

美文名篇
双语阅读

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树林里却已经充满阴影。一个小姑娘正把一头母牛往家里赶。

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不过尽管如此，它还算是个有用的伙伴。

她们俩背对斜阳朝树林深处走去，她们的脚都很熟悉林中小路，因此，看得见也好，
看不见也好，她们都不用发愁……

The most Beautiful English

最美丽的英文 短篇小说精选

Short story selection

最优美华丽的文字，最温馨动人的故事，
最睿智的人生哲理，最经典的英文篇章。

刘佩吉 编译

中国出版集团
中国对外翻译出版公司

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A White Heron

S.O. Jewett

THE woods were already filled with shadows one June evening, just before eight o'clock, though a bright sunset still glimmered faintly among the trunks of the trees. A little girl was driving home her cow, a plodding, dilatory, provoking creature in her behavior, but a valued companion for all that. They were going away from the western light, and striking deep into the dark woods, but their feet were familiar with the path, and it was no matter whether their eyes could see it or not.

There was hardly a night the summer through when the old cow could be found waiting at the pasture bars; on the contrary, it was her greatest pleasure to hide herself away among the high huckleberry bushes, and though she wore a loud bell she had made the discovery that if one stood perfectly still it would not ring. So Sylvia had to hunt for her until she found her, and call Co'! Co'! With never an answering Moo, until her childish patience was quite spent. If the creature had not given good milk and plenty of it, the case would have seemed very different to her owners. Besides, Sylvia had all the time there was, and very little use to make of it. Sometimes in pleasant weather it was a consolation to look upon the cow's pranks as an intelligent attempt to play hide and seek, and as the child had no playmates she lent herself to this amusement with a good deal of zest. Though this chase had been so long that the wary animal herself had given an unusual signal of her whereabouts, Sylvia had only laughed when she came upon Mistress Moolly at the swamp-side, and urged her affectionately homeward with a twig of birch leaves. The old cow was not inclined to wander farther, she even turned in the right direction for once as they left the pasture, and stepped along the road at a good pace. She was quite ready to be milked now, and seldom stopped to browse. Sylvia wondered what her grandmother would say because they were so late. It was a great while since she had left home at half past five o'clock, but everybody knew the difficulty of making this errand a short

one. Mrs. Tilley had chased the horned torment too many summer evenings herself to blame any one else for lingering, and was only thankful as she waited that she had Sylvia, nowadays, to give such valuable assistance. The good woman suspected that Sylvia loitered occasionally on her own account; there never was such a child for straying about out-of-doors since the world was made! Everybody said that it was a good change for a little maid who had tried to grow for eight years in a crowded manufacturing town, but, as for Sylvia herself, it seemed as if she never had been alive at all before she came to live at the farm. She thought often with wistful compassion of a wretched dry geranium that belonged to a town neighbor.

“‘Afraid of folks,’” old Mrs. Tilley said to herself, with a smile, after she had made the unlikely choice of Sylvia from her daughter’s houseful of children, and was returning to the farm. “‘Afraid of folks,’ they said! I guess she won’t be troubled no great with ’em up to the old place!” When they reached the door of the lonely house and stopped to unlock it, and the cat came to purr loudly, and rub against them, a deserted pussy, indeed, but fat with young robins, Sylvia whispered that this was a beautiful place to live in, and she never should wish to go home.

The companions followed the shady woodroad, the cow taking slow steps, and the child very fast ones. The cows stopped long at the brook to drink, as if the pasture were not half a swamp, and Sylvia stood still and waited, letting her bare feet cool themselves in the shoal water, while the great twilight moths struck softly against her. She waded on through the brook as the cow moved away, and listened to the thrushes with a heart that beat fast with pleasure. There was a stirring in the great boughs overhead. They were full of little birds and beasts that seemed to be wideawake, and going about their world, or else saying good-night to each other in sleepy twitters. Sylvia herself felt sleepy as she walked along. However, it was not much farther to the house, and the air was soft and sweet. She was not often in the woods so late as this, and it made her feel as if she were a part of the gray shadows and the moving leaves. She was just thinking how long it seemed since she first came to the farm a year ago, and wondering if everything went on in the noisy town just the same as when she was there; the thought of the great red-faced boy who used to chase and frighten her made her hurry along the path to escape from the shadow of the trees.

