



经典读库

名家
名作

英汉对照

ENGLISH-CHINESE EDITION

SELECTED SHORT
STORIES OF O. HENRY

欧·亨利短篇小说精选

欧·亨利/著

水清 青闰/译注



外文出版社
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导 读

欧·亨利 (1862 ~ 1910)，美国著名批判现实主义作家、世界三大短篇小说大师之一、美国现代短篇小说之父。

欧·亨利在大约 10 年的时间里创作了 300 多部短篇小说，收入在《白菜与国王》、《四百万》、《西部之心》、《市声》、《滚石》等集子里，其中以描写纽约曼哈顿市民生活的作品最著名。他把那里的街道、小饭馆、破旧公寓的气氛渲染得栩栩如生，有“曼哈顿的桂冠诗人”的美称。他还以骗子的生活为题材写了不少短篇小说，力图表明道貌岸然的上流社会里有不少人就是高级骗子。

欧·亨利的作品构思新颖，语言诙谐，结局常常出人意外，又因为描写了众多人物，富有生活情趣，被誉为“美国生活的幽默百科全书”。他最出色的短篇小说《爱的奉献》、《警察与赞美诗》、《带家具出租的房间》、《麦琪的礼物》、《最后一片藤叶》等都跻身世界优秀短篇小说之列。

欧·亨利善于利用双关语、讹音、谐音和旧典新意，生动活泼，妙趣横生。他还以准确的细节描写制造与再现气氛，尤其是大都会夜生活的气氛。

欧·亨利善于设计情节，埋下伏笔，作好铺垫，最后在结尾处突然让人物的心理情境发生出人意料的变化，或使主人公命运陡然逆转，使读者豁然开朗，柳暗花明，既在意料之外，又在情理之中，从而造成独特的艺术魅力。欧·亨利把小说的灵魂全都凝聚在结尾

部分，让读者在平淡无奇而又诙谐风趣的描述中，不知不觉进入作者精心设置的迷宫。直到最后，犹如电光闪过，照亮先前隐藏的一切，给读者最后一个惊喜。这种“意料之外，情理之中”的结局被称为“欧·亨利式的结尾”。

描写小人物是欧·亨利的短篇小说最引人瞩目的内容。他长期生活在社会底层，深谙下层人民的苦难生活，同时也切身感受过统治阶层制定的法律对穷人是如何无情。因此，他把无限的同情都放在穷人一边。在他的笔下，穷人具有纯洁美好的心灵、仁慈善良的品格和真挚深沉的爱情，然而他们却命运多舛、孤立无援、食不裹腹、身无居所。

两难的处理和意外的结局往往产生令人啼笑皆非的幽默效果。在欧·亨利的小说中，幽默贯穿始终，有的专门是为幽默而幽默。他在《幽默家自白》中写道：“我的笑话的性质和善亲切，绝不流于讽刺，使别人生气。”这句话也适用于欧·亨利本人，他讽刺，但不流于讽刺，他的嘲讽和幽默通常富有善意，有时能令人震惊地揭示出人生的真谛，体现出欧·亨利透视生活的能力。欧·亨利的语言本身也充满了夸张和幽默，而幽默能直到淡化事物悲剧性的作用，使大众读者更能接受。

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.....欧·亨利短篇小说精选.....



The Gift of the Magi

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by **bulldozing**¹ the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of **parsimony**² that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which **instigates**³ the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at \$8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the **mendicancy**⁴ **squad**⁵.

In the **vestibule**⁶ below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could **coax**⁷ a ring. Also **appertaining**⁸ thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid \$30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to \$20, though, they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and **unassuming**⁹



麦琪的礼物

- ① bulldoze
/'bʊldəʊz/ *vt.* 强迫某人做某事
- ② parsimony
/'pɑːsɪməni/ *n.* 吝啬; 小气
- ③ instigate
/'ɪnstɪ'geɪt/ *vt.* 使开始; 使产生
- ④ mendicancy
/'mendɪkənsɪ/ *n.* 乞讨; 行乞
- ⑤ squad /skwɒd/
n. 小队
- ⑥ vestibule
/'vestɪbjʊ:l/ *n.* 前厅; 门厅
- ⑦ coax /kəʊks/
vt. 劝诱; 诱得
- ⑧ appertain
/ˌæpə'teɪn/ *v.* 涉及; 关系到
- ⑨ unassuming
/ˌʌnə'sjuːmɪŋ/
adj. 不爱炫耀的; 谦逊的

一元八角七分。就这么多，其中六角还是一块块的铜板。这些零钱是从杂货店老板、菜贩子和肉店老板那儿软磨硬泡一分两分地扣下来，直弄得自己满脸臊红，深感这种斤斤计较的交易实在让人难堪。黛拉数了三次，都是一元八角七分。而第二天就是圣诞节了。

