

【 名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版 】



*The Selected Short Stories of Chekhov—The Man in a Case*

# 契诃夫短篇小说精选 ——套中人

[俄] 契诃夫 著  
黄晓源 等 编译

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## 内 容 简 介

本书精选了俄国著名作家契诃夫的短篇小说15篇,其中包括《在别墅里》《未婚妻》《文官之死》《套中人》《演说家》和《小人物》等短篇小说经典名篇。它们曾被翻译成各种文字,影响了一代又一代世界各地的读者,并且被改编成戏剧、电影和卡通片等。无论作为语言学习的课本,还是作为文学读本,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故事概况,进而提高英文阅读速度和阅读水平,在每篇的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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### 图书在版编目(CIP)数据

契诃夫短篇小说精选——套中人=The Selected Short Stories of Chekhov—The Man in a Case: 名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版/(俄)契诃夫著;黄晓源等编译. —北京:清华大学出版社,2014  
ISBN 978-7-302-35036-1

I. ①契… II. ①契… ②黄… III. ①英语—语言读物②短篇小说—小说集—俄罗斯—近代 IV. H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2014)第139726号

责任编辑:柴文强 李 晔

封面设计:傅瑞学

责任校对:胡伟民

责任印制:刘海龙

出版发行:清华大学出版社

网 址: <http://www.tup.com.cn>, <http://www.wqbook.com>

地 址:北京清华大学学研大厦A座 邮 编:100084

社总机:010-62770175 邮 购:010-62786544

投稿与读者服务:010-62776969, [c-service@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn](mailto:c-service@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn)

质 量 反 馈:010-62772015, [zhiliang@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn](mailto:zhiliang@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn)

印 刷 者:清华大学印刷厂

装 订 者:三河市新茂装订有限公司

经 销:全国新华书店

开 本:170mm×260mm 印 张:15.25 字 数:302千字

版 次:2014年10月第1版 印 次:2014年10月第1次印刷

印 数:1~3500

定 价:29.50元

# 前言

契诃夫，全名安东·巴甫洛维奇·契诃夫（Anton Pavlovich Chekhov, 1860—1904），19世纪俄国著名小说家、戏剧家、批判现实主义作家，与莫泊桑、欧·亨利并称为世界三大短篇小说之王。

1860年1月29日，契诃夫出生在俄罗斯罗斯托夫省塔甘罗格市的一个破落的小商人家庭。1879年契诃夫进入莫斯科医科大学学习，1884年大学毕业后在兹威尼哥罗德等地行医，广泛接触平民并了解了他们的生活，这为他日后的文学创作积累了大量素材。契诃夫自1880年开始文学创作。他写了大量短篇小说，同时还创作了多部剧本。他的早期作品多是短篇小说，如《胖子和瘦子》《文官之死》《苦恼》和《凡卡》等，主要都是表现小人物的不幸和软弱、劳动人民的悲惨生活和小市民的庸俗；而《变色龙》和《普里希别叶夫中士》则揭露了维护专制暴政的奴才及其专横跋扈的丑恶嘴脸，揭示出黑暗时代的反动精神特征。契诃夫后期的创作主要转向戏剧，主要作品有《伊凡诺夫》《海鸥》《万尼亚舅舅》《三姊妹》《樱桃园》，这些作品反映了俄国1905年大革命前夕的社会状态，大都取材于中等阶级的小人物。其剧作含有浓郁的抒情意味和丰富的潜台词，令人回味无穷。1904年7月15日，契诃夫因肺炎逝世。

契诃夫在俄国文学史乃至世界文学史上都占有非常重要的地位。列夫·托尔斯泰称他是一个“无与伦比的艺术家”。他的小说短小精悍、情节生动、笔调幽默、语言明快、寓意深刻。他善于从日常生活中发现具有典型意义的人和事，通过幽默可笑的情节进行艺术概括，塑造出完整的典型形象，以此来反映当时的俄国社会。一百多年来，他的作品已被翻译成世界上一百多种文字出版，至今



畅销不衰。契诃夫在我国也是影响最大的外国作家之一，鲁迅、赵景深、郑振铎等许多文学大家都曾翻译过他的作品；经典名篇《凡卡》《变色龙》《套中人》等在我国家喻户晓，并入选学生课本；教育部最新颁布的《普通高中语文课程标准》将其短篇小说指定为学生必读作品。

本书精选了契诃夫的15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。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。

