

悬念  
经典

(美) 康奈尔·伍尔里奇著  
孙 予译

WALTZ INTO DARKNESS

# 旋入深渊的华尔兹

英汉对照

世界图书出版公司

编辑  
设计

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• 英汉对照 •

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Cornell Woolrich  
WALTZ INTO DARKNESS

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## 主要人物表

路易斯·杜兰德——新奥尔良一男子

汤姆——路易斯的手下

萨拉婶婶——汤姆的姐姐

朱莉娅·拉塞尔——来自圣路易斯跟路易斯结婚的女人

阿伦·贾丁——路易斯的合伙人

西姆斯——一位银行经理

新奥尔良的警察局长

伯莎·拉塞尔——朱莉娅·拉塞尔的姐姐

沃尔特·唐斯——圣路易斯的一个私家侦探

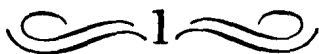
哈里·沃思上校——前南部联军的军官

邦尼——冒名顶替朱莉娅的女人的真名

## 未在书中露面的人物

“比利”——一封烧毁的信的残片上留下的名字，一个监视着一扇窗户的未露面的人物，一个偷偷摸摸敲门的人。

The soundless music starts. The dancing figures appear,  
slowly draw together. The waltz begins.



THE SUN was bright, the sky was blue, the time was May; New Orleans was heaven, and heaven must have been only another New Orleans, it couldn't have been any better.

In his bachelor quarters on St. Charles Street, Louis Durand was getting dressed. Not for the first time that day, for the sun was already high and he'd been up and about for hours; but for the great event of that day. This wasn't just a day, this was *the* day of all days. A day that comes just once to a man, and now had come to him. It had come late, but it had come. It was now. It was today.

He wasn't young any more. Others didn't tell him this, he told himself this. He wasn't old, as men go. But for such a thing as this, he wasn't too young any more. Thirty-seven.

On the wall there was a calendar, the first four leaves peeled back to bare the fifth. At top, center, this was inscribed *May*. Then on each side of this, in slanted, shadow-casting, heavily curlicued numerals, the year-date was gratuitously given the beholder: 1880. Below, within their little boxed squares, the first nineteen numerals had been stroked off with lead pencil. About the twentieth, this time in red crayon, a heavy circle, a bull's-eye, had been traced. Around and around, as though it could not be emphasized enough. And from there on, the numbers were blank; in the future.

He had put on the shirt with starched ruffles that Maman Alphonsine had so lovingly laundered for him, every frill a work of art. It was fastened at the cuffs with garnet studs backed with silver. In the flowing ascot tie that spread downward fanwise from his chin was thrust the customary stickpin that no well-dressed man was ever without, in this case a crescent of diamond splinters tipped by a ruby chip at each end. (A ponderous gold fob hung from his waistcoat pocket on the right)

无声的音乐奏起了。两个跳舞者翩翩入场，慢慢相偎相依。华尔兹舞开始了。

## 第一章

明灿灿的太阳，湛蓝的天空，正是五月好时光；新奥尔良是个天堂，可天堂本应是另一个新奥尔良，它应该是美好无瑕，无可挑剔的。

住在位于查尔斯街单身公寓里的路易斯·杜兰德正在穿衣打扮。太阳高挂，他已起床好几个小时了，因此这并不是他今天的第一次穿衣打扮；现在他是为了今天的一桩重大事件而在精心打扮。今天可不同寻常，这是重要的一天。男人一生中只会碰上一次的一天，他面临的就是这样的一天。它姗姗来迟，但终于还是来了。就是现在。就在今天。

他不再年轻。没人这么对他说，是他告诉自己的。每个男人都会老，他还算不上老。不过从年龄上来看，他不再年轻。三十七岁了。

墙上有一份日历，前四张都已撕去，露出了第五张。在顶部正中央，写着五月。它的两边是浓重的斜花体投影数字，一眼便可让人看到年份：1880。下面，在一格格小小的方框里，前十九个数字已经用铅笔划掉了。而第二十日这个数字用红颜色笔画出了一个浓重的圆圈，犹如一只公牛的眼睛。划了一圈又一圈，似乎非此不足以突出这个日子。而这个日子以下所有的数字都没画过，那都是将来。

