

<<变色龙 契诃夫短篇小说选>>

图书基本信息

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内容概要

世界文学名著表现了作者描述的特定时代的文化。

阅读这些名著可以领略著者流畅的文笔、逼真的描述、详细的刻画，让读者如同置身当时的历史文化之中。

为此，我们将这套精心编辑的“名著典藏”奉献给广大读者。

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书籍目录

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AT A COUNTRY HOUSE
A FATHER
ON THE ROAD

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章节摘录

"You must excuse my looking at you like this , " she said. N61 have been told so much about you. Especially by Dr. Blagovo; he is simply in love with you. And I have made the acquaintance of your sister too; a sweet , dear girl , but I can never persuade her that there is nothing awful about your adopting the simple life. On the contrary , you have become the most interesting man in the town." She looked again at the pail of paste and the wallpaper , and went on : "I asked Dr. Blagovo to make me better acquainted with you , but apparently he forgot , or had not time. Anyway , we are acquainted all the same , and if you would come and see me quite simply I should be extremely indebted to you. I so long to have a talk. I am a simple person , " she added , holding out her hand to me , "and I hope that you will feel no constraint with me. My father is not here , he is in Petersburg." She went off into the reading-room , rustling her skirts , while I went home , and for a long time could not get to sleep. That cheerless autumn some kind soul , evidently wishing to alleviate my existence , sent me from time to time tea and lemons , or biscuits , or roast game. Karpovna told me that they were always brought by a soldier , and from whom they came she did not know; and the soldier used to enquire whether I was well , and whether I dined every day , and whether I had warm clothing. When the frosts began I was presented in the same way in my absence with a soft knitted scarf brought by the soldier. There was a faint elusive smell of scent about it , and I guessed who my good fairy was. The scarf smelt of And when the flunkey whispered to him what I was , the son of Poloznev the architect , he became embarrassed , turned crimson , but immediately recovered himself and said : "Devil take him." In the shops they palmed off on us workmen putrid meat , musty flour , and tea that had been used and dried again; the police hustled us in church , the assistants and nurses in the hospital plundered us , and if we were too poor to give them a bribe they revenged themselves by bringing us food in dirty vessels. In the post-office the pettiest official considered he had a right to treat us like animals , and to shout with coarse insolence : "You wait!" "Where are you shoving to?" Even the housedogs were unfriendly to us , and fell upon us with peculiar viciousness. But the thing that struck me most of all in my new position was the complete lack of justice , what is defined by the peasants in the words : "They have forgotten God." Rarely did a day pass without swindling. We were swindled by the merchants who sold us oil , by the contractors and the workmen and the people who employed us. I need not say that there could never be a question of our rights , and we always had to ask for the money we earned as though it were a charity , and to stand waiting for it at the back door , cap in hand. I was papering a room at the club next to the reading-room; in the evening , when I was just getting ready to go , the daughter of Dolzhikov , the engineer , walked into the room with a bundle of books under her arm.

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