

## (8) HYGEIA AT THE SOLITO

### [八]牧場回春記

If you are knowing in the chronicles of the ring you will recall to mind an event in the early 'nineties when, for a minute and sundry odd seconds, a champion and a 'would-be' faced each other on the alien side of an international river. So brief a conflict had rarely imposed upon the fair promise of true sport. The reporters made what they could of it, but, divested of padding, the action was sadly fugacious. The champion merely smote his victim, turned his back upon him, remarking, 'I know what I done to dat stiff,' and extended an arm like a ship's mast for his glove to be removed.

假如你對拳賽的歷史熟悉的話，應該記得在九〇年初期，一個拳王和一個[奪標]在國界大河的另一邊相持一分零几秒。一場真正公平的運動很少競爭這麼短截的。記者們把可用的材料都用了，可是呢，要不是灌了水的話，那場拳賽的動作可比成孫悟空搭筋斗雲過境，一溜煙就過去了。那個冠軍只不過一拳打倒對方，轉過背去，然後說了一句，[我知道我給那個死人怎麼了，]然後抬起一隻手，像船桅一般，讓人把他的手套脫掉。

Which accounts for a trainload of extremely disgusted gentlemen in uproar of fancy vests and neckwear being spilled from their Pullman in San Antonio in the early morning following the fight. Which also partly accounts for the unhappy predicament in which 'Cricket' McGuire found himself as he tumbled from his car and sat upon the depot platform, torn by a spasm of that hollow, racking cough so familiar to San Antonian ears. At that time, in the uncertain light of dawn, that way passed Curtis Raidler, the Nueces County cattleman -- may his shadow never measure under six feet two.

也就是爲了這個，拳賽的第二天大早，整個火車的穿西裝打領帶的紳士在聖安東尼魚貫地下車，一個個臉臭臭的。也可以說多多少少爲了這個，[蟋蟀]馬拐兒跌跌撞撞下了車之後，坐在月台上，失魂落魄地，一面失聲地咳嗽，這是聖安東尼人聽慣了的。在同時，飄忽的晨曦之中，雷克體走過來，這位牛爺縣的牛人--但願他的影子永遠長過六呎二吋。

The cattleman, out this early to catch the south-bound for his ranch station, stopped at the side of the distressed patron of sport and spoke in the kindly drawl of his ilk and region, 'got it pretty bad, bud?'

這個牛人這麼早就起來趕南下火車回自己的牧場，他停在那位沮喪的賭拳人旁邊，拿拉長鼻音的鄉音親切地跟他說，[病得很重是嗎，伙計？]

'Cricket' McGuire, exfeather-weight prize-fighter, tout, jockey, follower of the 'ponies,' all-around sport, and manipulator of the gum balls and walnut shells, looked up pugnaciously at the imputation cast by 'bud.'

[蟋蟀]馬拐兒，前羽量級拳王，馬探子，賽馬師，跟著[馬兒]跑的，甚麼運動都會，吐泡泡糖和胡桃核都是專家，認爲[伙計]這兩個字有點刺耳，抬起頭就要準備幹了似的。

‘G’wan,’ he rasped, ‘telegraph pole. I didn’t ring for yer.’

[滾蛋，]他沙啞地說，[電報竿子。我又沒有按鈴叫你。]

Another paroxysm wrung him, and he leaned limply against a convenient baggage truck. Raidler waited patiently, glancing around at the white hats, short overcoats, and big cigars thronging the platform. ‘You’re from the No’th ain’t you, bud?’ he asked when the other was partially recovered. ‘Come down to see the fight?’

又是一陣猛咳，他就一台行李手推車順手靠著。老雷耐心地等著，回頭瞧了瞧月台上擠滿了戴白帽，穿短外套，口咬大雪茄的人堆。[你是從北方來的，不是嗎？]等他有點止下來的時候他這麼問。[來看拳賽的？]

‘Fight!’ snapped McGuire. ‘Puss-in-the-corner. ‘Twas a hypodermic injection. Handed him just one like a squirt of dope, and he’s asleep, and no tanbark needed in front of his residence. Fight!’ He rattled a bit, coughed, and went on, hardly addressing the cattleman, but rather for the relief of voicing his troubles. ‘No more dead sure t’ings for me. But Rus Sage himself would have snatched at it. Five to one dat de boy from Cork wouldn’t stay t’ree rounds is what I invested in. Put my last cent on, and could already smell the sawdust in dat all-night joint of Jimmy Delaney’s on T’irty-seventh Street I was goin’ to buy. And den -- say, telegraph pole, what a gazaboo a guy is to put his whole roll on one turn of the gaboozlum!’

[拳賽!]馬拐兒叱之以鼻。[一團濃泡。根本是皮下注射。簡直是給他打了一針，他就睡著了。連他住的地方前面都用不著鋪揉革皮。拳賽!]他嘮叨地講，咳了一回，又繼續下去，與其說是在跟牛人講話，還不如說是在發洩自己的牢騷。[甚麼都沒定準了。連聖如斯自己都會這麼賭。五比一，那個科克來的小子經不起三回合，我就是這麼賭的。全副家當，都已經聞到我要買的三十七街那個叫迪吉米的酒店。然後--話說回來，電報竿子，一個人往一場發瘋的拳賽這麼傾家蕩產的一賭，自己也是個神經病。]

‘You’re plenty right,’ said the big cattleman; ‘more ‘specially when you lose. Son, you get up and light out for a hotel. You got a mighty bad cough. Had it long?’

[你說的一點不差，]大個子的牛人說；[尤其是輸的時候。小子，你起來到旅館休息。你咳嗽得厲害。很久了嗎？]

‘Lungs,’ said McGuire comprehensively. ‘I got it. The croaker says I’ll come to time for six months longer -- maybe a year if I hold my gait. I wanted to settle down and take care of myself. Dat’s why I speculated on dat five to one perhaps. I had a t’ousand iron dollars saved up. If I wonned I was goin’ to buy Delaney’s cafe. Who’d a t’ought dat stiff would take a nap in de foist round -- say?’

[肺，]馬拐兒自己推演地說。[我有是有。蒙古說我再活六個月--假如規矩點的話一年--大限也就到了。我要安頓下來，照顧自己。也許就是爲了這個我賭了那個五比一。我存了

硬硬幫幫的一千塊。贏了的話，就要買老迪的咖啡店。誰知到那個死人會在第一回合打瞌睡--你說？]

‘It’s a hard deal,’ commented Raidler, looking down at the diminutive form of McGuire crumpled against the truck. ‘But you go to a hotel and rest. There’s the Menger and the Maverick, and--’

[那是硬幫幫的買賣，]老雷這麼評道，往下看著馬拐兒矮小身軀靠著行李車。[你到旅館去休息。這兒有門爺旅館，馬文飯店，--]

‘And the Fi’th Av’noo, and the Waldorf-Astoria,’ mimicked McGuire. ‘Told you I went broke. I’m on de bum proper. I’ve got one dime left. Maybe a trip to Europe or a sail in me private yacht would fix me up -- pa’per!’

