

— 名著名篇 —
双语对照丛书



欧·亨利

短篇小说精粹



Selected Short Stories of O. Henry

欧·亨利 著
刘扬 译

中国书籍出版社

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Buried Treasure

There are many kinds of fools. Now, will everybody please sit still until they are called upon specifically to rise?

I had been every kind of fool except one. I had expended my patrimony, pretended my matrimony, played poker, lawn-tennis, and bucket-shops—parted soon with my money in many ways. But there remained one rule of the wearer of cap and bells that I had not played. That was the Seeker after Buried Treasure. To few does the delectable furor come. But of all the would-be followers in the hoof-prints of King Midas none has found a pursuit so rich in pleasurable promise.

But, going back from my theme a while—as lame pens must do—I was a fool of the sentimental soft. I saw May Martha Mangum, and was hers. She was eighteen, the color of the white ivory keys of a new piano, beautiful, and possessed by the exquisite solemnity and pathetic witchery of an unsophisticated angel doomed to live in a small, dull, Texas prairie-town. She had a spirit and charm that could have



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藏宝

世上傻瓜有许多种。现在，请大家都坐好，等点到你名字的时候再站起来好吗？

我曾经干过各种各样的傻事，不过有一件事我却干得很漂亮。我花光了祖上留下来的家财；不惜一切想要和别人结婚；痴迷于打扑克、玩草地网球；还倒腾过投机买卖……没过多久就把所有的钱都洒进这些事情里面去了。不过，有一种傻瓜干的事儿我却连沾也没沾过，那就是去寻找埋藏的宝藏。

尽管那种令人心潮澎湃的激动很少真正出现过，不过对于那些迈达斯国王的追随者来说，却还没有人找到像预言中所描述的那样丰厚的宝藏。

现在，让我们先撇开正题一会儿——文笔拙劣的作者总是这个样子。我属于心肠柔软容易动情的那种人。自打我看见了梅·玛莎·蒙葛姆之后，我整个人就是她的了。她刚刚十八岁，皮肤是崭新的钢琴琴键一样的象牙白色，不仅长得美丽，而且高贵优雅，楚楚动人，简直就像一个纯洁无邪的天使，住在得克萨斯草原上的一个沉闷的小镇里。她的灵魂和魅力足以使她能够把比利时王国或者其他任何一个美丽的王国的王

enabled her to pluck rubies like raspberries from the crown of Belgium or any other sporty kingdom, but she did not know it, and I did not paint the picture for her.

You see, I wanted May Martha Mangum for to have and to hold. I wanted her to abide with me, and put my slippers and pipe away every day in places where they cannot be found of evenings.

May Martha's father was a man hidden behind whiskers and spectacles. He lived for bugs and butterflies and all insects that fly or crawl or buzz or get down your back or in the butter. He was an etymologist, or words to that effect. He spent his life seining the air for flying fish of the June-bug order, and then sticking pins through 'em and calling 'em names.

He and May Martha were the whole family. He prized her highly as a fine specimen of the racibus humanus because she saw that he had food at times, and put his clothes on right side before, and kept his alcohol-bottles filled. Scientists, they say, are apt to be absent-minded.

There was another besides myself who thought May Martha Mangum one to be desired. That was Goodloe Banks, a young man just home from college. He had all



冠上的山莓一样的红宝石给摘下来，不过她自己并不知道这一点，而我也没有给她形容过这个情景。

你们看到了，我非常想让梅·玛莎·蒙葛姆属于我。我想让她和我住在一起，每天把我的拖鞋和烟斗收拾好，放到晚上找不到的地方。

梅·玛莎的父亲留着浓密的胡须，带着宽大的眼镜，因此几乎看不到他的脸。他的职业是研究虫子、蝴蝶以及所有的昆虫，不论是飞的、爬的、嗡嗡叫的、在你的背上爬的还是往黄油里面钻的。他是个什么“昆虫学家”，或者是什么类似的人物。他总是用一个大网子抓许多飞在空中的无花果虫一类的虫子，然后用大头针把那些虫子钉起来，给它们取名字。

他们家就只有他和梅·玛莎两个人。他对她可是赞赏有加，认为她是人类的一个极好的标本，因为她总是给他把饭准备好，把他的衣服放到应该放的地方去，而且让他的酒瓶里一直都是满满的。人们说科学家们都是没心没肺的。

除了我以外，还有一个家伙也对梅·玛莎·蒙葛姆心存向往。那个人名叫顾德罗·班克斯，是一个刚刚从大学毕业回来的小伙子。他对各种各样的书可是颇有研究——拉

the attainments to be found in books—Latin, Greek, philosophy, and especially the higher branches of mathematics and logic.

