



The Brothers Karamazov 卡拉马佐夫兄弟 (下)

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carefully looked on purpose to see, in passing. At last he reached the bushes and hid behind them. He held his breath. 'I must wait now,' he thought, 'to reassure them, in case they heard my footsteps and are listening... if only I don't cough or sneeze.'

He waited two minutes. His heart was beating violently, and, at moments, he could scarcely breathe. 'No, this throbbing at my heart won't stop,' he thought. 'I can't wait any longer.' He was standing behind a bush in the shadow. The light of the window fell on the front part of the bush.

'How red the whitebeam berries are!' he murmured, not knowing why. Softly and noiselessly, step by step, he approached the window, and raised himself on tiptoe. All Fyodor Pavlovitch's bedroom lay open before him. It was not a large room, and was divided in two parts by a red screen, 'Chinese,' as Fyodor Pavlovitch used to call it. The word 'Chinese' flashed into Mitya's mind, 'and behind the screen, is Grushenka,' thought Mitya. He began watching Fyodor Pavlovitch who was wearing his new striped - silk dressing - gown, which Mitya had never seen, and a silk cord with tassels round the waist. A clean, dandified shirt of fine linen with gold studs peeped out under the collar of the dressing - gown. On his head Fyodor Pavlovitch had the same red bandage which Alyosha had seen.

'He has got himself up,' thought Mitya.

His father was standing near the window, apparently lost in thought. Suddenly he jerked up his head, listened a moment, and hearing nothing went up to the table, poured out half a glass of brandy from a decanter and drank it off. Then he uttered a deep sigh, again stood still a moment, walked carelessly up to the looking - glass on the wall, with his right hand raised the red bandage on his forehead a little, and began examining his bruises and scars, which had not yet disappeared.

'He's alone,' thought Mitya, 'in all probability he's alone.'

Fyodor Pavlovitch moved away from the looking - glass, turned suddenly to the window and looked out.

敢出。“现在必须先等一会儿,”他想,“如果他们刚刚听见了我的脚步声,现在正在那里侧耳倾听,那就让他们安一安心,……只是但愿不要咳嗽,不要打喷嚏。……”

他静等了两分钟光景,但是他的心跳得厉害,有时候跳得简直仿佛喘不过气来。“不行,心跳老不停,”他想,“我实在等不下去了。”他站在灌木丛后面的黑影里,树丛的前面一部分被窗内的灯光照亮着。

“雪球花果,红莓果,多么红呀!”他喃喃地说,自己也不知道为什么这样说。他悄然无声地一步步走到窗前,踮起脚尖。费多尔·巴夫洛维奇的卧室清清楚楚地整个显现在他的眼前。这是一间不大的房间,当中用一道红色的、费多尔·巴夫洛维奇称之为“中国式”的屏风把整间屋子隔开。“中国式的屏风,”米卡的脑子里掠过这个念头,“格鲁申卡就在那屏风后面。”他开始观察费多尔·巴夫洛维奇。他穿了一件带条子的新的绸睡衣,腰间系着一根带穗的丝带,米卡还从来没有看见他穿过这件衣服。睡衣领口里露出干净、讲究的内衣,荷兰细布衬衫,上面缀着金钮扣。费多尔·巴夫洛维奇的头上还是戴着阿辽沙看见过的红头巾。

“打扮了一番。”米卡想。

费多尔·巴夫洛维奇站在窗旁,显然在那里凝想。他忽然抬起头稍为倾听了一会儿,没有听到什么,就走到桌边,从酒瓶里倒了半杯白兰地,喝干了。随后他发出了深深的叹息,又站了一会,无精打采地走到墙上的穿衣镜前,用右手把红头巾从额上微微掀起一点,开始察看他那还没有消下去的紫血印和创痕。

“他一个人在家,”米卡想,“大概是一个人。”

费多尔·巴夫洛维奇离开镜子,忽然转身向窗,朝外张望。米卡立刻跳到阴影里

Mitya instantly slipped away into the shadow.

“She may be there behind the screen. Perhaps she’s asleep by now,” he thought, with a pang at his heart. Fyodor Pavlovitch moved away from the window. “He’s looking for her out of the window, so she’s not there. Why should he stare out into the dark? He’s wild with impatience.” . . . Mitya slipped back at once, and fell to gazing in at the window again. The old man was sitting down at the table, apparently disappointed. At last he put his elbow on the table, and laid his right cheek against his hand. Mitya watched him eagerly.

“He’s alone, he’s alone!” he repeated again. “If she were here, his face would be different.”

Strange to say, a queer, irrational vexation rose up in his heart that she was not here. “It’s not that she’s not here,” he explained to himself, immediately, “but that I can’t tell for certain whether she is or not.” Mitya remembered afterwards that his mind was at that moment exceptionally clear, that he took in everything to the slightest detail, and missed no point. But a feeling of misery, the misery of uncertainty and indecision, was growing in his heart with every instant. “Is she here or not?” The angry doubt filled his heart, and suddenly, making up his mind, he put out his hand and softly knocked on the window frame. He knocked the signal the old man had agreed upon with Smerdyakov, twice slowly and then three times more quickly, the signal that meant “Grushenka is here!”

The old man started, jerked up his head, and, jumping up quickly, ran to the window. Mitya slipped away into the shadow. Fyodor Pavlovitch opened the window and thrust his whole head out.

“Grushenka, is it you? Is it you?” he said, in a sort of trembling half-whisper. “Where are you, my angel, where are you?” He was fearfully agitated and breathless.

“He’s alone,” Mitya decided.