[還有第五街，還有華爾道夫，]馬拐兒故意這麼學嘴。[告訴你我破產了。我現在是個一文不名的流浪漢。口袋裏還有一毛錢。到歐洲去旅行一趟，或者搭我的私人遊艇遨遊遨遊可以把我的調理好--報紙！]

‘He flung his dime at a newsboy, got his *Express*, propped his back against the truck, and was at once rapt in the account of his Waterloo, as expanded by the ingenious press.

他把他的一毛錢往報童一丟，拿到他的聖安東尼郵報，背靠著行李車，馬上全神灌注在他的滑鐵驢之役，被才華的郵報大筆一揮，倒是還有看頭。

Curtis Raidler interrogated an enormous gold watch, and laid his hand on McGuire’s shoulder.

雷克體看了一下他的大金錶，把手放在馬拐兒肩膀上。

‘Come on, bud,’ he said. ‘We got three minutes to catch the train.’

[來，伙計，]他說。[我們還有三分鐘搭火車。]

Sarcasm seemed to be McGuire’s vein.

馬拐兒血管裏流的似乎全是譏諷。

‘You ain’t seen me cash in any chips or call a turn since I told you I was broke, a minute ago, have you? Friend, chase yourself away.’

[我一分鐘之前告訴你我破產了之後，你何曾看到我拿籌碼換錢，或者叫贏一手牌？朋友，滾你的蛋。]

‘You are going down to my ranch,’ said the cattleman, ‘and stay till you get well. Six months’ll fix you good as new.’ He lifted McGuire with one hand, and half-dragged him in the direction of

the train.

[你到我牧場去，]牛人說，[住到你好了為止。六個月可以讓你復元如新。]他一手提起馬拐兒，硬拉著他往火車的方向走。

‘What about the money?’ said McGuire, struggling weakly to escape.

[錢怎麼辦?]馬怪兒說，一面無力地想爭脫他。

‘Money for what?’ asked Raidler, puzzled. They eyed each other, not understanding, for they touched only as at the gear of bevelled cog-wheels -- at right angles, and moving upon different axes.

[甚麼錢?]老雷困惑地說。他倆對看了一會兒，互不了解。兩個人好似兩只交角的齒輪--成九十度走，各沿各的軸。

Passengers on the south-bound saw them seated together, and wondered at the conflux of two such antipodes. McGuire was five feet one, with a countenance belonging to either Yokohama or Dublin. Bright-beady of eye, bony of cheek and jaw, scarred, toughened, broken and reknit, indestructible, grisly, gladiatorial as a hornet, he was a type neither new nor unfamiliar. Raidler was the product of a different soil. Six feet two in height, miles broad, and no deeper than a crystal brook, he represented the union of the West and South. Few accurate pictures of his kind have been made, for art galleries are so small and the mutoscope is as yet unknown in Texas. After all, the only possible medium of portrayal of Raidler’s kind would be the fresco -- something high and simple and cool and unframed.

南下的火車上，旅客看到他倆坐在一起，懷疑怎麼兩個這麼強列的對比會坐在一起。馬拐兒五呎一吋，相貌屬於廣島或都柏林。光珠眼，狗嘴猴腮，滿臉疤痕，磨練得筋節，打破又縫合的，經得起打又摧毀不了，讓人看了毛骨聳然，像隻馬蜂般好鬥狠，他的類型既不新，也不陌生。老雷是完全不同土壤的產物。六呎兩吋高，虎背熊腰，是美國大西部和南方的典型代表。像他這樣的很少被正確地畫成圖像，因為藝廊容不下他們，德州也還沒有無聲電影。不管怎樣，唯一可能描繪老雷這一型，是把他們畫在壁畫裏面--高，樸素，愜意，而沒有畫框。

They were rolling southward on the International. The timber was huddling into little, dense green motts at rare distances before the inundation of the downright, vert prairies. This was the land of the ranches; the domain of the kings of the kine.

他們的火車沿著國際幹線往南飛馳。樹木在稍遠一點的地方聚合成叢，再往下，就是海洋般的碧綠草原。這是牧場的國度，畜牧之王的天地。

McGuire sat, collapsed into his corner of the seat, receiving with acid suspicion the conversation of the cattleman. What was the ‘game’ of this big ‘geezer’ who was carrying him off? Altruism

would have been McGuire's last guess. 'He ain't no farmer,' thought the captive, 'and he ain't no con man, for sure. W'at's his lay? You trail in, Cricket, and see how many cards he draws. You're up against it, anyhow. You get a nickel and gallopin' consumption, and you better lay low. Lay low and see w'at's his game.'

馬拐兒癱在他的座位一角，牛人跟他交談，他總是尖酸刻薄地懷疑他。這個把他挾走的大[怪人]到底安的是甚麼心？馬拐兒絕對想不到是出於博愛。[他不是農夫，]這個被挾持的人這麼想，[也絕不是個騙子。他到底動的是甚麼腦筋？你細細跟進，看他還要抓几張牌。不管怎樣，反正跟他幹上就是，你現在口袋裏只有一毛錢，又是癆病三級，你放低姿態。放低姿態，看他玩的是甚麼把戲。]

At Rincon, a hundred miles from San Antonio, they left the train for a buckboard which was waiting there for Raidler. In this they travelled the thirty miles between the station and their destination. If anything could, this drive should have stirred the acrimonious McGuire to a sense of his ransom. They sped upon velvet wheels across an exhilarant savanna. The pair of Spanish ponies struck a nimble, tireless trot, which gait they occasionally relieved by a wild, untrammelled gallop. The air was wine and seltzer, perfumed, as they absorbed it, with the delicate redolence of prairie flowers. The road perished, and the buckboard swam the uncharted billows of the grass itself, steered by the practised hand of Raidler, to whom each tiny distant mott of trees was a signboard, each convolution of the low hills a voucher of course and distance. But McGuire reclined upon his spine, seeing nothing but a desert, and receiving the cattleman's advances with sullen distrust. 'W'at's he up to?' was the burden of his thoughts; 'w'at kind of a gold brick has the big guy got to sell?' McGuire was only applying the measure of the streets he had walked to a range bounded by the horizon and the fourth dimension.

