Prof. of Nick Horn

Read June 1908

Read Nov. 1918
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# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

**Volume I**

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INTRODUCTION.

To preserve, so far as possible, the spirit and style of the original, has been the translator's aim in presenting, for the first time to English readers, Count Tolstoi's great novel, "Anna Karenina."

After the present translation was begun, an anonymous French paraphrase appeared. In order to hasten the preparation of this volume for the press, that version has been used in a few passages, but always with the Russian original at hand. It is a novel which, in spite of some faults of repetition, easily stands in the front rank of the great romances of the world. Its moral lesson is wonderful, — perhaps equalled only by that of George Eliot's "Romola."

The sympathy of the reader will doubtless be moved by the passion of the ill-fated Anna. Married without love to a man old enough to be her father, falling under the fascination of one whom, under happier auspices, she might have wedded with happiness and honor, she takes the law into her own hands. As a recent French critic says, the loves of Vronsky and Anna are almost chaste. But lovely though she be, intellectual and brilliant, the highest type of a woman of the best society, she finds that she cannot defy the law. The mills of the gods grind slowly, but the end is inevitable.

Polevoi, in his illustrated "History of Russian Literature," says of this story: "Count Tolstoi dwells with especial fondness on the sharp contrast between the frivolity, the tinsel brightness, the tumult and vanity, of the worldly life, and the sweet, holy calm enjoyed by those who, possessing the soil, live amid the beauties of Nature and the pleasures of the family." This contrast will strike the attention of every reader. It is the outgrowth of Count
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Tolstoi's own life, a brief sketch of which may be acceptable.

Count Lyof Nikolayevitch Tolstoi was born on the 28th of August, o. s. 1828, at Yasnaia Polyana, in the Government of Tula. His father was a retired lieutenant-colonel, who traced his ancestry to Count Piotr Andreyevitch Tolstoi, a friend and companion of Peter the Great. His mother was the Princess Marya Nikolayevna Volkonskaia, the only daughter of Prince Nikolai Sergeyevitch Volkonsky. She died when he was but two years old; and a distant relative, Tatyana Aleksandrovna Yergolskaia, took charge of the training of the family. In 1838 they all went to live in Moscow, where the eldest son, Nikolai, was pursuing his studies in the university. But the following summer the father died suddenly, leaving his affairs in confusion; and Theodore Russell, the German tutor, and Prosper Saint Thomas, the French tutor, both of whom figure in Count Tolstoi's novels, had to be dismissed; and the family was divided. The two elder brothers remained in Moscow with their paternal aunt, the Countess Aleksandra Ilinishna Osten-Sacken; and Lyof, with his brother Dmitri and his sister Marya, were taken back to Yasnaia Polyana by Madame Yergolskaia. Here they enjoyed a rather desultory education,—now under German tutors, and now under Russian seminarists. In 1840 the Countess Osten-Sacken died; and all the Tolstois were taken by their paternal aunt, Pelagia Ilinishna Yushkovaia, who lived with her husband at Kazan. Nikolai left the University of Moscow, and entered that of Kazan.

In 1843 Count Lyof also entered the university, and took up the study of Oriental languages; but at the end of a year he exchanged that course for the law, which occupied his attention for two years more. But when his brothers passed their final examination, and went back to the old estate, he suddenly determined to leave the university without graduation, and returned to Yasnaia Polyana, where he lived until 1851. In that year his favorite brother, Nikolai, came home from the Caucasus, where he was serving. He inspired Count Lyof with "the desire to see new lands, and new people." He returned with Nikolai, and found the splendid scenery and the wild, unconventional life of this region, which Pushkin, Lermontof, and other great Russian poets had described in their verse, so fascinating, that he entered
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the service, as a *yunker* in the fourth battery of the Twen-
tieth Artillery Brigade, where his brother held the rank of
captain.

Here in the Caucasus, Count Tolstoi first began to write
fiction. He planned a great romance, which should embrace
his early recollections and the traditions of his family.

His three stories, "Infancy" (*Dyetsvo*), "Adolescence"
(*Otrotchestvo*), and "Youth" (*Yunost*). "Youth" was
published in 1852, in the "Contemporary" (*Sovremennik*).

In the Caucasus he also wrote his popular sketches of war-
life, "The Incursion" (*Nabyeg*), "The Cutting of the
Forest" (*Rubka Lyesa*), and his novel, "The Cossaks"
(*Kazaki*), which did not appear till later.

Count Tolstoi lived nearly three years in the Caucasus,
taking part in numerous expeditions, and enduring all the
privations which fell to the lot of the common soldiers. He
thus gathered the materials for his remarkable "War
Sketches" (*Voyennuie Razskazui*). When the Eastern
war broke out, Count Tolstoi was transferred, at his own
request, to the army of the Danube, and was on Prince M.
D. Gortchákov's staff. Later he took part in the famous
defence of Sevastópol, and was promoted to the rank of
division commander. After the storming of Sevastópol, he
was sent as special courier to St. Petersburg. At this time
he wrote his two sketches, "Sevastópol in December," and
"Sevastópol in May." After the war he retired to private
life, and for several years spent the winter months in Pe-
tersburg and Moscow, and his summers on his estate. These
years were the culmination of his literary activity. His
story, "Youth" (*Yunost*), which he had written in Cir-
cassia, as well as the tales, "Sevastópol in August," "The
Two Hussars," and "The Three Deaths," appeared about
the same time, in the magazines. He began to be recog-
nized as one of Russia's greatest writers.

The emancipation of the serfs [*krestyanins*], in 1861,
stirred his interest in agronomic questions; and, like Kon-
stantin Levin, he went to study these questions in other cou-
tries of Europe. He also felt it his duty to live constantly
on his estate; and he became justice, or judge, of the peace
[*mirovoi sudya*], and was interested in the establishment of
a pedagogical journal, called after the name of the place,
"Yasnaia Polyana." In 1862 he married Sofia Andreyevna
Beers, the daughter of a Moscow doctor, who held a chair in the
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university, and whose wife's family estates were situated not far from Yasnaja Polyana. He had already published his story, "War and Peace" [Voina i Mir], which described the events of the year 1812 with a master-hand. Great things were predicted and expected of Count Tolstoi; but he devoted himself with renewed interest to his efforts in the direction of popular education, and, for more than ten years, published nothing but spellers and readers for the use of district schools.

In 1873 a famine was raging in a distant province; and Count Tolstoi wrote a brief and telling letter to one of the Moscow newspapers, drawing public attention to it. He also went personally to the famine-stricken province, and made a report upon the condition of the peasantry, and what he saw. The letter had its effect, and help was sent, both by government and by private individuals.

In 1875 Count Tolstoi began the publication of "Anna Karénina" in the pages of the "Russian Messenger" [Russki Vyestnik]. The publication of this work continued, not for months alone, but for years, and still kept public attention. Not even a break of some months between two of the parts was sufficient to cool the interest of its readers. Its power is immense. After reading it, real life seems like fiction, and fiction like real life. There is not a detail added that does not increase the effect of this realism. In certain scenes, indeed, the realism is too intense for our Puritan taste; and, perforce, several of these scenes have been more or less modified in the present translation. For the most part, the translation follows the original. In order to preserve, so far as possible, the Russian flavor of the story, many characteristic Russian words have been employed, always accompanied by their meaning, and generally accented properly. A glossary of those used more than once will be found. This use of Russian words was adopted after some deliberation, and in spite of the risk of seeming affectation. The spelling of these words, and of the proper names, is a bog in which it is almost impossible not to get foundered. Consistency would seem to demand one of two courses,—either to spell all words as they are spelled in Russian, or to spell them as they are pronounced. According to the first method, the name Catherine would be spelled Ekaterina; according to the other, Yekatyerina. According to the one, the word for father would be otets; according to
the other, atyets. The translator lays not the slightest claim to consistency. The same letter he has sometimes represented by the diphthong ia, sometimes by ya. He has also used the numerous diminutives for proper names, which are so characteristic of Russian; and, in order that there may be no confusion, he has made a list of the principal characters, with their aliases. The Russians use many interjections; and the simpler of them have been introduced, for the same purpose of imparting the foreign flavor. In some cases, the terms "Madame" and "Mr." have been used; but in Russian, the difference in sex is shown by the termination. Thus, the wife of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch Karénin is spoken of either as Anna Arkadyevna, or simply as Karénina. Thus, Prince Tverskoï and the Princess Tverskaïa. It will be noticed that all characters bear two names besides the family name. The first is the baptismal name, the second is the patronymic. Thus, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch means Alexis, the son of Alexander: Anna Arkadyevna means Anna, the daughter of Arcadius. This nomenclature is a relic of the patriarchal family system, and is paralleled in many countries: as, for example, in Scotland, where Tam MacTavish means Thomas Davidson; or in Wales, where every man has an Ap to his name. The term translated "prince," perhaps, needs some explanation. A Russian prince may be a boot-black or a ferryman. The word kniaze denotes a descendant of any of the hundreds of petty rulers, who, before the time of the unification of Russia, held the land. They all claim descent from the semi-mythical Rurik; and as every son of a kniaze bears the title, it may be easily imagined how numerous they are. The term prince, therefore, is really a too high-sounding title to represent it.

It need scarcely be added, after what has been said of the author, that he has evidently painted himself in the character of Levin. His fondness for the muzhik, his struggles with doubts, his final emergence into the light of faith, are all paralleled in this country proprietor, whose triumph brings the book to a close. It is interesting to turn from "My Religion" to the evolution of this character, who seems vaguely to forebode some such spiritual transformation. At all events, the teaching of the story cannot fail to be considered in the highest degree moral and stimulating.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.
CHIEF PERSONS OF THE STORY.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch Karénin.
Anna Arkadyevna Karénina.
Count Alekséi Kirillovitch Vronsky (Alosha).
His mother, Countess Vronskaia.
Prince (Kniaz) Stepan Arkadyevitch Oblonsky (Stiva).
Princess (Kniagina) Darya Aleksandrovna Oblonskaia (Dolly, Dólinka, Dáshenka).
Konstantin (Kostia) Dmitriyevitch (Dmitrich) Levin, proprietor of Pokrovsky.
His half-brother, Sergeï Ivanovitch (Ivanuitch, Ivanitch) Koznuishef.
Prince Aleksander Shcherbatsky.
Princess Shcherbatskaia.
Their daughter, Ekaterina (Kitty, Katyonka, Katerina, Katya) Aleksandrovna Shcherbatskaia, afterwards Levina.
PART I.

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay."

I.

All happy families resemble one another, every unhappy family is unhappy after its own fashion.

Confusion reigned in the house of the Oblonskys. The wife had discovered that her husband was too attentive to the French governess who had been in their employ, and she declared that she could not live in the same house with him. For three days this situation had lasted, and the torment was felt by the parties themselves and by all the members of the family and the domestics. All the members of the family and the domestics felt that there was no sense in their trying to live together longer, and that in every hotel people who meet casually had more mutual interests than they, the members of the family and the domestics of the house of Oblonsky. Madame did not come out of her own rooms: it was now the third day that the husband had not been at home. The children ran over the whole house as though they were crazy; the English maid quarrelled with the housekeeper and wrote to a friend, begging her to find her a new place. The head cook went off the evening before just at dinner-time; the black cook and the coachman demanded their wages.

On the third day after the quarrel, Prince Stepan Arkadyevitch Oblonsky—Stiva, as he was known in society—awoke at the usual hour, that is to say about eight o'clock, not in his wife's chamber, but in his library, on a leather-
covered lounge. He turned his pampered form over on the springs of the lounge. In his efforts to catch another nap, he took the cushion and hugged it close to his other cheek. But suddenly he sat up and opened his eyes.

"Well, well! how was it?" he thought, recalling a dream. "Yes, how was it? Yes! Alabin gave a dinner at Darmstadt; no, not at Darmstadt, but it was something American. Yes, but this Darmstadt was in America. Yes, Alabin gave a dinner on glass tables, yes, and the tables sang, "Il mio tesoro;" no, not "Il mio tesoro," but something better; and some little decanters, they were women!" said he, continuing his recollections.

Prince Stepan's eyes gleamed with joy and he smiled as he thought, "Yes, it was good, very good. It was extremely elegant, but you can't tell it in words, and you can't express the reality even in thought." Then noticing a ray of sunlight that came through the side of one of the heavy curtains, he gayly set foot down from the lounge, found his gilt leather slippers—they had been embroidered for him by his wife the year before as a birthday present—and according to the old custom which he had kept up for nine years, without rising, he stretched out his hand to the place where in his chamber he hung his dressing-gown. And then he suddenly remembered how and why he had slept, not in his wife's chamber, but in the library; the smile vanished from his face and he frowned.

"Ach! ach! ach! ah," he groaned, recollecting every thing that had occurred. And before his mind arose once more all the details of the quarrel with his wife, all the hopelessness of his situation, and most lamentable of all, his own fault.

"No! she will not and she can not forgive me. And what is the worst of it, 'twas all my own fault—my own fault, and yet I am not to blame. It's all like a drama," he thought. "Ach! ach! ach!" he kept murmuring in his despair, as he revived the unpleasant memories of this quarrel.

Most disagreeable of all was that first moment when returning from the theatre, happy and self-satisfied, with a monstrous pear for his wife in his hand, he did not find her in the sitting-room, did not find her in the library, and at last saw her in her chamber holding the fatal letter which revealed all.
She, his Dolly, this forever busy and fussy and foolish creature as he always looked upon her, sat motionless with the note in her hand, and looked at him with an expression of terror, despair and wrath.

"What is this? This?" she demanded, pointing to the note.

Prince Stepan's torment at this recollection was caused less by the fact itself than by the answer which he gave to these words of his wife. His experience at that moment was the same that other people have had when unexpectedly caught in some shameful deed. He was unable to prepare his face for the situation caused by his wife's discovery of his sin. Instead of getting offended, or denying it, or justifying himself, or asking forgiveness, or showing indifference—any thing would have been better than what he really did—in spite of himself, by a reflex action of the brain as Stepan Arkadyevitch explained it, for he loved Physiology, absolutely in spite of himself he suddenly smiled with his ordinary good-humored and therefore stupid smile.

He could not forgive himself for that stupid smile. When Dolly saw that smile, she trembled as with physical pain, poured forth a torrent of bitter words, quite in accordance with her natural temper, and fled from the room. Since that time she had not wanted to see her husband.

"That stupid smile caused the whole trouble," thought Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"But what is to be done about it?" he asked himself in despair, and found no answer.

II.

Stepan Arkadyevitch was a sincere man as far as he himself was concerned. He could not deceive himself and persuade himself that he repented of what he had done. He could not feel sorry that he, a handsome, susceptible man of four and thirty, did not now love his wife, the mother of his seven children, five of whom were living, though she was only a year his junior. He regretted only that he had not succeeded in hiding it better from her. But he felt the whole weight of the situation and pitied his wife, his children and himself. Possibly he would have had better success in deceiving his wife had he realized that this news would have
had such an effect upon her. Evidently this view of it had never occurred to him before, but he had a dim idea that his wife was aware of his infidelity and looked at it through her fingers. As she had lost her freshness, was beginning to look old, was no longer pretty and far from distinguished and entirely commonplace, though she was an excellent matron, he had thought that she would allow her innate sense of justice to plead for him. But it proved to be quite the contrary.

"O how wretched! ay! ay! ay!" said Prince Stepan to himself over and over. He could not collect his thoughts. "And how well every thing was going until this happened! How delightfully we lived! She was content, happy with the children; I never interfered with her in any way, I allowed her to do as she pleased with the children and the household! To be sure it was bad that she had been our own governess; 'twas bad. There is something trivial and common in playing the gallant to one's own governess! But what a governess! [He gave a quick thought to Mlle. Roland's black roguish eyes and her smile.] But as long as she was here in the house with us I did not permit myself any liberties. And the worst of all is that she is already. . . . Every thing happens just to spite me. Ay! ay! ay! But what, what is to be done?"

There was no answer except that common answer which life gives to all the most complicated and insoluble questions. Her answer is this: You must live according to circumstances, in other words, forget yourself. But as you cannot forget yourself in sleep— at least till night, as you cannot return to that music which the decanter-women sang, therefore you must forget yourself in the dream of life!

"We shall see by and by," said Stepan Arkadyevitch to himself, and rising he put on his gray dressing-gown with blue silk lining, tied the tassels into a hasty knot, and took a full breath into his ample lungs. Then with his usual firm step he went over to the window, where he lifted the curtain and loudly rang the bell. It was answered by his old friend, the valet de chambre Matvé, bringing his clothes, boots and a telegram. Behind Matvé came the barber with the shaving utensils.

"Are there any papers from the court-house?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, taking the telegram and placing himself before the mirror.
"On the breakfast-table," replied Matvé, looking with inquiry and interest at his master, and after an instant's pause added with a cunning smile, "I just came from the boss of the livery-stable."

Stepan Arkadyevitch answered not a word, but he looked at Matvé in the mirror. In their interchange of glances it could be seen how they understood each other. The look of Stepan Arkadyevitch seemed to ask, "Why did you say that? Don't you know?"

Matvé thrust his hands in his sack-coat pockets, kicked out his leg, and with an almost imperceptible smile on his good-natured face, looked back to his master:

"I ordered him to come next Sunday, and till then that you and I should not be annoyed without reason," said he, with a phrase apparently ready on his tongue.

Prince Stepan perceived that Matvé wanted to jest and attract attention to himself. He tore open the telegram and read it, guessing at the words that were written in cipher, and his face brightened.

"Matvé, sister Anna Arkadyevna is coming," said he, staying for a moment the plump, gleaming hand of his barber who was trying to make a pink path through his long, curly whiskers.

"Thank God," cried Matvé, showing by this exclamation that he understood as well as his master the significance of this arrival, that it meant that Anna Arkadyevna, Prince Stepan's loving sister, might effect a reconciliation between husband and wife.

"Alone or with her husband?" asked Matvé.

Stepan Arkadyevitch could not speak, as the barber was engaged on his upper lip, but he lifted one finger. Matvé nodded his head toward the mirror.

"Alone. Get her room ready?"

"Report to Darya Aleksandrovna, and let her decide."

"To Darya Aleksandrovna?" reported Matvé rather sceptically.

"Yes! report to her. And here, take the telegram, give it to her and do as she says."

"You want to try an experiment," was the thought in Matvé's mind, but he only said, "I will obey!"

By this time Stepan Arkadyevitch had finished his bath and his toilet, and was just putting on his clothes, when Matvé, stepping slowly with squeaking boots, and holding the
telegram in his hand, returned to the room. . . . The barber was no longer there.

"Darya Aleksandrovna bade me tell you she is going away. . . . To do just as they — as you — please about it," said Matvé with a smile lurking in his eyes. Thrusting his hands in his pockets, and bending his head to one side, he looked at his master. Stepan Arkadyevitch was silent. Then a good-humored and rather pitiful smile lighted up his handsome face.

"Hey? Matvé?" he said, shaking his head.

"It's nothing, sir; she will come to her senses," answered Matvé.

"Will come to her senses?"

"Exactly."

"Do you think so? — Who is there?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, hearing the rustle of a woman's dress behind the door.

"It's me," said a powerful and pleasant female voice, and in the door-way appeared the severe and pimply face of Matriona Filimonovna, the nurse.

"Well, what is it, Matriosha?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, meeting her at the door.

Notwithstanding the fact that Stepan Arkadyevitch was entirely in the wrong as regarded his wife, as he himself confessed, still almost every one in the house, even the old nurse, Darya's chief friend, was on his side.

"Well, what?" he asked gloomily.

"You go down, sir, ask her forgiveness, just once. Perhaps the Lord will bring it out right. She is tormenting herself grievously, and it is pitiful to see her; and every thing in the house is going criss-cross. The children, sir, you must have pity on them. Ask her forgiveness, sir! What is to be done? If you like to coast down hill you've got to . . ."

"But she won't accept an apology . . ."

"But you do your part. God is merciful, sir: pray to God."

"Very well, then, come on," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, suddenly blushing. — "Very well, let me have my things," said he, turning to Matvé, and resolutely throwing off his dressing-gown.

Matvé had every thing all ready for him, and stood blowing off invisible dust from the shirt stiff as a horse
collar, in which he proceeded with evident satisfaction to invest his master's luxurious form.

III.

Having dressed, Stepan Arkadyevitch sprinkled himself with cologne, straightened the sleeves of his shirt, according to his wont, filled his pockets with cigarettes, portemonnaie, matches, and his watch with its locket and double chain, and shaking out his handkerchief, feeling clean, well-perfumed, healthy and happy in body, if not in mind, went out to the dining-room, where his coffee was already waiting for him, and next the coffee his letters and the papers from the courthouse.

He read his letters. One was very disagreeable,—from a merchant who was negotiating for the purchase of a forest on his wife's estate. It was necessary to sell this wood, but now there could be nothing done about it until a reconciliation was effected with his wife. Most unpleasant it was to think that his interests in this approaching transaction were complicated with his reconciliation to his wife. And the thought that this interest might be his motive, that his desire for a reconciliation with his wife was caused by his desire to sell the forest, this thought worried him.

Having finished his letters Stepan Arkadyevitch took up the papers from the courthouse, rapidly turned over the leaves of two deeds, made several notes with a big pencil, and then pushing them away, took his coffee. While he was drinking it he opened a morning journal still damp, and began to read.

It was a liberal paper which Stepan Arkadyevitch subscribed to and read. It was not extreme in its views, but advocated those principles which the majority hold. And in spite of the fact that he was not interested in science or art or politics, in the true sense of the word, he strongly adhered to the views on all such subjects, as the majority, including this paper, advocated, and he changed them only when the majority changed; or more correctly, he did not change them, but they changed themselves imperceptibly.

Prince Stepan never chose a line of action or an opinion, but thought and action were alike suggested to him, just as he never chose the shape of a hat or coat, but took those
that were fashionable. And for one who lived in the upper ten, through the necessity of some mental activity, it was as indispensable to have views as to have a hat. If there was any reason why he preferred a liberal rather than the conservative direction which some of his circle followed, it was not that he found a liberal tendency more rational, but that it better suited his mode of life. The liberal party said that every thing in Russia was wretched; and the fact was, that Stepan Arkadyevitch had a good many debts and was decisively short of money. The liberal party said that marriage was a defunct institution and that it needed to be remodelled. And the fact was, that domestic life afforded Stepan Arkadyevitch very little pleasure, and compelled him to lie, and to assume that it was contrary to his nature. The liberal party said, or rather took it for granted, that religion was only a curb on the barbarous portion of the community; and the fact was, that Stepan Arkadyevitch could not bear the shortest prayer without pain, and he could not comprehend the necessity of all these awful and high-sounding words about the other world when it was so very pleasant to live in this. And moreover Stepan Arkadyevitch, who liked a merry jest, was sometimes fond of scandalizing a quiet man by saying that any one who was proud of his origin ought not to stop at Rurik and deny his earliest ancestor—the monkey. Thus the liberal side had become a habit with Stepan Arkadyevitch, and he liked his paper, just as he liked his cigar after dinner, because of the slight haziness which it caused in his brain. He now read the leading editorial, which explained how in our day a cry is raised, without reason, over the danger that radicalism may swallow up all the conservative elements, and that government ought to take measures to crush the hydra of revolution, and how, on the contrary, "according to our opinion, the danger lies not in this imaginary hydra of revolution, but in the inertia of traditions which block progress," and so on. He read through another article on finance in which Bentham and Mill were mentioned and which dropped some sharp hints for the ministry. With his peculiar quickness of comprehension he appreciated each point,—from whom and against whom and on what occasion each was directed; and this as usual afforded him some amusement. But his satisfaction was poisoned by the remembrance of Matriona's advice and by the chaos that reigned in the house. He read also that Count von Beust
was reported to have left for Wiesbaden, that there was to be no more gray hair; he read about the sale of a light carriage and the offer of a young person. But these items did not afford him quiet satisfaction and ironical pleasure as ordinarily.

Having finished his paper, his second cup of coffee, and a buttered kalatch, he stood up, shook the crumbs of the roll from his vest, and filling his broad chest, smiled joyfully, not because there was anything extraordinarily pleasant in his mind, but the joyful smile was caused by good digestion.

But this joyful smile immediately brought back the memory of everything, and he sank into thought.

Two children's voices—Stepan Arkadyevitch recognized the voice of Grisha, his youngest boy, and Tania, his eldest daughter—were now heard behind the door. They brought something and dropped it.

"I tell you, you can't put passengers on top," cried the little girl in English. — "Now pick 'em up."

"Every thing is at sixes and sevens," thought Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Now here the children are, running wild!" Then going to the door, he called to them. They dropped the little box which served them for a railway train, and ran to their father.

The little girl, her father's favorite, ran in boldly, embraced him and laughingly clung around his neck, enjoying as usual the odor which exhaled from his whiskers. Then kissing his face reddened by his bending position, and beaming with tenderness, the little girl unclasped her hands and wanted to run away again, but her father held her back.

"What is mamma doing?" he asked, caressing his daughter's smooth, soft neck. "How are you?" he added, smiling at the boy who stood saluting him. He acknowledged he had less love for the little boy, yet he tried to be impartial. But the boy felt the difference, and did not smile back in reply to his father's chilling smile.

"Mamma? She's up," answered the little girl.

Stepan Arkadyevitch sighed, and thought, "It shows that she has spent another sleepless night."

"What? is she happy?"

The little girl knew that there was trouble between her father and mother, and that her mother could not be happy, and that her father ought to know it, and that he was dissem-
bling when he asked her so lightly. And she blushed for her father. He instantly perceived it and also blushed.

"I don't know," she said: "she told me not to study, but she told me to go with Miss Hull over to grandmother's."

"Well, then, run along, Tanchurotchka moya. — Oh, yes, wait," said he, still detaining her and smoothing her delicate little hand.

He took down from the mantel-piece a box of candy that he had placed there the day before, and gave her two pieces, selecting her favorite chocolate and vanilla.

"For Grisha?" she asked, pointing at the chocolate.

"Yes, yes;" and still smoothing her soft shoulder he kissed her on the neck and hair, and let her go.

"The carriage is at the door," said Matvé, and he added, "A woman is here to ask a favor."

"Has she been here long?" demanded Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"Half an hour."

"How many times have you been told never to keep any one waiting?"

"I had to get your coffee ready," replied Matvé in his kind, rough voice, at which no one could ever take offence.

"Well, ask her up instantly," said Prince Stepan with an angry face.

The petitioner, the wife of Captain Kalenin, asked some impossible and nonsensical favor; but Prince Stepan, according to his custom, gave her a comfortable seat, listened to her story without interrupting, and then gave her careful advice to whom and how to apply, and in lively and eloquent style wrote in his big, scrawling, but handsome and legible hand a note to the person who might be able to aid her. Having dismissed the captain's wife, Stepan Arkadyevitch took his hat and stood for a moment trying to remember whether he had not forgotten something. The result was that he forgot nothing except what he wanted to forget — his wife.

"Ah, yes!" He dropped his head, and a gloomy expression came over his handsome face. "To go, or not to go," said he to himself; and an inner voice told him that it was not advisable to go, that there was no way out of it except through falsehood, that to straighten, to smooth out their relations was impossible, because it was impossible to make her attractive and lovable again, or to make him an old man insensible to passion. Nothing but falsehood and lying could
come of it, and falsehood and lying were opposed to his nature.

"But it must be done sooner or later; it can't remain so always," he said, striving to gain courage. He straightened himself, took out a cigarette, lighted it, inhaled the smoke two or three times, threw it into a pearl-lined ash-tray, went with quick steps towards the sitting-room, and opened the door into his wife's sleeping-room.

IV.

Darya Aleksandrovna, dressed in a koftotchka (or jersey) and surrounded by all sorts of things thrown in confusion, was standing in the room before an open chest of drawers from which she was removing the contents. She had hastily pinned back her hair, which now showed thin, but had once been thick and beautiful, and her great eyes staring from her pale, worn face had an expression of terror. When she heard her husband's steps she turned to the door, and vainly tried to put on a stern and forbidding face. She knew that she feared him and that she dreaded the coming interview. She was in the act of doing what she had attempted to do a dozen times during the three days, and that was to gather up her own effects and those of her children and escape to her mother's house. Yet she could not bring herself to do it. Now, as before, she said to herself that things could not remain as they were, that she must take some measures to punish, to shame him in partial expiation for the pain that he had caused her. She still said that it was her duty to leave him, but she felt that it was impossible: it was impossible to get rid of the thought that he was still her husband and she loved him. Moreover she confessed that if in her own home she had barely succeeded in taking care of her five children, it would be far worse where she was going with them. Her youngest was already suffering from the effects of a poorly made broth, and the rest had been obliged to go without dinner the night before. She felt that it was impossible to go, yet for the sake of deceiving herself she was collecting her things under the pretence of going.

When she saw her husband, she thrust her hands into the drawers of the bureau and did not lift her head until he was close to her. Then in place of the severe and determined
look which she intended to assume, she turned to him a face full of pain and indecision.

"Dolly," said he in a gentle subdued voice. She lifted her head, and gazed at him, hoping to see a humble and submissive mien; but he was radiant with fresh life and health. She surveyed him from head to foot with his radiant life and healthy face, and she thought, "He is happy and contented—but I? Ah, this good nature which others find so pleasant in him is revolting to me!" Her mouth grew firm, the muscles of her right cheek contracted nervously, and she looked straight ahead.

"What do you want?" she demanded in a quick, unnatural tone.

"Dolly," he repeated with a quaver in his voice, "Anna is coming to-day."

"Well, what is that to me? I cannot receive her."

"Still, it must be done, Dolly."

"Go away! go away! go away!" she cried without looking at him, and as though her words were torn from her by physical agony. Stepan Arkadyevitch might be able to persuade himself that all would come out right according to Matvé's prediction, and he might be able to read his morning paper and drink his coffee tranquilly; but when he saw his wife's anguish, and heard her piteous cry, he breathed hard, something rose in his throat, and his eyes filled with tears.

"My God! What have I done? for the love of God! See ... ." He could not say another word for the sobs that choked him.

She shut the drawer violently, and looked at him.

"Dolly, what can I say? Only one thing: forgive me. Just think! Cannot nine years of my life pay for a single minute, a minute?" . . .

She let her eyes fall, and listened to what he was going to say, as though she hoped that she would be undeceived.

"A single moment of temptation," he ended, and was going to continue; but at that word, Dolly's lips again closed tight as if from physical pain, and again the muscles of her right cheek contracted.

"Go away, go away from here," she cried still more impetuously, "and don't speak to me of your temptations and your wretched conduct."

She attempted to leave the room, but she almost fell, and
was obliged to lean upon a chair for support. Oblonsky's face grew melancholy, his lips trembled, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Dolly," said he, almost sobbing, "for the love of God, think of the children. They are not to blame; I am the one to blame. Punish me! Tell me how I can atone for my fault... I am ready to do anything. I am sorry! Words can't express how sorry I am. Now, Dolly, forgive me!"

She sat down. He heard her quick, hard breathing, and his soul was filled with pity for her. She tried more than once to speak, but could not utter a word. He waited.

"You think of the children, because you like to play with them; but I think of them, too, and I know what they have lost," said she, repeating one of the phrases that had been in her mind during the last three days.

She had used the familiar tui (thou), and he looked at her with gratitude, and made a movement as though he would take her hand, but she avoided him with abhorrence.

"I have consideration for my children, and I will do all in the world for them; but I am not sure in my own mind whether I ought to remove them from their father or to leave them with a father who is a libertine, — yes, a libertine!... Now tell me after this, — this that has happened, whether we can live together. Is it possible? Tell me, is it possible?" she demanded, raising her voice. "When my husband, the father of my children, makes love to their governess..."

..."But what is to be done about it? what is to be done?" said he, interrupting with broken voice, not knowing what he said, and feeling thoroughly humiliated.

"You are revolting to me, you are insulting," she cried with increasing anger. "Your tears... water! You never loved me; you have no heart, no honor. You are abominable, revolting in my eyes, and henceforth you are a stranger to me, — yes, a stranger," and she repeated with spiteful anger this word "stranger" which was so terrible to her own ears.

He looked at her with surprise and fear, not realizing how he exasperated his wife by his pity. It was the only feeling, as Dolly well knew, that he retained for her: all his love for her was dead. "No, she hates me, she will not forgive me," was the thought in his mind.

"This is terrible, terrible!" he cried.

At this moment one of the children in the next room be
gan to cry, and Darya Aleksandrovna's face softened. She seemed to collect her thoughts for a second like a person who returns to reality; then as if remembering where she was, she hastened to the door.

"At any rate she loves my child," thought Oblonsky, who had noticed the effect on her face of the little one's sorrow. "My child; how then can I seem so revolting to her?"

"Dolly! one word more," he said, following her.

"If you follow me, I will call the domestics, the children! so that everybody may know that you are infamous! As for me, I leave this very day, and you may keep on with your . . ." and she went out and slammed the door.

Stepan Arkadyevitch sighed, wiped his brow, and softly left the room. "Matvé says this can be settled; but how? I don't see the possibility. Ach! Ach! how terrible! and how foolishly she shrieked," said he to himself as he recalled the epithets which she applied to him. "Perhaps the chamber-maids heard her! horribly foolish! horribly!"

It was Friday, and in the dining-room the German clockmaker was winding the clocks. Stepan Arkadyevitch remembered a pleasantry that he had made about this accurate German; how he had said that he must have been wound up himself for a lifetime for the purpose of winding clocks, and he smiled. Stepan Arkadyevitch loved a good joke. "Perhaps it will come out all right! 'twas a good little word: it will come out all right," he thought.

"Matvé!" he shouted; and when the old servant appeared, he said, "Have Marya put the best room in order for Anna Arkadyevna."

"Very well."

Stepan Arkadyevitch took his fur coat, and started down the steps.

"Shall you dine at home?" asked Matvé as he escorted him down.

"That depends. Here, take this if you need to spend any thing," said he, taking out a bill of ten rubles. "Will that be enough?"

"Whether it is enough or not, it will have to do," said Matvé, as he shut the carriage-door and went back to the house.

Meantime Darya Aleksandrovna, having pacified the child, and knowing by the sound of the carriage that he was gone, came back to her room. This was her sole refuge from the
domestic troubles that besieged her when she went out. Even during the short time that she had been in her child’s room the English maid and Matriona Filimonovna asked her all sorts of questions, which she alone could answer: What clothes should they put on the children? should they give them milk? should they try to get another cook?

"Ach! leave me alone, leave me alone!" she cried, and hastened back to the chamber and sat down in the place where she had been talking with her husband. Then clasping her thin hands, on whose fingers the rings would scarcely stay, she reviewed the whole conversation.

"He has gone! But has he broken with her?" she asked herself. "Does he still continue to see her? Why didn’t I ask him? No, no, we cannot live together. And if we continue to live in the same house, we are only strangers, strangers forever!" she repeated, with a strong emphasis on the word that hurt her so cruelly. "How I loved him! my God, how I loved him! . . . How I loved him! and even now do I not love him? Do I not love him even more than before? and what is most terrible . . . " she was interrupted by Matriona Filimonovna, who said as she stood in the doorway, "Please give orders to have my brother come: he will get dinner. If you don’t, it will be like yesterday, when the children did not have any thing to eat for six hours."

"Very good, I will come and give the order. Have you sent for some fresh milk?"

And Darya Aleksandrovna entered into her daily tasks, and for the time being forgot her sorrow.

V.

Stepan Arkadyevitch had done well at school, thanks to his excellent natural gifts, but he was lazy and idle, and consequently had been at the foot of his class. Although he had always been gay, and took a low rank in the Tchin, and was still quite young, he nevertheless held an important salaried position as natchalnik, or president of one of the courts in Moscow. This place he had won through the good offices of his sister Anna’s husband, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch Karénin, who was one of the most influential members of the ministry. But even if Karénin had not been able to get this place for Stiva Arkadyevitch, a hundred other people
— brothers, sisters, cousins, uncles, aunts — would have got it for him, or found him some place as good, together with the six thousand rubles' salary which he needed for his establish ment, his affairs being somewhat out of order in spite of his wife's considerable fortune. Half the people of Moscow and St. Peters burg were relatives or friends of Stepan Arkadyevit ch; he was born into the society of the rich and powerful of this world. A third of the officials attached to the court and in government employ had been friends of his father, and had known him from the time when he wore petticoats; the second third addressed him familiarly; the others were "hail fellows well met." He had, therefore, on his side all those whose function it is to dispense the blessings of the land in the form of places, leases, concessions, and such things, and who could not afford to neglect their own friends. Oblonsky had no trouble in obtaining an excellent place. His only aim was to avoid jealousies, quarrels, offences, which was not a difficult thing because of his natural good temper. He would have thought it ridiculous if he had been told that he could not have any place that he wanted, with the salary attached, because it did not seem to him that he demanded any thing extraordinary. He only asked for what his companions were obtaining, and he felt that he was as capable as any of them of doing the work.

Stepan Arkadyevitch was liked by every one, not only on account of his good and amiable character and his unimpeachable honesty, but for his brilliant and attractive personality. There was something in his bright, sparkling, keen eyes, his black brows, his hair, his vivid coloring, which exercised a strong physical influence on those with whom he came in contact. "Aha, Stiva! Oblonsky! Here he is!" people would say, with a smile of pleasure, when they saw him; and, though the results of meeting him were not particularly gratifying, nevertheless people were just as glad to meet him the second day and the third.

After he had filled for three years the office of natchalnik, Stepan Arkadyevitch had gained not only the friendship but also the respect of his colleagues, both those above and those below him in station, as well as of the citizens with whom he had come in contact. The qualities which gained him this universal esteem were, first, his extreme indulgence for every one, which was founded on the knowledge of what was lacking in himself; secondly, his absolute liberality, which was
not the liberalism for which his journal was responsible, but that which flowed naturally in his veins, and caused him to be agreeable to every one, in whatever station in life; and thirdly and principally, his perfect indifference to the business which he transacted, so that he never lost his temper, and therefore never made mistakes.

As soon as he reached his tribunal, he retired to his private office, solemnly accompanied by the Swiss guard who bore his portfolio, and, having put on his uniform, went to the court-room. The employés all stood up as he passed, and greeted him with respectful smiles. Stepan Arkadyevitch, in accordance with his usual custom, hastened to his place, and after shaking hands with the other members of the council, he sat down. He uttered a few familiar words, full of good humor, and suitable to the occasion, and then opened the session. No one better than he understood how to preserve the official tone, and, at the same time, give his words that impression of simplicity and good nature which is so useful in the expedition of official business. The secretary came up, and with the free and yet respectful air common to all who surrounded Stepan Arkadyevitch, handed him his papers, and spoke in the familiarly liberal tone which Stepan Arkadyevitch had introduced.

"We have at last succeeded in obtaining reports from the Government of Penza. Permit me to hand them to you."

"So we have them at last," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, pushing the papers away with his finger. "Now, then, gentlemen..." And the proceedings began.

"If they only knew," he thought, as he bent his head with an air of importance while the report was read, "how much their president, only a half-hour since, looked like a naughty school-boy!" and his eyes shone with merriment as he listened to the report. The session generally lasted till two o'clock without interruption, and was followed by recess and luncheon. The hour had not yet struck, when the great glass doors of the hall were thrown open, and some one entered. All the members of the council, glad of any diversion, turned round to look; but the door-keeper instantly ejected the intruder, and shut the door upon him.

After the matter under consideration was settled, Stepan Arkadyevitch arose, and in a spirit of sacrifice to the liberalism of the time took out his cigarette, while still in the court-room, and then passed into his private office. Two of his
colleagues, the aged veteran Nikitin, and the kammer-junker Grinevitch, followed him.

"There'll be time enough to finish after lunch," said Oblonsky.

"I think so," replied Nikitin.

"This Famin must be a precious rascal," said Grinevitch, alluding to one of the characters in the matter which they had been investigating.

Stepan Arkadyevitch knit his brows at Grinevitch's words, as though to signify that it was not the right thing to form snap-judgments, and he remained silent.

"Who was it came into the court-room?" he demanded of the door-keeper.

"Some one who entered without permission, your Excellency, while my back was turned. He wanted to see you: I said, 'When the session is over, then'" —

"Where is he?"

"Probably in the vestibule: he was there a moment ago. Ah! here he is," said the door-keeper, pointing to a fair-complexioned, broad-shouldered man with curly hair, who, neglecting to remove his sheep-skin shapka, was lightly and quickly running up the well-worn steps of the stone staircase. An employé, on his way down, with portfolio under his arm, stopped to look, with some indignation, at the feet of the young man, and turned to Oblonsky with a glance of inquiry. Stepan Arkadyevitch stood at the top of the staircase: his bright face, set off by the broad collar of his uniform, was still more radiant when he recognized the visitor.

"Here he is at last," he cried with a friendly though slightly ironical smile, as he looked at Levin. "What! you got tired of waiting for me, and have come to find me in this den?" he said, not satisfied with pressing his friend's hand, but kissing him affectionately. "When did you arrive?"

"I just got here, and was very anxious to see you," said Levin timidly, as he looked about him with distrust and scorn.

"All right! Come into my office," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, who was aware of the egotistic sensitiveness of his visitor; and, as though he wanted to avoid some danger, he took him by the hand to show him the way.

Stepan Arkadyevitch addressed almost all his acquaintances with the familiar "tut" ("thou"), — old men of threesscore, young men of twenty, actors and ministers, mer-
chants and generals, all with whom he had ever drunken champagne—and with whom had he not drunken champagne? Among the people thus brought into his intimacy in the two extremes of the social scale, there would have been some astonishment to know that, thanks to him, there was something in common among them. But when in presence of his inferiors, he came in contact with any of his shamefull intimates, as he jestingly called some of his acquaintances, he had the tact to save them from disagreeable impressions. Levin was not one of his shamefull intimates. He was a friend of his boyhood; but Oblonsky felt that it might be unpleasant to make a public exhibition of their intimacy, and therefore he hastened to withdraw with him. Levin was about the same age as Oblonsky, and their intimacy arose not only from champagne, but because, in spite of the difference in their characters and their tastes, they were fond of each other in the way of friends who had grown up together. But, as often happens among men who move in different spheres, each allowed his reason to approve of the character of the other, while each at heart really despised the other, and believed his own mode of life to be the only rational way of living. At the sight of Levin, Oblonsky could not repress an ironical smile. How many times had he seen him in Moscow just in from the country, where he had been doing something great, though Oblonsky did not know exactly what, and scarcely took any interest in it. Levin always came to Moscow anxious, hurried, a trifle vexed, and vexed because he was vexed, and generally bringing with him new and unexpected ideas about life and things. Stepan Arkadyevitch laughed at this and yet liked it. Levin for his part despised the life which his friend led in Moscow, treated his official employment with light scorn, and made sport of him. But Oblonsky took this ridicule in good part, like a man sure of being in the right; while Levin, because he was not assured in his own mind, sometimes got angry.

"We have been expecting you for some time," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, as he entered his office, and let go his friend's hand to show that the danger was past. "I am very, very glad to see you," he continued. "How goes it? how are you? When did you come?"

Levin was silent, and looked at the unknown faces of Oblonsky's two colleagues. The elegant Grinevitch was completely absorbed in studying his white hands, and his fin-
gers with their long, yellow, and pointed nails, and his cuffs with their huge, gleaming cuff-buttons. Oblonsky noticed what he was doing, and smiled.

"Ah, yes," said he, "allow me to make you acquainted: my colleagues, Filipp Ivanuitch Nikitin, Mikhaïl Stanisla-vitch Grinevitch;" then turning to Levin, "A landed pro-

prietary, a rising man, a member of the zemstvo, and a
gymnast who can lift five puds [two hundred pounds] with
one hand, a raiser of cattle, a celebrated hunter, and my
friend, Konstantin Dmitriievitch Levin, the brother of Sergéi
Ivanuitch Koznuishef."

"Very happy," said the oldest of the company. "I have
the honor of knowing your brother, Sergéi Ivanuitch," said
Grinevitch, extending his delicate hand. Levin's face grew
dark: he coldly shook hands, and turned to Oblonsky. Al-
though he had much respect for his half-brother, a writer
universally known in Russia, it was none the less unpleasant
for him to be addressed, not as Konstantin Levin, but as the
brother of the famous Koznuishef.

"No, I am not doing any thing any more. I have quar-
relled with everybody, and I don't go to the assemblies," said he to Oblonsky.

"This is a sudden change," said the latter with a smile.

"But how? why?"

"It is a long story, and I will tell it some other time," replied Levin; but he nevertheless went on to say, "To make a long story short, I am convinced that no action
amounts to any thing, or can amount to any thing, in our
provincial assemblies. On the one hand, they try to play
Parliament, and I am not young enough and not old enough
to amuse myself with toys; and, on the other hand," — he
hesitated, — "this serves the coterie of the district to make
a few pennies. There used to be guardianships, judgments;
but now we have the zemstvo, not in the way of bribes, but
in the way of absorbing salaried offices." He said these
words with some heat and with the manner of a man who
expects to be contradicted.

"Aha! here we find you in a new phase: you are becom-
ing a conservative," said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Well,
we'll speak about this by and by."

"Yes, by and by. But I want to see you particularly," said Levin, looking with scorn at Grinevitch's hand.

Stepan Arkadyevitch smiled imperceptibly. "Didn't you
say that you would never again put on European clothes?" he asked, examining the new suit made by a French tailor, which his friend wore. "Indeed, I see: 'tis a new phase."

Levin suddenly blushed, not as grown men blush without perceiving it, but as timid and absurd boys blush; and it made him grow still redder. It gave his intelligent, manly face such a strange appearance that Oblonsky ceased to look at him.

"But where can we meet? I must have a talk with you," said Levin.

Oblonsky reflected. "How is this? We will go and take lunch at Gurin's, and we can talk there. At three o'clock I shall be free."

"No," answered Levin after a moment's thought: "I've got to take a drive."

"Well, then, let us dine together."

"Dine? But I have nothing very particular to say, only two words, a short sentence: afterwards we can gossip."

"In that case, speak your two words now: we will talk while we are dining."

"These two words are — But, however, they are not very important." His face assumed a hard expression, due to his efforts to conquer his timidity. "What are the Shcherbatskys doing? — just as they used to?"

Stepan Arkadyevitch had long known that Levin was in love with his sister-in-law Kitty. He smiled, and his eyes flashed gayly. "You have said your say in two words; but I cannot answer in two words, because — excuse me a moment."

The secretary came in at this juncture with his familiar but respectful bearing, and with that modest assumption peculiar to all secretaries that he knew more about business than his superior. He brought some papers to Oblonsky; and under the form of a question, he attempted to explain some difficulty. Without waiting to hear the end of the explanation, Stepan Arkadyevitch laid his hand confidentially on the secretary's arm. "No, do as I asked you to," said he, tempering his remark with a smile; and, having briefly given his own explanation of the matter, he pushed away the papers, and said, "Do it so, I beg of you, Zakhar Nikititch." The secretary went off confused. Levin during this little interview had collected his thoughts; and, standing
behind a chair on which he rested his elbows, he listened with ironical attention.

"I don't understand, I don't understand," he said.

"What is it that you don't understand?" asked Oblonsky, smiling, and hunting for a cigarette. He was expecting some sort of strange outbreak from Levin.

"I don't understand what you are up to," said Levin, shrugging his shoulders. "How can you take this sort of thing seriously?"

"Why not?"

"Why, because, because — it doesn't mean any thing."

"You think so? On the contrary, we have more work than we can do."

"Business on paper! Well, yes, you have a special gift for such things," added Levin.

"You mean that I — there is something that I lack?"

"Perhaps so, yes. However, I cannot help admiring your high and mighty ways, and rejoicing that I have for a friend a man of such importance. Meantime, you have not answered my question," he added, making a desperate effort to look Oblonsky full in the face.

"Well, then, very good, very good! Keep it up, and you will succeed. 'Tis well that you have three thousand desyatins of land in the district of Karazinsk, such muscles, and the complexion of a little girl of twelve; but you will succeed all the same. Yes, as to what you asked me. There is no change, but I am sorry that it has been so long since you were in town."

"Why?" demanded Levin.

"Because" — replied Oblonsky; "but we will talk things over by and by. What brought you now?"

"Ach! we will speak also of that by and by," said Levin, blushing to his very ears.

"Very good. I understand you," said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Do you see? I should have invited you to dine with me at home, but my wife is not well to-day. If you want to see them, you will find them at the Zoological Gardens from four to five. Kitty is off skating. Good-by now: I will join you later, and we will go and get dinner together."

"Excellent. Au revoir!"

Levin left the room, and only remembered when he had passed the door that he had forgotten to salute Oblonsky's colleagues.
ANNA KARENINA.

"That must be a man of great energy," said Grinevitch, after Levin had taken his departure.

"Yes, batíushka" (papa), said Stepan Arkadyevitch, throwing his head back. "He is a likely fellow. Three thousand desyatins (8,100 acres) in the Karazinsk district! He has a future before him, and how young he is! He is not like the rest of us."

"What have you to complain about, Stepan Arkadyevitch?"

"Yes, everything goes wrong," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch, drawing a deep sigh.

VI.

When Oblonsky asked Levin what had brought him to Moscow, Levin blushed, and he was angry because he blushed; but how could he have replied, "I have come to ask the hand of your sister-in-law"? Yet that was what had brought him.

The Levin and Shcherbatsky families, belonging to the old nobility of Moscow, had always been on friendly terms. While Levin was studying at the university the intimacy had grown closer, on account of his friendship with the young Prince Shcherbatsky, the brother of Dolly and Kitty, who was following the same course of study. At that time Levin was a frequent visitor at Shcherbatsky's house, and, strange as it may seem, was in love with the whole family, especially the feminine portion. Konstantin Levin had lost his mother when he was a baby; and as he had only a sister, who was much older than he was, he found in the house of the Shcherbatskys that charming life so peculiar to the old nobility, and of which the death of his parents had deprived him. All the members of this family, but especially the ladies, seemed to him to be surrounded with a mysterious and poetic halo. Not only did he fail to discover any faults in them, but he gave them credit for the loftiest sentiments and the most ideal perfections. Why these three young ladies were obliged to speak French and English every day; why they had, one after the other, to play for hours at a time on the piano, the sounds of which floated up to their brother's room, where the young students were at work; why professors of French literature, of music, of dancing, of
drawing, came to give them lessons; why the three young ladies, at a fixed hour in the day, accompanied by Mlle. Linon, were obliged to stop their carriage on the Tverskoi boulevard, and, under the protection of a liveried valet with a gilt cockade on his hat, walk up and down in their satin shubkas, Dolly’s very long, Natalie’s of half length, and Kitty’s very short, showing her shapely ankles and red stockings, — all these things and many others were absolutely incomprehensible to him. But he felt that all that passed in this mysterious sphere was perfect, and from the mystery arose his love.

Even while he was a student he felt his first passion for Dolly, the eldest; she married Oblonsky: then he imagined that he was in love with the second, for he felt it to be a necessity to love one of the three. But Natali entered society, and soon married the diplomat, Lvof. Kitty was only a child when Levin left the university. Shortly after young Shcherbatsky joined the fleet, and was drowned in the Baltic; and Levin’s relations with the family became more distant, in spite of the friendship which attached him to Oblonsky. At the beginning of the winter, however, after a year’s absence in the country, he had met the Shcherbatskys again, and learned for the first time which of the three he was destined to love.

It seemed as if there could be nothing easier for a young man of thirty-two, of good family, possessed of a handsome fortune, and likely to be regarded as an eligible suitor, than to ask the young Princess Shcherbatskaia in marriage, and probably Levin would have been received with open arms. But he was in love. Kitty in his eyes was a creature so accomplished, her superiority was so ideal, and he judged himself so severely, that he was unwilling to admit, even in thought, that others or Kitty herself would allow him to aspire to her hand.

Having spent two months in Moscow, as in a dream, meeting Kitty every day in society, which he allowed himself to frequent on account of her, he suddenly took his departure for the country, having concluded that this alliance was impossible. His decision was reached after reasoning that in the eyes of her parents he had no position to offer that was worthy of her, and that Kitty herself did not love him. His comrades were colonels or staff-officers, distinguished professors, bank directors, railway officials, presidents of tribunals
like Oblonsky, but he — and he knew very well how he was regarded by his friends — was only a pom'yéshchik, or country proprietor, busy with his land, building farmhouses, and hunting woodcock: in other words, he had taken the direction of those who, in the eyes of society, have made a failure. He was not full of illusions in regard to himself: he knew that he was regarded as a good-for-nothing. And, moreover, how could the charming and poetic Kitty love a man as ill-favored and dull as he was? His former relations with her, while he had been intimate with her brother, were those of a grown man with a child, and seemed to him only an additional obstacle.

It is possible, he thought, for a girl to love a stupid man like himself; but he must be good-looking, and show high qualities, if he is to be loved with a love such as he felt for Kitty. He had heard of women falling in love with ill-favored, stupid men, but he did not believe that such would be his own experience, just as he felt that it would be impossible for him to love a woman who was not beautiful, brilliant, and poetic.

But, having spent two months in the solitude of the country, he became convinced that the passion which consumed him was not ephemeral, like his youthful enthusiasms, and that he could not live without settling this mighty question — whether she would, or would not, be his wife. After all, there was no absolute certainty that she would refuse him. He therefore returned to Moscow with the firm intention of marrying her if she would accept him. If not ... he could not think what would become of him.

VII.

Coming to Moscow by the morning train, Levin had stopped at the house of his half-brother, Koznuishef. After making his toilet, he went to the library with the intention of making a clean breast of it, and asking his advice; but his brother was engaged. He was talking with a famous professor of philosophy who had come up from Kharkof expressly to settle a vexed question that had arisen between them on some scientific subject. The professor was waging a bitter war on materialism, and Sergeï Koznuishef followed his argument with interest; and, having read a recent article
in which the professor promulgated his views, he raised some objections. He blamed the professor for having made too large concessions to the claims of materialism, and the professor had come on purpose to explain what he meant. The conversation turned on the question then fashionable: Is there a dividing line between the psychical and the physiological phenomena of man’s action? and where is it to be found?

Sergei Ivanovitch welcomed his brother with the same coldly benevolent smile which he bestowed on all, and, after introducing him to the professor, continued the discussion. The professor, a small man with spectacles, and narrow forehead, stopped long enough to return Levin’s bow, and then continued without noticing him further. Levin sat down till the professor should go, and soon began to feel interested in the discussion. He had read in the reviews articles on these subjects, but he had read them with only that general interest which a man who has studied the natural sciences at the university is likely to take in their development; but he had never appreciated the connection that exists between these learned questions of the origin of man, of reflex action, of biology, of sociology: and those which touched on the purpose of life and the meaning of death, more and more engaged his attention as he grew older.

He noticed, as he took up the line of the arguments, that his brother and the professor agreed to a certain kinship between scientific and psychological questions. At times he felt sure that they were going to take up this subject; but each time that they trended in that direction, they seemed possessed with the desire to avoid it as much as possible, and take refuge in the domain of subtile distinctions, explanations, quotations, references to authorities, and he could scarcely understand what they were talking about.

“I cannot accept the theory of Keis,” said Sergei Ivanovitch in his elegant and correct manner of speech, “and I cannot admit that my whole conception of the exterior world is derived entirely from my sensations. The principle of all knowledge, the sentiment of being, of existence, does not arise from the senses: there is no special organ by which this conception is produced.”

“Yes; but Wurst and Knaust and Pripasof will reply, that you have gained the knowledge that you exist absolutely and entirely from an accumulation of sensations; in a word,
that it is only the result of sensations. Wurst himself says explicitly, that where sensation does not exist, there is no consciousness of existence."

"I will say, on the other hand . . ." replied Sergei Ivanovitch.

But here Levin noticed that once more just as they were about to touch the root of the whole matter, they started off in a different direction, and he determined to put the following question to the professor: "In this case, suppose my sensations ceased, if my body were dead, would further existence be possible?"

The professor, angry at this interruption, looking at the strange questioner as though he took him for a clown (burlak) rather than a philosopher, turned his eyes to Sergei Ivanovitch as if to ask, "What does this mean?" But Sergei, who was not quite so narrow-minded as the professor, and was able to see the simple and rational point of the question, answered with a smile, "We have not yet gained the right to answer that question." . . .

"Our capacities are not sufficient," continued the professor, taking up the thread of his argument. "No, I insist upon this, as Pripasof says plainly that sensations are based upon impressions, and that we cannot too closely distinguish between the two notions."

Levin did not listen any longer, and waited until the professor took his departure.

VIII.

When the professor was gone, Sergei Ivanovitch turned to his brother. "I am very glad to see you. Shall you make a long stay? How are things on the estate?"

Levin knew that his brother took little interest in the affairs of the estate, and only asked out of politeness; and so he refrained from giving more than a short report on the sale of wheat, and the money which he had received. It had been his intention to speak with his brother about his marriage project, and to ask his advice; but after the conversation with the professor, and in consequence of the involuntarily patronizing tone in which his brother had asked about their affairs, he lost his inclination to speak, and felt that his brother would not look upon the matter as he should wish him to.
"How is it with the zemstvo?" asked Sergéi Ivanovitch, who took a lively interest in these provincial assemblies, to which he attributed great importance.

"Fact is, I don't know"—

"What! aren't you a member of the assembly?"

"No, I'm no longer a member: I don't go any more," said Levin.

"It's too bad," murmured Sergéi Ivanovitch, wrinkling his brows.

In order to defend himself, Levin described what had taken place at the meetings of his district assembly.

"But it is forever thus," interrupted Sergéi Ivanovitch.

"We Russians are always like this. Possibly it is one of the good traits of our character that we are willing to confess our faults, but we exaggerate them: we take delight in irony, which comes natural to our language. If the rights which we have, if our provincial institutions, were given to any other people in Europe, Germans or English, I tell you, they would derive liberty from them; but we only turn them into sport."

"But what is to be done?" asked Levin with an air of contrition. "It was my last attempt. I put my whole heart into it: I could not do another thing. I was helpless."

"Helpless!" said Sergéi Ivanovitch: "you did not look at the matter in the right light."

"Perhaps not," replied Levin in a melancholy tone.

"Did you know that our brother Nikolaï has just been in town?"

Nikolaï was Konstantin Levin's own brother, and Sergéi Ivanovitch's half-brother, standing between them in age. He was a ruined man, who had wasted the larger part of his fortune, and had quarrelled with his brothers on account of the strange and disgraceful society which he frequented.

"What did you say?" cried Levin startled. "How did you know?"

"Prokofi saw him on the street."

"Here in Moscow? Where is he?" and Levin stood up, as though with the intention of instantly going to find him.

"I am sorry that I told you this," said Sergéi Ivanovitch, shaking his head when he saw his younger brother's emotion.

"I sent out to find where he was staying; and I sent him his letter of credit on Trubin, the amount of which I paid. But
this is what he wrote me," and Sergéi Ivanovitch handed his brother a note which he took from a letter-press.

Levin read the letter, which was written in the strange hand which he knew so well: "I humbly beg to be left in peace. It is all that I ask from my dear brothers. Nikolái Levin."

Konstantin, without lifting his head, stood motionless before his brother with the letter in his hand. The desire arose in his heart entirely to forget his unfortunate brother, and at the same time he felt that it would be wrong.

"He evidently wants to insult me," continued Sergéi Ivanovitch; "but that is impossible. I wish with all my soul to help him, and yet I know that I shall not succeed."

"Yes, yes," replied Levin. "I understand, and I appreciate your treatment of him; but I am going to him."

"Go by all means, if it will give you any pleasure," said Sergéi Ivanovitch; "but I would not advise it. Not because I fear, that, as far as I am concerned, he might make a quarrel between us, but on your own account, I advise you not to go. You can’t do any thing. However, do as it seems best to you."

"Perhaps I can’t do any thing, but I feel especially... at this moment... I feel that I could not be contented..."

"I don’t understand you," said Sergéi Ivanovitch; "but one thing I do understand," he added, "and that is, that this is a lesson in humility for us. Since our brother Nikolái has become the man he is, I look with greater indulgence on what people call ‘abjectness.’ Do you know what he has done?"

"Ach! it is terrible, terrible," replied Levin.

Having obtained from his brother’s servant, Nikolái’s address, Levin set out to find him, but on second thought changed his mind, and postponed his visit till evening. Before all, he must decide the question that had brought him to Moscow, in order that his mind might be free. He therefore went directly to find Oblonsky; and, having learned where he could find the Shcherbatskys, he went where he was told that he would meet Kitty.

IX.

About four o’clock Levin left his izvoshchik (driver) at the entrance of the Zoological Garden, and with beating heart followed the path that led to the ice-mountains, near the
place where there was skating, for he knew that he should find Kitty there, having seen the Shcherbatskys' carriage at the gateway. It was a beautiful frosty day. At the entrance of the garden there were crowds of carriages, sleighs, hired drivers, policemen. Hosts of fashionable people, gayly glancing in the bright sunlight, were gathered at the entrance and on the paths cleared of snow, between the Russian izbas with their carved woodwork. The ancient birch-trees, their branches laden with snow and icicles, seemed clothed in new and solemn chasubles.

As Levin followed the foot-path, he said to himself, "Be calm! there is no reason for being agitated! What do you desire? what ails you? Be quiet, you fool!" Thus Levin addressed his heart. But the more he endeavored to calm his agitation, the more he was overcome by it till at last he could hardly breathe. An acquaintance spoke to him as he passed, but Levin did not even notice who it was. He drew near the ice-mountains. The sledges flashed down the inclines, and were drawn up again by ropes. There was a gay rush of creaking salazkas (sleds), and the confusion of happy voices. At a little distance there was skating, and among the skaters he soon discovered her. He knew that he was near her from the joy and terror that seized his heart. She was standing on the opposite side, engaged in conversation with a lady; and neither by her toilet nor by her position was she remarkable among the throng that surrounded her, but for Levin she stood out from the rest like a rose among nettles. Her presence brightened all around her. Her smile filled the place with glory. "Am I brave enough to go and meet her on the ice?" he thought. The place where she was seemed like a sanctuary, which he did not dare to approach, and he was so distrustful of himself that he almost turned to go away again. Mastering himself by a supreme effort, he brought himself to think that, as she was surrounded by people of every sort, he had as much right as the rest to watch her skate. He therefore went down upon the ice, looking away from her as though she were the sun; but he saw her, as he saw the sun, though he did not look at her.

This day the ice formed a common meeting-ground for people in society. There were also masters in the art of skating, who came to show off their talents; others were learning to skate by holding on chairs, and making awkward
and distressing gestures; there were young lads and old people who skated as a matter of health: all seemed to Levin to be the favorites of heaven, because they were near Kitty.

And these skaters all glided around her, came close to her, even spoke to her, and nevertheless seemed to enjoy themselves, as though they were absolutely fancy-free, and as though it was enough for them that the ice was good and the weather splendid.

Nikolai Shcherbatsky, Kitty’s cousin, in jacket and knickerbockers, was seated on a bench with his skates on, when he saw Levin.

“Ah!” he cried, “the best skater in Russia: there he is! Have you been here long? Put on your skates quick: the ice is first-rate!”

“I have not my skates with me,” replied Levin, surprised that one could speak with such freedom before Kitty, and not losing her out of his sight a single instant, although he did not look at her. He felt that the sun was shining upon him. She, evidently not quite at ease on her high skates, glided towards him from the place where she had been standing, followed by a young man in Russian costume, who was trying to get ahead of her, and making the desperate gestures of an unskilful skater. Kitty herself did not skate with much confidence. She had taken her hands out of the little muff which hung around her neck by a ribbon, and was waving them wildly, ready to grasp the first object that came in her way. She looked at Levin, whom she had just seen for the first time, and smiled at her own timidity. As soon as she had got a start, she struck out with her little foot, and glided up to her cousin, Shcherbatsky, seized him by the arm, and gave Levin a friendly welcome. Never in his imagination had she seemed so charming.

Whenever he thought of her, he could easily recall her whole appearance, but especially her lovely blond head, set so gracefully on her pretty shoulders, and her expression of childlike frankness and goodness. The combination of childlike grace and feminine beauty had a special charm which Levin thoroughly appreciated. But what struck him like something always new and unexpected, was her modest, calm, sincere face, which, when she smiled, transported him to a world of enchantment, where he felt at peace and at rest, with thoughts like those of his childhood.
"When did you come?" she asked, giving him her hand.
"Thank you," she added, as he stooped to pick up her handkerchief, which had dropped out of her muff.
"I? Oh! a little while ago,—yesterday,—that is, to-day," answered Levin, so disturbed that he did not know what he was saying. "I wanted to call upon you," said he; and when he remembered what his errand was, he blushed, and was more distressed than ever. "I did not know that you skated, and so well."

She looked at him closely, as though to divine the reason of his embarrassment. "Your praise is precious. A tradition of your skill as a skater is still floating about," said she, brushing off with her daintily gloved hand the pine-needles that had fallen on her muff.

"Yes: I used to be passionately fond of skating. I had the ambition to reach perfection."

"Seems to me that you do all things with all your heart," said she with a smile. "I should like to see you skate. Put on your skates, and we will skate together."

"Skate together!" he thought, as he looked at her. "Is it possible?"

"I will go and put them right on," he said; and he hastened to find a pair of skates.

"It is a long time, sir, since you have been with us," said the katalshchik (the man who rents skates), as he lifted his foot to fit on the skate. "Since your day, we have not had any one who deserved to be called a master in the art. Are they going to suit you?" he asked, as he tightened the strap.

"It's all right; only make haste," said Levin, unable to hide the smile of joy, which, in spite of him, irradiated his face. "Yes," thought he, "this is life, this is happiness. 'We will skate together,' she said. Shall I speak now? But I am afraid to speak, because I am happy, happy with hope. But when? But it must be, it must, it must. Down with weakness!"

Levin arose, took off his cloak, and, after trying his skates in the little house, he struck out across the glare of ice; and without effort, allowing his will to guide him, he directed his course toward Kitty. He felt timid about coming up to her, but a smile assured him. She gave him her hand, and they skated side by side, gradually increasing speed; and the faster they went, the closer she held his hand.
LEVIN AND KITTY ON THE ICE.
"I should learn very quickly with you," she said. "I somehow feel confidence in you."

"I am confident in myself when you lean on my arm," he answered, and immediately he was startled at what he had said, and blushed. In fact, he had scarcely uttered the words, when, just as the sun goes under a cloud, her face lost all its kindliness, and Levin saw on her smooth brow a wrinkle that indicated what her thought was.

"Has any thing disagreeable happened to you? but I have no ight to ask," he added quickly.

"Why so? No, nothing disagreeable has happened to me," she said coolly, and immediately continued, "Have you seen Mlle. Linon yet?"

"Not yet."

"Go to see her: she is so fond of you."

"What does this mean? I have offended her! O God! have pity upon me!" thought Levin, and skated swiftly towards the old French governess, with little gray curls, who was watching them from a bench. She received him like an old friend, smiling, and showing her false teeth.

"Yes, but how we have grown up," she said, turning her eyes to Kitty; "and how demure we are! Tiny bear has grown large," continued the old governess, still smiling; and she recalled his jest about the three young ladies whom he had named after the three bears in the English story.

"Do you remember that you called them so?"

He had entirely forgotten it, but she had laughed at this pleasantry for ten years, and still enjoyed it. "Now go, go and skate. Doesn't our Kitty take to it beautifully?"

When Levin rejoined Kitty, her face was no longer severe; her eyes had regained their fresh and kindly expression: but it seemed to him that in her very kindliness, there was something that was not exactly natural, and he felt troubled. After speaking of the old governess and her eccentricities, she asked him about his own life. "Don't you get tired of living in the country?" she asked.

"No, I don't get tired of it, I am very busy," he replied, feeling that she was bringing him into the atmosphere of indifference, which she had resolved henceforth to throw about her, and which he could not escape now, any more than he could at the beginning of the winter.

"Shall you stay long?" asked Kitty.

"I do not know," he answered, without regard to what he
was saying. The idea of falling back into the tone of calm friendship, and perhaps of returning home without reaching any decision, was revolting to him.

"Why don't you know?"

"I don't know why. It depends on you," he said, and instantly he was horrified at his own words.

She either did not understand his words, or did not want to understand them, but, seeming to stumble once or twice, she made an excuse to leave him; and, having spoken to Mlle. Linon, she went to the little house, where her skates were removed by the waiting-women.

"Good heavens! what have I done? O God! have pity upon me, and come to my aid!" was Levin's secret prayer; and feeling the need of taking some violent exercise, he began to describe a series of intricate curves on the ice.

At this instant a young man, the best among the recent skaters, came out of the café with his skates on, and a cigarette in his mouth: without stopping he ran towards the stairway, and without even changing the position of his arms ran down the steps and darted out upon the ice.

"That is a new trick," said Levin to himself, and he climbed the staircase to imitate it.

"Don't you kill yourself! it needs practice," shouted Nikolai Shcherbatsky.

Levin went up the steps, got as good a start as he could, and then flew down the stairway, preserving his balance with his hands; but at the last step, he stumbled, made a violent effort to recover himself, regained his equilibrium, and glided out gaily upon the ice.

"Charming, glorious fellow," thought Kitty, at this moment coming out of the little house with Mlle. Linon, and looking at him with a gentle smile, as though he were a beloved brother. "Is it my fault? Have I done any thing very bad? People say, 'Coquetry.' I know that I don't love him, but it is pleasant to be with him, and he is so charming. But what made him say that?"

Seeing Kitty departing with her mother, who had come for her, Levin, flushed with his violent exercise, stopped and pondered. Then he took off his skates, and joined the mother and daughter at the gate. "Very glad to see you," said the princess: "we receive on Thursdays, as usual."

"To-day, then?"

"We shall be delighted to see you," she answered dryly.
This haughtiness troubled Kitty, and she could not restrain herself from tempering the effect of her mother’s chilling manner. She turned to Levin, and said with a smile, “We shall see you, I hope.”

At this moment Stepan Arkadyevitch with hat on one side, with animated face and bright eyes, entered the garden. At the sight of his wife’s mother, he assumed a melancholy and humiliated expression, and replied to the questions which she asked about Dolly’s health. When he had finished speaking in a low and broken voice with his mother-in-law, he straightened himself up, and took Levin’s arm.

“Now, then, shall we go? I have been thinking of you all the time, and I am very glad that you came,” he said with a significant look into his eyes.

“Come on, come on,” replied the happy Levin, who did not cease to hear the sound of a voice saying, “We shall see you, I hope,” or to recall the smile that accompanied the words.

“At the English hotel, or at the Hermitage?”

“It’s all one to me.”

“At the English hotel, then,” said Stepan Arkadyevitch, who chose this restaurant because he owed more there than at the Hermitage, and it seemed unworthy of him, so to speak, to avoid it. “You have an izvoshchik? So much the better, for I sent off my carriage.”

While they were on the way, not a word was spoken. Levin was thinking of how Kitty’s face had changed, and he passed through alternations of hope and despair, all the time saying that there was no sense in despairing. Nevertheless he felt that he was another man since he had heard those words, “We shall see you, I hope,” and seen that reassuring smile.

Stepan Arkadyevitch made out the menu.

“You like turbot, don’t you?” were his first words on entering the restaurant.


Levin could not help noticing, as they entered the restaurant, how Stepan Arkadyevitch’s face and whole person seemed to shine with restrained happiness. Oblonsky took
off his overcoat, and, with hat on one side, marched towards
the dining-room, giving, as he went, his orders to the Tartar,
who in swallow-tail, and with his napkin under his arm, came
to meet him. Bowing to right and left to his acquaintances,
who as usual seemed delighted to see him, he went directly
to the bar and took a small glass of vodka (brandy). The
bar-maid, a pretty French girl with curly hair, who was
painted, and covered with ribbons and lace, listened
to his merry jest, and burst into a peal of laughter. As for Levin,
the sight of this French creature, all made up of false hair,
rice-powder, and vinaigre de toilette, as he said, took away
his appetite. He turned away from her quickly, with dis-
gust, as from some horrid place. His heart was filled with
memories of Kitty, and in his eyes shone triumph and happi-
ness.

"This way, your excellency; come this way, and you will
not be disturbed," said the old obsequious Tartar, whose
monstrous waist made the tails of his coat stick out behind.
"Will you come this way, your excellency?" said he to Levin,
as a sign of respect for Stepan Arkadyevitch, whose guest
he was. In a twinkling he had spread a fresh cloth on the
round table, which, already covered, stood under the bronze
chandelier; then, bringing two velvet chairs, he stood wait-
ing for Stepan Arkadyevitch's orders, holding in one hand
his napkin, and his order-card in the other.

"If your excellency would like to have a private room,
one will be at your service in a few moments — Prince Ga-
luitsin and a lady. We have just received fresh oysters."

"Ah, oysters!"
Stepan Arkadyevitch reflected. "Supposing we change
our plan, Levin," said he with his finger on the bill of fare.
His face showed serious hesitation.

"But are they good? Pay attention!"
"They are from Flensburg, your excellency: there are
none from Ostend."
"Flensburg oysters are well enough, but are they fresh?"
"They came yesterday."
"Very good! What do you say? — to begin with oysters,
and then to make a complete change in our menu? What
say you?"
"It makes no difference to me. I'd like best of all some
shchi (cabbage soup) and kasha (wheat gruel), but you can't
get them here."
‘Kasha à la russe, if you would like to order it,’ said the Tartar, bending over towards Levin as a nurse bends towards a child.

‘No. Jesting aside, whatever you wish is good. I have been skating and am almost famished. Don’t imagine,’ he added as he saw an expression of disappointment on Oblonsky’s face, ‘that I do not appreciate your menu. I can eat a good dinner with pleasure.’

‘It should be more than that! You should say that it is one of the pleasures of life,’ said Stepan Arkadyevitch. ‘In this case, little brother mine, give us two, or—no, that’s not enough; three dozen oysters, vegetable soup’ —

‘Printanière,’ suggested the Tartar.

But Stepan Arkadyevitch did not allow him the pleasure of enumerating the dishes in French, and continued, ‘Vegetable soup, you understand; then turbot, with a sauce not too thick; then roast beef, but see to it that it be done to a turn. Yes, some capon, and lastly, some preserve.’

The Tartar, remembering that Stepan Arkadyevitch did not like to call the dishes by their French names, waited till he had finished; then he gave himself the pleasure of repeating the bill of fare according to the rule: ‘Potage printanière, turbot, sauce Beaumarchais, poularde à l’estragon, macédoine de fruits.’ Then instantly, as though moved by a spring, he substituted for the bill of fare the wine-list, which he presented to Stepan Arkadyevitch.

‘What shall we drink?’

‘Whatever you please, only let it be champagne,’ said Levin.

‘What! at the very beginning? But after all, why not? Do you like the white seal?’

‘Cachet blanc,’ repeated the Tartar.

‘Good with oysters: that will go well. Now, as we have settled on this brand for the oysters, bring that.’

‘It shall be done, sir. And what vin de table shall I bring you?’

‘Some Nuits; no, hold on,—give us some classic chablis.’

‘It shall be done, sir; and shall I give you some of your cheese?’

‘Yes, some parmesan. Or do you prefer some other kind?’

‘No, it’s all the same to me,’ replied Levin, who could not keep from smiling. The Tartar disappeared on the trot,
with his coat-tails flying out behind him. Five minutes later he came with a platter of oysters and a bottle. Stepan Arkadyevitch crumpled up his napkin, tucked it in his waistcoat, calmly stretched out his hands, and began to attack the oysters. "Not bad at all," he said, as he lifted the succulent oysters from their shells with a silver fork, and swallowed them one by one. "Not at all bad," he repeated, looking from Levin to the Tartar, his eyes gleaming with satisfaction. Levin ate his oysters, although he would have preferred bread and cheese; but he could not help admiring Oblonsky. Even the Tartar, after uncorking the bottle, and pouring the sparkling wine into delicate glass cups, looked at Stepan Arkadyevitch with a contented smile while he adjusted his white neck-tie. "You aren't very fond of oysters, are you?" asked Oblonsky, draining his glass. "Or you are pre-occupied? Hey?" He was anxious to get Levin into good spirits; but the latter was anxious, if he was not downcast. His heart being so full, he found himself out of his element in this restaurant, amid the confusion of guests coming and going, surrounded by the private rooms where men and women were dining together: every thing was repugnant to his feelings,—the gas, the mirrors, even the Tartar. He feared that the sentiment that occupied his soul would be defiled.

"I? Yes, I am a little absent-minded; but besides, every thing here confuses me. You can't imagine," he said, "how strange all these surroundings seem to a countryman like myself. It's like the finger-nails of that gentleman whom I met at your office."

"Yes, I noticed that poor Grinevitch's finger-nails interested you greatly," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, laughing.

"I cannot," replied Levin. "You are a puzzle to me. I cannot get you into the focus of a man accustomed to living in the country. The rest of us try to have hands to work with; therefore, we cut off our finger-nails, and oftentimes we even turn back our sleeves. Here, on the other hand, men let their nails grow as long as possible, and so as to be sure of not being able to do any work, they fasten their sleeves with plates for buttons."

Stepan Arkadyevitch smiled gayly. "That proves that there is no need of manual labor; it is brain-work."

"Perhaps so. Yet it seems strange to me, no less than this that we are doing here. In the country we make haste
to get through our meals so as to be at work again; but here you and I are doing our best to eat as long as possible without getting satisfied, and so we are eating oysters."

"Well, there's something in that," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch; "but isn't it the aim of civilization to translate every thing into enjoyment?"

"If that is the aim of civilization, I prefer to remain a barbarian."

"And you are a barbarian! Come, now, you are all savages in your family."

Levin sighed. He thought of his brother Nikolai, and felt mortified and saddened, and his face grew dark; but Oblonsky introduced a subject which had the immediate effect of diverting him.

"Very well, come this evening to our house. I mean to the Shcherbatskys'," said he, winking gayly, and pushing away the oyster-shells, so as to make room for his cheese.

"Certainly," replied Levin; "though it did not seem that the princess was very cordial in her invitation."

"What an idea!" It was only her grande dame manner," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch. "I shall come there immediately after a musicale at the Countess Bonina's. — How can we help calling you a savage? How can you explain your flight from Moscow? The Shcherbatskys have more than once besieged me with questions on your account, as if I were likely to know any thing about it. I only know this, that you are always likely to do things that no one would expect you to do."

"Yes," replied Levin slowly, and with emotion: "you are right, I am a savage; but it was not my departure, but my return, that proves me one. I have come now" —

"Are you happy?" interrupted Oblonsky, looking into Levin's eyes.

"Why?"

"I know fiery horses by their brand, and I know young people who are in love by their eyes," said Stepan Arkadyevitch dramatically: "the future is yours."

"And yourself, — have you a future before you also?"

"I have only the present, and this present is not all roses."

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing good. But I don't want to talk about myself, especially as I cannot explain the circumstances," replied
ANNA KÄRÉNINA.

Stepan Arkadyevitch. "What did you come to Moscow for? Here! clear off the things!" he cried to the Tartar.
"Can't you imagine?" answered Levin, not taking his eyes from his friend's face.
"I can imagine, but it is not for me to be the first to speak about it. By this detail you can tell whether I am right in my conjecture," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, looking at Levin with a cunning smile.
"Well, what have you to tell me?" asked Levin with a trembling voice, and feeling the muscles of his face quiver.
"How do you look upon the affair?"
Stepan Arkadyevitch slowly drank his glass of chablis while he looked steadily at Levin.
"I?" said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "I would say nothing but this one word — nothing."
"But aren't you mistaken? Do you know what we are talking about?" murmured Levin, with his gaze fixed feverishly on his companion. "Do you believe that what you say is possible?"
"Why shouldn't it be?"
"No, do you really think that it is possible? No! tell me what you really think. If—if she should refuse me, and I am almost certain that"
"Why should you be?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, smiling at this emotion.
"It is my intuition. It would be terrible for me and for her."
"Oh! in any case, I can't see that it would be very terrible for her: a young girl is always flattered to be asked in marriage."
"Young girls in general, perhaps, but not she."
Stepan Arkadyevitch smiled; he perfectly understood Levin's feelings, and knew that for him all the young girls in the universe could be divided into two categories: in the one, all the young girls in existence, participating in all the faults common to humanity, — in other words, ordinary girls; in the other, she alone, without the least imperfection, and placed above the rest of humanity.
"Hold on! take a little sauce," said he, stopping Levin's hand, who was pushing away the sauce-dish.
Levin took the sauce in all humility, but he did not give Oblonsky time to eat. "No, just wait, wait," said he: "I want you to understand me perfectly, for with me it is a
question of life and death. I have never spoken to any one else about it, and I cannot speak to any one else but you. I know we are very different from one another, have different tastes, and conflicting views; but I know also that you love me, and that you understand me, and that's the reason I am so fond of you. In the name of Heaven be sincere with me!"

"I will tell you what I think," said Stepan Arkadyevitch smiling. "But I will tell you more: my wife—a most extraordinary woman"—and Stepan Arkadyevitch stopped a moment to sigh, as he remembered how his relations with his wife were strained—"she has a gift of second sight, and sees all that goes on in the hearts of others, but she is a prophetess when there is a question of marriage. Thus, she predicted that Brenteln would marry the Princess Shakhovskain: no one would believe it, and yet it came to pass. Well, my wife is on your side."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that she likes you, and she says that Kitty will be your wife."

