While we were rounding up a bunch of the Triangle-O cattle in the Frio bottoms a projecting branch of a dead mesquite caught my wooden stirrup and gave my ankle a wrench that laid me up in camp for a week.

On the third day of my compulsory idleness I crawled out near the grub wagon, and reclined helpless under the conversational fire of Judson Odom, the camp cook. Jud was a monologist by nature, whom Destiny, with customary blundering, had set in a profession wherein he was bereaved, for the greater portion of his time, of an audience.

Therefore, I was manna in the desert of Jud’s obmutescence.

p. 198 (c) Chinese Translation Copyright 2014
Betimes I was stirred by invalid longings for something to eat that did not come under the caption of ‘grub.’ I had visions of the maternal pantry ‘deep as first love, and wild with all regret,’ and then I asked:

我很快就感觉到一阵癢癢，直想吃不属于[正餐]的點心。我幻想起母親那種[望之渾然忘我，令人如痴如狂]的好手藝。於是我這麼說：

‘Jud, can you make pancakes?’

[酒雄，你會做鍋餅嗎？]

Jud laid down his sixshooter, with which he was preparing to pound an antelope steak, and stood over me in what I felt to be a menacing attitude. He further indoresed my impression that his pose was resentful by fixing upon me with his light blue eyes a look of cold suspicion.

酒雄原來準備拿左輪槍敲一塊鹿肉排骨，他一聽我說，便把槍放下，走近來，高高地站在我旁邊在我看來是威脅的姿態。果然，他淺藍眼睛冷冷地瞪了我一眼狐疑，我明白他作這個姿態是在討厭我沒錯。

‘Say, you,’ he said, with candid, though not excessive, choler, ‘did you mean that straight, or was you trying to throw the gaff into me? Some of the boys been telling you about me and that pancake racket?’
'No, Jud,' I said, sincerely, 'I meant it. It seems to me I’d swap my pony and saddle for a stack of buttered brown pancakes with some first crop, open kettle, New Orleans sweetening. Was there a story about pancakes?'

Jud was mollified at once when he saw that I had not been dealing in allusions. He brought some mysterious bags and tin boxes from the grub wagon and set them in the shade of the hackberry where I lay reclined. I watched him as he began to arrange them leisurely and untie their many strings.

'No, not a story,' said Jud, as he worked, 'but just the logical disclosures in the case of me and that pink-eyed snoozer from Mired Mule Canada and Miss Willella Learight. I don’t mind telling you.'
"I was punching then for old Bill Toomey, on the San Miguel. One day I gets all ensnared up in aspirations for to eat some canned grub that hasn’t even mooed or baaed or grunted or been in peck measures. So, I gets on my bronc and pushed the wind for Uncle Emsley Telfair’s store at the Pimienta Crossing on the Nueces.

‘About three in the afternoon I threwed my bridle over a mesquite limb and walked the last twenty yards into Uncle Emsley’s store. I got up on the counter and told Uncle Emsley that the signs pointed to the devastation of the fruit crop of the world. In a minute I had a bag of crackers and a long-handled spoon, with an open can each of apricots and pineapples and cherries and green-gages beside of me with Uncle Emsley busy chopping away with the hatchet at the yellow clings. I was feeling like Adam before the apple stampede, and was digging my spurs into the side of the counter and working with..."
my twenty-four-inch spoon when I happened to look out of the window into the yard of Uncle Emsley’s house, which was next to the store.

‘There was a girl standing there -- an imported girl with fixings on -- philandering with a croquet maul and amusing herself by watching my style of encouraging the fruit canning industry.

‘I slid off the counter and delivered up my shovel to Uncle Emsley.

’That’s my niece,’ says he; ‘Miss Willella Learight,
down from Palestine on a visit. Do you want that I should make you acquainted?"

[<那是我侄女，>他說，<李薇雅小姐，從巴勒斯坦來的。要我給你們介紹認識認識嗎？>]

"’The Holy Land,’ I says to myself, my thought milling some as I tried to run ‘em into the corral. “Why not? There was sure angels in Pales -- Why yes, Uncle Emsley,” I says out loud, “I’d be awful edified to meet Miss Learight.”

[<聖靈之地，>我自言自語地說，想頭有點狂亂，須得像野馬一般把牠們趕進牢圈裏。<有何不可？巴勒斯坦真是有神仙一般的人物--啊，當然，安理叔叔。>我跟他說，<能與李小姐相識是我生平的大幸。>]

‘So Uncle Emsley took me out in the yard and gave us each other’s entitlements.

[安理叔叔把我領到院子裏，然後把我們的名字互相介紹了一下。]

‘I never was shy about women. I never could understand why some men who can break a mustang before breakfast and shave in the dark, get all left-handed and full of perspiration and excuses when they see a bolt of calico draped around what belongs in it. Inside of eight minutes me and Miss Willella was aggravating the croquet balls around as amiable as second cousins. She gave me a dig about the quantity of canned fruit I had eaten, and I got back
at her, flat-footed, about how a certain lady named Eve started the fruit trouble in the first free-grass pasture -- “Over in Palestine, wasn’t it” says I, as easy and pat as roping a one-year-old.

[我從來不會害羞。在早餐之前能馴服野馬，在黑地裏可以刮鬍子的男子漢大丈夫們，見了女人便坐立不安，渾身冒汗最令我無法理解。幾分鐘之內，我就和薇雅小姐捉對玩捶球，趕得捶球滿地跑，親密得好像堂兄妹一樣。她拿我大吃水果罐頭的模樣奚落我一陣，我也直截了當地以顏色，說是有個叫夏娃的女士在世界首片的青青草原上挑起水果亂子，在那個叫巴勒斯坦的地方，不是嗎？我這麼說，易如反掌地好像在套一隻一歲的小牛一樣。]

“That was how I acquired cordiality for the proximities of Miss Willella Learight; and the disposition grew larger as time passed. She was stopping at Pimienta Crossing for her health, which was very good, and for the climate, which was forty per cent hotter than Palestine. I rode over to see her once every week for a while; and then I figured it out that if I doubled the number of trips I would see her twice as often.

[我就是這樣子能接近李薇雅小姐而視爲賞心悅事，這傾向又與時而具增。她是為了健康來到平茗津，這對她很好，也是為了這裏的天候，這裏的氣溫倒是比巴勒斯坦要高出許多。有一陣子，我每星期去看她一次；不久，我又加倍了探望的次數。]
'One week I slipped in a third trip; and that’s where the pancakes and the pink-eyed snoozer busted into the game.

['有一星期，我多跑了額外的一次，也就是在那次，鍋餅和那個粉紅眼放羊的參進了一腳。'

'That evening, while I set on the counter with a peach and two damsons in my mouth, I asked Uncle Emsley how Miss Willella was.'

['那天下午，我坐在櫃檯，一隻桃子和兩顆李子咬在嘴裏，我問安理叔叔薇雅小姐好。'

'''Why,” says Uncle Emsley, “she’s gone riding with Jackson Bird, the sheep man from over at Mired Mule Canada.”

['你問這個，>安理叔叔說，<她和那個陷驪谷的牧羊人鵝傑生騎馬出遊去了。>'

'I swallowed the peach seed and the two damsons seeds. I guess somebody held the counter by the bridle while I got off; and then I walked out straight ahead till I butted against the mesquite where my roan was tied.'

['我一聽，把那桃核和那兩顆李核囫圇吞到肚子裏去。我走出來的時候，一定有人扶住櫃檯，它才沒有倒下去，我往前直走，一直走到我的頭撞到拴著我的馬的那棵美士凱樹。'

'''She’s gone riding,” I whispered in my bronc’s ear,
“with Birdstone Jack, the hired mule from Sheep Man’s Canada. Did you get that, old Leather-and-Gallops?”

“That bronc of mine wept, in his way. He’d been raised a cow pony and he didn’t care for snoozers.

‘I went back and said to Uncle Emsley: “Did you say a sheep man?”’

‘I said a sheep man,” says Uncle again. “You must have heard tell of Jackson Bird. He’s got eight sections of grazing and four thousand head of the finest Merinos south of the Arctic Circle.”

‘I went out and sat on the ground in the shade of the store and leaned against a prickly pear. I shifted sand into my boots with unthinking hands while I soliloquized a quantity about this bird with the Jackson plumage to his name.
‘I never had believed in harming sheep men. I see one, one day, reading a Latin grammar on hossback, and I never touched him! They never irritated me like they do most cowmen. You wouldn’t go to work now, and impair and disfigure snoozers, would you, that eat on tables and wear little shoes and speak to you on subjects? I had always let ‘em pass, just as you would a jack-rabbit; with a polite word and a guess about the weather, but no stopping to swap canteens. I never thought it was worth while to be hostile with a snoozer. And because I’d been lenient, and let ‘em live, here was one going around riding with Miss Willella Learight!

An hour by sun they come loping back, and stopped at Uncle Emsley’s gate. The sheep person helped her
off; and they stood throwing each other sentences all
sprightly and sagacious for a while. And then this
feathered Jackson flies up in his saddle and raises his
little stewpot of a hat, and trots off in the direction
of his mutton ranch. By this time I had turned the
sand out of my boots and unpinned myself from the
prickly pear; and by the time he gets half a mile out
of Pimienta, I singlefoots up beside him on my
brone.

‘I said that snoozer was pink-eyed, but he wasn’t.
His seeing arrangement was gray enough, but his
eye-lashes was pink and his hair was sandy, and that
gave you the idea. Sheep man -- he wasn’t more
than a lambman, anyhow -- a little thing with his
neck involved in a yellow silk handkerchief, and
shoes tied up in bowknots.

‘”Afternoon!” says I to him. “You now ride with a
equestrian who is commonly called Dead-Moral-Certainty Judson, on account of the way I shoot. When I want a stranger to know me I always introduce myself before the draw, for I never did like to sake hands with ghosts.”

“Ah,” says he, just like that -- “Ah, I’m glad to know you, Mr. Judson. I’m Jackson Bird, from over at the Mired Mule Ranch.”

‘Just then one of my eyes saw a roadrunner skipping down the hill with a young tarantula in his bill, and the other eye noticed a rabbit-hawk sitting on a dead limb in a water-elm. I popped over one after the other with my forty-five just to show him. “Two out of three,” said I. “Birds just naturally seem to draw my fire wherever I go.”

就在那時候，我一隻眼瞧到山腰裏跑出一隻快腿鳥，啄子裏啄了一隻毛絨絨大蜘蛛，另一隻眼睛瞧，看到一隻兔鳴坐在一株水榆樹的枯枝上。我拿起45口徑左輪手槍，乒乓兩下子就給牠們斃了個清潔溜溜，讓他見識見識。><三發兩中，>我說。<鳥兒們不論我到那兒，總是惹得我非
“Nice shooting,” says the sheep man, without a flutter. “But don’t you sometimes ever miss the third shot? Elegant fine rain that was last week for the young grass, Mr. Judosn,” says he.

“Willie,” says I, riding over close to his palfrey, “your infatuated parents may have denounced you by the name of Jackson, but you sure moulted into a twittering Willie -- let us slough of this here analysis of rain and the elements, and get down to talk that is outside the vocabulary of parrots. That is a bad habit you have got of riding with young ladies over at Pimienta. I’ve known birds,” says I, “to be served on toast for less than that. Miss Willella,” says I, “don’t ever want any nest made out of sheep’s wool by a tomtit of the Jacksonian branch of ornithology. Now, are you going to quit, or do you wish for to gallop up against this Dead-Moral-Certainty attachment to my name, which is good for two hyphens and at least one set of funeral obsequies?”
Jackson Bird flushed up some, and then he laughed.

"Why, Mr. Judson," says he, "you’ve got the wrong idea. I’ve called on Miss Learight a few times, but not for the purpose you imagine. My object is purely a gastronomical one."

"I reached for my gun."

"Any coyote," says I, "that would boast of dishonorable--"

"Wait a minute," says this Bird, "till I explain. What would I do with a wife? If you ever saw that ranch
of mine! I do my own cooking and mending. Eating -- that’s all the pleasure I get out of sheep raising. Mr. Judson, did you ever taste the pancakes that Miss Learight makes?”

“Me? No,” I told him. “I never was advised that she was up to any culinary maneuvers.”

“They’re golden sunshine,” says he, “honey-browned by the ambrosial fire of Epicurus. I’d give two years of my life to get the recipe for making them pancakes. That’s what I went to see Miss Learight for,” says Jackson Bird, “but I haven’t been able to get it from her. It’s an old recipe that’s been in the family for seventy-five years. They hand it down from one generation to another, but they don’t give it away to outsiders. If I could get that recipe, so I could make them pancakes for myself on my ranch, I’d be a happy man,” says Bird.
“Are you sure,” I says to him, “That it ain’t the hand that mixes the pancakes that you’re after?”

“Sure,” says Jackson. “Miss Learight is a mighty nice girl, but I can assure you my intentions go no further than the gastro—” but he seen my hand going down to my holster and he changed his similitude—“than the desire to procure a copy of the pancake recipe,” he finishes.

“you ain’t such a bad little man,” says I, trying to be fair. “I was thinking some of making orphans of your sheep, but I’ll let you fly away this time. But you stick to pancakes,” says I, “as close as the middle one of a stack; and don’t go and mistake sentiments for syrup, or there’ll be singing at your ranch, and you won’t hear it.”
"To convince you that I am sincere," says the sheep man, "I’ll ask you to help me. Miss Learight and you being closer friends, maybe she would do for you what she wouldn’t for me. If you will get me a copy of that pancake recipe, I give you my word that I’ll never call upon her again."

