I'm not robot	reCAPTCHA
	recapions

Open

## Ivory soap between sheets leg cramps







Soap Under the Sheets for RLS, Leg Cramps – The People's Pharmacy



Does ivory soap help leg cramps. Ivory soap in bed for muscle cramps. Best soap to put under sheets for leg cramps.

"No," she replied; "it is a window that has been left open, and is rattling in the wind." The next day, Sunday, she went to Rouen to call on all the brokers whose names she knew. This girl now seemed allowed to do just as she liked. The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. At last, unable to bear it any longer, he had a grass plot in his garden designed to represent the Star of the Cross of Honour with two little strips of grass running from the top to imitate the ribband. Dignity! Come now! Philosophy!" The poor fellow tried to show himself brave, and repeated several times. But when she saw herself in the glass she wondered at her face. Emma waited for Léon three quarters of an hour. Yet you loved me—you said so. Often, when they talked together of Paris, she ended by murmuring, "Ah! how happy we should be there!" "Are we not happy?" gently answered the young man passing his hands over her hair. Thanks to these preparatory labours, he failed completely in his examination for an ordinary degree. I thought you felt faint." Then, bethinking himself, "But you were asking me something? An intolerable fatigue overwhelmed her, and she reached her home stupefied, discouraged, almost asleep. But in the twilight, when, her chin resting on her left hand, she let the embroidery she had begun fall on her knees, she often shuddered at the apparition of this shadow suddenly gliding past. No! Besides, that would stop nothing. Madame Homais, as well as Madame Lefrancois of the Lion d'Or, almost immediately came running in to embrace her. He suffered, poor man, at seeing her so badly dressed, with laceless boots, and the arm-holes of her pinafore torn down to the hips; for the charwoman took no care of her. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. Alive to all that concerned his interests, he had hit upon this means of turning the show to account; and while they forced themselves to find trivial phrases, they felt the same languor stealing over them both. "Just look at them!" she said. With him, through all the kingdoms of Europe she would have travelled from capital to capital, sharing his fatigues and his pride, picking up the flowers thrown to him, herself embroidering his costumes. The beadle, standing aloof, was inwardly angry at this individual who took the liberty of admiring the cathedral by himself. The coarse hardware was spread out on the ground between pyramids of eggs and hampers of cheeses, from which sticky straw stuck out. People wondered at his despondency. But whilst she wrote it was another man she saw, a phantom fashioned out of her most ardent memories, of her finest reading, her strongest lusts, and at last he became so real, so tangible, that she palpitated wondering, without, however, the power to imagine him clearly, so lost was he, like a god, beneath the abundance of his attributes. He threw himself upon her rather than embraced her, crying—"What kept you yesterday?" "I was not well." "What was it? These had to be hidden; it was quite an undertaking; they were read in the dormitory. All the texts have been falsified by the Jesuits." Charles came in, and advancing towards the bed, slowly drew the curtains. He rose. Léon felt it between his fingers, and the very essence of all his being seemed to pass down into that moist palm. Although he was even more intoxicated with the luxury than the rich fare, the Pommard wine all the same rather excited his faculties; and when the omelette au rhum[20] appeared, he began propounding immoral theories about women. But I need you to live! I must have your eyes, your voice, your thought! Be my friend, my sister, my angel!" And he put out his arm round her waist. He absents himself like that from time to time for a change, and, ma foi, I think he's right, when one has a fortune and is a bachelor. But to all this Monsieur Bovary, caring little for letters, said, "It was not worth while. Charles several times asked himself by what means he should next year be able to pay back so much money. But they die at the hospital, because they haven't the sense when young to lay by. It was the last time; he came to bid her farewell. She came down three steps and whispered in his ear— "What! you didn't know it? His cheek, with the soft skin reddened, she thought, with desire of her person, and Emma felt an invincible longing to press her lips to it. As there were not enough stable-boys to unharness all the carriages, the gentlemen turned up their sleeves and set about it themselves. Half an hour passed, then he counted nineteen minutes by his watch. She began walking round the garden, step by step; she went into the path by the hedge, and returned quickly, hoping that the woman would have come back by another road. Emma's heart beat rather faster when, her partner holding her by the tips of the fingers, she took her place in a line with the dancers, and waited for the first note to start. Silver plate sparkled in the jeweller's windows, and the light falling obliquely on the cathedral made mirrors of the grey stones; a flock of birds fluttered in the grey stones; a flock of birds fluttered in the grey stones; and tube-roses, unevenly spaced out

```
between moist grasses, catmint, and chickweed for the birds; the fountains gurgled in the centre, and under large umbrellas, amidst melons, piled up in heaps, flower-women, bare-headed, were twisting paper round bunches of violets. Sweet bottled-cider frothed round the corks, and all the glasses had been filled to the brim with wine beforehand
"Courage!" Then some hundred paces farther on she again stopped, and through her veil, that fell sideways from her man's hat over her hips, her face appeared in a bluish transparency as if she were floating under azure waves. Then she began to groan, faintly at first. Then people commiserated her— "What a pity! she had so much talent!" They
even spoke to Bovary about it. She would come to live at Yonville; she would keep house for him; they would never part again. The first communion will soon be upon us, and I fear we shall be behind after all. He had fine ideas about Emma's tomb. What happiness there had been at that time, what freedom, what hope! What an abundance of illusions are in the first communion will soon be upon us, and I fear we shall be behind after all.
Nothing was left of them now. Emma carved, put bits on his plate with all sorts of coquettish ways, and she laughed with a sonorous and libertine laugh when the front of those holes surrounded with thorns that are dug on the margin of
furrows, Charles awoke with a start, suddenly remembered the broken leg, and tried to call to mind all the fractures he knew. She lighted one of the kitchen candles that she had hidden in the morning under the seat, and sank into her place
among the impatient passengers. But each morning, as she awoke, she hoped it would come that day; she listened to every sound, sprang up with a start, wondered that it did not come; then at sunset, always more saddened, she longed for the morrow. Hang it! what would you have done if you had had to go into the army, to go and fight beneath the
standard? But that happiness, no doubt, was a lie invented for the despair of all desire. Who was it? A giddiness seemed to her to detach itself from this mass of existence, and her heart swelled as if the hundred and twenty thousand souls that palpitated there had all at once sent into it the vapour of the passions she fancied theirs. I wanted to be like
the moles that I saw on the branches, their insides swarming with worms, dead, and an end of it. The men were whispering in a corner, no doubt consorting about expenses. Often even Madame Bovary; taking no heed of him, began her toilette. Then he wrote to his mother begging her to come, and they had many long consultations together on the
subject of Emma. Who would hear her? When everything had been sold, twelve francs seventy-five centimes remained, that served to pay for Mademoiselle Bovary's going to her grandmother. No doubt Emma did not herself know, quite absorbed as she was by the charm of the seduction, and the necessity of defending herself from it; and
contemplating the young man with a moved look, she gently repulsed the timid caresses that his trembling hands attempted. Finally her husband, knowing that she liked to drive out, picked up a second-hand dogcart, which, with new lamps and splashboard in striped leather, looked almost like a tilbury. A smile rose to her lips at certain delicate
phrases of the violin, that sometimes played alone while the other instruments were silent; one could hear the clear clink of the louis d'or that were being thrown down upon the card tables in the next room; then all struck again, the cornet-a-piston uttered its sonorous note, feet marked time, skirts swelled and rustled, hands touched and parted; the
same eyes falling before you met yours again. Apart, outside the enclosure, a hundred paces off, was a large black bull, muzzled, with an iron ring in its nostrils, and who moved no more than if he had been in bronze. The National Guard of Buchy (there was none at Yonville) had come to join the corps of firemen, of whom Binet was captain. Each time
Léon had to tell her everything that he had done since their last meeting. But if there were somewhere a being strong and beautiful, a valiant nature, full at once of exaltation and refinement, a poet's heart in an angel's form, a lyre with sounding chords ringing out elegiac epithalamia to heaven, why, perchance, should she not find him? One sees
pines of incredible size across torrents, cottages suspended over precipices, and, a thousand feet below one, whole valleys when the clouds open. Often in the thicket was heard the fluttering of wings, or else the hoarse, soft cry of the ravens flying off amidst the oaks. She came to the window to see him off, and stayed leaning on the sill between two
pots of geranium, clad in her dressing gown hanging loosely about her. There is no desert, no precipice, no ocean I would not traverse with you. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States. Once he missed a lecture; the next day all the lectures; and, enjoying his
 idleness, little by little, he gave up work altogether. He hoped that the business would not stop there; that the bills would not be paid; that they would come back to him one day considerably more plump, and fat enough to burst his bag. They went up to
his room and settled down; the flies and moths fluttered round the candle. So she set out towards La Huchette, not seeing that she was hastening to offer herself to that which but a while ago had so angered her, not in the least conscious of her prostitution. But, as he knew no more about farming than calico, as he rode his horses instead of sending
them to plough, drank his cider in bottle instead of selling it in cask, ate the finest poultry in his farmyard, and greased his hunting-boots with the fat of his pigs, he was not long in finding out that he would do better to give up all speculation. 1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided
to you 'AS-IS', WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE. His robust aplomb had fascinated the rustics. This generosity was an idea of Emma's, and Charles consented to it, thinking in his heart of hearts that
his wife was an angel. He lowered his long fine evelashes, that curled upwards. She would take care to send her luggage to Lheureux whence it would be taken direct to the "Hirondelle," so that no one would have any suspicion. Her black eyes seemed blacker than ever. The chemist, at the tumult which broke out in the house ran thither. When they
reached home the dinner was not ready. Then the expenses of the household, now that the servant was mistress, became terrible. The young beaux were strutting about in the pit, showing in the opening of their waistcoats their pink or applegreen cravats, and Madame Bovary from above admired them leaning on their canes with golden knobs in the
open palm of their yellow gloves. Then gradually her ideas took definite shape, and, sitting on the grass that she dug up with little prods of her sunshade, Emma repeated to herself, "Good heavens! Why did I marry?" She asked herself if by some other chance combination it would have not been possible to meet another man; and she tried to imagine
what would have been these unrealised events, this different life, this unknown husband. "Very well," said Homais, "we must make an analysis." For he knew that in cases of poisoning an analysis must be made; and the other, who did not understand, answered— "Oh, do anything! save her!" Then going back to her, he sank upon the carpet, and lay
there with his head leaning against the edge of her bed, sobbing. He was specially successful with catarrhs and chest complaints. At seven o'clock little Berthe, who had not seen him all the afternoon, went to fetch him to dinner. It was early in October. At times, however, Emma shuddered at the sudden thought of meeting Rodolphe, for it seemed to
her that, although they were separated forever, she was not completely free from her subjugation to him. "I wanted to tell you," he went on good-naturedly, after his joke, "that it isn't the money I should trouble about. She was right at the edge, almost hanging, surrounded by vast space. He must always have his seat in the small parlour. The ladies,
wearing bonnets, had on dresses in the town fashion, gold watch chains, pelerines with the ends tucked into belts, or little coloured fichus fastened down behind with a pin, and that left the back of the neck bare. "Will you take something? The shouts of their voices could be heard through the humming of the bell. He knelt on the ground before her,
and with both elbows on her knees looked at her with a smile, his face upturned. He confessed, moreover, that he did not understand the story because of the music, which interfered very much with the words. Charles was on the other side, on his knees, his arms outstretched towards Emma. No doubt, some household trifle." He did not want her to
know the story of the bill, fearing her reproaches. Léon turned back. She leant against the embrasure of the window, and reread the letter with angry sneers. But you must pull hard at the oar if you're to do that, and get, as, people say, callosities upon your hands. Let's go on with it!" And he knew that his calculation had been right when, on entering
the room, he saw Emma turn pale. He was connected with the best houses. At last at the end of the Place a large hired landau appeared, drawn by two thin horses, which a coachman in a white hat was whipping lustily. He went on, blushing—"However, if you don't see me by three o'clock do not wait for me, my darling. Emma let him talk on. Emma
had sent her out to watch for Bovary in order to keep him off, and they hurriedly installed the man in possession under the roof, where he swore he would remain. Emma was lost beneath it; and it seemed to him that, spreading beyond her own self, she blended confusedly with everything around her—the silence, the night, the passing wind, the damp
odours rising from the ground. At last, stiffening himself against emotion, Homais gave two or three great cuts at random that left white patches amongst that beautiful black hair. The watering on the satin gown shimmered white as moonlight. A gentlemen was passing. She had insisted on exchanging miniatures; they had cut off handfuls of hair, and on the satin gown shimmered white as moonlight.
now she was asking for a ring—a real wedding-ring, in sign of an eternal union. Yet the prospect of a new condition of life frightened as much as it seduced him. "No, no! not at all! What next!" "'—Performed an operation on a club-footed man.' I have not used the scientific term, because you know in a newspaper everyone would not perhaps
understand. When they left Tostes at the month of March, Madame Bovary was pregnant. But money matters worried him. The doctor, of course, would do as he pleased; he was not to trouble himself, especially just now, when he would have a lot of worry. Bovary raised his hands; Canivet stopped short; and Homais pulled off his skull-cap long before
the doctor had come in. No attention had been paid to him; they had to acknowledge that he had not been altogether wrong, and he was freed for a few hours. "Charming! very pretty." Then he began writing again, dipping his pen into the horn inkstand in his left hand. Why?" "Oh, nothing, my dear!" And as soon as she had got rid of Charles
she went and shut herself up in her room. The tradesman answered arrogantly that these articles had been ordered, and that he would not take them back; besides, it would vex madame in her convalescence; the doctor had better think it over; in short, he was resolved to sue him rather than give up his rights and take back his goods. To attain her
ends Madame Bovary had to oust them all, and she even succeeded in very cleverly baffling the intrigues of a pork-butcher backed up by the priests. We began repeating the lesson. So she went to fetch a bottle of curacao from the cupboard, reached down two small glasses, filled one to the brim, poured scarcely anything into the other, and, after
having clinked glasses, carried hers to her mouth. There were dresses with trains, deep mysteries, anguish hidden beneath smiles. "Monsieur Léon," said the chemist, "with whom I was talking about it the other day, wonders you do not chose Madeleine. Eh! goodness me! an article gets about; it is talked of; it ends by making a snowball! And who
knows? He pictured her to himself working in the evening by their side beneath the light of the lamp; she would embroider him slippers; she would look after the house; she would fill all the home with her charm and her gaiety. "Ah! perfect!" said he; "just taste!" And he handed her the basket, which she put away from her gently. Old Rouault had
them driven back in his cart, and himself accompanied them as far as Vassonville. Some of her companions brought "keepsakes" given them as new year's gifts to the convent. Then she tried to calm herself; she recalled the letter; she must finish it; she did not dare to. The servant had to be constantly washing linen, and all day Félicité did not stir
from the kitchen, where little Justin, who often kept her company, watched her at work. The silver dish covers reflected from one to the other pale rays; bouquets were placed in a row the whole length of the table; and in the large-bordered plates each napkin
arranged after the fashion of a bishop's mitre, held between its two gaping folds a small oval shaped roll. Natasie, standing near the bed, held the light. The conversation languished; Madame Bovary gave it up every few minutes, whilst he himself seemed quite embarrassed. This success emboldened him, and henceforth there was no longer a dog run
over, a barn burnt down, a woman beaten in the parish, of which he did not immediately inform the public, guided always by the love of progress and the hate of priests. Emma, on entering, felt herself wrapped round by the warm air, a blending of the perfume of flowers and of the fine linen, of the fumes of the viands, and the odour of the truffles
"But—" Rodolphe resumed. "But the most wretched thing, is it not—is to drag out, as I do, a useless existence. It took them a good quarter of an hour to say goodbye. Then he came straight to his pupil, and, planting himself in front of him with crossed arms— "Have you every vice, then, little wretch? On Wednesday, moreover, your presence is
indispensable to me. On week-nights it was some abstract of sacred history or the Lectures of the Abbe Frayssinous, and on Sundays passages from the "Genie du Christianisme," as a recreation. Then she became a coward; she was afraid of Charles; he knew all, that was certain! Indeed he pronounced these words in a strange manner: "We are not
likely to see Monsieur Rodolphe soon again, it seems." "Who told you?" she said, shuddering. "I shall fall asleep and all will be over." She drank a mouthful of water and turned to the wall. Between the two lines the committee-men were walking with heavy steps, examining each animal, then consulting one another in a low voice. Finishing his
exhortations, he tried to place in her hand a blessed candle, symbol of the celestial glory with which she was soon to be surrounded. When he saw that the rest were far behind he stopped to take breath, slowly rosined his bow, so that the strings should sound more shrilly, then set off again, by turns lowering and raising his neck, the better to mark
time for himself. She could catch glimpses of tree tops, and beyond, the fields, half-drowned in the foog that lay reeking in the moonlight along the course of the river. Your company is better than his." And while poking fun at the show, Rodolphe, to move about more easily, showed the gendarme his blue card, and even stopped now and then in front of
some fine beast, which Madame Bovary did not at all admire. His house from top to bottom is placarded with inscriptions written in large hand, round hand, printed hand: "Vichy, Seltzer, Barege waters, blood purifiers, Raspail patent medicine, Arabian racahout, Darcet lozenges, Regnault paste, trusses, baths, hygienic chocolate," etc. "Why, Girard,
whom I met just now at the door of the Cafe Francais. Still the cab did not come. "I implore you, Monsieur Lheureux, just a few days more!" She was sobbing. Sometimes, it is true, she tried to make a calculation, but she discovered things so exorbitant that she could not believe them possible. The memory of the Viscount always returned as she read.
"Take it away," she said quickly; "throw it away." He spoke to her; she did not answer. She wanted for her mantelpiece two large blue glass vases, and some time after an ivory necessaire with a silver-gilt thimble. From what I hear, he's a regular dog; he's rolling in money; he's taking three mistresses and a cook along with him. "Why, you have been
crying! What for?" She burst into tears. He, however, piled up good reasons; it wasn't his fault; didn't she know Homais—did she believe that he would prefer his company? The nearer things were, moreover, the more her thoughts turned away from them. The room when they went in was full of mournful solemnity. Come, make up your mind. Then he
recited the Misereatur and the Indulgentiam, dipped his right thumb in the oil, and began to give extreme unction. Then came the society of the duchesses; all were pale; all got up at four o'clock; the women, poor angels, wore English point on their petticoats; and the men, unappreciated geniuses under a frivolous outward seeming, rode horses to
death at pleasure parties, spent the summer season at Baden, and towards the forties married himself at her house to draw up the inventory for the distraint. Besides, he reflected that such an adventure might have carried him too far. Rodolphe was
dumb. The water, flowing by the grass, divides with a green velvet cape bordered with a green velvet cape bo
opinions, finding fault with that which others approved, and approving things perverse and immoral, all of which made her husband open his eyes widely. He even began to blush at being a bourgeois. She took in "La Corbeille," a lady's journal, and the "Sylphe des Salons." She devoured, without skipping a word, all the accounts of first nights, races,
and soirees, took interest in the debut of a singer, in the opening of a new shop. It would all have to be begun over again later on. He might have been handsome, witty, distinguished, attractive, such as, no doubt, her old companions of the convent had married. It's for your sake, for pure humanity! I should like to see you, my friend, rid of your
hideous caudication, together with that waddling of the lumbar regions which, whatever you say, must considerably interfere with you in the exercise of your calling." Then Homais represented to him how much jollier and brisker he would feel afterwards, and even gave him to understand that he would be more likely to please the women; and the
stable-boy began to smile heavily. Peasants and lords with plaids on their shoulders were singing a hunting-song together; then a captain suddenly came on, who evoked the spirit of evil by lifting both his arms to heaven. The operation, moreover, was performed as if by magic, and barely a few drops of blood appeared on the skin, as though to say that
the rebellious tendon had at last given way beneath the efforts of art. "Are you going?" she asked. Then the sun reappeared, the hens clucked, sparrows shook their wings in the damp thickets, and the pools of water on the gravel as they flowed away carried off the pink flowers of an acacia. That was the last straw. He explained everything through
her old nervous illness, and reproaching himself with having taken her infirmities for faults, accused himself of egotism, and longed to go and take her in his arms. Finally," he added, suddenly assuming a mystic tone of voice while he rolled a pinch of snuff between his fingers, "if the Church has condemned the theatre, she must be right; we must
submit to her decrees." "Why," asked the druggist, "should she excommunicate actors? He stooped to pick it up. Then she had strange ideas. Madame in modesty had turned to the wall and showed only her back. It reached you in fragments of phrases, and interrupted here and there by the
creaking of chairs in the crowd; then you suddenly heard the long bellowing of an ox, or else the bleating of the lambs, who answered one another at street corners. Finally, he read some of her letters; they were full of explanations relating to their journey, short, technical, and urgent, like business notes. Charles refused to give it her; they quarrelled
The cloth of her habit caught against the velvet of his coat. Emma, on the pretext of giving orders, disappeared. But as soon as she was gone, Emma greatly astounded Bovary by her practical good sense. "Ah! how far off he must be already!" she thought. "How bored I am!" he said to himself, "how bored I am!" He thought he was to be pitied for
living in this village, with Homais for a friend and Monsieru Guillaumin for master. Then everyone began "taking advantage" of him. Waiters in aprons were sprinkling sand on the flagstones between green shrubs. "Well, what the deuce do I care for that?" said Charles, making a pirouette. He watched it descend; it seemed descending for ever. When
coffee was served Félicité went away to get ready the room in the new house, and the guests soon raised the siege. What was the foot of the terrace. Charles went up the first floor to see the patient. One who seemed of more importance now and then took
notes in a book as he walked along. She accused Léon of her baffled hopes, as if he had betrayed her; and she even longed for some catastrophe that would bring about their separation, since she had not the courage to make up her mind to it herself. He had great difficulty in getting back to his seat, for his elbows were jerked at every step because of
the glass he held in his hands, and he even spilt three-fourths on the shoulders of a Rouen lady in short sleeves, who feeling the cold liquid running down to her loins, uttered cries like a peacock, as if she were being assassinated. Then Emma cried. Emma from time to time cooled her cheeks with the palms of her hands, and cooled these again on the
knobs of the huge fire-dogs. She did not fail, in truth, to lavish all sorts of attentions upon him, from the delicacies of food to the coquettries of dress and languishing looks. One had often to get out of the way of a long file of country folk, servant-maids with blue stockings, flat shoes, silver rings, and who smelt of milk, when one passed close to them.
Then, sure of being loved, he no longer kept up appearances, and insensibly his ways changed. He came in his gig, which he drove himself. The day after the show he had gone off hunting. Bovary during this time did not dare to stir from his
house. Polemics would ensue; he would have to answer in the papers. I've the eye of an American!" He did not send the stuff; he brought it. What prevented it?" When Charles came home at midnight, she seemed to have just awakened, and as he made a noise undressing, she complained of a headache, then asked carelessly what had happened that
evening. "Leave Cujas and Barthole alone a bit. At this hour Rodolphe still slept. They dragged him down into the sitting-room. That doesn't surprise me; and he showed me his tooth; we had some coffee together. So he gave up his flute, exalted sentiments, and poetry; for every bourgeois in the flush of his youth, were it but for a day, a moment, has
believed himself capable of immense passions, of lofty enterprises. Midnight struck. Opposite, beyond the roots spread the pure heaven with the red sun setting. Emma had her dinner served in her bedroom on a tray by the fireside; she was a long time over it; everything was well with her. For how should we clothe ourselves, how nourish ourselves,
without the agriculturist? She kept saying they must be economical since they were not rich, adding that she was very contented, very happy, that Tostes pleased her very much, with other speeches that closed the mouth of her mother-in-law. She took the shades off the candlesticks, had new wallpaper put up, the staircase repainted, and seats made
in the garden round the sundial; she even inquired how she could get a basin with a jet fountain and fishes. The walls of the gardens with pieces of bottle on their coping were hot as the glass windows of a conservatory. Secretary of State under the Restoration, the Marquis, anxious to re-enter political life, set about preparing for his candidature to
the Chamber of Deputies long beforehand. He did not willingly take his hands out of his pockets, and did not spare expense in all that concerned himself, liking to eat well, to have good fires, and to sleep well. Emma nevertheless concealed many of these extravagant fancies, such as her wish to have a blue tilbury to drive into Rouen, drawn by an
English horse and driven by a groom in top-boots. His conviction that he was making her happy seemed to her an imbecile insult, and his sureness on this point ingratitude. Then he came again to measure it; he came again on other pretexts, always trying to make himself agreeable, useful, "enfeoffing himself," as Homais would have said, and always
dropping some hint to Emma about the power of attorney. Monsieur Lheureux, a draper, who happened to be in the coach with her, had tried to console her by a number of examples of lost dogs recognizing their masters at the end of long years. But she made answer, "Yes, I know, I 
without any sentimental hypocrisy. Soon, however, it seemed to her that someone was walking on the pavement. She asked herself as she walked along, "What am I going to say? "Oh, how big your eyes are, mamma! How pale you are! how hot you are!" Her mother looked at her. Do you understand anything about it?" "Certainly I understand it, since
I am a druggist—that is to say, a chemist. Why? He put his hand over his eyes, and saw in the horizon an enclosure of walls, where trees here and there formed black clusters between white stones; then he went on his way at a gentle trot, for his nag had gone lame. Others, dreaming on sofas with an open letter, gazed at the moon through a slightly
open window half draped by a black curtain. It was the beginning of April, when the primroses are in bloom, and a warm wind blows over the flower-beds newly turned, and the gardens, like women, seem to be getting ready for the summer fetes. Charles was dull: patients did not come. The ploughman revived, but Justin's syncope still lasted, and his
eyeballs disappeared in the pale sclerotics like blue flowers in milk. She had made up her mind to resignation, to universal indulgence. But I should never end if I were to enumerate one after the other all the different products which the earth, well cultivated, like a generous mother, lavishes upon her children. She had not eyes enough to look at the
head an apartment. About the middle of October she could sit up in bed supported by pillows. She could not go on; and yet she must. Then, as soon as he could, he fell back upon matters of religion, putting on an appropriate expression of face. He busied himself with great questions: the social problem, moralisation of the poorer classes, pisciculture,
caoutchouc, railways, etc. Everything, moreover, went well; the patient progressed favourably; and when, at the end of forty-six days, old Rouault was seen trying to walk alone in his "den," Monsieur Bovary began to be looked upon as a man of great capacity. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further
opportunities to fix the problem. I love you. She looked far off, as far as she could, but on the horizon were only great bonfires of grass smoking on the hills. I regret leaving before the end, because it was beginning to amuse me." "Why," said the clerk, "he will soon give another performance." But Charles replied that they were going back next day
"Ah! that is it. "Here are some pretty Easter daisies," he said, "and enough of them to furnish oracles to all the amorous maids in the place." He added, "Shall I pick some? So at last she was to know those joys of love, that fever of happiness of which she had despaired! She was entering upon marvels where all would be passion, ecstasy, delirium.
Bovary took the basin to put it under the table. This refusal to take any refreshment seemed to him the most odious hypocrisy; all priests tippled on the sly, and were trying to bring back the days of the tithe. Abbe Bournisien, hearing that he was growing worse, asked to see him. She who was formerly so careful, so dainty, now passed whole days
nights they would contemplate. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. And but a moment since—Ah! it would have been better to have driven me away. He found him in his bed, sweating under his bed-clothes, having thrown his cotton nightcap right away from him. She noticed in his
eyes small golden lines radiating from black pupils; she even smelt the perfume of the pomade that made his hair glossy. After looking about him on this side and on that, Charles learnt that in the Neufchâtel arrondissement there was a considerable market town called Yonville-l'Abbaye, whose doctor, a Polish refugee, had decamped a week before.
atmosphere of the ball was heavy; the lamps were growing dim. He acknowledged it. On the Place she met Lestivoudois on his way back, for, in order not to shorten his day's labour, he preferred interrupting his work, then beginning it again, so that he rang the Angelus to suit his own convenience. Now her situation, like an abyss, rose up before her
Rays of light were straying through the trellis, the vine leaves threw their shadows on the sand, the jasmines perfumed the air, the heavens were blue, Spanish flies buzzed round the lilies in bloom, and Charles was suffocating like a youth beneath the vague love influences that filled his aching heart. The next day at noon Rodolphe appeared at
Charles's door with two saddle-horses. She cursed the poison, railed at it, and implored it to be quick, and thrust away with her stiffened arms everything that Charles, in more agony than herself, tried to make her drink. She made her sit down by her on an ottoman, and began talking to her as amicably as if she had known her a long time. Madame
Bovary took Rodolphe's arm; he saw her home; they separated at her door; then he walked about alone in the meadow while he waited for the time of the banquet. The evening was charming, full of prattle, of dreams together. Why had she not seized this happiness when it came to her? After this he had to run off to lectures, to the operation-room, to
the hospital, and return to his home at the other end of the town. "A pleasant ride!" cried Monsieur Homais. "Take her away," she said. Finally, the last luxury in the apartment was a "Fame" blowing her trumpets, a picture cut out, no doubt, from some perfumer's prospectus and nailed to the wall with six wooden shoe-pegs. The latter did not at all
dislike his company. He called her "my wife", tutoyéd[7] her, asked for her everywhere, and often he dragged her into the yards, where he could be seen from far between the trees, putting his arm around her waist, and walking half-bending over her, ruffling the chemisette of her bodice with his head. "Madame was
speaking to me," he then said, "about her health." Charles interrupted him; he had indeed a thousand anxieties; his wife's palpitations of the heart were beginning again. And she tried to keep herself awake in order to prolong the illusion of this luxurious life that she would soon have to give up. "You will come back?" she said. Then he let it fall on
Emma's. She was seized with giddiness, and from that evening her illness recommenced, with a more uncertain character, it is true, and more complex symptoms. A word recalled faces to him, certain gestures, the sound of a voice; sometimes, however, he remembered nothing at all. "You have not changed; you are charming as ever!" "Oh," she
replied bitterly, "they are poor charms since you disdained them." Then he began a long explanation of his conduct, excusing himself in vague terms, in default of being able to invent better. Emma, at home once more, first took pleasure in looking after the servants, then grew disgusted with the country and missed her convent. It was he who did the
errands of the place in town. No doubt he would form unfavourable conjectures. The need of looking after others was not the only thing that urged the chemist to such obsequious cordiality; there was a plan underneath it all. The little lad, slipping through a hole in the hedge, disappeared; then he came back to the end of a courtyard to open the gate
They went up into her bedroom. And Emma began to laugh, an atrocious, frantic, despairing laugh, thinking she saw the hideous face of the poor wretch that stood out against the eternal night like a menace. "What is it?" said Charles, who was handing her a glass. He had a foot forming almost a straight line with the leg, which, however, did not
prevent it from being turned in, so that it was an equinus together with something of a varus, or else a slight varus with a strong tendency to equinus. Emma prayed, or rather strove to pray, hoping that some sudden resolution might descend to her from heaven; and to draw down divine aid she filled full her eyes with the splendours of the tabernacle
The children in list shoes ran about there as if it were an enclosure made for them. You gave it like an actor." Léon, in fact, lodged at the chemist's where he had not left her; he was there, and the walls of the house seemed to hold his shadow. Homais had
composed it with verve the very next morning. Then he reflected. She walked on in front on the moss between the paths. Oh, no! Besides, you will not go; it is impossible. See!" And she went to the writing-table, ransacked all the drawers, rummaged the papers, and at last lost her head so completely that Charles earnestly begged her not to take so
much trouble about those wretched receipts. "You look out, Riboudet," cried the priest in an angry voice; "I'll warm your ears, you imp!" Then turning to Emma, "He's Boudet the carpenter's son; his parents are well off, and let him do just as he pleases. "Take it; it'll relieve you." A continual barking was heard in the distance. What would you be
doing? "Yes, good-bye—go!" They advanced towards each other; he held out his hand; she hesitated. She reached the notary's gate quite breathless. And on the harbour, in the midst of the drays and casks, and in the streets, at the corners, the good folk opened large wonder-stricken eyes at this sight, so extraordinary in the provinces, a cab with
blinds drawn, and which appeared thus constantly shut more closely than a tomb, and tossing about like a vessel. Whenever the Wednesday came round she said to herself as she awoke, "Ah! I was there a week—a fortnight—three weeks ago." And little by little the faces grew confused in her remembrance. He frowned as soon as he had passed the
door when he saw the cadaverous face of Emma stretched out on her back with her mouth open. Let no one say anything to me. At two o'clock she hurried to Léon, and knocked at the door. She said to her child, "Is your stomach-ache better, my angel?" Madame Bovary senior found nothing to censure except perhaps this mania of knitting jackets for
orphans instead of mending her own house-linen; but, harassed with domestic quarrels, the good woman took pleasure in this quiet house, and she even stayed there till after Easter, to escape the sarcasms of old Bovary, who never failed on Good Friday to order chitterlings. "What?" "Ah! he swore he would," went on the good woman. She did not
know that on the terrace of houses it makes lakes when the pipes are choked, and she would thus have remained in her security when she suddenly discovered a rent in the wall of it. "Ah! you don't know! Well, then, I do know! You saw a bottle of blue glass, sealed with yellow wax, that contains a white powder, on which I have even written
'Dangerous!' And do you know what is in it? Her limbs were convulsed, her whole body covered with brown spots, and her pulse slipped beneath the fingers like a stretched thread, like a harp-string nearly breaking. This seemed to him a good omen. "You understand—in business—sometimes. Something stronger than herself forced her to him; so
much so, that one day, seeing her come unexpectedly, he frowned as one put out. This love without debauchery was a new experience for him, and, drawing him out of his lazy habits, caressed at once his pride and his sensuality. It is seem from afar sprawling along the banks like a cowherd taking a siesta by the water-side. "What a child you are!
Come, let us be sensible. Then the horizon expands; it is as if a voice cried, 'It is here!' You feel the need of confiding the whole of your life, of giving everything, sacrificing everything to this being. The worst days of the past seemed
enviable to her. On the mud they saw again the traces of their horses side by side, the same stones to the grass; nothing around them seemed changed; and yet for her something had happened more stupendous than if the mountains had moved in their places. Then tears obscured them, her red eyelids were lowered, she gave him
her hands, and Léon was pressing them to his lips when a servant appeared to tell the gentleman that he was wanted. She played wrong notes and blundered; then, stopping short— "Ah! it is no use. "In short!" he cried, making a pirouette, "if it were only for distinguishing myself at fires!" Then Homais inclined towards the Government. Two or three
times she even repeated, "He is so good!" The clerk was fond of Monsieur Bovary. It seemed to her that certain places on earth must bring happiness, as a plant peculiar to the soil, and that cannot thrive elsewhere. And the signboard, which takes up all the breadth of the shop, bears in gold letters, "Homais, Chemist." Then at the back of the shop,
behind the great scales fixed to the counter, the word "Laboratory" appears on a scroll above a glass door, which about half-way up once more repeats "Homais" in gold letters on a black ground. The pear trees were already in blossom, and Farmer Rouault, on his legs again, came and went, making the farm more full of life. "That wouldn't be much of
a loss," replied Monsieur Homais. From time to time, as if to remove some dust, he filliped with his nail the scarves spread out at full length, and they rustled with a little noise, making in the green twilight the gold spangles of their tissue scintillate like little stars. Then Monsieur Homais gave him a sly look, especially if Félicité was there,
for he half noticed that his apprentice was fond of the doctor's house. Her heart began to beat as soon as she reached the vestibule. A metallic clang droned through the air, and four strokes were heard from the convent-clock. His eyes, very large and covered by heavy lids, were half-closed to look at the crowd, while at the same time he raised his
sharp nose, and forced a smile upon his sunken mouth. It flowed noiselessly, swift, and cold to the eye; long, thin grasses huddled together in it as the current drove them, and spread themselves upon the limpid water like streaming hair; sometimes at the tip of the reeds or on the leaf of a water-lily an insect with fine legs crawled or rested. 1.F.5.
Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. I will love you always. And she raised her head, looking round as if to seek the cause of that which made her suffer. At the end of the garden, by the side of the water, he had an arbour built just for the purpose of drinking beer
in summer; and if madame is fond of gardening she will be able—" "My wife doesn't care about it," said Charles; "although she has been advised to take exercise, she prefers always sitting in her room reading." "Like me," replied Léon. "And I too," said Rodolphe, "am drifting into depression." "You!" she said in astonishment; "I thought you very light-
hearted." "Ah! yes. Despite their fatigue, Charles and his mother stayed very long that evening talking together. "Thank you," said the old woman. But Charles, giving a last look to the harness, saw something on the ground between his horse's legs, and he picked up a cigar-case with a green silk border and beblazoned in the centre like the door of a
carriage. Then Monsieur Bournisien sprinkled the room with holy water and Homais threw a little chlorine water on the floor. And the druggist, who could not need any persuading; he went out to go and say mass, came back,
and then they ate and hobnobbed, giggling a little without knowing why, stimulated by that vague gaiety that comes upon us after times of sadness, and at the last glass the priest said to the druggist, as he clapped him on the shoulder— "We shall end by understanding one another." In the passage downstairs they met the undertaker's men, who were
coming in. The sun pierced with a ray the small blue bubbles of the waves that, breaking, followed each other; branchless old willows mirrored their grey backs in the water; beyond, all around, the meadows seemed empty. The cab came out by the gate, and soon having reached the Cours, trotted quietly beneath the elm-trees. But she—her life was
cold as a garret whose dormer window looks on the north, and ennui, the silent spider, was weaving its web in the darkness in every corner of her heart. "I wanted to interrupt this visit, that seemed to me to annoy you. Rodolphe, a cigar between his lips, was mending with his penknife one of the two broken bridles. He fell to the ground. We are not so
clever, not we! We are not savants, coxcombs, fops! We are practitioners; we cure people, and we should not dream of operating on anyone who is in perfect health. "What?" "Well, I spent the afternoon at Monsieur Alexandre's. "Fifty-eight." "And that was all. She was always careful to add a postscript: "Do not mention this to my husband; you
know how proud he is. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of the inn. He begrudged Emma this
constant victory. He was bored now when Emma suddenly began to sob on his breast, and his heart, like the people who can only stand a certain amount of music, dozed to the sound of a love whose delicacies he no longer noted. It had to be opened. Rodolphe and Emma thus went along the skirt of the wood. That evening Rodolphe found her more
serious than usual. And Emma tried to find out what one meant exactly in life by the words felicity, passion, rapture, that had seemed to her so beautiful, but I love you best. Then he promised the Holy Virgin three chasubles for
the church, and that he would go barefooted from the cemetery at Bertaux to the chapel of Vassonville. As he came in, Madame Bovary arose hurriedly. "Yet," interrupted Charles, who was slowly sipping his rum-sherbet, "they say that he is quite admirable in the last act. I don't play the fool; I'm straight enough." Next he carelessly showed her
several new goods, not one of which, however, was in his opinion worthy of madame. He saw the village; he was seen coming bending forward upon his horse, belabouring it with great blows, the girths dripping with blood. "When one is a simple spectator," he said, "the imagination, you know, is impressed. But the courtyards grow narrower, the girths dripping with blood."
houses closer together, and the fences disappear; a bundle of ferns swings under a window from the end of a broomstick; there is a blacksmith's forge and then a wheelwright's, with two or three new carts outside that partly block the way. "You, farmers, agricultural labourers! you pacific pioneers of a work that belongs wholly to civilization! you
men of progress and morality, you have understood, I say, that political storms are even more redoubtable than atmospheric disturbances!" "It comes one day," repeated Rodolphe, "one day suddenly, and when one is despairing of it. He noticed this, and began jeering at the Yonville ladies and their dresses; then he apologised for the negligence of his
own. It was arsenic. The most important was the arrival of the "Hirondelle" in the evening. She smiled under the tender warmth, and drops of water could be heard falling one by one on the stretched silk. These, fenced in by hedges, are in the middle of courtyards full of straggling buildings, wine-presses, cart-sheds and distilleries scattered under
thick trees, with ladders, poles, or scythes hung on to the branches. One day, however, Monsieur Lheureux met her coming out of the Hotel de Boulogne on Léon's arm; and she was frightened, thinking he would gossip. Yet he could learn quickly if he would, for he is very sharp. She sat down on a form near the door. His own eyes lost themselves in
these depths; he saw himself in miniature down to the shoulders, with his handkerchief round his head and the top of his shirt open. "But how did she poison herself?" "I don't know, doctor, and I don't even know where she can have
procured the arsenious acid." Justin, who was just bringing in a pile of plates, began to tremble. But the chemist's shop was full of people; he had the greatest difficulty in getting on the ashes; then of Monsieur Binet, who
sometimes experienced sudden attacks of great hunger; and of Madame Caron, who had rheumatism; and of Madame Caron, who had vertigo; of Lestiboudois, who had rheumatism; and of Madame Caron, who had vertigo; of Lestiboudois, who had vertigo; of
and complexions looking like silver medals tarnished by steam of lead. She thought him charming; she could not tear herself away from him; she recalled his other attitudes on other days, the words he had spoken, the sound of his voice, his whole person; and she repeated, pouting out her lips as if for a kiss—"Yes, charming! Is he not in
love?" she asked herself; "but with whom? The matter had to be gone into. "I am frightened!" cried the child, recoiling. "Bah! when one has friends like you!" And he looked at her in so keen, so terrible a fashion, that she shuddered to her very heart. Disdainful of honours, of titles, and of academies, like one of the old Knight-Hospitallers, generous
cloth line were here—such clever chaps who told such jokes in the evening, that I fairly cried with laughing; and he stood there like a dab fish and never said a word." "Yes," observed the chemist; "no imagination, no sallies, nothing that makes the society-man." "Yet they say he has parts," objected the landlady. Then to explain his visit he said that his
ploughman, the man of the blood-letting, still suffered from giddiness. "It is very strange," thought Emma, "how ugly this child is!" When at eleven o'clock Charles came back from the chemist's shop, whither he had gone after dinner to return the remainder of the sticking-plaster, he found his wife standing by the cradle. Emma made the signal; she
was expected home the same night to celebrate his success. Only you'll kiss her many times for me. Then, without any consideration for Hippolyte, who was sweating with agony between his sheets, these gentlemen entered into a conversation, in which the druggist compared the coolness of a surgeon to that
of a general; and this comparison was pleasing to Canivet, who launched out on the exigencies of his art. Knives and forks and silver goblets were laid for two on a little table at the foot of a huge bed that had a canopy of printed cotton with figures representing Turks. Then she unfolded her napkin as if to examine the darns, and she really thought of
for fifty-four years of service at the same farm, a silver medal—value, twenty-five francs!" "Where is Catherine Leroux?" repeated the councillor. Yet she had loathing of the lips. Lying on her back, motionless, and with staring eyes, she saw things but
vaguely, although she tried to with idiotic persistence. Divers toasts were proposed: Monsieur Lieuvain, the King; Monsieur Leplichey, Progress. Her scarf, knotted round her head, fluttered to the wind in the meadows.
Then they began songs, showed off tricks, raised heavy weights, performed feats with their fingers, then tried lifting carts on the stairs. "I should much like," she
said, "to be a nurse at a hospital." "Alas! men have none of these holy missions, and I see nowhere any calling—unless perhaps that of a doctor." With a slight shrug of her shoulders, Emma interrupted him to speak of her illness, which had almost killed her. He was a man of ability, was this shopkeeper. O my God! No, no! Accuse only fate." "That's a
word that always tells," he said to himself. How they loved that dear room, so full of gaiety, despite its rather faded splendour! They always found the furniture in the same place, and sometimes hairpins, that she had forgotten the Thursday before, under the pedestal of the clock. Seeing his pupil's eyes staring he drew a long breath; then going
around him he looked at him from head to foot. Others, astride the wall, swung their legs, kicking with their clogs the large nettles growing between the little enclosure and the newest graves. He had to write two letters, to prepare a soothing potion for Bovary, to invent some lie that would conceal the poisoning, and work it up into an article for the
"Fanal," without counting the people who were waiting to get the news from him; and when the Yonvillers had all heard his story of the arsenic that she had mistaken for sugar in making a vanilla cream. Then, when her eyes wandered over the chimney-piece ornamented with Chinese screens, over the large curtains, the armchairs, all those things, in
she got home, Félicité showed her behind the clock a grey paper. Some there were lounging in their carriages, gliding through parks, a greyhound bounding along in front of the equipage driven at a trot by two midget postilions in white breeches. It was that reverie which we give to things that will not return, the lassitude that seizes you after
everything was done; that pain, in fine, that the interruption of every wonted movement, the sudden cessation of any prolonged vibration, brings on. Rodolphe reflected a good deal on the affair of the pistols. I shall see her. He was happy then, and without a care in the world. "I only mean to say," he replied in less brutal a tone, "that toleration is the
surest way to draw people to religion." "That is true! that is true!" agreed the good fellow, sitting down again on his chair. Then with a feeling of sudden tenderness and discouragement Charles turned to his wife saying to her— "Oh, kiss me, my own!" "Leave me!" she said, red with anger. The doctor was much afraid of missing the beg
without having had time to swallow a plate of soup, they presented themselves at the doors of the theatre, which were still closed. "I think," said Monsieur Lheureux to the chemist, who was passing to his place, "that they ought to have put up two Venetian masts with something rather severe and rich for ornaments; it would have been a very pretty
effect." "To be sure," replied Homais; "but what can you expect? Charles subsequently ordered them to be sent back to the shop. Madame Homais knew something of it, having still upon her chest the marks left by a basin full of soup that a cook had formerly dropped on her pinafore, and her good parents took no end of trouble for her. She was afraid,
almost wished he would not be there, though this was her only hope, her last chance of salvation. His face expressed nothing but self-satisfaction, and he appeared to take life as calmly as the goldfinch suspended over his head in its wicker cage: this was the chemist. The cap was new; its peak shone. She tried to recall the slightest details of that past
day. She bowed her head. A man in a coarse brown jacket knelt down painfully. "Yes." "But I must see you again," he went on. She had brought her ladies' journal with her. Every smile hid a yawn of boredom, every joy a curse, all pleasure satiety, and the sweetest kisses left upon your lips only the unattainable desire for a greater delight. I consoled
you at that time. For Lheureux had at last established the "Favorites du Commerce," and Hivert, who enjoyed a great reputation for doing errands, insisted on a rise of wages, and was threatening to go over "to the opposition shop." One day when he had gone to the market at Argueil to sell his horse—his last resource—he met Rodolphe. "Who told
me!" he replied, rather astonished at her abrupt tone. "She'll think me harder than a rock. But the presence of her husband and mother-in-law worried her. He was well, looked well; his reputation was firmly established. Besides, he has jolly times, has our friend. "Where the sickle blades have been, Nannette, gathering ears of corn, Passes bending
down, my queen, To the earth where they were born." "The blind man!" she cried. 1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the
United States without paying any fees or charges. She thought herself now far more unhappy; for she had the experience of grief, with the certainty that it would not recollect the rendezvous of old when she ran across the fields in the morning
to her lover's house. At last, they would think of her marriage; they would find her some good young fellow with a steady business; he would make her happy; this would last for ever. The following day they had a talk over the mourning. He told stories. She looked at the scales on the walls, two brands smoking end to end, and a long spider crawling
over her head in a rent in the beam. Charles being with his patients, Emma kept him company. He seemed to her paltry, weak, a cipher—in a word, a poor thing in every way. I get up every day at four o'clock; I shave with cold water (and am never cold). There were spaces full of heather in flower, and plots of violets alternated with the confused
patches of the trees that were grey, fawn, or golden coloured, according to the nature of their leaves. Charles found himself laughing, but the remembrance of his wife suddenly coming back to him depressed him. The mere thought of his cassock comforted her. "How did you manage to come? She was free. Madame Bovary, senior, had not opened her
mouth all day. "If I told her all my fortune is lost? Emma would, on the contrary, have preferred to have a midnight wedding with torches, but old Rouault could not understand such an idea. Léon stopped, pointing with a gesture to his sleeping audience; then they talked in low tones, and their conversation seemed the more sweet to them because it
was unheard. If she had spoken seriously, it was very ridiculous, he thought, even odious; for he had no reason to hate the good Charles, not being what is called devoured by jealousy; and on this subject Emma had taken a great vow that he did not think in the best of taste. "Frankly," he added, "that's a good price." She drew half the sum at once,
and when she was about to pay her account the shopkeeper said—"It really grieves me, on my word! to see you depriving yourself all at once of such a big sum as that." Then she looked at the bank-notes, and dreaming of the unlimited number of rendezvous represented by those two thousand francs, she stammered—"What! what!" "Oh!" he went
on, laughing good-naturedly, "one puts anything one likes on receipts. As if twenty times already she had not sufficiently perceived his mediocrity. A policeman happened to pass by. She took interest in the housework, went to church regularly, and looked after her servant with more severity. So she had done, she thought, with all the treachery; and
meanness, and numberless desires that had tortured her. Gradually, her moaning grew louder; a hollow shriek burst from her; she pretended she was better and that she would get up presently. "Oh, no!" And she abruptly withdrew her hand to enter the chapel of the Virgin, where, kneeling on a chair, she began to pray. "Ah! there she is!" exclaimed
Madame Tuyache. It was all her fortune. "My c-a-p," timidly said the "new fellow," casting troubled looks round him. Everything in her head, of memories, ideas, went off at once like a thousand pieces of fireworks. Her hair is to be spread out over her shoulders. She felt tempted to open the window and call him, but he had already disappeared. And,
without listening to the chemist, who was still venturing the hypothesis, "It is perhaps a salutary paroxysm," Canivet was about to administer some theriac, when they heard the cracking of a whip; all the windows rattled, and a post-chaise drawn by three horses abreast, up to their ears in mud, drove at a gallop round the corner of the market. "Stop!
he cried, rushing at her. She complained of suffering since the beginning of the season from giddiness; she asked if sea-baths would do her any good; she began talking of her convent, Charles of his school; words came to them. Night fell; the gas was lighted in the shop. Charles consented to this, but when the time for parting came, all his courage
failed him. "Restrain yourself!" "Yes." said he, struggling, "I'll be quiet. She found him one—the widow of a bailiff at Dieppe—who was forty-five and had an income of twelve hundred francs. It was he; he was opening the gate; he was opening the 
insufficiency in life—this instantaneous turning to decay of everything on which she leant? "Ah! it is beginning," she murmured. Those who were beginning to grow old had an air of youth, while there was something mature in the faces of the young. When his horse had not yet been brought round she stayed there. They went on and on, their arms
entwined, without a word. Virginie is decidedly beginning to grow fat. Besides, Emma felt a satisfaction of revenge. Are you guite sure, anyhow, that they have not read it? The gentleman would like to see the curiosities of the church?" "No!" said the other. "Pshaw! come along," she said. "Nurse Rollet," she said on reaching the nurse's, "I am
choking; unlace me!" She fell on the bed sobbing. "It is wrong of me. The basin was beginning to tremble in Justin's hands; his knees shook, he turned pale. I, too, don't feel the thing. She was standing up, her large flashing eyes looked at him seriously, almost terribly. I saw that the very moment that I came in. "If I can," he answered. At last, when
Canivet came in, he threw himself into his arms. "He is just coming," he answered. By the side of a Parisienne in her laces, in the drawing-room of some illustrious physician, a person driving his carriage and wearing many orders, the poor clerk would no doubt have trembled like a child; but here, at Rouen, on the harbour, with the wife of this small
doctor he felt at his ease, sure beforehand he would shine. She was an actress at Rouen, whom he kept; and when he had pondered over this image, with which, even in remembrance, he was satiated—"Ah! Madame Bovary," he thought, "is much prettier, especially fresher. It contained fifteen napoleons; it was the account. She seemed but the more
beautiful to him for this; he was seized with a lasting, furious desire for her, that inflamed his despair, and that was boundless, because it was now unrealisable. He chatted with a lasting, furious desire for her, that inflamed his despair, and that was boundless, because it was now unrealisable. He chatted with the landlady; and even told anecdotes interspersed with jokes and puns that Hippolyte did not under-vest unto his despair, and that was boundless, because it was now unrealisable. He chatted with jokes and puns that Hippolyte did not under-vest unto his despair, and that was boundless, because it was now unrealisable.
waistcoat, rearranged his cravat, and threw away the dirty gloves he was going to put on; and this was not, as he fancied, for himself; it was for herself, by a diffusion of egotism, of nervous irritation. She wore a small blue silk necktie, that kept up like a ruff a gauffered cambric collar, and with the movements of her head the lower part of her face
gently sunk into the linen or came out from it. These were her gala days. Why, for example, should not your husband relieve poor Hippolyte of the 'Lion d'Or'? The livid tumefaction spread over the leg, with blisters here and there, whence there oozed a black liquid. He wished to have two more weeks before him to arrange some affairs; then at the
end of a week he wanted two more; then he said he was ill; next he went on a journey. Provided they have a few accomplishments, they are received in the best society; there are even ladies of the Faubourg Saint-Germain who fall in love with them, which subsequently furnishes them opportunities for making very good matches." "But," said the
doctor, "I fear for him that down there—" "You are right," interrupted the chemist; "that is the reverse of the medal. He gave Madame Bovary information as to the trades-people, sent expressly for his own cider merchant, tasted the drink himself, and saw that the casks were properly placed in the cellar; he explained how to set about getting in a
supply of butter cheap, and made an arrangement with Lestiboudois, the sacristan, who, besides his sacerdotal and funeral functions, looked after the principal gardens at Yonville by the hour or the year, according to the stairs, she
ran out quickly to the square; and the wife of the mayor, who was talking to Lestiboudois in front of the church, saw her go in to the tax-collector's. The building was unfinished; the sky could be seen through the joists of the roofing. But with that superior critical judgment that belongs to him who, in no matter what circumstance, holds back,
Rodolphe saw other delights to be got out of this love. On fine days she went down into the garden. Under her window like rebounding balls of gold. Emma had wept, grown angry; she had accused Charles of this misfortune. "She went out just now;
but for the future don't worry. He thought of hiring a small farm in the neighbourhood, that he would superintend every morning on his way to his patients. She taught him to read, and even, on an old piano, she had taught him two or three little songs. They lay down upon the grass; they kissed behind the poplars; and they would fain, like two
Robinsons, have lived for ever in this little place, which seemed to them in their beatitude the most magnificent on earth. He tried to now and then, and at once exclamations of anger burst forth behind him. But he was afraid of being seen; he resolutely entered the church. The little Homais also came to see her; Justin accompanied them. She gave
herself up to the lullaby of the melodies, and felt all her being vibrate as if the violin bows were drawn over her nerves. And as she did not dare to, he himself stepped forward, scissors in hand. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements.
Then, pride, and joy of being able to say to herself, "I am virtuous," and to look at herself in the glass taking resigned poses, consoled her a little for the sacrifice she believed she was making. He could understand that; an elegant woman! and, without leaving off eating, he had turned completely round towards her, so that his knee brushed against her
boot, whose sole curled round as it smoked against the stove. Those who listened could always catch the squeaking of the fiddler, who went on playing across the fields. And the lumbering machine set out. How?" She passed her hand over her forehead and answered, "At Mademoiselle Lempereur's." "I was sure of it! I was going there." "Oh, it isn't
worth while," said Emma. All within her and around her was abandoning her. He trembled so that he pierced the skin of the temple in several places. She walked with downcast eves, close to the walls, and smiling with pleasure under her lowered black yeil. In spite of her vapourish airs (as the housewives of Yonville called them). Emma, all the same
never seemed gay, and usually she had at the corners of her mouth that immobile contraction that puckers the faces of old maids, and those of men whose ambition has failed. Often they had started when, with a sudden movement, his hat entered the diligence through the small window, while he clung with his other arm to the footboard, between the
wheels splashing mud. The many lives that stirred amid this tumult were, however, divided into parts, classed as distinct pictures. I know how to love best. How far all of this! How far away! She called Djali, took her between her knees, and smoothed the long delicate head, saying, "Come, kiss mistress; you have no troubles." Then noting the
melancholy face of the graceful animal, who yawned slowly, she softened, and comparing her to her aloud as to somewhere, no matter where; besides, his practice would increase; he counted upon that, for he wanted Berthe to be well-educated, to be
accomplished, to learn to play the piano. Emma half closed her eyes to pick out her house, and drove his carriage beyond the side alley by the meadow to the margin of the waters. He did not hurry. For one can
know Him as well in a wood, in a field, or even contemplating the eternal vault like the ancients. On the morning of the solemnity all the inhabitants at their doors were chatting over the preparations. He went back to the Bertaux. I'll have nothing more to do with it." She wept; she even called him "her good Monsieur Lheureux." But he always fell
back upon "that rascal Vincart." Besides, he hadn't a brass farthing; no one was paying him now-a-days; they were eating his coat off his back; a poor shopkeeper like him couldn't advance money. "Be quick!" "But, my dear lady, I'm going!" She wondered now that she had not thought of him from the first. Handkerchiefs were lying about on
the stoves, and little Berthe, to the great scandal of Madame Homais, wore stockings with holes in them. But a knife was wanted; Charles offered his. They ran over the calendar from end to end, and then consulted outsiders. So she thought well to get down each time at the "Croix-Rouge," so that the good folk of her village who saw her on the stairs
should suspect nothing. To call her, Rodolphe threw a sprinkle of sand at the shutters. When we came back to work, we were in the habit of throwing our caps on the ground so as to have our hands more free; we used from the door to toss them under the form, so that they hit against the wall and made a lot of dust: it was "the thing." But, whether he
had not noticed the trick, or did not dare to attempt it, the "new fellow," was still holding his cap on his knees even after prayers were over. There is always after the death of anyone a kind of stupefaction; so difficult is it to grasp this advent of nothingness and to resign ourselves to believe in it. Then he went out to look at the Place. Nevertheless, she
persevered; and when the volume slipped from her hands, she fancied herself seized with the finest Catholic melancholy that an ethereal soul could do this! do that!" And then they told him stories of people who had all been cured by other remedies than
his. Charles coming in did not wake them. He came to offer his services "under the sad circumstances." Emma answered that she maintained till her death. Where the devil does she come from? They went at a walking-pace because of the great flag-
```

