

19. THE SPHINX APPLE¹

【十九】司謎蘋果

Twenty miles out from Paradise, and fifteen miles short of Sunrise City, Bildad Rose, the stage-driver, stopped his team. A furious snow had been falling all day. Eight inches it measured now, on a level. The remainder of the road was not without peril in daylight, creeping along the ribs of a bijou range of ragged mountains. Now, when both snow and night masked its dangers, further travel was not to be thought of, said Bildad Rose. So he pulled up his four stout horses, and delivered to his five passengers oral deductions of his wisdom.

離開天堂鎮二十哩，還有十五哩才到日出市，駕載客馬車的羅必達把馬車停下。暴風雪鬧了整天。在平地都已經八吋深了。再往前的路連白天也有危險，走在崎嶇的山嶺之間彎曲河道肩頭的山脊上。此刻，雪也深了，天也黑了，哪一處危險更是無從看起，所以嘛，不能再往前走了，羅必達這麼想。他拉停那四匹壯健的馬，然後跟他的五位乘客解釋他的決定。

Judge Menefee, to whom men granted leadership and the initiatory as upon a silver salver, sprang from the coach at once. Four of his fellow-passengers followed, inspired by his example, ready to explore, to objugate, to resist, to submit, to proceed, according as their prime factor might be inclined to sway them. The fifth passenger, a young woman, remained in the coach.

那位被公認為領導者的孟法官，也好似公投通過的自告奮勇者，從馬車一躍而下。四位同行的乘客也依樣畫葫蘆，要來看他怎麼四處觀察，怎麼申訴，怎麼抵抗，怎麼提出申請，怎麼採取行動，反正就看演傀儡戲的怎麼演，他們就跟著怎麼做。第五位乘客是一位年輕女士，留在車上。

Bildad had halted upon the shoulder of the first mountain spur. Two rail-fences, ragged-black, hemmed the road. Fifty yards above the upper fence, showing a dark blot in the white drifts, stood a small house. Upon this house descended—or rather ascended—Judge Menefee and his cohorts with boyish whoops born of the snow and stress. They called; they pounded at window and door. At the inhospitable silence they waxed restive; they assaulted and forced the pregnable barriers, and invaded the premises.

必達停車的地方，在於第一條山脊的路肩。兩旁各有那種褪黑色，鐵軌形用來築籬笆的的鐵欄杆護著。在籬笆高的那一邊，再往上五十碼，白色雪堆之中顯露出一個黑點，有棟小屋子立在那裏。孟法官和他的狐群，不知道是往下推進還是往上進攻，飽經風雪和風雪所帶來的緊張壓力逼著他們呼嘯地一湧來到屋子面前。他們呼叫；打門敲窗子。不怎麼好客悄悄的寂靜把他們原來不安靜的神經鬧得更是靜不下來；於是嘛，乾脆就採取下一步最文明的行動：撞開可開之門，侵入可侵之境。

¹ 元宵燈謎在我們的文化裏面是一件大事。但是呢，我猜想並沒有專職的官吏終年只是在管理燈謎這件事，頂多是元宵節來到的時候，找個有文才的老兄兼任一下。在希臘羅馬的神話故事裏面，卻有一個專職管理猜謎的，但它是個妖精就是了。最出名的就是“早晨四條腿，中午兩條腿，晚上三條腿”這個謎。Sphinx 就是這個妖精的名字。你答得出來便讓你走路，它自己大叫一聲化成一團烟霧消散；答不出來的話，一口把你吃掉。埃及金字塔守塔的人首獅身就是它們的雕像。用它們來守墳真的是再適切不過了。虧他們也想得出來！本文故事裏面被雪困住的幾位旅客，就是要把故事的頭和尾，拿自己的想象力連接起來，也勉強可以算是一場猜謎大賽。

The watchers from the coach heard stumblings and shoutings from the interior of the ravaged house. Before long a light within flickered, glowed, flamed high and bright and cheerful. Then came running back through the driving flakes the exuberant explorers. More deeply pitched than the clarion—even orchestral in volume—the voice of Judge Menefee proclaimed the succour that lay in apposition with their state of travail. The one room of the house was uninhabited, he said, and bare of furniture; but it contained a great fireplace, and they had discovered an ample store of chopped wood in a lean-to at the rear. Housing and warmth against the shivering night were thus assured. For the placation of Bildad Rose there was news of a stable, not ruined beyond service, with hay in a loft, near the house.

從載客馬車這邊，留下來的兩位觀望者聽到不穩的脚步聲，好像腳踢到了什麼，又聽到大叫聲，從那棟被侵犯蹂躪的屋子裏發出來。不久，白光一閃，一亮，亮起高高的火焰，又白又亮，又鼓人士氣。之後，這些興致勃勃的探險者跑過飄揚的雪片，回到車子這邊。孟法官用古戰場上吹的號角一般的聲音——在音量上更是好比管弦樂團演奏出來的——宣佈與他們所處困境相對立的安全養護區。房子唯一的房間空著沒人住，他這麼說，也沒家俱；但是呢，卻有一個大大的壁爐，他們也從房子後面依著房子搭起來的一個斜牆一般的小空間裏面，發現充足的劈得好好的木材。這些可以保證他們晚上有地方可過，而且不會受凍。給羅必達的特別安慰是房子附近也有一處還堪使用的馬廄，上層有草料。

“Gentlemen,” cried Bildad Rose from his seat, swathed in coats and robes, “tear me down two panels of that fence, so I can drive in. That is old man Redruth’s shanty. I thought we must be nigh it. They took him to the foolish house in August.”

“紳士們，”羅必達滿身披挂著外套和袍子，他大聲地說，“從圍籬拆兩扇籬笆下來，好讓我駕馬車過去。這是芮老頭的小木屋。我也想到我們一定在這附近。他們八月裏把他帶到瘋人院去了。”

Cheerfully the four passengers sprang at the snow-capped rails. The exhorted team tugged the coach up the slant to the door of the edifice from which a mid-summer madness had ravished its proprietor. The driver and two of the passengers began to unhitch. Judge Menefee opened the door of the coach, and removed his hat.

興高采烈地，四位乘客一擁而上，去執行拆籬笆的任務。加油啊！這批人奮力地像拔河比賽一樣把馬車拉上斜坡，來到房子門前，房子的主人為仲夏的一場瘋病所殘害了。趕車的和兩位乘客開始把拉車的馬兒解開。孟法官把車門打開，拿掉帽子。

“I have to announce, Miss Garland,” said he, “the enforced suspension of our journey. The driver asserts that the risk in travelling the mountain road by night is too great even to consider. It will be necessary to remain in the shelter of this house until morning. I beg that you will feel that there is nothing to fear beyond a temporary inconvenience. I have personally inspected the house, and find that there are means to provide against the rigour of the weather, at least. You shall be made as comfortable as possible. Permit me to assist you to alight.”

“這個我必須宣佈，葛小姐，”他說，“我是說我們的旅途必須暫時中斷。駕車者估量夜間行駛在這山區太過危險，根本不值得考慮。我們必須在這棟房子裏面躲避風暴到明天早上。除了不怎麼方便之外，我必須請求妳不要感覺任何的畏懼。我本人親身檢查過這房子，發現其中的供應，至少能抵擋天氣的嚴寒。妳將被安置得盡可能的舒適。請容我幫助妳下車。”

To the Judge's side came the passenger whose pursuit in life was the placing of the Little Goliath windmill. His name was Dunwoody; but that matters not much. In travelling merely from Paradise to Sunrise City one needs little or no name. Still, one who would seek to divide honours with Judge Madison L. Menefee deserves a cognomenal peg upon which Fame may hang a wreath. Thus spake, loudly and buoyantly, the aerial miller:

法官的肩膀被另一個人擠了，這個人這輩子唯一的任務，就是安置小大力士風車。名叫董無敵；但是，此時叫什麼名字並沒有什麼關係。從天堂鎮旅行到日出市，旅客們不需要有什麼名字。此刻倒是個例外，一個有狗膽敢與孟邁迪法官平分榮耀的，值得一根懸掛美譽的小木樁子，把名譽小花圈掛在上面。這個安置空氣旋轉的手臂者大聲而且救溺者一般地快活地說：

"Guess you'll have to climb out of the ark, Mrs. McFarland. This wigwam isn't exactly the Palmer House, but it turns snow, and they won't search your grip for souvenir spoons when you leave. We've got a fire going; and we'll fix you up with dry Tilbys and keep the mice away, anyhow, all right, all right."

