everything were completely and hopelessly at variance, — not because they belonged to opposite parties, but for the very reason that they were both of the same camp (their enemies mistook them one for the other), and in this camp they had each his own shade. And, as there is nothing less capable of agreement than diversity of opinions in semi-abstractions, they not only never agreed in their views, but had even become accustomed, without getting angry, to make light of each other's incorrigible delusions.

They were entering the door, talking of the weather, when Stepán Arkádevich caught up with them. In the drawing-room were already sitting Prince Aleksáedr Dmítrievich Oblónski,¹ young Shcherbátski, Turóvtsyn, Kitty, and Karénin.

Stepán Arkádevich saw at once that things were not proceeding well in the drawing-room without him. Dárya Aleksándrovna, in her gray silk evening gown, who was apparently worried about the children that were to dine by themselves in the nursery, and because her husband was not yet at home, had been unable properly to shuffle

¹ Apparently the author's mistake for Shcherbátski.

the company. They were all sitting like priests' daughters "out calling" (as the old prince expressed it), evidently wondering why they had got there, and squeezing out words, in order to avoid keeping quiet. Good-natured Turóvtsyn obviously did not feel in his sphere, and the smile of his thick lips, with which he met Stepán Arkádevich, seemed to say: "Well, my dear, you have stuck me away with a lot of clever people! Now if I had something to drink, and *château des fleurs*, — that's in my line." The old prince sat in silence, looking with his glistening little eyes sidewise at Karénin, and Stepán Arkádevich understood that he had concocted some witticism to hurl at the statesman, to whom they were invited as to a sterlet. Kitty was looking at the door, trying to collect herself so as not to blush at the appearance of Konstantín Levín. Young Shcherbátski, who had not been introduced to Karénin, tried to show that that did not embarrass him in the least. Karénin himself, coming to a dinner at which there were to be ladies, by force of his St. Petersburg habit, had made his appearance in evening dress with a white necktie, and Stepán Arkádevich saw by his countenance that he had come only to keep his word, and that he was performing an oppressive duty in being present in this company. He it was who was the chief cause of the cold which frosted all the guests previous to Stepán Arkádevich's arrival.

On entering the drawing-room, Stepán Arkádevich begged to be pardoned, explaining that he had been kept back by the prince, who was the usual scapegoat of all his delays and absences, and in one minute made all acquainted with each other, and, bringing Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich in touch with Sergyéy Koznyshév, he set them a-going on the theme of the Russification of Poland, which they in conjunction with Pestsóv immediately clutched. He patted Turóvtsyn on his shoulder and, having whispered something funny into his ear, seated him near his

wife and the prince. Then he told Kitty that she looked very nice, and introduced Shcherbátski to Karénin. In one minute he kneaded that social dough to such a consistency that the drawing-room was in the finest running order, and the voices rang out merrily. The only one who was wanting was Konstantín Levín. But that was very fortunate, because, upon walking into the dining-room, Stepán Arkádevich to his horror saw that the port and sherry had been got from Dedré's instead of Levé's, whereat he ordered the coachman to be sent as quickly as possible to Levé's, and then returned to the drawing-room.

In the dining-room he met Konstantin Levín.

"Am I late?"

"Can you do otherwise but be late?" Stepán Arkádevich said, taking his arm.

"Have you many people here? Who and who?" asked Levín, with an instinctive blush, brushing the snow off his cap with his glove.

"All our own people. Kitty is here. Come, I will introduce you to Karénin."

Stepán Arkádevich, in spite of his liberalism, knew that an acquaintance with Karénin could not fail to be flattering, and so he served him up to his best friends. But just then Konstantín Levín was unable to feel the whole pleasure of this acquaintanceship. He had not seen Kitty since that memorable evening when he had met Vrónski, unless he counted the moment when he saw her on the highway. He had known in the depth of his heart that he should see her that evening. But, sustaining in himself liberty of thought, he had tried to persuade himself that he did not know it. Now that he heard that she was there, he suddenly experienced such joy and, at the same time, such terror that it took his breath away, and he was unable to say what he wanted to.

"How is she? Is she still the same as before, or such

as she was in the carriage? What if Dárya Aleksándrovna has told the truth? Why should it not be?" he thought.

"Oh, please, introduce me to Karénin!" he said with difficulty. He entered the drawing-room with a desperately determined step and saw her.

She was not at all such as she had been, nor as she was in the carriage, — she was entirely different.

She was frightened, timid, abashed, and so more charming than ever. She saw him the very moment when he entered the room. She had been waiting for him. She was rejoiced, and so confused from her joy that there was a minute, the one when he walked over to the hostess and again glanced at her, that she, and he, and Dolly, who saw everything, thought that she would not endure it and would burst out into tears. She blushed, grew pale, again blushed, and, waiting for him, stood dead-still. He went up to her, bowed, and silently gave her his hand. But for a slight trembling of her lips and for the moisture which filmed her eyes and increased their lustre, her smile was almost calm, when she said:

"How long it has been since we have seen each other!" and with desperate determination she pressed his hand with her cold hand.

"You did not see me, but I saw you," said Levín, beaming with a smile. "I saw you when you travelled from the railway station to Ergushóvo."

"When?" she asked, in surprise.

"You were on your way to Ergushóvo," said Levín, feeling that he was choking from the happiness which was flooding his soul. "How did I dare to connect the thought of something which was not innocent with this sympathetic being! Yes, what Dárya Aleksándrovna said seems to be true," he thought.

Stepán Arkádevich took his arm and led him up to Karénin.

"Allow me to make you acquainted." He mentioned their names.

"Very much pleased to meet you again," coldly said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, pressing Levin's hand.

"Are you acquainted?" Stepán Arkádevich asked, in surprise.

"We passed three hours together in the car," Levin said, smiling, "but we left mystified, as at a masquerade, — at least I did."

"Indeed! Please walk in!" said Stepán Arkádevich, pointing in the direction of the dining-room.

The men went into the dining-room and walked up to the table with the appetizers, where were six kinds of brandy and as many kinds of cheese with silver spoons and without spoons, and several sorts of caviar, and herrings, and preserves of all sorts, and plates with French bread.

The men stood near the fragrant brandies and appetizers, and the conversation about the Russification of Poland, carried on by Sergyéy Ivánovich Koznyshév, Karénin, and Pestsóv, died down in expectation of the dinner.

Sergyéy Ivánovich, who knew better than anybody else how to put a stop to the most abstract and serious dispute by suddenly adding some Attic salt, with which to change the mood of the interlocutors, did so in the present case.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich was proving that the Russification of Poland could take place only in consequence of higher principles which ought to be introduced by the Russian administration.

Pestsóv insisted that one nation assimilated another only when its population was denser.

Koznyshév admitted both cases, but with limitations. As they were leaving the drawing-room, Koznyshév, to wind up the conversation, said, smiling:

"Consequently to Russify the aliens, there is a means, — to breed as many children as possible. Now brother

and I are acting very badly. But you, married gentlemen, especially you, Stepán Arkádevich, are acting quite patriotically; how many have you?" he turned, smiling kindly, to the host, and offered him a tiny wine-glass.

All burst out laughing, and merriest of all was Stepán Arkádevich.

"Yes, that is the best means!" he said, munching at a piece of cheese, and filling his wine-glass with some peculiar kind of brandy. The conversation actually came to an end with that joke.

"This cheese is not bad. May I give you some?" asked the host. "Have you again been practising gymnastics?" he turned to Levín, feeling his muscles with his left hand.

Levín smiled, as he strained his arm, and under Stepán Arkádevich's fingers a mound as hard as steel and resembling a round cheese rose beneath the thin cloth of his coat.

"What a biceps! A real Samson!"

"I suppose one has to have great strength for a bear-hunt," said Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, who had the dimmest ideas about hunting, as he was spreading a piece of cheese and breaking his slice of bread, which was as thin as cobweb.

Levín smiled.

"None at all. On the contrary, a child can kill a bear," he said, stepping aside, with a light bow, before the ladies who with the hostess were coming up to the table with the appetizers.

"You have killed a bear, I have heard," said Kitty, vainly trying to spear a recalcitrant, slippery mushroom, and causing her lace to shake, through which could be seen her white arm. "Have you bears on your estate?" she added, smiling, turning half-way around and showing him her charming little head.

There seemed to be nothing especial in what she said,

but what inexplicable meaning there was for him in every sound, in every motion of her lips, eyes, hands, as she said that! There was there an entreaty to be forgiven, and confidence in him, and caresses, tender, timid caresses, and promise, and hope, and love for him, which he could not help believing in, and which choked him with happiness.

"No, we went to the Government of Tver. On my return from there I met your brother-in-law, or rather your brother-in-law's brother-in-law, in the car," he said, with a smile. "It was a funny meeting."

And he proceeded to tell in a merry and amusing manner how he, having been awake all night, in his short fur coat, broke into the compartment of Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich.

"The conductor, contrary to the proverb, judging me by my apparel, wanted to take me out; but I began to express myself in high style, and — you too," he said, having forgotten the name, and turning to Karénin, "wanted to drive me out, judging me by my short fur coat, but then took my part, for which I am obliged to you."

"The rights of passengers in the choice of seats are altogether too indefinite," said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, wiping the tips of his fingers with his handkerchief.

"I saw that you were undecided in regard to me," Levín said, smiling good-naturedly, "so I hastened to start a clever conversation, in order to make up for my short fur coat."

Sergyéy Ivánovich, continuing his conversation with the hostess, and listening to his brother with one ear, looked askance at him. "What is the matter with him to-night? He looks such a victor," he thought. He did not know that Levín felt as though wings had grown out of him. Levín knew that she heard his words, and that it gave her pleasure to listen to him. And that was all

that interested him. Not only in that room alone, but in the whole world there existed only he, who had acquired an enormous significance and importance, and she. He felt himself on a height which made his head swim, and there, somewhere below, were all those good, fine Karénins, Oblónskis, and the whole world.

Quite imperceptibly, without looking at them, as though there was no other place to put them in, Stepán Arkádevich seated Levín and Kitty beside each other.

"You might as well sit down here," he said to Levín.

The dinner was as good as the porcelain, of which Stepán Arkádevich was a connoisseur. The Marie-Louise soup was fine; the tiny patties, which melted in the mouth, were faultless. Two lackeys and Matvyéy, in white ties, did their work with the courses and the wine imperceptibly, softly, nimbly. From a material point of view the dinner was a success; not less successful it was from the non-material side. The conversation, now general, now private, did not die down, and toward the end of the dinner became so animated that the men rose from the table, still talking, and even Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich became enlivened.

X.

PESTSÓV was fond of finishing an argument, and was dissatisfied with Sergyéy Ivánovich's words, the more so since he felt the injustice of his own opinion.

"I never meant," he said during the soup, turning to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, "the mere density of population, but in connection with bases, and not with principles."

"It seems to me," Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich replied, deliberately and languidly, "that it is the same thing. In my opinion, only that nation can influence another which has a superior culture, which —"

"But that is the question," Pestsóv interrupted, in his bass voice. He was always in a hurry to speak, and seemed to be putting his whole soul into what he was saying. "In what is the superior culture to be found? The English, the French, the Germans, — which nation stands on a higher level of culture? Which will nationalize the other? We see that the Rhine has become French, and yet the Germans do not stand on a lower level!" he shouted. "Another law is operative here!"

"It seems to me that the influence is always on the side of true culture," said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, slightly raising his eyebrows.

"But in what will you find the signs of true culture?" asked Pestsóv.

"I assume that these signs are known," said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich.

"Are they fully known?" Sergyéy Ivánovich inter-

posed, with a shrewd smile. "It is now accepted that true culture can be nothing but purely classical; but we see embittered arguments on both sides, and it cannot be denied that the camp of the opposition has some strong proofs in its favour."

"You are a classicist, Sergyéy Ivánovich. Will you have some red wine?" asked Stepán Arkádevich.

"I am not expressing my opinion about this or that culture," Sergyéy Ivánovich said, with a smile of condescension, as though to a child, holding up his glass. "All I say is that both sides have strong arguments," he continued, turning to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. "I am a classicist by education, but in this discussion I personally cannot find a place. I see no clear arguments for giving the classical sciences such predominance over the exact sciences."

"The natural sciences have also an educational value," Pestsóv interposed. "Take astronomy, take botany, or zoology with its system of common laws."

"I cannot fully agree with you," replied Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. "It seems to me that it is impossible not to acknowledge that the very process of the study of the forms of languages has an especially favourable influence on the mental development. Besides, it cannot be denied that the influence of the classical writers is moral in the highest degree, while, unfortunately, with the study of the natural sciences are connected those harmful and false doctrines, which form the sore of our time."

Sergyéy Ivánovich wanted to say something, but Pestsóv interrupted him in his deep bass. He began warmly to prove the injustice of this view. Sergyéy Ivánovich patiently waited to take the floor, apparently with a ready victorious retort.

"But," said Sergyéy Ivánovich, with a knowing smile, and turning to Karénin, "we cannot help acknowledging

that it is hard to weigh fully all the advantages and disadvantages of either class of sciences, and that the question which is to be preferred would not have been decided so quickly and so definitely, if the classical education had not had on its side the advantage, which you have expressed, of a moral — *disons le mot* — anti-nihilistic influence.”

“No doubt.”

“If it were not for this advantage of an anti-nihilistic influence on the side of the classical studies,” Sergyéy Ivánovich said, with a knowing smile, “we should have given both directions a chance. But now we know that in these pills of a classical education lies the curative power of anti-nihilism, and so we boldly offer them to our patients. But how if there is no curative power in them?” he concluded, pouring out his Attic salt.

At the mention of his pills, all laughed. The loudest and merriest laugh was that of Turóvtsyn, who had finally arrived at that fun for which he had been waiting, as he listened to the conversation.

Stepán Arkádevich had made no mistake in inviting Pestsóv. With Pestsóv the clever conversation could not stop for a minute. No sooner had Sergyéy Ivánovich concluded his speech with that joke than Pestsóv immediately brought up a new one.

“It is not possible to assume,” he said, “that the government has this aim in view. The government is obviously guided by general considerations, remaining indifferent to the influences which the measures taken may have. Thus, for example, the question of female education ought to be regarded as harmful, and yet the government opens courses and universities for women.”

And the conversation immediately vaulted over to the new theme of female education.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich expressed his idea that the question of the education of women was generally mis-

taken for the question of the freedom of women, and that only thus could it be considered harmful.

"I, on the contrary, assume that these two questions are indissolubly united," said Pestsóv, "it is a vicious circle. Woman is deprived of rights on account of insufficient education, and her insufficient education is due to the absence of rights. We must not forget that the enslavement of women is so great and so old that we frequently fail to understand that abyss which separates them from us."

"You spoke of rights," said Sergyéy Ivánovich, having patiently waited for Pestsóv to get through, "rights to perform duties on a jury, in a city council, as presidents of courts, rights of a member of parliament —"

"Precisely."

"Even though women, in exceptional cases, may occupy these places, it seems to me that you have incorrectly used the word 'right.' It would be more correct to speak of duties. Everybody will agree that, in performing the duties of a jurymen, alderman, or telegraph operator, we feel that we are performing duties. And so it would be more correct to say that the women are seeking duties, and quite legitimately so. And we can only sympathize with this their desire to aid men in their labours."

"Quite just," Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich confirmed him. "The question, I assume, is only whether they are fit for these duties."

"No doubt they will be very fit," interposed Stepán Arkádevich, "when education is disseminated among them. We see this —"

"And the proverb?" said the prince, who had for a long time been listening to the conversation, with a sparkle in his small sarcastic eyes. "In the presence of the daughters I may say so: She has long hair —"

"The same was thought of the negroes before their liberation," Pestsóv said, angrily.

"But I find it strange that women are looking for new duties," said Sergyéy Ivánovich, "while we, unfortunately, see that men generally try to escape them."

"Duties are commensurate with rights; power, money, honours, — that is what the women are seeking," said Pestsóv.

"It is all the same as though I were seeking for the right to be a wet-nurse and should be offended because women get paid for it, while I cannot get anything," said the old prince.

Turóvtsyn burst forth into loud laughter, and Sergyéy Ivánovich was sorry that he had not said that. Even Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich smiled.

"Yes, but a man cannot nurse," said Pestsóv, "while a woman —"

"Indeed, an Englishman once brought up a baby on a ship," said the old prince, who took this liberty of speech in the presence of his daughters.

"There will be as many women officials as there are Englishmen of that sort," Sergyéy Ivánovich said now.

"Yes, but what is a girl to do who has no family?" Stepán Arkádevich interposed, thinking of Másha Chíbiso, whom he had had in mind all the time, sympathizing with Pestsóv, and supporting him.

"If you investigate properly the history of that girl, you will find that she has abandoned her own family, or that of her sister, where she might have had some woman's work to do," Dárya Aleksándrovna, unexpectedly taking part in the conversation, said, in irritation, apparently divining what girl Stepán Arkádevich had in view.

"But we stand for a principle, for an ideal!" Pestsóv retorted, in a sonorous bass. "Woman wants to have the right to be independent, educated. She is embarrassed, crushed by the consciousness that that is impossible."

"And I am embarrassed and crushed because I shall

not be received as a wet-nurse in the Foundling House," again said the old prince, to the great delight of Turóvtsyn, who in his laugh dropped his asparagus with its thick end into the sauce.

XI.

ALL took part in the general conversation except Kitty and Levín. At first, when they were speaking of the influence one nation had upon another, Levín involuntarily thought of what he had to say on this subject; but these thoughts, which had been of such importance to him, flashed through his mind as though in a dream, and at the time did not have the slightest significance to him. It even appeared strange to him that they should try to be talking about something that nobody needed. It would seem that Kitty would have been interested in what they said about the rights and the education of women. How often she had thought of it, when she recalled her friend Várenka abroad and Várenka's oppressive dependence! How often she had been thinking of herself and what would become of her if she did not marry, and how often she had quarrelled with her sister on this account! But now it did not interest her in the least. She had her own conversation with Levín, not exactly a conversation, but some mysterious communion, which each minute bound them closer together and produced in both a sensation of joyful fear of that unknown into which they were entering.

In reply to Kitty's question how he could have seen her in the carriage last year, Levín told her how he had been coming from the mowing along the highway, when he saw her.

"That was early in the morning. You had evidently just wakened. Your mamma was asleep in her corner.

It was a charming morning. I was walking and thinking: 'Who can it be that is driving there in a carriage drawn by four horses?' It was a fine carriage with bells, and in a twinkling you flashed by, and I looked at the window, and you were sitting there like this, and holding the ribbons of your cap, and terribly wrapped in thought about something," he said, smiling. "How I should like to know what you were thinking about then? Was it something important?"

"I wonder if I was dishevelled," she thought, but, on noticing the ecstatic smile evoked in him by these details, she felt that, on the contrary, the impression produced by her was a very good one. "Really, I do not remember."

"How well Turóvtsyn laughs!" said Levín, looking with delight at his moist eyes and shaking body.

"Have you known him long?" asked Kitty.

"Who does not know him?"

"And I see that you think that he is a bad man."

"Not bad, but insignificant."

"It is not so! You had better stop thinking so at once!" said Kitty. "I, too, had a very low opinion of him, but he is a very dear and a remarkably good man. His heart is of gold."

"How could you tell about his heart?"

"We are great friends. I know him very well. Last winter, soon after—you were at our house," she said, with a guilty and, at the same time, confiding smile, "all of Dolly's children had the scarlet fever; he happened to call, and, just imagine," she said, in a whisper, "he pitied her so much that he stayed and helped her tend on the children. Yes, he passed three weeks in her house, and looked after the children like a nurse."

"I am telling Konstantín Dmítrievich about Turóvtsyn during the scarlet fever," she said, bending over to her sister.

"Yes, wonderful, charming!" said Dolly, glancing at

Turóvtsyn, who felt that they were talking of him, and smiling at him. Levín once more looked at Turóvtsyn, and he marvelled how it was he had not before appreciated all the charm of that man.

“I beg your pardon. I shall never again think ill of people,” he said, merrily, giving sincere expression to what he was feeling then.

XII.

IN the conversation about the rights of women they touched upon delicate questions, in the presence of women, on the inequality of rights in marriage. During the dinner Pestsóv had several times attacked these questions, but Sergyéy Ivánovich and Stepán Arkádevich carefully warded them off.

But when they rose from the table and the ladies had left, Pestsóv, who had not followed them, turned to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich and began to expound the chief cause of the inequality. The inequality of husband and wife, in his opinion, consisted in the fact that the infidelity of the wife and that of the husband were unequally condemned by the law and by public opinion.

Stepán Arkádevich hastened to go up to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich and to offer him something to smoke.

"No, I do not smoke," Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich replied, calmly, and, as though wishing on purpose to show that he was not afraid of this conversation, he turned to Pestsóv with a cold smile.

"I assume that the bases for such a view are to be found in the very essence of things," he said, on the point of entering the drawing-room; but just then Turóvtsyn, turning to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, suddenly began to speak.

"Have you heard about Pryáchnikov?" he said, excited by the champagne which he had drunk, and having waited for a long time for a chance to break his oppressive silence. "Vásya Pryáchnikov," he said, with a kindly smile on his

moist, ruddy lips, turning mainly to the chief guest, Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, "has fought a duel in Tver with Kvytski, whom he has killed."

Just as it always seems that you strike a sore spot, as though on purpose, even so Stepán Arkádevich felt now that unfortunately the conversation every minute hit upon Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich's sore spot. He again wanted to carry off his brother-in-law, but Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich himself asked, with curiosity:

"Why did Pryáchnikov fight that duel?"

"On account of his wife. He acted like a fine fellow! He challenged the man and killed him!"

"Ah!" Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich said, with indifference. Raising his eyebrows, he went into the drawing-room.

"How glad I am that you have come," Dolly said to him, with a frightened smile, meeting him in the passage to the drawing-room. "I must speak with you. Let us sit down here!"

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, with the same expression of indifference, which the raised eyebrows gave him, sat down beside Dolly, and smiled a feigned smile.

"The more so," he said, "since I wanted to ask to be excused, and to go immediately. I have to leave to-morrow."

Dárya Aleksándrovna was firmly convinced of Anna's innocence and felt that she was growing pale and that her lips were trembling from anger at this cold, unfeeling man, who so calmly intended to ruin her innocent friend.

"Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich," she said, looking into his eyes with desperate determination. "I asked you about Anna, and you did not answer me. How is she?"

"I think she is well, Dárya Aleksándrovna," Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich replied, without looking at her.

"Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, forgive me, I have no right — but I love and respect Anna like a sister; I beg and

implore you to tell me what is the matter between you two. What do you accuse her of?"

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich frowned and, almost closing his eyes, lowered his head.

"I suppose your husband has communicated to you the causes why I consider it necessary to change my former relations to Anna Arkádevna," he said, without looking her in the eyes, and instinctively glancing at Shcherbátski, who was crossing the drawing-room.

"I do not believe it, I do not, — and I cannot!" Dolly said, with an energetic gesture, compressing her bony hands in front of her. She rose hurriedly and put her hand on Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's sleeve. "We shall be disturbed here. Come this way, if you please."

Dolly's agitation affected Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. He rose and submissively followed her into the children's study-room. They sat down at the table, which was covered with an oilcloth that was all cut up with penknives.

"I do not believe it, I do not!" said Dolly, trying to catch his glance which was evading her.

"It is impossible to disbelieve facts, Dárya Aleksándrovna," he said, emphasizing the word "facts."

"But what has she done?" muttered Dárya Aleksándrovna. "What is that she has done?"

"She has disdained her duties, and has deceived her husband. That's what she has done," he said.

"No, no, it cannot be! No, for God's sake, you are mistaken," said Dolly, touching her temples with her hands and closing her eyes.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich smiled coldly with his lips only, wishing to show her and himself, too, the firmness of his convictions; but that warm defence, though it did not shake him, tore open his wound. He began to speak with greater animation.

"It is very difficult to be mistaken when your wife her-

self informs you so. She informs you that eight years of life and a son are all a mistake, and she wants to begin life anew," he said, snuffling.

"Anna and vice, — I cannot connect the two, and cannot believe it!"

"Dárya Aleksándrovna!" he said, now looking straight into Dolly's good, agitated face, and feeling that his tongue was involuntarily becoming untied, "I should give much if doubt were still possible. So long as I doubted it was hard for me, but easier than now. So long as I doubted there was hope; but now there is no hope, and I nevertheless doubt everything. I doubt everything so much, that I despise my son, and at times do not believe that it is my son. I am very unhappy."

He did not have to say that. Dárya Aleksándrovna understood that the moment he looked into her face; and she felt sorry for him, and her faith in her friend's innocence was shaken.

"Oh, that is terrible, it is terrible! But is it true that you have decided on a divorce?"

"I have decided to take the extreme measure. There is nothing left for me to do."

"Nothing to do, nothing to do —" she muttered, with tears in her eyes. "No, there is something else to do!" she said.

"The terrible part of this kind of a sorrow is that it is impossible, as in anything else, — in a loss, in death, — to bear the cross, but it becomes necessary to act," he said, as though divining her thought. "It is necessary to emerge from that humiliating situation, in which one is placed; it is impossible for three to live together."

"I understand, I understand it very well," said Dolly, lowering her head. She was silent for awhile, thinking of herself, of her domestic trouble, and she suddenly raised her head with an energetic gesture, and folded her hands with a look of entreaty. "But wait! You are a Chris-

tian. Think of her! What will become of her if you abandon her?"

"I have thought, Dárya Aleksándrovna, and have thought much," said Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich. His face grew red in spots, and his dim eyes looked straight at her. Dárya Aleksándrovna now pitied him with her whole soul. "I did that very thing after she had informed me of her disgrace; I left everything as of old. I gave her a chance to mend, — I tried to save her. And what did she do? She did not heed my simplest request, which was to observe the proprieties," he said, growing warm. "It is possible to save a man who does not want to perish; but when a woman's nature is so twisted and corrupted that ruin itself appears to her as salvation, — what are you going to do then?"

"Everything, only not divorce!" answered Dárya Aleksándrovna.

"What else?"

"No, it is terrible. She will be nobody's wife, — she will perish!"

"What can I do?" Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich said, raising his shoulders and eyebrows. The recollection of his wife's last transgression so excited him that he again grew cold, as at the beginning of the conversation. "I thank you very much for your sympathy, but it is time for me to go," he said, getting up.

"No, wait! You must not ruin her! Wait, I will tell you about myself. I married, and my husband deceived me; in anger and out of jealousy I wanted to throw everything away, I wanted myself — But I regained my senses, and what? Anna saved me. And I am living. The children are growing up, my husband is returning to his family and feels the wrong he has done, and is getting purer and better, and I live — I have forgiven, and you, too, must forgive!"

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich was listening, but her words

no longer acted upon him. In his soul again rose all the resentment which he had felt on the day when he had decided on the divorce. He shook himself and said, in a piercing, loud voice :

“ I cannot forgive. I do not want to forgive, and consider it unjust. I have done everything for this woman, and she has trampled everything into the mud, which is characteristic of her. I am not a mean man : I have never hated any one, but I hate her with all the powers of my soul, and cannot even forgive her, because I hate her for all the wrong which she has done me ! ” he said, with tears of anger in his voice.

“ Love those who hate you — ” Dárya Aleksándrovna whispered, abashed.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich smiled a contemptuous smile. He had known that long ago, but it was not applicable in his case.

“ Love those who hate you, but it is impossible to love those whom you hate. Excuse me for having detained you. Each of us has enough of his own sorrow ! ” And, regaining his self-control, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich calmly bade her good-bye, and drove away.

XIII.

WHEN all had risen from table, Levín had intended to follow Kitty into the drawing-room; but he was afraid that that might displease her, on account of the great publicity of the attention which he was paying her. He remained in the circle of men, taking part in the general conversation, and, without looking at Kitty, was conscious of her movements, her glances, and of the spot where she was in the drawing-room.

He at once and without the least effort was carrying out the promise he had given her, — always to think well of everybody and to love all men. The conversation was turning on the Commune, in which Pestsóv saw a special principle, which he called a good principle. Levín did not agree either with Pestsóv, or with his brother, who in his peculiar way both acknowledged and did not acknowledge the significance of the Russian village Commune. But he talked with them, trying only to pacify them and soften their expressions. He was not in the least interested in what he himself was saying, still less in what they were talking about; all he wished for was that they, and everybody else, should be comfortable and happy. He now knew the one important thing. And that one thing was at first there, in the drawing-room, and then began to move up, and stopped at the door. Without turning around, he felt the glance and smile which were directed at him, and he could not help turning around. She was standing at the door with Shcherbátski, and was looking at him.

"I thought you were going to the piano," he said, walking over to her. "That is what I want in the country, — music."

"No, we came just to call you out, and I thank you," she said, rewarding him with a smile, as though with a present, "for having come. What sense is there in disputing? Nobody will ever convince anybody else."

"Yes, that is so," said Levín, "generally one disputes warmly for no other reason than that it is impossible to understand what it is the adversary is trying to prove."

Levín had frequently observed in disputes between very clever people that after enormous efforts and an enormous quantity of logical finesses and words, the disputants finally arrived at the consciousness of the fact that what they had been striving to prove to each other had long ago been known to them, since the beginning of the dispute, but that they liked something different, and did not wish to mention that which they liked in order not to be opposed. He had frequently found that sometimes, during the dispute, he would understand what it was his adversary liked, and he himself would take a liking to it, agreeing with him at once, so that all the argument became nugatory and useless; and at other times he found, on the contrary, that he would at last give expression to that which he himself liked and for which he had been trying to find arguments, and if it happened that he expressed it well and sincerely, his adversary suddenly agreed with him and stopped disputing. It was this that he intended to convey.

She frowned, trying to understand him, and the moment he started to explain it to her, she comprehended.

"I understand: you have to find out what he is arguing for, what he likes, then it is possible —"

She had fully caught his badly expressed idea. Levín smiled a joyous smile: so startling to him was this transition from the complex, wordy dispute with Pestsóv and

with his brother to this laconic and clear, almost wordless, communication of the most complex thoughts.

Shcherbátski walked away from them, and Kitty, going up to an open card-table, sat down, and, taking the chalk into her hand, began to draw diverging circles on the new green cloth.

They renewed their conversation which had been started at dinner, — about the freedom and the occupations of women. Levín agreed with Dárya Aleksándrovna's opinion, that a girl who did not marry would find some woman's work to do in the family. He confirmed this by the statement that not one family could get along without a woman helper, and that every family, whether rich or poor, had to have nurses, whether they be members of the family, or hired.

"No," said Kitty, blushing, but looking so much the more boldly at him with her truthful eyes, "a girl may be so situated that she cannot enter a family without humiliation, and alone —"

He understood her hint.

"Oh, yes!" he said. "You are right, you are right!"

And he understood everything which Pestsóv had been arguing at dinner about the liberty of women, only because he saw the fear of maidenhood and humiliation in Kitty's heart, and, loving her, he felt himself that fear and humiliation, and he at once recanted his argument.

A silence ensued. She was still drawing on the table with the chalk. Her eyes were glistening with a calm gleam. Surrendering himself to her mood, he felt in his whole being an ever increasing tension of happiness.

"Oh, I have scribbled all over the table!" she said. Putting down the chalk, she made a motion as though she wanted to get up.

"How can I endure being left alone without her?" he thought, in terror, taking up the chalk. "Wait!" he said, seating himself at the table.



“I have made it out.”
Photograph from *Journal of Louis Braille*

with an emphasis on their business and clear, almost wordless, communication of the most complex thoughts.

Lydia walked away from them, and Dolly, going to the very open doorway, sat down and, taking the chalk and the board, began to draw diverging circles on the floor with chalk.

They resumed their conversation which had been started at dinner — about the freedom and the occupation of women. Levin agreed with Darya Alexandrovna's opinion that a girl who did not marry would find some woman's work to do in the family. He confirmed this by the example that any one family could get along without a woman laborer, and that every family, whether rich or poor, ought to have courses, whether they be members of the family or not.

"No," said Darya Khokhlova, her looking so much the more boldly at him with her beautiful eyes, "a girl may be educated that she cannot enter a family without humiliation, and alone —"

He understood her well.

"Oh, yes!" he said. "You are right, you are right!"

And he understood something which Darya had been arguing at dinner about the woman's position, and he saw the fear of man's power and punishment in Darya's heart, and loving her, he had almost had her too humiliated, and he at once resumed his argument.

A silence ensued. She was still drawing on the table with the chalk. Her eyes were glistening with a calm gleam. Considering himself as not raised, he felt in his whole being an ever increasing tension of happiness.

"Oh, I have succeeded all over the table!" she said. Putting down the chalk, she made a motion as though she wanted to get up.

"How can I endure being left alone without you?" he thought to himself, taking up the chair. "Wait!" he said, seating himself at the table.

“‘I have made it out.’”

Photogravure from Painting by Louis Meynell



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"I have been for a long time intending to ask you something."

"Please ask it!"

"Here it is," he said, writing down the first letters of words, — *w, y, a, m, t, i, c, n, b, d, i, m, n, o, t?* These words meant: "When you answered me that it could not be, did it mean never, or then?" There was no probability that she would be able to decipher this complicated sentence; but he looked at her with a look as though his life depended on whether she would understand the words.

She glanced seriously at him, then leaned her knit brow on her arm and began to read. Now and then she looked at him, asking him with her glance: "Is it what I think?"

"I have made it out," she said, blushing.

"What word is this?" he said, pointing to the letter *n*, which stood for "never."

"This word means never," she said, "but it is not true!"

He quickly rubbed off what he had written, gave her the chalk, and got up. She wrote down: *I, c, n, a, d, t.*

Dolly found consolation in the grief caused her by her conversation with Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, when she saw these two figures: Kitty with the chalk in her hands and with a timid and happy smile, looking up at Levín and his handsome figure, bending over the table, with burning eyes, directed now at the table and now at her. He suddenly brightened: he had understood. It meant: "I could not answer differently then."

He looked at her questioningly, timidly.

"Only then?"

"Yes," her smile said.

"And *n* — And now?" he asked.

"Well, read it. I will tell you what I should wish for, — should wish for very much!" She wrote the

initial letters: *t, y, c, f, a, f, w, h, b*. It meant: "That you could forget and forgive what has been."

He grasped the chalk with strained, trembling hands and, breaking it, wrote the initial letters of the following: "I have nothing to forget and forgive, — I have not ceased loving you."

She looked at him with an arrested smile.

"I have made it out," she said, in a whisper.

He sat down and wrote a long sentence. She made it all out, and, without asking him whether it was so, took the chalk and immediately wrote out the answer.

For a long time he could not make out what she had written, and frequently gazed into her eyes. A darkness fell over him from happiness. He was absolutely unable to make out what she had written; but in the charming eyes, glistening with happiness, he read everything he needed to know. And he wrote down three letters; but he had not yet finished writing, when she read over his hand, and finished the sentence, and wrote down: "Yes."

"Are you playing *secrétaire*?" asked the old prince, going up to them. "Let us go, though, if you want to be in time for the theatre."

Levín got up and took Kitty as far as the door.

In their conversation everything was said: that she loved him, and that she would tell her parents, and that he would come to see her in the morning.

XIV.

WHEN Kitty had gone and Levín was left alone, he felt such unrest without her and such an impatient desire to get over the time until the morrow, when he would see her again and would for ever be united with her, that he became frightened, as of death, of the fourteen hours which he had to pass without her. He felt the necessity of being and talking with some one, merely to avoid being alone and in order to cheat time. Stepán Arkádevich was for him a most agreeable interlocutor, but he was going out to an evening entertainment, as he said, but in reality to the ballet. Levín had only time to tell him that he was happy and that he loved him, and that he would never, never forget what he had done for him. Stepán Arkádevich's glance and smile showed Levín that he duly appreciated his sentiment.

"Well, is it not time to die?" asked Stepán Arkádevich, tenderly pressing Levín's hand.

"N-n-n-no!" said Levín.

Dárya Aleksándrovna, in bidding him good-bye, herself seemed to be congratulating him, when she said: "How glad I am that you and Kitty have met again, — we must value old friendships." Levín was displeased by these words of Dárya Aleksándrovna. She could not understand how exalted and inaccessible to her it all was, and she ought not to have taken the liberty of mentioning it. Levín took his leave from them, but, not to be left alone, he stuck to his brother.

"Where are you going?"

"To a meeting."

"Well, I will go with you. May I?"

"Why, yes. Come along," Sergyéy Ivánovich said, smiling. "What is the matter with you to-night?"

"With me? I am happy!" said Levín, letting down the window of the carriage in which they were riding. "You do not mind it, do you? It is so close in here. I am happy! Why did you never get married?"

Sergyéy Ivánovich smiled.

"I am very glad, — she seems to be a fine gir—" Sergyéy Ivánovich began.

"Don't talk, don't talk, don't talk!" exclaimed Levín, taking him with both hands by the collar of his fur coat, and wrapping him up. "She is a fine girl" were such simple, base words, which so little corresponded to his feeling!

Sergyéy Ivánovich burst out into a merry laugh, which did not often happen to him.

"Still I may say that I am very glad of it."

"That you will say to-morrow, to-morrow, and nothing more! Nothing, nothing, silence!" said Levín; and, wrapping him once more in the fur coat, he added: "I love you very much! Well, may I be present at the meeting?"

"Of course you may."

"What is up to-night in the meeting?" asked Levín, smiling all the while.

They arrived at the meeting. Levín heard the secretary haltingly reading the minutes, which he apparently did not understand; but Levín saw by the secretary's countenance that he was a dear, good, fine man. That was apparent from the way he was getting mixed and confused while reading the minutes. Then the speeches began. They were discussing the apportionment of certain sums and the laying of some pipes, and Sergyéy Ivánovich stung two members and spoke victoriously on some sub-

ject; and another member, who had written something down, at first seemed to be intimidated, but later answered him in a very stinging and sweet manner. And then Sviyázhski (he was there, too) said something eloquent and noble. Levín listened to them, and he saw clearly that there were none of those apportioned sums, nor pipes, — nothing at all, and that they were by no means angry, and that they all were such good, excellent people, and that everything they did was so nice and sweet. They did not interfere with anybody, and all felt at ease. What surprised Levín was that on that evening they were all transparent to him, and that by small signs, unnoticed by him before, he could tell the soul of each, and saw clearly that they were good men. Especially him, Levín, they loved so much on that night. That was evident from the way they talked with him. And how kindly and amiably even strangers talked with him!

“Well, are you satisfied?” Sergyéy Ivánovich asked him.

“Very much so. I had no idea that it is all so interesting! Superb, fine!”

Sviyázhski came up to Levín and invited him to tea. Levín could not for the life of him understand or recall why he was dissatisfied with Sviyázhski, or what he wanted of him. He was a clever and remarkably good man.

“Very glad to do so,” he said; and he asked him about his wife and his sister-in-law. And by a strange association of ideas, since in his mind the idea of Sviyázhski’s sister-in-law connected itself with marriage, he imagined that no one was more proper to hear of his happiness than Sviyázhski’s wife and sister-in-law, and he was very glad to go with him.

Sviyázhski asked him about his farm matters, assuming, as ever, that there was no possibility of discovering there anything not found in Europe, — but now this was by no

means distasteful to Levín. On the contrary, he felt that Sviyázhski was right, and that his whole business was insignificant, and saw a remarkable display of delicacy and gentleness in Sviyázhski's attempt to avoid insisting on his being right. The ladies at Sviyázhski's were especially sweet. It seemed to Levín that they all knew about it and sympathized with him, and did not mention it to him from a sense of delicacy. He stayed with them an hour, two, three hours, talking on all kinds of subjects, but had all the time only that in mind which filled his soul, and did not notice that he annoyed them dreadfully, and that it was time for them to retire. Sviyázhski saw him off as far as the antechamber, yawning and wondering at the strange state of mind in which his friend was. It was two o'clock. Levín returned to the hotel and was frightened at the idea that he should have to pass the remaining ten hours all alone with his impatience. The night lackey, who was not yet asleep, lighted his candles, and was on the point of leaving, but Levín stopped him. This lackey, Egór, whom Levín had not noticed before, turned out to be a very clever and good man.

"Well, Egór, it is hard to do without sleeping!"

"What is to be done? Such is our business. It is easier serving in houses of gentlemen; but we make more here."

It turned out that Egór had a family, three boys and a daughter, a sewing-girl whom he wanted to marry to a clerk in a harness shop.

On this occasion Levín communicated to Egór his idea about love being the chief thing in marriage, and that one would always be happy with love, because happiness was only in oneself.

