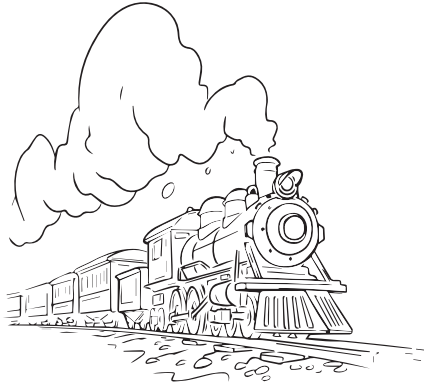


ANNA KARENINA

Leo Tolstoy
Translated by Constance Garnett

With an Introduction by
Sean Johnson

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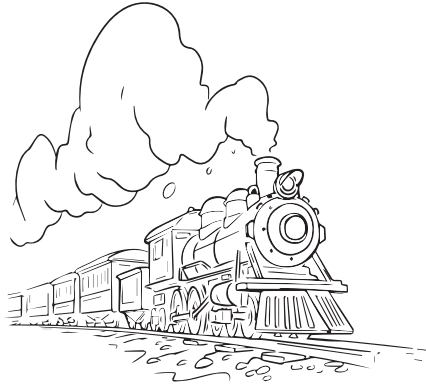


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INTRODUCTION

A *Anna Karenina* is not merely a story, but an argument about which stories are the truest and best. The novel's first words threaten to dissolve all "happy families" into a sea of uninteresting sameness, while unhappy families are unique, intriguing, even romantic. But if the opening line is a universal truth, it is also a challenge Tolstoy sets himself: to shine light on the damnable tragedy that gives unhappiness its luster, and commend the unsung glories of an ordinary life.

The World Around

Leo Tolstoy's other masterpiece, *War and Peace*, had been in print for five years when *Anna Karenina* began to appear in installments in 1875. He was already an established literary celebrity. When the complete novel appeared in print in 1877, he was nearly fifty, and the Russia of his childhood was rapidly transforming. Tsar Alexander II had liberated the serfs in 1861, but the nation still struggled to manage the transition of more than ten million peasants from a slave-like existence under landlords to a free and increasingly autonomous labor force. The transitions were not always smooth or in the best interest of the serfs, and Tolstoy—very much like Levin in the novel—used his position in society to work for improved conditions for the peasant classes.

Growing discontent among the now free peasants as well as philosophical influences from Western Europe were combining to create revolutionary rumblings in Russia. Marx's *Das Kapital* was translated into

Russian in 1872, and in 1881 a group of socialists would succeed in assassinating the tsar. These political currents provide the backdrop for the domestic drama of *Anna Karenina* and reflect Tolstoy's conviction that the breakdown of national peace and social structures is intimately bound up with the breakdown of traditional morality and family structures.

Outside of Russia, Queen Victoria of England had just been declared Empress of India as her nation's imperialistic reach expanded to its zenith. Across the ocean in the U.S., reconstruction was officially ending in the South while the federal government waged war against numerous Indian nations including the tribes of Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, and Chief Joseph.

About the Author

Count Lev (Leo) Nikolayevich Tolstoy was born into the Russian aristocracy on August 28, 1828. His parents died when he was still young, and he came into his inheritance early. He briefly lived the profligate life of an aristocratic youth before developing the sober moral concerns that would characterize his adulthood.

According to an ancient Greek maxim, "the fox knows many things, but the hedgehog knows one big thing." Isaiah Berlin writes that "Tolstoy was by nature a fox," or a thinker who goes through life pursuing many different "often unrelated and even contradictory" ends, though he "believed in being a hedgehog" and feverishly sought for a single, organizing principle by which he could understand reality and his place in it.*

The character of Levin in this novel is generally understood to be loosely autobiographical. In addition to sharing Levin's affection for the peasants and peasant life, Tolstoy underwent a spiritual conversion very similar to Levin's as he worked on the novel. After a brief and stormy stint in the Russian church, however, Tolstoy unfortunately became disillusioned with organized Christianity and instead developed his own form of Christian anarchy based upon the moral teachings of Jesus and emphasizing renunciation of the world. With that goal in mind, he moved his family to the country and began to dress and live like a peasant.

* Isaiah Berlin, *The Hedgehog and the Fox: An Essay On Tolstoy's View of History* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2013), 3-4.