"看起來妳必須從諾亞方舟爬出來，麥小姐。這個印第安人大口朝下放在地上的帆布大喇叭雖然不怎麼比得上大觀樓，至少抵得住飄雪，而且呢，離開的時候也沒有人會檢查你的皮包，看妳有沒有帶錯了調羹當成紀念品。我們生起了爐火；也會好好地拿乾毯子好讓你舒舒服服地坐，也把耗子趕走，就是這麼，就是這麼。"

One of the two passengers who were struggling in a melée of horses, harness, snow, and the sarcastic injunctions of Bildad Rose, called loudly from the whirl of his volunteer duties: "Say! some of you fellows get Miss Solomon into the house, will you? Whoa, there! you confounded brute!"

那兩位掙扎著幫忙收拾馬匹，馬鞍啦，什麼的，給雪鬧成一團，再加上羅必達一邊明虧暗罵，他倆其中之一一邊忙亂，一邊大呼："你們這群家夥哪個把宋小姐帶到屋子裏，好不好？哇呀，唔！可恨的畜生！"

Again must it be gently urged that in travelling from Paradise to Sunrise City an accurate name is prodigality. When Judge Menefee— sanctioned to the act by his grey hair and widespread repute—had introduced himself to the lady passenger, she had, herself, sweetly breathed a name, in response, that the hearing of the male passengers had variously interpreted. In the not unjealous spirit of rivalry that eventuated, each clung stubbornly to his own theory. For the lady passenger to have reassembled or corrected would have seemed didactic if not unduly solicitous of a specific acquaintance. Therefore the lady passenger permitted herself to be Garlanded and McFarlanded and Solomonized with equal and discreet complacency. It is thirty-five miles from Paradise to Sunrise City. Compagnon de voyage is name enough, by the gripsack of the Wandering Jew! for so brief a journey.

再容我溫和地申明一次，對於從天堂鎮到日出市的旅行者來說，一個人的名字是多餘的。孟法官—由於他的灰色頭髮，他四方傳佈的名譽—自我介紹給這女士的時候，這女士自己也甜蜜兮兮地發放出一個名字來回答他，聽到這聲音的男旅客怎麼翻譯這個名字，倒是各異其趣。他們也不是完完全全彼此不相嫉妒，也就是爲了這個，每個人都暗自堅持自己的詮釋。但是呢，算了吧，要一位女旅客再度確定地說一次，或者要她更正自己所說的，簡直是孔老夫子說教，要不然就是給一位特別的相識者太過熱心的要求。於是乎這麼一來，這位小姐乘客就讓人稱呼為葛小姐，以及麥小姐，以及宋小姐，反正對她來說都一樣，也就那麼抿抿嘴，不當回事。從天堂鎮到日出市只

有三十五哩的車程，同行旅客就夠叫了，我們出埃及流浪的猶太人，拿個軟薄的書包袋也就這麼走了，這個算得什麼！

Soon the little party of wayfarers were happily seated in a cheerful arc before the roaring fire. The robes, cushions, and removable portions of the coach had been brought in and put to service. The lady passenger chose a place near the hearth at one end of the arc. There she graced almost a throne that her subjects had prepared. She sat upon cushions and leaned against an empty box and barrel, robe bespread, which formed a defence from the invading draughts. She extended her feet, delectably shod, to the cordial heat. She ungloved her hands, but retained about her neck her long fur boa. The unstable flames half revealed, while the warding boa half submerged, her face—a youthful face, altogether feminine, clearly moulded and calm with beauty's unchallenged confidence. Chivalry and manhood were here vying to please and comfort her. She seemed to accept their devoirs—not piquantly, as one courted and attended; nor preeningly, as many of her sex unworthily reap their honours; not yet stolidly, as the ox receives his hay; but concordantly with nature's own plan—as the lily ingests the drop of dew foreordained to its refreshment.

馬上，旅行者依著熊熊爐火圍成一個弧形坐下。袍子啦，軟墊啦，和馬車上可以拆移的部分都被拿進屋子，派上用場。那位女乘客自己挑選坐在那圓弧靠著壁爐的一個尾端。她好似坐在一個屬民替她安置的寶座上。坐在墊子上，靠著的是空箱子和空木桶子，有件袍子展開在那裏，用來抵擋入侵的氣流。直伸著雙腳，腳上穿著令人歡愉的鞋，一面讓發自壁爐的熱暖暖地烘著。她把手套脫掉，脖子依然圍著大毛蟒皮的圍兜。火光微微閃動，護著她的蟒蛇半沉，她的臉半露出來——一個年輕的臉，不折不扣女性的臉，輪廓好比雕像一般，百分之百的自信，沉著，與美麗。這麼著，男士們自告奮勇地競相取悅她，想辦法讓她高興和舒適。她看起來似乎接受這些男士們盡職的本分——但是不像被追求的女孩子那樣雀雀躍躍地；也不像一隻鴿子停在屋簷理自己的羽毛一樣，就這麼理所當然地接受追求者加上的榮耀；也不是呆呆板板地，好比牛吃草料一樣；而是遵循著一套自然的安排法則——好比百合花消化命裏安排的天賜露水一樣。

Outside the wind roared mightily, the fine snow whizzed through the cracks, the cold besieged the backs of the immolated six; but the elements did not lack a champion that night. Judge Menefee was attorney for the storm. The weather was his client, and he strove by special pleading to convince his companions in that frigid jury-box that they sojourned in a bower of roses, beset only by benignant zephyrs. He drew upon a fund of gaiety, wit, and anecdote, sophisticated, but crowned with success. His cheerfulness communicated itself irresistibly. Each one hastened to contribute his own quota toward the general optimism. Even the lady passenger was moved to expression.

屋子外面，風聲猶如大吼一般呼叫，細雪由狹縫吹進來，冷氣進攻六位用來祭神的犧牲一般被困住的旅行者的後背；然而，這天候條件之中，卻有一位優勝者。孟法官就是為風暴準備的律師。天候是請他來替它們辯護的，他也特別努力要來令現今坐在陪審團位置的同行旅客相信他們實際上坐在一處玫瑰花房裏，只是暫時由仁慈的風神姐姐們包圍住了。他百般地運用歡愉，智慧，與故事，來達成任務，有點機巧，但是大告功成。他的一團喜氣令人無法抗拒。不但如此，每一個人看他這麼努力，好比拋磚引玉，也都自告奮勇而出。甚至那個女士也被感動了，這個由她的表情可以看出來。

"I think it is quite charming," she said, in her slow, crystal tones.

“我覺得蠻迷人的，”她說，低低的音調，猶如水晶一般。

At intervals some one of the passengers would rise and humorously explore the room. There was little evidence to be collected of its habitation by old man Redruth.

每過一段時間，就有個乘客會起身，很有那麼一回事地四處查看這房間。幾乎看不出來老芮曾經住過這個地方。

Bildad Rose was called upon vivaciously for the ex-hermit's history. Now, since the stage-driver's horses were fairly comfortable and his passengers appeared to be so, peace and comity returned to him.

羅必達被他們嘻嘻哈哈地推選出來把這個屋子原來的隱居者的故事講給他們聽。目前嘛，他的幾匹馬舒舒服服的，他的乘客們也這麼著，於是乎，他原來的和平與友誼又回歸原位。

“The old didapper,” began Bildad, somewhat irreverently, “infested this here house about twenty year. He never allowed nobody to come nigh him. He'd duck his head inside and slam the door whenever a team drove along. There was spinning-wheels up in his loft, all right. He used to buy his groceries and tobacco at Sam Tilly's store, on the Little Muddy. Last August he went up there dressed in a red bedquilt, and told Sam he was King Solomon, and that the Queen of Sheba was coming to visit him. He fetched along all the money he had—a little bag full of silver—and dropped it in Sam's well. ‘She won't come,’ says old man Redruth to Sam, ‘if she knows I've got any money.’