Egór listened attentively and seemed fully to grasp his idea, but in confirmation of it he brought out the unexpected remark that when he had served at the houses of good gentlemen he had always been satisfied with them,

and that now he was very much satisfied with his master, who was a Frenchman.

“A remarkably good man!” thought Levín.

“Well, and you, Egór, did you love your wife when you got married?”

“Why not love her?” replied Egór.

And Levín saw that Egór, too, was in an ecstatic state and wished to give expression to his inmost feelings.

“My life, too, has been very remarkable. In my childhood —” he began, with radiant eyes, apparently infected by Levín’s ecstatic state, just as people are infected by a yawn.

But just then a bell was heard; Egór went away, and Levín was left alone. He had hardly eaten anything at dinner, had refused tea and supper at Sviyázhski’s, but could not think of supper. He had not slept the previous night, and could not think of sleeping now. The room was cool, but the heat was very oppressive to him. He opened both ventilators and sat down opposite them. Beyond a snow-covered roof could be seen a carved cross with chains, and above it the rising triangle of the constellation of the Charioteer with the bright yellow Capella. He looked now at the cross, and now at a star, inhaled the fresh, frosty air, which evenly flowed into the room, and, as though in a dream, followed the pictures and reminiscences that rose in his imagination. At four o’clock he heard steps in the corridor, and he put his head through the door. Gamester Myáskin, whom he knew, was coming home from the club. He looked melancholy, and knit his brow and cleared his throat. “Poor, unfortunate man!” thought Levín; and tears of love and pity for this man stood in his eyes. He wanted to talk with him, console him; but, recalling that he had nothing on but his shirt, he changed his mind, again sat down opposite the ventilator, to bathe himself in the cold air and to look at that odd, taciturn cross, which was so full of

meaning for him, and at the ascending bright yellow star. At seven o'clock the floor-cleaners made a noise and the church bells rang for some divine service, and Levín began to feel that he was getting cold. He closed the ventilators, washed himself, dressed himself, and went out into the street.

XV.

THE streets were still empty. Levín walked to the house of the Shcherbátskis. The main entrance was still closed, and all were asleep. He went back to his room and ordered coffee. The day lackey, not Egór, but another man, brought it to him. Levín wanted to enter into a conversation with him, but the bell was rung for the lackey, and he went away. Levín tried to drink some coffee and to put a white loaf into his mouth, but his mouth was absolutely at a loss what to do with it. Levín spit out the bread, put on his overcoat, and started out walking again. It was past nine when he for the second time came up to the porch of Shcherbátski's house. In the house they had just got up, and the cook had just started out to make his purchases. He had to live through at least two hours more.

All that night and morning Levín had lived quite unconsciously and felt himself completely exempted from the conditions of material existence. He had not eaten for a whole day, had not slept for two nights, had passed several hours undressed in the cold, — and felt not only fresher and sounder than ever, but even completely independent of the body: he moved without an effort of his muscles, and felt that he could do anything. He was convinced that he could fly upward, or remove the corner of a house, if that were necessary. He passed the rest of the time walking in the streets, continuously examining his watch and looking around him.

And what he then saw, he never saw again. Especially

the children that were going to school, the steel-gray pigeons that flew from the roof down on the sidewalk, and the flour-covered rolls, which an invisible hand put out, touched him. These rolls, and pigeons, and the two boys were supernatural beings. All that happened at once: a boy ran up to a pigeon and looked smilingly at Levín; the pigeon fluttered with his wings and flew off, glistening in the sun through the quivering snow dust in the air, and from a window proceeded the odour of freshly baked bread, and the rolls were put out. All that taken together was so uncommonly good that Levín laughed and wept for joy. Having made a large circle on Gazette Lane and the Kíslovka, he once more returned to the hotel, where he placed his watch before him and sat down to wait for noon.

In the adjoining room they were saying something about machines and cheating, coughing a morning cough. They did not understand that the hands were approaching twelve. The hands reached it. Levín went out on the porch. The cabmen evidently knew it all. They surrounded Levín with happy faces, quarrelling among themselves and offering him their services. Trying not to offend the other drivers and promising them to go out driving with them too, Levín chose one of them, ordering him to drive to the house of the Shcherbátskis. The driver was superb in his white shirt-collar, which stuck out above his caftan and was stretched over his strong, red, stout neck. The driver's sleigh was high and comfortable, such as Levín never rode in again, and the horse was a good one, too, and tried to run, but did not move from the spot. The driver knew the house of the Shcherbátskis and, rounding his arms most civilly for his passenger and saying to his horse "tprrr," stopped at the entrance. The porter of the Shcherbátskis evidently knew everything. That was visible by the smile of his eyes, and by the manner in which he said:

“You have not been here for a long time, Konstantín Dmítrievich!”

He not only knew, but manifestly rejoiced, and was making an effort to conceal his joy. Looking into his sweet old man’s eyes, Levín understood something new in his happiness.

“Are they up?”

“If you please! Leave it here,” he said, smiling, when Levín wanted to turn back to take his hat. That meant something.

“To whom do you wish to be announced?” asked the lackey.

The lackey was, it is true, one of the young, new lackeys, — a dandy, — but a very good and nice man, and he, too, understood it all.

“To the princess — To the prince — To the young princess —” said Levín.

The first person whom he saw was Mlle. Linon. She was walking across the parlour, and her locks and face were shining. He had just started speaking with her when suddenly the rustle of a dress was heard beyond the door, and Mlle. Linon disappeared from Levín’s view, and a joyous terror of the nearness of his happiness was communicated to him. Mlle. Linon hastened to get away, and went to another door. The moment she had gone, rapid, oh, such rapid, light steps resounded over the parquet, and his happiness, his life, he himself, — the best part of himself, that which he had been looking and wishing for so long, — came rapidly nearer and nearer to him. She was not walking, but was borne to him by some invisible force.

He saw only her clear, truthful eyes, which were frightened by the same joy of love which filled his heart. These eyes gleamed nearer and nearer, blinding him with their light of love. She stopped close to him, touching him. Her arms were raised and fell down on his shoulders.

She did all she could, — she ran up to him and, timidly and joyfully, gave herself all to him. He embraced her, and pressed his lips to her mouth, which was seeking his kiss.

She, too, had not slept all night, and had been waiting for him all the morning.

Her parents gave their full consent and were happy with her happiness. She had been waiting for him. She wanted to be the first to inform him of her happiness and of his. She had been preparing herself to meet him alone, and was rejoicing at that thought, and was ashamed, and did not know what to do. She heard his steps and voice, and waited behind the door for Mlle. Linon to leave. Mlle. Linon had left. Without thinking, without asking herself how and what, she went up to him and did what she did.

“Let us go to mamma!” she said, taking his hand. He could not say anything for a long time, not so much because he was afraid of spoiling with words the exaltation of his feeling, as because every time he wanted to say something he felt that, instead of words, tears of happiness would burst forth from him. He took her hand and kissed it.

“Is it true?” he said at last, in a hollow voice. “I cannot believe that thou art loving me!”

She smiled at this “thou,” and at the timidity with which he had said it.

“Yes!” she said, significantly and slowly. “I am so happy!”

Without letting his hand out of hers, she entered the drawing-room. The princess, seeing them, began to breathe more rapidly, and immediately began to weep, and immediately started to laugh, and ran up to Levín with an energetic step, which he had not expected of her, and, embracing him, kissed him, and wet his cheeks with her tears.

“So all is ended! I am glad. Love her! I am glad — Kitty!”

“They have fixed it in a hurry!” said the old prince, trying to appear indifferent; but Levín saw that his eyes were moist, when he turned to him.

“I have been wishing this for a long time, always!” said the prince, taking Levín’s hand and drawing him up to himself. “Even when this weather-vane thought of —”

“Papa!” cried Kitty, closing his mouth with her hands.

“Well, I won’t!” he said. “I am very, very — gla— Oh, how stupid I am —”

He embraced Kitty, kissed her on the face and hand and again on the face, and made the sign of the cross over her.

And Levín was seized by a new sentiment of love for this formerly strange man, the old prince, when he saw Kitty for a long time and tenderly kiss his fleshy hand.

XVI.

THE princess was silently sitting in a chair, and smiling: the prince sat down near her: Kitty was standing at her father's chair, still holding his hand. All were silent.

The princess was the first to call it all by name, and to translate all the thoughts and feelings into questions of life. And in the first moment this seemed equally strange and painful to all present.

"When will it be? We must give up prayers and make the announcement. When will the wedding be? What do you say, Aleksánder?"

"Here he is," said the old prince, pointing to Levín. "He is the chief person in this matter."

"When?" Levín said, blushing. "To-morrow. If you ask me, I will say, give up prayers to-day, and let us have the wedding to-morrow."

"Stop, *mon cher*, this foolishness!"

"Well, in a week."

"He is acting like a madman."

"I do not see why."

"How can we?" said the mother, with a smile of joy at his haste. "And the dowry?"

"Will there really be a dowry, and all that?" Levín thought, in terror. "And again, can a dowry, and blessing, and all that, spoil my happiness? Nothing can spoil it!" He looked at Kitty and noticed that she was not in the least offended by the idea of the dowry. "I suppose that is necessary, then," he thought.

"I know nothing about it, — I merely expressed my wish," he said, to excuse himself.

“ We will settle it, then. Now we can give up the prayers and make the announcement. That is so.”

The princess went up to her husband, kissed him, and wanted to go away, but he held her back, embraced her, and tenderly, like a young lover, several times kissed her, with a smile. The old people had evidently got mixed up for a moment, forgetting whether it was they who were again falling in love, or only their daughter. When the prince and the princess left the room, Levin walked over to his fiancée and took her hand. He had now regained his control and could talk, and he had much to tell her. But he said something quite different from what he had to say.

“ I knew that it would be ! I never hoped for it ; but in my soul I was always convinced of it,” he said. “ I believe that this was predetermined.”

“ And I ?” she said. “ Even then — ” She stopped and again proceeded, looking resolutely at him with her truthful eyes. “ Even then, when I pushed away from me my happiness. I then loved you alone, but I was infatuated. I must say — Can you forget it ? ”

“ It may be for the best. You have to forgive me much. I must tell you — ”

That was one thing which he had decided to tell her. He made up his mind that he would tell her two things the very first days, — that he was not as pure as she, and that he was an unbeliever. It was painful, but he considered it necessary to tell her these things.

“ No, not now, later ! ” he said.

“ Very well, later, but tell it to me by all means. I am not afraid of anything. I must know everything. Now it is ended.”

He finished the sentence :

“ Is it ended so that you will take me such as I am ? that you will not refuse me ? Yes ? ”

“ Yes, yes.”

Their conversation was interrupted by Mlle. Linon, who, with a feigned, but tender smile, came to congratulate her favourite pupil. She had not yet left the room, when the servants came with their congratulations. Then relatives came, and there began that blissful hubbub, from which Levín did not emerge until the second day of his marriage. Levín felt all the time awkward and dull, but the tension of happiness kept increasing. He felt at the time that much was demanded of him about which he knew nothing, — and he did everything they told him to do, and all that afforded him happiness. He had thought that his courtship would have nothing in common with other courtships and that the customary conditions of courtship would impair his especial happiness; but it all ended in his doing what others did, and his happiness was only increased through it and became more and more especial, having nothing in common with anything else.

“Now we shall be eating candy,” said Mlle. Linon, and Levín went to buy candy.

“Well, I am very glad,” said Sviyázhski. “I advise you to buy flowers at Fomín’s.”

“Is it necessary?” And he went to Fomín’s.

His brother told him that he ought to borrow money, because there would be many expenses, presents —

“Are presents necessary?” And he galloped away to Fulde.

And at the confectioner’s, and at Fomín’s, and at Fulde’s he saw that they had been waiting for him, that they were glad to see him, and that they rejoiced at his happiness as much as everybody else with whom he had any business during those days. What was unusual was that not only did all love him, but also all formerly unsympathetic, cold, indifferent people, taking delight in him, submitted to him in everything, tenderly and considerately treated his sentiment, and shared his conviction that he was the

happiest man in the world, because his fiancée was the acme of perfection. Kitty felt the same. When Countess Nórdston permitted herself to remark that she had expected something better, Kitty grew so excited and so persuasively proved that there could be nothing better in the world than Levín, that Countess Nórdston was compelled to admit it, and never met Levín in Kitty's presence without a smile of transport.

The explanation which he had promised was the one oppressive event of that time. He took counsel with the old prince and, having received his permission, turned over to Kitty his diary, in which was written that which tormented him. He had written that diary in view of a future bride. Two things tormented him: his not being pure and his unbelief. The confession of his unbelief passed by unnoticed. She was religious, never doubted the truths of religion, but his external unbelief did not even touch her. She knew his soul through love, and there she saw what she wanted; and it was a matter of indifference to her that such a condition of soul was called being an unbeliever. But the other confession made her weep bitter tears.

It was not without an inner struggle that Levín gave her his diary. He knew that between him and her there could and should be no secrets, and so he decided that it must be; but he did not give himself any account of how it might affect her, — he did not transfer himself into her. Only when in the evening he came to see them before the theatre, and entered her room and saw her pitiful, sweet face, bathed in tears and unhappy from the incorrigible sorrow produced by him, he understood the abyss which separated his disgraceful past from her dove-like purity, and was terrified at what he had done.

“Take them, take those horrible books!” she said, pushing away from her the note-books which were lying on the table. “Why did you give them to me? Yes, it is

better you did," she added, taking pity on his despairing face. "But it is terrible, terrible!"

He lowered his head and was silent. He could not say a thing.

"Will you not forgive me?" he whispered.

"Yes, I do, — but it is terrible!"

However, his happiness was so great that this confession did not impair it, but only gave it a new shade. She had forgiven him; but from that time on he considered himself less worthy of her, morally bowed still lower before her, and still more highly valued his undeserved happiness.

XVII.

ALEKSYÉY ALEKSÁNDROVICH returned to his lonely room, involuntarily passing in review the impressions of the conversations during and after the dinner. Dárya Aleksándrovna's words about forgiveness only annoyed him. The application or non-application of the Christian rule in his case was too difficult a question, of which one ought not to talk lightly, and this question had long ago been decided by him in the negative. Of everything which had been said, nothing dwelt so much in his imagination as the words of silly, good Turóvtsyn: "He acted like a fine fellow! He challenged the man and killed him!" All apparently were in sympathy with that, though out of politeness they had not said so.

"However, this affair is concluded, and nothing more is to be thought of it," Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich said to himself. And, thinking only of his coming departure and the business of inspection, he entered his room and asked the porter who accompanied him where his lackey was; the porter said that the lackey had just gone out. Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich ordered tea to be brought to him, sat down at the table, and, taking Frum, began to lay out the route of his journey.

"Two telegrams," said the returning lackey, entering the room. "Excuse me, Excellency, I just stepped out."

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich took the telegrams and opened them. The first informed him of Strémov's appointment to the place which he himself had wanted. Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich threw down the despatch and, growing

red in the face, began to walk up and down in his room: "*Quos vult perdere dementat,*" he said, meaning by "*quos*" those persons who had been active in this appointment. He was not exactly annoyed at not having received the place, — at being obviously overlooked; but it was incomprehensible and astonishing to him that they did not see that that babbler, that verbose talker Strémov, was less fit for it than any one else. Why did they not see that they were ruining themselves, their prestige, by this appointment!

"Something else of the same kind!" he said to himself sarcastically, as he opened the second despatch. The telegram was from his wife. The signature in blue pencil, "Anna," was the first thing that his eyes fell upon. "I am dying, — I beg and implore you to come to me. I shall die more calmly if forgiven," he read. He smiled disdainfully and threw down the telegram. There could not be the slightest doubt, he thought at the first moment, that this was a piece of deceit and a ruse.

"There is no deception from which she would shrink. She is to bear a child soon. It may be the illness of childbirth. But what is their purpose? To legitimize the child, to compromise me, and to thwart the divorce?" he thought. "But it says there, 'I am dying' —" He re-read the telegram; and suddenly the direct meaning of what was said struck him forcibly. "And if it is the truth?" he said to himself. "If it is true that in the moment of suffering and nearness of death she is sincerely repentant, and I, taking it to be a deception, should refuse to come? That would be not only cruel, and all will condemn me, — but it would even be foolish on my part."

"Peter, stop the carriage. I am going to St. Petersburg," he said to the lackey.

Aleksyév Aleksándrovich decided that he would go to St. Petersburg and would see his wife. If her disease was

a deception, he would be silent and would leave. If she really was ill and at death's door, and wished to see him before dying, he would forgive her, if he found her alive, and would do his last duty, if he came too late.

On his whole journey he no longer thought of what he would do.

With a feeling of fatigue and uncleanness, produced by a night in the car, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich drove through the early mist down the deserted Névski Prospect and looked in front of him without thinking of what awaited him. He could not think of it, because, imagining what would be, he could not dispel the idea that her death would at once solve the whole difficulty of his situation. Bakers, closed shops, night cabs, janitors sweeping the sidewalks flashed past his eyes, and he watched it all, trying to drown in himself the thought of what was awaiting him and what he did not dare to wish and still wished. He drove up to the porch. On entering the vestibule, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich seemed to have fetched a decision out of a distant corner of his brain, and was bringing it into shape. It ran as follows: "If a deception,—calm contempt, and leave. If the truth,—observe the proprieties."

The porter opened the door before Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich rang the bell. Porter Petróv, alias Kapitónych, looked strange in his old coat, without a necktie, and in slippers.

"How is the lady?"

"The lady had a favourable delivery yesterday."

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich stopped and grew pale. He now saw clearly with what force he wished for her death.

"And her health?"

Kornéy, in a morning-apron, ran down the stairs.

"Very bad," he replied. "Yesterday there was a consultation of doctors, and a doctor is here now."

"Take my things," said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich; and, experiencing a certain relief at the news that there was,

after all, some ground for hope that she would die, he entered the antechamber.

On the clothes-rack was a military uniform. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich noticed it, and he asked :

“ Who is here ? ”

“ A doctor, a midwife, and Count Vrónski.”

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich went to the inner apartments.

In the drawing-room there was nobody ; from her cabinet a midwife in a cap with lilac ribbons came out, upon hearing the sound of his steps.

She went up to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich and, with the familiarity that comes from the presence of death, took his arm and drew him into the sleeping-room.

“ Thank God that you have arrived ! She has been talking of nothing but you ! ” she said.

“ Give me some ice as quickly as you can ! ” was heard the doctor’s commanding voice from the sleeping-room.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich entered her cabinet. At her table, Vrónski was sitting sidewise on a low chair and, covering his face with his hands, was weeping. He leaped up at the doctor’s voice, took his hands off his face, and saw Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. Upon noticing Anna’s husband, he grew so embarrassed that he sat down once more, drawing his head down between his shoulders, as though wishing to vanish before something ; but he made an effort over himself, got up, and said :

“ She is dying. The doctors said that there was no hope. I am entirely in your power, but permit me to be here — however, I am in your power, I — ”

Seeing Vrónski’s tears, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich felt an access of that spiritual confusion which was produced in him by the sight of the suffering of other people, and, turning his face away, he walked rapidly toward the door, without waiting to hear the end of his words. From the sleeping-room proceeded the sound of Anna’s voice, saying

something. Her voice was gay and animated, with exceedingly definite intonations. Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich entered the sleeping-room and walked over to the bed. She was lying with her face toward him. Her cheeks were flushed with a glow; her eyes glistened; her small white hands, protruding from the cuffs of her sack, were playing with the corner of her coverlet, twisting it around. She not only looked well and fresh, but even in the best of spirits. She was talking fast, melodiously, and with unusually regular and heartfelt intonations.

“Because Aleksyáy, — I am talking about Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich (what a strange, terrible fatality that both should be Aleksyáy, — don’t you think so?), — Aleksyáy would not refuse me. I should forget, and he would forgive — Why does he not come? He is good, — he does not know himself how good he is. O Lord, how tiresome it is! Give me some water quickly! Oh, that would be injurious for her, my little girl! All right, give her to a wet-nurse. I agree to that, — it would even be better. He will come, and it will pain him to see her. Give her to a wet-nurse!”

“Anna Arkádevna, he has come. Here he is!” said the midwife, trying to direct her attention to Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich.

“Oh, what nonsense!” continued Anna, without seeing her husband. “Give her to me! Give me the girl! He has not come yet. You say that he will not forgive because you do not know him. Nobody knew. Even I got tired. His eyes, you must know, — Serézha has just those eyes, and so I hate to see them. Have you given Serézha anything to eat? I know every one will forget it. Don’t let him forget it. Take Serézha to the corner room, and ask Mariette to lie down with him.”

She suddenly shrank down, grew silent, and in terror, as though expecting a blow and defending herself, raised her hands to her face. She had taken notice of her husband.

"No, no!" she spoke. "I am not afraid of him, I am afraid of death. Aleksyáy, come here! I am in such a hurry because I have no time, — I have but little time left to live; my delirium will begin soon, and I shall not understand anything. Now I do understand, — I see everything."

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich's wrinkled face assumed a suffering expression; he took her hand and wanted to say something, but was unable to utter a word; his nether lip trembled, but he was still struggling with his agitation, and only occasionally looked at her. Every time he looked up, he saw her eyes, which looked at him with such meek and ecstatic tenderness as he had never seen in them before.

"Wait, you do not know — Wait, wait!" She stopped, as though collecting her thoughts. "Yes," she began. "Yes, yes, yes. This is what I wanted to say. Don't wonder at me. I am still the same — But there is another woman in me, and I am afraid of her, — she has fallen in love with him, and I wanted to hate you, and could not forget the one that had been before. I am not that one. I am now the real self, all myself. I am dying now, I know that I shall, — ask him! I even now feel it, — hundredweights on my hands and feet and fingers. My fingers are as big as this! But that will end soon — There is one thing I want: forgive me, forgive me completely! I am terrible, but the nurse has told me: holy saint, — what was her name? she was worse. I, too, will go to Rome, there is a desert there, and then I shall be in nobody's way, — I will only take Serézha and the girl with me — No, you cannot forgive! I know, this cannot be forgiven! No, no, go, you are too good!" She was holding him with one feverish hand, and with the other she was pushing him away.

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich's spiritual confusion kept

increasing all the time and reached such a point that he ceased struggling against it; he suddenly felt that that which he considered to be a spiritual confusion was in reality a blissful state of the soul which suddenly gave him a new, never before experienced happiness. He did not think that the Christian law, which he had intended all his life to follow, enjoined him to forgive and love his enemies; but a joyous feeling of love and forgiveness of his enemies filled his soul. He kneeled down, and, placing his head on the bend of her arm, which burned him with its fever through her sack, he sobbed like a child. She embraced his bald head, moved up toward him, and raised up her eyes with provoking pride.

“Here he is, I knew it! Now good-bye to all, good-bye! They have come again, — why don't they go away? Do take these furs off of me!”

The doctor took her hand, cautiously placed her on the pillow, and covered her as high as her shoulders. She lay down submissively on her back and looked in front of her with a beaming smile.

“Remember that all I wanted was forgiveness, and nothing else — Why does *he* not come?” she said, turning to Vrónski at the door. “Come up, come up! Give me your hand!”

Vrónski went up to the edge of the bed and, upon seeing Anna, again covered his face with his hands.

“Uncover your face and look at him! He is a saint,” she said. “Uncover, uncover your face!” she said, angrily. “Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, uncover his face! I want to see it.”

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich took Vrónski's hand and bent it away from his face, which was terrible with the expression of suffering and shame which was on it.

“Give him your hand! Forgive him!”

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich gave him his hand, without restraining the tears that were flowing down his cheeks.

"Thank God, thank God," she said, "now everything is ready. Only straighten my legs out a little. Like that, — that is nice. Now these flowers are made without any taste, — they don't resemble violets one bit," she said, pointing to the wall-paper. "O Lord! O Lord! When will it end? Give me some morphine. Doctor, give me some morphine! O Lord, O Lord!"

And she began to toss on her bed.

The doctors said that this was puerperal fever, of which ninety-nine cases in every hundred ended in death. She had been in a fever, in delirium, and in an unconscious state for a whole day. At midnight the patient lay unconscious and almost without a pulse.

Her end was expected at any moment.

Vrónski had gone home, but in the morning he came to find out how she was, and Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, who met him in the antechamber, said, "Stay, — maybe she will want to see you," and himself took him to his wife's cabinet. In the morning began once more her agitation, vivacity, rapidity of thought and speech, and this again ended with an unconscious state. On the third day the same thing happened, and the doctors said that there was hope. On that day Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich entered the cabinet, where Vrónski was sitting, and, closing the door, sat down opposite him.

"Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich," said Vrónski, feeling that the explanation was coming, "I cannot speak, I cannot comprehend. Spare me! No matter how hard this may be for you, believe me, it is more terrible still to me."

He wanted to get up. But Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich took his hand and said:

"I ask you to listen to what I have to say: that is necessary. I must explain my feelings to you, those feelings which have guided me and which will continue to guide me, that you may not be in error concerning me. You know that I have decided to ask for a divorce

and have even begun the action. I will not conceal it from you that when I began the action I was undecided, and I suffered; I will confess that I was pursued by the desire to avenge myself on you and her. When I received the telegram, I came here with the same sentiments, and I will say furthermore that I wished for her death. But —” He was silent, meditating whether he had better disclose his feelings to him, or not. “But I have seen her and have forgiven her. And the happiness of forgiveness has revealed to me what my duty is. I have forgiven her unconditionally. I want to offer up my other cheek; I want to give away my cloak, when my coat is taken from me. And I implore God not to take from me the happiness of forgiving!”

Tears stood in his eyes, and their bright, calm glance startled Vrónski.

“Such is my situation. You can drag me into the mud, make me a laughing-stock of the world, — I will not abandon her, and I will never say one word of reproach to her,” continued Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. “My duty is clearly outlined for me: I must be with her, and I will be. If she desires to see you, I will let you know, but now, I take it, it is better for you to depart.”

He rose and sobs interrupted his speech. Vrónski, too, got up and, in a bent, unstraightened posture, looked stealthily at him. He did not comprehend Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich’s sentiments. But he felt that it was something superior and even inaccessible to him with his way of looking at things.

XVIII.

AFTER his conversation with Aleksy y Aleks ndrovich, Vr nski stepped out on the porch of Kar nin's house and stopped, with difficulty recalling where he was and whither he had to walk or be driven. He felt himself put to shame, humiliated, guilty, and deprived of the possibility of washing off his humiliation. He felt himself thrown out of the rut, in which he had been walking so proudly and so easily until then. All his seemingly firm habits and rules of life suddenly appeared to be false and inapplicable. The deceived husband, who heretofore had seemed to be a pitiful creature, an incidental and somewhat comical obstacle to his happiness, was suddenly called up by herself and exalted to a height which inspired one with a desire to emulate him, and upon that height the husband appeared not evil, false, ridiculous, but good, simple, majestic. Vr nski could not help feeling this. The r les had suddenly changed. Vr nski felt Aleksy y Aleks ndrovich's height and his own humiliation, Aleksy y Aleks ndrovich's righteousness and his own unrighteousness. He felt that the husband was magnanimous and offended, and he himself low and petty in the deception he had practised. But this consciousness of his baseness before the man whom he had unjustly despised formed only a small part of his grief. He now felt inexpressibly unhappy because his passion for Anna, which had been cooling off, had seemed to him of late, now that he knew that he was going to lose her for ever, to be growing stronger. He had seen the whole of her during her ill-

ness, had found out her soul, and it seemed to him that he had not loved her before. And now that he had found her out and had come to love her as he ought to, he was humiliated before her and had lost her for ever, leaving in her nothing but a disgraceful recollection of himself. Most terrible of all was that ridiculous, shameful situation of his, when Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich had taken his hands away from his abashed face. He was standing on the porch of Karénin's house like one lost, and did not know what to do.

"Do you wish a cab?" asked the porter.

"Yes, a cab."

When Vrónski returned home, after three sleepless nights, he, without undressing himself, lay down with his face on the sofa, having folded his hands and placed his head upon them. His head was heavy. The strangest pictures, recollections, and thoughts alternated with extraordinary rapidity and clearness: now it was the medicine which he was pouring out for the patient, spilling it over the spoon, now the white hands of the midwife, now Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich's strange position on the floor before the bed.

"If I could only fall asleep and forget!" he said to himself with the calm confidence of a healthy man that, if he is tired and wants to sleep, he will fall asleep at once. And, indeed, things began to be mixed in his head, and he fell down the precipice of oblivion. The waves of the sea of his unconscious life were beginning to close over his head, when suddenly he felt as though a most powerful charge of electricity were sent through him. He gave such a jerk that he leaped up on the springs of the sofa with his whole body and, leaning on his arms, jumped on his knees. His eyes were wide open, as though he had not slept at all. The heaviness of his head and the flabbiness of his limbs, which he had experienced but a minute ago, had suddenly disappeared.

"You may drag me into the mud," he heard Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich's words, and saw him before him, and he saw Anna's face with the feverish glow and the glistening eyes, which were looking with tenderness and love, not at him, but at Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich; he saw his stupid, as he thought, and ridiculous figure, when Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich took his hands away from his face. He stretched out his legs again and threw himself down on the sofa in his old posture and closed his eyes.

"Now to fall asleep!" he repeated to himself. But even with his eyes closed he saw still more clearly Anna's face such as it had been on the memorable evening of the races.

"This is not and will not be, and she wants to wipe it out from her memory. But I cannot live without it. How are we to make up, how are we going to make up?" he said aloud, and began unconsciously to repeat these words. The repetition of these words held back the rise of new pictures and recollections, which, he felt, were crowding in his head. But the repetition of the words did not long check his imagination. Again the best moments and the recent humiliation began to rise one after the other with extraordinary rapidity. "Take your hands off," said Anna's voice. He took his hands off, and felt the abashed and stupid expression on his face.

He was lying all the time, trying to fall asleep, though he felt there was not the slightest hope, and continued to repeat in a whisper the casual words of some thought, endeavouring to check the rise of new pictures. He strained his hearing, and he heard the words repeated in a strange, mad whisper: "Did not know how to appreciate, did not know how to make use of it! Did not know how to appreciate, did not know how to make use of it!"

"What is it? or am I going mad?" he said to himself. "Perhaps. Why do people lose their reason, why do they

shoot themselves?" he replied to himself, and opening his eyes, he was surprised to see near his head an embroidered pillow, made by Vára, his brother's wife. He touched the tassel of the pillow and tried to recall Vára, as he had seen her the last time. But it was painful to think of anything foreign. "No, I must fall asleep!" He moved up his pillow and pressed his head against it, but it took an effort to keep his eyes shut. He jumped up and sat down on the sofa. "This is ended for me," he said to himself. "I must consider what to do. What is left?" His thoughts rapidly surveyed his life outside of his love for Anna.

"Ambition? Serpukhovskóy? Society? The court?" He could not dwell on anything. All that had once had a meaning, but now there was nothing left of it. He rose from the sofa, took off his coat, loosened his belt, and, opening his shaggy breast, in order to breathe more freely, walked up and down in the room. "That is the way people lose their mind," he repeated, "and thus they shoot themselves, to avoid shame," he added, slowly.

He went to the door and closed it; then, with an arrested gaze and tightly clenched teeth, he walked over to the table, took a revolver, examined it, turned the loaded barrel toward himself, and fell to musing. For about two minutes he stood motionless, with the revolver in his hands, lowering his head with an expression of a strained effort of thought. "Of course," he said to himself, as though a logical, protracted, clear march of ideas had brought him to an unquestionable conclusion. In reality, this to him convincing "Of course" was only the consequence of the repetition of just the same circle of recollections and pictures, through which he had passed dozens of times during that last hour. Those were the same recollections of a happiness for ever lost, the same representations of the meaninglessness of everything awaiting him in life, the same consciousness of his hu-

miliation. And so the consecutiveness of the pictures and feelings was ever the same.

"Of course," he repeated, when his thought for the third time returned to the same enchanted circle of recollections and ideas, and, placing the revolver to his left breast and giving a powerful jerk with his hand, as though clenching his fist, he pulled the trigger. He did not hear the sound of the shot, but a mighty blow in his breast knocked him off his feet. He wanted to hold on to the edge of the table, dropped the revolver, tottered, and sat down on the floor, looking in surprise about him. He did not recognize his room, as he looked from below at the bent legs of the table, at the waste-basket, and at the tiger-skin. The rapid creaking steps of his servant, who was walking in the drawing-room, brought him to his senses. He made an effort of thought, and he understood that he was on the floor and, seeing blood on the tiger-skin and on his hand, he understood that he had shot himself.

"Stupid! I did not hit," he said, fumbling for the revolver. The weapon was near him,—but he looked for it at a distance away. Continuing to search for it, he leaned over on the other side and, unable to retain his balance, he fell down, exhausted from loss of blood.

His elegant servant with side-whiskers, who had frequently been complaining to his acquaintances of the weakness of his nerves, was so frightened when he saw his master lying on the floor, that he left him to lose blood and ran away for help. In an hour, Várya, his brother's wife, arrived, and, with the aid of three doctors, who had made their appearance simultaneously, having been sent for in every direction, placed the wounded man on his bed and remained to look after him.

XIX.

THE mistake made by Aleksy y Aleks ndrovich, which was that, preparing himself for the meeting with his wife, he had not considered the eventuality that her repentance would be sincere and he would forgive her and she would not die, two months after his return from Moscow presented itself to him in its full force. But the mistake he made was not due merely to the fact that he had not considered this eventuality, but also to the fact that up to the meeting with his dying wife he had not known his heart. At the bedside of his sick wife he for the first time in his life abandoned himself to that sentiment of meek compassion which the sufferings of people evoked in him, and of which he had been ashamed before as of a weakness; and the pity for her and his repentance for having desired her death, and, above all, the very joy of forgiveness had the effect that caused him suddenly to experience not only an alleviation of his suffering, but also spiritual rest, which he had never experienced before. He suddenly felt that that very thing which had been the source of his sufferings had become the source of his spiritual joy, and that what before had appeared insoluble, when he condemned, reproached, and hated, had become simple and clear, when he forgave and loved.

He had forgiven his wife and pitied her for her sufferings and repentance. He had forgiven Vr nski and pitied him, especially when rumours reached him about his desperate attempt. And he pitied his son more than ever. He now rebuked himself for having paid too little atten-

tion to him. But for the new-born little girl he experienced a peculiar feeling, not only of compassion, but of tenderness. At first the mere feeling of compassion caused him to interest himself in the feeble, new-born child, who was not his daughter, and who was neglected during her mother's illness and would certainly have died if he had not taken care of her,—and he did not notice himself how he came to love her. He went several times a day into the nursery and remained there long, so that the wet-nurse and nurse, who at first were intimidated by him, got used to him. He occasionally looked for half an hour at a time at the sleeping saffron-red, downy, wrinkled face of the babe and watched the movements of the knit brow and the chubby little hands with the clenched fingers, with the back of which she rubbed her eyes and nose bridge. At such moments Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich felt himself particularly calm and in agreement with himself, and saw nothing unusual in his situation, nothing which ought to be changed.

But as time went on, he saw more and more clearly that, no matter how natural this situation now was for him, he would not be permitted to persist in it. He felt that besides the blissful spiritual force, which guided his soul, there was another, rude force, which was as powerful or even more so, and which governed his life, and that this force would not give him that peaceful rest which he was wishing for. He felt that all were looking at him with questioning curiosity, and that they did not understand him and were waiting for him to do something. He felt in particular the impermanence and unnaturalness of his relations with his wife.

When the mollification, due to the nearness of death, had passed, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich began to observe that Anna was afraid of him and bored by him, and could not look straight into his eyes. She seemed to be wishing for something and could not make up her mind to tell

him, and, herself having apparently a presentiment that their relations could not last, was waiting for him to do something.

At the end of February Anna's new-born girl, herself called Anna, grew ill. Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich was in the nursery in the morning; he gave orders to send for a doctor, and himself drove to the ministry. When he got through with his work, he returned home at about four o'clock. As he entered the anteroom, he saw a fine-looking lackey in galloons and a bear pelerine, holding a white coyote cloak in his hands.

"Who is here?" asked Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich.

"Princess Elizavéta Fédorovna Tverskóy," replied the lackey, with a smile, as Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich thought.

Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich had observed that during all his hard time his society acquaintances, especially the women, had been taking particular interest in him and in his wife. He noticed in all these acquaintances a badly concealed joy at something, the same joy which he had seen in the eyes of the lawyer and now saw in those of the lackey. All seemed to be in a transport, as though they were getting somebody married. When they met him they asked him with ill-disguised pleasure about the health of his wife.

The presence of Princess Tverskóy was particularly noxious to Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich, both on account of the recollections connected with her, and because he in general disliked her, and he went straight to the nursery. In the first room Serézha, lying with his chest on the table and placing his feet on a chair, was drawing something, talking merrily all the time. An English governess, who during Anna's illness had taken the place of the Frenchwoman, was sitting near the boy with some delicate crocheting. She got up hurriedly, sat down again, and pulled at Serézha.

Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich patted his son on his hair,

replied to the governess's question about his wife's health, and asked her what the doctor had said about the baby.

"The doctor said that there was nothing dangerous, and has prescribed baths, sir."

"But she is suffering still," said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, listening to the baby's crying in the next room.

"I think the nurse is not good, sir," the governess said, with determination.

"Why do you think so?" he stopped to ask.

"It was the same with Countess Pol. The child was being cured, but it turned out that it was simply starving: the nurse had no milk, sir."

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich fell to musing and, standing still for a few seconds, went into the next room. The girl was lying, with her head thrown back, and writhing, in the arms of the wet-nurse, and would neither take the plump breast offered to her, nor grow silent, in spite of the double hissing of the wet-nurse and of the nurse who was bending over her.

"Is it still no better?" asked Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich.

"She is very restless," the nurse replied, in a whisper.

"Miss Edward says that it may be that the wet-nurse has no milk," he said.

"I think so myself, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich."

"Then why didn't you say so?"

"Whom was I to tell? Anna Arkádevna is ailing all the time," the nurse said, with a dissatisfied look.

The nurse was an old servant of the house. And in these simple words of hers Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich thought there was a hint at his situation.

The child cried louder than ever, rolling back and gurgling. The nurse, waving her hand in disgust, went up to her, took the baby out of the arms of the wet-nurse, and began to rock her while walking.

"The doctor must be asked to examine the wet-nurse," said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich.

The healthy-looking, trim wet-nurse, frightened at the possibility of being discharged, muttered something and, covering her large breast, smiled contemptuously at the doubt expressed in regard to her ability to nurse. In this smile Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich again saw a reference to his situation.

"Unfortunate child!" said the nurse, hissing at the child and continuing to walk.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich sat down on a chair and with a suffering, gloomy face looked at the nurse, who was walking up and down.

When the child at last quieted down and was put down in a deep crib, and the nurse, having adjusted the pillow, walked away from her, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich got up and, stepping with difficulty on tiptoe, walked over to the child. For about a minute he was silent and with the same gloomy face looked at the child; but suddenly a smile, which moved his hair and the skin on his forehead, appeared on his face, and he just as quietly left the room.

In the dining-room he rang the bell and ordered the entering servant to send again for the doctor. He was annoyed at his wife for not paying better attention to this charming child, and in that mood of vexation did not want to go to see her or Princess Betsy; but his wife might be surprised at his not coming in to see her, as was his wont, and so he made an effort over himself and went into the sleeping-room. As he walked over the soft carpet toward the door, he involuntarily heard the conversation, which he did not wish to hear.

"If he did not go away, I could understand your refusal and his, too. But your husband ought to be above it," said Betsy.

"It is not on account of my husband, but for my sake

that I do not want it. Don't speak of it!" Anna replied, in an agitated voice.

"Yes, but you cannot fail to wish to bid good-bye to a man who has shot himself for your sake —"

"That is the very reason why I do not want to —"

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich stopped with a frightened and guilty expression, and wanted to go away unnoticed. But, considering that that would not be dignified, he turned back and, clearing his throat, walked toward the sleeping-room. The voices were silenced, and he entered.

Anna, wearing a gray cloak, with closely cropped, bristly black hair, which was falling out, on her round head, was sitting on a couch. As always at the sight of her husband, her animation disappeared at once; she lowered her head and looked restlessly at Betsy. Betsy, dressed in the extreme fashion, with a hat soaring somewhere above her head like a shade on a lamp, in a gray shot gown with slanting bright stripes on one side of the waist and on the other side of the skirt, was sitting beside Anna, holding her tall flat figure erect and meeting Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich with an inclination of her head and with a sarcastic smile.