在聖安東尼之南一百英哩林康這個地方，他們下了車，在那裏有輛平板馬車等著老雷使用。他們趕著這台平板馬車從車站走了三十哩到達他們的目的地。假如有任何東西可以改變馬拐兒的話，這趟路就應該把尖酸刻薄的馬拐兒蹶醒了，知道自己得救了才是。飛快的車輪呈模糊的紫蘿蘭色，旋風似地捲過快活的草原。兩匹西班牙小馬踏起輕快敏捷的步伐，偶爾又隨興無羈地奔放。空氣中飄著酒味，好像朝露釀成了香檳，又好像淡妝的香水，沁人肺腑。草原野花細膩地薰沐大地。突然間，路沒了，馬車頃刻間化成一葉扁舟，浮游在草原綠波之上，沒有人航行過的水道。老雷熟練地駕駛著，每叢樹都是路牌，每彎小丘，都是里程碑。可是呢，馬拐兒靠著背脊坐著，只見到空白的一片沙漠，牛人跟他講甚麼，他總不信任。他的心思老是肩負著[他到底要幹甚麼]的想頭，[他到底要賣我甚麼樣的金磚？]馬拐兒是以狎隘市井之心，測度無垠原野之腹。

A week before, while riding the prairies, Raidler had come upon a sick and weakling calf deserted and bawling. Without dismounting he had reached and slung the distressed bossy across his saddle, and dropped it at the ranch for the boys to attend to. It was impossible for McGuire to know or comprehend that, in the eyes of the cattleman, his case and that of the calf were identical in interest and demand upon his assistance. A creature was ill and helpless; he had the power to render aid -- these were the only postulates required for the cattleman to act. They formed the system of logic and the most of his creed. McGuire was the seventh invalid whom Raidler had

picked up thus casually in San Antonio, where so many thousand go for the ozone that is said to linger about its contracted streets. Five of them had been guests of Solito Ranch until they had been able to leave, cured or better, and exhausting the vocabulary of tearful gratitude. One came too late, but rested very comfortably, at last, under a ratama tree in the garden.

一星期前縱馬草原上的時候，老雷看到一隻生病孱弱的小牛，被母牛遺棄在那裏大聲哭叫。老雷就馬上一把提起這隻可憐的小牛，順手一按橫跨在自己的馬鞍上，回到牧場後，隨手丟給小孩去照料。馬拐兒怎麼也想不到，在這個牛人眼裏，他和這隻小牛是完全一樣，引起他的關注，而需要他的援助。一個生靈病而無助；而他有能力施援--一加一等於二，就已經足夠讓他採取行動。這個簡單的道理，就是他的羅輯系統，和他行爲的準則。馬拐兒是老雷在聖安東尼這樣子隨便帶回來的第七個病人，在那個城市的擁擠街巷裏，據說有上千的，就這麼消聲匿跡。七個之中有五個，在所里托牧場做客，一直到康復爲止。臨走時感激流涕。另一個因爲來得太遲，但是終於安息在花園裏一棵喇嗒嘛樹下。

So, then, it was no surprise to the ranchhold when the buckboard spun to the door, and Raidler took up his debile protege like a handful of rags and set him down upon the gallery.

所以，老雷駕著平板車進到牧場，把他帶來的病人像一把破布一樣提起來往廊上一擺的時候，牧場大大小小也不覺得意外。

McGuire looked upon things strange to him. The ranch-house was the best in the country. It was built of brick hauled one hundred miles by wagon, but it was of but one story, and its four rooms were completely encircled by a mud floor 'gallery.' The miscellaneous setting of horses, dogs, saddles, wagons, guns, and cow-punchers' paraphernalia oppressed the metropolitan eye of the wrecked sportsman.

馬拐兒望著這些看來眼生的東西。場房是這地方最好的。所用的磚由一百哩之外拖運來，但是只一層樓，四個房間完全由一個泥地[走廊]所包圍。馬具，狗具，馬鞍，馬車，槍，和牧牛人用的傢伙，把這個潦倒運動員的市井眼光壓迫得喘不過氣。

'Well, here we are at home,' said Raidler, cheerfully.

[你瞧，我們到家了，]老雷試圖讓他的客人快樂起來。

'It's a h - l of a looking place,' said McGuire promptly, as he rolled upon the gallery floor, in a fit of coughing.

[看起來真是個--地方，]馬拐兒即刻回嘴，滾在地下，咳嗽個不停。

'We'll try to make it comfortable for you, buddy,' said the cattleman, gently. 'It ain't fine inside; but it's the outdoors, anyway, that'll do you the most good. This'll be your room, in here. Anything we got, you ask for it.'

[我們會想辦法讓你舒適，伙計，]牛人和氣地說。[裏面不怎麼好，不管怎樣，是戶外才是對你最有幫助。這個房間是你的。只要我們有的東西，你儘管要就是。]

He led McGuire into the east room. The floor was bare and clean. White curtains waved in the gulf breeze through the open windows. A big willow rocker, two straight chairs, a long table covered with newspapers, pipes, tobacco, spurs, and cartridges stood in the centre. Some well-mounted heads of deer and one of an enormous black javeli projected from the walls. A wide, cot-bed stood in a corner. Nueces County people regarded this guest chamber as fit for a prince. McGuire showed his eye teeth at it. He took out his nickel and spun it up to the ceiling.

他把馬拐兒領到東邊的房間。地板空曠而乾淨。墨西哥灣來的風從打開的窗子吹得白窗簾飄舞。一張柳條編的搖椅，兩張直靠背的椅子，房子中央放著一張長桌，桌上擺滿了報紙，煙斗，煙絲，馬刺，和子彈。牆上掛著几隻做得很好的標本鹿頭和一隻大黑劍豬的頭。一張大大而簡便的床占著房間一角。牛爺縣的百姓認為這個房間適合一個王子來住。馬拐兒眼睛像狗張牙一樣，恨恨地看著討厭。他把一毛錢往天花板一彈。

‘T’ought I was lyin’ about the money, did ye? Well, you can frisk me if you want. Dat’s the last simoleon in the treasury. Who’s goin’ to pay?’

[你以為我是在騙你，有關錢的事，不是嗎？這樣子吧，你要搜我的話就儘管搜好了。這是財政廳的最後一枚銅板。誰來付帳呢？]

The cattleman’s clear gray eyes looked steadily from under his grizzly brows into the huckleberry optics of his guest. After a little he said simply, and not ungraciously, ‘I’ll be much obliged to you, son, if you won’t mention money any more. Once was quite plenty. Folks I ask to my ranch don’t have to pay anything, and they very scarcely ever offers it. Supper’ll be ready in half an hour. There’s water in the pitcher, and some, cooler, to drink in that red jar hanging on the gallery.’

牛人的眼睛從濃厚的眉毛下面牢牢盯著這個客人越橘般的眼睛。一會之後，他只這麼說，而且不是不莊重的，[小子，我希望你不要再提錢這個字。一次已經夠多了。我邀請來我的牧場做客的，不須要付任何的錢，他們連想給都很少提。晚飯半小時之後就會好。瓶子裏有洗滌用的水，掛在廊上紅陶瓶裏的冷水是喝的水。]

‘Where’s the bell?’ asked McGuire, looking about.

[鈴在那裏?]馬拐兒一邊四下裏看，一邊問。

‘Bell for what?’

[要鈴做甚麼?]

‘Bell to ring for things. I can’t -- see here,’ he exploded in a sudden weak fury, ‘I never asked you to bring me here. I never held you up for a cent. I never gave you a hard-luck story till you asked

me. Here I am fifty mile from a bellboy or a cocktail. I'm sick. I can't hustle. Gee! But I'm up against it!' McGuire fell upon the cot and sobbed shiveringly.