"That’s fair," I says, and I shook hands with Jackson Bird. "I’ll get it for you if I can, and glad to oblige." And he turned off down the big pear flat on the Piedra, in the direction of Mired Mule; and I steered north-west for old Bill Toomey’s ranch.

'It was five days afterward when I got another chance to ride over to Pimienta. Miss Willella and me passed a gratifying evening at Uncle Emsley’s. She sang some, and exasperated the piano quite a lot.
with quotations from the operas. I have imitations of a rattlesnake, and told her about Snaky McFee’s new way of skinning cows, and described the trip I made to Saint Louis once. We was getting along in one another’s estimations fine. Thinks I, if Jackson can now be persuaded to migrate, I win. I recollect his promise about the pancake recipe, and I thinks I will persuade it from Miss Willella and give it to him; and then if I catches Birdie off of Mired Mule again, I’ll make him hop the twig.

[S] 五天之後我又去平茗津。薇雅小姐和我在安理叔叔的地方過了一個愉快的晚上。她又歌，又彈鋼琴，表演了一些歌劇裏的曲子，著實把鋼琴給折磨了一頓。我模仿響尾蛇，告訴她蛇仔麥克飛是怎麼剝牛皮的，然後又告訴她我到聖路易斯的那一次旅行。我們彼此很投契。我想，只要傑生能被說服走路的話，我就贏了。我想起鍋餅的誓言，於是乎決定從薇雅小姐把這鍋餅的秘密套出來給他，這麼一來，只要我再看到這個小鴨鳥兒在陷騷谷之外逗留的話，就有理由讓他吃不完兜著走。

‘So, along about ten o’clock, I put on a wheedling smile and says to Miss Willella: “Now, if there’s any sight I do like better than the sight of a red steer on green grass it’s the taste of a nice hot pancake smothered in sugarhouse molasses.”

[所以，在十點左右吧，我滿臉堆上誇媚的微笑跟薇雅小姐說，＜假如有任何東西比青青草原上的一隻紅公牛還令我喜歡的話，只有煎得熱烘烘的鍋餅澆上粘稠稠的糖漿了。＞]
‘Miss Willella gives a little jump on the piano stool, and looked at me curious.

[薇雅小姐在鋼琴椅子上驚動了一下，奇怪地看了我一眼。]

“’Yes,” says she, “they’re real nice. What did you say was the name of that street in Saint Louis, Mr. Odom, where you lost your hat?”

[噢，是的，>她說，<它們很好吃。你刚才說你在聖路易斯那一條街丟掉帽子的，歐先生？>] 

“’Pancake Avenue,” says I, with a wink, to show her that I was on about the family recipe, and couldn’t be side-corralled off of the subject. “Come now, Miss Willella,” I says, “let’s hear how you make ‘em. Pancakes is just whirling in my head like wagon wheels. Start her off, now -- pound of flour, eight dozen eggs, and so on. How does the catalogue of constituents run?”

[<鍋餅街，>我回答說，一面跟她擠眼色，意思是跟她說我要的是那個祖傳秘方，不要顧左右而言它。<這樣子吧，薇雅小姐，>我說，<讓我我們聽聽你是怎麼做的。鍋餅在我腦袋瓜裏團團轉，好比車輪子一樣。開始吧--一磅麵粉，八打雞蛋，然後呢。作料單子是怎麼個寫的？>] 

“’Excuse me for a moment, please,” says Willella, and she gives me a quick kind of sideways look, and slides off the stool. She ambled out into the other room and directly Uncle Emsley comes in in his shirt
sleeves, with a pitcher of water. He turns around to get a glass on the table, and I see a forty-five in his hip pocket. “Great post-holes!” thinks I, “but here’s a family thinks a heap of cooking recipes, protecting it with firearm. I’ve known outfits that wouldn’t do that much by a family feud.”

“Drink this here down,” says Uncle Emsley, handing me the glass of water. “You’ve rid too far to-day, Jud, and got yourself over-excited. Try to think about something else now.”

“Do you know how to make them pancakes, Uncle Emsley?” I asked.

“Well, I’m not as apprised in the anatomy of them as some,” says Uncle Emsley, “but I reckon you take a sifter of plaster of paris and a little dough and saleratus and corn meal, and mix ‘em with eggs and
buttermilk as usual. Is old Bill going to ship beeves to Kansas City again this spring, Jud?"

‘That was all the pancake specifications I could get that night. I didn’t wonder that Jackson Bird found it uphill work. So I dropped the subject and talked with Uncle Emsley a while about hollow-horn and cyclones. And then Miss Willella came and said “Good-night.” and I hit the breeze for the ranch.

‘About a week afterward I met Jackson Bird riding out of Pimienta as I rode in, and we stopped in the road for a few frivolous remarks.

“Got the bill of particulars for them flap-jacks yet?” I asked him.
"Well, no," says Jackson. "I don’t seem to have any success in getting hold of it. Did you try?"

"I did," says I, "and ’twas like trying to dig a prairie dog out of his hole with a peanut hull. That pancake recipe must be a jooka-lorum, the way they hold on to it."

"I’m ‘most ready to give it up," says Jackson, so discouraged in his pronunciations that I felt sorry for him; "but I did want to know how to make them pancakes to eat on my lonely ranch," says he. "I lie awake at nights thinking how good they are."

"You keep on trying for it," I tells him, "and I’ll do the same. One of us is bound to get a rope over its horns before long. Well, so-long, Jacksy."

p. 264 (c) Chinese Translation Copyright 2014
‘You see, by this time we was on the peacefulllest of terms. When I saw that he wasn’t after Miss Willella I had more endurable contemplations of that sandy-haired snoozer. In order to help out the ambitions of his appetite I kept on trying to get that recipe from Miss Willella. But every time I would say “pancakes” she would get sort of remote and fidgety about the eye, and try to change the subject. If I held her to it she would slide out and round up Uncle Emsley with his pitcher of water and hip-pocket howitzer.

[你瞧，這時候我們關係最好不過。我知道他的主意不在薇雅小姐的時候，我對這個土黃髮色的牧羊人較能容忍。為了解合他的食慾，我繼續努力從薇雅小姐套那個秘方。可是呢，每當我一題<鍋餅>兩字，她的眼色馬上變得不安而疏遠，而且試圖改變話題。我再堅持，她就會溜出去叫安理叔叔來，一手拿瓶水，後口袋插著他的平射砲。]

‘One day I galloped over to the store with a fine bunch of blue verbenas that I cut out of a herd of wild flowers over on Poisoned Dog Prairie. Uncle Emsley looked at ’em with one eye shut and says:

[有一天，我騎馳到安理叔叔店裏，拿了我在毒狗草原割下的一叢很好看的藍美女櫻花。安理叔叔看了之後，睜一隻眼，閉一隻眼地跟我說：]

“’Haven’t ye heard the news?”

[<你聽到新聞了嗎？>]

p. 265 (c) Chinese Translation Copyright 2014
“’Cattle up?’ I asks.

‘Willella and Jackson Bird was married in Palestine yesterday,’ says he. ‘Just got a letter this morning.’

‘I dropped them flowers in a cracker-barrel, and let the news trickle in my ears and down toward my upper left-hand shirt pocket until it got to my feet.

‘Would you mind saying that over again once more, Uncle Emsley?’ says I. ‘Maybe my hearing has got wrong, and you only said that prime heifers was 4.80 on the hoof, or something like that.’

‘Married yesterday,’ says Uncle Emsley, ‘and gone to Waco and Niagara Falls on a wedding tour. Why, didn’t you see none of the signs all along? Jackson Bird has been courting Willella ever since that day he took her out riding.’
"Then," says I, in a kind of a yell, "what was all this zizzaparoola he gives me about pancakes? Tell me that."

"When I said "pancakes" Uncle Emsley sort of dodged and stepped back.

I slid over the counter after Uncle Emsley. He grabbed at his gun, but it was in a drawer, and he missed it two inches. I got him by the front of his shirt and shoved him in a corner.
“Talk pancakes,” says I, “or be made into one. Does Miss Willella make ‘em?”

“She never made one in her life and I never saw one,” says Uncle Emsley, soothing. ‘Calm down now, Jud -- calm down. You’ve got excited, and that wound in your head is contaminating your sense of intelligence. Try not to think about pancakes.”

“Uncle Emsley,” says I, “I’m not wounded in the head except so far as my natural cogitative instincts run to runts. Jackson Bird told me he was calling on Miss Willella for the purpose of finding out her system of producing pancakes, and he asked me to help him get the bill of lading of the ingredients. I done so, with the results as you see. Have I been sodded down with Johnson grass by a pink-eyed snoozer, or what?”

p. 268 (c) Chinese Translation Copyright 2014
“’Slack up your grip on my dress shirt,” says Uncle Emsley, “and I’ll tell you. Yes, it looks like Jackson Bird has gone and humbugged you some. The day after he went riding with Willella he came back and told me and her to watch out for you whenever you go to talking about pancakes. He said you was in camp once where they was cooking flapjacks, and one of the fellows cut you over the head with a frying pan. Jackson said that whenever you got over-hot or excited that wound hurt you and made you kind of crazy, and you went raving about pancakes. He told us to just get you worked off of the subject and soothed down, and you wouldn’t be dangerous. So, me and Willella done the best by you we knew how. Well, well,” says Uncle Emsley, “that Jackson Bird is sure a seldom kind of a snoozer.”

[<把你抓著我的襯衫的手鬆開，>安理叔叔說，<我跟你講。是的，看起來鴨傑生是把你給騙了。他和薇雅騎馬出遊那天，他回來告訴我們，要我們小心你提到鍋餅。他說，有一回你在營裏的時候，他們在做大鍋餅，其中有一個不小心拿鍋子把你的頭給砸了。傑生說，每當你過火或激動的時候，那個頭傷就會復發，讓你瘋狂，會嚷著鍋餅。他告訴我們，只要想辦法讓你轉移話題，靜下來便沒事。所以嘛，我和薇雅都盡力而為了。這個，這個，>安理叔叔說，<那個鴨傑生可真是個了不起的放羊的。>
During the progress of Jud’s story he had been slowly but deftly combining certain portions of the contents of his sacks and cans. Toward the close of it he set before me the finished product -- a pair of red-hot, rich-hued pancakes on a tin plate. From some secret hoarding place he also brought a lump of excellent butter and a bottle of golden syrup.

How long ago did these things happen? I asked him.

Three years,’ said Jud. ‘They’re living on the Mired Mule Ranch now. But I haven’t seen either of ‘em since. They say Jackson Bird was fixing his ranch up fine with rocking chairs and window curtains all the time he was putting me up the pancake tree. Oh, I got over it after a while. But the boys kept the racket up.’

[p. 270 (c) Chinese Translation Copyright 2014]
‘Did you make these cakes by the famous recipe?’ I asked.

‘Didn’t I tell you there wasn’t no recipe?’ said Jud. ‘The boys hollered pancakes till they got pancake hungry, and I cut this recipe out of a newspaper. How does the truck taste?’

‘They’re delicious,’ I answered. ‘Why don’t you have some, too, Jud?’ I was sure I heard a sigh.

‘Me?’ said Jud. ‘I don’t never eat ‘em.’
(10) AFTER TWENTY YEARS
[十]二十年之後

The policeman on the beat moved up the avenue impressively. The impressiveness was habitual and not for show, for spectators were few. The time was barely 10 o’clock at night, but chilly gusts of wind with a taste of rain in them had well nigh depeopled the streets.

巡更的警察沿著街往上走，一副瀟灑的樣子。但是這瀟灑是個習慣性的而非為了賣弄，因為根本沒甚麼人會看他。時間是夜間才不過十點，夾著雨意的冷風早把人們趕走，街上冷清清的。

Trying doors as he went, twirling his club with many intricate and artful movements, turning now and then to cast his watchful eye adown the pacific thoroughfare, the officer, with his stalwart form and slight swagger, made a fine picture of a guardian of the peace. The vicinity was one that kept early hours. Now and then you might see the lights of a cigar store or of an all-night lunch counter; but the majority of the doors belonged to business places that had long since been closed.

一邊走，一邊試試店鋪的門關好沒有，一邊又舞著他的那把警棍，把眼睛像雷達一樣，左右掃描這條平靜的大街，這位威舞又帶著几分驕傲的警察，好像是圖畫裏的和平守護神一樣。左近是個習於早關門的商業區。偶爾可以看見一家香菸店或者賣通霄的小吃店亮著燈火，其餘都是早關了門的商店。
When about midway of a certain block the policeman suddenly slowed his walk. In the doorway of a darkened hardware store a man leaned, with an unlighted cigar in his mouth. As the policeman walked up to him the man spoke up quickly.

走過半條街左右的時候，警察突然慢了下來。在一家黑暗的五金店門口，有個人依門站著，口裏咬著一根未燃的雪茄。當警察走近的時候，這個人很快地說。

‘It’s all right, officer,’ he said, reassuringly. ‘I’m just waiting for a friend. It’s an appointment made twenty years ago. Sounds a little funny to you, doesn’t it? Well, I’ll explain if you’d like to make certain it’s all straight. About that long ago there used to be a restaurant where this store stands -- “Big Joe” Brady’s restaurant.’

[沒事，警官，]他以保證的口氣說。[我只是在等一個朋友。赴一個二十年前的約。聽起來奇怪，不是嗎？假如你要確定沒甚麼事的話，我跟你解釋。在那時候之前，這家店原來是家餐館--<大白公>布萊弟的餐館。]

‘Until five years ago,’ said the policeman. ‘It was torn down then.’