"Ah!" she said, as though surprised. "I am very glad that you are at home. You do not show up anywhere, and I have not seen you since Anna's illness. I have heard all about your cares. Yes, you are a remarkable man!" she said, with a significant and kindly glance, as though rewarding him with a decoration of magnanimity for his action toward his wife.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich answered the greeting coldly, and, kissing his wife's hand, asked her about her health.

"I think I am better," she said, avoiding his glance.

"But you seem to have a feverish colour in your face," he said, with emphasis on the word "feverish."

"We have been talking too much," said Betsy. "I feel that it is egoistical on my part, and I shall leave."

She got up, but Anna, blushing suddenly, quickly grasped her hand.

"No, stay awhile, if you please! I must tell you — no, you," she turned to Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, a blush covering her neck and brow. "I cannot and will not have anything concealed from you," she said.

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich cracked his fingers and lowered his head.

"Betsy has been saying that Count Vrónski would like to call at our house in order to say good-bye before leaving for Tashként." She was not looking at her husband and apparently was hastening to make a clean breast of it, no matter how hard it was for her to do so. "I said that I could not receive him."

"You said, my friend, that that would depend on Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich," Betsy corrected her.

"No, I cannot receive him, and it would lead to —" she suddenly stopped and looked questioningly at her husband (he was not looking at her). "In short, I do not want to —"

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich moved up and was on the point of taking her hand.

Her first motion was to pull her hand away from his clammy hand, with its swollen veins, which was looking for hers, but, apparently making an effort over herself, she pressed it.

"I thank you very much for your confidence, but —" he said, feeling in confusion and indignation that what he could easily and clearly decide by himself, he was unable to discuss in the presence of Princess Tverskóy, who to him was the personification of that rude force which was to govern his life in the eyes of the world and prevent his abandoning himself to his feeling of love and forgiveness. He stopped and looked at Princess Tverskóy.

“Good-bye, charming woman!” said Betsy, getting up. She kissed Anna and went out. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich saw her off.

“Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich! I know you as a truly magnanimous man,” said Betsy, stopping in the small drawing-room and again pressing his hand warmly. “I am an outsider, but I love her and respect you so much that I take the liberty of giving advice. Receive him! Aleksyéy Vrónski is honour personified, and he is leaving for Tashként.”

“Thank you, countess, for your sympathy and advice. But the question whether my wife can receive him or not, she will solve herself.”

He said this, from force of habit raising his eyebrows in a dignified manner, and he immediately thought that, no matter what the words were, there could be no dignity in his situation. And this he saw in the repressed, evil, sarcastic smile with which Betsy looked at him after his words.

XX.

ALEKSYÉY ALEKSÁNDROVICH bowed to Betsy in the parlour and went back to his wife. She was lying down, but, hearing his steps, she hastened to get back into her former position, and looked at him in fright. He saw that she was weeping.

“I am very thankful to thee for thy confidence in me,” he briefly repeated in Russian the phrase which he had said in French in Betsy’s presence, and sat down near her. Whenever he spoke in Russian and said “thou” to her, that “thou” irritated Anna uncontrollably. “I thank thee very much for thy decision. I also assume that since Count Vrónski is going away, he does not need to call here. However —”

“I have said it, so why repeat?” Anna suddenly interrupted him, with an irritation which she did not manage to repress. “There is no need,” she thought, “for a man to come to say good-bye to a woman whom he loves, for whom he wanted to ruin himself and has ruined himself, and who cannot live without him. There is no need whatever!” She pressed her lips together and lowered her sparkling eyes on his hands with their swollen veins, which were slowly rubbing one another.

“We shall never speak of it,” she added, more calmly.

“I left it to you to decide this question, and I am very glad to see —” Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich began.

“That my wish coincides with yours,” she quickly finished, irritated to hear him say so slowly what she knew in advance he was going to say.

"Yes," he confirmed her, "and Princess Tverskóy is quite out of place when she meddles with the most difficult of domestic affairs. Especially she —"

"I do not believe anything they say of her," Anna said, rapidly, "and I know that she loves me sincerely."

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich sighed and kept silence. She was playing nervously with the tassels of her morning-robe, gazing at him with that tormenting feeling of physical loathing of him, for which she rebuked herself, and which she was unable to overcome. She now wished only for one thing, — to be liberated from his annoying presence.

"I have just sent for the doctor," said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich.

"I am well; what do I want the doctor for?"

"No, the little one is crying, and they say the wet-nurse has not enough milk."

"Why did you not allow me to nurse her when I implored you? All the same" (Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich understood what this "all the same" meant) "she is a baby and they will kill her." She rang the bell and ordered the child to be brought to her. "I begged to be allowed to nurse her, and I was not, and now I am blamed for it."

"I do not blame you —"

"Yes, you do. O Lord, why did I not die?" and she burst out weeping. "Forgive me, I am irritated, I am unjust," she said, regaining her senses. "But go —"

"No, it cannot remain this way," Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich said resolutely to himself, as he left his wife's room.

Never before had the impossibility of his situation in the eyes of the world, and his wife's hatred of him, and in general the power of that rude, mysterious force, which, running counter to his spiritual mood, governed his life and demanded the execution of its will and a change of

his relations with his wife, presented themselves to him with such manifestness as now. He saw clearly that all society and his wife were demanding something of him, but what precisely it was he could not make out. He felt that at the same time there rose in his soul a feeling of malice, which destroyed his calm and all the deserts of his deed. He considered it better for Anna to break all her relations with Vrónski, but if they all found this impossible, he was even prepared again to admit those relations, provided the children should not be disgraced and he should not lose them, and his situation should remain unchanged. No matter how bad this might be, it was better than a disruption, which would place her in a hopeless, disgraceful situation, and would deprive him of everything he loved. But he felt himself to be powerless; he knew in advance that everybody was against him, and that he would not be permitted to do what now seemed to him natural and good, but would be compelled to do what was bad, but to them seemed necessary.

XXI.

BETSY had not yet left the parlour, when Stepán Arkádevich, who had just arrived from Elisyév, where fresh oysters had been received, met her at the door.

"Ah, princess! What an agreeable meeting!" he exclaimed. "I was at your house."

"It is a minute's meeting, for I am leaving," said Betsy, smiling, and putting on her glove.

"Wait, princess, don't put on your glove, but let me kiss your hand. In the return of the old fashions I am thankful for nothing so much as for the kissing of hands." He kissed Betsy's hand. "When shall we see each other?"

"You do not deserve it," replied Betsy, smiling.

"Yes, I do, because I have turned out to be a very serious man. I not only arrange my own domestic affairs, but also those of others," he said, with a significant look on his face.

"Oh, I am very glad!" replied Betsy, who saw at once that he was speaking of Anna. And returning to the parlour, they stood in the corner. "He will wear her out," Betsy said, in a significant whisper. "It is impossible, impossible —"

"I am very glad to hear you say so," said Stepán Arkádevich, shaking his head with a serious and sufferingly compassionate expression of face: "I have come to St. Petersburg for that very reason."

"The whole city is speaking of it," she said. "It is an impossible situation. She is waning and waning. He

does not understand that she is one of those women who cannot jest with their sentiments. One or the other: either he takes her away and proceeds energetically, or he gives her a divorce. But this is killing her."

"Yes, yes, precisely —" Oblónski said, sighing. "That is what I have come for — That is, not exactly for that — I have been made a gentleman of the chamber, and so I must express my thanks; but, above all, I must fix this."

"Well, God aid you!" said Betsy.

He took Princess Betsy as far as the vestibule, once more kissed her hand above her glove, there where the pulse was beating, and, telling her a lot of indecent stuff, so that she did not know whether to get angry or laugh, he went to see his sister. He found her in tears.

In spite of his overboiling merry mood, in which he happened to be, he immediately and most naturally passed into that sympathetic, poetically excited tone, which fitted her disposition. He asked her about her health and how she had passed the morning.

"Very, very badly, — both the day and the morning, and all the past and future days," she said.

"It seems to me you surrender yourself to gloom. You must pull yourself together, you must look straight at life. I know, it is hard, but —"

"I have heard it said that women love people even for their vices," Anna suddenly began, "but I hate him for his virtue. I cannot live with him. You must understand that the sight of him affects me physically, — I get beside myself. I cannot, I cannot live with him. What shall I do? I was unhappy, and thought that it was impossible to be unhappier, but I was unable to imagine that terrible condition through which I am passing now. Will you believe it? Though I know that he is a good, an excellent man, and that I am not worth as much as a fingernail of his, I none the less hate him. I hate him for his

magnanimity. And there is nothing left for me to do but — ”

She wanted to say “ to die,” but Stepán Arkádevich did not allow her to finish the sentence.

“ You are ill and irritable,” he said. “ Believe me, you exaggerate terribly. There is nothing terrible about it.”

And Stepán Arkádevich smiled. No one else in Stepán Arkádevich’s place, having to do with such despair, would have permitted himself to smile (a smile would have seemed coarse), but in his smile there was so much kindness and almost feminine gentleness, that his smile did not offend, but soothed and pacified. His soft, soothing speeches and smiles had a mollifying, soothing effect, like oil of almonds. And Anna felt that soon.

“ No, Stíva,” she said. “ I am lost, lost ! Worse than lost. I am not yet lost, I cannot yet say that everything is ended ; on the contrary, I feel that it is not. I am like a stretched string, which must break. But it is not yet ended — and it will end terribly.”

“ Not at all. You may let down the string by degrees. There is no situation from which there is no issue.”

“ I have thought and thought. Only one — ”

Again he understood by her frightened look that this one issue, in her opinion, was death, and he did not allow her to finish.

“ Not at all,” he said. “ Excuse me ! You cannot see your situation as I can. Permit me to tell you my frank opinion.” He again smiled his almond smile. “ I will begin from the beginning : you have married a man who is twenty years older than you. You have married a man without love, or not knowing love. This, let us say, was a mistake.”

“ A terrible mistake ! ” said Anna.

“ But I repeat : it is an accomplished fact. Then, let us say, you have had the misfortune of falling in love with some one who was not your husband. And your

husband has recognized and forgiven it." He stopped after every sentence, expecting her to retort, but she made no reply. "That is so. Now the question is: Can you continue living with your husband? Do you wish it? Does he wish it?"

"I know nothing, nothing."

"But you yourself said that you could not bear it."

"No, I did not say it. I take it back. I know nothing and understand nothing."

"Yes, but permit me —"

"You cannot understand. I feel that I am flying headlong into an abyss, and I shall not be saved. I cannot."

"Never mind: we will make a soft bed for you, and will catch you. I understand you; I understand that you cannot take it upon yourself to express your wish, your feeling."

"I want nothing, nothing — only that it might all end."

"But he sees it and knows it. And don't you think that he is oppressed by this as much as you are? You are suffering, and so is he, — and what can come of it? While a divorce unties the knot," Stepán Arkádevich expressed his chief idea, not without effort, looking significantly at her.

She made no reply and gave a negative shake with her closely cropped head. But from the expression of her face, which now gleamed with its old beauty, he saw that the only reason why she did not wish it was that it seemed to her an impossible happiness.

"I am terribly sorry for all of you! And how happy I should be if I could arrange it!" said Stepán Arkádevich, smiling more boldly than before. "Don't speak! Don't say a word! If God will only let me say what I feel! I will go to him."

Anna looked at him with pensive, sparkling eyes and said nothing.

XXII.

STEPÁN ARKÁDEVICH entered Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich's cabinet with that somewhat solemn face with which he seated himself in the president's chair in the court. Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich was pacing up and down in the room, with his hands behind his back, and thinking of the same thing that Stepán Arkádevich had been talking about with his wife.

"Do I disturb you?" said Stepán Arkádevich, who, at the sight of his brother-in-law, suddenly experienced an unaccustomed feeling of confusion. To conceal it, he drew out a newly bought cigarette case with a new way of opening it, and, smelling at the leather, took a cigarette from it.

"No. Do you want anything?" Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich replied, reluctantly.

"Yes. I wanted — I must — I must speak with you," said Stepán Arkádevich, feeling, to his surprise, unusual timidity.

This sensation was so unexpected and strange that Stepán Arkádevich did not believe that it was the voice of conscience telling him that what he intended to do was bad. Stepán Arkádevich made an effort over himself and vanquished the timidity which beset him.

"I hope that you believe in my love for my sister and in my sincere attachment and respect for you," he said, blushing.

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich stopped and made no reply,

but his face startled Stepán Arkádevich by its expression of a submissive victim.

"I intended, I wanted to speak of my sister and of your mutual situation," said Stepán Arkádevich, still struggling with the unwonted timidity.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich smiled a sad smile, looked at his brother-in-law and, without answering, went to the table, took from it a letter which he had begun, and handed it to his brother-in-law.

"I think of it constantly, and here is what I began to write, thinking that I could say it better in writing and that my presence irritates her," he said, giving him the letter.

Stepán Arkádevich took the letter, looked in perplexity at the dim eyes, which gazed motionlessly at him, and began to read:

"I see that my presence oppresses you. However hard it was for me to convince myself of it, I see that it is so, and cannot be otherwise. I do not blame you, and God is my witness that, seeing you during your illness, I had with all my heart decided to forget everything that had been between us, and to begin a new life. I do not regret, and never shall regret what I have done; I wished only for one thing, — your good, the good of your soul, and now I see that I have not accomplished it. Tell me yourself what will give you true happiness and peace to your soul. I surrender myself entirely to your will and to your sense of justice."

Stepán Arkádevich gave him back the letter and continued to look at his brother-in-law with the same perplexity, not knowing what to say. The silence was so awkward to both of them that a morbid convulsion took place on Stepán Arkádevich's lips, as he remained silent, without taking his eyes off Karénin's face.

"That is what I wanted to tell her," said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, turning his face away.

"Yes, yes —" said Stepán Arkádevich, unable to answer, since a lump had risen in his throat.

"Yes, yes. I understand you," he finally muttered.

"I wish to know what it is she wants," said Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich.

"I am afraid she herself does not understand her situation. She is not a judge," Stepán Arkádevich corrected himself. "She is crushed, that's it, she is crushed by your magnanimity. If she reads this letter, she will not have the strength to say anything, — she will only drop her head lower."

"Yes, but what is to be done in such a case? How explain — how find out her wish?"

"If you permit me to tell you my opinion, I will say that it depends on you to indicate those measures which you find it necessary to take in order to put an end to this situation."

"So you find that it is necessary to end it?" Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich interrupted him. "But how?" he added, making an unwonted gesture before his eyes. "I see no possible issue."

"There is an issue from every situation," Stepán Arkádevich said, getting up and becoming animated. "There was a time when you wanted to disrupt — If you are now convinced that there can be no mutual happiness for you —"

"Happiness can be understood in different ways. But let us suppose that I agree to everything, that I do not want anything. What issue is there from our situation?"

"If you want to know my opinion," said Stepán Arkádevich, with the same emollient, gentle, almond smile, with which he had been talking to Anna. His good smile was so convincing that Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, feeling his weakness and submitting to it, was involuntarily prepared to believe what Stepán Arkádevich was going to say. "She will never give expression to it."

But one thing is possible, one thing only she can desire," continued Stepán Arkádevich, "and that is a disruption of all relations and of all memories connected with them. And these relations can be established only by the freedom of both sides."

"Divorce," Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich interrupted him in disgust.

"Yes, I take it to be a divorce, yes, a divorce," Stepán Arkádevich repeated, blushing. "That is in every respect the most sensible solution for husband and wife who find themselves in such relations as you are in. What is to be done if they find that life together is impossible for them? That may always happen."

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich drew a deep breath and shut his eyes.

"Only one thing is to be considered here: does one of the married pair wish to enter again into wedlock. If not, the case is very simple," said Stepán Arkádevich, freeing himself more and more from his embarrassment.

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, frowning from agitation, muttered something to himself and made no reply. Everything which to Stepán Arkádevich appeared so very simple, Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich had considered thousands of times. And all that seemed to him, not only not simple, but entirely impossible. Divorce, the details of which he knew now, appeared to him impossible, because the feeling of his personal dignity and his respect for religion did not allow him to take upon himself the accusation of fictitious adultery; still less did they permit him to convict and disgrace his wife, who had been forgiven and was loved by him. Besides, divorce seemed impossible for other still more important reasons.

What would become of his son in case of divorce? It was impossible to leave him with his mother. The divorced mother would have her own illegitimate family, in which the position of a stepson and his education

would, in all probability, be bad. To keep him? He knew that that would be a revenge on his part, and that he did not wish. Besides, divorce appeared most impossible to Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich because, by consenting to it, he would cause Anna's ruin. On his soul lay heavily the sentence uttered by Dárya Aleksándrovna in Moscow, that, in deciding on divorce, he was thinking of himself, and not of the fact that in that way he ruined Anna for ever. And he, connecting this sentence with his forgiveness, with his attachment for the children, now understood it in his own way. To consent to a divorce, to give her liberty, meant to him to take away from him his last bond in life to the children whom he loved, and from her her last staff on the path of goodness, and to cast her into destruction. As a divorced wife, she would unite herself with Vrónski, and that union would be illegitimate and sinful, because, according to the law of the Church, a woman could not marry again so long as her husband was alive. "She will be united to him, and in a year or two he will abandon her, or she will enter into a new liaison," thought Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich. "And I, having consented to an illegal divorce, shall be the cause of her ruin." He had considered this hundreds of times and was convinced that the matter of a divorce was not only far from being simple, as his brother-in-law had said, but was even completely impossible. He did not believe a single one of Stepán Arkádevich's words and had a thousand retorts to each of his statements, but he listened to him, feeling that in his words was expressed that mighty, rude force, which governed his life and to which he had to surrender.

"The question is only on what conditions you will consent to a divorce. She does not want anything and does not dare to ask you, — she leaves it all to your magnanimity."

"O Lord, O Lord! For what?" thought Aleksyáy

Aleksándrovich, recalling the details of the divorce, in which the husband took the guilt upon himself, and he covered his face in shame, with the same gesture with which Vrónski had covered his.

“You are agitated, — I understand. But if you consider — ”

“But whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also, and if any man take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also,” thought Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich.

“Yes, yes!” he exclaimed, in a squeaky voice. “I take the disgrace upon myself, give her even my son, but — but is it not better to leave things alone? However, do as you please — ”

And, turning away from his brother-in-law, so that he could not be seen, he sat down on a chair at the window.

He was aggrieved, and he was ashamed, but together with this grief and shame he experienced joy and meekness before the exaltation of his humility.

Stepán Arkádevich was touched. He kept silence.

“Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, believe me, she will appreciate your magnanimity,” he said. “Evidently it was God’s will,” he added, and, having said this, he felt that it was stupid, and with difficulty repressed a smile at his stupidity.

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich wanted to make a reply, but his tears stopped him.

“It is a fatal misfortune, and we must recognize it. I recognize this misfortune as an accomplished fact, and am trying to help her and you,” said Stepán Arkádevich.

When Stepán Arkádevich left the room of his brother-in-law, he was touched, but that did not prevent his being satisfied with the successful achievement, for he was convinced that Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich would not take back his word. To this pleasure was also added this, that when the whole affair should be settled, he would

propound to his wife and near relatives the question: "What difference is there between me and a derailed engine? A derailed engine breaks ties, and no one is better off for it, but I break ties, and three persons are helped by it. Or: What resemblance is there between me and a derailed engine? When — However, I must get a better puzzle," he said to himself, with a smile.

XXIII.

VRÓNSKI'S wound was dangerous, even though it had missed the heart. For a few days he was between life and death. When he was able to speak for the first time, Vára, his brother's wife, was alone in the room.

"Vára!" he said, looking sternly at her, "I discharged the pistol by accident. And please, never speak of it, and tell everybody so. For it is too silly!"

Vára made no reply to these words, but bent over him and looked into his face with a joyous smile. His eyes were bright, and not feverish, but their expression was severe.

"Well, thank God!" she said. "Have you any pain?"

"A little, here." He pointed to his chest.

"Then let me change the bandage!"

He silently compressed his broad cheek muscles and looked at her while she was dressing his wound. When she got through, he said:

"I am not delirious: please see to it that there is no talk about my having shot myself on purpose."

"Nobody is saying that, anyway. But I hope that you will never again shoot by accident," she said, with an interrogative smile.

"I suppose I shall not, but it would be better —"

And he smiled a melancholy smile.

In spite of these words and his smile, which so frightened Vára, he felt, when the inflammation had passed and he began to mend, that he was completely freed from one part of his grief. With this deed he seemed to have

washed off the disgrace and the humiliation, which he had experienced before. Now he could calmly think of Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich. He recognized all his magnanimity, and no longer felt himself humiliated. Besides, he again fell into the old ruts of life. He saw the possibility of looking without shame into people's eyes, and could live, being guided by his wonted habits. The one thing he was unable to tear out of his heart, in spite of his constantly struggling against this feeling, was his regret, which rose to despair, at having lost her for ever. He took the firm resolve, now that he had atoned his guilt before her husband, to renounce her and never again to stand between her, with her repentance, and her husband; but he was unable to tear out of his heart the regret at having lost her love, — he could not wipe out of his memory those minutes of happiness which he knew she could give him, which had been so little appreciated by him, and which now pursued him with all their charm.

Serpukhovskóy found him an appointment in Tashként, and Vrónski without the least hesitation accepted the offer. But the nearer the time of his departure approached, the more difficult did the sacrifice become which he was making to what he deemed to be his duty.

His wound healed up, and he could go out to make his preparations for his journey to Tashként.

"To see her just once, and then to bury myself and die!" he thought, and, making his farewell calls, he expressed this thought to Betsy. Betsy went with this message of his to Anna, and brought him back her negative answer.

"So much the better," thought Vrónski, when he received this news. "It was a weakness which would have ruined my last strength."

On the following morning Betsy herself came to see him, to tell him that she had received positive information through Oblónski that Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich

was going to divorce her, and that therefore Vrónski could see Anna.

Without troubling himself to see Betsy off, forgetting all his resolves, without asking when he could do so, or where her husband was, Vrónski immediately drove to the house of the Karénins. He ran up the stairs, seeing nobody and nothing, and with rapid steps, with difficulty keeping himself from running, rushed into her room. And, without thinking or seeing who was in the room, he embraced her and began to cover her face, hand, and neck with kisses.

Anna had been preparing herself for this meeting and had been thinking of what she would tell him, but did not have a chance to tell him anything: his passion overwhelmed her. She wanted to quiet him and to quiet herself, but it was too late. His feeling was communicated to her. Her lips trembled so that for a long time she could not speak a word.

"Yes, you have taken possession of me, and I am yours," she muttered at last, pressing his hand to her breast.

"It had to be so!" he said. "It has to be so, while we live! Now I know it."

"That is so," she said, growing paler and paler, and embracing his head. "Still, there is something terrible in all this, after what has happened."

"Everything will pass, everything will pass, — we shall be so happy! Our love, if such a thing as growing stronger is possible for it, will grow stronger because there is something terrible in it," he said, raising his head, and disclosing his sound teeth in a smile.

And she could not help answering with a smile, not to his words, but to his enamoured eyes. She took his hand, and patted with it her cold cheeks and closely cropped hair.

"I do not recognize you with this short hair. You

have grown so much prettier. A real boy. But how pale you are !”

“Yes, I am very weak,” she said, smiling. And her lips trembled again.

“We will go to Italy, — you will get better again,” he said.

“Is it possible that we could be like husband and wife together, alone, with our family ?” she said, looking close into his eyes.

“I am only surprised how it could ever have been different.”

“Stíva says that *he* consents to everything, but I cannot accept *his* magnanimity,” she said, looking pensively past Vrónski’s face. “I do not want any divorce, — it is now all the same to me. But I do not know what his decision will be in regard to Serézha.”

He was absolutely unable to understand how at this moment of their meeting she could think of her son and of divorce. What difference did it make ?

“Don’t speak of it ! Don’t think of it !” he said, turning her hand in his, and trying to attract her attention to himself ; but she still kept her eyes away from him.

“Oh, why did I not die, — it would have been better !” she said, and without sobs her tears coursed down both her cheeks ; but she tried to smile, so as not to grieve him.

To refuse the flattering and dangerous appointment in Tashként would have been a disgrace and an impossibility according to Vrónski’s former views ; but now he did not hesitate for a moment, and declined it, and, as he observed a disapproval of his acts in his superiors, he at once asked for his discharge.

A month later Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich was left alone with his son in his house, and Anna went with Vrónski abroad, without having been divorced, and positively refusing to be divorced.

PART THE FIFTH

I.

PRINCESS SHCHERBÁTSKI found that it was impossible to have the wedding before Lent, until which five weeks were left, because half of the wedding outfit could not be got ready in time; at the same time she could not help agreeing with Levín that after Lent it would be too late, because an aunt of Prince Shcherbátski's was very ill and might die soon, and then the mourning would delay the wedding. And so the princess decided to divide the dowry into a larger and smaller outfit, and assented to having the wedding before Lent. She decided to have the smaller outfit all prepared at once now, and to send out the larger later, and she grew quite angry at Levín because he would not give her a serious answer whether he was satisfied with it or not. This combination was the more convenient since the married couple were to go at once to the country after the wedding, and there the things of the larger outfit would not be needed.

Levín continued to be in that state of madness, in which it appeared to him that he and his happiness formed the chief and only aim of everything in existence, and that now he did not have to think or worry about anything, and that everything was being done and would in the future be done for him by others. He had even no plans and aims for his future life; he left the solution of this to others, knowing that everything would be all right. His brother Sergyéy Ivánovich, Stepán Arkádevich, and

the princess guided him in what he had to do. He gave his full assent to everything that was proposed to him. His brother borrowed money for him, and the princess advised him to leave Moscow after the wedding. Stepán Arkádevich advised him to go abroad. He agreed to everything.

“Do what you please, if that amuses you. I am happy, and my happiness can be neither greater nor smaller, no matter what you may do,” he thought. When he informed Kitty of Stepán Arkádevich’s advice to go abroad, he was very much amazed to find that she did not agree to it, but had her own definite ideas about their future lives. She knew that Levín had some business in the country, of which he was fond. As he had observed, she did not understand his business, and did not even want to understand it. This, however, did not prevent her from regarding that business as extremely important. And so she knew that their home would be in the country, and wanted to go, not abroad, where they would not live, but into the country, where their home would be. This definitely expressed intention surprised Levín. But, as it did not make any difference to him, he immediately asked Stepán Arkádevich, as though that was his duty, to go down to his estate and fix everything the best he knew how, with that taste which he possessed in such a high degree.

“But listen,” Stepán Arkádevich once said to Levín, after his return from the country, where he had arranged everything for the reception of the married couple, “have you a certificate of having been to confession?”

“No. Why?”

“You can’t be married without it.”

“Oh, oh, oh!” exclaimed Levín. “It seems to me I have not been to confession these ten years. I did not think of it.”

“You are a nice fellow!” Stepán Arkádevich said.

“And you call me a nihilist! That won't do. You must prepare yourself for confession!”

“When shall I do it? There are only four days left.”

Stepán Arkádevich arranged this too for him. And Levín began to prepare himself for the confession. For Levín as an unbeliever, who, at the same time, respected the beliefs of others, the presence and participation in all kinds of religious ceremonies was extremely irksome. Now, in the sensitive, mollified frame of mind in which he was, this necessity of feigning was not only oppressive to Levín, but even seemed entirely impossible to him. Now, in the condition of his glory, of his florescence, he would have either to lie, or to be sacrilegious. He felt it beyond his strength to do either. But, no matter how much he kept asking Stepán Arkádevich whether it was possible to get a certificate without going to confession, Stepán Arkádevich insisted that it was impossible.

“Why should you mind it? It is only two days. And he is a dear, intelligent old man. He will pull that tooth of yours so that you will not even feel it.”

Standing at the first mass, Levín tried to refresh in himself his youthful reminiscences of that deep religious feeling through which he had passed between sixteen and seventeen years of age; but he immediately convinced himself that that was positively impossible for him. He tried to look at it all as at a meaningless, empty custom, something like the custom of paying calls; but he felt that he could not do that even. Levín, like the majority of his contemporaries, found himself in a most indefinite situation as regards religion. He could not believe, and yet he was not firmly convinced that all that was wrong. And thus, being unable to believe in the significance of what he was doing, or to look at it with indifference, as at an empty formality, he during all the time of his preparation for the confession experienced a feeling of awkwardness and shame, doing something he did not understand,

and therefore, as an inner voice told him, something deceptive and bad.

During the service he now listened to the prayers, trying to ascribe to them a meaning which would not run counter to his views, now, feeling that he could not understand them and had to condemn them, tried not to hear them, but to busy himself with his thoughts, observations, and reminiscences, which during that idle standing in church wandered through his head with extraordinary vividness.

He stood through the mass, through the vespers and vigils, and on the following day, having risen earlier than usual, and without drinking tea, went at eight o'clock to church, to hear the matins, and go to confession.

There was no one in the church but a mendicant soldier, two old women, and the church servants.

A deacon, with the two halves of his long back clearly outlined beneath his thin cassock, met him and, going up at once to a small table at the wall, began to read the rules. As the reading proceeded, especially during the frequent and rapid repetition of the same words, "Kyrie eleison," which sounded like "releison, releison," Levín felt that his reason was closed and sealed, and that he ought not to touch and disturb it now, or else nothing but a muddle would result, and so, standing behind the deacon, he did not listen or enter into the meaning of what was read, but continued to think his own thoughts. "There is remarkable expression in her hand," he thought, recalling how the evening before they had been sitting at a corner table. They had had nothing to talk about, as was nearly always the case at that time, and she had placed her hand on the table, opening it and closing it, and had burst out laughing, as she looked at its motion. He remembered how he had kissed her hand and how later he had watched the lines which met on her pink palm. "Again releison," Levín thought, crossing himself,

bowing, and looking at the flexible inclination of the deacon's back, making obeisances. "Then she took my hand and looked at the lines: 'You have a fine hand,' she said." And he looked at his hand and at the deacon's short hand. "Yes, now it will soon end," he thought. "No, it seems he is beginning once more," he thought, listening to the prayers. "Yes, it is ending now; he is now making his low obeisances. That always happens before the end."

Imperceptibly he slipped a three-rouble bill into the deacon's hand under his plush facings, upon which the deacon said that he would register him, and, stepping briskly with his new boots over the flagstones of the empty church, went up to the altar. A minute later he looked out and beckoned to Levín. A thought, which heretofore had been locked up in Levín's head, began to stir, but he hastened to dispel it. "It will come out all right in some way," he thought, walking over to the ambo. He went up the steps and, turning to the right, saw the priest. The old priest, with a scanty, half-gray beard and wearied, kindly eyes, was standing at the pulpit and turning the leaves of the church book. Bowing slightly to Levín, he began at once to read the prayers in the wonted chant. When he was through, he made a low obeisance and turned with his face toward Levín.

"Christ is standing invisibly before you, to receive your confession," he said, pointing to the crucifix. "Do you believe everything which the Holy Apostolic Church teaches us?" continued the priest, turning his eyes away from Levín, and folding his hands under the scapulary.

"I have doubted, and I doubt everything," Levín muttered, in a voice which sounded disagreeable to him, and grew silent.

The priest waited a few seconds for him to say something, and, closing his eyes, began to speak rapidly, with clear enunciation of the *o*'s of his Vladímir dialect.

"Doubts are characteristic of human weakness, but we must pray that merciful God may strengthen us. What especial sins have you?" he added, without the least interval, as though trying not to lose any time.

"My chief sin is doubting. I doubt everything, and am generally in a state of doubt."

"Doubt is characteristic of human weakness," the priest repeated the same words. "Wherein do you have your particular doubts?"

"I doubt everything. I sometimes doubt even the existence of a God," Levín said, involuntarily, and was frightened at the impropriety of what he had said. But the words did not seem to have produced any impression on the priest.

"What doubts can there be of the existence of God?" he said, hurriedly, with a faint smile.

Levín kept silence.

"What doubt can you have of the Trinity, when you look at His creation?" the priest continued, in his rapid habitual speech. "Who has adorned the vault of heaven with the luminaries? Who has clad the earth in beauty? How could it be without a Creator?" he said, looking questioningly at Levín.

Levín felt that it would be improper to enter into philosophical disputes with the priest, and so in reply said only what had reference to the question.

"I do not know."

"You do not know? How, then, do you doubt that God has created it all?" the priest said in merry perplexity.

"I understand nothing," said Levín, blushing and feeling that his words were stupid, and that they could not be anything but stupid in such a situation.

"Pray to God and implore Him. Even the holy fathers have had doubts and asked God to confirm them in their faith. The devil has great power, and we must not

submit to him. Pray to God, and implore Him. Pray to God," he repeated, hurriedly.

The priest was silent for awhile, as though in thought.

"As I have heard, you are about to enter into matrimony with the daughter of my parishioner and spiritual son, Prince Shcherbátski," he added, with a smile. "She is a fine maiden."

"Yes," Levín said, blushing for the priest. "Why need he ask me about it at the confession?" he thought.

And, as though in response to his question, the priest said to him:

"You are about to enter into matrimony, and God may reward you with posterity, — is it not so? Well, what education can you give your little ones, if you do not vanquish within you the temptation of the devil, that is dragging you toward unbelief?" he said, with a mild rebuke. "If you love your children, you, like a good father, will desire for them not only wealth, luxury, honours, but also their salvation, their spiritual enlightenment by the light of truth. Am I not right? What, then, will you answer your little one, when he shall ask you, 'Papa! Who has created everything that enchants me in this world, — the earth, the water, the sun, the flowers, the grass?' Will you tell him, 'I do not know'? You cannot help knowing it, since the Lord God in His great mercy has revealed it unto you. Or your child will ask you, 'What awaits me in the life after death?' What will you tell him, since you know nothing? How are you going to answer him? Will you leave him to the enticement of the world and of the devil? That is not good," he said, stopping in his speech, inclining his head to one side, and looking at Levín with his good, meek eyes.

Levín made no reply, not because he did not wish to enter into a discussion with the priest, but because no one had ever put such questions to him, and because he would

have time to think of what to answer when his little ones should ask him about it.

"You are entering a period of life," continued the priest, "when it is necessary to choose a path, and stick to it. Pray to God that He in His goodness may help you and have mercy upon you," he concluded. "May our Lord and God Jesus Christ in the mercy and bounty of His loving-kindness forgive you, my child —" and, having finished his absolving prayer, the priest blessed and discharged him.

On returning home, Levín experienced a joyous feeling because the awkward situation was ended, and because it was ended in such a way that he had not been obliged to lie. Besides, he had a dim conception that what the good, sweet old man had said was not at all so stupid as he had at first thought, and that there was something in it which needed clearing up.

"Of course, not now," thought Levín, "but at some later date." Levín now felt more than ever that in his soul something was dim and impure, and that in matters of religion he was in the same situation which he saw so clearly and did not like in others, and for which he had censured his friend Sviyázhski.

When on that evening he passed his time with his fiancée at Dolly's, he was unusually gay, and, explaining to Stepán Arkádevich the excited state in which he was, he said that he felt as happy as a dog that has been taught to jump through a hoop, and that, having finally comprehended and accomplished the feat demanded of it, whines and, wagging its tail, jumps in delight on the tables and windows.

II.

ON the day of the wedding, Levín, according to the custom (the princess and Dária Aleksándrovna insisted that all the customary rules be strictly observed), did not see his fiancée, and dined in his hotel with three bachelors, who accidentally fell in with him : with Sergyéy Ivánovich, Katavásov, a former university comrade of his, now professor of the natural sciences, whom Levín had met in the street and had taken to his room, and Chírikov, his best man, a Moscow justice of the peace and Levín's companion in the bear-hunt. It was a very jolly dinner. Sergyéy Ivánovich was in the happiest of moods and was amused at Katavásov's originality. Feeling that his originality was appreciated and esteemed, Katavásov made a display of it. Chírikov merrily and good-naturedly supported every conversation.

"Now," said Katavásov, drawing out his words, — a habit acquired by him in his professorial chair, "what a gifted fellow our friend, Konstantín Dmítrievich, used to be! I am speaking of an absent person, for he is no longer here. He used to love the sciences and, upon leaving the university, had human interests in things; but now one-half of his ability is directed toward deceiving himself, and the other toward justifying this deception."

"I have never seen a more determined enemy of marriage than you," said Sergyéy Ivánovich.

"No, I am not an enemy. I am a friend of the division of labour. People who can do nothing else must procreate

people, while the others must be active for their enlightenment and happiness. That is the way I understand it. There is a legion of volunteers who are ever ready to mix these two trades, — I am not among them.”

“How happy I shall be when I hear that you are in love!” said Levín. “Please invite me to your wedding!”

“I am already in love.”

“Yes, with a cuttlefish. Do you know,” Levín turned to his brother, “Mikhaíl Seménych is writing a work on the nutrition and —”

“Please don’t get things mixed up! It makes no difference what it is about. The point is that I am really in love with a cuttlefish.”

“But the cuttlefish will not interfere with your loving your wife.”

“The cuttlefish will not interfere, but my wife would.”

“Why?”

“You see it is like this. You are fond of farming, of hunting, — you see.”

“Arkhip came to see me to-day: he says there are a lot of elks at Prúdnoc, and two bears,” said Chirikov.

“Well, you will hunt them without me.”

“That is so,” said Sergyéy Ivánovich. “You may now bid good-bye to bear-hunting, — your wife will not let you!”

Levín smiled. The idea that his wife would not let him was so agreeable to him that he was prepared to give up for ever the pleasure of seeing bears.

“And yet it is a pity that these two bears will be taken without you. Do you remember the last time we were at Khabílovo? It was a superb chase,” said Chirikov.

Levín did not wish to disenchant him by saying that nowhere could there be anything good without her, and so he did not say anything.

“There is some reason in the custom of saying farewell to your bachelor life,” said Sergyéy Ivánovich. “No mat-

ter how happy you may be, still you feel sorry to give up your freedom."

"Confess,—have you had the feeling, like Gógol's bridegroom, that you want to jump out of the window?"

"Of course he has had it, but he will not own up to it!" said Katavásov, laughing aloud.

"Well, the window is open — Let us go at once to Tver! One she-bear, — we can go into the lair. Really, let us take the five o'clock train! They will manage things here," Chírikov said, smiling.

"Upon my word," Levín replied, smiling, "I cannot find in my soul that feeling of regret for my freedom!"

"Yes, there is such a chaos in your soul just now that you won't find anything in it," said Katavásov. "Wait, when you have sobered up a little, you will find it!"

"No, I ought to have felt at least a little that, besides my feeling" (he did not want to say "love" in the presence of Katavásov) "and happiness, it is a pity to lose my freedom — On the contrary, what makes me so happy is that very loss of my liberty."

"Too bad! A hopeless case!" said Katavásov. "Well, let us drink for his cure, or let us wish him that at least one hundredth part of his dreams shall be realized. Even then it will be a happiness such as has never existed upon earth."

Soon after dinner the guests departed to change their clothes in time for the wedding.

When Levín was left alone and recalled the chat with the bachelors, he asked himself once more whether in his soul there was that feeling of regret for his liberty, of which they had been speaking. He smiled at the question. "Liberty! What is that liberty for? Happiness consists only in loving, wishing and thinking her wishes, her thoughts, that is, in no liberty at all, — that is happiness!"

"But do I know her thoughts, her wishes, her feel-

ings?" a voice suddenly whispered to him. The smile disappeared from his face, and he fell to musing. And suddenly he was overcome by terror and doubt, — doubt of everything.

"What if she does not love me? What if she marries me only to get married? How if she herself does not know what she is doing?" he asked himself. "She may come to her senses, and only when she has married me, she may come to see that she does not love me, and never could love me." And he was assailed by the strangest and meanest thoughts concerning her. He was jealous of Vrónski, as he had been a year ago, as though the evening when he had seen her with Vrónski had been yesterday. He suspected that she had not told him everything.

He sprang up. "No, that must not be!" he said to himself in despair. "I will go to her, will ask her, will say to her for the last time: 'We are free, and had we better not stop? Anything is better than eternal unhappiness, disgrace, infidelity!'" With despair in his heart and with malice against all men, against himself, and against her, he left the hotel and drove to her house.

He found her in the back rooms. She was sitting on a trunk, giving some orders to a maid, and picking over heaps of coloured dresses, which were placed over the backs of chairs and on the floor.

"Oh!" she called out, as she saw him, beaming with happiness. "What is it? I did not expect thee, I did not expect you!" (Up to that day she now said "thou" and now "you" to him.) "I have been dividing up my girl's clothes —"

"Ah! That is nice!" he said, looking gloomily at the maid.

