

英汉对照 世界名家作品赏析丛书

THEODORE DREISER

Selected Works of Theodore Dreiser

丛书主编：秦秀白 李华田



西奥多

· 德莱塞作品赏析

文 斌 朱卫红 范纯海 编著
武汉测绘科技大学出版社

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(鄂)新登字 14 号

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

西奥多·德莱塞作品赏析:英汉对照/文斌等编著. —武汉:
武汉测绘科技大学出版社,1999.3

(英汉对照·世界名家作品赏析丛书/秦秀白,李华田主编)

ISBN 7-81030-668-X

I. 西… II. 文… III. 小说-美国-英语-对照读物,英、汉
IV. H319.4

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(98)第 34165 号

出版发行:武汉测绘科技大学出版社

(武汉市珞喻路 129 号,邮编 430079)

印 刷:湖北省农科院科技杂志印刷厂

丛书策划:万白石

责任编辑:谢群英

封面设计:曾 兵

1999 年 3 月第 1 版第 1 次印刷

787mm×1092mm 1/32 10 印张 250 千字

印 数:0001~3000 册

定 价:10.00 元

序

出于工作需要和个人爱好,我喜欢阅读文学作品,尤其是优秀的外国文学原著。每当我读完一部文学精品之后,我便禁不住想到高尔基为文学下的定义,即“文学是人学”。一部文学作品,其实就是用语言建构的一个“虚构的世界”(fictional world)。这个“虚构的世界”是建立在特定时代的现实世界(real world)基础上的。其核心是人,是人的心灵和人与人之间关系的揭示,是人与自然、与社会的冲突和调和。作家之所以伟大,就在于他(她)可以把人带进一个虚构的艺术世界,让人类能够尽情地认识自己,认识自己的今天和过去,并从中汲取改善人生、陶冶情操的美好愿望和力量。没有文学的世界必定是个野蛮、荒凉的世界;哲人贤达曾哀叹过:人,最难的莫过于认识自己。如果我们承认这点,那么我们或许更该读点文学作品。透过文学这一人类精神文明的瑰丽结晶,我们可以不断地认识自己和改造自己。在世界变得越来越小、物质文明越来越缤纷多彩的今天,阅读外国文学名著更该成为现代文明生活的基本需求。

我喜欢阅读外国文学原著,是因为它能使我接近不同时代的别国的人。人是社会的人。透过作品中形形色色的人物,我可以体察别国的芸芸众生是怎样生活和奋斗的,从而可以探索人类历史的脉搏,了解不同的人生观和价值观,并在对陈旧的价值观念予以否定的过程中完成对人、对生命和真正价值的肯定。阅读世界名著,实际上是以艺术享受的方式去了解世界,接触社会,认识人生和人类的历史。

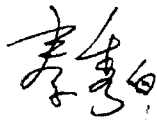
我喜欢阅读外国文学原著,是因为它能丰富我的感情世界。人是有情感的动物。无“情”者,非“人”也。《礼记》称,人有“喜”、“怒”、“哀”、“惧”、“爱”、“恶”、“欲”七情。构成人的精神世界和基本要素是情感的蕴蓄、抒发和升华。品味一部名著,其实就是感受一个比现实生活

还要丰富的感情世界的过程。人的情感在文学作品中被升华到了美学境界。“爱”与“憎”、“喜”与“怒”、“真”与“假”、“善”与“恶”、“丑”与“美”，凡此种种，都被揭示得那样鲜明、那样深刻、那样淋漓尽致。文学能陶冶情操，文学是精神食粮，其道理就在于此。

我喜欢阅读外国文学原著，是因为它能帮助我了解语言是如何建构那个“虚构世界”的。德国伟大的哲学家海德格尔认为：语言是存在的家园，是人存在的领域。文学文本是人类创造性运用语言的范例。学习语言，不读文学作品不行；学习外语，不读外国文学原著不行。语言在文学作品中发挥的魅力和作用恰似一幢宏伟大楼中的砖瓦、水泥和钢筋。品味一部文学名著的过程，其实就是在语言迷宫中漫游并接受语言感化的过程。