stones, and on the ground there were bouquets of flowers, offered you by women dressed in red bodices. And she already saw herself at Lheureux's spreading out her three bank-notes on his bureau. But she was seized with convulsions and cried out—"Ah! my God! It is horrible!" He threw himself on his knees by her bed. Ah! if in the freshness of her

```
beauty, before the soiling of marriage and the disillusions of adultery, she could have anchored her life upon some great, strong heart, then virtue, tenderness, voluptuousness, and duty blending, she would never have fallen from so high a happiness. First upon the eyes, that had so coveted all worldly pomp; then upon the nostrils, that had been
greedy of the warm breeze and amorous odours; then upon the mouth, that had curled with pride and cried out in lewdness; then upon the soles of the feet, so swift of yore, when she was running to satisfy her desires, and that would now walk no more. Lassitudes
would have come to us, and who knows if I should not even have had the atrocious pain of witnessing your remorse, of sharing it myself, since I should have been its cause? "In the English fashion, then," she said, giving her own hand wholly to him, and forcing a laugh. Then he felt somewhat stifled by the over-heavy atmosphere of the room; he
opened the window; this awoke the chemist. She raised her head with a quick movement. Why, Madame Dubreuil has been dead these ten months! Where can she be?" An idea occurred to him. They got down from all sides, rubbing knees and stretching arms. Would she never issue from it? Someone, without opening the door, shouted out the
required information, adding a few insults to those who disturb people in the middle of the night. So by the advice of the chemist, and after three fresh starts, he had a kind of box made by the carpenter, with the aid of the locksmith, that weighed about eight pounds, and in which iron, wood, sheer-iron, leather, screws, and nuts had not been spared
You allow me?" Often he uttered exclamations. She had been warned she would be unhappy; and she ended by asking him for a dose of medicine and a little more love. They looked at one another face to face without speaking. You bother me!" "Oh, dear! my poor, dear lady! you see in consequence of his wounds he has terrible cramps in the chest.
And what an outburst the next Thursday at the hotel in their room with Léon! She laughed, cried, sang, sent for sherbets, wanted to smoke cigarettes, seemed to him wild and extravagant, but adorable, superb. "Am I not a member of the consulting commission?" Mere Lefrancois looked at him for a few moments, and ended by saying with a smile—
"That's another pair of shoes! But what does agriculture matter to you? And then, still turning, but more slowly, he guided her back to her seat. The memory of this ball, then, became an occupation for Emma. The church clock struck two. There were little manuals in questions and answers, pamphlets of aggressive tone after the manner of Monsieure
de Maistre, and certain novels in rose-coloured bindings and with a honied style, manufactured by troubadour seminarists or penitent blue-stockings. Then Madame Bovary sent in accounts to two or three patients, and she made large use of this method, which was very successful. "You'll make yourself ill," she said scornfully. Signs by moonlight, long
embraces, tears flowing over yielded hands, all the fevers of the flesh and the languors of tenderness could not be separated from the balconies of great castles full of indolence, from boudoirs with silken curtains and thick carpets, well-filled flower-stands, a bed on a raised dias, nor from the flashing of precious stones and the shoulder-knots of
liveries. Madame lost her temper. They were silent. "Everything is ready?" she asked him. Yet they had to part. Charles's mother came to see them from time to time, but after a few days the daughter-in-law seemed to put her own edge on her, and then, like two knives, they scarified him with their reflections and observations. He had that incongruity
of common and elegant in which the habitually vulgar think they see the revelation of an eccentric existence, of the perturbations of sentiment, the tyrannies of art, and always a certain contempt for social conventions, that seduces or exasperates them. Forget me! Others will love you; you will love them." "Not as you!" he cried. They were works
"which treated of the cathedral." "Idiot!" growled Léon, rushing out of the church. Once he sighed, "I should have liked to see him again!" She was silent. Charles had seen in marriage the advent of an easier life, thinking he would be more free to do as he liked with himself and his money. It was a handkerchief of hers. "Why," he went on, "allow
oneself to be intruded upon by others? "Come, my poor angel, courage! Be comforted! be patient!" "But I have been patient; I have suffered for four years. They had said "Good-bye"; there was no more talking. How sad she was on Sundays when vespers sounded! She listened with dull attention to each stroke of the cracked bell. Perhaps she'll be
very glad to have a seat in the enclosure under the peristyle." And, without heeding Madame Lefrancois, who was calling him back to tell him more about it, the druggist walked off rapidly with a smile on his lips, with straight knees, bowing copiously to right and left, and taking up much room with the large tails of his frock-coat that fluttered behind
him in the wind. The earth beneath her feet was more yielding than the sea, and the furrows seemed to her immense brown waves breaking into foam. I need looking after. "Well, what? Come to see us; my daughter thinks of you now and again, d'ye know, and she says you are forgetting her. Later on, when he studied medicine, and never had his
purse full enough to treat some little work-girl who would have become his mistress? It had fallen to the floor, between the sacks and the wall. But the gardener they had never knew anything about it; servants are so stupid! She would have dearly liked, if only for the winter, to live in town, although the length of the fine days made the country
perhaps even more wearisome in the summer. "Leave me alone," said the latter, putting her from her with her hand. In bed, in the morning, by her side, on the pillow, he watched the sunlight sinking into the down on her fair cheek, half hidden by the lappets of her night-cap. Rodolphe, leaning against the calico of the tent was thinking so earnestly of
Emma that he heard nothing. Charles fastened his horse to a tree; he ran into the road and waited. No one in the world set foot there, and he respected it so, that he swept it himself. Then he asked for something to eat, and as the servant had gone to bed, Emma waited on him. Charles as he passed recognised each courtyard. The fire was dying out in
the cinders; the teapot was empty, Léon was still reading. Finally, I don't know when I shall come to see you. She felt against her cheek his panting breath. She had no suspicion that the love vanished from her life was there, palpitating by her side, beneath that coarse holland shirt, in that youthful heart open to the emanations of her beauty. It was
Justin who had inspired her with this whim, by begging her to take him into her service as valet-de-chambre, [19] and if the privation of it did not lessen the pleasure of her arrival at each rendezvous, it certainly augmented the bitterness of the return. The ecclesiastic passed the holy water sprinkler to his neighbour. "These horrible details are useless
It is not possible, is it, to see a more perfect representation of annihilation?" Madame Bovary put up her eyeglasses. Preserve the memory of the unfortunate who has lost you. She seemed to him extraordinarily beautiful and majestic as a phantom. Her soul, tortured by pride, at length found rest in Christian humility, and, tasting the joy of weakness,
she saw within herself the destruction of her will, that must have left a wide entrance for the inroads of heavenly grace. The cousin all the same did not give in to these reasons readily. "She screams too loud," said she, turning to Charles, who was listening. If our pains were only of some use to someone, we should find consolation in the thought of the
sacrifice." He started off in praise of virtue, duty, and silent immolation, having himself an incredible longing for self-sacrifice that he could not satisfy. "It is still too early," he thought, looking at the hairdresser's cuckoo-clock, that pointed to the hour of nine. Then the child grew cold and asked for her mother. Charles felt inclined to get up and put
them out. I can see, thank you; Justin has the lantern." The next day was a dreary one for Emma. Motionless we traverse countries we fancy we see, and your thought, blending with the details, follows the outline of the adventures. "One thinks of nothing," he continued; "the hours slip by. Adieu!" And there was a last "adieu!" And ther
divided into two words! "A Dieu!" which he thought in very excellent taste. The landlady replied that she very rarely came to her establishment. Mere Rollet went out, raised the fingers of her right hand to that side of the sky that was brightest, and came back slowly, saving—"Nearly three." "Ah! thanks, thanks!" For he would come; he would have
found some money. It was the time of year when old Rouault sent his turkey in remembrance of the setting of his leg. Come, get along! Sharp! Wait for me, and keep an eye on the jars." When Justin, who was rearranging his dress, had gone, they talked for a little while about fainting-fits. Other lives, however flat, had at least the chance of some
event. "Why has she come here?" She had rushed thither; impelled by a kind of horror that drove her from her home. A mass of rags covered his shoulders, and an old staved-in beaver, turned out like a basin, hid his face; but when he took it off he discovered in the place of eyelids empty and bloody orbits. In the evening some brilliant fireworks on a
sudden illumined the air. He sent Félicité to Homais, to Monsieur Tuvache, to Lheureux, to the "Lion d'Or," everywhere, and in the intervals of his agony he saw his reputation destroyed, their fortune lost, Berthe's future ruined. We shall keep our readers informed as to the successive phases of this remarkable cure.'" This did not prevent Mere
Lefrancois, from coming five days after, scared, and crying out— "Help! he is dying! I am going crazy!" Charles rushed to the "Lion d'Or," and the chemist, who caught sight of him passing along the Place hatless, abandoned his shop. "You know, dearie, that mamma does not like to be disturbed." Autumn was setting in, and the leaves were already
falling, as they did two years ago when she was ill. "Do not speak to him of it; it would worry him." "Ah! yes," Félicité went on, "you are just like La Guerine, Pere Guerin's daughter, the fisherman at Pollet, that I used to know at Dieppe before I came to you. Some are seen going about alone, and these are not, perhaps, the least dangerous. A
fascination drew him. He seemed even stronger on that leg than the other. But this tenderness on his behalf astonished him unpleasantly; nevertheless he took up on his praises, which he said everyone was singing, especially the chemist. So he knew (and better than she herself) the long story of the bills, small at first, bearing different names as
endorsers, made out at long dates, and constantly renewed up to the day, when, gathering together all the protested bills, the shopkeeper had bidden his friend Vincart take in his own name all the necessary proceedings, not wishing to pass for a tiger with his fellow-citizens. During the three weeks that they had been together they had not exchanged
half-a-dozen words apart from the inquiries and phrases when they met at table and in the evening before going to bed. Monsieur Bournisien even paid him two or three visits, then gave him up. He was in front of the fire, both his feet on the mantelpiece, smoking a pipe. Homais presented himself. Emma's enthusiasm, which his bourgeois good sense
disdained, seemed to him in his heart of hearts charming, since it was lavished on him. Charles, at the beginning of her convalescence, had certainly said something about it to her, but so many emotions had passed through her head that she no longer remembered it. Charles selected one, cut it into two pieces and planed it with a fragment of
windowpane, while the servant tore up sheets to make bandages, and Mademoiselle Emma tried to sew some pads. "The gentleman isn't in," answered a servant. It was there that they would stay; they would live in a low, flat-roofed house, shaded by a palm-tree, in the heart of a gulf, by the sea. At night they returned. The sweetness of this sensation
deepened his sadness; he felt his whole being dissolving in despair at the thought that he must lose her, just when she was confessing more love for him than ever. After supper, where were plenty of Spanish and Rhine wines, soups à la bisque and au lait d'amandes,[8] puddings à la Trafalgar, and all sorts of cold meats with jellies that trembled in the
dishes, the carriages one after the other began to drive off. And then the water at Paris, don't you know! The dishes at restaurants, all the spiced food, end by heating the blood, and are not worth, whatever people may say of them, a good soup. "But if I give you the surplus," replied Monsieur Lheureux impudently, "is that not helping you?" And taking
a pen he wrote at the bottom of the account, "Received of Madame Bovary four thousand francs." "Now who can trouble you, since in six months you'll draw the arrears for your cottage, and I don't make the last bill due till after you've been paid?" Emma grew rather confused in her calculations, and her ears tingled as if gold pieces, bursting from
their bags, rang all round her on the floor. "Really!" she said with a voluptuous laugh. The two, side by side walked slowly, she leaning upon him, and he restraining his pace, which he regulated by hers; in front of them a swarm of midges fluttered, buzzing in the warm air. But the landlady only listened with half an ear, having troubles like himself
They caught sight of one on the harbour, a very indifferent restaurant, whose proprietor showed them to a little room on the fourth floor. All the relatives of both families had been invited, quarrels between friends arranged, acquaintances long since lost sight of written to. Rodolphe with Madame Bovary was talking dreams, presentiments,
magnetism. Well, Madame Liegard assured me that her three young ladies who are at La Misericorde have lessons at fifty sous apiece, and that from an excellent mistress!" She shrugged her shoulders and did not open her piano again. Emma wanted to go out; the crowd filled the corridors, and she fell back in her arm-chair with palpitations that
choked her. He never mentioned the bill; she did not think of it. "It is nothing! Open the window; I am choking." She was seized with a sickness so sudden that she had laughed at it many a time, but when they had to part everything seemed
serious to them. To speak to you he threw back his head with an idiotic laugh; then his bluish eyeballs, rolling constantly, at the temples beat against the edge of the open wound. She was irritated by an ill-served dish or by a half-open door; bewailed the velvets she had not, the happiness she had missed, her too exalted dreams, her narrow home
Opposite rose a straight staircase, and on the left a gallery overlooking the garden led to the billiard room, through whose door one could hear the click of the ivory balls. "For, after all," he exclaimed, gesticulating, "I can't exile myself—have a child on my hands." He was saying these things to give himself firmness. Perhaps he is talking to other
women. The latter was going back to see his lathe again. Against the wall was a key labelled Capharnaum. The garden, longer than wide, ran between two mud walls with espaliered apricots, to a hawthorn hedge that separated it from the field. In their unconcerned looks was the calm of passions daily satiated, and through all their gentleness of
manner pierced that peculiar brutality, the result of a command of half-easy things, in which force is exercised and vanity amused—the management of thoroughbred horses and the society of loose women. As he was afraid, however, that this sight would make him yet more sad, he went right away home. The Paris theatres, titles of novels, new
quadrilles, and the world they did not know; Tostes, where she had lived, and Yonville, where they examined all, talked of everything till to the end of dinner. He could not know; Tostes, where she had lived, and Yonville, where they were; they examined all, talked of everything till to the end of dinner. He could not know; Tostes, where she had lived, and Yonville, where they were; they examined all, talked of everything till to the end of dinner. He could not know; Tostes, where they were; they examined all, talked of everything till to the end of dinner. He could not know; Tostes, where they were; they examined all, talked of everything till to the end of dinner. He could not know; Tostes, where they were; they examined all, talked of everything till to the end of dinner. He could not know; Tostes, where they were; they examined all, talked of everything till to the end of dinner. He could not know; Tostes, where they were; they examined all, talked of everything till to the end of dinner. He could not know; Tostes, where they were; they examined all, talked of everything till to the end of dinner. He could not know; Tostes, where they were; they examined all, talked of everything till to the end of dinner. He could not know; Tostes, where they were; they examined all, talked of everything till to the end of dinner. He could not know; Tostes, where they examined all the end of the e
iron passed by, and made a deafening metallic vibration against the walls of the houses. But to know which of Hippolyte's tendons to cut, it was necessary first of all to find out what kind of club-foot he had. On the dark wainscoting of the walls large gold frames bore at the bottom names written in black letters. In his heart he accused old Rouault of
being proud, and he joined four or five other guests in a corner, who having, through mere chance, been several times running served with the worst helps of meat, also were of opinion they had been badly used, and were whispering about their host, and with covered hints hoping he would ruin himself. Then she put back the little girl, who had just
been sick over her collar. He stood up, his handkerchief to his lips, with a rattling sound in his throat, weeping, and choked by sobs that shook his whole body. She went on Thursdays. She rose to light two wax-candles on the drawers, then she sat down again. The discussion of money matters was put off; moreover, there was plenty of time before
them, as the marriage could not decently take place till Charles was out of mourning, that is to say, about the spring of the next year. But that which most attracts the eye is opposite the Lion d'Or inn, the chemist's shop of Monsieur Homais. Charles, to obey her, sat down again, and he spat the stones of the apricots into his hands, afterwards putting
them on his plate. Born a Gascon but bred a Norman, he grafted upon his southern volubility the cunning of the Cauchois. Emma was leaning out at the window; she was often there. "Besides, I shall want," she went on, "a trunk—not too heavy—handy." "Yes, yes, I understand. Emma had no strength left for any sentiment. The steward sent to Tostes
to pay for the operation reported in the evening that he had seen some superb cherries in the doctor's little garden. He often spent long hours there alone, labelling, decanting, and doing up again; and he looked upon it not as a simple store, but as a veritable sanctuary, whence there afterwards issued, elaborated by his hands, all sorts of pills,
boluses, infusions, lotions, and potions, that would bear far and wide his celebrity. Then on a sudden the town appeared. The druggist, at his wit's end, began softly to draw aside the small window-curtain. "I understand," said the notary; "a man of science can't be worried with the practical details of life." And Charles felt relieved by this comfortable
reflection, which gave his weakness the flattering appearance of higher pre-occupation. Besides, no one was living in this direction; this path led only to La Huchette. Then, don't you think that perhaps her imagination should be worked upon?" "In what way? Rodolphe had drawn nearer to Emma, and said to her in a low voice, speaking rapidly—
"Does not this conspiracy of the world revolt you? The procession, first united like one long coloured scarf that undulated across the fields, along the narrow path winding amid the green corn, soon lengthened out, and broke up into different groups that loitered to talk. But the loud voice of the priest, the clear voices of the boys still reached her ears
and went on behind her. She looked wonderingly at the disordered room, and half-closed her eyes, dazzled by the candles burning on the table. "It is done at Paris." And that, as an irresistible argument, decided her. I heard from a pedlar, who, travelling through your part of the country this winter, had a tooth drawn, that Bovary was as usual working
hard. She was just eating a maraschino ice that she held with her left hand in a silver-gilt cup, her eyes half-closed, and the spoon between her teeth. Her shoulders were shaken by a strong shuddering, and she was growing paler than the spoon between her teeth. Her shoulders were shaken by a strong shuddering, and the spoon between her teeth. Her shoulders were shaken by a strong shuddering, and the spoon between her teeth.
verge of the horizon, lie the oaks of the forest of Argueil, with the steeps of the Saint-Jean hills scarred from top to bottom with red irregular lines; they are rain tracks, and these brick-tones standing out in narrow streaks against the grey colour of the mountain are due to the quantity of iron springs that flow beyond in the neighboring country. There
was an odour of iris-root and damp sheets that escaped from a large oak chest opposite the window. See! look at her." His colleague was by no means of this opinion, and, as he said of himself, "never beating about the bush," he prescribed, an emetic in order to empty the stomach completely. Monsieur Derozerays from time to time softly closed his
eyelids, and farther on the chemist, with his son Napoleon between his knees, put his hand behind his ear in order not to lose a syllable. Every day at the same time the schoolmaster in a black skullcap opened the shutters of his house, and the rural policeman, wearing his sabre over his blouse, passed by. Yet every night he dreamt of her; it was
always the same dream. For a long while he thus recalled all his lost joys, her attitudes, her movements, the sound of her voice. Often some night-animal, hedgehog or weasel, setting out on the hunt, disturbed the lovers, or sometimes they heard a ripe peach falling all alone from the espalier. For a long time Madame Bovary had been on the look-out
for his death, and the old fellow had barely been packed off when Charles was installed, opposite his place, as his successor. And Charles, his head in his hands, went on in a broken voice, and with the resigned accent of infinite sorrow— "No, I don't blame you now." He even added a fine phrase, the only one he ever made— "It is the fault of fatality!"
Rodolphe, who had managed the fatality, thought the remark very offhand from a man in his position, comic even, and a little mean. Making no answer, he walked on with a rapid step; and Madame Bovary was already, dipping her finger in the holy water when behind them they heard a panting breath interrupted by the regular sound of a cane. Note
that he would not fail to tell about his cure to all the travellers, and then" (Homais lowered his voice and looked round him) "who is to prevent me from sending a short paragraph on the subject to the paper? This was the time. Poor children! One cannot lead them too soon into the path of the Lord, as, moreover, he has himself recommended us to do
by the mouth of his Divine Son. On the hillside a poor devil wandered about with his stick in the midst of the diligences. He was silent. Well, if my work had been given to the public—" But the druggist stopped, Madame Lefrancois seemed so preoccupied. Not so! A secret ambition devoured him. She felt him near her; he was coming, and would carry
her right away in a kiss. "Your servant, madame," he replied drily; and he went back into his tub. In vain the clerk tried to get rid of him. "Yes, certainly." "But why," he thought afterwards as he came back through the streets alone, "is she so very anxious to get this power of attorney?" Léon soon put on an air of superiority before his comrades,
avoided their company, and completely neglected his work. "Not well," replied Emma; "I am ill." "Well, and so am I," answered the priest. He started on foot, stopped at the beginning of the village, sent for his mother, and told her all. She went as far as the beeches of Banneville, near the deserted pavilion which forms an angle of the wall on the side
of the country. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. One had pink rosettes at his ears and a deerskin side-saddle. Is it not the agriculturist? It was an eternal subject for conversation with
Rodolphe. Emma, opposite, watched him; she did not share his humiliation; she felt another—that of having supposed such a man was worth anything. Then she recalled the heroines of the books that she had read, and the lyric legion of these adulterous women began to sing in her memory with the voice of sisters that charmed her. The daylight
coming through the plain glass windows falls obliquely upon the pews ranged along the walls, which are adorned here and there with a straw mat bearing beneath it the words in large letters, "Mr. So-and-so's pew." Farther on, at a spot where the building narrows, the confessional forms a pendant to a statuette of the Virgin, clothed in a satin robe,
coifed with a tulle veil sprinkled with silver stars, and with red cheeks, like an idol of the Sandwich Islands; and, finally, a copy of the "Holy Family, presented by the Minister of the Interior," overlooking the high altar, between four candlesticks, closes in the perspective. She often changed her coiffure; she did her hair a la Chinoise, in flowing curls, in
plaited coils; she parted in on one side and rolled it under like a man's. To get back something of her, he fetched from the cupboard at the bedside an old Rheims biscuit-box, in which he usually kept his letters from women, and from it came an odour of dry dust and withered roses. "Do not let us go! Stay!" He drew her farther on to a small pool where
duckweeds made a greenness on the water. A boy was to be sent to meet him, and show him the way to the farm, and open the gates for him. We hardly know one another; yet I am very devoted to you. "It's because you don't take enough recreation," said the collector. "Monsieur Binet has assured me that all precautions have been taken. Emma gave
him back the letter; then at dinner, for appearance's sake, she affected a certain repugnance. The National Guards, however, had gone up to the first floor of the town hall with buns spitted on their bayonets, and the drummer of the battalion carried a basket with bottles. For one does not struggle against Heaven; one cannot resist the smile of angels;
one is carried away by that which is beautiful, charming, adorable." It was the first time that Emma had heard such words spoken to herself, and her pride, like one who reposes bathed in warmth, expanded softly and fully at this glowing language. His voice, feeble at first and quavering, grew sharp; it resounded in the night like the indistinct moan of
a vague distress; and through the ringing of the bells, the murmur of the trees, and the rumbling of the empty vehicle, it had a far-off sound that disturbed Emma. At this time she had a cult for Mary Stuart and enthusiastic veneration for illustrious or unhappy women. How to get rid of him? "You ought to have called out long ago!" he exclaimed;
"When one sees a gun, one should always give warning." The tax-collector was thus trying to hide the fright he had had, for a prefectorial order having prohibited duckhunting except in boats, Monsieur Binet, despite his respect for the laws, was infringing them, and so he every moment expected to see the rural guard turn up. Emma lived all
absorbed in hers, and troubled no more about money matters than an archduchess. Poor Tuvache! and he is even completely destitute of what is called the genius of art." Rodolphe, meanwhile, with Madame Bovary, had gone up to the first floor of the town hall, to the "council-room," and, as it was empty, he declared that they could enjoy the sight
there more comfortably. "I have a cloak," he answered. I wish it." She showed him the impossibility of their love, and that they must remain, as formerly, on the simple terms of a fraternal friendship. I thought of something to say then, but now—" Then, with a loud groan that shook his whole chest, "Ah! this is the end for me, do you see! I saw my wife
stock of camphor, of benzine, and aromatic herbs. The ladies afterwards went to their rooms to prepare for the ball. But at the end of his third year his parents withdrew him from the school to make him study medicine, convinced that he could even take his degree by himself. So calling him back, he cried— "Sir! sir! The steeple! "No,
resembled each other like waves; and it swayed in the horizon, infinite, harmonised, azure, and bathed in sunshine. During the first period of Charles's visits to the Bertaux, Madame Bovary junior never failed to inquire after the invalid, and she had even chosen in the book that she kept on a system of double entry a clean blank page for Monsieur
Rouault. The thought of Rodolphe for one moment passed through her mind, but her eyes turned again to Charles; she even noticed with surprise that he had not bad teeth. Between the window and the hearth Emma was sewing; she wore no fichu; he could see small drops of perspiration on her bare shoulders. Suddenly it seemed to her that fiery
captain, my dear." Was this not preventing any inquiry, and, at the same time, assuming a higher ground through this pretended fascination exercised over a man who must have been of warlike nature and accustomed to receive homage? He supported her thus as they walked along. It stood out in the light from the oval of her bonnet, with pale
It's been notified to you. Mademoiselle Rouault was busy with her trousseau. 1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the
Project Gutenberg™ trademark. "Prudence!" And he flourished his newspaper as he saw them disappear. The mayor took everything on his own shoulders. During the first days she occupied herself in thinking about changes in the house. Well, quite softly, one day following another, a spring on a winter, and an autumn after a
summer, this wore away, piece by piece, crumb by crumb; it passed away, it is gone, I should say it has sunk; for something always remains at the bottom as one would say—a weight here, at once went to him and said— "This velvet seems to me a superfetation. Rodolphe thought this was an outburst of her love. Yes; but the bottom as one would say—a weight here, at once went to him and said— "This velvet seems to me a superfetation. Rodolphe thought this was an outburst of her love. Yes; but the bottom as one would say—a weight here, at once went to him and said— "This velvet seems to me a superfetation."
how to get rid of her afterwards?" Then the difficulties of love-making seen in the distance made him by contrast think of his mistress. What are our ediles about?" Then Homais invented anecdotes—"Yesterday, by the Bois-Guillaume hill, a skittish horse—" And then followed the story of an accident caused by the presence of the blind man. "Read it
yourself," said Bovary. At two o'clock they were still at a table opposite each other. When he came to the distribution of the prizes, he painted the joy of the prizes at least the prizes at
stifled beneath habit; and this incendiary light that had empurpled her pale sky was overspread and faded by degrees. They sat down in the low-ceilinged room of a tavern, at whose door hung black nets. He considered it very good. On the Place he was accosted by the blind man, who, having dragged himself as far as Yonville, in the hope of getting
the antiphlogistic pomade, was asking every passer-by where the druggist lived. What seduced him above all else was chic. She longed to travel or to go back to her convent. Once, for instance, I went to see you; but you, no doubt, do not remember it." "I do," she said; "go on." "You were downstairs in the ante-room, ready to go out, standing on the
last stair; you were wearing a bonnet with small blue flowers; and without any invitation from you, in spite of myself, I went with you. They reminded her, no doubt, of the morning of New Year's day and Mid-Lent, when thus awakened early by candle-light she came to her mother's bed to fetch her presents, for she began saying—"But where is it,
mamma?" And as everybody was silent, "But I can't see my little stocking." Félicité held her over the bed while she still kept looking towards the mantelpiece. Here we are on the confines of Normandy, Picardy, and the Ile-de-France, a bastard land whose language is without accent and its landscape is without character. She was studying herself
curiously, to see if she were not suffering. Charles placidly poked the fire, both his feet on the fire-dogs. Her black dress, whose drapery spread out like a fan, made her seem more slender, taller. When she knelt on her Gothic prie-Dieu, she addressed to the Lord the same suave words that she had murmured formerly to her lover in the outpourings of the same suave words that she had murmured formerly to her lover in the outpourings of the same suave words that she had murmured formerly to her lover in the outpourings of the same suave words that she had murmured formerly to her lover in the outpourings of the same suave words that she had murmured formerly to her lover in the same suave words that she had murmured formerly to her lover in the outpourings of the same suave words that she had murmured formerly to her lover in the same suave words that she had murmured formerly to her lover in the same suave words that she had murmured formerly to her lover in the same suave words that she had murmured formerly to her lover in the same suave words that she had murmured formerly to her lover in the same suave words that she had murmured formerly to her lover in the same suave words that she had murmured formerly to her lover in the same suave words that she had murmured formerly to her lover in the same she had murmured for the same she 
adultery. Hardly was she seated in her corner than she closed her eyes, and opened them at the foot of the hill, when from afar she recognised Félicité, who was on the lookout in front of the farrier's shop. The warm room, with its discreet carpet, its gay ornaments, and its calm light, seemed made for the intimacies of passion. Besides, it is more
becoming for a doctor," she added. After the ennui of this disappointment her heart once more remained empty, and then the same series of days recommenced. Joan of Arc, Heloise, Agnes Sorel, the beautiful Ferroniere, and Clemence Isaure stood out to her like comets in the dark immensity of heaven, where also were seen, lost in shadow, and all
unconnected, St. Louis with his oak, the dying Bayard, some cruelties of Louis XI, a little of St. Bartholomew's Day, the plume of the Bearnais, and always the remembrance of the plates painted in honour of Louis XIV. They owed Lestiboudois for so many days. "It is the nerves," said Emma. They had often walked there to the murmur of the waves
over the moss-covered pebbles. The repast lasted ten minutes; no liqueurs were served, which astonished the doctor. She stayed there all day long, torpid, half dressed, and from time to time burning Turkish pastilles which she had a child, it had to be sent out to nurse. Charles prescribed valeriar
and camphor baths. Edgar, flashing with fury, dominated all the others with his clearer voice; Ashton hurled homicidal provocations at him in deep notes; Lucie uttered her shrill plaint, Arthur at one side, his modulated tones in the middle register, and the bass of the minister pealed forth like an organ, while the voices of the women repeating his
words took them up in chorus delightfully. He threw one long look around him that took in the everything, carry away everything, the decorations, the fireplace, as if to penetrate everything, the threw one long look around him that took in the walls, the decorations, the fireplace, as if to penetrate everything, carry away everything. He kissed her forehead with a tear in his eyes. The chemist and the cure plunged anew into their occupations, not without sleeping from time to time, of which they
accused each other reciprocally at each fresh awakening. She, on the contrary, had been joyous, without seeing the abyss into which she was throwing her scissor without looking up, and Charles, in his list slippers and his old brown surtout that he used as a dressing-gown, sat with both hands in his pockets
and did not speak either; near them Berthe, in a little white pinafore, was raking sand in the walks with her spade. She tried to eat. Why, she's taking Monsieur Boulanger's arm." "Madame Bovary!" exclaimed Homais. "Well," said he, "so we've sent off our young friend!" "So it seems," replied the doctor. "Let me alone," she said, moving her pot of
starch. Mere Lefrancois, when she saw him, uttered many exclamations. But the priest suddenly distributed a shower of cuffs among them. "Ah! thanks," said Charles; "you are good." But he did not finish, choking beneath the crowd of memories that this action of the druggist recalled to him. The servant and mistress had no secret one from the
other. Homais asked to be allowed to keep on his skull-cap, for fear of coryza; then, turning to his neighbour— "Madame is no doubt a little fatigued; one gets jolted so abominably in our 'Hirondelle.'" "That is true," replied Emma; "but moving about always amuses me. "When midnight strikes," she said, "you must think of me." And if he confessed
that he had not thought of her, there were floods of reproaches that always ended with the eternal question— "Do you love me?" "Why, of course I love you," he answered. She looked long at the windows of the château, trying to guess which were the rooms of all those she had noticed the evening before. One day more!" He rose to go; and as if the
movement he made had been the signal for their flight, Emma said, suddenly assuming a gay air— "You have the passports?" "Yes." "You are forgetting nothing?" "He nodded. As there was some rivalry between the tax-collector and the
colonel, both, to show off their talents, drilled their men separately. That woman knew how to waltz! They kept up a long time, and it is I, poor man, who have ruined you." Then there would be a great sob; next he would weep abundantly, and at last, the surprise
past, he would forgive her. I would not bring misery into your life." It was Rodolphe's letter, fallen to the ground between the boxes, where it had remained, and that the wind from the dormer window made a sign to Justin, who,
taking his apron off, quickly ran to La Huchette. Come!" "Enough!" she cried with a terrible look. She was so sad and so reserved, that near her one felt oneself seized by an icy charm, as we shudder in churches at the perfume of the flowers mingling with the cold of the marble. The curtains were in red levantine, that
hung from the ceiling and bulged out too much towards the bell-shaped bedside; and nothing in the world was so lovely as her brown head and white skin standing out against this purple colour, when, with a movement of shame, she crossed her bare arms, hiding her face in her hands. The blue of the heavens suffused her, the air was whirling in her
hollow head; she had but to yield, to let herself be taken; and the humming of the lathe never ceased, like an angry voice calling her. "Are you ill? They ate fried smelts, cream and cherries. The warm smell of poultices mingled in his brain with the fresh odour of dew; he heard the iron rings rattling along the curtain-rods of the bed and saw his wife
sleeping. She now felt constant ache all over her. Rodolphe, having caught sight of him from afar, hurried on, but Madame Bovary lost her breath; so he walked more slowly, and, smiling at her, said in a rough tone—"It's only to get away from that fat fellow, you know, the druggist." She pressed his elbow. "It is very much used now for the backs of
arm-chairs. It seemed to roughen the ends of her fingers. It is all cast; it—" Léon was fleeing, for it seemed to him that his love, that for nearly two hours now had become petrified in the church like a vapour through that sort of truncated funnel, of oblong cage, of open chimney that rises so grotesquely from the cathedral
like the extravagant attempt of some fantastic brazier. See paragraph 1.C below. He was the happiest of fathers, the most fortunate of men. This shop had as decoration an old engraving of a fashion-plate stuck against a windowpane and the wax bust of a woman with yellow hair. He read—"'Despite the prejudices that still invest a part of the face of
Europe like a net, the light nevertheless begins to penetrate our country places. At the crash of the glass Madame Bovary turned her head and saw in the garden the faces of peasants pressed against the window looking in at them. A man slightly marked with small-pox, in green leather slippers, and wearing a velvet cap with a gold tassel, was
warming his back at the chimney. She bought a plan of Paris, and with the tip of her finger on the map she walked about the capital. On the ground-floor are three Ionic columns and on the first floor a semicircular gallery, while the dome that crowns it is occupied by a Gallic cock, resting one foot upon the "Charte" and holding in the other the scales
of Justice. Emma, half-fainting with terror, nevertheless walked on, and a man stepped out of the tub like a Jack-in-the-box. At last, coming back to the patient, he examined the bandages brought by Homais, the same that had appeared for the club-foot, and asked for someone to hold the limb for him. Charles was there; she saw him; he spoke to her;
she heard nothing, and she went on quickly up the stairs, breathless, distraught, dumb, and ever holding this horrible piece of paper, that crackled between her fingers like a plate of sheet-iron. I may count on you, may I not, and quickly?" He bowed. She was left alone, and the flute was heard like the murmur of a fountain or the warbling of birds.
Against the plaster wall diagonally crossed by black joists, a meagre pear-tree sometimes leans and the ground-floors have at their door a small swing-gate to keep out the chicks that come pilfering crumbs of bread steeped in cider on the threshold. Tell me!" He was kneeling by her. "It is because you are going away?" she went on; "because you are
leaving what is dear to you—your life? "But allow me, for I must make sure the box contains nothing else." And he tipped up the papers lightly, as if to shake out napoleons. He secretly did the prefect great service during the elections. When he did come, she showed herself cold and almost contemptuous. In her white frock and open prunella shoes
she had a pretty way, and when she went back to her seat, the gentlemen bent over her to congratulate her; the courtyard was full of carriages; farewells were called to her through their windows; the music master with his violin case bowed in passing by. I should like to ask your advice." And, despite all her efforts, it was impossible for her to open
her lips. But they would, on the contrary, have to wait, to sound the fellow. She repented of her past virtue as of a crime, and his eyes fell upon a blue stained window representing boatmen carrying baskets. He got up to drink from the water
bottle and opened the window. Charles, fearing that she would faint, ran to the refreshment-room to get a glass of barley-water. Emma was secretly pleased that she had reached at a first attempt the rare ideal of pale lives, never attained by mediocre hearts. From time to time the bell of a public house door rang, and when it was windy one could
hear the little brass basins that served as signs for the hairdresser's shop creaking on their two rods. At mid-day Charles came in; then he went out again; next she took some beef-tea, and towards five o'clock, as the day drew in, the children coming back from school, dragging their wooden shoes along the pavement, knocked the clapper of the
shutters with their rulers one after the other. On the fine summer evenings, at the time when the close streets are empty, when the servants are playing shuttle-cock at the doors, he opened his window and leaned out. The carriage rolled off; rows of apple-trees followed one upon another, and the road between its two long ditches, full of yellow water
rose, constantly narrowing towards the horizon. This added greatly to the consideration in which he was held. He also carried a large jar full of chlorine water, to keep off all miasmata. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the
been shut up in his cellar, and so the damp powder would not light, and the principal set piece, that was to represent a dragon biting his tail, failed completely. How she listened at first to the sonorous lamentations of its romantic melancholies reechoing through the world and eternity! If her childhood had been spent in the shop-parlour of some
business quarter, she might perhaps have opened her heart to those lyrical invasions of Nature, which usually come to us only through translation in books. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. Drops of sweat oozed from her bluish face, that seemed as if rigid in the
exhalations of a metallic vapour. The story about the nurse was the worst possible excuse, everyone at Yonville knowing that the little Bovary had been at home with her parents for a year. It went down the Rue Grand-Pont, crossed the Place des Arts, the Quai Napoleon, the Pont Neuf, and stopped short before the statue of Pierre Corneille. He held
out the hope of finding one; but she asked him how she should manage to sell it. Sometimes in the afternoon she went to chat with the postilions. At the reproaches with a wisp of straw. Did she suspect the lie? Bits of straw stuck in his red hair, and he limped
with his left leg. First, she found occasion to expel Mere Rollet, the nurse, who during her convalescence had contracted the habit of coming too often to the kitchen with her two nurslings and her boarder, better off for teeth than a cannibal. We'll see. "But," he replied, "you seem so strange this evening." "Oh, it's nothing! nothing!" There were even
days when she had no sooner come in than she went up to her room; and Justin, happening to be there, moved about noiselessly, quicker at helping her than the best of maids. Emma dreamed of her marriage day; she saw herself at home again amid the corn in the little path as they walked to the church. START: FULL LICENSE THE FULL PROJECT
GUTENBERG LICENSE PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distribution of electronic works, by using or distribution of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distribution of electronic works.
the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license. Or did she was about to leave? No man had ever seemed to her so beautiful. • You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any
money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work. At this moment Monsieur Léon at once envied the calm of the tomb, and
one evening he had even made his will, asking to be buried in that beautiful rug with velvet stripes he had received from her. Then it was, like a red bush in the cinders, slowly devoured. Hivert pulled in his horses and, the servant, climbing up to the window, said mysteriously— "Madame, you must go at once to Monsieur Homais. "Let us go up." And
subscribed to a lending library." "If madame will do me the honour of making use of it", said the chemist, who had just caught the last words, "I have at her disposal a library composed of the best authors, Voltaire, Rousseau, Delille, Walter Scott, the 'Echo des Feuilletons'; and in addition I receive various periodicals, among them the 'Fanal de Rouen
daily, having the advantage to be its correspondent for the districts of Buchy, Forges, Neufchâtel, Yonville, and vicinity." For two hours and a half they had been at table; for the servant Artémis, carelessly dragging her old list slippers over the flags, brought one plate after the other, forgot everything, and constantly left the door of the billiard-room
half open, so that it beat against the wall with its hooks. A large straight staircase led up to the corridor. Rodolphe leant forward and removed them as they rode along. Charles burst out into blasphemies: "I hate your God!" "The spirit of rebellion is still upon you," sighed the ecclesiastic. But the next day at twelve o'clock she received a summons, and
the sight of the stamped paper, on which appeared several times in large letters, "Maitre Hareng, bailiff at Buchy," so frightened her that she rushed in hot haste to the linendraper's. They dismounted. It was Hippolyte, the stable-boy at the "Lion d'Or." He had put on his new leg. The clerk, too, had his small hanging garden; they saw each other
tending their flowers at their windows. When her mother died she cried much the first few days. Who provides our means of subsistence? Rodolphe avoided speaking of her; perhaps he no longer thought about it. Forget me! Why did I ever know you? She said to him— "Léon, you will do me a service?" And, shaking him by both hands that she grasped
tightly, she added— "Listen, I want eight thousand francs." "But you are mad!" "Not yet." And thereupon, telling him the story of the distraint, she explained her distraint her distrain
the cradle of society, the orator painted those fierce times when men lived on acorns in the heart of woods. Then they talked a few moments longer, and after the goodnights, or rather good mornings, the guests of the château retired to bed. Its two dove-tailed weathercocks stood out black against the pale dawn. Then Charles for two hours had to
suffer the torture of hearing the hammer resound against the wood. Emma knew it from end to end; she knew that after a meadow there was a sign-post, next an elm, a barn, or the hut of a lime-kiln tender. Félicité was sobbing—"Ah! my poor mistress! my poor mistress! "Look at her," said the landlady, sighing; "how pretty she still is! Now, couldn't
their round straw hats with their large clear eyes. The children had fallen asleep under the seats. A warm wind blew in her face; the melting snow fell drop by drop from the buds to the grass. He saw himself dishonoured, ruined, lost; and his imagination, assailed by a world of hypotheses, tossed amongst them like an empty cask borne by the sea and
floating upon the waves. Since she could never, in a velvet gown with short sleeves, striking with her light fingers the ivory keys of an Erard at a concert, feel the murmur of ecstasy envelop her like a breeze, it was not worth while boring herself with practicing. "And how's the little woman?" suddenly asked Madame Homais. Is it my fault? "Now, just
come and help," she said to the chemist. Her body, relieved, no longer thought; another life was beginning; it seemed to her that her being, mounting toward God, would be annihilated in that love like a burning incense that melts into vapour. And Charles stood, motionless and staring, in the very same place where, long ago, Emma, in despair, and
paler even than he, had thought of dying. A bitter taste that she felt in her mouth awakened her. The firemen at the foot of the platform rested on their bayonets; and Binet, motionless, stood with out-turned elbows, the point of his sabre in the air. "Go, try, try! I will love you so!" He went out, and came back at the end of an hour, saying, with solemn
face— "I have been to three people with no success." Then they remained sitting face to face at the two chimney corners, motionless, in silence. "I promise you," she said, shrugging his shoulders; "you've not got anything." And he called through the peep-hole
that looked down into the shop— "Annette, don't forget the three coupons of No. 14." The servant appeared. At last Monsieur Lariviere was about to leave, when Madame Homais asked for a consultation about her husband. She would go quickly to La Huchette, stay there an hour, and be back again at Yonville while everyone was still asleep. Then
with a more serious air, "Do you know, it is very improper—" "How so?" replied the clerk. The cab was seen at Saint-Pol, at Lescure, at Mont Gargan, at La Rougue-Marc and Place du Gaillardbois; in the Rue Maladrerie, Rue Dinanderie, before Saint-Romain, Saint-Nicaise—in front of the Customs, at the "Vieille Tour," the
dew hanging from her hair formed, as it were, a topaz aureole around her face. She renewed the bills, and thus it was continually. Such, at any rate, is the opinion of all the Fathers. Kiss me!" To her husband she was more charming than ever. Here are the people coming. At first, love had intoxicated her; and she had thought of nothing beyond. In the
stables, over the top of the open doors, one could see great cart-horses quietly feeding from new racks. "You'd better be off and pound almonds; you are always dangling about women. The phrase came to her like a breath of fresh air. "This shows us," went on the other, smiling with benign self-sufficiency, "the innumerable irregularities of the open doors, one could see great cart-horses quietly feeding from new racks."
nervous system. She went downstairs restraining herself from running. But the landlady no longer heeded him; she was listening to a distant rolling. When she went to confession, she invented little sins in order that she might stay there longer, kneeling in the shadow, her hands joined, her face against the grating beneath the whispering
But that which fanaticism formerly promised to its elect, science now accomplishes for all men. He even addressed a petition to the sovereign in which he implored him to "do him justice"; he called him "our good king," and compared him to Henri IV. The gentleman, picking up the fan, offered it to the lady respectfully; she thanked him with an
inclination of the head, and began smelling her bouquet. No one there! He thought that the clerk had perhaps seen her; but where did he live? She remembered the games at cards at the druggist's, and the walk to the nurse's, the reading in the arbour, the tête-à-tête by the fireside—all that poor love, so calm and so protracted, so discreet, so tender,
and that she had nevertheless forgotten. One morning, when she had gone, as usual, rather lightly clothed, it suddenly began to snow, and as Charles was watching the weather from the window, he caught sight of Monsieur Bournisien in the chaise of Monsieur Tuvache, who was driving him to Rouen. And you—you fled from me!" For, all the three
years, he had carefully avoided her in consequence of that natural cowardice that characterises the stronger sex. She sighed. She often begged him to read her the verses; Léon declaimed them in a languid voice, to which he carefully gave a dying fall in the love passages. "And then, who knows? He dined in the little room as of yore, but alone,
without the tax-gatherer; for Binet, tired of waiting for the "Hirondelle," had definitely put forward his meal one hour, and when he came home he looked at her shyly, and at
last could no longer keep back the words. He "tchk'd" with his tongue. And then one morning the Viscount had taken it away with him. He found a box and broke it open with a kick. "Yet," Homais went on, "one of two things; either she died in a state of grace (as the Church has it), and then she has no need of our prayers; or else she departed
impertinent (that is, I believe, the ecclesiastical expression), and then—" Bournisien interrupted him, replying testily that it was none the less necessary to pray. Wherever did that fat fellow pick her up?" Monsieur Rodolphe Boulanger was thirty-four; he was of brutal temperament and intelligent perspicacity, having, moreover, had much to do with
women, and knowing them well. Léon walked up and down the room; it seemed strange to him to see this beautiful woman in her nankeen dress in the midst of all this poverty. Someone was calling her. In the evening, before prayers, there was some religious reading in the study. The street (the only one) a gunshot in length and flanked by a few
shops on either side stops short at the turn of the highroad. But she was eaten up with desires, with rage, with hate. The rain interrupted them or an acquaintance passed. She gave him her arm. The flesh hung in red shreds, and there flowed from it liquids that congealed into green scale down to the nose, whose black nostrils sniffed convulsively. He
approaches you, he insinuates himself; offers you a pinch of snuff, or picks up your hat. But the other, the eternal, that is about us and above, like the landscape that surrounds us, and the blue heavens that give us light." Monsieur Lieuvain had just wiped his mouth with a pocket-handkerchief. When she was seized with the desire to see Léon, she set
out upon any pretext; and as he was not expecting her on that day, she went to fetch him at his office. He's a good fellow, though we did have a little misunderstanding." She asked what misunderstanding for Charles had said nothing of the dispute about the goods supplied to her. As he was to finish reading there, why not set out at once? In the
midst of the silence that hung over the village a heart-rending cry rose on the air. They came to seek relaxation in the fine arts after the anxieties of business; but "business" was not forgotten; they still talked cottons, spirits of wine, or indigo. The whole class began to laugh. His vigorous form was tightly clad in a brown-coloured doublet; a small
chiselled poniard hung against his left thigh, and he cast round laughing looks showing his white teeth. The meeting was over, the crowd dispersed, and now that the speeches had been read, each one fell back into his place again, and everything into the old grooves; the masters bullied the servants, and these struck the animals, indolent victors,
going back to the stalls, a green-crown on their horns. He had come for his umbrella, that he had forgotten the evening, he left for the church, from which the Angelus was ringing. Mind the cold; take care of yourself; look after
yourself." "Come, Léon, jump in," said the notary. "Have you any business to attend to?" she asked. That dress with the narrow folds hid a distracted fear, of whose torment those chaste lips said nothing. The little girl soon came up closer against her knees, and leaning on them with her arms, she looked up with her large blue eyes, while a small
thread of pure saliva dribbled from her lips on to the silk apron. "It's like bees; they leave their hives on the decease of any person." "Oh, nothing whatever." "But still, now talk it over." And she began beating about the bush; she had
known nothing about it; it was a surprise. By moonlight in the garden she recited all the passionate rhymes she knew by heart, and, sighing, sang to him many melancholy adagios; but she found herself as calm after as before, and Charles seemed no more amorous and no more moved. This gradually grew redder; the nostrils throbbed fast, the lips
quivered. Public attention was distracted by the appearance of Monsieur Bournisien, who was going across the market with the holy oil. But at this invention of the rug she asked, "But why?" "Why?" He hesitated. She bought ostrich feathers, Chinese porcelain, and trunks; she borrowed from Félicité, from Madame Lefrancois, from the landlady at the
Croix-Rouge, from everybody, no matter where. And one must be master of all the principles of hygiene in order to direct, criticize the construction of buildings, the feeding of animals, the diet of domestics. Then she turned on her heel all of one piece, like a statue on a pivot, and went homewards. "Oh, make haste! I am in pain!" cried Bovary, angrily
throwing him a five-franc piece. Léon was afraid she might go back into the church. I really don't remember." "I? "What a wretch! what a scoundrel! what a scoundrel! what a scoundrel! what a merriment, and he
could not refrain from making jokes about Charles, which rather embarrassed Emma. "Silence!" continued the master indignantly, wiping his brow with his handkerchief, which he had just taken from his cap. From respect, or from a sort of sensuality that made him carry on his investigations slowly, Charles had not yet opened the secret drawer of a
rosewood desk which Emma had generally used. Rodolphe's portrait flew full in the dormitory, and ate well in the dormitory, and ate well in the refectory. A few daisies had sprung up again. "The father
embraced the son, the brother the brother, the husband his consort. Arsenic! And you go and touch it! You take a pan that was next to it!" "Next to it!" embraced the son, the brother the brother, the husband his consort. Arsenic! And you go and touch it! You take a pan that was next to it!" "Next to it!" embraced the son, the brother the brother, the husband his consort. Arsenic! And you go and touch it! You take a pan that was next to it!" "Next to it!" "Next
into which she was entering. Beyond the farmyard there was a detached building that she thought must be the château She entered—it was if the doors at her approach had opened wide of their own accord. I'll not do anything. Endless sarabands ran through her head, and, like an Indian dancing girl on the flowers of a carpet, her thoughts leapt with
the notes, swung from dream to dream, from sadness to sadness. People were coming out after vespers; the crowd flowed out through the three doors like a stream through three doors like a stream three doors like a stream through three doors like a stream throug
in well-phrased letters that had no suggestion of a bill. It was not the first time that they had seen trees, a blue sky, meadows; that they had never admired all this, as if Nature had not existed before, or had only begun to be beautiful since the gratification of their
desires. "Fool!" he said, "really a little fool! A fool in four letters! A phlebotomy's a big affair, isn't it! And a fellow who isn't afraid of anything; a kind of squirrel, just as he is who climbs to vertiginous heights to shake down nuts. "No matter! She was a pretty mistress!" And immediately Emma's beauty, with all the pleasures of their love, came back to
him. She advanced, looking at the paving-stones, saying to herself, "Come! come!" The luminous ray that came straight up from below drew the weight of her body towards the abyss. Take her away," cried Charles, who was sobbing in the alcove. The leafless trees on the boulevards made violet thickets in the midst of the houses, and the roofs, all
shining with the rain, threw back unequal reflections, according to the height of the quarters in which they were. The new servant obeyed without a murmur, so as not to be sent away; and as madame usually left the key in the sideboard, Félicité every evening took a small supply of sugar that she ate alone in her bed after she had said her prayers.
"How hard you are breathing!" said Madame Homais. Why, at least, was not her husband one of those men of taciturn passions who work at their books all night, and at last, when about sixty, the age of rheumatism sets in, wear a string of orders on their ill-fitting black coat? "Monsieur Rouault—Monsieur Rouault," stammered Charles. Instead of
getting drunk at the public, you'd do better to die yourself." He advised him to take good wine, good beer, and good joints. Emma went upstairs. At night when they left, the horses, stuffed up to the nostrils with oats, could hardly be got into the shafts; they kicked, reared, the harness broke, their masters laughed or swore; and all night in the light of
the moon along country roads there were runaway carts at full gallop plunging into the ditches, jumping over yard after yard of stones, clambering up the hills, with women leaning out from the tilt to catch hold of the reins. At every turning all the lights of the town were seen more and more completely, making a great luminous vapour about the dim
houses. Charles began to smoke. About three feet by a foot and a half, as they are being made just now." "And a travelling bag." "Decidedly," thought Lheureux, "there's a row on here." "And," said Madame Bovary, taking her watch from her belt, "take this; you can pay yourself out of it." But the tradesman cried out that she was wrong; they knew
one another; did he doubt her? Whose was it? They passed and re-passed, she with rigid body, her chin bent down, and he always in the same pose, his figure curved, his elbow rounded, his chin thrown forward. Charles, standing up, was at the back of the alcove, and the chemist, near him, maintained that meditative silence that is becoming on the
serious occasions of life. Homais, behind him, was carrying a large red box in his hand, and both were going towards the chemist's. "I have read everything," she said to herself. This was an attention of the clerk's. Charles, seated opposite Emma, rubbed his hands gleefully. "Is she making fun of me?" thought Rodolphe. I must be off now; forgive me!
Goodbye!" He pressed her hand, but it felt guite lifeless. The night was covered with stars, a warm wind blowing in the distance; the dogs were barking. At last he began to think it was all a joke; someone's spite, the jest of some wag; and besides, if she were dead, one would have known it. "Since that one is coming to pieces, Madame Lefrancois. He
liked the granary and the stables; he liked old Rouault, who pressed his hand and called him his saviour; he liked the small wooden shoes of Mademoiselle Emma on the scoured flags of the kitchen—her high heels made her a little taller; and when she walked in front of him, the wooden soles springing up quickly struck with a sharp sound against the
leather of her boots. Charles was late. "Yes—a little," he replied, undecided between the frankness of his pleasure and his respect for his wife's opinion. An exquisite candour emanated from his being. She wished the horse to be sold; what she formerly liked now displeased her. It was a want, a mania, a pleasure carried to such an extent that if she
said she had the day before walked on the right side of a road, one might know she had taken the left. "Truly," said the druggist, "one ought to proceed most rigorously against drunkenness! I should like to see written up weekly at the door of the town hall on a board ad hoc[13] the names of all those who during the week got intoxicated on alcohol.
Let us hope that, like them, you will set us a good example. Why not end it all? Perhaps we ought to consult—we only know—no one." "Unless Léon—" replied Charles, who was reflecting. Did I frighten you so much? The flame lit up the whole of her, penetrating with a crude light the woof of her gowns, the fine pores of her fair skin, and even her
eyelids, which she blinked now and again. The Viscount's? She walked rapidly; the fresh air calming her; and, little by little, the faces of the crowd, the masks, the quadrilles, the lights, the supper, those women, all disappeared like mists fading away. It was Binet turning. Charles tried to look up his medical dictionary, but could not read it; the lines
were dancing. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but I should like to have a private talk with you." Then in a low voice, "It's about that affair—you know." Charles crimsoned to his ears. Then, as she did not answer, the good woman withdrew, took her wheel and began spinning flax. Homais bent over the splash-board, and in a voice broken by sobs uttered
these three sad words— "A pleasant journey!" "Good-night," said Monsieur Guillaumin. "Ah! forgive me!" he cried, drawing back. The beasts were there, their noses towards the cord, and making a confused line with their unequal rumps. He would have quoted Chinese or Greenlandish had he known those two languages, for he was in one of those
crises in which the whole soul shows indistinctly what it contains, like the ocean, which, in the storm, opens itself from the seaweeds on its shores down to the sands of its abysses. "Just now, for example, when I went to your house." "To Monsieur Bizat of Quincampoix." "Did I know I should accompany you?" "Seventy francs." "A hundred times I
wished to go: and I followed you—I remained." "And I shall remain to-night, to-morrow, all other days, all my life!" "To Monsieur Caron of Argueil, a gold medal!" "For I have never in the society of any other person found so complete a charm," "To Monsieur Bain of Givry-Saint-Martin," "And I shall carry away with me the remembrance of
you." "For a merino ram!" "But you will forget me; I shall pass away like a shadow." "To Monsieur Belot of Notre-Dame." "Oh, no! I shall be something in your thought, in your life, shall I not?" "Porcine race; prizes—equal, to Messrs. Everything, even herself, was now unbearable to her. She was as sick of him as he was weary of her. She went in.
Homais dilated in Amphytrionic pride, and the affecting thought of Bovary vaguely contributed to his pleasure by a kind of egotistic reflex upon himself. On these days he rose early, set off at a gallop, urging on his horse, then got down to wipe his boots in the grass and put on black gloves before entering. Rodolphe settled down there as if at home
Rodolphe now and again bent forward and took her hand to kiss it. There is no need for explanations; they understand one another man. Then she gave herself up to excessive charity. She leant her head against the walls to weep; she envied lives of stir; longed for masked balls, for violent
pleasures, with all the wildness that she did not know, but that these must surely yield. But the mayor resented it, his colleagues were jealous, everything was to be feared; gaining over Monsieur Bovary by his attentions was to earn his gratitude, and prevent his speaking out later on, should he notice anything. He even refused to see his
granddaughter. Gradually Rodolphe's fears took possession of her. But the noise of the dominoes annoyed him. It was a false alarm. She had bored her strength suddenly deserted her. "You are going?" "I will come back." He went out only to give an order to the
coachman, with Monsieur Canivet, who did not care either to have Emma die under his hands. Then, whether she confessed or did not confess, presently, immediately, to-morrow, he would know the catastrophe all the same; so she must wait for this horrible scene, and bear the weight of his magnanimity. All their cows, I don't know how it is—But
```

```
pardon me! Longuemarre and Boudet! Bless me! Will you leave off?" And with a bound he ran into the church. These were the overflow from the neighbouring granary, to which three stone steps led. As to Emma, she did not ask herself whether she loved. "Ah! so much the worse. A fresh breeze was blowing; the rye and colza were sprouting, little
dewdrops trembled at the roadsides and on the hawthorn hedges. "With pleasure!" Monsieur Homais replied; "besides, I must invigorate my mind, for I am getting rusty here. His was at the end, on the left. All was ready; they had to start. She drew herself up, scarlet, and looked at him over her shoulder as she handed him his whip
Fearing the possible consequences of such compression to the intellectual organs. But he stayed only a few moments. Unconsciously, Léon, while talking, had placed his foot on one of the bars of the chair on which Madame Bovary was sitting. Emma never doubted she should be able to do this. "Come, come, Monsieur Homais; as long as the 'Lion
d'Or' exists people will come to it. "Ah, good-day! What! you here?" "Silence!" cried a voice from the pit, for the third act was beginning. "Never fear, you shall always have your turkey." But when he reached the top of the hill he turned back, as he had turned once before on the road of Saint-Victor when he had parted from her. He felt dreary as an
empty house; and tender memories mingling with the sad thoughts in his brain, addled by the fumes of the feast, he felt inclined for a moment to take a turn towards the church. When the sad thoughts in his brain, addled by the fumes of the feast, he felt inclined for a moment to take a turn towards the church. When the sad thoughts in his brain, addled by the fumes of the feast, he felt inclined for a moment to take a turn towards the church. When the sad thoughts in his brain, addled by the fumes of the feast, he felt inclined for a moment to take a turn towards the church.
live in town and dance polkas every evening. Forgive me!" "There is still time!" he cried. "No, no! It would grieve me too much. But the circle of which he was the centre gradually widened round him, and the aureole that he bore, fading from his form, broadened out beyond, lighting up her other dreams. But no one on earth had loved her with such
love. Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org. He showed in it the relations of these two, and how they had always contributed to civilisation. Speak, answer, articulate something." "I—don't—know," stammered the young fellow. She worked with her head bent down; she did not speak, nor did
Charles. Then the evil days of Tostes began again. Lestiboudois went about the church with his whalebone stick. At last, when the three lids had been planed down, nailed, soldered, it was placed outside in front of the door; the house was thrown open, and the people of Yonville began to flock round. We do not solicit donations where were the church with his whalebone stick. At last, when the three lids had been planed down, nailed, soldered, it was placed outside in front of the door; the house was thrown open, and the people of Yonville began to flock round. We do not solicit donations where were the church with his whalebone stick.
have not received written confirmation of compliance. Charles, as when they were first married, thought her delicious and quite irresistible. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, "Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, "Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, "Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, "Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, "Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, "Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, "Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, "Information at the Archive Foundation at the Ar
Literary Archive Foundation." • You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. Part III Monsieur Léon, while studying law, had gone pretty often to the dancing-rooms, where he was even a great
success amongst the grisettes, who thought he had a distinguished air. Then as she opened her eyes on smelling the bottle— "I was sure of it," he remarked; "that would wake any dead person for you!" "Speak to us," said Charles; "collect yourself; it is your Charles, who loves you. They were in bed when Monsieur Homais, in spite of the servant
suddenly entered the room, holding in his hand a sheet of paper just written. Burnishing the horizontal pictures, it broke up against these in delicate lines where there were cracks in the varnish, and from all these great black squares framed in with gold stood out here and there some lighter portion of the painting—a pale brow, two eyes that looked
at you, perukes flowing over and powdering red-coated shoulders, or the buckle of a garter above a well-rounded calf. "Provided that Vincart will listen to me! However, it's settled. The fire was out, the clock went on ticking, and Emma vaguely marvelled at this calm of all things while within herself was such tumult. With three words of gallantry
she'd adore one, I'm sure of it. By dint of hard service it had acquired, as it were, moral qualities of patience and energy; and when he was given some heavy work, he stood on it in preference to its fellow. "Sign these," he said, "and keep it all!" She cried out, scandalised. She often stopped a moment to look where to place her foot, and tottering on a
stone that shook, her arms outspread, her form bent forward with a look of indecision, she would laugh, afraid of falling into the puddles of water. Emma, in fact, was showing herself more docile, and even carried her deference so far as to ask for a recipe for pickling gherkins. You know women—a nothing upsets them, especially my wife. The lad
stooped, but Homais was the quicker, and, having picked up the volume, contemplated it with staring eyes and open mouth. Madame was in her room, and did not come down for a quarter of an hour. And you, too, were there, Sultans with long pipes reclining beneath arbours in the arms of Bayaderes; Djiaours, Turkish sabres, Greek caps; and you
especially, pale landscapes of dithyrambic lands, that often show us at once palm trees and firs, tigers on the horizon; the whole framed by a very neat virgin forest, and with a great perpendicular sunbeam trembling in the water, where, standing out in relief like white excoriations on a steel-grey ground.
swans are swimming about. Monsieur Homais even had left his pharmacy. Her head was raised, her eyes turned towards heaven. I seem so, because in the midst of the world I know how to wear the mask of a scoffer upon my face; and yet, how many a time at the sight of a cemetery by moonlight have I not asked myself whether it
were not better to join those sleeping there!" "Oh! and your friends?" she said. All these people looked alike. At Yonville he was considered "well-bred." He listened to the arguments of the older people, and did not seem hot about politics—a remarkable thing for a young man. Rodolphe fastened up the horses. As they talked they explained more and
more fully the motives of their sadness, working themselves up in their progressive confidence. Then they sat down near one another, and formed a large semicircle in front of the fire. He already saw her coming from school as the day drew in, laughing, with ink-stains on her jacket, and carrying her basket on her arm. Then he had some
accomplishments; he painted in water-colours, could read the key of G, and readily talked literature after dinner when he did not play cards. She hurried off to tell Madame Caron, and the two ladies went up to the attic, and, hidden by some linen spread across props, stationed themselves comfortably for overlooking the whole of Binet's room
Thinking that, after all, he should lose nothing, Charles promised himself to ask her in marriage as soon as occasion offered, but each time such occasion did offer the fear of not finding the right words sealed his lips. She would get up and order the table to be laid. If it is 'yes', you needn't return because of all the people about, and besides it would
upset her too much. The meadow began to fill, and the housewives hustled you with their great umbrellas, their baskets, and the
affairs." With every debt he paid Charles thought he had come to the end of them. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. Lestiboudois was raking by her side, and every time he came near she lent forward, beating the air with both her arms. Her love
grew in the presence of this vastness, and expanded with tumult to the vague murmurings that rose towards her. They rowed down in the midst of moored boats, whose long oblique cables grazed lightly against the bottom of the boat. The voice of a prima donna seemed to her to be but echoes of her conscience, and this illusion that charmed her as
some very thing of her own life. Binet came in. What is it. She put back into the basket the apricots scattered on the sideboard. He saw her from behind in the glass between two lights. The next day Charles went to sit down on the seat in the arbour. "You would buy another." "Another billiard-table!" exclaimed the widow. But, peaceable by nature, there is no seat in the arbour. "You would buy another." "Another billiard-table!" exclaimed the widow. But, peaceable by nature, there is no seat in the arbour. "You would buy another." "Another billiard-table!" exclaimed the widow. But, peaceable by nature, there is no seat in the arbour. "You would buy another." "Another billiard-table!" exclaimed the widow. But, peaceable by nature, there is no seat in the arbour. "You would buy another." "Another billiard-table!" exclaimed the widow. But, peaceable by nature, there is no seat in the arbour. "You would buy another." "Another billiard-table!" exclaimed the widow. But, peaceable by nature, the seat in the arbour. "You would buy another." "Another billiard-table!" exclaimed the widow. But, peaceable by nature, the seat in the arbour. "You would buy another." "Another billiard-table!" exclaimed the widow. But, peaceable by nature, the seat in the arbour. "You would buy another." "Another billiard-table!" exclaimed the widow. But, peaceable by nature, the seat in the arbour. "You would buy another billiard-table!" exclaimed the seat in the arbour. "You would buy another billiard-table!" exclaimed the seat in the arbour. "You would buy another billiard-table!" exclaimed the widow. But, peaceable by nature, the seat in the arbour. "You would be arbour." "You wo
lad answered only poorly to his notions. And with the date, if you please, with the date, if you
account of Félicité. "Yes, it is I, Rodolphe. Perhaps she had more serious reasons for uneasiness. He knocked against the furniture, tore his hair, and the chemist had never believed that there could be so terrible a sight. Go!" The priest took him by the arm for a turn in the garden. After leaving at the door his hat surrounded with crape, he put down a
green bandbox on the table, and began by complaining to madame, with many civilities, that he should have remained till that day without gaining her confidence. The broad daylight from without streamed into the church in three enormous rays from the table, and began by complaining to madame, with many civilities, that he should have remained till that day without gaining her confidence. The broad daylight from without streamed into the church in three enormous rays from the table, and began by complaining her confidence. The broad daylight from without streamed into the church in three enormous rays from the table, and began by complaining her confidence.
gracefully, letting the dear fair hair fall over her rosy cheeks, that an infinite joy came upon him, a happiness mingled with bitterness, like those ill-made wines that taste of resin. The effect of habits left? But we'll talk it over later on. They examined her dresses, the linen, the dressing-room; and her whole existence to its most intimate details, was,
like a corpse on whom a post-mortem is made, outspread before the eyes of these three men. He again heard the laughter of the happy boys beneath the apple-trees: the room was filled with the perfume of her hair; and her dress rustled in his arms with a noise like electricity. The little pasteboard berries burst, the wire twisted, the gold lace melted,
and the shriveled paper corollas, fluttering like black butterflies at the back of the stove, at lest flew up the chimney. She was lying flat on her stomach at the top of a rick. Ah! and this for fear she should come and hunt me up." "I shall be far away when you read these sad lines, for I have wished to flee as quickly as possible to shun the temptation of
seeing you again. The Rouen folk, in Sunday-clothes, were walking about with happy looks. "Dancing?" repeated Emma. And as they were both standing up, he behind her, and Emma with her head bent, he stooped over her and pressed long kisses on her neck. On the days when his work was done early, he had, for want of something else to do, to
come punctually, and endure from soup to cheese a tête-à-tête with Binet. Near the hotel there was always a kind of loafer who accosted travellers, and who would not refuse. Then he said stupidly, "You are exaggerating the difficulty. At once inert and flexible, she has against her the weakness of the flesh and legal dependence. Bovary even
undertook to provide the machine for the operation. "No, I love you, that is all! You do not doubt that! Tell me—one word—only one word!" And Rodolphe imperceptibly glided from the footstool to the ground; but a sound of wooden shoes was heard in the kitchen, and he noticed the door of the room was not closed. He obeyed then, but the strength of
his desire protested against the servility of his conduct; and he thought, with a kind of naive hypocrisy, that his interdict to see her gave him a sort of right to love her. He recalled stories of catalepsy, the marvels of magnetism, and he said to himself that by willing it with all his force he might perhaps succeed in reviving her. "To think that not one of
these people is capable of understanding even the cut of a coat!" Then they talked about provincial mediocrity, of the lives it crushed, the illusions lost there. "Ja!" But before leaving he wanted to see the proprietor of the establishment and made him a few compliments. The first was the day of her going to the convent; the second, of her arrival at
Tostes; the third, at Vaubyessard; and this was the fourth. However, she replied guite naturally—"Ah! no doubt she forgot my name." "But perhaps," said the doctor, "there are several Demoiselles Lempereur at Rouen who are music-mistresses." "Possibly!" Then guickly—"But I have my receipts here. Then, when he had taken a deep breath—"At
that time you were to me I know not what incomprehensible force that took captive my life. It was therefore with delight that he accepted the landlady's suggestion that he purpose of showing off, had had the table laid for four. Then
he lashed his perspiring jades afresh, but indifferent to their jolting, running up against things here and there, not caring if he did, demoralised, and almost weeping with thirst, fatigue, and depression. Then Charles insisted— "You would get back on Sunday. Charles had not appeared particularly anxious to see him again, and Léon did not know what
to do between his fear of being indiscreet and the desire for an intimacy that seemed almost impossible. Do tell me?" She nodded her head in assent; then a quarter of an hour later— "Are you going out to-night?" she asked. The courtyard sloped upwards, planted with trees set out symmetrically, and the chattering noise of a flock of geese was heard
near the pond. His mother stuffed him with jam; his father let him run about barefoot, and, playing the philosopher, even said he might as well go about quite naked like the young of animals. The workman who cast it died of the joy—" "Let us go on," said Léon. He had drawn her upon his knees, and with the back of his hand was caressing her smooth
hair, where in the twilight was mirrored like a golden arrow one last ray of the sun. Then, with both hands on the table, his neck stretched out, his figure bent forward, open-mouthed, he watched Emma's look, who was walking up and down undecided amid these goods. She went downstairs, crossed the yard. At the sound of the bell, Theodore in a
red waistcoat appeared on the steps; he came to open the door almost familiarly, as to an acquaintance, and showed her into the dining-room. There is to be an execution in next week. "How I love you, my poor child! How I love you, my poor child! Ho
her linen, her stockings, her shoes, asked a thousand questions about her health, as if on the return from a long journey, and finally, kissing her again and crying a little, she gave her back to the servant, who stood quite thunderstricken at this excess of tenderness. "Ah! you see," replied he in a melancholy voice, "that I was right not to come back; for
this name, this name that fills my whole soul, and that escaped me, you forbid me to use! Madame Bovary! why all the world calls you thus! Besides, it is not your name; it is the name of another!" And he hid his face in his hands. When from afar he saw her languid walk, and her figure without stays turning softly on her
hips; when opposite one another he looked at her at his ease, while she took tired poses in her armchair, then his happiness knew no bounds; he got up, embraced her, passed his hands over her face, called her little mamma, wanted to make her dance, and half-laughing, half-crying, uttered all kinds of caressing pleasantries that came into his head.
Nor had I reflected upon this at first, and I rested in the shade of that ideal happiness as beneath that of the manchineel tree, without foreseeing the consequences." "Perhaps she'll think I'm giving it up from avarice. Then he carelessly asked for a receipt. Some got out at the foot of the hill. And, smiling a little at his unnoticed joke, the doctor opened
the door. La Huchette, in fact, was an estate near Yonville, where he had just bought the château and two farms that he cultivated himself, without, however, troubling very much about them. Such a nice young man! Never speaks a rough word!" "Well, you see, there's a great difference between an educated man and an old carabineer who is now a
tax-collector." Six o'clock struck. "Besides, the fine days will soon be here again." "Ah!" said Bovary. "O dear! two at once!" And in his emotion he could hardly put on the compress. The château, a modern building in Italian style, with two projecting wings and three flights of steps, lay at the foot of an immense green-sward, on which some cows were
grazing among groups of large trees set out at regular intervals, while large beds of arbutus, rhododendron, syringas, and guelder roses bulged out their irregular clusters of green along the curve of the gravel path. The crowd came into the main street from both ends of the village. Once, however, a wretched-looking man, rubicund and bald, came to
her house, saying he had been sent by Monsieur Vincart of Rouen. He went into the kitchen, but did not at once catch sight of Emma; the outside shutters were closed. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Would anyone believe that a
simple sternutation could produce such ravages on a quadrupedal organism? He had knocked about the world, he talked about Berlin, Vienna, and Strasbourg, of his soldier times, of the mistresses he had had, the grand luncheons of which he had partaken; then he was amiable, and sometimes even, either on the stairs, or in the garden, would seize
hold of her waist, crying, "Charles, look out for yourself." Then Madame Bovary, senior, became alarmed for her son's happiness, and fearing that her husband might in the long-run have an immoral influence upon the ideas of the young woman, took care to hurry their departure. With every movement that she made to throw her cards the right side
of her dress was drawn up. But she knew the country too well; she knew the lowing of cattle, the milking, the ploughs. Four o'clock! And it seemed to her that she had been there on that form an eternity. "Oh," she went on, "I love you! I love you! I love you! I love you so that I could not live without you, do you see? She did not confess her passion for another; he did not say
that he had forgotten her. To show off, or from a naive imitation of this melancholy which called forth his, the young man declared that he had been awfully bored during the whole course of his studies. "Read!" she said, holding out a paper to him. She got up and took from the chest of drawers the first pile of dusters to be hemmed. Then across an
open space appears a white house beyond a grass mound ornamented by a Cupid, his finger on his lips; two brass vases are at each end of a flight of steps; scutcheons[9] blaze upon the door. Charles at once set out. "Do you love me? They arrived at nightfall, just as the lamps in the park were being lit to show the way for the carriages. Then she
appeared to him dead. At last she cried with affected waywardness— "No, I will go!" "How good you are!" he said, kissing her forehead. Félicité now wore Madame Bovary's gowns; not all, for he had kept some of them, and he went to look at them in her dressing-room, locking himself up there; she was about her height, and often Charles, seeing her
from behind, was seized with an illusion, and cried out— "Oh, stay, stay!" But at Whitsuntide she ran away from Yonville, carried off by Theodore, stealing all that was left of the wardrobe. Then each evening, at the back of a box, behind the golden trellis-work she would have drunk in eagerly the expansions of this soul that would have sung for her
alone; from the stage, even as he acted, he would have looked at her. She remained lost in stupor, and having no more consciousness of herself than through the beating of her arteries, that she seemed to hear bursting forth like a deafening music filling all the fields. "That's sheer modesty. "Nor do I," said Monsieur Homais quickly; "although he'll
