

WORLD FAMOUS FICTIONS

啟示錄的四騎士
THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF
THE APOCALYPSE

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伍光建選譯

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THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF
THE APOCALYPSE

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[有一個西班牙人在南美洲開墾與畜牧，先後有一個法蘭西人姓狄諾耶 (Desnoyers) 名馬西洛 (Marcelo) 及一個日耳曼人姓哈特洛 (Hartrott) 名喀爾 (Karl) 在他手下辦事，他發了大財，把大女兒路易沙 (Luisa) 嫁與這個法國人，二女兒伊理納 (Elena) 嫁與這個德國人。兩個人都生有子女，這個大富翁所最喜歡的是長女的兒子名朱理奧 (Julio)，因為這個孩子長得很好看，分許多財產給他。富翁死後，兩個女婿各擁厚貲回歸本國。不久一九一四年歐洲大戰發生。朱理奧遊手好閒，最好漁色，有一天狄諾耶（這是指朱理奧）在一個議員拉古爾 (Lacour) 家中遇見羅利耶 (Laurier) 夫婦。譯者注]

作者傳略

伊巴尼斯(V. B. Ibanez)以一八六七年生於西班牙，以一九二八年死於法蘭西。他父親是一個布疋商。他在西班牙大學讀書，得過法律學位。他一進大學就犯規，他不過十八歲就第一次入獄，這是因為他作了一首短詩反對政府。此後他屢次入獄，有時亡命於巴黎及義大利。他屢次反抗政府，有一次他抗議政府壓制古巴叛亂。他發起一張共和報，自己當主筆，訪員，及批評員。他又開一間出版店，輸入歐洲文學的大著作，用賤價出售。他要西班牙追隨他國同入摩登思想潮流，有時甘冒性命危險做這件事。他曾被舉入議院當他那黨的黨魁。他撰過幾部小說，居多描寫鄉村生活，與他所熟習的那一路人物。他不獨好描寫人物，凡是他的小說都有目的。他最好學蘇拉(Zola)實寫，往往逾越範圍令讀者不歡。惟有這部“啓示錄的四騎士”卻是世人所最愛讀的。他這部小說取名於新約最末後一部書。這部書名“聖約翰啓示錄”，是新約裏頭最離奇恢詭的。書中第六章說第一個是騎白馬的人手執一弓；第二個是騎其紅如火的馬，手執大刀；第三個騎黑馬手執天平；第四個騎淡白色馬，手執一刀。這四個騎馬人代表瘟疫，戰爭，飢饉，死亡。這部小說就是實寫一九一四年歐洲大戰的這四件慘事。此書一出，風行各國，美國德敦公司(E. P. Dutton & Co)自一九一八年七月譯行，以至一九一九年六月，再版凡一百八十次，他國所譯行的不計，可見這部書是最通行的一部歐戰小說。他的筆墨穠麗，善於實寫，敘事畫人無不富於意味，通篇卻無一暗晦語。他所尤為注意描寫的是一個輕佻失檢婦人因丈夫臨陣身受重傷，被其所感，變為貞潔，及一個浮蕩紈袴子弟被這個婦人所感，由懦夫變作奮不顧身視死如歸的英雄，在小說中別開生面，尤為有益於世道人心。

民國二十三年

伍光建記。

啓示錄的四騎士

THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE
APOCALYPSE

THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE

PART I

CHAPTER III

THE DESNOYERS FAMILY

.....

... He was an engineer who owned a motor-factory for automobiles in the outskirts of Paris—a man about thirty-five, tall, rather heavy and silent, with a deliberate¹ air as though he wished to see deeply into men and things. She was of a light, frivolous character, loving life for the satisfactions and pleasures which it brought her, appearing to accept with smiling conformity² the silent and grave adoration of her husband. She could not well do less with a man of his merits.³ Besides, she had brought to the marriage a dowry of three hundred thousand francs, a capital which had enabled the engineer to enlarge his business.

Upon Marguerite Laurier the presence of Julio flashed like a ray of sunlight in the tiresome salon of Lacour. She was dancing the fad of the hour and frequenting the tango teas where reigned the adored Desnoyers. And to

¹deliberate, 深念 ²conformity, 從俗 ³merits, 才德

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第三回 狄諾耶家庭

羅利耶是一個機器師，在巴黎郊外開一機器廠製造汽車——他年約三十五歲，碩大而長，不多說話，滿臉是深念神色，好想他對於觀人論事都要想得很深透的。他的夫人卻是個輕浮女人，她以求得人世的滿意與快活為樂，她的丈夫不響的與嚴肅的崇拜她，她也就從俗，微笑承受。他是個有才德的人，她對待他至少也要這樣。況且她出嫁的時候帶來三十萬佛朗厚奩，這一筆資本能使這個機器師拓充他的工業。

拉古爾的大廳原是很無意味令人厭倦的，瑪古列（Marguerite 羅利耶夫人名。譯者注）在這裏一見了朱理奧，如同得了一線太陽光一般。她正在跳當時最時髦的唐古（Tango）舞，她常到唐古舞的茶會，朱理奧卻是許多女人所崇拜的，又是這種場面的大王。別的女人如瘋如狂要

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think that she was being entertained with this celebrated and interesting man that the other women were raving about! . . . In order that he might not take her for a mere middle-class woman like the other guests at the senator's party, she spoke of her modistes, all from the *rue de la Paix*, declaring gravely that no woman who had any self-respect could possibly walk through the streets wearing a gown costing less than eight hundred francs, and that the hat of a thousand francs—but a few years ago, an astonishing novelty—was nowadays a very ordinary affair.

This acquaintanceship made the "little Laurier," as her friends called her notwithstanding her tallness, much sought by the master of the dance, in spite of the looks of wrath and envy hurled at her by the others. What a triumph for the wife of a simple¹ engineer who was used to going everywhere in her mother's automobile! . . . Julio at first had supposed her like all the others who were languishing in his arms, following the rhythmic complications of the dance, but he soon found that she was very different. Her coquetry after the first confidential words, but increased his admiration. He really had never before been thrown with a woman of her class. Those of his first social period were the habitués of the night restaurants paid for their witchery.² Now Glory was tossing into his arms ladies of high position but with an unconfessable past, anxious for novelties although exceedingly mature. This middle-class woman, who would advance so confidently toward him and then retreat

¹ simple, 不過是. ² witchery, 迷人手段.

同這個有名有趣的人結交，這個人現在卻來敷衍她，她一想心裏就很高興！……在這個議員的聚會中的其他女客，都是中等人家，她不要他誤會，以爲她也是此輩中人，她就同他說她的裁縫們，全是從太平路來的，她還鄭重宣言凡是自愛的女人，絕不能穿一件價錢不及八百個佛朗的外衣在大街上走——她還說幾年前一頂令人驚奇的新式帽子值價一千佛朗——到了現在就不算什麼希奇了。

羅利耶夫人身材原是高的，她的朋友們卻稱她“小羅利耶，”這個跳舞會大王一認得小羅利耶，就常時找她，其他的婦女們妒忌她，怒目看她，她還是不管。一個不過是機器師的女人同這樣一個闊公子結交是多麼得意呀！她的丈夫從前無論往那裏去，坐的都是她母親的汽車。……從前有許多女人，軟弱無力的靠在朱理奧的兩隻膀子上，跟着音樂轉灣曲折的跳，他初時以爲羅利耶的太太同她們一樣，不久纔曉得她與衆極不同。他們說過幾句最初的秘密話之後，她的獻媚引誘手段使他更讚美她。他其實一向並未同她這樣階級的女人在過一起。他最初出來應酬的時候，他所結交的都是常往消夜酒店的婦女們，用錢買她們的迷人手段。他因爲“要露臉”就有許多已往不可過問的闊婦女摔在他的懷裏，她們雖然是飽嘗過滋味的，卻還要找新口味。這一個中等階級女人，有時深信不疑的向他進步，隨後又喜怒無常的忽然顧起廉恥來，又往後退

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with such capricious¹ outbursts of modesty, was a new type for him.

.....

Marguerite was also avoiding these places. The meetings of the two were taking place in accordance with what she had read in the love stories of Paris. She was going in search of Julio, fearing to be recognized, tremulous with emotion, selecting her most inconspicuous suit, and covering her face with a close veil—"the veil of adultery," as her friends called it. They had their trysts² in the least-frequented squares of the district, frequently changing the places, like timid birds that at the slightest disturbance fly to perch a little further away. Sometimes they would meet in the *Buttes Chaumont*, at others they preferred the gardens on the left bank of the Seine, the Luxembourg, and even the distant *Parc de Montsouris*. She was always in tremors of terror lest her husband might surprise them, although she well knew that the industrious engineer was in his factory a great distance away. Her agitated aspect, her excessive precautions in order to slip by unseen, only served to attract the attention of the passers-by. Although Julio was waxing impatient with the annoyance of this wandering love affair which only amounted to a few fugitive kisses, he finally held his peace, dominated by Marguerite's pleadings.

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¹ capricious, 喜怒無常; 反覆無常. ² trysts, 幽期密約的地方.

縮，但是從他的眼中看來卻是向所未曾遇過的。

[後來不久他不到唐古跳舞場了。譯者注] 瑪古列也躲退這種地方不去啦。她讀過許多巴黎的戀愛故事，她就照着書裏的辦法，兩人在別的地方聚會。她常找尋朱理奧，又怕人認得她，動情到發抖，揀她的最不鮮豔的衣服穿上，用密紗罩罩她的臉，她的朋友們稱爲“偷漢面紗。”他們揀人跡最少的地方作幽期密約之所，又常常換地方，如同胆怯的鳥一般，稍被驚動，就飛遠些。他們有時在某小山相會，有時在辛納 (Seine) 河左岸的花園裏相會，有時在洛桑堡 (Luxembourg)，有時在更遠的某公園。她常時發抖，恐怕她丈夫會出其不意的捉住他們，但是她卻曉得這個勤勞的機器師在工廠裏，離這裏很遠。她的驚恐面色，她又太過小心，不讓人看見就溜走了，反令過路的人注意。朱理奧見得這樣的遊蕩無定居的戀愛，使他不過得着不多幾次的偷吻，就覺得討厭，覺得不耐煩，瑪古列懇求他不要着急。後來他就不說不滿意的話啦。

[他們不過乘機偷吻，相偎相倚，她不許他進步太猛。

譯者注]

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This state of things lasted two months. They never knew what secret force suddenly disturbed their tranquillity. Perhaps one of her friends, guessing at the truth, had told the husband anonymously. Perhaps it was she herself unconsciously, with her inexpressible happiness, her tardy returns home when dinner was already served, and the sudden aversion which she showed toward the engineer in their hours alone, trying to keep her heart faithful to her lover. To divide her interest between her legal companion and the man she loved was a torment that her simple and vehement enthusiasm could not tolerate.

While she was hurrying one night through the *rue de la Pompe*, looking at her watch and trembling with impatience at not finding an automobile or even a cab, a man stood in front of her. . . . Etienne Laurier! She always shuddered with fear on recalling that hour. For a moment she believed that he was going to kill her. Serious men, quiet and diffident,¹ are most terrible in their explosions of wrath. Her husband knew everything. With the same patience that he employed in solving his industrial problems, he had been studying her day by day, without her ever suspecting the watchfulness behind that impassive² countenance. Then he had followed her in order to complete the evidence of his misfortune.

Marguerite had never supposed that he could be so common and noisy in his anger. She had expected that he would accept the facts coldly with that slight tinge of philosophical irony usually shown by distinguished men,

diffident, 多疑; 不自信. ² impassive, 無表示.

他們這樣戀愛有兩個月。他們始終不曉得什麼秘密力忽然驚擾他們的安寧。也許是她的一個朋友，猜着實情，寫匿名信告訴她的丈夫。也許是因為她自己不知不覺的露出破綻，因為她太過歡樂，開飯的時候她還遲遲的不回家，她又嘗試對於她的愛人表示只愛他一個人，並無貳心，所以當她與丈夫同在一起的時候，對於這個機器師，忽然表示憎厭。她要兩頭兼顧，一頭要對付她的法定的男伴一頭又要對付她的愛人，她是個老實而有狂熱的人，受不了這樣的麻煩。

有一天晚上她在龐普街匆匆走過 一面看表，一面因為找不着一輛汽車或馬車，正在那裏不耐煩到發抖，有一個男人站在她面前——原來就是她的丈夫羅列耶！她後來每次追想這次的情形，還是害怕到發抖的。她有一會子相信他要殺她。嚴厲的人，既安靜又多疑，到了發怒的時候是最可怕的，她的丈夫全曉得啦。他曾逐日研究她，如同他研究他的工業問題一般，她卻不會疑及那副無表示的面孔後頭的偵察。隨後他跟尋她的蹤跡，使他所遭的不幸的憑據滿足。

瑪古列絕不會猜到他發怒會變作這樣庸俗與咆哮。她只預料他如同她的女朋友們的丈夫們一樣，把這種事體看得冷淡，稍微帶點名人們所居多表示的哲學的反語

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as the husbands of her friends had done. But the poor engineer who, outside of his work, saw only his wife, loving her as a woman, and adoring her as a dainty and superior being, a model of grace and elegance, could not endure the thought of her downfall, and cried and threatened without reserve, so that the scandal became known throughout their entire circle of friends. The senator felt greatly annoyed in remembering that it was in his exclusive home that the guilty ones had become acquainted; but his displeasure was visited upon the husband. What lack of good taste! . . . Women will be women, and everything is capable of adjustment. But before the imprudent outbursts of this frantic devil no elegant solution was possible, and there was now nothing to do but to begin divorce proceedings.

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At first Laurier spoke of a duel. His wrath was that of a work horse who breaks the tight reins of his laboring outfit, tosses his mane, neighs wildly and bites. The father was greatly distressed at the possibility of such an outcome. . . . One scandal more! Julio had dedicated the greater part of his existence to the handling of arms.

“He will kill the poor man!” he said to the senator. “I am sure that he will kill him. It is the logic of life; the good-for-nothing always kill those who amount to anything.”

But there was no killing. The Father of the Republic knew how to handle the clashing parties, with the same skill that he always employed in the corridors of the Senate during a ministerial crisis. The scandal was

諷刺的彩色。不料這個可憐的機器師，辦完公事之外，所見的只是他的太太，當她是一個女人戀愛她，崇拜她是一個玲瓏嬌嫩的高等人物，當她是一個嫵麗與漂亮的模範，想到她墮落就不能忍受，盡情的叫喊與恐嚇，所以凡是在他們範圍內的朋友們全曉得這件醜事。那位議員先生一追憶這兩個罪人最初原是在他的排外雜人的家中認得的，他就很生氣；但是他只對她的丈夫生氣。他怪羅利耶多麼不曉事呀！……女人總是女人，無論什麼事，都是能夠通融的，能夠調停的。這個發狂的魔鬼毫無盤算的就鬧穿了，就不能有什麼漂亮的解決，既是別無良法，只好起首辦離婚的手續。……

羅利耶最初曾說到決鬪。他的怒氣如同一隻駕車的馬發怒，把很費事的羈勒的很緊的韁繩弄斷了，站在那裏摔他的鬃，亂嘶亂咬。那個爲父的很憂心，惟恐有決鬪的可能……還有一件不名譽的事！朱理奧費了許多時光學耍劍。

他對議員說過，“他會殺了那個可憐的人！我深信他會殺他。這是人世的邏輯；無用的人常殺有點用處的人。”

好在並不會殺了什麼人。共和國的國父曉得怎樣對付兩相衝突的人們，當政府遇着危機的時候，他常在上議院的廊子上用同等的手段對付黨員。他設法調停這件醜

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hushed up. Marguerite went to live with her mother and took the first steps for a divorce.

Some evenings, when the studio clock was striking seven, she would yawn and say sadly: "I must go. . . . I have to go, although this is my true home. . . . Ah, what a pity that we are not married!"

And he, feeling a whole garden of bourgeois virtues, hitherto ignored, bursting into bloom, repeated in a tone of conviction:

"That's so; why are we not married!"

Their wishes could be realized. The husband was facilitating the step by his unexpected intervention. So young Desnoyers set forth for South America in order to raise the money and marry Marguerite.

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PART II

CHAPTER II

NEW LIFE

When Marguerite was able to return to the studio in the *rue de la Pompe*, Julio, who had been living in a perpetual bad humor, seeing everything in the blackest colors, suddenly felt a return of his old optimism.

The war was not going to be so cruel as they all had at first imagined. The days had passed by, and the movements of the troops were beginning to be less noticeable. As the number of men diminished in the streets

事，不使鬧出來。瑪古列回去與她的母親同居，首先進行辦離婚。

有幾次傍晚，習畫室（這是朱理奧的習畫室。譯者注）的鐘打七點，她就打呵，慘然說道：“我必得走啦……我得走啦，其實這裏纔真是我的家……嗨，我們還不曾結婚，這是多麼可惜呀！”

他呢，他一向不知有市僧的道德，現在他全曉得啦，如園花怒放一般，他用深信其然的腔調說道：

“是這樣呀；爲什麼我們不結婚呀！”

他們兩個人的想望都能够實行。那個本夫出其不意的橫相干預，使他們更易於進行結婚。所以朱理奧·狄諾耶往南美洲，籌款與瑪古列結婚。

第二卷 第二回 新生活

等到瑪古列能够回到龐普街的習畫室，朱理奧本來一連過了許多不高興的日子，看見無論什麼事體都是黑暗的，現在忽然覺得他從前的樂觀回來了。

這次的戰事並不像他們最初所想像的那樣殘酷。現在已經過了許多天啦，不甚同從前那樣注意軍隊的行動啦。街上男人的數目減少了，女人的數目好像增加啦。錢

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the feminine population seemed to have increased. Although there was great scarcity of money, the banks still remaining closed, the necessity for it was increasingly great, in order to secure provisions. Memories of the famine of the siege of '70 tormented the imagination. Since war had broken out with the same enemy, it seemed but logical to everybody to expect a repetition of the same happenings. The storehouses were besieged by women who were securing stale food at exorbitant prices in order to store it in their homes. Future hunger was producing more terror than immediate dangers.

For young Desnoyers these were about all the transformations that war was creating around him. People would finally become accustomed to the new existence. Humanity has a certain reserve force of adaptation¹ which enables it to mould itself to circumstances and continue existing. He was hoping to continue his life as though nothing had happened. It was enough for him that Marguerite should continue faithful to their past. Together they would see events slipping by them with the cruel luxuriousness of those who, from an inaccessible height, contemplate a flood without the slightest risk to themselves.