If it hadn't been for his habit of pouring out this information and learning on every one that he addressed, I'd have liked him pretty well. But, even as it was, he and I were, you would have thought, great pals.

We got together every time we could because each of us wanted to pump the other for whatever straws we could to find which way the wind blew from the heart of May Martha Mangum—rather a mixed metaphor; Goodloe Banks would never have been guilty of that. That is the way of rivals.

You might say that Goodloe ran to books, manners, culture, rowing, intellect, and clothes. I would have put you in mind more of baseball and Friday-night debating societies—by way of culture—and maybe of a good horseback rider.

But in our talks together, and in our visits and conversation with May Martha, neither Goodloe Banks nor I could find out which one of us she preferred. May Martha was a natural-born non-committal, and knew in her cradle how to keep people guessing.

As I said, old man Mangum was absentminded. After a long time he found out one day—a little butterfly must have told him—that two young men were trying to



歌亨特尼福尔说情粹

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丁文的、希腊文的、哲学的，尤其是那些关于高等数学的和逻辑学的。

要不是他逢人就卖弄他的知识和学问，我应该会很喜欢这个人的。不过，话虽这样说，在别人看起来，我们两个还是非常要好的朋友呢。

我们只要有时间就会待在一起，因为我们都想从对方那里了解关于梅·玛莎·蒙葛姆的消息，从而判断出在她的心中，风是往哪个方向吹的——这个比喻可真够混乱。顾德罗·班克斯可是从来不会犯这种错误的。情敌们就是这个样子。

可以这样说，顾德罗主要是朝着书本、礼仪、文化、划船、才智和衣着打扮方向发展的。而我则会更多地让你联想到棒球和周五晚辩论协会——这也算是文化的一种吧——除此之外，我还是一个骑马的好手。

可是，不管是在我们两个人的谈话中，还是在我们去拜访梅·玛莎并和她聊天儿的时候，我们都摸不透她到底喜欢我们两个人其中的哪一个。梅·玛莎天生就是一个让人无法猜透的人，她在摇篮里的时候就已经学会了让别人去揣测她的心思了。

正如我所说，蒙葛姆老先生是一个没心没肺的人。直到过了很长的时间之后，他才发现——可能是一只小蝴蝶告诉他的——有两个年轻的小伙子正打算用网子网住那

throw a net over the head of the young person, a daughter, or some such technical appendage, who looked after his comforts.

I never knew scientists could rise to such occasions. Old Mangum orally labelled and classified Goodloe and myself easily among the lowest orders of the vertebrates; and in English, too, without going any further into Latin than the simple references to Orgetorix, Rex Helvetii—which is as far as I ever went, myself. And he told us that if he ever caught us around his house again he would add us to his collection.

Goodloe Banks and I remained away five days, expecting the storm to subside. When we dared to call at the house again May Martha Mangum and her father were gone. Gone! The house they had rented was closed. Their little store of goods and chattels was gone also.

And not a word of farewell to either of us from May Martha—not a white, fluttering note pinned to the hawthorn-bush; not a chalk-mark on the gate-post nor a post-card in the post-office to give us a clew.