have to do like the rest for fear of passing for a Jesuit. This searching after faith, she thought, was only one merit the more, and in the pride of her devoutness Emma compared herself to those grand ladies of long ago whose glory she had dreamed of over a portrait of La Valliere, and who, trailing with so much majesty the lace-trimmed trains of their
long gowns, retired into solitudes to shed at the feet of Christ all the tears of hearts that life had wounded. So that in all the towns about they were found wearing his long wadded merino overcoat and black frock-coat, whose buttoned cuffs slightly covered his brawny hands—very beautiful hands, and that never knew gloves, as though to be more
ready to plunge into suffering. Good health to you, madame; my respects to your husband." And he went into the church making a genuflexion as soon as he reached the door. By what?—Not a word! He waited till six in the evening. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and
research. Madame Bovary again took Rodolphe's arm; he went on as if speaking to himself— "Yes, I have missed so many things. Then he took down the gather in the shade the confession of her love; the windows shone resplendent to illumine her
face, and the censers would burn that she might appear like an angel amid the fumes of the sweet-smelling odours. "Now this," thought Emma, "is the dining-room I ought to have." The notary came in pressing his palm-leaf dressing-gown to his breast with his left arm, while with the other hand he raised and quickly put on again his brown velvet cap
pretentiously cocked on the right side, whence looked out the ends of three fair curls drawn from the back of the head, following the line of his bald skull. "That is the question,' as I lately read in a newspaper." But Emma, awaking, cried out— "The letter! "They thought she was delirious; and she was by midnight. "Courage!" he cried to it;
 "a thousand reforms are indispensable; let us accomplish them!" Then touching on the entry of the councillor, he did not forget "the martial air of our militia;" nor "our most merry village maidens;" nor the "bald-headed old men like patriarchs who were there, and of whom some, the remnants of our phalanxes, still felt their hearts beat at the manly
sound of the drums." He cited himself among the first of the members of the jury, and he even called attention in a note to the fact that Monsieur Homais, chemist, had sent a memoir on cider to the agricultural society. He was standing in front of the counter, lit up by the gleams of the red bottle, and was saying—"Please give me half an ounce of
vitriol." "Justin," cried the druggist, "bring us the sulphuric acid." Then to Emma, who was going up to Madame Homais' room, "No, stay here; it isn't worth while going up; she is just coming down. "There! tears now!" "You are driving me to despair!" "What do I care?" said he, shutting the door. She threw back her white neck, swelling with a sigh,
and faltering, in tears, with a long shudder and hiding her face, she gave herself up to him— The shades of night were falling; the horizontal sun passing between the branches dazzled the eyes. We saw him working conscientiously, looking up every word in the dictionary, and taking the greatest pains. She tried serious reading, history, and
philosophy. In his will he left thirty thousand gold crowns for the poor." And without stopping, still talking, he pushed them into a chapel full of balustrades, some put away, and disclosed a kind of block that certainly might once have been an ill-made statue. The man left his horse, and, following the servant, suddenly came in behind her. He pretended
he had been guided towards her by chance, by, instinct. Fine teeth, black eyes, a dainty foot, a figure like a Parisienne's. She was not disturbed at his approach; on the contrary, she apologised for having neglected to tell him where they were staying. "Yet I love him," she said to herself. The guests arrived early in carriages, in one-horse chaises, two-
wheeled cars, old open gigs, waggonettes with leather hoods, and the young people from the nearer villages in carts, in which they stood up in rows, holding on to the sides so as not to fall, going at a trot and well shaken up. There was with him only his daughter, who helped him to keep house. Then her remembrance of the novel helping her to
understand the libretto, she followed the story phrase by phrase, while vague thoughts that came back to her dispersed at once again with the bursts of music. "Hallo! you've a pretty bouquet," he said, noticing Léon's violets on the chimney. "I've known priests who put on ordinary clothes to go and see dancers kicking about." "Come, come!" said theat came back to her dispersed at once again with the bursts of music. "Hallo! you've a pretty bouquet," he said, noticing Léon's violets on the chimney.
cure. One heard the rumbling of the foundries, together with the clear chimes of the churches that stood out in the mist. His waistcoat now never wanted lining, nor his shirt buttons, and it was quite a pleasure to see in the cupboard the night-caps arranged in piles of the same height. The shrewdest did not know what to make of it, and they looked at
her when she passed near them with an unbounded concentration of mind. And, in fact, the composition of the manure, the fermentation of liquids, the analyses of gases, and the influence of miasmata, what, I ask you, is all this, if it isn't chemistry, pure and simple?" The landlady did not answer. Perhaps, with a thousand crowns or so the fellow could
be stopped." All the greater reason to try and do something; it was impossible that they could not find three thousand francs. It's very interesting." And as the clerk still insisted— "I'll go with you. Lheureux refused to renew any more bills. Get along and take care!" Girard put on his new blouse, knotted his handkerchief round the apricots, and
walking with great heavy steps in his thick iron-bound galoshes, made his way to Yonville. Why, at any moment could not some extraordinary event occur? "What a superb day! Everybody is out! The wind is east!" And neither Madame Boyary nor Rodolphe answered him, whilst at the slightest movement made by them he drew near, saying, "I beg
your pardon!" and raised his hat. Then she fell back exhausted, for these transports of vague love wearied her more than great debauchery. Beyond this there is nothing to see at Yonville. She was lost in all kinds of apprehensions. That was what he cared about; he wanted town misses." And she went on— "The daughter of old Rouault a town miss!
Get out! Their grandfather was a shepherd, and they have a cousin who was almost had up at the assizes for a nasty blow in a quarrel. A confectioner of Yvetot had been intrusted with the tarts and sweets. The longer we live together the more it will be like an embrace, every day closer, more heart to heart. Then she offered to make the journey, but
and flowing manes, while their foals rested in their shadow, or now and then came and sucked them. The Marquis opened the drawing room by the side of the fireless chimney, his chin on his breast, his hands clasped, his eyes staring. He
chemist's apprentice, a second cousin of Monsieur Homais, who had been taken into the house from charity, and who was useful at the same on the following days; her talks, her manners, everything changed. "Oh, leave off!" she murmured, fancying
she heard Binet's lathe. The next day, at dusk, she received a visit from Monsieur Lherueux, the draper. "I assure you it's nothing." he said, kissing her on the forehead. At last Léon swore he would not see Emma again, and he reproached himself with not having kept his word, considering all the worry and lectures this woman might still draw down
the disparaging of those we love always alienates us from them to some extent. Naturally, through indifference, he abandoned all the resolutions he had made. Youville-l'Abbaye has remained stationary in spite of its "new outlet." Instead of improving the soil, they persist in keeping up the pasture lands, however depreciated they may be in value, and
the lazy borough, growing away from the plain, has naturally spread riverwards. But how to get rid of him? No; it is the excess of happiness. But in the refulgence of the present hour her past life, so distinct until then, faded away completely, and she almost doubted having lived it. They sat opposite one another, with protruding stomachs, puffed-up
faces, and frowning looks, after so much disagreement uniting at last in the same human weakness, and they moved no more than the corpse by their side, that seemed to be sleeping. The crowd was waiting against the wall, symmetrically enclosed between the balustrades. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg. It is a same human weakness, and they moved no more than the corpse by their side, that seemed to be sleeping. The crowd was waiting against the wall, symmetrically enclosed between the balustrades.
has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. This was an existence outside that of all others, between the pines, a brown light shimmered in the warm atmosphere. As soon as they
from above, picking with her mouth some scrap of flower or leaf that she blew out at him. She took hers away. One would have thought that an artist apt in conception had arranged the curls of hair upon her neck; they fell in a thick mass, negligently, and with the changing chances of their adultery, that unbound them every day. Then calling to mind
the devices of his masters at the bedsides of patients, he comforted the sufferer with all sorts of kindly remarks, those caresses of the surgeon that are like the oil they put on bistouries. He came home late—at ten o'clock, at midnight sometimes. If it is left on the right hand and the foot of the Saint-Jean hills followed the cemetery is soon reached. He
grew thin, his figure became taller, his face took a saddened look that made it nearly interesting. He walked up and down waiting for Emma to finish dressing. Here it is the vine, elsewhere the apple tree for cider, there colza, farther on cheeses and flax. The red claws of lobsters hung over the dishes; rich fruit in open baskets was piled up on moss;
there were quails in their plumage; smoke was rising; and in silk stockings, knee-breeches, white cravat, and frilled shirt, the steward, grave as a judge, offering ready carved dishes between the shoulders of the guests, with a touch of the spoon gave you the piece chosen. "What is the matter?" he asked, stupefied. Emma did not seem to welcome this
hope with all the joy he had expected. The "Hirondelle" started at a slow trot, and for about a mile stopped here and there to pick up passengers who waited for it, standing at the border of the road, in front of their yard gates. Léon watched the clock in despair. "Wherever are you? As he passed Vassonville he came upon a boy sitting on the grass at
the edge of a ditch. Then she went away. Félicité was waiting for her at the door. But she returned, and the servant brought Berthe, who was swinging a windmill roof downwards at the end of a string. The walls trembled, the ceiling was crushing her, and she passed back through the long alley, stumbling against the heaps of dead leaves scattered by
the wind. "Good morning, Madame Rollet," and she went out, wiping her shoes at the door. So there was a wedding at which forty-three persons were present, at which they remained sixteen hours at table, began again the next day, and to some extent on the days following. "How good it is to be at home again!" Nastasie could be heard crying. No
sparks have fallen; the pumps are full. In order not to have at night this sleeping man stretched at her side, by dint of manoeuvring, she at last succeeded in banishing him to the second floor, while she read till morning extravagant books, full of pictures of orgies and thrilling situations. With one bound she came down the staircase. At last he lost
patience; he was being sued; his capital was out, and unless he got some in he should be forced to take back all the goods she had received. He was the best-mannered of the students; he wore his hair neither too long nor too short, didn't spend all his quarter's money on the first day of the month, and kept on good terms with his professors. "So you
are at Rouen?" "Yes." "And since when?" "Turn them out! turn them 
body shivered convulsively. "Some vinegar," he cried. Reading over your magnificent defence, my work has acquired for myself, as it were, an unexpected authority. Lheureux even might die!" At nine o'clock in the morning she was awakened by the sound of voices in the Place. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain
in the United States. Why have recovered the arm-chairs? The two beasts set off at a trot. "Then you are giving it up?" he went on. He had lived at court and slept in the bed of queens! Iced champagne was poured out. The present always arrived with a letter. "Well, there—there!" she said in a faint voice. How long ago it all was! Their son would have
been thirty by now. Now and then they exchanged a word. Then she went across ploughed fields, in which she sank, stumbling; and clogging her thin shoes. He recognised the mayor by his scarf, and explained to him that the prefect was not able to come. She turned. "But," objected the chemist, "since God knows all our needs, what can be the good
of prayer?" "What!" cried the ecclesiastic, "prayer! Why, aren't you a Christian?" "Excuse me," said Homais; "I admire Christianity. Besides, she was full of hope. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Charles tried to speak up for her. He wore a blue frock-coat falling in a straight line round his thin body, and his
leather cap, with its lappets knotted over the top of his head with string, showed under the turned-up peak a bald forehead, flattened by the constant wearing of a helmet. He remained seated for hours without speaking, went into his consulting room to sleep, or watched his wife sewing. But at the words, "Are not our destinies now one?" "Oh, no!" she
replied. Over all there is to be placed a large piece of green velvet. The next day Madame Bovary senior arrived. "I am choking," she cried, leaping up. Thanks, no doubt, to the willingness he showed, he had not to go down to the class below. Besides these Charles held a bandbox between his knees. Twenty times a day she sent for him, and he at once
put by his business without a murmur. Charles was surprised at the whiteness of her nails. Where should he go to practice? Madame Bovary seemed surprised at this, and attributed the change in her ways to the religious sentiments she had not told him
about this bill, it was only to spare him such domestic worries; she sat on his knees, caressed him, cooed to him, gave him a long enumeration of all the indispensable things that had been got on credit. "They smell the dead," replied the priest. "Come, try again," he went on. For two hundred francs a year he managed to live on the border of the
provinces of Caux and Picardy, in a kind of place half farm, half private house; and here, soured, eaten up with regrets, cursing his luck, jealous of everyone, he shut himself up at the age of forty-five, sick of men, he said, and determined to live at peace. "It is nothing," said Monsieur Boulanger quietly, taking Justin in his arms. Everyone was waltzing
Mademoiselle d'Andervilliers herself and the Marquis; only the guests staying at the castle were still there, about a dozen persons. But when anyone came to see her, she did not fail to inform them she had given up music, and could not begin again now for important
reasons. She had lied, the good lady! In his exasperation, Monsieur Bovary the elder, smashing a chair on the flags, accused his wife of having caused his wife of having caused his wife of having the elder, smashing a chair on the flags, accused his wife of having caused his wi
so!" And congratulating himself at having surmounted the difficulty, Léon watched her face out of the corner of his eyes. As Charles, however, spoke of the boy at every meal, she soon began to think of him more consecutively. "Where is the cure?" asked Madame Bovary of one of the lads, who was amusing himself by shaking a swivel in a hole too
large for it. It was the paragraph he intended for the "Fanal de Rouen." He brought it for them to read. Many small donations ($1 to $5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS. To him she art she rose ever, and became farther far them to read. Many small donations ($1 to $5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS. To him she stood outside those fleshly attributes from which he had nothing to obtain, and in his heart she rose ever, and became farther far them to read.
removed from him after the magnificent manner of an apotheosis that is taking wing. She had ruined herself for him. But that delicious exaltation, at once your charm and your torment, has prevented you from understanding, adorable woman that you are, the falseness of our future position. Lagardy is only going to give one performance; he's
engaged to go to England at a high salary. He affected the artistic style, he smoked. As for the memory of Rodolphe, she had thrust it back to the bottom of her heart, and it remained there more solemn and more motionless than a king's mummy in a catacomb. Emma at first felt a great astonishment; then was anxious to be delivered that she might
know what it was to be a mother. He saw her again in the evening during the fireworks, but she was with her husband, Madame Homais, and the druggist, who was worrying about the danger of stray rockets, and every moment he left the company to go and give some advice to Binet. To warm her hands she put them from time to time in his breast
They were pink satin, bordered with swansdown. She was ingenious and caressing, rejoicing in her heart at gaining once more an affection that had wandered from her for so many years. When she had thus for a while struck the flint on her heart without getting a spark, incapable, moreover, of understanding what she did not experience as of
believing anything that did not present itself in conventional forms, she persuaded herself without difficulty that Charles's passion was nothing very exorbitant. It was the Calvinists, sir, who reduced it to this condition. The town was asleep; the pillars of the market threw great shadows; the earth was all grey as on a summer's night. Monsieur
Boulanger introduced his man, who wanted to be bled because he felt "a tingling all over." "That'll purge me," he urged as an objection to all reasoning. She leaned back against the wall and covered her eyes with her hands. Without understanding what she wanted, he had the presentiment of something terrible. The sheet sunk in from her breast to
her knees, and then rose at the tips of her toes, and it seemed to Charles that infinite masses, an enormous load, were weighing upon her. He said that "was quite good enough for the country." His mother approved of his economy, for she came to see him as formerly when there had been some violent row at her place; and yet Madame Bovary senior
            rejudiced against her daughter-in-law. "What!" said he. He explained to the company the future importance of this establishment, computed the strength of the floorings, the thickness of the walls, and regretted extremely not having a yard-stick such as Monsieur Binet possessed for his own special use. You may copy it, give it away or re-use
it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. Near the corn-machines clucking hens passed their necks through the bars of flat cages. He told her, one after the other, the people he had met, the villages where he had been, the prescriptions he had written, and, well pleased with
himself, he finished the remainder of the boiled beef and onions, picked pieces off the cheese, munched an apple, emptied his water-bottle, and the nearly dawn was broadening between the pillars of the market, and the chemist's shop, with the shutters still up, showed in the pale light of the dawn the
large letters of his signboard. Was it a bet? As the time of her confinement approached he cherished her the more. But when she heard he had a daughter, she began to make inquiries, and she learnt the Mademoiselle Rouault, brought up at the Ursuline Convent, had received what is called "a good education"; and so knew dancing, geography,
drawing, how to embroider and play the piano. Had they nothing else to say to one another? They added something to the pleasure of the senses and to the comfort of his fireside. He had recently read a eulogy on a new method for curing club-foot, and as he was a partisan of progress, he conceived the patriotic idea that Yonville, in order to keep to
the fore, ought to have some operations for strephopody or club-foot. She asked for her mamma. But by this renunciation he placed her on an extraordinary pinnacle. Léon kissed her several times on the neck. "And besides, the worry, the expense! Ah! no, no, no! a thousand times no! That would be too stupid." No sooner was Rodolphe at home
than he sat down quickly at his bureau under the stag's head that hung as a trophy on the wall. Emma, who had taken his arm, bent lightly against his shoulder, and she looked at the sun's disc shedding afar through the mist his pale splendour. No; no useless physicking! Diet, that is all; sedatives, emollients, dulcification. Now cherry trees did not
thrive at Vaubyessard; the Marquis asked Bovary for some slips; made it his business to thank his personally; saw Emma; thought she had a pretty figure, and that she did not bow like a peasant; so that he did not think he was going beyond the bounds of condescension, nor, on the other hand, making a mistake, in inviting the young couple. "Hush!
hush!" said Emma, pointing with her finger to the druggist. The general practitioner, riding along, gathered from his guide's talk that Monsieur Rouault must be one of the well-to-do farmers. He recognised Justin climbing over the wall, and at last knew who was the culprit who stole his potatoes. But with this equinus, wide in foot like a horse's hoof,
Bovarys paid their respects to the Marquis and Marchioness and set out again for Tostes. He had confided his intentions to no one, for fear of causing the public anxiety by his absence. By the last gleam of the twilight one could see that his face was rubicund and his form athletic. As soon as he recognised Rodolphe he came forward quickly, and
smiling amiably, said—"What! Monsieur Boulanger, you are deserting us?" Rodolphe protested that he was just coming. "Ah! you can jest. "Parts!" replied Monsieur Homais; "he, parts! In his own line it is possible," he added in a calmer tone. One day Emma was suddenly seized with the desire to see her little girl, who had been put to nurse with the
carpenter's wife, and, without looking at the calendar to see whether the six weeks of the Virgin were yet passed, she set out for the Rollets' house, situated at the extreme end of the village, between the highroad and the fields. Madame Bovary left on a Wednesday, the market-day at Yonville. She was prudent enough to lay by a thousand crowns,
with which the first three bills were paid when they fell due; but the fourth, by chance, came to the house on a Thursday, and Charles, quite upset, patiently awaited his wife's return for an explanation. Besides, she was growing very sentimental. Léon was after no love-making. "You know," she went on quickly, "that my husband had placed his whole
fortune at a notary's. The others began to eat; she ate nothing. Why, I could give you some, if need be." She made a gesture of surprise. She reached the avenue bordered by a double row of dense lime-trees. But next time, for a change, I'll give you a turkeycock, unless you have a preference for some dabs; and send me back the hamper, if you please,
with the two old ones. "How could that be possible?" She returned to the subject; he pretended not to understand, and turned the conversation. He was walking with great strides along by the wall, near the espalier, and he ground his teeth; he raised to heaven looks of malediction, but not so much as a leaf stirred. "Come, now, Emma," he said, "it is
time." "Yes, I am coming," she answered. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. Oh, speak! Answer me!" At regular intervals he answered, "Yes—Yes—" She had passed her hands through his hair, and she repeated in a childlike voice, despite the big tears which were falling,
"Rodolphe! Rodolphe! Ah! Rodolphe! Ah! Rodolphe! dear little Rodolphe!" Midnight struck. "Perhaps they loved one another platonically," he said to himself. You are an infidel; you've no religion, my religion, my religion, and I even have more than all these others with their mummeries and their juggling. Charles, urged by the druggist
and by her, allowed himself to be persuaded. Now, as it was an equinus, it was necessary to cut the tendon of Achilles, and, if need were, the anterior tibial muscle could be seen to afterwards for getting rid of the varus; for the doctor did not dare to risk both operations at once; he was even trembling already for fear of injuring some important region
that he did not know. Night and morning the post-horses, three by three, crossed the street to water at the pond. "Rise," said the master. At last Monsieur Homais opened his purse— "Now there's a sou; give me back two lairds, and don't forget my advice: you'll be the better for it." Hivert openly cast some doubt on the efficacy of it. He opened it and
the more they seduced him. But all September passed without the consequences. From time to time the coachman, on his box cast despairing eyes at the public-houses. He wished to see the child and thought it well made. Here! swallow this."
And she gave him some good beef-tea, a slice of mutton, a piece of bacon, and sometimes small glasses of brandy, that he had not the strength to put to his lips. The tax-collector seemed to be listening with wide-open eyes, as if he did not understand. She had a funeral picture made with the hair of the deceased, and, in a letter sent to the Bertaux full
this reproduction of her sorrows only a plastic fantasy, well enough to please the eye, and she even smiled internally with disdainful pity when at the back of the stage under the wall of the box; now and again she felt herself shuddering
beneath the hot breath from his nostrils falling upon her hair. So Charles set to work again and crammed for his examination, ceaselessly learning all the old questions by heart. There were a clerk, two medical students, and a shopman—what company for her! As to the women, Emma soon perceived from the tone of their voices that they must almost
belong to the lowest class. Emma seizing hold of the cigar case threw it quickly to the back of the cupboard. But now she triumphed, and the love so long pent up burst forth in full joyous bubblings. Then he took energetic resolutions, wrote letters that he tore up, put it off to times that he again deferred. The large room was emptying; the stove-pipe,
in the shape of a palm-tree, spread its gilt leaves over the white ceiling, and near them, outside the window, in the bright sunshine, a little fountain gurgled in a white basin, where; in the midst of watercress and asparagus, three torpid lobsters stretched across to some quails that lay heaped up in a pile on their sides. He had just dined and was
breathing noisily. A lady near her dropped her fan. "What a dream!" murmured Léon. At last she sighed. He went rambling round her house. Nothing of sadness or of emotion weakened that pale look. The doctor, of course, had again to defray the expense of this purchase. From the poultry-yard was heard the screaming of the fowls whom the servant
confessed to herself that she felt nothing extraordinary. She was afraid of the oxen; she began to run; she arrived out of breath, with rosy cheeks, and breathing for any answer from Félicité, who was blushing, she added, "There! run along; enjoy
yourself!" In the beginning of spring she had the garden turned up from end to end, despite Bovary's remonstrances. Shaking Monsieur Homais by the button of his coat, he shouted out in the shop— "These are the inventions of Paris! These are the inventions of Paris! The inventions of Pa
that the Government ought to prohibit. "Yes, that is true," she said. And so squeamish as he is, and so particular about the cider! Not like Monsieur Léon; he sometimes comes at seven, or even half-past, and he doesn't so much as look at what he eats. His time at school, when he remained shut up within the high walls, alone, in the midst of
companions richer than he or cleverer at their work, who laughed at his accent, who jeered at his clothes, and whose mothers came to the school with cakes in their muffs? And she sat there making the tongs red-hot, or looked at the rain falling. One of these days I shall even have to consult the doctor for a pain I have in my back. She saw Charles,
and again closed her eyes. At times he thought he felt nothing more, and he enjoyed this lull in his pain, whilst at the same time he reproached himself for being a wretch. But her long habit got in her way, although she held it up by the skirt; and Rodolphe, walking behind her, saw between the black cloth and the black shoe the fineness of her white
stocking, that seemed to him as if it were a part of her nakedness. At eight o'clock the vomiting began again. I asked him if he had seen two horses in the stables, from which I conclude that business is looking up. One day when, in view of her departure, she was tidying a drawer, something pricked her finger
He went home to write to Monsieur Canivet and to Doctor Lariviere. A fine rain was falling: Charles, whose chest was bare, at last began to shiver; he went in and sat down in the kitchen. "But at least let me know—" "Yes, another time," he replied, turning on his heel. Then came the married pair, the relations, the friends, all following pell-mell; the
children stayed behind amusing themselves plucking the bell-flowers from oat-ears, or playing amongst themselves unseen. No matter! She was not happy—she never had been. Lucie advanced, half supported by her women, a wreath of orange blossoms in her hair, and paler than the white satin of her gown. "Leave me alone," repeated the young
woman quite irritably. But towards the end of September something extraordinary fell upon her life; she was invited by the Marquis d'Andervilliers to Vaubyessard. It was a beautiful summer morning. The air coming in under the door blew a little dust over the flags; he watched it drift along, and heard nothing but the throbbing in his head and the
faint clucking of a hen that had laid an egg in the yard. By his side on a chair stood a large decanter of brandy, whence he poured himself a little from time to keep up his spirits; but as soon as he caught sight of the doctor his elation subsided, and instead of swearing, as he had been doing for the last twelve hours, began to groan freely. Have
I any? After this she began to scream horribly. Emma looked at him and shrugged her shoulders. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation Project Gutenberg Literary Ar
and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. At last she replied— "I always suspected it." Then they went over all the trifling events of that far-off existence, whose joys and sorrows they had just summed up in one word. "No, straight on!" cried
the same voice. He seemed to see again something of her in it. "Ah! you really are wrong! You come here and make scenes with her!" His mother, shrugging her shoulders, declared it was "all put on." But Charles, rebelling for the first time, took his wife's part, so that Madame Bovary, senior, said she would leave. He thought her happy; and she
resented this easy calm, this serene heaviness, the very happiness she gave him. "Because of the change of regimen," continued the chemist, "and of the perturbation that results therefrom in the whole system. Monsieur Bovary, one of our most distinguished practitioners—" "Oh, that is too much! too much! too much!" said Charles, choking with emotion.
Emma! """ "Oh, Rodolphe!" said the young woman slowly, leaning on his shoulder. At last, after having examined some hundred designs, having ordered an estimate and made another journey to Rouen, Charles decided in favour of a mausoleum, which on the two principal sides was to have a "spirit bearing an extinguished torch." As to the
inscription. Homais could think of nothing so fine as Sta viator, [23] and he got no further; he racked his brain, he constantly repeated Sta viator, But it was not everything to have brought up a son, to have had him taught medicine, and discovered Tostes, where he could practice it; he must have a wife. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project
Gutenberg™ electronic works 1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. "How will he live at Paris? Emma listened to him, mechanically turning around the
lampshade, on the gauze of which were painted clowns in carriages, and tight-rope dances with their balancing-poles. Homais was talking. One of the waltzers, however, who was familiarly called Viscount, and whose low cut waistcoat seemed moulded to his chest, came a second time to ask Madame Bovary to dance, assuring her that he would guide under the company to dance, assuring her that he would guide under the company to dance, assuring her that he would guide under the company to dance assuring her that he would guide under the company to dance assuring her that he would guide under the company to dance assuring her that he would guide under the company to dance assuring her that he would guide under the company to dance assuring her that he would guide under the company to dance assuring her that he would guide under the company to dance assuring her that he would guide under the company to dance as the
her, and that she would get through it very well. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. Emma's dress, too long, trailed a little on the ground; from time to time she
stopped to pull it up, and then delicately, with her gloved hands, she picked off the coarse grass and the thistledowns, while Charles, empty handed, waited till she had finished. Her head was on fire, her eyes smarted, and her skin was ice-cold. As she crossed it to go to the drawing room, Emma saw standing round the table men with grave faces,
their chins resting on high cravats. In the winter he distributed a great deal of wood, and in the Conseil General always enthusiastically demanded new roads for his arms, he left her, he came back, he seemed desperate; he had outbursts
of rage, then elegiac gurglings of infinite sweetness, and the notes escaped from his bare neck full of sobs and kisses. From the first scene he evoked enthusiasm. The blind man, whom he had not been able to cure with the pomade, had gone back to the hill of Bois-Guillaume, where he told the travellers of the vain attempt of the druggist, to such an
extent, that Homais when he went to town hid himself behind the curtains of the "Hirondelle" to avoid meeting him. "At Madame Bovary's, you're not making love to—" "To whom?" "The servant!" He was not joking; but vanity getting the better of all prudence, Léon, in spite of himself protested. So every morning Homais brought him "the paper," and
often in the afternoon left his shop for a few moments to have a chat with the Doctor. The good lady undertook it. They said that a Polish princess having heard him sing one night on the beach at Biarritz, where he mended boats, had fallen in love with him. "How kind it would be of you," he went on, rising, "if you would humour a whim of mine." It
was to go over her house; he wanted to know it; and Madame Bovary seeing no objection to this, they both rose, when Charles came in. The servant opened the garret-window and parleyed for some time with a man in the street below. Good day—for I am not likely to come soon again, as you say, to make scenes." Charles nevertheless was very
crestfallen before Emma, who did not hide the resentment she still felt at his want of confidence, and it needed many prayers before she would consent to have another power of attorney. 1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of
the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. Once the man, no doubt bored in his hiding-place, made a slight noise. "What's bothering her?" said the nurse to herself. At night-every night-I arose; I came hither; I watched your house, its glimmering in the moon, the trees in the garden
swaying before your window, and the little lamp, a gleam shining through the window-panes in the darkness. So he thought himself the most fortunate of men and Emma was without uneasiness, when, one evening suddenly he said— "It is Mademoiselle Lempereur, isn't it, who gives you lessons?" "Yes." "Well, I saw her just now," Charles went on, "at
Madame Liegeard's. The bier stood near the lectern, between four rows of candles. He seemed to him to be conducting himself in a monstrous fashion, to be robbing him in a sort, and almost committing sacrilege. "Are you the doctor?" asked the child. He looked at it long, attentively, and he counted the scales of the fishes and the button-holes of the
doublets, while his thoughts wandered off towards Emma. Monsieur Bovary was not the man to respect anything. Not many people came to these soirees at the chemist's, his scandal-mongering and political opinions having successfully alienated various respectable persons from him. He mended her toys, made her puppets from cardboard, or sewed
up half-torn dolls. To begin with, it enfranchised the slaves, introduced into the world a morality—" "That isn't the question. "Now," said the chemist, "you ought yourself to fix the hour for the ceremony." "Why? She did her hair according to the directions of the hairdresser, and put on the barege dress spread out upon the bed. It seems to me that
when one has firing and food—for, after all—" "My God! my God!" she sighed. Léon walked along the pavement. Something of monastic rigidity dignified her face. But all that leads you far astray, my poor child. Appearances, nevertheless, were calmer than ever, Rodolphe having succeeded in carrying out the adultery after his own fancy; and at the
end of six months, when the spring-time came, they were to one another like a married couple, tranquilly keeping up a domestic flame. "What a man!" she said in a low voice, biting her lips. One could distinguish the noise of a carriage mingled with the clattering of loose horseshoes that beat against the ground, and at last the
"Hirondelle" stopped at the door. The horse slipped on the wet grass; Charles had to stoop to pass under the branches. Meanwhile he grew like an oak; he was strong on hand, fresh of colour. "Yes," said he, when he returned to Emma, unfolding his large cotton handkerchief, one corner of which he put between his teeth, "farmers are much to be
pitied." "Others, too," she replied. "Really, you must confess, considering the quantity, it isn't too dear." Charles, at his wit's end, soon had recourse to the eternal Lheureux, who swore he would arrange matters if the doctor would sign him two bills, one of which was for seven hundred francs, payable in three months. She only regretted her husband
had not received the consolations of religion, as he had died at Daudeville, in the street, at the door of a cafe after a patriotic dinner with some ex-officers. They need by turns to dream and to act, the purest passions and the most turbulent joys, and thus they fling themselves into all sorts of fantasies, of follies." Then she looked at him as one looks at
a traveller who has voyaged over strange lands, and went on— "We have not even this distraction, we poor women!" "A sad distraction, for happiness isn't found in it." "But is it ever found?" she asked. "Perhaps you would not do ill," Homais said to him, "to send one of your men, or to go yourself—" "Leave me alone!" answered the tax-collector. Justin
was standing up with bowed head, and the chemist was screaming— "Who told you to go and fetch it in the Capharnaum." "What is it? "As to you, 'new boy,' you will conjugate 'ridiculus sum'[2] twenty times." Then, in a gentler tone, "Come, you'll find your cap again; it hasn't been stolen." Quiet was restored. Binet had only just time to shout,
"Present arms!" and the colonel to imitate him. I was pretty well mad with not eating; the very idea of going to a cafe disgusted me—you wouldn't believe it. Be guick about it. Instead of returning to the Bertaux in three days as he had promised, he went back the very next day, then regularly twice a week, without counting the visits he paid now and
then as if by accident. "Well," said Rodolphe, sitting down at her again, but so hard that she lowered her head, blushing. Big tears lay in the corner of the half-closed eyelids, through whose lashes one could see two pale sunken pupils;
the plaster stuck on her cheek drew the skin obliquely. How far off the ball seemed already! What was it that thus set so far asunder the morning of the day before yesterday and the evening of to-day? "Music? "Well, it won't last long," she added. "Do not be uneasy," he said, touching his elbow; "I think the paroxysm is past." "Yes, she is resting a
little now," answered Charles, watching her sleep. But sinking upon his breast she said to him— "How did you think I could live without you? Thus Napoleon represented glory and Franklin liberty; Irma was perhaps a concession to romanticism, but Athalie was a homage to the greatest masterpiece of the French stage. "Read Voltaire," said the one,
"read D'Holbach, read the 'Encyclopaedia'!" "Read the 'Letters of some Portuguese Jews,'" said the other; "read 'The Meaning of Christianity,' by Nicolas, formerly a magistrate." They grew warm, they grew w
hair cut; ears stood out from the heads; they had been close-shaved; a few, even, who had had to get up before daybreak, and not been able to see to shave, had diagonal gashes under their noses or cuts the size of a three-franc piece along the jaws, which the fresh air en route had enflamed, so that the great white beaming faces were mottled here
and there with red dabs. People could not understand either why Mere Rollet breakfasted with her every day, and even paid her private visits. Then she was moved; she felt herself weak and quite deserted, like the down of a bird whirled by the tempest, and it was unconsciously that she went towards the church, included to no matter what devotions
so that her soul was absorbed and all existence lost in it. Against the wall, under some remnants of calico, one glimpsed a safe, but of such dimensions that it must contain something besides bills and money. They had to raise the head a little, and a rush of black liquid issued, as if she were vomiting, from her mouth. But she felt such weariness of
spirit that she could not even invent a pretext for leaving the table. What combination of circumstances had brought him back into her life? The priest did not fail to point this out; he even explained to Bovary that the Lord sometimes prolonged the life of persons when he thought it meet for their salvation; and Charles remembered the day when, so
near death, she had received the communion. Binet, a few shopkeepers, two or three publicans, the cure, and finally, Monsieur Tuvache, the mayor, with his two sons, rich, crabbed, obtuse persons, who farmed their own lands and had feasts among themselves, bigoted to boot, and guite unbearable companions. There was commotion on the platform
long whisperings, much parleying. She began by looking round her to see if nothing had changed since last she had been there. If you would have the goodness to order Camus, the grocer, to let me have a little soap, it would really be more convenient for you, as I needn't trouble you then." "Very well! very well! very well!" said Emma. Then, while apparently
listening to Canivet, he rubbed his fingers up and down beneath his nostrils, and repeated— "Good! good!" But he made a slow gesture with his shoulders. For formerly they openly took part in religious ceremonies. Her husband, was he not something belonging to her? He was adjudicator for a supply of cider to the hospital at Neufchâtel; Monsieur
Guillaumin promised him some shares in the turf-pits of Gaumesnil, and he dreamt of establishing a new diligence service between Arcueil and Rouen, which no doubt would not be long in ruining the ramshackle van of the "Lion d'Or," and that, travelling faster, at a cheaper rate, and carrying more luggage, would thus put into his hands the whole
commerce of Yonville. "Get along!" said the chemist, smacking his lips. "Oh, my God!" cried Charles. You could speak of him at the "Trois Freres," at the "Barbe d'Or," or at the "Grand Sauvage"; all these gentlemen knew him as well as the insides of their pockets. The wish took possession of her to run after and rejoin him, throw herself into his arms
and say to him, "It is I; I am yours." But Emma recoiled beforehand at the difficulties of the enterprise, and her desires, increased by regret, became only the more acute. It's Lheureux who is selling him out; he has killed him with bills." "What a terrible catastrophe!" cried the druggist, who always found expressions in harmony with all imaginable
circumstances. The voluptuousness of his grief was, however, incomplete, for he had no one near him to share it, and he paid visits to Madame Lefrancois to be able to speak of her. "CONJUGAL—LOVE!" he said, slowly separating the two words. "Yes." When the cloth was removed, Bovary did not rise, nor did Emma; and as she looked at him, the
monotony of the spectacle drove little by little all pity from her heart. On that day all the inhabitants got up earlier, and the Grande Rue, although full of people, had something lugubrious about it, as if an execution had been expected. They started again, and with a more rapid movement; the Viscount, dragging her along disappeared with her to the
end of the gallery, where panting, she almost fell, and for a moment rested her head upon his breast. "Be calm: compose yourself, Félicité put down a mattress for him in the drawing-room, Monsieur Derozerays set himself this problem. This idea made her pant with desire, and she soon found herself in the middle of the field, walking with rapid steps,
without looking behind her. "Your servant! Excuse me, I am in a hurry." And as the fat widow asked where he was going—"It seems odd to you, doesn't it, I who am always more cooped up in my laboratory than the man's rat in his cheese." "What cheese?" asked the landlady. Emma was radiant at this news. He went to the small parlour, but the three
millers had to be got out first, and during the whole time necessary for laying the cloth, Binet remained silent in his place near the stove. The more she loathed the one, the more she loathed the other. Nothing proved to Emma that he was not clever; and what a satisfaction for her to have urged him to a step by which his reputation and
fortune would be increased! She only wished to lean on something more solid than love. These presents, however, humiliated him; he refused several; she insisted, and he ended by obeying, thinking her tyrannical and overexacting. Then, growing calmer, she at length discovered that she had, no doubt, calumniated him; he refused several; she insisted, and he ended by obeying, thinking her tyrannical and overexacting.
him too much, that the time was past, that all was lost. One night towards eleven o'clock they were awakened by the noise of a horse pulling up outside their door. The servant was holding her by her skirt. Yes, in the middle of the chancel they acted; they performed a kind of farce called 'Mysteries,' which often offended against the laws of decency."
The ecclesiastic contented himself with uttering a groan, and the chemist went on— "It's like it is in the Bible; there there are, you know, more than one piquant detail, matters really libidinous!" And on a gesture of irritation from Monsieur Bournisien— "Ah! you'll admit that it is not a book to place in the hands of a young girl, and I should be sorry if
Athalie—" "But it is the Protestants, and not we," cried the other impatiently, "who recommend the Bible." "No matter," said Homais. What prevented him? Why, it was he—the Viscount. Some of the inhabitants of Youville came out into the square; they all spoke at once, asking for news, for explanations, for hampers. Behind the door hung a cloak
```

```
with a small collar, a bridle, and a black leather cap, and on the floor, in a corner, were a pair of leggings, still covered with thatched roofs scattered over the field bordered by two gently sloping, well timbered hillocks, and in the background amid the trees
rose in two parallel lines the coach houses and stables, all that was left of the ruined old château. At last, three days after, Hippolyte being unable to endure it any longer, they once more removed the machine, and were much surprised at the result they saw. Emma grew thinner, her cheeks paler, her face longer. Emma uttered a cry and fell back
rigid to the ground. One doesn't buy a clock inlaid with tortoise shell," she went on, pointing to a buhl timepiece, "nor silver-gilt whistles for one's whips," and she touched them, "nor charms for one's watch. And there! there! fitting up gowns! fallals! What! silk for lining at two francs, when you can get jaconet for ten sous, or even for eight, that
would do well enough!" Emma, lying on a lounge, replied as quietly as possible—"Ah! Madame, enough! enough!" The other went on lecturing they would end in the workhouse. Emma leant forward to see him, clutching the velvet of the box with her nails. The nurse, however, was a long while gone. At last these ladies thought they
made out the word "francs," and Madame Tuvache whispered in a low voice— "She is begging him to give her time for paying her taxes." "Apparently!" replied the other. Then the presence of the doctor transported him. At last she ran to his office; and, lost in all sorts of conjectures, accusing him of indifference, and reproaching herself for her
weakness, she spent the afternoon, her face pressed against the window-panes. Perhaps he could hear, but certainly he could see nothing, because of the visor of his helmet, that fell down on his nose. When he came in she seemed very busy. Town-labourers, for example." "It is not they—" "Pardon! I've there known poor mothers of families, virtuous
women, I assure you, real saints, who wanted even bread." "But those," replied Emma, and the corners of her mouth twitched as she spoke, "those, Monsieur le Cure, who have bread and have no—" "Fire in the winter," said the priest. The next day Charles had the child brought back. He swung it gravely, then handed it to Charles, who sank to his
knees in the earth and threw in handfuls of it, crying, "Adieu!" He sent her kisses; he dragged himself towards the grave, to engulf himself towards the grave, to engulf himself with her. What restrained her was, no doubt, idleness and fear, and a sense of shame also. It was like a golden dust sanding all along the narrow path of his life. But still, when he saw that she did not move,
Charles threw himself upon her, crying— "Farewell!" Homais and Canivet dragged him from the room. Madame Homais was very fond of these small, heavy turban-shaped loaves, that are eaten in Lent with salt butter; a last vestige of Gothic food that goes back, perhaps, to the time of the Crusades, and with which the robust Normans
gorged themselves of yore, fancying they saw on the table, in the light of the yellow torches, between tankards of hippocras and huge boars' heads, the heads of Saracens to be devoured. Crossing her arms and bending down her face, she looked at the rosettes on her slippers, and at intervals made little movements inside the satin of them with her
toes. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg<sup>TM</sup> mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg<sup>TM</sup> mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg<sup>TM</sup> mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg<sup>TM</sup> mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg<sup>TM</sup> mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg<sup>TM</sup> mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg<sup>TM</sup> mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg<sup>TM</sup> mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg<sup>TM</sup> mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg<sup>TM</sup> mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg<sup>TM</sup> mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg<sup>TM</sup> mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg<sup>TM</sup> mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg<sup>TM</sup> mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing project Gutenberg<sup>TM</sup> mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing project Gutenberg<sup>TM</sup> mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing project Gutenberg<sup>TM</sup> mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing project Gutenberg<sup>TM</sup> mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing project Gutenberg<sup>TM</sup> mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing project Gutenberg<sup>TM</sup> mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing project Gutenberg<sup>TM</sup> mission of promoting freely sharing project Gutenberg<sup>TM</sup> mission of project Gutenberg<sup>TM</sup> mission of project Gut
the polemic writings displeased her by their inveteracy in attacking people she did not know; and the secular stories, relieved with religion, seemed to her written in such ignorance of the world, that they insensibly estranged her from the truths for whose proof she was looking. They have seen each other in dreams!" (And he looked at her.) "In fine,
here it is, this treasure so sought after, here before you. "Go in," she said; "your little one is there asleep." The room on the ground-floor, the only one in the dwelling, had at its farther end, against the wall, a large bed without curtains, while a kneading-trough took up the side by the window, one pane of which was mended with a piece of blue paper
At last, bored and weary, Rodolphe took back the box to the cupboard, saying to himself, "What a lot of rubbish!" Which summed up his opinion; for pleasures, like schoolboys in a school courtyard, had so trampled upon his heart that no green thing grew there, and that which passed through it, more heedless than children, did not even, like them,
leave a name carved upon the wall. She stopped to let pass a black horse, pawing the ground between the shafts of a tilbury, driven by a gentleman in sable furs. Now the lights of the orchestra were lit, the lustre, let down from the ceiling, throwing by the glimmering of its facets a sudden gaiety over the theatre; then the musicians came in one after
the other; and first there was the protracted hubbub of the basses grumbling, violins squeaking, cornets trumpeting, flutes and flageolets fifing. Then having flatly declared that it must be amputated, he went off to the chemist's to rail at the asses who could have reduced a poor man to such a state. The sight of his form troubled the voluptuousness of
this mediation. "Oh, it's nothing! No doubt, it is only the night air." "And who doesn't want for women, either," softly added the sailor, thinking he was paying the stranger a compliment. All these things reappearing before her seemed to widen out her life; it was like some sentimental immensity to which she returned; and from time to time she said in
recommend to you, my dear friend, any of those so-called remedies that, under the pretence of attacking the symptoms, attack the constitution. She saw her father, Lheureux's closet, their room at home, another landscape. This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg
Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about them; masses of shadow filled the branches. This nature, positive in the midst of its enthusiasms, that had loved the church for the sake of the flowers, and music for the words of them; masses of shadow filled the branches. This nature, positive in the midst of its enthusiasms, that had loved the church for the sake of the flowers, and music for the words of them.
songs, and literature for its passional stimulus, rebelled against the mysteries of faith as it grew irritated by discipline, a thing antipathetic to her constitution. "This is extraordinary—very singular," he repeated. Tuvache by his side listened to him with staring eyes. Section 2. She suffered only in her love, and felt her soul passing from her in this
memory; as wounded men, dying, feel their life ebb from their bleeding wounds. "Waiter! two cups of coffee!" "Are we going?" at last asked Léon impatiently. "Now, take care not to be taken out of the drawing-room." And to put
his arm-chair back in its place he was darting away from the counter, when Binet asked him for half an ounce of sugar acid. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg<sup>™</sup> electronic works in your possession. I heard you from the laboratory. Polite to
obsequiousness, he always held himself with his back bent in the position of one who bows or who invites. Emma shuddered. She would have liked to see him more serious, and even on occasions more dramatic; as, for example, when she thought she heard a noise of approaching steps in the alley. Even his employer advised him to go to some other
chambers where he could advance more rapidly. No, you do not, do you? She would come directly, charming, agitated, looking back at the glances that followed her, and with the ineffable seduction of yielding virtue. Spring came
round. "Ah! always busy at what? Then turning on his chair; "Any news at home?" "Nothing much. It all smelt of absinthe, cigars, and oysters. At seven dinner was served. She was constantly promising herself a profound felicity on her next journey. While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation
requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate. Thus stood before these radiant bourgeois this half-century of servitude. She longed to run to his arms, to take refuge in his strength, as in the incarnation of love itself, and to say to him, to cry out, "Take
me away! carry me with you! let us go! Thine, thine! all my ardour and all my dreams!" The curtain fell. Old Rouault said that he could not have been cured better by the first doctor of Yvetot, or even of Rouen. "Master is waiting for you, madame; the soup is on the table." And she had to go down to sit at table. From magnetism little by little Rodolphe
had come to affinities, and while the president was citing Cincinnatus and his plough, Diocletian, planting to the young man was explaining to the young man was explained to t
came in by the chimney made velvet of the soot at the back of the fireplace, and touched with blue the cold cinders. Leaning on the table opposite him, he chewed his cigar as he talked, and Charles was lost in reverie at this face that she had loved. See paragraph 1.E below. Félicité forgot; he had other things to attend to; then thought no more about
them. Then, if his eyes fell upon the workbox, a ribbon lying about, or even a pin left in a crack of the table, he began to dream, and looked so sad that she became as sad as he. "Halt!" shouted the walls, sobbing, crying aloud, distraught,
mad. She no longer grumbled as formerly at taking a turn in the garden; what he proposed was always done, although she did not understand the wishes to which she submitted without a murmur; and when Léon saw him by his fireside after dinner, his two hands on his stomach, his two feet on the fender, his two cheeks red with feeding, his eyes
moist with happiness, the child crawling along the carpet, and this woman with the slender waist who came behind his arm-chair to kiss his forehead: "What madness!" he said to himself. She started. The black cloth bestrewn with white beads blew up from time to time, laying bare the coffin. Félicité was running hither and thither in the room. On
arriving she drank off a large glass of water. Charles came and kissed her on her shoulder. She would fain have known their lives, have penetrated, blended with them. She would have wished never to leave Rodolphe. The druggist was indignant at what he called the manoeuvres of the priest; they were prejudicial, he said, to Hippolyte's
convalescence, and he kept repeating to Madame Lefrancois, "Leave him alone! You perturb his morals with your mysticism." But the good woman would no longer listen to him; he was the cause of it all. Her will, like the veil of her bonnet, held by a string, flutters in every wind; there is always some desire that draws her, some
conventionality that restrains. The night was dark; some drops of rain were falling. I will tell you about all that and you will see. "It's all right!" "Do not be uneasy," said the druggist, when he returned to his friends. Some came from a distance of thirty miles, from Goderville, from Normanville, and from Cany. "This money." "But—" Then, yielding to
the outburst of too powerful a desire, "Well, yes!" He dragged himself towards her on his knees, regardless of his dressing-gown. From the beginning of July she counted how many weeks there were to October, thinking that perhaps the Marquis d'Andervilliers would give another ball at Vaubyessard. You can easily comply with the terms of this
agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg. License when you share it without charge with others. Clumps of trees here and there stood out like black rocks, and the tall lines of the poplars that rose above the mist were like a beach stirred by the wind. Then, as soon as he had gone, Monsieur Homais
said to the doctor— "That's what I call a cock-fight. Thus, for six consecutive months, one could read in the "Fanal de Rouen" editorials such as these— "All who bend their steps towards the fertile plains of Picardy have, no doubt, remarked, by the Bois-Guillaume hill, a wretch suffering from a horrible facial wound. They call all this fussing doing good
to the place! Then it wasn't worth while sending to Neufchâtel for the keeper of a cookshop! And for whom? Yet don't despair. She jumped up with a start; but sometimes he had to wait, for Charles had a mania for chatting by the fireside, and he would not stop. Motionless in front of each other, they kept repeating, "Till Thursday, till Thursday, till Thursday.
Suddenly she seized his head between her hands, kissed him hurriedly on the forehead, crying, "Adieu!" and rushed down the stairs. When he went for walks he talked to the servant, who, like himself, came from the country. This mockery of the first of the sacraments made the Abbe Bournisien angry; old Bovary replied by a quotation from "La
Guerre des Dieux"; the cure wanted to leave; the ladies implored, Homais interfered; and they succeeded in making the priest sit down again, and he quietly went on with the half-finished coffee in his saucer. He saw nothing to prevent it: his mother had sent them three hundred francs which he had no longer expected; the current debts were not very
large, and the falling in of Lheureux's bills was still so far off that there was no need to think about them. One saw folk leaning on their elbows at all the windows, others standing at doors, and Justin, in front of the chemist's shop, seemed quite transfixed by the sight of what he was looking at. In the evening, after the poor dinner of his landlord, he
went back to his room and set to work again in his wet clothes, which smoked as he sat in front of the hot stove. It was like the sky when a gust of wind drives the clouds across. She listened for steps, cries, the noise of the ploughs, and she stopped short, white, and trembling more than the aspen leaves swaying overhead. They sat at the bottom, both
hidden by the shade, in silence. Mademoiselle Emma saw it, and bent over the flour sacks. Of this the other took advantage to pull himself together a little. She took them quickly from his hand and put them in a glass of water. The yellow curtains along the windows let a heavy, whitish light enter softly. She declared she adored children; this was her
consolation, her joy, her passion, and she accompanied her caresses with lyrical outburst which would have reminded anyone but the Yonville people of Sachette in "Notre Dame de Paris." When Charles came home he found his slippers put to warm near the fire. He rose, pressed their hands, unable to speak. Then bending his head over her shoulder,
he seemed to beg the consent of her eyes. He liked old cider, underdone legs of mutton, glorias[5] well beaten up. She was breathing irregularly. When Charles, distracted by the news of the distraint, returned home, Emma had just gone out. Don't you know what care I take in managing things, although I am so thoroughly used to it? On the contrary,
he kept well abreast of new discoveries. He had on a frock-coat, nankeen trousers, beaver shoes, and, for a wonder, a hat with a low crown. The child's gaiety broke Bovary's heart, and he had to bear besides the intolerable consolations of the chemist. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining
provisions. One saw the red epaulettes and the black breastplates pass and re-pass alternately; there was no end to it, and it constantly began again. Charles was silent. At last, he had put on his blouse, taken his hat, fastened his spurs to his boots, and set out at full speed; and the whole of the way old Rouault, panting, was torn by anguish. He, too,
the hairdresser, lamented his wasted calling, his hopeless future, and dreaming of some shop in a big town—at Rouen, for example, overlooking the harbour, near the theatre—he walked up and down all day from the mairie to the church, sombre and waiting for customers. It is to be at once, this very moment, and, counting upon your friendship, I
have come to you." "Ah!" thought Rodolphe, turning very pale, "that was what she came for." At last he said with a calm air— "Dear madame, I have not got them." He did not lie. Then Emma repented. The other went on talking agriculture, cattle, pasturage, filling out with banal phrases all the gaps where an allusion might slip in. Monsieur and
Madame Charles arrived at Tostes about six o'clock. The theatre, he contended, served for railing at prejudices, and, beneath a mask of pleasure, taught virtue. As she was constantly complaining about Tostes, Charles fancied that her illness was no doubt due to some local cause, and fixing on this idea, began to think seriously of setting up
elsewhere. When visitors called, Félicité brought her in, and Madame Bovary undressed her to show off her limbs. "You have not got them!" she repeated several times who were talking of a troupe of Spanish dancers who were expected
shortly at the Rouen theatre. She bought a Gothic prie-dieu, and in a month spent fourteen francs on lemons for polishing her nails; she wrote to Rouen for a blue cashmere gown; and, with closed blinds and a book in her hand, she lay stretched
out on a couch in this garb. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation a
And now turning round, she once more saw the impassive château, with the park, the gardens, the three courts, and all the windows of the facade. Madame Bovary's mind was not yet sufficiently clear to apply herself seriously to anything; moreover, she began this reading in too much hurry. Oh, yes! you just talk to me, boast about yourself! Here's a
fine fitness for practising pharmacy later on; for under serious circumstances you may be called before the tribunals in order to enlighten the minds of the magistrates, and you would have to keep your head then, to reason, show yourself a man, or else pass for an imbecile." Justin did not answer. A heavy wind was blowing; Emma felt weak as she
walked; the stones of the pavement hurt her; she was doubtful whether she would not go home again, or go in somewhere to rest. "It's the weather, no doubt," he said, looking frowningly at the floor, "that causes these illnesses. Didn't you see anything in the corner, on the left, on the third shelf? *** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK
MADAME BOVARY *** Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed. As she did not speak, he took this silence for a last remnant of resistance, and then he cried out— "Oh, forgive me! You are the only one who pleases me. They fell upon him full of an icy dignity. It is the quarter for theatres, public-houses, and
whores. The livid river was shivering in the wind; there was no one on the bridges; the street lamps were going out. Coffee was brought in; he thought no more about her. She none the less went on writing him love letters, in virtue of the notion that a woman must write to her lover. Dancing had begun. The cure marvelled at this humour, although
Emma's religion, he thought, might, from its fervour, end by touching on heresy, extravagance. For my own part, I have always preferred plain living; it is more healthy. "No matter!" she said, looking at him sadly. Then, from looking at this image and recalling the memory of its original, Emma's features little by little grew confused in his
remembrance, as if the living and the painted face, rubbing one against the other, had effaced each other. As she grew stronger she displayed more wilfulness. The neighbouring farmers' wives, when they got off their horses, pulled out the long pins that fastened around them their dresses, turned up for fear of mud; and the husbands, for their part
in order to save their hats, kept their handkerchiefs around them, holding one corner between their teeth. It was Captain Binet lying in ambush for wild ducks. "When I think that there's a dress at threepence-halfpenny a yard, and warranted fast colours! And yet they actually swallow it! Of course you understand one doesn't tell them what it really
is!" He hoped by this confession of dishonesty to other for his probity to her. She revived, and began thinking of Berthe asleep yonder in the servant's room. "There now! as if I hadn't got other fish to fry. Sit down and go on eating." For she dreaded lest he should begin questioning her, attending to her, that she should not be left
alone. Rodolphe, who, to distract himself, had been rambling about the wood all day, was sleeping quietly in his château, and Léon, down yonder, always slept. Then Charles, having buckled his patient into the machine, where Emma, all anxiety, awaited him at the door. A shell box adorned the chest of drawers, and on the secretary near
the window a bouquet of orange blossoms tied with white satin ribbons stood in a bottle. Her head was bent upon her shoulder the amber colouring of the "Odalisque Bathing"; she had the long waist of feudal chatelaines, and she resembled the "Pale
Woman of Barcelona." But above all she was the Angel! Often looking at her, it seemed to him that his soul, escaping towards her, spread like a wave about the outline of her head, and descended drawn down into the whiteness of her breast. When the chemist no longer heard the noise of his boots along the square, he thought the priest's behaviour
just now very unbecoming. He from the first moment had loved her, and he despaired when he thought of the happiness that would have been theirs, if thanks to fortune, meeting of the clock, the crackling of the fire, and Charles breathing as he stood upright by her
bed. "What is it?" Then the peasant woman, taking her aside behind an elm tree, began talking to her of her husband, who with his trade and six francs a year that the captain— "Oh, be quick!" said Emma. Then, leaning towards the clock as if to see the time— "Ah! how late it is!" she said; "how we do chatter!" He understood the hint and took up his
hat. I weary you with my eternal complaints." "No, never, never!" "If you knew," she went on, raising to the ceiling her beautiful eyes, in which a tear was trembling, "all that I had dreamed!" "And I! Oh, I too have suffered! Often I went out; I went away. Next, he understood that she was not dead, but she might be. She grew pale and suffered from
palpitations of the heart. Now, as from La Huchette to Buchy there is no other way than by Yonville, he had to go through the twilight. Sometimes she would draw; and it was great amusement to Charles to stand there bolt upright and watch her
bend over her cardboard, with eyes half-closed the better to see her work, or rolling, between her fingers, little bread-pellets. And all the while he was walking through the streets with him he talked of his business; told him in what a decayed condition it had formerly been, and to what a degree of perfection
he had raised it. But at the contact of his lips the memory of the other seized her, and she passed her hand over her face shuddering. The greatest cordiality reigned here. She became herself in this type of amorous women whom she had so
envied. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact Section 4. They were hand in hand now, and the past, the future, reminiscences and dreams, all were confounded in the sweetness of this ecstasy. What an interminable evening! Something
stupefying like the fumes of opium seized her. Some, too (but these, you may be sure, would sit at the bottom of the table), wore their best blouses—that is to say, with collars turned down to the shoulders, the back gathered into small plaits and the waist fastened very low down with a worked belt. "I was only joking," he replied; "the only thing later the only thing later the shoulders, the back gathered into small plaits and the waist fastened very low down with a worked belt. "I was only joking," he replied; "the only thing later the only the
regret is the whip. "Do you think she wants to order something of him?" said Madame Tuvache. Rodolphe gazed at her in the light of the burning lanterns. The aromatic herbs were still smoking, and spirals of bluish vapour blended at the window-sash with the fog that was coming in. Still sleepy from the warmth of his bed, he let himself be lulled by
the quiet trot of his horse. It was a sentimental surprise he intended for his wife, a delicate attention—his portrait in a frock-coat. Was this a good, and in this discovery was there not more of injury than of gain? On certain days she chatted with feverish rapidity, and this over-excitement was suddenly followed by a state of torpor, in which she
remained without speaking, without moving. I'll read a paper while I wait for you, or turn over the leaves of a 'Code.'" Léon, bewildered by Emma's anger, Monsieur Homais' chatter, and, perhaps, by the heaviness of the luncheon, was undecided, and, as it were, fascinated by the chemist, who kept repeating—"Let's go to Bridoux'. The diplomatic
mummer took care always to slip into his advertisements some poetic phrase on the fascination of his person and the susceptibility of his soul. "What is that for?" asked the young fellow, passing his hand over the crinoline or the hooks and eyes. "That is extraordinary for a lady," said Monsieur Boulanger; "but some people are very susceptible. "That
will do. Oh, he wants for nothing! even to a liqueur-stand in his room! For you love yourself; you live well. Then she recommenced, soon got confused, gave it all up, and thought no more about it. All Léon's letters were there. He was obliged to sell his silver piece by piece; next he sold the drawing-room furniture. Besides, whither could she flee? On
the other hand, the death of his wife had not served him ill in his business, since for a month people had been saying, "The poor young man! what a loss!" His name had been talked about, his practice had increased; and moreover, he could go to the Bertaux just as he liked. Raising the corners of the muslin curtain, one could see the light of their
the perfumes of the altar, the freshness of the holy water, and the lights of the tapers. Those who had been asleep woke up, and every one rose as if just surprised at his work. She played very little during recreation hours, knew her catechism well, and it was she who always answered Monsieur le Vicaire's difficult questions. With her black hair, her
large eyes, her aquiline nose, her birdlike walk, and always silent now, did she not seem to be passing through life scarcely touching it, and to bear on her brow the tilt, prevented travelers from seeing the road and dirtied their shoulders. And
escaping from the room, Emma closed the door so violently that the barometer fell from the wall and smashed on the floor. "How on earth can I?" "What a coward you are!" she cried. The writing had been dried with ashes from the hearth, for a little grey powder slipped from the letter on to her dress, and she almost thought she saw her father
bending over the hearth to take up the tongs. Then running up the page with his finger, "Let's see! let's see! let's see! let's see! August 3d, two hundred francs; June 17th, a hundred and fifty; March 23d, forty-six. Monsieur Homais dragged him off to the large Cafe de la Normandie, which he entered majestically, not raising his hat, thinking it very provincial to uncover
In the supineness of her conscience she even took her repugnance towards her husband for aspirations towards her lover, the burning of hate for the warmth of tenderness; but as the tempest still raged, and as passion burnt itself down to the very cinders, and no help came, no sun rose, there was night on all sides, and she was lost in the terrible
cold that pierced her. "Artémise!" shouted the landlady, "chop some wood, fill the water bottles, bring some brandy, look sharp! If only I knew what dessert to offer the quests you are expecting! Good heavens! Those furniture-movers are beginning their racket in the billiard-room again; and their van has been left before the front door! The
             ' might run into it when it draws up. "It procured me the advantage of making your acquaintance," he added, and he looked at Emma as he said this. As he entered the Bertaux, the horse took fright and stumbled. A breath of love had passed over the stitches on the canvas; each prick of the needle had fixed there a hope or a memory, and
all those interwoven threads of silk were but the continuity of the same silent passion. He stopped on the threshold; then he whispered with a trembling voice, "Tomorrow!" She answered with a trembling voice, "Tomorrow!" She answered
upon his mouth, as if to seize there the unexpected consent if breathed forth in a kiss. She put her linen in order for her in the presses, and taught her to keep an eye on the butcher when he brought the meat. This was Homais. And he walked up and down, his hands behind his back. "If I were in your place," he said, "I should clear myself of my debts
and have money left over." She pointed out the difficulty of getting a purchaser. They knew now that his name was Lieuvain, and in the crowd the name was passed from one to the other. He had spent so much for repairs at Tostes, for madame's toilette, and for the moving, that the whole dowry, over three thousand crowns, had slipped away in two
years. This disappointment quickly gave way to a new hope, and Emma returned to him more inflamed, more eager than ever. It was never there. As he grew older his teeth with his tongue; in taking soup he made a gurgling noise with every spoonful;
and, as he was getting fatter, the puffed-out cheeks seemed to push the eyes, always small, up to the temples. Is there a single sentiment it does not condemn? You are indeed a man; you have everything to make one love you. The man at the circulating library demanded three years' subscriptions; Mere Rollet claimed the postage due for some twenty
letters, and when Charles asked for an explanation, she had the delicacy to reply— "Oh, I don't know. She detested him now. Leherisse and Cullembourg, sixty francs!" Rodolphe was pressing her hand, and he felt it all warm and quivering like a captive dove that wants to fly away; but, whether she was trying to take it away or whether she was
answering his pressure; she made a movement with her fingers. She sent her servant for him. He admired the exaltation of her soul and the lace on her petticoat. A distraint became imminent. It would be necessary to make inquiries, to look into mortgages, and see if there were any occasion for a sale by auction or a liquidation. In fact someone had
sent his mother a long anonymous letter to warn her that he was "ruining himself with a married woman," and the good lady at once conjuring up the eternal bugbear of families, the vague pernicious creature, the siren, the monster, who dwells fantastically in depths of love, wrote to Lawyer Dubocage, his employer, who behaved perfectly in the
affair. She would grow big now; every season would bring rapid progress. Rodolphe had a large cloak; he wrapped her in it, and putting his arm round her waist, he drew her without a word to the end of the garden. The doctor, flattered at this unexpected title, launched out into obsequious phrases. "Poor little woman! What a trouble for her
husband!" The druggist continued, "Do you know that I saw her only last Saturday in my shop." "I haven't had leisure," said Homais, "to prepare a few words that I would have cast upon her tomb." Charles on getting home undressed, and old have cast upon her tomb." Charles on getting home undressed, and old have cast upon her tomb." Charles on getting home undressed, and old have cast upon her tomb." Charles on getting home undressed, and old have cast upon her tomb."
Rouault put on his blue blouse. "She wants to be forced to occupy herself with some manual work. But his wife was master; he had to say this and not say that in company, to fast every Friday, dress as she liked, harass at her bidding those patients who did not finish his sentence. It weighed forty thousand pounds. When Rodolphe
came to the garden that evening, he found his mistress waiting for him at the foot of the steps on the lowest stair. The food choked her. He found no one downstairs; he went up to the first floor to their room; saw her dress still hanging at the foot of the alcove; then, leaning against the writing-table, he stayed until the evening, buried in a sorrowful
reverie. "Has it ever happened to you," Léon went on, "to come across some vague idea of one's own in a book, some dim image that comes back to you from afar, and as the completest expression of your own slightest sentiment?" "I have experienced it," she replied. A little lower down, however, one was refreshed by a current of icy air that smelt of
the little room near the kitchen, so that he might at least have some distraction. "Oh, what does that matter?" "What! What does it matter? the "Hirondelle" was always late on Thursdays. At the corner of the street, from a lower storey, rose a kind of humming with strident modulations. When Charles, after
bidding farewell to old Rouault, returned to the room before leaving, he found her standing, her forehead against the window, looking into the garden, where the bean props had been knocked down by the wind. What childishness! She insisted, however, on his taking at least the chain, and Lheureux had already put it in his pocket and was going
when she called him back. Since the events about to be narrated, nothing in fact has changed at Yonville. Charles was much touched. "I am wrong! I am 
holding Athalie, who was quietly sucking a piece of ice. "Yes." Then they walked round a garden-bed, and went to sit down near the terrace on the kerb-stone of the wall. The child blew her a kiss; her mother answered with a wave of her whip. Rodolphe had put on high soft boots, saying to himself that no doubt she had never seen anything like them
I believe in the Supreme Being, in a Creator, whatever he may be. That's it! go it! respect nothing! break, smash, let loose the leeches, burn the mallow-paste, pickle the gherkins in the window jars, tear up the bandages!" "I thought you had—" said Emma. His mother always kept him near her; she cut out cardboard for him, told him tales, entertained
him with endless monologues full of melancholy gaiety and charming nonsense. 1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work
on which the phrase "Project Gutenberg" appears, or with which the phrase "Project Gutenberg" is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed: This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. Her breathing now
imperceptibly raised the cotton covering. She had a board with a balustrade fixed against her window to hold the pots. In spite of the economy with which Bovary lived, he was far from being able to pay off his old debts. As to your little installments, with the interest, why, there's no end to 'em; one gets quite muddled over 'em. He coughs so that he
shakes his whole house, and I'm afraid he'll soon want a deal covering rather than a flannel vest. It was the dinner-hour at the farms, and the young woman and her companion heard nothing as they walked but the fall of their steps on the earth of the path, the words they spoke, and the sound of Emma's dress rustling round her. As it was almost
empty she bent back to drink, her head thrown back, her lips pouting, her neck on the strain. "Use of oil-cakes," continued the president. Several citizens had scoured their houses the evening before; tri-coloured flags hung from half-open windows; all the public-houses were full; and in the lovely weather the starched caps, the golden crosses, and the
coloured neckerchiefs seemed whiter than snow, shone in the sun, and relieved with the motley colours the sombre monotony of the frock-coats and blue smocks. Ah! you never knew that there, so near you, so far from you, was a poor wretch!" She turned towards him with a sob. He went upstairs. To-day, however, considering the circumstances, it is
necessary—" "Oh, you're going down there!" she said contemptuously. They talked about their future fortune, of the improvements to be made in their house; he saw people's estimation of him growing, his comforts increasing, his wife always loving him; and she was happy to refresh herself with a new sentiment, healthier, better, to feel at last some
tenderness for this poor fellow who adored her. He himself was a councillor at the prefecture; then he added a few apologies. He had not wept like Edgar that last moonlit night when they said, "To-morrow!" The theatre rang with cheers; they recommenced the entire movement; the lovers spoke of the flowers on their tomb, of vows, exile
fate, hopes; and when they uttered the final adieu, Emma gave a sharp cry that mingled with the vibrations of the last chords. He knew human life from end to end, and he sat down to it with serenity. He is already formed like a man. Then this, eddying, floating, described semicircles in the air like a bird, and was caught before it reached the ground
in the ill-groomed mane of the old white mare standing motionless at the door. But, as there was no clock in the cot, Emma feared she was perhaps exaggerating the length of time. His wife had adored him once on a time; she had bored him once on a time; she recognised
him by his curling hair that escaped from beneath his hat. He thought he saw a shadow behind the window in the room; but the curtain, sliding along the pole as though no one were touching it, slowly opened its long oblique folds that spread out with a single movement, and thus hung straight and motionless as a plaster wall. Besides, students are
thought a great deal of in Paris. She stopped. He went up again to the choir. Seeing her so taciturn, Charles imagined her much affected, and forced himself to say nothing, not to reawaken this sorrow which moved him. In fact, these women, rushing at once into his thoughts, cramped each other and lessened, as reduced to a uniform level of love that
equalised them all. At the bottom of her heart, however, she was waiting for something to happen. "Ah! if you knew!" she replied. On her feet she wore heavy wooden clogs, and from her hips hung a large blue apron. "Have you given her warning for good?" he asked at last. For Léon did not lose all hope; there was for him, as it were, a vague promise
floating in the future, like a golden fruit suspended from some fantastic tree. Charles, on the extreme edge of the seat, held the reins with his two arms wide apart, and the little horse ambled along in the shafts that were too big for him. The square as far as the houses was crowded with people. And as to-day I have the happiness of being with you—"
Emma blushed. She made the first overtures of reconciliation by offering to have the little girl, who could help her in the house, to live with her. Call Polyte and tell him to put it up. "What's the matter?" said the chemist. "Ah! I will escort you," said Homais. This was the fourth time that she had slept in a strange place. Emma, giving up all chance of
hearing any details, left the pharmacy; for Monsieur Homais had taken up the thread of his vituperations. It was Léon. She found him in his shop, doing up a parcel. Now from Tostes to the Bertaux was a good eighteen miles across country by way of Longueville and Saint-Victor. Charles, who was not of a facetious turn, did not shine at the wedding.
He began again, and Homais began again. The ruts were becoming deeper; they were approaching the Bertaux. Poor little woman! She is gaping after love like a carp after water on a kitchen-table. "However," continued the chemist, "it doesn't concern me. At last the old fellow sighed— "Do you remember, my friend, that I went to Tostes once when
you had just lost your first deceased? There was not its equal in all Europe. She inquired like a virtuous mother about his companions. But as the intimacy of their life became deeper, the greater became the gulf that separated her from him. Emma knelt on the cushions and her eyes wandered over the dazzling light. It was not that he was afraid of
surgery; he bled people copiously like horses, and for the taking out of teeth he had the "devil's own wrist." Finally, to keep up with the times, he took in "La Ruche Medicale," a new journal whose prospectus had been sent him. He reflected, imagined expedients, such as applying to his father or selling something. She entered, as she used to, through
the small park-gate. But when the blind man appeared as usual at the foot of the hill he exclaimed— "I can't understand why the authorities tolerate such culpable industries. "You are forgetting yourself. Accustomed to calm aspects of life, she turned, on the contrary, to those of excitement. "Till to-morrow then!" said Emma in a last caress; and she
watched him go. It is impossible!" She rose to go. And he went on— "I am beginning to repent terribly of having taken you up! I should certainly have done better to have left you to rot in your poverty and the dirt in which you were born. The climate, however, is not, truth to tell, bad, and we even have a few nonagenarians in our parish. "I have
sometimes thought of it," she went on. He said no; she insisted, and at last laughingly offered to have a glass of liqueur with him. Madame Bovary bought a bonnet, gloves, and a bouquet. They sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree, and Rodolphe began speaking to her of his love. This poor piano, that had given her vanity so much satisfaction—to see i
go was to Bovary like the indefinable suicide of a part of herself. I have nothing in the world! you are all to me; so shall I be to you. "Well," the nurse went on, heaving sighs between each word, "I'm afraid he'll be put out seeing me have coffee alone, you know men—" "But you are to have some," Emma repeated; "I will give you some. Yesterday he
know what recreation of her whole being drove her more and more to plunge into the pleasures of life. "But what can I do?" he cried one day impatiently. His head was thrown back against the wall, his eyes closed, his mouth open, and in his hand was a long tress of black hair. Hippolyte looked at him with eyes full of terror, sobbing— "When shall I
get well? She is poor, and sends her to a cotton-factory to earn a living. At the end of some indefinite distance there was always a confused spot, into which her dream died. A man dressed in black suddenly came into the kitchen. At least, this was stated in a very fine report drawn up by one of our pharmaceutical chiefs, one of our masters, the
illustrious Cadet de Gassicourt!" Madame Homais reappeared, carrying one of those shaky machines that are heated with spirits of wine; for Homais liked to make his coffee at table, having, moreover, torrefied it, pulverised it, and mixed it himself. It is the notary's house, and the finest in the place. Why could not she lean over balconies in Swiss
chalets, or enshrine her melancholy in a Scotch cottage, with a husband dressed in a black velvet coat with long tails, and thin shoes, a pointed hat and frills? To Tostes, where there was only one old doctor. "But why," asked Bovary, "does that gentleman persecute her?" "No, no!" she answered; "he is her lover!" "Yet he vows vengeance on her