[鈴用來要東西。我不能--你瞧，]他突然軟弱地發脾氣，[我沒有求你帶我來這裏。我沒有搶劫過你一分錢。我也沒跟你講我倒霉的故事，是你自己來問我的。現在，我在這裏，一個服務生，一杯雞尾酒都在五十哩之外。我病了，又不能跟人爭甚麼。直-真是！反正我要作對就是了！]馬拐兒倒到床上抽泣著。

Raidler went to the door and called. A slender, bright-complexioned Mexican youth about twenty came quickly. Raidler spoke to him in Spanish.

老雷走到門那邊叫了一聲。一個瘦長，形容聰明，年約二十的墨西哥年輕人馬上跑來。老雷跟他講西班牙話。

'Ylario, it is in my mind that I promised you the position of vaquero on the San Carlos range at the fall rodeo.'

[雅里，我記得我答應過你今年秋天趕牛季來的時候，要把你陞為聖卡羅牧場的牛仔。]

'Si senor, such was your goodness.'

[是的，先生，這是你的好意。]

'Listen. This seniorito is my friend. He is very sick. Place yourself at his side. Attend to his wants at all times. Have much patience and care with him. And when he is well, or -- and when he is well, instead of vaquero I will make you mayordomo of the Rancho de las Piedras. Esta bueno?'

[聽著。這個小子是我朋友。他病得很重。跟他一起，不時地照顧他。要有耐心，而且要好好關心他。他好的時候，或者--當他好的時候，我把你陞為大石牧場總管，而不只是牛仔。這樣子好不好？]

'Si, si -- mil gracias, senor.' Ylario tried to kneel upon the floor in his gratitude, but the cattleman kicked at him benevolently, growling, 'None of your opey-house antics, now.'

[是的，是的，千謝，萬謝，先生。]雅里几乎要跪在地上謝謝他，可是牛人仁慈地踢了他一下，吼道，[你少跟我來這種古董唱戲的動作。去吧。]

Ten minutes later Ylario came from McGuire's room and stood before Raidler.

十分鐘過後，雅里從馬拐兒的房間出來，站到老雷面前。

'The little senor,' he announced, 'presents his compliments ' (Raidler credited Ylario with the preliminary) 'and desires some pounded ice, one hot bath, one gin feez-z, that the windows be all



closed, toast, one shave, one Newyorkheral', cigarettes, and to send one telegram.'

[那個小先生，]他說，[跟你請安]（老雷把這句話當雅里自己加上去的）[他要一些碎冰塊，熱水澡，一杯杜松子雞尾酒，所有窗子關起來，烤麵包，刮一次臉，一份紐約前鋒報，香菸，和送一份電報。]

Raidler took a quart bottle of whisky from his medicine cabinet. 'Here, take him this,' he said.

[老雷從藥櫥裏拿出一瓶四分之一加倫的威士忌。[把這個拿給他，]他說。

Thus was instituted the reign of terror at the Solito Ranch. For a few weeks McGuire blustered and boasted and swaggered before the cow-punchers who rode in for miles around to see this latest importation of Raidler's. He was an absolutely new experience to them. He explained to them all the intricate points of sparring and the tricks of training and defence. He opened to their minds' view all the indecorous life of a tagger after professional sports. His jargon of slang was a continuous joy and surprise to them. His gestures, his strange poses, his frank ribaldry of tongue and principle fascinated them. He was like a being from a new world.

所里托牧場的恐怖統治就這麼開始。好幾個星期，牧場周圍數哩的牛仔來看老雷最近帶來的這個，馬拐兒是大聲小聲吹牛皮，有的沒的蓋得天花亂墜。他們從來沒看過像馬拐兒這樣的人。他跟他們解釋所有對打的精細技巧，訓練和自衛的一些點子。他把職業運動追逐者不起眼的生涯展現給他們，讓他們大開眼界。所用的專業術語和特別用語，一個接一個，蓋得他們醍醐灌頂。他的動作，奇特的姿態，口無遮攔的粗野和行爲原則的放肆，嚇得他們一個個吐舌頭。他好比是從另一個世界來的。

Strange to say, this new world he had entered did not exist to him. He was an utter egoist of bricks and mortar. He had dropped out, he felt, in open space for a time, and all it contained was an audience for his reminiscences. Neither the limitless freedom of the prairie days nor the grand hush of the close-drawn, spangled nights touched him. All the hues of Aurora could not win him from the pink pages of a sporting journal. 'Get something for nothing,' was his mission in life; 'T'irty-seventh' Street was his goal.

說也奇怪，他所進到的這個新世界對他來講並不存在。他是城市磚頭和水泥所產生道道地地的自我主義者。他感覺到自己是一時出到太空裏，其中所包括的除了往日的回憶，空無所有一樣。大草原自由自在的白天，或者寧靜布幔般滿天星斗的夜晚，對他都不起作用。儘管晨曦之神使盡混身解術，大放異彩，他也不眷顧，只管看他的運動雜誌粉色的張頁。[只占便宜不吃虧]是他的使命；[三十七街]是他的目標。

Nearly two months after his arrival he began to complain that he felt worse. It was then that he became the ranch's incubus, its harpy, its Old Man of the Sea. He shut himself in his room like some venomous kobold or flibbertigibbet, whining, complaining, cursing, accusing. The keynote of his plaint was that he had been inveigled into a gehenna against his will; that he was dying of neglect and lack of comforts. With all his dire protestations of increasing illness, to the eye of

others he remained unchanged. His currant-like eyes were as bright and diabolic as ever; his voice was as rasping; his callous face, with the skin drawn tense as a drum-head, had no flesh to lose. A flush on his prominent cheek bones each afternoon hinted that a clinical thermometer might have revealed a symptom, and percussion might have established the fact that McGuire was breathing with only one lung, but his appearance remained the same.

大約在他來了兩個月之後，他開始抱怨他感覺更糟糕。這時候，他開始變成牧場的妖精，怪物，和海裏的老人。他把自己關在房間裏，像個壞心眼的精靈或者吱喳不停的呆痴一樣，不斷地牢騷，抱怨，詛咒，和指責。他所抱怨的要點是說他被逼著來到這個地獄；他快死了，因為沒人管他，沒人安慰他。儘管他這麼沒命地罵，說他病得更重，他看起來還是好好的。桂圓般的眼睛又亮又狠；說話聲音依然沙啞；疤痕滿滿的臉，皮拉得像鼓皮一樣，一點沒瘦掉一兩肉。他的頰骨每天下午會紅，假如有一枝醫院用的溫度計的話，可能會察覺他的病兆，只要敲一敲，就可能發現馬拐兒只用一隻肺在呼吸；但是他的形容依然無恙。

In constant attendance upon him was Ylario, whom the coming reward of the mayordomship must have greatly stimulated, for McGuire chained him to a bitter existence. The air -- the man's only chance for life -- he commanded to be kept out by closed windows and drawn curtains. The room was always blue and foul with cigarette smoke; whosoever entered it must sit, suffocating, and listen to the imp's interminable gasconade concerning his scandalous career.