As he heard these words, Levin's face lighted up with a smile that was almost ready to melt into tears. "She said that!" he cried. "I always thought that your wife was an angel. But enough, enough of this sort of talk," he added, and rose from the table.

"Good! but sit a little while longer."

But Levin could not sit down. He walked two or three times up and down the room, winking his eyes to hide the tears, and then he came back to the table somewhat calmer. "Understand me," he said: "this is not love. I have been in love, but it was not like this. This is more than a sentiment: it is an inward power that controls me. I left Moscow because I had made up my mind that such happiness could not exist, that such good fortune could not be on earth. But I struggled in vain against myself: I find that my whole life is here. This question must be decided."

"But why did you leave Moscow?"

"Ach! stay! Ach! only think! only listen to me! If you only knew what your words meant to me! You cannot imagine how you have encouraged me. I am so happy that I am becoming selfish, and forgetting every thing; and yet this very day I heard that my brother Nikolai—you know him—is here, and I had entirely forgotten him. It seems to
me that he, too, ought to be happy. But this is like a fit of madness. But one thing seems terrible to me. You who are married ought to know this sensation. It is terrible that we who are already getting old dare not approach a pure and innocent being. Isn’t it terrible? and is it strange that I find that I am unworthy?"

"Nu! you have not much to reproach yourself with."

"Ach!" said Levin; "and yet, as I look with disgust upon my life, I tremble and curse and mourn bitterly—da!"

"But what can you do? the world is thus constituted," said Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"There is only one consolation, and that is in the prayer that I have always loved: ‘Pardon me not according to my deserts, but according to Thy loving-kindness.’ Thus only can she forgive me."

XI.

Levin emptied his glass, and for a few minutes the two friends were silent. "I ought to tell you one thing, though. Do you know Vronsky?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"No: why do you ask?"

"Bring us another bottle," said Oblonsky to the Tartar, who was refilling their glasses. "You must know that Vronsky is a rival of yours."

"Who is this Vronsky?" asked Levin, whose face, a moment since beaming with youthful enthusiasm, suddenly grew dark.

"Vronsky—he is one of Count Kirill Ivanovitch Vronsky’s sons, and one of the finest examples of the gilded youth of Petersburg. I used to know him at Tver when I was on duty: he came there for recruiting service. He is immensely rich, handsome, with excellent connections, an adjutant attached to the emperor’s person, and, in spite of all, a capital good fellow. From what I have seen of him, he is more than a ‘good fellow;’ he is well educated and bright; he is a rising man."

Levin scowled, and said nothing.

"Nu-s! he put in an appearance soon after you left; and, if people tell the truth, he fell in love with Kitty. You understand that her mother" —
"Excuse me, but I don't understand at all," interrupted Levin, scowling still more fiercely. He suddenly remembered his brother Nikolaï, and how ugly it was in him to forget him.

"Just wait," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, laying his hand on Levin's arm with a smile. "I have told you all that I know; but I repeat, that, in my humble opinion, the chances in this delicate affair are in your favor."

Levin grew pale, and leaned on the back of the chair.

"But I advise you to settle the matter as quickly as possible," suggested Oblonsky, handing him a glass.

"No, thank you: I cannot drink any more," said Levin, pushing away the glass. "It will go to my head. Nu! how are you feeling?" he added, desiring to change the conversation.

"One word more: in any case I advise you to act quickly. I advise you to speak immediately," said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Go to-morrow morning, make your proposal in classic style, and God be with you."

"Why haven't you ever come to hunt with me as you promised to do? Come this spring," said Levin. He now repented with all his heart that he had entered upon this conversation with Oblonsky: his deepest feelings were wounded by what he had just learned of the pretensions of his rival, the young officer from Petersburg, as well as by the advice and insinuations of Stepan Arkadyevitch.

Stepan Arkadyevitch perceived his friend's thoughts, and smiled. "I will come some day," he said. "Yes, brother, woman! She's the spring that moves every thing in this world. My own trouble is bad, very bad. And all on account of women. Give me your advice," said he, taking a cigar, and still holding his glass in his hand: "tell me frankly what you think."

"But what about?"

"Listen: suppose you were married, that you loved your wife, but had been drawn away by another woman"—

"Excuse me. I can't imagine any such thing. As it looks to me, it would be as though, in coming out from dinner, I should steal a loaf of bread from a bakery."

Stepan Arkadyevitch's eyes sparkled more than usual. "Why not? Bread sometimes smells so good, that one cannot resist the temptation:—
As he repeated these lines, Oblonsky smiled. Levin could not refrain from smiling also. "But a truce to pleasantries," continued Oblonsky. "Imagine a charming, modest, lovely woman, poor, and alone in the world, who would sacrifice herself for you: is it necessary to give her up, in case my supposition were true? We'll allow that it is necessary to break with her, so as not to disturb the peace of the family; but ought we not to have pity on her, to make the separation less painful, to look out for her future?"

"Pardon me; but you know that for me, women are divided into two classes, — no, that is, there are women, and there are — But I never yet knew a case of a beautiful repentant Magdalen; and as to that French creature at the bar, with her false curls, she fills me with disgust, and so do all such."

"But woman in the New Testament?"

"Ach! hold your peace. Never would Christ have said those words if he had known to what bad use they would be put. Out of the whole gospel, only those words are taken. However, I don't say what I think, but what I feel, nothing more. I feel a disgust for fallen women just as you do for criminals. You did not have to study the manners of the criminal classes to bring about this feeling, nor I these."

"It is well for you to say so: it is a very convenient way to do as the character in Dickens did, and throw all embarrassing questions over the right shoulder with the left hand. But to deny a fact is not to answer it. Now tell me! what is to be done?"

"Don't steal fresh bread."

Stepan Arkadyevitch burst out laughing. "O moralist! but please appreciate the situation. Here are two women: one insists on her rights, and her rights means your love which you cannot give; the other has made an absolute sacrifice, and demands nothing. What can one do? How can one proceed? Here is a terrible drama!"

1 It was heavenly when I gained
What my heart desired on earth:
Yet if all were not attained,
Still I had my share of mirth.
"If you want me to confess what I think, I will tell you that I don't believe in this drama, and this is why. In my opinion, Love—the two Loves which Plato describes in his "Symposium," you remember, serve as the touch-stone for men. The one class of people understands only one of them: the other understands the other. Those who do not comprehend Platonic affection have no right to speak of this drama. In this sort of love there can be no drama. 'Much obliged to you for the pleasure you have given me;' and therein consists the whole drama. But Platonic affection cannot make a drama, because it is bright and pure, and because"

At this moment Levin remembered his own short-comings and the inward struggles which he had undergone, and he added in an unexpected fashion, "However, you may be right. It is quite possible—I know nothing—absolutely nothing about it."

"Do you see," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, "you are a man of perfect purity? Your great virtue is your only fault. And because your character is thus constituted, you desire that all the factors of life should also be absolutely pure; and this can never be. So you scorn the service of the state, because you see in it no service useful to society, and because, according to your idea, every action should correspond to an exact end; and this can never be. You want conjugal life and love to be one and the same, and that cannot be. And besides, all the charm, the variety, the beauty of life consists in these lights and shades."

Levin sighed, and did not answer: he did not even listen. He was absorbed in the thought of what concerned himself. And suddenly both of them felt that this dinner, which ought to have brought them closer together, had widened the distance between them, though they were still good friends. Each was thinking more of his own affairs, and was forgetting to feel interested in his friend's. Oblonsky understood this phenomenon, having often experienced it after dining; and he also knew what his course of conduct would be.

"Give me the account," he cried, and went into the next room, where he met an adjutant whom he knew, and with whom he began to talk about an actress and her lover. This conversation amused and rested Oblonsky after what had been said with Levin, who always kept his mind on the strain, and wearied him.
When the Tartar had brought the account, amounting to twenty-eight rubles and odd kopeks, not forgetting his fee, Levin, who generally, in the honest country fashion, would have been shocked at the size of the bill, paid the fourteen rubles of his share without noticing, and went home to dress for the reception at the Shcherbatskys', where his fate would be decided.

XII.

The Princess Kitty Shcherbatskaia was eighteen years old. She was making her first appearance in society this winter, and her triumphs had been more brilliant than her elder sisters, than even her mother had anticipated. All the young men in Moscow, who danced at balls, were more or less in love with Kitty; but, besides these, there were two who, during this first winter of her début, were serious aspirants to her hand,—Levin, and, soon after his departure, Count Vronsky.

Levin's frequent visits and his unconcealed love for Kitty were the first subjects in regard to her future that gave cause for serious conversation between her father and mother. The prince and princess had lively discussions about it. The prince was on Levin's side, and declared that he could not desire a better match. The princess, with the skill which women have for avoiding the question, insisted that Kitty was very young; that she did not show great partiality for Levin; and, moreover, that he did not seem to be serious in his attentions. But she did not express what was in the bottom of her heart,—that she was ambitious for a more brilliant marriage, that Levin did not appeal to her sympathies, and that she did not understand him. And when Levin took a sudden leave for the country she was delighted, and said, with an air of triumph, to her husband, "You see, I was right." When Vronsky appeared upon the scene, she was still more delighted, and her hopes of seeing Kitty not only well but brilliantly married, were more than confirmed.

For the princess there was no comparison between the two suitors. The mother disliked Levin's brusque and strange way of looking at things, his awkwardness in society, which she attributed to his pride and what she called his savage life in the country, occupied with his cattle and peasants. And she was still more displeased because Levin, though he
was in love with her daughter, and had been a frequent visitor at their house for six weeks, had appeared like a man who was hesitating, watching, and questioning whether, if he should offer himself, the honor which he conferred upon them would not be too great. Was it not customary for one who comes assiduously to a house where there was a marriageable daughter, to declare his intentions? And then his sudden departure without informing any one! "It is fortunate," the mother thought, "that he is so unattractive, and that Kitty has not fallen in love with him."

Vronsky, on the other hand, satisfied all her requirements: he was rich, intelligent, of good birth, with a brilliant career at court or in the army before him, and, moreover, he was charming. Nothing better could be desired. Vronsky was devoted to Kitty at the balls, danced with her, and called upon her parents: there could be no doubt that his intentions were serious. And yet the poor mother had passed a winter full of doubts and perplexities.

When the princess herself was married, through the influence of an aunt, she was thirty years old. Her fiancée, who was well known by reputation, came to see her and to show himself: the interview was favorable, and the intermediary announced the impression produced. On the following day the official demand was made upon the parents, and granted, and all had passed off very simply and naturally. At least, so it seemed to the princess, as she looked back to it. But when she came to see her own daughters married, she learned by experience how difficult and complicated in reality this apparently simple matter was. What anxieties, what cares, what waste of money, what collisions with her husband, when the time came for Dolly and Natali to be married! And now she was obliged to pass through the same anxieties, and with even more bitter quarrels with her husband. The old prince, like all fathers, was excessively punctilious about every thing that concerned the honor and purity of his daughters: he was distressingly jealous of them, especially of Kitty, his favorite, and at every opportunity he accused his wife of compromising his daughter. The princess had become accustomed to these scenes from the days of her elder daughters, but she confessed that her husband's strictness was founded on reason. Many of the practices of society had undergone a change, and the duties of mothers were becoming more and more difficult. She saw how
Kitty's young friends went freely into society, rode horseback, were forward with men, went out to drive with them alone; she saw that many of them no longer made courtesies, and, what was more serious, each of them was firmly convinced that the business of choosing a husband was incumbent on her alone, and not at all on her parents. "Marriages aren't made as they used to be," were the thoughts and remarks of these young ladies, and even of some of the older people. "But how are marriages made nowadays?" and this question the princess could not get any one to answer. The French custom, which allows the parents full liberty to decide the lot of their children, was not accepted, was even bitterly criticised. The English custom, which allows the girls absolute liberty, was not admissible. The Russian custom of marriage, through an intermediary, was regarded as a relic of barbarism: everybody ridiculed it, even the princess herself. But she was unable to decide what course of action to take. Every one with whom the princess talked said the same thing: "It is high time to renounce those exploded notions; it is the young folks and not the old who get married, and, therefore, it is for them to make their arrangements in accordance with their own ideas." It was well enough for those without daughters to say this; but the princess knew well, that if she allowed Kitty to enjoy the society of young men, she ran the risk of seeing her fall in love with some one whom her parents would not approve, who would not make her a good husband, or would not dream of marrying her. According to the views of the princess, one might better give five-year-old children loaded pistols as playthings, than allow young people to marry according to their own pleasure, without the aid of their parents. And, therefore, Kitty gave her mother much more solicitude than either of the other daughters had.

Just at present her fear was that Vronsky would content himself with playing the gallant. She saw that Kitty was in love with him, and she felt assured only when she thought that he was a man of honor; but she could not hide the fact, that, through the new liberty allowed in society, it would be very easy for a man of the world to turn the head of a young girl, without feeling the least scruple at enjoying this new sort of intoxication. The week before Kitty had told her mother of a conversation which she had held with Vronsky during a mazurka, and this conversation seemed
significant to the princess, though it did not absolutely satisfy her. Vronsky told Kitty that he and his brother were both so used to letting their mother decide things for them, that they never undertook any thing of importance without consulting her. "And now," he added, "I am looking for my mother's arrival from Petersburg as a great piece of good fortune."

Kitty reported these words without attaching any importance to them, but her mother gave them a meaning conformable to her desire. She knew that the old countess was expected from day to day, and that she would be satisfied with her son's choice; but it seemed strange to her that he had not offered himself before his mother's arrival, as though he feared to offend her. In spite of these contradictions, she gave a favorable interpretation to these words, so anxious was she to escape from her anxieties. Bitterly as she felt the unhappiness of her oldest daughter, Dolly, who was thinking of leaving her husband, she was completely absorbed in her anxieties about her youngest daughter's fate, which seemed to be trembling in the balance. Levin's arrival to-day added to her troubles. She feared lest Kitty, through excessive delicacy, would refuse Vronsky out of respect to the sentiment which she had once felt for Levin. His arrival promised to throw every thing into confusion, and to postpone a long desired consummation.

"Has he been here long?" asked the princess of her daughter, when they reached home after their meeting with Levin.

"Since yesterday, maman."

"I have one thing that I want to say to you," the princess began; but at the sight of her serious and agitated face, Kitty knew what was coming.

"Mamma," said she blushing, and turning quickly to her, "don't speak about this, I beg of you,—I beg of you. I know, I know all!"

She felt as her mother felt, but the motives that caused her mother to feel as she did were repugnant to her.

"I only want to say that as you have given hope to one"—

"Mamma, galubechik [darling], don't speak. It's so terrible to speak about this."

"I will not," replied her mother, seeing the tears in her eyes: "only one word, moya dusha [my soul]; you have promised to have no secrets from me."
“Never, mamma, never!” looking her mother full in the face and blushing: “but I have nothing to tell—now. I—I—even if I wanted to, I could not say what and how—I could not”—

“'No, with those eyes she cannot speak a falsehood,’” was the mother’s thought, smiling at her emotion. The princess smiled to think how momentous appeared to the poor girl the thoughts that were passing in her heart.

XIII.

After dinner, and during the first part of the evening, Kitty felt as a young man feels who is about to fight his first duel. Her heart beat violently, and it was impossible for her to collect and concentrate her thoughts. She felt that this evening, when they two should meet for the first time, would decide her fate. She saw them in her imagination, sometimes together, sometimes separately. When she thought of the past, pleasure, almost tenderness, filled her heart at the remembrance of her relations with Levin. The friendship which he had shown for her departed brother, their own childish confidences, invested him with a certain poetic charm. She found it agreeable to think of him, and to feel that he loved her, for she could not doubt that he loved her, and she was proud of it. On the other hand, she felt uneasy when she thought about Vronsky, and perceived that there was something false in their relationship, for which she blamed herself, not him; for he had in the highest degree the calmness and self-possession of a man of the world, and always remained friendly and natural. All was clear and simple in her relations with Levin. But while Vronsky seemed to offer her dazzling promises and a brilliant future, the future with Levin seemed enveloped in mist.

After dinner Kitty went to her room to dress for the reception. As she stood before the mirror she felt that she was looking her loveliest, and, what was most important on this occasion, that she was mistress of her forces, for she felt at ease, and entirely self-possessed.

At half-past seven, as she was descending to the salon, the servant announced, “Konstantin Dmitritch Levin.” The princess was still in her room: the prince had not yet come down. “It has come at last,” thought Kitty; and all the
blood rushed to her heart. As she passed a mirror, she was startled to see how pale she looked. She knew now, for a certainty, that he had come early, so as to find her alone and offer himself. And instantly the situation appeared to her for the first time in a new, strange light. It no longer concerned herself alone; nor was it a question of knowing who would make her happy, or to whom she would give the preference. She felt that she was about to wound a man whom she liked, and to wound him cruelly. Why, why was it that such a charming man loved her? Why had he fallen in love with her? But it was too late to mend matters: it was fated to be so.

"Merciful heaven! Is it possible that I myself have got to give him an answer?" she thought,—"that I must tell him that I don't love him? It is not true! But what can I say? That I love another? Impossible. I will run away, I will run away!"

She was already at the door, when she heard his step. "No, it is not honorable. What have I to fear? I have done nothing wrong. Let come what will, I will tell the truth! I shall not be ill at ease with him. Ah, here he is!" she said to herself, as she saw his strong but timid countenance, with his brilliant eyes fixed upon her. She looked him full in the face, with an air that seemed to implore his protection, and extended her hand.

"I came rather early, seems to me," said he, casting a glance about the empty room; and when he saw that he was not mistaken, and that nothing would prevent him from speaking, his face grew solemn.

"Oh, no!" said Kitty, sitting down near a table.

"But it is exactly what I wanted, so that I might find you alone," he began, without sitting, and without looking at her, lest he should lose his courage.

"Mamma will be here in a moment. She was very tired to-day. To-day"—

She spoke without thinking what she said, and did not take her imploring and gentle gaze from his face.

Levin turned to her: she blushed, and stopped speaking.

"I told you to-day that I did not know how long I should stay; that it depended on you"—

Kitty drooped her head lower and lower, not knowing how she should reply to the words that he was going to speak.

"That it depended upon you," he repeated. "I meant—
I meant— I came for this, that— be my wife," he murmured, not knowing what he had said, but feeling that he had got through the worst of the difficulty. Then he stopped, and looked at her.

She felt almost suffocated: she did not raise her head. Her heart was full of happiness. Never could she have believed that the declaration of his love would make such a deep impression upon her. But this impression lasted only a moment. She remembered Vronsky. She lifted her sincere and liquid eyes to Levin, whose agitated face she saw, and then said hastily, —

"This cannot be! Forgive me!"

How near to him, a moment since, she had been, and how necessary to his life! and now how far away and strange she suddenly seemed to be!

"It could not have been otherwise," he said, without looking at her.

He bowed, and was about to leave the room.

XIV.

At this instant the princess entered. Apprehension was pictured on her face when she saw their agitated faces, and that they had been alone. Levin bowed low, and did not speak. Kitty was silent, and did not raise her eyes. "Thank God, she has refused him!" thought the mother; and the smile with which she always received her Thursday guests re-appeared upon her lips. She sat down, and began to ask Levin questions about his life in the country. He also sat down, hoping to escape unobserved when the guests began to arrive. Five minutes later, one of Kitty's friends, who had been married the winter before, was announced,—the Countess Nordstone. She was a dried-up, yellow, nervous, sickly woman, with great black eyes. She was fond of Kitty, and her affection, like that of every married woman for a young girl, was expressed by a keen desire to have her married in accordance with her own ideas of conjugal happiness. She wanted to marry her to Vronsky. Levin, whom she had often met at the Shcherbatskys' the first of the winter, was always distasteful to her, and her favorite occupation, after she had met him in society, was to make sport of him.

"I am enchanted," she said, "when he looks down upon
me from his imposing loftiness, or when he fails to honor me with his learned conversation because I am too silly for him to condescend to. I am enchanted that he cannot endure me.’’ She was right, because the fact was, that Levin could not endure her, and he despised her for being proud of what she regarded as a merit,—her nervous temperament, her indifference and delicate scorn for all that seemed to her gross and material.

The relationship between Levin and the Countess Nordstone was such as is often met with in society where two persons, friends in outward appearance, despise each other to such a degree that they cannot hold a serious conversation, or even clash with each other.

The Countess Nordstone instantly addressed herself to Levin: “Ah, Konstantin Dmitriévitch! are you back again in our abominable Babylon?’’ said she, giving him her little thin hand, and recalling his own jest that he had made at the beginning of the winter when he compared Moscow to Babylon. “Is Babylon converted, or have you been corrupted?’’ she added with a mocking smile in Kitty’s direction.

“I am greatly flattered, countess, that you kept such accurate account of my words,’’ replied Levin, who, having had time to collect his thoughts, instantly entered into the facetiously hostile tone peculiar to his relations with the Countess Nordstone. “It seems that they have made a very deep impression upon you.’’

“Ach! how so? But I shall make notes. Nu! how is it, Kitty, have you been skating to-day?’’ And she began to talk with her young friend.

Although it was scarcely decent to take his departure now, Levin would have preferred to commit this breach of etiquette rather than endure the punishment of remaining through the evening, and to see Kitty, who was secretly watching him, though she pretended not to look at him. He therefore attempted to get up; but the princess noticed his movement, and, turning toward him, she said,—

“Do you intend to remain long in Moscow? You are justice of the peace in your district, are you not? and I suppose that will prevent you from making a long stay.’’

“No, princess, I have resigned that office,’’ he said. “I have come to stay several days.’’

“Something has happened to him,’’ thought the Countess
Nordstone, as she saw Levin’s stern and serious face, “because he does not launch out into his usual tirades; but I’ll soon draw him out. Nothing amuses me more than to make him ridiculous before Kitty.”

“Konstantin Dmitritch,” she said to him, “you who know all things, please explain this to me: at our estate in Kaluga all the muzhiks [peasants] and their wives drink up all that they own, and don’t pay what they owe us. You are always praising the muzhiks: what does this mean?”

At this moment a lady came in, and Levin arose: “Excuse me, countess, I know nothing at all about it, and I cannot answer your question,” said he, looking at an officer, who entered at the same time with the lady.

“That must be Vronsky,” he thought, and to confirm his surmise he glanced at Kitty. She had already had time to perceive Vronsky, and observe Levin. When he saw the young girl’s shining eyes, Levin saw that she loved that man, he saw it as clearly as though she herself had confessed it to him. But what sort of a man was he? Now—whether for good or ill—Levin could not help remaining: he must find out for himself what sort of a man it was that she loved.

There are men who, in presence of a fortunate rival, are disposed to deny that there are any good qualities in him; others, on the contrary, endeavor to discover nothing but the merits which have won him his success; and with sore hearts to attribute to him nothing but good. Levin belonged to the latter class. It was not hard for him to discover what amiable and attractive qualities Vronsky possessed. They were apparent at a glance. He was dark, of medium stature, and well proportioned; his face was handsome, calm, and friendly; every thing about his person, from his black, short-curl hair, and his freshly shaven chin, to his new, well-fitting uniform was simple and perfectly elegant. Vronsky allowed the lady to pass before him, then he approached the princess, and finally came to Kitty. It seemed to Levin that, as he drew near her, her beautiful eyes shone with deeper tenderness, and that her smile expressed a joy mingled with triumph. He extended toward her his hand which was small, but rather wide, and bowed respectfully. After bowing and speaking a few words to each of the ladies to whom he was presented, he sat down without having seen Levin, who never once took his eyes from him.
"Gentlemen, allow me to make you acquainted," said the princess turning to Levin: "Konstantin Dmitritich Levin, Count Alekséi Kirillovitch Vronsky."

Vronsky arose, and, with a friendly look into Levin's eyes, shook hands with him.

"It seems," said he, with his frank and pleasant smile, "that I was to have had the honor of dining with you this winter; but you went off unexpectedly to the country."

"Konstantin Dmitritich despises and shuns the city, and us, its denizens," said the Countess Nordstone.

"It must be that my words impress you deeply, since you remember them so well," said Levin; and, perceiving that he had already made this remark, he blushed deeply.

Vronsky looked at Levin and the countess, and smiled: "So, then, you always live in the country?" he asked. "I should think it would be tiresome in winter."

"Not if one has enough to do; besides, one does not get tired of himself," said Levin in a sour tone.

"I like the country," said Vronsky, noticing Levin's tone, and appearing not to notice it.

"But you would not consent to live always in the country, I hope," said the Countess Nordstone.

"I don't know; I never made a long stay; but I once felt a strange sensation," he added. "Never have I so eagerly longed for the country, the real Russian country with its muzhiks, as during the winter that I spent at Nice with my mother. Nice, you know, is melancholy anyway; and Naples, Sorrento, are pleasant only for a short time. It is then that one remembers Russia most tenderly, and especially the country. One would say that" —

He spoke, now addressing Kitty, now Levin, turning his calm and friendly face from one to the other, as he said whatever came into his head.

As the Countess Nordstone seemed desirous to put in her word, he stopped, without finishing his phrase, and listened attentively.

The conversation did not languish a single instant, so that the old princess had no need of advancing her unfailing themes, her two heavy guns,—classic and scientific education, and the general compulsory conscription,—which she held in reserve in case the silence became prolonged. The countess did not even have a chance to rally Levin.

He wanted to join in the general conversation, but was
unable. He kept saying to himself, "Now, I'll go;" and still he waited as though he expected something.

The conversation turned on table-tipping and spiritism; and the Countess Nordstone, who was a believer in it, began to relate the marvels which she had seen.

"Ach, countess! in the name of Heaven, take me to see them. I never yet saw any thing extraordinary, anxious as I have always been," said Vronsky smiling.

"Good; next Saturday," replied the countess. "But you, Konstantin Dmitritch, do you believe in it?" she demanded of Levin.

"Why did you ask me? You knew perfectly well what my answer would be."

"Because I wanted to hear your opinion."

"My opinion is simply this," replied Levin: "that table-tipping proves that good society is scarcely more advanced than the peasantry. The muzhiks believe in the evil eye, in casting lots, in sorceries, while we."

"That means that you don't believe in it."

"I cannot believe in it, countess."

"But if I myself have seen these things?"

"The babu [peasant women] also say that they have seen the domovoi [household spirits]."

"Then, you think that I do not tell the truth?" And she broke into an unpleasant laugh.

"But no, Masha. Konstantin Dmitritch simply says that he cannot believe in spiritism," interrupted Kitty, blushing for Levin; and Levin understood her, and began to speak in a still more irritated tone. But Vronsky came to the rescue, and with a gentle smile brought back the conversation, which threatened to go beyond the bounds of politeness.

"You do not admit at all the possibility of its being true?" he asked. "Why not? We willingly admit the existence of electricity, which we do not understand. Why should there not exist a new force, as yet unknown, which?"

"When electricity was discovered," interrupted Levin eagerly, "only its phenomena had been seen, and it was not known what produced them, nor whence they arose; and centuries passed before people dreamed of making application of it. Spiritualists, on the other hand, have begun by making tables write, and calling spirits out of them, and it is only afterwards that it was proposed to explain it by an unknown force."
Vronsky listened attentively, as was his custom, and seemed interested in Levin's words.
"Yes; but the spiritualists say, 'We do not yet know what this force is, and at the same time it is a force, and acts under certain conditions.' Let the scientists find out what it is. Why should it not be a new force if it"
"Because," interrupted Levin again, "every time you rub wood with resin, you produce a certain and invariable electrical action; while spiritism brings no invariable result, and consequently its effects cannot be regarded as natural phenomena."
Vronsky, perceiving that the conversation was growing too serious for a reception, made no reply; and, in order to make a diversion, said, smiling gayly, and turning to the ladies,—
"Countess, why don't you make the experiment right now?" But Levin wanted to finish saying what was in his mind.
"I think," he continued, "that the attempts made by spiritual mediums to explain their miracles by a new force, cannot succeed. They claim that it is a supernatural force, and yet they want to submit it to a material test." All were waiting for him to come to an end, and he felt it.
"And I think that you would be a capital medium," said the Countess Marya Nordstone. "There is something so enthusiastic about you!"
Levin opened his mouth to speak, but he said nothing, and blushed.
"Come, ladies, let us arrange the tables, and give them a trial," said Vronsky: "with your permission, princess." And Vronsky rose, and looked for a table.
Kitty was standing by a table, and her eyes met Levin's. Her whole soul pitied him, because she felt that she was the cause of his pain. Her look said, "Forgive me if you can. I am so happy." And his look replied, "I hate the whole world,—you and myself." He went to get his hat.
But fate once more was unpropitious. Hardly had the guests taken their places around the table, and he was about to go out, when the old prince entered, and, after bowing to the ladies, went straight to Levin.
"Ah!" he cried joyfully. "What a stranger! I did not know that you were here. Very glad to see you!"
In speaking to Levin the prince sometimes used tui (thou), and sometimes vui (you). He took him by the arm, and
while conversing with him, gave no notice to Vronsky, who was standing behind Levin, waiting patiently to bow as soon as the prince should see him.

Kitty felt that her father’s friendliness must seem hard to Levin after what had happened. She also noticed how coldly her father at last acknowledged Vronsky’s bow, and how Vronsky seemed to ask himself, with good-humored surprise, what this icy reception meant, and she blushed.

“Prince, let us have Konstantin Dmitritch,” said the Countess Nordstone. “We want to try an experiment.”

“What sort of an experiment? table-tipping? Nu! excuse me, ladies and gentlemen; but, in my opinion, kaletchki [grace-hoops] would be more amusing,” said the prince, looking at Vronsky, whom he took to be the originator of this sport. “At least there’s some sense in grace-hoops.”

Vronsky, astonished, turned his steady eyes upon the old prince, and, gently smiling, began to speak with the Countess Nordstone about the arrangements for a ball to be given the following week.

“I hope that you will be there,” said he, turning to Kitty.

As soon as the old prince had gone, Levin made his escape; and the last impression which he bore away from this reception was Kitty’s happy, smiling face, answering Vronsky in regard to the ball.

XV.

After the reception, Kitty told her mother of her conversation with Levin; and, in spite of all the pain that she had caused him, the thought that he had asked her to marry him flattered her. But while she felt the conviction that she had acted properly, it was long before she could go to sleep. One memory constantly arose in her mind: it was Levin as he stood near her father, looking at her and Vronsky with gloomy, melancholy eyes. She could not keep back the tears. But, as she thought of him who had replaced Levin in her regards, she saw vividly his handsome, strong, and manly face, his self-possession, so dignified, his air of benevolence: she recalled his love for her, and how she loved him; and joy came back to her heart. She laid her head on the pillow, and smiled with happiness.

“It is too bad, too bad; but I can’t help it, it is not my fault,” she said to herself, although an inward voice whis-
pered the contrary. Ought she to reproach herself for having been attracted to Levin, or for having refused him? She did not know, but her happiness was not unalloyed. "Lord, have pity upon me! Lord, have pity upon me! Lord, have pity upon me!" she repeated until she went to sleep.

Meantime there was going on in the prince's little library one of those scenes which frequently occurred between the parents in regard to their favorite daughter.

"What? This is what!" cried the prince, raising his arms in spite of the awkwardness of his fur-lined dressing-gown. "You have neither pride nor dignity: you are ruining your daughter with this low and ridiculous manner of hunting a husband for her."

"But, in the name of Heaven, prince, what have I done?" said the princess in tears.

She had come, as usual, to say good-night to her husband; and feeling very happy over her conversation with her daughter, and though she had not ventured to breathe a word of Kitty's rejection of Levin, she allowed herself to allude to the project of her marriage with Vronsky, which she looked upon as settled, as soon as the countess should arrive. At these words the prince had fallen into a passion, and had addressed her with unpleasant reproaches.

"What have you done? In the first place, you have decoyed a husband for her; and all Moscow will say so, and with justice. If you want to give receptions, give them, by all means, but invite everybody, and not suitors of your own choice. Invite all these tiulko [dudes], —thus the prince called the young fellows of Moscow, — "have somebody to play, and let 'em dance; but don't arrange such interviews as you had to-night. It seems to me abominable, abominable; and you will get the worst of it. You have turned the girl's head. Levin is worth a thousand men. And as to this Petersburg idiot, who goes as if he were worked by machinery, he and all his kind are alike, — all trash! My daughter has no need of going out of her way, even for a prince of the blood."

"But what have I done?"

"Why, this" — cried the prince angrily.

"I know well enough, that, if I listen to you," interrupted the princess, "we shall never see our daughter married; and, in that case, we might just as well go into the country."

"That certainly would be better."
"But listen! Have I made any advances? No, I have not. But a young man, and a very handsome young man, is in love with her; and she, it seems," — 

"Yes, so it seems to you. But suppose she should be in love with him, and he have as much intention of getting married as I myself? Och! Haven't I eyes to see? Ach, spiritism! ach, Nice! ach, the ball!" Here the prince, attempting to imitate his wife, made a courtesy at every word. "We shall be very proud when we have made our Kationka unhappy, and when, on account of this very thing, her head" — 

"But what makes you think so?"

"I don't think so, I know so; and that's why we have eyes, and you mothers haven't. I see a man who has serious intentions, — Levin; and I see a fine bird, like this good-for-nothing, who is merely amusing himself."

"Nu! you, too, have fine ideas in your head."

"You will remember what I have said, but too late, as you did with Dášenka."

"Nu! very well, very well, we will not say any thing more about it," said the princess, who was cut short by the remembrance of Dolly.

"So much the better, and good-night."

The husband and wife, as they separated, kissed each other good-night, making the sign of the cross as usual; but each remained unchanged in opinion. The princess had been firmly convinced that Kitty's fate was decided by the events of the evening, and she felt that Vronsky's designs were evident; but her husband's words troubled her. On her return to her room, as she thought in terror of the unknown future, she followed Kitty's example, and prayed from the bottom of her heart, "Lord, have pity! Lord, have pity! Lord, have pity!"

XVI.

Vronsky had never experienced the enjoyment of family life: his mother, a woman of fashion, who had been very brilliant in her youth, had taken part in romantic adventures during her husband's lifetime, and after his death. Vronsky had never known his father, and his education had been given him in the School of Pages.
As soon as the brilliant young officer had graduated, he began to move in the highest military circles of Petersburg. Though he occasionally went into general society, he found nothing as yet to stir the interests of his heart.

It was at Moscow that for the first time he felt the charm of familiar intercourse with a young girl of good family, lovely, naïve, and evidently not averse to his attentions. The contrast with his luxurious but dissipated life in Petersburg enchanted him, and it never occurred to him that complications might arise from his relations with Kitty. At receptions he preferred to dance with her, he called upon her, talked with her in the light way common in society; all that he said to her might have been heard by others, and yet he felt that these trifles had a different significance when spoken to her, that they established between them a bond which every day grew closer and closer. It was farthest from his thoughts that his conduct might be regarded as dishonorable, since he did not dream of marriage. He simply imagined that he had discovered a new pleasure, and he enjoyed his discovery.

What would have been his surprise could he have heard the conversation between Kitty's parents, could he have realized that Kitty would be made unhappy if he did not propose to her. He would not have believed that this frank and charming relationship could be dangerous, or that it brought any obligation to marry. He had never considered the possibility of his getting married. Not only was family life distasteful to him, but from his view as a bachelor, the family, and especially the husband, belonged to a strange, hostile, and, worst of all, ridiculous world. But though Vronsky had not the slightest suspicion of the conversation of which he had been the subject, he left the Shcherbatskys with the feeling that the mysterious bond which attached him to Kitty was closer than ever, so close, indeed, that he felt that he must make some resolution. But what resolution he ought to make, he could not tell for the life of him.

"How charming!" he thought, as he went to his rooms, feeling as he always felt when he left the Shcherbatskys, a deep impression of purity and freshness, arising from the fact that he had not smoked all the evening, and a new sensation of tenderness caused by her love for him. "How charming that, without either of us saying anything, we understand each other so perfectly through this mute lan-
guage of glances and tones, so that to-day more than ever before she told me that she loves me! And how lovely, natural, and, above all, confidential she was! I feel that I myself am better, purer. I feel that I have a heart, and that there is something good in me. Those gentle, lovely eyes! When she said — Nu! what did she say? Nothing much, but it was pleasant for me, and pleasant for her.” And he reflected how he could best finish up the evening. “Shall it be the ’club,’ a hand of bezique, and some champagne with Ignatof? No, not there. The Chateau des Fleurs, to find Oblonsky, songs, and the cancan? No, it’s a bore. And this is just why I like the Shcherbatskys,—because I feel better for having been there. I’ll go home!” He went to his room at Dusseaux’s, ordered supper, and scarcely touched his head to the pillow before he was sound asleep.

XVII.

The next day, about eleven o’clock, Vronsky went to the station to meet his mother on the Petersburg train; and the first person whom he saw on the grand staircase was Oblonsky, who had come to welcome his sister.

“Ah! your excellency,” cried Oblonsky. “Whom are you expecting?”

“My matushka,” replied Vronsky, with the smile with which people always met Oblonsky. And, after shaking hands, they mounted the staircase side by side. “She was to come from Petersburg to-day.”

“I waited for you till two o’clock this morning. Where did you go after leaving the Shcherbatskys?”

“Home,” replied Vronsky. “To tell the truth, I did not feel like going anywhere after such a pleasant evening at the Shcherbatskys.”

“I know fiery horses by their brand, and young people who are in love by their eyes,” said Stepan Arkadyevitch in the same dramatic tone in which he had spoken to Levin the evening before.

Vronsky smiled, as much as to say that he did not deny it; but he hastened to change the conversation.

“And whom have you come to meet?” he asked.

“I? a very pretty woman,” said Oblonsky.

“Ah! indeed!”
Iloni sois qui mal y pense! My sister Anna!"
"Ach! Madame Karénina?" asked Vronsky.
"Do you know her, then?"
"It seems to me that I do. Or — no — truth is, I don't think I do," replied Vronsky somewhat confused. The name Karénina brought to his mind a tiresome and affected person.
"But Alekséï Aleksandrovitch, my celebrated brother-in-law, you must know him! Everybody in creation knows him."
"That is, I know him by reputation, but not by sight. I know that he is talented, learned, and something divine; but you know that he is not — not in my line," said Vronsky in English.
"Yes: he is a remarkable man, somewhat conservative, but a famous man," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch. "A famous man."
"Nu! so much the better for him," said Vronsky, smiling. "Ah! here you are," he cried, seeing his mother's old lackey. "This way," he added, stationing him at the door.
Vronsky, besides experiencing the pleasure that everybody felt in seeing Stepan Arkadyevitch, had for some time especially liked being in his society, because, in a certain way, it brought him closer to Kitty. Therefore he took him by the arm, and said gayly, "Nu! what do you say to giving the diva a supper Sunday?"
"Certainly: I will pay my share. Ach! tell me, did you meet my friend Levin last evening?"
"Yes; but he went away very early."
"He is a famous fellow," said Oblonsky, "isn't he?"
"I don't know why it is," replied Vronsky, "but all the Muscovites, present company excepted," he added jestingly, "have something sharp about them. They all seem to be high-strung, fiery-tempered, as though they all wanted to make you understand" —
"That is true enough: it is" — replied Stepan Arkadyevitch, smiling pleasantly.
"Is the train on time?" demanded Vronsky of an employé.
"It will be here directly," replied the employé.

The increasing bustle in the station, the coming and going of the artelschiks, the appearance of policemen and officials, the arrival of expectant friends, all indicated the approach
of the train. The morning was frosty; and through the steam, workmen could be seen, dressed in their winter costumes, silently passing in their felt boots amid the network of rails. The whistle of the coming engine was already heard, and a monstrous object seemed to be advancing with a heavy rumble.

"No," continued Stepan Arkadyevitch, who was anxious to inform Vronsky of Levin's intentions in regard to Kitty.

"No, you are unjust towards my friend Levin. He is a very nervous man, and sometimes he can be disagreeable; but, on the other hand, he can be very charming. He is such an upright, genuine nature, true gold! Last evening there were special reasons why he should have been either very happy or very unhappy," continued Stepan Arkadyevitch with a significant smile, and entirely forgetting in his present sympathy for Vronsky, his sympathy of the evening before for his old friend.

Vronsky stopped short, and asked point blank,—

"Do you mean that he proposed yesterday evening to your belle-sœur?" [sister-in-law].

"Possibly," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch: "this disturbed me last evening. Yes, he went off so early, and was in such bad spirits, that it seemed to me as if — He has been in love with her for so long, and I am very angry with him."

"Ah, indeed! I thought that she might, however, have aspirations for a better match," said Vronsky, turning around, and beginning to walk up and down. "However, I don't know him, but this promises to be a painful situation. That is why so many men prefer to be faithful to their Claras; at least with these ladies, there is no suspicion of any mercenary considerations—you stand on your own merits. But here is the train."

The train was just rumbling into the station. The platform shook; and the locomotive, driving before it the steam condensed by the cold air, became visible. Slowly and rhythmically the connecting rod of the great wheels rose and fell: the engineer, well muffled, and covered with frost, leaped to the platform. Next the tender came the baggage-car, still more violently shaking the platform; a dog in its cage was yelping piteously; finally appeared the passenger-cars, which jolted together as the train came to a stop.

A youthful-looking and somewhat pretentiously elegant conductor slowly stepped down from the car, and whistled,
and behind him came the more impatient of the travellers,—an officer of the guard, with martial bearing; a small, smiling merchant, with his grip-sack; and a muzhik, with his bundle slung over his shoulder.

Vronsky, standing near Oblonsky, watched the sight, and completely forgot his mother. What he had just heard about Kitty caused him emotion and joy: he involuntarily straightened himself; his eyes glistened; he felt that he had won a victory.

"The Countess Vronskaià is in that coach," said the youthful-looking conductor, approaching him. These words awoke him from his reverie, and brought his thoughts back to his mother and their approaching interview. Without ever having confessed as much to himself, he had no great respect for his mother, and he did not love her. But his education and the usages of the society in which he lived did not allow him to admit that there could be in his relations with her the slightest want of consideration. But the more he exaggerated the bare outside forms, the more he felt in his heart that he did not respect or love her.

XVIII.

Vronsky followed the conductor; and as he was about to enter the coach, he stood aside to allow a lady to pass him. With the instant intuition of a man of the world he saw that she belonged to the very best society. Begging her pardon, he was about to enter the door, but involuntarily he turned to give another look at the lady, not on account of her beauty, her grace, or her elegance, but because the expression of her lovely face, as she passed, seemed to him so gentle and sweet.

She also turned her head as he looked back at her. With her gray eyes shining through the long lashes, she gave him a friendly, benevolent look as though she had seen in him a friend, and instantly she turned to seek some one in the throng. Quick as this glance was, Vronsky had time to perceive in her face a dignified vivacity which was visible in the half smile that parted her rosy lips, and in the brightness of her eyes. Her whole person was radiant with the overflowing spirits of youth, which she tried to hide; but in spite of her, the veiled lightning of her eyes gleamed in her smile.
Vronsky went into the coach. His mother, an old lady with little curls and black eyes, received him with a slight smile on her thin lips. She got up from her chair, handed her bag to her maid, and extended her little thin hand to her son, who bent over it; then she kissed him on the brow.

"You received my telegram? You are well? Thank the Lord!"

"Did you have a comfortable journey?" said the son, sitting down near her, and at the same time listening to a woman’s voice just outside the door. He knew that it was the voice of the lady whom he had met.

"However, I don’t agree with you," said the voice.

"It is a St. Petersburg way of looking at it, madame."

"Not at all, but simply a woman’s," was her reply.

"Nu-s! allow me to kiss your hand."

"Good-by, Ivan Petrovitch. Now look and see if my brother is here, and send him to me," said the lady at the very door, and re-entering the coach.

"Have you found your brother?" asked Madame Vronskaià.

Vronsky now knew that it was Madame Karénina.

"Your brother is here," he said, rising. "Excuse me: I did not recognize you; but our acquaintance was so short," he added with a bow, "that you were not exactly sure that you remembered me?"

"Oh, no!" she said. "I should have known you even if your matushka and I had not spoken about you all the time that we were on the way." And the gayety which she had endeavored to hide lighted her face with a smile. "But my brother does not come."

"Go and call him, Altosha," said the old countess.

Vronsky went out on the platform and shouted, "Oblonsky! here!"

But Madame Karénina did not wait for her brother; as soon as she saw him she ran out of the car, went straight to him, and with a gesture full of grace and energy, threw one arm around his neck and kissed him affectionately.

Vronsky could not keep his eyes from her face, and smiled without knowing why. At last he remembered that his mother was waiting, and he went back into the car.

"Very charming, isn’t she?" said the countess, referring to Madame Karénina. "Her husband put her in my charge, and I was delighted. We talked all the way. Nu! and you?"
They say vous filez le parfait amour. Tant mieux, mon cher, tant mieux.” [“You are desperately in love. So much the better, my dear, so much the better.”]

“I don’t know what you allude to, maman,” replied the son coldly. “Come, maman, let us go.”

At this moment Madame Karénina came back to take leave of the countess.

“Nu vot, countess! you have found your son, and I my brother,” she said gayly; “and I have exhausted my whole fund of stories. I shouldn’t have had anything more to talk about.”

“I am not so,” said the countess, taking her hand. “I should not object to travel round the world with you. You are one of those agreeable women with whom either speech or silence is golden. As to your son, I beg of you, don’t think about him: we must have separations in this world.”

Madame Karénina’s eyes smiled while she stood and listened.

“Anna Arkadyevna has a little boy about eight years old,” said the countess in explanation to her son: “she has never been separated from him before, and it troubles her.”

“Yes, we have talked about our children all the time,—the countess of her son, I of mine,” said Madame Karénina turning to Vronsky; and again her face broke out into the caressing smile which fascinated him.

“That must have been very tiresome,” tossing lightly back the ball in this little battle of coquetry. She did not continue in the same tone, but turned to the old countess: “Thank you very much. I don’t see where the day has gone. Au revoir, countess.”

“Good-by, my dear,” replied the countess. “Let me kiss your pretty face, and tell you frankly, as it is permitted an old lady, that I am enraptured with you.”

Hackneyed as this expression was, Madame Karénina appeared touched by it. She blushed, bowed slightly, and bent her face down to the old countess. Then she gave her hand to Vronsky with the smile that seemed to belong as much to her eyes as to her lips. He pressed her little hand, and, as though it were something wonderful, was delighted to feel its answering pressure firm and energetic.

Madame Karénina went out with light and rapid step.

“Very charming,” said the old lady again.

Her son was of the same opinion; and again his eyes
followed her graceful round form till she was out of sight, and a smile came over his face. Through the window he saw her join her brother, take his arm, and engage him in lively conversation, evidently about some subject in which Vronsky had no connection, and the young man was vexed.

"Nu! has every thing gone well, maman?" he asked, turning to his mother.

"Very well, indeed, splendid. Alexandre has been charming, and Marie has been very good. She is very interesting." And again she began to speak of what lay close to her heart,—the baptism of her grandson, the reasons that brought her to Moscow, and the special favor shown her eldest son by the emperor.

"And there is Lavronty," said Vronsky, looking out the window. "Now let us go, if you are ready."

The old servant came to tell the countess that every thing was ready, and she arose to go.

"Come, there are only a few people about now," said Vronsky.

He offered his mother his arm, while the old servant, the maid, and a porter loaded themselves with the bags and other things. But just as they stepped down from the car, a number of men with frightened faces ran by them. The station-master followed in his curiously colored furazhka (uniform-cap). An accident had taken place, and the people who had left the train were coming back again.

"What is it?—What is it?—Where?—He was thrown down!—he is crushed!" were the exclamations made by the crowd.

Stepan Arkadyevitch with his sister on his arm had returned with the others, and were standing with frightened faces near the train to avoid the crush.

The ladies went back into the car, and Vronsky with Stepan Arkadyevitch went with the crowd to see what had happened.

A train-hand, either from drunkenness, or because his ears were too closely muffled from the intense cold to allow him to hear the noise of a train that was backing out, had been crushed.

The ladies had already learned about the accident from the lackey before Vronsky and Oblonsky came back. The latter had seen the disfigured body. Oblonsky was deeply moved, and seemed ready to shed tears.
“Ach, how horrible! Ach, Anna, if you had only seen it! Ach, how horrible!” he repeated.

Vronsky said nothing; his handsome face was serious, but absolutely impassive.

“Ach, if you had only seen it, countess!” continued Stepan Arkadyevitch, “and his wife is there. It was terrible to see her. She threw herself on his body. They say that he was the only support of a large family. How terrible!”

“Could any thing be done for her?” said Madame Karénina in a whisper.

Vronsky looked at her, and saying, “I will be right back, maman,” he left the car. When he came back at the end of a few minutes, Stepan Arkadyevitch was talking with the countess about a new singer, and she was impatiently watching the door for her son.

“Now let us go,” said Vronsky.

They all went out together, Vronsky walking ahead with his mother, Madame Karénina and her brother side by side. At the door the station-master overtook them, and said to Vronsky,—

“You have given my assistant two hundred rubles. Will you kindly indicate the disposition that we shall make of them?”

“For his widow,” said Vronsky, shrugging his shoulders.

“I don’t see why you should have asked me.”

“Did you give that?” asked Oblonsky; and pressing his sister’s arm, he said, “Very kind, very kind. Glorious fellow, isn’t he? I wish you good-morning, countess.”

He delayed with his sister looking for her maid. When they left the station, the Vronskys’ carriage had already gone. People on all sides were talking about the accident.

“What a horrible way of dying!” said a gentleman, passing near them. “They say he was cut in two.”

“It seems to me, on the contrary,” replied another, “that it was a delightful way: death was instantaneous.”

“Why weren’t there any precautions taken?” demanded a third.

Madame Karénina stepped into the carriage; and Stepan Arkadyevitch noticed, with astonishment, that her lips trembled, and that she could hardly keep back the tears.

“What is the matter, Anna?” he asked, when they had gone a little distance.

“It is an evil omen,” she answered.
"What nonsense!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "You are here, — that is the main thing. You cannot realize how much I hope from your visit."

"Have you known Vronsky long?" she asked.

"Yes. You know we hope that he will marry Kitty."

"Really," said Anna gently. "Nu! now let us talk about yourself," she added, shaking her head as though she wanted to drive away something that troubled and pained her. "Let us speak about your affairs. I received your letter, and here I am."

"Yes: all my hope is in you," said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Nu! tell me all."

And Stepan Arkadyevitch began his story. When they reached the house he helped his sister from the carriage, shook hands with her, and hastened back to the council-chamber.

XIX.

When Anna entered, Dolly was sitting in her little reception-room, with a handsome light-haired lad, the image of his father, who was learning a lesson from a French reading-book. The boy was reading aloud, and at the same time twisting and trying to pull from his vest a button that was hanging loose. His mother had many times reproved him, but the plump little hand kept returning to the button. At last she had to take the button off, and put it in her pocket.

"Keep your hands still, Grisha," said she, and again took up the bed-quilt on which she had been long at work, and which always came handy at trying moments. She worked nervously, jerking her fingers and counting the stitches. Though she had said to her husband the day before, that his sister's arrival made no difference, nevertheless, she was ready to receive her, and was waiting for her impatiently.

Dolly was absorbed by her woes, — absolutely swallowed up by them. Nevertheless, she did not forget that her sister-in-law, Anna, was the wife of one of the important personages of St. Petersburg, — a Petersburg grande dame. And, grateful for this fact, she did not finish her remark to her husband; that is, she did not forget that her sister was coming. "After all, Anna is not to blame," she said to herself. "I know nothing about her that is not good, and our relations have always been good and friendly." To be sure, she
could not do away with the impression left by her visits with the Karénins, at Petersburg, that their home did not seem to her entirely pleasant: there was something false in the relations of their family life. "But why should I not receive her? Provided, only, that she does not take it into her head to console me," thought Dolly. "I know what these Christian exhortations and consolations mean: I have gone over them a thousand times, and I know that they amount to nothing at all."

Dolly had spent these last days alone with her children. She did not care to speak to any one about her sorrow, and under the load of it she felt that she could not talk about indifferent matters. She knew that now she should have to open her heart to Anna, and now the thought that at last she could tell how she had suffered, delighted her; and now she was pained because she must speak of her humiliations before his sister, and listen to her reasons and advice. She had been expecting every moment to see her sister-in-law appear, and had been watching the clock; but, as often happens in such cases, she became so absorbed in her thoughts that she did not hear the door-bell, and when light steps and the rustling of a dress caused her to raise her head, her jaded face expressed not pleasure, but surprise. She arose, and met her guest.

"What, have you come?" she cried, kissing her.

"Dolly, how glad I am to see you!"

"And I am glad to see you," replied Dolly, with a faint smile, and trying to read, by the expression of Anna's face, how much she knew. "She knows all," was her thought, as she saw the look of compassion on her features. "Nu! let us go: I will show you to your room," she went on to say, trying to postpone, as long as possible, the time for explanations.

"Is this Grisha? Heavens! How he has grown!" said Anna, kissing him. Then, not taking her eyes from Dolly, she added, with a blush, "No, please don't go yet."

She took off her platok (silk handkerchief), and shaking her head with a graceful gesture, freed her dark curly locks from the band which fastened her hat.

"How brilliantly happy and healthy you look," said Dolly, almost enviously.

"I?" exclaimed Anna. "Ah!—Bozhe moi! [Good heavens!] Tania! is that you, the playmate of my little
Serozha?" said she, turning to the little girl who came running in. She took her by the hand, and kissed her. "What a charming little girl! Charming! But you must show them all to me."

She recalled, not only the name and age of each, but their characteristics and their little ailments, and Dolly could not help feeling touched.

"Nu! let us go and see them; but Vasia is asleep; it's too bad."

After they had seen the children they came back to the sitting-room alone, for lunch, which was waiting. Anna began to eat her soup, and then pushing it away, said,—

"Dolly, he has told me."

Dolly looked at Anna coldly. She expected some expression of hypocritical sympathy, but Anna said nothing of the kind.

"Dolly, my dear," she said, "I do not intend to speak to you in defence of him, nor to console you: it is impossible. But, důšenka [dear heart], I am sorry, sorry from the bottom of my heart!"

Under her long lashes her brilliant eyes suddenly filled with tears. She drew closer, and with her energetic little hand seized the hand of her sister-in-law. Dolly did not repulse her, though she looked cold and haughty.

"It is impossible to console me. After what has happened, all is over for me, all is lost."

As she said these words, her face suddenly softened a little. Anna lifted to her lips the thin, dry hand that she held, and kissed it.

"But, Dolly, what is to be done? what is to be done? How can we escape from this frightful position? We must think about it."

"All is over! Nothing can be done!" Dolly replied. "And, what is worse than all, you must understand it, is that I cannot leave him! the children! I am chained to him! and I cannot live with him! It is torture to see him!"

"Dolly, galučchik [darling], he has told me; but I should like to hear your side of the story. Tell me all."

Dolly looked at her with a questioning expression. She could read sympathy and the sincerest affection in Anna's face.

"I should like to," she suddenly said. "But I shall tell you every thing from the very beginning. You know how I
was married. With the education that maman gave me, I was not only innocent, I was a goose. I did not know any thing. I know they said husbands told their wives all about their past lives; but Stiva," — she corrected herself, — "Stepan Arkadyevitch never told me any thing. You would not believe it, but, up to the present time, I supposed that I was the only woman with whom he was acquainted. Thus I lived with him eight years. You see, I not only never suspected him of being unfaithful to me, but I believed such a thing to be impossible. And with such ideas, imagine how I suffered when I suddenly learned all this horror — all this dastardliness. Understand me. To believe absolutely in his honor," continued Dolly, struggling to keep back her sobs, "and suddenly to find a letter, — a letter from him to his mistress, to the governess of my children. No: this is too cruel!" She took her handkerchief, and hid her face. "I might have been able to admit a moment of temptation," she continued, after a moment's pause; "but this hypocrisy, this continual attempt to deceive me — And for whom? It is frightful: you cannot comprehend.”

"Oh, yes! I comprehend: I comprehend, my poor Dolly," said Anna, squeezing her hand.

"And do you imagine that he appreciates all the horror of my situation?" continued Dolly. "Certainly not: he is happy and contented."

"Oh, no!" interrupted Anna warmly. "He is thoroughly repentant: he is filled with remorse" — "Is he capable of remorse?" demanded Dolly, scrutinizing her sister-in-law's face.

"Yes: I know him. I could not look at him without feeling sorry for him. We both of us know him. He is kind; but he is proud, and now how humiliated! What touched me most [Anna knew well enough that this would touch Dolly also] are the two things that pained him: In the first place, the children; and secondly, because, loving you, — yes, yes, loving you more than any one else in the world," she added vehemently, to prevent Dolly from interrupting her, — "he has wounded you grievously, has almost killed you. 'No, no, she will never forgive me!' he repeats all the time."

Dolly looked straight beyond her sister, but listened to what she was saying.

"Yes, I comprehend what he suffers. The guilty suffers
more than the innocent, if he knows that he is the cause of all the trouble. But how can I forgive him? How can I be his wife after— To live with him henceforth would be all the greater torment, because I still love what I used to love in him”—And the sobs prevented her from speaking.

But after she had become a little calmer, the subject which hurt her most cruelly involuntarily recurred to her thoughts.

“She is young; you see, she is pretty,” she went on to say. “To whom have I sacrificed my youthfulness, my beauty? For him and his children! I have served my day, I have given him the best that I had; and now, naturally, some one younger and fresher than I am is more pleasing to him. They have, certainly, discussed me between them,—or, worse, have insulted me with their silence.”

And again her eyes expressed her jealousy.

“And after this will he tell me? . . . and could I believe it? No, never! it is all over, all that gave me recompense for my sufferings, for my sorrows. . . . Would you believe it? just now I was teaching Grisha. It used to be a pleasure to me; now it is a torment. Why should I take the trouble? Why have I children? It is terrible, because my whole soul is in revolt; instead of love, tenderness, I am filled with nothing but hate, yes, hate! I could kill him and”—

“Dushenka! Dolly! I understand you; but don’t torment yourself so! You are too excited, too angry to see things in their right light.” Dolly grew calmer, and for a few moments not a word was said.

“What is to be done, Anna? Consider and help me. I have thought of every thing, but I cannot see any help.”

Anna herself did not see any, but her heart responded to every word, to every sorrowful gesture of her sister-in-law.

“I will tell you one thing,” said she at last. “I am his sister, and I know his character, his peculiarity of forgetting every thing—[she touched her forehead]—this peculiarity of his which is so conducive to sudden temptation, but also to repentance. At the present moment, he does not understand how it was possible for him to have done what he did.”

“Not so! He does understand and he did understand,” interrupted Dolly. “But I?—you forget me: does that make the pain less for me?”

“Wait! when he made his confession to me, I acknowledge that I did not appreciate the whole extent of your suf-
fering. I only saw one thing,—the disruption of the family. I was grieved; but after talking with you, I, as a woman, look upon it in a very different light. I see your grief, and I cannot tell you how sorry I am. But, Dolly, душенка, while I appreciate your misfortune there is one thing which I do not know: I do not know—I do not know to what degree you still love him. You alone can tell whether you love him enough to forgive him. If you do, then forgive him."

"No," began Dolly; but Anna interrupted her again.

"I know the world better than you do," she said. "I know how such men as Stiva look on these things. You say that they have discussed you between them. Don't you believe it. These men can be unfaithful to their marriage vows, but their homes and their wives remain no less sacred in their eyes. They draw between these women whom at heart they despise and their families, a line of demarcation, which is never crossed. I cannot understand how it can be, but so it is."

"Yes, but he has kissed her"

"Listen, Dolly, душенка! I saw Stiva when he was in love with thee. I remember the time when he used to come to me and talk about thee with tears in his eyes. I know to what a poetic height he raised thee, and I know that the longer he lived with thee the more he admired thee. We always have smiled at his habit of saying at every opportuni- ty, 'Dolly is an extraordinary woman.' You have been, and you always will be, an object of adoration in his eyes, and this passion is not a affection of his heart"

"But supposing it should begin again?"

"It is impossible, as I think"

"Yes, but would you have forgiven him?"

"I don't know: I can't say. Yes, I could," said Anna after a moment's thought and weighing the gravity of the situation. "I could, I could, I could! Yes, I could forgive him, but I should not be the same; but I should forgive him, and I should forgive him in such a way as to show that the past was forgotten, absolutely forgotten."

"Ну! of course," interrupted Dolly impetuously, as though Anna had spoken her own thought—"otherwise it would not be forgiveness. If you forgive, it must be absolutely, absolutely. —Ну! let me show you to your room," said she, rising, and throwing her arm around her sister-in-law.
"My dear, how glad I am that you came. My heart is already lighter, much lighter."

XX.

Anna spent the whole day at home, that is to say, with the Oblonskys, and excused herself to all visitors, who, having learned of her arrival, came to see her. The whole morning was given to Dolly and the children. She sent word to her brother that he must dine at home. "Come, God is merciful," was her message.

Oblonsky accordingly dined at home. The conversation was general; and his wife, when she spoke to him, called him tui (thou), which had not been the case before. The relations between husband and wife remained cool, but nothing more was said about a separation, and Stepan Arkadyevitch saw the possibility of a reconciliation.

Kitty came in soon after dinner. Her acquaintance with Anna Arkadyevna was very slight, and she was not without solicitude as to the welcome which she would receive from this great Petersburg lady whose praise was in everybody's mouth. But she soon felt that she had made a pleasing impression on Anna Arkadyevna, who was impressed with her youth and beauty, and she, on her part, immediately fell under the charm of Anna's gracious manner, as young girls do when brought into relations with women older than themselves. Besides, there was nothing about Anna which suggested a society woman or the mother of an eight-year-old son; but to see her graceful form, her fresh and animated face, one would have guessed that she was a young lady of twenty, had not a serious and sometimes almost melancholy expression, which struck and attracted Kitty, come into her eyes.

Kitty felt that she was perfectly natural and sincere, but she did not deny that there was something about her that suggested a whole world of complicated and poetic interest far beyond her comprehension.

After dinner Dolly went back to her room, and Anna arose and went eagerly to her brother who was smoking a cigar.

"Stiva," said she, glancing towards the door, and making the sign of the cross, "go, and God help you."

He understood her, and, throwing away his cigar, disappeared behind the door.
As soon as he had gone, Anna sat down upon a sofa surrounded by the children.

Either because they saw that their mamma loved this new aunt, or because they themselves felt a drawing to her, the two eldest, and therefore the younger, in the imitative manner of children, had taken possession of her even before dinner, and now they were enjoying the rivalry of getting next to her, of holding her hand, of kissing her, of playing with her rings, or of hanging to her dress.

"Nu! Nu! let us sit as we were before," said Anna, taking her place.

And Grisha, proud and delighted, thrust his head under his aunt's hand, and laid it on her knees.

"And when is the ball?" she asked of Kitty.

"To-night! it will be a lovely ball, — one of those balls where one always has a good time."

"Then there are places where one always has a good time?" asked Anna in a tone of gentle irony.

"Strange, but it is so. We always enjoy ourselves at the Bobrishchevs and at the Nikitins, but at the Mezhkofs it is always dull. Haven't you ever noticed that?"

"No, dusha [my soul], no ball could be amusing to me;" and again Kitty saw in her eyes that unknown world, which had not yet been revealed to her. "For me they are all more or less tiresome."

"How could you find a ball tiresome?"

"And why should not I find a ball tiresome?"

Kitty perceived that Anna foresaw what her answer would be,—

"Because you are always the loveliest of all!"

Anna blushed easily: she blushed now, and said,—

"In the first place, that is not true; and in the second, if it were, it would not make any difference."

"Won't you go to this ball?" asked Kitty.

"I think that I would rather not go. Here! take this," said she to Tania, who was amusing herself by drawing off her rings from her delicate white fingers.

"I should be delighted if you would go: I should like to see you at a ball."

"Well, if I have to go, I shall console myself with the thought that I am making you happy. — Grisha, don't pull my hair down! it is disorderly enough now," said she, adjusting the net with which the lad was playing.
"I should imagine you at a ball dressed in violet."

"Why in violet?" asked Anna, smiling. "Nu! children, run away, run away. Don't you hear? Miss Hull is calling you to tea," said she, sending the children out to the dining-room.

"I know why you want me to go to the ball. You expect something wonderful to happen at this ball, and you are anxious for us all to be there."

"How did you know? You are right!"

"Oh, what a lovely age is ours!" continued Anna. "I know why you want me to go to the ball. You expect something wonderful to happen at this ball, and you are anxious for us all to be there."

Kitty listened and smiled. "How did she pass through it? How I should like to know the whole romance of her life!" thought Kitty, remembering the unpoetic appearance of her husband, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch.

"I know a thing or two," continued Anna. "Stiva told me, and I congratulate you: he pleased me very much. I met Vronsky this morning, at the station."

"Ach! was he there?" asked Kitty, blushing. "What did Stiva tell you?"

"Stiva told me the whole story; and I should be delighted! I came from Petersburg with Vronsky's mother," she continued; "and his mother never ceased to speak of him. He is her favorite. I know how partial mothers are, but"

"What did his mother tell you?"

"Ach! many things; and I know that he is her favorite. But still, he has a chivalrous nature. — Nu! for example, she told me how he wanted to give up his whole fortune to his brother; how he did something still more wonderful when he was a boy — saved a woman from drowning. In a word, he is a hero!" said Anna, smiling, and remembering the two hundred rubles which he had given at the station.

But she did not tell about the two hundred rubles. The memory of it was not entirely satisfactory, for she felt that his action concerned herself too closely.

"The countess urged me to come to see her," continued
Anna, "and I should be very happy to meet her again and I will go to-morrow. — Thank the Lord, Stiva remains a long time with Dolly in the library," she added, changing the subject, and, as Kitty perceived, looking a little vexed. "I'll be the first. No, I," cried the children, who had just finished their supper, and came running to their aunt Anna. "All together," she said, laughing, and running to meet them. She seized them and piled them in a heap, struggling and screaming with delight.

XXI.

At tea-time Dolly came out of her room. Stepan Arkadyevitch was not with her: he had left his wife's chamber by the rear door.

"I am afraid you will be cold up-stairs," said Dolly, addressing Anna. "I should like to have you come down and be near me."

"Ach! don't worry about me, I beg of you," replied Anna, trying to divine by Dolly's face if there had been a reconciliation.

"Perhaps it would be too light for you here," said her sister-in-law.

"I assure you, I sleep anywhere and everywhere as sound as a woodchuck."

"What is it?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, coming in, and addressing his wife.

By the tone of his voice, both Kitty and Anna knew that the reconciliation had taken place.

"I wanted to install Anna here, but we should have to put up some curtains. No one knows how to do it, and so I must," said Dolly, in reply to her husband's question.

"God knows if they have made up," thought Anna, as she noticed Dolly's cold and even tone.

"Ach! don't, Dolly, don't make mountains out of molehills! Nu! if you like, I will fix every thing" —

"Yes," thought Anna, "it must have been settled."

"I know how you fix things," said Dolly, with a mocking smile: "you give Matvé an order which he does not understand, and then you go out, and he gets every thing into a tangle."
"Complete, complete reconciliation, complete," thought Anna. "Thank God!" and, rejoicing that she had accomplished her purpose, she went up to Dolly and kissed her.

"Not by any means. Why have you such scorn for Matvé and me?" said Stepan Arkadyevitch to his wife with an almost imperceptible smile.

Throughout the evening Dolly, as usual, was lightly ironical towards her husband, and he was happy and gay, but within bounds, and as though he wanted to make it evident that even if he had obtained pardon he had not forgotten his sins.

About half-past nine a particularly animated and pleasant conversation was going on at the tea-table, when an incident occurred that, apparently of the slightest importance, seemed to each member of the family to be very strange.

They were talking about some one of their acquaintances in St. Petersburg, when Anna suddenly arose.

"I have her picture in my album," she said; "and at the same time I will show you my little Serozha," she added, with a smile of maternal pride.

It was usually about ten o'clock when she bade her son good-night. Oftentimes she herself put him to bed before she went out to parties, and now she felt a sensation of sadness to be so far from him. No matter what she was speaking about, her thoughts reverted always to her little curly-haired Serozha, and the desire seized her to go and look at his picture, and to talk about him. She immediately left the room with her light, decided step. The stairs to her room started from the landing-place in the large staircase, which led from the heated hall. Just as she went after the album the front door-bell rang.

"Who can that be?" said Dolly.

"It is too early to come after me, and too late for a call," remarked Kitty.

"Doubtless somebody with papers for me," said Stepan Arkadyevitch.

As Anna came down towards the staircase she saw the servant going to announce a visitor, while the latter stood in the light of the hall-lamp, and was waiting. Anna leaned over the railing, and saw that it was Vronsky. A strange sensation of joy, mixed with terror, suddenly seized her heart. He was standing with his coat on, and was searching his pockets for something. At the moment that Anna
reached the central staircase, he lifted his eyes, perceived her, and his face assumed an expression of humility and confusion. She bowed her head slightly in salutation; and as she descended, she heard Stepan Arkadyevitch’s loud voice calling him to come in, and then Vronsky’s low, soft, and tranquil voice excusing himself.

When Anna reached the room with the album, he had gone, and Stepan Arkadyevitch was telling how he came to see about a dinner which they were going to give the next day in honor of some celebrity who was in town.

“'And nothing would induce him to come in. What a queer fellow!' said Stepan Arkadyevitch.

Kitty blushed. She thought that she alone understood what he had come for, and why he would not come in. "He must have been at our house,” she thought, "and not finding any one, have supposed that I was here; but he did not come in because it was late and Anna here."

Everybody exchanged glances, but nothing was said, and they began to examine Anna’s album.

There was nothing extraordinary in a man coming about half-past nine o’clock in the evening to ask information of a friend, and not coming in; yet to everybody it seemed strange, and it seemed more strange and unpleasant to Anna than to anybody else.

XXII.

The ball was just beginning when Kitty and her mother mounted the grand staircase brilliantly lighted and adorned with flowers, on which stood powdered lackeys in red livery. From the ante-room, as they were giving the last touches to their toilets before a mirror, they could hear a noise like the humming of a bee-hive and the scraping of violins as the orchestra was tuning up for the first waltz.

A little old man who was laboriously arranging his thin white locks at another mirror, and who exhaled a penetrating odor of perfumes, looked at Kitty with admiration. He had climbed the staircase with them, and allowed them to pass before him. A beardless young man, such as the old Prince Shcherbatsky would have reckoned among the simpletons, wearing a very low-cut vest and a white necktie which he adjusted as he walked, bowed to them, and then came to ask Kitty for a quadrille. The first dance was
already promised to Vronsky, and so she was obliged to content the young man with the second. An officer buttoning his gloves was standing near the door of the ball-room: he cast a glance of admiration at Kitty, and caressed his mustache.

Kitty had been greatly exercised by her toilet, her dress, and all the preparations for this ball; but no one would have imagined such a thing to see her enter the ball-room in her complicated robe of tulle with its rose-colored overdress. She wore her ruches and her laces so easily and naturally that one might almost believe that she had been born in this lace-trimmed ball-dress, and with a rose placed on the top of her graceful head. Kitty was looking her prettiest. Her dress was not too tight; her rosettes were just as she liked to have them, and did not pull off; her rose-colored slippers with their high heels did not pinch her, but were agreeable to her feet. All the buttons on her long gloves which enveloped and enhanced the beauty of her hands fastened easily, and did not tear. The black velvet ribbon, attached to a medallion, was thrown daintily about her neck. This ribbon was charming; and at home, as she saw it in her mirror adorning her neck, Kitty felt that this ribbon spoke. Every thing else might be dubious, but this ribbon was charming. Kitty smiled, even there at the ball, as she saw it in the mirror. As she saw her shoulders and her arms, Kitty felt a sensation of marble coolness which pleased her. Her eyes shone and her rosy lips could not refrain from smiling with the consciousness of how charming she was.

She had scarcely entered the ball-room and joined a group of ladies covered with tulle, ribbons, lace, and flowers, who were waiting for partners,—Kitty did not belong to the number, — when she was invited to waltz with the best dancer, the principal cavalier in the whole hierarchy of the ball-room, the celebrated leader of the mazurka, the master of ceremonies, the handsome, elegant Yegorushka Korsunsky, a married man. He had just left the Countess Bonina, with whom he opened the ball, and as soon as he perceived Kitty, he made his way to her in that easy manner peculiar to leaders of the mazurka, and without even asking her permission put his arm around the young girl’s slender waist. She looked for some one to whom to confide her fan; and the mistress of the mansion, smiling upon her, took charge of it.
KITTY AT THE BALL.
"How good of you to come early," said Korsunsky. "I don't like the fashion of being late."

Kitty placed her left hand on her partner's shoulder, and her little feet, shod in rose-colored bashmaks, glided lightly and rhythmically over the polished floor.

"It is restful to dance with you," said he as he fell into the slow measures of the waltz: "charming! such lightness! such précision!" This is what he said to almost all his dancing acquaintances.

Kitty smiled at this eulogium, and continued to study the ball-room across her partner's shoulder. This was not her first appearance in society, and she did not confound all faces in one magic sensation, nor was she so surfeited with balls as to know every one present, and be tired of seeing them. She noticed a group that had gathered in the left-hand corner of the ball-room, composed of the very flowers of society. There was Korsunsky's wife, Lidi, a beauty in outrageously low-cut corsage; there was the mistress of the mansion; there was Kravin with shiny bald head, who was always to be seen where the cream of society was gathered. There also were gathered the young men looking on, and not venturing upon the floor. Her eyes fell upon Stiva, and then she saw Anna's elegant figure dressed in black velvet. And he was there. Kitty had not seen him since the evening when she refused Levin. Kitty discovered him from afar, and saw that he was looking at her.

"Shall we have one more turn? You are not fatigued?" asked Korsunsky, slightly out of breath.

"No, thank you."

"Where shall I leave you?"

"I think Madame Karénina is here; — take me to her."

"Anywhere that you please."

And Korsunsky, still waltzing with Kitty but with a slower step, made his way toward the group on the left, saying as he went, "Pardon, mesdames; pardon, pardon, mesdames;" and steering skilfully through the sea of laces, tulle, and ribbons, placed her in a chair after a final turn, which gave a glimpse of dainty blue stockings, and threw her train over Kravin's knees, half burying him under a cloud of tulle.

Korsunsky bowed, then straightened himself up, and offered Kitty his arm to conduct her to Anna Arkadyevna. Kitty, blushing a little, freed Kravin from the folds of her train, and, just a trifle dizzy, went in search of Madame Karénina.
Anna was not dressed in violet, as Kitty had hoped, but in a low-cut black velvet gown, which showed her ivory shoulders, her beautiful round arms, and her dainty wrists. Her robe was adorned with Venetian guipure; on her head, gracefully set on her dark locks, was a wreath of mignonette; and a similar bouquet was fastened in her breast with a black ribbon. Her hair was dressed very simply: there was nothing remarkable about it except the abundance of little natural curls, which strayed in fascinating disorder about her neck and temples. She wore a string of pearls about her firm round throat. Kitty had seen Anna every day, and was delighted with her; but now that she saw her dressed in black, instead of the violet which she had expected, she thought that she never before had appreciated her full beauty. She saw her in a new and unexpected light. She confessed that violet would not have been becoming to her, but that her charm consisted entirely in her independence of toilet; that her toilet was only an accessory, and her black robe showing her splendid shoulders was only the frame in which she appeared simple, natural, elegant, and at the same time full of gayety and animation. When Kitty joined her, she was standing in her usual erect attitude, talking with the master of the house, her head lightly bent towards him.

"No: I would not cast the first stone," she was saying to him, and then, perceiving Kitty, she received her with an affectionate and re-assuring smile. With a quick, comprehensive glance, she approved of the young girl's toilet, and gave her an appreciative nod, which Kitty understood.

"You even dance into the ball-room," she said.

"She is the most indefatigable of my aids," said Korsunsky, addressing Anna Arkadyevna. "The princess makes any ball-room gay and delightful. Anna Arkadyevna, will you take a turn?" he asked, with a bow.

"Ah! you are acquainted?" said the host.

"Who is it we don't know, my wife and I? We are like white wolves,—everybody knows us," replied Korsunsky.

"A little waltz, Anna Arkadyevna?"

"I don't dance when I can help it," she replied.

"But you can't help it to-night," said Korsunsky.

At this moment Vronsky joined them.

"Nu! if I can't help dancing, let us dance," said she, placing her hand on Korsunsky's shoulder, and not replying to Vronsky's salutation.
“Why is she vexed with him?” thought Kitty, noticing that Anna purposely paid no attention to Vronsky’s bow. Vronsky joined Kitty, reminded her that she was engaged to him for the first quadrille, and expressed regret that he had not seen her for so long. Kitty, while she was looking with admiration at Anna in the mazes of the waltz, listened to Vronsky. She expected that he would invite her; but he did nothing of the sort, and she looked at him with astonishment. He blushed, and with some precipitation suggested that they should waltz; but they had scarcely taken the first step, when suddenly the music stopped. Kitty looked into his face, which was close to her own, and for many a long day, even after years had passed, the loving look which she gave him and which he did not return tore her heart with cruel shame.

"Pardon! Pardon! A waltz! a waltz!" cried Korsunsky at the other end of the ball-room, and, seizing the first young lady at hand, he began once more to dance.

XXIII.

Vronsky took a few turns with Kitty, then she joined her mother; and after a word or two with the Countess Nordstone, Vronsky came back to get her for the first quadrille. In the intervals of the dance they talked of unimportant trifles, now of Korsunsky and his wife whom Vronsky described as amiable children of forty years, now of some private theatricals; and only once did his words give her a keen pang,—when he asked if Levin were there, and added that he liked him very much. But Kitty counted little on the quadrille: it was the mazurka which she waited for, with a violent beating of the heart. She had been told that the mazurka generally settled all such questions. Though Vronsky did not ask her during the quadrille, she felt sure that she would be selected as his partner for the mazurka as in all preceding balls. She was so sure of it that she refused five invitations, saying that she was engaged. This whole ball, even to the last quadrille, seemed to Kitty like a magical dream, full of flowers, of joyous sounds, of movement: she did not cease to dance until her strength began to fail, and then she begged to rest a moment. But in dancing the last quadrille with one of those tiresome men whom she found it impossible
to refuse, she found herself vis-à-vis to Vronsky and Anna. Kitty had not fallen in with Anna since the beginning of the ball, and now she suddenly seemed to her in another new and unexpected light. She seemed laboring under an excitement such as Kitty herself had experienced,—that of success, which seemed to intoxicate her as though she had partaken too freely of wine. Kitty understood the sensation, and recognized the symptoms in Anna's brilliant and animated eyes, her joyous and triumphant smile, her parted lips, and her harmonious and graceful movements.

"Who has caused it?" she asked herself. "All, or one?" She would not come to the aid of her unhappy partner, who was struggling to renew the broken thread of conversation; and though she submitted with apparent good grace to the loud orders of Korsunsky, shouting "Ladies' chain!" and "All hands around," she watched her closely, and her heart oppressed her more and more. "No, it is not the approval of the crowd which has so intoxicated her, but the admiration of the one. Who is it?—Can it be he?" Every time that Vronsky spoke to Anna, her eyes sparkled, and a smile of happiness parted her ruby lips. She seemed anxious to hide this joy, but nevertheless happiness was painted on her face. "Can it be he?" thought Kitty. She looked at him, and was horror-struck. The sentiments that were reflected on Anna's face as in a mirror, were also visible on his. Where were his coolness, his calm dignity, the repose which always marked his face? Now, as he addressed his partner, his head bent as though he were ready to worship her, and his look expressed at once humility and passion, as though it said, "I would not offend you. I would save my heart, and how can I?" Such was the expression of his face, and she had never before seen it in him.

Their conversation was made up of trifles, and yet Kitty felt that every trifling word decided her fate. Strange as it might seem, they, too, in jesting about Ivan Ivanitch's droll French and of Miss Eletskaya's marriage, found in every word a peculiar meaning which they understood as well as Kitty.

In the poor girl's mind, the ball, the whole evening, every thing, seemed enveloped in mist. Only the force of her education sustained her, and enabled her to do her duty, that is to say, to dance, to answer questions, even to smile. But as soon as the mazurka began, and the chairs had been arranged, and the smaller rooms were all deserted in favor of
the great ball-room, a sudden attack of despair and terror seized her. She had refused five invitations, she had no partner; and the last chance was gone, for the very reason that her social success would make it unlikely to occur to any one that she would be without a partner. She would have to tell her mother that she was not feeling well, and go home, but it seemed impossible. She felt as though she would sink through the floor.

She took refuge in a corner of a boudoir, and threw herself into an arm-chair. The airy skirts of her robe enveloped her delicate figure as in a cloud. One bare arm, as yet a little thin, but dainty, fell without energy, and lay in the folds of her rose-colored skirt: with the other she fanned herself nervously. But while she looked like a lovely butterfly caught amid grasses, and ready to spread its trembling wings, a horrible despair oppressed her heart.

"But perhaps I am mistaken; perhaps it is not so." And again she recalled what she had seen.

"Kitty, what does this mean?" said the Countess Nordstone, coming to her with noiseless steps.

Kitty's lips quivered: she hastily arose.