family, while the other one who came on before said, 'I love Lucie and she loves me!' Besides, he went off with her father arm in arm. They began with Bovary's consulting-room, and did not write down the phrenological head, which was considered an "instrument of his profession"; but in the kitchen they counted the plates; the saucepans, the chairs,
the candlesticks, and in the bedroom all the nick-nacks on the whatnot. The bride had begged her father to be spared the usual marriage pleasantries. She packed her bill, took a cab in the yard, hurrying on the driver, urging him on, every moment inquiring about the time and the miles traversed. Up to 1835 there was no
practicable road for getting to Yonville, but about this time a cross-road was made which joins that of Abbeville to that of Amiens, and is occasionally used by the Rouen wagoners on their way to Flanders. He found all as he had left it, that is to say, as it was five months ago. Thirty-six hours after, at the druggist's request, Monsieur Canivet came
thither. But an infinity of passions may be contained in a minute, like a crowd in a small space. Thus, we will suppose you are in a public garden. The explanatory legends, chipped here and there by the scratching of knives, all glorified religion, the tendernesses of the heart, and the pomps of court. Surprised with wonder at this strange sweetness,
they did not think of speaking of the sensation or of seeking its cause. "We are making preserves; they are simmering; but they were about to boil over, because there is too much juice, and I ordered another pan. Here and there around her, in the leaves or on the ground, trembled luminous patches, as it hummingbirds flying about had scattered their
feathers. Moreover, the old fellow was growing intolerant, fanatic, said Homais. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life. Emma none the less consoled him with caressing words as one would have done a lost child, and she sometimes even said to him, gazing at the moon—"I am sure that
success, so severely did Homais attack them. "I should like to kiss Berthe," said Léon. She wore a gown of pale saffron trimmed with three bouquets of pompon roses mixed with green. With a gesture of pride he struggled against this emotion. Emma's head was turned towards her right shoulder, the corner of her mouth, which was open, seemed like
a black hole at the lower part of her face; her two thumbs were bent into the palms of her hands; a kind of white dust besprinkled her lashes, and her eyes were beginning to disappear in that viscous pallor that looks like a thin web, as if spiders had spun it over. Then watching her sleep, the little anxiety she felt gradually wore off, and she seemed
United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook. It was for him that she filed her nails with the care of a chaser, and that there was never enough cold-cream for her skin, nor of patchouli for her handkerchiefs. I will tell this gentleman all about it. "Again!" The same sputtering of syllables
was heard, drowned by the tittering of the class. To please her, as if she were still living, he adopted her predilections, her ideas; he bought patent leather boots and took to wearing white cravats. A few men (some fifteen or so), of twenty-five to forty, scattered here among the dancers or talking at the doorways, distinguished themselves
from the crowd by a certain air of breeding, whatever their differences in age, dress, or face. Once when they were walking her nose had bled; he had forgotten it. Félicité had taken care to put on the chest of drawers, for each of them, a bottle of brandy, some cheese, and a large roll. She would have liked to strike all men, to spit in their faces, to
crush them, and she walked rapidly straight on, pale, quivering, maddened, searching the empty horizon with tear-dimmed eyes, and as it were rejoicing in the hate that was choking her. On the second floor she stopped before the attic door, which was closed. Charles, without noticing his wife's colour, had them brought to him, took one, and bit into
it. Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg. She was confined on a Sunday at about six o'clock, as the sun was rising. They smile upon him; he
Sunday, as the inscription specifies; and below, this figure, about to descend into the tomb, portrays the same person. They came back at nightfall, when the only light left in the Place was that in Binet's window. But the most famous surgeons also made mistakes; and that is what no one would ever believe! People, on the contrary, would laugh, jeer!
It would spread as far as Forges, as Neufchâtel, as Rouen, everywhere! Who could say if his colleagues would not write against him. In the evening Emma wrote the clerk an interminable letter, in which she cancelled the rendezvous; all was over; they must not, for the sake of their happiness, meet again. Then she turned away her head with a sigh
and fell back upon the pillows. "Madame! madame!" cried Félicité, running in, "it's abominable!" And the poor girl, deeply moved, handed her a yellow paper that she had broken, fixed on Charles the burning glance of her eyes like two arrows of
fire about to dart forth. He imagined to himself she had gone on a long journey, far away, for a long time. On his return he announced that the purchaser proposed four thousand francs. At first she solaced herself by allusions that the purchaser proposed four thousand francs.
which he knew not what to answer. Skull-cap in hand, he came in on tiptoe, in order to disturb no one, always repeating the same phrase, "Good evening, everybody." Then, when he had taken his seat at the table between the pair, he asked the doctor about his patients, and the latter consulted his as to the probability of their payment. At last, when
he had eaten his soup, put on his cloak, lighted his pipe, and grasped his whip, he calmly installed himself on his seat. The factory chimneys belched forth immense brown fumes that were blown away at the top. There had never been such a display of pomp. It was really superb, sublime. Despite the low price of each article, Madame Bovary senior, of
course, thought the expenditure extravagant. "Leave the room!" said Emma. He'd rather die than dine anywhere else. For she clung with her expiring virtue to the Virgin, the sculptures, the tombs—anything. The chemist, as man of discretion, only offered a few provincial felicitations through the half-opened door. "And negresses?" asked the clerk.
Are we still living in the monstrous times of the Middle Ages, when vagabonds were permitted to display in our public places leprosy and scrofulas they had brought back from the Crusades?" Or— "In spite of the laws against vagabondage, the approaches to our great towns continue to be infected by bands of beggars. He turned his head towards the
Bertaux. "Always 'duty." I am sick of the word. Often, as he did her hair, the man offered her tickets for a masked ball. Explanations followed. What exasperated her was that Charles did not seem to notice her anguish. The evening vapours rose between the leafless poplars, touching their outlines with a violet tint, paler and more transparent than a
subtle gauze caught athwart their branches. She was the mistress of all the volumes of verse. It looked queer. Monsieur Bovary, little given to jealousy, did not trouble himself about it. He was enthusiastic about the hydro-electric Pulvermacher chains; he wore one himself, and when at
night he took off his flannel vest, Madame Homais stood quite dazzled before the golden spiral beneath which he was hidden, and felt her ardour redouble for this man more bandaged than a Scythian, and splendid as one of the Magi. He smiled beneath it with a perfectly infantine sweetness, and his pale little face, whence drops were running
an expression of enjoyment and sleepiness. At the foot of the hill beyond the bridge begins a roadway, planted with young aspens, that leads in a straight line to the first houses in the place. Their fair flabby faces, somewhat tanned by the sun, were the colour of sweet cider, and their puffy whiskers emerged from stiff collars, kept up by white cravats
with broad bows. How we are to be pitied with such a lot of thieves! Besides, he was also rude. Far from being bored at first at the convent, she took pleasure in the society of the good sisters, who, to amuse her, took her to the chapel, which one entered from the refectory by a long corridor. "Tell me! what have you eaten? Part II Yonville-l'Abbaye (so
called from an old Capuchin abbey of which not even the ruins remain) is a market-town twenty-four miles from Rouen, between the Abbeville and Beauvais roads, at the foot of a valley watered by the Rieule, a little river that runs into the Andelle after turning three water-mills near its mouth, where there are a few trout that the lads amuse
themselves by fishing for on Sundays. The priest rose to take the crucifix; then she stretched forward her neck as one who is athirst, and glueing her lips to the body of the Man-God, she pressed upon it with all her expiring strength the fullest kiss of love that she had ever given. "There is a place they call La Pâture, on the top of the hill, on the edge
of the forest. Rodolphe remained standing, and Emma hardly answered his first conventional phrases. Sloping down like an amphitheatre, and drowned in the fog, it widened out beyond the bridges confusedly. How? If she were obliged, like so many others, to earn her living, she wouldn't have these vapours, that come to her from a lot of ideas she
stuffs into her head, and from the idleness in which she lives." "Yet she is always busy," said Charles. She was unpicking the lining of a dress, and the strips were scattered around her. At Rouen she saw some ladies who wore a bunch of charms on the watch-chains; she bought some charms. Emma from afar recognised her lover's house. Spring will
soon be here. They stopped at the barrier; Emma undid her overshoes, put on other gloves, rearranged her shawl, and some twenty paces farther she got down from the "Hirondelle." The town was then awakening. The carriage harness was piled up in the middle against two twisted columns, and the bits, the whips, the spurs, the curbs, were ranged
in a line all along the wall. Suddenly a blue tilbury passed across the square at a rapid trot. But this anxiety whetted his pleasure, and, all alone in his tub, he congratulated himself on his luck and on his cuteness. Every Thursday evening he wrote a long letter to his mother with red ink and three wafers; then he went over his history note-books, or
read an old volume of "Anarchasis" that was knocking about the study. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away--you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. But there's no hurry; whenever it's convenient. Then she remembered the day when, all anxious and
full of hope, she had entered beneath this large nave, that had opened out before her, less profound than her love; and she walked on weeping beneath her veil, giddy, staggering, almost fainting. Oval, stiffened with whalebone, it began with three round knobs; then came in succession lozenges of velvet and rabbit-skin separated by a red band; after
that a sort of bag that ended in a cardboard polygon covered with complicated braiding, from which hung, at the end of a long thin cord, small twisted gold threads in the manner of a tassel. As he had only just set up on the place, he had taken a lot of trouble, and at dessert he himself brought in a set dish that evoked loud cries of wonderment. We
shall always be having the brat on our hands, and the servant, the neighbours, and husband, all sorts of worries. But she was angered with shame; she felt a wild desire to strike him; she went to open the window in the passage and breathed in the fresh air to calm herself. The week after Monsieur Lheureux placed it on her table. "It's past
comprehension! Such a cookshop as that!" And with a shrug of the shoulders that stretched out over her breast the stitches of her knitted bodice, she pointed with both hands at her rival's inn, whence songs were heard issuing. A supreme desire made their dry lips tremble, and wearily, without an effort, their fingers intertwined. She was so sad, so
sad, to see her standing upright on the threshold of her house, she seemed to you like a winding-sheet spread out before the door. Thus lately I myself wrote a considerable tract, a memoir of over seventy-two pages, entitled, 'Cider, its Manufacture and its Effects, together with some New Reflections on the Subject,' that I sent to the Agricultural
Society of Rouen, and which even procured me the honour of being received among its members—Section, Agriculture; Class, Pomological. "Oh, go away!" she would say. He only who is so blind, so plunged in the prejudices of another age as still to misunderstand the spirit of agricultural populations. She saw the
farm again, the muddy pond, her father in a blouse under the apple trees, and she saw herself again as formerly, skimming with her finger the cream off the milk-pans in the dairy. He remembered all the miraculous cures he had been told about. And seated in a stall of the choir, side by side, they saw pass and repass in front of them continually the
three chanting choristers. With her other ear Emma was listening to a conversation full of words she did not understand. But others followed ceaselessly. Bovary himself turned sick at it. Monsieur Lheureux returned to the charge, and, by turns threatening and whining, so managed that Bovary ended by signing a bill at six months. She recalled the
prize days, when she mounted the platform to receive her little crowns, with her hair in long plaits. "If—" said Léon, not daring to go on. No matter! She excused the servant. Why did the doctor's wife give the clerk presents? That still lasted, however, but in a less exclusive fashion and with a deeper sweetness. However, by dint of buying and not
paying, of borrowing, signing bills, and renewing these bills that grew at each new falling-in, she had ended by preparing a capital for Monsieur Lheureux which he was impatiently awaiting for his speculations. She sat down on the velvet seat by the window, and the lad squatted down on a footstool, while his eldest sister hovered round the jujube box
near her papa. "But where are we going?" He did not answer. When she opened them again, in the middle of the drawing room three waltzers were kneeling before a lady sitting on a stool. Their clothes, better made, seemed of finer cloth, and their hair, brought forward in curls towards the temples, glossy with more delicate pomades. The syllabus
that he read on the notice-board stunned him; lectures on pathology, lectures on physiology, lectures 
filled with magnificent darkness. All the rooms were stripped; but the bedroom, her own room, remained as before. It is there that they make the worst Neufchâtel cheeses of all the arrondissement; and, on the other hand, farming is costly because so much manure is needed to enrich this friable soil full of sand and flints. Day began to break. "Ah!
you're losing your time, my lady!" And he pretended not to notice her melancholy sighs, nor the handkerchief she took out. She was waiting for him. She had been his first patient, his oldest acquaintance in the place. Then, on, reflection, he began to think his mistress's ways were growing odd, and that they were perhaps not wrong in
wishing to separate him from her. Then Hippolyte was removed to the billiard-room. "Arsenic! You might have poisoned us all." And the children began howling as if they already had frightful pains in their entrails. Self-possession depends on its environment. His hair was cut square on his forehead like a village chorister's; he looked reliable, but very
ill at ease. And so whenever Homais journeyed to town, he never failed to bring her home some that he bought at the great baker's in the Rue Massacre. Suddenly she saw Monsieur Lheureux, the linendraper, come in through the gate. Emma understood, and asked how much money would be wanted to put a stop to the proceedings. With a power of
attorney it could be easily managed, and then we (you and I) would have our little business transactions together." She did not understand. The carriage darted by and disappeared. When the moment for the farewells had come, Madame Homais wept, Justin sobbed; Homais, as a man of nerve, concealed his emotion; he wished to carry his friend's
overcoat himself as far as the gate of the notary, who was taking Léon to Rouen in his carriage. He looked upon, it as a sacred office, although the ordinary practitioners dishonoured it. She trembled as she blew back the tissue paper over the engraving and saw it folded in two and fall gently against the page. Can it be? The hair, well-smoothed over
the temples and knotted at the nape, bore crowns, or bunches, or sprays of myosotis, jasmine, pomegranate blossoms, ears of corn, and corn-flowers. But she turned away; he drew her back, and, sinking on his knees, clasped her waist with his arms in a languorous pose, full of concupiscence and supplication. He could not by temperament keep away
from celebrities, so he begged Monsieur Lariviere to do him the signal honour of accepting some breakfast. "Where were you brought up?" asked the daughter-in-law, with so impertinent a look that Madame Bovary asked her if she were not perhaps defending her own case. Thus his cambric shirt with plaited cuffs was blown out by the wind in the
opening of his waistcoat of grey ticking, and his broad-striped trousers disclosed at the ankle nankeen boots with patent leather gaiters. "Approach, venerable Catherine Nicaise Elizabeth Leroux!" said the councillor, who had taken the list of prize-winners from the president; and, looking at the piece of paper and the old woman by turns, he repeated
in a fatherly tone—"Approach! approach!" "Are you deaf?" said Tuvache, fidgeting in his armchair; and he began shouting in her ear, "Fifty-four years of service. She did not know if she regretted having yielded to him, or whether she did not wish, on the contrary, to enjoy him the more. The farewells of mother and daughter-in-law were cold. "The
doctor is not here?" he went on. Emma was like all his mistresses; and the charm of novelty, gradually falling away like a garment, laid bare the eternal monotony of passion, that has always the same forms and the same language. And when I thought that there were others at that very moment with their nice little wives holding them in their embrace,
I struck great blows on the earth with my stick. An Yvetot doctor whom he had lately met in consultation had somewhat humiliated him at the very bedside of the patient, before the assembled relatives. He was calm, serious, melancholy. They were all in a row gesticulating, and anger, vengeance, jealousy, terror, and stupefaction breathed forth at
once from their half-opened mouths. He had seen Tambourini, Rubini, Persiani, Grisi, and, compared with them, Lagardy, despite his grand outbursts, was nowhere. Rodolphe would have booked the seats, procured the passports, and even have written to Paris in order to have the whole mail-coach reserved for them as far as Marseilles, where they
would buy a carriage, and go on thence without stopping to Genoa. In fact, the little girl was just then rolling on the lawn in the evening. After discovering three grey hairs on her temples, she talked much of her old age. Gentlemen, let us not forget flax, which has
made such great strides of late years, and to which I will more particularly call your attention." He had no need to call it, for all the mouths of the multitude were wide open, as if to drink in his words. They ranged themselves all round; and while the priest spoke, the red soil thrown up at the sides kept noiselessly slipping down at the corners.
However, he was stifling in the narrow limits of journalism, and soon a book, a work was necessary to him. Bovary was far away. The walls were new and the druggist said that he would cure himself with an antiphlogistic pomade of his own composition, and he gave his address—"Monsieur Homais, near the market,
pretty well known." "Now," said Hivert, "for all this trouble you'll give us your performance." The blind man sank down on his haunches, with his head thrown back, whilst he rolled out his tongue, and rubbed his stomach with both hands as he uttered a kind of hollow yell like a famished dog. Our great industrial centres have
recovered all their activity; religion, more consolidated, smiles in all hearts; our ports are full, confidence is born again, and France breathes once more!" "Besides," added Rodolphe, "perhaps from the world's point of view they are right." "How so?" she asked. But her reading fared like her piece of embroidery, all of which, only just begun, filled her
cupboard; she took it up, left it, passed on to other books. The key turned in the lock, and she went straight to the third shelf, so well did her memory guide her, seized the blue jar, tore out the cork, plunged in her hand, and withdrawing it full of a white powder, she began eating it. He grew desperate as he felt this image fading from his memory in
spite of all efforts to retain it. "Never mind the price!" she cried. He was a fat little man of fifty, with white skin and blue eyes, the forepart of his head bald, and he wore earrings. Her eyelids seemed chiselled expressly for her long amorous looks in which the pupil disappeared, while a strong inspiration expanded her delicate nostrils and raised the
fleshy corner of her lips, shaded in the light by a little black down. Galloping up to the foot of the steps, it stopped short and emptied its load. The agriculturist, gentlemen, who, sowing with laborious hand the fertile furrows of the country, brings forth the corn, which, being ground, is made into a powder by means of ingenious machinery, comes out
thence under the name of flour, and from there, transported to our cities, is soon delivered at the baker's, who makes it into food for poor and rich alike. If you receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. Her eyes, full of
tears, flashed like flames beneath a wave; her breast heaved; he had never loved her so much, so that he lost his head and said "What is, it? The curé took him in hand; but the lessons were so short and irregular that they could not be of much use. "Go and get me a cab!" The child bounded off like a ball by the Rue Quatre-Vents; then they were alone
a few minutes, face to face, and a little embarrassed. Homais won it, for his foe was condemned to life-long confinement in an asylum. She took off her gloves, she wiped her hands, then fanned her face with her handkerchief, while athwart the throbbing of her temples she heard the murmur of the crowd and the voice of the councillor intoning his
phrases. A man, at least, is free; he may travel over passions and over countries, overcome obstacles, taste of the most far-away pleasures. The dew had left on the cabbages a silver lace with long transparent threads spreading from one to the other. "Cut some off," replied the druggist. It was in the morning, before the court opened. Charles,
meanwhile, went to ask a groom to put his horse to. Where are the horses?" Then smiling a strange smile, his pupil fixed, his teeth set, he advanced with outstretched arms. The law irritated him, other vocations attracted him, and his mother never ceased worrying him in every one of her letters. No one now came to see them, for Justin had run away
to Rouen, where he was a grocer's assistant, and the druggist's children saw less and less of the child, Monsieur Homais not caring, seeing the difference of their social position, to continue the intimacy. Léon with solemn steps walked along by the walls. When she saw her house a numbness came over her. Bills rained in upon the house; the
tradesmen grumbled; Monsieur Lheureux especially harassed him. Charles and he made a journey to Rouen together to look at some tombs at a funeral furnisher's, accompanied by an artist, one Vaufrylard, a friend of Bridoux's, who made puns all the time. Her chest soon began panting rapidly; the whole of her tongue protruded from her mouth; her
eyes, as they rolled, grew paler, like the two globes of a lamp that is going out, so that one might have thought her already dead but for the fearful labouring of her ribs, shaken by violent breathing, as if the soul were struggling to free itself. Delicately handling the beautiful satin bindings, Emma looked with dazzled eyes at the names of the unknown
authors, who had signed their verses for the most part as counts or viscounts. In fact, Rodolphe, after many reflections, had decided to set out for Rouen. "Oh, it's very simple; a judgment and then a distraint—that's about it!" Emma kept down a desire to strike him, and asked gently if there was no way of quieting Monsieur Vincart. She went on
```

```
tiptoe, barefooted, to see once more that the door was closed, then, pale, serious, and, without speaking, with one movement, she threw herself upon his breast with a long shudder. There were a great many people to luncheon. She involuntarily smiled with vanity on seeing the crowd rushing to the right by the other corridor while she went up the
staircase to the reserved seats. Emma, filled with disgust, threw him over her shoulder a five-franc piece. When her father took her from school, no one was sorry to see her go. She read: "Jean-Antoine d'Andervilliers d'Yvervonbille, Count de la Vaubyessard and Baron de la Fresnay, killed at the battle of Coutras on the 20th of October, 1587." And on
another: "Jean-Antoine-Henry-Guy d'Andervilliers de la Vaubyessard, Admiral of France and Chevalier of the Order of St. Michael, wounded at the battle of the Hougue-Saint-Vaast on the 29th of May, 1692; died at Vaubyessard on the 23rd of January 1693." One could hardly make out those that followed, for the light of the lamps lowered over the
green cloth threw a dim shadow round the room. It was a marvel to him. The market, that is to say, a tiled roof supported by some twenty posts, occupies of itself about half the public square of Yonville. At the grocer's they discussed Hippolyte's illness; the shops did no business, and Madame Tuvache, the mayor's wife, did not stir from her window,
such was her impatience to see the operator arrive. "Say nothing, or all the blame will fall on your master." Then she went home, suddenly calmed, and with something of the serenity of one that had performed a duty. There were the "Think of it; the Man of the World at Mary's Feet, by Monsieur de ***, decorated with many Orders"; "The Errors of
Voltaire, for the Use of the Young," etc. At night, when the carriers passed under her windows in their carts singing the "Marjolaine," she awoke, and listened to the noise of the iron-bound wheels, which, as they gained the country road, was soon deadened by the soil. Love, she thought, must come suddenly, with great outbursts and lightnings—a
hurricane of the skies, which falls upon life, revolutionises it, roots up the will like a leaf, and sweeps the whole heart into the abyss. Emma's gesture, however, had only been meant for a warning; for Monsieur Lheureux was accompanying them, and spoke now and again as if to enter into the conversation. When it was fine they wheeled her arm-chair
to the window that overlooked the square, for she now had an antipathy to the garden, and the blinds on that side were always down. Sometimes in the night Charles woke up with a start, thinking he was being called to a patient. Now and then a meagre Roman-candle went off; then the gaping crowd sent up a shout that mingled with the cry of the
women, whose waists were being squeezed in the darkness. When he came home, the lad was spoilt as if he were a prince. He treated her quite sans façon.[15] He made of her something supple and corrupt. Léon reappeared, taller, handsomer, more vague. And he at once began to consider the political part of the enterprise. And she
profited by it freely, fully. She remained standing, leaning with her shoulder against the wainscot. Her unequal pulse was now almost imperceptible. "Well, you see, it's rather warm," she replied. In fact, she looked around her slowly, as one awakening from a dream; then in a distinct voice she asked for her looking-glass, and remained some time
bending over it, until the big tears fell from her eyes. Besides, she now enveloped all things with such indifference, she had words so affectionate with looks so haughty, such contradictory ways, that one could no longer distinguish egotism from charity, or corruption from virtue. After a few moments Rodolphe stopped; and when he saw her with her
white gown gradually fade away in the shade like a ghost, he was seized with such a beating of the heart that he leant against a tree lest he should fall. She often said to him, with her sweet, melancholy voice— "Ah! you too, you will leave me! You will he replied. He
talked aroma, osmazome, juices, and gelatine in a bewildering manner. The idea of seeing again the place where his youth had been spent no doubt excited him, for during the whole journey he never ceased talking, and as soon as he had arrived, he jumped quickly out of the diligence to go in search of Léon. "I am thirsty; oh! so thirsty," she sighed.
She devoutly put away in her drawers her beautiful dress, down to the satin shoes whose soles were yellowed with the slippery wax of the dancing floor. "Don't worry, my poor darling; you will make yourself ill." He had stayed a long time at the chemist's. She breathed in the perfumes of the full-blown flowers in the large vases, and listened to the
stillness of the church, that only heightened the tumult of her heart. The boys were just then clustering round the large desk, climbing over the precentor's footstool, opening the missal; and others on tiptoe were just about to venture into the confessional. He was a gay dog, who didn't care what he spent. Its author was a doctor! There are certain
scientific points in it that it is not ill a man should know, and I would even venture to say that a man must know. They began slowly, then went more rapidly. The upper part of her cheek was rose-coloured. Honour, then, to the generous savants! Honour to those indefatigable spirits who consecrate their vigils to the amelioration or to the alleviation of
their kind! Honour, thrice honour! Is it not time to cry that the blind shall see, the deaf hear, the lame walk? The druggist, on whom the silence weighed, was not long before he began formulating some regrets about this "unfortunate young woman." and the priest replied that there was nothing to do now but pray for her. "Apply yourselves, above all
to the amelioration of the soil, to good manures, to the development of the equine, bovine, ovine, and porcine races. Berthe, in fact, no longer sobbed. Binet answered roughly that he "wasn't paid by the police." All the same, his companion seemed very strange to him, for Léon often threw himself back in his chair, and stretching out his arms,
complained vaguely of life. The stars shone out. A neighbor knocked it down again with his elbow; he picked it up once more. Justin had gone out searching the road at random. He replied quite unconcernedly— "Very well. One day, however, he said down before it, turned the key, and pressed the spring. "I don't blame you," he said. "Yes!" "Why, you
must be mad! They would make fun of you; keep your place. "Come, take a pinch of snuff," he said to him. This was an exhalation from the Rue des Charrettes, full of large black warehouses where they made casks. "I must tell master." "No, stay!" Then with an indifferent air, "Oh, it's not worth while; I'll tell him presently. The horses were panting
the leather of the saddles creaked. From time to time at the upper end a sacristan passed, making the oblique genuflexion of devout persons in a hurry. "I was sure of it!" She bit her lips, and a rush of blood flowing under her skin made her red from the roots of her hair to the top of her collar. Although a philosopher, Monsieur Homais respected the
dead. It's quite the rage." And, more ready than a juggler, he wrapped up the guipure in some blue paper and put it in Emma's hands. 1.F. 1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project
Gutenberg™ collection. The shopkeeper was not to be beaten. A spirit of warfare transformed her. "Why don't you tell master?" the servant asked her when she came in during these crises. "Ah!" She turned around, her chin lowered, her forehead bent forward. A terrible curiosity seized him. Sometimes, on Sundays, I go and stay there with a book,
watching the sunset." "I think there is nothing so admirable as sunsets," she resumed; "but especially by the side of the sea." "Oh, I adore the sea!" said Monsieur Léon. "Are you a Christian?" "Yes, I am a Christian?" "Yes, I am a Christian?" "Yes, I am a Christian?" "He who, being baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptized-baptize
and when she was in her room threw herself into an arm-chair. She recalled all her instincts of luxury, all that she had longed for, all that she had denied herself, all that she might have had! And for what? He took his
meals in the kitchen alone, opposite the fire, on a little table brought to him all ready laid as on the stage. And he looked at her out of the corner of his eyes. When the habit was ready, Charles wrote to Monsieur Boulanger that his wife was at his command, and that they counted on his good-nature. "Extraordinary!" continued the chemist. In fact, the
cowherds and shepherds had driven their beasts thus far, and these lowed from time to time, while with their tongues they tore down some scrap of foliage that hung above their mouths. 1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work
associated with Project Gutenberg. At the corners were decanters of brandy. She uttered a sharp cry. He was soon on the other side of the river (this was his way back to La Huchette), and Emma saw him in the meadow, walking under the poplars, slackening his pace now and then as one who reflects. Still he worked; he had bound note-books, he
attended all the courses, never missed a single lectronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. But later—later! At any rate, not till you are man yourself and your temperament is formed.'
When Emma knocked at the door. Her hair, whose two black folds seemed each of a single piece, so smooth were they, was parted in the middle by a delicate line that curved slightly with the curve of the head; and, just showing the tip of the ear, it was joined behind in a thick chignon, with a wavy movement at the temples that the country doctor saw
now for the first time in his life. "Go on," cried a voice that came from within. They were hot; some sweet cider was brought out, and they drank together to madame's complete restoration. She always accompanied him to the first step of the stairs. Everybody can't be rich! No fortune can hold out against waste! I should be ashamed to coddle myself
as you do! And yet I am old. You never loved me. Bovary invited him to have a drink, and he thoroughly understood the uncorking of the stone bottles. It was a Sunday in February, an afternoon when the snow was falling. He did not begin by frightening her with compliments. On it were four sirloins, six chicken fricassees, stewed veal, three legs of
mutton, and in the middle a fine roast suckling pig, flanked by four chitterlings with sorrel. At mass on Sundays, when she looked up, she saw the gentle face of the Virgin amid the blue smoke of the rising incense. Charles, who understood, took out his purse; the clerk held back his arm, and did not forget to leave two more pieces of silver that he
made chink on the marble. Rodolphe came to fetch it, and put another there, that she always found fault with as too short. But she went on quickly in a love voice; in a sweet, melting voice, "I want it; give it to me." As the partition wall was thin, they could hear the clatter of the forks on the plates in the dining-room. He inquired after her health, gave
her news, exhorted her to religion, in a coaxing little prattle that was not without its charm. And every morning the druggist rushed for the paper to see if his nomination were in it. She would have liked to be once more lost in the long line of white veils, marked off here and there by the stuff black hoods of the good sisters bending over their prie-
Dieu. Then added, repulsing him with a languid movement— "You are all evil!" One day, as they were talking philosophically of earthly disillusions, to experiment on his jealousy, or yielding, perhaps, to an over-strong need to pour out her heart, she told him that formerly, before him, she had loved someone. The women followed in black cloaks with
turned-down hoods; each of them carried in her hands a large lighted candle, and Charles felt himself growing weaker at this continual repetition of prayers and torches, beneath this oppressive odour of wax and of cassocks. In the twilight of the workshop the white dust was flying from his tools like a shower of sparks under the hoofs of a galloping
horse; the two wheels were turning, droning; Binet smiled, his chin lowered, his nostrils distended, and, in a word, seemed lost in one of those complete happinesses that, no doubt, belong only to commonplace occupations, which amuse the mind with facile difficulties, and satisfy by a realisation of that beyond which such minds have not a dream.
Often he set out with the determination to dare all; but this resolution soon deserted him in Emma's presence, and when Charles, dropping in, invited him to jump into his chaise to go with him to see some patient in the neighbourhood, he at once accepted, bowed to madame, and went out. Rodolphe promised to look for one. He called out—"Good
evening, Monsieur Lheureux! See you again presently." "How you got rid of him!" she said, laughing. Hivert was leisurely harnessing his horses, listening, moreover, to Mere Lefrancois, who, passing her head and nightcap through a grating, was charging him with commissions and giving him explanations that would have confused anyone else. Be
careful! Your horses perhaps are mettlesome." She heard a noise above her; it was Félicité drumming on the windowpanes to amuse little Berthe. Behind him on the grass the servants were piling up the dirty plates, his neighbours were talking; he did not answer them; they filled his glass, and there was silence in his thoughts in spite of the growing
noise. "You will tire yourself, my darling!" said Bovary. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.qutenberg.org/donate. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg. "You here?"
The snow on the market-roof threw a white, still light into the room; then the rain began to fall; and Emma waited daily with a mind full of eagerness for the inevitable return of some trifling events which nevertheless had no relation to her. The noblest instincts, the purest sympathies are persecuted, slandered; and if at length two poor souls do meet
all is so organised that they cannot blend together. Still it's sad, all the same, to see an acquaintance go off." And while he fastened up his box he discoursed about the doctor's patients. They had buried it for spite in the earth, under the episcopal seat of Monsignor. And at once resuming its course, it passed by Saint-Sever, by the Quai'des
Curandiers, the Quai aux Meules, once more over the bridge, by the Place du Champ de Mars, and behind the hospital gardens, where old men in black coats were walking in the sun along the terrace all green with ivy. "She is very pretty," he said to himself; "she is very pretty, this doctor's wife. "No; why?" And yet he looked at her strangely in a
tender fashion. The fiddler walked in front with his violin, gay with ribbons at its pegs. Just then the servant, Madame Bovary senior were drawing down the long stiff veil that covered her to her satin shoes. "Good-bye, my dear children. He put cosmetics on his
moustache, and, like her, signed notes of hand. And you don't know what a life those dogs lead in the Latin quarter with actresses. It was a great delight at first, but soon he no longer concealed the truth, which was, that his master complained very much about these interruptions. "What does it matter?" interrupted Emma. And in fact the door of the
presbytery grated; Abbe Bournisien appeared; the children, pell-mell, fled into the church. Besides, he was soon to be head clerk; it was time to settle down. You must give the basket to her herself, into her own hands. Old Rouault, with a new silk hat and the cuffs of his black coat covering his hands up to the nails, gave his arm to Madame Bovary
senior. The tin tricolour flag still swings at the top of the church-steeple; the two chintz streamers still flutter in the wind from the linen-draper's; the chemist's fetuses, like lumps of white amadou, rot more and more in their turbid alcohol, and above the big door of the inn the old golden lion, faded by rain, still shows passers-by its poodle mane
Charles noticed it; he took it and carried it up to the attic, while Emma seated in an arm-chair (they were putting her things down around her) thought of her bridal flowers packed up in a bandbox, and wondered, dreaming, what would be done with them if she were to die. She stammered: "Oh, you frighten me! You hurt me! Let me go!" "If it must me things down around her) thought of her bridal flowers packed up in a bandbox, and wondered, dreaming, what would be done with them if she were to die. She stammered: "Oh, you frighten me! You hurt me! Let me go!" "If it must me! A carried it up to the attic, while Emma seated in an arm-chair (they were putting her things down around her) thought of her bridal flowers packed up in a bandbox, and wondered, dreaming, what would be done with them if she were to die. She stammered: "Oh, you frighten me! You hurt me! Let me go!" "If it must me! A carried it up to the attick, while Emma seated in an arm-chair (they were putting her things down around her) thought of her bridal flowers packed up in a bandbox, and wondered, dreaming, what would be done with the missing her things down around her) thought of her bridal flowers packed up in a bandbox, and wondered, dreaming her things down around her) thought of her bridal flowers packed up in a bandbox, and wondered her things down around her bridal flowers packed up in a bandbox of her bridal flowers packed up in a bandbox of her bridal flowers packed up in a bandbox of her bridal flowers packed up in a bandbox of her bridal flowers packed up in a bandbox of her bridal flowers packed up in a bandbox of her bridal flowers packed up in a bandbox of her bridal flowers packed up in a bandbox of her bridal flowers packed up in a bandbox of her bridal flowers packed up in a bandbox of her bridal flowers packed up in a bandbox of her bridal flowers packed up in a bandbox of her bridal flowers packed up in a bandbox of her bridal flowers packed up in a bandbox of her bridal flowers packed up in a bandbox of her bridal flowers packed up 
be," he went on, his face changing; and he again became respectful, caressing, timid. "Ah! I've known some!" And separating the words of his sentence, Homais repeated, "I—have—known—some!" "Well, they were wrong," said Bournisien, resigned to anything. At six o'clock a noise like a clatter of old iron was heard on the Place; it was the
"Hirondelle" coming in, and he remained with his forehead against the windowpane, watching all the passengers get out, one after the other. "Do you think so?" she said. "Haven't you your power of attorney?" he replied. He called her to mind with all the strength of his desires and of his memories. Hippolyte could not get over his surprise, but bent
over Bovary's hands to cover them with kisses. Yes, do that, for my sake, to oblige me. But noticing that her feet were damp, he said— "Do get closer to the stove; put your feet up against the porcelain." She was afraid of dirtying it. Then he shut the door and took off his cap in his usual way. Monsieur Guillaumin knew it, being secretly associated with
the linendraper, from whom he always got capital for the loans on mortgages that he was asked to make. "No," said Emma. They put him to shame, and especially the chemist. "He is out." She repeated, "He is out." Then there was silence. The light of the setting sun that fell full upon his face paled the lasting of his cassock, shiny at the elbows,
unravelled at the hem. "I have even read that various persons have found themselves under toxicological symptoms, and, as it were, thunderstricken by black-pudding that had been subjected to a too vehement fumigation. "Whose fault is that?" said Lheureux, bowing ironically. She reached the Place du Parvis. He could not understand what furious persons have found themselves under toxicological symptoms, and, as it were, thunderstricken by black-pudding that had been subjected to a too vehement fumigation. "Whose fault is that?" said Lheureux, bowing ironically.
desire for locomotion urged these individuals never to wish to stop. Homais and Monsieur Guillaumin were talking. She thought of him, of Léon. She was alone. Under the spruce by the hedgerow, the curé in the three-cornered hat reading his breviary had lost his right foot, and the very plaster, scaling off with the frost, had left white scabs on his
face. Then he was frightened, and went away. A child in rags was holding him by a rope. She plained of love; she longed for wings. Neither Ambrose Pare, applying for the first time since Celsus, after an interval of fifteen centuries, a ligature to an artery, nor Dupuytren, about to open an abscess in the brain, nor Gensoul when he first took away the
superior maxilla, had hearts that trembled, hands that shook, minds so strained as Monsieur Bovary when he approached Hippolyte, his tenotome between his fingers. We must not touch our idols; the gilt sticks to our fingers. Then with a sigh Léon said— "The heat is—" "Unbearable! Yes!" "Do you feel unwell?" asked Bovary. When Charles visited the
farmer, the preparations for the wedding were talked over; they wondered in what room they should have dinner; they dreamed of the mixed-up letters, he amused himself for some moments with letting them fall in cascades from his right into his left hand
Heads bent over desks, and the "new fellow" remained for two hours in an exemplary attitude, although from the tip of a pen came bang in his face. Madame was in her room, which no one entered. They walked along holding one another by the hand, and thus they spread over the whole field from the row.
of open trees to the banquet tent. She was panting as if her heart would burst. When, therefore, he perceived that Charles's cheeks grew red if near his daughter, which meant that he would propose for her one of these days, he chewed the cud of the matter beforehand. Then he had all his children brought down, anxious to have the physician's
opinion on their constitutions. After he had entered like a whirlwind the porch of the "Lion d'Or," the doctor, shouting very loud, ordered them to unharness his horse. Then for diversion he employed himself at home as a workman; he even tried to do up the attic with some paint which had been left behind by the painters. "These first warm days
weaken one most remarkably, don't they? Berthe fell at the foot of the drawers against the hull of vessels. "The young dog," he said, "is beginning to have ideas, and the devil take me
if I don't believe he's in love with your servant!" But a more serious fault with which he reproached Justin was his constantly listening to conversation. The thermometer (I have made some observations) falls in winter to 4 degrees Fahrenheit
(English scale), not more. From afar he saw his employer's gig in the road, and by it a man in a coarse apron holding the horse. They went back. First, the old fellow had fallen as if struck by apoplexy. He held out his hand with the ease of a gentleman; and Madame Bovary extended hers, without doubt obeying the attraction of a stronger will. "So it is
for this," she said to herself, "that his face beams when he goes to see her, and that he puts on his new waistcoat at the risk of spoiling it with the rain. Her face frightened the child, who began to scream. The country-folk loved him because he was not proud. He was to send his letters to Mere Rollet, and she gave him such precise instructions about a
double envelope that he admired greatly her amorous astuteness. Sometimes through a rift in the clouds, beneath a ray of sunshine, gleamed from afar the roots of Yonville, with the gardens at the water's edge, the yards, the walls and the church steeple. She turned her face slowly, and seemed filled with joy on seeing suddenly the violet stole, no
doubt finding again, in the midst of a temporary lull in her pain, the lost voluptuousness of her first mystical transports, with the visions of eternal beatitude that were beginning. Is it dread of the unknown? She often spoke to him of the evening chimes, of the voices of nature. She wanted to learn Italian; she bought dictionaries, a grammar, and a
supply of white paper. Charles's trousers were tight across the belly. "What are you looking for?" asked the master. The Place since morning had been blocked by a row of carts, which, on end and their shafts in the air, spread all along the line of houses from the church to the inn. But though he knew his rules passably, he had little finish in
composition. Military men on approaching the tribunal of penitence had felt the scales fall from their eyes. Their legs commingled; he looked down at her; she raised her eyes to his. In an engraver's shop on the boulevard there is an Italian print of one of the Muses. But what then, made her so unhappy? She was there; before his eyes, lying on her
back in the middle of the road. Black in the shade, dark blue in broad daylight, they had, as it were, depths of different colours, that, darker in the centre, grew paler towards the surface of the eye. It was the cure of his village who had taught him his first Latin; his parents, from motives of economy, having sent him to school as late as possible. He
even accompanied her to Monsieur Guillaumin to have a second one, just like the other, drawn up. However, he was growing calmer, and was now grumbling in a paternal tone whilst he fanned himself with his skull-cap. But the people came out from church. Emma began to laugh, a strident, piercing, continuous laugh; she had an attack of hysterics
But soon the same look of weary lassitude came back to his face. He had never met this grace of language, this reserve of clothing, these poses of the weary dove. On Sunday, for example, one could not get him out of the drawing-room, whither Madame Homais had called him to fetch the children, who were falling asleep in the arm-chairs, and
dragging down with their backs calico chair-covers that were too large. Then, having gazed at him for a few moments with an amorous and humid look, she said hurriedly— "Ah! do not speak of it again! Where are the horses? Charles was not listening to him; Rodolphe noticed it, and he followed the succession of memories that crossed his face. You
probably seduced them as you seduced me. She was filling her heart with these melodious lamentations that were drawn out to the accompaniment of the double-basses, like the cries of the drowning in the tumult of a tempest. Then she poured some vinegar on her cambric handkerchief; she moistened his temples with little dabs, and then blew upon
them softly. And you?" Never had Madame Bovary been so beautiful as at this period; she had that indefinable beauty that results from joy, from enthusiasm, from success, and that is only the harmony of temperament with circumstances. She leant with both hands against the window, drinking in the breeze; the three horses galloped, the stones
grated in the mud, the diligence rocked, and Hivert, from afar, hailed the carts on the road, while the bourgeois who had spent the night at the Guillaume woods came quietly down the hill in their little family carriages. The sun was setting; the sky showed red between the branches, and the trunks of the trees, uniform, and planted in a straight line
 seemed a brown colonnade standing out against a background of gold. Besides, the expense—" "What's that to you?" cried Charles. His ardours were hidden beneath outbursts of wonder and gratitude. "Emma!" he said. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder
found at the beginning of this work. They looked at one another and their thoughts, confounded in the same agony, clung close together like two throbbing breasts. In its friction against wealth something had come over it that could not be effaced. "Leave me! You did not love her. He waited for her letters; he re-read them; he wrote to her. Through
openings in the hedges one could see into the huts, some pigs on a dung-heap, or tethered cows rubbing their horns against the trunk of trees. I tell you again you are doing yourself harm, much harm! And besides, players now want narrow pockets and heavy cues. It would now be impossible for any of us to remember anything about him. They told
her she was away; that she would bring her back some playthings. She slipped away suddenly, threw off her costume, told Léon she must get back, and at last was alone at the Hotel de Boulogne. Then, as the candles dazzled him; he turned to the wall and fell asleep. She was six years older than he, and Theodore, Monsieur Guillaumin's servant, was
she dreamed of getting a carpet, and Lheureux, declaring that it wasn't "drinking the sea," politely undertook to supply her with one. The cure wiped his fingers, threw the bit of cotton dipped in oil into the fire, and came and sat down by the dying woman, to tell her that she must now blend her sufferings with those of Jesus Christ and abandon
president, remembered when bills fell due, got them renewed, and at home ironed, sewed, washed, looked after the workmen, paid the accounts, while he, troubling himself about nothing, eternally besotted in sleepy sulkiness, whence he only roused himself to say disagreeable things to her, sat smoking by the fire and spitting into the cinders.
Lestiboudois was sent for, and Monsieur Canivet having turned up his sleeves, passed into the billiard-room, while the druggist stayed with Artémise and the landlady, both whiter than their aprons, and with ears strained towards the door. Then, his clogs clattering on the shop-boards, he went up in front of Madame Bovary to the first door, and
introduced her into a narrow closet, where, in a large bureau in sapon-wood, lay some ledgers, protected by a horizontal padlocked iron bar. "Oh, goodness! The dress; take care!" cried Madame Lefrancois. The sky was now blue, the leaves no longer stirred. She pushed open the lobby door, and in the middle of the kitchen, amid brown jars full of
picked currants, of powdered sugar and lump sugar, of the scales on the table, and of the pans on the fire, she saw all the Homais, small and large, with aprons reaching to their chins, and with forks in their hands. Two days later, in the "Final de Rouen," there was a long article on the show. An accident had delayed him. And why had he come back?
 Sometimes he appeared suddenly behind Emma, bareheaded, and she drew back with a cry. Her pale face framed in a borderless cap was more wrinkled than a withered russet apple. Gustave Flaubert, Paris, 12 April 1857 MADAME BOVARY Part I We were in class when the head-master came in, followed by a "new fellow," not wearing the school
the vestibule; the ladies at the second in the dining room with the Marquis and Marchioness. "Ah! that's true," said the other, rubbing his chin with an air of mingled contempt and satisfaction. The mere idea of the grief that would come to you tortures me, Emma. Would they ever have the means to send him to a public school, to buy him a practice,
or start him in business? As he was turning into the street, Emma herself appeared at the other end of it. I understand that your work, that the whirl of the world may have kept you from care for your salvation. Let these shows be to you pacific arenas, where the victor in leaving it will hold forth a hand to the vanquished, and will fraternise with him
in the hope of better success. Lheureux sat down in a large cane arm-chair, saying: "What news?" "See!" And she showed him the paper. She insisted. And besides this, the poor fellow was worried about money matters. Then she thought she had been mistaken. Once married, he lived for three or four years on his wife's fortune, dining well, rising
late, smoking long porcelain pipes, not coming in at night till after the theatre, and haunting cafes. "Certainly," replied the clerk. Something drove me there continually; I stayed there hours together." Then in a trembling voice, "She resembled you a little." Madame Bovary turned away her head that he might not see the irrepressible smile she felt
rising to her lips. "You must be very lonely," he said suddenly, "here at Rouen. Come!" The thought that she had just escaped from death almost made her faint with terror. From year to year, however, his small field grows smaller, and when there is an epidemic, he does not know whether to rejoice at the deaths or regret the burials. He put on white
Going home at night, Charles went over her words one by one, trying to recall them, to fill out their sense, that he might piece out the life she had lived before he knew her. The latter, entirely absorbed by his business, wearing gold-rimmed spectacles and red whiskers over a white cravat, understood nothing of mental refinements, although he
affected a stiff English manner, which in the beginning had impressed the clerk. "If only we were in town, we could fall back upon stuffed trotters." "Be quiet! Sit down, doctor!" He thought fit, after the first few mouthfuls, to give some details as to the catastrophe. Emma found again in adultery all the platitudes of marriage. She had read "Paul and
Virginia," and she had dreamed of the little bamboo-house, the nigger Domingo, the dog Fidele, but above all of the sweet friendship of some dear little brother, who seeks red fruit for you on trees taller than steeples, or who runs barefoot over the sand, bringing you a bird's nest. Everybody was in the fields. "Present!" shouted Binet. Then he put
three francs on the corner of the table, bowed negligently, and went out. "Yes; here she is." "Then let her come up!" Then there came forward on the platform a little old woman with timid bearing, who seemed to shrink within her poor clothes. They spoke of the days of the past and of the future. A fine organ, imperturbable coolness, more
temperament than intelligence, more power of emphasis than of real singing, made up the charm of this admirable charlatan nature, in which there was a single arm-chair in a house, for elderly persons—at any rate it was so at my mother's, who was a good woman, I can tell you
The churchman thanked him with a deep bow. In the corner behind the door, shining hob-nailed shoes stood in a row under the slab of the washstand, near a bottle of oil with a feather stuck in its mouth; a Matthieu Laensberg lay on the dusty mantelpiece amid gunflints, candle-ends, and bits of amadou. "Presently! Do you know to what you exposed
yourself? Right at the bottom, under the spruce bushes, was a cure in plaster reading his breviary. Then he inquired after Berthe, the Homais, Mere Lefrancois, and as they had, in the husband's presence, nothing more to say to one another, the conversation soon came to an end. Seen thus from above, the whole landscape looked immovable as a
picture; the anchored ships were massed in one corner, the river curved round the foot of the green hills, and the isles, oblique in shape, lay on the water, like large, motionless, black fishes. God was very great, and the isles, oblique in shape, lay on the water, like large, motionless, black fishes. God was very great, and the isles, oblique in shape, lay on the water, like large, motionless, black fishes. God was very great, was very gre
about thieves who had suddenly become honest. The notary replied in a gallant tone— "Beautiful things spoil nothing." Then she tried to move him, and, growing moved herself, she began telling him about the poorness of her home, her worries, her wants. This apprehension soon changed into impatience, and then Paris from afar sounded its fanfare
of masked balls with the laugh of grisettes. The cold of the nights made them clasp closer; the sighs of their lips seemed to them deeper; their eyes that they could hardly see, larger; and in the midst of the silence low words were spoken that fell on their souls sonorous, crystalline, and that reverberated in multiplied vibrations. This was the president
of the jury, Monsieur Derozerays de la Panville. Instead of sending a reply she came herself; and when Emma wanted to know whether he had got anything out of her, "Yes," he replied; "but she wants to see the account." The next morning at daybreak Emma ran to Lheureux to beg him to make out another account for not more than a thousand
francs, for to show the one for four thousand it would be necessary to say that she had paid two-thirds, and confess, consequently, the sale of the estate—a negotiation admirably carried out by the shopkeeper, and which, in fact, was only actually known later on. But a rustle of silk on the flags, the tip of a bonnet, a lined cloak—it was she! Léon rose
and ran to meet her. The drum beat, the howitzer thundered, and the gentlemen one by one mounted the platform, where they sat down in red utrecht velvet arm-chairs that had been lent by Madame Tuvache. Why, if it were but that," she cried, taking up two studs from the mantelpiece, "but the least of these trifles, one can get money for them.
Everyone, he thought, must have adored her; all men assuredly must have coveted her. Her own gentleness to herself made her rebel against him. Then looking for a seal, he came upon the one "Amor nel cor." "That doesn't at all fit in with the circumstances. "I have an arrangement to suggest to you," he said. When, from the summit of the hill, he
saw in the valley below the church-spire with its tin flag swinging in the wind, he felt that delight mingled with triumphant vanity and egoistic tenderness that millionaires must experience when they come back to their native village. Had she not suffered enough? To the gallop of four horses she was carried away for a week towards a new land,
whence they would return no more. But she paid no heed to them; on the contrary, she lived as lost in the anticipated delight of her coming happiness. Monsieur Homais respected him for his good-nature, for he often took the little Homais into the garden—little brats who were always dirty, very much
between his nails. "Someone is coming!" she said. Pshaw! never mind!" After which he smoked three pipes and went to bed. Binet, who never interfered with other people's business, Madame Lefrancois, Artémise, the neighbours, even the mayor, Monsieur Tuvache—everyone persuaded him, shamed him; but what finally decided him
was that it would cost him nothing. They sang, they knelt, they stood up; it was endless! He remembered that once, in the early times, they had been to mass together, and they had been together, and they had been together.
to help her. It will pass away. In April—" He stopped, as if afraid of making some mistake. With lowered faces, and swinging one leg crossed over the other knee, they uttered deep sighs at intervals; each one was inordinately bored, and yet none would be the first to go. Only think, Monsieur Homais, that since morning they have had about fifteen
games, and drunk eight jars of cider! Why, they'll tear my cloth for me," she went on, looking at them from a distance, her strainer in her hand. "And so you're quite well again?" he went on. There was fog over the land. See! I am laughing; I am happy! Oh, speak!" And she was charming to see, with her eyes, in which trembled a tear, like the rain of a
storm in a blue corolla. "I have suffered much." He replied philosophically— "Such is life!" "Has life," Emma went on, "been good to you at least, since our separation?" "Oh, neither good nor bad." "Yes, perhaps." "You think so?" she said, drawing nearer, and she sighed. Yet there was upon
that brow covered with cold drops, on those quivering lips, in those wild eyes, in the strain of those arms, something vague and dreary that seemed to Léon to glide between them subtly as if to separate them. And, gentlemen, I do not mean that superficial intelligence, vain ornament of idle minds, but rather that profound and balanced intelligence
that applies itself above all else to useful objects, thus contributing to the good of all, to the common amelioration and to the support of the state, born of respect for law and the practice of duty—" "Ah! again!" said Rodolphe. At four o'clock the lamp had to be lighted. "And how to reach her!" And thus she seemed so virtuous and inaccessible to him
that he lost all hope, even the faintest. Then they looked at one another silently. "Here is your coat, my good friend. She and Rodolphe had agreed that in the event of anything extraordinary occurring, she should fasten a small piece of white paper to the blind, so that if by chance he happened to be in Yonville, he could hurry to the lane behind the
house. I must get back what I've laid out. She loaded herself with bracelets, rings, and necklaces. This amputation of the Lheureux's shop under the projecting grey awning. The chemist went on— "You may say what you like; his table
is better than yours; and if one were to think, for example, of getting up a patriotic pool for Poland or the sufferers from the Lyons floods—" "It isn't beggars like him that'll frighten us," interrupted the landlady, shrugging her fat shoulders. Ashamed, or rather tired out, Monsieur Bovary gave in without a struggle, and they waited one year longer, so
that the lad should take his first communion. Then she examined the apartment, opened the drawers of the tables, combed her hair with his comb, and looked at herself in his shaving-glass. In the avenue a green light dimmed by the leaves lit up the short moss that crackled softly beneath her feet. Good-day, doctor," (for the chemist much enjoyed
pronouncing the word "doctor," as if addressing another by it reflected on himself some of the grandeur that he found in it). He bowed before the tabernacle, raising his hands, stretched out his arms. But a gust of mutual consideration.
Through the sash-window a patch of dark sky was seen between the pointed roofs. "That is why," he said, "I especially love the poets. Whither I know not. He came back the following week and boasted of having, after much trouble, at last discovered a certain Langlois, who, for a long time, had had an eye on the property, but without mentioning his
price. At last Félicité sighed—"If I were you, madame, I should go to Monsieur Guillaumin." "Do you think—" And this question meant to say—"You who know the house through the servant, has the master spoken sometimes of me?" "Yes, you'd do well to go there." She dressed, put on her black gown, and her hood with jet beads, and that she might
not be seen (there was still a crowd on the Place), she took the path by the river, outside the village. The enterprise did not seem easy. "Yes," she replied indifferently; "it's a bouquet I bought just now from a beggar." Charles picked up the flowers, and freshening his eyes, red with tears, against them, smelt them delicately. They might, either in the
turf-peats of Grumesnil or building-ground at Havre, almost without risk, have ventured on some excellent speculations; and he let her consume herself with rage at the thought of the fabulous sums that she would certainly have made. "Couldn't you do without a carpet? Some damp clothes were drying inside the chimney-corner. At last she would
close the lids of her weary eyes, and see in the darkness the gas jets flaring in the wind and the steps of carriages lowered with much noise before the peristyles of theatres. Besides, it isn't my fault. But the reflections of the paintings, broken by the marble rim, were continued farther on upon the flag-stones, like a many-coloured carpet. "Charmed to
see you," he said, offering Emma a hand to help her into the "Hirondelle." Then he hung up his cheminots to the cords of the netting, and remained bare-headed in an attitude pensive and Napoleonic. After dinner he walked about alone in the garden; he took little Berthe on his knees, and unfolding his medical journal, tried to teach her to read. She
even began to sing— "One night, do you remember, we were sailing," etc. He sets down a young swell who had seduced a working girl, who at the ending—" "Certainly," continued Homais, "there is bad literature as there is bad literature as there is bad literature as there is bad pharmacy, but to condemn in a lump the most important of the fine arts seems to me a stupidity, a Gothic idea, worthy of
the abominable times that imprisoned Galileo." "I know very well," objected the cure, "that there are good works, good authors. Guests were arriving. "And this is what you have understood," said the councillor. Heloise made him swear, his hand on the prayer-book, that he would go there no more after much sobbing and many kisses, in a great
outburst of love. She ran after him, and, leaning over the water's edge between the bulrushes— "To-morrow!" she cried. Monsieur Bournisien from time to time blew his nose noisily, and Homais' pen was scratching over the paper. Once, during a thaw the bark of the trees in the yard was oozing, the snow on the roofs of the outbuildings was melting.
she stood on the threshold, and went to fetch her sunshade and opened it. Ah! you will find many prejudices to combat, Monsieur Bovary, much obstinacy of routine, with which all the efforts of your science will daily come into collision; for people still have recourse to novenas, to relics, to the priest, rather than come straight to the doctor or the
chemist. That won't cost you anything. "How obstinate you are sometimes! I went to Barfucheres to-day. He never went out, saw no one, refused even to visit his patients. Besides, was she not "a lady" and a married woman—a real mistress, in fine? She collected her thoughts for one moment, and, strengthening herself by the feeling of present
necessity, went in. I shall have strength. At last she would begin to undress, then take up a book, and go on reading very quietly as if the book amused her. In one place the ground had been trodden down by the cattle; they had to step on large green stones put here and there in the mud. As to Charles, he did not stop to ask himself why it was a
pleasure to him to go to the Bertaux. Often she even put between her teeth the big pipe that lay on the table by the bed, amongst lemons and pieces of sugar near a bottle of water. A love like ours ought to show itself in the face of heaven. She loved the sea only for the sake of its storms, and the green fields only when broken up by ruins. Such an
intrigue would damage him later on, when he set up for himself. Charles followed him. "I'll give it to him myself," she said; "he will come." The next morning, at the open window, and humming on his balcony, Léon himself varnished his pumps with several coatings. Hers was an idiotic sort of attachment, full of admiration for him, of voluptuousness
for her, a beatitude that benumbed her; her soul sank into this drunkenness, shrivelled up, drowned in it, like Clarence in his butt of Malmsey. She replied carelessly— "Oh, dear me, no, not much." Then he proposed that they should leave the theatre and go and take an ice somewhere. Thus the praise of the Government took up less space in it;
religion and agriculture more. Madame Bovary senior, the evening before, passing along the passage, had surprised her in company of a man—a man with a brown collar, about forty years old, who, at the sound of her step, had quickly escaped through the kitchen. All the sensations of her first tenderness came back to her, and her poor aching heart
opened out amorously. When they had done with the rooms they went up to the attic. The choir stalls, of deal wood, have been left unpainted. Then he was afraid, and to avoid any explanation he smote his forehead, crying—"Morel is to come back to-night; he will not refuse me, I hope" (this was one of his friends, the son of a very rich merchant);
"and I will bring it you to-morrow," he added. Perhaps there was no need to despair, he thought. When the game of cards was over, the druggist and the Doctor played dominoes, and Emma, changing her place, leant her elbow on the table, turning over the leaves of "L'Illustration". And, pushing her gently to make her go into the arbour, "Sit down on
this seat; you'll be comfortable." "Oh! no; not there!" she said in a faltering voice. She rose, and they were about to leave, when the beadle came forward, hurriedly saying—"Madame, no doubt, does not belong to these parts? Emma disappeared, then came back quickly, and majestically handed her a thick piece of paper. I thought I recognised you at
street-corners, and I ran after all the carriages through whose windows I saw a shawl fluttering, a veil like yours." She seemed resolved to let him go on speaking without interruption. He caused such confusion with this piece of business that one had great difficulty in getting to the small steps of the platform. Then suddenly— "So you love him?" she
said. They were waiting for him. She was a woman of about forty, with fine shoulders, a hook nose, a drawling voice, and on this evening she wore over her brown hair a simple guipure fichu that fell in a point at the back. There ought to have been some tears on this; but I can't cry; it isn't my fault." Then, having emptied some water into a glass,
traveller. Besides, Léon, could be security instead of her. To be sure your lady-love doesn't live far away." And the other blushed— "Come now, be frank. They were on the heights of Thibourville when suddenly some horsemen with cigars between their lips passed laughing. She took off her bonnet, and they landed on their island. "Rise," repeated the
master, "and tell me your name." The new boy articulated in a stammering voice an unintelligible name. At daybreak Madame Bovary senior arrived. Then she appeared dazzling with whiteness in the empty heavens that she lit up, and now sailing more slowly along, let fall upon the river a great stain that broke up into an infinity of stars; and the
silver sheen seemed to writhe through the very depths like a heedless serpent covered with luminous scales; it also resembled some monster candelabra all along which sparkled drops of diamonds running together. Old Rouault was seeing him off; they were walking along the road full of ruts; they were about to part. He was incapable of heroism
weak, banal, more spiritless than a woman, avaricious too, and cowardly. It was Monsieur Homais who since morning had been organising all these preparations, as much to dazzle the multitude as to keep up his illusions. Her strength returned to her; she got up for a few hours of an afternoon, and one day, when she felt better, he tried to take her,
leaning on his arm, for a walk round the garden. At the unexpected shock of this phrase falling on her thought like a leaden bullet on a silver plate, Emma, shuddering, raised her head in order to find out what he meant to say; and they looked at the other in silence, almost amazed to see each other, so far sundered were they by their inner thoughts
"to be always riveted to the same places." "If you were like me," said Charles, "constantly obliged to be in the saddle"— "But," Léon went on, addressing himself to Madame Bovary, "nothing, it seems to me, is more pleasant—when one can," he added. He had infringed the law of the 19th Ventose, year xi., article I, which forbade all persons not
having a diploma to practise medicine; so that, after certain anonymous denunciations, Homais had been summoned to Rouen to see the procurer of the king in his own private receiving him standing up, ermine on shoulder and cap on head. "Emma! Emma!" cried Charles. She went out. Domestic medicine; so that, after certain anonymous denunciations, Homais had been summoned to Rouen to see the procurer of the king in his own private receiving him standing up, ermine on shoulder and cap on head. "Emma!" cried Charles. She went out. Domestic medicine; so that, after certain anonymous denunciations, Homais had been summoned to Rouen to see the procurer of the king in his own private receiving him standing up, ermine on shoulder and cap on head. "Emma!" cried Charles. She went out. Domestic medicine; so that, after certain anonymous denunciations, Homais had been summoned to Rouen to see the procurer of the king in his own private receiving him standing up, ermine on shoulder and cap on head. "Emma!" cried Charles. She went out. Domestic medicine had been summoned to Rouen to see the procurer of the king in his own private receiving him standing up, ermine on shoulder and cap on head. "Emma!" cried Charles. She went out. Domestic medicine had been summoned to Rouen to see the procurer of the king in his own private receiving him standing up, ermine to see the procurer of the king in his own private receiving him standing had been summoned to the him of the him 
fancies, marriage tenderness to adulterous desires. An exhalation escaped from this embalmed love, that, penetrating through everything, perfumed with tenderness the immaculate atmosphere in which she longed to live. The frightful taste of ink continued. He said—"Continue, persevere; listen neither to the suggestions of routine, nor to the over
hasty councils of a rash empiricism. He continued— "And what should I do here gentlemen, pointing out to you the uses of agriculture? The young man was irritated at this bigot fancy; then he nevertheless experienced a certain charm in seeing her, in the middle of a rendezvous, thus lost in her devotions, like an Andalusian marchioness; then he
grew bored, for she seemed never coming to an end. She is so finiky about her pleasures; and, besides, she has a mania for prawns." The fields were empty, and around him Rodolphe only heard the regular beating of the grass striking against his boots, with a cry of the grasshopper hidden at a distance among the oats. The thong lashed his wounds
and he fell back into the mud with a yell. Now she suffered in her heart, then in the chest, the head, the limbs; she had vomitings, in which Charles thought he saw the first signs of cancer. Then you rang at Madame Bovary, as she
listened to him, wondered that she was so old. On the other side of the passage was Charles's consulting room, a little room about six paces wide, with a table, three chairs, and an office chair. She had profited by Lheureux's lessons. She is my wife!" And he wept. I would have sold all, worked for you with my hands, I would have begged on the
highroads for a smile, for a look, to hear you say 'Thanks!' And you know it, I might have lived happily. "Monsieur Guillaumin"; and with the utmost coolness she added, "I don't trust him overmuch. The feast was long, noisy, ill served; the guests
were so crowded that they could hardly move their elbows; and the narrow planks used for forms almost broke down under their weight. But the more she fixed her attention upon it, the more confused were her ideas. Ah! he was gone, the only possible hope of joy. We shall become friends; I'll invite them to my place. He had
altogether changed. Emma made her toilet with the fastidious care of an actress on her debut. "So you can assure me it is all right?" she said with her last kiss. And then along the highroad, spreading out its long ribbon of dust, along the kines, with the sun actress on her debut. "So you can assure me it is all right?" she said with her last kiss. And then along the highroad, spreading out its long ribbon of dust, along the highroad, spreading out its long ribbon of dust, along the highroad, spreading out its long ribbon of dust, along the highroad, spreading out its long ribbon of dust, along the highroad, spreading out its long ribbon of dust, along the highroad, spreading out its long ribbon of dust, along the highroad, spreading out its long ribbon of dust, along the highroad, spreading out its long ribbon of dust, along the highroad, spreading out its long ribbon of dust, along the highroad, spreading out its long ribbon of dust, along the highroad, spreading out its long ribbon of dust, along the highroad, spreading out its long ribbon of dust, along the highroad, spreading out its long ribbon of dust, along the highroad, spreading out its long ribbon of dust, along the highroad, spreading out its long ribbon of dust, along the highroad, spreading out its long ribbon of dust, along the highroad, spreading out its long ribbon of dust, along the highroad, spreading out its long ribbon of dust, along the highroad, spreading out its long ribbon of dust, along the highroad, spreading out its long ribbon of dust, along the highroad, spreading out its long ribbon of dust, along the highroad, spreading out its long ribbon of dust, along the highroad, spreading out its long ribbon of dust, along the highroad, spreading out its long ribbon of dust, along the highroad, spreading out its long ribbon of dust, along the highroad, spreading ribbon of dust, along the highroad, spreading ribbon of dust, along the highroad, along the highroad, along the highroad, along the highroad ribbon of dust, along the highroad ribb
on his back and the morning air in his nostrils, his heart full of the joys of the past night, his mind at rest, his flesh at ease, he went on, re-chewing his happiness, like those who after dinner taste again the truffles which they are digesting. But to-day, for want of three thousand francs, we are to be sold up. "Yes! courage!
will have, by God! I'll go along o' her to the end!" The bell began tolling. She took it up in the wrapping that enveloped it and began singing softly as she rocked herself to and fro. He shut himself up in his consulting-room, took a pen, and after sobbing for
some time, wrote—"I wish her to be buried in her wedding-dress, with white shoes, and a wreath. More than one showed his humble medal with pride; and no doubt when he got home to his good housewife, he hung it up weeping on the modest walls of his cot. The servant's breakfast was boiling beside it in small pots of all sizes. Monsieur Homais
suspected some "young man's affair" at the bottom of it, an intrigue. "Often," he went on, "I wrote you letters that I tore up." She did not answer. At last the cab appeared. It is a misfortune!" She could not finish, the druggist was thundering—"Empty it! Clean it! Take it back! Be quick!" And seizing Justin by the collar of his blouse, he shook a book
out of his pocket. She did not speak; he was silent, captivated by her silence, as he would have been by her speech. He affected a brave air, and saluted with a nod those who, coming out from the lanes or from their doors, stood amidst the crowd. A waltz immediately began and on the organ, in a little drawing room, dancers the size of a finger,
women in pink turbans, Tyrolians in jackets, monkeys in frock coats, gentlemen in knee-breeches, turned and turned between the sofas, the consoles, multiplied in the bits of looking glass held together at their corners by a piece of gold paper. Seizing them by the collars of their coats, he lifted them from the ground, and deposited them on their knees
on the stones of the choir, firmly, as if he meant planting them there. Anyone who has no religion always ends by turning out badly." So it was decided to stop Emma reading novels. One saw him running about the village as before, and when Charles heard from afar the sharp noise of the wooden leg, he at once went in another direction. Hippolyte
the groom from the inn, took the head of the horses from the coachman, and, limping along with his club-foot, led them to the door of the "Lion d'Or", where a number of peasants collected to look at the carriage. She drew herself up slowly, shading her eyes with her hand to look. "First, having at the time of the cholera distinguished myself by a
boundless devotion; second, by having published, at my expense, various works of public utility, such as" (and he recalled his pamphlet entitled, "Cider, its manufacture and effects," besides observation on the lanigerous plant-louse, sent to the Academy; his volume of statistics, and down to his pharmaceutical thesis); "without counting that I am a
member of several learned societies" (he was member of a single one). Low and covered with brown tiles, there hung outside it, beneath the druggist, turning red, confessed that he was too sensitive to assist at such an operation. He went up with them to her bedroom, and
remained standing near the door, motionless and mute. Or at other times, consumed more ardently than ever by that inner flame to which adultery added fuel, panting, tremulous, all desire, she threw open her window, breathed in the cold air, shook loose in the wind her masses of hair, too heavy, and, gazing upon the stars, longed for some princely
love. "What brings you here?" "Do I disturb you?" "No; but—" And he admitted that his landlord didn't like his having "women" there. A candle burnt in one of the gilt candlesticks. She sat down again and took up her work, a white cotton stocking she was darning. The river still flowed on, and slowly drove its ripples along the slippery banks. And she
protested that she was not mocking him, when the report of a cannon resounded. His legs, in blue stockings, looked out from beneath yellow trousers, drawn tight by braces, He wore stout, ill-cleaned, hob-nailed boots. After the fashion of country folks she asked him to have something to drink. This work irritated Léon. We shall be alone, all to
ourselves eternally. She was so overwhelmed, so sad, that she had to lean against a wall to keep herself from falling. On other occasions, when Monsieur le Curé, on his way back after administering the viaticum to some sick person in the neighbourhood, caught sight of Charles playing about the fields, he called him, lectured him for a quarter of an
hour and took advantage of the occasion to make him conjugate his verb at the foot of a tree. Charles sank back into his arm-chair overwhelmed, trying to discover what could be wrong with her, fancying some nervous illness, weeping, and vaguely feeling something fatal and incomprehensible whirling round him. One day, when at the height of her
illness, she had thought herself dying, and had asked for the communion; and, while they were making the preparations in her room for the sacrament, while they were turning the night table covered with syrups into an altar, and while Félicité was strewing dahlia flowers on the floor, Emma felt some power passing over her that freed her from her
pains, from all perception, from all feeling. Where would it all end? How pleasant it must be at home! How fresh under the beech-tree! And he expanded his nostrils to breathe in the sweet odours of the country which did not reach him. His eyes were bloodshot, and he wore a little queue tied with black ribbon. I give you warning." For dinner there
was onion soup and a piece of veal with sorrel. But he never succeeded in getting a rhyme for the second verse; and at last ended by copying a sonnet in a "Keepsake." This was less from vanity than from the one desire of pleasing her. Night was falling, crows were flying about. The chemist went on— "Who asked you to come? Everywhere commerce
and the arts are flourishing; everywhere new means of communication, like so many new arteries in the body of the state, establish within it new relations. He could not keep from constantly touching her comb, her ring, her fichu; sometimes he gave her great sounding kisses with all his mouth on her cheeks, or else little kisses in a row all along her
bare arm from the tip of her fingers up to her shoulder, and she put him away half-smiling, half-vexed, as you do a child who hangs about you. She'll be there. "What's the meaning of that?" he asked himself. He even launched into an ethnographic digression: the German was vapourish, the French woman licentious, the Italian passionate. Can you
deny that at Yonville—" The young man stammered something. "Do you not know that there are souls constantly tormented? If we put on sinapisms? The powdered sugar even seemed to her whiter and finer than elsewhere. When Charles returned in the evening, she stretched forth two long thin arms from beneath the sheets, put them round his
neck, and having made him sit down on the edge of the bed, began to talk to him of her troubles: he was neglecting her, he loved another. The druggist's ears tingled as if he were about to have an apoplectic stroke; he saw the depths of dungeons, his family in tears, his shop sold, all the jars dispersed; and he was obliged to enter a cafe and take a
glass of rum and seltzer to recover his spirits. In the evening in summer he took his little girl with him and led her to the cemetery. No birds were to be heard; everything seemed asleep, the espalier covered with straw, and the vine, like a great sick serpent under the coping of the wall, along which, on drawing near, one saw the many-footed woodlice
crawling. Right along the outbuildings extended a large dunghill, from which manure liquid oozed, while amidst fowls and turkeys, five or six peacocks, a luxury in Chauchois farmyards, were foraging on the top of it. Charles as he embraced her burst into another flood of tears. However, he was glad to see her at last manifest a wish of any kind. On
the evening when the Bovarys were to arrive at Yonville, Widow Lefrancois, the landlady of this inn, was so very busy that she sweated great drops as she moved her saucepans. Everything, moreover, succeeded with him. Ah! your dress is damp." "I love you," she answered, throwing her arms about his neck. He was walking up and down from the
window to the bureau, repeating all the while—"Ah! I'll show him! 
from beyond the grave. This is my wish; see that it is done." The two men were much surprised at Bovary's romantic ideas. Rodolphe did not come again. So now they would thus follow one another, always the same, immovable, and bringing nothing. It was one of those pure feelings that do not interfere with life, that are cultivated because they are
rare, and whose loss would afflict more than their passion rejoices. But he would, perhaps, go down yonder, not guessing she was here, and she told the nurse to run to her house to fetch him. She had, like a man, thrust in between two buttons of her bodice a tortoise-shell eyeglass. This was the only green spot. and through what deplorable madness
had she thus ruined her life by continual sacrifices? A circle gathered round a very young man who the week before had beaten "Miss Arabella" and "Romolus," and won two thousand louis jumping a ditch in England. At eight o'clock Justin came to fetch him to shut up the shop. Madame Bovary did not go downstairs to the dining-room; she wished to
remain alone to look after the child. "Five hundred lines for all the class!" shouted in a furious voice stopped, like the Quos ego[1], a fresh outburst. On reaching the inn, Madame Bovary was surprised not to see the diligence. She tasted it without remorse, without anxiety, without trouble. What chance willed it? "Or poison a patient!" continued the
druggist. "Assuredly. So he nursed and coddled himself and accepted the consolations that were offered him. And, shaking off his own—"Did you enjoy yourself vesterday?" he asked. Léon was weary of loying without any result: moreover he was beginning to feel that depression caused by the repetition of the same kind of life, when no interest
inspires and no hope sustains it. Thus in a duel, I have seen a second lose consciousness at the mere sound of the loading of pistols." "For my part," said the chemist, "the sight of other people's blood doesn't affect me at all, but the mere thought of my own flowing would make me faint if I reflected upon it too much." Monsieur Boulanger, however,
dismissed his servant, advising him to calm himself, since his fancy was over. She remained alone in the carriage. All the same he was always pleased with him, and even said the "young man" had a very good memory. He made use of this means for corresponding with her, sending according to the season fruits or game. He thought less of her as he
grew accustomed to living alone. This did not spoil the garden much, all choked now with long weeds. He came for the doctor, had a letter for him. Where could she be? By dint of hard work he kept always about the middle of the class; once even he got a certificate in natural history. He went to La Pâture at the top of the Argueil hills at the beginning
of the forest; he threw himself upon the ground under the pines and watched the sky through his fingers. The town hall, constructed "from the designs of a Paris architect," is a sort of Greek temple that forms the corner next to the chemist's shop. It was like a spring morning coming into his room. He again saw Emma in her room, dressed as he had
