

漢英合璧  
柴霍甫小說

The Tales of Chekhov

The Darling

And

Other Stories

By Anton Chekhov



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## 目 錄

- 
1. The Darling (可愛的人) ..... 1 ..... 46
  2. The Chorus Girl (歌女) ..... 47 ..... 62
  3. Bad Weather (雨天) ..... 63 ..... 76
  4. Talent (美術家) ..... 77 ..... 88
  5. Ivan Matveyitch (書記) ..... 89 ..... 104
  6. A Gentleman's Friend (一個紳士的朋友) ... 105 ..... 114

## Preface

The aim of this book is twofold. First, the stories are selected in such a way as to give the reader a clear and comprehensive idea of the author's best and most characteristic work. Secondly, it is hoped that the book may be used as a Reader in advanced classes in middle school.

All those who wish to make acquaintance with the speech of their neighbours, or who have allowed their former knowledge to grow rusty, will welcome this series of texts, which will enable them, independently of bulky dictionaries, to devote to language study the moments of leisure which offer themselves in the course of the day. In the translation, the endeavour has been to unite qualities of style with strict fidelity to the original.

Meihung T. Wang.

Shanghai, Nov. 30, 1920.

柴霍甫傳略及其文學思想

王 靖

安東，伯福洛維，柴霍甫 Anton Pavlovich Chekhov 如同普希金 Pushkin，拉曼道夫 Lermontov，加爾金 Garshin 一樣，俱是年少夭亡，柴霍甫雖著許多優美的戲曲與小說在俄羅斯享很高的名譽，但他生時竟不能得全世界共同的讚頌。這一半因為他的作品的性質，所以致此，但大半却為當時作家如高基 Gorki 等聲名所蒙蔽。到了現在他的優美與純真的藝術發出光彩，比別的作家的名譽更要經久些。高基自己也很虛懷的把柴霍甫所有著作彙刊一巨冊，為個人對於友誼上的紀念品，並以助柴霍甫之名傳諸永久。

柴霍甫是南方的人，也如高谷兒 Gogol，亞德斯伯希夫 Artsybashev 一樣。他生於塔干洛 Taganrog，這地方是黑海的灣邊一個碼頭，近於唐河 Don River 之口。他誕生之日是一八六〇年正月十七日。他父親是一個很聰穎的農人，善於治生，故早年就得到自由，優悠過日。他自己雖不曾受過高等教育，他却曉得人生沒有正當學識，是不可以的，因此他給四個兒子很好機會，使他們去受良好的教育，獲得有用學識，以完成各人的大志。柴霍甫幼時肄業於本地希臘學校 Greek School，不久就轉於莫斯科大學校專門學醫。他後來曾說：「我已記不清，為什麼我當時要選擇醫學，但我對於醫科，很覺得有趣味，永不厭倦。」他卒業後並沒有照例到外地去練習。他在近於莫斯科一個村落中的醫院供職大約一年，

當一八九二年霍亂流行時，他始為人治病。他這種職務給他許多經驗，使他能夠分析他所診治的病人的品性，而且他所相信的科學訓練也很能大大幫他著作小說與劇本的時候，都有心理的研究。

他自己曉得是短命的人，因為當他尙未致力於文學著作之時，肺結核之病况已愈覺得明顯。他死時在德國，那時是一九〇四年，七月二日，他的葬儀是在莫斯科舉行的，第一個舉國皆知的事情。

柴霍甫善談辭，樂交際；雖然他所著的小說有悲惻，憂愁之處，但他的心性却是很愉快活潑的，交際場中常有他的足跡。當他在病榻，臨終之際，尚是談諧如故。他心情是熱烈的，寬大的，遇有貧乏的學生，或工作過度的教員，他常常加以周濟。他天賦的謙遜和缺乏自信的能力，使他個人的發展很遲緩，他的不贊同托爾斯泰的意見，阻止他起初不與這位老文豪相認識。嗣後托爾斯泰極喜歡他，特地與他會面，從此兩人才成爲莫逆。當此時許多俄國人都相信繼托爾斯泰在文學界享受大名者，必是柴霍甫。

一八七九年柴霍甫尙未離莫斯科大學，那時他開始著短篇小說，每篇都寓有多少談諧的語氣，此類小說多在雜誌發表。一八八七年始發刊爲單行本。當時文學界的批評家，都加以勸告，略謂「似此有天才的少年，不應空耗寶貴光陰。多作此類談諧文字，只惹人捧腹。」這種間接的勸告，柴霍甫也很虛心承納，再加以年紀漸長，肺病萌芽，就立刻把這位少年作家的趣旨更變了。

在俄羅斯柴霍甫當時極受社會的歡迎。克得泡特金說：「他的作品

往往重印至十餘版，每年銷路達到二十餘萬，可以與每週所出版的雜誌相比例。』當他未死前兩年，他的小說流入德國，大得德國人的讚美，如讚美英國王爾德一樣。柏林有一個新聞說：“Chekhov und Kein Ende！”

柴霍甫也如高基與安德列夫 Andreev 一樣，一面是小說家，一面又可稱為戲曲家。雖柴霍甫的戲曲剛剛才有外國知道，但他仍不失為一個戲曲家。

柴霍甫的戲曲頗有高基與安德列夫的風範，雖缺少形式與真實的運動，但這些劇本都包含有許多俄羅斯的民情風俗，可為俄國生活的寫真。俄國的戲劇與小說絕不相同，兩者各分道揚鑣，直無從比擬。大約俄國的劇本外國人讀之沒有一個不覺得沉悶乏味，即勉強而讀，等到捲卷，也只有冷淡與厭倦。巴林 Baring 著俄羅斯文學之界石“Landmarks in Russian Literature”中有一章，論柴霍甫的劇本，他以為外國人讀俄國劇本不起興味，這話是不對。但是這一部書的大弊病，是處處言過其實。他說：「柴霍甫的劇本讀時是極有趣味，如讀著名小說家的小說一樣。」又說：「柴霍甫的劇本在臺上演時，比較讀時更有一千倍的趣味。」相信巴林的話，去讀柴霍甫劇本的人，必以為這劇本的趣味深長也如托爾斯泰所著的長篇小說安娜“Anna Karenina”一樣，但到底總是很大的失望。若使在臺上演時比較讀安娜長篇更有一千倍的趣味，那麼，他們必至驚心動魄了。老實說，外國人讀了劇本，不能去批評俄羅斯戲劇的真正價值，這是的確不錯的。我們應該在俄國戲園裏看他演時覺得每

樣，才有把握。俄國著名女伶康米沙福司克耶 Madame Komisarzhinskaya 扮演柴霍甫著櫻桃園“The Cherry Garden”時，不料此劇竟震動全國的觀聽。拿力莫福亞夫人 Madame Nazimova 曾說：「柴霍甫的小說是伊最愛讀的，但他的劇本，若非經靈敏的伶人每段每節，刻意表白出來，必不受美國人士所歡迎。」

柴霍甫雖屬於現代，並足代表同時的俄羅斯，他在本國小說界的位也很高，但他的藝術方法却是師承前代的作家。他相似杜介納夫 Turgenyev 處，或者比前代別人更多；但他只算是微弱的回響，不足以獨立一幟。他的藝術中優美與清高的地方，很像杜介納夫。他的作品有時以絕對的真實 Absolutely real 與絕對的幻想 Absolutely fantastic 成爲混合物，這很像高谷兒。他有一篇最佳的小說叫黑僧人 “Black Monk”若與高谷兒所著的外套“The Cloak”與寫真像“The Portrait”刊在一處，必至莫辨楮葉。他描寫社會的污穢與卑賤，有點像陶斯陀夫斯基 Dostoevski；但他沒有陶氏那樣熱烈的同情與心力 Heart-power。若把他和托爾斯泰相比，有似黑與白，有極明顯的差別。因爲托爾斯泰的作品中往往寄託有兩大要素——自己啟示與道德教訓 Self-revelation and moral teaching——這兩要素都是柴霍甫所憎惡的；我們看他的小說，就曉得他並不會把他自己的意見，或他自身寓於文字之中，所以他的小說，不會寓有一絲道德教訓的意味。他的藝術是不代表人的 Impersonal，只是曲折精微，照實描寫，如同明鏡涵映萬物一樣。他與托爾斯泰最相同之處，是在乎他在事實的精審而且忠實的描寫工夫

。托爾斯泰說柴霍甫極像法國的莫泊三 Guy de Maupassant。這話完全是過度。柴霍甫所像莫泊三的地方，不過如莫泊三在法國一樣，多做短篇小說罷了。

在近代作家之中，柴霍甫與其友高基性質不同，距離甚遠，與安德列夫反能格外覺得親密。且安德列夫因此得柴霍甫的好處也不少。他們兩個都是研究精神病的；所以他們小說中的人物，大半屬於狂放不羈；他們心中都存留不幸的痕跡，把光明的大地無端變為不毛的沙漠那樣孤寂無生氣。他們並不想把籠罩俄羅斯小說界不幸的黑衣 Black pall of despair 揭起。

正像希臘的戲劇有樸素，嚴肅和才智的美，使雅典人生活 Athenian life 有最高程度的文化現象，所以像柴霍甫這樣作家的成功，可以證明多數真正有文學興味的讀者是徧布於神聖的俄羅斯。因為柴霍甫的小說完全是屬於才智的 intellectual 偏於紆曲精深的 subtle。這些小說只訴於 Appeal to 心靈 Mind，不訴於熱情 Passion 也不訴於感覺的愛 Any love of sensation。有許多篇小說，他都很想避免逐漸達至峯極 climax 並藝術的效力之各種變易 All varieties of artificial effect。若以美國幾百萬喜歡音樂的喜劇與歷史的浪漫劇 Musical Comedy and pseudo-historical romance 的人，來看柴霍甫的著作，自然有些不明白。他做的小說專為一般背後有好幾年的文化和有不斷思想的習慣 Habits of consecutive thought 的人瀏覽的。

柴霍甫在俄羅斯文學上之位置，與他和杜介納夫相似之處，當我們研



究他的作品中所用藝術手段，來分析俄羅斯民性時，就覺得顯而易見。他的判斷 verdict 恰同杜納夫與沈克魏支 Sienkiewicz 兩人的判斷一樣。—— slave improductivite。他小說中居大部分最重要的人物都是洛丁司 Rudins。他們都為內部的損傷 internal injuries 受苦，這損傷是由病的心意 Diseased will 而來。在路上“On the Way”這一篇小說裏的主人翁曾說：『自然界曾安置一種質問的心靈，一個幽思潛想的傾向，并那信仰奇特的能力於各個俄羅斯人的心裏；但是這些的東西都破碎為塵土，來抵我們的輕忽，怠惰，並空幻的凡瑣。 “Nature has set in every Russian an enquiring mind, a tendency to speculation, and extraordinary capacity for belief; but all these are broken into dust against our improvidence, indolence, and fantastic triviality”』

小說家又兼醫士的柴霍甫說這一句話是職業上的觀察 Professional diagnosis，由公共心靈的病 National sickness of mind 乃生出心的病 sickness of heart。

希望的泉是永遠地流入人類的心坎的，而欲念常常做許多思想的根源。美國曼丹爾 Mr. Mandell 翻譯柴霍甫的名劇櫻桃園時，曾說：『這劇本是指示無用的人，將漸漸歸於淘汰了，留了良好的地位給一般充滿着希望與聖力的人為俄國人民建一座俄羅斯成熟的櫻桃園…… 這個現實的現象現在是很光明的。但是這現象多久才可以成為真實呢？讓我們在最近的將來希望這個罷！ 我們希望這個，似俄民在一八七〇年

一九〇〇年所希望的一樣。克魯泡特金 Kropotkin 說：『柴霍甫是以極深刻的話“impressive parting word”對舊派的人說。我們現在是立於「新形式在生命中已經萌芽」“New types which already are budding in life”的時代了。』

柴霍甫是一個醫士，又是病廢的；所以他知道表裏的病，格外比他人明顯些。他的小說往往敘述被疾病攻擊的人，使讀者彷彿在紙上聽得床榻的呻吟聲，和迷離中看見病人的憂鬱容色。他一看精神的錯亂與物質的傾頹是同樣可怕的。因此他很用心去研究癲狂人的心理，有似安德列夫的小說，名叫“A Dilemma”，那篇裏所描寫的狂人一樣。

第六號病室“Ward No. 6.”這一篇小說裏柴霍甫描寫瘋人院的情狀，維肖維妙，使人一讀好像置身其中，與瘋人為伍；所以當夜深時罕有人敢拿來念誦。倘這篇小說所寫的事實與情狀是不錯，由此就可證明自高谷兒 Gogol 著“Revizor”以來，俄國尚有幾部分一點也沒有進步。病人往往被不情的看護人鞭撻毆擊，而至於瘋。他們所居住稱為養病的地方又是污穢不堪。診病的醫生確是有學識的人，他親見這病人所住的地方那樣不潔，那樣可怕，但他沒有權力去改變，只得徒呼負負。以後這位醫生被一個病人所深喜，兩人談了幾個鐘頭。他對於這病人的愛好，就引起他的朋友相信他也是瘋人了，由是嘲笑與憐憫一時並集，他雖弄瘋，這些事相迫而來，使他幾至於失去知覺。最後他被一個少年同事邀請到一所瘋人院診治一種奇異的疾病；當他一進門，就被閉在第六號病室裏，當時他就曉得既入此地是沒有重見天日的希望。輪軸在

極不潔的地方占據一個病榻，這裏他看見許多病人擁擠在一塊，他的衣服也染有腥穢的臭味了。過了二十四點鐘，他就一暈長辭人世，但在這短小時間裏，他却經過物質的與精神的地獄的恐怖。

死的驚懼在極有靈智的俄國人看起來，是一個恐怖的圍攻 An obsession of terror 這種恐怖籠罩他們的文學裏——托爾斯泰所著的小說與日記裏可以看得出——柴霍甫用各種形式把他分析出來。柴霍甫於這篇第六號病室裏却遵循托爾斯泰自克的信條 Tolstoi's creed of self-denial，由醫生所愛好的狂人口中說：『這信條是教人藐視富有與生活的安樂，大多數的人永不曉得富有與生活的安樂，就無從明白容忍困苦是什麼意義，所謂容忍困苦就是要人容忍他們自己的生活，這生活是凍餒，損失，羞辱和隱士似的死的恐怖的種種情感做成的。所有生活都據歸在這種種情感 feelings 裏，那麼，生活便必是可惜的，煩厭的，但永不是可藐視的。是的，我可以重述一遍，這斯多葛的教訓 teachings of Stoics 將來永不會存在的；由開始的時候，生命已經包含有痛苦的感覺性 sensibility to pain 與激刺的反應 response to irritation。』反對一般以自克與犧牲只當做心意的繁修狀態 Luxurious attitude of the mind 的人，這段文字算是再好不過了。

柴霍甫對於想像 Imagination 的同情心和他對庸劣的人，欲遏抑其惡蓋行爲的憎惡心，屢屢在他小說中表現出來。他最愛好兒童的想像；他以為兒童所理想的舉動是比他們有閱歷的父母更有智慧。在他短篇“An Event”筆記裏曾敘述有幾個兒童對於新誕生的三隻小貓非常歡

愛，但不明白爲什麼小貓的父親也不來看護，這樣冷淡無情的父親使兒童心裏不禁發了許多怪想。這大貓是三隻小貓的母親，他們是曉得的；但父親是誰呢？小貓自然不能沒有父親，他們由是就牽了一匹木馬來代替。

在家中“At Home”那篇小說裏，父親對於他的兒童創造的想像和小孩子心靈裏奇怪的理想所發生的驚詫，柴霍甫用極細緻的美妙的文字描寫出來實足以動人。那時他的小孩正在那裏畫一所房屋，門外有一個兵士立着。他父親看他畫得不相稱，就說，難道這兵士比房屋還高，但他的孩子很自然答道：「若使你把這兵士畫小些，你就不能夠看見他的眼睛了。」

柴霍甫平生喜歡在園中游行。也許做櫻桃園劇本的動機就是在此。櫻桃園裏說有一個像做買賣的人從前曾做過農奴，要買一個菓樹園。這人極像作者的父親，因爲他的父親也是農奴。柴霍甫由此又做一篇有權力的小說名叫黑僧人“The Black Monk”。這篇小說的確可以使人記起高谷兒。這篇小說說一個人往往有一個黑人的幻象，這幻象由空中與他會面，作長時間的談話，而且這幻象用許多的大思想與意象 ideas 來鼓動他。他的妻和朋友都以爲他患着精神病，就阻止他不再與幻象談論，說他是有病，勸他服藥。結果便是最大的不幸。他的生命毀滅了，他的妻也和他分離了；最後他便死了。這篇的主意是謂他不願違背上天的幻象。因爲想像與靈感 inspiration 是人生所必要的東西；這兩種東西就是人與易於滅亡的獸類的分界。黑僧人問他道：「你怎

「曉得全世界所信爲有天才的人是沒有看見過幻象呢？」

柴霍甫是永遠與習以爲常的，褊狹心胸的，凡庸的相奮鬥。他以爲人生若沒有至高的幻像 vision 便會滅亡。

美國勃魯克拉教授 Professor Bruckner 說：「柴霍甫以職業論是一個醫士，但以上帝的恩澤論却是一個藝術家。」他的確是一個優秀的藝術家。他在俄羅斯文學界的地位雖然不大，但是永久的。他不能與極偉大的作家並列。他缺少托爾斯泰那樣驚人的能力，杜介納夫那樣天衣無縫的完美與典麗，陶斯陀夫斯基那樣極偉大可以包圍全世界的同情心，但他是一個很忠實的俄民生活的傳述者，雖然他的藝術是消極的，但他的作品都有個性寓在裏面，使人不得不愛他。（完）

一九二一年，一月二十五夜，十二時半脫稿。

## The Darling

And Other Stories

By Anton Chekhov

王 靖 譯

( 1 )

### The Darling

可 愛 之 人

OLENKA, the daughter of the retired collegiate assessor, Piemyanniakov, was sitting in her back porch, lost in thought. It was hot, the flies were persistent and teasing, and it was pleasant to reflect that it would soon be evening. Dark rain clouds were gathering from the east, and bringing from time to time a breath of moisture in the air.

Kukin, who was the manager of an open-air theatre called the Tivoli, and who lived in the lodge, was standing in the middle of the garden looking at the sky.

"Again!" he observed despairingly. "It's going to rain again! Rain every day, as

退休學務員波拉安尼克夫的女兒亞蘭加坐在後廊，兀自沉思。這時天很熱，蒼蠅嗡嗡的亂飛，令人難堪，但覺得天快晚了，便以為愉快。黑暗的雨雲由東邊愈集愈厚，空氣中時時吹來很重的濕氣。

露天演劇場鐵維尼的管理人克欽寄寓在家裏，這時他站在花園中間，仰着頭察看天色。

他很失意的說：「又下雨了！又要下雨了！天天這樣下雨好像有意與我為難的。我

though to spite me. I might as well hang myself! It's ruin! Tearful losses every day."

He flung up his hands, and went on, addressing Olenka:

"There! that's the life we lead, Oiga Seryonovna. It's enough to make one cry. One works and does one's utmost; one wears oneself out, getting no sleep at night, and racks one's brain what to do for the best. And then what happens? To begin with, one's public is ignorant, boorish. I give them the very best operetta, a dainty masque, first rate music-hall artists. But do you suppose that's what they want! They don't understand anything of that sort. They want a clown; what they ask for is vulgarity. And then look at the weather! Almost every evening it rains. It started on the tenth of May, and it's kept it up all May and June. It's simply awful! The public doesn't come, but I've to pay the rent just the same,

不如自經好咧! .這是破產的徵象! 每天很可怕的損失。』

他兩手互搓着,走進亞蘭加面前說:

『唉!這是我們所度的生活,阿裕,斯密洛夫娜。這樣天氣幾乎使人哭起來了。我盡力經營;連夜裏都沒有睡覺,絞盡腦力去打算,怎樣做才是無遺憾。但是怎樣結果呢? 第一,看戲的人都是愚而且沒有知識。我給他們演最妙的小歌劇,雅緻的假面戲,第一等的伶人。但你設想,是他們所要的嗎! 他們簡直不懂這種東西。他們愛看小丑;他們所要求的是鄙俗的戲曲。再者看看這天氣! 差不多每天晚上,都要下雨。這雨由五月十日起,一直綿延到六月。這真是可怕得很! 看戲的人都不來,但我是一樣的應繳租錢與伶

and pay the artists.”

The next evening the clouds would gather again, and Kukin would say with an hysterical laugh:

“Well, rain away, then! Flood the garden, drown me! Damn my luck in this world and the next! Let the artists have me up! Send me to prison! — to Siberia! — the scaffold! Ha, ha, ha!”

And next day the same thing.