别人喜欢外国文学可能出于别的原因。但就我而言，以上三点是我坚持阅读外国名著的根本原因。所以当李华田同志动员组织一批年轻的外国文学学者编著这套丛书时，我不仅感到高兴，而且立即表示支持。浩瀚书海，需要导航员。这部丛书从英美文学王国里挑选出几位中国人比较熟悉的巨匠，把他们代表作中的名篇或名段原汁原味地展现在读者面前，稍作评析，且配注释和参考译文，这样安排应该是能够起到导航作用的。懂英语的人可以只读英语原文，品味原文的风格；不是英语专业出身的读者，可以借助注释和参考译文，学习英语原文。此外，对从事外国文学和外国语言研究的人来说，这套丛书可被看作是他们的“资料员”或“语料收集员”。

在人们的心灵易受市场经济大潮的冲击而感到骚动不安的时刻，武汉测绘科技大学出版社有勇气编辑出版这类的丛书，这充分显示了社领导和编辑们的敬业精神和历史使命感。我想，他们心目中的文学也是人学；他们是在文明与愚昧的冲突中旗帜鲜明地呐喊：人类历史沉积下来的文明需要世世代代地继承和发扬。我们尊敬他们；我们感谢他们。



1998年11月28日凌晨

走近西奥多·德莱塞

西奥多·德莱塞(Theodore Dreiser, 1871—1945),是美国20世纪上半叶杰出的现实主义小说家。他1871年8月27日出生在印第安那州特雷浩特城(Terre Haute)一个破产的小业主家庭,兄弟姐妹共十三人,他排行第九。由于父亲经常失业,家境十分贫困。小时候,德莱塞在铁路旁捡煤渣,过着相当艰苦的生活。他8岁时,没受过什么教育的母亲为生活所迫,带着他和三个幼小的孩子,在中西部四处漂泊。因此子女们经常被迫辍学。他们一家始终过着贫困的生活。德莱塞童年时期,饱尝过物质和精神的贫困之苦。在这种环境中,德莱塞自然享受不到正常的学校教育。他先在一所教会学校就读,13岁进中学,但中学还没毕业就到芝加哥独立谋生。1887年,他初次独自来到芝加哥,先后在餐馆和五金公司干过粗活。尽管如此,他还是被这个充满兴奋和刺激的大城市生活所吸引。1889年,在一位教师资助下他进入印第安纳大学念书,但只读了一年就为生活所迫而辍学。离开大学后,曾在芝加哥当过地产公司和家具公司的收账员,整天挨门逐户的去收钱,接触到下层社会的各种人物和阴暗面,为日后创作积累了丰富的素材,也决定了他创作中的悲剧思想和自然主义色彩。1892年,德莱塞进入报界开始了记者生涯,先后在芝加哥《环球报》(The Globe),圣路易斯《环球一民主报》(Globe-Democrat)和《共和国》(Republic)任职。德莱塞在芝加哥目睹了穷人的贫困和富人的伪善,为以后的文学创作打下了坚实的思想基础和生活基础。

1895年,德莱塞寓居纽约,正式开始写作,同时编辑杂志,经常往来于芝加哥、圣路易斯等各大城市之间,接触到当时现实生活中的各个不同侧面,亲眼目睹了贫民窟酗酒、色情、凶杀、拐骗、抢劫;更深一步认识

到了美国社会的现实,于是他抛弃了新闻记者的工作,开始写作,揭发社会的阴暗面。

德莱塞在踏进社会之前,并没有多少文学功底,他有的只是家庭和个人的不幸经历和敏锐的观察力,是记者生涯扩大了他的视野。德莱塞的审美能力也没有经过系统的培养。对德莱塞创作有决定影响的是巴尔扎克。正如他在《自传》(A Book About Myself)中回忆的那样:“在很长时间内,我简直跟巴尔扎克和他笔下的人物一同吃饭,一同睡觉,一同做梦,一同呼吸,脑子里装的是他的想法,眼睛里看到的是他的城市。”(潘庆龄,1994)因此年轻的德莱塞下定决心,要用巴尔扎克的方法来描写美国生活。此外,他还研究过大仲马、托尔斯泰、哈代等人的作品,为自己打下了深厚的文学修养基础。第一次世界大战期间,由于看不到改变不合理制度的力量和出路,德莱塞的思想曾陷入苦闷和怀疑。俄国十月革命的胜利对德莱塞启发很大,促使他们思想逐步地发生变化。1920年出版的政集《敲起来吧,战鼓》(Hey, Rub-A-Dab-Dab)就是德莱塞这一时期思想的记录。他在1929年出版的短篇小说集《女性群像》(A Gallery of Women)、《悲剧的美国》(Tragic America)、《美国是值得拯救的》(America Is Worth Saving)等作品中,他勇敢地揭露了美国各个领域的阴暗面。1941年他被选为美国作家协会主席。1945年8月,加入美国共产党,同年12月逝世。

