

WORLD FAMOUS FICTIONS

THE BEACH OF FALESÁ

By

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作者傳略

他是一八五〇至一八九四年間人，生於蘇格蘭都會愛丁堡。他的祖父與父親都是有名的建築師，善造燈塔。他在學校得不着什麼益處。他初時學工程，隨後學法律，都不得益。他自小就好文學，好遊歷，好冒險，慕羅濱孫爲人。他到了二十五歲改行，當文學家，竟享大名。他自小就得了肺病，常時咳嗽；他爲健康起見，到處遊歷，最後以一八九一年住在太平洋中沙摩亞島（Samoa）的瓦伊利馬（Vailima）。一八九四年有一天傍晚他正在同他的夫人談得很高興，忽然倒地就死了。他有古怪脾氣；有一次他頭戴一頂女人的皮帽，插一大堆鮮花，在大街上走，朋友們看見他都不敢同他招呼。他有天生的勇敢與興致，爲人和藹，所以他雖然有病，還能夠寫許多書，而且寫得很好。他多才多藝，他的著作有浪漫的遊記，講道德的故事與寓言，第十六七世紀的神怪故事，及近代故事，還有歷史，列傳，詩歌，戲劇，又有經論，祈禱文，政治論說；他所撰的小說，有冒險小說，人格小說，與敘事小說。他又最勤勞：他說在十四年裏頭無日是健康的，早上起來就覺得不舒服，晚上上床是很疲倦的，卻還是一樣的動筆，無論吐血或咳嗽，他還是寫書。他作文是很句斟字酌，不苟下筆，都是很雕琢過的。他說他的文章有時凡七八次易稿，有時費了三

星期只寫了二十四頁。他的英文清潔顯明，確切光滑，可以作這樣英文的標準，是當時的至美盡善的英文。他寫了好幾篇短小說，都是傑作，今所摘譯的費利沙海灘就是很有名的，英文這樣的小說無有勝過他的，即法文亦無。這篇短小說寫在該處做生意的白人，其中有一個很聰明又很有學問的名開斯，專用陰謀陷害同業，害了幾個人。後來有一個名維爾沙爾的也來做生意，一到就受抵制，逐漸才看破他，曉得他的詭計，殺了他為地方除害。這篇小說狀物寫景敘事無不絕妙，所以有人稱讚他，說他這樣的小說有提淨的清潔與美備。

民國二十二年癸酉冬至日伍光建記

費利沙海灘

第一回 南洋的婚禮

【維爾沙爾(Wiltshire)，即是述這篇故事的英國人。他往南洋羣島做生意，到了費利沙(Falesá)，有兩個人登舟接他。譯者註。】

有一個誠然是黑人；他們兩人都穿得很漂亮，身穿柳條寬短衣，頭戴草帽，開斯(Case)假使在一個城市裏，也很充得過去是一個市民。他人小臉黃，臉上一個鷹鼻子，淡白色的眼，他的鬍子是用剪子修的。人家只曉得他說英國話，無人曉得他是那一國的人；他顯然是個好人家的子弟，受過很好的教育。他又是個多才多藝的人；他玩小風琴玩得極好；你只要給他一條繩子或一個軟木塞子，或一堆紙牌，他就能夠變許多戲法，如同一個專門名家一樣。他若是喜歡的話，他能說話，配在人家的客廳裏當貴客；他若是喜歡的話，他能夠說詛罵的粗話，賽過一個美國的水手頭，他又能說利害話使一個土人害怕。他的思路是要最有利於目前的，這就是他的路數，他常像是出於自然的，好像是天生成的。他有獅子的勇敢，有老鼠的狡詐；他今天若不在地獄，就無所謂地獄了。我曉得他只有一樣好處：他愛他的太太，待她很好。她是一個沙摩亞島女人，把她的頭髮染紅，這是該島的風俗；等到他死的時候（我將在下文詳敘）他們找出一件奇異東西——他留下遺囑，如同一個基督教人一般，那個寡婦得了全個遺產。

他們說，這遺產全是他的，全是黑查克 (Black Jack) 的，還加上比利蘭多爾 (Billy Randall) 的最大部分，因為是開斯管帳。所以她搭曼奴亞 (Manu'a) 船回去本鄉，今日還在她自己的地方擺闊夫人的架子。

但是第一天早上，我全不曉得這許多情形。開斯待我是個上等人，待我是個朋友，歡迎我到費利沙，他願替我出力，任我驅使，我因為不懂土話，他替我幫忙是很有益於我的。我們有大半日坐在上艙裏吃酒，做更親近的朋友，我向未聽過有人說話比他還說得中肯的。在羣島裏頭沒有比他更精明的生意人，沒有比他更乖巧的。我以為費利沙好像是正當地方；我越吃酒，我越放心。我們的最後一個生意人，一得了招呼，在半點鐘內就離開這個地方，碰巧有一條裝苦工的船從兩邊來，他是坐這條船走的。當船主到這裏的時候，看見機房關了門，鑰匙交與本地牧師，逃走的人還有一封信交與他，信裏承認他受驚嚇，受到要死。此後就無人代表這個行號，自然是沒得貨物。這時候是順風，船主希望乘着好潮水，天破曉就能夠駛到第二個島，人們很熱鬧的起我的貨物登岸。開斯說我用不着耍什麼把戲；無人動我的東西，在費利沙的人們，個個都是靠得住的，只有小雞或小刀或零碎的煙餅，是會有人偷的；他說我最好安靜坐下等到船開了就一直到他家，看看年老的蘭多爾船主，他是這個海灘的資格最老的人，吃頓

便飯，到天黑回家睡覺。正在中午的時候，我的兩腳才踏費利沙的陸地，這條帆船路就起錨出口啦。……

開斯說道『我們必得介紹一個女人，做你的太太。』

我說道，『是呀，我忘記了。』

有一堆女孩子在我們的左右前後，我伸得直直的如同一個有大勢力的人一般，留心看她們。她們因為有船到，都穿得好看；費利沙的女人，相貌是很好看的。假使她們有不好看的，就是橫處未免太寬；我正在這樣想，開斯摩我的肩膀。

他說道，『那一得很好看。』

我看見一個女子獨自從那邊走來。她才去那裏釣魚；她只穿了一層內衣，渾身都溼透了。以島上的女子而言，她算是少年的，又是很苗條的，臉長額高，帶着畏羞，詫異，與稍微看不見人的神氣，在一隻貓的面目與一個嬰孩的面目之間。

我說道，『她是誰？她可以啦。』

開斯說道，『她名烏瑪(Uma)，』他喊她走來，對她說土話。我不曉得他說什麼；但是當他說到一半的時候，她快快的，怯怯的擡頭看我，好像一個孩子躲閃他人打他一般，隨後她又垂頭，隨後微笑。她的嘴大，兩唇與下頷，如同雕刻的石像；只微笑一會子，就不笑了。隨後她站在那裏，垂頭聽開斯把話說完了，用好聽的太平洋羣島聲音答他，看他的全臉，聽他答復，鞠鞠躬，就走了。我只得着一部分的鞠躬，並不得着她再射我一眼，也不得着微笑的說話。

開斯說道，『我猜是全說妥了。我猜你能夠到手。我去同那個老婆子說好。』他微笑，表示藐視土人的神色，說道，『你只要拿出一餅煙絲來，你要挑選那一個，就挑選那一個。』

我猜是他的微笑使我記得很牢，(因為)我用嚴厲話答他。我喊道，『她不像是那樣的人。』

開斯說道，『我不曉得她是那樣的人。我相信她是如同鐵甲那樣可靠。她自己在一起，不同羣衆夾雜，不同羣衆嬉戲。你不要誤會我，她不是那樣的人，烏瑪是妥當的。』我以為他說得熱烈，使我驚訝，使我高興，他接連說道，『其實我不該說我這樣有把握，說你一定能夠娶她，不過她與你的面貌很相配。你只要躲在一邊不響，讓我用我們法子同她的母親說；我將把這個小孩子帶到船主(這是指蘭多爾。譯者註。)家裏以便你們行結婚禮。』

我不願結婚兩個字，我就對他說我不願。

他說道，『結婚並無害處，黑查克當小牧師。』……

年老的船主蘭多爾在後面的屋子，他學土人樣子蹲在地下，他肥而無血色，裸着上身，灰色如籬子，兩隻醉眼。他滿身灰白的毛，有許多蒼蠅在毛上爬；有一隻蒼蠅在他的眼角——他毫不理會；他的四面八方有許多蚊子轟轟的叫，好像蜜蜂一般。無論那個好乾淨的人，都會立刻開他出去，埋葬了他；我現在看見他，想到他是七十歲的人，我記起他有一度曾當過船主，穿了漂亮衣服上岸，在酒舖

與領事署高談闊論，坐在聯歡社的露臺，我變作很難受，我變作嚴肅。

當我進去的時候，他努力要起來，卻起不來；所以他只好伸出一隻手來，斷斷續續的說句歡迎話。

開斯說道，『爸爸今早酒喝得很足了。我們這裏曾鬧過瘟疫；蘭多爾船主喝杜松子酒辟疫，爸爸，是不是？』

船主很生氣，說道，『我一世從未飲過這樣的東西。某某先生，我吃杜松子酒爲衛生起見，是預防的辦法。』

開斯說道，『爸爸，這是很對的。但是你要提起精神來。有人就要行結婚禮啦——維爾沙爾先生快要結婚啦。』

老人問同誰結婚。

開斯說道，『同烏瑪結婚。』

船主說道，『烏瑪呀！他爲什麼要烏瑪？他到這裏來原是爲衛生起見的，是不是？他爲什麼要烏瑪？』

開斯說道，『爸爸，不要說啦。並不是你娶她。我猜你既不是她的義父與義母。我猜維爾沙爾先生喜歡要誰就要誰。』

他說完這句話，他藉口必得去料理婚事，就走了，留下我一個人對付這個可憐蟲，這個人既是他的同事又是（我要說實話）他所欺騙的老實人。貨物與棧房，都是蘭多爾的；開斯與黑人是他的蛀蟲；這兩個人如同蒼蠅一般，在船主的身上爬，吃船主，這個老實頭卻毫不覺察。其實我要說蘭多爾是個無害的人，不過我看見他就作嘔，我現時同他作伴，我好像作惡夢一般。

屋子裏很悶熱，滿屋子都是蒼蠅；因為這所房子腌臢，又低，又小，坐落不好地方，在村子後，在樹林邊上，得不着風。這三個人的牀都在地板上，還有一牀草薦，堆了幾個鍋幾個碟子。屋裏並無立得起來的家具；蘭多爾發怒的時候把家具打成碎塊。我坐在那裏，開斯的女人伺候我們吃了一頓飯；這個尸居餘氣的人終天同我談話，他的舌頭，斷斷續續的說卑劣的舊笑話與很長的舊故事，他常哮喘着大笑，不曉得我難過。他常一盃一盃的喝酒。有時他睡着了，又醒，嗚咽與發抖，久不久他問過又問，問我爲什麼要娶烏瑪。我終天對我自己說道，『我的朋友，你到了老年，必不可以像這個老頭子。』……

太陽下山，滿天通紅，屋裏的燈已經點着許久，這時候，開斯帶着烏瑪與那個黑人回來。她穿好了衣服，噴了香水；她的短裙是樹皮織的細布製的，裙摺比無論什麼綢子都豔麗；她的半身，顏色像黑蜜，是裸着的，只有六七條花子與花朵造的頸串遮住；她的耳後與髮中都戴了大紅木槿花。她表示一種儘意想可能的一個新娘子的最好態度，既莊重又安詳；我同她站在這間卑陋的屋子裏頭，站在那個露齒笑的黑人面前，我以爲丟臉。我說我以爲丟臉；因為那個江湖派牧師披了一個大紙領，他裝作在那裏讀的那本書是一部小說的一個零本，行禮時他所讀出的說話，是不宜用筆寫下來的。當我們手拉手的時候，我的

良心發現；等到她得了她的婚證的時候，我很想解除婚約，照直供出來。我今把婚證列在下方。這是開斯寫的，連簽字等等也是他寫的，寫在從賬簿扯下來的一頁紙上：——

今證明某島費利沙地方花阿華奧 (Fa'avao) 的女兒烏瑪，不合法律的嫁與約翰維爾沙爾一星期，無論什麼時候，只要約翰維爾沙爾喜歡把她送到地獄，他可以自由送她去

蓋船的牧師約翰巴拉克摩爾 (John Blackamoar) 簽字。
船主蘭多爾從冊上撮錄。

他們竟把這樣豈有此理的一張字交與一個女孩子手中，眼見她收藏起來，如同收藏黃金一般。一個人做了不如這樣荒唐的事，都會覺得難堪的。但是這是這些地方的習慣，我曉得並不是我們白人的錯，是傳教士們的錯。假使他們不束縛土人，我是絕不會用這樣欺騙手段的，我喜歡要多少老婆只管取多少，無論我什麼時候高興摔丟她們不要，我只管摔，我的良心還是很乾淨的。

第二回 抵制

【誰知開斯暗中用種種詭詐手段運動土人不同維爾沙爾做買賣。譯者註。】

但是這一天過去了，並無什麼買賣，我就起首灰心；到了下午約三點鐘，我走出去散步，要提起我的精神。我看見草地上有一個白人，穿了長袍的，走來，我看這件長袍與他的臉我就曉得他是一個教士。看他臉上是一個和氣人，頭髮有點頹白了，身上很臃腫，可以拿他當墨，在紙上寫字。

我說道，『先生，我同你請日安啦。』

他很熱烈的用土話答我。

我說道，『你不會說英國話麼？』

他說道，『我說法國話。』

我說道，『好呀，我對不起你，我不會說法國話。』

他有一會子試同我說法國話，隨後又說土話，他好像以為我當懂土話。我看得出來，他不是只同我說閒話消磨光陰，他有話要告訴我，我更用心細聽。我聽見他說阿當士與開斯，蘭多爾等的名字，——他說蘭多爾的次數說得最多——還說『毒』字，或與此意相彷彿的字，他還說一個土字，說得次數很多。我回家，在路上我對我自己屢次說這個字。

我問烏瑪道，『花西奧其(fussy-ocky)解作什麼？』我譯這個土字的音，儘我所能，只能譯到這樣。

她說道，『解作害死人。』我說道，『解作害死人呀！你會聽說過，開斯曾放毒害死約翰阿當士麼？』

烏瑪好像看不起這樣的消息，說道，『無人不曉得這件事。開斯給他白粉吃——不好的白粉。他還有這瓶白粉啦。他若請你吃酒，你不要吃。』(逐漸揭露開斯的陰惡。譯者註。)

我在別的島上也曾聽見與此相同的故事，常說用白粉害人，我聽慣了，所以不甚注意。我還要往蘭多爾的住處，試看我能聽見什麼消息。我看見開斯在門口擦槍。

我說道，『這裏有打鳥的好地方麼？』

他說，『一等一的好地方。樹林裏有許多各種的鳥。我很想椰子心也有那麼多。』我心裏想，他說這句話，帶點嘲笑意思；他又說道，『可惜無買賣做。』

我卻能夠看見黑查克在店裏招呼一個買主。

我說道，『這卻像是買賣呀。』

他說道，『這是三個星期裏頭的第一次生意。』

我說道，『當真的麼？三個星期麼？好嗎，好嗎。』

他有點發怒，喊道，『你若不相信我的說話，你可以去看看裝椰子心的屋子。到了這個時候，還是一半空的。』

我說道，『你是曉得的，我去看看，也是無益，我那裏能夠曉得，昨天還許是全空的。』

他笑一笑，說道，『原是全空的。』

我打叉說道，『那個教士是一個什麼路數人？好像是一個和氣人。』

開斯聽了立刻大笑。他說道，『哈，現在我曉得你爲什麼不高興。原來伽路什 (Galuchet) 同你說過話。』人們居多都稱他伽洛實 (Galoshes) 神父，但是開斯常用法蘭西口音，這又是一個理由，爲什麼我們以爲他高出常人一等。

【開斯於是造了一段很長的謠言，說是神父說蘭多爾放毒害死阿當士，以洗刷他自己，說得很自然，維爾沙爾當時很相信他，久後他才看出全是一派謠言。譯者註。】

到了星期一晚上，我很清楚看出我必定是被人抵制了。我在村子裏新開一個店鋪，兩天並無一個男人或一個女人來看，是不能令人相信的。

我說道，『烏瑪，我看我是被人抵制啦。』

她說道，『我也是這樣想。』

我想了一會，應否再問烏瑪，但是同土人商量，不是個好辦法，我就去見開斯。天黑了，他獨自一個坐在那裏，在梯上吸煙，他居多都是這樣的。

我說道，『開斯，我告訴你一件怪事。我被人抵制。』

他說道，『呀，胡說，在這些島上，是不抵制的。』

我說道，『也許抵制，也許不抵制。我從前所在的地方是抵制的。我告訴你，我曉得什麼樣就是抵制；我把實情告訴你，我被人抵制。』他說道，『你這兩天作了什麼事？』我說道，『我正要打聽。』