他穿上了衬衫，这件衬衫经上浆后褶裥清晰，是阿方西娜大妈为他精心浆洗过的，简直成了件令人惊叹的艺术佳作。扣住衬衫袖口的是用银子作背衬的石榴石饰针。在领口成扇形垂下的飘逸的宽领带上别着合乎礼仪的装饰别针，穿着讲究的男人肯定都会用上这样的饰针，今天他用的是一个新月形钻石别针，新月形两端各有一颗小红宝石。

从他西装背心的右胸袋垂下了一根沉甸甸的金表链饰带。

side) Linking this (to the adjoining pocket on the left) bulky with a massive slab of watch, was a chain of thick gold links, conspicuous across his middle, and meant to be so. For what was a man without a watch? And what was a watch without there being an indication of one?

His (flowing, generous shirt) above this (tightly encompassing waistcoat) gave him a pouter-pigeon aspect. But there was enough pride in his chest right now to have done that unaided, anyway.)

On the bureau, before which he stood using his hairbrush, lay (a packet of letters and a daguerreotype.)

He put down his brush, and, (pausing for a moment) in his preparations, took them up one by one and hurriedly glanced through each. The first bore the letter-head: (The Friendly Correspondence Society of St. Louis, Mo.—an Association for Ladies and Gentlemen of High Character.) (and began in a fine masculine hand:)

Dear Sir:

(In reply to your inquiry) we are pleased to forward to you) the name and address of one of our members, and if you will address yourself to her in person, (we feel sure) a mutually satisfactory correspondence may be engaged upon—

The next was in an even finer hand (this time feminine): "My dear Mr. Durand:— And signed: "Y'rs most sincerely, Miss J. Russell." The next: "Dear Mr. Durand: . . . Sincerely, Miss Julia Russell." The next: "Dear Louis Durand: . . . Your sincere friend, Julia Russell."

And then: "Dear Louis: . . . Your sincere friend, Julia."

And then: "Dear Louis: . . . Your sincere Julia."

And then: "Louis, dear: . . . Your Julia."

And finally: "Louis (my beloved): . . . Your own impatient Julia."

(There was a postscript) to this one: "Will Wednesday never come? I count the hours (for the boat to sail)"

He put them in order again, patted them tenderly, fondly, (into symmetry) He put them into his inside coat pocket, the one that went over his heart.

He took up, now, (the small stiff-backed daguerreotype) and looked at it (long and raptly) The subject was not young. She was not an old woman, certainly, but she was equally certainly no longer a girl. (Her features) were (sharply indented) with the approaching emphases

一根粗金链子将这根表链饰带与放在相邻的左胸袋里的一块笨重厚实的怀表连接起来，十分显眼地横贯在他的胸口——本来就是要引人注目的。没有怀表的男人算得上是一个男人么？而一块怀表缺少一条表明其存在的表链，又怎么算得上是一块怀表呢？

穿在紧身西装背心外面的这件飘逸潇洒的衬衫，让人觉得他就像是一只球胸鸽。不过此刻，无需借助什么，他的胸脯已足以令其大为骄傲了。

他站在书桌前用梳子梳头，书桌上放着一摞信和一张用达盖尔银版法<sup>①</sup>拍摄的照片。

他放下梳子，停了一会，没接着往下打扮，而是将信一封接一封地拿起来，匆匆地把所有的信浏览了一遍。第一封信的开头是这样的：“密苏里，圣路易斯友好通信协会——专为高尚的女士和绅士牵线搭桥的机构”，下面是一手刚劲漂亮的字体，开首写道：