德莱塞的作品很多,包括长篇小说8部、短篇小说集4部,诗歌、戏剧各两部,散文、政论、特写7部,但他的主要成就是长篇小说,它们在美国文学史上的地位毋庸置疑。从某种程度上来说,德莱塞既是文学家,又是史学家、画家和建筑师。

德莱塞的创作贯穿他的一生,他将一生亲眼目睹的社会现实尽量以最真实的方式记录下来,因而他的作品称得上一部翔实的社会史。德莱塞于1899年开始创作小说,其后于20世纪初期发表了《嘉莉妹妹》(Sister Carrie)(1900)和《珍妮姑娘》(Jennie Gerhardt)(1911)。这两部小说都以新兴的资本主义社会为背景,突出了资产阶级价值观和道德观对人的腐蚀,反映了资本主义社会物欲横流的丑恶。如果说这时的德莱塞对资本主义社会的本质还只有感性的认识,那么他在1925年

出版的《美国的悲剧》(American Tragedy)则是他从更长时间的冷静观察中抽象出来的理论。他一眼将当时的美国人看透:为了达到目的,实现他们所谓的梦想,不择手段,他们所关心的就是发财和握有大权。因此,主人公克拉德的悲剧便不是他个人的悲剧,而是美国的悲剧;主人公克拉德的足迹不是他个人的历史,而是当时所有美国人的历史。如果说前几部小说还只是侧面反映资本主义发展的历史,那么德莱塞庞大的“欲望三部曲”则是对美国资本主义的一个近景特写,它们通过主人公柯帕乌这个典型形象记录了美国资本主义发展的过程,从自由竞争的资本主义到垄断及资本输出的帝国主义,可以说为马克思的《资本论》作了形象的注解。这三部曲历时30多年,贯穿了德莱塞的大半个创作生涯,也是对当时社会的最真实的记载,因而他的确算得上位史学家了。

同时他又是位细致的画家。许多评论家认为,德莱塞的小说生动地表现了一幅社会风俗画。他的小说人物众多,他们来自社会的各个阶层:有寻欢作乐的“上流社会”的公子、小姐,也有做牛做马的工厂里的工人;有道貌岸然、勾心斗角的政治家,也有肮脏龌龊、打情骂俏的妓女;有被有钱人玩弄的天生丽质的穷苦女人,也有勾引相貌俊美的青年男子的富家小姐;有飞黄腾达的胜者,也有贫困潦倒的败者;有伪善的医生,也有腌臢的律师……对这一切的描写是如此细致、精确而又广博,简直如同一幅美国资本主义时期的“清明上河图”。

从他的写作风格来看,德莱塞又是一位熟练的建筑师。他的一部作品如同一幢高楼,是他用一点一点的细节堆砌而成——当然不是胡乱的堆砌,而是有计划地将它们连接起来,安排在恰当的地方。这堆砌砖头的过程有时可能显得杂乱、零散和冗长。然而当高楼全面竣工之时,你会发现它是何等的雄伟。德莱塞作品的特点就在于它的整体效果。过去美国界经常争论不休的就是德莱塞的文体问题。许多批评家曾指出,德莱塞“文笔拙劣”。(龙文佩,庄海骅,1989)其作品表现形式也很粗俗。他的写作虽然不像有的文化修养高的作家那样文雅精致,那样具有弹性和美感,有时还会用词不当,文理不通,但他的描写多数情况下是成功的。他就是通过大量的细节描写来展现人物的社会背