“這隻老鷓鴣，”必達有點開玩笑開始這麼說，“住在這屋子大約二十年。從來不准任何人來到他附近。任何一輛馬車經過，他馬上鑽進屋裏面，把門砰一聲關上。半樓上是有幾架紡織機。他以前在小泥山的提山姆的小店那裏買東西和烟草。去年八月，他穿了一身紅色床單，到山姆那裏，說他是所羅門王，原來席巴女王要來拜訪他。他把所有的銀子放在一支袋子裏面也一起拿去，丟到山姆的井裏面。‘她不會來了，’老芮跟山姆說，‘假如她知道我有錢。’

“As soon as folks heard he had that sort of a theory about women and money they knowed he was crazy; so they sent down and packed him to the foolish asylum.”

“大家一聽到那一類有關女人和錢的論調，馬上知道他瘋了；於是就叫瘋人院派人來把他抓去關在那裏。”

“Was there a romance in his life that drove him to a solitary existence?” asked one of the passengers, a young man who had an Agency.

“有什麼愛情故事逼使得他後來過孤獨的生活嗎？”乘客裏面那個有個什麼房地產之類的公司的這麼說。

“No,” said Bildad, “not that I ever heard spoke of. Just ordinary trouble. They say he had had unfortunateness in the way of love derangements with a young lady when he was young; before he contracted red bed-quilts and had his financial conclusions disqualified. I never heard of no romance.”

“沒有，”必達說，“我從來沒聽說過。只是些一般性的麻煩。他們說他年輕的時候不幸對一個女孩子有過精神不正常的愛；那是在他穿紅床單，被判無權管理財產之前。我沒聽說什麼羅曼史。”

“Ah!” exclaimed Judge Menefee, impressively; “a case of unrequited affection, no doubt.”

“啊！”孟法官故作姿態地這麼嘆息；“無疑的，一檔無反饋愛情的案件。”

“No, sir,” returned Bildad, “not at all. She never married him. Marmaduke Mulligan, down at Paradise, seen a man once that come from old Redruth’s town. He said Redruth was a fine young man, but when you kicked him on the pocket all you could hear jingle was a cuff-fastener and a bunch of keys. He was engaged to this young lady—Miss Alice— something was her name; I’ve forgot. This man said she was the kind of girl you like to have reach across you in a car to pay the fare. Well, there come to the town a young chap all affluent and easy, and fixed up with buggies and mining stock and leisure time. Although she was a staked claim, Miss Alice and the new entry seemed to strike a mutual kind of a clip. They had calls and coincidences of going to the post office and such things as sometimes make a girl send back the engagement ring and other presents—‘a rift within the loot,’ the poetry man calls it.

“沒有，”必達回答，“一點都沒有。她沒有跟他結婚。天堂鎮的穆馬竇看過一位老芮家鄉來的人。這個人說，老芮年輕的時候不錯，唯一的，就是假如你踢他的口袋，聽到的只是袖口夾子和一串鎖匙叮噹作響。他和這個女士訂了婚—愛麗絲小姐—還是什麼名字；我也忘了。這個人說，她是那種一個人喜歡坐在乘客座，伸過手去付入場費那種女孩。就這麼，鎮裏來了一個小夥子，有錢，手頭又寬，有的是馬車，礦場股票，又有空閑。即使是訂了婚，愛麗絲小姐和這個新來的似乎很投契。他們呢，偶爾拜訪一下啦，正好一起去郵局啦，什麼的，足夠讓一個女孩退回訂婚戒指和其他禮物—‘贓物中的嫌隙，’詩人是這麼稱呼的。

“One day folks seen Redruth and Miss Alice standing talking at the gate. Then he lifts his hat and walks away, and that was the last anybody in that town seen of him, as far as this man knew.”

“有一天，人家看到芮先生和愛麗絲小姐在籬笆門那裏講話。然後他提起帽子作意之後就走開了，那就是鎮裏的人最後一次看到他，據這個人所說。”

“What about the young lady?” asked the young man who had an Agency.

“那個年輕女士怎麼了？”那個有個房地產之類的公司的這麼問說。

“Never heard,” answered Bildad. “Right there is where my lode of information turns to an old spavined crowbait, and folds its wings, for I’ve pumped it dry.”

“音訊全無，”必達回答。“就是在這裏，我的消息礦脈變成一匹跛腳的老馬，乾巴巴的，然後死掉。因為我已經把所有的消息表達出來，一字不剩了。”

“A very sad—” began Judge Menefee, but his remark was curtailed by a higher authority.

“一個很傷感—”孟法官開口講話，但是他的評語被一檔更高的權威所切斷了。

“What a charming story!” said the lady passenger, in flute-like tones.

“多麼迷人的故事！”那旅行的女士以笛子般音調說。

A little silence followed, except for the wind and the crackling of the fire.

寂靜了一陣，除了天上刮的風和火焰微微噼啪作響的聲音。

The men were seated upon the floor, having slightly mitigated its inhospitable surface with wraps and stray pieces of boards. The man who was placing Little Goliath windmills arose and walked about to ease his cramped muscles.

男士們坐在地板上，地板上稍微鋪著些包東西的布啦什麼的和一些零散的木板，使得地板不那麼硬邦邦的難坐。那個替人安裝小大力士風車的站起來，四處走了一回，舒活一下筋骨。

Suddenly a triumphant shout came from him. He hurried back from a dusky corner of the room, bearing aloft something in his hand. It was an apple—a large, red-mottled, firm pippin, pleasing to behold. In a paper bag on a high shelf in that corner he had found it. It could have been no relic of the lovewrecked Redruth, for its glorious soundness repudiated the theory that it had lain on that musty shelf since August. No doubt some recent bivouackers, lunching in the deserted house, had left it there.

突然，他大叫一聲，戰勝了什麼似的。他快快從那個昏黑的角落回到這邊來，舉得高高的手拿著什麼東西。是個蘋果—大，摻雜紅色，大蘋蘋種，果肉堅實，相當好看。他是在那個角落一個高高架子上放的一支紙袋子裏面找到的。不可能是失戀的老芮留下來的，因為它看起來很好，容光煥發地，不可能從八月起就擺在那個架子上的。無疑地，最近有人在這空屋裏野營，吃過飯後把它留下來。

Dunwoody—again his exploits demand for him the honours of nomenclature—flaunted his apple in the faces of his fellow-marooners. “See what I found, Mrs. McFarland!” he cried, vaingloriously. He held the apple high up in the light of the fire, where it glowed a still richer red. The lady passenger smiled calmly—always calmly.

董無敵—他的戰利品贏得他以名字稱呼的榮譽—把蘋果展示在其他放逐者面前。“看我找到了什麼，麥小姐！”他自負地大聲說，

“What a charming apple!” she murmured, clearly.

“多麼迷人的個蘋果！”她喃喃而清楚地說。

For a brief space Judge Menefee felt crushed, humiliated, relegated. Second place galled him. Why had this blatant, obtrusive, unpolished man of windmills been selected by Fate instead of himself to discover the sensational apple? He could have made of the act a scene, a function, a setting for some impromptu, fanciful discourse or piece of comedy—and have retained the role of cynosure. Actually, the lady passenger was regarding this ridiculous Dunboddy or Woodbundy with an admiring smile, as if the fellow had performed a feat! And the windmill man swelled and gyrated like a sample of his own goods, puffed up with the wind that ever blows from the chorus land toward the domain of the star.

