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Special English Series

歐美短篇小說集

SHORT  
STORIES OF  
THE  
WESTERN  
WORLD

中國人民大學

施玉惠 主編

圖書館藏

Volume One

第一冊

7

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文鶴出版有限公司

# 歐美短篇小說集 (一)

SHORT STORIES  
OF THE WESTERN WORLD

民國七十一年一月 再版

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## 前 言

英語閱讀教材，實在能以動人的情節，引起讀者的興趣，使他們在全神灌注中，享受閱讀之樂；其次在以正確、流暢的文字與敘述，供讀者研習和模倣，以期在欣賞玩味之餘，能吸收到正確實用的字彙、句法等，提高英文閱讀和寫作的能力。

「歐美短篇小說集」就是本着上述的理想而編撰的。裏面包含的故事，都是取材於當代歐美名家作品，經過費心改寫，成為比較淺近的現代英語，但是仍然保存了這些原著的精髓。

「歐美短篇小說集」目前先出版一、二兩冊，每冊包含十五篇小說，正好適合一個學期的教學或課外補充之用。每篇小說後面更附有實用的練習，幫助讀者整理思緒，熟習內容，鍛鍊字詞應用的能力。

「歐美短篇小說集」是本人利用課餘之暇和幾位朋友合力編成的，在編撰期間得到洪宏齡與周奇勳兩位先生許多的協助、鼓勵和提供寶貴意見，在此深致謝意。因為限於時間和能力，疏漏之處可能很多，敬請方家多多指教。

施 玉 惠 謹識

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六十八年五月二十日

## 如何培養英文閱讀能力

閱讀英文書籍可以是一種享受，也可以是一種令人頭痛的工作。也許有人會認為唯有等到英文程度很高時，閱讀才可能是一種享受。在那之前只有頭痛的份。這句話並不完全對，因為在初級、中級階段，閱讀仍可是一件愉快的工作，那就要看閱讀的材料與閱讀的方法而定了。

首先，閱讀的材料應該適合學生的程度與興趣。只有這樣的書，這樣的文章學生才會想讀，才會「主動的」、「自動的」去讀，也唯有願意「主動的」「自動的」的去讀，閱讀能力才會增進。有人主張應先多學些難的文章，將來簡單的不學也會。這種說法從學習心理來說是錯誤的。因為讀書不同於勞力的工作，它是需要發自內心樂意去做，才會做得好、做得美。也許成績或升學能逼某些人勉強去讀自己不願意讀的書，但那只能是暫時性的，一旦他的目標達到後，就馬上將此工具拋得遠遠的。英文閱讀能力的目標是希望達到能閱讀任何難度的英文書籍、報章、雜誌等。但在達到那目標之前，却需要一步一步慢慢的由淺而難有層次的讀起，而且最重要的是先從自己最有興趣而且能夠吸收的文章著手。興趣養成後是堅強有力的，然而在沒養成前是非常纖弱的，它需要小心的栽培與保護。

適當的選文決定後，第二步就是決定如何著手閱讀。首先，應該不查字典，將全文先看一、兩遍，試著了解大意。遇有不

的地方盡量由上下文意、句型和字辭結構去猜意思，甚至用一般常識或邏輯去推考都無妨。其實我們在看本國文字時，又何嘗字字都了解，我們一樣的是在猜意思。然而看到英文時，就缺乏安全感，總擔心一個字不懂都會影響大意的了解，所以碰到一個生字就查一次字典。結果，書上寫滿了密密麻麻的註解，就是意思了解了，也興趣索然。有時，反而因太注意細節和每個單字的意思，而無法看清全盤大意。照說，若選文已適合學生程度，應不會有很多生字，那我們大可放心，暫時拋開字典，享受一下那種不翻字典、不被打岔、一口氣看下去的舒適感與自由感。除非有某一、兩個字一再的出現，且由上下文判斷它的確很重要，是意思的關鍵處，那時只好先查該字。到這時再查總比第一次碰到就查效果要好多了，因為它已引起我們的興趣了。有興趣的字，查後不易忘掉。此種閱讀方法並非蔑視查字典的重要性，而是強調先了解大意的重要性。藉此脫離過份依賴字典的壞習慣。最主要的是從而享受閱讀的快樂以及培養流利的閱讀能力。