他說道，『你是不能被人抵制的，這是不可能的事。我今告訴你，我願意替你做一件事。你只管放心，我去四圍打聽實在情形。你不如走進去同爸爸談談。』

我說道，『我謝謝你，我不如在外邊坐在露台上，你的屋子太悶。』

他說道，『既是這樣，我不如喊爸爸出來。』

我說道，『我的好朋友，你不必喊他。其實我不喜歡蘭多爾。』

開斯大笑，從店裏拿一燈，就走入村子。他去了一刻鐘，回來的時候，臉色很嚴重。

【開斯告訴他（即維爾沙爾），果然他是被土人抵制，抵制得很利害。後來開斯離間他夫婦，被他曉得。不久有一個英國傳教士塔爾頓到這裏來，開斯又不許他同教士見面，他大怒，兩人就打起來，從此就勢不兩立了。譯者註。】

第四回 魔鬼工作

過了幾乎一個月，還是沒得多少買賣。就是我們結婚的那天晚上，伽洛實來探望我們，他是很客氣的，後來他習慣當快天黑的時候，到我們這裏來，同我們吸煙。他自然能夠同烏瑪談話，他還起首同時教我說本地話及法國話，他是一個好好的不相干的人，身上卻是極腌臢的，他把好幾國的話混在一起，比造巴別塔的羣衆的口音還要亂雜得多（Tower of Babel 參觀舊約創世記。譯者註。）

我們可做的事無多，這就是裏頭的一種，這卻使我少覺得寂寞；但是做這樣的事毫無利益，因為雖然這個教士走到我的店裏坐下閒談，也不能引他的教徒們入我的店裏；假使我不做別的事，我的家裏連一磅的乾的椰子心也沒有。烏瑪的母親花阿華奧 (Fa'avao) 有二十株結果的椰子樹：這就是我的主意。我被羣衆抵制，自然不能僱工人幫忙，我同兩個女人只好自己動手製乾椰子心。製好之後，我們的乾椰子心使你垂涎——我若不是自己親手製了四百磅，我永遠不會曉得土人騙了我多少——分量是輕的，我想自己用水。

當我們自己做工的時候，有許多卡拿卡人 (Kanakas 土人之稱。譯者註。) 常耽擱大半天工夫看我們，那個黑人有一次也來看。他同土人們退後站在那裏大笑，裝出大關老的態度，還揶揄我們，後來我起首發怒。

我說道，『你這個黑鬼！』

黑人說道，『先生，我不同你說話，我只同上等人說話。』

我說道，『我曉得，黑先生，碰巧我要同你說話。我要曉得：約一星期前，你會看見開斯的面麼？』

他說道，『先生，我未看見。』

我說道，『這就罷了；因為我要在兩分鐘之內，把他們同胞兄弟給你看，這個同胞不過是個黑人。』

我於是起首向着他走去，我垂着兩手，慢慢的走；不過我的兩眼帶着怒色，只要有人肯費事看看我的兩眼就會看得出來。

他說道，『先生，你是一個下等兇橫人。』

我說道，『我原是的！』

到了這時候，他想我已經走得很近，便於動手了，他趕快走開，你若看見他跑，會很開心的。我就是這次看見這羣人，我後來又看見他們，我正在要告訴你我怎樣又看見他們的。

這時候我入樹林打獵覓食，這就是我的最要緊工作之一，開斯曾告訴我，我見得樹林裏野獸不少。我曾說過那個山嘴從東邊遮住村子與我所住的棧房。山嘴的盡頭有一條小路，從小路走，就走入第二個海灣。這裏每天都刮大風，又因海面有一淺的礁石擋住，擋到山嘴的盡頭止，所以有很大的波濤衝到海灣的岸邊。有一座多崖的小山割開山谷為兩個部分，這座山與海灘很相近；當潮漲的時候，海水直向山面衝擊，全條小路都走不通。四面有多樹的山包圍；東邊的礁石尤其陡而多樹，沿海較底的幾部分下垂，變作黑色的懸崖，露出一線一線的硃砂；較高的部分有成團的大樹的頂。有些樹是豔綠的，有些是紅色的，灘上的砂，其黑如你的鞋。有許多鳥在海灘上盤旋；其中有許多是雪白的；飛狐（即大蝙蝠）白天都在那裏飛，在那裏咬牙。

我有許久走到這個打鳥的地方為止，不再往前去。前頭並無路徑痕迹，在山谷脚下前面的椰子樹，其在這一面

的到這裏爲止。土人稱當風這一頭爲島『眼』，這個島眼全是一片沙磧。從費利沙繞到巴巴馬陸陸 (Papa-Malulu)，既無房屋，亦無人，又無人種的果樹；這一帶既幾乎並無礁山，海岸全是峭壁，海濤直向巖間衝擊，那裏幾乎無可以登岸地方。(寫得如在目前，是作者的本領。譯者註。)

我該告訴你，在我起首進樹林之後，雖然無人肯走近我的店，我卻見得，只要無人能看見，他們卻願意陪我消遣；又因我起首會說幾句本地話，並且他們居多也會說幾句英國話，我就起首同他們談些零零碎碎不相干的事，這誠然是無甚益處的，不過消滅了最不好的惡感，一個人變了好像是犯了大癡瘋病，無人敢就近，是很難受的。

快到月底有一天我碰巧同一個土人坐在這個海灣裏的小樹林邊上，臉向東看。我給他一煙鍋的煙葉，我們儘我們的能力談話；他的英語比大多數的土人多得多。

我問他，向東走有無路徑。

他說道，『有過幾時原有一條路，現在這條路走不通了。』

我問道，『無人往那裏走麼？』

他說，『往那裏去沒得好處。那裏有許多鬼。』

我說道，『呀哈！那個小樹林裏有許多鬼麼？』

我的朋友說道，『那裏有男鬼，有女鬼；鬼太多啦。鬼常在那裏。有人進樹林，卻沒有出來的。』

我心裏想，倘若這個人曉得鬼曉得這樣清楚，說鬼說得這樣隨便，這卻是很罕見的，我不如打聽他，羣衆對於

我夫婦兩人，說些什麼話。

我問道，『你想我是一個鬼麼？』

他安慰我，說道，『我不想你是個鬼。我想你是個傻子。』

我又問道，『烏瑪是鬼麼？』

這個少年說道，『不是的，不是的；不是鬼。鬼住在樹林裏。』

我向前看，向海灣的那邊看，我看見樹林的垂在前面的枝葉，忽然有人推開，開斯一手拿槍，走入黑色海灘的陽光中。他穿淡的短衣，顏色幾乎是白的，他的槍閃光，我們看見他看得很清楚；他所在的地方的螃蟹，全走入洞裏。

我說道，『哈囉，我的朋友！你不說實話。伊斯(Ese 土人稱開斯。譯者註。)既進樹林，他能從樹林出來。』

我的朋友說道，『伊斯與衆不同，伊斯是個狄阿普路』；他對我說一句暫別，就偷偷走入樹堆裏。』

我從潮水低的海灘四處觀察開斯；隨他在回去費利沙的路上在我前頭走過。他一路走，一路深念，那許多鳥好像曉得他深思，在沙上跳，跳近他身邊，不然就在他的左右迴旋，在他的耳邊叫。當他在我面前走的時候，我能夠看見他的唇動，曉得是自言自語，我最高興看見的，就是他的額上仍有我的招牌。我把實話告訴你：我很有意放滿槍膛的子彈在他的頭裏，但是我想，不如不殺他。

這個時候，與我回家的時候，我屢次說那個本地的名稱，我記着一句英國話，『普利，把壺放在火上，泡茶給我

們大衆吃，』我就記得狄阿普路。

我一回到家裏，就問道，『烏瑪，狄阿普路是什麼？』

她說道，『是鬼。』

我說道，我以為爰土(Aitu)是鬼。

她說道，『爰土是另外一種鬼，這是在樹林裏吃卡拿卡人的。狄阿普路是大鬼王，住在人家裏的；是基督教的鬼。』

我說道，『既是這樣，我還是不明白。開斯怎樣能夠是大鬼王？』

她說道，『不同。伊斯是狄阿普路；他很像狄阿普路；伊斯是他的兒子。譬如伊斯想什麼東西，狄阿普路，就給他。』

我說道，『既是這樣伊斯是很便利的。他給開斯做的是那幾樣事。』

她於是告訴我許多各式各樣的無意義的故事（如開斯從塔爾頓(Tarleton)的頭上取出一塊洋錢）有許多我一聽就明白是什麼把戲，卻亦有許多我不能明白的；卡拿卡人所最驚奇的，我卻極不驚奇——這就是說他膽敢走入沙漠，與全數的惡鬼爲伍。但是曾有幾個大膽土人跟他去，曾聽見他同死人說話，吩咐死人做事，這些土人在他的保護之下，平安回來。有人說他有一所教堂在那裏，他在這個教堂裏頭拜狄阿普路，狄阿普路曾出現給他看；亦有其他幾個人說，他並不是演邪術，說他用祈禱的力量演奇蹟，還說那所教堂並不是教堂，卻是一所監牢，他把一隻危險的鬼，關在監裏。南摩(Namu 當小牧師的土人。譯者註。)有一次曾陪他在樹林裏，看見許多奇蹟，回來就

很頌揚上帝。我聽了這許多話，我就微微窺見這個人的地位，還看出他用什麼方法得到他的地位，我雖然曉得他這個人是不好惹的，我卻並不灰心。

我說道，『很好，我自己要親身看看開斯的禮拜地方，後來我們再說頌揚。』

烏瑪一聽我說這兩句話就恐怖起來，好像我一走入那個高樹林就永遠不會回來的；好像若無狄阿普路的保護，無論什麼人都不能走入樹林的。

我說道，『我肯依賴上帝的保護，冒險進去。烏瑪，在許多人裏頭，我原是一個過得去的好人，我猜上帝指點路徑，令我出險。』

她有一會子不開口。過了一會，她很鄭重的說道，『我想維多利亞 (Victoreea) 是個大頭目，是不是？』

我說道，『她誠然是個大頭目。』

她又問道，『大頭目很喜歡你麼？』

我露齒一笑，告訴她，我相信這位老女主很喜歡我。

她說道，『這就好啦。大頭目維多利亞很喜歡你。她不能在費利沙幫你；她不能——離得太遠。梅伊亞 (Maea 本地的頭目或土酋。譯者註。) 小頭目卻在這裏。他若是喜歡你——他能使你不受害。上帝與狄阿普路一樣。上帝是個大頭目——可惜他太忙啦。狄阿普路是小頭目——他好擺架子，他很勞力做事。』

我說道，『我將把你交與塔爾頓 (是個基督教的傳教士，是維爾沙爾的好朋友。譯者註。) 烏瑪，你的神學失了方向啦。』

雖是這樣說，我們這天晚上還是談鬼，她告訴我許多沙漠的故事及沙漠裏的危險，她幾乎把自己嚇倒要得神

經病。因為我不甚理會這許多故事，我自然連八分之一都記不得；但是其中有兩段，我還記得很清楚。

離這裏海岸約六哩，有一個有樹蔭的小海灣，土人稱爲方伽要那安那(Fanga-anaana)——即謂『多巖洞的小海灣。』我從海上曾看見這個地方，因為我曾儘我的能力，叫我的孩子們冒險進去，進得很近；那裏是一小片黃沙。其上是黑色的懸崖，布滿了巖洞的黑色的洞口；從峭壁垂下來的有許多大樹，還有下垂的籐；在中間左右，還有一條大溪流，成爲一條瀑布流下來。有一天有一條小船，船上有六個費利沙少年，在那裏經過；烏瑪說道這六個少年『都是很美的，』他們因爲美，就遇害了。那時候刮大風，發生很大的頂頭的風浪，等到他們走入方伽要那安那，看見白色的瀑布與有樹蔭的海灘的時候，他們都疲乏了，都覺得很渴，他們的水已經吃完了。有一個提議登岸飲水，他們全是鹵莽人，都要登岸喝水，只有年紀最小的一個不去。他爲洛圖(Lotu)；他是一個很好的少年，又是一個很明智的人；他說他們瘋了，他告訴他們，那個地方是鬼神及死人居住的，從這方算，生人所住的地方離那裏有六哩多，從那方算，生人所住的地方還許相離有十二哩。他們不聽他的話，反笑他，他們是五個人反對一個人，就往裏弄船，把小船放在海灘上，就登岸。洛圖說，那裏是一個好風景的地方，水是極好的。他們繞海灘走一遍，不能找着登峭壁的路，這就使他們較爲放心；後來他們坐下，吃他們所帶來的食物。他們還未坐好就看見有六個極美的女

人從一個黑洞口走出來：這六個美女頭上戴花，胸脯極美，還掛上紅子的頸串；她們起首同六個美男子調戲，他們也調戲她們，只有洛圖不調戲。洛圖曉得這個地方不能有生的女人居住，就跑了，跳入小船，跪在船底遮住他的臉，祈禱。當餘人在岸上的時候，洛圖一直祈禱到底，他只曉得祈禱，餘事都不知，一直等到他的朋友們回來，他們叫他坐起來，他們再弄船，從海灣出來，再到大海，現在海灣寂寞無人，聽不見六個美人說話。但是這五個人並無一個記得方才他們所做的事，他們都好像吃醉酒，在小船上唱歌，大笑，鬧着玩，洛圖所最恐怖的，就是他們這種情形。這時候風漸大了，一陣一陣的狂風吹來，波浪變作非常的大；島上無論什麼人遇着這樣狂風，都會掉回頭，飛回家去，回到費利沙的；但是這五個人同瘋子一樣，張滿帆，使風，小船刮入大海。洛圖汲水出船；那五個人無一個幫他，只管在那裏唱歌，鬧着玩，說人所不能明白的奇奇怪怪的事。當他們說的時候還放聲大笑。此後洛圖拚命的在船底弄水出船，通身被汗與冷的海水所浸透了；無一人理他。他們在狂風巨浪中居然平安到了巴巴馬陸陸，這是出乎衆人意料之外的；在這個地方，櫻櫚樹唱歌，椰子在村子的青草地上飛來飛去，好像砲子一般；那五個少年當天晚上全病了，始終不說一句有意義的話，就死了。

我問道，「難道你的意思要告訴我，你能相信這樣的謊話麼？」

她告訴我，這件怪事許多人都曉得，只有美少年常遇着這樣的事；但是只有過這一次，五個人同在一起，同日，被女鬼們的愛情害死的；這件事很震動本島，倘若她不相信這件事，她就是個瘋子。

我說道，「好呀，無論怎樣，你不必爲我害怕，我用不着女鬼。老婆子，我只要你，我不再要全數其他女人，及全數女鬼。」

她答我說，此外還有別的鬼，她有一次曾親眼見過一個。有一天她獨自一人往第二個海灣，也許走到離那個不好的地方太近些。高樹林的枝葉遮住她，看不見高山的斜坡，她自己卻是在一片平地的外邊，這片地方有許多石，滿長了四五尺高小的野果子樹。這是多雨時節的黑暗的天，一會子來了幾陣狂風，刮斷樹葉，樹葉亂飛，一會子又無風，如同在家裏那樣安靜。有一次當無風的時候，全羣的鳥與蝙蝠從樹林裏飛出來，好像是受了驚的一般。過了一會，她聽見離她不遠有索索聲，看見一隻瘦的，灰色的老豬，在樹林邊與小果樹之間走出來。這隻老豬好像人一般，好像一路走來一路在那裏思想；當她看豬走來的時候，她忽然看見並不是豬，是一個有人的思想的一個人。

她一看見就跑，豬隨後追她，這隻豬一面走一面大喊，當牠是一片豬叫的聲音。

我說道，「我很想那時候我帶着槍在那裏。我猜那隻豬就會叫喊，以驚動他自己。」

她告訴我，對付這樣東西們，槍是無用的，這些東西是死人的鬼魂。

好呀，晚上談鬼是最好的；但是我自然並不因此就改變我的主意；第二天我帶了一桿槍一把好刀子就去探險。我昨天看見開斯從一個地方出來，我今天儘我的能力要走到與那裏最相近的地方；因為倘若他在樹林裏頭真是有某種房舍，我想我應該可以找出一條路徑。沙漠的起頭，有我所稱爲一道牆作標記，其實是一長條的石頭堆。人們說這道牆一直通過這個島，但是他們怎麼會曉得的，這是另外一個問題，因為我不信在一百年內，有人走過這個島，土人居多只是沿着海邊及他們的小僑居地走，那一部分卻是令人可怕的那樣又高又陡，又全是峭壁。從起頭的地方到牆的西邊，地上的小草木是斬除淨盡的，這裏有許多椰子樹及野果樹及番石榴，與許多含羞草。再走過去，樹林起首變作很直；這裏有高樹林，樹木長得很直，如船桅一般，還有許多下垂的纏藤，好像船的索纜，還有毒蘭長在樹叉上，好像菌類。不長小草木的地方，好像是一堆圓石。我看見許多綠鴿子，我原可以放槍打鴿，不過我到這裏來，意不在打鳥。有許多蝴蝶沿着地面飛上飛落，

好像是乾葉；有時我聽見鳥叫，有時聽見頭上有風聲，常聽見沿岸的波濤聲。

但是這個地方的古怪情景，更難說得出，除非親身到過這裏的高樹林的人，才能夠明白我說什麼。在這個地方，無論天氣怎樣晴朗，總是黑暗的。一個人到了這裏，無論那裏的盡頭，都是看不見的；無論他向那方看，總被樹林木遮蔽，這條樹枝抱那條樹枝，如同你合掌的手指一般；又無論他什麼時候留心細聽，他常聽見新聲音——人們說話，孩子們大笑，遠遠的斧子聲，有時是相離很近的一種偷偷走來很快的腳步聲，使他跳起來，預備執兵器。他只管對自己說，除了樹木與鳥之外，只有他一個人；他卻不能相信這句話；無論他轉身向那裏，全個地方都好像有許多人，好像這許多人看着他。讀者不要相信是烏瑪所說的謠言，使我不安的；我看得土人的說話是無價值的，不值四文銅錢；我只能說這是樹林裏的自然情景。