這短暫的瞬間，孟法官覺得被擊敗，被羞辱，被貶低。排在第一名的屁股後面，最令他惱怒。命運怎麼會選擇這個胡說八道，莽莽撞撞，一點不斯文的風車人來發現這個出風頭的蘋果的呢？而偏不是他呢？假如是他的話，他能把這行動變成一場景象，一個機能，一個即席演出的佈置，或者一場多彩多姿的對話，甚至一齣戲劇—來保持他眾目所矚目的崇高地位。是真的呢，這女士還真的跟這位董無敵或者吳盆底什麼的微微一笑呢，好比這家夥成就了一場功績似的！那位風車人，聽那女士一說，也真的掄起手臂旋轉，好似他賣的商品標本一般，被日本山歌和吹來的風一吹，吹向星星的領域。

While the transported Dunwoody, with his Aladdin's apple, was receiving the fickle attentions of all, the resourceful jurist formed a plan to recover his own laurels.

那位董無敵手裏拿著蘋果隨風颺送的時候，在場也跟著注意他，同時，狡計多端的裁判者內心端詳著，看要怎麼做來奪回他榮耀。

With his courtliest smile upon his heavy but classic features, Judge Menefee advanced, and took the apple, as if to examine it, from the hand of Dunwoody. In his hand it became Exhibit A.

孟法官的體型重而古典，他堆滿殷勤的微笑，走向前，從董無敵的手裏拿過蘋果，好比要審視它一般。一到他手裏，那支蘋果馬上變成了證物甲。

"A fine apple," he said, approvingly. "Really, my dear Mr. Dudwindy, you have eclipsed all of us as a forager. But I have an idea. This apple shall become an emblem, a token, a symbol, a prize bestowed by the mind and heart of beauty upon the most deserving."

"一支不錯的蘋果，"他說，點點頭。"不是蓋的，我的親愛董風笛先生，就一個強奪者來所，你把我們都比下來了。我倒是有個主意。這支蘋果將變成一個表記，一個象徵，一個標記，一個獎品，由美這件事的心與思，來加於最值得的人身上。"

The audience, except one, applauded. "Good on the stump, ain't he?" commented the passenger who was nobody in particular to the young man who had an Agency.

所有在場除了一個人之外都拍手叫好。"演講臺演技不差嘛，不是嗎？"那個好像什麼都不是的跟那個搞房地產什麼的這麼說。

The unresponsive one was the windmill man. He saw himself reduced to the ranks. Never would the thought have occurred to him to declare his apple an emblem. He had intended, after it had been divided and eaten, to create diversion by sticking the seeds against his forehead and naming them for young ladies of his acquaintance. One he was going to name Mrs. McFarland. The seed that fell off first would be—but 'twas too late now.

那個沒有反應的是那位風車人。眼看自己的地位被貶。他再也不會想到要把一支蘋果宣告成一個表徵啦什麼的。他本來是要在切開分享蘋果之後，把蘋果仔粘在前額玩耍，一粒一粒地來叫出他認識的女孩子的名字。其中之一，他要稱呼為麥小姐。那第一顆從他前額掉下來的就是一然而，一切都遲了。

"The apple," continued Judge Menefee, charging his jury, "in modern days occupies, though undeservedly, a lowly place in our esteem. Indeed, it is so constantly associated with the culinary and the commercial that it is hardly to be classed among the polite fruits. But in ancient times this was not so. Biblical, historical, and mythological lore abounds with evidences that the apple was the aristocrat of fruits. We still say 'the apple of the eye' when we wish to describe something superlatively precious. We find in Proverbs the comparison to 'apples of silver.' No other product of tree or vine has been so utilised in figurative speech. Who has not heard of and longed for the 'apples of the Hesperides'? I need not call your attention to the most tremendous and significant instance of the apple's ancient prestige when its consumption by our first parents occasioned the fall of man from his state of goodness and perfection."

“蘋果，”孟法官繼續跟陪審團說，“在當今世界裏，很不應該地被列在低微的位置。現在嘛，蘋果在商場上和烹調上這麼馬不停蹄地被關聯到，難以被人列入文質彬彬的優雅之屬。遠古時候，不是這樣的。聖經這麼說，史書也這麼說，神話故事也這麼說，有相當的證據指出蘋果是水果之中的貴族。我們今天還說‘眼睛之蘋’來描寫超珍貴的東西。舊約箴言，就有‘銀蘋果’的比喻。樹上長的，藤上結的，從來沒有像它那般被用來比喻事物的。哪位沒聽說過希臘神話裏金蘋果的故事，又嚮往它們的？更不需要跟大家提起蘋果在被我們開宗祖先吃掉的時候其地位是多麼的煊赫重要，打從那一刻起，人類由完美的境界墜落下來。”

“Apples like them,” said the windmill man, lingering with the objective article, “are worth \$3.50 a barrel in the Chicago market.”

“像這樣子的蘋果，”風車人說，他倒是就事論事的，“芝加哥市場賣三塊半一桶。”

“Now, what I have to propose,” said Judge Menefee, conceding an indulgent smile to his interrupter, “is this: We must remain here, perforce, until morning. We have wood in plenty to keep us warm. Our next need is to entertain ourselves as best we can, in order that the time shall not pass too slowly. I propose that we place this apple in the hands of Miss Garland. It is no longer a fruit, but, as I said, a prize, in award, representing a great human idea. Miss Garland, herself, shall cease to be an individual—but only temporarily, I am happy to add”—(a low bow, full of the old-time grace). “She shall represent her sex; she shall be the embodiment, the epitome of womankind—the heart and brain, I may say, of God’s masterpiece of creation. In this guise she shall judge and decide the question which follows:

“這麼著，我建議，”孟法官說，一面跟他的翻譯大方地微笑，“是這麼：我們必須在這裏待到天明。我們柴火充足，不會受凍。我們其次的需要是盡可能快樂起來，免得時間過得太慢。於是嘛，我建議把蘋果放在葛小姐手裏。現在，這支蘋果不再是一支水果了，而是一個獎品，它代表一個偉大的人性思想。葛小姐也暫時不是個人—但是只是短暫的，我很樂意這麼補注—”（他深深地敬禮，充滿舊時代的優雅風格）。“她將代表她的性別；她將是女性的化身，女性的縮影—容我這麼說，上帝所創造傑作的心與智。她將以這姿態來裁判以下這個問題：

“But a few minutes ago our friend, Mr. Rose, favoured us with an entertaining but fragmentary sketch of the romance in the life of the former professor of this habitation. The few facts that we have learned seem to me to open up a fascinating field for conjecture, for the study of human hearts, for the exercise of the imagination—in short, for story-telling. Let us make use of the opportunity. Let each one of us relate his own version of the story of Redruth, the hermit, and his lady-love, beginning where Mr. Rose’s narrative ends—at the parting of the lovers at the gate. This much should be assumed and conceded—that the young lady was not necessarily to blame for Redruth’s becoming a crazed and world-hating hermit. When we have done, Miss Garland shall render the JUDGEMENT OF WOMAN. As the Spirit of her Sex she shall decide which version of the story best and most truly depicts human and love interest, and most faithfully estimates the character and acts of Redruth’s betrothed according to the feminine view. The apple shall be bestowed upon him who is awarded the decision. If you are all agreed, we shall be pleased to hear the first story from Mr. Dinwiddie.”

“沒幾分鐘之前，我們的朋友羅先生告訴我們這個房子的原先居士生命之中很娛人但是片片段段的羅曼史。我們所聽到的幾款事實對我來說展開了一片令人着迷的猜測園地，對人心之瞭解，對想象力之運用，都極為適合—簡而言之，極為適合當成說故事的材料。我們來把握這個機會。我

們每一個人都來說出自己關於隱者芮某和他的心愛女士的故事，從芮某講完話的那一刻開始 – 也就是兩位愛人在院子門口分離的那一刻。我們可以這麼承認 – 芮某變成嫉世憤俗的隱居者，不見得是那位年輕女士的錯。我們大家都說完自己編的故事之後，葛小姐將頒發女性之裁判這個獎品。身為女性的精神，她將評判哪一個版本的故事最真實地描述出人性與愛心的偏向與缺失，而且由女性的角度，最信實地估衡出芮某心愛女士的個性和舉動。被裁決為描述得最好的人，將獲得這支蘋果為獎品。假如大家同意，我們願意由丁威敵先生開始講他的故事。”

The last sentence captured the windmill man. He was not one to linger in the dumps.

