

经典文库 英汉对照

SELECTED STORIES OF
O. HENRY

欧·亨利中短篇小说选

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前 言

欧·亨利（1862~1910），原名威廉·西德尼·波特（William Sydney Porter），美国著名批判现实主义作家、美国现代短篇小说之父和世界三大短篇小说大师之一。

1862年9月11日出生于美国北卡罗来纳州格林斯波罗小镇一个医师家庭，欧·亨利十五岁便开始在药房当学徒，二十岁时因健康原因去得州的一个牧场当了两年牧牛人，积累了对西部生活的亲身经验。1884年后，他做过会计员、土地局办事员和新闻记者。他还办过《滚石》幽默周刊，并在休斯敦一家日报上发表幽默小说和趣闻逸事。1887年，亨利结婚并生了一个女儿。正当他的生活安定之时，一件事情改变了他的命运。1896年，奥斯汀银行指控他在任职期间盗用资金。为了躲避受审，他逃到了洪都拉斯。1897年，他回家探视病危的妻子，被捕入狱。在狱中，他担任药剂师，创作第一部作品的起因是为了给女儿买圣诞礼物，但因为犯人的身份，他不敢使用真名，就用一部法国药典编者的名字作为笔名，在《迈克吕尔》杂志上发表。1901年，他因“行为良好”而被提前获释，来到了纽约，专门从事写作。

欧·亨利在大约十年的时间里创作了三百多篇短篇小说，收入在《白菜与国王》（1904）、《四百万》（1906）、《西部之心》（1907）、《城市之声》（1908）、《滚石》（1913）等集子里，其中以描写纽约曼哈顿市民生活的作品最著名。他把那里的街道、小饭馆、破旧公寓的气氛渲染得栩栩如生、跃然纸上，享有“曼哈顿桂冠诗人”的美称。他还以骗子的生活为题材创作了不少短篇小说，力图表明道貌岸然的上流社会里有不少人就是高级骗子。

欧·亨利的作品构思新颖，语言诙谐，结局常常出人意外，又因为描写了众多人物，富有生活情趣，被誉为“美国生活的幽默百科全书”。欧·亨利善于利用双关语、讹音、谐音和旧典新意，生动活泼，妙趣横生，被喻为“含泪的微笑”。他还以准确的细节描写制造与再现氛围，尤其是大都会夜生活的氛围。

欧·亨利善于设计情节，埋下伏笔，作好铺垫，最后在结尾处突然让人物的心理情境发生出人意料的变化，或者使主人公命运陡然逆转，使读者豁然开朗，柳暗花明，既在意料之外，又在情理之中，令人拍案称奇，从而产生了独特的艺术魅力。欧·亨利把小说的灵魂全都凝聚在结尾部分，让读者在平淡无奇而又诙谐风趣、娓娓动听的描述中，不知不觉地进入作者精心设置的迷宫，直到最后，犹如电光闪过，照亮了先前隐藏的一切，给读者最后一个惊喜，因此这种“意料之外，情理之中”的结局被称为“欧·亨利式的结尾”。

描写小人物是欧·亨利的短篇小说最引人瞩目的内容。欧·亨利长期生活在社会底层，深谙下层人民的苦难生活，同时也切身感受过统治阶层制定的法律对穷人是何等残酷无情。因此，他把无限的同情都放在穷人一边。在他的笔下，穷人具有纯洁美好的心灵、仁慈善良的品格和真挚深沉的爱情。然而，他们命运多舛，孤立无援，食不裹腹，居无定所。

欧·亨利给美国的短篇小说带来了新气息，他的作品因而久享盛名，并具有世界影响。从题材的性质来看，欧·亨利的作品大致分为三类：一类以描写美国西部生活为主；一类写的是美国大城市的生活；一类则以拉丁美洲生活为背景。这些不同的题材显然与作者一生中几个主要生活时期的不同经历密切相关。