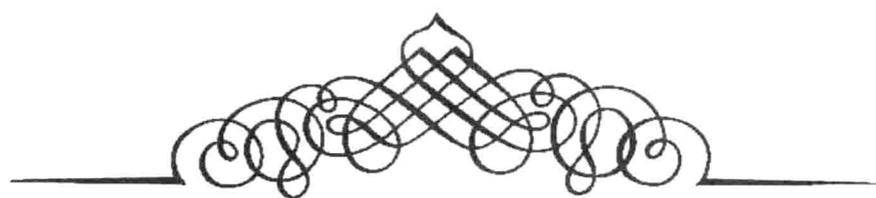
本书是中文导读英文名著系列丛书的一种，编写本系列丛书的另一个主要目的就是为准备参加英语国家留学考试的学生提供学习素材。对于留学考试，无论是SSAT、SAT还是TOEFL、GRE，要取得好的成绩，就必须了解西方的社会、历史、文化、生活等方面的背景知识，而阅读西方原版名著是了解这些知识最重要的手段之一。

作为专门从事英语考试培训、留学规划和留学申请指导的教育机构，啄木鸟教育支持编写的这套中文导读英文原版名著系列图书，可以使读者在欣赏世界原版名著的同时，了解西方的历史、文化、传统、价值观等，并提高英语阅读速度、阅读水平和写作能力，从而在TOEFL、雅思、SSAT、SAT、GRE、GMAT等考试中取得好的成绩，进而帮助读者成功申请到更好的国外学校。

本书中文导读内容由黄晓源编写。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有纪飞、赵雪、刘乃亚、蔡红昌、陈起永、熊红华、熊建国、程来川、徐平国、龚桂平、付泽新、熊志勇、胡贝贝、李军、宋亭、张灵羚、张玉瑶、付建平等。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。

啄木鸟教育（[www.zmnedu.com](http://www.zmnedu.com)）

2014年5月



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# 1. 薇洛奇卡

Verotchka



伊凡·亚历克斯耶奇·奥格涅夫一手抱着一大捆书和笔记本，另一只手拄着一根粗手杖，向房子的主人科兹涅佐夫辞别。科兹涅佐夫老人长须花白，站在门后，举灯为他照明。奥格涅夫情绪激动，借着酒劲，说了很多感激不尽的话，来表达他对科兹涅佐夫一家这些日子以来对他照顾的感谢。科兹涅佐夫是N县执委会主席，奥格涅夫此行是来N县进行统计工作调查的，而科兹涅佐夫对他的统计工作给予了莫大的帮助。

在门口告别以后，奥格涅夫向院门走去。葡萄酒的温暖下，他的心情快乐而恬适。他开始回忆他自春天来到N县以来，几乎每天都拜访好客的科兹涅佐夫一家，他将他们视为亲人，彼此已经相处得十分熟悉。此时深受感动的奥格涅夫，仍旧兴奋地想着，向院门走去。

在接近花园门口时，主人的女儿薇拉·加芙莉洛芙娜向他走来。他正想要向她辞行，此时见到她分外高兴。薇拉年方二十一岁，身材玲珑有致，有一头漂亮的卷发，穿着随意而富有情调，总是沉于幻想，以至时常流露出一种愁容。因此在奥格涅夫眼中，她是个十足的美女。

薇拉执意要送他，二人于是顺着大路走去。奥格涅夫心中稍微有些不情愿，因为想到还要把她送回家，但是他却露出了亲热的笑容对薇拉抒情，说这样美好浪漫的夜晚，他的人生竟然虚长二十九度年华，却没有过一次幽会，在这样美妙的林荫道和新鲜的空气中，简直



透过眼泪朝他微笑着

是令人难受。薇拉沉默着，只是问了他为什么会没有，他含糊糊地说可能是因为整日忙于工作。之后二人沉默前行，一直走了三百步的样子。其间他开始回忆，四月份的时候，自己如何不情愿地来到了这个小县城，但是却遇到了热情善良的执委会主席科兹涅佐夫一家。初次在科兹涅佐夫家里吃饭那种甜蜜温馨慵懒的心情。他又回忆起了他参加过的郊游、野餐和垂钓，还有参观和拜访过的修道院长。