“Where are you?” cried the old man again; and he thrust his head out farther, thrust it out to the shoulders, gazing in all directions, right and left. “Come

去。

“她也许在屏风后面,也许已经睡了。”他的心里象被针扎了一下。费多尔·巴夫洛维奇离开了窗子。“他是在窗前张望她,这么说,她不在里面;要不然,他为什么往黑暗里瞧呢?……看来心里一定正在等得不耐烦。……”米卡立刻又跳过来,朝窗里窥视。老人已经坐在小桌前面,显然露出忧郁的样子,后来胳膊肘支在桌子上,用右掌托着腮。米卡贪婪地细看着。

“一个人,一个人。”他又一次断定。“假使她在这儿,他的脸色不会这样的。”

说来奇怪:他的心里突然因为她不在而涌起一种奇怪而不可思议的懊丧。“并不是因为她不在,”米卡觉察到了这种心情,立刻自己解释说,“而是因为这样就仍旧无法确切地弄明白她究竟在不在里面。”据米卡以后自己回忆,他当时的脑子是异常清楚的,对一切事情都能算得十分周到,不放过每一个细节。但是烦恼,由于看不清和捉摸不透而引起的烦恼,很快地在他的心里变得越来越强烈。“她到底在里面不在里面呢?”他的心里急得发狠。他突然下定决心,伸出手去,轻轻地敲起窗框来。他敲出老人同斯麦尔佳科夫约定的暗号:先是两下慢的,接着是三下快的:笃、笃、笃,这个暗号是表示“格鲁申卡来了”。

老人哆嗦了一下,猛地抬起头,迅速跳了起来,跑到窗前。米卡立刻跳进了阴影里。费多尔·巴夫洛维奇开开窗子,把整个头都探了出来。

“格鲁申卡,是你?是你么?”他用有点发抖的声音悄悄地说,“你在哪儿,我的乖乖,我的天使,你在哪儿?”他激动极了,连气都喘不过来。

“是一个人!”米卡心里断定。

“你在哪儿呀?”老人又喊着,把头更探出来些,连肩膀也伸在外面,向四面八方前后左右地张望着。“快来呀。我预备好了

here, I've a little present for you. Come, I'll show you...

'He means the three thousand,' thought Mitya.

'But where are you? Are you at the door? I'll open it directly.'

And the old man almost climbed out of the window, peering out to the right, where there was a door into the garden, trying to see into the darkness. In another second he would certainly have run out to open the door without waiting for Grushenka's answer.

Mitya looked at him from the side without stirring. The old man's profile that he loathed so, his pendent Adam's apple, his hooked nose, his lips that smiled in greedy expectation, were all brightly lighted up by the slanting lamplight falling on the left from the room. A horrible fury of hatred suddenly surged up in Mitya's heart:

'There he was, his rival, the man who had tormented him, had ruined his life!' It was a rush of that sudden, furious, revengeful anger of which he had spoken, as though foreseeing it, to Alyosha, four days ago in the harbour, when, in answer to Alyosha's question, 'How can you say you'll kill our father?' 'I don't know, I don't know,' he had said then. 'Perhaps I shall not kill him, perhaps I shall. I'm afraid he'll suddenly be so loathsome to me at that moment. I hate his double chin, his nose, his eyes, his shameless grin. I feel a personal repulsion. That's what I'm afraid of, that's what may be too much for me.'... This personal repulsion was growing unendurable. Mitya was beside himself, he suddenly pulled the brass pestle out of his pocket.

'God was watching over me then,' Mitya himself said afterwards. At that very moment Grigory waked up on his bed of sickness. Earlier in the evening he had undergone the treatment which Smerdyakov had described to Ivan. He had rubbed himself all over with vodka mixed with a secret, very strong decoction, had drunk what was left of the mixture while his

礼物。你快来,我给你看!....."

"他指的是装着三千卢布的那个信封。"米卡闪过这个念头。

"在哪里呀?.....在门旁么?我马上就来开。....."

老人几乎要爬出窗子来似的,朝右面通花园的门那儿张望着,竭力向黑暗里搜寻。眼看再过一会儿,他听不到格鲁申卡的回答,就要跑去开门了。

米卡一动不动地躲在一旁望着。老人那整个使他十分讨厌的侧影,那整个松垂的喉结,他那在甜蜜的期待中显露出笑意的鹰钩鼻子,以及他那两片嘴唇,这一切都被左面屋子里斜射的灯光照得清清楚楚。米卡的心中突然涌起一股可怕的狂怒:

"这就是他,他的情敌,折磨他、毁掉他的一生的人!"这是一种突如其来的、复仇的狂怒,——对于这种怒气,四天以前他在凉亭里同阿辽沙谈话的时候,当他回答阿辽沙"你怎么能说你杀死父亲呢"这句话时,他就曾仿佛有所预感似的公开提到过。"我实在不知道,不知道,"他当时说,"也许不会杀,但也说不定会杀。我怕正在那个时候他的脸会忽然引起我的痛恨。我恨他的喉结,他的鼻子,他的眼睛,他的无耻的嘲笑。我感到有一种人身的厌恶。我怕的就是这个,就怕我会按捺不住。....."这种人身厌恶增长到了无法忍耐的地步。米卡已经失掉了自制,他突然从口袋里拿出铜杆来.....

.....

"上帝当时在看顾着我。"后来米卡自己这样说。恰巧在那个时候有病的格里戈里·瓦西里耶维奇在床上醒了过来。那天傍晚他正用斯麦尔佳科夫对伊凡·费多罗维奇讲过的那种偏方作了治疗:由他妻子帮助用伏特加酒搀一种神秘的浓汁遍擦全身,接着把剩下的喝下去,一边由他妻

wife repeated a 'certain prayer' over him, after which he had gone to bed. Marfa Ignatyevna had tasted the stuff, too, and, being unused to strong drink, slept like the dead beside her husband.

But Grigory waked up in the night, quite suddenly, and, after a moment's reflection, though he immediately felt a sharp pain in his back, he sat up in bed. Then he deliberated again, got up and dressed hurriedly. Perhaps his conscience was uneasy at the thought of sleeping while the house was unguarded 'in such perilous times.' Smerdyakov, exhausted by his fit, lay motionless in the next room. Marfa Ignatyevna did not stir. 'The stuff's been too much for the woman,' Grigory thought, glancing at her, and groaning, he went out on the steps. No doubt he only intended to look out from the steps, for he was hardly able to walk, the pain in his back and his right leg was intolerable.

But he suddenly remembered that he had not locked the little gate into the garden that evening. He was the most punctual and precise of men, a man who adhered to an unchangeable routine, and habits that lasted for years. Limping and writhing with pain he went down the steps and towards the garden. Yes, the gate stood wide open. Mechanically he stepped into the garden. Perhaps he fancied something, perhaps caught some sound, and, glancing to the left he saw his master's window open. No one was looking out of it then.

'What's it open for? It's not summer now,' thought Grigory, and suddenly, at that very instant he caught a glimpse of something extraordinary before him in the garden. Forty paces in front of him a man seemed to be running in the dark, a sort of shadow was moving very fast.

