

*Summer* 夏日雲烟

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I

A girl came out of lawyer Royall's house, at the end of the one street of North Dormer, and stood on the doorstep.

It was the beginning of a June afternoon. The springlike transparent sky shed a rain of silver sunshine on the roofs of the village, and on the pastures and larchwoods surrounding it. A little wind moved among the round white clouds on the shoulders of the hills, driving their shadows across the fields and down the grassy road that takes the name of street when it passes through North Dormer. The place lies high and in the open, and lacks the lavish shade of the more protected New England villages. The clump of weeping-willows about the duck pond, and the Norway spruces in front of the Hatchard gate, cast almost the only roadside shadow between lawyer Royall's house and the point where, at the other end of the village, the road rises above the church and skirts the black hemlock wall enclosing the cemetery.

一

整個北多馬村鎮只得一條馬路，萊亞律師的住所位於路的末端。有個女孩從屋子裏面出來，在台階上站住了。

那是六月初的一個下午，明淨宛如春天的天空灑下一片銀白色陽光，斜斜落在村內成排房屋的屋頂、村外的牧野和落葉松林上。山脊上圓墩墩的白雲被微風從中撩撥着，陰影先從田間那邊投下，一直逐漸移到北多馬的馬路上來。其實所謂「馬路」，只是條野草叢生的路，只因穿過村子中心，才稱為「馬路」而已。這裏地勢高，又空曠，跟新英倫那些地理環境較佳、林森蔭繁的村鎮不同。村內樹木不多，能為整條路帶來少許樹蔭的，只有鴨塘旁幾株垂柳，外加哈察家柵門前的挪威雲杉吧了。路的另一末端上斜，坡道最高處甚至蓋過了教堂頂。大路最終沿着墳場周邊的鐵杉樹牆繞了一圈。

The little June wind, frisking down the street, shook the doleful fringes of the Hatchard spruces, caught the straw hat of a young man just passing under them, and spun it clean across the road into the duck-pond.

As he ran to fish it out the girl on lawyer Royall's doorstep noticed that he was a stranger, that he wore city clothes, and that he was laughing with all his teeth, as the young and careless laugh at such mishaps.

Her heart contracted a little, and the shrinking that sometimes came over her when she saw people with holiday faces made her draw back into the house and pretend to look for the key that she knew she had already put into her pocket. A narrow greenish mirror with a gilt eagle over it hung on the passage wall, and she looked critically at her reflection, wished for the thousandth time that she had blue eyes like Annabel Balch, the girl who sometimes came from Springfield to spend a week with old Miss Hatchard, straightened the sunburnt hat over her small swarthy face, and turned out again into the sunshine.

那六月的微風，輕快地在馬路上抖拂而過，哈察家前雲杉上累累垂吊的大松果，給吹得微微晃動，恰好把在下面經過的一個年輕男子的草帽掀起。帽子飛呀飛，一逕飛越了整個路面，最後墜落鴨塘裏。

就在年輕男子跑過去撈帽子時，站在萊亞家門階上的女孩留意到他是個外地人，身上是城市人的打扮。他自己笑起來了，口大大地咧開，就如一般冒失的年輕人遇上這類糗事時笑的樣子。

她的心怦然竦動，轉身返回屋內，假裝去找鑰匙，其實她知道鑰匙早已擱在口袋裏。有時她見到人們在假日的歡快面容，不期然就退縮，此刻的反應正是如此。屋子過道的牆上，掛了一塊綴有鍍金蒼鷹的窄長泛綠鏡子，她站在那裏，以高標準去審視鏡中人，很自然地想起那個偶從春田市來哈察家小住的女孩——安娜貝·巴柱，她那雙湛藍眼睛多好！她心內第一千次祈求，但願自己也長有她那種藍眼睛！再望望，深膚色小

"How I hate everything!" she murmured.

The young man had passed through the Hatchard gate, and she had the street to herself. North Dormer is at all times an empty place, and at three o'clock on a June afternoon its few able-bodied men are off in the fields or woods, and the women indoors, engaged in languid household drudgery.

The girl walked along, swinging her key on a finger, and looking about her with the heightened attention produced by the presence of a stranger in a familiar place. What, she wondered, did North Dormer look like to people from other parts of the world? She herself had lived there since the age of five, and had long supposed it to be a place of some importance. But about a year before, Mr. Miles, the new Episcopal clergyman at Hepburn, who drove over every other Sunday--when the roads were not ploughed up by hauling--to hold a service in the North Dormer church, had proposed, in a fit of missionary zeal, to take the young people down to Nettleton to hear an illustrated lecture on the Holy

臉上戴的帽子已被太陽曬得褪色了，她把它拉直，轉身再度走進外頭的陽光裏。

「都討厭死了！」她咕噥道。

那年輕人走進哈察家的柵門之後，整條路上只剩下她一個。北多馬村向來是個空晃晃的地方，六月時分下午三點左右，有數的幾個健壯男人都在田間或林子裏勞動，女人則在戶內，懶洋洋地做着勞累、刻板的家務。

女孩一路走，一路把鑰匙圈扣在手指上晃着。由於熟悉的村子來了陌生人，她着意地望望四周，心想：外地來的人，不知怎看待這條小村鎮？她打從五歲起就住在這裏，本來還以為是個蠻重要的地方。但大概一年前，希賓村聖公會新來的邁爾斯牧師隔周日來傳道時（如通往此地的路面沒被拖車碾成爛路，他才會駕臨），受到一股傳教士熱情所推動，他竟然提出由他帶隊，率領所有年輕人到蕁麻鎮去聽一場有圖片展覽的播道會，題目是基督教聖地。於是十來

Land; and the dozen girls and boys who represented the future of North Dormer had been piled into a farm-waggon, driven over the hills to Hepburn, put into a way-train and carried to Nettleton.

In the course of that incredible day Charity Royall had, for the first and only time, experienced railway-travel, looked into shops with plate-glass fronts, tasted cocoanut pie, sat in a theatre, and listened to a gentleman saying unintelligible things before pictures that she would have enjoyed looking at if his explanations had not prevented her from understanding them. This initiation had shown her that North Dormer was a small place, and developed in her a thirst for information that her position as custodian of the village library had previously failed to excite. For a month or two she dipped feverishly and disconnectedly into the dusty volumes of the Hatchard Memorial Library; then the impression of Nettleton began to fade, and she found it easier to take North Dormer as the norm of the universe than to go on reading.

The sight of the stranger once more revived memories of Nettleton, and North Dormer shrank to its real size. As she looked up and down it, from lawyer Royall's faded red house at one end to the white church at the other, she pitilessly took its measure. There it lay, a

個年輕人，代表着北多馬的將來，給塞進一輛農場馬車裏，越過山崗，到了希賓，再乘搭慢車到蕁麻鎮去。

在那美好的一天日程中，慈諦·萊亞一生人第一次乘坐火車、從大平板玻璃櫥窗外瀏覽店舖陳列的商品、嚐了椰子餡餅、坐在戲院裏，聽一位紳士站在圖片前，用一些她聽不懂的話解說。那些圖片本來看上去蠻有趣，只是一經過他的講解，登時玄之又玄。這次旅程使她開瞭眼界，明白到北多馬只是個偏僻的鄉下地方。她是村中的圖書館員，但這職位從未能激發她的求知慾，去了一趟蕁麻鎮，反而產生這效果。有個把兩個月時間，她孜孜不倦、胡亂地在哈察圖書紀念館的故紙堆裏東翻西找，直至蕁麻鎮的印象褪色，而她也覺得倒不如把北多馬的一切視作宇宙常規，比讀書求知還來得容易，熱情才減退了。

但那位外地人把蕁麻鎮的回憶喚回來了。北多馬頓時縮回它的實際大小。她望望馬路的兩端，一端是萊亞律師家的褪色紅屋，另一端是白色的聖公會教

weather-beaten sunburnt village of the hills, abandoned of men, left apart by railway, trolley, telegraph, and all the forces that link life to life in modern communities. It had no shops, no theatres, no lectures, no "business block"; only a church that was opened every other Sunday if the state of the roads permitted, and a library for which no new books had been bought for twenty years, and where the old ones mouldered undisturbed on the damp shelves. Yet Charity Royall had always been told that she ought to consider it a privilege that her lot had been cast in North Dormer. She knew that, compared to the place she had come from, North Dormer represented all the blessings of the most refined civilization. Everyone in the village had told her so ever since she had been brought there as a child. Even old Miss Hatchard had said to her, on a terrible occasion in her life: "My child, you must never cease to remember that it was Mr. Royall who brought you down from the Mountain."

She had been "brought down from the Mountain"; from the scarred cliff that lifted its sullen wall above the lesser slopes of Eagle Range, making a perpetual background of gloom to the lonely valley. The Mountain was a good fifteen miles away, but it rose so abruptly from the lower hills that it

堂。她冷眼看清楚這個地方，這是一個深處山中、飽受風篩日炙的小村鎮，男人都去了外地謀生，鐵路、有軌電車、電報，所有現代人用以溝通接軌的東西都和它沾不上邊兒。什麼店舖、戲院、講座、商業大樓通通沒有，只有一座隔周在星期日開放的教堂；還要那天路面可供車子行走，牧師才會來。除此之外，就只有一座圖書館，它廿年來沒買過新書，舊的藏書排在潮濕的書架上，從沒人去碰，都長出了霉斑。儘管如此，還常常有人跟慈諦說，能住在北多馬，可真是她的福份。她知道與她的出生地——「大山」比較，北多馬具備了高級精緻文明的一切優點。自從幼年移居此地以來，人人都是這樣跟她說。甚至在那次可怕的遭遇之後，連哈察老小姐也說：「孩子呀！切莫忘記是萊亞先生把妳從大山上帶下來的。」

她是「從大山上被帶下來的」。嶙峋的山崖，默默在鷹嶺低斜的坡陀旁巍峨矗立，為那一帶寂寞的山谷塑造出永恆沈鬱的背景。大山離開村子足足有十五英里遠，但它在山崗旁聳然屹立，似把整

seemed almost to cast its shadow over North Dormer. And it was like a great magnet drawing the clouds and scattering them in storm across the valley. If ever, in the purest summer sky, there trailed a thread of vapour over North Dormer, it drifted to the Mountain as a ship drifts to a whirlpool, and was caught among the rocks, torn up and multiplied, to sweep back over the village in rain and darkness.

Charity was not very clear about the Mountain; but she knew it was a bad place, and a shame to have come from, and that, whatever befell her in North Dormer, she ought, as Miss Hatchard had once reminded her, to remember that she had been brought down from there, and hold her tongue and be thankful. She looked up at the Mountain, thinking of these things, and tried as usual to be thankful. But the sight of the young man turning in at Miss Hatchard's gate had brought back the vision of the glittering streets of Nettleton, and she felt ashamed of her old sun-hat, and sick of North Dormer, and jealously aware of Annabel Balch of Springfield, opening her blue eyes somewhere far off on glories greater than the glories of Nettleton.

"How I hate everything!" she said again.

個北多馬籠罩在它的陰影之下。它又好像是塊巨大的磁鐵，把所有的雲層都吸了過去，然後分化成陣陣風暴，在山谷掠過。夏季最天朗氣清之際，如北多馬上空偶然出現一道煙雲，它就會似條給捲進漩渦的船，一逕飄去大山，在那邊為岩壁所阻擋，割裂成碎片，再彙聚成為大雨，天昏地暗地橫掃山谷。

慈諦對「大山」不甚了了，只知不是個好地方，說是由那裏來的，就會叫人抬不起頭來。所以無論她在北多馬遇上了什麼事，一如哈察小姐所說，須記得自己是從那兒被帶到村子來的，應為此而慶幸，不可再有什麼抱怨。她望着大山，憶起以往聽到的話，嘗試如平常一樣，為自己的命運而慶幸。但那個年輕人喚起了蕁麻鎮亮晶晶的街道景象，回顧自己頭上那頂舊太陽帽，簡直羞死人！她厭煩北多馬，她妒忌住在春田市的安娜貝·巴柱，她那雙湛藍眼睛如望向遠方，所看到的景象定必比蕁麻鎮更為燦爛！

「都討厭死了！」她再次咕噥道。

Half way down the street she stopped at a weak-hinged gate. Passing through it, she walked down a brick path to a queer little brick temple with white wooden columns supporting a pediment on which was inscribed in tarnished gold letters: "The Honorius Hatchard Memorial Library, 1832."

Honorius Hatchard had been old Miss Hatchard's great-uncle; though she would undoubtedly have reversed the phrase, and put forward, as her only claim to distinction, the fact that she was his great-niece. For Honorius Hatchard, in the early years of the nineteenth century, had enjoyed a modest celebrity. As the marble tablet in the interior of the library informed its infrequent visitors, he had possessed marked literary gifts, written a series of papers called "The Recluse of Eagle Range," enjoyed the acquaintance of Washington Irving and Fitz-Greene Halleck, and been cut off in his flower by a fever contracted in Italy. Such had been the sole link between North Dorner and literature, a link piously commemorated by the erection of the monument where Charity Royall, every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, sat at her desk under a freckled steel engraving of the deceased author, and wondered if he felt any deader in his

大路走到一半，她在一道門鉸半壞的柵欄前面停下來，推開進入。沿着鋪磚的小路向前走，可見到一座怪怪的廟宇形建築物，它也是用磚建成。這座房子前面有一列白色木柱，柱頂撐着幅山形牆，刻在上面的金字已褪色了——「洪諾留·哈察紀念圖書館 一八三二年」。

洪諾留·哈察是哈察老小姐的曾叔父，當然她一定會倒過來說，她是他的姪孫女兒，因為洪諾留·哈察在十九世紀初薄具名望，是她一生人唯一可引以為傲之處。圖書館的稀客可在館內的一塊雲石碑文上，讀到他擁有傑出的文學天份，曾寫了一系列名為《鷹嶺的隱士》的文章，生前跟名作家華盛頓·歐文 (Washington Irving) 與弗斯格蘭·賀力 (Fitz-Greene Halleck) 交往，後在意大利染疾，導致盛年早逝。這就是北多馬與文學的唯一聯繫，紀念圖書館內的肖像就是專誠為此豎立，誌記其人其事。每逢周二和周四下午，在那塊鑄刻了「洪諾留·哈察」名字的斑駁鐵片下，慈諦坐在桌子旁，心裏問：誰感到被埋

grave than she did in his library.

Entering her prison-house with a listless step she took off her hat, hung it on a plaster bust of Minerva, opened the shutters, leaned out to see if there were any eggs in the swallow's nest above one of the windows, and finally, seating herself behind the desk, drew out a roll of cotton lace and a steel crochet hook. She was not an expert workwoman, and it had taken her many weeks to make the half-yard of narrow lace which she kept wound about the buckram back of a disintegrated copy of "The Lamplighter." But there was no other way of getting any lace to trim her summer blouse, and since Ally Hawes, the poorest girl in the village, had shown herself in church with enviable transparencies about the shoulders, Charity's hook had travelled faster. She unrolled the lace, dug the hook into a loop, and bent to the task with furrowed brows.

Suddenly the door opened, and before she had raised her eyes she knew that the young man she had seen going in at the Hatchard gate had entered the library.

Without taking any notice of her he began to move slowly about the long vault-like room, his hands behind his

得更深？是墳墓內的他，還是在圖書館內的她？

她沒精打采地踏進她的監牢內，除下帽子，把它掛在米奈娃石膏像的乳房上，打開百葉窗子，探身出去看看窗外的一個燕巢有沒有鳥蛋。最後，她在桌子後坐下來，拿出一卷棉綫花邊和一枝鐵勾針。她不是個女紅好手，那繞在破爛的《點燈人》精裝硬布背頁上的半碼窄封花邊，已是她多周工作的成果。她實在想不出可從哪裏找到花邊來綴在她的夏季罩衣上，但連村中最窮的女孩——雅莉·巧斯上教堂時，肩上也圍了塊美麗的通透花邊，她的勾針就動得更快了。她攤開花邊，把勾針插進圓圈內，垂首感眉專注地勾織。

大門忽然打開，就算她不抬起眼睛，也知道是那個先前走入哈察家的年輕男子進來了。

他望也沒望她，在那墓室似的長方型房間內緩緩巡行，他的雙手放在背後，一

back, his short-sighted eyes peering up and down the rows of rusty bindings. At length he reached the desk and stood before her.

"Have you a card-catalogue?" he asked in a pleasant abrupt voice; and the oddness of the question caused her to drop her work.

"A WHAT?"

"Why, you know----" He broke off, and she became conscious that he was looking at her for the first time, having apparently, on his entrance, included her in his general short-sighted survey as part of the furniture of the library.

The fact that, in discovering her, he lost the thread of his remark, did not escape her attention, and she looked down and smiled. He smiled also.

"No, I don't suppose you do know," he corrected himself. "In fact, it would be almost a pity----"

She thought she detected a slight condescension in his tone, and asked sharply: "Why?"

雙近視眼在一排排鐵繡色的包裝書頁上下搜尋。最後來到桌旁，站在她的前面。

「妳有圖書咭目錄嗎？」他的聲音溫和而急遽。這個奇怪問題令她停下了工作。

「什麼？」

「噢！就是……」他的話中斷了。她知道是因為這時候他才真正望見她，之前明顯地由於近視眼，剛進圖書館時，慣性地把她當作擺設的一部分。

他望見她後，要說的話忽地中斷，這點可逃不過她的眼睛。她垂下頭，微微一笑。他也笑了。

「呀！也許妳不知道，」他糾正自己，「其實真有點可惜……」

她覺得他有點高高在上的味道，馬上回過去一句：「為什麼？」

"Because it's so much pleasanter, in a small library like this, to poke about by one's self--with the help of the librarian."

He added the last phrase so respectfully that she was mollified, and rejoined with a sigh: "I'm afraid I can't help you much."

"Why?" he questioned in his turn; and she replied that there weren't many books anyhow, and that she'd hardly read any of them. "The worms are getting at them," she added gloomily.

"Are they? That's a pity, for I see there are some good ones." He seemed to have lost interest in their conversation, and strolled away again, apparently forgetting her. His indifference nettled her, and she picked up her work, resolved not to offer him the least assistance. Apparently he did not need it, for he spent a long time with his back to her, lifting down, one after another, the tall cob-webby volumes from a distant shelf.

"Oh, I say!" he exclaimed; and looking up she saw that he had drawn out his handkerchief and was carefully wiping the edges of the book in his hand. The action struck her as an unwarranted criticism on her care of the books, and

「因為在這麼小的一座圖書館內，自己找找翻翻——再加上圖書館員的幫忙，就更愉快了。」

他最後的一句話語調很客氣，她登時氣都全消，回答說：「唉！恐怕我幫不上忙。」

「為什麼？」輪到他問。她說根本書不多，而她也沒看過多少。「都快給蟲蛀掉了。」她懊喪地加上一句。

「那真太可惜！有些是好書呢！」他好像沒興趣搭話，又踱步走開去，明顯地忘記了她的存在。看見他不在乎的樣子，她有點不高興，再次拿起手中的活兒，下定決心不提供任何幫忙。不過，清楚的是他無需幫忙，很長的一段時間他背向她，在遠處的架子上把那些佈滿蛛網的高身書本逐一取下來。

「哎！」是他嘆氣的聲音。她抬起頭，看見他掏出手帕來，小心地揩抹手中那本書的邊緣。她覺得這個舉動意味着她對書本疏忽保養，真是好沒來由！於是

she said irritably: "It's not my fault if they're dirty."

He turned around and looked at her with reviving interest. "Ah—then you're not the librarian?"

"Of course I am; but I can't dust all these books. Besides, nobody ever looks at them, now Miss Hatchard's too lame to come round."

"No, I suppose not." He laid down the book he had been wiping, and stood considering her in silence. She wondered if Miss Hatchard had sent him round to pry into the way the library was looked after, and the suspicion increased her resentment. "I saw you going into her house just now, didn't I?" she asked, with the New England avoidance of the proper name. She was determined to find out why he was poking about among her books.

"Miss Hatchard's house? Yes--she's my cousin and I'm staying there," the young man answered; adding, as if to disarm a visible distrust: "My name is Harney--Lucius Harney. She may have spoken of me."

憤然說：「書這麼髒不關我的事。」

他轉過頭來，重新着意地望向她，「哦！原來妳不是圖書管理員。」

「我怎不是？只不過我不可能替那麼多書掃塵。況且，也沒有人要看。哈察小姐嘛，她的腿不方便，不上這兒來了。」

「那倒是真的。」他放下手中的書，靜靜地打量她。她心想：會是哈察小姐叫他過來窺探她有沒有好好履行職責嗎？一起了疑心，她就更不滿了。「剛才瞧見你進入她的屋子，沒錯吧？」慈諦用了新英格蘭不提姓名的稱呼方式。她一定要找出他在她轄下圖書館內翻查的原因。

「妳說哈察小姐家？噢！我是她的表親，暫住那兒。」見到她顯出不大相信的樣子，為了消除她的疑心，他加上一句：「我叫祿斯·夏尼。她可能向妳提過我。」

"No, she hasn't," said Charity, wishing she could have said: "Yes, she has."

"Oh, well----" said Miss Hatchard's cousin with a laugh; and after another pause, during which it occurred to Charity that her answer had not been encouraging, he remarked: "You don't seem strong on architecture."

Her bewilderment was complete: the more she wished to appear to understand him the more unintelligible his remarks became. He reminded her of the gentleman who had "explained" the pictures at Nettleton, and the weight of her ignorance settled down on her again like a pall.

"I mean, I can't see that you have any books on the old houses about here. I suppose, for that matter, this part of the country hasn't been much explored. They all go on doing Plymouth and Salem. So stupid. My cousin's house, now, is remarkable. This place must have had a past—it must have been more of a place once." He stopped short, with the blush of a shy man who overhears himself, and fears he has been voluble. "I'm an architect, you see, and I'm hunting up old houses in these parts."

「沒有啊！」慈諦多希望能說：「有。」

「嗯！」哈察小姐的表親笑了笑，沒說話了。慈諦陡地察覺到自己的回答太倔，教人不易搭腔。他又開口了：「建築不似是你們的強項。」

剎那間她有如墮進五里霧中；雖則越想擺出副理解的樣子，他那句似是評論的話就越難明白。他叫她想起了蕁麻鎮那位講解圖片的紳士，那份無知感再次重重壓下來。

「我的意思是館內沒有關於這一帶老房子的著作，也許為了這原故，沒有誰為這地方做過研究。他們都到普利茅斯和賽勒姆去了，多笨！我現時住的表親家，已是一座很特別的房子。這裏一定有很長的歷史，不止呢！更應有過一段光輝日子！」他驟地停口，臉泛紅，恰像個害羞男子忽然聽到自己說話，害怕自己話太多了。「我是個建築師，來這裏勘探老房子。」

她瞪大了眼，「老房子？在北多馬不是

She stared. "Old houses? Everything's old in North Dormer, isn't it? The folks are, anyhow."

He laughed, and wandered away again.

"Haven't you any kind of a history of the place? I think there was one written about 1840: a book or pamphlet about its first settlement," he presently said from the farther end of the room.

She pressed her crochet hook against her lip and pondered. There was such a work, she knew: "North Dormer and the Early Townships of Eagle County." She had a special grudge against it because it was a limp weakly book that was always either falling off the shelf or slipping back and disappearing if one squeezed it in between sustaining volumes. She remembered, the last time she had picked it up, wondering how anyone could have taken the trouble to write a book about North Dormer and its neighbours: Dormer, Hamblin, Creston and Creston River. She knew them all, mere lost clusters of houses in the folds of the desolate ridges: Dormer, where North Dormer went for its apples; Creston River, where there used to be a paper-mill, and its grey walls stood decaying by the stream; and Hamblin, where the first snow always fell. Such

什麼都古老的嗎？至少居民都老，準沒錯兒。」

他笑起來，又踱步走了開去。

「這裏有地方志那類書嗎？應有一本寫一八四零年前後的書或小冊子，說的是早期移民歷史。」他從房間最遠那端說道。

她將勾針抵在唇上竭力思索，確有本書叫《北多馬和鷹嶺的早期市鎮》。這本書特別惹她討厭，它薄薄的，老是站不直，不是一碰就從架上跌下來，就是滑到了後面，要是拿兩本書夾實它，它就給遮掩到無形無蹤。她記得上次檢起它時，心裏奇怪為何有人要為北多馬及鄰近一帶——多馬、咸連、瓜斯頓、瓜斯頓河寫書。這些地方她都熟悉，都只是荒涼山嶺低處被人遺忘了的村落。多馬是北多馬村民採摘蘋果之地；瓜斯頓河從前有座造紙坊，原來的灰色圍牆在河邊正逐漸坍下去；至於咸連，第一場雪總是從那裏開始飄落。這些就是它們僅具的名聲。

were their titles to fame.

She got up and began to move about vaguely before the shelves. But she had no idea where she had last put the book, and something told her that it was going to play her its usual trick and remain invisible. It was not one of her lucky days.

"I guess it's somewhere," she said, to prove her zeal; but she spoke without conviction, and felt that her words conveyed none.

"Oh, well----" he said again. She knew he was going, and wished more than ever to find the book.

"It will be for next time," he added; and picking up the volume he had laid on the desk he handed it to her. "By the way, a little air and sun would do this good; it's rather valuable."

He gave her a nod and smile, and passed out.

## II

The hours of the Hatchard Memorial librarian were from three to five; and Charity Royall's sense of duty usually kept her at her desk until nearly half-past

她走到書架前，視線漫無目的地上下搜索。但她無法記起上次把書放了在哪兒，預感告訴她，它會一如既往，跟她玩捉迷藏躲起來。今天真倒霉！

「書確是有的，不過要找找！」她如是交代了，證明真的想幫忙；但她說時沒多大信心，聽上去也沒有。

「哦！」他回答。她知道他要走了，比任何時候更焦急想把書找出來。

「下次才借吧！」他把原先擱在桌面上的書遞給她，說道：「順便提一句，曬曬太陽、吹吹風，對這本書有好處，它可珍貴呢！」

他向她點頭微笑，就走了。

## 二

哈察紀念圖書館員的工作時間是下午三至五點，慈諦·萊亞卻通常認為她工作到四點半左右就可下班。

four.

But she had never perceived that any practical advantage thereby accrued either to North Dormer or to herself; and she had no scruple in decreeing, when it suited her, that the library should close an hour earlier. A few minutes after Mr. Harney's departure she formed this decision, put away her lace, fastened the shutters, and turned the key in the door of the temple of knowledge.

The street upon which she emerged was still empty: and after glancing up and down it she began to walk toward her house. But instead of entering she passed on, turned into a field-path and mounted to a pasture on the hillside. She let down the bars of the gate, followed a trail along the crumbling wall of the pasture, and walked on till she reached a knoll where a clump of larches shook out their fresh tassels to the wind. There she lay down on the slope, tossed off her hat and hid her face in the grass.

She was blind and insensible to many things, and dimly knew it; but to all that was light and air, perfume and colour, every drop of blood in her responded. She loved the roughness of the dry mountain grass under her palms, the smell of the thyme into which she

她從不覺得這份工對自己或北多馬有什麼實質好處，所以假使興之所至，就算早一個小時下班，導致圖書館提早關門，也不認為是有虧職守。夏尼先生一離開，她也決定要走。她收起正在勾織的花邊、關上百頁窗子，接着就把那知識廟堂的大門鎖上了。

從哈察圖書紀念館出來後，馬路上仍是空無一人，她瞄瞄路的兩端，然後朝回家方向走；到了柵門卻沒進去，改走一條田間小路，步上山崗邊的牧場。她卸下牧場欄柵的橫門，沿着那半坍塌牆旁的小徑，一直向前走，走到一個圓型山丘才停下來。那裏有一排落葉松，新長出來的松子迎着微風搖曳生姿。她躺在崗坡上，一手甩掉帽子，把臉孔埋在草中。

有很多事她看不見、也一無所覺，只是隱隱約約地知道；但是面對光、風、香氣、色彩，身內每滴血都會有所反應。掌中抓住的高山野草給予她的乾糙感覺、臉孔壓在百里香上聞到的濃味、清

crushed her face, the fingering of the wind in her hair and through her cotton blouse, and the creak of the larches as they swayed to it.

She often climbed up the hill and lay there alone for the mere pleasure of feeling the wind and of rubbing her cheeks in the grass. Generally at such times she did not think of anything, but lay immersed in an inarticulate well-being. Today the sense of well-being was intensified by her joy at escaping from the library. She liked well enough to have a friend drop in and talk to her when she was on duty, but she hated to be bothered about books. How could she remember where they were, when they were so seldom asked for? Orma Fry occasionally took out a novel, and her brother Ben was fond of what he called "jography," and of books relating to trade and bookkeeping; but no one else asked for anything except, at intervals, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or "Opening of a Chestnut Burr," or Longfellow. She had these under her hand, and could have found them in the dark; but unexpected demands came so rarely that they exasperated her like an injustice....

風鑽進她的頭髮和棉罩衣的微癢、落葉松隨風搖擺而發出的「沙沙」聲響，她全都愛。

她常走上山坡，獨個兒躺在草地上，為的就是感受微風吹拂和臉孔與野草磨擦的感覺。通常在這些時刻，她什麼也不想，只是全身沉浸在說不出來的愉悅裏。今天她從圖書館逃出來，快樂得很，愉悅感就更強了。她當值時，喜歡的是有個朋友走進來談談天，討厭的是要去和那些書打交道。既然那麼少人來借，她又怎可能記得書都放在哪兒？奧瑪·費爾偶爾進來借本小說，她的弟弟賓·費爾喜歡借他唸作「地利」、與及那些跟簿記和商業有關的書，除此之外，就沒有人來借書了；例外的只有悲慘的《黑奴籲天錄》、浪漫的《打開毛栗》或朗費羅(Longfellow)詩作那幾本，每過一些日子，就會有人來借。這幾本書的位置她都瞭如指掌，就算在黑暗中，她單憑用手摸，也會找得到。但忽然有人罕有地找一本沒人看的書，令她大感沮喪，似被人不公平地對待……

She had liked the young man's looks, and his short-sighted eyes, and his odd way of speaking, that was abrupt yet soft, just as his hands were sun-burnt and sinewy, yet with smooth nails like a woman's. His hair was sunburnt-looking too, or rather the colour of bracken after frost; his eyes grey, with the appealing look of the shortsighted, his smile shy yet confident, as if he knew lots of things she had never dreamed of, and yet wouldn't for the world have had her feel his superiority. But she did feel it, and liked the feeling; for it was new to her.

Poor and ignorant as she was, and knew herself to be--humblest of the humble even in North Dormer, where to come from the Mountain was the worst disgrace--yet in her narrow world she had always ruled. It was partly, of course, owing to the fact that lawyer Royall was "the biggest man in North Dormer"; so much too big for it, in fact, that outsiders, who didn't know, always wondered how it held him. In spite of everything--and in spite even of Miss Hatchard--lawyer Royall ruled in North Dormer; and Charity ruled in lawyer Royall's house. She had never put it to herself in those terms; but she knew her power, knew what it was made of, and

她喜歡那年輕男子的長相，與及他的近視眼；也喜歡他說話的特別方式——速度很快，但又語調溫和，就好像他的手，給太陽曬得深褐色、筋肌分明，但指甲光滑得有如女性。他的頭髮也是給太陽晒成褐色，或更似霜後蕨草的顏色。他灰黑的眼珠就像所有的近視眼，望人時帶着央求的味道。他的微笑既靦腆，又展現着自信，似乎知道很多她連做夢也未想過的事，但又決決不讓她察覺他的優越；不過她明顯察覺了，並覺着很好，因對她來說是種全新的感受。

她一無所有、一無所知，曉得自己在北多馬這麼小的一個村鎮內，是卑微階層中最卑微的一個人——來自大山就是最大的恥辱。不過在她狹小的世界內，她卻有控制大權；當然有部分原因是由於萊亞律師是北多馬的大人物。不知情的外來人常常奇怪，這小村鎮如何容納得下他。整條村子裏，誰也及不上萊亞律師，甚至哈察小姐亦瞠乎其後，他可說是北多馬村一村之長，而慈諦就是萊亞家一家之主。她自己從沒用過這些字眼，但深知自己享有這份大權，也知道

hated it. Confusedly, the young man in the library had made her feel for the first time what might be the sweetness of dependence.

She sat up, brushed the bits of grass from her hair, and looked down on the house where she held sway. It stood just below her, cheerless and untended, its faded red front divided from the road by a "yard" with a path bordered by gooseberry bushes, a stone well overgrown with traveller's joy, and a sickly Crimson Rambler tied to a fan-shaped support, which Mr. Royall had once brought up from Hepburn to please her. Behind the house a bit of uneven ground with clothes-lines strung across it stretched up to a dry wall, and beyond the wall a patch of corn and a few rows of potatoes strayed vaguely into the adjoining wilderness of rock and fern.

Charity could not recall her first sight of the house. She had been told that she was ill of a fever when she was brought down from the Mountain; and she could only remember waking one day in a cot at the foot of Mrs. Royall's bed, and opening her eyes on the cold neatness of the room that was afterward to be hers.

它如何產生，不過她恨極了。不知為何，圖書館邂逅的年輕男子使她首度感到：能夠倚賴他人，原來是多好的一份感覺！

她坐起來，掃掃頭髮上的草屑，下望那間她大權在握的屋子。它正在她腳下，外貌沉鬱、保養欠佳，把這座褪色紅屋與馬路隔開的是一個「前庭」、一條兩邊種了刺兒梨叢的小徑、一道爬滿了鐵綫蓮的石牆和繫了株薔薇的扇形架子。薔薇本是萊亞律師從希賓買回來討她歡心的，現在已是奄奄一息。屋後是一小塊凹凸不平的泥地，掛了幾行晾衣繩，一直延伸到一道乾牆上。牆後面是一畦玉米田，外加幾行馬鈴薯的莖葉歪歪斜斜地向外伸展，最終沒入了石塊和蕨草夾雜的荒野。

對於屋子的第一眼印象，慈諦已不復記憶。人家說她從山上被帶下來時發着燒。她只記得醒來後，自己睡在萊亞太太床腳的一張小床上，房間齊齊整整，卻透着冷清。後來這就成了她個人的房間。

Mrs. Royall died seven or eight years later; and by that time Charity had taken the measure of most things about her. She knew that Mrs. Royall was sad and timid and weak; she knew that lawyer Royall was harsh and violent, and still weaker. She knew that she had been christened Charity (in the white church at the other end of the village) to commemorate Mr. Royall's disinterestedness in "bringing her down," and to keep alive in her a becoming sense of her dependence; she knew that Mr. Royall was her guardian, but that he had not legally adopted her, though everybody spoke of her as Charity Royall; and she knew why he had come back to live at North Dormer, instead of practising at Nettleton, where he had begun his legal career.

After Mrs. Royall's death there was some talk of sending her to a boarding-school. Miss Hatchard suggested it, and had a long conference with Mr. Royall, who, in pursuance of her plan, departed one day for Starkfield to visit the institution she recommended. He came back the next night with a black face; worse, Charity observed, than she had ever seen him; and by that time she had had some experience.

她住下大概七八年後，萊亞太太溘然離世。那時慈諦已大致琢磨清楚她所處的環境。她知道萊亞太太長日鬱鬱不歡、性格懦弱，也知道萊亞律師的脾氣剛嚴躁烈，但內心其實比他的妻子更為軟弱。她受洗的名字定為「慈諦」（儀式就在村子另一端的白色教堂內舉行），是為了突顯萊亞先生不是為了個人利益才把她從山上帶下來，也適如其分地讓她明白沒有多大自主權。她知道萊亞先生雖是監護人，但並沒有採用合法程序收養她；儘管人人都叫她「慈諦·萊亞」。她也知道萊亞先生為什麼會回這條村子定居，而不留在蕁麻鎮，繼續他早年開設的律師業務。

萊亞太太去世後，有人說應把她送往寄宿學校去。哈察小姐有個提議，為此與萊亞先生展開長談。萊亞先生遵循她的意見，有天去了那間位於斯達弗她推薦的學校。回來的那個晚上，他的臉孔是前所未見的陰沉；那時她已多少見識過他的壞脾氣。

When she asked him how soon she was to start he answered shortly, "You ain't going," and shut himself up in the room he called his office; and the next day the lady who kept the school at Starkfield wrote that "under the circumstances" she was afraid she could not make room just then for another pupil.

Charity was disappointed; but she understood. It wasn't the temptations of Starkfield that had been Mr. Royall's undoing; it was the thought of losing her. He was a dreadfully "lonesome" man; she had made that out because she was so "lonesome" herself. He and she, face to face in that sad house, had sounded the depths of isolation; and though she felt no particular affection for him, and not the slightest gratitude, she pitied him because she was conscious that he was superior to the people about him, and that she was the only being between him and solitude. Therefore, when Miss Hatchard sent for her a day or two later, to talk of a school at Nettleton, and to say that this time a friend of hers would "make the necessary arrangements," Charity cut her short with the announcement that she had decided not to leave North Dormer.

Miss Hatchard reasoned with her kindly, but to no purpose; she simply repeated: "I guess Mr. Royall's too lonesome."

她問他啓程的日期，他只簡短地答道：

「你不用去了。」然後進入充當辦公室的房間，把自己關起來。第二天，主管那間學校的女士寫信說道，在「目前情況」下，她恐怕不能容納多一名學生。

慈諦很失望，但心底是明白的，不是斯達弗的花花世界令萊亞先生改變主意，而是他捨不得她。他是個非常「寂寞」的男人，她曉得是因為她也同等「寂寞」。他和她，在那悲傷的屋子裏面相對，明白隔絕可以有多深！雖則她對他談不上特別喜歡，也沒絲毫感激之情，但她可憐他，是因為她知道他比周圍的人都優越，而她是他跟孤獨之間的唯一一個人。因此，一兩天後，哈察小姐叫了她去，說蕁麻鎮有間學校，這次有個朋友可以作出種種「必須的安排」，慈諦就沒讓她說下去，宣稱已決定不會離開北多馬。

哈察小姐好心地想說服她而不果。她只重複那句：「我覺得萊亞先生太孤單了。」

Miss Hatchard blinked perplexedly behind her eye-glasses. Her long frail face was full of puzzled wrinkles, and she leant forward, resting her hands on the arms of her mahogany armchair, with the evident desire to say something that ought to be said.

"The feeling does you credit, my dear."

She looked about the pale walls of her sitting-room, seeking counsel of ancestral daguerreotypes and didactic samplers; but they seemed to make utterance more difficult.

"The fact is, it's not only--not only because of the advantages. There are other reasons. You're too young to understand----"

"Oh, no, I ain't," said Charity harshly; and Miss Hatchard blushed to the roots of her blonde cap. But she must have felt a vague relief at having her explanation cut short, for she concluded, again invoking the daguerreotypes: "Of course I shall always do what I can for you; and in case... in case... you know you can always come to me...."

Lawyer Royall was waiting for Charity in the porch when she returned from this visit. He had shaved, and brushed his

哈察小姐眼鏡後的眼睛不明所以地眨着，她瘦削的長形臉孔因為疑惑而堆滿皺紋，她的身體前傾、雙臂按在桃花心木安樂椅的扶手上，明顯地有一番道理要講。

「孩子，你這樣想是好的。」

哈察小姐望向客廳四周素色的牆壁，希望銀版的祖先相片和格言掛幅能幫她一把，但它們似乎令她更難啓齒。

「其實，另外——不光是有好處，還有其他理由。你太年輕了，不明白……」

「不，我明白。」慈諦僵硬地說。哈察小姐面上泛起紅暈，一直擴展到罩帽邊的前額上；但她又必然為毋須解釋下去而暗暗寬懷，因為她的眼睛又投向銀版相片求助，然後就此結束這次談話：「當然我一定會盡我所能幫你，假使……假使……你知道可隨時來找我。」

慈諦返抵家時，萊亞律師在門廊處等候。他刮了鬚、黑色大衣刷得很乾淨，

black coat, and looked a magnificent monument of a man; at such moments she really admired him.

"Well," he said, "is it settled?"

"Yes, it's settled. I ain't going."

"Not to the Nettleton school?"

"Not anywhere."

He cleared his throat and asked sternly: "Why?"

"I'd rather not," she said, swinging past him on her way to her room. It was the following week that he brought her up the Crimson Rambler and its fan from Hepburn. He had never given her anything before.

The next outstanding incident of her life had happened two years later, when she was seventeen. Lawyer Royall, who hated to go to Nettleton, had been called there in connection with a case. He still exercised his profession, though litigation languished in North Dormer and its outlying hamlets; and for once he

身軀魁梧，確是儀表非凡。在這些時刻，她真心覺得他是出眾的。

「怎樣？」他問道，「決定了沒有？」

「決定了，我不去。」

「不去蕁麻鎮那間學校？」

「哪兒都不去。」

他清清喉嚨，嚴肅地問：「是什麼原因？」

「我就是不想。」她回答說，接着很快走過他身邊，上樓到自己的房間去。接着的一周，他就從希賓買來那株薔薇和扇狀花架，他從沒送過她禮物，這是第一次。

兩年後，她十七歲了，又發生了一生人第二樁重大事件。萊亞律師素來不喜歡到蕁麻鎮去，這次為了一單官司，卻必須去一趟。北多馬及鄰近村莊極少有訟事，不過他仍有執業，有生意上門，一

had had an opportunity that he could not afford to refuse. He spent three days in Nettleton, won his case, and came back in high good-humour. It was a rare mood with him, and manifested itself on this occasion by his talking impressively at the supper-table of the "rousing welcome" his old friends had given him. He wound up confidentially: "I was a damn fool ever to leave Nettleton. It was Mrs. Royall that made me do it."

Charity immediately perceived that something bitter had happened to him, and that he was trying to talk down the recollection. She went up to bed early, leaving him seated in moody thought, his elbows propped on the worn oilcloth of the supper table. On the way up she had extracted from his overcoat pocket the key of the cupboard where the bottle of whiskey was kept.

She was awakened by a rattling at her door and jumped out of bed. She heard Mr. Royall's voice, low and peremptory, and opened the door, fearing an accident. No other thought had occurred to her; but when she saw him in the doorway, a ray from the autumn moon falling on his discomposed face, she understood.

For a moment they looked at each other in silence; then, as he put his foot across the threshold, she stretched out her arm

定不會拒絕。他在蕁麻鎮逗留了三天，贏了官司，回家時心情好極了。這可是罕有的事。在晚餐桌上，他仍是情緒高漲，感觸地講述昔日老朋友的招待如何窩心。最後，他透露了一點隱私：「離開蕁麻鎮，我可真是個大笨蛋，都是萊亞太太逼我，我才走的。」

慈諦馬上想到他過往曾有極不愉快的遭遇，現在只是意圖說得輕描淡寫。她比平日早了點上樓就寢，留下他獨自在飯廳內。他的手肘撐在晚餐桌的舊油布上，繼續在想他的心事。在上樓之前，她從他的大衣口袋中，取走了鎖着威士忌酒的杯櫃鑰匙。

驀地她被一陣急遽敲門聲驚醒。她從床上跳起來，聽到了萊亞先生低沉、命令式的話音。她怕是有什麼意外，打開了房門。那刻她沒想到什麼，但見到他站在門邊，秋天的一道月光剛好照在他不自然的臉容上，她明白了。

有一刻他們就在靜默中互望，然後在他跨過門檻時，她伸出手臂阻止他進入。

and stopped him.

"You go right back from here," she said, in a shrill voice that startled her; "you ain't going to have that key tonight."

"Charity, let me in. I don't want the key. I'm a lonesome man," he began, in the deep voice that sometimes moved her.

Her heart gave a startled plunge, but she continued to hold him back contemptuously. "Well, I guess you made a mistake, then. This ain't your wife's room any longer."

She was not frightened, she simply felt a deep disgust; and perhaps he divined it or read it in her face, for after staring at her a moment he drew back and turned slowly away from the door. With her ear to her keyhole she heard him feel his way down the dark stairs, and toward the kitchen; and she listened for the crash of the cupboard panel, but instead she heard him, after an interval, unlock the door of the house, and his heavy steps came to her through the silence as he walked down the path. She crept to the window and saw his bent figure striding up the road in the moonlight. Then a belated sense of fear came to her with the consciousness of victory, and she slipped into bed, cold to the bone.

「你馬上給我回去！」她聲音之尖，連自己也嚇一跳。「今晚你休想拿到鑰匙。」

「慈諦！讓我進來，我不是要鑰匙……我很寂寞……」他說話的聲音深沉雄渾，有時她會為之觸動。

她的心猛地急跳一下，但她繼續以鄙夷的態度擋住他。「那你搞錯了，這裏不再是太太的房間。」

她沒被嚇怕，只是感到腌臢極了。可能他猜到或從她臉上看出她的心思，盯了她一刻，就慢慢退後離開門邊。她從鑰匙孔處，聽見他在黑暗中摸索着步下樓梯、走向廚房，她以為接着會聽到打破杯櫃櫃門的嘈音，可是隔了一會，聽到他打開家中的大門，在夜靜之際，他走在小徑上的沉重腳步聲傳到耳中。她偷偷趴在窗邊，在月光中，見到他稍微佝偻的身軀大步走到馬路上。這時她才感到害怕，同時而來的是一陣勝利之感。她輕輕溜回床上，感到徹骨的寒意。

A day or two later poor Eudora Skeff, who for twenty years had been the custodian of the Hatchard library, died suddenly of pneumonia; and the day after the funeral Charity went to see Miss Hatchard, and asked to be appointed librarian. The request seemed to surprise Miss Hatchard: she evidently questioned the new candidate's qualifications.

"Why, I don't know, my dear. Aren't you rather too young?" she hesitated.

"I want to earn some money," Charity merely answered.

"Doesn't Mr. Royall give you all you require? No one is rich in North Dormer."

"I want to earn money enough to get away."

"To get away?" Miss Hatchard's puzzled wrinkles deepened, and there was a distressful pause. "You want to leave Mr. Royall?"

"Yes: or I want another woman in the house with me," said Charity resolutely.

一兩天後，哈察圖書館廿年來的管理員——尤朵拉·斯嘉夫，不幸地染上肺炎，遽然離世。舉行葬禮後的第二天，慈諦去找哈察小姐，申請圖書館員一職。哈察小姐好像感到很意外，很明顯對這位新人的資歷有所質疑。

「這個嘛！妳似乎太年輕了。」她遲疑地說道。

「我想攢點錢。」慈諦只是這樣說。

「萊亞先生給妳的錢不夠花嗎？在北多馬，人人都沒有餘錢。」

「我想儲錢離開這兒。」

「離開？」哈察小姐疑惑的皺紋更深了，然後不安地停下來。「妳想離開萊亞先生？」

「是的。找個女的住進來也可以。」慈諦堅決地說。

Miss Hatchard clasped her nervous hands about the arms of her chair. Her eyes invoked the faded countenances on the wall, and after a faint cough of indecision she brought out: "The... the housework's too hard for you, I suppose?"

Charity's heart grew cold. She understood that Miss Hatchard had no help to give her and that she would have to fight her way out of her difficulty alone. A deeper sense of isolation overcame her; she felt incalculably old. "She's got to be talked to like a baby," she thought, with a feeling of compassion for Miss Hatchard's long immaturity. "Yes, that's it," she said aloud. "The housework's too hard for me: I've been coughing a good deal this fall."

She noted the immediate effect of this suggestion. Miss Hatchard paled at the memory of poor Eudora's taking-off, and promised to do what she could. But of course there were people she must consult: the clergyman, the selectmen of North Dormer, and a distant Hatchard relative at Springfield. "If you'd only gone to school!" she sighed. She followed Charity to the door, and there, in the security of the threshold, said with a glance of evasive appeal: "I know Mr. Royall is... trying at times; but his wife bore with him; and you must always remember, Charity, that it was Mr. Royall who brought you down from the

哈察小姐神經質的雙手緊緊握着安樂椅的扶手，眼睛又投向牆上褪色的相片求援，不知所措地輕咳幾聲，她開口了：「是……家務太辛苦了嗎？」

慈諦的心倏地冷了。她曉得哈察小姐幫不了她，必須靠自己去掙一條生路。更深的隔絕感淹沒她，像置身宇宙洪荒。「要把她當作娃娃般說話。」她想，心下為哈察小姐的冗長幼稚期產生憐憫之情。「是呀！」她大聲說。「家務太辛苦了，入秋以來，咳得很厲害。」

她見到這個回答產生的即時效果，哈察小姐省起尤朵拉離世的原因，面上登時少了血色。她答應盡可能幫忙；但當然還要徵詢多人的意見，例如牧師、北多馬鎮的管理委員會成員、還有遠在春田市的一個親戚。「倒不如妳當日去了學校寄宿，唉！」她送慈諦到大門，在門檻的安全護衛下，投來一道眼光，隱約地帶着為萊亞先生開脫的意味：「我知道他有時……不易相處，但他太太都忍受下來了；慈諦呀！切莫忘記是萊亞先

Mountain." Charity went home and opened the door of Mr. Royall's "office." He was sitting there by the stove reading Daniel Webster's speeches. They had met at meals during the five days that had elapsed since he had come to her door, and she had walked at his side at Eudora's funeral; but they had not spoken a word to each other.

He glanced up in surprise as she entered, and she noticed that he was unshaved, and that he looked unusually old; but as she had always thought of him as an old man the change in his appearance did not move her. She told him she had been to see Miss Hatchard, and with what object. She saw that he was astonished; but he made no comment.

"I told her the housework was too hard for me, and I wanted to earn the money to pay for a hired girl. But I ain't going to pay for her: you've got to. I want to have some money of my own."

Mr. Royall's bushy black eyebrows were drawn together in a frown, and he sat drumming with ink-stained nails on the edge of his desk.

"What do you want to earn money for?" he asked.

生把妳從大山裏帶下來的。」慈諦返抵家門，打開萊亞先生所謂「辦公室」的門，見到他坐在火爐邊，正在閱讀丹尼爾·韋伯斯特（Daniel Webster）的演講辭。自從那晚他來敲她的房門，五天來他們同桌而食，在尤朵拉的葬禮上，他們並肩而行，但一句話也沒交談過。

見到她進來，他驚訝地抬起頭來。她留意到他沒剃鬚，整個人看上去比平日更老；但她早就把他視作老人家，他外貌上的改變，在她心中毫無感覺。她告訴他剛造訪了哈察小姐及此行的目的，她看到他很吃驚，不過沒吭聲。

「我說家務太辛苦了，想賺點錢來雇個女傭。不過我不會出錢，由你來出，我攢下的錢留給自己用。」

萊亞先生濃密的深黑眉毛皺成一道，他那被墨水染黑了的手指頭在身前的桌邊上敲着。

「妳為什麼要工作賺錢？」他問。

"So's to get away when I want to."

