

# 马克·吐温 短篇小说选集

Selected Short Stories of Mark Twain

中英对照全译本

马克·吐温

Mark Twain



世界图书出版公司



# 马克·吐温短篇小说选集

Selected Short Stories of Mark Twain

美国文学卷



中英对照全译本

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盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会 译

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## 前言

通过阅读文学名著学语言，是掌握英语的绝佳方法。既可接触原汁原味的英语，又能享受文学之美，一举两得，何乐不为？

对于喜欢阅读名著的读者，这是一个最好的时代，因为有成千上万的书可以选择；这又是一个不好的时代，因为在浩繁的卷帙中，很难找到适合自己的好书。

然而，你手中的这套丛书，值得你来信赖。

这套精选的中英对照名著全译丛书，未改编改写、未删节削减，且配有权威注释、部分书中还添加了精美插图。

要学语言、读好书，当读名著原文。如习武者切磋交流，同高手过招方能渐明其间奥妙，若一味在低端徘徊，终难登堂入室。积年流传的名著，就是书中“高手”。然而这个“高手”，却有真假之分。初读书时，常遇到一些挂了名著名家之名改写改编的版本，虽有助于了解基本情节，然而所得只是皮毛，你何曾真的就读过了那名著呢？一边是窖藏了50年的女儿红，一边是贴了女儿红标签的薄酒，那滋味，怎能一样？“朝闻道，夕死可矣。”人生短如朝露，当努力追求真正的美。

本套丛书的英文版本，是根据外文原版书精心挑选而来；对应的中文译文以直译为主，以方便中英文对照学习，译文经反复推敲，对忠实理解原著极有助益；在涉及到重要文化习俗之处，添加了精当的注释，以解疑惑。

读过本套丛书的原文全译，相信你会得书之真意、语言之精髓。

送君“开卷有益”之书，愿成文采斐然之人。



1. THE NOTORIOUS JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS COUNTY .....	1
1. 卡县名蛙 .....	1
2. JOURNALISM IN TENNESSEE .....	13
2. 田纳西的新闻界 .....	13
3. THE STORY OF THE BAD LITTLE BOY .....	25
3. 坏孩子的故事 .....	25
4. THE STORY OF THE GOOD LITTLE BOY .....	31
4. 好孩子的故事 .....	31
5. THE FACTS IN THE CASE OF THE GREAT BEEF CONTRACT .....	40
5. 大宗牛肉合同事件的始末 .....	40
6. MY LATE SENATORIAL SECRETARYSHIP .....	53
6. 我给参议员当秘书的经历 .....	53
7. A TRUE STORY .....	63
7. 一个真实的故事 .....	63
8. HOW I EDITED AN AGRICULTURAL PAPER .....	72
8. 我怎样编辑农业报 .....	72
9. RUNNING FOR GOVERNOR .....	83
9. 竞选州长 .....	83
10. A MYSTERIOUS VISIT .....	92
10. 一次神秘的访问 .....	92
11. THE MAN THAT CORRUPTED HADLEYBURG .....	101
11. 败坏了哈德莱堡的人 .....	101
12. IS HE LIVING OR IS HE DEAD? .....	190
12. 他是否还在人间? .....	190
13. THE \$30,000 BEQUEST .....	206
13. 30 000 元遗产 .....	206
14. A DOG' S TALE .....	263
14. 狗的自述 .....	263
15. GOLDSMITH' S FRIEND ABROAD AGAIN .....	283
15. 哥尔斯密的朋友再度出洋 .....	283
16. THE £1,000,000 POUND BANK-NOTE .....	294
16. 百万英镑 .....	294

# 1. THE NOTORIOUS JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS COUNTY

## 1. 卡县名蛙

In compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, Leonidas W. Smiley, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that Leonidas W. Smiley is a myth that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he on conjectured that if I asked old Wheeler about him, it would remind him of his infamous Jim Smiley, and he would go to work and bore me to death with some exasperating reminiscence him as long and as tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the dilapidated tavern in the decayed mining camp Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up,

