

FIVE SHORT STORIES

by O. Henry

奧亨利

短篇小說選



中英對照

金帶譯萃叢書

今日世界社出版

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### **奧亨利短篇小說選**

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## The Ransom of Red Chief

It looked like a good thing: But wait till I tell you. We were down South, in Alabama—Bill Driscoll and myself—when this kidnapping idea struck us. It was, as Bill afterward expressed it, “during a moment of temporary mental apparition”; but we didn’t find that out till later.

There was a town down there, as flat as a flannel cake, and called Summit, of course. It contained inhabitants of as undeleterious and self-satisfied a class of peasantry as ever clustered around a Maypole.

Bill and me had a joint capital of about six hundred dollars, and we needed just two thousand dollars more to pull off a fraudulent town-lot scheme in Western Illinois with. We talked it over on the front steps of the hotel. Philoprogenitiveness, says we, is strong in semi-rural communities; therefore, and for other reasons, a kidnapping project ought to do better there than in the radius of newspapers that send reporters out in plain clothes to stir up talk about such things. We knew that Summit couldn’t get after us with anything stronger than constables and, maybe, some lackadaisical bloodhounds and a diatribe or two in the *Weekly Farmers’ Budget*. So it looked good.

## 紅酋長的贖金

事情看似很好：不過待我告訴你始末詳情再說吧。我們——比爾·德利斯高爾和我——在南部，在阿拉巴馬州忽然想起綁架這勾當來。就像比爾後來所說的「精神上一度爲鬼魅所乘」；但也是過後才體會到。

那裏有個小鎮，低平得像一塊薄餅，却居然叫做絕頂鎮。居民務農，人人知足，安份守己，比起任何在五月節裏、繞着花柱舞蹈的農人，都要樂天知命。

比爾和我共有六百元資本，只差兩千元便可用計把西伊里諾市區的地皮騙到手。我們在旅館前的台階上商談。我們說，在半農業社會，人們大都疼愛子孫，重視親情；所以，爲了這原因，也爲了別的原因，在這裏幹綁架的勾當，要比在新聞事業發達、報館會派出便衣的記者、煽動大眾談論這種事情的地方好些。至於絕頂鎮，最厲害也不過派些警察，或者放出幾隻無精打采的獵犬來追捕，加上農民每週彙報上一兩篇詈罵的文章吧了。所以，情勢看來似很有利。

## *The Ransom of Red Chief*

We selected for our victim the only child of a prominent citizen named Ebenezer Dorset. The father was respectable and tight, a mortgage fancier and a stern, upright collection-plate passer and forecloser. The kid was a boy of ten, with bas-relief freckles, and hair the color of the cover of the magazine you buy at the news-stand when you want to catch a train. Bill and me figured that Ebenezer would melt down for a ransom of two thousand dollars to a cent. But wait till I tell you.

About two miles from Summit was a little mountain, covered with a dense cedar brake. On the rear elevation of this mountain was a cave. There we stored provisions.

One evening after sundown, we drove in a buggy past old Dorset's house. The kid was in the street, throwing rocks at a kitten on the opposite fence.

"Hey, little boy!" says Bill, "would you like to have a bag of candy and a nice ride?"

The boy catches Bill neatly in the eye with a piece of brick.

"That will cost the old man an extra five hundred dollars," says Bill, climbing over the wheel.

That boy put up a fight like a welterweight cinnamon bear; but at last we got him down in the bottom of the buggy and drove away. We took him up to the cave, and I hitched the horse in the cedar brake. After dark I drove the buggy to the little village, three miles away, where we had hired it, and walked back to the mountain.