等看完兩遍後，才開始查生字和聽老師講解。關於查生字有兩點建議。第一、音標、註解最好不要直接寫在生字的上頭，而應該在該字的右上角標個號碼，然後將註解寫在該頁底下或文章之後。這樣，下次碰到此生字時才有機會測驗自己是否仍記得這個字。第二、若能使用英英字典，越早開始使用越好，因為英文解釋較能幫助意義的真正了解，且有利於將來說與寫的表達。

要想閱讀、會話和寫作的流利就必須訓練用英文閱讀英文，用英文思考英文。盡量避免在腦筋內經過英翻中的步驟。這個習慣與能力是需要靠多讀、常讀且經常警惕自己才能做到。

最後，閱讀要有方向，知道注意力應先集中在何處，而不是茫無目標的看。編書者或老師應該出些問答題來幫助學生整理思緒，引導學生注意的方向。這些題目最好在閱讀前就先讓學生看一遍，使他們心中有個目標與方向。這樣，才會發揮閱讀最高的效能。閱讀完畢後，將這些問題在課堂上討論或私下個別回答。程度好點的還可做推論性的問答或做摘要報告。

由於篇幅所限我們只能提綱挈領的談幾個英文閱讀的方法。它雖未能包羅萬象，但以筆者親身的經驗，發覺它却足以培養閱讀的興趣。閱讀能力的培養不是一朝一夕能達到的，而是像長途馬拉松賽，需要興趣與正確的方法為後盾，才能登峯造極。

施 玉 惠 謹識

師大英語系研究室

六十八年五月四日

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## THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

*By Don Marquess*

The cold October rains had begun. It was late in the afternoon and Dr. Stewart walked to the window. He tried to look out at the village, but the wind was blowing the rain against the glass. He could not see a thing. He turned, walked to the fire and drank some more hot lemonade. He hoped no one would phone for help—not tonight, especially no one from the swamp. Doc Stewart knew the swamp and its people. For many years he had been their doctor. He thought of the swamp and what heavy rains did to it. Green River would be rushing toward the Mississippi, flooding all of the farmlands.

"I have no time to be sick," he said. "People need me in this weather."

He thought of last winter. He had traveled from home to home, helping the farmers and their children. Often he would travel all night. He would get home in the morning, have a cup of hot coffee, then be off to help someone else. Here it was winter again and he was sick, and there was no one to help the people; no one but young Dr. Hastings and old Doc Jones. No one knew the people as he did. Surely young Dr. Hastings did not. He was just a boy.

There was a loud knock at the door. Doc Stewart jumped to his feet.

"It has come," he said in a sad voice. But he had known it would come sooner or later. He had felt it in his bones.

He opened the door. There was Jason Tucker of the swamp.

"Hello, Doc." Water dropped from Tucker's wet clothes. Dr. Stewart knew what Tucker wanted as soon as he saw his face.

"It's your wife, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's her. The baby is ready to come." First baby, too, and the wife has a cold. "Doc, I'm afraid she might get worse." Tucker looked at Doc Stewart. "It's a terrible thing to ask you to come, Doc, but you know Dr. Hastings broke his leg. I just saw him. He can't go. I tried to find Doc Jones, but he is already in the swamp somewhere."

Dr. Stewart had a fever. His temperature was up and to go out in the cold rain might mean pneumonia, even death for him. Then there was that sharp pain near his heart that stopped his breath. Oh well, he did not have time to think about his own sickness. For fifty years he had been helping the sick and this was no time to stop.

"I'll go, Tucker," he finally said.

"Thanks, Doc, I knew you would. How will you go? Green River is running fast and deep tonight, Doc. Don't trust the wood bridge. Cross the river on the steel one. It's a mile farther up the river, but it's safer."

"I've seen Green River before," Doc said and his face became grey and serious.

Doc Stewart put on his rain clothes. He went to the barn for his horse and carriage and started the six mile trip to Tucker's house. The rain blew hard against both him and his horse. Before long he was wet all the way to his skin. The earth too was wet and soft. The horse walked slowly along, every step sinking deep in the mud. Doc Stewart hoped he would arrive before the baby was

born.

An hour later Doc came to the road that led to the wood bridge. He stopped and walked toward it. The rain and wind covered the light from his lamp. He could see only a few feet in front of him. He stopped walking, and just in time. The wood bridge was not there. The trees that marked the beginning of the bridge were thirty feet away. Between them and Doc Stewart was black rushing water. He looked at the water racing down toward the Mississippi. He could hear the sound of trees crashing in the middle of the river.

