

## A LODGING FOR THE NIGHT ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON pdf

### 1: A LODGING FOR THE NIGHT by STEVENSON,, Robert Louis Find or Buy Book Now

*In the s, Balthasar Gracian, a jesuit priest wrote aphorisms on living life called "The Art of Worldly Wisdom."Join our newsletter below and read them all, one at a time.*

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Villon, protruding his lips, imitated the gust with something between a whistle and a groan. Whew, what a gust! Down went somebody just now! A medlar the fewer on the three-legged medlar-tree! Montfaucon, the great, grisly Paris gibbet, stood hard by the St. Denis Road, and the pleasantry touched him on the raw. As for Tabary, he laughed immoderately over the medlars; he had never heard anything more light-hearted; and he held his sides and crowed. Villon fetched him a fillip on the nose, which turned his mirth into an attack of coughing. And how do you expect to get to heaven? How many angels, do you fancy, can be spared to carry up a single monk from Picardy? Tabary was in ecstasies. Villon filliped his nose again. Villon made a face at him. Talking of the devil," he added, in a whisper, "look at Montigny! He did not seem to be enjoying his luck. His mouth was a little to a side; one nostril nearly shut, and the other much inflated. The black dog was on his back, as people say, in terrifying nursery metaphor; and he breathed hard under the gruesome burden. The monk shuddered, and turned his face and spread his open hands to the red embers. It was the cold that thus affected Dom Nicolas, and not any excess of moral sensibility. How does it run so far? They were interrupted at the fourth rhyme by a brief and fatal movement among the gamesters. The round was completed, and Thevenin was just opening his mouth to claim another victory, when Montigny leaped up, swift as an adder, and stabbed him to the heart. The blow took effect before he had time to utter a cry, before he had time to move. Every one sprang to his feet; but the business was over in two twos. The four living fellows looked at each other in rather a ghastly fashion, the dead man contemplating a corner of the roof with a singular and ugly leer. Villon broke out into hysterical laughter. He came a step forward and ducked a ridiculous bow at Thevenin, and laughed still louder. Then he sat down suddenly, all of a heap, upon a stool, and continued laughing bitterly, as though he would shake himself to pieces. Montigny recovered his composure first. The monk received his share with a deep sigh, and a single stealthy glance at the dead Thevenin, who was beginning to sink into himself and topple sideways off the chair. Then he pocketed his share of the spoil, and executed a shuffle with his feet as if to restore the circulation. Tabary was the last to help himself; he made a dash at the money, and retired to the other end of the apartment. Montigny stuck Thevenin upright in the chair, and drew out the dagger, which was followed by a jet of blood. What right has a man to have red hair when he is dead? Montigny and Dom Nicolas laughed aloud, even Tabary feebly chiming in. Montigny and Tabary dumbly demanded a share of the booty, which the monk silently promised as he passed the little bag into the bosom of his gown. In many ways an artistic nature unfits a man for practical existence. No sooner had the theft been accomplished than Villon shook himself, jumped to his feet, and began helping to scatter and extinguish the embers. Meanwhile Montigny opened the door and cautiously peered into the street. The coast was clear; there was no meddlesome patrol in sight. Still it was judged wiser to slip out severally; and as Villon was himself in a hurry to escape from the neighbourhood of the dead Thevenin, and the rest were in a still greater hurry to get rid of him before he should discover the loss of his money, he was the first by general consent to issue forth into the street. The wind had triumphed and swept all the clouds from heaven. Only a few vapours, as thin as moonlight, fledged rapidly across the stars. It was bitter cold; and, by a common optical effect, things seemed almost more definite than in the broadest daylight. The sleeping city was absolutely still; a company of white hoods, a field full of little alps, below the twinkling stars. Villon cursed his fortune. Would it were still snowing! Now, wherever he went, he left an indelible trail behind him on the glittering streets; wherever he went, he was still tethered to the house by the cemetery of St. John; wherever he went, he must weave, with his own plodding feet, the rope that bound him to the crime and would bind him to the gallows. The leer of the dead man came back to him with new significance. He snapped his fingers as if to pluck up his own spirits, and, choosing a street at random, stepped boldly forward in the snow. Two things preoccupied him as he went: Both struck cold upon his heart, and he kept quickening his pace as if he could escape from unpleasant thoughts by mere fleetness of foot. Sometimes he looked back over his shoulder with a sudden nervous jerk; but he was the only moving thing in the white streets, except when the wind swooped round a corner and threw up the snow, which was beginning to freeze, in spouts of glittering dust. Suddenly he saw, a long way before him, a black clump and a couple of lanterns. The clump was in motion, and the lanterns swung as though carried by men walking. It was a patrol. And though it was merely crossing his line of march he judged it wiser to get out of eyeshot as speedily as he could. He was not in the humour to be

challenged, and he was conscious of making a very conspicuous mark upon the snow.