欧·亨利的小说通俗易懂，无论发生什么，无论发生在何处，无论主人公是何人，他的故事写的都是世态人情，具有浓郁的美国风味。

欧·亨利小说中感人至深的落魄小人物在艰苦的求生环境中，仍能对他人表现出真诚的爱与关怀，作出难能可贵的牺牲。所有这些都未必称得上轰轰烈烈的大事，而是小人物们日常完成的小事，但正是在这些小事上，他们达到了至善至美的精神境界。

欧·亨利对恶具有同样的敏感，对美国这个名利场上的伎俩看得一清二楚。但是，欧·亨利笔下的善与恶并不是泾渭分明，它们之间具有一个广阔的中间地带，其中存在着良心发现、幡然悔悟和重新做人的种种可能性。

欧·亨利的成功主要在于他善于捕捉和把握生活中的典型场面，在一个个生活的片断里，处于两难中的主人公必须面对抉择，这时不仅能集中刻画人物心理，也能充分展示生活中固有的矛盾，将情节剪裁得恰到好处，达到一种思想与艺术完美结合的奇效，这正是短篇小说成功的关键。

欧·亨利的小说在艺术处理上的最大特点就是它们的“意外结局”。情节的发展似乎明明朝着一个方向发展，结果却出其不意。这意外的结局往往令人宽慰，即便是悲哀的结局，也常常包含着某种光明之处，这就是所谓“带泪的微笑”。

两难的处理和意外的结局往往产生令人啼笑皆非的幽默效果，在欧·亨利的小说中，幽默贯穿始终，有的专门是为幽默而幽默。他在《幽默作家的自白》中写道：“我讲笑话的本质温和亲切，既不流于讽刺，也不冒犯他人。”这句话也适用于欧·亨利本人，他讽刺，但不流于讽刺，他的嘲讽和幽默通常具有善意，有时能令人震惊地揭示出人生的真谛，体现了欧·亨利透视生活的非凡能力。欧·亨利的语言本身也充满了夸张和幽默，而幽默能起到淡化事物悲剧性的作用，使大众读者更能接受。这也正是欧·亨利的作品历久弥新、人见人爱、发人深省、感人至深的原因。

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Hearts and Hands

At Denver there was an influx of passengers into the coaches on the eastbound B. & M. express. In one coach there sat a very pretty young woman dressed in elegant taste and surrounded by all the luxurious comforts of an experienced traveler. Among the newcomers were two young men, one of handsome presence with a bold, frank countenance and manner; the other a ruffled, glum-faced person, heavily built and roughly dressed. The two were handcuffed together.

As they passed down the aisle of the coach the only vacant seat offered was a reversed one facing the attractive young woman. Here the linked couple seated themselves. The young woman's glance fell upon them with a distant, swift disinterest; then with a lovely smile brightening her countenance and a tender pink tingeing her rounded cheeks, she held out a little gray-gloved hand. When she spoke her voice, full, sweet, and deliberate, proclaimed that its owner was accustomed to speak and be heard.

"Well, Mr. Easton, if you will make me speak first, I suppose I must. Don't you ever recognize old friends when you meet them in the West?"

The younger man roused himself sharply at the sound of her voice, seemed to struggle with a slight embarrassment which he threw off instantly, and then clasped her fingers with his left hand.

"It's Miss Fairchild," he said, with a smile. "I'll ask you to excuse the other hand; 'it's otherwise engaged just at present."