Then Doc rode on to the steel bridge. His body grew weaker every minute. The faithful old horse pulled him along, never falling, but often shaking his head to knock the water from his eyes. When they came to the steel bridge Doc got down again to look. Water was running over the bridge road, but the bridge itself seemed strong. He decided to leave the carriage and cross with the horse. He took his light and his little black bag with him. He led the horse slowly. The water on the road was not deep, but it was powerful. It sucked at his feet trying to pull him in. Step by step they slowly crossed to the other side. Then, nothing. There was no other side! The bridge was hanging in a straight line across the river with no end.

Doc Stewart studied the problem, then he knew what had happened. He had already crossed the bridge. The river had risen so high it was running over the land where the bridge had ended. He decided to go on. He placed his black bag of medicine on his neck so it would not get wet, then slowly got on the horse's back. As he did, he felt the old sharp pain near his heart. For a moment his hands grew tight around the horse's neck, and he sat stiff and

quiet until the pain went and he could breathe again.

"Tired, worn-out doctor," he said, and then told the horse to swim to the land which neither of them could see. He felt the water rise to his feet, then to his knees, his stomach, and then the horse dropped from under him. A black choking and terrible struggle—cold water over his head, and then nothing.

He awoke to find himself hanging on to a tree. The water rushing past was pulling on his tired legs. He tried to pull himself from the water to the muddy land and felt the pain again. He lay half in the water. He pushed and pulled, and finally the water let him go. He lay on the mud and rested. The mud felt good, but the pain was hot, burning like red coals inside his chest. Slowly he opened his black bag and took some medicine. The pain went. He lay on his back and saw the sky open. The clouds had parted and there, shining down on him, was one lonely star. He began to dream, but the taste of fish in his mouth forced him to remember where he was. He got up and thought of his horse. It was half a mile to Tucker's house, and he started to walk when he heard a noise. It was the horse looking for him. Ahead a light was shining from the Tucker farmhouse. Then he got closer. He heard the frightening screams of a woman giving birth. He got off his horse, opened the door and waited until his eyes became used to the light. He went to the bedroom where the woman was. Tucker was sitting in a chair. Near the woman was a young man with something white on his leg. The man walked to Dr. Stewart.

"Hello, Doctor," he said. "You got here."

"How is she, Dr. Hastings?" Doc Stewart asked.

"She will be all right if her heart lasts."

For the next hour both doctors worked to save mother and

child. Not until both were safe did Dr. Stewart remember that Dr. Hastings had a broken leg.

"How in the world did you get here, Hastings?"

"On a horse. I told Tucker that I could not come. But then I began to think that perhaps you couldn't come, bad night and all, so I came".

The old pain stabbed Doc Stewart's chest again. The pain showed on his face.

"Heart," said Doc Stewart, and Hastings gave him some medicine. "Hastings, keep me alive, for a while. I have no time to be sick. I have no time to die, not till everyone is better. They need me. Keep me alive."

The medicine forced the pain away and peace came to Doc Stewart. He was very weak. Soon he felt as if he were floating down the river again, only this time it felt good. But he must get across. He cannot let the river carry him on and on. People were waiting for him, sick people who need help. His mind became clear for a moment.

"Hastings," he said. "You got here with your broken leg." And then something gave old Doc Stewart strength. He sat up and looked at Hastings as if he were seeing him for the first time. "By heavens, boy," he said. "You are a doctor." He breathed loudly and lay back again. He let the water carry him again. He had time to be carried now. He was leaving his people in the hands of another good doctor.

There was a baby's cry from the bedroom. "Another little baby from the swamp," he said. "Another little swamp angel." And Dr. Stewart smiled, and still smiling went floating down with the rushing waters.

