

leading him through the exquisitely furnished rooms till she found her mother sitting in the parlor, reading or knitting. Then she would beg her mother to look at the poor little fellow, whose legs were so skinny, his stomach so big, his face so dirty and hollow, and his clothing nothing but rags. To her mother this seemed natural. The unnatural thing was for a rich little girl to drag a dirty peasant child into her mother's parlor.

Her mother had taught her to be kind and courteous to the servants, and she loved to pass her time with them; but whenever her mother found her among them, she drew her away, saying, "Katya, this is no place for you."

She wrote in after years: "We lived in a large house, richly decorated and handsomely furnished, surrounded by beautiful parks and gardens. It was always open to receive visits from other families of the nobility who were scattered about the district where we lived, and to guests from other parts of the empire, especially during the great fêtes which were given several times a year. Their carriages filled the court-yard, their servants of every degree crowded the corridors and anterooms, and ladies in elegant toilets and men in full dress surrounded the enormous tables, which groaned beneath the weight of the festal meats, prepared by cooks who had served their apprenticeship in St. Petersburg, Warsaw, and even Paris. The Russian nobility loved luxury, and they knew how to secure admirable service. Orchestras, troops of actors and singers were found in the homes of the Russian gentry. Yet all these actors and musicians, as well as the cooks, valets and nurses,