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Meanwhile Julio was continuing the course of his own reflections. Marguerite! . . . She had come back at last, and yet each time seemed to be drifting further away from him.

¹ adaptation, 遷就; 隨境變遷。

幣雖然是減少了，銀行仍然關門，因為要買食物，更覺得要錢用。人們一追憶一八七〇年巴黎被圍的飢荒情形，就擾亂他們的想像，現在既是與從前圍城的仇敵打仗，人人都預料要再受同樣的遭遇，以為是很合邏輯的。有許多女人圍困店鋪，用很高的價錢買陳舊食物，以便屯在家裏。將來的捱餓比現在的危險發生更厲害的恐怖。

從少年的狄諾耶看來，打仗所發生的全數改變，只有這幾件事。人們後來就習慣這樣的新生活。人類有一定的善於遷就的後備力，使其能夠模範自身以適合於環境及接連全在。他正在希望繼續過他的生活，好像並無戰事發生一般。只要瑪古列接連不改節的忠於他們的既往他就心滿意足啦。他們但願同在一起看事體溜過，享受不顧他人死活的快樂，如同在水所不能到的高處的人們，看他人遭大水，自己並無絲毫的危險。……

[人們正在那裏談戰事的勝敗短長。譯者注] 朱理奧接連追逐他自己的反省。瑪古列！……最後她居然回來了，每次都好像同他相離越遠……

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In the first days of the mobilization, he had haunted¹ her neighborhood, trying to appease his longing by this illusory proximity. Marguerite had written to him, urging patience. How fortunate it was that he was a foreigner and would not have to endure the hardship of war! Her brother, an officer in the artillery Reserves, was going at almost any minute. Her mother, who made her home with this bachelor son, had kept an astonishing serenity up to the last minute, although she had wept much while the war was still but a possibility. She herself had prepared the soldier's outfit so that the small valise might contain all that was indispensable² for campaign life. But Marguerite had divined³ her poor mother's secret struggles not to reveal her despair, in moist eyes and trembling hands. It was impossible to leave her alone at such a time. . . . Then had come the farewell. "God be with you, my son! Do your duty, but be prudent." Not a tear nor a sign of weakness. All her family had advised her not to accompany her son to the railway station, so his sister had gone with him. And upon returning home, Marguerite had found her mother rigid in her arm chair, with a set face, avoiding all mention of her son, speaking of the friends who also had sent their boys to the war, as if they only could comprehend⁴ her torture. "Poor Mamá! I ought to be with her now more than ever. . . . To-morrow, if I can, I shall come to see you."

When at last she returned to the *rue de la Pompe*, her

¹ haunted, 留戀不去. ² indispensable, 必不能少的. ³ divined 猜着. ⁴ comprehend, 曉得; 領略.

當實行動員令最初那幾天，他常到她所住的地方的前後左右，留戀不去，嘗試用這樣自欺的親近，解他的渴想。瑪古列曾寫信給他，又勸他耐煩等候。他是個外國人，不必去受打仗的困苦，這是多麼僥倖呀！她的兄弟，是後備隊的一個軍官，正在預備隨時出發。她的母親同這個未娶親的兒子同住，一向都是很鎮靜，令人見了驚愕，當戰事可以發生的時候，她卻哭過好幾次。她親自替兒子備辦軍人行裝，以便小提包可以全裝打仗生活所用的必不能少的東西。但是瑪古列卻猜着她的可憐的母親的心裏的奮鬪，眼不含淚，手不發抖，不露出她的心痛欲絕。到了這個時候是絕不能撇開老母獨自一人過活。……隨後母子要分手啦。老母吩咐道：“我的兒子，我但願上帝保護你！你要盡你的職，卻要審慎。”她不滴一淚，不露任何依依不捨的態度。全數她的家族都勸她不必送她兒子到車站，所以只是他的妹妹送他。瑪古列回家，看見她的母親坐在交椅上不動，面孔是板板的，全不提她的兒子，說及也送他們的兒子去打仗的朋友們，好像只有他們能夠領略她心裏的痛苦。瑪古列說道，“可憐的母親！現在我更要陪她啦……明早我若能辦得到，我來看你。”[這是先說瑪古列被兄弟及母親所感動，心想陪她母親，卻又想走開去找她的愛人。譯者注]

到底她還是回去龐普路，她首先對朱理奧解說她的

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first care was to explain to Julio the conservatism¹ of her tailored suit, the absence of jewels in the adornment of her person. "The war, my dear! Now it is the *chic* thing² to adapt oneself to the depressing conditions, to be frugal and inconspicuous like soldiers. Who knows what we may expect!" Her infatuation³ with dress still accompanied her in every moment of her life.

Julio noticed a persistent absent-mindedness about her. It seemed as though her spirit, abandoning her body, was wandering to far-away places. Her eyes were looking at him, but she seldom saw him. She would speak very slowly, as though wishing to weigh every word, fearful of betraying some secret. This spiritual alienation did not, however, prevent her slipping bodily along the smooth path of custom, although afterwards she would seem to feel a vague remorse. "I wonder if it is right to do this! . . . Is it not wrong to live like this when so many sorrows are falling on the world?" Julio hushed her scruples⁴ with:

"But if we are going to marry as soon as possible! . . . If we are already the same as husband and wife!"

She replied with a gesture of strangeness and dismay. To marry! . . . Ten days ago she had had no other wish. Now the possibility of marriage was recurring less and less in her thoughts. Why think about such remote and uncertain events? More immediate things were occupying her mind.

¹ conservatism, 守舊主義. ² the *chic* thing, 派頭; 風氣. ³ infatuation, 非常的注意. ⁴ scruples, 良心.

水手打扮的衣服原是守舊主義，並無珠寶裝飾她自身。“我的寶貝，這是打仗時候呀！現在的派頭是要省儉，不出風頭，同軍人們一樣，以適合於蕭條情形。誰曉得將來是怎麼樣呀！”她仍然無時無刻不是非常的注意於衣服。

朱理奧看出她有屢次發現不在心的情形。好像她的靈魂拋棄了她的軀體，在遠處遊蕩。她的眼望他，卻很少的看見他。她慢慢的說話，好像要句斟字酌的，惟恐露出什麼祕密。這樣的心身分離卻不阻她的身體走習慣的熟路，但是事後她好像覺得有一種模糊的悔過。她就說道，“我不曉得我是否該做這件事！……現時世上遭了這許多慘痛，我這樣過活，是不是不應該的？”朱理奧說一句話，不要她自問良心：

“只要我們能够提早結婚！……現在我們若是如同結了婚的一般！”她用詫異與驚恐的態度答他。結婚呀！……十日前她只想結婚，並無其他想望。現在卻不是這樣啦，她心裏越久越無結婚的可能啦。爲什麼想到這樣相去甚遠與無定的事呀？有許多更親近的事體在她心裏。

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The farewell to her brother in the station was a scene which had fixed itself ineradicably¹ in her memory. Upon going to the studio she had planned not to speak about it, foreseeing that she might annoy her lover with this account; but alas, she had only to vow not to mention a thing, to feel an irresistible impulse to talk about it.

She had never suspected that she could love her brother so dearly. Her former affection for him had been mingled with a silent sentiment of jealousy because her mother had preferred the older child. Besides, he was the one who had introduced Laurier to his home; the two held diplomas as industrial engineers and had been close friends from their school days. . . . But upon seeing the boy ready to depart, Marguerite suddenly discovered that this brother, who had always been of secondary interest to her, was now occupying a pre-eminent place in her affections.

“He was so handsome, so interesting in his lieutenant’s uniform! . . . He looked like another person. I will admit to you that I was very proud to walk beside him leaning on his arm. People thought that we were married. Seeing me weep, some poor women tried to console me saying, ‘Courage, Madame. . . . Your man will come back.’ He just laughed at hearing these mistakes. The only thing that was really saddening him was thinking about our mother.”

They had separated at the door of the station. The sentries would not let her go any further, so she had handed over his sword that she had wished to carry till the

¹ineradicably, 不能磨滅.

她在車站同她的哥哥訣別的光景，深印在她心裏，是不能磨滅的。當她走入習畫室的時候，她盤算好了不提這件事，她料着這種說話可以使她的愛人生氣；不料只要她立意不說一件事，她反覺得有一種不能抗拒的衝動，逼她說這件事。

她一向不曾疑到她會愛她的哥哥愛到這樣地步。她從前愛他，卻帶着不說出來的妒忌，因為她母親偏愛長子。況且原是他介紹羅列耶於他的家裏的；這兩個人都有工業機器師文憑，自從同學時起，就是親密朋友。……但是當瑪古列看見這個孩子預備出發的時候，他從前在她的心裏不過常居二等，現在她忽然揭曉她所最親愛的卻是他。

她說道，“他穿了陸軍中尉衣服有多麼好看，多麼有趣呀！……他好像另一個人。我肯對你承認我靠着他的手臂，在他身邊並排走，我覺得很得意。人們以為我們是夫婦。有幾個可憐的女人看見我哭，嘗試安慰我，說道，‘瑪當，你放胆……你的男人將來會回來的。’他聽見她們的話說錯了，就大笑。只有一件事傷他的心，就是想他的母親。”

他們兄妹兩人在車站門口分手。哨兵們不許她再往前走，她只好把刀交給他，她願拿着這把刀，等到最後一

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last moment.

“It is lovely to be a man!” she exclaimed enthusiastically. “I would love to wear a uniform, to go to war, to be of some real use!”

She tried not to say more about it, as though she suddenly realized the inopportuneness¹ of her last words. Perhaps she noticed the scowl on Julio's face.

.....

At the station entrance, while she was kissing her brother for the last time, she had an encounter, a great surprise. “He” had approached, also clad as an artillery officer, but alone, having to entrust his valise to a good-natured man from the crowd.

Julio shot her a questioning look. Who was “he”? He suspected, but feigned ignorance, as though fearing to learn the truth.

“Laurier,” she replied laconically, “my former husband.”

The lover displayed a cruel irony. It was a cowardly thing to ridicule this man who had responded to the call of duty. He recognized his vileness, but a malign and irresistible instinct made him keep on with his sneers in order to discredit the man before Marguerite. Laurier a soldier!—He must cut a pretty figure dressed in uniform!

“Laurier, the warrior!” he continued in a voice so sarcastic and strange that it seemed to be coming from somebody else. . . . “Poor creature!”

She hesitated in her response, not wishing to exasperate

¹ inopportuneness, 不合時宜.

刻纔交給他。

她很熱心的說道，“做一個男子是多麼可愛呀！我愛穿一身軍服，前去打仗，做一個有實用的人！”

她嘗試不再說這件事啦，好像她忽然體會她的最後兩句話說得不合時宜。也許她看見朱理奧皺眉作不喜歡神色。……

當她正在車站的進口最後吻她哥哥的時候，她遇着一個人，她覺得很詫異。原來“他”也到了，也穿着一個礮隊軍官的制服，卻只是單身一人（單身字句下得極有意思。譯者注），只好把他的提包交與羣衆中的一個人。

朱理奧用眼射她，帶着盤問的神色。“他”是誰呀？他疑着了，卻詐裝不曉得，好像不願意曉得實情。

她卻很單簡的答道，“是羅列耶，我的前夫。”

這個愛人露出一種刻薄藐視神氣。這個人奉徵投軍，他挖苦這個人原是懦夫所爲。他曉得他自己的卑劣，但是有一種懷惡的與不能抵抗的本能使他接連藐視他，意在當瑪古列的面輕視這個人。羅列耶當軍人呀！——他穿了軍服必定是很好看的！

“羅列耶當戰士呀！這個可憐人呀！”他接連用極其嘲侮的與怪異的聲音說話，好像是從別人嘴裏說出來的。

她遲疑作答，不願再激惱狄諾耶。但是她急於要說真

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Desnoyers any further. But the truth was uppermost in her mind, and she said simply:

“No . . . no, he didn't look so bad. Quite the contrary. Perhaps it was the uniform, perhaps it was his sadness at going away : lone, completely alone, without a single hand to clasp his. I didn't recognize him at first. Seeing my brother, he started toward us; but then when he saw me, he went his own way. . . . Poor man! I feel sorry for him!”

Her feminine instinct must have told her that she was talking too much, and she cut her chatter suddenly short. The same instinct warned her that Julio's countenance was growing more and more saturnine,¹ and his mouth taking a very bitter curve. She wanted to console him and added:

“What luck that you are a foreigner and will not have to go to the war! How horrible it would be for me to lose you!” . . .

She said it sincerely. . . . A few moments before she had been envying men, admiring the gallantry with which they were exposing their lives, and now she was trembling before the idea that her lover might have been one of these.

This did not please his amorous egoism²—to be placed apart from the rest as a delicate and fragile being only fit for feminine adoration. He preferred to inspire the envy that she had felt on beholding her brother decked out in his warlike accoutrement. It seemed to him that something was coming between him and Marguerite that would never disappear, that would go on expanding, repelling

¹ saturnine, 沉悶不樂. ² egoism 爲己主義.

實話，她就老實說道：

“不是的，不是的，他並不難看。的確不難看。也許是制服，也許是他很淒慘的獨自一人走來，完全只是他一個人，並無一個人抓他的手，使我這樣想。我起初並不認得他。他看見我的哥哥，就趕到我們這裏；但是他一看見我，他就走開了。……可憐的人呀！我很爲他難受！”

她的女人本能必定會告訴她說話太多了，她忽然截短她的話語，不往下說啦。同此本能又警告她朱理奧的面色越變越沈悶不高興啦，況且他的嘴現出很痛恨的曲線啦。她要安慰他，又說道：

“你是一個外國人，不必去打仗，這是多麼僥倖呀！我若失了你，是多麼可怕呀！”[寫她一面憐恤前夫一面卻捨不得奸夫。譯者注]

她說的是真誠話……不過幾分鐘前她正在那裏羨慕男子，讚美他們不顧性命的英勇，現在她卻發抖，惟恐她的愛人也許會不顧性命。

他的戀愛全是爲己主義，聽了她這番話很不高興——因爲她這番話使他覺得她把他撇開，當他不過是一個嬌嫩脆弱的人，什麼都不會做，只配女人崇拜。他寧願激發她的羨慕，如同她看見她哥哥扮作軍人，穿了軍服就生羨慕（這是說瑪古列起首感化朱理奧。譯者注）。他好像覺得有什麼事體來隔離他與瑪古列，這件事體方且永遠不

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them in contrary directions . . . far . . . very far, even to the point of not recognizing each other when their glances met.

He continued to be conscious of this impalpable¹ obstacle in their following interviews. Marguerite was extremely affectionate in her speech, and would look at him with moist and loving eyes. But her caressing hands appeared more like those of a mother than a lover, and her tenderness was accompanied with a certain disinterestedness and extraordinary modesty. She seemed to prefer remaining obstinately in the studio, declining to go into the other rooms.

“We are so comfortable here. . . . I would rather not. . . . It is not worth while. I should feel remorse afterwards. Why think of such things in these anxious times!”

The world around her seemed saturated with love, but it was a new love—a love for the man who is suffering, desire for abnegation, for sacrifice. This love called forth visions of white caps, of tremulous hands healing shell-riddled and bleeding flesh.

Every advance on Julio's part but aroused in Marguerite a vehement and modest protest as though they were meeting for the first time.

“It is impossible,” she protested. “I keep thinking of my brother, and of so many that I know that may be dying at this very minute.”

News of battles were beginning to arrive, and blood was beginning to flow in great quantities.

¹impalpable, 不能捉摸

會消滅，接連展拓，分頭驅逐他們，越離越遠……分離得很遠，使他們眼雖與眼相遇卻是彼此不認識的。

他接連覺得後來他們相見，就有這樣捉摸不着的阻隔。瑪古列說話還是極其親愛的，帶着含淚的眼與戀愛的眼看他。但是她的撫摩的手更像母親的手，不像愛人的手，她的溫柔卻帶着一種並不爲私，又極其顧廉恥的意味。她好像寧願坐在習畫室裏，很執拗的不肯離開，卻不願進去其他的屋子。

她說道：“我們在這裏很舒服呀……我不願意……值不得……事後我會追悔的……正在憂愁的時候爲什麼想到那種事！”……（說得含蓄。譯者注）

包圍她的世界好像彌漫了愛情，不過是一種新的愛情——是爲受痛苦的男人而發生的愛情，願意克己，願意犧牲。這種愛情喚起幾種心境，願戴白帽，兩手抖抖的療治彈子所打傷的與流血的肉。

朱理奧每一進步只激動瑪古列發生激烈的與知恥的拒絕，好像他們是初次見面的。

她抗拒他，說道：“這是不可能的。我接連不斷的想我的哥哥，想我所認得的許多人，他們也許這個時候正在那裏死啦。”

起首有戰事消息到來了，起首流許多血了。

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“No, no, I cannot,” she kept repeating.

And when Julio finally triumphed, he found that her thoughts were still following independently the same line of mental stress.

One afternoon, Marguerite announced that henceforth she would see him less frequently. She was attending classes now, and had only two free days.

Desnoyers listened, dumbfounded. Classes? What were her studies? . . .

She seemed a little irritated at his mocking expression. . . . Yes, she was studying; for the past week she had been attending classes. Now the lessons were going to be more regular; the course of instruction had been fully organized, and there were many more instructors.

“I wish to be a trained nurse. I am distressed over my uselessness. . . . Of what good have I ever been till now?” . . .

She was silent for a few moments as though reviewing her past.

“At times I almost think,” she mused, “that war, with all its horrors, still has some good in it. It helps to make us useful to our fellowmen. We look at life more seriously; trouble makes us realize¹ that we have come into the world for some purpose. . . . I believe that we must not love life only for the pleasures that it brings us. We ought to find satisfaction in sacrifice, in dedicating ourselves to others, and this satisfaction—I don’t know just why, perhaps because it is new—appears to me superior to all other things.”