Olenka listened to Kukin with silent gravity, and sometimes tears came into her eyes. In the end his misfortunes touched her; she grew to love him. He was a small thin man, with a yellow face, and curls combed forward on his forehead. He spoke in a thin tenor; as he talked his mouth worked on one side, and there was always an expression of despair on his face; yet he aroused a deep and genuine affection in her. She was always

人的薪金。】

第二天晚上雲又聚集起來，

克欽也又狂笑着說：

「好，趕快下雨罷！索性淹沒了花園，并把我也溺死罷！把我現在與未來都壞了罷！讓俗人把我擒去！送我到牢獄裏——到西伯利亞——或刑場去！哈！哈！哈！」

再過一天又是照樣的下雨。

亞蘭加靜聽他說話做很莊重的樣子，有時眼淚由眼裏流下來。末後，他的失意，感動着伊的心；伊漸漸的愛他了。他是一個小且瘦的人黃色的臉皮，卷髮梳向前額上。他說話很低聲；當他談論的時候，口角斜向一邊，并且他的臉上常帶着失意的顏色；雖然這樣，他却由伊心裏，引起了深而且真的愛情。伊平時總愛一兩個人，



fond of some one, and could not exist without loving. In earlier days she had loved her papa, who now sat in a darkened room, breathing with difficulty; she had loved her aunt who used to come every other year from Bryansk; and before that, when she was at school, she had loved her French master. She was a gentle, soft-hearted, compassionate girl, with mild, tender eyes and very good health. At the sight of her full rosy cheeks, her soft white neck with a little dark mole on it, and the kind, naive smile, which came into her face when she listened to anything pleasant, men thought, "Yes, not half bad," and smiled too, while lady visitors could not refrain from seizing her hand in the middle of a conversation, exclaiming in a gush of delight, "You darling!"

The house in which she had lived from her birth upwards, 伊沒有愛是不能生存的。最初,伊愛伊的父親,他現在坐臥室裏很困難的喘氣;也愛伊的姑媽,伊(指姑媽)住在勃列司克,隔一年來這裏一次;從前,當伊在學校的時候,愛伊的法文教師。伊是一個溫良,且心腸柔軟,富於感情的女子,眼光很溫潤,身體也很康健。只看見伊很豐滿紅如玫瑰花的兩頰,白嫩的額頸,有一個小黑點,和聽人談很愉快事時候,面上顯出那和善與真誠的笑容,男子便想道:「是的,這倒美麗」不覺面上也微笑起來,若是女人,在談話中間,也不禁握伊的手,很喜歡的說:「你是可愛的人!」

伊從有生以來所居住的屋,伊父親已經寫在這裏裏給他,

and which was left her in her father's will, was at the extreme end of the town, not far from the Tivoli. In the evenings and at night she could hear the band playing, and the crackling and banging of fireworks, and it seemed to her that it was Kukin struggling with his destiny, storming the entrenchments of his chief foe, the indifferent public; there was a sweet thrill at her heart, she had no desire to sleep, and when he returned home at daybreak, she tapped softly at her bedroom window, and showing him only her face and one shoulder through the curtain, she gave him a friendly smile.

He proposed to her, and they were married. And when he had a closer view of her neck and her plump, fine shoulders, he threw up his hands, and said:

“You darling!”

He was happy, but as it

這屋是在城的盡頭，距離錢維尼劇場不遠。在晚上或夜間，伊能聽得到音樂隊奏樂，和爆竹的聲音，伊好似覺得這是克欽與他的命運爭鬥，攻擊大敵人——冷落的觀劇人——的深堡；伊這時心裏有一種甜蜜似的感動，沒有別的思想就睡了，當他早晨回家的時候，伊便輕輕敲着臥房的窗門，並從窗帷後露出伊臉孔和一個肩膀，給他一個很溫存的微笑……

他向伊求婚，他們就結婚了。當他貼近伊身旁看伊白頸和肥美的肩膀時，他便舉起兩手說：

「你真可愛的人呢！」

他很快樂，但是他結婚這一

rained on the day and night of his wedding, his face still retained an expression of despair.

They got on very well together. She used to sit in his office, to look after things in the Tiyoli, to put down the accounts and pay the wages. And her rosy cheeks, her sweet, naive, radiant smile, were to be seen now at the office window, now in the refreshment bar or behind the scenes of the theatre. And already she used to say to her acquaintances that the theatre was the chief and most important thing in life, and that it was only through the drama that one could derive true enjoyment and become cultivated and humane.

"But do you suppose the public understands that?" she used to say. "What they want is a clown. Yesterday we gave 'Faust Inside Out,' and almost all the boxes were empty; but

天日夜都不住的下雨，他的臉仍留着失意的顏色。

他們倆很安逸的過日。伊常坐在他的辦事室，照顧鐵維尼場的事情，並管理出入的眼目，與付工錢。伊玫瑰色的兩頰，愉快，真實的微笑，隨地出現，有時在辦事室的窗門，有時在客室裏，有時在劇場的幕後。伊常對伊所認識的人說，劇場是人生第一件最重要的東西，只有從劇場裏做人才能夠得着真正的快樂，並且成爲文明與有道的人。

伊又常說：「看戲的人明白這個嗎？他們所要的是一個小丑。昨天我們演浮士德劇，客座差不多都空了；但是若使

if Vanitchka and I had been producing some vulgar thing, I assure you the theatre would have been packed. To-morrow Vanitchka and I are doing 'Orpheus in Hell'. Do come."

And what Knkin said about the theatre and the actors she repeated. Like him she despised the public for their ignorance and their indifference to art; she took part in the rehearsals, she corrected the actors, she kept an eye on the behaviour of the musicians, and when there was an unfavourable notice in the local paper, she shed tears, and then went to the editor's office to set things right.

The actors were fond of her and used to call her "Vanitchka and I," and "the darling"; she was sorry for them and used to lend them small sums of money, and if they deceived her, she used to shed a few tears in private, but did not complain to her husband.

凡尼加和我演粗俗的戲，我的信劇場着定是擁擠的。明天凡尼加和我們要演亞爾爾弗司在地獄。務必來看。』

凡是克欽對於劇場和伶人怎樣說，伊也跟着說。伊又同他一樣的看輕觀劇的人，與戲子，因為他們無知識，並且對於藝術沒有興味；伊參加演劇的練習，指點伶人的錯誤，并監視樂隊，有時新聞紙上有不好的批評，伊便流下眼淚，跑到總編輯的辦事室，將這事更正。

伶人沒有一個不賞歡伊，常呼伊『凡尼加和我』或者『可愛的人；』伊憐惜他們，常把小款借給他們，若使他們欺騙伊，伊便在暗地流淚，并不告訴伊的丈夫。

They got on well in the winter too. They took the theatre in the town for the whole winter, and let it for short terms to a Little Russian company, or to a conjurer, or to a local dramatic society. Olenka grew stouter, and was always beaming with satisfaction, while Kukin grew thinner and yellower, and continually complained of their terrible losses, although he had not done badly all the winter. He used to cough at night, and she used to give him hot raspberry tea or lime-flower water, to rub him with eau-de-Cologne and to wrap him in her warm shawls.

"You're such a sweet pet!" she used to say with perfect sincerity, stroking his hair. "You're such a pretty dear!"

Towards Lent he went to Moscow to collect a new troupe, and without him she could not sleep, but sat all night at her window, looking at the

在冬季裏，他們也很安逸的  
週日。他們把劇場移到城裏，  
短期租與小俄羅斯公司，或變  
戲法的人，與本地的劇社。亞  
蘭加越變壯健豐滿，常常發出  
很滿意的狀態，克欽却越變越  
黃瘦，這是怨訴他們可怕的損  
失，雖然這一冬生意并不壞  
。他夜裏常咳嗽伊便把每茶  
或茶藜水給他喝，用香水代他  
摩擦，又用伊溫暖的領巾包裹  
他。

伊掠着頭髮很真摯說：「你  
真是好東西！你這樣的可愛  
！」

近四旬節時候，他往莫斯科  
招集新班去，伊沒有他便不能  
睡覺，夜裏坐近窗門，看天上的  
星，伊自己比像一個母雞，當公

stars, and she compared herself with the hens, who are awake all night and uneasy when the cock is not in the hen-house. Kukin was detained in Moscow, and wrote that he would back at Easter, adding some instructions about the Tivoli. But on the Sunday before Easter, late in the evening, came a sudden ominous knock at the gate; some one was hammering on the gate as though on a barrel—boom, boom, boom! The drowsy cook went flopping with her bare feet through the puddles, as she ran to open the gate.

"Please open," said some one outside in a thick bass. "There is a telegram for you."

Olenka had received telegrams from her husband before, but this time for some reason she felt numb with terror. With shaking hands she opened the telegram and read as follows:

"Ivan Petrovitch died sud-

鷄沒有在雞欄的時候，便不能合眼，而且不舒服。克欽逗留着莫斯科，他來信說復活節可以回家，加上幾句爾戴維尼劇場，指導的話。但在復活節前星期日，天已很晚了，忽來一個不祥的扣門聲：門外的人打門，好像槌木桶一樣的響——蓬，蓬，蓬！那睡眼惺忪的女廚子赤着兩腳，走過許積水的窪地去開門。

門外的人，聲音很粗的說：『請開門。這裏有一封電報。』

亞蘭加以前曾接過他丈夫的電報，但這一次好像有一點緣由伊嚇得發昏了。伊顫着手，把電報折開，裏面的話是：

『伊凡，彼脫洛維（即克欽）今

dearly to-day. Awaiting immediate instructions fufuneral Tuesday.”

That was how it was written in the telegram — “fufuneral,” and the utterly incomprehensible word “immate.” It was signed by the stage manager of the operatic company.

“My darling!” sobbed Olenka. “Vanitchka, my precious, my darling! Why did I ever meet you! Why did I know you and love you! Your poor heart-broken Olenka is all alone without you!”

Kukin’s funeral took place on Tuesday in Moscow, Olenka returned home on Wednesday, and as soon as she got indoors she threw herself on her bed and sobbed so loudly that it could be heard next door, and in the street.

“Pcor darling!” the neighbours said, as they crossed themselves. “Olga Semyonov-na, poor darling! How she does take on!”

天忽然死了。待覆，星期二葬。」

電報這樣寫——「葬葬，」又一個不可解的字「耶。」電報裏簽字的人是歌劇公司，前場的經理人。

亞蘭加嘆道：「我可愛的人啊！凡尼克我的寶貝我可愛的人啊！我爲什麼今生遇着你！爲什麼我知道你愛我！你可憐，心碎的亞蘭加孤寂冷落沒有你了！」

克欽的葬事星期二日在莫斯科舉行，亞蘭加於星期三回家，伊一進門，就投身床上，大聲嘆氣起來，所以鄰舍，與街上都可以聽得見。

鄰舍的人他們畫十字，說：「可憐的那可愛的人！阿格新密洛夫娜那可憐的可愛的人！伊怎樣過日呀！」

Three months later Olenka was coming home from mass, melancholy and in deep mourning. It happened that one of her neighbours, Vassily Andreitch Pustovalov, returning home from church, walked back beside her. He was the manager at Babakayev's the timber merchant's. He wore a straw hat, a white waistcoat, and a gold watch-chain, and looked more like a country gentleman than a man in trade.

"Everything happens as it is ordained, Olga Semyonovna," he said gravely, with a sympathetic note in his voice; "and if any of our dear ones die, it must be because it is the will of God, so we ought to have fortitude and bear it submissively."

After seeing Olenka to her gate, he said good-bye and went on. All day afterwards she heard his sedately dignified voice, and whenever she shut her eyes she saw his dark

三個月以後亞蘭加由彌撒祭回來，面上帶著深憂，并極重的哭喪樣子。在路上遇着伊的鄰人波司脫弗洛夫剛由禮拜堂回家，傍伊後面走着。他是勃勃克耶夫木商棧的經理人。他戴一頂草帽，一個白色的背心，又掛着一條金的錶鍊，外面看好像一個鄉村的紳士，不似作買賣的人。

他很莊重的，聲音帶一種同情的音調說：「什麼事情，都有定數的阿裕，斯密洛天娜，若使我們所心愛的死了，這是因為上帝的意思，所以我們應該忍耐，勉強受這苦。」

他看見亞蘭加走到門前，就對伊說聲再會，作別去了。這一天伊耳裏只聽着沈靜莊嚴的聲音，無論什麼時候，伊閉了



beard. She liked him very much. And apparently she had made an impression on him too, for not long afterwards an elderly lady, with whom she was only slightly acquainted, came to drink coffee with her, and as soon as she was seated at table began to talk about Pustovalov, saying that he was an excellent man whom one could thoroughly depend upon, and that any girl would be glad to marry him. Three days later Pustovalov came himself. He did not stay long, only about ten minutes, and he did not say much; but when he left, Olenka loved him — loved him so much that she lay awake all night in a perfect fever, and in the morning she sent for the elderly lady. The match was quickly arranged, and then came the wedding.

Pustovalov and Olenka got on very well together when they were married.

Usually he sat in the office

眼睛，便看見他的黑鬚。伊很喜歡他。很分明的伊對於他便有一種印象，沒有好久有一個年紀稍大的婦，與伊不過略略認識，便來與伊在一處喝咖啡，這婦人剛坐定，就談到波司脫弗洛夫，說他是一個極好的人，那一個女子都悅意嫁他的。三日後波司脫弗洛夫自己來了。他不停留許久時候，只有十分鐘光景，他已沒有說許多話，但是他走了之後，亞蘭加便愛上他了——愛他很深，所以伊通宵發熱病似的不會合眼，第二天早上伊立刻去請那位婦人來。婚姻很快的說妥，以後就結婚了。

波司脫弗洛夫與亞蘭加結婚以後，很安逸的過日。

他往往坐在辦公室裏，直到

till dinner-time, then he went out on business, while Olenka took his place, and sat in the office till evening, making up accounts and booking orders.

"Timber gets dearer every year; the price rises twenty per cent," she would say to her customers and friends. "Only fancy we used to sell local timber, and now Vassitchka always has to go for wood to the Mogilev district. And the freight!" she would add, covering her cheeks with her hands in horror. "The freight!"

It seemed to her that she had been in the timber trade for ages and ages, and that the most important and necessary thing in life was timber; and there was something intimate and touching to her in the very sound of words such as "balk," "post," "beam," "pole," "scantling," "batten," "lath," "plank," etc.

At night when she was asleep she dreamed of perfect mount-

吃午飯時辰，以後他就外出辦事去了，那時亞蘭加便接他的位，在辦事室裏，直到了晚上結算賬目與騰寫貨單。

他常對着買客或認識的人說：「木價一年貴過一年了；價格升到二成。你試想我往常都是販賣本地的木料，現在維司克常到莫吉禮夫地方販木去。還有運費呢！」伊又以兩手套着兩頰很驚詫說：「運費呢！」

伊好像對於木料的生意有多年經驗一樣，並且以為人生最重要的，最必需的就是木料；伊好像對於樑棟，桁柱，細柱，厚板，薄板，簷板等等的聲音，都覺得有一種極親密的感覺。

夜裏當伊睡的時候，便夢見薄松厚板的山，并一大隊運木

ains of planks and boards, and long strings of wagons, carting timber somewhere far away. She dreamed that a whole regiment of six-inch beams forty feet high, standing on end, was marching upon the timber-yard; that logs, beams, and boards knocked together with the resounding crash of dry wood, kept falling and getting up again, piling themselves on each other. Olenka cried out in her sleep, and Pustovalov said to her tenderly: "Olenka, what's the matter, darling? Cross yourself!"

Her husband's ideas were hers. If her thought the room was too hot, or that business was slack, she thought the same. Her husband did not care for entertainments, and on holidays he stayed at home. She did likewise.

"You are always at home or in the office," her friends said to her. "You should go

料的車，遠遠的把木材運去。伊又夢見六寸梁有四十尺高，直立着在木場走動；木頭，棟樑，和板互相衝突，做出枯木相撞的聲音，忽跌下，忽站起，又堆疊在別的木材上面。亞蘭加在夢中叫喊起來，波司脫弗洛夫很溫柔的說道：「亞蘭加什麼事，可愛的人？你自己畫十字罷！」

伊丈夫的思想，便是他的思想。若他想這屋子太熱或者生意不佳，伊也是這樣想。伊丈夫不喜歡應酬，休息日就住在家裏。伊也這樣做。

伊的朋友對伊說：「你是常常住在家裏或者在辦公室裏。

to the theatre, darling, or to the circus.”

“Vassitchka and I have no time to go to theatres,” she would answer sedately. “We have no time for nonsense. What’s the use of these theatres?”

On Saturdays Pustovalov and she used to go to the evening service; on holidays to early mass, and they walked side by side with softened faces as they came home from church. There was a pleasant fragrance about them both, and her silk dress rustled agreeably. At home they drank tea, with fancy bread and jams of various kinds, and afterwards they ate pie. Every day at twelve o’clock there was a savoury smell of beet-root soup and of mutton or duck in their yard, and on fast-days of fish, and no one could pass the gate without feeling hungry. In the office the samovar was always boiling, and custo-

可愛的人，你應該到劇場或者馬戲場玩玩。』

伊便很莊重的答道：『凡司克（指伊丈夫）和我沒有工夫到戲場裏去。我們沒有工夫做無意味的事。劇場到底有什麼用呢？』

到了星期六，波司脫弗洛夫和伊常去做晚禱；到了星期日清早便去做彌撒，當由禮拜堂回家的時候，他們，并着肩走，面上的出和悅的顏色。他們身傍有一種愉快的香味，伊絲製的衣服繚繞響着很好聽。在家裏他們喝茶，佐着各種的菓醬，最後才吃有餡的麵包。每天十二點的時候，他們庭院都漫着一種蘿蔔湯，羊肉和鴨肉的香味，走過門口的人，聞着香味，沒有一個不覺肚子餓的

mers were regaled with tea and cracknels. Once a week the couple went to the baths and returned side by side, both red in the face.

"Yes, we have nothing to complain of, thank God." Clenka used to say to her acquaintances. "I wish every one were as well off as Vassitchka and I."

When Pustovalov went away to buy wood in the Mogilev district, she missed him dreadfully, lay awake and cried. A young veterinary surgeon in the army, called Smirnin, to whom they had let their lodge, used sometimes to come in in the evening. He used to talk to her and play cards with her, and this entertained her in her husband's absence. She was particularly interested in what he told her of his home life. He was married and had a little boy, but was separated from his wife because she had been

。在辦事室裏沸水是常常燒着，買客一來都有茶飲，餅干吃。每星期他們去洗澡一次，回來并肩走着，面上現出紅色。

亞爾加常對他所認識的人說：『是的，感謝上帝，我們沒有什麼怨尤的事。我希望每個人都像凡司克和我這樣安逸。』

當波司脫弗洛夫去莫吉禮夫地方買木材的時候，伊覺得格外寂寞，夜裏睡不着，並且啼哭。在他家裏住的一個少年獸醫，供陸軍供職，名叫斯米林晚上時到伊那裏。他和伊談天或者玩紙牌，當丈夫不在家，伊便這樣消遣。伊對於他所談的家事覺得極有趣味。

他已經娶妻了，並且還有一個小孩子，但他與妻離開，因他妻

unfaithful to him, and now he hated her and used to send her forty roubles a month for the maintenance of their son. And hearing of all this, Olenka sighed and shook her head. She was sorry for him.

"Well, God keep you," she used to say to him at parting, as she lighted him down the stairs with a candle. "Thank you for coming to cheer me up, and may the Mother of God give you health."

And she always expressed herself with the same sedateness and dignity, the same reasonableness, in imitation of her husband. As the veterinary surgeon was disappearing behind the door below, she would say:

"You know, Vladimir Platonitch, you'd better make it up with your wife. You should forgive her for the sake of your son. You may be sure the little fellow understands."

And when Pustovalov came

不忠必待他的緣故，現在他給他妻子一個月給四十盧布維持他兒子的生活。亞蘭加聽這事情搖着頭嘆息。伊替他憂心。

臨走時，伊便擎一枝燭照他下樓去，這時伊常說：「謝謝你來替我作樂，望聖母保佑你身體康健。」

伊說話時表現出鎮靜，莊嚴且有條理的狀態，摹仿丈夫的樣子極像。當獸醫走出樓下門外，伊便說：

「你曉得，弗拉達米，波拉頓尼，你還是和你的妻鬪解罷。爲兒子的緣故，你應該赦免伊。你應曉得，這兒子的將來會知道這件事。」

當波司脫弗浴夫回家之後，

back, she told him in a low voice about the veterinary surgeon and his unhappy home life, and both sighed and shook their heads and talked about the boy, who, no doubt, missed his father, and by some strange connection of ideas, they went up to the holy ikons, bowed to the ground before them and prayed that God would give them children.

And so the Pustovalovs lived for six years quietly and peaceably in love and complete harmony.

But behold! one winter day after drinking hot tea in the office, Vassily Andritch went out into the yard without his cap on to see about sending off some timber, caught cold and was taken ill. He had the best doctors, but he grew worse and died after four months' illness. And Olerka was a widow once more.

"I've nobody, now you've left me, my darling," she

伊便將獸醫和他不幸家庭的事很低聲告伊丈夫，他們兩個都一齊搖頭嘆息，又談到獸醫的兒子，以為無可疑的，這孩子沒有父親，是可憐的，又因為很奇怪的思想感動着，他們便走至聖畫面前，跪在地上，祈禱上帝賜他們兒子。

波司脫弗洛夫夫婦兩人，照這樣很安逸的在愛情與完全和合之中，過了六個年頭。

但是看罷！一日冬天時候，維司尼，安德列（指波司脫弗洛夫）在辦事室裏飲了熱茶之後，沒有戴帽，走出木場監視發送木料，便受了冷，生病了。他請最高明的醫生診治，但漸漸沉重，過了四個月就死了。這時亞蘭加又變寡婦了。

伊丈夫葬事弄妥後，伊嘆氣說：『我沒愛的人了，現在你拋

sobbed, after her husband's funeral. "How can I live without you, in wretchedness and misery! Pity me, good people, all alone in the world!"