"Kitty, aren't you dancing the mazurka?"

"No,—no," she replied, with trembling voice.

"I heard him invite her for the mazurka," said the countess, knowing that Kitty would know whom she meant. "She said, 'What! aren't you going to dance with the Princess Shcherbatskaia?'"

"Ach! it's an one to me," said Kitty.

No one besides herself should learn of her trouble. No one should know that she had refused a man whom perhaps she loved,—refused him because she preferred some one else.

The countess went in search of Korsunsky, who was her partner for the mazurka, and sent him to invite Kitty.

Fortunately, Kitty, who danced in the first figure, was not obliged to talk: Korsunsky, in his quality of leader, was obliged to be ubiquitous. Vronsky and Anna were nearly opposite to her: she saw them sometimes near, sometimes at a distance, as their turn brought them into the figures; and as she watched them, she felt more and more certain that her cup of sorrow was full. She saw that they felt themselves alone even in the midst of the crowded room; and on Vronsky's face, usually so impassive and calm, she remarked that mingled expression of humility and fear, such as strikes
ANNA KARENINA.

one in an intelligent dog, conscious of having done wrong. If Anna smiled, his smile replied: if she became thoughtful, he looked serious. An almost supernatural power seemed to attract Kitty's gaze to Anna's face. She was charming in her simple black velvet; charming were her round arms, clasped by bracelets; charming her exquisite neck, encircled with pearls; charming her dark, curly locks breaking from restraint; charming the slow and graceful movements of her feet and hands; charming her lovely face, full of animation; but in all this charm there was something terrible and cruel.

Kitty admired her more than ever, even while her pain increased. She felt crushed, and her face told the story. When Vronsky passed her, in some figure of the mazurka, he hardly knew her, so much had she changed.

"Lovely ball," he said, so as to say something.

"Yes," was her reply.

Towards the middle of the mazurka, in a complicated figure recently invented by Korsunsky, Anna was obliged to leave the circle, and call out two gentlemen and two ladies: Kitty was one. She looked at Anna, and approached her with dismay. Anna, half shutting her eyes, looked at her with a smile, and pressed her hand; then noticing the expression of melancholy surprise on Kitty's face, she turned to the other lady, and began to talk to her in animated tones.

"Yes, there is some terrible, almost infernal attraction about her," said Kitty to herself.

Anna did not wish to remain to supper, but the host insisted.

"Do stay, Anna Arkadyevna," said Korsunsky, touching her on the arm. "Such a cotillion I have in mind! Un bijou!" [A jewel].

And the master of the house, looking on with a smile, encouraged his efforts to detain her.

"No, I cannot stay," said Anna, also smiling; but in spite of her smile the two men understood by the determination in her voice that she would not stay.

"No, for I have danced here in Moscow at this single ball more than all winter in Petersburg;" and she turned towards Vronsky, who was standing near her: — "one must rest after a journey."

"And so you must go back to-morrow?" he said.

"Yes: I think so," replied Anna, as though surprised at the boldness of his question. But while she was speaking
to him, the brilliancy of her eyes and her smile set his heart on fire.

Anna Arkadyevna did not stay for supper, but took her departure.

XXIV.

"Yes, there must be something repulsive about me," thought Levin, as he left the Shcherbatskys, and went in search of his brother. "I am not popular with men. They say it is pride. No, I am not proud: if I had been proud, I should not have put myself in my present situation." And he imagined himself to be a happy, popular, calm, witty Vronsky, with strength enough to avoid such a terrible position as he had put himself into on that evening. "Yes, she naturally chose him, and I have no right to complain about any one or any thing. I am the only person to blame. What right had I to think that she would unite her life with mine? Who am I? and what am I? A man useful to no one,—a good-for-nothing."

Then the memory of his brother Nikolai came back to him. "Was he not right in saying that every thing in this world was miserable and wretched? Have we been just in our judgment of brother Nikolai? Of course, in the eyes of Prokofi, who saw him drunk and in ragged clothes, he is a miserable creature; but I judge him differently. I know his heart, and I know that we are alike. And I, instead of going to find him, have been out dining, and to this party!"

Levin read his brother's address in the light of a street-lamp, and called an izvoshchik (hack-driver). While on the way, he recalled one by one the incidents of Nikolai's life. He remembered how at the university, and for a year after his graduation, he had lived like a monk notwithstanding the ridicule of his comrades, strictly devoted to all the forms of religion, services, fasts, turning his back on all pleasures, and especially women, and then how he had suddenly turned around, and fallen into the company of people of the lowest lives, and entered upon a course of dissipation and debauchery. He remembered his conduct towards a lad whom he had taken from the country to bring up, and whom he whipped so severely in a fit of anger that he narrowly escaped being transported for mayhem. He remembered his conduct towards a swindler whom he had given a bill of
exchange in payment of a gambling debt, and whom he had caused to be arrested: this was, in fact, the bill of exchange which Sergeï Ivanuitch had just paid. He remembered the night spent by Nikolai at the station-house on account of a spree; the scandalous lawsuit against his brother Sergeï Ivanuitch, because the latter had refused to pay his share of their maternal inheritance; and finally he recalled his last adventure, when, having taken a position in one of the Western governments, he was dismissed for assaulting a superior. All this was detestable, but the impression on Levin was less odious than it would be on those who did not know Nikolai, did not know his history, did not know his heart.

Levin did not forget how at the time that Nikolai was seeking to curb the evil passions of his nature by devotions, fasting, prayers, and other religious observances, no one had approved of it, or aided him, but how, on the contrary, every one, even himself, had turned it into ridicule: they had mocked him, nicknamed him Noah, the monk! Then when he had fallen, no one had helped him, but all had fled from him with horror and disgust. Levin felt that his brother Nikolai at the bottom of his heart, in spite of all the deformity of his life, could not be so very much worse than those who despised him. "I will go and find him, and tell him every thing, and show him that I love him, and think about him," said Levin to himself, and about eleven o'clock in the evening he bade the driver take him to the hotel indicated on the address.

"Up-stairs, No. 12 and 13," said the Swiss, in reply to Levin's question.
"Is he at home?"
"Probably."

The door of No. 12 was ajar, and from the room came the dense fumes of inferior tobacco. Levin heard an unknown voice speaking; then he recognized his brother's presence by his cough.

When he entered the door, he heard the unknown voice saying, "All depends upon whether the affair is conducted in a proper and rational manner."

Konstantin Levin glanced through the doorway, and saw that the speaker was a young man, clad like a peasant, and with an enormous shapka on his head. On the sofa was sitting a young woman, with pock-marked face, and dressed in a woollen gown without collar or cuffs. Konstantin's heart
sank to think of the strange people with whom his brother associated. No one heard him; and while he was removing his goloshes, he listened to what the man in the doublet said. He was speaking of some enterprise under consideration.

"'Nu! the Devil take the privileged classes!'" said his brother's voice, after a fit of coughing.

"Masha, see if you can't get us something to eat, and bring some wine if there's any left: if not, go for some."

The woman arose, and as she came out of the inner room, she saw Konstantin.

"A gentleman here, Nikolaï Dmitritch," she cried.

"What is wanted?" said the voice of Nikolaï Levin angrily.

"It's I," replied Konstantin, appearing at the door.

"Who's I?" repeated Nikolaï's voice, still more angrily.

A sound of some one quickly rising and stumbling against something, and then Konstantin saw his brother standing before him at the door, infirm, tall, thin, and bent, with great startled eyes. He was still thinner than when Konstantin last saw him, three years before. He wore a short overcoat. His hands and his bony frame seemed to him more colossal than ever. His hair was cut close, his mustaches stood out straight from his lips, and his eyes glared at his visitor with a strange, uncanny light.

"Ah, Kostia!" he cried, suddenly recognizing his brother, and his eyes shone with joy. But in an instant he turned towards his brother, and only made a quick, convulsive motion of his head and neck, as though his cravat choked him, a gesture well known to Konstantin, and at the same time an entirely different expression, savage and cruel, swept over his pinched features.

"I wrote both to you and to Sergei Ivanuitch that I do not know you, nor wish to know you. What dost thou, what do you, want?"

He was not at all such as Konstantin had imagined him. The hard and wild elements of his character, which made family relationship difficult, had faded from Konstantin Levin's memory whenever he thought about him; and now when he saw his face and the characteristic convulsive motions of his head, he remembered it.

"But I wanted nothing of you except to see you," he replied, a little timidly. "I only came to see you."

His brother's diffidence apparently disarmed Nikolaï.
"Ah! did you?" said he. "Nu! come ỉ, sit down. Do you want some supper? Masha, bring enough for three. No, hold on! Do you know who this is?" he asked, pointing to the young man in the doublet. "This gentleman is Mr. Kritsky, a friend of mine from Kief, a very remarkable man. It seems the police are after him, because he is not a coward." And he looked, as he always did after speaking, at all who were in the room. Then seeing that the woman, who stood at the door, was about to leave, he shouted,—

"Wait, I tell you."

Then with his blundering, ignorant mode of speech, which Konstantin knew so well, he began to narrate the whole story of Kritsky's life; how he had been driven from the university, because he had tried to found an aid society and Sunday schools among the students; how afterwards he had been appointed teacher in the primary school, only to be dismissed; and how finally they had tried him for something or other.

"Were you at the University of Kief?" asked Konstantin of Kritsky, in order to break the awkward silence.

"Yes, at Kief," replied Kritsky curtly, with a frown.

"And this woman," cried Nikolai Levin, with a gesture, "is the companion of my life, Marya Nikolayevna. I found her," he said, shrugging his shoulders,—"but I love her, and I esteem her; and all who want to know me, must love her and esteem her. She is just the same as my wife, just the same. Thus you know with whom you have to do. And if you think that you lower yourself, there's the door!" And again his questioning eyes looked about the room.

"I do not understand how I should lower myself."

"All right, Masha, bring us up enough for three,—some vodka and wine. No, wait; no matter, though; go!

XXV.

"As you see," continued Nikolai Levin, frowning, and speaking with effort. So great was his agitation that he did not know what to do or to say. "But do you see?" and he pointed to the corner of the room where lay some iron bars attached to straps. "Do you see that? That is the beginning of a new work which we are undertaking. This work belongs to a productive labor association."
Konstantin scarcely listened: he was looking at his brother's sick, consumptive face, and his pity grew upon him, and he could not heed what his brother was saying about the labor association. He saw that the work was only an anchor of safety to keep him from absolute self-abasement. Nikolai went on to say,

"You know that capital is crushing the laborer: the laboring classes with us are the muzhiiks, and they bear the whole weight of toil; and no matter how they exert themselves, they can never get above their condition of laboring cattle. All the advantages that their productive labor creates, all that could better their lot, give them leisure, and therefore instruction, all their superfluous profits, are swallowed up by the capitalists. And society is so constituted that the harder they work, the more the proprietors and the merchants fatten at their expense, while they remain beasts of burden still. And this must be changed." He finished speaking, and looked at his brother.

"Yes, of course," replied Konstantin, looking at the pink spots which burned in his brother's hollow cheeks.

"And we are organizing an artel of locksmiths where all will be in common,—work, profits, and even the tools."

"Where will this artel be situated?" asked Konstantin.

"In the village of Vozdrem, government of Kazan."

"Yes, but why in a village? In the villages, it seems to me, there is plenty of work: why associated locksmiths in a village?"

"Because the muzhiiks are serfs, just as much as they ever were, and you and Sergéi Ivanuitch don't like it because we want to free them from this slavery," replied Nikolai, vexed by his brother's question. While he spoke, Konstantin was looking about the melancholy, dirty room: he sighed, and his sigh made Nikolai still more angry.

"I know the aristocratic prejudices of such men as you and Sergéi Ivanuitch. I know that he is spending all the strength of his mind in defence of the evils which crush us."

"No! but why do you speak of Sergéi Ivanuitch?" asked Levin, smiling.

"Sergéi Ivanuitch? This is why!" cried Nikolai at the mention of Sergéi Ivanuitch — "this is why! . . . yet what is the good? tell me this — what did you come here for? You despise all this; very good! Go away, for God's sake," he cried, rising from his chair,— "go away! go away!"
“I don’t despise any thing,” said Konstantin gently: “I only refrain from discussing.”

At this moment Marya Nikolayevna came in. Nikolai turned towards her angrily, but she quickly stepped up to him, and whispered a few words in his ear.

“I am not well, I easily become irritable,” he explained, calmer, and breathing with difficulty, “and you just spoke to me about Sergéi Ivanuitch and his article. It is so utterly insane, so false, so full of error. How can a man, who knows nothing about justice, write on the subject? Have you read his article?” said he, turning to Kritsky, and then, going to the table, he brushed off the half-rolled cigarettes.

“I have not read it,” replied Kritsky with a gloomy face, evidently not wishing to take part in the conversation.

“Why?” demanded Nikolai irritably.

“Because I don’t care to waste my time.”

“That is, excuse me — how do you know that it would be a waste of time? For many people this article is un-get-at-able, because it is above them. But I find it different: I see the thoughts through and through, and know wherein it is weak.”

No one replied. Kritsky immediately arose, and took his shapka.

“Won’t you take some lunch? Nu! good-by! Come to-morrow with the locksmith.”

Kritsky had hardly left the room, when Nikolai smiled and winked.

“He is to be pitied; but I see” — Kritsky, calling at the door, interrupted him.

“What do you want?” he asked, joining him in the corridor. Left alone with Marya Nikolayevna, Levin said to her, —

“Have you been long with my brother?”

“This is the second year. His health has become very feeble: he drinks a great deal,” she said.

“What do you mean?”

“He drinks vodka, and it is bad for him.”

“Does he drink too much?”

“Yes,” said she, looking timidly towards the door where Nikolai Levin was just entering.

“What were you talking about?” he demanded with a scowl, and looking from one to the other with angry eyes. “Tell me.”
"Oh! nothing," replied Konstantin in confusion.

"You don't want to answer: all right! don't. But you have no business to be talking with her: she is a girl, you a gentleman," he shouted with the twitching of his neck. "I see that you have understood every thing, and judged every thing, and that you look with scorn on the errors of my ways."

He went on speaking, raising his voice.

"Nikolai Dmitritch! Nikolai Dmitritch!" murmured Marya Nikolayevna, coming close to him.

"Nu! very good, very good. . . Supper, then? ah! here it is," he said, seeing a servant entering with a platter.

"Here! put it here!" he said crossly, then, taking the vodka, he poured out a glass, and drank it eagerly.

"Will you have a drink?" he asked his brother. The sudden cloud had passed.

"Nu! no more about Sergéi Ivanitch! I am very glad to see you. Henceforth people can't say that we are not friends. Nu! drink! Tell me what you are doing," he said, taking a piece of bread, and pouring out a second glass.

"How do you live?"

"I live alone in the country as I always have, and busy myself with farming," replied Konstantin, looking with terror at the eagerness with which his brother ate and drank, and trying to hide his impressions.

"Why don't you get married?"

"I have not come to that yet," replied Konstantin, blushing.

"Why so? For me— it's all over! I have wasted my life! This I have said, and always shall say, that, if they had given me my share of the estate when I needed it, my whole life would have been different."

Konstantin hastened to change the conversation. "Did you know that your Vaniushka [Jack] is with me at Pokrovsky as book-keeper?" he said. Nikolai's neck twitched, and he sank into thought.

"Da! (Yes). Tell me what is doing at Pokrovsky. Is the house just the same? and the birches and our study-room? Is Filipp, the gardener, still alive? How I remember the summer-house and the sofa!— Da! don't let any thing in the house be changed, but get a wife right away, and begin to live as you used to. I will come to visit you if you will get a good wife."
"Then come now with me," said Konstantin. "How well we would get along together!"
"I would come if I weren't afraid of meeting Sergéi Ivan-uitch."
"You would not meet him: I live absolutely independent of him."
"Yes; but whatever you say, you would have to choose between him and me," said Nikolai, looking timorously in his brother's eyes. This timidity touched Konstantin.
"If you want to hear my whole confession as to this matter, I will tell you that I take sides neither with you nor with him in your quarrel. You are both in the wrong; but in your case the wrong is external, while in his the wrong is inward."
"Ha, ha! Do you understand it? do you understand it?" cried Nikolai with an expression of joy.
"But I, for my part, if you would like to know, value your friendship higher because" —
"Why? why?"
Konstantin could not say that it was because Nikolai was sick, and needed his friendship; but Nikolai understood that that was what he meant, and, frowning darkly, he betook himself to the vodka.
"Enough, Nikolai Dmitritch!" cried Marya Nikolayevna, laying her great pudgy hand on the decanter.
"Let me alone! don't bother me, or I'll strike you," he cried.
Marya Nikolayevna smiled with her gentle and good-natured smile, which pacified Nikolai, and she took the vodka.
"There! Do you think that she does not understand things?" said Nikolai. "She understands this thing better than all of you. Isn't there something about her good and gentle?"
"Haven't you ever been in Moscow before?" said Konstantin, in order to say something to her.
"Da! don't say vui [you] to her. It frightens her. No one said vui to her except the justice of the peace, when they had her up because she wanted to escape from the house of ill fame where she was. My God! how senseless every thing is in this world!" he suddenly exclaimed. "These new institutions, these justices of the peace, the zemstvo, what abominations!"
And he began to relate his experiences with the new institutions.

Konstantin listened to him; and the criticisms on the absurdity of the new institutions, which he had himself often expressed, now that he heard them from his brother’s lips, seemed disagreeable to him.

“We shall find out all about it in the next world,” he said jestingly.

“In the next world? Och! I don’t like your next world, I don’t like it,” he repeated, fixing his timid, haggard eyes on his brother’s face. “And yet it would seem good to go from these abominations, this chaos, from this unnatural state of things, from one’s self; but I am afraid of death, horribly afraid of death!” He shuddered. “Da! drink something! Would you like some champagne? or would you rather go out somewhere? Let’s go and see the gypsies. You know I am very fond of gypsies and Russian folk-songs.”

His speech grew thick, and he hurried from one subject to another. Konstantin, with Masha’s aid, persuaded him to stay at home; and they put him on his bed completely drunk.

Masha promised to write Konstantin in case of need, and to persuade Nikolai Levin to come and live with his brother.

XXVI.

The next forenoon Levin left Moscow, and towards evening was at home. On the journey he talked with the people in the car about politics, about the new railroads, and, just as in Moscow, he felt oppressed by the chaos of conflicting opinions, weary of himself, and ashamed without knowing why. But when he reached his station, and perceived his one-eyed coachman, Ignat, in his kaftan, with his collar above his ears; when he saw, in the flickering light cast by the dim station-lamps, his covered sledge and his horses with their neatly cropped tails and their jingling bells; when Ignat, as he tucked the robes comfortably around him, told him all the news of the village, about the coming of the contractor, and how Pava the cow had calved,—then it seemed to him that the chaos resolved itself a little, and his shame and dissatisfaction passed away. The very sight of Ignat and his horses was a consolation; but as soon as he had put on his tulup (sheep-skin coat), which he found in the sleigh, and
ensconced himself in his seat, and began to think what orders he should have to give as soon he reached home, and at the same time examined the off-horse, which used to be his saddle-horse, a swift though broken-down steed, then, indeed, what he had experienced came to him in an absolutely different light. He felt himself again, and no longer wished to be a different person. He only wished to be better than he had ever been before. In the first place, he resolved from that day forth that he would never look forward to extraordinary joys, such as had led him to make his offer of marriage; and, in the second place, he would never allow himself to be led away by low passion, the remembrances of which so shamed him when he had made his proposal. And lastly he promised not to forget his brother Nikolai again, or let him out of sight, and to go to his aid as soon as it seemed needful, and that seemed likely to be very soon. Then the conversation about communism, which he had so lightly treated with his brother, came back to him, and made him reflect. A reform of economic conditions seemed to him doubtful, but he was none the less impressed by the unfair difference between the misery of the people and his own superfluity of blessings, and he promised himself that, though hitherto he had worked hard, and lived economically, he would in the future work still harder, and live with even less luxury than ever. And the effect upon himself of all these reflections was that throughout the long ride from the station he was the subject of the pleasantest illusions. With the full enjoyment of his hopes for a new and better life, he reached his house. The clock was just striking ten.

From the windows of the room occupied by his old nurse, Agafya Mikhailovna, who fulfilled the functions of house-keeper, the light fell upon the snow-covered steps before his house. She was not yet asleep. Kuzma, wakened by her, barefooted, and with sleepy eyes, hurried down to open the door. Laska, the setter, almost knocking Kuzma down in her desire to get ahead of him, ran to meet her master, and jumped upon him, trying to place her fore-paws on his breast.

"You are back very soon, batiushka" [little father], said Agafya Mikhailovna.

"I was bored, Agafya Mikhailovna: 'tis good to go visiting, but it's better at home," said he, as he went into his library.

The library was soon lighted with wax candles brought in
haste. The familiar details little by little came home to him,—the great antlers, the shelves lined with books, the mirror, the stove with holes burned through and long ago beyond repair, the ancestral sofa, the great table, and on the table an open book, a broken ash-tray, a note-book filled with his writing. As he saw all these things, for the moment he began to doubt the possibility of any such change in his manner of life as he had dreamed of during his journey. All these signs of his past seemed to say to him, "No, thou shalt not leave us! thou shalt not become another; but thou shalt still be as thou hast always been,—with thy doubts, thy everlasting self-dissatisfaction, thy idle efforts at reform, thy failures, and thy perpetual striving for a happiness which will never be thine."

But while these external objects spoke to him thus, a different voice whispered to his soul, bidding him cease to be a slave to his past, and declaring that a man has every possibility within him. And listening to this voice, he went to one side of the room, where he found two dumb-bells, each weighing forty pounds. And he began to practise his gymnastic exercises with them, endeavoring to fill himself with strength and courage. At the door, a noise of steps was heard. He instantly put down the dumb-bells.

It was the prikashchik (intendant), who came to say that, thanks to God, every thing was well, but that the wheat in the new drying-room had got burnt. This provoked Levin. This new drying-room he had himself built, and partially invented. But the prikashchik was entirely opposed to it, and now he announced with a modest but triumphant expression that the wheat was burnt. Levin was sure that it was because he had neglected the precautions a hundred times suggested. He grew angry, and reprimanded the prikashchik. But there was one fortunate and important event: Pava, his best, his most beautiful cow, which he had bought at the cattle-show, had calved.

"Kuzma, give me my tulup. And you," said he to the prikashchik, "get a lantern. I will go and see her."

The stable for the cattle was not far from the house. Crossing the court-yard, where the snow was heaped under the lilac-bushes, he stepped up to the stable. As he opened the door, which creaked on its frosty hinges, he was met by the warm, penetrating breath from the stalls, and the kine, astonished at the unwonted light of the lantern, turned
around from their beds of fresh straw. The shiny black and white back of his Holland cow gleamed in the obscurity. Berkut, the bull, with a ring in his nose, tried to get to his feet, but changed his mind, and only snorted when they approached his stanchion.

The beautiful Pava, huge as a hippopotamus, was lying near her calf, snuffling at it, and protecting it by her back, as with a rampart, from those who would come too close.

Levin entered the stall, examined Pava, and lifted the calf, spotted with red and white, on its long, awkward legs. Pava bellowed with anxiety, but was re-assured when the calf was restored to her, and began to lick it with her rough tongue. The calf hid its nose under its mother’s side, and frisked its tail. “Bring the light this way, Fyodor, this way,” said Levin, examining the calf. “Like its mother, but its hair is like the sire, long and prettily spotted. Vasili Fyodorovitch, isn’t it a beauty?” turning towards his prikashchik, forgetting, in his joy over the new-born calf, the grief caused by the burning of his wheat.

“Why should it be homely? But Simon the contractor was here the day after you left. It will be necessary to come to terms with him, Konstantin Dmitritch,” replied the prikashchik. “I have already spoken to you about the machine.” This single phrase brought Levin back to all the details of his enterprise, which was great and complicated; and from the stable he went directly to the office, and after a long conversation with the prikashchik and Simon the contractor, he went back to the house, and marched straight into the parlor.

XXVII.

Levin’s house was large and old, but, though he lived there alone, he occupied and warmed the whole of it. He knew that this was ridiculous; he knew that it was bad, and contrary to his new plans; but this house was a world of itself to him. It was a world where his father and mother had lived and died, and had lived a life, which, for Levin, seemed the ideal of all perfection, and which he dreamed of renewing with his own wife, with his own family.

Levin scarcely remembered his mother, but this remembrance was sacred; and his future wife, as he imagined her,
was to be the counterpart of the ideally charming and adorable woman, his mother. For him, love for a woman could not exist outside of marriage; but he imagined the family relationship first, and only afterwards the woman who would be the centre of the family. His ideas about marriage were therefore essentially different from those held by the majority of his friends, for whom it was only one of the innumerable actions of the social life; for Levin it was the most important act of his life, whereon all his happiness depended, and now he must renounce it.

When he entered his little parlor where he generally took tea, and threw himself into his arm-chair with a book, while Agafya Mikhailovna brought him his cup, and sat down near the window, saying as usual, "But I'll sit down, batiushka,"—then he felt, strangely enough, that he had not renounced his day-dreams, and that he could not live without them. Were it Kitty or another, still it would be. He read his book, had his mind on what he read, and at the same time listened to the unceasing prattle of Agafya Mikhailovna, but his imagination was nevertheless filled with these pictures of family happiness which hovered before him. He felt that in the depths of his soul some change was going on, some modification arising, some crystallization taking place.

He listened while Agafya Mikhailovna told how Prokhor had forgotten God, and, instead of buying a horse with the money which Levin had given him, had taken it and gone on a spree, and beaten his wife almost to death; and while he listened he read his book, and again caught the thread of his thoughts, awakened by his reading. It was a book of Tyndall, on heat. He remembered his criticisms on Tyndall's satisfaction in speaking of the results of his experiences, and his lack of philosophical views, and suddenly a happy thought crossed his mind: "In two years I shall have two Holland cows, and perhaps Pava herself will still be alive, and possibly a dozen of Berkut's daughters will have been added to the herd! Splendid!" And again he picked up his book. "Nu! very good: let us grant that electricity and heat are only one and the same thing, but could this one quantity stand in the equations used to settle this question? No. What then? The bond between all the forces of nature is felt, like instinct. . . . When Pavina's daughter grows into a cow with red and white spots, what a herd I
shall have with those three! Admirable! And my wife and I will go out with our guests to see the herd come in; ... and my wife will say, 'Kostia and I have brought this calf up just like a child.' — 'How can this interest you so?' the guest will say. 'All that interests him interests me also.' ... But who will she be?' and he began to think of what had happened in Moscow. — 'Nu! What is to be done about it? I am not to blame. But now every thing will be different. It is foolishness to let one's past life dominate the present. One must struggle to live better — much better.' ... He raised his head, and sank into thought. Old Laska, who had not yet got over her delight at seeing her master, was barking up and down the court. She came into the room, wagging her tail, and bringing the freshness of the open air, and thrust her head under his hand, and begged for a caress, whining plaintively.

"He almost talks," said Agafya Mikhailovna: "he is only a dog, but he knows just as well that his master has come home, and is sad."

"Why sad?"

"Da! don't I see it, batiuska? It's time I knew how to read my masters. Grew up with my masters since they were children! No matter, batiuska: with good health and a pure conscience" —

Levin looked at her earnestly, in astonishment that she so divined his thoughts.

"And shall I give you some more tea?" said she; and she went out with the cup.

Laska continued to nestle her head in her master's hand. He caressed her, and then she curled herself up around his feet, laying her head on one of her hind-paws; and as a proof that all was arranged to suit her, she opened her mouth a little, let her tongue slip out between her aged teeth, and, with a gentle puffing of her lips, gave herself up to beatific repose. Levin followed all of her movements.

"So will I!" he said to himself; "so will I! all will be well!"

XXVIII.

On the morning after the ball, Anna Arkadyevna sent her husband a telegram, announcing that she was going to leave Moscow that day.
"No, I must, I must go," she said to her sister-in-law. in explanation of her change of plan, and her tone signified that she had just remembered something that demanded her instant attention. "No, it would be much better to-day."

Stepan Arkadyevitch dined out, but he agreed to get back at seven o'clock to escort his sister to the train.

Kitty did not put in an appearance, but sent word that she had a headache. Dolly and Anna dined alone with the children and the English maid. It was either because the children were fickle or very quick-witted, and felt instinctively that Anna was not at all as she had been on the day of her arrival when they had taken so kindly to her, that they suddenly ceased playing with their aunt, seemed to lose their affection for her, and cared very little that she was going away. Anna spent the whole morning in making the preparations for her departure. She wrote a few notes to her Moscow acquaintances, settled her accounts, and packed her trunks. It seemed to Dolly that she was now at rest in her mind, and that this mental agitation, which Dolly knew from experience, arose, not without excellent reason, from dissatisfaction with herself. After dinner Anna went to her room to dress, and Dolly followed her.

"How strange you are to-day!" said Dolly.

"I? You think so? I am not strange, but I am cross. This is common with me. I should like to have a good cry. It is very silly, but it will pass away," said Anna, speaking quickly, and hiding her blushing face in a little bag where she was packing her toilet articles and her handkerchiefs. Her eyes shone with tears which she could hardly keep back.

"I was so loath to come away from Petersburg, and now I don't want to go back!"

"You came here and you did a lovely thing," said Dolly, attentively observing her. Anna looked at her with eyes wet with tears.

"Don't say that, Dolly. I have done nothing, and could do nothing. I often ask myself why people say things to spoil me. What have I done? What could I do? You found that your heart had enough love left to forgive."

"Without you, God knows what would have been! How fortunate you are, Anna!" said Dolly. "All is serene and pure in your soul."

"Every one has a skeleton in his closet, as the English say."
"What skeletons have you, pray? In you every thing is serene."

"I have mine!" cried Anna suddenly; and an unexpected, crafty, mocking smile hovered over her lips in spite of her tears.

"Nu! in your case the skeletons must be droll ones, and not grievous," replied Dolly with a smile.

"No: they are grievous! Do you know why I go to-day, and not to-morrow? This is a confession which weighs me down, but I wish to make it," said Anna decidedly, sitting down in an arm-chair, and looking Dolly straight in the eyes.

And to her astonishment she saw that Anna was blushing, even to her ears, even to the dark curls that played about the back of her neck.

"Da!" Anna proceeded. "Do you know why Kitty did not come to dinner? She is jealous of me. I spoiled—it was through me that the ball last night was a torment and not a joy to her. But truly, truly, I was not to blame,—or not much to blame," said she, with a special accent on the word nemnózhko [not much].

"Oh, how exactly you said that like Stiva!" remarked Dolly, laughing.

Anna was vexed. "Oh, no! Oh, no! I am not like Stiva," said she, frowning. "I have told you this, simply because I do not allow myself, for an instant, to doubt myself."

But the very moment that she said these words, she perceived how untrue they were: she not only doubted herself, but she felt such emotion at the thought of Vronsky that she took her departure sooner than she otherwise would, so that she might not meet him again.

"Yes, Stiva told me that you danced the mazurka with him, and he—"

"You cannot imagine how singularly it turned out. I thought only to help along the match, and suddenly it went exactly opposite. Perhaps against my will, I"—

She blushed, and did not finish her sentence.

"Oh! these things are felt instantly," said Dolly.

"But I should be in despair if I felt that there could be any thing serious on his part," interrupted Anna; "but I am convinced that all will be quickly forgotten, and that Kitty will not long be angry with me."

"In the first place, Anna, to tell the truth, I should not be
very sorry if this marriage fell through. It would be vastly better for it to stop right here if Vronsky can fall in love with you in a single day."

"Ach! Bozhe moi! that would be so idiotic!" said Anna, and again an intense blush of satisfaction overspread her face at hearing the thought that occupied her expressed in words. "And that is why I go away, though I have made an enemy of Kitty whom I loved so dearly. But you will arrange that, Dolly? Da?"

Dolly could hardly refrain from smiling. She loved Anna, but it was not unpleasant to discover that she also had her weaknesses.

"An enemy? That cannot be!"

"And I should have been so glad to have you all love me as I love you; but now I love you all more than ever," said Anna with tears in her eyes. "Ach! how absurd I am today!"

She passed her handkerchief over her eyes, and began to get ready.

At the very moment of departure came Stepan Arkadyevitch with rosy, happy face, and smelling of wine and cigars.

Anna's tender-heartedness had communicated itself to Dolly, who, as she kissed her for the last time, whispered, "Think, Anna! what you have done for me, I shall never forget. And think that I love you, and always shall love you as my best friend!"

"I don't understand why," replied Anna, kissing her, and struggling with her tears. "You have understood me, and you do understand me. Proshchai [good-by], my dearest."

XXIX.

"Nu! all is over. Thank the Lord!" was Anna's first thought after she had said good-by to her brother, who had blocked up the entrance to the coach, even after the third bell had rung. She sat down on the little sofa next Annushka, her maid, and began to examine the feebly lighted compartment. "Thank the Lord! to-morrow I shall see Serozha and Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, and my good and commonplace life will begin again as of old."

With the same agitation of mind that had possessed her all day, Anna attended most minutely to the preparations for
the journey. With her skilful little hands she opened her red bag, and took out a pillow, placed it on her knees, wrapped her feet warmly, and composed herself comfortably. A lady, who seemed to be an invalid, had already gone to sleep. Two other ladies entered into conversation; and a fat, elderly dame, well wrapped up, began to criticise the temperature. Anna exchanged a few words with the ladies, but, not taking any interest in their conversation, asked Annaushka for her travelling-lamp, placed it on the back of her seat, and took from her bag a paper-cutter and an English novel. At first she could not read; the going and coming disturbed her; when once the train had started, she could not help listening to the noises: the snow striking against the window, and sticking to the glass; the conductor, as he passed with the snowflakes melting on his coat; the conversation carried on by her travelling companions, who were talking about the storm,—all distracted her attention. Afterwards it became more monotonous: always the same jolting and jarring, the same snow on the window, the same sudden changes from warmth to cold, and back to warmth again, the same faces in the dim light, and the same voices. And Anna began to read, and to follow what she was reading. Annaushka was already asleep, holding her little red bag on her knees with great, clumsy hands, clad in gloves, one of which was torn. Anna read, and understood what she read; but the reading, that is, the necessity of entering into the lives of other people, became intolerable to her. She had too keen a desire to live herself. She read how the heroine of her story took care of the sick: she would have liked to go with noiseless steps into the sick-room. She read how an M. P. made a speech: she would have liked to make that speech. She read how Lady Mary rode horseback, and astonished every one by her boldness: she would have liked to do the same. But she could do nothing; and with her little hands she clutched the paper-cutter, and forced herself to read calmly.

The hero of her novel had reached the summit of his English ambition,—a baronetcy and an estate; and Anna felt a desire to go and visit this estate, when suddenly it seemed to her that he ought to feel a sense of shame, and that she ought to share it. But why should he feel ashamed? "Why should I feel ashamed?" she demanded of herself with astonishment and discontent. She closed the book, and, leaning back against the chair, held the paper-cutter tightly in both
hands. There was nothing to be ashamed of: she reviewed all her memories of her visit to Moscow; they were all pleasant and good. She remembered the ball, she remembered Vronsky and his humble and passionate face, she recalled her relations with him: there was nothing to warrant a blush. And yet in these reminiscences the sentiment of shame was a growing factor; and it seemed to her that inward voice, whenever she thought of Vronsky, seemed to say, "Warmly, very warmly, passionately." . . . "Nu! what is this?" she asked herself resolutely, as she changed her position in the chair. "What does this mean? Am I afraid to face these memories? Nu! what is it? Is there, can there be, any relationship between that boy-officer and me beyond what exists between all the members of society?" She smiled disdainfully, and betook herself to her book again; but it was evident that she did not any longer comprehend what she was reading. She rubbed her paper-cutter over the frost-covered pane, and then pressed her cheek against its cool, smooth surface, and then she almost laughed out loud with the joy that suddenly took possession of her. She felt her nerves grow more and more excited, her eyes open wider and wider, her fingers clasped convulsively, something seemed to choke her, and objects and sounds assumed an exaggerated importance in the semi-obscenity of the car. She kept asking herself at every instant, if they were going backwards or forwards, or if the train had come to a stop. Was Annushka there, just in front of her, or was it a stranger? "What is that on the hook?—fur, or an animal? And what am I? Am I myself, or some one else?" She was frightened at her own state; she felt that her will-power was leaving her; and, in order to regain possession of her faculties, Anna arose, took her plaid and her fur collar, and thought that she had conquered herself, for at this moment a tall, thin muzhik, dressed in a long nankeen overcoat, which lacked a button, came in, and she recognized in him the istopnik (stove-tender). She saw him look at the thermometer, and noticed how the wind and the snow came blowing in as he opened the door; and then every thing became confused. The tall peasant began to draw fantastic figures on the wall; the old lady seemed to stretch out her legs, and fill the whole car as with a black cloud; then she thought she heard a strange thumping and rapping, a noise like something tearing; then a red and blinding fire flashed in her eyes, and then all vanished in
darkness. Anna felt as if she had fallen from a height. But these sensations were not at all alarming, but rather pleasant. The voice of a man all wrapped up, and covered with snow, shouted something in her ear. She started up, recovered her wits, and perceived that they were approaching a station, and the man was the conductor. She bade Annushka bring her shawl and fur collar, and, having put them on, she went to the door.

"Do you wish to go out?" asked Annushka.

"Yes: I want to get a breath of fresh air. Very hot here."

And she opened the door. The snow-laden wind opposed her passage; and she had to exert herself to open the door, which seemed amusing to her. The storm seemed to be waiting for her, eager to carry her away, as it gayly whistled by; but she clung to the cold railing with one hand, and, holding her dress, she stepped upon the platform, and left the car. The wind was not so fierce under the shelter of the station, and she found a genuine pleasure in filling her lungs with the frosty air of the tempest. Standing near the car she watched the platform and the station gleaming with lights.

XXX.

A furious storm was raging, and drifting the snow between the wheels of the cars, and into the corners of the station. The cars, the pillars, the people, every thing visible, were covered on one side with snow. A few people were running hither and thither, opening and shutting the great doors of the station, talking gayly, and making the planks of the walk creak under their feet. The shadow of a man passed rapidly by her, and she heard the blows of a hammer falling on the iron.

"Let her go," cried an angry voice on the other side of the track.

"This way, please, No. 28," cried other voices, and several people covered with snow hurried by. Two gentlemen, with lighted cigarettes in their mouths, passed near Anna. She was just about to re-enter the car, after getting one more breath of fresh air, and had already taken her hand from her muff, to lay hold of the railing, when the flickering light from the reflector was cut off by a man in a military
VRONSKY ENCOUNTERS ANNA AT THE STATION.
coat, who came close to her. She looked up, and in an instant recognized Vronsky's face.

He saluted her, carrying his hand to the visor, and then asked respectfully if there was not some way in which he might be of service to her.

Anna looked at him for some moments without ability to speak: although they were in the shadow, she saw, or thought that she saw, in his eyes the expression of enthusiastic ecstasy which had struck her on the evening of the ball. How many times had she said to herself that Vronsky, for her, was only one of the young people whom one meets by the hundred in society, and who would never cause her to give him a second thought! and now, on the first instant of seeing him again, a sensation of triumphant joy seized her. It was impossible to ask why he was there. She knew, as truly as though he had told her, that it was because she was there.

"I did not know that you were coming. Why did you come?" said she, letting her hand fall from the railing. A joy that she could not restrain shone in her face.

"Why did I come?" he repeated, looking straight into her eyes. "You know that I came simply for this,—to be where you are," he said. "I could not do otherwise."

And at this instant the wind, as though it had conquered every obstacle, drove the snow from the roof of the car, and tossed in triumph a birch-leaf which it had torn off, and at the same time the whistle of the locomotive gave a melancholy, mournful cry. Never had the horror of a tempest appeared to her more beautiful than now. She had just heard what her reason feared, but which her heart longed to hear. She made no reply, but he perceived by her face how she fought against herself.

"Forgive me if what I said displeases you," he murmured humbly.

He spoke respectfully, but in such a resolute, decided tone, that for some time she was unable to reply.

"What you said was wrong; and I beg of you, if you are a gentleman, to forget it, as I shall forget it."

"I shall never forget, and I shall never be able to forget any of your words, any of your gestures"—

"Enough, enough!" she cried, vainly endeavoring to give an expression of severity to her face, at which he was passionately gazing. And helping herself by the cold railing,
she quickly mounted the steps, and entered the car. But she stopped in the little entry, and tried to recall to her imagination what had taken place. She found it impossible to bring back the words that had passed between them; but she felt that that brief conversation had brought them closer together, and she was at once startled and delighted. At the end of a few seconds, she went back to her place in the car.

The nervous strain which tormented her became more intense, until she began to fear that every moment something would snap within her brain. She did not sleep all night: but in this nervous tension, and in the fantasies which filled her imagination, there was nothing disagreeable or painful; on the contrary, it was joyous, burning excitement.

Toward morning, Anna dozed as she sat in her arm-chair; and when she awoke it was bright daylight, and the train was approaching Petersburg. The thought of her home, her husband, her son, and all the little labors of the day and the coming days, filled her mind.

The train had hardly reached the station at Petersburg, when Anna stepped upon the platform; and the first person that she saw was her husband waiting for her.

"Ach! Bozhe moi! Why are his ears so long?" she thought, as she looked at his reserved but distinguished face, and was struck by the lobes of his ears protruding from under the lappets of his round cap. When he saw her, he came to meet her at the car, with his habitual smile of irony, looking straight at her with his great, weary eyes. A disagreeable thought oppressed her heart when she saw his stubborn, weary look. She felt that she had expected to find him different. Not only was she dissatisfied with herself, but she confessed to a certain sense of hypocrisy in her relations with her husband. This feeling was not novel: she had felt it before without heeding it, but now she recognized it clearly and with distress.

"Da! you see, I'm a tender husband, tender as the first year of our marriage: I was burning with desire to see you," said he, in his slow, deliberate voice, and with the light tone of raillery that he generally used in speaking to her, a tone of ridicule, as if any one could speak as he had done.

"Is Serozha well?" she demanded.

"And is this all the reward," he said, "for my ardor? He is well, very well."
XXXI.

Vronsky had not even attempted to sleep all that night. He sat in his arm-chair, with eyes wide open, looking with perfect indifference at those who came in and went out; for him, men were of no more account than things. People who were ordinarily struck by his imperturbable dignity, would have found him now tenfold more haughty and unapproachable. A nervous young man, an employé of the district court, sitting near him in the car, detested him on account of this aspect. The young man did his best to make him appreciate that he was an animated object; he asked for a light, he spoke to him, he even touched him: but Vronsky looked at him as though he had been the reflector. And the young man, with a grimace, thought that he should lose command of himself to be so ignored by Vronsky.

Vronsky saw nothing, heard nothing. He felt as though he were a tsar, not because he saw that he had made an impression upon Anna,—he did not fully realize that, as yet,—but because of the power of the impression which she had made on him, and which filled him with happiness and pride.

What would be the result of this, he did not know, and did not even consider; but he felt that all his powers, which had been dissipated and scattered hitherto, were now tending with frightful rapidity towards one beatific focus. As he left his compartment at Bologoi, to get a glass of seltzer, he saw Anna, and almost from the first word had told her what he thought. And he was glad that he had spoken as he did; glad that she knew all now, and was thinking about it. Returning to his car, he recalled, one by one, all his memories of her, the words that she had spoken, and his imagination painted the possibility of a future which overwhelmed his heart.

On reaching Petersburg, he dismounted from the car, and in spite of a sleepless night felt as fresh and vigorous as though he had just enjoyed a cold bath. He stood near his car, waiting to see her pass. "I will see her once more," he said to himself with a smile. "I will see her graceful bearing; perhaps she will speak a word to me, will look at me, smile upon me." But it was her husband whom first he saw, politely escorted through the crowd by the station-master. "Ach! da! the husband!" And then Vronsky for the
first time got a realizing sense that he was an important factor in Anna's life. He knew that she had a husband, but had never realized the fact until now, when he saw his head, his shoulders, and his legs clothed in black pantaloons, and especially when he saw him unconcernedly go up to Anna, and take her hand as though he had the right of possession.

The sight of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch with his Petersburgish-fresh face, and his solid, self-confident figure, his round cap, and his slightly stooping shoulders, confirmed the fact, and filled him with the same sensation that a man dying of thirst experiences, who discovers a fountain, but finds that a dog, a sheep, or a pig has been roiling the water. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's stiff and heavy gait was exceedingly distasteful to Vronsky. He did not acknowledge that any one besides himself had the right to love Anna. When she appeared, the sight of her filled him with physical exultation. She had not changed, and his soul was touched and moved. He ordered his German body-servant, who came hurrying up to him from the second-class car, to see to the baggage; and while he was on his way towards her, he witnessed the meeting between husband and wife, and, with a lover's intuition, perceived the shade of constraint with which Anna greeted her husband. "No, she does not love him, and she cannot love him," was his mental judgment.

As he joined them, he noticed with joy that she felt his approach, and was glad, and that she recognized him, though she went on talking with her husband.

"Did you have a good night?" said he, when he was near enough, and bowing to her, but in such a manner as to include the husband, and allow Alekséi Aleksandrovitch the opportunity to acknowledge the salute, and recognize him, if it seemed good to him so to do.

"Thank you, very good," she replied.

Her face expressed weariness, and her eyes and smile lacked their habitual animation; but the moment she saw Vronsky, something flashed into her eyes, and, notwithstanding the fact that the fire instantly died away, he was overjoyed even at this. She raised her eyes to her husband, to see whether he knew Vronsky. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch looked at him with displeasure, vaguely remembering who he was. Vronsky's calm self-assurance struck upon Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's cool superciliousness as a feather on a rock.

"Count Vronsky," said Anna.
“Ah! We have met before, it seems to me,” said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch with indifference, extending his hand.

"Went with the mother, and came home with the son,” said he, speaking with precision, as though his words were worth a ruble apiece. “Back from a furlough, probably?” And without waiting for an answer, he turned to his wife, in his ironical tone, “Did they shed many tears in Moscow to have you leave them?”

His manner toward his wife told Vronsky that he wanted to be left alone, and the impression was confirmed when he touched his hat, and turned from him; but Vronsky still remained with Anna.

“I hope to have the honor of calling upon you,” said he. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, with weary eyes, looked at Vronsky. “Very happy,” he said coldly: “we receive on Mondays.” Then, leaving Vronsky entirely, he said to his wife, still in a jesting tone, “And how fortunate that I happened to have a spare half-hour to come to meet you, and show you my tenderness.”

“You emphasize your affection too much for me to appreciate it,” replied Anna, in the same spirit of raillery, although she was listening involuntarily to Vronsky’s steps behind them. “But what is that to me?” she asked herself in thought. Then she began to ask her husband how Serozha had got along during her absence.

“Oh! excellently. Mariette says that he has been very good, and—I am sorry to have to tell you—that he did not seem to miss you—not so much as your husband. But again, merci, my dear, that you came a day earlier. Our dear Samovar will be delighted.” He called the celebrated Countess Lidia Ivanovna by the nickname of the Samovar (tea-urn), because she was always and everywhere bubbling and boiling.

“She has kept asking after you; and do you know, if I make bold to advise you, you would do well to go to see her to-day. You see, her heart is always sore on your account. At present besides her usual cares, she is greatly concerned about the reconciliation of the Oblonskys.”

The Countess Lidia Ivanovna was a friend of Anna’s husband, and the centre of a certain circle in Petersburg society, to which Anna, on her husband’s account, more than for any other reason, belonged.

“Da! But didn’t I write her?”

“She expects to have all the details. Go to her, my
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dear, if you are not too tired. *Nu!* Kondrato will call your carriage, and I am going to a committee-meeting. I shall not have to dine alone this time," continued Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, not in jest this time. "You cannot imagine how used I am to . . ."

And with a peculiar smile, giving her a long pressure of the hand, he led her to the carriage.

XXXII.

The first face that Anna saw when she reached home was her son’s. Rushing down the stairs, in spite of his nurse’s reproof, he hastened to meet her with a cry of joy. "Mamma! mamma!" and sprang into her arms.

"I told you it was mamma!" he shouted to the governess. "I knew it was!"

But the son, no less than the husband, awakened in Anna a feeling like disillusion. She imagined him better than he was in reality. She was obliged to descend to the reality in order to look upon him as he was. But in fact, he was lovely, with his curly head, his blue eyes, and his pretty plump legs in their neatly fitting stockings. She felt an almost physical satisfaction in feeling him near her, and in his caresses, and a moral calm in looking into his tender, confiding, loving eyes, and in hearing his childish questions. She unpacked the gifts sent him by Dolly’s children, and told him how there was a little girl in Moscow, named Tania, and how this Tania knew how to read, and was teaching the other children to read.

"Am I not as good as she?"

"For me, you are worth all the rest of the world."

"I know it," said Serozha, smiling.

Anna had hardly finished her coffee, when the Countess Lidia Ivanovna was announced. The countess was a robust, stout woman, with an unhealthy, sallow complexion, and handsome, dreamy black eyes. Anna liked her, but to-day, as for the first time, she seemed to see her with all her faults.

"*Nu!* my dear, did you carry the olive-branch?" demanded the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, as she entered the room.

"Yes: it is all made up," replied Anna; "but it was not so bad as we thought. As a general thing, my belle-sœur is too hasty."
But the Countess Lidia, who was interested in all that did not specially concern herself, had the habit of sometimes not heeding what did interest her. She interrupted Anna.

"Da! This world is full of woes and tribulations, and I am all worn out to-day."

"What is it?" asked Anna, striving to repress a smile.

"I am beginning to weary of the useless strife for the right, and sometimes I am utterly discouraged. The work of the Little Sisters [this was a philanthropical and religiously patriotic institution] is getting along splendidly, but there is nothing to be done with these men," added the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, with an air of ironical resignation to fate. "They get hold of an idea, they mutilate it, and then they judge it so meanly, so wretchedly. Two or three men, your husband among them, understand all the meaning of this work; but the others only discredit it. Yesterday Pravdin wrote me.—

Pravdin was a famous Panslavist, who lived abroad, and the Countess Lidia Ivanovna related what he had said in his letter. Then she went on to describe the troubles and snares which blocked the work of uniting the churches, and finally departed in haste, because it was the day for her to be present at the meeting of some society or other, and at the sitting of the Slavonic Committee.

"All this used to exist, but why did I never notice it before?" said Anna to herself. "Was she very irritable to-day? But at any rate, it is ridiculous: her aims are charitable, she is a Christian, and yet she is angry with everybody, and everybody is her enemy; and yet all her enemies are working for Christianity and charity."

After the departure of the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, came a friend, the wife of a direktor, who told her all the news of the city. At three o'clock she went out, promising to be back in time for dinner. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch was at the meeting of the ministry. The hour before dinner, which Anna spent alone, she employed sitting with her son,—who ate apart from the others,—in arranging her things, and in catching up in her correspondence, which was in arrears.

The sensation of causeless shame, and the trouble from which she had suffered so strangely during her journey, now completely disappeared. Under the conditions of her ordinary every-day life, she felt calm, and free from reproach, and she was surprised as she recalled her condition of the
night before. "What was it? Nothing. Vronsky said a foolish thing, to which it is idle to give any further thought. To speak of it to my husband is worse than useless. To speak about it would seem to attach too much importance to it." And she recalled a trifling episode which had occurred between her and a young subordinate of her husband's in Petersburg, and how she had felt called upon to tell him about it, and how Alekséi Aleksandrovitch told her that as she went into society, she, like all society women, might expect such experiences, but that he had too much confidence in her tact to allow his jealousy to humiliate her or himself. "Why tell, then? Besides, I have nothing to tell."

XXXIII.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch returned from the ministry about four o'clock, but, as often happened, he found no time to speak to Anna. He went directly to his library to give audience to some petitioners who were waiting for him, and to sign some papers brought him by his chief secretary.

The Karénins always had at least three visitors to dine with them; and to-day there came an old lady, a cousin of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's, a department direktor with his wife, and a young man recommended to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch for employment. Anna came to the drawing-room to receive them. The great bronze clock, of the time of Peter the Great, had just finished striking five, when Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, in white cravat, and with two decorations on his dress-coat, left his dressing-room: he had an engagement immediately after dinner. Every moment of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's life was counted and occupied, and, in order to accomplish what he had to do every day, he was forced to use the strictest regularity and punctuality. "Without haste, and without rest," was his motto. He entered the salon, bowed to his guests, and, giving his wife a smile, led the way to the table.

"Da! my solitude is over. You don't realize how irksome [he laid a special stress on the word nelovko, irksome] it is to dine alone!"

During the dinner he talked with his wife about matters in Moscow, and, with his mocking smile, inquired especially about Stepan Arkadyevitch; but the conversation remained
for the most on common subjects, about Petersburg society, and matters connected with the government. After dinner he spent a half-hour with his guests, and then giving his wife another smile, and pressing her hand, he left the room, and went to the council. Anna did not go this evening to the Princess Betsy Tverskaia's, who, having heard of her arrival, had sent her an invitation; and she did not go to the theatre, where she just now had a box. She did not go out, principally because a dress, which she had expected, was not done. After the departure of her guests, Anna investigated her wardrobe, and was much disturbed to find that of the three dresses, which in a spirit of economy she had given to the dressmaker to make over, and which ought to have been done three days ago, two were absolutely unfinished, and one was done in a way that Anna did not like. The dressmaker came with her excuses, declaring that it would be better so, and Anna reprimanded her so severely that afterwards she felt ashamed of herself. To calm her agitation, she went to the nursery, and spent the evening with her son, put him to bed herself, made the sign of the cross over him, and tucked the quilt about him. She was glad that she had not gone out, and that she had spent such a happy evening. It was so quiet and restful, and now she saw clearly that all that had seemed so important during her railway journey was only one of the ordinary insignificant events of social life,—that she had nothing in the world of which to be ashamed. She sat down in front of the fireplace with her English novel, and waited for her husband. At half-past nine exactly his ring was heard at the door, and he came into the room.

"Here you are, at last," she said, giving him her hand. He kissed her hand, and sat down near her.

"Your journey, I see, was on the whole very successful," said he.

"Yes, very," she replied; and she began to relate all the details—her journey with the old countess, her arrival, the accident at the station, the pity which she had felt, first for her brother, and afterwards for Dolly.

"I do not see how it is possible to pardon such a man, even though he is your brother," said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch severely.

Anna smiled. She appreciated that he said this to show that not even kinship could bend him from the strictness
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of his honest judgment. She knew this trait in her husband's character, and liked it.

"I am glad," he continued, "that all ended so satisfactorily, and that you have come home again. Nu! what do they say there about the new measures that I introduced in the council?"

Anna had heard nothing said about this new measure, and she was confused because she had so easily forgotten something which to him was so important.

"Here, on the contrary, it has made a great sensation," said he, with a self-satisfied smile.

She saw that Aleksii Aleksandrovitch wanted to tell her something very flattering to himself about this affair, and, by means of questions, she led him up to the story. And he, with the same self-satisfied smile, began to tell her of the congratulations which he had received on account of this measure, which had been passed.

"I was very, very glad. This proves that at last, reasonable and serious views about this question are beginning to be formed among us." After he had taken his second cup of tea, with cream and bread, Aleksii Aleksandrovitch arose to go to his library.

"But you did not go out: was it very tiresome for you?" he said.

"Oh, no!" she replied, rising with her husband, and going with him through the hall to the library.

"What are you reading now?" she asked.

"Just now I am reading the Duc de Lille—Poésie des enfers," he replied,—"a very remarkable book."

Anna smiled, as one smiles at the weaknesses of those we love, and, passing her arm through her husband's, accompanied him to the library-door. She knew that his habit of reading in the evening had become inexorable, and that notwithstanding his absorbing duties, which took so much of his time at the council, he felt it his duty to follow all that seemed remarkable in the sphere of literature. She also knew, that while he felt a special interest in works on political economy, philosophy, and religion, Aleksii Aleksandrovitch allowed no book on art which seemed to him to possess any value, to escape his notice, and for the very reason that art was contrary to his nature. She knew that in the province of political economy, philosophy, religion, Aleksii Aleksandrovitch had doubts, and tried to solve them; but in
questions of art or poetry, particularly in music, the comprehension of which was utterly beyond him, he had the most precise and definite opinions. He loved to speak of Shakespeare, Raphael, and Beethoven; of the importance of the new school of musicians and poets,—all of whom were classed by him according to the most rigorous logic.

"Nu! God be with you," she said, as they reached the door of the library, where were standing, as usual, near her husband's arm-chair, the shade-lamp already lighted, and a carafe with water. "And I am going to write to Moscow."

Again he pressed her hand, and kissed it.

"Taken all in all, he is a good man; upright, excellent, remarkable in his sphere," said Anna to herself, on her way to her room, as though she felt it necessary to defend him from some one who accused him of not being lovable.

"But why do his ears stick out so? Or does he cut his hair too short?"

It was just midnight, and Anna was still sitting at her writing-table finishing a letter to Dolly, when Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's steps were heard: he wore his slippers and dressing-gown; he had had his bath, and his hair was brushed. His book was under his arm: he stopped at his wife's room.

"Late, late," said he, with his usual smile, and passed on to their sleeping-room.

"And what right had he to look at him so?" thought Anna, recalling Vronsky's expression when he saw Alekséi Aleksandrovitch. Having undressed, she went to her room; but in her face there was none of that animation which shone in her eyes and in her smile at Moscow. On the contrary, the fire had either died away, or was somewhere far away and out of sight.

XXXIV.

On leaving Petersburg, Vronsky had installed his beloved friend and comrade, Petritsky, in his ample quarters on the Morskáía. Petritsky was a young lieutenant, not particularly distinguished, and not only not rich, but over ears in debt. Every evening he came home tipsy, and he spent much of his time at the police courts, in search of strange or amusing or scandalous stories; but in spite of all he was a favorite with his comrades and his chiefs. About eleven o'clock in the morning, when Vronsky reached home after his jour-
ney, he saw at the entrance an izvoshchik's carriage, which he knew very well. From the door, when he rang, he heard men's laughter and the lisping of a woman's voice, and Petritsky shouting, "If it's any of those villains, don't let 'em in." Vronsky, not allowing his denshchik to announce his presence, quietly entered the ante-room. The Baroness Shilston, a friend of Petritsky's, shining in a lilac satin robe, and with her little pink face, was making coffee before a round table, and, like a canary-bird, was filling the room with her Parisian slang. Petritsky in his overcoat, and Captain Kamerovsky in full uniform, apparently to help her, were sitting near her.

"Bravo, Vronsky!" cried Petritsky, leaping up, and overturning the chair. "The master himself. Baronessa, coffee for him from the new biggin! We did not expect you. I hope that you are pleased with the new ornament in your library," he said, pointing to the baroness. "You are acquainted?"

"I should think so!" said Vronsky, smiling gayly, and squeezing the baroness's dainty little hand. "We're old friends."

"Are you back from a journey?" asked the baroness. "Then I'm off. Ach! I am going this minute if I am in the way."

"You are at home wherever you are, baronessa," said Vronsky. "How are you, Kamerovsky?" coolly shaking hands with the captain.

"Vot! you would never be able to say such lovely things as that," said the baroness to Petritsky.

"No? Why not? After dinner I could say better things!"

"After dinner there's no more merit in them. Nu! I will make your coffee while you go and wash your hands and brush off the dust," said the baroness, again sitting down, and turning industriously the handle of the new coffee-mill. "Pierre, bring some more coffee," said she to Petritsky, whom she called Pierre, after his family name, to show her intimacy with him. "I will add it."

"You will spoil it."

"No! I won't spoil it. Nu! and your wife?" said the baroness, suddenly interrupting Vronsky's remarks to his companions. "We have been marrying you off. Did you bring your wife?"
"No, baronessa. I was born a Bohemian, and I shall die a Bohemian."

"So much the better, so much the better: give us your hand!"

And the baroness, without letting him go, began to talk with him, developing her various plans of life, and asking his advice with many jests.

"He will never be willing to let me have a divorce. Nu! What am I to do? [He was her husband.] I now mean to institute a law-suit. What should you think of it? Kamerovsky, just watch the coffee! It's boiling over. You see how well I understand business! I mean to begin a law-suit to get control of my fortune. Do you understand this nonsense? Under the pretext that I have been unfaithful, he means to get possession of my estate."

Vronsky listened with amusement to this gay prattle of the pretty woman, approved of what she said, gave his advice, and assumed the tone he usually affected with women of her character. In his Petersburg world, humanity was divided into two absolutely distinct categories, — the one of a low order, trivial, stupid, and above all ridiculous, people, declaring that one husband ought to live with one wedded wife, that girls should be virtuous, women chaste, men brave, temperate, and unshaken, occupied in bringing up their children decently, in earning their bread, and paying their debts, and other such absurdities. This kind of people were old-fashioned and dull. But the other and vastly superior class, to which he and his friends belonged, required that its members should be, above all, elegant, generous, bold, gay, shamelessly unrestrained in the pursuit of pleasure, and scornful of all the rest.

Vronsky, still under the influence of his totally different life in Moscow, was at first almost stunned at the change; but soon, and as naturally as one puts on old slippers, he got into the spirit of his former gay and jovial life.

The coffee was never served; it boiled over, and wet a costly table-cloth and the baroness's dress; but it served the end that was desired, for it gave rise to many jests and merry peals of laughter.

"Nu! now I am going, for you will never get dressed, and I shall have on my conscience the worst crime that a decent man can commit, — that of not taking a bath. So you advise me to put the knife to his throat?"
“By all means, and in such a way that your little hand will come near his lips. He will kiss your little hand, and all will end to everybody’s satisfaction,” said Vronsky.

“This evening at the Théâtre Français,” and she took her departure with her rustling train.

Kamerovsky likewise arose, but Vronsky, without waiting for him to go, shook hands with him, and went to his dressing-room. While he was taking his bath, Petritsky sketched for him in a few lines how his situation had changed during Vronsky’s absence,—no money at all; his father declaring that he would not give him any more, or pay a single debt. One tailor determined to have him arrested, and a second no less determined. His colonel insisted that if these scandals continued, he should leave the regiment. A duel was on with Berkoshef, and he wanted to send him his seconds, but he guessed nothing would come of it. As for the rest, every thing was getting along particularly jolly. And then, without leaving Vronsky time to realize the situation, Petritsky began to retail the news of the day. Petritsky’s well-known gossip, his familiar room, and where he had lived for three years, all his surroundings, contributed to bring Vronsky back into the current of his gay and idle Petersburg life, and he felt a certain pleasure in renewing the sensation.

“It cannot be!” he cried, as he turned on the faucet of his wash-basin, in which he was washing his handsome, healthy neck: “it cannot be!” he cried. He had just learned that Laura was now under Fertinghof’s protection. “And is he as stupid and as conceited as ever? Nu! and Buzulukof?”

“Ach! Buzulukof! that’s a whole history,” said Petritsky. “You know his passion,—balls; and he never misses one at court. At the last one he went in a new helmet. Have you seen the new helmets? Very handsome, very light. Well, he was standing—No; but listen.”

“Yes, I am listening,” replied Vronsky, rubbing his face with a towel.

“The Grand Duchess was just going by on the arm of some foreign ambassador or other, and unfortunately for him conversation turned on the new helmets. The Grand Duchess wanted to point out one of the new helmets, and, seeing our galuchchik standing there [here Petritsky showed how he stood in his helmet], she begged him to show her his helmet. He did not budge. What does it mean? The fellows
wink at him, make signs, scowl at him. 'Give it to her.' He does not stir. He is like a dead man. You can imagine the scene! Now—as he—then they attempt to take it off. He does not stir. At last he himself takes it off, and hands it to the Grand Duchess.

"'This is the new kind,' said the Grand Duchess. But, as she turned it over,—you can imagine it,—out came, bukh! pears, bon-bons,—two pounds of bon-bons! He had been to market, galubchik!'"

Vronsky broke into a hearty laugh; and long afterwards, even when speaking of other things, the memory of the unfortunate helmet caused him to break out into his good-natured laugh which showed his handsome, regular teeth.

Having learned all the news, Vronsky donned his uniform with the aid of his valet, and went out to report himself. Then he determined to call on his brother, on the Princess Betsy, and to make a series of calls, so as to secure an entry into the society where he should be likely to see the Karénins; and in accordance with the usual custom at Petersburg, he left his rooms, expecting to return only when it was very late at night.
PART II.

I.

Towards the close of the winter the Shcherbatskys held a consultation of physicians in regard to Kitty's health: she was ill, and the approach of spring only increased her ailment. The family doctor had ordered cod-liver oil, then iron, and last of all, nitrate of silver; but as none of these remedies did any good, he advised them to take her abroad.

It was then resolved to consult a celebrated specialist. This celebrity, still a young man, and very neat in his personal appearance, insisted on a careful investigation of the trouble; and as all the other doctors who belonged to the same school, studied the same books, and consequently held the same ideas, had decided that this specialist possessed the necessary skill to save Kitty, his request was granted. After a careful examination and a prolonged use of the stethoscope on the lungs of the poor, trembling girl, the celebrated physician carefully washed his hands, and returned to the drawing-room. The prince, with a little cough, listened to what he had to say, and frowned. He himself had never been sick, and he had no faith in doctors. Moreover he was a man of common sense, and was all the more angry at this comedy, because possibly he alone understood what ailed his daughter. "A regular humbug," thought the old prince, and mentally applied to the celebrated doctor a hunting expression, which signifies a man who has not had any luck, but comes home with large stories. The latter, on his side, with difficulty stooping to the low level of this old gentleman's intelligence, barely disguised his disdain. It scarcely seemed to him necessary to speak to the poor old man, since, in his eyes, the head of the house was the princess. He was ready to pour out before her all the floods of his eloquence; and, as she came in at this moment with the
family doctor, the old prince left the room, so as not to show too clearly what he thought about it all. The princess was troubled, and did not know what course to take. She felt a little guilty in regard to Kitty.

"Nu! Doctor, decide upon our fate: tell me all." She wanted to say, "Is there any hope?" but her lips trembled, and she hesitated. "Nu! tell us."

"I shall be at your service, princess, after I have conferred with my colleague. We shall then have the honor of giving you our opinion."

"Do you wish to be alone?"

"Just as you please."

The princess sighed, and left the room.

The family doctor timidly expressed his opinion about her condition, and gave his reasons for thinking that it was the beginning of tubercular disease because — and because — and et cætera. The celebrated physician listened, and in the midst of his diagnosis took out his great gold watch.

"Yes," said he, "but —

His colleague stopped respectfully.

"You know that it is hardly possible to decide when tubercular disease first begins. In the present case, one can only suspect this trouble from the presence of such symptoms as indigestion, nervousness, and others. The question, therefore, stands thus: what is to be done, granting that a tubercular development is to be feared, in order to superinduce improved alimentation?"

"But you know well, that there is back of all some mental reason," said the family doctor, with a cunning smile.

"Of course," replied the celebrated doctor, looking at his watch again. "Excuse me, but do you know whether the bridge over the Yausa is finished yet, or whether one has to go around?"

"It is finished."

"Da! Then I have only twenty minutes left. — We were just saying that the question remains thus: to improve the digestion, and strengthen the nerves; the one cannot go without the other, and it is necessary to act on the two halves of the circle."

"But the journey abroad?"

"I am opposed to these journeys abroad. — I beg you to follow my reasoning. If tubercular development has already set in, which we are not yet in a condition to prove, what
good would travel do? The main thing is to discover a means of promoting good digestion." And the celebrated doctor began to develop his plan for a cure by means of Soden water, the principal merits of which were, in his eyes, their absolutely inoffensive character.

The family doctor listened with attention and respect.

"But I should urge in favor of a journey abroad the change of her habits and the dissociations from the conditions that serve to recall unhappy thoughts. And, finally, her mother wants her to go."

"Ah! nu! in that case let them go, provided always that those German quacks do not aggravate her disease. They must follow my prescriptions with the most absolute strictness. Nu! let them travel."

And again he looked at his watch.

"It is time for me to go;" and he started for the door.

The celebrated doctor assured the princess that he wished to see the invalid once more—it was probably through a sentiment of social propriety.

"What! have another examination?" cried the princess, with horror.

"Oh, no! only a few minor points, princess."

"Then come in, I beg of you."

And the mother ushered the doctor into Kitty's little boudoir. The poor, emaciated girl was standing in the middle of the room, with flushed cheeks, and eyes brilliant with the excitement caused by the doctor's visit. When she saw them coming back, her eyes filled with tears, and she blushed still more crimson. Her illness and the remedies which she was obliged to endure seemed to her such ridiculous nonsense. What did these remedies mean? It was like gathering up the fragments of a broken vase in order to make it whole again. Her heart was broken, and could it be restored to health by pills and powders? But she did not dare to go against her mother's judgment, the more because she felt that she herself had been to blame.

"Will you sit down, princess?" said the celebrated doctor.

He sat down in front of her, felt her pulse, and with a smile began a series of wearisome questions. At first she replied to them, then suddenly arose impatiently.

"Excuse me, doctor, but, indeed, this all leads to nothing.
This is the third time that you have asked me the same question."

The celebrated doctor took no offence.

"It is her nervous irritability," he remarked to the princess when Kitty had gone from the room. "However, I was through."

And the celebrated doctor explained the young girl's condition to her mother, treating her as a person of remarkable intelligence, and giving her, finally, the most precise directions as to the method of drinking those mineral waters, whose virtue, in his eyes, consisted in their uselessness. As to the question, "Is it best to take her abroad?" the celebrated doctor pondered deeply, and the result of his reflections was that they might travel on condition that they would not trust any quacks, and would follow his prescriptions.

After the doctor's departure, everybody felt as if some great good fortune had happened. The mother, in much better spirits, rejoined her daughter, and Kitty declared that she was better already. It often seemed necessary of late for her to hide what she really felt.

"Truly, I feel better, maman, but if you desire it, let us go," said she; and in her endeavor to show what interest she took in the journey, she began to speak of their preparations.

II.

DOLLY knew that the consultation was to take place that day; and though she was scarcely yet able to go out, having had a little daughter towards the end of the winter, and although one of the other children was sick, she left them both in order to learn what Kitty's fate should be.

"Nu! how is it?" she said, as she came in with her bonnet on. "You are all happy! Then all is well."

They endeavored to tell her what the doctor had said; but though it had been a long discourse, couched in very beautiful language, no one was able to give the gist of it. The interesting point was the decision in regard to the journey.

Dolly sighed involuntarily. She was going to lose her sister, her best friend; and life for her was not joyous. Her relations with her husband seemed to her more and more humiliating: the reconciliation brought about by Anna had not been of long duration, and the family discords had
become as unpleasant as ever. Stepan Arkadyevitch was scarcely ever at home, and there was scarcely ever any money in the house. The suspicion that he was still unfaithful to her ever tormented her; but as she remembered with horror the sufferings caused by her jealousy, and desired above all things not to break up the family, she preferred to shut her eyes to his deception. But she despised her husband, and despised herself because of her feebleness. And, moreover, the cares of a numerous family were a heavy load.

"And how are the children?" asked the princess.

"Ach, maman! we have so many tribulations. Lili is sick a-bed, and I am afraid that she is going to have the scarletina. I came out to-day to see how you were, for I was afraid that after this I should not have a chance."

The old prince came in at this moment, bent down his cheek for Dolly to kiss, said a few words to her, and then turned to his wife.

"What decision have you come to? Shall you go? Nu! and what are you going to do with me?"

"I think, Aleksandr, that you had better stay at home."

"Just as you please."

"Maman, why doesn't papa come with us?" said Kitty. "It would be gayer for him and for us."

The old prince smoothed Kitty's hair with his hand: she raised her head, and with an effort smiled as she looked at him; she felt that her father alone, though he did not say much, understood her. She was the youngest, and therefore her father's favorite daughter, and his love made him clairvoyant, as she imagined. When her eyes met his, it seemed to her that he read her very soul, and saw all the evil that was working there. She blushed, and bent towards him, expecting a kiss; but he contented himself with pulling her hair, and saying, —

"These abominable chignons! one never gets down to the real daughter. It is always the hair of some departed saint. Nu! Dolińka," turning to his eldest daughter, "what is that trump of yours doing?"

"Nothing, papa," said Dolly, perceiving that her father referred to her husband: — "he is always away from home, and I scarcely ever see him," she could not refrain from adding with an ironical smile.

"He has not gone yet to the country to sell his wood?"

"No: he is always putting it off."
"Truly," said the old prince, "is he taking after me? I should think so," he added turning to his wife, and sitting down. "And as for you, Katya," addressing his youngest daughter, "do you know what you ought to do? Some fine morning when you wake up, you ought to say, 'Da! how happy and gay I feel! Why not resume my morning walks with papa, now that the cold is not so bitter?' ha?"

At these simple words of her father's, Kitty felt as though she had been convicted of a crime. "Yes, he knows all, he understands all, and these words mean that I ought to overcome my humiliation, however great it has been." She had not the courage to reply, but burst into tears, and left the room.

"Just like your tricks!" said the princess to her husband angrily. "You always" — And she began one of her tirades.

The prince received her reproaches at first good-humoredly but at last his face changed color.

"She is so sensitive, poor little thing, so sensitive! and you don't understand how she suffers at the slightest allusion to the cause of her suffering. Ach! how mistaken we are in people!" said the princess. And by the change in the inflection of her voice, Dolly and the prince perceived that she had reference to Vronsky.

"I don't understand why there are not any laws to punish such vile, such ignoble actions."

"Ach! do hear her," said the prince, with a frown, getting up and going to the door as though he wanted to escape; but he halted on the threshold and said, —

"There are laws, mitushka; and if you force me to explain myself, I will tell you that in all this trouble, you, you alone, are the true culprit. There are laws against these young fops, and there always will be; and, old man that I am, I should have been able to punish this barber, this villain, if you had not been the first to invite him here. Da-s! and now to cure her, show her to these mountebanks!"

The prince would have made a long speech if the princess had not immediately taken a humble and submissive tone, as she always did when important matters came up.

"Alexandre! Alexandre!" she murmured, weeping, and going up to him. The prince held his peace when he saw her tears. "Nu! let it go, let it go. I know that it is hard for you also. Don't weep any more. — The harm is not
great. God is merciful. — Thank you!’’ said he, not
knowing what he said in his emotion; and feeling on his
hand the princess’s kiss bedewed with tears, he left the
room.

Dolly with her maternal instinct would have liked to fol-
low Kitty to her chamber, feeling sure that a woman’s hand
would be a relief; but as she listened to her mother’s re-
proaches, and her father’s bitter words, she had felt the de-
sire to interfere in so far as her filial respect allowed. When
the prince went out, she said,—

‘‘I have always wanted to tell you, maman; did you know
that when Levin was here the last time, he intended to offer
himself to Kitty? He told Stiva.’’

‘‘Nu! what? I do not understand’’ —

‘‘Perhaps Kitty refused him. Didn’t she tell you?’’

‘‘No, she did not say any thing to me about either of
them: she is too proud. But I know that all this comes
from’’—

‘‘Yes; but think; perhaps she refused Levin. I know
that she would not have done so if it had not been for the
other — and then she was so abominably deceived.’’

The princess felt too guilty not to affect indignation.

‘‘Ach! I don’t know any thing about it. Nowadays
every girl wants to live as she pleases, and not to say any
thing to her mother, and so it comes that’’—

‘‘Maman, I am going to see her.’’

‘‘Go! I will not prevent you,’’ said her mother.

III.

As she entered Kitty’s little boudoir, all furnished in pink
with vieux saxe ware, Dolly remembered with what pleasure
the two had decorated it the year before: how happy and
gay they were then! She felt a chill at her heart as she saw
her sister sitting motionless on a low chair near the door,
her eyes fixed on a corner of the carpet. Kitty’s cold and
stern expression vanished the moment she saw her sister
come in.

‘‘I am very much afraid that when I once get home, I
shall not be able to leave the house for some time,’’ said
Dolly, sitting down near her sister. ‘‘And that’s why I
wanted to have a little talk with you.’’
"What about?" asked Kitty, quickly raising her head.
"What else than about your disappointment?"
"I am not disappointed about any thing."
"That'll do, Kitty. Do you really imagine that I don't know any thing at all? I know every thing; and if you will believe me, it's all about nothing at all. Who of us has not been through such experiences?"

Kitty said nothing, and her face resumed its severe expression.
"He is not worth the trouble that you have given yourself for him," continued Darya Aleksandrovna, coming right to the point.
"Da! because he jilted me!" murmured Kitty, with trembling voice. "Don't speak of it, I beg of you!"
"But what did he say to you? I am sure that he was in love with you,—that he is still; but"
"Ach! nothing exasperates me so as condolences," cried Kitty, in a sudden rage. Blushing, she turned around in her chair, and with nervous fingers twisted the buckle on her belt.

Dolly well knew this habit of her sister when she was provoked. She knew that she was capable of saying harsh and cruel things in moments of petulance, and she tried to calm her; but it was too late.
"What do you wish me to understand? what is it?" cried Kitty, with quick words: — "that I am in love with a man who does not care for me, and that I am dying of love for him? And it is my sister who says this to me!—my sister who thinks that—that—that she shows me her sympathy! I hate such hypocrisy and such sympathy!"
"Kitty, you are unjust."
"Why do you torment me?"
"I did not mean—I saw that you were sad"—
Kitty in her anger did not heed her.
"I have nothing to break my heart over, and don’t need consolation. I am too proud to love a man who does not love me."
"Da! I do not say—I say only one thing— Tell me the truth," added Darya Aleksandrovna, taking her hand.
"Tell me, did Levin speak to you?"

At the name of Levin, Kitty lost all control of herself: she jumped up from her chair, threw on the floor the buckle which she had torn from her belt, and with quick, indignant gestures, cried,
"Why do you speak to me of Levin? I really don't see why it is necessary for you to torment me. I have already said, and I repeat it, that I am proud, and never, never would I do what you have done, — go back to a man who had been false to me, who had made love to another woman. I do not understand this: you can, but I cannot!"

As she said these words, she looked at her sister. Dolly bent her head sadly without answering; but Kitty, instead of leaving the room as she had intended to do, sat down near the door again, and hid her face in her handkerchief.

The silence lasted several minutes. Dolly was thinking of her tribulations. Her humiliation, which she felt only too deeply, appeared to her more cruel than ever, thus recalled by her sister. Never would she have believed her capable of being so severe. But suddenly she heard the rustling of a dress, a broken sob, and then two arms were thrown around her neck. Kitty was on her knees before her.

"Doliuka, I am so unhappy! forgive me," she murmured; and her pretty face, wet with tears, was hid in Dolly's skirt.

Possibly these tears were needed to bring the two sisters into complete harmony: however, after a good cry, they did not return to the subject which interested them both. Kitty knew that she was forgiven, but she also knew that the cruel words that had escaped her in regard to Dolly's humiliation, remained heavy on her poor sister's heart. Dolly, on her side, knew that she had guessed correctly, and that the pain Kitty felt lay in the fact that she had refused Levin, only to see herself deceived in Vronsky, and that her sister was on the point of loving the first, and hating the other. Kitty spoke only of the general state of her soul.

"I am not disappointed," she said, regaining her calmness a little; "but you cannot imagine how wretched, disgusting, and vulgar every thing seems to me — myself worse than all. You cannot imagine what evil thoughts come into my mind."

"Da! but what evil thoughts can you have?" asked Dolly, with a smile.

"The most abominable, the most repulsive. I cannot describe them to you. It is not melancholy, and it is not weariness. It is much worse. One might say that all the good that was in me had disappeared, and only the evil was left. Nu! how can that be explained?" she asked, looking at her sister. "Papa spoke to me a few minutes ago. It seems to me that he thinks of nothing else than the need of
getting me a husband. Mamma takes me to the ball. It seems to me that it is for the sole purpose of getting rid of me, of getting me married as soon as possible. I know that it is not true, and yet I cannot drive away these ideas. So-called marriageable young men are unendurable to me. I always have the impression that they are summing me up. Once I liked to go into society; it amused me; I enjoyed preparing my toilet; now it is a bore to me, and I feel ill at ease. 

Kitty stopped: she wanted to say further, that, since she had felt this great change in herself, she could no longer see Stepan Arkadyevitch without the most extraordinary and unpleasant conjectures arising in her mind. 

"Nu! da! every thing takes a most repulsive aspect in my sight," she continued. "It is a disease,—perhaps it will pass away. I do not feel at ease except with you and the children."

"What a pity that you can’t come home with me now!"

"I will go all the same. I have had scarlatina. I will persuade maman."

Kitty insisted so eagerly, that she was allowed to go with her sister. Throughout the course of the disease,—for it proved to be the scarlatina, as Dolly feared,—she aided her in taking care of the children. They soon entered upon a happy convalescence without relapses; but Kitty’s health did not improve, and at Lent the Shcherbatskys went abroad.

IV.

The upper society at Petersburg is remarkably united. Everybody knows everybody else, and everybody exchanges visits. But it has its subdivisions. Anna Arkadyevna Karénina had friendly relations with three different circles of which society was composed. The first was the official circle, to which her husband belonged, composed of his colleagues and subordinates, bound together, or even further subdivided, by the most varied, and often the most capricious, social relations. It was difficult for Anna to comprehend the sentiment of almost religious respect which at first she felt for all these personages. Now she knew them, as one learns to know people in a provincial city, with all their weaknesses and failings. She knew how the shoe pinched, and
what were their relations among themselves, and to the com-
mon centre to which they all belonged. But this official
clique, in which her husband's interests lay, no longer pleased
her; and she did her best to avoid it, in spite of the insinua-
tions of the Countess Lidia Ivanovna.