亲爱的先生：

获悉您的征询，我们十分高兴地向您推荐我们的一个成员的名字和地址，如果您乐意亲自写信给她，我们肯定，一种双方满意的联系交往将会开始——

接下的信是用一种流畅的字体写的，是一个女人的笔迹：“亲爱的杜兰德先生：——”签名是：“J. 拉塞尔小姐谨上。”

第二封是：“亲爱的杜兰德先生：……朱莉娅·拉塞尔小姐敬启。”

第三封是：“亲爱的路易斯·杜兰德：……你真诚的朋友朱莉娅·拉塞尔。”

后来是：“亲爱的路易斯：……你真诚的朋友朱莉娅。”

后来是：“亲爱的路易斯：……你真诚的朱莉娅。”

后来是：“路易斯，亲爱的：……你的朱莉娅。”

最后是：“路易斯，我的心上人：……你的急不可待的朱莉娅。”

这封信还有一个附言：“星期三永远不会来到吗？我掐分克秒在算着船的起航时刻！”

他重新把它们依次放好，动情地把它们轻轻拍整齐。他把信全放进了外衣的内口袋，正好贴在他心口上。

接着他拿起了那张硬底小照片，痴迷地看了好久。相片中的人不算年轻了。当然，她不是个老妇人，不过肯定也算不上是个姑娘。她的五官线条鲜明地显示出将要发生的变化。嘴角边的线条

① 即法国舞台美术家和物理学家路易斯·杰克·蒙代·达盖尔与人合作发明的一种照相银版拍摄法。

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[in edistw] 1888  
• 6. 1212 **WALTZ INTO DARKNESS**

of alteration. There was an incisiveness to the mouth that was not yet, but would be presently, sharpness. There was a keen appearance to the eyes that heralded the onset of sunken creases and constrictions about them. Not yet, but presently. The groundwork was being laid. There was a curvature to the nose that presently would become a hook. There was a prominence to the chin that presently would become a jutting-out. [L p r m i d a s] [2' r e l e t i v e] [1888] 1212

She was not beautiful. (She could be called attractive) for she was attractive to him, and attractiveness lies in the eyes of the beholder.

(Her dark hair was gathered at the back of the head in a psyché knot) and a smattering of it coaxed the other way, fell over her forehead in a fringe, as the fashion had been (for some considerable time) now. So long a time, in fact, that it was already unnoticeably ceasing to be the fashion. [1888] [L p r m i d a s] [1888] [2' r e l e t i v e] [1888] 1212

The only article of apparel allowed to be visible by the limitations of the pose was a black velvet ribbon clasped tightly about her throat, for, immediately below (that the portrait ended in smouldering brown clouds of photographic nebulae.) [L p r m i d a s] [1888] 1212

So this was the bargain he had made with love, taking what he could get, in sudden desperate haste, for fear of getting nothing at all, of having waited too long, after waiting fifteen years, steadfastly turning his back on it. [L p r m i d a s] [1888] [2' r e l e t i v e] [1888] 1212

(That early love, that first love (that he had sworn would be the last) was only a shadowy memory now, a half-remembered name from the past. Marguerite, he could say it and (it had no meaning now) (As dry and flat as a flower) pressed for years between the pages of a book.) [L p r m i d a s] [1888] [2' r e l e t i v e] [1888] 1212

(A name from someone else's past, not even his. (For every seven years we change completely, they say, and there is nothing left of what we were.) And so twice over he had become somebody else since then.) [L p r m i d a s] [1888] [2' r e l e t i v e] [1888] 1212

(Twice-removed (he was now) from the boy of twenty-two (called Louis Durand as he was) and that their only link (who had knocked upon the house door of his bride-to-be the night before their wedding,) stars in his eyes, flowers in his hand. To stand there first with his summons unanswered. And then to see it swing slowly open and two men come out bearing something dead (on a covered litter.) [L p r m i d a s] [1888] [2' r e l e t i v e] [1888] 1212

"Stand back, Yellow jack."

He saw the ring on her finger, trailing the ground.