[直到五年前，]警察說。[然後就被拆了。]

The man in the doorway struck a match and lit his cigar. The light showed a pale, square-jawed face with keen eyes, and a little white scar near his right
eyebrow. His scarfpin was a large diamond, oddly set.

‘Twenty years ago to-night,’ said the man, ‘I dined here at “Big Joe” Brady’s with Jimmy Wells, my best chum, and the finest chap in the world. He and I were raised here in New York, just like two brothers, together. I was eighteen and Jimmy was twenty. The next morning I was to start for the West to make my fortune. You couldn’t have dragged Jimmy out of New York; he thought it was the only place on earth. Well, we agreed that night that we would meet here again exactly twenty years from that date and time, no matter what our conditions might be or from what distance we might have to come. We figured that in twenty years each of us ought to have our destiny worked out and our fortunes made, whatever they were going to be.’

[二十年前的今天晚上，]這個人說，[我和魏吉米，我的摯友，在這<大白公>布萊弟的餐館吃飯，他是世界上最好的人。他和我都是在紐約長大的，好比兄弟一樣。那時候，我十八歲，吉米二十。隔天早上我就要到西部去闖天下。你不可能硬把吉米說服到外面去闖闖，對他來說，紐約是世界上唯一的地方。於是嘛，當天晚上，我們約訂我們在二十年後，同日，同時，同地，在這兒見，不論我們情況如何，須要跋涉多遠的距離]
‘It sounds pretty interesting,’ said the policeman. ‘Rather a long time between meets, though, it seems to me. Haven’t you heard from your friend since you left?’

‘Well, yes, for a time we corresponded,’ said the other. ‘But after a year or two we lost track of each other. You see, the West is a pretty big proposition, and I kept hustling around over it pretty lively. But I know Jimmy will meet me here if he’s alive, for he always was the truest, staunchest old chap in the world. He’ll never forget. I came a thousand miles to stand in this door tonight, and it’s worth it if my old partner turns up.’

The waiting man pulled out a handsome watch, the lids of it set with small diamonds.
‘Three minutes to ten,’ he announced. ‘It was exactly ten o’clock when we parted here at the restaurant door.’

‘Did pretty well out West, didn’t you?’ asked the policeman.

‘You bet! I hope Jimmy has done half as well. He was a kind of plodder, though, good fellow as he was. I’ve had to compete with some of the sharpest wits going to get my pile. A man gets in a groove in New York. It takes the West to put a razor-edge on him.’

The policeman twirled his club and took a stop or two.

‘I’ll be on my way. Hope your friend comes around

p. 276 (c) Chinese Translation Copyright 2014
all right. Going to call time on him sharp?"

[I必须走了。希望你的朋友出现。不等他一两分钟吗？]

‘I should say not!’ said the other. ‘I’ll give him half an hour at least. If Jimmy is alive on earth he’ll be here by that time. So long, officer.’

[我不可能不等他一下！]那个人说。[我会等他个半小时。假如吉米还活在世界上的话，他在半小时之内也就来了。再见，警官。]

‘Good-night, sir,’ said the policeman, passing on along his beat, trying doors as he went.

[再见，先生，]警察说，一面继续巡他的更，一面试商店的门关好了没有。

There was now a fine, cold drizzle falling, and the wind had risen from its uncertain puffs into a steady blow. The few foot passengers astir in that quarter hurried dismally and silently along with coat collars turned high and pocketed hands. And in the door of the hardware store the man who had come a thousand miles to fill an appointment, uncertain almost to absurdity, with the friend of his youth, smoked his cigar and waited.

天上开始下起一阵清冷的小雨，风也从不定向的阵风，刮得固定而兇猛。在那街角走动的寥寥几个人影中，可憐而静悄悄地快速地走，大衣领子翻得高高的，手插在口袋裏。等在五金店门口，
About twenty minutes he waited, and then a tall man in a long overcoat, with collar turned up to his ears, hurried across from the opposite side of the street. He went directly to the waiting man.

‘Is that you, Bob?’ he asked, doubtfully.

‘Is that you, Jimmy Wells?’ cried the man in the door.

‘Bless my heart!’ exclaimed the new arrival, grasping both the other’s hands with his own. ‘It’s Bob, sure as fate. I was certain I’d find you here if you were still in existence. Well, well, well! -- twenty years is a long time. The old restaurant’s gone, Bob; I wish it had lasted, so we could have had another dinner there. How has the West treated you, old man?’
‘Bully; it has given me everything I asked it for. You’ve changed lots, Jimmy. I never thought you were so tall by two or three inches.’

[漂亮無比，我要甚麼，它給甚麼。你變了很多，吉米。你比我想像的高出兩三吋。]

‘Oh, I grew a bit after I was twenty.’

[喔，我二十歲之後又長了一點。]

‘Doing well in New York, Jimmy?’

[在紐約幹得好嗎，吉米？]

‘Moderately. I have a position in one of the city departments. Come on, Bob; we’ll go around to a place I know of, and have a good long talk about old times.’

[還可以。我在市管區部門裏有個位子。來，巴伯；我們轉過街角到一處我認識的地方，我們好好敘舊敘舊。]

The two men started up the street, arm in arm. The man from the West, his egotism enlarged by success, was beginning to outline the history of his career. The other, submerged in his overcoat, listened with
interest.

At the corner stood a drug store, brilliant with electric lights. When they came into this glare each of them turned simultaneously to gaze upon the other’s face.

The man from the West stopped suddenly and released his arm.

‘You’re not Jimmy Wells,’ he snapped. ‘Twenty years is a long time, but not long enough to change a man’s nose from a Roman to a pug.’

‘It sometimes changes a good man into a bad one,’ said the tall man. ‘You’ve been under arrest for ten minutes, ‘Silky’ Bob. Chicago thinks you may have dropped over our way and wires us she wants to have a chat with you. Going quietly, are you? That’s sensible. Now, before we go to the station here’s a
The man from the West unfold the little piece of paper handed him. His hand was steady when he began to read, but it trembled a little by the time he had finished. The note was rather short.

Bob: I was at the appointed place on time. When you struck the match to light your cigar I saw it was the face of the man wanted in Chicago. Somehow, I couldn’t do it myself, so I went around and got a plain clothes man to do the job.

Jimmy

巴伯：我按時赴約了。你拿火柴點雪茄的時候，我看到你就是芝加哥要的人。我自己不忍心這麼做，所以繞過街角，找來一位便衣執行任務。

吉米

p. 281 (c) Chinese Translation Copyright 2014
Prince Michael, of the Electorate Valleluna, sat on his favorite bench in the park. The coolness of the September night quickened the life in him like a rare, tonic wine. The benches were not filled; for park loungers, with their stagnant blood, are prompt to detect and fly home from the crispness of early autumn. The moon was just clearing the roofs of the range of dwellings that bounded the quadrangle on the east. Children laughed and played about the fine-sprayed fountain. In the shadowed spots fauns and hamadryads wooed, unconscious of the gaze of mortal eyes. A hand-organ -- Philomel by the grace of our stage carpenter, Fancy -- fluted and droned in a side street. Around the enchanted boundaries of the little park street cars spat and mewed and the stilted trains roared like tigers and lions prowling for a place to enter. And above the trees shone the great, round, shining face of an illuminated clock in the tower of an antique public building.
Prince Michael’s shoes were wrecked far beyond the skill of the carefulest cobbler. The ragman would have declined any negotiations concerning his clothes. The two weeks’ stubble on his face was gray and brown and red and greenish yellow -- as if it had been made up from individual contributions from the chorus of a musical comedy. No man existed who had money enough to wear so bad a hat as his.

Prince Michael sat on his favorite bench and smiled. It was a diverting thought to him that he was wealthy enough to buy every one of those closed-ranged, bulky, window-lit mansions that faced him, if he chose. He could have matched gold, equipages, jewels, art treasures, estates and acres with any Croesus in this proud city of Manhattan, and scarcely have entered upon the bulk of his holdings. He could have sat at table with reigning sovereigns.
The social world, the world of art, the fellowship of elect, adulation, imitation, the homage of the fairest, honors from the highest, praise from the wisest, flattery, esteem, credit, pleasure, fame -- all the honey of life was waiting in the comb in the hive of the world of Prince Michael, of the Electorate of Valletuna, whenever he might choose to take it. But his choice was to sit in rags and dinginess on a bench in park. For he had tasted of the fruit of the tree of life, and, finding it bitter in his mouth had stepped out of Eden for a time to seek distraction close to the unarmored, beating heart of the world.

These thoughts strayed dreamily through the mind of Prince Michael, as he smiled under the stubble of his polychromatic beard. Lounging thus, clad as the
poorest of mendicants in the parks, he loved to study humanity. He found in altruism more pleasure than his riches, his station and all the grosser sweets of life had given him. It was his chief solace and satisfaction to alleviate individual distress, to confer favors upon worthy ones who had need of succor, to dazzle unfortunates by unexpected and bewildering gifts of truly royal magnificence, bestowed, however, with wisdom and judiciousness.

And as Prince Michael’s eye rested upon the glowing face of the great clock in the tower, his smile, altruistic as it was, became slightly tinged with contempt. Big thoughts were the Prince’s; and it was always with a shake of his head that he considered the subjugation of the world to the arbitrary measures of Time. The comings and goings of people in hurry and dread, controlled by the little metal moving hands of a clock, always made him sad.

麥可王子的眼睛停在鐘塔上發亮的鐘面的時候，他的微笑，雖然還是那麼忘我無私，卻夾雜了一
By and by came a young man in evening clothes and sat upon the third bench from the Prince. For half an hour he smoked cigars with nervous haste, and then he fell to watching the face of the illuminated clock above the trees. His perturbation was evident, and the Prince noted, in sorrow, that its cause was connected, in some manner, with the slowly moving hands of the timepiece.

His Highness arose and went to the young man’s bench.

‘I beg your pardon for addressing you,’ he said, ‘but I perceive that you are disturbed in mind. If it may serve to mitigate the liberty I have taken I will add that I am Prince Michael, heir to the throne of the Electorate of Valreluna. I appear incognito, of course, as you may gather from my appearance. It is a fancy of mine to render aid to others whom I think...
worthy of it. Perhaps the matter that seems to distress you is one that would more readily yield to our mutual efforts.’

[很對不起我跟你講話，]他說，[不過嘛，我可以看出來你的心思有困擾。也許我可以把大膽地跟你講話的無禮減緩一些，容我自己介紹一下，我是麥可王子，美仁里選民團的王儲。當然，我正微服而出，這個你由我的這身打扮就看得出來。我嘛，總是喜歡救救別人。也許呢，你心裏面的困擾，我們一同來解決的話比較容易克服。]

The young man looked up brightly at the Prince. Brightly, but the perpendicular line of perplexity between his brows was not smoothed away. He laughed, and even then it did not. But he accepted the momentary diversion.

年輕人拿明亮的眼光看著王子。眼光明亮是明亮，兩眉之間的垂直皺紋還是困擾著他，沒有消失。他笑了笑，然而，似笑不笑地。心想暫時有以忘忘憂也罷。

‘Glad to meet you, Prince,’ he said, good humoredly. ‘Yes, I’d say you were incog, all right. Thanks for your offer of assistance -- but I don’t see where your butting-in would help things any. It’s a kind of private affair, you know -- but thanks all the same.’

[很高興見到你，王子，]他和氣地說。[是的，我得說你是微服而出。謝謝你提出幫忙-- 可是我看不出你來參進一腳能幫甚麼忙。這是一件那
Prince Michael sat at the young man’s side. He was often rebuffed but never offensively. His courteous manner and words forbade that.

‘Clocks,’ said the Prince, ‘are shackles on the feet of mankind. I have observed you looking persistently at that clock. Its face is that of a tyrant, its numbers are false as those on a lottery ticket; its hands are those of a bunco steerer, who makes an appointment with you to your ruin. Let me entreat you to throw off its humiliating bonds and cease to order your affairs by that insensate monitor of brass and steel.’

‘I don’t usually,’ said the young man. ‘I carry a watch except when I’ve got my radiant rags on.’
‘I know human nature as I do trees and grass,’ said the Prince, with earnest dignity. ‘I am a master of philosophy, a graduate in art, and I hold the purse of a Fortunatus. There are few mortal misfortunes that I cannot alleviate or overcome. I have read your countenance, and found in it honesty and nobility as well as distress. I beg of you to accept my advice or aid. Do not belie the intelligence I see in your face by judging from my appearance of my ability to defeat your troubles.’

The young man glanced at the clock again and frowned darkly. When his gaze strayed from the glowing horologue of time it rested intently upon a four-story red brick house in the row of dwellings opposite to where he sat. The shades were drawn, and the lights in many rooms shone dimly through them.

年輕人又看了一下鐘，灰著臉皺眉頭。當他的視線由這架計時的儀器轉移開來的時候，他把眼光停留在對面一帶住宅的一座四層樓紅磚房上。窗帘閂著，房裏的燈暗暗地發散出來。
‘Ten minutes to nine!’ exclaimed the young man, with an impatient gesture of despair. He turned his back upon the house and took a rapid step or two in a contrary direction.

‘Remain!’ commanded Prince Michael, in so potent a voice that the disturbed one wheeled around with a somewhat chagrined laugh.