For two months Goodloe Banks and I—separately—tried every scheme we could think of to track the runaways. We used our friendship and influence with the



个年轻姑娘——他的女儿，更重要的是，那个人是负责照料他的饮食起居的。

我从来不知道，科学家们遇到这种情况的时候会采取那样强硬的手段。蒙葛姆老先生随随便便地就把顾德罗和我归类划分到脊椎动物中最低等的一科里面，而且他还是用英语说的。他没有说几句拉丁语，单是说了一句“Orgetorix, Rex Helvetii”，我想这是用来形容我的。他警告我们，如果再让他在他的房子附近看到我俩，他就会把我俩收进他的标本里面去。

顾德罗和我五天之内没敢再过去，等待着这场风波的平息。当我们终于有胆量再次过去的时候，梅·玛莎·蒙葛姆和她的父亲已经不见了！他们离开了！他们租的那座房子大门紧闭。他们仅有的那一点点家当也随着他们一起不见了。

梅·玛莎没有跟我们两个人中的任何一个说过一声再见，甚至都没有在那棵山楂树上挂上一片迎风飞舞的便条，没有在门柱上用粉笔留下什么记号，也没有通过邮局给我们寄来一张明信片。我们得不到一丝线索。

在接下来的两个月之中，顾德罗·班克斯和我想尽了各式各样的办法试图找到他们的踪迹。当然，我们是分头行动的。我们动用了所有的关系网和影响力向火车票的售

ticket-agent, with livery-stable men, railroad conductors, and our one lone, lorn constable, but without results.

Then we became better friends and worse enemies than ever. We forgathered in the back room of Snyder's saloon every afternoon after work, and played dominoes, and laid conversational traps to find out from each other if anything had been discovered. That is the way of rivals.

Now, Goodloe Banks had a sarcastic way of displaying his own learning and putting me in the class that was reading "Poor Jane Fay, her bird is dead, she cannot play." Well, I rather liked Goodloe, and I had a contempt for his college learning, and I was always regarded as good-natured, so I kept my temper. And I was trying to find out if he knew anything about May Martha, so I endured his society.

In talking things over one afternoon he said to me:

"Suppose you do find her, Ed, whereby would you profit? Miss Mangum has a mind. Perhaps it is yet uncultured, but she is destined for higher things than you could give her. I have talked with no one who seemed to appreciate more the enchantment of the ancient poets and writers and the modern cults that have



票员、车马出租所里的人、火车上的列车长以及我们唯一认识的那位警察先生打听消息，但是毫无结果。

我们变成了更好的好朋友，也是更糟糕的情敌了。每天下午工作结束之后，我们都会到辛德尔沙龙的里间里面去碰面，玩玩多米诺骨牌，有意无意地提起这个话题，看看对方是否有什么新的发现。情敌们就是这个样子。

大家都知道，顾德罗·班克斯很善于卖弄自己的学识，他还会讽刺我，把我归为只会读读“可怜的珍妮·雷，她的鸟儿已经死去，她再也无法玩耍”这类诗歌的那种人。其实，我本来是挺喜欢顾德罗的。虽然我对他在大学里学到的那点知识不屑一顾，不过大家都说我是一个好脾气的人，所以我就不跟他计较了。更重要的是，我一直想从他那儿打听到关于梅·玛莎的消息，因此我一直忍受着他，和他交往下去。

一天下午，当我们在聊天的时候，他这样对我说道：

“就算你找到了她，埃德，你就会占到上风吗？蒙葛姆小姐是有头脑的。可能她暂时还没有受到过文明的熏陶，但她命中注定要得到高品味的东西。那些东西你是给不了她的。在跟我交流过的所有人之中，没有人比她更懂得欣赏古代诗人和作家以及那

assimilated and expended their philosophy of life. Don't you think you are wasting your time looking for her?"

"My idea," said I, "of a happy home is an eight-room house in a grove of live-oaks by the side of a charco on a Texas prairie. A piano," I went on, "with an automatic player in the sitting-room, three thousand head of cattle under fence for a starter, a buckboard and ponies always hitched at a post for 'the missus'—and May Martha Mangum to spend the profits of the ranch as she pleases, and to abide with me, and put my slippers and pipe away every day in places where they cannot be found of evenings. That," said I, "is what is to be; and a fig—a dried, Smyrna, dago-stand fig—for your curriculums, cults, and philosophy."

"She is meant for higher things," repeated Goodloe Banks.

"Whatever she is meant for," I answered, "just now she is out of pocket. And I shall find her as soon as I can without aid of the colleges."

"The game is blocked," said Goodloe, putting down a domino and we had the beer.

Shortly after that a young farmer whom I knew came into town and brought me



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些汲取并发展了生活哲学的现代流派的巨大魅力。你不觉得你这样地寻找她是白费时间吗?"

