



世界上最精彩的  
The Most Wonderful Stories  
in the World

# 小说

这种令人费解的爱把一个人的一生变成了某种美的存在，如果没有遇到魅力如谜的卢什卡的话，那个人的一生本来应该是极其平淡的……

名家名篇·双语阅读  
The Most Beautiful English

## 美丽英文

[奥地利]卡夫卡等 / 著 安娜 / 译

黑龙江人民出版社



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**图书在版编目(CIP)数据**

美丽英文——世界上最精彩的小小说 / (奥地利)卡夫卡等著;安娜译. —哈尔滨:黑龙江人民出版社,2007.1

ISBN 7-207-07161-2

I. 美… II. ①卡… ②安… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物 ②短篇小说—作品集—世界 IV. I14

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2006)第 123922 号

---

**责任编辑:** 刘丽奇

**总体策划:** 大 田

**装帧设计:** 董文莹

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**美丽英文——世界上最精彩的小小说**  
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**出版发行** 黑龙江人民出版社

**通讯地址** 哈尔滨市南岗区宣庆小区 1 号楼

**邮 编** 150008

**网 址** www.longpress.com E-mail: hljrmchs@yeah.net

**印 刷** 黑龙江新华印刷厂

**经 销** 全国新华书店

**开 本** 850mm × 1168mm 1/16

**印 张** 14

**字 数** 380 千字

**版 次** 2007 年 1 月第 1 版 第 1 次印刷

**书 号** ISBN 7-207-07161-2/I·955

**定 价** 21.80 元

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(如发现本书有印刷质量问题,印刷厂负责调换)

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## 最后一片叶子

作者简介

1862—1910

欧·亨利

O. Henry

原名威廉·雪德尼·波特，是美国最著名的短篇小说家之一，曾被评论界誉为“曼哈顿桂冠散文作家”和“美国现代短篇小说之父”。其作品构思新颖，结局常常让人出乎意料，却又在情理之中。他善于描写美国社会、尤其是纽约百姓的生活；又因描写了众多的人物，富于生活情趣，被誉为“美国生活的幽默百科全书”。代表作有小说集《四百万》、《命运之路》等。其中一些名篇如《爱的牺牲》、《警察与赞美诗》、《带家具出租的房间》、《麦琪的礼物》、《最后一片叶子》等使他享誉世界。

《最后一片叶子》是说一位穷困潦倒的画家为了鼓起病人生存的勇气，在枝叶凋零的常春藤旁画上一片树叶的情景，赞美了小人物的伟大人格和高尚品德。

在华盛顿广场西面的一个小区里，街道胡乱四处地蔓延开来，分裂成一条条的小“巷子”。这些巷子形成了很多奇怪的角度和曲线。有时，一条街道自身就要交叉一两次。有一个画家曾经发现这条街的可贵之处：假如他有收账的来讨要颜料、纸张和画布的钱，当他在这一条街上绕来绕去之后，他会突然发现自己一分钱的账也没要到，人却又回到了原地！

所以不久之后，一些搞艺术的人就汇集到这个古雅别致的格林维治村，搜寻朝北开的窗户、十八世纪的三角墙、荷兰式的阁楼，还有这里低廉的房租。然后他们就会从第六大道购进一些锡蜡的大杯子和一两个火锅，这样就形成了一个“艺术家聚居地”。

苏和琼茜的画室位于一幢低矮的三层砖房的顶楼。“琼茜”是乔安娜的昵称。这两个女孩一个来自缅因州，一个来自加利福尼亚。她们俩是在第八大道的“戴尔莫尼克餐厅”吃饭的时候碰上的，两人发现彼此对艺术、菊苣沙拉和服饰的口味都是如此的相投，于是就共同创建了这间画室。

那还是五月份的事。到了十一月，一个冷酷而又无法用肉眼看见的不速之客——医生

称之为“肺炎”——闯进了这片聚居地，用他冰冷的手指四处乱碰。在广场的东面，这个猖獗的破坏者横冲直撞，被他袭击的受害者多达几十人。但是在这条像迷宫一样的狭长而又长满青苔的巷子里，他却放慢了脚步。

