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烈抨击色彩的短篇小說  
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— The Minister's Black Veil

# 教长的黑面纱

王正元 王燕 ① 主编 裴瑞成 ② 译



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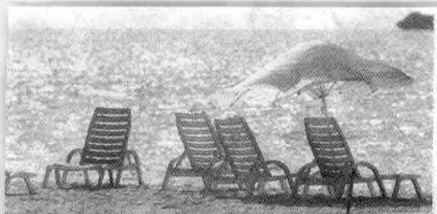
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我喜欢王正元、王燕两位教授主编的这套“中英双语典藏之走进文学世界”丛书，这套书包括英国文学、美国文学、加拿大文学、法国文学、德国文学各一本，每本选材都独具匠心，翻译精心，足以称得上色彩纷呈、琳琅满目、质纯形美、品味高雅，译者给读者献上了一道具有西方特色和品味的经典文学。文字是宝贵的精神食粮，好的文学作品如同好的食品——细品其味，会发现其醇厚的营养和不失光辉的品味，并从中得到新的启迪。

首先从选文来看，从欧洲到北美，跨越几个世纪，选出不同时代、不同国度、不同流派、不同风格的作家及其作品，而且还要适合今天人们的阅读追求，实在不是一件轻而易举的事情。其次是译注，这个问题忽视不得。任何一个民族的文学不仅是它经历的时代的产物，也是它悠久文化积淀最厚重的部分。如果对异国的宗教传统、文化意识、美学观念、价值取向都陌生，而仅通过语言来认识显然不够，所以翻译中的文化元素是不可忽视的。姑且不谈近年来我们在译注外国作品中出现多少错误，就拿本国人在译注本民族的文化遗产时所出现的错误也是触目惊心的！把“贵阳”译成 **Expensive Sun**（昂贵的太阳）固然荒唐，但硬将“四喜丸子”译成 **Meat Balls**（肉丸）也欠缺考虑（因为西方人不理解超大的 **Meat Ball** 为什么叫 **Lion's Head**（狮子头），于是就把菜单上的“狮子”的头割掉了）。语言文字中没有文化、歪曲文化、甚至回避文化一直是有些译注的痼疾。由此看来，真正得到一套像样的双语文学丛书确是一件值得庆幸的事情。

这套“中英双语典藏之走进文学世界”丛书的译者都是辽宁各大学的教授、副教授，是我们辽宁翻译学会的会员，他们是一批很有才气、朝气蓬勃的中年人。他们译笔不止，屡有新的译著问世。他们的翻译实践和成果，如同棕榈树，向上而挺拔。我祝愿这套丛书在译者、编辑的辛勤耕耘下，像棕榈树一样长得茁壮、挺拔，总是飘逸着令人神怡的芳香。

范岳



## 译者寄语

在烟波浩淼的世界文学之中，美国文学无疑是一块璀璨瑰丽的宝石，众多美国文学作家带给人们无数的文学经典。在我们慨叹这些文学作品中展现的人类千姿百态的生活，我们更从中寻找我们的精神家园和心灵的共鸣。

文学是扇智慧的窗。我们从中领略北美牛仔的历史风采，感受陪伴马克·吐温笔下费恩一路成长、川流不息的密西西比河两岸美不胜收的景致，由此体会美国文学大师们带领我们驰骋于广袤无垠的北美洲东西海岸时带给我们的心灵震撼。

文学是把心灵的钥匙。我们能够透过斯坦贝克对人类心理的考究感悟人性的美好与罪恶，能够感受海明威笔下战争带给人类的心灵迷惘与启迪，能够通过斐茨杰拉德笔下盖茨比眼中人们的醉生梦死拷问“美国梦”，更能够通过福克纳笔下的美国光怪陆离的社会中芸芸众生探索人性的真谛和出路。

文学是扇窗，开阔视野，引航启路；文学是把钥匙，开启智慧，启迪心灵。美国文学中许多经典之作成为了不同时代的读者共同的精神食粮，影响了一代代人的生活方式与成长之路。大千世界中的相同的、不同的你你我我都在文学作品中找到了自己的影子，找到了心灵的共鸣。