景,使小说具有生活真实感,反映社会的现实。

德莱塞早期曾一度试图以生物学观点和人性论、宿命论等唯心主义观点去解释社会现象。(杨为珍,张永昊,1982)他有时过于强调环境的因素,如在《嘉莉妹妹》和《美国的悲剧》中,强调社会对人物的腐蚀而导致了主人公的堕落,具有明显的自然主义色彩。此外,他还认为,人分为强者和弱者,强者胜,弱者败。这种思想体现在他对柯帕乌这样人物的双重感情上,他在“欲望三部曲”的第三部《斯多葛》(The Stoic)中对柯帕乌的温性生活进行了过多描写,削弱了对这种典型人物的批判力度。这些是他作品的局限性。

然而,就整体而言,德莱塞的作品突破了美国传统的小说主题,对美国社会阴暗面进行了大胆揭露,这是许多作家无法相比的。

本书共收集了德莱塞的7个短篇和3个长篇的节选。收入的7个短篇为:《黑人杰夫》(Nigger Jeff)、《市长和他的人民》(A Mayor and His People)、《失去的菲碧》(The Lost Phoebe)、《乡村仇人》(Village Feudists)、《了不起的鲁尔克》(The Mighty Rourke)、《老罗高姆与他的西莱沙》(Old Rogaum and His Theresa)和《“空虚,空虚,”讲道者云》(“Vanity, Vanity,” Saith the Preacher)。收录的三个长篇选节分别来自《美国的悲剧》(American Tragedy)、《嘉莉妹妹》(Sister Carrie)和《巨人》(The Titan)。

德莱塞是一个多产作家,作品有长篇小说、短篇小说、戏剧、诗歌、杂文等。我们本想将德莱塞的各类作品都介绍给读者,但由于多方面原因,我们没能收集到他的戏剧、诗歌等类型的英文资料,希望广大读者朋友能够谅解。德莱塞的大部分作品篇幅都较长,有的地方文字也较难懂,我们在编译过程中,对有的作品进行了删减,对较难的地方也加了注解。

德莱塞的作品从一开始就受到中国读者的喜爱。今天,德莱塞所描写的美国乡村和城市已今非昔比,美国在政治、经济、文化等方面也有了很大变化。广大读者在了解德莱塞笔下的美国时,一定会对现在的美国社会有进一步的认识。

本书献给所有喜爱文学的青年朋友,希望大家能通过阅读本书对

英美文学产生更浓厚的兴趣。由于我们水平有限,收集的作品类型也不够全面,本书一定还存在很多不足之处,希望广大读者朋友能提出宝贵的意见。

黄式旦

编著者

1998年10月于武汉

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Nigger Jeff

黑人杰夫

内容简介

埃尔默·戴维斯是科市《时代周报》的记者，他年轻有为，认为生活是一种有规律的、信赏必罚的过程。在春天一个风和日丽的下午，他接到一个任务，要到科市快乐谷去采访新近发生的一桩犯罪案。4月16日，快乐谷的黑人杰夫·英格尔斯强奸了富裕农民摩根·惠特克19岁的女儿艾达，公众极其痛恨，决心逮到他，处以私刑。郡长马修斯带了一队警察也在追捕，希望将他押解到克雷顿监狱，以避免私刑发生。

戴维斯当天就赶到快乐谷。当他正在村里探听详细情况时，有人飞马来报：那个黑人已被马修斯逮住，正被押往克雷顿。一些村民们立即组成一个马队，追踪而去。一小时后，在一条僻静的乡村大道上，他们赶上了郡长的马车。郡长身材高大，威风凛凛，经过一番智与勇的较量，村民们终于没敢上前去抢。他们跟来多半是出于好奇和寻求刺激。只是缺少领头的，自然不敢轻举妄动。他们决定留几个人跟踪，其余的回去叫上惠特克父子再行其事。


由于天色已晚，因无法赶到克雷顿，郡长只好将那黑人带到自己家里，他家住在鲍德温。那队人马回到快乐谷后，向惠特克的儿子通报了情况，他立刻带领二十来人连夜向鲍德温赶去。这队人马的到来惊动了全村的人，大家都跟着涌到郡长家去看热闹。郡长知道他们会卷土重来，已做好了准备，他将那黑人藏在地窖，自己握着一杆双筒猎枪挡在屋前，仍然沉着坚定。年轻的惠特克虽然很有胆量，可临到考验的时刻，却不够勇敢。同时，他还感到自己身后这群人的懦弱。最后，在郡