“肺炎先生”并不是你们所谓的有着骑士精神的老绅士。一个被加利福尼亚的西风吹得面无血色的小女人本来不应该是这个拳头通红、呼吸急促的老东西打击的对象。可是琼茜还是被他打垮了；她一动不动地躺在她那张刷过油的铁床上，透过荷兰式的窗户，直直地望着对面砖房那堵光秃秃的墙。

一天早晨，那个忙碌的医生挑了挑他那毛茸茸的灰色眉毛，把苏叫到了走廊里。

“依我看啊，她只有十分之一生还的希望，”他一边说，一边甩了甩体温计。“这一成的希望还得靠她求生的欲望。要是有人存心想去殡仪馆排队，那什么灵丹妙药都救不了她。你的这位小姐已经认定自己不会好起来了。她有什么心事吗？”

“她——她希望有一天能去那不勒斯海湾画画。”苏说道。

“画画？——胡说！她心里有没有值得她考虑两次的事——比如说，一个男人？”

“男人？”苏就像吹口琴似的哼了一声，说道，“男人哪能值得——不，大夫，没那回事。”

“哦，毛病就出在这儿了，那么，”医生说道，“我会竭尽全力用科学所能达到的所有方法来医治她。可是一旦我的病人开始计算她的殡葬队伍中会有多少辆马车，我就得把药物的疗效减掉百分之五十了。要是你能让她问出一个关于今年冬季新款大衣袖子的问题，我保证她生还的希望会增加到五分之一，而不是十分之一。”

她一动不动地躺在她那张刷过油的铁床上，透过荷兰式的窗户，直直地望着对面砖房那堵光秃秃的墙。

医生走后，苏走进工作室大哭了一场，把一张日式餐巾纸哭成了一团纸浆。然后她拿起画板，吹着雷格泰姆小调，大摇大摆地走进琼茜的房间里。

琼茜仍旧纹丝不动地躺在被窝里，脸朝向窗户。苏以为她睡着了，也就不再吹口哨了。

苏摆好了画板，开始为杂志社的一篇故事画钢笔画插图。年轻的画家必

须通过为杂志社画故事插图,以铺平他们通向艺术的道路;而这些故事也正是年轻作家们为了铺平通向文学的道路而创作的。

当苏正在给故事的主人公——一个爱达荷州的牛仔——绘制一条漂亮的马裤和一个单片眼镜的时候,她听见了一个低低的声音传了过来,接着又重复了几次。她赶快走到了床前。

琼茜的眼睛睁得大大的。她正望向窗外,嘴里数着数——还是倒着数的。

“十二,”她说道,过了一会儿又说,“十一。”然后是“十”、“九”、“八”和“七”几乎是连着说出来的。

苏关切地望向窗外。那里有什么可数的呢?外面只能看见一个空荡阴暗的院子,以及二十英尺开外的砖房那堵光秃秃的墙。一棵枯老的常春藤——它的根部已经扭曲腐朽了——爬上了那堵砖墙的半腰的位置。秋天萧瑟的寒风把常春藤上的叶子几乎都吹落了,只剩下光秃秃的藤条还依附在这堵快要倒塌的墙上。

“什么事啊,亲爱的?”苏问道。

“六,”琼茜说道,声音低得像是在耳语,“它们现在掉得更快了。三天以前差不多还有一百片,数得我头都疼了。可是现在就容易了。又掉了一片。现在只剩下五片了。”

“五片什么呀,亲爱的?快告诉你的苏蒂。”

“叶子呀,常春藤上的叶子。当最后一一片叶子掉下来的时候,我也得走了。三天以前我就知道了。难道大夫没告诉你吗?”