‘I’ll give her ten minutes and then I’m off,’ he muttered, and then aloud to the Prince: ‘I’ll join you in confounding all clocks, my friend, and throw in women, too.’

‘Sit down,’ said the Prince, calmly. ‘I do not accept your addition. Women are the natural enemies of clocks, and, therefore, the allies of those who would seek liberation from these monsters that measure our follies and limit our pleasures. If you will so far confide in me I would ask you to relate to me your story.’
The young man threw himself upon the bench with a reckless laugh.

‘Your Royal Highness, I will,’ he said, in tones of mock deference. ‘Do you see yonder house -- the one with the three upper windows lighted? Well, at 6 o’clock I stood in that house with the young lady I am -- that is, I was -- engaged to. I had been doing wrong, my dear Prince -- I had been a naughty boy, and she heard of it. I wanted to be forgiven of course -- we are always wanting women to forgive us, aren’t we, Price?

“I want time to think it over,” said she. “There is one thing certain; I will either fully forgive you, or I will never see your face again. There will be no half-
way business. At half-pass eight,” she said, “at exactly half-past eight you may be watching the middle upper window of the top floor. If I decide to forgive I will hang out of that window a white silk scarf. You will know by that that all is as was before, and you may come to me. If you see no scarf you may consider that everything between us is ended forever.” That,’ concluded the young man, bitterly, ‘is why I have been watching that clock. The time for the signal to appear has passed twenty-three minutes ago. Do you wonder that I am a little disturbed, my Prince of Rags and Whiskers?”

‘Let me repeat to you,’ said Prince Michael, in his even, well-modulated tones, ‘that women are the natural enemies of clocks. Clocks are an evil, women a blessing. The signal may yet appear.’

[讓我再重複一次，]麥可王子拿平穩的口氣說，[女人是時鐘的天敵。鐘是邪，女人是福。你要的信號還可能出現。]

p. 292 (c) Chinese Translation Copyright 2014
‘Never, on your principality!’ exclaimed the young man, hopelessly. ‘You don’t know Marian -- of course. She’s always on time, to the minute. That was the first thing about her that attracted me. I’ve got the mitten instead of the scarf. I ought to have known at 8.31 that my goose was cooked. I’ll go West on the 11.45 to-night with Jack Milburn. The jig’s up. I’ll try Jack’s ranch awhile and top off with the Klondike and whiskey. Good-night -- er -- er -- Prince.’

[不可能的，那怕拿你的王子頭銜做保！] 年輕人絕望地驚嘆。[你不了解瑪理安--當然。她一直準時，準到一分鐘之內。這是她引起我注意的第一件事。絲巾沒出現，相反地我得到的是一支閉門的手套。八點三十一分的時候，我就應該覺悟到生米已成熟飯。今晚十一點三刻我將和米傑克搭西行的火車。一切都完了。我在傑克的牧場試個把星期，然後到阿拉斯加去和米酒頭子作伴。再見了--啊--啊--王子。]

Prince Michael smiled his enigmatic, gentle, comprehending smile and caught the coat sleeve of the other. The brilliant light in the Prince’s eyes was softening to a dreamier, cloudy translucence.

麥可王子拿起他詭異而含蓄的微笑，親切而懂得甚麼機竅似的，他抓住年輕人的大衣袖子。原來閃亮的眼睛慢慢變得暗淡，有點像龍眼肉一般的睡眼。

‘Wait,’ he said solemnly, ‘till the clock strikes. I have wealth and power and knowledge above most
men, but when the clock strikes I am afraid. Stay by me until then. This woman shall be yours. You have the word of the hereditary Prince of Valreluna. On the day of your marriage I will give you $100,000 and a palace on the Hudson. But there must be no clocks in that palace -- they measure our follies and limit our pleasures. Do you agree to that?’

[且慢，]他嚴肅地說，[請等到鐘聲響。我比凡人富有，有權勢，有知識，可是鐘一響我就害怕。請陪我一下。這個女人將是你的。你有美里世代相傳的王子替你作保。你結婚那天，我會給你十萬塊，加上哈德遜河邊的一座宮殿。可是呢，殿裏不能有鐘--鐘量度我們的愚鈍，侷限我們的歡樂。你同意嗎？]

‘Of course,’ said the young man, cheerfully, ‘they’re a nuisance, anyway -- always ticking and striking and getting you late for dinner.’

[當然，]年輕人說，強作歡樂地，[它們很討厭，不管怎麼樣--一直滴滴搭搭，響個不停，弄得你吃飯都要遲到。]

He glanced again at the clock in the tower. The hands stood at three minutes to nine.

他再度拿眼睛望塔上的鐘。鐘面上的針指向九點差三分。

‘I think,’ said Prince Michael, ‘that I will sleep a little. The day has been fatiguing.’
He stretched himself upon a bench with the manner of one who had slept thus before.

他伸長身子躺在長椅上，顯然這樣子做過。

‘You will find me in this park on any evening when the weather is suitable,’ said the Prince, sleepily. ‘Come to me when your marriage day is set and I will give you a check for the money.’

‘Thanks, Your Highness,’ said the young man, seriously. ‘It doesn’t look as if I would need that palace on the Hudson, but I appreciate your offer, just the same.’

Prince Michael sank into deep slumber. His battered hat rolled from the bench to the ground. The young man lifted it, placed over the frowsy face and moved one of the grotesquely relaxed limbs into a more comfortable position. ‘Poor devil!’ he said, as he drew the tattered clothes closer about the Prince’s breast.
Sonorous and startling came the stroke of 9 from the clock tower. The young man sighed again, turned his face for one last look at the house of his relinquished hopes -- and cried aloud profane words of holy rapture.

From the middle upper window blossomed in the dusk a waving, snowy, fluttering, wonderful, divine emblem of forgiveness and promised joy.

By came a citizen, rotund, comfortable, home-hurrying, unknowning of the delights of waving silken scarfs on the borders of dimly-lit parks.

‘Will you oblige me with the time, sir?’ asked the young man; and the citizen, shrewdly conjecturing
his watch to be safe, dragged it out and announced:

[能不能借問一下時間，先生？]年輕人問，那個
人，並沒那麼傻乎乎的，確定手錶不會被搶，把
它拿了出來，宣布道：

‘Twenty-nine and a half minutes past eight, sir.’

[八點二十九分半，先生。]

‘By George! that clock’s half an hour fast! First time
in ten years I’ve known it to be off. This watch of
mine never varies a --’

[我的喬治大王！那個鐘快了半小時！十年來第
一次。我的這支錶從來沒錯過半--]

But the citizen was talking to vacancy. He turned
and saw his hearer a fast receding black shadow
flying in the direction of a house with three lighted
upper windows.

可是這市民只是跟空氣講話。他轉過頭，看到剛
才跟他講話的，朝著一棟樓上有三個亮窗子的房
子快速跑去，只剩得一個黑影。

And in the morning came along two policemen on
their way to the beats they owned. The park was
deserted save for one dilapidated figure that
sprawled, asleep, on a bench. They stopped and
gazed upon it.

天亮的時候，兩位警察走過來，準備到他們的地
‘It’s Dopy Mike,’ said one. ‘He hits the pipe every night. Park bum for twenty years. On his last legs, I guess.’

The other policeman stooped and looked at something crumpled and crisp in the hand of the sleeper.

‘Gee!’ he remarked. ‘He’s doped out a fifty-dollar bill, anyway. Wish I knew the brand of hop that he smokes.’

And then ‘Rap, rap, rap!’ went the club of realism against the shoe soles of Prince Michael, of the Electorate of Valletluna.

磐巡邏。公園裡沒有一個人影，除了一個落魄的人形趴在長椅上。兩位警伯停下來看。

‘是老丐麥可，’其中一個說。[他每晚露宿。睡公園睡了二十年了。已經晚景不長，我想。]

另一位警伯彎下身，細細地看那個在睡覺的人手裏拿著一個皺皺的，捲捲的東西。

‘奇了！’他說。[他討到了一張五十大鈔。不知道他抽的是哪牌的香菸。]

於是[啪，啪，啪]警伯把警棍打麥可王子的鞋跟兒，把這美仁里選民團的幫主由夢中喚醒。
Curly the tramp sidled toward the free-lunch counter. He caught a fleeting glance from the bartender’s eye, and stood still, trying to look like a business man who had just dined at the Menger and was waiting for a friend who had promised to pick him up in his motor car. Curly’s histrionic powers were equal to the impersonation; but his make-up was wanting.

The bartender rounded the bar in a casual way, looking up at the ceiling as though he was pondering some intricate problem of kalsomining, and then fell upon Curly so suddenly that the roadster had no excuses ready. Irresistibly, but so composedly that it seemed almost absentmindedness on his part, the dispenser of drinks pushed Curly to the swinging doors and kicked him out, with a nonchalance that almost amounted to sadness. That was the way of the Southwest.

酒保漫不經心地轉出櫃檯，兩眼朝著天花板看，好像是在研究要怎麼樣來粉刷天花板一樣，突然，他兩手抓住毛捲捲，讓他連個借口都沒找好。不可阻擋，又這麼穩若泰山似的，酒保把毛捲捲
Curly arose from the gutter leisurely. He felt no anger or resentment toward his ejector. Fifteen years of tramphood spent out of the twenty-two years of his life had hardened the fibres of his spirit. The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune fell blunted from the buckler of his armored pride. With especial resignation did he suffer contumely and injury at the hands of bartenders. Naturally, they were his enemies; and unnaturally, they were often his friends. He had to take his chances with them. But he had not yet learned to estimate these cool, languid, Southwestern knights of the bungstarter, who had the manners of an Earl of Pawtucket, and who, when they disapproved of your presence, moved you with the silence and despatch of a chess automation advancing a pawn.

毛捲捲倒是若無其事，慢條斯理地從水溝裏爬出來。他也不生氣，也不討厭那個把他趕出來的。他活了二十二歲，其中有十七年是在流浪中渡過，把他的精神纖維都硬化了。他的尊嚴有盔甲似的防護，暴虐的命運給他的打擊，儘管如箭如石而下，碰到他的盔甲都要折斷而掉落。碰到酒保的時候，他尤其自我收斂。自然地，他們是他的敵人；但是有時候又適得其反，他們常成爲朋友。他反正得碰碰運氣。不過，由於人生地不熟，這些冷冰冰，沒甚麼生氣的酒桶拔子，林得像羅島紅，看你不順眼的時候，就像硬逼一隻小卒子一樣，連個翻身的機會都沒有。
Curly stood a few moments in the narrow, mesquite-paved street. San Antonio puzzled and disturbed him. Three days he had been a non-paying guest of the town, having dropped off there from a box car of an I. & G. N. Freight, because Greaser Johnny had told him in Des Moines that the Alamo City was manna fallen, gathered, cooked, and served free with cream and sugar. Curly had found the tip partly a good one. There was hospitality in plenty of a careless, liberal, irregular sort. But the town itself was a weight upon his spirits after his experience with the rushing, business-like, systematized cities of the North and East. Here he was often flung a dollar, but too frequently a good-natured kick would follow it. Once a band of hilarious cowboys had roped him on Military Plaza and dragged him across the black soil until no respectable rag-bag would have stood sponsor for his clothes. The winding, doubling streets, leading nowhere, bewildered him. And then there was a little river, crooked as a pot-hook, that crawled through the middle of the town, crossed by a hundred little bridges so nearly alike that they go on Curly’s nerves. And the last bartender wore a number nine shoe.

毛捲捲在鋪了美士凱木屑的窄街上站了一回。聖安東尼讓他迷惑而困擾。自從三天前他從一節火車廂下車之後，他已經在這個城裏白吃白住了三天，這是因為在迪莫尼那地方，滑溜手強尼跟他講過這個曾為美墨戰爭據點的聖城是個天上都會下起瓊漿玉液的地方，它們被揀起來，回鍋再煮，然後加上奶酥和糖讓人自取。毛捲捲來這兒試試倒也無可厚非。這裏的人好客，但是方式是
The saloon stood on a corner. The hour was eight o’clock. Homefarers and outgoers jostled Curly on the narrow stone sidewalk. Between the buildings to his left he looked down a cleft that proclaimed itself another thoroughfare. The alley was dark except for one patch of light. Where there was light there were sure to be human beings. Where there were human beings after nightfall in San Antonio there might be food and there was sure to be drink. So Curly headed for the light.

那家酒店位在街角。時間是八點。回家的，外出的，從鋪石子的人行道緊擦毛捲捲而過。他的左手邊的成排店舖倒是有個空缺處，看看又是一條大街。整個巷子是暗的，除了一處燈火之外。反正有燈火處就有人家。在聖安東尼，只要有人處就有吃的和喝的。毛捲捲便朝燈火走去。
The illumination came from Schweigel’s Cafe. On the sidewalk in front of it Curly picked up an old envelope. It might have contained a check for a million. It was empty; but the wanderer read the address, ‘Mr. Otto Schwegel,’ and the name of the town and State. The postmark was Detroit.

Curly entered the saloon. And now in the light it could be perceived that he bore the stamp of many years of vagabondage. He had none of the tidiness of the calculating and shrewd professional tramp. His wardrobe represented the cast-off specimens of half a dozen fashions and eras. Two factories had combined their efforts in providing shoes for his feet. As you gazed at him there passed through your mind vague impressions of mummies, wax figures, Russian exiles, and men lost on desert islands. His face was covered almost to his eyes with a curly brown beard that he kept trimmed short with a pocket-knife, and that had furnished him with his nom de route. Light-blue eyes, full of sullenness, fear, cunning, impudence, and fawning, witnessed the stress that had been laid upon his soul.
The saloon was small, and in its atmosphere the odors of meat and drink struggled for the ascendancy. The pig and the cabbage wrestled with hydrogen and oxygen. Behind the bar Schwegel labored with an assistant whose epidermal pores showed no signs of being obstructed. Hot wienerwurst and sauerkraut were being served to purchasers of beer. Curly shuffled to the end of the bar, coughed hollowly, and told Schwegel that he was Detroit cabinet-maker out of a job.