"Go, Dunyásha, I will call you!" said Kitty. "What is the matter with thee?" she asked, resolutely saying "thou" to him the moment the maid had left. She no-

ticed his strange, agitated, and gloomy face, and she was frightened.

"Kitty, I am suffering. I cannot suffer by myself," he said, with despair in his voice, stepping in front of her and looking entreatingly into her eyes. He saw at once by her loving, truthful face that nothing would come of what he intended to say; still, he wanted her to dispel his doubts. "I came to tell you that it is still time. It is possible to stop and mend it all."

"What is it? I do not understand a thing. What is the matter with you?"

"What I have said a thousand times and cannot help thinking, — that I am not worthy of you. You could not have consented to marrying me. Think! You are mistaken. Think well! You cannot love me — If — do say," he said, without looking at her. "I will be unhappy. Let them say what they please; anything is better than misfortune — Better now, while there is time —"

"I do not understand," she replied, in fright. "Is it that you want to withdraw — that it is not to be?"

"Yes, if you do not love me."

"You are insane!" she exclaimed, red with anger. But his face was so pitiful that she repressed her rage and, throwing her dresses down from a chair, seated herself close to him. "What are you thinking about? Tell me everything."

"I think that you cannot love me. Why should you love me?"

"O Lord, what shall I do?" she said, bursting into tears.

"Oh, what have I done?" he exclaimed. Kneeling down before her, he began to kiss her hands.

When the princess five minutes later entered the room, they had already made up. Kitty not only assured him that she loved him and, in reply to his question what she

loved him for, explained to him what for. She told him that she loved him because she understood him, because she knew what he would love, and because everything which he loved was good. And this appeared quite clear to him. When the princess came into the room, they were sitting beside each other on the trunk, picking over the dresses and disputing about the brown dress which Kitty had on and wanted to give to Dunyásha, while he wanted her to keep it, and asked her to give a blue dress to the maid.

"But can't you understand? She is a brunette, and it will not be becoming to her — I have figured it all out."

Upon hearing what had brought him there, the princess got angry half in jest and half in earnest, and sent him home to get dressed, and told him not to bother Kitty, who must get her hair combed, as Charles would be there soon.

"She has not been eating these days, anyway, and has grown thin, and you only excite her with your foolishness," she said to him. "Get out, get out, my dear!"

Levín, guilty and put to shame, but pacified, returned to his hotel. His brother, Dárya Aleksándrovna, and Stepán Arkádevich, all of them in gala attire, were waiting for him, in order to bless him with the image. There was no time to lose. Dárya Aleksándrovna had to drive home yet, to fetch her boy with his hair all curled and dressed with pomatum, who was to carry the image with the bride. Then, one carriage had to be sent for the best man, and another, which was to take Sergyéy Ivánovich, had to be sent back — There were altogether no end of most complicated combinations. One thing was certain: no time was to be lost, as it was already half-past six.

Nothing sensible came of the blessing with the image. Stepán Arkádevich took up a comico-serious attitude, by the side of his wife, grasped the image, and, ordering

Levín to bow to the ground, blessed him with a kindly and sarcastic smile, and kissed him three times; Dárya Aleksándrovna did the same, and immediately hastened to drive off, and again got mixed in planning for the movements of the carriages.

"Well, this is what we shall do: you will go in our carriage for him, and Sergyéy Ivánovich will be so kind as to go, and then to send it."

"I shall gladly do so."

"And we will come directly with him. Have your things been sent?" asked Stepán Arkádevich.

"They have," replied Levín.

He ordered Kuzmá to bring him his clothes.

III.

A CROWD of people, especially of women, surrounded the church, which was lighted up for the wedding. Those who did not succeed in getting in crowded around the windows, pushing each other, quarrelling, and peeping through the lattice-work.

More than twenty carriages had already been assigned places in the street by the gendarmes. An officer of police, disdainful of the frost, was standing at the entrance, gleaming in his uniform. New carriages kept driving up all the time, and now ladies with flowers, and raising their trains, or men, taking off their caps or black hats, entered the church. Both lustres and all the candles before the holy images were lighted. The gold halo against the red background of the iconostas, the gilt carving of the images, the silver of the candelabra and candlesticks, the flagstones of the floor, the rugs, the banners above the choir, the steps of the ambo, the old, blackened books, the cassocks, the surplices, — everything was bathed in light. On the right side of the warm church, in a mass of dress coats and white ties, uniforms, and stuffs, velvet, atlas, hair, flowers, bared shoulders and arms, and long gloves, they carried on a repressed, but animated conversation, which reëchoed strangely from the high cupola. Every time the squeak of the opened door was heard, the talk in that crowd died down, and all looked around, waiting to see the bride and groom come in. But the door had been opened more than ten times, and each time it was either a belated guest, who

joined the circle of the invited on the right, or a spectator, who had managed to deceive or mollify the officer of police, and who joined the crowd on the left. The relatives and outsiders had already gone through all the phases of expectation.

At first it was supposed that the bride and groom would arrive in a minute, and no meaning was ascribed to this delay. Later the delay began to be awkward, and the relatives and guests tried to assume a look as though they were not interested in the bridegroom, but in their conversation.

The protodiaconus, as though to remind one of the value of his time, impatiently cleared his throat, which made the window-panes rattle. In the choir could be heard now the trial of voices, and now the clearing of noses by the tired choristers. The priest kept sending out the sexton or the deacon to find out whether the bridegroom had come, and himself, dressed in a lilac cassock and embroidered girdle, kept coming out oftener and oftener to the side door, waiting for the bridegroom. Finally one of the ladies, looking at her watch, said, "But this is strange!" and all the guests grew uneasy and began loudly to express their surprise and indignation. One of the bridesmen went to find out what had happened. Kitty, in the meantime, all dressed up, in a white gown, long veil, and wreath of orange-blossoms, was, with her bridesmother and sister Lvov, standing in the parlour of her house and looking out of the window, vainly waiting for more than half an hour to hear from her bridesman about the arrival of the bridegroom at the church.

In the meantime, Levín, in pantaloons, but without his vest and dress coat, was walking up and down in his room at the hotel, continuously looking out of the door and down the corridor. But in the corridor could not be seen the one he was waiting for, and he, returning in de-

spair and swinging his arms, turned to Stepán Arkádevich, who was calmly smoking a cigarette.

"Has man ever been in such a terrible, stupid predicament?" he said.

"Yes, it is stupid," Stepán Arkádevich confirmed him, with a soft smile. "But calm yourself, — they will bring it at once."

"No, they won't!" Levín said, with repressed rage. "Those stupid, low-cut vests! Impossible!" he said, looking at the crumpled front of his shirt. "And what will happen, if they have taken the things to the railway station?" he exclaimed, in despair.

"Then you will put on mine."

"I ought to have done so long ago."

"It is not good to be ludicrous — Wait! *It is coming on!*"

The trouble was that when Levín wanted to get dressed, Kuzmá, Levín's old servant, brought him his coat and vest, and everything necessary.

"And the shirt?" exclaimed Levín.

"You have it on," Kuzmá said, with a calm smile.

It had not occurred to Kuzmá to leave out a clean shirt; having received the order to pack up and take the things down to the Shcherbátskis, from which place the married pair were to depart that very evening, he had done so, putting everything away but the evening suit. The shirt which he had put on in the morning was crumpled and impossible with a low-cut vest. It was too far to send to the Shcherbátskis. They sent a lackey to buy a new shirt. The lackey returned, saying that all the shops were closed, as it was Sunday. A messenger was sent to Stepán Arkádevich's; he brought a shirt: it was entirely too large and too short. Finally they sent to the Shcherbátskis to have the things unpacked. The groom was being expected at church, but he, like a caged animal, was walking up and down in his room, looking into the

corridor, and recalling in terror and despair what he had been telling Kitty, and what she now might think of him.

At last guilty Kuzmá, with difficulty drawing breath, flew into the room with the shirt.

"Just caught them: they were packing the things on a dray," said Kuzmá.

Levín did not look at his watch, in order not to open his wound, and three minutes later he flew down the corridor.

"This will not help you," Stepán Arkádevich said, with a smile, leisurely hurrying after him. "*It is coming on, it is coming on!* I tell you."

IV.

“THEY have come!—Here he is!—Which one?—The one that looks younger?—And she, my dear, is more dead than alive!” they said in the crowd, as Levín, meeting his bride at the entrance, with her entered the church.

Stepán Arkádevich told his wife the cause of the delay, and the guests, smiling, whispered among themselves. Levín saw nobody and nothing; he did not lower his eyes but looked steadily at his bride.

All said that she had lost much of her beauty during the last few days and that under the bridal wreath she was far from being as pretty as usual; but Levín did not find it so. He looked at her high coiffure with the long white veil and white flowers, at her high, standing, shirred collar, which in a peculiarly girlish way covered her long neck at the sides and bared it in front, and at the strikingly slender waist, and he thought that she was more beautiful than ever,—not that these flowers, that veil, that gown, which had been ordered from Paris, in any way added to her beauty, but because, in spite of this artificial magnificence of her attire, the expression of her sweet face, her glance, her lips, was still the same peculiar expression of innocent truthfulness.

“I thought that you intended to run away,” she said, smiling at him.

“It is so stupid what has happened to me, that it is a shame to tell it!” he said, blushing, and turning to Ser-gyéy Ivánovich, who had come up.

"A fine story that is about your shirt!" said Sergyéy Ivánovich, shaking his head, and smiling.

"Yes, yes," replied Levín, who did not understand what they were talking about.

"Now, Konstantín," said Stepán Arkádevich, with a feigned look of consternation, "an important question has to be decided. You are now in a position to appreciate its whole importance. I was asked whether they are to light the burned candles, or fresh ones. The difference is ten roubles," he added, puckering his lips for a smile. "I have given the order, but I am afraid you will not assent to it."

Levín saw that it was a joke, but could not smile.

"Well, how is it? The burned or the fresh candles? That is the question."

"Yes, yes, the fresh candles!"

"I am very glad, — the question is solved!" said Stepán Arkádevich, smiling. "I must say, people grow dreadfully stupid under such circumstances," he said to Chírikov, when Levín, looking confusedly at him, moved up to the bride.

"Remember, Kitty, you must be the first to stand on the rug," Countess Nórdston said, coming up to her. "You are a nice man!" she turned to Levín.

"Well, does it frighten you?" said Márya Dmítievna, an old aunt.

"Are you not cold? You look pale. Wait, bend down a little!" said Kitty's sister, the diplomat's wife, and, rounding her full, beautiful arms, she smilingly adjusted the flowers on Kitty's head.

Dolly came up. She wanted to say something, but could not talk, as she began to weep and to laugh unnaturally.

Kitty looked at everybody with absent eyes, just as Levín did.

In the meantime the clergymen donned their vestments,

and the priest went with the deacon to the pulpit, which stood in the vestibule of the church. The priest turned to Levín and said something to him. Levín could not make out what he had said.

"Take the bride's hand and lead her in," the bridesman said to Levín.

For a long time Levín could not comprehend what was wanted of him. They kept correcting him for quite awhile and were on the point of giving it up, because he either took hold of her with the wrong hand, or took her wrong hand, when at last he understood that without changing his position he had to take her right hand with his own right hand. When he finally took the bride's hand as was proper, the priest went a few steps ahead of them and stopped at the pulpit. The crowd of relatives and acquaintances, buzzing in their conversation, and rustling with the trains of their gowns, moved up behind them. Somebody bent down and fixed the bride's train. Everything grew so quiet in the church that the falling of the wax drops could be heard.

The old priest, in his violet head-dress, with his silvery gray strands of hair parted in two directions behind his ears, having straightened out his small old man's hands under his heavy silver vestment with the gold cross on its back, was fingering something at the pulpit.

Stepán Arkádevich softly walked over to him, whispered something to him, and, winking to Levín, again stepped back.

The priest lighted two candles that were adorned with flowers, holding them sidewise in his left hand, so that the wax dripped slowly from them, and turned his face to the bride and groom. It was the same priest that had taken Levín's confession. He looked with a weary and sad glance at the two, heaved a sigh, and, straightening out his hand under his vestment, blessed with it the groom and also, with a shade of cautious tenderness, imposed his

folded fingers on Kitty's inclined head. Then he gave them the candles and, taking the censer, slowly walked away from them.

"Can it be true?" Levín thought and looked at the bride. He could just see her profile from above, and, by the faint motion of her lips and eyelashes, he knew that she was conscious of his glance. She did not look back, but her high, shirred collar moved, rising to her little rose-coloured ear. He saw that a sigh stopped in her breast and that her little hand in the long glove, with which she was holding the candle, trembled.

The whole hubbub on account of the shirt, the delay, the conversation with the relatives and acquaintances, their dissatisfaction, his ludicrous predicament, — everything suddenly disappeared, and he felt happy and terrible.

The handsome, tall protodiaconus, in silver surplice, with his curled locks combed to either side, briskly walked forward and, raising his stole with a habitual gesture on two fingers, stopped in front of the priest.

"Bless, O Lord!" slowly, one after another agitating the waves of air, rose the solemn sounds.

"Our God be praised now and for evermore," the old priest replied in a meek chant, still fumbling on the altar. And, filling the whole church from the windows to the vaults, there rose harmoniously and broadly, grew stronger, stopped for a moment, and softly died away a full chord of the invisible choir.

They prayed, as always, for peace and salvation from above, for the Synod, for the emperor; and they prayed for the newly betrothed slaves of God, Konstantín and Ekaterína.

"Let us pray to God that He may give them complete, peaceful love, and aid," the whole church seemed to be breathing the voice of the protodiaconus.

Levín heard the words, and they startled him. "How did they find out that it was aid, yes, aid?" he thought,

recalling his recent fears and doubts. "What do I know? What can I do in this terrible matter without aid?" he thought. "Yes, it is aid that I need now."

When the deacon finished his responsory, the priest turned to the betrothed with a book.

"Eternal God, who hast united those who were separated," he read in a mild chant, "and who hast imposed an indestructible bond of love upon them, who hast blessed Isaac and Rebecca, and hast indicated them as inheritors of Thy promise: bless even now these Thy slaves, Konstantín and Ekaterína, directing them to every good deed. Thou art a merciful God and a lover of men, and we send up praise to Thee, the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, now and for evermore." "Amen," the invisible choir rang out through the air.

"'Who hast united those that were separated, and hast imposed a bond of love,' — how profound these words are and how they correspond to what one feels at such a moment!" thought Levín. "Does she feel the same that I am feeling?"

And, turning around, their eyes met.

From the expression of that glance he concluded that she understood the same. But that was not true; she understood hardly a word of the service, and had even not been listening to the marriage ceremony. She could not listen, or understand the words, — so strong was that one sentiment which filled her soul and kept growing stronger and stronger. That sentiment was joy at the consummation of what for six weeks had been going on in her soul, and what during all that period had given her pleasure and pain. On the day when she, dressed in her cinnamon-coloured dress, had in the house in the Arbát walked over to him and silently surrendered herself to him, on that day and at that very hour a rupture had taken place in her soul with her former life, and an entirely new, entirely unfamiliar life had begun for her,

though in reality the old life continued. These six weeks had been the most blissful and the most painful time for her. All her life, all her desires and hopes had been centred on that one man, who was still unintelligible to her, with whom she was connected by a feeling which was more unintelligible even than the man, and which now attracted her, and now repelled her, and yet she had continued to live under the conditions of her former life. Though she had lived her old life she was terrified at herself, at her complete, insurmountable indifference to her whole past: to things, to habits, to people who loved her, to her mother, who was grieved by this indifference, to her dear, tender father, whom before she had loved more than anything in the world. Now she was frightened at this indifference, now rejoiced at what had brought her to this state of indifference. She could neither think nor wish for anything outside the life with this man; but the new life was not yet, and she could not even get a clear conception of it. There was only expectation, — the fear and joy of something new and unknown. And now, — a very little while longer, — and the expectation and uncertainty and regret at the renunciation of her past life, — everything would be ended, and the new life would begin. This new life could not but be terrible on account of its uncertainty; but terrible or not, — it had already been achieved six weeks before in her soul, and now that which had already taken place in her soul was merely being consecrated.

Again turning to the pulpit, the priest with difficulty caught Kitty's small ring and, asking for Levín's hand, placed it on the first joint of his finger. "The slave of God, Konstantín, is herewith wedded to the slave of God, Ekaterína." And, placing a large ring on Kitty's small rose-coloured finger, which looked pitiful in its weakness, the priest repeated the same formula.

The wedded pair tried several times to divine what it

was necessary to do, and the priest corrected them in a whisper. Finally, having done what was proper and having crossed them with the rings, he returned the large ring to Kitty, and the small one to Levín; again they got mixed, and twice changed the position of the ring from hand to hand, and yet did not do what was needed.

Dolly, Chíríkov, and Stepán Arkádevich stepped forward to correct them. There ensued a disturbance, a whispering, and smiling; but the meek and solemn expression on the faces of the wedded pair did not change; on the contrary, while they became confused about their hands, they looked more serious and more solemn than before, and the smile, with which Stepán Arkádevich whispered to them that they should put on their own rings, instinctively died on his lips. He felt that a smile would offend them.

“For Thou hast created the male and the female from the start,” the priest read, soon after the exchange of the rings, “and by Thee woman is united with man, as a helpmeet and for the procreation of the human race. For Thou, Lord our God, who hast sent down the truth to Thine inheritance and Thy promise, to Thy slaves our fathers, chosen by Thee in each generation, look down upon Thy slave, Konstantín, and upon Thy slave, Ekaterína, and confirm them in faith and in one belief, and in truth, and in love —”

Levín felt more and more that all his thoughts about marriage, his dreams of how he would arrange his life, — that all that was childishness, and that it was something which he had not comprehended heretofore and now comprehended still less, even though it was taking place over him. Convulsions rose higher and higher in his breast, and uncontrollable tears stood in his eyes.

V.

ALL of Moscow, relatives and acquaintances, were in the church. And during the marriage ceremony, in the brilliant illumination of the church, in the circle of dressed up women and girls, and men in white ties, dress coats, and uniforms, a quiet conversation, kept within bounds of propriety, was going on, started generally by the men, while the women were absorbed in watching all the details of the divine service, which always attracts their attention.

In the circle nearest to the bride were her two sisters: Dolly, and the elder, Lvov, a calm beauty, who had arrived from abroad.

"Why is Mary in lilac, almost black, — at a wedding?" said Korsúnskaya.

"With her complexion that is her only salvation," replied Drubetskáya. "I wonder why they are having the wedding in the evening. It is like a merchant wedding."

"It is nicer. I, too, was married in the evening," replied Korsúnskaya, with a sigh at the recollection of how sweet she had been on that day, and how ludicrously her husband had been in love with her then, and how different it all was now.

"They say that he who has been a bridesman more than ten times will not get married; I wanted to be for the tenth time, in order to insure myself, but the place was taken," Count Sinyávin said to pretty Princess Chárski, who had designs on him.

Princess Chárski answered him only with a smile. She looked at Kitty, thinking of how and when she would be standing with Sinyávin in Kitty's place, and of how she would then remind him of his present joke.

Shcherbátski was talking to the old maid of honour, Nikoláeva, saying that he intended to put the wreath on Kitty's chignon so that she might be happy.

"There was no need of putting on the chignon," Nikoláeva replied, having decided long ago that if the old widower, whom she was trying to catch, would marry her, she would have a very simple wedding. "I do not like all this ostentation."

Sergyéy Ivánovich was talking with Dárya Dmítrievna, assuring her in jest that the custom of going on a journey after the wedding was getting popular, because the newly married pair nearly always felt a little ashamed.

"Your brother may be proud. She is an exceedingly charming woman. I suppose you are envious?"

"I have outlived it, Dárya Dmítrievna," he replied, his face suddenly assuming a sad and serious expression.

Stepán Arkádevich was telling his sister-in-law his pun about the divorce.

"The wreath has to be adjusted," she replied, without listening to him.

"What a pity she has grown less pretty!" Countess Nórdston said to Kitty's eldest sister. "And yet he is not worth as much as her finger. Don't you think so?"

"I like him very much, and not because he is my future brother-in-law," she replied. "How well he carries himself! It is so hard to carry oneself well in this situation, without becoming ludicrous. He is not ludicrous, not stiff, — but apparently touched."

"I think you always expected it."

"Almost. She had always loved him."

"Well, let us see who will be the first to step on the rug! I advised Kitty to be the first."

"What difference does it make?" Kitty's sister replied. "We are all obedient wives, — that is in our family.

"But I purposely got ahead of Vasíli. And you, Dolly?"

Dolly was standing near them and had heard them, but she made no reply. She was touched. Tears stood in her eyes, and she would have been unable to say anything without weeping. She was glad for Kitty and for Levín; mentally returning to her wedding, she looked at beaming Stepán Arkádevich, forgot all her present, and remembered only her first innocent love. She thought not only of herself, but of all the women she knew: she thought of them at that only solemn time of theirs, when, like Kitty, they had stood under the wreath, with love, with hope, and with terror in their hearts, renouncing the past and entering a mysterious future. Among these many brides, of whom she thought, she thought also of her dear Anna, of the details of whose proposed divorce she had lately heard. She, too, had been standing there, pure, in orange-blossoms and in the veil. And now what? "It is terribly strange," she muttered.

Not only the sisters, the friends, and the relatives watched all the details of the ceremony, but the outside female spectators, with agitation that took their breath away, watched the expression on the faces of the bride and groom, fearing lest they should lose a single motion, and in anger did not answer, and frequently did not even hear the words of the indifferent men, who were making jocular or irrelevant remarks.

"What makes her cry? Is she marrying him against her will?"

"Why should she not want to marry such a fine fellow? He is a prince, I suppose."

"And is that woman in the white satin her sister? Just hear the deacon roar, 'Let her fear her husband.'"

"Are they from the Chúdovo Monastery?"

“No, from the Synod.”

“I asked the lackey. He says he will take her at once to his estate. He is awfully rich, they say. That’s why they have married her.”

“They are a fine pair, indeed they are.”

“Now, Márya Vasílevna, you have been insisting that crinolines are worn from the waist. Look at that woman in puce, — they say she is an ambassadress, — what a gathering — Yes, indeed.”

“What a dear the bride is! She is dressed up like a lamb! Say what you please, a woman is to be pitied.”

Thus they talked in the crowd of the spectators, who had managed to get into the church.

VI.

WHEN the marriage ceremony was over, a church servant placed a piece of pink silk stuff in front of the pulpit, in the middle of the church, the choir began to sing an elaborate and beautiful psalm, in which the bass and the tenor responded to each other, and the priest, turning around, indicated the piece of pink silk stuff on the floor to the newly married pair. Though both of them had heard often enough about the sign that he who would be the first to step on the rug would be the head of the family, neither Levin nor Kitty could think of it when they took several steps forward. They did not even hear the loud remarks and discussions about his having been the first, as some asserted, or of both of them having stepped on it at the same time, as others maintained.

After the customary questions about their desire to enter into matrimony, and whether they had not promised themselves to others, and their answers, which sounded strange to them, there began another part of the service. Kitty heard the words of the prayer, trying to grasp their meaning, but was unable to do so. A feeling of solemnity and of bright joy filled her soul more and more, in proportion as the ceremony proceeded, and deprived her of the possibility of attention.

They prayed: "Oh, that they be given to chastity, to the profit of the fruit of the womb, and oh, that they may rejoice in the sight of sons and daughters!" Something was said about God having created woman from Adam's

rib, and "for this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh;" they prayed God to make them fruitful and to bless them, like Isaac and Rebecca, Joseph, Moses, and Zipporah, and that they might live to see the sons of their sons. "All this is beautiful," thought Kitty, as she listened to these words, "and it cannot be otherwise," and a smile of joy, which involuntarily was communicated to all who were looking at her, beamed on her radiant face.

"Put it on altogether!" was the advice heard from different people, when the priest put the wreaths on them, and Shcherbátski, his hand in the three-button glove trembling, was holding the wreath high above her head.

"Put it on!" she whispered, with a smile.

Levín looked around at her, and was startled by the joyful gleam that was on her face; and this feeling was involuntarily communicated to him. He, too, like her, felt bright and happy.

It gave them pleasure to hear the reading of the epistle of the apostle, and the peal of the voice of the proto-diaconus at the last verse, which had with such impatience been expected by the outsiders. It was a joy to drink the red wine with the water out of the flat bowl, and a greater joy still when the priest, throwing back his vestment and taking both their hands into his own, led them around the pulpit as the gusts of the bass were roaring forth "Rejoice, Isaiah." Shcherbátski and Chírnikov, who were holding up the wreaths, getting entangled in the train of the bride's gown, themselves smiling and rejoicing at something, now fell back, now almost stumbled on the bride and groom, each time the priest made a stop. The spark of joy, which was lighted in Kitty, seemed to communicate itself to all who were in the church. It seemed to Levín that the priest and the deacon felt as much like smiling as he himself did.

The priest took the wreaths from their heads, read to them the last prayer, and congratulated the newly married couple. Levín glanced at Kitty, and never before had he seen her like that. She was charming in that new glow of happiness which was on her face. Levín wanted to say something to her, but he did not know whether it was all over. The priest led them out of their embarrassment. He smiled with his good mouth, and said, softly: "Kiss your wife, and you, kiss your husband!" and took the candles out of their hands.

Levín cautiously kissed her smiling lips, gave her his hand, and, feeling a new, strange nearness, left the church. He did not believe, could not believe, that it was the truth. Only when their surprised, timid glances met, he believed it, because he felt that they were already one.

After the supper, that very night, the young couple left for the country.

VII.

VRÓNSKI and Anna had been for three months traveling together through Europe. They had visited Venice, Rome, Naples, and had just arrived in a small Italian town, where they intended to settle for some time.

The handsome head waiter, with a part which began at his neck and ran through his thickly pomatumed hair, in a dress coat and with a broad batiste shirt-front, with a bundle of trinkets over his rotund abdomen, having stuck his hands into his pockets, and blinking contemptuously, was sternly answering a gentleman who had stopped to talk to him. Upon hearing, at the other side of the entrance, steps which were ascending the stairs, the head waiter turned around, and, on noticing the Russian count who occupied the best rooms in the hotel, he respectfully took his hands out of his pockets, and, with an inclination of his head, informed him that the courier had come, and that the palazzo had been hired. The chief superintendent was prepared to sign the contract.

"Ah! Very glad to hear it," said Vrónski. "And is the lady in?"

"The lady was out walking, but has returned now," replied the waiter.

Vrónski took off his soft broad-brimmed hat, and with a handkerchief wiped his perspiring brow and long hair, which fell to the middle of his ears, was combed back, and covered his baldness.

He looked absently at the gentleman who was still

standing there and looking at him, and was on the point of going in.

"This gentleman is a Russian, and has been asking about you," said the head waiter.

With a mingled feeling of annoyance, because it was impossible to get away from acquaintances, and of a desire to find some kind of a diversion in the monotony of his life, Vrónski looked once more at the gentleman, who had walked a distance away and had stopped, and at one and the same moment the eyes of both of them grew bright.

"Goleníshchev!"

"Vrónski!"

It was, indeed, Goleníshchev, Vrónski's comrade from the Corps of Pages. In the school Goleníshchev used to belong to the liberal party, and had left the school with a civil rank, and had not served anywhere. After leaving the Corps of Pages, the comrades had gone each his way, and had met only once afterward.

At this meeting Vrónski had made out that Goleníshchev had chosen some kind of a profound liberal activity and, therefore, wanted to disdain Vrónski's activity and calling. Therefore Vrónski, upon meeting Goleníshchev, had given him a cold shoulder, such as he knew how to give to people, and the meaning of which was, "You may like or dislike my manner of life, — that makes no difference to me; but you must respect me, if you wish to know me." But Goleníshchev had remained contemptuously indifferent to Vrónski's tone. This new meeting, it would seem, ought to have separated them even more. But, instead, both of them beamed and shouted from joy, when they recognized each other. Vrónski did not have the least idea that he would be so glad to meet Goleníshchev, but evidently he himself did not know how lonely he had felt. He had forgotten the disagreeable impression of the last meeting, and with an open, joyful face

extended his hand to his former comrade. A similar expression of joy took the place of the former agitated expression on Goleníshchev's face.

"How glad I am to meet you!" said Vrónski, displaying his strong white teeth in a friendly smile.

"I heard 'Vrónski,' but did not know which. Very, very glad!"

"Come! Well, what are you doing?"

"I am here my second year. I am working."

"Ah!" Vrónski said, sympathetically. "Let us go in!"

And by force of habit, usual with Russians who want to conceal something from the servants, he said in French, instead of in Russian:

"Are you acquainted with Anna Karénin? We are travelling together. I am going to see her," he said, looking fixedly at Goleníshchev.

"Ah! I did not know" (though he did know), Goleníshchev replied, with indifference. "When did you arrive?" he added.

"I? This is my fourth day," replied Vrónski, once more scanning his comrade's face.

"Yes, he is a decent man and looks at things as he ought to," Vrónski said to himself, having made out the meaning of the expression on Goleníshchev's face and of the change of subject. "I may introduce him to Anna, — he looks at it as is proper."

In the three months that he had passed with Anna abroad, Vrónski, in meeting people, always put the question to himself of how each new person would look on his relations with Anna, and generally found in men a *proper* understanding. But, if any one had asked him, or those who understood "as was proper," wherein this understanding consisted, he and they would have been greatly embarrassed.

In reality, those who, in Vrónski's opinion, understood "as was proper," did not understand it at all, but merely

behaved as behave all well-mannered people in respect to all complicated and insoluble questions, which on all sides surround life, — they behaved decently, avoiding hints and disagreeable questions. They acted as though they fully comprehended the meaning of the situation, and recognized it and even approved of it, but regarded it as out of place and superfluous to explain it all.

Vrónski guessed at once that Goleníshchev was one of these, and so was doubly glad to see him. Indeed, Goleníshchev behaved before Anna, when he was introduced to her, just as Vrónski would have wished. He apparently without the least effort avoided those conversations which might lead to embarrassment.

He had not known Anna before, and was startled by her beauty and still more by the simplicity with which she bore her situation. She blushed when Vrónski introduced Goleníshchev, and that childlike blush which covered her open, beautiful face pleased him exceedingly. But what gave him especial pleasure was that she, as though on purpose, that there might be no misunderstandings in the presence of a stranger, called Vrónski simply Aleksyáy and said that she was going to move with him to a house, which they had just hired, and which there was called a palazzo. This direct, simple relation to her situation pleased Goleníshchev. As he looked at Anna's good-natured, merry, energetic manner, knowing Aleksándrovich and Vrónski, it seemed to him that he fully understood them. He thought that he fully comprehended what she did not comprehend at all, — how she, having made her husband miserable, having abandoned him and her son, and having lost her good reputation, could feel energetically gay and happy.

“It is mentioned in the guide-book,” said Goleníshchev, in reference to the palazzo which Vrónski had rented. “You will find there a beautiful Tintoretto, — from his last period.”

"Do you know? The weather is fine,—let us go there to take another look at it," said Vrónski, turning to Anna.

"Very happy to do so. I will go at once and put on my hat. You say it is hot?" she said, stopping at the door and looking interrogatively at Vrónski. And again a bright colour covered her face.

Vrónski saw from her glance that she did not know in what relations he wished to be with Goleníshchev, and that she was afraid that she might act differently from what he wanted her to.

He looked at her with a tender, protracted glance.

"No, not very," he said.

And it seemed to her that she had comprehended it all,—that he was satisfied with her; and, smiling at him, she went out of the door with a rapid gait.

The comrades glanced at each other, and in the countenances of both of them there was embarrassment, as though Goleníshchev, who apparently admired her, wanted to say something about her without finding what to say, and Vrónski wished for it and was afraid of it.

"So it's like this," Vrónski began, to start a conversation. "So you have settled here? And you are still working at the same thing?" he continued, recalling that he had been told that Goleníshchev was writing something.

"Yes, I am writing the second part of 'Two Principles,'" said Goleníshchev, flaming with joy at this question, "that is, to be exact, I am not yet writing it, but getting ready, collecting material. It will be larger and will include almost all questions. In Russia they have not yet come to comprehend that we are the heirs of Byzantium," he began a long, heated discussion.

Vrónski at first felt ill at ease for not knowing even the first part of the "Two Principles," of which the author spoke as of something well known. But later, when Go-

leníshchev began to expound his ideas, and Vrónski could follow him, he, even without knowing the "Two Principles," listened not without interest to what Goleníshchev was saying, for he spoke well. But Vrónski was surprised and grieved at the irritable agitation with which Goleníshchev spoke of the subject in which he was interested. The longer he spoke, the more did his eyes flame, the more hurriedly did he retort to imaginary opponents, and the more agitated and offended did the expression of his face become. Vrónski was absolutely unable to understand the causes of this irritation, and did not approve of it. What displeased him most was that Goleníshchev, a man belonging to a good circle, was placing himself on the same level with the scribblers who were irritating him, and was angry at them. Was it worth it? Vrónski did not like that, but, in spite of it, he felt that Goleníshchev was unfortunate, and so pitied him. His misfortune, almost insanity, could be seen in his mobile, fairly good-looking face, as he, not noticing Anna's appearance, continued hurriedly and warmly to expound his ideas.

When Anna came out in her hat and a wrap and, with a rapid motion of her pretty hand playing with her parasol, stopped near him, Vrónski with a feeling of relief tore himself away from the fixed gaze of Goleníshchev's complaining eyes, and with new love looked at his charming friend, who was full of life and joy. Goleníshchev with difficulty regained his composure, and at first was morose and gloomy, but Anna, who was kindly disposed to everybody (such she was at that time), soon revived him with her simple and merry manner. She tried all kinds of subjects and finally led him up to painting, on which he talked very volubly, and she listened to him attentively. They walked as far as the rented house, and examined it.

"I am glad of one thing," Anna said to Goleníshchev, after their return, "Aleksyéy will have a fine *atelier*. Thou must by all means take that room," she said to

Vrónski in Russian, speaking "thou," for she saw that Goleníshchev would be an intimate friend of theirs in their solitude, and that there was no need of concealment before him.

"Do you paint?" Goleníshchev said, turning rapidly around to Vrónski.

"Yes, I used to busy myself with it long ago, and now have begun a little," said Vrónski, blushing.

"He has great talent," Anna said, with a joyous smile. "Of course, I am not a judge. But those who do know have said so."

VIII.

DURING this first period of her liberation and rapid recovery, Anna felt herself unpardonably happy and full of the joy of life. The recollection of her husband's misery did not poison her happiness. On the one hand, this recollection was too terrible to think of. On the other hand, her husband's misery gave her too much happiness to be cause for regrets. The memory of everything that had taken place after her illness, — her reconciliation with her husband, the rupture, the news about Wrónski's wound, his appearance, the preparation for the divorce, the departure from her husband's house, the parting from her son, — all that appeared to her like a feverish dream, from which she had awakened abroad, all alone with Wrónski. The recollection of the wrong done to her husband evoked in her a feeling resembling disgust and akin to what a drowning person must feel, who has pulled off a man who has been dragging him down. Of course it was bad, but it was the only salvation, and it was better not to think of those terrible details.

There was one soothing reflection in regard to her deed that occurred to her then, during the first minute of the rupture, and as she now thought of her past, she recalled this one reflection. "I have unavoidably been the cause of that man's misfortune," she thought, "but I will not make use of this misfortune; I, too, suffer, and will continue to suffer: I am deprived of that which I have valued most, — I am deprived of my good name and of my son. I did wrong, and so do not want any happiness, do not

want any divorce, and will suffer through my disgrace and through my separation from my son." But, no matter how sincere Anna was in her desire to suffer, she did not suffer. There was no disgrace. With that tact, of which both had so much, they abroad avoided Russian ladies, never placed themselves in a false situation, and everywhere met people who pretended that they fully understood their mutual relations much better than they themselves understood them. Even her separation from her son, whom she loved, did not torment her at first. Her daughter, his child, was so sweet and so attracted Anna ever since the girl was left to her, that Anna rarely thought of her son.

The necessity of living, increased through her recovery, was so strong, and the conditions of life were so new and agreeable, that Anna felt unpardonably happy. The more she learned of Vrónski, the more did she love him. She loved him for his own sake and for his love of her. Her full possession of him was a constant joy to her. His nearness was always agreeable to her. All the features of his character, which she came to know better and better, were inexpressibly dear to her. His exterior, which was changed in his civilian clothes, was as attractive to her as to a young woman in love. In everything he said, thought, and did, she saw something unusually noble and exalted. Her delight in him frequently frightened her: she sought, and could not find anything in him that was not beautiful.

She did not dare to show him that she was conscious of her insignificance in comparison with him. It seemed to her that he would stop loving her, if he knew it; and she was afraid of nothing so much — though she had no reasons for that fear — as of losing his love. But she could not help being thankful to him for his relation to her, and showing him how much she appreciated it. He, who, in her opinion, had such a definite fitness for a

statesman's activity, in which he would have played an important rôle, — he had sacrificed his ambition for her, without ever showing the least regret. He was more than ever lovingly respectful to her, and the thought that she some day might feel the awkwardness of her situation did not leave her for a minute. He, such a manly man, in his relations with her not only did not contradict her at any time, but did not even have a will of his own, and was, it seemed, concerned only about how to anticipate her wishes. She could not help appreciating this, though the very straining of his attention to her, that atmosphere of care, with which he surrounded her, now and then weighed heavily upon her.

In the meantime Vrónski, despite the full realization of what he had been wishing for so long, was not entirely happy. He soon felt that the realization of his wish had afforded him only a grain of that mountain of happiness which he had expected. During the first of his union with her, when he put on his civilian's clothes, he experienced the full charm of his freedom in general, which he had not known before, and of the freedom of love, — and he was satisfied, but not for a long time. He soon came to feel that in his soul had risen the desire of desires, — pining. Independently of his will, he began to clutch at each fleeting caprice, mistaking it for a desire and an aim. The sixteen hours of the day had to be filled with something, for they were living abroad in full freedom, outside that circle of the conditions of social life which took up their time in St. Petersburg. He could not even think of the pleasures of his bachelor life, which had interested him in his former journeys abroad, because a mere attempt of this kind had produced an unexpected dejection of spirits in Anna, which was entirely out of proportion with the late supper with a number of acquaintances. Nor could there, on account of the indefiniteness of their situation, be any social intercourse with

the local society or with the Russians. The sightseeing, even if he had not seen everything worthy of notice, did not have for him, as a Russian and an intelligent man, that inexplicable significance that the English generally ascribe to it.

And, as a hungry animal takes hold of every object, hoping to find food in it, so Vrónski quite unconsciously took hold now of politics, now of new books, now of pictures.

As he had had a talent for painting ever since childhood, and as he, not knowing how to spend his money, had begun to collect engravings, he took hold of painting, began to busy himself with it, and put into it his unoccupied store of desires, which demanded gratification.

He had a talent for understanding art and for correctly and tastefully imitating art, and he thought that he had that very thing which a painter needs, and, after wavering for awhile which kind of painting to choose, — whether religious, historical, genre, or realistic, — he began to paint. He understood all styles, and could be inspired by any of them; but he could not imagine that it was possible not to know at all what styles of painting there were, and yet be inspired directly by what was in the soul, without caring whether that which one painted belonged to any particular style. Since he did not know that, and was inspired not directly by life, but indirectly by life as embodied in art, he was inspired very rapidly and very easily, and just as rapidly and easily obtained the result that what he painted resembled very much the particular style which he was trying to imitate.

Most of all he liked the French graceful and effective style, and in this style he began to paint Anna's portrait, in an Italian costume, and the likeness seemed very successful to him and to all who saw it.

IX.

THE old neglected palazzo, with its high stucco-work ceilings and frescoes on the walls, its mosaic floors, heavy curtains of yellow material on high windows, vases on consoles and mantelpieces, carved doors, gloomy halls, and pictures on the walls, — this palazzo, after they had moved into it, by its very quaintness sustained Vrónski in his agreeable delusion that he was not so much a Russian landed proprietor, an ex-equerry, as an enlightened lover and patron of arts, and himself a modest artist, who had renounced the world, connections, and ambitions for the sake of a woman he loved.

The rôle which Vrónski had chosen upon moving into the palazzo was a success, and, having become acquainted through Goleníshchev with a few interesting persons, he was at first contented. Under the guidance of an Italian professor of painting, he painted studies from Nature and busied himself with mediæval Italian life. This latter had of late such a fascination for Vrónski that he even began to wear his hat and plaid over his shoulder in mediæval style, which was very becoming to him.