Suddenly this little woods-girl is horror-stricken to hear a clear whistle not very far



away. Not a bird's whistle, which would have a sort of friendliness, but a boy's whistle, determined, and somewhat aggressive. Sylvia left the cow to whatever sad fate might await her, and stepped discreetly aside into the bushes, but she was just too late. The enemy had discovered her, and called out in a very cheerful and persuasive tone, "Halloa, little girl, how far is it to the road?" and trembling Sylvia answered almost inaudibly, "A good ways."

She did not dare to look boldly at the tall young man, who carried a gun over his shoulder, but she came out of her bush and again followed the cow, while he walked alongside.

"I have been hunting for some birds," the stranger said kindly, "and I have lost my way, and need a friend very much. Don't be afraid," he added gallantly. "Speak up and tell me what your name is, and whether you think I can spend the night at your house, and go out gunning early in the morning."

Sylvia was more alarmed than before. Would not her grandmother consider her much to blame? But who could have foreseen such an accident as this? It did not appear to be her fault, and she hung her head as if the stem of it were broken, but managed to answer "Sylvy," with much effort when her companion again asked her name.

Mrs. Tilley was standing in the doorway when the trio came into view. The cow gave a loud moo by way of explanation.

"Yes, you'd better speak up for yourself, you old trial! Where'd she tuck herself away this time, Sylvy?" Sylvia kept an awed silence; she knew by instinct that her grandmother did not comprehend the gravity of the situation. She must be mistaking the stranger for one of the farmer-lads of the region.

The young man stood his gun beside the door, and dropped a heavy gamebag beside it; then he bade Mrs. Tilley good-evening, and repeated his wayfarer's story, and asked if he could have a night's lodging.

"Put me anywhere you like," he said. "I must be off early in the morning, before day; but I am very hungry, indeed. You can give me some milk at any rate, that's plain."

"Dear sakes, yes," responded the hostess, whose long slumbering hospitality seemed to be easily awakened. "You might fare better if you went out on the main road a mile or so, but you're welcome to what we've got. I'll milk right off, and you make yourself at home. You can sleep on husks or feathers," she proffered graciously. "I raised them all myself. There's

good pasturing for geese just below here towards the ma' sh. Now step round and set a plate for the gentleman, Sylvy! " And Sylvia promptly stepped. She was glad to have something to do, and she was hungry herself.

It was a surprise to find so clean and comfortable a little dwelling in this New England wilderness. The young man had known the horrors of its most primitive housekeeping, and the dreary squalor of that level of society which does not rebel at the companionship of hens. This was the best thrift of an old-fashioned farmstead, though on such a small scale that it seemed like a hermitage. He listened eagerly to the old woman's quaint talk, he watched Sylvia's pale face and shining gray eyes with ever growing enthusiasm, and insisted that this was the best supper he had eaten for a month; then, afterward, the new-made friends sat down in the doorway together while the moon came up.

Soon it would be berry-time, and Sylvia was a great help at picking. The cow was a good milker, though a plaguy thing to keep track of, the hostess gossiped frankly, adding presently that she had buried four children, so that Sylvia's mother, and a son (who might be dead) in California were all the children she had left. "Dan, my boy, was a great hand to go gunning," she explained sadly. "I never wanted for pa'tridges or gray squer'ls while he was to home. He's been a great wand'rer, I expect, and he's no hand to write letters. There, I don't blame him, I'd ha'seen the world myself if it had been so I could."

"Sylvia takes after him," the grandmother continued affectionately, after a minute's pause. "There ain't a foot o' ground she don't know her way over, and the wild creatur's counts her one o' themselves. Squer'ls she'll tame to come an' feed right out o' her hands, and all sorts o' birds. Last winter she got the jaybirds to bangeing here, and I believe she'd a' scanted herself of her own meals to have plenty to throw out amongst'em, if I hadn't kep' watch. Anything but crows, I tell her, I'm willin' to help support,—though Dan he went an' tamed one o' them that did seem to have reason same as folks. It was round here a good spell after he went away. Dan an' his father they didn't hitch,—but he never held up his head ag' in after Dan had dared him an' gone off."

The guest did not notice this hint of family sorrows in his eager interest in something else.

"So Sylvy knows all about birds, does she?" he exclaimed, as he looked round at the little



girl who sat, very demure but increasingly sleepy, in the moon light. "I am making a collection of birds myself. I have been at it ever since I was a boy." (Mrs. Tilley smiled.) "There are two or three very rare ones I have been hunting for these five years. I mean to get them on my own ground if they can be found."