应一位从东部寄信给我的朋友的请求,我拜访了和蔼却爱唠叨的老西蒙·惠勒,同样应朋友的请求我向他问候了我朋友的朋友列昂尼达斯·W·斯迈雷的情况,由此,我讲述一下这件事的结果。我暗地里猜测——这位列昂尼达斯·W·斯迈雷是一个编造出来的人物,我朋友压根儿不认识这样一个人。他只是猜测:如果我向老惠勒打听这个人,就会使他想起声名狼藉的吉姆·斯迈雷,然后他就一直说直到我感到枯燥至极——因为这些对我来说是毫无用处、乏味冗长的陈年往事的回忆。如果他真是这么策划的,那他就成功了。

我找到西蒙·惠勒的时候,他正在破旧的安玳矿区那家残破失修的客栈里头的客吧壁炉旁打盹儿。我注意到他是个肥胖、秃顶,安详的脸上带着迷人的亲切和真诚的人。他醒了过来向我问好。我告诉他,我受一位朋友之托来打听



and gave me good day. I told him that a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named Leonidas W. Smiley – Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, a young minister of the Gospel, who he had heard was at one time resident of Angel's Camp. I added that if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle flowing key to which he tuned his initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in 'finesse.' I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once.

一位名叫列昂尼达斯·W·斯迈雷的童年挚友，也就是年轻的福音传道士列昂尼达斯·W·斯迈雷，据说他曾在安玳矿区里住过。我还补充道：如果惠勒先生能告诉我有关这位列昂尼达斯·W·斯迈雷神父的事迹的话，我将十分感激。

西蒙·惠勒把我逼到墙角并用他的椅子挡住我的去路，然后他坐下来开始了下面一段单调乏味的叙述。他从不微笑，从不皱眉，从他开始讲第一句话起，那种流畅温和的语调就没有改变过，他也不流露出丝毫热情；但是在整个冗长的叙述中，散发着让人印象深刻的热切和真诚；他按他的想法把这一切明明白白地告诉我，尽管这个故事有些荒谬可笑，他可是把它当作一件重要的事情来叙述，并且赞美故事里的两位主人公，把他们当作智谋杰出的天才。我任由他接着他的这种方式讲下去，从未打断过。

“Rev. Leonidas W. H’m, Reverend Le – well, there was a feller here, once by the name of Jim Smiley, in the winter of ‘49 – or maybe it was the spring of ‘50 – I don’t recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume warn’t finished when he first come to the camp; but anyway, he was the curiosest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn’t he’d change sides. Any way that suited the other man would suit him any way jist so’s he got a bet, he was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn’t be no sol’tary thing mentioned but that feller’d offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was jist telling you. If there was a horse-race, you’d find him flush or you’d find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he’d bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he’d bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he’d bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-meeting,

“列昂尼达斯神父，嗯，尊敬的列——嗯，这里从前有个樵夫，叫吉姆·斯迈雷，那是 49 年的冬天——或者是 50 年的春天——我记不清了，反正应该是四九年的冬天或五零年的春天，因为我记得他第一次来到矿区的时候，那个大水槽还没有完工。可是不管怎么说，有一方面他是个很古怪的人，那就是对于人们所遇到的任何事情，只要有人愿意打赌，他就赌；别人要是不愿赌黑，他就赌黑；别人要是不愿赌白，他就赌白。别人愿意怎样赌，他就怎样赌——不管怎样，只要打起赌来，他就满足了。虽说这样，他仍是很走运的，而且不同寻常的走运，在大多情况下他都是赢家。他总在找机会打赌；不管是大赌还是小赌，只要有人提出要赌，就如我前面说的那样，不管你往哪一边下注，他都照赌不误。要是赛马，你会发现他最后不是赢得暴多，就是输得很惨；有斗狗，他会赌；有斗猫，他也会赌；有斗鸡，他还是会赌。哎呀，如果有两只鸟落在篱笆上，他会跟你赌哪一只鸟会先飞；要是矿区有聚会他也无一例外地都去，去拿帕森·沃尔克打赌，他认为，在这一带帕森·沃尔克是最好的劝诫者，而事实上他的



he would be there reg'lar to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was too, and a good man. If he even see a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get to — to wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to him — he'd bet on any thing — the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley up and asked him how she was, and he said she was considerable better — thank the Lord for his infinite mercy — and coming on so smart that with the blessing of Providence she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, 'Well, I'll resk two-and-a-half she don't anyway.'