[L p r m i d a s] [1888] [2' r e l e t i v e] [1888] 1212

[kɒ-vət] 3/4

herald ['herəld] 预告, 宣告

旋入深渊的华尔兹

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32-216 [Prɒzəti]

虽然还不明显,但很快便会出现。一眼便可看出,眼眶四周预示着就要出现皱纹,收缩起来。虽然眼下还没有,但马上就会出现。这一切都那么显而易见,鼻子有点弯曲,要不了多久便会变成个鹰钩鼻;颧骨有点凸出,很快就会成为一个突起。[kris] 折起

她长得不算漂亮。可以说她有魅力,因为对他来说她有魅力,她的魅力洋溢在她的那对眼睛里。

满头乌发盘在脑后梳成个后髻发式(有少量头发向另一边梳去)搭拉在前额梳了个刘海,就像一段时间内在某种特别场合很时行的样式。事实上,已经有相当长一段时间,这种发式已经悄悄地不再流行了。

方寸间有限的姿势中唯一可见的衣服是紧紧围在她脖子上的黑色丝绒围脖,因为这条围脖下面只能见到模模糊糊的棕色相片阴影了。[bɜ:gn]

这就是他同爱情所做的交易,在那么长久的等待中,足足等了十五年(唯恐什么也得不到),然后,便在突然的绝望之中,匆匆抓住了他所能得到的。他要同过去毅然告别。

(早期的初恋)他的第一次恋爱(他曾发誓说那将是他最后的恋爱)如今只留下了一种阴沉的回忆,是属于过去的一个记不太清的名字。玛格丽特,他还能说出这个名字,现在它已经没什么意义了,就像一朵在书页中压了多年的花,已经压扁了、干枯了。

一个属于另外一个人过去的名字,甚至不属于他。因为人们说,每过七年,我们便会发生彻底的变化,我们过去曾有的一切全都没有了。而他从那以后已经过了两个七年,他已经彻头彻尾变成另外一个人了。

到如今他已经两次离开了那个二十二岁的小伙子——一个跟他现在一样,名字叫路易斯·杜兰德的小伙子,这也是他们之间的唯一联系——他曾在他们结婚的前夜敲击着将成为他的新娘家的大门,他两眼闪烁着喜悦的火花,手中拿着鲜花。他第一次站在那儿,他的呼唤没人应答。然后他看见门慢慢打开了,走出两个男子,抬着一副担架,躺在担架上的是一个盖住的死人。

“站开。是黄热病。”

他看见戴在她手指上的戒指,一路在地上划过去。

He didn't cry out. He made no sound. He reached down and placed his courtship flowers gently on the death-stretcher as it went by. Then he turned and went away. death-stretcher

(Away from love) for fifteen years. 分离 十五年

Marguerite, a name. That was all he had left.)

He (was faithful to that name) until he died. For he died too though more slowly than she had. The boy of twenty-two died into a young man of twenty-nine. Then he in turn was still faithful to the name his predecessor had been faithful to, until he too died. The young man of twenty-nine died into an older man of thirty-six. *164/115*

And suddenly, one day, the cumulative loneliness of fifteen years, held back until now, overwhelmed him, all at one time, inundated him, and he turned this way and that, almost in panic.

Any love, from anywhere, on any terms. Quick, before it was too late! (Only not to be alone any longer.)

If he'd met someone in a restaurant just then—

Or even if he'd met someone passing on the street—

But he didn't. 28 替頂替 [bɒd'vɪt + tɪs mɒnt] 佳

His eye fell, instead, on an advertisement in a newspaper. A St. Louis advertisement in a New Orleans newspaper.

*You cannot walk away from love.*

His contemplation ended. The sound of carriage wheels stopping somewhere just outside caused him to insert the likeness into his money-fold, and pocket that. He went out to the second-story

Veranda) and looked down. The sun suddenly whitened his back like  
hour as he leaped over the railing, pressing down the smouldering  
magenta bougainvillea that feathered its edges. (pressing down)

(A colored man) was coming into the inner courtyard or patio-well through the passageway from the street. *ind 10/27/61 830/2*

"What took you so long?" Durand called down to him. "Did you get my flowers?" The question was wholly rhetorical, for he could see the cone-shaped parcel, (misty/pink/peering) through its wax-wrappings at the top.