¹ realize, 體會

她屢次說道，“不，我不能。”

等到朱理奧最後得利的時候，他曉得她的思想仍然還是獨立的走那一條路，還是想着前敵的痛苦。

有一天下午瑪古列宣布她不能常來看他啦。她要上課，只有兩天可以自由。

狄諾耶留心聽，糊塗了。上課麼？……她所學的是什麼學問？……

她看見他的挖苦面色，她好像有點生氣……是的，她正在學習；上一個星期她曾上課。現在學課更要循序；課程已經完全組織好了，加添好幾個教員。

她說道：“我願當一個受過教練的看護。我看見我自己那樣無用，我很難過……自從前以至如今，我做過什麼好事”？……

她停了一會子不響，好像回頭查看她的已往。

她心裏想道，“有時我幾乎思維打仗雖然有全數可怖的事，卻還有多少好處。打仗助我們變作更有用於我們的同胞。我們看人生看得更認真；困難使我們體會我們生在世上原是有所爲的。……我相信我們不要只爲世界所賜我們的快樂而樂生。我們應該在犧牲中求滿意，在爲人中求滿意，我不曉得確是爲什麼，也許是因爲新鮮——我覺得這樣的滿意好像比全數其他事物都高貴得多。”

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Julio looked at her in surprise, trying to imagine what was going on in that idolized and frivolous head. What ideas were forming back of that thoughtful forehead which until then had merely reflected the slightest shadow of thoughts as swift and flitting as birds? . . .

But the former Marguerite was still alive. He saw her constantly reappearing in a funny way among the sombre preoccupations with which war was overshadowing all lives.

“We have to study very hard in order to earn our diplomas as nurses. Have you noticed our uniform? . . . It is most distinctive, and the white is so becoming both to blondes and brunettes. Then the cap which allows little curls over the ears—the fashionable coiffure—and the blue cape over the white suit, make a splendid contrast. With this outfit, a woman well shod, and with few jewels, may present a truly *chic* appearance. It is a mixture of nun and great lady which is vastly becoming.”

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CHAPTER IV

NEAR THE SACRED GROTTA

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His visits to the hospitals there were also unavailing. Nobody seemed to know Marguerite. Every day a train was arriving with a new load of bleeding flesh, but her brother was not among the wounded. A Sister of Charity believing that he was in search of some one of his family

¹unavailing, 枉然; 無用.

朱理奧很詫異的看了她，嘗試想像在那個他所崇拜的與輕浮的頭腦裏想些什麼。她這個頭向來所想的不過是迅速的與一過不留，如鳥一般的最輕佻的思想影子，這時候在那裏打些什麼主意？……

但是從前的瑪古列仍然活着。戰事一發生，就要暫時丟開全數生活，先顧許多愁慘的事，他看出她在這樣的愁慘事裏頭，復現的本來面目，令人見了好笑。（雙管齊下，一面寫她被愛國捨身的英雄氣概所感化，一面寫她的本來面目，寫得好看。譯者注）

她說道：“我們要很辛苦的讀書，纔能夠得看護的文憑。你會看見我們的制服麼？……我們的制服是最容易辨認的，無論是臉色白的抑或是臉色黑的，穿上白衣服都是好看的。頭上戴的小帽讓小簇的頭髮在耳上露出來——這是時髦的理髮——還有藍色披肩穿在白衣服上，相襯得很好看。一個女人這樣打扮，穿上好鞋子，戴上不多的幾樣珠寶，很可以擺出真正時髦樣子來。這是一半尼姑一半闊貴婦的打扮，是很好看的。”

第四回 在聖洞附近

〔瑪古列後來得了他哥哥從前敵來的信說及她丈夫怎樣奮勇，身受重傷，她就往前敵找尋她的丈夫，遺下一封信，與朱理奧辭別，並不說明她往什麼地方去，做什麼事。朱理奧決計去找她。他從她的母親口裏，曉得她住在拍烏(Pau)。譯者注〕

他到過好幾處醫院探問，全是枉然。無人曉得瑪古列。每天都有火車到，新裝來許多流血的人，卻並無她的哥哥。有一個尼姑相信他是找他的親戚，可憐他，指點他

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took pity on him and gave him some helpful directions. He ought to go to Lourdes; there were many of the wounded there and many of the military nurses. So Desnoyers immediately took the short cut between Pau and Lourdes.

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Just as soon as he had found a room in a hotel near the river, he had hastened to the big hostelry, now converted into a hospital. The guard told him that he could not speak to the Director until the afternoon. In order to curb his impatience he walked through the street leading to the basilica,¹ past all the booths and shops with pictures and pious souvenirs which have converted the place into a big bazaar. Here and in the gardens adjoining the church, he saw wounded convalescents with uniforms stained with traces of the combat. Their cloaks were greatly soiled in spite of repeated brushings. The mud, the blood and the rain had left indelible spots and made them as stiff as cardboard. Some of the wounded had cut their sleeves in order to avoid the cruel friction on their shattered arms, others still showed on their trousers the rents made by the devastating shells.

They were fighters of all ranks and of many races—infantry, cavalry, artillerymen; soldiers from the metropolis and from the colonies; French farmers and African sharpshooters; red heads, faces of Mohammedan olive and the black countenances of the Sengalese, with eyes of fire, and thick, bluish blubber lips; some showing the good-nature and sedentary obesity of the middle-class man suddenly converted into a warrior; others sinewy,

basilica, 大教堂.

往什麼地方找。他應該往魯爾狄(Lourdes)找；那裏有許多傷兵，有許多陸軍看護。狄諾耶立刻抄近從拍烏往魯爾狄。

他在河邊的一所旅館找着一個房間，就趕快走到一間本來是大客寓，現在改作醫院。守兵告訴他要等到下午纔能同院長說話。他因為要節制他的急性子，只好在往教堂的大街上走，走過許多賣畫賣宗教紀念物的店鋪，這許多店房把這個地方變作一個大市場。他在這裏與教堂附近的幾所花園看見許多穿着血染軍服的病好的傷兵。他們的外衣雖然刷過多次還是很臟的。衣服沾了許多泥，血及雨，洗刷不丟，變作同紙朴那麼硬。有些傷兵把袖子剪了，免得磨擦他們的打斷的臂膀，有許多還穿着彈子扯破的褲子。

這裏頭無論那個階級的都有，那國的人都有——有步兵，有騎兵，有礮兵；有從城市來的，有從殖民地來的；有法蘭西農人，有非洲的好鎗手；有紅頭的，有橄欖色臉的回教徒，有黑臉的辛哥利(Sengalese)人，兩眼如火，兩脣厚而發青，好像發腫；有好些是中等階級人忽然變作軍人，露出良善脾氣，與多坐少動的發胖身軀；又有許多一

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alert, with the aggressive profile of men born to fight, and experienced in foreign fields.

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Very few still preserved the noble vertical carriage, the pride of the superior human being. They were walking along bent almost double, limping, dragging themselves forward by the help of a staff or friendly arm. Others had to let themselves be pushed along, stretched out on the handcarts which had so often conducted the devout sick from the station to the Grotto of the Virgin. Some were feeling their way along, blindly, leaning on a child or nurse. The first encounters in Belgium and in the East, a mere half-dozen battles, had been enough to produce these physical wrecks¹ still showing a manly nobility in spite of the most horrible outrages. These organisms, struggling so tenaciously to regain their hold on life, bringing their reviving energies out into the sunlight, represented but the most minute part of the number mowed down by the scythe of Death. Back of them were thousands and thousands of comrades groaning on hospital beds from which they would probably never rise. Thousands and thousands were hidden forever in the bosom of the Earth moistened by their death agony—fatal land which, upon receiving a hail of projectiles, brought forth a harvest of bristling crosses!

War now showed itself to Desnoyers with all its cruel hideousness. He had been accustomed to speak of it heretofore as those in robust health speak of death, know-

¹physical wrecks, 肢體殘廢的人。

身全是筋肉，精神活潑，滿臉好鬪神氣，這都是天生好打仗的人，在國外的戰場得過閱歷。……

不多的幾個仍然保存着高貴的挺直身子，這是高等人以此驕人的。他們駝着背跛着腳走，或用手杖或用人領，拖着自己身子向前走。有許多挺在手車上，要人推，常用這種車，推信教誠篤的傷兵往聖母洞。有些扶着一個孩子或看護人，瞎摸着往這裏來。最初幾次在比利時打仗與在東方打仗，不過打了六七次仗，就够產出這許多肢體殘廢的人，他們雖然受過最可怕的殘忍待遇，卻還露出一種男子漢的名貴。這許多生物，這樣的努力奮鬪要再抱住生命不放，把他們的復活的精力送在太陽底下，其實死神的鐮刀所割下的人是很多的，這不過是很小的一部分。在他們背後還有萬千同胞在醫院的牀上呻吟，這些人大約是不會活的了。還有萬千人永遠埋在土裏，被他們臨死時的傷痛的血所浸，土還是溼的——這片致死的戰場，受了一陣如同下雹一般的子彈，產生如同毛那樣密的十字架！

狄諾耶現在看見打仗所帶來的全數殘酷的可怕。他從前常談打仗，如同身體健康的人談死，曉得人是會死

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ing that it exists and is horrible, but seeing it afar off . . . so far off that it arouses no real emotion. The explosions of the shells were accompanying their destructive brutality with a ferocious mockery, grotesquely disfiguring the human body. He saw wounded objects just beginning to recover their vital force who were but rough skeletons of men, frightful caricatures, human rags, saved from the tomb by the audacities of science—trunks with heads which were dragged along on wheeled platforms; fragments of skulls whose brain were throbbing under an artificial cap; beings without arms and without legs, resting in the bottom of little wagons, like bits of plaster models or scraps from the dissecting room; faces without noses that looked like skulls with great, black nasal openings. And these half-men were talking, smoking, laughing, satisfied to see the sky, to feel the caress of the sun, to have come back to life, dominated by that sovereign desire to live which trustingly forgets present misery in the confident hope of something better.

So strongly was Julio impressed that for a little while he forgot the purpose which had brought him thither. . . . If those who provoke war from diplomatic chambers or from the tables of the Military Staff could but see it—not in the field of battle fired with the enthusiasm which prejudices judgments—but in cold blood, as it is seen in the hospitals and cemeteries, in the wrecks left in its trail! . . .

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Julio was drawn out of these pessimistic reflections by the childish glee which many of the convalescents were

的，又是可怕的，但他是從很遠地方看的……遠到並不激發真實情緒。當礮彈炸裂的時候，其毀壞一切的猛力還帶着兇殘的傷害肢體，使人不能忍視，殘毀到奇形怪狀，不復是人形啦。他看見受傷的人纔起首恢復他們的生力，他們變作不過是人的很粗的架子，奇形異狀，令人可怕，不過是人的殘餘，不過是醫術放胆治療，纔得救不死——有些只是人身帶着頭，用木板鋪在車輪拖走；有許多只剩幾塊頭骨，腦漿還在了一件人製的小帽下跳動；有許多無手無腳的，躺在小車上，如同一片片的石膏模型，也有像從開刀房出來的一塊塊的骨肉；有許多有臉無鼻的，好像有兩個大黑鼻孔的頭顱。這許多只算得半個人，卻在那裏談笑吸煙，得見天日就滿意，覺得太陽撫摩他們，覺得復活，他們一心只想活，就忘記了現在的痛苦，很希望過更好的生活。

朱理奧看見這種情形，得了很有力的印象，他有一會子忘記了他是爲什麼事來的。……但願從外交室或從參謀室的桌上激出戰事的人們，能夠看見這樣的情形——不是在用擾亂判決力的狂熱激動慘殺的戰場上看這樣的光景——要在無人道的流血地方，要在醫院，墳地，要在戰後所餘的肢體殘廢的人堆中，看這樣可怕的景象！……

朱理奧正在那裏作悲觀的反省，被許多病痊的傷兵的一陣如孩子們那麼開心的笑聲所驚動。他看見好些回

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evincing. Some were Mussulmans, sharpshooters from Algeria and Morocco. In Lourdes, as they might be anywhere, they were interested only in the gifts which the people were showering upon them with patriotic affection. They all surveyed with indifference the basilica inhabited by "the white lady," their only preoccupation being to beg for cigars and sweets.

Finding themselves regaled by the dominant race, they became greatly puffed up, daring everything like mischievous children. What pleased them most was the fact that the ladies would take them by the hand. Blessed war that permitted them to approach and touch these white women, perfumed and smiling as they appeared in their dreams of the paradise of the blest! "Lady . . . Lady," they would sigh, looking at them with dark, sparkling eyes. And not content with the hand, their dark paws would venture the length of the entire arm while the ladies laughed at this tremulous adoration. Others would go through the crowds, offering their right hand to all the women. "We touch hands." . . . And then they would go away satisfied after receiving the hand clasp.

Desnoyers wandered a long time around the basilica where, in the shadow of the trees, were long rows of wheeled chairs occupied by the wounded. Officers and soldiers rested many hours in the blue shade, watching their comrades who were able to use their legs. The sacred grotto was resplendent with the lights from hundreds of candles. Devout crowds were kneeling in the open air, fixing their eyes in supplication on the sacred stones whilst their thoughts were flying far away to the

教人，是從亞爾吉利亞及摩洛哥來的好鎗手。在魯爾狄，如同在無論什麼其他地方一樣，他們只注意於人們有愛國思想的亂給他們東西。他們看那所“白衣貴婦”所住的教堂，是看得很冷淡的，他們的惟一用心，全在乞雪茄與糖食。

他們看見征服他們的異族，現在用精美的品物餉他們，他們就變作龐然自大啦，如同淘氣孩子們一般，無論什麼都敢做啦。他們所最喜歡的是貴婦們同他們拉手。降福的戰事使這些白種婦人，滿身香氣，滿臉笑容，讓回教人走近她們，摩她們的手，他們就覺得如同夢到有福人所在的天堂所見的美人一般！他們就歎氣，用一雙閃光的黑眼看白種女人，說道，“太太……太太。”他們摩摩白種女人的手還不滿意，還胆敢摩她們全隻膀子，婦女們一面笑他們的發抖的崇拜。其他的回教人在人隊中走過，向婦女們獻他們的右手。“我們摩手。”……他們同婦女們抓手之後就很滿意的走開〔確是滅國種族的心理，虧他寫得出。譯者注〕。

狄諾耶在教堂的周圍走了許久，看見樹陰底下有幾長排的有輪椅子，其上都是受傷的人。軍官與軍人在綠蔭中休息好幾點鐘，看着能用腳走的同胞們。神洞裏頭點着千百蠟燭，照得很光。成羣的奉教虔篤的人在露天處跪下，兩眼釘住神石祈求，同時他們的思想卻飛到很遠，飛

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fields of battle, making their petitions with that confidence in divinity which accompanies every distress. Among the kneeling mass were many soldiers with bandaged heads, kepis in hand and tearful eyes.

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His afternoon explorations were no more successful. The employees listened to his interrogations with a distraught air. He could come back again; just now they were taken up with the announcement that another hospital train was on the way. The great battle was still going on near Paris. They had to improvise lodgings for the new consignment of mutilated humanity. In order to pass away the time until his return, Desnoyers went back to the garden near the grotto. He was planning to return to Pau that night; there was evidently nothing more to do at Lourdes. In what direction should he now continue his search?

Suddenly he felt a thrill down his back—the same indefinable sensation which used to warn him of her presence when they were meeting in the gardens of Paris. Marguerite was going to present herself unexpectedly as in the old days without his knowing from exactly what spot—as though she came up out of the earth or descended from the clouds.

After a second's thought he smiled bitterly. Mere tricks of his desire! Illusions! . . . Upon turning his head he recognized the falsity of his hope. Nobody was following his footsteps; he was the only being going down the center of the avenue. Near him, in the diaphanous white of a guardian angel, was a nurse. Poor blind man!

到戰場上，凡遇災禍的時候每不深信神靈，現在他們也帶着這樣的深信祈禱。在跪下的人堆中有好幾個裏頭的軍人，手上抓着軍帽，滿眼是淚。

[他在教堂裏找不着瑪古列。譯者注]

他午後出外找，又找不着。用人聽他的盤問，帶着無心理會的神色。他可以再來；現在他們得了宣布說是另有一串醫院車快要到啦。在巴黎附近仍然大戰。他們要臨時籌備居住的地方，以便招呼新送來的傷兵。狄諾耶因為要等幾時纔再回這裏來，就走回來神洞附近花園消遣。他打算今晚回去拍烏；這裏是顯然無事可做的了。他現在該向那一方接連找尋？

他忽然覺得有一陣震動穿背而下——當他們在巴黎的花園相會的時候他常有這樣的不能名言的感覺，報告她來啦。他想瑪古列要如同從前那樣，出其不意的，現出她的自身，他卻不曉得她究竟是從什麼地點出來的——好像她是從地下鑽出來的，或是從天下降的。

他想了一秒鐘後，很難過的微笑。這不過是他的想望作弄他！夢想！——他掉過頭來就曉得他的希望是假的。並無人跟着他的腳後跟；只有他一個人在大街中間往下走。有一個看護離他不遠，穿的是一個司保護的安琪兒的透光白衣服。可憐他這個瞎眼人！……狄諾耶正在要走過

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. . . Desnoyers was passing on when a quick movement on the part of the white-clad woman, an evident desire to escape notice, to hide her face by looking at the plants, attracted his attention. He was slow in recognizing her. Two little ringlets escaping from the band of her cap made him guess the hidden head of hair; the feet shod in white were the signs which enabled him to reconstruct the person somewhat disfigured by the severe uniform. Her face was pale and sad. There wasn't a trace left in it of the old vanities that used to give it its childish, doll-like beauty. In the depths of those great, dark-circled eyes life seemed to be reflected in new forms. . .
Marguerite!

They stared at one another for a long while, as though hypnotized with surprise. She looked alarmed when Desnoyers advanced a step toward her. No . . . No! Her eyes, her hands, her entire body seemed to protest, to repel his approach, to hold him motionless. Fear that he might come near her, made her go toward him. She said a few words to the soldier who remained on the bench, receiving across the bandage on his face a ray of sunlight which he did not appear to feel. Then she rose, going to meet Julio, and continued forward, indicating by a gesture that they must find some place further on where the wounded man could not hear them.

She led the way to a side path from which she could see the blind man confided to her care. They stood motionless, face to face. Desnoyers wished to say many things; many . . . but he hesitated, not knowing how to frame his complaints his pleadings, his endearments.