心与手

丹佛站，一群乘客拥进了东去的宝马快车车厢。其中一个车厢里坐着一位非常漂亮、衣着优雅的年轻女郎，她身边放满了奢华舒适的生活用品，显然是一位经验丰富的游客。在刚上来的乘客中有两个年轻人：一个风度翩翩，刚毅坦率；另一个满脸皱纹，面色忧郁，身材魁梧，穿着邋遢。两个人的手铐在一起。

他们穿越过道时，车里唯一的空位朝向车尾，面对那个迷人的年轻女郎。这两个铐在一起的人坐在了这里。年轻女人的目光悠远冷淡，飞快地落在他们身上；随后，她的脸上泛起了可爱的微笑，丰润的面颊微微飞起了柔和的粉红色，她伸出一只戴着灰手套的小手。她说话时的声音圆润、甜美、从容，表明它的主人习惯说话，也习惯让别人听她说话。

“噢，伊斯顿先生，要是你让我先说话，我想我必须这样。你在西部碰见老朋友还认不出来吗？”

听到她的声音，那个比较年轻的人猛地惊醒，似乎有点儿尴尬，但立刻又恢复了常态，随后用左手握了握她的手。

“这不是娇娃小姐吗，”他面带微笑说。“我要请你原谅我的右手，它现在另有用场。”

他微微抬起右手，露出与同伴的左手腕扣在一起的那副闪亮的“手镯”。那个姑娘

He slightly raised his right hand, bound at the wrist by the shining “bracelet” to the left one of his companion. The glad look in the girl’s eyes slowly changed to a bewildered horror. The glow faded from her cheeks. Her lips parted in a vague, relaxing distress. Easton, with a little laugh, as if amused, was about to speak again when the other forestalled him. The glum-faced man had been watching the girl’s countenance with veiled glances from his keen, shrewd eyes.

“You’ll excuse me for speaking, miss, but, I see you’re acquainted with the marshal here. If you’ll ask him to speak a word for me when we get to the pen he’ll do it, and it’ll make things easier for me there. He’s taking me to Leavenworth prison. It’s seven years for counterfeiting.”

“Oh!” said the girl, with a deep breath and returning color. “So that is what you are doing out here? A marshal!”

“My dear Miss Fairchild,” said Easton, calmly, “I had to do something. Money has a way of taking wings unto itself, and you know it takes money to keep step with our crowd in Washington. I saw this opening in the West, and—well, a marshalship isn’t quite as high a position as that of ambassador, but—”

“The ambassador,” said the girl, warmly, “doesn’t call any more. He needn’t ever have done so. You ought to know that. And so now you are one of these dashing Western heroes, and you ride and shoot and go into all kinds of dangers. That’s different from the Washington life. You have been missed from the old crowd.”

The girl’s eyes, fascinated, went back, widening a little, to rest upon the glittering handcuffs.

“Don’t you worry about them, miss,” said the other man. “All marshals handcuff themselves to their prisoners to keep them from getting away. Mr. Easton knows his business.”

“Will we see you again soon in Washington?” asked the girl.

“Not soon, I think,” said Easton. “My butterfly days are over, I fear.”

的快乐眼神慢慢变得迷惘恐惧，脸颊上褪去了绯红，嘴唇微启，显得有些紧张。伊斯顿好像是被逗乐了，微微笑出了声，正要再次开口，同伴却抢在了前面。那个脸色阴沉的人眼睛敏锐狡黠，一直偷偷地盯着姑娘的面容。

“小姐，请原谅我开口说话，但我看得出你跟这位法警熟悉。要是你请他在我们到达监狱时给我美言几句，他会听你的，这样我在那里的日子就会好过些。他要带我去利文沃斯监狱。因伪造罪而被判七年。”

“噢！”姑娘深吸了口气说，脸上又绯红了起来。“这么说，这就是你在这里的工作了？当一名法警！”

“我亲爱的娇娃小姐，”伊斯顿平静地说，“我不得不找一份工作干。钱来得容易去得快，在这里要过像在华盛顿一样的生活，要花费好多钱。我看到西部这个职位空缺，然后——当然，法警的职位不如大使的职位那样高，不过——”

“大使，”姑娘热情地说。“再也没有来过电话。他也不必那样做。你应该知道。再说，你现在是一名出色的西部英雄，骑马、射击，历尽艰险。那与华盛顿的生活截然不同。老朋友们都念着你。”