"我认为,"我回答说,"幸福家庭应该坐落在得克萨斯草原上的一个小池塘边,旁边是一个小斛树林。房子一共由八间屋子组成。起居室里有一架钢琴,"我继续说道,"有人常常去弹上几曲。一开始的时候,牛栏里先养上那么三千头牲口。柱子上会时常拴着一辆四轮马车和几匹小马驹供我的太太使唤。经营牧场所得的钱,梅·玛莎·蒙葛姆可以随心所欲地花销。她会照顾我,每天都把我的拖鞋和烟斗藏到我晚上回去后找不到的地方。这些,"我继续说下去,"就是我将来想要的生活。至于你的那些枯燥的功课、信仰或是哲学,对于我来说都一文不值。"

"她应该拥有品味更高的东西。"顾德罗·班克斯坚持他的观点。

"不管她到底该拥有什么,"我回答说,"现在的问题是,她不见了。我一定会竭尽全力,尽快找到她,而且这件事跟大学可没什么关系。"

"这一局堵死了。"顾德罗放下了一张多米诺牌说道。然后我们喝了点儿啤酒。

没过多久,我认识的一个年轻的庄稼汉子来到了镇上,并且带给我一张折好的蓝

a folded blue paper. He said his grandfather had just died. I concealed a tear, and he went on to say that the old man had jealously guarded this paper for twenty years. He left it to his family as part of his estate, the rest of which consisted of two mules and a hypotenuse of non-arable land.

The sheet of paper was of the old, blue kind used during the rebellion of the abolitionists against the secessionists. It was dated June 14, 1863, and it described the hiding-place of ten burro-loads of gold and silver coin valued at three hundred thousand dollars. Old Rundle—grandfather of his grandson, Sam—was given the information by a Spanish priest who was in on the treasure-burying, and who died many years before—no, afterward—in old Rundle's house. Old Rundle wrote it down from dictation.

“Why didn't your father look this up?” I asked young Rundle.

“He went blind before he could do so,” he replied.

“Why didn't you hunt for it yourself?” I asked.

“Well,” said he, “I've only known about the paper for ten years. First there was the spring ploughin' to do, and then choppin' the weeds out of the corn; and then come takin' fodder; and mighty soon winter was on us. It seemed to run along



欧·亨利短篇小说精粹

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色的图纸。他说他的祖父刚刚去世。我忍着眼泪听他继续往下讲。他说二十年来，那位老先生一直小心翼翼地保护着这张图纸，甚至临终时还把这张图纸算作他遗产的一部分留给了他的家人。而其他的遗产就只剩下两头驴子和一小块无法耕种的土地了。

那张图纸是在废奴主义者反对分裂国家者的那个年代才使用的一种古老的蓝色纸。图纸上面标示的日期为1863年6月14日，描述了一个埋藏着十驮价值为三十万美金的金币和银币的地方。老伦德尔先生——那个年轻人萨姆的祖父，从参加了那次藏宝活动一个西班牙牧师口里听说了这件事情。在此之前，噢不，是在那之后，又过了许多年，那个人死在了伦德尔的家里。伦德尔听着他的口述把那个地点记了下来。

“你的父亲怎么没去寻宝？”我问年轻的伦德尔。

“他在没去之前眼睛就瞎了。”他回答说。

“那你自己怎么不去呢？”我又问。

“这个，”他说，“十年前我才听说了关于这张图纸的事。但是，一到了春天我就要忙着开始播种，接下来又要给庄稼除草，然后就要开始收割，又过不了多久，冬天

that way year after year.”

That sounded perfectly reasonable to me, so I took it up with young Lee Rundle at once.

The directions on the paper were simple. The whole burro cavalcade laden with the treasure started from an old Spanish mission in Dolores County. They travelled due south by the compass until they reached the Alamito River. They forded this, and buried the treasure on the top of a little mountain shaped like a pack-saddle standing in a row between two higher ones. A heap of stones marked the place of the buried treasure. All the party except the Spanish priest were killed by Indians a few days later. The secret was a monopoly. It looked good to me.

Lee Rundle suggested that we rig out a camping outfit, hire a surveyor to run out the line from the Spanish mission, and then spend the three hundred thousand dollars seeing the sights in Fort Worth. But, without being highly educated, I knew a way to save time and expense.