"Why do you want to get away?"

Her contempt flashed out. "Do you suppose anybody'd stay at North Dormer if they could help it? You wouldn't, folks say!"

With lowered head he asked: "Where'd you go to?"

"Anywhere where I can earn my living. I'll try here first, and if I can't do it here I'll go somewhere else. I'll go up the Mountain if I have to." She paused on this threat, and saw that it had taken effect. "I want you should get Miss Hatchard and the selectmen to take me at the library: and I want a woman here in the house with me," she repeated.

Mr. Royall had grown exceedingly pale. When she ended he stood up ponderously, leaning against the desk; and for a second or two they looked at each other.

"See here," he said at length as though utterance were difficult, "there's something I've been wanting to say to

「我想哪時離開北多馬，都可以應付。」

「妳為什麼要離開？」

她的蔑視一下子爆發。「有能力離開的話，誰還會留在北多馬？人家說，你不是早想離開？」

他開口時，頭是下垂的。「你準備去哪？」

「哪兒可以養活自己，就去哪兒。先試試這一帶，不成的話，就去其他地方。沒處可去的話，就回到山上去。」她就此停下來，見到這個恐嚇生效了。「我要你去找哈察小姐和管理委員會，說服他們聘我為圖書館員，我也要你請個女僕在家中幫忙。」她再次說。

萊亞先生的面色變得非常蒼白。等她說完後，他站起來靠着桌子思索。有一兩秒時間，他倆只是對望着。

「是這樣的，」最後，他艱難地開口，「有件事我一直想跟妳講；其實我早就

you; I'd ought to have said it before. I want you to marry me."

The girl still stared at him without moving. "I want you to marry me," he repeated, clearing his throat. "The minister'll be up here next Sunday and we can fix it up then. Or I'll drive you down to Hepburn to the Justice, and get it done there. I'll do whatever you say." His eyes fell under the merciless stare she continued to fix on him, and he shifted his weight uneasily from one foot to the other. As he stood there before her, unwieldy, shabby, disordered, the purple veins distorting the hands he pressed against the desk, and his long orator's jaw trembling with the effort of his avowal, he seemed like a hideous parody of the fatherly old man she had always known.

"Marry you? Me?" she burst out with a scornful laugh. "Was that what you came to ask me the other night? What's come over you, I wonder? How long is it since you've looked at yourself in the glass?" She straightened herself, insolently conscious of her youth and strength. "I suppose you think it would be cheaper to marry me than to keep a hired girl. Everybody knows you're the closest man in Eagle County; but I guess you're not going to get your mending done for you that way twice."

應說了。妳嫁給我，好嗎？」

女孩仍瞪着他沒動。「我想妳嫁給我，」他清清喉嚨，重複說道。「下星期六牧師會來，可替我們進行儀式。或者我載妳到希賓去，找法官主持也成。妳說怎辦就怎辦。」在她持續的嚴厲逼視之下，他的視線下垂，雙腳不自然地輪流著力支撐身體的重量。看見他站在那裏拙重、寒碇、慌亂的樣子，連雙手都改了模樣，掌背因大力按著桌子使到藍黑色靜脈貫張凸起，加上這番表明心跡的話說得太吃力了，那擅於演說的長下巴也抖顫起來。這跟她所熟悉的老爹形象是個醜陋的嘲弄版。

「結婚？和我？」她輕蔑地笑出聲來。「原來那晚你來我房間就是為了問我這事？你究竟有什麼問題？有多久沒照鏡子了？」她把背脊伸直，自覺擁有青春、力量本錢，可以對他輕慢。「我猜你認為娶我比聘個女傭還化算，人人知道你全個鷹郡中最是精刮；不過，找個女人回來做老婆，又有人免費替你縫補，可沒第二次。」

Mr. Royall did not move while she spoke. His face was ash-coloured and his black eyebrows quivered as though the blaze of her scorn had blinded him. When she ceased he held up his hand. "That'll do--that'll about do," he said. He turned to the door and took his hat from the hat-peg. On the threshold he paused. "People ain't been fair to me--from the first they ain't been fair to me," he said. Then he went out.

A few days later North Dormer learned with surprise that Charity had been appointed librarian of the Hatchard Memorial at a salary of eight dollars a month, and that old Verena Marsh, from the Creston Almshouse, was coming to live at lawyer Royall's and do the cooking.

### III

It was not in the room known at the red house as Mr. Royall's "office" that he received his infrequent clients.

Professional dignity and masculine independence made it necessary that he should have a real office, under a different roof; and his standing as the only lawyer of North Dormer required that the roof should be the same as that which sheltered the Town Hall and the post-office.

她說話的時候，萊亞先生一直沒動。他的臉變得像死灰一樣蒼白，濃黑眉毛輕微抖動，似被她嘲罵的火焰逼得張不開眼睛。當她說完了，他舉起手來，說：「夠了，我知道了。」他轉身走向大門，從帽架上取下他的帽子，在門檻前停下腳步，說：「人人都對我不公平——一開始就不公平。」接着就開門走了。

幾天後，北多馬的村民意外地聽到慈諦獲聘為哈察圖書館員，月薪八元；而本寄宿於瓜斯頓救濟院的慧麗娜·馬殊老太太，會住進萊亞律師家，為他們煮食。

### 三

萊亞律師家中的那間「辦公室」，不是他接見稀有的委託人的場所。專業尊嚴和男性的獨立意識促使他要另設一間真正的辦公室。身為北多馬唯一一位律師，他覺得他的事務所理應與村鎮會堂和郵局同處一座大樓內，才合乎身份地位。

It was his habit to walk to this office twice a day, morning and afternoon. It was on the ground floor of the building, with a separate entrance, and a weathered name-plate on the door. Before going in he stepped in to the post-office for his mail--usually an empty ceremony--said a word or two to the town-clerk, who sat across the passage in idle state, and then went over to the store on the opposite corner, where Carrick Fry, the storekeeper, always kept a chair for him, and where he was sure to find one or two selectmen leaning on the long counter, in an atmosphere of rope, leather, tar and coffee-beans. Mr. Royall, though monosyllabic at home, was not averse, in certain moods, to imparting his views to his fellow-townsmen; perhaps, also, he was unwilling that his rare clients should surprise him sitting, clerkless and unoccupied, in his dusty office. At any rate, his hours there were not much longer or more regular than Charity's at the library; the rest of the time he spent either at the store or in driving about the country on business connected with the insurance companies that he represented, or in sitting at home reading Bancroft's *History of the United States* and the speeches of Daniel Webster.

每天早上和下午，他都步行到事務所去。他的事務所位於大樓地下，有個獨立的門口，門上掛了個殘舊的名牌。步入事務所之前，他先去郵局取信——其實是多此一舉，然後跟會堂書記閒談一兩句，因書記就坐在通道的另一邊，經常無所事事。接着他會走去對角的雜貨店那邊，老闆嘉力·費爾長期為他設下座椅，店內準有一兩個管理委員會成員挨在長櫃臺上，周圍堆着繩索、皮革、焦油、咖啡豆什麼的。萊亞先生雖則在家中寡言，有時心情不錯，也不吝與老鄉分享他的見解。又或者他其實不想塵埃滿布的事務所忽地走個稀客進來，目睹他既沒有雇用文員、又坐在那裏無事可幹的樣子。總之，他就在事務所的時間，不比慈諦在圖書館的時間長，也同樣沒有固定時刻。其餘時間，他就在雜貨店內消磨時光，或駕車到附近一帶，為他代表的保險公司處理業務，或在家閱讀班克勞夫的《美國歷史》

(*Bancroft's History of the United States*) 和丹尼爾·韋伯斯特 (Daniel Webster) 的演講辭。

Since the day when Charity had told him that she wished to succeed to Eudora Skeff's post their relations had undefinably but definitely changed. Lawyer Royall had kept his word. He had obtained the place for her at the cost of considerable maneuvering, as she guessed from the number of rival candidates, and from the acerbity with which two of them, Orma Fry and the eldest Targatt girl, treated her for nearly a year afterward. And he had engaged Verena Marsh to come up from Creston and do the cooking. Verena was a poor old widow, doddering and shiftless: Charity suspected that she came for her keep. Mr. Royall was too close a man to give a dollar a day to a smart girl when he could get a deaf pauper for nothing. But at any rate, Verena was there, in the attic just over Charity, and the fact that she was deaf did not greatly trouble the young girl. Charity knew that what had happened on that hateful night would not happen again. She understood that, profoundly as she had despised Mr. Royall ever since, he despised himself still more profoundly. If she had asked for a woman in the house it was far less for her own defense than for his humiliation. She needed no one to defend her: his humbled pride was her surest protection. He had never spoken a word of excuse or extenuation; the incident was as if it had never been. Yet its consequences were latent in every word that he and she exchanged, in every glance they instinctively turned

自從那天慈諦告訴萊亞先生她要繼承尤朵拉的遺缺，他倆的關係明顯有了改變，是什麼改變卻說不清。萊亞律師果然遵守諾言，為了使她當上圖書館員，他在背後應下了好一番功夫，只須看看有多少人競爭這職位已可知道；更明顯的是，其中兩人——奧瑪·費爾和泰格家最長的女孩，後來足足有一年時間，跟她說話時都透着尖酸刻薄。他也真的從瓜斯頓雇了個女人來為他們煮食。慧麗娜·馬殊是個寡婦，年紀老邁，貧苦無依，震騰騰的根本做不了什麼，慈諦懷疑她肯來是為了有個棲身之所。萊亞先生的算盤可精了，不用花一個銅板，就可找個無家可歸的老太婆回來，雖則是聾的；相較之下，就算請個聰明伶俐的年輕女孩只需一個大元，他也決不會做。無論如何，慧麗娜來了，安頓在慈諦房間上面的閣樓。她就是個聾子，也沒什麼問題。慈諦知道那個晚上所發生的醜事，再也不會發生。自此以後，她就深深鄙視他，不過她知道他鄙視自己更甚。她要求家中多個女人作伴，更大的原因是為了羞辱他，而不是只為了個

from each other. Nothing now would ever shake her rule in the red house.

On the night of her meeting with Miss Hatchard's cousin Charity lay in bed, her bare arms clasped under her rough head, and continued to think of him. She supposed that he meant to spend some time in North Dormer. He had said he was looking up the old houses in the neighbourhood; and though she was not very clear as to his purpose, or as to why anyone should look for old houses, when they lay in wait for one on every roadside, she understood that he needed the help of books, and resolved to hunt up the next day the volume she had failed to find, and any others that seemed related to the subject.

Never had her ignorance of life and literature so weighed on her as in reliving the short scene of her discomfiture. "It's no use trying to be anything in this place," she muttered to her pillow; and she shivered at the vision of vague metropolises, shining super-Nettletons, where girls in better

人的安全。她不需要任何人的保護，他受損的尊嚴就是她最佳的護衛。他從沒為此道歉，也沒說任何話為自己開脫罪狀；整件事就似是從未發生過。但它不是就此了結，他倆交換的一字一句，都潛藏了那件事的陰影，兩雙眼睛也自然而然地互相規避。她在紅屋的控制權自此變得牢不可破。

遇見哈察小姐表親那晚，慈諦躺在床上，裸露的雙臂交叉墊在一頭亂髮下，繼續去想那年輕人。她猜他會在北多馬逗留一段時間，因為他說過要在這一帶勘探老房子，雖則她不很清楚目的為何，也不了解為什麼有人要到處尋找老房子，不是每條路上都有一座佇候着嗎？她知道他要有書本的協助，下定決心明天要把那本失蹤了的書找出來，其他有關的書本也要！

記憶回到那令她沮喪的短短一幕，原來她對文字著作是那樣無知，生活上很多事情她也不懂，羞愧感重重壓下來。「在這裏沒有用，怎也不會有出息！」她對着枕頭喃喃說道。她朦朦朧朧地想像那

clothes than Belle Balch's talked fluently of architecture to young men with hands like Lucius Harney's. Then she remembered his sudden pause when he had come close to the desk and had his first look at her. The sight had made him forget what he was going to say; she recalled the change in his face, and jumping up she ran over the bare boards to her washstand, found the matches, lit a candle, and lifted it to the square of looking-glass on the white-washed wall. Her small face, usually so darkly pale, glowed like a rose in the faint orb of light, and under her rumpled hair her eyes seemed deeper and larger than by day. Perhaps after all it was a mistake to wish they were blue. A clumsy band and button fastened her unbleached night-gown about the throat. She undid it, freed her thin shoulders, and saw herself a bride in low-necked satin, walking down an aisle with Lucius Harney. He would kiss her as they left the church.... She put down the candle and covered her face with her hands as if to imprison the kiss. At that moment she heard Mr. Royall's step as he came up the stairs to bed, and a fierce revulsion of feeling swept over her. Until then she had merely despised him; now deep hatred of him filled her heart. He became to her a horrible old man....

些大都會、那些亮晶晶的超級蕁麻鎮內的情景，那裏的女孩穿戴得比安娜貝·巴柱更上乘，年輕男子的手則跟祿斯·夏尼一樣，同等光滑，他們一起流暢地談論建築。想到這裏，她覺得整個人都癱下去了。接着她又想起了他走近桌子、首度望見她、說話突然中斷的樣子，是眼前的女孩使他忘了要說的話，她記得他面上神色為之一動。她從床上跳起來，跑過光禿禿的地板，站在盥洗架前，找到火柴，點燃了蠟燭，朝石灰牆上的方形鏡子高高持着。她平日暗啞的小臉，在淡淡光暈的映照下，像玫瑰般亮麗，眼睛對比蓬鬆的頭髮，比日間顯得更深邃、更圓大，或者祈求它們是藍色是錯了。她的淺黃粗布睡袍以布帶和鈕扣在喉嚨處勉強束緊，她鬆開鈕扣，讓睡袍滑下，露出她怯怯的肩膊，見到自己變成穿着絲緞低胸婚紗的新娘子，與祿斯·夏尼步入教堂。從教堂出來後，他會吻她……她放下蠟燭，手掌捂在臉上，似要把那一吻圈禁起來。但在那一刻，她聽到萊亞先生上樓歇息的聲音，頓時感到厭惡極了。之前她只是鄙視他，現在是深深痛恨他，在她眼

The next day, when Mr. Royall came back to dinner, they faced each other in silence as usual. Verena's presence at the table was an excuse for their not talking, though her deafness would have permitted the freest interchange of confidences. But when the meal was over, and Mr. Royall rose from the table, he looked back at Charity, who had stayed to help the old woman clear away the dishes. "I want to speak to you a minute," he said; and she followed him across the passage, wondering.

He seated himself in his black horse-hair armchair, and she leaned against the window, indifferently. She was impatient to be gone to the library, to hunt for the book on North Dormer.

"See here," he said, "why ain't you at the library the days you're supposed to be there?"

The question, breaking in on her mood of blissful abstraction, deprived her of speech, and she stared at him for a moment without answering.

"Who says I ain't?"

"There's been some complaints made, it

中，他成了個恐怖老頭……

第二天，萊亞先生中午回家時，一如既往，他們相對無言。慧麗娜跟他們同席，是不交談的藉口，其實她聾了，就算他倆敞開心胸說什麼悄悄話，她也不會聽到。午餐完畢，慈諦留下準備幫忙收拾杯碟時，萊亞先生站起來，回過頭來對她說：「有句話要跟妳講。」她隨着他穿過通道，心裏很是納罕。

他坐在他那張黑馬毛安樂椅上，她則靠在窗邊，無心去聽他要說的話。她只想快點到圖書館去，把那本有關北多馬的歷史書找出來。

「問問妳，」他說道：「為什麼當值的時間妳不在圖書館內？」

他的問題，使她從幸福的遐想中乍地驚醒，一時間說不出話來，有一刻她只呆呆地望着他。

「誰說我不在？」

appears. Miss Hatchard sent for me this morning----"

Charity's smouldering resentment broke into a blaze. "I know! Orma Fry, and that toad of a Targatt girl and Ben Fry, like as not. He's going round with her. The low-down sneaks--I always knew they'd try to have me out! As if anybody ever came to the library, anyhow!"

"Somebody did yesterday, and you weren't there."

"Yesterday?" she laughed at her happy recollection. "At what time wasn't I there yesterday, I'd like to know?"

"Round about four o'clock."

Charity was silent. She had been so steeped in the dreamy remembrance of young Harney's visit that she had forgotten having deserted her post as soon as he had left the library.

"Who came at four o'clock?"

"Miss Hatchard did."

「有人投訴妳吧！今早哈察小姐叫了我過去……」

慈諦內心的反感爆發，惱怒叫道：「我知是誰！是奧瑪·費爾、泰格家那隻癩哈蟆，還一定有賓·費爾的份兒，他跟她走得挺近！都是鬼祟小人。我早就知道他們要趕走我！我犯着誰？根本從沒人到圖書館來。」

「昨天就有了，妳剛好不在。」

「昨天？」美滋滋地想起昨天的事，她樂開了。「哈！我想知道什麼時候我不在？」

「大約四點。」

慈諦不作聲了。她深深沉湎於夏尼到訪的夢幻般回憶之中，把他前腳一走、她就關門離開、丟下職責的事都拋諸腦後。

「誰四點鐘來？」

"Miss Hatchard? Why, she ain't ever been near the place since she's been lame. She couldn't get up the steps if she tried."

"She can be helped up, I guess. She was yesterday, anyhow, by the young fellow that's staying with her. He found you there, I understand, earlier in the afternoon; and he went back and told Miss Hatchard the books were in bad shape and needed attending to. She got excited, and had herself wheeled straight round; and when she got there the place was locked. So she sent for me, and told me about that, and about the other complaints. She claims you've neglected things, and that she's going to get a trained librarian."

Charity had not moved while he spoke. She stood with her head thrown back against the window-frame, her arms hanging against her sides, and her hands so tightly clenched that she felt, without knowing what hurt her, the sharp edge of her nails against her palms.

Of all Mr. Royall had said she had retained only the phrase: "He told Miss Hatchard the books were in bad shape." What did she care for the other charges against her? Malice or truth, she despised them as she despised her detractors. But that the stranger to whom she had felt herself so mysteriously drawn should have betrayed her! That at

「不就是哈察小姐。」

「哈察小姐？自從腰腿不方便，她就沒上這兒來，那些階級她怎也上不了。」

「有人攙扶，應可以吧！總之昨天她去了，是住進她家的小夥子陪她去的。據說早些時他去了圖書館，那時妳在。他回去後，告訴哈察小姐圖書館的書本保養很差，需清理一下。她有點動氣，馬上要人陪她過去，去到時發覺圖書館已關閉了。所以她叫我去她家，告訴我這事，還有其他一些投訴。她聲稱妳疏忽職守，考慮請個正式的圖書員回來。」

他說話時，慈諦站着絲毫不動，她的頭靠着窗框，雙臂下垂，手緊握成拳，掌心感受到指甲的尖利，但搞不清是什麼令她感到痛楚。

萊亞先生說的許多話，她只聽進一句：

「他告訴哈察小姐圖書館的書本保養很差。」其他的罪名她都不放在心上，無論是真的或純然出自惡意，就如那些誹謗者，她都不屑一顧。只是那個沒來

the very moment when she had fled up the hillside to think of him more deliciously he should have been hastening home to denounce her short-comings! She remembered how, in the darkness of her room, she had covered her face to press his imagined kiss closer; and her heart raged against him for the liberty he had not taken.

"Well, I'll go," she said suddenly. "I'll go right off."

"Go where?" She heard the startled note in Mr. Royall's voice.

"Why, out of their old library: straight out, and never set foot in it again. They needn't think I'm going to wait round and let them say they've discharged me!"

"Charity--Charity Royall, you listen----" he began, getting heavily out of his chair; but she waved him aside, and walked out of the room.

Upstairs she took the library key from the place where she always hid it under her pincushion--who said she wasn't careful?--put on her hat, and swept down again and out into the street. If Mr. Royall heard her go he made no motion

由深深地吸引她的人，竟然出賣她！就在她匆匆躲到山上去，為的是更能回味和他邂逅那刻，他竟然趕回家告發她的缺失！她記起在她的房間內，黑暗中如何捂着臉，把想像中那一吻壓在自己嘴唇上，心裏怨恨他何不大膽一點。

「好！我走！」她突然說道。「我馬上走。」

「去哪？」她聽到萊亞先生驚詫地問。

「不就是離開那間古老圖書館？我馬上走，永遠也不踏足那兒。他們不用想我會呆在那裏，直至他們宣布把我撤職！」

「慈諦……慈諦·萊亞，妳聽我說……」他挪動身體，費力站起來，準備開始他的一番說辭；但她揮了揮手，就走出去了。

回到樓上的房間，她從針墊下，把平日藏在那裏的圖書館鑰匙取出來。誰說她做事不小心謹慎？然後戴上帽子，快步

to detain her: his sudden rages probably made him understand the uselessness of reasoning with hers.

She reached the brick temple, unlocked the door and entered into the glacial twilight. "I'm glad I'll never have to sit in this old vault again when other folks are out in the sun!" she said aloud as the familiar chill took her. She looked with abhorrence at the long dingy rows of books, the sheep-nosed Minerva on her black pedestal, and the mild-faced young man in a high stock whose effigy pined above her desk. She meant to take out of the drawer her roll of lace and the library register, and go straight to Miss Hatchard to announce her resignation. But suddenly a great desolation overcame her, and she sat down and laid her face against the desk. Her heart was ravaged by life's cruelest discovery: the first creature who had come toward her out of the wilderness had brought her anguish instead of joy. She did not cry; tears came hard to her, and the storms of her heart spent themselves inwardly. But as she sat there in her dumb woe she felt her life to be too desolate, too ugly and intolerable.

"What have I ever done to it, that it should hurt me so?" she groaned, and pressed her fists against her lids, which

下樓走到街上去。如萊亞先生聽到她離家，他也沒作出挽留的表示，他的怒火驟然升起，或許使他明白到要跟也是怒火中燒的她講理，是沒用的。

她來到磚建的廟堂，用鑰匙打開門，走進冰冷的薄暮裏。「以後其他人都在曬太陽的時候，我再也不用坐在這古老墓室裏，真好！」襲人的寒意一如平日，她覺着冷，大聲地說。她深痛惡絕地望着那一系列排成長行的陳舊書本、黑色座上高鼻子的米奈娃石膏像、桌子上方那個溫文世家子弟的褪色肖像，準備從抽屜中拿出花邊和登記簿，然後即時到哈察小姐那兒提出辭呈。忽然之間，一陣龐大的蒼涼之感襲來，她不期然坐下來，把臉孔貼在桌面上。生命中竟然有如此殘酷的事，她的心都傷透了——從荒漠中第一個朝她走來的人，沒帶給她歡娛，而竟是痛楚！她沒哭，她不是常流淚的人，她迭宕的情懷只會在內心翻騰耗盡。她坐在那裏，默默地哀傷，感到她的一生太淒涼、太醜陋、太不堪了。

were beginning to swell with weeping.

"I won't--I won't go there looking like a horror!" she muttered, springing up and pushing back her hair as if it stifled her. She opened the drawer, dragged out the register, and turned toward the door. As she did so it opened, and the young man from Miss Hatchard's came in whistling.

#### IV

He stopped and lifted his hat with a shy smile. "I beg your pardon," he said. "I thought there was no one here."

Charity stood before him, barring his way. "You can't come in. The library ain't open to the public Wednesdays."

"I know it's not; but my cousin gave me her key."

"Miss Hatchard's got no right to give her key to other folks, any more'n I have. I'm the librarian and I know the by-laws. This is my library."

The young man looked profoundly surprised.

"Why, I know it is; I'm so sorry if you

「究竟我做了什麼？為什麼要承受這麼大的痛苦？」她低訴着，把拳頭壓在眼皮上，因淚水開始湧上來了。

「我不——不會可憐巴巴的過去！」她喃喃自語，霍地站起來，把似乎勒着她的頭髮往後掠，打開抽屜，把登記簿拽出、捧在手裏，朝大門走去。就在此時，門被人打開了，寓居哈察小姐家的小夥子吹着口哨踏進來。

#### 四

他停下來，除下帽子，靦腆地微笑道：

「對不起！我還以為沒有人在呢！」

慈諦站在他的面前，阻擋着他，說：「你不能進去。星期三圖書館不開放。」

「我知道，但表姐給了我她的鑰匙。」

「哈察小姐跟我一樣，不能把鑰匙交給其他人。我是管理員，我知道規矩。圖書館歸我管。」

那年輕人大感詫異。

mind my coming."

"I suppose you came to see what more you could say to set her against me? But you needn't trouble: it's my library today, but it won't be this time tomorrow. I'm on the way now to take her back the key and the register."

Young Harney's face grew grave, but without betraying the consciousness of guilt she had looked for.

"I don't understand," he said. "There must be some mistake. Why should I say things against you to Miss Hatchard--or to anyone?"

The apparent evasiveness of the reply caused Charity's indignation to overflow. "I don't know why you should. I could understand Orma Fry's doing it, because she's always wanted to get me out of here ever since the first day. I can't see why, when she's got her own home, and her father to work for her; nor Ida Targatt, neither, when she got a legacy from her step-brother on'y last year. But anyway we all live in the same place, and when it's a place like North Dormer it's enough to make people hate each other just to have to walk down the same street every day. But you don't live here, and you don't know anything about any

「妳說得不錯。我來給妳造成不便，真對不起！」

「我猜你是來看看還有什麼可向她投訴吧？不過不用麻煩了，圖書館今天還是歸我管，明天可就不是了，我正準備上她那兒，把鑰匙和登記簿還她。」

夏尼的神情變得嚴肅。她以為他應是一副心知有愧的樣子，可是卻不是。

「我不明白。」他說道：「是不是有些誤會了？我怎會向哈察小姐或其他人投訴妳？」

他明顯的迴避態度令慈諦怒不可遏。

「我不知你為什麼要投訴我。要是奧瑪·費爾這樣做，我倒可理解，她一開始已想趕我走。我不明白的是，她有自己的家，有父親賺錢養活她。艾達·泰格也是，去年才從同父異母兄長那兒承繼了筆遺產。總之我們都住在同一村子，在北多馬這種小地方，天天都要在同一條路上走，就已叫人你恨我、我恨

of us, so what did you have to meddle for? Do you suppose the other girls'd have kept the books any better'n I did? Why, Orma Fry don't hardly know a book from a flat-iron! And what if I don't always sit round here doing nothing till it strikes five up at the church? Who cares if the library's open or shut? Do you suppose anybody ever comes here for books? What they'd like to come for is to meet the fellows they're going with if I'd let 'em. But I wouldn't let Bill Sollas from over the hill hang round here waiting for the youngest Targatt girl, because I know him... that's all... even if I don't know about books all I ought to...."

She stopped with a choking in her throat. Tremors of rage were running through her, and she steadied herself against the edge of the desk lest he should see her weakness.

What he saw seemed to affect him deeply, for he grew red under his sunburn, and stammered out: "But, Miss Royall, I assure you... I assure you...."

His distress inflamed her anger, and she regained her voice to fling back: "If I was you I'd have the nerve to stick to what I said!"

The taunt seemed to restore his presence

你。但你不住在這兒，我們的事你什麼都不知道，為什麼要蹚這渾水？你以為其他女孩做圖書管理員會做得比我好？奧瑪·費爾嘛，連一本書跟一塊扁燙鐵也分不清！我在那裏無所事事，就算坐到教堂鐘敲響五點，又怎樣？誰理圖書館是開門還是關門？你以為有人會來借書嗎？他們入來都是為了跟情人見面；不過要我批准才行，我就是不准山那邊的比爾·索勒斯進來等泰格家的小女兒，因為我清楚他的底細……就是這些……即使我對書本認識不多，我……」

她因喉嚨梗塞而停下來，全身因憤怒而輕微顫抖。為了不讓他發現自己軟弱的一面，她靠在桌邊，令身軀穩定下來。

他似被她的反應大大觸動了，他曬黑了的臉變得漲紅，結結巴巴地說：「但萊亞小姐，我保證……保證……」

他不安的表現令她的怒氣再度高揚。她的聲調回復正常，回敬一句：「換了是我，有膽說，就有膽認！」

of mind. "I hope I should if I knew; but I don't. Apparently something disagreeable has happened, for which you think I'm to blame. But I don't know what it is, because I've been up on Eagle Ridge ever since the early morning."

"I don't know where you've been this morning, but I know you were here in this library yesterday; and it was you that went home and told your cousin the books were in bad shape, and brought her round to see how I'd neglected them."

Young Harney looked sincerely concerned. "Was that what you were told? I don't wonder you're angry. The books are in bad shape, and as some are interesting it's a pity. I told Miss Hatchard they were suffering from dampness and lack of air; and I brought her here to show her how easily the place could be ventilated. I also told her you ought to have some one to help you do the dusting and airing. If you were given a wrong version of what I said I'm sorry; but I'm so fond of old books that I'd rather see them made into a bonfire than left to moulder away like these."

Charity felt her sobs rising and tried to stifle them in words. "I don't care what you say you told her. All I know is she

她的嘲諷似令他恢復平靜，他說道：「如有，那是應當的。但我不知發生了什麼事，很明顯有件不愉快的事發生了，而妳認為應該怪責我；可是我真的不知是什麼事。今天一大清早，我就上了鷹脊那兒。」

「我不管你今早去了哪兒，只知你昨日來了圖書館，然後回去告訴你的表姐說圖書的保養很差，並帶她來看看我怎樣疏忽職責。」

夏尼的神情顯示他很關注，而且出自真心。「有人這樣說嗎？怪不得妳氣憤。圖書的保養確是差，有些是好書，怪可惜的。我告訴哈察小姐，都是潮濕和不通風的原故，我帶她上這兒來，是向她解釋，用一些簡單法子，就可改善圖書館的通風問題。我也告訴她，妳應有人幫忙做抹塵和吹風的工作。如有人把話弄擰了，我真對不起！我是很喜歡舊書的，寧願見到有人用舊書來生個大篝火，也不想見到它們變得霉爛。」

thinks it's all my fault, and I'm going to lose my job, and I wanted it more'n anyone in the village, because I haven't got anybody belonging to me, the way other folks have. All I wanted was to put aside money enough to get away from here sometime. D'you suppose if it hadn't been for that I'd have kept on sitting day after day in this old vault?"

Of this appeal her hearer took up only the last question. "It is an old vault; but need it be? That's the point. And it's my putting the question to my cousin that seems to have been the cause of the trouble." His glance explored the melancholy penumbra of the long narrow room, resting on the blotched walls, the discoloured rows of books, and the stern rosewood desk surmounted by the portrait of the young Honorius. "Of course it's a bad job to do anything with a building jammed against a hill like this ridiculous mausoleum: you couldn't get a good draught through it without blowing a hole in the mountain. But it can be ventilated after a fashion, and the sun can be let in: I'll show you how if you like...." The architect's passion for improvement had already made him lose sight of her grievance, and he lifted his stick instructively toward the cornice. But her silence seemed to tell him that she took no interest in the ventilation of the library, and turning back to her abruptly he held out both hands. "Look here--you don't

慈諦覺得快要哭出來了，於是開口說話，嘗試把眼淚逼回去：「我不管你跟她說了什麼，我只知她認為我做得不好，快要撤我職了。可是我比任何人更需要這份工作，因為我沒有家，不似其他人。我只想攢下點錢，有一天可離開這裏，不然你以為我長日坐在這座古老庫室裏幹嘛？」

她的聆聽者只回應了最後的一句。「它確是座古老的庫室，但是否一定如此？那才是要點。不過我這樣跟表姐講，似乎造成麻煩了。」他望着窄長房間內陰暗的一半，視線停留在現出了斑點的牆壁、褪了色的一排排書本、還有一派儼然的花梨木書桌和上方洪諾留的年輕肖像上。「當然，緊靠在山邊的屋子，作出改動不容易。這間圖書館就像座陵，如想有良好的通風，就要在山裏鑿個洞出來。但還有其他法子可以用的，而且可讓陽光曬進來，有興趣聽我說說嗎？是這樣的……」源自建築師的專業精神，如何可以改善圖書館的一團熱情令他忘了她的委屈，他舉起手杖，朝着楣柱上指指點點。她默不作聲，似是告

mean what you said? You don't really think I'd do anything to hurt you?"

A new note in his voice disarmed her: no one had ever spoken to her in that tone.

"Oh, what DID you do it for then?" she wailed. He had her hands in his, and she was feeling the smooth touch that she had imagined the day before on the hillside.

He pressed her hands lightly and let them go. "Why, to make things pleasanter for you here; and better for the books. I'm sorry if my cousin twisted around what I said. She's excitable, and she lives on trifles: I ought to have remembered that. Don't punish me by letting her think you take her seriously."

It was wonderful to hear him speak of Miss Hatchard as if she were a querulous baby: in spite of his shyness he had the air of power that the experience of cities probably gave. It was the fact of having lived in Nettleton that made lawyer Royall, in spite of his infirmities, the strongest man in North Dormer; and Charity was sure that this young man had lived in bigger places than Nettleton.

訴他她對圖書館的通風問題毫無興趣。他很快地轉過身來，攤開雙手說道：「唏！妳不是說真的吧？真以為我會坑害妳？」

他的腔調帶有一種新的東西，從來沒有人這樣子跟她說話，她登時軟化下來。

「那你為什麼要這樣做？」她嚷了出來。他把她的手掬在掌心，他的手很柔滑，一如那天在山丘上她的想像。

他把她的雙手輕捏一下，就放開了。「不就是為了令妳在這裏工作得更愉快？也對圖書更好嗎？表姐把我的話都弄擰了，真對不起。她就是神經兮兮，平日活得挺無聊的。我早就應想到，跟她說話要小心一點。如妳認真看待她的話，那我就罪過了。」

在他口中，哈察小姐似是一個易發脾氣的小孩子，真妙！儘管他看來靦腆，但又透出一股精神力量，這可能是城市生活歷練出來的；就如萊亞律師，就算本身性格有很多弱點，也因久住蕁麻鎮而

She felt that if she kept up her denunciatory tone he would secretly class her with Miss Hatchard; and the thought made her suddenly simple. "It don't matter to Miss Hatchard how I take her. Mr. Royall says she's going to get a trained librarian; and I'd sooner resign than have the village say she sent me away."

"Naturally you would. But I'm sure she doesn't mean to send you away. At any rate, won't you give me the chance to find out first and let you know? It will be time enough to resign if I'm mistaken."

Her pride flamed into her cheeks at the suggestion of his intervening. "I don't want anybody should coax her to keep me if I don't suit."

He coloured too. "I give you my word I won't do that. Only wait till tomorrow, will you?" He looked straight into her eyes with his shy grey glance. "You can trust me, you know--you really can."

All the old frozen woes seemed to melt in her, and she murmured awkwardly, looking away from him: "Oh, I'll wait."

變成北多馬的強人。慈諦相信他必定來自比蕁麻鎮更大的地方。

她覺得如繼續用責難的語氣和他說話，他就會私下把她歸為哈察小姐一類人，想到這裏，她登時長話短說：「我信不信不重要。萊亞先生說她會請個正式的圖書館員回來，我還是快點自動辭職好，免得村子的人說她炒了我。」

「妳這樣想是很自然的。但我很肯定她不是真的要妳走。無論如何，可否讓我先去問問，再告訴妳她的決定？就算我錯了，也應有足夠時間讓妳向她辭職。」

聽到他準備去為她說項，她的自尊心高漲，熱血直沖上兩頰。「如我不稱職，就不要勸她留下我，誰都不要！」

他的臉也現出赭色。「我保證我不會。妳等到明天，好嗎？」他帶着靦腆意味的深灰黑眼睛，直直地望着她。「妳可信任我，真的。」

在那一刻，過往所有凍結了的悲苦似在

V

There had never been such a June in Eagle County. Usually it was a month of moods, with abrupt alternations of belated frost and mid-summer heat; this year, day followed day in a sequence of temperate beauty. Every morning a breeze blew steadily from the hills. Toward noon it built up great canopies of white cloud that threw a cool shadow over fields and woods; then before sunset the clouds dissolved again, and the western light rained its unobstructed brightness on the valley.

On such an afternoon Charity Royall lay on a ridge above a sunlit hollow, her face pressed to the earth and the warm currents of the grass running through her. Directly in her line of vision a blackberry branch laid its frail white flowers and blue-green leaves against the sky. Just beyond, a tuft of sweet-fern uncurled between the beaded shoots of the grass, and a small yellow butterfly vibrated over them like a fleck of sunshine. This was all she saw; but she felt, above her and about her, the strong growth of the beeches clothing the ridge, the rounding of pale green cones on countless spruce-branches, the push of myriads of sweet-fern fronds in the cracks of the stony slope below the wood, and the crowding shoots of meadowsweet and yellow flags in the

心内容化。她移開視線，不自然地低聲說道：「我就等。」

五

如此的一個六月，鷹郡從沒遇上；通常這個月份的氣候是多變的，忽然是遲來的霜雪，驟地又換成仲夏的燠熱。今年可不同了，天天都是和暖美好的夏日。每天早上，微風從山崗那邊不間斷地徐徐吹送；接近中午，白雲積聚成一朵朵好大的團塊，為田野和樹林投下涼快陰影；太陽西沉之前，白雲就消散了，夕暉斜照，映得整個山谷一片清朗。

就是這樣的一個下午，慈諦·萊亞躺臥在山脊上，陽光直射進下面的岩凹裏。她的臉頰貼緊泥土，野草芳菲，暖暖地在她體內汨汨流動；直望過去，黑莓梢頭的嬌怯小白花和綠藍葉子抵着白雲天，後面是一片帶着珠粒芽苗的野草，中間摻雜了甜蕨的長條葉子，一隻小黃蝶在上面來回撲翼飛舞，像是太陽的點點光芒。她見到的只是這些，但她感受到上下四周景物的內在動力：遍布在山脊、生長力強大的檉樹、在無數雲杉枝

pasture beyond. All this bubbling of sap and slipping of sheaths and bursting of calyxes was carried to her on mingled currents of fragrance. Every leaf and bud and blade seemed to contribute its exhalation to the pervading sweetness in which the pungency of pine-sap prevailed over the spice of thyme and the subtle perfume of fern, and all were merged in a moist earth-smell that was like the breath of some huge sun-warmed animal.

Charity had lain there a long time, passive and sun-warmed as the slope on which she lay, when there came between her eyes and the dancing butterfly the sight of a man's foot in a large worn boot covered with red mud.

"Oh, don't!" she exclaimed, raising herself on her elbow and stretching out a warning hand.

"Don't what?" a hoarse voice asked above her head.

"Don't stamp on those bramble flowers, you dolt!" she retorted, springing to her knees. The foot paused and then descended clumsily on the frail branch, and raising her eyes she saw above her the bewildered face of a slouching man

頭上簇結的淡青松果、樹林下的石坡罅隙多處冒出來的甜蕨長葉，後面牧野上，繡線菊和黃鳶尾花一球球抽出新芽。所有樹液的流淌、葉鞘的蛻落、花萼的綻開，匯合成一股香氛朝着她流。每塊葉子、葉片、每個花蕾的呼氣，都摻進了四周瀰漫的甜味，其中松柏樹液的辛辣蓋過了百里香的香氣和蕨草含蓄的味道，它們融匯成一種泥土的濕潤之氣，就像一隻碩大動物暖洋洋地曬着太陽時所發出的咻咻氣息。

慈諦在那裏躺臥了好一段時間，感到身體跟山坡一樣，被太陽曬得酥軟、不願動。忽然在她的視線內，在蝴蝶飛舞之中，出現了一隻大大、沾滿了紅色泥土的男人舊靴子。

「拜託！」她嚷起來，同時用手肘撐起上身，舉手阻擋。

「拜託什麼？」她頭上的嘎啞聲音問。

「不要踏在那些樹莓花上，笨蛋！」她罵道，飛快從地上爬起來。那隻腳停住

with a thin sunburnt beard, and white arms showing through his ragged shirt.

"Don't you ever SEE anything, Liff Hyatt?" she assailed him, as he stood before her with the look of a man who has stirred up a wasp's nest.

He grinned. "I seen you! That's what I come down for."

"Down from where?" she questioned, stooping to gather up the petals his foot had scattered.

He jerked his thumb toward the heights. "Been cutting down trees for Dan Targatt."

Charity sank back on her heels and looked at him musingly. She was not in the least afraid of poor Liff Hyatt, though he "came from the Mountain," and some of the girls ran when they saw him. Among the more reasonable he passed for a harmless creature, a sort of link between the mountain and civilized folk, who occasionally came down and did a little wood cutting for a farmer when hands were short. Besides, she knew the Mountain people would never

了，繼而一開步就笨拙地踩在幼弱的樹莓枝上。她抬起眼睛，看見上面那張困惑的臉，那是個耷拉的男人，稀疏的鬍子曬成褐色，破爛的襯衫露出蒼白的手臂。

「你是盲的嗎？利夫·凱悅！」她狠狠罵道。他站在她的跟前，就像個捅了馬蜂窩的人。

他咧開口笑道：「我瞧見妳呢！就下來了。」

「從哪裏下來？」她彎下腰，把他的靴子碰甩了的花瓣都撿起來。

他的大拇指向高處揮動一下，說道：「我一直在那邊給丹·泰格伐樹哩！」

慈諦坐下來，望着他凝想。她一點也不怕窮鬼利夫·凱悅，雖然他是「從大山下來的」，但其他女孩就不一樣了，見到他就跑開。比較明理的人把他視作無害的生物，是大山和斯文人之間的某種中介；有時哪個農夫人手短缺，就雇他

hurt her: Liff himself had told her so once when she was a little girl, and had met him one day at the edge of lawyer Royall's pasture. "They won't any of 'em touch you up there, f'ever you was to come up.... But I don't s'pose you will," he had added philosophically, looking at her new shoes, and at the red ribbon that Mrs. Royall had tied in her hair.

Charity had, in truth, never felt any desire to visit her birthplace. She did not care to have it known that she was of the Mountain, and was shy of being seen in talk with Liff Hyatt. But today she was not sorry to have him appear. A great many things had happened to her since the day when young Lucius Harney had entered the doors of the Hatchard Memorial, but none, perhaps, so unforeseen as the fact of her suddenly finding it a convenience to be on good terms with Liff Hyatt. She continued to look up curiously at his freckled weather-beaten face, with feverish hollows below the cheekbones and the pale yellow eyes of a harmless animal. "I wonder if he's related to me?" she thought, with a shiver of disdain.

"Is there any folks living in the brown house by the swamp, up under Porcupine?" she presently asked in an indifferent tone.

Liff Hyatt, for a while, considered her

做些砍伐樹木的工作。更何況，她知道大山上的人無論如何也不會傷害她；她年紀還小時，某天在萊亞律師的牧場邊上遇上利夫·凱悅，他就說了：「妳到山上啊！誰也不會動妳一根毫毛！不過妳應不會去的。」他望着她的新鞋子和萊亞太太為她紮在頭上的紅絲帶，帶有深意地加上末尾一句。

說真的，慈諦從沒想過去探訪她的出生之地。她不想別人知道她來自大山，不想別人見到她和利夫·凱悅說話，可是今天見到他倒不是壞事。自從祿斯·夏尼踏進哈察紀念圖書館大門那一天開始，她身上發生了好多事情；但最意想不到的，她突然發覺跟利夫·凱悅打好關係，就利便得多了。她繼續好奇地端詳他飽歷風霜的麻子臉：他的顴骨下方癟陷、透出暗紅，淡黃的眼珠就像隻馴善的動物，心下閃過一絲悸動，鄙夷地想：「他可是我的親人？」

「箭豬嶺下頭、沼澤旁的那間棕色屋子，還有人住嗎？」她以平平常常的語調問。

with surprise; then he scratched his head and shifted his weight from one tattered sole to the other.

"There's always the same folks in the brown house," he said with his vague grin.

"They're from up your way, ain't they?"

"Their name's the same as mine," he rejoined uncertainly.

Charity still held him with resolute eyes. "See here, I want to go there some day and take a gentleman with me that's boarding with us. He's up in these parts drawing pictures."

She did not offer to explain this statement. It was too far beyond Liff Hyatt's limitations for the attempt to be worth making. "He wants to see the brown house, and go all over it," she pursued.

Liff was still running his fingers perplexedly through his shock of straw-colored hair. "Is it a fellow from the city?" he asked.

"Yes. He draws pictures of things. He's down there now drawing the Bonner

利夫·凱悅覺得她的問題有點奇怪，想了一會，搔搔頭，把身體重量移到穿着破爛靴子的另一隻腳上。

「棕屋住的從來都是那一家子。」他以一貫咧口、似笑非笑的樣子說道。

「跟你沾着親戚關係嗎？」

「姓跟我家是一樣。」他不肯定地回答。

慈諦仍以堅定眼神望着他，說道：「聽好了，過幾天，我會帶個在村子暫住的男士上那兒去。他在這一帶畫畫。」

她不想詳加解釋，利夫·凱悅怎也不會明白的，無謂多此一舉。「他想看看那座棕色屋子，好好地看得一清二楚。」

利夫仍在搔他那頭亂蓬蓬的淺褐色頭髮，一臉不解的樣子。

「從城裏來的人？」他問。

house." She pointed to a chimney just visible over the dip of the pasture below the wood.

"The Bonner house?" Liff echoed incredulously.

"Yes. You won't understand--and it don't matter. All I say is: he's going to the Hyatts' in a day or two."

Liff looked more and more perplexed. "Bash is ugly sometimes in the afternoons."

She threw her head back, her eyes full on Hyatt's. "I'm coming too: you tell him."

"They won't none of them trouble you, the Hyatts won't. What d'you want a take a stranger with you though?"

"I've told you, haven't I? You've got to tell Bash Hyatt."

He looked away at the blue mountains on the horizon; then his gaze dropped to the chimney-top below the pasture.

"He's down there now?"

「是呀！來畫些東西。他正在那邊畫邦拿家的屋子。」她指向樹林那邊，下方牧場低處只見到一截煙囪。

「邦拿家的屋子？」利夫重複她的話，似是難以置信。

「對！你不會明白的，不過不要緊。總之過一兩天，他就到凱悅家去。」

利夫的樣子越來越迷惘了。「噢！下午時分，有時霸殊的脾氣不好惹。」

她抬起頭，直望着利夫說：「你告訴他，我和他一起去。」

「他們不會惹妳，凱悅家一定不會。但幹嘛要帶上個外人？」

「不就告訴了你嘛！你去對霸殊·凱悅說。」

他的視線移向水平綫上的藍色大山群，然後回到牧場低處的煙囪頂上。

"Yes."

He shifted his weight again, crossed his arms, and continued to survey the distant landscape. "Well, so long," he said at last, inconclusively; and turning away he shambled up the hillside. From the ledge above her, he paused to call down: "I wouldn't go there a Sunday"; then he clambered on till the trees closed in on him. Presently, from high overhead, Charity heard the ring of his axe.

She lay on the warm ridge, thinking of many things that the woodsman's appearance had stirred up in her. She knew nothing of her early life, and had never felt any curiosity about it: only a sullen reluctance to explore the corner of her memory where certain blurred images lingered. But all that had happened to her within the last few weeks had stirred her to the sleeping depths. She had become absorbingly interesting to herself, and everything that had to do with her past was illuminated by this sudden curiosity.

She hated more than ever the fact of coming from the Mountain; but it was no longer indifferent to her. Everything that in any way affected her was alive and vivid: even the hateful things had grown interesting because they were a part of herself.

「他在那兒？」

「沒錯。」

他挪動身體、叉着手，繼續凝望遠處的山川大地。最後，他不置可否地說：「那再見囉！」接着就轉身蹣跚地步上山去。走到她上方的那處高地上，他停下來，向她喊道：「星期日不要去哦！」他繼續攀登，直至身影沒入樹林中。然後，從高處傳來他斧頭的砍伐聲。

她仍躺臥在那塊溫暖的山脊上，去想那伐木人所觸動的許多心事。她對自己的早年生活一無所知，也從不好奇，只是默默地懷着抗拒心理，不願去搜尋記憶深處某些殘留的模糊影像。但過去幾周發生在她身上的事，感受直透心底，觸動了那裏如夢的昏蒙，使她對自己的過往突然產生了莫大的興趣，好奇心把每一件與之有關的事都照亮了。

她比任何時刻更厭惡她來自大山的身世；不過現在再不可能淡然處之。每件

"I wonder if Liff Hyatt knows who my mother was?" she mused; and it filled her with a tremor of surprise to think that some woman who was once young and slight, with quick motions of the blood like hers, had carried her in her breast, and watched her sleeping. She had always thought of her mother as so long dead as to be no more than a nameless pinch of earth; but now it occurred to her that the once-young woman might be alive, and wrinkled and elf-locked like the woman she had sometimes seen in the door of the brown house that Lucius Harney wanted to draw.

The thought brought him back to the central point in her mind, and she strayed away from the conjectures roused by Liff Hyatt's presence. Speculations concerning the past could not hold her long when the present was so rich, the future so rosy, and when Lucius Harney, a stone's throw away, was bending over his sketch-book, frowning, calculating, measuring, and then throwing his head back with the sudden smile that had shed its brightness over everything.

She scrambled to her feet, but as she did so she saw him coming up the pasture and dropped down on the grass to wait.