She went about dressed in black with long "weepers," and gave up wearing hat and gloves for good. She hardly ever went out, except to church, or to her husband's grave, and led the life of a nun. It was not till six months later that she took off the weepers and opened the shutters of the windows. She was sometimes seen in the mornings, going with her cook to market for provisions, but what went on in her house and how she lived now could only be surmised. People guessed, from seeing her drinking tea in her garden with the veterinary surgeon, who read the newspaper aloud to her, and from the fact that, meeting a lady she knew at the post-office, she said to her:

"There is no proper veteri-

捨我去了,我沒有你怎能過這可悲的生活呢? 你們大家可憐我,我現在只是一個冷落在世上了。』

伊穿着黑色衣服,掛長的喪章,帽子和手套都不用了。伊除了到禮拜堂或者亡夫的墓上,別的地方從沒到過,伊度生活像尼姑一樣。不到六個月以後,伊就脫去喪章,打開窗門。有時常有人看見伊同女廚子早晨走到市場裏買食物,但伊家裏情形如何,怎樣生活,是沒有人知道的。人家也能猜得着,看伊同獸醫在花園裏喝茶,他大聲讀新聞紙給伊聽,又見伊在郵政局遇着伊所熟識的人,便說:

我們城裏沒有正當獸醫的



nary inspection in our town, and that's the cause of all sorts of epidemics. One is always hearing of people's getting infection from the milk supply, or catching diseases from horses and cows. The health of domestic animals ought to be as well cared for as the health of human beings.

She repeated the veterinary surgeon's words, and was of the same opinion as he about everything. It was evident that she could not live a year without some attachment, and had found new happiness in the lodge. In any one else this would have been censured, but no one could think ill of Olenka; everything she did was so natural. Neither she nor the veterinary surgeon said anything to other people of the change in their relations, and tried, indeed, to conceal it, but without success, for Olenka could not keep a secret. When he had visitors,

檢查,這就是各種傳染病發生的原因。人家常聽見許多人由吃牛乳得着傳染,或者由牛馬生了病。家畜的健康也應留心,像人類一樣。

伊反覆敘述獸醫的話,他對於事物有什麼意思,伊也和他一樣。這是很顯明的,伊不能經過一年,一無所愛,伊在家裏,已得到新幸福了。若在他入,必要受人疵議,但是沒有一個人想亞蘭加是有錯的;伊所做的每件事情,都是很自然的。伊和獸醫並沒有對過別人說他們關係的改變;並且試極力去隱瞞,但沒有成效,因為亞蘭加是會守秘密的。在軍

men serving in his regiment, and she poured out tea or served the supper, she would begin talking of the cattle plague, of the foot and mouth disease, and of the municipal slaughter-houses. He was dreadfully embarrassed, and when the guests had gone, he would seize her by the hand and hiss angrily:

"I've asked you before not to talk about what you don't understand. When we veterinary surgeons are talking among ourselves, please don't put your word in. It's really annoying."

And she would look at him with astonishment and dismay, and ask him in alarm: "But, Voloditchka, what *am* I to talk about?"

And with tears in her eyes she would embrace him, begging him not to be angry, and they were both happy.

But this happiness did not last long. The veterinary sur-

隊供事的人,未看他時,伊便來倒茶;或備晚餐,伊就談起牲畜的瘟疫,脚與口的病,和市廳所沒立屠殺場等事。他他得非常受窘,當客去時候,他使用手插伊氣憤憤的說:

「我已經告訴你過不要談論你所不明白的事情。當我們獸醫在一塊談說的時候,你別來插話。這真是討厭極了。」

伊很奇愕又沒有主意,看着他驚問道:「但是弗勞特加(指獸醫)我應該說什麼話呢?」

伊流着眼淚擁抱他,求他不要生氣,他們兩個也就很喜樂了。

但是這幸不是長久的。獸醫離去了,同他的軍隊永遠離

geon departed, departed for ever with his regiment, when it was transferred to a distant place—to Siberia, it may be. And Olenka was left alone.

Now she was absolutely alone. Her father had long been dead, and his armchair lay in the attic, covered with dust and lame of one leg. She got thinner and plainer, and when people met her in the street they did not look at her as they used to, and did not smile to her; evidently her best years were over and left behind, and now a new sort of life had begun for her, which did not bear thinking about. In the evening Olenka sat in the porch, and heard the band playing and the fireworks popping in the Tivoli, but now the sound stirred no response. She looked into her yard without interest, thought of nothing, wished for nothing, and afterwards, when night came

去了。那時軍隊移住分的地方——或者到西伯利亞。亞蘭加是一個人冷清清的過日子了。

現在伊祇剩一個人了。伊的父親老早死了，他所坐的安樂椅，放在小樓上，佈滿塵土，並且失了一足。伊漸漸的衰瘦了，容光也老了，別的人在街上遇着伊，並沒有像從前那樣看伊，也不向伊微笑了；伊的盛年很分明的已經過去了，現在有一種不忍設想的新生活已對伊開始了。晚上亞蘭加坐在廊下，聽見鐵維尼劇場樂隊奏樂和炮火的聲音，但是現在這聲音不能勾起伊心裏的反動了。伊眼看着庭院裏，沒有趣味，也沒有思想與欲望，當夜裏

on : he went to bed and dreamed of her empty yard. She ate and drank as it were unwillingly.

And what was worst of all, she had no opinions of any sort. She saw the objects about her and understood what she saw, but could not form any opinion about them, and did not know what to talk about. And how awful it is not to have any opinions! One sees a bottle, for instance, or the rain, or a peasant driving in his cart, but what the bottle is for, or the rain, or the peasant, and what is the meaning of it, one can't say, and could not even for a thousand roubles. When she had Kukin, or Pustovalov, or the veterinary surgeon, Olenka could explain every thing, and give her opinion about anything you like, but now there was the same emptiness in her brain and in her heart as there was in her

睡覺的時候，伊便夢見空虛的庭院。伊飲食都像不願意似的。

最不堪的事，便是伊對無論什麼事情，都沒有意見。伊看見排列在面前的東西，知道所看的是什麼，但是對這些東西不能發生意見，並且不曉得怎樣說法。沒有意見多可怕呀！譬如一個人看見了一個瓶，或是雨，或者農人驅車，但這瓶有什麼用處，雨和農人是怎樣，有什麼意思，都說不出，就是用一千盧布，也是徒然。當伊有了克欽或是波司脫弗洛夫，或是獸醫的時候，亞爾加能夠說明每件的事物，無論對於什麼都會發生意見，但現在伊心裏和腦裏都是空空洞洞的像

yard outside. And it was as harsh and as bitter as worm-wood in the mouth. 伊的庭院一樣。這是辛苦，如同苦草放在口內。

Little by little the town grew in all directions. The road became a street, and where the Tivoli and the timber-yard had been, there were new turnings and houses. How rapidly time passes! Olenka's house grew dingy, the roof got rusty, the shed sank on one side and the whole yard was overgrown with docks and stinging-nettles. Olenka herself had grown plain and elderly; in summer she sat in the porch, and her soul, as before, was empty and dreary and full of bitterness. In winter she sat at her window and looked at the snow. When she caught the scent of spring, or heard the chime of the church bells, a sudden rush of memories from the past came over her, there was a tender ache in her heart, and her eyes brimmed over with tears; 漸漸的這城市便四向擴張了。路變成了街，從前鐵維尼劇場和木場的地方，現在都建起新式有角的房屋了。光陰走得真快！亞蘭加的屋變暗淡了，屋脊生了鏽，小房子歪向一邊，滿院裏長着酸模與蕪草。亞蘭加也越變得老了；夏天，伊坐在廊下，伊的靈魂似從前一樣是空虛的，並且充滿苦楚。在冬天近窗坐着觀看雪花。當伊聞着春天的香氣，或者聽見禮拜堂鐘聲，從前的影事便陡然湧上來，心裏覺得有一種隱痛，伊的眼眶瑩然滿了淚珠；但這心潮只有一分鐘光景，過後心裏又是空虛，與人生

but this was only for a minute, and then came emptiness again and the sense of the futility of life. The black kitten, Briska, rubbed against her and purred softly, but Olenka was not touched by these feline caresses. That was not what she needed. She wanted a love that would absorb her whole being, her whole soul and reason—that would give her ideas and an object in life and would warm her old blood. And she would shake the kitten off her skirt and say with vexation:

“Get along; I don’t want you!”

And so it was, day after day and year after, year and no joy and no opinions. Whatever Mavra, the cook said she accepted.

One hot July day, towards evening, just as the cattle were being driven away, and the whole yard was full of dust, some one suddenly knocked at

人生沒有聊賴的感想。黑毛的小貓名叫勃列司加靠伊身傍輕輕摩擦，並且叫着，但亞蘭加不能受這一種親暱的感動。這並不是伊所需要的東西。伊要一種愛情，這愛情能把伊的全人格，全靈魂，和理性一齊吸去——這愛情能把意見和人生目的給伊，使伊老血變成溫暖。伊將小貓從衣邊扯開，很憂愁的說：

『去；我不要你咧！』

照這樣，日復一日，年復一年，沒有歡樂，也沒有意見。女廚子馬弗拉怎樣說，伊都一概聽從。

有一天七月很熱天氣，天向晚了，那時人家牲畜都趕回去，庭院裏全是塵土瀰漫着，忽然

the gate. Olenka went to open it herself and was dumb-founded when she looked out: she saw Smirnin, the veterinary surgeon, grey-headed, and dressed as a civilian. She suddenly remembered everything. She could not help crying and letting her head fall on his breast without uttering a word, and in the violence of her feeling she did not notice how they both walked into the house and sat down to tea.

“My dear Vladimir Platonitch! What fate has brought you?” she muttered, trembling with joy.

“I want to settle here for good, Olga Semyonovna” he told her. “I have resigned my post, and have come to settle down and try my luck on my own account. Besides, it’s time for my boy to go to school. He’s a big boy. I am reconciled with my wife, you know.”

“Where is she?” asked

聽得有人敲門的聲音。亞蘭加自己出去開門，伊向外一望，不禁發痴了：伊看見鬍鬚頭髮已白，身上服裝好像文官一樣。伊便突然記起一切的事情。伊不禁哭起來，沒有說一句話，將頭投入他胸懷裏，在感情慳慳之中，伊不覺得兩人怎樣走入屋內，坐下喝茶。

伊驚喜交集的說：『我至愛的，弗拉達米波拉頓尼！什麼命運使你到這裏來？』

他告訴伊道：『阿格·斯密洛夫娜，我要想在這過日子了。我已經辭去我的職務，來到這裏試看我的運氣，做一點事。此外，我的兒子也應該到學校讀書了。他是大孩子。你可曉得，我同我妻子和睦了。』

亞蘭加問道：『伊在什麼地

## The Darling

Olenka.

"She's at the hotel with the boy, and I'm looking for lodgings."

"Good gracious, my dear soul! Lodgings? Why not have my house? Why should not that suit you? Why, my goodness, I wouldn't take any rent!" cried Olenka in a flutter, beginning to cry again. "You live here, and the lodge will do nicely for me. Oh dear! how glad I am!"

Next day the roof was painted and the walls were white-washed, and Olenka, with her arms akimbo, walked about the yard giving directions. Her face was beaming with her old smile, and she was brisk and alert as though she had waked from a long sleep. The veterinary's wife arrived—a thin, plain lady, with short hair and a peevish expression. With her was her little Sasha, a boy of ten, small for his age, blue-eyed, chubby, with

方呢?]

「伊同孩子住在旅館裏，我現在正找房子呢。」

「呵！房子嗎？爲什麼不到我家裏？難道不合你的意嗎？」

「呵！我不要房租！」亞蘭加很喜歡的說，又哭了。「你在這裏居住，家裏便覺愉快。唉，我至愛的人！我真喜歡咧！」

第二天房頂加了油漆，牆上也灰白了，亞蘭加以臂加肘在庭院來回走着，指揮工作。伊的臉堆着舊時的笑容，伊這時是活潑，敏捷，好像由長睡醒過來一般。獸醫的妻來了——伊是一個瘦而且醜的婦人，頭髮短小，性情暴躁。與伊回來的是伊十歲的孩子，名叫沙亞，看起來像不到這樣年齡，蓋的



dimples in his cheeks. And scarcely had the boy walked into the yard when he ran after the cat, and at once there was the sound of his gay, joyous laugh.

“Is that your puss, auntie?” he asked Olenka. “When she has little one, do give us a kitten. Mamma is awfully afraid of mice.”

Olenka talked to him, and gave him tea. Her heart warmed and there was a sweet ache in her bosom, as though the boy had been her own child. And when he sat at table in the evening going over his lesson, she looked at him with deep tenderness and pity as she murmured to herself:

“You pretty pet! ... my precious! ... Such a fair little thing, and so clever.”

“An island is a piece of land which is entirely surrounded by water,” he read aloud.

“An island is a piece of land,” she repeated, and this was

眼睛，肥胖的身軀，兩頰上有小窩。孩子進了院子，便去追貓，立刻就有快樂的笑聲。

他問亞蘭加說：『姑母，這是你的貓嗎？若生了小貓，請你給我一個。媽媽是很怕老鼠的。』

亞蘭加和他談天，並且拿茶給他喝。伊的心溫暖起來了，胸口裏有一種甜快的痛楚，好像這小孩是伊自己的兒子一樣。當他晚上坐在棹旁溫習功課時候，伊很溫柔很憐憫看着他，那時伊自己喃喃的說：

『你可愛的小東西！...我的寶貝！..... 這樣一個聰明美麗的東西。』

他大聲唸道：『島是一塊陸地，四面被水環繞着。』

伊也唸道：『島是一塊的陸地』這是自多年靜寂，無聊的

## The Darling

the first opinion to which she gave utterance with positive conviction after so many years of silence and dearth of ideas. 思想裏，第一次明白確切發表伊的意見。

Now she had opinions of her own, and at supper she talked to Sasha's parents, saying how difficult the lessons were at the high schools, but that yet the high school was better than a commercial one, since with a high-school education all careers were open to one, such as being a doctor or an engineer. 現在伊自己有意見了，當吃晚餐時候，伊對沙亞父母說高等小學裏功課怎樣不容易，但是高等小學比商業學校好，因為有了高等小學的教育，各種職業都可謀得到，如醫生工程師之類。

Sasha began going to the high school. His mother departed to Harkov to her sister's and did not return; his father used to go off every day to inspect cattle, and would often be away from home three days together, and it seemed to Olenka as though Sasha was entirely abandoned, that he was not wanted at home, that he was being starved, and she carried him off to her lodge and gave him a little 沙亞起始到高等小學肄業了。他的母親，往哈爾夫去看姊姊，還沒回來；他的父親每天都出去查驗牲畜，常常三日不在家裏，亞蘭加以爲沙亞完全被他父親拋棄了，他不要家了，有時還餓着，伊便帶他到自己家

room there.

And for six months Sasha had lived in the lodge with her. Every morning Olenka came into his bedroom and found him fast asleep, sleeping noiselessly with his hand under his cheek. She was sorry to wake him.

"Sashenka," she would say mournfully, "get up, darling. It's time for school."

He would get up, dress and say his prayers, and then sit down to breakfast, drink three glasses of tea, and eat two large cracknels and half a buttered roll. All this time he was hardly awake and a little ill-humoured in consequence.

"You don't quite know your fable, Sashenka," Olenka would say, looking at him as though he were about to set off on a long journey. "What a lot of trouble I have with you! You must work and do your best, darling, and obey your teachers."

裏，給他一個小屋居住。

沙亞和亞蘭加住了六個月。每天早上亞蘭加走進他的臥室，看他一隻手擱在頰下無聲息的睡得很熟。伊不忍喊他醒過來。

伊輕輕的說：「沙生加，起來罷，可愛的人。上學的時候到了。」

他便起來，穿好衣服，就唸祈禱文以後坐下吃早飯，喝三杯的茶，吃兩大個餅干，并半個牛油捲。這時他尚未十分清醒，所以有一點不高興。

亞蘭加看他，好像他將出去長期旅行一樣說道：「沙生加，你還不十分諳熟你的故事呢。我為你受多少煩惱啊！你應該勤勉用功，并聽先生的話。」

“Oh, do leave me alone!”  
Sasha would say.

Then he would go down the street to school, a little figure, wearing a big cap and carrying a satchel on his shoulder. Olenka would follow him noiselessly.

“Sashenka!” she would call after him, and she would pop into his hand a date or a caramel. When he reached the street where the school was, he would feel ashamed of being followed by a tall, stout woman; he would turn round and say:

“You’d better go home, auntie. I can go the rest of the way alone.”

She would stand still and look after him fixedly till he had disappeared at the school-gate.

Ah, how she loved him! Of her former attachments not one had been so deep; never had her soul surrendered to any feeling so spontaneously.

沙亞說：「哦，讓我自己管理罷！」

以後他就走入街心向學校去了，一個小小的軀幹，戴着一頂大帽，肩上負着一個書包。亞蘭加無聲息的跟在後面。

『沙生加』伊在後面叫他，并把一個棗子，或者一塊糖餅放他手裏。當他走到街頭學校的所在，他便覺得羞愧，被一個高且壯的婦人跟着；他便轉過頭來說：

「姑母，你不如回去罷。其餘的路我自己會走了。」

伊便靜默的立着，很留心的看他，一直等到他走入學校的門。

啊，伊多愛惜他啊！伊從前所愛的人，都沒有一個像這樣深；伊的靈魂也永沒有像現在這樣很自然，很公正，又很快樂。

so disinterestedly, and so joyously as now that her maternal instincts were aroused. For this little boy with the dimple in his cheek and the big school cap, she would have given her whole life, she would have given it with joy and tears of tenderness. Why? Who can tell why?

When she had seen the last of Sasha, returned home, contented and serene, brimming over with love; her face, which had grown younger during the last six months, smiled and beamed; people meeting her looked at her with pleasure.

"Good-morning, Olga Semyonovna, darling. How are you, darling?"

"The lesson at the high school are very difficult now," she would relate at market. "It's too much; in the first class yesterday they gave him a fable to learn by heart, and a Latin translation and a problem. You know it's too much

的都消磨到這感情裏頭，所以伊母性的本能引起來了。爲了他那頰上有小窩，戴很大學校的帽的小孩子，伊竟把伊全生命犧牲了，而且快樂流着溫柔的眼淚這樣做。爲什麼呢？誰能說出來呢？

當伊最後看見沙亞進了學校，伊纔回家，心中很滿足，平和，而且充溢着愛情；伊的臉在六個月中變年輕了許多，且露着笑容；別人遇伊也很喜歡的對伊說：

阿格斯 賽洛夫娜，可愛的人，

早安。你好嗎，可愛的人。」

伊在街市，說道：「高等學校的功課，現在很難了。這是太多了；昨天，第一級他們給他一段寓言故事要熟讀的，又一篇丁文翻譯，和一個答案。你想這功課在一個小小孩子，未

for a little chap.”

And she would begin talking about the teachers, the lessons, and the school books, saying just what Sasha said.

At three o'clock they had dinner together: in the evening they learned their lessons together and cried. When she put him to bed, she would stay a long time making the Cross over him and murmuring a prayer; then she would go to bed and dream of that far-away misty future when Sasha would finish his studies and become a doctor or an engineer, would have a big house of his own with horses and a carriage, would get married and have children. . . . She would fall asleep still thinking of the same thing, and tears would run down her cheeks from her closed eyes, while the black cat lay purring beside her: “Mrr, mrr, mrr.”

Suddenly there would come a loud knock at the gate.

免太多了。」

伊又接着說學校裏的教員，功課，并教科書，同沙亞所說是一樣的。

到了下午三點鐘，他們一塊兒吃飯；在晚上學習他們的功課，又一齊哭泣了。伊照顧他睡覺，停留許久在小孩身上畫十字形并低聲祈禱；以後伊自己去睡了，夢着很遠模糊的將來。那時沙亞由學校畢業了，做醫生，或者工程師，有一大所房子，一輛馬車，喂養許多馬，娶了妻並且有子女了……伊睡熟了，還是想着這件事，眼淚由閉着的眶裏流下兩頰來，那時黑貓伏在伊身旁：『苗，苗，苗。』

突然有人在外面很響的打門。

Olenka would wake up breathless with alarm, her heart throbbing. Half a minute later would come another knock.

"It must be a telegram from Harkov," she would think, beginning to tremble from head to foot. "Sasha's mother is sending for him from Harkov. . . . Oh, mercy on us!"

She was in despair. Her head, her hands, and her feet would turn chill, and she would feel that she was the most unhappy woman in the world. But another minute would pass, voices would be heard: it would turn out to be the veterinary surgeon coming home from the club.

"Well, thank God!" she would think.

And gradually the load in her heart would pass off, and she would feel at ease. She would go back to bed thinking of Sasha, who lay sound asleep in the next room, sometimes crying out in his sleep:

亞蘭加驚醒過，呼吸都接不下，心中也跳動了。過了半分鐘，又有敲門的聲音。

伊由頭到腳都抖索起來，想道：「這莫不是由哈考夫打來電報罷。沙亞的母親，已到哈考夫叫他去了。……唉，上帝可憐我！能！」

伊是絕望了。伊的頭并手，腳都冷冰了，伊覺得是世界上最不幸的婦人了。但是又過了一分鐘，聽得有人聲了：這時才明白過來這是獸醫從俱樂部回到家裏來。

伊想道：「好了，感謝上帝！」

伊心裏驚憂漸漸經過完了，伊覺得舒服。伊回到床上，心裏念着沙亞，他正在隔壁睡得很酣，有時由夢中叫喊道：

"I'll give it you! Get away!  
Shut up;"

TOL TOY'S CRITICISM ON  
"THE DARLING"

(From "Readings for Every  
Day in the Year.")

