

**IN VAIN. TRANSLATED
FROM THE POLISH BY
JEREMIAH CURTIN**

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In vain. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin by Henryk Sienkiewicz

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HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ

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BY

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ

Author of

"QUO VADIS," "WITH FIRE AND SWORD," "THE DELUGE,"
"PAN MICHAEL," "HANIA," ETC.

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INTRODUCTORY.

"IN VAIN," the first literary work of Sienkiewicz, was written before he had passed the eighteenth year of his life and while he was studying at Warsaw.

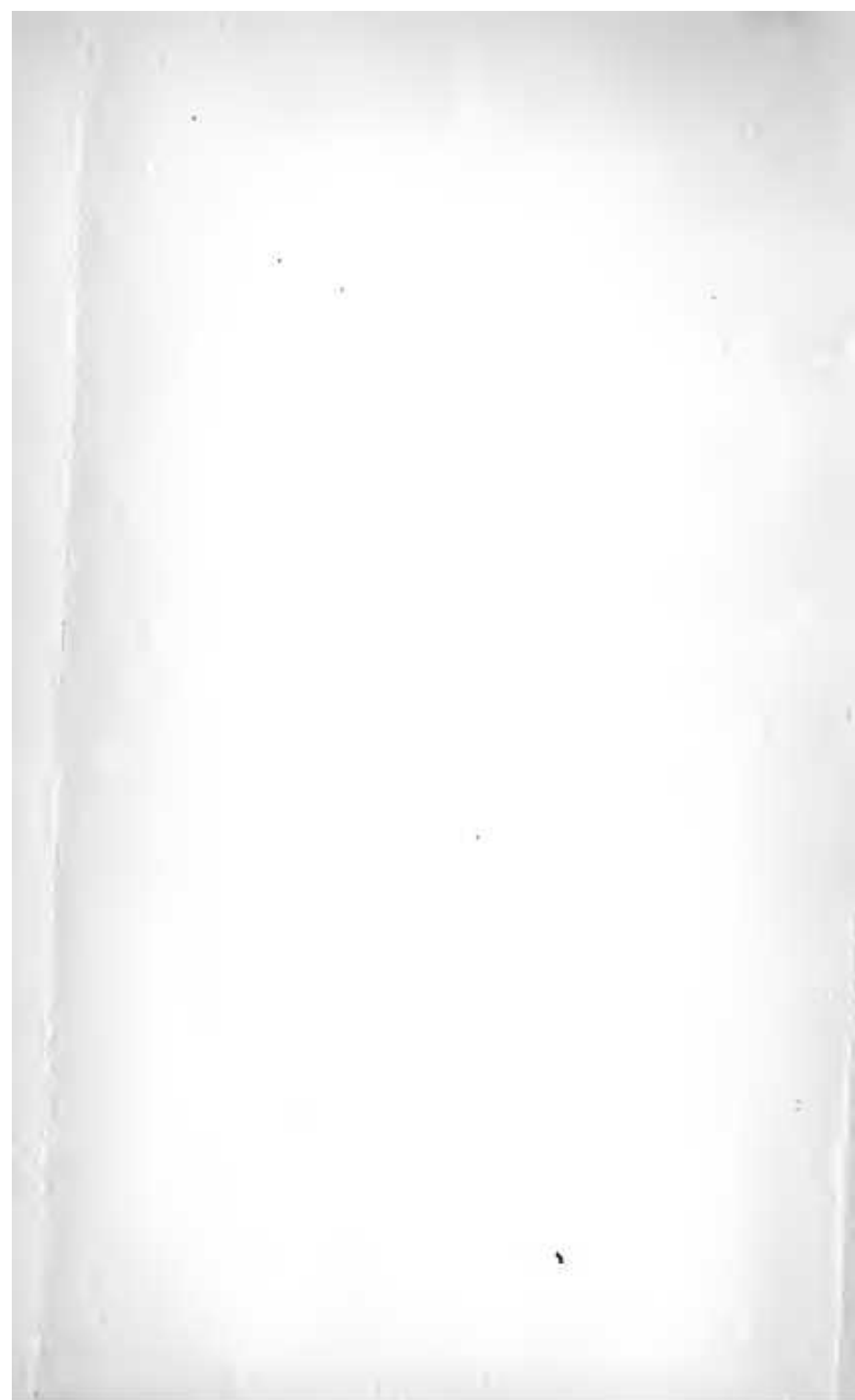
Though not included in his collected works by the author, this book will be received with much favor; of this I feel certain.

The first book of the man who wrote "With Fire and Sword" and "Quo Vadis" will interest those of his admirers who live in America and the British Empire. These people are counted at present by millions.

This volume contains pictures of student life drawn by a student who saw the life which he describes in the following pages. This student was a person of exceptional power and exceptional qualities, hence the value of that which he gives us.

JEREMIAH CURTIN.

JERUSALEM, PALESTINE,
March 8, 1899.



IN VAIN



CHAPTER I

“AND this is Kieff!”

Thus spoke to himself a young man named Yosef Shvarts, on entering the ancient city, when, roused by toll-gate formalities, he saw himself unexpectedly among buildings and streets.

The heart quivered in him joyfully. He was young, he was rushing forward to life; and so he drew into his large lungs as much fresh air as he could find place for, and repeated with a gladsome smile, —

“And this is Kieff!”

The Jew's covered wagon rolled forward, jolting along on the prominent pavement stones. It was painful to Shvarts to sit under the canvas, so he directed the Jew to turn to the nearest inn, while he himself walked along by the side of the wagon.

Torrents of people, as is usual in a city, were moving in various directions; shops were glittering with a show of wares; carriages were passing one after another; merchants, generals, soldiers, beggars, monks pushed along before the eyes of the young man.

It was market-day, so the city had taken on the typical complexion of gatherings of that sort. There was nothing unconsidered there; no movement, no word seemed to be wasted. The merchant was going to his traffic, the official to his office, the criminal to deceit, — all were hastening on with some well-defined object; all pushed life forward, thinking of the morrow, hastening toward something. Above that uproar and movement was a burning atmosphere, and the sun was reflected in the gleaming panes of great edifices with just the same intensity as in any little cottage window.

"This uproar is life," thought Shvarts, who had never been in Kieff before, or in any large city.

And he was thinking how immensely distant was life in a little town from the broad scene of activity in a great city, when a well-known voice roused him from that meditation.

"Yosef, as God lives!"