除了扑倒在破旧的小睡椅上大哭，显然无可奈何。黛拉这样做了。一种精神上的感慨油然而生：生活就是由哭泣、抽噎和微笑组成的，并以抽噎居多。

当这个家庭主妇的状态逐渐平静下来时，还是让我们来看看她的家吧。一套带家具的公寓房，每周租金八元。虽然不能说是绝对难以形容，其实跟贫民窟也差不了多少。

楼下的门道里有个信箱，可从来没有装过信；还有一个电钮，也从没有人按响过电铃。那儿还贴着一张名片，上面印着“詹姆斯·迪林汉姆·杨先生”。

“迪林汉姆”这个名号是主人先前春风得意之时，一时兴起加上去的，那时他每周能挣30元。如今，当收入缩减到每周20元时，他们正在认真考虑着是否将其缩写成朴实谦逊的“迪”为好。不过，

D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a gray cat walking a gray fence in a gray backyard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only \$1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only \$1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and **sterling**^⑩— something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

There was a **pier**^⑪ glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier glass in an \$8 flat. A very thin and very **agile**^⑫ person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of **longitudinal**^⑬ strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the queen of **Sheba**^⑭ lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had **King Solomon**^⑮ been the **janitor**^⑯, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

⑩ sterling /'stɜ:lɪŋ/
adj. 优秀的; 杰出的

⑪ pier /piə/ n. 窗户之间的墙

⑫ agile /'ædʒaɪl/
adj. 机敏的; 灵巧的

⑬ longitudinal
/lɒŋdʒɪ'tju:diŋl/
adj. 纵向的; 纵向的

⑭ Sheba /'ʃi:bə/
(基督教《圣经》
中朝觐所罗门王
以测其智慧的)
示巴女王

⑮ King Solomon 所
罗门国王 (以
智慧著称)

⑯ janitor /'dʒænitə/
n. [苏格兰英语] 看门人, 看管人

每当回家, 詹姆斯·迪林汉姆·杨走进楼上的房间时, 他的太太, 就是前面说到的黛拉, 总是称他为“吉姆”, 再给他一个热烈的拥抱。这都很好。

黛拉停止哭泣, 往面颊上涂了些粉。她站在窗前, 呆望着灰蒙蒙的后院里一只灰猫正在篱笆上行走。明天就是圣诞节, 她只有一元八角七分给吉姆买一份礼物。这些钱是她花了好几个月, 尽可能一分分攒下来的。一周 20 元实在经不住花。支出总比预算的要多。总是如此。只有一元八角七分给吉姆买礼物。她的吉姆。为了给他买一件像样的东西, 她兴致勃勃地筹划了好多天。一件精致珍奇、货真价实的礼物——至少应该够得上被吉姆所拥有。

房间的两扇窗之间有一面壁镜。你也许见过每周租金八元的公寓里的壁镜吧。一个瘦小灵巧的人, 通过观察一连串纵向的影象, 就会对自己的容貌得出一个差不多精确的判断。黛拉身材苗条, 早已掌握了这门艺术。

突然, 她旋风般从窗口转过身, 站到壁镜前。她的双眼晶莹闪烁, 可她却在 20 秒内花容失色, 飞快地弄散头发, 将它完全散落开来。

现在, 詹姆斯·迪林汉姆·杨夫妇俩拥有两样特别引以自豪的东西。一件是吉姆家传三代的金表, 另一件就是黛拉的一头秀发。如果示巴女王住在天井对面的公寓, 总有一天黛拉会把头发披散下来, 露出窗外晾干, 让女王的珍珠和礼品黯然失色; 如果所罗门王当了守门人, 他所有的金银财宝都堆在地下室, 吉姆每次从那儿走过, 准会摸出金表看看, 好让所罗门王忌妒得要死。

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she **faltered**¹⁷ for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mne. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown **cascade**¹⁸.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practised hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was **ransacking**¹⁹ the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a **platinum**²⁰ fob chain simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by **meretricious**²¹ **ornamentation**²²— as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value — the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

- ⑰ falter /'fɔ:lta/ v.
踌躇; 犹豫
- ⑱ cascade /kæs'keɪd/
n. 大量落下; 大量悬垂
- ⑲ ransack /'rænsæk/
vi. 洗劫; 到处搜索
- ⑳ platinum
/'plætɪnəm/ n. 铂; 白金
- ㉑ meretricious
/,meri'trɪʃəs/
adj. 华而不实的; 虚有其表的
- ㉒ ornamentation
/ɔ:nəmen'teɪʃən/
n. 装饰; 点缀

此刻，黛拉的一头秀发散落在身上，如褐色瀑布一般闪着光亮，一直垂到膝盖下，简直像给她披上了一件长袍。接着，她又神经质地快速把头发梳起来。她迟疑了一会儿，静静地站在那儿，一两滴眼泪溅落在破旧的红地毯上。