“哦,我还从没听说过这么荒唐的事呢!”苏装作满不在乎地抱怨道,“这棵老树的叶子跟你能不能康复有什么关系?你以前不是很喜欢那棵树吗!所以,淘气的小姑娘,你就别再庸人自扰了。哦,对了,大夫今天早上告诉我你很快就会好起来的——让我想想他具体是怎么说的——他说你有九成康复的希望呢!这跟我们开车或步行在纽约的大街上,路过一幢新楼的几率差不多。现在试着喝点儿汤吧,让苏蒂去画完她的画,这样她就能把画卖给编辑,好给她生病的孩子买瓶葡萄酒,也给自己买点儿猪排解解馋。”

“你不用再买酒了,”琼茜说道,眼睛还盯着窗外。“又掉了一片。不,我不想喝汤。就剩下四片叶子了。我想在天黑前看着最后一一片叶子飘落下来。然后我也得走了。”

“琼茜,亲爱的,”苏俯下身子对她说,“你能不能答应我把眼睛闭上,我画完画你再往外看,好吗?我明天得交三幅画呢。我需要光线,否则我就拉上窗帘了。”



“你不能到别的屋里画吗？”琼茜淡淡地问道。

“我宁可待在你身边，”苏说道，“除此之外，我也不想让你总盯着那些荒唐的树叶。”

“那你一画完就叫我，”琼茜说着闭上了眼睛，她的脸色苍白，一动不动地躺着，就像一座倒下来的雕像，“因为我想亲眼看着最后一片叶子掉下来。我已经等得不耐烦了，也想得不耐烦了。我真想把所有的事都撒手不管，向下飘啊飘，就像这片可怜的、疲倦的叶子。”

“还是睡一会儿吧，”苏说道，“我得去叫贝尔曼上楼来，让他给我充当一回隐居的老矿工。我很快就回来。在我回来之前，你可别乱动。”

老贝尔曼是住在她们这座楼一楼的画家。他已经六十多岁了，他的胡子长得像米开朗基罗雕刻的摩西的胡子，那些胡子顺着他那森林之神般的脑袋，一直沿着小鬼一样的身体弯弯曲曲地垂落下来。

贝尔曼在艺术上是个失败者。他挥舞了四十年的画笔，却连艺术女神的裙边都没碰到过。他总是筹备着要画一幅杰作，但是却从来没动过笔。几年以来，他除了偶尔涂抹几幅商业画或是广告画之外，什么也没画过。他为“艺术区”里的年轻画家当模特挣点儿小钱，因为这些人付不起专业模特的费用。他过度地饮用杜松子酒，还经常提起他要画的那幅杰作。对其他人来说，他只是个暴躁的小老头，对别人的温柔极为不屑，却把自己看作是专门保护楼上两位年轻女画家的看门狗。

苏在楼下那间光线昏暗的房间里找到了酒气熏天的贝尔曼。角落里的画架上有一张空白画布，它在那里等候那幅杰作的第一抹颜料已经足足有二十五年了。苏把琼茜那个怪念头告诉了贝尔曼，说琼茜是多么害怕自己有一天真像一片轻巧而脆弱的树叶一样，与世间的联系越来越微弱，最终飘落而去。

老贝尔曼通红的眼睛里明显地涌出了泪水，他大声吼叫着表示他对这种白痴般的想法是多么的轻视和嘲讽。

“胡话！”他喊道，“世界上哪有这样的傻瓜，因为叶子从那个讨厌的藤上掉下来就要去死？我还从没听说过这种事呢。不，我可不想给你当什么无聊的隐士模特了。你怎么能让她的脑瓜儿里生出这么愚蠢的念头呢？啊，可怜的琼茜小姐。”

“她病得很重而且很虚弱，”苏说道，“高烧烧坏了她的脑子，她满脑子都是稀奇古怪的想法。好吧，贝尔曼先生，你要是不想给我当模特，你可以不做。但我认为，你是个讨厌的老——老饶舌鬼。”

“你才婆婆妈妈呢！”贝尔曼嚷道，“谁说我不当模特了？走吧。我这就跟

你去。这么半天,我不是一直跟你说我会给你当模特的吗!上帝啊!像琼茜小姐那么好的人,怎么能病倒在这种地方呢?总有一天我会画一幅杰作,然后我们就都搬走。上帝!会的。”