'Good Lord!' cried Grigory beside himself, and forgetting the pain in his back, he hurried to intercept the running figure. He took a short cut, evidently he knew the garden better; the flying figure went towards the bath-house, ran behind it and rushed to the garden fence. Grigory followed, not losing sight of him, and ran, forgetting everything. He reached the fence

子为他低声念着“某种祷词”，然后躺下睡觉。玛尔法·伊格纳奇耶芙娜也喝了些。她本来不会喝酒，所以就在她的丈夫身旁沉沉地睡熟了。

但完全出乎意外地，格里戈里忽然在夜里醒了过来，他思量了一会儿，虽然马上又感到腰际剧痛，还是在床上坐了起来。随后又思索了一下，就下了床，匆匆忙忙地穿上了衣服。也许他是因为自己在睡觉，“在这种危险的时候”家里没人看守，因而感到良心有些不安。犯了羊癫疯弄得精疲力竭的斯麦尔佳科夫正躺在另一间小屋子里，一动也不动。玛尔法·伊格纳奇耶芙娜也没有惊醒。“这女人醉垮了。”格里戈里·瓦西里耶维奇看了她一眼，这样想着，就一面哼哼，一面走到了门外台阶上。自然，他只打算站在台阶上看看，因为他没有力气走路，腰间和右腿实在疼得难受。

但这时他恰巧忽然想起他晚上没有把通花园的门锁上。他是个凡事认真、一丝不苟的人，严格遵守已定的规矩和多年的老习惯。他痛得一歪一瘸地从台阶上下来，向花园走去。园门完全敞开着。他不知思索地走进了花园，也许是他产生了什么幻觉，也许是因为听见了什么声音，但他往左右一望，果然看见主人房间的窗子敞开着，空洞洞地，没有人在窗前张望。

“为什么开着？现在已经不是夏天！”格里戈里想。突然，正在那个当儿，花园里有某种异常的东西在他的眼前一闪而过。在他面前四十步远的地方，黑暗中好象有一个人跑过，有一个黑影在很快地移动。

“天啊！”格里戈里说着，不顾一切，也忘记了自己的腰痛，就拔脚奔过去拦截那正在跑着的人。花园里的路径显然他比那个跑着的人熟些，他找了一条捷径：那个人跑向澡堂里，绕到澡堂后面，朝墙脚下跑去。……格里戈里毫不放松地两眼紧盯着他，同时不顾一切拼命地跑着。他跑到围

at the very moment the man was climbing over it. Grigory cried out, beside himself, pounced on him, and clutched his leg in his two hands.

Yes, his foreboding had not deceived him. He recognised him; it was he, the 'monster,' the 'paricide.'

'Paricide! the old man shouted so that the whole neighbourhood could hear, but he had not time to shout more, he fell at once, as though struck by lightning.

Mitya jumped back into the garden and bent over the fallen man. In Mitya's hands was a brass pestle, and he flung it mechanically in the grass. The pestle fell two paces from Grigory, not in the grass but on the path, in a most conspicuous place. For some seconds he examined the prostrate figure before him. The old man's head was covered with blood. Mitya put out his hand and began feeling it. He remembered afterwards clearly that he had been awfully anxious to make sure whether he had broken the old man's skull, or simply stunned him with the pestle. But the blood was flowing horribly; and in a moment Mitya's fingers were drenched with the hot stream. He remembered taking out of his pocket the clean white handkerchief with which he had provided himself for his visit to Madame Hohlakov, and putting it to the old man's head, senselessly trying to wipe the blood from his face and temples. But the handkerchief was instantly soaked with blood.

'Good heavens! What am I doing it for?' thought Mitya, suddenly pulling himself together. 'If I have broken his skull, how can I find out now? And what difference does it make now?' he added, hopelessly. 'If I've killed him, I've killed him.... You've come to grief, old man, so there you must lie!' he said aloud. And suddenly turning to the fence, he vaulted over it into the lane and fell to running - the handkerchief soaked with blood he held, crushed up in his right fist, and as he ran he thrust it into the back pocket of his coat. He ran headlong, and the few passers - by who met him in the dark, in the streets, remembered afterwards that they had met a

墙脚下时,正巧那人已经开始攀越围墙。格里戈里一声怒吼,直冲过去,两手紧紧拉住了他的腿。

果然如此,预感并没有错:他认出他来了,这正是他,那个“杀父的恶棍”!

“杀父的人!”老人声震四邻地大喊一声,但是刚刚喊出了这一声,他就象被雷殛了一般地突然倒下了。

米卡重又跳到花园里,俯身去看被打倒在地的人。米卡的双手还握着铜杵,他加思索地顺手把它扔到草地上,铜杵落在格里戈里身旁两步的地方,但并不是在草丛里,而是落在小径上最明显的地方。他对躺在他面前的人察看了好几秒钟。老人的头上血迹模糊;米卡伸出手去摸索着他的头。他后来清楚地记得,他那时候很想“弄明白”,他是砸开了老人的脑壳还是只用铜杵打中他的头把他“打蒙”了。但是血在流着,流得怕人,一股热血一下子就沾满了米卡发抖的手指。他还记得他当时从口袋里掏出自己雪白的新手帕,是为到霍赫拉柯娃家去拜访特意带在身边的;他把它按在老人的头上,毫无意义地竭力想擦干他额上和脸上的血。但是连手帕也很快就被血全都渗透了。

“天啊,我这是在干什么?”米卡忽然清醒过来,“要是当真砸破了,那还怎么看得清楚,……不过现在反正也都一样了!”他忽然绝望地说,“杀死了也就只好杀死了,……老头子是自己碰上来,自己找死!”他大声说了一句,突然奔向围墙,纵身跳到胡同里,拔腿就跑了。浸透了血的手帕揉成一团捏在他的右手里,他一边跑,一边往上衣的里而口袋里塞。他拼命跑着,街上偶尔有几个过往行人,在黑暗中和他相遇,以后还记得他们在那天夜里遇见了一个没命奔跑的人。他又飞奔着回到了莫罗佐娃家的房子。

man running that night. He flew back again to the widow Morozov's house.

Immediately after he had left it that evening, Fenyas had rushed to the chief porter, Nazar Ivanovitch, and besought him, for Christ's sake, 'not to let the captain in again to-day or to-morrow.' Nazar Ivanovitch promised, but went upstairs to his mistress who had suddenly sent for him, and meeting his nephew, a boy of twenty, who had recently come from the country, on the way up told him to take his place, but forgot to mention 'the captain.' Mitya, running up to the gate, knocked. The lad instantly recognised him, for Mitya had more than once tipped him. Opening the gate at once, he let him in, and hastened to inform him with a good-humoured smile that 'Agrafena Alexandrovna is not at home now, you know.'