此次翻译出书的过程，我再一次徜徉于美妙的美国文学世界，再一次在美文之中荡涤心灵，体味不同的文学风格和精神，并把它们带给广大读者一起分享。

裴瑞成



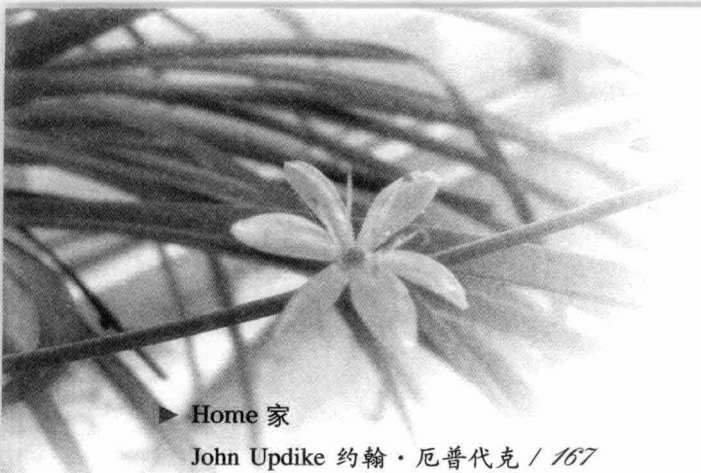
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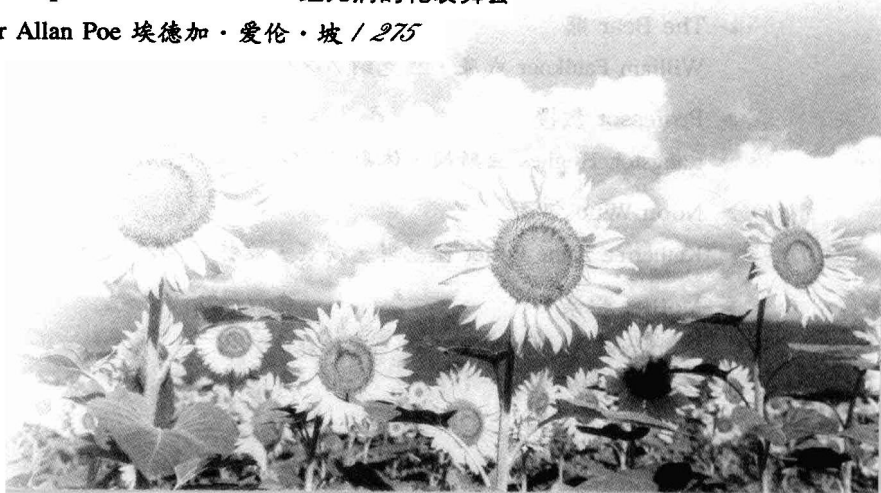
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# Tom Outland's Story

## 汤姆·奥特兰的故事

Willa Cather

薇拉·凯瑟

### 作者简介

薇拉·凯瑟 (Willa Cather, 1873—1947), 女作家, 出生于美国的弗吉尼亚州。10岁时随家迁入中部的内布拉斯加州, 幼年就喜欢编戏演戏, 朗诵诗歌, 高中时对医学感兴趣, 但进入大学后, 爱好转移到文学, 任大学刊物的副主编, 又任内布拉斯加州州报专栏撰稿人。

她对爱伦·坡的写作艺术推崇备至。著作有《啊, 先驱们》(O. Pioneers)、《我的安东妮娅》(My Antonia)、《教授之家》(The Professor's House)、《大主教之死》(Death Comes for the Archbishop)等。她善于写景, 文笔优美。



The thing that **sidetracked**<sup>①</sup> me and made me so late coming to college was a somewhat unusual accident, or string of accidents. It began with a poker game, when I was a call boy in Pardee, New Mexico.

One cold, clear night in the fall I started out to hunt up a freight crew that was to go out soon after midnight. It was just after payday, and one of the fellows had tipped me **off**<sup>②</sup> that there would be a poker game going on in the card-room behind the Ruby Light saloon. I knew most of my crew would be there, except Conductor Willis, who had a sick baby at home. The front windows were dark, of course. I went up the back alley, through a tumbledown icehouse and a court, into a **dobe**<sup>③</sup> room that didn't open into the saloon proper at all. It was crowded, and hot and stuffy enough. There were six or seven in the game, and a crowd of fellows were standing about the walls, rubbing the whitewash off on to their coat shoulders. There was a birdcage hanging in one window, covered with an old flannel shirt, but the canary had wakened up and was singing away for dear life. He was a beautiful singer — an old Mexican had trained him — and he was one of the attractions of the place.