涉及她的事都是如此切實、生動，無論如何差勁，也令她感到饒有趣味，因為這些事造就了她。

「利夫·凱悅知道誰是我媽嗎？」在她想像之中，從前有個年輕嬌小的女子，體內血液與她的流得同樣急速，凝望着懷中沉睡的自己。出乎意外，她心內泛起了一陣悸動。一直以來，她內心視生母早已離世，化作黃土一撮；現在卻想到，那個一度年輕的女子或者在生。那間祿斯·夏尼想畫的棕色房子，某幾次經過門口，剛好見到門後走出來一個婦人，滿面皺紋，頭髮像林間小妖般編成垂辮，可能這就是她生母此時的模樣。

想到這裏，她丟下利夫·凱悅引來的諸多遐思，思緒回到佔據她腦海的人，那就是夏尼。對於過往身世的許多揣測，比起當下，又怎會在她腦袋裏久留？眼前的辰光是多麼燦爛、未來又是多麼美好！祿斯·夏尼近在咫尺，他俯身在速寫簿之上，蹙着眉計算、測量，忽地又仰首笑了。他的一笑，令到整個世界為之生色！

When he was drawing and measuring one of "his houses," as she called them, she often strayed away by herself into the woods or up the hillside. It was partly from shyness that she did so: from a sense of inadequacy that came to her most painfully when her companion, absorbed in his job, forgot her ignorance and her inability to follow his least allusion, and plunged into a monologue on art and life. To avoid the awkwardness of listening with a blank face, and also to escape the surprised stare of the inhabitants of the houses before which he would abruptly pull up their horse and open his sketch-book, she slipped away to some spot from which, without being seen, she could watch him at work, or at least look down on the house he was drawing. She had not been displeased, at first, to have it known to North Dormer and the neighborhood that she was driving Miss Hatchard's cousin about the country in the buggy he had hired of lawyer Royall. She had always kept to herself, contemptuously aloof from village love-making, without exactly knowing whether her fierce pride was due to the sense of her tainted origin, or whether she was reserving herself for a more brilliant fate. Sometimes she envied the other girls their sentimental preoccupations, their long hours of inarticulate philandering with one of the few youths who still lingered in the village; but when she pictured herself curling her hair or putting a new ribbon

她準備站起來，看見他正步上牧場，就再度坐在草地上等他。當他在繪畫、測量「他的屋子」（是她的用語）時，她常獨個兒走入樹林或步上山崗上。部分原因是由於羞愧：她的同伴太投入自己的工作，忘了她的無知，甚至連最簡單的引喻也不會明白，只是滔滔不絕地發表個人對藝術和人生的偉論，而她完全接不上碴，感到極其難堪。她不想在那裏呆着一張臉聆聽，實在太尷尬了。還有，他見到想摹寫的屋子，每每忽地停下馬車，打開速寫簿就畫，她也怕了人家驚詫的瞪視目光。於是只好溜去某處地方等候，他或見不到她，但她卻可望見他工作的模樣、或至少摹寫中的屋子的外貌。起初，她毫不介意北多馬和附近的村民知道哈察家的表親租用了萊亞律師的馬車，由她駕着到處去。她從來都不理睬男生，跟村中那等情事沾不上邊兒，她的態度是不屑一顧。她不清楚那份傲氣是否源於不光彩的身世，抑或只想潔身自好、寄望他日有更理想的歸宿。有時她見到其他女孩沉迷於戀愛，與村中那幾個碩果僅存的男孩

on her hat for Ben Fry or one of the Sollas boys the fever dropped and she relapsed into indifference.

Now she knew the meaning of her disdain and reluctances. She had learned what she was worth when Lucius Harney, looking at her for the first time, had lost the thread of his speech, and leaned reddening on the edge of her desk. But another kind of shyness had been born in her: a terror of exposing to vulgar perils the sacred treasure of her happiness. She was not sorry to have the neighbors suspect her of "going with" a young man from the city; but she did not want it known to all the countryside how many hours of the long June days she spent with him. What she most feared was that the inevitable comments should reach Mr. Royall. Charity was instinctively aware that few things concerning her escaped the eyes of the silent man under whose roof she lived; and in spite of the latitude which North Dormer accorded to courting couples she had always felt that, on the day when she showed too open a preference, Mr. Royall might, as she phrased it, make her "pay for it." How, she did not know; and her fear was the greater because it was undefinable. If she had been accepting the attentions of one of the village youths she would have been less apprehensive: Mr. Royall could not

約會，好幾個小時都不說話、一副含情脈脈的樣子，心中不無嚮往；不過一想到自己為了取悅賓·費爾或索勒斯家的男孩，把頭髮燙成波浪紋，或在帽子上束條新絲帶，她的心就涼了，恢復了平時冷冷的樣子。

現在她明白為何一直對他們心存厭惡、不瞅不睬了。想起跟祿斯·夏尼初遇那一刻——他站在她的桌旁，第一眼望到她，臉變得緋紅，忘了要說的話，她知道了自己的價值。但是一份羞怯隨之而起，她跟他的交往，是快樂的神聖寶藏，會惹來不乾不淨的閒話嗎？想到她的快樂會有被玷污的危險，她就害怕。她不介意村民認為她正在跟城市人「來往」；但不想附近一帶的人都知道他倆在夏季長日中一起消磨了多少時光。她最害怕的是那些不可避免的閒話會傳到萊亞律師耳中。不用細想也會知道，那個和她同一屋簷下的不作聲男人，凡跟她有關的事，很少逃得過他的眼睛。雖則北多馬對戀愛中的男女不怎理會，不過要是她對誰明顯有意，她認為萊亞先生「不會罷休」。他會做出什

prevent her marrying when she chose to. But everybody knew that "going with a city fellow" was a different and less straightforward affair: almost every village could show a victim of the perilous venture. And her dread of Mr. Royall's intervention gave a sharpened joy to the hours she spent with young Harney, and made her, at the same time, shy of being too generally seen with him.

As he approached she rose to her knees, stretching her arms above her head with the indolent gesture that was her way of expressing a profound well-being.

"I'm going to take you to that house up under Porcupine," she announced.

"What house? Oh, yes; that ramshackle place near the swamp, with the gipsy-looking people hanging about. It's curious that a house with traces of real architecture should have been built in such a place. But the people were a sulky-looking lot--do you suppose they'll let us in?"

"They'll do whatever I tell them," she said with assurance.

He threw himself down beside her. "Will they?" he rejoined with a smile.

"Well, I should like to see what's left

麼事，她不知道；由於無法摸得清，她的恐懼就更深了。如她接受了村中小夥子的追求，她反而不會那麼擔心，她一心要結婚的話，萊亞先生也反對不了。但跟城市人「來往」是不同的，不是那麼簡單的事，每條村子都有個「冒險之旅」的受害女孩。因為擔心萊亞先生的干預，她跟夏尼一起時感受到的快樂，就更真切了，不過，也因此怕被人見到他們整日結伴同遊。

見到他走近，她就站起來，伸直雙手打個懶腰，那是她表示最最愜意的方式。

「我會帶你到箭豬嶺下方那間屋子去。」她宣布。

「哪間？哦！是了！沼澤旁那間快要倒的屋子，住的人像是群吉卜賽。這座房子保留了一些建築學的真髓，奇怪會建在這個地方。不過那些人看上去不大友善，會讓我們進去嗎？」

「我要他們啥辦就啥辦。」她蠻肯定地說。

inside the house. And I should like to have a talk with the people. Who was it who was telling me the other day that they had come down from the Mountain?"

Charity shot a sideward look at him. It was the first time he had spoken of the Mountain except as a feature of the landscape. What else did he know about it, and about her relation to it? Her heart began to beat with the fierce impulse of resistance which she instinctively opposed to every imagined slight.

"The Mountain? I ain't afraid of the Mountain!"

Her tone of defiance seemed to escape him. He lay breast-down on the grass, breaking off sprigs of thyme and pressing them against his lips. Far off, above the folds of the nearer hills, the Mountain thrust itself up menacingly against a yellow sunset.

"I must go up there some day: I want to see it," he continued.

Her heart-beats slackened and she turned again to examine his profile. It was innocent of all unfriendly intention.

他一下子坐到她身邊的草地上。「真的？」他微笑說。「我想看看屋子裏面還剩下什麼，也想跟住在那裏的人傾談。是了，那天誰告訴我他們是從大山來的？」

慈諦快速地投過去一瞥。以前「大山」在他口中，不外是這一帶的景物之一，這次卻有所不同。他還知道多少？知道她跟大山的淵源嗎？她的心怦怦亂跳，一感到有可能被人看低，她就自然擺出副強硬的對抗態度。

「大山？我不怕大山。」

他似不覺察她說話中的倔硬味道，仍然俯臥在草地上，摘下一小把百里香，壓在唇邊上。附近層層疊疊的山崗之上，大山在遠處巍峨矗立，悍然映照着橙黃的夕陽。

「有一天，我一定要上去，我想看看。」他接着說。

"What'd you want to go up the Mountain for?"

"Why, it must be rather a curious place. There's a queer colony up there, you know: sort of out-laws, a little independent kingdom. Of course you've heard them spoken of; but I'm told they have nothing to do with the people in the valleys--rather look down on them, in fact. I suppose they're rough customers; but they must have a good deal of character."

She did not quite know what he meant by having a good deal of character; but his tone was expressive of admiration, and deepened her dawning curiosity. It struck her now as strange that she knew so little about the Mountain. She had never asked, and no one had ever offered to enlighten her. North Dormer took the Mountain for granted, and implied its disparagement by an intonation rather than by explicit criticism.

"It's queer, you know," he continued, "that, just over there, on top of that hill, there should be a handful of people who don't give a damn for anybody."

The words thrilled her. They seemed the clue to her own revolts and defiances, and she longed to have him tell her more.

她的心跳減慢了，轉過頭去審視他的側臉，上面沒有一絲惡意。

「你要去大山幹嘛？」

「它一定是個有趣地方，住在那兒的人是法外之徒吧？自成一夥，像個獨立的小王國。妳當然有聽過他們的事了。有人告訴我，他們跟村民沒半點兒關係，兼且被村民瞧不起呢！我猜他們不是些什麼好顧客，但一定蠻有性格。」

她不知道他所謂「有性格」其實是什麼意思，不過他的語調帶有恭維意味，使她被喚醒的好奇心加強了。現在她才奇怪自己過去為何對大山知得如此少，她從不去問，也沒有人主動告訴她任何東西。北多馬的村民一直與它默默並存，從沒有作出什麼公開的指控，只是在提起它時，語調裏暗藏着蔑視。

「可真是怪事！」他繼續說：「山崗那邊上頭，竟然住了一群人，對誰都不賣賬。」

"I don't know much about them. Have they always been there?"

"Nobody seems to know exactly how long. Down at Creston they told me that the first colonists are supposed to have been men who worked on the railway that was built forty or fifty years ago between Springfield and Nettleton. Some of them took to drink, or got into trouble with the police, and went off--disappeared into the woods. A year or two later there was a report that they were living up on the Mountain. Then I suppose others joined them--and children were born. Now they say there are over a hundred people up there. They seem to be quite outside the jurisdiction of the valleys. No school, no church--and no sheriff ever goes up to see what they're about. But don't people ever talk of them at North Dormer?"

"I don't know. They say they're bad."

He laughed. "Do they? We'll go and see, shall we?"

She flushed at the suggestion, and turned her face to his. "You never heard, I suppose--I come from there. They brought me down when I was little."

她聽後精神為之一振，似乎這是她那份傲氣和反叛性格的一道綫索。她希望他告訴她多一點。

「我對他們所知很少；他們一直都是住在山上？」

「沒人知道他們住了多久。根據瓜斯頓的人說，最早的開拓者來自四五十年前、建造春田市和蕁麻鎮之間那段鐵路的工人，後來有些人酗酒，或者惹上官非，就一走了之，消失在樹林中。一兩年後，有人說他們在大山上住下來，我猜陸續有人去投靠他們，又生下小孩，現在總數已超過百多人了。哪條村子也管不到他們，那裏沒有學校，也沒有教堂，從來沒有刑警上去巡查過。北多馬的人從不提他們？」

「不知道，村民說他們是壞人。」

他笑起來。「真的嗎？那我們就去看。」

聽到他的建議，她的面上升起紅暈，轉

"You?" He raised himself on his elbow, looking at her with sudden interest. "You're from the Mountain? How curious! I suppose that's why you're so different...."

Her happy blood bathed her to the forehead. He was praising her—and praising her because she came from the Mountain!

"Am I... different?" she triumphed, with affected wonder.

"Oh, awfully!" He picked up her hand and laid a kiss on the sunburnt knuckles.

"Come," he said, "let's be off." He stood up and shook the grass from his loose grey clothes. "What a good day! Where are you going to take me tomorrow?"

## VI

That evening after supper Charity sat alone in the kitchen and listened to Mr. Royall and young Harney talking in the porch.

She had remained indoors after the table had been cleared and old Verena had hobbled up to bed. The kitchen window

過身來，面對他說：「我猜沒人告訴你我來自大山，小時被人帶下來。」

「妳？」他用手肘把身體撐起來，突然饒有趣味地望着她，說道：「從山上來？真妙！怪不得妳是那麼與眾不同！」

她面上的紅暈一直升至額角，快樂浸淫全身。他稱讚她——因為她來自大山！

「我……與眾不同？」她扮出副詫異的樣子，心裏卻異常得意。

「太不同了。」他拿起她的手，在她曬黑了的指節上輕吻一下。

「來！走吧！」他站起來，抖掉寬鬆灰色衣褲上的草屑。「天氣多好啊！明天妳會帶我上哪兒去？」

## 六

那天晚餐後，慈諦獨個兒坐在廚房裏，靜靜地傾聽萊亞先生和夏尼在門廊上閒談。

was open, and Charity seated herself near it, her idle hands on her knee. The evening was cool and still. Beyond the black hills an amber west passed into pale green, and then to a deep blue in which a great star hung. The soft hoot of a little owl came through the dusk, and between its calls the men's voices rose and fell.

Mr. Royall's was full of a sonorous satisfaction. It was a long time since he had had anyone of Lucius Harney's quality to talk to: Charity divined that the young man symbolized all his ruined and unforgotten past. When Miss Hatchard had been called to Springfield by the illness of a widowed sister, and young Harney, by that time seriously embarked on his task of drawing and measuring all the old houses between Nettleton and the New Hampshire border, had suggested the possibility of boarding at the red house in his cousin's absence, Charity had trembled lest Mr. Royall should refuse. There had been no question of lodging the young man: there was no room for him. But it appeared that he could still live at Miss Hatchard's if Mr. Royall would let him take his meals at the red house; and after a day's deliberation Mr. Royall consented.

Charity suspected him of being glad of the chance to make a little money. He

等到餐桌收拾好，年老的慧麗娜也蹣跚上樓就寢了，慈諦獨自留在廚房裏。廚房的窗子是打開的，她坐在旁邊，閒閒的一雙手擱在膝上。傍晚很清涼、很恬靜，黑黝黝的小山丘後，西方橙形的天空轉換成淡綠色，很快變為深藍，天上懸掛着一顆大星星。薄暮之中，傳來小貓頭鷹的咕咕低鳴，其間夾雜着兩個男人交談的起伏語音。

萊亞先生聲音響亮，聽得出他愜意得很。他好久都沒機會跟夏尼這等斯文人交談了，慈諦估量夏尼象徵他已垮掉、但沒能忘懷的過往歲月。哈察小姐因為在春田市孀居的姊姊生病，被召了去；而夏尼正開展他的工作大計，從蕁麻鎮遠至與新罕布什爾州接界處，他想把這一帶所有的老房子都繪畫、測量出來。為此，他向萊亞先生提出請求：可否讓他在這段時間內借宿。慈諦心下忐忑，怕萊亞先生不答應；其實根本辦不到，紅屋哪有客房？但夏尼說他可繼續宿在哈察小姐家，萊亞先生只須提供兩餐已可。萊亞先生考慮了一天，就答應

had the reputation of being an avaricious man; but she was beginning to think he was probably poorer than people knew. His practice had become little more than a vague legend, revived only at lengthening intervals by a summons to Hepburn or Nettleton; and he appeared to depend for his living mainly on the scant produce of his farm, and on the commissions received from the few insurance agencies that he represented in the neighbourhood. At any rate, he had been prompt in accepting Harney's offer to hire the buggy at a dollar and a half a day; and his satisfaction with the bargain had manifested itself, unexpectedly enough, at the end of the first week, by his tossing a ten-dollar bill into Charity's lap as she sat one day retrimming her old hat.

"Here--go get yourself a Sunday bonnet that'll make all the other girls mad," he said, looking at her with a sheepish twinkle in his deep-set eyes; and she immediately guessed that the unwonted present--the only gift of money she had ever received from him--represented Harney's first payment.

But the young man's coming had brought Mr. Royall other than pecuniary benefit. It gave him, for the first time in years, a man's companionship. Charity had only a dim understanding of her guardian's needs; but she knew he felt himself

了。

慈諦懷疑萊亞先生答應的原因是想多點收入；雖然村民認為他為人貪婪，但她開始有點明白，他私下可能頗為拮据；他的律師業務已演變成近似一個模糊的傳說，只有每隔一段時間後，他收到法院傳票被召到希賓或蕁麻鎮去，才恢復一點生機，不過這些訟事越來越少了。他的收入似乎主要來自他的農場的微薄生產；另外，就只有鄰近寥寥幾間保險公司所繳付的代理人費用。不管出於什麼原故，夏尼向他提出租用馬車，租金每日一塊半，他很快就答應了。他對這項交易應是滿意的，可資證明的是首周過後，他有一項出人意表之舉：慈諦那天正在掇拾她的舊帽子，他扔了張十元鈔票到她的膝上來。

「喏！去買頂星期日戴的新帽子，讓他女孩羨慕得發瘋。」他深凹的眼睛望着她，流露出一絲羞怯。她馬上想到：這份前所未有的意外禮物就是來自夏尼的第一周繳費。

above the people among whom he lived, and she saw that Lucius Harney thought him so. She was surprised to find how well he seemed to talk now that he had a listener who understood him; and she was equally struck by young Harney's friendly deference.

Their conversation was mostly about politics, and beyond her range; but tonight it had a peculiar interest for her, for they had begun to speak of the Mountain. She drew back a little, lest they should see she was in hearing.

"The Mountain? The Mountain?" she heard Mr. Royall say. "Why, the Mountain's a blot--that's what it is, sir, a blot. That scum up there ought to have been run in long ago--and would have, if the people down here hadn't been clean scared of them. The Mountain belongs to this township, and it's North Dormer's fault if there's a gang of thieves and outlaws living over there, in sight of us, defying the laws of their country. Why, there ain't a sheriff or a tax-collector or a coroner'd durst go up there. When they hear of trouble on the Mountain the selectmen look the other way, and pass an appropriation to beautify the town pump. The only man that ever goes up is the minister, and he goes because they send down and get him whenever there's any of them dies. They think a lot of Christian burial on the Mountain--but I

但這位年輕人不止帶來金錢上的好處；他更是萊亞先生多年來唯一可交往的對象。慈諦不大清楚她的監護人有什麼需要，只知他認為自己比村民優越，她看得出夏尼也有同樣的想法。現在他有了個能夠明白他的聆聽者，慈諦奇怪原來他是那麼擅於辭令，對於夏尼流露出來的恭謹友善態度，她也不無意外之感。

他們多數談政治，那是她不懂的東西；但今天的談話有一點特別有趣味，因為話題轉到大山上。她把座位移後一點，免得被他們見到她在聆聽。

「大山？你說大山？」她聽見萊亞先生問。「那是個污點，不折不扣的污點。如村民不是被那群傢伙嚇破膽，山上那個盜藪早就應被鏟除，不至於今天仍被他們盤據在該處。須知大山隸屬北多馬鎮的管轄範圍，在衆目睽睽之下，竟然容許一夥匪徒住在那兒，目無法紀，那是政府的失職。你知道嗎？從沒一個巡警、或稅吏、或法醫敢上山去，就算那裏出了什麼事，管理委員會成員都扮作

never heard of their having the minister up to marry them. And they never trouble the Justice of the Peace either. They just herd together like the heathen."

He went on, explaining in somewhat technical language how the little colony of squatters had contrived to keep the law at bay, and Charity, with burning eagerness, awaited young Harney's comment; but the young man seemed more concerned to hear Mr. Royall's views than to express his own.

"I suppose you've never been up there yourself?" he presently asked.

"Yes, I have," said Mr. Royall with a contemptuous laugh. "The wiseacres down here told me I'd be done for before I got back; but nobody lifted a finger to hurt me. And I'd just had one of their gang sent up for seven years too."

"You went up after that?"

"Yes, sir: right after it. The fellow came down to Nettleton and ran amuck, the way they sometimes do. After they've done a wood-cutting job they come down and blow the money in; and this man ended up with manslaughter. I got him convicted, though they were scared of the Mountain even at Nettleton; and then a queer thing happened. The fellow

不知，開會時寧願通過撥款去美化鎮上的抽機。只有牧師上過去，他去是因為山上有人去世了，他們就會下來請他上山主持儀式；他們倒是很注重基督教葬禮的，可又從不請牧師上去為他們證婚。他們也不會去麻煩太平紳士，就像異教徒那樣窩在一起過活。」

他繼續說下去，用了一些專門術語來解釋這群擅自佔用山地的人如何避免法律的制裁。慈諦焦急地等候夏尼的回應，但他似乎更想聽聽萊亞先生的意見，多於表達個人想法。

「您自己應沒上過去吧？」

「我有呀！」他輕蔑地一笑。「村中那班萬事通說我會沒命下山，可是他們不敢對我動根指頭；我還剛把其中一個傢伙送進監獄，他要服刑七年哩！」

「之後您就上山去？」

「是呀！接着就去了。那傢伙下來蕁麻鎮搞事。有時這夥人就會這樣，替人伐

sent for me to go and see him in gaol. I went, and this is what he says: 'The fool that defended me is a chicken-livered son of a--and all the rest of it,' he says. 'I've got a job to be done for me up on the Mountain, and you're the only man I seen in court that looks as if he'd do it.' He told me he had a child up there--or thought he had--a little girl; and he wanted her brought down and reared like a Christian. I was sorry for the fellow, so I went up and got the child." He paused, and Charity listened with a throbbing heart. "That's the only time I ever went up the Mountain," he concluded.

There was a moment's silence; then Harney spoke. "And the child--had she no mother?"

"Oh, yes: there was a mother. But she was glad enough to have her go. She'd have given her to anybody. They ain't half human up there. I guess the mother's dead by now, with the life she was leading. Anyhow, I've never heard of her from that day to this."

"My God, how ghastly," Harney murmured; and Charity, choking with humiliation, sprang to her feet and ran upstairs. She knew at last: knew that she was the child of a drunken convict and of a mother who wasn't "half human,"

木賺了點錢，就會下來亂花。他結果鬧出人命，以誤殺入罪，當時我是控方律師。其實連蕁麻鎮居民都怕了大山上那夥人。可是怪事發生了，那個傢伙在獄中說要見我，我去了。他先說一堆話，什麼『我的辯護律師沒一點膽量，是個龜兒子』之類，然後說：「在山上我還有件事要了結，整個法庭上，我覺得只有您可幫我這個忙。」他說他有個小女孩兒——他認為是他親生的吧！想找人把她帶下山，撫養成為基督徒。我覺得那個傢伙很可憐，就上山去把女孩領回來了。」他停下來，慈諦聽到這裏，心怦怦跳動。「那是我唯一一次上大山去。」萊亞先生最後說。

有一刻，兩個人都沒說話，然後夏尼開口了：「那女孩沒有母親？」

「有，她沒什麼不捨得，有人肯收養就好，給誰都行。他們跟畜牲差不多。從她母親過的那種生活來看，今天應已離世吧？總之，打從那天起，我再沒聽過她的消息。」

and was glad to have her go; and she had heard this history of her origin related to the one being in whose eyes she longed to appear superior to the people about her! She had noticed that Mr. Royall had not named her, had even avoided any allusion that might identify her with the child he had brought down from the Mountain; and she knew it was out of regard for her that he had kept silent. But of what use was his discretion, since only that afternoon, misled by Harney's interest in the out-law colony, she had boasted to him of coming from the Mountain? Now every word that had been spoken showed her how such an origin must widen the distance between them.

During his ten days' sojourn at North Dormer Lucius Harney had not spoken a word of love to her. He had intervened in her behalf with his cousin, and had convinced Miss Hatchard of her merits as a librarian; but that was a simple act of justice, since it was by his own fault that those merits had been questioned. He had asked her to drive him about the country when he hired lawyer Royall's buggy to go on his sketching expeditions; but that too was natural enough, since he was unfamiliar with the region. Lastly, when his cousin was called to Springfield, he had begged Mr. Royall to receive him as a boarder; but where else in North Dormer could he have boarded? Not with Carrick Fry,

「真可怕！」夏尼喃喃道。慈諦覺得胸臆填滿了恥辱，從椅子上跳起來，一直跑上樓去。她終於知道了，她爸爸是個喝醉酒的監犯，她媽媽像頭「畜牲」，隨隨便便把她送給人。而這段身世歷史，竟然告訴了「他」；而在這個「他」眼中，她最想顯得比其他人出色！她留意到萊亞先生沒提及她的名字，甚至完全避談那個從山上帶下來的女孩跟她有任何關連，她知道他是為了她好才有所迴避。但他如此審慎有用嗎？就在那天下午，她見夏尼對那個強盜窩顯示好奇，被他的態度誤導了，竟然擺出副引以為傲的樣子，告訴他自己從山上來。剛才聽到的每句話，使她明白到這段身世只會令兩人之間的距離拉得更闊。

夏尼在北多馬暫居的十天內，沒說過一句鍾情於她的話；他曾向哈察小姐為她緩頰，說服了他的表姐慈諦是個稱職的圖書管理員；但這只是為了討回公道，原先就是他的話，哈察小姐才有所誤會。他租了萊亞先生的馬車去附近一帶摹寫房子，要求慈諦駕車往返，也是自然不過的，因他不熟悉周圍的地理環

whose wife was paralysed, and whose large family crowded his table to over-flowing; not with the Targatts, who lived a mile up the road, nor with poor old Mrs. Hawes, who, since her eldest daughter had deserted her, barely had the strength to cook her own meals while Ally picked up her living as a seamstress. Mr. Royall's was the only house where the young man could have been offered a decent hospitality. There had been nothing, therefore, in the outward course of events to raise in Charity's breast the hopes with which it trembled. But beneath the visible incidents resulting from Lucius Harney's arrival there ran an undercurrent as mysterious and potent as the influence that makes the forest break into leaf before the ice is off the pools.

The business on which Harney had come was authentic; Charity had seen the letter from a New York publisher commissioning him to make a study of the eighteenth century houses in the less familiar districts of New England. But incomprehensible as the whole affair was to her, and hard as she found it to understand why he paused enchanted before certain neglected and paintless houses, while others, refurbished and "improved" by the local builder, did not arrest a glance, she could not but suspect that Eagle County was less rich in architecture than he averred, and that the duration of his stay (which he had fixed at a month) was not unconnected with

境。最後就是他的表姐被召了去春田市，他懇切向萊亞先生提出能否在他家借宿一事。整條村子之中，他還可能問誰呢？不可能是嘉力·費爾，他的太太已是半身不遂，家中孩子多到連餐桌也擠不下。也不可能問泰格，他家位於馬路外一英哩的地方。苦哈哈的巧斯老太太更不用說了，自從大女兒離家出走後，只能勉強為自己煮食，雅莉則以縫紉為生。只有萊亞先生的家，才可以提供似樣的款待。單就這些表面事情來說，沒哪件足以燃發她的希冀，導致情懷激盪的。不過自從夏尼來了，一連串事情的底下，似有股神秘而有力的暗流在淌動，就如大自然的奧秘中，湖潭的冰面尚未溶化，已有股動力促使樹木抽出新芽。

夏尼來這兒確是有任務在身。慈諦讀過一封由紐約某出版社發的委任信，聘他為位於新英倫較偏遠地方的十八世紀老房子進行研究。整件事對她來說都是莫名其妙，同時令她大惑不解的是，有時在一些缺乏保養、油漆剝落的房子前，他喚停馬車，一副著迷的樣子；但

the look in his eyes when he had first paused before her in the library. Everything that had followed seemed to have grown out of that look: his way of speaking to her, his quickness in catching her meaning, his evident eagerness to prolong their excursions and to seize on every chance of being with her.

The signs of his liking were manifest enough; but it was hard to guess how much they meant, because his manner was so different from anything North Dormer had ever shown her. He was at once simpler and more deferential than any one she had known; and sometimes it was just when he was simplest that she most felt the distance between them. Education and opportunity had divided them by a width that no effort of hers could bridge, and even when his youth and his admiration brought him nearest, some chance word, some unconscious allusion, seemed to thrust her back across the gulf.

Never had it yawned so wide as when she fled up to her room carrying with her the echo of Mr. Royall's tale. Her first confused thought was the prayer that she might never see young Harney again. It

是，另外一些經過本地工人修葺、美化了的老房子，他卻一眼也不望。她不得不懷疑，鷹郡有價值的建築物並沒有他宣稱的那麼多；他說準備住上一個月，她認為跟第一次在圖書館望見她而說不出話來，非是毫無關連的。後來發生在他們之間的事：他跟她說話時的親切態度、他那麼善解她的心意、他明顯地把每次出遊的時間拖長、找緊和她相處的每一個機會，都似從他第一眼的印象孕育出來。

他喜歡跟她在一起，是極明顯的事，但究竟有何實際含意，卻叫人捉摸不透。因為他的舉止，跟她在北多馬見慣的那一套，太不相同了。他比她認識的任何男子都簡單直接，但同時又更殷懃。當他最簡單直接時，她就最清楚感到兩人之間的距離。教育和機遇造成鴻溝，把他倆分隔，無論她如何努力，也無法把距離拉近！就算有時激於年輕人的傾慕之情使他貼近，但偶然的一句話、一個無心的比喻，一下子又似把她扔回鴻溝的另一邊。

was too bitter to picture him as the detached impartial listener to such a story. "I wish he'd go away: I wish he'd go tomorrow, and never come back!" she moaned to her pillow; and far into the night she lay there, in the disordered dress she had forgotten to take off, her whole soul a tossing misery on which her hopes and dreams spun about like drowning straws.

Of all this tumult only a vague heart-soreness was left when she opened her eyes the next morning. Her first thought was of the weather, for Harney had asked her to take him to the brown house under Porcupine, and then around by Hamblin; and as the trip was a long one they were to start at nine. The sun rose without a cloud, and earlier than usual she was in the kitchen, making cheese sandwiches, decanting buttermilk into a bottle, wrapping up slices of apple pie, and accusing Verena of having given away a basket she needed, which had always hung on a hook in the passage. When she came out into the porch, in her pink calico, which had run a little in the washing, but was still bright enough to set off her dark tints, she had such a triumphant sense of being a part of the sunlight and the morning that the last trace of her misery vanished. What did it matter where she came from, or whose child she was, when love was dancing in

她跑上樓時，耳邊迴響着萊亞先生所敘述的那段往事，兩人之間的鴻溝比任何時候都顯得更闊了。在昏亂當中，她第一個念頭是祈求再也不用見到夏尼。想到他不帶感情、冷靜地聆聽她的身世背景，實在太苦澀了。「希望他離開這兒，明天就走，永不回來！」她對着枕頭申訴。夜已深了，她和衣躺在床上，忘記脫下來的裙子給揉得皺成一團。在夢中，她整個靈魂輾轉翻騰，寄寓其上的願望和夢想就像是半淹在漩渦邊緣、轉個不停的麥桿。

第二天早上，在她睜開眼睛之時，所有的騷動不安只剩下隱隱的心痛。她想到的第一件事卻是不知天氣狀況如何，因為夏尼邀她一起到箭豬嶺下的棕屋去，然後再轉到咸連那邊。這日旅程很長，他們九時就要出發。天氣晴朗極了，萬里無雲，她比平日更早來到廚房，一面忙着做乾酪三明治、把牛乳倒進瓶子裏、包好幾塊蘋果餡餅，一面抱怨慧麗娜把那個平日掛在通道上、她正想用的籃子送了人。等到她步出大門來到門廊上，最後的一絲煩惱都消失了。

her veins, and down the road she saw young Harney coming toward her?

Mr. Royall was in the porch too. He had said nothing at breakfast, but when she came out in her pink dress, the basket in her hand, he looked at her with surprise. "Where you going to?" he asked.

"Why--Mr. Harney's starting earlier than usual today," she answered.

"Mr. Harney, Mr. Harney? Ain't Mr. Harney learned how to drive a horse yet?"

She made no answer, and he sat tilted back in his chair, drumming on the rail of the porch. It was the first time he had ever spoken of the young man in that tone, and Charity felt a faint chill of apprehension. After a moment he stood up and walked away toward the bit of ground behind the house, where the hired man was hoeing.

The air was cool and clear, with the autumnal sparkle that a north wind brings to the hills in early summer, and the night had been so still that the dew hung on everything, not as a lingering

她穿的粉紅印花棉布裙子，已洗得有點發白，但仍把她的深膚色襯托得分明，她感到自己是陽光和早晨的一部分，心底唱起了凱歌。她從哪裏來有什麼要緊？是誰家的孩子又有什麼要緊？愛戀在她脈絡中跳動，何況眼見年輕的夏尼正邁步朝她家前來！

萊亞先生也在門廊裏，早餐時他沒說什麼；但見到她身穿粉紅裙子、手提籃子出來時，驚詫地問：「妳上哪兒？」

「噯！今天夏尼先生要早點出發。」她回答。

「夏尼先生？夏尼先生？夏尼先生還未學懂駕車？」

她沒回答；萊亞先生坐在椅子上往後靠，手指在門廊的欄杆上敲打。這是他第一次以那種腔調提到夏尼，慈諦隱隱感到憂慮，心下一陣涼意。過了一會，他站起來，走向屋後，去看他雇的臨時工鋤掘那裏一小塊耕地。

moisture, but in separate beads that glittered like diamonds on the ferns and grasses. It was a long drive to the foot of Porcupine: first across the valley, with blue hills bounding the open slopes; then down into the beech-woods, following the course of the Creston, a brown brook leaping over velvet ledges; then out again onto the farm-lands about Creston Lake, and gradually up the ridges of the Eagle Range. At last they reached the yoke of the hills, and before them opened another valley, green and wild, and beyond it more blue heights eddying away to the sky like the waves of a receding tide.

Harney tied the horse to a tree-stump, and they unpacked their basket under an aged walnut with a riven trunk out of which bumblebees darted. The sun had grown hot, and behind them was the noonday murmur of the forest. Summer insects danced on the air, and a flock of white butterflies fanned the mobile tips of the crimson fireweed. In the valley below not a house was visible; it seemed as if Charity Royall and young Harney were the only living beings in the great hollow of earth and sky.

Charity's spirits flagged and disquieting thoughts stole back on her. Young Harney had grown silent, and as he lay beside her, his arms under his head, his

空氣是如此涼快，帶着北風在初夏吹到山崗上的爽颯秋意。昨夜風是靜的，露水留在花草樹木上，不是現出一片濡濕，而是凝結成一顆顆露珠，像鑽石般在種種蕨葉雜草上閃爍。去箭豬嶺下要走一段長路，首先是從藍色山丘間的低坡橫過山谷，接着向下穿過櫟樹林，一直循着瓜斯頓的河道，經過一條在凸兀紫紅岩礁上縱跳的褐色小溪，來到瓜斯頓湖的平坦農地上，然後逐漸爬升鷹嶺的脊地。他們終於去到山隘口，展現在他們面前的是第二個生意盎然的翠綠山谷，後面是重重的藍色山丘，有如潮退時的汐浪綿互至天空。

夏尼把馬拴在一截樹樁上，然後他們走到一棵老大的胡桃樹下，打開午餐籃子。胡桃樹的樹幹當中有個大洞，幾隻大黃蜂倏地飛出來。陽光曬下來已是熱辣辣的，在他們身後，傳來樹林正午時分的呢喃聲響，夏蟲在空中飛舞，一群白蝴蝶在搖曳的深紅柳蘭尖瓣上輕拍雙翼。視線所及，下面的山谷闕無人居，在穹蒼和大地中間，夏尼和慈諦似是唯一活生生的人。

eyes on the network of leaves above him, she wondered if he were musing on what Mr. Royall had told him, and if it had really debased her in his thoughts. She wished he had not asked her to take him that day to the brown house; she did not want him to see the people she came from while the story of her birth was fresh in his mind. More than once she had been on the point of suggesting that they should follow the ridge and drive straight to Hamblin, where there was a little deserted house he wanted to see; but shyness and pride held her back. "He'd better know what kind of folks I belong to," she said to herself, with a somewhat forced defiance; for in reality it was shame that kept her silent.

Suddenly she lifted her hand and pointed to the sky. "There's a storm coming up."

He followed her glance and smiled. "Is it that scrap of cloud among the pines that frightens you?"

"It's over the Mountain; and a cloud over the Mountain always means trouble."

"Oh, I don't believe half the bad things you all say of the Mountain! But anyhow, we'll get down to the brown house before the rain comes."

慈諦早上的興致減退了，不安的念頭悄悄爬回心中。夏尼躺在她的身邊，手臂擱在頭下，眼睛望着上面一大幅稠密的樹葉，沒有說話。她不知道他是否在回想萊亞先生告訴他的事，不知道在他心中她的地位因此而降低了。她但願那天他沒叫她一起去棕屋，不想他對她身世背景還是記憶猶新之時，就見到和她大有淵源的人。不止一次，她很想開口，建議不如沿着山脊直去咸連，那裏有間荒棄了的小屋他早就想去看；但羞怯和自尊心制止了她。「他知道我來自哪類人家更好。」她勉強扮出副一無所懼的樣子對自己說，其實是羞恥令她開不了口。

突然她指向天空說：「風暴快要來了。」

他隨着她的視線望向天空，微笑說：「松林間那片雲嚇怕妳啦？」

「是大山上頭呢！通常上面有雲就不好了。」

He was not far wrong, for only a few isolated drops had fallen when they turned into the road under the shaggy flank of Porcupine, and came upon the brown house. It stood alone beside a swamp bordered with alder thickets and tall bulrushes. Not another dwelling was in sight, and it was hard to guess what motive could have actuated the early settler who had made his home in so unfriendly a spot.

Charity had picked up enough of her companion's erudition to understand what had attracted him to the house. She noticed the fan-shaped tracery of the broken light above the door, the flutings of the paintless pilasters at the corners, and the round window set in the gable; and she knew that, for reasons that still escaped her, these were things to be admired and recorded. Still, they had seen other houses far more "typical" (the word was Harney's); and as he threw the reins on the horse's neck he said with a slight shiver of repugnance: "We won't stay long."

Against the restless alders turning their white lining to the storm the house looked singularly desolate. The paint was almost gone from the clap-boards, the window-panes were broken and patched with rags, and the garden was a poisonous tangle of nettles, burdocks and tall swamp-weeds over which big blue-bottles hummed.

「你們說大山有種種不好，我都不信。不過無論如何，在下大雨之前，我們要趕到棕屋去。」

他的話沒怎錯，馬車轉到箭豬嶺嶙峋側崖旁的路上、棕屋已在望時，已有零星雨點落下來。棕屋孤零零地立於沼澤旁，沼澤的周邊是一片赤楊灌木和高大的蘆葦叢，遠望過去，附近沒有其他屋子。早期的移民為什麼挑了這塊澆薄之地定居，真叫人費解。

慈諦已從她的同伴那兒學了不少艱深的字詞，知道棕屋吸引他的原因。她留意到門楣上破了的天窗有個扇形的窗飾、屋角油漆剝落的柱子上刻有凹槽、馬廄開了圓形窗子，她知道這都是可貴之處，可資記錄；雖則她仍不明白是什麼原因。不過，他們見過其他更「典型」（夏尼語）的屋子。夏尼把韁繩扔到馬匹的頸上，說：「我們不會久留。」語調中透着點厭惡意味。

一大片赤楊灌木被風暴吹得搖晃不定，葉底下白色一面都向上翻，在這情

At the sound of wheels a child with a tow-head and pale eyes like Liff Hyatt's peered over the fence and then slipped away behind an out-house. Harney jumped down and helped Charity out; and as he did so the rain broke on them. It came slant-wise, on a furious gale, laying shrubs and young trees flat, tearing off their leaves like an autumn storm, turning the road into a river, and making hissing pools of every hollow. Thunder rolled incessantly through the roar of the rain, and a strange glitter of light ran along the ground under the increasing blackness.

"Lucky we're here after all," Harney laughed. He fastened the horse under a half-roofless shed, and wrapping Charity in his coat ran with her to the house. The boy had not reappeared, and as there was no response to their knocks Harney turned the door-handle and they went in.

There were three people in the kitchen to which the door admitted them. An old woman with a handkerchief over her head was sitting by the window. She

景觀托下，屋子更顯得荒涼了。護牆板上的油漆已差不多完全剝落，窗子的玻璃片大多破損，用了碎布塊遮掩，園子裏亂糟糟地長着有毒的蕁麻、牛蒡和高大的沼澤野草，大青蠅在上面嗡嗡集結。

有個男孩聽到車輪聲，從籬笆後偷望，他酷肖利夫·凱悅，也是長着很淺的金色頭髮和淡眼珠，接着他就溜到茅廁後面去。夏尼先跳下來，再去攙扶慈諦下車，雨點隨即打到他們身上，雨水夾着大風橫掃，那些灌木和矮樹都給偃平了，就像一場秋天的風暴過去，把葉子都扯了下來，把路變成小河、洞穴變成「澌澌」作響的漩渦。在滂沱大雨的咆哮聲中，不斷傳來隆隆雷響。天色暗下來了，地面有道閃爍亮光怪異地掠過。

「我們幸好到了。」夏尼笑道。他把馬拴在一間屋頂塌了一半的棚屋裏，拿自己的外套蓋着慈諦，和她一起跑到棕屋去。那個男孩沒再出現，他們敲了多次門，也沒人應，於是夏尼扭動門把，和慈諦入內。

held a sickly-looking kitten on her knees, and whenever it jumped down and tried to limp away she stooped and lifted it back without any change of her aged, unnoticing face. Another woman, the unkempt creature that Charity had once noticed in driving by, stood leaning against the window-frame and stared at them; and near the stove an unshaved man in a tattered shirt sat on a barrel asleep.

The place was bare and miserable and the air heavy with the smell of dirt and stale tobacco. Charity's heart sank. Old derided tales of the Mountain people came back to her, and the woman's stare was so disconcerting, and the face of the sleeping man so sodden and bestial, that her disgust was tinged with a vague dread. She was not afraid for herself; she knew the Hyatts would not be likely to trouble her; but she was not sure how they would treat a "city fellow."

Lucius Harney would certainly have laughed at her fears. He glanced about the room, uttered a general "How are you?" to which no one responded, and then asked the younger woman if they might take shelter till the storm was over.

大門打開後，裏面是間廚房，他們見到有三人之內。有個老婦人坐在窗前，頭上包了塊手帕，有隻看來病恹恹的貓伏在膝上，每當牠跳到地上、一瘸一瘸要走開時，她就彎下身，一把抓着牠，放回膝上，那塊年老、遲鈍的臉上沒有絲毫表情。另一個婦人靠在窗邊站着，直瞪着他們，慈諦認得是某次駕車經過棕屋，門後走出來那個邋邋生物。火爐旁有個身穿破爛襯衣、沒剃鬚的男人，坐在一個木桶上，沉沉大睡。

廚房是空蕩蕩的、寒儻極了，瀰漫着一股污垢摻和腐敗煙草的臭味。慈諦的心直往下沉，那些廣泛流傳的山民笑話浮上心頭。那個女人瞪視的目光令人惴惴不安，而男人看上去是爛醉如泥，那張臉野性外露。她除了厭惡之外，還有隱隱的恐懼。她不是為自己擔心，因知凱悅一家不會惹她，但他們會如何對待一個「城市人」，則很難說。

祿斯·夏尼一定會覺得她這份擔心很好笑。他的目光掠過整個廚房，跟眾人打

She turned her eyes away from him and looked at Charity.

"You're the girl from Royall's, ain't you?"

The colour rose in Charity's face. "I'm Charity Royall," she said, as if asserting her right to the name in the very place where it might have been most open to question.

The woman did not seem to notice. "You kin stay," she merely said; then she turned away and stooped over a dish in which she was stirring something.

Harney and Charity sat down on a bench made of a board resting on two starch boxes. They faced a door hanging on a broken hinge, and through the crack they saw the eyes of the tow-headed boy and of a pale little girl with a scar across her cheek. Charity smiled, and signed to the children to come in; but as soon as they saw they were discovered they slipped away on bare feet. It occurred to her that they were afraid of rousing the sleeping man; and probably the woman shared their fear, for she moved about as noiselessly and avoided going near the stove.

招呼說：「你好！」可是沒人回應。他問那個較年輕的婦人可否讓他們進來避雨，直至風暴停下來為止。

她的目光從他身上移開，轉到慈諦身上。

「你是萊亞家那女娃？」

紅暈在慈諦的臉上升起。「我叫慈諦·萊亞。」她這樣說，似是要申明她有用這個姓氏的權利，因為這是最可能被人質疑的地方。

那女人並不為意，只說了句：「你們耽着吧！」就轉身走開，在一個盆子上彎腰攪拌什麼。

夏尼和慈諦在板凳上坐下，所謂「板凳」，只是一塊長木板擱在兩個漿粉木箱上。他們面向一個門口，門板半吊在那裏，門鉸應是壞了。從隙縫裏，先前見到的那個男孩和另一個面頰有疤痕的蒼白女孩在外面窺望。慈諦帶着微笑向他們打手勢，示意他們進來。但他們

The rain continued to beat against the house, and in one or two places it sent a stream through the patched panes and ran into pools on the floor. Every now and then the kitten mewed and struggled down, and the old woman stooped and caught it, holding it tight in her bony hands; and once or twice the man on the barrel half woke, changed his position and dozed again, his head falling forward on his hairy breast. As the minutes passed, and the rain still streamed against the windows, a loathing of the place and the people came over Charity. The sight of the weak-minded old woman, of the cowed children, and the ragged man sleeping off his liquor, made the setting of her own life seem a vision of peace and plenty. She thought of the kitchen at Mr. Royall's, with its scrubbed floor and dresser full of china, and the peculiar smell of yeast and coffee and soft-soap that she had always hated, but that now seemed the very symbol of household order. She saw Mr. Royall's room, with the high-backed horsehair chair, the faded rag carpet, the row of books on a shelf, the engraving of "The Surrender of Burgoyne" over the stove, and the mat with a brown and white spaniel on a moss-green border. And then her mind travelled to Miss Hatchard's house, where all was freshness, purity and fragrance, and compared to which the red house had

一知道已被人發現，就光着腳又溜走了。慈諦忽然省悟，他們怕吵醒那個睡中的男人，那女人多半也是，因為她的腳步極輕，而且避開火爐那一頭不過去。

雨點繼續打在屋子上，從破窗子一兩處的碎布邊直流下來，在地上形成一灘灘積水。那隻小貓間或「喵」叫一聲，掙扎下地，但老婦彎低身，枯瘦的手一把抓住牠，提起放回膝上。那坐在木桶上的男人有一兩次像是醒過來，轉了個坐姿，頭又再垂在毛茸茸的胸前，回到睡夢裏。分秒就此過去，雨點仍沒停歇地打在窗子上，慈諦心裏對這地方和裏面的住戶泛起一陣憎厭。看着這一切——弱智的老婦、不敢哼聲的小孩、衣衫襤褸的爛醉男人，她的生活相比之下，顯得平和、豐足多了。萊亞家中的廚房，地板是乾淨的，櫃子裏放滿陶瓷杯碟，酵母加上咖啡、軟肥皂的不同氣味，揉和之後怪怪的，她向來討厭極了，現在都似是家居井井有條的象徵。萊亞先生的書房裏，有高背的馬毛椅，一塊褪色的碎呢地毯、書架上一排排的書籍，火

always seemed so poor and plain.

"This is where I belong--this is where I belong," she kept repeating to herself; but the words had no meaning for her. Every instinct and habit made her a stranger among these poor swamp-people living like vermin in their lair. With all her soul she wished she had not yielded to Harney's curiosity, and brought him there.

The rain had drenched her, and she began to shiver under the thin folds of her dress. The younger woman must have noticed it, for she went out of the room and came back with a broken tea-cup which she offered to Charity. It was half full of whiskey, and Charity shook her head; but Harney took the cup and put his lips to it. When he had set it down Charity saw him feel in his pocket and draw out a dollar; he hesitated a moment, and then put it back, and she guessed that he did not wish her to see him offering money to people she had spoken of as being her kin.

The sleeping man stirred, lifted his head and opened his eyes. They rested vacantly for a moment on Charity and Harney, and then closed again, and his head drooped; but a look of anxiety came into the woman's face. She glanced out of the window and then came up to

爐上刻着「伯格因 (Burgoyne) 敗役」字樣，它前面的地墊中央有隻帶啡斑的白毛史賓格犬圖案，周圍邊緣襯以苔青色。她再想到哈察小姐的家，全都是新鮮、純淨、香馥馥的，紅屋相較之下，又總是顯得那麼寒儉平凡。

「我屬於這裏——我屬於這裏。」她跟自己重複說道；但這句話全沒作用。在這群像是住在賊窩的沼澤人當中，她的天性和習慣使她像是個陌生人。她全心全意希望當初沒有因應夏尼的好奇心而把他帶到這兒來。

慈諦全身被雨水淋濕，在單薄衣衫下，她開始顫抖起來。那中年婦人也一定留意到了，她走出廚房，捧着個破茶杯回來遞給慈諦，裏面一半盛了威士忌。慈諦搖搖頭；但夏尼接過來喝了。他放下茶杯時，慈諦見到他在口袋中摸索，掏出張一元鈔票，遲疑了一會，又把它收回袋中。她猜他之不敢付錢，是因為她說過他們可能是她的親人。

沉睡的男人開始有所動作，他抬起頭，

Harney. "I guess you better go along now," she said. The young man understood and got to his feet. "Thank you," he said, holding out his hand. She seemed not to notice the gesture, and turned away as they opened the door.

The rain was still coming down, but they hardly noticed it: the pure air was like balm in their faces. The clouds were rising and breaking, and between their edges the light streamed down from remote blue hollows. Harney untied the horse, and they drove off through the diminishing rain, which was already beaded with sunlight.

For a while Charity was silent, and her companion did not speak. She looked timidly at his profile: it was graver than usual, as though he too were oppressed by what they had seen. Then she broke out abruptly: "Those people back there are the kind of folks I come from. They may be my relations, for all I know." She did not want him to think that she regretted having told him her story.

"Poor creatures," he rejoined. "I wonder why they came down to that fever-hole."

She laughed ironically. "To better themselves! It's worse up on the Mountain. Bash Hyatt married the daughter of the farmer that used to own

張開眼睛，眼神空洞地停留在慈諦和夏尼身上，一會就閉上了，然後又垂下頭來。那女人露出擔心的神情，望了望窗外，走到夏尼面前說：「不如現在走吧！」夏尼會意，馬上站起來說：「多謝款待！」並伸出手來。她似是沒留意他的動作，在他打開大門時，就轉身去了。

雨仍在下，但他們並不為意，純淨的空氣像是抹在臉上的香液。浮雲或聚或散，但在雲層邊際，透射着來自遙遠藍空的一道道光綫。夏尼解下繫馬的韁繩，駕車離開，雨已減弱了，水珠閃爍着陽光。

好一會慈諦沒作聲，她的同伴亦然。她怯怯地望向他的側面，見到他的樣子比平日嚴肅，似乎剛才見到的景象也令他不好受。她忽然開口說：「我就是來自那等人家。有人說他們是我的親人。」她不想他以為她後悔說出身世。

「可憐的人！」他回應說：「不知道他們為什麼下來住在那塊爛地上？」

the brown house. That was him by the stove, I suppose."