去，那個穿白的女人很快的一動，顯然是不願人看見，在那裏看樹木遮蓋她的臉，她這一動卻使他注意。他許久纔認得她。有兩小簇的頭髮從她的小帽的圈帶下露出來，使他猜帽下蓋住的頭髮；她腳上所穿的是白鞋，這個記號就能使他的想像再造出那個多少被樸素制服所改變的身材。她的臉既灰白又愁慘。她前有許多裝飾，打扮起來就是一個稚氣的，如同偶人一般的美女。從那雙大而有黑圈的眼睛深處，反射出來的是新式的生命……她就是瑪古列。[還是先從她的打扮認得是她。筆墨巧妙。譯者注]

他們彼此相看了好一會，好像是被忽然相遇所迷了。狄諾耶向她前進一步，她露出驚恐神色。不要上前！……不要上前！她的兩眼，她的兩手，她的全體都好像反抗他，拒他前進，止住他不許動。她恐怕他走近她，使她走向他。她對坐在凳子上的兵說了幾句話，在這個兵的臉上的裹傷布落下一線陽光，他好像並不覺得。她隨即站起來，走去會朱理奧，接連向前走，用一種態度表示他們必要在前面更遠處找地方說話，使傷兵不能聽見。

她領路，走入一條小路，在這裏她還能看見交她照應的失明的兵。

他們站着面對面不動。狄諾耶想說許多事體；……他卻遲疑，不曉得怎樣造他的不滿意的話，他的求情的話，

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Far above all these thoughts towered one, fatal, dominant and wrathful.

“Who is that man?”

The spiteful accent, the harsh voice with which he said these words surprised him as though they came from someone else’s mouth.

The nurse looked at him with her great limpid eyes, eyes that seemed forever freed from contractions of surprise or fear. Her response slipped from her with equal directness.

“It is Laurier. . . . It is my husband.”

Laurier! . . . Julio looked doubtfully and for a long time at the soldier before he could be convinced. That blind officer motionless on the bench, that figure of heroic grief, was Laurier! At first glance, he appeared prematurely old with roughened and bronzed skin so furrowed with lines that they converged like rays around all the openings of his face. His hair was beginning to whiten on the temples and in the beard which covered his cheeks. He had lived twenty years in that one month. At the same time he appeared younger, with a youthfulness that was radiating an inward vigor, with the strength of a soul which has suffered the most violent emotions and, firm and serene in the satisfaction of duty fulfilled, can no longer know fear.

As Desnoyers contemplated him, he felt both admiration and jealousy. He was ashamed to admit the aversion inspired by the wounded man, so sorely wounded that he was unable to see what was going on around him. His hatred was a form of cowardice, terrifying in its persistence. How pensive were Marguerite’s eyes if she took

與他的親愛話。高出這許多思想上的，高高在上的，有一個會致命的，節制一切的，又是怒極了的思想。

“這個人是誰呀？”

這種藐視腔調，他所用的嚴厲聲音，使他自己也詫異，好像不是他說的，是出自他人的口的。

看護瞪着兩隻透光的大眼看他，這一雙大眼無論她是詫異或害怕，永遠不會縮小的。她的答話也是一樣的直接，從她口中溜出來。

“他就是羅列耶——就是我的丈夫。”

羅列耶呀！……朱理奧初時不相信，看那軍人看了許久，纔能夠相信。那個坐在凳上不動的瞎眼軍官，那個奮不顧身，殘廢到這樣的英雄，就是羅列耶呀！……乍看他好像是未到年紀就先老了，皮膚粗，作黃銅色，臉上有許多皺紋，眼邊口邊聚了許多紋，同光線一般。兩鬢起首白啦，臉上的鬚也白了。他過了一過月如同過了二十年，……同時他又好像年紀青些，他的少年態度射出一種內裏精力，表示靈魂的力量，他的靈魂受過極劇烈的情緒，他自知曾奉行他的職責，覺得滿意，所以他的靈魂是堅決的，寧靜的，不復知畏懼爲何事。

當狄諾耶細看他的時候，他既稱讚他又妒忌他。這個受傷的人傷得很重，他的左右前後發生些什麼事他全看不見，朱理奧卻很難爲情的承認他憎惡這個人。他的怨恨原是怯懦的一種變相，接連不停的發生，原是很可怕的。瑪古列若暫時不看她所照應的病人，她的兩眼露出多麼

them off her patient for a few seconds! . . . She had never looked at him in that way. He knew all the amorous gradations¹ of her glance, but her fixed gaze at this injured man was something entirely different, something that he had never seen before.

He spoke with the fury of a lover who discovers an infidelity.

“And for this thing you have run away without warning, without a word! . . . You have abandoned me in order to go in search of him. . . . Tell me, why did you come? . . . Why did you come?”

“I came because it was my duty.”

Then she spoke like a mother who takes advantage of a parenthesis² of surprise in an irascible child's temper, in order to counsel self-control, and explained how it had all happened. She had received the news of Laurier's wounding just as she and her mother were preparing to leave Paris. She had not hesitated an instant; her duty was to hasten to the aid of this man. She had been doing a great deal of thinking in the last few weeks; the war had made her ponder much on the values in life. Her eyes had been getting glimpses of new horizons; our destiny is not mere pleasure and selfish satisfaction; we ought to take our part in pain and sacrifice.

She had wanted to work for her country, to share the general stress,³ to serve as other women did; and since she was disposed to devote herself to strangers, was it not natural that she should prefer to help this man whom

¹ gradations, 深淺. ² parenthesis, 間隔; 中斷; 當口. ³ stress, 困苦.

深念的神色呀！……她向來不曾這樣看過他。他全曉得她的眼色的愛情深淺，但是她定睛看這個受傷的人，眼色卻是完全不同的，他從前不曾見過。

他對她所說的話，如同一個愛人揭露她的不貞一般。

“你不通知我，不發一言就逃走了，爲的是這麼一個東西麼！……你拋棄我就爲的是找尋他……你告訴我，你爲什麼到這裏來？……你爲什麼來？”

“我來，因爲這是我的本務。”

隨後他說話，如同一個母親利用一個好發脾氣孩子的忽然不發的當口，以便她可以勸他節制自己，解說給他聽是怎樣發生的。當她母女兩人正在預備離開巴黎的時候她得了羅列耶受傷消息。她一刻都不曾遲疑：趕快去照應這個人，就是她的本務。在最後幾個星期裏頭，她很思維過許多事：這次打仗使她很權衡過人生的價值。她的兩眼瞥見新天涯；我們生在世上不只是享受快樂與爲己的滿意；我們應該受我們一部分的痛苦與犧牲。

她要爲本國做事，分任衆人所受的困苦，同別的婦女一樣爲國出力；又因她既願意專心照應素不相識的人，她自然更願意照應她所很對不起的人，是不是？……她還記

she had so greatly wronged? . . . There still lived in her memory the moment in which she had seen him approach the station, completely alone among so many who had the consolation of loving arms when departing in search of death. Her pity had become still more acute on hearing of his misfortune. A shell had exploded near him, killing all those around him. Of his many wounds, the only serious one was that on his face. He had completely lost the sight of one eye; and the doctors were keeping the other bound up hoping to save it. But she was very doubtful about it; she was almost sure that Laurier would be blind.

Marguerite's voice trembled when saying this as if she were going to cry, although her eyes were tearless. They did not now feel the irresistible necessity for tears. Weeping had become something superfluous, like many other luxuries of peaceful days. Her eyes had seen so much in so few days!

"How you love him!" exclaimed Julio.

Fearing that they might be overheard and in order to keep him at a distance, she had been speaking as though to a friend. But her lover's sadness broke down her reserve.

"No, I love you. . . . I shall always love you."

The simplicity with which she said this and her sudden tenderness of tone revived Desnoyers' hopes.

"And the other one?" he asked anxiously.

. . . .

"I love him, too."

She said it with a look that seemed to implore pardon

得她當日看見他很孤零的獨自一人走到車站，同時有許多人當拋棄家室去尋死的時候，都有許多人很親愛的摟抱他們，給他們安慰。她一聽見他不幸受傷，她的憐憫變作更尖利啦。有一個礮彈在他身邊炸裂，把在他左右前後的人全炸死了。他受了好幾傷，最重的是在他臉上。他的一目完全失明了；醫師們包裹那一隻眼，希望不至瞎了。她卻很懷疑；她幾乎深信羅列耶會雙目失明。

瑪古列說話的聲音是抖抖的，她的兩眼雖然無淚，卻很像是哭的。這一雙眼現時不覺得抗拒不住的要哭啦。哭泣已經變作多餘的事啦，如同太平時節的許多其他奢華品一般，現在全用不着啦。在這不多的幾天裏頭，她的兩眼見過多少事呀！……

朱理奧喊道：“你多麼戀愛他呀！”

她恐怕有人聽見，又因她要他站得遠些，所以她對他說話如同對一個朋友說話一般。但是她的愛人的愁慘，打破她的謹慎，使她放言啦。

她說道：“不是的，我戀愛你……我將永遠戀愛你。”

她說得很老實的，她的腔調忽然變作很溫柔，狄諾耶的希望復活啦。

他很着急的問道：“那一個呢？”

她答道：“我也戀愛他。”

她答話時帶着一種神氣，好像哀求他饒恕她，她說的

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with the sad sincerity of one who has given up lying and weeps in foreseeing the injury that the truth must inflict.

He felt his hard wrath suddenly dwindling like a crumbling mountain. "Ah, Marguerite! His voice was tremulous and despairing. Could it be possible that everything between these two was going to end thus simply? Were her former vows mere lies? . . . They had been attracted to each other by an irresistible affinity¹ in order to be together forever, to be one. . . . And now, suddenly hardened² by indifference, were they to drift apart like two unfriendly bodies? . . . What did this absurdity about loving him at the same time that she loved her former husband mean, anyway?

Marguerite hung her head, murmuring desperately:

"You are a man, I am a woman. You would never understand me, no matter what I might say. Men are not able to comprehend certain of our mysteries. . . . A woman would be better able to appreciate the complexity."

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"Let him think what he will!" concluded Marguerite courageously. "Let him despise me! I am here where I ought to be. I need his forgiveness, but if he does not pardon me, I shall stay with him just the same. . . . There are moments when I wish that he may never recover his sight, so that he may always need me, so that I may pass my life at his side, sacrificing everything for him."

"And I?" said Desnoyers.

Marguerite looked at him with clouded eyes as though

¹ affinity, 愛力. ² hardened, 硬化.

是悽慘的真誠話，她預料她這句真實話必定傷朱理奧的心，所以不說謊話，只是滴淚。

他覺得他的刻酷怒氣忽然縮小了，如同一座山崩了一般。呀！瑪古列！他的聲音是抖抖的，絕望的。他們兩個人的愛情，能夠就是這樣單簡的告終了麼？難道她從前所發的誓言不過全是謊話麼？……他們被一種不能抗拒的愛力所吸，吸在一處，永遠在一起，兩個人變作一個人……現在忽然被冷落所硬化，難道他們兩個人要分離，如同兩個不親善的人物一般麼？……她戀愛他同時又戀愛她的前夫，這樣無理的事，究竟是怎麼講？

瑪古列垂頭，拼命的喃喃說道：

“你是一個男人，我是一個女人。你永遠不會明白我的，無論我說些什麼，你是不會明白的。男人們不能曉得我們女人的神秘——一個女人卻能更清楚的領略我們的繁複。……

[她起初以為她的前夫不認得她，後來她疑心他認得她，恐怕他永遠不能饒恕她。譯者注]

瑪古列很大膽的打定主意，說道：“他願意怎樣想就怎樣想！隨他輕視我！我該在他的身邊，我就在他的身邊。我要他饒恕我，但若他不恕我，我還是一樣的同他在一起……有時我願他雙目永遠不復再明，使他常要我，我可以在他的身邊過一輩子，爲他犧牲一切。”

狄諾耶說道：“我呢？”

瑪古列兩眼朦朧看着他，好像初睡醒的。可不是——

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she were just awaking. It was true—and the other one? . . . Kindled¹ by the proposed sacrifice which was to be her expiation, she had forgotten the man before her.

“You!” she said after a long pause. “You must leave me. . . . Life is not what we have thought it. Had it not been for the war, we might, perhaps, have realized our dream, but now! . . . Listen carefully and try to understand. For the remainder of my life, I shall carry the heaviest burden, and yet at the same time it will be sweet, since the more it weighs me down the greater will my atonement be. Never will I leave this man whom I have so grievously wronged, now that he is more alone in the world and will need protection like a child. Why do you come to share my fate? How could it be possible for you to live with a nurse constantly at the side of a blind and worthy man whom we would constantly offend with our passion? . . . No, it is better for us to part. Go your way, alone and untrammelled. Leave me; you will meet other women who will make you more happy than I. Yours is the temperament that finds new pleasures at every step.”

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PART III

CHAPTER III

WAR

.

They were on a mountain occupied by the French

¹ kindled, 煽動.

還有那一個呀？……她提議犧牲自己以洗刷她的罪過，她被這個提議所煽動，就忘記了面前這個人。

她停了好一會，說道：“你呀！你必得離開我。……人生在世不是如我們從前所想的。假使不是打仗，我們很許可以使我們的夢想變作事實，現在卻不能啦！……你留心聽我說，嘗試悟解我的意思。我將在我的餘年負荷極重的責任，同時卻是很甜美的，因為我的擔負愈重，我的罪過洗刷得愈乾淨。我極對不起這個人，我永遠不肯離開他，況且現在他更是世上的一個孤單人，如同一個孤零孩子一樣，要人保護。你為什麼要來分受我的苦命！我是一個看護，永遠不離的在一個瞎子，在一個好人左右，你怎樣能夠同我住在一起，使我與你的熱烈愛情常對不起他呀？……不能的，我們不如分手。你走你的路，你獨自一人走，不受拖累。你離開我吧；你將來會遇着別的女人，她們會使你歡樂，遠勝過我。你這個人的脾氣，每走一步就會找着新快樂的。”

[朱理奧被瑪古列的說話與行爲所感化，也立意悔罪，要做一個有用的人；他對她說，我不是法國人，你是法國人，我願去投軍，爲你的國效力。譯者注]

第三卷 第三回 打仗

[唐馬西洛 (Don Marcelo) 的兒子朱理奧果然投軍去了，替法國打仗。議員拉古爾 (Lacour) 的兒子利尼 (Rene) 也去打仗了。兩個老頭子都很想往前敵探望他們的兒子。拉古爾求法國大總統發給他一張護照，只許隨帶一個秘書或跟人，往前敵查看情形，唐馬西洛就冒充秘書與拉古爾前往。有兩個陸軍大尉陪伴。譯者注]

他們站在法國礮隊所據的一座山上，正在往山頂上

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artillery, and were climbing to the top where were hidden cannons and cannons, forming a line some miles in length. The German artillery had caused the woodland ruin around the visitors, in their return of the French fire. The circular pools were the hollows dug by the German shells in the limy, non-porous soil which preserved all the runnels of rain.

The visiting party had left their automobile at the foot of the mountain. One of the officers, a former artilleryman, explained this precaution to them. It was necessary to climb this roadway very cautiously. They were within reach of the enemy, and an automobile might attract the attention of their gunners.

"A little fatiguing, this climb," he continued. "Courage, Senator Lacour! . . . We are almost there."

They began to meet artillerymen, many of them not in uniform but wearing the military kepis. They looked like workmen from a metal factory, foundrymen with jackets and pantaloons of corduroy. Their arms were bare, and some had put on wooden shoes in order to get over the mud with greater security. They were former iron laborers, mobilized into the artillery reserves. Their sergeants had been factory overseers, and many of them officials, engineers and proprietors of big workshops.

Suddenly the excursionists stumbled upon the iron inmates of the woods. When these spoke, the earth trembled, the air shuddered, and the native inhabitants of the forest, the crows, rabbits, butterflies and ants, fled in terrified flight, trying to hide themselves from the fearful convulsion which seemed to be bringing the world to an end. Just at present, the bellowing monsters were silent,

爬，山頂上有隱藏着的大礮，與其他各種大礮，成爲一條幾哩路的長線。德國因爲回礮，把這幾個人所在的地方的四圍全毀了。他們一路走來所看見的圓池子都是德國礮彈落地所挖的坑，這片地是石灰地，並無鬆土，是不吸水的，所以保存全數小溝流來的雨水。

他們到了山腳就捨汽車登山。有一個軍官從前在礮隊的，對他們解說爲什麼要這樣審慎。他們在這條路上爬，要很小心，他們離敵軍不遠，一座汽車也許會令敵軍的礮手注意。

他說道：“爬山原是有點辛苦。拉古爾議員先生，只管放膽……我們幾乎走到啦。”

他們起首遇着好幾個礮隊的人們，有好幾個是不穿制服的，不過戴陸軍小帽子。他們好像是從五金廠出來的工人，穿厚布短衣短褲的翻砂人。他們赤着膀子，有幾個穿了木頭鞋，以便走泥路不會滑倒。他們從前都是鐵工，派入後備礮隊。他們的軍曹或外委都是廠裏的工頭，還有好幾個都是大工廠的職員，機器師，與大廠主。

這兩個出遊的人忽然碰着樹林裏的鐵製的東西。這些東西一說話，大地會震動，空氣會發抖，在本樹林棲身的如鴉，兔，蝴蝶，螞蟻，受了驚嚇全跑了，大礮的震動好像要使世界到末日，那些東西就躲藏起來。剛好現在那些

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so that they came upon them unexpectedly. Something was sticking up out of the greenery like a gray beam; at other times, this apparition would emerge from a conglomeration¹ of dry trunks. Around this obstacle was cleared ground occupied by men who lived, slept and worked about this huge manufactory on wheels.

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Hidden under the branches, in order to escape the observation of the enemy's birdmen, the French cannon were scattered among the hills and hollows of the highland range. In this herd of steel, there were enormous pieces with wheels reinforced by metal plates, somewhat like the farming engines which Desnoyers had used on his ranch for plowing. Like smaller beasts, more agile and playful in their incessant yelping, the groups of '75 were mingled with the terrific monsters.

The two captains had received from the general of their division orders to show Senator Lacour minutely the workings of the artillery, and Lacour was accepting their observations with corresponding gravity while his eyes roved from side to side in the hope of recognizing his son. The interesting thing for him was to see René . . . but recollecting the official pretext of his journey, he followed submissively from cannon to cannon, listening patiently to all explanations.

The operators next showed him the servants of these pieces, great oval cylinders extracted from subterranean storehouses called shelters. These storage places were

¹ conglomeration, 亂雜東西.