There is a story of profound meaning in the Book of Numbers which tells how Balak, the King of the Moabites, sent for the prophet Balaam to curse the Israelites who were on his borders. Balak promised Balaam many gifts for this service, and Balaam, tempted, went to Balak, and went with him up the mountain, where an altar was prepared with calves and sheep sacrificed in readiness for the curse. Balak waited for the curse, but instead of cursing, Balaam blessed the people of Israel.

Ch. xiii, v. II: "and Balak said unto Balaam, What hast thou unto me? I took thee to curse mine enemies, and, behold, thou hast blessed them

「我一定給你! 走罷! 不要搗亂!」

.....  
托爾斯泰對於「可愛的人」的批評。

在民數紀略書裏有一段很有深意的故事,說:莫伯王,勃拉召先知伯拉姆詛咒在他邊境的以色列人。勃拉應許給這先知許多禮物當酬勞,伯拉姆受了誘惑,就來到勃拉這裏,同他一齊上山,那裏祭壇已預備好了,供了公牛和綿羊,做詛咒用的犧牲。勃拉等着詛咒,但是伯拉姆不特不詛咒,反替以色列人祝福。

第二十三章,第十一節:「勃拉對伯拉姆說,你所做的事對得我嗎? 我召你,要你詛咒我的敵人,但你反給他們祝福



altogether.

"12. And he answered and said. Must I not take heed to speak that which the Lord hath put in my mouth?

"13. And Balak said unto him, Come, I pray thee, with me into another place....and curse me them from thence."

But again, instead of cursing, Balaam blessed. And so it was the third time also.

Ch. xxiv., v. 10: "And Balak's anger was kindled against Balaam, and he smote his hands together: and Balak said unto Balaam, I called thee to curse my enemies, and, behold, thou hast altogether blessed them these three times.

"11. Therefore now flee thee to thy place: I thought to promote thee unto great honour; but, lo, the Lord hath kept thee back from honour."

And so Balaam departed without having received the gifts, because, instead of cursing, he had blessed the ene-

.』

第十二節：伯拉姆答道，上帝把話放在我口中，我不應留心傳說嗎？』

第十三節：勃拉對他說：來，請你同我到別的地方去……由那裏替我詛咒他們。』

但是伯拉姆又不詛咒，仍是祝福。第三次也是這樣。

第二十四章，第十節：勃拉發怒了，兩手打着：對伯拉姆說，我請你詛咒敵人你反三次替他祝福。』

第十一節：『所以現你回你的地方去：我想使你大尊榮，但上帝却由尊榮裏要你回去。』

於是伯拉姆走了，并不得着什麼禮物，因為他不詛咒敵人，

mies of Balak.

What happened to Balaam often happens to real poets and artists. Tempted by Balak's gifts, popularity, or by false preconceived ideas, the poet does not see the angel barring his way, though the ass sees him, and he means to curse, and yet, behold, he blesses.

This is just what happened to the true poet and artist Chekhov when he wrote this charming story "The Darling."

The author evidently means to mock at the pitiful creature—as he judges her with his intellect, but not with his heart—the Darling, who after first sharing Kukin's anxiety about his theatre, then throwing herself into the interests of the timber trade, then under the influence of the veterinary surgeon regarding the campaign against the foot and mouth disease as the most important matter in the world,

反替他們祝福。

伯拉姆所遇的事情，真實的詩家與藝術家也常常遇着。

受了勃拉的禮物，名譽，錯誤的思想的誘惑，這詩家併不會看見天使阻了他的路，雖則驢子能看見他，他以為去詛咒，但，看呀，他却祝福了。

真的詩家和藝術家的柴霍甫，當他做這驚動人的小說「可愛的人」時候，正是遇着這樣的事情。

著者分明嘲笑道，可憐的人——因他用理智去評斷伊，不會用他的心——這可愛的人最先為劇場的事，替克欽德愛，以後自己投身去顯盧木商的營業，又受了獸醫的感化，便以為防止牲畜蹄與口的病，算是天下最重要的事，最後又關心

is finally engrossed in the grammatical questions and the interests of the little school-boy in the big cap. Kukin's surname is absurd, even his illness and the telegram announcing his death, the timber merchant with his respectability, the veterinary surgeon, even the boy—all are absurd, but the soul of The Darling, with her faculty of devoting herself with her whole being to any one she loves, is not absurd, but marvellous and holy.

I believe that while he was writing "The Darling," the author had in his mind, though not in his heart, a vague image of a new woman; of her equality with man; of a woman mentally developed, learned, working independently for the good of society as well as, if not better than, a man; of the woman who has raised and upholds the woman question; and in writing "The Darling" he

於文法的問題和戴大帽小學生的事。克欽這姓氏，是很可笑的，就是他的疾病，知報告的電信也都是可笑，那尊貴的木商，獸醫，以至於小孩——一齊也都是笑的，但是這可愛的人的靈魂，與伊的犧牲全身命對於伊所愛的人身上的力量不但不可笑，而且奇特，與神聖。

我相信當著者做這篇小說時，在他的思想裏，不是心裏，有一個新婦女的幻像；同男子平等；知識發展且有學問，為社會獨立工作，雖然勝不過男子，也和男子一樣；極力提倡且鼓吹婦女問題；他做這篇『可愛的人

wanted to show what woman ought not to be. The Balak of public opinion had Chekhov curse the weak, submissive undeveloped woman devoted to man; and Chekhov went up the mountain, and the calves and sheep were laid upon the altar, but when he began to speak, the poet blessed what he had come to curse. In spite of its exquisite gay humour, I at least can't read without tears some passages of this wonderful story. I am touched by the description of her complete devotion and love for Kukin and all that he cares for, and for the timber merchant and for the veterinary surgeon, and even more of her sufferings when she is left alone and has no one to love; and finally the account of how with all the strength of womanly, motherly feelings (of which she has no experience in her own life) she devotes herself with heart

！便要教婦女不必這樣。公眾輿論的勃拉嗎他詛咒那柔軟，弱，智力不發展，專心順從男子的婦人；柴霍甫登上山去犧牲已經預備置在祭壇裏了，當他說話時，這詩人反祝福他所要詛咒的人了。雖然文字裏有多少快樂談諧，我對這篇小說讀了幾段，不能不流下淚來。篇中描寫伊對於克欽完全的專心和愛情，以及他一切的事，以至於愛木商，與獸醫，甚至伊自己受苦，當伊冷落無人可愛的時候；以後伊用婦女母性感情的力量（在伊一生，未曾經驗過）并無限的愛，專心對

less love to the future man. 於將來的人，這個戴大帽的小  
the schoolboy in the big cap. 學生，我不禁受了感動。

The author makes her love 著者俾伊愛可笑的克欽，沒  
the absurd Kukin, the insigni- 有價值的木商，和那可憎的獸  
ficant timber merchant, and 醫，但愛情是一樣的神聖，無論  
the unpleasant veterinary sur- 所愛的物是克欽或者斯賓洛  
geon, but love is no less sacred 薩，或者巴司克與雪尼，又無論  
whether its object is a Kukin 所愛的物，像可愛的人一樣俱  
or a Spinoza, a Pascal, or a 快變換，或終生不更變。

Some time ago I happened 從前我在報紙上讀過一篇  
to read in the *Novoe Vremya* 討論婦女的很好文章。著者  
an excellent article upon wo- 在這篇文章裏，關於婦女問題  
man. The author has in this 表明一種種聰明，且奧妙的意  
article expressed a remarkably 見。他說：『婦女要求表現他  
clever and profound idea about 們能做男子所能做的事情。  
woman. "Women," he says' 我并不反對這事，我尚且以爲  
"are trying to show us they 婦女能做男子所能做的事，而  
can do everything we men can 且比男子還好；但是最困難的  
do. I don't contest it; I am  
prepared to admit that women  
can do everything men can do,  
and possibly better than men;  
but the trouble is that men

cannot do anything faintly approaching to what women can do.” 便是男子都不能做稍近於婦女所能做的事情。]

Yes, that is undoubtedly true, and it is true not only with regard to birth, nurture, and early education of children. Men cannot do that highest, best work which brings man nearest to God—the work of love, of complete devotion to the loved object, which good women have done, do, and will do so well and so naturally. What would become of the world, what would become of us men if women had not that faculty and did not exercise it? We could get on without women doctors, women telegraph clerks, women lawyers, women scientists, women writers, but life would be a sorry affair without mothers, helpers, friends, comforters, who love in men the best in them, and imperceptibly instil, evoke, and support it. There would have been no Magdalen 是的,這話是無可疑的是很真實,不特關於生產養育,兒童早年教育的問題是這樣。男子不能做那最高最好使人接近於上帝的工作——愛情和對於所愛的物完全忠事的工作,這工作凡善良的婦女都能夠做,而且做得很好,很自然。倘使婦女都有這種力量,且不去實行,不曉得世界要變成怎樣,我們男子變成怎樣呢? 我們沒有女醫生,女電報生,女律師,女著作家,都不覺怎樣,但是若沒有母親幫助人,朋友,慰藉人,他們愛好男性暗中扶持發展,我們的生命就覺得可惡了。假如這樣,將有沒處

with Christ, no Claire with St. Francis; there would have been no wives of the Dekabrists in Siberia, there would not have been among the Duhobors those wives who, instead of holding their husbands back, supported them in their martyrdom for truth; there would not have been those thousands and thousands of unknown women — the best of all, as the unknown always are — the comforters of the drunken, the weak, and the dissolute, who, more than any, need the comfort of love. That love, whether devoted to a Kukin or to Christ, is the chief, grand, unique strength of woman.

What an amazing misunderstanding it is — all this so-called woman question, which, as every vulgar idea is bound to do, has taken possession of the majority of women, and even of men.

“Woman longs to improve herself” — what can be more

于基督的馬達蘭，聖弗蘭西的克尼爾；也沒有在西伯利亞十二月黨的妻子了；並且在達何保爾之中也沒那樣的妻子，不肯招丈夫回去，還幫助他們在困難中要求真理；更沒有那整千整萬，無名的婦女了——最好的婦女常常如同無名的一樣，——也沒有放蕩的懦弱的，醜酒的男子之安慰人了，這些男子，必需愛情的慰藉，比較別人更多。這愛情無論對於克欽或者對於基督，都是婦女第一的，偉大的，無可比的力量。

這是一個可笑的謬誤——所謂婦女問題，這問題如同卑陋的妄想一樣，有力量能支配多數的婦女與男子。

【婦女要發展自己】——什麼事情能比這事更合法，更合

legitimate and just than that? 理呢?

But a woman's work is from her very vocation different from man's, and so the ideal of feminine perfection cannot be the same as the ideal of masculine perfection. Let us admit that we do not know what that ideal is; it is quite certain in any case that it is not the ideal of masculine perfection. And yet it is to the attainment of that masculine ideal that the whole of the absurd and evil activity of the fashionable woman movement, which is such a stumbling-block to woman, is directed.

I am afraid that Chekhov was under the influence of that misunderstanding when he wrote "The Darling,"

He, like Balaam, intended to curse, but the god of poetry forbade him, and commanded him to bless. And he did bless, and unconsciously clothed this sweet creature in such an

但是婦女的工作，在天性便與男子不同，所以女性完成的理想不能和男性完成的理想一樣。我們不曉得那理想是什麼；在各方面看起來，這的確不是男性完成的理想。但是那新式的婦女在那裏做全是可笑而且有害的運動，這是婦女的阻礙物，却向男性完成的獲得這方面引去。

我恐怕柴霍甫是受這種謬誤思想的影響，當時，做這篇小說「可愛的人。」

他如同伯拉得要他去詛咒，但詩的神禁止他，且命他去祝福。他祝福完了，無意中使這可愛的人披了一個美妙的光



exquisite radiance that she will always remain a type of what a woman can be in order to be happy herself, and to make the happiness of those with whom destiny throws her.

What makes the story so excellent is that the effect is unintentional.

I learnt to ride a bicycle in a hall large enough to drill a division of soldiers. At the other end of the hall a lady was learning. I thought I must be careful to avoid getting in to her way, and be an looking at her. And as I looked at her I began unconsciously getting nearer and nearer to her, and in spite of the fact that, noticing the danger, she hastened to retreat, I rode down upon her and knocked her down—that is, I did the very opposite of what I wanted to do, simply because a concentrated my attention upon her.

The same thing has happened to Chekhov, but in an in-

彩,使伊留着做婦女的款式,使伊自己有幸福,并使以運命投給伊的人,也有幸福。

這篇小說最優美的地方是那效力是無意中顯出來的。

我曾在一個可練得一隊兵的大廳上,學坐自行車。在廳的一邊,有一個女人在那裏念書。我想我應該留心勿侵入伊的地方,我就看着伊。當我看伊時候,我便無意中漸漸接近伊身邊,雖然伊知道危險,要急急避開,我已近前了,并把伊撞倒——這就是做我所要做的事情之反面,只因爲我把我的注意集中於伊的緣故。

柴霍甫所遇的事情,也是這樣。但是意却相反:他要把那

verse sense: he wanted to 可愛的人撞倒,用詩人緊切的  
 knock the Darling down, and 注意對伊,他便把伊扶起來  
 concentrating upon her the 了。  
 close attention of the poet, he (完)  
 raised her up.

## 小 本 小 說

第 一 輯 前 七 種

戀 愛 之 謎 ..... 張 靜 塵

白 書 記 ..... 王 無 爲

亡 妻 影 事 ..... 張 靜 塵 陳 企 白

曉 風 殘 夢 ..... 葉 青 青

一 只 指 戒 ..... 劉 五 厂

碎 玉 記 ..... 張 靜 塵

嫁 後 ..... 張 靜 塵

每 輯 十 種 每 種 定 價 一 角

## 蒙古旅行記

是書係王無爲著，張靜廬王靖爲之序，分上中下三編，外以內蒙古各旗及外蒙古東中三路之天時，地宜，風俗，政治，宗教，及日俄經營蒙古之實況，爲經緯之以縱覽異聞。第一編爲「沙漠美人」，奇情異致，別開言情小說之隱徑。第二編爲「大荒俠客」，壯氣凌雲，萬不可仰。第三編「驛道偵探」，神靈出沒，深不可測。三編純係文言，官情則疎遠，麗則不洽，駿俠則武健豪邁，肆而不放；敘偵探則疑雲密布，幽曲異常，詢近今最良小說，不唯可資消遣，且可爲蒙古識方之志，定價大洋一元二角，泰東圖書局發行。

( 2 )

## The Chorus Girl

歌 女

One day when she was younger and better-looking, and when her voice was stronger, Nikolay Petrovitch Kolpakov, her adorer, was sitting in the outer room in her summer villa. It was intolerably hot and stifling. Kolpakov, who had just dined and drunk a whole bottle of inferior port, felt ill humoured and out of sorts. Both were bored and waiting for the heat of the day to be over in order to go for a walk.

All at once there was a sudden ring at the door. Kolpakov, who was sitting with his coat off, in his slippers, jumped up and looked inquiringly at Pasha.

"It must be the postman or one of the girls," said the singer.

Kolpakov did not mind be-

有一天當伊年少貌美，歌喉婉轉的時候，伊的情人克爾伯克夫坐在伊夏天避暑的別墅外室裏。這時天氣炎熱鬱蒸，幾乎使人閉了呼吸。克爾伯克夫剛剛吃完晚飯，又飲了一大杯烈性的酒，他覺得有一點沉醉，如失了知覺一般。他們兩個都熱得發昏，要想等到夕陽西下，熱氣稍退時，出去散步乘涼。

忽然聽見外面有叩門的聲音。克爾伯克夫此時脫下外衣，穿着拖鞋坐在外面，一聽有人叩門，登時跳起來，注視寶沙現出驚疑的樣子。

歌女寶沙說：「我想沒有別的人，不是郵差，就是我的女朋友。」

克爾伯克夫盡可以不用操

ing found by the postman or Pasha's lady friends, but by way of precaution gathered up his clothes and went into the next room, while Pasha ran to open the door. To her great surprise in the doorway stood, not the postman and not a girl friend, but an unknown woman, young and beautiful, who was dressed like a lady, and from all outward signs was one.

The stranger was pale and was breathing heavily as though she had been running up a steep flight of stairs.

"What is it?" asked Pasha.

The lady did not at once answer. She took a step forward, slowly looked about the room, and sat down in a way that suggested that from fatigue, or perhaps illness, she could not stand; then for a long time her pale lips quivered as she tried in vain to speak.

"Is my husband here?" she asked at last, raising to Pasha

避這郵差和寶沙的女朋友,但他很謹慎立刻收拾外衣等,逃入隔壁,這時寶沙走出開!

門一開,伊就嚇了一跳,原來立在門口并不是郵差,也不是伊的女朋友,是一個不相認識的婦人,年紀很輕,生得也美貌,服裝和外表形式儼然是一位貴夫人。

一位婦人面色慘白,呼吸短促,好像伊剛纔很慌急的奔上扶梯,所以露出氣喘不過來的樣子。

寶沙問道:「你是誰?」

這婦人不能立刻答應。伊走前一步,慢慢的向屋裏瞧了一下,就頹然坐在樓上,看伊的神情不曉得是疲憊呢,或者是病呢;過了好幾分鐘,伊慘白的唇吻纔微微顫動,究竟說不出話來。

最後伊睜開兩個圓大的眼睛,裏邊眼簾有紅暈的,對着寶

her big eyes with their red tear-stained lids. 沙說：「我的丈夫在這裏嗎？」

“Husband?” whispered Pasha, and was suddenly so frightened that her hands and feet turned cold. “What husband?” she repeated, beginning to tremble.

“My husband, . . . Nikolay Petrovitch Kolpakov.”

“N . . . no, madam . . . I . . . I don’t know any husband.”

A minute passed in silence. The stranger several times passed her handkerchief over her pale lips and held her breath to stop her inward trembling, while Pasha stood before her motionless, like a post, and looked at her with astonishment and terror.

“So you say he is not here?” the lady asked, this time speaking with a firm voice and smiling oddly.

“I . . . I don’t know who it is you are asking about.”

“You are horrid, mean, vile . . .” the stranger muttered.

賈沙低聲問道：「什麼丈夫？」伊說話時忽然覺得很害怕，四肢登時冰冷起來。

伊此時有點發抖，又問道：「什麼丈夫？」

「我的丈夫……克爾伯克夫。」

「沒……沒有，夫人……我……我並不曉得什麼丈夫。」

兩人默然，過了一分鐘。那婦人有好幾次把手帕掩住伊白色的唇吻，並隨伊的氣，要想停止心裏跳動的，這時賈沙動也不動的立在伊面前，瞧着伊，又奇怪，又恐怕。

那婦人又問道：「你說他不在這裏嗎？」這時伊說話的口氣，變為嚴厲，並露出冷酷的笑容。

「我……我並不曉得你所要問的是誰。」

「你是一個可怕，卑賤的歌妓……」那婦人的詞鋒越發尖

scanning Pasha with hatred and repulsion. "Yes, yes . . . you are horrid. I am very, very glad that at last I can tell you so!"

Pasha felt that on this lady in black with the angry eyes and white slender fingers she produced the impression of something horrid and unsee-ly, and she felt ashamed of her chubby red cheeks, the pock-mark on her nose, and the fringe on her forehead, which never could be combed back. And it seemed to her that if she had been thin, and had had no powder on her face and no fringe on her forehead, then she could have disguised the fact that she was not "respectable," and she would not have felt so frightened and ashamed to stand facing this unknown, mysterious lady.

"Where is my husband?" the lady went on. "though I don't care whether he is here

利,又說:「是的,……你是可惡的東西。我很喜歡對你這樣說!」

寶沙覺得這位婦人憤怒的眼光,白色纖瘦的手指,穿着一身黑衣服,使人生一種可怕,可畏的印象,伊又覺得伊自己兩個緋紅肥滿的頰,鼻梁上又有一個瘰,額際短髮鬢髮,永遠也不能梳向下面,自己很羞愧。若使伊能變瘦削一點,臉上沒有擦着白粉,額上沒有短髮,伊或者能夠假裝做尊貴的態度,何至覺得立在這位不認識,不可思議的婦人面前,這樣恐怖,羞愧。

那婦人續說道:「我的丈夫在那裏? 他在這裏與否,我暫

or not, but I ought to tell you that the money has been missed, and they are looking for Nikolay Petrovitch. . . . They mean to arrest him. That's your doing!"

且不管,但我要告訴的事情,就是克爾伯克夫把人家的銀錢偷走了,他們正設法追捕他哩!

The lady got up and walked about the room in great excitement. Pasha looked at her and was so frightened that she could not understand.

"He'll be found and arrested to-day," said the lady, and she gave a sob, and in that sound could be heard her resentment and vexation. "I know who has brought him to this awful position! Low, horrid creature! Loathsome, mercenary hussy!" The lady's lips worked and her nose wrinkled up with disgust. "I am helpless, do you hear, you low woman? . . . I am helpless; you are stronger than I am, but there is One to defend me and my children! God sees all! He is just! He will punish you for every tear I have shed, for

且不管,但我要告訴的事情,就是克爾伯克夫把人家的銀錢偷走了,他們正設法追捕他哩!

那婦人站起來,在屋裏來回踱着,臉上現出極焦急不可耐的樣子,寶沙聽着伊,覺得很驚怕,所以不明白那婦人剛纔說的話,是存着什麼意思。

那婦人歎了一口氣,由這歎息聲中,可以見得伊是悔恨和憤怒。伊說:『他今天必定被捕。我早曉得誰害他到這可怕的田地!你這下流的東西!可恨的,惟利是圖的賤婦!』那婦人說時唇吻和鼻梁都繃起來,顯出極可憎惡的神態。又續說:『我現在是無可奈何了,你聽見麼,下賤的婦人?……我是無可倚靠了;你雖然與我不相認識,但禍由你起,總算是我和我兒女的仇敵!上帝都明白這些事情啊!他是公平無私的!上帝知道我



all my sleepless nights! The time will come; you will think of me! . . .”