雅里一直陪伴他，對他來講，總管這個獎賞必定有莫大的激勵，因為馬拐兒把他苦哈哈地抓得牢牢的。空氣--這個人唯一的生機--由於他的命令關閉所有窗戶和帘子，被死死地隔絕在外。房間裏為菸薰得又陰又臭，不管誰進到這房間裏，總要窒息地坐在那裏，忍受這個狗屁鬼講不完有關他以前可恥事業的胡言亂蓋。

The oddest thing of all was the relation existing between McGuire and his benefactor. The attitude of the invalid toward the cattleman was something like that of a peevish, perverse child toward an indulgent parent. When Raidler would leave the ranch McGuire would fall into a fit of malevolent, silent sullenness. When he returned, he would be met by a string of violent and stinging reproaches. Raidler's attitude toward his charge was quite inexplicable in its way. The cattleman seemed actually to assume and feel the charge assigned him by McGuire's intemperate accusations -- the character of tyrant and guilty oppressor. He seemed to have adopted the responsibility of the fellow's condition, and he always met his tirades with a pacific, patient, and even remorseful kindness that never altered.

最奇怪的是馬拐兒和老雷的關係。這個病人對這個牛人的態度有如一個調皮搗蛋的小孩和一個放縱的父親一樣。老雷有事離開牧場，馬拐兒馬上像發甚麼脾氣一樣靜悄悄地。老雷一回來嘛，又馬上讓他給臭罵一頓。老雷自己對他的被照顧者的態度也是自成一格，令人難解。馬拐兒這麼放肆地控告他，老雷似乎真的認為他應該為所控告的罪名負責--說他是一個暴君和罪惡的壓制者。他好像把病人的身體狀況當成了自己的責任，馬拐兒怎麼樣無情地漫罵，老雷總是和氣，耐心，而懷帶著歉疚的善心來對待他，從無異色。

One day Raidler said to him 'Try more air, son. You can have the buckboard and a driver every day if you'll go. Try a week or two in one of the cow camps. I'll fix you up plum comfortable. The ground, and the air next to it -- them's the things to cure you. I knowed a man from Philadelphia, sicker than you are, got lost on the Guadalupe, and slept on the bare grass in sheep camps for two weeks. Well, sir, it started him getting well, which he done. Close to the ground -- that's where the medicine in the air stays. Try a little hossback riding now. There's a gentle pony -

有一天，老雷跟他說，[試點新鮮空氣，小子。假如你要的話，每天都可以有一部馬車和一個人替你趕車。到牧牛營去試住一兩星期。我會安排得讓你舒舒服服的。大地，和接近大地的空氣--它們才是能醫治你的東西。我認識一個費城人，他比你病得還重，有一天迷失在瓜達鹿山區，在牧羊場的草地上睡了兩星期，結果開始復元，先生，後來真的好了。接近大地，那是空氣裏的藥物凝聚的地方。試著騎騎馬。有一匹好脾氣的小馬--]

'What've I done to yer?' screamed McGure. 'Did I ever double-cross yer? Did I ask you to bring me here? Drive me out to your camps if you want; or stick a knife in me and save trouble. Ride! I can't lift my feet. I couldn't sidestep a jar from a five-year-old kid. That's what your d--d ranch has done for me. There's nothing to eat, nothing to see, and nobody to talk to but a lot of Reubens who don't know a punching bag from lobster salad.'

[我難道把你怎麼樣了嗎?]馬拐兒尖叫。[我曾經欺騙過你嗎?我叫你帶我來這裏嗎?你要的話就把我載到牧牛營去;要不然拿把刀子插我一刀了事。騎馬!我連腳都抬不起來。一個五歲的小孩要拐我一跤我都躲不了。我都是你--屁牧場害的。沒東西吃，沒東西看，沒人講話。來跟我講話的都是些個儒畚，他們看到拳袋都要當成龍蝦沙拉來吃。]

'It's a lonesome place, for certain,' apologized Raidler abashedly. 'We got plenty, but it's rough enough. Anything you think of you want, the boys'll ride up and fetch it down for you.'

[這裏確實是個寂寞的地方，]老雷不好意思地道歉。[我們東西很多，但是還是夠噲的。你想要甚麼，這些人會騎馬去替你拿來。]

It was Chad Murchison, a cow-puncher from the Circle Bar outfit, who first suggested that McGuire's illness was fraudulent. Chad had brought a basket of grapes for him thirty-miles, and four out of his way, tied to his saddle-horn. After remaining in the smoke-tainted room for a while, he emerged and bluntly confided his suspicions to Raidler.

是穆查德首先提出馬拐兒的病是裝出來的。他是圓圈一槓牧牛營的牛仔子。查德騎了三十哩路，其中四哩是爲了給馬拐兒送葡萄多走的。一籃葡萄綁在馬鞍上，巴巴地給他送來。在菸霧瀰漫的房間待了一會，他出了來，直率地向老雷表明他的猜疑。

'His arm,' said Chad, 'is harder'n a diamond. He interduced me to what he called a shore-perplexus punch, and 'twas like being kicked twice by a mustang. He's payin' it low down on you, Curt. He ain't no sicker'n I am. I hate to say it, but the runt's workin' you for range and

shelter.’

[他的手臂，]查德說，[比鑽石還硬。他跟我示範了他號稱的捲地旋風拳，好像吃野馬蹄了兩蹄子一樣。克，他是在跟你耍點子。他比起我一點不病，我不願這麼說，但是，這胎尾子是在誑吃誑住。]

The cattleman’s ingenuous mind refused to entertain Chad’s view of the case, and when, later, he came to apply the test, doubt entered not into his motives.

牛人拒絕這麼想，而且，他後來這麼試了試之後，更是不懷疑心。

One day, about noon, two men drove up the ranch, alighted, hitched, and came in to dinner; standing and general invitations being the custom of the country. One of them was a great San Antonio doctor, whose costly services had been engaged by a wealthy cowman who had been laid low by an accidental bullet. He was now being driven to the station to take the train back to town. After dinner Raidler took him aside, pushed a twenty-dollar bill against his hand, and said:

有一天，大約是中午時分，有兩個人騎馬到牧場來，下了馬，把馬拴好，進到場房來吃中飯，因為這地方的習俗，恆常好客而不分親疏。其中有一個是聖安東尼的名醫，因為一個富有的牛人誤中子彈而臥病在床，請他來醫治。現在，人家送他回車站，準備搭車返回城裏。午飯過後，老雷把他拉到一邊，硬塞了一張二十塊的鈔票到他手裏。這麼說道：

‘Doc, there’s a young chap in that room I guess has got a bad case of consumption. I’d like for you to look him over and see just how had he is, and if we can do anything for him.’

[醫師，那個房間裏面有個年輕人，我想他患了嚴重的癆病。我想請你診視診視他到底有多嚴重，看看我們能替他做甚麼。]

‘How much was that dinner I just ate, Mr. Raidler?’ said the doctor bluffly, looking over his spectacles. Raidler returned the money to his pocket. The doctor immediately entered McGuire’s room, and the cattleman seated himself upon a heap of saddles on the gallery, ready to reproach himself in the event the verdict should be unfavorable.

