Une fois le pansement fait, le médecin fut invité, par M. Rouault lui-même, à prendre un morceau avant de partir.

Charles descendit dans la salle, au rez-de-chaussée. Deux couverts, avec des timbales d’argent*, y étaient mis sur une petite table, au pied d’un grand lit à baldaquin revêtu d’une indienne à personnages représentant des Turcs. On sentait une odeur d’iris et de draps humides, qui s’échappait de la haute armoire en bois en chêne, faisant face à la fenêtre. Par terre, dans les angles, étaient rangés, debout, des sacs de blé. C’était le trop-plein du grenier proche, où l’on montait par trois marches de pierre. Il y avait, pour décorer l’appartement, accrochée à un clou, au milieu du mur dont la peinture verte s’écaillait sous le salpêtre, une tête de Minerve au crayon noir, encadrée de dorure, et qui portait au bas, écrit en lettres gothiques : “A mon Cher papa”.

* timbales d’argent: timbales en argent
The bandaging over, the doctor was invited by Monsieur Rouault himself to "pick a bit" before he left.

Charles went down into the room on the ground-floor. Knives and forks and silver goblets were laid for two on a little table at the foot of a huge bed that had a canopy of printed cotton with figures representing Turks. There was an odour of iris-root and damp sheets that escaped from a large oak chest opposite the window. On the floor in corners were sacks of flour stuck upright in rows. These were the overflow from the neighbouring granary, to which three stone steps led. By way of decoration for the apartment, hanging to a nail in the middle of the wall, whose green paint was scaling from the effects of the saltpetre, was a crayon head of Minerva in a gold frame, underneath which was written in Gothic letters "To dear Papa".

The bandaging finished, the doctor was invited by the patient to "take a bite" before leaving.

Charles went down into the living-room. Two places were laid, with silver drinking-mugs, at the foot of a big fourposter bed draped with a figured calico depicting some Turks. From the tall oak wardrobe facing the window came an odour of iris and damp sheets. Some sacks of wheat stood in the corners — the overflow from the granary, which led out of the room up three stone steps. In the middle of the wall, whose green paint was flaking off with the saltpetre, the room was adorned with a head of Minerva drawn in black pencil, hung up on a nail in a gilt frame, with underneath it in Gothic lettering, the words "To dear Papa".

When the dressing had been completed, the doctor was invited by Monsieur Rouault to “take a bite” before starting back.

Charles went downstairs to the principal room. Two plates with silver covers had been laid on a small table at the foot of a large, canopied bed with hangings of printed muslin showing a design of Turkish figures. A smell of orris-root and damp linen came from the tall oaken press which faced the window. Sacks of wheat stood in the corners of the room – an overflow from the nearby granary which was approached by three stone steps. A black chalk drawing of a head of Minerva, framed in gold, was the sole decoration. It hung from a nail in the middle of one the walls, the green paint of which was scaling off through the action of the lime. Beneath the picture were the words “To my dear Papa” in gothic lettering.


Once the bandaging was done, the doctor was invited by Monsieur Rouault himself to have a bite of something before he left.

Charles went downstairs, into the parlour. Two places, with silver goblets were set on a little table, at the foot of a big four-poster its cotton canopy printed with pictures of Turks. There was an odour of orri-root and damp sheets, that came from the tall oakwood chest, facing the window. On the floor, in the corners, propped up, there were sacks of wheat. It was the over-flow from the granary next door, just up the three stone steps. By way of decoration, hanging from a nail, in the middle of a wall with its green paint all flaking off from the saltpetre there was a head of Minerva in black crayon, with a gold frame, inscribed below, in gothic script: To my dear Papa.
On parla d'abord du malade, puis du temps qu'il faisait, des grands froids, des loups qui couraient les champs, la nuit. Mademoiselle Rouault ne s'amusait guère à la campagne, maintenant surtout qu'elle était chargée presque à elle seule des soins de la ferme. Comme la salle était fraîche, elle grelottait tout en mangeant, ce qui découvrait un peu ses lèvres charnues, qu'elle avait coutume de mordillonner à ses moments de silence.


First they spoke of the patient, then of the weather, of the great cold, of the wolves that infested the fields at night. Mademoiselle Rouault did not at all like the country, especially now that she had to look after the farm almost alone. As the room was chilly, she shivered as she ate. This showed something of her full lips, that she had a habit of biting when silent.