I happened along when a jackpot was running. Two of the fellows I'd come for were in it, and they naturally wanted to finish the hand. I stood by the door with my watch, keeping time for them. Among the players I saw two sheep men who always liked a lively game, and one of the bystanders told me you had to buy a hundred dollars' worth of chips to get in that night. The crowd was fussing about one fellow, Rodney Blake, who had come in from his engine without cleaning up. That wasn't customary; the minute a man got in from his run, he took a bath, put on citizen's clothes, and went to a barber. This Blake was a new fireman on our division. He'd come up town in his greasy overalls and sweaty blue shirt, with his face streaked up with smoke. He'd been drinking; he smelled of it, and his eyes were **out of focus**<sup>④</sup>. All the other men were clean and freshly shaved, and they were sore at Blake — said his hands were so greasy they marked the cards. Some of them wanted to put him out of the game, but he was a big, heavy-built fellow, and nobody wanted to be the man to do it. It didn't please them any better when he took the jackpot.

让我进入岔轨，使我那么晚才上大学的是一个，或者说是一连串有点不寻常的事件。它始于一次牌局，当时我在新墨西哥州帕尔迪当一名小听差。

秋天里的一个寒凜、明朗的夜晚，我动身去找一列货车的乘务员，他们在午夜后不久就得跟车出发。这天刚发工资，他们中的一个伙计向我透露，“红宝石之光”酒店后面的打牌间里有一个牌局。我知道那些工人十之八九会在那里，除了乘务员威利斯，他家里有个生病的孩子。酒店门窗自然是黑的。我从后巷绕进去，穿过一间东倒西歪的冰库和一个院子，来到一间土坯房。这间屋子和酒店本身并不相通。里面人很挤，又热又闷。打牌的有六七人，沿着墙根还站了一圈人，把墙上的白灰蹭在自己外套的肩上。在一扇窗户前挂着只鸟笼，上面虽然蒙着旧绒布，可是金丝雀已经醒了，唱得甬提多欢实。它是一位好歌手——一个墨西哥老头调教过它——这雀儿是赌场吸引人的一个方面。

我来的时候正赶上有一场大牌局在进行。我要找的人里有两个也在其中，他们自然是不打完一局牌决不肯走的。我拿了表站在门口，给他们看时间。在赌徒里我看见有两个做羊生意的人，他们一向爱轻松地玩上一局。边上一个人告诉我，这天晚上，你不买一百块钱的筹码根本没资格上场。这群人的注意力都集中在一个叫罗德尼·布莱克的家伙身上。他刚下机车，还没来得及洗一洗；这是不合规矩的。一个人交了班，就应该马上洗个澡，穿上平常人穿的便服，并去理个发。这个布莱克在我们车务段是个新司炉。他穿着油腻的工裤和汗渍的蓝衬衫，脸上还带着一道道烟痕就进城了。他喝过酒，身上有一股酒味，眼神也模糊。其他人都干干净净，新修过脸；他们都对布莱克非常恼火——说他手上的油污要把牌弄得有记号了。有几个人想把他撵走，但他块头很大，身体结实，谁也不想出头来干这事。当他赢了满堂红时，他们就更不乐意了。

① sidetracked me: 使我走上了岔道。sidetrack 原为铁路用语，故事所叙述的主人公是铁路工人，故用此语。

② tipped me off: 告诉我一个情况。

③ a'dobe: 土坯。墨西哥人乡村中多用土坯盖房子。

④ out of focus: 眼神模糊。

I got my two men and hurried them out, and two others from the row along the wall took their places. One of the chaps who left with me asked me to go up to his house and get his grip with his work clothes. He'd lost every cent of his pay cheque and didn't want to face his wife. I asked him who was winning.

"Blake. The dirty boomer's been taking everything. But the fellows will clean him out before morning."

About two o'clock, when my work for that night was over and I was going home to sleep, I just dropped in at the card-room to see how things had come out. The game was breaking up. Since I left them at midnight, they had changed to stud poker, and Blake, the fireman, had cleaned everybody out. He was cashing in his chips when I came in. The bank was a little short, but Blake made no fuss about it. He had something over sixteen hundred dollars lying on the table before him in banknotes and gold. Some of the crowd were insulting him, trying to get him into a fight and loot him. He paid no attention and began to put the money away, not looking at anybody. The bills he folded and put inside the band of his hat. He filled his overalls pockets with the gold, and swept the rest of it into his big red neckerchief.