当他们上楼的时候,琼茜已经睡着了。苏把窗帘拉下来,搭在窗台上,然后打了个手势叫贝尔曼到另一个屋里去。在那儿,他们忧心忡忡地凝视着窗外的常春藤。然后他们俩又默默地对视良久。冰冷的雨夹杂着雪花没完没了地下着。贝尔曼穿着他那件蓝色的旧衬衫,坐在一个被翻过来充当岩石的壶上,扮演着隐居的矿工。

第二天早上,当苏只睡了一个小时就醒来的时候,她发现琼茜的眼睛睁得大大的,目光呆滞地盯着拉下来的绿色窗帘。

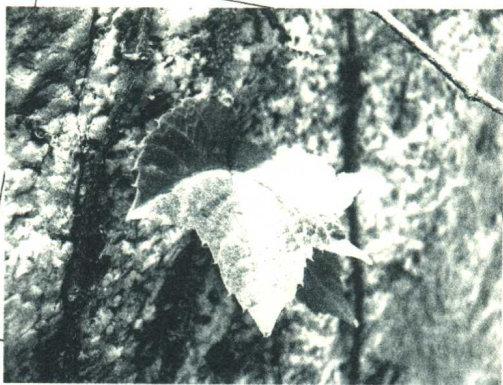
“把它拉开,我想看看!”琼茜低声吩咐道。

苏拖着疲惫的身子照办了。

可是,看啊!在饱受了这一整晚的风雨摧残之后,仍有一片常春藤的叶子顽强地贴在砖墙上。这是藤上的最后一片叶子了,靠近根茎的部位还是深绿色的,可是它那锯齿形的叶边已经呈现出腐烂的黄色了,它勇敢地悬挂在一根离地面二十英尺的藤枝上。

“这是最后一片了,”琼茜说道,“我原以为它昨晚就得掉下来。我听见了风声。今天它一定会掉下来的,到时候我也就死了。”

“亲爱的,亲爱的!”苏边说,边把她疲倦的脸贴在枕头上,“要是你不肯为自己着想的话,你就想想我吧。我可怎么办啊?”



在饱受了这一整晚的风雨摧残之后,仍有一片常春藤的叶子顽强地贴在砖墙上。

然而琼茜并没有作答。世界上最寂寞的莫过于一个准备踏上那神秘而又遥远的死亡之旅。当她与友谊和尘世间的纽带被一点点松开的时候,那些胡乱的想法却好像把她抓得更紧了。

这一天终于熬过去了,在晚霞中,她们依然能够看到那片孤零零的叶子贴着墙,紧紧地附在它的茎上。随着夜晚的来临,北风再次怒吼,雨点敲打着玻璃窗,又顺着荷兰式的屋檐滴答滴答地落下。

天刚亮的时候,狠心的琼茜又要求把窗帘拉开。

那片常春藤的叶子还在那里。

琼茜躺在那儿注视了它好一会儿。然后她呼叫苏,当时苏正在煤气炉子上熬着鸡汤。

“我是个坏姑娘,苏蒂,”琼茜说道,“肯定有什么力量让那最后一片叶子待在那儿,以便显示出我有多可恶。想死就是一种罪过。现在给我盛点儿汤吧,再来点儿搀着葡萄酒的牛奶,然后——不,还是先给我拿一面小镜子吧,然后再帮我把枕头垫高,我想坐起来看着你做饭。”

过了一个小时,她又说道:“苏蒂,我希望有一天能去那不勒斯海湾画画。”

医生下午来了,他走的时候,苏找了个借口跟他来到走廊上。

“有一半的希望,”医生握着苏瘦弱颤抖的手说道,“只要悉心护理,你就能成功。现在我必须去看楼下的另外一个病人了。贝尔曼——听名字是个画家吧,也是肺炎。他本来就年老体衰,再加上这病发作起来又很厉害。他已经没什么希望了,但是今天还是要把他送进医院,好让他能舒服点儿。”

第二天医生又对苏说:“她已经脱离危险了。你成功了。现在就只需补充营养和悉心调理了。”