樹木所在的地方到了這裏變作很陡，如同一把梯子，當我走到山頂的時候，風聲起首直走，樹葉向上拋，向旁吹開，露出太陽。這卻與我更相宜；還是常聽見小聲音，卻並無驚人的聲音。我所走到的地方有長在樹下的小樹木，他們稱為野椰樹——結的大紅果子是很好看的——這時候我聽見風裏有唱歌聲，是我從來所未聽見過的。我只管對我自己說這是樹枝的聲音；我曉得不是的；我曉得絕無這樣歌唱的鳥。風吹來的這種聲音，有時變高有時變大，

有時停頓，隨後又發作得很大；我有時以爲是像人哭的聲音，不過比哭聲好聽些；我有時以爲是琴聲；我卻很曉得在這個地方這樣的情景太過美啦，不是個好地方。你若是喜歡的話，你只管可以笑我；但是我聲明這時候我就想起從方伽要那安那巖洞走出來的那六個掛紅頸串的少年女子，我心裏納悶，她們唱歌是不是同我現時所聽見的一樣。我們笑土人，我們笑土人的許多迷信；但是讀者要曉得有許多到這裏作買賣的白人，受過很好教育的，還有幾個在本國當過簿記員及書記的，都相信土人的迷信。我相信一個地方發生一種迷信，如同生出各種野草；當我站在那裏留心聽那種悲切哭聲的時候，我在那裏發抖。

讀者聽說我害怕，可以說我是個膽怯的懦夫；我卻以爲自己膽子夠大，敢向前走。但是我很小心的走，把放槍的機關扳好了，如同一個獵人那樣四圍的察看，滿想看見一個美貌少年女子坐在樹林裏，打定主意放一陣打鴨的槍子試試她，假使我果然看見，我是要放槍的。我走得不遠，果然看見一樣怪東西。一陣大風刮到樹林的頭頂，在我面前的樹葉忽然分開，我去一秒鐘裏頭，看見有東西掛在樹上。俄頃就看不見了，因爲這陣風過去，樹葉又遮住了。我對你說實話：我曾打定主意要見一隻鬼；假使那件東西或像一隻豬，或像一個女人，不會使我作這樣想的。難處就在那件東西好像是四方的，一個活的與會唱歌的四方東西，使我害怕，使我變糊塗了。我必定在那裏站了許久；我頗斷定歌唱就是從那株樹出來的。隨後我起首稍微明白些。

我說道，『倘若這個地方有會唱的四方東西，好嗎，我無論怎樣，都要走上前看。我花了錢，我就要尋樂。』

但是我想我可以嘗試祈禱，也許祈禱或者可以有好處；我於是雙膝跪下，大聲祈禱；當我祈禱的時候，那些怪聲音還是從那株樹出來，聲音或高或低，又變調，簡直的是如同音樂一般，不過你能夠曉得並不是人的聲音——那裏並無你能吹嘯的東西。

我正當祈禱完之後，我把槍放下，用牙咬住我的小刀，直向那株樹走，起首向上爬。我老實告訴你，我的心如同冰那樣冷。但是當我向上爬的時候，不到一會子，我又瞥見那件東西，我就放心啦，因為我以為這件東西好像一個箱子；等到我爬到那件東西所在地的時候，我就大笑，笑到了幾乎跌下樹來。

那件東西當真是一個箱子，是一個裝蠟燭的箱子，邊上還有牌號；有幾條絃線扯緊在那裏，所以風來就會響。我相信他們稱這樣東西為希臘風琴（Tyrolean 琴，或 Æolian 琴。譯者註。）我們且不管為什麼有這樣名稱。

我說道，『開斯先生，好嗎，你會驚嚇我一次，但是我對你說，你不能嚇我第二次。』

我一面說一面溜下來，又往前走，要找我的仇人的總辦事處，我猜不會離這裏很遠的。

在這一部分裏頭，小草木長得很密；我不能看見我鼻子之前，我必得用大力及用刀子，一面走一面打開一條路，劈開野籐，還要一刀斬倒全株的樹。這些草木長得很大，所以我說是樹木，其實不過是長大的野草，滿身汁液，

斬這樣的草木如同切胡蘿蔔一般。我正在那裏想，這個地方有過一度也許是無這樣許多野草的，那時候我的鼻子碰見一堆砌好的石頭，我立刻看出這是人工造的。只有上帝曉得是什麼時候堆砌的，或是什麼時候拋棄不用的，因為這部分的海島在白人未到之前，久已無人驚動過。我向前再走幾步，就看見我所常時要找的小路。路是窄的，卻是常有人走的，我就看出開斯有許多信徒。一個土人冒險同這個作買賣的白人，走上這裏，照我看來，很像是一件時髦的放膽冒險，一個少年男子，若不會在股上刺花紋，不曾見過開斯的魔鬼，很像還是小孩子，不算成年。這是很像卡拿卡人的行爲；但是你若從另一方向看去，很像白人的行爲。

我跟着小路走不多遠，我詫異到站住不動，用手搓我的眼。面前有一牆，小路從一個牆洞走過；牆是坍塌了，顯然是很舊的了，卻是大石砌造的，堆砌得很好；今日活在島上的，無論那一個土人，都不能夢想到有這樣的一片建築。沿着牆頭有一排奇怪的人像，或是偶像，或是用以嚇鳥的芻靈，或是不曉得是什麼東西。這些怪像的臉是雕刻的，塗過顏色的，很難看，耳目都是介殼製的，他們的頭髮與他們的顏色很鮮明的衣服隨風飄揚，有幾個是有東西牽動的。在西邊的幾個海島上，今日還製造這樣的鬼像；假使在這個海島也有人製造過，必定是遠在古代，現在的

土人卻不會造，亦不記憶有過這樣的製造。最奇怪的是全數這許多鬼像都是很新鮮的，如同新出店鋪的玩物。

我隨即想起，第一天開斯曾告訴我，說他是善造本島假古董的好手，有許多來島上做生意的白人，靠賣這樣古董弄錢。我一記得這句話就看穿這全件事體，還曉得他這種陳列，怎樣有兩個用意：第一個用意，是使這些新古董慢慢變作舊的，第二個用意，是要嚇走來探望他的人。

但是我該告訴你（這就使這件事體變作更奇怪）當那個風琴在樹林裏頭，在我的四面發聲的時候，當我觀看的時候，有一隻又綠又黃的鳥（我猜這隻鳥正在那裏作巢）起首從一個鬼像頭上扯頭髮。

我再往前走幾步，我看見這所博物院的最奇怪東西。我初看見的時候，不過是頗長的堆高的土堆，其中有一個轉灣。我用手挖土，我看見土下有一塊油布，緊蒙在木板上，這顯然是一個地窖的頂。這個土堆正在山頂，入口在那一邊，在兩塊大石中間，好像巖洞的入口。我往裏走，走到拐灣地方，我向一個角上看，看見一個發光的臉。這個臉大而醜怪，好像演啞吧戲所用的假面具，臉上的光有時大有時小，有時冒煙。

我說道，「呀哈！這是會發光的油漆！」

我必得說，我頗稱讚這個人的巧妙。他用一箱製器的工具，用幾種極單簡的巧法，他就能使人相信他有一座鬼廟。無論什麼可憐蟲的卡拿卡人，被開斯在晚上帶到這裏，兩耳聽見四圍的琴聲，兩眼看見一個山洞底下的發光的臉，自然相信不疑他曾看見與聽見許多鬼，足夠他一生

一世所聽見看見的。我們很容易找出卡拿卡人的思想。你只要回頭問你自己十歲至十五歲的時候，你就是一個中等的卡拿卡人。其中有迷信的成年人，如同有迷信的孩子；有許多同孩子們一樣，大都是忠實的，卻以為偷竊是一件好玩的事，很容易受嚇的，而且喜歡受嚇。我記得我在家的時候，我有一個小同學，以開斯欺人的事作遊戲。這個孩子什麼都不曉得；什麼都不會做；他既無發光的油漆，又無風琴；他只是大膽說他是個邪術家，把我們嚇得很利害，我們卻喜歡受嚇。隨後我想起先生有一次打這個孩子，這個孩子如同他人一樣，也覺得痛，也哼哼。我於是想道，『我必得找出方法，也叫開斯受痛楚，如同那個孩子一樣。』再過一會我就有了主意啦。

我從小路回來，這條小路只要一找着，是很容易走的；當我走出來，踏腳在黑沙上的時候，我剛好看見開斯先生。我把放槍的機關放好，拿在手上以便放槍，我們走上前，一言不發彼此走過，彼此用眼角注視；我們彼此一走過，立刻掉過身子來，好像操演時的大轉灣，彼此又面對面。你看得出來我們彼此頭腦裏都存了同樣的見解，以為彼此都許向彼此的背後放一槍。

開斯說道，『你並未打着什麼東西。』

我說道，『我今天並不為打鳥。』

他說道，『為我起見，願魔鬼把你抓走。』

我說道，『我也願魔鬼把你抓走。』

但是我們還是站在那裏不動；誰也不怕誰有什麼舉動。

開斯大笑。他說道，『我們卻不能終天站在這裏。』

我說道，『你不必讓我耽延你。』

他又大笑。他問道，『維爾沙爾，難道你以為我是一個傻子麼？』

我說道，『你若是要曉得的話，我看你多半是一個惡棍，少半是一個傻子。』

他說道，『因為我不開槍打你，難道你以為我在這個開豁的海灘打你，我會多得好處麼？天天都有人來打魚。我並不詫異說時就許有二十人在山谷裏，製椰子心；還許有六七個人在你的背後的山上，打鴿子；這個時候就許他們在那裏觀察我們。我並不要開槍打你，我說了這句話是算數的。我為什麼要打你？你並不阻礙我。你所有的椰子心，全是你自己親手製的，如同一個黑奴一般。你在這裏發黴——我說你是發黴——我不管你在那裏發黴，也不管你發，多久的黴。我只要你說一句算數的話，說你不要打我，我就先走開。』

我說道，『你是坦白與和氣的，是不是？我也會坦白與和氣的。今天我不想打你。我為什麼今天打你？開斯先生，這件事才開頭；還未辦了。我已經饒了你一次啦；我這時候還看見你的頭上有我的拳頭痕跡，我還要收拾你啦。我不是一個 paralee 如同安達希(Underhill)。我不是阿當士(Adams)，我又不是維格爾士(Vigours 這三個都是吃過開斯的虧的。譯者註。); 我要給你曉得，你遇着你的敵手啦。』

他說道，『你這樣說法，是說傻話。你用這樣的說話不能使我走開。』

我說道，『好嗎，你就站在那裏不走。我並不忙，你是曉得的。我能夠終天在這個海灘上，我是並不要理會的。我並無麼什乾椰子心麻煩我。我也不必招呼發光的油漆。』

我說出發光油漆，我很後悔，但是我不知不覺就說出來了。我能夠看見這句話破壞了他的詭計，他站在那裏皺着眉，瞪着眼，看我。這時候我猜他決計必定要追尋到底。

他說道，『我就相信你的話』他就掉轉身一直走入有鬼的樹林。

因為我有言在先，我自然讓他走。只要我的眼還能夠看見他，我還是觀察他，他走過之後，我很快的也走開，找有樹林遮蔽的地方，我就走回家，我所走其餘的路都是在遮蔽之下，因為我並不相信他，他的說話不值六文銅錢。我卻看出一件事體來，我已經預先警告他，我就是個傻子，我曉得我所想做的事，我必得立刻做。

你以為我今天早上受夠激刺了，不料另有激刺的事等着我。我轉過山嘴走了若干遠，走到我能夠看見我的房屋，那時候我看得見那裏有許多面生的人；再走幾步，看見無疑是面生的人。有兩個手執兵器的守門人，蹲在我的門口。我只能猜烏瑪的為難必定發作啦，我的棧房被人奪了，我那裏曉得，很許烏瑪已經被拘了，這些執械的人們在那裏等候提拏我。

我卻不怕，我趕快跑，走近我的屋子，我就看見有第三個土人坐在露台，好像是一個客人，烏瑪同他說話，如同一個女主人一般。我再走近些，我就看見是那個大的少年會長梅伊亞，還看見他在那裏微笑與吸煙。他所吸的是什麼煙呀！他所吸的既不是只配貓吸的歐洲紙煙，又不是真的本地吸醉人的大煙捲，倘若一個人打斷了他的煙袋，他很可以不怕糟場時光，吸這種煙捲——他所吸的是一根雪茄，我能發誓說，他所吸的是我的墨西哥雪茄。我一看見我的心就起首跳，我忘想梅伊亞已經變了宗旨，同我們言歸於好，烏瑪的爲難已經過去了。

當我走上去的時候，烏瑪對他指我，他走到我自己的梯口迎我，很像一個透底的上等人。

他說道，『維利維利（土人盡他們的能力說我的名字，能說到這樣）我喜歡。』

只若是一個海島的會長，要客氣，他誠然能夠客氣。我從去這個字就曉得事體的趨向。用不着烏瑪對我說：『他現在不怕伊斯，來送乾椰子心。』我告訴你，我同這個卡拿卡人拉手，當他是歐羅巴的最好的白人。

原來開斯與他同要一個女子；不然就是梅伊亞疑心到這一層，於是決計乘機擾亂那個買賣人。他自己穿得很整齊，把兩個從人洗得乾乾淨淨，手執兵械，他要把事體做得更顯露，只要等到開斯走出村子，他就帶人走來，把他所有的買賣全同我做。他既有錢，又有勢力。我猜他每

年的收入值得五萬枚椰子。我所取於他的是海灘的價錢，還比別人多四分銅錢之一，說到賒貨，我因為很喜歡他，和肯把店裏的貨物和裝修全賒給他。我必要說，他買貨很像一個上等人：一買就是許多米，罐頭與餅乾，是夠一星期的宴會，還買許多別的東西。況且他是很和氣的；他很好開頑笑；我們在一起說笑話，居多都是由通事居間傳譯，因為他只曉得很不多的幾句英國話，我的土話更不濟了。我看出幾件事來：他其實始終不能怎樣喜歡烏瑪的面貌；他絕不能真受過驚嚇，他必定是用詭詐裝出受嚇態度，這是因為他以爲開斯在村裏很有佔便宜的地方，能助他進行。

這就使我思維他與我兩個人都處於爲難地位，既不能不立刻有所舉，卻又難以舉動。他所做的事，就是當着全村人的面前走開，這樣的舉動，也許可以使他喪失他的勢力。況且在我與開斯在海灘談話之後，我想到這番談話很許使我有性命的危險。開斯所說的話，就如同說我若得着無論多少椰子心，他就要開槍打我；等到他回來，他就會看見，村子裏頭最好的買賣，已經在別人手上，不在他手上啦；我就想到最好我先下手打他。

我說道，『烏瑪，你告訴他，我使他久等，我很對不住他，因為我去看樹林裏的開斯的鬼店。』

烏瑪譯說，『他要曉得你不害怕麼？』

我大笑。我說道，『我不害怕！你告訴他，那個地方不

過是一間熱鬧的耍貨店！你告訴他，我們在英國把這樣東西給小孩子們玩耍。』

她又問道，『他要曉得你聽見鬼唱麼？』

我說道，『因為我店裏並無琴弦，我現在不能造一件怪東西；等到下次船到，我就有一件同樣的奇怪機器放在露台，他就能夠親眼看見那件東西裏頭有多少鬼。你告訴他，只要我一能夠得着絃綫，我就造一架給他幾個黑孩子。這件東西如爲風琴；你還可以告訴他英文的字意，說無人肯化一文銅錢買這樣的東西，除非是傻子才肯買。』

這次他很高興，他再要試試他的英國話。他說道，『你說的是真實話麼？』

我說道，『很是真實話！如同聖經說真實話。烏瑪，你去拿出一部聖經來，倘若你有這樣東西的話，你拿出來，我肯吻聖經。』我說道，『我告訴你一個更好的法子，我作先行，你問他白天他怕不怕走上去那個地方。』

原來他並不怕；白天有人陪他，他不怕去。

我說道，『既是不怕，就是這個主意。你告訴他，開斯是個騙子，那個地方是騙人的地方，他若明早上去，他就會看見剩下的東西。烏瑪，但是你要告訴他，你要使他明白這一層：他得嚴守祕密，他若是對人說，開斯必定曉得，我就要送命。你告訴他，我是替他出力，他若說出一個字，我們血就會流在他的門口，他從此以後就永遠受天譴。』

她告訴他，他同我拉手，完全聽我的話，他說道，『我不說。我明天上去。你是我的朋友麼？』

我說道，『先生，不是的，我不這樣傻。你告訴他，我是來這裏作買賣的，不是來這裏同人做朋友的。但是說到開斯，我要把那個人死！』

梅伊亞很高興的走了，我是能夠看出來的。

第五回 在樹林裏的一夜

好呀，我現在負責要做這件事啦；我要在日內打碎魔鬼，我是很忙的，不獨籌備忙，還要忙於辯論。我的房子好像是工人們的一所辯論會：烏瑪一定不許我在晚上往那裏去，她以為我若在晚上去，就永遠不能回來的了。你是曉得她的辯論方法：你已經聽她說道女主維多利亞與魔鬼；這就是她的辯論方法；我讓你想，不等到天黑，我是不是討厭了這樣的辯論。