"Sure enough did."

"Did you get me a coach?"

"It's here waiting for you now."

"I thought you'd never get back," he went on. "You been gone all of—"

他没有大声喊叫，没出一点声音。在躺着死人的担架经过时，他俯下身去，把带来的求婚鲜花轻轻放在上面。然后，他转过身，离开了。

离开了爱情，整整十五年了。

玛格丽特，一个名字。这就是留给他的一切。

他至死都会忠诚于这个名字。因为他也死了，尽管比起她来，他的死要慢得多。这个二十二岁的小伙子在一个二十九岁的年轻人的躯体里死去了。然后他依旧还是跟他的前身一样，对前身所忠诚的那个名字保持着一片忠诚，直到他也死去。这个二十九岁的年轻人在一个三十六岁的更年长的男子的躯体里死去了。

突然，有一天，深埋在心，积蓄了十五年的孤独感，令他无法忍受，一下便把他给完全压倒，他几乎是惊慌失措，不知何去何从。

不管是怎样的爱情，来自何方，有什么条件。快来，趁现在还不算晚！（只要不再是一个人就行）

如果这时让他在饭馆里碰见什么人——

甚或只要让他在街上遇见什么人经过——

可是都没有。

相反，他的眼睛落在了一份报纸的一则广告上。一则圣路易斯的广告，登在一份新奥尔良的报纸上。

你不可能离爱情而去。

他的思绪给打断了。马车车轮的辘辘声正好在外面的什么地方停下，于是他把相片放进了他的皮夹里，又把皮夹放入口袋。他走到了二楼的阳台上，向下望去。就在他倚在扶栏上，压住了攀缘在栏杆边上的暗红色的九重葛藤叶子时，阳光突然在他的背上洒上一片白光，就像洒上了一层面粉一样。

一个黑人正从大街上经过过道，走进内院或者叫天井里。

“什么事把你拖了这么久？”杜兰德向下大声叫起来。“你为我买了花吗？”这个问题纯粹就是问问而已，因为他能看见那个圆椎形的包，蜡纸包顶上隐隐露出了桃红色。

“当然喽。”

“你为我叫了马车吗？”

“车子这会儿正等着你呢。”

“我还以为你回不来了呢，”他继续说道。“你走了，那么——”

The Negro shook his head in philosophical good nature. "A man in love is a man in a hurry."

"Well, come on up, Tom," was the impatient suggestion. "Don't just stand down there all day."

(Humorous grin) still unbroken, Tom resumed his progress, passed from sight (under the near side of the façade) Several moments later, (the outermost door of the apartment opened) and he had entered behind the owner.

The latter turned, went over to him, seized the bouquet, and pared off its outer filmy wrappings, with more nervous haste than pains-taking care.

"You going give it to her, or you going tear it to pieces?" the colored man inquired drily.

"Well, I have to see, don't I? Do you think she'll like pink roses and sweet peas, Tom?" There was a plaintive helplessness to the last part of the question, as when one grasps at straws.

"Don't all ladies?"

"I don't know. The only girls I—" He didn't finish it.

"Oh, them," said Tom charitably. "The man said they do," he went on. "The man said that's what they all ask for." He fluffed the lace-paper collar encircling them with proprietary care, restoring its pertness.

Durand was hastily gathering together his remaining accoutrements, meanwhile, preparatory to departure.

"I want to go to the new house first," he said, on a somewhat breathless note.

"You was there only yesterday," Tom pointed out. "If you stay away only one day, you afraid it's going to fly away, I reckon."

"I know, but this is the last chance I'll have to make sure everything's— Did you tell your sister? I want her to be there when we arrive."

"She'll be there."

Durand stopped with his hand to the doorknob, looked around in a comprehensive sweep, and suddenly the tempo of his departure had slackened to almost a full halt.