"Thish-yer Smiley had a mare — the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because of course she was faster than that — and he

确是，他还是一个好人。即便是看见一只屎壳郎朝哪里走，斯迈雷都要跟你赌它需要多长时间才能到——不论到哪个地方都行；只要你接话，哪怕屎壳郎是去墨西哥，他也会跟上，看它是不是真的朝着那个方向走，需要走多久。许多这儿的男孩子都见过这个斯迈雷，都能给你讲讲有关他的事情。嗨，讲起他的事情可是从来没有有什么分别的——他什么都赌——那个该死的樵夫！曾经有一次，帕森·沃尔克的夫人病得很重，有好长一段时间，眼看着她似乎快不行了；但就在一天早晨斯迈雷进来了，问沃尔克夫人怎么样了，牧师答道，她好多了——承蒙上帝无限慈悲——看样子她会在主的保佑下好起来；这时，斯迈雷没有细想就说道：‘好吧，我拿两块五打赌，赌她怎么都好不了了。’

“这个叫斯迈雷有一匹母马——小男孩们都叫它‘15分钟老马’，你知道，这只是闹着玩儿的，因为它跑起来当然要比这要快

used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards' start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag end of the race she get excited and desperate like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side among the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose – and always fetch up at the stand jist about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down.

“And he had a little small bull-pup, that to look at him you'd think he warn't worth a cent but to set around and look ornery and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him he was a different dog; his under-jaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover and shine like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson – which was the

## 1. 卡县名蛙

一点儿——他以前还靠这匹马赢过钱呢，但是它的确慢吞吞的，不是得气喘，就是生瘟热，或是有肺病，以及此类各种各样的病。他们以前总是让它先跑两三百码，然后在比赛中超过它，但是快到终点的时候，它总是变得很兴奋，拼了命似的欢腾跳跃；四只蹄子到处乱甩，有时简直甩到半空去了，有时甩偏了会踢到一侧的篱笆，扬起很多尘土，再加上它咳嗽、打喷嚏、擤鼻涕搞得乱糟糟的——它总是在赶到终点台前面的时候比别的马早一个头，而且大家都看得清清楚楚。

“斯迈雷还有一只小斗狗，你看着这只狗的外表就会觉得它除了被拴在一边、看上去很卑下像是想伺机偷东西的样子之外，似乎一文不值。可是，一旦在它身上下了赌注，它就换了个样；它的下巴颏就会像汽船的前甲板一样突出来，露出牙齿，像熔炉一样闪着光。一只狗捉住它、吓唬它、咬它，接二连三地把它扔过肩膀，可是安得鲁·杰克逊——这是那只小狗的名字——总是忍受着一切，显得它对此很满足，而主人好像对它本来就没

name of the pup — Andrew Jackson would never let on but what he was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else — and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the joint of his hind leg and freeze to it — not chew, you understand, but only jist grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off in a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he see in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was his fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good

有抱什么期望似的——人们押在另一只狗上的赌注就会一再的翻倍再翻倍，直到所有的钱都押完了；这时候，很猛然地它就会一口咬住另一条狗的后腿，死死地咬住不放——不是咬那条狗，你明白的，就只是咬住不放，哪怕是费上一年的工夫也要等到另一条狗服输。靠着这条小斗狗斯迈雷总是最终获胜，直到后来栽在一条没有后腿的狗身上，因为那只狗的两条后腿以前被圆锯锯掉了。当斗狗进行好些时候之后，两边的钱都押完了，安得鲁·杰克逊冲上去照例咬对方的后腿，随即它就发现被骗了，它被对方耍了。可以说，他当时似乎很吃惊，紧接着看起来有些气馁，没有试图再争取胜利的样子，因此，看，它让人给骗惨了。它看了一眼斯迈雷，好像在说它的心被伤透了，这都是斯迈雷的错，它斗狗主要依靠的就是咬对方后腿，而这只狗却没有后腿。后来，它瘸着腿走开了一点，倒在地上死掉了。那个安得鲁·杰克逊可真是一条好狗，它要是还活着肯定已经出名了，我敢说，它胚子好，又有斗狗的天赋；我知道的，虽然它不会有机会说这些，它也不会思考一只狗如果没有才能怎么可以在它

pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for himself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him and he had genius – I know it, because he hadn't no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

“Well, thish-yer Smiley had rattarriers, and chicken cocks, and tom-cats and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he callated to educate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he did learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut – see him turn one summerset, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of kvetching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time