那天下午苏来到琼茜的床边,琼茜正在那里心满意足地编织一条毫无用处的深蓝色羊毛围巾,苏伸出一只胳膊把她和枕头一起抱住。

“我有点儿事要跟你说,小家伙,”她说道,“贝尔曼先生得了肺炎,今天早上死在了医院里。他只病了两天。第一天早上,看门人在楼下他的房间里发现他已经疼得不行了。他的鞋和衣服全都湿透了,而且冰凉冰凉的。他们想象不出在那样一个可怕的夜晚他能去哪儿。接着他们找到了一个还亮着的灯笼、一个不知从哪儿弄来的梯子,还有一些散落的画笔和一块调和着黄绿两色的调色板,然后——往窗外看看吧,亲爱的,看看墙上那最后一片叶子。难道你不奇怪为什么风吹来的时候它既不飘一下也不动一动吗?啊,亲爱的,这就是贝尔曼的杰作——那天晚上,当最后一片叶子飘落下来的时候,他又把它画上去。”

# The Last Leaf

by O. Henry

In a little district west of Washington Square the streets have run crazy and broken themselves into small strips called “places”. These “places” make strange angles and curves. One street crosses itself a time or two. An artist once discovered a valuable possibility in this street. Suppose a collector with a bill for paints, paper and canvas should, in traversing this route, suddenly meet himself coming back, without a cent having been paid on account!

So, to **quaint**<sup>1</sup> old Greenwich Village the art people soon came prowling, hunting for north windows and eighteenth-century **gables**<sup>2</sup> and Dutch **attics**<sup>3</sup> and low rents. Then they imported some pewter mugs and a chafing dish or two from Sixth avenue, and became a “colony”<sup>4</sup>.

At the top of a squatty, three-story brick Sue and Johnsy had their studio. “Johnsy” was familiar for Joanna. One was from Maine; the other from California. They had met at the table d’hôte of an Eighth street “Delmonico’s,” and found their tastes in art, chicory salad and bishop sleeves so **congenial**<sup>5</sup> that the joint studio resulted.

That was in May. In November a cold, unseen stranger, whom the doctors called **Pneumonia**<sup>6</sup>, stalked about the colony, touching one here and there with his icy fingers. Over on the east side this ravager strode boldly, smiting his victims by scores, but his feet trod slowly through the maze of the narrow and moss-grown “places”.

Mr. Pneumonia was not what you would call a **chivalric**<sup>7</sup> old gentleman. A mite of a little woman with blood thinned by California **zephyrs**<sup>8</sup> was hardly fair game for the red-fisted, short-breathed old duffer. But Johnsy he smote; and she lay, scarcely moving, on her painted iron bedstead, looking through the small Dutch window-panes at the blank side of the next brick house.

One morning the busy doctor invited Sue into the hallway with a shaggy, gray eyebrow.

“She has one chance in — let us say, ten,” he said, as he shook down the mercury in his **clinical thermometer**<sup>9</sup>. “And that chance is for her to want to live. This way people have of lining-up on the side of the undertaker makes the entire pharmacopeia look silly. Your little lady has made up her mind that she’s not going to get well. Has she anything on her mind?”

“She — she wanted to paint the Bay of Naples some day,” said Sue.

“Paint? — **Bosh**<sup>10</sup>! Has she anything on her mind worth thinking about twice — a

man, for instance?"

"A man?" said Sue, with a jew's-harp twang in her voice. "Is a man worth — but, no, doctor; there is nothing of the kind."

"Well, it is the weakness, then," said the doctor. "I will do all that science, so far as it may filter through my efforts, can accomplish. But whenever my patient begins to count the carriages in her funeral procession I subtract 50 per cent from the curative power of medicines. If you will get her to ask one question about the new winter styles in cloak sleeves I will promise you a one-in-five chance for her, instead of one in ten."

After the doctor had gone Sue went into the workroom and cried a Japanese napkin to a pulp. Then she swaggered into Johnsy's room with her drawing board, whistling ragtime.