Silence followed again. The lady walked about the room and wrung her hands, while Pasha still gazed blankly at her in a razeament, not understanding and expecting something terrible.

“I know nothing about it, madam,” she said and suddenly burst into tears.

“You are lying!” cried the lady, and her eyes flashed angrily at her. “I know all about it! I’ve known you a long time! I know that for the last month he has been spending every day with you!”

“Yes. What then? What of it? I have a great many visitors, but I don’t force any one to come. He is free to do as he like.”

“I tell you they have discovered the money is missing! He has embezzled money at the office! For the sake of

爲些事天天流眼淚，夜夜睡不穩，他必定降罰於你！時候到了；你應該替我想想！……”

這時兩人默然不響。那婦人在屋裏踱來踱去，兩手互扭着，寶沙雙目瞧着伊，驚疑不定，并不曉得以後還有什麼可怕的事發生。

寶沙忽然眼淚滾下來說：『我并不曉這些事情，夫人。』

那婦人兩個眼睛如同冒火一般，對着寶沙說：『你撒謊！我一看就曉得！我早知道你好久了。前月我纔曉得他天天都到這裏和你一塊兒親密！』

『是的。有什麼不了的事？這又算什麼？我有許多客人，但我向來沒有強迫人家到這裏來。來去是任他自由。』

『我告訴你他們發現那些銀錢遺失，纔想追捕他哩！他把辦事室裏的公款吞沒哩！』

such a . . . creature as you, for your sake he has actually committed a crime. Listen," said the lady in a resolute voice, stopping short, facing Pasha. "You can have no principles; you live simply to do harm—that's your object; but one can't imagine you have fallen so low that you have no trace of human feeling left! He has a wife, children. . . . If he is condemned and sent into exile we shall starve, the children and I. . . . Understand that! And yet there is a chance of saving him and us from destitution and disgrace. If I take them nine hundred roubles to day they will let him alone. Only nine hundred roubles!"

"What nine hundred roubles?" Pasha asked softly. "I . . . I don't know. . . . I haven't taken it."

"I am not asking you for nine hundred roubles. . . . You have no money, and I

都是因爲你 . . . 這東西，爲你的緣故，他纔犯了罪。你聽呀!』那婦人說時，走近寶沙面前，語極堅決。又續說：『你做沒有本錢的生意；你的生活單純是害人——這就是你的目的；但是人家都想不到你墮落到這地步，幾乎一點人性都不存留！他是有妻有兒女的人 . . . 若使他定了罪，發充別的地方去，我們就要變成餓殍了，我的兒女和我 . . . 你明白這些事情麼？但是現在尚有機會，由這窮苦和恥辱裏，把伊并我們救拯出來。若使我今天能夠把九百盧布彌縫他們，事即可了。只要九百盧布!』

寶沙低聲說：『什麼九百盧布？我 . . . 我不曉得 . . . 我并未拿過這筆款。』

『我並不是向你要九百盧布 . . . 你沒有錢我也不要你的錢。我向你耍別的東西 . . .

don't want your money. I ask you for something else. . . . Men usually give expensive things to women like you. Only give me back the things my husband has given you!"

"Madam, he has never made me a present of anything!" Pasha wailed, beginning to understand.

"Where is the money? He has squandered his own and mine and other people's. . . . What has become of it all? Listen, I beg you! I was carried away by indignation and have said a lot of nasty things to you, but I apologize. You must hate me, I know, but if you are capable of sympathy, put yourself in my position! I implore you to give me back the things!"

"H'm!" said Pasha, and she shrugged her shoulders. "I would with pleasure, but God is my witness, he never made me a present of anything. Believe me, on my conscience.

……大概不成器的男子，往往甘心悅意把金錢花費到你這一類的婦女身上。你只將我的丈夫所贈送你的東西拿出來還我就完了!」

寶沙這時纔明白，哭道：「夫人！他向來沒贈送我什麼東西!」

「你說他沒贈送你東西，但他的金錢花到什麼地方去呢？他把他自己的和他人的金錢，一統都花淨光……這些金錢向何處去呢？聽呀，我求你！我起先因為氣極，所以出言無狀，但我向你謝罪。我曉得你是憎惡我，但若使你能夠和我表同情，請與我易位相處，就知道我的痛苦了！我求你把所有東西還我!」

寶沙聳了肩，說：「唉！若使他有東西贈我，自然我很喜歡交還，但是上帝是我的証人，克爾伯克夫並沒有把東西送給我。這是我良心上的真話請

However, you are right, though," said the singer in confusion, "he did bring me two little things. Certainly I will give them back, if you wish it."

Pasha pulled out one of the drawers in the toilet table and took out of it a hollow gold bracelet and a thin ring with a ruby in it.

"Here, madam!" she said, handing the visitor these articles.

The lady flushed and her face quivered. She was offended.

"What are you giving me?" she said. "I am not asking for charity, but for what does not belong to you... what you have taken advantage of your position to squeeze out of my husband... that weak, unhappy man... On Thursday, when I saw you with my husband at the harbour you were wearing expensive brooches and bracelets. So it's no

你相信。』寶沙又很錯亂的頓下說：「雖然，你總是不錯的，他只贈給我兩件微小的東西。若使你要，我就交還。」

寶沙抽開一個梳粧台的小櫃，拿出一對空心的金釧，并一個薄的戒指上面有玫瑰紫色的寶石嵌着。

寶沙將兩件東西拿出後說：「都在這裏，夫人！」

那婦人臉上發紅，怔了一怔。伊此時受了抵制。

伊說：「你給我這些東西有什麼用處？我不是向你求布施，但要你把不是屬你的東西交還……以你所處的地位，來敲詐我丈夫的東西……那個孱弱，不幸的人……禮拜四那一天，我看見你和我丈夫在港口裏，那時你御着極貴重

use your playing the innocent lamb to me! I ask you for the last time: will you give me the things, or not?"

"You are a queer one, upon my word," said Pasha, beginning to feel offended. "I assure you that, except the bracélet and this little ring, I've never seen a thing from your Niko-lay Petrovitch. He brings me nothing but sweet cakes."

"Sweet cakes!" laughed the stranger. "At home the children have nothing to eat, and here you have sweet cakes. You absolutely refuse to restore the presents?"

Receiving no answer, the lady sat down and stared into space, pondering.

"What's to be done now?" she said. "If I don't get nine hundred roubles, he is ruined, and the children and I am ruined, too. Shall I kill this low woman or go down on my knees to her?"

The lady pressed her handker-

的胸飾和手鐲。你不用在我面前裝假！我求你只有這一次：你究竟給我不給我呢？」

寶沙此時覺得沒有法子可想，就說：「你這個人真奇怪，我已經告訴你，除這手鐲和戒指外，我真沒見過克爾伯克夫有別的東西贈我。他有時不過買一點甜餅。」

那婦人接着說：「甜餅！我家裏小孩還沒東西吃，你這裏居然有甜餅。你果然不肯把那些東西交還麼？」

寶沙一句話答應不出，那婦人就坐下發呆。

伊說：「現在怎麼辦呢？若使我得不到九百盧布，克爾伯克夫一個人就沒有救了，小孩子和我也必定等着死。我還是把這賤婦殺却，或者跪下向他懇求呢？」

那婦人用手帕遮壓着臉上，

chief to her face and broke into sobs. 嘆息不休。

"I beg you!" Pasha heard through the stranger's sobs. "You see you have plundered and ruined my husband. Save him. . . . You have no feeling for him, but the children. . . the children. . . What have the children done?"

實沙由嘆息聲中聽伊說：「我懇求你！你把我的丈夫毀了。拯救他罷……你若是與他沒有情感，但看他的兒女……他的兒女……這些小孩子怎麼好呢？」

Pasha imagined little children standing in the street, crying with hunger, and she, too, sobbed.

實沙聽說，就設想到一般小孩子，站着街心啼飢號寒的慘狀，也嘆了一口氣。

"What can I do, madam?" she said. "You say that I am a low woman and that I have ruined Nikolay Petrovitch, and I assure you. . . before God Almighty, I have had nothing from him what-ever. . . . There is only one girl in our chorus who has a rich admirer; all the rest of us live from hand to mouth on bread and kvass. Nikolay Petrovitch is a highly educated, refined gentleman, so I've made him welcome. We are bound to

伊說：「我能夠怎樣做呢？夫人！你罵我下賤的婦人，并毀壞你丈夫到這地步，我實在告訴你……上帝知道，我並沒有用過他的錢……我們一般歌女中間，只有一個人得着富人垂青，其餘都是很窮苦的靠喉舌討生活。克爾伯克夫是受過高等教育的人，品性也很和藹，所以我纔歡迎他。其實我們一般人都是交納風雅的

make gentlemen welcome.”

“I ask you for the things! Give me the things! I am crying. . . . I am humiliating myself. . . . If you like I will go down on my knees! If you wish it!”

Pasha shrieked with horror and waved her hands. She felt that this pale, beautiful lady who expressed herself so grandly, as though she were on the stage, really might go down on her knees to her, simply from pride, from grandeur, to exalt herself and humiliate the chorus girl.

“Very well, I will give you things!” said Pasha, wiping her eyes and bustling about. “By all means. Only they are not from Nikolay Petrovitch. . . . I got these from other gentlemen. As you please. . . .”

Pasha pulled out the upper drawer of the chest, took out a diamond brooch, a coral necklace, some rings and bracelets, and gave them all

人士。」

「我求你把那些東西給我罷！給我罷！我要哭了……我是把自己侮辱了……若使你悅意，我跪下求你也可以！只求你要我這樣做！」

寶沙驚駭已極，儘管搖伊的手。伊覺得這位臉色慘白，而且美麗的婦人，說出話來這樣爽暢，好像在舞台上演戲一般，如果伊真降尊跪下，豈不是折了夫人的身分，使歌女無地自容。

寶沙拭了眼淚，很慚促的說：「好！索性把這些東西給你罷！但是克爾伯克夫贈我的祇有這兩件……這幾件是別人送我的。任你拿去罷……」

寶沙抽鞋台中間的櫃，將一個金鑽石的胸飾，一個珊瑚製的頸環，和其他手鐲戒指等，一

to the lady.

"Take them if you like, only I've never had anything from your husband. Take them and grow rich," Pasha went on, offended at the threat to go down on her knees. "And if you are a lady . . . his lawful wife, you should keep him to yourself, I should think so! I did not ask him to come; he came of himself."

Through her tears the lady scrutinized the articles given her and said:

"This isn't everything. . . . There won't be five hundred roubles' worth here."

Pasha impulsively flung out of the chest a go'd watch, a cigar-case and studs, and said, flinging up her hands:

"I've nothing else left. . . . You can search!"

The visitor gave a sigh, with trembling hands twisted the things up in her handkerchief, and went out without uttering a word, without eyen

統都交給那個婦人。

『任你便拿去罷，但我沒得你丈夫好多別的東西。你拿了這些東西就會暴富起來。』寶沙把東西給那婦人，原是恐怕伊屈尊下跪。又說：『若使你是一個好婦人……他法律的妻，你應該管束他，占為已有。我想你應這樣！我并沒求他到這裏來；都是他自己悅意來的。』

那婦人由伊眼淚朦朧裏把這些東西估量一下并說：

『這不夠數……合起來，還不值後五百盧布。』

寶沙弄得沒法，又把一個金錶，煙盒和領鈕都拿出來，伸着雙手說：

『我什麼東西都沒有存留了……你可來搜！』

那婦人一面嘆息，一面用驚顫的手把所有的東西統包一個手帕裏，不說一句話，也不點



nodding her head.

The door from the next room opened and Kolpakov walked in. He was pale and kept shaking his head nervously, as though he had swallowed something very bitter; tears were glistening in his eyes.

"What presents did you make me?" Pasha asked, pouncing upon him. "When did you, allow me to ask you?"

"Presents . . . that's no matter!" said Kolpakov, and he tossed his head. "My God! She cried before you, she humbled herself. . . ."

"I am asking you, what presents did you make me?" Pasha cried.

"My God! She, a lady, so proud, so pure . . . She was ready to go down on her knees to . . . to this wench! And I've brought her to this! I've allowed it!"

He clutched his head in his hands and moaned.

"No, I shall never forgive

頭，一直走去了。

隔壁的門開了，克爾伯克夫走進來。他面色慘淡，儘管搖首，皺着眉，好像吃什麼苦的東西；淚痕尙是晶瑩的掛着眼簾。

寶沙很怒憤的問道：「你到底有什麼東西贈給我？我問問你，什麼時候拿東西來贈我。」

克爾伯克夫搖首說：「贈品……這算什麼？我的上帝！伊居然在你面前啼哭，侮辱自己……」

寶沙哭道：「我且問你，到底你有什麼東西贈給我？」

「我的上帝！伊是一個驕貴，高潔……居然要跪於……於你這下流妓女面前！這是我害伊！我應該認過啊！」

他說舉兩手把着頭哭起來了。

他末後很決絕的說：「唉！我

myself for this! I shall never 永遠自己不能赦免這罪過啊  
 forgive myself! Get away from 快滾去……你這賤人!  
 me . . . you low creature!" 他說時推開寶沙。『伊要屈  
 he cried with repulsion, back- 膝於……你面前啊! 我的上  
 ing away from Pasha, and 帝!』  
 thrusting her off with trembl-  
 ing hands. "She would have  
 gone down on her knees, and  
 . . . and to you! Oh, my God!"

He rapidly dressed, and 他胡亂穿了衣服,又推開寶  
 pushing Pasha aside contemp- 沙,奪門而去。  
 tuously, made for the door  
 and went out.

Pasha lay down and began 寶沙臥下,大聲哭起來。伊  
 wailing aloud. She was already 這時纔覺得心痛,自怨大容易  
 regretting her things which 把那些珍品交給他人。伊又  
 she had given away so imp- 迴憶到三年前一個商人怎樣  
 pulsively, and her feelings 無緣無故毆打伊,所以哭得格  
 were hurt. She remembered 外傷心。  
 how three years ago a mer-  
 chant had beaten her for no  
 sort of reason, and she wailed  
 more loudly than ever.

# 杜威演講三種

劉伯明口譯◎沈振聲筆述

## ▲教育哲學

●定價五角

此書分上下二編：上編爲「廣義的教育」；對於教育之意義和性質，必要，可能，設施，結果，評判，論列靡遺。下編爲「狹義的教育」；對於社會教育的缺點，學校教育的缺點，特點，教材，教法，與經驗的要素，知識的來源，知識的分類；學校教材的編制；職業教育，道德教育，論列甚詳。

## ▲哲學史

●定價三角

此書言歐洲思想的起源，希臘最初哲學，自然，知識，人的，各問題；和各名家的學說：柏拉圖，亞里士多德等。詳盡。

## ▲試驗論理學

●定價三角

無論研究何種學術，論理學爲第一部；而此書尤爲各家著作之冠。其言論理學之性質，重要，及思想之起源，歷程，階段，缺點和補救之方法；論理方法之歸納，演繹，證實的歷程；判斷的重要，性質，功用，動作等，言各家所不曾言。

◀ 泰東圖書局發行 ▶

(5)

## Bad Weather

雨 天

BIG raindrops were pattering on the dark windows. It was one of those disgusting summer holiday rains which, when they have begun, last a long time — for weeks; till the frozen holiday maker grows used to it, and sinks into complete apathy. It was cold; there was a feeling of raw, unpleasant dampness. The mother-in-law of a lawyer, called Kvashin, and his wife, Nadyezhda Filippovna, dressed in waterproofs and shawls, were sitting over the dinner table in the dining-room. It was written on the countenance of the elder lady that she was, thank God, well-fed, well-clothed and in good health, that she had married her only daughter to a good man, and now could play her game of patience with an easy con-

大的雨點淅淅瀝瀝的打着黑漆似的窗上。這是一場夏天避暑時候的雨常常下,就經了許久—有好幾星期,一直等到避暑的客人心裏非常焦煩,才肯罷休。這時氣候很冷;空氣中有一種不爽暢而且悶人的濕氣。律師克維生的岳母和他的妻子弗麗波娜穿着雨衣併肩巾,正一同坐在餐室裏的桌旁。一望就知道這位老夫人容貌很豐滿,服飾也很華好,身體也強健,這應該感謝上帝,並且伊又把伊的獨女兒嫁給一個很有體面的人,現在伊也就很安閑的靠着女兒過日;伊的女兒,身段不長,是一個豐

sciences; her daughter, a rather short, plump, fair young woman of twenty, with a gentle anæmic face, was reading a book with her elbows on the table; judging from her eyes she was not so much reading as thinking her own thoughts, which were not in the book. Neither of them spoke. There was the sound of the pattering rain, and from the kitchen they could hear the prolonged yawns of the cook.

Kvashin himself was not at home. On rainy days he did not come to the summer villa, but stayed in town; damp, rainy weather affected his bronchitis and prevented him from working. He was of the opinion that the sight of the grey sky and the tears of rain on the windows deprived one of energy and induced the spleen. In the town, where there was greater comfort, bad weather was scarcely noticed.

容密髮年紀到剛十歲的美嬌人,那時伊把手肘斜靠桌上,正念一本書,但是看伊的眼光,却不在書本裏,像在那裏想念那與書本不相關的心事。兩人都沒說一句話。這時只聽見浙瀝的雨聲,并由廚房裏所得出來的女傭呵欠的聲音。

克維生這時是不在家裏。當下雨的時候,他不來別墅裏避暑,却住在城裏;又潮濕又下雨的天氣,真使他悶得很,并阻他不能辦事。他以為這樣灰沉的天色和落在窗上濕的雨淚,能令人精力頹衰,而且憂鬱。在城裏,就與鄉下不同,那裏有許多可娛樂的事,壞天氣也不覺十分注意。

After two games of patience, the old lady shuffled the cards and took a glance at her daughter.

"I have been trying with the cards whether it will be fine to-morrow, and whether our Alexey Stepanovitch will come," she said. "It is five days since he was here.... The weather is a chastisement from God."

Nadyezhda Filippovna looked indifferently at her mother, got up, and began walking up and down the room.

"The barometer was rising yesterday," she said doubtfully, "but they say it is falling again to-day."

The old lady laid out the cards in three long rows and shook her head,

"Do you miss him?" she asked, glancing at her daughter.

"Of course."

"I see you do. I should think so. He hasn't been here

老夫人在那裏打紙牌解悶，過了一會他向著女兒看了一眼。

伊說：『我試用紙牌來卜明天是否天晴，或者我們的克羅生是否回家。這差不多有五天他不回來了……這天氣是由上帝來的一個懲罰。』

弗麗波娜很冷淡的看他母親一眼，就站起來，在屋裏來往踱着。

伊躊躇的說道：『昨天晴雨表升了一些，但聽他們說今天又降下去了。』

那老夫人把紙牌排做三列，搖伊的頭。

伊看着伊的女兒問道：『你沒有他覺得悶嗎？』

女兒答道：『自然是悶的。』

老夫人道：『我想你一定是這樣。他已經有五天不回來

for five days. In May the utmost was two, or at most three days, and now it is serious, five days! I am not his wife, and yet I miss him. And yesterday, when I heard the barometer was rising, I ordered them to kill a chicken and prepare a carp for Alexey Stepanovitch. He likes them. Your poor father couldn't bear fish, but he likes it. He always eats it with relish."

"My heart aches for him," said the daughter. "We are dull, but it is duller still for him, you know, mamma."

"I should think so! In the law-courts day in and day out, and in the empty flat at night alone like an owl."

"And what is so awful, mamma, he is alone there without servants; there is no one to set the samovar or bring him water. Why didn't he engage a valet for the summer months? And what use is the summer villa at

了! 在五月裏,最多不過兩三天沒回來,現在居然有五天了! 我不是他的妻子,但我心裏却覺得發悶。我昨天聽說晴雨表升了幾度了,就命令他們爲他宰了一隻雞,預備一條魚。這些東西是他很愛吃的。

你可憐的父親索性不喜歡吃魚,他却很愛吃魚的。

女兒說:『我的心爲着他都痛了。我們固然是悶,但媽媽,你知道他更有多少煩悶呢。』

母親說:『我也這樣想! 他白天跑到法定去,晚上一個人住在平空的屋裏,寂寞真像一個夜鷹。』

女兒說:『這正是苦呢,媽媽,他是很寂寞住在那裏,也沒有僕役;沒有一個人替他燒水弄茶。他爲什麼在夏天時候不雇一個僕人呢? 他如果不喜歡這別墅,又留着幹什麼用呢

all if he does not care for it? I told him there was no need to have it, but no, 'It is for the sake of your health,' he said, and what is wrong with my health? It makes me ill that he should have to put up with so much on my account."

Looking over her mother's shoulder, the daughter noticed a mistake in the patience, bent down to the table and began correcting it. A silence followed. Both looked at the cards and imagined how their Alexey Stepanovitch, utterly forlorn, was sitting now in the town in his gloomy, empty study and working, hungry, exhausted, yearning for his family....