We went to the State land-office and had a practical, what they call a “working” sketch made of all the surveys of land from the old mission to the Alamito River. On this map I drew a line due southward to the river. The length of lines of each survey and section of land was accurately given on the sketch. By



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就到了。一年又一年就这样过去了。”

这个解释在我听来很有道理，于是我和年轻的李·伦德尔立刻结成了伙伴。

纸上的说明非常简单。驮着财宝的驴帮从多洛雷斯县的一个古老的西班牙使团出发。凭借着指南针的指引，他们一直向南行进，直到阿拉米多河。他们趟过了河，然后把财宝埋藏在两座大山之中夹着的一座马鞍形的小山的山顶上。宝藏的埋藏地点处有一堆石头作为标记。几天之后，这个队伍里所有的人，除了那个西班牙牧师之外，都被印第安人杀掉了。因此这个秘密就没有别人知道了。这对我很有利。

李·伦德尔建议我们配备一套露营的行头，再雇上一个测量员把从西班牙使团开始的路线画出来，然后我们用那三十万美金在华斯堡好好地游览上一番。我虽然没有受过什么高等教育，不过我却知道一种既省钱又省时间的好方法。

我们去了州立的土地局，要来了一张非常实用的，他们称之为“实地勘探”草图，上面画着从那个古老的使团的所在地一直到阿拉米多河这一区域的所有路线。在这张地图上，我划出一条朝着正南方向的线，一直连到那条河。其中每一条路线的长度和

these we found the point on the river and had a “connection” made with it and an important, well-identified corner of the Los Animos five-league survey—a grant made by King Philip of Spain.

By doing this we did not need to have the line run out by a surveyor. It was a great saving of expense and time.

So, Lee Rundle and I fitted out a two-horse wagon team with all the accessories, and drove a hundred and forty-nine miles to Chico, the nearest town to the point we wished to reach. There we picked up a deputy county surveyor. He found the corner of the Los Animos survey for us, ran out the five thousand seven hundred and twenty varas west that our sketch called for, laid a stone on the spot, had coffee and bacon, and caught the mail-stage back to Chico.

I was pretty sure we would get that three hundred thousand dollars. Lee Rundle's was to be only one-third, because I was paying all the expenses. With that two hundred thousand dollars I knew I could find May Martha Mangum if she was on earth. And with it I could flutter the butterflies in old man Mangum's dove-cot, too. If I could find that treasure!



歌亨特尼爾小說集

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土地的区域在草图上都被清晰地标明。根据这些情况，我们找到了那个地点，然后把那一点和洛斯·安尼莫斯的五里格路线图上的那个众所周知的区域——西班牙国王菲利普的赐地联结了起来。

这样做完之后，我们就不需要什么测量员来帮我们划出路线了。这样既省了钱也省了时间。

然后，李·伦德尔和我装好了一辆两匹马拉的四轮马车，带齐了所有该带的东西出发了。我们走了一百四十九英里才到了齐格，离我们想要到达的地点最近的城镇。在那里我们找到了一个县里的代理测量员。他帮我们找到了洛斯·安尼莫斯线路上的那个区域，量出了我们的草图上所需要的五千七百二十瓦拉的距离，并且在那个地点上面放了一块石头。完后，他喝了点咖啡，吃了点咸肉，就搭乘着邮车回齐格去了。

我们对于能够得到那三十万美元这件事深信不疑。李·伦德尔只能分得其中的三分之一，因为路途上所有的开销都是由我来支付的。等拿到了那二十万美元之后，我相信只要梅·玛莎·蒙葛姆还在这个世界上，我就一定可以找到她。而且，我还可以用这笔钱在蒙葛姆老先生的内心深处惊起一片波澜。只要我能够找到那笔宝藏！

But Lee and I established camp. Across the river were a dozen little mountains densely covered by cedar-brakes, but not one shaped like a pack-saddle. That did not deter us. Appearances are deceptive. A pack-saddle, like beauty, may exist only in the eye of the beholder.