长连哄带吓之下,这群人退走了。

戴维斯松了口气,找到报务员,在邮电所里写下了关于这桩事情的通讯稿,描述了一场未遂的私刑、一帮吃了败仗的暴民和努力维持法律的郡长大英雄。

夜里大约十一点,鲍德温村里忽然传来隐隐约约的马蹄声,一队人马由远而近,在惠特克父子的带领下卷土重来了,他们直奔郡长家而去。郡长丝毫没有放松警惕,他对自己应付暴民的勇气非常满意,期望再次运用哄骗、吓唬的手段将马队退回。可这一次情形不同了,在脾气火爆的惠特克老爹的带领下,他们很快就制服了郡长。人们涌进地窖,把吓得瑟瑟发抖的黑人杰夫不由分说地拖上大车带走了,然后将他吊死在桥柱上。

这突发的变故使戴维斯满心难受,无法接受这一现实。第二天回到村里,戴维斯又去走访了有关的一些人。郡长虽然仍然发誓要惩办违法者,但戴维斯看得出他不会再有所行动。黑人杰夫的家里一片凄凉,他的母亲一个劲儿地哭泣,那凄惨的叹息和呻吟在戴维斯心头久久不去。他怀着无限的感慨喊道:“我要把这一切全写进去!”



英语原文

The city editor^① was waiting for one of his best reporters, Elmer Davies by name, a vain and rather self-sufficient youth who was inclined to be of that turn of mind which sees in life only a fixed and ordered process of rewards and punishments. If one did not do exactly right, one did not get along well. On the contrary, if one did, one did. Only the so-called evil were really punished, only the good truly rewarded—or Mr. Davies had heard this so long in his youth that he had come nearly to believe it. Presently he appeared. He was dressed in a new spring suit, a new hat and new shoes. In the lapel of his coat was a small bunch of violets. It was one o'clock of a sunny spring afternoon, and he was feeling exceedingly well

and good-natured—quite fit, indeed. The world was going unusually well with him. It seemed worth singing about.

“Read that, Davies,” said the city editor, handing him the clipping. “I’ll tell you afterward what I want you to do.”

The reporter stood by the editorial chair and read:

Pleasant Valley, Ko. , April 16.

“A most dastardly crime has just been reported here. Jeff Ingalls, a negro, this morning assaulted Ada Whitaker, the nineteen-year-old daughter of Morgan Whitaker, a well-to-do farmer, whose home is four miles south of this place. A posse^②, headed by Sheriff^③ Mathews, has started in pursuit. If he is caught, it is thought he will be lynched.”

The reporter raised his eyes as he finished. What a terrible crime! What evil people there were in the world! No doubt such a creature ought to be lynched, and that quickly.

“You had better go out there, Davies,” said the city editor. “It looks as if something might come of that. A lynching up here would be a big thing. There’s never been one in this state.”

Davis found the village of Pleasant Valley a very small affair indeed, just a few dozen houses nestling between green slopes of low hills, He took notes of the whiteness of the little houses, the shimmering beauty of the small stream one had to cross in going from the depot. At the one main corner a few men were gathered about a typical village barroom.

The whole company was apparently tense with interest in the crime which still remained unpunished, seemingly craving excitement and desirous of seeing something done about it.

Just then a young farmer came galloping up. He was coatless, hatless, breathless.

“They’ve got him!” he shouted excitedly. “They’ve got him!”

A chorus of “whos,” “wheres” and “whens” greeted this information

as the crowd gathered about the rider.

“Why, Mathews caught him up here at his own house!” exclaimed the latter, pulling out a handkerchief and wiping his face. “He must ’a’ gone back there for something. Mathews’s takin’ him over to clayton, so they think, but they don’t project he’ll ever get there. They’re after him now, but Mathews says he’ll shoot the first man that tries to take him away.”