I'd been interested in this fellow ever since he came on our division; he was close-mouthed and unfriendly. He was one of those fellows with a settled, mature body and a young face, such as you often see among workingmen. There was something calm, and sarcastic, and mocking about his expression — that, too, you often see among workingmen. When he had put all his money away, he got up and walked toward the door without a word, without saying goodnight to anybody.

"Manners of a hog, and a dirty hog!" little Barney Shea yelled after him. Blake's back was just in the doorway; he hitched up on shoulder, but didn't turn or make a sound.

I slipped out after him and followed him down the street. His walk was unsteady, and the gold in his baggy overalls pockets clinked with every step he took. I ran a little way and caught up with him "What are you going to do with all that money, Blake?" I asked him.

我叫了我要找的那两个人，让他们赶快走；墙根那儿出来另外两个人，接他们的班。和我一块走的人中的一个让我上他家去取个手提包，包里装有他的工作服。他把工资输得精光，没脸见他老婆。我问他赢家是谁。

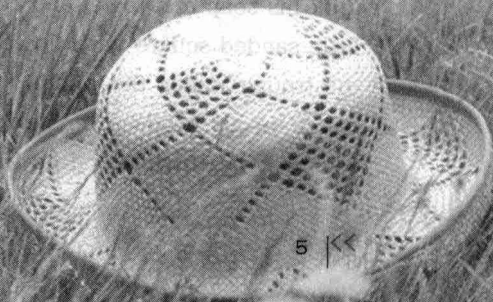
“布莱克。那个臭火夫赢个没完。不过天亮以前大伙儿会把他重新挤干的。”

两点钟左右，我那晚的活儿干完了并要回家去睡觉，顺便路过赌场去看看结果如何。牌局正要散。自我半夜离开他们以后，他们就改打种马扑克了。布莱克那个火夫把每个人都清空了。我进去时他正在兑换筹码。柜上现钱还不太够，布莱克倒也不计较。在他面前，桌子上堆着一千六百来块钱，有钞票也有金币。有几个人在向他挑衅，想诱他打架，好把钱抢走。他不理，动手把钱收起来，对谁也不瞧一眼。他把钞票叠好，放在帽圈内侧，又把金币往工裤兜里装，接着把剩下的都扫到他那条红色的大围巾里去。

自从这家伙来到我们车务段，我便对他产生了兴趣；他沉默寡言，跟谁也不友好。有一种人身体长成熟且定型了，脸却显得很嫩，在工人当中很常见，他就是这样的人。他脸上有一种沉着、讥刺以及嘲讽的表情——这也是在工人中常见的。他把钱都收好后，便站起来一声不吭地向门口走去，跟谁都没说声晚安。

“像猪一样没规矩，也像猪一样脏！”小个子巴内·谢伊冲着他后影嚷道。布莱克的背正好来到门口，他耸起一只肩膀，可是并没有转过身来，也没有发出任何声音。

我悄悄地溜出去，跟在他后面顺着街走。他步子不稳，每走一步，那条鼓鼓囊囊的裤子兜里的金币便叮当作响。我跑了一段路，跟上了他。“这所有的钱你打算怎么花呀，布莱克？”我问他。



“Lose it, tomorrow night. I'm no hog for money. Damned **barber pole dudes**<sup>⑤</sup>!”

I thought I'd better follow him home. I knew he lodged with an old Mexican woman, in the yellow quarter, behind the roundhouse. His room opened on to the street, by a sky-blue door. He went in, didn't strike a light or make a stab at undressing, but threw himself just as he was on the bed and went to sleep. His hat stuck between the iron rods of the bed-head, the gold ran out of his pockets and rolled over the bare floor in the dark.

I struck a match and lit a candle. The bed took up half the room; on the dresser was a grip with his clean clothes in it, just as he'd brought it in from his run. I took out the clothes and began picking up the money; got the bills out of his hat, emptied his pockets, and collected the coins that lay in the hollow of the bed about his hips, and put it all into the grip. Then I blew out the light and sat down to listen. I trusted all the boys who were at the Ruby Light that night, except Barney Shea. He might try to pull something off on a stranger, down in Mexican town. We had a quiet night, however, and a cold one. I found Blake's winter overcoat hanging on the wall and wrapped up in it. I wasn't a bit sorry when the roosters began to crow and the dogs began barking all over Mexican town. At last the sun came up and turned the desert and the 'dobe town red in a minute. I began to shake the man on the bed. Waking men who didn't want to get up was part of my job, and I didn't let up on him until I had him his feet.