"Do you cage 'em up?" asked Mrs. Tilley doubtfully, in response to this enthusiastic announcement.

"Oh, no, they're stuffed and preserved, dozens and dozens of them," said the ornithologist, "and I have shot or snared every one myself. I caught a glimpse of a white heron three miles from here on Saturday, and I have followed it in this direction. They have never been found in this district at all. The little white heron, it is," and he turned again to look at Sylvia with the hope of discovering that the rare bird was one of her acquaintances.

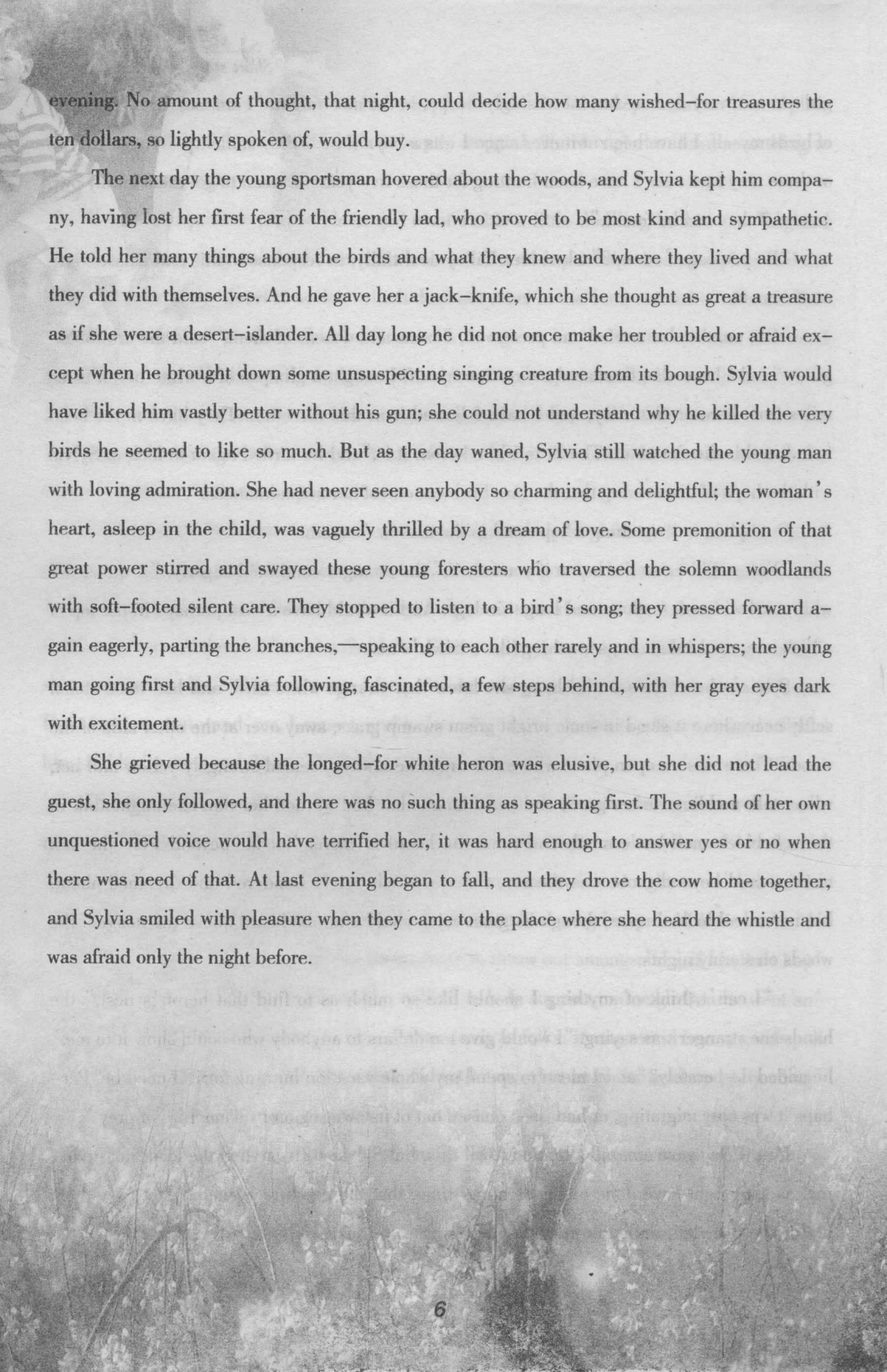
But Sylvia was watching a hop-toad in the narrow footpath.