First they discussed the patient; then the weather, the severe cold, the wolves that roamed the countries at night. It wasn’t very exciting for Mademoiselle Rouault living in the country, especially now that she had to look after the farm practically single-handed. The room was chilly, and she shivered as she ate, revealing then something of her full lips which she had a habit of biting in her silent moments.
They talked first of the patient, then of the weather: of the extreme cold, and of the wolves which roamed the fields after nightfall. Mademoiselle did not find much to amuse her in the country, especially now, when most of the work of the farm fell on her unaided shoulders. The room was chilly and she shivered as she ate, thereby causing her rater full lips, which, in moments of silence, she was in the habit of biting, to fall slightly apart.

First they talked about the patient, then the weather, the great frost, the wolves that-roamed the fields, at night. Mademoiselle Rouault did not greatly enjoy living in the country, especially now that she was almost entirely responsible for the farm. As the room was slightly cold, she shivered as she ate, showing some of the fulness of her lips, which she had a habit of nibbling in moments of silence.
Son cou sortait d'un col blanc, rabattu. Ses cheveux, dont les deux bandeaux noirs semblaient chacun d'un seul morceau, tant ils étaient lisses, étaient séparés sur le milieu de la tête* par une raie fine, qui s'enfonçait légèrement selon la courbe du crâne ; et, laissant voir à peine le bout de l'oreille, ils allaient se confondre par derrière en un chignon abondant, avec un mouvement ondé vers les tempes\textsuperscript{13}, que le médecin de campagne remarqua là pour la première fois de sa vie. Ses pommettes étaient roses. Elle portait, comme un homme, passé entre deux boutons de son corsage, un lorgnon d'écaill\textsuperscript{e}.\textsuperscript{14}


Her neck stood out from a white turned-down collar. Her hair, whose two black folds seemed each of a single piece, so smooth were they, was parted in the middle by a delicate line that curved slightly with the curve of the head; and, just showing the tip of the ear, it was joined behind in a thick chignon, with a wavy movement at the temples that the country doctor saw now for the first time in his life. The upper part of her cheek was rose-coloured. She had, like a man, thrust in between two buttons of her bodice a tortoiseshell eyeglass.


Round her neck was a white turn-down collar. Her hair, so smooth that its two black braids seemed each a single piece, was parted in the middle with a fine line that dipped slightly with the curve of her head, and was swept together in a thick bun at the back, leaving the tips of her ears just visible; at the temple was a wavy effect that the country doctor had never seen in his life before. Her cheeks were like rosy apples; and she carried a pair of tortoise-shell eye-glassess attached, in masculine fashion, to two buttonholes of her bodice.
Her neck rose from a white, turned-down collar. Her hair was so smooth that the two black wings in which it was dressed seemed all of a piece. It was divided down the middle by a thin parting which followed the curve of her skull, and only the lobes of her ears were visible beneath it. It was gathered at the back into a large chignon, and showed a faintly perceptible wave over the temples – a feature of the human head which the country doctor now found himself observing for the first time in his life. There was a slight flush on her cheek bones. A pair of shell-rimmed glasses was stuck, masculine fashion, between the buttons of her bodice.

Round her neck was a white collar, turned down. Her black hair, brushed so smooth that each side seemed to be all of a piece, was parted in a delicate central line that traced the curve of the skull; and, just revealing the tip of her ear, it coiled at the back into a thick chignon, with a rippling pattern at the temples, something that the country doctor now observed for the first time in his life. Her cheeks were touched with pink. She had, like a man, tacked into the front of her bodice a tortoise-shell lorgnon.
As the room was slightly cold, she was shivering as she ate, showing a little of her full, rosy lips, which she had a habit of wiggling in moments of silence.

Round her neck was a white collar, black perfect-shaped, turned over. Her hair, smooth and so smoothly that each side seemed to be all of a piece, was in a soft line along with a fine line parted like a drop around line that traced the curve of the skull, centre of her head.

And, just revealing the tip of her ear, it was coiled gathered at the back into a thick chignon.

Her hair, smooth and so smoothly that each side seemed to be all of a piece, was in a soft line along with a fine line parted like a drop around line that traced the curve of the skull, centre of her head.

And, just revealing the tip of her ear, it was coiled gathered at the back into a thick chignon.

Emmas's hair = Elisa Slesinger, her first love as worn by various subsequent heroines.