It followed as the night the day that he got his schooner and lunch.

於是呢，那天他晚上吃到啤酒和一頓飯。
Was you acquainted maybe mit Heinrich Strauss in Detroit?’ asked Schwegel.

[你會不會正好認識底特律的史亨利？] 秦果問。

‘Did I know Heinrich Strauss?’ repeated Curly, affectionately. ‘Why, say, ‘Bo, I wish I had a dollar for every game of pinochle me and Heine has played on Sunday afternoons.’

[我認不認識史亨利？] 毛捲捲假裝親切地重覆一次。[哎唷，這個，哇，但願我跟他星期天下午玩過的紙牌每場能給我一塊錢就好了。]

More beer and a second plate of steaming food was set before the diplomat. And then curly, knowing to a fluid-drachm how far a ‘con’ game would go, shuffled out into the unpromising street.

更多的啤酒，再加上另一盤吃食，擺在我們的外交家面前。之後，毛捲捲明知這種冒牌的遊戲能撐得多久，提起疲乏的腳步，出得酒店，走進沒甚麼希望的市街。

And now he began to perceive the inconveniences of this stony Southern town. There was none of the outdoor gaiety and brilliancy and music that provided distraction even to the poorest in the cities of the North. Here, even so early, the gloomy, rock-walled houses were closed and barred against the murky dampness of the night. The streets were mere fissures through which flowed gray wreaths of river mist. As he walked he heard laughter and the chink

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of coin and chips behind darkened windows, and music coming from every chink of wood and stone. But the diversions were selfish; the day of popular pastimes had not yet come to San Antonio.

現在，他開始察覺到這個石頭築成的南方城市不方便的地方。在北方即使是最窮的市鎮也有的露天歡樂，明朗，和音樂，在這兒甚麼都沒有。還這麼早，那些陰深深的石頭築成的房子已經關了門，上了闩，免得夜裏的污濁氣流進到屋子裏來。街道只不過是那條河昇起的霧氣流通的空隙。他一面走，一面聽到陰暗的窗子傳出來的笑聲，鋼板和籌碼的敲擊聲，從每一個石頭和木頭空隙，也傳出來音樂聲。只不過這些娛樂都是自私的；在聖安東尼大眾娛樂的日子還沒來到。

But at length Curly, as he strayed, turned the sharp angle of another lost street and came upon a rollicking band of stockmen from the outlying ranches celebrating in the open in front of an ancient wooden hotel. One great roisterer from the sheep country who had just instigated a movement toward the bar, swept Curly in like a stray goat with the rest of his flock. The princes of kine and wool hailed him as a new zoological discovery, and uprarily strove to preserve him in the diluted alcohol of their compliments and regards.

終於，毛捲捲一邊沒頭地走，疾轉過一處街角，正巧碰到一群從城外某個牧場進來嬉鬧的牧羊人，他門在一家木造旅館前面不知道慶祝甚麼東西。這群牧羊人之中一個最會鬧的，往酒吧一指，把毛捲捲像一頭迷失的羔羊也一同趕進酒吧裏面。
An hour afterward Curly staggered from the hotel barroom, dismissed by his fickle friends, whose interest in him had subsided as quickly as it had risen. Full -- stoked with alcoholic fuel and cargoed with food, the only question remaining to disturb him was that of shelter and bed.

A drizzling, cold Texas rain had begun to fall -- an endless, lazy, unintermittent downfall that lowered the spirits of men and raised a reluctant steam from the warm stones of the streets and houses. Thus comes the 'norther' dousing gentle spring and amiable autumn with the chilling salutes and adieux of coming and departing winter.

Curly followed his nose down the first tortuous
street into which his irresponsible feet conducted him. At the lower end of it, on the bank of the serpentine stream, he perceived an open gate in a cemented rock wall. Inside he saw camp fires and a row of low wooden sheds built against three sides of the enclosing wall. He entered the enclosure. Under the sheds many horses were champing at their oats and corn. Many wagons and buckboards stood about with their teams’ harness thrown carelessly upon the shafts and doubletrees. Curly recognized the place as a wagon yard, such as is provided by merchants for their out-of-town friends and customers. No one was in sight. No doubt the drivers of those wagons were scattered about the town ‘seeing the elephant and hearing the owl.’ In their haste to become patrons of the town’s dispensaries of mirth and good cheer the last ones to depart must have left the great wooden gate swinging open.

毛捲捲全憑直覺地跟著自己的鼻子走，反正他的腳到那裏他就跟到那裏。在這第一條令人難過的街短的一端，臨著婉延曲折的河，他發覺在水泥築成的石頭牆裏有個打開的門。往裏邊一看，裏面有營火和沿著三邊牆搭起來的矮木棚。毛捲捲進到裏面。在木棚下面，好几匹馬正大口嚼著燕麥和玉米。一輛一輛的馬車和平板車橫七豎八地，套馬的龍頭七上八下，就車轍上隨便亂放。毛捲捲認出來，這是一個馬車囤，做生意的人給城外來的朋友和顧客們停馬車用的地方。很顯然這些車子的主人已經散布城裏四處找樂子去了。那最後到的，急著尋歡作樂，忘了把門關上。
Curly had satisfied the hunger of an anaconda and the thirst of a camel, so he was neither in the mood nor the condition of an explorer. He zigzagged his way to the first wagon that his eyesight distinguished in the semi-darkness under the shed. It was a two-horse wagon with a top of white canvas. The wagon was half filled with loose piles of wool sacks, two or three great bundles of gray blankets, and a number of bales, bundles, and boxes. A reasoning eye would have estimated the load at once as ranch supplies, bound on the morrow for some outlying hacienda. But to the drowsy intelligence of Curly they represented only warmth and softness and protection against the cold humidity of the night. After several unlucky efforts, at last he conquered gravity so far as to climb over a wheel and pitch forward upon the best and warmest bed he had fallen upon in many a day. Then he became instinctively a burrowing animal, and dug his way like a prairie-dog down among the sacks and blankets, hiding himself from the cold air as snug and safe as a bear in his den. For three nights sleep had visited Curly only in broken and shivering doses. So now, when Morpheus condescended to pay him a call, Curly got such a strangle hold on the mythological old gentleman that it was a wonder that any one else in the whole world got a wink of sleep that night.

毛捲捲吃飽喝足，到城裏尋歡作樂對他來講興緻乏乏。棚子下面，要暗不暗，要亮不亮地，他繞了幾個圈子找到第一輛馬車。這是一輛兩匹馬拉的白帆布篷車。車子裏大概裝了半滿，羊毛袋鬆鬆地綁在一起，兩三大疊灰色毯子，和一些打包
Six cow-punchers of the Cibolo Ranch were waiting around the door of the ranch store. Their ponies cropped grass near by, tied in the Texas fashion -- which is not tied at all. Their bridle reins had been dropped to the earth, which is a more effectual way of securing them (such is the power of habit and imagination) than you could devise out of a half-inch rope and a live-oak tree.

六位西堡牧場的牛仔子在牧場販賣部門口竄等。他們的座騎在附近草地上吃草，馬兒以德州的獨特方式栓著--也就是連栓都沒栓的意思。韁繩掉落地上，說真的，這比其他任何栓馬方式都還有效（習慣與想像力的力量由此可見），那怕你拿半吋粗的繩子套在一棵活橡樹上，也沒這麼功效。

These guardians of the cow lounged about, each with a brown cigarrette paper in his hand, and gently
but unceasingly cursed Sam Revell, the storekeeper. Sam stood in the door, snapping the red elastic bands on his pink madras shirtsleeves and looking down affectionately at the only pair of tan shoes within a forty-mile radius. His offence had been serious, and he was divided between humble apology and admiration for the beauty of his raiment. He had allowed the ranch stock of ‘smoking’ to become exhausted.

這些牛隻的看護者閒著，每個人的手裏都拿了一張香菸紙，而且溫柔和不停地罵這個看販賣部的雷山姆。山姆站在門裏，把他的吊褲鬃緊帶彈著上身穿的粉色花格子薄綿襯衫，一邊低下頭盯著眼睛看自己腳上穿的這雙方圓四十哩之內唯一的一雙棕皮鞋。他的罪過大了，現在嘛，他不知道該好好低聲下氣地道歉，還是好好欣賞自己的鞋子。他居然讓牧場的[煙火]給斷貨了。

‘I thought sure there was another case of it under the counter, boys,’ he explained. ‘But it happened to be catterdges.’

[我以爲櫃檯底下當然還有一箱，孩兒們，]他解釋說，[那想到居然是箱子彈。]

‘You’ve sure got a case of happendicitis,’ said Poky Rogers, fence rider of the Largo Verde potrero. ‘Somebody ought to happen to give you a knock on the head with the butt end of a quirt. I’ve rode in nine miles for some tobacco; and it don’t appear natural and seemly that you ought to be allowed to live.’
'The boys was smokin’ cut plug and dried mesquite leaves mixed when I left,’ sighed Mustang Taylor, horse wrangler of the Three Elm camp. ‘They’ll be lookin’ for me back by nine. They’ll be settin’ up, with their papers ready to roll a whiff of the real thing before bedtime. And I’ve got to tell ‘em that this pink-eyed, sheep-headed, sulphur-footed, shirt-waisted son of a calico broncho, Sam Revell, hasn’t got no tobacco on hand.’

Gregorio Falcon, Mexican vaquero and best thrower of the rope on the Cibolo, pushed his heavy, silver-embroidered straw sombrero back upon his thicket of jet-black curls and scraped the bottoms of his pockets for a few crumbs of the precious weed.
‘Ah, Don Samuel,’ he said, reproachfully, but with his touch of Castilian manners, ‘escuse me. Bthey say dthe jackrabbeet and dthe sheep have the most leettle sesos -- how you call dthem -- brain-es? Ah, don’t believe dthat, Don Samuel -- escuse me. Ah dthink people w’at keep esmokin’ tobacco, dtHEY -- bot you weel escuse me, Don Samuel.’

‘Now, what’s the use of chewin’ the rag, boys,’ said the untroubled Sam, stooping over to rub the toes of his shoes with a red-and-yellow handkerchief. ‘Ranse took the order for some more smokin’ to San Antone with him Tuesday. Pancho rode Ranse’s hoss back yesterday; and Ranse is goin’ to drive the wagon back himself. There wa’n’t much of a load -- just some woolsacks and blankets and nails and canned peaches an a few things we was out of. I took for Ranse to roll in to-day sure. He’s a early starter and a hell-to-split driver, and he ought to be here not far from sundown.’

[啊，山姆大爺，]他說，帶責備地，又帶了一點古西班牙的風格，[對不起。人家說兔子和羊的頭殼--你們叫甚麼腦袋瓜是不是--最小。啊，不要相信，山姆大爺--對不起。我看看管抽菸草的才--可是你要原諒我這麼說，山姆大爺。]

[窮發牢騷有甚麼用呢，孩兒們，]面不改色的山姆這麼說，一面低下身子拿一條紅黃色手巾擦他的鞋尖。[蘭賽在星期二到聖安東尼訂些菸草去]
‘What plugs is he drivin’?’ asked Mustang Taylor, with a smack of hope in his tones.

‘The buckboard grays,’ said Sam.

‘I’ll wait a spell, then,’ said the wrangler. ‘Them plugs eat up a trail like a road-runner swallowin’ a whip snake. And you may bust me open a can of green-gage plums, Sam, while I’m waitin’ for somethin’ better.’

‘Open me some yellow clings,’ ordered Poky Rodgers. ‘I’ll wait, too.’

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了。昨天班卓騎了他的馬回來，藍賽自己要趕馬車回來。裝載不很多--只是些羊毛袋，毯子，釘子，桃子罐頭，和一些我們短缺的東西。我想藍賽今天一定會回來。他是個早起的，趕車快得像趕鬼似的，他在日落不久就會回來才是。

‘What plugs is he drivin’?’ asked Mustang Taylor, with a smack of hope in his tones.

[他趕的是甚麼馬？] 泰馬問道，口氣裏帶了一絲希望。

‘The buckboard grays,’ said Sam.

[拉平板的灰馬，] 山姆回答。

‘I’ll wait a spell, then,’ said the wrangler. ‘Them plugs eat up a trail like a road-runner swallowin’ a whip snake. And you may bust me open a can of green-gage plums, Sam, while I’m waitin’ for somethin’ better.’

[我就等他一等吧，] 這位套馬手說。[這些馬跑起路就像一隻快腿鳥吞一條皮鞭蛇一樣快。你可以替我開一罐青梅子，山姆，好讓我等我更好的東西。]

‘Open me some yellow clings,’ ordered Poky Rodgers. ‘I’ll wait, too.’

[替我開一罐黃肉李子，] 羅閒管說。[我也等它一等。]
The tobaccoless punchers arranged themselves comfortably on the steps of the store. Inside Sam clopped open with a hatchet the tops of the cans of fruit.