不一会儿他们走到了小桥边。他叫她回去，但是她提议坐一会。奥格涅夫开始设想再过十年之后他们突然相遇会是什么情形，彼此将成为什么样子？此时，薇拉的身子抖了一下，终于转过脸来——可以看得出，一路上薇拉是为了掩饰她的激动而一直躲避他的眼光。她变得吞吞吐吐、欲言又止，脸上露出痛苦的表情，并开始轻声哭泣，语言是断断续续的喃喃细语。奥格涅夫变得手足无措，不知道该怎么办才好。他想好好安慰一下她，于是把姑娘的手从她的脸上移开，这时，看到她终于透过眼泪朝他微笑了，终于结结巴巴地说出了她的心声，那便是她爱他。

这本是一句很平常的话，但当真的听到这倾诉衷肠、真挚的话时，奥格涅夫却大为慌张，他起身躲开了薇拉，并甚至到了阵阵恐惧。而当薇拉终于把这严肃的话说出来之后，反倒大为畅快，开始滔滔不绝地说起话来。她讲到她是多么的崇拜他，他出众的风度学识和善良智慧将她深深吸引，令她着迷和疯狂；还说能见到他、跟他走是她莫大的幸福，她不想再待在这个地方，她无法忍受这里一成不变的安宁、浑浑噩噩的生活和苍白的人群，她向往外面的世界。薇拉说话的时，奥格涅夫却感到了对薇拉的怜悯和深深的自责，除了尴尬之外，他不知道说什么。奥格涅夫依然无言以对，但又不能继续沉默，就开始喃喃地说，他认为幸福和感情应该建立在平等的基础上，应该彼此相爱，两厢情愿，他非常尊重她，因此请求她的原谅……但此话一出，他立即后悔和羞愧。

薇拉听到此，便像受到了刺激地一转身，逃也似地往回走去。奥格涅夫追上了她，但她拒绝他再送她回去，他就这样满怀负疚感的跟在后面，进行着各种的心理斗争：时而埋怨自己愚蠢冷酷，伤害了这位美丽的姑娘；时而安慰自己说爱情总不能勉强；时而又开始体会薇拉此时是多么的难堪和痛苦。一路上他注视着薇拉美好的形象和可爱的气质，无法相信，这么一位自己钟爱的姑娘，在终于向他倾诉衷肠

的时刻，居然被自己生硬和笨拙地拒绝了！

走到篱笆门口，薇拉瞟了他一眼，便快步走了回去。奥格涅夫心情痛苦，独自一人慢慢往回走。路上，他开始沉思自己为何会变得如此冷酷无情，懊悔着自己的心灵蜕化，未老先衰。他跟了进去，站在薇拉的窗下，深深地叹了口气，离开了花园。

一小时以后，奥格涅夫筋疲力尽地回到了城里的旅馆中，瘫坐在床上，良久，摇了摇头，开始整理自己的行装。

*I*van alexeyitch ognev remembers how on that August evening he opened the glass door with a rattle and went out on to the verandah. He was wearing a light Inverness cape and a wide-brimmed straw hat, the very one that was lying with his top-boots in the dust under his bed. In one hand he had a big bundle of books and notebooks, in the other a thick knotted stick.

Behind the door, holding the lamp to show the way, stood the master of the house, Kuznetsov, a bald old man with a long grey beard, in a snow-white pique jacket. The old man was smiling cordially and nodding his head.

“Good-bye, old fellow!” said Ognev.

Kuznetsov put the lamp on a little table and went out to the verandah. Two long narrow shadows moved down the steps towards the flower-beds, swayed to and fro, and leaned their heads on the trunks of the lime-trees.

“Good-bye and once more thank you, my dear fellow!” said Ivan Alexeyitch. “Thank you for your welcome, for your kindness, for your affection... I shall never forget your hospitality as long as I live. You are so good, and your daughter is so good, and everyone here is so kind, so good-humoured and friendly... Such a splendid set of people that I don’t know how to say what I feel!”

From excess of feeling and under the influence of the home-made wine he had just drunk, Ognev talked in a singing voice like a divinity student, and was so touched that he expressed his feelings not so much by words as by the blinking of his eyes and the twitching of his shoulders. Kuznetsov, who had also drunk a good deal and was touched, craned forward to the

young man and kissed him.

“I’ve grown as fond of you as if I were your dog,” Ognev went on. “I’ve been turning up here almost every day; I’ve stayed the night a dozen times. It’s dreadful to think of all the home-made wine I’ve drunk. And thank you most of all for your cooperation and help. Without you I should have been busy here over my statistics till October. I shall put in my preface: ‘I think it my duty to express my gratitude to the President of the District Zemstvo of N — , Kuznetsov, for his kind cooperation.’ There is a brilliant future before statistics! My humble respects to Vera Gavrilovna, and tell the doctors, both the lawyers and your secretary, that I shall never forget their help! And now, old fellow, let us embrace one another and kiss for the last time!”