最後那句話一把抓住風車人。他可不是那種久居垃圾堆的人。

“That’s a first-rate scheme, Judge,” he said, heartily. “Be a regular short-story vaudeville, won’t it? I used to be correspondent for a paper in Springfield, and when there wasn’t any news I faked it. Guess I can do my turn all right.”

“一流的點子，法官，”他熱心地說。“一場規矩的說短故事雜耍，不是嗎？我曾經當過春田一家報紙的記者，沒有新聞可報的時候，我就瞎說。我想我可以應付應付，沒什麼問題。”

“I think the idea is charming,” said the lady passenger, brightly. “It will be almost like a game.”

“我想這個念頭迷人，”那位女乘客高興地說。“會好像一場遊戲一樣。”

Judge Menefee stepped forward and placed the apple in her hand impressively.

孟法官走向前，有模有樣地把蘋果放在她手裏。

“In olden days,” he said, orotundly, “Paris awarded the golden apple to the most beautiful.”

“往昔，”他朗朗地說，“帕里斯把金蘋果獎給最美的那位。”

“I was at the Exposition²,” remarked the windmill man, now cheerful again, “but I never heard of it. And I was on the Midway, too, all the time I wasn’t at the machinery exhibit.”

“我在那個世界博覽會，”風車人這麼說，現在又開心起來，“但是我沒聽說。我也在報導中途島，我一直不在機械展覽館。”

“But now,” continued the Judge, “the fruit shall translate to us the mystery and wisdom of the feminine heart. Take the apple, Miss Garland. Hear our modest tales of romance, and then award the prize as you may deem it just.”

“但是，這”法官繼續說，“這蘋果將把女性心裏的秘密和智慧傳達出來。葛小姐，請拿蘋果。聽聽我們鈍拙的故事，然後根據你認為公平的方式給獎。”

² 這位風車人是聽到孟法官提到 Paris 這個字而接著說的。其實他們講的是風馬牛不相及的兩件事。孟法官講的是希臘神話裏，特洛城王子 Paris 把金蘋果獎給最美的女神，他選擇的是維納斯。結果引起其他兩位女神的嫉妒。於是當這位風流的王子把斯巴達國王的太太海倫拐回土耳其的特洛城之後，戰爭開始，也就是西方歷史上以及文學史上有名的“木馬屠城記”。戰爭之中，維納斯幫忙特洛城，宙斯的太太赫拉和雅典娜幫忙希臘這邊。荷馬的史詩“伊利亞德”就是在講希臘聯軍攻打土耳其特洛城的故事。風車人講的是巴黎世界博覽會，那是二十世紀的事情。

The lady passenger smiled sweetly. The apple lay in her lap beneath her robes and wraps. She reclined against her protecting bulwark, brightly and cosily at ease. But for the voices and the wind one might have listened hopefully to hear her purr. Someone cast fresh logs upon the fire. Judge Menefee nodded suavely. "Will you oblige us with the initial story?" he asked.

女乘客甜甜地笑。蘋果藏在袍子，毯子等蓋住的腿上。她靠坐那處碉堡，煥然而舒適。要不是因為講話聲和風聲，人家還真的要聽到她像貓兒一樣呼嚕呼嚕作響呢。有個人添上新的柴火。孟法官搬回了一城，現在又得意了；他有禮貌地緩緩點頭。“能不能告訴我們第一版本的故事？”他問說。

The windmill man sat as sits a Turk, with his hat well back on his head on account of the draughts.

那個風車人像一個慣於坐地的突厥人一樣坐在地上，帽子往後推的高高的，用來擋風。

"Well," he began, without any embarrassment, "this is about the way I size up the difficulty: Of course Redruth was jostled a good deal by this duck who had money to play ball with who tried to cut him out of his girl. So he goes around, naturally, and asks her if the game is still square. Well, nobody wants a guy cutting in with buggies and gold bonds when he's got an option on a girl. Well, he goes around to see her. Well, maybe he's hot, and talks like the proprietor, and forgets that an engagement ain't always a lead-pipe cinch. Well, I guess that makes Alice warm under the lacy yoke. Well, she answers back sharp. Well, he—"

“這個，”他這麼開始，也不害羞，“我是這麼個估量這難題的：當然，羅某被這隻有錢到能把任何要把他從他要的女孩身邊趕走的人周旋的鴨子排擠。所以嘛，他自然繞個圈子，問她遊戲還公平不。一個人假如有選擇，不會喜歡另一個有馬車和黃金票卷的人來摻進一脚的。就這麼，他來看她，也許有點激動，講起話像老闆一樣，忘了訂婚並不代表就是下水道鉛管代表永恆的信誌。這麼著，我想艾小姐所穿花邊衣領變成牛軛一般，把她氣的熱得要死。於是她回他，也毫不客氣。這個，他—”

"Say!" interrupted the passenger who was nobody in particular, "if you could put up a windmill on every one of them 'wells' you're using, you'd be able to retire from business, wouldn't you?"

“老兄！”那個什麼都不是的乘客插嘴，“你講話時候的‘這個那個’的‘啊呀’油井假如每口都能安裝上一隻風車的話，你早就能從事業退休了，不是嗎？”

The windmill man grinned good-naturedly.

風車人好脾氣地微微一笑置之。

"Oh, I ain't no Guy de Mopassong," he said, cheerfully. "I'm giving it to you in straight American. Well, she says something like this: 'Mr. Gold Bonds is only a friend,' says she; 'but he takes me riding and buys me theatre tickets, and that's what you never do. Ain't I to never have any pleasure in life while I can?' 'Pass this chatfield-chatfield thing along,' says Redruth;—'hand out the mitt to the Willie with creases in it or you don't put your slippers under my wardrobe.'

“哦，我不是莫泊桑，”他高高興興地說。“我是拿到地美國話跟你們講故事。這個，她就這麼說：‘黃金票卷先生只是一位朋友，’她說；‘但是他載我四處走，買電影票給我，這個就是你該做的

事。我能享受一下生命的時候，難道不能這麼做嗎？’ ‘少來這個胡說八道，’ 芮某這麼說— ‘把有皺褶的皮手套給這個威利，要不然，就不要把拖鞋放在我的藏衣櫥。’

“Now that kind of train orders don’t go with a girl that’s got any spirit. I bet that girl loved her honey all the time. Maybe she only wanted, as girls do, to work the good thing for a little fun and caramels before she settled down to patch George’s other pair, and be a good wife. But he is glued to the high horse, and won’t come down. Well, she hands him back the ring, proper enough; and George goes away and hits the booze. Yep. That’s what done it. I bet that girl fired the cornucopia with the fancy vest two days after her steady left. George boards a freight and checks his bag of crackers for parts unknown. He sticks to Old Booze for a number of years; and then the aniline and aquafortis gets the decision. ‘Me for the hermit’s hut,’ says George, ‘and the long whiskers, and the buried can of money that isn’t there.’

“這個年代嘛，這樣子火車管車似的命令不適合任何有心靈的女孩。我敢賭這女孩一直喜歡她的愛人。也許她就像女孩子一樣，做些時髦的事好玩一下，然後安頓下來，修補喬治的另一條褲子，當個好太太。但是呢，他像一隻公雞一樣，嘔得要死，現在下不了臺了。她把戒指還他，大大方方地；喬治走掉，開始喝酒。呀，就是這樣。我敢賭，她愛人離開兩天之後，她就將那位穿花衣服的富貴花籃解職掉了。喬治坐上火車，把裝脆餅乾的箱子當成行李寄送，到某個未知的地方。他以老酒頭子為伴幾年；老酒頭子裏面的苯胺和硝酸替他下了決定。‘我要到小木屋隱居，’ 喬治說，‘長鬍鬚的，和已經不在的埋藏在地下的錢筒做個伴。’

“But that Alice, in my mind, was on the level. She never married, but took up typewriting as soon as the wrinkles began to show, and kept a cat that came when you said ‘weeny—weeny—weeny!’ I got too much faith in good women to believe they throw down the fellow they’re stuck on every time for the dough.” The windmill man ceased.

