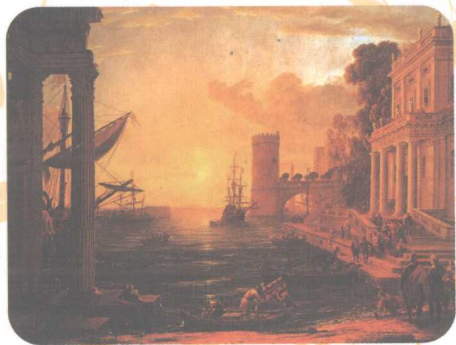


插图·中文导读英文版



The Gift of the Magi
麦琪的礼物

[美] 欧·亨利 著
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

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内 容 简 介

本书精选了美国著名作家欧·亨利的短篇小说 19 篇,其中包括《麦琪的礼物》《斯芬克斯的苹果》《最后一片叶子》《山外有山人外有人》和《一千美元》等世界短篇小说文学宝库中的经典名篇。这些世界公认的文学名著被译成各种文字,影响了一代又一代世界各地的读者,并且被改编成戏剧、电影、电视剧和卡通片等。无论作为语言学习的课本,还是作为通俗的文学读本,这些经典名篇对当代中国的读者都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况,进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平,在每篇的开始部分增加了中文导读。同时,为了让读者更好地理解故事内容,书中加入了大量插图。

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欧·亨利 (O. Henry, 1862—1910), 原名威廉·西德尼·波特 (William Sydney Porter), 美国著名短篇小说家, 被誉为“美国现代短篇小说之父”, 与莫泊桑、契诃夫并称为世界三大短篇小说之王。

1862年9月11日, 欧·亨利出生在美国北卡罗来纳州一个名叫格林斯波罗的小镇。他的一生极富传奇色彩, 3岁丧母, 15岁就走向社会, 从事过牧牛人、药剂师、会计员、土地局办事员、新闻记者、制图员、出纳员等职业; 创办过一份名为《滚石》的幽默周刊, 并在休斯敦一家日报上发表过幽默小说和趣闻轶事。1897年, 欧·亨利因挪用银行资金被判5年徒刑; 1901年, 因“行为良好”提前获释, 之后迁居纽约专门从事写作。

欧·亨利一生共创作了300多篇短篇小说, 分别收录在《白菜与国王》(1904)、《四百万》(1906)、《西部之心》(1907)、《市声》(1908)、《滚石》(1913) 短篇小说集中, 其中以描写纽约曼哈顿市民生活的作品最为著名, 因此被誉为“曼哈顿的桂冠诗人”。他的作品构思新颖, 语言诙谐, 结局常常出人意料; 又因描写了众多的人物, 富于生活情趣, 被称为“美国生活的幽默百科全书”。他的代表作, 如《爱的奉献》(A Service of Love)、《警察与颂歌》(The



Cop and the Anthem)、《带家具的房间》(The Furnished Room)、《麦琪的礼物》(The Gift of the Magi)、《最后一片叶子》(Last Leaf)等使他获得了世界声誉。欧·亨利还以擅长结尾闻名遐迩,美国文学界称之为“欧·亨利式的结尾”,他给美国的短篇小说带来新气息,他的作品因而久享盛名,并具有世界影响。1918年,美国设立了“欧·亨利纪念奖”,以奖励每年度的最佳短篇小说,由此可见其声望之卓著。

一个世纪以来,欧·亨利的小说在全世界产生了巨大的影响,始终拥有大量的读者。本书精选了他的19篇短篇小说,采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中,我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓,也尽可能保留原作的故事主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前,可以先阅读中文导读,这样有利于了解故事背景,从而加快阅读速度。同时,为了读者更好地理解故事内容,书中加入了大量的插图。我们相信,该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者,特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平,书中难免会有不当之处,衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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麦琪的礼物