The second circle in which Anna moved was that which
had helped Aleksiéi Aleksandrovitch in his career. The pivot
of this wheel was the Countess Lidia Ivanovna: it was com-
posed of aged, ugly, charitable, and zealous women, and in-
telligent, learned, and ambitious men. Some one had given
it the sobriquet of the "conscience of Peters burg society."
Karénin was very much devoted to this coterie; and Anna,
whose flexible character easily accommodated itself to her
surroundings, had made friends in its number. After her re-
turn from Moscow, this set of people seemed to her insup-
portable; it seemed as if she herself, as well as the others,
were unnatural: and she saw the Countess Lidia as infre-
quently as she possibly could.

And finally, Anna had friendly relations with the society —
properly speaking, fashionable society, that world of balls,
dinner-parties, brilliant toilets — which with one hand lays
fast hold of the Court lest it fall absolutely into the demi-
monde, which its members affect to despise, but whose tastes
are precisely similar. The bond that attracted her to this sort
of society was the Princess Betsy Tverskaïa, the wife of one
of her cousins, who enjoyed an income of a hundred and
twenty thousand rubles, and who had taken Anna under her
protection as soon as she came to Petersburg. She had a
great attraction for her, and rallied her on the society that
gathered around the Countess Lidia.

"When I am old and ugly, I will do the same," said
Betsy; "but a young and pretty woman like yourself has
as yet no place in such an asylum."

Anna at first had avoided as far as possible the society of
the Princess Betsy Tverskaïa, the manner of life in these
lofty spheres calling for expenses beyond her means; but
after her return from Moscow all this was changed. She
neglected her worthy old friends, and cared to go only into
grand society. It was there that she experienced the trou-
blesome pleasure of meeting Vronsky: they met oftener than
elsewhere at the house of Betsy, who was a Vronsky before
her marriage, and was an own cousin of the count. He,
moreover, went everywhere that he was likely to meet Anna,
and, if possible, spoke to her of his love. She made no advances: but her heart, as soon as she saw him, instantly felt the sensation of fulness which had seized her the moment that they met, for the first time, near the train at Moscow; this joy, she knew, betrayed itself in her eyes, in her smile, but she had not the power to hide it.

Anna at first sincerely tried to persuade herself that she was angry because he persisted in forcing himself upon her; but one evening when she was present at a house where she expected to meet him, and he failed to come, she perceived clearly, by the pang that went through her heart, how vain were her illusions, and how her infatuation, instead of displeasing her, formed the ruling passion of her life.

A famous diva was singing for the second time, and all the society of Petersburg was at the theatre. Vronsky saw his cousin there, and, without waiting for the entr’acte, left his seat in the first row, to visit her box.

"Why didn’t you come to dinner?" she demanded of him; and then she added in a whisper, and with a smile, so as to be heard only by him, "I admire this second sight of lovers: she was not there. But come to my house after the opera."

Vronsky looked at her as though he would ask what she meant, and Betsy replied with a nod. He thanked her with a smile, and sat down.

"But how I miss all your pleasantries: what have become of them?" continued the princess, who followed with keen pleasure the progress of this passion. "You are in love, my dear!"

"That is all that I ask for," he replied, with a smile of good-humor,—"to be in love. If I complain, it is not because I am not sufficiently in love; for, to tell the truth, I am beginning to lose hope."

"What hope could you have?" asked Betsy, taking the part of her friend: "entendons nous" [let us have a clear understanding]: but the fire in her eyes told with sufficient clearness that she understood as well as he did what his hope meant.

"None," replied Vronsky, laughing, and showing his regular white teeth. "Excuse me," he added, taking the opera-glasses from his cousin’s hand, in order to direct it across her shoulder at one of the opposite boxes. "I fear I am becoming ridiculous."
He knew very well that in Betsy's eyes, and in those of her world, he ran no such risk: he knew perfectly well that though a man might seem ridiculous by being hopelessly in love with a young girl, or an unmarried woman, he ran no such risk if he made love to a married woman. Such sport was grand and exciting; and thus Vronsky, as he handed back the opera-glasses, looked at his cousin with a smile lurking under his mustache.

"Why didn't you come to dinner?" she asked again, unable to refrain from admiration of him.

"I suppose I must tell you: I was busy—and what about? I will give you one guess out of a hundred—out of a thousand: you would never hit it. I have been reconciling a husband with his wife's persecutor. Yes, fact!"

"What! and you succeeded?"

"Pretty nearly."

"You must tell me all about it between the acts," said Betsy, rising.

"Impossible: I am going to the French Theatre."

"From Nilsson?" said Betsy incredulously, though she could not have distinguished Nilsson from the poorest chorus-singer.

"But what can I do? I have made an appointment in order to finish my act of peacemaking."

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be saved," said Betsy, remembering that she had heard somewhere some such quotation.

V.

"It's a little improper, but so amusing, that I wanted to tell you about it," said Vronsky, looking at his cousin's sparkling eyes. "However, I will not mention any names."

"But I can guess? so much the better!"

"Listen, then. Two young men, just a little"—

"Officers of your regiment, of course"—

"I did not say that they were officers, but simply young men, who had dined well"—

"Translated, tipsy!"

"Possibly—go to dine with a comrade: they are in very excellent spirits. They see a young woman passing them in a hired carriage: she turns around, and, as it seems to them, looks at them and laughs. They follow her on the double-
ANNA KARENINA.

quick. To their great surprise their beauty stops before the very house where they were going: she mounts to the upper floor, and they see nothing but a pair of rosy lips under a veil, and a pair of pretty little feet."

"But you describe the scene so vividly as to make me believe that you were in the party."

"Why do you accuse me so soon? Nu! my two young men climb up to their comrade's room, who was going to give a farewell dinner, and these parting ceremonies compel them to drink, perhaps, more than was good for them. They question their host about the inmates of the house; he knows nothing at all about it: their friend's valet, to their questions, 'Are there any mamselles here?' replies that there are a good many. — After dinner the two young men go into their friend's library and write a fiery letter to their unknown, full of passionate protestations: they themselves carry up the letter, in order to explain whatever might not be understood."

"But why do you tell me such horrible things? Nu!"

"They ring. A girl comes to the door: they give her the letter, telling her they are so smitten that they are ready to die, then and there, where they are. The girl parleys with them. Suddenly a gentleman appears, red as a lobster, and with side-whiskers like sausages, and he unceremoniously puts them out of the door, declaring that there is no one there except his wife."

"How did you know that his side-whiskers were like sausages?" demanded Betsy.

"But you shall see. I have just made peace between them."

"Nu! what came of it?"

"This is the most interesting part of the affair. The happy couple prove to be a titular counsellor and his wife. The titular counsellor brings a complaint, and I am obliged to serve as peacemaker. What a diplomatist! Talleyrand compared to me was nobody."

"What! did you have difficulties?"

"Da vot! Listen! We began by making the very best excuse that we could, as was proper enough: 'We are desperately sorry,' we said, 'for this unfortunate occurrence.' The titular counsellor seemed to be calming down a little; but he felt it necessary to express his feelings, and as soon as he began to express his feelings he began to get wrathy,
and he said very impudent things, and I was obliged to bring
my diplomatic talents into requisition: "I agree that their
conduct was most reprehensible, but please remember that
there was a misunderstanding: they were young, and had
just come from a good dinner. You understand? Now they
are sorry from the bottom of their hearts, and beg you to
forgive them their fault." The titular counsellor softened
still more: "I agree with you, count, and I am ready to par-
don them; but you perceive that my wife, a virtuous woman,
has been exposed to insult, to persecution, to the impudence
of good-for-nothing young"— And the impudent, good-
for-nothing young fellows being present, I have to exert
myself to calm them down, and so to resume my diplomatic
efforts over and over again. Every time I seem on the point
of success, my titular counsellor gets wrathy again, and his
face gets red, and his sausages begin to wag up and down,
and I find myself drowned in the waves of diplomatic subtle-
ties."

"Ach! we must tell you all about this," said Betsy to a
lady who at this moment came into her box. "It has
amused me much!"

"Nu, bonne chance!" said she, giving Vronsky the ends
of her fingers, as she held her fan; and then shrugging her
shoulders, so as to keep the waist of her dress from coming
up, she went to the front of the box, where she sat down in
the full blaze of gas, and in the eyes of all.

Vronsky went to the French Theatre to meet the colonel
of his regiment, who never failed to be present at a single
representation. It was with him that he wished to speak in
regard to his business of patching up the peace, which had
occupied and amused him for three days. The heroes of
this affair were his comrade Petritsky and a charming young
fellow, Prince Kerdrof, who had lately joined their regiment.
The principal point was, that the affair concerned the inter-
est of his regiment, for both the young men belonged to
Vronsky's company.

Venden, the titular counsellor, had lodged with the
colonel a complaint that the officers had insulted his wife.
His young wife, Venden told the colonel, to whom he had
been married scarcely five months, had been to church with
her mother, and feeling indisposed, had engaged the first
izvoschik at hand, in order to reach home quickly. The
officers had chased her: she had come home feeling still
more ill, in consequence of her emotion, and of having run up the stairs. Venden himself had just returned from his office, when he heard voices and the sound of a bell. Seeing that he had to do with a pair of drunken officers, he had pitched them out of the door. He demanded that they should be severely punished.

"No, it's all very well to talk," said the colonel to Vronsky, who had come at his summons to talk with him; "but Petritsky is becoming unbearable. Not a week goes by without some scandal. This Tchinovnik will not stop here, he will go farther."

Vronsky saw all the unpleasant consequences of this affair, and he felt that a duel must not be, and that it was much better to make the titular counsellor relent, and smooth over the scandal. The colonel had summoned him because he knew that he was a shrewd and gentlemanly man, and zealous for the interests of the regiment. It was after their consultation that Vronsky, accompanied by Petritsky and Kerdrof, had gone to carry their excuses to the titular counsellor, in the hope that his name, and his epaulets of aide-de-camp, might succeed in calming the angry titular counsellor. Vronsky had only partially succeeded, as he had just related, and the reconciliation seemed dubious.

At the theatre Vronsky took the colonel into the lobby, and told him of the success, or rather the lack of success, which had attended his mission. After reflection the colonel decided to leave the matter in abeyance; but he could not help laughing as he heard Vronsky's lively description of the wrath of the titular counsellor, and his repeated attempts to bring him into a suitable frame of mind.

"It is a wretched piece of business, but exceedingly amusing. Still, Kerdrof could not fight with this gentleman. And how do you like Claire this evening?—charming!" said he, referring to a French actress. "One can't see her too often: she is always new. Let alone the French for that!"

VI.

The Princess Betsy left the theatre without waiting for the end of the last act. She had scarcely had more than time enough, after reaching home, to go into her dressing-room, and scatter a little rice-powder over her long, pale
face, re-arrange her toilet, and order tea to be served in the large drawing-room, when the carriages began to arrive at her palace on the Bolshaïa Morskâia. The mistress of the mansion, with renewed color, and hair re-arranged, came down to receive her guests. The walls of the great drawing-room were hung with sombre draperies, and the floor was laid with a thick carpet. On the table, which was covered with a cloth of dazzling whiteness, shining in the light of numberless candles, stood a silver samovar (tea-urn) and a tea-service of transparent porcelain.

The princess took her place before the samovar, and drew off her gloves. Servants, quick to bring chairs, were in attendance, and helped with noiseless assiduity to arrange the guests in two camps, the one around the princess, the other in a corner of the drawing-room around the wife of a foreign ambassador, a handsome lady, with black, well-arched eyebrows, who was dressed in black velvet. The conversation, as usual at the beginning of a reception, was continually interrupted by the arrival of new faces, the offers of tea, and the exchange of salutations, and seemed to be endeavoring to find a common subject of interest.

"She is remarkably handsome for an actress: you can see that she has studied Kaulbach," said a diplomatist in the group around the ambassador's wife. "Did you notice how she fell?"

"Ach! I beg of you, don't let us speak of Nilsson. Nothing new can be said about her," said a great fat lady, with light complexion, without either eyebrows or chignon, and dressed in an old silk gown. This was the Princess Miagkaïa, famous for her simplicity and frightful manners, and surnamed the Enfant terrible. Princess Miagkaïa was seated between the two groups, listening to what was said on both sides of her, and taking impartial interest in both. "This very day, three people have made that same remark about Kaulbach. It must be fashionable. I don't see why that phrase should be so successful."

The conversation was cut short by this remark, and a new theme had to be started.

"Tell us something amusing, but don't let it be naughty," said the ambassador's wife, who was a mistress of the art of conversation, called, by the English small talk. She was addressing the diplomatist.

"They say that there is nothing more difficult, since
naughty things alone are amusing," replied the diplomatist, with a smile. "However, I will do my best. Give me a theme. Every thing depends upon the theme. When you get that for a background, you can easily fill it in with embroidery. I often think that the celebrated talkers of the past would be exceedingly embarrassed if they were alive now: every thing intellectual is considered so dull."

"You are not the first to say that," remarked the ambassador's wife, interrupting him with a smile.

The conversation began sleepily, and therefore it quickly languished again. It was necessary to infuse new life; and to do this, they had recourse to an unfailing subject,—gossip.

"Don't you think that there is something Louis XV. about Tushkiévitch?" asked some one, indicating a handsome, light-haired young man, who was standing near the table.

"Oh, yes! he's quite in the style of the drawing-room of which he is such an important ornament."

This subject sustained the conversation, since it consisted wholly of hints. It could not be treated openly, for it would have brought direct reference to Tushkiévitch's love affair with the Princess Betsy.

Around the samovar, the conversation hesitated for some time upon three inevitable subjects,—the news of the day, the theatre, and a lawsuit which was to be tried the next day. At last the same subject arose that was occupying the other group,—gossip.

"Have you heard that Maltishchef—that is, the mother, not the daughter—has had a costume in diable rose?"

"Is it possible? No! That is delicious."

"I am astonished that with her sense,—for she is sensible,—she does not perceive how ridiculous she is." Everybody found something in which to criticise and tear to pieces the unfortunate Maltishchef; and the conversation grew lively, brilliant, and gay, like a flaming pyre.

The Princess Betsy's husband, a tall, good-natured man, passionately fond of collecting prints, entered gently at this moment. He had heard that his wife had a reception, and desired to show himself in her circle. He approached the Princess Miagkaia, but, owing to his noiseless step on the carpet, she did not perceive him.

"How did you like Nilsson?" he asked.

"Ach! Do you steal in upon a body that way? How you
startled me!' she cried. "Don't speak to me about the opera, I beg of you: you don't know any thing about music. I prefer to descend to your level, and talk with you about your engravings and majolicas. Nu! What treasures have you discovered lately?"

"If you would like, I will show them to you; but you would not appreciate them."

"Show them to me all the same. I am getting my education among these—bankers, as you call them. They have lovely engravings. They like to show them."

"Have you been at the Schützburgs?" asked the mistress of the house, from her place by the samovar.

"Certainly, ma chère. They invited my husband and me to dinner, and I have been told that at this dinner, they had a sauce that cost a thousand rubles," replied the Princess Miagkaia, in a loud voice calculated to be heard by all;

"and it was a very poor sauce, too,—something green. I had to return the compliment, and I got them up a sauce that cost eighty-five kopeks. Every one was happy. I can't afford to make thousand-ruble sauces,—not I."

"She is unique," said Betsy.

"Astonishing," said another.

The Princess Miagkaia never failed of causing a sensation by her speeches, and it arose from the fact that she spoke with great good sense of very ordinary things, but did not introduce them at suitable occasions, as was the case at the present time; but in the society where she moved, this great good sense gave the effect of the most subtile wit; her success astonished even herself, and she enjoyed it none the less on that account.

Taking advantage of the silence that followed, the lady of the house wanted to make the conversation more general; and, turning to the ambassador's wife, she said,—

"Are you sure that you will not have some tea? Then come this way."

"No: we are very well where we are, in this corner," replied the latter with a smile, resuming the thread of a conversation which interested her very deeply. It concerned Karénin and his wife.

"Anna is very much changed since her return from Moscow. There is something strange about her," said one of her friends.

1 One ruble, or one hundred kopeks, is worth eighty cents.
"The change is due to the fact, that she brought back in her train the shadow of Alekséi Vronsky," said the ambassador's wife.

"What does that prove? There's a story in Grimm's Tales—a man without a shadow—a man loses his shadow in punishment of something or other. I, for my part, cannot see where the punishment lies, but perhaps it's painful for a woman to be deprived of her shadow."

"Yes, but the women who have shadows generally come to some bad end," said Anna's friend.

"Hold your tongues!" cried the Princess Miagkaïa, as she heard these words. "Madame Karénina is a charming woman, but I can't abide her husband."

"Why don't you like him?" demanded the wife of the ambassador. "He is a very remarkable man. My husband insists that there are few statesman in Europe that equal him."

"My husband insists on the same thing, but I don't believe it," replied the princess: "if our husbands had not had this idea, we should have seen Alekséi Aleksandrovitch as he really is; and in my opinion, he is a blockhead. I only whisper it, but that gives me some satisfaction. Once upon a time, I used to think it was my fault because I could not see wherein lay his wit; but as soon as I said to myself,—under my breath, understand you,—he is a blockhead, all was explained. As to Anna, I agree with you entirely. She is lovely and good. Is it her fault, poor woman, if everybody falls in love with her, and pursues her like shadows?"

"Da! I do not allow myself to judge her," said Anna's friend, willing to avoid blame.

"Because no one follows us like a shadow, it's no sign that we haven't the right to judge."

Having thus disposed of Anna's friend, the princess and the ambassador's wife drew up to the table, and joined in the general conversation about the King of Prussia.

"Whom have you been gossiping about?" asked Betsy.

"About the Karénins. The princess has been picturing Alekséi Aleksandrovitch," replied the ambassador's wife, sitting down near the table, with a smile.

"Shame that we could not have heard it," said Betsy,

1 "Pipun vam na yazuik!" A slang expression, literally meaning, "May your tongue have the pip!"
looking towards the door. "Ah! here you are at last," said she, turning to Vronsky, who at that moment came in.

Vronsky knew, and met every day, all the people whom he found collected in his cousin's drawing-room; therefore he came in with the calmness of a man who rejoins friends from whom he has only just parted.

"Where have I come from? I must confess," said he, in reply to a question from the ambassador's wife, "from the Bouffes. And it seems to me with a new pleasure, although 'tis for the hundredth time. It is charming. It is humiliating to confess, but I get sleepy at the opera; but I enjoy it at Les Bouffes up to the very last minute. To-day"—

He mentioned a French actress, but the ambassador's wife stopped him with an expression of mock terror.

"Don't speak to us of this fright!"

"Nu! I will hold my peace the more willingly because you all know these frights."

"And you would all go there if it were as fashionable as the opera," added the Princess Miagkaia.

VII.

Steps were heard near the door, and Betsy, convinced that she should see Anna appear, looked at Vronsky. He also looked in the direction of the door, and his face had a strange expression of joy, expectation, and almost of fear, and he rose slightly from his chair. Anna came into the drawing-room. She crossed the short distance between her and the mistress of the mansion, with that rapid, light, but decided step, which distinguished her from all the other women of this circle. As usual, she stood extremely straight, and, with her eyes fixed on Betsy, went directly up to her, and shook hands with a smile, and with the same smile she looked at Vronsky. He bowed profoundly, and offered her a chair.

Anna bent her head a little, and blushed, and gave a slight frown. Several of the ladies pressed around her; she shook hands with them, and then she turned to Betsy:—

"I have just been at the Countess Lidia's: I wanted to get away earlier, but I was detained. Sir John was there. He is very interesting."

"Ach! that missionary?"
“Yes: he related many very curious things about life in the Indies.”

The conversation, which Anna’s entrance had interrupted, again waivered, like a fire that threatens to go out.

“Sir John! da, Sir John! Yes, I have seen him. He speaks well. Vlasieff is actually in love with him!”

“Is it true that the youngest of the Vlasief’s is going to marry Tapof?”

“Yes: people say that the affair is fully decided.”

“I am astonished that the parents are willing.”

“They say that it is a love-match.”

“A love-match? What antediluvian ideas you have! Who speaks of love in our days?” said the ambassador’s wife.

“What is to be done about it? This foolish old custom is still occasionally met with,” said Vronsky.

“So much the worse for those who adhere to it: the only happy marriages that I know about are those of reason.”

“Yes; but does it not often happen that these marriages of reason break like ropes of sand, precisely because of this love which you affect to scorn?”

“Let us see: what we call a marriage of reason is where both parties take an equal risk. Love is a disease through which we all must pass, like the measles.”

“In that case it would be wise to find an artificial means of inoculation, as in small-pox.”

“When I was young I fell in love with a sacristan: I should like to know what good that did me!” said the Princess Miagkaña.

“No; but, jesting aside, I believe that to know what love really is, one must have been deceived once, and then been set right,” said the Princess Betsy.

“Even after marriage?” asked the ambassador’s wife, laughing.

“It is never to late to mend,” said the diplomatist, quoting the English proverb.

“But really,” interrupted Betsy, “you are deceived the first time, so as afterwards to get into the right path. What do you say?” said she, turning to Anna, who was listening to the conversation with a smile.

Vronsky looked at her, and waited for her answer with a violent beating of the heart: after she had spoken, he drew a long breath, as though he had escaped some danger.
"I think," said Anna, playing with her glove, "that if there are as many opinions as there are heads, then there are as many ways of loving as there are hearts."

She turned quickly to Vronsky.

"I have just had a letter from Moscow. They write me that Kitty Shecherbatskaia is very ill."

"Really," said Vronsky gloomily.

Anna looked at him with a severe expression.

"Doesn't this interest you?"

"On the contrary, I am very sorry. Exactly what did they write you, if I may be permitted to inquire?"

Anna arose and went to Betsy.

"Will you give me a cup of tea?" she said, leaning on the chair. While Betsy was pouring the tea, Vronsky went to Anna.

"What did they write you?"

"I often think that men do not know what nobility means, though they are all the time talking about it," said Anna, not answering his question.

"I have been wanting to tell you for a long time," she added, going towards a table laden with albums.

"I don't know what your words mean," he said, offering her a cup of tea.

She glanced at the sofa near, and then sat down, and he instantly sat beside her.

"Yes, I have been wanting to tell you," she continued, without looking at him. "You have acted badly,—very badly."

"Do you believe that I don't feel that I have? But whose fault was it?"

"Why do you say that to me?" said she, with a severe look.

"You know it yourself," he replied, without dropping his eyes.

She, not he, felt the burden of the guilt.

"This simply proves that you have no heart," said she. But her eyes told the story, that she knew that he had a heart, and that therefore she feared him.

"What you were talking about just now was error, not love."

"Remember that I have forbidden you to speak that word, that hateful word," said Anna, trembling; and instantly she felt that by the use of the word "forbidden," she recog-
nized a certain jurisdiction over him, and thus encouraged him to speak. "For a long time I have been wanting to have a talk with you," she continued, in a firm tone, looking him full in the face, though her cheeks were aflush. "I have come to-night on purpose, knowing that I should find you here: this must come to an end. I have never had to blush before any one before, and you cause me to feel guilty in my own eyes."

He looked at her, and was struck with the new expression of her beauty.

"What do you want me to do?" said he.

"I want you to go to Moscow, and beg Kitty's pardon."

"You do not want that," said he.

He felt that she was compelling herself to say one thing, while she really desired something else.

"If you love me, as you say you do," she murmured,—
"then do what will give me peace!"

Vronsky's face lighted up.

"Don't you know that you are my life? But I don't know what peace means, and I can't give it to you. Myself, my love I can give—yes, I cannot think of our being apart from each other. For me, you and I are one. I see no hope of peace for you or for me in the future. As I look ahead, I see nothing but despair and misfortune,—unless I see the possibility of happiness, and what happiness! Is it really impossible?" he murmured, scarcely daring to pronounce the words; but she understood him.

All the forces of her mind pointed to what she ought to say; but instead of speaking, she looked at him with love in her eyes, and said nothing.

"Ah!" he said to himself, in his transport, "at the very moment when I was in despair, when I thought I should never succeed, it has come! This is love! She loves me! It is a confession."

"Do this for me: let us be good friends, and never speak to me in this way again," said her words: her eyes told a totally different story.

"We can never be mere friends: you yourself know it. Shall we be the most miserable, or the happiest, of human beings? It is for you to decide."

She began to speak, but he interrupted her.

"All that I ask is the right of hoping and suffering, as I do now; if it is impossible, order me to disappear, and I
will disappear: if my presence is painful to you, you shall be relieved of the sight of me."

"I do not wish to drive you from me."

"Then change nothing; let things go as they are," said he, with trembling voice. "Here is your husband!"

Indeed, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch at that instant was entering the drawing-room, with his calm face and ungraceful walk.

He went first to the mistress of the mansion, as he passed casting a glance at Anna and Vronsky, and then he sat down by the tea-table, and in his slow and well-modulated voice, and in the tone of persiflage, which seemed always to deride some one or some thing, he said, as he took in the assembly, "Your Rambouillet is complete,—the Graces and the Muses!"

But the Princess Betsy, who could not endure this tone of derision,—"sneering" she called it,—with the tact of a consummate hostess, quickly brought him round to a question of serious interest. The forced conscription was under discussion, and Alekséi Aleksandrovitch defended it with vivacity against Betsy's attacks.

Vronsky and Anna still sat near their little table. "That is getting rather pronounced," said a lady in a whisper, referring to Karénin, Anna, and Vronsky.

"What did I tell you?" said Anna's friend.

These were not the only ladies who were making the same remarks: the Princess Miagkaia and Betsy themselves glanced more than once to the side of the room where they sat alone. Only Alekséi Aleksandrovitch paid no attention to them, and did not allow his thoughts to wander from the interesting conversation on which he had started.

Betsy, perceiving the unfortunate effect caused by her friends, executed a skilful manœuvre so that some one else could reply in her stead to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, and crossed over to Anna.

"I always admire your husband's clear and explicit language," she said. "The most transcendental questions seem within my reach when he speaks."

"Oh, yes!" said Anna, radiant with joy, though she did not understand a word that Betsy had said. Then she arose and went over to the large table, and joined in the general conversation.

At the end of half an hour Alekséi Aleksandrovitch pro-
posed to her to go home; but she answered, without looking at him, that she wished to remain to supper. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch took leave of the company and departed.

The Karénins' coachman, an old Tartar, dressed in his waterproof, was having some difficulty in restraining his horses, excited with the cold. A lackey stood with his hand on the door of the coupé. The Swiss was standing near the outer door; and Anna listened with ecstasy to what Vronsky whispered, while she was freeing, with nervous fingers, the lace of her sleeve which had caught on the hook of her fur cloak.

"You made no agreement, I confess," Vronsky was saying, as he accompanied her to the carriage, "but you know that it is not friendship that I ask for: for me, the whole happiness of my life is contained in that one word that you despise,—love."

"Love," she repeated slowly, as though she had spoken to herself: then, as she disentangled her lace, she suddenly said, "I do not like this word, because it has for me a sense more profound, and vastly more serious, than you can imagine. But till next time," she said, looking him in the face.

She reached him her hand, and, with a rapid step, passed the Swiss, and disappeared in her carriage.

Her look, her pressure of his hand, overwhelmed Vronsky. He kissed the palm where her fingers had touched it, and went back to his quarters with the conviction that this evening had brought him nearer to the goal of which he dreamed, than all the two months past.

VIII.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch found nothing out of the way in the fact that his wife and Vronsky had held a rather pronounced tête-à-tête, but it seemed to him that others showed some astonishment, and he resolved to keep Anna under his observation. According to his usual custom, when he reached home, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch went to his library, threw himself into his arm-chair, and opened his book at the place marked by a paper-cutter, and read an article on Papistry till the clock struck one. From time to time he passed his hand across his forehead, and shook his head, as
though to drive away an importunate thought. At his usual hour he prepared for rest, but Anna had not yet returned. With his book under his arm, he went to her room; but instead of being pre-occupied, as usual, with considerations appertaining to his governmental duties, he was thinking of his wife, and of the disagreeable impression which the state of things caused him. Unwilling to go to bed, he walked up and down with arms behind his back, feeling the necessity upon him of some reflection on the events of the evening.

At first thought, it seemed to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch very simple and natural to speak with his wife on the subject; but as he reflected, it came over him that the matter was complicated in a most vexatious fashion. Karénin was not jealous. A husband, in his eyes, offered his wife an insult in showing jealousy, but he saw no special reason for reposing implicit confidence in his young wife, and for believing that she would always love him. It was not this, however, that he asked himself. Having hitherto been free from suspicions and doubts, he assured himself that he would have absolute trust in her. Yet, as he dwelt upon these details, he felt that he was placed in an illogical and absurd situation where he was powerless to act. Till now, he had never come in contact with the trials of life, except as they met him in the sphere of his official functions. The impression which the present crisis made upon him, was such as a man feels, who, passing calmly over a bridge above a precipice, suddenly discovers that the arch is broken, and that the abyss yawns beneath his feet.

The abyss in his case was actual life; and the bridge, the artificial existence, which, till the present time, had alone been open to him. The idea that his wife could love another man occurred to him for the first time, and filled him with terror.

Without stopping to undress, he kept walking up and down with regular steps over the echoing floors. First he went through the dining-room, lighted with a single burner; then the dark drawing-room, where a feeble ray of light from the door fell on his full-length portrait, which had been recently painted; and then his wife's boudoir, where two candles shed their radiance on the costly bric-à-brac of her writing-table, and on the portraits of parents and friends. When he reached the door of her bedroom, he turned on his heel.
From time to time he stopped, and said to himself, "Yes, this must be cut short; I must be decided; I must tell her my way of looking at it! But what can I say? what decision can I make? After all, what has been done? She had a long talk with him — But whom does not a society woman talk with? To show jealousy for such a trifle would be humiliating for us both."

But this reasoning, which at first sight appeared to him conclusive, suddenly lost its cogency. From the door of her sleeping-room he returned again to the dining-room, then, as he crossed the drawing-room, he thought he heard a voice saying to him, "The rest seemed surprised, therefore there must be something in it. — Yes, the thing must be broken short off; you must be decided: but how?"

His thoughts, like his steps, followed the same circle, and he struck no new idea. He recognized this, passed his hand over his forehead, and sat down in her boudoir.

There, as he looked at Anna's writing-table, with its malachite ornaments and a letter unfinished, his thoughts took another direction: he thought of her, and how she would feel. His imagination showed him his wife's life, the needs of her heart and her intellect; her tastes, her desires: and the idea that possibly she could, that absolutely she must, have an individual existence apart from his, came over him so powerfully, that he hastened to put it out of his mind. This was the abyss that he must fathom with his gaze. To penetrate by thought and feeling into the soul of another was to him a thing unknown, and seemed to him dangerous.

"And what is most terrible," he said to himself, "is that this wretched uncertainty comes upon me just as I am about to bring my work to completion," — he referred to a law that he wished to have passed, — "and when I have the greatest need of all my mental powers, of all my equanimity. What is to be done? I am not one of those who cannot face their misfortunes. I must reflect: I must take some stand, and get rid of this annoyance," he added aloud. "I do not admit that I have any right to probe into her feelings, or to scrutinize what is going on in her heart: that belongs to her conscience, and comes into the domain of religion," he said to himself, rejoiced that he had found a law applicable to the circumstances that had arisen.

"Thus," he continued, "the questions relating to her feelings are questions of conscience, in which I have no con-
cern. My duty lies clearly before me. Obliged, as head of my family, to watch over her, to point out the dangers which I see, responsible as I am for her conduct, I must, if needful, make use of my rights.”

And Alekséi Aleksandrovitch laid out, in his mind, a plan by which he would speak to his wife, and all the time he regretted the necessity of wasting his time and his intellectual powers in family matters. But, in spite of him, his plan assumed, in his thought, the clear, precise, and logical form of a report: —

“I must make her understand as follows: First, The meaning and importance of public opinion; Secondly, The religious significance of marriage; Thirdly, The misfortunes which might assail her son; Fourthly, The misfortunes which might befall herself.” And Alekséi Aleksandrovitch twisted his fingers together, and made the joints crack. This gesture, which was a bad habit of his, calmed him, and helped to bring him back to moral equilibrium, of which he stood in such need.

The rumbling of the carriage was heard in front of the house, and Alekséi Aleksandrovitch stopped in the middle of the dining-room. He heard his wife’s steps on the stairs. His sermon was all ready; but still he stood there, twisting his fingers until they cracked again. Though he was satisfied with his little sermon, he trembled when he saw her come, with fear of what the consequences might be.

IX.

Anna entered with bent head, playing with the tassels of her bashluik [Turkish hood]. Her face was radiant, but not with joy: it was rather the terrible glow of a conflagration on a cloudy sky. When she saw her husband she raised her head and smiled, as though she had awakened from a dream.

“You are not a-bed yet? what a miracle!” she said, taking off her bashluik; and, without pausing, she went into her dressing-room, crying, “It is late, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch,” as she got to the door.

“Anna, I must have a talk with you.”

“With me?” she said in astonishment, coming out into the hall, and looking at him. “What is it? What about?”
THE QUARREL BETWEEN ANNA AND HER HUSBAND.
she demanded, as she sat down. "Nu! let us talk, then, since it is so necessary; but I would much rather go to sleep."

Anna said what came to her mind, astonished at her own facility at telling a lie: her words sounded perfectly natural. She seemed really to want to go to sleep: she felt sustained, lifted up, by some invisible power, and clad in an impenetrable armor of falsehood.

"Anna, I must put you on your guard."
"On my guard! why?"
She looked at him so gayly, so innocently, that for any one who did not know her as her husband did, the tone of her voice would have sounded perfectly natural. But for him, who knew that he could not deviate from the least of his habits without her asking the reason, who knew that her first impulse was always to tell him of her pleasures and her sorrows, the fact that Anna took special pains not to observe his agitation, or even to speak, was very significant to him. He felt, by the very tone that she assumed, that she said openly and without dissimulation, "Da! thus it must be, and from henceforth." He felt like a man who should come home and find his house barricaded against him.

"Perhaps the key will yet be found," thought Alekséi Aleksandrovitch.

"I want to put you on your guard," said he, in a calm voice, "against the interpretation which might be put by society on your imprudence and your rashness. Your rather too lively conversation this evening with Count Vronsky" — he pronounced this name slowly and distinctly — "attracted attention."

As he spoke, he looked at Anna’s laughing eyes, for him so impenetrable, and saw, with a feeling of terror, all the idleness and uselessness of his words.

"You are always like this," she said, as though she had comprehended absolutely nothing, and attached no importance except to a part of his speech. "Sometimes you don’t like it because I am bored, and sometimes because I have a good time. I was not bored this evening: has that disturbed you?"

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch trembled: again he twisted his fingers till the knuckles cracked.

"Ach! I beg of you, keep your hands still; I detest that," said she.
"Anna, is this you?" said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, trying to control himself, and stop the movement of his hands. "Da! but what is it?" she asked, with a sincere and almost comic astonishment. "What do you want of me?"

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch was silent, and passed his hand across his brow and over his eyes. He felt that instead of having warned his wife of her errors in the sight of the world, he was agitated at what concerned her conscience, and was perhaps striking some imaginary obstacle.

"This is what I wanted to say," he continued, in a cool and tranquil tone, "and I beg you to listen to me until I have done. As you know, I look upon jealousy as a humiliating and wounding sentiment which I would never allow myself to be led away by, but there are certain social barriers which one cannot cross with impunity. This evening, judging by the impression which you made,—I am not the only one, everybody noticed it,—you did not conduct yourself at all in a proper manner."

"Decidedly I did not please anybody," said Anna, shrugging her shoulders. "He does not really care," she thought: "all he fears is the opinion of the world. — You are not well, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch," she added, rising, and turning to go to her room.

But he stepped up to her, and held her back. Never had Anna seen his face so displeased and angry: she remained on her feet, tipping her head to one side, while with quick fingers she began to pull out the hair-pins.

"Nu-s! I hear you," she said, in a calm tone of banter. "I shall even listen with interest, because I should like to know what it's all about."

She herself was astonished at the assurance and calm naturalness which she put on, as well as at her choice of words.

"I have no right to examine your feelings. I think it is useless and even dangerous," Alekséi Aleksandrovitch began. "If we probe too deeply into our hearts, we run the risk of touching on what we ought not to perceive. Your feelings concern your conscience. But in presence of yourself, of me, and of God, I am in duty bound to remind you of your obligations. Our lives are united, not by men, but by God. Only by crime can this bond be broken, and such a crime brings its own punishment."

"I don't understand at all. Ach! Bozhe moi, how sleepy
ANNA KARENINA.

I am!’” said Anna, still undoing her hair, and taking out the last pin.

“Anna! in the name of Heaven, don’t speak so,” said he gently. “Maybe I am mistaken; but believe me, what I say to you is as much for your advantage as for mine: I am your husband, and I love you.”

A slight frown passed over Anna’s face, and the mocking fire disappeared from her eyes; but the word “love” irritated her. “Love!” she thought: “does he even know what it means? Is it possible that he loves me? If he had never heard of love, he would always have been ignorant that there was such a word.”

“Aleksí Aleksandrovitch, honestly, I don’t know what you mean,” she said. “Make clear to me that you find”—

“Allow me to finish. I love you, but I am not speaking for myself: those who are chiefly interested are your son and yourself. It is quite possible, I repeat, that my words may seem idle and ill-judged: possibly they are the result of mistake on my part. In that case, I beg your forgiveness; but you yourself must feel that there is some foundation for my remarks, and I earnestly urge you to reflect, and, if your heart inclines you, to confide in me”—

Aleksí Aleksandrovitch, without noticing the fact, had spoken a very different discourse from the one that he had prepared.

“I have nothing to say.” And she added in a sprightly tone, scarcely hiding a smile, “Da! it is truly time to go to bed.”

Aleksí Aleksandrovitch sighed, and, without speaking further, went to his room.

When she reached the room, he was already in bed. His lips were sternly set, and he did not look at her. Anna got into bed, expecting that he would speak to her; she both feared it and desired it: but he said nothing.

She waited long without moving, and then forgot all about him. The image of another filled her with emotion and with guilty joy. Suddenly she heard a slow and regular sound of snoring. Aleksí Aleksandrovitch at first was startled himself, and stopped; but at the end of a second the snoring began again with monotonous regularity.

“Too late! too late!” thought she, with a smile. She remained for a long time thus, motionless, with open eyes, the shining of which it seemed to her she herself could see.
X.

From this evening a new life began for Alekséi Aleksandrovitch and his wife. There was no outward sign of it. Anna continued to go into society, and especially affected the Princess Betsy; and everywhere she met Vronsky. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch understood it, but was powerless to prevent it. Whenever he tried to bring about an explanation, she met him with an affectation of humorous surprise which was absolutely beyond his penetration.

No change took place to outward observation, but their relations were extremely variable. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, a remarkably strong man in matters requiring statesmanship, here found himself at his wits' end. He waited for the final blow with head bent, and with the resignation of an ox led to slaughter. When these thoughts came to him, he told himself that once more he must try gentleness, tenderness, reason, to save Anna, and bring her back to him. Every day he made up his mind to speak; but as soon as he made the attempt, the same evil spirit of falsehood which possessed her, seemed to lay hold of him, and he spoke not at all in the tone in which he meant to speak. Involuntarily, what he said was spoken in his tone of raillery, which seemed to cast ridicule on those who would speak as he did. And this tone was not at all suitable for the expression of the thoughts that he wished to express.

XI.

What had been for Vronsky for nearly a year the only and absolute aim of his life, was for Anna a dream of happiness, all the more enchanting because it seemed to her unreal and terrible. It was like a dream. At last the waking came, and a new life began for her with a sentiment of moral decadence. She felt the impossibility of expressing the shame, the horror, the joy, that were now her portion. Rather than put her feelings into idle and fleeting words, she preferred to keep silent. As time went on, words fit to express the complexity of her sensations still failed to come to her, and even her thoughts were incapable of translating the impressions of her heart. She hoped that calmness and peace would come to her, but they held aloof. Whenever she
thought of the past, and thought of the future, and thought of her own fate, she was seized with fear, and tried to drive these thoughts away.

"By and by, by and by," she repeated, "when I am calmer."

On the other hand, when during sleep she lost all control of her imagination, her situation appeared in its frightful reality: almost every night she had the same dream. She dreamed that she was the wife both of Vronsky and of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch. And it seemed to her that Alekséi Aleksandrovitch kissed her hands, and said, weeping, "How happy we are now!" And Alekséi Vronsky, he, also, was her husband. She was amazed that she could believe such a thing impossible; and she laughed when she seemed to explain to them that every thing would simplify itself, and that both would henceforth be satisfied and happy. But this dream weighed on her spirits like a nightmare, and she always awoke in fright.

**XII.**

In the first weeks after Levin returned from Moscow, every time that with blushes and a trembling in his limbs he remembered the shame of his rejection, he would say to himself, "I suffered like this, and I felt that I was ruined, when I was rejected on account of my physical condition, and had to go into the second class; and it was the same when I bungled in my sister's affairs, which were confided to me. And now? Now the years have gone by, and I look back with astonishment on those young tribulations. It will be just the same with my disappointment this time. Time will pass, and I shall grow callous."

But three months passed away, and the callousness did not come, and his pain remained as severe as on the first day. What troubled him the most was, that after dreaming so long of family life, after being, as he thought, so well prepared for it, not only was he not married, but found himself farther than ever from the goal of marriage. Almost painfully he felt, as those around him felt, that it is not good for man to live alone. He remembered that before his departure for Moscow he had said to his skotnik [cowherd], Nikolaï, a clever muzhik with whom he liked to talk, "Do you know, Nikolaï, I am thinking of getting married?"
whereupon Nikolaï had replied instantly without hesitation, "This ought to have been long ago, Konstantin Dmitritch." And now never had he been so far from marriage. The place was taken: and if he had been able to settle upon some young girl of his acquaintance, he felt the impossibility of putting Kitty out of his heart; the memories of the past still tormented him. It was idle to say that he had committed no sin: he blushed at these memories as deeply as though they had been the most disgraceful of his life. The feeling of his humiliation, slight as it really was, weighed heavier on his conscience than any of the evil deeds of his past. It was a wound that refused to heal.

Time and labor, however, brought their balm: the painful impressions little by little began to fade in presence of the events of the country life, important in reality, in spite of their apparent insignificance. Every week brought something by which to remember Kitty: he even began to await with impatience the news of her marriage, hoping that this event would bring healing in the same way as the pulling of a tooth.

Meantime spring came, beautiful, friendly, without treachery or false promises,—a spring such as fills plants and animals, no less than men, with joy. This splendid season gave Levin new zeal: it confirmed his resolution to tear himself from the past so as to re-organize his life on conditions of permanence and independence. The plans that he had formed on his return to the country had not all been realized, but what was most essential, the purity of his life had not been stained. He could look in the faces of those who surrounded him without any humiliating sense of having fallen, or any loss of self-esteem.

Towards the month of February, Marya Nikolayevna had written him that his brother's health was failing, and that it was impossible to take proper care of him. This letter brought him immediately to Moscow, where he persuaded Nikolaï to consult a physician, and then to take the baths abroad: he even induced him to accept a loan for the journey. Under these circumstances he could, therefore, be satisfied with himself. Besides his farm-labors and his ordinary reading, Levin undertook, during the winter, a study of rural economy, in which he began with this premise, that the laborer's temperament is a more important factor than climate or the nature of the soil: agronomic science, according
to him, must not neglect either of these three equally impor-
tant elements.

His life, therefore, was very busy and full, in spite of his lon-
eliness: the only thing that he felt the lack of was the possi-
bility of sharing the ideas that came to him with any one besides his old nurse. However, he brought himself to dis-
cuss with her about physics, the theories of rural economy, and, above all, philosophy, which was Agafya Mikhailovna's favorite subject.

The spring was rather late. During the last weeks of Lent the weather was clear, but cold. Though during the day the snow melted in the sun, at night the mercury went down to seven degrees: the crust on the snow was so thick that wheels did not sink through.

It snowed on Easter Sunday. Then suddenly, on the fol-
lowing day, a south wind blew up, the clouds drifted over, and for three days and three nights a warm and heavy rain fell ceaselessly. On Thursday the wind went down, and then over the earth was spread a thick gray mist, as if to conceal the mysteries that were accomplishing in nature: the ice, in every direction, was melting and disappearing, the rivers overflowed their banks, the brooks came tumbling down, with foamy, muddy waters. Towards evening the Red Hill began to show through the fog, the clouds drifted away, like white sheep, and spring, spring in reality, was there in all her brilliancy. The next morning a bright sun melted away the thin scales of ice which still remained, and the warm atmosphere grew moist with the vapors rising from the earth; the dry grass immediately took a greenish tint, and the young blades began to peep from the sod, like millions of tiny needles; the buds on the birch-trees, the goose-
berry bushes, and the snowball-trees, swelled with sap, and around their branches swarms of honey-bees buzzed in the sun. Invisible larks sent forth their songs of joy, to see the prairies freed from snow; the lapwings seemed to mourn for their marshes, submerged by the stormy waters; the wild swans and geese flew high in the air, with their calls of spring. The cows, with rough hair, and places worn bare by the stanchions, lowed as they left their stalls; around the heavy-fleeced sheep gambolled awkwardly the young lambs; children ran barefoot over the wet paths, where their footprints were left like fossils; the peasant-women gossiped gayly around the edge of the pond, where they were bleach-
ing their linen; from all sides resounded the axes of the *muzhiks*, repairing their *sokhi* (Russian ploughs) and their wagons. Spring had really come.

XIII.

For the first time Levin left off his *shuba* [fur cloak], and clad more lightly, and shod in his heavy boots, he went out, tramping through the brooklets, as they glanced in the sun, and stepping, now on a cake of ice, and now in deep mud. Spring is the epoch of plans and projects. Levin, as he went out, was not decided upon what he would first take in hand, any more than the tree knows how and why the young sprouts push out, and the young branches clothe themselves with buds; but he felt that he was going to originate the most charming projects and the most sensible plans.

He went first to see his cattle. The cows were let out into the yard, and were warming themselves in the sun, lowing as if to beg permission to go out to pasture. Levin knew them all, even to the least. He examined them with satisfaction, and gave orders to the enraptured cowboy to take them to pasture, and to let out the calves. The milkmaids, gathering up their petticoats, and leaping into the mud with bare feet, white as yet, and free from tan, chased the frisky calves about, and with dry sticks kept them from escaping from the yard.

The yearlings were uncommonly beautiful; the oldest had already reached the size of ordinary cows: and Pava's daughter, three months old, was as big as a yearling. Levin admired them, and ordered their troughs to be brought out, and their food to be given them in *reshótki*. He found, however, that these *reshótki*, or portable palisades, which had been made in the autumn, were out of repair because they had not been needed. He had the carpenter sent for, who was supposed to be busy repairing the threshing-machine; but he was not there. He was repairing the ploughs, which should have been done during Lent. Levin was very indignant. Oh this everlasting procrastination, against which he had so long struggled in vain! The *reshótki*, as he soon learned, not having been in use during the winter, had been carried to the stable, where, as they were of light construction, they had been broken.
As to the ploughs and harrows, which should have been put in order during the winter months, — and he had hired three carpenters, — nothing at all was in proper condition. Levin summoned the prikashchik: then, angry at the delay, he himself went in search of him. The prikashchik, as radiant as the whole universe, came at his master's call, dressed in a light lambskin tuluptchika, twisting a straw between his fingers.

"Why isn't the carpenter at work on the threshing-machine?"

"Da! that is what I wanted to tell you, Konstantin Dmitritich: the ploughs had to be repaired! We've got to plough."

"Da! what have you been doing this winter?"

"Da! but why do you have such a carpenter?"

"Where are the reshótki for the calves?"

"I ordered them to be put in place. You can't do anything with such people," replied the prikashchik, making with his hands a gesture of despair.

"It is not these people, but this prikashchik, with whom nothing can be done," said Levin, getting still more angry.

"Nu! what do we pay you for?" he shouted; but recollecting that shouts did not do any good, he stopped, and contented himself with a sigh. "Nu! can you get the seed in yet?" he demanded, after a moment of silence.

"Back of Turkino we could to-morrow, or the day after."

"And the clover?"

"I sent Vasili and Mishka to sow it, but I don't know whether they succeeded: the ground isn't thawed out yet."

"On how many desyatins?"

"Six" [14½ acres].

"Why not the whole?" cried Levin angrily. He was furious to learn, that instead of sowing down twenty-four desyatins, they had only planted six: he knew by his own experience, as well as by theory, the need of sowing the clover-seed as early as possible after the snow was gone, and it never was done.

"Not enough people. What can you do with these men? The three hired men did not come; and then Simon" —

"Nu! you would better have taken them away from the straw."

"Da! I did that very thing."

"Where are all the people?"
“There are five at the compost [he meant to say compost]: four are moving the oats, so that they should not spoil, Konstantin Dmitritch.”

Levin knew very well that these words, “So that it should not spoil,” meant that his English oats saved for seed were already ruined. Again they had disobeyed his orders.

“Da! But did I not tell you during Lent to put in the ventilating-chimneys?” he cried.

“Don’t you be troubled: we will do all in good time.”

Levin, furious, made a gesture of dissatisfaction, and went to examine his oats in the granary: then he went to the stables. The oats were not yet spoiled, but the workmen were stirring them up with shovels instead of simply letting it down from one story to the other. Levin took away two hands to send to the clover-field. Little by little his spirit calmed down in regard to his prikashchik. It was such a lovely day that one could not keep angry. “Ignat,” he cried to his coachman, who, with upturned sleeves, was washing the carriage near the pump, “saddle me a horse.”

“Which one?”

“Nu! Kolpik.”

“I will obey.”

While the saddle was being adjusted, Levin called the prikashchik, who was busying himself in his vicinity, hoping to be restored to favor. He spoke with him about the work that he wanted done during the spring, and about his plans for carrying on the estate; he wanted the compost spread as soon as possible, so as to have this work done before the first mowing; then he wanted the farthest field ploughed, so that it might be left fallow. All the fields — not half of them — should be attended with the laborers.

The prikashchik listened attentively, doing his best evidently to approve of his master’s plans. But his face was so long and melancholy, that he always seemed to say, “This is all very well and good, but as God shall give.”

This tone vexed and almost discouraged Levin, but it was common to all the prikashchiks that had ever been in his service. They all received his projects with a dejected air; and so he had made up his mind not to get vexed about it, and he did his best to struggle against this unhappy “As God shall give,” which he looked upon as a sort of elementary obstacle fated to oppose him everywhere.

“If we have time, Konstantin Dmitritch.”
"Why shall we not have time?"
"We shall have to hire fifteen more workmen, but we can’t get them. One came to-day who asked seventy rubles for the summer."

Levin did not speak. Always the same stumbling-block. He knew that however he might exert himself, he never could hire more than thirty-seven or thirty-eight laborers at a reasonable price: once or twice he had succeeded in getting forty, never more; but he wanted to try it again.

"Send to Suri, to Chefirovka: if they don’t come, we must go for them."

"I’m going to go," said Vasili Fedorovitch gloomily.
"Da vot! The horses are very feeble."
"Buy some more: da! but I know," he added with a laugh, "that you will do as little and as badly as you can. However, I warn you that I will not let you do as you please this year. I shall take the reins in my own hands."

"Da! but you sleep too much, it seems to me. We are very happy to be under our master’s eyes."

"Now, have the clover put in on the Berezof land, and I shall come myself to inspect it," said he, mounting his little horse, Kolpik, which the coachman brought up.

"Don’t go across the brooks, Konstantin Dmitritch," cried the coachman.

"Nu! By the woods."

And on his little, easy-going ambler, which whinneyed as it came to the pools, and which pulled on the bridle in the joy of quitting the stable, Levin rode out of the muddy court-yard, and picked his way across the open fields.

The joyous feeling that he had experienced at the house and the barn-yard increased all the time. The loping of his excellent, gentle ambler swung his body gently to and fro. He drank in great draughts of warm air, slightly freshened by the chill snow which still lay on the ground in spots. Every one of his trees, with greening moss, and buds ready to burst, filled his heart with pleasure. As he came out on the enormous stretch of the fields, they seemed like an immense carpet of velvet where there was not a bare spot or a marsh, but here and there patches of snow. The sight of a peasant’s mare and colt treading down his fields did not anger him, but he ordered a passing muzhik to drive them out. With the same gentleness he received the sarcastic and impudent answer of a peasant. He said, "Ipat, shall we
put in the seed before very long?" And Ipat replied, "We must plough first, Konstantin Dmitritch." The farther he went, the more his good-humor increased, and the more his plans for improving his estate developed, each seeming to surpass the other in wisdom,—to protect the fields on the south by lines of trees which would keep the snow from staying too long; to divide his arable fields into nine parts, six of which should be well dressed, and the other three devoted to fodder; to build a cow-yard in the farthest corner of the estate, and have a pond dug; to have portable enclosures for the cattle, so as to utilize the manure; and thus to cultivate three hundred desyatins of wheat, a hundred desyatins of potatoes, and one hundred and fifty of clover, without exhausting the soil.

Full of these reflections, he picked his way carefully along so as not to harm his fields: he at last reached the place where the laborers were sowing the clover. The telyéga loaded with seed, instead of being hauled on the road, had been driven out into the middle of the field, leaving heavy wheel-tracks over his winter wheat, which the horse was trampling down with his feet. The two laborers, sitting by the roadside, were smoking their pipes. The clover-seed, instead of having been sifted, was thrown into the telyéga mixed with hard and dry lumps of dirt.

Seeing the master coming, the laborer Vasili started towards the telyéga, and Mishka began to sow. This was all wrong, but Levin rarely got angry with his muzhiks. When he reached Vasili, he ordered him to take the horse out of the telyéga, and lead him to the roadside.

"It won't do any harm, sir: it will spring up again."
"Obey me, without discussing," replied Levin.
"I will obey," said Vasili, taking the horse by the head.
"What splendid seed, Konstantin Dmitritch," he added, to regain favor. "I never saw any better. But it is slow work. The soil is so heavy, that you seem to drag a pud on each foot."

"Why wasn't the field harrowed?" demanded Levin.
"Oh! it'll come out all right," replied Vasili, taking up a handful of seed, and rubbing it between his fingers.

It was not Vasili's fault that the field had not been harrowed, or the seed sifted; but Levin was not less provoked. He dismounted, and, taking the seed-cod from Vasili, began to sow the clover.
"Where did you stop?"

Vasili touched the spot with his foot, and Levin went on with the work as best he could; but it was as hard as wading through a marsh, and after a little he stopped all in a sweat, and returned the seed-cod to the muzhik.

"Nu! Barin [Lord], I don't like to do slack work," said Vasili in his muzhik dialect. "What is good for the master is good for us. And look yonder at that field: the sight of it delights my heart."

"It is a fine spring."

"Da! it is such a spring as our forbears never saw. I was at our village, and our starik [elder] has already put in his Turkish wheat, as he says he can hardly tell it from rye."

"But how long have you been sowing Turkish wheat?"

"It was you yourself who taught us how to sow it. You gave us two measures last year."

"Nu! look here," said Levin, as he started to mount his ambler, "look at Mishka; and if the seed comes up well, you shall have fifty kopeks a desyatin" [40 cents for 2.7 acres].

"We thank you humbly: we should be content even without that."

Levin mounted his horse, and rode off to visit his last-year's clover-field, and then to the field which was already ploughed ready for the summer wheat. Levin rode back by way of the brooks, hoping to find the water lower: in fact, he found that he could get across; and, as he waded through, he scared up a couple of wild ducks.

"There ought to be snipe," he thought; and a forester, whom he met on his way to the house, confirmed his supposition.

He immediately spurred up his horse, so as to get back in time for dinner, and to prepare his gun for the evening.

XIV.

Just as Levin reached home, in the best humor in the world, he heard the jingling of bells at the side entrance.

"Da! some one from the railroad station," was his first thought: "it's time for the Moscow train. — Who can have come? brother Nikolai? Did he not say, that instead of going abroad he might perhaps come to see me?"
For a moment it occurred to him that this visit might spoil his plans for the spring; but, disgusted at the selfishness of this thought, his mind instantly received his brother with open arms, so to speak, and he began to hope, with affectionate joy, that it was really he whom the bell announced.

He quickened his horse, and as he came out from behind a hedge of acacias, which hid the house from his sight, he saw a traveller, dressed in a shuba, sitting in a hired troika [three-span]. It was not his brother.

"I only hope it is some one whom I can talk with," he thought.

"Ah!" he cried, as he recognized Stepan Arkadyevitch, "here is the most delectable of guests. Ach! how glad I am to see you!— I shall certainly learn from him if Kitty is married," he added, to himself.

Not even the memory of Kitty pained him this splendid spring morning.

"You scarcely expected me, I suppose," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, leaping out of the sledge, his face spotted with mud, but radiant with health and pleasure. "I am come, first, to see you; secondly, to fire off a gun or two; and thirdly, to sell my wood at Yergushovo."

"Perfect, isn't it? What do you think of this spring? But how could you have got here in a sledge?"

"Sledge is better than telyéga, Konstantin Dmitritch," replied the driver, who was an old acquaintance.

"Nu! Indeed, I am delighted to see you again," said Levin, with a smile of boyish joy.

He conducted his guest to the room which was always kept in readiness for visitors, and instantly had the traps brought up,—a gripsack, a gun in its case, and a box of cigars. Levin, leaving him to wash and dress himself, went out to see the prikashchik, and deliver his mind about the clover and the ploughing.

Agafya Mikhailovna, who had very much at heart the honor of the mansion, stopped him on his way through the entry, and asked him a few questions about dinner. "Do just as you please," replied Levin, as he went out, "only make haste about it."

When he returned, Stepan Arkadyevitch, smiling after his toilet, was just coming out of his room, and together they went up-stairs.

"Nu! I am very happy to have got out to your house at
last. I shall now learn the mystery of your existence. Truly, I envy you. What a house! How convenient every thing is! how bright and delightful!” said Stepan Arkadyevitch, forgetting that bright days and the spring-time were not always there. “And your old nurse,—what a charming old soul! All that’s lacking is a pretty little chambermaid,—but that does not fall in with your severe and monastic style; but this is very good.”

Among other interesting news, Stepan Arkadyevitch told his host that Sergéi Ivanovitch expected to come into the country this summer; but he did not say a word about the Shcherbatskys, and he simply transmitted his wife’s cordial greeting. Levin appreciated this delicacy. As usual, he had stored up during his hours of solitude a throng of ideas and impressions which he could not share with any of his domestics, and which he poured out into Oblonsky’s ears: every thing passed under review,—his spring joys, his plans and farming projects, and all the criticisms on the books about agriculture which he had read, and above all the skeleton of a work which he himself proposed to write, on the subject of the rural commune. Stepan Arkadyevitch, amiable, and always ready to grasp a point, showed unusual cordiality; and Levin even thought that he noticed a certain flattering consideration and an undertone of tenderness in his bearing.

The united efforts of Agafya Mikhailovna and the cook resulted in the two friends, who were half starved, betaking themselves to the zakuska [lunch-table] before the soup was served, and devouring bread and butter, cold chicken and salted mushrooms, and finally in Levin calling for the soup before the little pasties, prepared by the cook in the hope of dazzling the guest, were done. But Stepan Arkadyevitch, though he was used to different kinds of dinners, found everything exactly to his mind: the home-brewed liquors, the bread, the butter, and especially the cold chicken, the mushrooms, the shchi [cabbage-soup], the fowl with white sauce, and the Krimean wine, were delicious.

“Perfect! perfect!” he cried, as he lit a big cigarette after the second course. “I feel as if I had escaped the shocks and noise of a ship, and had landed on a peaceful shore. And so you say that the element represented by the workingman ought to be studied above all others, and be taken as a guide in the choice of economic expedients. I am a profanus in these questions, but it seems to me that
this theory and its applications would have an influence on
the workingman"—

"Yes; but hold on: I am not speaking of political
economy, but of rural economy, considered as a science.
You must study the premises, the phenomena, just the same
as in the natural sciences; and the workingman, from the
economical and ethnographical point of view"—

But here Agafya Mikhailovna entered with the dessert of
preserves.

"Nu! accept my compliments, Agafya Mikhailovna," said
Stepan Arkadyevitch, kissing the ends of his hairy fingers.
"What nice pickles! What delicious beer! Well, Kostia,
isn't it time to go?" he added.

Levin looked out of the window towards the sun, which
was sinking behind the tree-tops, still bare and leafless.

"It is time. Kuzma, have the horses hitched up," he
cried, as he went down-stairs. Stepan Arkadyevitch fol-
lowed him, and set to work carefully to remove his gun
from the case: it was a gun of the newest pattern, and very
expensive.

Kuzma, who foresaw a generous fee, gave him assiduous
attention, and helped him put on his stockings and his hunt-
ing-boots; and Stepan Arkadyevitch accepted his aid com-
placently.

"If the merchant Rabinin comes while we are gone, Kos-
tia, do me the favor to have him kept till we get back."

"Are you going to sell your wood to Rabinin?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"Oh! certainly I know him. I have done business with
him, positively and finally."

Stepan Arkadyevitch burst into a laugh. "Positively and
finally" were the favorite words of the merchant.

"Yes: he is very droll in his speech!—She knows
where her master is going," he added, patting Laska, who
was jumping and barking around Levin, licking now his
hand, now his boots and gun.

A dolgusha (hunting-wagon) was waiting at the steps as
they came out.

"I had the horses put in, although we have but a little
distance to go," said Levin; "but if you would rather walk,
we can."

"No, I would just as lief ride," replied Stepan Arkadyev-
ritch, as he mounted the dolgusha. He sat down, tucking
round his legs a striped plaid, and lit a cigar. "How can you get along without smoking, Kostia? A cigar—it is not only a pleasure, it is the very crown and sign of delight. This is life indeed. How delicious! Vot-buti, I should like to live like this."

"What's to prevent?" asked Levin, with a smile.

"Yes; but you are a happy man, for you have every thing that you like. You like horses, you have them; dogs, you have them; hunting, here it is; an estate, here it is!"

"Perhaps it is because I enjoy what I have, and don't covet what I have not," replied Levin, with Kitty in his mind.

Stepan Arkadyevitch understood, and looked at him without speaking.

Levin was grateful because Oblonsky had not yet mentioned the Sheherbatskys, and had understood, with his usual tact, that it was a subject which he dreaded; but now he felt anxious to find out how matters stood, but he did not like to inquire.

"Nu! how go your affairs?" he asked at last, blaming himself for thinking only of his selfish interests.

Oblonsky's eyes glistened with gayety.

"You will not admit that one can want hot rolls when he has his monthly rations; in your eyes, it is a crime: but for me, I cannot admit the possibility of living without love," he replied, construing Levin's question in his own fashion.

"What is to be done about it? I am so constituted, and I can't see the harm that it does."

"What! is there somebody else?" Levin demanded.

"There is, brother! You know the type of the women in Ossian?—these women that one sees only in dreams? But they really exist, and are terrible. Woman, you see, is an inexhaustible theme: you can never cease studying it, and it always presents some new phase."

"So much the better not to study it, then."

"Not at all. Some matimatik said that happiness consisted in searching for truth, and never finding it."

Levin listened, and said no more; but it was idle for him to enter into his friend's soul, and understand the charm which he took in studies of this sort.
The place where Levin took Oblonsky was not far away, by a shallow stream, flowing through an aspen-grove: he posted him in a mossy nook, somewhat marshy where the snow had just melted. He himself went to the opposite side, near a double birch, rested his gun on one of the lower branches, took off his kaftan, clasped a belt about his waist, and moved his arms to see that nothing bound him.

Old Laska, following him step by step, sat down cautiously in front of him, and pricked up her ears. The sun was setting behind the great forest, and against the eastern sky the young birches and aspens stood out distinctly, with their bending branches and their swelling buds.

In the forest, where the snow still lay, the sound of running waters could be heard: little birds were chirping, and flying from tree to tree. Sometimes the silence seemed broken only by the rustling of the dry leaves, moved by the thawing earth or the pushing herbs.

"Why, one really can hear the grass grow!" said Levin to himself, as he saw a moist and slate-colored aspen-leaf raised by the blade of a young herb starting from the sod. He was on his feet, listening and looking, now at the moss-covered ground, now at the watchful Laska, now at the bare tree-tops of the forest, which swept like a sea to the foot of the hill, and now at the darkening sky, where floated bits of little white clouds. A vulture flew aloft, slowly flapping his broad wings above the forest: another took the same direction and disappeared. In the thicket the birds were chirping louder and gayer than ever. An owl, in the distance, lifted his voice. Laska pricked up her ears again, took two or three cautious steps, and bent her head to listen. On the other side of the stream a cuckoo twice uttered its feeble notes, and then ceased hoarsely and timidly.

"Why! the cuckoo has come!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, leaving his place.

"Yes, I hear," said Levin, disgusted that the silence of the forest was broken, by the sound even of his own voice.

"Stepan Arkadyevitch returned to his place behind his thicket, and nothing more was seen of him except the flash of a match and the red glow of his cigarette and a light bluish smoke.
"Tchik! tchik!

"Stepan Arkadyevitch cocked his gun.

"What was that making that noise?" he demanded of his companion, attracting his attention to a strange sound, like a child imitating the neighing of a horse.

"Don't you know what that is? That is the male rabbit. Da! don't speak any more," cried Levin, in turn cocking his gun. A whistle was heard in the distance, with that rhythmic regularity which the huntsman knows so well: then a moment or two later it was repeated nearer, and suddenly changed into a hoarse little cry. Levin turned his eyes to the right, to the left, and finally saw, just above his head, against the fading blue of the sky, above the gently waving aspens, a bird flying towards him: its cry, like the noise made by tearing cloth, rang in his ears; then he distinguished the long beak and the long neck of the snipe, but hardly had he caught sight of it when a red flash shone out from behind Oblonsky's bush. The bird fluttered in the air, as though struck, and turned to fly up again; but again the light flashed; and the bird, vainly striving to rise, flapped its wings for a second, and fell heavily to earth.

"Did I miss?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, who could see nothing through the smoke.

"Here she is," cried Levin, pointing to Laska, who with one ear erect, and with slightly wagging tail, slowly, as though to lengthen out the pleasure, came back with the bird in her mouth, seeming almost to smile as she laid the game down at her master's feet.

"Nu! I am glad you hit," said Levin, though he felt a slight sensation of envy.

"The left barrel missed: beastly gun!" replied Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Sh! Here's another."

In fact, the whistles came thicker and thicker, rapid and sharp. Two snipe flew over the hunters, chasing each other; four shots rang out; and the snipe, turning on their track like swallows, disappeared from sight.

The sport was excellent. Stepan Arkadyevitch killed two others, and Levin also two, one of which was lost. It grew darker and darker. Venus, with silvery light, shone out in the west; and in the east, Arcturus gleamed, with his sombre, reddish fire. At intervals, Levin saw the Great Bear. No more snipe appeared; but Levin resolved to wait until Venus, which was visible through the branches of his birch-tree, rose
clear above the hills on the horizon, and till the Great Bear was entirely visible. The star had passed beyond the birch-trees, and the wain of the Bear was shining out clear in the sky, and he was still waiting.

"Isn't it getting late?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch.

All was calm in the forest: not a bird moved.

"Let us wait a little," replied Levin.

"Just as you please."

At this moment they were not fifteen steps apart.

"Stiva," cried Levin suddenly, "you have not told me whether your sister-in-law is married yet, or whether she is to be married soon." He felt so calm, his mind was so thoroughly made up, that nothing, he thought, could move him. But he did not expect Stepan Arkadyevitch's answer.

"She is not married, and she is not thinking of marriage. She is very ill, and the doctors have sent her abroad. They even fear for her life."

"What did you say?" cried Levin. "Ill? What is the matter? How did she"

While they were talking thus, Laska, with ears erect, was gazing at the sky above her head, and looking at them reproachfully.

"It is not the time to talk," thought Laska. "Ah! Here comes one — there he goes: they will miss him."

At the same instant a sharp whistle pierced the ears of the two huntsmen, and both, levelling their guns, shot at once: the two reports, the two flashes, were simultaneous. The snipe flapped his wings, drew up his delicate legs, and fell into the thicket.

"Excellent! both together!" cried Levin, running with Laska in search of the game. "Ach! Da! What was it that hurt me so just now? Ah, yes! Kitty is ill," he remembered. "What is to be done about it? It is very sad. Ah! I have found it. Good dog," said he, taking the bird from Laska's mouth, to put it into his overflowing game-bag.

XVI.

When he reached home, Levin questioned his friend about Kitty's illness and the plans of the Shcherbatskys. It was not without pleasure, though it was with some conscientious scruples, that he heard how she who had caused him so much
suffering, was suffering herself. But when Stepan Arkadyevitch spoke of the reason of Kitty's illness, and pronounced the name of Vronsky, he interrupted him.

"I have no right to know these family matters, since I am not concerned."

Stepan Arkadyevitch smiled imperceptibly as he noticed the sudden change in Levin, who, in an instant, had passed from gayety to sadness.

"Have you succeeded in your transaction with Rabinin about the wood?" he asked.

"Yes: I have made the bargain. He gives me an excellent price, — thirty-eight thousand rubles, eight in advance, and the rest in six years. I had been long about it: no one offered me any more."

"You are selling your wood for a song," said Levin, frowning.

"Why so?" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a good-humored smile, having known that Levin would totally disapprove of it.

"Because your wood is worth at least five hundred rubles a desyatin."

"Ach! You rural economists!" replied Stepan Arkadyevitch. "What a tone of scorn to us, your urban brother! And yet, when it comes to business matters, we come out of it better than you do. Believe me, I have made a careful calculation. The wood is sold under very favorable conditions; and I fear only one thing, and that is lest the merchant will regret it. It is wretched wood," he went on, accenting the word wretched, so as to convince Levin of the unfairness of his criticism, "and nothing but firewood. There will not be more than thirty sazhens [forty-nine square feet] to the desyatin, and he pays me at the rate of two hundred rubles."

Levin smiled scornfully.

"I know these city people," he thought, "who, for the once in ten years that they come into the country, and the two or three words of the country dialect, plume themselves on knowing the subject thoroughly. 'Wretched! only thirty sazhens!' he speaks without knowing a word of what he is talking about."

"I do not allow myself to criticise what you put on paper in your administrative functions," he said, "and, if I needed, I would even ask your advice. But you, — you imagine that
you understand this document about the wood. It is bad. Have you counted the trees?"

"What? Count my trees?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a laugh, and still trying to get his friend out of his ill-humor. "Count the sand on the seashore, count the rays of the planets — though a lofty genius might" —

"Nu! da! I tell you the lofty genius of Rabinin succeeded. Never does a merchant purchase without counting; — unless, indeed, the wood is given away for nothing, as you have done. I know your wood; I go hunting there every year; it is worth five hundred rubles a desyatín, cash down; while he gives you only two hundred, and on a long term. That means you give him thirty thousand."

"Nu! enough of imaginary receipts," said Stepan Arkadyevitch plaintively. "Why didn’t some one offer me this price?"

"Because the merchants connive with each other. I have had to do with all of them: I know them. They are not merchants, but speculators. None of them is satisfied with a profit less than ten or fifteen per cent. They wait till they can buy for twenty kopeks what is worth a ruble."

"Nu! enough: you are blue."

"Not at all," said Levin sadly, just as they were approaching the house.

A strong telyéga, drawn by a well-fed horse, was standing before the door; in the telyéga sat Rabinin’s fat prikashchik, holding the reins; and Rabinin himself was already in the house, and met the two friends at the vestibule-door. The merchant was a man of middle age, tall and thin, wearing a mustache, but his prominent chin was well shaven. His eyes were protuberant and muddy. He was clad in a dark blue coat with buttons, set low behind; and he wore high boots, and over his boots huge goloshes. Wiping his face with his handkerchief, and wrapping his overcoat closely around him, though it was not necessary, he came out with a smile, to meet the gentlemen as they entered. He gave one hand to Stepan Arkadyevitch, as though he wanted to grasp something.

"Ah! Here you are," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, shaking hands. "Very good."

"I should not have ventured to disobey your excellency’s orders, though the roads are very bad. Fact, I came all the way on foot, but I am here on time. A greeting to you,
Konstantin Dmitritich," said he, turning to Levin, intending to seize his hand also; but Levin affected not to notice the motion, and calmly relieved his game-bag of the snipe.

"You have been enjoying a hunt? What kind of a bird is that?" asked Rabinin, looking at the snipe disdainfully. "What does it taste like?" And he tossed his head disapprovingly, as though he felt doubtful if such a fowl were edible.

"Won't you go into the library?" asked Levin in French. "Go into the library, and discuss your business there."

"Just as you please," replied the merchant, in a tone of disdainful superiority, wishing it to be understood, that, if others could find difficulties in transacting business, he was not of the number.

In the library, Rabinin's eyes mechanically sought the holy image; but, when he caught sight of it, he did not make the sign of the cross. He glanced at the bookcases and the shelves lined with books, and manifested the same air of doubt and disdain that the snipe had caused.

"Well, did you bring the money?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"The money will come all in good time, but I came to have a talk."

"What have we to talk about? However, sit down."

"May as well sit down," said Rabinin, taking a chair, and leaning back in it in the most uncomfortable attitude. "You must give in a trifle, prince: it would be sinful not to do it. As to the money, it is all ready, even to the last kopek: on this side, there will be no delay."

Levin, who had been putting his gun away in the armory, and was just leaving the room, stopped as he heard the last words.

"You bought the wood at a miserable price," said he.

"He came to visit me too late: I would have engaged to get much more for it."

Rabinin arose and contemplated Levin from head to foot with a smile, but said nothing.

"Konstantin Levin is very sharp," said he at length, turning to Stepan Arkadyevitch. "One never succeeds in arranging a bargain finally with him. I have bought wheat, and paid good prices."

"Why should I make you a present of my property? I did not find it nor steal it."
"Excuse me: at the present day it is absolutely impossible to be a thief. Everything is done, in the present day, honestly and openly. Who could steal, then? We have spoken honestly and honorably. The wood is too dear: I shall not make the two ends meet. I beg you to yield a little."

"But is your bargain made, or is it not? If it is made, there is no need of haggling: if it is not, I am going to buy the wood."

The smile disappeared from Rabinin's lips. A rapacious and cruel expression, like that of a bird of prey, came in its place. With his bony hands he tore open his overcoat, bringing into sight his shirt, his vest with its copper buttons, and his watch-chain; and from his breast-pocket he pulled out a huge well-worn wallet.

"Excuse me: the wood is mine." And making a rapid sign of the cross, he extended his hand. "Take my money, I take your wood. This is how Rabinin ends his transactions finally and positively. He does not reckon his kopeks," said he, waving his wallet eagerly.

"If I were in your place, I would not be in haste," said Levin.

"But I have given my word," said Oblonsky, astonished. Levin dashed out of the room, slamming the door. The merchant watched him as he went, and lifted his head.

"Merely the effect of youth; definitely, pure childishness. Believe me, I buy this, so to speak, for the sake of glory, because I wish people to say, 'It's Rabinin, and not some one else, who has bought Oblonsky's forest.' And God knows how I shall come out of it! Please sign"—

An hour later the merchant went home in his telyéga, well wrapped up in his furs, with the agreement in his pocket.

"Och! these gentlemen!" he said to his prikashchik: "always the same story."

"So it is," replied the prikashchik, giving up the reins, so as to arrange the leather boot. "À-s! and your little purchase, Mikhail Ignatitch?"

"Nu! nu!"

XVII.

STÉPAN ARKADYEVTCH went down-stairs, his pockets filled with "promises to pay," due in three months, which the merchant had given him. The sale was concluded; he had
money in his pocket; sport had been good; hence he was perfectly happy and contented, and would gladly have dispelled the sadness which possessed him: a day beginning so well should end the same.

But Levin, however desirous he was of seeming amiable and thoughtful toward his guest, could not drive away his ill-humor: the species of intoxication which he felt in learning that Kitty was not married, was of short duration. Not married, and ill! Ill, perhaps, from love of him who had jilted her. It was almost like a personal insult. Had not Vronsky, in a certain sense, gained the right to despise him, since he had put to shame her who had rejected him? He was therefore his enemy. He could not reason away this impression, but he felt wounded, hurt, and discontented at every thing, and especially at this ridiculous sale of the forest, which had taken place under his roof, without his being able to keep Oblonsky from being cheated.

"Nu! is it finished?" he asked, as he met Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Will you have some supper?"

"Yes: I won't refuse. What an appetite I feel in the country! It's wonderful! why didn't you offer a bite to Rabinin?"

"Ah! the Devil take him!"

"Do you know, your behavior to him seemed astonishing to me? You didn't even offer him your hand! Why didn't you offer him your hand?"

"Because I don't shake hands with my lackey, and my lackey is worth a hundred of him."

"What a retrograd you are! And how about the fusion of classes?"

"Let those who like it enjoy it! It is disgusting."

"You, I see, are a retrograd."

"To tell the truth, I never asked myself who I was. I am Konstantin, — nothing more."

"And Konstantin Levin in a very bad humor," said Oblonsky, smiling.

"Da! I am in bad humor, and do you know why? Because of this idiotic bargain; excuse the express" —

Stepan Arkadyevitch put on an air of injured innocence, and replied with an amusing grimace.

"Nu! that'll do!" he said. "After any one has sold any thing, they come saying, 'You might have sold this at a higher price;' but no one thinks of offering this fine price
before the sale. No: I see you have a grudge against this unfortunate Rabinin."

"Maybe I have. And shall I tell you why? You will call me retrograd or some worse name, but I cannot help feeling bad to see the nobility [dvorianstvo] — the nobility, to which I am happy to say I belong, and belong in spite of your fusion of classes, always getting poorer and poorer. If this growing poverty was caused by spendthrift ways, by too high living, I wouldn't say any thing. To live like lords is proper for the nobles: the nobles [dvoriane] only can do this. Now the muzhiks are buying up our lands, but I am not concerned: the proprietor [barin] does nothing, the muzhik is industrious, and it is just that the workingman should take the place of the lazy. So it ought to be. And I am glad for the muzhik. But what vexes me, and stirs my soul, is to see the proprietor robbed by — I don't know how to express it — by his own innocence. Here is a Polish tenant, who has bought, at half price, a superb estate of a baruina [titled lady] who lives at Nice. Yonder is a merchant who has got a farm for a tenth of its value. And this very day you have given this rascal a present of thirty thousand rubles."

"But what could I do? Count my trees one by one?"

"Certainly: if you have not counted them, be sure that the merchant has counted them for you; and his children will have the means whereby to live and get an education, whereas yours perhaps will not."

"Nu! In my opinion, it is ridiculous to go into such minute calculations. We have our ways of doing things, and they have theirs; and let them get the good of it. Nu! Moreover, it is done, and that's the last of it. — And here is my favorite omelette coming in; and then Agafya Mikhailovna will certainly give us a glass of her delicious travnikovchok" [herb brandy].

Stepan Arkadyevitch sat down at the table in excellent spirits, and rallied Agafya Mikhailovna, and assured her that he had not eaten such a dinner and such a supper for an age.

"You can give fine speeches, at least. But Konstantin Dmitritch, if he found only a crust of bread, would eat it and go away."

Levin, in spite of his efforts to rule his melancholy and gloomy mood, still felt out of sorts. There was a question which he could not make up his mind to put, finding neither
the opportunity to ask it, nor a suitable form in which to
couch it. Stepan Arkadyevitch had gone to his room, and, 
after a bath, had gone to bed clad in a beautiful frilled
nightgown. Levin still dallied in the room, talking about a
hundred trifles, but not having the courage to ask what he
had at heart.

"How well this is arranged!" said he, taking from its
wrapper a piece of perfumed soap,—an attention on the
part of Agafya Mikhailovna which had not attracted Ob-
lonsky's attention. "Just look: isn't it truly a work of
art?"

"Yes: everything is getting perfect nowadays," said
Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a beatific yawn. "The theatres,
for example, and—a—a—a"—yawning again—"these
amusing—a—a—electric lights—a—a"

"Yes, the electric lights," repeated Levin. "And that
Vronsky: where is he now?" he suddenly asked, putting
down the soap.

"Vronsky?" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, ceasing to yawn.
"He is at Petersburg. He went away shortly after you did,
and did not return to Moscow. Do you know, Kostia," he
continued, leaning his elbow on a little table placed near the
head of the bed, and leaning his head on his hand, while two
good-natured and rather sleepy eyes looked out like twin
stars, "I will tell you the truth. You are in part to blame
for all this story: you were afraid of a rival. And I will re-
mind you of what I said: I don't know which of you had the
best chances. Why didn't you go ahead? I told you then
that"—and he yawned again, trying not to open his mouth.

"Does he, or doesn't he, know of the step I took?"
thought Levin, looking at him. "Da! there is something
subtle, something diplomatic, in his face;" and, feeling that
he was blushing, he said nothing, but looked at Oblonsky.

