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**SELECTED SHORT
STORIES OF
O. HENRY**

欧·亨利短篇小说选

THE GIFT OF THE MAGI

ONE dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at \$8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young".

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid \$30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to \$20, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young

麦琪的礼物

一块八毛七分钱。全在这儿了。其中六毛钱还是铜子儿凑起来的。这些铜子儿是每次一个、两个向杂货铺、菜贩和肉店老板那儿死乞白赖地硬扣下来的；人家虽然没有明说，自己总觉得这种掂斤播两的交易未免太吝啬，当时脸都臊红了。德拉数了三遍。数来数去还是一块八毛七分钱，而第二天就是圣诞节了。

除了倒在那张破旧的小榻上号哭之外，显然没有别的办法。德拉就那样做了。这使得一种精神上的感慨油然而生，认为人生是由啜泣、抽噎和微笑组成的，而抽噎占了其中绝大部分。

这个家庭的主妇渐渐从第一阶段退到第二阶段，我们不妨抽空儿来看看这个家吧。一套连家具的公寓，房租每星期八块钱。虽不能说是绝对难以形容，其实跟贫民窟也相去不远。

下面门廊里有一个信箱，但是永远不会有信件投进去；还有一个电钮，除非神仙下凡才能把铃按响。那里还贴着一张名片，上面印有“詹姆斯·迪林汉·扬先生”几个字。

“迪林汉”这个名号是主人先前在每星期挣三十块钱得法的时候，一时高兴，加在姓名之间的。现在收入缩减到二十块钱，“迪林汉”几个字看来就有些模糊了，仿佛它们正在郑重考虑，是不是缩成一个质朴而谦逊的“迪”字为好。但每逢詹姆斯·迪林汉·扬先生回家上楼，走进房间的时候，詹姆斯·迪林汉·扬太太——就是刚才已经介绍给各位的德拉

came home and reached his flat above he was called “Jim” and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a gray cat walking a gray fence in a gray backyard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only \$ 1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only \$ 1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling—something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an \$ 8 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon

——总是管他叫做“吉姆”，总是热烈地拥抱他。那当然是很好的。

德拉哭了之后，在脸颊上扑了些粉。她站在窗子跟前，呆呆地瞅着外面灰濛濛的后院里，一只灰猫正在灰色的篱笆上行走。明天就是圣诞节了，她只有一块八毛七分钱来给吉姆买一件礼物。好几个月来，她省吃俭用，能攒起来的都攒了，可结果只有这一点儿。一星期二十块钱的收入是不经用的。支出总比她预算的要多。总是这样的。只有一块八毛七分钱来给吉姆买礼物。她的吉姆。为了买一件好东西送给他，德拉自得其乐地筹划了好些日子。要买一件精致、珍奇而真有价值的东西——够得上为吉姆所有的东西固然很少，可总得有些相称才成呀。

房里两扇窗子中间有一面壁镜。诸位也许见过房租八块钱的公寓里的壁镜。一个非常瘦小灵活的人，从一连串纵的片断的映象里，也许可以对自己的容貌得到一个大致不差的概念。德拉全凭身材苗条，才精通了那种技艺。

她突然从窗口转过身，站到壁镜面前。她的眼睛晶莹剔透，可是她的脸在二十秒钟之内却失色了。她迅速地把头发解开，让它披落下来。

且说，詹姆斯·迪林汉·扬夫妇有两样东西特别引为自豪，一样是吉姆三代祖传的金表，另一样是德拉的头发。如果示巴女王^①住在天井对面的公寓里，德拉总有一天会把她的头发悬在窗外去晾干，使那位女王的珠宝和礼物相形见绌。如果所罗门王^②当了看门人，把他所有的财富都堆

① 示巴古国在阿拉伯西南，即今之也门。《圣经·旧约·列王记上》载示巴女王带了许多香料、宝石和黄金去觐见所罗门王，用难题考验所罗门的智慧。

② 所罗门王为公元前约九七三——九三三年的以色列国王，以聪明豪富著称。

been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie".