“We live and know nothing,” Vrónski once said to Goleníshchev, who came to see him of a morning. “Have you seen Mikháylov’s paintings?” he said, handing him a Russian newspaper which he had received that morning, and pointing to an article about a Russian painter, who was living in the same town, and who had finished a painting, which had been talked about for a long time and had been bought in advance. This article contained cen-

sures on the government and the Academy because such a remarkable artist was deprived of all encouragement and aid.

"I have seen them," replied Goleníshchev. "Of course, he is not without talent, but his direction is all wrong. It is that same Ivánov-Strauss-Réman relation to Christ and religious art."

"What does the painting represent?" asked Anna.

"Christ before Pilate. Christ is represented as a Jew with all the realism of the new school."

Led up to one of his favourite themes by this question about the contents of the painting, Goleníshchev began to expound his views:

"I cannot understand how they can make such coarse blunders. Christ has already His definite embodiment in the art of the great ancients. Consequently, if they want to represent, not God, but a revolutionary or a wise-acre, let them take out of history Socrates, Franklin, Charlotte Corday, only not Christ. They take the very person that cannot be taken for art, and then —"

"Is it true that this Mikháylov is so poor?" Vrónski asked, thinking that he, as a Russian Mæcenas, ought to help the artist, no matter whether the painting was good or not.

"Hardly. He is a remarkable portrait-painter. Have you seen his portrait of Vasílchikova? But, it seems, he does not want to paint portraits, and so he may really be in straightened circumstances. I tell you that —"

"Can't he be asked to make a portrait of Anna Arkádevna?" said Vrónski.

"Why mine?" said Anna. "After yours I do not want any other portrait. You had better get Annie's" (so she called her daughter). "Here she is," she added, looking through the window at the pretty Italian wet-nurse, who had taken the child into the garden, and immediately casting a stealthy glance at Vrónski. The

pretty wet-nurse, whose head Vrónski was painting for his picture, was the one secret sorrow in Anna's life. While painting it, Vrónski had been admiring her beauty and mediævalism, and Anna did not dare to acknowledge to herself that she was afraid of being jealous of this nurse, and so took special pains to be kind to her and spoiled her and her little son.

Vrónski, too, looked out of the window and into Anna's eyes and, immediately turning to Goleníshchev, said :

"And do you know this Mikháýlov?"

"I have met him. But he is an original, and without any culture. You know, he is one of those savage new men whom one meets nowadays quite often; you know, one of those freethinkers who are *d'emblée* educated in the ideas of unbelief, negation, and materialism. Formerly," spoke Goleníshchev, not noticing, or not wishing to notice, that Anna and Vrónski wanted to speak, "formerly, a freethinker used to be a man who had been educated in the conceptions of religion, the law of morality, and who himself through struggle and labour had arrived at free-thought; but now there has arisen a new type of spontaneous freethinkers, who grow up without having heard that there are such things as laws of morality and religion and that there have been authorities, — who simply grow up in the conceptions of the negation of everything, — that is, as savages. He is such a man. He is, I think, the son of a Moscow head lackey, and has received no education. When he entered the Academy and had made a reputation for himself, he, being a clever man, wanted to get an education. And he turned to that which he took to be the fountain of culture, to the magazines. You see, of old a man who wanted to get an education, let us say a Frenchman, would have begun by studying the classics, — the theologians, the tragedians, the historians, the philosophers, — and you see the whole mental labour that was in store for him. But with us he directly fell upon the

negating literature, very quickly appropriated to himself all the extracts from the negating sciences, and there he is. But that is not all. Some twenty years ago he would have found in this literature signs of a struggle with authorities, with conceptions of centuries, and he would have understood from this struggle that there used to be something different; but now he simply strikes such as no longer condescend to discuss the ancient conceptions, but simply say, 'There is nothing, evolution, natural selection, struggle for existence,' — and all that. In my article —"

"Do you know," said Anna, who had for quite awhile been exchanging glances with Vrónski, and who knew that Vrónski was not interested in the education of that artist, but was only thinking of how to help him and order a portrait of him. "Do you know what?" She interrupted Goleníshchev, with determination. "Let us go to see him!"

Goleníshchev calmed down, and gave his ready assent. But, as the artist lived in a distant quarter, it was decided to take a carriage.

An hour later Anna, sitting with Goleníshchev and Vrónski on the front seat, drove up to a new, homely house in a distant part of the town. Having learned from the janitor's wife, who came out to meet them, that Mikháylov admitted visitors to his studio, but that he now was in his apartments, which were a few steps off, they sent her to him with their visiting-cards, asking his permission to look at his paintings.

X.

ARTIST MIKHÁYLOV, as was always the case, was at work when Count Vrónski's and Goleníshchev's cards were brought to him. In the morning he had been working in his studio on a large painting. When he came home, he grew angry at his wife because she did not know how to treat the landlady, who asked for money.

"I have told you twenty times; don't enter into explanations. You are a stupid as it is, and when you begin to explain yourself in Italian, you are a threefold stupid," he said to her after a long quarrel.

"Then don't let it go so long, — it is not my fault. If I had money — "

"Leave me alone, for God's sake!" Mikháylov exclaimed with tears in his voice. Closing his ears, he went to his workroom beyond the partition, and closed the door after him. "Senseless woman!" he said to himself, and, seating himself at the table, he opened his portfolio and with great zeal went to work on a picture which he had begun.

He never worked with such eagerness and success as when things went badly with him and especially when he quarrelled with his wife. "Oh, if I could just go through the floor!" he thought, continuing to work. He was making a drawing for the figure of a man who was in a fit of anger. He had made a drawing before, but he was not satisfied with it. "No, the other is better — Where is it?" He went to his wife and, scowling, and not looking at her, asked his eldest daughter where the

paper was which he had given them. The piece of paper with the rejected drawing was found, but it was soiled and had stearine blotches on it. He none the less took the drawing, put it on his table, and, walking a distance away and half-closing his eyes, began to look at it. Suddenly he smiled and joyously waved his hands.

"That's it, that's it!" he muttered, and, taking up his pencil, began to work rapidly. The stearine spot gave the man a new attitude.

He was drawing this new attitude when he suddenly recalled the energetic face of a merchant with a prominent chin, from whom he bought his cigars, and he gave that man a face and chin of the form of the merchant's. He laughed from joy. The figure, which had been a mere invention and dead, now became alive, such as it was impossible farther to change. This figure lived, and was clearly and unmistakably defined. It was possible to correct this drawing in conformity with the demands of this figure; it was possible, and even necessary, to place the legs differently, entirely to change the position of the left arm, to throw back the hair. But, in making these changes, he did not change the figure, but only rejected what concealed it. He, as it were, took off those coverings, behind which it could not be seen in its entirety; each new line gave only more expression to its energetic power, just such as it had suddenly appeared to him under the effect of the stearine spot. He was carefully finishing his figure when the cards were brought to him.

"Directly, directly!"

He went to his wife.

"Well, stop, Sásha, don't be angry!" he said to her, timidly, and smiling tenderly. "It was your fault. It was my fault. I will fix it all." And, having made up with his wife, he put on his olive overcoat with a velvet collar and his hat, and went to the studio. His well-drawn figure was now forgotten by him. What now gave

him pleasure and agitated him was the visit of these distinguished Russians, who had come in a carriage to see his studio.

About his painting, the one that now was standing on his easel, he, in the depth of his soul, had but one opinion, and that was that no one had ever painted anything like it. He did not imagine that this painting was better than all those by Raphael, but he knew that what he had intended to transmit in this painting had never before been expressed by any one. That he knew for certain, and that he had known for a long time, ever since he had begun to paint it; but the opinions of people, whatever they might be, none the less had a great importance for him, and agitated him to the depth of his soul. Every remark, even the most insignificant, which showed that the judges saw even a small part of what he saw in this painting, agitated him to the depth of his soul. He always ascribed a greater depth of understanding to his judges than he himself possessed, and all the time expected something from them which he himself had not seen in his painting. And it seemed to him that this he frequently found in the judgments of spectators.

He walked rapidly toward the door of his studio, and, in spite of his agitation, the soft illumination of the figure of Anna, who was standing in the shadow of the entrance and listening to Goleníshchev speaking with warmth, and who evidently wanted to scan the approaching artist, startled him. He did not notice himself how, in approaching them, he seized upon and swallowed this impression, just as he had done with the cigar merchant's chin, and hid it in some place from which he would take it out when the proper time for it came.

The visitors, who were disenchanted before by Goleníshchev's account of the artist, now were still more disappointed by his looks. Of medium stature, thick-set, with a swaggering motion, Mikháylov, in his brown hat, olive

overcoat, and tight pantaloons, when everybody else wore wide ones, but especially by the vulgarity of his broad face and the combination of an expression of timidity and a desire to preserve his dignity, produced a disagreeable impression.

“Be pleased to enter,” he said, trying to look indifferent. Entering the vestibule, he took a key out of his pocket and unlocked the door.

XI.

UPON entering the studio, Mikháylov once more surveyed his guests and in his imagination made a note of the expression of Vrónski's face, especially of his cheekbones. Although his artistic feeling did not stop working, collecting material for himself, and although he felt an ever increasing agitation because the minute was approaching when an opinion would be passed on his work, he from imperceptible signs rapidly and correctly formed an idea of these three persons.

That one (Goleníshchev) was a Russian of this town. Mikháylov did not remember his name, nor where he had met him, nor what they had talked about. He remembered only his face, as he remembered all faces which he had ever seen, but he remembered at the same time that it was one of those faces which in his imagination were put away in the immense division of the falsely important and weak in expression. His long hair and very high forehead gave an external importance to the face, in which there was a small, childish, restless expression, concentrated above the narrow bridge of the nose.

Vrónski and Anna, according to Mikháylov's combination, must be distinguished and rich Russians, who had no idea about art, like all those rich Russians, who pretended to be lovers and judges of art. "No doubt they have taken in all the ancients, and now are visiting the studios of the moderns, the German charlatan, the English idiot of a Pre-Raphaelite, and now have come to see me for completeness' sake," he thought. He knew very well the manner of the dilettanti (the more intelligent, the worse)

to examine the studios of contemporary artists for no other reason than that they might have a right to say that modern art has fallen, and that the more they looked at the moderns, the better they saw how inimitable the great masters of the past remained.

All that he expected, all that he saw in their faces and in that indifferent carelessness with which they talked among themselves, looked at the manikins and busts, and freely wandered about, waiting for him to uncover his painting. But, in spite of it, while he turned his studies, raised the blinds, and took down the sheet, he was greatly agitated, the more so since — though all distinguished, rich Russians in his opinion were beasts and fools — Vrónski, and especially Anna, pleased him.

“If you please, here it is,” he said, walking to one side with a swaggering motion, and pointing to the picture. This is *Pilate Admonished, Matthew, Chapter XXVII.*,” he said, feeling that his lips were beginning to tremble from agitation. He stepped aside and behind them.

During the few seconds that the visitors silently looked at the painting, Mikháylov, too, looked at it, but with an indifferent, absent glance. In these few seconds he believed in advance that the highest, justest opinion would be passed by them, those very visitors, whom he had so despised a minute ago. He forgot everything he had thought of his painting in the three years that he had painted it; he forgot all its good points, which to him were indubitable, — he saw the painting with their indifferent, absent, new glance, and saw nothing good in it. In the foreground he saw Pilate's vexed face and Christ's calm countenance, and in the background the figures of Pilate's servants and John's face watching the proceedings. Each face, which had grown up in him with its distinct character, after so much searching, so many errors and corrections; each face, which had caused him so much torment and joy; all these faces, which had so often been

changed around in order to preserve the ensemble ; all the shades of colouring and tints, which he had obtained after so much trouble, — all that taken together, now that he looked with their eyes, seemed to him trite and a thousand times repeated. The face he most valued, that of Christ, the centre of the picture, which had given him such a pang of delight when he had discovered it, was all lost to him when he looked at the painting with their eyes. He saw a well-painted (not even well-painted, — he now saw a mass of blunders) repetition of those numberless Christs of Titian, Raphael, Rubens, and the same soldiers and Pilate. All that was trite, poor, and old, and even badly painted, — gaudy and weak. They would be right if they said feignedly polite things in the presence of the artist and later laughed at him, when they should be left alone.

This silence was getting too oppressive to him, though it lasted not more than a minute. To break it and to show that he was not agitated, he made an effort over himself and turned to Goleníshchev.

“It seems to me I have had the pleasure of meeting you,” he said to him, looking restlessly now at Anna, and now at Vrónski, in order not to lose one single line in the expression of their faces.

“Indeed, we met at Rossi’s ; you remember on that evening the Italian lady — a new Rachel — was declaiming,” Goleníshchev began to speak freely, turning his eyes without the least regret away from the painting and addressing the artist.

Noticing, however, that Mikháylov was waiting for an opinion on that painting, he said :

“Your painting has greatly advanced since I saw it the last time. And as then, so even now, I am particularly struck by the figure of Pilate. One actually sees in him a good, fine fellow, but an official to the bottom of his heart, who does not know what he is doing. But it seems to me — ”

Mikháylov's whole mobile face suddenly began to beam; his eyes sparkled. He wanted to say something, but could not speak from agitation, and he pretended that he was clearing his throat. No matter how low he estimated Goleníshchev's comprehension of art; no matter how insignificant the just remark was about the correct expression of Pilate as an official; no matter how offensive it might have seemed to him to hear one mention first such an insignificant thing, when the most important features were not mentioned, — Mikháylov was delighted at this remark. He himself had the same opinion about Pilate's figure which was held by Goleníshchev. The fact that it was only one of a million observations, all of which, Mikháylov was firmly convinced, would be true, did not diminish the significance of Goleníshchev's remark. He took a liking to Goleníshchev for this observation, and from dejection suddenly passed over to transport. Immediately the whole picture took life before him, with all the inexpressible complexity of everything living. Mikháylov again tried to say that he himself understood Pilate in that way; but his lips trembled disobediently, and he was not able to speak. Vrónski and Anna, too, were saying something in a soft voice, in which, partly in order not to offend the artist, and partly in order not to utter loudly some stupidity, which it is so easy to do in talking about art, people generally speak at the exhibition of pictures. It seemed to Mikháylov that the painting had produced an impression upon them. He walked over to them.

“How wonderful Christ's expression is!” said Anna. Of everything she saw, this expression pleased her more than anything else, and she felt that this was the centre of the picture, and that therefore this praise would be agreeable to the artist. “It is evident that He is sorry for Pilate.”

That was again one of a million correct observations,

which it was possible to find in his painting and in Christ's figure. She had said that He pitied Pilate. In Christ's expression there had to be pity, because there was in him the expression of love, unearthly calm, readiness for death, and consciousness of the vanity of words. Of course, there was the expression of the official in Pilate and of pity in Christ, since one was the personification of the carnal, as the other was of the spiritual, life. All that and many other things flashed through Mikháylov's brain. And again his face brightened with transport.

"Yes, and how this figure is painted, how much atmosphere. You can walk around it," said Goleníshchev, apparently showing by this remark that he did not approve of the contents and the idea of the figure.

"Yes, wonderful mastery!" said Vrónski. "How these figures stand out from the background! This is technique," he said, turning to Goleníshchev, hinting at a conversation which they had had, when Vrónski had expressed his despair in ever acquiring that technique.

"Yes, yes, wonderful!" Goleníshchev and Anna confirmed him.

In spite of the excited state in which he was, the remark about the technique gnawed painfully at Mikháylov's heart, and he suddenly scowled, looking angrily at Vrónski. He had frequently heard that word "technique," and absolutely failed to understand what it was they meant by this word. He knew that what was meant by this term was the mechanical ability to paint and draw, quite independently of the contents. He had frequently observed, as in the present praise, that technique was opposed to the inner worth, as though it was possible to paint well that which was bad. He knew that it took much attention and care, in order, in removing the coatings, not to injure the production itself, and in order to remove all the coatings; but in this there was no art, no technique whatever. If a little child or his cook had revealed to them what he

saw, they too would be able to shell out what he saw. But the most expert and skilful technical artist would not be able to paint anything by his mere mechanical ability, if the limits of the contents were not first revealed to him. Besides, he saw that when it came to talking about technique, he could not be praised for it. In everything he had been painting, he saw startling defects, due to the carelessness with which he had taken off the coatings, and which he now could no longer mend without injuring the whole production. On nearly all the figures and faces he saw remnants of badly removed coatings, which spoiled the picture.

“One thing that may be said, if you will permit me to make this remark —” began Goleníshchev.

“Oh, I am very glad, and ask you to make it,” said Mikháylov, with a feigned smile.

“And that is that He is with you a man God, and not a God man. Of course, I know that that was what you wanted.”

“I could not paint the Christ who is not in my soul,” Mikháylov said, gloomily.

“Yes, but in that case, if you will permit me to express my thought — Your picture is so good that my remark cannot hurt it, and, besides, this is only my personal view. With you it is something different. The motive itself is different. But let us take, say, Ivánov. I take it that if Christ has been reduced to the level of a historical person, it would have been better for Ivánov to choose a different theme, a fresh, untouched theme.”

“But if this is the greatest theme which presents itself to art?”

“If one looked for them, other themes would be found. But the point is that art does not brook discussions and reflections, while with Ivánov’s picture the question arises, both to the believer and the unbeliever, ‘Is it a God, or not?’ and the unity of the impression is destroyed.”

“Why should it be? It seems to me that for cultured people,” said Mikháylov, “there can no longer exist any doubt.”

Goleníshchev did not agree to that and, sticking to his former idea about the unity of impression necessary for art, vanquished Mikháylov.

Mikháylov was agitated, but was unable to say anything in defence of his thought.

XII.

ANNA and Vrónski had been exchanging glances for quite awhile, regretting their friend's clever garrulousness; finally Vrónski, without waiting for the host, went over to another, smaller picture.

"Oh, how charming, how charming! Wonderful! How charming!" they said, in one voice.

"What is it that has given them so much pleasure?" thought Mikháylov. He had forgotten about that picture which he had painted three years before. He had forgotten all the sufferings and transports which he had gone through with that picture, when for several months he had incessantly, day and night, busied himself with it, — had forgotten that he always forgot his finished pictures. He did not even like to look at it, and had exhibited it only because he was expecting an Englishman, who intended to buy it.

"That is just an old study," he said.

"How beautiful!" said Goleníshchev, who, too, had apparently come sincerely under the spell of this picture.

Two boys were fishing with angling-rods in the shade of a willow. The elder boy had just thrown in his line and was carefully taking the float past the bush, all absorbed in his work, while the other, younger than he, was lying in the grass, leaning his tousled blond head on his hands, and looking with his pensive blue eyes at the water. What was he thinking about?

The enthusiasm expressed before this picture stirred in Mikháylov his former agitation, but he feared and did

not like this idle feeling for the past, and so, though these praises pleased him, he wanted to draw the attention of his visitors to a third picture.

But Vrónski asked whether the picture was not for sale. For Mikháylov, who was all excited by his visitors, it was very distasteful now to speak of monetary affairs.

"It is exhibited for sale," he replied, scowling gloomily.

When the visitors had left, Mikháylov sat down in front of the painting of Pilate and Christ, and in his imagination repeated what had been said about it and what, though unsaid, had been in the minds of these visitors. And strange to say, that which had such weight with him while they were present, and when he mentally transferred himself to their point of view, suddenly lost all meaning for him. He began to look at his picture with his whole artistic eye, and arrived at a state of confidence in the perfection and, therefore, in the importance of his picture, which he needed for that tension which excluded all other interests, and under which alone he was able to work.

Christ's leg was not exactly right in the foreshortening. He took his palette and began to work. As he corrected the leg, he kept looking at John's figure in the background, which the visitors had not taken note of, but which, he knew, was the acme of perfection. Having finished the leg, he wanted to take up that figure, but he felt too agitated for that. He was equally unable to work when he was cold or when he was too deeply touched and saw things too well. There was only one stage in this transition from cold to inspiration, when work was possible for him. But on that day he was too much agitated. He wanted to cover the picture, but he stopped and, holding the sheet with his hand and smiling blissfully, for a long time looked at John's figure. Finally, as though tearing himself regretfully away, he pulled down the sheet, and weary, but happy, went to his house.

Vrónski, Anna, and Goleníshchev were exceedingly animated and merry on their way home. They talked about Mikháylov and his pictures. The word "talent," by which they meant an inborn, almost physical, ability, independent of mind and heart, and by which they wished to name everything that the artist was experiencing, occurred quite frequently in their conversation, for they needed it in order to name that of which they did not have the slightest conception, but still wanted to talk about. They said that it could not be denied that he had talent, but that his talent did not have a chance to get developed for lack of education, — the common misfortune of our Russian artists. But the picture with the boys had made an impression upon them, and they willy-nilly returned to it again and again. "How charming! How well he did it, and how simple! He does not himself know how nice it is. Yes, I must not miss it, — I must buy it," said Vrónski.

XIII.

MIKHÁYLOV sold Vrónski his picture, and agreed to paint Anna's portrait. He came on the appointed day, and began to work.

Beginning with the fifth sitting the portrait struck everybody, especially Vrónski, not only by its likeness, but also by its peculiar beauty. It was strange how Mikháylov could have discovered that particular beauty. "It was necessary to know and love her, in order to discover that sweet, spiritual expression of hers," thought Vrónski, though it was only through the portrait that he discovered that sweet, spiritual expression. But this expression was so true, that it appeared to him and to others as though they had known it long ago.

"I have been struggling so long, and have not achieved anything," he said about his portrait, "and he only looked at her, and got it done. That's what technique means!"

"It will come," Goleníshchev consoled him, being convinced that Vrónski had talent and, above all, culture, which gave an elevated view of art. Goleníshchev's conviction in regard to Vrónski's talent was also supported by this, that he needed Vrónski's sympathy and praises for his articles and ideas, and he felt that the praises and the support ought to be mutual.

In a strange house, especially in Vrónski's palazzo, Mikháylov was an entirely different man from what he was in his studio. He was inimically respectful, as though fearing to get on an intimate footing with people whom he did not respect. He addressed Vrónski as

“Your Serenity,” and, in spite of Anna’s and Vrónski’s invitations, never remained to dinner, and never came except to the sittings. Anna was kinder to him than to any one else, and grateful to him for her portrait. Vrónski was more than civil to him, and apparently was interested in his judgment about his picture. Goleníshchev never let an opportunity slip to impress Mikháylov with the proper conceptions of art. But Mikháylov remained equally cold to all. Anna felt by his glance that he liked to look at her, but he avoided talking with her. In response to Vrónski’s remarks about his art, he kept stubborn silence, and he was as stubbornly silent when Vrónski’s picture was shown to him, and obviously was annoyed by Goleníshchev’s talk, and made no replies to him.

Altogether Mikháylov, with his reserved and disagreeable, almost hostile, attitude, did not please them, when they came to know him better. And they were glad when the sittings were over: they had a beautiful portrait, and he stopped visiting them.

Goleníshchev was the first to express the idea, which all had, that Mikháylov was simply jealous of Vrónski.

“Let us say he does not envy, because he has *talent*; but it vexes him to see that a courtier and a rich man, a count at that (they hate all that), is doing the same without the least difficulty, perhaps even better than he, who has devoted his whole life to it. Especially the education, which he has not.”

Vrónski defended Mikháylov, but in the depth of his soul he believed Goleníshchev because, according to his thinking, a man of another, lower world must envy him.

Anna’s portrait, — one and the same, and painted from nature by him and by Mikháylov, ought to have shown Vrónski the difference between himself and Mikháylov; but he did not see it. After Mikháylov had finished his portrait, he stopped painting Anna, having concluded that

it was superfluous now. However, he continued to work on his picture of mediæval life. And he himself, and Goleníshchev, and especially Anna, found that it was very good, because it more nearly resembled famous paintings than did Mikháylov's.

In the meantime Mikháylov, in spite of the fact that Anna's portrait had fascinated him, was even more glad than they that the sittings were ended, and he no longer needed to hear Goleníshchev's discourses about art, and could forget all about Vrónski's painting. He knew that he could not forbid Vrónski's pampering himself with art; he knew that he, like all dilettanti, had the full right to paint what they pleased, — still it was annoying to him. A man could not be prohibited from making for himself a big doll of wax, and kissing it. But if this man came with his doll and seated himself in front of a lover and began to caress his doll, as a lover caresses the woman he loves, the lover would be vexed. It was just such annoyance that Mikháylov experienced at the sight of Vrónski's art; he felt amused, and annoyed, and sorry, and offended.

Vrónski's infatuation for painting and the Middle Ages did not last long. He had so much taste in art that he could not finish his picture. The picture just came to a standstill. He had a dim presentiment that its defects, not very noticeable in the beginning, would become striking, if he continued to work on it. The same happened to him as to Goleníshchev, who felt that he had nothing to say, and who kept deceiving himself with the belief that his idea had not yet matured, and that he was keeping it in mind and preparing material. But while Goleníshchev was furious and tormented by it, Vrónski could not deceive and torment himself, or get enraged at all. He simply, with his characteristic determination, without giving any explanations or justifying himself, stopped busying himself with painting.

But, without this occupation, his life and that of Anna, who was surprised at his disenchantment, appeared to them so dull in the Italian town; the palazzo suddenly became so obviously old and dirty; the spots on the curtains, the cracks in the floors, the broken stucco of the cornices, were such an eyesore; and always the same Goleníshchev, the Italian professor, and German traveller had become so tiresome, that it was necessary to make a change in life. They decided to go to Russia, to live in the country. In St. Petersburg Vrónski intended to divide the estate with his brother, while Anna would see her son. The summer they intended to pass in Vrónski's large homestead.

XIV.

LEVÍN had been married for three months. He was happy, but not in the sense in which he had expected it. At every step he found disappointments in his former dreams, and a new unexpected enchantment. He was happy, but, upon entering into his domestic life, he saw at every step that it was not at all what he had imagined it to be. He experienced at every step what a man might experience who, admiring the smooth, happy motion of a boat on a lake, should seat himself in it. He saw that it was not sufficient to sit erect without rocking, but that it was necessary to figure out, without forgetting himself for a moment, whither to row; that the water was below, and that it was necessary to propel himself; and that the unaccustomed hands smarted; that it was easy to look on, but that to do it was very hard, even though it afforded much pleasure.

When he had been a bachelor and had looked at other people's domestic lives, with their petty cares, quarrels, and jealousy, he had only smiled contemptuously in his soul. In his future marital life there not only could not be, he was convinced, anything resembling it, but even all the external forms, it seemed to him, would in no way resemble those in the lives of others.

And suddenly, instead, his life with his wife not only had not assumed any especial forms, but, on the contrary, was composed of those same petty trifles, which he had despised so much before, but which now, against his will, received an unusual, incontrovertible importance. And

Levín saw that the arrangement of all those details was not at all so easy as he had imagined before.

Although Levín assumed that he had most exact ideas about domestic life, he, like all men, involuntarily imagined it only as an enjoyment of love from which nothing was to detract, and from which he was not to be deflected by petty cares. According to his opinion, he was to do his work, and rest from it in the happiness of love. She was to be loved, and that was all.

But, like all men, he forgot that she, too, had to work. And he marvelled how she, that poetical, charming Kitty, could, not only in the first weeks, but even in the first days of their married life, think, remember, and worry about the table-cloths, the furniture, the mattresses for guests, the tray, the cook, the dinner, and so on. Even while he was a bachelor he had been amazed by that definiteness with which she had refused to go abroad and had decided to go into the country, as though she knew something that had to be done, and outside her love could think also of extraneous matters. That had offended him then, and even now her petty cares and worries had offended him several times. But he saw that all that was necessary for her.

And he, loving her, could not help but admire her cares, himself not knowing why, and ridiculing them. He laughed when he saw her place the furniture which was brought from Moscow, and fixing up his room and hers in a new way, and hanging the curtains, and arranging the future apartments for the guests and for Dolly, and getting the room ready for her new maid, and giving the old cook orders about the dinner, and entering into discussions with Agáfya Mikháylovna and keeping her away from the larder. He saw that the old cook laughed, looking at her in delight and listening to her queer, impossible orders; he saw that Agáfya Mikháylovna pensively and kindly shook her head at the new orders of the young

mistress in the pantry; he saw that Kitty was uncommonly sweet when she, laughing and weeping, came to inform him that maid Másha was in the habit of looking upon her as a young lady, and so nobody would obey her. This seemed sweet, but strange to him, and he thought that it would be better without it.

He did not appreciate that feeling of change which she experienced now, since formerly, at home, she might have wanted, say, some cabbage with kvas, or candy, and neither the one nor the other was to be had, while now she could order anything she pleased, buy stacks of candy, spend as much money as she wanted, and order any pastry whatsoever.

She now dreamed with joy of Dolly's arrival with her children, especially because she would be able to order for each child its favourite pastry, and Dolly would appreciate her new arrangement. She herself did not know why or wherefore, but the housekeeping had an irresistible attraction for her. Feeling instinctively the approach of spring, and knowing that there would be also stormy days, she was making her nest as well as she knew how and was hurrying at the same time to make it and to learn how to do it.

This petty anxiety of Kitty, so contrary to Levín's exalted ideal of happiness in his first period, was one of his disenchantments, and this sweet anxiety, the meaning of which he did not comprehend, but could not help loving, was one of his new enchantments.

The other disenchantment and enchantment were their quarrels. Levín had never been able to imagine that between him and his wife there could be any other relations than those of tenderness, respect, and love, and yet they had a quarrel the very first few days, when she said that he did not love her, but himself only, and burst out weeping, and waved her hands in despair.

Their first quarrel was due to the fact that Levín had

gone to a new out-farm and had come back half an hour too late, having lost his way in his attempt to find a shorter way back. He was driving home, thinking all the time of her, of her love, of his happiness, and the nearer he came, the more did his tenderness flame up for her. He rushed into the house with the same sentiment, which was even stronger than what he felt the time he arrived at the house of the Shcherbátskis, in order to propose to her. And suddenly he was met by a dejected expression, such as he had never before seen in her. He wanted to kiss her, but she pushed him away.

“What is the matter?”

“You are enjoying yourself —” she began, wishing to be calmly sarcastic.

But the moment she opened her mouth reproachful words of senseless jealousy, of everything which had tormented her during that half-hour, which she had passed motionless at the window, broke loose from her. He then for the first time understood clearly what he had not understood when, after the wreathing, he had taken her from the church. He saw that she was not only near to him, but that he himself did not know where she ended and he began. He understood it from that tormenting feeling of doubling, which he experienced at that time. In the first moment he was offended, but that very second he felt that he could not be offended by her, because she was he himself. During that first moment he experienced a sensation, such as a man experiences when, having received a heavy blow from behind, he angrily turns around with the desire of revenge, in order to discover the guilty person, and convinces himself that it was he who had accidentally struck himself, that there was no cause for being angry, and that the pain must be borne and allayed.

He never again felt this with such force, but on that occasion he could not for a long time regain his composure. A natural feeling demanded of him that he should

justify himself and prove her guilt to her ; but to prove her guilt would mean to irritate her even more and to widen the breach which was the cause of all the sorrow. One habitual feeling urged him to take the guilt off himself and transfer it to her ; another, a stronger feeling, urged him to smooth matters over as quickly as possible, without giving the breach a chance to become widened. It was painful to remain under such an unjust accusation, but it was still worse to pain her by justifying himself. Like a man half-asleep and tortured by pain, he wanted to tear off and throw away the ailing spot, but, coming to his senses, he felt that the ailing spot was he himself. All that was necessary to do was to help the ailing spot bear the pain, and this he tried to do.

They made up. Being conscious of her guilt, though she did not tell him so, she became more tender to him, and they experienced a new, doubled happiness of love. But this did not keep the conflicts from being repeated, and very often at that, from most unexpected and insignificant causes. These conflicts were frequently due to the fact that they did not yet know what was of importance for each other, and that during that first period they both frequently were in ill humour. When one was in good humour, and the other out of sorts, their peace was not disturbed ; but when they both happened to be in ill humour, their conflicts arose from incomprehensible, insignificant causes, so that they later were absolutely unable to make out what they had been quarrelling about. Of course, when both of them were in a happy frame of mind, their joy of life was doubled. Still, at first they had a hard time of it.

During all that first period they felt very vividly the tension, as it were, a jerking toward one side or the other, of the chain by which they were united. Altogether, that honeymoon, that is, the first month after their wedding, of which, from hearsay, Levín had expected so

much, was not only far from being honeyed, but remained in their memories as a most oppressive and humiliating period of their lives. Both of them alike tried in later life to blot from their memories all the monstrous, disgraceful circumstances of that unhealthy time, when they were rarely in a normal mood, — rarely themselves.

Only in the third month of their married life, after their return from Moscow, whither they went for a month, did their life become more even.

XV.

THEY had just come back from Moscow, and were glad to be left alone. He sat in the cabinet at a writing-table and wrote. She, in the same dark lilac dress, which she had worn during the first days of her wedded life, and which she now put on again, sat on a sofa, the same ancient leather sofa which had been standing in his grandfather's and father's cabinet, and worked on some English embroidery.

He was thinking and writing, feeling her presence all the time. His occupations, both with the farm and with the book, in which he was going to lay down the foundations of the new agriculture, had not been abandoned by him; but, as formerly his occupations and ideas had appeared to him small and insignificant in comparison with the darkness which had covered his whole life, so they now seemed unimportant and small in comparison with the life before him, which was bathed in the bright light of happiness. He continued his occupations, but now felt that the centre of gravity of his attention had passed to something else, and that therefore he now looked differently and more clearly at the whole matter. Formerly this matter had been to him a salvation from life. Formerly he used to feel that without this work his life would be too gloomy. Now his occupations were necessary for him, in order that life might not be too monotonously bright.

Again taking up his papers and reading over what he had written, he found to his pleasure that the business was

worth being attended to. Many of his former ideas appeared superfluous and radical to him, and many lacunæ became clear to him, as he refreshed the whole matter in his memory. He was now writing a new chapter on the causes of the unfavourable condition of agriculture in Russia. He was trying to prove that the poverty of Russia was due not only to the irregular distribution of landed property and to a false tendency, but that it had been aided of late by the external civilization with which Russia had been abnormally inoculated, especially by the roads of communication, the railroads, which had brought in their train the centralization in the cities, the development of luxury, and, in consequence of it, and to the injury of agriculture, the development of manufacturing industries, of the credit system, and of its concomitant, — the stock exchange gambling. It seemed to him that, with a normal development of a country's wealth, all these phenomena made their appearance only when considerable labour had already been spent on agriculture, and when it had entered on regular, at least on definite, conditions; that the wealth of a country must grow evenly, especially in such a way that the other branches of wealth should not get ahead of agriculture; that the roads of communication ought to correspond to a given state of agriculture; that with our irregular exploitation of the soil, the railways, which had been called into existence not by economical, but by political necessity, were premature, and, instead of promoting agriculture, which all had expected of them, they got the start of agriculture and, calling forth the development of the industries and of credit, arrested it; and that, just as a one-sided and premature development of one organ in an animal would be a hindrance to its general development, so, for the general development of Russia's wealth, the credit, the roads of communication, the intensified manufacturing activity, unquestionably necessary for Europe, where they were timely, had with us only

done harm, by removing the chief pressing question of the organization of agriculture.

While he was writing on his book, she was thinking of how unnaturally attentive her husband had been to the young Prince Chárski, who had very tactlessly paid her attention on the day previous to their departure. "He is jealous, that's it," she thought. "O Lord! How sweet and silly he is! He is jealous of me! If he only knew that they all are nothing more to me than Peter the cook," she thought, looking with a strange feeling of proprietorship at the back of his head and his red neck. "Though it is a pity to tear him away from his occupation (Oh, he will have time for it!), I must see his face; will he feel that I am looking at him? I want him to turn around — I want it, yes!" and she opened her eyes wider, wishing thus to increase the action of her glance.

"Yes, they divert to themselves all the sap and give a false lustre," he muttered, stopping in his writing, and, feeling that she was looking at him and smiling, he turned around.

"What is it?" he asked, smiling, and getting up.

"He did turn around," she thought.

"Nothing, I just wanted you to turn around," she said, looking at him and trying to make out whether he was annoyed, or not, for being disturbed.

"How happy we two are together! That is, I at least," he said, walking over to her, and beaming with a smile of happiness.

"I am so happy! I won't go anywhere, least of all to Moscow."

"What have you been thinking about?"

"I? I have been thinking — No, no, go, write! Don't divert your attention," she said, puckering her lips, "and I, you see, have to cut these little holes."

She took the scissors, and began to cut.

"Yes, do tell me, what was it?" he said, seating him-

self near her, and following the circular motion of the small scissors.

"Oh, what have I been thinking about? I was thinking of Moscow, and of the back of your head."

"Why should I have such happiness? It's unnatural. It is too good," he said, kissing her hand.

"I, on the contrary, feel that the better, the more natural it is."

"You have a little braid here," he said, carefully turning her head around. "A little braid. Here it is, you see. No, no, let us attend to business!"

But the business was not attended to, and they leaped away from each other like guilty persons, when Kuzmá came in to inform them that tea was served.

"And have they come from town?" Levín asked Kuzmá.

"They have just come, — they are taking the things out."

"Come at once," she said, leaving his cabinet, "or I will read the letters without you. And let us play a piece for four hands!"

When he was left alone, he put away all his note-books in the new portfolio which she had bought for him, and washed his hands in the new wash-stand with the new, elegant appurtenances, which had all made their appearance with her. Levín smiled at his thoughts and disapprovingly shook his head at them; a feeling akin to despair was tormenting him. There was something shameful, effeminate, Capua-like, as he called it, in his present life. "It is not good to continue living that way," he thought. "Three months have almost passed, and I have hardly done a thing. To-day was almost the first time that I began to work in earnest, and what? I just began, and threw it away again. I have even almost abandoned my habitual work. I hardly go out to look after the farm. Now I hate to leave, and now again I

see that she is lonely. And I used to think that life before marriage barely creeps on and does not count, and that after marriage the real life would begin. And here three months have very nearly passed, and I have never before passed my time so idly and so uselessly. No, that won't do, — I must begin. Of course, she is not to blame. I cannot reproach her for anything. I ought to have been firmer myself, — I ought to have hedged in my manly independence. Else I might get used to it, and accustom her too — Of course, it is not her fault —” he said to himself.

But it is hard for a discontented man not to accuse somebody else, especially the one who is nearest to him, of what he is dissatisfied with. And Levín had a dim idea that it was not exactly she who was to blame (she could not be blamed for anything), but her education, which was too superficial and frivolous (“that fool of a Chárski: I know, she wanted to stop him, but did not know how”). “Yes, besides her interest in the house (that she has), besides her toilet, and besides the English embroidery, she has no serious interests, neither interest in her work, in the housekeeping, in the peasants, nor in the music, in which she is pretty good, nor in the reading. She is doing nothing, and is completely satisfied.” Levín in his heart censured this, and did not yet understand that she was preparing herself for that period of activity which was soon to arrive for her, when she would at one and the same time be her husband's wife, and the lady of the house, and would bear, nurse, and bring up children. He did not understand it, but she felt it instinctively, and, preparing herself for that terrible labour, did not rebuke herself for the moments of idleness and happiness of love, which she now enjoyed, merrily making her future nest.

XVI.

WHEN Levín came up-stairs, his wife was sitting at the new silver samovár with the new silver tea service, and, having put Agáfya Mikháylovna with a cup of tea at a small table, was reading a letter from Dolly, with whom she kept up a constant and frequent correspondence.

“You see, your lady has placed me here, telling me to stay with her,” said Agáfya Mikháylovna, smiling a friendly smile at Kitty.

In these words of Agáfya Mikháylovna Levín read the unravelling of the drama, which of late had taken place between Agáfya Mikháylovna and Kitty. He saw that, in spite of all the annoyance caused Agáfya Mikháylovna by the hostess, who had taken the reins of government into her own hands, Kitty had none the less conquered her and made herself loved by her.

“I have read this letter to you,” said Kitty, handing him a misspelled letter. “This is from that woman, I think, who is with your brother —” she said. “I have not read it. And this is from my family and from Dolly. Think of it! Dolly took Grísha and Tányá to the children’s ball at the Sarmátskis; Tányá was a marquise.”