[我剛剛吃的中飯要多少錢，雷先生？]醫生直爽地說，一面偏著頭由眼鏡上頭往上看。老雷一聽，把鈔票放回口袋。醫師馬上進入馬拐兒房間。牛人坐在一堆馬鞍上，準備好萬一消習不好，馬上要自責的樣子。

In ten minutes the doctor came briskly out. ‘Your man,’ he said promptly, ‘is as sound as a new dollar. Chest expansion four inches. Not a sign of weakness anywhere. Of course I didn’t examine for the bacillus, but it isn’t there. You can put my name to the diagnosis. Even cigarettes and a vilely close room haven’t hurt him. Coughs, does he? Well, you tell him it isn’t necessary. You asked if there is anything we could do for him. Well, I advise you to set him digging post-holes or breaking mustangs. There’s our team ready. Good-day, sir.’ And like a puff of wholesome,

blustery wind the doctor was off.

十分鐘過後，醫師很快就出來了。[你的人，]他隨即說，[跟一張嶄新的鈔票一樣硬朗。胸擴張四吋。完全沒有病弱跡象。當然，我沒檢查病菌，但是我可以跟你說沒有。我敢保證我的診斷。香菸和緊閉的房間並未傷害到他。你說他咳嗽，是嗎？告訴他，可以不必。你問我可以爲他做甚麼。這個，讓我建議你，派他去挖埋籬笆柱子的洞，或者派他去馴服野馬最恰當。我們的馬車好了，再見，先生。]醫生好像一股呼嘯的強風般一溜煙就走掉了。

Raidler reached out and plucked a leaf from a mesquite bush by the railing, and began chewing it thoughtfully.

老雷順手拔了一張欄杆旁邊的美士凱葉子，邊咬邊想。

The branding season was at hand, and the next morning Ross Hargis, foreman of the outfit, was mustering his force of some twenty-five men at the ranch, ready to start for the San Carlos range, where the work was to begin. By six o'clock the horses were all saddled, the grub wagon ready, and the cow-punchers were swinging themselves upon their mounts, when Raidler bade them wait. A boy was bringing up an extra pony, bridled and saddled, to the gate. Raidler walked to McGuire's room and threw open the door. McGuire was lying on his cot, not yet dressed, smoking.

那是正當烙牛的季節，隔天早上，烙牛營的領班夏羅斯集合牧場大約二十五個人，準備出發到聖卡羅營地去開始工作。六點不到，馬匹都上了鞍，廚房車也備便停當，牛仔們一個一個滾鞍上馬。這時候，老雷請他們稍待。小孩領了額外的一匹馬到門口，上了鞍，戴了轡環。老雷走到馬拐兒房間，一把推開門。馬拐兒躺在床上抽菸，還沒有穿著。

'Get up and dress. I can stand a rattlesnake, but I hate a liar. Do I have to tell you again?' He caught McGuire by the neck and stood him on the floor.

[起來穿衣服。我能容忍一條響尾蛇，可是我恨一個騙子。還用得著我跟你說第二次嗎？]他一把抓起馬拐兒脖子，把他放直在地板上。

'Say, friend,' cried McGuire wildly, 'are you bug-house? I'm sick -- see? I'll croak if I got to hustle. What've I done to yer?' he began his chronic whine -- 'I never asked yer to--'

[這是怎麼回事，朋友，]馬拐兒大叫，[你們是甚麼神經病院？我病了--你看？我要拼命的话就會哇哇叫。我把你怎麼了？]他又開始他的習常抱怨--[我不曾求你--]

'Put on your clothes,' called Raidler, in a rising tone.

[把衣服穿上，]老雷像雷公一樣大聲起來。

Swearing, stumbling, shivering, keeping his amazed, shiny eyes upon the now menacing form of the aroused cattleman, McGuire managed to tumble into his clothes. Then Raidler took him by the collar and shoved him out and across the yard to the extra pony hitched at the gate. The cow-punchers lolled in their saddles, open-mouthed.

一邊數罵著髒話，一邊又蹦蹦跳跳急忙穿不上褲子，一邊又發著抖，馬拐兒把他吃驚又發亮的眼睛瞪得大大地看著這位現在發作了的牛人，最後終於把衣服穿好。老雷把他從衣領子一把抓住，從房間推出來，然後跨過院子，一直到那匹多出來拴在牧場門口的馬。牧場的牛仔們一個個看得在馬鞍上跟著打轉，目瞪口呆。

‘Take this man,’ said Raidler to Ross Hargis, ‘and put him to work. Make him work hard, sleep hard, and eat hard. You boys know I done what I could for him, and he was welcome. Yesterday the best doctor in San Antone examine him, and says he’s got the lungs of a burro and the constitution of a steer. You know what to do with him, Ross.’

[領這個人，]老雷跟夏羅斯講，[去做工。要他努力工作，努力睡，努力吃。你們都知道我是怎麼對待他的，他一直受歡迎。一直到昨天，聖安東尼最好的醫生檢查他的身體，說他的肺和驢一樣壯，結實的像隻公牛。羅斯，你知道怎麼處理他。]

Ross Hargis only smiled grimly.

夏羅斯只是灰著臉笑了笑。

‘Aw,’ said McGuire, looking intently at Raidler, with a peculiar expression upon his face, ‘the croaker said I was all right, did he? Said I was fakin’, did he? You put him onto me. You t’ought I wasn’t sick. You said I was a liar. Say, friend, I talked rough, I know, but I didn’t mean most of it. If you felt like I did -- aw! I forgot -- I ain’t sick, the croaker says. Well, friend, now I’ll go work for yer. Here’s where you play even.’

[喔，]馬拐兒說，眼睛直直地瞪著老雷，臉上表情有點特殊，[蒙古說我沒事，是嗎？他說我在裝，是嗎？你信了他的話。你認為我沒病。你說我是騙子。慢著，朋友，我講話狂妄，我知道，可是我多半不是當真。假如你感覺跟我一樣--喔！我忘了--我沒病，蒙古說的。好吧，朋友，我去為你做工。你這下可扯平了。]

He sprang into the saddle easily as a bird, got the quirt from the horn, and gave his pony a slash with it. ‘Cricket,’ who once brought in Good Boy by a neck at Hawthorne -- and a 10 to 1 shot -- had his foot in the stirrups again.

他輕快地跳上馬鞍，像隻小鳥一樣，從馬鞍頭上拿起馬鞭，給那匹馬刷了一鞭。[蟋蟀，]就是曾經在霍桑騎好男生以一個馬脖子的距離贏十比一彩頭奪冠的，久違之後再度上馬蹬。

McGuire led the cavalcade as they dashed away from Solito, and the cow-punchers gave a yell of

applause as they closed in behind his dust.

馬拐兒領著這團騎兵衝出所里拖牧場，牧童們一陣高聲歡呼，然後紛紛緊跟著他馳去。

But in less than a mile he had lagged to the rear, and was last man when they struck the patch of high chaparral below the horse pens. Behind a clump of this he drew rein, and held a handkerchief to his mouth. He took it away drenched with bright, arterial blood, and threw it carefully into a clump of prickly pear. Then he slashed with his quirt again, gasped 'G'wan' to his astonished pony, and galloped after the gang.