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practised hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamen-

在地下室里，吉姆每次经过那儿时准会掏出他的金表看看，好让所罗门妒忌得吹胡子瞪眼睛。

这当儿，德拉美丽的头发披散在身上，像一股褐色的小瀑布，奔泻闪亮。头发一直垂到膝盖底下，仿佛给她铺成了一件衣裳。她又神经质地赶快把头发梳好。她踌躇了一会儿，静静地站着，有一两滴泪水溅落在破旧的红地毯上。

她穿上褐色的旧外套，戴上褐色的旧帽子。她眼睛里还留着晶莹的泪光，裙子一摆，就飘然走出房门，下楼跑到街上。

她走到一块招牌前停住了，招牌上面写着：“莎弗朗妮夫人——经营各种头发用品”。德拉跑上一段楼梯，气喘吁吁地让自己定下神来。那位夫人身躯肥大，肤色白得过分，一副冷冰冰的模样，同“莎弗朗妮”^①这个名字不大相称。

“你要买我的头发吗？”德拉问道。

“我买头发。”夫人说。“脱掉帽子，让我看看头发的模样。”那股褐色的小瀑布泻了下来。

“二十块钱。”夫人用行家的手法抓起头发说。

“赶快把钱给我。”德拉说。

噢，此后的两个钟头仿佛长了玫瑰色翅膀似地飞掠过去。诸位不必理会这种杂凑的比喻。总之，德拉正为了给吉姆的礼物在店铺里搜索。

德拉终于把它找到了。它准是专为吉姆，而不是为别人制造的。她把所有店铺都兜底翻过，各家都没有像这样的东西。那是一条白金表链，式样简单朴素，只是以货色来显示它的价值，不凭什么装璜来炫耀——一切好东西都应

① 莎弗朗妮为意大利诗人塔索(1544—1595)以第一次十字军东征为题材的史诗《耶路撒冷的解放》中的人物，她为了拯救耶路撒冷全城的基督徒，承认了并未犯过的罪行，成为舍己救人的典型。

tation — as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value — the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends — a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. she looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

“If Jim doesn't kill me,” she said to herself, “before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do — oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?”

At 7 o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: “Please God, make him think I am still pretty.”

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He

该是这样的。它甚至配得上那只金表。她一看到就认为非给吉姆买下不可。它简直像他的为人。文静而有价值——这句话拿来形容表链和吉姆本人都恰到好处。店里以二十一块钱的价格卖给了她，她剩下八毛七分钱，匆匆赶回家去。吉姆有了那条链子，在任何场合都可以毫无顾虑地看看钟点了。那只表虽然华贵，可是因为只用一条旧皮带来代替表链，他有时候只是偷偷地瞥上一眼。

德拉回家以后，她的陶醉有一小部分被审慎和理智所替代。她拿出卷发铁钳，点燃煤气，着手补救由于爱情加上慷慨而造成的灾害。那始终是一件艰巨的工作，亲爱的朋友们——简直是了不起的工作。

不出四十分钟，她头上布满了紧贴着的小发卷，变得活像一个逃课的小学生。她对着镜子小心而苛刻地照了又照。

“如果吉姆看了一眼不把我宰掉才怪呢，”她自言自语地说，“他会说我像是康奈岛游乐场里的卖唱姑娘。我有什么办法呢？——唉！只有一块八毛七分钱，叫我有什么办法呢？”

到了七点钟，咖啡已经煮好，煎锅也放在炉子后面热着，随时可以煎肉排。

吉姆从没有晚回来过。德拉把表链对折着握在手里，在他进来时必经的门口的桌子角上坐了下来。接着，她听到楼下梯级上响起了他的脚步声。她脸色白了一忽儿。她有一个习惯，往往为了日常最简单的事情默祷几句，现在她悄声说：“求求上帝，让他认为我还是美丽的。”

门打开了，吉姆走进来，随手把门关上。他很瘦削，非

looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two — and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

“Jim, darling,” she cried, “don’t look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn’t have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It’ll grow out again — you won’t mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say ‘Merry Christmas!’ Jim, and let’s be happy. You don’t know what a nice — what a beautiful, nice gift I’ve got for you.”

“You’ve cut off your hair?” asked Jim, laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet even after the hardest mental labor.

“Cut it off and sold it,” said Della. “Don’t you like me just as well, anyhow? I’m me without my hair, ain’t I?”

Jim looked about the room curiously.

“You say your hair is gone?” he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

“You needn’t look for it,” said Della. “It’s sold, I tell you — sold and gone, too. It’s Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered,” she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, “but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?”