But Levín was not listening to her; blushing, he took the letter of Márya Nikoláevna, his brother Nikoláy’s paramour, and began to read it. This was the second letter from her. In the first letter she had written that his brother had driven her away without cause, and she added with touching naïveté that, though she was in

misery, she did not ask for anything, but that she was oppressed by the thought that Nikoláy Dmítrievich, on account of the feebleness of his health, was perishing, and so she asked his brother to look after him. Now she wrote differently. She had found Nikoláy Dmítrievich, had again come together with him in Moscow, and had gone with him to a provincial city, where he had received an appointment. There he had quarrelled with his chief and had gone back to Moscow, but had fallen so ill on his way there that he would hardly get up again, she wrote. "He kept mentioning your name, and he has no more money."

"Read it, — Dolly is writing about you," Kitty began, smiling; but she suddenly stopped, as she noticed her husband's changed expression.

"What is it? What is the matter?"

"She writes to me that my brother Nikoláy is dying. I must go there."

Kitty's face suddenly changed. Her thoughts of Tánya as a marquise, of Dolly, — all that vanished.

"When will you go?" she asked.

"To-morrow."

"I will go with you, — may I?" she asked.

"Kitty, what is this?" he said, reproachfully.

"What do you mean?" she said, as though offended because he had received her proposition reluctantly and with annoyance. "Why can't I go with you? I will not bother you. I —"

"I am going there because my brother is dying," said Levín. "Why do you want —"

"Why? For the same reason that you are going there."

"And at such an important minute she is thinking only of being lonely without me," thought Levín. And this excuse in so important a matter angered him.

"That is impossible," he said, sternly.

Seeing that matters were approaching a quarrel, Agáfya

Mikháylovna softly put down her cup and went out. Kitty did not even notice her. The tone of voice in which her husband had said the last words offended her, more especially because he obviously did not believe what she had said.

“And I tell you that if you go, I will go with you. I will, by all means,” she said, hurriedly and angrily. “Why is it impossible? Why do you say that it is impossible?”

“Because I have to travel God knows over what roads, and stop God knows in what hotels. You will only embarrass me,” said Levín, trying to be calm.

“Not in the least. I need nothing. Where you can be, I, too —”

“Well, if for no other reason than because that woman is there, whom you must not meet.”

“I do not know and do not want to know who is there or what is there. I know that my husband’s brother is dying, and that my husband is going to see him, and I am going with my husband in order —”

“Kitty, don’t get angry! Consider, this matter is so important that it pains me to think that you are mistaking the feeling of weakness, the desire not to be left alone. Well, if you will be lonely by yourself, go to Moscow!”

“Yes, you *always* ascribe mean, contemptible thoughts to me,” she said, with tears of insult and anger. “I feel no weakness, nothing — I feel that it is my duty to be with my husband when he is in sorrow, but you want to offend me on purpose, — you purposely do not want to understand —”

“Really, this is terrible. To be a kind of a slave!” Levín shouted, getting up, and no longer able to restrain his rage; but at the same moment he felt that he was striking himself.

“Why did you marry, then? You might have been

free. Why, if you regret it?" she said, jumping up, and running into the drawing-room.

When he went in after her, she was sobbing and weeping.

He began to speak, trying to find the words which could calm, if not convince, her. But she was not listening to him, and would not consent to anything. He bent down to her and took her resisting hand. He kissed her hand, her hair, again her hand, — she was silent all the time. But when he took her face with both his hands and said, "Kitty!" she suddenly regained her composure, wept a little and made up with him.

It was decided that they would go together on the next day. Levín told his wife that he believed her statement that she wanted to go with him only in order to be useful to him, and admitted that the presence of Márya Nikoláevna at his brother's did not present anything indecent; but in the depth of his soul he went on his journey dissatisfied with her and with himself. He was dissatisfied with her because she could not make up her mind to stay without him when it was necessary to do so (and how strange it was for him to think that he, who but recently had not dared to believe that happiness that she would love him, now felt unhappy because she loved him too much!) and dissatisfied with himself because he had not stood his ground. Still less could he, in the depth of his soul, admit that she had nothing to do with that woman who was with his brother, and he thought with dread of all the possible conflicts that they might have to encounter. The mere fact that his wife, his Kitty, would be in the same room with that woman made him shudder in disgust and terror.

XVII.

THE hotel in the provincial city, where Nikoláy Levín was lying, was one of those provincial hotels which are arranged according to the latest improvements, with the best intentions of cleanliness, comfort, and even elegance, but which, from the public which frequent it, are with extraordinary rapidity transformed into dirty taverns, with pretensions of modern improvements, and which by force of these pretensions become much worse than the old, simply dirty hotels. This hostelry had already reached that state ; and the soldier in a dirty uniform, who was smoking a cigarette at the entrance and was supposed to represent the porter, and the iron, open-work, gloomy, disagreeable staircase, and the careless servant in a dirty dress coat, and the guest parlour with a dusty wax bouquet adorning the table, and the dirt, dust, and recklessness on all sides, and at the same time a certain new, modern, self-satisfied, railway restlessness of this hotel, produced on the Levíns, after their young life, a very oppressive effect, especially since the false impression which the hotel produced was by no means in harmony with what awaited them.

As is always the case, it turned out, after the question what price they wanted to pay for a room, that not a single good room was to be had : one good room was occupied by a railway inspector, another by a Moscow lawyer, a third by Princess Astáfev, who was up from the country. There was left only a dirty room, the one adjoining another which was to be given up in the evening. Annoyed

at his wife because what he had expected had come to pass, namely, that at the moment of his arrival, when his heart was sinking at the thought of what his brother was doing, he had to busy himself with her, instead of running up to his brother, Levín led her to the room assigned to him.

"Go, go!" she said, looking at him with a timid, guilty glance.

He silently left the room, and immediately fell in with Márya Nikoláevna, who had heard of his arrival, and did not dare to come in. She was just the same that he had seen her in Moscow: she wore the same woollen dress, and her arms and neck were as bare, and she had the same dull, good-natured, somewhat filled out, pockmarked face.

"Well? How is he? How?"

"Very badly. He can't get up. He has been waiting for you. He — You — are with your wife."

Levín did not at first understand what it was that embarrassed her, but she immediately explained it to him.

"I will go away, — I will go to the kitchen," she said. "He will be glad. He has heard of her, and he knows her, and remembers her from abroad."

Levín understood that she was talking of his wife, and did not know what to say to her.

"Come, come!" he said.

But the moment he moved away, the door of his room opened, and Kitty looked out. Levín blushed both from shame and from vexation at his wife, who had placed him and herself in such an embarrassing predicament; but Márya Nikoláevna blushed even more. She writhed, and blushed to tears, and, clutching the end of her kerchief with both her hands, she twisted it with her red fingers, not knowing what to say or what to do.

At first Levín saw an expression of eager curiosity

in the glance with which Kitty looked at that terrible woman, who was so incomprehensible to her; but that lasted only a moment.

"Well? How is he?" she turned to her husband, and then to her.

"You must not talk in the corridor!" Levín said, looking angrily at a gentleman who, with a quivering motion of his legs, was walking down the corridor, as though bent on some business of his.

"Well, then, come in!" said Kitty, turning to Márya Nikoláevna, who had regained her composure; but, upon noticing her husband's frightened face, "or go, go, and send for me!" she said, returning to her room.

Levín went to see his brother.

He had never expected to see what he saw and felt there. He had expected to find the same condition of self-deception, which, he had heard, is so frequently found with consumptives, and which had so startled him during the fall visit of his brother. He had expected to find more definite physical signs of the approaching death, a greater weakness, greater leanness, but still nearly the same situation. He had expected that he himself would experience the same feeling of regret for the loss of his beloved brother, and of terror in the presence of death, which he had experienced then, but in a higher degree. And he was prepared for it; but he found something quite different.

In the small, dirty room, the painted wainscot of which was soiled with spittle, and behind the thin partition of which a voice was heard, in an atmosphere that was saturated with the stifling exhalations of impurities, on a bed which was removed from the wall, lay the body, covered with a quilt. One arm of this body was above the coverlet, and its large, rake-like hand was in an incomprehensible manner attached to the middle of a long pipe. The head was lying sidewise on a pillow. Levín could see

the scanty, sweaty hair over his temples and the stretched, almost translucent brow.

"This terrible body cannot possibly be brother Nikoláy," thought Levín. But he went up nearer, saw the face, and doubt became impossible. In spite of the terrible change in the face, Levín had but to look at those living eyes which were raised to the newcomer, to notice that slight motion of the mouth under the matted moustache, in order to understand the terrible truth that this dead body was his living brother.

The sparkling eyes looked sternly and reproachfully at the brother who was entering. And with this glance a living relation was at once established between the two. Levín at once felt the rebuke in the gaze which was directed at him, and repented his own happiness.

When Konstantín took his hand, Nikoláy smiled. It was a faint, scarcely perceptible smile, and, in spite of it, the stern expression of the eyes was not changed.

"You did not expect to find me this way," he said, with difficulty.

"Yes — no," said Levín, getting mixed in his words. "Why did you not let me know before, that is, all the time of my wedding? I made inquiries everywhere."

It was necessary to speak, in order not to keep silence, and he did not know what to say, the more so since his brother made no reply; he only looked without taking his eyes off, and evidently entered into the meaning of every word. Levín informed his brother that his wife had come with him. Nikoláy expressed his satisfaction, but said that he was afraid he would frighten her with his condition. A silence ensued. Suddenly Nikoláy stirred and began to say something. Levín expected something very significant and important, to judge from the expression of his face, but Nikoláy began so talk about his health. He complained of the local doctor and was

sorry not to have a famous Moscow physician, and Levín saw that he still had hope.

Choosing the first minute of silence, Levín got up, wishing to free himself at least for a minute from the oppressive feeling, and said that he wanted to go and bring his wife.

“All right, and I will have them clean up a little. It is dirty here, and it stinks, I think. Másha, clean up!” the sick man said, speaking with difficulty. “And when you get through cleaning up, go out!” he added, looking interrogatively at his brother.

Levín made no reply. Coming out into the corridor he stopped. He had said that he would bring his wife, but now, as he gave to himself an account of the feeling which he was experiencing, he decided that, on the contrary, he would try to persuade her not to go to see the sick man. “Why should she suffer as I do?” he thought.

“Well? How is it?” Kitty asked, with frightened face.

“Oh, it is terrible, terrible! Why did you come?” said Levín.

Kitty was silent for a few seconds, looking timidly and sorrowfully at her husband; then she went up to him and took his elbow with both her hands.

“Konstantín! Take me to him! It will be easier for us together. You just take me there! Take me there, if you please, and then leave me!” she said. “You must understand that it is much harder for me to see you and not see him. There I may be useful both to you and to him. Please, let me go!” she implored her husband, as though the happiness of her life depended upon it.

Levín had to give in, and, regaining his composure and entirely forgetting about Márya Nikoláevna, he went with Kitty to his brother.

Stepping lightly, and looking all the time at her husband and showing him a brave, compassionate face, she

entered the room of the sick man and, turning leisurely around, closed the door. With inaudible steps she walked over to the bedside of the patient and, taking up a position so that he would not have to turn his head, immediately took the skeleton of his huge hand into her own fresh, youthful hand, pressed it, and began to speak to him with that inoffensive, compassionate, soft animation, which is characteristic only of women.

"We met at Soden, but were not acquainted," she said. "You did not imagine that I should become your sister."

"Would you have recognized me?" he asked, with a smile which had begun to beam on his face as she entered the room.

"Yes, I should. How nice it was of you to let us know. Not a day passed but that Konstantín spoke of you and was uneasy."

But the sick man's animation did not last long.

Even before she had finished speaking his face again assumed a stern, reproachful expression of envy, which the dying man has for the living.

"I am afraid that you are not quite comfortable here," she said, turning away from his steady gaze, and examining the room. "We shall have to ask the hotel-keeper to give you another room," she said to her husband, "and then, he must be nearer to us."

XVIII.

LEVÍN could not look with equanimity at his brother ; he could not himself be natural and calm in his presence. Whenever he came to see the patient, his vision and attention were instinctively dulled, and he did not see or distinguish the details of his brother's situation. He smelled the terrible odour, saw the dirt, the disorder, and the agonizing situation, and the groans, and felt that no aid could be given. It did not even occur to him to examine all the details of the sick man's situation, to think of how his body was lying under the coverlet, how his lean shanks or his back were bent, and whether it was not possible to make him rest more comfortably, and to do something by which he would feel, if not better, at least less badly. A chill ran down his back when he began to think of all these details. He was firmly convinced that nothing could be done either to protract his life, or alleviate his pain. And his consciousness of the impossibility of aid was felt by the sick man and irritated him. And this made Levín more dejected still. It was painful for him to be in the room of the sick man, and more painful still to keep away from it. And he went out under all kinds of pretexts and came in again, unable to be left alone.

But Kitty thought, felt, and acted quite differently. At the sight of the sick man, she felt pity for him. And pity in her feminine heart produced by no means that feeling of terror and loathsomeness which it produced in her husband, but the need of acting, finding out all the

details of his condition, and assisting him. And as there was not the least doubt in her that she must assist him, she did not doubt that it was possible to do so, and at once set herself to work. The very details, the mere thought of which terrified her husband, immediately attracted her attention. She sent for a doctor, sent to the apothecary's, had her maid, who had come with her, and Márya Nikoláevna sweep, dust, and wash, and herself washed, and placed something under the coverlet. At her command certain things were brought into the room of the sick man, and taken out again. She several times went to her room, paying no attention to the men that she met, and fetched sheets, slips, towels, and shirts.

The lackey, who in the guest-hall was serving dinner to some engineers, several times came with an angry face in response to her call, and could not help carrying out her commands, for she gave them with such kind insistence that it was absolutely impossible to get away from her. Levín did not approve of it all; he did not believe that any good would come from it for the patient. More than anything he was afraid that the patient might become irritated. But the patient, though he seemed to be indifferent to it, did not get angry, but only was ashamed and seemed to be interested in everything she did with him. Upon returning from the doctor, to whom Kitty had sent him, Levín, opening the door, found the patient at a moment when, by Kitty's order, his underwear was being changed. The long white skeleton of the back, with enormous, prominent shoulder-blades and protruding ribs and vertebræ, was uncovered, and Márya Nikoláevna and the lackey got mixed on the shirt-sleeve, and were unable to direct the long, pendent arm into it. Kitty, who quickly closed the door after Levín, was not looking in that direction; but the sick man groaned, and she quickly walked over to him.

"Be quick!" she said.

"Don't come!" the sick man said, angrily. "I shall myself —"

"What are you saying?" Márya Nikoláevna asked him.

But Kitty had heard him and had made out that he felt embarrassed and ill at ease to be naked in her presence.

"I am not looking, I am not!" she said, turning his arm. "Márya Nikoláevna, go on the other side and fix it!" she added.

"Please go and bring me the bottle in the small bag!" she turned to her husband. "You know, in the side pocket. They will soon be through getting the room in order."

When Levín came back with the little bottle, he found the patient lying down, and everything about him changed. The oppressive odour had given way to the odour of scented vinegar, which, thrusting forward her lips and puffing up her ruddy cheeks, Kitty was blowing through the atomizer. Dust was not to be seen anywhere, and under the bed there was a rug. On the table were neatly arranged bottles and a decanter, and lay folded some underwear and Kitty's English embroidery. On another table, near the patient's bed, stood something to drink, a candle, and powders. The sick man himself, washed and combed, was lying on clean sheets, on high pillows, in a clean shirt with a white collar about his unnaturally thin neck, and, with a new expression of hope, looking steadily at Kitty.

The doctor, whom Levín had found at the club and had brought with him, was not the one that had been attending to Nikoláy Levín, and with whom he was dissatisfied. The new doctor took out his stethoscope and auscultated the patient; he shook his head, prescribed a medicine, and with especial care explained, first how to take the medicine, and then how to diet him. He prescribed raw or

very softly boiled eggs, and seltzer with milk boiled at a certain temperature. When the doctor left, the patient said something to his brother; but Levín made out the last words only: "Your Kátya," but from the way he looked at her, Levín understood that he was praising her. He called up Kátya, as he called her.

"I feel much better now," he said. "With you I should soon get well. How nice it is!" He took her hand and drew it toward his lips, but, as though fearing that that might be disagreeable to her, changed his mind, let go of her, and only patted her. Kitty took this hand in both of hers and pressed it.

"Now, place me on my left side, and go to bed!" he said.

Nobody had heard what he had said, but Kitty understood him. She did understand it, because she mentally watched him, to see whether he did not need anything.

"On the other side," she said to her husband, "he always sleeps on the other side. Turn him over, as it is not pleasant to call the servants. I can't do it. Can't you?" she turned to Márya Nikoláevna.

"I am afraid," replied Márya Nikoláevna.

No matter how terrible it was for Levín to embrace that terrible body with his hands and to get hold under the coverlet of those places which he did not wish to know of, he submitted to his wife's influence, assumed a determined expression, such as his wife had seen in him before, and, putting down his hands, took hold of him, but, in spite of his great strength, was surprised at the strange weight of those emaciated limbs. While he was turning him, and feeling his neck embraced by an enormous, lean arm, Kitty rapidly, inaudibly turned the pillow, and beat it, and fixed the patient's head and his hair, which had again matted on his brow.

The sick man retained his brother's hand in his own. Levín felt that he wanted to do something with his hand

and was pulling it in some direction. Levín submitted with a sinking heart. Yes, he drew it up to his mouth and kissed it. Levín was convulsed with sobs and, unable to utter a word, left the room.

XIX.

“HE has hidden it from the wise, but has revealed it to babes and the unwise.” Thus Levín thought of his wife, as he talked with her on that evening.

Levín was thinking of the Gospel saying not because he regarded himself as wise. He did not consider himself wise, but he could not help knowing that he was more intelligent than his wife and Agáfya Mikháylovna, and he could not help knowing that when he thought of death he thought of it with all the powers of his soul. He knew also that many great minds of men, whose thoughts he had read, had reflected on it, and did not know one-hundredth part of what his wife and Agáfya Mikháylovna knew of it. However different these two women were, Agáfya Mikháylovna and Kátya, as his brother Nikoláy had called her and as it now pleased Levín to call her, they were alike in this respect. Both knew without the least doubt what life was and what death, and, though they could not answer and would not even have comprehended the questions that presented themselves to Levín, neither the one nor the other had any doubt about the meaning of this phenomenon, and looked upon it in precisely the same way, sharing this view with millions of other men. The proof that they knew full well what death was consisted in this, that, without doubting for a moment, they knew what was to be done with dying men, and were not afraid of them. But Levín and many others, who might be able to say a good many things about death, did evidently not know,

for they were afraid of death and were absolutely at a loss what to do when people died. If Levín had been left alone with his brother Nikoláy, he would have looked in terror at him, and would have waited in still greater terror for what was to come, without being able to do anything.

Moreover, he did not know what to say, how to look, how to walk. To talk of extraneous matters seemed to him offensive, impossible; to talk of death, of gloomy things, was also impossible. To be silent, was again impossible. "If I look at him, he will think that I am studying him, or am afraid; if I do not look, he will think that I am thinking of something else. If I walk on tiptoes, he will be dissatisfied; and it is embarrassing to walk on the flat of one's foot." But Kitty obviously did not think, and did not have the time to think of herself; she was thinking of him, because she knew something, and everything turned out well. She told him about herself, and about her wedding, and she smiled, and pitied, and caressed him, and talked of his chances of recovery, and everything turned out well; consequently she knew. The best proof that her activity and that of Agáfya Mikháylovna were not instinctive, animal-like, unintelligent, was that, in addition to the physical care, the alleviation of suffering, both Agáfya Mikháylovna and Kitty demanded for the dying person something else, something more important than physical care, something that had nothing in common with physical conditions. Agáfya Mikháylovna, in speaking of the deceased old man, had said, "Well, thank God, he made his confession and received the extreme unction, — God grant everybody such a death!" Even thus Kitty, in addition to all the cares about the linen, the manner of bedding, the medicine, had managed the very first day to persuade the sick man to make his confession and receive his extreme unction.

On returning from the sick man to their two rooms for the night, Levín sat down with lowered head, not knowing what to do. He not only could not think of supper, getting ready to retire, and what else there was to do, but he was not even able to talk to his wife: he was ashamed. Kitty, on the contrary, was more active than ever. She ordered up a supper, herself unpacked the things, herself helped to make the beds, and did not forget to sprinkle them with Dalmatian powder. She had the stimulus and the rapidity of reflection, which in men make their appearance before a battle, before a struggle, in perilous and decisive moments of life, — those moments when a man once for all shows that all his past has not been in vain, but a preparation for that minute.

Everything proceeded rapidly with her, and it was not yet midnight when all the things were neatly and accurately put away, in such a peculiar manner that the hotel room resembled home — her own apartments: the beds were made, the brushes, combs, and looking-glasses put away, and the tidies spread.

Levín found it unpardonable now to eat, sleep, or even speak, and felt that every motion of his was indecent. But she laid out the brushes and did it all in such a way that there was nothing offensive about it.

However, they could not eat, and could not fall asleep for a long time, and even did not lie down for quite awhile.

“I am very glad that I have persuaded him to receive his extreme unction to-morrow,” she said, sitting in her sack before her folding mirror, and combing her soft, odorous hair with a fine tooth comb. “I have never seen it, but I know, mamma has told me, there are prayers in it about recovery.”

“Do you really think that he might recover?” asked Levín, looking at the constantly disappearing narrow part on the back of her round little head, every time she drew the comb forward.

"I asked the doctor: he says that he cannot live more than three days. But how can they know? Still, I am glad that I have persuaded him," she said, looking sidewise through her hair at her husband. "Everything is possible," she added, with that especial, somewhat cunning expression, which was always on her face when she talked of religion.

After their conversation about religion, which they had when they were affianced, neither he nor she ever spoke of it again, but she carried out her religious duties, attending church and praying, with the ever calm consciousness that that was necessary. In spite of his assurances to the contrary, she was firmly convinced that he was just such a Christian as she, if not a better one, and that everything which he said about it was merely one of his funny masculine vagaries, like his statement about the English embroidery, of which he said that other people darned holes, while she cut them out, and so forth.

"Yes, that woman, Márya Nikoláevna, was not able to arrange it all," said Levín. "And — I must confess, I am very glad that you have come. You are such purity that —" He took her hand and did not kiss it (to kiss her hand while death was so near seemed improper to him), but only pressed it with a guilty expression, looking into her radiant eyes.

"You would have felt so agonized if you had been alone," she said, and, raising high her hands, which had covered her cheeks that were flushed with joy, she braided her hair on the back of her head, and pinned it up. "No," she continued, "she did not know — Fortunately I learned a great deal in Soden."

"Were there such patients there?"

"Worse ones."

"What is terrible for me is that I cannot help seeing him the fine fellow he used to be — You will not believe what a fine young man he was, — but I did not understand him then."

"I believe you, indeed. How I feel that we *should have been* friends," she said, and, frightened at her own words, she looked at her husband, and tears stood in her eyes.

"Yes, *should have been*," he said, sadly. "Here is one of those men of whom we say that they are not for this world."

"However, we have many more days before us, and so we must go to sleep," said Kitty, looking at her tiny watch.

XX.

DEATH.

ON the following day the sick man confessed and received his extreme unction. During the ceremony Nikoláy Levín prayed fervently. In his large eyes, which were directed toward the image that was placed on a card-table with a coloured cloth, there was expressed such impassioned supplication and hope that Levín felt terribly to look on. Levín knew that this impassioned supplication and hope would only make harder for him his parting from life, which he loved so much. He knew his brother and the march of his thoughts; he knew that his unbelief had not grown out of the fact that it was easier for him to live without faith, but because the modern scientific explanations of phenomena had step by step pushed out belief, and so he knew that his present return was not legitimate, not having taken place by means of that same thought, but was only temporary and selfish, with the senseless hope of recovery. Levín knew also that Kitty had intensified this hope by her stories of marvellous recovery, which she had heard. Levín knew all that; and it was agonizing for him to look at this imploring, hopeful glance and at that emaciated hand, which with difficulty rose and made the sign of the cross on his tightly stretched brow, his prominent shoulders, and rattling, empty chest, that no longer could hold that life for which the sick man was begging. During the ceremony, Levín did what he, the unbeliever, had done a thousand times before. He said,

turning to God, "If Thou existest, let this man get well (that has happened many a time), and Thou wilt save him and me."

After the anointing, the sick man suddenly began to feel much better. He did not cough once for the period of an hour, smiled, kissed Kitty's hand, thanking her with tears, and said that he was feeling comfortable, had no pain anywhere, and felt an appetite and strength. He even raised himself without any aid when the soup was brought, and asked for another cutlet. No matter how hopeless he was and how obvious it seemed, in looking at him, that he could not get well, Levín and Kitty were during that hour in the same happy state of excitement, and timid, lest they should be mistaken.

"Is he better?" — "Yes, much better." — "Remarkable." — "Nothing remarkable about it." — "Still, he is better," they said in a whisper, smiling at each other.

This delusion did not last long. The sick man fell calmly asleep, but half an hour later a cough awoke him. And suddenly all hopes vanished in those who surrounded him, and in himself. The actuality of suffering, without any doubt, even without any memory of former hopes, destroyed them in Levín, in Kitty, and in the patient himself.

Without even recalling what he had believed in half an hour before, as though it was embarrassing to think of it, he asked to be given iodine to inhale from a glass covered with a piece of perforated paper. Levín handed him the glass, and the same gaze of impassioned hope, with which he had received his extreme unction, was now directed upon his brother, imploring him for the confirmation of the doctor's words that the inhaling of iodine produced wonders.

"Well, is Kitty not here?" he rattled in his throat, looking around, when Levín reluctantly confirmed the doctor's words. "No, how can one say — I enacted all

that comedy for her sake. She is so sweet, but you and I cannot deceive ourselves. This I believe in," he said, and, pressing the glass with his bony hand, he began to breathe over it.

At about eight o'clock in the evening Levín and his wife were drinking tea in their room, when Márya Nikoláevna came running in out of breath. She was pale, and her lips were trembling.

"He is dying!" she whispered. "I am afraid he will die at once."

They both ran into his room. He was sitting up in his bed, leaning on his arm, bending his long back, and dropping his head low.

"How are you feeling?" Levín asked him, in a whisper, after a silence.

"I feel that I am going," Nikoláy muttered, speaking with difficulty, but with extraordinary precision, squeezing the words out. He did not raise his head, but only raised his eyes upward, without attaining his brother's face. "Kátya, go away!" he said again.

Levín jumped up and in a commanding whisper made her leave the room.

"I am going," he said again.

"What makes you think so?" Levín asked, to be saying something.

"Because I am going," he repeated, as though having taken a liking to this expression. "It is the end."

Márya Nikoláevna came up to him.

"You had better lie down, — it will be more comfortable for you," she said.

"I shall be lying soon," he said, softly, "dead," he added sarcastically, — angrily. "Well, put me down if you want to!"

Levín put his brother on his back, sat down beside him and, without drawing breath, looked at his face. The dying man lay with his eyes closed, but on his

brow the muscles moved now and then, as with a man who is thinking a deep, laborious thought. Levín involuntarily thought with him about what was going on in him, but, in spite of all his efforts of thought to keep up with him, he saw by the expression of that calm, stern face and by the play of the muscle above his eyebrow, that for the dying man was being cleared up more and more what for Levín remained just as dark.

"Yes, yes, that is so," the dying man said, slowly, with stops. "Wait." Again he was silent. "That is it!" he suddenly said, in a drawling voice, as though everything had become clear to him. "O Lord!" he said, drawing a deep breath.

Márya Nikoláevna felt his legs.

"They are getting cold," she whispered.

For a long, long time, as it seemed to Levín, the sick man lay motionless. Levín was growing weary from the tension of thinking. He felt that, in spite of all his effort of thought, he could not understand what it was that was so. He felt that he had long ago fallen behind the dying man. He could no longer think of the question of death itself, but involuntarily the thought occurred to him of what he would have to do now, directly: to close his eyes, dress him, order a coffin. And, strange to say, he felt completely cold, and did not experience either sorrow, or loss, or, still less, pity for his brother. If he did now have any feeling for his brother, it was rather envy of that knowledge which the dying man now possessed, but which he could not have.

He sat for a long time with him, waiting for his end. But the end did not come. The door opened, and Kitty appeared. Levín rose in order to stop her. But just as he was getting up, he heard the dying man move.

"Don't go away!" said Nikoláy, extending his hand.

Levín gave him his hand and angrily motioned to his wife to leave.

With the hand of the dying man in his own, he sat for half an hour, an hour, another hour. He now no longer thought of death. He was thinking of what Kitty was doing. Who was living in the adjoining room? Had the doctor his own house? He was hungry and sleepy. He cautiously straightened out his hand and felt his brother's legs. They were cold, but he was breathing. Levín again wanted to go out on tiptoe, but the sick man stirred again and said, "Don't go away!"

.

Day began to break. The condition of the sick man was still the same. Levín quietly straightened out his hand, without looking at the dying man, went to his room, and fell asleep. When he awoke he learned, not that his brother had died, as he had expected, but that he had come back to his former state. He was again sitting up, coughing, eating, talking, and again had stopped speaking of death, again expressed his hope of recovery, and had grown more irritable and gloomy than before. Nobody, neither his brother nor Kitty, could pacify him. He was angry with everybody and spoke rudely to all; he blamed them for his sufferings and demanded that a famous doctor be brought to him from Moscow. To all the questions put to him as to how he felt, he replied alike, with an expression of malice and reproach, "I suffer terribly, intolerably!"

The sick man suffered more and more, especially from the bed-sores, which it was no longer possible to cure, and kept growing more and more angry at those who were about him, accusing them of everything, and especially of not having brought down the doctor from Moscow. Kitty tried everything to make him comfortable, — to pacify him; but everything was in vain, and Levín saw that she herself was physically and morally worn out, though she did not acknowledge the fact. That

feeling of death, which had been evoked in all by his parting with life on the night when he had called for his brother, was destroyed. All knew that he would inevitably die soon, and that he was half-dead already. All wished for but one thing, — that he might die as soon as possible, and all, concealing it, gave him medicine from a bottle, tried to find other medicines for him, and deceived him, and themselves, and one another. All that was a lie, a base, offensive, blasphemous lie. And by this lie, both on account of the peculiarity of his character and because he more than anybody loved the dying man, Levín was most painfully affected.

Levín, who had long been busy with the thought of conciliating the brothers, at least before death, had written to Sergyéy Ivánovich. Having received an answer, he read that letter to the dying man. Sergyéy Ivánovich wrote that he could not himself come, but in touching words asked his brother's forgiveness.

The sick man did not say anything.

"What shall I write to him?" asked Levín. "I hope you are not angry with him."

"No, not in the least!" Nikoláy replied, annoyed by the question. "Write to him to send me a doctor!"

Another three agonizing days passed. His death was now desired by everybody who saw him, by the hotel servant, by the proprietor of the hotel, by all the guests, by the doctor, by Márya Nikoláevna, Levín, and Kitty. The sick man was the only one who did not experience that feeling, but, on the contrary, was angry because the doctor had not been brought, and continued to take medicine and to talk of life. Only at rare moments, when opium made him for a minute forget his incessant pain, he in a half-slumber now and then gave expression to what was in his soul more strongly than it was in them, "Oh, if only the end would come!" or, "When will it end?"

The sufferings grew apace and did their work, preparing him for death. There was not a position in which he did not suffer, not a minute in which he forgot himself, not a spot nor part of his body which did not give him excruciating pain. Even the recollections, impressions, and thoughts of his body now evoked in him the same loathing as did his body. The sight of other people, their speeches, his own recollections, — all that was painful to him. Those who surrounded him felt it and unconsciously did not take the liberty of moving freely in his presence, or speaking, or expressing their wishes. His whole life blended in one feeling of suffering and of a desire of freeing himself from it.

In him apparently was taking place that change which was to make him look upon death as a gratification of his desires, as on a piece of happiness. Formerly, every separate desire, evoked by suffering or privation, like hunger, fatigue, thirst, had been gratified by functions of the body, which gave him pleasure; but now, privation and suffering were not gratified, and an attempt at gratifying them only evoked new suffering. And thus all the wishes were blended into one, — into a desire to free himself from all sufferings and from their source, — his body. But he did not have any words for the expression of this desire of liberation, and so he did not speak of it, but from force of habit asked for the gratification of those desires which no longer could be gratified.

“Put me on the other side!” he said, and immediately after asked to be put back again. “Give me some soup! —Take away the soup!—Say something, — why are you silent?” But the moment they began to talk, he shut his eyes and expressed fatigue, indifference, and disgust.

On the tenth day after their arrival in the city, Kitty grew ill. She had a headache and vomited, and could not leave her bed all the morning.

The doctor declared that her illness was due to fatigue and agitation, and prescribed mental rest for her.

After dinner, however, Kitty got up and went, as always, with her embroidery to the sick man's room. He looked sternly at her, as she entered, and smiled contemptuously as she said that she had been ill. All that day he kept clearing his nose and groaning pitifully.

"How do you feel?" she asked him.

"Worse," he said, speaking with difficulty. "It hurts."

"Where does it hurt?"

"Everywhere."

"It will end to-day, you will see," said Márya Nikoláevna, in a whisper, but loud enough for the sick man, who was very sensitive, as Levín had observed, to hear what she had said. Levín hushed her, and looked at the sick man. Nikoláy had heard her; but these words did not produce any effect upon him. His glance was still reproachful and strained.

"What makes you think so?" Levín asked her, when she stepped out into the corridor after him.

"He has been picking at himself," said Márya Nikoláevna.

"What do you mean by picking at himself?"

"Like this," she said, pulling at the folds of her woollen dress. Levín had, indeed, noticed that the sick man had all the day been picking at himself, as though wishing to pull something off.

Márya Nikoláevna's prediction came true. Toward evening the sick man was no longer able to raise his hands and only looked in front of him, without changing the fixed, concentrated expression of his gaze. Even when his brother and Kitty bent over him, so that he might see them, he continued to look in the same way. Kitty sent for a priest to read the prayer for the dying.

While the priest read the prayer, the dying man did not show any sign of life; his eyes were shut. Levín, Kitty,

and Márya Nikoláevna were standing at the bed. The prayer had not yet been finished by the priest, when the dying man stretched himself, sighed, and opened his eyes. Having ended his prayer, the priest placed the cross to the cold brow, then slowly wrapped it up in the scapulary and, standing silently for about two minutes, touched his cold, bloodless, huge hand.

“He has departed,” said the priest, about to step aside; but suddenly the matted moustache of the dying man moved, and in the stillness could be heard definite, piercing sounds, proceeding from the depth of the breast:

“Not entirely — it will be soon.”

A minute later the face was lighted up, a smile appeared under the moustache, and the gathered women began busily to dress the deceased man.

The sight of his brother and the nearness of death stirred in Levín's soul that feeling of terror before the insolubility and, at the same time, the nearness and inevitableness of death, which had assailed him on that autumn evening when his brother had come to see him. This feeling was now even stronger than it had been; even less than before did he now feel himself able to understand the meaning of death, and still more terrible did that inevitableness appear to him; but now, thanks to the nearness of his wife, this feeling did not evoke despair in him: in spite of death, he felt the necessity of living and of loving. He felt that love had saved him from despair, and that this love under the menace of despair was growing stronger and purer.

The mystery of death had not yet been accomplished and was not yet solved, when another mystery, which was just as insoluble, rose and called him to love and life.

The doctor confirmed his suspicion about Kitty. Her indisposition was due to pregnancy.

XXI.

FROM the moment that Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich understood from Betsy's and Stepán Arkádevich's explanations that all that was demanded of him was that he should leave his wife alone, without annoying her by his presence, and that his wife herself wished that, he was at such a loss what to do that he could not make up his mind to anything, did not know what he himself wanted now, and, giving himself into the hands of those who took such pleasure in attending to his affairs, gave his assent to everything. Only when Anna had left the house and the English governess sent to him to inquire whether she was to dine with him, or separately, he for the first time understood his position clearly, and was frightened at it.

The most difficult part of his situation was that he was positively unable to combine and harmonize his past with what was now. It was not that past when he had lived happily with his wife that embarrassed him. He was beyond suffering. The transition from that past to the knowledge of his wife's infidelity, — that condition was hard, but comprehensible, to him. If his wife had left him then, when she informed him of her infidelity, he would have been grieved and unhappy, but he would not have been in that hopeless, incomprehensible situation, in which he felt himself now to be. He was absolutely unable to harmonize his recent forgiveness, his meekness, his love for his ailing wife and a stranger's child with what was now, that is, with his being left alone, disgraced,

ridiculed, not needed by any one, and despised by everybody, as though it all were a reward for what he had done.

The first two days after his wife's departure, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich received callers and his manager, went to the meeting of the committee, and came out to dine in the dining-room, as usual. Without accounting to himself why he was doing it all, he during these two days strained all the powers of his soul in order to look calm and even indifferent. Replying to the questions of what was to be done with Anna Arkádevna's things and rooms, he made the greatest effort over himself in order to appear like a man for whom the incident was not unforeseen and had nothing unusual about it, and he attained his end: no one could observe any signs of despair in him. But two days after her departure, when Kornéy handed him a bill from a milliner's, which Anna had forgotten to pay, and informed him that the clerk was waiting, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich told him to bring the clerk in.

"Pardon me, Excellency, for taking the liberty of troubling you. But if you wish that we should turn to her Excellency, will you be so kind as to let us have her address?"

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich fell to musing, as the clerk thought, and suddenly, turning around, sat down at the table. Lowering his head on his hands, he remained for a long time in that posture; he tried several times to speak, but could not.

Comprehending his master's sentiment, Kornéy asked the clerk to come another time. When Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich was again left alone, he saw that he no longer was able to endure his rôle of firmness and composure. He ordered the carriage, which was waiting for him, to be unhitched, told Kornéy not to receive any one, and did not come out to dinner.

He felt that it was beyond him to withstand that general

pressure of contempt and malice, which he clearly saw on the countenances of that clerk, and of Kornéy, and of everybody else without exception, whom he had met during those two days. He felt that he could not ward off the hatred of those people, because that hatred was not due to his being bad (in that case he might try to be better), but to his being disgracefully and disgustingly unhappy. He knew that they would be merciless to him for the very reason that his heart was lacerated. He felt that men were destroying him, as dogs kill another dog that is torn to pieces and whimpering from pain. He knew that the only salvation from men was to conceal his wounds, and this he had tried unconsciously* to do during those two days, but now he felt himself unable to continue that unequal struggle.

His despair was intensified by the consciousness that he was all alone in his grief. Not only in St. Petersburg, but even elsewhere, he had not a single man to whom he might tell everything which he felt, and who might pity him, not as a superior official, not as a member of society, but simply as a suffering man.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich had grown up as an orphan. There were two brothers. Their father they did not remember, and their mother had died when Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich was ten years old. They had but a small estate. An uncle of theirs, a distinguished official, and at one time the favourite of the late emperor, had educated them.

After graduating from the gymnasium and from the university with medals, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, with the aid of his uncle, at once was put on the road of distinguished official preferment, and ever since had abandoned himself to official ambition. Neither in the gymnasium, nor in the university, nor later, while serving, had Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich struck up any friendships. His brother had been his nearest friend, but he had served in the ministry of foreign affairs, had always lived

abroad, and had died soon after Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's marriage.

During his governorship, Anna's aunt, a rich provincial lady, had brought the young governor, who was no longer a young man, and her niece together, and had placed him in such a situation that he had either to declare himself or leave the city. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich wavered for a long time. At that time there were as many arguments for this step as there were against it, and there was no decisive cause which would make him become false to his rule, which was, to exercise caution in cases of doubt; but Anna's aunt had impressed upon him through a friend that he had already compromised the girl, and that his honour demanded that he should propose to her. He proposed, and bestowed on his fiancée and wife all the sentiment of which he was capable.

The attachment which he felt for Anna excluded in his soul the last needs of intimate relations with other people. And now there was not one left among all his acquaintances who was near to him. He had a number of what is called connections; but there were no relations of friendship. He knew a number of people whom he could invite to dinner, whose sympathy he could invoke in matters that interested him, — such as getting them to exert their influence in obtaining a place for a person, and with whom he could frankly discuss the actions of other men and of the higher authorities; but the relations to these persons were confined to a sphere which was definitely and unyieldingly circumscribed by custom and by habit, and from which it was not possible to emerge. He had a university comrade, whose friendship he had later cultivated, and with whom he might talk about his personal sorrow; but that comrade was a curator in a distant educational district. Of the persons in St. Petersburg those who were nearest to him and likely to take interest in him were the manager of his office and the doctor.