“Hello, kid, come to call me?”

I told him I'd come to call him to a Harvey House breakfast.

“You owe me a good one. I brought you home last night.”

“Sure, I'm glad to have company. Wait till I wash up a bit.” He took his soap and towel and comb and went out into the patio, a neat little sanded square with flowers and vines all around, and washed at the trough under the pump. Then he called me to come and pump water on his head. After he'd stood the gush of cold water for a few seconds, he straightened up with his teeth chattering.

“明天晚上再把它输掉，我可不是爱钱的猪。那些穿得花里胡哨的公子哥儿，去他的吧！”

我想我还是跟着他回家的好。我知道他寄宿在一个墨西哥大娘家里，在调车房后面的黄种人居住区里。他的房间只和大街隔了一扇天蓝色的门。他走进去，既不点灯，也不动手脱衣服，往床上一倒就睡着了。他的帽子嵌在床头两根铁条之间，金币从兜里滑了出来，黑暗中在光光的地板上直滚。

我划了根火柴，点亮一支蜡烛。那张床占了半个房间；梳妆台上有个旅行包，里面放着他的干净衣服，原封未动，就像他刚下班拿来时那样。我取出衣服，着手把钱收拢起来：从他帽子里拿出钞票，掏空他的衣袋，掏出他屁股底下凹处的金币，都一一放到旅行包里。然后我吹熄蜡烛，坐下来听着。那晚在“红宝石之光”里的小伙子，除了巴内·谢伊之外，我都信得过。这谢伊是有可能在边远的墨西哥镇子里对一个陌生人搞点什么名堂的。然而，我们还是过了一个平静的夜晚，也是一个寒冷的夜晚。我看到墙上挂着布莱克的冬大衣，就拿来裹在身上。当整个墨西哥镇子上空响起了公鸡的啼鸣和狗的吠叫时，我一点也不后悔。最后太阳终于出来了，一瞬间就把沙漠和工坯小镇染得一片通红。我开始摇醒床上的那个人。弄醒赖床的人是我工作的一部分。我丝毫不放松，直到他双脚站立在地上。

“哦，孩子，是来叫我的吗？”

我告诉他我是来叫他到哈维客店去吃早饭的。“你该请我好好吃一顿。昨儿晚上是我送你回来的。”

“当然，我很喜欢有人陪伴。你等我一会儿，让我稍微洗一洗。”他拿了肥皂、毛巾和梳子到天井里去。这是个干净利落的西班牙式庭院，地上铺了沙子，四周栽上了花木和爬藤。他就在水泵下面的水槽里洗起来。接着他叫我去压些水冲冲他的脑袋。在几秒钟里，他忍受着一股凉水的冲击，然后站起身来，牙齿直打冷战。

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⑤ barber pole dudes: 穿得花里胡哨的公子哥儿。

"That ought to get the whisky out of a fellow's head, oughtn't it? Felt good, Tom." Presently he began feeling his side pockets. "Was I dreaming something, or did I take a string of jackpots last night?"

"The money's in your grip," I told him. "You don't deserve it for you were too drunk to take care of it. I had to come after you and pick it up out of the mud."

"All right. I'll go halves. Easy come, easy go."

I told him I didn't want anything off him but breakfast, and I wanted that pretty soon.

"Go easy, son. I've got to change my shirt. This one's wet."

"It's worse than wet. You oughtn't to go up town without changing. You're a stranger here, and it makes a bad impression."

He shrugged his shoulders and looked superior. He had a square-built, honest face and steady eyes that didn't carry a cynical expression very well. I knew he was a decent chap, though he'd been drinking and acting ugly ever since he'd been on our division.

After breakfast we went out and sat in the sun at a place where the wooden sidewalk ran over a sand gully and made a sort of bridge. I had a long talk with him. I was carrying the grip with his winnings in it, and I finally persuaded him to go with me to the bank. We put every cent of it into a savings account that he couldn't touch for a year.