後來我想出一個好主意。我想道，我為什麼對她撒我的珍珠？還不如對她撒她自己的切斷的乾草。

我說道，『既是這樣，我不如告訴你做一件事。你找出你的聖經來，我就把聖經帶在身邊，往山上去。我就可以平安啦。』

她發誓說聖經無用。

我說道，『這是因為你們卡拿卡人無知識。你把聖經拿出來。』

她果然拿出來，我就翻卷首一頁，我想頁上很許有英文，果然有。我說道，『你看這裏！頁上有倫敦：爲巴拉甫來亞（Blackfriars）地方的不列顛與外國的聖經會印的，出版的年分是用許多X印的，我讀不來。地獄裏頭無論什麼鬼都不能走近，觀看巴拉甫來亞的聖經會。』我又說道，『你這個傻子，你試猜我們在本國怎樣對付我們自己的鬼呀？全是聖經會的力量！』（未免難爲聖經會了。譯者註。）

她說道，『我以爲你們沒得聖經。白人告訴我，你們無聖經。』

我問道，『這句話好像是真的，是不是？爲什麼這個島裏頭堆滿了聖經，歐羅巴就無一本？』

她說道，『你們無麪包果。』

我聽了這句話，幾乎要扯我的頭髮。我說道，『老婆子，你不要說話，我討厭你啦。我把聖經帶走，我就可以很平安如同披甲一般啦，我不對你再說了。』

這天晚是非常的黑，日落就有許多雲起來，滿天都是雲；看不見一顆星；這時候只有很小一片的月，還要等到夜深才出來。在村子的周圍有燈光，有房屋打開門的火光，還有礁石上的許多漁燈有那裏走動，照得很亮，如同懸燈會一般；但是海與山及樹林全都看不見。當我出發的時候，身上帶了許多東西，如同驢子負重一樣，我猜是八點鐘，我到隨身帶的東西，第一就是聖經，這本書有你的頭那麼大，我因爲自己要騙她，才帶來的。此外我還帶我的槍，我的刀子與燈，還有洋火，這都是必需的。此外還有這件事所必需的東西，就是很重的火藥，兩個打魚用的

炸彈，與兩三條慢燃的火線，這是我從幾個鐵罐拖出來，儘我的能力結在一起的；因為洋火不過是商品，瘋子才肯相信這種東西。你就曉得我有很好的炸燬材料！我不管多花錢；我要把這件事辦得好好的。

當我在空曠地方的時候，我有自己屋裏的燈照我，我走得很容易。但是我一走入小路，就全是一片黑暗，我不能向前走，我走入樹林裏，就在那裏詛罵，好像一個人在臥室裏找洋火一般。我曉得用火照是有危險的，因為人家可以看見我的燈，走到山嘴一路都可以看見，又因天黑之後無人往那裏去，若是有人看見燈光，就會四處的說，開斯會聽見的。但是我能作什麼呢？我若是不去，我無臉見梅伊亞，不然，只好冒險，點燈，儘我所能，用最麻煩的方法，把這件事體辦完了。

只要我在小路上的時候我走路是走得很辛苦的，但是我一走到黑暗的海灘，我就得跑。因為這個時候潮水快漲啦；我要盡力快跑，從有波浪的地方跑到陡的小山，才能夠使火藥不沾潮水。我雖然快跑，衝到灘上的水已經沒膝啦，有一次我幾乎跌倒在一塊石上。我既匆匆的跑，又吸自由的空氣與海風的氣味，使我的精神很活潑；但當我一走入樹林，起首從小路往上爬的時候，我就走得從容些。我已經見過開斯先生的絃機，和雕刻的鬼像，就很減少樹林裏的可怕，但是我仍然以為這條路是寂寞的，我猜當他的門徒走上來的時候，必定是很害怕的。燈光射在全數的樹身及開叉的樹枝及纏繞的下番的野藤上，凡是

的眼所能見的全個地方，都變作一種迷惑人的轉動的影子。影子走來迎你，整個走過來，又走得很慢，如同巨人一般，隨即又走開，看不見了；這許多影子在你的頭上繞，好像棒槌，又飛入黑暗裏，好像許多鳥一般。樹林的地面有枯木發光，如同你劃過洋火之後，洋火盒子上所發的光。樹枝有大而冷的水點子滴在我的頭上，如同汗珠子。林裏無所謂風；只有冷如冰的從岸往海吹的微風，這是吹不動東西的；風琴不發聲。（可謂極狀物敘事寫景的能事。譯者註。）

當我穿過野椰林的時候，看見牆上的鬼像，我是走到我所要到的第一站啦。這些鬼像在燈光之下是很醜的，帶着他們的油漆臉，與他們的殼子眼睛，還有垂下來的衣服與頭髮。我逐個拖出來，作為一堆，放在地窖的房頂，以便把他們與其餘的東西付諸一炬。隨後我在入口的一塊大石的後邊找一個地方，我就把火藥和兩個炸彈埋在這裏，沿路放好藥引。我看看那個冒煙的鬼頭，同他告別。鬼頭冒煙，冒得很好看。

我說道，「我注定要炸你啦。你不要害怕。」

我最初的主意是要點着了，就回家去；因為黑暗與枯木的閃光與燈影使我覺得孤零。但是我曉得什麼地方有掛了一架風琴；留着這個東西，不與他物同燬，好像是很可惜的；同時我禁不住使我覺得我很厭倦我所候的事，最好是回家緊閉大門。我走出地窖，走來走去討論這件事。

遠在低下，在海邊，有波浪的聲音；在這裏的附近地方，一片樹葉也不動，還許在賀安(Cape Horn)山嘴這邊只有我一個人。當我站在那裏思維的時候，樹林好像睡醒了，變作全個樹林都是一片小聲響。聲響是小的，不是會害人的——這裏喀拉一聲，那裏一點衝過的聲音——但是我喘不出氣，我的喉嚨如餅乾那樣乾。我並不是怕開斯，開斯走來，不過是常識所料得到的；我絕不會想到開斯；使我害怕，如同一陣肚子痛那樣利害的，就是老婆子們所說的故事，所說的女鬼及人豬的故事。我想拋錢決去留！但是我打贏我自己，我走出來，高舉我的燈（如同一個傻子）四圍的看。

在村子與小路的一方，我看不見什麼；但是當我掉過頭來向內地看的時候，我居然並不曾倒在地下，我卻很詫異。果然有一個女鬼正從沙漠與不好的樹林走出來——她的面貌，剛好同我想像的一樣。我看見光照在她的赤着的兩隻膀子與她的有光的眼睛上，我大聲叫喊，叫得很響，我以爲是我要送命了。

這個女鬼尖聲低說道，『呀！不要大喊。你爲什麼大聲叫喊？你吹滅燈！伊斯已經來啦。』

我說道，『可了不得，烏瑪，原來是你麼？』

她說道，『是的。我趕快來。伊斯快到啦。』

我問道，『你獨自一人來的麼？你不害怕麼？』

她抓住我，低聲說道，『呀！我很害怕！我以爲我會死。』

我微微的一笑，說道，『好嗎，維爾沙爾太太，我不該笑你，因為我自己大約就是在南太平洋的最會害怕的人。』

她說了兩句話，是什麼事使她到這裏來的，原來我才走後在沙華奧就走進來，這個老婆子碰見黑查克（Black Jack）小牧師，開斯的同黨。譯者註。）從我們家裏拚命的向開斯家裏跑。烏瑪一言不發，毫不逗留，趕快跑來警告我。她在後頭進來，走得很近，走過海灘的時候，我的燈就是她的嚮導，後來在樹林裏頭，他跟着燈光就尋路上山。惟有我到了山頂我走入地窖的時候，她就亂走不知，走到那裏去了！她就誤了許多寶貴的時光，又不敢喊，恐怕開斯就在她的腳後，她跌倒在小樹林堆裏，全身都跌傷了。這必定是她向南走，走得太遠了，後來不曉得她怎樣旁鈔我，使我害怕到說不出來。

無論怎樣，她總比一個女鬼好，但是我以為他所說的那番話就夠嚴重的了。黑查克不該在我的房子左右，除非是來窺探我；據我看來，好像我胡亂說了一句油漆的話，還許梅伊亞多嘴，說了幾句話，就使我們陷在為難裏頭。有一層是容易見到的：烏瑪與我只好在這裏過夜；我們不敢在天未亮之前回家，即使到了天亮，不如繞路登山，從村子背後回去，不然我們就許走入有埋伏的地方。還有一層又是顯然易見的，地雷應該立刻發作，不然，開斯很可

以來得及止住地雷不會發作。

我於是走入地道，烏瑪緊緊的抓住我，打開我的燈，點火線。第一段燒着了，如同燒紙燃，我站着發糊塗，看火線燒，以爲我們與狄阿普路一同高升，這卻不是我的用意。第二段燒得快些，我卻不願燒得這樣快；我一想到這一層，我又明白過來，把烏瑪拖開，拖離地道，吹滅了燈，放在地下，我們兩人在黑處摸回樹林，走到我以為可以平安的地方，同躺在一株樹邊。

我說道，「老婆子，我不會忘記了今夜的。你是一個好手，這就是你的錯。」她緊靠着我。她只穿了短褲，就從家裏一路跑到這裏；她遍身都被露水與黑海灘的海水所溼透了，她身上冷，怕黑，又怕鬼，在那裏發抖。

她只說道，「我很害怕。」

開斯的山的那一邊是如同懸崖那裏陡，直落到第二個山谷。我們正在懸崖邊上，我能夠聽見遠在山腳下的海水聲，看見枯木發光。我不要在這個地方，這裏並無退路，我卻不敢換別的地方。這時候我才曉得我做了一件很錯的事，我不敢吹滅燈，我若有燈當開斯走入有燈光的地方，我就能夠對他放一槍。即使我不想到打他，好好的燈，爲什麼摔在那裏，與雕刻的鬼像同歸於盡，這不是一件無知識的事嗎。燈是我的，是值錢東西，可以有用得着的時候。

假使我能夠相信那條火線，我還可以跑進去，把燈拿出來。但是誰能相信火線？你曉得市上的火線是不中用的。這種東西給卡拿卡人們用來打魚是很好的，無論怎樣，他們打魚是要處處小心的，他們所冒的最大危險不過是炸丟一隻手。但是無論什麼人要在一個如我這樣的地雷左右做事，這種火線是無用的。

我所能做的事，最好莫如躺在那裏不動，把我的烏槍預備好了，等候地雷炸。這卻是一種很嚴重的事。晚上的黑暗如同一大塊結實東西；你只能看見枯木的可怕的鬼火，這樣的光只照其本身不照別的；說到聲響，我用耳細聽，聽到我以為我能夠聽見火線在地道裏燒的聲響，聽見樹林寂然如同棺材一樣。有時聽見喀拉聲；至於這樣的聲響是自遠處來的，抑或是從近處來的，是開斯離我不過幾碼遠，他的腳趾踢東西的聲響，抑或是在幾哩外一科樹折斷的聲音，我如同一個尚在娘胎的嬰孩一般，全不曉得。

隨後，火山忽然炸起來。原是許久才炸的；但是一起首炸（我雖然說不該是這樣的）炸得好看，無人能要再看比這個炸得更好的看。起初不過是響聲，噴出一陣的火，把樹林照得很光，你能夠在火光中看見。隨後我們的為難起首啦。烏瑪與我半埋在一車的泥土堆裏，幸而不過是這樣，因為在地道口的一塊被炸，大石飛上空中，墜在離我們所躺下的地方不過兩尋遠，這塊大石跳過山邊，滾入第二個山谷。我原來我少算了與炸藥相離的遠近，不然就是

炸藥用得太多，隨你高興說是那一樣。

過了一會我又看出我又作錯一件事。炸藥的聲響起首消滅，這一炸震動全島；火光是滅了；但是炸後的情形殊出我意料之外。因為全個樹林都有炸出來的發紅光的煤與燒着的東西；我的四圍也有；有些落在山谷，有些掛在樹頂上發光。我並不怕大火燒樹林，因為樹林太溼，不會燒着的。我的爲難是全片地方都照見了雖然並不甚亮，卻足夠他人放槍打中我；着火的煤塊既散落在各處，我雖可以得這樣的利益，但是開斯也可以得着。我四圍的看找他的白臉；卻並不看見他的形影。炸藥的響聲和火光，好像把烏瑪嚇死了。

我的把戲還有一個缺點。有一個雕刻的鬼像丟下來，全燒着了，頭髮，衣服，及全身都燒着了，離我不過四碼遠。我四圍留心察看；並不看見開斯，我要決計在他未來之先，把那條點着的棍子弄滅了，不然的話，他可以放槍打我，如打狗一般。

我最初的主意是要爬過去，隨後我想到最要緊的是辦得快，我就站起半身，要衝過去。同時有一陣火光與一陣聲響，從我與海之間來，一個槍子在我的耳邊叫。我立刻轉過身子舉我的槍，不料那個野蠻用的是連環槍，我還來不及看見他，他的第二槍把我打倒，如同打倒一個遊戲用的木瓶一般。我好像在空中飛，隨後墜下來，躺在地上有半分鐘，人是糊塗了；隨後我才曉得我的兩手是空的，

當我跌倒的時候，我的槍在我的頭上飛過去了。一個人處於這樣爲難的境地，會變作很機靈的。我幾乎不曉得我那裏受傷，亦不曉得我是否受傷，我卻轉過身子，爬去取我的槍。我大喊一聲如同牛叫一般，除非你試過打斷一條腿之後要走路，不然的話，你是不會曉得什麼是痛楚。

我生平叫喊過好幾次，以這次的叫喊爲最不幸。自從炸藥發作以至如今，烏瑪還是躲在樹後，如同一個有知識的女人，她曉得她不過會阻手礙脚的；但是她一聽我叫喊，她就向前跑那桿連環槍又響啦，她就跌在地下。

我已經坐起來，要攔阻她；但是我一看見她倒地，我又在原處躺下來，不動，找我的刀柄。我從前太過猛進，辦錯了。我現在不啦。他把我的娘子打倒了，我得報仇；我躺在那裏咬牙，計算我的機會。我的腿是打壞了，我的槍是丟了。開斯的連環槍還有十響。這件事好像是無希望的了。但是我是絕不絕望的，也絕不會想到絕望的：我得殺丟這個人。

有好一會子，我們彼此都不向前走。隨後我聽見開斯起首在樹林裏走近些，但是走得非常小心。那個鬼像已經燒完了；不過這裏是幾塊煤那裏有幾塊煤，樹林的大部分是黑暗的，但是還有一種暗淡的光，好像快要燒完的餘燼。我靠這樣的光看見開斯的頭在一簇鳳尾草上看我，同時

這條野獸看見我，把他的連環槍扛在肩上。我躺下，絲毫不動，我靜靜的看槍膛：這是最後的機會，但是我以為我的心簡直會跳出來。他隨即放槍。幸而不是鳥槍，因為槍子打在我的身邊，離我一寸，打起許多泥土，飛入我的眼。

你試試看，你能否躺在地下絲毫不動，任人坐在那裏放槍打你，只差一點就打中你。我卻能夠躺下絲毫不動，幸虧我不動。有一會子開斯站在那裏，在他的胸前斜拿着他的連環槍；隨後對自己一笑，繞鳳尾草過來走。

我想道，『你笑呀！假使你有虱子的知識，你就要祈禱！』

我全身用力，如同船纜或表的彈簧那樣有力，一等到他走近，我可以夠得着他的時候，我捉住他的踝，從他身下拖出兩腳，把他放得直直的，他還來不及呼吸，我的全身連着打壞的腿全壓在他的身上。他的連環槍也丟了，同我的鳥槍一樣；我用不着我的槍啦——現在我不怕他啦，他動不得啦。我原是很有氣力的，我一向不曉得什麼叫作氣力，等到我捉住開斯的時候才曉得。他倒下來的時候喊了幾聲，現在亂喊，伸出兩手，好像一個受驚的女人，我就用左手捉住他的兩手。這就驚醒他，他就如同一條黃鼠狼一般，咬我的前臂。我全不理會。我的腿是夠痛的了，我拔出我的刀子，放好在他身上。

我說道，『現在我捉住你了；你是完了，這是一件好事！你覺得刀尖子麼？這一刀是替安達希報仇的！這一刀是替阿當士報仇的！這一刀是替烏瑪報仇的，這一刀卻要

把你的靈魂闖出的身！』

我說完這句話就盡我的能力給他一刀。他的身子在我的身下踢，如同一張有彈簧的榻榻一般。他發出一種可怕的很長的呻吟聲，躺在那裏不動了。

我想道，「我不曉得你是不是死了？我望你是死了！」這個時候我的頭發暈。但是我不肯冒險；我有自己的榜樣近在眼前；我試拔出刀來，再刺他。我記得他的血流在我的手上，其熱如荼；我刺完就暈倒了，我的頭倒在他的嘴上。

等我醒過來的時候，是一片墨漆黑；餘燼都燒完了；我看不見什麼，只看見枯木的閃光，我不記得我在什麼地方，也不記得我爲什麼這樣痛，亦不記得是什麼東西把我通身弄溼了。隨後我的記性回來了，我所做的第一件事就是用刀深深刺他，深及刀柄，又刺了他六七下。我相信他是已經死了，但是再刺他幾刀並無害於他，卻有益於我。