我們看上了一位頗具聲名的市民厄賓尼撒·鐸瑟的獨子。老子很夠體面，但生性吝嗇，好抵押，在教堂時一本正經地傳遞奉獻的銀盤，卻又取消別人贖取抵押品的權利。男孩子十歲大，滿臉是半浮突的雀斑，頭髮的顏色，就像趕乘火車時，從報攤買的雜誌封面的顏色。比爾和我以為厄賓尼撒會把二千元贖金，一分錢也不少，悉數奉上。不過待我告訴你再說吧。

距絕頂鎮約二哩，有座小山，滿佈濃密的杉林。山後有洞，可以儲藏糧食。

日落後，傍晚時分，我們駕着輕馬車，行經鐸瑟老先生門前。小孩正在街上，向對面籬笆上的小貓擲石子。

「噯，小傢伙！」比爾說：「你要不要一包糖菓？要不要坐馬車？」

男孩扔了一塊磚塊，不偏不倚地剛好擊中比爾的眼睛。

「這樣老頭子就得多付五百塊錢了。」比爾說，跨過車輪爬下車來。

那男孩打鬥起來像頭重量級的大黑熊；但我們終於把他逮住，按在車廂底下，駕車而去。把他帶返山洞以後，我把馬拴在杉林裏。天抹黑，我就驅車到三哩外的小村，還了租來的車子，步行回山。

## *The Ransom of Red Chief*

Bill was pasting court plaster over the scratches and bruises on his features. There was a fire burning behind the big rock at the entrance of the cave, and the boy was watching a pot of boiling coffee, with two buzzard tail feathers stuck in his red hair. He points a stick at me when I come up, and says:

"Ha! cursed paleface, do you dare to enter the camp of Red Chief, the terror of the plains?"

"He's all right now," says Bill, rolling up his trousers and examining some bruises on his shins. "We're playing Indian. We're making Buffalo Bill's show look like magic-lantern views of Palestine in the town hall. I'm Old Hank, the Trapper, Red Chief's captive, and I'm to be scalped at daybreak. By Geronimo! that kid can kick hard."

Yes, sir, that boy seemed to be having the time of his life. The fun of camping out in a cave had made him forget that he was a captive himself. He immediately christened me Snake-eye, the Spy, and announced that, when his braves returned from the warpath, I was to be broiled at the stake at the rising of the sun.

Then we had supper; and he filled his mouth full of bacon and bread and gravy, and began to talk. He made a during-dinner speech something like this:

"I like this fine. I never camped out before; but I had a pet 'possum once, and I was nine last birthday. I hate to go to school. Rats ate up sixteen of Jimmy Talbot's aunt's speckled hen's eggs. Are there any real Indians in these woods?"

比爾傷痕纍纍，正在貼橡皮膏。洞口的大石後面燒了一個火堆，男孩在紅髮裏插了兩根鵬尾毛，正在望着一壺煮沸的咖啡。當我回去時，他用樹枝指着我說：

「嘿！可惡的白人，你居然胆敢闖入平原惡霸紅酋長的營幕？」

「他現在好了，」比爾說，捲起褲子，察看脛骨上的傷痕。「我們在玩印第安人的遊戲。比起我們的表演來，水牛比爾的戲，看起來正像市政廳放映的巴勒斯坦幻燈圖片。我扮演老韓克，是個裝陷阱捕鳥獸的人，給紅酋長俘擄了，天亮時就要給他剝去頭皮。我的天！那孩子踢起來可真夠瞧的。」

是的，那孩子好像玩得寫意極了。在山洞露營的妙處，使他忘記了自己身為俘虜。他馬上給我取了個名字，叫作蛇眼，是間諜，同時宣佈：等他的勇士戰罷歸來，在日出時分，就要把我活活燒死。

然後我們同進晚餐；他滿口填塞了鹹肉、麵包、肉汁，這才開始講話。他在席上的演講大致如此：

「我喜歡這種生活。我從未露營過；但我養過袋鼠，我過了九歲的生日。我頂討厭上學。詹美·托爾勃的姨母養的花毛雞生下的蛋，有十六只給老鼠喫了。這些樹林裏有沒有真的印第安人？我還要些肉汁。是不是樹木搖擺，所以刮起風來？我

### *The Ransom of Red Chief*

I want some more gravy. Does the trees moving make the wind blow? We had five puppies. What makes your nose so red, Hank? My father has lots of money. Are the stars hot? I whipped Ed Walker twice, Saturday. I don't like girls. You dassent catch toads unless with a string. Do oxen make any noise? Why are oranges round? Have you got beds to sleep on in this cave? Amos Murray has got six toes. A parrot can talk, but a monkey or a fish can't. How many does it take to make twelve?"