Anna, she grows irrationally jealous and ultimately decides to punish his neglect through her suicide. Captivated by the memory of the tragedy she and Vronsky witnessed at their first meeting, she determines to die in the same manner. She throws herself under a train, regrets her decision and utters a prayer for forgiveness, but is struck and killed before she can save herself—cut in two just as she had cut her own family in two.

Worldview Analysis

Anna Karenina's opening line—equal even to “Call me Ishmael” or “It was the best of times...” in literary greatness—is like a stage director’s introduction before the curtain rises and the real drama begins. It stands slightly apart from the paragraphs that follow, like an invitation to let that first sentence unravel the rest of the novel for us: “All happy families resemble one another; but each unhappy family is unhappy in its own way” (1).^{*} It is a kind of riddle, and we are meant to ask “Why?” What is it about happy families that makes them so similar, while unhappy ones are so diverse?

The first clue comes in the intellectual habits of Stephan Oblonsky, himself the head of one of those unhappy families. Oblonsky’s opinions and commitments are not grounded in anything objective or permanent. “He firmly held to the opinions of the majority and of his paper on those subjects [science, art, and politics], changing his views when the majority changed theirs,—or rather, not changing them—they changed imperceptibly of their own accord” (6). Oblonsky is the man St. Paul describes in Ephesians 4:14, “carried about by every wind of doctrine” and shifting public opinion. This disposition extends, predictably, into the rest of his life, too. Oblonsky is also carried about by every appetite, every pretty dancer, and every young French governess he encounters, which is precisely why his household is fracturing when we meet him.

^{*} The existence of multiple translations may explain why, great as it is, *Anna Karenina's* opening line is not as familiar in the mouths of English readers. I have cited Louise and Aylmer Maude’s 1918 translation, which is one of the best. They were friends of Tolstoy and lived much of their lives in Russia developing interest in his work. During his lifetime, Tolstoy considered their version to be the best existing translation of his novel. Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*, trans. Louise and Aylmer Maude, ed. George Gibian (New York: W.W. Norton, 1995).

Oblonsky's sister, the title character, Anna, follows her passions to even greater ruin than Oblonsky. Tolstoy repeatedly associates her with fluctuation between extreme temperatures—"rapid changes from steaming heat to cold, and back again to heat" (91)—to punctuate her sudden cooling toward her husband and hasty warming toward Vronsky. In the end she will begin to suspect her new lover of the very inconstancy she herself has been guilty of in her marriage, and that jealousy is what drives her to her sorrowful, suicidal end. All of these unhappy lovers confuse their passions for love, and when genuine love eludes them they cannot help but be unhappy.

By contrast, the rare "happy" families in *Anna Karenina* are that way because they are all devoted to the ideal of the family—to an objective reality outside of themselves—rather than to the personal satisfaction that can be found there. Levin's love for Kitty begins, not as a hot passion for a pretty face, but as affection for the whole Shcherbatsky family and their mode of life. Even after his attentions come to rest on Kitty, Levin seems to understand love as something to be aimed at, to be approached, to be participated in. It is, in his mind, "transcending everything earthly, and he...himself so very earthly and insignificant a creature" (20). For Levin, love is a thing greater than himself and he would rather sacrifice his own happiness than be the object of love he doesn't deserve. In contrast, for Vronsky, "love" serves the greater end of his own personal happiness. Though Levin understands the transcendence of love only vaguely in the early chapters of the novel, he ultimately comes to his religious conversion in Part VIII and is able to articulate a unifying purpose for all of life: "To live not for one's needs but for God!" (720). In those words the shared secret of all happy families is revealed. Their common touchstone is the divine love itself. Like siblings who share a strong family resemblance, happy families are all alike because their happiness has the same source.