"You would know the heron if you saw it," the stranger continued eagerly. "A queer tall white bird with soft feathers and long thin legs. And it would have a nest perhaps in the top of a high tree, made of sticks, something like a hawk's nest."

Sylvia's heart gave a wild beat; she knew that strange white bird, and had once stolen softly near where it stood in some bright green swamp grass, away over at the other side of the woods. There was an open place where the sunshine always seemed strangely yellow and hot, where tall, nodding rushes grew, and her grandmother had warned her that she might sink in the soft black mud underneath and never be heard of more. Not far beyond were the salt marshes and beyond those was the sea, the sea which Sylvia wondered and dreamed about, but never had looked upon, though its great voice could often be heard above the noise of the woods on stormy nights.

"I can't think of anything I should like so much as to find that heron's nest," the handsome stranger was saying. "I would give ten dollars to anybody who could show it to me," he added desperately, "and I mean to spend my whole vacation hunting for it if need be. Perhaps it was only migrating, or had been chased out of its own region by some bird of prey."

Mrs. Tilley gave amazed attention to all this, but Sylvia still watched the toad, not divining, as she might have done at some calmer time, that the creature wished to get to its hole under the doorstep, and was much hindered by the unusual spectators at that hour of the



evening. No amount of thought, that night, could decide how many wished-for treasures the ten dollars, so lightly spoken of, would buy.

The next day the young sportsman hovered about the woods, and Sylvia kept him company, having lost her first fear of the friendly lad, who proved to be most kind and sympathetic. He told her many things about the birds and what they knew and where they lived and what they did with themselves. And he gave her a jack-knife, which she thought as great a treasure as if she were a desert-islander. All day long he did not once make her troubled or afraid except when he brought down some unsuspecting singing creature from its bough. Sylvia would have liked him vastly better without his gun; she could not understand why he killed the very birds he seemed to like so much. But as the day waned, Sylvia still watched the young man with loving admiration. She had never seen anybody so charming and delightful; the woman's heart, asleep in the child, was vaguely thrilled by a dream of love. Some premonition of that great power stirred and swayed these young foresters who traversed the solemn woodlands with soft-footed silent care. They stopped to listen to a bird's song; they pressed forward again eagerly, parting the branches,—speaking to each other rarely and in whispers; the young man going first and Sylvia following, fascinated, a few steps behind, with her gray eyes dark with excitement.

She grieved because the longed-for white heron was elusive, but she did not lead the guest, she only followed, and there was no such thing as speaking first. The sound of her own unquestioned voice would have terrified her, it was hard enough to answer yes or no when there was need of that. At last evening began to fall, and they drove the cow home together, and Sylvia smiled with pleasure when they came to the place where she heard the whistle and was afraid only the night before.



一只白苍鹭

萨·俄·裘威特

萨·俄·裘威特(S. O. Jewett, 1849—1900), 美国 19 世纪作家。18 岁开始发表作品。代表作有《尖椒之乡》与后期所写的一些短篇。她笔下虽然没有波澜壮阔的场面, 笔锋所及也仅仅是渔村农庄的日常琐事, 但是却能透过烦琐与平庸, 接触到埋藏得很深的生活脉搏。

这是六月里的一个黄昏, 还不到八点钟, 枝干间虽然还闪烁着一抹暗淡的夕阳, 树林里却已经充满阴影。一个小姑娘正在把一头母牛往家里赶。这是只步子沉重、行动迟缓、好惹人生气的畜生, 不过尽管如此, 它还算是个有用的伙伴。她们俩背对斜阳朝树林深处走去, 她们的脚都很熟悉林中小路, 因此, 看得见也好, 看不见也好, 她们都不用发愁。