"Do you know what, mamma?" said Nadyezhda Filipovna suddenly, and her eyes began to shine. "If the weather is the same to-morrow I'll go by the first train and see him in town! Anyway, I shall find out how he is, have

? 我告訴他這別墅是不需要的, 但却不答應, 以為這是為我身體健康起見, 我的身體到底有什麼不好呢? 他為我這樣打算, 使我心裏真不好過。』

女兒聽後, 看伊母親紙牌打錯了, 便俯下身去, 伏在桌上指點錯處。兩人靜寂過了一會兒。兩人眼睛都注着紙牌, 心裏却設想那可憐的格維生正坐在城裏空洞洞的辦公室做事, 又挨餓, 又辛苦, 在那裏想念家庭.....

菲麗波娜眼睛發着光輝, 突然說道:『媽媽, 你曉得嗎? 若使明天天氣還是這樣, 我一定乘着早車去城裏看看他! 我



a look at him, and pour out his tea.”

And both of them began to wonder how it was that this idea, so simple and easy to carry out, had not occurred to them before. It was only half an hour in the train to the town, and then twenty minutes in a cab. They said a little more, and went off to bed in the same room, feeling more contented.

“Oho-ho-ho.... Lord, forgive us sinners!” sighed the old lady when the clock in the hall struck two. “There is no sleeping.”

“You are not asleep, mamma?” the daughter asked in a whisper. “I keep thinking of Alyosha. I only hope he won't ruin his health in town. Goodness knows where he dines and lunches. In restaurants and taverns.”

“I have thought of that myself,” sighed the old lady. “The Heavenly Mother save

看他身子到底怎樣，好使我安心。」

兩個人都覺得奇怪，爲什麼這簡單而且輕舉的思想，從前會想不出來。由這裏到城內用馬車不過二點鐘，火車只有半句鐘就到了。他們又談了一會兒，覺得很滿意，就在同房去安睡。（原文二十分，必有誤）

壁上鐘剛打了兩下，老夫人嘆着氣說：「唉！……上帝，赦免我們罪人罷！睡不着了。」

女兒低聲問道：「媽媽，你是睡不着嗎？我兀自想着克維生。我只希望他在城別把身體糟蹋了。不知道他在什麼地方吃飯并用點。在餐館呢或者在酒店。」

老夫人嘆道：「我這裏也正這樣想，希望上蒼保佑他。但

and preserve him. But the rain, the rain!" 是這雨，可惡的雨！

In the morning the rain was not pattering on the panes, but the sky was still grey. The trees stood looking mournful, and at every gust of wind they scattered drops. The foot-prints on the muddy path, the ditches and the ruts were full of water. Nadyezhda Filippovna made up her mind to go.

"Give him my love," said the old lady, wrapping her daughter up. "Tell him not to think too much about his cases. . . . And he must rest. Let him wrap his throat up when he goes out: the weather—God help us! And take him the chicken; food from home, even if cold, is better than at a restaurant."

The daughter went away, saying that she would come back by an evening train or else next morning.

But she came back long be-

第二天早上雨停住了，但天色還是沉陰不開。一株株的樹都很可憐立在那裏，每陣風過處，那樹就灑落許多雨點。道上泥濘地方，都印着足跡溝裏和軌道裏也滿着水。菲麗波娜決意進城去。

老夫人代伊理裝口裏說：「你代我問好，并告訴他不要太用心於公事了，……他應稍事休息。他如外出，必須把領圍好，這樣的天氣——上帝幫助我們罷！你帶一隻小雞給他，家裏的食物雖然是冷的，總比餐館好些。」

女兒忽忽的去了，伊說晚車回不來，明天早車必定回來。

但是不到吃飯的時候，那女

fore dinner-time, when the old lady was sitting on her trunk in her bedroom and drowsily thinking what to cook for her son-in-law's supper.

Going into the room her daughter, pale and agitated, sank on the bed without uttering a word or taking off her hat, and pressed her head into the pillow.

"But what is the matter," said the old lady in surprise "why back so soon? Where is Alexey Stepanovitch?"

Nadyezhda Filippovna raised her head and gazed at her mother with dry, imploring eyes.

"He is deceiving us, mamma," she said.

"What are you saying? Christ be with you!" cried the old lady in alarm, and her cap slipped off her head. "Who is going to deceive us? Lord, have mercy on us!"

"He is deceiving us, mamma!" repeated her daughter,

兒就回來了，那時老夫人正坐在自己屋裏木箱上面，想怎樣代他愛婿預備晚飯才好。

伊的女兒面色灰敗，好像受了什麼刺激一樣，一直走進屋裏來，一句話也不說，帽也不脫，就躺在床上，頭緊靠着枕。

老夫人很驚慌的說：「你爲着什麼事，回來這樣快？克維生到底在那裏。」

弗麗波娜招起伊頭，呆呆的注視伊的母親。

伊說：「媽媽，他欺騙我們了。」

老夫人很驚訝，伊帽子都溜下來，問道「你剛才說什麼？」

上帝佑你！誰來欺騙我們呢？上帝憐憫我們罷！」

伊的女兒嘴唇都顫動着又續說：「媽媽是他欺騙我們

and her chin began to quiver. 啊!』

“How do you know?” cried the old lady, turning pale.

“Our flat is locked up. The porter tells me that Alyosha has not been home once for these five days. He is not living at home! He is not at home, not at home!”

She waved her hands and burst into loud weeping, uttering nothing but: “Not at home! Not at home!”

She began to be hysterical.

“What’s the meaning of it?” muttered the old woman in horror. “Why, he wrote the day before yesterday that he never leaves the flat! Where is he sleeping? Holy Saints!”

Nadyezhda Filippovna felt so faint that she could not take off her hat. She looked about her blankly, as though she had been drugged, and convulsively clutched at her mother’s arms.

“What a person to trust: a porter!” said the old lady;

老夫人面色變灰問道：『你怎麼知道呢?』

女兒說：『我們的房屋是關鎖着。閹人告訴我克維生這五天並沒有一次在家裏。他不是住在家裏! 他不在家裏, 不在家裏!』

伊說到這裏搖着兩手, 大哭起來, 只喊着：『不在家裏! 不在家裏!』

伊起始發昏了。

老夫人害怕起來說：『這是什麼意思呢? 他前天寫信來, 還說他自己連家門一步都不出! 他到什麼地方睡覺呢? 真奇怪!』

菲麗波娜覺得很軟弱, 所以自己連帽都脫不下來。雙眼發呆看伊母親, 如同服了藥一般, 又很用力的牽伊母親的手臂。

老夫人撫着女兒, 說道：『一個人那裏靠得住: 一個閹人!』

fussing round her daughter and crying. "What a jealous girl you are! He is not going to deceive you, and how dare he? We are not just anybody. Though we are of the merchant class, yet he has no right, for you are his lawful wife! We can take proceedings! I gave twenty thousand roubles with you! You did not want for a dowry!"

And the old lady herself sobbed and gesticulated, and she felt faint, too, and lay down on her trunk. Neither of them noticed that patches of blue had made their appearance in the sky, that the clouds were more transparent, that the first sunbeam was cautiously gliding over the wet grass in the garden, that with renewed gaiety the sparrows were hopping about the puddles which reflected the racing clouds.

Towards evening Kyashin arrived. Before leaving town

你是多妬忌的女子咧！他并不是來騙你，他怎敢這樣呢？我們不是好惹的。雖然我們是商人的階級，但他却沒有權力，因你是他法律的妻子！我們可以提起控告！我有給你二萬盧布！你不要拿來當粧奩！」

老夫人嘆着氣，裝做憤怒的樣子，伊也覺得疲倦，就躺在木箱上面。他們兩人，都不覺得這時蔚藍的晴天色已經由天上露出來，雲氣也漸漸的散盡，變為空明，第一道的太陽光線已由空中射到園中濕草上面，一羣雲雀，重新恢復他們的快樂，很活潑的在池旁飛翔着，池中反映着一朶紅雲，在那裏波動着。

到了傍晚克維生回來了。他未離城以前，已經到他的家

he had gone to his flat and had learned from the porter that his wife had come in his absence.

"Here I am," he said gaily, coming into his mother-in-law's room and pretending not to notice their stern and tear-stained faces. "Here I am! It's five days since we have seen each other!"

He rapidly kissed his wife's hand and his mother-in-law's and with the air of man delighted at having finished a difficult task, he lolled in an arm-chair.

"Ough!" he said, puffing out all the air from his lungs. "Here I have been worried to death. I have scarcely sat down. For almost five days now I have been, as it were, bivouacking. I haven't been to the flat once, would you believe it? I have been busy the whole time with the meeting of Shipunov's and Ivantchikov's creditors; I had to

裏，他聽閩人說當他不在的時候，他妻子曾來過。

克維生走進他岳母屋裏，假裝着不知道他們母女倆個冷淡涕泣的樣子，很高興的說道：「我回來了！我回來了！我們已有五天不見面了！」

他趕着親他妻子和岳母的手，裝出一種剛做完很艱苦工作的神氣，坐在一個搖椅裏。

他由肺裏噓出一口氣，說道：「唉！我已經苦累得要死了。我幾不能安穩坐着。差不多有五天老這坐着辛苦。家裏也不能回去一次，你們相信嗎？我爲着可潑洛夫和伊凡齊克夫債主的會議，忙得不開交；我在高爾特耶夫店裏公事

work in Galdayev's office at the shop.... I've had nothing to eat or to drink, and slept on a bench, I was chilled through.... I hadn't a free minute. I hadn't even time to go to the flat. That's how I came not to be at home, Nadyusha....”

And Kvashin, holding his sides as though his back were aching, glanced stealthily at his wife and mother-in-law to see the effect of his lie, or as he called it, diplomacy. The mother-in-law and wife were looking at each other in joyful astonishment, as though beyond all hope and expectation they had found something precious, which they had lost.... Their faces beamed, their eyes glowed....

“My dear man,” cried the old lady, jumping up, “why am I sitting here? Tea! Tea at once! Perhaps you are hungry?”

“Of course he is hungry,”

室辦事……茶水飯食都不曾入口，睡在板凳上面，凍得要死……我也沒一分鐘自由的時候。我更沒有時候回到家裏去。我不在家裏就是這個緣故……”

克羅生，扶着他的腰，好像背痛的樣子，斜眼視着他的妻子和岳母，看看他的謊話有沒有效力，或者如他稱這外交手段，究竟怎樣。他的岳母和妻子很驚喜得互相看着，好像出希望與意料之外，他們已經重得着已失去的寶物一樣……他們的愁臉發起光輝了，眼淚也乾了……

老夫人跳起來喊道：「我至親愛的人，爲什麼我儘坐在這裏？茶！茶快一點！或者你肚子餓嗎？」

他的妻子，也抬起頭來喊道：

cried his wife, pulling off her head a bandage soaked in vinegar. "Mamma, bring the wine, and the savouries. Nat-alya, lay the table! Oh, my goodness, nothing is ready!"

And both of them, frightened, happy, and bustling, ran about the room. The old lady could not look without laughing at her daughter who had slandered an innocent man, and the daughter felt ashamed....

The table was soon laid. Kvashin, who smelt of madeira and liqueurs and who could scarcely breathe from repletion, complained of being hungry, forced himself to munch and kept on talking of the meeting of Shipunov's and Ivantchikov's creditors, while his wife and mother-in-law could not take their eyes off his face, and both thought:

"How clever and kind he is! How handsome!"

"All serene," thought Kva-

「自然，他是餓了。媽媽，請你拿酒和菜來。那脫爾耶把桌子安放好！噢，什麼東西都沒有預備齊全！」

他們兩人又驚，又喜，又忙，在屋裏走着。那老夫人不禁取笑他的女兒，無端猜疑一個好人，伊女兒覺得羞愧……

桌子一會兒設好了。克維生一邊吃着酒，又嚷肚子餓，又很高興談起他所辦的公事，那時他的妻和岳母，不住的注視着他的臉，兩人都想：

「他多聰明，多和藹！多美麗呀！」

飯後克維生躺在鋪羽毛的



shin, as he lay down on the well-filled feather bed. "Though they are regular tradesmen's wives, though they are Philistines, yet they have a charm of their own, and one can spend a day or two of the week here with enjoyment..."

He wrapped himself up, got warm, and as he dozed off, he said to himself:

"All serene!"

床上想，『什麼事都平靜了。

雖然他們是商人的妻子，雖然他們是斐力斯丁，却有一種動人的地方，一星期在這裏消遣一兩天，到也覺得快樂……』

他蓋著被，覺得很溫暖，當他昏昏欲睡的時候，他對自己說：

『什麼事都平靜了！』(完)

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(4)

## Talent

## 美術家

An artist called Yegor Savvitch, who was spending his summer holidays at the house of an officer's widow, was sitting on his bed, given up to the depression of morning. It was beginning to look like autumn out of doors. Heavy, clumsy clouds covered the sky in thick layers; there was a cold, piercing wind, and with a plaintive wail the trees were all bending on one side. He could see the yellow leaves whirling round in the air and on the earth. Farewell, summer! This melancholy of nature is beautiful and poetical in its own way, when it is looked at with the eyes of an artist, but Yegor Savvitch was in no humour to see beauty. He was devoured by ennui and his only consolation was the thought that by to- 美術家沙維在一個寡婦家裏避暑，這寡婦的丈夫從前是做官的。有一天早晨他坐在床上，心裏兀自發悶。這時長夏已盡，門外景物，都露出秋天的氣象。濃厚而且懶惰的雲，佈滿天際，一層一層的積着；風中都含陰森的冷氣，樹木被風所吹，歛向一邊，發出蕭蕭的絮響。他聽見那黃葉被西風掃落，旋轉於空氣中間，又在地上奔走。啊，夏天去了！這天然的愁慘在美術家的眼光看起來，是美麗的，有詩意的，但沙維沒有心緒，去看這美麗。他心裏貯滿了憂慮，他眼前最難捨的就是明天不能再在這裏居

morrow he would not be there. The bed, the chairs, the tables, the floor, were all heaped up with cushions, crumpled bed-clothes, boxes. The floor had not been swept, the cotton curtains had been taken down from the windows. Next day he was moving to town.

His landlady, the widow, was out. She had gone off somewhere to hire horses and carts to move next day to town. Profiting by the absence of her severe mamma, her daughter Katya, aged twenty, had for a long time been sitting in the young man's room. Next day the painter was going away, and she had a great deal to say to him. She kept talking, talking, and yet she felt that she had not said a tenth of what she wanted to say. With her eyes full of tears, she gazed at his shaggy head, gazed at it with rapture and sadness. And Yegor Savitch was shaggy to a hideous

住了。所有床榻、椅棹及其他各種東西，都用布套包裹好，堆在滿屋裏。窗簾上的簾帷也撤下來了。明天他就要移居城內去。

他的居停主人——寡婦——這時外邊去了。伊出去爲着雇幾匹馬和幾輛車預備明天把所有的東西搬運到城裏。伊的女兒凱德年紀才二十歲，乘伊嚴厲的媽媽不在家的機會，走進這少年美術家屋子裏坐了許久。明天這位美術家要離去這地方，伊所以將一肚皮的話和他說。伊把所藏蓄心頭的話，都欣筮倒篋說出來，似流水一般越流越多，伊尚覺得不能盡吐伊所要說的十分之一。伊兩個眼睛裝滿了淚珠，很愁苦的注視沙維鬆髮蓬鬆的頭，顯伊無有奈何的神情。沙維

extent, so that he looked like a wild animal. His hair hung down to his shoulder-blades, his beard grew from his neck, from his nostrils, from his ears; his eyes were lost under his thick overhanging brows. It was all so thick, so matted, that if a fly or a beetle had been caught in his hair, it would never have found its way out of this enchanted thicket. Yegor Savvitch listened to Katya, yawning. He was tired. When Katya began whimpering, he looked severely at her from his overhanging eyebrows, frowned, and said in a heavy, deep bass:

“I cannot marry.”

“Why not?” Katya asked softly.

“Because for a painter, and in fact any man who lives for art, marriage is out of the question. An artist must be free.”

“But in what way should I hinder you, Ydgor Savvitch?”

頭髮四披，好像一個野獸。他長髮垂到肩背上，他的鬚髮佈滿兩個頰輔，耳朵裏和鼻孔裏都有毛生長出來；他的兩眼被厚且長的睫毛遮着，幾乎隱不見。他毛髮這樣密，如果有一個蒼蠅鑽入裏邊去，在這叢蔭之中，恐怕要迷了路，不會走出來。沙維靜聽凱德說話，不覺嘆了一口氣。他已經很疲倦了。當凱德啜泣時，他兩個眼光由濃厚睫毛中很嚴重的瞷着伊，又感着顫發出很沉重悲切的声音說：

『我不能夠娶妻。』

凱德軟聲問道：『爲什麼不能夠呢？』

『因爲我是一個畫家，在事實上講，一個人以美術謀生活，結婚這一件事情，是不成問題的。一個美術家必須獨身自由。』

『但是何以見得，我將阻碍你的事業呢，沙維？』

“I am not speaking of myself, I am speaking in general... Famous authors and painters have never married.”

“And you, too, will be famous—I understand that perfectly. But put yourself in my place. I am afraid of my mother. She is stern and irritable. When she knows that you won't marry me, and that it is all nothing... she'll begin to give it to me. Oh, how wretched I am! And you haven't paid for your rooms, either!...”

“Damn her! I'll pay.”

Yegor Savvitch got up and began walking to and fro.

“I ought to be abroad!” he said. And the artist told her that nothing was easier than to go abroad. One need do nothing but paint a picture and sell it.

“Of course!” Katya assented. “Why haven't you painted one in the summer?”

“Do you suppose I can work

『我不是單就談自己一方面說，我剛纔的話，是就普通人方面說……有名的著作家和畫家大概都是不娶妻的，』

『你將來也必定能享大名的——我聽得很明白。但你試與我易地相處。我母親性情嚴酷并且凶險，我是害怕伊的。倘伊知道你不娶我，那我什麼希望都沒有了……伊要把那個東西給我哩。啊，我太狂放了！你的房租還沒交納哩！……』

『管伊哩！房租自然我要交納。』

沙維站起來，在屋裏踱來踱去。

他說：『我必須往外國啊！』說畢，又告訴凱德往外國謀生比較容易些。不用做別的事情，只畫了幾幅圖去買錢，就完了。

凱德很表同意說：『自然！你爲什麼今年夏天也不畫一幅呢？』

沙維說：『你想像居在這個

in a barn li'e this?" the artist said ill-humouredly. "And where should I get models?"

Some one banged the door viciously in the storey below. Katya, who was expecting her mother's return from minute, jumped up and ran away. The artist was left alone. For a long time he walked to and fro, threading his way between the chairs and the piles of untidy objects of all sorts. He heard the widow rattling the crockery and loudly abusing the peasants who had asked her two roubles for each cart. In his disgust Yegor Lavvitch stopped before the cupboard and stared for a long while, frowning at the decanter of vodka.

"Ah, blast you!" he heard the widow railing at Katya. "Damnation take you!"

The artist drank a glass of vodka, and the dark could in his soul gradually disappear, and he felt as though a

激險的地方，怎能夠動筆作畫。並且要畫時，向何處去取範本？』

這時聽樓下，有叩門的聲音，甚為猛厲。凱德一時一刻都坐不寧，只怕伊母親回來，伊聽見門聲就跳起來，跑下樓去，屋子裏只剩沙維一個人，很孤單的在那裏。他踱來踱去，走了許久，有時由樓中間穿過，走到未束縛好的器具堆裏。他靜中聽見樓下寡婦撥動陶器聲，和伊與農夫計較工錢的嗷嗷聲，因為農夫要伊每輛車加添兩個盧布。沙維心裏煩悶已極，他踱至貯食櫃旁，就停了脚，眼睛瞧着酒杯發呆。

他聽得樓下寡婦詈罵凱德：「唉，什麼事惱着你！你真不是失了魂！」

沙維飲了一杯酒，他靈魂中的黑雲就漸漸退去，他覺得心裏這時充滿着樂趣。在起始

his inside was smiling within him. He began dreaming. . . . His fancy pictured how he would become great. He could not imagine his future works but he could see distinctly how the papers would talk of him, the shops would sell his photographs, with what envy his friends would look after him. He tried to picture himself in a magnificent drawing-room surrounded by pretty and adoring women; but the picture was misty, vague, as he had never in his life seen a drawing-room. The pretty and adoring women were not a success either, for, except Katya, he knew no adoring woman, not even one respectable girl. People who know nothing about life usually picture life from books, but Yeggor Savitch knew no books either. He had tried to read Gogol, but had fallen asleep on the second page.

“It won't burn, drat the

夢想了……他想到後來怎樣成名。他的作品怎樣高貴，自己雖不曉得，但好像各報紙都一一告訴他很清楚。又想到各店鋪怎樣競賣他的照片，和他的朋友怎樣妒嫉他。他這時好像坐在極華麗的客室裏，好幾個纖柔綽約又美麗又可愛的婦人圍繞他身旁；但這客室是模糊空幻的，因為他半生還沒有見過一個華麗的客室是，什麼樣子。就是纖柔綽約又美麗，又可愛的婦人，他平生也罕遇着，因為除了凱德以外，他不曉得尚有可愛，可敬的婦女。別的人不懂生命是什麼，往往去讀書，沙維則未曾讀過書。他有時想讀高谷爾著的書，但讀不到第二頁就沉沉睡熟了。

寡婦在樓下煮水，只聽伊喊

thing!" the widow bawled down below, as she set the samovar. "Katya, give me some charcoal!"

The dreamy artist felt a longing to share his hopes and dreams with some one. He went down-stairs into the kitchen, where the stout widow and Katya were busy about a dirty stove in the midst of charcoal fumes from the samovar. There he sat down on a bench close to a big pot and began:

"It's a fine thing to be an artist! I can go just where I like, do what I like. One has not to work in an office or in the fields. I've no superiors or officers over me, . . . I'm my own superior. And wish all that I'm doing good to humanity!"