'Where is she then, Prohor?' asked Mitya, stopping short.

'She set off this evening, some two hours ago, with Timofey, to Mokroe.'

'What for?' cried Mitya.

'That I can't say. To see some officer. Someone invited her and horses were sent to fetch her.'

Mitya left him, and ran like a madman to Fenyas.

Chapter 5

A Sudden Resolution

SHE was sitting in the kitchen with her grandmother; they were both just going to bed. Relying on Nazar Ivanovitch, they had not locked themselves in. Mitya ran in, pounced on Fenyas and seized her by the throat.

'Speak at once! Where is she? With whom is she now, at Mokroe?' he roared furiously.

Both the women squealed.

'Aie! I'll tell you. Aie! Dmitri Fyodorovitch, darling, I'll tell you everything directly, I won't

刚才费尼娅在他离开以后就马上跑去找门房的头儿纳扎尔·伊凡诺维奇,哀求他“看上帝的分上”无论如何“不管是今天也好,明天也好,都不要再放上尉进门”。纳扎尔·伊凡诺维奇听完以后满口答应了,但是不巧得很,他因为太太突然叫他,所以暂时离开,上楼去了,中途遇见了他的侄子,一个二十多岁的青年,新近刚从乡里来的,便吩咐他在院里呆一会,却忘了交代关于上尉的事情。米卡跑到大门口,敲起门来。青年马上认出了他,因为米卡曾不止一次给过他酒钱。他立刻给开了门,放他进来,还带着愉快的笑容,连忙殷勤地告诉他说:“现在阿格拉菲娜·阿历山德罗芙娜可不在家呀。”

“她在哪儿,波罗霍夫?”米卡突然站住了。

“她刚才走了,大概两个钟头以前,由季莫费依赶着车,到莫克洛叶去了。”

“干什么去?”米卡大声问。

“这个我不知道,去找一位军官,有人从那里叫她去,还打发了马来……”

米卡扔下他,几乎象发疯似的跑去找费尼娅去了。

第五节

突然的决定

费尼娅正同祖母坐在厨房里,两人都准备睡觉了。她们因为信赖纳扎尔·伊凡诺维奇,所以仍旧没有在里面把门闩上。米卡冲了进去,扑到费尼娅面前,紧紧抓住了她的脖子。

“你快说,她在哪儿?现在正跟谁一起在莫克洛叶?”他疯狂地喊着。

两个女人尖叫起来。

“哎呀,我说,亲爱的德米特里·费多罗维奇,我马上都说出来,一点也不隐瞒。”吓

hide anything,' gabbled Fenyä, frightened to death; 'she's gone to Mokroe, to her officer.'

'What officer?' roared Mityä.

'To her officer, the same one she used to know, the one who threw her over five years ago,' cackled Fenyä, as fast as she could speak.

Mityä withdrew the hands with which he was squeezing her throat. He stood facing her, pale as death, unable to utter a word, but his eyes showed that he realised it all, all, from the first word, and guessed the whole position. Poor Fenyä was not in a condition at that moment to observe whether he understood or not. She remained sitting on the trunk as she had been when he ran into the room, trembling all over, holding her hands out before her as though trying to defend herself. She seemed to have grown rigid in that position. Her wide-opened, scared eyes were fixed immovably upon him. And to make matters worse, both his hands were smeared with blood. On the way, as he ran, he must have touched his forehead with them, wiping off the perspiration, so that on his forehead and his right cheek were bloodstained patches. Fenyä was on the verge of hysterics. The old cook had jumped up and was staring at him like a mad woman, almost unconscious with terror.

Mityä stood for a moment, then mechanically sank on to a chair next to Fenyä. He sat, not reflecting but, as it were, terror-stricken, benumbed. Yet everything was clear as day: that officer, he knew about him, he knew everything perfectly, he had known it from Grushenka herself, had known that a letter had come from him a month before. So that for a month, for a whole month, this had been going on, a secret from him, till the very arrival of this new man, and he had never thought of him! But how could he, how could he not have thought of him? Why was it he had forgotten this officer, like that, forgotten him as soon as he heard of him? That was the question that faced him like some monstrous thing. And he looked at this monstrous thing with horror, growing cold with horror.

得要死的费尼娅连声绝叫着，“她到莫克洛叶找那个军官去了。”

“找什么军官？”米卡吼道。

“以前的那个军官，就是那个，以前的那位，五年以前抛下她走的。”费尼娅又炒豆子般地连声说。

德米特里·费多罗维奇松开了掐紧她脖子的手。他站在她的面前，脸色象死人那样惨白，不出一声，但是从他的眼睛里看得出他一下子全明白了，全明白了，刚听她说了半句他就一切都已明白无遗，一切全都猜到了。当然，这时候可怜的费尼娅是顾不上去注意他明白了没有的。他跑进来的时候，她正坐在柜子上面，现在仍旧坐在那里，浑身哆嗦着，把手挡在胸前，似乎想抵抗，一直保持着这个姿势呆住在那里。她那吓坏了的，由于害怕瞪得老大的眼睛直勾勾地死盯着他。而他当时又恰好两手全沾满了血。他在路上跑的时候大概用手摸过额头，擦脸上的汗，因此在额头上和右颊上也留下了红色的血印。费尼娅眼看就会发作歇斯底里，而老厨妇则跳起身来，象疯子一样呆望着，几乎吓丢了魂。

德米特里·费多罗维奇站了一分钟，忽然木头人似的一屁股坐在费尼娅身旁的椅子上。他坐在那里，并不是心里在作什么盘算，却似乎是完全被惊呆了。但一切是明摆着的：这位军官——他是知道的，而且了解得很清楚，是格鲁申卡亲自告诉过他的。他也知道他在一个月以前寄来过一封信。这么说，这事情直到这位新人来到以前，一个月中，整整的一个月中，一直完全瞒着他在暗中进行，而他竟连想也没有想到他！但是他怎么能，怎么能不想到他？为什么他居然会忘却了这位军官，刚一听说就立刻忘在脑后了呢？这个问题象个怪物似的出现在他面前。他现在确实象被惊傻了似的呆望着它，简直浑身冰凉。

But suddenly, as gently and mildly as a gentle and affectionate child, he began speaking to Fenyä as though he had utterly forgotten how he had scared and hurt her just now. He fell to questioning Fenyä with an extreme preciseness, astonishing in his position, and though the girl looked wildly at his blood-stained hands, she, too, with wonderful readiness and rapidity, answered every question as though eager to put the whole truth and nothing but the truth before him. Little by little, even with a sort of enjoyment, she began explaining every detail, not wanting to torment him, but, as it were, eager to be of the utmost service to him. She described the whole of that day, in great detail, the visit of Rakitin and Alyosha, how she, Fenyä, had stood on the watch, how the mistress had set off, and how she had called out of the window to Alyosha to give him, Mityä, her greetings, and to tell him 'to remember for ever how she had loved him for an hour.'