吼叫的怪物不響，他們出其不意，走到這些礮位。有一樣東西好像一條灰色的樑，從綠樹林中突出來；有時這個或出或沒的鬼，會從一堆亂雜乾枯樹身走出來。在這個障礙物的四圍都是已經掃除清楚的空地，有幾個人在這裏住，在這裏睡，在這座放在輪上的大製造室做工。

法國大礮散布在高原的小山中與山凹裏，把礮藏在樹枝低下，以免敵軍的飛機觀察。在這一羣鋼製的東西裏頭，有很大件的東西，帶着用鋼鐵片包固的輪子，很像狄諾耶在他的牧場所用以犁田的耕種機器。雜放在這許多可怕的大怪物之間，還有成隊的七五小礮，好像較小的野獸，不停的喊叫，這種軍器較爲活動，又較爲好頑。

這兩個陸軍大尉曾奉過他們這一軍的軍長命令，把礮隊的工作詳細給議員拉古爾看，拉古爾很鄭重的聽他們解說，同時他的兩眼常向兩邊看，希望看見他的兒子。他所注意的是要見利尼……但是他記得他此次出來，原是假公濟私的，所以他聽那兩個軍官的指導，挨着那些大礮走，很耐煩的聽他們解說。

演礮的人們隨後指着這許多大礮的僕人們給他看，這些東西是鴨卵式的大圓筒，從地底下他們所稱爲遮蓋處取出來的。這些儲械地方都是深坑，是斜井，用麻包裝

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deep burrows, oblique wells reinforced with sacks of stones and wood. They served as a refuge to those off duty, and kept the munitions away from the enemy's shell. An artilleryman exhibited two pouches of white cloth, joined together and very full. They looked like a double sausage and were the charge for one of the large cannons. The open packet showed some rose-colored leaves, and the senator greatly admired this dainty paste which looked like an article for the dressing table instead of one of the most terrible explosives of modern warfare.

"I am sure," said Lacour, "that if I had found one of these delicate packets on the street, I should have thought that it had been dropped from some lady's vanity bag, or by some careless clerk from a perfumery shop . . . anything but an explosive! And with this trifle that looks as if it were made for the lips, it is possible to blow up an edifice!" . . .

As they continued their visit of investigation, they came upon a partially destroyed round tower in the highest part of the mountain. This was the most dangerous post. From it, an officer was examining the enemy's line in order to gauge the correctness of the aim of the gunners. While his comrades were under the ground or hidden by the branches, he was fulfilling his mission from this visible point.

A short distance from the tower a subterranean passageway opened before their eyes. They descended through its murky recesses until they found the various rooms excavated in the ground. One side of the mountain cut in points formed its exterior façade. Narrow little windows, cut in the stone, gave light and air to

的石頭與木支柱的。這些地溝是下班的人們的藏身地方，子彈都藏在這裏，免被敵軍的礮彈所炸。有一個礮兵拿出兩個連在一起滿裝東西的白布袋給他們看。這個東西很像一掛兩截的香腸，就是大礮所用的火藥。打開來的火藥包露出幾片玫瑰色的葉子，議員大讚這樣細嫩的膏子，好像是女人梳妝臺上的東西，原來是摩登戰事所用的諸多最可怕的炸藥中之一。

拉古爾說道：“我深信假使我在街上看見這樣細致的一包東西，我當然以為是從一位貴婦的裝飾袋丟下來的，不然就是一個香貨店的不小心夥計丟下來的……我斷不會想到是炸藥！這樣不相干的東西好像是點脣膏，卻能炸毀一座大房舍！”

他們接連前往查考，走到在山上最高處的一座已經毀了一部分的圓塔。這是最危險的地方。有一個軍官在塔上考察敵軍的陣線，以測量礮手們瞄得準不準。這個時候，他的同胞們在地溝裏，或藏在樹枝底下，他卻在這個人所不能見的地點履行他的使命。

離塔不遠，他們看見一條地道。他們走下這個黑暗深處，後來他們看見在地下挖成的各種屋子。山的一邊挖有小洞就是屋子的向外的正面。在石上挖成窄小窗子，以日

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these quarters.

An old commandant in charge of the section came out to meet them. Desnoyers thought that he must be the floorwalker of some big department store in Paris. His manners were so exquisite and his voice so suave that he seemed to be imploring pardon at every word, or addressing a group of ladies, offering them goods of the latest novelty. But this impression only lasted a moment. This soldier with gray hair and near-sighted glasses who, in the midst of war, was retaining his customary manner of a building director receiving his clients, showed on moving his arms, some bandages and surgical dressings within his sleeves. He was wounded in both wrists by the explosion of a shell, but he was, nevertheless, sticking to his post.

“A devil of a honey-tongued, syrupy gentleman!” mused Don Marcelo. “Yet he is undoubtedly an exceptional person!”

By this time, they had entered into the main office, a vast room which received its light through a horizontal window about ten feet wide and only a palm and a half high, reminding one of the open space between the slats of a Venetian blind. Below it was a pine table filled with papers and surrounded by stools. When occupying one of these seats, one's eyes could sweep the entire plain. On the walls were electric apparatus, acoustic tubes and telephones—many telephones.

The Commandant sorted and piled up the papers, offering the stools with drawing-room punctilio.¹

¹ punctilio, 小過節.

光與空氣供給這些屋子。

一個統領這一部分的老軍長出來迎接他們。狄諾耶以爲他必定是巴黎的百貨大公司的一個招待員。他的態度是極和藹的，他的聲音又是很溫柔的，好像是勸一羣堂客買他的最新出的貨物，不然就是每說一句話都向人求饒。但是這樣的印象不過一會子就消滅了。這個頭髮斑白，戴近視眼鏡的軍人，當打仗時候，還保留一個建築公司經理接待他的雇客的習慣態度，他一動他的手，就露出他袖裏的治傷的與用過外科手術的包紮。一個彈子炸傷他的兩個手腕，他還是不離開這個地方。

唐馬西洛心裏想道：“他很是一個口甜如蜜的人。但他誠然是一個例外的人！”

這時候他們進去總公事房，是一間大屋子，從一面平窗進來陽光，這片平窗有十尺寬，不過有一掌半高，使人追憶百葉窗的兩片板中的空處。窗下有一松木桌，堆滿了公文，四圍擺了許多凳子。坐在凳子上兩眼就能夠遍看全個平原。牆上有許多電機，傳聲管，及電話機——許多電話機。

軍長把公文都歸了類堆起來，用會客的小過節，請他們坐下。

“Here, Senator Lacour.”

Desnoyers, humble attendant, took a seat at his side. The Commandant now appeared to be the manager of a theatre, preparing to exhibit an extraordinary show. He spread upon the table an enormous paper which reproduced all the features of the plain extended before them—roads, towns, fields, heights and valleys. Upon this map was a triangular group of red lines in the form of an open fan; the vertex represented the place where they were, and the broad part of the triangle was the limit of the horizon which they were sweeping with their eyes.

“We are going to fire at that grove,” said the artilleryman, pointing to one end of the map. “There it is,” he continued, designating a little dark line. “Take your glasses.”

But before they could adjust the binoculars, the Commandant placed a new paper on top of the map. It was an enormous and somewhat hazy photograph upon whose plan appeared a fan of red lines like the other one.

“Our aviators,” explained the gunner courteously, “have taken this morning some views of the enemy’s positions. This is an enlargement from our photographic laboratory. . . . According to this information, there are two German regiments encamped in that wood.”

Don Marcelo saw on the print the spot of woods, and within it white lines which represented roads, and groups of little squares which were blocks of houses in a village. He believed he must be in an aeroplane contemplating the earth from a height of three thousand feet. Then he raised the glasses to his eyes, following the direction of

他說道，“議員先生拉古爾，請你坐這裏。”

狄諾耶不過是位卑的從人，坐在他旁邊。軍長現在好像一個戲院的經理，預備演一齣非常的戲。他把一張大紙放在桌上，這張紙上畫了面前的全數情形——有路，有市鎮，有田疇，有高原，有山谷。這張地圖上有一簇三角形的許多紅線，形似打開的一把摺扇。三角的尖代表他們所在的地方，三角形的寬底就是天涯的盡頭，現在他們正在用眼沿着天涯看。

那個礮隊官指着地圖的一端，說道：“我們就要開礮打那個樹林。”他指着一條黑線，接連說道：“就是這裏。你用望遠鏡看。”

他們還未能對好眼光，軍長放一張新紙在地圖上。這是一張很大的卻有點朦朧不清的照片，這張地圖也有許多紅線成爲一把扇形，與那一張相同。

這個礮官很多禮的說道，“我們的飛機師今早照了幾片敵軍的陣勢。這是從我們的照像房放大的……據這張放大照片所給的消息，在那座樹林裏頭紮了兩營德國兵。”

唐馬西洛看見照片上有一點一點的樹林，內裏有白線代表道路，還有幾堆小方形，這就是一個村子裏的一堆堆的房屋。他相信他必定是在一個飛機上從三千尺的高處向地面看。他隨後舉起望遠鏡用眼望，跟着一條紅線的

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one of the red lines, and saw enlarged in the circle of the glass a black bar, somewhat like a heavy line of ink—the grove, the refuge of the foe.

“Whenever you say, Senator Lacour, we will begin,” said the Commandant, reaching the top most notch of his courtesy. “Are you ready?”

Desnoyers smiled slightly. For what was his illustrious friend to make himself ready? What difference could it possibly make to a mere spectator, much interested in the novelty of the show? . . .

There sounded behind them numberless bells, gongs that called and gongs that answered. The acoustic tubes seemed to swell out with the gallop of words. The electric wire filled the silence of the room with the palpitations of its mysterious life. The bland Chief was no longer occupied with his guests. They conjectured that he was behind them, his mouth at the telephone, conversing with various officials some distance off. Yet the urbane and well-spoken hero was not abandoning for one moment his candied courtesy.

“Will you be kind enough to tell me when you are ready to begin?” they heard him saying to a distant officer. “I shall be much pleased to transmit the order.”

Don Marcelo felt a slight nervous¹ tremor near one of his legs; it was Lacour, on the *qui vive*² over the approaching novelty. They were going to begin firing; something was going to happen that he had never seen before. The cannons were above their heads; the roughly vaulted roof was going to tremble like the deck of a ship when

¹nervous, 害怕. ²on the *qui vive*, 提防; 留意.

方向往前看，他看見鏡圈裏一條放大的黑條，有點像用濃墨畫的一條線——這就是樹林，敵軍所躲藏的地方。

軍長的客氣到了極點，說道：“議員先生拉古爾，你只要說，我們就起首。你預備好發號令麼？”

狄諾耶微笑。他的尊貴朋友爲什麼事要預備好啦？一個旁觀人覺得這件新鮮事體很有趣，預備不預備能發生什麼分別？……

在他們背後有無數的鐘聲響，有發號的鑼聲，有響應的鑼聲。傳聲管的說話聲音走得很快，好像把管都漲大了。電線的神秘生活的顫動塞滿了這所寂靜的屋子。多禮的軍長現在不復招呼他的客人啦。他們猜他是在他們的背後，他的口對着電話，同遠處的各軍官說話。其實這個客氣的與會說話的英雄並不曾片刻拋棄他的善於恭維的甜蜜禮貌。

他們聽見他對遠處的一個軍官說道：“請你告訴我，你預備幾時起首。我很樂於傳號令。”

唐馬西洛覺得他的兩腳旁邊微有害怕的發抖；原來是拉古爾很留意看快要發現的新鮮事。他們要起首放礮啦；快要發現他從前所絕未見過的事啦。有好些尊大礮在他們頭上；粗粗造成的圓房頂快要震動，如同在船面放礮

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they shot over it. The room with its acoustic tubes and its vibrations from the telephones was like the bridge of a vessel at the moment of clearing for action. The noise that it was going to make! . . . A few seconds flitted by that to them seemed unusually long . . . and then suddenly a sound like a distant peal of thunder which appeared to come from the clouds. Desnoyers no longer felt the nervous twitter against his knee. The senator seemed surprised; his expression seemed to say, "And is that all?" . . . The heaps of earth above them had deadened the report, so that the discharge of the great machine seemed no more than the blow of a club upon a mattress. Far more impressive was the scream of the projectile sounding at a great height but displacing the air with such violence that its waves reached even to the window.

It went flying . . . flying, its roar lessening. Some time passed before they noticed its effects, and the two friends began to believe that it must have been lost in space. "It will not strike . . . it will not strike," they were thinking. Suddenly there surged up on the horizon, exactly in the spot indicated over the blur of the woods, a tremendous column of smoke, a whirling tower of black vapor followed by a volcanic explosion.

"How dreadful it must be to be there!" said the senator.

He and Desnoyers were experiencing a sensation of animal joy, a selfish hilarity in seeing themselves in such a safe place several yards underground.

"The Germans are going to reply at any moment," said Don Marcelo to his friend.

The senator was of the same opinion. Undoubtedly they would retaliate, carrying on an artillery duel.

一般。他們所在的屋子有許多傳令管與從電話機傳來的顫動，就如同兵船上拆卸各物預備開礮時的望樓一般。快要發生許多吵鬧聲音啦！……過了不多的幾秒鐘，他們就覺得好像是非常的長久……隨後忽然發了一聲如同一陣遠處的雷聲，好像是從雲端來的。狄諾耶不復覺得有害怕的發抖碰他的膝啦。議員好像詫異；他的神氣好像是說，“不過這樣就完了麼？”……他們頭上的土堆鎮壓了回響，所以放大礮的聲音不過像棒椎打褥子的聲音。能令人得了更深印象的還是礮彈在高處飛過的聲音，很猛烈的推開空氣，所發生的氣浪居然衝到窗子。

礮彈向前飛，飛得越遠，吼聲越小。過了一會他們纔看見礮彈的效力，這兩個朋友起首相信礮彈必定飛往空中，不知下落了。他們心裏想道，“礮彈不會中敵，不會中敵。”忽然有一大柱的煙在天涯冒起來，正在地圖所指的模糊樹林上，是一座如旋風一般的黑氣，隨後就是一陣火山的炸裂。

議員說道：“那裏必定是多麼可怕呀”！

他與狄諾耶覺得一陣生物的快樂，他們曉得躲在好幾碼土堆下是很平安的，他們所覺得的是自私自利的快樂。

唐馬西洛對他的朋友說道：“無論什麼時候德國人都會還礮。”

議員也是這樣意思。他們必定會報復，雙方用礮相攻。

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All of the French batteries had opened fire. The mountain was thundering, the shell whining, the horizon, still tranquil, was bristling with black, spiral columns. The two realized more and more how snug they were in this retreat, like a box at the theatre.

Someone touched Lacour on the shoulder. It was one of the captains who was conducting them through the front.

"We are going above," he said simply. "You must see close by how our cannons are working. The sight will be well worth the trouble."

Above? . . . The illustrious man was as perplexed, as astonished as though he had suggested an interplanetary trip. Above, when the enemy was going to reply from one minute to another? . . .

The captain explained that sub-Lieutenant Lacour was perhaps awaiting his father. By telephone they had advised his battery stationed a little further on; it would be necessary to go now in order to see him. So they again climbed up to the light through the mouth of the tunnel. The senator then drew himself up, majestically erect.

"They are going to fire at us," said a voice in his interior. "The foe is going to reply."

But he adjusted his coat like a tragic mantle and advanced at a circumspect and solemn pace. If those military men, adversaries of parliamentarism, fancied that they were going to laugh up their sleeve at the timidity of a civilian, he would show them their mistake!

Desnoyers could not but admire the resolution with which the great man made his exit from the shelter,

全數法國礮隊都開火啦。震得這座山如同雷吼一般，礮彈呼呼的叫，天涯仍然是安靜的，不過有許多黑色的，螺旋的圓柱，如刺猓毛一般支出來。這兩個人更體會他們在這個躲藏地方是很舒服的，如同在戲院的包廂。

有人摩摩拉古爾的肩膀。原來就是領他們看前敵的一個大尉。

他只說道，“我們要上去啦。你必得在近處看我們大礮怎樣工作。費點事走去看也是值得的。”

走上去呀？……這個貴人聽了很疑惑很詫異，好像軍官提議請他在行星間走一遭一般。敵軍正在每一分鐘還一礮，走上去麼？……

大尉解說給他聽，說少尉拉古爾很許正在上面等候他的父親。他們曾用電話告訴駐在不遠的他的礮隊；若要見他，必得這個時候就去。所以他們往上爬，從洞口走出有陽光的地方。議員隨即挺直身子，挺直到很有威嚴的。

他心裏說道：“他們要開礮打我們，敵軍正要回礮。”

他把他的外衣拉拉好，好像是一件慘劇的外衣，很小心很鄭重的向前踏步。軍人們向來是同議院主義反對的，軍人們若胡想看見一個怯懦的文官，就要用袖子握着嘴偷笑，他就要給他們曉得他們是胡想錯了！

狄諾耶看見這個大人物毅然決然從地洞出來，不能

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exactly as if he were going to march against the foe.

At a little distance, the atmosphere was rent into tumultuous waves, making their legs tremble, their ears hum, and their necks feel as though they had just been struck. They both thought that the Germans had begun to return the fire, but it was the French who were shooting. A feathery stream of vapor came up out of the woods a dozen yards away, dissolving instantly. One of the largest pieces, hidden in the nearby thicket, had just been discharged. The captains continued their explanations without stopping their journey. It was necessary to pass directly in front of the spitting monster, in spite of the violence of its reports, so as not to venture out into the open woods near the watch tower. They were expecting from one second to another now, the response from their neighbors across the way. The guide accompanying Don Marcelo congratulated him on the fearlessness with which he was enduring the cannonading.

"My friend is well acquainted with it," remarked the senator proudly. "He was in the battle of the Marne."

The two soldiers evidently thought this very strange, considering Desnoyers' advanced age. To what section had he belonged? In what capacity had he served? . . .

"Merely as a victim," was the modest reply.

An officer came running toward them from the tower side, across the cleared space. He waved his kepi several times that they might see him better. Lacour trembled for him. The enemy might descry him; he was simply making a target of himself by cutting across that open space in order to reach them the sooner. . . . And he trembled still more as he came nearer. . . . It was René!