And after dinner he composed himself for a "rest." He usually slept till the twilight of evening. But this time soon after dinner he felt that

道：「這燒不着了，可惡這東西

!! 凱德，你把些焦炭給我!!

這想入非非的美術家忽然驚醒。他走到樓下廚房裏，見肥胖短小的寡婦和他女兒凱德正忙着拂拭一個滿積塵土的火爐，炭焦和燃火的柴料堆在滿地。他就坐在近於大鍋旁邊的凳子，說道：

「一個人能夠做美術家是再好不過的！你看我無論去什麼地方，做什麼事體，都憑自己的自由意思，不受束縛。不用埋首在公事室裏辦事，也不用胼胝手足，去田中做苦工。上頭也沒有職位更高的人員來管轄我……我自己就算是上舉也可以。並且因為這個緣故，我所做的事，都能夠有益於人類！」

吃完了午飯，他照例去睡覺。他平常都是一直睡到黃昏時分纔醒。但今天纔睡了一會，他覺得有人扯他的腳，一面



some one was pulling at his leg. Some one kept laughing and shouting his name. He opened his eyes and saw his friend Ukleikin, the landscape painter, who had been away all the summer in the Kostroma district.

"Bah!" he cried, delighted. "What do I see?"

There followed handshakes, questions.

"Well, have you brought anything? I suppose you've knocked off hundreds of sketches?" said Yegor Savvitch, watching Ukleikin taking his belongings out of his trunk.

"H'm! . . . Yes. I have done something. And how are you getting on? Have you been painting anything?"

Yegor Savvitch dived behind the bed, and crimson in the face, extracted a canvas in a frame covered with dust and spider webs.

"See here. . . . A girl at the window after parting from

笑着，一面喊他的名字。他睜

開眼睛一看，原來是他的朋友

烏拉欽這人是風景畫家，夏天

在克司脫洛馬地方避暑。

沙維很喜歡的說道：「噢！原來是你呵！」

他們兩個就殷殷握了手，互道寒暄。

「你有什麼東西帶來？我想你箱篋內必定滿裝着畫稿了。」沙維說時，就打開烏拉欽的旅行篋。

「自然，我有幾幅畫。你怎樣呢？你有什麼作品嗎？」

沙維就走入床後，滿面現出緋紅，從架上取出一張塵土厚積，蛛絲佈滿的油畫布。

「看這個……一個女子和伊情人離別後，坐在窗前相思

her betrothed. In three sittings. Not nearly finished yet."

The picture represented Katya faintly outlined sitting at an open window, from which could be seen a garden and lilac distance. Ukleikin did not like the picture.

"H'm! . . . There is air and . . . and there is expression," he said. "There's a feeling of distance, but . . . but that bush is screaming . . . screaming horribly!"

The decanter was brought on to the scene.

Towards evening Kostyllov, also a promising beginner, an historical painter, came in to see Yegor Savvitch. He was a friend staying at the next villa, and was a man of five-and-thirty. He had long hair, and wore a blouse with a Shakespeare collar, and had a dignified manner. Seeing the vodka, he frowned, complained of his chest, but yielding

的形體。一總共分三式。現在還沒脫稿。』

這圖裏邊的女子是代表凱德，坐在窗前沉思，遠處的園林也可以看得見，畫稿先成了輪廓，尙未加渲染。烏拉欽很不滿意這一幅的畫。

他說：『這一處空氣太薄……這一處表現不精細……這地方應該是遠景，但……但那樹木的影太濃……濃得不好看!』

過了一會他們兩個飲酒消遣。

薄暮時候，克司德尼夫來了。他是一個歷史畫家，也自命將來必享大名的。此時他特地來看沙維。他住在鄰近的別墅，和沙維做朋友，他年紀不過三十五歲。他有很長的頭髮，穿一件輕便外衣用莎士比亞式的領結扣着。他一進門看見酒，就擡起眉頭，手按着胸，

to his friends' entreaties, drank a glass.

"I've thought of a subject, my friends," he began, getting drunk. "I want to paint some new . . . Herod or Cleopatra, or some blackguard of that description, you understand, and to contrast with him the idea of Christianity. On the one side Rome, you understand, and on the other Christianity. . . . I want to represent the spirit, you understand? The spirit!"

And the widow downstairs shouted continually:

"Katya, give me the cucumbers! Go to Sidorov's and get some kvass, you jade!"

Like wolves in a cage, the three friends kept pacing to and fro from one end of the room to the other. They talked without ceasing, talked, hotly and genuinely; all three were excited, carried away. To listen to them it would seem they had the future, fa-

但被他的朋友婉勸，也勉強喝了一杯。

他喝完酒，說道：「朋友！我現在已打定一個主意。我想畫幾幅新的……或者，去表現基督的思想，你們會意嗎？一方面表現羅馬，一方面表現基督教，你們會意嗎？……我要表現這精神，你們會意嗎？這精神！」

那寡婦在樓下還是嗷嗷的不休：

凱德，你把胡瓜給我！再去司多拉夫那一邊拿一點過來，你這賤人！」

他們三個朋友好像猴關在鐵籠一般，在這小小屋裏來去踱着。他們不住的談天，越談越起勁；三個人都覺得將來有無限的希望。若使有人去聽他們說的，我敢斷定他們所說的話無非是將來的事業怎樣

me, money, in their hands. And it never occurred to either of them that time was passing, that every day life was nearing its close, that they had lived at other people's expense a great deal and nothing yet was accomplished; that they were all bound by the inexorable law by which of a hundred promising beginners only two or three rise to any position and all the others draw blanks in the lottery, perish playing the part of flesh for the cannon. . . . They were gay and happy, and looked the future boldly in the face.

At one o'clock in the morning Kostyliov said good-bye, and smoothing out his Shakespeare collar, went home. The landscape painter remained to sleep at Yegor Savvitch's. Before going to bed, Yegor Savvitch took a candle and made his way into the kitchen to get a drink of water. In the

發展,好像名譽,金錢馬上就在他們掌握之中。他們好像都不曉得光陰似流水般逝了,每日的生活是壓逼着他們,雖然自己誇耀,仍是一事無成,遊着別人吃飯;他們也不曉得是自己受一種不可免的天然律所支配,一百個起初自命為有希望的畫家,只有一兩個享了大名,得高等的位置,其餘的人都像買彩票落空一般,把血肉身軀和炮火相抵禦……他們覺得快樂,有希望,都很勇敢的望着將來!

到了第二天早晨,十點鐘光景,克司德尼夫先起來,整好了莎士比亞式的領結,說一句再會,就回家去了。那一位風景畫家,烏拉欽還在沙維的床榻很沉酣的睡着。昨夜沙維未睡之前,點了一枝燭,下樓到廚房裏去飲水。那時凱坐在

dark, narrow passage Katya was sitting, on a box, and, with her hands clasped on her knees, was looking upwards. A blissful smile was straying on her pale, exhausted face, and her eyes were beaming.

"Is that you? What are you thinking about?" Yegor Savitch asked her.

"I am thinking of how you will be famous," she said in a half-whisper. "I keep fancying how you'll become a famous man. . . . I overheard all your talk. . . . I keep dreaming. . . ."

Katya went off into a happy laugh, cried, and laid her hands reverently on her idol's shoulders.

黑暗甬道中間小箱子上面，兩手抱着膝瞪目仰視。伊那慘白疲倦的臉際透出一絲笑容，兩個眼球好像也藏着光輝。

沙維問道：「是你在此地嗎？你想念什麼呢？」

伊低聲答道：「我是思想你怎樣能夠成名。我繼續幻想下去，以為你將來必定成一個有名的人物……你們三個談論的話，我都聽見了……我似入夢一般想着……」

凱德說時，現出很愉快的態度，笑了一笑雙手緊緊的按着伊瘦削的肩背。

( 5 )

## Ivan Matveyitch

## 書 記

Between five and six in the evening. A fairly well-known man of learning—we will call him simply the man of learning—is sitting in his study nervously biting his nails.

“It’s positively revolting,” he says, continually looking at his watch. “It shows the utmost disrespect for another man’s time and work. In England such a person would not earn a farthing, he would die of hunger. You wait a minute, when you do come...”

And feeling a craving to vent his wrath and impatience upon someone, the man of learning goes to the door leading to his wife’s room and knocks.

“Listen, Katya,” he says in an indignant voice, “If you see Pyotr Danilitch, tell him that decent people don’t do

黃昏五六點鐘之間的時候一個很著名的學者，下面我們只稱呼他做學者，一坐在他的書室裏，一味的咬他的指甲。

「真是討厭得很啊，」他說道，不住的看著他的錶；「一點都不敬重別人的時間和工作。這種的人，倘若生在英國，恐怕連一個小錢也賺不着，一定要餓死的。等下子，你來的時候……」

學者很不耐煩的在那裏等候一個人，心想發洩發洩他的怒氣，他便走去敲他妻的房門。

「開素，聽着，」他用一種很嚴厲的聲音說道：「倘若你撞見了排登烈烈，你說給他聽，一

such thing. It's abominable! He recommends a secretary, and does not know the sort of man he is recommending! The wretched boy is two or three hours late with unflinching regularity every day. Do you call that a secretary? Those two or three hours are more precious to me than two or three years to other people. When he does come I will swear at him like a dog, and won't pay him and will kick him out. It's no use standing on ceremony with people like that!"

"You say that every day, and yet he goes on coming and coming."

"But to-day I have made up my mind. I have lost enough through him. You must excuse me, but I shall swear at him like a cabman."

At last a ring is heard. The man of learning makes a grave face; drawing himself up, and, throwing back his head,

個端正的人斷不可以做這種的事情的。真個可惡呀！他（排登烈烈）保薦一個書記給我，他却不曉得他所保薦的是怎麼的一種人！那可惡的孩子，（指書記，）每天好像有一定的規矩似的，總要遲兩三點鐘才來。你還稱呼他書記麼？我的這兩三點鐘，比較別人兩三年的時候，還要寶貴咧！等下子他來的時候，我一定要像呢狗般的罵他一頓，不付薪金給他，把他一脚踢了出去。以禮貌待這種的人，是沒有用的。』

『你天天都這樣說，他仍然天天的跑來。』

『但是今天我已經決意了。我已經受了他不少的損失。你怨我，我還去像呢車夫般的罵他一頓哩。』

門鈴響了。學者立刻現出一種很嚴厲的面孔，站起身，抬起頭，走到大門那裏。他的書

he goes into the entry. There his amanuensis, Ivan Matveyitch, a young man of eighteen, with a face oval as an egg and no mous-tache, wearing a shabby, mangy overcoat and no goloshes, is already standing by the hatstand. He is in breathless haste, and scrupulously wipes his huge clumsy boots on the doormat, trying as he does so to conceal from the maidservant a hole in his boot through which a white sock is peeping. Seeing the man of learning he smiles with that broad, prolonged, somewhat foolish smile which is seen only on the faces of children or very good-natured people.

"Ah, good evening!" he says, holding out a big wet hand. "Has your sore throat gone?"

"Ivan Matveyitch," says the man of learning in a shaking voice, stepping back and clasping his hands together. "Ivan Matveyitch."

Then he dashes up to the

罷(口授而筆述的書記)伊凡瑪費葉,——是一個十八歲的青年——已經站在帽架旁;他身穿了件破舊,好像生疥癬般的大衣,足不穿套鞋(下雨用的,)上唇無鬚,面孔糖圓得好像雞蛋一般。他站在那裏,頻頻的喘氣很氣急的樣子,他站着鋪在門前的蓆上偷偷摸摸的在那裏找他那雙又大,又笨的靴好像怕給那女僕看見他靴上的破洞似的,由那靴上的破洞看過去,他穿了雙白襪。

他(伊凡瑪費葉)看見了學者立刻現出一種又洪亮,又綿長的蠢笑,這種的笑只不過在小孩子或者在天性極善仁的人的面上才有得看見。

「噢,晚安!」他說着,便伸出隻又大,又濕的手,「你喉嚨痛可好了麼?」

「伊凡瑪費葉,」聲音很顫動的說道;他退後了兩步,雙手緊緊搓着成一團。「伊凡瑪費葉呀!」

學者便跑到他書記那裏,執



amannensis, clutches him by the shoulders, and begin feebly shaking him.

“What a way to treat me!” he says with despair in his voice. “You dreadful, horrid fellow, what a way to treat me! Are you laughing at me, are you jeering at me? Eh?”

Judging from the smile which still lingered on his face Ivan Matveyitch had expected a very different reception, and so, seeing the man of learning's countenance eloquent of indignation, his oval face grows longer than ever, and he opens his mouth in amazement.

“What is . . . what is it?” he asks.

“And you ask that?” the man of learning clasps his hands. “You know how precious time is to me, and you are so late. You are two hours late! . . . Have you no fear of God?,”

“I haven't come straight from home,” mutters Ivan

着伊凡瑪費葉的肩膊，有氣無力的搖動他。

『好個招待我的態度呀!』他說道，聲音很失望的樣子;『你這個可憎，可怕的人，好個招待我的態度呀! 你譏笑我麼，你和我開玩笑麼? 喂?』

伊凡瑪費葉往日看見學者面上一有笑容，他曉得就有很好的招待，今天却看見學者怒容滿面，他的橢圓形的面孔，不知不覺比較往日長了許多，張開大口，驚訝到了不得。

『什麼……什麼事?』他不住的問道。

學者搓着他自己的手，說道：『你却問這句? 你總應該曉得我是很重視時間的呀! 你却來得這樣遲。你遲了兩點鐘才來，……你不怕上帝麼?』

『我不是直接從家裏來的，』伊凡瑪費葉喃喃的說道，慢

Matveyitch, untying his scarf irresolutely, "I have been at my aunt's name-day party, and my aunt lives five miles away. . . . if I had come straight from home, then it would have been a different thing."

"Come, reflect, Ivan Matveyitch, is there any logic in your conduct? Here you have work to do, work at a fixed time, and you go flying off after name-day parties and aunts! But do make haste and undo your wretched scarf! It is beyond endurance, really!"

The man of learning dashes up to the amanuensis again and helps him to disentangle his scarf.

"You are done up like a peasant woman. . . . Come along. . . . Please make haste!"

Blowing his nose in a dirty, crumpled-up handkerchief and pulling down his grey reefer jacket, Ivan Matveyitch goes through the hall and the drawing-room to the study. There

慢那的在裏脫他的搭膊巾；「我是赴姑媽的紀念會的，我姑媽的家離這裏有五哩路的遠，……倘若我直接從家來呢，事情又不問了。」

「來罷，伊凡瑪費葉，你的行為舉動，可有點論理學沒有呀？這裏你有工作，做工有規定的時間；你却飛到什麼紀念會哪，姑媽哪！快的，快的；脫了你的搭膊巾！這事真令人不可忍耐啊！」

學者便又跑到他的書記那裏，幫他脫那搭膊巾。

「你做事倒很像個村婦……來，來，……請快的！……」

伊凡瑪費葉拿一條又污穢又皺摺的手巾揩鼻涕，脫了他那件灰色的短衣，便穿過大廳和會客室走進書室。坐位和

a place and paper and even cigarettes had been put ready for him long ago.

“Sit down, sit down,” the man of learning urges him on, rubbing his hands impatiently. “You are an unsufferable person. . . . You know the work has to be finished by a certain time, and then you are so late. One is forced to scold you. Come, write. . . . Where did we stop?”

Ivan Matveyitch smooths his bristling cropped hair and takes up his pen. The man of learning walks up and down the room, concentrates himself, and begins to dictate:

“The fact is . . . comma . . . that so to speak fundamental forms . . . have you written it? . . . forms are conditioned entirely by the essential nature of those principles . . . comma . . . which find in them their expression and can only be embodied in them. . . . New line. . . . There’s a stop

紙已經老早擺在那裏，就是要的香煙也預備着。

『坐下，坐下，』學者催促伊凡瑪費葉，不住的磨擦他的手，好像很不耐煩的樣子；『你却是個不知艱苦的人兒……你要曉得我的工作有限定時候做完的呀你却來得這樣遲。不得不逼着別人要罵你。來，寫罷，寫罷，……我們默到什麼地方？』

伊凡瑪費葉，稍為弄弄他茸茸短髮，便拈起他的筆來。學者在書室裏走來走去，凝神潛心了一會兒，便默：（下面的西文就是他口說，伊凡記下來的）

『The fact is……逗點……  
…that so to speak fundamental forms……你寫了沒有啊？  
……forms are conditioned entirely by the essential nature of those principles……逗點  
……which find in them their expression and can only be embodied in them……換一行寫，……自然要用句點，……

there, of course . . . More in dependence is found . . . is found . . . by the forms which have not so much a political . . . comma . . . as a social character . . .”

“The high-school boys have a different uniform now . . . a grey one,” said Ivan Matveyitch, “when I was at school it was better: they used to wear regular uniforms.”

“Oh dear, write please!” says the man of learning wrathfully. “Character . . . have you written it? Speaking of the forms relating to the organization . . . of administrative functions, and not to the regulation of the life of the people . . . comma . . . it cannot be said that they are marked by the nationalism of their forms . . . the last three words in inverted commas . . . Aie, aie . . . tut, tut . . . so what did you want to say about the high school?”

“That they used to wear a

more independence is found . . . is found . . . by the forms which have not so much a political . . . 這點 . . . as a social character . . .”

伊凡瑪費葉說道：「高等學校的學生現在又穿別種的制服，……灰色的。從前我讀書時候還好，大家都穿規定的制服。」

「噢，請你寫罷，」學者憤怒的說道；「Character . . . 這字你寫了沒有？ . . . Speaking of the forms relating to the organization . . . of administrative functions, and not to the regulation of the life of the people . . . 這點 . . . it cannot be said that they are marked by the nationalism of their forms . . . 最後三個字要用引用號， . . . 噢， . . . 你剛纔說大學校什麼事呀？」

「從前我讀書的時候，他們

different uniform in my time.”

“Aha! . . . indeed . . . Is it long since you left the high school?”

“But I told you that yesterday. It is three years since I left school . . . I left in the fourth class.”

“And why did you give up high school?” asks the man of learning, looking at Ivan Matveyitch's writing.

“Oh, through family circumstances.”

“Must I speak to you again, Ivan Matveyitch? When will you get over your habit of dragging out the lines? There ought not to be less than forty letters in a line.”

“What, do you suppose I do it on purpose?” says Ivan Matveyitch, offended. “There are more than forty letters in some of the other lines . . . You count them. And if you think I don't put enough in the line, you can take something off my pay.”

穿的制服和現在不同的。」

「嘻嘻! . . . 那自然 . . . 你離了高等學校, 時候已經很長久了麼?」

「我昨天已經告訴過你了。我離了學校已經有三年了 . . . 我在第四班時候離學校的。」

學者一面看着伊凡瑪費著寫字, 一面說道: 「你爲什麼不在高等學校讀書呀?」

「唉, 都是因爲家庭境况關係啊!」

「伊凡瑪費著, 還要我說給你聽麼? 什麼時候你纔肯把你寫字時候延長就行的惡習慣除去呀? 每一行紙, 至少也要寫四十個字。」

「呀! 你以爲我故意這樣做的麼?」伊凡瑪費著說道, 有點惱的樣子; 「有幾行還不止四十個字哩 . . . 你數數看。倘若你以爲我沒有寫足, 你可以扣我的薪俸。」

“Oh dear, that's not the point. You have no delicacy, really.... At the least thing you drag in money. The great thing is to be exact, Ivan Matveyitch, to be exact is the great thing. You ought to train yourself to be exact.”

The maidservant brings in a tray with two glasses of tea on it, and a basket of rusks. ... Ivan Matveyitch takes his glass awkwardly with both hands, and at once begins drinking it. The tea is too hot. To avoid burning his mouth Ivan Matveyitch tries to take a tiny sip. He eats one rusk, then a second, then a third, and, looking sideways, with embarrassment, at the man of learning, timidly stretches after a fourth.... The noise he makes in swallowing, the relish with which he smacks his lips, and the expression of hungry greed in his raised eyebrows irritate the man of learning.

「吾愛，那不是這樣說。你實在不雅，……錢倒是小事

。大事是要守時候，伊凡瑪費葉，守時候却是大事。你總應該自己練習練習守時候。」

女僕手裏捧着個托盤走進來，托盤上放了兩杯茶和餅干……伊凡瑪費葉粗粗魯魯雙

手去拿那杯，立刻張開嘴便啜。茶又太熱：伊凡瑪費葉恐

怕揚着他的嘴，他便一小口一小口的啜。他吃了一塊餅乾

又吃第二塊，吃了第二塊，又吃第三塊，吃了第三塊的時候他

斜着眼睛看着學者，慢慢地好像很膽怯的樣子，伸手出去拿

第四塊……伊凡瑪費葉嘴唇噙動，咀嚼麵包滋味的聲音，豎

起的眉毛，現出一種餓荒了的樣子，不覺激動了學者。

"Make haste and finish, time is precious."

"You dictate, I can drink and write at the same time. . . . I must confess I was hungry."

"I should think so after your walk!"

"Yes, and what wretched weather! In our parts there is a scent of spring by now. . . . There are puddles everywhere; the snow is melting."

"You are a southerner, I suppose?"

"From the Don region. . . . It's quite spring with us by March. Here it is frosty, everyone's in a fur coat, . . . but there you can see the grass . . . it's dry everywhere, and one can even catch tarantulas."

"And what do you catch tarantulas for?"