"If on her part there was any feeling for him, it was
merely a slight drawing, a fascination, such as a lofty aris-
tocracy and a high position is likely to have on a young girl,
and particularly on her mother."

Levin frowned. The pain of his rejection came back to
him like a recent wound in his heart. Fortunately, he was
at home; and at home the shadows sustain one.

"Wait! wait:" he interrupted: "your aristocracy! But
I want to tell you what this aristocracy of Vronsky's means,
or any other kind that could look down upon me. You con-
sider him an aristocrat. I don't. A man whose father sprang from the dust, by means of intrigue, whose mother nas — Oh, no! Aristocrats, in my eyes, are men who can show in the past three or four generations of excellent families, belonging to the most cultivated classes,—talents and intellect are another matter,—who never abased themselves before anybody, and were self-reliant,—like my father and mother. And I know many families of the same kind. It seems incredible to you that I can count my trees; but you, you give thirty thousand rubles to Rabinin: but you receive a salary, and other things; and that I never expect to receive, and therefore I appreciate what my father left me, and what my labor gives me; and therefore I say it is we who are aristocrats, and not those who live at the expense of the powers of this world, and who can be bought for twenty kopeks."

"Da! whom are you so angry with? I agree with you," replied Oblonsky gayly, and amused at his friend's tirade, even though he knew that it was directed against himself. "You are not fair to Vronsky, but this has nothing to do with him. I will tell you frankly: if I were in your place, I would start for Moscow, and"

"No! I don't know if you are aware of what passed,—but it's over for me. I will tell you. I proposed to Kat
erina Aleksandrovna, and was rejected; so that now the memory of it is painful and humiliating."

"Why so? What nonsense!"

"But let us not speak of it. Forgive me if I have been rude to you," said Levin. "Now all is explained. You will not be angry with me, Stiva?" said he, resuming his usual manner. "I beg of you, don't lay up any thing against me." And he took his hand.

"Da! I will not think any thing more about it. I am very glad, though, that we have spoken frankly to one another. And, do you know, sport will be capital to-morrow? Suppose we try it again. I would not even sleep, but go straight to the station."

"Excellent!"

XVIII.

Vronsky, though absorbed by his passion, changed in no way the outward course of his life. He kept up all his social and military relations. His regiment filled an important part
in his life, in the first place because he loved it, and, still more, because he was extremely popular. He was not only admired, he was respected; and it was a matter to be proud of, that a man of his rank and intellectual capacity was seen to place the interests of his regiment and his comrades above the vainglorious or egotistical success which were his right. Vronsky kept account of the feeling which he inspired, and felt called upon, in a certain degree, to sustain his character.

Of course he spoke to no one of his passion. Never did an imprudent word escape him, even when he joined his comrades in some drinking-bout,—he drank, however, very moderately,—and he was wise enough to keep his mouth shut in the presence of those gossiping meddlers who made the least allusion to the affairs of his heart. His passion, however, was a matter of notoriety throughout the city; and the young men envied him on account of the very thing that was the greatest drawback to his love,—Karenin’s high station, which made the matter more conspicuous.

The majority of young ladies, jealous of Anna, whom they were weary of hearing always called the just, were not sorry to have their predictions verified, and were waiting only for the sanction of public opinion, to overwhelm her with their scorn: they had stored away, ready for use, the mud which should be thrown at her when the time came. People of experience, and those of high rank, were displeased at the prospect of a disgraceful scandal in society.

Vronsky’s mother at first felt a sort of pleasure at her son’s infatuation; in her opinion, nothing was better for forming a young man than to fall in love with some great society lady; and, moreover, she was not sorry to find that this Madame Karenina, who seemed so entirely devoted to her boy, was, after all, only like any other handsome and elegant woman. But this way of looking at it changed when she learned that her son had refused an important promotion, so that he might not be obliged to leave his regiment, and this Madame Karenin’s vicinity. Moreover, instead of being a brilliant and fashionable flirtation, such as she approved, it was turning out, as she learned, to be a tragedy, after the style of Werther, and she was afraid lest her son should allow himself to commit some folly. Since his unheralded departure from Moscow she had not seen him, but she sent word to him, through his brother, that she desired him to
come to her. His older brother was even more dissatisfied, not because he felt anxious to know whether this love-affair was to be deep or ephemeral, calm or passionate, innocent or guilty,—he himself, though a married man and the father of a family, had shown by his own conduct that he had no right to be severe,—but because he knew that this love-affair was displeasing in quarters where it was better to be on good terms; and therefore he blamed his brother.

Vronsky, besides his society relations and his military duties, had yet another absorbing passion,—horses. The officers' races were to take place this summer. He became a subscriber, and purchased a pure-blood English trotter: in spite of his love-affair, he was extremely interested in the results of the races. These two passions easily existed side by side, and he needed some outside interest to offset the violent emotions which stirred him in his relations with Anna.

XIX.

On the day of the Krasno-Selo races, Vronsky came earlier than usual to eat a beefsteak in the officers' great common dining-hall. He was not at all constrained to limit himself, since his weight satisfied the forty pud conditions of the service; but he did not want to get fat, and so he refrained from sugar and farinaceous foods. He sat down at the table. His coat was unbuttoned, and displayed his white vest, and he opened a French novel: with both elbows resting on the table he seemed absorbed in his book, but he took this attitude so as not to talk with the officers as they went and came, but to think.

He was thinking about the meeting with Anna, which was to take place after the races. He had not seen her for three days; and he was wondering if she would be able to keep her promise, as her husband had just returned to Petersburg from a journey abroad, and he was wondering how he could find out. They had met for the last time at his cousin Betsy's villa. For he went to the Karénins' house as little as possible, and now he was asking himself if he would best go there.

"I will simply say that I am charged by Betsy to find whether she expects to attend the races,—yes, certainly, I will go," he said, raising his head from his book. And his
face shone with the joy caused by his imagination of the forthcoming interview.

"Send word that I wish my troïka harnessed," said he to the waiter who was bringing his beefsteak on a silver platter. He took his plate, and began his meal.

In the adjoining billiard-room the clicking of balls was heard, and two voices talking and laughing. Then two officers appeared in the door: one of them was a young man with delicate, refined features, who had just graduated from the Corps of Pages, and joined the regiment; the other was old and fat, with little, moist eyes, and wore a bracelet on his wrist.

Vronsky glanced at them and frowned, and went on eating and reading at the same time, as though he had not seen them.

"Getting ready for work, are you?" asked the fat officer, sitting down near him.

"You see I am," replied Vronsky, wiping his lips, and frowning again, without looking up.

"But aren't you afraid of getting fat?" continued the elderly officer, pulling up a chair for his junior.

"What!" cried Vronsky, showing his teeth to express his disgust and aversion.

"Aren't you afraid of getting fat?"

"Waiter, sherry!" cried Vronsky, without deigning to reply: and he changed his book to the other side of his plate, and continued to read.

The fat officer took the wine-list, and passed it over to the young officer.

"See what we'll have to drink."

"Rhine wine, if you please," replied the latter, trying to twist his imaginary mustache, and looking timidly at Vronsky out of the corner of his eye.

When he saw that Vronsky did not move, the young officer got up, and said, "Come into the billiard-room."

The fat officer also arose, and the two went out of the door. At the same time a cavalry captain came in, a tall, handsome young man, named Yashvin. He gave the two officers a slight, disdainful salute, and went towards Vronsky.

"Ah! here he is," he cried, laying his heavy hand on Vronsky's shoulder. Vronsky turned round angrily, but in an instant a pleasant, friendly expression came into his face.

"Well, Alosha!" said the cavalry captain, in his big
"Have some more dinner, and drink a glass with me."
"No: I don't want any dinner."
"Those are inseparables," said Yashvin, looking with an expression of disdain at the two officers as they disappeared. Then he sat down, doubling up under the chair, which was too short for him, his long legs dressed in tight, uniform trousers. "Why weren't you at the theatre last evening? Numerova was truly not bad at all. Where were you?"
"I staid too late at the Tverskois'," said Vronsky.
"Ah!"
Yashvin was Vronsky's best friend in the regiment, though he was not only a gambler, but a debauchee. It could not be said of him that he entirely lacked principles. He had principles, but they were immoral ones. Vronsky liked him, and admired his exceptional physical vigor, which allowed him to drink like a hogshead and not feel it, and to do absolutely without sleep if it were necessary. He had no less admiration for his great social ability, which made him a power, not only with his superiors, but with his comrades. At the English Club, he had the notoriety of being the most daring of gamblers, because, while never ceasing to drink, he risked large sums with imperturbable presence of mind.

If Vronsky felt friendship and some consideration for Yashvin, it was because he knew that his fortune or his social position counted for nothing in his friendship that the latter showed him. He was liked on his own account. Moreover, Yashvin was the only man to whom Vronsky would have been willing to speak of his love; because he felt, that, in spite of his affected scorn for all kinds of sentiment, he alone could appreciate the serious passion which now absorbed his whole life. Besides, he knew that he was incapable of indulging in tittle-tattle and scandal. Thus, taken all in all, his presence was always agreeable to him.

Vronsky had not yet spoken about his love, but he knew that Yashvin knew it—looked upon it in its true light; and it was a pleasure to read this in his eyes.
"Ah, da!" said the cavalry captain, when he heard the name of the Tverskois; and he bit his mustache, and looked at him with his brilliant black eyes.
"Nu! and what did you do last evening? Did you gain?" asked Vronsky.
“Eight thousand rubles, but three thousand possibly are no good.”

“Nu! Then you can lose on me,” said Vronsky, laughing: his comrade had laid a large wager on him.

“But I shall not lose. Makhotin is the only one to be afraid of.”

And the conversation went off in regard to the races, which was the only subject which was of any moment now.

“Come on: I am through,” said Vronsky, getting up. Yashvin also arose, and stretched his long legs.

“I can’t dine so early, but I will take something to drink. I will follow you. Here, wine!” he cried, in his heavy voice, which made the windows rattle, and was the wonder of the regiment. “No, no matter!” he cried again: “if you are going home, I’ll join you.”

XX.

Vronsky was lodging in a great Finnish izba [hut], very neatly arranged, and divided in two by a partition. Petritsky was his chum, not only in Petersburg, but here also in camp. He was asleep when Vronsky and Yashvin entered.

“Get up! you’ve slept long enough,” said Yashvin, going behind the partition, and shaking the sleeper’s shoulder, as he lay with his nose buried in the pillow.

Petritsky got upon his knees, and looked all about him.

“Your brother has been here,” said he to Vronsky. “He woke me up, confound him! and he said that he would come again.”

Then he threw himself back on the pillow again, and pulled up the bedclothes.

“Let up, Yashvin,” he cried angrily, as his comrade amused himself by twitching off his quilt. Then turning towards him, and opening his eyes, he said, “You would do much better to tell me what I ought to drink to take this bad taste out of my mouth.”

“Vodka is better than anything,” said Yashvin. “Tereshchenko! Bring the barin some vodka and cucumbers,” he ordered of the servant, seeming to delight in the thunder of his voice.

“You advise vodka? ha!” demanded Petritsky, rubbing his eyes, with a grimace. “Will you take some too? If
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you'll join, all right! Vronsky, will you have a drink?" And leaving his bed, he came out wrapped up in a striped quilt, waving his arms in the air, and singing in French, "'There was a king in Thu-u-le.'"

"Vronsky, will you have a drink?"

"Go away," replied the latter, who was putting on an overcoat brought him by his valet.

"Where are you going?" asked Yashvin, seeing a carriage drawn by three horses. "Here's the troïka."

"To the stables, then to Briansky's to see about some horses," replied Vronsky.

He had, indeed, promised to bring some money to Briansky, who lived about six versts from Peterhof; but his friends immediately knew that he was going in another direction.

Petritsky winked, and raised his eyebrows as though he would say, "We know who this Briansky means."

"See here, don't be late," said Yashvin; and changing the subject, "And my roan, does she suit you?" he asked, referring to the middle horse of the team which he had sold.

Just as Vronsky left the room, Petritsky called out to him, "Hold on! your brother left a note and a letter. Hold on! where did I put them?"

Vronsky waited impatiently.

"Nu! Where are they?"

"Where are they indeed? That's the question," declaimed Petritsky, putting his forefinger above his nose.

"Speak quick! no nonsense!" said Vronsky good-naturedly.

"I have not had any fire in the fireplace: where can I have put them?"

"Nu! that's enough talk! where's the note?"

"I swear I have forgotten: perhaps I dreamed about it. Wait, wait! don't get angry. If you had drunk four bottles, as I did yesterday, you wouldn't even know where you went to bed. Hold on, I'll think in a minute."

Petritsky went behind his screen again, and got into bed.

"Hold on! I was lying here. He stood there. Da-da-da-da! Ah! Here it is!" And he pulled the letter out from under the mattress, where he had put it.

Vronsky took the letter and his brother's note. It was exactly as he expected. His mother reproached him because he had not been to see her, and his brother said he had something to speak to him about. "What concern is it
of theirs?" he murmured; and, crumpling up the notes, he thrust them between his coat-buttons, intending to read them more carefully on the way.

Just as he left the izba, he met two officers, each of whom belonged to different regiments. Vronsky's quarters were always the headquarters of all the officers.

"Whither away?"

"Must—to Peterhof."

"Has your horse come from Tsarskoi?"

"Yes, but I have not seen her yet."

"They say Makhotin's 'Gladiator' is lame."

"Rubbish! But how could you trot in such mud?"

"Here are my saviours," cried Petritsky, as he saw the new-comers. The denshchik was standing before him with vodka and salted cucumbers on a platter. "Yashvin, here, ordered me to drink, so as to be refreshed."

"Nu! You were too much for us last night," said one of the officers. "We did not sleep all night."

"I must tell you how it ended," began Petritsky. "Volkof climbed up on the roof, and told us that he was blue. I sung out, 'Give us some music,—a funeral march.' And he went to sleep on the roof to the music of the funeral march."

"Drink, drink your vodka by all means, and then take seltzer and a lot of lemon," said Yashvin, encouraging Petritsky as a mother encourages her child to swallow some medicine.

"Now, this is sense. Hold on, Vronsky, and have a drink with us!"

"No. Good-by, gentlemen. I am not drinking to-day."

"Vronsky," cried some one, after he had gone into the vestibule.

"What?"

"You'd better cut off your hair: it's getting very long, especially on the bald spot."

Vronsky, in fact, was beginning to get a little bald. He laughed gayly, and, pulling his cap over his forehead where the hair was thin, he went out and got into his carriage.

"To the stables," he said.

He started to take his letters for a second reading, but on second thought deferred them so that he might think of nothing else but his horse.
A temporary stable, made out of planks, had been built near the race-course; and hither Vronsky had to go to see his horse. Only the trainer had as yet mounted her; and Vronsky, who had not seen her, did not know in what condition he should find her. He was just getting out of his carriage when his konukl [groom], a young fellow, saw him from a distance, and immediately called the trainer. He was an Englishman with withered face and tufted chin, and dressed in short jacket and top-boots. He came out towards Vronsky in the mincing step peculiar to jockeys, and with elbows sticking out.

"Nu! how is Frou Frou?" said Vronsky in English.

"All right, sir," said the Englishman, in a voice that came out of the bottom of his throat. "Better not go in, sir," he added, taking off his hat. "I have put a muzzle on her, and that excites her. If any one comes near, it makes her nervous."

"No matter: I want to see her."

"Come on, then," replied the Englishman testily; and without ever opening his mouth, and with his dandified step, he led the way to the stable. An active and alert stable-boy in a clean jacket, with whip in hand, was ready to receive them. Five horses were in the stable, each in its own stall. Vronsky knew that Makhotin's Gladiator, — Vronsky's most redoubtable rival, — a chestnut horse of five verseskiks, was there, and he was more curious to see Gladiator than to see his own racer; but according to the rules of the races, he could not have him brought out, or even ask questions about him. As he passed along the walk, the groom opened the door of the second stall, and Vronsky saw a powerful chestnut with white feet. It was Gladiator: he recognized him, but he instantly turned towards Frou Frou, as though he had seen an open letter which was not addressed to him.

"That horse belongs to Makhotin's? Yes: he is my only dangerous rival."

"If you would mount him, I would bet on you," said the Englishman.
"Frou Frou is more nervous; this one stronger," said Vronsky, smiling at the jockey's praise.
"In hurdle-races, all depends on the mount, and on pluck."

Pluck, — that is, audacity and coolness, — Vronsky knew that he had in abundance; and, what is more, he was firmly convinced that no one could have more than he.

"You are sure that a good sweating was not necessary?"

"Not at all," replied the Englishman. "Don’t speak so loud, I beg of you: the colt is restive," he added, jerking his head towards the stall where the horse was heard stamping on the straw.

He opened the door, and Vronsky entered a box-stall feebly lighted by a little window. A brown bay horse, muzzled, was nervously prancing up and down on the fresh straw.

The somewhat imperfect shape of his favorite horse was instantly manifest to Vronsky's eyes. Frou Frou was of medium size, with slender bones; her breast was narrow, though the breast-bone was prominent; the crupper was rather tapering; and the legs, particularly the hind-legs, considerably bowed. The muscles of the legs were not large, but the flanks were very enormous on account of the training she had had, and the smallness of her belly. The bones of the legs below the knee seemed not thicker than a finger, seen from the front: they were extraordinarily large when seen sidewise. The whole steed seemed squeezed in and lengthened out. But she had one merit that outweighed all her faults: she had good blood, — was a thoroughbred, as the English say. Her muscles stood out under a network of veins, covered with a skin as smooth and soft as satin: her slender head, with prominent eyes, bright and animated; her delicate, mobile nostrils, which seemed suffused with blood, — all the points of this noble animal had something energetic, decided, and keen. It was one of those creatures such as never fail to fulfil their promise owing to defect in mechanical construction. Vronsky felt that she understood him while he was looking at her. When he came in, she was taking long breaths, turning her head round, and showing the whites of her bloodshot eyes, and trying to shake off her muzzle, and dancing on her feet as though moved by springs.

"You see how excited she is," said the Englishman.

"Whoa, my loveliest, whoa!" said Vronsky, approaching
to calm her; but the nearer he came, the more nervous she grew; and only when he had caressed her head, did she become tranquil. He could feel her muscles strain and tremble under her delicate, smooth skin. Vronsky patted her beautiful neck, and put into place a bit of her mane that she had tossed on the other side; and then he put his face close to her nostrils, which swelled and dilated like the wings of a bat. She snorted, pricked up her ears, and stretched out her long black lips to seize his sleeve; but when she found herself prevented by her muzzle, she began to caper again.

"Quiet, my beauty, quiet," said Vronsky, calming her; and he left the stable with the re-assuring conviction that his horse was in perfect condition.

But the nervousness of the steed had taken possession of her master. Vronsky felt the blood rush to his heart, and, like the horse, he wanted violent action: he felt like biting. It was a sensation at once strange and joyful.

"Well, I count on you," said he to the Englishman. "Be on the grounds at half-past six."

"All shall be ready. But where are you going, my lord?" asked the Englishman, using the title of "lord," which he never permitted.

Astonished at this audacity, Vronsky raised his head, and looked at him as he well understood how to do, not into his eyes, but on his forehead. He instantly saw that the Englishman had spoken to him, not as to his master, but as to a jockey; and he replied,—

"I have got to see Briansky, and I shall be at home in an hour."

"How many times have I been asked that question to-day!" he said to himself; and he blushed, which was a rare occurrence with him. The Englishman looked at him closely. He also seemed to know where his master was going.

"The main thing is to keep calm before the race. Don't do any thing rash; don't get bothered."

"All right," replied Vronsky; and, jumping into his carriage, he drove back to Peterhof.

He had gone but a short distance before the sky, which had been overcast since morning, grew thicker, and it began to rain.

"Too bad!" thought Vronsky, raising the hood of his carriage. "It has been muddy: now it will be a marsh."
Now that he was alone again, he bethought him of his mother's letter and his brother's note, and began to read them over. It was always the old story: both his mother and his brother took it upon them to meddle with his love-affairs. He was indignant and even angry,—a most unusual state for him.

"How does this concern them? Why do they feel called upon to meddle with me, to bother me? Because there is something about this that they don't understand. If it were a vulgar intrigue, they would leave me in peace; but they imagine that it isn't a mere nothing, that this woman is not a mere toy, that she is dearer to me than life: that would seem incredible and vexatious to them. Whatever be our fate, we ourselves have made it, and we shall not regret it," he said to himself, including Anna in the word "we." "But no, they want to teach us the meaning of life,—they, who have no idea of what happiness is. They don't know that, were it not for this love, there would be for me neither joy nor grief in this world: life itself would not exist."

In reality, what exasperated him most against his relatives was the fact that his conscience told him that they were right. His love for Anna was not a superficial impulse, destined, like so many social attachments, to disappear, and leave no trace beyond sweet or painful memories. He felt keenly all the torture of their situation, all its difficulties in the eyes of the world, from which they had to conceal it by means of ingenious subterfuges, deceptions, and lies; and, while their mutual passion was so violent and absorbing that they knew of nothing else, yet they had to be always inventing a thousand stratagems to keep it from others.

This constant need of dissimulation and deceit came to him urgently. Nothing was more contrary to his nature, and he recalled the feeling of shame which he had often surprised in Anna, when she also was driven to tell a lie.

Since this affair with her, he sometimes experienced a strange sensation of disgust and repulsion, which he could not define, nor could he tell for whom he felt it,—for Alekséi Aleksandrovitch or himself, for society or for the entire world. As far as possible he banished such thoughts.

"Yes, heretofore she has been unhappy, but proud and calm: now she cannot be so any longer, however she may seem to try to appear so."

And for the first time the thought of cutting short this life
of dissimulation appeared to him clear and tangible: the sooner, the better.

"We must leave every thing, she and I, and together, with our love, we must go and bury ourselves somewhere," he said to himself.

XXII.

The shower was of short duration; and when Vronsky reached Peterhof, his shaft-horse at full trot, and the other two galloping along in the mud, the sun was already out again, and was shining on the roofs of the villas and the dripping foliage of the old lindens in the neighboring gardens, whose shadows fell across the street. The water was running from the roofs, and the tree-tops seemed gayly to shake off the raindrops. He no longer thought of the harm that the shower might do the race-course: but he was full of joy as he remembered, that, thanks to the rain, she would be alone; for he knew that Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, who had just got back from a visit to the baths, would not leave Petersburg for the country.

Vronsky stopped his horses at some little distance from the house, and, in order to attract as little attention as possible, he entered the court on foot, instead of ringing the bell at the front entrance.

"Has the barin come?" he demanded of a gardener.

"Not yet; but the baruina is at home. If you ring, they will open the door."

"No: I will go in through the garden."

Knowing that she was alone, he wanted to surprise her; he had not sent word that he was coming, and on account of the races she would not be looking for him. Therefore he walked cautiously along the sandy paths, bordered with flowers, lifting up his sabre so that it should make no noise. In this way he reached the terrace which led from the house down to the garden. The anxieties which had possessed him on the way, the difficulties of their situation, were now forgotten: he thought only of the pleasure of shortly seeing her,—her in reality, in person, and not in imagination only. He was mounting the garden-steps as gently as possible, when he suddenly remembered the most painful feature of his relations with her, a feature that he was always forgetting,—her son, a lad with a most inquisitive face.
This child was the principal obstacle in the way of their interviews. In his presence Anna never allowed a word that the whole world might not hear, never a word that the child himself could not comprehend. There was no need of an agreement on that score. Both of them would have been ashamed to speak a single word to deceive the little lad: before him they talked as though they were mere acquaintances. But in spite of these precautions Vronsky often felt the lad’s scrutinizing and rather suspicious eyes fixed upon him. Sometimes he seemed timid, again affectionate, but never the same. The child seemed instinctively to feel, that, between this man and his mother there was some strange bond of union, which was beyond his comprehension.

The boy, indeed, made futile efforts to understand how he ought to behave before this gentleman; he had seen, with that quick intuition peculiar to childhood, that his father, his governess, and his nurse looked with the utmost disfavor on the man whom his mother treated as her best friend.

“What does this mean? Who is he? Must I love him? and is it my fault, and am I a naughty or stupid child, if I don’t understand it at all?” thought the little fellow. Hence came his timidity, his questioning and distrustful manner, and this changeableness, which were so unpleasant to Vronsky. Besides, when the child was present, he always felt that apparently unreasonable repulsion, which for some time had pursued him.

The presence of the child was to Anna and Vronsky like the compass to a ship-captain, which shows that he is drifting to leeward without the possibility of stopping on his course: every instant carries him farther and farther in the wrong direction, and the recognition of the movement that carries him from the right course is the recognition of the ruin that impends.

The boy this day was not at home. Anna was entirely alone, and sitting on the terrace, waiting for her son’s return, as the rain had overtaken him while out on his walk. She had sent a man and a maid to find him. Dressed in a white embroidered robe, she was sitting at one corner of the terrace, concealed by plants and flowers, and she did not hear Vronsky’s step. With bent head, she was pressing her heated brow against a cool watering-pot, standing on the balustrade. With her beautiful hands laden with rings, which he knew so well, she had pulled the watering-pot to-
wards her. Her lovely figure, her graceful head, with its
dark, curling locks, her neck, her hands, all struck Vronsky
every time that he saw her, and always caused a new feeling
of surprise. He stopped and looked at her in ecstasy.
She instinctively felt his approach, and he had hardly taken
a step when she pushed away the watering-pot and turned to
him her glowing face.
"What is the matter? Are you ill?" said he, in French,
as he advanced towards her. He felt a desire to run towards
her, but in the fear of being seen, he looked around him and
towards the door of the balcony with a feeling that filled
him with shame, as though any thing should make him fear
or be untruthful.
"No: I am not well," said Anna, rising, and pressing the
hand that he offered her. "I did not expect—you."
"Bozhe moi! how cold your hands are!"
"You startled me. I am alone, waiting for Serozha, who
went out for a walk: they will come back this way."
In spite of the calmness which she tried to show, her lips
trembled.
"Forgive me for coming, but I could not let the day go
by without seeing you," he continued, in French, thus avoid-
ing the impossible vui [you] and the dangerous tui [thou]
of the Russian.
"What have I to forgive? I am too glad!"
"But you are ill, or sad?" said he, bending over her and
still holding her hand. "What were you thinking about?"
"Always about one thing," she replied, with a smile.
She told the truth. Whenever, in the day, she was asked
what she was thinking about, she would have made the in-
variable reply, that she was thinking about her future and
her misfortune. Just as he came, she was asking herself why
some, like Betsy for example, whose love-affair with Tush-
kiévitch she knew about, could treat so lightly what to her
was so cruel. This thought had particularly tormented her
to-day. She spoke with him about the races; and he, to
divert her mind, told her about the preparation that had
been made. His tone remained perfectly calm and natural.
"Shall I, or shall I not, tell him?" she thought, as she
looked at his calm, affectionate eyes. "He seems so happy,
he is so interested in these races, that he will not com-pre-
hend, probably, the importance of what I must tell him."
"But you have not told me of what you were thinking
when I first came," said he suddenly, interrupting the course of his narration. "Tell me, I beg of you!"

She did not reply; but she lifted her head, and turned her beautiful eyes toward him; her look was full of questioning; her fingers played with a fallen leaf. Vronsky's face immediately showed the expression of humble adoration, of absolute devotion, which had first won her heart.

"I feel that something has happened. Can I be easy for an instant when I know that you feel a grief that I do not share? In the name of Heaven, speak!" he insisted, in a tone of entreaty.

"If he does not appreciate the importance of what I have to tell him, I know that I shall never forgive him; better be silent than put him to the proof," she thought, continuing to look at him: her hand trembled.

"In the name of Heaven, what is it?" said he, taking her hand again.

"Shall I tell you?"
"Yes, yes, yes"—"Ya berémenna!" she whispered.

The leaf which she held in her fingers trembled still more, but she did not take her eyes from his face, for she was trying to read there whether he understood her.

He grew pale, tried to speak, then stopped short, and hung his head, dropping her hand which he was holding in both his.

But she was mistaken in thinking that he felt as she did. The feeling of repulsion and horror which had been so familiar to him of late, now seized him more strongly than ever. Her husband was coming home, and it was important to extricate themselves as soon as possible from the odious and miserable situation in which they were placed. Anna's anxiety seized Vronsky. He looked at her with humbly submissive eyes, kissed her hand, arose, and began to walk up and down the terrace without speaking.

At last he approached her, and said in a tone of decision,—

"Da!" said he: "neither you nor I have looked upon our love for each other as a fleeting joy; at last we must put an end to the false situation in which we live,"—and he looked around him.

"Put an end? How put an end, Alekséi?" she asked gently.
She was calm, and smiled upon him tenderly.
"You must quit your husband, and unite your life with mine."
"But aren't they already united?" she asked in an undertone.
"Yes, but not completely, not absolutely!"
"But how, Alekséi? tell me how," said she, with a melancholy irony, seeming to think that the situation was irretrievable. "Am I not the wife of my husband?"
"From any situation, however difficult, there is always some way of escape: here we must simply be decided. — Any thing is better than the life you are leading. How well I see how you torment yourself about your husband, your son, society, all!"
"Ach! only not my husband," said she with a smile. "I don't know him, I don't think about him! He is not."
"You speak insincerely! I know you: you torment yourself on his account also."
"But he" — then suddenly the tears came in her eyes. "Let us not speak more of him."

XXIII.

It was not the first time that Vronsky had tried to bring clearly before her mind their position. He had always met the same superficial and almost ridiculous views. It seemed to him that she was under control of feelings which she was unwilling or unable to fathom, and she, the real Anna, disappeared, to give place to a strange and incomprehensible being, which he could not understand, and which seemed almost repulsive to him. To-day he was bound to have an absolute explanation. "Under any circumstances," he said in a calm but authoritative voice, "we cannot continue as we are."
"What, in your opinion, must we do about it?" she demanded, in the same tone of ironical raillery. Though she had been so keenly afraid that he would not receive her confidence with due appreciation, she was now vexed that he deduced from it the absolute necessity of energetic action.
"Tell him all, and leave him."
"Very good! Suppose I do it. Do you know what the result would be? I will tell you;" and a wicked fire flashed
from her eyes, which were just now so gentle. "'Oh! you love another, and your course with him has been criminal,'" said she, imitating her husband, and accenting the word criminal in exactly his manner. "'I warned you of the consequences which would follow from the point of view of religion, of society, and of the family. You did not listen to me: now I cannot allow my name to be dishonored, and my--'"—she was going to say my son, but stopped, for she could not jest about him. "'In a word, he will tell me with the same manner and with the same perfect precision as he conducts the affairs of state, that he cannot set me free, but that he will take measures to avoid a scandal. And he will do exactly as he says. That is what will take place; for he is not a man, he is a machine, and, when he is stirred up, an ugly machine," said she, remembering the most trifling details in her husband's language and face, and felt ready to reproach him for all the ill that he found in her with all the less indulgence because she recognized her own fault.

"But, Anna," said Vronsky gently, hoping to convince her and calm her, "you must tell him every thing, and then we will act accordingly as he proceeds.'"

"What! elope?"

"Why not elope? I don't see the possibility of living as we are any longer: it is not on my account, but I see you will suffer.'"

"What! elope, and confess myself openly as your mistress?" said she bitterly.

"Anna!" he cried, deeply wounded.

"Yes, as your mistress, and lose every thing!" She was going to say my son, but she could not pronounce the word. Vronsky could not understand how this strong, loyal nature could accept the false position in which she was placed, and not endeavor to escape from it. But he could not doubt that the principal obstacle was represented by this word son, which she was unable to pronounce.

When Anna imagined this child's existence with a father whom she had deserted, the horror of her sin appeared so great, that like a real woman she was not able to reason, but only endeavored to re-assure herself and persuade herself that all would go on as before: above all things, she must shut her eyes, and forget this odious thought, what would become of her son.

"I beg of you, I entreat you," she said suddenly, speak-
ing in a very different tone, a tone of tenderness and sincerity, "don't ever speak to me of that again."

"But, Anna" —

"Never, never! Let me remain judge of the situation. I appreciate the depth of its misery, but it is not so easy as you imagine to decide. Have faith in me, and never speak to me again of that. Will you promise me? never, never? promise!"

"I promise all; but how can I be calm when you may be" —

"I?" she repeated. "It is true that I torment myself, but that will pass if you will not say any thing more about it."

"I don't understand" —

"I know," she interrupted, "how your honest nature abhors lying: I am sorry for you; and very often I tell myself that you have sacrificed your life for me."

"That is exactly what I say about you. I was just this moment asking if you could immolate yourself for me. I cannot forgive myself for having made you unhappy."

"I unhappy?" said she, coming up close to him, and looking at him with a smile full of love. "I? I am like a man dying of hunger, to whom food has been given. Maybe he is cold, and his raiment is rags, but he is not unhappy. I unhappy? No: here comes my joy" —

The voice of her little boy was heard as he came in. Anna gave a hurried glance around her, swiftly arose, and, putting out her long hands covered with rings, she took Vronsky's face between them: she looked at him a long moment, reached her face up to his, kissed his lips and his eyes, and left him. He kept her back a moment.

"When?" he whispered, looking at her with ecstasy.

"To-day at the right time," she replied in a low voice, and then she ran to meet her son. Serozha had been caught by the rain in the park, and had taken refuge with his nurse in a pavilion.

"Nu! but good-by," said she to Vronsky. "I must get ready for the races. Betsy has promised to come and get me."

Vronsky looked at his watch, and hurried away.
XXIV.

When Vronsky looked at his watch on the Karénnins' balcony, he was so stirred and pre-occupied, that, though he saw the figures on the face, he did not know what time it was. He hurried out of the entrance, and, picking his way carefully through the mud, he reached his carriage. He had been so absorbed by his conversation with Anna that he had forgotten entirely about his appointment with Briansky. His memory was scarcely more than instinctive, and only recalled to him that he had decided to do something. He found his coachman asleep on his box under the shade of the lindens; he noticed the swarms of flies buzzing around his sweaty horses; and then, mechanically waking the coachman, he jumped into his carriage, and was driven to Briansky's; he had gone but six or seven versts when his presence of mind returned; it then came over him that he was late, and he looked at his watch again; it was half-past five.

On this day there were to be several races: first the draught-horses, then the officers' two-verst dash, then a second of four, and last that in which he was to take part. If he hurried, he could be on time by letting Briansky have the go-by; otherwise he ran the risk of getting to the grounds after the Court had arrived, and this was not in good form. Unfortunately he had promised Briansky, therefore he kept on, commanding the coachman not to spare the troïka. Five minutes with Briansky, and he was off again at full speed. He found that the rapid motion did him good. Little by little he forgot his anxieties, and felt only the excitement of the race, and imagined the brilliant society which would gather to-day at the course. And he got more and more into the atmosphere of the races as he met people coming from Petersbourg and the surrounding country, on their way to the hippodrome.

When he reached his quarters, no one was at home except his valet, who was waiting for him at the entrance. Everybody had gone to the races. While he was changing his clothes, his valet told him that the second race had already begun, that a number of people had been to inquire for him.

Vronsky dressed without haste, — for it was his custom to keep calm, and not lose his self-command, — and then directed the coachman to take him to the stables. From there he saw
a sea of carriages of all sorts, of pedestrians, soldiers, and of spectators, approaching the hippodrome. The second course was certainly run, for just at that moment he heard the sound of a bell. He noticed near the stable Makhotin's white-footed chestnut Gladiator, which they were leading out, covered with a blue and orange caparison, and with huge ear-protectors.

"Where is Cord?" he asked of the groom.

"In the stable: he is fixing the saddle."

Frou Frou was all saddled in her box-stall, and now they came leading her out.

"I wasn't late, was I?"

"All right, all right," said the Englishman. "Don't get excited."

Vronsky once more gave a quick glance at the excellent, favorable shape of his horse, as she stood trembling in every limb; and, with a feeling of regret, he left her at the stable. He saw that it was a favorable chance to approach without attracting observation. The two-verst dash was just at an end, and all eyes were fixed on a kavalergard (cavalry guardsman), and a hussar just at his heels, whipping their horses furiously, and approaching the goal. The crowd flowed in from all sides, and a group of officers and guardsmen were hailing with shouts the triumph of their fellow-officer and friend.

Vronsky joined the throng just as the bell announced the end of the race; while the victor dropped the reins, and slipped off from the saddle, and stood by his roan stallion, who was dripping with sweat, and heavily breathing.

The stallion, with painfully heaving sides, with legs apart, stopped with difficulty his rapid course; and the officer, as though awakening from a dream, was looking about him with a gaze of wonder. A throng of friends and curious strangers pressed about him.

Vronsky, with intention, avoided the elegant people who were circulating about, engaged in gay and animated conversation. He had already caught sight of Anna, Betsy, and his brother's wife. He did not, however, join them, so that he might not be disconcerted; but at every step he met acquaintances who stopped him, and told him various items about the last race, or asked him why he was late.

While they were distributing the prizes at the pavilion, and everybody was hurrying in this direction, Vronsky saw
his elder brother, Aleksandr. Like Alekséi, he was a man of medium stature, and rather stubby; but he was handsomer and ruddier. His nose was red, and his face was flushed with wine, and he had an evil expression. He wore a colonel's uniform with epaulets.

"Did you get my note?" he asked of his brother. "You are never to be found."

Aleksandr Vronsky, in spite of his life of dissipation and his love for drink, was a thoroughly aristocratic man. Knowing that many eyes were fixed on them, he preserved, while he talked with his brother on a very painful subject, the smiling face of a person who is jesting about some trifling matter.

"I got it," said he, "but I don't really understand why you meddle with me."

"I meddle because I noticed your absence this morning, and because you were not at Peterhof Monday."

"There are matters which cannot be judged except by those who are directly interested, and the matter in which you concern yourself is such."

"Yes; but when one is not in the service, he"

"I beg you to mind your own business, and that is all."

Alekséi Vronsky grew pale, and his rather prominent lower jaw shook. He was a man of kindly heart, and rarely got angry; but when he grew angry, and when his chin trembled, he became dangerous. Aleksandr Vronsky knew it, and with a gay laugh replied,

"I only wanted to give you mátushka's letter. Don't get angry before the race. Bonne chance," he added in French, and left him.

He had scarcely turned away, when another friendly greeting surprised Vronsky.

"Won't you recognize your friends? How are you, mon cher?" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, who, in the midst of the brilliant society of Petersburg, was no less gay and animated than at Moscow, and now appeared with rosy face and carefully combed and pomaded whiskers.

"I came down this morning, and am very glad to be present at your triumph. Where can we meet?"

"Come to the mess, after the race is over," said Vronsky; and with an apology for leaving him, he squeezed his hand, and went towards the place where the horses were getting ready for the hurdle-race.

The grooms were leading back the horses, wearied by the
race which they had run; and one by one those intended for the next course appeared on the ground. They were, for the most part, English horses, in hoods, and well caparisoned, and looked for all the world like enormous strange birds. Frou Frou, beautiful, though she was so thin, came out stepping high, with her elastic and slender pasterns. And not far from her they were removing the trappings from the lop-eared Gladiator. The regular, solid, and superb form of the stallion, with his splendid crupper and his extraordinarily large and well-balanced hoofs, attracted Vronsky's admiration. He was just going up to Frou Frou when another acquaintance stopped him again on his way.

"Ha! there is Karénin: he is hunting for his wife. She is in the pavilion. Have you seen her?"

"No, I have not," replied Vronsky; and, without turning his head in the direction where his acquaintance told him that Madame Karénina was, he went to his horse.

He had scarcely time to make some adjustment of the saddle, when those who were to compete in the hurdle-race were called to receive their numbers. With serious, stern, and almost solemn faces, they approached, seventeen men in all; and some of them were rather pale. Vronsky's number was seven.

"Mount!" was the cry.

Vronsky, feeling that he, with his companions, was the focus toward which all eyes were turned, went up to his horse with the slow and deliberate motions which were usual to him when he was not entirely at his ease.

Cord, in honor of the races, had put on his gala-day costume: he wore a black coat, buttoned to the chin, and an enormously high shirt-collar, which made his cheeks puff out; he had on Hessian boots and a round black cap. Calm, but full of importance, he stood by the mare's head, holding the reins in his hand. Frou Frou shivered as though she had an attack of fever: her fiery eyes gazed askance at Vronsky. He passed his finger under the flap of the saddle. The mare jumped back, and pricked up her ears; and the Englishman puckered up his lips with a grin at the idea that there could be any doubt as to his skill in putting on a saddle.

"Mount, and you won't be so nervous," said he.

Vronsky cast a final glance on his rivals: he knew that he should not see them again until the race was over. Tur had already gone to the starting-point. Galtsuin, a friend of his,
and one of the best of racers, was turning around and around his bay stallion, without being able to mount. A little hussar in tight cavalry trousers was off on a gallop, bent double over his horse, like a cat with the gripes, in imitation of the English fashion. Prince Kuzoflef, white as a sheet, was trying to mount a thoroughbred mare, which an Englishman held by the bridle. Vronsky and all his comrades knew Kuzoflef’s terrible self-conceit, and his feeble nerves. They knew that he was timid at every thing, especially timid of riding horseback; but now, notwithstanding the fact that all this was horrible to him, because he knew that people broke their necks, and that at every hurdle stood a surgeon, an ambulance with its cross and sister of charity, still he had made up his mind to ride.

They exchanged glances, and Vronsky gave him an encouraging nod. One only he now failed to see: his most redoubtable rival, Makhotin, on Gladiator, was not there.

"Don’t be in haste," said Cord to Vronsky, "and don’t forget this one important point; when you come to a hurdle, don’t pull back or spur on your horse; let her take it her own way."

"Very good," replied Vronsky, taking the reins.

"If possible, take the lead, but don’t be discouraged if for a few minutes you are behind."

The horse did not have time to stir before Vronsky, with supple and powerful movement, put his foot on the notched steel stirrup, and gracefully, firmly, took his seat on the squeaking leather saddle. Then he arranged the double reins between his fingers, and Cord let go the animal’s head. Frou Frou stretched out her neck, and pulled upon the reins as though she wanted to ask what sort of a gait would be required of her; and she started off at an easy, elastic pace, balancing her rider on her strong, flexible back. Cord followed them with mighty strides. The mare, excited, jumped to right and left, trying to take her master off his guard; and Vronsky vainly endeavored to calm her with his voice and with his hand.

They were approaching the river-bank, where the starting-post was placed. Vronsky, preceded by some, followed by others, suddenly heard on the muddy track the gallop of a horse; and Gladiator, with Makhotin on his back, smiling, and showing his long teeth, dashed by. Vronsky looked at him angrily. He did not like Makhotin any too well, and
now he was his most dangerous rival: so this fashion of galloping up behind him, and exciting his mare, displeased and angered him.

Frou Frou kicked up her heels, and started off in a gallop, made two bounds, and then, feeling the restraint of the curb, changed her gait into a trot which shook up her rider. Cord, disgusted, ran almost as fast, and kept up by his master’s side.

XXV.

The race-course was a great ellipse of four

versts, extending before the judges’ stand, and nine obstacles were placed upon it: the reká [river]; a great barrier, two arshins [4.66 feet] high, in front of the pavilion; a dry ditch; a ditch filled with water; a steep ascent; an Irish banquette, which is the most difficult of all, composed of an embankment covered with twigs, behind which is concealed a ditch, obliging the horseman to leap two obstacles at once, at the risk of his life; then three more ditches, two filled with water; and finally the goal opposite the pavilion again. The track did not begin in the circle itself, but about a hundred șazhens (seven hundred feet) to one side; and in this space was the first obstacle, the brimming reká, about three arshins (seven feet) in width, which they were free to leap or to ford.

Three times the seventeen riders got into line, but each time some horse or other started before the signal, and the men had to be called back. Colonel Sestrin, the starter, was beginning to get impatient; but at last, for the fourth time, the signal was given, “Go!” and the riders spurred their horses.

All eyes, all lorgnettes, were directed towards the racers. “There they go!” “There they come!” was shouted on all sides.

And in order to follow them, the spectators rushed, singly or in groups, towards the places where they could get a better view. At the first moment the horsemen scattered a little as they, in threes and twos and singly, one after the other, approached the reká. From a distance they seemed like an indistinguishable mass, but these fractions of separation had their own value.

Frou Frou, excited and too nervous at first, lost ground, and several of the horses were ahead of her; but Vronsky,
though he had not yet leaped the reká, and was trying to calm her as she pulled on the bridle, soon easily outstripped the three who had won on him, and now had as competitors only Gladiator, who was a whole length ahead, and the pretty Diana, on whose back clung the unhappy Prince Kuzoflef, not knowing whether he was dead or alive.

During these first few seconds Vronsky had no more control of himself than of his horse.

Gladiator and Diana leaped the reká at almost one and the same moment. Frou Frou lightly leaped behind them, as though she had wings. The instant that Vronsky was in the air, he caught a glimpse of Kuzoflef almost under the feet of his horse, wrestling with Diana on the other side of the reká. Vronsky heard after the race, how Kuzoflef had loosened the reins after Diana jumped, and the horse had stumbled, throwing him on his head. But at this time he only saw that Frou Frou was going to land on Diana’s head. But Frou Frou, like a falling cat, making a desperate effort with back and legs as she leaped, landed beyond the fallen racer.

“O my beauty!” thought Vronsky.

After the reká he regained full control of his horse, and even held her back a little, meaning to leap the great hurdle behind Makhotin, whom he had no hopes of outstripping before they reached the long stretch of about two hundred säzhens [fourteen hundred feet], which was free of obstacles.

This great hurdle was built exactly in front of the Imperial Pavilion: the Emperor, the court, and an immense throng, were watching as they drew near it. Vronsky felt all these eyes fixed on him from every side; but he saw only his horse’s ears, the ground flying under him, and Gladiator’s flanks, and white feet beating the ground in cadence, and always maintaining the same distance between them. Gladiator flew at the hurdle, gave a whisk of his well-cropped tail, and, without having touched the hurdle, vanished from Vronsky’s eyes.

“Bravo!” cried a voice.

At the same instant the planks of the hurdle flashed before his eyes, his horse leaped without breaking, but he heard behind him a loud crash. Frou Frou, excited by the sight of Gladiator, had leaped too soon, and had struck the hurdle with the shoes on her hind feet: her gait was unchanged; and Vronsky, his face splashed with mud, saw that
the distance had not increased or diminished, as he caught a
glimpse again of Gladiator’s crupper, his short tail, and his
swift white feet.

Frou Frou seemed to have the same thought as her master,
for while not showing excitement, she sensibly increased her
speed, and gained on Makhotin by trying to take the inside
track. But Makhotin did not yield this advantage. Vron-
sky was wondering if they could not pass on the farther side
of the slope, when Frou Frou, as though divining his thought,
changed of her own accord, and took this direction. Her
shoulder, darkened with sweat, closed with Gladiator’s flanks,
and for several seconds they flew almost side by side; but in
order not to take the outside of the great circle, Vronsky
urged Frou Frou on just as they passed the divide, and on
the descent he managed to get the lead. As he drew by
Makhotin he saw his mud-stained face, and it seemed to him
that he smiled. Though he was behind, he was still there,
within a step; and Vronsky could hear the regular rhythm of
his stallion’s feet, and the hurried, but far from winded,
breathing.

The next two obstacles, the ditch and the hurdle, were
easily passed, but Gladiator’s gallop and puffing came nearer.
Vronsky gave Frou Frou the spur, and perceived with a
thrill of joy, that she easily accelerated her speed: the sound
of Gladiator’s hoofs grew fainter.

He now had the lead, as he had desired, and as Cord had
recommended, and he felt sure of success. His emotion, his
joy, his affection for Frou Frou, were all on the increase. He
wanted to look back, but he did not dare to turn around, and
he did his best to calm himself, so as not to excite his horse.
A single serious obstacle now remained to be passed,—the
Irish banquette,—which if cleared, and if he kept his head
development, would give him the victory without the slightest doubt.
He and Frou Frou at the same instant caught sight of the
obstacle from afar, and both horse and man felt a moment
of hesitation. Vronsky noticed the hesitation in his horse’s
ears; and he was just lifting his whip when it occurred to
him, just in time, that she knew what she had to do. The
beautiful creature got her start, and, as he foresaw, seeming
to take advantage of the impetus, rose from the ground, and
cleared the ditch with energy that took her far beyond; then
fell again into the measure of her pace without effort and
without change.
"Bravo, Vronsky!" cried the throng. He recognized his friends and his regiment, who were standing near the obstacle; and he distinguished Yashvin's voice, though he did not see him.

"O my beauty!" said he to himself, thinking of Frou, and yet listening to what was going on behind him. "He has cleared it," he said, as he heard Gladiator's gallop behind him.

The last ditch, full of water, two arshins wide, now was left. Vronsky scarcely heeded it; but, anxious to come in far ahead of the others, he began to saw on the reins, and to urge on the horse by falling into her motion, and leaning far over her head. He felt that she was beginning to be exhausted; her neck and her sides were wet; the sweat stood in drops on her throat, her head, and her ears; her breath was short and gasping. Still, he was sure that she had force enough to cover the two hundred sázhens that lay between him and the goal. Only because he felt himself so near the end, and by the extraordinary smoothness of her motion, did Vronsky realize how much she had increased her speed. The ditch was cleared, how, he did not know. She cleared it like a bird. But at this moment Vronsky felt to his horror, that, instead of taking the swing of his horse, he had made, through some inexplicable reason, a wretchedly and unpardonably wrong motion in falling back into the saddle. His position suddenly changed, and he felt that something horrible had happened. He could not give himself any clear idea of it; but there flashed by him a roan steed with white feet, and Makhotin was the winner.

One of Vronsky's feet touched the ground, and his horse stumbled. He had scarcely time to clear himself when the horse fell on her side, panting painfully, and making vain efforts with her delicate foam-covered neck to rise again. But she lay on the ground, and struggled like a wounded bird: by the movement that he had made in the saddle, he had broken her back. But he did not learn his fault till afterwards. Now he saw only one thing, that Gladiator was far ahead, and that he was there alone, standing on the wet ground before his defeated Frou Frou, who stretched her head towards him, and looked at him with her beautiful eyes. Still not realizing the trouble, he pulled on the reins. The poor animal struggled like a fish, and tried to get up on her fore-legs; but, unable to move her hind-quarters, she fell
back on the ground all of a tremble. Vronsky, his face pale, and distorted with rage, kicked her in the belly to force her to rise: she did not move, but gazed at her master with one of her speaking looks, and buried her nose in the sand.

"A—h! what have I done?" cried Vronsky, taking her head in his hands. "A—h! what have I done?" And the lost race, and his humiliating, unpardonable blunder, and the poor ruined horse! "A—h! what have I done?"

The surgeon and his assistant, his comrades, every one, ran to his aid; but to his great mortification, he found that he was safe and sound. The horse's back was broken, and she had to be killed. Incapable of uttering a word, Vronsky answered nothing to all the questions which were put to him: he left the race-course without picking up his cap, or knowing whither he was going. He was in despair. For the first time in his life he was the victim of a misfortune for which there was no remedy, and for which he felt that he himself was the only one to blame.

Yashvin hastened after him with his cap, and took him back to his quarters. At the end of half an hour he was calm and self-possessed again, but this race was for a long time the most bitter and cruel remembrance of his life.

XXVI.

The relations of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch seemed to undergo no outward change. The only difference consisted in the extra amount of business which he took upon his shoulders. Early in the spring he went abroad, as he usually did, to rest himself at the water-cure after the fatigues of the winter. He returned in July, and resumed his duties with new energy. His wife had taken up her summer quarters as usual in the country, not far from Petersburg: he remained in the city. Since their conversation after the reception at the Princess Tverskaia's, there had been nothing more said between them of jealousies or suspicions; but the tone of raillery habitual with Alekséi Aleksandrovitch was very useful to him in his present relations with his wife. His coolness increased, although he seemed to have felt only a slight ill will towards her after the conversation of that night. It was only a cloud, nothing more. He seemed to say, "You have not been willing to have an understanding with me; so
much the worse for you. Now you must make the first advances, and I, in my turn, will not listen to you.” And he bore himself towards his wife, in thought at least, very much in the way of a man who, in his rage at not being able to put out a fire, should say, “Burn, then! So much the worse for you.”

This man, so keen and shrewd in matters of public concern, could not see the absurdity of his conduct, or, if he saw it, he shut his eyes to the wretchedness of his situation. He preferred to bury the affection which he felt for his wife and child deep in his heart, as in a box, sealed and secured. And he assumed towards the child a singularly cold manner, speaking to him always with, “Ah, young man!” in the same ironical tone that he used towards Anna.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch thought and declared that he had never had so many important affairs as this year; but he did not confess that he had himself brought them about, in order to keep from opening his secret coffer which contained his sentiments towards his wife and his family, and his thoughts concerning them, and which grew more and more troublesome the longer he kept them out of sight.

If any one had assumed the right to ask him what he thought about his wife’s conduct, this calm and pacific Alekséi Aleksandrovitch would have flown into a rage, and refused to answer. And so his face always looked severe and stern whenever any one asked for news of Anna. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch did not wish to think about his wife’s conduct, and therefore he did not think about her.

The Karénins’ summer datcha was at Peterhof; and the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, who always spent her summers in the same neighborhood, kept up friendly relations with Anna. This year the countess had not cared to go to Peterhof; and as she was talking with Karénin one day, she made some allusion to the impropriety of Anna’s intimacy with Betsy and Vronsky. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch stopped her harshly, and declared that for him his wife was above suspicion. From that day he avoided the countess, shutting his eyes to everything he did not care to perceive; and he did not perceive that many people in society were beginning to give Anna the cold shoulder; and he did not question the motives of her desire for going to Tsarskoe, where Betsy lived, not far from Vronsky’s camp.

He did not allow himself to think about this, and he di
not think; but in spite of all, without any proof to support him, he felt that he was deceived; he had no doubt about it, and he suffered deeply. How many times in the course of his eight years of married life had he not asked himself as he saw shattered homes, "How did this ever happen? Why don't they free themselves at any cost from such an absurd situation?" And now the evil was at his own door; but he not only did not dream of extricating himself from his own trouble, but he would not even admit it, because he was horrified at the terrible and unnatural consequences which would result.

Since his return from abroad, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch had gone twice to visit his wife in the country,—once to dine with her, the other time to pass the evening with some guests, but without spending the night, as had been his custom in previous years.

The day of the races was extremely engrossing for Alekséi Aleksandrovitch; but when in the morning he made out the programme of the day, he decided to go to Peterhof after an early dinner, and thence to the hippodrome, where he expected to find the court, and where it was proper that he should be seen. For the sake of propriety also, he resolved to visit his wife every week. Moreover, it was the middle of the month, and it was his custom at this time to place in her hands the money for the household expenses.

Using all his will power, he allowed his thoughts about his wife to take this direction; but beyond this point he would not permit them to pass.

His morning had been extremely full of business. The evening before he had received a pamphlet, written by a traveller who had won great renown by his explorations in China, and a note from the Countess Lidia, begging him to receive this traveller, who seemed likely to be, on many accounts, a useful and interesting man. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch had not been able to get through the pamphlet in the evening, and he finished it after breakfast. Then came petitions, reports, visits, nominations, removals, the distribution of rewards, pensions, salaries, correspondence, all that "work-a-day labor," as Alekséi Aleksandrovitch called it, which consumes so much time.

Then came his private business, a visit from his physician and a call from his steward. The latter was not very long: he only brought the money, and a brief report on the condi-
tion of his affairs, which this year was not very brilliant; the expenses had been heavy, and there was a deficit.

The doctor, on the other hand, a famous physician, and a good friend of Karénin's, took considerable time. He had come without being summoned: and Alekséi Aleksandrovitch was astonished at his visit, and at the scrupulous care with which he plied him with questions, and sounded his lungs; he was not aware that his friend, the Countess Lidia, troubled by his abnormal condition, had begged the doctor to visit him, and give him a thorough examination.

"Do it for my sake," the countess said.

"I will do it for the sake of Russia, countess," replied the doctor.

"Admirable man!" cried the countess.

The doctor was very much disturbed at Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's state. His liver was congested, his digestion was bad: the waters had done him no good. He ordered more physical exercise, less mental strain, and, above all, freedom from vexation of spirit; but this was as easy as not to breathe.

The doctor departed, leaving Alekséi Aleksandrovitch with the disagreeable impression that something was very wrong with him, and that there was no help for it.

On the way out, the doctor met on Karénin's steps his old acquaintance, Sludin, who was Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's chief secretary. They had been in the university together; but, though they rarely met, they were still excellent friends. The doctor would scarcely have spoken to others with the same freedom that he used towards Sludin.

"How glad I am that you have been to see him! He is not well, and it seems to me — Nu! what is it?"

"I will tell you," said the doctor, beckoning to his coachman to drive up to the door. "This is what I say;" and, taking with his white hand the fingers of his dogskin gloves, he stretched it out: "try to break a tough cord, and it's hard work; but keep it stretched out to its utmost tension, and touch it with your finger, it breaks. Now, with his too sedentary life, and his too conscientious labor, he is strained to the utmost limit; and besides, there is a violent pressure in another direction," concluded the doctor, raising his eyebrows with a significant expression. "Shall you be at the races?" he added as he got into his carriage.

"Yes, yes, certainly; but it takes too much time," he said
in reply to something that Sliudin said, and which he did not catch.

Immediately after the doctor had gone, the celebrated traveller came; and Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, aided by the pamphlet which he had just read, and by some previous information which he had on the subject, astonished his visitor by the extent of his knowledge and the breadth of his views. At the same time the Imperial Predvoditel (marshal) was announced, who had come to Petersburg on business, and wanted to talk with him. Then he was obliged to settle the routine business with his chief secretary, and finally to make an important and necessary call upon an official.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch had only time to get back to his five o'clock dinner with Sliudin, whom he invited to join him in his visit to the country and to the races.

Without knowing exactly why, he always endeavored lately to have a third person present when he had an interview with his wife.

XXVII.

Anna was in her room, standing before a mirror, and fastening a final bow to her dress, with Annushka's aid, when the noise of wheels on the gravel driveway was heard.

"It is too early for Betsy," she thought; and, looking out of the window, she saw a carriage, and in the carriage the black hat and well-known ears of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch.

"How provoking! Can he have come for the night?" she thought; and without taking time for a moment of reflection, and under the control of the spirit of falsehood, which now ruled her, she went down-stairs, radiant with gaiety, to receive her husband, and spoke with him, not knowing what she said.

"Ah! how good of you!" said she, extending her hand to Karénin, while she smiled upon Sliudin as a household friend.

"You've come for the night, I hope?" were her first words, inspired by the demon of untruth; "and now we will go to the races together. But how sorry I am! I am engaged to go with Betsy, who is coming for me."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch frowned slightly at the name of Betsy.

"Oh! I will not separate the inseparables," said he, in his
light, jesting tone. "I will walk with Mikhaïl Vasîlyévitch. The doctor advised me to take exercise: I will join the pedestrians, and imagine I am still at the Spa."

"There is no hurry," said Anna. "Will you have some tea?"

She rang.

"Serve the tea, and tell Serozha that Alekséi Aleksandro-vitch has come. — Nu! how is your health? Mikhaïl Vasîlyévitch, you have not been out to see us before: look! how beautifully I have arranged the balcony!" said she, looking now at her husband, now at her guest.

She spoke very simply and naturally, but too fast and too fluently. She herself felt that it was so, especially when she caught Mikhaïl Vasîlyévitch looking at her with curiosity. He got up and went out on the terrace, and she sat down beside her husband.

"You do not look at all well," said she.

"Oh, yes! The doctor came this morning, and wasted an hour of my time. I am convinced that some one of my friends sent him. How precious my health" —

"No, what did he say?"

And she questioned him about his health and his labors, advising him to take rest, and to come out into the country, where she was. It was all said with gayety and animation, and with brilliant light in her eyes, but Alekséi Aleksandrovitch attached no special importance to her manner: he heard only her words, and took them in their literal signification, replying simply, though rather ironically. The conversation had no special weight, yet Anna afterwards could not remember it without genuine pain.

Serozha came in, accompanied by his governess. If Alekséi Aleksandrovitch had allowed himself to notice, he would have been struck by the timid manner in which the lad looked at his parents, — at his father first, and then at his mother. But he was unwilling to see any thing, and he saw nothing.

"Ah, young man! He has grown. Indeed, he is getting to be a great fellow! Good-morning, young man!"

And he stretched out his hand to the puzzled child. Ser-ozha had always been a little afraid of his father; but now, since his father had begun to call him young man, and since he had begun to rack his brains to discover whether Vronsky were a friend or an enemy, he was becoming more timid than ever. He turned towards his mother, as though for pro
tection: he felt at ease only when with her. Meantime Alekséi Aleksandrovitch laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, and asked his governess about him; but the child was so scared that Anna saw he was going to cry. She jumped up, raised Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's hand to let the boy go, and kissed him, and took him out on the terrace. Then she came back to her husband again.

"It is getting late," she said, consulting her watch. "Why doesn't Betsy come?"

"Đa!" said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, getting up, and cracking the joints of his fingers. "I came also to bring you some money, for nightingales don't live on songs," said he. "You need it, I have no doubt."

"No, I don't need it — yes — I do," said she, not looking at him. "Đa! you will come back after the races?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Alekséi Aleksandrovitch. "But here is the glory of Peterhof, the Princess Tverskaia," he added, looking through the window, and seeing a magnificent English carriage drawing up to the entrance: "what elegance! splendid! Đu! let us go too!"

The princess did not leave her carriage: her tiger, in top-boots and livery, and wearing a tall hat, leaped to the steps.

"I am going: good-by," said Anna, kissing her son, and giving her hand to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch. "It was very kind of you to come."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch kissed her hand.

"Đu! till we meet again! You will come back to tea? Excellent!" she said, as she went down the steps, seeming radiant and happy. But hardly had she passed from his sight before she shivered with repugnance as she felt on her hand the place where his lips had kissed it.

XXVIII.

When Alekséi Aleksandrovitch reached the race-course, Anna was already in her place beside Betsy, in the grand pavilion, where the high society was gathered in a brilliant throng. She saw her husband from a distance, and involuntarily followed him as he came along. She saw him approach the pavilion, replying with rather haughty condescension to the salutations, which were meant to draw his attention; exchanging careless greetings with his equals;
ANNA KARÉNINA.

watching to catch the glances of the great ones of the earth, to whom he paid his respects by removing his large, round hat, which came down to the top of his ears. Anna knew all these mannerisms of salutation, and they were all equally distasteful to her. "Nothing but ambition; craze for success; it is all that his heart contains," she thought: "as to his lofty views, his love for civilization, his religion, they are only means whereby to gain an end; that is all."

It was evident, from the glances that Karenin cast on the pavilion, that he was seeking vainly for his wife in the sea of muslin, ribbons, feathers, flowers, and sunshades. Anna knew that he was looking for her, but she pretended not to see him.

"Alekséi Aleksandrovitch," cried the Princess Betsy, "don't you see your wife? here she is!"

He looked up with his icy smile. "Every thing is so brilliant here, that it blinds the eyes," he replied, as he came up the pavilion.

He smiled at Anna, as it is a husband's duty to do when he has only just left his wife, bowed to Betsy and his other acquaintances, showing himself gallant towards the ladies, polite towards the men.

A general, famous for his wit and his knowledge, was near by; and Alekséi Aleksandrovitch joined him, and engaged in conversation. It was between the two races: the general attacked such kinds of amusement, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch defended them.

Anna heard his slow, shrill voice, and lost none of the words which her husband spoke, and which rang unpleasantly in her ear. When the hurdle-race began, she leaned forward, not letting Vronsky out of her sight for an instant. She saw him approach his horse, then mount it: her husband's voice kept floating up to her, and was odious to her. She felt for Vronsky; but she suffered painfully at the sound of this voice, every intonation of which she knew.

"I am a wicked woman, a lost woman," she thought; "but I hate falsehood, I cannot endure lies; but he [meaning her husband] lives by them — liar! He knows all, he sees every thing: how much feeling has he, if he can go on speaking with such calmness? I should have some respect for him if he killed me, if he killed Vronsky. But no! what he prefers above every thing is falsehood and conventionality."
Anna did not exactly know what she would have liked her husband to be, and she did not understand that the very volubility of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, which irritated her so, was only the expression of his interior agitation: he felt the need of making some intellectual exertion, just as a child stretches its limbs when it suffers with pain. He wanted to become oblivious to the thoughts that arose in his mind at the sight of Anna and Vronsky, whose name he heard on all sides. He disguised his mental disturbance by talking. "Danger," he said, "is an indispensable condition in these races of cavalry officers. If England can show in her history glorious deeds of arms performed by her cavalry, she owes it solely to the historic development of vigor in her people and her horses. Sport, in my opinion, has a deep significance; and, as usual, we take it only in its superficial aspect."

"Not superficial," said the Princess Tverskâia: "they say that one of the officers has broken two ribs."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch smiled on the speaker with a cold expression, which showed only his teeth.

"I admit, princess, that in this case it is not superficial, but serious. But that is not the point;" and he turned again to the general, and resumed his dignified discourse.

"You must not forget that those who take part are military men; that this career is their choice, and that every vocation has its reverse side of the medal. This belongs to the calling of war. Such sport as boxing-matches and Spanish bull-fights are indications of barbarism, but specialized sport is a sign of development."

"No, I won't come another time," the Princess Betsey was saying: "it is too exciting for me; don't you think so, Anna?"

"It is exciting, but it is fascinating," said another lady: "if I had been a Roman, I should never have left the circus."

Anna did not speak, but was gazing intently through her glass.

At this moment a tall general came across the pavilion. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, breaking off his discourse abruptly, arose with dignity, and made a low bow.

"Aren't you racing?" asked the general jestingly.

"My race is a far more difficult one," replied Alekséi Aleksandrovitch respectfully; and though this answer was not remarkable for its sense, the military man seemed to
think that he had received a witty repartee from a witty man, and appreciated la pointe de la sauce.

"There are two sides to the question," Alekséi Aleksandrovitch said, resuming,—"that of the spectator, and that of the participant; and I confess that a love for such spectacles is a genuine sign of inferiority in the people, but"

"Princess, a wager," cried the voice of Stepan Arkadyevitch from below, addressing Betsy. "Which side will you take?"


"Good!"

"How jolly! isn't it?"

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch stopped speaking while this conversation was going on around him, and then he began anew.

"I confess, manly games"—

At this instant the signal of departure was heard, and all conversation ceased. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch also ceased speaking; but while every one stood up so as to look at the reká, he, not feeling interested in the race, instead of watching the riders, looked around the assembly with weary eyes. His gaze fell upon his wife.

Her face was pale and stern. Nothing existed for her beyond the one person whom she was watching. Her hands convulsively clutched her fan: she held her breath. Karénin looked around at the faces of other women.

"There is another lady very much moved, and still another just the same: it is very natural," said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch to himself. He did not wish to look at her: but his gaze was irresistibly drawn to her face, whereon he read only too plainly, and with feelings of horror, all that he had tried to ignore.

When Kuzořef fell, the excitement was general; but Alekséi Aleksandrovitch saw clearly by Anna's pale, triumphant face, that he who fell was not the one on whom her gaze was riveted. When, after Makhotin and Vronsky crossed the great hurdle, another officer was thrown head first, and was picked up for dead, a shudder of horror ran through the assembly, but Alekséi Aleksandrovitch perceived that Anna noticed nothing, and did not know what the people were talking about. The more he studied her face, the greater became his shame. Absorbed as she was in her interest in Vronsky's course, Anna was conscious that her husband's
cold eyes were on her; and she turned around towards him for an instant questioningly, and with a slight frown. "Ach! I don’t care," she seemed to say, as she turned her glass to the race. She did not look at him again.

The race was disastrous: out of the seventeen riders, more than half were thrown. Towards the end, the excitement became intense, the more because the Emperor showed dissatisfaction.

**XXIX.**

All were expressing their dissatisfaction, and the phrase was going the rounds, "Now only the lions are left in the arena;" and the terror caused by Vronsky's fall was so universal, that Anna's cry of horror caused no astonishment. But, unfortunately, her face continued to show more lively symptoms of her anxiety than was proper. She lost her presence of mind. She tried to escape, like a bird caught in a snare. She struggled to arise, and to get away; and she cried to Betsy, "Come, let us go, let us go!"

But Betsy did not hear her. She was leaning over, engaged in lively conversation with a general who had just entered the pavilion.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch hastened to his wife, and offered her his arm.

"Come, if it is your wish to go," said he in French; but Anna did not heed him. She was listening eagerly to the general's words.

"He has broken his leg, they say; but this is not at all likely," said the general.

Anna did not look at her husband; but, taking her glass, she gazed at the place where Vronsky had fallen. It was so distant, and the crowd was so dense, that she could not make any thing out of it. She dropped her lorgnette, and was trying to go when an officer came galloping up to make some report to the Emperor. Anna leaned forward, and listened.

"Stiva! Stiva!" she cried to her brother.

He did not hear her.

She again made an effort to leave the pavilion.

"I again offer you my arm, if you wish to go," repeated Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, touching her hand.

Anna drew back from him with aversion, and replied without looking at him, "No, no: leave me; I am going to stay."
At this moment she saw an officer riding at full speed across the race-course from the place of the accident towards the pavilion. Betsy beckoned to him with her handkerchief; and the officer came up, and said that the rider was uninjured, but the horse had broken his back.

At this news, Anna quickly sat down, and hid her face behind her fan. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch noticed not only that she was weeping, but that she could not restrain the sobs that heaved her bosom. He stepped in front of her to shield her from the public gaze, and give her a chance to regain her self-command.

"For the third time, I offer you my arm," said he, turning to her at the end of a few moments.

Anna looked at him, not knowing what to say. Betsy came to her aid.

"No, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch. I brought Anna, and I will be responsible for bringing her home."

"Excuse me, princess," he replied politely, and looking her full in the face; "but I see that she is not well here, and I wish her to go home with me."

Anna obeyed in terror, and, rising hastily, took her husband's arm.

"I will send to inquire for him, and let you know," whispered Betsy.

As Alekséi Aleksandrovitch left the pavilion with his wife, he spoke in his ordinary manner to all whom he met, and Anna was forced to listen and to reply as usual; but she was not herself, and as in a dream she passed along on her husband's arm.

"Is he killed, or not? Can it be true? Will he come? Shall I see him to-day?" she asked herself.

In silence she got into the carriage, and she sat in silence while they left the throng of vehicles. In spite of all that he had seen, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch did not allow himself to think of his wife's present attitude. He saw only the external signs. He saw that her deportment had been improper, and he felt obliged to speak to her about it. But it was very difficult to say this only, and not go farther. He opened his mouth to speak; but, against his will, he said something absolutely different.

"How strange that we all like to see these cruel spectacles! I notice" —

"What? I did not understand you," said Anna scornfully.
He was wounded, and instantly began to say what was on his mind:

"I am obliged to tell you," he began —

"Now," thought Anna, "comes the explanation;" and she was frightened.

"I am obliged to tell you, that your conduct to-day has been extremely improper," said he in French.

"Wherein has my conduct been improper?" she demanded angrily, raising her head quickly, and looking him straight in the eyes, no longer hiding her feelings under a mask of gayety, but putting on a bold front, which, with difficulty, she maintained under her fears.

"Be careful," said he, pointing to the open window behind the coachman's back.

He leaned forward to raise it.

"What impropriety did you remark?" she demanded.

"The despair which you took no pains to conceal when one of the riders was thrown."

He awaited her answer; but she said nothing, and looked straight ahead.

"I have already requested you so to behave when in society that evil tongues cannot find any thing to say against you. There was a time when I spoke of your inner feelings: I now say nothing about them. Now I speak only of outward appearances. You have behaved improperly, and I would ask you not to let this happen again."

She heard only half of his words; she felt overwhelmed with fear; and she thought only of Vronsky, and whether he was killed. Was it he who was meant when they said the rider was safe, but the horse had broken his back?

When Alekséi Aleksandrovitch ceased speaking, she looked at him with an ironical smile, and answered not a word, because she had not noticed what he said. At first he had spoken boldly; but as he saw clearly what he was speaking about, the terror which possessed her seized him. At first her smile led him into a strange mistake. "She is amused at my suspicions! She is going to tell me now that they are groundless; that this is absurd."

Such an answer he longed to hear: he was so afraid that his suspicions would be confirmed, that he was ready to believe any thing that she might say. But the expression of her gloomy and frightened face now allowed him no further chance of falsehood.
"Possibly I am mistaken," said he: "in that case, I beg you to forgive me."

"No, you are not mistaken," she replied, with measured words, casting a look of despair on her husband's icy face. "You are not mistaken: I was in despair, and I could not help being. I hear you, but I am thinking only of him. I love him, I have been false to you. I cannot endure you, I hate you! Do with me what you please!" And, throwing herself into the bottom of the carriage, she covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch did not move, or turn his face; but the solemn expression of his features suddenly assumed a deathlike rigidity, which remained unchanged throughout the drive home. As they reached the house, he turned his head to her, and said,—

"So! but I insist upon the preservation of appearances from this time forth until I decide upon the measures which I shall take," — and here his voice trembled,— "and which will be communicated to you; and this I demand for the sake of preserving my honor."

He stepped out of the carriage, and assisted Anna out. Then, in presence of the domestics, he shook hands with her, re-entered the carriage, and returned to Petersburg.

He had just gone, when a messenger from Betsy brought a note to Anna:—

"I sent to Alekséi Vronsky to learn about his health. He writes me that he is safe and sound, but in despair."

"Then he will come," she thought. "How well I did to tell him all!"

She looked at her watch: scarcely three hours had passed since she saw him, but the memory of their interview made her heart beat.

"Bozhe moj! how light it is! It is terrible! but I love to see his face, and I love this fantastic light. . . . My husband! Ach! da! . . . nu! and thank God it is all over with him!"

XXX.

As in all places where human beings congregate, so in the little German village where the Shcherbatskys went to take the waters, there is formed a sort of social crystallization which puts every one in exact and unchangeable place. Just
as a drop of water exposed to the cold always and invariably takes a certain crystalline form, so each new individual coming to the Spa finds himself invariably fixed in the social scale.

"Fürst Schtschbatzky, sammt Gemählin und Tochter" (Prince Shecherbatsky, wife and daughter), both by the apartments that they occupied, and by their name and the acquaintances that they made, immediately crystallized into the exact place that was predestined to receive them.

The business of stratification was much more energetic this year than usual, from the fact that a genuine German Fürstin (princess) honored the waters with her presence. The princess felt called upon to present her daughter, and the ceremony took place two days after their arrival. Kitty, dressed in a very simple toilet, that is to say, a very elegant Parisian costume, made a deep and graceful courtesy. The Fürstin said,—

"I hope that the roses will soon bloom again in this pretty little face."

And immediately the Shecherbatskys found themselves in the fixed and definite walk in life from which it was impossible to descend. They made the acquaintance of an English Lady, of a German Gräfin, and her son who had been wounded in the late war, of a scientific man from Sweden, and of a M. Canut and his sister.

But for the most part, the Shecherbatskys spontaneously formed social relations among the people from Moscow, among them Marya Evgenyevna Rtishevaia and her daughter, whom Kitty did not like because she likewise was ill on account of a love-affair going wrong; and a colonel whom she always had seen in society, and known by his uniform and his epaulets, and who now with his little eyes, and his bare neck and flowery cravats, seemed to Kitty supremely ridiculous, and the more unendurable because she could not get rid of him. When they were all established, it became very tiresome to Kitty, the more as her father had gone to Carlsbad, and she was left alone with her mother. She could not interest herself in her old acquaintances, because she knew that she should not find any thing novel in them; and so her principal amusement was in studying the people whom she had never seen before. It was in accordance with Kitty's nature to see the best side of people, especially of strangers; and now her remarks on the characters and scenes that she
amused herself in studying, were colored with a good-natured exaggeration of their peculiarities.

Of all these people, there was one in whom she took a most lively interest: it was a young girl who had come to the baths with a Russian lady named Madame Stahl. Madame Stahl, it was said, belonged to the high nobility; but she was unable to walk, and was seen only occasionally going in a wheeled-chair to take the baths. But it was rather from pride than illness, as the princess judged, that she failed to make any acquaintances among the Russians. The young girl was her nurse; and, as Kitty discovered, she frequently went to those who were seriously ill, — and there were many at the baths, — and with the same natural, unaffected zeal, took care of them.

This young Russian girl, Kitty discovered, was no relation to Madame Stahl, nor even a hired companion. Madame Stahl called her simply Várenka, but her friends called her "Mademoiselle Várenka." Kitty not only found it extremely interesting to study the relations between this young girl and Madame Stahl, and other unknown persons, but an irresistible sympathy drew her towards Mademoiselle Várenka; and, when their eyes met, she imagined that it pleased her also.

Mademoiselle Várenka, though still quite young, seemed to lack youthfulness: her age might be guessed as either nineteen or thirty. In spite of the lack of color in her face, she was rather good-looking: if, on analysis, her head had not been rather large, and her figure too slight, she would have been considered handsome; but she was not one to please men; she made one think of a beautiful flower, which, though still preserving its petals, was faded and without perfume.

Várenka seemed always absorbed in some important duty, and never at leisure to amuse herself with idle nothings; and the example of this busy life made Kitty feel that perhaps if she imitated her she would find what she was seeking with so much trouble,—an interest in life, a sentiment of the dignity of life which would never have any thing in common with the social relationship of young women to young men, which now seemed to Kitty like an ignominious exposure of merchandise to be taken by the highest bidder. The more she studied her unknown friend, the more she longed to become acquainted with her, feeling that she was
a creature of such perfection, that she would like to take her as an example for herself.

The young girls passed each other many times every day; and Kitty's eyes seemed always to say, "Who are you? What are you? Are you not, in truth, the charming person that I imagine you to be? But for Heaven's sake," the look seemed to add, "don't think that I would be indiscreet enough to demand your acquaintance! it is sufficient for me to admire you, and to love you."

"I also love you, and you are very, very charming; and I would love you still better, if I had time," replied the look of the stranger: and indeed she was always busy. Now it was the children of a Russian family whom she was taking home from the baths, now an invalid who had to be wrapped in his plaid, or another whom she was trying to amuse, or getting confections for some sick person, or bringing another his coffee and cream.

One morning, soon after the arrival of the Shcherbatskys, a couple appeared who immediately became the object of rather unfriendly criticism: a tall, stooping man, with enormous hands, black eyes, at once innocent and terrifying, and wearing an old, ill-fitting, short coat. The woman was no less outré in her costume: her face was marked with smallpox, but was kindly in expression.

Kitty instantly recognized that they were Russians; and her imagination was at work constructing a touching romance, of which they were the principal characters, when the princess learned, by consulting the kurliste (list of arrivals), that this was Nikolai Levin and Marya Nikolayevna; and she put an end to Kitty's romance by telling her what a bad man this Levin was.

The fact that he was Konstantin Levin's brother, even more than her mother's words, made these two people particularly repulsive to Kitty. This man with the strange motion of his head became odious to her; and she imagined that she could read in his great, wild eyes, as they persistently followed her, sentiments of irony and ill will: as far as possible, she avoided meeting him.
XXXI, & XXXII.

It was a stormy day: the rain fell all the morning, and the invalids with umbrellas thronged in the galleries.

Kitty and her mother, accompanied by the Muscovite colonel playing the elegant in his European overcoat, bought ready made in Frankfort, were walking on one side of the gallery, in order to avoid Nikolai Levin, who was on the other. Várenka in her sombre dress, and a black hat with the brim turned down, was acting as guide to a blind old French woman: each time that she and Kitty met, they exchanged friendly glances.

"Mamma, can I speak with her?" asked Kitty, seeing her unknown friend approaching the spring, and judging that it was a favorable time for them to meet.

"Yes, if you are very anxious. I will inquire about her, and make her acquaintance first," said her mother. "But why do you wish to know her? She is only a ladies' companion. If you like, I can speak to Madame Stahl. I knew her belle-sœur," added the princess, raising her head with dignity.

Kitty knew that her mother was vexed at the attitude of Madame Stahl, who seemed to avoid her; and she did not press the point.

"How charming she is!" said she, as she saw Várenka give the blind French lady a glass. "See how lovely and gentle every thing is that she does."

"You amuse me with your engouements" [infatuations], replied the princess. "No, let us not go farther," she added, as she saw Levin approaching with Marya and a German doctor, with whom he was speaking in a sharp and angry tone.

As they turned to go back, suddenly they heard the sound of angry voices and a cry. Levin had stopped, and was shrieking with excited gestures. The doctor was also angry. A crowd was gathering around them in a ring. The princess and Kitty hurried away, but the colonel joined the throng to find out what the trouble was. After a few moments he came back to them.

"What was it?" asked the princess.

"It is a shame and a disgrace," replied the colonel. "Nothing worse than to meet these Russians abroad. This
huge gentleman quarrelled with his doctor, heaped indignities upon him for not attending to him as he wished, and finally he raised his cane. It is disgraceful.

"Ach! how unpleasant! how unpleasant!" said the princess. "Nu! how did it end?"

"Fortunately, this—this girl with a hat like a toadstool interfered. A Russian, it seems," said the colonel.