不稱讚他，他走出來的態度，酷像正在要前進攻敵一般。

離這裏不遠，空氣被擾，成爲許多喧嚷的氣浪，使他們腳發抖，他們的耳嗡嗡作聲，他們的頸子好像纔受過打的一般。他們以爲德國人已經起首還礮啦，其實還是法國人放礮。有一條如羽毛般的氣從離十二碼遠的樹林出來，立刻化爲無有了。原來是許多最大的礮中的一尊，藏在近處的小樹林裏，剛纔放了。大尉們並不停步接連解說。現在雖然礮聲響得很猛，既不欲冒險走出望樓附近的無遮護的樹林中，卻必要直接在吐火的怪物面前走過。現在他們預料時時刻刻對過的鄰居們回礮。陪伴唐馬西洛的嚮導恭維他並不害怕，忍受礮聲。

議員很得意的說道，“我的朋友是聽慣的了。瑪安（Marne）之戰，他是在場的。”

這兩個軍人心裏顯然以爲是很奇怪的，狄諾耶年紀很大了，不會在那裏打仗的。他們就問，他是那一部分的？他所當的是什麼軍職？……

他很客氣的答復，說道，“不過是當犧牲。”

一個軍官從望樓那邊向他們跑，走過掃除阻礙的空地。他搖幾次他的軍帽，要他們看見他更清楚些。拉古爾替這個軍官發抖。敵軍也許看見他；他抄近走過空地，以便他與他們早些見面，不過把他自己當作敵軍的靶子。……這個軍官越走近，拉古爾越害怕，……走來的就是利尼！

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His hands returned with some astonishment the strong, muscular grasp. He noticed that the outlines of his son's face were more pronounced, and darkened with the tan of camp life. An air of resolution, of confidence in his own powers, appeared to emanate from his person. Six months of intense life had transformed him. He was the same but broader-chested and more stalwart. The gentle and sweet features of his mother were lost under the virile mask. . . . Lacour recognized with pride that he now resembled himself.

After greetings had been exchanged, René paid more attention to Don Marcelo than to his father, because he reminded him of Chichí. He inquired after her, wishing to know all the details of her life, in spite of their ardent and constant correspondence.

The senator, meanwhile, still under the influence of his recent emotion, had adopted a somewhat oratorical air toward his son. He forthwith improvised a fragment of discourse in honor of that soldier of the Republic bearing the glorious name of Lacour, deeming this an opportune time to make known to these professional soldiers the lofty lineage of his family.

"Do your duty, my son. The Lacours inherit warrior traditions. Remember our ancestor, the Deputy of the Convention who covered himself with glory in the defense of Mayence!"

While he was discoursing, they had started forward, doubling a point of the greenwood in order to get behind the cannons.

Here the racket was less violent. The great engines, after each discharge, were letting escape through the

他的兒子很用力抓他父親的手，他很詫異的回抓他的手。他看見他兒子的臉的輪廓比從前更分明，軍營生活把他的臉曬黑了。有一種剛決神氣，一種自己深信自己的能力，從他的身上發射出來。六個月辛苦生活改變了他。他還是他，不過胸脯寬些，身體結實些。在他的男子漢面具底下看不見他母親的和藹與溫柔面目了……拉古爾看見兒子現在像他自己，就很得意。

他與父親彼此招呼之後，更多注意於唐馬西洛，因為使他追憶吉吉 [Chichi 是唐馬西洛的女兒。譯者注] 他問候她，要曉得她的生活的全數詳情，他與吉吉雖然是很熱烈的常通信，他還是要問。

這個議員當下仍然受他的親近情緒的潛力所動，對他兒子說話，卻多少用演說家的神氣。他隨即不假思索的發一段議論，專為一個姓有榮耀的拉古爾人當了共和國的軍人，他以為這是很好的時機，使這些以軍人為業的人們，曉得他的家族的高貴世系。

“我的兒子，你得奉行你的職守。拉古爾氏承受戰士的遺傳性。你要記得我們的祖先，他是自行集會（當法國大革命時代。譯者注）的代表，當堅守梅爾司（Mayence）的時候，他滿身都是光榮！”

當他一面說話的時候，他們已經向前走，遶過一個樹林，以便走往大礮身後。

這裏的吵聲不那麼厲害啦。那幾尊大礮每放一響之後，就從後膛放氣，放出一陣一陣的煙，如同從煙袋放出

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rear chambers little clouds of smoke like those from a pipe. The sergeants were dictating numbers, communicated in a low voice by another gunner who had a telephone receiver at his ear. The workmen around the cannon were obeying silently. They would touch a little wheel and the monster would raise its grey snout, moving it from side to side with the intelligent expression and agility of an elephant's trunk. At the foot of the nearest piece, stood the operator, rod in hand, and with impassive face. He must be deaf, yet his facial inertia was stamped with a certain authority. For him, life was no more than a series of shots and detonations. He knew his importance. He was the servant of the tempest, the guardian of the thunderbolt.

“Fire!” shouted the sergeant.

And the thunder broke forth in fury. Everything appeared to be trembling, but the two visitors were by this time so accustomed to the din that the present uproar seemed but a secondary affair.

Lacour was about to take up the thread of his discourse about his glorious forefather in the convention when something interfered.

“They are firing,” said the man at the telephone simply.

The two officers repeated to the senator this news from the watch tower. Had he not said that the enemy was going to fire? . . . Obeying a sane instinct of preservation, and pushed at the same time by his son, he found himself in the refuge of the battery. He certainly did not wish to hide himself in this cave, so he remained near the entrance, with a curiosity which got the best of his disquietude.

來的一般。兵曹們口授數目，由另一個礮員用低聲傳去，他的耳邊卻放着一件受聲機。在大礮左右的工人們一聲不響的服從命令。他們摩一個小輪，那個大怪物就高舉他的灰色嘴，左右搖擺，帶着一條象鼻子的聰明與活潑，有一個放礮的，手執一棍，站在最近一尊礮的腳下，他的臉是板板的。他必定是聾的，但是他的板臉卻帶着有威令的神色。據他看來，人生不過是一系的子彈與炸藥。他曉得他的重要。他是暴風的僕人，是掌管雷電的。

軍曹喊道，“放！”

大雷就狂怒的發作。無論什麼東西都好像是發抖的，但是這兩個客人到了這個時候已經習慣礮聲，現在這樣吼叫好像不過是二等的事。

拉古爾正要接着發他的議論，說他的在議會的有榮耀的祖先，卻有事阻止他。

站在電話機的人只說道，“他們正在放礮。”

兩個軍官把這件從望樓來的消息轉告議員。他不是纔說過敵軍要放礮麼？……他服從保全性命的一種有理性的本能，同時又被他的兒子所推，他就到了礮隊的躲避地方。他一定不肯在洞裏躲藏，所以他仍然站近進口的地方，他的好奇卻勝過他的不安。

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He felt the approach of the invisible projectile, in spite of the roar of the neighboring cannon. He perceived with rare sensibility its passage through the air, above the other closer and more powerful sounds. It was a squealing howl that was swelling in intensity, that was opening out as it advanced, filling all space. Soon it ceased to be a shriek, becoming a rude roar formed by divers collisions and frictions, like the descent of an electric tram through a hillside road, or the course of a train which passes through a station without stopping.

He saw it approach in the form of a cloud, bulging as though it were going to explode over the battery. Without knowing just how it happened, the senator suddenly found himself in the bottom of the shelter, his hands in cold contact with a heap of steel cylinders lined up like bottles. They were projectiles.

"If a German shell," he thought, "should explode above this burrow . . . what a frightful blowing up!" . . .

But he calmed himself by reflecting on the solidity of the arched vault with its beams and sacks of earth several yards thick. Suddenly he was in absolute darkness. Another had sought refuge in the shelter, obstructing the light with his body; perhaps his friend Desnoyers.

A year passed by while his watch was registering a single second, then a century at the same rate . . . and finally the awaited thunder burst forth, making the refuge vibrate, but with a kind of dull elasticity, as though it were made of rubber. In spite of its thud, the explosion wrought horrible damage. Other minor explosions, playful and whistling, followed behind the first. In his imagination, Lacour saw the cataclysm—a

他覺得那枚眼所不能見的礮彈快要到啦，隣近的大礮雖然在那裏吼叫，他還是覺得那顆礮彈快到啦。他的罕見的靈敏官覺，聽見礮彈在空中飛過的聲音，響過其他較近與較猛的音聲。他所聽見的是一種尖利的叫號，越變越厲，一面前進一面放開，瀰漫空際。不久就不叫啦，變作各種相碰與相磨所成的一種很粗吼聲，好像一駕裝客的汽車從山邊下來，不然就像一列火車經過車站並不停留的聲音。

他看見礮彈同一堆雲一般飛近前來，四圍凸出，好像快要在礮隊上炸裂。議員不曉得是怎樣發現的，他只曉得忽然在遮蓋處的底下，他的兩手摩着一堆很冷的鋼筯，如同酒瓶一般排列在那裏。這都是礮子。

他想到，“設使一個德國礮彈在這個坑上炸裂……會把這些東西炸得多麼可怕呀！……

但是他一想起這個有拱弧形的洞穴是很結實的，頭上有許多樑，還有好幾碼厚的麻袋裝滿的土，他就心安了。他忽然在完全黑暗中。又有一個人走來遮護處躲避，他的身子遮住亮光；也許他是他的朋友狄諾耶。

他的表不過走了一秒，他就覺得好像過了一年，隨後不過又是過了一秒鐘他覺得好像過了一百年……後來他所等候的霹靂果然發作了，震動他所躲藏的地方，卻帶着一種不甚響的伸縮性，好像是膠皮製的。礮彈雖然打着，並不作響，礮彈的炸裂卻毀壞得很可怕。第一次大炸過後繼以幾陣的小炸，不過是鬪着頑的，呼呼的叫了幾聲就完了。拉古爾在自己想像中看見大沸騰——看見一條蜿蜒

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writhing serpent, vomiting sparks and smoke, a species of Wagnerian monster that upon striking the ground was disgorging thousands of fiery little snakes, that were covering the earth with their deadly contortions. . . . The shell must have burst nearby, perhaps in the very square occupied by this battery.

He came out of the shelter, expecting to encounter a sickening display of dismembered bodies, and he saw his son smiling, smoking a cigar and talking with Desnoyers. . . . That was a mere nothing! The gunners were tranquilly finishing the charging of a huge piece. They had raised their eyes for a moment as the enemy's shell went screaming by, and then had continued their work.

"It must have fallen about three hundred yards away," said René cheerfully.

The senator, impressionable soul, felt suddenly filled with heroic confidence. It was not worth while to bother about his personal safety when other men—just like him, only differently dressed—were not paying the slightest attention to the danger.

And as the other projectiles soared over his head to lose themselves in the woods with the explosions of a volcano, he remained by his son's side, with no other sign of tension than a slight trembling of the knees. It seemed to him now that it was only the French missiles—because they were on his side—that were hitting the bull's eye. The others must be going up in the air and losing themselves in useless noise. Of just such illusions is valor often compounded! . . . "And is that all?" his eyes seemed to be asking.

He now recalled rather shamefacedly his retreat to the

的蛇噴火噴煙，一種瓦格諾爾怪物，當碰在地面的時候就吐出千萬條吐火的小蛇，鋪滿地面，在那裏扭……礮彈必定在近處炸了，也許是炸在這個礮隊所在的方地。

他從地洞走出來，預料會碰着見了令人惡心的肢體不全的屍首，他只看見他的兒子微笑，吸一枝雪茄，同狄諾耶談話。……這算不了什麼！礮手們正在很安靜的，辦完裝彈藥入一尊大礮的事。當敵軍的礮彈大聲叫號在旁邊走過的時候，他們不過舉目一會子，隨即接連工作。

利尼很高興的說道，“礮彈必定落在離這裏約三百碼遠的地方。”

議員原是個易受印象的人，忽然覺得滿肚子都是英雄的自信。他們同他一樣，都是人，不過所穿的衣服不同，他們既絲毫不顧危險，他也值不得顧慮到他自己的平安。

當別的礮彈在他的頭上飛過，飛到樹林就炸裂，如同火山炸一般，他仍然站在他兒子身邊，並無其他着急的表示，不過兩膝微微的抖動，他現在好像見得只有法國的礮彈正中紅心——因為礮彈都在他這一邊。別的礮彈必定飛上空中，作了許多無用的叫號，就不知去向了。勇氣往往正是這樣的誤想所造成的！[作者很有點挖苦意思。譯者注]……他的兩眼好像問道，“這就完了麼？”

現在他追想他剛纔走入地洞躲避，覺得有點難為情；

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shelter; he was beginning to feel that he could live in the open, the same as René.

The German missiles were getting considerably more frequent. They were no longer lost in the wood, and their detonations were sounding nearer and nearer. The two officials exchanged glances. They were responsible for the safety of their distinguished charge.

"Now they are warming up," said one of them.

René, as though reading their thoughts, prepared to go. "Good-bye, father!" They were needing him in his battery. The senator tried to resist; he wished to prolong the interview, but found that he was hitting against something hard and inflexible that repelled all his influence. A senator amounted to very little with people accustomed to discipline.

"Farewell, my boy! . . . All success to you! . . . Remember who you are!"

The father wept as he embraced his son, lamenting the brevity of the interview, and thinking of the dangers awaiting him.

When René had disappeared, the captains again recommended their departure. It was getting late; they ought to reach a certain cantonment before nightfall. So they went down the hill in the shelter of a cut in the mountain, seeing the enemy's shells flying high above them.

In a hollow, they came upon several groups of the famed seventy-fives spread about through the woods, hidden by piles of underbrush, like snapping dogs, howling and sticking up their gray muzzles. The great cannon were roaring only at intervals, while the steel pack of hounds were yelping incessantly without the slightest

他起首覺得他也能在露天底下過活，同他兒子利尼一般。

德國的礮彈越來越勤啦。現在不復落在樹林裏啦，炸烈的聲音越來越近啦。兩個軍官互換眼色。他們對於他們所招待的貴人們要負責任的。

有一個說道：“現在他們熱鬧起來了。”

利尼好像曉得他們的意思，預備走啦。“父親，我告辭啦！”他們要他在他的礮隊裏。議員嘗試抗拒；他想拖長他們的相會，但是他見得他碰在堅硬與不能屈撓的東西上，拒絕全數他的勢力。在習慣受紀律的人們眼中看來，一個議員算不了什麼。

他只好說道：“我的孩子，暫別啦！望你無不勝利……你須記得你是誰！”〔拉古爾忘不了他是議員。譯者注〕

父親一面抱他的兒子一面哭，可惜相會的時間太短，又想到在前敵等候他的種種危險。

等到利尼走到看不見的時候，兩個大尉又勸他們走。天色已晚了，他們應該在天未黑前走到某處兵房。所以他們下山，在山上的地溝走，看見敵軍的礮子高高的在他們頭上飛過。

他們在一個山凹看見幾堆的有名的七十五在樹林間排列，被幾排的小叢樹所遮蓋，這些小礮可像好咬人的惡狗，在那裏咆哮，高舉他們的灰色嘴。大礮是隔開若干時

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break in their noisy wrath—like the endless tearing of a piece of cloth. The pieces were many, the volleys dizzying, and the shots uniting in one prolonged shriek, as a series of dots unite to form a single line.

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They came to a halt before a lieutenant-colonel who received them like an engineer exhibiting his workshops, like a naval officer showing off the batteries and turrets of his battleships. He was the Chief of the battalion occupying this section of the trenches. Don Marcelo studied him with special interest, knowing that his son was under his orders.

To the two friends, these subterranean fortifications bore a certain resemblance to the lower parts of a vessel. They passed from trench to trench of the last line, the oldest—dark galleries into which penetrated streaks of light across the loopholes and broad, low windows of the mitrailleuse. The long line of defense formed a tunnel cut by short, open spaces. They had to go stumbling from light to darkness, and from darkness to light with a visual suddenness very fatiguing to the eyes. The ground was higher in the open spaces. There were wooden benches placed against the sides so that the observers could put out the head or examine the landscape by means of the periscope. The enclosed space answered both for batteries and sleeping quarters.

As the enemy had been repelled and more ground had been gained, the combatants who had been living all winter in these first quarters, had tried to make themselves more comfortable. Over the trenches in the open air, they

刻纔大叫一聲，這隊鋼狗卻不停的吠，絲毫不間斷的叫喊——如同不停的撕一匹布一般。這樣的小礮有許多尊，放排礮的聲音令人聽了頭暈，接連的礮響成爲一長片的叫喊，如同一長串的點子連成一條線。

[到了晚上他們在一所客寓過夜，翌晨另外兩個兵官領他們去找唐馬西洛的兒子朱理奧，他們走過許多曲曲折折地溝之後。譯者注]他們遇着一個陸軍少佐，就站着，這個軍官歡迎他們，好像一個機器師領他們去看他的工廠一般，又像一個海軍軍官領他們看他的戰艦上的礮位與旋轉的礮臺一般。他是據守這一部分地溝的軍隊的軍長。唐馬西洛特別用心研究他，他曉得他是他兒子的長官。

從這兩個朋友看來，這些地底的臺壘頗像一條船的更低部分。他們從最後一線，又是最舊的線的戰壕走過，走了一個又一個——都是黑暗的廊，從放鎗的小洞與放霰彈礮的寬而低的窗子射進一條一條的陽光。這條長的防線成爲一條隧道，挖有短而通天的地方。他們要躑躅的走，一會從光處走入暗處，一會又從暗處走到光處，驟光驟黑，是很勞眼的。在通天地方，地勢較高。兩邊還擺有木凳，觀陣的人們能夠探頭出外，不然可以用周視鏡察看地勢。有遮護的地方既可以用作礮座又可以用作睡處。

因爲敵軍已經被逐，奪得較多地方，兵士們在這裏過冬，嘗試過較爲舒服的日子。他們在地溝上通天地方，架

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had laid beams from the ruined houses; over the beams, planks, doors and windows, and on top of the wood, layers of sacks of earth. These sacks were covered by a top of fertile soil from which sprouted grass and herbs, giving the roofs of the trenches an appearance of pastoral placidity. The temporary arches could thus resist the shock of the obuses¹ which went ploughing into the earth without causing any special damage. When an explosion was pounding too noisily and weakening the structure, the troglodytes would swarm out in the night like watchful ants, and skilfully readjust the roof of their primitive dwellings.

