

**YOU NO LONGER  
COUNT (TU N'ES  
PLUS RIEN!)**

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You No Longer Count (Tu n'es plus rien!) by René Boylesve & Louise Seymour Houghton

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**RENÉ BOYLESVE & LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON**

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COUNT

(TU N'ES PLUS RIEN!)

BY  
RENÉ BOYLESVE

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH  
BY  
LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON

NEW YORK  
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS  
1918



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## YOU NO LONGER COUNT

### I

FROM the swoon into which the sudden, agonizing shock had thrown her, her soul escaped, shook itself free, as the mind shakes off a nightmare. There is first a sensation of relief from discomfort, then a cheering sense of safety, and one slips contentedly into a half-slumber. Then it all begins again, for one no longer believes that it answers to any reality.

Was she still asleep? Was it memory, was it imagination that unrolled before her vision pictures of the past which yet her musings had never till then evoked, and which suddenly presented themselves with annoying vividness? There were whisperings, murmuring voices in the next room. She was aware of them, yet to the unwonted sounds she paid no attention; the gentle, persistent pressure of an invisible hand turned back her thoughts to days gone by.

A hushed step upon the carpet, a finger questioning her pulse, no more disturbed her

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than the familiar cry of the huckster in the street. She did not wonder: "What, am I ill? Are they anxious about me? Why am I in bed, in broad daylight, I so young, so unused to illness of any kind?" She was recalling a certain time, days that seemed far remote, a period of her life that seemed to have been acted before her eyes, like a play in the theatre.

A summer month of one of the previous years. She saw again the last days in her suburban home, just outside of Paris, the sloping garden and the vista through the leafage over far-distant hills, splendid and ethereal. Every one was getting ready for the summer holiday; some of the men were going to the training-camps. What a world of talk! What discussions with friends who had been invited to the country for an afternoon of farewells! They were a world by themselves—young, alert, fond of pleasure, and of all things beautiful and adventurous, care-free, and charming. The oldest of the men was M. de la Villaumer, whose hair was beginning to turn gray, but who enjoyed



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himself only among kindly faces. Several were artists—musicians or painters. They loved the beautiful things of life and that life of the intellect which easily adapts itself to the beautiful. Love was king in their circle, a love rather kindly than passionate, whose ravages they had learned how to conceal. Yet many admirable couples were found among them. Odette Jacquelin and her husband were always cited as the most enamoured pair of the group. After them came Clotilde and George Avvogade, who cooed like turtle-doves, but were lovers only “for a curtain-raiser,” it used to be said. Rose Misson, whom they called “good Rose,” Simone de Prans, Germaine Le Gault, were all women who adored their husbands and asked for no other happiness, having no idea of anything else than happiness.

Why, they used to ask, was Jean Jacquelin an officer of reserves? What was the sense of that biennial war-game for a chap who had nothing military in him, whether by tradition, education, or belief? The old father had made a point of it, because he held to the

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ineradicable prejudices of his time. As for Jean himself, he made light of it; he was a young fellow well on the way to make a fortune and give Odette all the luxuries that in their circle were considered not superfluities, but things indispensable. It never occurred to him that any other purpose could seriously occupy a man's mind. Without entering into the thousand and one interests of certain of his more cultivated friends who were given to reasoning and theorizing, he simply found that the uniform of a sublieutenant was becoming, and that, when he was obliged to wear it, it was simply an opportunity to make himself fit; physical fatigue was nothing to him; he might be inclined to think the Grand Manœuvres a superannuated exercise; he might even smile at them and amuse himself by enumerating the blunders of such and such a commander; but something always kept him from ever making light of the thing itself. For that matter, being a reserve officer was perhaps one of the many whims of society, but it was what is called decent; in certain circles it was done.

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So he let them talk and harangue, opposing no arguments but continuing to be a reserve officer, carrying through his period of instruction when he was called.

This time the young wife had gone with him as far as Tours, to be with him a few hours longer and after that to receive his letters more promptly. How long the time had seemed, all alone in the Hôtel de l'Univers! And yet she had a pretty room! She had amused herself with piquing public curiosity on the Rue Nationale, with her little walking-suit of the latest cut, and her simple canoe hat—quite the “Parisienne on a holiday”—and the elegance of her manners, at once independent and circumspect, as were all her ways. It was generally agreed that she was pretty. Who was not asking questions about her in the hotel, at the restaurant? It had amused her to see a family of tourists inventing pretexts for changing places at their small table, this one in order to face her, that one in order that the grown-up son might not face her. And how they had stared at her!