Every few minutes he would remember that he was a pesky redskin, and pick up his stick rifle and tiptoe to the mouth of the cave to rubber for the scouts of the hated paleface. Now and then he would let out a war whoop that made Old Hank the Trapper shiver. That boy had Bill terrorized from the start.

"Red Chief," says I to the kid, "would you like to go home?"

"Aw, what for?" says he. "I don't have any fun at home. I hate to go to school. I like to camp out. You won't take me back home again, Snake-eye, will you?"

"Not right away," says I. "We'll stay here in the cave awhile."

"All right!" says he. "That'll be fine. I never had such fun in all my life."

We went to bed about eleven o'clock. We spread down some wide blankets and quilts and put Red Chief between us.

家有五隻小狗。韓克，你的鼻子爲什麼這麼紅？我爸爸很有錢。星星是不是熱的？星期六我打敗了愛·渥爾卡兩次。我不喜歡女孩子。只有用繩子才捉到蟾蜍。母牛叫不叫出聲？橘子爲什麼是圓的？這個山洞裏有沒有床可以睡覺？阿默斯·墨累有六隻腳趾。鸚鵡會講話，但猴子和魚兒不會。要多少才夠十二？」

每隔幾分鐘，他就記起自己是個討厭的紅番，於是拿起樹枝長槍，用足尖走到洞口，窺探可恨的白人所派出的探子。不時，又發出衝鋒陷陣的吶喊，使老韓克顫抖起來。那孩子從開始時就把比爾嚇壞了。

「紅酋長，」我對孩子說，「你要不要回家？」

「呵，回家幹嗎？」他說。「在家裏沒什意思。我討厭上學。我喜歡露營。蛇眼，你不要帶我回家，你會嗎？」

「不是現在就回去，」我說。「我們暫時住在山洞裏。」

「好得很！」他說。「這樣很好，我從來沒有玩得這麼開心過。」

我們十一點鐘睡覺，把寬濶的氈子和被褥鋪在地上，讓紅酋長睡在我們之間。我們不怕他逃走。他折騰了三個鐘頭，使

## *The Ransom of Red Chief*

We weren't afraid he'd run away. He kept us awake for three hours, jumping up and reaching for his rifle and screeching: "Hist! pard," in mine and Bill's ears, as the fancied crackle of a twig or the rustle of a leaf revealed to his young imagination the stealthy approach of the outlaw band. At last, I fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamed that I had been kidnapped and chained to a tree by a ferocious pirate with red hair.

Just at daybreak, I was awakened by a series of awful screams from Bill. They weren't yells, or howls, or shouts, or whoops, or yawps, such as you'd expect from a manly set of vocal organs—they were simply indecent, terrifying, humiliating screams, such as women emit when they see ghosts or caterpillars. It's an awful thing to hear a strong, desperate, fat man scream incontinently in a cave at daybreak.

I jumped up to see what the matter was. Red Chief was sitting on Bill's chest, with one hand twined in Bill's hair. In the other he had the sharp case knife we used for slicing bacon; and he was industriously and realistically trying to take Bill's scalp, according to the sentence that had been pronounced upon him the evening before.