Ognev, limp with emotion, kissed the old man once more and began going down the steps. On the last step he looked round and asked: “Shall we meet again some day?”

“God knows!” said the old man. “Most likely not!”

“Yes, that’s true! Nothing will tempt you to Petersburg and I am never likely to turn up in this district again. Well, good-bye!”

“You had better leave the books behind!” Kuznetsov called after him. “You don’t want to drag such a weight with you. I would send them by a servant tomorrow!”

But Ognev was rapidly walking away from the house and was not listening. His heart, warmed by the wine, was brimming over with good-humour, friendliness, and sadness. He walked along thinking how frequently one met with good people, and what a pity it was that nothing was left of those meetings but memories. At times one catches a glimpse of cranes on the horizon, and a faint gust of wind brings their plaintive, ecstatic cry, and a minute later, however greedily one scans the blue distance, one cannot see a speck nor catch a sound; and like that, people with their faces and their words flit through our lives and are drowned in the past, leaving nothing except faint traces in the memory. Having been in the N — District from the early spring, and having been almost every day at the friendly Kuznetsovs’, Ivan Alexeyitch had become as much at home with the old man, his daughter, and the servants as though they were his own people;

he had grown familiar with the whole house to the smallest detail, with the cosy verandah, the windings of the avenues, the silhouettes of the trees over the kitchen and the bath-house; but as soon as he was out of the gate all this would be changed to memory and would lose its meaning as reality for ever, and in a year or two all these dear images would grow as dim in his consciousness as stories he had read or things he had imagined.

“Nothing in life is so precious as people!” Ognev thought in his emotion, as he strode along the avenue to the gate. “Nothing!”

It was warm and still in the garden. There was a scent of the mignonette, of the tobacco-plants, and of the heliotrope, which were not yet over in the flower-beds. The spaces between the bushes and the tree-trunks were filled with a fine soft mist soaked through and through with moonlight, and, as Ognev long remembered, coils of mist that looked like phantoms slowly but perceptibly followed one another across the avenue. The moon stood high above the garden, and below it transparent patches of mist were floating eastward. The whole world seemed to consist of nothing but black silhouettes and wandering white shadows. Ognev, seeing the mist on a moonlight August evening almost for the first time in his life, imagined he was seeing, not nature, but a stage effect in which unskilful workmen, trying to light up the garden with white Bengal fire, hid behind the bushes and let off clouds of white smoke together with the light.

When Ognev reached the garden gate a dark shadow moved away from the low fence and came towards him.

“Vera Gavrilovna!” he said, delighted. “You here? And I have been looking everywhere for you; wanted to say good-bye... Good-bye; I am going away!”

“So early? Why, it’s only eleven o’clock.”

“Yes, it’s time I was off. I have a four-mile walk and then my packing. I must be up early tomorrow.”

Before Ognev stood Kuznetsov’s daughter Vera, a girl of one-and-twenty, as usual melancholy, carelessly dressed, and attractive. Girls who are dreamy and spend whole days lying down, lazily reading whatever they come across, who are bored and melancholy, are usually careless in their

dress. To those of them who have been endowed by nature with taste and an instinct of beauty, the slight carelessness adds a special charm. When Ognev later on remembered her, he could not picture pretty Verotchka except in a full blouse which was crumpled in deep folds at the belt and yet did not touch her waist; without her hair done up high and a curl that had come loose from it on her forehead; without the knitted red shawl with ball fringe at the edge which hung disconsolately on Vera's shoulders in the evenings, like a flag on a windless day, and in the daytime lay about, crushed up, in the hall near the men's hats or on a box in the dining-room, where the old cat did not hesitate to sleep on it. This shawl and the folds of her blouse suggested a feeling of freedom and laziness, of good-nature and sitting at home. Perhaps because Vera attracted Ognev he saw in every frill and button something warm, naïve, cosy, something nice and poetical, just what is lacking in cold, insincere women that have no instinct for beauty.

Verotchka had a good figure, a regular profile, and beautiful curly hair. Ognev, who had seen few women in his life, thought her a beauty.

"I am going away," he said as he took leave of her at the gate. "Don't remember evil against me! Thank you for everything!"