整整一个夏天, 这头老母牛几乎没有一个晚上, 是自动走到牛栏跟前等人来开门的; 相反, 把自己藏在越桔丛里成了它最大的快乐。虽然它脖子上挂有一只声音响亮的铃铛, 但是它已经发现: 只要站定了一动不动, 这只铃铛就不会出声。这样一来, 西尔维亚就得费好大的劲儿来找它了。小姑娘嘴里不断发出“牛啊! 牛!”的呼唤, 却从来听不见一次“哞”的应和声。找啊找啊, 小姑娘几乎都快失去了儿童有限的耐心。要不是这头牲口奶的质量好, 产量也高, 主人们是绝对不会这么迁就它的。而且反正西尔维亚有的是时间, 她正犯愁不知怎样打发呢。有时候, 遇到天气好, 把牛的恶作剧看成一次饶有兴味的捉迷藏游戏, 倒也可以解解闷儿。小姑娘没有游伴, 因此她就兴致勃勃地让自己参加到这样的娱乐里来了。这一回, “寻人”的时间实在拖得太长, 连很沉得住气的畜生也免不了反常地发出声音, 从而暴露了自己的位置。西尔维亚是直到在沼泽地边缘找到“毛莱太太”时才乐得笑出声来的, 接着, 她亲昵地用带树叶的小桦树枝抽打它, 催促

它快点回家。老母牛也不再贪玩,甚至还自己对准正确的方向,跨着大步沿着小路朝前走去,自从离开牧场以来这还是第一次呢。它已经很想让人给自己挤奶了,所以连地上的青草也不怎么停下来吃。她们这么晚回家,西尔维亚都不知道姥姥会怎么说呢。她是五点半离开家的,到现在时间已经很长了,不过谁都清楚,要用很短的时间完成这样的任务也不是件容易的事。梯尔利太太自己过去也多次在夏日傍晚放牧过这只磨人的两角畜生,她该不会责怪别人磨磨蹭蹭。相反,她一边等待一边还应该感到欣慰呢,因为如今她总算添了西尔维亚这个帮手,这帮手还是挺有用的呢。慈祥的老婆婆猜想有时是西尔维亚自己贪玩才弄得这么晚的;自古以来还真没见过这样一个到了野外便不知回家的孩子!人人都说,对于一个在拥挤的工业城市里生活了八年、发育不良的小女孩来说,换个环境是最好不过的事。可是对西尔维亚自己来说,她的生命像是到了这儿乡下才真正开始的。小姑娘常常揪心与怜悯地想起城里邻家后院长出来的一株天竺葵。

“说‘她怕见生人,’”梯尔利老婆婆喃喃自语地说,脸上漾出了一丝笑容,那还是她从女儿那一大窝孩子中挑中了不起眼的西尔维亚,带了她刚回到农庄上那时候的事。“都说‘她怕见生人。’哼!我琢磨回到这儿老家,她就算想见生人也见不到啰!”当时,她们来到这所孤寂的房子的门前,正站停下来拿钥匙开门,一只大声喵呜叫着的猫走了过来,在她们身边挨蹭。这只猫咪有好一阵没人管了,不过她靠逮知更鸟的小雏鸟过日子,吃得圆圆滚滚的。当时,西尔维亚悄没声地说,能住在这个地方真是太美了,她是永远也不会想念自己城里的家的。

小姑娘和母牛沿着幽黑的林中小路往前走,母牛慢腾腾地跨着大步,小姑娘急急地移动着她的那双小脚。在溪流旁边,母牛为了饮水,停留了很久,仿佛方才离开的那片牧场并不是布满沼泽似的。小姑娘也只好站住了等候。她贪图凉快,把光赤的脚浸泡在浅滩里,黄昏出来活动的大飞蛾纷纷轻轻地撞在她的身上。牛往前移动了,小姑娘也涉过浅滩朝前走去。她谛听着画眉的啼鸣,她的心因为喜悦跳动得更快了。她头顶上的巨大枝干间响着一片嗡嗡嗡嗡声,显得生机勃勃。那些小鸟、小动物好像都还不睡,准备去干各自的营生;要不就是在用睡意朦胧的啼鸣向自己的朋友道晚安。走着走着,西尔维亚也有点瞌睡了。好在现在离家已经不远,空气也温和、甜美得很。这么晚了还呆在树林里,这种情况对她来说也是很少有的,她仿佛感到自己都溶进了灰暗的阴影与摇曳的树叶之中,成为它们的一分子。她又想起:她是一年前来到乡下的,但是时间好像过了很长很长似的,她不知道嘈杂的城里是否一切还跟她在的时候一样。她还想起那个红脸膛的大个儿男孩怎样经常追逐她,吓唬她,想到这里她不由加快了步子向前