"This'll be the last time for this place, Tom."

"It was nice and quiet here, Mr. Lou," the servant admitted. "Anyway, the last few years, since you started getting older."

这个黑人像个哲学家似地和蔼地摇摇头。“热恋中的男人总是急匆匆的男人。”

“行了，快上来，汤姆，”回答他的是不耐烦的要求。“别这么整天站在那儿。”

汤姆脸上还是挂着幽默的微笑，继续向楼上走来，他的身影在临街的窗下不见了。过了一会儿，公寓最外面的门打开了，他走进来，站在了房间主人的身后。

后者转过身，走到他跟前，抓住了那束鲜花，远不是小心翼翼地，却是在紧张间，迫不及待地撕去了包在花外的那张透明装饰纸。

“你到底是想把花给她，还是想把它撕成碎片？”黑人冷冷地问道。

“哎呀，我得瞧瞧，不行吗？你觉得她会喜欢粉红色的玫瑰配上香豌豆花吗，汤姆？”问话末了显露出一种明显的无奈，就像一个人急于想抓住一把稻草似的。

“女士们会不喜欢吗？”

“我可不知道。我唯一的姑娘——”他没把这句话下去。

“哦，她们会的，”汤姆宽容地说。“主说她们喜欢的，”他继续说。“主说这是她们都想要的东西。”他用一种所有者的仔细劲儿抖松了围住花儿的花边纸围圈，重新把它弄齐整。

杜兰德急匆匆地把还没穿齐整的衣着饰物穿戴好，一边就想往外走。

“我想先到新房子去一下，”他说，气都有点喘不上来。

“你昨天才去过，”汤姆说。“我觉得，好像一天不去，你就生怕这房子会飞了似的。”

“我晓得，可这是最后的机会，我得去看看一切是否都——你告诉过你姐姐了吗？我要她在我们到达时已经呆在那儿了。”

“她会在那儿的。”

杜兰德的手放在了门把手上，向四周扫视一遍，想把一切尽收眼底，突然间，他想离开的动作变迟缓了，几乎完全停滞下来。

“这是我在这儿的最后时刻了，汤姆。”

“这儿挺不错，真是安静，路易斯先生，”仆人承认道。“反正，在你渐渐不再是小伙子的这几年里，这儿就一直是这样。”

There was a renewed flurry of departure, as if brought on by this implicit warning of the flight of time. "You finish up the packing, see that my things get over there. Don't forget to give the keys back to Madame Tellier before you leave."

He stopped again, doorknob at a full turn now but door still not open.

"What's the matter, Mr. Lou?"

"I'm scared now. I'm afraid she—" He swallowed down his rigid ear-high collar, backed a hand to his brow to blot imperceptible moisture, "—won't like me."

"You look all right to me."

"It's all been by letters so far. It's easy in letters."

"You sent her your picture. She knows what you look like," Tom tried to encourage him.

"A picture is a picture. A live man is a live man."

Tom went over to him where he stood, dejectedly sidewise now to the door, dusted off his coat at the back of his shoulder. "You're not the best-looking man in N'Orleans. But you're not the worst-looking man in N'Orleans either."

"Oh, I don't mean that kind of looks. Our dispositions—"

"Your ages suit each other. You told her yours."

"I took a year off it. I said I was thirty-six. It sounded better."

"You can make her right comfortable, Mr. Lou."

Durand nodded with alacrity at this, as though for the first time he felt himself on safe ground. "She won't be poor."

"Then I wouldn't worry too much about it. When a man's in love, he looks for looks. When a lady's in love, 'scusing me, Mr. Lou, she looks to see how well-off she's going to be."

Durand brightened. "She won't have to scrimp." He raised his head suddenly, as at a new discovery. "Even if I'm not all she might hope for, she'll get used to me."

"You want to—just make sure?" Tom fumbled in his own clothing, yanked at a concealed string somewhere about his chest, produced a rather worn and limp rabbit's foot, a small gilt band encircling it as a mounting. He offered it to him.