Hearing of the message, Mityä suddenly smiled, and there was a flush of colour on his pale cheeks. At the same moment Fenyä said to him, not a bit afraid now to be inquisitive:

'Look at your hands, Dmitri Fyodorovitch. They're all over blood!'

'Yes,' answered Mityä mechanically. He looked carelessly at his hands and at once forgot them and Fenyä's question.

He sank into silence again. Twenty minutes had passed since he had run in. His first horror was over, but evidently some new fixed determination had taken possession of him. He suddenly stood up, smiling dreamily.

'What has happened to you, sir?' said Fenyä, pointing to his hands again. She spoke compassionately, as though she felt very near to him now in his grief. Mityä looked at his hands again.

'That's blood, Fenyä,' he said, looking at her with a strange expression. 'That's human blood, and my God! why was it shed? But... Fenyä... there's a fence here' (he looked at her as though setting her a riddle), 'a high fence, and terrible to look at. But

但突然间,他就象个安静温柔的孩子似的,温顺而小声地对费尼娅说起话来,仿佛完全忘记他刚才还那么厉害地吓唬过她,侮辱过她,折磨过她。他忽然用他目前的处境来说显得过分而且出奇地精细的样子开始盘问起费尼娅来。而费尼娅虽然吓得要命地望着他那染血的双手,却也出奇地愿意急忙回答他的每一个问题。甚至好象忙着对他掏出一切“最真实的心里话”。她逐步地,简直有点津津有味地讲起全部详情细节来,根本不想去折磨他,反而好象诚心地急于想尽力为他效劳。她十分详细地对他讲今天一天的情形,拉基金和阿辽沙如何来访,她,费尼娅,怎样留心守候着,女主人怎样动身,她怎样从窗子里对阿辽沙喊着叮嘱向米卡问候,“让他永远记住她爱过他的一小时。”

米卡听到关于问候的话,忽然苦笑了一下,惨白的脸上泛起红晕。这时候费尼娅已经一点也不害怕显出她的好奇心来了,她对他说道:

“您的手是怎么回事,德米特里·费多罗维奇,怎么全是血呀!”

“是的。”米卡机械地回答,心不在焉地望着自己的双手,立刻就忘掉了它们,也忘了费尼娅的问话。

他又陷入了沉思。从他跑进来到现在已经过了二十分钟左右。他刚才的惊惶已经过去,但看来他已充满了一种新的、不可抵抗的决心。他突然从座位上站起来,若有所思地微笑着。

“老爷,您这是怎么回事?”费尼娅又指着他的手问,而且带着怜惜的神气,就好象她现在是他遭到悲痛时最亲近的人一样。米卡又看了看他的手。

“那是血,费尼娅,”他带着奇怪的神情望着她说,“那是人的血。可是上帝,这又是为了什么呢!不过……费尼娅,……有这么一道围墙,”他望着她,好象对她说出一个谜语似的,“一道高高的围墙,样子很

at dawn to - morrow, when the sun rises, Mitya will leap over that fence. . . . You don't understand what fence, Fenyä, and, never mind. . . . You'll hear to - morrow and understand. . . . and now, good - bye. I won't stand in her way. I'll step aside, I know how to step aside. Live, my joy. . . . You loved me for an hour, remember Mityenka Karamazov so for ever. . . . She always used to call me Mityenka, do you remember?'

And with those words he went suddenly out of the kitchen. Fenyä was almost more frightened at this sudden departure than she had been when he ran in and attacked her.

Just ten minutes later Dmitri went in to Pyotr Ilyich Perhotin, the young official with whom he had pawned his pistols. It was by now half - past eight, and Pyotr Ilyitch had finished his evening tea, and had just put his coat on again to go to the Metropolis to play billiards. Mitya caught him coming out. Seeing him with his face all smeared with blood, the young man uttered a cry of surprise.

'Good heavens! What is the matter?'

'I've come for my pistols,' said Mitya, 'and brought you the money. And thanks very much. I'm in a hurry, Pyotr Ilyitch, please make haste.'

Pyotr Ilyich grew more and more surprised; he suddenly caught sight of a bundle of banknotes in Mitya's hand, and what was more, he had walked in holding the notes as no one walks in and no one carries money; he had them in his right hand, and held them outstretched as if to show them. Perhotin's servant - boy, who met Mitya in the passage, said afterwards that he walked into the passage in the same way, with the money outstretched in his hand, so he must have been carrying them like that even in the streets. They were all rainbow - coloured hundred - rouble notes, and the fingers holding them were covered with blood.

When Pyotr Ilyitch was questioned later on as to the sum of money, he said that it was difficult to judge at a glance, but that it might have been two

可怕,但是……明天黎明,‘太阳升起’的时候,米卡就会跳过这道围墙。……费尼娅,你不明白那是什么样的围墙,但是不要紧,反正一样,明天你就会听到,而且全都会明白的。……现在再见吧!我不想去妨碍人,我会自己走开,我还能够自己走开。好好活下去吧,我的心肝,……你爱过我一小时,那就请你永远记住米钦卡·卡拉马佐夫吧。……她是老管我叫米钦卡的,你记得么?”

他说完这些话,就突然走出了厨房。费尼娅觉得他出去时的这副神气,几乎比他刚才冲进来,扑到她身上时还要使她害怕。

整过了十分钟,德米特里·费多罗维奇来到了刚才他押手枪的那个青年官员彼得·伊里奇·彼尔霍金家里。已经八点半钟,彼得·伊里奇在家喝了茶,刚刚重新穿好上衣,准备出门到“京都”酒店去打一台台球。米卡正好在门口遇见了他。他一看见米卡和他那血污狼藉的脸,惊叫了一声。

“天啊!您这是怎么啦?”