The unhappiness of the Oblonsky household stems from a husband's inability to ground himself in a transcendent standard for viewing the world and behaving in it. To say that Oblonsky believes in a "subjective morality" might be too simple, but it captures part of the truth. Anna herself will later remark, as she allows herself to entertain the thought of adultery with Vronsky, that "there are as many kinds of love as there

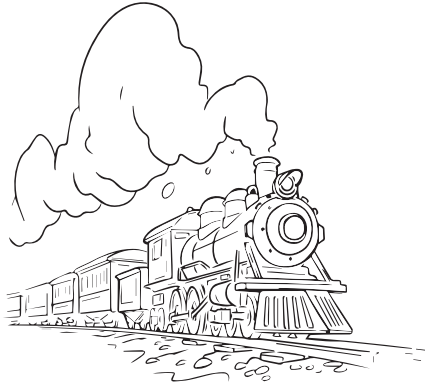
are hearts" (125). She might as easily have said that there are as many versions of the law as there are men.

With comments like these, Tolstoy builds an overarching irony against the backdrop of the novel's epigram: "Vengeance is mine; I will repay" (1). Though he leaves the quotation unattributed, the phrase would have been as recognizable to Tolstoy's original audience as it is to us; they are the words of God recorded by Moses in Deuteronomy 32 and quoted by St. Paul in Romans 12. The irony here is of the dramatic variety—it relies on the reader being aware of what some or all of the characters are not. In this case, characters like Anna and her brother forget or deny the existence of a moral law that they are answerable to.

Anna's life, then, will bear out the consistent manifestation of divine punishment as the dissolution of families and the isolation of their members. In their attempts to individuate themselves from moral restrictions, characters like Anna and Oblonsky—even Vronsky—alienate their families or break them entirely, cutting themselves adrift from what Tolstoy paints as society's cardinal institution. Anna's situation is unique, though, and uniquely tragic. Prior to her affair, she is considered by many to be a virtuous woman, and Tolstoy allows us to believe that was, in some sense, truly the case. After she is drawn into infidelity, she cannot wholly suppress her old moral sensibilities and is wracked, on occasion, with the guilt and shame of what she has done. Her guilt not only prevents reconciliation with her husband, but painfully inhibits any true attachment to her new lover as well. True individuals can only enjoy so much of love while they remain *individual*; only within the communal bond of licit marriage are complete trust and sincere passion attainable. Anna truly becomes her own woman, but it is anything but liberating.

In this regard, Anna most resembles Levin, whose pronounced moral sense isolates him from many of his less reflective friends and relations. Levin, we learn, is also tormented by sins in his past, so much so that he insists upon Kitty reading the journals that describe his infidelities before they take their marriage vows. Levin, though, moves steadily out of his loneliness and into the growing community of his young family. Levin's pangs of conscience have driven him away from his sins, while Anna's only drive her deeper into her isolation. That isolation is punctuated by her unequal yoking with the young and uncomplicated Vronsky.

PART ONE



PART I, CHAPTER I

Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.

Everything was in confusion in the Oblonskys' house. The wife had discovered that the husband was carrying on an intrigue with a French girl, who had been a governess in their family, and she had announced to her husband that she could not go on living in the same house with him. This position of affairs had now lasted three days, and not only the husband and wife themselves, but all the members of their family and household, were painfully conscious of it. Every person in the house felt that there was no sense in their living together, and that the stray people brought together by chance in any inn had more in common with one another than they, the members of the family and household of the Oblonskys. The wife did not leave her own room, the husband had not been at home for three days. The children ran wild all over the house; the English governess quarreled with the housekeeper, and wrote to a friend asking her to look out for a new situation for her; the man-cook had walked off the day before just at dinner time; the kitchen-maid, and the coachman had given warning.

Three days after the quarrel, Prince Stepan Arkadyevitch Oblonsky—Stiva, as he was called in the fashionable world—woke up at his usual hour, that is, at eight o'clock in the morning, not in his wife's bedroom, but on the leather-covered sofa in his study. He turned over his stout, well-cared-for person on the springy sofa, as though he would sink into

a long sleep again; he vigorously embraced the pillow on the other side and buried his face in it; but all at once he jumped up, sat up on the sofa, and opened his eyes.

“Yes, yes, how was it now?” he thought, going over his dream. “Now, how was it? To be sure! Alabin was giving a dinner at Darmstadt; no, not Darmstadt, but something American. Yes, but then, Darmstadt was in America. Yes, Alabin was giving a dinner on glass tables, and the tables sang, *Il mio tesoro*—not *Il mio tesoro* though, but something better, and there were some sort of little decanters on the table, and they were women, too,” he remembered.