Mikhaíl Vasílevich Slyúdin, the manager of his office, was a simple, good, moral man, of whose personal good-will toward him Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich was sure ; but their respective official capacities of the last five years had placed a barrier between them for intimate explanations.

Having finished signing the papers, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich was silent for quite awhile, looking at Mikhaíl Vasílevich, and several times made an attempt to speak, but could not. He had prepared a sentence, "Have you heard of my sorrow?" But he finally said, as was his wont, "So you will fix it for me," and then dismissed him.

The other man was the doctor, who, too, was kindly disposed toward him ; but it had long been agreed between them by tacit consent that they were both overwhelmed with work, and that they both had to be in a hurry.

Of his female friends, and of the first one among them, of Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich did not think. All women, simply as women, were terrible and loathsome to him.

XXII.

ALEKSYÉY ALEKSÁNDROVICH had forgotten about Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, but she had not forgotten him. During that same oppressive minute of lonely despair she called on him and without having herself announced entered his cabinet. She found him in that attitude, in which he was sitting, leaning his head on his hands.

"*J'ai forcé la consigne,*" she said, entering with rapid steps and breathing heavily from agitation and rapid motion. "I have heard everything! Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich, my friend!" she continued, giving a firm pressure to his hand with both of hers, and looking into his eyes with her beautiful, pensive eyes.

Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich, frowning, got up and, freeing his hand, moved a chair up for her.

"Won't you be seated, countess? I am not receiving, because I am ill, countess," he said, and his lips began to tremble.

"My friend!" repeated Lídiya Ivánovna, without taking her eyes off him. Suddenly her eyebrows rose with their inner sides, forming a triangle on her forehead, and her homely, yellow face become homelier still; but Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich felt that she was sorry for him and ready to weep. And a meekness of spirit came over him: he seized her chubby hand and began to kiss it.

"My friend!" she said, with a voice that was broken from agitation. "You must not surrender to your grief. Your sorrow is great, but you must find consolation."

"I am all broken up, I am undone, I am no longer a

man!" said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, dropping her hand, but continuing to look into her eyes, which were filled with tears. "My situation is the more terrible since I do not find anywhere, not even in myself, a fulcrum."

"You will find it — do not look for it in me, though I beg you to believe in my friendship," she said, with a sigh. "Our support is to be found in love, that love which He has enjoined upon us. His burden is light," she said, with an ecstatic glance, which Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich knew so well. "He will sustain you and aid you."

Although in these words was that meekness of spirit before his exalted sentiments and that new, ecstatic mystical tendency, which of late had been spreading in St. Petersburg, and which Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich thought to be superfluous, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich was glad to hear them now.

"I am weak. I am insignificant. I did not foresee anything, and now I do not understand anything."

"My friend!" repeated Lídiya Ivánovna.

"It is not the loss of what is no more, — no, not that!" continued Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. "I do not regret. But I cannot help being ashamed before people for the situation in which I am. It is bad, but I cannot, I cannot."

"It is not you who have committed that exalted act of forgiveness, which I, and all of us, admire, but He, who is dwelling in your heart," said Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, raising her eyes in transport, "and so you cannot be ashamed of your deed."

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich frowned, and, bending his hands, began to crack his fingers.

"You must know all the details," he began, in a thin voice. "A man's strength has its limitations, countess, and I have found mine. This whole day I had to give orders, orders about the house, which result" (he emphasized the word "result") "from my new, lonely situation.

The servants, the governess, the bills — This petty fire burned me, — I was unable to endure it any longer. At dinner — yesterday I almost went away from dinner. I could not bear the look which my son cast at me. He did not ask me for the meaning of all this, but he wanted to, and I could not endure his glance. He was afraid to look at me, but that is not all —” Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich wanted to mention the bill which had been brought to him, but his voice faltered, and he stopped. Of this bill, on blue paper, for a hat and ribbons, he could not think without pity for himself.

“I understand it, my friend,” said Countess Lídiya Ivánovna. “I understand it all. You will not find in me aid and consolation, but I have come none the less, in order to aid you, if I can. If I could take from you all those petty, humiliating cares — I understand that you need a woman’s word, a woman’s orders. Do you entrust it to me?”

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich silently and gratefully pressed her hand.

“We shall look together after Serézha. I am not strong in practical affairs. But I will take it upon me, — I will be your housekeeper. Don’t thank me! I am not doing this alone —”

“I cannot help thanking you.”

“No, my friend, do not surrender yourself to this feeling, of which you speak, — to be ashamed of what is a Christian’s highest height: ‘He who humbles himself, shall be raised up.’ And you cannot thank me. You must thank Him, and implore His assistance. In Him alone shall we find peace, consolation, salvation, and love,” she said, and, raising her eyes to heaven, she began to pray, as Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich could tell from her silence.

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich listened to her now, and those expressions which before had appeared to him superfluous, if not downright disagreeable, now seemed natural and

consoling to him. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich did not like that new, ecstatic spirit. He was a believer, who was interested in religion mainly from its political side, and the new doctrine, which permitted itself certain new interpretations, was from principle distasteful to him, as opening the door for discussion and analysis. Formerly he used to look coldly and even hostilely at this new doctrine, and with Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, who was infatuated by it, he did not discuss it, but cautiously passed her challenge in silence. But now he for the first time listened with pleasure to her words, and inwardly did not retort to them.

"I am very, very thankful to you both for your deeds and for your words," he said, when she was through praying.

Countess Lídiya Ivánovna once more pressed both the hands of her friend.

"Now, I go to work," she said, with a smile, after a silence, and drying the tears that were left on her face. "I am going to Serézha. I will turn to you only in extreme cases." And she got up and went out.

Countess Lídiya Ivánovna went to Serézha's rooms, and there, drenching the cheeks of the frightened boy with her tears, said to him that his father was a saint and that his mother had died.

Countess Lídiya Ivánovna fulfilled her promise. She really took upon herself all the cares of the arrangement and running of Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's house. But she did not exaggerate, when she said that she was not strong in practical matters. All her orders had to be modified, because they were impracticable; they were modified by Kornéy, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's valet, who imperceptibly to all, now managed the whole of Karénin's house and, calmly and carefully, informed his master, while dressing him, what was needed. But Lídiya Ivánovna's aid was none the less real in the highest degree: she gave

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich a moral support in the consciousness of her love and respect for him, and especially in that, as it gave her consolation to think, she had almost converted him to Christianity, that is, from a passive and indifferent believer had changed him into a fervent and firm advocate of that new interpretation of the Christian tenets, which of late had been disseminated in St. Petersburg.

It was easy for Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich to be persuaded of this interpretation. Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, like Lídiya Ivánovna and other people who shared their views, was completely devoid of the depth of imagination, that spiritual quality, thanks to which the pictures which imagination evokes become so real that they demand a correspondence with other representations and with reality. He saw nothing impossible or inconsistent in the conception that death, which existed for unbelievers, did not exist for him, and that, since he was in possession of the fullest belief, of the measure of which he himself was the judge, there were no sins in his soul, and that he experienced a full salvation even here upon earth.

It is true, Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich was dimly conscious of the lightness and faultiness of this conception, and he knew that when he, without thinking that his forgiveness was the action of a higher power, had surrendered himself to that direct feeling, he had experienced greater happiness than when, as now, he thought at every moment that Christ was dwelling in his soul, and that, in signing documents, he was doing His will; but it was necessary for Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich to think so; in his humiliation he needed that height, even though it be only imaginary, from which he, despised by everybody, might despise the rest, and so he held on to this imaginary salvation.

XXIII.

COUNTESS LÍDIYA IVÁNOVNA had, as a very young, enthusiastic girl, been married to a rich, distinguished, good-natured, and very debauched merry fellow. In the second month her husband had abandoned her and, to her ecstatic assurances of her love, had replied only by ridicule and even hostility, which the people, who knew the good heart of the count and who saw no defects in ecstatic Lídiya, were quite unable to account for. Since then, though not divorced, they had been living separated, and whenever husband and wife met, he treated her with invariable sarcasm, the cause of which no one had been able to explain.

Countess Lídiya Ivánovna had long ago stopped being in love with her husband, but since then had always been in love with somebody. She used to be in love with several persons at a time, both men and women; she was in love with nearly all people who were distinguished in one way or another. She was in love with all the new royal princes and princesses, who entered into family relationship with the imperial family; she had been in love with a metropolitan, with a vicar, and with a priest. She had been in love with a journalist, with three Slavs, with Komisárov; with a minister, a doctor, an English missionary, and with Karénin. All these loves, now growing weaker, now stronger, did not interfere with her standing in the most wide-spread and complex relations with court life and with society. But ever since

she, after the calamity which had befallen Karénin, had taken him under her especial protection, and ever since she had begun to work in Karénin's house, caring for his welfare, she had come to feel that all her other loves were not the real thing, but that she now was sincerely in love with Karénin only. The love which she now experienced seemed to her more powerful than any of her previous feelings. Analyzing her feeling and comparing it with the previous ones, she saw clearly that she would not have been in love with Komisárov, if he had not saved the emperor's life, nor with Rístich-Kudzhítski, if there did not exist a Slavic question, but that she loved Karénin for his own sake, for his exalted, misunderstood soul, for his thin voice, so agreeable to her, for his drawling intonations, for his weary look, for his character, and for his soft white hands with the swollen veins. She was not only glad to meet him, but she was trying to find in his face signs of that impression which she was producing upon him. She wanted to find favour with him, not only by her speeches, but also by her person. For his sake she now paid more attention to her toilet than ever. She caught herself dreaming of what might have happened if she were unmarried, and he free. She blushed from agitation when he entered the room; she could not repress a smile of delight whenever he told her something pleasant.

Countess Lídiya Ivánovna had for several days been in the greatest agitation. She had learned that Anna and Vrónski were in St. Petersburg. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich had to be saved from an interview with her; he had even to be saved from the agonizing knowledge of the fact that that terrible woman was in the same city with him, and that he might meet her at any moment.

Lídiya Ivánovna found out through her acquaintances what those *despicable people*, as she called Anna and Vrónski, intended to do, and tried during those days so to guide the movements of her friend that he should not

meet them. A young adjutant, a friend of Vrónski's, through whom she had received the information, and who was trying to get a concession through Lídiya Ivánovna, told her that they had finished their business and were going to leave on the following day. Lídiya Ivánovna was beginning to calm down, when on the following morning she was handed a note, the handwriting of which she recognized in terror. It was Anna Karénin's hand. The envelope was as thick as bast; on the elongated paper there was a monogram, and the letter was perfumed.

"Who brought it?"

"A hotel factotum."

Countess Lídiya Ivánovna could not for a long time sit down to read the letter. The agitation gave her a fit of asthma, to which she was subject. When she quieted down, she read the following French letter.

"MADAME LA COMTESSE:—The Christian sentiments which fill your heart give me, I feel, the unpardonable boldness to write to you. I am unhappy through my separation from my son. I implore you to be permitted to see him once more before my departure. Pardon me for reminding you of me. I turn to you and not to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich for no other reason than that I do not wish to cause any suffering to that magnanimous man by reminding him of me. Knowing your friendship for him, I feel that you will understand me. Will you send Serézha to me, or shall I come to the house at an appointed hour, or will you let me know where and when I can see him outside the house? I do not anticipate a refusal, knowing the magnanimity of him on whom this depends. You cannot imagine that ardent desire to see him which I am experiencing, and therefore you cannot imagine the gratitude which your aid will evoke in me.

"ANNA."

Everything in that letter provoked Countess Lídiya Ivánovna: the contents, the reference to magnanimity, and especially the tone, which to her seemed to be too easy.

"Tell him there will be no answer," said Countess Lídiya Ivánovna. She immediately took the blotting-case and wrote Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich that she hoped to see him at one o'clock at the congratulation at court.

"I have to speak to you about an important and sad matter. We shall there agree where. Best of all it would be at my house, where I shall have them prepare *your* tea. It is necessary. He gives us the cross, but He also gives us the strength," she added, in order to prepare him a little.

Countess Lídiya Ivánovna was in the habit of writing two or three notes a day to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. She was fond of that process of communication with him, for it possessed that element of elegance and mysteriousness which were lacking in their personal relations.

XXIV.

THE congratulation was over. The people, departing, met and talked about the latest news of the day, the newly distributed rewards, and the transpositions of important officials.

"Why not give the ministry of war to Countess Márya Borísovna, and make Princess Vatkóvski a chief of staff?" said a gray-haired old man in a uniform with gold lace, talking to a tall beauty of a maid of honour, who was asking him about promotions.

"And make me an adjutant," the maid of honour replied, smiling.

"You have already that appointment. You are in the ecclesiastic department. And your assistant is Karénin."

"Good day, prince!" said the old man, pressing the hand of one who joined them.

"What are you saying there about Karénin?" asked the prince.

"He and Putyátov have received the Aleksáedr Névski."

"I thought he already had it."

"No. Look at him!" said the old man, pointing the embroidered hat to Karénin, in court uniform, with the new red ribbon across his shoulder, who had stopped at the door of the hall, with one of the influential members of the Imperial Council. "He is happy and satisfied like a copper penny," he added, stopping to press the hand of an athletic, fine-looking gentleman of the chamber.

"No, he has grown old," said the gentleman of the chamber.

"From cares. He does nothing but write projects now. He will not let an unfortunate man out of his hands before he has expounded everything according to all the paragraphs."

"How old he looks. *Il fait des passions*. I think Countess Lídiya Ivánovna is now jealous of his wife."

"Please don't say anything bad about Countess Lídiya Ivánovna."

"Is there anything bad in her being in love with Karénin?"

"Is it true that Anna Karénin is here?"

"That is, not here, in the palace, but in St. Petersburg. I met her yesterday with Aleksyéy Vrónski, *bras dessus, bras dessous*, on Morskáya Street."

"*C'est un homme qui n'a pas* —" began the gentleman of the chamber, but he stopped, to let a person belonging to the imperial family pass, and to bow.

Thus they kept talking about Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, condemning him and laughing at him, while he, barring the way to a member of the Imperial Council, whom he had caught, and not for a moment changing his position, so as not to lose him, was expounding to him, article after article, his financial project.

Almost at the identical time that Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's wife had left him, there had happened to him that most grievous of events for an official, — the cessation of his upward movement in the service. This cessation had taken place, and all saw it clearly, but Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich did not yet acknowledge the fact that his career had come to an end. Whether it was his conflict with Strémov, or his misfortune with his wife, or simply that he had reached his predestined limits, — it became clear to everybody during that year that his official arena was closed. He still occupied an important place, — he was a member of many commissions and committees; but he was a man who had gone out and from whom nothing

more was expected. No matter what he said or proposed, he was listened to as though what he proposed had been known for quite awhile and was precisely what was not wanted. But Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich did not feel it, and, on the contrary, being removed from the direct participation in the governmental activity, now more clearly than ever saw the defects and blunders in the activity of others, and considered it his duty to point out the means for remedying them. Soon after his separation from his wife, he began to write his note about the new courts, the first of an endless number of useless notes on all the branches of the administration which he was fated to write.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich not only did not notice his hopeless position in the official world and was not grieved by it, but more than ever was satisfied with his activity.

"He that is married careth for the things that are of the world, how that he may please his wife; he that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord," says Apostle Paul, and Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, who now was guided in all his affairs by the Gospel, frequently thought of that text. It seemed to him that ever since he was left without his wife, he with these very projects served the Lord more than ever.

The obvious impatience of the member of the Council, who wanted to get away from him, did not embarrass Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich; he stopped expounding only when the member, taking advantage of the passage of a person belonging to the imperial family, slipped away from him.

Being left alone, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich lowered his head to collect his thoughts, then looked absently about him, and went toward the door, where he expected to find Countess Lídiya Ivánovna.

"How strong and physically well they all are," he

thought, looking at the stalwart gentleman of the chamber with well-groomed, perfumed side-whiskers, and at the red neck of the prince in a tightly fitting uniform, past whom he had to walk. "It is correctly said that everything in the world is evil," he thought, looking askance at the calves of the gentleman of the chamber.

Leisurely moving his legs, Aleksyey Aleksándrovich, with his habitual look of fatigue and dignity, bowed to these gentlemen, who had been speaking of him, and, looking at the door, tried with his eyes to find Countess Lídiya Ivánovna.

"Ah, Aleksyey Aleksándrovich!" said the old man, with a malicious sparkle of his eyes, while Karénin came abreast with him and inclined his head with a cold gesture. "I have not yet congratulated you," said the old man, pointing to his newly received ribbon.

"Thank you," replied Aleksyey Aleksándrovich. "What a *beautiful* day we have," he added, emphasizing the word "beautiful," as was his wont.

He did not know that they had been laughing at him, but he did not expect anything but enmity from them: he was used to that.

He saw rising from the corset the yellow shoulders of Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, who had entered through the door, and he saw her beautiful, pensive eyes, and he smiled and showed his undimmed white teeth, and walked over to her. Lídiya Ivánovna's toilet had cost her a great deal of labour, like all her toilets of late. The aim of her toilet was now the very opposite of what it had been thirty years before. At that time she had wished to adorn herself, and the more the better. Now, on the contrary, she was of necessity dressed up so much out of proportion with her age and figure that she had but the one care that the contrast between these adornments and her looks should not be too glaring. She was successful in this so far as Aleksyey Aleksándrovich was concerned, and was attractive to

him. To him she was the only island, not only of friendship, but even of love, amidst a sea of hostility and ridicule which surrounded him.

As he passed between rows of sarcastic glances, he naturally was attracted by her loving gaze, as a plant is attracted to the light.

"I congratulate you," she said to him, indicating his ribbon with her eyes.

Repressing a smile of joy, he shrugged his shoulders and shut his eyes, as though to say that that could not give him any pleasure. Countess Lídiya Ivánovna knew well that it was one of his chief joys, though he never acknowledged it.

"How is our angel?" asked Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, meaning Serézha.

"I can't say that I am entirely satisfied with him," said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, raising his brows and opening his eyes. "Sítnikov, too, is not satisfied with him." (Sítnikov was the pedagogue to whom Serézha's worldly education was entrusted.) "As I have told you, there is in him a certain coldness toward those chief questions which ought to touch the soul of every man and of every child," he began to expound his views, in matters of the only subject which interested him outside his official duties, — in the education of his son.

When Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich with Lídiya Ivánovna's aid had returned to life and activity, he had felt it his duty to busy himself with the education of his son, who was left on his hands. Having never before busied himself with questions of education, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich devoted some time to the theoretical study of the subject. He read several books on anthropology, pedagogics, and didactics, formed for himself a plan of education, and, having invited the best St. Petersburg pedagogue to guide him, set out to work. And this work was a source of constant interest to him.

"Yes, but the heart? I see in him his father's heart, and with such a heart a child cannot be bad," said Lídiya Ivánovna, in transport.

"Yes, perhaps — So far as I am concerned, I am doing my duty. That is all I can do."

"Come to my house!" said Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, after a moment's silence. "We have to talk about what for you is a sad affair. I would give anything to free you from certain reminiscences, but others do not think so. I have received a letter from *her*. *She* is here, in St. Petersburg."

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich shuddered at the mention of his wife, but his face immediately assumed that dead immobility, which expressed his absolute helplessness in this matter.

"I expected it," he said.

Countess Lídiya Ivánovna cast an ecstatic glance at him, and tears of delight before the grandeur of his soul appeared in her eyes.

XXV.

WHEN Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich entered the small, cosy cabinet of Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, which was filled with old porcelain and with pictures on the walls, the hostess was not yet there.

She was changing her dress.

On a round cloth-covered table stood a China tea service and a silver spirit-lamp teapot. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich absently examined the endless familiar portraits which adorned the cabinet, and, seating himself at the table, opened the Gospel, which was lying upon it. The rustle of the countess's silk gown diverted his attention.

"Now we shall quietly sit down," said Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, with an agitated smile hurriedly making her way between the table and the sofa, "and have a chat while drinking our tea."

After a few words of preparation, Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, breathing heavily, and blushing, placed the letter which she had received into Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's hands.

After he had read the letter, he for a long time kept silence.

"I take it that I have no right to refuse her," he said, timidly, raising his eyes.

"My friend! You see no evil in anybody."

"On the contrary, I see that everything is evil. But is it just —"

In his countenance was indecision and the supplication

for advice, support, and guidance in what to him was an incomprehensible matter.

"No," Countess Lídiya Ivánovna interrupted him, "there is a limit for everything. I understand immorality," she said, not quite sincerely, for she never could understand what it was led women to become immoral, "but I do not understand that cruelty, and to whom? To you! How can she stay in the same city in which you are? Yes, one is never too old to learn. And I am learning to understand your height and her baseness."

"And who shall cast the stone?" said Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, apparently satisfied with his rôle. "I have forgiven her everything and so cannot deprive her of what is the necessity of love for her, — of the love for her son."

"But is it love, my friend? Is it sincere? Granted you have forgiven, you still forgive — but have we a right to act upon the soul of that angel? He considers her dead. He prays for her and asks God to forgive her her sins — And it is better so. And what is he going to think now?"

"I have not thought of it," said Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, apparently agreeing with her.

Countess Lídiya Ivánovna covered her face with her hands and kept silence. She was praying.

"If you ask for my advice," she said, disclosing her face, after she had prayed, "I advise you not to do it. Do I not see how you are suffering, how this has opened all your wounds? But, of course, you always forget about yourself. What can it all lead to? To new sufferings on your part, and to torments for the boy. If anything human is left in her, she herself must not wish it. No, I do not advise you without wavering and, if you give me the permission, I will write to her."

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich gave his consent, and Countess Lídiya Ivánovna wrote the following French letter to her:

“MY DEAR MADAM: — The mention of you to your son might lead to questions on his part, to which it is impossible to give any reply without infusing the child’s soul with the spirit of condemnation of what to him ought to be holy, and so I beg you to take your husband’s refusal in the spirit of Christian love. I invoke the Almighty’s mercy upon you. COUNTESS LÍDIYA.”

This letter achieved that secret end which Countess Lídiya Ivánovna concealed from herself. It offended Anna to the depth of her soul.

On the other hand, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, on returning home from Lídiya Ivánovna, was unable on that day to devote himself to his usual occupations and to find that spiritual calm of a believing and saved man, which he had experienced before.

The memory of his wife, who was so very guilty toward him and toward whom he was such a saint, as Countess Lídiya Ivánovna had justly said to him, ought not to have embarrassed him; but he was not calm; he was unable to understand the book which he was reading, could not dispel the agonizing memories of his relations to her, of those mistakes which, as it now seemed to him, he had made in respect to her. The recollection of the manner in which he, on returning from the races, had received her confession of infidelity (especially the recollection that he had demanded only the observation of external decorum, and had not called him out to a duel) tormented him like repentance. He was also tormented by the recollection of the letter which he had written to her, — especially his forgiveness, which nobody wanted, and his cares about another man’s child burned his heart with shame and regret.

And just such a feeling of shame and regret he experienced now, as he passed in review all his past with her, and as he recalled the awkward words with which, after long hesitation, he had proposed to her.

“But wherein is my guilt?” he said to himself. And his question always evoked another question in him, whether those other people, those Vrónskis and Oblónskis, those gentlemen of the chamber with fat calves, felt differently, loved differently, married differently. And he thought of a whole series of those lush, strong, undoubting men, who involuntarily and always directed his curious attention upon themselves. He tried to drive off those thoughts; he tried to convince himself that he was not living for the present, temporal life, but for the eternal one, and that in his heart there was peace and love. But that in this temporal, insignificant life he had made, as he thought, some insignificant errors tormented him as though there was not that eternal salvation, in which he believed. But this temptation did not last long, and soon there was reëstablished in Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich’s soul that calm and elevation, by dint of which he could forget what he did not wish to remember.

XXVI.

"WELL, Kapitónych," said ruddy, merry Serézha, on his return from a walk on the day preceding his birthday, handing his full sleeveless coat to the tall, old porter, who was smiling down from the height of his stature upon the little man, "has the wrapped-up official been here to-day? Did papa receive him?"

"Yes. The moment the manager went out, I announced him," said the porter, with a merry twinkle. "Please, I will take it off."

"Serézha!" said the Slavic tutor, stopping at the door which led to the inner apartments. "Take it off yourself!"

But Serézha, though he had heard his tutor's feeble voice, paid no attention to him. He was standing, holding on to the porter's sash, and looking into his face.

"Well, did papa do for him what is necessary?"

The porter gave an affirmative nod.

The wrapped-up official, who had come seven times to ask Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich about something, had interested Serézha and the porter. Serézha once met him in the vestibule and heard him pitifully ask the porter to announce him, saying that he and his children would have to starve.

Having met him a second time in the vestibule, Serézha had taken interest in him.

"Well, was he very glad?" he asked.

"I should say so! He almost jumped as he went away from here."

"Have they brought anything?" asked Serézha, after a silence.

"Well, sir," the porter said, in a whisper, shaking his head, "there is something from the countess."

Serézha understood at once that what the porter meant was that there was a present from Countess Lídiya Ivánovna for his birthday.

"You don't say? Where is it?"

"Kornéy took it in to papa. It must be a fine thing."

"How big is it? Like this?"

"A little smaller, but it is good."

"A book?"

"No, a thing. Go, go! Vasíli Lukích is calling you," said the porter, upon hearing the approaching steps of the tutor, carefully opening the boy's little hand in the half pulled-off glove, with which he was holding on to the sash, and nodding to Vúnich.

"Vasíli Lukích, in a minute!" Serézha replied, with that merry and loving smile, which always vanquished strict Vasíli Lukích.

Serézha was too jolly, too happy, not to share with his friend the porter the joyous bit of family news which he had learned on his walk in the Summer Garden from a niece of Countess Lídiya Ivánovna. This joy seemed to him particularly important on account of its coincidence with the joy of the official, and of his own joy at his being about to get a toy. It seemed to Serézha that it was a day when everybody ought to be glad and happy.

"Do you know, papa has received an Aleksáedr Néovski."

"Of course I know. People have been coming to congratulate him."

"Well, is he glad?"

"How can one help being glad of an imperial favour? It means he has deserved it," the porter said, sternly and seriously.

Serézha fell to musing, gazing at the porter's face, which he had studied to its minutest details, especially at his chin which hung between the gray side-whiskers, and which no one had seen but Serézha, who always looked at him from underneath.

"Well, and when did your daughter come to see you last?"

The porter's daughter was a ballet-dancer.

"She can't come on week-days. They have to study. And you too have to study, sir, so go!"

Upon arriving in the room, Serézha, instead of sitting down to study, told the teacher his supposition that what had been brought was an engine. "What do you think?" he asked.

But Vasíli Lukích was thinking only that he had to study his grammar lesson for the teacher, who would come at two o'clock.

"Just tell me, Vasíli Lukích," he suddenly asked, as he was already sitting at the work-table and holding the book in his hands, "what is greater than the Aleksánder Névski? You know papa has received the Aleksánder Névski."

Vasíli Lukích replied that the Vladímír was greater than the Aleksánder Névski.

"And higher than that?"

"Higher than that is the Andréy Pervozvánný."

"And higher than the Andréy?"

"I do not know."

"What, you do not know?" and Serézha, leaning on his hands, buried himself in thought.

His reflections were of the most complex and varied character. He was considering the possibility of his father suddenly receiving the Vladímír and the Andréy, and how he in consequence of it would be much kinder to-day at his lesson, and how he himself would get all the decorations, when he should be a big man, and every-

thing higher than the Andréy, that they might invent. The moment they should invent one, he would earn it. They would invent something higher still, and he would earn it.

The time passed in these reflections and, when the teacher arrived, the lesson about the adverbs of time and place and mode of action was not prepared, and the teacher was not only dissatisfied, but even chagrined. This chagrin of the teacher touched Serézha. He did not feel guilty for not having studied the lesson; no matter how much he had tried to do so, he could not learn it; so long as the teacher talked to him, he believed and, as it were, understood, but the moment he was left alone he absolutely failed to recall or understand that such a short and intelligible word as "suddenly" should be an adverb expressing a mode of action; however it might be, he felt sorry for having caused the teacher grief.

He chose a minute when the teacher silently looked into the book.

"Mikhaíl Ivánovich, when will your name-day be?" he suddenly asked.

"You had better think of your work; a name-day has no meaning for an intelligent being,—it is just such a day as any other on which it is necessary to work."

Serézha looked fixedly at his teacher, at his scanty beard, and at his spectacles, which had slipped below the notch that he had on the nose, and he fell to thinking, so that he no longer heard anything of what his teacher was explaining to him. He knew that the teacher was not thinking of what he was saying; he felt it by the tone in which it was said. "But why have they all plotted to say this in the same fashion, all that tedious and useless stuff? Why does he repel me? Why does he not love me?" he asked himself, in sadness, without being able to discover an answer.

XXVII.

AFTER the teacher came his father's lesson. Before his father's arrival, Serézha seated himself at the table, playing with his knife, and began to think. One of Serézha's favourite occupations during his walks was to find his mother. He did not in general believe in death, especially in her death, although Countess Lídiya Ivánovna had told him that it was so, and his father had confirmed her, and so, after he had been told that she was dead, he tried to find her every time he was out for a walk. Every plump, graceful woman with black hair was his mother. At the sight of such a woman a feeling of tenderness rose in his soul, so that he choked and tears came to his eyes. And he waited for her just to come up and lift her veil. All her face would be visible; she would smile, would embrace him; he would smell her aura, would feel the tenderness of her hand, and would weep from joy, just as once when he had been lying in the evening at her feet, and she had tickled him, and he had roared with laughter and bitten her white ring-bedecked hand. Later, when he had accidentally learned from the nurse that his mother was not dead, and his father and Lídiya Ivánovna had explained to him that she was dead so far as he was concerned, because she was not good (which he never could believe, for he loved her), he had still continued to look for her and to expect her. That morning there had been in the Summer Garden a lady in a lilac veil, whom he had watched with a sinking heart, thinking that it was she, while she was moving up

toward them. This lady had not quite reached them and had disappeared somewhere. To-day Serézha felt, more powerfully than ever, an outburst of love for her, and now, while waiting for his father, he entirely forgot himself and cut up the edge of the table with his penknife, looking in front of him with his beaming eyes, and thinking of her.

"Papa is coming!" Vasli Lukích disturbed his reverie.

Serézha jumped up, ran toward his father, and kissed his hand, looking fixedly at him and trying to find signs of joy for having received his Aleksándr Névski.

"Have you had a good walk?" said Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, sitting down in a chair, moving up toward him the Old Testament, and opening it. Although Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich had frequently told Serézha that every Christian ought to know sacred history, he himself had often to consult the Old Testament.

"Yes, it was very jolly, papa," said Serézha, sitting down sidewise on the chair and rocking it, which was contrary to the rule. "I saw Nádenka." (Nádenka was Lídiya Ivánovna's niece, who was being brought up by her). "She told me that you received a new decoration. Are you glad, papa?"

"In the first place, please, don't rock!" said Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich. "In the second place, it is not the reward, but the labour, that is sweet. And I wish that you may understand this. Now, if you are going to work and to study, just to get rewards, the work will seem hard; but if you will work" (said Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, recalling how the consciousness of duty had supported him that morning in his dull labour, which consisted in the signing of 118 papers) "loving that work, you will find your reward in it."

Serézha's eyes, which had been sparkling with tenderness and merriment, grew dim, and drooped under his father's glance. It was that same, old, familiar tone,

which his father had always used toward him, and with which Serézha had already learned to fall in. His father always talked to him — so Serézha felt — as though he were addressing an imaginary boy, one of those that you read of in books, and that are entirely unlike Serézha. And so Serézha always tried to simulate that book boy before his father.

“I hope you understand this,” said his father.

“Yes, papa,” replied Serézha, pretending to be that imaginary boy.

The lesson consisted in learning by heart a number of verses from the Gospel, and of the repetition of the beginning of the Old Testament. The verses from the Gospel Serézha knew fairly well, but just as he was reciting them, he lost himself so much in the contemplation of his father’s frontal bone, which so abruptly turned at the temples, that he got mixed up and transferred the end of a verse with the same word to the beginning of the next. It was evident to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich that he did not understand what he was saying, and that irritated him.

He frowned and began to explain what Serézha had heard many times before and never could memorize, because he understood it too well, — something like the statement that “suddenly” was an adverb of mode of action. Serézha looked with a frightened glance at his father, and was thinking of but one thing, — whether his father would make him repeat what he had said, as frequently happened, or not. And this thought so terrified Serézha that he no longer understood anything. But his father did not make him repeat it, and passed over to the lesson from the Old Testament. Serézha told well the incidents themselves, but when it came to answering the questions what certain incidents meant, he knew nothing, though he had already been punished for this lesson. But the place where he was absolutely unable to say anything,

and writhed, and cut the table, and rocked on his chair, was when he had to speak of the antediluvian patriarchs. Of these he knew only one, Enoch, who was taken alive to heaven. Formerly he used to remember the names, but now he had forgotten them completely, especially because Enoch was his favourite person from the whole Old Testament, and because with the taking of Enoch alive to heaven there was in his head connected a whole long procession of ideas, to which he now surrendered himself, looking with an arrested glance at his father's watch-chain and at the almost unfastened button of his waistcoat.

In death, of which they had so often told him, he positively refused to believe. He did not believe that the people whom he loved could die, and especially that he himself would die. That was absolutely impossible and incredible to him. But he was told that all would die. He even asked people in whom he believed, and they told him the same; his nurse said so, too, although reluctantly. But Enoch had not died, consequently not all died. "And why can't everybody be so deserving before God as to be taken alive to heaven?" thought Serézha. Bad people, that is, those whom Serézha did not love, might die, but all good people could be like Enoch.

"Well, what patriarchs are there?"

"Enoch, Enos."

"You have said that before. This is bad, Serézha, very bad. If you do not try to learn that which is needed most by a Christian," said his father, getting up, "what else will interest you? I am dissatisfied with you, and Peter Ignátich" (that was the chief pedagogue) "is dissatisfied with you — I shall have to punish you."

The father and the pedagogue were both dissatisfied with Serézha, and, indeed, he studied very poorly. But it could in no way be said that he was a dull boy. On the contrary, he was much brighter than those boys whom

the pedagogue set up as an example to Serézha. From his father's standpoint he did not want to learn what he was taught. In reality, he could not learn it. He could not do so, because in his soul there were more peremptory demands than those which his father and pedagogue made on him. These demands were contradictory to theirs, and he simply struggled with his educators.

He was nine years old, — he was a child ; but he knew his soul : it was dear to him, and he guarded it, as the eyelid guards the eye, and without the key of love did not admit any one to his soul. His educators complained that he did not want to study, but his soul was brimful of the thirst of learning. And he learned from Kapitónych, from the nurse, from Nádenka, from Vasíli Lukích, and not from his teachers. That water which the father and the pedagogue had been waiting to have come down on their wheels had long ago percolated and was working in another place.

The father punished Serézha by not letting him go to Nádenka's, Lídiya Ivánovna's niece ; but this punishment turned out to Serézha's advantage. Vasíli Lukích was in good humour and taught him how to make windmills. The whole evening passed at working at them and in dreaming about how to make a windmill so as to be able to turn on it, — to catch hold of the sails, or tie himself to them and turn around. Of his mother Serézha did not think the whole evening, but, as he lay down in his bed, he suddenly thought of her and prayed in his own words that his mother might stop hiding to-morrow, on his birthday, and might come to him.

“ Vasíli Lukích, do you know what I have added to my prayer ? ”

“ To study better ? ”

“ No. ”

“ About the toys ? ”

“ No. You will not guess. It is fine, but it is a

secret! If it comes to pass, I will tell you. Have you guessed it?"

"No, I can't guess it. Tell me!" said Vasíli Lukích, smiling, which he rarely did. "Well, lie down, and I will put out the light."

"I can see better without the light for what I have been praying. Well, I came very near giving away my secret!" Serézha said, laughing merrily.

When the candle was taken away, Serézha heard and felt his mother. She was standing over him and caressing him with a loving glance. But there appeared the windmills and the penknife, and everything got mixed up, and he fell asleep.

XXVIII.

UPON arriving in St. Petersburg, Vrónski and Anna stopped in one of the best hotels: Vrónski separately, in the lower story, and Anna up-stairs, with the child, the wet-nurse, and the maid, in a large suite consisting of four rooms.

On the first day after his arrival Vrónski went to see his brother. He there found his mother, who had come from Moscow on business matters. His mother and his sister-in-law met him as usual; they asked him about his foreign travel, spoke of common acquaintances, and did not with one word mention his liaison with Anna. His brother, on the contrary, who on the following day went to see Vrónski, himself asked him about her, and Aleksyý Vrónski told him frankly that he looked upon his liaison with Anna as upon a marriage; that he hoped to get a divorce for her, when he would marry her, but that until then he considered her as much his wife as any other, and begged him so to inform his mother and his wife.

“If the world does not approve it, it makes no difference to me,” said Vrónski, “but if my relatives want to remain in friendly relations with me, they must be in the same relations with my wife.”

The elder brother, who had always respected the judgment of the younger brother, was not quite sure whether he was right or wrong so long as the world had not decided the question; for his own part he did not have any objection to it, and with Aleksyý went to see Anna.

In his brother's presence, Vrónski addressed Anna as "you," as always before strangers, and treated her as an intimate acquaintance, but it was understood that his brother knew of their relations, and it was mentioned that Anna was going to Vrónski's estate.

In spite of all his worldly experience, Vrónski was, on account of the new situation in which he found himself, in a terrible delusion. One would think that he understood that society was closed for him and Anna; but just now some indistinct combinations rose in his head that so it had been of old, but that now, with the rapid progress (imperceptibly to himself he now had become an advocate of every progress), the view of society had changed, and that the question whether they would be received in society, or not, was not yet solved. "Of course," he thought, "court society will not receive us, but friends can and must understand it as is proper."

It is possible for a man to sit several hours in one position, with his legs under him, if he knows that nothing is keeping him from changing the position; but if he knows that he is compelled to sit so on his legs, he will get the cramps, and his legs will jerk and twitch in the direction in which he wants to stretch them. It was precisely this that Vrónski experienced in respect to society. Though he knew in the depth of his heart that society was closed to him, he tried to find out whether society would not change and receive them. But he very soon observed that, although society was open for him personally, it was closed to Anna. As in the cat-and-mouse game, the hands, which were raised for him, immediately fell before Anna.

One of the first ladies of St. Petersburg society, whom Vrónski saw, was his cousin Betsy.

"At last!" she met him joyously. "And Anna? How glad I am! Where do you stop? I can imagine how terrible our St. Petersburg must be to you after your charm-

ing travels. I imagine your honeymoon in Rome. How about the divorce? Have you achieved it?"

Vrónski noticed that Betsy's delight was diminished, when she learned that there was not yet any divorce.

"They will cast a stone at me, I know," she said, "but I will come to see Anna; yes, I will, by all means. Are you going to stay here long?"

And, indeed, that very day she came to see Anna; but her tone was quite different from what it had been before. She evidently prided herself on her boldness and wanted Anna to appreciate the fidelity of her friendship. She stayed not more than ten minutes, talking of society news, and at leaving said:

"You have not told me when there will be a divorce. Of course, I have thrown the cap beyond the mill, but other raised collars will give you the cold shoulder until you are married. And that is so simple nowadays. *Ça se fait*. So you are going to leave on Friday? What a pity I shall not see you again!"

From Betsy's tone Vrónski might have understood what he had to expect from society; but he made another attempt in his family. He had no hopes in his mother. He knew that his mother, who had been so enthusiastic about Anna during their first acquaintance, now was inexorable to her because she was the cause of interfering with her son's career. But he placed great hopes in Vára, his brother's wife. It seemed to him that she would not cast a stone, and would with simplicity and determination go to see Anna and receive her at her house.

On the day after his arrival, Vrónski went to see her and, finding her alone, expressed his wish to her.

"You know, Aleksyéy," she said, after listening to all he had to say, "how I love you and how prepared I am to do anything for you; but I have kept silent because I knew that I could not be useful to you or to Anna Arká-

devna," she said, enouncing "Anna Arkádevna" with special distinctness. "Do not think that I am condemning her. Never. Perhaps I should have done the same in her place. I do not enter, and I cannot enter, into the details," she said, timidly looking at his gloomy face. "But the thing has to be called by its name. You want me to go and call on her and receive her, and thus rehabilitate her in society; but you must understand that I *cannot* do it. I have daughters who are growing up, and I must live in society for my husband's sake. Well, suppose I go to see Anna Arkádevna; she will understand that I cannot invite her to the house, or that I must do it in such a way that she would not meet those who look differently at it: that will offend her. I cannot lift her up —"

"But I do not consider her to have fallen more than hundreds of women whom you receive!" Vrónski interrupted her, more dejectedly still. He rose in silence, seeing that the decision of his sister-in-law was inflexible.