“是这样的,”米卡迅速地说,“我来赎我的手枪,拿钱来了。真是感谢得很。我很忙,彼得·伊里奇。请你快些。”

彼得·伊里奇愈加感到惊奇起来:他忽然在米卡的手里看到一大把钱,更主要的是谁也不会象他这样把一大把钱在手里攥着,而且就这样走了进来。他把一整叠钞票全攥在右手里,手一直伸在前面,就好象给人家看似的。年青官员的小男仆曾在前屋里遇见米卡,事后回忆说,他就是这样手里握着钱径直走进屋里来的,可以想见,他在街上的时候也是这样右手握着钱伸在前面一直走来的。钞票全是花花绿绿一百卢布一张的。他用沾满血的手攥着。

后来有关的人很晚才问起彼得·伊里奇:一共有多少钱;他回答说当时很难一眼就估计出来,也许是两千,也许是三千,但

thousand, or perhaps three, but it was a big, 'fat' bundle. 'Dmitri Fyodorovich,' so he testified afterwards, 'seemed unlike himself, too; not drunk, but, as it were, exalted, lost to everything, but at the same time, as it were, absorbed, as though pondering and searching for something and unable to come to a decision. He was in great haste, answered abruptly and very strangely, and at moments seemed not at all dejected but quite cheerful.'

'But what is the matter with you? What's wrong?' cried Pyotr Ilyitch, looking wildly at his guest. 'How is it that you're all covered with blood? Have you had a fall? Look at yourself!'

He took him by the elbow and led him to the glass. Seeing his blood-stained face, Mitya started and scowled wrathfully.

'Damnation! That's the last straw,' he muttered angrily, hurriedly changing the notes from his right hand to the left, and impulsively jerked the handkerchief out of his pocket. But the handkerchief turned out to be soaked with blood, too (it was the handkerchief he had used to wipe Grigory's face). There was scarcely a white spot on it, and it had not merely begun to dry, but had stiffened into a crumpled ball and could not be pulled apart. Mitya threw it angrily on the floor.

'Oh, damn it!' he said. 'Haven't you a rag of some sort... to wipe my face?'

'So you're only stained, not wounded? You'd better wash,' said Pyotr Ilyitch. 'Here's a wash-stand. I'll pour you out some water.'

'A wash-stand? That's all right... but where am I to put this?' With the strangest perplexity he indicated his bundle of hundred-ruble notes, looking inquiringly at Pyotr Ilyitch as though it were for him to decide what he, Mitya, was to do with his own money.

'In your pocket, or on the table here. They won't be lost.'

'In my pocket? Yes, in my pocket. All right... But, I say, that's all nonsense,' he cried, as though suddenly coming out of his absorption. 'Look

总之是很大的一叠,“厚厚的”。他事后还作证说,德米特里·费多罗维奇自己当时“也好像完全是神不守舍的样子,但并不是喝醉,却似乎有点欢喜若狂,非常心不在焉,同时却又好像在那里聚精会神地想着,在那里思索着什么,而又拿不定主意。他很匆忙,回答别人的问话时很生硬,很古怪,有时候似乎并不发怒,却反而显得很快活”。

“您究竟怎么啦?您现在究竟是怎么啦?”彼得·伊里奇又大声嚷着,惊奇不已地打量着客人,“您怎么会这样浑身是血?是摔倒了么?您看看!”

他抓住他的胳膊肘把他拉到镜子面前。米卡看到他的血污狼藉的脸,哆嗦了一下,恼火地皱紧了眉头。

“唉,见鬼!这还不够受呀!”他恨恨地嘟囔了一句,把钞票从右手迅速地换到左手,慌乱地从口袋里抽出手帕来。但手帕上也全是血(他就是用这块手帕擦格里戈里的头和脸的),几乎没有一块白的地方,不但已经干了,而且还粘结成一团,简直打不开来。米卡恨恨地把它扔在地上。

“唉,真见鬼!您有没有抹布什么的,……擦一擦,……”

“这么说您只是沾来的血,并没有受伤?那您最好还是洗一洗。”彼得·伊里奇回答说,“那里有洗脸盆,我来给您淋水。”

“洗脸盆么?那好,……不过这东西放在哪儿呢?”他显出古怪的不知所措的神气让彼得·伊里奇看他那一叠一百卢布的钞票,还用询问的神气望着他,好象应该由彼得·伊里奇来决定他怎样处置自己的钱似的。

“放在口袋里,或者放在桌上,丢不了。”

“放在口袋里?对,放在口袋里。这很好。……哦不,您瞧,这全是无聊!”他大声说,似乎忽然集中了精神。“您瞧,我们应

here, let's first settle that business of the pistols. Give them back to me. Here's your money... because I am in great need of them... and I haven't a minute, a minute to spare.'

And taking the topmost note from the bundle he held it out to Pyotr Ilyitch.

'But I shan't have change enough. Haven't you less?'

'No,' said Mitya, looking again at the bundle, and as though not trusting his own words he turned over two or three of the topmost ones.

'No, they're all alike,' he added, and again he looked inquiringly at Pyotr Ilyitch.

'How have you grown so rich?' the latter asked. 'Wait, I'll send my boy to Plotnikov's, they close late - to see if they won't change it. Here, Misha!' he called into the passage.

'To Plotnikov's shop - first - rate!' cried Mitya, as though struck by an idea. 'Misha,' he turned to the boy as he came in, 'look here, run to Plotnikov's and tell them that Dmitri Fyodorovich sends his greetings, and will be there directly... But listen, listen, tell them to have champagne, three dozen bottles, ready before I come, and packed as it was to take to Mokroe. I took four dozen with me then,' he added (suddenly addressing Pyotr Ilyitch); 'they know all about it, don't you trouble, Misha,' he turned again to the boy. 'Stay, listen; tell them to put in cheese, Strasburg pies, smoked fish, ham, caviare, and everything, everything they've got, up to a hundred roubles, or a hundred and twenty as before... But wait: don't let them forget dessert, sweets, pears, watermelons, two or three or four - no, one melon's enough, and chocolate, candy, toffee, fondants; in fact, everything I took to Mokroe before, three hundred roubles' worth with the champagne... let it be just the same again. And remember, Misha, if you are called Misha - His name is Misha, isn't it?' He turned to Pyotr Ilyitch again.