I got the knife away from the kid and made him lie down again. But, from that moment, Bill's spirit was broken. He lay down on his side of the bed, but he never closed an eye again in sleep as long as that boy was with us. I dozed off for a while, but along toward sunup I remembered that Red

我們都睡不着，每次隱約聽到風吹草動的聲響，他便以為賊衆到來偷襲，跳起來，檢起長槍，在我和比爾的耳邊尖叫：「嘻！拍。」後來我終於矇矓入睡，睡夢裏也不安寧，夢見自己給兇惡的紅髮海盜綁架了，鎖在樹上。

天剛亮，我就給比爾連續不斷的、可怕的尖叫聲吵醒。那聲音，不像是人類發聲器官所發出的，不是叫，不是嚷，不是怒號，也不是吶喊——只是不雅、可怕而丟臉的大叫，就像女人看見鬼或毛蟲時發出的尖叫聲。聽見這樣一個強壯肥大的漢子，天亮時分在洞中毫無節制地大叫，是多麼可怕的事情。

我跳起來，看看到底出了什麼事。原來紅酋長正坐在比爾的胸膛上，一手絡住比爾的頭髮。另一隻手握着我們割鹹肉的尖刀，正在千辛萬苦，認真從事地要剝比爾的頭皮，以執行昨晚宣判的刑罰。

我拿開刀子，強迫他重行躺下。但從此比爾便洩了氣。他躺在自己那邊床上，只要那男孩在旁邊，就沒閉過眼睛。我打了一回瞌睡，但快要到日出時候，記起紅酋長說過日出時要把

*The Ransom of Red Chief*

Chief had said I was to be burned at the stake at the rising of the sun. I wasn't nervous or afraid; but I sat up and lit my pipe and leaned against a rock.

"What you getting up so soon for, Sam?" asked Bill.

"Me?" says I. "Oh, I got a kind of pain in my shoulder. I thought sitting up would rest it."

"You're a liar!" says Bill. "You're afraid. You was to be burned at sunrise, and you was afraid he'd do it. And he would, too, if he could find a match. Ain't it awful, Sam? Do you think anybody will pay out money to get a little imp like that back home?"

"Sure," said I. "A rowdy kid like that is just the kind that parents dote on. Now, you and the Chief get up and cook breakfast, while I go up on the top of this mountain and reconnoitre."

I went up on the peak of the little mountain and ran my eye over the contiguous vicinity. Over towards Summit I expected to see the sturdy yeomanry of the village armed with scythes and pitchforks beating the countryside for the dastardly kidnappers. But what I saw was a peaceful landscape dotted with one man ploughing with a dun mule. Nobody was dragging the creek; no couriers dashed hither and yon, bringing tidings of no news to the distracted parents. There was a sylvan attitude of somnolent sleepiness pervading that section of the external outward surface of Alabama that lay exposed to my view. "Perhaps," says I to myself, "it has not yet been



我燒死。我並非神經緊張，也不是害怕；但是我坐起來，點上煙斗，靠着一塊大石。

「森姆，這麼早起來幹嗎？」比爾問。

「我嗎？」我說。「啊，我的肩膀有點疼。坐起來好過一點。」

「你在扯謊！」比爾說：「你害怕了。日出時你就要給火燒死，你怕他真的幹得出來。他要是能找到火柴，真會幹得出來。森姆，事情不是很糟糕嗎？你想誰願意花錢把頑皮鬼領回家去？」

「當然願意，」我說。「父母最寵愛的，就是這種吵吵鬧鬧的孩子。現在你和酋長起來弄早餐吧，我上山頂去偵察一下。」

我登上小山的山峯，瀏覽鄰近四周。接近絕頂鎮那邊，我以爲會看見壯健的農民，手執鐮刀和乾草叉作爲武器，踏遍郊外，找尋卑怯的綁匪。可是映入眼底的卻是一片寧謐的景物，只有一個男人趕着灰褐色的騾子在耕地。沒有人在小河裏打撈；也沒有人快馬報訊，向心煩意亂的父母報告探聽不到消息。視野以內的阿拉巴馬州這一部份，表面上，都籠罩着田園間沉沉欲睡的氣氛。「也許，」我自言自語，「他們還沒有發