Stepan Arkadyevitch’s eyes twinkled gaily, and he pondered with a smile. “Yes, it was nice, very nice. There was a great deal more that was delightful, only there’s no putting it into words, or even expressing it in one’s thoughts awake.” And noticing a gleam of light peeping in beside one of the serge curtains, he cheerfully dropped his feet over the edge of the sofa, and felt about with them for his slippers, a present on his last birthday, worked for him by his wife on gold-colored morocco. And, as he had done every day for the last nine years, he stretched out his hand, without getting up, towards the place where his dressing-gown always hung in his bedroom. And thereupon he suddenly remembered that he was not sleeping in his wife’s room, but in his study, and why: the smile vanished from his face, he knitted his brows.

“Ah, ah, ah! Oo!...” he muttered, recalling everything that had happened. And again every detail of his quarrel with his wife was present to his imagination, all the hopelessness of his position, and worst of all, his own fault.

“Yes, she won’t forgive me, and she can’t forgive me. And the most awful thing about it is that it’s all my fault—all my fault, though I’m not to blame. That’s the point of the whole situation,” he reflected. “Oh, oh, oh!” he kept repeating in despair, as he remembered the acutely painful sensations caused him by this quarrel.

Most unpleasant of all was the first minute when, on coming, happy and good-humored, from the theater, with a huge pear in his hand for his wife, he had not found his wife in the drawing-room, to his surprise had not found her in the study either, and saw her at last in her bedroom with the unlucky letter that revealed everything in her hand.

She, his Dolly, forever fussing and worrying over household details, and limited in her ideas, as he considered, was sitting perfectly still with the letter in her hand, looking at him with an expression of horror, despair, and indignation.

“What’s this? this?” she asked, pointing to the letter.

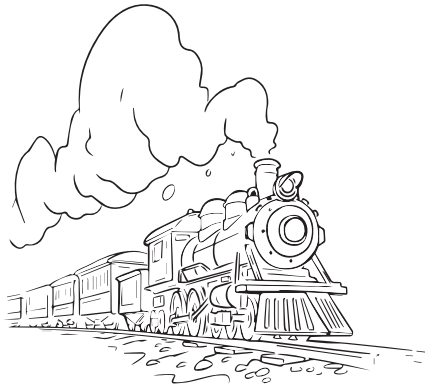
And at this recollection, Stepan Arkadyevitch, as is so often the case, was not so much annoyed at the fact itself as at the way in which he had met his wife’s words.

There happened to him at that instant what does happen to people when they are unexpectedly caught in something very disgraceful. He did not succeed in adapting his face to the position in which he was placed towards his wife by the discovery of his fault. Instead of being hurt, denying, defending himself, begging forgiveness, instead of remaining indifferent even—anything would have been better than what he did do—his face utterly involuntarily (reflex spinal action, reflected Stepan Arkadyevitch, who was fond of physiology)—utterly involuntarily assumed its habitual, good-humored, and therefore idiotic smile.

This idiotic smile he could not forgive himself. Catching sight of that smile, Dolly shuddered as though at physical pain, broke out with her characteristic heat into a flood of cruel words, and rushed out of the room. Since then she had refused to see her husband.

“It’s that idiotic smile that’s to blame for it all,” thought Stepan Arkadyevitch.

“But what’s to be done? What’s to be done?” he said to himself in despair, and found no answer.



PART I, CHAPTER 2

Stepan Arkadyevitch was a truthful man in his relations with himself. He was incapable of deceiving himself and persuading himself that he repented of his conduct. He could not at this date repent of the fact that he, a handsome, susceptible man of thirty-four, was not in love with his wife, the mother of five living and two dead children, and only a year younger than himself. All he repented of was that he had not succeeded better in hiding it from his wife. But he felt all the difficulty of his position and was sorry for his wife, his children, and himself. Possibly he might have managed to conceal his sins better from his wife if he had anticipated that the knowledge of them would have had such an effect on her. He had never clearly thought out the subject, but he had vaguely conceived that his wife must long ago have suspected him of being unfaithful to her, and shut her eyes to the fact. He had even supposed that she, a worn-out woman no longer young or good-looking, and in no way remarkable or interesting, merely a good mother, ought from a sense of fairness to take an indulgent view. It had turned out quite the other way.