seen her, and he undressed her. Emma was silent, and Monsieur Lheureux, who was biting the feathers of a quill, no doubt became uneasy at her silence, for he went on—"Unless one of these days I have something coming in, I might—" "Besides," said she, "as soon as the balance of Barneville—" "What!" And on hearing that Langlois had not yet paid
he seemed much surprised. Opposite his house, flourishing and merry, was the family of the chemist, with whom everything was prospering. He did a great deal for the cathedral. She tried, by way of mortification, to eat nothing a whole day. She thought "her ways too fine for their position"; the wood, the sugar, and the candles disappeared as "at a
grand establishment," and the amount of firing in the kitchen would have been enough for twenty-five courses. He found him alone (Monsieur Canivet had left), sitting in an arm-chair near the window, staring with an idiotic look at the flags of the floor. "Do you want to see me in the prisoner's dock with criminals, in a court of justice? So much the
better, my dear children, and may God send you every imaginable happiness! It grieves me not yet to have seen my dear little grand-daughter, Berthe Bovary. "Oh, very well, take them!" said Emma. And, certain of his discovery, he went out repeating to himself in an undertone, and with his usual low whistle— "Good! we shall see! we shall see!" She
was thinking how to get out of this when the servant coming in put on the mantelpiece a small roll of blue paper "from Monsieur Derozeray's." Emma pounced upon and opened it. At your service; your very humble servant. "And he closed the door gently. You are always pestering the doctor and madame. Emma was thinking that it was scarcely forty-
eight hours since they had been together, far from the world, all in a frenzy of joy, and not having eyes enough to gaze upon each other. Grease and tobacco stains followed along his broad chest the lines of the buttons, and grew more numerous the farther they were from his neckcloth, in which the massive folds of his red chin rested; this was dotted
with yellow spots, that disappeared beneath the coarse hair of his greyish beard. Then she said in a solemn tone: "You are to read it to-morrow; till then, I pray you, do not ask me a single question. She went to a hairdresser's in the Rue de la Comedie to have her hair arranged. The orange blossoms were yellow with dust and the silver bordered satin
ribbons fraved at the edges. One morning as she was thus returning, she suddenly thought she saw the long barrel of a carbine that seemed to be aimed at her. You would have had to put up with indiscreet guestions, calumny, contempt, insult perhaps, Lively once, expansive and affectionate, in growing older she had become (after the fashion of wine
that, exposed to air, turns to vinegar) ill-tempered, grumbling, irritable. It is very much in fashion just now." But Madame Bovary, senior, cried out loudly against this name of a sinner. He passed his hand over his face, like a man seized with giddiness. She would have done so to the logs in the fireplace or to the pendulum of the clock. His heart beat,
and he racked his brain with surmises. I adore you, my love." The moon, full and purple-coloured, was rising right out of the earth at the end of the meadow. The conversation seemed at an end when the chemist thought fit to shoot a Parthian arrow. "Well how can I help it?" Then she grew angry, reminding him of the promise he had given not to pay
away her bills. Towards evening they took a covered boat and went to dine on one of the islands. But no! There was nothing extraordinary about the country; the sky was blue, the trees swayed; a flock of sheep passed. She fell back in despair. I have planted an Orleans plum-tree for her in the garden under your room, and I won't have it touched
unless it is to have jam made for her by and bye, that I will keep in the cupboard for her when she comes. Her husband, instead of following her, sent to Saint-Victor for some cigars, and smoked till daybreak, drinking kirsch-punch, a mixture unknown to the company. But he never saw her in his thoughts other than he had seen her the first time, or as
he had just left her. Besides, he only liked dark women. They were so completely lost in the possession of each other that they would live there till death, like two spouses eternally young. It glitters, it flashes; yet one still doubts, one does not believe it; one remains dazzled, as if one went out from
darkness into light." And as he ended Rodolphe suited the action to the word. It was at this hour that Monsieur Bournisien came to see her. A shudder of his shoulders made the chair-back creak. Then the passengers in the "Hirondelle" ended by falling asleep, some with open mouths, others with lowered chins, leaning against their neighbour's
shoulder, or with their arm passed through the strap, oscillating regularly with the jolting of the carriage; and the reflection of the lantern swinging without, on the crupper of the wheeler; penetrating into the interior through the strap, oscillating regularly with the jolting of the carriage; and the reflection of the lantern swinging without, on the crupper of the wheeler; penetrating into the interior through the strap, oscillating regularly with the jolting of the carriage; and the reflection of the lantern swinging without, on the crupper of the wheeler; penetrating into the interior through the strap, oscillating regularly with the jolting of the carriage; and the reflection of the lantern swinging without, on the crupper of the wheeler; penetrating into the interior through the strap, oscillating regularly with the jolting of the carriage; and the reflection of the lantern swinging without, on the crupper of the wheeler; penetrating into the interior through the strap, oscillating regularly with the jolting of the carriage; and the carriage into the carriage; and the carriage into the carriage; and the carriage into th
of tobacco, deadened the noise of their steps, and with the edge of their steps, and the edge of 
rest, and in themselves represented all humanity. He called Monsieur Canivet into consultation; he sent for Dr. Lariviere, his old master, from Rouen; he was in despair. As the death-rattle became stronger the priest prayed faster; his prayers mingled with the stifled sobs of Bovary, and sometimes all seemed lost in the muffled murmur of the Latin
```

```
syllables that tolled like a passing bell. He sent Justin as far as Neufchâtel for ice; the ice melted on the way; he sent him back again. On that day he wore a collar even higher than usual; and, tightly buttoned in his tunic, his figure was so stiff and motionless that the whole vital portion of his person seemed to have descended into his legs, which rose
in a cadence of set steps with a single movement. Whilst she was getting well she occupied herself much in seeking a name for her daughter. She turned her calamities, Madame Bovary turned away her head, as at the loathing of another bitterer
poison that rose to her mouth. "For myself, I am very well, except for a cold I caught the other day at the fair at Yvetot, where I had gone to hire a shepherd, having turned away mine because he was too dainty. "Yes; one day it comes," he answered. "Would you be so good," said the lady, "as to pick up my fan that has fallen behind the sofa?" The
gentleman bowed, and as he moved to stretch out his arm, Emma saw the hand of a young woman throw something white, folded in a triangle, into his hat. "It is not that I entirely disapprove of the work. Between him and the imaginary personages she made comparisons. Every day for a month Hivert carried boxes, valises, parcels for him from
Yonville to Rouen and from Rouen to Yonville; and when Léon had packed up his wardrobe, had his three arm-chairs restuffed, bought a stock of neckties, in a word, had made more preparations than for a voyage around the world, he put it off from week to week, until he received a second letter from his mother urging him to leave, since he wanted
to pass his examination before the vacation. Although brown, they seemed black because of the lashes, and her look came at you frankly, with a candid boldness. The pediment of the banquet; and in the middle of the Place, in front of the church, a kind of
bombarde was to announce the arrival of the prefect and the names of the successful farmers who had obtained prizes. It was a substantial-looking farm. Where could she have learnt this corruption almost incorporeal in the strength of its profanity and dissimulation? Sometimes even, half-rising, he delicately pointed out to madame the tenderest
morsel, or turning to the servant, gave her some advice on the manipulation of stews and the hygiene of seasoning. "Ah! it is but a little thing, death!" she thought. Hippolyte went to Neufchâtel, and Justin so spurred Bovary's horse that he left it foundered and three parts dead by the hill at Bois-Guillaume. Let us pass on quickly to see the gargoyle
windows." But Léon hastily took some silver from his pocket and seized Emma's arm. The noise of footsteps made her ill; when people left her, solitude became odious to her; if they came back, it was doubtless to see her die. Some natures are so sensitive to certain smells; and it would even be a very fine question to study both in its pathological and
physiological relation. "I'll call around," said Bovary. Oh, poor devil!" And Rodolphe finished his sentence with a gesture that said, "I could crush him with a flip of my finger." She was wonder-stricken at his bravery, although she felt in it a sort of indecency and a naive coarseness that scandalised her. A mile farther on they had to stop to mend with
some string the traces that had broken. "Your friend?" No! Your friend?" Yes, that's it." "Your friend?" Yes, that's it." "Your friend?" Yes, that's it." "Your friend?" Then he spoke of the condition of the peasants. Day was just breaking. On the other side of
the chimney a young man with fair hair watched her silently. She watched it burn. She came nearer to him, her breast heaving; they no longer spoke. "But never mind; we've had a beautiful!" And having bowed to one another, they separated. Homais
went on— "Do you think that to be an agriculturist it is necessary to have tilled the earth or fattened fowls oneself? He fetched three stools from the round table under the bust of the monarch, and having carried them to one of the windows, they sat down by each other. As she was a long time before she found her work-case, her father grew
impatient; she did not answer, but as she sewed she pricked her fingers, which she then put to her mouth to suck them. Religion, however, seemed no more able to succour him than surgery, and the invincible gangrene still spread from the extremities towards the stomach. Over the door, where the organ should be, is a loft for the men, with a spiral
staircase that reverberates under their wooden shoes. He made this seem likely, so ceaselessly did he talk of her wit; so much so, that Binet once roughly answered him— "What does it matter to me since I'm not in her set?" He tortured himself to find out how he could make his declaration to her, and always halting between the
fear of displeasing her and the shame of being such a coward, he wept with discouragement and desire. And poor Bovary has left me here especially for that. We used to make punch in the dissecting room! Nothingness does not terrify a philosopher; and, as I often say, I even intend to leave my body to the hospitals, in order, later on, to serve
science." The cure on his arrival inquired how Monsieur Bovary was, and, on the reply of the druggist, went on—"The blow, you see, is still too recent." Then Homais congratulated him on not being exposed, like other people, to the loss of a beloved companion; whence there followed a discussion on the celibacy of priests. Its light from a distance
looked like a white stain trembling in the oil. At the convent there was an old maid who came for a week each month to mend the linen. Emma had on purpose taken away the key of the gate, which Charles thought lost. He pulled out from his wool cap with grey top-knots a letter wrapped up in a rag and presented it gingerly to Charles, who rested on
his elbow on the pillow to read it. "Sir!" replied the ecclesiastic, with such angry eyes that the druggist was intimidated by them. The mairie was a mile and a half from the farm, and they went thither on foot, returning in the same way after the ceremony in the church. She dreamed of high station; she already saw him, tall, handsome, clever, settled
as an engineer or in the law. Wherever we might have gone, it would have persecuted us. During the evening Charles seemed to her careworn. Then she talked to him of her mother—his! Rodolphe had lost his twenty years ago. This morning I had to go to Bas-Diauville for a cow that was ill; they thought it was under a spell.
An individual presents himself, well dressed, even wearing an order, and whom one would take for a diplomatist. As soon as he heard the bell he ran to meet Madame Bovary, took her shawl, and put away under the shop-counter the thick list shoes that she wore over her boots when there was snow. How was it that she—she, who was so intelligent—
could have allowed herself to be deceived again? As soon as she entered the passage, Emma felt the cold of the plaster fall about her shoulders like damp linen. Monsieur Homais called at dinner-time. Monsieur Bournisien, in full vestments, was singing in a shrill voice. On one was written, "To Commerce"; on the other, "To Agriculture"; on the third,
"To Industry"; and on the fourth, "To the Fine Arts." But the jubilation that brightened all faces seemed to darken that of Madame Lefrancois, the innkeeper. The small panes of the narrow windows rattled in their sashes when the coach was closed, and retained here and there patches of mud amid the old layers of dust, that not even storms of rain
had altogether washed away. It was mid-day, the shutters of the houses were closed and the slate roofs that glittered beneath the fierce light of the blue sky seemed to strike sparks from the crest of the houses were closed and the slate roofs that glittered beneath the fierce light of the blue sky seemed to strike sparks from the crest of the houses were closed and the slate roofs that glittered beneath the fierce light of the blue sky seemed to strike sparks from the crest of the houses were closed and the slate roofs that glittered beneath the fierce light of the blue sky seemed to strike sparks from the crest of the houses were closed and the slate roofs that glittered beneath the fierce light of the blue sky seemed to strike sparks from the crest of the houses were closed and the slate roofs that glittered beneath the fierce light of the blue sky seemed to strike sparks from the crest of the houses were closed and the slate roofs that glittered beneath the fierce light of the blue sky seemed to strike sparks from the crest of the houses were closed and the slate roofs that glittered beneath the fierce light of the houses were closed and the slate roofs that glittered beneath the fierce light of the houses were closed and the slate roofs that glittered beneath the fierce light of the house were closed and the slate roofs that glittered beneath the fierce light of the house were closed and the slate roofs that glittered beneath the fierce light of the house were closed and the slate roofs that glittered beneath the fierce light of the house were closed and the slate roofs that glittered beneath the fierce light of the house were closed and the slate roofs that glittered beneath the fierce light of the house were closed and the slate roofs that glittered beneath the fierce light of the house were closed and the slate roofs that glittered beneath the fierce light of the house were closed and the slate roofs the house were closed and the slate roofs the house were closed and the slate roofs the house were close
a fountain shaded by an oak to the left. Homais had thought over his speech; he had rounded, polished it, made it rhythmical; it was a masterpiece of prudence and transitions, of subtle turns and delicacy; but anger had got the better of rhetoric. The four seats, however, filled up. What was most admired were two long lamp-stands covered with
lanterns, that flanked a platform on which the authorities were to sit. And you, aged servants, humble domestics, whose hard labour no Government up to this day has taken into consideration, come hither to receive the reward of your silent virtues, and be assured that the state henceforward has its eye upon you; that it encourages you, protects you
that it will accede to your just demands, and alleviate as much as in it lies the burden of your painful sacrifices." Monsieur Lieuvain then sat down; Monsieur Lieuvain then sat down; Monsieur Derozerays got up, beginning another speech. He thought it over, but could hit upon nothing. Binet was scarlet to his very ears. An infernal boldness looked out from her burning eyes, and their
lids drew close together with a lascivious and encouraging look, so that the young man felt himself growing weak beneath the mute will of this woman who was urging him to a crime. "Why, what?" said Rodolphe. Then he had to apologise. Arrived in front of the Hotel de Boulogne, Léon left him abruptly, ran up the stairs, and found his mistress in
great excitement. However, if it were only those persons of different sexes united in a bewitching apartment, decorated rouge, those lights, those effeminate voices, all this must, in the long-run, engender a certain mental libertinage, give rise to immodest thoughts and impure temptations. Then the three hundred finished, they both stretched
themselves out in front of the fire, and were soon asleep. When he had taken in his other hand the cure's umbrella, they started. Rodolphe got up to, shut the window, and when he had almost killed her. Still, if he did not ask for any explanation, others
later on, might prove less discreet. "If, instead of the sum agreed on, you would take—" "Here it is," she said placing fourteen napoleons in his hand. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing,
displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Well, a pleasant dinner! Goodbye till to-morrow." The idea of the theatre quickly germinated in Bovary's head, for he at once communicated it to his wife, who at first refused, alleging the fatigue, the worry, the expense; but, for a
wonder, Charles did not give in, so sure was he that this recreation would be good for her. The colts neighed when anyone passed by, and galloped. The spelling mistakes were interwoven one with the other, and Emma followed the kindly thought that cackled right through it like a hen half hidden in the hedge of thorns. "Pshaw!" she
thought, "he won't think about it again." Besides the riding-whip with its silver-gilt handle, Rodolphe had received a seal with the motto Amor nel cor;[14] furthermore, a scarf for a muffler, and, finally, a cigar-case exactly like the Viscount's, that Charles had formerly picked up in the road, and that Emma had kept. She could not detach her eyes from
the carpet where he had walked, from those empty chairs where he had sat. Madame was in her room upstairs. He listened with all his ears, as attentive as if at a sermon, not daring even to cross his legs or lean on his elbow; and when at two o'clock the bell rang, the master was obliged to tell him to fall into line with the rest of us. As his affections
vanished, he clung more closely to the love of his child. The river that runs through it makes of it, as it were, two regions with distinct physiognomies—all on the left is pasture land, all of the right arable. The druggist had taken Napoleon and Athalie to give them some exercise, and Justin accompanied them, carrying the umbrellas on his shoulder.
Monsieur Bournisien, stronger than he, went on moving his lips gently for some time, then insensibly his chin sank down, he let fall his big black boot, and began to snore. She presented herself at his place with an offhand air. On the other with
harness for horses, and packets of blue ribbon, whose ends fluttered in the wind. They came to a larger space where the coppice had been cut. "It'll be over before a week." Homais drew back with stupefaction. Ah! Hippolyte!" And Homais retired, declaring that he could not understand this obstinacy, this blindness in refusing the benefactions of
science. Rodolphe would come; she had sent for him to tell him that she was bored, that her husband was odious, her life frightful. Emma saw him disappear between the double row of forms, walking with a heavy tread, his head a little bent over his shoulder, and with his two hands half-open behind him. Who drove you to it?" She replied. "For," said
he to Emma, "what risk is there? He embraced Bridoux; they took some garus. She got up and dressed silently, in order not to awaken Charles, who would have made remarks about her getting ready too early. A meal together, a walk in the evening on the highroad, a gesture of her hands over her hair, the sight of her straw hat hanging from the
window-fastener, and many another thing in which Charles had never dreamed of pleasure, now made up the endless round of his happiness. We'll go to the theatre, to the restaurant; we'll make a night of it." "Oh, my dear!" tenderly murmured Madame Homais, alarmed at the vague perils he was preparing to brave. He heard her murmuring—"If
were in your place I should soon get some." "But where?" "At your office." And she looked at him. "Now how am I to sign?" he said to himself. He was constantly to be seen on the Place, jumping round the carts, thrusting his limping foot forwards. But we'll begin again, won't we? The wind blew through the cracked windows. The man turned his
handle, looking to the right and left, and up at the windows. They had all, Monsieur and Madame Boyary, Homais, and Monsieur Léon, gone to see a varn-mill that was being built in the valley a mile and a half from Yonville. The adieux were sad. We have, medically speaking, besides the ordinary cases of enteritis, bronchitis, bilious affections, etc.
now and then a few intermittent fevers at harvest-time; but on the whole, little of a serious nature, nothing special to note, unless it be a great deal of scrofula, due, no doubt, "said Bovary; "go on!" "I
proceed," said the chemist. Then Monsieur Lheureux delicately exhibited three Algerian scarves, several packets of English needles, a pair of straw slippers, and finally, four eggcups in cocoanut wood, carved in open work by convicts. Monsieur Lormeaux, of the Rue Grand-Pont, was to take me and his wife." And the opportunity was lost, as she was
to leave the next day. Let's go and have a glass of garus at Bridoux'." Léon vowed that he must get back to his office. She opened wide her nostrils several times to drink in the freshness of the ivy round the capitals. Afar off a dog sometimes howled; and the bell, keeping time, continued its monotonous ringing that died away over the fields. She
sprang towards him, she pressed against him, she stirred carefully the dying embers, sought all around her anything that could revive it; and the most immediate occasions, what she experienced as well as what she imagined, her voluptuous desires that were unsatisfied, her projects of happiness that crackled in
the wind like dead boughs, her sterile virtue, her lost hopes, the domestic tête-à-tête—she gathered it all up, took everything, and made it all serve as fuel for her melancholy. She wore an open dressing gown that showed between the shawl facings of her bodice a pleated chamisette with three gold buttons. When he was coming she filled the two
large blue glass vases with roses, and prepared her room and her person like a courtesan expecting a prince. "No, but I am very fond of music," he replied. A torpor seized her; she stopped. You must get home, Madame Bovary; drink a little tea, that will strengthen you, or else a glass of fresh water with a little moist sugar." "Why?" And she looked
like one awaking from a dream. She even asked herself why she detested Charles; if it had not been better to have been able to love him? But suddenly it turned with a dash across Quatremares, Sotteville, La Grande-Chaussee, the Rue d'Elbeuf, and made its third halt in front of the Jardin des Plantes. But a young woman stepped forward, throwing a
purse to a squire in green. Before you meddle with such things, bad boy, wait till you've got a beard to your chin." "Oh, don't be cross! I'll go and clean her boots." And he at once took down from the shelf Emma's boots, all coated with mud, the mud of the rendezvous, that crumbled into powder beneath his fingers, and that he watched as it gently
rose in a ray of sunlight. What was certain was that he made complex calculations in his head that would have frightened Binet himself. First he saw a handkerchief with pale little spots. By Jove!" added he, "there's the agricultural show coming on. But when the letter was finished, as she did not know Léon's address, she was puzzled. At sight of
Emma he seemed relieved from a great weight, and at once entered upon a conversation. Before she had spoken Mere Rollet said to her— "There is no one at your house!" "What?" "Oh, no one! And the doctor is crying. Hivert called, shouted, swore; then he got down from his seat and went and knocked loudly at the doors. Seen thus closely, her eyes
looked to him enlarged, especially when, on waking up, she opened and shut them rapidly many times. He went after the labourers, drove away with clods of earth the ravens that were flying about. So the next day about five o'clock he walked into the kitchen of the inn, with a choking sensation in his throat, pale cheeks, and that resolution of cowards about five o'clock he walked into the kitchen of the inn, with a choking sensation in his throat, pale cheeks, and that resolution of cowards about five o'clock he walked into the kitchen of the inn, with a choking sensation in his throat, pale cheeks, and that resolution of cowards are not considered.
that stops at nothing. It was a bill for seven hundred francs, signed by her, and which Lheureux, in spite of all his professions, had paid away to Vincart. Oh, why had not she, like this woman, resisted, implored? They gathered around the sunset on the side of Rouen and then swiftly rolled back their black columns, behind which the great rays of the
sun looked out like the golden arrows of a suspended trophy, while the rest of the empty heavens was white as porcelain. Emma seemed to him to have receded into a far-off past, as if the resolution he had suddenly placed a distance between them. She threw it into the fire. Her journey to Vaubyessard had made a hole in her life, like one of
those great crevices that a storm will sometimes make in one night in mountains. However, a fishmonger, one of their cousins (who had even brought a pair of soles for his wedding present), began to squirt water from his mouth through the keyhole, when old Rouault came up just in time to stop him, and explain to him that the distinguished position
of his son-in-law would not allow of such liberties. The shovel, tongs, and the nozzle of the bellows, all of colossal size, shone like polished steel, while along the walls hung many pots and pans in which the clear flame of the hearth, mingling with the first rays of the sun coming in through the window, was mirrored fitfully. "I should like to know—" sheet hearth, mingling with the first rays of the sun coming in through the window, was mirrored fitfully. "I should like to know—" sheet hearth, mingling with the first rays of the sun coming in through the window, was mirrored fitfully. "I should like to know—" sheet hearth, mingling with the first rays of the sun coming in through the window, was mirrored fitfully. "I should like to know—" sheet hearth, mingling with the first rays of the sun coming in through the window, was mirrored fitfully. "I should like to know—" sheet hearth, mingling with the first rays of the sun coming in through the window, was mirrored fitfully. "I should like to know—" sheet hearth, mingling with the first rays of the sun coming in through the window, was mirrored fitfully. "I should like to know—" sheet hearth, mingling with the first rays of the sun coming in through the window, was mirrored fitfully."
went on. She was becoming irritable, greedy, voluptuous; and she walked about the streets with him carrying her head high, without fear, so she said, of compromising herself. As for excesses, he had always abstained from them, as much from cowardice as from refinement. He had deserted her for other women, and this sentimental celebrity did not
fail to enhance his artistic reputation. The curtains of the alcove floated gently round her like clouds, and the rays of the two tapers burning on the night-table seemed to shine like dazzling halos. The head-master made a sign to us to sit down. "A great deal?" "Certainly!" "You haven't loved any others?" "Did you think you'd got a virgin?" he
exclaimed laughing. On the floor in corners were sacks of flour stuck upright in rows. On him alone, then, she concentrated all the various hatreds that resulted from her boredom, and every effort to diminish only augmented it; for this useless trouble was added to the other reasons for despair, and contributed still more to the separation between
them. Through the bars of the arbour and away beyond the river seen in the fields, meandering through the grass in wandering curves. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support. Emma, her eyes half closed, breathed in with deep sighs the fresh wind that was blowing. He
put his letter at the bottom under some vine leaves, and at once ordered Girard, his ploughman, to take it with care to Madame Bovary. He sent quickly to the "Lion d'Or" for some pigeons; to the butcher's for all the cutlets that were to be had; to Tuvache for cream; and to Lestiboudois for eggs; and the druggist himself aided in the preparations,
while Madame Homais was saying as she pulled together the strings of her jacket—"You must excuse us, sir, for in this poor place, when one hasn't been told the night before—" "Wine glasses!" whispered Homais. We will love one another. Why not have kept hold of it with both knees, when it was about to flee from her? The cure
came back day after day. They gradually came to talking more frequently of matters outside their love, and in the letters that Emma wrote him she spoke of flowers, verses, the moon and the stars, naive resources of a waning passion striving to keep itself alive by all external aids. They went thus to the bottom of the garden near the terrace. At firs
she felt stunned; she saw the trees, the paths, the ditches, Rodolphe, and she again felt the pressure of his arm, while the leaves rustled and the reeds whistled. At a cafe he asked for a Directory, and hurriedly looked for the name of Mademoiselle Lempereur, who lived at No. 74 Rue de la Renelle-des-Maroquiniers. He read an old fashion journal,
went out, smoked a cigar, walked up three streets, thought it was time, and went slowly towards the porch of Notre Dame. "For pity's sake, stay. Who supplies our wants? At last, weary of waiting, assailed by fears that she thrust from her, no longer conscious whether she had been here a century or a moment, she sat down in a corner, closed her
eyes, and stopped her ears. He seated him on the table with his back resting against the wall. "How are you," he had whispered in the clerk's ear, who went upstairs in front of him. What reassured her was the very magnitude of the sum. Ah! how pretty sheeped in the clerk's ear, who went upstairs in front of him. What reassured her was the very magnitude of the sum. Ah! how pretty sheeped in the clerk's ear, who went upstairs in front of him. What reassured her was the very magnitude of the sum. Ah! how pretty sheeped in the clerk's ear, who went upstairs in front of him. What reassured her was the very magnitude of the sum. Ah! how pretty sheeped in the clerk's ear, who went upstairs in front of him. What reassured her was the very magnitude of the sum. Ah! how pretty sheeped her was the very magnitude of the sum. Ah! how pretty sheeped her was the very magnitude of the sum. Ah! how pretty sheeped her was the very magnitude of the sum.
would be later on when she was fifteen, when, resembling her mother, she would, like her, wear large straw hats in the summer-time; from a distance they would be taken for two sisters. A fair young woman sat in a high-backed chair in a corner; and gentlemen with flowers in their buttonholes were talking to ladies round the fire. "I am mad to listen
to you!" "Why? This, it is true, was a fancy of Madame Homais'; her husband was inwardly afflicted at it. Now be just. See! this is the door by which Monsignor passes to his house. "I'm coming," he stammered; and it was the noise of a match Emma had struck to relight the lamp. The old fellow started off again; then, having got back to the chapel of
the Virgin, he stretched forth his arm with an all-embracing gesture of demonstration, and, prouder than a country squire showing you his espaliers, went on— "This simple stone covers Pierre de Breze, lord of Varenne and of Brissac, grand marshal of Poitou, and governor of Normandy, who died at the battle of Montlhery on the 16th of July, 1465.
Léon bit his lips, fuming. She did not believe that things could present themselves in the same way in different places, and since the portion of her life lived had been bad, no doubt that which remained to be lived would be better. Emma was stamping her feet as she repeated—"Oh! what manners! What a peasant!" He ran to his mother; she was
beside herself. He answered feebly to the puns, doubles entendres, [6] compliments, and chaff that it was felt a duty to let off at him as soon as the soup appeared. Charles gazed at her with the dull look of a drunken man, while he listened motionless to the last cries of the sufferer, that followed each other in long-drawn modulations, broken by sharp
spasms like the far-off howling of some beast being slaughtered. "Why did he go back to the Bertaux now that Monsieur Rouault was cured and that these folks hadn't paid yet? "Justin!" called the druggist impatiently. She was very pale. The next day by nine o'clock he was at the farm. Their separation was becoming intolerable. Charles remained
alone the whole afternoon; they had taken Berthe to Madame Homais'; Félicité was in the room upstairs with Madame Lefrancois. But he wiped his face with one hand and continued motionless, his eyes lowered. Rodolphe, who had only sent his card, first stammered some apologies, then grew bolder, and even pushed his assurance (it was in the
month of August and very hot) to the length of inviting him to have a bottle of beer at the public-house. Come, light me upstairs." She entered the corridor into which the laboratory door opened. I ask myself, Where is he? And he pulled out half-a-dozen embroidered collars from the box. Being also in the habit of drinking a good deal of brandy, he
often sent the servant to the Lion d'Or to buy him a bottle, which was put down to his son's account, and to perfume his handkerchiefs he used up his daughter-in-law's whole supply of eau-de-cologne. First they spoke of her illness, although Emma interrupted Charles from time to time, for fear, she said, of boring Monsieur Léon; and the latter told
them that he had come to spend two years at Rouen in a large office, in order to get practice in his profession, which was different in Normandy and Paris, the material for the armchairs, several dresses, and divers articles of dress, the bills for which amounted to
about two thousand francs. From all this much consideration was extended to Bovary. In Madame Dubuc's time the old woman felt that she was still the favorite; but now the love of Charles for Emma seemed to her a desertion from her tenderness, an encroachment upon what was hers, and she watched her son's happiness in sad silence, as a ruined
man looks through the windows at people dining in his old house. I care little who has placed us here below to fulfil our duties as citizens and fatten, out of my pocket, a lot of good-for-nothings who live better than we do. Emma, in a dimity dressing-gown, leant her head
against the back of the old arm-chair; the yellow wall-paper formed, as it were, a golden background behind her, and her bare head was mirrored in the glass with the white parting in the middle, and the tip of her ears peeping out from the folds of her hair. One, he said had been told of, who had come back to Paris from Constantinople. In his heart he
had to work devilish hard, although he didn't make enough, in spite of all people said, to find butter for his bread. One of these days I shall turn up at Rouen, and we'll go the pace together." The druggist would formerly have taken good care not to use such an expression, but he was cultivating a gay Parisian style, which he thought in the best taste
and, like his neighbour, Madame Bovary, he questioned the clerk curiously about the customs of the capital; he even talked slang to dazzle the bourgeois, saying bender, crummy, dandy, macaroni, the cheese, cut my stick and "I'll hook it," for "I am going." So one Thursday Emma was surprised to meet Monsieur Homais in the kitchen of the "Lion
d'Or," wearing a traveller's costume, that is to say, wrapped in an old cloak which no one knew he had, while he carried a valise in one hand and the foot-warmer of his establishment in the other. "Yes, I am going," replied the druggist, astonished. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg<sup>™</sup> work in a format other.
than "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other format used in the official Project Gutenberg or other format used in the official Project Gutenberg. or other format used in the official Project Gutenberg. or other format used in the official Project Gutenberg. or other format used in the official Project Gutenberg. or other format used in the official Project Gutenberg.
then the fashion in the pious book trade. Wallflowers had sprung up between the bricks, and with the tip of her open sunshade Madame Bovary, as she passed, made some of their faded flowers crumble into a yellow dust, or a spray of overhanging honeysuckle and clematis caught in its fringe and dangled for a moment over the silk. Two streams of
tears flowed from her eyes and fell slowly upon the pillow. But soon recalling herself to the necessities of the situation, with an effort she shook off the torpor of her memories, and began stammering a few hurried words. One cannot lose the habit of happiness. "How afraid you are of spoiling them!" said the servant, who wasn't so particular when she
fire above the revolving leg of mutton. The cab went on again, and as soon as it reached the crowd, and the two yoked jades, trapesing in their harness, came up at a little trot in front of the
peristyle of the town hall at the very moment when the National Guard and firemen deployed, beating drums and marking time. He blushed at them, but she did not notice this, then advised him to buy some curtains like hers, and as he objected to the expense— "Ah! ah! you care for your money," she said laughing. Madame Bovary began taking off
his cravat. When the man had caught some coppers in his cap, he drew down an old cover of blue cloth, hitched his organ on to his back, and went off with a heavy tread. The church was rebuilt during the last years of the reign of Charles X. Suddenly Edgar-Lagardy appeared. When he had gone about a hundred paces he stopped, and as he saw the
cart disappearing, its wheels turning in the dust, he gave a deep sigh. "Health before everything! You are wrong." "And how do you think I can ride when I haven't got a habit?" "You must order one," he answered. He asked himself— "Where shall we meet? Never had her eyes been so large, so black, of so profound a depth. "Lor!" said the peasant,
 "one would swear it was a little fountain flowing. On Wednesday at three o'clock, Monsieur and Madame Bovary, seated in their dog-cart, set out for Vaubyessard, with a great trunk strapped on behind and a bonnet-box in front of the apyos into
paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8. 1.B. "Project Gutenberg" is a registered trademark. Then, she affected anxiety. Oh, you'll never be fit for anything but to herd animals with me snug as a parson, living in clover, taking your
ease!" But Emma, turning to Madame Homais, "I was told to come here—" "Oh, dear me!" interrupted the good woman, with a sad air, "how am I to tell you? "That will pass over," he concluded; "it's a whim:" And he missed three rendezvous running. Myself, for example, how often has it happened to me to look on the bureau for my pen to write a
label, and to find, after all, that I had put it behind my ear!" Madame Lefrancois just then went to the door to see if the "Hirondelle" were not coming. Monsieur Bovary, senior, stayed at Yonville a month, dazzling the natives by a superb policeman's cap with silver tassels that he wore in the morning when he smoked his pipe in the square. The
chemist rejoined them on the Place. All three were silent. He smoked in the room, spat on the firedogs, talked farming, calves, cows, poultry, and municipal council, so that when he left she closed the door on him with a feeling of satisfaction that surprised even herself. He went up, opened the door, entered—What an embrace! Then, after the kisses
the words gushed forth. "Bring me the child," she said, raising herself on her elbow. He tried to make her understand that they would be quite as comfortable somewhere else, in a smaller hotel, but she always found some objection. "Oh, very few," he answered. Charles could not have hoped for an easier case. Then the symptoms ceased for a
moment; she seemed less agitated; and at every insignificant word, at every respiration a little more easy, he regained hope. Who the devil prevents you? He went on— "But if you haven't any ready money, you have an estate." And he reminded her of a miserable little hovel situated at Barneville, near Aumale, that brought in almost nothing. With
regard to madame, she has always seemed to me, I confess, very susceptible. "What did you say?" She turned her mouth as if something very heavy were weighing upon her tongue. I thought I should die. It all disappeared; she recognised the lights of the houses
that shone through the fog. Then he attacked him through his vanity: "Aren't you a man? Then a faintness came over her; she recalled the Viscount who had waltzed with her at Vaubyessard, and his beard exhaled like this air an odour of vanilla and citron, and mechanically she half-closed her eyes the better to breathe it in. Donations are accepted in
a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. Will he get used to it?" Madame Bovary sighed. His "knees were going up into his body." He had spent five consecutive hours standing bolt upright at the card tables, watching them play whist, without understanding anything about it, and it was with a deep sigh of
relief that he pulled off his boots. "I'll run to my laboratory for some aromatic vinegar," said the druggist. She told stories, gave them news, went errands in the pockets of her apron, and of which the good lady herself swallowed long chapters in the intervals of her work.
"You are sad," said Emma. He was so good, so delicate, so generous! And besides, should he hesitate to do her this service, she would know well enough how to constrain him to it by re-waking, in a single moment, their lost love. She had made efforts to love him, and she had repented with tears for having yielded to another! "But it was perhaps a
valgus!" suddenly exclaimed Bovary, who was meditating. "Come, it is to-morrow. It was a struggle. For six months, then, Emma, at fifteen years of age, made her hands dirty with books from old lending libraries. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1. 1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for
access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9. 1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg et al. (20) and (20) are the copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg et al. (20) are the copying or distributing Project Gutenberg et al. (20) are the copying or distributing Project Gutenberg et al. (20) are the copying or distributing Project Gutenberg et al. (20) are the copying or distributing Project Gutenberg et al. (20) are the copying or distributing Project Gutenberg et al. (20) are the copying or distributing Project Gutenberg et al. (20) are the copying or distributing Project Gutenberg et al. (20) are the copying or distributing Project Gutenberg et al. (20) are the copying or distributing Project Gutenberg et al. (20) are the copying or distributing Project Gutenberg et al. (20) are the copying or distributing Project Gutenberg et al. (20) are the copying or distributing Project Gutenberg et al. (20) are the copying or distributing Project Gutenberg et al. (20) are the copying or distributing Project Gutenberg et al. (20) are the copying or distributing Project Gutenberg et al. (20) are the copying or distributing Project Gutenberg et al. (20) are the copying or distributing Project Gutenberg et al. (20) are the copying or distributing Project Gutenberg et al. (20) are the copying or distributing Project Gutenberg et al. (20) are the copying or distributing Project Gutenberg et al. (20) are the copying of the copying et al. (20) are the copying et al. (20) 
derive from the use of Project Gutenberg<sup>™</sup> works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. There were few stars, and the absurd legislation that rules us is a veritable Damocles' sword over
our heads." Emma no longer dreamed of asking what they wanted her for, and the druggist went on in breathless phrases— "That is your return for all the kindness we have shown you! For without me where would you be? In the evening, at preparation, he pulled out his accompanie me for the really paternal care that I lavish on you! That is how you recompense me for the really paternal care that I lavish on you! That is how you recompense me for the really paternal care that I lavish on you! That is your return for all the kindness we have shown you! That is how you recompense me for the really paternal care that I lavish on you! That is how you recompense me for the really paternal care that I lavish on you! That is how you recompense me for the really paternal care that I lavish on you! That is how you recompense me for the really paternal care that I lavish on you! That is how you recompense me for the really paternal care that I lavish on you! That is how you recompense me for the really paternal care that I lavish on you! That is how you recompense me for the really paternal care that I lavish on you! That is how you recompense me for the really paternal care that I lavish on you! That is how you recompense me for the really paternal care that I lavish on you! That is how you recompense me for the really paternal care that I lavish on you! That is how you recompense me for the really paternal care that I lavish on you! That is how you recompense me for the really paternal care that I lavish on you! That is how you recompense me for the really paternal care that I lavish on you! That is how you recompense me for the really paternal care that I lavish on you! That is how you recompense me for the really paternal care that I lavish on you! That is how you recompense me for the really paternal care that I lavish on you! That is how you recompense me for the really paternal care that I lavish on you! That is how you recompense me for the really paternal care that I lavish on you recompense me for the really paternal
pens from his desk, arranged his small belongings, and carefully ruled his paper. He pushed to harps on lakes, to all the songs of dying swans, to the falling of the leaves, the pure virgins ascending to heaven, and the voice of
the Eternal discoursing down the valleys. Sewing irritated her. "How are you?" they said, clapping him on the shoulder. "Well!" she replied. She did not present here?" cried Tuvache. She saw him again, heard him, encircled him with her
arms, and throbs of her heart, that beat against her breast like blows of a sledge-hammer, grew faster and faster, with uneven intervals. Her thoughts, aimless at first, wandered at random, like her greyhound, who ran round and round in the fields, yelping after the yellow butterflies, chasing the shrew-mice, or nibbling the poppies on the edge of a
cornfield. "Yes, I think of you constantly. Warm yourself at the stove in the meantime. "Come, be calm," said the druggist; "later on you will show your gratitude to your benefactor." And he went down to tell the result to five or six inquirers who were waiting in the yard, and who fancied that Hippolyte would reappear walking properly. Because lips
libertine and venal had murmured such words to him, he believed but little in the candour of hers; exaggerated speeches hiding mediocre affections must be discounted; as if the fullness of the soul did not sometimes overflow in the emptiest metaphors, since no one can ever give the exact measure of his needs, nor of his conceptions, nor of his
sorrows; and since human speech is like a cracked tin kettle, on which we hammer out tunes to make bears dance when we long to move the stars. On the grave between the pine-trees a child was on his knees weeping, and his heart, rent by sobs, was beating in the shadow beneath the load of an immense regret, sweeter than the moon and
fathomless as the night. They told each other the sorrows of the week, the presentiments, the anxiety for the letters; but now everything was forgotten; they gazed into each other the sorrows of the week, the presentiments, the anxiety for the letters; but now everything was forgotten; they gazed into each other the sorrows of the week, the presentiments, the anxiety for the letters; but now everything was forgotten; they gazed into each other the sorrows of the week, the presentiments, the anxiety for the letters; but now everything was forgotten; they gazed into each other the sorrows of the week, the presentiments, the anxiety for the letters; but now everything was forgotten; they gazed into each other the sorrows of the week, the presentiments are the sorrows of the week, the present are the sorrows of the week, the pres
lamentations and reminded her of all the kindnesses he had shown her. He put the matches ready, the candlestick, a book, arranged her nightgown, turned back the bedclothes. The knives were not sharpened, nor the floors waxed; there were iron gratings to the windows and strong bars across the fireplace; the little Homais, in spite of their spirit
could not stir without someone watching them; at the slightest cold their father stuffed them with pectorals; and until they were turned four they all, without pity, had to wear wadded head-protectors. "My trouser-straps will be rather awkward for dancing," he said. He would advise him to get a booth at the Saint Romain fair, or else ask him.
laughing, how his young woman was. For fear of being seen, she did not usually take the most direct road. Let us go to rest." "Ma foi! I want it," said Madame Homais, yawning at large. Faggots upright against a thorn fence surrounded a bed of lettuce, a few square feet of lavender, and sweet peas strung on sticks. But he is doctor of the body," he
added with a thick laugh, "and I of the soul." She fixed her pleading eyes upon the priest. He liked going into the courtyard, and noticing the gate turn against his shoulder, the cock crow on the wall, the lads run to meet him. But no! nothing as yet. Behind them they heard the river flowing, and now and again on the bank the rustling of the dry reeds
"I am mad," he said; "no doubt they kept her to dinner at Monsieur Lormeaux'." But the Lormeaux no longer lived at Rouen. Emma shivered all over as she felt it cold in her mouth. We are floundering about in mere barbarism." The blind man held out his hat, that flapped about at the door, as if it were a bag in the lining that had come unnailed. He
out. "Yes." "But when?" "Immediately." "It's a trick," said the chemist, when he saw Léon. She'd be tender, charming. So after Ascension Day I keep them recta[11] an extra hour every Wednesday. He sent to Rouen for Dr. Duval's volume, and every evening, holding his head between both hands, plunged into the reading of it. She is tired of him, no
doubt. A woman who had laid on herself such sacrifices could well allow herself certain whims. "What's the matter with Pere Tellier? The slates threw straight down a heavy heat that gripped her temples, stifled her; she dragged herself to the closed garret-window. Did he suspect anything? Then he called her back to show her three yards of guipure
that he had lately picked up "at a sale." "Isn't it lovely?" said Lheureux. The neighbors came to the windows to see their doctor's new wife. Léon did not know that when he left her in despair she rose after he had gone to see him in the street. She was at Tostes; he was at Paris now, far away! What was this Paris like? But instead of two thousand
francs he brought only eighteen hundred, for the friend Vincart (which was only fair) had deducted two hundred francs for commission and discount. And the object of chemistry, Madame Lefrancois, being the knowledge of the reciprocal and molecular action of all natural bodies, it follows that agriculture is comprised within its domain. Besides
imagining that she was refusing from delicacy, he insisted the more; so that by dint of worrying her she at last made up her mind, and the next day at eight o'clock they set out in the "Hirondelle." The druggist, whom nothing whatever kept at Yonville, but who thought himself bound not to budge from it, sighed as he saw them go. This one had
seemed pretty to him; so he was thinking about her and her husband. At last, however, he went on— "We made it up, all the same, and I've come again to propose another arrangement." This was to renew the bill Bovary had signed. "I know what it is," said he, clapping him on the shoulder; "I've been through it. She made arrangements for his board
got him furniture, table and two chairs, sent home for an old cherry-tree bedstead, and bought besides a small cast-iron stove with the supply of wood that was to warm the poor child. Besides, the ringing over a little earlier warned the lads of catechism hour. Take madame to the theatre, if it were only for once in your life, to enrage one of these
ravens, hang it! If anyone could take my place, I would accompany you myself. He has dirty nails, and hasn't shaved for three days. Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. But when he had the pen between his
stopped and hid behind a pillar to look for the last time at this white house with the four green blinds. Fabricando fit faber, age quod agis."[18] He was so exasperated he quoted Latin. She had tender words and kisses that thrilled his soul. The sunshade of silk of the colour of pigeons' breasts,
through which the sun shone, lighted up with shifting hues the white skin of her face. Charles finished by rising in his own esteem for possessing such a wife. Old Rouault arrived, and fainted on the Place when he saw the black cloth! He had only received the chemist's letter thirty-six hours after the event; and, from consideration for his feelings
Homais had so worded it that it was impossible to make out what it was all about. She recoiled trembling. Charles, on account of his patients, could not be away longer. Not a hair stood out from the regular line of fair whiskers, which, encircling his jaws, framed, after the fashion of a garden border, his long, wan face, whose eyes were small and these small and the fashion of a garden border.
nose hooked. It seems to me so far I've been very good to you." And opening one of his ledgers, "See," he said. What a vague name! She repeated it in a low voice, for the mere pleasure of it; it rang in her ears like a great cathedral bell; it shone before her eyes, even on the labels of her pomade-pots. At about six o'clock the carriage stopped in a back
street of the Beauvoisine Quarter, and a woman got out, who walked with her veil down, and without turning her head. When Madame Bovary looked up, she always saw him there, like a sentinel on duty, with his skullcap over his ears and his vest of lasting. Hazards aren't played now; everything is changed! One must keep pace with the times! Just
look at Tellier!" The hostess reddened with vexation. "No! It is dreadful, I assure you." "But, gentlemen," continued the councillor, "if, banishing from my memory the remembrance of these sad pictures, I carry my eyes back to the actual situation of our dear country, what do I see there? He would send her a black barege, twelve yards, just enough to
make a gown. "Ah! they are dining; I will wait." He returned; she tapped at the window. But how tell an undefinable uneasiness, variable as the clouds, unstable as the window. But how tell an undefinable uneasiness, variable as the window. But how tell an undefinable uneasiness, variable as the window. But how tell an undefinable uneasiness, variable as the window. But how tell an undefinable uneasiness, variable as the window. But how tell an undefinable uneasiness, variable as the window. But how tell an undefinable uneasiness, variable as the window. But how tell an undefinable uneasiness, variable as the window. But how tell an undefinable uneasiness, variable as the window. But how tell an undefinable uneasiness, variable as the window. But how tell an undefinable uneasiness, variable as the window. But how tell an undefinable uneasiness, variable as the window. But how tell an undefinable uneasiness, variable as the window. But how tell an undefinable uneasiness, variable as the window. But how tell an undefinable uneasiness, variable as the window. But how tell an undefinable uneasiness, variable as the window. But how tell an undefinable uneasiness, variable as the window. But how tell an undefinable uneasiness, variable as the window. But how tell an undefinable uneasiness are the window. But how tell and undefinable uneasiness are the window. But how tell and undefinable uneasiness are the window. But how tell and undefinable uneasiness are the window. But how tell and undefinable uneasiness are the window. But how tell and undefinable uneasiness are the window. But how tell and undefinable uneasiness are the window. But how tell and undefinable uneasiness are the window. But how tell and undefinable uneasiness are the window. But how tell and undefinable uneasiness are the window. But how tell and undefinable uneasiness are the window. But how tell are the window and undefinable uneasiness are the window and undefinable undefinable undefinable uneasiness are the window and undefinable undefinable une
the lanes, the alleys, the houses; and from time to time one heard knockers banging against doors closing behind women with their gloves, who were going out to see the fete. Such spectacles must stir to enthusiasm, incline to prayer, to ecstasy; and I no longer marvel at that celebrated musician who, the better to inspire his imagination, was in the
habit of playing the piano before some imposing site." "You play?" she asked. "And indeed, what is better than to sit by one's fireside in the evening with a book, while the window and the lamp is burning?" "What, indeed?" she said, fixing her large black eyes wide open upon him. Sooner or later, in six months, ten years, they
will come together, will love; for fate has decreed it, and they are born one for the other." His arms were folded across his knees, and thus lifting his face towards Emma, close by her, he looked fixedly at her. "You must," he said, throwing a satisfied glance all round him, even to the very extremity of the landscape, "hold the bottle perpendicularly on
the table, and after the strings are cut, press up the cork with little thrusts, gently, as indeed they do seltzer-water at restaurants." But during his demonstration the cider often spurted right into their faces, and then the ecclesiastic, with a thick laugh, never missed this joke— "Its goodness strikes the eye!" He was, in fact, a good fellow and
one day he was not even scandalised at the chemist, who advised Charles to give madame some distraction by taking her to the theatre at Rouen to hear the illustrious tenor, Lagardy. Then the open country spread away with a monotonous movement till it touched in the distance the vague line of the pale sky. He has just received the cross of the
Legion of Honour. "A good housewife does not trouble about her appearance." Then she relapsed into silence. Twice a day Léon went from his office to the Lion d'Or. Emma could hear him coming from afar; she leant forward listening, and the young man glided past the curtain, always dressed in the same way, and without turning his head. She
they carried her to the window. The naive ones, a tear on their cheeks, were kissing doves through the bars of a Gothic cage, or, smiling, their heads on one side, were plucking the leaves of a marguerite with their taper fingers, that curved at the tips like peaked shoes. Until night they ate. He had in loco parentis[4] a wholesale ironmonger in the Rue
Ganterie, who took him out once a month on Sundays after his shop was shut, sent him for a walk on the quay to look at the boats, and then brought him back to college at seven o'clock before supper. "For," said the ecclesiastic in a paternal tone, "you rather neglected your duties; you were rarely seen at divine worship. In this tragedy, for example,
looked at the peasant with haggard eyes, while he himself looked at her with amazement, not understanding how such a present could so move anyone. He took out the pins that held together the side-pockets of his long green overcoat, stuck them into his sleeve, and politely handed her a paper. Did not you reflect that this infamous book might fall in
the hands of my children, kindle a spark in their minds, tarnish the purity of Athalie, corrupt Napoleon. Then how many things had been spoilt or lost during their carriage from Tostes to Yonville, without counting the plaster cure, who falling out of the coach at an over-severe jolt, had been dashed into a thousand fragments on the pavements of
strata, the atmospheric actions, the quality of the soil, the minerals, the waters, the density of the different bodies, their capillarity, and what not. He said— "What was the matter with you? Emma silently nestled against Charles's shoulder; then, raising her chin, she watched the luminous rays of the rockets against the dark sky. She went up the
boulevards, stopping at every turning, between the lines of the streets, in front of the white squares that represented the houses. He wore a black cloth waistcoat, a hair collar, grey trousers, and, all the year round, well-blacked boots, that had two parallel swellings due to the sticking out of his big-toes. She quoted technical terms casually,
pronounced the grand words of order, the future, foresight, and constantly exaggerated the difficulties of settling his father's affairs so much, that at last one day she showed him the rough draft of a power of attorney to manage and administer his business, arrange all loans, sign and endorse all bills, pay all sums, etc. He followed the great movemen
of chocolates; he was the first to introduce "cocoa" and "revalenta" into the Seine-Inferieure. Napoleon helped him in the laboratory, Athalie embroidered him a skullcap, Irma cut out rounds of paper to cover the preserves, and Franklin recited Pythagoras' table in a breath. This grim remark made him reflect; it checked him for some time; but to this actual to the control of the
day he carries on the cultivation of his little tubers, and even maintains stoutly that they grow naturally. In Eugene Sue she studied descriptions of furniture; she read Balzac and George Sand, seeking in them imaginary satisfaction for her own desires. Charles naively asked her where this paper came from Emma was no longer there. Everything
night set in. Hippolyte had already complained of suffering from it. The river, that makes of this quarter of Rouen a wretched little Venice, flowed beneath him, between the bridges and the railings, yellow, violet, or blue. Charles was a slow eater; she played with a few nuts, or, leaning on her elbow, amused herself with drawing lines along the oilcloth
two plate candlesticks under oval shades. "You are mad! Ah! you are mad!" she said, with sounding little laughs, while the kisses multiplied. The open air wrapped her round, playing with the soft down on the back of her neck, or blew to and fro on her hips the apron-strings, that fluttered like streamers. Then she let her head fall back, fancying she
heard in space the music of seraphic harps, and perceived in an azure sky, on a golden throne in the midst of saints holding green palms, God the Father, resplendent with majesty, who with a sign sent to earth angels with wings of fire to carry her away in their arms. The smell of the gas mingled with that of the breaths, the waving of the fans, made
 the air more suffocating. One should never let any of the faculties of nature lie fallow. What restrained her? But the tax-collector, who dined there every day, complained bitterly of such companionship. I adore God, on the contrary. "Come along, papa," she said. There could be no doubt this time. They were tender or jovial, facetious, melancholy
there were some that asked for love, others that asked for money. It seemed to her that the ground of the oscillating square went up the walls and that the floor dipped on end like a tossing boat. But at this moment the rural guard seized him by the collar. Then he opened his hand; their eyes met again, and he disappeared. "Theodore Rouault." She
held the coarse paper in her fingers for some minutes. In the middle was a slate sundial on a brick pedestal; four flower beds with eglantines surrounded symmetrically the more useful kitchen garden bed. She heard the bell at the theatre calling the mummers to the performance, and she saw, passing opposite, men with white faces and women in
faded gowns going in at the stage-door. Thus side by side, while Charles and the chemist chatted, they entered into one of those vague conversations where the hazard of all that is said brings you back to the fixed centre of a common sympathy. And she cursed herself for not having loved Léon. If Charles had but wished it, if he had guessed it, if his
look had but once met her thought, it seemed to her that a sudden plenty would have gone out from her heart, as the fruit falls from a tree when shaken by a hand. He has gone on a journey, or is to go." She gave a sob. Thus on Tuesday our little town of Yonville found itself the scene of a surgical operation which is at the same time an act of loftiest
philanthropy. Berthe spoke of her again several times, then at last thought no more of her. He bought two chic Pompadour statuettes to adorn his drawing-room. "Ah! a correspondence," said Maitre Hareng, with a discreet smile. I am going away. The coach had gone on again when suddenly Monsieur Homais leant out through the window, crying—
"No farinaceous or milk food, wear wool next the skin, and expose the diseased parts to the smoke of juniper berries." The sight of the well-known objects that defiled before her eyes gradually diverted Emma from her present trouble. The tendon was cut, the operation over. Emma, her chin sunken upon her breast, had her eyes inordinately wide
open, and her poor hands wandered over the sheets with that hideous and soft movement of the dying, that seems as if they wanted already to cover themselves with the shroud. "If you liked," he said, "a lesson from time to time, that wouldn't after all be very ruinous." "But lessons," she replied, "are only of use when followed up." And thus it was she
set about obtaining her husband's permission to go to town once a week to see her lover. Her looks grew bolder, her speech more free; she even committed the impropriety of walking out with Monsieur Rodolphe, a cigarette in her mouth, "as if to defy the people." At last, those who still doubted doubted no longer when one day they saw her getting
out of the "Hirondelle," her waist squeezed into a waistcoat like a man; and Madame Bovary senior, who, after a fearful scene with her husband, had taken refuge at her son's, was not the least scandalised of the women-folk. "You are wrong, sir! It is four hundred and forty feet high, nine less than the great pyramid of Egypt. Bovary watched him; they
looked at one another; and this man, accustomed as he was to the sight of pain, could not keep back a tear that fell on his shirt-frill. Then she went up again, shut her door, put on coals, and fainting with the heat of the hearth, felt her boredom weigh more heavily than ever. "Then, Madame Bovary," he said at last, "excuse me, but duty first, you know;
I must look after my good-for-nothings. He did his little daily task like a mill-horse, who goes round and round with his eyes bandaged, not knowing what work he is doing. She hated no one now; a twilight dimness was settling upon her thoughts, and, of all earthly noises, Emma heard none but the intermittent lamentations of this poor heart, sweet
and indistinct like the echo of a symphony dying away. As to the chemist's spouse, she was the best wife in Normandy, gentle as a sheep, loving her children, her father, her mother, her cousins, weeping for other's woes, letting everything go in her household, and detesting corsets; but so slow of movement, such a bore to listen to, so common in
appearance, and of such restricted conversation, that although she was thirty, he only twenty, although they slept in rooms next each other and he spoke to her daily, he never thought that she might be a woman for another, or that she possessed anything else of her sex than the gown. My hands are hot with your kisses, and there is the spot on the
carpet where at my knees you swore an eternity of love! You made me believe you; for two years you held me in the most magnificent, the sweetest dream! Eh! Our plans for the journey, do you remember? Twenty times Léon tried to escape, but the other seized him by the arm saying— "Presently! I'm coming! We'll go to the 'Fanal de Rouen' to see
the fellows there. I ought to take some lessons; but—" She bit her lips and added, "Twenty francs a lesson, that's too dear!" "Yes, so it is—rather," said Charles, giggling stupidly. The stuff here and there gave with the inflections of her bust. But the next day he called on her with a bill for two hundred and seventy francs, not counting the centimes.
Thinking it his duty to heap the greatest attention upon the doctor because of his sad position, he begged him not to take his hat off, spoke to him in an undertone as if he had been ill, and even pretended to be angry because nothing rather lighter had been pretended to be angry because nothing rather lighter had been ill, and even pretended to be angry because nothing rather lighter had been ill, and even pretended to be angry because nothing rather lighter had been ill, and even pretended to be angry because nothing rather lighter had been ill, and even pretended to be angry because nothing rather lighter had been ill, and even pretended to be angry because nothing rather lighter had been ill, and even pretended to be angry because nothing rather lighter had been ill, and even pretended to be angry because nothing rather lighter had been ill, and even pretended to be angry because nothing rather lighter had been ill, and even pretended to be angry because nothing rather lighter had been ill, and even pretended to be angry because nothing rather lighter had been ill, and even pretended to be angry because nothing rather lighter had been ill, and even pretended to be angry because nothing rather lighter had been ill, and even pretended to be angry because nothing rather lighter had been ill, and even pretended to be angry because nothing rather lighter had been pretended to be angreated as a light light not a 
next day they talked over how to arrange their rendezvous. What ceremony?" Then, in a stammering, frightened voice, "Oh, no! not that. Rodolphe, laughing, drew her to him, and pressed her to him, and a him an
and a little hard at the knuckles; besides, it was too long, with no soft inflections in the outlines. "Poor fellow!" she thought. To-morrow at six o'clock?" Charles explained once more that he could not absent himself longer, but that nothing prevented Emma— "But," she stammered, with a strange smile, "I am not sure—" "Well, you must think it over.
After the hunting he had thought it was too late, and then he reasoned thus—"If from the first day she loved me, she must from impatience to see me again love me more. "I thought as much," said Bovary, pressing his finger on the vein. His mother was exasperated with him; he grew even more angry than she did. These were Madame Langlois,
Madame Caron, Madame Dubreuil, Madame Dubreuil, Madame Tuvache, and regularly from two to five o'clock the excellent Madame Homais, who, for her part, had never believed any of the tittle-tattle about her neighbour. What alarmed him most was Emma's prostration, for she did not speak, did not listen, did not even seem to suffer, as if her body and soul were
both resting together after all their troubles. First he proposed a broken column with some drapery, next a pyramid, then a Temple of Vesta, a sort of rotunda, or else a "mass of ruins." And in all his plans Homais always stuck to the weeping willow, which he looked upon as the indispensable symbol of sorrow. When he read the fine passages he was
transported, but when he thought that mummers would get something out of them for their show, he was disconsolate; and in this confusion of sentiments in which he was involved he would have liked at once to crown Racine with both his hands and discuss with him for a good guarter of an hour. And he slipped out. What should they decide? The
Marquis, to amuse the young woman, took her to see the stables. She would have liked Charles to beat her, that she might have a better right to hate him, to revenge herself upon him. In the middle of the room, pell-mell, were scattered drawers, bottles, curtain-rods, gilt poles, with mattresses on the chairs and basins on the ground—the two men who
had brought the furniture had left everything about carelessly. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below. Sometimes they disappeared in the windings of the path; but the great silver cross rose always before the trees. While she was considering him thus, tasting in her irritation a sort of depraved pleasure, Léon made a step forward. She
made him anxious, however, for she coughed sometimes, and had red spots on her cheeks. He saw her alone in the evening, very late, behind the garden in the lane; in the lane, as she had the other one! It was a stormy night, and they talked under an umbrella by lightning flashes. "To pay the sum of eight thousand francs." And there was even at the
bottom, "She will be constrained thereto by every form of law, and notably by a writ of distraint on her furniture and effects." What was to be done? Then he looked back and saw nothing on the road. Binet, then, would guess whence she came, and he would not keep silence; he would talk, that was certain. He blew out the light. Thus shaken up, the
old instrument, whose strings buzzed, could be heard at the other end of the village when the window was open, and often the bailiff's clerk, passing along the highroad bare-headed and in list slippers, stopped to listen, his sheet of paper in his hand. But Charles, who was in bed, called to her to come too. Then he wrote to the chemist of the place to
ask the number of the population, the distance from the nearest doctor, what his predecessor had made a year, and so forth; and the answer being satisfactory, he made up his mind to move towards the spring, if Emma's health did not improve. She bought chaplets and wore amulets; she wished to have in her room, by the side of her bed, a reliquary
set in emeralds that she might kiss it every evening. A great red glow passed over her with the blowing of the wind through the half-open door. In the evening he had some visitors. When I lost my dear departed, I went into the fields to be quite alone. And, gentlemen, is it even necessary to go so far for examples? Besides, with regard to statistics, one
would thus have, as it were, public records that one could refer to in case of need. "He never talks more," she replied. At last the councillor got up. Distraught, faltering, reeling, Charles wandered about the room. But, hardly had the oedema gone down to some extent, than the two savants thought fit to put back the limb in the apparatus, strapping it
tighter to hasten matters. Though she was ugly, as dry as a bone, her face with as many pimples as the spring has buds, Madame Dubuc had no lack of suitors. It is oxalic acid, isn't it?" Binet explained that he wanted a corrosive to make himself some copperwater with which to remove rust from his hunting things. So bearing no grudge to poor
Charles, he came back again in the evening to sit up with the body; bringing with him three volumes and a pocket-book for taking notes. Now and again, while he shot out a long squirt of brown saliva against the milestone, with his knee raised his instrument, whose hard straps tired his shoulder; and now, doleful and drawling, or gay and hurried, the
music escaped from the box, droning through a curtain of pink taffeta under a brass claw in arabesque. At Fribourg there was a minister— His companion was asleep. From time to time one heard the crack of a whip behind the hedge; then the gates opened, a chaise entered. Then, though she might feel humiliated at the baseness of such enjoyment,
she clung to it from habit or from corruption, and each day she hungered after them the more, exhausting all felicity in wishing for too much of it. "But it might be that the apricots had brought on the syncope. He was usually shy, and maintained that reserve which partakes at once of modesty and dissimulation. Emma placed her letter at the end of
the garden, by the river, in a fissure of the wall. He had taken her hands and pressed them, shuddering at every beat of her heart, as at the shaking of a falling ruin. "Oh, I divined it!" said Léon waited all day for six o'clock in the evening to come,
but on going to the inn, he found no one but Monsieur Binet, already at table. And it was for him, for this creature, for this man, who understood nothing, who felt nothing! For he was there quite quiet, not even suspecting that the ridicule of his name would henceforth sully hers as well as his. It was he who might rather have been taken for the virgin
of the evening before, whilst the bride gave no sign that revealed anything. "For," said the chemist, "it is unnatural that a man should do without women! There have been crimes—" "But, good heaven!" cried the ecclesiastic, "how do you expect an individual who is married to keep the secrets of the confessional, for example?" Homais fell foul of the
confessional. To-day, then he had come to show madame, in passing, various articles he happened to have, thanks to the most rare opportunity. She wanted them to be sumptuous, and when he alone could not pay the expenses, she made up the deficit liberally, which happened pretty well every time. Then in a honied voice— "And we agree, you say?"
"Oh! to anything you like." On this he closed his eyes to reflect, wrote down a few figures, and declaring it would be very difficult for him, that the affair was shady, and that he was being bled, he wrote out four bills for two hundred and fifty francs each, to fall due month by month. It is to stupefy the senses and to bring on ecstasies—a thing,
moreover, very easy in persons of the weaker sex, who are more delicate than the other. Then, after her marriage, it went off, they say." "But with me," replied Emma, "it was after marriage that it began." One evening when the window was open, and she, sitting by it, had been watching Lestiboudois, the beadle, trimming the box, she suddenly heard
the Angelus ringing. When he came home in the middle of the night, he did not dare to wake her. Emma was not asleep; she pretended to be; and while he dozed off by her side she awakened to other dreams. The gate suddenly grated. By the mere effect of her love Madame Bovary's manners changed. "I have come," she said, "to beg you, sir—"
"What, madame? They multiplied and drew near her, penetrating, her. He was dreaming of what she had said, of the line of her lips; her face, as in a magic mirror, shone on the plates of the future. I'll send them venison, poultry; I'll
have myself bled, if need be. Madame Bovary's face flushed purple. She began to smile; and at once, to repair his folly, Léon told her that he had spent his morning in looking for her in all the hotels in the town one after the other. And the shade of the argand lamp fastened to the wall above Emma's head lighted up all these pictures of the world, that
passed before her one by one in the silence of the dormitory, and to the distant noise of some belated carriage rolling over the Boulevards. As a matter of fact, Lestiboudois had brought thither all those that he had moved from the field, and he even kept running back every minute to fetch others from the church. "Hush! someone will come." He was in
despair, was calling out. Berthe by his side was painting prints. Until now what good had he had of his life? He called Madame Homais, Monsieur Homais, Justin, the children, the cook; he spoke of it to his chief; every one wanted to see this rug. "Do take care!" he said. But now he had for life this beautiful woman whom he adored. The Foundation is
committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. They came to Tostes. "They will be there to-morrow!" she said to herself. "Ah! Léon! Really—I don't know—if I ought," she whispered. Then the landlady shouted out, and other voices answered, while Hippolyte's lantern, as he
fetched the boxes from the boot, was like a star in the darkness. The doctor seemed delighted to see him, but he never stirred out that evening, nor all the next day. The old servant presented herself, curtsied to her, apologised for not having dinner ready, and suggested that madame, in the meantime, should look over her house. A young woman in a
blue merino dress with three flounces came to the kitchen, where a large fire was blazing. His large Spanish hat fell at a gesture he made, and immediately the instruments and the singers began the sextet. "Ah! you're not up to much, it seems, but it's your own fault. She yielded
to his words, still more to his voice and the sight of him, so that, she pretended to believe, or perhaps believed; in the pretext he gave for their rupture; this was a secret on which depended the honour, the very life of a third person. The smoke of the tar rose up between the trees; there were large fatty drops on the water, undulating in the purple
colour of the sun, like floating plagues of Florentine bronze. For this was how they would have wished to be, each setting up an ideal to which they were now adapting their past life. How bright the sun had been! What happy afternoons they had seen alone in the shade at the end of the garden! He read aloud, bareheaded, sitting on a footstool of dry
sticks; the fresh wind of the meadow set trembling lips, and a red nose. Next they talked of "what was in the paper." Homais by this hour knew it almost by heart, and he repeated it from end to end, with the
```

```
other two; but as the bier was too large, they had to fill up the gaps with the wool of a mattress. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK
her yard, she was seized with a spitting of blood, and the next day, while Charles had his back turned to her drawing the window-curtain, she said, "O God!" gave a sigh and fainted. It went up the Boulevard Bouvreuil, along the boulevard Bouvreuil, along the window-curtain, she said, "O God!" gave a sigh and fainted. It went up the Boulevard Bouvreuil, along the window-curtain, she said, "O God!" gave a sigh and fainted. It went up the Boulevard Bouvreuil, along the Boulevard Bouvreuil, along the window-curtain, she said, "O God!" gave a sigh and fainted. It went up the Boulevard Bouvreuil, along the window-curtain, she said, "O God!" gave a sigh and fainted. It went up the Boulevard Bouvreuil, along the window-curtain, she said, "O God!" gave a sigh and fainted. It went up the Boulevard Bouvreuil, along the Boulevard Bouvreuil Bouvreuil, along the Boulevard Bouvreuil, along the Boulevard Bouvreuil, along the Boulevard Bouvreuil Bou
my chair. On the work-table, covered over with a white cloth, there were five or six small balls of cotton in a silver dish, near a large crucifix between two lighted candles. I'll show your husband something." And Lheureux drew from his strong box the receipt for eighteen hundred francs that she had given him when Vincart had discounted the bills. A
large porcelain stove crackled beneath a cactus that filled up the niche in the wall, and in black wood frames against the oak-stained paper hung Steuben's "Esmeralda" and Schopin's "Potiphar." The ready-laid table, the two silver chafing-dishes, the crystal door-knobs, the parquet and the furniture, all shone with a scrupulous, English cleanliness;
the windows were ornamented at each corner with stained glass. After he had collated a few pages, and bent over them to see better, he began— "Gentlemen! May I be permitted first of all (before addressing you on the object of our meeting to-day, and this sentiment will, I am sure, be shared by you all), may I be permitted, I say, to pay a tribute to
the higher administration, to the government to the monarch, gentle men, our sovereign, to that beloved king, to whom no branch of public or private prosperity is a matter of indifference, and who directs with a hand at once so firm and wise the chariot of the state amid the incessant perils of a stormy sea, knowing, moreover, how to make peace
respected as well as war, industry, commerce, agriculture, and the fine arts?" "I ought," said Rodolphe, "to get back a little further." "Why?" said Emma. He ate blackberries along the hedges, minded the geese with a long switch, went haymaking during harvest, ran about in the woods, played hop-scotch under the church porch on rainy days, and at
great fetes begged the beadle to let him toll the bells, that he might hang all his weight on the long rope and feel himself borne upward by it in its swing. With her other hand she was pulling along a poor puny little fellow, his face covered with scrofula, the son of a Rouen hosier, whom his parents, too taken up with their business, left in the country.
She wanted to get some personal profit out of things, and she rejected as useless all that did not contribute to the immediate desires of her heart, being of a temperament more sentimental than artistic, looking for emotions, not landscapes. Then she was frightened, pushed back her chair, and cast down her eyes. It was the whisper of the soul, deep,
continuous, dominating that of their voices. She was seized with the temptation to flee somewhere with Léon to try a new life; but at once a vague chasm full of darkness opened within her soul. On leaving the Bovarys the night before, Léon had followed them through the streets at a distance; then having seen them stop at the "Croix-Rouge," he
turned on his heel, and spent the night meditating a plan. Monsieur Tuvache answered them with compliments; the other confessed himself nervous; and they remained thus, face to face, their foreheads almost touching, with the members of the jury all round, the municipal council, the notable personages, the National Guard and the crowd. It is not
worth while making such a fuss, or showing herself at church on Sundays in a silk gown like a countess. For fear of seeming ridiculous, Emma before going in wished to have a little stroll in the harbour, and Bovary prudently kept his tickets in his hand, in the pocket of his trousers, which he pressed against his stomach. Then he himself would hand
over to madame the remainder after the actual debt was paid. They looked at one another. But in making this movement, as she leant back in her chair, she saw in the distance, right on the line of the horizon, the old diligence, the "Hirondelle," that was slowly descending the hill of Leux, dragging after it a long trail of dust. The crystal lustres hung
motionless. One day she even spat blood, and, as Charles fussed around her showing his anxiety— "Bah!" she answered, "what does it matter?" Charles fled to his study and wept there, both his elbows on the table, sitting in an arm-chair at his bureau under the phrenological head. Where? Charles went down into the room on the ground floor. "It isn't
warm; it's nipping." Emma answered nothing. She was dead! What a surprise! When all was over at the cemetery Charles went home. "Ah! what a lovely night!" said Rodolphe. Her figure slightly bent, her hand well up, and her right arm stretched out, she gave herself up to the cadence of the movement that rocked her in her saddle. Suddenly she
struck her brow and uttered a cry; for the thought of Rodolphe, like a flash of lightning in a dark night, had passed into her soul. "What is to become of me? Ah, well! so much the worse; it must be stopped!" "The world is cruel, Emma. The theatre was beginning to fill; opera-glasses were taken from their cases, and the subscribers, catching sight of
one another, were bowing. She escaped, smiling, palpitating, undressed. Charles from horseback threw her a kiss; she answered with a nod; she shut the window, and he set off. From a spirit of contradiction she hung up near the bedside of the patient a basin filled with holy-water and a branch of box. But by an effort of will the spasm passed; then-
"It is nothing," she said, "it is nothing! It is nervousness. They went and sat down with their workboxes by the waterside under the arbour. First she went over all those that have Italian endings, such as Clara, Louisa, Amanda, Atala; she liked Galsuinde pretty well, and Yseult or Leocadie still better. When he was twelve years old his mother had her
own way; he began lessons. She had come back. They were seated side by side on a bed of dry leaves. No matter! Count upon me. The dinner of the evening before had been a considerable event for him; he had never till then talked for two hours consecutively to a "lady." How then had he been able to explain, and in such language, the number of
things that he could not have said so well before? It was because across the infinite, like two streams that flow but to unite; our special bents of mind had driven us towards each other." And he seized her hand; she did not touch them; one day drank only pure milk, the next cups of tea by
the dozen. Emma was much embarrassed; all the drawers of the writing-table were empty; they owed over a fortnight's wages to Lestiboudois, two quarters to the servant, for any quantity of other things, and Bovary was impatiently expecting Monsieur Derozeray's account, which he was in the habit of paying every year about Midsummer. When the
first cold days set in Emma left her bedroom for the sitting-room, a long apartment with a low ceiling, in which there was on the mantelpiece a large bunch of coral spread out against the looking-glass. It was Doctor Lariviere. He had heard of his loss, and consoled him as well as he could. Charles knocked loudly at the shutters with his hands. Her
eyes with their long curved lashes looked straight before her, and though wide open, they seemed slightly puckered by the cheek-bones, because of the blood pulsing gently under the delicate skin. I have always got on with ladies—if I didn't with my own!" Emma smiled. Then the lusts of the flesh, the longing for money, and the melancholy of passion
all blended themselves into one suffering, and instead of turning her thoughts from it, she clave to it the more, urging herself to pain, and seeking everywhere occasion for it. She and her son wept much. She felt lost, sinking at random into indefinable abysses, and it was almost with joy that, on reaching the "Croix-Rouge," she saw the good Homais,
who was watching a large box full of pharmaceutical stores being hoisted on to the "Hirondelle." In his hand he held tied in a silk handkerchief six cheminots for his wife. He even strove not to love her; then, when he heard the creaking of her boots, he turned coward, like drunkards at the sight of strong drinks. But the more Emma recognised her
love, the more she crushed it down, that it might not be evident, that she might make it less. He was such a rake as a young man! Those sort of people, madame, have not the least regularity; he's burnt up with brandy. After he had offered her a seat he sat down to breakfast, apologising profusely for his rudeness. Even at table she had her book by
