

**SELECTED SHORT
STORIES OF
MARK TWAIN**

马克·吐温短篇小说选

The Notorious Jumping Frog of Calaveras County

In compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, Leonidas W. Smiley, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that *Leonidas W. Smiley* is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that if I asked old Wheeler about him, it would remind him of his infamous *Jim Smiley*, and he would go to work and bore me to death with some exasperating reminiscence of him as long and as tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the dilapidated tavern in the decayed mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up, and gave me good day. I told him that a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named *Leonidas W. Smiley* — *Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley*, a young minister of the Gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this *Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley*, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me

加利维拉县有名的跳蛙

有一位朋友从东部给我写信，托我去拜访和蔼而多话的西蒙·惠勒老先生，探听我的朋友的朋友留尼达·斯迈利的消息。我遵照他的嘱咐去拜访，下面所写的故事就是这次拜访的结果。我内心至今有一个疑团，总觉得所谓留尼达·斯迈利是一位乌有先生；我的朋友根本不认识这么一个人物；大概是他猜想着我要是向惠勒老先生问起他，就会使他联想到他那位无聊的吉姆·斯迈利，于是他就会打开话匣子，搬出关于那个人的一些令人生气的回忆，说得又长又讨厌，对我也毫无益处，徒然把我烦得要命。如果我的朋友的话是这样，结果是很成功的。

我去拜访西蒙·惠勒的时候，发现他正在那业已衰落的安奇尔矿区市镇上一所快要坍塌的酒店里酒吧间的火炉旁边舒舒服服地打盹，我看出他是个肥胖和秃头的人，在他那安闲的面容上，露出一一种可亲的温和朴实的表情。他醒过来给我问好。我告诉他说，我有一位朋友托我来探访他少年时代的一个名叫留尼达·斯迈利的亲爱的伴侣——留尼达·斯迈利牧师，福音会的一个年轻的牧师，我的朋友听说他曾有一个时期住在安奇尔矿区市镇上。我还说惠勒先生如果能够告诉我一点关于这位留尼达·斯迈利牧师的消息，我是很感谢他的。

西蒙·惠勒把我让到一个角落里，用他的椅子把我拦

there with his chair, and then sat down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned his initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse*. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once.

“Rev. Leonidas W. H’m, Reverend Le—well, there was a feller here once by the name of *Jim* Smiley, in the winter of ’49—or maybe it was the spring of ’50—I don’t recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume warn’t finished when he first come to the camp; but anyway, he was the curiousest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn’t he’d change sides. Any way that suited the other man would suit *him*—any way just so’s he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn’t be no solit’ry thing mentioned but that feller’d offer to bet on it, and take ary side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse-race, you’d find him flush or you’d find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dogfight, he’d bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he’d bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he’d bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly

住，然后坐下来，喋喋不休地叙述这一段后面接着的那个单调的故事。他一直不笑一笑，一直不皱一皱眉头，一直不改变改变声音，始终保持着他开始说第一句话所用的那种细水长流似的音调，一直没有丝毫起劲的表现；可是在他叙述这个冗长的故事的时候，从头到尾，老有一股令人感动的认真和诚恳的情调，这使我分明地体会到他虽然决不认为他这个故事有什么可笑或好玩的地方，他可是把它当做一桩重要事情，并且还佩服那里面的两位主角，觉得他们是斗智的奇才。我让他随意地说下去，一次也没有打搅过他。

留尼达牧师，唔，留尼达牧师——唉，这儿从前有过一个家伙，叫做吉姆·斯迈利，那是在四九年冬天——也许是五〇年春天吧——不知怎么的，我记不清楚了，不过我之所以觉得反正总是那两个年头，是因为我记得他初到这市镇上来的时候，那道大放水槽还没有修成；可是不管怎样，你在这儿再也找不出一个比他更奇怪的人，他无论碰到什么事情，只要找得到一个人在对方下赌注，他就要和人家打赌；要是找不到，他就换到另外一边来也行。别人乐意怎么赌，他就怎么赌——只要他能和人家打成赌，他就心满意足。可是虽然这样，他还是运气好，简直好得不得了；差不多每一次他老是赌赢了。他老是一心一意找机会；不管一桩什么事情，只要有人提起，那家伙就要和人家打赌，随你挑选哪一边都行，就像我刚才说的那样。要是举行赛马，赛完的时候你就会发现他大赢特赢或是赌得两手空空；要是有人斗狗，他也要赌；有人斗猫，他也要赌；有人斗鸡，他也要赌；唔，哪怕有两只鸟落在篱笆上，他也要和你赌一赌哪

first; or if there was a camp-meeting, he would be there reg'lar to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was too, and a good man. If he even see a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get to — to wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him* — he'd bet on *any* thing — the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley up and asked him how she was, and he said she was considerable better — thank the Lord for his inf'nite mercy — and coming on so smart that with the blessing of Prov'dence she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, 'Well, I'll resk two-and-a-half she don't anyway. '