姑娘微微睁大眼睛，迷人的目光又落在了那副闪亮的手铐上。

“小姐，别为它们担心，”伊斯顿的同伴说。“所有法警都将自己和罪犯铐在一起，以防他们逃跑。伊斯顿先生精通这一行。”

“我们会很快在华盛顿见到你吗？”姑娘问道。

“我想，不会很快，”伊斯顿说。“我怕，我像蝴蝶一样逍遥的日子到头了。”

“I love the West,” said the girl irrelevantly. Her eyes were shining softly. She looked away out the car window. She began to speak truly and simply without the gloss of style and manner: “Mamma and I spent the summer in Denver. She went home a week ago because father was slightly ill. I could live and be happy in the West. I think the air here agrees with me. Money isn’t everything. But people always misunderstand things and remain stupid—”

“Say, Mr. Marshal,” growled the glum-faced man. “This isn’t quite fair. I’m needing a drink, and haven’t had a smoke all day. Haven’t you talked long enough? Take me in the smoker now, won’t you? I’m half dead for a pipe.”

The bound travelers rose to their feet, Easton with the same slow smile on his face.

“I can’t deny a petition for tobacco,” he said, lightly. “It’s the one friend of the unfortunate. Good-bye, Miss Fairchild. Duty calls, you know.” He held out his hand for a farewell.

“It’s too bad you are not going East,” she said, reclothing herself with manner and style. “But you must go on to Leavenworth, I suppose?”

“Yes,” said Easton, “I must go on to Leavenworth.”

The two men sidled down the aisle into the smoker.

The two passengers in a seat near by had heard most of the conversation. Said one of them: “That marshal’s a good sort of chap. Some of these Western fellows are all right.”

“Pretty young to hold an office like that, isn’t he?” asked the other.

“Young!” exclaimed the first speaker, “why—Oh! didn’t you catch on? Say—did you ever know an officer to handcuff a prisoner to his right hand?”

“我爱西部，”姑娘风马牛不相及地说，眼睛闪着温柔的光泽。她移开目光，望着车窗外，开始真诚简单地说了起来，没有客套和矫饰：“我和妈妈这个夏天是在丹佛过的。父亲身体不太好，她一周前回家去了。我可以在西部快乐生活，我想这里的空气适合我。金钱不是一切。然而，人们总是对事物产生误解，执迷不悟——”

“喂，法警先生，”那个脸色阴沉的人咆哮道。“这太不公平了。我要喝点儿什么，而且我一天都没抽烟了。你们聊够了没有？现在把我带到抽烟车厢去，行吗？我想抽烟都快想死了。”

两个铐在一起的乘客站起来，伊斯顿脸上带着同样迟缓的笑容。

“我无法拒绝抽烟的请求，”他轻声说道。“不幸的人总是与它为伴。再见，娇娃小姐。公务在身，你知道。”他伸出一只手道别。

“你不去东部真是太糟了，”她说，举止和风度恢复如初。“但我想你必须去利文沃斯吧？”

“是的，”伊斯顿说，“我必须去利文沃斯。”

两个人侧身而行，沿着过道进了抽烟车厢。

旁边座位上的两个乘客听到了这大部分的对话。其中一个说：“那法警是个好人。有些西部人真不赖。”

“年纪轻轻就担任这样的职位，不是吗？”另一个说。

“年纪轻轻！”刚才说话的那个人大声说道。“啊——噢！难道你不明白吗？喂——你见过将囚徒铐在自己右手上的法警吗？”

Witches' Loaves

Miss Martha Meacham kept the little bakery on the corner (the one where you go up three steps, and the bell tinkles when you open the door).

Miss Martha was forty, her bank-book showed a credit of two thousand dollars, and she possessed two false teeth and a sympathetic heart. Many people have married whose chances to do so were much inferior to Miss Martha's.