可是呢，還不到一哩，他就落到陣尾，眾人紛紛到達馬圈腳下的一片莢芭樂樹林子的時候，他是最候一個抵達的。他駐馬在一叢樹後面拿手巾搗住嘴。之後，把沾滿鮮血的手巾小心地丟在仙人掌叢裏面。拿起馬鞭刷了坐騎一鞭，抽著氣說聲[走吧]，馬兒吃了一驚，緊隨人眾而去。

That night Raidler received a message from his old home in Alabama. There had been a death in the family; an estate was to divide, and they called for him to come. Daylight found him in the buckboard, skimming the prairies for the station. It was two months before he returned. When he arrived at the ranch-house he found it well-nigh deserted save for Ylario, who acted as a kind of steward during his absence. Little by little the youth made him acquainted with the work done while he was away. The branding camp, he was informed, was still doing business. On account of many severe storms the cattle had been badly scattered, and the branding had been accomplished but slowly. The camp was now in the valley of the Guadalupe, twenty miles away.

當晚，老雷接到一封阿拉巴馬老家來的電報。說是有個家人過世，有家產要分，所以要他去。隔天一清早，他就駕起平板馬車，游著碧綠的草原往車站而去。他回來的時候，已經是兩個月之後的事。到達場房時，除了雅里之外，幾乎沒有人影。他不在的時候，雅里好比是管家一樣。雅里一點一點地把他不在的時候所發生的事情講給他聽。烙牛營還繼續進行。因為几場暴風雨的關係，牛隻四處分散，烙牛的事逐漸完成，只是很費時。營地在二十哩外的瓜達鹿山谷。

'By the way,' said Raidler, suddenly remembering, 'that fellow I sent along with them -- McGuire -- is he working yet?'

[嗯，對了，]老雷忽然想起來，[那個我送給他們一起去的--馬拐兒--他還在工作嗎？]

'I do not know,' said Ylario. 'Man's from the camp come verree few times to the ranch. So plentee work with the leettle calves. They no say. Oh, I think that fellow McGuire he dead much time ago.'

[我不知道，]雅里說。[營地很少有人到牧場來。要給小牛做的事情很多。他們沒說。哦，我想馬拐兒那個傢伙早就死了。]

‘Dead!’ said Raidler. ‘What you talking about?’

[死了！]老雷說。[你在說甚麼？]

‘Verree sick fellow, McGuire,’ replied Ylario, with a shrug of his shoulder. ‘I theenk he no live, one, two month when he go away.’

[馬拐兒，病得很重的傢伙，]雅里回答，一面聳肩膀。[他走的時候，我想他活不過一，兩個月。]

‘Shucks!’ said Raidler. ‘He humbugged you too, did he? The doctor examined him and said he was sound as a mesquite knot.’

[見鬼！]老雷說。[他把你也騙了，不是嗎？醫生檢查他，說他和一橐樹瘤一般硬朗。]

‘The doctor,’ said Ylario, smiling, ‘he tell you so? That doctor no see McGuire.’

[醫生跟你這麼說？]雅里笑著說，[那個醫生沒有檢查馬拐兒。]

‘Talk up,’ ordered Raidler. ‘What the devil do you mean?’

[給我好好講，]老雷命令他。[你到底在說甚麼鬼？]

‘McGuire,’ continued the boy tranquilly, ‘he getting drink water outside when that doctor come in room. That doctor take me and pound me all over here with his fingers’ -- putting his hand to his chest -- ‘I not know for what. He put his ear here and here and here, and listen -- I not know for what. He put his little glass stick in my mouth. He feel my arm here. He make me count like whisper -- so -- twenty, trienta, cuarenta. Who knows,’ concluded Ylario, with a deprecating spread of his hands, ‘for what that doctor do those verree droll and such-like things?’

[馬拐兒，]小孩沉著地說下去，[醫生來的時候他在外面喝水。醫生抓住我，一直用手指頭敲我這個地方，]--他把手放在胸前--[我不知道在幹甚麼。他把耳朵放在這裏聽，還有這裏，還有這裏--我不知道幹甚麼。他把一小根玻璃放在我嘴巴裏。他摸我的手這裏。要我數好像講悄悄話一樣--這樣--二十，三十，四十。誰知道，]雅里說完，莫名其妙地攤開兩手，[那個醫生到底為甚麼做這些奇奇怪怪的事情？]

‘What horses are up?’ asked Raidler, shortly.

[那些馬是準備要騎的？]老雷即刻說。

‘Paisano is grazing out behind the little corral, senior.’

[排山奴在馬欄後面吃草，先生。]



‘Saddle him for me at once.’

[快替我給他上鞍。]

Within a very few minutes the cattleman was mounted and away. Paisano, well named after that ungainly but swift-running bird, struck into his long lope that ate up the road like a strip of macaroni. In two hours and a quarter Raidler, from a gentle swell, saw the branding camp by a water hole in the Guadalupe. Sick with expectancy of the news he feared, he rode up, dismounted, and dropped Paisano’s reins. So gentle was his heart that at that moment he would have pleaded guilty to the murder of McGuire.

只稍几分鐘，牛人騎馬奔馳而去。排山奴這名子取得很恰當，用這種看起來不怎麼起眼，跑起來很快的鳥的名子，邁開大步跑起路來就如同吃通心麵條一樣爽利。兩個鐘頭又一刻鐘之後，老雷由一個坡度緩和的山丘看到烙牛營扎在瓜達鹿山谷的一處水塘旁邊。害怕所害怕的事情會發生，他懷著鬼胎，騎向營地，下了馬，把韁繩放了。他當時仁慈得簡直真的要為謀殺馬拐兒認罪。

The only being in the camp was the cook, who was just arranging the hunks of barbecued beef, and distributing the tin coffee cups for supper. Raidler evaded a direct question concerning the one subject in his mind.

營地裏只有廚子在，他正在為烤好的牛肉切塊，擺出晚餐用的錫鐵罐咖啡杯。老雷並沒有直截了當地問他心中所想問的事。

‘Everything all right in camp, Pete?’ he managed to inquire.

[營裏一切都好嗎，皮？]他終於問道。

‘So, so,’ said Pete, conservatively. ‘Grub give out twice. Wind scattered the cattle, and we’ve had to rake the brush for forty mile. I need a new coffee pot. And the mosquitoes is some more hellish than common.’

[還可以，]皮保守地說。[一天供應兩餐飯。暴風把牛隻趕散了，我們得細細扒遍四十哩的草原來找牠們。我需要一支新咖啡壺。蚊子嘛，是比往常厲害些。]

‘The boys -- all well?’

[孩兒們--都好嗎？]

Pete was no optimist. Besides, inquiries concerning the health of cowpunchers were not only superfluous, but bordered on flaccidity. It was not like the boss to make them.