"Thish-yer Smiley had a mare — the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because of course she was faster than that — and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards' start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag end of the race she'd get excited and desperate like, and come cavorting and stradding up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side among the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose — and *always* fetch up at

一只先飞；要是举行野外的布道会，他一定准时到场，拿华克尔牧师来打赌，照他看来，华克尔牧师是这一带地方讲道讲得最好的，本来也是，他的确是个好人。他哪怕是看见一只屎壳螂在往什么地方走，他也要和你赌一赌它走多大工夫才走得到——到它要去的地方，要是你答应和他打赌，他就跟着那只屎壳螂一直到墨西哥去，也要弄清楚他究竟到什么地方，以及它在路上走多久。这儿有许多小伙子们看见过那个斯迈利，都可以给你谈谈他的事情。唔，不管是什么，对他都是一样——他赌什么都行——那才是个顶有趣的角色哩。有一回华克尔牧师的太太得了一场大病，病了很久，好像是没有救了；可是有一天早上他走进来，斯迈利马上跑过去问他的太太的病怎么样，他说她好得多了——感谢天主无限的慈悲——看情形大有起色，靠老天的保佑，她还可以恢复健康；可是斯迈利连想也没有想一下，就冲口而出地说：“唔，我敢给你赌两块半钱，准保她决不会好。”

这个斯迈利买了一匹母马——小伙子们把她叫做十五分钟的老爷马，可是那不过是开玩笑，你明白吗，因为她当然比这跑得快些——而且他还常常靠那匹马赢钱，虽然她跑得很慢，并且老害气喘病，或是害瘟热病，要不就害肺病，或是这一类的毛病。他们老是让她先跑两三百码，然后把她撵过去；可是每次到了比赛的终点，她就上了劲头，简直是拼命地跑，一跳一跳地赶着大步儿往上撵，她把腿轻快地乱甩，一时甩到空中，一时甩到一边，踢到围栏上，掀起的灰尘越来越多，她的咳嗽、打喷嚏和喷鼻息的声音越来越响

the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down.

“And he had a little small bull-pup, that to look at him you’d think he warn’t worth a cent but to set around and look ornery and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him he was a different dog; his under-jaw’d begin to stick out like the fo’castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover and shine like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson — which was the name of the pup — Andrew Jackson would never let on but what *he* was satisfied, and hadn’t expected nothing else — and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j’int of his hind leg and freeze to it — not chaw, you understand, but only just grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn’t have no hind legs, because they’d been sawed off in a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he see in a minute how he’d been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he’peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and didn’t try no more to win the fight and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for putting up a dog that hadn’t no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have

——结果每次老是赶到裁判台前，恰好赶过人家一个脖子那么点儿远，刚刚叫它能够算得清楚。

他还有一只小斗狗，你看它那样子，还会以为它一钱不值，只会坐在那儿闲着，显得古里古怪的神气，光等着找机会偷东西吃。可是只要给它押上了赌注，它马上就不同了；它那下半边嘴巴就伸出来，活像一只轮船前面的水手舱那样，它的牙齿也就露出来，像火炉那样发亮。别的狗尽管抓住它，欺负它，咬它，接二连三地把它甩过肩头，可是安得鲁·杰克逊——这是那小狗的名字——安得鲁·杰克逊老是装出并没有什么不满意的样子，好像是情愿受欺负——那么大家一直在它的对手那一边下赌注，一倍又一倍地往上加，一直把钱都押光了；这时候它才突然一下子咬住对方那只狗的后腿拐子，死咬住不放——并不嚼，你明白吗，光只咬住不松嘴，直到人家认输的时候，哪怕拖一年它也不在乎。斯迈利拿这个小狗儿打赌，老是赢，直到后来有一次它干上了一只没有后腿的狗，因为它的腿让圆锯给锯掉了，等到斗了好一阵的时候，赌注通通押上了，杰克逊就去咬它最爱咬的地方，他马上就看出它上了当，知道另外那只狗叫它扑了个空，可以这么说吧，它好像吃了一惊，这下子它就有点儿泄气的样子，再也不打算斗赢了，所以它就吃了个大亏。它望了斯迈利一眼，好像是说它伤心透了，觉得这是它的错，不应该弄一只没有后腿的狗来叫它去斗，因为它斗起来就专靠咬人家的后腿，后来它就一瘸一瘸地走到一边，躺在地下死了。那是个很好的小狗儿，那安得鲁·杰克逊，它要是

made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him and he had genius — I know it, because he hadn't no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

“Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken cocks, and tomcats and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'lated to educate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut — see him turn one summerset, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of ketching flies, and kep' him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as fur as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do 'most anything — and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor — Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog — and sing out, ‘Flies, Dan'l, flies!’ and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor ag'in as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead

活着的话，一定是出了名，因为它有一套本事，还很聪明——这我知道，因为它根本说不上有什么占便宜的地方，要是它不聪明的话，碰到那些厉害的对手还能斗得过，那实在说不通。我一想起它最后斗的那一次和斗的结果，心里就很难受。

唔，这个斯迈利还养了捉耗子的小狗、小雄鸡和公猫，还有别的这类东西，简直叫你赌个没完，不管你拿什么和他打赌，他准和你做对手。有一天他捉到一只青蛙，就把它带回家来，他说他打算教一教它；所以他一直过了三个月，什么事也没有干，专在后院里教那青蛙跳。果然不错，他真把它教会了。他在后面推一下，马上你就看见那青蛙在空中打转，好像一块炸面卷似的——看见它翻一个筋斗，要是劲头使对了，也许还翻两下，再好好地落下来，稳稳当当地，就像一只猫那样。他又教它学会了捉苍蝇，常常叫它练习，后来它每回都能把苍蝇捉到，不管多远，只要它能看得见。斯迈利说青蛙只要教一教就行，它差不多什么事都会干——我相信他说得不错。噫，我看见过他把丹尼尔·韦伯斯特放在这儿的地板上——那只青蛙的名字叫做丹尼尔·韦伯斯特——大声叫起来：“苍蝇，丹尼尔，苍蝇！”你简直还来不及眨一下眼睛，它就往上一跳，从那个柜台上捉住一只苍蝇，叭嗒一下掉在地下，就像一团泥似的，这下子它就拿后腿抓它的脸袋旁边，简直就跟没有那回事一样，好像它根本不觉得上比别的青蛙本事大，它虽然那么聪明，可是你再也找不到像它那么谦虚、那么爽快的青蛙。要是规规矩矩从平地

level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywheres all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

“Well, Smiley kep’ the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down-town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller — a stranger in the camp, he was — come across him with his box, and says:

“‘What might it be that you’ve got in the box?’

“And Smiley says, sorter indifferent-like, ‘It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain’t — it’s only just a frog.’

“And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, ‘H’m — so’tis. Well, what’s *he* good for?’

“‘Well, ’Smiley says, easy and careless, ‘he’s good enough for *one* thing, I should judge — he can outjump any frog in Calaveras County.’

“The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, ‘Well, ’he says, ‘I don’t see no P’int about that frog that’s any better’n any other frog.’

“‘Maybe you don’t, ’Smiley says. ‘Maybe you understand frogs and maybe you don’t understand’em; maybe you’ve had experience, and maybe you ain’t only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I’ve got *my* opinion, and I’ll resk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras County.’

“And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder

跳起来的时候，它使一把劲往上一跳，就比你看到过的和它同类的动物随便哪一个都跳得高。从平地往上跳是它的拿手戏，你明白吗；赛起这个来的时候，斯迈利就拼命在它这一边押赌注，连最后一个钱都押上，斯迈利对他这个青蛙简直是得意得要命，本来也难怪，因为那些到各处跑过码头、见过世面的人都说它比他们看见过的青蛙随便哪一只都强。

唔，斯迈利把这小家伙放在一只小笼子里，有时候就把它带到城里去，给人家打赌。有一天来了一个人——他还是头一次到这市镇上来的——他碰见斯迈利拿着那只小笼子，就说：

“你那小笼子里装着什么好东西呀？”

斯迈利爱理不理地说：“照说这也许是只鹦鹉，也许是只金丝雀，这很难说，可就偏不是——这倒偏偏是只青蛙。”

那位老兄把这小笼子接过来，仔细看了一阵，把它转来转去，他说：“哼，原来是这么回事。嘻，它有什么用处呀？”

“噢，”斯迈利满不在乎地说：“它一个本事很了不起，据我看——它能比加利维拉县随便哪只青蛙都跳得高。”

这家伙又把小笼子拿过来，再仔仔细细地看了好一阵，又把它交还斯迈利，从从容容地说：“哼，”他说：“我可看不出这只青蛙有什么了不起，还不是和别的青蛙一样嘛。”

“也许你是看不出，”斯迈利说：“也许你对青蛙是内行，也许是外行；也许你有经验，也许你不过是个客串，不客气地说。可是不管怎样，我有我的看法，我敢给你赌四十块钱，管保它比加利维拉县随便哪一只青蛙都跳得高。”

那个人盘算了一会儿，后来就显得有点为难的样子，他

sad-like, 'Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you.'