Two or three times a week a customer came in in whom she began to take an interest. He was a middle-aged man, wearing spectacles and a brown beard trimmed to a careful point.

He spoke English with a strong German accent. His clothes were worn and darned in places, and wrinkled and baggy in others. But he looked neat, and had very good manners.

He always bought two loaves of stale bread. Fresh bread was five cents a loaf. Stale ones were two for five. Never did he call for anything but stale bread.

Once Miss Martha saw a red and brown stain on his fingers. She was sure then that he was an artist and very poor. No doubt he lived in a garret, where he painted pictures and ate stale bread and thought of the good things to eat in Miss Martha's bakery.

Often when Miss Martha sat down to her chops and light rolls and jam and tea she would sigh, and wish that the gentle-mannered artist might share her tasty meal instead of eating his dry crust in that draughty attic. Miss Martha's heart, as you have been told, was a sympathetic one.

In order to test her theory as to his occupation, she brought from her room one day a

女巫的面包

玛莎·米查姆小姐在拐角处开了一家小面包店（就是你走上三级台阶，打开门时，门铃丁当作响的那种小店）。

玛莎小姐四十岁，银行存折显示她有两千美元存款，她还有两颗假牙和一颗同情心。许多运气完全不如玛莎小姐的人都已经结婚了。

一个顾客每周到店里来两、三次，玛莎小姐开始对他产生了兴趣。他人到中年，戴着眼镜，棕色胡子修剪得齐齐整整。

他说英语时带有浓重的德国口音，衣服有的地方磨损，打着补丁，有的地方皱皱巴巴，松松垮垮。但是，他看上去整洁，很有礼貌。

他总是买两块陈面包。新鲜面包五分钱一条。陈面包五分钱两条。除了陈面包，他从来不买其他东西。

有一次，玛莎小姐看到他手指上有一块红褐相间的污斑，于是确信他是一位艺术家，而且很穷。毫无疑问，他住在阁楼，在那里作画，一边吃陈面包，一边想着玛莎小姐面包店里各种好吃的东西。

每当玛莎小姐坐下吃排骨、松软的面包卷、果酱、喝茶时，常常会叹息，希望那个温文尔雅的艺术师能分享她的可口饭菜，而不是在四面透风的阁楼里啃吃干面包皮。我曾经说过，玛莎小姐有一颗同情心。

painting that she had bought at a sale, and set it against the shelves behind the bread counter.

It was a Venetian scene. A splendid marble palazzo (so it said on the picture) stood in the foreground—or rather forewater. For the rest there were gondolas (with the lady trailing her hand in the water), clouds, sky, and chiaro-oscuro in plenty. No artist could fail to notice it.

Two days afterward the customer came in.

“Two loafs of stale bread, if you please.

“You haf here a fine bicture, madame,” he said while she was wrapping up the bread.

“Yes?” says Miss Martha, reveling in her own cunning. “I do so admire art and” (no, it would not do to say “artists” thus early) “and paintings,” she substituted. “You think it is a good picture?”

“Der balance,” said the customer, is not in good drawing. Der bairspective of it is not true. Goot morning, madame.”

He took his bread, bowed, and hurried out.

Yes, he must be an artist. Miss Martha took the picture back to her room.

How gentle and kindly his eyes shone behind his spectacles! What a broad brow he had! To be able to judge perspective at a glance—and to live on stale bread! But genius often has to struggle before it is recognized.

What a thing it would be for art and perspective if genius were backed by two thousand dollars in bank, a bakery, and a sympathetic heart to—But these were day-dreams, Miss Martha.

Often now when he came he would chat for a while across the showcase. He seemed to crave Miss Martha’s cheerful words.

He kept on buying stale bread. Never a cake, never a pie, never one of her delicious Sally Lunns.