"Yes, yes! She went quicker than any one else, and took the angry gentleman by the arm, and led him off."

"There, mamma!" said Kitty, "and you wonder at my enthusiasm for Varenka!"

The next morning Kitty noticed that Varenka was taking up with Levin and Marya just the same as with her other protégés: she was talking with them, and acting as interpreter to the woman, who did not know any language besides her own.

Kitty again begged her mother even more urgently to let her become acquainted with Varenka; and though it was unpleasant to the princess to seem to be making advances to the haughty and exclusive Madame Stahl, she satisfied herself that all was perfectly proper in the proposed acquaintance. She chose a moment when Kitty was at the spring, and addressed Varenka.

"Allow me to introduce myself," said she, with a condescending smile. "My daughter has taken a great fancy to you. But perhaps you do not know me. I"

"It is more than reciprocal, princess," replied Varenka quickly.

"What a good thing you did yesterday towards our sad fellow-countryman," said the princess.

"I don't know," she replied. — "I do not remember of having done any thing."

"Yes, indeed! you saved this Levin from an unpleasant affair."

"Ah, yes! sa compagne called me, and I tried to calm him: he is very sick, and very much put out with his doctor. I am quite used to this kind of invalids."

"Da! I believe you live at Mentone with your aunt, Madame Stahl. I used to know her belle-sœur."

"No, Madame Stahl is not my aunt. I call her maman, but I am no relation to her. I was brought up by her," replied Varenka.
All this was said with perfect simplicity; and the expression of her pleasing face was so frank and sincere, that the princess began to understand why Kitty was so charmed by her.

"Nu! what is this Levin going to do?" she asked.

"He is going away."

At this moment, Kitty, radiant with pleasure because her mother was talking with her friend, came in from the spring.

"Nu, vot! Kitty, your ardent desire to know Madame Stahl—"

"Várenka," said the young girl. "Everybody calls me so."

Kitty was delighted, and without speaking pressed her new friend's hand a long time, but without any response. Várenka's face, however, was lighted with a happy expression tinged with melancholy; and when she laughed, she showed her large but handsome teeth.

"I have been longing to know you," she said. "But you are so busy—"

"Ach! on the contrary, I haven't anything to do," replied Várenka; but at the same instant two little Russian girls, the daughters of an invalid, ran towards her, and said,—

"Várenka, mamma is calling."

And Várenka followed them.

When the princess set out to find about Várenka's past life, and her relations with Madame Stahl, she learned the following particulars:—

Madame Stahl had always been a sickly and excitable woman, who was said by some to have tormented the life out of her husband, and by others to have been made unhappy by his unreasonable behavior. After she was divorced from her husband, she gave birth to her first child, who did not live. Madame Stahl's family, knowing her sensitiveness, and fearing that the shock would kill her, substituted for the dead child the daughter of Court, a cook, born on the same night, and in the same house at Petersburg. It was Várenka. Madame Stahl afterwards learned that the child was not her own, but continued to take charge of it, the more willingly as the true parents shortly after died, leaving it without relatives.

For more than ten years Madame Stahl lived abroad, in the South, scarcely ever leaving her bed. Some said that she had made a public show of her piety and good works:
others saw in her a superior being of real moral elevation, and asserted that she lived only for the sake of her charities; in a word, that she was really what she seemed to be. No one knew whether she was Catholic, Protestant, or orthodox; one thing alone was certain,—that she had friendly relations with the high dignitaries of all the Churches and of all communions.

Várenka always lived with Madame Stahl; and all who knew Madame Stahl knew Mlle. Várenka also, and loved her. Kitty became more and more attached to her friend, and each day discovered some new charm in her. The princess, seeing that Várenka’s manners were excellent, and that she was well educated, speaking French and English perfectly, did not discourage the friendship, and, having discovered that she sang, invited her to come and spend an evening with them.

"Kitty plays, and we have a piano; and, though the instrument is bad, we shall be delighted to hear you," said the princess with a forced politeness that was displeasing to Kitty, especially as she knew that Várenka did not want to sing. She came, however, that same evening, and brought her music. The princess invited Marya Evgenyevna and her daughter, and the colonel. Várenka seemed not to mind the presence of these people, who were strangers to her, but sat down to the piano without being urged: she could not accompany herself, but she read the notes perfectly. Kitty played very well, and accompanied her.

"You have a remarkable talent," said the princess after the first song, which Várenka sang beautifully.

Marya Evgenyevna and her daughter added their compliments and their thanks.

"See," said the colonel, looking out of the window, "what an audience you have attracted." In fact, a large number of people had gathered in front of the house.

"I am very glad to have given you pleasure," said Várenka without affectation.

Kitty looked at her friend proudly: she admired her art and her voice and her face, and, more than all, her bearing. It was evident that Várenka made no boast of her singing, and was indifferent to compliments. She simply seemed to say, "Shall I sing some more, or is that enough?"

"If I were in her place, how proud I should be! How happy I should be to see that crowd under the
window! But she seems perfectly unconscious of it. All that she seemed to want was to please maman. What is there about her? What is it that gives her this power of indifference, this calmness and independence? How I should like to learn of her!'' thought Kitty, as she looked into her peaceful face.

The princess asked for a second song; and Várenka sang this as well as the first, with the same care and the same perfection, standing erect near the piano, and beating time with her little brown hand.

The next piece in her music-roll was an Italian aria. Kitty played the introduction, and turned towards Várenka.

''Let us skip that,'' said she, blushing.

Kitty, in surprise and wonder, fixed her eyes on Várenka's face.

''Nu! another one,'' she said, hastily turning the pages, and somehow feeling an intuition that the Italian song brought back to her friend some painful association.

''No,'' replied Várenka, putting her hand on the notes. ''Let us sing this.'' And she sang as calmly and coolly as before.

After the singing was over, they all thanked her again, and went out into the dining-room to drink tea. Kitty and Várenka went down into the little garden next the house.

''You had some association with that song, did you not?'' asked Kitty. ''You need not tell me about it: simply say, 'Yes, I have.'''

''Why should I not tell you about it? Yes, there is an association,'' said Várenka calmly, ''and it is a painful one. I once loved a man, and used to sing that piece to him.''

Kitty with wide-open eyes looked at Várenka meekly, but did not speak.

''I loved him, and he loved me also; but his mother was unwilling, and he married some one else. He does not live very far from us now, and I sometimes see him. You didn't think that I also had my romance, did you?'' And her face lighted up with a rare beauty, and a fire such as Kitty imagined might have been habitual in other days.

''Why shouldn't I have thought so? If I were a man I could never have loved any one else after knowing you,'' said Kitty. ''What I cannot conceive is, that he was able to forget you, and make you unhappy for the sake of obeying his mother. He couldn't have had any heart.'''
"On the contrary, he was an excellent man: and I, I am not unhappy; I am very happy—nu! Shall we sing any more this evening?" she added, turning towards the house.

"How good you are! how good you are!" cried Kitty, stopping to kiss her. "If I could only be a bit like you!"

"Why should you resemble any one else besides yourself? Stay the good girl that you are," said Várenka, with her sweet and melancholy smile.

"No, I am not good at all. Nu! tell me.—Stay, stay; let us sit down a little while," said Kitty, drawing her down to a settee near by. "Tell me how it can be other than a pain to think of a man who has scorned your love, who has jilted you."

"Da! he did not scorn it at all: I am sure that he loved me. But he was a dutiful son, and"

"And suppose it had not been for the sake of his mother,—of his own free will," said Kitty, feeling that she was betraying her secret by her face as well as by her words.

"Then he would not have behaved honorably, and I should not mourn for him," replied Várenka, perceiving that the supposition concerned, not herself, but Kitty.

"But the insult!" cried Kitty. "Can one forget the insult? It is impossible," said she, remembering her own look when the music stopped at the last ball.

"Whose insult? You didn't do any thing wrong?"

"Worse than wrong,—shameful!"

Várenka shook her head, and laid her hand on Kitty's.

"Da! but why shameful?" she asked. "You surely did not tell a man who showed indifference to you that you loved him?"

"Certainly not: I never uttered a word. But he knew it. There are looks, ways—no, no! not if I lived a hundred years should I ever forget it."

"Now, what is it? I don't understand you. The question is solely this: do you love him now, or not?" said Várenka, who liked to call things by their right names.

"I hate him. I cannot forgive myself."

"But what for?"

"The shame, the insult."

"Ach! if every one were as sensitive as you! There is never a young girl who does not sometimes feel the same way. It is all such a trifling thing!"
"But what, then, is important?" asked Kitty, looking at Várenka with astonishment and curiosity.

"Ach! many things are important," replied Várenka, with a smile.

"Da! but what?"

"Ach! there are many things more important," replied Várenka, not knowing what to say; but at that moment the princess shouted from the window,—

"Kitty, it is getting cool; put on your shawl, or come in."

"It is time to go," said Várenka, getting up. "I must go and see Madame Berthe: she asked me to come."

Kitty held her by the hand, and asked her, with a look full of passionate, almost supplicating, curiosity,—

"What is it that is so important? What can give calm? You know: tell me."

But Várenka did not understand the meaning of Kitty's look. She remembered only that she had still to go to see Madame Berthe, and to get home at midnight for tea with maman. She went back to the room, picked up her music, and, having said good-night to all, she was going to take her departure.

"Allow me: I will escort you," said the colonel.

"Certainly," said the princess. "How could you go home alone at night? I was going to send Parasha with you."

Kitty saw that Várenka could hardly keep from smiling at the idea that she needed any one to go home with her.

"No, I always go home alone, and nothing ever happens to me," said she, taking her hat, and leaving Kitty again, though she did not tell her "the one important thing." She hurried away with firm steps, her music-roll under her arm, and disappeared in the semi-darkness of a summer night, carrying with her the secret of her dignity and her enviable calmness.

XXXIII.

Kitty made Madame Stahl's acquaintance, and her relations with this lady and Várenka had a calming influence upon her.

She learned, through this friendship, that there existed an entirely new world, which hitherto had been hidden from her,—a beautiful, supernal world, which would enable her to look calmly on her past. This world, which was entirely apart
from the instinctive life which hitherto she had led, was the spiritual life. This life was reached by religion,—not the religion to which Kitty had been accustomed since infancy, a religion which consisted of going to morning and evening service, and to the House of Widows, where she met her acquaintances, or of learning by heart Slavonic texts with the parish priest, but a lofty, mystic religion, united with the purest thoughts and feelings, and believed in not through duty, but through love.

Kitty learned all this, but not by words. Madame Stahl spoke to her as to a lonely child whom she loved as the type of her own youth, and only once did she make any allusion to the consolation brought by faith and love for human sorrows, and to the compassion of Christ, who looked upon no sorrows as insignificant; and she immediately changed the subject. But in all this lady’s motions, in her words, in her heavenly looks, as Kitty called them, and, above all, in the story of her life, which she knew through Várenka, Kitty discovered "the important thing" which till now had been but a sealed book to her.

But, lofty as Madame Stahl’s character was, touching as was her history, Kitty could not help noticing certain peculiarities, which troubled her. One day, for example, when her relatives were mentioned, Madame Stahl smiled disdainfully: it was contrary to Christian charity. Another time Kitty noticed, when she met a Roman-Catholic dignitary calling upon her, that Madame Stahl kept her face carefully shaded by the curtain, and had a strange look in her face. These two incidents, though of slight importance, gave her some pain, and caused her to doubt Madame Stahl’s sincerity. Várenka, on the other hand, alone in the world, without family connections, without friends, hoping for naught, harboring no ill will after her bitter disappointment, seemed to her absolute perfection. It was through Várenka that she learned how to forget herself, and to love her neighbor, if she wanted to be happy, calm, and good. And, when once she learned this, Kitty was no longer willing simply to admire, but she gave herself up with her whole heart to the new life which opened before her. After the stories which Várenka told her of Madame Stahl and others whom she named, Kitty drew up a plan for her coming life. She decided, that, following the example of Aline, Madame Stahl’s niece, whom Várenka often told her about, she would visit
the poor, no matter where she found them, and that she would aid them to the best of her ability; that she would distribute the gospel, read the New Testament to the sick, to the dying, to criminals: this last idea especially appealed to her. But she indulged in these dreams secretly, without telling her mother of them, or even her friend.

However, while she was waiting to be able to carry out her schemes on a wider scale, it was not difficult for Kitty to put her new principles in practice: at the waters the sick and the unhappy are easily found, and she did as Várenka did.

The princess quickly noticed how completely Kitty had fallen under the influence of her engouement, as she called Madame Stahl, and particularly Várenka. She saw that Kitty imitated Várenka, not only in her deeds of charity, but even in her gait, in her speech, in her ways of shutting her eyes. Later she discovered that her daughter was passing through a sort of crisis of the soul quite independent of the influence of her friends.

One evening the princess saw Kitty reading the Gospels in a French Testament loaned her by Madame Stahl,—an unusual custom with her. She also noticed that she avoided all the gayeties of life, and gave her time to the sick under Várenka's care, and particularly to a family of a poor sick painter named Petrof.

The young girl seemed proud to fill, in this household, the functions of a sister of charity. All this was very good; and the princess had no fault to find with it, and opposed it all the less from the fact that Petrof's wife was a woman of good family, and that one day the Fürstin, noticing Kitty's beauty, had praised her, and called her the "ministering angel." All would have been very good if the princess had not feared the exaggeration into which her daughter might easily be led.

"Il ne faut rien outrer" ["One must never go to extremes"], she said to her in French.

The young girl did not answer; but she questioned from the bottom of her heart whether one could ever go to extremes in a religion which bids you offer your left cheek when the right has been struck, and to give your cloak to your neighbor. But what pained the princess even more than this tendency to exaggeration, was to feel that Kitty was unwilling to open her heart to her mother. In point of fact, Kitty
made a secret of these new feelings, not because she lacked affection or respect for her mother, but simply because she was her mother, and it would have been easier to confess them to a stranger than to her mother.

"It is a long time since Anna Pavlovna has been to see us," said the princess one day, speaking of Madame Petrova.

"I invited her to come, but she seems offended."

"No, I don't think so, maman," replied Kitty with a guilty look.

"You have not been with her lately, have you?"

"We planned a walk on the mountain for to-morrow," said Kitty.

"I see no objection," replied the princess, noticing her daughter's confusion, and trying to fathom the reason.

Varenka came the same day, and announced that Anna Pavlovna had given up the proposed expedition. The princess noticed that Kitty looked still more confused.

"Kitty, there has not been any thing unpleasant between you and the Petrofs, has there?" she asked, as soon as they were alone. "Why have they ceased to send their children, or to come themselves?"

Kitty replied that nothing had happened, and that she did not understand why Anna Pavlovna seemed to be angry with her; and she told the truth. But, if she did not know the reasons for the change in Madame Petrova, she guessed them, and also thus guessed a thing that she did not dare to confess, even to herself, still less to her mother, so humiliating and painful it would have been had she been mistaken.

All the memories of her relations with this family came back to her, one after the other. She remembered the joy which shone on Anna Pavlovna's honest round face when they first met; their secret discussions to find means to distract the invalid, and keep him from the forbidden work, and to get him out of doors; the attachment of the youngest child, who called her Moya Kiti, and would not go to bed without her. How beautiful every thing was at that time! Then she remembered Petrof's thin face, his long neck stretching out from his brown coat; his thin curly hair; his blue eyes, with their questioning look, which she had feared at first; his feeble efforts to seem lively and energetic when she was near; the trouble that she had to overcome; the repugnance which he, as well as all consumptives, caused
her to feel; and the trouble which she had in finding something to talk with him about.

She remembered the sick man's humble and timid looks when he saw her, and the strange feeling of compassion and awkwardness which came over her at first, followed by the pleasant consciousness of her charitable deeds. How lovely it all had been! but it lasted only for a brief moment. Now and for several days there had been a sudden change. Anna Pavlovna received Kitty with scant friendliness, and did not cease to watch her husband.

Could it be that the invalid's affecting joy at the sight of her was the cause of Anna Pavlovna's coolness? "Yes," she said to herself, "there was something unnatural and quite different from her ordinary sweet temper when she said to me, day before yesterday, sharply, 'Vot! he will not do any thing without you; he would not even take his coffee, though he was very faint.'"

"Da! perhaps it was not agreeable to her when I gave him his plaid. It was such a simple little thing to do; but he seemed so strange, and thanked me so warmly, that I felt ill at ease. And then that portrait of me which he painted so well; but, above all, his gentle and melancholy look. Yes, yes, it must be so," Kitty repeated with horror. "No, it cannot be, it must not be! He is to be pitied so!" she added in her secret heart.

This suspicion poisoned the pleasure of her new life.

XXXIV.

Just before their season at the Spa was over, Prince Shcherbatsky rejoined them. He had been to Carlsbad, to Baden, and to Kissingen, with Russian friends,—"to get a breath of Russian air," as he expressed it.

The prince and princess had conflicting ideas in regard to living abroad. The princess thought that every thing was lovely; and, notwithstanding her assured position in Russian society, she put on the airs of a European lady while she was abroad, which was not becoming, for she was in every way a genuine Russian baruina. The prince, on the other hand, considered every thing abroad detestable, and the European life unendurable; and he even exaggerated his Russian characteristics, and tried to be less of a European than he really was.
He came back emaciated and with hollows under his eyes, but in his ordinary happy spirits; and he felt still more gay when he found that Kitty was on the road to health.

The accounts that he heard of Kitty's intimacy with Madame Stahl and Várenka, and the princess's description of the moral transformation through which his daughter was passing, rather vexed the prince, awaking in him that feeling of jealousy which he always had in regard to every thing that might draw Kitty away from under his influence. He was afraid that she might ascend to regions unattainable to him. But these disagreeable presentiments were swallowed up in the sea of gayety and good humor which he always carried with him, and which his sojourn at Carlsbad had increased.

The day after his arrival, the prince, in his long ulster, and with his Russian wrinkles and his puffy cheeks standing out above his stiffly starched collar, went in the very best of spirits with Kitty to the spring.

The morning was beautiful. The neat, gay houses, with their little gardens, the sight of the German servants, with their red faces and red arms, happily working, the brilliant sun,—every thing filled the heart with pleasure. But as they came nearer to the spring they met more and more invalids, whose lamentable appearance contrasted painfully with the trim and beneficent Germanic surroundings.

For Kitty the bright sunlight, the vivid green of the trees, the sounds of the music, all formed a natural framework for these well-known faces, whose changes for better or worse she had been watching. But for the prince there was something cruel in the contrast between this bright June morning, the orchestra playing the latest waltz, and especially the sight of these healthy-looking servants, and the miserable invalids, from all the corners of Europe, dragging themselves painfully along.

In spite of the return of his youth which the prince experienced, and the pride that he felt in having his favorite daughter on his arm, he confessed to a sense of shame and awkwardness in walking along with his firm step and his vigorous limbs.

"Introduce me, introduce me to your new friends," said he to his daughter, pressing her arm with his elbow. "I am beginning to like your abominable Soden for the good which it has done you. Only it is melancholy for you. Who is this?"
Kitty told the names of the acquaintances and strangers that they met on their way. At the very entrance of the garden they met Madame Berthe and her companion, and the prince was pleased to see the expression of joy on the old woman's face at the sound of Kitty's voice. With true French exaggeration she overwhelmed the prince with compliments, and congratulated him on having such a charming daughter, whose merits she praised to the skies, declaring that she was a treasure, a pearl, a ministering angel.

"Nu! she must be angel number two," said the prince gallantly, "for she assures me that Mademoiselle Várenka is angel number one."

"Oh! Mademoiselle Várenka is truly an angel. Allez," said Madame Berthe vivaciously.

They soon met Várenka herself in the gallery. She hastened up to them, carrying an elegant red bag in her hand.

"Here is papa," said Kitty.

Várenka made the prince a simple and natural salutation, almost like a courtesy, and without any false modesty entered into conversation with him.

"Of course I know you,—know you very well already," said the prince, with a pleasant expression that made Kitty see that her father liked her friend. "Where were you going so fast?"

"Maman is here," she replied, turning to Kitty. "She did not sleep all night, and the doctor advised her to take the air. I have brought her work."

"So that is angel number one?" said the prince when Várenka had gone. Kitty saw that he had intended to rally her about her friend, but had refrained because her friend had pleased him.

"Nu! let us go and see them all," said he,—"all your friends, even Madame Stahl if she will deign to remember me."

"But did you ever know her, papa?" asked Kitty with fear, as she saw an ironical flash in her father's eyes as he mentioned Madame Stahl.

"I knew her husband, and I knew her a little before she joined the Pietists."

"What are these Pietists, papa?" asked Kitty, troubled because such a nickname was given to what in Madame Stahl she valued so highly.

"I myself do not know much about them. I only know
this, that she thanks God for all her tribulations, and, above all, because her husband is dead. *Nu!* and that is comical, because they did not live happily together. But who is that? What a melancholy face!" he added, seeing an invalid in a brown coat, with white pantaloons making strange folds around emaciated legs. This gentleman had raised his straw hat, and bared his sparse curly hair and high forehead, on which showed the red line made by the brim.

"That is Petrof, a painter," replied Kitty, with a blush; "and there is his wife," she added, pointing to Anna Pavlovna, who, at their approach, had risen to run after one of their children playing in the street.

"Poor fellow! and what a good face he has!" said the prince. "But why did you not go to him? He seemed anxious to speak to you."

"*Nu!* let us go back to him," said Kitty, resolutely turning about. — "How do you feel to-day?" she asked.

Petrof arose, leaning on his cane, and looked timidly at the prince.

"This is my daughter," said the prince: "allow me to make your acquaintance."

The painter bowed and smiled, showing teeth of strangely dazzling whiteness.

"We expected you yesterday, princess," said he to Kitty.

He staggered as he spoke; and to conceal the fact that it was involuntary, he repeated the motion.

"I expected to come, but Värenka told me that Anna Pavlovna sent word that you were not going."

"That we weren't going?" said Petrof, troubled, and beginning to cough. Then looking towards his wife, he called hoarsely, "Annetta! Annetta!" while the great veins on his thin white neck stood out like cords.

Anna Pavlovna drew near.

"How did you send word to the princess that you were not going?" he demanded angrily, in a whisper.

"Good-morning, princess," said Anna Pavlovna, in a constrained manner, totally different from her former effusiveness. "Very glad to make your acquaintance," she added, addressing the prince. "You have been long expected, prince."

"How could you have sent word to the princess that we were not going?" again demanded the painter in his hoarse
whisper, and still more irritated because he could not express himself as he wished.

"Ach! Bozhe moi! I thought that we were not going," said his wife testily.

"How?—when?"—but a coughing-fit attacked him, and he made a gesture of despair with his hand.

The prince raised his hat, and went away with his daughter.

"Oh! Ach!" he sighed. "Oh these poor creatures!"

"Yes, papa," said Kitty; "and you must know that they have three children, and no servant, and no means at all. He receives a pittance from the Academy," she continued eagerly, so as to conceal the emotion caused by the change in Anna Pavlovna and her unfriendly reception.

"Ah, vot! there is Madame Stahl!" said Kitty, directing his attention to a wheeled-chair, in which was lying a human form, wrapped in gray and blue, propped up by pillows, and shaded by an umbrella. A solemn and sturdy German laborer was pushing her chair. Beside her walked a blond Swedish count, whom Kitty knew by sight. Several people had stopped near the wheeled-chair, and were gazing at this lady as though she were some curiosity.

The prince approached her. Kitty instantly noticed in her father's eyes that ironical glance which had troubled her before. He addressed Madame Stahl in that excellent French which so few Russians nowadays are able to speak, and was extremely polite and friendly.

"I do not know whether you still recollect me, but it is my duty to bring myself to your remembrance, in order that I may thank you for kindness to my daughter," said he, taking off his hat, and holding it in his hand.

"Le prince Alexandre Cherbatsky!" said Madame Stahl, looking at him with her heavenly eyes, in which Kitty thought she saw a shade of dissatisfaction. "I am enchanted to see you: I am very fond of your daughter."

"Your health is not always good?"

"Oh! I am pretty well used to it now," replied Madame Stahl; and she presented the Swedish count.

"You have changed very little during the ten or twelve years since I had the honor of seeing you."

"Yes. God, who gives the cross, gives also the power to carry it. I often ask myself why my life is so prolonged. — Not like that," said she crossly, to Vârenka, who was trying, without success, to wrap her in her plaid.
"For doing good, without doubt," said the prince, with laughing eyes.

"It is not for us to judge," replied Madame Stahl, who had not failed to observe the gleam of irony in the prince's face.

"I pray you send me that book, dear count. I thank you a thousand times in advance," said she, turning to the young Swede.

"Ah!" cried the prince, who had just caught sight of the Muscovite colonel; and bowing to Madame Stahl, he went away with his daughter, to join him.

"This is our aristocracy, prince!" said the colonel, with sarcastic intent, for he also was piqued because Madame Stahl refused to be friendly.

"Always the same," replied the prince.

"Did you know her before her illness, prince,—that is, before she became an invalid?"

"Yes: she became an invalid when I knew her."

"They say that she has not walked for ten years."

"She does not walk, because one leg is shorter than the other. She is very badly put together"—

"Papa, it is impossible," cried Kitty.

"Evil tongues say so, my dear; and your friend Várenka ought to see her as she is. Och! these invalid ladies!"

"Oh, no, papa! I assure you, Várenka adores her," cried Kitty eagerly; "and besides, she isn't deformed. Ask any one you please: Aline Stahl knows her thoroughly."

"Maybe," replied her father, pressing her arm gently; "but it would be better for people to be a little less conspicuous in making their charities."

Kitty was silent, not because she could not have replied, but because, even to her father, she was unwilling to reveal her inmost thoughts. There was one strange thing, however: decided though she was, not to unbosem herself to her father, not to let him penetrate into the sanctuary of her reflections, she nevertheless was conscious that her ideal of holiness, as seen in Madame Stahl, which she had for a whole month carried in her soul, had irrevocably disappeared, as a face, seen in a garment thrown down by chance, disappears when one really sees how the garment is lying. She retained only the image of a lame woman who staid in bed to conceal her deformity, and who tormented poor Várenka because her plaid was not arranged to suit her. And it became im-
possible for her imagination to bring back to her the remembrance of the former Madame Stahl.

XXXV.

The prince's gayety and good-humor were contagious, and none of his household and acquaintances, not even their German landlord, escaped it. When he came in with Kitty, from his walk, the prince invited the colonel, Marya Evgenyevna and her daughter, and Várenka, to lunch, and had the table spread under the horse-chestnuts, in the garden. The landlord and his domestics were filled with zeal under the influence of his good spirits. They also knew his generosity; and within half an hour the jollity of these hearty Russians, sitting under the horse-chestnuts, was filling with envy the heart of a sick Hamburg doctor, who occupied the first floor, and sighed as he looked upon the happy group under the shady trees.

The princess, in a bonnet trimmed with lilac ribbons, presided over the table, which was spread with an exceedingly white cloth, whereon were placed the coffee-service, the bread, butter, cheese, and cold game; she was distributing cups and tarts: while the prince, at the other end of the table, was eating with good appetite, and talking with great animation. He had spread out in front of him all his purchases,—wood-carvings, paper-cutters, ivory toys of every kind, which he had brought back from all the places where he had been; and he was amusing himself by giving them around to all his guests, not even forgetting Lieschen the maid, or the master of the house. He made long and comical speeches to the latter, in his bad German, and assured him that it was not the waters that had cured Kitty, but his excellent cuisine, and particularly his prune soup. The princess rallied her husband on his Russian peculiarities; but never, since she had been at the Spa, had she been so gay and lively. The colonel, as always, was amused at the prince's sallies of wit; but he agreed with the princess on the European question, which he imagined that he understood thoroughly. The good Marya Evgenyevna laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks; and even Várenka, to Kitty's great astonishment, was awakened from her ordinary quiet melancholy by the prince's jests.
All this delighted Kitty, but she could not free herself from mental agitation: she could not resolve the problem which her father had unintentionally given her when he spoke in his jesting, humorous way of her friends, and the life which offered her so many attractions. Moreover, she could not help puzzling herself with the reasons for the change in her relations with the Petrofs, which had struck her this very day more plainly and disagreeably than ever. Her agitation increased as she saw the gayety of the others: her feelings were the same as when she was a very little girl, and, having been punished for some offence, she heard from her room her sisters enjoying themselves, and could not take part.

"Nu! why did you purchase this heap of things?" asked the princess, offering her husband a cup of coffee.

"You go out for a walk, nu! and you come to a shop, and they address you, and say, 'Erlaucht, Excellenz, Durchlaucht!' Nu! when they get to Durchlaucht [highness], I cannot resist any longer, and my ten thalers vanish."

"It was merely because of irksomeness!"

"Certainly it was,—such irksomeness that one does not know how to escape from it."

"But how can you be bored? There are so many interesting things to see in Germany now," said Marya Evgenyevna.

"Da! I know all that is interesting just at the present time. I know soup with prunes, I know pea-pudding, I know every thing."

"It is idle to resist, princess: their institutions are interesting."

"Da! but how are they interesting? They are as contented as new shillings [lit. groshi, twenty kopeks]. They have whipped the world! Nu! why should I find any thing to content me here? I never conquered anybody; but I have to take off my boots myself, and, what is worse, put them out myself in the corridor. In the morning I get up, and have to dress myself, and go down to the dining-room, and drink execrable tea. 'Tisn't like that at home. There you can get up when you please: if you are out of sorts, you can be out of sorts; you have all the time you want, and you can do whatever you please without hurrying."

"But time is money: don't forget that," said the colonel.

"That depends. There are whole months that you would sell for fifty kopeks, and quarter-hours that you would not
take any amount of money for. Isn't that so, Katénka?
But why are you so solemn?"

"I am not, papa."

"Where are you going? Stay a little longer," said the prince to Várenka.

"But I must go home," said Várenka, rising, and laughing gayly again. When she was calmed, she took leave of her friends, and went to get her hat.

Kitty followed her. Even Várenka seemed to her friend changed. She was not less good, but she was different from what she had imagined her to be.

"Ach! it is a long time since I have laughed so much," said Várenka, as she was getting her parasol and her satchel.

"How charming your papa is!"

Kitty did not answer.

"When shall I see you again?" asked Várenka.

"Maman wanted to go to the Petrofs'. Will you be there?" asked Kitty, trying to read Várenka.

"I will be there," she replied. "They expect to go, and I am going to help them pack."

"Nu! Then I will go with you."

"No: why should you?"

"Why? why? why?" asked Kitty, holding Várenka by her sunshade, and opening her eyes very wide. "Wait a moment, and tell me why."

"Why?" Because your papa has come, and because they are vexed at you."

"No: tell me honestly why you don't like to have me go to the Petrofs'. You don't like it: why is it?"

"I didn't say so," replied Várenka calmly.

"I beg you to tell me."

"Must I tell you all?"

"All, all," replied Kitty.

"Da! At bottom there is nothing very serious: only Mikhail Alekséyevitch — that was Petrof's name — was willing to leave at any time, and now he does not want to go," replied Várenka, smiling.

"Nu! Nu!" cried Kitty, looking at Várenka with a gloomy expression.

"Nu! Anna Pavlovna imagines that he does not want to go because you are here. Of course this was unfortunate; but you have been the cause of a family quarrel, and you know how irritable these invalids are."
Kitty grew still more melancholy, and kept silent: and Várenka went on speaking, trying to pacify her, and put things in a better light, though she foresaw that the result would be either tears or reproaches; she knew not which.

"So it is better not to go there, you see; and you will not be angry"—

"But I deserved it, I deserved it," said Kitty, speaking rapidly, and still holding Várenka's parasol, and not looking at her.

Várenka was amused at her friend's childish anger, but she was afraid of offending her.

"How deserve it? I don't understand!"

"I deserve it because this was all pretence, it was all hypocrisy, and because it did not come from the heart. What business had I to meddle with the affairs of a stranger? And so I have been the cause of a quarrel, and simply because it was all hypocrisy, hypocrisy," said she, mechanically opening and shutting the sunshade.

"But why do you call it hypocrisy?" asked Várenka gently.

"Ach! How stupid, how wretched! It was none of my business. Hypocrisy! hypocrisy!"

"But why hypocrisy?"

"Because I did it to seem better to others, to myself, to God,—to deceive everybody. No, I will not fall so low again. I would rather be wicked, and not lie, and not deceive.

"Da! But who is a liar?" asked Várenka, in a reproachful tone. "You speak as if"—

But Kitty was thoroughly angry, and did not let her finish.

"I was not speaking of you, not of you at all. You are perfection. Yes, yes: I know that you are all perfection. What can be done? I am wicked: this would not have occurred, if I had not been wicked. So much the worse. I will be what I am, and I will not be deceitful. What have I to do with Anna Pavlovna? Let them live as they want to, and I will do the same. I can't be somebody else. Besides, it is not that at all"—

"Da! What isn't 'that'?" asked Várenka, in astonishment.

"Every thing! I can only live by my heart, but you live
by your principles. I like you all; but you have had in view only to save me, to convert me."

"You are not fair," said Várenka.

"Da! I am not speaking about the rest of you. I only speak for myself."

"Kitty!" cried her mother's voice, "come here, and show papa your corals."

Kitty took the box with the corals from the table, carried it to her mother with a dignified air, but she did not become reconciled with her friend.

"What is the matter? why are you so red?" asked her father and mother with one voice.

"Nothing: I am coming right back;" and she hurried to the house.

"She is still there," she thought: "what shall I tell her? Bozhe moi! what have I done? what have I said? Why did I hurt her feelings? What have I done? what did I say to her?" she asked herself as she hurried to the door.

Várenka, with her hat on, was sitting by the table, examining the remains of her parasol, which Kitty had broken. She raised her head.

"Várenka, forgive me," whispered Kitty, coming up to her. "I did not know what I was saying. I" —

"Truly, I did not mean to cause you pain," said Várenka, smiling.

Peace was made. But her father's coming had changed for Kitty the world in which she lived. Without giving up what she had learned, she confessed that she had been under an illusion by believing that she was what she had dreamed of being. It was like a dream. She found that she could not, without hypocrisy, stay on such an elevation: she felt, moreover, still more vividly, the weight of the misfortunes, the ills, the agonies, of those who surrounded her, and she felt that it was cruel to prolong the efforts which she had made to interest herself in them. She began to long to breathe the purer, healthier atmosphere of Russia at Yergushovo, where Dolly and the children had preceded her, as she learned from a letter that had just come.

But her love for Várenka had not diminished. When she went away, she begged her to come and visit them in Russia.

"I will come when you are married," said she.

"I shall never marry."

"Nu! then I shall never come."
"Nu! In that case, I shall get married only for your sake. Don't forget your promise," said Kitty.

The doctor's prophecies were realized. Kitty came home to Russia perfectly well: possibly she was not as gay and careless as before, but her calmness was restored. The pains of the past were only a memory.
PART III.

I.

Sergéi Ivanovitch Koznushef liked to rest after his intellectual labors; and instead of going abroad, as usual, he came, towards the end of May, to visit his brother in the country. In his opinion, country life was the best of all, and he came now to enjoy it at Pokrovsky. Konstantin Levin was very glad to welcome him, the more because he did not expect his brother Nikolai this summer. But in spite of his love and respect for Sergéi Ivanovitch, Konstantin was not altogether at his ease with him in the country. It was exasperating and unpleasant for him to see his brother's behavior. For Konstantin the country was the place for life,—for pleasures, sorrows, labor. For Sergéi Ivanovitch the country, on the contrary, offered rest from labor, and a profitable antidote against the corruption which he found in the pleasures and acquaintances of his life. For Konstantin Levin the country was the more beautiful because it offered an end for works of incontestable utility. For Sergéi Ivanovitch the country was vastly more delightful because he could not, and need not, do any thing at all. Their ways of looking at the peasantry were likewise exactly diametrically opposite to each other. Sergéi Ivanovitch said that he loved and knew the people; and he willingly talked with the muzhiks, and discovered, in his interviews with them, traits of character honorable to the people, so that he felt convinced that he knew them thoroughly. Such superficial views vexed Konstantin Levin. For him the peasantry was only the chief factor in associated labor; and though he respected the muzhik, and, as he himself said, drew in with the milk of the woman who nursed him a genuine love for them, still their vices exasperated him as often as their virtues struck him. For him the people represented
the principal partner in a labor association, and, as such, he
saw no need of making a distinction between the qualities,
the faults, and the interests of this associate and those of
the rest of men. He lived among them, and he knew them
thoroughly: he was their landlord, their mediator, and, what
was more, their adviser; for the muzhiks had faith in him,
and came to him from forty verst5 around to ask his opinions.
But to say that he knew the peasantry, would have meant, in
his opinion, the same as to say, that he knew people.
In the discussions which arose between the brothers in
consequence of their divergence of views, the victory always
remained with Sergéi Ivanovitch, because his opinions, formed
by his methodical studies, remained unshaken; while Kon-
stantin, ceaselessly modifying his, was easily convicted of
contradicting himself. Sergéi Ivanovitch looked upon his
brother as an excellent fellow, whose heart was bien placé,
as he expressed it in French, but whose mind, though quick
and active, was full of non sequiturs. Often, with the con-
descension of an elder brother, he tried to make him see the
real meaning of things; but he could not take genuine pleas-
ure in discussing with him, because his opponent was so easy
to vanquish.
Konstantin Levin, on his side, looked upon his brother as
a man of vast intelligence and learning, endowed with ex-
traordinary faculties, most advantageous to the community
at large; but as he advanced in life, and learned to know
him better, he sometimes asked himself, in the secret cham-
bers of his heart, if this devotion to the general interests,
which he himself seemed to lack, was really a good quality,
or rather a vice; not through the powerlessness of good-natu-
tured, upright, benevolent wishes and motives, but the pow-
erlessness of a strong man pushing his own way through the
multitudes of paths which life offers to men, and resolved
at all odds to delight in this, and to follow it alone.
Levin felt also another sort of constraint in his relations
with his brother when he was spending the summer with
him. The days seemed to him too short for him to accom-
plish all that he wanted to do and to superintend, while his
brother cared to do nothing but take his ease. Though Ser-
géi Ivanovitch was not writing, his mind was too active for
him not to need some one to whom he might express in logi-
cal and elegant form the ideas which occupied him. Kon-
stantin was his habitual and favorite auditor.
It was his favorite habit to lie lazily on the grass, stretched out at full length in the sun, and to talk.

"You can't imagine," he would say, "how I enjoy this idleness. I have not an idea in my head: it is empty as a shell."

But Konstantin quickly wearied of sitting down and talking about trifles. He knew that in his absence they were spreading the manure on the wrong fields, and were up to God knows what mischief, and he felt anxious to be superintending this work: he knew that they would be taking off the irons from his English ploughs, so as to be able to say that they were not as good as the primitive arrangements still used by his neighbor So-and-so.

"Don't you ever get weary trotting about so in this heat?" asked Sergéi Ivanovitch.

"No. Excuse me for a minute: I must run over to the office," said Levin; and he hurried across the field.

II.

Early in June, Agafya Mikhailovna, the old nurse and ekonomka [housekeeper], in going down cellar with a pot of pickled mushrooms, slipped on the staircase, and dislocated her wrist. The district doctor, a loquacious young medical student who had just taken his degree, came and examined the arm, declared that it was not out of joint, and applied compresses: and during dinner, proud of finding himself in the society of the distinguished Koznuishef, he began to relate all the petty gossip of the neighborhood; and, in order that he might have occasion to introduce his enlightened ideas, he began to complain of the bad state of things in general.

Sergéi Ivanovitch listened attentively. Animated by the presence of a new hearer, he talked, and made keen and shrewd observations, which were received by the young physician with respectful appreciation. After his departure Koznuishef was left in that rather over-excited frame of mind which, as his brother knew, was liable in his case to follow a lively and brilliant conversation. Immediately after, he took a fish-line and went to the river. He was very fond of fishing: he seemed to take a little pride in showing that he could amuse himself with such a puerile amusement.
Konstantin was intending to make a tour of inspection across the fields, and he offered to take his brother in his gig as far as the river.

It was the time of the year when, the summer having sufficiently gone, the amount of the crops can be judged, and the thoughts of the coming summer begin to take root. The ears of corn, now full and still green, swing lightly in the breeze; the oats peep irregularly from the late-sown fields; the wheat already is up, and hides the soil; the odor of the manure, heaped in little hillocks over the fields, mingles with the perfume of the herbs, which, scattered with little bunches of wild sorrel, stretch out like a sea. This period of the summer is the lull before the harvest, that great event which the muzhik expects each year with eagerness. The crops promised to be superb; and long, bright days were followed by short nights, when the dew lay heavy on the grass.

To reach the fields, it was necessary to cross the woodland. Sergéi Ivanovitch liked this dense forest. He pointed out to his brother, as they rode along, an old linden almost in flower; but Konstantin, who did not himself care to speak about the beauties of nature, did not care to have others speak of them. Words, he thought, spoiled the beauty of the thing that they saw. He assented to what his brother said, but allowed his mind to concern itself with other things. After they left the wood, his attention was drawn to a fallow field, where some places were growing yellow, where in others the crop was being gathered and garnered. The telyégas were thronging up toward the field. Levin counted them, and was satisfied with the work which was going on. His thoughts were diverted, by the sight of the fields, to the serious question of fertilizers, which he always had particularly at heart. He stopped his horse when they reached the meadow. The high, thick grass was still damp with dew. Sergéi Ivanovitch begged his brother, in order that he might not wet his feet, to drive him as far as a clump of laburnums near which perch were to be caught. Though he disliked to trample down his grass, he drove over through the field. The tall grass clung round the horse's legs, and the seed was dusted on the wheels of the little gig.

Sergéi sat down under the laburnums, and cast his line. Though he caught nothing, he was undisturbed in spirits, and the time that his brother was away conversing with Famitch and the other workmen did not seem irksome to him. When
his brother returned, anxious to get back to the house to give some orders, Sergéi was sitting calmly looking at the water and the sky and the fields.

"These fields," he said, "are heavenly. They always remind me of an enigma, do you know?—'The grass says to the river'"—

"I don't know any such riddle," interrupted Konstantin in a melancholy tone.

III.

"Do you know, I was thinking about you," said Sergéi Ivanovitch. "It is not well at all, what is going on in your district, if that doctor tells the truth: he is not a stupid fellow. And I have told you all along, and I say to-day, you are wrong in not going to the assembly meetings, to know what they are doing. If men of standing don't take an interest in affairs, God knows how things will turn out. The taxes we pay will be spent in salaries, and not for schools, or hospitals, or midwives, or pharmacies, or any thing."

"But I have tried it," replied Levin faintly and unwillingly. "I can't do any thing. What is to be done about it?"

"Da! why can't you do any thing? I confess I don't understand it. I cannot admit that it is incapacity or lack of intelligence: isn't it simply laziness?"

"It is not that, or the first or the second. I have tried it, and I am sure that I cannot do any thing."

Levin was not paying great heed to what his brother said, but was looking intently across the fields on the other side of the river. He saw something black, but he could not make out whether it was only a horse, or his prikashchik on horseback.

"Why can't you do any thing? You make an experiment, and it does not turn out to your satisfaction, and you give up. Why not have a little pride about you?"

"Pride?" said Levin, touched to the quick by his brother's reproach. "I don't see what that has to do with it. If at the university they had told me that others understood the integral calculus, but I did not, that would have touched my pride; but here I have first to believe in the value of these new institutions."

"What! do you mean to say that they are not valuable?"
asked Sérgéi Ivanovitch, piqued because his brother seemed to attach so little importance to his words, and gave him such poor attention.

"It seems to me that they are useless, and I cannot feel interested in what you wish me to do," replied Levin, who now saw that the black speck was the prikashchik, and that the prikashchik was probably taking some muzhiks from their work. They were carrying home the ploughs. "Can they have finished ploughing?" he asked himself.

"Nu! listen! one thing," said his brother, his handsome, intellectual face growing a shade darker. "There are limits to every thing. It is very fine to be an original and outspoken man, and to hate falsehood, — all that I know; but the fact is, that what you say has no sense at all, or has a very bad sense. Do you really think it idle that these people, whom you love, as you assert"

"I never asserted any such thing," replied Konstantin Levin.

"That these people should perish without aid? Coarse babki [peasant-women] act as midwives, and the people remain in ignorance, and are at the mercy of every letter-writer. But it is within your power to remedy all this; and you don't assist them, because, in your eyes, it is not worth while."

And Sérgéi Ivanovitch offered him the following dilemma:

"Either you are not developed sufficiently to do all that you might do, or you do not care to give up your love of idleness, or your vanity: I don't know which."

Konstantin Levin felt, that, if he did not wish to be convicted of indifference for the public weal, he would have to make a defence; and this was vexatious and offensive to him.

"That is another thing," he said testily. "I do not see how it is possible" —

"What! impossible to give medical aid if the funds were watched more closely?"

"Impossible it seems to me. In the four thousand square vershs of our district, with our floods, snow-storms, and busy seasons, I don't see the possibility of giving public medical aid. Besides, I don't much believe in medicine, anyway" —

"Nu! nonsense! you are unjust. I could name you a thousand cases — and schools."
“Why schools?”

“What do you say? Can you doubt the advantages of education? If it is good for you, why not for others?”

Konstantin Levin felt that he was pushed to the wall; and, in his irritation, against his will he revealed his real reason for his indifference.

“Maybe it is a good thing; but why should I put myself out, — have medical dispensaries located which I never make use of, or schools where I should never send my children, and where the peasants won’t send their children, and where I am not sure that it is wise to send them, anyway?”

Sergéi Ivanovitch for a moment was disconcerted by this sally; and, while carefully pulling his line from the water, he developed another line of attack.

“Nu! that is absurd,” said he with a smile. “In the first place, the dispensary is necessary. Vot! we ourselves sent for the zemski doktor for Agafya Mikhaïlovna.”

“Nu! I believe that her wrist was out of joint, in spite of what he said.”

“That remains to be proved. In the next place, the muzhik who can read is a better workman, and more useful to you.”

“Oh, no!” replied Konstantin Levin bluntly. “Ask any one you please, they will tell you that the educated muzhik is less valuable as a laborer. He will not repair the roads; and, when they build bridges, he will only steal the planks.”

“Now, this is not the point,” said Sergéi, vexed, because he detested contradiction, and this way of leaping from one subject to another, and bringing up arguments without any apparent connection. “The question is this: Do you admit that education is good for the peasantry?”

“I do,” said Levin, without realizing that he was not speaking the thought in his mind. Instantly he perceived, that, by making this admission, it would be easy to convict him of speaking nonsense. How it would be brought up against him he did not know; but he knew that he would surely be shown his logical inconsequence, and he awaited the demonstration. It came much sooner than he expected.

“If you admit its value,” said Sergéi, “then, as an honest man, you cannot refuse to delight in this work, and give it your hearty co-operation.”

“But I still do not admit that it is good,” said Konstantin Levin, in confusion.
"What? But you just said"—
"That is, I don’t say that it is bad, but that it is not advisable."

"But you can’t know this, since you have not made any effort to try it."
"Nu! I admit that the education of the people is advantageous," said Konstantin, but without the least conviction, "but I don’t see why I should bother myself with it."
"Why not?"
"Nu! if we are going to discuss the question, then explain it to me from your philosophical point of view."

"I don’t see what philosophy has to do here," retorted Sergéi Ivanovitch in a tone which seemed to cast some doubt on his brother’s right to discuss philosophy; and this nettled him.

"That is why," said he warmly, "I think that the motive-power in all our actions is forever personal interest. Now, I see nothing in our provincial institutions that contributes to my well-being. The roads are not better, and cannot be made so. My horses carry me, even on bad roads. The doctor and the dispensary are no use to me. The justice of the peace does me no good: I never went to him, and never expect to. The schools seem to me not only useless, but, as I have said, are even harmful; and these provincial institutions oblige me to pay eighteen kopeks a desyatín, to go to the city, to be eaten by bugs, and to hear all sorts of vulgar and obscene talk, and yet do not in any way affect my personal interests."

"Nonsense!" said Sergéi Ivanovitch with a smile. "Our personal interests did not compel us to work for the emancipation of the serfs, and yet we accomplished it."

"No," replied Konstantin with still more animation: "the emancipation was quite another affair. It was for personal interest. We wanted to shake off this yoke that hung upon the necks of all of us decent people. But to be a member of the town council; to discuss what only concerns smiths, and how to lay sewer-pipes in streets where one does not live; to be a juryman, and sit in judgment on a muzhik who has stolen a ham; to listen for six hours to all sorts of rubbish which the defendant and the prosecutor may utter, and, as presiding officer, to ask my old friend, the half-idiotic Alishka, ‘Do you plead guilty, Mr. Accused, of having stolen this ham?’"—
And Konstantin, carried away by his subject, enacted the scene between the president and the half-idiotic Aloshka. It seemed to him that this was in the line of the argument.

But Sergeí Ivanovitch shrugged his shoulders.

"'Nu! what do you mean by this?"

"I only mean that I will always defend with all my powers those rights which touch me,—my interests; that when the policemen came to search us students, and read our letters, I was ready to defend these rights with all my might, to defend my rights to instruction, to liberty. I am interested in the required service which concerns the fate of my children, of my brothers, and of myself. I am willing to discuss this because it touches me; but to deliberate on the employment of forty thousand rubles of district money, or to judge the crack-brained Aloshka, I won't do it, and I can't."

Konstantin Levin discoursed as though the fountains of his speech were unloosed. His brother was quietly amused.

"Supposing to-morrow you were arrested: would you prefer to be tried by the old 'criminal court'?"

"But I shall not be arrested. I am not a murderer, and this is no use to me. 'Nu, uzh!'" he continued, again jumping to a matter entirely foreign to their subject, "our provincial institutions, and all that, remind me of the little twigs which on Trinity day we stick into the ground, to imitate a forest. The forest has grown of itself in Europe; but I cannot on my soul have any faith in our birch sprouts, or water them."

Sergeí Ivanovitch only shrugged his shoulders again, as a sign of astonishment that birch twigs should be mingled in their discussion, although he understood perfectly what his brother meant.

"Nonsense!" said he. "That is no way to reason."

But Konstantin, in order to explain his self-confessed lack of interest in matters of public concern, continued,—

"I think that there can be no durable activity if it is not founded in individual interest: this is a general, a philosophical truth," said he, laying special emphasis on the word "philosophical," as though he wished to show that he also had the right, as well as any one else, to speak of philosophy.

Again Sergeí Ivanovitch smiled. "He also," thought he, "has his own special philosophy for the benefit of his inclinations."
"Nu! be quit of philosophy," he said. "Its chief aim has been in all times to grasp the indispensable bond which exists between the individual and the public interest. But I think I can make your comparison valid. The little birch twigs have not been merely stuck in, but have been sowed, planted, and it is necessary to watch them carefully. The only nations which can have a future, the only nations which deserve the name of historic, are those which feel the importance and the value of their institutions, and prize them."

And Sergéi Ivanovitch, the better to show his brother what a mistake he had made, began to discuss the question from an historico-philosophical point of view, which Konstantin was by no means able to appreciate.

"As to your distaste for affairs, excuse me if I refer it to our Russian indolence and gentility [barstvo, Russian rank]; and I trust that this temporary error will pass away."

Konstantin was silent. He felt himself routed on every side, but he felt also that his brother had not understood what he wished to say. He did not know exactly whether it was because he did not know how to express himself clearly, or because his brother did not wish to understand him, or whether he could not understand him. He did not try to fathom this question; but, without replying to his brother, he became absorbed in entirely different thoughts, connected with his own work. Sergéi Ivanovitch reeled in his lines, unhitched the horse, and they drove away.

IV.

The thought which absorbed Levin at the time of his discussion with his brother was this: the year before, he had fallen into a passion with his overseer one day when they were mowing, and to calm himself he had taken the scythe from a muzhik, and begun to mow. He enjoyed the work so much that he had tried it again and again. He mowed the lawn in front of his house, and promised himself that the next year he would follow the same plan, and spend whole days mowing with the muzhiks.

Since his brother's arrival he had asked himself the question, Should he mow, or not? He had scruples about leav-
ing his brother alone for an entire day, and he was afraid of his pleasantries on the subject. But as they crossed the field, and saw the mowing already begun, he decided that he would mow. After his vexatious discussion with his brother, he remembered his project.

"I must have some physical exercise, or my character will absolutely spoil," he thought, and made up his mind to mow, no matter what his brother or his servants should say.

That very evening Levin went to the office, gave some directions about the work to be done, and sent to the village to hire some mowers for the morrow, so as to attack his field at Kalinovo, which was the largest and best.

"Да! send my scythe over to Сеф, and have him put it in order; perhaps I will come and mow too," said he, trying to hide his confusion.

The prikashchik laughed, and said, "I will obey you."

Later, at the tea-table, Levin said to his brother, "It seems like settled weather. To-morrow I am going to mow."

"I like to see this work," said Сергій Ivanovitch.

"I like it extremely," said Levin. "Last year I myself mowed with the muzhiks, and to-morrow I am going to spend all day at it."

Сергій Ivanovitch raised his head, and gazed with astonishment at his brother.

"What did you say? Like the muzhiks, all day long?"

"Certainly: it is very enjoyable."

"It is excellent as physical exercise, but can you stand such work?" asked Сергій, without meaning to say anything ironical.

"I have tried it. At first it is hard work, but afterwards you get used to it. I think I shall not leave off" —

"Вот kak! but tell me, how do the muzhiks look at it? Naturally they make sport because the barin is queer, don’t they?"

"No, I don’t think so; but this is such pleasant and at the same time hard work, that they don’t think about it."

"But how do you do about your dinner? They could hardly bring you there a bottle of Lafitte and a roast turkey."

"No: I come home while the workmen have their noon-ing."

The next morning Konstantin Levin got up earlier than usual; but his duties about the house detained him, and when
he came to the mowing-field he found the men already at work.

The field, still in the shade, extended to the foot of a high hill, and a part was already mowed; and Levin, as he drew near, could see the long wind-rows, and the little black heaps of kaftans thrown down by the men when they went by the first time. He saw also the band of muzhiks, some in their kaftans, some in their shirt-sleeves, moving in a long line, and swinging their scythes in unison. He counted forty-two men of them. They were advancing slowly over the uneven bottom-land of the field, where there was an old ditch. Many of them Levin knew. The old round-shouldered Yermil was there in a very clean white shirt, wielding the scythe; there was the young small Vaska, who used to be Levin's driver; there was Sef, a little thin old muzhitchok, who had taught him how to mow. He was cutting a wide swath without stooping, and easily handling his scythe.

Levin dismounted from his horse, tied her near the road, and went across to Sef, who immediately got a second scythe from a clump of bushes.

"All ready, barin; 'tis like a razor, — cuts of itself," said Sef with a smile, taking off his shapka, and handing him the scythe.

Levin took it, and began to try it. The haymakers, having finished their line, were returning one after the other on their track, covered with sweat, but gay and lively. They all stopped, and saluted the barin. No one ventured to speak; but at last a wrinkled old man, without a beard, and dressed in a sheepskin jacket, thus addressed him:

"Look here, barin, if you put your hand to the work, you must not quit it," said he; and Levin heard the sound of stifled laughter among the workmen.

"I will try not to be left behind," he said as he took his place behind Sef, and waited for the signal to begin.

"'Tention!" cried the starik.

Sef made the way, and Levin followed in his steps. The grass was short and tough; and Levin, who had not mowed in a long time, and was constrained by the watchful eyes of the men, at first made very bad work of it, though he swung the scythe energetically. Voices were heard behind him:

"He does not hold his scythe right: the sned is too high. See how he stoops," said one.

"Bears his hand on too much," said another.
"It won't do at all: it's not well," said the starik. "Look, he goes like this; swings too wide. He'll get played out. The master is trying it for himself as hard as he can, but look at his row! For such work my brother was beaten once."

The grass became less tough; and Levin, listening to the remarks without replying, and doing his best to learn, followed in Sef's footsteps. Thus they went a hundred steps. Sef kept on without any intermission, and without showing the least fatigue; but Levin began to fear that he could not keep it up, he was so tired.

He was just thinking that he should have to ask Sef to rest, when the muzhik of his own accord halted, bent over, and, taking a handful of grass, began to wipe his scythe, and to turn around. Levin straightened himself up, and with a sigh of relief looked about him. Just behind was a peasant, and he was evidently tired and had also stopped. Sef whetted his own scythe and Levin's, and started again.

At the second attempt it was just the same. Sef advanced a step at every swing of the scythe. Levin followed him, striving not to fall behind; but each moment it came harder and harder. But, as before, just as he believed himself at the end of his forces, Sef stopped and rested.

Thus they went over the first swath. And this long stretch was very hard for Levin; but afterwards, when the work began again, Levin had no other thought, no other desire, than to reach the other end as soon as the others. He heard nothing but the swish of the scythes behind him, saw nothing but Sef's straight back plodding on in front of him, and the semicircle described in the grass, which fell over slowly, carrying with it the delicate heads of flowers.

Suddenly he felt a pleasant sensation of coolness on his shoulders. He looked up at the sky while Sef was plying the whetstone, and he saw a heavy black cloud. A shower had come, and a heavy rain was falling. Some of the muzhiks were putting on their kaftans: others, like Levin himself, were glad to feel the rain upon their shoulders.

The work went on and on. Levin absolutely lost all idea of time, and did not know whether it was early or late. Though the sweat stood on his face, and dropped from his nose, and all his back was wet as though he had been plunged in water, still he felt very good. His work now seemed to him full of pleasure. It was a state of unconsciousness: he did not know
what he was doing, or how much he was doing, or how the hours and moments were flying, but only felt that at this time his work was good, and equal to that done by Sef.

After they had gone over the field one more time, he started to turn back again; but Sef halted, and, going to the starik, whispered something to him. Then the two studied the sun. "What are they talking about? and why don't they keep on?" thought Levin, without considering that the muzhiks had been mowing for more than four hours, and it was time for them to eat their lunch.

"Breakfast, barin," said the starik. 
"So late already? Nu! breakfast, then."

Levin gave his scythe to Sef, and together with the muzhiks, who were going to their kaftans for their bread, he crossed the wide stretch of field, where the mown grass lay lightly moistened by the shower, and went to his horse. Then only he perceived that he had made a false prediction about the weather, and that the rain would wet his hay.

"The hay will be spoiled," he said.
"No harm done, barin: mow in the rain, rake in the sun," said the starik.

Levin unhitched his horse and went home to take coffee with his brother. Sergéi Ivanovitch had just got up; before he was dressed and down in the dining-room, Konstantin was back to the field again.

V.

After breakfast, Levin, in returning to his work, took his place between the quizzical starik, who asked him to be his neighbor, and a young muzhik who had only lately been married, and was now mowing for the first time. The starik mowed straight on, with long, regular strides; and the swinging of the scythe seemed no more like labor than the swinging of arms when walking. His well-whetted scythe cut, as it were, of its own energy through the succulent grass.

Behind Levin came the young Mishka. His pleasant, youthful face under a wreath of green leaves, which bound his curls, worked with the energy that employed the rest of his body. But when any one looked at him, he would smile. He would rather die than confess that he found the labor hard.

The labor seemed lighter to Levin during the heat of the
day. The sweat in which he was bathed refreshed him; and the sun, burning his back, his head, and his arms bared to the elbow, gave him force and energy. The moments of oblivion, of unconsciousness of what he was doing, came back to him more and more frequently: the scythe seemed to go of itself. These were happy moments. Then, still more gladsome were the moments when, coming to the riverside, the starik, wiping his scythe with the moist, thick grass, rinsed the steel in the river, then, dipping up a ladleful of the water, gave it to Levin.

"Nu-ka, my kvas! Ah, good!" he exclaimed, winking.

And, indeed, it seemed to Levin that he had never tasted any liquor more refreshing than this pure, lukewarm water, in which grass floated, and tasting of the rusty tin cup. Then came the glorious slow promenade, when, with scythe on the arm, there was time to wipe the heated brow, fill the lungs full, and glance round at the long line of hay-makers, and the busy life in field and forest.

The longer Levin mowed, the more frequently he felt the moments of oblivion, when his hands did not wield the scythe, but the scythe seemed to have a self-conscious body, full of life, and carrying on, as it were by enchantment, a regular and systematic work. These were indeed joyful moments. It was hard only when he was obliged to interrupt this unconscious activity to remove a clod or a clump of wild sorrel. The starik found it mere sport. When he came to a clod, he pushed it aside with repeated taps of his scythe, or with his hand tossed it out of the way. And while doing this he noticed every thing and examined every thing that was to be seen. Now he picked a strawberry, and ate it himself or gave it to Levin; now he discovered a nest of quail from which the cock was scurrying away, or caught a snake on the end of his scythe, and, having shown it to Levin, flung it out of the way.

But for Levin and the young fellow behind him these repeated observations were difficult. When once they got into the swing of work, they could not easily change their movements, and turn their attention to what was before them.

Levin did not realize how the time was flying. If he had been asked how long he had been mowing, he would have answered, "A quarter of an hour;" and here it was almost dinner-time. The starik drew his attention to the girls and boys, half concealed by the tall grass, who were coming from
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all sides, bringing to the hay-makers their bread and jugs of kvas, which seemed too heavy for their little arms.

"See! here come the midgets" [kozyavki, lady bugs], said he, pointing to them; and, shading his eyes, he looked at the sun.

Twice more they went across the field, and then the starik stopped.

"Nu, barin! dinner," said he in a decided tone.

Then the mowers, walking along the river-side, went back to their kaftans, where the children were waiting with the dinners. Some clustered around the telyégas; others sat in the shade of a laburnum, where the mown grass was heaped up.

Levin sat down near them: he had no wish to leave them. All constraint in the presence of the barin had disappeared. The muzhiks prepared to take their dinner. They washed themselves, took their bread, emptied their jugs of kvas, and some found places to nap in, while the children went in swimming.

The starik crumbed his bread into his porringer, mashed it with his spoon, poured water on from his tin basin, and, cutting off still more bread, he salted the whole plentifully; and, turning to the east, he said his prayer. Then he invited Levin:

"Nu-ka, barin, my tiurki!" said he, kneeling down before his porringer.

Levin found the tiurka so palatable that he decided not to go home to dinner. He dined with the starik, and their conversation turned on his domestic affairs, in which the barin took a lively interest, and in his turn told the old man about such of his plans and projects as would interest him. He felt as though the starik were more nearly related to him than his brother, and he could not help smiling at the feeling of sympathy which this simple-hearted man inspired.

When dinner was over, the starik offered another prayer, and arranged a pillow of fresh-mown grass, and composed himself for a nap. Levin did the same; and, in spite of the flies and insects tickling his heated face, he immediately went off to sleep, and did not wake until the sun came out on the other side of the laburnum bush, and shone brightly above his head. The starik was awake, but was sitting down cutting the children's hair.

1 Tiura, diminutive tiurka, a bread-crumb soaked in kvas, or beer. The starik used water instead of kvas.
Levin looked around him, and did not know where he was. Every thing seemed changed. The mown field stretched away into immensity with its wind-rows of sweet-smelling hay, lighted and glorified in a new fashion by the oblique rays of the sun. The bushes had been cut down by the river: and the river itself, before invisible, but now shining like steel with its windings; and the busy peasantry; and the high wall of grass, where the field was not yet mowed; and the young vultures flying high above the field,—all this was absolutely new to him.

Levin calculated what his workmen had done, and what still remained to do. The work accomplished by the forty-two men was considerable. The whole field, which in the time of serfdom used to take thirty-two men two days, was now almost mowed: only a few corners with short rows were left. But he wanted to do still more: in his opinion, the sun was sinking too early. He felt no fatigue: he only wanted to do more rapid, and if possible better, work.

"Do you think we shall get Mashkin Hill mowed to-day?" he demanded of the starik.

"If God allows: the sun is still high. Will there be little sips of vodka for the boys?"

At supper-time, when the men rested again, and some of them were lighting their pipes, the starik announced to the boys, "Mow Mashkin Hill,—extra vodka!"

"Eka! Come on, Sef! Let's tackle it lively. We'll eat after dark. Come on!" cried several voices; and, even while still munching their bread, they got to work again.

"Nu! Oh, keep up good hearts, boys!" said Sef, setting off almost on the run.

"Come, come!" cried the starik, hastening after them.

"I am first. Look out!"

Old and young took hold in rivalry; and yet with all their haste, they did not spoil their work, but the wind-rows lay in neat and regular lines.

The triangle was finished in five minutes. The last mowers had just finished their line, when the first, throwing their kaf-tans over their shoulders, started down the road to the hill.

The sun was just going behind the forest, when, with rattling cans, they came to the little wooded ravine of Mashkin Verkh. The grass here was as high as a man's waist, tender, succulent, thick, and variegated with the flower called Ivan-da-Marya.
After a short parley, to decide whether to take it across, or lengthwise, an experienced mower, Prokhor Yermilin, a huge, black-bearded muzhik, went over it first. He took it lengthwise, and came back in his track; and then all followed him, going along the hill above the hollow, and skirting the wood. The sun was setting. The dew was already falling. Only the mowers on the ridge could see the sun; but down in the hollow, where the mist was beginning to rise, and behind the slope, they went in fresh, dewy shade. The work went on. The grass fell in high heaps: the mowers came close together as the rows converged, rattling their drinking-cups, sometimes hitting their scythes together, working with joyful shouts, rallying each other.

Levin still kept his place between his two companions. The starik, with sheepskin vest loosened, was gay, jocose, free in his movements.

In the woods, mushrooms were found lurking under the leaves. Instead of cutting them off with his scythe, as the others did, he bent down whenever he saw one, and, picking it, put it in his breast. "Still another little present for my old woman."

The tender and soft grass was easy to mow, but it was hard to climb and descend the steep sides of the ravine. But the starik did not let this appear. Always lightly swinging his scythe, he climbed with short, firm steps, though he trembled all over with the exercise. He let nothing escape him, not an herb or a mushroom; and he never ceased to joke with Levin and the muzhiks. Levin behind him felt that he would drop at every instant, and told himself that he should never climb, scythe in hand, this steep hillside, where even unencumbered it would be hard to go. But he persevered all the same, and succeeded. He felt as though some interior force sustained him.

VI.

They had finished mowing the Mashkin Verkh: the last rows were done, and the men had taken their kaftans, and were gayly going home. Levin mounted his horse, and regretfully took leave of his companions. On the hill-top he turned round to take a last look; but the evening's mist, rising from the bottoms, hid them from sight; but he could
hear their hearty, happy voices, as they laughed and talked, and the sound of their clinking scythes.

Sergei Ivanovitch had long done his dinner, and, sitting in his room, was taking iced lemonade, and reading the papers and reviews, which had just come from the post, when Levin, with matted and disordered hair, and full of lively talk, joined him.

"Well! we mowed the whole field. Ach! How good, how delightful! And how has the day passed with you?" he asked, completely forgetting the unpleasant conversation of the evening before.

"Batiushki!" exclaimed Sergei Ivanovitch, looking at first not over-pleasantly at his brother. "How you look! Da! Shut the door, shut the door!" he cried. "You've let in more than a dozen!"

Sergei Ivanovitch could not endure flies; and he never opened his bedroom windows before evening, and he made it a point to keep his doors always shut.

"Indeed, not a one! If you knew what a day I've had! And how has it gone with you?"

"First rate. But you don't mean to say that you have been mowing all day? You must be hungry as a wolf. Kuzma has your dinner all ready for you."

"No: I am not hungry. I ate yonder. But I'm going to have a bath."

"Nu! go ahead, and I'll join you," said Sergei Ivanovitch, lifting his head, and gazing at his brother. "Hurry up," he said, arranging his papers, and getting ready to follow: he also felt enlivened, and unwilling to be away from his brother. "Nu! but where were you during the shower?"

"What shower? Only a drop or two fell. I'll be right back. And did the day go pleasantly with you? Nu! that's capital!" And Levin went to dress.

About five minutes afterwards the brothers met in the dining-room. Levin imagined that he was not hungry, and he sat down only so as not to hurt Kuzma's feelings; but when he once got to eating, he found it excellent. His brother looked at him with a smile.

"Ach, da! there's a letter for you," he said. "Kuzma, go and get it. Da! see that you shut the door."

The letter was from Oblonsky. Levin read it aloud. It was dated from Petersburg:

"I have just heard from Dolly; she is at Yergushovo;
every thing is going wrong with her. Please go and see her, and give her your advice,—you who know every thing. She will be so glad to see you! She is all alone, wretched. Mother-in-law is abroad with the family."

"Certainly I will go to see her," said Levin. "Let us go together. She is a glorious woman: don't you think so?"

"And they live near you?"

"About thirty versts, possibly forty. But there's a good road. We can make good time."

"Like to very much," said Sergéi Ivanovitch enthusiastically. The sight of his brother irresistibly filled him with happiness. "Nu! what an appetite you have!" he added, as he saw his tanned, sunburned, glowing face and neck, as he bent over his plate.

"Excellent! You can't imagine how this sort of thing drives all foolish thoughts out of one's head. I am going to enrich medicine with a new term, arbeitskur" [labor-cure].

"Nu! you don't seem to need it much, it seems to me."

"Yes: it is a sovereign specific against nervous troubles."

"It must be looked into. I was coming to see you mow, but the heat was so insupportable that I did not go farther than the wood. I rested a while, and then I went to the village. I met your nurse there, and asked her what the mu-zhiks thought about you. As I understand it, they don't approve of you. She said, 'It ain't the gentry's work.' I think that, as a general thing, the peasantry form very definite ideas about what is becoming for the gentry to do, and they don't like to have them go outside of certain fixed limits."

"Maybe; but I never enjoyed any thing more in all my life," he said; "and I did not do anybody any harm, did i? And suppose it doesn't please them, what is to be done? Whose business is it?"

"Well, I see you are well satisfied with your day," replied Sergéi Ivanovitch.

"Very well satisfied. We finished the whole field; and I got so well acquainted with the starik! you can't imagine how he pleased me."

"Nu! you are satisfied with your day! So am I with mine. In the first place, I solved two chess problems, and one was a beauty. I'll show it to you. And then—I thought of our last evening's discussion."
“What? Our last evening’s discussion?” said Levin, half closing his eyes, with a sensation of comfort and ease after his dinner, and entirely unable to recollect the subject of their discussion.

“I come to the conclusion that you are partly in the right. The discrepancy in our views lies in the fact that you assume personal interest as the moving power of our actions, while I claim that every man who has reached a certain stage of intellectual development must have for his motive the public interest. But you are probably right in saying that personal action, material activity, is concerned in these matters. Your nature is, as the French say, primesautière [off-hand]. You want strong, energetic activity, or nothing.”

Levin listened to his brother; but he did not understand him at all, and did not try to understand. He feared, however, that his brother would ask him some question by which it would become evident that he was not listening.

“How is this, druzhok?” [little friend], asked Sergéi Ivanovitch, taking him by the shoulder.

“Da! of course. But, then, I don’t set much store on my own opinions,” replied Levin, smiling like a child, conscious of naughtiness. His thought was, “What was our discussion about? Of course; and I am right, and he is right, and all is charming. But I must go to the office, and give my orders.” He arose and stretched himself.

“If you want to go out, let’s go together,” he said: “if you must go to the office, I’ll go with you.”

“Ach, bditiushki!” exclaimed Levin so bruskly, that his brother was startled.

“What’s the matter?”

“Agafya Mikhailovna’s hand,” said Levin, striking his forehead. “I had forgotten all about her.”

“She is much better.”

“Nu! still, I must go to her. I’ll be back before you get on your hat.”

And he started to run down-stairs, his heels clattering on the steps.

VII.

While Stepan Arkadyevitch was off to Petersburg, to fulfil the duty so natural and unquestionable to functionaries, however other people may look upon it, of reporting to the min-
istry, and at the same time, being well supplied with money, was ready to enjoy himself at the races, and his friends’ datchas, Dolly, with the children, was on her way to the country, in order to reduce the expenses as much as possible. She was going to their country-place at Yergushovo, an estate which had been a part of her dowry. It was where the wood had been sold in the spring, and was situated about fifty versts from Levin’s Pokrovsky. The old seignorial mansion of Yergushovo had long been in ruins, and the prince had contented himself with enlarging and repairing one of the L’s. Twenty years before, when Dolly was a little girl, this L was spacious and comfortable, though, in the manner of all L’s, it was built across the avenue, and towards the south. But now it was old, and out of repair. When Stepan Arkadyevitch went in the spring to sell the wood, his wife begged him to give a glance at the house, and have it made habitable. Stepan Arkadyevitch, like the guilty husband that he was, feeling desirous of making his wife’s material existence as comfortable as possible, made haste to have the furniture covered with cretonne, to hang curtains, to clear up the garden, to plant flowers, and to build a bridge across the pond; but he had overlooked many more essential matters, and Darya Aleksandrovna was not slow to complain about it.

Although Stepan was a solicitous husband and a father, he was constantly forgetting that he had a wife and children, and his tastes remained those of a bachelor. When he got back to Moscow he took great pride in assuring his wife that every thing was in prime order, that he had arranged the house to perfection, and he advised her strongly to go there immediately. This emigration suited him in many ways: the children would enjoy the country, expenses would be lessened, and last, and most essential, he would be freer.

Darya Aleksandrovna, on her part, felt that it would be a good thing to take the children away after the scarlatina, for the youngest little girl gained very slowly. Moreover, she would be freed from the importunities of the butcher, the fish-dealer, and the baker, which troubled her. And finally the happy thought occurred, to invite her sister Kitty, who was coming home from abroad about the middle of the summer, and had been advised to take some cold baths. Kitty wrote her that nothing would delight her so much as to spend the rest of the summer with her at Yergushovo, that place
that was so full of happy childhood memories for both of them.

The first part of the time the country life was very tiresome to Dolly. She had lived there when she was a child. Viewed in the light of early recollections, she had expected it to be a refuge from all the trials of city life, and if it was not very gay or elegant,—and she hardly expected to find it so,—at least, it would be comfortable and inexpensive, and the children would be happy. But now, when she came there as mistress of the house, she found things contrary to her expectations.

On the morning after their arrival, it began to rain in torrents. The roof was leaking; and the water dripped in the corridor and the nursery, and the little beds had to be brought down into the parlor. It was impossible to find a cook. Among the nine cows in the barn, according to the dairy-woman’s report, some were going to calve, and the rest were either too young or too old, and consequently they could not have butter, or even milk for the children. Not an egg was to be had. It was impossible to find a hen. They had for roasting or broiling, only tough old purple roosters. No babui were to be found to do the washing—all were at work in the fields. They could not drive, because one of the horses was balky, and wouldn’t be harnessed. They had to give up bathing, because the bank of the river had been trodden into a quagmire by the cattle, and, moreover, it was too conspicuous. Walking near the house was not pleasant, because the tumble-down fences let the cattle into the garden, and there was in the herd a terrible bull which bellowed, and was reported to be ugly. In the house, there was not a clothes-press. The closet-doors either would not shut, or flew open when any one passed. In the kitchen, there were no pots or kettles. In the laundry, there were no tubs, or even any scrubbing-boards for the girls.

At first, therefore, Darya Aleksandrovna, not finding the rest and peace which she expected, fell into despair. Realizing her helplessness in such a terrible situation, she could not keep back her tears. The overseer, formerly a sergeant [vakhmistr], who, on account of his fine presence, had been promoted by Stepan Arkadyevitch from his place as Swiss, made no account of Darya Aleksandrovna’s tribulations, but simply said in his respectful way, “Can’t find anybody, the peasantry are so beastly!” and would not stir.
The situation seemed hopeless; but in the Oblonsky household, as in all well-regulated homes, there was one humble, but still important and useful, member, Matriona Filimonovna. She calmed the baruina, telling her that all would come out right,—that was her favorite expression, and Matvé had borrowed it from her,—and she went to work without fuss and without bother.

She had made the acquaintance of the prikashchik's wife, and on the very day of their arrival went to take tea with her under the acacias, and discussed with her the ways and means of the household. A sort of club, composed of Matriona Filimonovna, together with the prikashchik's wife, the starosta [bailiff], and the book-keeper, was formed under the trees; and through their deliberations, the difficulties, one by one, disappeared, and every thing, as Matriona said, "came out all right." The roof was patched up; a cook was found in a friend of the starosta's wife; chickens were bought; the cows began to give milk; the garden-fence was repaired; the carpenter drove in hooks, and put latches on the closets, so that they would not keep flying open; the laundry was set to rights; and the ironing-board, covered with soldiers' cloth, was extended from the dresser across the back of a chair, and the smell of the ironing came up from below.

"Nu, vôt!" said Matriona Filimonovna, pointing to the ironing-board. "There is no need of worrying."

They even went so far as to build a board bath-house on the river-bank, so that Lili could bathe. Darya Aleksandrovna's hope of a comfortable, if not a peaceful, country life became almost realized. Peaceful life was impossible to her with six children. If one had an ill turn, another was sure to follow suit, and something would happen to a third, and the fourth would show signs of a bad character, and so it always was. Rarely, rarely came even short periods of rest. But these very anxieties and troubles were the only chances of happiness that Darya Aleksandrovna had. If she had been shut off from this resource, she would have been a prey to her thoughts about a husband who no longer loved her. Besides, these same children, who worried her with their little illnesses and faults, drove away her sorrows by their pleasures and enjoyments. Her joys were so small, that they were almost invisible, like gold in sand; and in trying hours she saw only the sorrows, the sand: but there were also happy moments, when she saw only the joys, the
gold. In the quiet of the country, her joys became more and more frequent. Often, as she looked upon her little flock, she accused herself of a mother's partiality, but she could not help admiring them; she could not keep from saying to herself, that it was rare to meet such beautiful children, all six charming in their own ways; and she rejoiced in them, and was proud of them.

VIII.

Towards the end of May, when every thing was beginning to improve, she received her husband's reply to her complaints about her domestic tribulations. He wrote, asking pardon because he had not remembered every thing, and promised to come just as soon as he could. This had not yet come to pass; and at the end of June, Darya Aleksandrovnova was still living alone in the country.

On Sunday, during the fast of St. Peter, Darya Aleksandrovnova took all her children to the holy communion. In her intimate philosophical discussions with her sister, her mother, or her friends, she sometimes surprised them by the breadth of her views on religious subjects. She had gone through strange religious metempsychoses, and had come out into a faith which had very little in common with ecclesiastical dogmas; yet Dolly herself conformed strictly to all the obligations of the church, and obliged her family to do the same. She not only wished to let her example tell, but she felt it as a need of her soul. And now she was blaming herself because her children had not been to communion since the beginning of the year, and she resolved to accomplish this duty.

For several days she had been deciding what the children should wear: and now their dresses were arranged, all clean and in order; flutings and flounces were added, new buttons were put on, and ribbons were gathered in knots. Only Tania's dress, which had been intrusted to the English governess, was a source of anger to Dolly: the English governess, sewing it over again, put the seams across the shoulders in the wrong place, made the sleeves too short, and spoiled the whole garment. Tania was a sight to see, so badly did the dress fit her. Fortunately, it occurred to Matriona Filimonovna to set gores into the waist, and to put on a collar. The harm
was repaired, but they narrowly escaped a quarrel with the English governess.

All was now in readiness; and about ten o'clock in the morning,—for that was the hour that the priest had set for the communion,—the children, radiant with joy, were gathered on the steps before the two-seated drozhky waiting for their mother. Thanks to Matridora Filimonovna's watchful care, in place of the restive horse, the prikashchik's stallion had been harnessed to the drozhky. Darya Aleksandrovna appeared in a white muslin, and got into the carriage.

She had taken considerable pains with her toilet, and had dressed with care and emotion. In former times she had liked to dress well for the sake of being handsome and attractive; but as she got along in life, she lost her taste for affairs of the toilet, because it made her realize how her beauty had faded. But to-day she once more took special pains to improve her personal appearance. But she did not dress for her own sake, or to enhance her beauty, but so that, as mother of these lovely children, she might not spoil the impression of the whole scene. And as she cast a final glance at the mirror, she was satisfied with herself. She was beautiful,—not beautiful in the same way as once she liked to be at the ball, but by reason of the purpose which inspired her.

There was no one at church except the muzhiks and the household servants; but she noticed, or thought she noticed, the attention that she and her children attracted as they went along. The children were handsome in their nicely trimmed dresses, and still more charming in their behavior. Little Aloska, to be sure, was not absolutely satisfactory: he kept turning round, and trying to look at the tails of his little coat, but nevertheless he was wonderfully pretty. Tania behaved like a little lady, and looked after the younger ones. But Lili, the smallest, was fascinating in her naïve delight at every thing that she saw; and it was hard not to smile when, after she had received the communion, she cried out, "Please, some more!"

After they got home, the children felt the consciousness that something solemn had taken place, and were very quiet and subdued. All went well in the house, till at lunch Grisha began to whistle, and, what was worse than all, refused to obey the English governess; and he was sent away without any tart. Darya Aleksandrovna would not have al-
lowed any punishment on such a day if she had been there; but she was obliged to uphold the governess, and confirm her in depriving Grisha of the tart. This was a cloud on the general happiness.

Grisha began to cry, saying that Nikolinka also had whistled, but they did not punish him; and that he was not crying about the tart, — that was no account, — but because they had not been fair to him. This was very disagreeable; and Darya Aleksandrovna, after a consultation with the English governess, decided to reason with Grisha, and went to get him. But then, as she went through the hall, she saw a scene that brought such joy to her heart, that the tears came to her eyes, and she herself forgave the culprit.