In the same singing divinity student's voice in which he had talked to her father, with the same blinking and twitching of his shoulders, he began thanking Vera for her hospitality, kindness, and friendliness.

"I've written about you in every letter to my mother," he said. "If everyone were like you and your dad, what a jolly place the world would be! You are such a splendid set of people! All such genuine, friendly people with no nonsense about you."

"Where are you going to now?" asked Vera.

"I am going now to my mother's at Oryol; I shall be a fortnight with her, and then back to Petersburg and work."

"And then?"

"And then? I shall work all the winter and in the spring go somewhere into the provinces again to collect material. Well, be happy, live a hundred years... don't remember evil against me. We shall not see each other again."

Ognev stooped down and kissed Vera's hand. Then, in silent emotion,



he straightened his cape, shifted his bundle of books to a more comfortable position, paused, and said:

“What a lot of mist!”

“Yes. Have you left anything behind?”

“No, I don’t think so ...”

For some seconds Ognev stood in silence, then he moved clumsily towards the gate and went out of the garden.

“Stay; I’ll see you as far as our wood,” said Vera, following him out.

They walked along the road. Now the trees did not obscure the view, and one could see the sky and the distance. As though covered with a veil all nature was hidden in a transparent, colourless haze through which her beauty peeped gaily; where the mist was thicker and whiter it lay heaped unevenly about the stones, stalks, and bushes or drifted in coils over the road, clung close to the earth and seemed trying not to conceal the view. Through the haze they could see all the road as far as the wood, with dark ditches at the sides and tiny bushes which grew in the ditches and caught the straying wisps of mist. Half a mile from the gate they saw the dark patch of Kuznetsov’s wood.

“Why has she come with me? I shall have to see her back,” thought Ognev, but looking at her profile he gave a friendly smile and said: “One doesn’t want to go away in such lovely weather. It’s quite a romantic evening, with the moon, the stillness, and all the etceteras. Do you know, Vera Gavrilovna, here I have lived twenty-nine years in the world and never had a romance. No romantic episode in my whole life, so that I only know by hearsay of rendezvous, ‘avenues of sighs,’ and kisses. It’s not normal! In town, when one sits in one’s lodgings, one does not notice the blank, but here in the fresh air one feels it... One resents it!”

“Why is it?”

“I don’t know. I suppose I’ve never had time, or perhaps it was I have never met women who... In fact, I have very few acquaintances and never go anywhere.”

For some three hundred paces the young people walked on in silence. Ognev kept glancing at Verotchka’s bare head and shawl, and days of spring

and summer rose to his mind one after another. It had been a period when far from his grey Petersburg lodgings, enjoying the friendly warmth of kind people, nature, and the work he loved, he had not had time to notice how the sunsets followed the glow of dawn, and how, one after another foretelling the end of summer, first the nightingale ceased singing, then the quail, then a little later the landrail. The days slipped by unnoticed, so that life must have been happy and easy. He began calling aloud how reluctantly he, poor and unaccustomed to change of scene and society, had come at the end of April to the N — District, where he had expected dreariness, loneliness, and indifference to statistics, which he considered was now the foremost among the sciences. When he arrived on an April morning at the little town of N — he had put up at the inn kept by Ryabuhin, the Old Believer, where for twenty kopecks a day they had given him a light, clean room on condition that he should not smoke indoors. After resting and finding who was the president of the District Zemstvo, he had set off at once on foot to Kuznetsov. He had to walk three miles through lush meadows and young copses. Larks were hovering in the clouds, filling the air with silvery notes, and rooks flapping their wings with sedate dignity floated over the green cornland.

“Good heavens!” Ognev had thought in wonder; “can it be that there’s always air like this to breathe here, or is this scent only today, in honour of my coming?”

Expecting a cold business-like reception, he went in to Kuznetsov’s diffidently, looking up from under his eyebrows and shyly pulling his beard. At first Kuznetsov wrinkled up his brows and could not understand what use the Zemstvo could be to the young man and his statistics; but when the latter explained at length what was material for statistics and how such material was collected, Kuznetsov brightened, smiled, and with childish curiosity began looking at his notebooks. On the evening of the same day Ivan Alexeyitch was already sitting at supper with the Kuznetsovs, was rapidly becoming exhilarated by their strong home-made wine, and looking at the calm faces and lazy movements of his new acquaintances, felt all over that sweet, drowsy indolence which makes one want to sleep and stretch