该先办正事,那对手枪请您还给我,这是给您的钱,……因为我很需要,很需要,……可时间,时间一点也没有。……'

他从那叠钞票里拿出上面的一张一百卢布的钞票,递给官员。

“可是我找不出那么些钱呀,”官员说,“您没有小一点的票子么?”

“没有,”米卡说,又看了看那叠钞票,似乎对自己所说的话不大有把握似的,用手指翻了翻上面的两两张钞票。

“没有,全是一样的,”他补充了一句,又带着询问的神气望了彼得·伊里奇一眼。

“您这是从哪儿发了那么大的财呀?”官员问,“您等一等,我打发我那小家伙到普洛特尼科夫的小铺里去一趟。他们关得很晚,——也许可以换来小票。喂,米莎!”他朝前室里叫了一声。

“到普洛特尼科夫的小铺里去,——那好极了!”米卡也叫了起来,似乎想到了一个什么念头。“米莎,”他对走进屋里来的小家伙说,“我说,你快到普洛特尼科夫的小铺里去,对他们说,德米特里·费多罗维奇问候他们,他自己一会儿就要去。……你听着,你听着:你吩咐他们在他们回头上那儿去以前预备好香槟酒,要三打,捆扎得好好的,就象那一次到莫克洛叶去那样。……我那次从他们那里要了四打,”他突然朝彼得·伊里奇说,“他们是知道的。你放心,米莎,”他又对小家伙说,“你听清楚:再叫他们预备乳酪,斯特拉斯堡馅饼,熏鱼,火腿,鱼子,还有各种各样、只要是他们那里有的,一共买那么一百卢布,或是一百二十卢布的东西,就象那次那样。……还叫他们不要忘记各种小吃食,糖果、梨、两三个西瓜,四个也行,——哦,不必,西瓜有一个就够了,还有巧克力,水果糖,太妃糖,牛奶糖,——所有那一次到莫克洛叶去带过的东西,香槟酒要买三百卢布的。……总之,完全要象上次一样。记住了,米莎,你是不是叫米莎,……他的名字是叫米莎么?”他又问彼得·伊里奇。

“Wait a minute,” Pyotr Ilyitch intervened listening and watching him uneasily, “you’d better go yourself and tell them. He’ll muddle it.”

“He will, I see he will! Eh, Misha! Why, I was going to kiss you for the commission.... If you don’t make a mistake, there’s ten roubles for you, run along, make haste.... Champagne’s the chief thing, let them bring up champagne. And brandy, too, and red and white wine, and all I had then.... They know what I had then.”

“But listen!” Pyotr Ilyitch interrupted with some impatience. “I say, let him simply run and change the money and tell them not to close, and you go and tell them.... Give him your note. Be off, Misha! Put your best leg forward!”

Pyotr Ilyitch seemed to hurry Misha off on purpose, because the boy remained standing with his mouth and eyes wide open, apparently understanding little of Mitya’s orders, gazing up with amazement and terror at his bloodstained face and the trembling blood-stained fingers that held the notes.

“Well, now come and wash,” said Pyotr Ilyitch sternly. “Put the money on the table or else in your pocket.... That’s right, come along. But take off your coat.”

And beginning to help him off with his coat, he cried out again:

“Look, your coat’s covered with blood, too!”

“That... it’s not the coat. It’s only a little here on the sleeve.... And that’s only here where the handkerchief lay. It must have soaked through. I must have sat on the handkerchief at Fenyä’s, and the blood’s come through,” Mitya explained at once with a child-like unconsciousness that was astounding. Pyotr Ilyitch listened, frowning.

“Well, you must have been up to something; you must have been fighting with someone,” he muttered.

They began to wash. Pyotr Ilyitch held the jug and poured out the water. Mitya, in desperate haste, scarcely soaped his hands (they were trembling, and Pyotr Ilyitch remembered it afterwards). But the young official insisted on his soaping them thoroughly

“等一等,”彼得·伊里奇插嘴说,带着不安的神色听他说话,仔细打量着他,“您最好自己去说,他会搞不清楚的。”

“会搞不清楚的,我看也会搞不清楚的!唉,米莎,你替我办了这件事,我要吻你一下。……如果你不捣乱的话,我赏你十个卢布,快去。……香槟酒,顶要紧的是让他们把香槟酒取出来,还要白兰地,红葡萄酒,所有上次带的那些东西。……他们知道那一次带了些什麼。”

“您听我说!”彼得·伊里奇不耐烦地插嘴说,“我说:让他只是去把钱换来,告诉他们不要关门,然后您自己去说好了。……您把钞票给他。快走,米莎!越快越好!”

彼得·伊里奇看来是在故意撵走米莎,因为他站在客人面前,瞪大眼睛呆看着他那血迹斑斑的脸和用颤抖的手指攥着一把钞票的血污狼藉的手,只顾又惊又怕地张着嘴呆站在那里发愣,一定没听进去多少米卡刚才吩咐他的话。

“哦,现在我们去洗一洗,”彼得·伊里奇严肃地说,“您把钱放在桌上,或是塞进口袋里,……好,去吧。您把上衣脱下来。”

他帮他脱衣服,忽然又喊了出来。

“您瞧,您的上衣上也全是血!”

“这个……这不是上衣上的。只是这儿在袖子旁边有一点。……只是在靠着放手帕的地方附近。从口袋里渗出来的。我在费尼娅那里的时候坐在手帕上了,血就渗出来了。”米卡立刻用一种令人惊奇的天真信任神气解释说。彼得·伊里奇皱着眉倾听著。

“您干了些什么呀;大概同什么人打架了吧。”他喃喃地说。

他们开始洗手。彼得·伊里奇拿起水罐子,倒出水来。米莎匆匆忙忙地,也没有抹多少肥皂(彼得·伊里奇以后想起:当时他的手不住哆嗦)。彼得·伊里奇立刻叫他多抹些肥皂,多擦一擦。这时候他似乎支

and rubbing them more. He seemed to exercise more and more sway over Mitya, as time went on. It may be noted in passing that he was a young man of sturdy character.

'Look, you haven't got your nails clean. Now rub your face; here, on your temples, by your ear... Will you go in that shirt? Where are you going? Look, all the cuff of your right sleeve is covered with blood.'

'Yes, it's all bloody,' observed Mitya, looking at the cuff of his shirt.

'Then change your shirt.'