"Oh! . . . to pass the time . . ." says Ivan Matvey-  
tchik, and he sighs. It's fun catching them, You fix a bit

『快的,快的把他默完了,時間是很寶貴的。』

『你只管默就是了,我能夠一面飲茶,一面寫字……我自認實在肚餓。』

『你走了這許多路,我想你也應該餓了。』

『不錯,天氣又很不好!現在大有春天的景象……沿路都有水潭;積雪漸漸的融了。』

『我猜,你是個南方人嗎?』

『我從唐恩地方來的……那塊三月的時候,已經有春天的景象。這裏天氣寒冷,個個人都要穿皮大衣……你看看那些草……隨處都是乾枯的……人却可以去捉蜘蛛。』

『你為什麼要捉蜘蛛呢?』

『哦!……不過消遣消遣罷了……』伊凡瑪費葉說道,他歎了口氣;『捉蜘蛛倒很有趣

of pitch on a thread, let it down into their hole and begin hitting the tarantula on the back with the pitch, and the brute gets cross, catches hold of the pitch with his claws, and gets stuck. . . . And what we used to do with them! We used to put a basinful of them together and drop a bihorka in with them."

"What is a bihorka?"

"That's another spider, very much the same as a tarantula. In a fight one of them can kill a hundred tarantulas."

"H'm! . . . Bak we must write. . . . Where did we stop?"

The man of learning dictates another twenty lines, then sits plunged in meditation.

Ivan Matveyitch, waiting while the other cogitates, sits and, craning his neck, puts the collar of his shirt to rights. His tie will not set properly, the stud has come out, and the collar keeps coming apart.

的，你用一條線，線頭上縛點松脂；把線放進蜘蛛洞裏，用松脂去敲蜘蛛的背；蜘蛛怒了，便用爪抓松脂；那麼便黏在松脂那裏……我們拿他們未作什麼用呢！……我們把蜘蛛捉了一大盆，都放在一塊兒，然後再捉一隻敗荷加放進蜘蛛的隊裏。』

『什麼是敗荷加呀？』

『又是一種的蜘蛛，和蜘蛛形象差不多。一隻的敗荷加能夠戰死一百隻的蜘蛛。』

『唔！……現在我們要寫字了……我們默到什麼地方啊？』

學者又默了二十行的書，便投身坐在一張椅子上默想。

學者默想的時候，伊凡瑪費葉坐在那裏候着，他伸伸他的頸把硬領擺擺正。他的頸結又沒有打好，汗衫上的鈕子也跑了出來，硬領也離了地位。



"H'm! . . ." says the man of learning. Well, haven't you found a job yet, Ivan Matveyitch?"

"No. And how is one to find? I am thinking, you know, of volunteering for the army. But my father advises my going into a chemist's."

"H'm! . . . But it would be better for you to go into the university. The examination is difficult, but with patience and hard work you could get through. Study, read more. . . . Do you read much?"

"Not much, I must own. . . ." says Ivan Matveyitch, lighting a cigarette.

"Have you read Turgenev?"

"N-no. . . ."

"And Gogol?"

"Gogol. H'm! . . . Gogol. . . . No, I haven't read him!"

"Ivan Matveyitch! Aren't you ashamed? Aie! aie! You are such a nice fellow, so much that is original in you . . . you haven't even read Gogol!"

學者說道：「唔！……伊凡瑪費葉，你至今還沒有找着位證麼？」

「沒有。叫人怎樣去找呢？你曉得我是打算入伍當自願兵的呀，但是我的父親却命我去做化學家的……」

「唔！……你還是進大學校唸書的好。學校的試驗固然很難，但是你能夠忍耐，能夠用功，却就可以過去了。讀書罷，多讀點書……你唸過很多書麼？」

伊凡瑪費葉點着一枝香煙，說道：「不多，不多，我一定有……」

「杜介納夫的著作，你看過沒有？」

「沒——沒有！」

「郭歌兒的著作呢？」

「郭歌兒。唔！……郭歌兒……沒有，我沒有看過他的著作。」

「伊凡瑪費葉！你不慚愧麼？麼！麼！你却是個這樣的可人兒，你真罕有……連郭歌兒的著作也沒看過！你一定要看他的著作。我可以送些他

You must read him! I will give you his works! It's essential to read him! We shall quarrel if you don't!"

Again a silence follows. The man of learning meditates, half reclining on a soft lounge, and Ivan Matveyitch, leaving his collar in peace, concentrates his whole attention on his boots. He has not till then noticed that two big puddles have been made by the snow melting off his boots on the floor. He is ashamed.

"I can't get on to-day . . ." mutters the man of learning. "I suppose you are fond of catching birds, too, Ivan Matveyitch?"

"That's in autumn . . . I do not catch them here, but there at home I always did."

"To be sure . . . very good. But we must write, though."

The man of learning gets up resolutely and begins dictating, but after ten lines sits down on the lounge again.

的著作給你。讀他的著作是很緊要的。倘若你不看他的著作，我們倆就要起爭論了！]

又靜了些時。學者半身靠在一張軟椅上在那裏默想，伊凡瑪費葉也不理他的硬領了，却一心一意的專注他那雙靴子。他靴上帶來的積雪融了，地板上變成兩個大水潭，他不覺慚愧起來。

學者喃喃的說道：「我今天不興……伊凡瑪費葉你喜也歡捉鳥呢？」

「那是在秋天的時候……在這裏我沒有捉，不過往日在家呢，我却常常捉的。」

「那自然……很好。不過我們現在再默點罷。」

學者很堅決的站起身來，不過默了十行，他又重坐在那軟椅上。

"No. . . . Perhaps we had better put it off till to-morrow morning," he says. "Come to-morrow morning, only come early, at nine o'clock. God preserve you from being late!"

Ivan Matveyitch lays down his pen, gets up from the table and sits in another chair. Five minutes pass in silence, and he begins to feel it is time for him to go, that he is in the way; but in the man of learning's study it is so snug and light and warm, and the impression of the nice rusks and sweet tea is still so fresh that there is a pang at his heart at the mere thought of home. At home there is poverty, hunger, cold, his grumbling father, scoldings, and here it is so quiet and unruffled, and interest even is taken in his tarantulas and birds.

The man of learning looks at his watch and takes up a book.

他說道：「不，……我們等明天早上再談罷。你明天早上來這裏，只管早來，九點鐘。上帝要監督着你不要遲到。」

伊凡瑪費葉把筆放下，離開了寫字桌，坐到別一張椅子上面。五分鐘時候已過去了，伊凡瑪費葉曉得這是他走的時候了，不過他坐在這間書室裏，覺得這樣的舒服這樣的快活，這樣的溫暖，想那些可口的餅乾和香甜的茶，又這樣的新鮮可愛；一想到家裏的狀況心裏不覺有點痛起來。家裏又窮，又餓；又冷，又有吵鬧不休的父親和呢嚶的聲音；這裏又安逸又快樂，有時聽到蜘蛛和鳥又從有趣味。

學者看一看錶便拈起一本書。

“So you will give me Gogol?” says Ivan Matveyitch, getting up.

“Yes, yes! But why are you in such a hurry, my dear boy? Sit down and tell me something . . .”

Ivan Matveyitch sits down and smiles broadly. Almost every evening he sits in this study and always feels something extraordinarily soft, attracting him, as it were akin, in the voice and the glance of the man of learning. There are moments when he even fancies that the man of learning is becoming attached to him, used to him, and that if he scolds him for being late, it's simply because he misses his chatter about tarantulas and how they catch goldfinches on the Don.

伊凡瑪費葉站起身來說道：『你送給送郭歌兒的著作麼？』

『是，是！可愛的小孩，你爲什麼這樣迫呀？坐下，講點東西給我聽……』

伊凡瑪費葉便又坐下，微微在那裏笑。差不多天天晚上，他坐在這書室裏，總聽着學者的漚線和聲音好像很溫軟，很感動他。有時他還以爲學者漸漸和他親近，和他慣熟，倘若學者罵他遲到，那不過因爲他沒有和學者講蛛蜘蛛的事，或者沒有談在唐恩地方怎樣去捉金翅雀的方法的緣故也說不定。

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(6)

## A Gentleman Friend

一個紳士的朋友

The charming Vanda, or, as she was described in her passport, the "Honourable Citizen Nastasya Kanavkin," found herself, on leaving the hospital, in a position she had never been in before: without a home to go to or a farthing in her pocket. What was she to do?

The first thing she did was to visit a pawn-broker's and pawn her turquoise ring, her one piece of jewellery. They gave her a rouble for the ring . . . but what can you get for a rouble? You can't buy for that sum a fashionable short jacket, nor a big hat, nor a pair of bronze shoes, and without those things she had a feeling of being, as it were, undressed. She felt as though the very horses and dogs were staring and laughing at the

那動人的范德—伊在旅行護照却署名爲可敬公民納司耶克那金—自從醫院出後,就覺得伊的境遇與從前大不相同了:無家可歸,囊中一錢莫名。伊怎樣想做呢?

伊第一個計劃,想去和當舖會面,把青藍寶石的戒指,并一付首飾當去。當舖的人把戒指當了一盧布現金給伊……但是一盧布可買什麼東西呢?要用這些微細的款買一件很時髦的短外衣或一頂大帽,或一雙金色的鞋子,都是不夠的,沒有這些東西,伊總覺得褻褻不可近人。伊以爲好像馬

plainness of her dress. And clothes were all she thought about: the question what she should eat and where she should sleep did not trouble her in the least.

"If only I could meet a gentleman friend," she thought to herself, "I could get some money. . . . There isn't one who would refuse me, I know. . . ."

But no gentleman she knew came her way. It would be easy enough to meet them in the evening at the "Renaissance," but they wouldn't let her in at the "Renaissance" in that shabby dress and with no hat. What was she to do?

After long hesitation, when she was sick of walking and sitting and thinking, Vanda made up her mind to fall back on her last resource: to go straight to the lodgings of some gentleman friend and ask for money.

She pondered which to go

和狗對伊這樣的廉飾也要加以嘲笑。伊這時僅對著衣飾上想法，食與住的問題暫時就不向伊煩擾了。

伊自己想：「若使我能夠遇着一個紳士朋友，我就可以得點錢……我想他是不會推辭的……」

但是在街上伊總沒看見一個認識的紳士。晚上在「復興」俱樂部，或者容易遇見這一般人，但「復興」俱樂部的人，看伊衣服不整，又不戴帽，必不許伊進去的。伊怎麼辦呢？

伊沉思許久，那時伊覺得很疲憊了。伊最後便決定意見：一直到紳士朋友家裏去借錢。

伊又躊躇應到那一家。「米

to. "Misha is out of the question; he's a married man. ... The old chap with the red hair will be at this office at this time. ..."

Vanda remembered a dentist, called Finkel, a converted Jew, who six months ago had given her a bracelet, and on whose head she had once emptied a glass of beer at the supper at the German Club. She was awfully pleased at the thought of Finkel.

"He'll be sure to give it me, if only I find him at home," she thought, as she walked in his direction. "If he doesn't, I'll smash all the lamps in the house."

Before she reached the dentist's door she thought out her plan of action: she would run laughing up the stairs, dash into the dentist's room and demand twenty-five roubles. But as she touched the bell, this plan seemed to vanish from her mind of itself.

哈這人是不成問題的;他是已結婚的人……且那個紅髮老人,這時正是在辦公室做事……

伊這時記起牙科醫生馮克,他是一個很狡猾的猶太人,六個月前曾贈給范德一條項環,有一次范德在目耳曼俱樂部裏晚餐時候在他頭上傾了一杯皮酒。伊想到馮克就格外高興起來。

伊便向馮克所住的地方走去,在路上想道:『若我在他家裏找着他,一定可以借錢。他若不肯,我就老實不客氣把他家裏的東西,打個落花流水。』

當未至牙醫門口之前,伊便預定行動的計劃:伊打算帶着笑聲一直跑上扶梯,衝入牙醫房內,向他要求二十五盧布。但是伊到了門口,舉手按門鈴的時候,這種計劃不知不覺在伊心裏就煙消火滅了。范德



Vanda began suddenly feeling frightened and nervous, which was not at all her way. She was bold and saucy enough at drinking parties, but now, dressed in everyday clothes, feeling herself in the position of an ordinary person asking a favour, who might be refused admittance, she felt suddenly timid and humiliated. She was ashamed and frightened.

"Perhaps he has forgotten me by now," she thought, hardly daring to pull the bell. "And how can I go up to him in such a dress, looking like a beggar or some working girl?"

And she rang the bell irresolutely.

She heard steps coming: it was the porter.

"Is the doctor at home?" she asked.

She would have been glad now if the porter had said "No," but the latter, instead of answering ushered her into

這時忽然覺得有點恐怕起來了。伊從前在茶會時，很有勇氣很僥越的，但到現在自己覺得穿這樣襤褸的衣服，向人求助，必定受人拒絕，因此伊便無法羞愧。這時伊又羞又恐，不知所可。

伊很怯的去按門鈴，一面自己想道：「或者他現在忘記我了。我現在這樣服式似乞丐，又似做苦工的婦女，怎樣去親近他呢？」

伊勉強按了幾下門鈴。

伊聽裏面有腳步聲：原來是看門人。

伊問道：「醫生在家麼？」

伊這時心中很喜歡，看門人能夠說一聲不在家，但這門役却不作一聲，引伊到廳裏，并帶

the hall, and helped her off with her coat. The staircase impressed her as luxurious, and magnificent, but of all its splendours what caught her eye most was an immense looking-glass, in which she saw a ragged figure without a fashionable jacket, without a big hat, and without bronze shoes. And it seemed strange to Vanda that, now that she was humbly dressed and looked like a laundress or sewing girl, she felt ashamed, and no trace of her usual boldness and sauciness remained, and in her own mind she no longer thought of herself as Vanda, but as the Nastasya Kenavkin she used to be in the old days. . . .

"Walk in, please," said a maidservant, showing her into the consulting-room. "The doctor will be here in a minute. Sit down."

Vanda sank into a soft arm-chair.

伊脫了外衣。

樓上扶梯鋪得極華美，使伊眼花，但是許多華麗之中最足感動伊的便是一面大鏡子，在鏡裏伊看見一個衣服不整的女人，沒有時式的短衫，沒有大帽，沒有金色的跳舞鞋。這好，俛使范德奇怪，以為伊這樣服裝似一個洗衣匠或女裁縫，這時伊覺得羞愧無地，伊平時的勇氣與僥越都不留着一點痕跡，這麼一來，伊不自知還是范德了，但仍舊是從前的納司耶克那金。

女役引伊到裏面醫室說：「請進來。醫生一會就來。請坐罷。」

范德頹然坐一張軟的搖椅。

"I'll ask him to lend it me," she thought; "that will be quite proper, for, after all, I do know him. If only that servant would go. I don't like to ask before her. What does she want to stand there for?"

Five minutes later the door opened Finkel came in. He was a tall, dark Jew, with fat cheeks and bulging eyes. His cheeks, his eyes his chest, his body, all of him was so well fed, so loathsome and repellent! At the "Renaissance" and the German Club he had usually been rather tipsy, and would spend his money freely on women, and be very long-suffering and patient with their pranks (when Vanda, for instance, poured the beer over his head, he simply smiled and shook his finger at her): now he had a cross, sleepy expression and looked solemn and frigid like a police captain, and he kept chewing something.

伊想：「我要向他借一點錢，這是很合理的，因為我認識他。最好那個女役就走開。女役在前，我不好意思開口。伊爲什麼一定要站在這地方呢？」

五分鐘以後，門開了，馮克走進來。他是很高大，皮膚帶黑色的猶太人，兩頰肥滿，眼光銳利。他的頰，他的眼睛，他的胸部，與全身體，都顯出可憎惡和不可親近的樣子。在『復興所』與日耳曼俱樂部時，他常常爛醉如泥，對於婦女也很喜歡花耗一點金錢，就是被一般婦女玩弄也忍耐得住，（譬如當范德把皮酒傾倒他的頭上，他只微笑向伊搖手：）今天他神氣却帶有很傲慢，欲睡的樣子，那一種尊嚴冷淡的態度極像甲必丹，他不住的向屋裏探望。

“What can I do for you?” he asked, without looking at Vanda.

Vanda looked at the serious countenance of the maid and the smug figure of Finkel, who apparently did not recognize her, and she turned red.

“What can I do for you?” repeated the dentist a little irritably.

“I’ve got toothache,” murmured Vanda.

“Aha! . . . Which is the tooth? Where?”

Vanda remembered she had a hole in one of her teeth.

“At the bottom . . . on the right . . .” she said.

“Hm! . . . Open your mouth.”

Finkel frowned and, holding his breath, began examining the tooth.

“Does it hurt?” he asked, digging into it with a steel instrument.

“Yes,” Vanda replied, untruthfully.

他不瞧着范德問道：「你有什麼事情，我可以替你效勞呢？」

范德看那女役嚴肅的容貌與馮克裝做不相認識高不可攀的神氣，面上便通紅起來。

牙醫又帶點厲聲續說：「我能替你做什麼事？」

范德吃吃的答道：「我牙齒痛。」

「呵！……那一個牙齒？在什麼地方？」

范德記得伊有一個牙齒有孔隙。

伊說：「在底下……右邊……」

「那麼……你張開口。」

馮克皺着眉頭，斂住鼻息，起始診察這牙齒。

他拿一件鋼製的器械向牙齒上攪動，口裏問道：「這個牙齒受傷麼？」

范德很不自然的答道：「不錯，是的。」

"Shall I remind him?" she was wondering. "He would be sure to remember me. But that servant! Why will she stand there!"

Finkel suddenly snorted like a steam-engine right into her mouth, and said:

"I don't advise you to have it stopped. That tooth will never be worth keeping anyhow."

After probing the tooth a little more and soiling Vanda's lips and gums with his tobacco-stained fingers, he held his breath again, and put something cold into her mouth. Vanda suddenly felt a sharp pain, cried out, and clutched at Finkel's hand.

"It's all right, it's all right," he muttered; "don't you be frightened! That tooth would have been no use to you, anyway . . . you must be brave. . . ."

And his tobacco-stained fingers, smeared with blood, held

伊心裏想：「我難道不曉得嗎？他一定會認識我的。但是這女役！爲什麼她站在那裏？」

瑪克忽然又拿了一件牙醫器具，插入伊右邊口裏，一面說：

「我勸你把這個牙齒棄掉罷。這牙齒已不值得保留了。」

伊的嘴唇和齦肉，都被他的煙草煙染的手指的污了。他再斂住鼻息，把一點冷劑放在范德口裏。范德突然覺得奇痛，呼喊起來，抵拒瑪克的手。

他低聲說：「好了，好了！不用怕！這牙齒於你是一點沒有用的，……你應當勇敢些……」

他被煙草煙黃的指頭，都染着血，把拔出的牙齒放在范德

up the tooth to her eyes, while the maid approached and put a basin to her mouth.

"You wash out your mouth with cold water when you get home, and that will stop the bleeding," said Finkel.

He stood before her with the air of a man expecting her to go, waiting to be left in peace.

"Good-day," she said, turning towards the door.

"Hm! . . . and how about my fee?" enquired Finkel, in a jesting tone.

"Oh, yes!" Vanda remembered, blushing, and she handed the Jew the rouble that had been given her for her ring.

When she got out into the street she felt more overwhelmed with shame than before, but now it was not her poverty she was ashamed of. She was unconscious now of not having a big hat and a fashionable jacket. She walked along the street, spitting

眼前，那時女役走近捧一杯嗽口水給伊。

馮克說：「你回家時，用冷水嗽了口，血不久就會止的。」

他站在伊面前，好像要伊立刻走去，好讓他安逸些的神態。

伊便起身告辭走向門口說：「再會。」

馮克用譔笑的口氣說：「呵！……我的手術費呢？」

「呀！不錯！」范德滿面透紅，就把方才當戒指的一盧布給了他。

當伊走到街上，伊覺得這一陣的羞愧，比從前更是難過，但此刻的羞愧不是爲窮的緣故。

伊也不覺念沒有大帽與時樣短衫了。伊沿路走去，總不

blood, and brooding on her life, her ugly, wretched life, and the insults she had endured, and would have to endure to-morrow, and next week, and all her life, up to the very day of her death.

"Oh! how awful it is! My God, how fearful!"

Next day, however, she was back at the "Renaissance," and dancing there. She had on an enormous new red hat, a new fashionable jacket, and bronze shoes. And she was taken out to supper by a young merchant up from Kazan.

住的吐着血，并迴憶自己不良的生活，并且這一次伊所忍受的侮辱，是從今以後到死不會忘記的。

「呵！好可怕呀！我的上帝，好苦呀！」

雖然這樣，到了第二天，伊仍舊在復興俱樂部正在那裏跳舞。伊有一頂簇新紅色的帽子戴着，一件新式外短衫穿着，尚有一雙金色鞋子。這天晚上有一位青年商人，名叫克安羅伊臨門。（完）

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英文之唯一難題在記憶多數之單語。惟英文之單語無窮。吾人之腦力有限。以有限當無窮。自不免生望洋之歎。農君立國習英文十餘年。深味此種苦狀。乃以其歷年研究所得。著成是書。又益以日人鳥海松岩所著之英文速記法。益成完璧。手此一編。循經而求。無不舉一反三。觸類即通。於記憶上。省却無限腦力。誠習英文者研究單語之捷徑。不愧為文界之最新發明也。

英文類語解

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要正確了解英文的意義，須辨明類語 (Synonym) 的異同。是書對於類語的解釋，極其詳明。真可稱解英文的好朋友！