Everything appeared clean with that simple and rather clumsy cleanliness exercised by men living far from women and thrown upon their own resources. The galleries were something like the cloisters of a monastery, the corridors of a prison, and the middle sections of a ship. Their floors were a half yard lower than that of the open spaces which joined the trenches together. In order that the officers might avoid so many ups and downs, some planks had been laid, forming a sort of scaffolding from doorway to doorway.

Upon the approach of their Chief, the soldiers formed themselves in line, their heads being on a level with the waist of those passing over the planks. Desnoyers ran his eye hungrily over the file of men. Where could Julio be? . . .

He noticed the individual contour of the different redoubts. They all seemed to have been constructed in

¹obuses, 榴彈.

了許多從轟毀的房舍取來的橫樑；樑上鋪板，鋪房門，鋪窗門，再在木上鋪幾層麻袋所裝的土。土袋上鋪一層肥沃土壤，青草與青菜在其上發生，地溝的房頂好像一片安靜的田疇。臨時的拱弧就能够抵抗墜入土裏的榴彈不致發生任何損傷。當一個炸彈把這種建築推得太響，及推壞的時候，這許多穴居的人如同守夜的螞蟻一般成隊的出來，很巧妙的把他們的粗房頂重新修理好。

這些人所住的地房無女人替他們收拾，只好自己設法，卻還乾淨，不過太單簡與蠢笨些。廊子好像寺院的自修室，監獄的過道，與船的中段。他們的地板比通天處低半碼，這些通天地方聯許多地溝爲一片。因爲要免得軍官們勞於上上落落，於是從這個門口到那個門口放了幾塊板，成爲一種搭架。

軍人們看見軍長走來，就站立成線，他們的頭與在板上走過的人們的腰平。狄諾耶渴想見他的兒子，快快看這一串的人。朱理奧能够在那裏？……

他看見各壘的個自形勢。全數都好像是用同樣方法

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about the same way, but their occupants had modified them with their special personal decorations. The exteriors were always cut with loopholes in which there were guns pointed toward the enemy, and windows for the mitrailleuses. The watchers near these openings were looking over the lonely landscape like quartermasters surveying the sea from the bridge. Within were the armories and the sleeping rooms—three rows of berths made with planks like the beds of seamen. The desire for artistic ornamentation which even the simplest souls always feel, had led to the embellishment of the underground dwellings. Each soldier had a private museum made with prints from the papers and colored postcards. Photographs of soubrettes and dancers with their painted mouths smiled from the shiny cardboard, enlivening the chaste aspect of the redoubt.

Don Marcelo was growing more and more impatient at seeing so many hundreds of men, but no Julio. The senator, complying with his imploring glance, spoke a few words to the chief preceding him with an aspect of great deference. The official had at first to think very hard to recall Julio to mind, but he soon remembered the exploits of Sergeant Desnoyers. "An excellent soldier," he said. "He will be sent for immediately, Senator Lacour. . . . He is on duty now with his section in the first line trenches."

The father, in his anxiety to see him, proposed that they betake themselves to that advanced site, but his petition made the Chief and the others smile. Those open trenches within a hundred or fifty yards from the enemy, with no other defense but barbed wire and sacks of earth, were not for the visits of civilians. They were always

築造的，但是住在裏頭的人，用各人的特別裝飾，所以形式略有改變。外面都開了小洞用鎗礮指住敵人，又開大窗以便放霰彈礮。在洞口旁邊的守望人們向外看寂寞的地，如同舵工在望樓上看海。裏頭有的是軍械庫與臥室——用木打三層牀架，如同水手們的牀一般。最單簡的人們也覺得要美術的裝飾，所以這許多地下的房舍也有了裝飾。每個軍人都有他自己的一個博物院，掛了許多報紙上的圖畫與繪色的明信片。有許多胭脂點脣的侍女們與舞女們的照片，從發亮的紙朴上對人微笑，使每個礮壘的嚴肅光景變作較為有生氣。

唐馬西洛看見千百人，卻看不見他的兒子，就愈加着急。議員看見他兩眼有懇求的神氣，他會意，就對軍長說兩句話，先露出極其恭敬的顏色。軍長初時很用力的想，要記得誰是朱理奧，不久他卻記得軍曹狄諾耶的戰功。他說道：“他是一個頂好的軍官。議員拉古爾，我立刻叫他來……他現時在第一線的戰壕同他的一部分的人辦公事。”

這個爲父的急於要見兒子，就提議走往在前的地方，他這個請求卻令軍官與其他軍人們微笑。前面的露天地溝或戰壕離敵軍不過一百或五十碼遠，只有蒺藜線與土包，並無其他守禦，不是文官們所探望的地方。前面常裝

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filled with mud; the visitors would have to crawl around exposed to bullets and under the dropping chunks of earth loosened by the shells. None but the combatants could get around in these outposts.

"It is always dangerous there," said the Chief. "There is always random shooting. . . . Just listen to the firing!"

Desnoyers indeed perceived a distant crackling that he had not noted before, and he felt an added anguish at the thought that his son must be in the thick of it. Realization of the dangers to which he must be daily exposed, now stood forth in high relief. What if he should die in the intervening moments, before he could see him? . . .

Time dragged by with desperate sluggishness for Don Marcelo. It seemed to him that the messenger who had been despatched for him would never arrive. He paid scarcely any attention to the affairs which the Chief was so courteously showing them—the caverns which served the soldiers as toilet rooms and bathrooms of most primitive arrangement, the cave with the sign, "*Café de la Victoire*," another in fanciful lettering, "*Théâtre*." . . . Lacour was taking a lively interest in all this, lauding the French gaiety which laughs and sings in the presence of danger, while his friend continued brooding¹ about Julio. When would he ever see him? . . .

They stopped near one of the embrasures of a machine-gun position stationing themselves at the recommendations of the soldiers, on both sides of the horizontal opening, keeping their bodies well back, but putting their heads far enough forward to look out with one eye. They saw

¹ brooding, 深念.

滿了泥土；往前探望的人要繞路爬過去，要受鎗子與礮彈所打碎丟下來的整塊泥土所傷的危險。除了打仗的人們外，他人不能走到前哨。

軍長說道：“那裏常有危險。那裏常有流彈……你試聽聽放鎗礮聲！”

狄諾耶果然聽見遠遠有爆炸聲，這是他先前所不曾聽見的，他一想到他的兒子必定在鎗林彈雨中，心裏更着急。他的兒子每日必定冒這樣的危險，他現在體會得尤其深透。倘若就在這個當口，在他未能看見他兒子之先，他兒子就死了，怎麼了呢？……

在唐馬西洛看來，時光是過得令人絕望那麼慢。他覺得打發去找他兒子的人永遠走不到。那個軍長很客氣所指示給他們看的事物，他幾乎並不注意——軍長所指示的就是軍人們用洞穴作極粗鄙的梳洗房與浴室，有一個洞穴稱爲“得勝咖啡館”，又有一個稱爲“戲院”，招牌是用奇怪字體寫的……拉古爾卻是很注意於這些事體，很恭維法國人活潑快樂，當危險在前還是笑樂歌唱，同時他的朋友接連深念朱理奧。到底什麼時候他可以見着他的兒子？……

他們走近一架機關礮的臺口就站住腳，軍人們請他們分站在橫口的兩邊，身子向後，伸頭向前，用一隻眼往

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a very deep excavation and the opposite edge of ground. A short distance away were several rows of X's of wood united by barbed wire, forming a compact fence. About three hundred feet further on, was a second wire fence. There reigned a profound silence here, a silence of absolute loneliness as though the world was asleep.

"There are the trenches of the *Boches*¹," said the Commandant, in a low tone.

"Where?" asked the senator, making an effort to see.

The Chief pointed to the second wire fence which Lacour and his friend had supposed belonged to the French. It was the German intrenchment line.

"We are only a hundred yards away from them," he continued, "but for some time they have not been attacking from this side."

The visitors were greatly moved at learning that the foe was such a short distance off, hidden in the ground in a mysterious invisibility which made it all the more terrible. What if they should pop out now with their saw-edged bayonets, fire-breathing liquids and asphyxiating bombs to assault this stronghold! . . .

From this window they could observe more clearly the intensity of the firing on the outer line. The shots appeared to be coming nearer. The Commandant brusquely ordered them to leave their observatory, fearing that the fire might become general. The soldiers, with their customary promptitude, without receiving any orders, approached their guns which were in horizontal position, pointing through the loopholes.

¹ *Boches*, 蠢才

前看。他們看見一個很深的地溝，與地面的對邊相離不遠有幾排X式的木架，用有尖針的鐵線連着，成爲結實的防線。再往前約三百尺，就是第二道鐵線。那裏卻寂然無聲，好像世界全睡着了。

軍長低聲說道：“那就是蠢才們的戰壕。”

議員很用眼力要看，問道，“在那裏？”

拉古爾和他的朋友以爲那第二排鐵線是法國的，軍長指給他們看。那就是德國的地溝線。

他接着說道：“我們離他們不過一百碼，但是有幾時他們不從那邊進攻了。”

這兩個人一曉得敵軍相離很近，躲在地溝裏，很神秘的不令人看見，更爲可怕，他們頗爲所動。設使他們現在從地溝跳上來，用有鋸齒的刺刀，與噴火的流質，及令人悶死的毒氣彈攻擊這個堅固陣地！……

他們從這個窗子能够很清楚的觀察在外線的劇烈的礮攻。子彈聲音好像來得更近。軍長很粗野的叫他們離開他們的觀察地，恐怕全線會開火。軍人們是習慣敏捷的，並不奉過任何號令，就走近平列的，在礮洞指出的礮。

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Again the visitors walked in single file, going down into cavernous spaces that had been the old wine-cellars of former houses. The officers had taken up their abode in these dens, utilizing all the residue of the ruins. A street door on two wooden horses served as a table; the ceilings and walls were covered with cretonnes from the Paris warehouses; photographs of women and children adorned the side wall between the nicked glitter of telegraphic and telephonic instruments.

Desnoyers saw above one door an ivory crucifix, yellowed with years, probably with centuries, transmitted from generation to generation, that must have witnessed many agonies of soul. In another den he noticed in a conspicuous place a horseshoe with seven holes. Religious creeds were spreading their wings very widely in this atmosphere of danger and death, and yet at the same time, the most grotesque superstitions were acquiring new values without any one laughing at them.

Upon leaving one of the cells, in the middle of an open space, the yearning father met his son. He knew that it must be Julio by the Chief's gesture and because the smiling soldier was coming toward him, holding out his hands; but this time his paternal instinct which he had heretofore considered an infallible thing, had given him no warning. How could he recognize Julio in that sergeant whose feet were two cakes of moist earth, whose faded cloak was a mass of tatters covered with mud, even up to the shoulders, smelling of damp wool and leather? . . . After the first embrace, he drew back his head in order to get a good look at him without letting go of him. His olive pallor had turned to a bronze tone. He was growing a

這兩個來觀陣的人又魚貫行，走入地洞，原是從前的房子的藏酒地窖。軍官們住在這些地洞裏，利用破壞後所遺留的全數東西，一片街門放在兩條木馬上就當桌子用；天花板與四圍的牆都糊上從巴黎貨倉來的印花布。在鍍銀的電報機與電話機之間有一片牆，牆上掛着女人們與孩子們的照片。

狄諾耶看見門頭上有一架象牙的耶穌釘十字架，年久日深顏色變黃了，很許多世代相像有幾百年了，不知見過多少的心痛。他在另一個地穴裏頭看見一個有七個洞的馬掌掛在顯明地方。在危險與死亡的空氣中，宗教的信條是飛得很快的，但是同時卻有最好笑的迷信得了新價值，卻無人笑。

這個渴想的父親，當走出一個地窖，走到一片空地中間，居然見着他的兒子。他看軍長的態度，與那個微笑軍人伸出手走向他，他就曉得是朱理奧；他向來以爲他的爲父愛子的本能是絕不會錯的，這次卻並不曾警告他。朱理奧現時是個軍曹，兩腳變成兩塊溼泥餅，他的退了顏色的外衣全身破碎，滿身是泥，連肩膀上也是泥，週身是潮溼羊毛及皮革臭氣，叫他從那裏認得他是朱理奧?……他們父子第一次相抱之後，他仰着臉，頭旬後，兩手仍然抓住他，好好的看他。他的臉本來是橄欖的青白色，已經變作一種紅銅色了。他長了鬍子，黑而鬚的鬍子，使唐馬西

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beard, a beard black and curly, which reminded Don Marcelo of his father-in-law. The centaur, Madariaga, had certainly come to life in this warrior hardened by camping in the open air. At first, the father grieved over his dirty and tired aspect, but a second glance made him sure that he was now far more handsome and interesting than in his days of society glory.¹

“What do you need? . . . What do you want?”

His voice was trembling with tenderness. He was speaking to the tanned and robust combatant in the same tone that he was wont to use twenty years ago when, holding the child by the hand, he had halted before the preserve cupboards of Buenos Aires.

“Would you like money?” . . .

He had brought a large sum with him to give to his son, but the soldier gave a shrug of indifference² as though he had offered him a plaything. He had never been so rich as at this moment; he had a lot of money in Paris and he didn't know what to do with it—he didn't need anything.

“Send me some cigars . . . for me and my comrades.”

He was constantly receiving from his mother great baskets full of choice goodies, tobacco and clothing. But he never kept anything; all was passed on to his fellow-warriors, sons of poor families or alone in the world. His munificence had spread from his intimates to the company, and from that to the entire battalion. Don Marcelo divined his great popularity in the glances and smiles of the soldiers passing near them. He was the generous

¹ glory, 出風頭. ² indifference, 冷淡; 不足重輕.

洛追憶他的岳父。這個軍官必定是他的丈人馬達利阿伽 (Madariaga) (綽號馬人) 轉世，朱理奧 因為露天住宿變作結實了。起初他父親看見他這樣腌臢與這樣疲倦，心裏很憂慮，但是第二次看他，他就深信他這時候比他從前在應酬場中出風頭的時候好看與有意味得多。

他問兒子道，“你要什麼？……你缺乏什麼？”

他說話的聲音是抖抖的，流露出他愛子之情。他對這個曬黑臉身體強健的軍人說話，所用的腔調如同二十年前，他在倍諾斯·愛勒 (Buenos Aires) 的糖食櫃前抓在一個孩童的手的時候，所用的腔調一般。

“你要錢麼？”……

他帶了一大筆錢來預備給他兒子，但是這個軍人只聳聳肩看錢看得很冷淡，好像當他父親給他一件玩物一般。他向來沒有過如這個時候那樣有錢；他有許多錢在巴黎，不曉得怎樣花是好——他什麼都不要。

“請你送些雪茄來……送給我與我的同袍們”。

他常收到他母親所寄來的一籃一籃盛滿的精美的好東西，香菸及衣服。他卻不留着自己享受；全數寄來的好東西他都轉送給他的同袍們，或是貧家子弟，或是孤苦無告同袍的。他的慷慨名聲，由他的親密朋友傳到中隊，由中隊傳到整個大隊。唐馬西洛 看見在他們父子身邊走過的軍人們的瞬眼與微笑，就猜着他的兒子是同袍們所最喜歡的。他是一個百萬富翁的慷慨兒子，軍人們好像推

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son of a millionaire, and this popularity seemed to include even him when the news went around that the father of Sergeant Desnoyers had arrived—a potentate who possessed fabulous wealth on the other side of the sea.

“I guessed that you would want cigars,” chuckled the old man.

And his gaze sought the bags brought from the automobile through the windings of the underground road.

All of the son’s valorous deeds, extolled and magnified by Argensola, now came trooping into his mind. He had the original hero before his very eyes.

“Are you content, satisfied? . . . You do not repent of your decision?”

“Yes, I am content, father . . . very content.”

Julio spoke without boasting, modestly. His life was very hard, but just like that of millions of other men. In his section of a few dozens of soldiers there were many superior to him in intelligence, in studiousness, in character; but they were all courageously undergoing the test, experiencing the satisfaction of duty fulfilled. The common danger was helping to develop the noblest virtues of these men. Never, in times of peace, had he known such comradeship. What magnificent sacrifices he had witnessed!

“When all this is over, men will be better . . . more generous. Those who survive will do great things.”

.

Suddenly the father noticed that his boy was listening with less attention. His senses, sharpened by a life of alarms and ambushed attacks, appeared to be withdraw-

愛，還喜歡他的父親，於是各營都得了消息，說是軍曹狄諾耶的父親到了——說他是一個大人物，在大海的那一邊，有令人不能相信的極富厚的財產。

老頭子笑道：“我猜着你會要雪茄。”

他兩眼找他的幾個皮包，這是從汽車取下來，從曲折的地道拿來的。

亞干素拉 [Argensola 朱理奧的朋友。譯者注] 所極力恭維的及張大其辭所說的全數他兒子的奮勇事功，現在全到他心中來了。這個英雄本人就在他眼前。

“你心滿意足麼？……你不後悔你從前的決定麼？”

“父親，我滿意……我很滿意。”

朱理奧說話，殊不誇口，說得很謙退的。他所過的生活是極辛苦的，卻同其他幾百萬人一樣。在他這一部分裏頭不過幾十個軍人，其中有好幾個以知識論，以留心研究論，以人格論，都比他強；但是他們都是很勇敢的甘受試驗，都能稱職，都覺得滿意。他們既同患難，就有所助於發展這些人的最名貴的美德。朱理奧在太平時節絕不會見過這樣同袍的義氣。他所眼見的是多麼慷慨激昂的犧牲呀！[作者其實應該實寫幾件事給讀者看，大約因為書已幾乎到了末章，所以只虛說這麼一句。譯者注]

“等到戰事全完了之後，人們會變作更好的！變作更慷慨。凡是臨陣不死的人們，將來都會做大事業。”……

這個父親忽然看見他的兒子不甚細心聽他說話。他的官覺被軍事的警報與埋伏的攻擊所磨利了，被開火所

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ing itself from the company, attracted by the firing. Those were no longer scattered shots: they had combined into a continual crackling.

The senator, who had left father and son together that they might talk more freely, now reappeared.

“We are dismissed from here, my friend,” he announced. “We have no luck in our visits.”

Soldiers were no longer passing to and fro. All had hastened to their posts, like the crew of a ship which clears for action. While Julio was taking up the rifle which he had left against the wall, a bit of dust whirled above his father's head and a little hole appeared in the ground.

“Quick, get out of here!” he said, pushing Don Marcelo.

