

remained exactly as it had been, and in the very same position as of old; and even seemed to have the same unfinished piece of work on it which had been there eight years before. They placed him in a large arm-chair, and sat down gravely around him. Questions, exclamations, anecdotes, followed swiftly one after another.

"What a long time it is since we saw you last!" naïvely remarked Lenchka; "and we haven't seen Varvara Pavlovna either."

"No wonder!" her brother hastily interrupted her—"I took you away to St. Petersburg; but Fedor Ivanich has lived all the time on his estate."

"Yes, and mamma too is dead, since then."

"And Marfa Timofeevna," said Shurochka.

"And Nastasia Carpovna," continued Lenchka, "and Monsieur Lemm."

"What? is Lemm dead too?" asked Lavretsky.

"Yes," answered young Kalitine. "He went away from here to Odessa. Some one is said to have persuaded him to go there, and there he died."

"You don't happen to know if he left any music behind?"

"I don't know, but I should scarcely think so."

A general silence ensued, and each one of the party looked at the others. A shade of sadness swept over all the youthful faces.

"But Matros is alive," suddenly cried Lenchka.

"And Gedeonovsky is alive," added her brother.

The name of Gedeonovsky at once called forth a merry laugh.

"Yes, he is still alive; and he tells stories just as he used to do," continued the young Kalitine—"only fancy! this madcap here" (pointing to his wife's sister, the institute girl) "put a quantity of pepper into his snuff-box yesterday."

"How he did sneeze!" exclaimed Lenchka—and irrepressible laughter again broke out on all sides.

"We had news of Liza the other day," said young