這些沒菸草可抽的牛仔們把自己舒舒服服地安排在進販賣部的階梯上。山姆在裏面拿一把柴刀開水果罐頭。

The store, a big, white wooden building like a barn, stood fifty yards from the ranch-house. Beyond it were the horse corals; and still farther the wool sheds and the brush-topped shearing pens -- for the Rancho Cibolo raised both cattle and sheep. Behind the store, at a little distance, were the grass-thatched jacals of the Mexicans who bestowed their allegiance upon the Cibolo.

這販賣部，一棟好比穀倉的木造房子，離場房大約五十碼。後面是馬圈子；再往後是羊毛棚和剪毛欄 -- 因為西堡牧場又養牛又養羊。離販賣部稍遠，是墨西哥人的房子，這些人忠心於西堡，以西堡牧場為家。

The ranch-house was composed of four large rooms, with plastered adobe walls, and a two-room wooden cell. A twenty-feet-wide ‘gallery’ circumvented the structure. It was set in a grove of immense live-oaks and water-elms near a lake -- a long, not very wide, and tremendously deep lake in which, at nightfall, great gars leaped to the surface and plunged with the noise of hippopotamuses frolicking at their bath. From the trees hung garlands and massive pendants.
of the melancholy gray moss of the South. Indeed, the Cibolo ranch-house seemed more of the South than of the West. It looked as if old ‘Kiowa’ Truesdell might have brought it with him from the lowlands of Mississippi when he came to Texas with his rifle in the hollow of his arm in ‘55.

But, though he did not bring the family mansion, Truesdell did bring something in the way of a family inheritance that was more lasting than brick or stone. He brought one end of the Truesdell-Curtis family feud. And when a Curtis bought the Rancho de los Olmos, sixteen miles from the Cibolo, there were lively times on the pear flats and in the chaparral thickets of the southwest. In those days Truesdell cleaned the brush of may a wolf and tiger cat and Mexican lion; and one or two Curtises fell heirs to notches on his rifle stock. Also he buried a brother with a Curtis bullet in him on the bank of the lake at Cibolo. And then the Kiowa Indians made their last raid upon the ranches between the Frio and
the Rio Grande, and Truesdell at the head of his
rangers rid the earth of them to the last brave,
earning his sobriquet. Then came prosperity in the
form of waxing herds and broadening lands. And
then old age and bitterness, when he sat, with his
great mane of hair as white as the Spanish-dagger
blossoms and his fierce, pale-blue eyes, on the
shaded gallery at Cibolo, growling like the pumas
that he had slain. He snapped his fingers at old age;
the bitter taste of life did not come from that. The
cup that stuck at his lips was that his only son
Ransom wanted to marry a Curtis, the last youthful
survivor of the other end of the feud.

他雖然沒有真正把祖傳的房子帶過來，老杜確實
把一件比礦石還持久的家族遺產帶了過來。他帶
來了杜家和柯家的宿怨。當柯家把西堡牧場十六
哩遠的鷂馬牧場買起來的時候，西南部長著仙人
掌樹和英芭樂叢的大草原確時不曾安寧一時。在
那時候，老杜把樹叢裏每一隻狼，每一隻山貓，
每一隻墨西哥獅都清除掉，也有一兩個柯家人被
他打死，他每打死一個，就在槍柄上刻一道痕做
記號。他自己也埋葬了一位吃柯家子彈打死的兄
弟，葬在西堡水塘邊。後來，奇奧瓦印地安人
做最後出擊，騷擾冷河到大河之間的所有牧場，
老杜帶領所有牧童，把他們打得一個不剩。他的
綽號就是這樣來的。之後，景氣好轉，牛隻增長
，牧地擴大。又後來，年紀老來，人也變得尖刻
，他頭髮白得像西班牙白蘭花一樣，兇狠的淺藍
色眼睛，吼起來像他曾宰殺的山豹一樣，他無事
坐在陰涼的西堡場房走廊。晚年，他若有所失地
彈他的指頭；生命之苦並非來自如此。讓他苦苦
不能下嚥的是他的獨子杜賓要和柯家女孩結婚，
For a while the only sounds to be heard at the store were the rattling of the tin spoons and the gurgling intake of the juicy fruits by the cow-punchers, the stamping of the grazing ponies, and the singing of a doleful song by Sam as he contentedly brushed his stiff auburn hair for the twentieth time that day before a crinkly mirror.

From the door of the store could be seen the irregular, sloping stretch of prairie to the south, with its reaches of light-green, billowing mesquite flats in the lower places, and its rises crowned with nearly black masses of short chaparral. Through the mesquite flat wound the ranch road that, five miles away, flowed into the old government trail to San Antonion. The sun was so low that the gentlest elevation cast its gray shadow miles into the green-gold of sunshine.

從販賣部門口，可以看到大草原不怎麼整齊地往南延伸，淺綠色波浪般的美士凱草皮在低處，高處則由暗黑的矮筍芭樂樹叢所佔領。五哩外，牧場的通道蜿蜒美士凱草地，通到往聖安東尼的古
That evening ears were quicker than eyes.

當晚，耳朵比眼睛來得靈光。

The Mexican held up a twany finger to still the scraping of tin against tin.

老墨舉起一隻棕色手指，要大家暫時不要拿湯匙
刮鋁鐵罐發出聲響。

‘One wageen,’ said he, ‘cross the Arroyo Hodo. Ah hear dthe wheel. Verree rockee place, dthe Hondo.’

‘You’ve got good ears, Gregorion,’ said Mustang Taylor. ‘I never heard nothin’ but the song-bird in
the bush and the zephyr skally-hootin’ across the peaceful dell.’

In ten minutes Taylor remarked: ‘I see the dust of a wagon risin’ right above the fur end of the flat.’

p. 319 (c) Chinese Translation Copyright 2014
‘You have verree good eyes, senor,’ said Gregorio smilin.

[ 你有很好的眼睛，先生，] 顧雷邊笑邊說。

Two miles away they saw a faint cloud dimming the green ripples of the mesquites. In twenty minutes they heard the clatter of horses’ hoofs: in five minutes more the gray plugs dashed out of thicket, whickering for oats and drawing the light wagon behind them like a toy.

在兩哩遠的地方，他們看到淡淡的灰塵飄忽波浪般起伏的美士凱樹梢。再過二十分鐘，他們聽見馬蹄聲咑咑作響：再過五分鐘，那兩匹蚤斑灰馬衝出樹叢，直衝牠們嚮往的燕麥，那輛馬車拖在後頭就像玩具一樣。

From the jacals came a cry of: ‘El Amo! El Amo!’ Four Mexican youths raced to unharness the grays. The cow-punchers gave a yell of greeting and delight.

從墨西哥人住的房子那邊四個小孩跑出來替馬解籠頭，一邊叫：[主人！主人！]。牛仔們高興地大聲打招呼。

Ranse Truesdell, driving, threw the reins to the ground and laughed.

杜藍賽，趕著馬的，把韁繩一把擲到地上，哈哈大笑起來。
‘It’s under the wagon sheet, boys,’ he said. ‘I know what you’re waiting for. If Sam lets it run out again we’ll use them yellow shoes of his for a target. There’s two cases. Pull ‘em out and light up. I know you’ll want a smoke.’

After striking dry country Ranse had removed the wagon sheet from the bows and thrown it over the goods in the wagon. Six pairs of hasty hands dragged it off and grabbled beneath the sacks and blankets for the cases of tobacco.

Long Collins, tobacco messenger from the San Gabriel outfit, who rode with the longest stirrups west of the Mississippi, delved with an arm like the tongue of a wagon. He caught something harder than a blanket and pulled out a fearful thing -- a shapeless, muddy bunch of leather tied together with wire and twine. From its ragged end, like the head and claws of a disturbed turtle, protruded human toes.
‘Who-ee!’ yelled Long Collins. ‘Ranse, are you a-packin’ around of corpuses? Here’s a --howlin’ grasshoppers!’

Up from his long slumber popped Curly, like some vile worm from its burrow. He clawed his way out and sat blinking like a disreputable, drunken owl. His face was as bluish red and puffed and seamed and crosslined as the cheapest round steak of the butcher. His eyes were swollen slits; his nose a pickled beet; his hair would have made the wildest thatch of a Jack-in-the-box look like the satin poll of a Cleo de Merode. The rest of him was scarecrow done to the life.

毛捲捲從他的長覺突然暴醒，好像一條潛伏的蛇從洞裏出來一樣。他用爪子爬了出來，坐在那裏活像一隻喝醉了的貓頭鷹。他的臉是青一塊，紅一塊，又腫，又像摺了皺紋，又是滿臉線條縱橫，比肉攤上最賤價的一塊排骨還不值。兩眼腫得只見兩條細縫；鼻子紅得像醃甜菜；頭髮和玩具箱跳出來的小丑的稻草頭一比，把人家的都比成
Ranse jumped down from his seat and looked at his strange cargo with wide-open eyes.

Materials that are not native

‘Here, you maverick, what are you doing in my wagon? How did you get in there?’

The punchers gathered around in delight. For the time they had forgotten tobacco.

Curly looked around him slowly in every direction. He snarled like a Scotch terrier through his ragged beard.

‘Where is this,’ he rasped through his parched throat. ‘It’s a damn farm in an old field. What’d you bring me here for -- say? Did I say I wanted to come here? What are you Reubs rubberin’ at -- hey? G’wan or I’ll punch some of your faces.’
Drag him out, Collins,' said Ranse.

Curly took a slide and felt the ground rise up and collide with his shoulder blades. He got up and sat on the steps of the store shivering from outraged nerves, hugging his knees and sneering. Taylor lifted out a case of tobacco and wrenched off its top. Six cigarettes began to glow, bringing peace and forgiveness to Sam.

How'd you come in my wagon?' repeated Ranse, this time in a voice that drew a reply.

Curly recognized the tone. He had heard it used by freight brakemen and large persons in blue carrying clubs.

p. 324 (c) Chinese Translation Copyright 2014
’Me?’ he growled. ‘Oh, was you talkin’ to me? Why, I was on my way to the Menger, but my valet had forgot to pack my pajamas. So I crawled into that wagon in the wagon-yard -- see? I never told you to bring me out to this bloomin’ farm -- see?’

[我？] 他像狗咆哮一樣。[ 噢，你在跟我講話？哦，我正要去門爺酒店，可是我的佣人把我的睡衣給忘了放進行李。所以嘛，我就爬進馬車園的那輛馬車裏-- 你瞧？我沒有叫你把我載來這個發泡的農場-- 你瞧？]

’What is it, Mustang?’ asked Poky Rodgers, almost forgetting to smoke in his ecstasy. ‘What do it live on?’

[怎麼回事，野馬？] 羅管閒問道，興奮得几乎忘了抽菸。[它是吃甚麼活的？]

’It’s a galliwampus, Poky,’ said Mustang. ‘It’s the thing that hollers “williwallo” up in ellum trees in the low grounds of nights. I don’t know if it bites.’

[是隻狗屁王八，老管閒，] 野馬說。[ 是那種在低地榆樹上晚上叫<哇哩哇囉>的東西。不知道它咬不咬人。]

’No, it ain’t, Mustang,’ volunteered Long Collins. ’Them galliwampuses has fins on their backs, and eighteen toes. This here is a hicklesnifter. It lives
under the ground and eats cherries. Don’t stand so close to it. It wipes out villages with one stroke of its prehensile tail.’

‘Well, ain’t that a Willie for your whiskers?’ he commented. ‘Where’d you dig up the hobo, Ranse? Goin’ to make an auditorium for inbreviates out of the ranch?’

‘Say,’ said Curly, from whose panoplied breast all shafts of wit fell blunted. ‘Any of you kiddin’ guys got a drink on you? Have your fun. Say, I’ve been hittin’ the stuff till I don’t know straight up.’
He turned to Ranse. 'Say, you shanghaied me on your d--d old prairie schooner -- did I tell you to drive me to a farm? I want a drink. I’m goin’ all to little pieces. What’s doin’?'

Ranse saw that the tramp’s nerves were racking him. He despatched one of the Mexican boys to the ranch-house for a glass of whisky. Curly gulped it down; and into his eyes came a brief, grateful glow -- as human as the expression in the eye of a faithful setter dog.

'Thanky, boss,' he said, quietly.

'You’re thirty miles from a railroad, and forty miles from a saloon,' said Ranse.

p. 327 (c) Chinese Translation Copyright 2014
Curly fell back weakly against the steps.

毛捲捲一聽，無力地靠坐階梯上。

‘Since you are here,’ continued the ranchman, ‘come along with me. We can’t turn you out on the prairie. A rabbit might tear you to pieces.’

[你既然在這裏，]牛人接著說，[跟我來。我們不可以把你放出去。一隻兔子都可能把你給撕得稀爛。]

He conducted Curly to a large shed where the ranch vehicles were kept. Then he spread out a canvas cot and brought blankets.

他把毛捲捲領到一個大棚子，牧場的車輛都擺在這裏。之後，他鋪開一張帆布床，拿了毯子來。

‘I don’t suppose you can sleep,’ said Ranse, ‘since you’ve been pounding your ear for twenty-four hours. But you can camp here till morning. I’ll have Pedro fetch you up some grub.’

[我想你睡不著。]藍賽說，[因你的耳朵整整 碰撞了二十四小時。你不妨在這兒露宿到天亮。我會叫沛多給你拿食物來。]

‘Sleep!’ said Curly. ‘I can sleep a week. Say, sport, have you got a coffin nail on you?’
Fifty miles had Ransom Truesdall driven that day. And yet this is what he did.