### 2: A Lodging For the Night by Stevenson, Robert Louis

*Complete summary of Robert Louis Stevenson's A Lodging for the Night. eNotes plot summaries cover all the significant action of A Lodging for the Night.*

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### 3: A Lodging for the Night by Robert Louis Stevenson

*Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson was a Scottish novelist, poet, and travel writer, and a leading representative of English literature. He was greatly admired by many authors, including Jorge Luis Borges, Ernest Hemingway, Rudyard Kipling and Vladimir Nabokov.*

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He was not in the humor to be challenged, and he was conscious of making a very conspicuous mark upon the snow. Just on his left hand there stood a great hotel, with some turrets and a large porch before the door; it was half-ruinous, he remembered, and had long stood empty; and so he made three steps of it and jumped inside the shelter of the porch. It was pretty dark inside, after the glimmer of the snowy streets, and he was groping forward with outspread hands, when he stumbled over some substance which offered an

indescribable mixture of resistances, hard and soft, firm and loose.

### 4: New Arabian Nights - Wikipedia

*A lodging for the night; being a tale concerning one of life's lesser hardships-commonly called trouble as told by Robert Louis Stevenson. [SUPER DELUXE EDITION] Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Florizel and Geraldine assure him they are equally depressed and he invites them to join The Suicide Club, where they learn that each night a fatal hand of cards is dealt. Whoever receives the ace of clubs must kill the recipient of the ace of spades; patrons can thus end their life without the scandal associated with suicide. RLS describes the breathtaking game, including the reactions of the recipients – the relief of those who are reprieved and the horror of the man who is dealt the fatal card. Intending to stop the President of the club from profiting on death, the Prince returns to the club the next night. Unfortunately, he receives the ace of spades and leaves the club in despair. Luckily, Geraldine has secretly organized private detectives to arrest the members of the Suicide Club. Scuddamore takes rooms in Paris where the disgraced Dr Noel also lives. One day she catches him peeping but does not seem to mind and Scuddamore sees her in discussion with a strange man – who we know to be the President of The Suicide Club. Later, led on a wild goose chase by the deceptive invitation of a lady admirer, Scuddamore is tricked into leaving his room. Dr Noel who we imagine is involved with the Suicide Club now offers to help Scuddamore get rid of the body. He advises Scuddamore to seek the aid of the Prince. Meanwhile, Silas returns to the States and the author tells us he is now a sheriff. Brackenbury is stopped by a cab and asks the cabbie to take him where he pleases. He is dropped off at a mysterious party. These two follow Geraldine to act as seconds in a duel in which the Prince at last slays the President. She orders him to carry her handbox hat box, which is filled with mysterious contents, to a secret address. He demands that Harry give him the box but Harry panics and runs away. Pursued by Vandeleur, Harry escapes with the help of Prudence the maid. Raeburn, the landlord, forces Harry into the house and takes half of the jewels for himself. Harry returns to the Vandeleurs with what remains, is fired, but later inherits money and marries Prudence. He decides to learn to cut diamonds so that he can sell the jewel without being suspected of theft. When Rolles gets on the train, he realizes Vandeleur is also on board. Both spy on one another, and they decide to go into partnership over the diamond. Vandeleur will find a buyer and they will share the profit. Now we are introduced to Francis Scrymgeour, a reliable clerk. Francis accepts the conditions and picks up the ticket in Paris. He learns that the man who left the ticket has white hair and a sabre cut across his face. Francis finds the man – John Vandeleur – in heated discussion with Rolles. He also hears Vandeleur make arrangements for Rolles to come to his house at 7: Assuming Vandeleur is his father, Francis follows him. He then takes lodgings overlooking his house so that he can spy on him. Francis sees a young woman, Miss Vandeleur, who he reasons must be either his sister or the woman intended as his bride. He later goes to the theatre at the appointed time and the Vandeleurs sit in a box opposite, but leave before he can speak to them. On Tuesday, he sees Rolles arrive as agreed and Vandeleur secretly giving him a sleeping draught. Vandeleur then takes the diamond and gives it to Miss Vandeleur Francis sees the transaction but does not know what Vandeleur has given to his daughter. Francis now intervenes, pledging to help his father out of any difficulty. He also discovers that Major Vandeleur is his father, and not John. Furthermore, Miss Vandeleur, his cousin, is his intended bride, but she wishes to know him better before marrying him. When he asks for a token of her affection, she slips something into his hand. She warns him that he must run and not look at it until he is far from the house. Furthermore, Vandeleur must now go on a mission to Siam, otherwise the Prince will ruin him. Finally, the Prince chastises Rolles, who is filled with remorse. The Prince believes the diamond inflicts suffering on any who covet it and he casts it into the River Seine. The Vandeleurs search the riverbed, but never find the diamond. Prince Florizel himself, due to a revolution in Bohemia, is dethroned. Northmour had once invited him to his pavilion home at Graden-Easter, a wild place with stretches of quicksand on the coast. After a violent argument, however, the two had parted and had not spoken since. Cassilis now returns to Graden-Easter on his travels. Unobserved, he sees Northmour, an older man, and a young woman move stealthily into the pavilion under cover of night. When Cassilis steps forward to address Northmour, the latter stabs him and flees into the house. He often sees the young woman, Clara Huddleston,