Harney seemed to find nothing to say and she went on: "I saw you take out a dollar to give to that poor woman. Why did you put it back?"

He reddened, and leaned forward to flick a swamp-fly from the horse's neck. "I wasn't sure----"

"Was it because you knew they were my folks, and thought I'd be ashamed to see you give them money?"

He turned to her with eyes full of reproach. "Oh, Charity----" It was the first time he had ever called her by her name. Her misery welled over.

"I ain't--I ain't ashamed. They're my people, and I ain't ashamed of them," she sobbed.

"My dear..." he murmured, putting his arm about her; and she leaned against him and wept out her pain.

It was too late to go around to Hamblin,

她諷刺地笑起來，說：「為了改善生活呀！山上的環境更差。棕屋原來的主人是個農夫，霸殊·凱悅娶了他的女兒，火爐邊的人應該就是他。」

夏尼一時之間，像是無話可說。她繼續道：「我見你拿了一元出來準備給那個女人，為什麼又收回了？」

他面現緋紅，身向前傾，拂走馬頸上一隻沼澤蒼蠅。「我不肯定……」

「你猜他們是我的親人？以為我會因你付錢而不好意思？」

他轉過身來，眼中滿是嗔怪之意。「噢！慈諦！……」這是他第一次直呼她的名字。她但覺心裏痛極了。

「我……沒什麼好羞的，他們是我的親人，我不會覺得丟臉。」她低聲哭了出來。

「親愛的……」他喃喃低語，雙臂攏着

and all the stars were out in a clear sky when they reached the North Dormer valley and drove up to the red house.

## VII

SINCE her reinstatement in Miss Hatchard's favour Charity had not dared to curtail by a moment her hours of attendance at the library. She even made a point of arriving before the time, and showed a laudable indignation when the youngest Targatt girl, who had been engaged to help in the cleaning and rearranging of the books, came trailing in late and neglected her task to peer through the window at the Sollas boy. Nevertheless, "library days" seemed more than ever irksome to Charity after her vivid hours of liberty; and she would have found it hard to set a good example to her subordinate if Lucius Harney had not been commissioned, before Miss Hatchard's departure, to examine with the local carpenter the best means of ventilating the "Memorial."

He was careful to prosecute this inquiry on the days when the library was open to the public; and Charity was therefore sure of spending part of the afternoon in his company. The Targatt girl's presence, and the risk of being interrupted by some passer-by suddenly smitten with a thirst for letters, restricted their intercourse to

她。她靠在他胸前，以啜泣來發泄心中的痛楚。

天色已晚了，不可能再轉到咸連去。他們返回北多馬山谷、抵達紅屋之時，澄澈天空已滿是繁星點點。

## 七

自從重新取得哈察小姐的認可，慈諦一刻也不敢縮減圖書館的當值時間。泰格家的小女兒現也受雇了，幫忙清潔和整理書籍。慈諦甚至特意比上班時間更早來到圖書館，她見到泰格女孩姍姍來遲，仍毫不專注於工作，只顧得窺視窗外，看看索勒斯男孩有否經過，就登時大不高興；這種認真態度頗可稱道。其實，經過那些鮮活的自由自在時光，「圖書館當值日」比從前更使她厭煩，很難以身作則、為她的下屬豎立模範；不過，幸而哈察小姐在離村之前，叫夏尼跟本地的木匠商討，為「紀念圖書館」籌劃最佳的通風方法，這可是一件好事。

夏尼很有心思，在圖書館開門的時候才

the exchange of commonplaces; but there was a fascination to Charity in the contrast between these public civilities and their secret intimacy.

The day after their drive to the brown house was "library day," and she sat at her desk working at the revised catalogue, while the Targatt girl, one eye on the window, chanted out the titles of a pile of books. Charity's thoughts were far away, in the dismal house by the swamp, and under the twilight sky during the long drive home, when Lucius Harney had consoled her with endearing words. That day, for the first time since he had been boarding with them, he had failed to appear as usual at the midday meal. No message had come to explain his absence, and Mr. Royall, who was more than usually taciturn, had betrayed no surprise, and made no comment. In itself this indifference was not particularly significant, for Mr. Royall, in common with most of his fellow-citizens, had a way of accepting events passively, as if he had long since come to the conclusion that no one who lived in North Dormer could hope to modify them. But to Charity, in the reaction from her mood of passionate exaltation, there was something disquieting in his silence. It was almost as if Lucius Harney had never had a part in their lives: Mr. Royall's imperturbable indifference seemed to relegate him to the domain of unreality.

來，所以慈諦肯定可見他一面；但格於泰格女孩礙在那裏，還有那些過路人或會忽然雅興大發，進來借本書讀讀，都使到他們的交談只限於平常話。這些在人前的客套，相比他倆私下說的貼心話兒，慈諦覺得好玩極了。

去棕屋之後的第二天，就是「圖書館當值日」，她坐在桌子旁，編製新的圖書目錄；泰格女孩面前是一堆書，她一隻眼望向窗外，一面唱讀書名。慈諦的思潮遠遠回到昨天，想起沼澤旁那間陰沉屋子內的住戶，與及後來在薄暮天色之下，他們駕車回家那長長的一段路。一路上，夏尼為了撫慰她，說了不少窩心話。可是，那天午餐時候，夏尼沒露面，是自搭伙以來的首次，他也沒送信過來解釋缺席的原因。萊亞先生則比平日更寡言，沒流露驚奇，也沒說什麼。他冷淡的態度本沒什麼，跟其他村民一樣，他對待任何事情都很被動，似乎早已認定北多馬人沒可能作出改變。但慈諦在熱情高漲之下，覺得他的沉默很令人不安。萊亞先生的態度就像祿斯·夏尼從沒出現過，他不聞不問、漠不關心的樣

As she sat at work, she tried to shake off her disappointment at Harney's non-appearing. Some trifling incident had probably kept him from joining them at midday; but she was sure he must be eager to see her again, and that he would not want to wait till they met at supper, between Mr. Royall and Verena. She was wondering what his first words would be, and trying to devise a way of getting rid of the Targatt girl before he came, when she heard steps outside, and he walked up the path with Mr. Miles.

The clergyman from Hepburn seldom came to North Dormer except when he drove over to officiate at the old white church which, by an unusual chance, happened to belong to the Episcopal communion. He was a brisk affable man, eager to make the most of the fact that a little nucleus of "church-people" had survived in the sectarian wilderness, and resolved to undermine the influence of the ginger-bread-coloured Baptist chapel at the other end of the village; but he was kept busy by parochial work at Hepburn, where there were paper-mills and saloons, and it was not often that he could spare time for North Dormer.

Charity, who went to the white church (like all the best people in North Dormer), admired Mr. Miles, and had even, during the memorable trip to Nettleton, imagined herself married to a

子，似把夏尼貶謫至虛無之境。

慈諦坐在桌旁工作，試圖擺脫見不到夏尼的失落之情。她心想或許有什麼小事耽擱，令他午餐來不了，但他一定很心急再見她，一定不想等到晚餐時候、中間梗着萊亞先生和慧麗娜才和她見面，見面時他不知會說些什麼。她正在想如何調開面前的泰格女孩之時，就聽到外頭的腳步聲，夏尼和邁爾斯牧師從小徑上來了。

邁爾斯牧師住在希賓，很少來北多馬，除非要到那古老的白色教堂主禮。源自某個偶然因素，教堂隸屬聖公會；而牧師是個勤快、和藹可親的人，亟想在崇拜基督教支派的荒野中，維繫一個新教聖公會的的正統小軸心，下決心要把馬路另一端的褐色浸信會小教堂比下去。但希賓那邊造紙坊和酒吧林立，教會事務繁忙，所以他很少能抽空到北多馬來。

man who had such a straight nose and such a beautiful way of speaking, and who lived in a brown-stone rectory covered with Virginia creeper. It had been a shock to discover that the privilege was already enjoyed by a lady with crimped hair and a large baby; but the arrival of Lucius Harney had long since banished Mr. Miles from Charity's dreams, and as he walked up the path at Harney's side she saw him as he really was: a fat middle-aged man with a baldness showing under his clerical hat, and spectacles on his Grecian nose. She wondered what had called him to North Dormer on a weekday, and felt a little hurt that Harney should have brought him to the library.

It presently appeared that his presence there was due to Miss Hatchard. He had been spending a few days at Springfield, to fill a friend's pulpit, and had been consulted by Miss Hatchard as to young Harney's plan for ventilating the "Memorial." To lay hands on the Hatchard ark was a grave matter, and Miss Hatchard, always full of scruples about her scruples (it was Harney's phrase), wished to have Mr. Miles's opinion before deciding.

慈諦跟村中所有的上等人一樣，也是上白色教堂做禮拜，並一度很仰慕邁爾斯牧師。經過蕁麻鎮那次難忘之旅後，她甚至憧憬將來嫁給這樣的一個男人——鼻樑挺直、口才出眾，有間啡色磚建成的教區牧師住宅作為居所，房子外牆爬滿了在秋天變成紅彤彤的五葉地錦。當她知道原來牧師已是名「草」有主、那間房子已有個頭髮卷曲的女主人和肥嘟嘟的嬰兒，她受的打擊可大了。可是，自從祿斯·夏尼這個年輕男子出現後，邁爾斯牧師就不再是她的夢中人；尤其是現在他跟夏尼並排從小徑步上圖書館來，她看清楚了他的實際模樣：他只不過是個中年發福的男人，禿頂在牧師帽子下露出來，高大的希臘鼻子上架着眼鏡。她奇怪是什麼事使他在平日來到鎮上，而夏尼竟把他帶到圖書館來，心裏更有埋怨之意。

原來邁爾斯牧師是應哈察小姐的邀請而來的。之前他在春田住了好幾天，替代一位朋友傳道，哈察小姐於是就夏尼所擬的圖書館改善通風計劃徵詢他的意見。為「哈察約櫃」作出任何改動可

"I couldn't," Mr. Miles explained, "quite make out from your cousin what changes you wanted to make, and as the other trustees did not understand either I thought I had better drive over and take a look--though I'm sure," he added, turning his friendly spectacles on the young man, "that no one could be more competent--but of course this spot has its peculiar sanctity!"

"I hope a little fresh air won't desecrate it," Harney laughingly rejoined; and they walked to the other end of the library while he set forth his idea to the Rector.

Mr. Miles had greeted the two girls with his usual friendliness, but Charity saw that he was occupied with other things, and she presently became aware, by the scraps of conversation drifting over to her, that he was still under the charm of his visit to Springfield, which appeared to have been full of agreeable incidents.

"Ah, the Coopersons... yes, you know them, of course," she heard. "That's a fine old house! And Ned Cooperson has collected some really remarkable impressionist pictures...." The names he cited were unknown to Charity. "Yes; yes; the Schaefer quartette played at Lyric Hall on Saturday evening; and on Monday I had the privilege of hearing them again at the Towers. Beautifully done... Bach and Beethoven... a

是一件大事，哈察小姐向來對個人的顧慮充滿顧忌（夏尼語），在批准計劃開展前，她先要聽聽邁爾斯牧師的說法。

邁爾斯牧師解釋說：「我聽不明白你表親說你準備改動什麼，其他信託人也不明白，所以我不如駕車前來看看；雖然我深信沒有人比你更適合做這項工作。」他和善的目光移向夏尼身上，加上一句：「不過這處地方確是不尋常，有其不可替代的尊嚴。」

「我想注入一些新鮮空氣不會褻瀆它吧！」夏尼笑着回答，然後和他一起走到圖書館的另一邊，鋪陳他的好點子。

邁爾斯牧師以他一貫的友善態度跟兩個女孩打招呼，不過慈諦留意到他有點心神不屬。從圖書館那邊飄來的片言隻語，可知這次春田市之行令他愜意的事多得很，至今仍是津津樂道。

「啊！庫柏遜那一家……當然你認識他們。」她聽到他說。「那真是間漂亮的老房子！兼且，尼德·庫柏遜搜集了

lawn-party first... I saw Miss Balch several times, by the way... looking extremely handsome...."

Charity dropped her pencil and forgot to listen to the Targatt girl's sing-song. Why had Mr. Miles suddenly brought up Annabel Balch's name?

"Oh, really?" she heard Harney rejoin; and, raising his stick, he pursued: "You see, my plan is to move these shelves away, and open a round window in this wall, on the axis of the one under the pediment."

"I suppose she'll be coming up here later to stay with Miss Hatchard?" Mr. Miles went on, following on his train of thought; then, spinning about and tilting his head back: "Yes, yes, I see--I understand: that will give a draught without materially altering the look of things. I can see no objection."

The discussion went on for some minutes, and gradually the two men moved back toward the desk. Mr. Miles stopped again and looked thoughtfully at Charity. "Aren't you a little pale, my dear? Not overworking? Mr. Harney tells me you and Mamie are giving the library a thorough overhauling." He was always careful to remember his parishioners'

好些出色的印象派畫作……」他提及的名字慈諦都不認識。「是呀！舍費爾四重奏星期六晚上在弦歌會堂表演；星期一我有幸在塔樓又聽了一次，奏得真好！……巴哈和貝多芬……之前有個草地派對……是了，我見過巴柱小姐多次……好標致……」

慈諦放下鉛筆，忘了聽泰格女孩的單調唱讀，為什麼邁爾斯牧師突然提起「安娜貝·巴柱」？

「是嗎？」她聽到夏尼回答，然後見他舉起手杖說：「我的計劃是移開這排書架，在牆上開個圓形窗子，跟山形牆下那個組成一直綫。」

「我猜她遲些會來哈察小姐家小住吧？」邁爾斯牧師繼續先前的話題。然後，他轉了個圈，抬起頭望，說：「我明白了，風就此吹進來，又不會怎樣改動原來的設計，我覺得是可行的。」

他們討論了一會，然後回到桌邊。邁爾斯牧師停下來，關注地望着慈諦說：「妳

Christian names, and at the right moment he bent his benignant spectacles on the Targatt girl.

Then he turned to Charity. "Don't take things hard, my dear; don't take things hard. Come down and see Mrs. Miles and me some day at Hepburn," he said, pressing her hand and waving a farewell to Mamie Targatt. He went out of the library, and Harney followed him.

Charity thought she detected a look of constraint in Harney's eyes. She fancied he did not want to be alone with her; and with a sudden pang she wondered if he repented the tender things he had said to her the night before. His words had been more fraternal than lover-like; but she had lost their exact sense in the caressing warmth of his voice. He had made her feel that the fact of her being a waif from the Mountain was only another reason for holding her close and soothing her with consolatory murmurs; and when the drive was over, and she got out of the buggy, tired, cold, and aching with emotion, she stepped as if the ground were a sunlit wave and she the spray on its crest.

Why, then, had his manner suddenly changed, and why did he leave the library with Mr. Miles? Her restless

的面色不大好，不是太勞累了吧？夏尼先生說妳和瑪媚合力給圖書館來個大掃除呢！」他通常着意記住教民的受洗名字，這時他慈愛的目光恰如其份地轉到泰格女孩的身上。

他的目光又轉回來，說：「不要太操勞呀！慈諦！記得啊！有空就來希賓探望我們。」他輕按她的手一下，再向泰格女孩揮揮手道別，就離開圖書館了，夏尼跟在他後頭。

慈諦覺得夏尼的眼中有種克制的神情，心想是否他不想單獨跟她在一起、是否後悔昨天晚上說了些溫情脈脈的話，一想到這裏，心內為之一痛。他不似是個情人在說話，反近似個兄長身份；但在他暖暖的撫慰語音下，她已分不清其實際性質。他令她感到從大山來的飄零身世只是擁抱她、低聲安慰她的另一個原因。她返抵家門，下車的時候，又倦、又冷，內心被激起的種種情懷累透，可是踏上路面時，那塊地像是照耀着太陽亮光的波浪，而她則是浪頂

imagination fastened on the name of Annabel Balch: from the moment it had been mentioned she fancied that Harney's expression had altered. Annabel Balch at a garden-party at Springfield, looking "extremely handsome"... perhaps Mr. Miles had seen her there at the very moment when Charity and Harney were sitting in the Hyatts' hovel, between a drunkard and a half-witted old woman! Charity did not know exactly what a garden-party was, but her glimpse of the flower-edged lawns of Nettleton helped her to visualize the scene, and envious recollections of the "old things" which Miss Balch avowedly "wore out" when she came to North Dormer made it only too easy to picture her in her splendour. Charity understood what associations the name must have called up, and felt the uselessness of struggling against the unseen influences in Harney's life.

When she came down from her room for supper he was not there; and while she waited in the porch she recalled the tone in which Mr. Royall had commented the day before on their early start. Mr. Royall sat at her side, his chair tilted back, his broad black boots with side-elastics resting against the lower bar of the railings. His rumpled grey hair stood up above his forehead like the crest of an angry bird, and the leather-brown of his veined cheeks was blotched with red. Charity knew that those red spots were the signs of a

上的泡沫。

那麼他的態度為什麼突然改變了？為什麼跟邁爾斯牧師一起離開？她馳騁的想像力緊扣在「安娜貝·巴柱」這名字上，她覺得夏尼聽到它之時，神情就變了。安娜貝·巴柱在春田市的花園派對上，「好標致」……假使邁爾斯牧師見到她和夏尼身處凱悅家的陋室內、坐在一個醉漢和失智老婦之間！嘿！慈諦不知道何謂「花園派對」，但蕁麻鎮那些邊緣綴以花叢的綠茵草地卻是見識過的，可想像是什麼的一回事；她又想起每逢巴柱小姐來北多馬小住，宣稱身上穿戴都是舊的「過氣東西」，已令她羨慕不已，安娜貝·巴柱盛裝的模樣也就不難想像了。慈諦明白這個名字所帶來的聯想，夏尼生命中那些無形力量，自己是沒可能對抗！

她下樓進晚餐時，夏尼還沒有來。她走到門廊上等，憶起昨晨出發前，萊亞先生提及他的語調。現在萊亞先生坐在她的旁邊，把椅子向後仰，那雙有伸縮邊的黑色潤靴子擱在欄杆底下那層，他卷

coming explosion.

Suddenly he said: "Where's supper? Has Verena Marsh slipped up again on her soda-biscuits?"

Charity threw a startled glance at him. "I presume she's waiting for Mr. Harney."

"Mr. Harney, is she? She'd better dish up, then. He ain't coming." He stood up, walked to the door, and called out, in the pitch necessary to penetrate the old woman's tympanum: "Get along with the supper, Verena."

Charity was trembling with apprehension. Something had happened--she was sure of it now--and Mr. Royall knew what it was. But not for the world would she have gratified him by showing her anxiety. She took her usual place, and he seated himself opposite, and poured out a strong cup of tea before passing her the tea-pot. Verena brought some scrambled eggs, and he piled his plate with them. "Ain't you going to take any?" he asked. Charity roused herself and began to eat.

The tone with which Mr. Royall had said "He's not coming" seemed to her full of an ominous satisfaction. She saw that he had suddenly begun to hate Lucius Harney, and guessed herself to be the

曲的灰色頭髮在前額豎立，像隻發怒鳥兒頭頂的羽毛，粗糙的褐色面頰上現出紅色疙瘩，慈諦知道那是他脾氣爆發前的徵兆。

他忽然開口：「晚餐好了沒有？慧麗娜·馬殊吃多了梳打餅、忘了煮？」

慈諦警戒地投過去一瞥：「她也許在等夏尼先生。」

「等夏尼先生？不用等，把晚餐端出來就是！他不來了。」他站起身，走到門邊，用足以穿透那老太太耳膜的聲綫大聲喊道：「慧麗娜，晚餐！」

慈諦心下惴惴不安，有些事發生了，她現在可以肯定，而萊亞先生是知情的；不過她絕不會流露半分焦慮神色，讓他暗暗高興。她坐在慣常的座位上，他則坐在對面，為自己斟了杯濃茶，才遞茶壺給她。慧麗娜把炒蛋端上來，他用叉子取了好大份，在碟子上堆得高高的。他問：「妳要嗎？」慈諦回過神來，開始用餐。

cause of this change of feeling. But she had no means of finding out whether some act of hostility on his part had made the young man stay away, or whether he simply wished to avoid seeing her again after their drive back from the brown house. She ate her supper with a studied show of indifference, but she knew that Mr. Royall was watching her and that her agitation did not escape him.

After supper she went up to her room. She heard Mr. Royall cross the passage, and presently the sounds below her window showed that he had returned to the porch. She seated herself on her bed and began to struggle against the desire to go down and ask him what had happened. "I'd rather die than do it," she muttered to herself. With a word he could have relieved her uncertainty: but never would she gratify him by saying it.

She rose and leaned out of the window. The twilight had deepened into night, and she watched the frail curve of the young moon dropping to the edge of the hills. Through the darkness she saw one or two figures moving down the road; but the evening was too cold for loitering, and presently the strollers disappeared. Lamps were beginning to show here and there in the windows. A bar of light brought out the whiteness of a clump of lilies in the Hawes's yard: and farther down the street Carrick Fry's Rochester lamp cast its bold illumination

萊亞先生說夏尼「不來了」的那種語調，她覺得滿有幸災樂禍的味道，且是不祥之兆。他忽然變得那麼痛恨夏尼，她猜是由於她的原故。不過她沒法知道是否他作出什麼不友善行動，令夏尼不再來了；抑或純粹是自棕屋回來後，夏尼就故意避開不見她。她扮出一副不在乎的樣子進餐，但知道萊亞先生一直在留意她的神情，一定看出她是焦躁不安。

晚餐後，她就上樓去，聽見萊亞先生走過通道的腳步聲，接着從窗子下面傳來聲音，知道他又回到門廊上去。她坐在床上，很想不顧一切，下樓去問他發生了什麼事。但她喃喃跟自己說：「我死也不幹！」只要問一句，就可釋除她的疑慮，可是她絕不會問，不讓他得逞！

她從床上站起來，走到窗邊，探身外望，薄暮已推移成夜晚，淡淡的一彎初月掛在山崗上。昏暗中，她見到路上有一兩個人影，可是晚上太冷了，不宜散步，很快就完全沒了行人。村中人家的

on the rustic flower-tub in the middle of his grass-plot.

For a long time she continued to lean in the window. But a fever of unrest consumed her, and finally she went downstairs, took her hat from its hook, and swung out of the house. Mr. Royall sat in the porch, Verena beside him, her old hands crossed on her patched skirt. As Charity went down the steps Mr. Royall called after her: "Where you going?" She could easily have answered: "To Orma's," or "Down to the Targatts"; and either answer might have been true, for she had no purpose. But she swept on in silence, determined not to recognize his right to question her.

At the gate she paused and looked up and down the road. The darkness drew her, and she thought of climbing the hill and plunging into the depths of the larch-wood above the pasture. Then she glanced irresolutely along the street, and as she did so a gleam appeared through the spruces at Miss Hatchard's gate. Lucius Harney was there, then--he had not gone down to Hepburn with Mr. Miles, as she had at first imagined. But where had he taken his evening meal, and what had caused him to stay away from Mr. Royall's? The light was positive proof of his presence, for Miss Hatchard's servants were away on a holiday, and her farmer's wife came only

窗子陸續透出燈光，一道光芒照得巧斯家前庭的白色百合花叢更加潔白分明；更遠處，在費爾家那盞羅切斯特燈的強光照射下，可見到放在屋前草地中央那個式樣拙樸的長型大花盆。

她倚在窗邊好一段時間，心底那份焦躁不安越來越甚，最終忍不住了，步下樓來，從掛勾取下帽子，飛快地走出門去。萊亞先生坐在門廊上，旁邊是慧麗娜，她年邁的雙手交叉放在補綴過的裙子上。慈諦下樓的時候，萊亞先生從身後向她喊：「妳去哪？」她本可隨意答「奧瑪家」或「泰格家」，任何一個回答都可能是真的，因她並沒想過要上哪兒去。但她不回答，只是默默地快步前行，決心不讓他以為有權質問她。

在柵門前她停下來，望望路的兩端，黑暗似是股力量拉扯着她，她想穿過牧場上山去，投進落葉松的深處。她茫然地四望，發覺哈察小姐家前的雲杉透出燈光，原來祿斯·夏尼還在！他並非如她先前所想，跟隨邁爾斯牧師上希賓去了。但他在哪裏晚餐？為什麼要避開萊

in the mornings, to make the young man's bed and prepare his coffee. Beside that lamp he was doubtless sitting at this moment. To know the truth Charity had only to walk half the length of the village, and knock at the lighted window. She hesitated a minute or two longer, and then turned toward Miss Hatchard's.

She walked quickly, straining her eyes to detect anyone who might be coming along the street; and before reaching the Frys' she crossed over to avoid the light from their window. Whenever she was unhappy she felt herself at bay against a pitiless world, and a kind of animal secretiveness possessed her. But the street was empty, and she passed unnoticed through the gate and up the path to the house. Its white front glimmered indistinctly through the trees, showing only one oblong of light on the lower floor. She had supposed that the lamp was in Miss Hatchard's sitting-room; but she now saw that it shone through a window at the farther corner of the house. She did not know the room to which this window belonged, and she paused under the trees, checked by a sense of strangeness. Then she moved on, treading softly on the short grass, and keeping so close to the house that whoever was in the room, even if roused by her approach, would not be able to see her.

The window opened on a narrow verandah with a trellised arch. She

亞先生？燈光是他在家的確實證據，因為哈察家的僕人都放了假，而哈察小姐的佃戶妻子只是早上來，替他執拾床鋪和煮咖啡；他現在一定是坐在那盞燈的旁邊。慈諦只須穿越半條村子，在那有燈光的窗子上輕扣，就可知道答案。她遲疑了一兩分鐘，就步向哈察家去。

她走得很快，睜大雙眼留意路上有沒有其他行人，在經過費爾家之前，她去了馬路的另一邊繼續前行，避開窗子透出的燈光。每逢她不開心，就覺得似被一個無情的世界重重圍困，這時便自然而然地發揮動物自我掩護的本能。不過路是空晃晃的，沒有人見到她打開柵門、步上哈察家的小徑。屋子的白色前面在樹影中隱約地發出微亮，可見長方形的光是來自地下那層。最初她以為是哈察家客廳的燈亮了，現在才知道燈光來自遠處角落的一個窗戶，她不知道是誰的房間。拘於對環境的陌生感，她在樹下躊躇，過了一會，才繼續前行。她輕步踩在短草地上，並盡量挨近屋子的牆

leaned close to the trellis, and parting the sprays of clematis that covered it looked into a corner of the room. She saw the foot of a mahogany bed, an engraving on the wall, a wash-stand on which a towel had been tossed, and one end of the green-covered table which held the lamp. Half of the lampshade projected into her field of vision, and just under it two smooth sunburnt hands, one holding a pencil and the other a ruler, were moving to and fro over a drawing-board.

Her heart jumped and then stood still. He was there, a few feet away; and while her soul was tossing on seas of woe he had been quietly sitting at his drawing-board. The sight of those two hands, moving with their usual skill and precision, woke her out of her dream. Her eyes were opened to the disproportion between what she had felt and the cause of her agitation; and she was turning away from the window when one hand abruptly pushed aside the drawing-board and the other flung down the pencil.

Charity had often noticed Harney's loving care of his drawings, and the neatness and method with which he carried on and concluded each task. The impatient sweeping aside of the drawing-board seemed to reveal a new mood. The gesture suggested sudden discouragement, or distaste for his work

邊，那就算有人聽到聲響，也不會見到她在外頭。

窗外是個窄窄的露台，外包着拱形鐵格子圍欄。她貼近圍欄，撥開上頭纏繞的鐵綫蓮花枝，望見了房內的一角。她見到桃花心木大床的床腳、牆上的雕刻、一個盥洗架和上面胡亂擱着的毛巾、鋪着綠布的半張桌子上有座檯燈，半個燈罩映照出她的視線範圍。在罩子之下，正正是一雙光滑、曬黑了的手，其中一隻手拿着鉛筆，另一隻手拿着間尺，在畫架上前後移動。

她的心猛地跳動一下，然後像是停頓下來。他就在屋子裏，寥寥數尺之遙！當她的靈魂在苦海中翻騰，他原來靜靜地坐在畫架前！看到那雙手以一貫熟練準確的方式移動，她醒過來了，原來自己大錯特錯，為了心繫對象而無端擔驚受怕一場。她正準備轉身離開窗邊，忽地見到他一手把畫板急速推開，同時扔下鉛筆。

慈諦留意到夏尼很珍愛他的畫作，從開

and she wondered if he too were agitated by secret perplexities. Her impulse of flight was checked; she stepped up on the verandah and looked into the room.

Harney had put his elbows on the table and was resting his chin on his locked hands. He had taken off his coat and waistcoat, and unbuttoned the low collar of his flannel shirt; she saw the vigorous lines of his young throat, and the root of the muscles where they joined the chest. He sat staring straight ahead of him, a look of weariness and self-disgust on his face: it was almost as if he had been gazing at a distorted reflection of his own features. For a moment Charity looked at him with a kind of terror, as if he had been a stranger under familiar lineaments; then she glanced past him and saw on the floor an open portmanteau half full of clothes. She understood that he was preparing to leave, and that he had probably decided to go without seeing her. She saw that the decision, from whatever cause it was taken, had disturbed him deeply; and she immediately concluded that his change of plan was due to some surreptitious interference of Mr. Royall's. All her old resentments and rebellions flamed up, confusedly mingled with the yearning roused by Harney's nearness. Only a few hours earlier she had felt secure in his comprehending pity; now she was flung back on herself, doubly alone after that moment of communion.

始繪畫直至完結，都是一不紊亂、步驟分明。現在不耐煩地推開畫板，顯示出不尋常的態度，一是突然受到挫折，一是對作品不滿意；她心想是否他跟她一樣，也是被心底的疑慮所困擾？於是她不單打消溜走的念頭，相反更踏上露台階級，望向房間裏面。

夏尼的手肘撐在桌上，下巴擱在交叉的手背上，他沒穿外套和背心，絨布襯衣的低領扣子也鬆開了。她看到他頸喉處富於年輕動力的綫條、與及緊接胸膛那部分的肌肉。他坐着直瞪前面，臉上現出疲憊、與及厭惡自己的神色，就好像凝望着自己扭曲面容的倒映。有一刻慈諦給他嚇怕了，他的輪廓仍是熟悉的，但就似是個陌生人。然後她的視線落在他身後的地上，那裏有個打開的行李筐，一半裝滿了衣服。她意會到他要離開，而且多半決定了不辭而別；但無論是什麼原因驅使他作出這個決定，都令他深深苦惱。她馬上想到他之改變原先的計劃，是由於萊亞先生私下干擾所致。她想起所有的舊怨、她曾怎樣反抗，憤憤不平之氣就來了；而夏尼是那

Harney was still unaware of her presence. He sat without moving, moodily staring before him at the same spot in the wall-paper. He had not even had the energy to finish his packing, and his clothes and papers lay on the floor about the portmanteau. Presently he unlocked his clasped hands and stood up; and Charity, drawing back hastily, sank down on the step of the verandah. The night was so dark that there was not much chance of his seeing her unless he opened the window and before that she would have time to slip away and be lost in the shadow of the trees. He stood for a minute or two looking around the room with the same expression of self-disgust, as if he hated himself and everything about him; then he sat down again at the table, drew a few more strokes, and threw his pencil aside. Finally he walked across the floor, kicking the portmanteau out of his way, and lay down on the bed, folding his arms under his head, and staring up morosely at the ceiling. Just so, Charity had seen him at her side on the grass or the pine-needles, his eyes fixed on the sky, and pleasure flashing over his face like the flickers of sun the branches shed on it. But now the face was so changed that she hardly knew it; and grief at his grief gathered in her throat, rose to her eyes and ran over.

麼可望而不可及，令她的戀慕更熾。種種情緒揉合在一起，她都弄不清了。不久之前，得到他善解人意的溫情撫慰，她感到備受保護，現在又被扔下隻身一人；不過，體驗了那刻的契合，原來的孤單感倍增。

夏尼仍未察覺她就外面，他呆坐不動，悶悶不樂地瞪着牆紙上某一點，行李只執拾了一半，就泄了勁，一些衣服和文件都只是隨意扔在行李筐周圍的地板上。現在他鬆開交叉的雙手、站起來，慈諦馬上向後退，在露台階級蹲伏下來。天色已全黑了，他應不會見到她，除非過來打開窗子；不過在此之前，她還有時間溜走，躲進樹影之中。有一兩分鐘時間，他站着看望房間四周，面上仍是帶着同一神情，似是討厭自己、也討厭周圍一切；然後他又坐下來，畫了幾筆，又把筆扔下。最後他走去房間另一邊，中途把攔住去路的行李筐一腳踢開，在床上躺下來，雙手擱在頭下，抑鬱地望着天花板。慈諦曾跟他並排躺在草地或松針堆上，見過他牢牢望着天空的樣子，那時他臉上閃耀着陣

She continued to crouch on the steps, holding her breath and stiffening herself into complete immobility. One motion of her hand, one tap on the pane, and she could picture the sudden change in his face. In every pulse of her rigid body she was aware of the welcome his eyes and lips would give her; but something kept her from moving. It was not the fear of any sanction, human or heavenly; she had never in her life been afraid. It was simply that she had suddenly understood what would happen if she went in. It was the thing that did happen between young men and girls, and that North Dormer ignored in public and snickered over on the sly. It was what Miss Hatchard was still ignorant of, but every girl of Charity's class knew about before she left school. It was what had happened to Ally Hawes's sister Julia, and had ended in her going to Nettleton, and in people's never mentioning her name.

It did not, of course, always end so sensationally; nor, perhaps, on the whole, so untragically. Charity had always suspected that the shunned Julia's fate might have its compensations. There were others, worse endings that the village knew of, mean, miserable, unconfessed; other lives that went on drearily, without visible change, in the same cramped setting of hypocrisy. But these were not the reasons that held her back. Since the day before, she had

陣愉悅，就像樹枝間洒落的點點陽光；現在他的樣子變到幾乎認不出來。目睹他的愁苦，她心痛得喉嚨梗塞、淚水奪眶而出。

她繼續蹲伏在階級上，屏息靜氣，整個人僵着不動。只要她的手一動，在玻璃上敲一下，可想像他的表情就會突然改變。她身體經已僵硬，但每一下脈搏的跳動，都知道他的眼睛、嘴唇會如何歡迎她；但有些東西遏止了她的行動。她不是怕犯了凡間或天堂的戒條，一直以來，她從不畏懼；只是忽然明白進去了會發生什麼事。那是年輕男女之間的偷歡情事，北多馬的人公開不提，私下則用以為笑柄。哈察小姐還未懂，不過慈諦那一班女孩畢業前已懂得了，這事就曾發生在雅莉的姊姊茉莉亞身上，所以她最後才會離家去了蕁麻鎮，自此村民就緘口不提她的名字。

當然不是每個例子都如茉莉亞般製造出「新聞」；又或者整體來說，不像她沒有什麼悲慘遭遇；慈諦常常懷疑茉莉亞雖被村民擯棄，她的命運反而可能得

known exactly what she would feel if Harney should take her in his arms: the melting of palm into palm and mouth on mouth, and the long flame burning her from head to foot. But mixed with this feeling was another: the wondering pride in his liking for her, the startled softness that his sympathy had put into her heart. Sometimes, when her youth flushed up in her, she had imagined yielding like other girls to furtive caresses in the twilight; but she could not so cheapen herself to Harney. She did not know why he was going; but since he was going she felt she must do nothing to deface the image of her that he carried away. If he wanted her he must seek her: he must not be surprised into taking her as girls like Julia Hawes were taken....

No sound came from the sleeping village, and in the deep darkness of the garden she heard now and then a secret rustle of branches, as though some night-bird brushed them. Once a footfall passed the gate, and she shrank back into her corner; but the steps died away and left a profounder quiet. Her eyes were still on Harney's tormented face: she felt she could not move till he moved. But she was beginning to grow numb from

到某些補償。村中有些女孩的結局差得多，日子過得淒慘、困苦，躲躲閃閃地做人；有些呢，生活表面似沒有變化，但就在假道學的束縛下，日復一日、鬱鬱寡歡地活下去。不過這些都不是令她卻步的原因。打從昨天起，她已知道給夏尼擁進懷中是何滋味：掌心互扣、嘴唇相合，甫接觸一刻令人溶化，同時又有道火焰從頭一直燃燒到腳底；可是還有別的感覺：她奇怪他會喜歡自己，心中升起一份自豪感；另外，他脈脈的同情又觸發了她內心蘊藏的溫柔。有時，在年輕人的衝動下，她也曾想像自己跟其他女孩一樣，在黃昏時分，任隨情人偷偷的愛撫；不過她卻不可以在夏尼面前表現得如此輕賤。她不知道他為什麼要走，但既然要走了，就不能做任何事去損毀自己在他心中的形象，讓他就此離去。如他要她，就一定要作出主動，不能像茱莉亞那類女孩一樣，自己忽然送上門去……。

入睡中的村子沒發出聲響，花園的幽深暗處，不時傳來樹樞低低的晃動聲音，似乎是哪隻夜鳥輕飛掠過。一度一陣腳

her constrained position, and at times her thoughts were so indistinct that she seemed to be held there only by a vague weight of weariness.

A long time passed in this strange vigil. Harney still lay on the bed, motionless and with fixed eyes, as though following his vision to its bitter end. At last he stirred and changed his attitude slightly, and Charity's heart began to tremble. But he only flung out his arms and sank back into his former position. With a deep sigh he tossed the hair from his forehead; then his whole body relaxed, his head turned sideways on the pillow, and she saw that he had fallen asleep. The sweet expression came back to his lips, and the haggardness faded from his face, leaving it as fresh as a boy's.

She rose and crept away.

## VIII

SHE had lost the sense of time, and did not know how late it was till she came out into the street and saw that all the windows were dark between Miss Hatchard's and the Royall house.

As she passed from under the black pall of the Norway spruces she fancied she saw two figures in the shade about the

步聲從柵門外傳來，她縮回角落內，然後腳步聲消失了，留下更深的靜默。她的眼睛仍停留在夏尼苦透的面容上，如他不動，她覺得自己也動不了；不過蹲伏久了，腳開始發麻，有時思緒都不知飛去何方，繼續留在那裏，不外是由於一份難以言喻的疲乏。

這奇異的守候維持了好長的一段時間。夏尼仍躺在床上不動，眼珠牢牢前望，似要一直看到苦澀的結局為止。最後他的姿勢終於輕微改變了，慈諦的心怦怦而動；不過他的手臂揮動一下，又恢復原來的樣子。他深深地嘆一口氣，把額頭上的一絡頭髮撥開，然後整個身體放鬆下來，一會之後，頭在枕上側轉，她見到他原來睡着了，面上的憂戚經已消退，嘴唇重現可愛的笑意，鮮活一如孩童。

她站起來，偷偷離開。

八

她已忘卻時間，直至來到馬路上，看見哈察家和萊亞家之間所有窗子都是漆

duck-pond. She drew back and watched; but nothing moved, and she had stared so long into the lamp-lit room that the darkness confused her, and she thought she must have been mistaken.

She walked on, wondering whether Mr. Royall was still in the porch. In her exalted mood she did not greatly care whether he was waiting for her or not: she seemed to be floating high over life, on a great cloud of misery beneath which every-day realities had dwindled to mere specks in space. But the porch was empty, Mr. Royall's hat hung on its peg in the passage, and the kitchen lamp had been left to light her to bed. She took it and went up.

The morning hours of the next day dragged by without incident. Charity had imagined that, in some way or other, she would learn whether Harney had already left; but Verena's deafness prevented her being a source of news, and no one came to the house who could bring enlightenment.

Mr. Royall went out early, and did not return till Verena had set the table for the midday meal. When he came in he went straight to the kitchen and shouted to the old woman: "Ready for dinner----" then he turned into the dining-room, where

黑一片，才知夜已深了。

她走過挪威雲杉下黑黝黝的垂幕那一刻，好像見到鴨塘附近的陰影中有兩個人，她後退想看清楚，又不見有移動的影子，一定是自己瞪着那間有燈光的房間太久，引致眼都花了，對黑暗產生錯覺。

她繼續前行，想着不知萊亞先生是否仍在門廊裏。但在她高漲的情緒下，他在等她與否，已不怎麼在意。此刻，她似乎高高飄浮於生命長河之上，騰駕着大片的愁雲慘霧，在下面的現實生活已萎縮成點點滴滴。但門廊是空的，過道的掛勾上有萊亞先生的帽子，廚房燈擱在那裏，留給她上樓照明之用，她就提着它步上樓梯。

第二天的早上，時間在百無聊賴中慢慢熬過去。慈諦以為她總會循什麼渠道，知道夏尼走了沒有；但耳聾的慧麗娜不可能從鄰居處收到風，也沒有人上門傳播消息。

Charity was already seated. Harney's plate was in its usual place, but Mr. Royall offered no explanation of his absence, and Charity asked none. The feverish exaltation of the night before had dropped, and she said to herself that he had gone away, indifferently, almost callously, and that now her life would lapse again into the narrow rut out of which he had lifted it. For a moment she was inclined to sneer at herself for not having used the arts that might have kept him.

She sat at table till the meal was over, lest Mr. Royall should remark on her leaving; but when he stood up she rose also, without waiting to help Verena. She had her foot on the stairs when he called to her to come back.

"I've got a headache. I'm going up to lie down."

"I want you should come in here first; I've got something to say to you."

She was sure from his tone that in a moment she would learn what every nerve in her ached to know; but as she turned back she made a last effort of indifference.

萊亞先生一清早出了門，直至慧麗娜擺好午餐桌子他才回來。一進門，他就走進廚房，朝慧麗娜喊道：「可以進餐了……」然後才轉到飯廳去。慈諦經已就座，夏尼的碟子仍放在慣常的位置，萊亞先生沒就他的缺席作出任何解釋，慈諦也不去問。在她來說，早一晚的高昂激情經已消退，她對自己說：他已走了，冷淡、忍心地走了，他一度將她從狹隘的生活軌道中提升出來，現在她會重蹈其中。有一刻，她很想嘲笑自己，之前為何不用那些可逼使他留下的招數。

她留在桌旁，直至午餐完畢，免得萊亞先生因她離席而發話；不過一見他站起來，她也隨之而起，無意留下幫慧麗娜收拾。他叫住她時，她已一腳踏在上樓的梯級上。

「我頭痛，要上床躺躺。」

「妳先進來一會，有事要跟妳講。」

從他的語調中，她敢肯定身上每根神經

Mr. Royall stood in the middle of the office, his thick eyebrows beetling, his lower jaw trembling a little. At first she thought he had been drinking; then she saw that he was sober, but stirred by a deep and stern emotion totally unlike his usual transient angers. And suddenly she understood that, until then, she had never really noticed him or thought about him. Except on the occasion of his one offense he had been to her merely the person who is always there, the unquestioned central fact of life, as inevitable but as uninteresting as North Dormer itself, or any of the other conditions fate had laid on her. Even then she had regarded him only in relation to herself, and had never speculated as to his own feelings, beyond instinctively concluding that he would not trouble her again in the same way. But now she began to wonder what he was really like.

He had grasped the back of his chair with both hands, and stood looking hard at her. At length he said: "Charity, for once let's you and me talk together like friends."

Instantly she felt that something had happened, and that he held her in his hand.

"Where is Mr. Harney? Why hasn't he

苦苦想知道的事，很快就會有答案；但在她轉身過來之時，仍最後一次擺出副毫不在意的樣子。

萊亞先生站在辦公室的中央，他的濃眉壓下來，下顎有點顫抖。她最初以為他喝了酒，看清楚才知不是。他是清醒的，只是觸動了某種深深蘊藏的肅穆情緒，跟平日忽然發颯的怒火完全不同。忽然之間，她發覺除了被冒犯那次，自己一直以來也沒認清他，或在他身上花過任何心思。在她來說，他只是個經常存在的人，是生活中毋須置疑的基本事實，不能避免、沒有驚喜，就如北多馬一樣；又或者像是命運給她設下的種種限制。雖則有那次無禮的舉動，她所想到的只是關乎自己一方的事，並沒去猜測他的個人感受；在此以外，就只是直覺地認為他再也不會去騷擾她而已。現在她開始好奇他其實是個怎樣的人。

他的雙手緊抓安樂椅的椅背，注視着她，終於開口說道：「慈諦，第一次讓我倆像朋友般談談。」

come back? Have you sent him away?" she broke out, without knowing what she was saying.

The change in Mr. Royall frightened her. All the blood seemed to leave his veins and against his swarthy pallor the deep lines in his face looked black.

"Didn't he have time to answer some of those questions last night? You was with him long enough!" he said.

Charity stood speechless. The taunt was so unrelated to what had been happening in her soul that she hardly understood it. But the instinct of self-defense awoke in her.

"Who says I was with him last night?"

"The whole place is saying it by now."

"Then it was you that put the lie into their mouths.--Oh, how I've always hated you!" she cried.

She had expected a retort in kind, and it startled her to hear her exclamation

她馬上察覺有事發生了，他抓住了她的要害。

「夏尼先生在哪兒？為什麼不來咱家了？你叫他走？」她衝口而出地叫嚷，不知道自己在說什麼。

萊亞先生神情都改變了，令她驚懼。他的臉一下子失去血色，在變得蒼白的深黝面容中，那些深深的皺紋比平日顯得更黑。

「昨晚他沒空答妳一兩條問題嗎？妳和他一起那麼久！」

慈諦站在那裏，話都說不出來。他奚落的話跟她內心的思潮全搭不上關係，她聽不明白其中含意；不過卻喚起了她的自衛本能。

「誰說昨晚我和他在一起？」

「整條村子都在說了。」

「那就是你散播謠言！噢！難怪我一

sounding on through silence.

"Yes, I know," Mr. Royall said slowly.

"But that ain't going to help us much now."

"It helps me not to care a straw what lies you tell about me!"

"If they're lies, they're not my lies: my Bible oath on that, Charity. I didn't know where you were: I wasn't out of this house last night."

She made no answer and he went on: "Is it a lie that you were seen coming out of Miss Hatchard's nigh onto midnight?"

She straightened herself with a laugh, all her reckless insolence recovered. "I didn't look to see what time it was."

"You lost girl... you... you.... Oh, my God, why did you tell me?" he broke out, dropping into his chair, his head bowed down like an old man's.

Charity's self-possession had returned with the sense of her danger. "Do you suppose I'd take the trouble to lie to

直恨你！」她嚷道。

她以為他會作出反擊；但很奇怪，她的申訴只換來一片靜默。

「我知道。」萊亞先生說得很慢。「不過現在對我們沒什麼好處。」

「哪管你散播我什麼謠言，我統統不理就好！」

「如果是謠言，也不是我說的，我可按聖經發誓。慈諦，我不知妳去了哪兒，我整晚都留在家中。」

她沒回答。他繼續說：「有人見到妳差不多午夜時分離開哈察家，那是謠言？」

她伸直背樑，笑起來，顯現一貫以來不知天高地厚的輕慢本色。「我沒看時間。」

「妳……妳……墮落了，天呀！為什麼要讓我知道？」他喊了出來，跌坐椅

YOU? Who are you, anyhow, to ask me where I go to when I go out at night?"

Mr. Royall lifted his head and looked at her. His face had grown quiet and almost gentle, as she remembered seeing it sometimes when she was a little girl, before Mrs. Royall died.

"Don't let's go on like this, Charity. It can't do any good to either of us. You were seen going into that fellow's house... you were seen coming out of it.... I've watched this thing coming, and I've tried to stop it. As God sees me, I have...."

"Ah, it WAS you, then? I knew it was you that sent him away!"

He looked at her in surprise. "Didn't he tell you so? I thought he understood." He spoke slowly, with difficult pauses, "I didn't name you to him: I'd have cut my hand off sooner. I just told him I couldn't spare the horse any longer; and that the cooking was getting too heavy for Verena. I guess he's the kind that's heard the same thing before. Anyhow, he took it quietly enough. He said his job here was about done, anyhow; and there

中，像個老人般垂下頭。

慈諦明白了身處的危機，回復沉着態度。「你以為我會花時間向你講大話？你是什麼身份？有權質問我晚上去了哪兒？」

萊亞先生抬起頭來望着她，他的臉已恢復了平靜，是近乎親切的樣子，就像她年紀還小、萊亞太太未離世之前，記憶中有時見到的模樣。

「慈諦，我們這樣下去，是不行的，對我們沒丁點好處。有人見到妳進去那傢伙的屋子……又見到妳從裏面出來……我知道這事遲早會發生，一直想制止。上帝可作證，我有……」

「呀！果然是你！我就知道是你叫他走的！」

他詫異地望着她。「他沒告訴妳？我以為他明白了。」他說得很慢、很艱難、斷斷續續。「我沒提及妳……寧願斬掉隻手，我也不幹。我只說那匹馬另有用

didn't another word pass between us.... If he told you otherwise he told you an untruth."

Charity listened in a cold trance of anger. It was nothing to her what the village said... but all this fingering of her dreams!

"I've told you he didn't tell me anything. I didn't speak with him last night."

"You didn't speak with him?"

"No.... It's not that I care what any of you say... but you may as well know. Things ain't between us the way you think... and the other people in this place. He was kind to me; he was my friend; and all of a sudden he stopped coming, and I knew it was you that done it--YOU!" All her unreconciled memory of the past flamed out at him. "So I went there last night to find out what you'd said to him: that's all."

Mr. Royall drew a heavy breath. "But, then--if he wasn't there, what were you doing there all that time?--Charity, for pity's sake, tell me. I've got to know, to

途，兼且，要多為一個人煮食，慧麗娜感到太辛苦，幹不來了。我猜他是聽過類似的話的那類人。總之，他聽到後很平靜，說工作橫豎也差不多完了。之後大家都沒說其他……如他說的不同，那就是謊話。」

慈諦聽着，怒氣使她意識不清，但又使她渾身冰涼，村民說什麼，她毫不關心……但是他竟然如此播弄她的夢想！

「我已說了，他沒告訴我什麼，昨晚我沒和他說話。」

「妳沒和他說話？」

「沒有……你們愛說什麼我無所謂……不過讓你知道也好，我倆之間的關係根本不是你或這裏的人所想的那個樣子。他對我很好，是我的朋友。忽然他不來了，我就知道是你的所為——就是你！」難以原諒他的那件事從記憶中爆發出來。「所以我昨晚去找他，想知道你跟他說了什麼，就是這麼簡單！」

stop their talking."