## EXERCISES

### I. 選擇題 (Multiple Choice):

1. The story happened on a cold rainy day of
  - a. September.
  - b. October.
  - c. November.
2. How far was it from the doctor's office to Mr. Tucker's farm?
  - a. Two miles.
  - b. Four miles.
  - c. Six miles.
3. How did the doctor get to Mr. Tucker's house?
  - a. On a horse.
  - b. On foot.
  - c. By car.
4. The doctor had no time to think about his own sickness, for
  - a. he was too busy then.
  - b. the sick people needed him badly.
  - c. he had to hurry back to his own home first.
5. When the doctor was crossing the river,
  - a. he got lost.
  - b. he lost his horse.
  - c. the bridge had no end.
6. When he arrived at Mr. Tucker's house, he discovered that
  - a. Dr. Jones was there.
  - b. the baby was born and safe.
  - c. Dr. Hastings was there.
7. At the end of the story,
  - a. both the mother and the baby were saved.

- b. Dr. Stewart was found dead in the river.
- c. three doctors were all there in Mr. Tucker's house.

## II. 翻譯 (Translation):

1. 一直到母子都平安了，史都華大夫才想起海丁大夫的腿受傷了。  
~~Not until~~ both the mother and the child were safe ~~Dr.~~ Dr.  
 Stewart remembered that Dr. Hastings has a ~~leg~~ leg.
2. 不久他就一直濕到身體裏頭了。  
~~Before long~~ he was ~~wet~~ all the ~~way~~ way to his skin.
3. 一步一步他們慢慢過到那邊去了。  
~~step by step~~ they slowly ~~over~~ crossed to the other side.
4. 我知道（它）遲早會發生。  
 I knew it would happen sooner or later.
5. 聽到敲門的聲音他跳起來。  
 Hearing the knock at the door, he jumped to his feet.

## III. 問答題 (Questions for discussion.):

1. How many doctors are there in the story? 3
2. Why did Dr. Stewart hope no one would phone for help that night, especially no one from the swamp?
3. Why did Mr. Tucker come to Dr. Stewart for help?
4. What advice did Mr. Tucker give to the doctor about crossing the river?
5. Discuss the difficulties that Dr. Stewart had been through before he reached Mr. Tucker's house.
6. What did Dr. Stewart discover when he went into Mr. Tucker's house?
7. What happened to Mrs. Tucker and her baby?
8. What happened to Dr. Stewart at the end of the story?

## CHIAO

*By Patricia Collins*

Soon after they left the shop on the Via Condotti in Rome, Mrs. Engel opened the box and showed her husband the costly stones she had bought. "I love them. I just love them," she said. She dropped the stones back into the box as she and her husband began walking across the street. Half way across her husband pulled her out of the way of a passing automobile.

"What is wrong with you?" he asked.

"I just thought of the words I said to the shop owner. I told him I loved him. I wanted to say I loved the stones, but I used the wrong word. I should have said it pleases me. Do you think he understood?"

To Mr. Engel it was not important if the shop man understood or not. What was important was his own wish that she would stop trying to speak Italian when it wasn't necessary. On their last trip into the hills her use of Italian had helped, but they were in Rome now. Almost everyone here talked English, or at least understood it. They sat in front of the hotel and rested their tired feet. Mrs. Engel looked around at the flowers changing their color with the light of the setting sun. "Bello, molto bello," she said. Mr. Engel breathed deeply and asked the waiter to bring them each a drink.

"Check, please," he shouted.

Mrs. Engel, still in a sort of a dream at the beauty around them, said: "You should have said 'Il conto'. In England it's bill,



I'd addition in France, il conto in Rome."

"Check, please," Mr. Engel said again. And almost at once it was in his hand.

"It's just as easy to say (conto) as check. 'Conto' is what you say."

"Not what I say."

The elevator boy opened the door for them and she said: "Setimo piano, per favore."

And the boy answered: "Seventh floor, OK." And no one said another word, not until Mr. Engel opened the door to their room. He let his wife enter first, then said: "Do you want to eat in the hotel, or go out?"

"Whatever you want to do," his wife answered.

"Well, I would like to go back to the place that has the fountain and serves ravioli."

"There are many fountains in Rome," she said. "And there are places near them that serve ravioli. You see, you won't even say an Italian name. You could mean anywhere. No one would know where you meant."

"Well, you know," he answered. "Do you want to go there?"

"Yes." She held one of her black dresses up to the light and placed a pink flower on one shoulder of her dress. "Italian is so easy. 'Conto', that's all you have to say."

Mr. Engel took his shirt off and reached for a clean one. He looked at her. "What do you want me to do? Go around telling shop owners that I love them?"

"That is not fair. Just because I made a mistake and told you. Now you'll think everything I say is wrong."

"No," he answered. "But I do not think it is always right."