walking the beach. During these walks she is pursued by Northmour, whose attentions to her are rejected. She then tells him that her father had been a private banker. This included involvement with the Italian Carbonari, members of a secret political association. The Italians were now pursuing him for the money he had lost. Northmour had pledged to help them out of their trouble if Mr Huddlestone would give Clara to him in marriage. Cassilis decides to investigate the story. While reading about the Huddlestone case in the newspapers, he is startled to see three Italians in the village. When he returns to the pavilion, he sees footsteps leading to the quicksand and the hat of one of the Italians – they had been at the house, and one had sunk to his death. He vows to protect Clara from the Italian threat and despite the rivalry between Northmour and Cassilis over Clara, Northmour accepts his help. The Italians set the house on fire and they flee. Mr Huddlestone pushes the others away, asking the Italians to kill him. They shoot him, and the house burns to the ground. Meanwhile, Cassilis and Northmour continue to fight over Clara. In a surprisingly noble gesture, Northmour withdraws, saying Cassilis is free to marry her. Later, we learn that Northmour, having joined the Carbonari, dies fighting under Garibaldi for the liberation of Tyrol. Villon flees, but is worried that the tracks in the snow he leaves lead directly to the body. In a doorway he finds a woman who has frozen to death and steals two coins from the body. When he discovers that his own purse is empty, he is so enraged that he throws the coins into the snow. Repenting, he returns, but can find only one of them. He then decides to seek shelter for the night, but is refused by his adopted father and friends. At last, he knocks on the door of a stranger, the seigneur de Brisetout, who gives him food and company. Villon cannot be persuaded that his actions were wrong and argues that the noble art of warfare is equivalent to any robbery. Disgusted, his host throws him out. Returning from a late dinner with friends, Denis de Beaulieu is pursued by men-at-arms. He flees through an open door which shuts behind him. When he goes upstairs, he meets Alain, Sire de Maletroit, an eccentric old gentleman who insists he has been expecting him. Denis assures him he is mistaken, but Alain persists. He introduces him to his niece, Blanche, who is dressed in bridal costume. Alain says that Denis and Blanche have two hours to become acquainted. If at the end of that period they do not decide to marry, Denis will hang. Blanche explains that a captain had written her a love letter asking her to keep the house door open so he could visit. Unfortunately, her uncle had found the letter and decided to leave the door open to catch and force the captain into marriage. He had not appeared; instead, Denis had entered the trap. Denis offers to sacrifice himself, but Blanche suggests they marry, and by the end of the two hours they realize that they are in love. However, their time in Castel-le-Gachis seems doomed from the start. Leon is unable to obtain permission to perform from the Commissary of the Police. When he and his wife do perform, the audience will not pay to hear their songs. When the couple try to return to their inn, the landlord claims it is too late and refuses to give them their baggage. They try to involve the Commissary in the dispute, but despite serenading at his windows he will not come down. The couple are resigned to sleeping outside, when they meet Mr Stubbs, a young Englishman. Leon and Elvira insist that Mr Stubbs accompany them and they soon come to a house where a man and wife are violently arguing. The three sing to the couple to try and cheer them up and the couple give them shelter for the night. Noticing the frosty silence between the couple, Leon and Elvira decide to help them make amends. The woman tells Elvira that they are arguing because her husband has turned down a good job as a clerk in favour of continuing with his painting. Believing his paintings are terrible, she cannot accept his decision. Elvira confesses that Leon cannot act, but professing himself to be an actor when he is actually a singer keeps him happy. She advises the woman that her husband could be happy by professing himself to be a painter while still taking the job as a clerk to earn money. Chatto and Windus,

### 5: A Lodging for the Night by Robert Louis Stevenson – Earth and Skye

*The following is the complete text of Robert Louis Stevenson's A Lodging for the Night. Various books, short stories and poems we offer are presented free of charge with absolutely no advertising as a public service from Internet Accuracy Project.*

### 6: New Arabian Nights, | Robert Louis Stevenson

## A LODGING FOR THE NIGHT ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON pdf

*Yet, Stevenson pulls this off amazingly. There are aspects of the prose that are completely constructed of the dialogue between two individuals, and although it is a little long-winded, it is certainly beautifully done and well-written.*

### 7: "Omnibus" A Lodging for the Night (TV Episode ) - IMDb

*A Lodging for the Night by Robert Louis Stevenson. It was late in November The snow fell over Paris with rigorous, relentless persistence; sometimes the wind made a sally and scattered it in flying vortices; sometimes there was a lull, and flake after flake descended out of the black night air, silent, circuitous, interminable.*

### 8: A Lodging for the Night

*Author: Robert Louis Stevenson Thank you for watching the video "Learn English Through Story - A Lodging For the Night by Robert Louis Stevenson" with English Stories Collection channel.*

### 9: A Lodging for the Night Summary - [www.enganchecubano.com](http://www.enganchecubano.com)

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