常严肃。可怜的人儿，他只有二十二岁——就负起了家庭的担子！他需要一件新大衣，手套也没有。

吉姆在门内站住，像一条猎狗嗅到鹌鹑气味似地纹丝不动。他的眼睛盯着德拉，所含的神情是她不能理解的，这使她大为惊慌。那既不是愤怒，也不是惊讶，又不是不满，更不是嫌恶，不是她所预料的任何一种神情。他只带着那种奇特的神情凝视着德拉。

德拉一扭腰，从桌上跳下来，走近他身边。

“吉姆，亲爱的，”她喊道，“别那样盯着我。我把头发剪掉卖了，因为不送你一件礼物，我过不了圣诞节。头发会再长出来的——你不会在意吧，是不是？我非这么做不可。我的头发长得快极啦。说句‘恭贺圣诞’吧！吉姆，让我们快快乐乐的。我给你买了一件多么好——多么美丽的好东西，你怎么也猜不到的。”

“你把头发剪掉了么？”吉姆吃力地问道，仿佛他绞尽脑汁之后，还没有把这个显而易见的事实弄明白似的。

“不但剪了，而且卖了。”德拉说。“不管怎样，你还是同样地喜欢我吗？虽然没了头发，我还是我，不是吗？”

吉姆好奇地向房里四下张望。

“你说你的头发没有了吗？”他带着近乎白痴般的神情问道。

“你不用找啦。”德拉说。“我告诉你，已经卖了——卖了，没有了。今天是圣诞前夜，亲爱的。好好地对待我，我剪掉头发为的是你呀。我的头发也许数得清，”她突然非常温柔地接下去说，“但我对你的情爱谁也数不清。我把肉排煎上好吗，吉姆？”

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year — what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

“Don’t make any mistake, Dell,” he said, “about me. I don’t think there’s anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you’ll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first.”

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs — the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jewelled rims — just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: “My hair grows so fast, Jim!”

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, “Oh, oh!”

吉姆好像从恍惚中突然醒了过来。他把德拉搂在怀里。我们不要冒昧，还是先花上十秒钟瞧瞧另一方面无关紧要的东西吧。每星期八块钱，或是每年一百万元——那有什么区别呢？一位数学家或是一位智者可能会给你不正确的答复。麦琪带来了宝贵的礼物^①，但其中没有那件东西。对这句晦涩的话，下文将有所说明。

吉姆从大衣口袋里掏出一包东西，把它扔在桌上。

“别对我有什么误会，德尔。”他说，“不管是剪发、修脸，还是洗头，我对我姑娘的爱情是决不会减低的。但是只消打开那包东西，你就会明白，为什么刚才你使我愣住了。”

白皙的手指敏捷地撕开了绳索和包皮纸。接着是一声狂喜的呼喊；紧接着，哎呀！突然转变成女性神经质的眼泪和号哭，立刻需要公寓的主人用尽办法来安慰她。

因为摆在眼前的是那套插在头发上的梳子——全套的发梳，两鬓用的，后面用的，应有尽有；那原是百老汇路上的一个橱窗里，德拉渴望了好久的东西。纯玳瑁做的，边上镶着珠宝的美丽的发梳——来配那已经失去的美发，颜色真是再合适也没有了。她知道这套发梳是很贵重的，心向神往了好久，但从来没有存过占有它的希望。现在居然为她所有了，可是本可以用来使这令人向往已久的装饰品生色的头发却没有。

但她还是把这套发梳搂在怀里不放，过了好久，她才能抬起迷濛的泪眼，含笑对吉姆说：“我的头发长得很快，吉姆！”

接着，德拉像一只给火烫着的小猫似地跳了起来，叫道：“喔！喔！”

① “麦琪”的英文原文也指基督初生时来送礼物的三贤人。一说是东方的三王：梅尔基奥尔（光明之王）赠送黄金表示尊贵，加斯帕（洁白者）赠送乳香象征神圣，巴尔撒泽赠送没药预示基督后来遭受迫害而死。

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

“Isn’t it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You’ll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it.”

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

“Dell,” said he, “let’s put our Christmas presents away and keep ’em a while. They’re too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on.”

The magi, as you know, were wise men — wonderfully wise men — who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.