“Oh, it’s awful! oh dear, oh dear! awful!” Stepan Arkadyevitch kept repeating to himself, and he could think of nothing to be done. “And how well things were going up till now! how well we got on! She was contented and happy in her children; I never interfered with her in anything; I let her manage the children and the house just as she liked. It’s true it’s bad *her* having been a governess in our house. That’s bad! There’s something common, vulgar, in flirting with one’s governess. But what a

governess!" (He vividly recalled the roguish black eyes of Mlle. Roland and her smile.) "But after all, while she was in the house, I kept myself in hand. And the worst of it all is that she's already ... it seems as if ill-luck would have it so! Oh, oh! But what, what is to be done?"

There was no solution, but that universal solution which life gives to all questions, even the most complex and insoluble. That answer is: one must live in the needs of the day—that is, forget oneself. To forget himself in sleep was impossible now, at least till nighttime; he could not go back now to the music sung by the decanter-women; so he must forget himself in the dream of daily life.

"Then we shall see," Stepan Arkadyevitch said to himself, and getting up he put on a gray dressing-gown lined with blue silk, tied the tassels in a knot, and, drawing a deep breath of air into his broad, bare chest, he walked to the window with his usual confident step, turning out his feet that carried his full frame so easily. He pulled up the blind and rang the bell loudly. It was at once answered by the appearance of an old friend, his valet, Matvey, carrying his clothes, his boots, and a telegram. Matvey was followed by the barber with all the necessaries for shaving.

"Are there any papers from the office?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, taking the telegram and seating himself at the looking-glass.

"On the table," replied Matvey, glancing with inquiring sympathy at his master; and, after a short pause, he added with a sly smile, "They've sent from the carriage-jobbers."

Stepan Arkadyevitch made no reply, he merely glanced at Matvey in the looking-glass. In the glance, in which their eyes met in the looking-glass, it was clear that they understood one another. Stepan Arkadyevitch's eyes asked: "Why do you tell me that? don't you know?"

Matvey put his hands in his jacket pockets, thrust out one leg, and gazed silently, good-humoredly, with a faint smile, at his master.

"I told them to come on Sunday, and till then not to trouble you or themselves for nothing," he said. He had obviously prepared the sentence beforehand.

Stepan Arkadyevitch saw Matvey wanted to make a joke and attract attention to himself. Tearing open the telegram, he read it through, guessing at the words, misspelt as they always are in telegrams, and his face brightened.

"Matvey, my sister Anna Arkadyevna will be here tomorrow," he said, checking for a minute the sleek, plump hand of the barber, cutting a pink path through his long, curly whiskers.

"Thank God!" said Matvey, showing by this response that he, like his master, realized the significance of this arrival—that is, that Anna Arkadyevna, the sister he was so fond of, might bring about a reconciliation between husband and wife.

"Alone, or with her husband?" inquired Matvey.

Stepan Arkadyevitch could not answer, as the barber was at work on his upper lip, and he raised one finger. Matvey nodded at the looking-glass.

"Alone. Is the room to be got ready upstairs?"

"Inform Darya Alexandrovna: where she orders."

"Darya Alexandrovna?" Matvey repeated, as though in doubt.

"Yes, inform her. Here, take the telegram; give it to her, and then do what she tells you."

"You want to try it on," Matvey understood, but he only said, "Yes sir."

Stepan Arkadyevitch was already washed and combed and ready to be dressed, when Matvey, stepping deliberately in his creaky boots, came back into the room with the telegram in his hand. The barber had gone.

"Darya Alexandrovna told me to inform you that she is going away. Let him do—that is you—do as he likes," he said, laughing only with his eyes, and putting his hands in his pockets, he watched his master with his head on one side. Stepan Arkadyevitch was silent a minute. Then a good-humored and rather pitiful smile showed itself on his handsome face.

"Eh, Matvey?" he said, shaking his head.

"It's all right, sir; she will come round," said Matvey.

"Come round?"

"Yes, sir."

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

"It's I," said a firm, pleasant, woman's voice, and the stern, pockmarked face of Matrona Philimonovna, the nurse, was thrust in at the doorway.

"Well, what is it, Matrona?" queried Stepan Arkadyevitch, going up to her at the door.

Although Stepan Arkadyevitch was completely in the wrong as regards his wife, and was conscious of this himself, almost every one in the house (even the nurse, Darya Alexandrovna's chief ally) was on his side.