I and the grandson of the treasure examined those cedar-covered hills with the care of a lady hunting for the wicked flea. We explored every side, top, circumference, mean elevation, angle, slope, and concavity of every one for two miles up and down the river. We spent four days doing so. Then we hitched up the roan and the dun, and hauled the remains of the coffee and bacon the one-hundred and forty-nine miles back to Concho City.

Lee Rundle chewed much tobacco on the return trip. I was busy driving, because I was in a hurry.

As shortly as could be after our empty return Goodloe Banks and I forgathered in the back room of Snyder's saloon to play dominoes and fish for information. I told Goodloe about my expedition after the buried treasure.

"If I could have found that three hundred thousand dollars," I said to him, "I



于是李和我在那里搭起了帐篷。在河的对岸，有十几个长满了郁郁葱葱的松柏的小山头，但是没有有一个看起来像是马鞍的形状。不过这并没有令我们灰心丧气。事物的表象总是具有欺骗性的。情人眼里出西施。只要我们想要找到，就一定可以发现那座马鞍形状的小山丘的。

我和那个藏宝人的孙子仔细勘探了所有松柏覆盖的小山丘，就像是一个妇人仔细地寻找一只可恶的虱子一样。我们翻遍了河流沿岸方圆两英里之内每一个山丘的山腰、山顶、四周、边角角、斜坡和凹洞。整整四天，我们都在干这件事情。然后，我们套上了杂色马和褐色马，装着剩下的咖啡和咸肉，奔波了一百四十九英里回到了康却城。

回去的路上，李·伦德尔不住地抽烟。我则忙着驾驶马车，因为我急着要赶回去。

就在我刚刚结束了这一趟无功而返的行程之后，顾德罗·班克尔和我又在辛德尔沙龙的里间碰面了。我们一边玩着多米诺骨牌，一边互相交换信息。我向顾德罗讲述了关于我这次寻宝的经历。

“假如这次让我找到了那三十万美元，”我对他说，“就算是把地面都给翻过来我

could have scoured and sifted the surface of the earth to find May Martha Mangum.”

“She is meant for higher things,” said Goodloe. “I shall find her myself. But, tell me how you went about discovering the spot where this unearthed increment was imprudently buried.”

I told him in the smallest detail. I showed him the draughtsman’s sketch with the distances marked plainly upon it.

After glancing over it in a masterly way, he leaned back in his chair and bestowed upon me an explosion of sardonic, superior, collegiate laughter.

“Well, you are a fool, Jim,” he said, when he could speak.

“It’s your play,” said I, patiently, fingering my double-six.

“Twenty,” said Goodloe, making two crosses on the table with his chalk.

“Why am I a fool?” I asked. “Buried treasure has been found before in many places.”

“Because,” said he, “in calculating the point on the river where your line would strike you neglected to allow for the variation. The variation there would be nine degrees west. Let me have your pencil.”

Goodloe Banks figured rapidly on the back of an envelope.



欧·亨利短篇小说选粹

011

也要找到梅·玛莎·蒙葛姆。”

“她应该拥有更高品味的东西，”顾德罗说，“我会亲自去找她的。话说回来，给我讲讲你是怎么找到那个随随便便就被埋到土里的藏宝地点的？”

我一五一十地把事情的经过告诉了他。我还把测量员画的那幅草图拿给他看，上面所有的距离都标记得一清二楚。

顾德罗熟练地看了一下那张图，然后向后一靠，倒在椅子上，又端出他那一副高高在上的学院派的架子嘲笑起我来。

“噢，你可真是个傻瓜，吉姆。”当他终于笑够了，才说出这样一句话来。

“该你出牌了。”我耐心地说出这句话，顺便甩出了两张六。

“二十。”顾德罗说道。然后，他拿起粉笔在桌子上画了两个十字。

“为什么说我是傻瓜？”我问道，“过去有许多地方都有人找到过被埋藏的宝藏。”

“那是因为，”他说道，“你在确定那条路线与河流的交点的时候，没有扣除偏差。那里的偏差是偏西九度。把你的铅笔递给我。”

顾德罗·班克斯迅速在信封的背面画了起来。

“The distance, from north to south, of the line run from the Spanish mission,” said he, “is exactly twenty-two miles. It was run by a pocket-compass, according to your story. Allowing for the variation, the point on the Alamito River where you should have searched for your treasure is exactly six miles and nine hundred and forty-five varas farther west than the place you hit upon. Oh, what a fool you are, Jim!”