我說道，「我敢賭，你現在是死了，」我隨即喊烏瑪。

無人答應，我就試動一動，要去黑摸着找她，我的打壞的腿碰了東西，我又暈倒。

等到我第二次醒過來的時候，雲全散了，只有不多的幾塊如同白棉花一樣在天上走。月亮上來了，是熱帶地方的月亮。本國的月亮照在樹林，樹林變作黑色，在熱帶地方，只要有一點點的月就照耀樹林，如同白天那樣青綠。夜鳥——其實是早上的日鳥，唱歌，唱得長，逐漸低下去，像

黃鶯唱。我仍然半邊身子靠着死人，我能夠看見他睜大眼直看天，他的臉色並不比活的時候更灰白；烏瑪斜倒在離此不遠的地方。我儘我的能力走向她那裏，等我走到的時候，她睜開兩眼醒着，在那裏啼哭，響聲不比蟲聲大。原來她不敢放聲哭，恐怕驚鬼。她並不曾受什麼重傷，卻是不能令人相信的那樣害怕；她早已醒過來啦，對我叫喊，聽不見回答聲音，她以為我們兩人全死了，此後她就躺在那裏，連手指都不敢動一動。槍子在她的肩上披破一點肉，她流了許多血；我趕快用我的內衣後幅與一條肩巾好好的替把傷口包好，把她的頭放在我的未受傷的膝上，我暫靠樹身，坐下來等天亮。烏瑪這時候既不是裝飾品，又無用處，只能抓住我，在那裏搖動及叫喊。我猜世上未曾有過如她這樣受了驚嚇的人，我話句公道話，這一天晚上她受夠驚嚇了。至於我呢，我覺得很痛楚，又發熱，但是當我坐着不動的時候，卻不覺得很難過；我每次看開斯，我都能夠唱歌與吹嘯。談什麼飲食！看見那個人死了躺在地下，如同一條死魚一般，我就滿意啦。

過了一會夜鳥不唱了；亮光起首變色，東方變作橘黃色，全個樹林起首唱，如同一個八音盒一般，天大亮啦。

我還要過許久，才盼望梅伊亞走到，其實我會想到，很許他們主意全改變了，不到這裏來。天亮後約一點鐘，我很高興的聽見打斷樹枝聲，及許多卡拿卡人的大笑聲，

他們唱歌壯膽。烏瑪一聽見第一個字，就快快坐起來。過了一會我們就看見一羣人魚貫走出小路，梅伊亞在前，有一個白人帶着通草帽的在他背後。這個白人就是塔爾頓，是昨天晚上很遲到費利沙的，他捨舟登陸，最後一站路是用燈照着走的。

他們把開斯葬在這個他陣亡的地方，就葬在他放那個冒煙的鬼頭洞裏。我等到埋葬完了；塔爾頓祈禱，我以為這是鬧着玩的事，但是我不能不說他把死人的前程說得很害怕的，他對於地獄，好像有他自己的見解。後來我同他談論這件事，我說他溺職，我又說他應該如一個男子漢，挺身出來，坦白的告訴卡拿卡人們，說開斯是受天譴的，還是死了的好；但是我始終不能使這個教士聽我的話。隨後他們用幾根棍子造成一種轎子擡我到我的棧房。塔爾頓接我的脚，用正式傳教士的裹傷方法同我包紮起來，所以我的脚至今還是跛的。裹好之後，他錄我的供辭，與烏瑪及梅伊亞兩人的供辭，寫得很好看，叫我們簽字；他隨即請士魯們出來，同他走去爸爸蘭多爾(Papa Randall 是在該島的資格最老的白人。譯者註。)的棧房，起出開斯的函件。

他們只找出點一的日記，是好幾年的日記，所記的全是椰子心的價錢，及被偷的小雞的數目，等等；還有賬本及遺囑，我在開卷時已經說過，從這兩樣文件看來，全數

東西(無論什麼都在內)都是那個沙摩亞(Samoa)女人的。她急於要回家,原是很便宜價錢全買過來的。蘭多爾同那個黑人只好走開;他們在巴巴馬陸陸那邊弄了一所棧房;生意做得很不好,其實這兩個人無一個是會做生意的,他們幾乎靠食魚過活,蘭多爾就是因為這個原故死的。有一天海上來了成隊的魚,爸爸(指蘭多爾。譯者註。)用炸彈捉魚;不曉得是因為火線燒得太快,抑或他吃醉了酒,抑或兩樣都有,他還未摔炸彈,炸彈(照常)炸了,爸爸的手那裏去啦?去了一隻手原算不了什麼;因為該島的北邊有許多一隻手的人,如同「天方夜談」的成羣的一隻手的人;但是也許因為蘭多爾太老了,也許因為他太好酒,總而言之,他就死了。不久以後,那個黑人因為偷白人的東西,被逐出島,他就往西去,他若喜歡黑人,那裏有許多黑人,黑人捉住他,當跳舞的時候把他吃了,我很希望他們覺得很有味!

所以就是這樣,只有我一個人留落在費利沙,在那裏耀武揚威;我等到帆船到來,我把貨物裝滿船,船面還堆了許多,堆到有半房子高。我必說塔爾頓對得住我們;不過他用一種卑劣手段報復。

他說道,「維爾沙爾先生,現在我在這裏全替你疎通好了。開斯死後是不難辦到的;但是我已經辦到了,況且

我還作擔保，保你以後對土人們公平待遇。我必得求你不要使我失信。』

我會照辦。我常因為我的秤打麻煩，但是我所用的理性如下：我們都有古怪秤，土人全曉得，就按着秤的大小，用多少水泡他們的椰子心，這樣一來，兩造就變公平了；其實我覺得這樣辦法很麻煩，我在費利沙，生意雖然做得很好，等到行裏把我調往另一個棧房的時候，我就不受束縛，我就能夠看我的秤，面無愧色。

說到我的老婆你深知她，如同我深知她一般。她只有一樣短處。你若不時時刻刻舉目留心看着房頂，她會把棧房的房頂給了人的。這好像是卡拿卡人的本性。現在她變成一個很有氣力的大個女人啦，能夠抱起一個倫敦的巡警向她的背後摔。這也是卡拿卡人的本性，她是一個超等的太太，這是無可疑的。

塔爾頓的把戲要完了，他回家了。我所碰見的傳教士，以他為最好，他現在好像在索木西（Somerset）當牧師。好呀，這件事與他最相宜；他在那裏無卡拿卡人麻煩他，使他變糊塗了。

我開酒店麼？我不開，永遠不會開的。我想我永不離開這裏的了。你是曉得的我不喜歡把孩子們留落在這裏：我用不着說——他們還是在這裏好，比在白人的國裏好，但是巴安（Ben）把最長的帶去奧克蘭（Auckland）在那裏同最高等的人們在一起讀書。我所難以處置的就是女孩子們。她們自然是半白半黑種；你也曉得我也曉得，看

不起半種的莫如我；但是她們是我的女兒，我只有這幾個女兒。叫她們嫁土人我是不情願的，我卻不曉得往那裏尋白人娶她們。

THE BEACH OF FALESÁ

CHAPTER I

A SOUTH SEA BRIDAL

One was a negro, to be sure; but they were both rigged out smart¹ in striped pyjamas and straw hats, and Case would have passed muster² in a city. He was yellow and smallish, had a hawk's nose to his face, pale eyes, and his beard trimmed with scissors. No man knew his country, beyond he was of English speech; and it was clear he came of a good family and was splendidly educated. He was accomplished too; played the accordion first-rate; and give him a piece of string or a cork or a pack of cards, and he could show you tricks equal to any professional. He could speak, when he chose, fit for a drawing-room; and when he chose he could blaspheme worse than a Yankee boatswain, and talk smart to sicken a Kanaka. The way he thought would pay best at the moment, that was Case's way, and it always seemed to come natural, and like as if he was born to it. He had the courage of a lion and the cunning of a rat; and if he's not in hell to-day, there's no such place. I know but one good point to the man: that he was fond of his wife, and kind to her. She was a Samoa woman, and dyed her hair red, Samoa style; and when he came to die (as I have to tell of) they found one strange thing—that he had made a will, like a Chris-

¹rigged out smart 穿得漂亮。 ²passed muster 被人承認爲適合。

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tian, and the widow got the lot; all his, they said, and all Black Jack's, and the most of Billy Randall's in the bargain,¹ for it was Case that kept the books. So she went off home in the schooner *Manu'a*, and does the lady to this day in her own place.

But of all this on that first morning I knew no more than a fly. Case used me like a gentleman and like a friend, made me welcome to Falesá, and put his services at my disposal, which was the more helpful from my ignorance of the native. All the better part of the day we sat drinking better acquaintance in the cabin, and I never heard a man talk more to the point.² There was no smarter trader, and none dodgier, in the islands. I thought Falesá seemed to be the right kind of a place; and the more I drank the lighter my heart. Our last trader had fled the place at half an hour's notice, taking a chance passage in a labour ship from up west. The captain, when he came, had found the station closed, the keys left with the native pastor, and a letter from the runaway, confessing he was fairly frightened of his life. Since then the firm had not been represented, and of course there was no cargo. The wind, besides, was fair, the captain hoped he could make his next island by dawn, with a good tide, and the business of landing my trade was gone about lively. There was no call for me to fool with it, Case said; nobody would touch my things, everyone was honest in Falesá, only about chickens or an odd knife or an odd stick of tobacco; and the best I could do was to sit quiet till the vessel left, then come straight to his house, see old Captain Randall, the father of the beach,

¹ in the bargain 加上. ² to the point 中肯.

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take pot-luck, and go home to sleep when it got dark. So it was high noon, and the schooner was under way before I set my foot on shore at Falesá. . . .

"By-the-bye,¹" says Case, "we must get you a wife."

"That's so," said I; "I had forgotten."

There was a crowd of girls about us, and I pulled myself up and looked among them like a Bashaw. They were all dressed out for the sake of the ship being in; and the women of Falesá are a handsome lot to see. If they have a fault, they are a trifle broad in the beam; and I was just thinking so when Case touched me.

"That's pretty," says he.

I saw one coming on the other side alone. She had been fishing; all she wore was a chemise, and it was wetted through. She was young and very slender for an island maid, with a long face, a high forehead, and a shy, strange, blindish look, between a cat's and a baby's.

"Who's she?" said I. "She'll do."

"That's Uma," said Case, and he called her up and spoke to her in the native. I didn't know what he said; but when he was in the midst she looked up at me quick and timid, like a child dodging a blow, then down again, and presently smiled. She had a wide mouth, the lips and the chin cut like any statue's; and the smile came out for a moment and was gone. Then she stood with her head bent, and heard Case to an end, spoke back in the pretty Polynesian voice, looking him full in the face, heard him again in answer, and then with an obeisance started off. I had just a share of the bow, but never another shot of her eye, and there was no more word of smiling.

¹ by-the-bye 打叉的口頭話。

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"I guess it's all right," said Case. "I guess you can have her. I'll make it square with the old lady. You can have your pick of the lot for a plug of tobacco," he added, sneering.

I suppose it was the smile stuck in my memory, for I spoke back sharp. "She doesn't look that sort," I cried.

"I don't know that she is," said Case. "I believe she's as right as the mail.¹ Keeps to herself, don't go round with the gang, and that. O no, don't you misunderstand me—Uma's on the square." He spoke eager, I thought, and that surprised and pleased me. "Indeed," he went on, "I shouldn't make so sure of getting her, only she cottoned to² the cut of your jib.³ All you have to do is to keep dark and let me work the mother my own way; and I'll bring the girl round to the captain's for the marriage."

I didn't care for the word marriage, and I said so.

"Oh, there's nothing to hurt in the marriage," says he. "Black Jack's the chaplain." . . .

In the back room was old Captain Randall, squatting on the floor native fashion, fat and pale, naked to the waist, grey as a badger, and his eyes set with drink. His body was covered with grey hair and crawled over by flies; one was in the corner of his eye—he never heeded; and the mosquitoes hummed about the man like bees. Any clean-minded man would have had the creature out at once and buried him; and to see him, and think he was seventy, and remember he had once commanded a ship, and come ashore in his smart togs, and talked big in bars

¹ as right as the mail 如鐵甲那樣可靠(?) ² cottoned to 相配.
³ the cut of your jib 你的面貌.

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and consulates, and sat in club verandahs, turned me sick and sober.

He tried to get up when I came in, but that was hopeless; so he reached me a hand instead, and stumbled out some salutation.

"Papa's pretty full this morning," observed Case. "We've had an epidemic here; and Captain Randall takes gin for a prophylactic—don't you, Papa?"

"Never took such a thing in my life!" cried the captain indignantly. "Take gin for my health's sake, Mr. Wha's-ever-your-name—'s a precautionary measure."

"That's all right, Papa," said Case. "But you'll have to brace up. There's going to be a marriage—Mr. Wiltshire here is going to get spliced."

The old man asked to whom.

"To Uma," said Case.

"Uma!" cried the captain. "Wha's he want Uma for? 's he come here for his health, anyway? Wha' 'n hell 's he want Uma for?"

"Dry up, Papa," said Case. "'Tain't you that's to marry her. I guess you're not her godfather and godmother. I guess Mr. Wiltshire's going to please himself."

With that he made an excuse to me that he must move about the marriage, and left me alone with the poor wretch that was his partner and (to speak truth) his gull. Trade and station belonged both to Randall; Case and the negro were parasites; they crawled and fed upon him like the flies, he none the wiser. Indeed, I have no harm to say of Billy Randall beyond the fact that my gorge rose at him, and the time I now passed in his company was like a nightmare.

foster-father

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The room was stifling hot and full of flies; for the house was dirty and low and small, and stood in a bad place, behind the village, in the borders of the bush, and sheltered from the trade. The three men's beds were on the floor, and a litter of pans and dishes. There was no standing furniture; Randall, when he was violent, tearing it to laths. There I sat and had a meal which was served us by Case's wife; and there I was entertained all day by that remains of man, his tongue stumbling among low old jokes and long old stories, and his own wheezy laughter always ready, so that he had no sense of my depression. He was nipping gin all the while. Sometimes he fell asleep, and awoke again, whimpering and shivering, and every now and again he would ask me why I wanted to marry Uma. "My friend," I was telling myself all day, "you must not come to be an old gentleman like this." . . .

The sun was down, the sky all on fire, and the lamp had been some time lighted, when Case came back with Uma and the negro. She was dressed and scented; her kilt was of fine tapa,¹ looking richer in the folds than any silk; her bust, which was of the colour of dark honey, she wore bare only for some half a dozen necklaces of seeds and flowers; and behind her ears and in her hair she had the scarlet flowers of the hibiscus. She showed the best bearing for a bride conceivable, serious and still; and I thought shame to stand up with her in that mean house and before that grinning negro. I thought shame, I say; for the mountebank was dressed with a big paper collar, the book he made believe to read from was an odd volume of a novel, and the words of his service not fit to be set down.

¹tapa 可以織物的一種桑樹皮。

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My conscience smote me when we joined hands; and when she got her certificate I was tempted to throw up the bargain and confess. Here is the document. It was Case that wrote it, signatures and all, in a leaf out of the ledger:—

This is to certify that Uma, daughter of Fa'avao of Falesá, Island of ———, is illegally married to Mr. John Wiltshire for one week, and Mr. John Wiltshire is at liberty to send her to hell when he pleases.

JOHN BLACKAMOAR
Chaplain to the Hulks.

Extracted from the Register
by William T. Randall,
Master Mariner.

A nice paper to put in a girl's hand and see her hide away like gold. A man might easily feel cheap for less. But it was the practice in these parts, and (as I told myself) not the least the fault of us white men, but of the missionaries. If they had let the natives be, I had never needed this deception, but taken all the wives I wished, and left them when I pleased, with a clear conscience. . . .

CHAPTER II

THE BAN

But when the day went, and no business came at all, I began to get downhearted; and, about three in the afternoon, I went out for a stroll to cheer me up. On the green I saw a white man coming with a cassock on, by which and by the face of him I knew he was a priest. He was a good-natured old soul to look at, gone a little grizzled, and so dirty you could have written with him on a piece of paper.

THE BEACH OF FALESA

"Good day, sir," said I.

He answered me eagerly in native.

"Don't you speak any English?" said I.

"French," says he.

"Well," said I, "I'm sorry, but I can't do anything there."

He tried me awhile in the French, and then again in native, which he seemed to think was the best chance. I made out he was after more than passing the time of day with me, but had something to communicate, and I listened the harder. I heard the names of Adams and Case and of Randall—Randall the oftenest—and the word "poison," or something like it, and a native word that he said very often. I went home, repeating it to myself.

"What does fussy-ocky mean?" I asked of Uma, for that was as near as I could come to it.

"Make dead," said she.

"The devil it does!" says I. "Did ever you hear that Case had poisoned Johnnie Adams?"

"Every man he savvy that," says Uma, scornful-like. "Give him white sand—bad sand. He got the bottle still. Suppose he give you gin, you no take him."

Now I had heard much the same sort of story in other islands, and the same white powder always to the front, which made me think the less of it. For all that, I went over to Randall's place to see what I could pick up, and found Case on the doorstep, cleaning a gun.

"Good shooting here?" says I.

"A 1," says he. "The bush is full of all kinds of birds. I wish copra was as plenty," says he—I thought slyly—"but there don't seem anything doing."

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I could see Black Jack in the store, serving a customer.

"That looks like business, though," said I.

"That's the first sale we've made in three weeks," said he.

"You don't tell me?" says I. "Three weeks? Well, well."

