

CHAPTER XXV.

The conversation with the justiciary and the pure air somewhat calmed Nekhludoff. The feeling he experienced he now ascribed to the fact that he had passed the day amid surroundings to which he was unaccustomed.

"It is certainly a remarkable coincidence! I must do what is necessary to alleviate her lot, and do it quickly. Yes, I must find out here where Fanarin or Mikishin lives." Nekhludoff called to mind these two well-known lawyers.

Nekhludoff returned to the court-house, took off his overcoat and walked up the stairs. In the very first corridor he met Fanarin. He stopped him and told him that he had some business with him. Fanarin knew him by sight, and also his name. He told Nekhludoff that he would be glad to do anything to please him.

"I am rather tired, but, if it won't take long, I will listen to your case. Let us walk into that room."

And Fanarin led Nekhludoff into a room, probably the cabinet of some judge. They seated themselves at a table.

"Well, state your case."

"First of all, I will ask you," said Nekhludoff, "not to disclose that I am interesting myself in this case."

"That is understood. Well?"

"I was on a jury to-day, and we sent an innocent woman to Siberia. It torments me."

To his own surprise, Nekhludoff blushed and hesitated. Fanarin glanced at him, then lowered his eyes and listened.

"Well?"

"We condemned an innocent woman, and I would like to have the case appealed to a higher court."

"To the Senate?" Fanarin corrected him.

"And I wish you to take the case."

Nekhludoff wanted to get through the most difficult part, and therefore immediately added:

"I take all expenses on myself, whatever they may be," he said, blushing.

"Well, we will arrange all that," said the lawyer, condescendingly smiling at Nekhludoff's inexperience.

"What are the facts of the case?"

Nekhludoff related them.

"Very well; I will examine the record to-morrow. Call at my office the day after--no, better on Thursday, at six o'clock in the evening, and I will give you an answer. And now let us go; I must make some inquiries here."

Nekhludoff bade him good-by, and departed.

His conversation with the lawyer, and the fact that he had already taken steps to defend Maslova, still more calmed his spirit. The weather was fine, and when Nekhludoff found himself on the street, he gladly inhaled the spring air. Cab drivers offered their services, but he preferred to walk, and a swarm of thoughts and recollections of Katiusha and his conduct toward her immediately filled his head. He became sad, and everything appeared to him gloomy. "No, I will consider it later," he said to himself, "and now I must have some diversion from these painful impressions."

The dinner at the Korchagin's came to his mind, and he looked at his

watch. It was not too late to reach there for dinner. A tram-car passed by. He ran after it, and boarded it at a bound. On the square he jumped off, took one of the best cabs, and ten minutes later he alighted in front of Korchagin's large dwelling.