This pathetic abdication of all authority over her did not move her: she could feel only the outrage of his interference.

"Can't you see that I don't care what anybody says? It's true I went there to see him; and he was in his room, and I stood outside for ever so long and watched him; but I dursn't go in for fear he'd think I'd come after him...." She felt her voice breaking, and gathered it up in a last defiance. "As long as I live I'll never forgive you!" she cried.

Mr. Royall made no answer. He sat and pondered with sunken head, his veined hands clasped about the arms of his chair. Age seemed to have come down on him as winter comes on the hills after a storm. At length he looked up.

"Charity, you say you don't care; but you're the proudest girl I know, and the last to want people to talk against you. You know there's always eyes watching you: you're handsomer and smarter than the rest, and that's enough. But till lately you've never given them a chance. Now they've got it, and they're going to use it. I believe what you say, but they won't.... It was Mrs. Tom Fry seen you going in... and two or three of them watched for

萊亞先生深深吸一口氣，說道：「不過，如他不在，妳耽在那裏那麼久幹嗎？慈諦，求求妳說呀！我要知道真相，制止他們亂說。」

他完全拋開自己高高在上的身份，如此低首下心地說話，並沒打動她；她只覺得他的介入太也可恨。

「其他人愛說什麼，我不理，你還不明白？我確有去找他，他在自己房間內，我就站在外面望着他，不知站了多久，不敢進去，是怕他以為我主動送上門去……」她感到快要噙住了，勉力向他作出最後一擊。「我死也不會原諒你！」

萊亞先生沒回答，坐在那裏低首思考，靜脈貫起的雙手緊緊握着椅子的扶手，一下子顯得蒼老了許多，神情一如風暴過後，冬季隨之降臨在山丘之上。

過了一會，他抬頭說道：「慈諦，妳說妳不理人家說什麼；但妳是我認識的女孩中，最驕傲的一個，最不想人家說妳

you to come out again.... You've been with the fellow all day long every day since he come here... and I'm a lawyer, and I know how hard slander dies." He paused, but she stood motionless, without giving him any sign of acquiescence or even of attention. "He's a pleasant fellow to talk to--I liked having him here myself. The young men up here ain't had his chances. But there's one thing as old as the hills and as plain as daylight: if he'd wanted you the right way he'd have said so."

Charity did not speak. It seemed to her that nothing could exceed the bitterness of hearing such words from such lips.

Mr. Royall rose from his seat. "See here, Charity Royall: I had a shameful thought once, and you've made me pay for it. Isn't that score pretty near wiped out?... There's a streak in me I ain't always master of; but I've always acted straight to you but that once. And you've known I would--you've trusted me. For all your sneers and your mockery you've always known I loved you the way a man loves a decent woman. I'm a good many years older than you, but I'm head and shoulders above this place and everybody in it, and you know that too. I

的閒話。妳知道人家常常緊盯着妳一舉一動，妳比其他人都漂亮、聰明，單是這兩樣，已令他們恨得牙癢癢；幸好一直找不到妳的把柄。現在有了，他們正好大做文章。我相信妳的話，但他們不會……是費爾太太見到妳進去的……另有兩三個人見到妳從裏面出來……自從那傢伙來了之後，妳就和他整天耽在一起……我是個律師，明白流言很難制止。」他停下來，但她站着不動，沒流露出聽從、或甚至有在聆聽的表示。「光是談天，他是個好對象；我個人覺得他來這兒是好事。這裏的男生沒有他那麼好的際遇；但有件事是古今不變、最最清楚不過的，如他想循正途得到妳，應先有一番說辭。」

慈諦沒說什麼，如此的一番話由這人口中道出，世間的事沒有更苦澀的了。

萊亞先生從椅子站起來，說：「慈諦·萊亞，一度我有個卑鄙念頭，但妳已令我付出代價，那筆債應差不多抵銷了吧……我的性格有個缺點，有時是管不住自己；不過除了那一次，我幾時沒好

slipped up once, but that's no reason for not starting again. If you'll come with me I'll do it. If you'll marry me we'll leave here and settle in some big town, where there's men, and business, and things doing. It's not too late for me to find an opening.... I can see it by the way folks treat me when I go down to Hepburn or Nettleton...."

Charity made no movement. Nothing in his appeal reached her heart, and she thought only of words to wound and wither. But a growing lassitude restrained her. What did anything matter that he was saying? She saw the old life closing in on her, and hardly heeded his fanciful picture of renewal.

"Charity--Charity--say you'll do it," she heard him urge, all his lost years and wasted passion in his voice.

"Oh, what's the use of all this? When I leave here it won't be with you."

She moved toward the door as she spoke, and he stood up and placed himself between her and the threshold.

好待妳？妳一直信任我，知道我會。妳儘管常常笑話我、嘲罵我，但妳一直知道我愛慕妳、一心對妳好，跟其他男人對待自己愛慕的淑女沒兩樣。我年紀比妳大得多，但其實以我的人才，留在村子裏是委屈了我，妳也清楚不過的。雖然我躓了一跤，不過沒理由不能重頭開始。如妳肯跟我，我們就走；妳嫁給我，我們搬去大市鎮住，那裏人口多，生意多，大把事可做；我重新找個職位，也還可以……從希賓或蕁麻鎮的朋友對待我的樣子，我可想像得到……」

慈諦一動也不動，他的央求全沒聽進心裏去，她想的是拿什麼話作武器，來傷害、打擊他；但厭倦感越來越重了，使她打消了念頭，他要說什麼隨他，她只見到往日的的生活又要把她圍起來了，無心去聽他描繪的美好新一幕。

「慈諦……慈諦……妳就答應吧！」她聽到他迫切的籲求，聲音載滿了所有消逝的青春和虛擲的熱情。

「啊！說這些有什麼用！如我要走的

He seemed suddenly tall and strong, as though the extremity of his humiliation had given him new vigour.

"That's all, is it? It's not much." He leaned against the door, so towering and powerful that he seemed to fill the narrow room. "Well, then look here.... You're right: I've no claim on you--why should you look at a broken man like me? You want the other fellow... and I don't blame you. You picked out the best when you seen it... well, that was always my way." He fixed his stern eyes on her, and she had the sense that the struggle within him was at its highest. "Do you want him to marry you?" he asked.

They stood and looked at each other for a long moment, eye to eye, with the terrible equality of courage that sometimes made her feel as if she had his blood in her veins.

"Do you want him to--say? I'll have him here in an hour if you do. I ain't been in the law thirty years for nothing. He's hired Carrick Fry's team to take him to Hepburn, but he ain't going to start for another hour. And I can put things to him so he won't be long deciding.... He's soft: I could see that. I don't say you won't be sorry afterward--but, by God, I'll give you the chance to be, if you say so."

話，對象不是你。」

她一面說，一面朝門口走去；他站起來，攔在她和門檻之間。他忽然變得高大強壯，似乎受盡侮辱之後，激發了新的活力。

「就是這樣？不難。」他靠在門邊，魁梧的身軀似填滿了整個窄小的房間。

「好，聽我說……你說得對，我沒權管妳……妳沒理由看得上我這倒運的人，妳喜歡的是那小夥子……我不怪妳，妳自然是挑最好的那個……我自己何嘗不是。」他嚴厲的眼睛一直留在她的身上，她意識到他內心的掙扎達到最高點。「妳想他娶妳？」

他倆站着互瞪了好長的一刻，顯示旗鼓相當的澎湃勇氣，她有時懷疑自己真是他的血脈。

「妳想不想？說呀！妳想的話，我一個鐘頭內可把他找來；三十年來我做律師可不是白當的。他雇了嘉力·費爾的馬車載他去希賓，一個鐘頭後才出發。我

She heard him out in silence, too remote from all he was feeling and saying for any sally of scorn to relieve her. As she listened, there flitted through her mind the vision of Liff Hyatt's muddy boot coming down on the white bramble-flowers. The same thing had happened now; something transient and exquisite had flowered in her, and she had stood by and seen it trampled to earth. While the thought passed through her she was aware of Mr. Royall, still leaning against the door, but crestfallen, diminished, as though her silence were the answer he most dreaded.

"I don't want any chance you can give me: I'm glad he's going away," she said.

He kept his place a moment longer, his hand on the door-knob. "Charity!" he pleaded. She made no answer, and he turned the knob and went out. She heard him fumble with the latch of the front door, and saw him walk down the steps. He passed out of the gate, and his figure, stooping and heavy, receded slowly up the street.

For a while she remained where he had left her. She was still trembling with the

可以把事情攤開來對他講清楚，很快他就會知道該如何決定……他這個人軟巴巴的，我看得出。我不敢說妳以後會不會後悔……但上帝可作證，只要妳說想跟他結婚，我就給妳機會，讓妳如願以償。」

她靜靜地聆聽，覺得離他的感受和話語很遠，遠得不想說句輕蔑的話來回應、發泄一番；她一直聽着，腦袋裏閃過了利夫·凱悅的泥靴子踩在白色樹莓花上的情景。同樣的事現在發生了，有些精緻、易於消逝的東西在她內心綻放，但她在旁目睹它被踐踏到泥土之中。這意念閃過之時，她意識到萊亞先生仍靠在門邊，不過像是矮了一大截，似乎她沉默不語是他最害怕的東西。

「我不要你給的什麼機會；他走了是好事。」她回答說。

他好一會沒動，手還在門把上。「慈諦！」他的聲調帶着央求；見她不理睬，就扭轉門把出去了。她聽到他移動大門插鎖的聲音，然後見到他走下階

humiliation of his last words, which rang so loud in her ears that it seemed as though they must echo through the village, proclaiming her a creature to lend herself to such vile suggestions. Her shame weighed on her like a physical oppression: the roof and walls seemed to be closing in on her, and she was seized by the impulse to get away, under the open sky, where there would be room to breathe. She went to the front door, and as she did so Lucius Harney opened it.

He looked graver and less confident than usual, and for a moment or two neither of them spoke. Then he held out his hand. "Are you going out?" he asked. "May I come in?"

Her heart was beating so violently that she was afraid to speak, and stood looking at him with tear-dilated eyes; then she became aware of what her silence must betray, and said quickly: "Yes: come in."

She led the way into the dining-room, and they sat down on opposite sides of the table, the cruet-stand and japanned bread-basket between them. Harney had laid his straw hat on the table, and as he sat there, in his easy-looking summer clothes, a brown tie knotted under his flannel collar, and his smooth brown hair brushed back from his forehead, she

級，打開柵門出去，他稍微佝僂的沉重身軀慢慢消失在馬路遠處。

有段時間她仍留在原位不動，他最後的一番話太侮辱人了，她全身哆嗦起來。這幾句話在耳邊如此大聲轟着，似在整條村子內造成迴響，宣布她是這可怕建議的從犯！羞恥感像有實質，重重壓下來，屋頂和牆壁都朝她擠壓，她生出一股衝動，要離家走到天空之下，在那裏才可呼吸。她朝大門走去，正在此刻，夏尼開門進來了。

他的樣子比平日嚴肅，沒那麼有自信。有一刻的時間，兩人沒說話，然後他伸手出來，問道：「妳要出去？我可進來嗎？」

她的心猛跳，話也不敢說，只是站在那裏望着他，眼睜得大大，因為淚水湧上來了。然後她想到如不作聲，一定會令他誤會，就急急回答：「請進。」

她走在前頭，來到飯廳上，兩人在桌子上對坐，中間隔着調味瓶架和黑漆麪包

pictured him, as she had seen him the night before, lying on his bed, with the tossed locks falling into his eyes, and his bare throat rising out of his unbuttoned shirt. He had never seemed so remote as at the moment when that vision flashed through her mind.

"I'm so sorry it's good-bye: I suppose you know I'm leaving," he began, abruptly and awkwardly; she guessed that he was wondering how much she knew of his reasons for going.

"I presume you found your work was over quicker than what you expected," she said.

"Well, yes--that is, no: there are plenty of things I should have liked to do. But my holiday's limited; and now that Mr. Royall needs the horse for himself it's rather difficult to find means of getting about."

"There ain't any too many teams for hire around here," she acquiesced; and there was another silence.

"These days here have been--awfully pleasant: I wanted to thank you for making them so," he continued, his colour rising.

She could not think of any reply, and he went on: "You've been wonderfully kind to me, and I wanted to tell you.... I wish I could think of you as happier, less

籃子。夏尼將草帽放在桌上，他一身夏天的便服，法蘭絨襯衣領下結了啡色領帶，平滑的褐色頭髮全向後梳。她回想早一天晚上他的樣子，躺在床上，一絡頭髮垂下來，遮住了眼睛，襯衣的鈕扣解開，露出起伏的喉嚨；當那影像閃過腦海之際，她感到他比從前任何一刻都顯得遙遠。

「很遺憾要向妳道別了；妳知道我要離開吧？」他突然拙劣地開口。她猜是由於他不清楚她對箇中因由知悉多少。

「你比預期時間更早完成工作吧？」她說。

「是呀！不！其實我還有很多事想做，只是假期有限，萊亞先生現在又要取回那匹馬自用，我很難再到處走動。」

「這裏沒有哪幾家人家有馬車出租呢！」她附和。接着大家都靜默下來。

「我在這裏度過很開心的時光，都要謝謝妳！」他接着說，面開始紅了。

lonely.... Things are sure to change for you by and by...."

"Things don't change at North Dormer: people just get used to them."

The answer seemed to break up the order of his prearranged consolations, and he sat looking at her uncertainly. Then he said, with his sweet smile: "That's not true of you. It can't be."

The smile was like a knife-thrust through her heart: everything in her began to tremble and break loose. She felt her tears run over, and stood up.

"Well, good-bye," she said.

She was aware of his taking her hand, and of feeling that his touch was lifeless.

"Good-bye." He turned away, and stopped on the threshold. "You'll say good-bye for me to Verena?"

She heard the closing of the outer door and the sound of his quick tread along the path. The latch of the gate clicked

她想不出如何回答。他往下道：「妳對我太好了，我想跟妳說……希望妳活得快樂一點、不再是那麼孤單……生活總會有改變……」

「北多馬是不會改變的，是人們自己改變了、習慣了。」

她的答覆打亂了他原先想好的一番安慰說話，他坐在那裏，有點不知所措；然後展開那可愛微笑說：「對妳來說不是，妳不會的。」

他的微笑像把刀子，狠狠戳穿她的心，她內裏一切開始悸動、面臨崩潰。她感到眼淚快要奪眶而出，就站起身來。

「再見了。」她說。

她意識到他握住她的手，但完全感受不到生人氣息。

「再見！」他轉身離去，又在門檻前停下來。「請代我向慧麗娜道別，麻煩妳

after him.

The next morning when she arose in the cold dawn and opened her shutters she saw a freckled boy standing on the other side of the road and looking up at her. He was a boy from a farm three or four miles down the Creston road, and she wondered what he was doing there at that hour, and why he looked so hard at her window. When he saw her he crossed over and leaned against the gate unconcernedly. There was no one stirring in the house, and she threw a shawl over her night-gown and ran down and let herself out. By the time she reached the gate the boy was sauntering down the road, whistling carelessly; but she saw that a letter had been thrust between the slats and the crossbar of the gate. She took it out and hastened back to her room.

The envelope bore her name, and inside was a leaf torn from a pocket-diary.

DEAR CHARITY:

I can't go away like this. I am staying for a few days at Creston River. Will you come down and meet me at Creston pool? I will wait for you till evening.

IX

了。」

她聽到他把大門關上、快步走過小徑，然後就是柵欄的門門開啓、關閉。

第二天早上，她在寒冷的拂曉中醒來，打開百頁窗子時，見到有個面有雀斑的男孩站在馬路對面，仰望着她。她認得他來自瓜斯頓路三四英哩外的一個農莊，奇怪他晨早來到這裏幹嘛，還有，為什麼要盯着她的窗子？見到她在窗邊出現，他就走過馬路，倚在柵門上，一派漫不經心的樣子。屋子裏沒有聲響，她拿了塊大圍巾披在睡袍上，就跑下樓。等她去到柵門邊，男孩已閒閒地漫步路上，還輕鬆地吹着口哨；不過，柵門上已多了一封信，塞在橫直木條之間。她把它抽出來，急步回到自己的房間。

信封上有她的名字，裏面有張從小型筆記簿撕下的一頁紙。

親愛的慈諦：

我不能就此離去。我會在瓜斯頓河逗留

CHARITY sat before the mirror trying on a hat which Ally Hawes, with much secrecy, had trimmed for her. It was of white straw, with a drooping brim and cherry-coloured lining that made her face glow like the inside of the shell on the parlour mantelpiece.

She propped the square of looking-glass against Mr. Royall's black leather Bible, steadying it in front with a white stone on which a view of the Brooklyn Bridge was painted; and she sat before her reflection, bending the brim this way and that, while Ally Hawes's pale face looked over her shoulder like the ghost of wasted opportunities.

"I look awful, don't I?" she said at last with a happy sigh.

Ally smiled and took back the hat. "I'll stitch the roses on right here, so's you can put it away at once."

Charity laughed, and ran her fingers through her rough dark hair. She knew that Harney liked to see its reddish edges ruffled about her forehead and breaking

幾天，妳可來瓜斯頓沼塘跟我會面嗎？  
我會在那裏等，直至晚上。

九

慈諦坐在鏡子前，試戴雅莉·巧斯私下給她掇飾的新帽子。那是頂白色草帽，帽緣下垂，襯裡的深紅漿果色把她的臉都燃亮了，亮光就像客廳壁爐上鑲嵌的貝殼內層光暈。

她豎起小方鏡，取來萊亞先生的黑皮面聖經撐在後面，使它站直，前面再用繪有布魯克林大橋的一塊白色小石頭擋着，使它不致倒下，然後端詳鏡中的自己。她把帽緣輪流向左、向右掀起，嘗試怎樣戴才最好看。雅莉·巧斯一直站在她的身後，一同望着鏡子。她蒼白的面容看上去似是機會虛逝後的幽靈。

「我夠瞧的吧？」慈諦最後開心地嘆口氣。

雅莉微笑了，從她頭上取回帽子。「我就在這裏把玫瑰花縫上去，那妳可馬上把帽子藏起來。」

into little rings at the nape. She sat down on her bed and watched Ally stoop over the hat with a careful frown.

"Don't you ever feel like going down to Nettleton for a day?" she asked.

Ally shook her head without looking up. "No, I always remember that awful time I went down with Julia--to that doctor's."

"Oh, Ally----"

"I can't help it. The house is on the corner of Wing Street and Lake Avenue. The trolley from the station goes right by it, and the day the minister took us down to see those pictures I recognized it right off, and couldn't seem to see anything else. There's a big black sign with gold letters all across the front--'Private Consultations.' She came as near as anything to dying...."

"Poor Julia!" Charity sighed from the height of her purity and her security. She had a friend whom she trusted and who respected her. She was going with him to spend the next day--the Fourth of July--at Nettleton. Whose business was it but hers, and what was the harm? The pity of it was that girls like Julia did not know how to choose, and to keep bad

慈諦也笑了，手指在卷曲的深色頭髮中爬梳幾下。她知道夏尼喜歡見到她褐紅的髮梢在額上蓬蓬鬆鬆、或在後頸散開成一個個小圓圈的樣子。她坐在床上，看着雅莉俛首感眉專注於帽子之上。

「妳從沒想過去蕁麻鎮玩上一天？」

雅莉搖搖頭，頭一直沒抬起來。「不，那裏常使我想起跟茱莉亞去找醫生的遭遇，太可怕了。」

「噢！雅莉……」

「我管不住自己不去想，那屋子座落在翼翔街和湖邊路的角落，有軌電車就在它旁邊經過。那次牧師帶我們去看播道圖片，我一眼就認出了，所以後來其他東西也沒興趣看了。那裏前面有個大大的黑色招牌，上面寫了金字——『私家診症』。她差不多沒命……」

「可憐呀！」慈諦自覺非常純潔、非常安全，衷心地嘆息。她有個可信任而又

fellows at a distance.... Charity slipped down from the bed, and stretched out her hands.

"Is it sewed? Let me try it on again." She put the hat on, and smiled at her image. The thought of Julia had vanished....

The next morning she was up before dawn, and saw the yellow sunrise broaden behind the hills, and the silvery luster preceding a hot day tremble across the sleeping fields.

Her plans had been made with great care. She had announced that she was going down to the Band of Hope picnic at Hepburn, and as no one else from North Dormer intended to venture so far it was not likely that her absence from the festivity would be reported. Besides, if it were she would not greatly care. She was determined to assert her independence, and if she stooped to fib about the Hepburn picnic it was chiefly from the secretive instinct that made her dread the profanation of her happiness. Whenever she was with Lucius Harney she would have liked some impenetrable mountain mist to hide her.

It was arranged that she should walk to a point of the Creston road where Harney was to pick her up and drive her across

尊重她的朋友，明天會和她一起上蕁麻鎮去，慶祝七月四日獨立紀念日。這是她自己的事，跟誰都沒有關係；還有，一起去玩玩又有什麼壞處？可憐茉莉亞那類女孩不懂得挑選朋友、遠離壞人……慈諦從床上溜下地，伸手出來。

「縫好了嗎？讓我再試試。」她戴上帽子，對着鏡中的映象展開微笑，茉莉亞的事已拋諸腦後……

第二天，她在黎明前醒來，看着旭日逐點從山上升起、擴大，銀白光輝在還未甦醒的田野上閃爍而過，意味炎熱一天的來臨。

她這天的活動是經過極其悉心的策劃。之前她宣稱會去希賓參加「希望行伍」的野餐，那裏太遠了，北多馬的人不會為此而長途跋涉，所以她到時不出現，也不會有人發覺、說她閒話。就算有人說，她也無所謂；因為她一心要表現獨立，委屈地謊稱去希賓參加野餐，只是源自她自我掩護的本性，恐怕快樂給冒瀆了。每逢她跟夏尼在一起，就最

the hills to Hepburn in time for the nine-thirty train to Nettleton. Harney at first had been rather lukewarm about the trip. He declared himself ready to take her to Nettleton, but urged her not to go on the Fourth of July, on account of the crowds, the probable lateness of the trains, the difficulty of her getting back before night; but her evident disappointment caused him to give way, and even to affect a faint enthusiasm for the adventure. She understood why he was not more eager: he must have seen sights beside which even a Fourth of July at Nettleton would seem tame. But she had never seen anything; and a great longing possessed her to walk the streets of a big town on a holiday, clinging to his arm and jostled by idle crowds in their best clothes. The only cloud on the prospect was the fact that the shops would be closed; but she hoped he would take her back another day, when they were open.

She started out unnoticed in the early sunlight, slipping through the kitchen while Verena bent above the stove. To avoid attracting notice, she carried her new hat carefully wrapped up, and had thrown a long grey veil of Mrs. Royall's over the new white muslin dress which Ally's clever fingers had made for her. All of the ten dollars Mr. Royall had given her, and a part of her own savings

想來道山間濃霧，讓她藏身其中。

計劃中，她要步行至瓜斯頓路某處，等夏尼的馬車來載她越過山崗到希賓去，再在那裏趕乘九時三十分的火車到蕁麻鎮。夏尼最初對這個旅程不大熱衷，說隨時都可帶她去那裏玩一趟，不過最好不要挑七月四日那一天，因為遊人太多，而且火車或會延誤，晚上可能趕不及回家。不過見到她明顯失望的神情，他就心軟了，並稍稍扮出興奮的樣子，表示那天去也好。她猜到為何不大熱衷，他一定在其他地方度過國慶日，就算是蕁麻鎮在七月四日如何熱鬧，與之相比，也必然大大遜色。但她什麼都沒見過，深深渴望在假日那天，能夠跟他在大市鎮的街道上把臂同遊，倚偎在他身邊、被打扮光鮮的遊人推搡前行。整個安排唯一掃興的地方是店舖都關門了；她希望店舖開門營業的某天，他會再帶她去逛。

晨曦時分，慧麗娜彎着腰在爐子上忙於煮食之際，無人察覺她動身，她就從廚房溜出去了。為了不想惹人注目，她把

as well, had been spent on renewing her wardrobe; and when Harney jumped out of the buggy to meet her she read her reward in his eyes.

The freckled boy who had brought her the note two weeks earlier was to wait with the buggy at Hepburn till their return. He perched at Charity's feet, his legs dangling between the wheels, and they could not say much because of his presence. But it did not greatly matter, for their past was now rich enough to have given them a private language; and with the long day stretching before them like the blue distance beyond the hills there was a delicate pleasure in postponement.

When Charity, in response to Harney's message, had gone to meet him at the Creston pool her heart had been so full of mortification and anger that his first words might easily have estranged her. But it happened that he had found the right word, which was one of simple friendship. His tone had instantly justified her, and put her guardian in the wrong. He had made no allusion to what had passed between Mr. Royall and himself, but had simply let it appear that he had left because means of conveyance were hard to find at North Dormer, and because Creston River was a more convenient centre. He told her that he had hired by the week the buggy of the freckled boy's father, who served

新帽子小心包起來，並拿了萊亞太太的一幅灰色長紗，披在雅莉一雙巧手為她縫製的白色細棉布裙上。萊亞先生給她的十塊錢，加上部分儲蓄，她全都用來添置新裝。夏尼從馬車跳下來迎接她的眼神，就是她得到的報酬。

兩星期前送信來的那個雀斑男孩會在希賓等候他們回來。現在他坐在慈諦腳邊，雙腳在車輪旁一晃一晃的。有他夾在中間，他們不能說太多話；但並不要緊，他們之間發生了很多事，足以組成一套他們的秘密語言；更何況前面有悠長的一整天，就如山崗背後的一片蔚藍遠景，此刻暫不交談，亦帶來一種綿綿的愉悅之感。

當日慈諦收到夏尼的短信，到瓜斯頓沼塘赴約時，內心滿是委屈和怒氣，他開口說句什麼話，都會隨即激起她的反感。但他措辭適當，單只論及友誼。他的語調馬上令她信服了，並覺得錯都在她監護人那一邊。他全不提萊亞先生跟他說了什麼，只簡單地表示他離開是因為北多馬很難找到交通工具，而且從瓜

as livery-stable keeper to one or two melancholy summer boarding-houses on Creston Lake, and had discovered, within driving distance, a number of houses worthy of his pencil; and he said that he could not, while he was in the neighbourhood, give up the pleasure of seeing her as often as possible.

When they took leave of each other she promised to continue to be his guide; and during the fortnight which followed they roamed the hills in happy comradeship. In most of the village friendships between youths and maidens lack of conversation was made up for by tentative fondling; but Harney, except when he had tried to comfort her in her trouble on their way back from the Hyatts', had never put his arm about her, or sought to betray her into any sudden caress. It seemed to be enough for him to breathe her nearness like a flower's; and since his pleasure at being with her, and his sense of her youth and her grace, perpetually shone in his eyes and softened the inflection of his voice, his reserve did not suggest coldness, but the deference due to a girl of his own class.

The buggy was drawn by an old trotter who whirled them along so briskly that the pace created a little breeze; but when they reached Hepburn the full heat of the airless morning descended on them. At the railway station the platform was packed with a sweltering throng, and

斯頓河去哪處都方便得多。他說馬車是向雀斑男孩的父親按周租用的。他的父親開了間馬車出租所，為瓜斯頓湖邊一兩座苦苦經營的夏季旅館提供租車服務。他並說發現了附近還有些屋子值得繪畫、記錄下來，那都是可駕車前往的，既然他在隣近一帶工作，怎可不盡量多和她見面暢敘。

他倆分別時，她答應繼續做他的嚮導；接着的兩個星期，他們快樂地結伴在山崗上漫遊。村中年輕男女的一般交往，如情話都說完了，男的就會偷偷代之以愛撫；但夏尼不一樣，除了那天去凱悅家的歸途上，他意圖安撫她的情緒而擁抱她之外，再沒第二次，也從不突然作出親暱的舉動，有負她的信賴。對他來說，似乎伴在她身邊已很足夠，就像人倚花旁，嗅着它的香氛一樣。從他不變的閃亮眼神和柔和的聲調，可看到他是多麼樂於有她作伴，多麼欣賞她的青春風姿！他那份拘謹並不意味冷漠，而是對待他那階層的淑女應有的尊重態度。

那部車配了匹慣走快步的老馬，牠馳騁

they took refuge in the waiting-room, where there was another throng, already dejected by the heat and the long waiting for retarded trains. Pale mothers were struggling with fretful babies, or trying to keep their older offspring from the fascination of the track; girls and their "fellows" were giggling and shoving, and passing about candy in sticky bags, and older men, collarless and perspiring, were shifting heavy children from one arm to the other, and keeping a haggard eye on the scattered members of their families.

At last the train rumbled in, and engulfed the waiting multitude. Harney swept Charity up on to the first car and they captured a bench for two, and sat in happy isolation while the train swayed and roared along through rich fields and languid tree-clumps. The haze of the morning had become a sort of clear tremor over everything, like the colourless vibration about a flame; and the opulent landscape seemed to droop under it. But to Charity the heat was a stimulant: it enveloped the whole world in the same glow that burned at her heart. Now and then a lurch of the train flung her against Harney, and through her thin muslin she felt the touch of his sleeve. She steadied herself, their eyes met, and the flaming breath of the day seemed to enclose them.

在路途上，微風源源吹送；但一到了希賓，晨早沒一絲風所意味的燠熱天氣，就讓人充份感受到了。火車月台上，擠滿了汗流浹背的人群。他們走去候車室暫歇，但那裏早已擠滿了怕熱和久候火車不至的人。面色蒼白的母親意圖安慰哭鬧的嬰兒，或制止較大的小孩走近他們覺得好玩的路軌。年輕女孩和她們的男伴「格格」傻笑，彼此推推拉拉的，把黏搭搭的糖果袋子傳來傳去玩鬧。年紀較大的男人，沒戴領結、冒着汗，雙臂輪流費力地抱着胖嘟嘟小孩，還要盯望四處走遠了的家人。

「轟隆」的火車終於到了，吞沒所有等候的人群。夏尼一把將慈諦送上第一卡，霸佔到一個雙人座位。火車搖擺奔馳在豐沃的田野和頹敗的樹樁之際，他倆快樂地自顧自坐在一起，沒受到其他乘客騷擾。稀薄的晨霧封住了一切景物，它微微顫動，就像包着火焰的那重氣流，令豐饒的大地也似消頹下來。但對慈諦來說，炎熱是帖興奮劑，它包圍、照亮了整個世界，也同時燃點了她內心的那團火。火車搖擺不定，不時使

The train roared into the Nettleton station, the descending mob caught them on its tide, and they were swept out into a vague dusty square thronged with seedy "hacks" and long curtained omnibuses drawn by horses with tasselled fly-nets over their withers, who stood swinging their depressed heads drearily from side to side.

A mob of "bus and hack drivers were shouting "To the Eagle House," "To the Washington House," "This way to the Lake," "Just starting for Greytopy;" and through their yells came the popping of fire-crackers, the explosion of torpedoes, the banging of toy-guns, and the crash of a firemen's band trying to play the Merry Widow while they were being packed into a waggonette streaming with bunting.

The ramshackle wooden hotels about the square were all hung with flags and paper lanterns, and as Harney and Charity turned into the main street, with its brick and granite business blocks crowding out the old low-storied shops, and its towering poles strung with innumerable wires that seemed to tremble and buzz in the heat, they saw the double line of flags and lanterns tapering away gaily to the park at the

她身軀不由自主倒向夏尼那側，透過單薄的細棉布裙子，她感受到夏尼衣袖的碰觸。她重新坐直，四目交投，但覺夏天的熱辣辣氣息把他們包圍起來了。

「隆隆」聲中，火車開進了蕁麻鎮，他們被人潮推搡着下了車，來到一個塵土飛揚、像是廣場的地方，那裏擠滿了骯髒的馬車和掛了簾的長型公車，馬兒的肩隆上都蓋了蠅網，站在那裏，下垂的頭沒精打采地左右擺動。

馬車和公車的車伕一逕嚷着「鷹屋」、「華盛頓屋」、「湖邊」、「灰頂要開咧」。他們的吆喝聲中，夾着各式爆竹的「劈啪」聲、玩具槍的「砰砰」聲。有隊消防員樂隊正開始演奏《快樂的寡婦》，卻被塞進一部掛滿彩旗和飾物的有篷馬車裏，他們手提的樂器互相碰觸，「噠蓬」作響。

廣場旁那些簡陋的木構賓館都掛了彩旗和紙燈籠。夏尼和慈諦走到大街上，相連的磚石商業大樓在古舊的矮小商店間矗立，高高的柱子上吊着數之不盡

other end of the perspective. The noise and colour of this holiday vision seemed to transform Nettleton into a metropolis. Charity could not believe that Springfield or even Boston had anything grander to show, and she wondered if, at this very moment, Annabel Balch, on the arm of as brilliant a young man, were threading her way through scenes as resplendent.

"Where shall we go first?" Harney asked; but as she turned her happy eyes on him he guessed the answer and said: "We'll take a look round, shall we?"

The street swarmed with their fellow-travellers, with other excursionists arriving from other directions, with Nettleton's own population, and with the mill-hands trooping in from the factories on the Creston. The shops were closed, but one would scarcely have noticed it, so numerous were the glass doors swinging open on saloons, on restaurants, on drug-stores gushing from every soda-water tap, on fruit and confectionery shops stacked with strawberry-cake, cocoanut drops, trays of glistening molasses candy, boxes of caramels and chewing-gum, baskets of sodden strawberries, and dangling branches of bananas. Outside of some of the doors were trestles with banked-up oranges and apples, spotted pears and dusty raspberries; and the air reeked with

的鐵綫，高溫下，似在顫抖和「嗡嗡」作響，上面掛着的雙行彩旗和燈籠喜洋洋地一直延展到遠遠另一頭的公園去。這些假日色彩和聲響把蕁麻鎮變得似是個大都會，慈諦不相信春田、甚至波士頓會比它更繁華！接着她又想到：安娜貝·巴柱此刻是否也是身處璀璨的街道上，手插在一個年輕出色男士的臂彎內，穿越人潮漫步共遊？

「我們先去哪？」夏尼問；但見到她開心的視線落在他身上，就猜到了答案。

「先到處逛逛，好嗎？」

街上塞滿了跟他們同一班車來的旅客，還有從鄰近村子匯集而至的遊人、本地趁熱鬧的居民、與及從瓜斯頓聯群結隊湧來的磨坊工人。店舖沒開門，不過不會有人留意，因為多處的玻璃門不斷開關着，酒吧、餐館固然如此，開門營業的還有大賣梳打水的藥房和水果甜點店。那些甜點店內擺滿了草莓蛋糕、椰子餅乾、一盤盤閃亮的黑糖蜜、一盒盒焦糖糖果和香口膠、一籃籃熟透

the smell of fruit and stale coffee, beer and sarsaparilla and fried potatoes.

Even the shops that were closed offered, through wide expanses of plate-glass, hints of hidden riches. In some, waves of silk and ribbon broke over shores of imitation moss from which ravishing hats rose like tropical orchids. In others, the pink throats of gramophones opened their giant convolutions in a soundless chorus; or bicycles shining in neat ranks seemed to await the signal of an invisible starter; or tiers of fancy-goods in leatherette and paste and celluloid dangled their insidious graces; and, in one vast bay that seemed to project them into exciting contact with the public, wax ladies in daring dresses chatted elegantly, or, with gestures intimate yet blameless, pointed to their pink corsets and transparent hosiery.

Presently Harney found that his watch had stopped, and turned in at a small jeweller's shop which chanced to still be open. While the watch was being examined Charity leaned over the glass counter where, on a background of dark

了的草莓、一串串香蕉垂吊着；有些店的玻璃門外面還放了支架，堆疊着橙、蘋果、帶斑點的梨子和沾了泥巴的紅桑子。空氣中，散發着水果、變餿的咖啡、啤酒、沙士汽水、炸洋薯等等的味道。

就算店舖不開門，通過大塊的平板玻璃櫥窗，也可想像內裏收藏了許多好東西。在一些店舖內，一網網波浪似的綢緞和絲帶湧上仿苔蘚的岸邊，漂亮的帽子豎立其上，好像在熱帶生長的一簇簇蘭花。在其他店舖內，留聲機張開了喉嚨般的粉紅色巨型卷筒，就像進行無聲大合唱；又有整齊排列的閃亮單車，蓄勢待發，只等那無形的訊號槍聲一響；又或者在多層的層架上，懸掛着人造皮、石膏，樹脂製作的小玩意，一晃一晃地顯示蘊含的風姿；還有一個大櫥窗，半弧形的設計似要突顯內裏的女士蠟像，使臨近觀望的公眾驚嘆，她們穿著大膽，有的意態優雅地談天，有的指着對方身上的粉紅胸衣和透明絲襪，顯示出一股女性之間的親暱勁兒，而非在評頭品足。

blue velvet, pins, rings, and brooches glittered like the moon and stars. She had never seen jewelry so near by, and she longed to lift the glass lid and plunge her hand among the shining treasures. But already Harney's watch was repaired, and he laid his hand on her arm and drew her from her dream.

"Which do you like best?" he asked leaning over the counter at her side.

"I don't know...." She pointed to a gold lily-of-the-valley with white flowers.

"Don't you think the blue pin's better?" he suggested, and immediately she saw that the lily of the valley was mere trumpery compared to the small round stone, blue as a mountain lake, with little sparks of light all round it. She coloured at her want of discrimination.

"It's so lovely I guess I was afraid to look at it," she said.

He laughed, and they went out of the

這時，夏尼察覺他的腕表停了，恰巧有間小珠寶店仍開門營業，他們就走進去。店員在檢查腕表的時候，慈諦倚在玻璃櫥櫃上瀏覽，看到各式胸針、戒指、領針擺放在深藍的天鵝絨上面，閃爍生輝，就像懸掛夜空的月亮和星星。她從沒在如此近的距離見過珠寶首飾，好想打開櫥櫃的玻璃頂蓋，伸手進去摸摸那些耀眼的寶物。但夏尼的腕表已修好了，手按在她的手臂上示意，把她從夢中喚回來。

「妳最喜歡哪件？」他傍着她，同樣倚在玻璃櫥櫃上問道。

「我不知道……」她指向綴以白鈴蘭的金胸針。

「那藍胸針不是更好嗎？」他看中的胸針，在中央鑲了一粒圓型小寶石，澄藍得像山中的湖水，周邊閃爍着微光，她馬上發現玲蘭金胸針與之相比，只是件廉價小玩意而已。她為自己如此缺乏鑒賞力而臊得面都紅了。

shop; but a few steps away he exclaimed: "Oh, by Jove, I forgot something," and turned back and left her in the crowd. She stood staring down a row of pink gramophone throats till he rejoined her and slipped his arm through hers.

"You mustn't be afraid of looking at the blue pin any longer, because it belongs to you," he said; and she felt a little box being pressed into her hand. Her heart gave a leap of joy, but it reached her lips only in a shy stammer. She remembered other girls whom she had heard planning to extract presents from their fellows, and was seized with a sudden dread lest Harney should have imagined that she had leaned over the pretty things in the glass case in the hope of having one given to her....

A little farther down the street they turned in at a glass doorway opening on a shining hall with a mahogany staircase, and brass cages in its corners. "We must have something to eat," Harney said; and the next moment Charity found herself in a dressing-room all looking-glass and lustrous surfaces, where a party of showy-looking girls were dabbing on powder and straightening immense plumed hats. When they had gone she took courage to bathe her hot face in one of the marble basins, and to straighten her own hat-brim, which the parasols of the crowd had indented. The dresses in

「它太漂亮了，原先我望也不敢望呢！」

他笑起來，隨之和她一起步出那店子。只走了幾步，他叫道：「糟糕！忘了椿事。」他回頭就走，把她留在人群之中。她站在玻璃櫥窗前，一直瞪着那些成排的留聲機粉紅喉嚨，直至他回到身邊，把手插進她的臂彎內。

「妳再也不用怕望那藍胸針，因為它是妳的了。」他說。她發覺手掌內給塞進來一個小盒子。她的心樂得猛地一跳，但傳到嘴邊，只變成羞怯的囁嚅道謝。她記起其他女生說過向男友索取禮物的法子，突然害怕起來，夏尼見到她趴在玻璃櫥窗上盯着那些美麗東西，不會以為她是想他送禮物吧？

再走了一小段路，他們進入一道玻璃門，裏面是個富麗堂皇的大堂，有道桃花心木樓梯，角落有些銅格籠子。「我們先吃點東西。」夏尼說。下一刻，慈諦發現自己已處身一個化妝間內，周圍是大鏡子和閃亮的桌面，有群花枝招展

the shops had so impressed her that she scarcely dared look at her reflection; but when she did so, the glow of her face under her cherry-coloured hat, and the curve of her young shoulders through the transparent muslin, restored her courage; and when she had taken the blue brooch from its box and pinned it on her bosom she walked toward the restaurant with her head high, as if she had always strolled through tessellated halls beside young men in flannels.

Her spirit sank a little at the sight of the slim-waisted waitresses in black, with bewitching mob-caps on their haughty heads, who were moving disdainfully between the tables. "Not fr another hour," one of them dropped to Harney in passing; and he stood doubtfully glancing about him.

"Oh, well, we can't stay sweltering here," he decided; "let's try somewhere else--" and with a sense of relief Charity followed him from that scene of inhospitable splendour.

That "somewhere else" turned out--after more hot tramping, and several failures--to be, of all things, a little

的女孩在那裏添粧補粉、整理頭上有大羽毛裝飾的帽子。等到她們出去之後，慈諦才大膽地湊近大理石洗手盆，揩抹她那熱烘烘的臉，再拉直被人群的太陽傘碰歪了的帽邊。之前店舖內的裙子太美了，仍深深印在她腦袋中，使她不敢去望鏡中的自己。當她終於抬頭一望，看見深紅帽子裏那發亮的臉，透明細棉布下年輕的肩膊曲綫，勇氣就回來了。她從盒子取出那藍胸針，別在衣襟上，昂首步向餐廳，就像平日慣於和穿法蘭絨襯衣的年輕男士漫步穿越有馬賽克裝飾的大堂。

不過，其後見到那些頭戴迷人的蘑菇帽、纖腰細細的黑服女侍應，帶着煩厭神情、氣派高傲地在桌子間穿梭，她的信心又有點減退。其中一個侍應經過夏尼身邊時，扔下一句：「至少還要等一個鐘頭。」夏尼望望四周，有點委決不下。

「這裏太悶熱了，我們不能久留，試試別處吧。」他最後決定。慈諦鬆了一口氣，隨着他離開那富麗堂皇而待客冷淡

open-air place in a back street that called itself a French restaurant, and consisted in two or three rickety tables under a scarlet-runner, between a patch of zinnias and petunias and a big elm bending over from the next yard. Here they lunched on queerly flavoured things, while Harney, leaning back in a crippled rocking-chair, smoked cigarettes between the courses and poured into Charity's glass a pale yellow wine which he said was the very same one drank in just such jolly places in France.

Charity did not think the wine as good as sarsaparilla, but she sipped a mouthful for the pleasure of doing what he did, and of fancying herself alone with him in foreign countries. The illusion was increased by their being served by a deep-bosomed woman with smooth hair and a pleasant laugh, who talked to Harney in unintelligible words, and seemed amazed and overjoyed at his answering her in kind. At the other tables other people sat, mill-hands probably, homely but pleasant looking, who spoke the same shrill jargon, and looked at Harney and Charity with friendly eyes; and between the table-legs a poodle with bald patches and pink eyes nosed about for scraps, and sat up on his hind legs absurdly.

的地方。

他們頂着溽熱走了幾處，都吃了閉門羹，終於「別處」找到了，是小街內的一間露天食肆。它自稱法國餐廳，在紅色橫額下，一畦百日菊襯着矮牽牛花，與鄰近庭園一棵大榆樹伸出來的樹枝之間，放了兩三張像是站不穩的小桌子。他們在這裏進午餐，吃了味道很特別的東西；夏尼坐在一張跛腳的安樂椅上向後靠，在每道菜端上來之前，吸口煙，也為慈諦斟上一種淡黃色的酒。他說在法國，國民慶祝假日時喝的就是這種酒。

慈諦並不認為這種酒有沙士那麼好喝，但為了湊興，也學他呷了一小口，想像自己和他身處異地。這個幻覺更因招待他們的女侍應而加深了，她的胸脯豐滿，頭髮光滑、笑容親切，以一種外國語跟夏尼說話，見到他能以同一種語言回答，不勝詫異，而且表現得極其高興。其餘桌子坐的顧客，多半是磨坊工人，打扮樸素，很和氣的樣子，說的也是那種聲調很尖的話，望着慈諦和夏尼

Harney showed no inclination to move, for hot as their corner was, it was at least shaded and quiet; and, from the main thoroughfares came the clanging of trolleys, the incessant popping of torpedoes, the jingle of street-organs, the bawling of megaphone men and the loud murmur of increasing crowds. He leaned back, smoking his cigar, patting the dog, and stirring the coffee that steamed in their chipped cups. "It's the real thing, you know," he explained; and Charity hastily revised her previous conception of the beverage.

They had made no plans for the rest of the day, and when Harney asked her what she wanted to do next she was too bewildered by rich possibilities to find an answer. Finally she confessed that she longed to go to the Lake, where she had not been taken on her former visit, and when he answered, "Oh, there's time for that--it will be pleasanter later," she suggested seeing some pictures like the ones Mr. Miles had taken her to. She thought Harney looked a little disconcerted; but he passed his fine handkerchief over his warm brow, said gaily, "Come along, then," and rose with a last pat for the pink-eyed dog.

的時候，目光友善。在檯腳旁邊，有隻毛皮禿了、眼是粉紅色的貴婦狗鑽來鑽去，嗅找地上的食物碎屑，有時又笨拙地用後腿蹲坐。

夏尼沒有要走的意思，因為那角落雖然熱，至少有點樹蔭，兼且清靜；大街那邊傳來有軌電車的「叮噹」聲、魚雷爆竹不絕的「啪啪」聲、手搖風琴的「叮鈴」聲、擴音筒內男士的高聲廣播、還有人潮越來越旺的「嗡嗡」響亮語音。他在椅子上往後靠，吸着雪茄，間中撫摸那條狗，攪拌崩口杯子中熱燙的咖啡。他解釋說：「這才是真正的咖啡。」慈諦馬上修正了自己之前對這杯飲品的評價。

對於如何消磨餘下的大半天時間，他們沒有計劃。夏尼問她之後想去哪，她覺得選擇太多了，眼花繚亂，一時之間不知怎樣回答。最後她承認最想去湖邊，因上次沒去成。但他說：「還有時間呢！遲點去更好。」所以她就建議去看圖片，就像邁爾斯牧師帶他們去看的那些。她覺得夏尼看上去有點遲疑，不過

Mr. Miles's pictures had been shown in an austere Y.M.C.A. hall, with white walls and an organ; but Harney led Charity to a glittering place--everything she saw seemed to glitter--where they passed, between immense pictures of yellow-haired beauties stabbing villains in evening dress, into a velvet-curtained auditorium packed with spectators to the last limit of compression. After that, for a while, everything was merged in her brain in swimming circles of heat and blinding alternations of light and darkness. All the world has to show seemed to pass before her in a chaos of palms and minarets, charging cavalry regiments, roaring lions, comic policemen and scowling murderers; and the crowd around her, the hundreds of hot sallow candy-munching faces, young, old, middle-aged, but all kindled with the same contagious excitement, became part of the spectacle, and danced on the screen with the rest.

Presently the thought of the cool trolley-run to the Lake grew irresistible, and they struggled out of the theatre. As they stood on the pavement, Harney pale with the heat, and even Charity a little

他拿出細布手帕在熱騰騰的額上輕輕一揩，就高興地說：「好！走吧！」他輕輕撫拍那隻有粉紅眼睛的貴婦狗最後一次，就站起來。

邁爾斯牧師當日帶他們看的圖片，是在基督教青年會嚴肅簡樸的大禮堂展出的，背景是白牆壁，還有一座風琴。但夏尼把慈諦帶去一處亮晶晶的地方，入目所見，是一片亮晶晶。他們首先步過巨型的圖畫，上面畫的是身穿晚裝的金髮美女正在刺殺壞人的場景，接着來到一間有天鵝絨幕的禮堂，裏面已滿是觀眾，針插不入。之後有段時間，令人目眩的強光和黑暗交替，加上悶熱，把所有東西融成一片，在她腦袋裏快速地運轉。整個世界要呈現的事物：棕櫚樹、清真寺的尖塔、衝鋒陷陣的騎兵隊、咆哮的獅子、滑稽的警察和陰沉的殺人犯，亂糟糟地在她眼前展開；周圍的人，一張張老、中、青、熱烘烘、蒼白、嚼着糖果的臉，像受了傳染，全被興奮點燃了，也成了景觀一部分，在銀幕上與其他東西一起共舞。

confused by it, a young man drove by in an electric run-about with a calico band bearing the words: "Ten dollars to take you round the Lake." Before Charity knew what was happening, Harney had waved a hand, and they were climbing in. "Say, for twenny-five I'll run you out to see the ball-game and back," the driver proposed with an insinuating grin; but Charity said quickly: "Oh, I'd rather go rowing on the Lake." The street was so thronged that progress was slow; but the glory of sitting in the little carriage while it wriggled its way between laden omnibuses and trolleys made the moments seem too short. "Next turn is Lake Avenue," the young man called out over his shoulder; and as they paused in the wake of a big omnibus groaning with Knights of Pythias in cocked hats and swords, Charity looked up and saw on the corner a brick house with a conspicuous black and gold sign across its front. "Dr. Merkle; Private Consultations at all hours. Lady Attendants," she read; and suddenly she remembered Ally Hawes's words: "The house was at the corner of Wing Street and Lake Avenue... there's a big black sign across the front...." Through all the heat and the rapture a shiver of cold ran over her.