有一天，为了检验她对这个人职业的推测，她从房间里搬出了她特价买来的一幅画，靠在面包柜台后面的架子上。

那是一幅威尼斯风景画。一座富丽堂皇的大理石宫殿（画上是这样标明的）矗立在画面的前景——或者更准确地说，前面的水景。此外，有几艘平底船（那位女士的一只手曳行在水里），有云彩，有天空，还有许多明暗变化的画笔。艺术家不可能不注意到这一点。

两天后，那位顾客来到了店里。

“清（请）拿两块陈面包。”

“夫人，你这里又（有）一幅好化（画），”她在包裹面包时，他说。

“是吗？”玛莎小姐说，对自己的计谋洋洋得意。“我的确非常钦佩艺术和——”（不，这么说“艺术家”尚早）“和绘画。”她换了一种说法，“你认为这是一幅好画吗？”

“贡（宫）殿，”顾客说，“画得不好。偷（透）视法不真实。在（再）见，夫人。”

他拿起面包，躬了躬身，匆匆出了店门。

是的，他一定是一位艺术家。玛莎小姐把画搬回了房间。

他眼镜后面的目光是多么温和亲切！他的前额是多么宽阔！一眼就能看出透视画法——竟靠陈面包生活！但在得到公众认可之前，天才常常不得不奋斗。

要是天才有两千美元银行存款、一家面包店和一颗同情心作后盾，这对艺术和透视画法将会是多好的事儿啊！——但这不过是白日梦，玛莎小姐。

She thought he began to look thinner and discouraged. Her heart ached to add something good to eat to his meagre purchase, but her courage failed at the act. She did not dare affront him. She knew the pride of artists.

Miss Martha took to wearing her blue-dotted silk waist behind the counter. In the back room she cooked a mysterious compound of quince seeds and borax. Ever so many people use it for the complexion.

One day the customer came in as usual, laid his nickel on the showcase, and called for his stale loaves. While Miss Martha was reaching for them there was a great tooting and clanging, and a fire-engine came lumbering past.

The customer hurried to the door to look, as any one will. Suddenly inspired, Miss Martha seized the opportunity.

On the bottom shelf behind the counter was a pound of fresh butter that the dairyman had left ten minutes before. With a bread knife Miss Martha made a deep slash in each of the stale loaves, inserted a generous quantity of butter, and pressed the loaves tight again.

When the customer turned once more she was tying the paper around them.

When he had gone, after an unusually pleasant little chat, Miss Martha smiled to herself, but not without a slight fluttering of the heart.

Had she been too bold? Would he take offense? But surely not. There was no language of edibles. Butter was no emblem of unmaidenly forwardness.

For a long time that day her mind dwelt on the subject. She imagined the scene when he should discover her little deception.

He would lay down his brushes and palette. There would stand his easel with the picture he

现在每当他来时，总会隔着陈列柜聊一会儿，好像渴望玛莎小姐的愉快谈话。

他继续买陈面包，从不买蛋糕，也不买馅饼，更不买她店里可口的萨利伦甜饼。

她觉得他看上去渐渐消瘦、灰心。她一心渴望在他买的寒酸食物里加一些好吃东西，但她没有勇气去做。她不敢冒犯他。她了解艺术家的自尊。

玛莎小姐站柜台时开始喜欢穿那件蓝点丝绸胸衣。她在里屋熬起了神秘的槲寄生和硼砂的合剂。许许多多的人用这种合剂美容。

有一天，那位顾客又像往常那样走进来，把五分镍币放在柜台上，要求买陈面包。玛莎小姐伸手去拿面包时，喇叭嘟嘟声和丁当声大作；一辆消防车隆隆驶过。

顾客赶忙跑到门口去看，谁都会这样做。玛莎小姐突然灵机一动，抓住了这个机会。

柜台后面最底层的搁板上放着一磅新鲜黄油，送奶人送来才十分钟。

玛莎小姐用切面包刀把各个陈面包都深深地划了一刀，塞进了大量黄油，然后又把面包压紧。

顾客又转过身时，她正在用纸裹着面包。

他们十分愉快地聊了一小会儿。顾客走后，玛莎小姐暗自微笑，但心里不免有点儿慌乱。

她是不是过于莽撞呢？他会见怪吗？不过，肯定不会。食物绝不代表语言。黄油也绝不象征有失少女身份的鲁莽行为。

那天，她在这件事上细想了好一阵子，想象他发现她的小小伎俩时的情景。

他会放下画笔和调色板。那里会支着他的画架，画架上是他正在作的画，其中所用

was painting in which the perspective was beyond criticism.