Johnsy lay, scarcely making a ripple under the bedclothes, with her face toward the window. Sue stopped whistling, thinking she was asleep.

She arranged her board and began a pen-and-ink drawing to illustrate a magazine story. Young artists must pave their way to Art by drawing pictures for magazine stories that young authors write to pave their way to literature.

As Sue was sketching a pair of elegant horseshow riding trousers and a monocle on the figure of the hero, an Idaho cowboy, she heard a low sound, several times repeated. She went quickly to the bedside.

Johnsy's eyes were open wide. She was looking out the window and counting — counting backward.

"Twelve," she said, and a little later "eleven;" and then "ten," and "nine;" and then "eight" and "seven," almost together.

Sue looked solicitously out the window. What was there to count? There was only a bare, dreary yard to be seen, and the blank side of the brick house twenty feet away. An old, old ivy vine, gnarled and decayed at the roots, climbed half way up the brick wall. The cold breath of autumn had stricken its leaves from the vine until its skeleton branches clung, almost bare, to the crumbling bricks.

"What is it, dear?" asked Sue.

"Six," said Johnsy, in almost a whisper. "They're falling faster now. Three days ago there were almost a hundred. It made my head ache to count them. But now it's easy. There goes another one. There are only five left now."

"Five what, dear. Tell your Sudie."

"Leaves. On the ivy vine. When the last one falls I must go, too. I've known that for three days. Didn't the doctor tell you?"

"Oh, I never heard of such nonsense," complained Sue, with magnificent scorn. "What have old ivy leaves to do with your getting well? And you used to love that vine so, you naughty girl. Don't be a goosey. Why, the doctor told me this morning that your chances for getting well real soon were — let's see exactly what he said — he said the chances were ten to one! Why, that's almost as good a chance as we have in New York when we ride on the street cars or walk past a new building. Try to take some broth now, and let Sudie go back to her drawing, so she can sell the editor man with it, and buy port



wine for her sick child, and pork chops for her greedy self."

"You needn't get any more wine," said Johnsy, keeping her eyes fixed out the window. "There goes another. No, I don't want any broth. That leaves just four. I want to see the last one fall before it gets dark. Then I'll go, too."

"Johnsy, dear," said Sue, bending over her, "will you promise me to keep your eyes closed, and not look out the window until I am done working? I must hand those drawings in by tomorrow. I need the light, or I would draw the shade down."

"Couldn't you draw in the other room?" asked Johnsy, coldly.

"I'd rather be here by you," said Sue. "Besides I don't want you to keep looking at those silly ivy leaves."

"Tell me as soon as you have finished," said Johnsy, closing her eyes, and lying white and still as a fallen statue, "because I want to see the last one fall. I'm tired of waiting. I'm tired of thinking. I went to turn loose my hold on everything, and go sailing down, down, just like one of those poor, tired leaves."

"Try to sleep," said Sue. "I must call Behrman up to be my model for the old **hermit**<sup>11</sup> miner. I'll not be gone a minute. Don't try to move 'till I come back."

Old Behrman was a painter who lived on the ground floor beneath them. He was past sixty and had a Michael Angelo's Moses beard curling down from the head of a satyr along the body of an imp.

Behrman was a failure in art. Forty years he had wielded the brush without getting near enough to touch the hem of his Mistress's robe. He had been always about to paint a masterpiece, but had never yet begun it. For several years he had painted nothing except now and then a **daub**<sup>12</sup> in the line of commerce or advertising. He earned a little by serving as a model to those young artists in the colony who could not pay the price of a professional. He drank gin to excess, and still talked of his coming masterpiece. For the rest he was a fierce little old man, who **scuffed**<sup>13</sup> terribly at softness in any one, and who regarded himself as especial mastiff-in-waiting to protect the two young artists in the studio above.

Sue found Behrman smelling strongly of **juniper berries**<sup>14</sup> in his dimly lighted den below. In one corner was a blank canvas on an **easel**<sup>15</sup> that had been waiting there for twenty-five years to receive the first line of the masterpiece. She told him of Johnsy's fancy, and how she feared she would, indeed, light and fragile as a leaf herself, float away when her slight hold upon the world grew weaker.