From that night Blake and I were fast friends. He was the sort of fellow who can do anything for somebody else, and nothing for himself. There are lots like that among working-men. They aren't trained by success to a sort of systematic selfishness. Rodney had been unlucky in personal relations. He'd run away from home when he was a kid because his mother married again — a man who had been paying attention to her while his father was still alive. He got engaged to a girl down on the Southern Pacific, and she double-crossed him, as he said. He went to Old Mexico and let his friends put all his savings into an oil well, and they skinned him. What he needed was a pal, a straight fellow to give an account to. I was ten years younger, and that was an advantage. He liked to be an older brother. I suppose the fact that I was a kind of stray and had no family made it easier for him to unbend to me. He surely got to think a lot of me, and I did of him. It was that

“这下子该把脑袋里的威士忌赶出去了，是吧？真痛快呀，汤姆，”接着他摸了摸两边的裤兜。“我是做了一场梦呢，还是真的昨晚连赢了好几回满堂红？”

“钱在你的旅行包里，”我告诉他。“真不该你赢的，因为你醉得根本不在乎是输还是赢了。我不得不跟着你，把钱从泥污里给你一个个捡了起来。”

“很好。我留下一半就行了。来得容易去得快嘛。”

我告诉他我一分钱也不要，就要一顿早饭，而且得快。

“你慢点儿，孩子。我得换件衬衣。这件湿了。”

“何止是湿呀。你不该不换衣服就上街的。你在这儿是个陌生人，这样给人印象不好。”

他耸了耸肩膀，作出一副桀骜不驯的样子。他长着一张方方正正、诚实的脸，眼光坚定，连愤世嫉俗的神情也摆不好。我知道他是个好人，虽然他来到我们车务段后经常喝酒负气。

早饭吃完，我们出来，在木板铺在沙沟上搭成小桥的地方坐下来晒太阳。我跟他谈了很久。我把他的旅行袋带在身边，里面装了他赢来的钱。我终于说服了他，让他跟我上银行去，把所有的钱全存了定期，这笔钱他一年之内不能动用。

从那天晚上起，布莱克和我成了莫逆之交。他是那种不顾自己，愿为别人两肋插刀的人。在工人当中这样的人不少。他们没有发过迹，因此也没有养成凡事先为自己打算的习性。罗德尼在人际关系方面很不走运。他自小就从家里出走，因为他母亲改嫁了——他父亲在世时那个男的就对他母亲有了意思。罗德尼在南太平洋跟一个姑娘订了婚，可是据他说，她背叛了他。他又去旧墨西哥，听了朋友的劝告把全部积蓄都投资在一口油井上，可是他们榨干了他的每一个子儿。他需要一个好伙伴，一个他能充分信赖的正直的人。我比他小十岁，这倒是个长处，因为他喜欢做老大哥。我可以算是个流浪儿，没有家。我想正是因为这一



winter I had pneumonia. Mrs. O'Brien couldn't do much for me; she was overworked, poor woman, with a houseful of children. Blake took me down to his room, and he and the old Mexican woman nursed me. He ought to have had boys of his own to look after. Nature's full of such substitutions, but they always seem to me sad, even in botany.

I wasn't able to be about until spring, and then the doctor and Father Duchene said I must give up night work and live in the open all summer. Before I knew anything about it, Blake had thrown up his job on the Santa Fe, and got a berth for him and me with the Sitwell Cattle Company. Jonas Sitwell was one of the biggest cattlemen in our part of New Mexico. Roddy and I were to ride the range with a bunch of grass cattle all summer, then take them down to a winter camp on the Cruzados river and keep them on pasture until spring.

We went out about the first of May, and joined our cattle twenty miles south of Pardee, down toward the Blue Mesa. The Blue Mesa was one of the landmarks we always saw from Pardee — landmarks mean so much in a flat country. To the northwest, over toward Utah, we had the Mormon Buttes, three sharp blue peaks that always sat there. The Blue Mesa was south of us, and was much stronger in color, almost purple. People said the rock itself had a deep purplish cast. It looked, from our town, like a naked blue rock set down alone in the plain, almost square, except that the top was higher at one end. The old settlers said nobody had ever climbed it, because the sides were so steep and the Cruzados river wound round it at one end and under-cut it.

Blake and I knew that the Sitwell winter camp was down on the Cruzados river, directly under the mesa, and all summer long, while we drifted about with our cattle from one water-hole to another, we planned how we were going to climb the mesa and be the first men up there. After supper, when we lit our pipes and watched the sunset, climbing the mesa was our staple topic of conversation. Our job was a cinch; the actual work wouldn't have kept one man busy. The Sitwell people were good to their hands. John Rapp, the foreman, came along