趑行,以逃离树木的阴影。

突然之间,这个稚弱的林中姑娘吓得毛骨悚然,因为她听见从不远的地方传来了一阵清脆的口哨声。这可不是鸟儿的啼啭,那种声音令人感到友好、亲切,而是男孩的口哨,肆无忌惮甚至有点咄咄逼人的口哨,西尔维亚听凭母牛去经受命运的摆布,自己蹑手蹑脚走了几步,钻进了一丛灌木。可是她行动得太晚了,“敌人”已经发现了她。他用一种很讨人喜欢、很有感染力的声调喊道:“嗨,小姑娘,这儿离开大路有多远啊?”全身颤抖的西尔维亚的回答几乎没法听清。“还远着呢,”她说。

她不敢放胆抬起头来看这个高高的小伙子,这人肩膀上扛着一支枪。不过她还是从树丛里钻了出来,重新跟在母牛屁股后面。那年轻人走在她的身边。

“我是来打几种鸟的,”陌生人和蔼地说,“我迷了路,非常需要朋友的指点,你可别害怕,”他殷勤地加上这么一句。“你大胆说好了,告诉我你叫什么名字,依你看我能不能在你们家里住一夜,好让我明天一大早再到林子里去打猎。”

西尔维亚更加害怕了。她的姥姥会不会加倍地责怪她呢?可是谁又能料到会出这样的事呢?这事好像也不能怪她呀。她耷拉着脑袋,仿佛脖梗都已经折断了。不过她还是费了好大的劲儿哼哼唧唧地发出了几个音:“西尔维。”因为她的同伴又再次问她叫什么名字了。

三个伙伴出现在家宅附近时,梯尔利太太正立在门口等候呢。母牛哞地大吼了一声,算是她作出的解释。

“对了,你最好还是自己来把事情交代清楚,你这个老坏蛋!西尔维,这一回她又藏到哪去啦?”西尔维亚却吓得一言不发。她出于本能,知道她的姥姥还不理解局势的严重性。她准是错把陌生人当成了本地的哪一个农家子。

那个年轻人把枪靠在门边,又把一只鼓鼓囊囊的狩猎袋扔在枪的旁边;接着他向梯尔利太太道了声晚上好,又重述了一遍他那徒步旅行者的故事。他还问能不能让他在这儿过一夜。

“随便找个地方就行,”他说。“我反正明天天不亮就要走的:不过我可真的是饿坏了。至少你可以让我喝点牛奶吧,这是很容易办到的。”

“好老天,当然啰,”女主人回答道,她那长期眠休的好客精神像是霎时间就被唤醒了。“要是你顺着大路往前走一两英里,说不定你过夜可以过得舒服些。不过我们当然也很欢迎你,虽然我们这里非常简陋。我马上去挤奶,你随便休息好了。你可以睡在玉米衣堆上或是羽毛堆上,”她宽宏大度地说。“都是我自己种的和养的。离这儿不远的

沼泽地那边有一块牧场，放鹅再好不过了。西尔维，你动弹一下，给这位先生去拿只盘子来！”西尔维亚立即走开去了。她很乐意有点什么事儿干，再说，她也饿了。

能在新英格兰的穷乡僻壤找到这么一所干净、舒适的小房子，真叫人感到意外呢。年轻人在这一带见到过最原始的持家方式，也接触过让人糟心的家庭，那里十分邋遢，人们对和母鸡生活在一起已经习以为常。可是这个老式的农庄料理得非常经心，虽然规模很小，像一处隐士住的茅舍。年轻人热切地倾听着老婆婆古雅的谈吐，兴趣越来越浓地观察着西尔维亚苍白的脸和炯炯发光的灰眼睛。他坚持说这顿饭是他一个月以来所吃到的最美味的一顿。晚饭吃罢，这几个新结识的朋友围坐在门口，望着明月冉冉升起。

摘草莓的季节眼看就要到了，西尔维亚是个摘草莓的好帮手。那头母牛出的奶不错，可是要看住它可真够费事的。女主人絮絮叨叨地说个没完，倒是很直爽。接着她又告诉客人，她埋葬过四个子女，因此西尔维亚她妈以及搬到加利福尼亚去的一个儿子（还不知是死是活）就成了她仅存的两个孩子了。“我那个儿子阿丹，他的枪法可准了，”她伤心地解释道，“只要他在家，我从不短缺山鸡和松鼠。我琢磨他这人坐不住，又不爱写信。唉，我倒也不想责怪他。要是我年轻那会儿走得动，我也是要到处走去见世面的。”