"Oh, I don't believe in—" Durand protested sheepishly.

"They ain't a white man willing to say he do," Tom chuckled. "They ain't a white man don't, just the same. Put it in your pocket anyway. Can't do no harm."

又出现了一种急于离开的匆忙劲儿，就好像时间飞逝产生一种内在的紧迫。“你把东西都打点好，留神别拉下什么。走之前别忘了把钥匙还给泰利耶太太。”

他又一次停住脚，这时他已将门把手转了一圈，不过门还没打开。

“怎么了，路先生？”

“我现在很害怕。我真担心她——”他在齐耳硬领下咽了一口，用手背在额上抹了一下，想擦去并不见有的汗水，“——会不喜欢我。”

“在我眼中，你可没什么缺点。”

“至今为止我们之间只是书信往来，信上谈谈是容易的。”

“你把照片给她了，她知道你长什么样儿，”汤姆给他打气说。

“照片不过是照片而已。一个活生生的男人是一个活生生的人。”

他沮丧地站在门边，汤姆走到他面前，在他背后为他掸去了外衣的灰尘。“你不是新奥尔良最漂亮的男人，但你也不是新奥尔良最难看的男人。”

“哦，我并不是指相貌长相。我们的性格——”

“你们的年龄相配。你把你的年龄告诉她了。”

“我少讲了一岁。我说我已三十六岁了，这听起来好些。”

“你会让她觉得挺舒服的，路先生。”

听到这话杜兰德轻松地地点头，似乎他第一次觉得自己心里放踏实了。“她不会受穷的。”

“那样一来我就不会为这件事担心了。在一个男人恋爱时，他看上去挺像模像样的；当一个女人在恋爱时，恕我直言，路先生，她看上去是想弄明白她会变得有多富裕。”

杜兰德豁然开朗。“她不必省吃俭用。”他突然昂然抬起头，像是有了一个新发现。“即使我并不是她所想象的，她也会对我习惯的。”

“你想——弄清楚吗？”汤姆在自己的衣服里摸索着，使劲拉着胸前什么地方的一根看不见的线，拉出了一只很破旧的软沓的兔后足<sup>①</sup>，上面围了一圈镀金带作为托架。他把兔足递给了他。

“哦，我不相信——”杜兰德不好意思地推辞道。

“白人是不会说他们相信这个的，”汤姆格格笑起来。“但白人也不是不可以这么做，这是一样的。不管怎么说，把它放在你的口袋里，不会有什么害处的。”

① 迷信的人相信兔后足能避邪。

Durand stuffed it away guiltily. He consulted his watch, closed it again with a resounding clap.

"I'm late! I don't want to miss the boat!" This time he flung the symbolic door wide and crossed the threshold of his bachelorhood.

"You got the better part of an hour before her stack even climb up in sight 'long the river, I reckon."

But Louis Durand, bridegroom-to-be, hadn't even waited. He was clattering down Madame Tellier's tile-faced stairs outside at a resounding gait. A moment later an excited hail came up through the window from the courtyard below.

Tom strolled to the second-story veranda.

"My hat! Throw it down." Durand was jumping up and down in impatience.

Tom threw it down and retired.

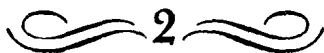
A second later there was another hail, even more agonized.

"My stick! Throw that down too."

That dropped, was seized deftly on the fly. A little puff of sun-colored dust arose from Madame Tellier's none-too-immaculate flagstones.

Tom turned away, shaking his head resignedly.

"A man in love's a man in a hurry, sure enough."



THE COACH drove briskly down St. Louis Street. Durand sat straining forward on the edge of the seat, both hands topping his cane-head and the upper part of his body supported by it. Suddenly he leaned still further forward.

"That one," he exclaimed, pointing excitedly. "That one right there."

"The new one, cunnel?" the coachman marveled admiringly.

"I'm building it myself," Durand let him know with an atavistic