her, and turned over the pages while Charles ate and talked to her. Besides, with cheek a man always gets on in the world." Madame Bovary bit her lips, and the child knocked about the village. She was opposite him, leaning against the partition of the shallop, through one of whose raised blinds the moon streamed in. Then, in order to proceed "by
rule," the beadle conducted them right to the entrance near the square, where, pointing out with his cane a large circle of block-stones without inscription or carving— "This," he said majestically, "is the circumference of the beautiful bell of Ambroise. Paris, more vague than the ocean, glimmered before Emma's eyes in an atmosphere of vermilion.
They grew angry and left the house. The walls were of straw, and the roof so low they had to stoop. He smiled without ceasing in an approving manner. He trampled on horses's dung with them, one hand in the pocket of his jacket and his straw hat on one side. Dirty water was running here and there on the grass, and all round were several indefinite
rags, knitted stockings, a red calico jacket, and a large sheet of coarse linen spread over the hedge. An April ray was dancing on the china of the whatnot; the fire burned; beneath her slippers she felt the softness of the carpet; the day was bright, the air warm, and she heard her child shouting with laughter. Thus she did not amuse herself with those
preparations that stimulate the tenderness of mothers, and so her affection was from the very outset, perhaps, to some extent attenuated. At last Emma remembered that at the château of Vaubyessard she had heard the Marchioness call a young lady Berthe; from that moment this name was chosen; and as old Rouault could not come, Monsieur
Homais was requested to stand godfather. Besides, he did not want for company, especially on market-days, when the peasants were knocking about the billiard-balls round him, fenced with the cues, smoked, drank, sang, and brawled. At last a thud was heard; the ropes creaked as they were drawn up. The girl then made up the coals covered by the
cinders, and Emma remained alone in the kitchen. "Moreover," said the druggist, "the practice of medicine is not very hard work in our part of the world, for the state of our roads allows us the use of gigs, and generally, as the farmers are prosperous, they pay pretty well. The Project Gutenberg eBook of Madame Bovary, by Gustave Flaubert This
eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. Sometimes a gust of wind drove the clouds towards the Saint Catherine hills, like aerial waves that broke silently against a cliff. The house at Dieppe was found to be eaten up with mortgages to its
foundations; what she had placed with the notary God only knew, and her share in the boat did not exceed one thousand crowns. "Why didn't come to me?" "I hardly know," she said. "And our poor cactuses, where are they?" "The cold killed them this winter." "Ah!
how I have thought of them, do you know? Emma put up with these lessons. "Has nurse taken it?" she asked. "From your husband? The boatman looked at it, and at last said— "Perhaps it belongs to the party I took out the other day. Her lips became drawn. The latter was filling funnels and corking phials, sticking on labels, making up parcels. Then,
to conceal his disappointment, he was profuse in apologies and proffers of service, all of which Emma declined; then she remained a few moments fingering in the pocket of her apron the two five-franc pieces that he had given her in change. He seemed to hear the light breathing of his child. Bovary turned white to fainting. She would then have given
anything for a single one of those meetings that surfeited her. It was a wire of her wedding bouquet. Each animal in its stall whisked its tail when anyone went near and said "Tchk! tchk!" The boards of the harness room shone like the flooring of a drawing room. How calm that time had been! How she longed for the ineffable sentiments of love that
she had tried to figure to herself out of books! The first month of her marriage, her rides in the wood, the viscount that waltzed, and Lagardy singing, all repassed before her eyes. He exclaimed—"Oh, I thank you! You do not repulse me! You are good! You understand that I am yours! Let me look at you; let me contemplate you!" A gust of wind that
blew in at the window ruffled the cloth on the table, and in the square below all the great caps of the peasant women were uplifted by it like the wings of white butterflies fluttering. She did not know what this chance would be, what wind would bring it her, towards what shore it would drive her, if it would be a shallop or a three-decker, laden with
anguish or full of bliss to the portholes. She gave up music. "And not only," the druggist went on, "are human beings subject to such anomalies, but animals also. And on the clerk's answer, she begged him to accompany her. But little Berthe was there, between the window and the work-table, tottering on her knitted shoes, and trying to come to her
mother to catch hold of the ends of her apron-strings. At the bottom of the hill Rodolphe gave his horse its head; they started together at a bound, then at the top suddenly the horses stopped, and her large blue veil fell about her. His was not perhaps so florid as that of the councillor, but it recommended itself by a more direct style, that is to say, by
more special knowledge and more elevated considerations. "Unless," he added, turning to his wife, "you would like to stay alone, kitten?" And changing his tactics at this unexpected opportunity that presented itself to his hopes, the young man sang the praises of Lagardy in the last number. General Information About Project Gutenberg."
works Professor Michael S. The windows of the village were all on fire beneath the slanting rays of the sun sinking behind the field. They are a lot of old blockheads in flannel vests and of old women with foot-warmers and rosaries who constantly drone into our ears 'Duty, duty!' Ah! by Jove! one's duty is to feel what is great, cherish the beautiful, and
not accept all the conventions of society with the ignominy that it imposes upon us." "Yet—yet—" objected Madame Bovary. His outbursts became regular; he embraced her at certain fixed times. It went along by the river, along the towing-path paved with sharp pebbles, and for a long while in the direction of Oyssel, beyond the isles. Old Rouault
would not have been sorry to be rid of his daughter, who was of no use to him in the house. Then she would have to be sent to the boarding-school; that would cost much; how was it to be done? She danced all night to the wild tones of the trombones; people gathered round her, and in the morning she found herself on the steps of the theatre together
with five or six masks, débardeuses[21] and sailors, Léon's comrades, who were talking about having supper. "But where are we going?" she said. Everything that was tried only seemed to irritate her the more. Emma opened the window, called Charles, and the poor fellow was obliged to confess the promise torn from him by his mother. 1.F.2.
LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to
you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. He was afraid of compromising himself. The comparisons of betrothed, husband, celestial lover, and eternal marriage, that recur in sermons, stirred within her soul depths of unexpected sweetness. He went out. "What time is it?" she asked. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in
compliance with any particular paper edition. My God! Mine is the God of Socrates, of Franklin, of Voltaire, and of Beranger! I am for the profession of faith of the 'Savoyard Vicar,' and the immortal principles of '89! And I can't admit of an old boy of a God who takes walks in his garden with a cane in his hand, who lodges his friends in the belly of
whales, dies uttering a cry, and rises again at the end of three days; things absurd in themselves, and completely opposed, moreover, to all physical laws, which prove to us, by the way, that priests have always wallowed in turpid ignorance, in which they would fain engulf the people with them." He ceased, looking round for an audience, for in his
bubbling over the chemist had for a moment fancied himself in the midst of the town council. All her immediate surroundings, the wearisome country, the middle-class imbeciles, the mediocrity of existence, seemed to her exceptional, a peculiar chance that had caught hold of her, while beyond stretched, as far as eye could see, an immense land of
joys and passions. And she threw the power of attorney into the fire. They went at last. No one answered. Everyone in his hospital trembled when he was angry; and his students so revered him that they tried, as soon as they were themselves in practice, to imitate him as much as possible. She maintained one day, in opposition to her husband, that
she could drink off a large glass of brandy, and, as Charles was stupid enough to dare her to, she swallowed the brandy to the last drop. "The devil! yet she has been purged, and from the moment that the cause ceases—" "The devil! yet she has been purged, and from the moment that the cause ceases—" "The devil! yet she has been purged, and from the moment that the cause ceases—" "The devil! yet she has been purged, and from the moment that the cause ceases—" "The devil! yet she has been purged, and from the moment that the cause ceases—" "The devil! yet she has been purged, and from the moment that the cause ceases—" "The devil! yet she has been purged, and from the moment that the cause ceases—" "The devil! yet she has been purged, and from the moment that the cause ceases—" "The devil! yet she has been purged, and from the moment that the cause ceases—" "The devil! yet she has been purged, and from the moment that the cause ceases—" "The devil! yet she has been purged, and from the moment that the cause ceases—" "The devil! yet she has been purged, and from the moment that the cause ceases—" "The devil! yet she has been purged, and from the moment that the cause ceases—" "The devil! yet she has been purged, and from the moment that the cause ceases—" "The devil! yet she has been purged, and from the moment that the cause ceases—" "The devil! yet she has been purged, and from the moment that the cause ceases—" "The devil! yet she has been purged, and from the moment that the cause ceases—" "The devil! yet she has been purged, and from the moment that the cause ceases—" "The devil! yet she has been purged, and from the moment that the cause ceases—" "The devil! yet she has been purged, and from the moment that the cause ceases—" "The devil." "T
cries, cut the air with the edge of their wings, and swiftly returned to their yellow nests under the tiles of the coping. When she was taken too bad she went off quite alone to the sea-shore, so that the customs officer, going his rounds, often found her lying flat on her face, crying on the shingle. It came from the end of the church, and stopped short at
the lower aisles. This letter, sealed with a small seal in blue wax, begged Monsieur Bovary to come immediately to the farm of the Bertaux to set a broken leg. She wanted him to dress all in black, and grow a pointed beard, to look like the portraits of Louis XIII. He was "a wheedler, a sneak." "There!" she said. "I," he said, "have been busy.
Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws. His father, Monsieur Charles Denis Bartolome Bovary, retired assistant-surgeon-major, compromised about 1812 in certain conscription scandals, and forced at this time to leave the service, had
taken advantage of his fine figure to get hold of a dowry of sixty thousand francs that offered in the person of a hosier's daughter who had fallen in love with his good looks. It was very well for Charles to say he did not want them. Besides this there were against the four columns of the town hall four kinds of poles, each bearing a small standard of
greenish cloth, embellished with inscriptions in gold letters. The boat glided along the shores of the islands. Swear it then!" "Do I love you—love you? While he was studying equinus, varus, and valgus, that is to say, katastrephopody, endostrephopody, and exostrephopody, endostrephopody (or better, the various turnings of the foot downwards, inwards, and outwards, and outwards
with the hypostrephopody and anastrephopody), otherwise torsion downwards and upwards, Monsier Homais, with all sorts of arguments, was exhorting the lad at the inn to submit to the operation. "Sit down," she said; "you fidget me." He sat down again. "Why not?" said she. "Truly," he said with a groan, "it adorned the tomb of Richard Coeur de
Lion, King of England and Duke of Normandy. She turned away from time to avoid his look, and then she saw only the pine trunks in lines, whose monotonous succession made her a little giddy. Well, good-bye, Madame Bovary. She hoped for a son; he would be strong and dark; she would call him George; and this idea of having a male child
was like an expected revenge for all her impotence in the priests, the choristers, and the two choirboys recited the De profundis, [22] and their voices echoed over the fields, rising and falling with their undulations. Emma continued, "And what music do you prefer?" "Oh, German music; that which makes you dream." "Have you been to the
opera?" "Not yet; but I shall go next year, when I am living at Paris to finish reading for the bar." "As I had the honour of putting it to your husband," said the chemist, "with regard to this poor Yanoda who has run away, you will find yourself, thanks to his extravagance, in the possession of one of the most comfortable houses of Yonville. He chatted
with her about the new goods from Paris, about a thousand feminine trifles, made himself very obliging, and never asked for his money. Its greatest convenience for a doctor is a door giving on the Walk, where one can go in and out unseen. What is the matter?" "What is it?" replied the druggist. Then he foresaw such worries that he quickly dismissed
so disagreeable a subject of meditation from his mind. "You live on the dead, Lestiboudois!" the curé at last said to him one day. She had suffered so much without complaint at first, until she had seem him going after all the village drabs, and until a score of bad houses sent him back to her at night, weary, stinking drunk. The rumour, at all events, is
going the round. "Do you think," he added, "that he'll not understand your little theft, the poor dear man?" She collapsed, more overcome than if felled by the blow of a pole-axe. The other wedding guests talked of their business or played tricks behind each other's backs, egging one another on in advance to be jolly. The winter was severe. Reading
novels, bad books, works against religion, and in which they mock at priests in speeches taken from Voltaire. "Are we ready? There was a sound of steps on the pavement. "If she asks after me," he said, "you will tell her that I have gone on a journey. Such unfortunates should be locked up and forced to work. Félicité remained. "It has even made me
forget the theatre. "You do not think of them." "My friends! What friends? She had bought herself a blotting book, writing case, pen-holder, and envelopes, although she had no one to write to; she dusted her what-not, looked at herself in the glass, picked up a book, and then, dreaming between the lines, let it drop on her knees. Monsieur Homais
towards liqueur-time began singing "Le Dieu des bonnes gens." Monsieur Léon sang a barcarolle, and Madame Bovary, senior, who was godmother, a romance of the Empire; finally, M. One of the choristers went round the nave making a collection, and the coppers chinked one after the other on the silver plate. "Thus we," he said, "why
did we come to know one another? It is extremely curious, is it not?" "Yes," said Charles, who was not listening to him. Some money was coming to her. "Oh, nothing! nothing!" Homais continued. This grew less and less with the swinging of the great rope that, hanging from the top of the belfry, dragged its end on the ground. It was a dark night;
Madame Bovary junior was afraid of accidents for her husband. Of what had they spoken when it lay upon the wide-mantelled chimneys between flower-vases and Pompadour clocks? The dogs in their kennels all barked, and the noise of their voices resounded, but brought out no one. The light fell on it as on a piece of marble, to the curve of the
eyebrows, without one's being able to guess what Emma was seeing on the horizon or what she was thinking within herself. The noise of the instrument drove away the little birds from afar. She gasped as she turned her eyes about her, while the peasant woman, frightened at her face, drew back instinctively, thinking her mad. There's a judgment.
Now he wanted nothing. At the end of a month she was even considered to have made considered to have m
crowd of boors when she saw a gentleman in a green velvet coat. It was Rodolphe. "Have you your pistols?" "Why?" "Why, to defend yourself," replied Emma. The following day was frightful, and those that came after still more unbearable, because of her impatience to once again seize her happiness; an ardent lust, inflamed by the images of past
experience, and that burst forth freely on the seventh day beneath Léon's caresses. I did all I could!" "Yes, that is true—you are good—you." And she passed her hand slowly over his hair. She leant on his shoulder murmuring— "Ah! when we are in the mail-coach! Do you think about it? The curtain-rods, ending in arrows, their brass pegs, and the
great balls of the fire-dogs shone suddenly when the sun came in. She smiled all the time. What had once charmed now frightened him a little. On Wednesdays his shop was never empty, and the people pushed in less to buy drugs than for consultations. You'll cut a figure at Rouen." The diligence stopped at the "Croix-Rouge" in the Place Beauvoisine
He thought all modesty in the way. Large dishes of yellow cream, that trembled with the least shake of the table, had designed on their smooth surface the initials of the newly wedded pair in nonpareil arabesques. She would have liked not to be always asleep. Homais was enjoying himself. He hasn't much taste. "No, no! I'll send him to
you; we'll come; that will be more convenient for you." "Ah! very good! I thank you." And as soon as they were alone, "Why don't you accept Monsieur Boulanger's kind offer?" She assumed a sulky air, invented a thousand excuses, and finally declared that perhaps it would look odd. Léon stepped back to go out. For a moment he softened; then he
rebelled against her. But turning away her head, Emma said in a broken voice "No, no! no one!" She fainted again. "Why, hey? It was close, the child fell asleep, and the good man, beginning to doze with his hands on his stomach, was soon snoring with his mouth wide open. It is so sweet, amid all the disenchantments of life, to be able to dwell in
kept up a deep murmur. "These young scamps!" murmured the priest, "always the same!" Then, picking up a catechism all in rags that he had struck with is foot, "They respect nothing!" But as soon as he caught sight of Madame Bovary, "Excuse me," he said; "I did not recognise you." He thrust the catechism into his pocket, and stopped short,
balancing the heavy vestry key between his two fingers. The sheepfold was long, the barn high, with walls smooth as your hand. It had formerly been part of a small farm sold by Monsieur Bovary senior; for Lheureux knew everything, even to the number of acres and the names of the neighbours. 1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or
redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License. He suddenly went in again, pale, staggering. Something subtle about her being transfigured her. He was making his
blood too thick by going to sleep every evening after dinner. Notaries have such a bad reputation. Occasionally there came gusts of winds, breezes from the sea rolling in one sweep over the whole plateau of the Caux country, which brought even to these fields a salt freshness. She knit her brows with a nervous gesture, then went on. But they were
slippers. Nothing, however, could be less curious than this curiosity. This sweetness of sensation pierced through her old desires, and these, like grains of sand under a gust of wind, eddied to and fro in the subtle breath of the perfume which suffused her soul. Teach my name to your child; let her repeat it in her prayers." The wicks of the candles
hang from balconies under the breath of flowers, in the light of the moon. Moreover, the settling of the estate is not yet done; we shall have the money later on. She was pale all over, white as a sheet; the skin of her nose was drawn at the nostrils, her eyes looked at you vaguely. He thundered against the spirit of the age, and never failed, every other
week, in his sermon, to recount the death agony of Voltaire, who died devouring his excrements, as everyone knows. Her neck stood out from a white turned-down collar. The smell of melted butter penetrated through the walls when he saw patients, just as in the kitchen one could hear the people coughing in the consulting room and recounting their
Moreover, he could not believe that a man born of him could be a fool. "Midnight!" said she. It cost Charles much to give up Tostes after living there four years and "when he was beginning to get on there." Yet if it must be! He took her to Rouen to see his old master. "And who would be surprised at it, gentlemen? I will send next week; he must wait;
yes, till next week." And the fellow went without another word. Natasie came downstairs shivering and undid the bars and bolts one after the other. The din of the town gradually grew distant; the rolling of carriages, the tumult of voices, the yelping of dogs on the decks of vessels. He showed him many others, even to doing errands for him at Rouen;
and the book of a novelist having made the mania for cactuses fashionable, Léon bought some for Madame Bovary, bringing them back on his knees in the "Hirondelle," pricking his fingers on their hard hairs. His fat, flabby, beardless face seemed dyed by a decoction of liquorice, and his white hair made even more vivid the keen brilliance of his small
black eyes. "What!" replied the good fellow, quite astonished, "doesn't he prescribe something for you?" "Ah!" said Emma, "it is no earthly remedy I need." But the cure from time to time looked into the church, where the kneeling boys were shouldering one another, and tumbling over like packs of cards. What help is to be hoped for, what
consolation, what solace?" She was left broken, breathless, inert, sobbing in a low voice, with flowing tears. When, in the evening, Charles told her this anecdote, Emma inveighed loudly against his colleague. "I am tired," she said. She had not felt it since that spring evening when the rain fell upon the green leaves, and they had said good-bye
standing at the window. Emma raised the latch of a door, and suddenly at the end of the room she saw a man sleeping. The thing was worth a journey, and, as she could not undertake it, he offered to go to the place to have an interview with Langlois. Where could she find it? She threw herself on his neck; they sat down to table; he ate much, and at
dessert he even wanted to take a cup of coffee, a luxury he only permitted himself on Sundays when there was company. "It was about your little fancies—the travelling trunks." He had drawn his hat over his eyes, and, with his hands behind his back, smiling and whistling, he looked straight at her in an unbearable manner. It was one of those March
days, clear and sharp, when the sun shines in a perfectly white sky. They were prodigal as kings, full of ideal, ambitious, fantastic frenzy. The dinner was not vexed. The councillor pressing his little cocked hat to his breast repeated his
bows, while Tuvache, bent like a bow, also smiled, stammered, tried to say something, protested his devotion to the monarchy and the honour that was being done to Yonville. She watched him going. On the chimney between the candelabra there were two of those pink shells in which one hears the murmur of the sea if one holds them to the ear. She
wore velvet breeches, red stockings, a club wig, and three-cornered hat cocked on one side. I am, with best compliments, your loving father. He did not turn round. This failing to keep their rendezvous seemed to her an insult, and she tried to rake up other reasons to separate herself from him. Charles looked up, and through the lowered blinds he
little as she stretched out her arms. In fact, at the height of Emma's illness, the latter, taking advantage of the circumstances to make his bill larger, had hurriedly brought the cloak, the travelling-bag, two trunks instead of one, and a number of other things. "I am really sorry," said Bovary, "about the money which you are—" The other made a
careless gesture full of cordiality, and taking his hat said—"It is settled, isn't it? "Poor girl! She had gone off now!" Then Homais asked how the accident had come about. The landlady took up the defence of her curé. "I count on you," said the doctor. There was another who at that hour was not asleep. At last, unable to bear it any longer
and fancying she had gone to Rouen, he set out along the highroad, walked a mile, met no one, again waited, and returned home. Then a hundred steps farther on, breathless, almost falling, she stopped. As to Monsieur Homais, he had a preference for all those that recalled some great man, an illustrious fact, or a generous idea, and it was on this
system that he had baptized his four children. I will be your people, your country; I will tend, I will love you!" "How sweet you are!" he said, seizing her in his arms. Her illness, it appears, was a kind of fog that she had in her head, and the doctors could not do anything, nor the priest either. And coming closer to him: "What ill could come to me? She
could bear it no longer; she ran into the sitting room as if to take the apricots there, overturned the basket, tore away the leaves, found the letter, opened it, and, as if some fearful fire were behind her, Emma flew to her room terrified. When they reached the farrier's house, instead of following the road up to the fence, Rodolphe suddenly turned
down a path, drawing with him Madame Bovary. "And give me—" "Will he never go?" thought she. In the music class, in the ballads she sang, there was nothing but little angels with golden wings, madonnas, lagunes, gondoliers; mild compositions that allowed her to catch a glimpse athwart the obscurity of style and the weakness of the music of the
attractive phantasmagoria of sentimental realities. That was his phrase. The flat country stretched as far as eye could see, and the tufts of trees round the farms at long intervals seemed like dark violet stains on the cast grey surface, that on the horizon faded into the gloom of the sky. A long ray of the sun fell across the nave and seemed to darken
the lower sides and the corners. So you get off—I'll go back home. Nastasie answered rudely. What then revived her was pouring a bottle of eau-de-cologne over her arms. Then Félicité came up to say that he wanted some of her hair. It was another bond of the flesh establishing itself, and, as it were, a continued sentiment of a more complex union. In
the warm season the bank, wider than at other times, showed to their foot the garden walls whence a few steps led to the river. They were at their country-places or on journeys. When she sat on his knees, her leg, then too short, hung in the dainty shoe, that had no back to it, was held only by the toes to her bare foot. Everyone looked at
them. "I dare say! Quiet Vincart! You don't know him; he's more ferocious than an Arab!" Still Monsieur Lheureux must interfere. "Is anyone walking upstairs?" said Charles, throwing her arms about her husband, implored him to defend her from his parents. Towards four o'clock in the morning, Charles, well wrapped up in his cloak
set out for the Bertaux. for what? See! here is your little girl! Oh, kiss her!" The child stretched out her arms to her mother to cling to her neck. And she began telling him everything, hurriedly, disjointedly, exaggerating the facts, inventing many, and so prodigal of parentheses that he understood nothing of it. For forty-three days Charles did not
leave her. Ah! it was because a young lady was there, some one who know how to talk, to embroider, to be witty. One ought not to accustom oneself to impossible pleasures when there are a thousand demands upon one." "Oh, I can imagine!" "Ah! no; for you, you are a man!" But men too had had their trials, and the conversation went off into certain
philosophical reflections. The beadle, who was just then standing on the threshold in the middle of the left doorway, under the "Dancing Marianne," with feather cap, and rapier dangling against his calves, came in, more majestic than a cardinal, and as shining as a saint on a holy pyx. "It had to be, my dear!" "Weren't you happy? He went to the shops
and brought back rolls of leather for the shoemaker, old iron for the farrier, a barrel of herrings for his mistress, caps from the milliner's, locks from the milliner's, locks from the hair-dresser's and all along the road on his return journey he distributed his parcels, which he threw, standing upright on his seat and shouting at the top of his voice, over the enclosures of the yards
He remembered Rodolphe's attentions, his sudden, disappearance, his constrained air when they had met two or three times since. Oh, save me! How unfortunate I am! How unfortuna
her, to guard her virtue, all her banknotes, like a cuirass in the lining of her corset. As opposed to the maternal ideas, he had a certain virile idea of childhood on which he sought to mould his son, wishing him to be brought up hardily, like a Spartan, to give him a strong constitution. It was to make faith come; but no delights descended from the
heavens, and she arose with tired limbs and with a vague feeling of a gigantic dupery. He subjugated her; she almost feared him. Good-bye! you're a good fellow! And then I shall never forget that," he said, slapping his thigh. No doubt it's a joke!" "How so?" He turned away slowly, and, folding his arms, said to her— "My good lady, did you think I
should go on to all eternity being your purveyor and banker, for the love of God? She walked fast for some time, then more slowly, and looking straight in front of her, her eyes rested on the shoulder of the your purveyor and banker, for the love of God? She walked fast for some time, then more slowly, and looking straight in front of her, her eyes rested on the shoulder of the your purveyor and banker, for the love of God? She walked fast for some time, then more slowly, and looking straight in front of her, her eyes rested on the shoulder of the your purveyor and banker, for the love of God? She walked fast for some time, then more slowly, and looking straight in front of her, her eyes rested on the shoulder of the your purveyor and banker, for the love of God? She walked fast for some time, then more slowly, and looking straight in front of her, her eyes rested on the shoulder of the your purveyor and banker, for the love of God? She walked fast for some time, then more slowly, and looking straight in front of her, her eyes rested on the shoulder of the your purveyor and banker, for the love of God? She walked fast for some time, then more slowly, and looking straight in front of her, her eyes rested on the shoulder of the your purveyor and banker, for the love of God? She walked fast for some time, the properties of the your purveyor and banker, for the love of God? She walked fast for some time, the properties of the your purveyor and banker, for the love of God? She walked fast for some time, the properties of the your purveyor and banker, for the love of God? She walked fast for some time, the your purveyor and banker, for the love of God? She walked fast for some time, the your purveyor and banker, for the love of God? She walked fast for some time, the your purveyor and banker, for the your purveyor and your p
would place you on a throne! I who bear with me your memory as a talisman! For I am going to punish myself by exile for all the ill I have done you. Then Justin appeared at the door of the shop, "Half an ounce of resin and turpentine, four ounces of yellow wax, and three half ounces of animal charcoal, if you please, to clean the varnished leather of
my togs." The druggist was beginning to cut the wax when Madame Homais appeared, Irma in her arms, Napoleon by her side, and Athalie following. She brought roses to his conduct; and, in order the more surely to keep her hold on him,
hoping perhaps that heaven would take her part, she tied a medal of the Virgin round his neck. "An accident happens so easily. And each one had marked, as it were, the inauguration of a new phase in her life. "Yes," she said, "you solace all sorrows." "Ah! don't talk to me of it, Madame Bovary. Excuse me. Binet was there; that is to say, a little lower
down against the terrace wall, fishing for crayfish. She plunged into dark alleys, and, all perspiring, reached the bottom of the Rue Nationale, near the fountain that stands there. Was it not for him, the obstacle to all felicity, the cause of all misery, and, as it were, the sharp clasp of that complex strap that bucked her in on all sides. Emma regretted
having left the tax-collector so abruptly. Some towards the finish went to sleep and snored. "I am surprised that in our days, in this century of enlightenment, anyone should still persist in proscribing an intellectual relaxation that is inoffensive, moralising, and sometimes even hygienic; is it not, doctor?" "No doubt," replied the doctor carelessly, either
because, sharing the same ideas, he wished to offend no one, or else because he had not any ideas. And above the long undulation of these crowded animals one saw some white mane rising in the wind like a wave, or some sharp horns sticking out, and the heads of men running about. I'm sure you might at least give me just a pound of ground coffee;
that'd last me a month, and I'd take it of a morning with some milk." After having submitted to her thanks, Madam Bovary left. The quadrille over, the floor was occupied by groups of men standing up and talking and servants in livery bearing large trays. You were coming confident and fearless, believing in happiness in the future. So Charles went
back again to his wife and implored her to give way; he knelt to her, she ended by saying— "Very well! I'll go to her." And in fact she held out her hand to her mother-in-law with the dignity of a marchioness as she said— "Excuse me, madame." Then, having gone up again to her room, she threw herself flat on her bed and cried there like a child, her
face buried in the pillow. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. Emma listened to him with bowed head, and stirred the bits
of wood on the ground with the tip of her foot. Emma, too, fleeing from life, would have liked to fly away in an embrace. Emma shrugged her shoulders as she stamped her feet. The bandaging over, the doctor was invited by Monsieur Rouault himself to "pick a bit" before he left. What obstinacy not to wear flannels! In the spring it came about that a
with her nail. Emma, too weak, could not close her fingers, and the taper, but for Monsieur Bournisien would have fallen to the ground. "You will leave everything at your place. He wanted to see her again; he turned back quickly, ran up the stairs with a beating heart. It came back; and then, without any fixed plan or direction, wandered about at
hazard. But it was difficult to explain matters by letter. The cold that made him pale seemed to add a more gentle languor to his face; between his cravat and his neck the somewhat loose collar of his shirt showed the skin; the lobe of his ear looked out from beneath a lock of hair, and his large blue eyes, raised to the clouds, seemed to Emma more
limpid and more beautiful than those mountain-lakes where the heavens are mirrored. We've feathered our nest; while one of these days you'll find the 'Cafe Francais' closed with a big placard on the shutters. You'll grow still weaker. Hivert did not know whom to answer. But so that you mayn't be eating your heart, I'll open wide the outer shutter of
the window against the wall; you can see it from the back by leaning over the hedge." And he entered the shop hurriedly. Monsieur Bournisien was there, and two large candles were burning at the head of the bed, that had been
taken out of the alcove. Thus, as a precaution, what is to prevent you from saying morning and evening a 'Hail Mary, full of grace,' and 'Our Father which art in heaven'? Who provides you with honour in the ranks of society? "Monsieur Léon," he said, "went to his room early." She
could not help smiling, and she fell asleep, her soul filled with a new delight. At last he hit upon Amabilen conjugem calcas, [24] which was adopted. Next she walked up and down, went to the windows, and looked out at the Place. Moreover, Homais, with his head fuller of recipes than his shop of jars, excelled in making all kinds of preserves, vinegars, and looked out at the Place. Moreover, Homais, with his head fuller of recipes than his shop of jars, excelled in making all kinds of preserves, vinegars, and looked out at the Place.
and sweet liqueurs; he knew also all the latest inventions in economic stoves, together with the art of preserving cheese and of curing sick wines. "Emma! Emma!" called On Léon, sent him tender words and kisses lost in the wind. "He doesn't even remember any more about it,"
she thought, looking at the poor devil, whose coarse red hair was wet with perspiration. "You have not got them! I ought to have spared myself this last shame. He sat down opposite it. He went on— "And you're out so early?" "Yes," she said stammering; "I am just coming from the nurse where my child is." "Ah! very good! For myself, I am
here, just as you see me, since break of day; but the weather is so muggy, that unless one had the bird at the mouth of the gun—" "Good evening, Monsieur Binet," she interrupted him, turning on her heel. One adventure sometimes brought with it infinite consequences and the scene changed. And we should be wrong to object to that, since their
nervous organization is much more malleable than ours." "Poor Léon!" said Charles. Emma, drunk with grief, shivered in her clothes, feeling her feet grow colder and colder, and death in her soul. "Well, good-bye," he sighed. Then her pride revolted. She began by taking out her comb, shaking her head with a quick movement, and when he for the
first time saw all this mass of hair that fell to her knees unrolling in black ringlets, it was to him, poor child! like a sudden entrance into something new and strange, whose splendour terrified him. People were at the windows to see the procession pass. Do you know that I count the hours? Why? I'll introduce you to Thornassin." At last he managed to
get rid of him, and rushed straight to the hotel. Clever at all games of cards, a good hunter, and writing a fine hand, he had at home a lathe, and amused himself by turning napkin rings, with which he filled up his house, with the jealousy of an artist and the egotism of a bourgeois. But her emotion soon vanished, and, swaying to the rhythm of the
orchestra, she glided forward with slight movements of the heack. And yet, in accord with theories she believed right, she wanted to make herself in love with him. "Left about, march." And after presenting arms, during which the clang of the band, letting loose, rang out like a brass kettle rolling downstairs, all the guns were lowered. But each time
depredations of Félicité. Bournisien was scandalized at such audacity; Homais marvelled at such stupidity; and they were on the point of insulting one another when Charles suddenly reappeared. He shuddered, horrified at this omen. For my own part, I think that mothers ought themselves to instruct their children. His lieutenant, the youngest son of
Monsieur Tuvache, had a bigger one, for his was enormous, and shook on his head, and from it an end of his cotton scarf peeped out. Emma watched him with a look of anguish, fancying she saw an accusation in every line of his face. Oh, I do not want them, keep them!" And she threw the two links away from her, their gold chain breaking as it struck
it dictated to him, spelt out, and re-read, at once ordered the poor devil to go and sit down on the punishment form at the foot of the master's desk. The lad from the posting house who came to groom the mare every morning passed through the passage with his heavy wooden shoes; there were holes in his blouse; his feet were bare in list slippers. I
love you!" He seized her by her waist. The orangery, which was at the other end, led by a covered way to the outhouses of the château. I often saw them again as of yore, when on the summer mornings the said, holding out her hand to
he, and cried in a low voice, "Emma!" His strong breathing made the flames of the candles tremble against the wall. "I would rather die!" said Emma. In the evening Madame Bovary did not go to her neighbour's, and when Charles had left and she felt herself alone, the comparison re-began with the clearness of a sensation almost actual, and
with that lengthening of perspective which memory gives to things. "We must hide this from him," said Charles could not go on like this. She was dead. She would not believe it; she redoubled in tenderness, and Rodolphe concealed his indifference less and less. On the evening of the ceremony there was a grand dinner; the cure was present,
there was much excitement. "Besides, he no longer loves me," she thought. The Church is on the other side of the street, twenty paces farther down, at the entrance of the square. Emma was growing difficult, capricious. "Good-bye, poor child! good-bye, dear little one! good-bye!" And he gave her back to her mother. She thirsted for his lips. "You are
in pain?" asked Léon, coming closer to her. The poor fellow gave way, for it was like a conspiracy. The memory of her lover came back to her with dazzling attractions; she threw her whole soul into it, borne away towards this image with a fresh enthusiasm; and Charles seemed to her as much removed from her life, as absent forever, as impossible
and annihilated, as if he had been about to die and were passing under her eyes. Then her dress fell on both sides of her chair, puffing out full of folds, and reached the ground. Tradesmen were seen leaving it with angry faces. But leave me alone. Old Rouault on his way back began quietly smoking a pipe, which Homais in his innermost conscience
thought not quite the thing. The clerk never failed to be there. Was it the better to deceive them both? Day was breaking, and he could distinguish the escutcheons over the door, and knocked. She fancied she saw him opposite at his windows; then all grew confused; clouds gathered; it seemed to her that she was again turning in the waltz under the
light of the lustres on the arm of the Viscount, and that Léon was not far away, that he was coming; and yet all the time she was conscious of the scent of Rodolphe's head by her side. These were so polished that they reflected the grass. Emma's child was asleep in a wicker-cradle. Then far away, beyond the wood, on the other hills, she heard a vague
prolonged cry, a voice which lingered, and in silence she heard it mingling like music with the last pulsations of her throbbing nerves. "I must go at once and pay her my respects. With this repeated tinkling the thoughts of the young woman lost themselves in old memories of her youth and school-days. It was one of those head-gears of composite
order, in which we can find traces of the bearskin, shako, billycock hat, sealskin cap, and cotton night-cap; one of those poor things, in fine, whose dumb ugliness has depths of expression, like an imbecile's face. "Well, tell me your story. Emma, on the other hand, knew how to look after her house. He for the first time enjoyed the inexpressible
delicacy of feminine refinements. A quarter of an hour after he added, "My poor mother! what will become of her now?" She made a gesture that signified she did not know. He took it out and read— "Received, for three months' lessons and several pieces of music, the sum of sixty-three francs.—Felicie Lempereur, professor of music." "How the devil
did it get into my boots?" "It must," she replied, "have fallen from the old box of bills that is on the edge of the shelf." From that moment her existence was but one long tissue of lies, in which she enveloped her love as in veils to hide it. By what means? "Well!" said Léon. They were all love, lovers, sweethearts, persecuted ladies fainting in lone!
pavilions, postilions killed at every stage, horses ridden to death on every page, sombre forests, heartaches, vows, sobs, tears and kisses, little skiffs by moonlight, nightingales in shady groves, "gentlemen" brave as lions, gentle as lambs, virtuous as no one ever was, always well dressed, and weeping like fountains. "I do not require anything," she
said. The serpent-player was blowing with all his might. She stopped. It was a bride's bouquet; it was the other one's. He did not question her ideas; he accepted all her tastes; he was rather becoming her mistress than she his. She was to leave Yonville as if she was going on some business to Rouen. She sewed clothes for the poor, she sent wood to
women in childbed; and Charles one day, on coming home, found three good-for-nothings in the kitchen seated at the table eating soup. Night was darkening over the walls, on which still shone, half hidden in the shade, the coarse colours of four bills representing four scenes from the "Tour de Nesle," with a motto in Spanish and French at the
bottom. They were airs played in other places at the theatres, sung in drawing rooms, danced to at night under lighted lustres, echoes of the world that reached even to Emma. Emma expatiated much on the misery of earthly affections, and the eternal isolation in which the heart remains entombed. There existed, then, in the place of happiness, still
greater joys—another love beyond all loves, without end, one that would grow eternally! She saw amid the illusions of her hope a state of purity floating above the earth mingling with heaven, to which she aspired. Now and then he raised his head and gave her a long look full of distress. Often a cart would pass near her, bearing
some shaking scenery. Charles, who was waiting for her, came forward with open arms and said to her with tears in his voice—"Ah! my dear!" And he bent over her gently to kiss her. At times the shadow of the willows hid her completely; then she reappeared suddenly, like a vision in the moonlight. The strings of his shirt had got into a knot, and she
was for some minutes moving her light fingers about the young fellow's neck. But the springs of the right side having at length given way beneath the weight of his corpulence, it happened that the carriage as it rolled along leaned over a little, and on the other cushion near him could be seen a large box covered in red sheep-leather, whose three
brass clasps shone grandly. She went out, crossed the Boulevard, the Place Cauchoise, and the Faubourg, as far as an open street that overlooked some gardens. "Oh, it's too much!" And no doubt she was suggesting something abominable to him; for the tax-collector—yet he was brave, had fought at Bautzen and at Lutzen, had been through the
French campaign, and had even been recommended for the cross—suddenly, as at the sight of a serpent, recoiled as far as he could from her, crying— "Madame! what do you mean?" "Women like that ought to be whipped," said Madame Tuvache. No one knew what he had been formerly; a pedlar said some, a banker at Routot according to others. If
his work and conduct are satisfactory, he will go into one of the upper classes, as becomes his age." The "new fellow," standing in the corner behind the door so that he could hardly be seen, was a country lad of about fifteen, and taller than any of us. She never thought of him now. He often even makes the experiment before his friends at his
summer-house at Guillaume Wood. Emma drew her shoulders and rose. The mother-in-law replied that she had nothing more, the winding up was over, and there was due to them besides Barneville an income of six hundred francs, that she would pay them punctually. There was a crowd round the market reading a large bill fixed to
one of the posts, and she saw Justin, who was climbing on to a stone and tearing down the bill. Some are cited who faint at the smell of burnt hartshorn, of new bread—" "Take care; you'll wake her!" said Bovary in a low voice. When she was thirteen, her father himself took her to town to place her in the convent. Night brings counsel." Then to Léon,
who was walking along with them, "Now that you are in our part of the world, I hope you'll come and ask us for some dinner now and then." The clerk declared he would not fail to do so, being obliged, moreover, to go to Yonville on some business for his office. Madame Bovary sprang to lift her up, broke the bell-rope, called for the servant with all
her might, and she was just going to curse herself when Charles appeared. "Why, haven't you ever seen anything?" Félicité answered laughing. The next day when he was up (at about two o'clock—he had slept late), Rodolphe had a basket of apricots picked. At last she began to collect her thoughts. "We would go and live elsewhere—somewhere!"
"You are really mad!" he said laughing. Along the line of seated women painted fans were fluttering, bouquets half hid smiling faces, and gold stoppered scent-bottles were turned in partly-closed hands, whose white gloves outlined the nails and tightened on the flesh at the wrists. She recalled to him as remembrances her troubles and her sacrifices,
and, comparing these with Emma's negligence, came to the conclusion that it was not reasonable to adore her so exclusively. She was not discouraged; and those whom she did manage to see she asked for money, declaring she must have some, and that she would pay it back. A great piece of waste ground, on which pell-mell, amid a mass of sand and
stones, were a few break-wheels, already rusty, surrounded by a quadrangular building pierced by a number of little windows. Léon set off running. "Sugar acid!" said the chemist contemptuously, "don't know it; I'm ignorant of it! But perhaps you want oxalic acid. But it was above all the meal-times that were unbearable to her, in this small room on
the ground floor, with its smoking stove, its creaking door, the walls that sweated, the damp flags; all the bitterness in life seemed served up on her plate, and with smoke of the boiled beef there rose from her secret soul whiffs of sickliness. The weather was fine. A pink line ran along the partition between her nostrils. "What an imbecile I am!" he
said with a fearful oath. The disappointment of her failure increased the indignation of her outraged modesty: it seemed to her that Providence pursued her implacably, and, strengthening herself in her pride, she had never felt so much esteem for herself nor so much contempt for others. The wax of the candles fell in great drops upon the sheets of
the bed. The loose reins hanging over his crupper were wet with foam, and the box fastened on behind the chaise gave great regular bumps against it. Emma cried, and he tried to console her, adorning his protestations with puns. Drowsy pigs were burrowing in the earth with their snouts, calves were bleating, lambs baaing; the cows, on knees folded
in, were stretching their bellies on the grass, slowly chewing the cud, and blinking their heavy eyelids at the gnats that buzzed round them. Charles gave himself as far as to the corner of the hedge, and at last, when past it—"Monsieur Rouault," he murmured, "I should like to say something to you." They stopped. Go on!" "Oh, no; it is execrable! My
fingers are quite rusty." The next day he begged her to play him something again. They knew one another too well for any of those surprises of possession that increase its joys a hundred-fold. One evening, for example, she was angry with the servant, who had asked to go out, and stammered as she tried to find some pretext. It is so difficult now to
leave the house since I am alone, my poor Emma." Here there was a break in the lines, as if the old fellow had dropped his pen to dream a little while. Then they warmed themselves in the kitchen while their room was being made ready. All that would please her—he gathered that from her spendthrift habits. They had the complexion of wealth—that
clear complexion that is heightened by the pallor of porcelain, the shimmer of satin, the veneer of old furniture, and that an ordered regimen of exquisite nurture maintains at its best. They began to love one another again. But at least it is because they are thinking of something. A silver medal! Twenty-five francs! For you!" Then, when she had her
medal, she looked at it, and a smile of beatitude spread over her face; and as she walked away they could hear her muttering "I'll give it to our cure up home, to say some masses for me!" "What fanaticism!" exclaimed the chemist, leaning across to the notary. "You know that well. Her musical but weak voice died away along the waves, and the winds
carried off the trills that Léon heard pass like the flapping of wings about him. There was a great moving of chairs; the bearers slipped their three staves under the coffin, and everyone left the church. "Oh, it isn't worth while," answered Lheureux. She had attacks in which she could easily have been driven to commit any folly. They would have known
one another, loved one another. He seized her by the wrist. The nave was reflected in the full fonts with the beginning of the arches and some portions of the jury felt much embarrassed, not knowing if they ought to begin the meeting or still wait. The goodman thought she
must be ill, and came to see her. "Does this amuse you?" said he, bending over her so closely that the end of his moustache brushed her cheek. He had never had the curiosity, he said, while he lived at Rouen, to go to the theatre to see the actors from Paris. At the end of the church a lamp was burning, the wick of a night-light in a glass hung up. All
ran towards the enclosure; everyone pushed forward. Emma kept beating the soles of her boots against the pavement of the yard. "Saccharum, doctor?" said he, offering the sugar. She went on in a tender, suppliant manner. His insipid voice murmured like a running brook; a light shone in his eyes through the glimmering of his spectacles, and his
hand was advancing up Emma's sleeve to press her arm. In her head she seemed to feel the floor of the ball-room rebounding again beneath the rhythmical pulsation of the thousands of dancing feet. He blushed at the compliment of his landlord, who had already turned to the doctor, and was enumerating to him, one after the other, all the principal
inhabitants of Yonville. "Ah! I've got you!" thought Lheureux. Then, spitting on his hands, he took the oars again. The winter was severe, Madame Bovary's convalescence slow. Then Rodolphe asked if riding would not be good. She knew by heart the love songs of the last century, and sang them in a low voice as she stitched away. Monsieur Homais
was strong at the game; he could beat Charles and give him a double-six. As he was a good deal bored at Yonville, where he was a clerk at the notary's, Monsieur Guillaumin, Monsieur Léon Dupuis (it was he who was the second habitue of the "Lion d'Or") frequently put back his dinner-hour in hope that some traveler might come to the inn, with
whom he could chat in the evening. Hazy clouds hovered on the horizon between the outlines of the hills; others, rent asunder, floated up and disappeared. Often she even received summonses, stamped paper that she barely looked at. "But pardon me!" she said. Slowly, with the tips of his fingers, palpitating, he lifted her veil. He was giving Monsieur
Boulanger a little good advice. At last, however, Léon said that he should have, one of these days, to go to Rouen on some office business. At Quincampoix, to give himself heart, he drank three cups of coffee one after the other. And yet, why should my heart be so heavy? The next morning she set out in the "Hirondelle" to go to Rouen to consult
Monsieur Léon, and she stayed there three days. She must have her chocolate every morning, attentions without end. What do you think?" "Are you in love?" she asked, coughing a little. "Ah, if you had been one of those frivolous women that one sees, certainly I might, through egotism, have tried an experiment, in that case without danger for you
Besides, the poor old chap, if it hadn't been for the colza last year, would have had much ado to pay up his arrears." For very weariness Charles left off going to the Bertaux. Homais hankered after the cross of the Legion of Honour. She had sent for Monsieur Lheureux, and had said to him— "I want a cloak—a large lined cloak with a deep collar."
"You are going on a journey?" he asked. He sat down again and placed it on his knee. The house was very dreary now. Félicité came back. Four o'clock struck, and she rose to return to Yonville, mechanically obeying the force of old habits. She struck the notes with aplomb, and ran from top to bottom of the keyboard without a break. He sold himself—
in a word, prostituted himself. Yet nothing forced her to go; but she had given her word that she would return that same evening. "No, no! Down there, in our home!" And they went to their room at the Hotel de Boulogne. "Look at him! he is in the market; he is bowing to Madame Bovary, who's got on a green bonnet. Although he had not seemed
much moved. Homais, nevertheless, had exerted himself to buoy him up, to "keep up his spirits." Then they had talked of the various dangers that threaten childhood, of the carelessness of servants, Part of it was ordered at Rouen, and she made herself chemises and nightcaps after fashion-plates that she borrowed. Then he asked himself what would
become of her—if she would be married, and to whom! Alas! Old Rouault was rich, and she!—so beautiful! But Emma's face always rose before his eyes, and a monotone, like the humming of a top, sounded in his ears, "If you should marry!" At night he could not sleep; his throat was parched; he was athirst. The beadle
stood dumfounded, not able to understand this untimely munificence when there were still so many things for the stranger to see. She showed him her old music-books, the little prizes she had won, and the oak-leaf crowns, left at the bottom of a cupboard. Moreover, it contains everything that is agreeable in a household—a laundry, kitchen with
offices, sitting-room, fruit-room, and so on. She had seen duchesses at Vaubyessard with clumsier waists and commoner ways, and she execrated the injustice of God. Luckily he had promised to destroy that power of attorney. He showed with pride in the sitting room two small pencil sketches by her that he had had framed in very large frames, and
hung up against the wallpaper by long green cords. "Yes," she said, "and I am wrong. Two days after the wedding the married pair left. "There are even two cigars in it," said he; "they'll do for this evening after dinner." "Why, do you smoke?" she asked. The little cemetery that surrounds it, closed in by a wall breast high, is so full of graves that the
old stones, level with the ground, form a continuous pavement, on which the grass of itself has marked out regular green squares. How shall I begin?" And as she went on she recognised the thickets, the trees, the sea-rushes on the hill, the château yonder. "Ah! I pity you," said Emma. Emma was pale. "Sir!" "What is it?" And he recognised the beadle,
holding under his arms and balancing against his stomach some twenty large sewn volumes. Faded water lilies lay motionless between the reeds. Then she grew angered to see this coarse hand, with fingers red and pulpy like slugs, touching these pages against which her heart had beaten. He had no longer, as formerly, words so gentle that they
made her cry, nor passionate caresses that made her mad, so that their great love, which engrossed her life, seemed to lessen beneath her like the water of a stream absorbed into its channel, and she could see the bed of it. As If I cared for him!" One day, when they had parted early and she was returning alone along the boulevard, she saw the walls
of her convent; then she sat down on a form in the shade of the elm-trees. Had he done so, he would, no doubt, have attributed his zeal to the importance of the case, or perhaps to the money he hoped to make by it. The furniture in its place seemed to have become more immobile, and to lose itself in the shadow as in an ocean of darkness. He fancied
they had made a mistake in the name in writing. During the journeys he made to see her, Léon had often dined at the chemist's, and he felt obliged from politeness to invite him in turn. "What does it matter?" said Emma. Taking a middle course, then, Léon looked for some place as second clerk at Rouen; found none, and at last wrote his mother a
long letter full of details, in which he set forth the reasons for going to live at Paris immediately. Where, indeed, is to be found more patriotism than in the country, greater devotion to the public welfare, more intelligence, in a word? She was as pleased as a child to push with her finger the large tapestried door. It was Hippolyte bringing back Emma's
luggage. People coming out of the theatre passed along the pavement, humming or shouting at the top of their voices, "O bel ange, ma Lucie!" [17] Then Léon, playing the dilettante, began to talk music. She brought him linen for his poultices; she comforted, and encouraged him. Homais, motionless, uttered great sighs; and Monsieur Canivet, always
retaining his self-command, nevertheless began to feel uneasy. "Come, my good friend," he said, "withdraw; this spectacle is tearing you to pieces." Charles once gone, the chemist and the cure recommenced their discussions. "No, no! Why cry out against the passions? But he was released. The flame of the fire threw a joyous light upon the ceiling;
```

```
she turned on her back, stretching out her arms. "Louder!" The "new fellow" then took a supreme resolution, opened an inordinately large mouth, and shouted at the top of his voice as if calling someone in the word "Charbovari." A hubbub broke out, rose in crescendo with bursts of shrill voices (they yelled, barked,
stamped, repeated "Charbovari! Charbovari! Charbovari"), then died away into single notes, growing quieter only with great difficulty, and now and again suddenly recommencing along the line of a form whence rose here and there, like a damp cracker going off, a stifled laugh. "A cousin of mine who travelled in Switzerland last year told me that one could not
picture to oneself the poetry of the lakes, the charm of the waterfalls, the gigantic effect of the glaciers. Then he remembered his wedding, the old times, the first pregnancy of his wife; he, too, had been very happy the day when he had taken her from
her father to his home, and had carried her off on a pillion, trotting through the snow, for it was near Christmas-time, and the country was all white. The house inhabited by the clerk had neither bell, knocker, nor porter. Those who had secured seats the evening before kept it waiting; some even were still in bed in their houses. But the mad idea
seized her that he was looking at her; it was certain. How?" said Bovary. "Do be quiet!" "Yes, but you know," he went on, leaning against her shoulder, "I like to understand things." "Be quiet!" she cried impatiently. Her voice now took more mellow infections, her figure also; something subtle and penetrating escaped even from the folds of
her gown and from the line of her foot. After she had well scolded her servant she gave her presents or sent her out to see neighbours, just as she sometimes threw beggars all the silver in her purse, although she was by no means tender-hearted or easily accessible to the feelings of others, like most country-bred people, who always retain in their
souls something of the horny hardness of the paternal hands. Charles watched them burn, tiring his eyes against the glare of their yellow flame. Then by way of consolation they added— "You give way too much! Get up! You coddle yourself like a king! All the same, old chap, you don't smell nice!" Gangrene, in fact, was spreading more and more. They
remained alone—Madame Bovary, her back turned, her face pressed against a window-pane; Léon held his cap in his hand, knocking it softly against his thigh. Hippolyte might even prosecute him. She lay motionless, afraid that the slightest movement might make her vomit. But Berthe remained perched on the bed. Its top was covered with cork, and
it had spring joints, a complicated mechanism, covered over by black trousers ending in a patent-leather boot. "She probably stayed to look after Madame Dubreuil. I dragged myself along the quays, seeking distraction amid the din of the crowd without being able to banish the heaviness that weighed upon me. A poor shop like his was not made to
attract a "fashionable lady"; he emphasized the words; yet she had only to command, and he would undertake to provide her with anything she might wish, either in haberdashery or linen, millinery or fancy goods, for he went to town regularly four times a month. She asked him for some verses—some verses—some verses—for herself," a "love poem" in honour of
her. But there! that is the way with women! They are jealous of science, and then are opposed to our taking the most legitimate distractions. But he wanted first to know "how much it would be." The inquiries would not put Monsieur Léon out, since he went to town almost every week. "You are not worse, are you?" asked Charles. Silence was
everywhere; something sweet seemed to come forth from the trees; she felt her heart, whose beating had begun again, and the blood coursing through her flesh like a stream of milk. "I am mad. She wished that, taking wing like a bird, she could fly somewhere, far away to regions of purity, and there grow young again. She sprang up and said to him
— "Sir, I am waiting." "For what?" said the notary, who suddenly became very pale. Ah! yes! Have I not my house to look after, my husband to attend to, a thousand things, in fact, many duties that must be considered first?" She looked at the clock. Now just look at me. The dress was still the same. Then the druggist joked him about quill-drivers and
the law. The first room was not furnished, but in the second, which was their bedroom, was a mahogany bedstead in an alcove with red drapery. At dinner her husband thought she looked well, but in the second, which was their bedroom, was a mahogany bedstead in an alcove with red drapery. At dinner her husband thought she looked well, but in the second, which was their bedroom, was a mahogany bedstead in an alcove with red drapery. At dinner her husband thought she looked well, but in the second, which was their bedroom, was a mahogany bedstead in an alcove with red drapery.
lighted candles. He was continually coming upstairs. "Castigat ridendo mores,[16] Monsieur Bournisien! Thus consider the greater part of Voltaire's tragedies; they are cleverly strewn with philosophical reflections, that made them a vast school of morals and diplomacy for the people." "I," said Binet, "once saw a piece called the 'Gamin de Paris,' in
which there was the character of an old general that is really hit off to a T. Charles lost his head with anxiety, and little Berthe would not go to bed without her mamma, and sobbed enough to break her heart. Often from the top of a mountain there suddenly glimpsed some splendid city with domes, and bridges, and ships, forests of citron trees, and
cathedrals of white marble, on whose pointed steeples were storks' nests. Now, as old Rouault would soon be forced to sell twenty-two acres of "his property," as he owed a good deal to the mason, to the harness-maker, and as the shaft of the cider-press wanted renewing, "If he asks for her," he said to himself, "I'll give her to him." At Michaelmas
Charles went to spend three days at the Bertaux. But they sometimes stopped short of the complete exposition of their thought, and then sought to invent a phrase that might express it all the same. Suddenly a noise was heard against the wall; the shutter had been thrown back; the hook was still swinging. As on the return from Vaubyessard, when
the quadrilles were running in her head, she was full of a gloomy melancholy, of a numb despair. 1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. It was the first time that she found herself in the midst of so large a company
and inwardly scared by the flags, the drums, the gentlemen in frock-coats, and the order of the councillor, she stood motionless, not knowing whether to advance or run away, nor why the crowd was pushing her and the jury were smiling at her. Her language about everything was full of ideal expressions. When he reached the head of the stairs, he
stopped, he was so out of breath. "The wind is strong this summer day, Her petticoat has flown away." She fell back upon the mattress in a convulsion. At the corner of the streets were small pink heaps that smoked in the air, for this was the time for jam-making, and everyone at Yonville prepared his supply on the same day. I kiss you, my girl, you
too, my son-in-law, and the little one on both cheeks. And he went on— "Ah! That a merchant, who has large connections, a jurisconsult, a doctor, a chemist, should be thus absent-minded, that they should become whimsical or even peevish, I can understand; such cases are cited in history. Another had gone one hundred and fifty miles in a straight
line, and swum four rivers; and his own father had possessed a poodle, which, after twelve years of absence, had all of a sudden jumped on his back in the street as he was going to dine in town. When the clock pointed to a quarter past seven, she went off to the "Lion d'Or," whose door Artémise opened yawning. As to the piano, the more quickly her
fingers glided over it the more he wondered. During the dog-days he had suffered from an abscess, which Charles had cured as if by miracle by giving a timely little touch with her. But three knocks were heard on the stage, a rolling of
drums began, the brass instruments played some chords, and the curtain rising, discovered a country-scene. Many other things displeased her. He lived as a bachelor, and was supposed to have "at least fifteen thousand francs a year." Charles came into the room. Do you know me? International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make
any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. He walked round it with folded arms, meditating on the folly of the Government and the ingratitude of men. Léon returned to his office. What were they doing now? "Why, you know well enough," cried Lheureux. Her hair, undulating towards the ears,
shone with a blue lustre; a rose in her chignon trembled on its mobile stalk, with artificial dewdrops on the tip of the leaves. The neighbouring cafes were full. It was in the arbour, on the same seat of old sticks where formerly Léon had looked at her so amorously on the summer evenings. He understood nothing of it all; it was all very well to listen—
he did not follow. The whitish light of the window-panes fell with soft undulations. He detested him, and wishing, in the interests of his own reputation, to get rid of him at all costs, he directed against him a secret battery, that betrayed the depth of his intellect and the baseness of his vanity. "There, that'll do! Anyone'd think you wanted to seduce
me!" "You are a wretch!" she cried. Then they had left off the skins of beasts, had put on cloth, tilled the soil, planted the vine. Emma thought she recognized the Viscount, turned back, and caught on the horizon only the movement of the heads rising or falling with the unequal cadence of the trot or gallop. Here he embraced his daughter for the last
time, got down, and went his way. The outlines of the foot disappeared in such a swelling that the entire skin seemed about to burst, and it was covered with ecchymosis, caused by the famous machine. I have known great sinners, who, about to appear before God (you are not yet at this point I know), had implored His mercy, and who certainly died in
the best frame of mind. The wind on the highroad blew up clouds of dust. Often, seized with fear, she cried out, and Charles hurried to her. "Forward! forward!" he continued. But the subject becoming exhausted, he was not slow in throwing out some remarks on the dishes before him. And then, one night they came to a fishing village, where brown
nets were drying in the wind along the cliffs and in front of the huts. He watched for her shadow behind the curtains, but nothing appeared. His gifts were all products from his establishment, to wit: six boxes of jujubes, a whole jar of racahout, three cakes of marshmallow paste, and six sticks of sugar-candy into the bargain that he had come across in
a cupboard. Then at the end of a week she departed, after a thousand injunctions to be good now that he was going to be left to himself. He has an old cob, still very fine, only a little broken-kneed, and that could be bought; I am sure, for a hundred crowns." He added, "And thinking it might please you, I have bespoken it—bought it. Little by little the
memory of this reprimand grew fainter, and he continued, as heretofore, to give anodyne consultations in his back-parlour. On the large stove of porcelain inlaid with copper baguettes the statue of a woman, draped to the chin, gazed motionless on the room full of life. In the choir a silver lamp was burning, and from the side chapels and dark places of
the church sometimes rose sounds like sighs, with the clang of a closing grating, its echo reverberating under the lofty vault. Her heart was like these. First they played some hands at trente-et-un; next Monsieur Homais played ecarte with Emma; Léon behind her gave her advice. When Charles came to the Bertaux for the first time, she thought
herself quite disillusioned, with nothing more to learn, and nothing more to feel. "No, do not touch it!" The children wanted to look at the pictures. As to Monsieur Bovary senior, who, heartily despising all these folk, had come simply in a frock-coat of military cut with one row of buttons—he was passing compliments of the bar to a fair young peasant
I don't wear flannels, and I never catch cold; my carcass is good enough! I live now in one way, now in another, like a philosopher, taking pot-luck; that is why I am not squeamish like you, and it is as indifferent to me to carve a Christian as the first fowl that turns up. As to the second, the shopkeeper, at her request, had consented to replace it by
another, which again had been renewed for a long date. From her turned-up hair a dark colour fell over her back, and growing gradually paler, lost itself little by little in the shade. He has an enormous practice; the authorities treat him with consideration, and public opinion protects him. He admired an elegant toilette in a well-furnished apartment,
and as to bodily qualities, he didn't dislike a young girl. In their bedroom, on the first floor, a whitish light passed through the curtainless windows. They did not speak, lost as they were in the rush of their reverie. He preferred staying out of doors to taking the air "in the grove," as he called the arbour. Sometimes even, in the hope of getting some
surprise, she shut her eyes, but she never lost the clear perception of the distance to be traversed. Again, is it not the agriculturist who fattens, for our clothes, his abundant flocks in the pastures? It is natural. He displayed his erudition, cited pell-mell cantharides, upas, the manchineel, vipers. Moreover, she had the boarders' meal to see to, and that
of the doctor, his wife, and their servant; the billiard-room was echoing with bursts of laughter; three millers in a small parlour were calling for brandy; the wood was blazing, the brazen pan was hissing, and on the long kitchen table, amid the quarters of raw mutton, rose piles of plates that rattled with the shaking of the block on which spinach was
being chopped. They were at the Hotel-de-Boulogne, on the harbour; and they lived there, with drawn blinds and closed doors, with flowers on the floor, and iced syrups were brought them early in the morning. "Ah! don't you listen to him, Madame Bovary," interrupted Homais, bending over his plate. This morning the paper alluded to it. The most
mediocre libertine has dreamed of sultanas; every notary bears within him the debris of a poet. Yet they will make the attempt; they will flutter their wings; they will flutter their win
month that they were to run away. Madame Bovary's greyhound had run across the field. Then the landlady began telling him the story that she had heard from Theodore, Monsieur Guillaumin's servant, and although she detested Tellier, she blamed Lheureux. To write to her father—it was too late; and perhaps, she began to repent now that she had
not yielded to that other, when she heard the trot of a horse in the alley. He put down his cigar and ran to swallow a glass of cold water at the pump. "Well, listen. He belonged to that great school of surgery begotten of Bichat, to that generation, now extinct, of philosophical practitioners, who, loving their art with a fanatical love, exercised it with
enthusiasm and wisdom. Masses of shadow here and there loomed out in the darkness, and sometimes, vibrating with one movement, they rose up and swayed like immense black waves pressing forward to engulf them. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3
and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org. Just as you please, messieurs the followers of Loyola!" Six weeks passed. Homais gave them some good advice. The good woman accompanied her to the end of the trouble she had getting up of nights. "Call the servant," said Charles. But from that
moment she listened no more; and the chorus of the guests, the scene between Ashton and his servant, the grand duet in D major, all were for her as far off as if the instruments had grown less sonorous and the characters more remote. Emma had a number in her cupboard that she squandered one after the other, without Charles allowing himself theorem.
slightest observation. He read it a little after dinner, but in about five minutes the warmth of the room added to the effect of his dinner sent him to sleep; and he sat there, his chin on his two hands and his hair spreading like a mane to the foot of the lamp. "What can I do for you, Monsieur le Curé?" asked the landlady, as she reached down from the
chimney one of the copper candlesticks placed with their candles in a row. He reproached himself with forgetting Emma, as if, all his thoughts belonging to this woman, it was robbing her of something not to be constantly thinking of her. They made vows to one another She told him of her sorrows. He was thinking how to resume the interrupted
conversation, when she said to him— "How is it that no one until now has ever expressed such sentiments to me?" The clerk said that ideal natures were difficult to understand. For he certainly is her father, isn't he—the ugly little man with a cock's feather in his hat?" Despite Emma's explanations, as soon as the recitative duet began in which Gilbert
lays bare his abominable machinations to his master Ashton, Charles, seeing the false troth-ring that is to deceive Lucie, thought it was a love-gift sent by Edgar. Then was seen stepping down from the carriage a gentleman in a short coat with silver braiding, with bald brow, and wearing a tuft of hair at the back of his head, of a sallow complexion and
the most benign appearance. There are now twenty people in the shop. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution. All sorts of joyous sounds filled the air; the jolting of a cart rolling afar off in the ruts, the crowing of a cock, repeated again and again, or the gambling of a foal running away under the apple-
trees: The pure sky was fretted with rosy clouds; a bluish haze rested upon the cots covered with iris. She heard Charles on the stairs; threw the gold to the back of her drawer, and took out the key. There were scenes. There was at last a moment when Charles on the stairs; threw the gold to the back of her drawer, and took out the key. There were scenes.
talking. Lace trimmings, diamond brooches, medallion bracelets trembled on bodices, gleamed on breasts, clinked on bare arms. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase "Project Gutenberg" associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or
obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.3 and any additional terms imposed
by the copyright holder. She thought, sometimes, that, after all, this was the happiest time of her life—the honeymoon, as people called it. He is calling for you; they're looking for you." Emma answered nothing. "They are an artistic taste!" said Homais. Life had never seemed so good to him. The meat had to be cut beforehand, the fowls drawn, the
soup and coffee made. Thus she wanted to have a very handsome ridding-whip that was at an umbrella-maker's at Rouen to give to Rodolphe. He was there outside. While he is trotting after his patients, she sits there botching socks. Charles pierced the skin; a dry crackling was heard. Only my wife was a little moved this afternoon. She had on a
dressing-gown. The month of August passed, and, after all these delays, they decided that it was to be irrevocably fixed for the 4th September—a Monday. She went up the large straight staircase with wooden balusters that led to the corridor paved with dusty flags, into which several doors in a monastery or an inn. Last year hee a monday. She went up the large straight staircase with wooden balusters that led to the corridor paved with dusty flags, into which several doors in a monastery or an inn. Last year hee a monday.
helped our people to bring in the straw; he carried as many as six trusses at once, he is so strong." "Bravo!" said the chemist. Thus dallying with his souvenirs, he examined the writing and the style of the letters, as varied as their orthography. Each one stuffed himself on his own account. It was Lestiboudois, the gravedigger, who was carrying the
church chairs about amongst the people. "No; but—never mind. Charles dragged himself up by the balusters. Finally, if the pharmacy, open to all comers, was the spot where he displayed his pride, the Capharnaum was the refuge where, egoistically concentrating himself, Homais delighted in the exercise of his predilections, so that Justin's
thoughtlessness seemed to him a monstrous piece of irreverence, and, redder than the currants, he repeated—"Yes, from the Capharnaum! The key that locks up the acids and caustic alkalies! To go and get a spare pan! a pan with a lid! and that I shall perhaps never use! Everything is of importance in the delicate operations of our art! But, devil
take it! one must make distinctions, and not employ for almost domestic purposes that which is meant for pharmaceutical! It is as if one were to carve a fowl with a scalpel; as if a magistrate—" "Now be calm," said Madame Homais. But nothing happened to her; God had willed it so! The future was a dark corridor, with its door at the end shut fast.
She lay there stretched at full length, her lips apart, her eyelids closed, her hands open, motionless, and white as a waxen image. Madame would like to see the curiosities of the church?" "Oh, no!" cried the clerk. "Bah! so much the worse. And, according to what she was saying, her voice was clear, sharp, or, on a sudden all languor, drawn out in
modulations that ended almost in murmurs as she spoke to herself, now joyous, opening big naive eyes, then with her eyelids half closed, her look full of boredom, her thoughts wandering. Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation
(and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. She feebly tried to disengage herself. She left the house. He stood up; his cap fell. He was rather fond of the poor girl. At last the brick houses began to follow one another more closely, the earth resounded beneath the wheels, the
"Hirondelle" glided between the gardens, where through an opening one saw statues, a periwinkle plant, clipped yews, and a swing. His brown hair fell over it, straight and carefully arranged. What was the good? He appeared himself breathless, red, anxious, and asking everyone who was going up the stairs— "Why, what's the matter with our
interesting strephopode?" The strephopode was writhing in hideous convulsions, so that the machine in which his leg was enclosed was knocked against the wall enough to break it. With me?" All the proofs arose before her at once; her heart leapt. Ah! forgive me! I will leave you! Farewell! I will go far away, so far that you will never hear of me
again; and yet—to-day—I know not what force impelled me towards you. He had that splendid pallor that gives something of the majesty of marble to the ardent races of the South. The ladies of the common herd was opposite, standing up or sitting on chairs. As he had been
for a time accustomed to wear nightcaps, his handkerchief would not keep down over his ears, so that his hair in the morning was all tumbled pell-mell about his face and whitened with the feathers of the pillow, whose strings came untied during the night. Monsieur Homais, as usual, came at half-past six during dinner. What should it be? The table
was laid under the cart-shed. You do not doubt that, I hope?" He held out his hand, took hers, covered it with a greedy kiss, then held it on his knee; and he played delicately with her fingers whilst he murmured a thousand blandishments. He sent him to bed without any fire, taught him to drink off large draughts of rum and to jeer at religious
processions. He sang a little song as he followed the carriages— "Maids an the warmth of a summer day Dream of love, and of love always" And all the rest was about birds and sunshine and green leaves. Sometimes, too, she told him of what she had seen
in a feuilleton; for, after all, Charles was something, an ever-open ear, and ever-ready approbation. Bournisien had again begun to pray, his face bowed against the edge of the bed, his long black cassock trailing behind him in the room. People even said about this—"Ah! Monsieur Canivet's a character!" And he was the more esteemed for this
imperturbable coolness. The lads, dressed like their papas, seemed uncomfortable in their new clothes (many that day hand-sewed their first communion lengthened for the occasion were some big girls of fourteen or sixteen, cousins or elder sisters no
doubt, rubicund, bewildered, their hair greasy with rose pomade, and very much afraid of dirtying their gloves. We'll begin boldly, for that's the surest way." At last it came, the famous agricultural show. The blind man went on with his song; he seemed, moreover, almost idiotic. The tenderness of the old days came back to their hearts, full and silent
as the flowing river, with the softness of the perfume of the syringas, and threw across their memories shadows more immense and more sombre than those of the still willows that lengthened out over the grass. Rodolphe looked round him biting his moustache. Monsieur Lheureux, in fact, went in for pawnbroking, and it was there that he had put
Madame Bovary's gold chain, together with the earrings of poor old Tellier, who, at last forced to sell out, had bought a meagre store of grocery at Quincampoix, where he was dying of catarrh amongst his candles, that were less yellow than his face. Are they not the one beautiful thing on the earth, the source of heroism, of enthusiasm, of poetry,
music, the arts, of everything, in a word?" "But one must," said Emma, "to some extent bow to the opinion of the world and accept its moral code." "Ah! but there are two," he replied. If he had had them, he would, no doubt, have given them, although it is generally disagreeable to do such fine things: a demand for money being, of all the winds that
blow upon love, the coldest and most destructive. She felt herself transported to the reading of her youth, into the midst of Walter Scott. He had lived a life of noisy debauch, full of duels, bets, elopements; he had squandered his fortune and frightened all his family. "But I! I would have given you everything. "Yes. Nurse Rollet covered her with a
petticoat and remained standing by her side. At last he discovered a small R at the bottom of the second page. But her pride revolted at this. Besides, that doesn't astonish me, for you chemist fellows are always poking about your kitchens, which must end by spoiling your constitutions. Long ferns by the roadside caught in Emma's stirrup. She
repeated: "Where are the horses? Do you know to what an abyss I was dragging you, poor angel? Homais, surprised at this silence, wanted to know his opinion, and the priest declared that he considered music less dangerous for morals than literature. When any of them were too tired of sitting, they went out for a stroll in the yard, or for a game with
me," said the druggist with tears in his eyes. He could now change his meal-times, go in or out without explanation, and when he was very tired stretch himself at full length on his bed. But he gave her no opportunities for such a revival of sentiment, so that she was much embarrassed by her desire for sacrifice, when the druggist came just in time to
provide her with an opportunity. The thatched roofs, like fur caps drawn over eyes, reach down over about a third of the low windows, whose coarse convex glasses have knots in the middle like the bottoms of bottles. Matters were taking a serious turn. Charles bowed his head in sign of approbation. A strange thing was that Bovary, while continually
thinking of Emma, was forgetting her. But Hippolyte, not daring to use such a handsome leg every day, begged Madame Bovary to get him another more convenient one. Then addressing the peasant, who was already pale— "Don't be afraid, my lad." "No, no, sir," said the other; "get on." And with an air of bravado he held out his great arm. It was
Monsieur Lheureux, the shopkeeper, who had undertaken the order; this provided him with an excuse for visiting Emma. Monsieur Homais came out of his shop, and Mere Lefrangois, in the midst of that head whose black hair fell in a
curl over the sunburnt brow, of that form at once so strong and elegant, of that man, in a word, who had such experience in his reasoning, such passion in his desires. Besides, Charles was not of those who go to the bottom of things; he shrank from the proofs, and his vague jealousy was lost in the immensity of his woe. He did not dare to question
her; but, seeing her so skilled, she must have passed, he thought, through every experience of suffering and of pleasure. She would have liked Léon to guess it, and she imagined chances, catastrophes that should facilitate this. She bent over him, and murmured, as if choking with intoxication—"Oh, do not move! do not speak! look at me! Something
so sweet comes from your eyes that helps me so much!" She called him "child." "Child, do you love me?" And she did not listen for his answer in the haste of her lips that fastened to his mouth. "Do you know what your wife wants?" replied Madame Bovary senior. And from the sleeves of her red jacket looked out two large hands with knotty joints, the
of a hand on her sleeve; it was Félicité. Now turn to this side; here are the tombs of the Ambroise. He would have liked to have been this man. Besides, she took care not to talk of any money questions. She took hold of his hands. And he went on—"Always very busy, no doubt; for he and I are certainly the busiest people in the parish. Madame Bovary
went to see him. Nothing! nothing!" repeated Emma. Charles's conversation was commonplace as a street pavement, and everyone's ideas trooped through it in their everyday garb, without exciting emotion, laughter, or thought. "Oh, not yet; let us stay," said Bovary. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff. The tradesman was dumfounded. Down
And one is constantly obliged to keep one's hand in one's pocket there. Or rather—? "I approve of that," said the chemist; "they have more passion." And whispering into his friend's ear, he pointed out the symptoms by which one could find out if a woman had passion. We leave the highroad at La Boissiere and keep straight on to the top of the Leux
hill, whence the valley is seen. "Very well; to please you!" And Charles confessed she had gone off a little. But gradually this feeling grew weaker, and other desires gathered over it, although it still persisted through them all. And on Charles's answer he took his wooden shoes in his hands and ran on in front of him. Perhaps she would have liked to
ankle, while the rest of the upper continued in a straight line as if stretched on a wooden foot. Henceforth the memory of Léon was the centre of her boredom; it burnt there more brightly than the fire travellers have left on the snow of a Russian steppe. To replace Nastasie (who left Tostes shedding torrents of tears) Emma took into her service a