X

這時，涼快地坐電車到湖邊去的念頭升起，他們覺得一刻也無法多留，於是辛苦地從戲院脫身出來。站在行人道上，夏尼由於太熱而面色變得蒼白，甚至慈諦也有點頭昏腦脹。有個年輕人駕着小電汽車經過，車子上面有塊白色厚棉布寫着：「十元遊湖」。慈諦還未弄清楚是回什麼事，夏尼一揮手，兩人已上了車。「廿五塊，包你倆去看球賽的來回旅程。」車伕有所暗示地咧嘴而笑；但慈諦很快地說：「我寧可去湖邊划船。」街上擠滿了人，車行得很慢，但見到它在滿載乘客的公車和電車之間左穿右插，她心內得意極了，只怨怪時間過得太快。「下個路口是湖邊路。」那年輕車伕在前面朝後喊道。車子這時剛好停在一部「吱噠」作響的大公車後面，裏頭滿是戴帽配劍的派西亞斯互助慈善會騎士，慈諦抬頭一望，就看見街角的磚房子前面，有個顯眼的黑金字招牌——「麥歌醫生全日應診 女性助手」。慈諦突然想起了雅莉·巧斯的話：「那屋子座落在翼翔街和湖邊路的角落……前面有個大大的黑色招牌，上面寫了金字……」在熱情和歡欣當中，她

THE Lake at last--a sheet of shining metal brooded over by drooping trees. Charity and Harney had secured a boat and, getting away from the wharves and the refreshment-booths, they drifted idly along, hugging the shadow of the shore. Where the sun struck the water its shafts flamed back blindingly at the heat-veiled sky; and the least shade was black by contrast. The Lake was so smooth that the reflection of the trees on its edge seemed enamelled on a solid surface; but gradually, as the sun declined, the water grew transparent, and Charity, leaning over, plunged her fascinated gaze into depths so clear that she saw the inverted tree-tops interwoven with the green growths of the bottom.

They rounded a point at the farther end of the Lake, and entering an inlet pushed their bow against a protruding tree-trunk. A green veil of willows overhung them. Beyond the trees, wheat-fields sparkled in the sun; and all along the horizon the clear hills throbbed with light. Charity leaned back in the stern, and Harney unshipped the oars and lay in the bottom of the boat without speaking.

Ever since their meeting at the Creston pool he had been subject to these brooding silences, which were as different as possible from the pauses when they ceased to speak because

感到一陣襲人的寒意。

十

湖終於到了，它像是一大塊閃亮的金屬薄片，邊緣上覆蓋了樹梢低垂的樹木。夏尼和慈諦租了艘小船，緊傍着岸邊的陰影，漫無目的地划，遠離那些碼頭和小食亭。偶爾太陽照到湖面某處，陽光就如火焰般眩目地反射上去熱辣辣的天空；相比之下，少許陰影已似是黑色。湖水是如此平滑，湖邊的樹影就像是實物上的彩繪。太陽逐漸西移，湖水變得透明，慈諦彎身好奇地向下望，水底一片清澈，樹頂的倒影像與湖底的植物交纏在一起。

去到湖的遠處，小船拐進一個小凹灣，他們將船頭頂靠在一個凸起的樹樁上，停泊在那兒。他們的頭上是一片垂柳，樹的後面是連綿的麥田，在太陽底下閃閃發亮，遠處水平綫上，清晰可見的一列山崗抖動着光芒。慈諦坐在船尾向後仰靠，夏尼放下划槳、躺在船底沒說話。

words were needless. At such times his face wore the expression she had seen on it when she had looked in at him from the darkness and again there came over her a sense of the mysterious distance between them; but usually his fits of abstraction were followed by bursts of gaiety that chased away the shadow before it chilled her.

She was still thinking of the ten dollars he had handed to the driver of the run-about. It had given them twenty minutes of pleasure, and it seemed unimaginable that anyone should be able to buy amusement at that rate. With ten dollars he might have bought her an engagement ring; she knew that Mrs. Tom Fry's, which came from Springfield, and had a diamond in it, had cost only eight seventy-five. But she did not know why the thought had occurred to her. Harney would never buy her an engagement ring: they were friends and comrades, but no more. He had been perfectly fair to her: he had never said a word to mislead her. She wondered what the girl was like whose hand was waiting for his ring....

Boats were beginning to thicken on the Lake and the clang of incessantly arriving trolleys announced the return of the crowds from the ball-field. The shadows lengthened across the pearl-grey water and two white clouds near the sun were turning golden. On the opposite shore men were hammering

自從在瓜斯頓沼塘會面以後，他就常常沉默不語，這跟無聲勝有聲的暫時靜默是大不相同的。在這些時刻，他的神情跟她那次在黑暗中見到的一樣，令她再次感到兩人之間，存在着不可測度的距離。不過在她熱情冷卻之前，他又會隨即表現出開心的樣子，不再若有所思，那份陰霾也就一掃而空了。

她仍在想他遞給小汽車車伕的十塊錢。它為他們帶來廿分鐘的歡樂時光，有人願意以這個金額來買一刻開心，是可想像的事。十塊錢他可買來訂婚戒指送她；湯姆·費爾太太從春田市買的戒指，上面鑲嵌了一顆鑽石，只索價八塊七五哩！但她不知道為何有此奇想。夏尼永遠不會買訂婚戒指送她：他們只是朋友、夥伴，僅此而已。他對她一直以禮相待，從沒說過什麼話令她生出遐想。她很想知道：那位等待他的訂婚戒指套上去的女孩是何模樣……

湖上的船隻越來越多，抵站的電車「克隆」聲不絕，宣布看完球賽的觀眾回來

hastily at a wooden scaffolding in a field. Charity asked what it was for.

"Why, the fireworks. I suppose there'll be a big show." Harney looked at her and a smile crept into his moody eyes. "Have you never seen any good fireworks?"

"Miss Hatchard always sends up lovely rockets on the Fourth," she answered doubtfully.

"Oh----" his contempt was unbounded. "I mean a big performance like this, illuminated boats, and all the rest."

She flushed at the picture. "Do they send them up from the Lake, too?"

"Rather. Didn't you notice that big raft we passed? It's wonderful to see the rockets completing their orbits down under one's feet." She said nothing, and he put the oars into the rowlocks. "If we stay we'd better go and pick up something to eat."

"But how can we get back afterwards?"

了。珍珠灰色湖水上的陰影比之前延伸得更長，伴着太陽的兩朵白雲也開始轉為金色。慈諦望見對岸有些男人快手快腳地在田地上釘造一個木架，問夏尼是什麼用途。

「用來放煙花嘛！我猜會是個很大型的表演。」他望着她，那雙乍晴乍雨的眼睛流露出一絲笑意。「見過煙花盛放嗎？」

「通常在七月四日那天，哈察小姐會燃放好看的火箭炮。」她帶着狐疑回答。

「哎……」他那份輕蔑簡直不消提。「我說的是現在這種，有彩船，還有許多許多玩意。」

她聽到後，面上也發熱了。「也會從湖上放？」

「最好就是從湖上放。有沒有留意我們經過的大木筏？見到那些火箭炮發射出去、運行軌道一周後回到腳邊，太神奇了！」她沒回答。他把划槳放回槳架

she ventured, feeling it would break her heart if she missed it.

He consulted a time-table, found a ten o'clock train and reassured her. "The moon rises so late that it will be dark by eight, and we'll have over an hour of it."

Twilight fell, and lights began to show along the shore. The trolleys roaring out from Nettleton became great luminous serpents coiling in and out among the trees. The wooden eating-houses at the Lake's edge danced with lanterns, and the dusk echoed with laughter and shouts and the clumsy splashing of oars.

Harney and Charity had found a table in the corner of a balcony built over the Lake, and were patiently awaiting an unattainable chowder. Close under them the water lapped the piles, agitated by the evolutions of a little white steamboat trellised with coloured globes which was to run passengers up and down the Lake. It was already black with them as it sheered off on its first trip.

Suddenly Charity heard a woman's laugh behind her. The sound was familiar, and she turned to look. A band of showily dressed girls and dapper young men wearing badges of secret societies, with new straw hats tilted far back on their square-clipped hair, had invaded the

上，說道：「如要留下來看，我們最好先吃點東西。」

「但之後怎回去呢？」她怯怯地問。如錯過了這節目，就太遺憾了。

他查了查時間表，見到十時有班火車，哄慰她說：「月亮會很晚才升起來，八時天黑，還有個把小時可看呢。」

黃昏開始降臨，岸邊的燈逐漸亮起來了。「充隆...充隆...」，從蕁麻鎮來的有軌電車像是條閃亮的大蛇在林間舒捲身軀，湖邊的食肆似帶着燈籠起舞。薄暮中，笑鬧聲、笨拙的划槳聲迴響不絕。

夏尼和慈諦在湖邊找了間餐廳，它有個露台建在湖上，他們就在角落坐下來，耐心等候那久久不至的周打魚湯。在他們腳下不遠，湖水拍打着露台的樁腳，有隻掛滿了彩球的白色遊湖小汽船開過來，波浪的拍打聲就更響了。這艘船是首班班次，開行時已滿載遊人。

balcony and were loudly clamouring for a table. The girl in the lead was the one who had laughed. She wore a large hat with a long white feather, and from under its brim her painted eyes looked at Charity with amused recognition.

"Say! if this ain't like Old Home Week," she remarked to the girl at her elbow; and giggles and glances passed between them. Charity knew at once that the girl with the white feather was Julia Hawes. She had lost her freshness, and the paint under her eyes made her face seem thinner; but her lips had the same lovely curve, and the same cold mocking smile, as if there were some secret absurdity in the person she was looking at, and she had instantly detected it.

Charity flushed to the forehead and looked away. She felt herself humiliated by Julia's sneer, and vexed that the mockery of such a creature should affect her. She trembled lest Harney should notice that the noisy troop had recognized her; but they found no table free, and passed on tumultuously.

Presently there was a soft rush through the air and a shower of silver fell from the blue evening sky. In another

慈諦突然聽見背後傳來女人的笑聲，有點熟悉，於是轉過頭去看。原來是一群慘綠青年和花俏女郎結伴而來。那群青年戴着秘密會社的會徽、頭髮剃成方型、新草帽歪歪的戴在頭上；他們進佔露台，鬧哄哄地找空桌子。帶頭的女郎就是先前大笑的那個，她戴了頂大帽子，上面插了根長長的白羽毛，在帽邊下，她畫了眼綫的眼睛望着慈諦，因認得她而流露出一得意神色。

「哎呀！就像回鄉省親周。」她跟身旁的女孩說。兩個人隨即「咕咕」地笑，互打眼色。慈諦馬上省起那帽子有白羽毛的女孩就是茱莉亞·巧斯。她已失去青春氣息，下眼臉畫的眼綫使她的臉看上去更瘦削；但她弧型的嘴脣仍是那麼可愛，也仍然帶着冷冷的譏諷味道，似乎誰被她瞅着，誰暗地裏的毛病，她一眼就看穿。

慈諦面上的紅暈上升，視線隨而轉去別處。茱莉亞的嘲笑，使她覺得受了侮辱。自己居然為了這種人而介意，何苦呢？她怕夏尼察覺這群吵鬧的人認出

direction, pale Roman candles shot up singly through the trees, and a fire-haired rocket swept the horizon like a portent. Between these intermittent flashes the velvet curtains of the darkness were descending, and in the intervals of eclipse the voices of the crowds seemed to sink to smothered murmurs.

Charity and Harney, dispossessed by newcomers, were at length obliged to give up their table and struggle through the throng about the boat-landings. For a while there seemed no escape from the tide of late arrivals; but finally Harney secured the last two places on the stand from which the more privileged were to see the fireworks. The seats were at the end of a row, one above the other.

Charity had taken off her hat to have an uninterrupted view; and whenever she leaned back to follow the curve of some dishevelled rocket she could feel Harney's knees against her head.

After a while the scattered fireworks ceased. A longer interval of darkness followed, and then the whole night broke into flower. From every point of the horizon, gold and silver arches sprang up and crossed each other, sky-orchards broke into blossom, shed their flaming petals and hung their branches with golden fruit; and all the while the air was filled with a soft supernatural hum, as though great birds were building

了她;不過他們見找不到空桌子，繼續擾擾攘攘地走了。

就在此時，空氣中傳來低低「轟」的一聲，接着，傍晚的藍色天空灑下一大片如雨的銀光；在另一處，一顆顆淺色的羅馬炮從林間衝天而起，繼而一個碩大的火箭炮的首端在水平綫上爆炸，像是一個星兆。在此起彼落的閃光中，黑夜的紫色帷幕逐漸下降，間歇漆黑之際，人群的聲音似是音量壓低了的密語。

由於新來的客人太多了，夏尼和慈諦逼得放棄他們的桌子，在人潮中費勁地走到船泊的岸邊。最初他們被遲來的人流擠到一邊去，但夏尼終於買到看台上的最後兩個座位，那是在其中一行的末尾，分成上下兩排，專為肯花錢看煙花的人預留的。慈諦除下她的帽子，免得阻礙視線。每當她仰望四方爆射的火箭炮，就感到她的頭觸着夏尼的膝蓋。

過了一會，零星的煙火放完了，接着是更長時間的黑暗；然後夜晚像花朵般盛

their nests in those invisible tree-tops.

Now and then there came a lull, and a wave of moonlight swept the Lake. In a flash it revealed hundreds of boats, steel-dark against lustrous ripples; then it withdrew as if with a furling of vast translucent wings. Charity's heart throbbed with delight. It was as if all the latent beauty of things had been unveiled to her. She could not imagine that the world held anything more wonderful; but near her she heard someone say, "You wait till you see the set piece," and instantly her hopes took a fresh flight. At last, just as it was beginning to seem as though the whole arch of the sky were one great lid pressed against her dazzled eye-balls, and striking out of them continuous jets of jewelled light, the velvet darkness settled down again, and a murmur of expectation ran through the crowd.

"Now--now!" the same voice said excitedly; and Charity, grasping the hat on her knee, crushed it tight in the effort to restrain her rapture.

For a moment the night seemed to grow more impenetrably black; then a great picture stood out against it like a constellation. It was surmounted by a golden scroll bearing the inscription, "Washington crossing the Delaware,"

放，從地平線的每一端，金銀弧綫向高空發射，在天上交織，一座座天空果園紛紛綻放花朵，火焰花瓣飄下，也在枝梢上掛滿金果。整個過程中，空氣填滿了一種神秘的「嗡嗡」聲響，就像有群巨鳥在無形的樹頂上築巢。

在等待下一個烟花播放之時，溶溶的一道月色在湖上斜照過去；月光經過的地方，可見到上百隻的小船，停在閃亮的水波之間，是鐵般漆黑，接着月光消失了，有如一雙透明巨翼收斂起來。慈諦歡喜得心怦怦而動，一切事物隱藏的美態似在她面前展開，她難以想像世間還有更美好的東西。不過在聽到旁邊有人說道：「等下還有一幕特製的煙花呢！」她又馬上升起新的滿懷希冀。最後，當她感到整個弧型天空像是在眼前不斷開合的蓋子、一打開就射出眩目寶光之際，綿密細軟的黑暗又降臨了，人群喃喃地訴說着更多的憧憬。

「來了！來了！」同一把聲音興奮地喊道。慈諦緊緊抓住膝上的帽子，以遏制內心的歡騰。

and across a flood of motionless golden ripples the National Hero passed, erect, solemn and gigantic, standing with folded arms in the stern of a slowly moving golden boat.

A long "Oh-h-h" burst from the spectators: the stand creaked and shook with their blissful trepidations. "Oh-h-h," Charity gasped: she had forgotten where she was, had at last forgotten even Harney's nearness. She seemed to have been caught up into the stars....

The picture vanished and darkness came down. In the obscurity she felt her head clasped by two hands: her face was drawn backward, and Harney's lips were pressed on hers. With sudden vehemence he wound his arms about her, holding her head against his breast while she gave him back his kisses. An unknown Harney had revealed himself, a Harney who dominated her and yet over whom she felt herself possessed of a new mysterious power.

But the crowd was beginning to move, and he had to release her. "Come," he said in a confused voice. He scrambled over the side of the stand, and holding up his arm caught her as she sprang to the ground. He passed his arm about her waist, steadying her against the descending rush of people; and she clung

有一刻，夜晚似變得更黑魘魘了；然後像是星群組成的一幅畫在天上呈現，上面有個金色的橫軸：「華盛頓橫過特拉華」。觀眾見到他們的民族英雄神情嚴肅、兩臂交叉胸前、雄糾糾地站在一艘緩慢移動的金色船隻尾部，穿越無數的靜止金色水波。

觀眾發出長長「呀——呀」的一聲，看台因他們的喜悅驚嘆而搖動，「吱吱」作響。「啊——啊！」慈諦低呼；她已忘卻身在何方，最終連夏尼在身邊也忘記了，似飛上了天邊與星星共舞……

圖畫消失，黑暗再度降臨。朦朧之中，她覺得頭被一雙手捧住，臉被拉得向後仰，然後是夏尼的嘴唇壓在她的嘴唇上。他突然猛力地用雙臂環抱她，使她的頭緊靠他的胸膛，她亦隨即回吻。一個她不認識的夏尼展現了——他是可主宰她的人；倒過來，她亦生出股新的神秘力量，可控制他。

但人群開始移動了，他只好鬆開她。「走

to him, speechless, exultant, as if all the crowding and confusion about them were a mere vain stirring of the air.

"Come," he repeated, "we must try to make the trolley." He drew her along, and she followed, still in her dream. They walked as if they were one, so isolated in ecstasy that the people jostling them on every side seemed impalpable. But when they reached the terminus the illuminated trolley was already clanging on its way, its platforms black with passengers. The cars waiting behind it were as thickly packed; and the throng about the terminus was so dense that it seemed hopeless to struggle for a place.

"Last trip up the Lake," a megaphone bellowed from the wharf; and the lights of the little steam-boat came dancing out of the darkness.

"No use waiting here; shall we run up the Lake?" Harney suggested.

They pushed their way back to the edge of the water just as the gang-plank lowered from the white side of the boat. The electric light at the end of the wharf flashed full on the descending passengers, and among them Charity caught sight of Julia Hawes, her white

吧！」他的聲音有點迷惘。他爬下他那邊的看台，伸開雙手，接住跳下來的她。他的手環抱着她的腰，擋着向下湧的人群。她緊靠他，不發一言，心裏快樂極了，周圍亂哄哄人潮的推迫，似乎不外是乏力的空氣在攪動。

「走吧！」他重複道，「我們要乘電車呢！」他拖她前行，她跟隨着，仍像身在夢中。兩個人心有靈犀地在路上走，喜悅使他們感到與世隔絕，連四方八面擠過來的人也渾然不覺。但當他們走到電車站時，亮燈的電車已開行了，月台上黑壓壓地站滿了乘客，後面等候的卡車亦已滿載，站旁周圍都密麻麻地站着等候的人，根本沒可能找到位子。

「遊湖船最後一班要開啦！」碼頭上的擴音器大聲地廣播；小汽船上的彩燈像是從黑暗中飛舞而出。

「等車是等不到的了，不如遊湖去？」夏尼問道。

feather askew, and the face under it flushed with coarse laughter. As she stepped from the gang-plank she stopped short, her dark-ringed eyes darting malice.

"Hullo, Charity Royall!" she called out; and then, looking back over her shoulder: "Didn't I tell you it was a family party? Here's grandpa's little daughter come to take him home!"

A snigger ran through the group; and then, towering above them, and steadying himself by the hand-rail in a desperate effort at erectness, Mr. Royall stepped stiffly ashore. Like the young men of the party, he wore a secret society emblem in the buttonhole of his black frock-coat. His head was covered by a new Panama hat, and his narrow black tie, half undone, dangled down on his rumpled shirt-front. His face, a livid brown, with red blotches of anger and lips sunken in like an old man's, was a lamentable ruin in the searching glare.

He was just behind Julia Hawes, and had one hand on her arm; but as he left the

在人潮推撞之中，他們辛苦地回到湖邊，剛好見到遊船白色那側放下跳板，碼頭盡處的電燈射過來，把下船的乘客照得清清楚楚。慈諦覷見其中一人正是茉莉亞·巧斯，她帽上的白羽毛歪倒，面上酡紅、「格格」地笑得很響。她從跳板剛踏上岸，就停住了，畫了粗黑眼綫的眼睛冷冷投來一瞥，分明不懷好意。

「喂！慈諦·萊亞！」她喊道，接着轉身向後面的人說：「我說了嘛！就像開家庭派對，老爹的小孫女要帶爺爺回家！」

她那夥人登時吃吃竊笑；然後，他們中間出現一個高大個子，身體搖搖晃晃，赫然是萊亞先生。他抓緊跳板上的扶手，竭力站直，接着僵硬地開步踏上岸來。跟同行的小夥子一樣，他的黑色長禮服鈕扣眼上，也別上一個秘密會社的會徽。他的頭上戴着新的巴拿馬草帽，窄窄的黑領帶的結半鬆開、吊在皺巴巴的恤衫前面，他的臉是灰褐色，但因惱怒而透出紅點，嘴唇像所有老年人一樣

gang-plank he freed himself, and moved a step or two away from his companions. He had seen Charity at once, and his glance passed slowly from her to Harney, whose arm was still about her. He stood staring at them, and trying to master the senile quiver of his lips; then he drew himself up with the tremulous majesty of drunkenness, and stretched out his arm.

"You whore--you damn--bare-headed whore, you!" he enunciated slowly.

There was a scream of tipsy laughter from the party, and Charity involuntarily put her hands to her head. She remembered that her hat had fallen from her lap when she jumped up to leave the stand; and suddenly she had a vision of herself, hatless, dishevelled, with a man's arm about her, confronting that drunken crew, headed by her guardian's pitiable figure. The picture filled her with shame. She had known since childhood about Mr. Royall's "habits": had seen him, as she went up to bed, sitting morosely in his office, a bottle at his elbow; or coming home, heavy and quarrelsome, from his business expeditions to Hepburn or Springfield; but the idea of his associating himself publicly with a band of disreputable girls and bar-room loafers was new and dreadful to her.

乾癟下去；在強光照射下，他邈邈的樣子簡直可悲！

他緊貼茉莉亞·巧斯的後面，一隻手抓住她的臂；不過一從跳板下來，他就甩開了，並離開那夥人一兩步左右。他很快就望見了慈諦，盯着她一會，然後視線慢慢移向夏尼身上——他的臂仍在她腰間。他站在那裏瞪着他們，意圖控制那年老嘴唇慣常的顫抖；接着酒精給他注入力量，醉意使他震騰騰，但又覺得自己虎虎生威。他挺直腰板，伸出手臂。

「妳這婊子——該死——蠢——婊子！」他一字一字地說。

那夥帶有醉意的人轟然大笑；慈諦不自覺地摸向頭上。她省起從看台跳下來之際，帽子在膝上滑跌，她沒去撿。忽然她看清楚自己那一刻的樣子——頭上沒戴帽子、鬢髮蓬鬆、腰肢被男人環抱着，與一群醉醺醺的人對峙；對方領頭的是她監護人，模樣糟透了。這情景使她羞愧異常。從童年開始，她就清楚萊

"Oh----" she said in a gasp of misery; and releasing herself from Harney's arm she went straight up to Mr. Royall.

"You come home with me--you come right home with me," she said in a low stern voice, as if she had not heard his apostrophe; and one of the girls called out: "Say, how many fellers does she want?"

There was another laugh, followed by a pause of curiosity, during which Mr. Royall continued to glare at Charity. At length his twitching lips parted. "I said, 'You--damn--whore!'" he repeated with precision, steadying himself on Julia's shoulder.

Laughs and jeers were beginning to spring up from the circle of people beyond their group; and a voice called out from the gangway: "Now, then, step lively there--all ABOARD!" The pressure of approaching and departing passengers forced the actors in the rapid scene apart, and pushed them back into the throng. Charity found herself clinging to Harney's arm and sobbing

亞先生多年來的「習慣」：有時她上樓睡覺，經過他那辦公室，就瞥見他鬱悶地坐在裏面，身邊放着一瓶酒；有時他從希賓或春田辦完公務回來，動作變得笨拙、不住找碴罵人。不過他與一群壞女孩和酒吧閒漢在公眾場所廝混，她從沒見過，太可怕了。

「啊……」她不忍地嘆口氣，從夏尼的手臂鬆脫出來，畢直走到萊亞先生的面前。

「你跟我回家——馬上跟我回家。」她低低的聲調是嚴肅的，就像沒聽到他罵她的那句話。有個女孩高聲說：「哈！她要多少個男人才夠？」

又是一輪哄笑。接着大家都好奇地停下來，看見萊亞先生繼續怒瞪着慈諦好一會。他靠在茉莉亞的肩膊上使自己站直，最後抖顫的嘴唇張開，吐出：「我說，妳這——該死——婊子！」他重複那句話，說得很準確，全沒錯。

他們那夥人身後開始傳來戲謔和哄笑

desperately. Mr. Royall had disappeared, and in the distance she heard the receding sound of Julia's laugh.

The boat, laden to the taffrail, was puffing away on her last trip.

## XI

AT two o'clock in the morning the freckled boy from Creston stopped his sleepy horse at the door of the red house, and Charity got out. Harney had taken leave of her at Creston River, charging the boy to drive her home. Her mind was still in a fog of misery, and she did not remember very clearly what had happened, or what they said to each other, during the interminable interval since their departure from Nettleton; but the secretive instinct of the animal in pain was so strong in her that she had a sense of relief when Harney got out and she drove on alone.

The full moon hung over North Dormer, whitening the mist that filled the hollows between the hills and floated transparently above the fields. Charity stood a moment at the gate, looking out into the waning night. She watched the boy drive off, his horse's head wagging heavily to and fro; then she went around to the kitchen door and felt under the

聲；這時跳板上有人喊道：「小心走好！上船了！」上船和下船的乘客逼使那快速一幕的演員分開，把他們推回原先的隊伍裏。慈諦倒在夏尼的臂彎上，哭過不停。萊亞先生走了，遠處還傳來茉莉亞逐漸減弱的笑聲。

汽船滿載乘客，遊人一直站到船尾欄杆去，「撲撲」聲中，汽船開動，行走最後一程班次。

## 十一

凌晨二時，那瓜斯頓雀斑男孩驅着瞌睡的馬兒送慈諦回北多馬，在紅屋門口停下。夏尼早前在瓜斯頓河跟她道別，然後叫男孩載她回去。下車時，慈諦的腦子裏仍是一片愁雲慘霧，記不清實際發生的事；離開蕁麻鎮以後那段時間，似是無窮無盡，他倆說了什麼話，也想不起來了。不過，受了傷的動物有種躲起來的本能反應，這一點在她身上太強了，夏尼下車之後，她單獨繼續行程，反可鬆一口氣。

團團的滿月高掛在北多馬的夜空上，瀰

mat for the key. She found it, unlocked the door and went in. The kitchen was dark, but she discovered a box of matches, lit a candle and went upstairs. Mr. Royall's door, opposite hers, stood open on his unlit room; evidently he had not come back. She went into her room, bolted her door and began slowly to untie the ribbon about her waist, and to take off her dress. Under the bed she saw the paper bag in which she had hidden her new hat from inquisitive eyes....

She lay for a long time sleepless on her bed, staring up at the moonlight on the low ceiling; dawn was in the sky when she fell asleep, and when she woke the sun was on her face.

She dressed and went down to the kitchen. Verena was there alone: she glanced at Charity tranquilly, with her old deaf-looking eyes. There was no sign of Mr. Royall about the house and the hours passed without his reappearing. Charity had gone up to her room, and sat there listlessly, her hands on her lap. Puffs of sultry air fanned her dimity window curtains and flies buzzed stifflingly against the bluish panes.

漫在山凹間的煙霧飄浮至田野間，漫化開去，月光下，是一片朦朧的白色。慈諦在柵門前佇立好一會，望着夜晚消逝。瓜斯頓的男孩驅車離開，馬兒的頭拙重地左右擺動、開步走了。她轉去廚房後邊，在門墊下摸到鑰匙，開門進去。廚房很黑，但她找到盒火柴，燃着了蠟燭，持着它上樓。萊亞先生的房間與她的房間相對，現在房門打開，沒有點燈，明顯人還沒回來。她走入自己的房間，拴上門門，慢慢解開腰間的絲帶、再脫下裙子。這時，她望見床底用來收藏新帽子、以避開好奇眼睛的紙袋……

有好長的一段時間她躺在床上，未能成眠，呆呆望着照在天花低頂的月光；到她終於入睡時，天已開始亮了。及至她醒過來，陽光已爬上她的臉。

她穿戴好就下樓去，只有慧麗娜在。她投過來的目光是平靜的，暮年的眼睛顯示她是半聾，聽不到什麼。整間屋子不見萊亞先生的蹤影，時間逐點消逝，他仍沒出現。慈諦早已回到自己的房內，

At one o'clock Verena hobbled up to see if she were not coming down to dinner; but she shook her head, and the old woman went away, saying: "I'll cover up, then."

The sun turned and left her room, and Charity seated herself in the window, gazing down the village street through the half-opened shutters. Not a thought was in her mind; it was just a dark whirlpool of crowding images; and she watched the people passing along the street, Dan Targatt's team hauling a load of pine-trunks down to Hepburn, the sexton's old white horse grazing on the bank across the way, as if she looked at these familiar sights from the other side of the grave.

She was roused from her apathy by seeing Ally Hawes come out of the Frys' gate and walk slowly toward the red house with her uneven limping step. At the sight Charity recovered her severed contact with reality. She divined that Ally was coming to hear about her day: no one else was in the secret of the trip to Nettleton, and it had flattered Ally profoundly to be allowed to know of it.

At the thought of having to see her, of having to meet her eyes and answer or evade her questions, the whole horror of

無情無緒、雙手擱在膝上枯坐。悶熱的風一下一下地拂動凸花條紋布簾，蒼蠅發出似是窒息的「嗡嗡」聲，撲向窗子的淡藍玻璃。

下午一時，慧麗娜一拐一拐地走上來，告訴她午餐已煮好，問她還吃不？她搖搖頭，那老婦就下樓去了，說：「我去把午餐蓋好。」

太陽西移，日光離開了她的房間。慈諦坐在窗邊，從半開的百頁窗子向外呆望那條穿過村鎮的路。她什麼也不想，腦袋就像是個黑色漩渦，有好大一堆影像在那裏轉動；她望着走過的路人，見到丹·泰格駕着滿滿一車的松樹幹到希賓去，也見到教堂司事的白色老馬在對街咀嚼路邊的草。這些景物都是熟悉不過的，可是她似在墳墓的另一邊瞧着。

忽地雅莉·巧斯落到她的視線內。雅莉推開了費爾家的柵門，正一跛一跛地慢慢朝紅屋步來。她從發呆的狀態中驚醒，回到現實世界。她猜雅莉前來是想聽聽這次旅程的詳情。除了雅莉，沒有

the previous night's adventure rushed back upon Charity. What had been a feverish nightmare became a cold and unescapable fact. Poor Ally, at that moment, represented North Dormer, with all its mean curiosities, its furtive malice, its sham unconsciousness of evil. Charity knew that, although all relations with Julia were supposed to be severed, the tender-hearted Ally still secretly communicated with her; and no doubt Julia would exult in the chance of retailing the scandal of the wharf. The story, exaggerated and distorted, was probably already on its way to North Dormer.

Ally's dragging pace had not carried her far from the Frys' gate when she was stopped by old Mrs. Sollas, who was a great talker, and spoke very slowly because she had never been able to get used to her new teeth from Hepburn. Still, even this respite would not last long; in another ten minutes Ally would be at the door, and Charity would hear her greeting Verena in the kitchen, and then calling up from the foot of the stairs.

Suddenly it became clear that flight, and instant flight, was the only thing conceivable. The longing to escape, to get away from familiar faces, from places where she was known, had always been strong in her in moments of distress. She had a childish belief in the

人知道她去了一趟蕁麻鎮。雅莉知道只有她可以得聞機密，深感與有榮焉。

慈諦想到要面對她、接觸她的眼神、回答或迴避她的問題，昨晚的恐怖遭遇登時重新全面襲來。本來似是發燒高熱時所見的夢魘，此時是不能避免的冷酷事實。可憐的雅莉在那一刻代表了北多馬一體村民——他們那份八卦的齷齪心思、私底下的惡意，還要扮作對壞事渾然不覺。慈諦知道巧斯家雖則已與茱莉亞切斷一切關係，心軟的雅莉私底下還是跟她有聯絡的，茱莉亞當然樂得有機會向她轉述碼頭上發生的醜聞。這件事經過加油添醋，相信已在前往北多馬途中。

雅莉蹣跚的步伐走不多遠，就被多話的索勒斯太太在路上截住了，而索勒斯太太說話很慢，因為她一直不習慣使用在希賓裝嵌的假牙。不過，即使路程給延遲了一會，十分鐘後，雅莉就會來到門口，跟慧麗娜道好，接着就會從樓梯下喊上來。

miraculous power of strange scenes and new faces to transform her life and wipe out bitter memories. But such impulses were mere fleeting whims compared to the cold resolve which now possessed her. She felt she could not remain an hour longer under the roof of the man who had publicly dishonoured her, and face to face with the people who would presently be gloating over all the details of her humiliation.

Her passing pity for Mr. Royall had been swallowed up in loathing: everything in her recoiled from the disgraceful spectacle of the drunken old man apostrophizing her in the presence of a band of loafers and street-walkers. Suddenly, vividly, she relived again the horrible moment when he had tried to force himself into her room, and what she had before supposed to be a mad aberration now appeared to her as a vulgar incident in a debauched and degraded life.

While these thoughts were hurrying through her she had dragged out her old canvas school-bag, and was thrusting into it a few articles of clothing and the little packet of letters she had received from Harney. From under her pincushion she took the library key, and laid it in full view; then she felt at the back of a drawer for the blue brooch that Harney had given her. She would not have dared to wear it openly at North Dormer, but now she fastened it on her bosom as if it

慈諦登時想到她只好即時溜之大吉。每逢遇到麻煩，她就生出想逃跑的強烈衝動，遠離熟悉她的人和地。她有個幼稚的想法，認為新的地方或面孔有股神奇的力量，可以抹走痛苦的回憶、改變人的一生。但這份衝動與她此刻的冷靜決心相比，只是一閃而過；她心想，被一個男人如此當眾侮辱，怎可仍賴在他的家不走？就算是多留一小時也無法忍受！還有那些聽聞她受辱的過程、正在訕笑的人，她實在無顏面對。

曾有一刻她對萊亞先生產生憐憫之心，不過現在已被憎恨所吞沒。想起那醉醺醺的老頭在路人閒漢前痛罵她的情景，多麼可恥！她內心一陣束緊。忽然間，他意圖強入她房間那可怕的一幕清晰地重現眼前，之前她以為是他一時瘋了，致作出錯事，現在看來，他的生活本就荒淫墮落，所作的事就是如此下流！

這些念頭在她的腦袋裏一閃而過之時，她已翻出了舊帆布書包，塞進幾件衣物和一小包夏尼給她的信。從針墊

were a talisman to protect her in her flight. These preparations had taken but a few minutes, and when they were finished Ally Hawes was still at the Frys' corner talking to old Mrs. Sollas....

She had said to herself, as she always said in moments of revolt: "I'll go to the Mountain--I'll go back to my own folks." She had never really meant it before; but now, as she considered her case, no other course seemed open. She had never learned any trade that would have given her independence in a strange place, and she knew no one in the big towns of the valley, where she might have hoped to find employment. Miss Hatchard was still away; but even had she been at North Dormer she was the last person to whom Charity would have turned, since one of the motives urging her to flight was the wish not to see Lucius Harney. Travelling back from Nettleton, in the crowded brightly-lit train, all exchange of confidence between them had been impossible; but during their drive from Hepburn to Creston River she had gathered from Harney's snatches of consolatory talk--again hampered by the freckled boy's presence--that he intended to see her the next day. At the moment she had found a vague comfort in the assurance; but in the desolate lucidity of the hours that followed she had come to see the impossibility of meeting him again. Her dream of comradeship was over; and the scene on

下，她取出圖書館鑰匙，放在桌上當眼處。然後她伸手探入抽屜深處，把藏在那裏、夏尼送的藍色胸針拿出來。要是在北多馬，她就不敢在人前戴上它；現在她把它別在胸前，當作是逃跑途中的護身符。這些功夫只用了幾分鐘時間，等她全部執拾好，雅莉·巧斯仍站在費爾家的角落，與索勒斯太太閒聊……

她跟自己說：「我要到大山去——回到我的親人那裏。」那是每逢反叛脾氣迸發時的意氣話，從前不是出自真心；但現在考慮到自己的情況，實在再沒有其他出路了。她沒有一技傍身，不能在一個陌生的市鎮獨立過活，她也不認識山谷裏大村鎮中任何人，不會在那裏找到工作。哈察小姐仍在春田市，就算她在北多馬，也是慈諦最後會去求援的人，因為離開的一個理由就是不想再見夏尼。從蕁麻鎮回希賓的那一程，在明晃晃、擠塞的火車卡內，兩人不可能說什麼體己話；但從希賓到瓜斯頓河一段馬車旅程中，雖則中間礙着那雀斑男孩，夏尼還是抓緊機會，斷斷續續說了不少撫慰的話，還說第二天想和她見面。當

the wharf--vile and disgraceful as it had been--had after all shed the light of truth on her minute of madness. It was as if her guardian's words had stripped her bare in the face of the grinning crowd and proclaimed to the world the secret admonitions of her conscience.

She did not think these things out clearly; she simply followed the blind propulsion of her wretchedness. She did not want, ever again, to see anyone she had known; above all, she did not want to see Harney....

She climbed the hill-path behind the house and struck through the woods by a short-cut leading to the Creston road. A lead-coloured sky hung heavily over the fields, and in the forest the motionless air was stifling; but she pushed on, impatient to reach the road which was the shortest way to the Mountain.

To do so, she had to follow the Creston road for a mile or two, and go within half a mile of the village; and she walked quickly, fearing to meet Harney. But there was no sign of him, and she had almost reached the branch road when she saw the flanks of a large white tent projecting through the trees by the roadside. She supposed that it sheltered a travelling circus which had come there for the Fourth; but as she drew

時他信誓旦旦的話為她帶來一絲安慰，不過隨後的數小時，她獨個兒悽悽戚戚，就清醒過來，知道再沒可能和他會面。她跟他同心同志的夢已醒了，碼頭上那幕，雖是那麼醜惡可恨，在她情懷熾熱的一刻，畢竟揭示了事實真相。在嘻笑路人面前，她監護人的話，似把她的外在剝光剝淨，向全世界宣布她內在良心私下的告誡。

其實她沒把思路理得那麼清楚，只是覺得自己處境太悽慘了，出於一股盲目衝動，使她再也不想見到認識她的人，其中最不想見到的就是夏尼……

她匆匆走上屋後的上坡路，準備從一條捷徑穿過樹林朝瓜斯頓路走去。鉛色的天空重重壓在田野上，樹林沒有風，悶熱空氣令人透不過氣來；但她繼續趕路，焦急地要走到那大路上，因那是去大山最近的路。

在抵達大山以前，有一兩哩路好走，其中有半哩還是在村界內。她急步趨行，

nearer she saw, over the folded-back flap, a large sign bearing the inscription, "Gospel Tent." The interior seemed to be empty; but a young man in a black alpaca coat, his lank hair parted over a round white face, stepped from under the flap and advanced toward her with a smile.

"Sister, your Saviour knows everything. Won't you come in and lay your guilt before Him?" he asked insinuatingly, putting his hand on her arm.

Charity started back and flushed. For a moment she thought the evangelist must have heard a report of the scene at Nettleton; then she saw the absurdity of the supposition.

"I on'y wish't I had any to lay!" she retorted, with one of her fierce flashes of self-derision; and the young man murmured, aghast: "Oh, Sister, don't speak blasphemy...."

But she had jerked her arm out of his hold, and was running up the branch road, trembling with the fear of meeting a familiar face. Presently she was out of sight of the village, and climbing into the heart of the forest. She could not hope to do the fifteen miles to the Mountain that afternoon; but she knew of a place

恐怕遇上夏尼。不過一路上並沒有他的蹤影。就在差不多轉到支路口時，見到路旁的樹隙間，露出一個白色大帳幕的側邊，她以為是個國慶日巡遊表演的馬戲團，走近了，才見到入口處那幅折起來的帆布上掛了個招牌，寫着「福音帳幕」。裏面似是空的；但這時有個年輕人步出，他穿着黑色的羊駝大衣，面孔圓圓，膚色白皙，直長頭髮清楚地分界，微笑着向她走過來。

「姊妹，救世主是全知的。妳不如進來，向祂呈示妳的罪？」他的話似有所暗示，並已將手放在她的臂上。

慈諦給他嚇了一跳，向後退，面上升起紅暈。有一刻她以為那福音傳道人已聽到蕁麻鎮那一幕，接着就察覺到自己的想法太也可笑。

「我倒想有罪呈示哪！」她頂回去，用上了她自嘲時的氣話。那年輕人為之駭然，低聲叫道：「呀！姊妹！不要說褻瀆上帝的話。」

half-way to Hamblin where she could sleep, and where no one would think of looking for her. It was a little deserted house on a slope in one of the lonely rifts of the hills. She had seen it once, years before, when she had gone on a nutting expedition to the grove of walnuts below it. The party had taken refuge in the house from a sudden mountain storm, and she remembered that Ben Sollas, who liked frightening girls, had told them that it was said to be haunted.

She was growing faint and tired, for she had eaten nothing since morning, and was not used to walking so far. Her head felt light and she sat down for a moment by the roadside. As she sat there she heard the click of a bicycle-bell, and started up to plunge back into the forest; but before she could move the bicycle had swept around the curve of the road, and Harney, jumping off, was approaching her with outstretched arms.

"Charity! What on earth are you doing here?"

She stared as if he were a vision, so startled by the unexpectedness of his being there that no words came to her.

"Where were you going? Had you forgotten that I was coming?" he continued, trying to draw her to him; but

但她已甩開他的手，跑上支路去，心裏但願不會遇到熟人，身軀因害怕而微微發抖。這時她已離開村子的視線範圍，來到樹林的深處。那個下午，她不可能走十五哩路到達大山；但她知道往咸連那段路的中途，有處地方可讓她睡一晚，也不會被人發覺。那是個偏僻小山坳斜坡上的一間荒廢小屋，多年前她去過一次，那次是一夥年輕人到下面的小胡桃樹林採摘果實，突然遇上一場來自大山的風暴，他們就走到那裏躲避。她記得最喜歡嚇唬女孩的賓·索勒斯說，傳聞中這屋子鬧鬼。

她倦極了，頭開始發昏，因早上至今沒吃東西，也不習慣長途跋涉。她覺得有點輕飄飄似的，於是在路邊坐下來歇息。剛坐下不久，就聽到單車的鈴聲，正準備站起來躲到樹林去，單車已飛快地沿着路面彎段來到面前。夏尼從車上跳下、張開雙臂朝她走過來。

「慈諦！妳跑來這裏幹嘛？」

她直瞪着他望，像是見到幻象；在這裏

she shrank from his embrace.

"I was going away--I don't want to see you--I want you should leave me alone," she broke out wildly.

He looked at her and his face grew grave, as though the shadow of a premonition brushed it.

"Going away--from me, Charity?"

"From everybody. I want you should leave me."

He stood glancing doubtfully up and down the lonely forest road that stretched away into sun-flecked distances.

"Where were you going?"

"Home."

"Home--this way?"

She threw her head back defiantly. "To my home--up yonder: to the Mountain."

見到他，太意想不到了！叫她說不出話來。

「妳要去哪？忘了我會來找妳？」他繼續說，想把她拉進懷內，但她避開了。

「我要離開……不想再見到你……你不要再找我了！」她亂叫亂嚷。

他望着她，神情變得肅穆，面上似被一個什麼徵兆的陰影掃過。

「離開——我，慈諦？」

「離開所有人。我希望你不要再來找我。」

他站在那裏，有點不知所措地望着那條孤零零的林間小路，看着它一直延伸到陽光閃爍的遠處。

「妳準備去哪？」

「回家。」

As she spoke she became aware of a change in his face. He was no longer listening to her, he was only looking at her, with the passionate absorbed expression she had seen in his eyes after they had kissed on the stand at Nettleton. He was the new Harney again, the Harney abruptly revealed in that embrace, who seemed so penetrated with the joy of her presence that he was utterly careless of what she was thinking or feeling.

He caught her hands with a laugh. "How do you suppose I found you?" he said gaily. He drew out the little packet of his letters and flourished them before her bewildered eyes.

"You dropped them, you imprudent young person--dropped them in the middle of the road, not far from here; and the young man who is running the Gospel tent picked them up just as I was riding by." He drew back, holding her at arm's length, and scrutinizing her troubled face with the minute searching gaze of his short-sighted eyes.

"Did you really think you could run away from me? You see you weren't meant to," he said; and before she could answer he had kissed her again, not vehemently, but tenderly, almost fraternally, as if he had guessed her confused pain, and wanted her to know he understood it. He wound his fingers

「家是這方向？」

她揚起頭來，帶着挑戰意味說：「回老家——那邊的大山。」

她說話時，留意到他面上神情的變化。他沒再聽下去，只是盯着她望，眼裏滿是忘我的熱情。那個在蕁麻鎮看台上親吻她的新夏尼重現了——在擁抱之中猝然顯現的夏尼，整個人沉醉於和她共處的歡樂之中，完全無視她的想法、感受。

他笑着捉住她的手。「妳猜我怎找到妳？」他開心地說，然後把那小包他寫給她的信抽出來，在她困惑的眼睛前揮動。

「妳弄丟了，粗心大意的小妮子！妳把信丟在路中央哩！就離這裏不遠；主管福音帳幕的年輕傳道人瞧見撿起來，剛好我騎車經過見到。」他後退一步，雙手捉着她的臂，他慣於審視的近視眼牢牢看着她不安的臉。

through hers.

"Come let's walk a little. I want to talk to you. There's so much to say."

He spoke with a boy's gaiety, carelessly and confidently, as if nothing had happened that could shame or embarrass them; and for a moment, in the sudden relief of her release from lonely pain, she felt herself yielding to his mood. But he had turned, and was drawing her back along the road by which she had come. She stiffened herself and stopped short.

"I won't go back," she said.

They looked at each other a moment in silence; then he answered gently: "Very well: let's go the other way, then."

She remained motionless, gazing silently at the ground, and he went on: "Isn't there a house up here somewhere--a little abandoned house—you meant to show me some day?" Still she made no answer, and he continued, in the same tone of tender reassurance: "Let us go there now and sit down and talk quietly." He took one of the hands that hung by her side and pressed his lips to the palm.

「妳真的以為可以離開我？妳是走不了。」他說。在她有時間回答之前，他又吻了她；不是熱情澎湃的吻，而是溫柔、像是個兄長的吻，似乎他明白了她處於迷惘中的痛苦，也想她知道他是明白的。然後他拿起她的手，手指和她的緊緊互扣着。

「來！讓我們談談，我有好多話要跟妳說。」

他說話的語氣，就像個小男孩般快樂、輕鬆而自信，仿似沒發生過令他倆羞恥或尷尬的事。在那一刻，她感染了他的情緒，那份孤獨承受的痛苦消失了。不過，等到他把車頭調轉過來，拉着她往回路走，她就站定，不肯前行。

「我不回去。」她說。

他們靜默對望了好一會，然後他溫柔地說：「好吧！那就走另一頭。」

她仍然不動、不作聲，望着地面。他繼續說：「山坡上不是有間荒廢了的小屋

"Do you suppose I'm going to let you send me away? Do you suppose I don't understand?"

The little old house--its wooden walls sun-bleached to a ghostly gray--stood in an orchard above the road. The garden palings had fallen, but the broken gate dangled between its posts, and the path to the house was marked by rose-bushes run wild and hanging their small pale blossoms above the crowding grasses. Slender pilasters and an intricate fan-light framed the opening where the door had hung; and the door itself lay rotting in the grass, with an old apple-tree fallen across it.

Inside, also, wind and weather had blanched everything to the same wan silvery tint; the house was as dry and pure as the interior of a long-empty shell. But it must have been exceptionally well built, for the little rooms had kept something of their human aspect: the wooden mantels with their neat classic ornaments were in place, and the corners of one ceiling retained a light film of plaster tracery.

Harney had found an old bench at the back door and dragged it into the house. Charity sat on it, leaning her head

嗎？妳說過要帶我去看看的。」她還是不言不語。他往下說，語調仍帶有那種溫柔的撫慰味道：「我們不如去那兒，坐下靜靜地談。」他提起她下垂的一隻手，在掌心吻一下，說道：「妳以為妳叫我走，我就會聽？妳以為我不明白？」

那間古老小屋位於路上方的一個果園裏，木板外牆已被陽光炙成黯淡的淺灰色，花園的柵欄全倒了，但破爛的柵門仍半吊在兩根柱子中間，通向屋子的小路亂糟糟地長滿了野草，清楚可見其中雜了蔓生的玫瑰，淺色的小花在草叢中垂吊。大門已坍下，躺在草叢裏朽爛，有棵蘋果老樹橫倒在它上面；空空的門框那裏，豎着纖細的壁柱，上面還有個式樣複雜的扇型天窗。

屋子裏面也全被大風和氣候洗刷成同一的蒼白銀色，看上去乾燥、純淨，像是個久被挖空的貝殼內層；但本來一定是座特別用心建造的房子，從那些小房間內的居所遺跡即可得知：壁爐架連同上面的齊整古典飾物完好無缺、房間天

against the wall in a state of drowsy lassitude. He had guessed that she was hungry and thirsty, and had brought her some tablets of chocolate from his bicycle-bag, and filled his drinking-cup from a spring in the orchard; and now he sat at her feet, smoking a cigarette, and looking up at her without speaking. Outside, the afternoon shadows were lengthening across the grass, and through the empty window-frame that faced her she saw the Mountain thrusting its dark mass against a sultry sunset. It was time to go.

She stood up, and he sprang to his feet also, and passed his arm through hers with an air of authority. "Now, Charity, you're coming back with me."

She looked at him and shook her head. "I ain't ever going back. You don't know."

"What don't I know?" She was silent, and he continued: "What happened on the wharf was horrible--it's natural you should feel as you do. But it doesn't make any real difference: you can't be hurt by such things. You must try to forget. And you must try to understand that men... men sometimes..."

花板的四角保留了薄薄的石膏牆飾。

夏尼在後門找到一張舊板凳，把它拖進屋內。慈諦坐在上面，頭倚在牆上，昏昏沉沉地倦極了。夏尼猜她是又饑又渴，就從單車袋子取出朱古力塊，又拿他的杯子從果園的山泉盛了水端給她。現在他坐在她的腳邊，點燃了香煙，望着她不說話。屋子外頭，午後陽光在草上投下的陰影越來越長，透過對面空晃晃的窗框外望，黑色的大山峨然屹立在翳熱的夕陽裏。是時候動身了。

她站起來，他也馬上跳起身，把手臂插進她的臂彎內，帶着權威的氣勢說：「慈諦！妳和我一起回去。」

她望着他，搖頭說：「我永遠也不回去。你不明白的。」

「有什麼我不明白？」她不回答。他繼續往下說：「在碼頭上發生的事很可怕，自然妳覺得難受；但其實沒什麼，

"I know about men. That's why."