He would prepare for his luncheon of dry bread and water. He would slice into a loaf—ah!

Miss Martha blushed. Would he think of the hand that placed it there as he ate? Would he—

The front door bell jangled viciously. Somebody was coming in, making a great deal of noise.

Miss Martha hurried to the front. Two men were there. One was a young man smoking a pipe—a man she had never seen before. The other was her artist.

His face was very red, his hat was on the back of his head, his hair was wildly ruffled. He clinched his two fists and shook them ferociously at Miss Martha. At Miss Martha.

“Dummkopf!” he shouted with extreme loudness; and then “Tausendonfer!” or something like it in German.

The young man tried to draw him away.

“I vill not go,” he said angrily, “else I shall told her.”

He made a bass drum of Miss Martha’s counter.

“You haf shpoilt me,” he cried, his blue eyes blazing behind his spectacles. “I vill tell you. You vas von meddingsome old cat!”

Miss Martha leaned weakly against the shelves and laid one hand on her blue-dotted silk waist. The young man took the other by the collar.

“Come on,” he said, “you’ve said enough.” He dragged the angry one out at the door to the sidewalk, and then came back.

“Guess you ought to be told, ma’am,” he said, “what the row is about. That’s Blumberger. He’s an architectural draftsman. I work in the same office with him.

的透视法无可厚非。

他会准备干面包和水，作为午饭。他将切开一块面包——啊！

玛莎小姐脸色羞红了。他吃面包时会想到那只放黄油的手吗？他会——

前门铃恶狠狠地响了起来。有人大吵大闹着走进来。

玛莎小姐匆匆赶到前台。那里有两个男人。一个是叼着烟斗的年轻人——她以前从未见过，另一个是她的艺术家。

他脸色通红，帽子戴在后脑勺上，头发弄得乱七八糟。他紧握两只拳头，气势汹汹地朝玛莎小姐摇晃着。冲着玛莎小姐摇晃。

“笨蛋！”他扯开嗓子喊道，随后又喊了一声“见鬼！”之类的德国话。

那个年轻人竭力想把他拽走。

“我不回（会）走的，”他愤怒地说，“我非要高（告）诉她不可。”

他咚咚咚敲着玛莎小姐的柜台。

“你会（毁）了我。”他喊道，蓝眼睛在镜片后面冒着火。“我腰（要）告诉你。你是以（一）只埃（爱）管闲事的老太婆！”

玛莎小姐无力地靠在货架上，一只手放在蓝点丝绸胸衣上。年轻人抓住同伴的衣领。

“走吧，”他说，“你已经说够了。”他把那个怒气冲冲的人拽到门外的人行道上，然后又折了回来。

“夫人，我想应该把这次吵嚷的原因告诉你，”他说，“那位是布鲁姆伯格。他是一名建筑绘图员。我和他在同一个办公室工作。

“He’s been working hard for three months drawing a plan for a new city hall. It was a prize competition. He finished inking the lines yesterday. You know, a draftsman always makes his drawing in pencil first. When it’s done he rubs out the pencil lines with handfuls of stale bread crumbs. That’s better than India rubber.

“Blumberger’s been buying the bread here. Well, to-day—well, you know, ma’am, that butter isn’t—well, Blumberger’s plan isn’t good for anything now except to cut up into railroad sandwiches.”