“那個愛麗絲，在我心目中，沒有犯錯。她沒結婚，一看臉上有皺紋，馬上開始打字工作，養了一隻貓，只要叫‘溫妮，溫妮，溫妮！’牠就來。我對於好女人有太多信心，她們不可能每次只為了逢場作戲，而拋棄老相好。” 風車人就這麼講完。

“I think,” said the lady passenger, slightly moving upon her lowly throne, “that that is a char—”

“我覺得，” 女旅客這麼說，在寶座上稍微動了一下，“這個故事迷—”

“Oh, Miss Garland!” interposed Judge Menefee, with uplifted hand, “I beg of you, no comments! It would not be fair to the other contestants. Mr.—er—will you take the next turn?” The Judge addressed the young man who had the Agency.

“哦，葛小姐！” 孟法官舉起手打斷她的話，“容我請求，不能評論！這樣子對其他比賽者不公平。什麼先生--呃--能不能請你下一個說故事？” 法官跟那個有個房地產還是什麼公司的年輕人說。

“My version of the romance,” began the young man, diffidently clasping his hands, “would be this: They did not quarrel when they parted. Mr. Redruth bade her good-by and went out into the world to seek his fortune. He knew his love would remain true to him. He scorned the thought that his rival could make an impression upon a heart so fond and faithful. I would say that Mr. Redruth went out to the Rocky Mountains in Wyoming to seek for gold. One day a crew of pirates landed and captured him while at work, and—”

“這個羅曼史依我的想法嘛，”年輕人說，客氣地拍拍手，“將是這樣：他們分手時沒有吵架。芮先生跟她道別，然後走進世界來追求財富。他知道他的愛人會忠心於他。他瞧不起那種他的競爭者能給一顆那麼溫柔與堅信的心留下任何印象的想法。我要說芮先生到外巖明的洛磯山去尋金。有一天，一船的海盜上岸，把他從工作的地方抓去，然後—”

“Hey! what’s that?” sharply called the passenger who was nobody in particular—“a crew of pirates landed in the Rocky Mountains! Will you tell us how they sailed—”

“嘿，說的是什麼？”那個什麼都不是的乘客尖聲地說—“一船海盜從洛磯山登岸！你要跟我們說他們如何行駛—”

“Landed from a train,” said the narrator, quietly and not without some readiness. “They kept him prisoner in a cave for months, and then they took him hundreds of miles away to the forests of Alaska. There a beautiful Indian girl fell in love with him, but he remained true to Alice. After another year of wandering in the woods, he set out with the diamonds—”

“從火車下來，”說故事的這麼說，胸有成竹地。“他們把他關在一個山洞裏面好幾個月，然後把他帶到幾百哩外的阿拉斯加。在那裏，有位美麗的印第安女孩愛上他，但是他衷心於愛麗絲。在樹林又流蕩了一年，他帶著那些鑽石出發—”

“What diamonds?” asked the unimportant passenger, almost with acerbity.

“什麼鑽石？”那個無關緊要的旅客問道，幾乎是刻薄地。

“The ones the saddlemaker showed him in the Peruvian temple,” said the other, somewhat obscurely. “When he reached home, Alice’s mother led him, weeping, to a green mound under a willow tree. ‘Her heart was broken when you left,’ said her mother. ‘And what of my rival—of Chester McIntosh?’ asked Mr. Redruth, as he knelt sadly by Alice’s grave. ‘When he found out,’ she answered, ‘that her heart was yours, he pined away day by day until, at length, he started a furniture store in Grand Rapids. We heard lately that he was bitten to death by an infuriated moose near South Bend, Ind., where he had gone to try to forget scenes of civilisation.’ With which, Mr. Redruth forsook the face of mankind and became a hermit, as we have seen.

“那些在秘魯的和尚廟一位馬鞍匠拿給他看的，”另一位回答，有點胡說八道，令人不解地。“他到家，愛麗絲的母親一面哭一面把他領到一棵柳樹下的綠色墳墓那裏。‘你走的時候，她的心碎了，’她母親說。‘我的競爭者怎麼了？-- 那個麥金濤切斯特來的人？’芮某跪在愛麗絲的墳旁問。‘當他發現，’她回答，‘她的心屬於你的時候，就逐日消沉，一直到後來，在大急川那地方開了一家俱店。我們最近聽說他在印第安納州南河灣附近被一頭生氣的麋鹿咬死了，他是去那裏忘掉文明的。’就這麼，芮某絕棄人寰，變成隱士，也就是我們所看到的。

“My story,” concluded the young man with an Agency, “may lack the literary quality; but what I wanted it to show is that the young lady remained true. She cared nothing for wealth in comparison with true affection. I admire and believe in the fair sex too much to think otherwise.”

“我的故事，”經營房地產什麼的年輕人這麼說，“雖然不怎麼有文學程度；我只是要表明那個女孩一直忠心。比起真誠的愛，其他一切都不值得一提。我對美好的女性信心十足，毫無異議。”

The narrator ceased, with a sidelong glance at the corner where reclined the lady passenger.

說故事的停止下來，用眼睛餘光看向斜坐著的那個女乘客的角落。

Bildad Rose was next invited by Judge Menefee to contribute his story in the contest for the apple of judgment. The stage-driver's essay was brief.

羅必達是孟法官下一個邀請來在這個蘋果競賽裏貢獻他的故事的。他說的故事倒是簡單明瞭。

"I'm not one of them lobo wolves," he said, "who are always blaming on women the calamities of life. My testimony in regards to the fiction story you ask for, Judge, will be about as follows: What ailed Redruth was pure laziness. If he had up and slugged this Percival De Lacey that tried to give him the outside of the road, and had kept Alice in the grape-vine swing with the blind-bridle on, all would have been well. The woman you want is sure worth taking pains for.

“我不屬於那些狐群狗黨，”他說，“那些把生命的災禍都歸罪女人的人。依照你所要求我們說出的，我的證言是這麼：芮某的毛病就是‘懶’這麼一個字。假如他下工夫，把這個站他便宜的迫使得他拉屎的傢夥好好修理一頓的話，也把愛麗絲小姐擺在葡萄棚子下面安置的鞦韆上，戴上眼遮和馬勒，一切都將沒事。你要一個女人，一就必須全力以赴。

“‘Send for me if you want me again,’ says Redruth, and hoists his Stetson, and walks off. He'd have called it pride, but the nixycomlogical name for it is laziness. No woman don't like to run after a man. ‘Let him come back, hisself,’ says the girl; and I'll be bound she tells the boy with the pay ore to trot; and then spends her time watching out the window for the man with the empty pocket-book and the tickly moustache.

“‘假如你還要什麼，請叫人來找我，’這個芮某這麼說，拿起帽子，就走開了。他聲稱自己所為為尊嚴，實際上根據女妖精字典查出來的是‘懶’這個字。沒有女人會去追一個男人。‘讓他自己回來，’那女孩說；我敢保證她叫那個擁有金礦的男孩滾蛋；之後，就坐在那裏，望著窗外，窮等那個錢袋空空，鬍鬚翹翹的人來。

“I reckon Redruth waits about nine year expecting her to send him a note by a nigger asking him to forgive her. But she don't. ‘This game won't work,’ says Redruth; ‘then so won't I.’ And he goes in the hermit business and raises whiskers. Yes; laziness and whiskers was what done the trick. They travel together. You ever hear of a man with long whiskers and hair striking a bonanza? No. Look at the Duke of Marlborough and this Standard Oil snoozer. Have they got 'em?

“我估計芮某等了九年左右，一直盼望她派個小黑鬼來找他，請他原諒。但是，她沒那麼做。‘這個玩法行不通的，’芮某這麼說；‘這麼著，我也不這麼做。’接著他就開始了隱居的勾當，種鬍子為業。是的；懶與鬍鬚是禍首。他們狼狽為奸。你聽說過留長頭髮和鬍鬚的挖金礦中過獎嗎？不會的。看看馬爾波羅公爵和他的標準石油公司。他們留長頭髮和鬍鬚嗎？

“Now, this Alice didn't never marry, I'll bet a hoss. If Redruth had married somebody else she might have done so, too. But he never turns up. She has these here things they call fond memories, and maybe a lock of hair and a corset steel that he broke, treasured up. Them sort of articles is as good as a husband to some women. I'd say she played out a lone hand. I don't blame no woman for old man Redruth's abandonment of barber shops and clean shirts.”