所经历过的那些场面中那样搏斗。一想道它的最后一次搏斗以及那个结果，我就感到非常遗憾。

“呀，这个斯迈雷呀，他还有捉老鼠的狗、小公鸡、雄猫等等这些动物，多的不得了，不论你拿什么跟他赌，他都能和你赌起来。有一天，他捉了一只蛙，把它带回家，说要好好教育培养它；因此有三个月的时间他什么事都不干，只是在后院里教那只蛙如何跳。而且真的，他教会了那只蛙怎么跳。只要他在蛙的后面轻打一下，那蛙紧接着就像油炸圈饼一样在空中急速旋转——翻一个跟斗，或者好的话可以一连翻好几个，然后像猫一样四爪张开平稳落地。他还教那只蛙怎么捉苍蝇，并督促它不断练习，练到最后那蛙每看见一只苍蝇，都能把它捉住。斯迈雷说蛙最需要的就是教育，而且它能学会很多东西——我相信他所说的。怎么

as fur as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do 'most anything – and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor – Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog – and sing out, 'Flies, Dan'l, flies!' and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doing any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightforward as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywhere all said he laid over any frog that ever they see.

“Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little

说呢，我就看见过他把丹尼尔·韦伯斯特——那只蛙的名字就是丹尼尔·韦伯斯特——放在地板上，然后大声喊道：‘苍蝇，丹尼尔，苍蝇！’那蛙就以快得让你来不及眨眼的速度跳起来，像蛇一样吞掉柜台边的苍蝇，然后像一摊泥一样落在地上，若无其事地用它的后爪挠着头，好像并没觉得自己比别的蛙强一样。尽管它很有才能，但再也没有一只蛙比它更谦虚更正直了。只要是规规矩矩的从一个水平面上跃起来往上跳，它能比任何一个它的同类都跳得高。你明白的，从水平面上往上跳是它的特长，只要是在这方面下赌注，斯迈雷就会把所有的钱都押上去。斯迈雷因为这只跳蛙而感到无比的骄傲；而且他也完全有理由骄傲，因为那些游历各地的老江湖也都说他们从来没见过比这更好的跳蛙。

“嗯，斯迈雷把跳蛙装在一个

lattice box, and he used to fetch him down-town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller – a stranger in the camp, he was – come across him with his box, and says:

‘What might it be that you’ve got in the box?’

‘And Smiley says, sorter indifferent-like, ‘It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain’t – it’s only jist a frog.’

‘And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, ‘H’m – so ‘tis. Well, what’s HE good for.

“‘Well,’ Smiley says, easy and careless, ‘he’s good enough for one thing, I should judge – he can out jump any frog in Calaveras County.

“The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, ‘Well,’ he says, ‘I don’t see no pints about that frog that’s any better’n any other frog.’

“‘Maybe you don’t,’ Smiley says. ‘Maybe you understand frogs and maybe you don’t understand them; maybe you’ve had experience, and maybe you ain’t only an armature, as it were. Any-

小格子盒里,有时他还把它带到城里去,在它身上下赌。有一天,一个樵夫——一个不是矿区本地的人——正碰上斯迈雷带着跳蛙盒子,便说:

‘你那盒子里装的会是什么呀?’

“于是斯迈雷一脸不在乎地说:‘它或许是一只鹦鹉,也或许是一只金丝雀;可都不是——它是一只蛙。’

“那樵夫拿过笼子翻来覆去地仔细看着,并且说:‘嗯——原来真是只蛙,噢,它有什么优点啊?’

“‘噢,’斯迈雷漫不经心地说道,‘在某一个方面它是最好的了,要叫我下判断的话——它比卡拉维拉斯县里其他任何一只蛙都跳得高。’

“那樵夫又重新拿过盒子,仔仔细细地看了好一会儿,然后还给斯迈雷,故意说道,‘嗯,我看这蛙也不见得比其他蛙好到哪儿去。’

“‘你也许看不出来’,斯迈雷说,‘或许你了解跳蛙,也或许你并不了解它们;或许你很有经验,也或许并不是这样。无论怎样,我有个打算,我押 40 美元,赌这只

ways, I've got my opinion, and I'll resk forty dollars the he can out jump any frog in Calaveras County.'

"And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad-like, 'Well, I'm only a, stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you.'

"And then Smiley says, 'That's all right - that's all right if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog.' Any so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and set down to wait.