皮不是個很樂觀的。而且，問牛仔子身體好不好，不但是多餘，簡直有點娘娘腔。老闆們

通常不問這個。

‘What’s left of ‘em don’t miss no calls to grub,’ the cook conceded.

[還剩下的都按時吃飯，]廚子承認。

‘What’s left of them?’ repeated Raidler in a husky voice. Mechanically he began to look around for McGuire’s grave. He had in his mind a white slab such as he had seen in the Alabama churchyard. But immediately he knew that was foolish.

[剩下的?]老雷嚇沙了嗓子說。他不由自主地開始四下看，有沒有馬拐兒的墳墓。心眼裏呈現的是阿拉巴馬教堂後面的一張白石板。可是他很快就打消這個傻念頭。

‘Sure,’ said Pete; ‘what’s left. Cow camps change in two months. Some’s gone.’

[當然，]皮說；[剩下的。烙牛營兩個月裏會變。有人不在了。]

Raidler nerved himself.

老雷鼓起勇氣。

‘That -- chap -- I sent along -- McGuire -- did -- he --’

[那個--傢伙--我叫一起來的--馬拐兒--他--在--]

‘Say,’ interrupted Pete, rising with a chunk of corn bread in each hand, ‘that was a dirty shame, sending that poor, sick kid to a cow camp. A doctor that couldn’t tell he was graveyard meat ought to be skinned with a cinch buckle. Game as he was, too -- it’s a scandal among snakes -- lemme tell you what he done. First night in camp the boys started to initiate him in the leather breeches degree. Ross Hargis busted him one swipe with his chaparreras, and what do you reckon the poor child did? Got up, the little skeeter, and licked Ross. Licked Ross Hargis. Licked him good. Hit him plenty and everywhere and hard. Ross’d just get up and pick out a fresh place to lay down on agin.

[噯，]皮不等他說完，一邊站起來，兩手各拿了一塊玉米麵包，[把那個可憐又生病的小子送來烙牛營真是罪過。一個看不出來他快死了的醫生應該拿個皮帶環好好剝他的皮才是。哇，他打起架也真厲害--比蛇還詭詐--我告訴你他怎麼了。到營的第一天晚上，孩兒們就拿最狠的手法挑撥他。夏羅斯拿馬鞭子刷了他一鞭，你猜那小子怎麼？那個小不點的蚊子，整夏羅斯。整得好慘。遍頭遍尾地打，拳頭又重。打得夏羅斯沒有地縫可以鑽，只得檢了另一個地方躺下。

‘Then that McGuire goes off there and lays down with his head in the grass and bleeds. A hem’ridge they calls it. He lays there eighteen hours by the watch, and they can’t budge him. Then

Ross Hargis, who loves any man who can lick him, goes to work and damns the doctors from Greenland to Poland Chiny; and him and Green Branch Johnson they gets McGuire in a tent, and spells each other feedin' him chopped raw meat and whisky.

[然後那個馬拐兒走出去，趴在草地上流血。他們說是內出血。他趴在那裏整整十八個鐘頭，沒有人動得了他。然後，夏羅斯，任何整得了他的人他都喜歡，開始照顧他，把全世界的醫生痛罵了一頓。他和綠枝強生兩個把他抬到帳篷裏，輪流喂他生牛肉塊和威士忌。

'But it looks like the kid ain't got no appetite to git well, for they misses him from the tent in the night and finds him rootin' in the grass, and likewise a drizzle fallin'. "Gwan," he says, "lemme go and die like I want. He said I was a liar and a fake and I was playin' sick. Lemme alone."

[可是，這小子好像不想好的樣子，那天晚上他們在帳篷找不到他，發現他五體投地趴在草地裏，天下著雨。<走開，>他說，<讓我自己去死吧，我就想這麼樣。他說我是騙子，在裝病。讓我去吧。>

'Two weeks,' went on the cook, 'he laid around, not noticin' nobody, and then --'

[兩個星期，]廚子繼續說，[他就那麼躺著，不省人事，然後呢--]

A sudden thunder filled the air, and a score of galloping centaurs crashed through the brush into camp.

一陣晴天霹靂，十几個人首馬身的影子衝出矮樹叢進到營裏。

'Illustrious rattlesankes!' exclaimed Pete, springing all ways at once: 'here's the boys come, and I'm an assassinated man if supper ain't ready in three minutes.'

[要老命的響尾蛇!]皮驚叫道，突然間手忙腳亂起來：[孩兒們來了，晚飯三分鐘內不準備好，我只有死路一條。]

But Raider saw only one thing. A little brown-face, grinning chap, springing from his saddle in the full light of the fire. McGuire was not like that, and yet --

可是呢，老雷只看到一個東西。映著營火，一個棕色臉，笑咪咪的家伙從馬鞍上跳下來。馬拐兒不像這個樣，可是--

In another instant the cattleman was holding him by the hand and shoulder.

頃刻間，牛人一手跟他握手，一手抱他肩膀。

'Son, son, how goes it?' was all he found to say.

[孩兒，孩兒，怎麼樣？]他只這麼說。

‘Close to the ground, says you,’ shouted McGuire, crunching Raidler’s fingers in a grip of steel; ‘and dat’s where I found it -- healt’ and strengt’, and tumbled to what a cheap skate I been actin’. T’anks fer kickin’ me out, old man. And -- say! de joke on dat croaker, ain’t it? I looked t’rough the window and see him playin’ tag on dat Dago kid’s solar plexus.’

[接近大地，你說的，]馬拐兒大聲說，鐵鉗般的手掌几乎要壓碎老雷的指頭，[我就是在那裏找到的--健康和力量，我落魄得那麼卑賤鬼一樣。謝謝你把我踢出來，老頭。還有--對了！那個蒙古鬧的笑話，不是嗎？我從窗子外面看到他在房間裏抓著那個小老墨的心窩玩家酒。]

‘You son of a tinker,’ growled the cattleman, ‘whyn’t you talk up and say the doctor never examined you?’

[你這個補破爛的雜種，]牛人吼道，[你為甚麼不好好講醫生沒有看你？]

‘Aw -- g’wan!’ said McGuire, with a flash of his old asperity, ‘no-body can’t bluff me. You never ast me. You made your spiel, and you t’rowed me out, and I let it go at dat. And, say, friend, dis chasin’ cows is outer sight. Dis is de whitest bunch of sports I ever travelled with. You’ll let me stay, won’t you, old man?’

[啊！算了吧！]馬拐兒說，有點回到往日的尖苛，[沒有人能嚇唬我。你又沒問我。你說了我，把我甩出來，我也就算了。還有，這個，朋友，這樣子追牛趕馬真正是爽利。這些人是我一起過最正典的一群。你會讓我留下來吧，老頭？]

Raidler looked wonderingly toward Ross Hargis.

老雷眼睛溜向夏羅斯。

‘That cussed little runt,’ remarked Ross tenderly, ‘is the Jo-dartin’est hustler -- and the hardest hitter in anybody’s cow camp.’

[那個該死的小胎尾子，]羅斯和氣地說，[是德州最拼命的拼命三郎--和最要命的鐵拳頭，打著燈籠也找不到的。]