

---

**Little Eyolf**

**Ibsen Henrik**

---

**Title: Little Eyolf**

**Author: Ibsen Henrik**

**This is an exact replica of a book. The book reprint was manually improved by a team of professionals, as opposed to automatic/OCR processes used by some companies. However, the book may still have imperfections such as missing pages, poor pictures, errant marks, etc. that were a part of the original text. We appreciate your understanding of the imperfections which can not be improved, and hope you will enjoy reading this book.**



**Book Renaissance**

[www.ren-books.com](http://www.ren-books.com)





# Little Eyolf

BY

HENRIK IBSEN

TRANSLATED BY

WILLIAM ARCHER

NEW YORK  
FOX DUFFIELD & COMPANY

1906

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY  
STONE AND KIMBALL

PT  
8873  
E5A6

Little Eyolf





# Little Eyolf.



## THE FIRST ACT.

A pretty and richly-decorated garden-room, full of furniture, flowers, and plants. At the back, open glass doors, leading out to a veranda. An extensive view over the fjord. In the distance, wooded hillsides. A door in each of the side walls, the one on the right a folding door, placed far back. In front on the right, a sofa, with cushions and rugs. Beside the sofa, a small table and chairs. In front to the left, a larger table with arm-chairs around it. On the table stands an open hand-bag. It is an early summer morning, with warm sunshine.

Mrs. RITA ALLMERS stands beside the table, facing towards the left, engaged in unpacking the bag. She is a handsome, rather tall, well-developed blonde, about thirty years of age, dressed in a light-colored morning-gown.

Shortly after, Miss ASTA ALLMERS enters by the door on the right, wearing a light brown summer dress, with hat, jacket, and parasol. Under her arm she carries a rather large locked portfolio. She is slim, of middle height, with dark hair, and deep, earnest eyes. Twenty-five years old.

ASTA.

[*As she enters.*] Good-morning, my dear Rita.

RITA.

[*Turns her head, and nods to her.*] What! is that you, Asta? Come out from town so early? All this way?

ASTA.

[*Takes off her things, and lays them on a chair beside the door.*] Yes, such a restless feeling came over me. I felt I must come out to-day and see how little Eyolf was getting on — and you too. [*Lays the portfolio on the table beside the sofa.*] So I took the steamer and here I am.

RITA.

[*Smiling to her.*] And I daresay you met one or other of your friends on board? Quite by chance, of course.

ASTA.

[*Quietly.*] No, I didn't meet a soul I knew. [*Sees the bag.*] Why, Rita, what have you got there?

RITA.

[*Still unpacking.*] Alfred's travelling-bag. Don't you recognize it?

## Little Eyolf.

11

ASTA.

[*Joyfully, approaching her.*] What! Has Alfred come home?

RITA.

Yes, only think — he came quite unexpectedly by the late train last night.

ASTA.

Oh, then *that* was what I had a feeling of! It was that that drew me out here! And he had n't written a line to let you know? Not even a post-card?

RITA.

Not a single word.

ASTA.

Did n't he even telegraph?

RITA.

Yes, an hour before he arrived — quite curtly and coldly. [*Laughs.*] Don't you think that was like him, Asta?

ASTA.

Yes; he goes so quietly about everything.

RITA.

But that made it all the more delightful to have him again.

ASTA.

Yes, I'm sure it would.

## Little Eyolf.

RITA.

A whole fortnight before I expected him !

ASTA.

And is he quite well? Not in low spirits?

RITA.

[*Closes the bag with a snap, and smiles at her.*] He looked quite transfigured as he stood in the doorway.

ASTA.

And was n't he the least bit tired either?

RITA.

Oh, yes, he seemed to be tired enough — very tired, in fact. But, poor fellow, you see he had come on foot the greater part of the way.

ASTA.

And then perhaps the high mountain air may have been rather too keen for him.

RITA.

Oh, no ; I don't think so at all. I have n't heard him cough a single time.

ASTA.

Ah, there you see now ! It was a good thing, after all, that the doctor talked him into taking this tour.