"Well, what now?" he asked disconsolately.

"Go to her, sir; own your fault again. Maybe God will aid you. She is suffering so, it's sad to see her; and besides, everything in the house is topsy-turvy. You must have pity, sir, on the children. Beg her forgiveness, sir. There's no help for it! One must take the consequences..."

"But she won't see me."

"You do your part. God is merciful; pray to God, sir, pray to God."

"Come, that'll do, you can go," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, blushing suddenly. "Well now, do dress me." He turned to Matvey and threw off his dressing-gown decisively.

Matvey was already holding up the shirt like a horse's collar, and, blowing off some invisible speck, he slipped it with obvious pleasure over the well-groomed body of his master.



PART I, CHAPTER 3

When he was dressed, Stepan Arkadyevitch sprinkled some scent on himself, pulled down his shirt-cuffs, distributed into his pockets his cigarettes, pocketbook, matches, and watch with its double chain and seals, and shaking out his handkerchief, feeling himself clean, fragrant, healthy, and physically at ease, in spite of his unhappiness, he walked with a slight swing on each leg into the dining-room, where coffee was already waiting for him, and beside the coffee, letters and papers from the office.

He read the letters. One was very unpleasant, from a merchant who was buying a forest on his wife's property. To sell this forest was absolutely essential; but at present, until he was reconciled with his wife, the subject could not be discussed. The most unpleasant thing of all was that his pecuniary interests should in this way enter into the question of his reconciliation with his wife. And the idea that he might be led on by his interests, that he might seek a reconciliation with his wife on account of the sale of the forest—that idea hurt him.

When he had finished his letters, Stepan Arkadyevitch moved the office-papers close to him, rapidly looked through two pieces of business, made a few notes with a big pencil, and pushing away the papers, turned to his coffee. As he sipped his coffee, he opened a still damp morning paper, and began reading it.

Stepan Arkadyevitch took in and read a liberal paper, not an extreme one, but one advocating the views held by the majority. And in spite of

the fact that science, art, and politics had no special interest for him, he firmly held those views on all these subjects which were held by the majority and by his paper, and he only changed them when the majority changed them—or, more strictly speaking, he did not change them, but they imperceptibly changed of themselves within him.

Stepan Arkadyevitch had not chosen his political opinions or his views; these political opinions and views had come to him of themselves, just as he did not choose the shapes of his hat and coat, but simply took those that were being worn. And for him, living in a certain society—owing to the need, ordinarily developed at years of discretion, for some degree of mental activity—to have views was just as indispensable as to have a hat. If there was a reason for his preferring liberal to conservative views, which were held also by many of his circle, it arose not from his considering liberalism more rational, but from its being in closer accordance with his manner of life. The liberal party said that in Russia everything is wrong, and certainly Stepan Arkadyevitch had many debts and was decidedly short of money. The liberal party said that marriage is an institution quite out of date, and that it needs reconstruction; and family life certainly afforded Stepan Arkadyevitch little gratification, and forced him into lying and hypocrisy, which was so repulsive to his nature. The liberal party said, or rather allowed it to be understood, that religion is only a curb to keep in check the barbarous classes of the people; and Stepan Arkadyevitch could not get through even a short service without his legs aching from standing up, and could never make out what was the object of all the terrible and high-flown language about another world when life might be so very amusing in this world. And with all this, Stepan Arkadyevitch, who liked a joke, was fond of puzzling a plain man by saying that if he prided himself on his origin, he ought not to stop at Rurik and disown the first founder of his family—the monkey. And so Liberalism had become a habit of Stepan Arkadyevitch's, and he liked his newspaper, as he did his cigar after dinner, for the slight fog it diffused in his brain. He read the leading article, in which it was maintained that it was quite senseless in our day to raise an outcry that radicalism was threatening to swallow up all conservative elements, and that the government ought to take measures to crush the revolutionary hydra; that, on the contrary, “in our opinion the danger lies not in that fantastic