"Aleksyáy, don't be angry with me! Please, understand that it is not my fault," said Vára, looking at him with a timid smile.

"I am not angry with you," he said, just as gloomily, "but I am doubly grieved. It grieves me because it breaks our friendship, — I won't say it breaks it, but weakens it. You understand that for me, too, it cannot be otherwise."

And with this he left the room.

Vrónski understood that all further attempts were fruitless, and that it was necessary to remain the few days in St. Petersburg as in a strange city, avoiding all communication with his former world, in order not to be subjected to unpleasantness and insult, which were so painful to him. One of the chief annoyances of their stay in St. Petersburg was that Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich and his name seemed to be everywhere. It was impossible to

begin saying anything but that the conversation turned upon Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich; it was impossible to go anywhere without meeting him. At least it so seemed to Vrónski, just as it seems to a man with a sore finger that he is constantly striking that finger against something.

The stay in St. Petersburg seemed the more oppressive to Vrónski since during that time he observed in Anna a new mood, which was incomprehensible to him. Now she seemed to be in love with him, and now she grew cold, nervous, and impenetrable. She was tormented by something and concealed something from him, and did not seem to notice those insults which poisoned his life, and which ought to have been even more painful to her, with her sensitive feeling.

XXIX.

ONE of Anna's purposes in returning to Russia was to see her son. From the day that she left Italy, the thought of this meeting had been constantly agitating her. And the nearer she came to St. Petersburg, the greater did the joy and importance of that meeting appear to her. She did not even ask herself how this meeting was to be brought about. It seemed natural and easy to her to see her son, when she should be in the same city with him; but, upon her arrival in St. Petersburg, her present position in society suddenly dawned upon her, and she saw that it was difficult to arrange this meeting.

She had now been two days in the city. The thought of seeing her son had not left her for a moment, but she had not yet seen him. She felt that she did not have the right to go straight to the house, where she might meet Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. She might not be admitted, and could be insulted. To write to her husband and enter into relations with him was painful for her to think of: she could be calm only so long as she did not think of her husband. To see her son out walking, having found out where and when he was taken out, was not enough for her: she had been preparing herself so much for this meeting, had so much to tell him, and wanted so much to embrace and kiss him. Serézha's old nurse might help her and tell her what to do. But the nurse was no longer in Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's house. Two days had passed in this wavering and in the search for the nurse.

Having learned of Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's close

relations with Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, Anna on the third day decided to write to her a letter, which cost her much labour, and in which she purposely said that the permission to see her son depended on her husband's magnanimity. She knew that if the letter should be shown to him, he, continuing in his rôle of magnanimity, would not refuse her.

The factotum who had carried the letter brought her back a most cruel and unexpected answer, that there would be no reply. She had never before felt so humiliated as at the moment when she called up the factotum and heard from him the detailed account of how he had been waiting and finally was told that there would be no answer. Anna felt humiliated and insulted, but she saw that Countess Lídiya Ivánovna was right from her point of view. Her sorrow was the more strong since it was all her own. She could not and would not share it with Vrónski. She knew that the question of meeting her son would seem an unimportant affair to him, though he was the chief cause of her misfortune. She knew that he would never be able to understand all the depth of her suffering; she knew that she would hate him for his cold tone, if she mentioned it to him. And of this she was afraid more than of anything else in the world, and so concealed from him everything which concerned her son.

Having stayed at home a whole day, she tried to find a means of seeing her son, and finally dwelt on her determination to write to her husband. She was already composing that letter, when a note was brought to her from Lídiya Ivánovna. The countess's silence had humbled and vanquished her; but the note, everything she read between the lines, so irritated her, that malice seemed so revolting to her in comparison with her impassioned, legitimate tenderness for her son, that she became excited against others, and stopped accusing herself.

“That coldness, that hypocrisy of sentiments!” she said to herself. “All they want is to insult me and torment the child, and me to submit! Never! She is worse than I. I, at least, do not lie.” And she decided at once that to-morrow, on the very birthday of Serézha, she would go directly to her husband’s house, would bribe the people, would deceive, and would by all means see her son and destroy that monstrous deceit with which they had surrounded the unfortunate boy.

She went to a toy shop, bought a lot of toys, and laid the plan for her actions. She would come early in the morning, at eight o’clock, when Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich would, in all probability, not yet be up. In her hands she would have money, which she would give to the porter and to the lackey, that they might let her in, and, without raising her veil, she would say that she came from Serézha’s god-father to congratulate the boy, and that she was enjoined to place the toys near his bed. The only thing she did not prepare was the words which she would say to her son. No matter how much she thought of these, she could not invent them.

On the next day, at eight o’clock, Anna all alone left the hired carriage and rang the bell at the main entrance of what used to be her house.

“Go and see what they want! It is some lady,” said Kapitónych, who was not yet dressed, and in his overcoat and galoshes looked out of the window at the lady covered with a veil, and standing at the very door. The porter’s assistant, a young lad, whom Anna did not know, had barely opened the door for her when she stepped in, and, taking a three-rouble bill out of her muff, hurriedly stuck it into his hand.

“Serézha — Sergyéy Aleksyéich,” she muttered, walking up-stairs. Having examined the bill, the porter’s assistant stopped her at the next glass door.

“Whom do you want?” he asked.

She did not hear his words and made no reply.

Observing the confusion of the unknown lady, Kapitónych himself came out to her, let her in through the door, and asked her what she wanted.

"From Prince Skorodúmov to Sergyéy Aleksyéich," she muttered.

"He is not up yet," the porter said, scanning her fixedly.

Anna had not at all expected that the entirely unchanged surroundings of the antechamber of the house, in which she had lived for nine years, would affect her so powerfully. One after another joyful and painful memories rose in her soul, and for a moment she forgot what she had come for.

"Will you be so kind as to wait a little?" said Kapitónych, taking off her fur coat.

As he was doing this, he looked into her face, recognized her, and silently made a low bow before her.

"If you please, your Excellency," he said to her.

She wanted to say something, but her voice refused to utter any sounds; looking at the old man with guilty entreaty, she ascended the staircase with rapid, light steps. Bending his whole body forward, and catching his galoshes on the steps, Kapitónych ran after her, trying to get ahead of her.

"The teacher is there, — he may be undressed yet. I will announce you."

Anna continued to walk on the familiar staircase, without understanding what the old man was telling her.

"This way, to the left, if you please. Pardon me for its not being clean. He is now in the former sofa-room," the porter said, puffing. "If you please, your Excellency, just wait a minute, I will look in," he said, and, running past her, he opened the tall door a little and was lost behind it. Anna stopped, waiting for the porter.

"He has just awakened," said the porter, coming out again.

Just as the porter was saying this, Anna heard the sound of a childish yawn. Just by the one sound of this yawn alone Anna recognized her son and saw him alive before her.

"Let me in, let me in, go away!" she said, entering through the tall door. To the right of it stood a bed, and on the bed a boy sat up in his unbuttoned shirt and, bending over with his little body and stretching himself, was finishing his yawn. Just as his lips were coming together they were compressed into a blissfully sleepy smile, and with this smile he slowly and sweetly threw himself again back on the bed.

"Serézha!" she whispered, walking inaudibly up to him.

During her separation from him, and during the outburst of love which she had experienced of late, she had imagined him as a boy of four years of age, as which she had loved him most. Now he was even not such as she had left him; he was still farther removed from what he had been at four years, and had grown taller and thinner. What was that! How thin his face was, how short his hair! How long his arms! How he had changed since she had left him! But it was he, with the shape of his head, his lips, his soft little neck and broad shoulders.

"Serézha!" she repeated over the child's ear.

He again raised himself on his elbow, turned his tousled head to either side, as though looking for something, and opened his eyes. Softly and inquisitively he looked for several seconds at his mother, who was standing motionless before him, then he suddenly smiled a blissful smile and, again closing his sticky eyes, threw himself, not backwards, but toward her, into her arms.

"Serézha! My darling boy!" she muttered, out of breath, and embracing his chubby body.

"Mamma!" he muttered, moving around so as to touch her arms with the different parts of his body.



"To-day is my birthday. I knew that
you would come."

Picture from "The Story of the Little Girl Who
Lived in a Shoe."

and in the parlor was saying this, Maria heard one of the girls whisper to another. Just by the one word of this word—*Anna*—recognized her son and now him she knew her.

"Let me in or let me in, go away!" she said, entering through the hall door. To the right of it stood a bed, and on the bed a boy lay up in his unbuttoned shirt and, bending over with his little body and stretching himself was flanking his yawn. Just as his lips were coming together they were compressed into a blissfully sleepy smile, and with this smile he slowly and sweetly threw himself again back on the bed.

"Seréshka!" she whispered, walking inaudibly up to him.

During her separation from him, and during the outbreak of her youth she had experienced of late, she had imagined him as a boy of four years of age, to which she had loved him most. Now he was even not such as she had left him; he was still further removed from what he had been at four years, and had grown taller and slimmer. What was that! How thin his face was, how chert his hair! How long his arms! How he had changed since she had left him! But it was his, with the crown of his head, his lips, his soft shoulders and broad shoulders.

"Seréshka!" she whispered, walking inaudibly up to him.

He again raised himself on his elbow, turned his toasted head to where she was, as though looking for something and opened his eyes. Safely and impulsively he looked for several moments at his mother, who now standing motionless before him, then he suddenly smiled a blissful smile and, again closing his sticky eyes, threw himself, not backwards, but toward her, into her arms.

"Seréshka! My darling boy!" she muttered, out of breath, and embracing his chubby body.

"Mamma!" he muttered, moving about so as to touch her arms with the different parts of his body.

“To-day is my birthday. I knew that you would come.”

Photogravure from Drawing by A. Kivshenko





With a sleepy smile, his eyes still remaining closed, he at the headboard of his bed threw his chubby little arms about her shoulders, pressed close to her, surrounding her with that pleasant odour of sleep and with that warmth which only children have, and began to rub his face against her neck and shoulders.

"I knew it," he said, opening his eyes. "To-day is my birthday. I knew that you would come. I will get up at once."

And, saying this, he was beginning to fall asleep again.

Anna surveyed him eagerly. She saw that he had grown and changed in her absence. She recognized and yet did not recognize his bare legs, now so large, which stretched forth from the coverlet, those thinned cheeks, and those clipped, short locks of hair on the back of his head, which she used to kiss so much. She touched all these parts and could not say a word, — the tears choked her.

"What are you crying about, mamma?" he said, now completely awake. "Mamma, what makes you cry?" he called out, in a tearful voice.

"I will not cry — I am crying for joy. I have not seen you for such a long time. I won't, I won't," she said, swallowing her tears, and turning away from him. "Well, it is time for you to get dressed," she added, regaining her composure. Keeping silence and still holding his hands, she sat down beside his bed on a chair, on which his clothes were laid out.

"How do you dress yourself without me? How —" she wanted to begin to speak simply and merrily, but could not, and again turned away.

"I do not wash in cold water, — papa has told me not to. And have you not seen Vasíli Lukích? He will be here. You are sitting on my clothes!"

And Serézha laughed out loud. She looked at him and smiled.

"Mamma, darling, sweetheart!" he exclaimed, again throwing himself upon her and embracing her. It was as though, seeing her smile, he now clearly understood what had happened.

"You don't want that," he said, taking her hat off. And, as though he saw her anew without her hat, he began to kiss her once more.

"What did you think about me? Did you think that I was dead?"

"I never believed it."

"You did not, my friend?"

"I knew it, I knew it!" he repeated his favourite sentence, and, taking hold of her hand, which was patting his hair, he pressed its palm to his mouth and kissed it.

XXX.

IN the meantime, Vasíli Lukích, who at first did not understand who the lady was, and then learned from their conversation that it was that mother who had abandoned her husband, and whom he did not know, since he had come to the house after she had left, was in doubt whether to enter or not, or whether to communicate with Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich. Finally, reflecting that his duty consisted in waking Serézha at a stated hour, and that, therefore, it was not for him to consider who was sitting there, whether his mother or any one else, but that he had to perform his duty, he dressed himself, walked over to the door and opened it.

But the caresses of mother and son, the sounds of their voices, and what they were saying, — all that made him change his intention. He shook his head and, heaving a sigh, closed the door. “I will wait another ten minutes,” he said to himself, clearing his throat, and drying his tears.

In the meantime the servants of the house were strongly agitated. All had learned that the lady had come and that Kapitónych had admitted her, and that she now was in the nursery, where the master was in the habit of coming at nine o'clock, and all understood that a meeting of husband and wife was impossible and had to be prevented. Kornéy, the valet, went down to the porter's lodge and inquired who had let her in, and, upon learning that Kapitónych had received and accompanied

her, he reproached the old man for it. The porter kept a stubborn silence, but when Kornéy said that he ought to be discharged for it, Kapitónych rushed up to him and, swinging his hand in front of Kornéy's face, said :

"Yes, you would not have let her in ! I have served here for ten years and have received from her nothing but kindness, but you would have gone up to her and said, 'If you please, get out !' You are awfully clever, aren't you ? That's it ! You had better look after yourself, and stop fleecing the master, and carrying off genet furs !"

"Lubber !" Kornéy said, contemptuously, turning around to the nurse, who had just come in. "Judge yourself, Márya Efímovna ! He let her in without saying a word to anybody," Kornéy turned to her. "Aleksyév Aleksándrovich will come out soon, and will go to the nursery."

"Trouble, trouble !" said the nurse. "Kornéy Vasílevich, you had better hold back the master, and I will go and try to get her away. Trouble, trouble !"

When the nurse entered the nursery, Serézha was telling his mother about how he and Nádenka had fallen, and rolled down-hill, and had turned three somersaults. She heard the sounds of his voice, saw his face, and the play of his expression, and felt his hand, but did not understand what he was saying. It was necessary to go away, to leave him, — that was all she thought and felt. She heard the steps of Vasíli Lukích, who had come to the door and cleared his throat, and she heard the steps of the approaching nurse ; but she remained sitting as though petrified, unable to begin speaking, or to get up.

"My darling lady !" said the nurse, walking over to Anna, and kissing her hand and shoulders. "What a joy God has sent to our birthday boy ! You have not changed a bit !"

"Oh, nurse, dear, I did not know that you were in the house," Anna said, for a moment coming to her senses.

"I do not live here. I am living with my daughter, and I just came to congratulate, Anna Arkádevna, dear!"

The nurse suddenly burst out into tears, and once more began to kiss her hand.

Serézha, with a smile and with beaming eyes, holding on with one hand to his mother, and with the other to the nurse, was stamping his bare, fat little feet on the carpet. The tenderness of his beloved nurse for his mother roused him to delight.

"Mamma! She comes to see me often, and when she comes —" he began, but stopped, noticing that the nurse was saying something in a whisper to his mother, and that on his mother's face was expressed fright and something resembling shame, which was so unbecoming to her.

She went up to him.

"My darling!" she said.

She could not say "Good-bye!" but the expression of her face said it, and he understood her. "Dear, dear Kútik!" she used a name by which she had called him as a baby. "You will not forget me? You —" but she could not say anything more.

How many words she later thought of that she might have said to him! But now she was quite unable to say anything. But Serézha understood everything she wanted to tell him. He understood that she was unhappy and loved him. He even understood what the nurse had said in a whisper. He had heard the words, "Always at nine o'clock," and he understood that they were talking about his father, and that his father and mother could not meet. That he understood; but he could not understand why fright and shame suddenly appeared on her face. She is not at fault, and yet she is afraid and ashamed of something. He wanted to put a question, which would clear up his doubt, but he did not dare to put it; he saw that she was suffering, and he was sorry for her. He silently pressed close to her and said, in a whisper:

“Don't go away yet! He will not come so soon.”

His mother pushed him aside, in order to see whether he was thinking of what he was saying, and in the frightened expression of his face she read that he was not only talking of his father, but, as it were, asking her what he ought to think of him.

“Serézha, my darling,” she said, “love him,— he is much better than I, and I am guilty toward him. When you grow up, you will judge us.”

“Nobody is better than you!” he cried, in despair, through tears. Taking hold of her shoulders, he began to press her to his breast with all his might, his hands trembling from the tension.

Just then the door opened, and Vasíli Lukích entered. At the other door, steps were heard, and the nurse said in a frightened whisper, “He is coming,” and handed Anna her hat.

Serézha dropped down on his bed and began to sob, covering his face with his hands. Anna took these hands away, once more kissed his wet face, and with rapid steps left the room. Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich was walking toward her. When he saw her, he stopped and inclined his head.

Although she had just said that he was better than she, at the rapid glance which she cast upon him, taking in his whole figure, with all its details, a feeling of disgust and of malice against him and of envy on account of her son took possession of her. With a rapid motion she dropped her veil and, increasing her step, almost ran out of the room.

She had not had time to take out, and so brought home again, those toys which the day before she had selected in the shop with so much love and sorrow.

XXXI.

No matter how strongly Anna had wished for a meeting with her son, and how long she had been thinking of it and preparing herself for it, she had not expected that it would affect her so powerfully. On returning to her lonely apartments in the hotel, she for a long time could not understand what she was there for. "Yes, all is ended, and I am again alone," she said to herself. Taking off her hat, she seated herself in a chair which was standing near the fireplace. Fixing her motionless eyes on the bronze clock, which was standing on a table between the windows, she began to think.

A French maid, whom she had brought from abroad, came in to ask her whether she wished to be dressed. She looked in surprise at her and said, "Later!" The lackey offered her coffee. "Later!" she said.

The Italian wet-nurse, having dressed the girl, brought her in and took her over to Anna. The chubby, well-fed girl, on seeing her mother, as always, turned her bare little hands, that were covered with pieces of threads, with their palms downward and, smiling with her toothless mouth, began to move her little hands as a fish moves its fins, making a rustling sound with them on the starched folds of her embroidered skirt. It was not possible to keep from smiling and kissing the little girl; it was not possible to keep from giving her a finger, of which she got hold, screaming, and leaping up with her whole body. It was not possible to keep from offering her the lip, which she, intending it as a kiss, took into her little mouth. And

Anna did all that, and took her into her arms, and rocked her up and down, and kissed her fresh cheek and bared little elbows; but at the sight of this child, it became clearer to her that the feeling which she had for her was not even love in comparison with what she experienced in respect to Serézha. Everything in the girl was sweet, but all that for some reason did not take such hold of her heart. On her first child, even though from a man who was not to her liking, had been expended all the powers of unsatisfied love; the girl had been born under the most oppressive of conditions, and not even one-hundredth part of the cares had been bestowed upon her which had been bestowed on her first-born. Besides, in the girl everything was still in the future, while Serézha was almost a man, a beloved man; in him already struggled thoughts and feelings; he comprehended, he loved, he judged her, she thought, as she recalled his words and glances. And she was for ever separated from him, not only physically, but also spiritually, and it was impossible to mend matters.

She gave the girl back to the wet-nurse, dismissed her, and opened a medallion, in which was Serézha's portrait when he was of about the same age as the girl. She got up and, taking off her hat, picked up from the table an album, in which were photographs of her son at different ages. She wanted to compare the photographs and began to take them out of the album. She took them all out. One was left, the last and best photograph. He wore a white shirt and straddled a chair, knitting his brow and smiling with his mouth. That was his most characteristic and best expression. With her small, agile hand, which on that day moved its slender white fingers with unusual tension, she several times got hold of the corner of the photograph, but it tore off, and she could not get it out. The paper-knife was not on the table, and so she took out the photograph which faced it (it was that of Vrónski,

taken in Rome, in a round hat and long hair), and with it pushed out her son's photograph. "There he is!" she said, looking at Vrónski's picture, and suddenly recalling who was the cause of her present misfortune. She had not once thought of him during that whole morning. But now, as she saw that manly, noble, so familiar, dear face, she suddenly was seized by an unexpected outburst of love for him.

"But where is he? How is it he leaves me alone with my suffering?" she suddenly thought, with a feeling of reproach, forgetting that she herself had concealed from him everything which referred to her son. She sent word to him that she wanted him to come to her at once; she waited for him with trepidation, thinking of the words with which she would tell him everything, and of those expressions of his love which would console her. The messenger returned with the answer that he had a guest, but that he would come at once, and wished to know whether she would receive him with Prince Yáshvin, who had just arrived in St. Petersburg. "He will not come by himself, and he has not seen me since yesterday's dinner," she thought. "He will not come in such a way that I may tell him everything, but in company with Yáshvin." And suddenly she was assailed by the strange thought: "What if he no longer loves me?"

And passing in review the incidents of the last few days, it appeared to her that she saw in everything a confirmation of that terrible thought: the fact that he had not dined at home the day before, and that he insisted that they should occupy separate quarters in St. Petersburg, and that he now was not coming by himself, as though avoiding a private meeting.

"But he must tell me so. I must know it. If I know it, I shall know what to do," she said to herself, unable to imagine the situation in which she would be on becoming sure of his indifference. She thought that he had ceased

loving her, and she felt herself near to despair, and so she was unusually agitated. She rang for the maid, and went to the boudoir. While dressing herself, she busied herself more than ever with her toilet, as though, if he had stopped loving her, he could again return to his love because she would have on the dress and the coiffure which were especially becoming to her.

She heard a bell before she was through dressing.

When she made her appearance in the drawing-room, it was not he, but Yáshvin, who met her glance. He was looking at the pictures of her son, which she had forgotten on the table, and was in no hurry to look up at her.

"We are acquainted," she said, placing her small hand on the huge hand of Yáshvin, who was embarrassed (which was so strange with his immense stature and coarse face). "We have been acquainted since the races of last year. Give them to me!" she said, with a rapid motion taking away from Vrónski the pictures, which he had been examining, and looking significantly at him with her sparkling eyes. "Were there any good races this year? Instead of them I saw this year the races in the Corso at Rome. I know, you do not like life abroad," she said, with a gentle smile. "I know you and all your tastes, though I have not met you often."

"I am very sorry for that, because my tastes are mostly all vicious," said Yáshvin, biting at his left moustache.

Having talked for a little while, and observing that Vrónski was looking at his watch, Yáshvin asked her how long she would remain in St. Petersburg, and, unbending his huge frame, he took hold of his cap.

"I think not very long," she said, in confusion, looking at Vrónski.

"So we shall not see each other again?" said Yáshvin, getting up, and turning to Vrónski. "Where do you dine?"

"Come to dine with me!" Anna said, with determina-

tion, as though angry with herself for her embarrassment, but blushing, as she always did, whenever she indicated her situation to a new man. "The dinner is not good here, but at least you will see him. Of all his regimental friends Aleksyéy loves none so much as you."

"Very glad to," said Yáshvin, with a smile, from which Vrónski saw that he had taken a liking to Anna.

Yáshvin bowed and went away. Vrónski remained in the room.

"Are you going, too?" she asked him.

"I am too late now," he replied. "Go! I will catch up with you," he called down to Yáshvin.

She took his hand and looked fixedly at him, rummaging in her thoughts for something to tell him in order to retain him.

"Wait, I have to tell you some things," and, taking his short hand, she pressed it against her neck. "You don't mind my having invited him to dinner, do you?"

"You did well," he said, with a calm smile, which displayed his serried row of teeth, and kissing her hand.

"Aleksyéy, have you not changed toward me?" she said, pressing his hand with both of hers. "Aleksyéy, I am suffering here. When shall we leave?"

"Soon, soon. You will not believe how hard our life here is to me, too," he said, drawing his hand away.

"Well, go, go!" she said, with indignation, and walking rapidly away from him.

XXXII.

WHEN Vrónski returned home, Anna had not yet come back. Soon after he had left, a lady, he was told, came to see her, and they went away together. The fact that she had gone without leaving word where she was; that she had not yet returned; that she had gone out somewhere in the morning without telling him anything about it, — everything, together with the strangely animated expression of her face, with which she in Yáshvin's presence had almost pulled her son's photographs out of his hands, caused him to reflect. He decided that it was necessary to have an explanation with her. And he waited for her in her drawing-room. But Anna did not return alone, but brought with her her aunt, an old maid, Princess Oblónski. It was the same lady that had come in the morning, and with whom Anna had driven out to make purchases. Anna did not seem to notice the expression of Vrónski's worried and questioning face, and merrily told him what she had bought in the morning. He saw that something peculiar was taking place in her: in her sparkling eyes, as they in passing dwelt on him, there was strained attention, and in her speech and motions was that nervous quickness and grace which had so fascinated him during the first time of their intimacy, but which now agitated and frightened him.

Dinner was set for four. All were ready to go into the small dining-room, when Tushkévich arrived with a message to Anna from Princess Betsy. Princess Betsy begged to be excused for not having come to bid her good-

bye; she was not well, and begged Anna to come to see her between half-past six and nine o'clock. Vrónski looked at Anna when the time was mentioned, which showed that measures had been taken that she should not meet any one, but Anna did not seem to notice it.

"I am very sorry, but I cannot come between half-past six and nine," she said, with the faintest smile.

"The princess will be very sorry."

"I too."

"You, no doubt, are going to hear Patti?" said Tushkévich.

"Patti? You give me a good idea. I should like to go if we could get a box."

"I can get it," Tushkévich offered his services.

"I should be very, very much obliged to you," said Anna. "But won't you dine with us?"

Vrónski gave a barely perceptible shrug with his shoulders. He absolutely failed to understand what Anna was doing. Why had she brought that old princess? Why had she invited Tushkévich to dinner? And, most surprising of all, why did she send him to get her a box? How could she think in her situation of going to an engagement of Patti, where all the society she knew would be? He looked at her with a serious glance, but she replied to him with that provoking, half-merry, half-desperate glance, the meaning of which he could not understand. At dinner Anna was offensively happy; she seemed to be coquetting with Tushkévich and with Yáshvin. When they rose from dinner, and Tushkévich went to get a box, and Yáshvin went out to smoke, Vrónski went with him down-stairs, to his rooms. After staying there for awhile, he ran up-stairs. Anna was already dressed in a light-coloured silk dress with velvet trimmings, which she had had made for herself in Paris, with décolleté bosom, and with costly white lace on her head, which encased her face and most advantageously set off her bright beauty.

"Do you really mean to go to the theatre?" he said, trying not to look at her.

"Why do you ask in such a frightened tone?" she said, again offended because he did not look at her. "Why should I not go?"

She did not seem to understand the meaning of his words.

"Of course there is no reason," he said, frowning.

"That's what I say," she said, purposely not understanding the irony of his tone, and calmly turning her long, perfumed glove.

"Anna, for God's sake, what is the matter with you?" he said, trying to wake her, just as her husband had once spoken to her.

"I do not understand what you are asking about."

"You know that you can't go there."

"Why? I will not go by myself. Princess Várvara has gone to get dressed, — she will go with me."

He shrugged his shoulders, with a look of consternation and despair.

"But do you not know —" he began.

"I do not want to know!" she almost shouted. "I do not want to. Do I repent of what I have done? No, no, and no. And if the same were to happen again from the beginning, I would do it over. For us, for me and for you, only one thing is important, and that is whether we love each other. There are no other considerations. Why do we live here apart, and not see each other? Why can't I go? I love you, and everything else is a matter of indifference to me," she said in Russian, looking at him with a special gleam of her eyes, which was incomprehensible to him, "if you have not changed. Why don't you look at me?"

He looked at her. He saw all the beauty of her face and attire, which was always so becoming to her. But just then it was that very beauty and elegance that irritated him.

“My feeling cannot change, you know, but I beg you not to go, I implore you,” he said, in French, with gentle supplication in his voice, but with coldness in his glance.

She did not hear his words, but saw that coldness of his glance, and so replied, with irritation :

“And I beg you to explain to me why I should not go.”

“Because that may cause you —” He hesitated.

“I do not understand anything. *Yáshvin n'est pas compromettant* and Princess Várvara is in no way worse than the rest. Ah, here she is.”

XXXIII.

VRÓNSKI for the first time experienced toward Anna a feeling of annoyance, almost resentment, for her intentional misunderstanding of her situation. This feeling was increased by the fact that he could not express to her the cause of his annoyance. If he had told her frankly what he thought, he would have answered :

“To appear in the theatre in this attire, with the princess, who is known to everybody, means not only acknowledging your situation as a ruined woman, but also challenging society, that is, for ever renouncing it.”

He could not tell her so. “But why can't she see it, and what is taking place in her ?” he said to himself. He felt that at one and the same time his respect for her was diminishing, and the consciousness of her beauty was increasing.

He returned frowning to his room and, sitting down beside Yáshvin, who had stretched out his long legs on a chair and was drinking cognac with Seltzer, ordered the same thing up for himself.

“You talk of Lankóvski's Mighty. It is a good horse, and I advise you to buy him,” said Yáshvin, looking at the gloomy face of his companion. “He has slanting haunches, but his legs and head are all you can wish for.”

“I think I will take him,” replied Vrónski.

The talk about horses interested him, but he did not for a moment forget Anna, involuntarily listening to the sound

of the steps in the corridor, and looking at the clock on the mantelpiece.

“Anna Arkádevna begs to announce that she has gone to the theatre.”

Yáshvin poured another wine-glass of cognac into the effervescing water, drank it down, and, getting up, buttoned his coat.

“Well, shall we go?” he said, with a faint smile beneath his moustache, and showing by that smile that he understood the cause of Vrónski’s gloom, but did not ascribe any importance to it.

“I will not go,” Vrónski replied, dejectedly.

“But I have to, — I have promised. Well, good-bye! Come to the parquette seats, take Krasínski’s chair!” Yáshvin added, as he was leaving.

“No, I am busy.”

“With a wife there is trouble, and with one who is not a wife it is worse still,” thought Yáshvin, upon leaving the hotel.

Being left alone, Vrónski rose from his chair and began to pace the room.

“What is to-day? The fourth engagement. Egór and his wife are there, and my mother, no doubt, too. That means that all of St. Petersburg is there. Now she has entered, has taken off her fur coat, and has come forward to the gaze of the world. Tushkévich, Yáshvin, Princess Várvara,” he represented to himself. “What about me? Am I afraid, or have I transferred the guardianship to Tushkévich? Look at it as you please, it is stupid, stupid — Why does she place me in such a situation?” he said, waving his hand.

In this motion he struck the little table on which stood the Seltzer and the decanter with the cognac, and almost knocked it down. He wanted to catch it, but only gave it another knock, and so in anger kicked it with his foot and rang the bell.

“If you want to serve with me,” he said to the valet who had entered, “you have to remember your business. Never let that happen again! Clean it up!”

The valet, feeling himself innocent, wanted to justify himself, but, upon looking at his master, he saw from his face that all he had to do was to keep quiet, and so, hurriedly bending his frame, he let himself down on the carpet and began to pick up the uninjured and the broken wine-glasses and bottles.

“That is not your business! Send a lackey in to clean up, and get my dress coat ready!”

Vrónski entered the theatre at half-past eight. The performance was in full blast. The theatre servant, an old man, took off his fur coat and, recognizing him, addressed him as “Your Serenity,” and advised him not to take a number, but simply to call up Fédor. In the brightly illuminated corridor there was nobody but the servant and two lackeys with fur coats on their arms, who were listening at the door. Through the closed door could be heard the sounds of the cautious staccato accompaniment of the orchestra and of one feminine voice, which distinctly enunciated a musical phrase. The door opened, letting in the servant, who slunk through it, and the phrase, which was reaching the end, struck Vrónski’s ear with its full force. But the door was at once closed, and Vrónski did not hear the end of the phrase and the cadence, but he understood from the loud applause that the cadence had come to an end.

When he entered the hall, which was brightly lighted up with lustres and bronze gas-jets, the noise was still being continued. On the stage, the singer, shining with her nude shoulders and diamonds, bending and smiling, was gathering up, with the aid of the tenor, who was holding her hand, the bouquets which kept awkwardly

flying over the footlights. Then she walked over to a gentleman, with a row of hair which was shining in the middle from the pomatum dressing, who with something in his hands was stretching his long arms over the footlights, — and all the public in the parterre, as well as in the boxes, were in a flurry, craning forward, shouting, and clapping hands. The director of the orchestra on his elevation helped in the transmission, and adjusted his white necktie. Vrónski stepped into the middle of the parterre and, stopping, began to look around. On that night he less than ever directed his attention to the familiar, customary surroundings, to the stage, to that noise, to all that familiar, uninteresting, variegated herd of spectators in the chock-full theatre.

In the boxes were the same kind of ladies with the same kind of officers in the background; the same gaily dressed women, — God knew who, — and uniforms, and coats; the same dirty crowd in the gallery, — and in all that mass, in the boxes and in the first rows, there were about forty *real* men and women. And to these oases Vrónski immediately directed his attention, and with them at once entered into relations.

The act had just ended when he came in, and so he did not go to his brother's box, but walked down to the first row and stopped at the footlights with Serpukhovskóy, who, bending his knee and striking his heel against the balustrade, and observing him from a distance, called him up with a smile.

Vrónski had not yet seen Anna and purposely did not look in her direction. But he knew from the direction of the glances where she was. Imperceptibly he looked around, but he did not search for her; expecting the worst, he sought Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich with his eyes. To his luck, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich was not in the theatre on that evening.

“How little of the military there is left in you!”

Serpukhovskóy said to him. "A diplomatist, an artist, that's what it is."

"Yes, ever since my return home I have put on the dress coat," Vrónski replied, smiling, and at once taking out his opera-glass.

"In this, I must say, I envy you. Whenever I return from abroad and put on this," he touched his shoulder-knot, "I feel sorry for my liberty."

Serpukhovskóy had long ago given up his hope that Vrónski would enter the service, but he loved him as of old and now was particularly kind to him.

"It is too bad, you have missed the first act."

Vrónski, who was listening with one ear only, transferred his opera-glass from the baignoire to the bel-étage, and examined the boxes. Near a lady in a turban and a bald-headed old man, who angrily winked in the glass of the opera-glass as it moved up to him, Vrónski suddenly saw Anna's proud, strikingly beautiful head, which was smiling in a frame of lace. She was in the fifth baignoire, within twenty steps from him. She was sitting in front and, turning slightly around, was saying something to Yáshvin. The poise of her head on her beautiful, broad shoulders and the repressed and animated gleam of her eyes and of the whole face reminded him of her as she had been at the ball in Moscow. But at the present time he appreciated her beauty quite differently. In his sentiment for her there was now nothing mysterious, and so her beauty, though it attracted him more powerfully than before, at the same time offended him. She was not looking in his direction, but Vrónski felt that she had already seen him.

When Vrónski again turned his opera-glass toward her, he observed that Princess Várvara was unusually red, and was laughing in an unnatural manner and constantly looking around at the neighbouring box. But Anna, having folded her fan, was striking the red velvet

with it and looking somewhere, and did not see and apparently did not wish to see what was going on in the next box. On Yáshvin's face was that expression which he generally had when he had lost at cards. He was scowling and sticking his left moustache deeper and deeper into his mouth and looking askance at the neighbouring box.

In that box, on the left, were the Kartásovs. Vrónski knew them, and he knew that Anna had been acquainted with them. Kartásov's wife, a small, thin woman, was standing in her box, and, turning her back to Anna, was putting on a wrap, which her husband had handed her. Her face was pale and angry, and she was saying something in an agitated voice. Kartásov, a fat, bald-headed old man, who kept looking back at Anna, was trying to calm his wife. When his wife had left, the husband lagged behind, trying to find Anna with his eyes, and evidently wishing to bow to her. But Anna, who evidently did not notice him on purpose, turning back, was saying something to Yáshvin, who had bent his closely cropped head down to her. Kartásov went out, without bowing, and the box was left empty.

Vrónski did not understand what it was that had happened between the Kartásovs and Anna, but he knew that something humiliating for Anna had happened. This he understood from what he saw, and still more from the face of Anna, who, he knew, had gathered her last strength in order to carry out the rôle which she had taken upon herself. And in this rôle of external calm she was quite successful. Those who did not know her and her circle, who had not heard all the expressions of regret and indignation and surprise of the women, because she had allowed herself to appear in the world, and to show herself so tellingly in her lace attire and in all her beauty, admired the calm and beauty of that woman, and did not suspect that she was experiencing the feeling of a man who is placed in the pillory.

Knowing that something had happened, but not knowing what it was, Vrónski experienced an agonizing alarm and went to his brother's box, hoping to find out something. He purposely selected an aisle of the parterre which was opposite to Anna's box, and, in walking out through it, fell in with the former commander of his regiment, who was talking with two acquaintances. Vrónski heard Karénin's name mentioned, and he observed that the commander hastened to call Vrónski, looking significantly at the speakers.

"Ah, Vronski! When will you come to the regiment? We can't let you go without a banquet. You are our tap-root," said the commander of the regiment.

"I shall not have the time, — I am very sorry, — some other day," said Vrónski. And he ran up-stairs to his brother's box.

The old countess, Vrónski's mother, with her steel-gray locks, was in his brother's box. He met Vára with Princess Sorókin in the corridor of the bel-étage.

Having taken the young Princess Sorókin to her mother, Vára took the arm of her brother-in-law and immediately began to speak with him about what interested him. She was agitated as he had never seen her before.

"I find that it is base and low, and Madame Kartásov had no right whatever. Madame Karénin — " she began.

"What is it? I do not know."

"What, you have not heard?"

"You understand that I would be the last to hear it."

"Can there be a meaner creature than that Madame Kartásov?"

"But what has she done?"

"My husband has told me — She has insulted Anna Karénin. Her husband began to speak with her across the box, and his wife made a scene for him. I understand that she said something offensive in a loud voice and left the box."

"Count, your mamma is calling you," said Princess Sorókin, thrusting her head through the box door.

"I have been waiting for you all this time," his mother said to him, with a sarcastic smile. "You do not show yourself any more!"

Her son could see that she could not repress a smile of joy.

"Good evening, mamma! I was coming to see you," he said, coldly.

"Why don't you go to *faire la cour à Madame Karénine?*" she added, when young Princess Sorókin had moved away. "*Elle fait sensation. On oublie la Patti pour elle.*"

"Mamma, I have asked you not to speak of it," he said, frowning.

"I am saying what everybody is talking about."

Vrónski made no reply, and having said a few words to Princess Sorókin, left the box. At the door he met his brother.

"Ah, Aleksyéy!" said his brother. "What baseness! An idiot, and nothing more — I wanted to go to her. Let us go together!"

Vrónski did not hear what he was saying. He went down-stairs with rapid steps; he felt that he had to do something, but did not know what. The indignation with her for having placed herself and him in such a false situation, together with pity for her sufferings, agitated him. He went down to the parterre and moved up straight to Anna's baignoire. At the box was standing Strémov, who was talking with her.

"There are no more tenors. *Le moule en est brisé.*"

Vrónski bowed to her and stopped, exchanging greetings with Strémov.

"I think you came late and did not hear the best aria," Anna said to Vrónski, looking sarcastically, as he thought, at him.

"I am a poor judge," he said, looking sternly at her.

"Like Prince Yáshvin," she said, smiling, "who finds that Patti sings too loud."

"Thank you," she said, taking into her small hand in the long glove the programme, which Vrónski had picked up. At that moment her beautiful face suddenly twitched. She got up and went to the back of the box.

Observing that during the next act her box was empty, Vrónski, provoking the hisses of the audience, which had grown quiet at the sounds of a cavatina, left the parterre and drove home.

Anna was already there. When Vrónski came to see her, she was still in the same attire in which she had been at the theatre. She was sitting on the first chair by the wall, and looking in front of her. She glanced at him and immediately assumed her former position.

"Anna," he said.

"You, you are to blame for everything!" she exclaimed, with tears of despair and malice in her voice, as she was getting up.

"I begged, I implored you not to go; I knew that it would be unpleasant for you —"

"Unpleasant!" she shouted. "Terrible! No matter how long I live, I shall not forget it. She said that it was disgraceful to sit beside me."

"The words of a foolish woman," he said, "but why risk and provoke —"

"I despise your calm. You must not bring me to that. If you loved me —"

"Anna, what has the question of my love to do with it?"

"Yes, if you loved me as I love you; if you suffered as I do —" she said, looking at him with an expression of fright.

He was sorry for her, and yet annoyed. He assured her of his love, because he saw that that alone would

quiet her now, and did not rebuke her with words, but in his soul he reproached her.

And those assurances of love, which to him appeared so trite that he was ashamed to utter them, she imbibed, and slowly calmed down. On the following day they were fully conciliated, and left for the country.



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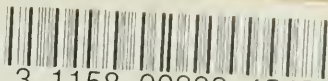
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