The little fellow was sitting in the drawing-room by the bay-window: near him stood Tania with a plate. Under the pretext of wanting some dessert for her dolls, she had asked the English governess to let her take her portion of the pie to the nursery; but instead of this, she had taken it to her brother. Grisha, still sobbing over the unfairness of his punishment, was eating the pie, and saying to his sister in the midst of his tears, “Take some too: we will eat to — together.”

Tania, full of sympathy for her brother, and with the sympathy of having done a generous action, was eating her part with tears in her eyes. When they saw their mother, they were scared, but they felt assured by the expression of her face, that they were doing right: they ran to her with their mouths still full of pie, began to kiss her hands with their laughing lips, and their shining faces were stained with tears and jam.

“Mátiushki! my new white dress! Tania! Grisha!” exclaimed the mother, endeavoring to save her dress, but at the same time smiling at them with a happy, beatific smile.

Afterwards the new dresses were taken off, and the girls put on their frocks, and the boys their old jackets; and the linéika [two-seated drozhky] was brought out again, to the wrath of the prikashchik, whose stallion was put at the pole; and they started with joyful cries and shouts out after mushrooms, and to have a bath.

They soon filled a basket with mushrooms: even Lili found one. Always before Miss Hull had been obliged to find them for her; but now she herself found a huge birch shliupik, and
there was a universal cry of enthusiasm, "Lili has found a shliupik!"

Afterwards they came to the river, fastened the horses to the birch-trees, and had their bath. The coachman, Terenti, leaving the animals to switch away the flies with their tails, stretched himself out on the grass in the shade of the birches, and lighted his pipe, and listened to the shouts and laughter of the children in the bath-house.

Although it was rather embarrassing to look after all these children, and to keep them from mischief; though it was hard to remember, and not mix up all these stockings, shoes, and trousers for so many different legs, and to untie, unbutton, and then fasten again, so many strings and buttons,—still Darya Aleksandrovna always took a lively interest in the bathing, looking upon it as advantageous for the children, and never feeling happier than when engaged in this occupation. To fit the stockings on these plump little legs; to take them by the hand, and dip their naked little bodies into the water; to hear their cries, now joyful, now terrified; to see these eyes shining with joy and excitement, these splashing cherubimtchiks,—was to her a perfect delight.

When the children were about half dressed, the peasant-women, in Sunday attire, came along, and stopped timidly at the bath-house. Matriona Filimonovna hailed one of them, in order to give her some of the shirts to dry that had fallen into the river; and Darya Aleksandrovna talked with the babui. At first they laughed behind their hoods, and did not understand her questions; but little by little their courage returned, and they quite won Darya Aleksandrovna's heart by their sincere admiration of the children.

"Ish tui! ain't she lovely, now? White as sugar!" said one, pointing to Tania, and nodding her head. "But thin"—
"Yes: been sick."
"Look you," said still another, pointing to the youngest.
"You don't take him in?"
"No," said Darya Aleksandrovna proudly. "He is only three months old."
"You don't say!" ["Ish tui!"]
"And have you children?"
"Had four; two alive, boy and girl. I weaned the last before Lent.
"How old is he?"
"Da! Second year."
“And do you nurse him so long?”

“It’s our way: three springs.”

And then the baba asked Darya Aleksandrovna about her children and their illness; where was her husband? would she see him often?

Darya Aleksandrovna found the conversation with the babui so interesting, that she did not want to say good-by to them. And it was pleasant to her, to see how evidently all these women looked with admiration, because she had so many and such lovely children. The babui made Darya Aleksandrovna laugh, and piqued Miss Hull because she was evidently the cause of their unaccountable laughter. One of the young women gazed with all her eyes at Miss Hull, who was dressing last; and, when she put on the third petticoat, she could not restrain herself any longer, but burst out laughing. “Ish tui! she put on one, and then she put on another, and she hasn’t got them all on yet!” and they all broke into loud ha-has.

IX.

Darya Aleksandrovna, with a platók on her head, and surrounded by all her little flock of bathers, was just drawing near the house when the coachman called out, “Here comes some barin,—Pokrovsky, it looks like!”

To her great joy, Darya Aleksandrovna saw that it was indeed Levin’s well-known form in gray hat and gray overcoat. She was always glad to see him; but now she was particularly delighted, because she saw her in all her glory, and no one could appreciate her triumph better than Levin.

When he caught sight of her, it seemed to him that he saw the personification of the family happiness of his dreams.

“You are like a brooding-hen, Darya Aleksandrovna.”

“Ach! how glad I am!” said she, extending her hand.

“Glad! But you did not let me know. My brother is staying with me; and I had a little note from Stiva, telling me you were here.”

“From Stiva?” repeated Dolly, astonished.

“Yes. He wrote me that you were in the country, and thought that you would allow me to be of some use to you,” said Levin; and suddenly, even while speaking, he became confused, and walked in silence by the linéika, pulling off, and biting, linden-twigs as he went. It had occurred to him
that Darya Aleksandrovna would doubtless find it painful to have a neighbor offer her the assistance which her husband should have given. In fact, Darya Aleksandrovna was displeased at the way in which Stepan Arkadyevitch had thrust his domestic difficulties upon a stranger. She perceived that Levin felt this, and she felt grateful to him for his tact and delicacy.

"Of course, I understood that it was a pleasant way of telling me that you would be glad to see me; and I was glad. Of course, I imagine that you, a city dame, find it savage here; and, if I can be of the least use to you, I am wholly at your service."

"Oh, no!" said Dolly. "At first it was rather hard, but now every thing is running beautifully. I owe it all to my old nurse," she added, pointing to Matrona Filimonovna, who, perceiving that they were speaking of her, gave Levin a pleasant, friendly smile. She knew him, and knew that he would make a splendid husband for the baruishna, as she called Kitty, and thus felt an interest in him.

"Will you get in? We will squeeze up a little," said she.

"No, I will walk. — Children, which of you will run with me to get ahead of the horses?"

The children were very slightly acquainted with Levin, and did not remember where they had seen him; but they had none of that strange feeling of timidity and aversion which children are often blamed for showing in the presence of their elders. The most shrewd and experienced man may easily become the dupe of dissimulation; but even the most innocent child seems to know it by intuition or instinct, though it be most carefully hidden. Whatever faults Levin had, he could not be accused of lack of sincerity; and, moreover, the children felt well inclined to him on account of the expressions of good will that they had seen on their mother's face. The two eldest instantly accepted his invitation, and ran with him as they would have gone with their nurse, or Miss Hull, or their mother. Lili also wanted to go with him: so he set her on his shoulder, and began to run.

"Don't be frightened, don't be frightened, Darya Aleksandrovna," he said, laughing gayly. "I won't hurt her, or let her fall."

And when she saw his strong, agile, and at the same time prudent and careful, movements, Dolly felt re-assured, and followed his course with pleasure.
There in the country, with the children and with Darya Aleksandrovna, with whom he felt thoroughly in sympathy, Levin entered into that boylike, happy frame of mind which was not unusual with him, and which Darya Aleksandrovna especially admired in him. He played with the children, and taught them gymnastic exercises; he jested with Miss Hull in his broken English; and he told Darya Aleksandrovna of his undertakings in the country.

After dinner, Darya Aleksandrovna, sitting alone with him on the balcony, began to speak of Kitty.

"Did you know? Kitty is coming here to spend the summer with me!"

"Indeed!" replied Levin, confused; and instantly, in order to change the subject, he added,—

"Then I shall send you two cows, shall I? And if you insist on paying, and have no scruples, then you may give me five rubles a month."

"No, excuse me. We shall get along."

"Ну! Then I am going to look at your cows; and, with your permission, I will give directions about feeding them. All depends on that."

And Levin, in order not to hear any thing more about Kitty, of whom more than any thing else he was anxious to hear, explained to Darya Aleksandrovna the whole theory of the proper management of cows, so systematized that cows became mere machines for the conversion of so much fodder into milk, and so on. He was afraid that his peace of mind, so painfully won, might be destroyed.

"Yes: but, in order to do all this, there must be some one to superintend it; and who is there?" asked Darya Aleksandrovna, not quite convinced.

Now that her domestic régime was satisfactory, through Matriona Filimonovna, she had no desire to make any changes: moreover, she had no faith in Levin's knowledge about rustic management. His reasonings about a cow being merely a machine to produce milk were suspicious. It seemed to her that such theories would throw house-keeping into discord: it even seemed to her that they might be dangerous. And that it was sufficient to do as Matriona Filimonovna did,—to give the two cows more fodder, and to prevent the cook from carrying dish-water from the kitchen to the dairy,—this was clear. But the theories about meal and ensilage for fodder were not clear,
but dubious; and the principal point was, that she wanted to talk about Kitty.

X.

"Kitty writes me that she is longing for solitude and repose," began Dolly after a moment's silence.

"Is her health better?" asked Levin with feeling.

"Thank the Lord, she is entirely well! I never believed that she had any lung-trouble."

"Ach! I am very glad," said Levin; and Dolly thought that she could read on his face the touching expression of inconsolable grief as he said it, and then looked at her in silence.

"Tell me, Konstantin Levin," said Darya Aleksandrovna with a friendly, and at the same time a rather mischievous, smile, "why are you angry with Kitty?"

"I? I am not angry with her," said Levin.

"Yes, you are. Why didn't you come to see any of us the last time you were in Moscow?"

"Darya Aleksandrovna," he exclaimed, blushing to the roots of his hair, "I beg of you, with your kindness of heart, not to think of such a thing! How can you not have pity on me when you know"—

"What do I know?"

"You know that I offered myself, and was rejected." And as he said this, all the tender feelings that Kitty's name had caused vanished at the memory of this injury.

"How could you suppose that I knew?"

"Because everybody knows it."

"There is where you are mistaken. I suspected it, but I knew nothing positive."

"Ah, nu! and so you know now!"

"All that I know is that she was keenly tortured by a memory to which she permitted no reference made. If she has made no confidences to me, then she has not to any one else. Now, what have you against her? Tell me!"

"I just told you all that there was."

"When was it?"

"When I was at your house the last time."

"But do you know? I will tell you," said Darya Aleksandrovna—"I am sorry for Kitty, very sorry. You suffer only in your pride."—
"Perhaps so," said Levin, "but"
She interrupted him.
"But she, poor little one, I am very, very sorry for her. Now I understand all!"
"Nu, Darya Aleksandrovna, excuse me," said he, rising.
"Proshchaite [good-by], Darya Aleksandrovna, till we meet again."
"No! wait!" she cried, holding him by the sleeve:
"wait! sit down!"
"I beg of you, I beg of you, let us not speak of this any more," said Levin, sitting down again; while a ray of that hope which he believed forever vanished, flashed into his heart.
"If I did not like you," said Dolly, her eyes full of tears,
"if I did not know you as I do"—
The hope which he thought was dead, filled Levin's heart more and more.
"Yes, I understand all now," said Dolly: "you cannot understand this, you men, who are free in your choice; it is perfectly clear whom you love: while a young girl, with that feminine, maidenly modesty imposed on her, must see you men, but must wait till the word is spoken— and the young girl will be, must be, so timid that she will not know what to say."
"Yes, if her heart does not speak"—
"No; her heart speaks, but think for a moment: you men decide upon some girl, you visit her home, you watch, observe, and you make up your minds whether you are in love or not, and then, when you have come to the conclusion that you love her, you offer yourselves."
"Nu! we don't always do that.""
"All the same, you don't propose until your love is fully ripe, or when you have made up your mind between two possible choices. But the young girl cannot make a choice. They pretend that she can choose, but she cannot: she can only answer yes or no."
"Da! the choice was between me and Vronsky," thought Levin; and the resuscitated dead love in his soul seemed to die for a second, giving his heart an additional pang.
"Darya Aleksandrovna," said he, "thus one chooses a dress or any trifling merchandise, but not love. Besides, the choice has been made, and so much the better; and it cannot be done again."
"Ach! pride, pride!" said Dolly, as though she would express her scorn for the degradation of his sentiments compared with those which only women are able to comprehend.

"When you offered yourself to Kitty, she was in just that situation where she could not give an answer. She was in doubt: the choice was you or Vronsky. She saw him every day: you she had not seen for a long time. If she had been older, it would have been different: if I, for example, had been in her place, I should not have hesitated. He has always been distasteful to me, and so that is the end of it."

Levin remembered Kitty’s reply: "No, this cannot be."

"Darya Aleksandrovna," said he dryly, "I am touched by your confidence in me; but I think you are mistaken. Right or wrong, this vanity which you so despise makes it impossible for me ever to think about Katerina Aleksandrovna; you understand? utterly impossible."

"I will say only one thing more. You must know that I am speaking to you of my sister, whom I love as my own children. I don’t say that she loves you, but I only wish to say that her reply at that moment amounted to nothing at all."

"I don’t know," said Levin, leaping suddenly to his feet. "If you only realized the pain that you cause me! It is just the same as if you had lost a child, and they came to you and said, ‘He would have been like this, like this, and he might have lived, and you would have had so much joy in him — But he is dead, dead, dead’" —

"How absurd you are!" said Darya Aleksandrovna, with a melancholy smile at the sight of Levin’s emotion. "Da! I understand better and better," she continued pensively. "Then you won’t come to see us when Kitty is here?"

"No, I will not. Of course I will not avoid Katerina Aleksandrovna; but, when it is possible, I shall endeavor to spare her the affliction of my presence."

"You are very, very absurd," said Darya Aleksandrovna, looking at him affectionately. "Nu! let it be as though we had not said a word about it. — What do you want, Tania?" said she in French to her little girl, who came running in.

"Where is my little shovel, mamma?"

"I speak French to you, and you must answer in French."

The child tried to speak, but could not recall the French word for shovel. Her mother whispered it to her, and then
told her, still in French, where she should go to find it. This made Levin feel unpleasantly.

Every thing now seemed changed in Darya Aleksandrovna's household; even the children were not nearly so attractive as before.

"And why does she speak French to the children?" he thought. "How false and unnatural! Even the children feel it. Teach them French, and spoil their sincerity," he said to himself, not knowing that Darya Aleksandrovna had twenty times asked the same question, and yet, in spite of the harm that it did their simplicity, had come to the conclusion that this was the right way to teach them.

"But why are you in a hurry? Sit a little while longer."

Levin staid to tea; but all his gayety was gone, and he felt bored.

After tea he went out to give orders about harnessing the horses; and when he came in he found Darya Aleksandrovna in great disturbance, with flushed face, and tears in her eyes. During his short absence all the pleasure and pride that she took in her children had been ruthlessly destroyed. Grisha and Tania had quarrelled about a ball. Darya Aleksandrovna, hearing their cries, ran to them, and found them in a frightful state. Tania was pulling her brother's hair; and he, with angry face, was pounding his sister with all his might. When Darya Aleksandrovna saw it, something seemed to snap in her heart. A black cloud, as it were, came down on her life. She saw that these children of hers, of whom she was so proud, were not only ill trained, but were even bad, and inclined to the most evil and tempestuous passions.

This thought troubled her so that she could not speak or think, or even explain her sorrow to Levin. Levin saw that she was unhappy, and he did his best to comfort her, saying that this was not so very terrible, after all, and that all children get into fights; but in his heart he said, "No, I will not bother myself to speak French with my children. I shall not have such children. There is no need of spoiling them, and making them unnatural; and they will be charming. Da! my children shall not be like these."

He took his leave, and rode away; and she did not try to keep him longer.
XI.

Towards the middle of July, Levin received a visit from the starosta of his sister's estate, situated about twenty versts from Pokrovsky. He brought the report about the progress of affairs, and about the hay-making. The chief income from this estate came from the prairies inundated in the spring. In former years the muzhiks rented these hayfields at the rate of twenty rubles a desyatín. But when Levin undertook the management of this estate, and examined the hay-crops, he came to the conclusion that the rent was too low, and he raised it to the rate of twenty-five rubles a desyatín. The muzhiks refused to pay this, and, as Levin suspected, drove away other lessees. Then Levin himself went there, and arranged to have the prairies mowed partly by day laborers, partly on shares. His muzhiks were greatly discontented with this new plan, and did their best to block it; but it succeeded, and even the very first year the yield from the prairies was doubled. For the second and the third summers the peasantry still resisted, but the harvesting went on in good order, and the present year they proposed to mow the prairies on thirds; and now the starosta came to announce that the work was done, and that he, fearing lest it should rain, had asked the accountant to make the division, and turn over to the proprietor the eighteen hay-cocks which were his share. By the unsatisfactory answer to his question why the hay had been mowed only on the largest prairie, by the starosta's haste in declaring the division without orders, by the muzhik's whole manner, Levin was led to think that in this matter there was something crooked, and he concluded that it would be wise to go and look into it.

Levin reached the estate just at dinner-time; and, leaving his horse at the house of his brother's nurse, he went to find the old man at the apiary, hoping to obtain from him some light on the question of the hay-crop.

The loquacious, friendly old man, whose name was Parmenvitch, was delighted to see Levin, told him all about his husbandry, and gave him a long account of his bees, and how they swarmed this year; but when Levin asked him about the hay, he gave vague and unsatisfactory answers. And thus Levin's suspicions were more than ever strengthened. Thence he went to the prairie and examined the hay-
ricks, and found that they could not contain fifty loads each, as the muzhiks said. So he had one of the carts which they had used as a measure to be brought, and ordered all the hay from one of the ricks to be carried into the shed. The hay-rick was found to contain only thirty-two loads. Notwithstanding the starost’s protestations that the hay was measured right, and that it must have got pressed down in the cart; notwithstanding the fact that he called God to witness that it was all done in the most righteous manner,—Levin replied, that, as the division had been made without his orders, he would not accept the hay-ricks as equivalent to fifty loads each. After long parleys, it was decided that the muzhiks should take eleven of these hay-ricks for their share, but that the master’s should be measured over again. The colloquy did not come to an end until it was after the lunch-hour. When the division was going on, Levin, confiding the care of the work to the book-keeper, sat down on one of the hay-ricks which was marked by a laburnum stake, and enjoyed the spectacle of the prairie alive with the busy peasantry.

Before him lay the bend of the river, and on the banks he saw the peasant women, and heard their ringing voices as they gossiped, and moved in parti-colored groups, raking the scattered hay over the beautiful green-growing aftermath, into long wavering brown ramparts. Behind the babui came the muzhiks with pitchforks, who turned the windrows into huge high-crested hay-cocks. On one side in the corner of the prairie, all cleared of hay, came the creaking telyégas in a long line. One by one they were loaded with the share belonging to the muzhiks, and their places were taken by the horse-wagons heavy with the loads of fragrant hay.

"Splendid hay weather! Soon’ll be all in," said the starik, sitting down near Levin. "Tea-leaves, not hay. Scatter it just like seeds for the chickens." Then, pointing to a hay-rick which the men were demolishing, the starik went on: "Since dinner, pitched up a good half of it. — Is that the last?" he shouted to a young fellow who, standing on the thills of a telyéga, and shaking his hempen reins, was driving by.

"The last, batiushka," shouted back the young fellow, hauling in his horse. Then he looked down with a smile upon a happy-looking, rosy-faced baba who was sitting on the hay in the telyéga, and whipped up his steed again.
"Who is that? your son?" asked Levin.
"My youngest," said the starik with an expression of pride.
"What a fine fellow!"
"Not bad."
"Married yet?"
"Yes, three years come next Filipovok" [St. Philip's Day, Nov. 14].
"So? And are there children?"
"How? children? No, more's the pity. Nu! the hay, just tea-leaves," he added, wishing to change the subject.
Levin looked with interest at Vanka Parmenof and his young wife. Vanka was standing on the wagon, arranging, storing, and pressing down the fragrant hay which the handsome good-wife handed up to him. The young baba worked gayly, industriously, and skilfully. First she arranged it with her fork; then, with elastic and agile motions, she exerted all her strength upon it; and, bending over, she lifted up the great armful, and standing straight, with full bosom under the white chemise gathered with a red girdle, she handed it to her husband. Vanka, working as rapidly as he could, so as to relieve her of every moment of extra work, stretched out his arms wide, and caught up the load which she extended, and trampled it down into the wagon. Then, raking up what was left, the baba shook off the hay that had got into her neck, and, tying a red handkerchief around her broad white brow, she crept under the telyéga to fasten down the load. Vanka showed her how the ropes should be tied, and at some remark that she made burst into a roar of laughter. On the expressive faces of both could be seen the marks of strong young love newly awakened.

XII.

The load was complete; and Vanka, jumping down, took his gentle, fat horse by the bridle, and joined the file of telyégas going to the village. The baba threw her rake on the load, and with firm step joined the other women who in a group followed the carts. The babui, with rakes on their shoulders, and dressed in bright-colored petticoats, began to sing in loud, happy voices. One wild, untrained voice would intone the folk-song (pyésna), and then fifty other young, fresh,
and powerful voices would take it up, and repeat it to the end.

The babui, singing their pyésna, passed by Levin; and it seemed to him, as he sat comfortably on his hay-rick, that they were like a cloud, big with tumultuous joy, ready to overwhelm him and carry him off, together with his hay and the other hay-ricks and the wagons. As he heard the rhythm of this wild song, with its accompaniment of whistles and shrill cries, the prairie, the far-away fields,—all things seemed to him to be filled with a strange, weird life and animation. This gayety filled him with envy. He would have liked to take part; but he could not thus express his joy of living, and he was obliged to lie still and look and listen. When the throng had passed out of sight, he was seized with a sense of his loneliness, of his physical indolence, of the hostility which existed between him and this life that he saw.

All of these muzhiks, even those who had quarrelled with him about the hay, or those whom he had injured if their intention was not to cheat him, saluted him gayly as they passed, and showed no anger for what he had done, or any remorse or even remembrance that they had tried to defraud him. All was swallowed up and forgotten in this sea of joyous, universal labor. God gave the day, God gave the strength; and the day and the strength consecrated the labor, and gave their own reward. For whom the work? Who would enjoy the work? These questions were secondary and of no account.

Levin had often looked with interest at this life, had often been tempted to become one with the people, living their lives; but to-day the impression of what he had seen in the bearing of Vanka Parmenof towards his young wife gave him for the first time a clear and definite desire to exchange the burdensome, idle, artificial, selfish existence which he led, for the laborious, simple, pure, and delightful life of the peasantry.

The starik, who had been sitting with him, had already gone home; the people were scattered; the neighbors had gone home: but those who lived at a distance were preparing to spend the night on the prairie, and getting ready for supper.

Levin, without being seen, still lay on the hay, looking, listening, and thinking. The peasantry gathered on the prairie scarcely slept throughout the short summer night.
At first there were gay gossip and laughter while everybody was eating; then followed songs and jests.

All the long, laborious day had left no trace upon them, except of its happiness. Just before the dawn there was silence everywhere. Nothing could be heard but the nocturnal sounds of the frogs croaking in the marsh, and the horses whinnying as they waited for the coming morning. Coming to himself, Levin stood up on the hay-rick, and, looking at the stars, saw that the night had gone.

"Ne! what am I going to do? How am I going to do this?" he asked himself, trying to give a shape to the thoughts and feelings that had occupied him during this short night.

These thoughts and feelings had run in three separate directions. First, it seemed to him that he must renounce his former way of living, which was useful neither to himself nor to anybody else. In comparison to it, the new life seemed to him simple and attractive. The second thought especially referred to the new life which he longed to lead. To renounce his useless intellectual culture was easy, especially when the simplicity and purity of his future life was so likely, as he thought, to restore him to calmness and quietude of mind. The third line of thought brought him to the question how he should effect the transition from the old life to the new, and in this regard there was nothing clear that presented itself to his mind. "I must have a wife. I must engage in work, and not solitary work. Shall I sell Pokrovsky's land? join the commune? marry a peasant woman? How can I do all this?" he asked himself, and no answer came. "However," he went on in his self-communings, "I have not slept all night, and my ideas are not very clear. I shall reduce them to order by and by. One thing is certain: this night has settled my fate. All my former dreams of family existence were rubbish, but this—all this is vastly simpler and better.

"How lovely!" he thought as he gazed at the delicate rosy clouds, colored like mother-of-pearl, which floated in the sky above him. "How charming everything has been this lovely night! And when did that shell have time to form? I have been looking this long time at the sky, and only two white streaks were to be seen. Da! thus, without my knowing it, my views about life have been changed."

He left the prairie, and walked along the highway towards
the village. A cool breeze began to blow. At this moment, just before the dawn, every thing took on a gray and melancholy tint, as if to bring out into stronger relief the perfect triumph of light over the darkness.

Levin shivered with the chill. He walked fast, looking at the ground. "Who is that coming?" he asked himself, hearing the sound of bells. He raised his head. About forty steps from him he saw, coming towards him on the highway, a travelling-carriage, drawn by four horses. The horses, to avoid the ruts, pressed close against the pole; but the skilful yamschik [driver], seated on one side of the box, drove so well that the wheels kept only on the smooth surface of the road.

Levin was so interested in this that he looked only at the carriage, and forgot about the occupants.

In one corner of the carriage an elderly lady was asleep; and by the window sat a young girl, only just awake, holding with both hands the ribbons of her white bonnet. Serene and thoughtful, filled with a lofty, complex life which Levin could not understand, she was gazing beyond him at the glow of the morning sky.

At the very instant that this vision flashed by him he caught a glimpse of her frank eyes. He recognized her, and a gleam of joy, mingled with wonder, shone upon his face.¹

He could not be mistaken. Only she in all the world could have such eyes. In all the world there was but one being who could condense for him all the light and meaning of life. It was she: it was Kitty. He judged that she was on her way from the railway station to Yergushovo. And all the thoughts that had occupied Levin through his sleepless night, all the resolutions that he had made, vanished in a twinkling. Horror seized him as he remembered his resolution of marrying a krestianka. In that carriage which flashed by him on the other side of the road, and disappeared, was the only possible answer to his life's enigma which had tormented and puzzled him so long. She was now out of sight; the rumble of the wheels had ceased, and scarcely could he hear the bells. The barking of the dogs told him that the carriage was passing through the village. And now there remained only the lonely prairies, the distant village, and

¹ In the original it says that she recognized Levin, and the joy shone upon her face. But it is evident, from the conversation in chap. xi. book iii., that it could not have been so.
himself, an alien and a stranger to every thing, walking solitary on the deserted highway.

He looked at the sky, hoping to find there still the sea-shell cloud which he had admired, and which personified for him the movement of his thoughts and feelings during the night. But he could find nothing that resembled the pearl-like hues. There, at immeasurable heights, that mysterious change had already taken place. There was no sign of the sea-shell, but in its place there extended over the whole level extent of the heavens a tapestry of cirrhous clouds sweeping on and sweeping on. The sky was growing blue and luminous, and with tenderness and less of mystery it answered his questioning look.

"No," he said to himself, "however good this simple and laborious life may be, I cannot bring myself to it. I love her."

XIII.

No one except Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's most intimate friends suspected that this apparently cold and rational man had one weakness absolutely contradictory to the general consistency of his character. He could not look on with indifference when a child or a woman was weeping. The sight of tears caused him to lose his self-control, and destroyed for him his reasoning-faculties. His subordinates understood this, and warned women who came to present petitions not to allow their feelings to overcome them unless they wanted to injure their prospects. "He will fly into a passion, and will not listen to you," they said. And it was a fact that the trouble which the sight of weeping caused Alekséi Aleksandrovitch was expressed by hasty irritation. "I cannot, I cannot, do any thing for you. Please leave me," he would cry, as a general thing, in such cases.

When, on their way back from the races, Anna confessed her love for Vronsky, and, covering her face with her hands, burst into tears, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, in spite of his anger against his wife, was conscious at the same time of this feeling of deep, soul-felt emotion which the sight of weeping always caused him. Knowing this, and knowing that any expression of it would be incompatible with the situation, he endeavored to restrain every sign of life, and therefore he did not move and did not look at her: hence arose that
Strange appearance of deathlike rigidity in his face which so impressed Anna.

When they reached home, he helped her from the carriage; and, having made a great effort, he left her with ordinary politeness, saying those words which would not oblige him to follow any course. He simply said that to-morrow he would let her know his decision.

Anna's words, confirming his worst suspicions, caused a keen pain in his heart; and this pain was made still keener by the strange sensation of physical pity for her, caused by the sight of her tears. Yet, as he sat alone in his carriage, Aleksandrovitch felt, to his surprise and pleasure, as if an immense weight had been taken from his mind. It seemed to him that he was now freed from his doubts, his jealousy, and his pity.

He appreciated the feelings of a man who has been suffering long from the toothache, and at last has the tooth drawn. The pain is terrible, frightful, that sensation of an enormous body, greater than the head itself, which the forceps tears away; and the patient can hardly believe in his good fortune when the pain that has poisoned his life so long has suddenly ceased, and he can live, think, and interest himself in something besides his aching tooth. Such was Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's feeling. The pain had been strange and terrible, but now it was over. He felt that he could live again and think of something besides his wife.

"Without honor, without heart, without religion, a lost woman! This I always knew, although out of pity for her, I tried to blind myself," he said to himself. And he was perfectly sincere in his conviction that he had always been so perspicacious. He recalled many details of their past lives; and things which once seemed innocent in his eyes, now clearly came up as proofs that she had always been corrupt.

"I made a mistake when I joined my life to hers; but my mistake was not my fault, and I ought not to be unhappy. The guilty one," he said, "is not I, but she. But I have nothing more to do with her. She does not exist for me."

He ceased to think of the misfortunes that would befall her, as well as his son, for whom also his feelings underwent a similar change. The one essential thing was the question, how to make his escape from this wretched crisis in a fashion at once wise, correct, and honorable for himself, and having
cleared himself satisfactorily from the mud which she had spattered him withal, owing to her evil conduct, henceforth pursue his own path of honorable, active, and useful life.

"Must I make myself wretched because a despicable woman has committed a sin? All I want, is to find a way out from the situation in which she has brought me. And I will find it," he added, getting more and more determined. "I am not the first, nor the second." And not speaking of the historical examples, beginning with "La Belle Hélène" of Menelaus, which had recently been brought to all their memories, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch went over in his mind a whole series of contemporary episodes, where husbands of the highest position had been obliged to mourn the faithlessness of their wives.

"Darialof, Poltavsky, Prince Karibanof, Count Paskudin, Dramm (yes, even Dramm, honorable, industrious man as he is), Semenof, Tchagin, Sigonin. Suppose we apply the unjust epithet ridicule to these people; but I never saw any thing in this except their misfortune, and I always pitied them," thought Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, although this also was absolutely false, and he had never felt any pity of this sort, and had only plumed himself the more as he had heard of wives deceiving their husbands.

"This disgrace is liable to strike any one, and now it has struck me. The main thing is, to know how to find a practical way of settling the difficulty." And he called to mind the different ways in which all the men had behaved.

"Darialof fought a duel" —

Duelling had often been a subject of consideration to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch when he was a young man, and for the reason that he was a timid man, and he knew it. He could not think without a shudder of having a pistol levelled at him, and never in his life had he made any practice with fire-arms. This instinctive horror caused him to think many times about duelling, and he tried to accustom himself to the thought that he might be obliged some time to expose his life to this danger. Afterwards, when he reached a high social position, these impressions faded away; but his habit of distrusting his courage was so strong, that, at this time, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch long deliberated about the matter, turning it over on all sides, and questioning the expediency of a duel, although he knew perfectly well that in any case he should not fight.
"The state of our society is still so savage," he said,—
"though it is not so in England,—that very many"

And in these many, to whom such a solution was satisfactory, there were some for whose opinions Alekséi Aleksandrovitch had the very highest regard. "Looking at the duel on all sides, to what result does it lead? Let us suppose that I challenge!" And here Alekséi Aleksandrovitch drew a vivid picture of the night that he would spend after the challenge; and he imagined the pistol drawn upon him, and he shuddered, and made up his mind that he could never do such a thing. "Let us suppose that I challenge him, that I learn how to shoot," he forced himself to think, "that I am standing, that I pull the trigger," he said to himself, shutting his eyes, "and suppose I kill him;" and he shook his head, to drive away these absurd notions. "What sense would there be in causing a man's death, in order to re-establish relations with a sinful woman and her son? Would the question be settled in any such way? But suppose—and this is vastly more likely to happen—that I am the one killed or wounded. I, an innocent man, the victim, killed or wounded? Still more unreasonable, worse than that, the challenge to a duel on my part would be absurd, and not an honorable action: besides, don't I know beforehand that my friends would never allow me to fight a duel? would never permit the life of a government official, who is so indispensable to Russia, to be exposed to danger? What would happen? I should seem to people to be anxious to win notoriety by a challenge that could lead to no result. It would be dishonorable, it would be false, it would be an act of deception towards others and towards myself. A duel is not to be thought of, and no one expects it of me. My sole aim should be to preserve my reputation, and not to suffer any unnecessary interruption of my activity." The service of the state, always important in the eyes of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, now appeared to him of extraordinary importance.

Having decided against the duel, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch began to discuss the question of divorce—a second expedient which had been employed by several of the men whom he had in mind. Examples of divorces in high life were well known to him, but he could not name a single case where the aim of the divorce had been such as he proposed. The husband in each case had sold or given up the faithless wife; and the guilty party, who had no right to a second
marriage, had entered into relations, imagined to be sanctioned, with a new husband. As to legal divorce, which proposed as its end the punishment of the faithless woman, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch came to the conclusion, as he reasoned about it, that it was impossible. The coarse, brutal proofs demanded by the law would be, in the complex conditions of his life, out of the question for him to furnish: even had they existed, and he could make public use of them, the scandal that would ensue would cause him to fall lower in public opinion than the guilty wife.

Divorce, moreover, broke off absolutely all dealings between wife and husband, and united her to her paramour. But in Alekséi Aleksandrovitch’s heart, in spite of the indifference and scorn which he affected to feel towards his wife, there still remained one very keen sentiment, and that was his unwillingness for her to unite her lot absolutely with Vronsky, so that her fault would turn out to her advantage. This thought was so painful to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, that he almost groaned aloud with mental pain; and he got up from his seat, changed his place, and with stern countenance deliberately wrapped his woolly plaid around his thin and chilly legs.

Besides formal divorce, there could still be separation, as in the case of Karibanof, Paskudin and that gentle Dramm, but this measure had almost the same disadvantages as the other: it was practically to throw his wife into Vronsky’s arms. "No: it is impossible—impossible," he muttered, again trying to wrap himself up. "I cannot be unhappy, but neither ought she or he to be happy."

The sensation of jealousy which had pained him while he was still ignorant, came back to him at this moment as he thought of his wife’s words; but it was followed by a different one,—the desire not only that she should not triumph, but that she should receive the reward for her sins. He did not express it, but in the depths of his soul he desired that she should be punished for the way in which she had destroyed his peace and honor.

After passing in review the disadvantages of the duel, the divorce, and the separation, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch came to the conclusion that there was only one way to escape from his trouble, and that was to keep his wife under his protection, shielding his misfortune from the eyes of the world, employing all possible means to break off the illicit relationship,
and—what he did not avow to himself, though it was the principal point—punishing his wife's fault.

"I must let her know, that, in the situation into which she has brought our family, I have come to the conclusion that the statu quo is the only way that seems advisable on all sides; and that I will agree to preserve, under the strenuous condition that she fulfil my will, and absolutely break off all relations with her paramour."

Having made this resolution, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch brought up arguments which sanctioned it in his eyes. "Only by acting in this manner, do I conform absolutely with the law of religion," he said to himself; "only by this reasoning, do I refuse to send away the adulterous woman; and I give her the chance of amending her ways, and likewise,—painful as it will be to me,—I consecrate, as it were, my powers to her regeneration and salvation."

Though Alekséi Aleksandrovitch knew that he could have no influence over his wife, and that the attempts which he should make to convert his wife would be illusory, still, during the sad moments that he had been passing through, he had not for an instant thought of finding a foot-hold in religion, until now, when he felt that his determination was in accordance with religion: then this religious sanction gave him full comfort and satisfaction. He was consoled with the thought that no one would have the right to blame him for having, in such a trying period of his life, acted in opposition to the religion whose banner he bore aloft in the midst of universal indifference.

He even went so far at last as to see no reason why his relations with his wife should not remain as they had always been. Of course, it would be impossible for him to feel great confidence in her; but he saw no reason why he should ruin his whole life, and suffer personally, because she was a bad and faithless wife.

"Da! the time will come," he thought, "the time that solves all problems; and our relations will be brought into the old order, so that I shall not feel the disorder that has broken up the current of my life. She must be unhappy, but I do not see why it is necessary for me to be unhappy too."
XIV.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch on his way back to Petersburg not only fully decided on the line of conduct which he should adopt, but even composed in his head a letter to be sent to his wife. When he reached his house, he glanced at the official papers and letters left in charge of the Swiss, and ordered them to be brought into the library. "Shut the door, and let no one in," said he in reply to a question of the Swiss, emphasizing the last order with some satisfaction, which was an evident sign that he was in a better state of mind.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch walked up and down the library once or twice, cracking his knuckles; and then coming to his huge writing-table, on which his valet-de-chambre, before he went out, had placed six lighted candles, he sat down, and began to examine his writing-materials. Then, leaning his elbow on the table, he bent his head to one side, and after a moment of reflection he began to write. He wrote in French without addressing her by name, employing the pronoun vous [you], which seemed to him to have less coldness and indifference than the corresponding character in Russian.

"At our last interview, I expressed the intention of communicating to you my resolution concerning the subject of our conversation. After mature deliberation, I propose to fulfil my promise. This is my decision: however improper your conduct may have been, I do not acknowledge that I have the right to break the bonds which a power Supreme has consecrated. The family cannot be at the mercy of a caprice, of an arbitrary act, even of the crime of one of the parties; and our lives must remain unchanged. This must be so for my sake, for your sake, for the sake of our son. I am persuaded that you have been penitent, that you still are penitent, for the fact that obliges me to write you; that you will aid me to destroy, root and branch, the cause of our estrangement, and to forget the past. In the opposite case, you must comprehend what awaits you, you and your son. I hope to have a complete understanding with you at our coming interview. As the summer season is nearly over, you would oblige me by returning to the city as soon as possible, certainly not later than Tuesday. All the necessary measures for your transportation will be taken. I beg you to take notice that I attach a very particular importance to your attention to my demand."

"A. KARÉNIN.

"P.S. I enclose in this letter money, which you may need at this particular time."
He re-read his letter, and was satisfied. The sending of the money seemed to him a specially happy thought. There was not an angry word, not a reproach, neither was there any weakness, in it. The essential thing was the golden bridge for their reconciliation. He folded his letter, pressed it with a huge paper-cutter of massive ivory, enclosed it in an envelope together with the money, and rang the bell, feeling that sensation of satisfaction which the perfect working of his epistolary arrangements always gave him.

"Give this letter to the courier for delivery to Anna Arkadyevna to-morrow."

"I will obey your excellency. Will you have tea here in the library?"

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch decided to have his tea brought to him in the library; and then, still playing with the paper-cutter, he went towards his arm-chair, near which was a shaded lamp, and a French work on cuneiform inscriptions which he had begun. Above the chair, in an oval gilt frame, hung a portrait of Anna, the excellent work of a distinguished painter. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch looked at it. Two eyes, impenetrable to him as they had been on the evening of their attempted explanation, returned his gaze ironically and insolently. Every thing about this remarkable portrait seemed to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch insupportably insolent and provoking, from the black lace on her head and her dark hair, to the white, beautiful hands and the slender fingers covered with rings. After gazing at this portrait for a moment, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch shuddered, his lips trembled, and with a "brrr" he turned away. Sitting down, he opened his book. He tried to read, but he could not regain the keen interest which he had felt before in the cuneiform inscriptions. His eyes looked at the book, but his thoughts were elsewhere. He was thinking, not of his wife, but of a complication which had recently arisen in important matters connected with his official business, and which at present formed the chief interest of his service. He felt that he was more than ever master of this question, and that he could without self-conceit claim that the conception which had taken root in his mind in regard to the causes of this complication, furnished the method of freeing it from all difficulties, confirmed him in his official career, put down his enemies, and thus enabled him to do a signal service to the state. As soon as his servant had brought his tea, and left the room, Alekséi Aleksan-
drovitch got up, and went to his writing-table. He took the portfolio which contained his business papers, seized a pencil, and, with a faintly sarcastic smile of self-satisfaction, buried himself in the perusal of the documents relative to the difficulty under consideration. The distinguishing trait of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch as a government official,—the one characteristic trait which separated him from all other government employés, and which had contributed to his success no less than his moderation, his uprightness, and his self-confidence,—was his thorough-going detestation of "red tape," and his sincere desire to avoid, so far as he could, unnecessary writing, and to go straight on in accomplishing needful business with all expedition and economy. It happened, that, in the famous Commission of the 2d of June, the question was raised in regard to the flooding of the fields in the Government of Zarai, which formed a part of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's jurisdiction; and this question offered a striking example of the few results obtained by official correspondence and expenditure. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch knew that it was a worthy object. The matter had come to him by inheritance from his predecessor in the ministry, and, in fact, had already cost much money, and brought no results. When he first took his place in the ministry, he had wished immediately to put his hand to this work, but he did not feel as yet strong enough; and he perceived that it touched too many interests, and was imprudent: then afterwards, having become involved in other matters, he entirely forgot about it. The fertilization of the Zarai fields, like all things, went in its own way by force of inertia. Many people got their living through it, and one family in particular, a very agreeable and musical family: two of the daughters played on stringed instruments. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch knew this family, and had been nuptial godfather when one of the elder daughters was married.

The opposition to this affair, raised by his enemies in another branch of the ministry, was unjust, in the opinion of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, because in every ministry there are such cases of impropriety which no one ever thinks of bothering with. But since they had thrown down the gauntlet, he had boldly accepted the challenge by demanding the appointment of a special Commission for examining and

1 Posashhónnui otéts,—a man who takes the father's place in the Russian wedding ceremony.
verifying the labors of the Commissioners on the fertilization of the Zaraï fields; and that he might give no respite to these gentlemen, he also demanded a special Commission for investigating the status and organization of the foreign populations. This last question had likewise been raised by the Committee of the 2d of June, and was energetically supported by Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, on the ground that no delay should be allowed in relieving the deplorable situation of these alien tribes. The most lively discussion arose among the ministries. The ministry, hostile to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, proved that the position of the foreign populations was flourishing; that to meddle with them would be to injure their well-being; and that, if any fault could be found in regard to the matter, it was due to the neglect of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch and his ministry, in not carrying out the measures prescribed by law. In order to avenge himself, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch demanded, first, the appointment of a Committee, whose duty should be to study on the spot the condition of the foreign populations. Secondly, in case their condition should be found such as the official data in the hands of the Committee represented, that a new scientific Commission should be sent to study into the causes of this sad state of things, with the aim of settling it from the (a) political, (b) administrative, (c) economical, (d) ethnographical, (e) physical, and (f) religious point of view. Thirdly, that the hostile ministry should be required to furnish the particulars in regard to the measures taken during the last ten years, to relieve the wretched situation in which these tribes were placed. And fourthly and finally, to explain the fact that they had acted in absolute contradiction to the fundamental and organic law, Volume T, page 18, with reference to Article 36, as was proved by an act of the Committee under numbers 17,015 and 18,308 of the 5th of December, 1863, and the 7th of June, 1864.

A flush of animation covered Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's face as he rapidly wrote down for his own use a digest of these thoughts. After he had covered a sheet of paper, he rang a bell, and sent a messenger to the Chancellor of State, asking for a few data which were missing. Then he got up, and began to walk up and down the room, looking again at the portrait with a frown and a scornful smile. Then he resumed his book about the cuneiform inscriptions, and found that his interest of the evening before had come back
to him. He went to bed about eleven o'clock; and as he lay, still awake, he passed in review the events of the day, and they no longer appeared to him in the same gloomy aspect.

XV.

Though Anna obstinately and angrily contradicted Vronsky when he told her that her position was impossible, yet in the bottom of her heart she felt that it was false and dishonorable, and she longed with all her soul to escape from it. When, in a moment of agitation, she avowed all to her husband as they were returning from the races, notwithstanding the pain which it cost her, she felt glad. After Alekséi Aleksandrovitch left her, she kept repeating to herself, that, at least, all was now explained, and that henceforth there would be no more need of falsehood and deception. This new state of things might be bad, but it would be definite, and at least not equivocal. The pain which her words had cost her husband and herself would have its compensation in this new state of affairs. That very evening Vronsky came to see her, but she did not tell him what had taken place between her husband and herself, although it was needful to tell him, in order that the affair might be definitely settled.

The next morning when she awoke, her first memory was of the words that she had spoken to her husband; and they seemed to her so odious, that she could not imagine now how she could have brought herself to say such brutal things, and she could not conceive what the result of them would be. But the words were irrevocable, and Alekséi Aleksandrovitch had departed without replying. "I have seen Vronsky since, and I did not tell him. Even at the moment that he went away, I wanted to hold him back, and to speak; but I did not, because I felt how strange it was that I did not tell him at the first moment. Why did I have the desire, and yet not speak?" And in reply to this question, she felt her face burn, and she realized that it was shame that kept her from speaking. Her position, which in the evening seemed to her so clear, suddenly presented itself in its true color, and more inextricable than ever. She began to fear the dishonor about which she had not thought before. When she considered what her husband might do to her, the most terrible
ideas came to her mind. It occurred to her that at any instant the sheriff\(^1\) might appear to drive her out of house and home, that her shame would be proclaimed to all the world. She asked herself where she could go if they drove her from home, and there was no reply.

When she thought of Vronsky, she imagined that he did not love her, and that he was already beginning to tire of her, and that she could not impose herself upon him, and she felt angry with him. It seemed to her that the words which she spoke to her husband, and which she incessantly repeated to herself, were spoken so that everybody could hear them, and had heard them. She could not bring herself to look in the faces of those with whom she lived. She could not bring herself to ring for her maid, and still less to go down and meet her son and his governess.

The maid came, and stood long at the door, listening: finally she decided to go to her without a summons. Anna looked at her questioningly, and a look of fear came into her face. The maid apologized, saying that she had come because she thought she heard the bell. She brought a dress and a note. The note was from Betsy, and said that Liza Merkálova and the Baroness Stolz with their adorers, Kaluzhsky and the old man Stremof, were coming to her house to-day for a game of croquet. "Come and look on, please, as a study of manners. I shall expect you," was the conclusion of the note.

Anna read the letter, and sighed profoundly.

"Nothing, nothing, I need nothing," said she to Anushka, who was arranging the toilet-articles on her dressing-table. "Go away. I will dress myself immediately, and come down. I need nothing."

Annushka went out: yet Anna did not begin to dress, but sat in the same attitude, with bent head and folded hands; and occasionally she would shiver, and begin to make some gesture, to say something, and then fall back into listlessness again. She kept saying, "Bozhe moi! Bozhe moi!" but the words had no meaning in her mind. The thought of seeking a refuge from her situation in religion, although she never doubted the faith in which she had been trained, seemed to her as strange as to go and ask help of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch himself. She knew beforehand that the refuge offered by religion was possible only by the absolute renun-

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\(^1\) Upravlyatshchy, — literally director, steward.
cation of all that represented to her the reason for living. She suffered, and was frightened besides, by a sensation that was new to her experiences hitherto, and which seemed to her to take possession of her inmost soul. She seemed to feel double, just as sometimes eyes, when weary, see double. She knew not whether she feared the future, or desired the past; and what she desired, she did not know.

"Ach! what am I doing?" she cried, suddenly feeling a pain in both temples; and she discovered that she had taken her hair in her two hands, and was pulling it. She got up, and began to walk the floor.

"The coffee is served, and Mamzel and Serozha are waiting," said Annushka, coming in again, and finding her mistress still undressed.

"Serozha? what is Serozha doing," suddenly asked Anna, remembering, for the first time this morning, the existence of her son.

"He is naughty, I think," said Annushka.

"How naughty?"

"He took one of the peaches from the corner cupboard, and ate it all by himself, as it seems."

The thought of her son suddenly called Anna from the impassive state in which she had been sunk. The sincere, though somewhat exaggerated, rôle of devoted mother, which she had taken upon herself for a number of years, came back to her mind, and she felt that in this relationship she had a stand-point independent of her relation to her husband and Vronsky. This stand-point was—her son. In whatever situation she might be placed, they would not deprive her of him. Her husband might drive her from him, and put her to shame; Vronsky might turn his back upon her, and resume his former independent life,—and here again she felt the feeling of bitter reproach,—but she could not leave her son. She had an aim in life; and she must act, act at once, and take every measure to preserve her relation towards him, so that they could not take him from her. She must take her son, and go off. She must calm herself, and get away from this tormenting situation. The very thought of an action having reference to her son, and of going away with him, no one knows where, already gave her consolation.

She dressed in haste, went down-stairs with firm steps, and entered the parlor, where, as usual, she found lunch ready, and Serozha and the governess waiting for her. Serozha,
all in white, was standing with bended head near a table under the window, with the expression of concentrated attention which she knew so well, and in which he resembled his father. Bending over, he was busy with some flowers that he had brought in.

The governess put on a very stern expression. Serozha, as soon as he saw his mother, uttered a sharp cry, which was a frequent custom of his,—"Ah, mamma!" Then he stopped, undecided whether to run to his mother, and let the flowers go, or to finish his bouquet, and to go with them.

The governess bowed, and began a long and circumstantial account of the naughtiness that Serozha had committed; but Anna did not hear her. She was thinking whether she should take her with them. "No, I will not. I will go alone with my son."

"Yes, he is very naughty," said Anna; and, taking the boy by the shoulder, she looked at him with a gentle, not angry, face, and kissed him. "Leave him with me," said she to the wondering governess; and, not letting go his arm, she sat down to the table where the coffee was waiting.

"Mamma—I—I—didn't," stammered Serozha, trying to judge by his mother's expression what fate was in store for him after the peach.

"Serozha," she said as soon as the governess had left the room, "this was naughty. You will not do it again, will you? Do you love me?"

She felt that the tears were standing in her eyes. "Can I not love him?" she asked herself, touched by the boy's happy and radiant face. "And can he join with his father to punish me? Will he not have pity on me?" The tears began to course down her face; and, in order to hide them, she got up quickly, and hastened, almost running, to the terrace.

Clear, cool weather had succeeded the stormy rains of the last few days.

In spite of the warm sun which shone on the thick foliage of the trees, it was cool in the shade.

She shivered both from the coolness and from the sentiment of fear which seized her with new force.

"Go, go and find Mariette," said she to Serozha, who had followed her; and then she began to walk up and down on the straw carpet which covered the terrace. She stopped and looked at the tops of the aspens, washed bright by the
rain, which were gleaming in the warm sun. It seemed to her that every thing, this sky and this foliage, was without pity for her. And again, as before breakfast, she felt that mysterious sense in her inmost soul that she was in a dual state.

"I must not, must not think," she said to herself. "I must have courage. Where shall I go? When? Whom shall I take? Da! to Moscow by the evening train, with Annushka and Serozha and only the most necessary things. But first I must write to them both." And she hurried back into the house to her library, sat down at the table, and wrote her husband,—

"After what has passed, I cannot longer remain in your house. I am going away, and I shall take my son. I do not know the laws, and so I do not know with which of us the child should remain; but I take him with me, because without him I cannot live. Be generous: let me have him."

Till this moment she wrote rapidly and naturally; but this appeal to a generosity which she had never seen in him, and the need of ending her letter with something affecting, brought her to a halt.

"I cannot speak of my fault and my repentance, because"— Again she stopped, unable to find the right words. "No," she said, "I can say nothing;" and, tearing up this letter, she began another, in which she excluded any appeal to his generosity.

She had to write a second letter, to Vronsky. "I have confessed to my husband," she began; and she sat long in thought, without being able to write more. This was so coarse, so unfeminine! "And then, what can I write to him?" Again she felt her face burn as she remembered how calm he was, and she felt so vexed with him that she tore the note into little bits. "I cannot write," she said to herself: and, closing her desk, she went up-stairs to tell the governess and the domestics that she was going to Moscow that evening; and she began to make her preparations.

XVI.

In all the rooms of the datcha, the dvorniks, the gardeners, the valets, were packing up the things. Cupboards and commodes were cleared of their contents. Twice they had gone
to the shop for packing-cord; half the things were wrapped up in newspapers. Two trunks, travelling-bags, and a bundle of plaids, were standing in the hall. A carriage and two izvoshchiks were waiting in front of the house. Anna, who in the haste of departure had somewhat forgotten her torment, was standing by her library-table, and packing her bag, when Annushka called her attention to the rumble of a carriage approaching the house. Anna looked out of the window, and saw on the steps Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's courier ringing the front-door bell.

"Go and see who it is," said she, and then sat down in her chair; and, folding her hands on her knees, she waited with calm resignation. A lackey brought her a fat packet directed in the handwriting of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch.

"The courier was ordered to wait an answer," said he.

"Very well," she replied; and as soon as he left the room she opened the packet with trembling fingers. A roll of fresh, new bank-notes, in a wrapper, fell out first. But she unfolded the letter and read it, beginning at the end. "All the necessary measures for your transportation will be taken.

... I attach a very particular importance to your attention to my demand," she read. She took it up a second time, read it all through, and once and again she read it from beginning to end. When she was through, she felt chilled, and had the consciousness that some terrible and unexpected weight was crushing her which she could not throw off.

That very morning she regretted her confession, and would gladly have taken back her words. But this letter treated her words as though they had not been spoken,—gave her what she desired. And yet it seemed to her more cruel than any thing that she could have imagined.

"Right, he is right!" she murmured. "Of course he is always right: he is a Christian, he is magnanimous! Nu! the low, vile man! No one understands, no one knows, him but me; and I cannot explain it. People say, 'He is a religious, moral, upright, honorable, intellectual man.' But they have not seen what I have seen; they don't know how for eight years he has crushed my life, crushed every thing that was vital in me; how he has never once thought of me as a living woman who must love. They don't know how at every step he has insulted me, and was all the more self-satisfied. Have I not striven with all my powers to lead a useful life? Have I not done my best to love him, to love his
son when I could not love my husband? But the time came when I could no longer deceive myself. I find that I am a living being; that I am not to blame; that God has made me so; that I must love and live. And now what? He might kill me, he might kill him, and I could understand, I could forgive it. But no, he—

"Why should I not have foreseen what he would do? He does exactly in accordance with his despicable character: he stands upon his rights. But I, poor unfortunate, am sunk lower and more irreclaimably than ever towards ruin. 'You must comprehend what awaits you, you and your son,'" she repeated to herself, remembering a sentence in his letter. "It is a threat that he means to rob me of my son, and doubtless their wretched laws allow it. But, indeed, I do not see why he said that. He has no belief in my love for my son; or else he is deriding—as he always does, in his sarcastic manner—is deriding this feeling of mine, for he knows that I will not abandon my son—I cannot abandon him; that without my son, life would be unsupportable, even with him whom I love; and that to abandon my son, and leave him, I should fall, like the worst of women. This he knows, and knows that I should never have the power to do so. 'Our lives must remain unchanged,'" she continued, remembering another sentence in the letter. "This life was a torture before; but as time went on, it became worse than ever. What will it be now? And he knows all this,—knows that I cannot repent because I breathe, because I love; he knows that nothing except falsehood and deceit can result from this: but he must needs prolong my torture. I know him, and I know that he swims in perjury like a fish in water. But no: I will not give him this pleasure. I will break this network of lies in which he wants to enwrap me. Come what may, any thing is better than lies.

"But how? Bozhe moi! Bozhe moi! Was there ever woman so unhappy as I?

"No, I will break it! I will break it!" she cried, striving to keep back the tears that would come. And she went to her writing-table to begin another letter. But in the lowest depths of her soul she felt that she had not the power to break the network of circumstances,—that she had not the power to escape from the situation in which she was placed, false and dishonorable though it was.

She sat down at the table; but, instead of writing, she
folded her arms on the table, and bowed her head upon them, and began to weep like a child, with heaving breast and convulsive sobs. She wept because her visions about the new order of things had vanished forever. She knew that now all things would go on as before, and even worse than before. She felt that her position in society, which she had slighted, and but a short time before counted as dross, was dear to her; that she should never have the strength to abandon it for the shameful position of a woman who has deserted her husband and son, and joined her lover. She felt that she should never be stronger than herself and her prejudices. She never would know what freedom to love meant, but would be always a guilty woman, constantly threatened by surprise, deceiving her husband for the disgraceful society of an independent stranger, with whose life she could never join hers. She knew that this would be so, and yet at the same time it was so terrible that she could not acknowledge, even to herself, how it would end. And she wept, pouring out her heart as a child sobs who has been punished.

The steps of a lackey approaching made her tremble; and, hiding from him her face, she pretended to be writing.

"The courier would like his answer," said the lackey.

"His answer? Oh, yes!" said Anna. "Let him wait. I will ring.

"What can I write?" she asked herself. "How decide by myself alone? What do I know? What do I want? Whom do I love?" Again it seemed to her that in her soul she felt the dual nature. She drove this thought away, and seized upon the first duty that lay at hand, so that, by forgetting herself, she might not think of this dual nature, which terrified her.

"I must see Alekséi" (thus in thought she called Vronsky): "he alone can tell me what I must do. I will go to Betsy's. Perhaps I shall find him there." She completely forgot that on the evening before, when she told him that she was not going to the Princess Tverskaia's, he said that he had no wish to go there either.

She went to the table again, and wrote her husband,

"I have received your letter. A."

She rang, and gave it to the lackey.

"We are not going," said she to Annushka, who was just coming in.
"Not going at all?"
"No, but don't unpack before to-morrow; and have the carriage wait. I am going to the princess's."
"What dress shall you wear?"

XVII.

The company which was to meet at the Princess Tverskaia's, where Anna was invited, was made up of two ladies and their adorers. These two ladies were the leading representatives of a new and exclusive coterie in Petersburg, and called, in imitation of an imitation, *les sept merveilles du monde* [the seven wonders of the world]. Both of them belonged to the highest society, but to a circle absolutely hostile to that in which Anna moved. The old Stremof, one of the influential men of the city, and Liza Merkalova's lover, belonged to the faction hostile to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch. Anna, on account of this hostility, did not care to go to Betsy's, and therefore declined her invitation; but now she decided to go, hoping to find Vronsky there.

She reached the Princess Tverskaia's before the other guests.

The moment that she arrived, Vronsky's valet, who with his curly whiskers might have been taken for a kammer-junker, was at the door, and, raising his cap, he stepped aside to let her pass. When she saw him she remembered that Vronsky had told her that he was not coming, and judged that he had sent his excuses. As she was taking off her wraps in the hall, she heard the valet, who rolled his r's like a kammer-junker, say, "From the count to the princess." It occurred to her to ask him where his barin was. It occurred to her to go back and write him a note, asking him to come to her, or to go and find him herself. But she could not follow out any of these plans, for the bell had already announced her presence, and one of the princess's lackeys was waiting at the door to usher her into the rooms beyond.

"The princess is in the garden. Word has been sent to her," said a second lackey in the second room.

Her position of uncertainty, of darkness, was just the same as at home. It was worse rather, because she could not make any decision, she could not see Vronsky, and she was obliged to remain in the midst of strange and lively society,
diametrically opposed to her. But she wore a toilet which she knew was very becoming. She was not alone: she was surrounded by that solemn atmosphere of indolence so familiar; and, on the whole, it was better to be there than at home. She would not be obliged to think what she would do. Things would arrange themselves.

Betsy came to meet her in a white toilet of the most exquisite elegance; and she greeted her, as usual, with a smile. The Princess Tverskaia was accompanied by Tushkiévitch, and a young relative who, to the great delight of the provincial family to which she belonged, was spending the summer with the famous princess.

Apparently there was something unnatural in Anna’s appearance, for Betsy immediately remarked upon it.

"I did not sleep well," replied Anna, looking furtively at the lackey, who was coming, as she supposed, to bring the princess Vronsky’s note.

"How glad I am that you came!" said Betsy. "I am just up, and I should like to have a cup of tea before the others come. And you," she said, addressing Tushkiévitch, "had better go with Maska and try the kroket-gro-und, which has just been clipped. We will have time to talk a little while taking our tea. We’ll have a cosey chat, won’t we?" she added in English, addressing Anna with a smile, and taking her hand.

"All the more willingly, because I can’t stay long. I must call on old Vrede: I have been promising for a hundred years to come and see her," said Anna, to whom the lie, though contrary to her nature, seemed not only simple and easy, but even pleasurable. Why she said a thing that she forgot the second after, she herself could not have told; she said it at haphazard, so that, in case Vronsky were not coming, she might have a way of escape, and find him elsewhere: and why she happened to select the name of old Fréilina Vrede rather than any other of her acquaintances was likewise inexplicable. But, as events proved, out of all the possible schemes for meeting Vronsky, this was the best.

"No, I shall not let you go," replied Betsy, scrutinizing Anna’s face. "Indeed, if I were not so fond of you, I should be tempted to be vexed with you: anybody would think that you were afraid of my compromising you. — Tea in the little salon, if you please," said she to the lackey,
with a snap of the eyes such as was habitual with her; and, taking the letter, she began to read it.

"Alekséi disappoints us (Alexis nous fait faux bond). He writes that he cannot come," said she in French, and in a tone as simple and unaffected as though it had never entered her mind that Vronsky was of any more interest to Anna than as a possible partner in a game of croquet. Anna knew that Betsy knew all; but, as she heard Betsy speak of him now, she almost brought herself to believe for a moment that she did not know.

"Ah!" she said simply, as though it was a detail that did not interest her. "How," she continued, still smiling, "could your society compromise me?"

This manner of hiding a secret, this playing with words, had for Anna, as it has for all women, a great charm. And it was not the necessity of secrecy, or the reason for secrecy, but the process itself, that gave the pleasure.

"I cannot be more Catholic than the Pope," she said. "Stremof and Liza Merkálova, they are the cream of the cream of society. They are received everywhere. But I"—she laid special stress on the I—"I have never been severe and intolerant. I simply have not had time."

"No. But perhaps you prefer not to meet Stremof? Let him break lances with Alekséi Aleksandrovitch in committee-meetings: that does not concern us. But in society he is as lovely a man as I know, and a terrible hand at croquet. But you shall see him. And you must see how well he plays the absurd part of old lover to Liza. He is very charming. Don't you know Safo Stoltz? She—is the latest, absolutely the latest style."

While Betsy was saying these words, Anna perceived, by her joyous, intelligent eyes, that she saw her embarrassment, and was trying to put her at her ease. They had gone into the little library.

"I must write a word to Alekséi." And Betsy sat down at her writing-table, and hastily penned a few lines. Then she took out an envelope. "I wrote him to come to dinner. One of my ladies has no partner. See if I am imperative enough. Excuse me if I leave you a moment. Please seal it and direct it: I have some arrangements to make."

Without a moment's hesitation, Anna took Betsy's seat at the table, and added these words to her note: "I must see you without fail. Come to the Vrede Garden. I will be
there at six o’clock.’’ She sealed the letter; and Betsy, coming a moment later, despatched it at once.

The two ladies took their tea in the cool little salon, and had indeed a cosey chat. They talked about the coming guests, and expressed their judgments upon them, beginning with Liza Merkálova.

‘‘She is very charming, and I have always liked her,’’ said Anna.

‘‘You ought to like her. She adores you. Yesterday evening, after the races, she came to see me, and was in despair not to find you. She says that you are a genuine heroine of a romance, and that if she were a man, she would commit a thousand follies for your sake. Stremof told her she did that, even as she was.’’

‘‘But explain to me one thing that I never understood,’’ said Anna, after a moment of silence, and in a tone that clearly showed that she did not ask an idle question, but that what she wanted explained was more serious than would appear. ‘‘Explain to me, what are the relations between her and Prince Kaluzhsky, the man that they call Mishka. I have rarely seen them together. What is their relation?’’

A look of amusement came into Betsy’s eyes, and she looked keenly at Anna.

‘‘It’s a new kind,’’ she replied. ‘‘All these ladies have adopted it.’’

‘‘Yes, but what are her relations with Kaluzhsky?’’

Betsy, to Anna’s surprise, broke into a gale of irresistible laughter.

‘‘But you are trespassing on the Princess Miagkaia’s province: it is the question of an enfant terrible,’’ said Betsy, trying in vain to restrain her gayety, but again breaking out into that contagious laughter which is the peculiarity of people who rarely laugh. ‘‘But you must ask them,’’ she at length managed to say, with the tears running down her cheeks.

‘‘Nu! you laugh,’’ said Anna, in spite of herself joining in her friend’s amusement; ‘‘but I have never been able to understand it at all, and I don’t understand what rôle the husband plays.’’

‘‘The husband? Liza Merkálova’s husband carries her plaid, and is always at her beck and call. But the real meaning of the affair no one cares to know.’’

‘‘Are you going to Rolandaki’s frazdnik?’’ [festival], said Anna, wishing to change the conversation.
"I don't think so," replied Betsy; and not looking at her companion, she carefully poured the fragrant tea into little transparent cups. Then, having handed one to Anna, she rolled a cigarette, and putting it into a silver holder she began to smoke.

"You see, my position is the best," she began seriously, holding her cup in her hand. "I understand you, and I understand Liza. Liza is one of these naïve, childlike natures, who cannot distinguish between ill and good,—at least, she was so when she was young, and now she knows that this simplicity is becoming to her. Now perhaps she is naïve on purpose," said Betsy with a cunning smile. "But all the same, it becomes her. You see, some people look on life from its tragic side, and make themselves miserable; and others look on it simply, and even gayly. Possibly you are inclined to look on things too tragically."

"How I should like to know others as well as I know myself!" said Anna with a serious and pensive look. "Am I worse than others, or better? Worse, I think."

"You are like a child, an enfant terrible," was Betsy's comment. "But here they are!"

XVIII.

Steps were heard, and a man's voice, then a woman's voice and laughter, and immediately after the expected guests came in,—Safo Stoltz, and a young man called Vaska for short, whose face shone with exuberant health. It was evident that truffles, burgundy, and rich blood-making viands had accomplished their perfect work. Vaska bowed to the two ladies as he came in, but the glance which he vouchsafed them lasted only a second. He followed Safo into the drawing-room, and he followed her through the drawing-room, as though he had been tied to her, and he kept his brilliant eyes fastened upon her as though he wished to devour her. Safo Stoltz was a blonde with black eyes. She wore shoes with enormously high heels, and she came in with slow, vigorous steps, and shook hands energetically, like a man.

Anna had never before met with this new celebrity, and was struck, not only by her beauty, but by the extravagance of her toilet and the boldness of her manners. On her head was a veritable scaffolding of false and natural hair of
ANNA KARÉNINA.

a lovely golden hue, and of a height corresponding to the mighty proportions of her protuberant and very visible bosom. Her dress was so tightly pulled back, that at every movement it outlined the shape of her limbs; and involuntarily the question arose, where under this enormous, tottering mountain, did her neat little body, so exposed above, and so tightly laced below, really end?

Betsy made haste to present her to Anna.

"Can you imagine it? We almost ran over two soldiers," she began instantly, winking, smiling, and kicking back her train. "I was coming with Vaska — Ach, da! You are not acquainted." And she introduced the young man by his family name, laughing at her mistake in calling him Vaska before strangers. Vaska bowed a second time to Anna, but said nothing to her. He turned to Safo. "The wager is lost. We came first," said he. "You must pay."

Safo laughed still more.

"All right: I'll take it by and by."

"Very well, very well! Ach, da!" she suddenly cried out to the khozydika (the hostess). "I—I forgot—stupid that I was! I bring you a guest: here he is."

The young guest whom Safo presented, after having forgotten him, was a guest of such importance, that, notwithstanding his youth, all the ladies rose to receive him.

This was Safo's new adorer; and, just as Vaska did, he followed her every step.

Immediately after came Prince Kaluzhsky and Liza Merkálova with Stremof. Liza was a rather thin brunette, with an Oriental, indolent type of countenance, and with ravishing, and as everybody said, impenetrable, eyes. The style of her dark dress was absolutely in keeping with her beauty. Anna noticed it, and approved. Liza was as quiet and unpretentious as Safo was loud and obstreperous.

But Liza, for Anna's taste, was vastly more attractive. Betsy, in speaking of her to Anna, ridiculed her affectation of the manner of an innocent child; but when Anna saw her, she felt that this was not fair. Liza was really an innocent, gentle, and sweet-tempered woman, a little spoiled. To be sure, her morals were the same as Safo's. She also had in her train two adorers, one young, the other old, who devoured her with their eyes. But there was something about her better than her surroundings: she was like a diamond of
the purest water surrounded by glass. The brilliancy shone out of her lovely, enigmatical eyes. The wearied and yet passionate look of her eyes, surrounded by dark circles, struck one by its absolute sincerity. Any one looking into their depths would seem to know her completely; and to know her, was to love her. At the sight of Anna, her face suddenly lighted up with a happy smile.

"Ach! How glad I am to see you!" she said, as she went up to her. "Yesterday afternoon at the races I wanted to get to you, but you had just gone. I was so anxious to see you yesterday especially! Too bad, wasn’t it?" said she, gazing at Anna with a look which seemed to disclose her whole soul.

"Da! I never would have believed that any thing could be so exciting," replied Anna with some color.

The company now began to get ready to go to the lawn.

"I am not going," said Liza, sitting down near Anna. "You aren’t going, are you? What pleasure can any one find in croquet?"

"But I am very fond of it," said Anna.

"Vot! how is it that you don’t get ennuyée? To look at you is a joy. You live, but I vegetate."

"How vegetate? Da! they say you have the gayest society in Petersburg," said Anna.

"Perhaps those who are not of our circle are still more ennuyée. But we, it seems to me, are not happy, but are bored, terribly bored."

Safo lighted a cigarette, and went to the lawn with the two young people. Betsy and Stremof staid at the tea-table.

"How bored?" asked Betsy. "Safo says she had a delightful evening with you yesterday."

"Ach! how unendurable it was!" said Liza. "They all came to my house after the races, and it was all so utterly monotonous. They sat on sofas the whole evening. How could that be delightful? No; but what do you do to keep from being bored?" she asked again of Anna. "It is enough to look at you! You are evidently a woman who can be happy or unhappy, but never ennuyée. Now explain what you do."

"I don’t do any thing," said Anna, confused by these persistent questions.

"That is the best way," said Stremof, joining the conversation.
Stremof was a man fifty years old, rather gray, but well preserved, very ugly, but with a face full of character and intelligence. Liza Merkálova was his wife’s niece, and he spent with her all his leisure time. Though an enemy of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch in politics, he endeavored, now that he met Anna in society, to act the man of the world, and be exceedingly amiable to his enemy’s wife.

“'The very best way is to do nothing,’” he continued with his wise smile. “'I have been telling you this long time, that, if you don’t want to be bored, you must not think that it is possible to be bored; just as one must not be afraid of not sleeping if he is troubled with insomnia. This is just what Anna Arkadyevna told you.’

‘I should be very glad if I had said so,’” said Anna, “'because it is not only witty, it is true.’

‘But will you tell me why it is not hard to go to sleep, and not hard to be free from ennui?’

‘To sleep, you must work; and to be happy, you must also work.’

‘But how can I work when my labor is useful to no one? But to make believe, I neither can nor will.’

‘You are incorrigible,’” said he, not looking at her, but turning to Anna again. He rarely met her, and could not well speak to her except in the way of small talk; but he understood how to say light things gracefully, and he asked her when she was going back to Petersburg, and whether she liked the Countess Lidia Ivanovna. And he asked these questions with that manner that showed his desire to be her friend, and to express his consideration and respect.

‘No, don’t go, I beg of you,’” said Liza, when she found that Anna was not intending to stay. Stremof added his persuasions.

‘Too great a contrast,’” said he, “'between our society and old Vrede’s; and then, you will be for her only an object for slander, while here you will only awaken very different sentiments, quite the opposite of slander and ill-feeling.’

Anna remained for a moment in uncertainty. This witty man’s flattering words, the childlike and naïve sympathy shown her by Liza Merkálova, and all this agreeable social atmosphere, so opposed to what she expected elsewhere, caused her a moment of hesitation. Could she not postpone the terrible moment of explanation? But remembering what she had suffered alone at home when trying to decide, re-
membering the pain that she had felt when she pulled her hair with both hands, not knowing what she did, so great was her mental anguish, she took leave, and went.

XIX.

Vronsky, in spite of his worldly life and his apparent frivolity, was a man who detested confusion. Once, when still a lad in the School of Pages, he found himself short of money, and met with a refusal when he tried to borrow. He vowed that thenceforth he would not expose himself to such a humiliation again, and he kept his word. Therefore, in order to keep his affairs in order, he made, more or less often, according to circumstances, but at least five times a year, an examination of his affairs. He called this "straightening his affairs," or, in French, faire sa lessive.

The morning after the races, Vronsky woke late, and without stopping to shave, or take his bath, put on his kitel [soldier's linen frock], and, placing his money and bills and paper on the table, proceeded to the work of settling his accounts. Petritsky, knowing that his comrade was likely to be irritable when engaged in such occupation, quietly got up, and slipped out without disturbing him.

Every man whose existence is complicated readily believes that the complications and tribulations of his life are a personal and private grievance peculiar to himself, and never thinks that others are subjected to the same troubles that he himself is. Thus it seemed to Vronsky. And not without inward pride, and not without reason, he felt that, until the present time, he had done well in avoiding the embarrassments to which every one else would have succumbed. But he felt that now it was necessary for him to examine into his affairs, so as not to be embarrassed.

First, because it was the easiest to settle, Vronsky investigated his pecuniary status. He wrote in his fluent, delicate hand, a schedule of all his debts, and found that the total amounted to seventeen thousand rubles, and some odd hundreds, which he let go for the sake of clearness. Counting up his available money, he had only eighteen hundred rubles, with no hope of more until the new year. Vronsky next made a classification of his debts, and put them into three categories: first, the urgent debts, or, in other words,
those that required ready money, so that, in case of requisition, there might not be a moment of delay. These amounted to four thousand rubles,—fifteen hundred for his horse, and twenty-five hundred as a guaranty for his young comrade, Venevsky, who had, in Vronsky’s company, lost this amount in playing with a shuler [one who cheats at cards]. Vronsky, at the time, did not want to hand over the money, though he had it with him; but Venevsky and Yashvin insisted on paying it, rather than Vronsky, who had not been playing. This was all very well; but Vronsky knew that in this disgraceful affair, in which his only share was to be guaranty for Venevsky, it was necessary to have these twenty-five hundred rubles ready to throw at the rascal’s head, and not to have any words with him. Thus, he had to reckon the category of urgent debts as four thousand rubles.

In the second category, were eight thousand rubles of debts, and these were less imperative. These were what he owed on his stable account, for oats and hay, to his English trainer, and other incidentals. At a pinch, two thousand would suffice. The remaining debts were to his tailor, and other furnishers; and they could wait. In conclusion, he found that he needed for immediate use, six thousand rubles, and he had only eighteen hundred.

For a man with an income of a hundred thousand rubles,—as people supposed Vronsky to have,—these debts would be a mere bagatelle; but the fact was, that he had not an income of a hundred thousand rubles. The large paternal estate, realizing two hundred thousand rubles a year, had been divided between the two brothers. But when the elder brother, laden with debts, married the Princess Varia Tchirkovaia, the daughter of a Dekabrist, 1 who brought him no fortune, Alekséi yielded him his share of the inheritance, reserving only an income of twenty-five thousand rubles. He told his brother that this would be sufficient for him until he married, which he thought would never happen. His brother, the colonel of one of the most expensive regiments in the service, could not refuse this gift. His mother, who possessed an independent fortune, gave her younger son a yearly allowance of twenty thousand rubles; and Alekséi spent the whole. Afterwards the countess, angry with him on account of his departure from Moscow, and his disgrace-

1 The Dekabrists were the revolutionists of December, 1825, the time of the accession of the Emperor Nicholas.
ful amour, ceased to remit to him his allowance. So that Vronsky, living on a forty-five-thousand-ruble footing, now found himself reduced to only twenty-five thousand. He could not apply to his mother to help him out of his difficulty, for the letter which he had just received from her angered him by the allusions which it contained: she was ready, it said, to help him along in society, or to advance him in his career, but not in this present life which was scandalizing all the best people. His mother’s attempt to bribe him wounded him in the tenderest spot in his heart, and he felt more coldly towards her than ever. He could not retract his magnanimous promise given to his brother; although he felt now, in view of his rather uncertain relationship with Madame Karénina, that his magnanimous promise had been given too hastily, and that, even though he were not married, the hundred thousand rubles might stand him in good stead. He was prevented from retracting his promise only by the memory of his brother’s wife, the gentle, excellent Varia, who always made him understand that she should not forget his generosity, and never cease to appreciate it. It would be as impossible as to strike a woman, to steal, or to lie. There was only one possible and practicable thing, and Vronsky adopted it without a moment’s hesitation,—to borrow ten thousand rubles of a usurer, which would offer no difficulties, to reduce his expenses, and to sell his race-horses. Having decided upon this, he wrote a letter to Rolandaki, who had many times offered to buy his stud. Then he sent for his English trainer and the usurer, and devoted the money which he had on hand to various accounts. Having finished this labor, he wrote a cold and sharp note to his mother; and then taking from his portfolio Anna’s last three letters, he re-read them, burned them, and, remembering his last conversation with her, fell into deep meditation.

XX.

Vronsky’s life was especially happy, because he had formed a special code of rules, which never failed to regulate what he ought to do, and what he ought not to do. This code applied to a very small circle of duties, but they were strictly determined; and as Vronsky never had occasion to go outside of this circle, he had never been obliged
to hesitate about his course of action. This code prescribed unfallingly, that it was necessary to pay gambling-debts, but not his tailor's bills; that it was not possible to tell lies, except to women; that the only persons legitimately open to deceit were husbands; that insults could be committed, but never pardoned.

All these precepts might be wrong and illogical, but they were indispensable; and, while fulfilling them, Vronsky felt that he was calm, and had the right to hold his head high. Since his intimacy with Anna, however, Vronsky began to perceive that his code was not complete on all sides; and, as the condition of his life had changed, he no longer found any reply to his doubts, and even began to hesitate about the future.

Until the present time his relations with Anna and her husband had been, on his part, simple and clear: they were in harmony with the code which guided him. She was an honorable woman, who had given him her love, and he loved her, and therefore she had every imaginable right to his respect, even more than if she had been his legal wife. He would have given his right hand sooner than permit himself a word or an allusion that might wound her, or any thing that could seem derogatory to the esteem and respect upon which, as a woman, she ought to count.

His relations with society were not less clearly defined. All might know or suspect his relations with her, but no one should dare to speak of it. At the first hint, he was prepared to cause the speaker to hold his peace, and to respect the imaginary honor of the woman whom he loved.

Still more clear were his relations to the husband: from the first moment when Anna gave him her love he prescribed to her his own law, without fear of contradiction. The husband was merely a useless, disagreeable person. Without doubt, he was in an awkward position; but what could be done about it? The only right that was left him was to seek satisfaction with arms in their hands, and for this Vronsky was wholly willing.

These last few days, however, had brought new complications, and Vronsky was not prepared to settle them. Only the evening before, Anna had confessed that she was in trouble; and he knew that she expected him to make some move, but the ruling principles of his life gave him no clew as to what he ought to do. At the first moment, when she
told him her situation, his heart bade him elope with her. He said this, but now on reflection he saw clearly that it would be better not to do so; but at the same time he was alarmed and perplexed.

"If I urge her to leave her husband, it would mean,—unite her life with mine. Am I ready for that? How can I elope with her when I have not any money? Let us admit that I can get it; but how can I take her away while I am connected with the service? If I should decide upon this, I should have to get money, and throw up my commission."

And he fell into thought. The question of resigning, or not, brought him face to face with another interest of his life known only to himself, though it formed the principal spur to his action.

Ambition had been the dream of his childhood and youth, a dream which he did not confess to himself, but which was nevertheless so strong that it fought with his love. His first advances in society, and in his military career, had been brilliant, but two years before he had made a serious blunder. Wishing to show his independence, and to cause a sensation, he refused a promotion offered him, imagining that his refusal would put a still higher value upon him. But it seemed that he was too confident, and since then he had been neglected. He found himself reduced *nolens volens* to the position of an independent man, who asked for nothing, and could not take it amiss if he were left in peace to amuse himself as he pleased. In reality, as the year went on, and since his return from Moscow, his independence weighed upon him. He felt that many people were beginning to think that he was incapable of doing any thing, instead of a good, honorable fellow, capable of doing any thing, but not caring to.

His relations with Madame Karénina, by attracting attention to him, for a time calmed the gnawings of the worm of ambition, but lately this worm had begun to gnaw with renewed energy. Serpukhovskoi—the friend of his childhood, belonging to his own circle, a chum of his in the School of Pages, who had graduated with him, who had been his rival in the class-room and in gymnasium, in his pranks and in his ambitions—had just returned from Central Asia, where he had advanced two steps (two *tchins*) on the ladder of promotion, and won honors rarely given to such a young
general. He was now in Petersburg, and people spoke of him as a new rising star of the first magnitude.