Old Behrman, with his red eyes, plainly streaming, shouted his contempt and **derision**<sup>16</sup> for such idiotic imaginings.

"Vass!" he cried. "Is dere people in de world mit der foolishness to die because leafs dey drop off from a confounded vine? I haf not heard of such a thing. No, I will not bose as a model for your fool hermit-dunderhead. Vy do you allow dot silly pusiness to come in der prain of her? Ach, dot poor lettle Miss Johnsy."

"She is very ill and weak," said Sue, "and the fever has left her mind morbid and full of strange fancies. Very well, Mr. Behrman, if you do not care to pose for me, you needn't. But I think you are a horrid old — old **flibbertigibbet**<sup>17</sup>."

"You are just like a woman!" yelled Behrman. "Who said I will not bese? Go on. I come mit you. For half an hour I haf peen trying to say dot I am ready to bese. Gott! dis is not any blace in which one so goot as Miss Yohnsy shall lie sick. Some day I vill baint a masterpiece, and ve shall all go away. Gott! yes."

Johnsy was sleeping when they went upstairs. Sue pulled the shade down to the window-sill, and motioned Behrman into the other room. In there they peered out the window fearfully at the ivy vine. Then they looked at each other for a moment without speaking. A persistent, cold rain was falling, mingled with snow. Behrman, in his old blue shirt, took his seat as the hermit-miner on an upturned kettle for a rock.

When Sue awoke from an hour's sleep the next morning she found Johnsy with dull, wide-open eyes staring at the drawn green shade.

"Pull it up; I want to see," she ordered, in a whisper.

Wearily Sue obeyed.

But, lo! After the beating rain and fierce gusts of wind that had endured through the livelong night, there yet stood out against the brick wall one ivy leaf. It was the last on the vine. Still dark green near its stem, but with its serrated edges tinted with the yellow of dissolution and decay, it hung bravely from a branch some twenty feet above the ground.

"It is the last one," said Johnsy. "I thought it would surely fall during the night. I heard the wind. It will fall today, and I shall die at the same time."

"Dear, dear!" said Sue, leaning her worn face down to the pillow, "think of me, if you won't think of yourself. What would I do?"

But Johnsy did not answer. The loneliest thing in all the world is a soul when it is making ready to go on its mysterious, far journey. The fancy seemed to possess her more strongly as one by one the ties that bound her to friendship and to earth were loosed.

The day wore away, and even through the twilight they could see the lone ivy leaf clinging to its stem against the wall. And then, with the coming of the night the north wind was again loosed, while the rain still beat against the windows and pattered down from the low Dutch eaves.

When it was light enough Johnsy, the merciless, commanded that the shade be raised.

The ivy leaf was still there.

Johnsy lay for a long time looking at it. And then she called to Sue, who was stirring her chicken broth over the gas stove.

"I've been a bad girl, Sudie," said Johnsy. "Something has made that last leaf stay there to show me how wicked I was. It is a sin to want to die. You may bring me a little broth now, and some milk with a little port in it, and — no; bring me a hand-mirror first, and then pack some pillows about me, and I will sit up and watch you cook."

An hour later she said: "Sudie, some day I hope to paint the Bay of Naples."

The doctor came in the afternoon, and Sue had an excuse to go into the hallway as he left.

"Even chances," said the doctor, taking Sue's thin, shaking hand in his. "With good nursing you'll win. And now I must see another case I have downstairs. Behrman, his name is — some kind of an artist, I believe. Pneumonia, too. He is an old, weak man, and the at-

tack is acute. There is no hope for him; but he goes to the hospital to-day to be made more comfortable."

The next day the doctor said to Sue: "She's out of danger. You've won. Nutrition and care now — that's all."

And that afternoon Sue came to the bed where Johnsy lay, contentedly knitting a very blue and very useless woolen shoulder scarf, and put one arm around her, pillows and all.