Old ‘Kiowa’ Truesdell sat in his great wicker chair reading by the light of an immense oil lamp. Ranse laid a bundle of newspapers fresh from town at his elbow.

‘Back, Ranse?’ said the old man, looking up.

‘Son,’ old ‘Kiowa’ continued, ‘I’ve been thinking all day about a certain matter that we have talked about. I want you to tell me again. I’ve lived for you. I’ve fought wolves and Indians and worse white men to protect you. You never had any mother that you can remember. I’ve taught you to shoot straight, ride hard, and live clean. Later on I’ve worked to pile up dollars that’ll be yours. You’ll be a rich man, Ranse, when my chunk goes out. I’ve made you. I’ve licked you into shape like a leopard cat licks its cubs. You don’t belong to yourself -- you’ve got to be a Truesdell first. Now,
is there to be any more nonsense about this Curtis girl?'

'Ve got to talk about this Curtis girl,' said Ranse, slowly. 'I am a Truesdell and as you are my father, I'll never marry a Curtis.'

'Good boy,' said old 'Kiowa'. 'You'd better go get some supper.'

Ranse went to the kitchen at the rear of the house. Pedro, the Mexican cook, sprang up to bring the food he was keeping warm in the stove.

[孩子，]老[奇奧瓦]繼續說，[我整天在想我們談過的一件事。我要你再告訴我。我為你而生活。我為了保護你，打過狼，印地安人，更糟的，白人也打過。你從來不記得媽媽長得甚麼樣。我教你射得準，騎得猛，活得正。後來，我努力工作來為你累積錢財。我的大限一到，你就是個富有的人，藍賽。我把你打造起來。把你舔成形，就像一頭豹子把小豹舔大一樣。你不屬於你自己--你必得先當個杜家人。現在告訴我，有關這柯家女孩你還要胡鬧甚麼嗎？]

‘I’ll tell you once more,’ said Ranse, slowly. ‘As I am a Truesdell and as you are my father, I’ll never marry a Curtis.’

[我要再度告訴你，]藍賽慢慢地說。[因爲我是個杜家人，而且你是我父親，我永遠不會娶柯家人。]

‘Good boy,’ said old ‘Kiowa’. ‘You’d better go get some supper.’

[好孩子，]老[奇奧瓦]說。[你最好去吃晚飯吧。]

Ranse went to the kitchen at the rear of the house. Pedro, the Mexican cook, sprang up to bring the food he was keeping warm in the stove.

藍賽走到房子後頭的廚房。沛多，那墨西哥廚子
‘Just a cup of coffee, Pedro,’ he said, and drank it standing. And then:

[一杯咖啡就好了，沛多，]他說，然後就站著喝。

‘There’s a tramp on a cot in the wagon-shed. Take him something to eat. Better make it enough for two.’

[車棚裏有個流浪漢。拿些吃的給他。最好夠兩個人吃的。]

Ranse walked toward the jacals. A boy came running.

藍赛走向墨西哥人住的房子。一個小孩跑來。

‘Manuel, can you catch Vaminos, in the little pasture, for me?’

[孟兒，你能替我在小草場牽飛鳴兒來嗎？]

‘Why not, senor? I saw him near the puerta but two hours past. He bears a drag-rope.’

[有何不可，先生？兩小時前我看到牠在門那裏。

Get him and saddle him as quick as you can.’

p. 331 (c) Chinese Translation Copyright 2014
Soon mounted, on Vaminos, Ranse leaned in the saddle, pressed with his knees, and galloped eastward past the store, where sat Sam trying his guitar in the moonlight.

Vaminos shall have a word -- Vaminos the good dun horse. The Mexicans, who have a hundred names for the colors of a horse, called him gruyo. He was a mouse-colored, slate-colored, flea-bitten road-dun, if you can conceive it. Down his back from his mane to his tail went a line of black. He would live forever; and surveyors have not laid off as many miles in the world as he could travel in a day.
loosened the pressure of his knees, and Vaminos stopped under a big ratama tree. The yellow ratama blossoms showered fragrance that would have undone the roses of France. The moon made the earth a great concave bowl with a crystal sky for a lid. In a glade five jack-rabbits leaped and played together like kittens. Eight miles farther east shone a faint star that appeared to have dropped below the horizon. Night riders, who often steered their course by it, knew it to be the light in the Rancho de los Olmos.

In ten minutes Yenna Curtis galloped to the tree on her sorrel pony Dancer. The two leaned and clasped hands heartily.

'I ought to have ridden nearer to your home,' said Ranse. 'But you never will let me.'
Yenna laughed. And in the soft light you could see her strong white teeth and fearless eyes. No sentimentality there, in spite of the moonlight, the odor of the ratamas, and the admirable figure of Ranse Truesdell, the lover. But she was there, eight miles from her home, to meet him.

‘How often have I told you, Ranse,’ she said, ‘that I am your half-way girl? Always half-way.’

‘Well?’ said Ranse, with a question in his tones.

‘I did,’ said Yenna, with almost a sigh. ‘I told him after dinner when I thought he would be in a good humor. Did you ever wake up a lion, Ranse, with the mistaken idea that he would be a kitten? He almost tore the ranch to pieces. It’s all up. I love my daddy, Ranse, and I’m afraid -- I’m afraid of him, too. He ordered me to promise that I’d never marry a
Truesdell. I promised. That’s all. What luck do you have?’

[我說了，] 燕娜說，一邊嘆氣。[我在吃飯後跟他說，我以為他心情會好一點。藍賽，你曾經把一隻睡著的獅子搖醒，以為牠會是隻小貓嗎？他幾乎把整個牧場鬧得天翻地覆。完全就是這樣了。我愛我父親，藍賽，我也怕--怕他。他命令我答應他決不和杜家人結婚。我答應了。就是這樣。你有甚麼樣的運氣？]

‘The same,’ said Ranse, slowly. ‘I promised him that his son would never marry a Curtis. Somehow I couldn’t go against him. He’s mighty old. I’m sorry, Yenna.’

[一樣，] 藍賽慢慢地說。[我答應他說他的兒子永遠不和杜家人結婚。不知怎地，我不能違抗他。他老了。很對不起，燕娜。]

The girl leaned in her saddle and laid one hand on Ranse’s, on the horn of his saddle.

女孩傾身把手抓住藍賽放在馬鞍頭上的手。

‘I never thought I’d like you better for giving me up,’ she said ardently, ‘but I do. I must ride back now, Ranse. I slipped out of the house and saddled Dancer myself. Good-night, neighbor.’

[我從來沒想到你放棄我我反而喜歡你，] 她熱忱地說，[可是我真是這樣。我必須回去了，藍賽。我偷偷出來，自己給跳上馬鞍。再會，鄰居]
‘Good-night,’ said Ranse. ‘Ride carefully over them badger holes.’

They wheeled and rode away in opposite directions. Yenna turned in her saddle and called clearly:

‘Don’t forget I’m your half-way girl, Ranse.’

‘Damn all family feuds and inherited scraps,’ muttered Ranse vindictively to the breeze as he rode back to the Cibolo.

Ranse turned his horse into the small pasture and went to his own room. He opened the lowest drawer of an old bureau to get out the packet of letters that Yenna had written him one summer when she had gone to Mississippi for a visit. The drawer stuck, and he yanked at it savagely -- as a man will. It came out of the bureau, and bruised both his shins -- as a drawer will. An old, folded yellow letter without an envelope fell from somewhere -- probably from
where it had lodged in one of the upper drawers. Ranse took it to the lamp and read it curiously.

Then he took his hat and went to one of the Mexican jacals.

‘Tia Juana,’ he said, ‘I would like to talk with you awhile.’

An old, old Mexican woman, white-haired and wonderfully wrinkled, rose from a stool.

‘Sit down,’ said Ranse, removing his hat and taking the one chair in the jacal. ‘Who am I, Tia Juana?’ he asked, speaking Spanish.

Then it had lodged in one of the upper drawers. Ranse took it to the lamp and read it curiously.

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‘Sit down,’ said Ranse, removing his hat and taking the one chair in the jacal. ‘Who am I, Tia Juana?’ he asked, speaking Spanish.
‘Don Ransom, our good friend and employer. Why do you ask?’ answered the old woman wonderingly.

‘Tia Juana, who am I?’ he repeated, with his stern eyes looking into hers.

A frightened look came in the old woman’s face. She fumbled with her black shawl.

‘Who am I, Tia Juana?’ said Ranse once more.

‘Thirty-two years I have lived on the Rancho Cibolo,’ said Tia Juana. ‘I thought to be buried under the coma mott beyond the garden before these things should be known. Close the door, Don Ransam, and I will speak. I see in your face that you know.’
An hour he spent behind Tia Juana’s closed door. As he was on his way back to the house Curly called to him from the wagon-shed.

He and Curly had a talk behind the door. On the way back, Curly asked him to bring him to his farm.

The tramp sat on his cot, swining his feet and smoking.

流浪者坐在小床上，擺著腳，抽著菸。

‘Say, sport,’ he grumbled. ‘This is no way to treat a man after kidnappin’ him. I went up to the store and borrowed a razor from that fresh guy and had a shave. But that ain’t all a man needs. Say -- can’t you loosen up for about three fingers more of that booze? I never asked you to bring me to your d -- d farm.’

[怎樣，相好，] 他嘟囑著。[這不是綁架人之後的待人之道。我到那店裏跟那個新鮮傢伙借了剃刀，刮了臉。可是一個人的需要比這個還多。怎樣--能不能把那老酒再讓我三個指幅？我不曾叫你把我帶來這屁--屁農場。]

‘Stand up out here in the light,’ said Ranse, looking at him closely.

[站到亮光這裏，] 藍賽說，一邊細細看他。
Curly got up sullenly and took a step or two.

他的臉，現在刮得光滑，看來整個變了。頭髪梳好，往額頭右邊倒下，帶個奇特的波捲。月光仁慈地把黃濁的肆虐給軟化了；長得好的鷹勾鼻，和小而方正的下巴，使得他面貌顯得特出。

Ranse sat on the foot of the cot and looked at him curiously.

藍賽坐在床尾，好奇地看他。

‘Where did you come from -- have you got any home or folks anywhere?’

[你是從那來的--有家庭或者親人嗎？]

‘Me? Why, I’m a dook,’ said Curly. ‘I’m Sir Reginald -- oh, cheese it. No; I don’t know anything about my ancestors. I’ve been a tramp ever since I can remember. Say, old pal, are you going to set ‘em up again tonight or not?’

[我？這，我是個斗，]毛捲捲說。[我是理政大
‘You answer my questions and maybe I will. How did you come to be a tramp?’

[你回答我的問題，我有可能給你。你是怎麼變成流浪漢的？]

‘Me’ answered Curly. ‘Why, I adopted that profession when I was an infant. Case of had to. First thing I can remember, I belonged to a big, lazy hobo called Beefsteak Charley. He sent me around to houses to beg. I wasn’t hardly big enough to reach the latch of a gate.’

[我，]毛捲捲回答。[這，我從嬰孩起就選就這行職業。是非做不可的例子。我只記得，我是由一個叫牛排查理的懶鬼養著。他要我沿門乞討。我那時候連門閂都夠不著。]

‘Did he ever tell you how he got you?’ asked Ranse.

[他告訴過你他是怎麼得到你的？]藍賽問。

‘Once when he was sober he said he bought me for an old six-shooter and six bits from a band of drunken Mexican sheep-shearers. But what’s the diff? That’s all I know.’

[有次他清醒的時候，他告訴我他拿一把舊左輪]
‘All right,’ said Ranse. ‘I’ll reckon you’re a maverick for certain. I’m going to put the Rancho Cibolo brand on you. I’ll start you to work in one of the camps tomorrow.’

‘Work!’ sniffed Curly, disdainfully. ‘What do you take me for? Do you think I’d chase cows, and hop-skip-and-jump around after crazy sheep like that pink-and-yellow guy at the store says these Reubs do? Forget it.’

‘Oh, you’ll like it when you get used to it,’ said Ranse. ‘Yes, I’ll send you up one more drink by Pedro. I think you’ll make a first-class cowpuncher before I get through with you.’

‘Me?’ said Curly. ‘I pity the cows you set me to
chaperon. They can go chase themselves. Don’t forget my nightcap, please, boss.’

[Ranse paid a visit to the store before going to the house. Sam Revell was taking off his tan shoes regretfully and preparing for bed.

蘭賽在回去之前造訪了一下販賣部。雷山姆依依不捨地脫下他的小牛皮鞋。

‘Any of the boys from the San Gabriel camp riding in early in the morning?’ asked Ranse.

[聖布給營明天大早有人來嗎？]蘭賽問。

‘Long Collins,’ said Sam, briefly. ‘For the mail.’

[長腿柯林，]山姆短截地說。[來拿信。]

‘Tell him,’ said Ranse, ‘to take that tramp out to camp with him and keep him till I get there.’

[告訴他，]蘭賽說，[把那流浪漢帶到營裏等我來。]

Curly was sitting on his blankets in the San Gabriel camp cursing talentedly when Ranse Truesdell rode up and dismounted on the next afternoon. The cow-punchers were ignoring the stray. He was grimy with
dust and black dirt. His clothes were making their last stand in favor of the conventions.

Ranse went up to Buck Rabb, the camp boss, and spoke beirfly.

Ranse走向營老闆駱公羊，剪斷地說了甚麼。

‘He’s a plum buzzard,’ said Buck. ‘He won’t work, and he’s the lowdownest passel of inhumanity I ever see. I didn’t know what you wanted done with him, Ranse, so I just let him set. That seems to suit him. He’s been condemned to death by the boys a dozen times, but I told ‘em maybe you was savin’ him for torture.’