He coloured a little at the retort, as though it had touched him in a way she did not suspect.

"Well, then... you must know one has to make allowances.... He'd been drinking...."

"I know all that, too. I've seen him so before. But he wouldn't have dared speak to me that way if he hadn't..."

"Hadn't what? What do you mean?"

"Hadn't wanted me to be like those other girls...." She lowered her voice and looked away from him. "So's 't he wouldn't have to go out...."

Harney stared at her. For a moment he did not seem to seize her meaning; then his face grew dark. "The damned hound! The villainous low hound!" His wrath blazed up, crimsoning him to the temples. "I never dreamed--good God, it's too vile," he broke off, as if his thoughts recoiled from the discovery.

不會對妳造成實質的傷害；妳一定要忘了它。同時妳要明白男人……男人有時……」

「我明白男人的脾性。就是為了這原因。」

受到她的頂撞，他的臉有點發紅，似乎是被她無意中觸及了心事，可是她並不覺察。

「噢！那麼……妳該明白，有時人要多點包容……他喝了酒……」

「我全都知道，以前見識過了。但他不會膽敢這樣子跟我說話，如他未曾……」

「他曾什麼？妳這話是什麼意思？」

「想我像那些女孩一樣……」她低聲道，眼睛望向別處。「那他就不用出去了……」

夏尼盯着她，有一刻似會不過意來，然

"I won't never go back there," she repeated doggedly.

"No----" he assented.

There was a long interval of silence, during which she imagined that he was searching her face for more light on what she had revealed to him; and a flush of shame swept over her.

"I know the way you must feel about me," she broke out, "...telling you such things...."

But once more, as she spoke, she became aware that he was no longer listening. He came close and caught her to him as if he were snatching her from some imminent peril: his impetuous eyes were in hers, and she could feel the hard beat of his heart as he held her against it. "Kiss me again--like last night," he said, pushing her hair back as if to draw her whole face up into his kiss.

## XII

ONE afternoon toward the end of August a group of girls sat in a room at Miss Hatchard's in a gay confusion of flags,

後面上沉下來。「該死的畜牲！賤畜牲！」他的怒火上升，連額頭兩側的太陽穴都發紅了。「我從沒想到……上帝，太齷齪了！」他停下來，似因她的話而不敢往下想。

「我永遠也不回那兒。」她執拗地重複這句話。

「對——」他同意。

接着是長長的靜默，其間她想像他是否在她臉上搜索更多事實，頓時一陣羞愧之感襲來。

「我知道你心中會如何看待我，」她衝口而出，「……竟然告訴你這些事……」

在她說話之時，又一次發覺他其實沒有聆聽。他向她靠近，緊緊攬住她，似要從迫在眉睫的災難中將她搶救出來。她望見他熾熱的眼神，懷中感受到他怦怦跳動的心。「再吻我——就像昨夜。」

他一邊說，一邊把她的頭髮往後撥，像是要她整塊臉湊上來，去迎合他的吻。

turkey-red, blue and white paper muslin, harvest sheaves and illuminated scrolls.

North Dormer was preparing for its Old Home Week. That form of sentimental decentralization was still in its early stages, and, precedents being few, and the desire to set an example contagious, the matter had become a subject of prolonged and passionate discussion under Miss Hatchard's roof. The incentive to the celebration had come rather from those who had left North Dormer than from those who had been obliged to stay there, and there was some difficulty in rousing the village to the proper state of enthusiasm. But Miss Hatchard's pale prim drawing-room was the centre of constant comings and goings from Hepburn, Nettleton, Springfield and even more distant cities; and whenever a visitor arrived he was led across the hall, and treated to a glimpse of the group of girls deep in their pretty preparations.

"All the old names... all the old names...." Miss Hatchard would be heard, tapping across the hall on her crutches. "Targatt... Sollas... Fry: this is Miss Orma Fry sewing the stars on the drapery for the organ-loft. Don't move, girls... and this is Miss Ally Hawes, our cleverest needle-woman... and Miss Charity Royall making our garlands of evergreen.... I like the idea of its all being homemade, don't you? We haven't

十二

八月末尾的一個下午，一群女孩在哈察小姐家一個房間內圍坐，四周亂糟糟地放了小旗、紅白藍皺紋紙、成捆的麥穗、彩色的卷軸，大家都興高采烈。

北多馬正在籌備回鄉省親周。這類鄉土情懷之旅仍在雛型階段，很少先例，為了建立大眾仿效的模範，整件事在哈察家成為一個反覆熱烈討論的題目。慶祝的熱忱主要是來自遷離北多馬的人，而不是被迫留下的村民。要令村民表現出恰如其份的熱情，並不容易。因為這件事，從希賓、蕁麻鎮、春田市甚或更遠地方來的訪客川流不絕，哈察小姐家中一絲不苟的素色客廳則成了接待中心。每逢有客造訪，由哈察小姐領着行過門廳時，就可瞥見那群女孩專心地製作各種美麗的慶祝飾物。

「全是好幾代的人家……好幾代了……」從門廳傳來哈察小姐的語音，還有她的柺杖碰觸地板的聲響。「泰

had to call in any foreign talent: my young cousin Lucius Harney, the architect--you know he's up here preparing a book on Colonial houses--he's taken the whole thing in hand so cleverly; but you must come and see his sketch for the stage we're going to put up in the Town Hall."

One of the first results of the Old Home Week agitation had, in fact, been the reappearance of Lucius Harney in the village street. He had been vaguely spoken of as being not far off, but for some weeks past no one had seen him at North Dormer, and there was a recent report of his having left Creston River, where he was said to have been staying, and gone away from the neighbourhood for good. Soon after Miss Hatchard's return, however, he came back to his old quarters in her house, and began to take a leading part in the planning of the festivities. He threw himself into the idea with extraordinary good-humour, and was so prodigal of sketches, and so inexhaustible in devices, that he gave an immediate impetus to the rather languid movement, and infected the whole village with his enthusiasm.

"Lucius has such a feeling for the past that he has roused us all to a sense of our

格……索勒斯……費爾：這位是奧瑪·費爾小姐，她正為風琴閣樓懸掛的帷幔繡上星星。大家不用起來。這位是雅莉·巧斯小姐，我們頂呱呱的女紅好手……這位是慈諦·萊亞小姐，她造的是常綠樹環……全都是自家手造，我覺得這意念很好。我們沒叫外人幫忙哩！我那個年輕表親祿斯·夏尼是位建築師，噢！你們都知道他正在這兒撰寫一本殖民時期房子的書。由他主持整件事，很有一手呢！我們會在鎮會堂砌建一個舞台，你一定要來看看他的設計圖。」

回鄉省親周的艱鉅籌備工作，帶來不少變化，緊接發生的事其一，就是祿斯·夏尼的身影又在村馬路上出現了。之前只是隱約傳聞他在附近人家借宿；但過去幾個星期，都沒有人在北多馬見過他，最近更有人說他已離開暫居的瓜斯頓河，不會再上這一帶來。不過哈察小姐回到北多馬之後不久，他又入住她家了，並且負責慶典的主要籌劃工作。他表現出極大的熱心，畫了大量草圖，有數之不盡的好點子，原先不起勁的村民

privileges," Miss Hatchard would say, lingering on the last word, which was a favourite one. And before leading her visitor back to the drawing-room she would repeat, for the hundredth time, that she supposed he thought it very bold of little North Dormer to start up and have a Home Week of its own, when so many bigger places hadn't thought of it yet; but that, after all, Associations counted more than the size of the population, didn't they? And of course North Dormer was so full of Associations... historic, literary (here a filial sigh for Honorius) and ecclesiastical... he knew about the old pewter communion service imported from England in 1769, she supposed? And it was so important, in a wealthy materialistic age, to set the example of reverting to the old ideals, the family and the homestead, and so on. This peroration usually carried her half-way back across the hall, leaving the girls to return to their interrupted activities.

The day on which Charity Royall was weaving hemlock garlands for the procession was the last before the celebration. When Miss Hatchard called upon the North Dormer maidenhood to collaborate in the festal preparations Charity had at first held aloof; but it had been made clear to her that her non-appearance might excite conjecture,

變得大為振奮，整條村子都被他的熱忱所感染了。

「祿斯對往日歷史懷有很深的感情，他觸動了大家，覺得我們實在沾到不少恩寵。」哈察小姐會這樣說，最後兩個字拖得長長的，因這是她最喜歡用的詞。在帶領訪客回到客廳之前，她會第一百次說：「北多馬這麼一條小村子，竟然獨力倡辦一個本地的回鄉省親周，其他更大的村鎮想都沒想過哩！是否太大膽了？不過，應不論人口多少，社團組織的數目更為重要吧？北多馬有許多社團組織……歷史、文學（在這裏向洪諾留發出一聲尊敬的嘆喟）、教會……您可知道那套古老的領聖體錫器皿是一七六九年來自英國的嗎？在這個富庶的物質主義時代，重新豎立模範，弘揚一些古老的理想，如家庭或家園等等，是多麼重要的啊！」等到她說出這個結論之時，她通常已循回路穿越了半個門廳，讓女孩可繼續中斷的工作。

慈諦·萊亞為巡遊編織鐵杉花環那天，是慶典的前夕。當初哈察小姐召集北多

and, reluctantly, she had joined the other workers. The girls, at first shy and embarrassed, and puzzled as to the exact nature of the projected commemoration, had soon become interested in the amusing details of their task, and excited by the notice they received. They would not for the world have missed their afternoons at Miss Hatchard's, and, while they cut out and sewed and draped and pasted, their tongues kept up such an accompaniment to the sewing-machine that Charity's silence sheltered itself unperceived under their chatter.

In spirit she was still almost unconscious of the pleasant stir about her. Since her return to the red house, on the evening of the day when Harney had overtaken her on her way to the Mountain, she had lived at North Dormer as if she were suspended in the void. She had come back there because Harney, after appearing to agree to the impossibility of her doing so, had ended by persuading her that any other course would be madness. She had nothing further to fear from Mr. Royall. Of this she had declared herself sure, though she had failed to add, in his exoneration, that he had twice offered to make her his wife. Her hatred of him made it impossible, at the moment, for her to say anything that might partly excuse him in Harney's eyes.

馬的未婚女孩一起參予籌備工作時，慈諦並不如何熱心；不過後來明白到如她不參加，會引起人們猜測，所以儘管不情願，也只好加入一份。女孩最初都是羞手羞腳，對於這個慶典的實質內容，一愣一愣、摸不着頭腦；不過一知悉了籌備工作的有趣細節，就興致勃勃；亦由於受到大眾注視，而興奮異常。她們無論如何也會騰空出席哈察家下午的聚會；她們一面把布或紙剪裁、縫紉、褶皺、黏貼，一面閒談，舌頭的運動速度堪與縫紉機相比；因此慈諦的沉默，在她們喋喋語音下，就給遮掩過去，沒人留意。

她的精神狀態使她一直對周圍的歡樂氣氛只是略有所覺。自從那天她決定上大山去，而傍晚時分給夏尼從半路趕上來截住，再返回紅屋之後，她在北多馬過的日子，就似懸在虛空之中。雖則夏尼最初亦同意不可能再回那個家，但最終改變主張，說服她無論出走到哪兒，都是瘋狂行徑，於是她才回來了。她不用再怕萊亞先生會做什麼，她說十分肯定這一點；不過為免減輕萊亞先生的罪

Harney, however, once satisfied of her security, had found plenty of reasons for urging her to return. The first, and the most unanswerable, was that she had nowhere else to go. But the one on which he laid the greatest stress was that flight would be equivalent to avowal. If—as was almost inevitable--rumours of the scandalous scene at Nettleton should reach North Dormer, how else would her disappearance be interpreted? Her guardian had publicly taken away her character, and she immediately vanished from his house. Seekers after motives could hardly fail to draw an unkind conclusion. But if she came back at once, and was seen leading her usual life, the incident was reduced to its true proportions, as the outbreak of a drunken old man furious at being surprised in disreputable company. People would say that Mr. Royall had insulted his ward to justify himself, and the sordid tale would fall into its place in the chronicle of his obscure debaucheries.

Charity saw the force of the argument; but if she acquiesced it was not so much because of that as because it was Harney's wish. Since that evening in the deserted house she could imagine no reason for doing or not doing anything except the fact that Harney wished or did not wish it. All her tossing contradictory impulses were merged in a fatalistic

名，她沒透露他兩次表示要娶她。她這刻太痛恨他了，不想補充什麼，讓他在夏尼眼中變得較可原諒。

夏尼一發現她平安無恙，就找到不少理由要她回去。首先，也是最令她無言以對的理由，就是她別無出路；其次，是他所強調的，就是逃跑等如承認了罪名。假如蕁麻鎮那招惹閒話的一幕傳到北多馬來——其實乃屬必然，她出走一事就真的是水洗不清了。她的監護人公開發辱了她的人格，而她又馬上從他的屋子出走，那些要找出動機的人不可能不往壞處想。不過如她即時回去，如往常一樣過日子，那件事就會回復真正的面貌，那不外是個喝醉了的老人家與不良份子鬼混，意外地撞見熟人，就大發脾氣。人家會說：萊亞先生故意侮辱他的受監護人，只不過是想向人們顯示，相比之下，自己的行為並不差。如此一來，那件醜事就只是他放蕩生活秘史中的一頁而已。

慈諦明白他的論據是有道理的，但她順從地回去不是建基於此，而是由於這是

acceptance of his will. It was not that she felt in him any ascendancy of character--there were moments already when she knew she was the stronger--but that all the rest of life had become a mere cloudy rim about the central glory of their passion. Whenever she stopped thinking about that for a moment she felt as she sometimes did after lying on the grass and staring up too long at the sky; her eyes were so full of light that everything about her was a blur.

Each time that Miss Hatchard, in the course of her periodical incursions into the work-room, dropped an allusion to her young cousin, the architect, the effect was the same on Charity. The hemlock garland she was wearing fell to her knees and she sat in a kind of trance. It was so manifestly absurd that Miss Hatchard should talk of Harney in that familiar possessive way, as if she had any claim on him, or knew anything about him. She, Charity Royall, was the only being on earth who really knew him, knew him from the soles of his feet to the ruffled crest of his hair, knew the shifting lights in his eyes, and the inflexions of his voice, and the things he liked and disliked, and everything there was to know about him, as minutely and yet unconsciously as a child knows the walls of the room it wakes up in every morning. It was this fact, which nobody about her guessed, or

夏尼的意願。在荒廢小屋與他度過那個傍晚之後，他想她怎樣就怎樣，她做事再也不會出於個人理由；她的一切逆反衝動都給撫平了，順從他的意願就似接受命運的安排。她倒不是認為他的性格更強，其實她有時察覺到她比他更強。只是生活已改變了，其他一切變成一圈煙雲，拱托着中央他們的熱情光芒。只要有一刻不去想及它，就會有那種平日熟悉的感覺：當她躺在草地上仰望天空久了，眼睛受到陽光的刺激，所有東西望過去都是白花花的模糊一片，現在也正是如此。

哈察小姐每隔一會，就進來突擊工作進度，言談中每提及她的建築師表親，這時也對慈諦產生相同的效果——她編織中的鐵杉樹環會跌落膝上，整個人像是着了魔。太荒謬了！哈察小姐提及夏尼的方式是那麼熟稔，似乎夏尼是她的所屬品，她了解他的作為；但她——慈諦·萊亞，才是世間唯一一個真正了解他的人，熟悉他的一切：從他的腳底直至頭頂那一撮不服貼的頭髮、他間或閃亮的眼神、他說話音調的變化、他喜歡

would have understood, that made her life something apart and inviolable, as if nothing had any power to hurt or disturb her as long as her secret was safe.

The room in which the girls sat was the one which had been Harney's bedroom. He had been sent upstairs, to make room for the Home Week workers; but the furniture had not been moved, and as Charity sat there she had perpetually before her the vision she had looked in on from the midnight garden. The table at which Harney had sat was the one about which the girls were gathered; and her own seat was near the bed on which she had seen him lying. Sometimes, when the others were not looking, she bent over as if to pick up something, and laid her cheek for a moment against the pillow.

Toward sunset the girls disbanded. Their work was done, and the next morning at daylight the draperies and garlands were to be nailed up, and the illuminated scrolls put in place in the Town Hall. The first guests were to drive over from Hepburn in time for the midday banquet under a tent in Miss Hatchard's field; and after that the ceremonies were to begin. Miss Hatchard, pale with fatigue and excitement, thanked her young assistants, and stood in the porch,

的東西、不喜歡的東西；還有一切跟他有關的事，無論大大小小，她都自自然然地知道，就好像一個小孩在自己的房間內，每天早上醒來，望着四周牆壁，哪幅牆上有什麼都瞭如指掌。周圍的人都不察覺、不能明白，但她就是以這種狀態活着，與人隔絕，他人亦不可入侵；她覺得只要保得住這個秘密，任何事物都不能干擾或傷害到她。

女孩身處的房間本是夏尼的睡房。他已搬到樓上，騰出房間給回鄉省親周的義務工作者使用，但傢具仍在原位。慈諦的位置座向，與那晚半夜她從花園望進來一樣，所以她的眼睛所見，總是當晚的景象：現在女孩圍坐的桌子就是夏尼坐過的桌子；而她坐的位置就是在他躺臥的睡床旁邊。有時，在沒有人留意的時候，她就彎下身去，扮作在床上撿起什麼，趁機把臉頰在他的枕上挨擦一會。

夕陽時分，工作完成了；第二天一早，帷幔、花環要在會堂裏釘好，彩軸要掛在適當的位置。第一批賓客會從希賓那

leaning on her crutches and waving a farewell as she watched them troop away down the street.

Charity had slipped off among the first; but at the gate she heard Ally Hawes calling after her, and reluctantly turned.

"Will you come over now and try on your dress?" Ally asked, looking at her with wistful admiration. "I want to be sure the sleeves don't ruck up the same as they did yesterday."

Charity gazed at her with dazzled eyes. "Oh, it's lovely," she said, and hastened away without listening to Ally's protest. She wanted her dress to be as pretty as the other girls'--wanted it, in fact, to outshine the rest, since she was to take part in the "exercises"--but she had no time just then to fix her mind on such matters....

She sped up the street to the library, of which she had the key about her neck. From the passage at the back she dragged forth a bicycle, and guided it to the edge of the street. She looked about to see if any of the girls were approaching; but they had drifted away together toward the Town Hall, and she sprang into the saddle and turned toward

邊駕車過來，哈察小姐家外邊空地已豎起了帳篷，剛好趕上在那裏設下的午餐，之後典禮就會開始。女孩準備解散了，哈察小姐撐着柺杖站在門前，向這群年輕助手道謝，她的臉因為疲倦和緊張而顯得蒼白，她看着她們步上大街，一面揮手道別。

慈諦雜在最先離開那批女孩之中，但去到柵門，就聽到雅莉·巧斯在後面叫她，只好不情願地回過頭來。

「妳要順道過來試試新裙子嗎？」雅莉的眼中，流露渴望得到慈諦讚賞的神色。「我不想衣袖像昨天那樣皺摺起來。」

但慈諦望着雅莉，眼神卻是一片茫然，說聲：「很好呀！」就不顧她的抗議，匆匆忙忙走了。慈諦希望新裙子會像其他女孩的一樣漂亮，甚至比所有人都要漂亮，因為她會參加「運動」環節；但現在沒時間去顧及這些事。

她急步往圖書館走去，圖書館大門的鑰

the Creston road. There was an almost continual descent to Creston, and with her feet against the pedals she floated through the still evening air like one of the hawks she had often watched slanting downward on motionless wings. Twenty minutes from the time when she had left Miss Hatchard's door she was turning up the wood-road on which Harney had overtaken her on the day of her flight; and a few minutes afterward she had jumped from her bicycle at the gate of the deserted house.

In the gold-powdered sunset it looked more than ever like some frail shell dried and washed by many seasons; but at the back, whither Charity advanced, drawing her bicycle after her, there were signs of recent habitation. A rough door made of boards hung in the kitchen doorway, and pushing it open she entered a room furnished in primitive camping fashion. In the window was a table, also made of boards, with an earthenware jar holding a big bunch of wild asters, two canvas chairs stood near by, and in one corner was a mattress with a Mexican blanket over it.

The room was empty, and leaning her bicycle against the house Charity clambered up the slope and sat down on a rock under an old apple-tree. The air was perfectly still, and from where she sat she would be able to hear the tinkle

匙早就掛在頸上。進入大門後，她走到後面的通道，把藏在那裏的單車推到路邊，先停下看看有沒有女孩朝這邊來，及見到她們全都漫步走向鎮會堂那頭，就馬上跳上單車朝瓜斯頓路騎去。那是一條長長的下坡路，在傍晚的靜止空氣中，她蹬着腳板向下疾馳，輕盈一如那些常在空中盤旋的老鷹，雙翼張開，斜斜滑翔而下。從哈察小姐家離開那刻，廿分鐘後，她已轉上逃跑那天夏尼追及她的林間小路，再過幾分鐘，她從單車上跳下來，來到那荒廢小屋的柵門前。

在灑了金粉的夕陽中，小屋的外表更像一隻單薄的貝殼，屢屢經歷季節的沖洗和日曬；不過，慈諦推着單車進入的屋後，卻顯示最近有人入住的痕跡：有道粗糙、用木板砌成的門掛在廚房門口，她推開後，來到一個帶着原始宿營風味的房間；窗前有張桌子，也是用木板釘成的，上面放了個陶燒闊口瓶，插了一大束野紫菀，旁邊有兩張帆布椅；角落的地上放置了一張軟墊，上面蓋了張墨西哥毯子。

of a bicycle-bell a long way down the road....

She was always glad when she got to the little house before Harney. She liked to have time to take in every detail of its secret sweetness—the shadows of the apple-trees swaying on the grass, the old walnuts rounding their domes below the road, the meadows sloping westward in the afternoon light--before his first kiss blotted it all out. Everything unrelated to the hours spent in that tranquil place was as faint as the remembrance of a dream. The only reality was the wondrous unfolding of her new self, the reaching out to the light of all her contracted tendrils. She had lived all her life among people whose sensibilities seemed to have withered for lack of use; and more wonderful, at first, than Harney's endearments were the words that were a part of them. She had always thought of love as something confused and furtive, and he made it as bright and open as the summer air.

On the morrow of the day when she had shown him the way to the deserted house he had packed up and left Creston River for Boston; but at the first station he had jumped on the train with a hand-bag and scrambled up into the hills. For two golden rainless August weeks he had

房間沒有人，慈諦把單車倚在屋子牆邊，就爬上斜坡去，在一棵蘋果老樹下的大石坐下來。周圍沒有一絲風，她坐的位置，就算是路的遠處有單車鈴聲響動，也可聽到……

能夠比夏尼更早來到小屋，每每令她內心歡喜，因為可以讓她慢慢細味它不為人知的甜蜜細節：蘋果樹影在野草上搖曳舞動，路下方那些老胡桃木逐漸長成一列列圓頂樹冠，下午陽光斜照，映出相連的草原一幅接一幅朝西面水平綫緩降；直至他的吻印上來，模糊了一切。與在那寧靜地方度過的幾個小時相比，其他無關的事都似是記不清的夢境；唯一真實的是有個新的自我奇妙地展現了。自幼及長，周圍的人的感知都似太久沒用而萎縮，但現在，她本來卷曲的觸鬚都迎向光線伸長。不過，比起夏尼的鍾愛，最初更奇妙的是他温情脈脈的話；原先她以為愛戀是秘密、令人迷惘的，而他使到它如夏日空氣般明亮、開朗。

camped in the house, getting eggs and milk from the solitary farm in the valley, where no one knew him, and doing his cooking over a spirit-lamp. He got up every day with the sun, took a plunge in a brown pool he knew of, and spent long hours lying in the scented hemlock-woods above the house, or wandering along the yoke of the Eagle Ridge, far above the misty blue valleys that swept away east and west between the endless hills. And in the afternoon Charity came to him.

With part of what was left of her savings she had hired a bicycle for a month, and every day after dinner, as soon as her guardian started to his office, she hurried to the library, got out her bicycle, and flew down the Creston road. She knew that Mr. Royall, like everyone else in North Dormer, was perfectly aware of her acquisition: possibly he, as well as the rest of the village, knew what use she made of it. She did not care: she felt him to be so powerless that if he had questioned her she would probably have told him the truth. But they had never spoken to each other since the night on the wharf at Nettleton. He had returned to North Dormer only on the third day after that encounter, arriving just as Charity and Verena were sitting down to supper. He had drawn up his chair, taken his napkin from the side-board drawer, pulled it out of its ring, and seated

慈諦帶領夏尼去到荒廢小屋的第二天，夏尼就收拾好行裝，離開瓜斯頓河說要去波士頓；但只過了一個火車站，他就攜了個輕便手提袋走到山上去。金色八月，兩周連續無雨，他在屋子裏宿營，從山谷裏一座孤零零的農莊買來雞蛋和牛奶。那裏沒有人認識他，食物買回來後，就用酒精燈煮食。每天曙光初現，他就醒來，到附近的一個棕色水塘沐浴，然後走上屋子上頭沁發香氣的鐵杉林內，在草地上靜躺好幾個小時；又或者爬到鷹嶺上，在山脊漫遊，俯瞰下面煙雲籠罩的藍色山谷縈迴在綿延丘陵之間。到了下午，慈諦就來與他會合。

慈諦拿餘下的積蓄租了部單車，為期一個月。每天午餐後，一等到她的監護人離家到鎮會堂去，她就趕到圖書館，把單車推出來，飛快地沿瓜斯頓路騎去小屋。她知道萊亞先生跟村民都知道她租了部單車，也會知道她租來作什麼用途，但她都不顧了。他還能做什麼？要是他敢質問，她多半會說出實情；但自從蕁麻鎮碼頭那一幕之後，他倆就沒再

himself as unconcernedly as if he had come in from his usual afternoon session at Carrick Fry's; and the long habit of the household made it seem almost natural that Charity should not so much as raise her eyes when he entered. She had simply let him understand that her silence was not accidental by leaving the table while he was still eating, and going up without a word to shut herself into her room. After that he formed the habit of talking loudly and genially to Verena whenever Charity was in the room; but otherwise there was no apparent change in their relations.

She did not think connectedly of these things while she sat waiting for Harney, but they remained in her mind as a sullen background against which her short hours with him flamed out like forest fires. Nothing else mattered, neither the good nor the bad, or what might have seemed so before she knew him. He had caught her up and carried her away into a new world, from which, at stated hours, the ghost of her came back to perform certain customary acts, but all so thinly and insubstantially that she sometimes wondered that the people she went about among could see her....

Behind the swarthy Mountain the sun had gone down in waveless gold. From a

交談。那晚之後，第三天他才回來，剛好是慈諦和慧麗娜入席晚餐之際，他拉開椅子，從櫥櫃取出餐巾、解開餐巾環，若無其事地坐下來，十足往日下午從嘉力·費爾處閒聊後回來的樣子。慈諦很自然地眼也不抬，那是長久以來的家居習慣；可是她要令他明白她是故意保持靜默，所以不待他用餐完畢，就一言不發地離座，上樓把自己關在房內。自此之後，每當與慈諦共處一室內，他就老是大聲愉快地與慧麗娜說話，除此之外，他倆的關係沒有明顯改變。

慈諦坐在石上等候夏尼之時，這些事都只是斷續地在腦中浮現，但它們形成一個陰沉的背景，而她與夏尼相處的短短幾個小時，就似森林大火般在它前面浩浩焚燒。什麼事都不要緊，在遇見他之前，好事、壞事，或她以為是好或壞的事，現在對她來說，都不重要了。他抓住她、把她提升帶到一個新世界去，然後，在某些特定時刻，她的魂魄回來做

pasture up the slope a tinkle of cow-bells sounded; a puff of smoke hung over the farm in the valley, trailed on the pure air and was gone. For a few minutes, in the clear light that is all shadow, fields and woods were outlined with an unreal precision; then the twilight blotted them out, and the little house turned gray and spectral under its wizened apple-branches.

Charity's heart contracted. The first fall of night after a day of radiance often gave her a sense of hidden menace: it was like looking out over the world as it would be when love had gone from it. She wondered if some day she would sit in that same place and watch in vain for her lover....

His bicycle-bell sounded down the lane, and in a minute she was at the gate and his eyes were laughing in hers. They walked back through the long grass, and pushed open the door behind the house. The room at first seemed quite dark and they had to grope their way in hand in hand. Through the window-frame the sky looked light by contrast, and above the black mass of asters in the earthen jar one white star glimmered like a moth.

"There was such a lot to do at the last

些慣性的事。她有時覺得自己是如此神不守舍、輕飄飄似的，周圍的人是否真的見到她……

太陽已沉落黝黑的大山之下，天空只剩下靜靜的一片金色。山崗後面的牧場上，傳來牛鈴的一串響聲，山谷內的農場上，有道輕煙在純淨的天上飄過，然後就消散了。夕陽餘暉持續了短短的幾分鐘，黃昏蒙影中，田野和樹林的綫條給刻畫得分明，不似是真實。很快薄暮把所有事物變得朦朧一片，小屋換成暗灰色，在乾癟的蘋果樹梢下，帶着幽靈味道。

慈諦的心束緊。經過了一整天的耀目陽光，日暮乍至那一刻，她常感到一陣隱隱的威脅：就像看着愛遠離後的世界。她想：有一天她會否坐在同一地點上，等候那不再出現的愛人……

夏尼的單車鈴聲在小路上傳來，她馬上跑到柵門前，迎來同是笑意盈盈的眼睛。他倆走過長草地，來到屋子背後，推開後門，屋內很暗，起初他們要手拖

minute," Harney was explaining, "and I had to drive down to Creston to meet someone who has come to stay with my cousin for the show."

He had his arms about her, and his kisses were in her hair and on her lips. Under his touch things deep down in her struggled to the light and sprang up like flowers in sunshine. She twisted her fingers into his, and they sat down side by side on the improvised couch. She hardly heard his excuses for being late: in his absence a thousand doubts tormented her, but as soon as he appeared she ceased to wonder where he had come from, what had delayed him, who had kept him from her. It seemed as if the places he had been in, and the people he had been with, must cease to exist when he left them, just as her own life was suspended in his absence.

He continued, now, to talk to her volubly and gaily, deploring his lateness, grumbling at the demands on his time, and good-humouredly mimicking Miss Hatchard's benevolent agitation. "She hurried off Miles to ask Mr. Royall to speak at the Town Hall tomorrow: I didn't know till it was done." Charity was silent, and he added: "After all, perhaps it's just as well. No one else could have done it."

手摸索着前行。窗框外的天空，相比之下，仍然透着光，闊口瓶裏那一大束野紫菀成了暗黑一團，但上面有顆星星發出微弱的光芒，就像一隻飛蛾。

「最後一刻要做的事太多了！」夏尼解釋：「我還要駕車到瓜斯頓去接一個出席慶禮的朋友，把她安頓在表親家哩！」

他的臂環抱着她，吻遍她的頭髮、嘴唇；在他的愛撫下，她身內深藏的某些東西拼命外掙、迎向光綫，就像花朵在陽光中綻放。她的手指緊扣他的，兩人並肩坐在那張臨時睡褥上。她沒留心去聽他遲到的原因；當他不出現的時候，她被千般疑慮所苦，但一見到他，她就不去想他從何處來，是什麼耽誤了他、阻隔他倆相聚的時光。就好像他曾去的地方、曾見的人，在他離開的一刻都不存在了；就如她見不到他的時候，生活也似是停頓下來。

他的話很多，滔滔不絕，很開心的樣子，首先自責遲到，又抱怨有太多事要

Charity made no answer: She did not care what part her guardian played in the morrow's ceremonies. Like all the other figures peopling her meagre world he had grown non-existent to her. She had even put off hating him.

"Tomorrow I shall only see you from far off," Harney continued. "But in the evening there'll be the dance in the Town Hall. Do you want me to promise not to dance with any other girl?"

Any other girl? Were there any others? She had forgotten even that peril, so enclosed did he and she seem in their secret world. Her heart gave a frightened jerk.

"Yes, promise."

He laughed and took her in his arms. "You goose--not even if they're hideous?"

He pushed the hair from her forehead, bending her face back, as his way was, and leaning over so that his head loomed black between her eyes and the paleness of the sky, in which the white star floated...

兼顧，並且開心地模仿哈察小姐焦急而不失敦厚的樣子。「她催邁爾斯去邀請萊亞先生明天在鎮會堂演說；這事之前我不知情。」慈諦不作聲。他往下說：「無論如何，也是件好事吧！實在沒有誰可站出來演說。」

慈諦沒有回答，她的監護人在明天的典禮上擔當什麼角色，她毫不關心；一如在她狹陋世界內生存的人，他也變得不真實，現在，甚至連恨也談不上了。

「明天我只會在遠處望見妳。」夏尼繼續說：「但到了晚上，在鎮會堂舞會內，妳要我應承不跟其他女孩跳舞嗎？」

其他女孩？有嗎？他倆似乎處於一個秘密世界內太深了，致使她連這危機也忘掉，心嚇得大大跳動一下。

「要！你要應承。」

他笑起來，把她攬進懷裏。「小傻瓜！醜的也不可以？」

Side by side they sped back along the dark wood-road to the village. A late moon was rising, full orbed and fiery, turning the mountain ranges from fluid gray to a massive blackness, and making the upper sky so light that the stars looked as faint as their own reflections in water. At the edge of the wood, half a mile from North Dormer, Harney jumped from his bicycle, took Charity in his arms for a last kiss, and then waited while she went on alone.

They were later than usual, and instead of taking the bicycle to the library she propped it against the back of the wood-shed and entered the kitchen of the red house. Verena sat there alone; when Charity came in she looked at her with mild impenetrable eyes and then took a plate and a glass of milk from the shelf and set them silently on the table. Charity nodded her thanks, and sitting down, fell hungrily upon her piece of pie and emptied the glass. Her face burned with her quick flight through the night, and her eyes were dazzled by the twinkle of the kitchen lamp. She felt like a night-bird suddenly caught and caged.

"He ain't come back since supper,"  
Verena said. "He's down to the Hall."

就如他一貫的方式，他撥開她額上的髮梢，把她的臉向後仰，然後湊過來，他的頭擋着昏暗的天色，在她眼前成了黑色的一團，白濛濛的星星在上面飄浮……

在回村的黑暗林間小路上，他們並排騎車疾馳。遲來的月亮經已升起，團團、亮白得熾熱，將山嶺從流動的灰色變成厚實的黝黑。高空是如此光亮，星星看上去是淡淡的，就像它們在水中的倒映。到了樹林邊，約離北多馬還有半哩多的路程，夏尼跳下單車，把慈諦攬進懷裏給她最後一吻，然後看着她獨自離去。

他們今天走得比往日遲，所以慈諦沒把車騎去圖書館，她逕直回家，把車停在棚屋後面，從廚房進去。慧麗娜獨個兒坐在裏面，看着她進門，目光溫和，但內裏叫人看不透。她靜靜地從架上取了隻碟子和倒杯牛奶放在桌子上，慈諦點頭道謝，坐下來狼吞虎嚥，把餡餅和牛奶全吃光了。她的臉因晚上的急速騎車而發紅，望着閃爍的廚房燈，她的眼睛

Charity took no notice. Her soul was still winging through the forest. She washed her plate and tumbler, and then felt her way up the dark stairs. When she opened her door a wonder arrested her. Before going out she had closed her shutters against the afternoon heat, but they had swung partly open, and a bar of moonlight, crossing the room, rested on her bed and showed a dress of China silk laid out on it in virgin whiteness. Charity had spent more than she could afford on the dress, which was to surpass those of all the other girls; she had wanted to let North Dormer see that she was worthy of Harney's admiration. Above the dress, folded on the pillow, was the white veil which the young women who took part in the exercises were to wear under a wreath of asters; and beside the veil a pair of slim white satin shoes that Ally had produced from an old trunk in which she stored mysterious treasures.

Charity stood gazing at all the outspread whiteness. It recalled a vision that had come to her in the night after her first meeting with Harney. She no longer had such visions... warmer splendours had displaced them... but it was stupid of Ally to have paraded all those white things on her bed, exactly as Hattie Targatt's wedding dress from Springfield had been spread out for the neighbours to see when she married Tom Fry....

發花；她覺得自己似是隻夜鳥，突然被人捉住關進籠裏。

「他午餐後就沒回來；去了鎮會堂那邊。」慧麗娜說。

慈諦並沒聽進去，她的靈魂仍在林間飛翔。洗了用過的杯碟後，就摸索着走上黑暗的樓梯。她一打開房門，馬上見到一幕奇景：本來那天出門前，因為不想陽光在下午曬進房間，她把百頁窗子關了，現在卻不知何故打開了少許，一道月光射進來，落在床上，照見上面擱着一條潔白無瑕的中國絲裙子。慈諦為了這條裙子，耗盡所有積蓄，目的是把所有女孩比下去，她要北多馬人知道，難怪夏尼為她傾心！裙子上頭、摺疊在枕面的是一方白色面紗，慶典中參與運動項目演出的女孩要把它披在紫菀花環下，面紗旁是一對纖巧的白絹有跟鞋子。雅莉有個舊箱子，內藏奇奇怪怪的好東西，鞋子應是其一。

慈諦站在那裏，望着攤開的多件白色衣物，憶起初遇夏尼的那個晚上，她在夜

Charity took up the satin shoes and looked at them curiously. By day, no doubt, they would appear a little worn, but in the moonlight they seemed carved of ivory. She sat down on the floor to try them on, and they fitted her perfectly, though when she stood up she lurched a little on the high heels. She looked down at her feet, which the graceful mould of the slippers had marvellously arched and narrowed. She had never seen such shoes before, even in the shop-windows at Nettleton... never, except... yes, once, she had noticed a pair of the same shape on Annabel Balch.

A blush of mortification swept over her. Ally sometimes sewed for Miss Balch when that brilliant being descended on North Dormer, and no doubt she picked up presents of cast-off clothing: the treasures in the mysterious trunk all came from the people she worked for; there could be no doubt that the white slippers were Annabel Balch's....

As she stood there, staring down moodily at her feet, she heard the triple click-click-click of a bicycle-bell under her window. It was Harney's secret signal as he passed on his way home. She stumbled to the window on her high heels, flung open the shutters and leaned out. He waved to her and sped by, his

裏浮想聯翩的景象。她不再有那些遐想……它們已被溫暖的美好時光所替代，但雅莉把所有的白色衣物全攤出來，做法太傻了。哈蒂·泰格跟湯姆·費爾結婚，從春田市訂來婚紗，為了讓鄰居見識見識，才會這樣子攤開的呀！

慈諦撿起絹鞋，好奇地審視。如是在白天，鞋子會看來有點舊；但在月光下，它就似是象牙雕刻品。她坐在地板上試穿，完全合腳，不過一站起來，高的鞋跟使她的身體向前傾。她往下望望，鞋子的造型優美，顯出纖巧、細窄的弓形。她從沒見過這種鞋子，甚至蕁麻鎮的櫥窗也沒陳列……從來沒有，除非……是了，有一次，安娜貝·巴柱就穿過同樣的鞋子！

她的臉登時羞紅了。每逢光彩動人的巴柱小姐駕臨北多馬，有時會找雅莉為她縫點東西。毫無疑問，她不要的布料衣物就會送給雅莉。雅莉那個八寶箱內的好東西都是來自她的客人，那雙鞋子肯定是安娜貝·巴柱的舊物……

black shadow dancing merrily ahead of him down the empty moonlit road; and she leaned there watching him till he vanished under the Hatchard spruces.

### XIII

THE Town Hall was crowded and exceedingly hot. As Charity marched into it third in the white muslin file headed by Orma Fry, she was conscious mainly of the brilliant effect of the wreathed columns framing the green-carpeted stage toward which she was moving; and of the unfamiliar faces turning from the front rows to watch the advance of the procession.

But it was all a bewildering blur of eyes and colours till she found herself standing at the back of the stage, her great bunch of asters and goldenrod held well in front of her, and answering the nervous glance of Lambert Sollas, the organist from Mr. Miles's church, who had come up from Nettleton to play the harmonium and sat behind it, his conductor's eye running over the fluttered girls.

就在她站在那裏，盯着雙足而思緒起伏之際，耳邊聽到窗下傳來單車的三下連續鈴聲，那是夏尼路經她家，向她傳達的秘密暗號。她穿着那雙高跟鞋，步履不穩地趕到窗前，一手推開百頁窗子，探身出去。他向她揮揮手，飛快地過去了。月光下，他的黑影在前方空闊的路上快樂地跳舞。她一直倚在窗前望，直至他在哈察家的雲杉下消失。

### 十三

鎮會堂坐滿了人，而且熱極了。身穿白細紗裙子的女孩魚貫步入，領頭的是奧瑪·費爾，慈諦排第三。她朝着鋪了綠地毯的舞台邁步，投進視線內的是豎立在兩側、纏繞了美麗花環的柱子；另外，就是首排轉頭過來望着她們前進的陌生面孔。

但那些眼睛、那些顏色都叫人迷惑，看過去只是模糊一片。然後她察覺自己已站在舞台後方，雙手在身前緊緊持着一大束紫菀和秋麒麟。這時，目光掃過去，剛好遇上風琴手林拔·索勒斯投過來的緊張眼神。他隸屬邁爾斯牧師主持

A moment later Mr. Miles, pink and twinkling, emerged from the background, as if buoyed up on his broad white gown, and briskly dominated the bowed heads in the front rows. He prayed energetically and briefly and then retired, and a fierce nod from Lambert Sollas warned the girls that they were to follow at once with "Home, Sweet Home." It was a joy to Charity to sing: it seemed as though, for the first time, her secret rapture might burst from her and flash its defiance at the world. All the glow in her blood, the breath of the summer earth, the rustle of the forest, the fresh call of birds at sunrise, and the brooding midday languors, seemed to pass into her untrained voice, lifted and led by the sustaining chorus.

And then suddenly the song was over, and after an uncertain pause, during which Miss Hatchard's pearl-grey gloves started a furtive signalling down the hall, Mr. Royall, emerging in turn, ascended the steps of the stage and appeared behind the flower-wreathed desk. He passed close to Charity, and she noticed that his gravely set face wore the look of majesty that used to awe and fascinate her childhood. His frock-coat had been carefully brushed and ironed, and the ends of his narrow black tie were so nearly even that the tying must have cost him a protracted struggle. His appearance struck her all the more because it was the first time she had

的教會，特意從蕁麻鎮過來為大會彈奏小風琴，同時是合唱團的指揮。這時，他的眼睛逐一在那群慌亂的女孩面上掠過。

過了一刻，面靨粉紅發亮的邁爾斯牧師從後面現身。一件寬大的白袍似把他整個人升托至台前，登時把頭幾排俛首的人都震懾住了。他中氣十足地作了個短短的領禱，就退下來；然後林拔·索勒斯猛地一點頭，那是個提示，叫女孩開口唱：「家！甜蜜的家！」慈諦為了可以放懷高歌而雀躍，似乎她隱藏的快樂首次可爆發出來，肆然射向全世界！她血液中的光華、夏天的大地氣息、樹林的簌動、烏雀拂曉的初鳴、中午慵懶的倦怠，似全都注入她未經訓練的聲綫中，隨着合唱團的節奏高升。

歌曲忽然停止，然後是一陣莫名的靜默，哈察小姐的珍珠灰色手套偷偷向會堂後邊打個手勢，就輪到萊亞先生現身了。他踏上舞台的梯級，站到綴以花串的桌子後面。在他行經慈諦身邊時，她留意到他嚴肅的神情，年幼的她目睹那

looked him full in the face since the night at Nettleton, and nothing in his grave and impressive demeanour revealed a trace of the lamentable figure on the wharf.

He stood a moment behind the desk, resting his finger-tips against it, and bending slightly toward his audience; then he straightened himself and began.

At first she paid no heed to what he was saying: only fragments of sentences, sonorous quotations, allusions to illustrious men, including the obligatory tribute to Honorius Hatchard, drifted past her inattentive ears. She was trying to discover Harney among the notable people in the front row; but he was nowhere near Miss Hatchard, who, crowned by a pearl-grey hat that matched her gloves, sat just below the desk, supported by Mrs. Miles and an important-looking unknown lady. Charity was near one end of the stage, and from where she sat the other end of the first row of seats was cut off by the screen of foliage masking the harmonium. The effort to see Harney around the corner of the screen, or through its interstices, made her unconscious of everything else; but the effort was unsuccessful, and gradually she found her attention arrested by her guardian's discourse.

She had never heard him speak in public

股威嚴，每每心生敬畏。他的長外套給仔細刷乾淨、燙得平平滑滑，窄長的黑領帶兩端長度一致，打領結時一定花了他不少功夫。他這一身打扮，使她眼前一亮。畢竟自從蕁麻鎮晚上那一幕，這刻她才首次好好地去望他。他的舉止令人肅然起敬，碼頭上那可悲形象此刻不留一絲痕跡。

他站在桌子後面，十隻指頭抵在桌上，身體稍稍面向聽眾前傾。當他再度伸直身體，就開始演說了。

起初她沒留意他說話的內容，那些斷續的語句、鏗鏘的雋語、名人的事蹟——包括應向洪諾留·哈察致意的敬辭，都在耳邊一溜而過；她只想在前排嘉賓中找到夏尼。不過他不在哈察小姐身旁。哈察小姐戴了頂跟手套同一珍珠灰色的帽子，坐的位置正在舞台桌子下方，兩側傍着她的是邁爾斯牧師和一個很有氣派的陌生女士。慈諦坐在台上靠邊的位置，她的視線剛好被置於風琴前的植物屏風所阻擋，台下首排座位的另一

before, but she was familiar with the rolling music of his voice when he read aloud, or held forth to the selectmen about the stove at Carrick Fry's. Today his inflections were richer and graver than she had ever known them: he spoke slowly, with pauses that seemed to invite his hearers to silent participation in his thought; and Charity perceived a light of response in their faces.

He was nearing the end of his address... "Most of you," he said, "most of you who have returned here today, to take contact with this little place for a brief hour, have come only on a pious pilgrimage, and will go back presently to busy cities and lives full of larger duties. But that is not the only way of coming back to North Dormer. Some of us, who went out from here in our youth... went out, like you, to busy cities and larger duties... have come back in another way--come back for good. I am one of those, as many of you know...." He paused, and there was a sense of suspense in the listening hall. "My history is without interest, but it has its lesson: not so much for those of you who have already made your lives in other places, as for the young men who are perhaps planning even now to leave these quiet hills and go down into the struggle. Things they cannot foresee may send some of those young men back some day to the little township and the old homestead: they may come back for

端就看不到了。她的眼睛竭力從屏風的邊緣或隙縫中尋找夏尼，其他的事全不留心；可是總不成功，慢慢她的注意力就給她監護人的演講逮住了。

她從未聽過他在公眾場合演說，不過他富於節奏感的朗讀聲綫，又或是在嘉力·費爾的店內，在火爐旁向管理委員會成員所作的長篇大論，倒是聽慣了。今天，他的聲調比起往日有更多變化、也更為嚴肅，他說得很慢，並不時稍作停頓，像是邀請聽眾跟他一起默默思考。他們的臉上，亦浮現出反應。

他已差不多去到演辭的結尾……「你們中間大部分人，」他說：「大部分今天回鄉的人，在這小地方耽上短短時光，帶着一份虔誠的朝聖心情，之後就會返回繁忙的都市去，履行生活中更大的責任。但回鄉還有其他的原因。我們這裏有些人年輕時就到外地去……跟你們一樣，搬到繁忙的都市居住、履行生活中更大的責任……但因某個原因回來了……而且定居此地。我就是其中一個，你們許多人都很清楚……」他停下

good...." He looked about him, and repeated gravely: "For GOOD. There's the point I want to make... North Dormer is a poor little place, almost lost in a mighty landscape: perhaps, by this time, it might have been a bigger place, and more in scale with the landscape, if those who had to come back had come with that feeling in their minds--that they wanted to come back for GOOD... and not for bad... or just for indifference....

"Gentlemen, let us look at things as they are. Some of us have come back to our native town because we'd failed to get on elsewhere. One way or other, things had gone wrong with us... what we'd dreamed of hadn't come true. But the fact that we had failed elsewhere is no reason why we should fail here. Our very experiments in larger places, even if they were unsuccessful, ought to have helped us to make North Dormer a larger place... and you young men who are preparing even now to follow the call of ambition, and turn your back on the old homes--well, let me say this to you, that if ever you do come back to them it's worth while to come back to them for their good.... And to do that, you must

來，聆聽中的會堂都在等待他說下去。

「我這一生沒什麼特別，但它教曉了我一些東西：它對已在外地落地生根的人沒有多大用途，但對那些準備離開這一帶幽靜的山丘、外出打拼的年輕人或會有所啓發。將來或有一天，他們遇上一些不能逆料的事，會回來這個小鎮和他們的老家，他們也許以後永遠好好地安居此地……」他望望四周的聽眾，嚴肅地重複一次：「永遠好好地安居此地——這就是我要闡說的一點……北多馬是個貧窮的小村鎮，差不多埋沒在高山丘崗之間，以後，或許它會變成一個較大的地方，配得上周圍的山川河流，假使那些被迫回來的人心裏有這個想法，就是他們回來是為了好好地安居，不是抱着歹活……或無所謂的心態……」

「諸君！讓我們看清楚，有些人回到家鄉來，是因為在他方遇到挫折，不知出於哪個原因，運命不如人意……當初的夢想化成泡影；不過在別處失敗了，沒理由在這裏也一定失敗。我們在大市鎮的經歷，就算最終遇上了失敗，也能幫

keep on loving them while you're away from them; and even if you come back against your will--and thinking it's all a bitter mistake of Fate or Providence--you must try to make the best of it, and to make the best of your old town; and after a while--well, ladies and gentlemen, I give you my recipe for what it's worth; after a while, I believe you'll be able to say, as I can say today: 'I'm glad I'm here.' Believe me, all of you, the best way to help the places we live in is to be glad we live there."

He stopped, and a murmur of emotion and surprise ran through the audience. It was not in the least what they had expected, but it moved them more than what they had expected would have moved them. "Hear, hear!" a voice cried out in the middle of the hall. An outburst of cheers caught up the cry, and as they subsided Charity heard Mr. Miles saying to someone near him: "That was a MAN talking----" He wiped his spectacles.

