

**NADIA; OR, OUT OF
THE BEATEN TRACK.
VOL. II**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649654482

Nadia; Or, out of the Beaten Track. Vol. II by Baroness Langenau

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

BARONESS LANGENAU

**NADIA; OR, OUT OF
THE BEATEN TRACK.
VOL. II**

NADIA;

OR, OUT OF THE BEATEN TRACK.

NADIA;
OR
OUT OF THE BEATEN TRACK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN OF
R. ORLOFFSKY,
By THE BARONESS LANGENAU.

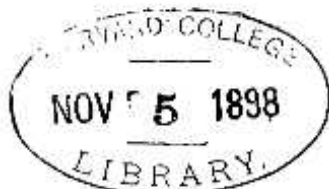


VOL. II.

London:
SWAN SONNENSCH EIN, LOWREY & CO.,
PATERNOSTER SQUARE.
1888.

Slav 4341.18.411
~~Slav 4349.2.411~~

83143
3



Wm. J. R. Bookidge.

BUTLER & TADDER,
THE BELWOOD PRINTING WORKS,
FROME, AND LONDON.

NADIA;

OR,

Out of the Beaten Track.

CHAPTER I.

TOWARDS evening Nadia was taken seriously ill. The doctor, who had been sent for from town, shook his head gravely. "Science," he said, "cannot define beforehand the turn which illness will take; it can only state the case clearly. Her youth, however, allows us to hope for a favourable issue." This somewhat enigmatical verdict frightened Anna Grigorievna very much, and she hardly left her niece, neither by night nor by day. The patient happily did not hear it; she was lying unconscious in her bed. She remained in this state for two whole days, the doctor hinting cautiously at typhus, which she had probably caught among the sick peasants. She lay the whole time motionless; sometimes only broken words of anguish escaped her lips. She seemed in a great dread of somebody, and from time to time the names of Boroffsky and Neradovitch were pronounced by her with tokens of unaccountable alarm.

Anna Grigorievna nursed her most tenderly, as if now for the first time fully aware of the bonds of love which united them, and herself watched at her bedside. Nadia's youth carried the day; the doctor's fear was not realized. On the third day she awoke as out of a deep sleep, and her sweet face, a little paled and thinned, instead of expressing past sufferings, had only that soft, enchanting helplessness which little children display under the caresses of their mothers. Her first answer to Anna Grigorievna was a bright smile. "I felt so happy, dear aunt," she said, as she tried, but in vain, to raise herself.

A great change had taken place within her. For the first time since her childhood, the proud refractory feelings of her heart were at peace, and a deep sensation of joy pervaded her, as if she had reached the harbour at last, and had no cares for her future any more. She behaved with an unwonted submission; and when Dmitry entered her sick room for the first time, and pressed her small, wasted hands within his, there was no longer any trace of illwill to be seen in her eyes; but her heart gave an awful throb, and she hardly knew whether the feeling which filled her heart was one of joy or alarm.

Though summer was in its full glory, it lasted more than a fortnight before Nadia was able to leave her room. But she showed no impatience, seeming now for the first time fully alive to all the comforts

of her home. There was, moreover, no want of solicitude among the neighbours. Boroffsky drove over to ask for her health more than once, while Elena Michailovna came daily, bringing with her some of those gigantic strawberries of which her gardener was so proud. Nadia, however, did not seem to enjoy those visits very much; and Elena herself, though so very lavish of kind words, never stayed long in the room of the young girl, as if instinctively feeling that her presence there did not give her much pleasure.

With Dmitry, on the contrary, she had long conversations, thus drawing more and more tightly together the meshes of the unseen net she was throwing over him; for, we must openly confess it, another much more common feeling was slowly stealing itself into his heart, taking the place of that pure, somewhat vague love which had been the result of the idealism of his student's years. It was only due to the involuntary self-deception to which we all incline, that he did not observe the approach of this new, but this time truly, earthly love.

Anna Grigorievna was perfectly aware of the reasons of Elena's frequent visits. The more she saw of her the more she liked her. In the beginning she had only thought of her fickleness towards Dmitry, but now all was changed. His marriage with her, to which she had been so vividly opposed in former days, now presented itself under a wholly altered

aspect. She wished it ardently, though she hid these feelings carefully from her son.

It was on a grey, cloudy day, about the end of June. A slight rain-shower had fallen in the morning, and the grass on the lawn, all sparkling with radiant waterdrops, perfumed the air with its soft, aromatic odour. In spite of the dampness, Nadia suddenly wanted to take a turn in the garden. She took Dmitry's arm, and leaning firmly on it—for she felt very weak still—went out into the fresh spring air. This old garden, which she knew so well, had assumed a new, marvellous aspect of youth and beauty in her eyes. She listened trustingly and quietly to what her cousin said; though his words themselves did not arrest her attention, so much as the warm echo which these plain and straightforward words found in her own heart. When they returned home, they met Elena, who had just come with Jenny. It was the first time since Nadia's illness that she had taken the young girl with her. They walked upstairs together, and Nadia felt a sort of sickening feeling creeping over her as Elena fixed her large, beautiful eyes searchingly on her face. Her unconstrained and easy manner, as well as her great intimacy with the Koretzky family, vexed and excited Nadia. They had hardly been five minutes in her room, before Elena left the two girls alone, and walked into the drawing-room to join Anna Grigorievna.