她穿上那件褐色旧外衣，戴上那顶褐色旧帽子，眼睛里闪着晶莹的泪花，裙子一摆走出房门，下楼来到街上。

她来到一块招牌前停下，只见上面写着：“索弗朗妮夫人——经营各种头发”。黛拉奔上一段楼梯，气喘吁吁地定了定神。那位夫人身材高大，面色苍白，冷若冰霜，和“索弗朗妮”的名字几乎不配。

“你要买我的头发吗？”黛拉问。

“我买头发，”夫人说。“摘掉帽子，让我看看样子。”

那褐色瀑布泼撒下来。

“20元，”夫人一边说，一边内行地抓起头发。

“快给我钱，”黛拉说。

噢，接下来的两个小时犹如长了玫瑰色翅膀一样飞逝而过。请不要理会这胡乱的比喻。黛拉正为了送给吉姆的礼物挨家店铺地搜寻。

她终于找到了。那准是专为吉姆特制的，决非为别人。她把各家商店找了个遍，哪儿也没找到这样的东西——一条并不花哨、刻有花纹的白金表链。优质的东西都是这样，只以货色见长，从不以装饰来炫耀。它正配得上吉姆那只金表。黛拉一见到这条表链，就知道它一定是吉姆的。它就像吉姆的人一样，文静而又珍贵——这种形容对两者都恰如其分。她花21元把表链买下来，匆匆赶回家，手里只剩下了八角七分钱。金表配这条链子，无论在任何场合，吉姆都可以大大方方地拿出来看时间了。这只表尽管华丽珍贵，却一直是用旧皮带代替表链，吉姆有时只是偷偷地瞥上一眼。

When Della reached home her **intoxication**²³ gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends — a **mammoth**²⁴ task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a **truant**²⁵ schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

“If Jim doesn’t kill me,” she said to herself, “before he takes a second look at me, he’ll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do — oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?”

At 7 o’clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit for saying little silent prayer about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: “Please God, make him think I am still pretty.”

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two — and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a **setter**²⁶ at the scent of **quail**²⁷. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della **wriggled**²⁸ off the table and went for him.

“Jim, darling,” she cried, “don’t look at me that way. I had my

- ⑳ intoxication
/ɪn,tɒksɪ'keɪʃən/
n. 令人陶醉;
令人头脑迷糊
- ㉑ mammoth
/'mæməθ/ adj.
极其巨大的; 庞
大的
- ㉒ truant /'tru:ənt/
n. 旷课的小学
生
- ㉓ setter/'setə/ n.
蹲伏猎狗, 体大
毛长, 有几个品
种
- ㉔ quail /kweɪl/ n.
鹌鹑
- ㉕ wriggle /'rɪgl/
v. 扭动身体

到家后, 黛拉的陶醉变得有点儿审慎和理智。她找出烫发铁钳, 点燃煤气, 开始修补因爱情加慷慨带来的破坏。亲爱的朋友们, 这永远是件极其艰巨的任务——了不起的任务。

不到 40 分钟, 她的头上便布满了紧贴头皮的一绺绺小卷发, 使她看上去活像个逃学的小男孩。她在镜子里盯着自己瞧了又瞧, 谨慎而又苛刻地来回审视。

“假如吉姆看上一眼不把我杀掉的话,” 她自言自语, “肯定会说我看上去像康奈岛合唱队的卖唱姑娘。可我能怎么办呢——噢! 只有一元八角七分, 我能怎么办呢?”

七点钟, 咖啡已煮好, 煎锅放在炉子后面热着, 准备做肉排用。

吉姆回家一贯准时。黛拉把表链叠握在手里, 坐在离吉姆进门最近的桌角上。随后, 她听到楼下的楼梯上响起了吉姆的脚步声, 脸色一阵惨白。她有个习惯, 常为了最简单的日常事儿而默默祈祷。此刻, 她心里默念着: “求求上帝, 让他觉得我还漂亮吧。”

门开了, 吉姆走进来, 随手关上门。他看上去瘦削严肃。可怜的人, 他才 22 岁, 就挑起了家庭重担! 他需要添件新大衣了, 连手套也没有呢。

吉姆在门内站住, 像猎犬嗅到了鹌鹑的气味似的, 纹丝不动。他双眼紧盯着黛拉身上, 眼神让她无法理解, 令她大为惊慌。那神情既不是愤怒, 也不是惊讶, 又不是不满, 更不是嫌恶, 是一种她无论如何都没有料到的神情。他仅仅是面带这种神情死死盯着她。

黛拉扭腰从桌角上跳下来, 向他走过去。

“吉姆, 亲爱的,” 她喊道, “别这样盯着我。我把头发剪掉卖了, 因为不送你一件礼物, 我无法

hair cut off and sold because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again — you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'merry Christmas!' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice — what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim, **laboriously**², as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet even after the hardest mental labor.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of **idiocy**³.

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you — sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet **scrutiny**³ some **inconsequential**² object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year — what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."