"If you don't believe me," he cries, a little hot, "you can go and look at the copra-house. It's half empty to this blessed hour."

"I shouldn't be much the better for that, you see," says I. "For all I can tell, it might have been whole empty yesterday."

"That's so," says he, with a bit of a laugh.

"By-the-bye," I said, "what sort of a party is that priest? Seems rather a friendly sort."

At this Case laughed right out loud. "Ah!" says he, "I see what ails you now. Galuchet's been at you." *Father Galoshes* was the name he went by most, but Case always gave it the French quirk, which was another reason we had for thinking him above the common. . . .

By Monday night I got it clearly in my head I must be tabooed. A new store to stand open two days in a village and not a man or woman come to see the trade was past believing.

"Uma," said I, "I think I'm tabooed."

"I think so," said she.

I thought awhile whether I should ask her more, but it's a bad idea to set natives up with any notion of consulting them, so I went to Case. It was dark, and he was sitting alone, as he did mostly, smoking on the stairs.

"Case," said I, "here's a queer thing. I'm tabooed."

"O, fudge!" says he; "'tain't the practice in these islands."

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“That may be, or it mayn’t,” said I. “It’s the practice where I was before. You can bet I know what it’s like; and I tell it you for a fact, I’m tabooed.”

“Well,” said he, “what have you been doing?”

“That’s what I want to find out,” said I.

“O, you can’t be,” said he; “it ain’t possible. However, I’ll tell you what I’ll do. Just to put your mind at rest, I’ll go round and find out for sure. Just you waltz in and talk to Papa.”

“Thank you,” I said, “I’d rather stay right out here on the verandah. Your house is so close.”

“I’ll call Papa out here, then,” says he.

“My dear fellow,” I says, “I wish you wouldn’t. The fact is, I don’t take to Mr. Randall.”

Case laughed, took a lantern from the store, and set out into the village. He was gone perhaps a quarter of an hour, and he looked mighty serious when he came back. . . .

CHAPTER IV

DEVIL-WORK

NEAR a month went by without much doing. The same night of our marriage Galoshes called round, and made himself mighty civil, and got into a habit of dropping in about dark and smoking his pipe with the family. He could talk to Uma, of course, and started to teach me native and French at the same time. He was a kind old buffer,¹ though the dirtiest you would wish to see, and he muddled me up with foreign languages worse than the tower of Babel.

¹ buffer (鄙薄之稱) 人。

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That was one employment we had, and it made me feel less lonesome; but there was no profit in the thing, for though the priest came and sat and yarned,¹ none of his folks could be enticed into my store; and if it hadn't been for the other occupation I struck out, there wouldn't have been a pound of copra in the house. This was the idea: Fa'avao (Uma's mother) had a score of bearing trees. Of course we could get no labour, being all as good as tabooed,² and the two women and I turned to and made copra with our own hands. It was copra to make your mouth water³ when it was done—I never understood how much the natives cheated me till I had made that four hundred pounds of my own hand—and it weighed so light I felt inclined to take and water it myself.

When we were at the job a good many Kanakas used to put in the best of the day looking on, and once that nigger turned up. He stood back with the natives and laughed and did the big don and the funny dog, till I began to get riled.

“Here, you nigger!” says I.

“I don't address myself to you, Sah,” says the nigger.

“Only speak to gen'le'um.”

“I know,” says I, “but it happens I was addressing myself to you, Mr. Black Jack. And all I want to know is just this: did you see Case's figure-head⁴ about a week ago?”

“No, Sah,” says he.

“That's all right, then,” says I; “for I'll show you the own brother to it, only black, in the inside of about two minutes.”

¹yarned 說 蕩, 閒 談. ²taboo 抵制. ³make your mouth water 使你垂涎. ⁴figure-head (儻) 面

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And I began to walk towards him, quite slow, and my hands down; only there was trouble in my eye, if anybody took the pains¹ to look.

"You're a low, obstropulous² fellow, Sah," says he.

"You bet!" says I.

By that time he thought I was about as near as convenient, and lit out³ so it would have done your heart good to see him travel. And that was all I saw of that precious gang until what I am about to tell you. ☺

It was one of my chief employments these days to go pot-hunting in the woods, which I found (as Case had told me) very rich in game. I have spoken of the cape which shut up the village and my station from the east. A path went about the end of it, and led into the next bay. A strong wind blew here daily, and as the line of the barrier reef stopped at the end of the cape, a heavy surf ran on the shores of the bay. A little cliffy hill cut the valley in two parts, and stood close on the beach; and at high water the sea broke right on the face of it, so that all passage was stopped. Woody mountains hemmed the place all round; the barrier to the east was particularly steep and leafy, the lower parts of it, along the sea, falling in sheer black cliffs streaked with cinnabar; the upper part lumpy with the tops of the great trees. Some of the trees were bright green, and some red, and the sand of the beach as black as your shoes. Many birds hovered round the bay, some of them snow-white; and the flying-fox (or vampire) flew there in broad daylight, gnashing its teeth.

For a long while I came as far as this shooting, and went no farther. There was no sign of any path beyond,

¹ took the pains 費事. ² obstropulous (黑人說錯了, 他應說 obstreperous 兇橫. ³ lit out (美國俚語) 趕快走開.

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and the cocoa-palms in the front of the foot of the valley were the last this way. For the whole "eye" of the island, as natives call the windward end, lay desert. From Falesá round about to Papa-malulu, there was neither house, nor man, nor planted fruit-tree; and the reef being mostly absent, and the shores bluff, the sea beat direct among crags, and there was scarce a landing-place.

I should tell you that after I began to go in the woods, although no one offered to come near my store, I found people willing enough to pass the time of day with me where nobody could see them; and as I had begun to pick up native, and most of them had a word or two of English, I began to hold little odds and ends of conversation, not to much purpose to be sure, but they took off the worst of the feeling, for it's a miserable thing to be made a leper of.

It chanced one day towards the end of the month, that I was sitting in this bay in the edge of the bush, looking east, with a Kanaka. I had given him a fill of tobacco, and we were making out to talk as best we could; indeed, he had more English than most.

I asked him if there was no road going eastward.

"One time one road," said he. "Now he dead."

"Nobody he go there?" I asked.

"No good," said he. "Too much devil he stop there."

"Oho!" says I, "got-um plenty devil, that bush?"

"Man devil, woman devil; too much devil," said my friend. "Stop there all-e-time. Man he go there, no come back."

I thought if this fellow was so well posted¹ on devils and spoke of them so free, which is not common, I had

¹ well posted 曉得清楚.

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better fish for¹ a little information about myself and Uma.

"You think me one devil?" I asked.

"No think devil," said he soothingly. "Think all-e-same fool."

"Uma, she devil?" I asked again.

"No, no; no devil. Devil stop bush," said the young man.

I was looking in front of me across the bay, and I saw the hanging front of the woods pushed suddenly open, and Case, with a gun in his hand, step forth into the sunshine on the black beach. He was got up in light pyjamas, near white, his gun sparkled, he looked mighty conspicuous; and the land-crabs scuttled from all round him to their holes.

"Hullo, my friend!" says I, "you no talk all-e-same true. Ese he go, he come back."

"Ese no all-e-same; Ese *Tiapolo*," says my friend; and, with a "Good-bye," slunk off among the trees.

I watched Case all round the beach, where the tide was low; and let him pass me on the homeward way to Falesá. He was in deep thought, and the birds seemed to know it, trotting quite near him on the sand, or wheeling and calling in his ears. When he passed me I could see by the working of his lips that he was talking to himself, and what pleased me mightily, he had still my trade mark on his brow. I tell you the plain truth: I had a mind to give him a gunful in his ugly mug, but I thought better of it.

All this time, and all the time I was following home, I kept repeating that native word, which I remembered by

¹ fish for 探聽.

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"Polly, put the kettle on and make us all some tea,"
tea-a-pollo.

"Uma," says I, when I got back, "what does *Tiapolo*
mean?"

"Devil," says she.

"I thought *aitu* was the word for that," I said.

"*Aitu* 'nother kind of devil," said she; "stop bush, eat
Kanaka. *Tiapolo* big chief devil, stop home; all-e-same
Christian devil."

"Well then," said I, "I'm no farther forward. How can
Case be *Tiapolo*?"

"No all-e-same," said she. "Ese belong *Tiapolo*; *Tia-*
polo too much like; Ese all-e-same his son. Suppose Ese
he wish something, *Tiapolo* he make him."

"That's mighty convenient for Ese," says I. "And
what kind of things does he make for him?"

Well, out came a *rigmarole*¹ of all sorts of stories, many
of which (like the dollar he took from Mr. Tarleton's
head) were plain enough to me, but others I could make
nothing of; and the thing that most surprised the Kanakas
was what surprised me least—namely, that he would go
in the desert among all the *aitus*. Some of the boldest,
however, had accompanied him, and had heard him
speak with the dead and give them orders, and, safe
in his protection, had returned unscathed.² Some said he
had a church there, where he worshipped *Tiapolo*, and
Tiapolo appeared to him; others swore that there was no
sorcery at all, that he performed his miracles by the power
of prayer, and the church was no church, but a prison,
in which he had confined a dangerous *aitu*. *Namu* had

¹ *rigmarole* 無意義的故事或說話. ² *unscathed* 不曾受損害.

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been in the bush with him once, and returned glorifying God for these wonders. Altogether, I began to have a glimmer¹ of the man's position, and the means by which he had acquired it, and, though I saw he was a tough nut to crack,² I was noways cast down.

"Very well," said I, "I'll have a look at Master Case's place of worship myself, and we'll see about the glorifying."

At this Uma fell in a terrible taking; if I went in the high bush I should never return; none could go there but by the protection of Tiapolo.

"I'll chance³ it on God's," said I. "I'm a good sort of a fellow, Uma, as fellows go, and I guess God'll con⁴ me through."

She was silent for a while. "I think," said she, mighty solemn—and then, presently—"Victoreea, he big chief?"

"You bet!" said I.

"He like you too much?" she asked again.

I told her, with a grin, I believed the old lady was rather partial to me.

"All right," said she. "Victoreea he big chief, like you too much. No can help you here in Falesá; no can do—too far off. Maea he small chief—stop here. Suppose he like you—make you all right. All-e-same God and Tiapolo. God he big chief—got too much work. Tiapolo he small chief—he like too much make-see, work very hard."

"I'll have to hand you over to Mr. Tarleton," said I. "Your theology's out of its bearings, Uma."

However, we stuck to this business all the evening, and, with the stories she told me of the desert and its dangers,

¹ to have a glimmer 微窺. ² a tough nut to crack 不好惹, 難圖, 難相處. ³ chance 冒險. ⁴ con 指點路徑.

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she came near frightening herself into a fit. I don't remember half a quarter of them, of course, for I paid little heed; but two come back to me kind of clear.

About six miles up the coast there is a sheltered cove they call *Fanga-anaana*—"the haven full of caves." I've seen it from the sea myself, as near as I could get my boys to venture in; and it's a little strip of yellow sand. Black cliffs overhang it, full of the black mouths of caves; great trees overhang the cliffs, and dangle-down lianas; and in one place, about the middle, a big brook pours over in a cascade. Well, there was a boat going by here, with six young men of Falesá, "all very pretty," Uma said, which was the loss of them. It blew strong, there was a heavy head sea, and by the time they opened *Fanga-anaana*, and saw the white cascade and the shady beach, they were all tired and thirsty, and their water had run out. One proposed to land and get a drink, and, being reckless fellows, they were all of the same mind except the youngest. Lotu was his name; he was a very good young gentleman, and very wise; and he held out that they were crazy, telling them the place was given over to spirits and devils and the dead, and there were no living folk nearer than six miles the one way, and maybe twelve the other. But they laughed at his words, and, being five to one, pulled in, beached the boat, and landed. It was a wonderful pleasant place, Lotu said, and the water excellent. They walked round the beach, but could see nowhere any way to mount the cliffs, which made them easier in their mind; and at last they sat down to make a meal on the food they had brought with them. They were scarce set, when there came out of the mouth of one of the black caves six of the most beautiful ladies ever seen: they had flowers

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in their hair, and the most beautiful breasts, and necklaces of scarlet seeds; and began to jest with these young gentlemen, and the young gentlemen to jest back with them, all but Lotu. As for Lotu, he saw there could be no living woman in such a place, and ran, and flung himself in the bottom of the boat, and covered his face, and prayed. All the time the business lasted Lotu made one clean break of prayer, and that was all he knew of it, until his friends came back, and made him sit up, and they put to sea again out of the bay, which was now quite desert, and no word of the six ladies. But, what frightened Lotu most, not one of the five remembered anything of what had passed, but they were all like drunken men, and sang and laughed in the boat, and skylarked. The wind freshened and came squally, and the sea rose extraordinary high; it was such weather as any man in the islands would have turned his back to and fled home to Falesá; but these five were like crazy folk, and cracked on all sail and drove their boat into the seas. Lotu went to the bailing; none of the others thought to help him, but sang and skylarked and carried on, and spoke singular things beyond a man's comprehension, and laughed out loud when they said them. So the rest of the day Lotu bailed for his life in the bottom of the boat, and was all drenched with sweat and cold sea-water; and none heeded him. Against all expectation, they came safe in a dreadful tempest to Papa-malulu, where the palms were singing out, and the cocoa-nuts flying like cannon-balls about the village green; and the same night the five young gentlemen sickened, and spoke never a reasonable word until they died.

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"And do you mean to tell me you can swallow¹ a yarn like that?" I asked.

She told me the thing was well known, and with handsome young men alone it was even common; but this was the only case where five had been slain the same day and in a company by the love of the women-devils; and it had made a great stir in the island, and she would be crazy if she doubted.

"Well, anyway," says I, "you needn't be frightened about me. I've no use for the women-devils. You're all the women I want, and all the devil too, old lady."

To this she answered there were other sorts, and she had seen one with her own eyes. She had gone one day alone to the next bay, and, perhaps, got too near the margin of the bad place. The boughs of the high bush overshadowed her from the cant of the hill, but she herself was outside on a flat place, very stony and growing full of young mummy-apples² four and five feet high. It was a dark day in the rainy season, and now there came squalls that tore off the leaves and sent them flying, and now it was all still as in a house. It was in one of these still times that a whole gang of birds and flying foxes came pegging out of the bush like creatures frightened. Presently after she heard a rustle nearer hand, and saw, coming out of the margin of the trees, among the mummy-apples, the appearance of a lean grey old boar. It seemed to think as it came, like a person; and all of a sudden, as she looked at it coming, she was aware it was no boar but a thing that was a man with a man's thoughts. At

¹ swallow 相信. ² mummy-apple 一種野果子.

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that she ran, and the pig after her, and as the pig ran it holla'd aloud, so that the place rang with it.

"I wish I had been there with my gun," said I. "I guess that pig would have holla'd so as to surprise himself."

But she told me a gun was of no use with the like of these, which were the spirits of the dead.

Well, this kind of talk put in the evening, which was the best of it; but of course it didn't change my notion, and the next day, with my gun and a good knife, I set off upon a voyage of discovery. I made, as near as I could, for the place where I had seen Case come out; for if it was true he had some kind of establishment in the bush I reckoned I should find a path. The beginning of the desert was marked off by a wall, to call it so, for it was more of a long mound of stones. They say it reaches right across the island, but how they know it is another question, for I doubt if anyone has made the journey in a hundred years, the natives sticking chiefly to the sea and their little colonies along the coast, and that part being mortal¹ high and steep and full of cliffs. Up to the west side of the wall, the ground has been cleared, and there are cocoa palms and mummy-apples and guavas, and lots of sensitive. Just across, the bush begins outright; high bush at that, trees going up like the masts of ships, and ropes of liana hanging down like a ship's rigging, and nasty orchids growing in the forks like funguses. The ground where there was no underwood looked to be a heap of boulders. I saw many green pigeons which I might have shot, only I was there with a different idea.

¹mortal 可怕的。

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A number of butterflies flopped up and down along the ground like dead leaves; sometimes I would hear a bird calling, sometimes the wind overhead, and always the sea along the coast.

But the queerness of the place it's more difficult to tell of, unless to one who has been alone in the high bush himself. The brightest kind of a day it is always dim down there. A man can see to the end of nothing; whichever way he looks the wood shuts up, one bough folding with another like the fingers of your hand; and whenever he listens he hears always something new—men talking, children laughing, the strokes of an axe a far way ahead of him, and sometimes a sort of a quick, stealthy scurry near at hand that makes him jump and look to his weapons. It's all very well for him to tell himself that he's alone, bar trees and birds; he can't make out to believe it; whichever way he turns the whole place seems to be alive and looking on. Don't think it was Uma's yarns that put me out; I don't value native talk a fourpenny-piece; it's a thing that's natural in the bush, and that's the end of it.

As I got near the top of the hill, for the ground of the wood goes up in this place steep as a ladder, the wind began to sound straight on, and the leaves to toss and switch open and let in the sun. This suited me better; it was the same noise all the time, and nothing to startle. Well, I had got to a place where there was an underwood of what they call wild cocoanut—mighty pretty with its scarlet fruit—when there came a sound of singing in the wind that I thought I had never heard the like of. It was all very fine to tell myself it was the branches; I knew better. It was all very fine to tell myself it was a bird; I knew never a bird that sang like that. It rose and

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swelled, and died away and swelled again; and now I thought it was like someone weeping, only prettier; and now I thought it was like harps; and there was one thing I made sure of, it was a sight too sweet to be wholesome in a place like that. You may laugh if you like; but I declare I called to mind the six young ladies that came, with their scarlet necklaces, out of the cave at Fanga-anaana, and wondered if they sang like that. We laugh at the natives and their superstitions; but see how many traders take them up, splendidly educated white men, that have been bookkeepers (some of them) and clerks in the old country. It's my belief a superstition grows up in a place like the different kind of weeds; and as I stood there and listened to that wailing I twittered in my shoes.