[R他根本是隻禿鷹，]公羊說。[他不工作，他是我所看過最卑鄙的沒人性的一群。我不知道你要他來幹嘛，藍賽，所以就叫他自便。他倒挺喜擊。孩兒們要把他治死少說也有十次，是我跟他們說你可能留著他要來虐待吧。]

Ranse took off his coat.

藍賽脫掉外衣。

‘I’ve got a hard job before me, Buck, I reckon, but it has to be done. I’ve got to make a man out of that
thing. That’s what I’ve come to the camp for.’

[我有個難題目要做，公羊，我想，可是非做不可。我必須把那東西造成就個人。我就是為這個來營裏的。]

He went up to Curly.

他走向毛捲捲。

‘Brother,’ he said, ‘don’t you think if you had a bath it would allow you to take a seat in the company of your fellow-man with less injustice to the atmosphere?’

[老弟，]他說，[假如你洗個澡的話，你想是不是能和你的同類坐在一起的時候，少給空氣污染一點？]

‘Run away, farmer,’ said Curly, sardonically. ‘Willie will send for nursey when he feels like having his tub.’

[走開，農夫，]毛捲捲諷刺地說。[小弟弟要洗澡的話，自己會叫奶嬤。]

The charco, or water hoke, was twelve yards away. Ranse took one of Curly’s ankles and dragged him like a sack of potatoes to the brink. Then with the strength and sleight of a hammer-thrower he hurled the offending member of society far into the lake.

p. 345 (c) Chinese Translation Copyright 2014
Curly crawled out and up the bank spluttering like a porpoise.

毛捲捲爬出來到岸邊，噴水噴得像隻烏龜。

Ranse met him with a piece of soap and a coarse towel in his hands.

藍賽在岸邊拿了肥皂和粗毛巾迎著。

‘Go to the other end of the lake and use this,’ he said. ‘Buck will give you some dry clothes at the wagon.’

[到水洞另一頭去用這個，]他說。[公羊在篷車會給你些乾衣服。]

The tramp obeyed without protest. By the time supper was ready he had returned to camp. He was hardly to be recognized in his new blue shirt and brown duck clothes. Ranse observed him out of the corner of his eye.

流浪人毫不反抗地聽從。晚飯準備好的時候，他回到營。穿著新藍色襯衫和棕鴨色褲子，簡直判若兩人。藍賽側著冷眼觀察他。

‘Lord, I hope he ain’t a coward,’ he was saying to
himself. ‘I hope he won’t turn out to be a coward.’

His doubts were soon allayed. Curly walked straight to where he stood. His light-blue eyes were blazing.

‘Now I’m clean,’ he said, meaningly, ‘maybe you’ll talk to me. Think you’ve got a picnic here, do you? You clodhoppers think you can run over a man because you know he can’t get away. All right. Now, what do you think of that?’

Curly planted a stinging slap against Ranse’s left cheek. The print of his hand stood out a dull read against the tan.

Ranse smiled happily.

p. 347 (c) Chinese Translation Copyright 2014
The cow-punchers talk to this day of the battle that followed.

仔子們到今天還談那天隨後的一場架。

Somewhere in his restless tour of the cities Curly had acquired the art of self-defence. The ranchman was equipped only with the splendid strength and equilibrium of perfect health and the endurance conferred by decent living. The two attributes nearly matched. There were no formal rounds. At last the fibre of the clean liver prevailed. The last time Curly went down from one of the ranchman’s awkward but powerful blows he remained on the grass, but looking up with an unquenched eye.

毛捲捲在各市鎮流浪的時候學得防身之術。牛人只是氣力超然，由於健康而動作平穩，再加上生活適切，毅力極佳。真是英雄不打不相識，好似棋逢對手。雖然沒有真正的賽局。最終的時候由五臓六腑乾淨的一方獲勝。最後是牛人憨扭的一記猛拳把毛捲捲打倒草地，再也爬不起來，他只好朝上乾瞪眼，心有餘而力不足。

Ranse went to the water barrel and washed the red from a cut on his chin in the stream from the faucet.

藍賽走到水桶那裏，就水龍頭擦下巴上的一道傷口。

On his face was a grin of satisfaction.

他喜形於色地笑了。
Much benefit might accrue to educators and moralists if they could know the details of the curriculum of reclamation through which Ranse put his waif during the month that he spent in the San Gabriel camp. The ranchman had no fine theories to work out -- perhaps his whole stock of pedagogy embraced only a knowledge of horse-breaking and a belief in heredity.

The cow-punchers saw that their boss was trying to make a man out of the strange animal that he had sent among them; and they tacitly organized themselves into a faculty of assistants. But their system was their own.

Curly’s first lesson stuck. He became on friendly and then on intimate terms with soap and water. And the thing that pleased Ranse most was that his ‘subject’ held his ground at each successive higher step. But the steps were sometimes far apart.
Once he got at the quart bottle of whisky kept
sacredly in the grub tent for rattlesnake bites, and
spent sixteen hours on the grass, magnificently
drunk. But when he staggered to his feet his first
move was to find his soap and towel and start for
the charco. And once, when a treat came from the
ranch in the form of a basket of fresh tomatoes and
young onions, Curly devoured the entire
consignment before the punchers reached the camp
at supper time.

有一次他拿起特地放在廚房車的四分之一加侖威
士忌，那是專為救響尾蛇咬傷準備的，被他一口
喝得不剩一滴，然後躺在草地裏整整十六個鐘頭
。可是一但搖搖擺擺地爬起來，他第一個動作是
去找他的肥皂和毛巾，到水塘洗澡。還有一次，
牧場特地為牧牛營加菜，拿了一籃新鮮蕃茄和嫩
洋蔥來，也是給毛捲捲一口吃得精光，牛仔們回
來吃晚飯的時候，連個影子都沒看到。

And then the punchers punished him in their own
way. For three days they did not speak to him,
except to reply to his own questions or remarks.
And they spoke with absolute and unfailing
politeness. They played tricks on one another; they
pounded one another hurtfully and affectionately;
they heaped upon one another’s heads friendly
curses and obloquy, but they were polite to Curly.
He saw it, and it strung him as much as Ranse hoped
it would.
Then came a night that brought a cold, wet norther. Wilson, the youngest of the outfit, had lain in camp two day, ill with a fever. When Joe got up at daylight to begin breakfast he found Curly sitting asleep against a wheel of the grub wagon with only a saddle blanket around him, while Curly’s blankets were stretched over Wilson to protect him from the rain and wind.

三天之後，毛捲捲抱自己的毛毯蒙頭睡覺去了。其他的仔子靜悄悄地爬起來，開始準備。藍賽看見長腿柯林把一截繩子綁到馬鞍頭上。其餘的拿出左輪槍準備射擊。

p. 351 (c) Chinese Translation Copyright 2014
‘Boys,’ said Ranse, ‘I’m much obliged. I was hoping you would. But I didn’t like to ask.’

[孩兒們，] 藍賽說，[承謝了。我很希望你們這麼做。只是遲遲不便開口。]

Half a dozen six-shooters began to pop -- awful yells rent the air -- Long collins galloped wildly across Curly’s bed, dragging the saddle after him. That was merely their way of gently awaking their victim. Then they hazed him for an hour, carefully and ridiculously, after the code of cow camps. Whenever he uttered protest they held him stretched over a roll of blankets and thrashed him woefully with a pair of leather leggins.

五，六支手槍開始乒乓作響--仔子們野狼般 亂叫--長腿柯林粗野地跳過毛捲捲睡的床，後面拖著馬鞍。這只是他們親切地叫醒倒黴鬼的方式。然後他們整整鬧了他一個鐘頭，這是牧牛營的畢業典禮。每當他反抗的時候，他們硬把他壓在一捲毯子上，無情地拿一條皮套褲打他。

And all this meant that Curly had won his spurs, that he was receiving the punchers’ accolade. Nevermore would they be polite to him. But he would be their ‘pardner’ and stirrup-brother, foot to foot.

這所意味的是毛捲捲已經贏得仔子的資格，正在接受仔子們給他的榮耀。他們不會再對他假仙假鬼，文質彬彬地。從今天起，他將是他們的[伙計]，馬蹬子裏的拜把兄弟，不折不扣地。

p. 352 (c) Chinese Translation Copyright 2014
When the fooling was ended all hands made a raid on Joe’s big coffeepot by the fire for a Java nightcap. Ranse watched the new knight carefully to see if he understood and was worthy. Curly limped with his cup of coffee to a log and sat upon it. Long Collins followed and sat by his side. Buck Rabb went and sat at the other. Curly -- grinned.

And then Ranse furnished Curly with mounts and saddle and equipment, and turned him over to Buck Rabb, instructing him to finish the job.

Three weeks later Ranse rode from the ranch into Rabb’s camp, which was then in Snake Valley. The boys were saddling for the day’s ride. He sought out Long Collins among them.

‘How about that bronco?’ he asked.
Long Collins grinned.

ưng ai voi "Cam trùm Truesdell," anh th SQLException, "và anh sẽ触他。Anh có thể sèmes his’n, too, if anh like, for he’s plumb white and there’s none better in no camp.’

[伸出手来，杜蓝赛，]他说，[就能碰到他。你喜欢还可以跟他握手，因为他彻头彻尾是块材料，打灯笼也找不著的。]

Ranse looked again at the clear-faced, bronzed, smiling cow-puncher who stood at Collins’s side. Could that be Curly? He held out his hand, and Curly grasped it with the muscles of a bronco-buster.

[你跟我到牧場来，]蓝赛说。

‘All right, sport,’ said Curly, heartily. ‘But I want to come back again. Say, pal, this is a dandy farm. And I don’t want any better fun than hustlin’ cows with
At the Cibolo ranch-house they dismounted. Ranse bade Curly wait at the door of the living room. He walked inside. Old ‘Kiowa’ Truesdell was reading at a table.

他们在西堡牧場場房一同下馬。藍賽叫毛捲捲在起居室門口等等。他走到裏面。老杜[奇奧瓦]正在閱讀。

‘Good-morning, Mr. Truesdell,’ said Ranse.

[早安，杜先生，] 藍賽說。

The old man turned his white head quickly.

老人把雪白的頭快快一轉。

‘How is this?’ he began. ‘Why do you call me “Mr.--”?’

[怎麼回事？] 他說。[為甚麼你稱我＜-先生＞？]

When he looked at Ranse’s face he stopped, and the hand that held his newspaper shook slightly.

他看到藍賽的臉的時候就停了，拿著報紙的手微

p. 355 (c) Chinese Translation Copyright 2014
‘Boy,’ he said slowly, ‘how did you find it out?’

[孩子，]他慢聲地說，[ 你怎麼發現的？]

‘It’s all right,’ said Ranse, with a smile. ‘I made Tia Juana tell me. It was kind of by accident, but it’s all right.’

[ 沒事，] 藍賽說，一邊笑。[ 我叫巧諾嬸說給我聽的。說起來是個意外，可是沒有關係。]

‘You’ve been like a son to me’ said old ‘Kiowa,’ trembling.

[你一直像我的親生兒子一樣，]老[ 奇奧瓦，] 顫抖地說。

‘Tia Juana told me all about it,’ said Ranse. ‘She told me how you adopted me when I was knee-high to a puddle duck out of a wagon train of prospectors that was bound West. And she told me how the kid -- your own kid, you know -- got lost or was run away with. And she said it was the same day that the sheep-shearers got on a bender and left the ranch.’

[ 巧諾嬸都告訴我了，] 藍賽說。[ 她說我在膝蓋這麼高的時候你領養了我，我是那時候一群往西部淘金的篷車隊裏一個潦倒人家的小孩。她告訴我那個--你自己--的小孩在一群剪羊毛的喝 酒胡鬧離開牧場的同一天走失了。]
‘Our boy strayed from the house when he was two years old,’ said the old man. ‘And then along came these emigrant wagons with a youngster they didn’t want; and we took you. I never intended you to know, Ranse. We never heard of our boy again.’

‘He is right outside, unless I’m mighty mistaken,’ said Ranse, opening the door and beckoning.

Curly walked in.

No one could have doubted. The old man and the young had the same sweep of hair, the same nose, chin, line of face, and prominent light-blue eyes.

Old ‘Kiowa’ rose eagerly.

毛捲捲走進來。

Old ‘Kiowa’ rose eagerly.
Curly looked about the room curiously. A puzzled expression came over his face. He pointed to the wall opposite.

毛捲捲好奇地四下看。臉上呈現出迷惑的表情。他指向對面的牆上。

‘Where’s the tick-tock?’ he asked, absentmindedly.

[滴滴噹到那裏去了？]他漫不經心地問。

‘The clock,’ cried old ‘Kiowa’ loudly. ‘The eight-day clock used ot stand there. Why--’

[那座鐘，]老[奇奧瓦]大聲說。[那座以前掛在牆上的八天鐘。怎--]

He turned to Ranse, but Ranse was not there.

他轉身找藍賽，可是藍賽已經不在那兒。

Already a hundred yards away, Vaminos, the good flea-bitten dun, was bearing him eastward like a racer through dust and chaparral towards the Rancho de los Olmos.

一百碼遠的地方，飛鳴兒。這匹蚤斑灰馬早背著他像賽馬一樣，往東直衝飛揚的塵土和莧芭樂樹林，飛往鷹馬牧場。