"And then Smiley says, 'That's all right — that's all right — if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog. 'And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and set down to wait.

"So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to himself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail-shot — filled him pretty near up to his chin — and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

"'Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his fore paws just even with Dan'l's, and I'll give the word. 'Then he says, 'One — two — three — *git!*' and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off lively, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders — so — like a Frenchman, but it warn't no use — he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as a church, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

"The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder — so — st Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, 'Well, 'he says, 'I don't see no P'int's about that frog that's any better'n any other frog. '

"Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, 'I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for — I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him — he'pears to look mighty

说：“嘻，我在这儿是个陌生人，没带着青蛙。我要是有青蛙的话，那我就愿意和你赌一下。”

于是斯迈利就说：“那不要紧——那不要紧——你要是能替我把这小笼子拿一会儿，我就去给你抓一只青蛙来。”所以那位老兄就拿着那只小笼子，取出四十块钱来和斯迈利的放在一起，坐下来等着。

他在那儿坐了很久，心里翻来覆去地想，后来他就把那青蛙拿出来，把他的嘴撬开，拿一只茶匙给它灌了一肚子打鹌鹑的弹子——差不多给它灌得齐了下巴那儿——然后把它放在地下。斯迈利他跑到泥塘里去，在烂泥里唏哩哗啦找了一阵，终归抓到了一只青蛙，就把它拿进来，交给那个人，他说：

“好吧，你要是预备好了的话，就把它跟丹尼尔并排放着，让它的前腿和丹尼尔的一般齐，我来发口令。”于是他就说：“一——二——三——跳！”他和那个人都从后面轻轻地推一推他们的青蛙，新抓来的那只青蛙就跳得很有劲头，可是丹尼尔鼓了一把劲，耸起肩膀——像这样——就和一个法国人似的，可是没有用——它连动也不能动；它稳稳地蹲在那儿，好像一座教堂，它再也不能动弹了，跟一只船抛了锚一样。斯迈利简直莫名其妙，他还觉得很伤脑筋，可是他当然一点也不明白究竟是怎么回事。

那个人拿起钱就走；当他走出门去的时候，他从肩膀上伸出大拇指——像这样——向着丹尼尔摆一摆，很从容地再说了一遍：“哼，”他说：“我可看不出这只青蛙有什么了不起，还不是和别的青蛙一样嘛。”

斯迈利他就站着直挠头，朝着地下的丹尼尔望了很久，后来他说：“我实在不懂这个青蛙这回究竟为什么泄了气——我看说不定他出了什么毛病——他好像是肚子胀得很

baggy, somehow.' And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and hefted him, and says, 'Why blame my cats if he don't weigh five pound!' and turned him upside down and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man — he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And — ”

[Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted.] And turning to me as he moved away, he said: “Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy — I ain't going to be gone a second.”

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond *Jim* Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. *Leonidas W.* Smiley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he buttonholed me and recommenced:

“Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yaller one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only just a short stump like a bannanner, and — ”

However, lacking both time and inclination, I did not wait to hear about the afflicted cow, but took my leave.

大哩,看样子。’于是他就揪住丹尼尔的脖子上面,把它拿出来掂了一下分量,他就说:“嗨,他要没有五磅重才怪哪!”他就把它倒起来提着,它呼噜呼噜吐出了两把弹子。这下子他才明白是怎么回事,简直气疯了——他把青蛙放下,赶快跑出去追那个坏蛋,可是他始终没有追着。后来……

西蒙·惠勒说到这里,听见前院里有人叫他的名字,他就站起来去看外面有什么事情要找他。他一面往外走,一面转过脸来对我说:“你就在那儿坐着别动吧,先生,请你别着急——我马上就回来。”

可是对不起,我觉得他再把那个有赌癖的流氓吉姆·斯迈利的故事说下去,也不能给我多少关于留尼达·斯迈利牧师的消息,所以我就开步走了。

我在门口碰见那个好客的惠勒回来了,他把我留住,又往下说:

“噢,这位斯迈利有一头一只眼的黄牛,没有尾巴,只有一点儿墩墩,像只香蕉似的,并且……”

可是我既没有工夫,也没有兴致,所以我没有在他那儿等着听他讲那只倒霉的牛的故事,就告辞了。