“西尔维亚这方面像他，”在稍停片刻之后姥姥深情地继续说道。“这儿没有一寸土地是她不认得的。林中的鸟兽都把她看作自己的同类。松鼠跟她熟得能到她手里来吃东西，各种禽鸟也都这样。去年冬天她把橙鸟招来，那些鸟儿聒噪个没完，要不是我看得紧，我相信她连自己盘子里的肉也会省下来给它们吃的。我告诉她，除了乌鸦，别的鸟兽我都可以养活——虽然阿丹过去也养驯过一只乌鸦，这鸟儿可通灵性了，简直跟人一样聪明。阿丹离开这里之后，它还常来，过了好久才不来。阿丹跟他爹，这爷儿俩合不来，——可是打从阿丹顶撞了他离开之后，老头儿就一直垂头丧气，再没打起精神来过。”

客人没有注意这些话里暗含的一本家庭伤心史，他的兴趣已经集中到另一件事上去了。

“这么说，西尔维对鸟儿的事很熟悉，对吗？”他大声地喊道，一边扭过头来看看小姑娘。小姑娘坐在月光底下，十分拘谨，但是越来越困了。“我目前正在收集各种禽鸟。我还是个小孩的时候就开始干这件事。”（听到这里梯尔利太太莞尔一笑。）“近五年来，我一直想要猎捕到两三种珍贵的禽鸟。只要办得到，我一定要依靠自己的力量把它们





弄到手。”

“你是把它们关在笼子里养活着玩吗？”听了这番热情洋溢的表白之后，梯尔利太太狐疑地问。

“噢，不是的，我把它剥制后保存起来，我已经有好几十个标本了，”年轻的禽鸟学家回答道，“每一个都是我自己用枪打、用网逮的。星期六那天，就在离这儿三里路的地方，我瞥见一只白色的苍鹭，我追踪它，来到这儿。还从来没有人在这一带发现这种禽鸟呢。这是一种小的白苍鹭。”他又朝西尔维亚看了一眼，希望能证实这只珍贵的禽鸟也是小姑娘的老相识。

可是西尔维亚的眼睛却盯着小径上的一只癞蛤蟆。

“你只要见过这苍鹭一眼，便不会不记得它的。”陌生人继续热情地说。“这是一只身量高高的白鸟，羽毛很柔软，腿很细很长。它的窠巢准是筑在一棵高大的树的顶部，用小树枝搭成，跟鹰巢整不多。”

西尔维亚的心脏猛烈地跳动起来；她知道有这么一只奇异的白鸟。有一回，在树林的那头，她见到过它站在沼泽地翠绿的草丛里，她还蹑手蹑脚偷偷地接近过它呢。那儿有一块开阔地，这里的阳光总是显得特别明亮，特别温暖，这儿的地上长着高高的、不住点头的蒲草。姥姥警告过她，千万别陷到草底下乌黑柔软的泥淖里去，否则世界上就算没她这个人了。从这儿过去不远，便是盐滩地，再过去，就是真正的大海了。西尔维亚经常琢磨大海究竟是什么样的，她经常梦见大海，却从来没有见过大海。在暴风雨肆虐的夜晚，大海的怒吼有时能盖过林涛声传到她耳朵里。

“世界上我最最想做到的一件事就是找到那只苍鹭的窝了，”这时候，那个英俊的青年陌生人开口说了。“谁能帮我找到那地方，我就给他十块钱。”他又迫不及待地加了一句，“如果必要，我可以把整个假期全都用在捕捉它上面。没准它是一只过路的候鸟，也可能是被猛禽从原来生活的地区赶出来的鸟儿。”

梯尔利太太兴致勃勃地专心倾听着这一番话，西尔维亚却仍然在观察那只蛤蟆。要是心境平静些，她就能猜得出，这只蛤蟆是想钻回到台阶底下它的洞里去的，只是被这么晚还呆在外面的这些生客吓住了，不敢回家。那天晚上，就是想象力再丰富的人也想象不出，用这随便提到的十块钱，可以买来多少样自己渴望已久的好东西。

第二天，年轻的猎人在树林里漫游，西尔维亚陪伴着他。小姑娘已经消除了对这个友好的小伙子最初产生的畏惧。他显示出是个和蔼可亲、很有同情心的人。他告诉小姑娘许多关于鸟的知识：它们是如何的懂事，它们住在哪里，它们又是怎样安排自己的生