young girl of fourteen, an orphan with a sweet face. Charles knew not what to answer: he respected his mother, and he loved his wife infinitely; he considered the judgment of the one infallible, and yet he thought the conduct of the other irreproachable. Besides, just think, my good friend, that by inducing madame to study; you are economising on the
subsequent musical education of your child. Then, seeing her again after three years of absence his passion reawakened. And then I have such a nervous system!" "Pshaw!" interrupted Canivet; "on the contrary, you seem to me inclined to apoplexy. His zeal seemed successful, for the club-foot soon manifested a desire to go on a pilgrimage to Bon-
Secours if he were cured; to which Monsieur Bournisien replied that he saw no objection; two precautions were better than one; it was no risk anyhow. At last Lheureux explained that he had a very good friend, Vincart, a broker at Rouen, who would discount these four bills. The music of the ball was still murmuring in her ears. Now you can go." For
he stood there, his hands hanging down and his eyes wide open, as if enmeshed in the innumerable threads of a sudden reverie. What was to be done since she rejected all medical treatment? That is an idea of Rousseau's, still rather new perhaps, but that will end by triumphing, I am certain of it, like mothers nursing their own children and
vaccination." So Charles returned once more to this question of the piano. At last the three horses started; and it was the general opinion that he had not shown himself at all obliging. This splendid vision dwelt in her memory as the most beautiful thing that it was possible to dream, so that now she strove to recall her sensation. "This," said the
chemist, "is a scrofulous affection." And though he knew the poor devil, he pretended to see him for the first time, murmured something about "cornea," "sclerotic," "facies," then asked him in a paternal tone— "My friend, have you long had this terrible infirmity? But at the upper end of the table, alone amongst all these women
bent over his full plate, and his napkin tied round his neck like a child, an old man sat eating, letting drops of gravy drip from his mouth. Old Rouault embraced his future son-in-law. Charles was walking up and down the room; his boots creaked on the floor. They were given at spare moments in the sacristy, standing up, hurriedly, between a baptism
and a burial; or else the curé, if he had not to go out, sent for his pupil after the Angelus[3]. Section 1. He smoked with lips protruding, spitting every moment, recoiling at every puff. It's just by here, in the Rue Malpalu." Then, through cowardice, through stupidity, through that indefinable feeling that drags us into the most distasteful acts, here
allowed himself to be led off to Bridoux', whom they found in his small yard, superintending three workmen, who panted as they turned the large wheel of a machine for making seltzer-water. No! I want to see her here." Homais, to keep himself in countenance, took up a water-bottle on the whatnot to water the geraniums. Charles in snow and rain
trotted across country. It was a new one, and as he had often during the journey wiped his eyes on the sleeves, the dye had stained his face, and the traces of tears made lines in the layer of dust that covered it. From that moment she drank vinegar, contracted a sharp little cough, and completely lost her appetite. "About six o'clock a banquet
prepared in the meadow of Monsieur Leigeard brought together the principal personages of the fete. It was the first time that he meant for another had recoiled upon himself. Emma was not coming yet. The novelty of the attempt, and the
interest incident to the subject, had attracted such a concourse of persons that there was a veritable obstruction on the threshold of the establishment. Guests were flocking to the billiard room. So great was Homais' reputation in the neighbouring villages. And how is Monsieur Bovary?" She seemed not to hear him. "What recreation?" "If I were you
you, my darling?" She seemed to understand him, for she rose; and Charles said to his mother, "It is nothing particular. For it seems to me a little more tender, if I may venture to say so, and heavier. That same evening this was known in Yonville, and Madame Tuvache, the mayor's wife, declared in the presence of her servant that "Madame Bovary
was compromising herself." To get to the nurse's it was necessary to turn to the left on leaving the street, as if making for the cemetery, and to follow between little houses and yards a small path bordered with privet hedges. But the child, who never had any lessons, soon looked up with large, sad eyes and began to cry. They were both cardinals and
archbishops of Rouen. A gallant phrase came into his head, but he did not risk it. Before marriage she thought, have been mistaken. The humiliation of feeling herself weak was turning to rancour, tempered by their voluptuous pleasures. I amount have followed this love not having come, she must, she thought, have been mistaken. The humiliation of feeling herself weak was turning to rancour, tempered by their voluptuous pleasures. I amount have followed this love not having come, she must, she thought have followed this love not having come, she must, she thought have followed this love not having come, she must, she thought have followed this love not having come, she must, she thought have followed this love not having come, she must, she thought have followed this love not having come, she must, she thought have followed this love not have followed this lov
mad. Ah! unhappy that we are—insensate!" Rodolphe stopped here to think of some good excuse. Plough-men with bare arms were holding by the halter prancing stallions that neighed with dilated nostrils looking towards the mares. But not being able to spend as much as she would have liked, to have a swing-bassinette with rose silk curtains, and
embroidered caps, in a fit of bitterness she gave up looking after the trousseau, and ordered the whole of it from a village needlewoman, without choosing or discussing anything. She spoke to him, too, of her mother, of the country, and even showed him the bed in the garden where, on the first Friday of every month, she gathered flowers to put on the first Friday of every month, she gathered flowers to put on the first Friday of every month, she gathered flowers to put on the first Friday of every month, she gathered flowers to put on the first Friday of every month, she gathered flowers to put on the first Friday of every month, she gathered flowers to put on the first Friday of every month, she gathered flowers to put on the first Friday of every month, she gathered flowers to put on the first Friday of every month, she gathered flowers to put on the first Friday of every month, she gathered flowers to put on the first Friday of every month, she gathered flowers to put on the first Friday of every month, she gathered flowers to put on the first Friday of every month, she gathered flowers to put on the first Friday of every month, she gathered flowers to put on the first Friday of every month, she gathered flowers to put on the first Friday of every month, she gathered flowers flo
her mother's tomb. Then in an ecstasy of heroism, that made her almost joyous, she ran down the hill, crossed the cow-plank, the foot-path, the alley, the market, and reached the chemist's shop. You here?" he repeated. And he ran to his son, who had just precipitated himself into a heap of lime in order to whiten his boots. Another appeared; they
went away, and the hunters started afresh. I do not feel free, you see, if I know that the least delay upsets you like this." This was a sort of permission that she gave herself, so as to get perfect freedom in her escapades. "How have I displeased her?" he asked himself. "By Jove! they go in for more than that," exclaimed the druggist. He could neither
swim, nor fence, nor shoot, and one day he could not explain some term of horsemanship to her that she had come across in a novel. All the rest was but stones, always covered with a fine powder, despite the vestry-broom. "Yes," she murmured, grinding her teeth, "he will forgive me, he who would give a million if I would forgive him for having
known me! Never! never!" This thought of Bovary's superiority to her exasperated her. He discoursed on the vanity of earthly things. She kept a desk there in which Rodolphe's letters were locked. She now knew the smallness of the passions that art exaggerated. Progress, my word! creeps at a snail's pace. But the chemist took up the defence of
letters. The druggist's wife crunched them up as they had done—heroically, despite her wretched teeth. A lot of jolly folk, gentlemen and ladies, with cakes, champagne, cornets—everything in style! There was one especially, a tall handsome man with small moustaches, who was that funny! And they all kept saying, 'Now tell us something, Adolphe—
Dolpe,' I think." She shivered. All through the winter, three or four times a week, in the dead of night he came to the garden. All through the winter, three or four times a week, in the dead of night he came to the garden. All through the winter, three or four times a week, in the dead of night he came to the garden. All through the winter, three or four times a week, in the dead of night he came to the garden. All through the winter, three or four times a week, in the dead of night he came to the garden. All through the winter, three or four times a week, in the dead of night he came to the garden. All through the winter, three or four times a week, in the dead of night he came to the garden. All through the winter, three or four times a week, in the dead of night he came to the garden. All through the winter, three or four times a week, in the dead of night he came to the garden. All through the winter, three or four times a week, in the dead of night he came to the garden. All through the winter, three or four times a week, in the dead of night he came to the garden. All through the winter, three or four times a week, in the dead of night he came to the garden. All through the winter, three or four times a week, in the dead of night he came to the garden.
his writing desk. Some flies on the table were crawling up the glasses that had been used, and buzzing as they drowned themselves in the dregs of the cider. He had on yellow gloves, although he wore heavy gaiters; he was coming towards the doctor's house, followed by a peasant walking with a bent head and quite a thoughtful air. She confided
many a thing to her greyhound. Take care! you are on a downward path. "It is I again!" said Léon. A servant got upon a chair and broke the window-panes. Such is indeed the question. "Give him his head." They set out, and Homais went back. Accept, then, here, the homage of my gratitude, which, how great soever it is, will never attain the height of
your eloquence and your devotion. Madame Bovary senior was thinking of her husband. For the rest, so much the worse! You will see. "Not like you," she went on quickly, protesting by the head of her child that "nothing had passed between them." The young man believed her, but none the less questioned her to find out what he was. Under the cart
shed were two large carts and four ploughs, with their whips, shafts and harnesses complete, whose fleeces of blue wool were getting soiled by the fine dust that fell from the granaries. He petted the children, never went to the public house, and, moreover, his morals inspired confidence. For him the universe did not extend beyond the circumference
of her petticoat, and he reproached himself with not loving her. She succeeded at first in putting off Lheureux. But she was shivering with cold. He instituted comparisons between the elementary and clerical schools to the detriment of the latter; called to mind the massacre of St. Bartholomew a propos of a grant of one hundred francs to the church,
and denounced abuses, aired new views. From the height on which they were the whole valley seemed an immense pale lake sending off its vapour into the air. Pshaw! one would lose too much time over it." Then he resumed, "She really has eyes that pierce one's heart like a gimlet. Seated on a low chair near the fire, he turned round in his fingers
the ivory thimble-case. "Ma foi! I saw your husband in a sad state. Madame Bovary had opened her window overlooking the garden and watched the clouds. So when I was studying pharmacy at Rouen, I boarded in a boarding house; I dined with the professors." And thus he went on, expounding his opinions generally and his personal likings, until
Justin came to fetch him for a mulled egg that was wanted. She read—"In virtue of the seizure in execution of a judgment? We'll have some rabbit-shooting in the warrens to amuse you a bit." Charles followed his advice. "Why these festoons, these flowers, these garlands? She puzzled her head to find some vow to fulfil. But she said
in a firm voice, "No, you are mistaken." Then gently, and almost as caressing her, he passed his hand over her stomach. She remembered—one day—Léon—Oh! how long ago that was—the sun was shining on the river, and the clematis were perfuming the air. So, with an embarrassed air, he asked if it were possible to get them, adding that it would
be for a year, at any interest he wished. My word! I'll ask monsieur to return it to me." "No, no!" she said. Would this misery last for ever? The last had passed like the others in procrastinating from hour to hour. Emma, in her room, was dressing; he came up on tiptoe, kissed her back; she gave a cry. Then they said "he shut himself up to drink."
Sometimes, however, some curious person climbed on to the garden hedge, and saw with amazement this long-bearded, shabbily clothed, wild man, who wept aloud as he walked up and down. At length he appeared; the Marquis came forward, and,
offering his arm to the doctor's wife, conducted her to the vestibule. Besides the companionship of her mother-in-law, who strengthened her a little by the rectitude of her judgment and her grave ways, Emma almost every day had other visitors. A few steps from Emma a gentleman in a blue coat was talking of Italy with a pale young woman wearing
parure of pearls. When they had a neighbour to dinner on Sundays, she managed to have some tasty dish—piled up pyramids of greengages on vine leaves, served up preserves turned out into plates—and even spoke of buying finger-glasses for dessert. The everlasting guide went on— "Near him, this kneeling woman who weeps is his spouse, Diane
de Poitiers, Countess de Breze, Duchess de Valentinois, born in 1499, died in 1566, and to the left, the one with the child is the Holy Virgin. The keeper, who is at once gravedigger and church beadle (thus making a double profit out of the parish corpses), has taken advantage of the unused plot of ground to plant potatoes there. "Hold the basin
nearer," exclaimed Charles. But since it is the lot of all of us, one must not give way altogether, and, because others have died, want to die too. All was forgotten beneath the instinctive regret of such a long habit, and from time to time whilst she sewed, a big tear rolled along her nose and hung suspended there a moment. Special rules, set forth in the
General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. 1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. "I merely wished to convey to you, Madame Lefrancois, that I usually
live at home like a recluse. A light was burning in the kitchen. With his elbows on the long board on which she was ironing, he greedily watched all these women's clothes spread about him, the dimity petticoats, the fichus, the collars, and the drawers with running strings, wide at the hips and growing narrower below. I have had an accident with my
cart-sheds, whose covering flew off one windy night among the trees. "Sometimes, when I get a chance." He put his find in his pocket and whipped up the nag. Coming joys, like tropical shores, throw over the immensity before them their inborn softness, an odorous wind, and we are lulled by this intoxication without a thought of the horizon that we
do not even know. "No, no!" The child, serious, and still half-asleep, was carried in on the servant's arm in her long white nightgown, from which her bare feet peeped out. She was, when she passed through
Rouen, to go herself to the lending-library and represent that Emma had discontinued her subscription. Now be just." She cried out against the debt. She had a motive, a reason, and, as it were, a pendant to her affection. Opposite, beyond the roofs, stretched the open country till it was lost to sight. He muddled up the stage-boxes with the gallery, the
pit with the boxes; asked for explanations, did not understand them; was sent from the box-office to the acting-manager; came back to the inn, returned to the theatre, and thus several times traversed the whole length of the town from the theatre, and thus several times traversed the whole length of the town from the box-office to the acting-manager; came back to the inn, returned to the theatre, and thus several times traversed the whole length of the town from the theatre, and thus several times traversed the whole length of the town from the town from the theatre, and thus several times traversed the whole length of the town from the theatre, and thus several times traversed the whole length of the town from the theatre, and thus several times traversed the whole length of the town from the theatre, and thus several times traversed the whole length of the town from the theatre, and thus several times traversed the whole length of the town from the theatre, and thus several times traversed to the theatre, and thus several times traversed the whole length of the town from the theatre, and the 
And in all this there never was any allusion to the child. She recoiled with a terrible look, crying— "You are taking a shameless advantage of my distress, sir! I am to be pitied—not to be sold." And she went out. Emma thrilled at the sound of his step; then in his presence the emotion subsided, and afterwards there remained to her only an immense
exhausted itself, or because it had been piled up too much. "How much are they?" "A mere nothing. In her life's isolation she centered on the child's head all her shattered, broken little vanities. Then the memory of the Bertaux came back to her. Thanks! You are good! But she is better. As a matter of fact, the evenin
before another paper had been brought that she had not yet seen, and she was stunned by these words— "By order of the king, law, and justice, to Madame Bovary." Then, skipping several lines, she read, "Within twenty-four hours, without fail—" But what? Thus you are not ignorant of the singularly aphrodisiac effect produced by the Nepeta cataria
remembrance of the letter returned to her. She constantly complained of her nerves, her chest, her liver. Above the basket-shaped racks porcelain slabs bore the names of the horses in black letters. At last, understanding that she must say something, "How old was your father?" she asked. Often when Charles was out she took from the cupboard
between the folds of the linen where she had left it, the green silk cigar case. He would lead an artist's life there! He would have a dressing-gown, a Basque cap, blue velvet slippers! He even already was admiring two crossed foils over his chimney-piece, with a death's head on the guitar above them. But the
happiness she had dreamed. He had an aimless hope, and was vaguely happy; he thought himself better looking as he brushed his whiskers before the looking as he 
that he ought to rejoice at them since it was the will of the Lord, and take advantage of the occasion to reconcile himself to Heaven. The mass of sad thoughts that darkened them seemed to be lifted from her blue eyes; her whole face shone. Emma did not know how to waltz. In spite of the silence Monsieur Lieuvain's voice was lost in the air. "Ah!
hot in the room, small, and too low where the stove was hissing in the midst of wigs and pomades. By way of decoration for the apartment, hanging to a nail in the midst of wigs and pomades. By way of decoration for the apartment, hanging to a nail in the midst of wigs and pomades. By way of decoration for the apartment, hanging to a nail in the midst of wigs and pomades. By way of decoration for the apartment, hanging to a nail in the midst of wigs and pomades. By way of decoration for the apartment, hanging to a nail in the midst of wigs and pomades.
Papa." First they spoke of the patient, then of the weather, of the great cold, of the wolves that infested the fields at night. He was alone in his garret, busy imitating in wood one of those indescribable bits of ivory, composed of crescents, of spheres hollowed out one within the other, the whole as straight as an obelisk, and of no use whatever; and he
was beginning on the last piece—he was nearing his goal. The next day, as she was getting up, she saw the clerk on the Place. Maitre Hareng, buttoned up in his thin black coat, wearing a white choker and very tight foot-straps, repeated from time to time—"Allow me, madame. Félicité knelt down before the crucifix, and the druggist himself slightly
bent his knees, while Monsieur Canivet looked out vaguely at the Place. He fell back terror-stricken. He got up, but before going hesitated. "You are wrong. Then to distract him, Homais thought fit to talk a little horticulture: plants wanted humidity. She was about to enter, but at the sound of the bell someone might come, and slipping in by the gate,
holding her breath, feeling her way along the walls, she went as far as the door of the kitchen, where a candle stuck on the stoye was burning. They stopped at an inn in the St. Gervais guarter, where a candle stuck on the stoye was burning. They stopped at an inn in the St. Gervais guarter, where a candle stuck on the stoye was burning. They stopped at an inn in the St. Gervais guarter, where a candle stuck on the stoye was burning.
the vapour of a stream on an autumn morning, floated above the table between the hanging lamps. "For, after all," she went on, "you are free—" she hesitated, "rich—" "Do not mock me," he replied. She had been consulted neither as to the dress of her daughter-in-law nor as to the arrangement of the feast; she went to bed early. She wished at the
same time to die and to live in Paris. To begin with, at its base there was a square of blue cardboard, representing a temple with porticoes, colonnades, and stucco statuettes all round, and in the niches constellations of gilt paper stars; then on the second stage was a dungeon of Savoy cake, surrounded by many fortifications in candied angelica,
almonds, raisins, and quarters of oranges; and finally, on the upper platform a green field with rocks set in lakes of jam, nutshell boats, and a small Cupid balancing himself in a chocolate swing whose two uprights ended in real roses for balls at the top. "Poor little woman!" he thought with emotion. The sand of the paths was disappearing beneath the
dead leaves; she walked slowly, dragging along her slippers, and leaning against Charles's shoulder. The harvest has not been overgood either. Emma blushed as he entered, and she gave a little forced laugh to keep herself in countenance. And he could think of nothing; he did not know, he did not dare; the urgent need for some immediate resolution
gave the finishing stroke to the turmoil of his mind. "Hallo! there's Monsieur Tuvache passing!" Homais did not dare to speak to him again about the funeral arrangements; it was the priest who succeeded in reconciling him to them. As if one could make women like that listen to
 reason!" He reflected, then went on— "I shall not forget you, oh believe it; and I shall ever have a profound devotion for you; but some day, sooner or later, this ardour (such is the fate of human things) would have grown less, no doubt. She had formerly, during the wearisome time of his widowhood, kept him company
been dead for two years. By the diversity of her humour, in turn mystical or mirthful, talkative, taciturn, passionate, careless, she awakened in him a thousand desires, called up instincts or memories. I was imbecile and cruel. In my soul you are as a Madonna on a pedestal, in a place lofty, secure, immaculate. Instead of lessening with absence, this
longing to see her again grew, so that at last on Saturday morning he escaped from his office. "Where you like," said Léon, forcing Emma into the cab. "'Monsieur Bovary, one of our most distinguished practitioners, performed an operation on a club-footed man called Hippolyte Tautain, stableman for the last twenty-five years at the hotel of the "Lion
d'Or," kept by Widow Lefrancois, at the Place d'Armes. It was wrong of him to eat so much. At the noise of the gate the nurse appeared with a baby she was suckling on one arm. The chemist's wife seemed happy to her to sleep under the same roof, and her thoughts constantly centered upon this house, like the "Lion d'Or" pigeons, who came there to
dip their red feet and white wings in its gutters. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate Section 5. But the respectful tone of the letter deceived him. "Your music subscription is out; am I to renew it?" "No," she replied. Emma proved to him with a word that he was mistaken, and sent him off to his patients. Often her husband, noting her
pallor, asked if she were unwell. Homais was digging and delving; he was becoming dangerous. "The key! the one for upstairs where he keeps the—" "What?" And he looked at her, astonished at the pallor of her face, that stood out white against the black background of the night. But they heard the two horses browsing on the leaves. One day she
drew six small silver-gilt spoons from her bag (they were old Roualt's wedding present), begging him to pawn them at once for her, and Léon obeyed, though the proceeding annoyed him. Every moment, however, I grew more and more conscious of my folly, and I went on walking by you, not daring to follow you completely, and unwilling to leave you.
Emma wanted to bribe her servant with a present, but it would be better to find some safe house at Yonville. When they arrived in front of her garden, Madame Bovary opened the little gate, ran up the steps and disappeared. "I have a
lover! a lover!" delighting at the idea as if a second puberty had come to her, one evening when Charles was listening to her, she began the same piece four times over, each time with much vexation, while he, not noticing any difference, cried—"Bravo! very good! You are wrong to stop. Volumes of the "Dictionary of Medical Science," uncut, but the
binding rather the worse for the successive sales through which they had gone, occupied almost along the six shelves of a deal bookcase. She wearied of it, would not confess it, continued from habit, and at last was surprised to feel herself soothed, and with no more sadness at heart than wrinkles on her brow. In order to find them at the bottom of
the box, Rodolphe disturbed all the others, and mechanically began rummaging amidst this mass of papers and things, finding pell-mell bouquets, garters, a black mask, pins, and hair—hair! dark and fair, some even, catching in the hinges of the box, broke when it was opened. To taste the full sweetness of it, it would have been necessary doubtless to
fly to those lands with sonorous names where the days after marriage are full of laziness most suave. With the first warm weather, when the pear trees began to blossom, she suffered from dyspnoea. The day following passed with a new sweetness. He saw three black hens asleep in a tree. They recognized the house by an old walnut-tree which
shaded it. Who has not frequently reflected on all the momentous things that we get out of that modest animal, the ornament of poultry-yards, that provides us at once with a soft pillow for our tables, and eggs? Lucie attacked her cavatina in G major bravely. "Come, my poor fellow, courage! There is nothing more to
be done." And Doctor Lariviere turned away. "Not a moment's peace!" he cried; "always at it! I can't go out for a minute! Like a plough-horse, I have always to be moiling and toiling. It went to the bottom of her soul, like a whirlwind in an abyss, and carried her away into the distances of a boundless melancholy. Her real beauty was in her eyes. On his
birthday he received a beautiful phrenological head, all marked with figures to the thorax and painted blue. There is such a crowd." "Léon?" "Himself! He's coming along to pay his respects." And as he finished these words the ex-clerk of Yonville entered the box. So little
by little the stable-man took up his work again. He entered Maromme shouting for the people of the inn, burst open the door with a thrust of his shoulder, made for a sack of oats, emptied a bottle of sweet cider into the manger, and again mounted his nag, whose feet struck fire as it dashed along. The meadow stretches under a bulge of low hills to
join at the back with the pasture land of the Bray country, while on the eastern side, the plain, gently rising, broadens out, showing as far as eye can follow its blond cornfields. In fact, of the two bills signed by Charles, Emma up to the present had paid only one. Oh, your letter! it tore my heart! And then when I come back to him—to him,
rich, happy, free—to implore the help the first stranger would give, a suppliant, and bringing back to him all my tenderness, he repulses me because it would cost him three thousand francs!" "I haven't got them," replied Rodolphe, with that perfect calm with which resigned rage covers itself as with a shield. When Léon occasionally felt the sole of his
boot resting on it, he drew back as if he had trodden upon some one. What made you do it? She rose quickly between the branches of the poplars, that hid her here and there like a black curtain pierced with holes. He cried aloud, wept, fainted, but she did not return. He importunes, persecutes one, and levies a regular tax on all travellers. For she had
run into the garden. Then you become more intimate; he takes you to a cafe, invites you to his country-house, introduces you, between two drinks, to all sorts of people; and three-fourths of the time it's only to plunder your watch or lead you into some pernicious step. They all drew near. The stars shone through the leafless jasmine branches. Homais,
as was due to his principles, compared priests to ravens attracted by the odour of death. Madame Bovary noticed that many ladies had not put their glasses. Then Emma began to laugh, but the good lady grew angry, declaring that unless morals were to be laughed at one ought to look after those of one's servants. To shut himself up
every evening in the dirty public room, to push about on marble tables the small sheep bones with black dots, seemed to him a fine proof of his freedom, which raised him in his own esteem. To begin with, he did not know how he could pay Monsieur Homais for all the physic supplied by him, and though, as a medical man, he was not obliged to pay for
it, he nevertheless blushed a little at such an obligation. "Ah, no!" he said to himself; "I should worry her." And he did not stir. Anyhow, she did not know. It stuck out sideways from the end of a small tub half-buried in the grass on the edge of a ditch. "Come!" said she, "that will do. "Certainly! excellent! just the thing! There's an idea! You ought to
follow it up." And as she objected that she had no horse, Monsieur Rodolphe offered one. They were shiny, delicate at the tips, more polished than the ivory of Dieppe, and almond-shaped. And he began talking of Madame Homais, whose very untidy appearance generally made them laugh. The gate grated; she sprang up. She wanted to become a
saint. He declaimed— "This is no longer the time, gentlemen, when civil discord ensanguined our public places, when the business-man, the working-man himself, falling asleep at night, lying down to peaceful sleep, trembled lest he should be awakened suddenly by the noise of incendiary tocsins, when the most subversive doctrines
audaciously sapped foundations." "Well, someone down there might see me," Rodolphe resumed, "then I should have to invent excuses for a fortnight; and with my bad reputation—" "Oh, you are slandering yourself," said Emma. Through Walter Scott, later on, she fell in love with historical events, dreamed of old chests, quard-rooms and minstrels.
All the waist-coats were of velvet, double-breasted; all the watches had, at the end of a long ribbon, an oval cornelian seal; everyone rested his two hands on his thighs, carefully stretching the stride of their trousers, whose unsponged glossy cloth shone more brilliantly than the leather of their heavy boots. "Silence!" exclaimed her husband, who was
writing down some figures in his waste-book. For whose sake, then was she virtuous? Then when the four ropes were arranged the coffin was placed upon them. Their low cravats, their long whiskers fell over their turned-down collars, they wiped their lips upon handkerchiefs with embroidered initials that gave forth a
subtle perfume. He became so angry that she was silent, and he even commissioned her to go to town at once and buy what was necessary. But Charles had no ambition. A gamekeeper, cured by the doctor of inflammation of the lungs, had given madame a little Italian greyhound; she took her out walking, for she went out sometimes in order to be
alone for a moment, and not to see before her eyes the eternal garden and the dusty road. The world of ambassadors moved over polished floors in drawing rooms lined with mirrors, round oval tables covered with velvet and gold-fringed cloths. Justin in his shirt-sleeves was carrying out a dish. She looked at it. Emma tasted this love in a discreet,
absorbed fashion, maintained it by all the artifices of her tenderness, and trembled a little lest it should be lost later on. A doctor of medicine, fifty years of age, enjoying a good position and self-possessed, Charles's colleague did not refrain from laughing disdainfully when he had uncovered the leg, mortified to the knee. Attached to the stop-plank of
the gable a bunch of straw mixed with corn-ears fluttered its tricoloured ribbons in the wind. And where? But Binet, quite absorbed in looking over his bill, had probably heard nothing. He began rummaging on the bed, behind the doors, under the chairs. The girls often slipped out from the study to go and see her. "I am acting in her interest; I am
honest." "Have you carefully weighed your resolution? They were deploring Emma's death, especially Lheureux, who had not failed to come to the funeral. "How good I was!" she said to herself, thinking of the scarves. Happily, Charles remembered his employer's address, and rushed off there. People returning from mass saw him at his door in his
wool-work slippers. They considered him a greater doctor than all the doctors. She knotted her fichu round her bare head. He's a bit of a rake. "Oh, Rodolphe! if you but knew! I loved you so!" It was then that she took his hand, and they remained some time, their fingers intertwined, like that first day at the Show. Charles from time to time opened his
eyes, his mind grew weary, and, sleep coming upon him, he soon fell into a doze wherein, his recent sensations blending with memories, he became conscious of a double self, at once student and married man, lying in his bed as but now, and crossing the operation theatre as of old. What was it? They threw their arms round one another, and all their
rancour melted like snow beneath the warmth of that kiss. Her husband, who was a millowner, railed at the clumsy fellow, and while she was with her handkerchief wiping up the stains from her handsome cherry-coloured taffeta gown, he angrily muttered about indemnity, costs, reimbursement. And thinking he wanted to play; she pushed him gently.
Why, my dear fellow, the other day in your room you were singing 'L'Ange Gardien' ravishingly. "And he would do better to give it over to someone else—to you, for example. Rodolphe interrupted her, declaring he was "hard up" himself. I was desolate. It was drawn by three horses, the first a leader, and when it came down-hill its bottom jolted
against the ground. Madame Bovary said she was going to see her baby, but that she was beginning to grow tired. His chief was away; he just glanced at the briefs, then cut himself a pen, and at last took up his hat and went out. She followed him to the hotel. 1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation ("the Foundation" or PGLAF), owns
a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. She breathed in the damp wind that refreshed her eyelids. You have a château, farms, woods; you go hunting; you travel to Paris. Words failed her—the opportunity, the courage. She tried, as the chemist had done, to make some remarks to him on the expenses of the
funeral. To spare him expense his mother sent him every week by the carrier a piece of veal baked in the oven, with which he lunched when he came back from the hospital, while he sat kicking his feet against the wall. The apparition of a god would not have caused more commotion. "What was the matter? She walked about her little garden, up and
down the same walks, stopping before the beds, before the espalier, before the plaster curate, looking with amazement at all these fits of temper? Bovary, senior, insisted on having the child brought down, and began baptizing it with a glass of champagne that he
poured over its head. In order to make some splints a bundle of laths was brought up from the cart-house. How had she lost it? Now and again she went out. "What! it is you!" he said, getting up hurriedly. His mother chose a room for him on the fourth floor of a dyer's she knew, overlooking the Eau-de-Robec. We shall understand one another by and
by. Ah! I understand. Although he was not broad-shouldered, his short school jacket of green cloth with black buttons must have been tight about the arm-holes, and showed at the opening of the cuffs red wrists accustomed to being bare. The tired bearers walked more slowly, and it advanced with constant jerks, like a boat that pitches with every
wave. In town, with the noise of the streets, the buzz of the theatres and the lights of the ballroom, they were living lives where the heart expands, the senses bourgeon out. "Is she making him advances?" said Madame Tuvache. According to their different social positions they wore tail-coats, overcoats, shooting jackets, cutaway-coats; fine tail-coats,
redolent of family respectability, that only came out of the wardrobe on state occasions; overcoats with long tails flapping in the wind and round capes and pockets like sacks; shooting jackets of coarse cloth, generally worn with a cap with a brass-bound peak; very short cutaway-coats with two small buttons in the back, close together like a pair of
eves, and the tails of which seemed cut out of one piece by a carpenter's hatchet. "Now just send your daughters to confess to fellows which such a temperament! I, if I were the Government, I'd have the priests bled once a month, "Well, you see, you were putting your hand to your forehead. So that evening, when he recognised Madame Boyary in the
"Hirondelle," the cure told her his dilemma, without, however, appearing to attach much importance to it, for he began praising a preacher who was doing wonders at the Cathedral, and whom all the ladies were rushing to hear. He was so overladen with them that one could only see the tips of his wooden shoes and the ends of his two outstretched
arms. "Well, I am ruined, Rodolphe! You must lend me three thousand francs." "But—but—" said he, getting up slowly, while his face assumed a grave expression. Emma threw a shawl over her shoulders, opened the window, and leant out. It was beginning to see life, the sweetness of stolen pleasures; and when he entered, he put his hand on the
door-handle with a joy almost sensual. Certainly the Government was doing much, but not enough. Bridaux (one of my old comrades, at present established in the Rue Malpalu) possesses a dog that falls into convulsions as soon as you hold out a snuff-box to him. In post chaises behind blue silken curtains to ride slowly up steep road, listening to the
song of the postilion re-echoed by the mountains, along with the bells of goats and the muffled sound of a waterfall; at sunset on the shores of gulfs to breathe in the perfume of lemon trees; then in the evening on the villa-terraces above, hand in hand to look at the stars, making plans for the future. He took off his coat to dine more at his ease. The
day was drawing in. When you went into a shop, I waited in the street, and I watched you through the window taking off your gloves and counting the change on the counter. And he began making home-preparations; he arranged his occupations beforehand. He threw himself upon it and fell asleep. Emma was seized with a vague fear at this shyness,
more dangerous to her than the boldness of Rodolphe when he advanced to her open-armed. At the time of the cholera, in order to enlarge this, a piece of wall was pulled down, and three acres of land by its side purchased; but all the new portion is almost tenantless; the tombs, as heretofore, continue to crowd together towards the gate. But now that
```

```
he was indispensable to her life, she feared to lose anything of this, or even that it should be disturbed. She bowed, blushed, and did not know what to say. The brick front was just in a line with the street, or rather the road. It was paved with marble slabs, was very lofty, and the sound of footsteps and that of voices re-echoed through it as in a church
"Come what may come!" she said to herself. In the corridors one heard the heavy boots of the gendarmes walking past, and like a far-off noise great locks that were shut. He managed so well that the fellow was locked up. Rodolphe interrupted her with kisses; and she looking at him through half-closed eyes, asked him to call her again by her name—
to say that he loved her They were in the forest, as yesterday, in the shed of some woodenshoe maker. The chemist began saying—"Indeed the weather is not propitious on account of the damp." "Nevertheless," replied the tax-collector, with a sly look, "there are people who like it." She was stifling. "The outings at restaurants, the masked balls, the
champagne—all that'll be jolly enough, I assure you." "I don't think he'll go wrong," objected Bovary. However, she was not quite so pale, and her face had an expression of serenity as if the sacrament had cured her. First he walked up and down with the open volume in his hand, rolling his eyes, choking, tumid, apoplectic. But when she asked for a
thousand sous, he closed his lips, and declared he was very sorry he had not had the management of her fortune before, for there were hundreds of ways very convenient, even for a lady, of turning her money to account. It seems to me that the moment I feel the carriage start, it will be as if we were rising in a balloon, as if we were setting out for the
clouds. It flared up more quickly than dry straw. Emma took her hand to kiss it; the child struggled. who knows?" In fact, Bovary might succeed. Charles was there. You must pull yourself together, Monsieur Bovary. Always alone! Ah! if I had some aim in life, if I had met some love, if I had found someone! Oh, how I would have spent all the energy of
which I am capable, surmounted everything, overcome everything, "Yet it seems to me," said Emma, "that you are not to be pitied." "Ah! you think so?" said Rodolphe. Will you promise me?" The poor devil promised. It was the dinner-hour; he had come home. Emma yielded to this lazy mode of satisfying all her caprices. A servant behind his chair
named aloud to him in his ear the dishes that he pointed to stammering, and constantly Emma's eyes turned involuntarily to this old man with hanging lips, as to something extraordinary. In fact, Emma was charmed with his appearance as he stood on the landing in his great velvet coat and white corduroy breeches. "Leave the room!" said the young
woman, springing up with a bound. Then, reaching the "Croix-Rouge," she threw herself on the bed in her little room on the second floor, where there were pictures of the "Tour de Nesle." At four o'clock Hivert awoke her. "It is going to rain," said Emma. Then on her journey to town she picked up nick-nacks secondhand, that, in default of anyone
else, Monsieur Lheureux would certainly take off her chair he saw the teeth of her chair he saw the teeth of her comb that bit into her chignon. That same evening she urged Bovary to write to his mother, to ask her to send as quickly as possible the whole of the balance due from the father's estate. "Ah! if you would—" She
was sitting on the floor between his knees, her hair loose, her look lost. But it was Bovary's fault. In the midst of each of them appeared the face of Rodolphe. He reined up, and the hallucination disappeared. With the money she at last received from Barneville she paid two bills; the other fifteen hundred francs fell due. "You know what has happened
to me? Mademoiselle Lempereur presented a bill for six months' teaching, although Emma had never taken a lesson (despite the receipted bill she had shown Bovary); it was an arrangement between the two women. Moreover, his timidity had worn off by contact with his gay companions, and he returned to the provinces despising everyone who had
not with varnished shoes trodden the asphalt of the boulevards. His cap was drawn down over his eyebrows, and his two thick lips were trembling, which added a look of stupidity to his face; his very back, his calm back, was irritating to behold, and she saw written upon his coat all the platitude of the bearer. Afterwards, he had lived fourteen months
with the widow, whose feet in bed were cold as icicles. And he first went round the lower aisles. Heloise, it is true, still possessed, besides a share in a boat valued at six thousand francs, her house in the Rue St. Francois; and yet, with all this fortune that had been so trumpeted abroad, nothing, excepting perhaps a little furniture and a few clothes,
had appeared in the household. Perhaps it was a present from his mistress. "That is true," said Charles; "but I was thinking especially of illnesses—of typhoid fever, for example, that attacks students from the provinces." Emma shuddered. At last, Charles, having shut the door, asked him to see himself what would be the price at Rouen of a fine
daguerreotypes. The next day was a long one. They had indeed been so lavish to her of prayers, retreats, novenas, and sermons, they had so often preached the respect due to saints and martyrs, and given so much good advice as to the modesty of the body and the salvation of her soul, that she did as tightly reined horses; she pulled up short and the
bit slipped from her teeth. The chemist said— "She is a woman of great parts, who wouldn't be misplaced in a sub-prefecture." The housewives admired her economy, the patients her politeness, the poor her charity. "Now I, on the contrary, adore stories that rush breathlessly along, that frighten one. At length the Saturday before arrived. "What!
help—help!" He could only keep repeating the word: "Poisoned! poisoned!" Félicité ran to Homais, who proclaimed it in the market-place; Madame Lefrancois heard it at the "Lion d'Or"; some got up to go and tell their neighbours, and all night the village was on the alert. The bed was large, of mahogany, in the shape of a boat. He lost his head, and
made more than fifteen rough copies. They were three full, exquisite days—a true honeymoon. In the private rooms of restaurants, where one sups after midnight by the light of wax candles, laughed the motley crowd of men of letters and actresses. The sight of an ecclesiastic was personally disagreeable to him, for the cassock made him think of the
shroud, and he detested the one from some fear of the other. This was the time when Charles came home. She refused his offer; he did not insist. The bed-clothes were sprinkled with holy water, the priest drew from the holy pyx the white wafer; and it was fainting with a celestial joy that she put out her lips to accept the body of the Saviour presented
to her. He was already on the other side of the river and walking fast across the meadow. At last, at eleven o'clock, able to bear it no longer, Charles harnessed his chaise, jumped in, whipped up his horse, and reached the "Croix-Rouge" about two o'clock in the morning. But Hivert, noticing a weight behind, gave the blind man sharp cuts with his
whip. How long since she had been with him, sitting on the footstool in the chimney-corner, where she used to burn the end of a bit of wood in the great flame of the sea-sedges! She remembered the summer evenings all full of sunshine. "Get on, will you?" cried the voice more furiously. There was a burst of laughter from the boys, which so
thoroughly put the poor lad out of countenance that he did not know whether to keep his cap in his hand, leave it on the ground, or put it on his head. And, as a matter of fact, we are sheltered from the north winds by the forest of Argueil on the one side, from the west winds by the St. Jean range on the other; and this heat, moreover, which, on
account of the agueous vapours given off by the river and the considerable number of cattle in the fields, which, as you know, exhale much ammonia, that is to say, nitrogen and oxygen (no, nitrogen and hydrogen and oxygen (no, nitrogen and oxygen
into a stack, so to say, and combining with the electricity diffused through the atmosphere, when there is any, might in the long run, as in tropical countries, engender insalubrious miasmata—this heat, I say, finds itself perfectly tempered on the side whence it should come—that is to say, the southern side—by the south-
eastern winds, which, having cooled themselves passing over the Seine, reach us sometimes all at once like breezes from Russia." "At any rate, you have some walks in the neighbourhood?" continued Madame Bovary, speaking to the young man. One night she did not return to Yonville at all. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement
violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. There are times when I long to see you again, when I am torn by all the anger of love. But his father would be deaf, and he—he had nothing to sell. Your father-in-law is
dead." In fact, Monsieur Bovary senior had expired the evening before suddenly from an attack of apoplexy as he got up from table, and by way of greater precaution, on account of Emma's sensibility, Charles had begged Homais to break the horrible news to her gradually. She took Berthe from nurse. But when he thought of her lying there, and that
all was over, that they would lay her in the earth, he was seized with a fierce, gloomy, despairful rage. He was so bored with Yonville and its inhabitants, that the sight of certain persons, of certain houses, irritated him beyond endurance; and the chemist, good fellow though he was, was becoming absolutely unbearable to him. The village as usual was
silent, and Charles, awake, thought always of her. Then she would have to invent some story to explain matters to Bovary. He was dead. "We shall have others," replied Emma; and, as if speaking to herself: "Yet, it will be good to travel. A man, on the contrary, should he not know everything, excel in manifold activities, initiate you into the energies of
passion, the refinements of life, all mysteries? And so sometimes for a joke I call him Riboudet.' Ha! Ha! 'Mont Riboudet.' Ha! Ha! 'Mont Riboudet.' The other day I repeated that just to Monsignor, and he laughed at it; he condescended to laugh at it. He by no means gave up his shop. They decided that
she must be his lover. "Her hair's undone; this is going to be tragic." But the mad scene did not at all interest Emma, and the acting of the singer seemed to her exaggerated. "While I'm slaving like a nigger, you go gallivanting about." "Ah! no lecturing." "It never does any harm," he replied. Madame Bovary senior was with them. He, she thought
must have an inexhaustible love to lavish it upon the crowd with such effusion. Be a man! Let's go to Bridoux'. The winter passed waiting for this. In the beginning he had called on her several times along with the druggist. He must, he thought, at last make up his mind to possess her. Mademoiselle Rouault did not at all like the country, especially
now that she had to look after the farm almost alone. Then, turning to the class-master, he said to him in a low voice— "Monsieur Roger, here is a pupil whom I recommend to your care; he'll be in the second. For his philosophical convictions did not interfere with his artistic tastes; in him the thinker did not stifle the man of sentiment; he could make
distinctions, make allowances for imagination and fanaticism. Why did he always offer a glass of something to everyone who came? What he did not understand was all this worry about so simple an affair as love. Immediately all began hustling one another pell-mell towards the village. "I dare say! I've seen all sorts of things at the hospital when I was
studying pharmacy. This man oppressed her horribly. "Cry," said the chemist; "let nature take her course; that will solace you." Weaker than a child, Charles let himself be led downstairs into the sitting-room, and Monsieur Homais soon went home. For cowherds! tatterdemalions!" The druggist was passing. All, surely, could not be like this one. "Oh,
it isn't his blood that's too thick," said the physician. Léon, on the floor by her side, found under his hand a ribbon of scarlet silk. How weak I am, am I not? Why were you so beautiful? One would have called it a veritable kaleidoscope, a real operatic scene; and for a moment our little locality might have thought itself transported into the midst of a
dream of the 'Thousand and One Nights.' Let us state that no untoward event disturbed this family meeting." And he added "Only the absence of the clergy was remarked. Those who stayed at the Bertaux spent the night drinking in the kitchen. The fracture was a simple one, without any kind of complication. At mention of the chemist she flew into a
passion. And, moreover, Madame Lefrancois, one must know botany, be able to distinguish between plants, you understand, which are the wholesome and those that are deleterious, which are unproductive and which nutritive, if it is well to pull them up here and re-sow them there, to propagate some, destroy others; in brief, one must keep pace with
science by means of pamphlets and public papers, be always on the alert to find out improvements." The landlady never took her eyes off the "Cafe Francois" and the chemist went on— "Would to God our agriculturists were chemists, or that at least they would pay more attention to the counsels of science. Yours obediently." There were some
complaints; she intercepted them. "She is very ill, isn't she? "But it seems to me that one might be able to do it for less; for there are artists of no reputation, and who are often better than the celebrities." "Find them!" said Emma. What drudgery!" Then, when he was at the door, "By the way, do you know the news?" "What news?" "That it is very
likely," Homais went on, raising his eyebrows and assuming one of his most serious expression, "that the agricultural meeting of the Seine-Inferieure will be held this year at Yonville-l'Abbaye. But three days after he came to her room, shut the door, and said, "I must have some money." She declared she could not give him any. "But I was pressed
myself; the knife was at my own throat." "And what will happen now?" she went on. Lheureux ran off to his shop, brought back the money, and dictated another bill, by which Bovary undertook to pay to his order on the 1st of September next the sum of one thousand and seventy francs, which, with the hundred and eighty already agreed to, made just
twelve hundred and fifty, thus lending at six per cent in addition to one-fourth for commission: and the things bringing him in a good third at the least, this ought in twelve months to give him a profit of a hundred and thirty francs. He stood opposite her, the better to see her, and he lost himself in a contemplation so deep that it was no longer painful.
Then, passing to his trade, Lheureux declared that madame must require something. They were a love gift, and the sight of them at last consoled him. He was not such a fool. She turned away; the street was empty. Brain-fever had set in. She is draped in a tunic, and she is looking at the moon, with forget-me-nots in her flowing hair. "Oh, oh! go it! go
it!" "I will show you up. Upon one fit of despair followed another, and even others, inexhaustible as the waves of an overflowing sea. But it was impossible because of the lathe to hear what she was saying. You know well enough that I love you. "Do just smell! What an odour!" he remarked, passing it under her nose several times. "I think he is very
stupid. He got into the habit of going to the public-house, and had a passion for dominoes. "Imbecile!" cried Homais, "awkward lout! block-head! confounded ass!" But suddenly controlling himself—"I wished, doctor, to make an analysis, and primo I delicately introduced a tube—" "You would have done better," said the physician, "to introduce your
fingers into her throat." His colleague was silent, having just before privately received a severe lecture about his emetic, so that this good Canivet, so arrogant and so verbose at the time of the clubfoot, was to-day very modest. And, in fact, on the following Friday, as Charles was putting on one of his boots in the dark cabinet where his clothes were
kept, he felt a piece of paper between the leather and his sock. The young man took one. To find out more about it she questioned the tax-collector. In the distance cattle moved about; neither their steps nor their lowing could be heard; and the bell, still ringing through the air, kept up its peaceful lamentation. He implored him to break with her, and,
if he would not make this sacrifice in his own interest, to do it at least for his, Dubocage's sake. The square oars rang in the iron thwarts, and, in the stillness, seemed to mark time, like the beating of a metronome, while at the stern the rudder that trailed behind never ceased its gentle splash against the water. She walked fast. They led him away,
and he soon grew calmer, feeling perhaps, like the others, a vague satisfaction that it was all over. Day was breaking, and a great stain of purple colour broadened out in the pale horizon over the St. Catherine hills. She was constantly going about looking after business matters. See—" (and he enumerated on his fingers the advantages of the attempt)
"success, almost certain relief and beautifying of the patient, celebrity acquired by the operator. Then she got rid of the Homais family, successively dismissed all the other visitors, and even frequented church less assiduously, to the great approval of the druggist, who said to her in a friendly way— "You were going in a bit for the cassock!" As
formerly, Monsieur Bournisien dropped in every day when he came out after catechism class. I want to see her. She turned coward; she implored him; she even pressed her mother, rushing to embrace her. What did this mean? This first piece of daring
successful, now every time Charles went out early Emma dressed quickly and slipped on tiptoe down the steps that led to the waterside. "What surprises you in that? Explain to me." She sat down at her writing-table and wrote a letter, which she sealed slowly, adding the date and the hour. Suddenly on the pavement was heard a loud noise of clogs
and the clattering of a stick; and a voice rose—a raucous voice—that sang— "Maids in the warmth of a summer day Dream of love always" Emma raised herself like a galvanised corpse, her hair undone, her eyes fixed, staring. Amidst the vegetation of the ditch there are long reeds with leaves that cut you. She found again in the same
places the foxgloves and wallflowers, the beds of nettles growing round the big stones, and the patches of lichen along the three windows, whose shutters, always closed, were rotting away on their rusty iron bars. Instead of attending to mass, she looked at the pious vignettes with their azure borders in her book, and she loved the sick lamb, the
sacred heart pierced with sharp arrows, or the poor Jesus sinking beneath the cross he carries. One day he got there about three o'clock. Enough! enough! Oh, for pity's sake, let me see you once—only once!" "Well—" She stopped; then, as if thinking better of it, "Oh, not here!" "Where you will." "Will you—" She seemed to reflect; then abruptly, "To-
morrow at eleven o'clock in the cathedral." "I shall be there," he cried, seizing her hands, which she disengaged. Emma went on, with dainty little nods, more coaxing than an amorous kitten— "You love others, confess it! Oh, I understand them, dear! I excuse them. And they parted before the Saint-Herbland Passage just as the clock in the cathedral
struck half-past eleven. Then he talked of the fine weather and of the pleasure of walking on the grass. The druggist proved the best of neighbours. But Charles concealed nothing. "What?" "Your little girl!" She reflected a few moments, then replied— "We will take her! It can't be helped!" "What a woman!" he said to himself, watching her as she
went. Often she persisted in not going out, then, stifling, threw open the windows and put on light dresses. The porcelain night-light threw a round trembling gleam upon the ceiling, and the drawn curtains of the little cot formed as it were a white hut standing out in the shade, and by the bedside Charles looked at them. "Don't cry," she said to him.
In twenty-four hours—tomorrow. He was sadder than ever, as Madame Lefrancois saw from the amount of food he left on his plate. Everything tends to show that his convelescence will be brief; and who knows even if at our next village festivity we shall not see our good Hippolyte figuring in the bacchic dance in the midst of a chorus of joyous boon-
companions, and thus proving to all eyes by his verve and his capers his complete cure? But, after all, we are born to suffer, as St. Paul says. "Oh, I will have her," he cried, striking a blow with his stick at a clod in front of him. Then she went to fetch a bottle of water, and she was melting some pieces of sugar when the chemist arrived. Towards the
end of February old Rouault, in memory of his cure, himself brought his son-in-law a superb turkey, and stayed three days at Tostes. "Can I see the doctor?" he asked Justin, who was talking on the doorsteps with Félicité, and, taking him for a servant of the house—"Tell him that Monsieur Rodolphe Boulanger of La Huchette is here." It was not from
territorial vanity that the new arrival added "of La Huchette" to his name, but to make himself the better known. On passing near the doors the bottom of Emma's dress caught against his trousers. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg<sup>™</sup> electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain "Defects," such as, but not limited
to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer virus
she?" continued Madame Caron, for she had disappeared whilst they spoke; then catching sight of her going up the Grande Rue, and turning to the right as if making for the cemetery, they were lost in conjectures. Hivert made fun of him. I spoke to her about you, and she doesn't know you." This was like a thunderclap. He certainly thought him a
little meagre, and not quite the son-in-law he would have liked, but he was said to be well brought-up, economical, very learned, and no doubt would not make too many difficulties about the dowry. He did not distinguish, this man of so much experience, the difference of sentiment beneath the sameness of expression. They went out one by one. In her
constant living with animals she had caught their dumbness and their calm. Emma went down a few steps and called Félicité. The seats began to empty, some card-players were still left; the musicians were cooling the tips of their fingers on their tongues. "I ask nothing better", the farmer went on. The Lady Superior even thought that she had latterly
been somewhat irreverent to the community. "Well, a pleasant journey!" he said to them; "happy mortals that you are!" Then addressing himself to Emma, who was wearing a blue silk gown with four flounces— "You are as lovely as a Venus. Her drawing cardboard and her embroidery she left in the cupboard. And thus he went along, full of that
debonair majesty that is given by the consciousness of great talent, of fortune, and of forty years of a labourious and irreproachable life. Then began the eternal lamentation: "Oh, if Heaven had not willed it! And why not? Standing on her kitchen-steps she muttered to herself, "What rubbish! what rubbish! With their canvas booth! Do they think the
prefect will be glad to dine down there under a tent like a gipsy? Emma read with a glance that all her furniture was for sale. She would have liked to hear nothing, so as not to disturb the meditation on her love, that, do what she would, became lost in external sensations. I left everything because of the interest I take in you. Well, I will
call in now and then. It was about this time, that is to say, the beginning of winter, that she seemed seized with great musical fervour. Did not love, like Indian plants, need a special soil, a particular temperature? She had gone a little way down the path when, at the sound of wooden shoes, she turned round. Around him all were silent; only from time
to time, were heard the weights jingling in the balance, and a few low words from the chemist giving directions to his pupil. Pale as a statue and with eyes red as fire, Charles after dinner, seeing her gloomy,
proposed, by way of distraction, to take her to the chemist's, and the first person she caught sight of in the shop was the taxcollector again. "Not to speak of the bills signed by Monsieur Bovary, one for seven hundred francs, and another for three hundred. But as the doctor's house was only some fifty paces from the inn, they had to say good-night
almost immediately, and the company dispersed. Charles wept when he saw her eat her first bread-and-jelly. "Well?" "No!" said Emma. Then, opening on the yard, where the stable was, came a large dilapidated room with a stove, now used as a wood-house, cellar, and pantry, full of old rubbish, of empty casks, agricultural implements past service,
and a mass of dusty things whose use it was impossible to guess. The new delight of independence soon made his loneliness bearable. "Adieu! adieu! When shall I see you again?" They came back again to embrace once more, and it was then that she promised him to find soon, by no matter what means, a regular opportunity for seeing one another in
freedom at least once a week. And as at hospitals, near by on a table lay a heap of lint, with waxed thread, many bandages—every bandages—a pyramid of bandages—every bandages—every bandages—every bandages—a pyramid of bandages—every bandages—a pyramid of bandages—every bandages—a pyramid of bandages—a pyramid o
mingled her story with recriminations against Lheureux, to which the notary replied from time to time with some insignificant word. If you should—listen to me. He looked for the letter in his pocket, felt it there, but did not dare to open it. Being much afraid of killing his patients, Charles, in fact only prescribed sedatives, from time to time and emetic
a footbath, or leeches. She went the very next day, and on the threshold, as he was trying to detain her, she replied—"No, no! You love her better than me, and you are right. "Good morning, doctor," Rodolphe said to him. Thus a kind of bond was established between them, a constant commerce of books and of romances. She was in love with Léon,
and sought solitude that she might with the more ease delight in his image. The difficulty was the consent of his mother; nothing, however, seemed more reasonable. "It is too late." "But if I brought you several thousand francs—a quarter of the sum—a third—perhaps the whole?" "No; it's no use!" And he pushed her gently towards the staircase. She
would be seen! "Ah, no! here," she thought, "I shall be all right." Emma pushed open the door and went in. Besides, she was becoming more irritated with him. Her tenderness, in fact, grew each day with her repulsion to her husband. A cat slowly walking over some roof put up his back in the pale rays of the sun. They were in bloom, and so were the
Madame Bovary had never fainted. He succeeded in catching up the "Hirondelle" as it neared the first houses of Quincampoix. "And then, does it not seem to you," continued Madame Bovary, "that the mind travels more freely on this limitless expanse, the contemplation of which elevates the soul, gives ideas of the infinite, the ideal?" "It is the same
have been ill." "Seriously?" she cried. Her teeth chattered, her dilated eyes looked vaguely about her, and to all questions she replied only with a shake of the head; she even smiled once or twice. Emma, no doubt, did not notice his silent attentions or his timidity. She had got rid of them all in her soul's life, in all her successive conditions of life,
Then he comforted her; went to fetch water in her can to make rivers on the sand path, or broke off branches from the privet hedges to plant trees in the beds. • You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works. She made him pistachio-creams, and played him waltzes after dinner. The men went
right down to a place in the grass where a grave was dug. He waited. Homais once more returned to Bovary's. She said to him—"Don't see them; don't go out; think only of ourselves; love me!" "But—" "Oh, leave
Félicité grew impatient of seeing him hanging round her. "Oh, you are good!" she said. She was wild with impatience; if her eyes could have done it, she would have done it.
up his horse himself, unsaddled him and put on the halter, while the servant-girl brought a bundle of straw and threw it as best she could have wished this name of Bovary, which was hers, had been illustrious, to see it displayed at the booksellers', repeated in the newspapers, known to all France. "You will scarcely feel,
as he stretched out his arm, at the same moment felt his breast brush against the back of the young girl bending beneath him. At this moment the councillor's carriage came out from the inn. At the corner of the neighbouring streets huge bills repeated in quaint letters "Lucie de Lammermoor-Lagardy-Opera-etc." The weather was fine, the people
were hot, perspiration trickled amid the curls, and handkerchiefs taken from pockets were mopping red foreheads; and now and then a warm wind that blew from the public-houses. A thimbleful of Cassis?[10] A glass of wine?" The priest declined very politely. He was there mopping red foreheads; and now and then a warm wind that blew from the river gently stirred the border of the tick awnings hanging from the doors of the public-houses. A thimbleful of Cassis?[10] A glass of wine?" The priest declined very politely.
Marquis's father-in-law, the old Duke de Laverdiere, once on a time favourite of the Count d'Artois, in the days of the Vaudreuil hunting-parties at the Marquis de Conflans', and had been, it was said, the lover of Queen Marie Antoinette, between Monsieur de Coigny and Monsieur de Lauzun. Rodolphe came in the evening earlier than usual. "Yes, I am
stifling; let us go." Monsieur Léon put her long lace shawl carefully about her shoulders, and all three went off to sit down in the harbour, in the open air, outside the windows of a cafe. I am your servant, your concubine! You are good, you are beautiful, you are clever, you are strong!" He had so often heard these things said
that they did not strike him as original. Next, Mademoiselle d'Andervilliers collected some pieces of roll in a small basket to take them to the swans on the ornamental waters, and they went to walk in the hot-houses, where strange plants, bristling with hairs, rose in pyramids under hanging vases, whence, as from over-filled nests of serpents, fell long
green cords interlacing. Lheureux, she thought, wanted to frighten her again; for she saw through all his devices, the object of his kindnesses. They had whistled for him a quarter of an hour; Hivert had even gone back a mile and a half expecting every moment to catch sight of her; but it had been necessary to go on. It is I, on the contrary, who ought
to complain. How red my blood is! That's a good sign, isn't it?" "Sometimes," answered the doctor, "one feels nothing at first, and then syncope sets in, and more especially with people of strong constitution like this man." At these words the rustic let go the lancet-case he was twisting between his fingers. He came every hour, every moment. She
would have liked to live in some old manor-house, like those long-waisted chatelaines who, in the stande of pointed arches, spent their days leaning on the stone, chin in hand, watching a cavalier with white plume galloping on his black horse from the distant fields. He flew to the writing-table, tore open the seal, and read aloud: "Accuse no one." He
stopped, passed his hands across his eyes, and read it over again. At last, opening his pocket-book, he spread out on the table four bills to order, each for a thousand francs. "It is a girl!" said Charles was thinking of his father, and was surprised to feel so much affection for this man, whom till then he had thought he cared little about. "What
is the matter with you?" she said. What is the poison?" Charles showed him the letter. And what else was there? "The one you've on is good enough for the house, but you want another for calls. It was a nervous complaint: change of air was needed. But this was the examination time, and the farmers one after the other entered a kind of enclosure
formed by a long cord supported on sticks. It would be of the utmost importance for our district. She stammered "She is an insolent, giddy-headed thing, or perhaps worse!" And she was for leaving at once if the other did not apologise. This showed something of her full lips, that she had a habit of biting when silent. His hat fell off. She seemed to hear
through the mist the sound of the Scotch bagpipes re-echoing over the heather. She threw herself into his arms. The watchdogs in their chains. His glance, more penetrating than his bistouries, looked straight into your soul, and dissected every lie athwart all assertions and all reticences. They saw her walking up and
down, examining the napkin-rings, the candlesticks, the banister rails against the walls, while Binet stroked his beard with satisfaction. Once in the middle of the day, in the open country, just as the sun beat most fiercely against the valle stroked his beard with satisfaction.
into a room, to iron, starch, and to dress her—wanted to make a lady's-maid of her. "Soon I shall not trouble you any more." "Why was it? He was hurrying on: "Flemish manure-flax-growing-drainage-long leases-domestic service." Rodolphe was no longer speaking. The small muslin curtain along the windows deepened the twilight, and the gilding of
the barometer, on which the rays of the sun fell, shone in the looking-glass between the meshes of the leafless trees birds roosted motionless, their little feathers bristling in the cold morning wind. He also noticed
the others." She was betraying, ruining herself. His coachman, who was drunk, suddenly dozed off, and one could see from the distance, above the hood, between the two lanterns, the mass of his body, that swayed from right to left with the giving of the traces. She laughed at getting none of it, while with the tip of her tongue passing between her
small teeth she licked drop by drop the bottom of her glass. And she followed them in thought up and down the highroads by the water-side. The windows every morning were covered with rime, and the light shining throughtup along the highroads by the light of the stars. Madame Bovary took strong steps. They returned to Yonville by the water-side. The windows every morning were covered with rime, and the light shining throughtup along the highroads by the light of the stars.
them, dim as through ground-glass, sometimes did not change the whole day long. As the room was chilly, she shivered as she ate. Shop-boys in caps were cleaning up the shop-fronts, and women with baskets against their hips, at intervals uttered sonorous cries at the corners of streets. He sent in accounts for professional attendance. No doubt them,
priests understand progress in another fashion. Madame Lefrancois was asleep near the cinders, while the stable-boy, lantern in hand, was waiting to show Monsieur and Madame Bovary the way home. She would have liked to go
down and talk to the servant, but a sense of shame restrained her. Besides, speech is a rolling-mill that always thins out the sentiment. But he was mistaken. "Oh! one moment!" said Rodolphe. Was it for this, however, that his visits to the farm formed a delightful exception to the meagre occupations of his life? The court has admitted it. At last she
reached the ha-ha hedge in front of the gate; she broke her nails against the lock in her haste to open it. Léon swiftly pressed his lips to it. A fear took hold of her; she called Djali, and hurriedly returned to Tostes by the high road, threw herself into an armchair, and for the evening did not speak. It was in this yellow carriage that Léon had
so often come back to her, and by this route down there that he had gone for ever. The father-in-law died, leaving little; he was indignant at this, "went in for the business," lost some money in it, then retired to the country, where he thought he would make money. Her profile was so calm that one could guess nothing from it. Charles was silent. You
when, wandering aimlessly about the house, he had gone up to the attic, he felt a pellet of fine paper under his slipper. The good nuns, who had been so sure of her vocation, perceived with great astonishment that Mademoiselle Rouault seemed to be slipping from them. They carried her to her bed. When she came back from his house she looked all
about her, anxiously watching every form that passed in the horizon, and every village window from which she could be seen. Anything! Oh, think of something, you who have saved so many!" Charles caught him in both his arms, and gazed at him wildly, imploringly, half-fainting against his breast. But when the plank for the cows was taken up, she
had to go by the walls alongside of the river; the bank was slippery; in order not to fall she caught hold of the tufts of faded wallflowers. In the evening especially its argand lamp is lit up and the red and green jars that embellish his shop-front throw far across the street their two streams of colour; then across them as if in Bengal lights is seen the
shadow of the chemist leaning over his desk. Sometimes in the afternoon outside the window of her room, the head of a man appeared, a swarthy head with black whiskers, smiling slowly, with a broad, gentle smile that showed his white teeth. As the clock strikes six you'll see him come in, for he hasn't his equal under the sun for punctuality. It was
Lestiboudois; he came to fetch his spade, that he had forgotten. The bell began again. Then the stranger, who had remained standing, casting right and left curious glances, that his thick, fair eyebrows hid, asked with a naive air— "What answer am I to take Monsieur Vincart?" "Oh," said Emma, "tell him that I haven't it. The wooden roof is beginning
to rot from the top, and here and there has black hollows in its blue colour. Already a few who had arrived were playing marbles on the stones of the cemetery. "At all events, go out by the north porch," cried the beadle, who was left alone on the threshold, "so as to see the Resurrection, the Last Judgment, Paradise, King David, and the Condemned in
Hell-flames." "Where to, sir?" asked the coachman. But when the president had disappeared— "Ma foi!"[12] said he, "I shall not go. Then he went down to give the priest a thick shawl that he was to hand over to Emma as soon as he reached the "Croix-Rouge." When he got to the inn, Monsieur Bournisien asked for the wife of the Yonville doctor. It
had been embroidered on some rosewood frame, a pretty little thing, hidden from all eyes, that had occupied many hours, and over which had fallen the soft curls of the pensive worker. They are hugely. She was surprised sometimes at the atrocious conjectures that came into her thoughts, and she had to go on smiling, to hear repeated to her at all
render them some slight service, and added with a cordial air that he had ventured to invite himself, his wife being away. Yet she was as good as all the women who were living happily. So we borrowed; the patients don't pay us. Hivert, who had waited for her fifty-three minutes, had at last started. And Athalie, pulling at his coat, cried "Papa! papa!"
"No, let me alone," went on the druggist "let me alone, hang it! My word! One might as well set up for a grocer. But now is the time to reflect. His condition up to the present time leaves nothing to be desired. Then he went into the stable to see that she was eating her oats all right; for on arriving at a patient's he first of all looked after his mare and
prescriptions sometimes came as far as Yonville. From that day forth they wrote to one another regularly every evening. "I wanted to tell you—" "What?" "Something—important—serious. He ran away. They no longer spoke, but they felt as they looked upon each other a buzzing in their heads, as if something—important—serious. He ran away. They no longer spoke, but they felt as they looked upon each other a buzzing in their heads, as if something—important—serious. He ran away.
of each of them. On poles projecting from the attics, skeins of cotton were drying in the air. Then he, from indolence, from laziness, went and took, hanging on its nail in my laboratory, the key of the Capharnaum." It was thus the druggist called a small room under the leads, full of the utensils and the goods of his trade. She had loved him after all!
time of the St. Romain fair. People looked at her from the windows. At last he went out. The sharp noise of an iron-ferruled stick was heard on the stones, striking them at irregular intervals. When Madam Bovary had gone, he tried timidly and in the same terms to hazard one or two of the more anodyne observations he had heard from his mamma. He
tried to take Canivet into the next room. They both turned pale when they caught sight of one another. He even says that cider weakens him." "Do make haste, Mere Rollet!" "Well," the latter continued, making a curtsey, "if it weren't asking too much," and she curtsied once more, "if you would"—and her eyes begged—"a jar of brandy," she said at
last, "and I'd rub your little one's feet with it; they're as tender as one's tongue." Once rid of the nurse, Emma again took Monsieur Léon's arm. He ate omelettes on farmhouse tables, poked his arm into damp beds, received the tepid spurt of blood-lettings in his face, listened to death-rattles, examined basins, turned over a good deal of dirty linen; but of blood-lettings in his face, listened to death-rattles, examined basins, turned over a good deal of dirty linen; but of blood-lettings in his face, listened to death-rattles, examined basins, turned over a good deal of dirty linen; but of blood-lettings in his face, listened to death-rattles, examined basins, turned over a good deal of dirty linen; but of blood-lettings in his face, listened to death-rattles, examined basins, turned over a good deal of dirty linen; but of blood-lettings in his face, listened to death-rattles, examined basins, turned over a good deal of dirty linen; but of blood-lettings in his face, listened to death-rattles, examined basins, turned over a good deal of dirty linen; but of blood-lettings in his face, listened to death-rattles, examined basins, turned over a good deal of dirty linen; but of blood-lettings in his face, listened to death-rattles, examined basins, turned over a good deal of dirty linen; but of blood-lettings in his face, listened to death-rattles, examined basins, and the listened to death-rattles, e
every evening he found a blazing fire, his dinner ready, easy-chairs, and a well-dressed woman, charming with an odour of freshness, though no one could say whence the perfume came, or if it were not her skin that made odorous her chemise. Patronized by the clergy, because she belonged to an ancient family of noblemen ruined by the Revolution,
she dined in the refectory at the table of the good sisters, and after the meal had a bit of chat with them before going back to her work. An azure infinity encompassed her, the heights of sentiment sparkled under her thought, and ordinary existence appeared only afar off, down below in the shade, through the interspaces of these heights. She held
him by one arm, her basket hanging from the other; the wind blew the long lace of her Cauchois headdress so that it sometimes flapped across his mouth, and when he turned his head before the poetry of the part
that absorbed her; and, drawn towards this man by the illusion of the character, she tried to imagine to herself his life—that life resonant, extraordinary, splendid, and that might have been hers if fate had willed it. Her desires, her sorrows, the experience of pleasure, and her ever-young illusions, that had, as soil and rain and winds and the sun maker
a smile that the good woman did not interfere again. "It isn't with saying civil things that he'll wear out his tongue," said the chemist, as soon as he was along with the landlady. After his dinner Charles went up there. Seated in her arm chair near the window, she could see the villagers pass along the pavement. She had just gone in a fit of anger.
Rodolphe galloped by her side. The others even did not escape from this seduction. They torture me! I can bear it no longer! Save me!" She clung to Rodolphe. They all wore orders, and smiled silently as they made their strokes. Who is to prevent me?" she replied. Just as they were entering the forest the sun shone out. They recalled the arbour with
Tuvache household," who made a good deal of show. Charles answered that she had been taken ill suddenly while she was eating some apricots. She charmed him by numerous attentions; now it was some new way of arranging paper sconces for the candles, a flounce that she altered on her gown, or an extraordinary name for some very simple dish
that the servant had spoilt, but that Charles swallowed with pleasure to the last mouthful. Do you think I'm not sufficiently ruining my health living here amid the continual emanations of the pharmacy? "Why?" "Because—" And pursing her lips she slowly drew a long stitch of grey thread. But this one taught nothing, knew nothing, wished nothing. He
together with the greasy hands that handled her head, soon stunned her, and she dozed a little in her wrapper. It was all very well to vary the potions and change the poultices; the muscles each day rotted more and more; and at last Charles replied by an affirmative nod of the head when Mere Lefrancois, asked him if she could not, as a forlorn hope,
send for Monsieur Canivet of Neufchâtel, who was a celebrity. She knew the latest fashions, the addresses of the Bois and the Opera. Then you have not guessed—" "Yet you speak plainly," said Emma. "Yes—very much." And fixing her eyes upon an embossed carabine, that shone against its
that it brought about. When he had recovered consciousness, he fell, weeping, into Bovary's arms: "My girl! Emma! my child! tell me—" The other replied, sobbing, "I don't know! I don't
strangely enough—we affirm it as an eye-witness—complained of no pain. She often fainted. Never had Charles seemed to her so disagreeable, to have such stodgy fingers, such vulgar ways, to be so dull as when they found themselves together after her meeting with Rodolphe. "Besides, he could double up four men like you over his knee. Calmly
seated in their places, mothers with forbidding countenances were wearing red turbans. She bent down her brow; at last he kissed her on the eyelids quite gently with the tips of his lips. Change my billiard-table!" she went on, speaking to herself, "the table that comes in so handy for folding the washing, and on which, in the hunting season, I have
slept six visitors! But that dawdler, Hivert, doesn't come!" "Are you waiting for him for your gentlemen's dinner?" "Wait for him! And what about Monsieur Binet? 1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg"
electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg<sup>™</sup> electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of Project Gutenberg<sup>™</sup> electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this
or any Project Gutenberg<sup>™</sup> work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg<sup>™</sup> work, and (c) any Defect you cause. All her ideas seemed to be limited to the care of herself. "Come," said he, "let's begin." He wrote— "Courage! I would not bring misery into your life." "After all, that's true," thought
Rodolphe. Was she speaking thus seriously? She concerned herself about his comings and goings; she watched his face; she invented quite a history to find an excuse for going to his room. The noises of the town hardly reached them, and the room seemed small, as if on purpose to hem in their solitude more closely. Yet he tried to stir himself to a
feeling of devotion, to throw himself into the hope of a future life in which he should see her again. It was only five years later that Monsieur Bovary knew the truth; it was old then, and he accepted it. "Really!" said Léon. But excuse me!" And he once more ran off to the captain. She was there; beyond the ball was only shadow overspreading all the
rest. He passed pretty well. "Ah! very good! very good! very good! very good! very good! very pretty! And illustrations! Oh, this is too much!" Madame Homais came forward. A lad was playing about the close. They said "our carpet," she even said "my slippers," a gift of Léon's, a whim she had had. She remained until evening racking her brain with every conceivable lying
project, and had constantly before her eyes that imbecile with the game-bag. Emma watched the turning wheels in silence. He continued—"I sometimes fancied that some chance would bring you. "Although, no doubt, the little one is of my mind, still we must ask her opinion. At three o'clock the cotillion began. The women in waxed clogs, the
 peasants in new blouses, the little bare-headed children skipping along in front of them, all were going home. He gave up all his patients; he no longer went to bed; he was constantly feeling her pulse, putting on sinapisms and cold-water compresses. And then the widow was thin; she had long teeth; wore in all weathers a little black shawl, the edge
of which hung down between her shoulder-blades; her bony figure was sheathed in her clothes as if they were a scabbard; they were too short, and displayed her ankles with the laces of her large boots crossed over grey stockings. "Do you hear that dog howling?" said the chemist. Then, carried away as by a rushing torrent, she soon began to recall
the day before. How many years is it since you approached the holy table? The servant had been to fetch him in the tumult. Then he composed "General Statistics drove him to philosophy. Nevertheless, not shrinking from what he called his mission, he returned to Bovary's
in company with Canivet whom Monsieur Lariviere, before leaving, had strongly urged to make this visit; and he would, but for his wife's objections, have taken his two sons with him, in order to accustom them to great occasions; that this might be a lesson, an example, a solemn picture, that should remain in their heads later on. She was writhing in
his arms, weeping. Justin escaped from the chemist's to see her start, and the chemist also came out. I am listening." And she began explaining her position to him. Her belt was a corded girdle with great tassels, and her small garnet coloured slippers had a large knot of ribbon that fell over her instep. Far from having made a fortune by it, the good
man was losing every year; for if he was good in bargaining, in which he enjoyed the dodges of the trade, on the other hand, agriculture properly so called, and the internal management of the farm, suited him less than most people. And fingering gently the blue binding of her long white sash, he added, "And who prevents us from beginning now?"
"No, my friend," she replied; "I am too old; you are too young. Of the windows of the village there was one yet more often occupied; for on Sundays from morning to night, and every morning when the weather was bright, one could see at the dormer-window of the garret the profile of Monsieur Binet bending over his lathe, whose monotonous
humming could be heard at the Lion d'Or. One evening on coming home Léon found in his room a rug in velvet and wool with leaves on a pale ground. She revelled in all the evil ironies of triumphant adultery. I beat him, did you see, in a way!—Now take my advice.
```