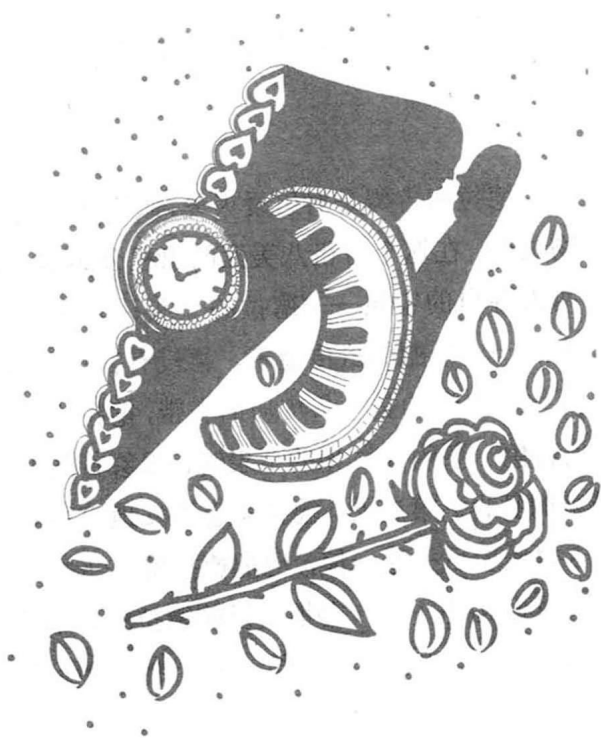
The Gift of the Magi



德拉和吉姆是对恩爱夫妻，眼下正在为圣诞节的礼物烦恼。在这个月租八美元的出租公寓里，夫妻俩除了两人各自的宝贝——德拉的一头让人羡慕的长发和吉姆的一块华丽的祖传金表，再没有其他值钱的东西了。

那块金表配的是一条皮质旧表带，德拉决定卖掉自己的秀发，给丈夫物色一条闪闪发光的金表链，想象着这美丽精致的礼物给丈夫带来的狂喜。第二天，德拉忐忑不安地等待着丈夫，既高兴又害怕。吉姆进屋后大吃一惊，他把德拉抱在怀里，从口袋里掏出送给德拉的圣诞礼物——一套很久以前德拉就看中的梳子。德拉欣喜万分，继而流泪。吉姆告诉德拉，为了给德拉买礼物，已把金表卖了。

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 the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until



梳子和金表带

one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony 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 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 squad. In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining 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, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming 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 grey cat walking a grey fence in a grey 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—something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier glass in an \$8 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal 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 Delia's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba 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 been the janitor, 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.

So now Delia'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 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: "Mme. 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. "Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practiced 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 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 fob chain simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation—as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she 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.

When Della reached home her intoxication 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 task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant 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 prayers 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 at the scent of quail. 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 off the table and went for him.

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my 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, 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.

"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 some inconsequential 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.”

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! A quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs—the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jeweled rims—just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: “My hair grows so fast, Jim!”

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, “Oh, oh!”

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to

flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

“Isn’t it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You’ll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it.”

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

“Dell,” said he, “let’s put our Christmas presents away and keep ’em a while. They’re too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on.”

The Magi, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the Magi.

我们选择的路

The Roads We Take



落日号特快列车正在加水的时候发生了抢劫。鲍勃、多德森和老约翰这三个抢劫犯一起，先持枪威胁司机，让他待命，接着来到其中一个车厢，击晕不知情的押运员，抢走了三万美元的黄金和现钞。在他们正奔向火车头打算逃离时，被击晕的押运员醒了过来，一枪打死了老约翰。鲍勃和多德森丢下同伴乘着火车头去了两公里以外的地方，然后骑马来到一处适合休息的宁静峡谷。鲍勃的马跌断了前腿，鲍勃毫不留情地开枪将马打死，便坐下来与多德森一起打开抢来的口袋，打算分赃。正当鲍勃兴致勃勃地说着自己的构想时，多德森却说自己很为被打死的马难过，鲍勃不以为意，一心想着两个人骑一匹马就可以离开，中途再抢一匹马。多德森再一次强调一匹马载不动两个人，然后拿出枪对准鲍勃，不顾鲍勃与他出生入死的交情，毫不留情地击毙了鲍勃，风驰电掣地携带赃款离开了——华尔街经纪人、公司老板多德森醒来，说自己做了个奇怪的梦。这时，机要秘书走进来通知说，他的老朋友威廉斯打算结算 XYZ 股票，他的老朋友可能会倾家荡产，现在只有多德森能救他了。多德森不顾秘书的提醒，命令按照现在 XYZ 的超低价结算给他。然后独自