'I haven't time. You see I'll... ' Mitya went on with the same confiding ingenuousness, drying his face and hands on the towel, and putting on his coat. 'I'll turn it up at the wrist. It won't be seen under the coat... You see!'

'Tell me now, what game have you been up to? Have you been fighting with someone? In the tavern again, as before? Have you been beating that captain again?' Pyotr Ilyitch asked him reproachfully. 'Whom have you been beating now... or killing, perhaps?'

'Nonsense!' said Mitya.

'What'

'Don't worry,' said Mitya, and he suddenly laughed. 'I smashed an old woman in the market - place just now.'

'Smashed? An old woman?'

'An old man!' cried Mitya, looking Pyotr Ilyitch straight in the face, laughing, and shouting at him as though he were deaf.

'Confound it! An old woman, an old man... Have you killed someone?'

'We made it up. We had a row - and made it up. In a place I know of. We parted friends. A fool... He's forgiven me... He's sure to have forgiven me by now... if he had got up, he wouldn't have forgiven me' - Mitya suddenly winked - 'only damn him, you know, I say, Pyotr Ilyitch, damn him! Don't worry about him! I don't want to just now!' Mitya snapped out, resolutely.

配起米卡来,而且越往后越厉害。我们应该顺便说一句:这青年是个性格颇为刚强的人。

"您瞧,指甲下面还没洗干净;好,现在再擦一擦脸,这儿:鬓角上面,耳朵旁边,……您就穿着这件衬衫去么?您究竟要上哪儿去?瞧,您的右手袖口上全是血。"

"是的,全是血。"米卡审视着衬衫的袖口说。

"那么应该换一件内衣。"

"没有工夫。您瞧,我……"米卡还是带着那种信任的神情说,一边用手巾擦脸和手,穿上上衣,"我可以把袖口挽进去,在上衣里遮着是看不见的,……您瞧!"

"现在请您告诉我,您到底干了些什么?同什么人打架了么?是不是又在酒店里,象上次那样?是不是又同那个上尉,象那一次似的,殴打他,拖着他走?"彼得·伊里奇带着责备的意味问。"您又揍了谁一顿,……要不把什么人给杀了?"

"别废话!"米卡说。

"什么废话?"

"别介意,"米卡说,突然笑了一声,"我刚才在广场上把一个老太婆压死了。"

"压死了?老太婆?"

"老头子!"米卡喊道,两眼直望着彼得·伊里奇的脸,一面笑,一面象对聋子说话似的大声嚷着。

"唉,见鬼,老头子,老太婆,……究竟是真杀人了么?"

"讲和了。打了架——又讲和了。在一个地方。临分手成了朋友。一个傻子,……他饶恕了我,……现在一定饶恕我了。……但他要是能站起来,就不会饶恕我了。"米卡忽然挤眉弄眼地说。"不过去他的,您听见没有,彼得·伊里奇,去他的,不用管他!现在我不想去谈它!"米卡坚决地说。

“Whatever do you want to go picking quarrels with everyone for?... Just as you did with that captain over some nonsense.... You’ve been fighting and now you’re rushing off on the spree – that’s you all over! Three dozen champagne – what do you want all that for?”

“Bravo! Now give me the pistols. Upon my honour I’ve no time now. I should like to have a chat with you, my dear boy, but I haven’t the time. And there’s no need, it’s too late for talking. Where’s my money? Where have I put it?” he cried, thrusting his hands into his pockets.

“You put it on the table... yourself.... Here it is. Had you forgotten? Money’s like dirt or water to you, it seems. Here are your pistols. It’s an odd thing, at six o’clock you pledged them for ten roubles, and now you’ve got thousands. Two or three I should say.”

“Three, you bet,” laughed Mitya, stuffing the notes into the side – pocket of his trousers.

“You’ll lose it like that. Have you found a gold mine?”

“The mines? The gold mines?” Mitya shouted at the top of his voice and went off into a roar of laughter. “Would you like to go to the mines, Pertotin? There’s a lady here who’ll stump up three thousand for you, if only you’ll go. She did it for me, she’s so awfully fond of gold mines. Do you know Madame Hohlakov?”

“I don’t know her, but I’ve heard of her and seen her. Did she really give you three thousand? Did she really?” said Pyotr Ilyitch, eyeing him dubiously.

“As soon as the sun rises to – morrow, as soon as Phoebus, ever young, flies upwards, praising and glorifying God, you go to her, this Madame Hohlakov, and ask her whether she did stump up that three thousand or not. Try and find out.”

“I don’t know on what terms you are... since you say it so positively, I suppose she did give it to you. You’ve got the money in your hand, but instead of going to Siberia you’re spending it all.... Where are you really off to now, eh?”

“我的意思是说您干吗喜欢同每个人都打架，……就象那次为了一点小事情同那位上尉那样。……您打完了架，又跑去喝酒取乐，您就是这种性子。三打香槟酒，何必这么多？”

“妙极了！现在把手枪交给我吧。真的，我没有工夫。我倒是很想跟你谈谈，亲爱的，可是没有时间了。而且也用不着，现在再谈已经太晚了。哎呀！钱哪儿去了，我放在哪儿了？”他叫了起来，用手在口袋里乱摸。

“您放在桌子上了，……自己放的，……就在那里放着。忘记了么？您把钱真当垃圾和水一样。这是您的手枪。真奇怪，刚才六点钟的时候，还拿它抵押了十个卢布，可这会儿您手里竟有好几千，有两三千，对不对？”

“大约是一千吧。”米卡笑着说，把钱塞进裤子的旁边口袋里。

“您这样会弄丢了。您是开到了金矿还是怎么的？”

“金矿？金矿！”米卡拼命大喊着，纵声大笑起来。“您想不想上金矿，彼尔霍金？有一位太太肯马上塞给您三千卢布，只要您肯走。她就塞给我了，她是多么爱金矿啊！你认识霍赫拉柯娃吗？”

“不认识，可是听说过，也看见过。难道是她给您的一千卢布？真是她塞给您的么？”彼得·伊里奇不大相信地看着他。

“那您等明天太阳升起的时候，当青春常在的斐勃斯神起来颂扬上帝的时候，可以自己到霍赫拉柯娃太太家去，当面问她：她给了我三千卢布没有？您去打听一下吧。”

“我不知道你们的关系，……既然您说得这样肯定，想必她是给了。……但是您钱一到手，并不到西伯利亚去。却拿着所有这三千……可您现在究竟到哪儿去呀？”