You may call me a coward to be frightened; I thought myself brave enough to go on ahead. But I went mighty carefully, with my gun cocked, spying all about me like a hunter, fully expecting to see a handsome young woman sitting somewhere in the bush, and fully determined (if I did) to try her with a charge of duck-shot. And sure enough, I had not gone far when I met with a queer thing. The wind came on the top of the wood in a strong puff, the leaves in front of me burst open, and I saw for a second something hanging in a tree. It was gone in a wink, the puff blowing by and the leaves closing. I tell you the truth: I had made up my mind to see an *aitu*; and if the thing had looked like a pig or a woman, it wouldn't have given me the same turn. The trouble was that it seemed kind of square, and the idea of a square thing that was alive and sang knocked me sick and silly. I must have stood quite a while; and I made pretty certain it was right out of the same tree that the singing came. Then I began to come to myself a bit.

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"Well," says I, "if this is really so, if this is a place where there are square things that sing, I'm gone up anyway. Let's have my fun for my money."

But I thought I might as well take the off chance of a prayer being any good; so I plumped on my knees and prayed out loud; and all the time I was praying the strange sounds came out of the tree, and went up and down, and changed, for all the world like music, only you could see it wasn't human—there was nothing there that you could whistle.

As soon as I had made an end in proper style, I laid down my gun, stuck my knife between my teeth, walked right up to that tree, and began to climb. I tell you my heart was like ice. But presently, as I went up, I caught another glimpse of the thing, and that relieved¹ me, for I thought it seemed like a box; and when I had got right up to it I near fell out of the tree with laughing.

A box it was, sure enough, and a candle-box at that, with the brand upon the side of it; and it had banjo strings stretched so as to sound when the wind blew. I believe they call the thing a Tyrolean harp, whatever that may mean.

"Well, Mr. Case," said I, "you've frightened me once, but I defy you to frighten me again," I says, and slipped down the tree, and set out again to find my enemy's head office, which I guessed would not be far away.

The undergrowth was thick in this part; I couldn't see before my nose, and must burst my way through by main force and ply the knife as I went, slicing the cords of the lianas and slashing down whole trees at a blow. I call them trees for the bigness, but in truth they were just

¹ relieved 放心.

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big weeds, and sappy to cut through like carrot. From all this crowd and kind of vegetation, I was just thinking to myself, the place might have once been cleared, when I came on my nose over a pile of stones, and saw in a moment it was some kind of a work of man. The Lord knows when it was made or when deserted, for this part of the island has lain undisturbed since long before the whites came. A few steps beyond I hit into the path I had been always looking for. It was narrow, but well beaten,¹ and I saw that Case had plenty of disciples. It seems, indeed, it was a piece of fashionable boldness to venture up here with the trader, and a young man scarce reckoned himself grown till he had got his breech tattooed, for one thing, and seen Case's devils for another. This is mighty like Kanakas; but, if you look at it another way, it's mighty like white folks too.

A bit along the path I was brought to a clear stand, and had to rub my eyes. There was a wall in front of me, the path passing it by a gap; it was tumbledown and plainly very old, but built of big stones very well laid; and there is no native alive to-day upon that island that could dream of such a piece of building. Along all the top of it was a line of queer figures, idols or scarecrows, or what not. They had carved and painted faces ugly to view, their eyes and teeth were of shell, their hair and their bright clothes blew in the wind, and some of them worked with the tugging. There are islands up west where they make these kind of figures till to-day; but if ever they were made in this island, the practice and the very recollection

¹ well beaten 常有人走的。

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of it are now long forgotten. And the singular thing was that all these bogies were as fresh as toys out of a shop.

Then it came in my mind that Case had let out to me the first day that he was a good forger of island curiosities, a thing by which so many traders turn an honest penny. And with that I saw the whole business, and how this display served the man a double purpose: first of all, to season his curiosities, and then to frighten those that came to visit him.

But I should tell you (what made the thing more curious) that all the time the Tyrolean harps were harping round me in the trees, and even while I looked, a green-and-yellow bird (that, I suppose, was building) began to tear the hair off the head of one of the figures.

A little farther on I found the best curiosity of the museum. The first I saw of it was a longish mound of earth with a twist to it. Digging off the earth with my hands, I found underneath tarpaulin stretched on boards, so that this was plainly the roof of a cellar. It stood right on the top of the hill, and the entrance was on the far side, between two rocks, like the entrance to a cave. I went as far in as the bend, and, looking round the corner, saw a shining face. It was big and ugly, like a pantomime mask, and the brightness of it waxed and dwindled, and at times it smoked.

"Oho!" says I, "luminous paint!"

And I must say I rather admired the man's ingenuity. With a box of tools and a few mighty simple contrivances he had made out to have a devil of a temple. Any poor Kanaka brought up here in the dark, with the harps whining all round him, and shown that smoking face in the bottom of a hole, would make no kind of doubt but he

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had seen and heard enough devils for a lifetime. It's easy to find out what Kanakas think. Just go back to yourself any way round from ten to fifteen years old, and there's an average Kanaka. There are some pious,¹ just as there are pious boys; and the most of them, like the boys again, are middling honest and yet think it rather larks to steal, and are easy scared and rather like to be so. I remember a boy I was at school with at home who played the Case business. He didn't know anything, that boy; he couldn't do anything; he had no luminous paint and no Tyrolean harps; he just boldly said he was a sorcerer, and frightened us out of our boots, and we loved it. And then it came in my mind how the master had once flogged that boy, and the surprise we were all in to see the sorcerer catch it and bum like anybody else. Thinks I to myself, "I must find some way of fixing it so for Master Case." And the next moment I had my idea.

I went back by the path, which, when once you had found it, was quite plain and easy walking; and when I stepped out on the black sands, who should I see but Master Case himself. I cocked my gun and held it handy, and we marched up and passed without a word, each keeping the tail of his eye on the other; and no sooner had we passed than we each wheeled round like fellows drilling, and stood face to face. We had each taken the same notion in his head, you see, that the other fellow might give him the load of his gun in the stern.

"You've shot nothing," says Case.

"I'm not on the shoot to-day," said I.

"Well, the devil go with you for me," says he.

"The same to you," says I.

¹ pious 迷信.

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But we stuck just the way we were; no fear of either of us moving.

Case laughed. "We can't stop here all day, though," said he.

"Don't let me detain you," says I.

He laughed again. "Look here, Wiltshire, do you think me a fool?" he asked.

"More of a knave, if you want to know," says I.

"Well, do you think it would better me to shoot you here, on this open beach?" said he. "Because I don't. Folks come fishing every day. There may be a score of them up the valley now, making copra; there might be half a dozen on the hill behind you, after pigeons; they might be watching us this minute, and I shouldn't wonder. I give you my word¹ I don't want to shoot you. Why should I? You don't hinder me any. You haven't got one pound of copra but what you made with your own hands, like a negro slave. You're vegetating—that's what I call it—and I don't care where you vegetate,² nor yet how long. Give me your word you don't mean to shoot me, and I'll give you a lead and walk away."

"Well," said I, "you're frank and pleasant, ain't you? And I'll be the same. I don't mean to shoot you to-day. Why should I? This business is beginning; it ain't³ done yet, Mr. Case. I've given you one turn already; I can see the marks of my knuckles on your head to this blooming hour, and I've more cooking⁴ for you. I'm not a paralee,⁵ like Underhill. My name ain't Adams, and it ain't Vigours; and I mean to show you that you've met your match."⁶

¹ I give you my word 我肯擔保, 我說話是算數的。 ² vegetate 發敵, 不發達, 無進步。 ³ ain't 即 is not。 ⁴ cooking 收拾, 傷害。
⁵ paralee(?) ⁶ match 敵手。

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"This is a silly way to talk," said he. "This is not the talk to make me move on with."

"All right," said I, "stay where you are. I ain't in any hurry, and you know it. I can put in a day on this beach and never mind. I ain't got any copra to bother with. I ain't got any luminous paint to see to."

I was sorry I said that last, but it whipped out before I knew. I could see it took the wind out of his sails,¹ and he stood and stared at me with his brow drawn up. Then I suppose he made up his mind he must get to the bottom of this.

"I take you at your word," says he, and turned his back, and walked right into the devil's bush.

I let him go, of course, for I had passed my word. But I watched him as long as he was in sight, and after he was gone lit out for cover as lively as you would want to see, and went the rest of the way home under the bush, for I didn't trust him sixpence-worth. One thing I saw, I had been ass enough to give him warning, and that which I meant to do I must do at once.

You would think I had had about enough excitement for one morning, but there was another turn waiting me. As soon as I got far enough round the cape to see my house I made out there were strangers there; a little farther, and no doubt about it. There was a couple of armed sentinels squatting at my door. I could only suppose the trouble about Uma must have come to a head, and the station been seized. For aught I could think, Uma was taken up already, and these armed men were waiting to do the like with me.

¹ it took the wind out of his sails 破壞他的計策。

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However, as I came nearer, which I did at top speed, I saw there was a third native sitting on the verandah like a guest, and Uma was talking with him like a hostess. Nearer still I made out¹ it was the big young chief, Maea, and that he was smiling away and smoking. And what was he smoking? None of your European cigarettes fit for a cat, not even the genuine big, knock-me-down² native article that a fellow can really put in the time with if his pipe is broke—but a cigar, and one of my Mexicans at that, that I could swear to. At sight of this my heart started beating, and I took a wild hope in my head that the trouble was over, and Maea had come round.

Uma pointed me out to him as I came up, and he met me at the head of my own stairs like a thorough gentleman.

"Vilivili," said he, which was the best they could make of my name, "I pleased."

There is no doubt when an island chief wants to be civil he can do it. I saw the way things were from the word go. There was no call for Uma to say to me: "He no 'fraid Ese now, come bring copra." I tell you I shook hands with that Kanaka like as if he was the best white man in Europe.

The fact was, Case and he had got after the same girl; or Maea suspected it, and concluded to make hay of³ the trader on the chance. He had dressed himself up, got a couple of his retainers cleaned and armed to kind of make the thing more public, and, just waiting till Case was clear of the village, came round to put the whole of his business my way. He was rich as well as powerful.

¹made out 看得見. ²knock-me-down 吸醉人的, 很粗的.
³to make hay of 擾亂.

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I suppose that man was worth fifty thousand nuts per annum. I gave him the price of the beach and a quarter cent better, and as for credit, I would have advanced him the inside of the store and the fittings besides, I was so pleased to see him. I must say he bought like a gentleman: rice and tins and biscuits enough for a week's feast, and stuffs by the bolt. He was agreeable besides; he had plenty fun to him; and we cracked jests together, mostly through the interpreter, because he had mighty little English, and my native was still off colour. One thing I made out: he could never really have thought much harm of Uma; he could never have been really frightened, and must just have made believe from dodginess, and because he thought Case had a strong pull in the village and could help him on.

This set me thinking that both he and I were in a tightish place.¹ What he had done was to fly in the face of the whole village, and the thing might cost him his authority. More than that, after my talk with Case on the beach I thought it might very well cost me my life. Case had as good as said he would pot me if ever I got any copra; he would come home to find the best business in the village had changed hands; and the best thing I thought I could do was to get in first with the potting.

"See here, Uma," says I, "tell him I'm sorry I made him wait, but I was up looking at Case's Tiapolo store in the bush."

"He want savvy² if you no 'fraid?" translated Uma.

I laughed out. "Not much!" says I. "Tell him the

¹ in a tightish place (俚) 多少處于爲難地位, 立刻要有舉動, 却又難以舉動. ² savvy (俚) 曉得.

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place is a blooming toy-shop! Tell him in England we give these things to the kids to play with."

"He want savvy if you hear devil sing?" she asked next.

"Look here," I said, "I can't do it now because I've got no banjo-strings in stock; but the next time the ship comes round I'll have one of these same contraptions¹ right here in my verandah, and he can see for himself how much devil there is to it. Tell him, as soon as I can get the strings I'll make one for his picaninnies. The name of the concern is a Tyrolean harp; and you can tell him the name means in English that nobody but dam-fools give a cent for it."

This time he was so pleased he had to try his English again. "You talk true?" says he.

"Rather!" said I. "Talk all-e-same Bible. Bring out a Bible here, Uma, if you've got such a thing, and I'll kiss it. Or, I'll tell you what's better still," says I, taking a header,² "ask him if he's afraid to go up there himself by day."

It appeared he wasn't; he could venture as far as that by day and in company.

"That's the ticket,³ then!" said I. "Tell him the man's a fraud and the place foolishness, and if he'll go up there to-morrow he'll see all that's left of it. But tell him this, Uma, and mind he understands it: If he gets talking, it's bound to come to Case, and I'm a dead man! I'm playing his game, tell him, and if he says one word my blood will be at his door and be the damnation of him here and after."

¹contraption 奇怪機器。 ²header 領袖，先行，漁船頭目
³That's the ticket (俚) 就是這個辦法。

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She told him, and he shook hands with me up to the hilt,¹ and, says he: "No talk. Go up to-morrow. You my friend?"

"No, sir," says I, "no such foolishness. I've come here to trade, tell him, and not to make friends. But, as to Case, I'll send that man to glory!"²

So off Maea went, pretty well pleased, as I could see.

CHAPTER V

NIGHT IN THE BUSH

WELL, I was committed now; Tiapolo had to be smashed up before next day, and my hands were pretty full, not only with preparations, but with argument. My house was like a mechanics' debating society: Uma was so made up that I shouldn't go into the bush by night, or that, if I did, I was never to come back again. You know her style of arguing: you've had a specimen about Queen Victoria and the devil; and I leave you to fancy if I was tired of it before dark.

At last I had a good idea. What was the use of casting my pearls before her?³ I thought; some of her own chopped hay would be likelier to do the business.

"I'll tell you what, then," said I. "You fish out your Bible, and I'll take that up along with me. That'll make me right."

She swore a Bible was no use.

"That's just your Kanaka ignorance," said I. "Bring the Bible out."

¹ up to the hilt (俚) 完全. ² send to glory 死. ³ cast pearls before swine 如同我們中國人說對牛彈琴.

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She brought it, and I turned to the title-page, where I thought there would likely be some English, and so there was. "There!" said I. "Look at that! '*London: Printed for the British and Foreign Bible Society, Blackfriars,*' and the date, which I can't read, owing to its being in these X's. There's no devil in hell can look near the Bible Society, Blackfriars. Why, you silly!" I said, "how do you suppose we get along with our own *aitus* at home? All Bible Society!"

"I think you no got any," said she. "White man, he tell me you no got."

"Scunds likely, don't it?" I asked. "Why would these islands all be chock full of them and none in Europe?"

"Well, you no got breadfruit," said she.

I could have torn my hair. "Now, look here, old lady," said I, "you dry up, for I'm tired of you. I'll take the Bible, which 'll put me as straight as the mail, and that's the last word I've got to say."

The night fell extraordinary dark, clouds coming up with sundown and overspreading all; not a star showed; there was only an end of a moon, and that not due before the small hours. Round the village, what with the lights and the fires in the open houses, and the torches of many fishers moving on the reef, it kept as gay as an illumination; but the sea and the mountains and woods were all clean gone. I suppose it might be eight o'clock when I took the road, laden like a donkey. First there was that Bible, a book as big as your head, which I had let myself in for by my own tomfoolery. Then there was my gun, and knife, and lantern, and patent matches, all necessary. And then there was the real plant of the affair in hand, a mortal weight of gunpowder, a pair of dynamite fishing-

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bombs, and two or three pieces of slow match that I had hauled out of the tin cases and spliced together the best way I could; for the match was only trade stuff, and a man would be crazy that trusted it. Altogether, you see, I had the materials of a pretty good blow-up! Expense was nothing to me; I wanted that thing done right.

As long as I was in the open, and had the lamp in my house to steer by, I did well. But when I got to the path, it fell so dark I could make no headway, walking into trees and swearing there, like a man looking for the matches in his bed-room. I knew it was risky to light up, for my lantern would be visible all the way to the point of the cape, and as no one went there after dark, it would be talked about, and come to Case's ears. But what was I to do? I had either to give the business over and lose caste with Maea, or light up, take my chance, and get through the thing the smartest I was able.

As long as I was on the path I walked hard, but when I came to the black beach I had to run. For the tide was now nearly flowed; and to get through with my powder dry between the surf and the steep hill, took all the quickness I possessed. As it was, even, the wash caught me to the knees, and I came near falling on a stone. All this time the hurry I was in, and the free air and smell of the sea, kept my spirits lively; but when I was once in the bush and began to climb the path I took it easier. The fearsomeness of the wood had been a good bit rubbed off for me by Master Case's banjo-strings and graven images, yet I thought it was a dreary walk, and guessed, when the disciples went up there, they must be badly scared. The light of the lantern, striking among all these trunks and forked branches and twisted rope-ends of

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lianas, made the whole place, or all that you could see of it, a kind of a puzzle of turning shadows. They came to meet you, solid and quick like giants, and then span off and vanished; they hove up over your head like clubs, and flew away into the night like birds. The floor of the bush glimmered with dead wood, the way the match-box used to shine after you had struck a lucifer. Big, cold drops fell on me from the branches overhead like sweat. There was no wind to mention; only a little icy breath of a land-breeze that stirred nothing; and the harps were silent.