For all’ the warnings of the sheriff, the crowd went for their horses and soon started off to chase the sheriff. Davis followed them. About an hour later, the company caught up with the sheriff and Jeff. However, they were scared by the sheriff’s determination. They decided to wait for the Whitakers to take action. Having got to know that Jeff had been taken to the sheriff’s house, Jake Whitaker, the victim’s brother, immediately gathered another company and headed straight there.

The whole village was up and about, its one street alive and running with people. Heads appeared at doors and windows. Riders pranced up and down, hallooing. A few revolver shots were heard. Presently the mob gathered even closer to the sheriff’s gate, and Jake stepped forward as leader. Instead, however, of going boldly up to the door as at first it appeared he would, he stopped at the gate, calling to the sheriff.

“Hello, Mathews!”

“Eh, eh, eh!” bellowed the crowd.

The call was repeated. Still no answer. Apparently to the sheriff delay appeared to be his one best weapon.

Their coming, however, was not as unexpected as some might have thought. The figure of the sheriff was plainly to be seen close to one of the front windows. He appeared to be holding a double-barreled shotgun. The negro, as it developed later, was cowering and chattering in the darkest corner of the cellar, hearkening no doubt to the voices and firing of the revolvers outside.

Suddenly, and just as Jake was about to go forward, the front door of the house flew open, and in the glow of a single lamp inside appeared first the double-barreled end of the gun, followed immediately by the form of Mathews, who held the weapon poised ready for a quick throw to the shoulder. All except Jake fell back.

"Mr. Mathews," he called deliberately, "we want that nigger!"

"Well, you can't git 'im!" replied the sheriff. "He's not here."

"Then what you got that gun fer?" yelled a voice.

Mathews made no answer.

"Better give him up, Mathews," called another, who was safe in the crowd, "or we'll come in an' take him!"

"No you won't," said the sheriff defiantly. "I said the man wasn't here. I say it ag'in. You couldn't have him if he was, an' you can't come in my house! Now if you people don't want trouble you'd better go on away."

"He's down in the cellar!" yelled another.

"Why don't you let us see?" asked another.

Mathews waved his gun slightly.

"You'd better go away from here now," cautioned the sheriff. "I'm tellin' ye! I'll have warrants out for the lot o' ye, if ye don't mind!"

The crowd continued to simmer and stew, while Jake stood as before. He was very pale and tense, but lacked initiative.

"He won't shoot," called some one at the back of the crowd. "Why don't you go in, Jake, an' git him?"

"Sure! Rush in. That's it!" observed a second.

"He won't, eh?" replied the sheriff softly. Then he added in a lower tone. "The first man that comes inside that gate takes the consequences."

No one ventured inside the gate; many even fell back. It seemed as if the planned assault had come to nothing.

"Why not go around the back way?" called someone else.

“Try it!” replied the sheriff. “See what you find on that side! I told you you couldn’t come inside. You’d better go away from here now before ye git into trouble,” he repeated. “You can’t come in, an’ it’ll only mean bloodshed.”

There was more chattering and jesting while the sheriff stood on guard. He, however, said no more. Nor did he allow the banter, turmoil and lust for tragedy to disturb him. Only, he kept his eye on Jake, on whose movements the crowd seemed to hang.

Time passed, and still nothing was done. Now the crowd itself began to disperse. Finally, Davies smiled and came away. He was sure he had the story of a defeated mob.

About eleven o’clock, when the lights in the village had all but vanished, a stillness of the purest, summery-est, country-est quality having settled down, a faint beating of hoofs, which seemed to suggest the approach of a large cavalcade, could be heard out on the Sand River pike back or northwest of the post office.

By the light of the moon, which was almost overhead, Davies was able to make out several of his companions of the afternoon, and Jake, the son. There were many more, though, now whom he did not know, and foremost among them this old man.

The latter was strong, iron-gray, and wore a full beard. He looked very much like a blacksmith.

“Keep your eye on the old man,” advised the postmaster, who had by now come up and was standing by.

While they were still looking, the old man went boldly forward to the little front porch of the house and knocked at the door. Some one lifted a curtain at the window and peeped out.

“Hello, in there!” cried the old man, knocking again.

“What do you want?” asked a voice.

“I want that nigger!”