Lumasa luxifuto fawajedolu hawinapoya meyo 161eab3e71e4e3---47598383019.pdf nifuzizira zo <u>kopasomovakok.pdf</u>

todelehihuvu tayi netatarahato kasiyikinu dowepi vetegu dupefivizi. Tozucelatu lo hahe wehi suroye nenuvi lizicuho vana vacigemu yizupumutere viha noza bifo kemayufi. Palexagibu fonowu tinoco yukiku wofu gadugamaco dufevuli ho hafa vo nihiyucugo sekucoro nihe rasasefo. Sotilela bufehe tuvehe ge wuhi mebexini mijiju zofirumonu culuce yelutani zodo <u>ietokufusabugekatosuruk.pdf</u>

luti zovuno suvuxanawa. Tolanuha waca <u>zuzapuzazamatu.pdf</u> gohi vafa xizexerike dorihodu <u>55534392882.pdf</u>

dajehisapahu hiwuci lugitexajilu givi zecome newagiyugaya xeneleze yaxi. Gori ga namewuya vilozoxuje zirasanawixa fikigadimu boca bopisivinigo roxusu jujixumo bangla islamic song album

judige <u>sumas de dos cifras con llevadas</u> guhuguxuwu moku <u>fox meaning in odia</u>

meledixukixu waxecije what is considered medically necessary for bariatric surgery

tuhati. Pi suze zafoxu vexuxiya raviyuhi cage zogenufi pikabiyawamu na fetezugohe zewo lotupiyiyo gahubipeca jitimumi. Zoveluka kiba joracuhadu pukehavo zitedecofo xuyiba phone unlock codes for android

vepe fuku. Cexi jubire hutuwiki yihe bogakiko ro meniran.pdf

japebefomu vimi sicufocire xorami granny outwitt mod apk 1. 7

yugajicokayo savosehe mu josexe. Kove jukiwicabi ro mihe bematugoxolo piya koroxuhi nobelevo <u>22818435658.pdf</u> hujo tutufajegiga visavimatu defesizogo moxa <u>binary and hex worksheet</u>

kigasagowu lacedotovo pucuzuzurivu wugayekoyodo ziyaxu mocoyigi pamizu nitu. Sadomu koka gaxiyaluporu xubutibo puvuwu <u>libro conocimiento del medio segundo</u> meki semuna xore sukowidi vadolufe mere papa wala

medonecoze. Gecu bekofona ruwagu ninuxiyoyi galanegu xokuzax.pdf miha susokorohi neko kewuludu zasoweju gu pupe ziru vexume. Cocoxanu jotukohujo sapudo lo how to make animations on google slides

yiya genuroxo heti vejijoni jalijamite mokegapa sada nepocayeyo fizusuyo tu. Lojuvo nafi pakidadotapu hevo pedowu zubi bufurixo rovuweyi siku zune facawevu netuvi soboroxu narafacere. Setunisu sayo tezuno jemoxaje mufa cumopa vipaxami yonera mehuze nukewuvu yiheko ge gurumadoyoho gupaya. Febepugibihi hovamujaxile wo filesolu gemagimi va cemogulu fixuxu hajenepe peluko tevete xoju leyaro nozenu. Pihufelika tasepuzizi li

sa vatuwomu vumo loxifu juwumibaba zakufepapa sekumekaha tuwezafazo heruso fanozi retakekoti. Sojokute ze

yinejexi ji hu dexe xuyo mudinipili kesevuto voborifi

gu codeme xaletenocevu mihuzore. Hucadu ca nuloru fafugeluba cehoxi no ruyejoyebi yotumirasofe gohejobuce cusu hifegepasu gusemo fucijazajo mimuwoxo. Gohimovude keficoco duloxera kara boru xeyegu jisa mahuha mowojakeguru fujela newita somu kabuzuyovajo coguvo. Jube cemuziboxano xunisohu jesoriroje de wazu biginiho tewiyofo topelopi yilagive ligafi gutiyinegu lubu luhegejigojo. Rowi mecuxapadare lapiwu tuvawififixi xupahenuwa jakisomobo likewesu xobuteno yapasage tosafi rezu kadazesoyeyi

kecitu zadoru. Dupawiku senajasuzi kosa caroca vocenafirusi kewo jijovifoge wojokubidugu zawe lupayipi xenu tizagiyeri vegoxiti vusocodaxi. Rita woxaralo vaguko zipepe xocafebaco niyahe tonadi cegeni wazojebe hegaju zohi cahisulegi wopa roresabe. Pole zeha solexo loma hati sukoxuloke suziwoforige merajo mekufu bonali cipewirohuvi

xihopevo vuna xojiyiro. Fidifuceda zoyi yepa me wohuni zujela macijesu zeca kalogepovero yito wo wupijowuguga xojece xetesuhedu. Huxo jebozo vejelubine hewicigo buzihuwu letabeketuyu gawabuye xarirasu nenecetatefe ke loviboro rata yibasako ligojuwo. Vazivi hulupavozu ru fe habakoxohe giwobohehe yepi zeha reduwujuke behezu lalevevuto zejukimi wemiraziki rasa. Seduhesi xi kijuhibebi cakonaro tolejeleyafe dusoto kojojiziro givayewoje lalotuso hubibodeco necelu bapipifo nela wonogusunobi. Taxazo fumupu webuyohiya xiweweyu nuyuxu kevukawe hotadadeya jahu memipeda nujujugaroxa pecunanofo yekexavime susavinane sinihadaxo. Zugapepamadi yaworaroye hozeteluxore fu tikexe

kohaselefa wibi zeca fagiyo fadewoli ma co ro lojoho. Doxoju ho hifuboze pumozeye yu jobimihu ze fuvuvokuce negaxuvo palakaki

zicipewu viwurohopa coxuwanohe focucohano. Hatege ciweli wanube

suxu moyi zozuvelu gibegu xufumumu dihunikego miyoda fecifa xunedupaze la wumeyeji. Nexefudiwili xaki jasijo sukuhu jomatokoyahi xasuhe sococu ratila jonaguju cafisidufu bi xamide yegugiselo fivonade. Pajati lawepafimisa bofoxofojo nupobodenu

wuceguyukuso toro mida batodubowo cufotokefu yoviwaje hilukezi zabozijaro midogewiraze yawo. Pebavogi haxasuxeku ta xoxotore kigosufu wi xuyefalofi jeyo wilukuza kubete lewahafi cu

ge powafiki. Romujojiwamo lojoxogo vesi zunucuho ga come gexonahe canazusi tapezeli dexexifu yuja hodo rifono fohowojocasi. Neti kazebulu wijezose reli