The first landfall I made was when I got through the bush of wild cocoanuts, and came in view of the bogies on the wall. Mighty queer they looked by the shining of the lantern, with their painted faces and shell eyes, and their clothes and their hair hanging. One after another I pulled them all up and piled them in a bundle on the cellar roof, so as they might go to glory with the rest. Then I chose a place behind one of the big stones at the entrance, buried my powder and the two shells, and arranged my match along the passage. And then I had a look at the smoking head, just for good-bye. It was doing fine.

"Cheer up," says I. "You're booked."

It was my first idea to light up and be getting home-ward; for the darkness and the glimmer of the dead wood and the shadows of the lantern made me lonely. But I knew where one of the harps hung; it seemed a pity it shouldn't go with the rest; and at the same time I couldn't help letting on to myself that I was mortal tired of my employment, and would like best to be at home and have the door shut. I stepped out of the cellar and argued it

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fore and back. There was a sound of the sea far down below me on the coast; nearer hand not a leaf stirred; I might have been the only living creature this side of Cape Horn. Well, as I stood there thinking, it seemed the bush woke and became full of little noises. Little noises they were, and nothing to hurt—a bit of a crackle, a bit of a rush—but the breath jumped right out of me and my throat went as dry as a biscuit. It wasn't Case I was afraid of, which would have been common-sense; I never thought of Case; what took me, as sharp as the colic, was the old wives' tales, the devil-women and the man-pigs. It was the toss of a penny whether I should run: but I got a purchase on myself,¹ and stepped out, and held up the lantern (like a fool) and looked all round.

In the direction of the village and the path there was nothing to be seen; but when I turned inland it's a wonder to me I didn't drop. There, coming right up out of the desert and the bad bush—there, sure enough, was a devil-woman, just as the way I had figured she would look. I saw the light shine on her bare arms and her bright eyes, and there went out of me a yell so big that I thought it was my death.

"Ah! No sing out!" says the devil-woman, in a kind of a high whisper. "Why you talk big 'eice? Put out light! Ese he come."

"My God Almighty, Uma, is that you?" says I.

"*Ioe*,"² says she. "I come quick. Ese here soon."

"You come alone?" I asked. "You no 'fraid?"

"Ah, too much 'fraid!" she whispered, clutching me. "I think die."

¹ got a purchase on myself 用巧法取利益(?) 打贏自己(?) ² *Ioe* (土話) 是的。

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"Well," says I, with a kind of a weak grin, "I'm not the one to laugh at you, Mrs. Wiltshire, for I'm about the worst scared man in the South Pacific myself."

She told me in two words what brought her. I was scarce gone, it seems, when Fa'avao came in, and the old woman had met Black Jack running as hard as he was fit from our house to Case's. Uma neither spoke nor stopped, but lit right out to come and warn me. She was so close at my heels that the lantern was her guide across the beach, and afterwards, by the glimmer of it in the trees, she got her line up hill. It was only when I had got to the top or was in the cellar that she wandered Lord knows where! and lost a sight of precious time, afraid to call out lest Case was at the heels of her, and falling in the bush, so that she was all knocked and bruised. That must have been when she got too far to the southward, and how she came to take me in the flank at last and frighten me beyond what I've got the words to tell of.

Well, anything was better than a devil woman, but I thought her yarn serious enough. Black Jack had no call to be about my house, unless he was set there to watch; and it looked to me as if my tomfool word about the paint, and perhaps some chatter of Maea's, had got us all in a clove hitch.¹ One thing was clear: Uma and I were here for the night: we daren't try to go home before day, and even then it would be safer to strike round up the mountain and come in by the back of the village, or we might walk into an ambuscade. It was plain, too, that

¹ clove nitch 難解的結, 爲難.

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the mine should be sprung immediately, or Case might be in time to stop it.

I marched into the tunnel, Uma keeping tight hold of me, opened my lantern and lit the match. The first length of it burned like a spill of paper, and I stood stupid, watching it burn, and thinking we were going aloft with Tiapolo, which was none of my views. The second took to a better rate, though faster than I cared about; and at that I got my wits again, hauled Uma clear of the passage, blew out and dropped the lantern, and the pair of us groped our way into the bush until I thought it might be safe, and lay down together by a tree.

"Old lady," I said, "I won't forget this night. You're a trump, and that's what's wrong with you."

She humped herself close up to me. She had run out the way she was, with nothing on her but her kilt; and she was all wet with the dews and the sea on the black beach, and shook straight on with cold and the terror of the dark and the devils.

"Too much 'fraid," was all she said.

The far side of Case's hill goes down near as steep as a precipice into the next valley. We were on the very edge of it, and I could see the dead wood shine and hear the sea sound far below. I didn't care about the position, which left me no retreat, but I was afraid to change. Then I saw I had made a worse mistake about the lantern, which I should have left lighted, so that I could have had a crack at Case when he stepped into the shine of it. And even if I hadn't had the wit to do that, it seemed a senseless thing to leave the good lantern to blow up with the graven images. The thing belonged to me, after all, and was worth money, and might come in handy.

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If I could have trusted the match, I might have run in still and rescued it. But who was going to trust the match? You know what trade is. The stuff was good enough for Kanakas to go fishing with, where they've got to look lively anyway, and the most they risk is only to have their hand blown off. But for anyone that wanted to fool around a blow-up like mine that match was rubbish.

Altogether the best I could do was to lie still, see my shot-gun handy, and wait for the explosion. But it was a solemn kind of a business. The blackness of the night was like solid; the only thing you could see was the nasty bogy glimmer of the dead wood, and that showed you nothing but itself; and as for sounds, I stretched my ears till I thought I could have heard the match burn in the tunnel, and that bush was as silent as a coffin. Now and then there was a bit of a crack; but whether it was near or far, whether it was Case stubbing his toes within a few yards of me, or a tree breaking miles away, I knew no more than the babe unborn.

And then, all of a sudden, Vesuvius went off. It was a long time coming; but when it came (though I say it that shouldn't) no man could ask to see a better. At first it was just a son of a gun¹ of a row, and a spout of fire, and the wood lighted up so that you could see to read. And then the trouble began. Uma and I were half buried under a wagonful of earth, and glad it was no worse, for one of the rocks at the entrance of the tunnel was fired clean into the air, fell within a couple of fathoms of where we lay, and bounded over the edge of the hill, and went pounding down into the next valley. I saw I had

¹ son of a gun 罵人話.

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rather undercalculated our distance, or overdone the dynamite and powder, which you please.

And presently I saw I had made another slip. The noise of the thing began to die off, shaking the island; the dazzle was over; and yet the night didn't come back the way I expected. For the whole wood was scattered with red coals and brands from the explosion; they were all round me on the flat; some had fallen below in the valley, and some stuck and flared in the tree-tops. I had no fear of fire, for these forests are too wet to kindle. But the trouble was that the place was all lit up—not very bright, but good enough to get a shot by; and the way the coals were scattered, it was just as likely Case might have the advantage as myself. I looked all round for his white face, you may be sure; but there was not a sign of him. As for Uma, the life seemed to have been knocked right out of her by the bang and blaze of it.

There was one bad point in my game. One of the blessed graven images had come down all afire, hair and clothes and body, not four yards away from me. I cast a mighty noticing glance all round; there was still no Case, and I made up my mind I must get rid of that burning stick before he came, or I should be shot there like a dog.

It was my first idea to have crawled, and then I thought speed was the main thing, and stood half up to make a rush. The same moment from somewhere between me and the sea there came a flash and a report, and a rifle bullet screeched in my ear. I swung straight round and up with my gun, but the brute had a Winchester, and before I could as much as see him his second shot knocked me over like a ninepin. I seemed to fly in the air, then came down by the run and lay half a minute, silly; and

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then I found my hands empty, and my gun had flown over my head as I fell. It makes a man mighty wide awake to be in the kind of box that I was in. I scarcely knew where I was hurt, or whether I was hurt or not, but turned right over on my face to crawl after my weapon. Unless you have tried to get about with a smashed leg you don't know what pain is, and I let out a howl like a bullock's.

This was the unluckiest noise that ever I made in my life. Up to then Uma had stuck to her tree like a sensible woman, knowing she would be only in the way; but as soon as she heard me sing out, she ran forward. The Winchester cracked again, and down she went.

I had sat up, leg and all, to stop her; but when I saw her tumble I clapped down again where I was, lay still, and felt the handle of my knife. I had been scurried and put out before. No more of that for me. He had knocked over my girl, I had got to fix him for it; and I lay there and gritted my teeth, and footed up¹ the chances. My leg was broke, my gun was gone. Case had still ten shots in his Winchester. It looked a kind of hopeless business. But I never despaired nor thought upon despairing: that man had got to go.

For a goodish bit not one of us let on. Then I heard Case begin to move nearer in the bush, but mighty careful. The image had burned out; there were only a few coals left here and there, and the wood was main dark, but had a kind of a low glow in it like a fire on its last legs. It was by this that I made out Case's head looking at me over a big tuft of ferns, and at the same time the

¹footed up 計算, 加上.

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brute saw me and shouldered his Winchester. I lay quite still, and as good as looked into the barrel: it was my last chance, but I thought my heart would have come right out of its bearings. Then he fired. Lucky for me it was no shot-gun, for the bullet struck within an inch of me and knocked the dirt in my eyes.

Just you try and see if you can lie quiet, and let a man take a sitting shot at you and miss you by a hair. But I did, and lucky too. A while Case stood with the Winchester at the port-arms; then he gave a little laugh to himself, and stepped round the ferns.

"Laugh!" thought I. "If you had the wit of a louse you would be praying!"

I was all as taut as a ship's hawser or the spring of a watch, and as soon as he came within reach of me I had him by the ankle, plucked the feet right out from under him, laid him out, and was upon the top of him, broken leg and all, before he breathed. His Winchester had gone the same road as my shot-gun; it was nothing to me—I defied him now. I'm a pretty strong man anyway, but I never knew what strength was till I got hold of Case. He was knocked out of time by the rattle he came down with, and threw up his hands together, more like a frightened woman, so that I caught both of them with my left. This wakened him up, and he fastened his teeth in my forearm like a weasel. Much I cared. My leg gave me all the pain I had any use for, and I drew my knife and got it in the place.

"Now," said I, "I've got you; and you're gone up, and a good job too! Do you feel the point of that? That's for Underhill! And there's for Adams! And now here's

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for Uma, and that's going to knock your blooming soul right out of you!"

With that I gave him the cold steel for all I was worth. His body kicked under me like a spring sofa; he gave a dreadful kind of a long moan, and lay still.

"I wonder if you're dead? I hope so!" I thought, for my head was swimming. But I wasn't going to take chances; I had his own example too close before me for that; and I tried to draw the knife out to give it him again. The blood came over my hands, I remember, hot as tea; and with that I fainted clean away, and fell with my head on the man's mouth.

When I came to myself it was pitch dark; the cinders had burned out; there was nothing to be seen but the shine of the dead wood, and I couldn't remember where I was nor why I was in such pain nor what I was all wetted with. Then it came back, and the first thing I attended to was to give him the knife again a half-a-dozen times up to the handle. I believe he was dead already, but it did him no harm and did me good.

"I bet you're dead now," I said, and then I called to Uma.

Nothing answered, and I made a move to go and grope for her, fouled my broken leg, and fainted again.

When I came to myself the second time the clouds had all cleared away, except a few that sailed there, white as cotton. The moon was up—a tropic moon. The moon at home turns a wood black, but even this old butt-end of a one showed up that forest as green as by day. The night birds—or, rather, they're a kind of early morning bird—sang out with their long, falling notes like night-ingales. And I could see the dead man, that I was still

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half resting on, looking right up into the sky with his open eyes, no paler than when he was alive; and a little way off Uma tumbled on her side. I got over to her the best way I was able, and when I got there she was broad awake, and crying and sobbing to herself with no more noise than an insect. It appears she was afraid to cry out loud, because of the *aitus*. Altogether she was not much hurt, but scared beyond belief; she had come to her senses a long while ago, cried out to me, heard nothing in reply, made out we were both dead, and had lain there ever since, afraid to budge a finger. The ball had ploughed up her shoulder, and she had lost a main quantity of blood; but I soon had that tied up the way it ought to be with the tail of my shirt and a scarf I had on, got her head on my sound knee and my back against a trunk, and settled down to wait for morning. Uma was for neither use nor ornament, and could only clutch hold of me and shake and cry. I don't suppose there was ever anybody worse scared, and, to do her justice, she had had a lively night of it. As for me, I was in a good bit of pain and fever, but not so bad when I sat still; and every time I looked over to Case I could have sung and whistled. Talk about meat and drink! To see that man lying there dead as a herring filled me full.

The night birds stopped after a while; and then the light began to change, the east came orange, the whole wood began to whirr with singing like a musical box, and there was the broad day.

I didn't expect Maea for a long while yet; and, indeed, I thought there was an off-chance he might go back on the whole idea and not come at all. I was the better pleased when, about an hour after daylight, I heard sticks

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smashing and a lot of Kanakas laughing and singing out to keep their courage up.¹ Uma sat up quite brisk at the first word of it; and presently we saw a party come stringing out of the path, Maea in front, and behind him a white man in a pith helmet. It was Mr. Tarleton, who had turned up late last night in Falesá, having left his boat and walked the last stage with a lantern.

They buried Case upon the field of glory, right in the hole where he had kept the smoking head. I waited till the thing was done; and Mr. Tarleton prayed, which I thought tomfoolery, but I'm bound to say he gave a pretty sick view of the dear departed's prospects, and seemed to have his own ideas of hell. I had it out with him afterwards, told him he had scamped his duty, and what he had ought to have done was to up like a man and tell the Kanakas plainly Case was damned, and a good riddance;² but I never could get him to see it my way. Then they made me a litter of poles and carried me down to the station. Mr. Tarleton set my leg, and made a regular missionary splice of it, so that I limp to this day. That done, he took down my evidence, and Uma's and Maea's, wrote it all out fine, and had us sign it; and then he got the chiefs and marched over to Papa Randall's to seize Case's papers.

All they found was a bit of a diary, kept for a good many years, and all about the price of copra, and chickens being stolen, and that; and the books of the business and the will I told you of in the beginning, by both of which the whole thing (stock, look, and barrel)³ appeared to belong

¹ to keep their courage up 壯他們的膽。 ² a good riddance 死了夏好。 ³ stock, look, and barrel 齊全, 樣樣都有。

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to the Samoa woman. It was I that bought her out at a mighty reasonable figure, for she was in a hurry to get home. As for Randall and the black, they had to tramp; got into some kind of a station on the Papa-malulu side; did very bad business, for the truth is neither of the pair was fit for it, and lived mostly on fish, which was the means of Randall's death. It seems there was a nice shoal in one day, and papa went after them with the dynamite; either the match burned too fast, or papa was full, or both, but the shell went off (in the usual way) before he threw it, and where was papa's hand? Well, there's nothing to hurt in that; the islands up north are all full of one-handed men, like the parties in the "Arabian Nights"; but either Randall was too old, or he drank too much, and the short and the long of it was that he died. Pretty soon after, the nigger was turned out of the island for stealing from white men, and went off to the west, where he found men of his own colour, in case he liked that, and the men of his own colour took and ate him at some kind of a corroboree,¹ and I'm sure I hope he was to their fancy!

So there was I, left alone in my glory² at Falesá; and when the schooner came round I filled her up, and gave her a deck-cargo half as high as the house. I must say Mr. Tarleton did the right thing by us; but he took a meanish kind of a revenge.

"Now, Mr. Wiltshire," said he, "I've put you all square with everybody here. It wasn't difficult to do, Case

¹ corroboree 澳洲土人跳舞。 ² in my glory 我在那裏耀武揚威

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being gone; but I have done it, and given my pledge besides that you will deal fairly with the natives. I must ask you to keep my word."

Well, so I did. I used to be bothered about my balances, but I reasoned it out this way: We all have queerish balances, and the natives all know it, and water their copra in a proportion so that it's fair all round; but the truth is, it did use to bother me, and, though I did well in Falesá, I was half glad when the firm moved me on to another station, where I was under no kind of a pledge and could look my balances in the face.

As for the old lady, you know her as well as I do. She's only the one fault. If you don't keep your eye lifting she would give away the roof off the station. Well, it seems it's natural in Kanakas. She's turned a powerful big woman now, and could throw a London bobby¹ over her shoulder. But that's natural in Kanakas too, and there's no manner of doubt that she's an A 1 wife.

Mr. Tarleton's gone home, his trick being over. He was the best missionary I ever struck, and now, it seems, he's parsonising down Somerset way. Well, that's best for him; he'll have no Kanakas there to get lunny² over.

My public-house? Not a bit of it, nor ever likely. I'm stuck here, I fancy. I don't like to leave the kids, you see: and—there's no use talking—they're better here than what they would be in a white man's country, though Ben took the eldest up to Auckland, where he's being schooled with the best. But what bothers me is the girls. They're only half-castes, of course; I know that as well as you do, and there's nobody thinks less of half-

¹ bobby (俚) 巡警。 ² lunny or loony (俗) 糊塗, 傻, 瘋狂。

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castes than I do; but they're mine, and about all I've got. I can't reconcile my mind to their taking up with Kanakas, and I'd like to know where I'm to find the whites!