Miss Martha went into the back room. She took off the blue-dotted silk waist and put on the old brown serge she used to wear. Then she poured the quince seed and borax mixture out of the window into the ash can.

“他一直在绘制一张新市政厅平面图，辛辛苦苦地绘了三个月，准备参加有奖竞赛。他昨天刚上完墨。你知道，绘图员总是先用铅笔打底稿。打完底稿后，他用几把陈面包屑擦掉铅笔线。陈面包屑要比弹性橡皮效果好。

“布鲁姆伯格一直买这里的面包。啊，今天——啊，夫人，你知道，那黄油不——啊，布鲁姆伯格的平面图现在没有一点用了，只能割成铁路复合板了。”

玛莎小姐走进里屋，脱下蓝点丝绸胸衣，换上原来那件棕色哗叽衣服，随后把榲桲籽和硼砂的合剂泼到了窗外的垃圾箱里。

The Cop and the Anthem

On his bench in Madison Square Soapy moved uneasily. When wild geese honk high of nights, and when women without sealskin coats grow kind to their husbands, and when Soapy moves uneasily on his bench in the park, you may know that winter is near at hand.

A dead leaf fell in Soapy's lap. That was Jack Frost's card. Jack is kind to the regular denizens of Madison Square, and gives fair warning of his annual call. At the corners of four streets he hands his pasteboard to the North Wind, footman of the mansion of All Outdoors, so that the inhabitants thereof may make ready.

Soapy's mind became cognisant of the fact that the time had come for him to resolve himself into a singular Committee of Ways and Means to provide against the coming rigour. And therefore he moved uneasily on his bench.

The hibernatorial ambitions of Soapy were not of the highest. In them there were no considerations of Mediterranean cruises, of soporific Southern skies drifting in the Vesuvian Bay. Three months on the Island was what his soul craved. Three months of assured board and bed and congenial company, safe from Boreas and bluecoats, seemed to Soapy the essence of things desirable.

For years the hospitable Blackwell's had been his winter quarters. Just as his more fortunate fellow New Yorkers had bought their tickets to Palm Beach and the Riviera each winter, so Soapy had made his humble arrangements for his annual hegira to the Island. And now the time was come. On the previous night three Sabbath newspapers, distributed beneath his coat,

警察与圣歌

苏比躺在麦迪逊广场的长椅上辗转不安。当雁群在夜空高声鸣叫，当缺少海豹皮大衣的女人渐渐对丈夫温存，当苏比在公园的长椅上辗转不安，你就会知道冬天就要到了。

一片枯叶飘落在苏比的膝盖上。那是严寒的名片。严寒对麦迪逊广场的常住居民非常友好，每年来临总要打声招呼。在十字街头，他把名片交给“户外大厦”的门房“北风”，以便那里的居民作好准备。

苏比意识到，为了应对即将来临的寒冬，该是他下决心组成一个单人筹备委员会的时候了。所以，他在长椅上辗转不安。

苏比过冬的抱负并不算最高。他既不想去地中海巡游，也不想去南方昏错欲睡晒太阳，更没想到到维苏威海湾游荡。他梦想的只要在岛上待三个月。衣食无忧的三个月，还有志趣相投的人陪伴，免受“北风”和警察的侵扰，对苏比来说这就是梦寐以求的事儿。

多年来，殷勤好客的布莱克韦尔岛监狱一直是苏比过冬的场所。就像运气比他好的纽约人每年冬天买票去棕榈滩和里维埃拉一样，苏比也要为一年一度逃奔岛上作些准备。现在又到时候了。昨晚，他睡在古老广场喷水池旁的长椅上，用三份安息日的报纸分别垫进上衣，包住脚踝，裹住膝盖，还是没能抵挡住严寒的侵袭。因此，布莱克韦尔岛的影像又马上鲜明地浮现在苏比的脑海里。他诅咒那些以慈善名义对城镇穷苦人所设