"I have something to tell you, white mouse," she said. "Mr. Behrman died of pneumonia today in the hospital. He was ill only two days. The janitor found him on the morning of the first day in his room downstairs helpless with pain. His shoes and clothing were wet through and icy cold. They couldn't imagine where he had been on such a dreadful night. And then they found a lantern, still lighted, and a ladder that had been dragged from its place, and some scattered brushes, and a palette with green and yellow colors mixed on it, and — look out the window, dear, at the last ivy leaf on the wall. Didn't you wonder why it never fluttered or moved when the wind blew? Ah, darling, it's Behrman's masterpiece — he painted it there the night that the last leaf fell."

### 热词空间

1. quaint [kweɪnt] *adj.* 古怪的, 富有奇趣的
2. gable ['geɪbl] *n.* 尖顶屋两端的山形墙
3. attic ['ætɪk] *n.* 阁楼, 顶楼
4. colony ['kɒləni] *n.* 殖民地, 也有“艺术家的聚集地”的意思, 文中即为此意。
5. congenial [kən'dʒi:niəl] *adj.* 性格相似的
6. pneumonia [nju(:)'məʊnjə] *n.* 肺炎
7. chivalric ['ʃɪvəlɪk] *adj.* 有骑士风范的
8. zephyr ['zefə] *n.* 西风
9. clinical thermometer 体温剂
10. bosh [bɒʃ] *n.* 胡说, 空话 *int.* 胡说
11. hermit ['hɜ:mit] *n.* 隐士, 隐居者
12. daub [dɔ:b] *n.* (一层)涂料, 文中指“颜料”
13. sloff [skɒf] *vt.* 嘲弄, 藐视
14. juniper berry 杜松子
15. easel ['i:zl] *n.* 画架
16. derision [dɪ'riʒən] *n.* 嘲笑
17. flibbertigibbet ['flɪbə'tɪ'dʒɪbɪt] *n.* 饶舌的人, 轻浮、不负责任的人。

“伪证罪——1863年，在交趾支那的瓦卡瓦克，有三十四名证人证明马克·吐温先生犯有伪证罪。当时他企图侵占一小片香蕉种植地，而那是当地一位贫困的寡妇和她那一群孤儿活命的唯一本钱。现在，马克·吐温先生既然在大庭广众之下出面竞选州长，那么他也许可以出面对此事予以澄清。可是，他是否愿意这样做呢？”

当时我惊愕不已！这是多么残酷无情的诬蔑啊！我从来就没有到过什么交趾支那！从未听说过瓦卡瓦克这个地方！更不知道什么香蕉种植地，就如同我不知道什么是袋鼠一样！我有些不知所措，简直快被气疯了，却又无计可施。那一天我什么也没做，就这样浑浑噩噩地过了一整天。第二天早晨，这家报纸再没有说其他的，只有这样一句话：

值得注意——大家都会注意到：吐温先生对交趾支那伪证案一事始终保持缄默。

[附注——在这场竞选运动中，这家报纸此后再提到我时，始终称呼我为“臭名昭著的伪证犯吐温”。]

紧接着是《新闻报》所刊登的一段话：

急需查清——吐温先生在蒙大拿州露营时，与他住在同一帐篷里的伙伴时常丢失一些小物件。后来，这些东西都如数地在吐温先生身上、或“箱子”（即他卷藏杂物的报纸）里发现了。人们为他着想，不得不对他进行友好的劝诫，在他身上涂满柏油，插上羽毛，叫他坐木杆，让他让出铺位，从此不要再来参加此类活动。请问新州长候选人是否可以向那些急于投他一票的同胞们解释一下呢？他是否愿意出面解释呢？

难道还有比这种控告更险恶用心的吗？我这辈子根本就没有到过蒙大拿州。

[从那以后，这家报纸便照例称我为“蒙大拿的小偷吐温”。]

于是，每当我拿起报纸时，内心总会忐忑不安。正如你想睡觉时拿起一条毯子，却总担心里面正藏着一条响尾蛇。有一天，我又看到这样一段消息：

谎言已被揭穿！——根据五方位区的密凯尔·奥弗拉纳根先生、华脱街