“What is this variation that you speak of?” I asked. “I thought figures never lied.”

“The variation of the magnetic compass,” said Goodloe, “from the true meridian.”

He smiled in his superior way; and then I saw come out in his face the singular, eager, consuming cupidity of the seeker after buried treasure.

“Sometimes,” he said with the air of the oracle, “these old traditions of hidden money are not without foundation. Suppose you let me look over that paper describing the location. Perhaps together we might—”

The result was that Goodloe Banks and I, rivals in love, became companions in adventure. We went to Chico by stage from Huntersburg, the nearest railroad town. In Chico we hired a team drawing a covered spring-wagon and camping paraphernalia. We had the same surveyor run out our distance, as revised by



“从那个西班牙使团出发，由北向南画出的这条线段的长度，”他说，“确实是二十二英里。听你刚才的讲述，你们是根据袖珍罗盘沿着这条线走下去的。考虑到偏差的问题，事实上，你们应该从你们做出标记的那个地点，再往西走六十英里、九百四十五瓦拉，这样你们才能够找到你们的宝藏。噢，你可真是个傻瓜啊，吉姆！”

“这个偏差到底是什么玩意儿？”我问他。“我想数据是不会有错的。”

“我说的是磁性指南针跟子午线之间的偏差，”顾德罗说。

说完，他又高傲地笑了起来。在那一时刻，我在他的脸上发现了他那特有的对于寻宝的强烈而贪婪的欲望。

“有些时候，”他带着一副预言家一样的神气说道，“这些关于藏金的传说也并不一定就找不到。如果你能让我看看那张描述藏金地点的纸片，或许我们可以一起……”

结果顾德罗·班克斯和我，两个情场上的敌人，倒成了探险旅途上的伙伴。我们从离我们最近的通火车的城镇——亨德斯堡镇出发，乘火车到达了齐格。在齐格，我们雇了两匹马拉了一辆带篷的四轮马车以及一些露营的行装。我们还是找来了上次的那位测量员帮我们在实地量出了距离，这次还修正了顾德罗提出的偏差的问题。然后我

Goodloe and his variations, and then dismissed him and sent him on his homeward road.

It was night when we arrived. I fed the horses and made a fire near the bank of the river and cooked supper. Goodloe would have helped, but his education had not fitted him for practical things.

But while I worked he cheered me with the expression of great thoughts handed down from the dead ones of old. He quoted some translations from the Greek at much length.

“Anacreon,” he explained. “That was a favorite passage with Miss Mangum—as I recited it.”

“She is meant for higher things,” said I, repeating his phrase.

“Can there be anything higher,” asked Goodloe, “than to dwell in the society of the classics, to live in the atmosphere of learning and culture? You have often decried education. What of your wasted efforts through your ignorance of simple mathematics? How soon would you have found your treasure if my knowledge had not shown you your error?”

“We’ll take a look at those hills across the river first,” said I, “and see what we find. I am still doubtful about variations. I have been brought up to believe that



们就把他打发走送他踏上回家的道路了。

当我们到那儿的时候已经是晚上了。我喂了马，然后在河岸上升起了一堆篝火并且做了晚饭。这些事情，顾德罗本来应该也帮着弄的，不过他的教育背景使他干不了这些实际的工作。

不过在我干活儿的时候，他倒是念了几段那些早已死去的老人家们写的东西，正好给我解闷儿。其中，他背诵了一段翻译自希腊文的长诗。

“这是阿纳克里翁的诗。”他解释道，“这是蒙葛姆小姐最喜欢的一段——因为这是由我背的。”

“她应该拥有更高品味的东西。”我替他说道。

“难道还能有什么事情，”顾德罗反问说，“能够比沉浸在古典的作品中，生活在学识和文化的氛围里更加具有品味吗？你总是对教育进行诋毁。可是你因为缺乏最基本的数学知识，上次不是白白跑了一趟吗？如果不是我指出了你的错误，真不知道你什么时候才能找到那笔宝藏！”

“我们还是先到河对岸去看看那些小山丘吧，”我说，“看看我们究竟能找到什么。”