現在，再看這邊，我敢拿一匹馬打賭，愛麗絲沒結婚。假如芮某跟別人結婚了，她也可能也這麼做。但是他沒露面。她有那種人家稱之為甜美的回憶的，一縷青絲啦，束腹裏面被他拉破的一小片彈簧啦，什麼的，被她當寶貝一般收藏起來。對於某些女人來說，這些東西根本就和真的丈夫一樣。我說她賭了一場長博。老芮自己留長頭髮，長鬍鬚，我完全不責怪是任何女人的錯。”

Next in order came the passenger who was nobody in particular. Nameless to us, he travels the road from Paradise to Sunrise City.

再往下一個是那位不怎麼是什麼的。我們的無名氏，反正就是從天堂鎮旅行到日出市。

But him you shall see, if the firelight be not too dim, as he responds to the Judge's call.

然而，假如火光不昏暗，你能看到他答應法官點名。

A lean form, in rusty-brown clothing, sitting like a frog, his arms wrapped about his legs, his chin resting upon his knees. Smooth, oakum-coloured hair; long nose; mouth like a satyr's, with upturned, tobacco-stained corners. An eye like a fish's; a red necktie with a horseshoe pin. He began with a rasping chuckle that gradually formed itself into words.

瘦長，銹棕色衣服，青蛙一般坐著，手臂抱著雙腿，下巴靠住雙膝。光滑，舊麻繩色頭髮；長鼻子；色兮兮的嘴，嘴巴兩端微微上翹，有嚼烟草痕跡。一隻眼睛好比魚眼；紅領帶，上面有馬蹄形的小夾子。他以沙啞的笑聲開始，逐漸又把笑聲鑄成字眼兒。

“Everybody wrong so far. What! a romance without any orange blossoms! Ho, ho! My money on the lad with the butterfly tie and the certified checks in his trouserings.

“大家都錯了。什麼！沒有菊花開得滿滿，就有羅曼史！呼，呼！我打賭是由於那個打蝴蝶結，褲袋裏帶著有擔保支票的那個人而起的。

“Take 'em as they parted at the gate? All right. ‘You never loved me,’ says Redruth, wildly, ‘or you wouldn't speak to a man who can buy you the ice-cream.’ ‘I hate him,’ says she. ‘I loathe his side-bar buggy; I despise the elegant cream bonbons he sends me in gilt boxes covered with real lace; I feel that I could stab him to the heart when he presents me with a solid medallion locket with turquoises and pearls running in a vine around the border. Away with him! ‘Tis only you I love.’ ‘Back to the cosy corner!’ says Redruth. ‘Was I bound and lettered in East Aurora? Get platonic, if you please. No jack-pots for mine. Go and hate your friend some more. For me the Nickerson girl on Avenue B, and gum, and a trolley ride.’

“就拿他們在門口分手的時候說好了？好吧。‘妳不曾愛我，’芮某野蠻地說，‘否則妳不會跟一個買冰淇淋給你的人說話。’‘我恨他！’她說。‘我討厭他兩旁裝飾的馬車；看不起他給我的外面綁著真絲帶，燙金的盒子裝的棒棒糖；他把一支四周用玳瑁殼和珍珠圍繞的實心胸針給我的時候，我覺得我能一刀刺向他的心窩。讓他滾蛋！我只愛你。’‘回到你那個舒適的角落去！’芮某說。‘我難道是東方女神學校調教出來的嗎？學精神化一點，拜托，不要這麼俗氣兮兮的。我從來沒有那種賭博中大獎的運氣。再繼續恨你的朋友。我還不如去找其次的尼克生女孩，咬口香糖，坐纜車走動。’

“Around that night comes John W. Croesus. ‘What! tears?’ says he, arranging his pearl pin. ‘You have driven my lover away,’ says little Alice, sobbing: ‘I hate the sight of you.’ ‘Marry me, then,’ says John W., lighting a Henry Clay. ‘What!’ she cries indignantly, ‘marry you! Never,’ she says, ‘until this blows over, and I can do some shopping, and you see about the licence. There’s a telephone next door if you want to call up the county clerk.’”

“當晚克羅約翰來了。‘什麼！在哭？’他說，一面安好他的珍珠別針。‘你把我的愛人趕走了，’小愛麗絲邊哭邊說：‘我恨你。’‘這麼的話，嫁給我，’那個約翰這麼講，一邊點燃恨離歌雪茄。‘什麼！’她憤怒地大叫，‘嫁你！不會的，’她說，‘這場風暴停止之前一直到我能再平靜下來，買點東西為止不會的，這個之後你去照看執照的事。隔壁有電話，你可以打電話給鎮公所的辦事員。’”

The narrator paused to give vent to his cynical chuckle.

說故事者停下來，譏諷地笑了一聲。

“Did they marry?” he continued. “Did the duck swallow the June-bug? And then I take up the case of Old Boy Redruth. There’s where you are all wrong again, according to my theory. What turned him into a hermit? One says laziness; one says remorse; one says booze. I say women did it. How old is the old man now?” asked the speaker, turning to Bildad Rose.

“他們結婚了嗎？”他接下去說。“那隻鴨子吞下那隻金甲蟲了嗎？我在這裏要拿起老芮的案子。根據我的理論，諸位就是在這裏又都弄錯了。是什麼使得他變成隱者的？有人說是懶惰；有人說是悔恨；有人說是老酒頭子。我要說是女人造成的。那個老家夥現在多大年紀了？”講故事者把臉轉向羅必達。

“I should say about sixty-five.”

“我要說大約六十五。”

“All right. He conducted his hermit shop here for twenty years. Say he was twenty-five when he took off his hat at the gate. That leaves twenty years for him to account for, or else be docked. Where did he spend that ten and two fives? I’ll give you my idea. Up for bigamy. Say there was the fat blonde in Saint Jo, and the panatela brunette at Skillet Ridge, and the gold tooth down in the Kaw valley. Redruth gets his cases mixed, and they send him up the road. He gets out after they are through with him, and says: ‘Any line for me except the crinoline. The hermit trade is not overdone, and the stenographers never apply to ‘em for work. The jolly hermit’s life for me. No more long hairs in the comb or dill pickles lying around in the cigar tray.’ You tell me they pinched old Redruth for the noodle villa just because he said he was King Solomon? Figs! He was Solomon. That’s all of mine. I guess it don’t call for any apples. Enclosed find stamps. It don’t sound much like a prize winner.”

“是的。我們來算一算，他在這隱居工作室掌室二十年。他在那個門口離開的時候是二十五歲。這樣子，還有二十年的時間，否則就太短了。那二十載流年是怎麼過的？我告訴你們，他在那裏比齊人有一妻一妾還糟糕。譬如說，聖荷西有個胖胖的金頭髮，淺鍋山脊那個苗條淡灰皮膚姑娘，卡五山谷裏的金牙婆子。老芮把條理搞混了，被放逐走路。他們修理過他之後，他跟自己說：‘除了女人的裙子之外，我看不出有任何的生命綫。隱居的勾當還沒做得太過，打字員也從來沒來求

過職。我還是快活地過隱居生活吧。梳子再也沒有一根長頭髮，烟灰缸也沒有釀黃瓜擺在裏面。你們說人家把老芮抓去關在瘋人院，是因為他自稱是所羅門王？胡說！他就是所羅門王。我就是這麼說。我想，我說的不值得什麼蘋果。付郵票在此。如未採納，請與退回。聽起來不像能奪什麼獎品。”

Respecting the stricture laid by Judge Menefee against comments upon the stories, all were silent when the passenger who was nobody in particular had concluded. And then the ingenious originator of the contest cleared his throat to begin the ultimate entry for the prize. Though seated with small comfort upon the floor, you might search in vain for any abatement of dignity in Judge Menefee. The now diminishing firelight played softly upon his face, as clearly chiselled as a Roman emperor's on some old coin, and upon the thick waves of his honourable grey hair.