"So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to himself and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail-shot-filled him pretty near up to his chin - and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller and says:

'Now, if you're ready, set him along-side of Dan'l, with his fore paws jist even with Dan'l's, and I'll give the word.' Then he says, 'One-two-three - git' and him and the feller touches up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off lively but Dan'l give a heave, and

蛙比卡拉维拉斯县随便哪一只蛙都跳得高。'

"那樵夫琢磨了一会儿,有些为难地说道:‘嗯,我在这儿只是个陌生人,我也没有跳蛙;但要是我有一只,我就会跟你赌的。’

"接着斯迈雷说道:‘这没关系——没关系——只要你拿会儿我的蛙盒,我就去给你找只跳蛙。’就这样,那樵夫拿着盒子,把他的40美元赌注和斯迈雷的40美元放在一起,然后坐下来等斯迈雷。

"那樵夫坐在那儿有好一会儿,想来想去,然后从盒子里捉出跳蛙,撬开它的嘴,拿小茶匙给跳蛙灌火枪的铁砂子——一直灌满到跳蛙下颚的地方——然后把它放到地上。此时斯迈雷去了沼泽地里,在稀泥里踩了好长一阵子,最后他终于捉住了一只蛙,把它抓回来,交给那个樵夫,说:

‘现在,你要是准备好了,就把这只蛙跟丹尼尔并排摆着,把它的前爪和丹尼尔的前爪放齐,然后我喊口令。’然后他就喊:‘一——二——三——跳!’他和那樵夫分别从后边拍了一下那两只跳蛙,那只新来的跳蛙很生猛地蹦了起来,

hosted up his shoulders – so-like a Frenchman, but it warn't no use – he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as a church, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was of course.

“The Teller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder – so – at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, ‘Well,’ he says, ‘I don't see no pints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog.’

“Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, ‘I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for – I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him – he ‘pears to look mighty baggy, somehow.’ And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and hefted him, and says, ‘Why blame my cats if he don't weigh five pound!’ and turned him upside down and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he sees how it was, and he was the maddest man – he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And –”

可是丹尼尔叹了一口气，像法国人一样耸起了肩膀——但是这根本不管用；它不能移动，就像教堂那样生了根长在那地方似的，就像抛了锚似的不能再移动了！斯迈雷非常惊讶，也很生气；当然啦，他怎么也想不出这是怎么回事。

“那樵夫拿起钱就走；当他快要走出门去的时候，他还将大拇指伸过肩膀指着丹尼尔——又一次字斟句酌地说道‘嗯，我就是没看出来这只跳蛙比其他的跳蛙好到哪儿去。’

“斯迈雷呢，他站在那儿挠着头，低头看了丹尼尔好一会儿，最后说：‘我真不明白这只跳蛙怎么会栽了——真不明白它是怎么了——噢，不管怎样，它的肚子看起来胀得很厉害。’他抓着丹尼尔脖子上的皮，把它举起来，说：‘它肯定足有五磅重呢！’他把跳蛙倒过来，结果倒出满满两大把铁砂子弹来。当斯迈雷明白过来时，他真是气疯了，放下跳蛙就出去追那樵夫，但他并没抓住他，而且——”



[Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted.] And turning to me as he moved away, he said: "Jist set where you are, stranger, and rest easy – I ain't going to be gone a second."

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond Jim Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he buttonholed me and recommenced:

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yaller one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only jist a short stump like a bannanner, and –"

However, lacking both time and inclination, I did not wait to hear about the afflicted cow, but took my leave.

Now let the learned look upon this picture and say if iconoclasm can further go:

(这时候，西蒙·惠勒听见前院有人喊他的名字，于是就站起来去看那人要什么。)他往外走的同时转过头对我说：“就在这儿待着，外地人，歇会儿——我很快就回来。”

不过，在你即将离开的时候，我不想再继续听这个“有胆识”的流浪汉吉姆·斯迈雷的故事，也不大可能打听得到关于列昂尼达斯·W·斯迈雷神父的情况，所以我就动身离开了。

在门口，我看到友善的惠勒回来了，他抓住我重新开始了：

“哎，这个斯迈雷有一头独眼龙黄奶牛，没有尾巴，只剩了半截，像一根香蕉，而且——”

然而，既没时间也没兴趣的我，没等他讲完那头被折磨的奶牛的故事，就离开了。

现在就让明眼人看看这幅画，说说“偶像攻击”会不会继续下去。