Then, in the shelter of a covered trench, came the nervous, very brief farewell. “Good-bye, father,” a kiss, and he was gone. He had to return as quickly as possible to the side of his men.

The firing had become general all along the line. The soldiers were shooting serenely, as though fulfilling an ordinary function. It was a combat that took place every day without anybody's knowing exactly who started it—in consequence of the two armies being installed¹ face to face, and such a short distance apart. . . . The Chief of the battalion was also obliged to desert his guests, fearing a counter-attack.

Again the officer charged with their safe conduct put himself at the head of the file, and they began to retrace their steps through the slippery maze. Desnoyers was tramping sullenly on, angry at the intervention of the

¹installed, 列陣

引動，好像要同他父親分手。現在所聽見的不復是散放的鎗礮；現在聯合成爲接連不斷的礮聲。

議員離開他父子們原爲的是要他們可以更自由說話，現在走回來了。

他報告道：“我的朋友，軍長不許我們在這裏啦。我們原是來探望的，我們的運氣很不好。”

現在不復有軍人走來走去啦。他們如同兵船拆卸許多東西預備開戰時的水兵一般，他們都趕快走去他們職守所在的地方。朱理奧正在把靠在牆邊的鎗拿起來的時候，有一點塵土在他父親頭上飛過，地下現出一個小洞。

他推唐馬西洛說道：“趕快走開這裏！”

父子們隨即在有遮蓋的地溝的藏軍械處很匆匆的，畏懼的，相別。他說一聲，“父親，暫別啦，”吻他父親一次他就走了。他要趕快回去他手下人們的身邊。

全線起首總攻擊了。軍人們很冷靜的開火攻擊，好像是履行平常職務一般。每天都有這樣的打仗，卻無人確實曉得是誰首先開火的——因爲兩軍列陣相離很近，面面相對……大隊的軍長也不能不拋棄他的兩個朋友，他恐怕敵軍反攻。

那個負他們的平安責任的軍官又領着他們兩個人魚貫而行，起首經過溼滑的曲折路回頭走。狄諾耶滿肚子不高興的踏步走，怒敵軍橫相干預，割短他的歡樂。

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enemy which had cut short his happiness.

Before his inward gaze fluttered the vision of Julio with his black, curly beard which to him was the greatest novelty of the trip. He heard again his grave voice, that of a man who has taken up life from a new viewpoint.

“I am content, father . . . I am content.”

The firing, growing constantly more distant, gave the father great uneasiness. Then he felt an instinctive faith, absurd, very firm. He saw his son beautiful and immortal as a god. He had a conviction that he would come out safe and sound from all dangers. That others should die was but natural, but Julio! . . .

As they got further and further away from the soldier boy, Hope appeared to be singing in his ears; and as an echo of his pleasing musings, the father kept repeating mentally:

“No one will kill him. My heart which never deceives me, tells me so. . . . No one will kill him!”

CHAPTER IV

“NO ONE WILL KILL HIM”

.

When the patient arrived in Paris, his father and fiancée were transfigured. They were going to see him, and that was enough to make them imagine that he was already recuperated.

Chichí hastened to the hospital with her mother and the senator. Then she went alone and insisted on remaining there, on living at the wounded man's side, wag-

他在他的心目之前看見有黑而鬚的鬍子的朱理奧走過，據他看來這就是此次來探視所看見的最新鮮的事物。他又聽見他的嚴肅聲音，這是一個從一個新觀點做人的聲音。

“父親，我滿意，……我滿意。”

礮火聲音越遠，使這個父親心裏極不安。他隨後覺得一種本能的迷信，原是極其無理的，卻是他所極堅信的。他看見他的兒子如同一個尊神一般的美，一般的長生不死。他深信戰事告終他的兒子還是平安的，健全的，不爲全數危險所及的。別人死是自然的，但是朱理奧！……

當他們走開與那個當軍人的孩子相離越遠的時候，“希望”好像在他的兩耳裏唱歌；他心裏屢次說兩句裏，作他的快樂冥想的返響：

“無人肯殺他的。我的心向來不欺我的，就是這樣告訴我……無人肯殺他的！”

第四回 無人肯殺他的

[狄諾耶即朱理奧，在前敵受傷，過了幾時，得了長官允許，回家養傷兩星期。不料唐馬西洛的未過門的女婿，議員拉古爾的兒子利尼，受了重傷，失了一隻手；兩腳，胸脯與頭部都受了傷，還是從堆積如山的死屍中拖出來的。他的父親費了許多事，纔奉准把他兒子送到巴黎的醫院來。譯者注]

等到病人到了巴黎，他的父親與他的未婚妻的面貌全改變了。他們要去看他，這就足夠使他們想像他已經復原啦。

吉吉 (Chichi 即唐馬西洛的女兒，利尼的未婚妻)同她的母親與議員，趕快到醫院。隨後她獨自一人去，一定要住在醫院，住在病人身邊，無論什麼章程她全不管，同

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ing war on all regulations and clashing with Sisters of Charity, trained nurses, and all who roused in her the hatred of rivalry. Soon realizing that all her violence accomplished nothing, she humiliated herself and became suddenly very submissive, trying with her wiles, to win the women over one by one. Finally, she was permitted to spend the greater part of the day with René.

When Desnoyers first saw the wounded artilleryman in bed, he had to make a great effort to keep the tears back.

Ay, his son, too, might be brought to this sad pass! . . . The man looked to him like an Egyptian mummy, because of his complete envelopment in tight bandage wrappings. The sharp hulls of the shell had fairly riddled him. There could only be seen a pair of sweet eyes and a blond bit of moustache sticking up between white bands. The poor fellow was trying to smile at Chichí, who was hovering around him with a certain authority as though she were in her own home.

Two months rolled by. René was better, a' most well. His betrothed had never doubted his recovery from the moment that they permitted her to remain with him.

“No one that I love, ever dies,” she asserted with a ring of her father’s self-confidence. “As if I would ever permit the *Boches* to leave me without a husband!”

She had her little sugar soldier back again, but, oh, in what a lamentable state! . . . Never had Don Marcelo realized the de-personalizing¹ horrors of war as when he saw entering his home this convalescent whom he had known months before—elegant and slender, with a deli-

¹ de-personalizing, 改變人形.

受過教練的看護們及尼姑們衝突，凡是激動她發生妒忌怨恨的，她全反對。不久她明白全數她的蠻橫是無效果的，她就服從章程，忽然變作很恭順，嘗試用她的詭計，把院裏的女人們逐個贏過來。後來她們許她幾乎終天陪伴利尼。

當狄諾耶〔這是指她的父親。譯者注〕初看見這個礮隊軍官養傷在牀的時候，他很用大力纔能夠攔阻他自己的眼淚。嗨，他自己的兒子也可以受重傷到這樣田地！……他看見這個受傷的人，好像一個埃及的油浸屍身，因為他全身都用裹傷布包得緊緊的。礮彈的尖利的殼把他遍體全傷了。他只能看見他的一雙和藹眼，在兩條白帶中間支出來的一點老黃色鬍子。這個可憐的人嘗試對吉吉微笑，她在他的左右前後盤旋，在那裏發號施令，好像在她自己家裏一般。

過了兩個月，利尼的傷漸愈，幾乎全愈了。他的未婚妻自從她們讓她陪伴他的時候起，她始終深信不疑他的傷是會養好的。

她用她父親的果於自信的腔調說道：“凡是我所愛的人是絕不會死的。我肯讓那些蠢才們使我無夫嗎！”

她居然把她的糖吹的小軍人〔利尼本來也是一個遊手好閒很文弱的紈袴子弟，不配當軍人的，作者所以有這樣稱呼。譯者注〕弄回來了，不過情形多麼可哀的！……唐馬西洛一向不曉得打仗的酷烈，能夠改變人形，等到他看見這個養傷痊愈的軍人走入他家裏，他纔曉得。在幾個月前，他看見利尼是個漂亮柔弱的人，帶着一種嬌嫩與多

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cate and somewhat feminine beauty. His face was now furrowed by a network of scars that had transformed it into a purplish arabesque. Within his body were hidden many such. His left hand had disappeared with a part of the forearm, the empty sleeve hanging over the remainder. The other hand was supported on a cane, a necessary aid in order to be able to move a leg that would never recover its elasticity

But Chichí was content. She surveyed her dear little soldier with more enthusiasm than ever—a little deformed, perhaps, but very interesting. With her mother, she accompanied the convalescent in his constitutionals¹ through the *Bois de Boulogne*. When, in crossing a street, automobilists or coachmen failed to stop their vehicles in order to give the invalid the right of way, her eyes shot lightning shafts, as she thundered, “Shameless *embusqués!*” . . . She was now feeling the same fiery resentment as those women of former days who used to insult her René when he was well and happy. She trembled with satisfaction and pride when returning the greetings of her friends. Her eloquent eyes seemed to be saying, “Yes, he is my betrothed . . . a hero!” She was constantly arranging the war cross on his blouse of “horizon blue,” taking pains to place it as conspicuously as possible. She also spent much time in prolonging the life of his shabby uniform—always the same one, the old one which he was wearing when wounded. A new one would give him the officery look of the soldiers who never

constitutionals, 健體的散步.

少像女子的美貌。現在卻不是這樣啦，他的臉上有如網那麼密的很深的傷痕，變作一幅紫色的阿剌伯式繪畫。他的身上藏着好幾處這樣的傷痕。他的左手連着一部分的前臂都沒有了，只有一隻空袖子，蓋住餘下的部分垂下來。右手扶住一根拐杖，必定要有這樣的扶助，纔能夠舉一隻永遠不能恢復伸縮性的腳。

吉吉卻是滿意的。她比向來更熱心四周圍看看她的小寶貝軍人——肢體雖然是殘廢了，卻是很有意味的。她同她的母親陪這個傷愈的人在坡阿狄布朗散步。有時駕汽車的人們，或馬車夫們當過街的時候，不停止他們的車先讓受傷的軍人走過，她的兩眼就發電光，如雷鳴的喊道：“無恥的攔路人！”……從前當利尼身體好與快樂的時候，有許多女人常羞辱她的利尼，她就會發火，現在也是一樣。她的朋友們歡迎她，她抖抖的帶着滿意與得意，回敬她們。她的好像會說話的眼好像說道：“是呀！他是我的未婚夫——他是一個英雄！”她常時把他的賞功的十字徽章安置在他的天藍外衣上，很費事的放在最顯現的地方。她又費許多時候延長他的破舊軍服的壽命——常穿這一件，這是當他打仗受傷時所穿的。穿上一件新的，不過使他有永不離開巴黎的軍人們的軍官面目。

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left Paris.

As he grew stronger, René vainly tried to emancipate himself from her dominant supervision. It was simply useless to try to walk with more celerity or freedom.

“Lean on me!”

And he had to take his fiancée’s arm. All her plans for the future were based on the devotion with which she was going to protect her husband, on the solicitude that she was going to dedicate to his crippled condition.

“My poor, dear invalid,” she would murmur lovingly. “So ugly and so helpless those blackguards have left you! . . . But luckily you have me, and I adore you! . . . It makes no difference to me that one of your hands is gone. I will care for you; you shall be my little son. You will just see, after we are married, how elegant and stylish I am going to keep you. But don’t you dare to look at any of the other women! The very first moment that you do, my precious little invalid, I’ll leave you alone in your helplessness!”

.

He spent an afternoon in the studio going over the war news in the papers. The French had begun an offensive in Champagne with great advances and many prisoners.

Desnoyers could not but think of the loss of life that this must represent. Julio’s fate, however, gave him no uneasiness, for his son was not in that part of the front. But yesterday he had received a letter from him, dated the week before; they all took about that length of time to reach him. Sub-lieutenant Desnoyers was as blithe and reckless as ever. They were going to promote him

等到利尼身體更強健的時候，他就嘗試擺脫他自己，不受她的霸道的監督。他若想走快些，走得更自由些，簡直是辦不到。

“你扶住我走！”

他只好扶住他的未婚妻的手走。全數她的將來計劃，都是用她的專心服事他作根據，她要保護他，又因他的肢體殘廢，她要不辭勞瘁的招應他。

她帶着滿腔愛情，對他喃喃的說道：“我的可憐的寶貝廢人。那些惡棍把你弄到這樣醜怪，把你弄到這樣行動不得……幸虧你有我，我崇拜你！……你失了一隻手。在我看來，是不足重輕的。我肯招應你；我當你是我的小兒子一般。我同你結婚之後，你就曉得我將怎樣把你打扮得很漂亮很時髦的。但是你卻不許看別的女人！我的寶貝小殘廢人，你的眼一看別的女人，我立刻離開你，隨你一個人過活，你要動也動不得。”

[不久他們結了婚過歡樂日子。老狄諾耶終日掛念他的兒子，卻還是盲信無能害他。譯者注]

有一天他在習畫室過了一個下半年，讀報上的戰事新聞。法國軍隊已經在香賓起首取攻勢，進行甚速，得了許多俘虜。

狄諾耶不能不想到這件事必定死了許多人。他的兒子朱理的命運卻並不令他不安，因為他的兒子並不在前線這一部分。不過昨天他收到他的兒子的一封信，發信日在一星期前；要過這許多天才寄到。少佐狄諾耶還是向來那樣爽快與鹵莽。他們又要升他的官——他在擬賞寶

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again—he was among those proposed for the *Legion d'Honneur*. These facts intensified Don Marcelo's vision of himself as the father of a general as young as those of the Revolution; and as he contemplated the daubs and sketches around him, he marvelled at the extraordinary way in which the war had twisted his son's career.

On his way home, he passed Marguerite Laurier dressed in mourning. The senator had told him a few days before that her brother, the artilleryman, had just been killed at Verdun.

“How many are falling!” he said mournfully to himself. “How hard it will be for his poor mother!”

But he smiled immediately after at the thought of those to be born. Never before had the people been so occupied in accelerating their reproduction. Even Madame Laurier now showed with pride the very visible curves of her approaching maternity, and Desnoyers noted sympathetically the vital volume apparent beneath her long mourning veil. Again he thought of Julio, without taking into account the flight of time. He felt as interested¹ in the little newcomer as though he were in some way related to it, and he promised himself to aid generously the Laurier baby if he ever had the opportunity.

On entering his house, he was met in the hall by Doña Luisa, who told him that Lacour was waiting for him.

“Very good!” he responded gaily. “Let us see what our illustrious father-in-law has to say.”

His good wife was uneasy. She had felt alarmed without knowing exactly why at the senator's solemn appear-

¹ interested, 關切.

星之列。唐馬西洛本來嘗夢想他是一個少年軍長的父親，這個軍長很年少，與大革命時代的軍長相同，報上所說的事實，使他的夢想的彩色變作更濃厚；當他冥想在他左右前後的塗抹與畫稿的時候，他很詫異戰事有非常的大力扭轉他兒子的前程[他的兒子本來是學繪畫的，他所以有這兩句話。譯者注]。

當他回家的時候，他在穿了喪服的瑪古列·羅利耶身邊走過。議員前幾天曾告訴他說她的兄弟，是一個礮隊軍官，方在瓦爾敦(Verdun)陣亡。

他很悽慘的對自己說道，“死了多少人呀！可憐他的母親，怎樣受得了呀！”

但是他一想到將來所產生的男女，他卻立刻微笑。人們向來未有過如現在那樣努力催促生產。羅列耶太太的肚子圓了，快要爲人母了，她是很自鳴得意的，狄諾耶看見在她的持服的長面紗之下的顯露的生機，也與她表同情。他又想到朱理奧，卻並不計及光陰如駛的迅速。他對於這個新到小孩很關切，當這個小孩好像與他是親戚，他應允很慷慨的幫助這個羅列爾孩子，只要他有機會幫他。

他一走入他自己的宅門，在堂屋裏就遇着他的夫人度納路易沙(Doña Luisa)，她告訴他拉古爾等他。

他很高興的答道：“很好！我們看看我們的顯達的岳父有什麼說的。”

他的好夫人心裏不安。她看見議員的嚴肅面目，就恐怖起來，卻不曉得的確的理由；她有女人的本能，能够鑽

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ance; with that feminine instinct which perforates all masculine precautions, she surmised some hidden mission. She had noticed, too, that René and his father were talking together in a low tone, with repressed emotion.

Moved by an irresistible impulse, she hovered near the closed door, hoping to hear something definite. Her wait was not long.

Suddenly a cry . . . a groan . . . the groan that can come only from a body from which all vitality is escaping.

And Doña Luisa rushed in just in time to support her husband as he was falling to the floor.

The senator was excusing himself confusedly to the walls, the furniture, and turning his back in his agitation on the dismayed René, the only one who could have listened to him.

“He did not let me finish. . . . He guessed from the very first word. . . .”

Hearing the outcry, Chichí hastened in in time to see her father slipping from his wife’s arms to the sofa, and from there to the floor, with glassy, staring eyes, and foaming at the mouth.

From the luxurious rooms came forth the world-old cry, always the same from the humblest home to the highest and loneliest:—

“Oh, Julio! . . . Oh, my son, my son!” . . .

透全數男子的預防，她猜着他有密藏的使命。她又曾看見利尼父子兩人低聲說話，帶着抑遏的情緒。

她被一陣不能抵抗的衝動所使，就在閉了門的房外徘徊，希望聽見有定準的消息。她用不着久等。

她聽見忽然一陣喊叫……一片呻吟聲……這種呻吟聲只能出自全數生機正在脫逃的一個人身上。

度納路易沙衝進去，她的丈夫正在要倒在地板上，她扶住他。

議員這時候糊塗了，對着四面的牆與家具說幾句藉口的話，他正在忙亂的時候，掉過臉去，用背向着迷惑的利尼，只有他能夠聽他說話。

“他不曾讓我把話說完……他聽見我所說的第一句話他就猜着了……”

吉吉聽見叫喊聲，趕快進來，剛好看見她父親從她母親的手裏溜在榻上，又從榻上溜到地板上，臉上一雙如同玻璃的直瞪眼，滿口是沫。

從這幾間奢華屋子裏送出一陣與世界同壽的喊聲來，從最卑賤的家庭，從最高等的與最僻遠的家庭，送出來的都是同樣的喊聲：——

哎，朱理奧！……哎，我的兒子，我的兒子！……[說朱理奧陣亡只用不多的幾句話說到全數他家的兒子陣亡，這是多麼大的筆力。譯者注]

(8 3 1 8 1)

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