Just Vronsky's age, and his intimate friend, he was a general, and was expecting an appointment which would give him great influence in the affairs of the country; while Vronsky, though he was independent and brilliant, and loved by a lovely woman, was only a cavalry captain, whom they allowed to remain as he was, and do as he pleased.

"Of course," he said to himself, "I am not envious of Serpukhovskoi; but his promotion proves that a man like me only needs to bide his time in order to make a rapid rise in his profession. It is scarcely three years ago that he was in the same position as I am now. If I left the service, I should burn my ships. If I stay in the service, I lose nothing: did she not herself tell me that she did not want to change her position? And can I, sure of her love, be envious of Serpukhovskoi?"

And, slowly twisting his mustache, he arose from the table, and began to walk up and down the room. His eyes shone with extraordinary brilliancy; and he was conscious of that calm, even, and joyous state of mind that he always felt after regulating his accounts. All was now clear and orderly as ever. He shaved, took a cold-water bath, dressed, and prepared to go out.

XXI.

"I was coming for you," said Petritsky, entering the room. "Your accounts took a long time to-day, didn't they? Are you through?"

"All through," said Vronsky, smiling only with his eyes, and continuing to twist the ends of his mustache deliberately, as though, after this work of regulation were accomplished, any rash and quick motion might destroy it.

"You always come out of this operation as from a bath," said Petritsky. "I come from Gritska's. They are waiting for you."

Their colonel's name was Demin, but they all called him Gritska, the diminutive of Grigorie.

Vronsky looked at his comrade without replying: his thoughts were elsewhere.

"Da! then that music is at his house?" he remarked, hearing the well-known sounds of waltzes and polkas, played by
a military band at some distance. "What is the celebration?"

"Serpukhovskoi has come."

"Ah!" said Vronsky, "I did not know it." The smile in his eyes was brighter than ever. He had himself elected to sacrifice his ambition to his love, and again he argued that he was happy in his choice. He therefore could feel neither envy at Serpukhovskoi, nor vexation because he, returning to the regiment, had not come first to see him.

"Ah! I am very glad."

Colonel Demin lived in a vast seignorial mansion. When Vronsky arrived, he found all the company assembled on the lower front balcony. What first struck his eyes as he reached the door were the singers of the regiment, in summer kitels, grouped around a keg of vodka, and the healthy, jovial face of the colonel surrounded by his officers. He was standing on the front step of the balcony, screaming louder than the music, which was playing one of Offenbach's quadrilles. He was giving some orders and gesticulating to a group of soldiers on one side. A group of soldiers, the vakhmistr [sergeant], and a few non-commissioned officers, reached the balcony at the same instant with Vronsky. The colonel, who had been to the table, returned with a glass of champagne to the front steps, and proposed the toast,—

"To our old comrade, the brave general Prince Serpukhovskoi. Hurrah!"

Behind the colonel came Serpukhovskoi, smiling, with a glass in his hand.

"You are always young, Bondarenko," said he to the vakhmistr, a ruddy-cheeked soldier lad, who stood directly in front of him, in the front row.

Vronsky had not seen Serpukhovskoi for three years. He had grown older, and wore whiskers, but his regular and handsome features were not more striking than the nobility and gentleness of his whole bearing. The only change that Vronsky noted in him was the slight but constant radiance which can generally be seen in the faces of people who have succeeded, and made everybody else believe in their success. Vronsky had seen it in other people, and now he detected it in Serpukhovskoi.

As he descended the steps he caught sight of Vronsky, and a smile of joy irradiated his face. He nodded to him, lifting his wine-cup as a greeting, and at the same time to signify
that first he must drink with the vdkhmistr, who, standing perfectly straight, had puckered his lips for the kiss.

“Nu! here he is!” cried the colonel; “but Yashvin was telling me that you were in one of your bad humors.”

Serpukhovskoi, having kissed the vdkhmistr’s moist, fresh lips, wiped his mouth with his handkerchief; and came to Vronsky. “Nu! how glad I am!” he said, shaking hands, and drawing him to one side.

“Bring him along,” cried the colonel to Yashvin, pointing to Vronsky, and descending to join the soldiers.

“Why didn’t you come to the races yesterday? I expected to see you,” said Vronsky to Serpukhovskoi, studying his face.

“I did come, but too late. Excuse me,” he said; and, turning to his adjutant, “Please have this distributed with my thanks: only have it get to the men.”

And he hurriedly took out of his pocket-book three hundred-ruble notes, and handed them to him.

“Vronsky, will you have something to eat or drink?” asked Yashvin. “Hey! bring something to the count here. There, now, drink this.”

The feasting at the colonel’s lasted a long time. They drank a great deal. They toasted Serpukhovskoi, and carried him on their shoulders. Then the colonel and Petritsky danced a Russian dance, while the regimental singers made the music; and when he was tired, he sat down on a bench near the door, and tried to prove to Yashvin, Russia’s superiority over Prussia, especially in cavalry-charges; and the gayety calmed down for a moment. Serpukhovskoi went into the house to wash his hands, and found Vronsky in the lavatory. Vronsky was pouring on the water. He had taken off his kitel, and was sousing his head and his handsome neck under the faucet, and rubbing them with his hands. When he had finished his ablutions, he sat down by Serpukhovskoi on a divanchik [a small sofa], and a conversation very interesting to both parties arose between them.

“I have learned all about you through my wife,” said Serpukhovskoi. “I am glad that you see her so often.”

“She is a friend of Varia’s, and they are the only women in Petersburg that I care to see,” said Vronsky with a smile. He smiled because he foresaw on what subject the conversation would turn, and it was not displeasing to him.

“The only ones?” repeated Serpukhovskoi, also smiling
"Yes; and I, too, know all about you, but not through your wife only," said Vronsky, cutting short, by the suddenly stern expression of his face, the allusion; "and I am very glad at your success, but not the least surprised. I expected even more."

Serpukhovskoi smiled again. This flattering opinion of him pleased him, and he saw no reason to hide it.

"I on the contrary, I confess frankly, expected less. But I am glad, very glad. I am ambitious: it is my weakness, and I confess it."

"Perhaps you wouldn't confess it if you weren't successful," suggested Vronsky.

"I think so," replied Serpukhovskoi. "I will not say that life would not be worth living without it, but it would be tiresome. Of course I may deceive myself, but it seems to me that I possess the qualifications necessary to the sphere of activity which I have chosen, and that in my hands power of any sort soever would be better placed than in the hands of many whom I know," said Serpukhovskoi, with the radiant expression of success; "and therefore, the nearer I am to power, the more contented I feel."

"Perhaps this is true for you, but not for everybody. I used to think so, and yet I live, and no longer find that ambition is the only aim of existence."

"Vot ono! vot ono!" cried Serpukhovskoi, laughing. "I began by saying that I heard about you, about your refusal — of course I approved of you. There is a way for every thing; and I think that your action itself was well, but you did not do it in the right way."

"What is done, is done; and you know I never go back on what I have done. Besides, I am very well fixed."

"Very well — for a time. But you will not be contented so forever. I do not refer to your brother. He — a very good fellow — just like this host of ours. Hark! hear that?" he added, hearing the shouts and hurrahs. "He may be happy, but this will not satisfy you."

"I don't say that I am satisfied."

"Da! and not this alone. Such men as you are necessary!"

"To whom?"

"To whom? to society; to Russia. Russia needs men; she needs a party; otherwise all is going, and will go, to the dogs."
"What do you mean?—Berteneff’s party against the Russian communists?"

"No," said Serpukhovskoi, with a grimace of vexation that he should be accused of any such nonsense. "Tout ça est une blague! [All that is fudge]. This always has been, and always will be. There aren't any communists. But intriguing people must needs invent some malignant dangerous party. It's an old joke. No, a powerful party is needed, of independent men, like you and me."

"But why?"—Vronsky named several influential men—"but why aren't they among the independents?"

"Simply because they had not, through birth, an independent position, or a name, and have not lived near the sun, as we have. They can be bought by money or honors. And to maintain themselves, they must invent a direction; and they must follow this direction, to which they do not attach any meaning, or which may even be bad. And all this direction is only a means for providing them a home at the expense of the crown and certain salaries. Cela n'est pas plus fin que ça [That is all that it amounts to] when you look at their cards. Maybe I am worse or more foolish than they, though I don't see why I ought to be worse than they. But I have, and you have, the one inestimable advantage, that it is harder to buy us. And men of this stamp are more than ever necessary."

Vronsky listened attentively, not only because of the meaning of his words, but because of their connection with Serpukhovskoi's own case, who was about to engage in the struggle, and was entering into that official world, with its sympathies and antipathies, while he was occupied only with the interests of his squadron. Vronsky perceived how strong Serpukhovskoi might be, with his unfailing aptitude for invention, his quickness of comprehension, his intellect, and fluent speech, so rarely met with in the circle in which he lived. And, shameful as it was, he felt a twinge of envy.

"All that I need for this, is the one essential thing," said he,—"the desire for power. I had it, but it is gone."

"Excuse me: I don't believe you," said Serpukovskoi, smiling.

"No: it is true, true—now—to speak sincerely," persisted Vronsky.

"Yes; true now,—that is another affair; this now will not last forever."
"Perhaps."

"You say perhaps; and I tell you certainly not," continued Serpukhovskoi, as though he divined his thought. "And that is why I wanted to see you. You declined, as you felt was necessary. I understand that; but it is not necessary for you to stick to it [perseverirovat]. All I ask of you is carte blanche for the future. I am not your patron; and yet why should I not take you under my protection? Have you not often done as much for me? I hope that our friendship stands above that. Da!" said he, smiling at him tenderly, like a woman. "Give me carte blanche. Come out of your regiment, and I will push you so that it won't be known."

"But understand that I want nothing except that all should be as it has been."

Serpukhovskoi arose, and stood facing him. "You say that all must be as it has been. I understand you; but listen to me. We are of the same age: maybe you have known more women than I." His smile and his gesture told Vronsky that he would touch gently and delicately on the tender spot. "But I am married; and, in faith, as some one or other wrote, he who knows only his wife, and loves her, understands all women better than if he had known a thousand."

"Coming directly," cried Vronsky to an officer who looked in at the room, and said he was sent by the colonel. Vronsky now felt curious to hear and to know what Serpukhovskoi would say to him.

"And this is my idea: Women are the principal stumbling-block in the way of a man's activity. It is hard to love a woman, and to do any thing else. There is only one way to love with comfort, and without hinderance; and that is, to marry. And how to explain to you what I mean," continued Serpukhovskoi, who was fond of metaphors,—"da! suppose you had to carry a fardeau [burden]: your hands are of no good until they fasten the fardeau on your back. And so it is with marriage. And I found this out when I got married. My hands suddenly became free. But to carry this fardeau without marriage, your hands will be so full that you can't do any thing. Look at Mazankof, Krupof. They ruined their careers through women."

"But what women!" said Vronsky, remembering the French woman and the actress on whom these two men had thrown themselves away.
The higher the woman is in the social scale, the greater the difficulty. It is just the same as—not to carry your fardeau in your hands, but to tear it from some other man."

"You have never loved," murmured Vronsky, looking straight ahead, and thinking of Anna.

"Perhaps; but you think of what I have told you. And one thing more: women are all more material than men. We make something immense out of love, but they are all terre-à-terre" [of the earth, earthy].

"Right away, right away!" he cried to the lackey, who was coming into the room. But the lackey was not a messenger for him, as he supposed. The lackey brought Vronsky a note.

"A man brought this from the Princess Tverskai'a."
Vronsky hastily read the note, and grew red in the face.

"I have a headache. I am going home," said he to Serpukhovskoi.

"Nu, proshchati! will you give me carte blanche?"

"We will talk about it by and by. I will meet you in Petersburg."

XXII.

It was already six o'clock; and in order not to miss his appointment, or to go with his own horses, which everybody knew, Vronsky engaged Yashvin's hired carriage, and told the izvoshchik to drive with all speed. It was a spacious old carriage, with room for four. He sat in one corner, stretched his legs out on the empty seat, and began to think.

The confused consciousness of the order in which he had regulated his affairs; the confused recollection of the friendship and flattery of Serpukhofskoi, who assured him that he was an indispensable man; and most of all, the expectation of the coming interview,—conspired to give him a keen sense of the joy of living. This impression was so powerful that he could not restrain his joy. He stretched his legs, threw one knee over the other, felt for the contusion that his fall had given him the evening before, and drew several long breaths with full lungs.

"Good, very good," said he to himself. Oftentimes before he had felt a pleasure in the possession of his body, but never had he so loved it, or loved himself, as now. It was even pleasurable to feel the slight soreness in his leg, pleas-
urable was the *mouse-like* sensation of motion on his breast when he breathed.

This same bright, cool, August day, which so painfully impressed Anna, stimulated, vitalized him, and refreshed his face and neck, which still burned from the re-action after his bath. The odor of brilliantine from his whiskers seemed pleasant to him in this fresh atmosphere. Every thing that he saw from the carriage-window seemed to him in this cool, pure air, in this pale light of the dying day, fresh, joyous, and healthful, like himself. And the house-tops shining in the rays of the setting sun, the outlines of the fences and the edifices along the ways, and the shapes of occasional pedestrians and carriages hurrying hither and thither, and the motionless leaves, and the lawns, and the fields with their straight-cut rows of potato-hills, and the oblique shadows cast by the houses and the trees, and even by the potato-hills, — all was as beautiful as an exquisite landscape just from the master's hand, and freshly varnished.

"Make haste, make haste!" he shouted, pushing up through the window a three-ruble note to the driver, who turned round, and looked down towards him.

The izvoshchik's hand arranged something about the lantern, then he applied the *knout* to his horses, and the carriage whirled rapidly over the even pavement.

"I need nothing, nothing, but this pleasure," he thought, as his eyes rested on the knob of the bell, fastened between the windows, and he imagined Anna as she seemed when last he saw her. "The farther I go, the more I love her. — Ah! here is the garden of the Vrede *datcha*. Where shall I find her? How? Why did she make this appointment? and why did she write on Betsy's note?" This struck him for the first time, but he had no time to think about it. He stopped the driver before they reached the drive-way, and, getting out of the carriage, he went up the walk which led to the house. There was no one on the avenue; but going a little farther, and looking straight ahead, he saw her. Her face was covered with a thick veil; but with a joyful glance, he recognized her immediately, by her graceful motion as she walked, by the slope of her shoulders, and the pose of her head, and he felt as though an electric shock had passed through him. With new strength he felt the joy of life and of action, even from the movements of his limbs to the easy motion of respiration. When they neared each other, she eagerly seized his hand.
"You are not angry because I asked you to come? I absolutely needed to see you," she said; and the serious and stern closing of the lips, which he saw under the veil, quickly put an end to his jubilant spirits.

"I angry? but why did you come? when?"

"No matter about that," said she, taking Vronsky's arm.

"Come: I must have a talk with you."

He perceived that something had happened, and that their interview would not be joyful. While with her, he could not control his will. Though he did not know what her agitation portended, yet he felt that it had taken possession of him also.

"What is it? What is the matter?" he asked, pressing her arm, and trying to read her thoughts by her face.

She went a few steps in silence, so as to get her breath; then she suddenly halted.

"I did not tell you last evening," she began, breathing fast and painfully, "that, coming home with Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, I confessed to him every thing—I said that I could not be his wife—and I told him all."

He listened, leaning towards her, as though he wished to lighten for her the difficulty of this confidence; but as soon as she finished speaking, he suddenly drew himself up, and his face assumed a haughty and stern expression.

"Da! da! that was better, a thousand times better," he said. But she did not heed his words, she read his thoughts on his expressive face. She could not know that the expression of his face arose from the first thought that came into his mind,—the thought that the duel must now be fought. Never had the thought of a duel entered her head, and the interpretation which she gave to the sudden change in his appearance was quite different.

Since the arrival of her husband's letter, she felt in the bottom of her heart that all would remain as before; that she should not have the strength to sacrifice her position in the world, to abandon her son, and join her lover. The morning spent with the Princess Tverskaia confirmed her in this. But the interview with Vronsky seemed to be of vital importance. She hoped that it might change their relations and save her. If, when they first met, he had said decidedly, passionately, without a moment's hesitation, "Leave all, and come with me," she would have even abandoned her son, and gone with him. But their meeting had been the opposite
of what she expected: he seemed, if any thing, vexed and angry.

"It was not hard for me at all. It came of its own accord," she said, with a touch of irritation; "and here"—she drew her husband’s letter from her glove.

"I understand, I understand," interrupted Vronsky, taking the letter, but not reading it, and trying to calm Anna. "The one thing I wanted, the one thing I prayed for—to put an end to this situation, so that I could devote my whole life to your happiness."

"Why do you say that to me?" she asked. "Can I doubt it? If I doubted"—

"Who are those?" asked Vronsky abruptly, seeing two ladies coming in their direction. "Perhaps they know us."

And he hastily drew Anna with him down a side alley. "Ach! it is all the same to me," she said. Her lips trembled, and it seemed to Vronsky that her eyes looked at him from under her veil with strange hatred.

"As I said, in all this affair, I cannot doubt you. But here is what he wrote me. Read it." And again she halted. Again, as when he first learned of Anna’s rupture with her husband, Vronsky, beginning to read this letter, involuntarily abandoned himself to the impression awakened in him by the thought of his relations to the deceived husband. Now that he had the letter in his hand, he imagined the challenge which he would receive the next day, and the duel itself, at the moment when, with the same cool and haughty expression which now set his face, he would stand in front of his adversary, and, having discharged his weapon in the air, would wait the outraged husband’s shot. And Serpukhovskoi’s words flashed through his mind, "Better not tie yourself down;" and he felt the impossibility of explaining them to her.

After he read the note, he raised his eyes to her, and there was indecision in his look. She instantly perceived that he had thought this matter over before. She knew that whatever he said to her, he would not say all that he thought. And her last hope vanished. This was not what she had desired.

"You see what sort of a man he is," said she with faltering voice. "He"—

"Excuse me, but I am glad of this," said Vronsky, interrupting. "For Heaven’s sake, let me speak," he quickly
added, begging her with his look to give him time to finish what he began to say. "I am glad, because this cannot, and never could, go on as he imagines."

"Why can't it?" demanded Anna, holding back her tears, and not attaching any importance to what he said, for she felt that her fate was already settled.

It was in Vronsky's mind to say, that after the duel, which he felt was inevitable, this situation must be changed; but he said something quite different.

"It cannot go on so. I hope that now you will leave him. I hope"—he stumbled and grew red—"that you will allow me to take charge of our lives, and regulate them. Tomorrow"—

She did not allow him to finish.

"And my son!" she cried. "Do you see what he writes? I must leave him; but I cannot, and I will not, do that."

"But which is better, — to leave your son, or to continue this humiliating situation?"

"For whom is it a humiliating situation?"

"For all of us, and especially for you."

"You say humiliating! Don't say that. For me that word has no meaning," said she with trembling voice. She could not bear now to have him tell her a falsehood. Her love for him was trembling in the balance, and she wished to love him. "You must know that for me, on that day when I first loved you, every thing was transformed. For me there was one thing, and only one thing,—your love. If it is mine, then I feel myself so high, so firm, that nothing can be humiliating to me. I am proud of my position, because—proud that—proud."—She did not say why she was proud. Tears of shame and despair choked her utterance. She stopped, and began to sob.

He also felt that something rose in his throat. For the first time in his life he felt ready to cry. He could not have said what affected him so. He was sorry for her, and he felt that he could not help her; and, more than all, he knew that he was the cause of her unhappiness, that he had done something abominable.

"Then a divorce is impossible?" he asked gently. She shook her head without replying. "Then, could you not take your son, and leave him?"

"Yes; but all this depends on him now. Now I must go
to him,” she said dryly. Her presentiment that all would be as before was verified.

“I shall be in Petersburg Tuesday, and every thing will be decided.”

“Yes,” she repeated. “But we shall not speak any more about that.”

Anna’s carriage, which she sent away with the order to come back for her at the railing of the Vrede Garden, was approaching. Anna took leave of Vronsky, and went home.

**XXIII.**

The Commission of the 2d of June, as a general thing, held its sittings on Monday. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch entered the committee-room, bowed to the members and the president as usual, and took his place, laying his hand on the papers made ready for him. Among the number were the data which he needed, and the notes on the proposition that he intended to submit to the Commission. These notes, however, were not necessary. His grasp of the subject was complete, and he did not need to refresh his memory as to what he was going to say. He knew that when the time came, and he was face to face with his adversary, vainly endeavoring to put on an expression of indifference, his speech would come of itself in better shape than he could now determine. He felt that the meaning of his speech was so great that every word would have its importance. Meantime, as he listened to the reading of the report, he put on a most innocent and inoffensive expression. No one seeing his white hands, with their swollen veins, his delicate, long fingers doubling up the two ends of the sheet of white paper lying before him, and his expression of weariness, as he sat with head on one side, would have believed it possible, that, in a few moments, from his lips would proceed a speech which would raise a real tempest, cause the members of the Commission to outdo each other in screaming, and oblige the president to call them to order. When the report was finished, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, in his weak, shrill voice, said that he had a few observations to make in regard to the situation of the foreign tribes. Attention was concentrated upon him. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch cleared his throat, and not looking at his adversary, but, as he always did at the beginning of his speeches,
addressing the person who sat nearest in front of him, who happened to be a little, insignificant old man, without the slightest importance in the Commission, began to deliver his views. When he reached the matter of the fundamental and organic law, his adversary leaped to his feet, and began to reply. Stremof, who was also a member of the Commission, and also touched to the quick, arose to defend himself; and the session proved to be excessively stormy. But Alekséi Aleksandrovitch triumphed, and his proposition was accepted.

The three new commissions were appointed, and the next day in certain Petersburg circles this session formed the staple topic of conversation. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's success far outstripped his anticipations.

The next morning, which was Tuesday, Karénin, on awaking, recalled with pleasure his success of the day before; and he could not repress a smile, although he wanted to appear indifferent, when his chief secretary, in order to be agreeable, told him of the rumors which had reached his ears in regard to the proceedings of the commission.

Occupied as he was with the secretary, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch absolutely forgot that the day was Tuesday, the day set for Anna Arkadýevna's return; and he was surprised and disagreeably impressed when a domestic came to announce that she had come.

Anna reached Petersburg early in the morning. A carriage had been sent for her in response to her telegram, and so Alekséi Aleksandrovitch might have known of her coming. But when she came, he did not go to receive her. She was told that he had not come down yet, but was busy with his secretary. She bade the servant announce her arrival, and then went to her boudoir, and began to unpack her things, expecting that he would come to her. But an hour passed, and he did not appear. She went to the dining-room, under the pretext of giving some orders, and spoke unusually loud, thinking that he would join her there. But still he did not come, though she heard him go out from the library, and take leave of the secretary. She knew that he generally went out after his conference; and so she wanted to see him, so that their plan of action might be decided.

She went into the hall, and finally decided to go to him. She stepped into the library. Dressed in his uniform, ap-
parently ready to take his departure, he was sitting at a little table, on which his elbows rested. He was wrapped in melancholy thought. She saw him before he noticed her, and she knew that he was thinking of her.

When he caught sight of her, he started to get up, reflected, and then, for the first time since Anna had known him, he blushed. Then quickly rising, he advanced towards her, not looking at her face, but at her forehead and hair. He came to her, took her by the hand, and invited her to sit down.

"I am very glad that you have come," he stammered, sitting down near her, and evidently desiring to talk with her. Several times he began to speak, but hesitated.

Although she was prepared for this interview, and had made up her mind to defend herself, and accuse him, she did not know what to say, and pitied him. And so the silence lasted some little time.

"Serozha well?" at length he asked; and, without waiting for an answer, he added, "I shall not dine at home today: I have to go right away."

"I intended to start for Moscow," said Anna.

"No: you did very, very well to come home," he replied, and again was silent.

Seeing that it was beyond his strength to begin the conversation, she herself began:—

"Alekséi Aleksandrovitch," said she, looking at him, and not dropping her eyes under his gaze, which was still concentrated on her head-dress, "I am a guilty woman; I am a wicked woman; but I am what I have been, — what I told you I was, — and I have come to tell you that I cannot change."

"I do not ask for that," he replied instantly, in a decided voice, and looking with an expression of hate straight into her eyes. "I presupposed that." Under the influence of anger, he apparently regained control of all his faculties. "But as I told you then, and wrote you" (he spoke in a sharp, shrill voice), "I now repeat, that I am not obliged to have it thrust into my face. I ignore it. Not all women are so good as you are, to hasten to give their husbands such very pleasant news." He laid a special stress on the word "pleasant" [priatnoe]. "I will ignore it for the present, so long as the world does not know,— so long as my name is not dishonored. I, therefore, only warn you
that our relations must remain as they always have been, and that only in case of your compromising yourself, shall I be forced to take measures to protect my honor."

"But our relations cannot remain as they have been," she said with timid accents, looking at him in terror.

As she once more saw his undemonstrative gestures, heard his mocking voice with its sharp, childish tones, all the pity that she had begun to feel for him was driven away by the aversion that he inspired, and she had only a feeling of fear, which arose from the fact that she did not see any light in regard to their relations.

"I cannot be your wife, when I" — she began.

He laughed with a cold and wicked laugh.

"It must needs be that the manner of life which you have chosen is reflected in your ideas. I have too much esteem or contempt, or rather I esteem your past, and despise your present, too much for me to accept the interpretation which you put upon my words."

Anna sighed, and bowed her head.

"Besides, I do not understand how you, having so much independence," he continued, getting rather excited, "and telling your husband up and down of your infidelity, and not finding any thing blameworthy in it, as it seems, how you can find any thing blameworthy either in the fulfilment of a wife's duties to her husband."

"Alekséi Aleksandrovitch! What do you require of me?"

"I require that I may never meet this man here, and that you comport yourself so that neither the world nor our servants can accuse you — that you do not see him. It seems to me, that this is little. And in doing this, you will enjoy the rights and fulfil the obligations of an honorable wife. This is all that I have to say to you. Now it is time for me to go. I shall not dine at home."

He got up, and went to the door. Anna also arose. He silently bowed, and allowed her to pass.

XXIV.

The night spent by Levin on the hay-rick was not without its reward. The way in which he administered his estate aroused against him all sorts of interests. Notwithstanding the excellent crops, never, or at least it seemed to him
that never, had there been such failure, and such unfriendly relations between him and the muzhiks, as this year; and now the reasons for this failure, and this animosity, were especially clear to him. The pleasure which he found in work itself, the resulting acquaintance with the muzhiks, the envy which seized him when he saw them and their lives, the desire to lead such a life himself, which on that night had been not visionary but real, the details necessary to carry out his desire,—all this taken together had so changed his views in regard to the management of his estate, that he could not take the same interest as before, and he could not help seeing how these unpleasant relations with the laborers met him at every new undertaking. The herd of improved cows, like Pava; all the fertilized and ploughed lands; nine equal fields well planted; the ninety desyatins, covered with oderiferous dressing; the deep-drills and other improvements,—all was excellent so far as it only concerned himself and the people who were in sympathy with him. But now he clearly saw—and his study of the books on rural economy, in which the principal element was found to be the laborer, may have helped him to this conclusion—that this present manner of carrying on his estate was only a cruel and wicked struggle between him and the laborers, in which on one side, on his side, was a constant effort to carry out his aspirations for the accomplishment of better models, and on the other side, the natural order of things. In this struggle, he saw that on his side, there were effort and lofty purpose, and on the other, no effort or purpose, and that the result was that the estate went from bad to worse: beautiful tools were destroyed, beautiful cattle and lands ruined. The principal objection was the energy absolutely wasted in this matter; but he could not help thinking now, when his thought was laid bare, that the aim of his energies was itself unworthy. In reality, where lay this quarrel? He defended every penny of his own,—and he could not help defending them, because he was obliged to use his energies to the utmost, otherwise he would not have wherewithal to pay his laborers,—and they defended their right to work lazily and comfortably, in other words, as they had always done. It was for his interests that every laborer should do his very best; above all, should strive not to break the winnowing-machines, the horse-rakes, so that he might accomplish what he was doing. But the laborer wanted to do his work as easily as possible, with long breathing-spaces for
doing nothing and napping and meditating. The present year, Levin found this at every step. He sent to mow the clover for fodder, meaning the bad desyatins, where there promised to be bare spaces mixed with grass, and not fit for seed; and they would cut his best desyatins, reserved for seed, and allege as excuse that it was the prikashchik’s orders; and they vexed him the more because the fodder was perfectly easy to distinguish, but he knew that they took this because on these desyatins it was easier work. He sent the winnowing-machine out, and they broke it on the first trial, because some muzhik found it disagreeable to sit on the trestle while the vans were flying over his head. And they told him, “Don’t vex yourself about it: the babui will soon winnow it.” They had to give up using the new-fangled ploughs, because the laborer could not get it through his head to let down the shares; or else bore down so that he tired the horses out, and spoiled the land. The horses got into the wheat-field, because not one muzhik was willing to be night-watchman: and notwithstanding the express commands to the contrary, the laborers took turns on the night-guard; and Vanka, who had been working all day, fell asleep, and acknowledging his mistake, said, “Volya vasha” [Do with us as you please]. Three of the best heifers were lost because they were let into the clover-patch without water, and no one would believe that the clover would hurt them; but they told him for his consolation, that one hundred and twelve head had died in the neighborhood in three days.

All this was done, not because there was enmity against Levin or his estate. On the contrary, he knew that they loved him, called him by a title which meant in their lips the highest praise [prostoi barin]. But they did these things simply because they liked to work gayly and idly; and his interests seemed not only strange and incomprehensible, but also fatally opposed to their own true interests. For a long time Levin had been feeling discontented with his situation. He saw that his canoe was leaking, but he could not find the leaks; and he did not hunt for them, perhaps on purpose to deceive himself. Nothing would have been left him if he had allowed his illusions to perish. But now he could not longer deceive himself. His farming was not only no longer interesting, but was disgusting to him, and he could not put his heart in it any more.
To this was added the fact that Kitty Shcherbatskaia was not more than thirty *versts* away, and he wanted to see her, and could not.

Darya Aleksandrovna Oblonskaia, when he called upon her, invited him to come,—to come with the express purpose of renewing his offer to her sister, who, as she pretended to think, now cared for him. Levin himself, after he caught the glimpse of Kitty Shcherbatskaia, felt that he had not ceased to love her; but he could not go to the Oblonskys', because he knew that she was there. The fact that he had offered himself, and she had refused him, put an impassable bar between them. "I cannot ask her to be my wife, because she could not be the wife of the man whom she wanted," he said to himself. The thought of this made him cold and hostile towards her. "I have not the strength to go and talk with her without a sense of reproach, to look at her without angry feelings; and she would feel the same towards me, only more so. And besides, how can I go there now, after what Darya Aleksandrovna told me? How can I help showing that I know what she told me? That I go with magnanimity,—to pardon her, to be reconciled to her! I, in her presence, play the *role* of a pardoning and honor-conferring lover to her!—Why did Darya Aleksandrovna tell me that? I might meet her accidentally, and then all would go of itself; but now it is impossible, impossible!"

Darya Aleksandrovna sent him a note, asking the loan of a side-saddle for Kitty. "They tell me you have a saddle," she wrote: "I hope that you will bring it yourself."

This was too much for him. How could a sensible woman of any delicacy so lower her sister? He wrote ten notes, and tore them all up, and then sent the saddle without any reply. To write that he would come was impossible, because he could not come: to write that he could not come because he was busy, or was going away somewhere, was still worse. So he sent the saddle without any reply; and, with the consciousness that he was doing something disgraceful, on the next day, leaving the now disagreeable charge of the estate to the *prikașchik*, he set off to a distant district to see his friend Sviazhsky, who lived surrounded by a beautiful hunting-ground, and who had lately invited him to fulfil an old project of making him a visit. The woodcock-marshes in the district of Surof had long attracted Levin, but on account of his farm-work he had always put off this visit. Now he
was glad to go from the neighborhood of the Shcherbatskys, and especially from his estate, and to hunt, which for all his tribulations was always a sovereign remedy.

XXV.

In the district of Surof there are neither railways nor post-roads; and Levin took his own horses, and went in a tarantás [travelling-carriage].

When he was half way, he stopped to get a meal at the house of a rich muzhik. The host, who was a bald, robust old man, with a great red beard, growing gray on the cheeks, opened the gate, crowding up against the post to let the troïka enter. Pointing the coachman to a place under the shed in his large, neat, and orderly new court-yard, the starik invited Levin to enter the room. A neatly clad young girl, with goloshes on her bare feet, was washing up the floor of the new tabernacle. When she saw Levin's dog, she was startled, and screamed, but was re-assured when she found that the dog would not bite. With her bare arm she pointed Levin to the guest-room, then, bending over again, she hid her handsome face, and kept on with her scrubbing.

"Want the samovar?" she asked.

"Yes, please."

The guest-room was large, with a Dutch stove and a partition. Under the sacred images stood a table ornamented with different designs, a bench, and two chairs. At the entrance was a cupboard with dishes. The window-shutters were closed; there were few flies; and it was so neat that Levin took care that Laska, who had been flying over the road, and was covered with splashes of mud, should not soil the floor, and bade her lie down in the corner near the door. Levin went to the back of the house. A good-looking girl in goloshes, swinging her empty pails on the yoke, ran to get him water from the well.

"Lively there," gayly shouted the starik to her; and then he turned to Levin. "So, sudar [sir], you are going to see Nikolaï Ivanovitch Sviazhsky? He often stops with us," he began to say in his garrulous style, as he leaned on the balustrade of the steps. But just as he was in the midst of telling about his acquaintance with Sviazhsky, again the gate creaked on its hinges, and the workmen came in from the
fields with their ploughs and horses. The roan horses attached to the sokhas were fat and in good condition. The laborers evidently belonged to the family: two were young fellows, and wore cotton chintz shirts [rubakh], and caps. The other two were hired men, and wore sheepskins: one was an old man, the other middle-aged.

The starik left Levin standing on the porch, and began to help unhitch the horses.

"What have you been ploughing?"

"The potato-fields. We've done one lot. — You, Fiodot, don't bring the gelding, but leave him at the trough: we'll hitch up another."

"Say, batiushka, shall I tell 'em to take out the ploughshares, or to bring 'em?" asked a big-framed, healthy-looking lad, evidently the starik's son.

"Put 'em in the drags," replied the starik, coiling up the reins, and throwing them on the ground.

The handsome girl in goloshes came back to the house with her brimming pails swinging from her shoulders. Other babuy appeared from different quarters, some young and comely, others old and ugly, with children and without children.

The samovar began to sing on the stove. The workmen and the men of family, having taken out their horses, came in to dinner. Levin, sending for his provisions from the tarantás, begged the starik to take tea with him.

"Da teččó! already drunk my tea," said the starik, evidently flattered by the invitation. "However, for company's sake —

At tea Levin learned the whole history of the starik's domestic economy. Ten years before, the starik had rented of a lady one hundred and twenty desyatins, and the year before had bought them; and he had rented three hundred more of a neighboring land-owner. A small portion of this land, and that the poorest, he sublet; but four hundred desyatins he himself worked, with the help of his sons and two hired men. The starik complained that all was going bad; but Levin saw that he complained only for form's sake, and that his affairs were flourishing. If they were bad he would not have bought land for five hundred rubles, or married off his three sons and his nephew, or built twice after his izba was burned, and each time better. Notwithstanding the starik's complaints, it was evident that he felt pride in his prosperity,
pride in his sons, in his nephew, his daughters, his horses, his cows, and especially in the fact that he owned all this domain. From his conversation with the starik Levin learned that he believed in modern improvements. He planted many potatoes; and his potatoes, which Levin saw in the storehouse, he had already dug and brought in, while on Levin’s estate they had only begun to dig them. He used the plough on the potato-fields, as he had ploughs which he got from the proprietor. He sowed wheat. The little detail that the starik sowed rye, and fed his horses with it, especially struck Levin. Levin had seen this beautiful fodder going to ruin, and had wished to harvest it; but he found it impossible to accomplish it. The muzhik used it, and could not find sufficient praise for it.

"How do the women [babionki] do it?"

"Oh! they pile it up on one side, and then the telyéga comes to it."

"But with us proprietors everything goes wrong with the hired men," said Levin as he filled his teacup and offered it to him.

"Thank you," replied the starik, taking the cup, but refusing the sugar, pointing to the lumps which lay in front of him.

"How to get along with workmen?" said he. "One way. Here’s Sviazhsky, for example. We know what splendid land—but they don’t get decent crops. All comes from lack of care."

"Da! but how do you do with your workmen?"

"It’s all among ourselves. We watch everything. Lazy-bones, off they go! We work with our own hands."

"Batiuška, Finogen wants you to give him the tar-water," said a baba in goloshes, looking in through the door.

"So it is, sudar," said the starik, rising; and, having crossed himself many times before the ikons [sacred pictures], he once more thanked Levin, and left the room.

When Levin went into the dark izba to give orders to his coachman, he found all the "men-folks" sitting down to dinner. The babui were on their feet helping. The healthy-looking young son, with his mouth full of kasha, got off some joke, and all broke into loud guffaws; and more hilariously than the others laughed the baba in goloshes, who was pouring shchi into a tureen.

It well might be that the jolly face of the baba in the
gloshes co-operated powerfully with the whole impression of orderliness which this peasant home produced on Levin: but the impression was so strong that Levin could never get rid of it; and all the way from the starik's to Sviazhsky's, again and again he thought of what he had seen at the farmhouse, as something deserving special attention.

XXVI.

Sviazhsky was marshal [*predvoditel*] in his district. He was five years older than Levin, and had been married some time. His sister-in-law was a very sympathetic young lady; and Levin knew, as marriageable young men usually know such things, that her friends wanted her to find a husband. Although he dreamed of marriage, and was sure that this lovable young lady would make a charming wife, he would sooner have been able to fly to heaven than to marry her, even if he had not been in love with Kitty Sheherbatskaia. The fear of being looked upon as a suitor took the edge from his pleasure in his prospective visit, and made him hesitate about accepting his friend's invitation. Sviazhsky's domestic life was in the highest degree interesting, and Sviazhsky himself was an interesting type of the proprietor devoted to the affairs of the province. He was a thorough-going liberal; but there was great discrepancy between the opinions which he professed, and his manner of living and acting. He despised the nobility, whom he charged with hostility to emancipation; and he regarded Russia as a rotten country, whose wretched government was scarcely better than Turkey; and yet he had accepted public office, and attended faithfully to his duties. He never even went out without donning his official cap, with its red border and cockade. He declared that human existence was endurable only abroad, where he was going to live at the first opportunity; but at the same time he carried on in Russia a very complicated estate¹ in the most perfect style, and was interested in all that was going on in Russia, and was fully up with the times. The Russian *muzhik*, in his eyes, stood between man and monkey; but, when the elections came, he gave his hand to the peasants by preference, and listened to them with the utmost

¹ *Khozydistvo* includes household economy, the outside interests, farming, mills, —every thing connected with an estate. The master of an estate is called *khozyadin*, the mistress *khozydika*, — terms often used for host and hostess.
attention. He believed neither in God nor the Devil; but he showed great concern in ameliorating the condition of the clergy, and saw that his village church was kept in repair. In regard to the emancipation of women, and especially their right to work, he held the most pronounced and radical ideas; but he lived in perfect harmony with his wife, and took entire direction of the family affairs, so that his wife did nothing, and could do nothing, except in co-operation with him, in order to pass the time as agreeably as possible.

In spite of the contradictions in his character, Levin did his best to comprehend him, looking upon him as a living conundrum; and through their social relations he tried to enter this strange man's inner consciousness. The hunting which Sviazhsky gave him was poor: the marshes were dry, and the woodcock scarce. Levin walked all day, and got only three birds; but the compensation was a ravenous appetite, capital spirits, and that intellectual excitement which violent physical exercise always gave him.

In the evening, as they sat at the tea-table, Levin found himself next the khozyaïka, a lady of medium stature and light complexion, all radiant with smiles and dimples. Levin endeavored, through her, to unravel the enigma which her husband's character afforded him; but he could not get full control of his thoughts, because opposite him sat the pretty sister-in-law in a dress worn, as it seemed to him, for his especial benefit, with a square corsage cut rather low in front, and giving a glimpse of a very white bosom. He did his best not to look at her, but his eyes were constantly attracted to her; and he felt ill at ease, and his constraint was shared by the young lady herself. But the khozyaïka seemed not to notice it, and kept up a lively conversation.

"You say that my husband does not take an interest in Russian affairs?" she asked. "On the contrary, he was happy when he was abroad, but not so happy as he is here. Here he feels that he is in his sphere. He has so much to do, and he takes especial pains to interest himself in every thing. Ach! you have not been to see our school?"

"Yes, I have,—that little house covered with ivy?"

"Yes: that is Nastia's work," said she, glancing at her sister.

"Do you yourself teach?" asked Levin, trying to look at Nastia's face, but feeling, that, in spite of him, he would seem to be looking at the parted dress.
"Yes, I teach, and intend to; but we have an excellent school-mistress."

"No, thank you, I will not take any more tea," said Levin. He felt that he was committing a solecism; but he could not keep up the conversation, and he rose in confusion. "I am very much interested in what they are saying."

And he went to the other end of the table, where the khoz-yadîn was talking with two landed proprietors. Sviazhsky was sitting with his side towards the table, twirling his cup around with one hand, and with the other stroking his long beard. His bright black eyes were fixed with keen amusement on one of the proprietors, a man with a white mustache, who was complaining bitterly about the peasantry. Levin saw that Sviazhsky had an answer ready for the worthy gentleman's comical complaints, and could reduce his arguments to powder if his official position did not compel him to respect the proprietor's.

The proprietor with the white mustache was evidently a narrow-minded country gentleman, an inveterate opponent of the emancipation, and an old-style farmer. Levin could see the signs of it in his old-fashioned shiny coat, in his keen, angry eyes, in his well-balanced Russian speech, in his authoritative, slow, and studied manner, and his imperious gestures with his large, handsome hand ornamented with a single wedding-ring.

XXVII.

"If it only weren't a pity to abandon what has been done,—cost so much labor,—it would be better to give up, sell out, go abroad, and hear 'La Belle Hélène,' like Nikolaï Ivanovitch," the old proprietor was saying; while his intelligent face lighted up with a smile.

"Da vot! but still you don't sell out," said Nikolaï Ivanovitch Sviazhsky: "so you must be well off, on the whole."

"I am well off in one way, because I have a home of my own, and don't hire or board. Besides, one always hopes that the peasantry will improve. But would you believe it,—this drunkenness, this laziness! Every thing goes to destruction. No horses, no cows. They starve to death. But try to help them,—take them for farm-hands: they
manage to ruin you; yes, even before a justice of the peace!'"1

"But you, too, can complain to the justice of the peace," said Sviazhsky.

"What! I complain? Da! not for the world! All such talk shows that complaints are idle. Here, at the mill, they took their handful, and went off. What did the justice of the peace do? Acquitted them. Your only chance is to go to the communal court,—to the starshind. The starshind will have the man thrashed for you. But for him, sell out, fly to the ends of the world!"

The proprietor was evidently trying to tease Sviazhsky; but Sviazhsky not only did not lose his temper, but was much amused.

"Da vot! we carry on our estates without these measures," said he, smiling. "I, Levin, he."

He pointed to the other proprietor.

"Yes; but ask Mikhail Petrovitch how his affairs are getting along. Is that a rational way [khozyâistvo]?"] demanded the proprietor, especially accenting the word "rational" [ratsionalnoe].

"My way is very simple," said Mikhail Petrovitch, "thank the Lord! My whole business lies in seeing that the money is ready for the autumn taxes. The muzhiks come, and say, 'Boitiushka, help us, father.' Nu! all these muzhiks are neighbors: I pity 'em. Nu! I advance 'em the first third. Only I say, 'Remember, children, I help you; and you must help me when I need you,—sowing the oats, getting in the hay, harvesting.' Nu! I get along with them as with my own family. To be sure, there are some among them who haven't any conscience.'"

Levin, who knew of old about these patriarchal traditions, exchanged glances with Sviazhsky; and, interrupting Mikhail Petrovitch, he said, "How would you advise?" addressing the old proprietor with the gray mustache. "How do you think one's estate [khozyâistvo] ought to be managed?"

"Da! manage it just as Mikhail Petrovitch does,—either give half the land to the muzhiks, or go shares with them.

1 In the Russian mir, or commune, the starshinâ, or elder, is the chief elected every three years. Before the emancipation of the serfs, in 1861, each commune had its district court [volostnoi sud], the decisions of which were often very ridiculous. Among the reforms instituted by the Emperor Alexander II, was the so-called justice of the peace,—more properly, judge of the peace [mirovoï sudya],—an innovation which at first caused much opposition among the peasantry. See Wallace's "Russias" and Leroy Beaulieu's "L'Empire des Tares."
That is possible; but, all the same, the wealth of the country is growing less and less. Places on my lands which in the time of serfage, under good management [khozyaistvo], produced ninefold, now produce only threefold. Emancipation has ruined Russia."

Sviazhsky looked at Levin with scornful amusement in his eyes, and was just making a gesture to express his disdain: but Levin listened to the old proprietor's words without any feeling of scorn; he understood them better than he understood Sviazhsky. Much that the old man said in his complaint, that Russia was ruined by the emancipation, seemed to him true, though his experience did not go so far back. The proprietor evidently expressed his honest thought,—a thought which arose, not from any desire to show an idle wit, but from the conditions of his life, which had been spent in the country, where he could see the question practically from every side.

"The fact is," continued the old proprietor, who evidently wished to show that he was not an enemy of civilization, "all progress is accomplished by force alone. Take the reforms of Peter, of Catharine, of Alexander; take European history itself,—and all the more for progress in agriculture. The potato, for instance,—to have potatoes introduced into Russia took force. We have not always ploughed with ploughs; but to get them introduced into our domains took force. Now; in our day, we proprietors, who had seignorial rights, could conduct our affairs to perfection: drying-rooms and winnowing-machines and improved carts—all sorts of tools—we could introduce, because we had the power; and the muzhiks at first would oppose, and then would imitate us. But now, by the abrogation of serfage, they have taken away our authority; and so our estates [khozyaistvo], now that every thing is reduced to the same level, must necessarily sink back to the condition of primitive barbarism. This is my view of it."

"Da! but why? If that were rational, then you could keep on with your improvements by hiring help," said Sviazhsky. 

"Not without authority. How could I? allow me to ask."

"This—this is the working-force, the chief element in the problem before us," thought Levin.

"With hired men."
“Hired men will not work well, or work with good tools. Our laborers know how to do only one thing,—to drink like pigs, and, when they are drunk, to spoil every thing that you let them have. They water your horses to death, tear your nice harnesses, take the tires off your wheels and sell them for drink, stick bolts into your winnowing-machines so as to make them useless. Every thing that is not done in their way makes them sick at the stomach. And thus the affairs of our estates go from bad to worse. The lands are neglected, and go to weeds, or else are given to the muzhiks. Instead of producing millions of tchetverts [5.775 English bushels] of wheat, you can raise only a few hundred thousand. The public wealth is diminishing. If they were going to free the serfs, they should have done it gradually.”

And he developed his own scheme, wherein all difficulties would have been avoided. This plan did not interest Levin, and he returned to his first question, with the hope of inducing Sviazhsky to tell what he seriously thought about it.

“It is very true that the level of our agriculture is growing lower and lower, and that in our present relations with the peasantry, it is impossible to carry on our estates rationally,” he said.

“I am not of that opinion,” said Sviazhsky seriously. “I deny that, since serfage was abolished, agriculture has decayed; and I argue that in those days it was very wretched, and very low. We never had any machines, or good cattle, or decent supervision. We did not even know how to count. Ask a proprietor: he could not tell you what a thing cost, or what it would bring him.”

“Italian book-keeping!” said the old proprietor ironically. “Reckon all you please, and get things mixed as much as you please, there will be no profit in it.”

“Why get things mixed up? Your miserable flail, your Russian topchatchek, will break all to pieces: my steam-thresher will not break to pieces. Then your wretched nags; how are they? A puny breed that you can pull by the tails, comes to nothing; but our percherons are vigorous horses, they amount to something. And so with every thing. Our agriculture [khoozydistvo] always needed to be pushed.”

“Da! but it would need some power, Nikolaï Ivanuitch. Very well for you; but when one has one son at the university, and several others at school, as I have, he can’t afford to buy percherons.
ANNA KARENINA.

"There are banks on purpose."

"To have my last goods and chattels sold under the hammer. No, thank you!"

"I don't agree that it is necessary or possible to lift the level of agriculture much higher," said Levin. "I am much interested in this question; and I have the means, but I cannot do anything. And as for banks, I don't know whom they profit. And up to the present time, whatever I have spent on my estate, has resulted only in loss. Cattle—loss; machines—loss."

"That is true," said the old proprietor with the gray mustache, laughing with hearty satisfaction.

"And I am not the only man," Levin continued. "I call to mind all those who have made experiments in the 'rational manner.' All, with few exceptions, have come out of it with losses. Nu! you say that your estate [khozyaistvo] is—profitable?" he asked, seeing in Sviatchsky's face that transient expression of embarrassment which he noticed when he wanted to penetrate farther into the reception-room of Sviatchsky's mind.

However, this question was not entirely fair play on Levin's part. The khozyaika told him at tea that they had just had a German expert up from Moscow, who, for five hundred rubles' fee, agreed to put the book-keeping of the estate in order; and he found that there had been a net loss of about three thousand rubles.

The old proprietor smiled when he heard Levin's question about the profits of Sviatchsky's management. It was evident that he knew about the state of his neighbors' finances.

"May be unprofitable," replied Sviatchsky. "This only proves that either I am a poor economist [khozyain], or I sink my capital to increase the revenue."

"Ach! revenue!" cried Levin, with horror. "Maybe there is such a thing as revenue in Europe, where the land is better for the labor spent upon it; but with us, the more labor spent on it, the worse it is— that is because it exhausts it—so there is no revenue."

"How, no revenue? It is a law?"

Then we are exceptions to the law. The word revenue [renta] has no clearness for us, and explains nothing, but rather confuses. No; tell me how revenue"—

"Won't you have some curds?—Masha, send us some
curds or some raspberries," said Sviazhsky to his wife.
"Raspberries have lasted unusually late this year."

And, with his usual jovial disposition of soul, Sviazhsky got up and went out, evidently assuming that the discussion was ended, while for Levin it seemed that it had only just begun.

Levin was now left with the old proprietor, and continued to talk with him, endeavoring to prove that all the trouble arose from the fact that we did not try to understand our laborer's habits and peculiarities. But the old proprietor, like all people accustomed to think alone and for himself, found it difficult to enter into the thought of another, and clung firmly to his own opinions. He declared that the Russian muzhik was a pig, and loved swinishness, and that it needed force to drive him out of his swinishness, or else a stick; but we are such liberals that we have swapped off the thousand-year-old stick for these lawyers and jails, where the good-for-nothing, stinking muzhik gets fed on good soup, and has his pure air by the cubic foot.

"Why," asked Levin, wishing to get back to the question, "do you think that it is impossible to reach an equilibrium which will utilize the forces of the laborer, and render them productive?"

"That will never come about with the Russian people: there is no authority," replied the proprietor.

"How could new conditions be found?" asked Sviazhsky, who had been eating his curds, and smoking a cigarette, and now approached the two disputants. "All the needful forms are ready for use, and well learned. That relic of barbarism, the primitive commune where each member is responsible for all, is falling to pieces of its own weight; the seignorial right has been abolished; now there remains only free labor, and its forms are right at hand,—the day-laborer, the journeyman, the farmer,—and, now get rid of that if you can!"

"But Europe is weary of these forms."

"Yes, and perhaps will find new ones, and will progress probably."

"This is all I say about that," said Levin. "Why should we not seek for them on our side?"

"Because it is just the same as if we should try to find new ways of building railroads. They are all ready, they are thought out."
"But if they do not suit us? if they are hurtful?" Levin demanded.

And again he saw the frightened look in Sviazhsky's eyes.

"Da! this: we throw up our caps, we follow wherever Europe leads! All this I know; but tell me, are you acquainted with all this is doing in Europe about the labor question?"

"No; very little."

"This question is now occupying the best minds in Europe. Schulze Delitzsch and his school, then all this prodigious literature on the labor question, the tendencies of the advanced liberal Lassalle, the organization of Mühlhausen,—this is all a fact, you must know."

"I have an idea of it, but it's very vague."

"No, you only say so: you know all this as well as I do. I don't set up to be a professor of social science, but these things interest me; and I assure you, if they interest you, you should go into them."

"But where do they lead you?" —

"Beg pardon."

The two pomýěšchiks got up; and Sviazhsky, again arresting Levin just as he was about to carry out his intention of sounding the depths of his mind, went out with his guests.

XXVIII.

Levin spent the evening with the ladies, and found it unendurably stupid. His mind was stirred, as never before, at the thought of the disgust that he felt in the administration of his estate. It seemed to him not exclusively his own affair, but a public trust which concerned Russia, and that an organization of labor, in such a manner as he saw at the muzhik's on the highway, was not an illusion, but a problem to be solved. And it seemed to him that he could settle this problem, and that he must attempt to do it.

Levin bade the ladies good-night, promising to give them the next morning for a horseback ride to see some interesting slides in the Crown woods. Before going to bed he went to the library, to get some of the books on the labor question which Sviazhsky had recommended. Sviazhsky's library was an enormous room, all lined with book-shelves, and having two tables, one a massive writing-table, standing in
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the centre of the room, and the other round, and laden with recent numbers of journals and reviews, in various languages, arranged about the lamp. Near the writing-table was a cabinet \[stoika\], holding drawers with gilt lettering for the reception of all sorts of papers.

Sviazhsky got the volumes, and sat down in a rocking-chair.

"What is that you are looking at?" he asked of Levin, who was standing by the round table, and turning the leaves of a review. Levin held up the review. "Oh, yes! there is a very interesting article there. "It appears," he added with gay animation, "that the principal culprit in the partition of Poland was not Frederic after all. It appears" — and he gave with that clearness which was characteristic of him, a digest of these new and important discoveries. Levin, who was now more interested in the labor question than in any thing, listened to his friend, and asked himself, "What is he in reality? and why, why does the partition of Poland interest him?" When Sviazhsky was through, Levin could not help saying, "Nu! and what of it?" But there was nothing to say. It was interesting simply from the fact that it "appeared." But Sviazhsky did not explain, and did not care to explain, why it was interesting to him.

"Da! but the irascible old proprietor interested me very much," said Levin, sighing. "He's sensible, and a good deal of what he says is true."

"Ach! don't speak of it! he is a confirmed slaveholder at heart, like all the rest of them."

"With you at their head" —

"Yes, only I am trying to lead them in the other direction," replied Sviazhsky, laughing.

"His argument struck me very forcibly," said Levin. "He is right when he says that our affairs, that the 'rational management', 1 cannot succeed; that the only kind that can succeed is the money-lending kind of the other proprietor, or, in other words, the most simple. Who is to blame for it?"

"We ourselves, of course. Da! even then it is not true that it does not succeed. It succeeds with Vasíltchikof."

"The mill" —

"But what is there surprising about it? The peasantry stand on such a low plane of development, both materially and morally, that it is evident that they must oppose all that

1 Рациональное хозяйство.
is strange to them. In Europe the 'rational management' succeeds because the people are civilized. In the first place, we must civilize our peasantry, — that's the point.'

"But how will you civilize them?"

"To civilize the people, three things are necessary, — schools, schools, and schools."

"But you yourself say that the peasantry stand on a low plane of material development. What good will schools do in that respect?"

"Do you know, you remind me of a story of the advice given a sick man: 'You had better try a purgative.' He tries it: grows worse. 'Apply leeches.' He tries it: grows worse. 'Nu! then pray to God.' He tries it: grows worse. So it is with you. I say political economy: you say you're worse for it. I suggest socialism: worse still. Education: still worse."

"Da! But what can schools do?"

"They will create other necessities."

"But this is just the very thing I could never understand," replied Levin vehemently. "In what way will schools help the peasantry to better their material condition? You say that schools — education — will create new needs. So much the worse, because they will not have the ability to satisfy them; and I could never see how a knowledge of addition and subtraction and the catechism could help them to better themselves materially. Day before yesterday I met a baba with a baby at the breast, and I asked her where she had been. She said, 'To the babka's:¹ the child was distressed, and I took him to be cured.' — 'How did the babka cure the child?' — 'She sat him on the hen-roost, and muttered something.'"

"Nu, vot!" cried Sviazhsky, laughing heartily. "You yourself confess it. In order to teach them that they can't cure children by setting them on hen-roosts, you must" — "Ach, no!" interrupted Levin, with some vexation.

"Your remedy of schools for the people, I compared to the babka's method of curing. The peasantry are wretched and uncivilized: this we see as plainly as the baba saw her child's distress because he was crying. But that schools can raise them from their wretchedness is as inconceivable as the hen-roost cure for sick children. You must first remedy the cause of the misery."

¹ Babka, diminutive of baba, — a peasant grandmother; popular name for the midwife.
“Nu! In this at least you agree with Spencer, whom you do not like. He says that civilization can result from increased happiness and comfort in life, from frequent ablutions, but not by learning to read and cipher” —

“Nu, vot! I am very glad, or rather very sorry, if I am in accord with Spencer. But this I have felt for a long time: it can’t be done by schools; only by economical organization, in which the peasantry will be richer, will have more leisure. Then schools will come.”

“Nevertheless, schools are obligatory now all over Europe.”

“But how would you harmonize this with Spencer’s ideas?” asked Levin.

But into Sviazhsky’s eyes again came the troubled expression; and he said with a smile, “No, this story of the baba was capital! Is it possible that you heard it yourself?”

Levin saw that there was no connection between this man’s life and his thoughts. Evidently it was of very little consequence to him where his conclusions led him. Only the process of reasoning was what appealed to him; and it was unpleasant when this process of reasoning led him into some stupid, blind alley.

All the impressions of this day, beginning with the muzhik on the highway, which seemed somehow to give a new basis to his thoughts, filled Levin’s mind with commotion. Sviazhsky and his inconsequential thoughts; the testy old proprietor, perfectly right in his judicious views of life, but wrong in despising one entire class in Russia, and perhaps the best; his own relations to his work, and the confused hope of setting things right at last,—all this caused him a sensation of trouble and alarmed expectation.

Going to his room, lying under the feather-bed which exposed his arms and legs every time he moved, Levin could not get to sleep. His conversation with Sviazhsky, though many good things were said, did not interest him; but the old proprietor’s arguments pursued him. Levin involuntarily remembered every word that he said, and his imagination supplied the answer.

“Yes, I ought to have said to him, ‘You say that our management is not succeeding because the muzhik despises all improvements, and that force must be applied to them. But if our estates were not retrograding, even where these improvements are not found, you would be right; but they
advance only where the work is carried on in consonance with the customs of the laborers, as at the house of the starik on the highway. Our failure to carry on our estates profitably, results either from our fault or that of the laborers.'"

And thus he carried on a train of thought which led him to an examination of what plan would best suit both the laborer and the proprietor. The thought of co-operation came over him with all its force. Half the night he did not sleep, thinking of his new plans and schemes. He had not intended to leave so soon, but now he decided to go home on the morrow. Moreover, the memory of the young lady with the open dress came over him with a strange shame and disgust. But the main thing that decided him was his desire to establish his new project before the autumn harvests, so that the muzhiks might reap under the new conditions. He had decided entirely to reform his method of administration.

XXIX.

The carrying-out of Levin's plan offered many difficulties; but he persevered, though he recognized that the results obtained would not be in proportion to the labor involved. One of the principal obstacles which met him was the fact that his estate was already in running-order, and that it was impossible to come to a sudden stop and begin anew. He had to wind the machine up by degrees.

When he reached home in the evening, he summoned his prikashchik, and explained to him his plans. The prikashchik received with undisguised satisfaction all the details of this scheme so far as they showed that all that had been done hitherto was absurd and unproductive. The prikashchik declared that he had long ago told him so, but that his words had not been heard. But when Levin proposed to share the profits of the estate with the laborers, on the basis of an association, the prikashchik put on an expression of melancholy, and immediately began to speak of the necessity of bringing in the last sheaves of wheat, and commencing the second ploughing; and Levin felt that now was not a propitious time. On conversing with the muzhiks about his project of dividing with them the products of the earth, he quickly perceived that they were too much occupied with their daily
tasks to comprehend the advantages and disadvantages of his enterprise.

A keen muzhik, Ivan the skotnik, to whom Levin proposed to share in the profits of the cattle, seemed to comprehend and to approve; but every time that Levin went on to speak of the advantages that would result, Ivan’s face grew troubled, and, without waiting to hear Levin out, he would hurry off to attend to some work that could not be postponed,—either to pitch the hay from the pens, or to draw water, or to clear away the manure.

The chief obstacle consisted in the inveterate distrust of the peasants, who would not believe that a proprietor could have any other aim than to despoil them. Whatever reasoning he might employ to convince them, they still held to their conviction that his real purpose was hidden. They, on their side, made many words; but they carefully guarded against telling what they intended to do. Levin remembered the angry proprietor when the peasants demanded, as the first and indispensable condition for their new arrangements, that they should never be bound to any of the new agricultural methods, or to use the improved tools. They agreed that the new-fashioned plough worked better, that the weed-extirpator was more successful; but they invented a thousand excuses not to make use of them. Whatever regret he felt at giving up processes, the advantages of which were self-evident, he let them have their way; and by autumn the new arrangement was in working-order, or at least seemed to be.

At first Levin intended to give up his whole domain to the new association of workmen. But very soon he found that this was impracticable; and he made up his mind to limit it to the cattle, the garden, the kitchen-garden, the hay-fields, and some lands, situated at some distance, which for eight years past had been lying fallow. Ivan, the keen skotnik, formed an association [artel] composed of members of his family, and took charge of the cattle-yard. The new field was taken by the shrewd carpenter Feodor Rëzunof, who joined with him seven familles of muzhiks; and the muzhik Shuraef entered into the same arrangements for superintending the gardens.

It was true that matters were not carried on in the cattle-yard any better than before, and that Ivan was obstinate in his mistakes about feeding the cows and churning the butter, and found it impossible to comprehend or take any interest
in the fact that henceforth his wages would be represented by a proportion of the profits of the association. It was true that Rézunof did not give the field a second ploughing, as he had been advised to do. It was true that the muzhiks of this company, although they had agreed to take this work under the new conditions, called this land, not common land, but shared-land, and that Rézunof did not complete the barn that he had agreed to build before winter. It was true that Shuraef tried to give away the products of the gardens to the other muzhiks, seeming to be under the impression that the land had been given to him. But, in spite of all these drawbacks, Levin still persevered, hoping to be able to show his associates at the end of the year that the new order of things could bring excellent results.

All these changes in the administration of the estate, together with his work in the library on his new book, so filled his time that he scarcely ever went out, even to hunt.

Towards the end of August the Oblonskys returned to Moscow, as he learned through the man that brought back the saddle. The memory of his rudeness in not answering Darya Aleksandrovna's note, or going to call upon them, caused him a pang of shame; and he felt that his conduct toward Sviazhsky had not been much more gentlemanly: but he was too busy to have time to think of his remorse. His reading absorbed him. He finished the books which Sviazhsky loaned him, and others on political economy and socialism, which he sent for. Among the writers on political economy, Mill, which he studied first, interested him, but seemed to him to offer nothing applicable to the agrarian situation in Russia. Modern socialism did not satisfy him any more. Either they were beautiful but impracticable fancies, such as he dreamed when he was a student, or modifications of that situation of things applicable to Europe, but offering no solution for the agrarian question in Russia. Political economy said that the laws in which the happiness of Europe was developed and would develop were universal and fixed; socialistic teachings said that progress according to these laws would lead to destruction; but there was nothing that he could find that cast the light on the means of leading him and all the Russian muzhiks and agriculturists, with their millions of hands and of desyatins, to more successful methods of reaching prosperity. As he went on reading, it occurred to him that it would be an advantage to
go abroad and study on the spot certain special questions, so as not to be always sent from one authority to another,—to Kaufman, to Le Bois, to Michelet. He saw clearly now that Kaufman and Michelet could not answer these questions for him. He knew what he wanted. He saw that Russia possessed an admirable soil and admirable workmen, and that in certain cases, as with the muzhik by the highway, the land and the workmen could produce abundantly, but that, when capital was spent upon them in the European manner, they produced scarcely any thing. This contrast could not be the result of chance. The Russian people he thought destined to colonize these immense spaces, cling to their traditions and to their own ways and customs; and who is to say that they are wrong? And he wanted to demonstrate this theory in his book, and put it into practice on his land.

XXX.

Towards the end of September the lumber was brought for the construction of a barn on the artel land, and the butter was sold, and showed a profit. The new administration, on the whole, worked admirably, or at least it seemed so to Levin. But in order to put the theories into a clear light, and to view all the different sides of political economy, he felt that it was necessary to go abroad, and to learn, from practical observation, all that might be of use to him in regard to the relations of the people to the soil. He was only waiting for the delivery of the wheat to get his money, and make the journey. But the autumn rains set in, and a part of the wheat and potatoes were not as yet garnered. All work was at a standstill, and it was impossible to deliver the wheat. The roads were impracticable, two mills were washed away, and the situation seemed to be growing worse and worse.

But on the morning of the 30th of September the sun came out; and Levin, hoping for a change in the weather, sent the prikashchik to the merchant to negotiate for the sale of the wheat.

He himself went out for a tour of inspection of the estate, in order to make the last remaining arrangements for his journey. Having accomplished all that he wished, he returned at nightfall, wet from the rivulets that trickled
down his neck from his leather coat and inside his high boots, but in a happy and animated frame of mind. The storm towards evening had increased; but he put up with all the difficulties of the way, and, under his bashluik, he felt happy and comfortable. His talks with the peasants over the whole district convinced him that they were beginning to get used to his arrangements; and an old dvornik [hostler], at whose house he stopped to get dry, evidently approved of his plan, and wanted to join the association for the purchase of cattle.

"All it requires is obstinate perseverance, and I shall come out of it all right," thought Levin. "I am not working for myself alone; but the question concerns the good of all. The whole way of managing on estates, the condition of all the people, may be changed by it. Instead of misery, universal well-being, contentment; instead of unfriendliness, agreement and union of interests: in a word, a bloodless revolution, but a mighty revolution, beginning in the little circuit of our district, then reaching the province, Russia, the whole world! The thought is so just that it cannot help being fruitful. Da! this goal is worth working for. And the fact that I, Kostia Levin, my own self, a man who went to a ball in a black necktie, and was rejected by a Shcherbatsky, a stupid and a good-for-nothing, that is neither here nor there. — I believe that Franklin felt that he was just such a good-for-nothing, and had just as little faith in himself, when he took himself into account. And, indeed, he had his Agafya Mikhailovna also, to whom he confided his secrets."

With such thoughts, Levin reached home in the dark. The prikaschyik, who had been to the merchant, came and handed him the money from the sale of the wheat. The agreement with the dvornik was drawn up; and then the prikaschyik told how he had seen wheat still standing in the field by the road, while his one hundred and sixty stacks, already brought in, were nothing in comparison to what others had.

After supper Levin sat down in his chair, as usual, with a book; and as he read he began to think of his projected journey, especially in connection with his book. His mind was clear, and his ideas fell naturally into flowing periods, which expressed the essence of his thought. "This must be written down," he said to himself. He got up to go to
his writing-table; and Laska, who had been lying at his feet, also got up, and, stretching herself, looked at him, as though asking where he was going. But he had no time for writing; for the natchalniki came for their orders, and he had to go to meet them in the anteroom.

After giving them their orders, or rather, having made arrangements for their morrow's work, and having received all the muzhiks who came to consult with him, Levin went back to his library, and sat down to his work. Laska lay under the table: Agafya Mikhailovna, with her knitting, took her usual place.

After writing some time, Levin suddenly arose, and began to walk up and down the room. The memory of Kitty and her refusal, and the recent glimpse of her, came before his imagination with extraordinary vividness.

"Da! why trouble yourself?" asked Agafya Mikhailovna. "Nu! why do you stay at home? You had better go to the warm springs if your mind is made up."

"I am going day after to-morrow, Agafya Mikhailovna; but I had to finish up my business."

"Nu! your business, indeed! Haven't you given these muzhiks enough already? And they say, 'Our barin is after some favor from the Tsar;' and strange it is. Why do you work so for the muzhiks?"

"I am not working for them: I am doing for myself."

Agafya Mikhailovna knew all the details of Levin's plans, for he had explained them to her, and he had often had discussions with her; but now she entirely misapprehended what he said to her.

"For your own soul it is certainly important; to think of that is above every thing," said she with a sigh. "Here is Parfen Denisitch: although he could not read, yet may God give us all to die as he did! They confessed him and gave him extreme unction."

"I did not mean that," said he: "I mean that I am working for my own profit. It would be more profitable to me if the muzhiks would work better."

"Da! you will only have your labor for your pains. The lazy will be lazy. Where there's a conscience, there'll be work: if not, nothing will be done."

"Nu! da! But don't you yourself say that Ivan is beginning to look out for the cows better?"

"I say this one thing," replied Agafya Mikhailovna, evi-
dently following a thought that was not new to her: "You must get married, that's what."

Agafya Mikhailovna's observation about the very matter that pre-occupied him angered him and insulted him. He frowned, and, without replying, sat down to his work again. Occasionally he heard the clicking of Agafya Mikhailovna's needles; and, remembering what he did not wish to remember, he would frown.

At nine o'clock the sound of bells was heard, and the heavy rumbling of a carriage on the muddy road.

"Nu! here's some visitors coming to see you: you won't be bored any more," said Agafya Mikhailovna, rising, and going to the door. But Levin stepped ahead of her. His work did not progress now, and he was glad to see any guest.

XXXI.

As Levin went down-stairs he heard the sound of a familiar cough; but the sound was somewhat mingled with the noise of footsteps, and he hoped that he was mistaken. Then he saw the tall but bony figure which he knew so well. But even now, when there seemed to be no possibility of deception, he hoped still that he was mistaken, and that this tall man who was divesting himself of his shuba, and coughing, was not his brother Nikolai.

Levin loved his brother, but it was always extremely disagreeable to live with him. Now especially, when Levin was under the influence of the thoughts and suggestions awakened by Agafya Mikhailovna, and was in a dull and melancholy humor, the presence of his brother was indeed an affliction. Instead of a gay, healthy visitor, some stranger, who, he hoped, would drive away his perplexities, he was obliged to receive his brother, who knew him through and through, who could read his most secret thoughts, and who would oblige him to share them with him. And this he disliked above all things.

Angry with himself for his unworthy sentiments, Levin ran down into the vestibule; and, as soon as he saw his brother, the feeling of personal discomfort instantly disappeared, and was succeeded by a feeling of pity. His brother Nikolai was more feeble than he had ever seen him before. He was like a skeleton covered with skin.
He was standing in the vestibule trying to unwind a scarf from his long, thin neck; and, when he saw Levin, he smiled with a strangely melancholy smile. When he saw his brother's humble and pitiful smile, he felt a choking sensation.

"Vot! I have come to you," said Nikolai in a thick voice, and not for a second taking his eyes from his brother's face.

"I have been wanting to come for a long time; da! I was so ill. Now I am very much better," he added, rubbing his beard with his great bony hand.

"Yes, yes," replied Levin; and, as he touched his brother's shrivelled cheeks with his lips, and saw the gleam of his great, strangely brilliant eyes, he felt a sensation of fear.

Some time before this, Konstantin Levin had written his brother, that, having disposed of the small portion of their common inheritance, consisting of personal property, a sum of two thousand rubles was due as his share.

Nikolai said that he had come to get this money, and especially to see the old nest; to put his foot on the natal soil, so as to get renewed strength, like the heroes of ancient times. Notwithstanding his tall, stooping form, notwithstanding his frightful emaciation, his movements were, as they had always been, quick and impetuous. Levin took him to his room.

Nikolai changed his dress, and took great pains with his toilet, which in former times he neglected. He brushed his coarse, thin hair, and went up-stairs radiant. He was in the same gay and happy humor that Konstantin had seen when he was a child. He even spoke of Seregi Ivanovitch without bitterness. When he saw Agafya Mikhailovna, he jested with her, and questioned her about the old servants. The news of Parfen Denisitch made a deep impression upon him. A look of fear crossed his face, but he instantly recovered himself.

"He was very old, was he not?" he asked, and quickly changed the conversation. "Da! I am going to stay a month or two with you, and then go back to Moscow. You see, Miagkof has promised me a place, and I shall enter the service. Now I have turned over a new leaf entirely," he added. "You see, I have sent away that woman."

"Marya Nikolayevna? How? What for?"
“Ach! she was a wretched woman! She caused all sorts of tribulations.” But he did not tell what the tribulations were. He could not say that he had sent Marya Nikolayevna away because she made his tea too weak, still less because she insisted on treating him as an invalid.

“Then, besides, I wanted to begin an entirely new kind of life. I think, like everybody else, that I have committed follies: but the present,—I mean the last one,—I don’t regret it, provided only I get better; and better, thank the Lord! I feel already.”

Levin listened, and tried, but tried in vain, to find something to say. Apparently Nikolaí suspected something of the sort: he began to ask him about his affairs; and Konstantin, glad that he could speak, frankly related his plans and his experiments in reform.

Nikolai listened, but did not show the least interest.

These two men were so related to each other, and there was such a bond between them, that the slightest motion, the sound of their voices, spoke more clearly than all the words that they could say to each other.

At this moment both were thinking the same thought,—Nikolaí’s illness and approaching death; and all else was idle words. Neither of them dared make the least allusion to it, and therefore all that was said was in reality untrue. Never before had Levin been so glad for an evening to end, for bed-time to come. Never, even when obliged to pay official visits, had he felt so false and unnatural as this evening. And the consciousness of this unnaturalness, and his regret, made him more unnatural still. His heart was breaking to see his beloved dying brother; but he was obliged to dissemble, and to talk about what his brother was going to do.

As at this time the house was damp, and only one room was warm, Levin offered to let his brother share his room.

Nikolaí went to bed, and slept the uneasy sleep of an invalid, turning restlessly from side to side. Sometimes, when it was hard for him to breathe, he would cry out, “Ach! Bozhe moi!” Sometimes, when the dampness choked him, he would grow angry, and cry out, “Ah, the Devil!” Levin could not sleep as he listened to him. His thoughts were varied, but they always returned to one theme,—death.

Death, the inevitable end of all, for the first time appeared to him with irresistible force. And death was here, with this beloved brother, who groaned in his sleep, and called
now upon God, now upon the Devil. It was with him also: this he felt. Not to-day, but to-morrow; not to-morrow, but in thirty years: was it not all the same? And what this inevitable death was, — not only did he not know, not only had he never before thought about it, but he had not wished, had not dared, to think about it.

"Here I am working, wanting to accomplish something, but I forgot that all must come to an end, — death."

He was lying in bed in the darkness, holding his knees, scarcely able to breathe, so great was the tension of his mind. The more he thought, the more clearly he saw that from his conception of life he had omitted nothing except this one little factor, death, which might come, and end all, and that there was no help against it — not the least. "Da! this is terrible, but so it is!

"Da! but I am still alive. Now, what can be done about it? what can be done?" he asked in despair. He lighted a candle, and softly arose, and went to the mirror, and began to look at his face and his hair. "Da!" on the temples a few gray hairs were to be seen. He opened his mouth. His teeth showed signs of decay. He doubled up his muscular arms. "Da! much strength. But this poor Nikolinka, who is breathing so painfully with the little that is left of his lungs, also had at one time a healthy body." And suddenly he remembered how when they were children, and were put to bed, they would wait until Feodor Bogdanuitch got out of the door, and then begin a pillow-fight, and laugh, laugh so unrestrainedly, that not even the fear of Feodor Bogdanuitch could quench this exuberant gayety of life. "But now there he lies in bed with his poor hollow chest — and I — ignorant why, and what will become of me!"

"Kha! kha! ah! what the Devil are you doing? Why don't you go to sleep?" demanded his brother's voice.

"I don't know; insomnia, I guess."

"But I have been sleeping beautifully. I have not had any sweat at all. Just feel, — no sweat."

Levin felt of him, then he got into bed again, put out the candle, but it was long before he went to sleep. Still in his mind arose this new question, how to live so as to be ready for the inevitable death?

"Nu! he is dying! Nu! he will die in the spring. Nu! how to aid him? What can I say to him? What do I know about it? I had even forgotten that there was such a thing."
Levin had long been acquainted with the fact that often times the gentleness and excessive humility of some people are abruptly transformed into unreasonableness and peremptoriness. He foresaw that this would be the case with his brother; and in fact, Nikolai’s sweet temper was not of long duration. On the very next morning he awoke in an extremely irritable temper, and immediately began to stir up his brother by touching him in the most tender spot.

Levin was conscious of his fault, but he could not be frank. He felt that if they had not dissimulated their thoughts, but had spoken from their very hearts, they would have looked into each other’s eyes, and he would have said only this: “You are going to die, you are going to die;” and Nikolai would have answered only this: “I know that I am dying, and I am afraid, afraid, afraid.” And they would have said more if they had spoken honestly from their hearts. But as this sincerity was not possible, Konstantin endeavored, always without success, to speak of indifferent subjects; and he felt that his brother divined his insincerity, and was therefore irritated and angry, and found fault with all that he said.

On the third day Nikolai began to discuss the question of his brother’s reforms, and to criticise them, and in a spirit of contrariety to confound his scheme with communism.

“You have only taken your idea from some one else; and you distort it, and want to apply it to what is not suited to receive it.”

“Da! but I tell you that the two have nothing in common. I have no thought of copying communism, which denies the right of property, of capital, of inheritance; but I do not disregard these stimuli.” Levin would have preferred to use some other word, but at this time he found himself, in spite of him, compelled to use non-Russian words. “All I want is, to regulate labor.”

“In other words, you borrow a foreign idea: you take away from it all that gives it force, and you pretend to make it pass as new,” said Nikolai, angrily twitching at his necktie.

“Da! my idea has not the slightest resemblance”—

“This idea,” interrupted Nikolai, smiling ironically, and with an angry light in his eyes,—“communism,—has at least one attractive feature,—and you might call it a geometrical one,—it has clearness and logical certainty. Maybe it is a Utopia. But let us agree that it can produce a new
form of work by making a *tabula rasa* of the past, so that there shall not be property or family, but only freedom of labor. But you don't accept this"—

"But why do you confound them? I never was a communist."

"But I have been: and I believe that if communism is premature, it is, at least, reasonable; and it is as sure to succeed as Christianity was in the early centuries."

"And I believe that labor is an elemental force, which must be studied from the same point of view as the natural sciences, to learn its constitution and"—

"*Da! this is absolutely idle. This force goes of itself, and takes different forms, according to the degrees of its enlightenment. Everywhere this order has been followed,—slaves, then *metayers*, free labor, and, here in Russia, there is the farm, the *arend* [leased farms], manufactories.—What more do you want?""

Levin took fire at these last words, the more because he feared in his secret soul that his brother was right in blaming him for wanting to discover a balance between communism and the existing forms.

"I am trying to find a form of labor which will be profitable for all,—for me and the workingman," he replied warmly.

"That is not what you wish to do; it is simply this: you have, all your life long, sought to be original; and you want to prove that you are not *exploiting* the *muzhik*, but are working for a principle."

"*Nu! since you think so—let's quit," replied Konstantin, feeling the muscles of his right cheek twitch involuntarily.

"You never had any convictions, and you only wanted to flatter your conceit."

"*Nu! that is very well to say,—but let's quit this.""

"Certainly I will stop. You go to the Devil! and I am very sorry that I came."

Levin tried in vain to calm him. Nikolai would not listen to a word, and persisted in saying that they had better separate; and Konstantin saw that it was not possible to live with him.

Nikolai had already made his preparations to depart, when Konstantin came to him, and begged him, in a way that was not entirely natural, for forgiveness, if he had offended him.

"Ah, now! here's magnanimity," said Nikolai, smiling
"If you are very anxious to be in the right, then let us agree that this is sensible. You are right, but I am going all the same."

At the last moment, however, as Nikolai kissed his brother, a strange look of seriousness came on him. "Kostia," he said, "don't lay it up against me." And his voice trembled.

These were the only words which were spoken sincerely. Levin understood what they meant. "You see and know that I am miserable, and we may not meet again." And the tears came into his eyes. Once more he kissed his brother, but he could not find any thing to say.

On the third day after his brother's departure, Levin went abroad. At the railway station he met Shcherbatsky, Kitty's cousin, and astonished him greatly by his melancholy.

"What is the matter?" asked Shcherbatsky.

"Da! nothing, except that there is little happiness in this world."

"Little happiness? Just come with me to Paris instead of going to some place like Mulhouse. I'll show you how gay it is."

"No, I am done for. I am ready to die."

"What a joke!" said Shcherbatsky, laughing. "I am just learning how to begin."

"I felt the same a little while ago, but now I know that my life will be short." Levin said what he honestly felt at this time. All that he saw before him was death. But still he was just as much interested as ever in his projects of reform. It was necessary to keep his life occupied till death should come. Darkness seemed to cover everything; but he felt that the only way for him to pass through the darkness was to occupy himself with his labors of reform, and he clung to them with all the force of his character.