遵照孟法官的規定大家不能評論所說的故事，所以呢，看起來什麼都不是的講完，一片鴉雀無聲。接下去，天資充裕的比賽發起人清了一下嗓子，開始說最終一版的故事。雖然地板硬硬的，坐起來不怎麼舒服，孟法官還是尊嚴飽滿，看不出任何漏洞。現在，逐漸微弱下來的火光微微地照著他的臉，好比古羅馬銅幣上鑄出來的帝王的臉一樣輪廓鮮明，也微微照亮令人尊敬的灰色頭髮細密的髮波。

“A woman's heart!” he began, in even but thrilling tones—“who can hope to fathom it? The ways and desires of men are various. I think that the hearts of all women beat with the same rhythm, and to the same old tune of love. Love, to a woman, means sacrifice. If she be worthy of the name, no gold or rank will outweigh with her a genuine devotion.

“女人的心！”他說，語調平穩，卻又令人興奮—“誰想去測量它呢？男人的行為和欲望各有不同。我想，所有女人的心卻都以相同的韻律在跳動，而且呢，都依循那愛情的老調。對一位女人來說，愛，就是犧牲。假如一位女人值得稱為女人，黃金和地位是無法與她純真的心所奉獻出來的執著相比擬的。

“Gentlemen of the—er—I should say, my friends, the case of Redruth versus love and affection has been called. Yet, who is on trial? Not Redruth, for he has been punished. Not those immortal passions that clothe our lives with the joy of the angels. Then who? Each man of us here to-night stands at the bar to answer if chivalry or darkness inhabits his bosom. To judge us sits womankind in the form of one of its fairest flowers. In her hand she holds the prize, intrinsically insignificant, but worthy of our noblest efforts to win as a guerdon of approval from so worthy a representative of feminine judgment and taste.

“紳士們—呃—我該說，朋友們，芮某和愛的案子被提審。然而，究竟誰被審判呢？不是老芮，因為他已經被懲罰了。也不是那些把我們的生命加上天使之喜悅的永恆熱情。這麼的說，是誰呢？在場的每一位男士，都被叫到被告席，來回答他內心到底是體貼婦女或者是滿懷鬼點子。來裁判我們的，是女性之中以最美麗的花朵的姿態出現的。她手裏拿著獎品，本質上不算什麼，但卻值得我們最崇高的努力，從這麼個值得代表女性的判斷和女性的品味者手裏，來贏取讚許的獎賞。

“In taking up the imaginary history of Redruth and the fair being to whom he gave his heart, I must, in the beginning, raise my voice against the unworthy insinuation that the selfishness or perfidy or love of luxury of any woman drove him to renounce the world. I have not found woman to be so unspiritual or venal. We must seek elsewhere, among man's baser nature and lower motives for the cause.

“我們假想芮某和他心愛的人的故事，首先，我必須疾聲反對那些不值得的毀謗論調，說是自私自利，背信，或者女人對奢侈的崇拜，導致芮某離棄世界。我這輩子還沒看過女人這麼沒有靈性，這麼拜金的。我們必須從其他地方來尋找其原因，從男人的低調天性和意圖裏去尋找。

“There was, in all probability, a lover's quarrel as they stood at the gate on that memorable day. Tormented by jealousy, young Redruth vanished from his native haunts. But had he just cause to do so? There is no evidence for or against. But there is something higher than evidence; there is the grand, eternal belief in woman's goodness, in her steadfastness against temptation, in her loyalty even in the face of proffered riches.

“不論怎麼看，在那個不能忘卻的日子，他兩站在門口為愛情吵架。為嫉妒心所折磨，年輕的芮某從家鄉消失。他這麼做有情可原嗎？這個，並沒有正或反任何一面的證據。但是，有一件比證據還高超的事物存在著的；也就是那股對女人的偉大，對女人的永恆的信任，認為她們面對誘惑時穩穩不為所動，在別人提供的財富面前保持原來的忠心。

“I picture to myself the rash lover, wandering, self-tortured, about the world. I picture his gradual descent, and, finally, his complete despair when he realises that he has lost the most precious gift life had to offer him. Then his withdrawal from the world of sorrow and the subsequent derangement of his faculties becomes intelligible.

“我可以想象那位性急的小夥子，四處飄零，責怪自己。我看見他逐漸消沈，而最後呢，當他明白他已經把生命之中最珍貴的事物丟掉了的時候，變成完全的絕望。再往後，他從悲傷的世界逐漸退卻以及隨之而來的智能失常就能察覺出來了。

“But what do I see on the other hand? A lonely woman fading away as the years roll by; still faithful, still waiting, still watching for a form and listening for a step that will come no more. She is old now. Her hair is white and smoothly banded. Each day she sits at the door and gazes longingly down the dusty road. In spirit she is waiting there at the gate, just as he left her—his forever, but not here below. Yes; my belief in woman paints that picture in my mind. Parted forever on earth, but waiting! She in anticipation of a meeting in Elysium; he in the Slough of Despond.”

“然而，在另一端，我們又看到什麼？年度一年，一位孤單的女人；仍然忠心，仍然癡癡地等待一個形影出現，來聆聽一步不會再來的腳步聲。她現在老了。頭髮蒼白，光滑地用一條布條綁著腦後。一天過一天，她坐在那裏，以盼望的眼光望向那條塵土路。精神上，她站在門那裏等他，就像他離開的時候一樣--永永遠遠屬於她的，卻又不在那裏的。是的，我對女人的相信在我腦海裏畫出那麼一幅畫。在地永遠的分離，在心永遠地等待！她，期待天堂的相會；他永負沮喪的長枷。”

“I thought he was in the bughouse,” said the passenger who was nobody in particular.

“我以為他在瘋人院，”那個不是什麼人的旅客這麼說。

Judge Menefee stirred, a little impatiently. The men sat, drooping, in grotesque attitudes. The wind had abated its violence; coming now in fitful, virulent puffs. The fire had burned to a mass of red coals which shed but a dim light within the room. The lady passenger in her cosy nook looked to be but a formless

dark bulk, crowned by a mass of coiled, sleek hair and showing but a small space of snowy forehead above her clinging boa.

孟法官要動一下身體，有點不耐的樣子。那些男士們都夯著上身坐著，怪模怪樣的。風有點平靜下來；偶爾發脾氣一樣發出撲撲聲。爐火已經變成一堆紅碳，微微地照映房子內部。那個坐在舒適一角的女士看起來變成沒有模樣的黑黑一團，頂著一團光滑的頭髮，從緊圍脖子的大毛鱗皮之上，只看到雪白前額的一點點。

Judge Menefee got stiffly to his feet.

孟法官僵硬地站起來。

“And now, Miss Garland,” he announced, “we have concluded. It is for you to award the prize to the one of us whose argument—especially, I may say, in regard to his estimate of true womanhood—approaches nearest to your own conception.”

“現在嘛，葛小姐，”他宣佈，“我們都說完了。是妳該把獎品送給我們之中論點—尤其是，容我這麼說，就他對真實女性的觀察—與妳的概念最為接近的。”

No answer came from the lady passenger. Judge Menefee bent over solicitously. The passenger who was nobody in particular laughed low and harshly. The lady was sleeping sweetly. The Judge essayed to take her hand to awaken her. In doing so he touched a small, cold, round, irregular something in her lap.

女旅行者靜悄悄的。孟法官懇求什麼似地彎下身體。那個什麼都不是的輕聲沙啞地笑了一聲。女士睡得甜蜜兮兮的。法官嘗試抓她的手來叫醒她。這時候，他碰到了一個小小的，冷冷的，圓圓的，又不成形的東西擺在她雙膝上。

“She has eaten the apple,” announced Judge Menefee, in awed tones, as he held up the core for them to see.

“她把蘋果吃掉了，”孟法官以受驚的語調宣判，一面把吃剩下的蘋果心高高地拿著給他們看。