revolutionary hydra, but in the obstinacy of traditionalism clogging progress," etc., etc. He read another article, too, a financial one, which alluded to Bentham and Mill, and dropped some innuendoes reflecting on the ministry. With his characteristic quickwittedness he caught the drift of each innuendo, divined whence it came, at whom and on what ground it was aimed, and that afforded him, as it always did, a certain satisfaction. But today that satisfaction was embittered by Matriona Philimonovna's advice and the unsatisfactory state of the household. He read, too, that Count Beist was rumored to have left for Wiesbaden, and that one need have no more gray hair, and of the sale of a light carriage, and of a young person seeking a situation; but these items of information did not give him, as usual, a quiet, ironical gratification. Having finished the paper, a second cup of coffee and a roll and butter, he got up, shaking the crumbs of the roll off his waistcoat; and, squaring his broad chest, he smiled joyously: not because there was anything particularly agreeable in his mind—the joyous smile was evoked by a good digestion.

But this joyous smile at once recalled everything to him, and he grew thoughtful.

Two childish voices (Stepan Arkadyevitch recognized the voices of Grisha, his youngest boy, and Tanya, his eldest girl) were heard outside the door. They were carrying something, and dropped it.

"I told you not to sit passengers on the roof," said the little girl in English; "there, pick them up!"

"Everything's in confusion," thought Stepan Arkadyevitch; "there are the children running about by themselves." And going to the door, he called them. They threw down the box, that represented a train, and came in to their father.

The little girl, her father's favorite, ran up boldly, embraced him, and hung laughingly on his neck, enjoying as she always did the smell of scent that came from his whiskers. At last the little girl kissed his face, which was flushed from his stooping posture and beaming with tenderness, loosed her hands, and was about to run away again; but her father held her back.

"How is mamma?" he asked, passing his hand over his daughter's smooth, soft little neck. "Good morning," he said, smiling to the boy, who had come up to greet him. He was conscious that he loved the boy

less, and always tried to be fair; but the boy felt it, and did not respond with a smile to his father's chilly smile.

"Mamma? She is up," answered the girl.

Stepan Arkadyevitch sighed. "That means that she's not slept again all night," he thought.

"Well, is she cheerful?"

The little girl knew that there was a quarrel between her father and mother, and that her mother could not be cheerful, and that her father must be aware of this, and that he was pretending when he asked about it so lightly. And she blushed for her father. He at once perceived it, and blushed too.

"I don't know," she said. "She did not say we must do our lessons, but she said we were to go for a walk with Miss Hoole to grandmamma's."

"Well, go, Tanya, my darling. Oh, wait a minute, though," he said, still holding her and stroking her soft little hand.

He took off the mantelpiece, where he had put it yesterday, a little box of sweets, and gave her two, picking out her favorites, a chocolate and a fondant.

"For Grisha?" said the little girl, pointing to the chocolate.

"Yes, yes." And still stroking her little shoulder, he kissed her on the roots of her hair and neck, and let her go.

"The carriage is ready," said Matvey; "but there's some one to see you with a petition."

"Been here long?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"Half an hour."

"How many times have I told you to tell me at once?"

"One must let you drink your coffee in peace, at least," said Matvey, in the affectionately gruff tone with which it was impossible to be angry.

"Well, show the person up at once," said Oblonsky, frowning with vexation.

The petitioner, the widow of a staff captain Kalinin, came with a request impossible and unreasonable; but Stepan Arkadyevitch, as he generally did, made her sit down, heard her to the end attentively without interrupting her, and gave her detailed advice as to how and to whom to apply, and even wrote her, in his large, sprawling, good and legible hand, a confident and fluent little note to a personage who might be of use to

her. Having got rid of the staff captain's widow, Stepan Arkadyevitch took his hat and stopped to recollect whether he had forgotten anything. It appeared that he had forgotten nothing except what he wanted to forget—his wife.

“Ah, yes!” He bowed his head, and his handsome face assumed a harassed expression. “To go, or not to go!” he said to himself; and an inner voice told him he must not go, that nothing could come of it but falsity; that to amend, to set right their relations was impossible, because it was impossible to make her attractive again and able to inspire love, or to make him an old man, not susceptible to love. Except deceit and lying nothing could come of it now; and deceit and lying were opposed to his nature.

“It must be some time, though: it can't go on like this,” he said, trying to give himself courage. He squared his chest, took out a cigarette, took two whiffs at it, flung it into a mother-of-pearl ashtray, and with rapid steps walked through the drawing room, and opened the other door into his wife's bedroom.