Mr. Royall had stepped back from the desk, and taken his seat in the row of chairs in front of the harmonium. A dapper white-haired gentleman—a distant Hatchard--succeeded him behind the goldenrod, and began to say beautiful things about the old oaken bucket, patient white-haired mothers, and where the boys used to go nutting... and Charity began again to search for

助我們把北多馬營造成一個較大的地方……座中的年輕人，你們有顆上進的心，準備離開家園去闖一番事業，請聽我進一言，假使有一天回來，須知道你是值得為你家園的福祉而回來的……為了這個原因，在你離開以後，就算被迫回來，也應繼續愛你的家園；被迫回來只是造化弄人。你要盡力做到最好，也要把你的家鄉變得更為美好。各位！稍後我會告訴大家保留北多馬的價值的秘訣；之後，大家或可如我今天一樣，宣稱：很高興我能居於此地。在座各位，請相信我，對你居留之地最有幫助的事——就是樂於居留該地。」

他講完了，聽眾傳出一片驚詫、感嘆的低低語音。這篇演說完全出乎他們的預期，但就比他們的預期更深深的觸動了內心。「說得好！」會堂中央有把聲音高喊，聽眾都報以喝采。當采聲減弱之時，慈諦聽到邁爾斯牧師跟旁邊的人說：「這是個真男人所說的話……」隨即除下眼鏡揩抹。

萊亞先生從桌後回到風琴前那排椅子

Harney....

Suddenly Mr. Royall pushed back his seat, and one of the maple branches in front of the harmonium collapsed with a crash. It uncovered the end of the first row and in one of the seats Charity saw Harney, and in the next a lady whose face was turned toward him, and almost hidden by the brim of her drooping hat. Charity did not need to see the face. She knew at a glance the slim figure, the fair hair heaped up under the hat-brim, the long pale wrinkled gloves with bracelets slipping over them. At the fall of the branch Miss Balch turned her head toward the stage, and in her pretty thin-lipped smile there lingered the reflection of something her neighbour had been whispering to her....

Someone came forward to replace the fallen branch, and Miss Balch and Harney were once more hidden. But to Charity the vision of their two faces had blotted out everything. In a flash they had shown her the bare reality of her situation. Behind the frail screen of her lover's caresses was the whole inscrutable mystery of his life: his relations with other people--with other women--his opinions, his prejudices, his principles, the net of influences and interests and ambitions in which every man's life is entangled. Of all these she knew nothing, except what he had told her of his architectural aspirations. She

坐下。哈察家一位遠房親戚——是位衣裳楚楚的銀髮紳士，隨即從秋麒麟後面步出，開始講述跟老橡木桶有關的美麗故事、那些富於耐性的白髮老母親、男孩子常去採摘乾果的地方……慈諦又用眼睛搜索夏尼了……

忽然間，萊亞先生把他的椅子向後挪，觸及風琴前的楓樹擺設，其中一株樹枝「啪」的一聲倒下來。第一排尾端的座位不再被遮蔽，慈諦望見夏尼了！他旁邊有位女士，整個面孔差不多被下垂的帽緣遮住，正面向他。慈諦不用去看那張臉屬誰，單是望見那纖細的身材、帽緣下如雲的金髮、那雙套了手鐲的淺色打褶長手套，已知一定是巴柱小姐。在樹枝倒下那一刻，她的臉轉向舞台，形狀美好的薄嘴唇顯露微笑，是剛聽完鄰座耳語後的反應……

有人走上前扶起楓樹枝，夏尼和巴柱小姐又給遮蔽起來。但在慈諦來說，只見到他倆面對面凝望的一幕，其他事物都模糊了。有如電光一閃，他們讓她看清楚身處的赤裸現實。她情人的撫愛是個

had always dimly guessed him to be in touch with important people, involved in complicated relations--but she felt it all to be so far beyond her understanding that the whole subject hung like a luminous mist on the farthest verge of her thoughts. In the foreground, hiding all else, there was the glow of his presence, the light and shadow of his face, the way his short-sighted eyes, at her approach, widened and deepened as if to draw her down into them; and, above all, the flush of youth and tenderness in which his words enclosed her.

Now she saw him detached from her, drawn back into the unknown, and whispering to another girl things that provoked the same smile of mischievous complicity he had so often called to her own lips. The feeling possessing her was not one of jealousy: she was too sure of his love. It was rather a terror of the unknown, of all the mysterious attractions that must even now be dragging him away from her, and of her own powerlessness to contend with them.

She had given him all she had--but what was it compared to the other gifts life held for him? She understood now the case of girls like herself to whom this kind of thing happened. They gave all they had, but their all was not enough: it could not buy more than a few

單薄的屏障，遮掩了他生活不可知的另一面：他對於其他人、尤其是女性，有什麼看法，抱持什麼原則或成見；此外，利益、權力和野心，在每個男性的生活中都是糾結成一團，這些她全不知道，只聽過他在建築方面的抱負而已。她早已隱約猜到他有跟一些大人物來往，擁有複雜的關係網絡；但這些都是她所不懂的東西，它們像是腦袋深處懸掛的一層發光煙霧；而在前方遮蓋了一切事物的是：他抒發的光華、他臉上的陰晴變化、他的近視眼在她走近之時會睜大、再深深一望，似要把她整個人吸進去；更重要的是，他言語內流注的青春和柔情把她網住了。

現在他跟她分隔，見到他給那不可知的世界拉回去，跟另一個女孩低語什麼俏皮話，令女孩泛起有所意會的微笑，就跟他哄她時的反應一樣。她感受到的不是妒忌，她絕對相信他是愛她的；她恐懼的是那些不可知的東西，那神秘的吸力一定正在把他從她身邊扯走，而她無力與之對抗。

moments....

The heat had grown suffocating--she felt it descend on her in smothering waves, and the faces in the crowded hall began to dance like the pictures flashed on the screen at Nettleton. For an instant Mr. Royall's countenance detached itself from the general blur. He had resumed his place in front of the harmonium, and sat close to her, his eyes on her face; and his look seemed to pierce to the very centre of her confused sensations.... A feeling of physical sickness rushed over her--and then deadly apprehension. The light of the fiery hours in the little house swept back on her in a glare of fear....

She forced herself to look away from her guardian, and became aware that the oratory of the Hatchard cousin had ceased, and that Mr. Miles was again flapping his wings. Fragments of his peroration floated through her bewildered brain.... "A rich harvest of hallowed memories.... A sanctified hour to which, in moments of trial, your thoughts will prayerfully return.... And now, O Lord, let us humbly and fervently give thanks for this blessed day of reunion, here in the old home to which we have come back from so far. Preserve it to us, O Lord, in times to come, in all its homely sweetness--in the kindness and wisdom of its old people, in the courage and industry of its young

她已對他奉獻了一切；但與他生命中留待的其他禮物相比，又算得上什麼？村中那些同一遭遇的女孩的心態，現在她終於明白了！她們是傾盡自己所有，只是她們的所有並不足夠，只能買來幾晌辰光……

會堂的悶熱使人窒息，她覺得陣陣熱浪向她襲來，令她不能呼吸，聽眾的臉孔似在跳舞，就像蕁麻鎮戲院銀幕上閃動的影片。有一刻，萊亞先生的面孔在渾沌一片中分離出來，他回到風琴前的座位上，靠近她的位置，盯着她望，眼神似戳進她混亂意識的中心點……忽然間她感到很不舒服……令她極度擔心的念頭襲來，在小屋度過的火熱時光眩目回射，使她大起恐慌……

她強迫自己不去望她的監護人，然後察覺到哈察家表親的演說經已完結，邁爾斯牧師又在拍翼了，他的結語片段在她恍惚的腦袋裏飄浮……「神聖回憶的大豐收……這崇奉的一個小時，在受到考驗的時候，虔誠的你會重新憶記……上

men, in the piety and purity of this group of innocent girls----" He flapped a white wing in their direction, and at the same moment Lambert Sollas, with his fierce nod, struck the opening bars of "Auld Lang Syne." ...Charity stared straight ahead of her and then, dropping her flowers, fell face downward at Mr. Royall's feet.

#### XIV

NORTH DORMER'S celebration naturally included the villages attached to its township, and the festivities were to radiate over the whole group, from Dormer and the two Crestons to Hamblin, the lonely hamlet on the north slope of the Mountain where the first snow always fell. On the third day there were speeches and ceremonies at Creston and Creston River; on the fourth the principal performers were to be driven in buck-boards to Dormer and Hamblin. It was on the fourth day that Charity returned for the first time to the little house. She had not seen Harney alone since they had parted at the wood's edge the night before the celebrations began. In the interval she had passed through many moods, but for the moment the terror which had seized her in the Town Hall had faded to the edge of consciousness. She had fainted because the hall was stiflingly hot, and because the speakers had gone on and on.... Several other people had been affected by the heat, and had had to

主！現在讓我們謙卑、熱烈地感謝這幸福的一天，大家從遠處回來團聚。上主！請為我們保留我們的老家，在未來日子它仍是溫暖甜蜜——老人仍是善良睿智、小夥子仍是勤勞勇敢、這群無邪姑娘仍是純潔虔敬……」他伸出一幅白翼，向她們揮動；同時間，林拔·索勒斯猛地一點頭，開始演奏《友誼萬歲》……慈諦瞪着前方，手中的花束跌下，整個人在萊亞先生腳下一頭栽倒。

#### 十四

北多馬舉行慶典的地點自然涵蓋所有隸屬它管轄範圍內的村子，於是歡慶節目接連地舉行：從多馬開始，然後是瓜斯頓、瓜斯頓河，最後是咸連——那個位於大山北坡的孤零零村莊，初雪總是先從那裏降下。第三天，瓜斯頓及瓜斯頓河會有一些演說和儀式；第四天，主要的表演者會坐四輪馬車到多馬和咸連去。就在那一天，慈諦首次再度踏足小屋。自從慶典開始的前一天晚上，她跟夏尼在林邊分手以後，兩人就沒單獨見面了。期間，她的情緒經歷了許多變

leave before the exercises were over. There had been thunder in the air all the afternoon, and everyone said afterward that something ought to have been done to ventilate the hall....

At the dance that evening--where she had gone reluctantly, and only because she feared to stay away, she had sprung back into instant reassurance. As soon as she entered she had seen Harney waiting for her, and he had come up with kind gay eyes, and swept her off in a waltz. Her feet were full of music, and though her only training had been with the village youths she had no difficulty in tuning her steps to his. As they circled about the floor all her vain fears dropped from her, and she even forgot that she was probably dancing in Annabel Balch's slippers.

When the waltz was over Harney, with a last hand-clasp, left her to meet Miss Hatchard and Miss Balch, who were just entering. Charity had a moment of anguish as Miss Balch appeared; but it did not last. The triumphant fact of her own greater beauty, and of Harney's sense of it, swept her apprehensions aside. Miss Balch, in an unbecoming dress, looked sallow and pinched, and Charity fancied there was a worried expression in her pale-lashed eyes. She took a seat near Miss Hatchard and it

幻，不過在此刻，在會堂內那猝然而來的恐懼感經已消退，她昏過去是因為會堂太悶熱，整個下午雷聲隆隆，演講的嘉賓又如江河般滔滔不絕……有很多人同樣抵受不住，運動環節完結前已不得不離開。後來人人都說會堂應改善通風設施……

那夜的舞會她本不想去，不過又不敢不去，到達之後，就馬上放下心來了。步入大堂時，夏尼已在等候，一見到她，就舉步上前，望着她的眼神是愉悅和氣的，然後就擁她隨着華爾茲音樂起舞。她的步伐富於節奏感，就算過往跳舞的對象只限於村中的小夥子，跟上他的步伐也毫不困難。他們在廳中來回轉圈，她所有沒來由的恐懼都消除了，甚至忘記腳上穿的舞鞋多半來自安娜貝·巴柱！

華爾茲跳完了，夏尼提着她的手，緊捏最後一下，就離開她的身邊，跟正在步進來的哈察小姐和巴柱小姐打招呼。巴

was presently apparent that she did not mean to dance. Charity did not dance often either. Harney explained to her that Miss Hatchard had begged him to give each of the other girls a turn; but he went through the form of asking Charity's permission each time he led one out, and that gave her a sense of secret triumph even completer than when she was whirling about the room with him.

She was thinking of all this as she waited for him in the deserted house. The late afternoon was sultry, and she had tossed aside her hat and stretched herself at full length on the Mexican blanket because it was cooler indoors than under the trees. She lay with her arms folded beneath her head, gazing out at the shaggy shoulder of the Mountain. The sky behind it was full of the splintered glories of the descending sun, and before long she expected to hear Harney's bicycle-bell in the lane. He had bicycled to Hamblin, instead of driving there with his cousin and her friends, so that he might be able to make his escape earlier and stop on the way back at the deserted house, which was on the road to Hamblin. They had smiled together at the joke of hearing the crowded buck-boards roll by on the return, while they lay close in their hiding above the road. Such childish triumphs still gave her a sense of reckless security.

柱小姐現身之際，慈諦心內又一陣束緊，不過很快就釋然了；因為相較之下，她明顯比巴柱小姐更為漂亮，而夏尼也覺察了這一點。這份勝利感驅除了她的一切恐懼。巴柱小姐穿了條不適合她的裙子，望上去臉兒黃黃的，很是憔悴；慈諦甚至覺得她那淺色睫毛下的神情帶着憂慮。她坐在哈察小姐旁邊，很明顯是無心跳舞。慈諦也沒怎跳。夏尼說哈察小姐懇請他輪流去邀每個女孩共舞；而他例必在邀請之前，先去徵得慈諦的同意。他這個做法，令她心中大大得意，比起他擁着她在廳中轉圈更為滿足！

慈諦在小屋中等候夏尼之際，所想的就是前一天晚上的事。黃昏氣溫燠熱，她把帽子丟在一旁，直直躺在房間地面那墨西哥毯子上，覺得室內比樹蔭下更為涼快。她折疊雙臂架在頭下面，眼睛望着大山嶙峋的崖脊，山後面的天空仍滿是落日閃爍的餘暉，她知道不久小徑就會傳來夏尼的單車鈴聲。今早他到咸連去，沒有駕馬車裝載親友，而是選擇了獨個兒騎單車，為的是可早一點溜走，

Nevertheless she had not wholly forgotten the vision of fear that had opened before her in the Town Hall. The sense of lastingness was gone from her and every moment with Harney would now be ringed with doubt.

The Mountain was turning purple against a fiery sunset from which it seemed to be divided by a knife-edge of quivering light; and above this wall of flame the whole sky was a pure pale green, like some cold mountain lake in shadow. Charity lay gazing up at it, and watching for the first white star....

Her eyes were still fixed on the upper reaches of the sky when she became aware that a shadow had flitted across the glory-flooded room: it must have been Harney passing the window against the sunset.... She half raised herself, and then dropped back on her folded arms. The combs had slipped from her hair, and it trailed in a rough dark rope across her breast. She lay quite still, a sleepy smile on her lips, her indolent lids half shut. There was a fumbling at the padlock and she called out: "Have you slipped the chain?" The door opened, and Mr. Royall walked into the room.

回程順道在小屋停留一會。這法子早  
前他們躲在小屋內、緊緊躺在一起籌算  
出來的，更戲說將會聽到擠迫的馬車回  
程時輪聲轆轤哩！說着兩人就不禁一  
齊笑起來。這些幼稚勝利的想法仍給她  
一份恣肆的安全感。

不過，她仍沒忘記在鎮會堂內乍地目睹  
的驚懼一幕。永恆的感覺已逝，以後與  
夏尼相處的每一刻，都會被疑慮所圍  
攏。

落日燦爛如火焰，大山在映照下，慢慢  
轉換成暗紫，似乎有道尖細、閃爍不定  
的光把它與落日分隔。在那一大幅彤紅  
之上，整個天空是純淨的淡青色，像是  
山中處於陰影下的一泓冷冷湖水。慈諦  
躺在那裏瞪着，等候第一顆白色星星出  
現.....

她的眼睛仍是停留在天空的上方，突然  
察覺有道陰影掠過夕照餘暉中的房  
間，一定是夏尼來了，在斜陽下走過窗  
口.....她半坐起來，然後又架着雙臂躺  
下，梳子不知何時從頭髮滑落，鬆鬆的

She started up, sitting back against the cushions, and they looked at each other without speaking. Then Mr. Royall closed the door-latch and advanced a few steps.

Charity jumped to her feet. "What have you come for?" she stammered.

The last glare of the sunset was on her guardian's face, which looked ash-coloured in the yellow radiance.

"Because I knew you were here," he answered simply.

She had become conscious of the hair hanging loose across her breast, and it seemed as though she could not speak to him till she had set herself in order. She groped for her comb, and tried to fasten up the coil. Mr. Royall silently watched her.

"Charity," he said, "he'll be here in a minute. Let me talk to you first."

"You've got no right to talk to me. I can do what I please."

黑髮辮現在橫互在胸前。她躺着不動，嘴唇帶着朦朧欲睡的微笑，懶洋洋的眼睛半閉上。門上的掛鎖傳來響聲，她大聲問：「你鬆開鎖鏈了嗎？」木板門打開，萊亞先生步進。

她登時坐直，後背靠在軟墊上。他們彼此盯着，沒說話。然後萊亞先生把門門拉好，向前走幾步。

慈諦急忙站起來，囁嚅問道：「你來幹嘛？」

落日的最後眩目光暉映在她的監護人面上，相比於金黃色的陽光，他的臉是一片灰白。

「因為我知道妳在這兒。」他簡單地回答。

她察覺到髮辮在胸前晃，感到如不先把自己收拾整齊，就不能跟他說話。她把髮辮團到頭上，手到處摸索，想找到梳子把它插穩。萊亞先生靜靜地看着她。

"Yes. What is it you mean to do?"

"I needn't answer that, or anything else."

He had glanced away, and stood looking curiously about the illuminated room. Purple asters and red maple-leaves filled the jar on the table; on a shelf against the wall stood a lamp, the kettle, a little pile of cups and saucers. The canvas chairs were grouped about the table. "So this is where you meet," he said.

His tone was quiet and controlled, and the fact disconcerted her. She had been ready to give him violence for violence, but this calm acceptance of things as they were left her without a weapon.

"See here, Charity--you're always telling me I've got no rights over you. There might be two ways of looking at that--but I ain't going to argue it. All I know is I raised you as good as I could, and meant fairly by you always except once, for a bad half-hour. There's no justice in weighing that half-hour against the rest, and you know it. If you hadn't, you wouldn't have gone on living under my roof. Seems to me the fact of your doing that gives me some sort of a right; the right to try and keep you out of trouble. I'm not asking you to consider

「慈諦！他快要到了，讓我們先談談。」

他說。

「你沒權教訓我。我想做什麼就做什麼。」

「對！那妳想做什麼？」

「我不用答你，什麼也不用答。」

他的目光移開了，站在那裏好奇地望着夕陽斜照的室內。桌上有個闊口瓶，滿滿插着襯以紅楓葉的一大束紫菀，靠牆的架子上有一盞燈、水壺、疊起的幾隻杯碟；桌旁放了帆布椅。他說：「原來這就是你們見面的地方。」

他的聲調在控制之下是平靜的，這反使她感到困窘。原先她想到要是他蠻，她也會蠻；但他此刻如此冷靜，反使她失去武器。

「慈諦！妳常說我沒權管妳，其實有兩個層面可說說，不過我不準備跟妳爭辯。我只知道從一開始，我就用最好的

any other."

She listened in silence, and then gave a slight laugh. "Better wait till I'm in trouble," she said. He paused a moment, as if weighing her words. "Is that all your answer?"

"Yes, that's all."

"Well--I'll wait."

He turned away slowly, but as he did so the thing she had been waiting for happened; the door opened again and Harney entered.

He stopped short with a face of astonishment, and then, quickly controlling himself, went up to Mr. Royall with a frank look.

"Have you come to see me, sir?" he said coolly, throwing his cap on the table with an air of proprietorship.

Mr. Royall again looked slowly about the room; then his eyes turned to the young man.

"Is this your house?" he inquired.

方式撫育妳，事事為妳着想，只除了一次，那次維時半個小時。拿那半小時與其他時間相比，是不公平的，這點妳也知道，不然也不會在我家耽下去。但這就意味我有權去管妳，免致妳惹來麻煩。我也毋須叫妳考慮其他層面。」

她沒作聲，然後輕輕一笑，說道：「等我出了麻煩才說。」他不馬上回答，似在估量她這句話的意思。「這就是妳的答覆？」

「是，沒其他了。」

「好吧！我就等。」

他慢慢轉身步向門口，就在此刻，她一直在等待的事發生了，木板門再度打開，夏尼走進來。

他停下腳步，一臉驚詫神情，但很快就恢復平靜，坦然迎向萊亞先生。

「你找我，萊亞先生？」他的語調平和，說時把頭上軟帽扔到桌上，態度就

Harney laughed: "Well--as much as it's anybody's. I come here to sketch occasionally."

"And to receive Miss Royall's visits?"

"When she does me the honour----"

"Is this the home you propose to bring her to when you get married?"

There was an immense and oppressive silence. Charity, quivering with anger, started forward, and then stood silent, too humbled for speech. Harney's eyes had dropped under the old man's gaze; but he raised them presently, and looking steadily at Mr. Royall, said: "Miss Royall is not a child. Isn't it rather absurd to talk of her as if she were? I believe she considers herself free to come and go as she pleases, without any questions from anyone." He paused and added: "I'm ready to answer any she wishes to ask me."

Mr. Royall turned to her. "Ask him when he's going to marry you, then----" There was another silence, and he laughed in his turn—a broken laugh, with a scraping sound in it. "You darsn't!" he shouted out with sudden passion. He went close up to Charity, his right arm

似他是屋主人。

萊亞先生緩慢地看了屋內周圍一匝，然後視線轉到這年輕人的身上。

「這屋子是你的嗎？」他問。

夏尼一笑，回答說：「噯！誰都不是。有時我來這裏繪圖。」

「也來接待萊亞小姐？」

「如她樂意光臨……」

「這就是你結婚時給予她的家？」

一片懾人的巨大靜默降臨。慈諦憤怒得身上簌簌發抖，想步上前去，但又停住了，委屈得不能說話。在老人逼視之下，夏尼的頭本是下垂的，現又昂起，平直地望着萊亞先生說：「萊亞小姐不是個小孩，把她視作小孩不是太可笑嗎？我相信她認為自己來去自由，不應受人干涉。」他再加上一句：「她如有什麼問題，我都樂於回答。」

lifted, not in menace but in tragic exhortation.

"You darsn't, and you know it--and you know why!" He swung back again upon the young man. "And you know why you ain't asked her to marry you, and why you don't mean to. It's because you hadn't need to; nor any other man either. I'm the only one that was fool enough not to know that; and I guess nobody'll repeat my mistake--not in Eagle County, anyhow. They all know what she is, and what she came from. They all know her mother was a woman of the town from Nettleton, that followed one of those Mountain fellows up to his place and lived there with him like a heathen. I saw her there sixteen years ago, when I went to bring this child down. I went to save her from the kind of life her mother was leading--but I'd better have left her in the kennel she came from...." He paused and stared darkly at the two young people, and out beyond them, at the menacing Mountain with its rim of fire; then he sat down beside the table on which they had so often spread their rustic supper, and covered his face with his hands. Harney leaned in the window, a frown on his face: he was twirling between his fingers a small package that dangled from a loop of string.... Charity heard Mr. Royall draw a hard breath or two, and his shoulders shook a little. Presently he stood up and walked across the room. He did not look again at the young people: they saw him feel his way

萊亞先生轉向慈諦。「那就問他幾時娶妳？……」又是一陣靜默降臨。然後輪到他笑了，笑聲嘎然而止。「妳不敢問！」他的情緒忽地爆發，大聲喊道。然後走近慈諦，抬起右手，沒有恐嚇意味，只是神情慘然，像要跟她講道理。

「妳不敢，妳知道的，也知是什麼原故！」他猛地轉過來面向那年輕人。「你知道為什麼沒說要娶她，為什麼從來沒想過，因為你不需要，任何一個男人都需要。只有我這個大傻瓜才不曉得；大概沒有誰再會犯這個錯，至少鷹郡的男人不會。人人都知她是什麼人、什麼出身；知她媽媽本是個在蕁麻鎮混的妓女，後來跟了個窩在大山上的傢伙，像異教徒那般過活。十六年前我上去帶這個孩子下山，見過她了。我去是為了不想孩子重蹈她媽媽的生涯；不過早知如此，應把她丟下不理、留在那狗窩裏……」他停下來，陰沉地盯着兩個年輕人，然後視線轉向後面那高處像沾了火的懾人大山。最後他坐下來、手捂着臉；旁邊是常常擺放了他倆簡單晚餐的

to the door and fumble for the latch; and then he went out into the darkness.

After he had gone there was a long silence. Charity waited for Harney to speak; but he seemed at first not to find anything to say. At length he broke out irrelevantly: "I wonder how he found out?"

She made no answer and he tossed down the package he had been holding, and went up to her.

"I'm so sorry, dear... that this should have happened...."

She threw her head back proudly. "I ain't ever been sorry--not a minute!"

"No."

She waited to be caught into his arms, but he turned away from her irresolutely. The last glow was gone from behind the Mountain. Everything in the room had turned grey and indistinct, and an autumnal dampness crept up from the hollow below the orchard, laying its cold touch on their flushed faces. Harney walked the length of the room, and then turned back and sat down at the table.

桌子。夏尼靠在窗緣、蹙着眉，挪弄一個吊在指間、用繩圈網紮的小包……慈諦聽到萊亞先生深深地呼吸一兩下，見到他的肩膀輕微顫抖。過了一會，他站起來，開步穿過房間，沒再望這對年輕人一眼。他們見到他摸路走到門邊，用手找到門門，開門步入黑暗之中。

他走了之後，是長長一段靜默。慈諦等待夏尼開口，但他最初似乎找不到話說。最後，他沒來由地來問一句：「我奇怪他怎找到這兒？」

她不回答；他扔下手中的小包，走到她面前。

「親愛的，真遺憾……發生了這事……」

她毅然昂起頭來。「我從不覺得遺憾，一分鐘也沒有！」

「不！」

她等待他把她擁進懷裏；但他似是舉措

"Come," he said imperiously.

She sat down beside him, and he untied the string about the package and spread out a pile of sandwiches.

"I stole them from the love-feast at Hamblin," he said with a laugh, pushing them over to her. She laughed too, and took one, and began to eat.

"Didn't you make the tea?"

"No," she said. "I forgot----"

"Oh, well--it's too late to boil the water now." He said nothing more, and sitting opposite to each other they went on silently eating the sandwiches. Darkness had descended in the little room, and Harney's face was a dim blur to Charity. Suddenly he leaned across the table and laid his hand on hers.

"I shall have to go off for a while--a month or two, perhaps--to arrange some things; and then I'll come back... and we'll get married."

不定，轉身過去。大山後面的餘暉已完全消散了，室內的一切全變得灰暗、模糊，秋日寒露的氣息從果園下的山凹悄悄傳送上來，在他們緋紅的面上抹上一陣冰涼。夏尼從房間一邊踱步至另一邊，然後折回來坐在桌旁。

「來！」他近乎命令地叫她。

她在他身邊坐下來；他解開小包的繩子，攤開是一疊三明治。

「我從咸連的愛心聚餐偷的。」他笑着說，把三明治推到她面前。她也笑了，拿起一塊吃了起來。

「妳不是預備了茶？」

「哎！我忘了。」她答。

「噢！現在燒水也來不及了。」他沒再說什麼。兩人相對而坐，繼續靜靜地吃三明治。黑暗已降臨這小室，慈諦眼望對面的夏尼，面目是朦朧不清。突然他的身體在桌上前傾，把手掌覆在她的手

His voice seemed like a stranger's: nothing was left in it of the vibrations she knew. Her hand lay inertly under his, and she left it there, and raised her head, trying to answer him. But the words died in her throat. They sat motionless, in their attitude of confident endearment, as if some strange death had surprised them. At length Harney sprang to his feet with a slight shiver. "God! it's damp—we couldn't have come here much longer." He went to the shelf, took down a tin candle-stick and lit the candle; then he propped an unhinged shutter against the empty window-frame and put the candle on the table. It threw a queer shadow on his frowning forehead, and made the smile on his lips a grimace.

"But it's been good, though, hasn't it, Charity?... What's the matter--why do you stand there staring at me? Haven't the days here been good?" He went up to her and caught her to his breast. "And there'll be others--lots of others... jollier... even jollier... won't there, darling?"

He turned her head back, feeling for the curve of her throat below the ear, and kissing here there, and on the hair and eyes and lips. She clung to him desperately, and as he drew her to his knees on the couch she felt as if they

上面。

「我要離開一段日子，一兩個月左右，去辦妥一些事；然後我回來……我們就結婚。」

他的聲音像個陌生人，完全沒有她熟悉的聲調變化。她的手就讓他的手掌覆蓋着，沒去動，然後她仰頭準備回答；但要說的話梗在喉嚨裏。兩人坐着不動，但覺心意相通，仿似某種奇異的死亡來得太突然了。最後夏尼跳起來，身上輕微發抖。「呀！寒氣直透，我們不可以再來了。」他走去架子那邊，從上面取下一枝錫座蠟燭，點燃了它，放在桌上；然後拿幅已卸下的百頁窗豎在空窗框上。燭光在他蹙起來的額上投下一個奇怪的陰影，令到他嘴邊的微笑像在扮鬼臉。

「但我們不是一直很開心嗎？對不對，慈諦？……怎麼了？為什麼只是站在那裏望着我？我們不是天天都過得很快樂嗎？」他上前把她攬在胸前。「將來日子長着呢！我們會更快樂……對

were being sucked down together into some bottomless abyss.

## XV

That night, as usual, they said good-bye at the wood's edge.

Harney was to leave the next morning early. He asked Charity to say nothing of their plans till his return, and, strangely even to herself, she was glad of the postponement. A leaden weight of shame hung on her, benumbing every other sensation, and she bade him good-bye with hardly a sign of emotion. His reiterated promises to return seemed almost wounding. She had no doubt that he intended to come back; her doubts were far deeper and less definable.

Since the fanciful vision of the future that had flitted through her imagination at their first meeting she had hardly ever thought of his marrying her. She had not had to put the thought from her mind; it had not been there. If ever she looked ahead she felt instinctively that the gulf between them was too deep, and that the bridge their passion had flung across it was as insubstantial as a rainbow. But she seldom looked ahead; each day was

吧！親愛的。」

他把她的頭向後仰，湊向她耳下的頸彎部分，吻下去，然後一次次吻遍她的頭髮、眼睛、嘴唇，她無助地緊緊靠着他。他在睡褥上坐下來，把她拉到膝上。她覺得兩人似一起被吸入一個無底的深淵裏。

## 十五

那天晚上，他們如常在林邊道別。

夏尼翌日大清早就會離開北多馬，他叫慈諦暫時不要和外人提及他倆的計劃，直至他回來。出乎意料之外，慈諦自己也欣然接受他的提議。這夜她覺得非常羞恥，心像鉛般重壓，其他感受都麻木了，致使她跟夏尼道別時，並沒有什麼特別表示。他反覆承諾會回來，彷彿更刺傷了她。她不懷疑他要回來的決心，但她有更深的疑慮，是難以說得清的。

與夏尼首度邂逅後，在她的憧憬中，閃過美好的未來一幕；不過自此以後，已

so rich that it absorbed her.... Now her first feeling was that everything would be different, and that she herself would be a different being to Harney. Instead of remaining separate and absolute, she would be compared with other people, and unknown things would be expected of her. She was too proud to be afraid, but the freedom of her spirit drooped....

Harney had not fixed any date for his return; he had said he would have to look about first, and settle things. He had promised to write as soon as there was anything definite to say, and had left her his address, and asked her to write also. But the address frightened her. It was in New York, at a club with a long name in Fifth Avenue: it seemed to raise an insurmountable barrier between them. Once or twice, in the first days, she got out a sheet of paper, and sat looking at it, and trying to think what to say; but she had the feeling that her letter would never reach its destination. She had never written to anyone farther away than Hepburn.

Harney's first letter came after he had been gone about ten days. It was tender but grave, and bore no resemblance to the gay little notes he had sent her by the freckled boy from Creston River. He spoke positively of his intention of

沒去想他會否娶她。這想法不用驅除，因根本不存在。就算她真的遠望將來，她也直覺地感到兩人之間存有極大的鴻溝，他們投擲的激情架成互通的橋樑，可是這座橋樑虛幻得像道彩虹；不過她很少想及未來，每天都過得這麼豐盛，令她忘卻一切……可是現在不同了，首個感受就是以後一切都會變更，她對夏尼來說會變成另一個人。本是獨立、完整的一個個體，現在她會跟別人放在一起比較，須做些前所不知的事。她太驕傲了，不會感到害怕，但精神上的自由就蕩了……

夏尼沒訂下歸期，說要看看、辦妥一些事。他應承如有什麼具體發展，就會寫信告訴她，亦留下了地址，叫她給他寫信。可是那地址嚇怕了她，看來是位於紐約第五大道的一個會所。那冗長的名稱，似乎在兩人之間築建了一道不可超越的藩籬。夏尼走後頭幾天，有一兩次，她坐下來，攤開信紙，呆望着它，搜尋思緒，意圖寫些什麼；但就覺得她的信不會送達目的地。一生人之中，她去信最遠的地址，不外是希賓。

coming back, but named no date, and reminded Charity of their agreement that their plans should not be divulged till he had had time to "settle things." When that would be he could not yet foresee; but she could count on his returning as soon as the way was clear.

She read the letter with a strange sense of its coming from immeasurable distances and having lost most of its meaning on the way; and in reply she sent him a coloured postcard of Creston Falls, on which she wrote: "With love from Charity." She felt the pitiful inadequacy of this, and understood, with a sense of despair, that in her inability to express herself she must give him an impression of coldness and reluctance; but she could not help it. She could not forget that he had never spoken to her of marriage till Mr. Royall had forced the word from his lips; though she had not had the strength to shake off the spell that bound her to him she had lost all spontaneity of feeling, and seemed to herself to be passively awaiting a fate she could not avert.

She had not seen Mr. Royall on her return to the red house. The morning after her parting from Harney, when she came down from her room, Verena told her that her guardian had gone off to Worcester and Portland. It was the time of year when he usually reported to the insurance agencies he represented, and

夏尼的首封來信在走後第十天左右到達，內容溫情脈脈，但正正經經，完全不像以往他遣瓜斯頓河那雀斑男孩送來的小便條那麼語調輕快。他肯定地表示會回來，不過沒說日期，他並再次提醒慈諦不要向外人洩漏他倆的計劃，直至他有時間辦妥某些事。是哪一天他暫時說不定，不過當障礙一掃而光，他就馬上回來。

她讀信時有種奇怪的感覺，就是經過那麼長的路程，大多數的意思已在中途消失了。她回以一張描繪瓜斯頓河風景的彩色明信片，在上面只寫了：「愛，慈諦」。她覺得內容貧乏得可憐，然後悵然想到，由於自己表達能力不足，他讀時只會覺得她冷淡、不情不願似的，但實在也只能是這樣。她不能忘記他從沒說過要娶她，直至萊亞先生逼他開口。有道魔咒把她跟他繫上了，她脫身不得，但就連感受也失去自由，她覺得自己很被動，只能等候那不能逃避的命運安排。

there was nothing unusual in his departure except its suddenness. She thought little about him, except to be glad he was not there....

She kept to herself for the first days, while North Dormer was recovering from its brief plunge into publicity, and the subsiding agitation left her unnoticed. But the faithful Ally could not be long avoided. For the first few days after the close of the Old Home Week festivities Charity escaped her by roaming the hills all day when she was not at her post in the library; but after that a period of rain set in, and one pouring afternoon, Ally, sure that she would find her friend indoors, came around to the red house with her sewing.

The two girls sat upstairs in Charity's room. Charity, her idle hands in her lap, was sunk in a kind of leaden dream, through which she was only half-conscious of Ally, who sat opposite her in a low rush-bottomed chair, her work pinned to her knee, and her thin lips pursed up as she bent above it.

"It was my idea running a ribbon through the gauging," she said proudly, drawing back to contemplate the blouse she was trimming. "It's for Miss Balch: she was awfully pleased." She paused

返抵紅屋後，她就一直沒見過萊亞先生。跟夏尼分別後的第二天，她下樓早餐時，慧麗娜說她的監護人去了伍斯特和波特蘭。每年在這月份，他通常都會去那些由他代表的保險公司處作出報告。這次出行沒什麼特別之處，只是來得較為突然。她也不去細想，只為他不在家而慶幸……

最初的幾天她都沒外出。北多馬經過了備受公眾注目的短暫日子，開始恢復往日的平靜，逐漸減退的熱情使到沒有人去留意她。不過忠誠的雅莉是不能長久避而不見的。歡慶節目完結後頭幾天，慈諦為了躲避她，只要不是在圖書館當值，就整天在崗坡上到處漫遊。後來雨季來臨，在一個滂沱大雨的下午，雅莉肯定她的好友必定在家，就拿着正在縫紉的衣物來了。

兩個女孩坐在慈諦的房間內，慈諦閒着的雙手擱在膝上，似陷於鉛般重的迷夢中，不大醒覺對面有人。雅莉坐在一張有蘆葦座墊的矮椅子上，把正在縫的東西固定在膝上，駝着背做活兒，薄嘴唇

and then added, with a queer tremor in her piping voice: "I darsn't have told her I got the idea from one I saw on Julia."

Charity raised her eyes listlessly. "Do you still see Julia sometimes?"

Ally reddened, as if the allusion had escaped her unintentionally. "Oh, it was a long time ago I seen her with those gaugings...."

Silence fell again, and Ally presently continued: "Miss Balch left me a whole lot of things to do over this time."

"Why--has she gone?" Charity inquired with an inner start of apprehension.

"Didn't you know? She went off the morning after they had the celebration at Hamblin. I seen her drive by early with Mr. Harney."

There was another silence, measured by the steady tick of the rain against the window, and, at intervals, by the snipping sound of Ally's scissors.

緊緊閉上。

「用絲帶綑這些口子是我的意思。」她自豪地說，身體向後挺直，好去打量手中掇拾的罩衣。「是巴柱小姐訂造的，她不知多高興哪！」她停下來，帶着奇怪顫抖的高聲綫加上一句：「我不敢告訴她這點子來自茱莉亞的一件罩衣。」

慈諦沒精打采地抬眼問道：「妳還間中和茱莉亞見面嗎？」

雅莉面紅了，似乎剛才那句話是無心之失。「見到她穿有一道道口子的罩衣，是很久之前的事了……」

又是一陣靜默，然後雅莉又開口說道：「這次巴柱小姐留下很多東西要我修改哩！」

「什麼？她走了？」慈諦心中忽然響起警號。

「妳不知道嗎？咸連慶典後的第二天早上，她就走了，我見到夏尼先生一早

Ally gave a meditative laugh. "Do you know what she told me before she went away? She told me she was going to send for me to come over to Springfield and make some things for her wedding."

Charity again lifted her heavy lids and stared at Ally's pale pointed face, which moved to and fro above her moving fingers.

"Is she going to get married?"

Ally let the blouse sink to her knee, and sat gazing at it. Her lips seemed suddenly dry, and she moistened them a little with her tongue.

"Why, I presume so... from what she said.... Didn't you know?"

"Why should I know?"

Ally did not answer. She bent above the blouse, and began picking out a basting thread with the point of the scissors.

"Why should I know?" Charity repeated harshly.

"I didn't know but what... folks here say

和她駕車經過。」

仍是靜默，只有雨點一下一下打在窗上的「滴答」聲，間歇亦傳來雅莉的剪刀「析析」作響。

雅莉意味深長地一笑。「妳猜她走前跟我說什麼？她說會叫我到春田去，為她的婚禮縫些東西。」

慈諦再次抬起澀重的眼皮，瞪着雅莉蒼白的尖臉蛋。那張臉隨着她揮舞的手也是不停地左右晃動。

「她要結婚了？」

雅莉讓罩衣滑落膝上，望着它好一會。她的嘴唇好像忽然乾了，要伸出舌尖輕舔，使它恢復濕潤。

「嗯！應是吧……她是這樣說的……妳不知道嗎？」

「我為什麼會知道？」

she's engaged to Mr. Harney."

Charity stood up with a laugh, and stretched her arms lazily above her head.

"If all the people got married that folks say are going to you'd have your time full making wedding-dresses," she said ironically.

"Why--don't you believe it?" Ally ventured.

"It would not make it true if I did--nor prevent it if I didn't."

"That's so.... I only know I seen her crying the night of the party because her dress didn't set right. That was why she wouldn't dance any...."

Charity stood absently gazing down at the lacy garment on Ally's knee. Abruptly she stooped and snatched it up.

"Well, I guess she won't dance in this either," she said with sudden violence; and grasping the blouse in her strong young hands she tore it in two and flung the tattered bits to the floor.

雅莉不回答，只是撿起那件罩衣，低頭用剪刀尖端去挑走一道綫頭。

「我為什麼會知道？」慈諦厲聲重複。

「我不知道，但……村中的人說她跟夏尼先生訂了婚。」

慈諦嗤笑一聲，站起來，懶懶地舉起雙手，在頭上伸直。

「有人傳結婚就真的結得成，那妳整天造婚紗就忙不過來。」她諷刺地說。

「為什麼……妳不信？」雅莉怯怯地問。

「我信的話，假的不會成真；不信的話，真的也制止不來。」

「哎……我只知舞會那晚她哭了，我親眼見的，因她的裙子不合式。所以那晚不跳舞……」

慈諦沒留心去聽，她盯着雅莉膝上的蕾

"Oh, Charity----" Ally cried, springing up. For a long interval the two girls faced each other across the ruined garment. Ally burst into tears.

"Oh, what'll I say to her? What'll I do? It was real lace!" she wailed between her piping sobs.

Charity glared at her unrelentingly. "You'd oughtn't to have brought it here," she said, breathing quickly. "I hate other people's clothes--it's just as if they was there themselves." The two stared at each other again over this avowal, till Charity brought out, in a gasp of anguish: "Oh, go--go--go--or I'll hate you too...."

When Ally left her, she fell sobbing across her bed.

The long storm was followed by a north-west gale, and when it was over, the hills took on their first umber tints, the sky grew more densely blue, and the big white clouds lay against the hills like snow-banks. The first crisp maple-leaves began to spin across Miss Hatchard's lawn, and the Virginia creeper on the Memorial splashed the white porch with scarlet. It was a golden triumphant September. Day by day the flame of the Virginia creeper spread to the hillsides in

絲罩衣，猝然間彎身一把攫在手內。

「哈！那她也不會穿著這件跳舞！」她狠狠地說道；一股蠻勁突然湧起，她以年輕有力的手抓緊那罩衣，把它一撕為二，扔在地上。

「啊！慈諦！」雅莉大叫，跳起來。有一段很長的時間，兩個女孩站在破罩衣的兩邊相峙。然後雅莉哭了。

「我怎向她交代？我怎辦？這是真蕾絲！」夾雜在她的尖聲啜泣中，她喊道。

慈諦毫不容情地怒瞪着她。「妳本就不應帶來。」她的呼吸很急。「我痛恨人家的衣服，就好像有個真人站在那裏。」說了這句狠話之後，兩人互瞪着，直至慈諦痛心地说：「走！妳走呀！不然我連妳也恨上……」

雅莉走後，她倒在床上抽泣。

連日的暴風雨過去，接着刮起了西北

wider waves of carmine and crimson, the larches glowed like the thin yellow halo about a fire, the maples blazed and smouldered, and the black hemlocks turned to indigo against the incandescence of the forest.

The nights were cold, with a dry glitter of stars so high up that they seemed smaller and more vivid. Sometimes, as Charity lay sleepless on her bed through the long hours, she felt as though she were bound to those wheeling fires and swinging with them around the great black vault. At night she planned many things... it was then she wrote to Harney. But the letters were never put on paper, for she did not know how to express what she wanted to tell him. So she waited. Since her talk with Ally she had felt sure that Harney was engaged to Annabel Balch, and that the process of "settling things" would involve the breaking of this tie. Her first rage of jealousy over, she felt no fear on this score. She was still sure that Harney would come back, and she was equally sure that, for the moment at least, it was she whom he loved and not Miss Balch. Yet the girl, no less, remained a rival, since she represented all the things that Charity felt herself most incapable of understanding or achieving. Annabel Balch was, if not the girl Harney ought to marry, at least the kind of girl it would

風。風止息後，山崗開始現出赭色，天空的蔚藍更濃了，大朵大朵的白雲浮在山頭，像是堆雪成岸。一碰就碎的楓樹枯葉初現，在哈察小姐家的草地上飛舞，五葉地錦在圖書館的白色門廊上潑染好大的一片鮮紅；意氣風發的金黃九月來了。五葉地錦的火焰像是一道道漲升的胭脂抹痕和深紅波浪，湧至山邊散開；落葉松企立其中，似是火焰外面那一圈黃色的稀薄光暈；然後楓樹焚燒完了，靜靜在那裏薰燃；黑色的鐵杉在耀目的樹林中，變成一根根靛藍色的柱。

晚間已很冷了，疏落的閃爍星星在天上淡淡高掛，看上去更小、也更生動。有時慈諦躺在床上久久不能入睡，就感到自己似跟那些火輪縛繫在一起，隨着它們同在蒼穹運轉。每夜，她想及很多事……是給夏尼寫信的時候。但那些信從不宣諸紙筆，因她不知如何表達要告訴他的東西。所以她只好等候。自從那天和雅莉見面之後，她肯定夏尼跟安娜貝·巴柱訂了婚，所謂「辦妥一些事」，就是要把婚事取消。最初因妒忌而產生的怒氣現已消散，在這一點上，她並不

be natural for him to marry. Charity had never been able to picture herself as his wife; had never been able to arrest the vision and follow it out in its daily consequences; but she could perfectly imagine Annabel Balch in that relation to him.

The more she thought of these things the more the sense of fatality weighed on her: she felt the uselessness of struggling against the circumstances. She had never known how to adapt herself; she could only break and tear and destroy. The scene with Ally had left her stricken with shame at her own childish savagery. What would Harney have thought if he had witnessed it? But when she turned the incident over in her puzzled mind she could not imagine what a civilized person would have done in her place. She felt herself too unequally pitted against unknown forces....

At length this feeling moved her to sudden action. She took a sheet of letter paper from Mr. Royall's office, and sitting by the kitchen lamp, one night after Verena had gone to bed, began her first letter to Harney. It was very short:

I want you should marry Annabel Balch if you promised to. I think maybe you were afraid I'd feel too bad about it. I feel I'd rather you acted right. Your

害怕；她仍肯定夏尼會回來，她也肯定至少在這一刻，夏尼是愛她的，而非巴柱小姐。不過巴柱小姐確是個對手，她代表了一切慈諦不能理解、做不到的東西；她如不是夏尼應娶的女孩，也是他應娶的那類女孩。慈諦一直無法想像自己成為夏尼的妻子，她捕捉不到那形象，想不出隨後每日發生在那形象身上的事情；但她就能完全想像到安娜貝·巴柱作為他妻子的模樣。

這些事她想得越多，就越感到命運的沉重壓力；跟環境對抗是無用的。她從來都不知道如何去適應環境，只懂得離開、與它破裂，甚或造出毀壞。想起向雅莉發飆那幕，當時自己的野蠻幼稚行為，此刻令她異常羞恥；如夏尼目睹，不知他會怎想？但在她蒙昧的腦袋中，把整件事重新考量，實在想不出換了一個斯文人，在她的處境下又會怎做。她覺得跟那些不可知的力量對抗，自己是處於大大的弱勢……

這份感覺最後促使她馬上行動起來。她

loving CHARITY.

She posted the letter early the next morning, and for a few days her heart felt strangely light. Then she began to wonder why she received no answer.

One day as she sat alone in the library pondering these things the walls of books began to spin around her, and the rosewood desk to rock under her elbows. The dizziness was followed by a wave of nausea like that she had felt on the day of the exercises in the Town Hall. But the Town Hall had been crowded and stiflingly hot, and the library was empty, and so chilly that she had kept on her jacket. Five minutes before she had felt perfectly well; and now it seemed as if she were going to die. The bit of lace at which she still languidly worked dropped from her fingers, and the steel crochet hook clattered to the floor. She pressed her temples hard between her damp hands, steadying herself against the desk while the wave of sickness swept over her. Little by little it subsided, and after a few minutes she stood up, shaken and terrified, groped for her hat, and stumbled out into the air. But the whole sunlit autumn whirled, reeled and roared around her as she dragged herself along the interminable length of the road home.

As she approached the red house she

從萊亞先生的辦公室處拿了張紙，有一晚等到慧麗娜上床後，她坐在廚房燈旁，首次給夏尼寫信。這封信很短：

如你早已應承了與安娜貝·巴柱的婚事，我希望你娶她。或者你怕我傷心，但我寧願你做對的事。愛你的慈諦

第二天一清早， she 就把信寄了。有幾天，她的心反覺輕鬆下來，然後開始奇怪為什麼收不到回信。

有一天，她獨自坐在圖書館裏，反覆想着心事。忽然間，排滿了書籍的牆壁開始打轉，手肘下的紅木桌子也在晃動。暈眩感覺之後，就是一陣噁心，就像那天在鎮會堂一樣。不過鎮會堂那時很擠迫、又悶熱得令人透不過氣來，現在圖書館空無一人，冷得連外套也不能脫哩！五分鐘前她還是好好的，這刻她就辛苦得想死。那幅她仍懶懶地編織的蕾絲從手中滑下，鐵勾針「鏗」一聲跌在地面，她的冷汗直冒。她用汗濕的雙手大力去按太陽穴，身體挨着桌子邊支撐，拼命抵受那陣不舒服的感覺。它逐

saw a buggy standing at the door, and her heart gave a leap. But it was only Mr. Royall who got out, his travelling-bag in hand. He saw her coming, and waited in the porch. She was conscious that he was looking at her intently, as if there was something strange in her appearance, and she threw back her head with a desperate effort at ease. Their eyes met, and she said: "You back?" as if nothing had happened, and he answered: "Yes, I'm back," and walked in ahead of her, pushing open the door of his office. She climbed to her room, every step of the stairs holding her fast as if her feet were lined with glue.

Two days later, she descended from the train at Nettleton, and walked out of the station into the dusty square. The brief interval of cold weather was over, and the day was as soft, and almost as hot, as when she and Harney had emerged on the same scene on the Fourth of July. In the square the same broken-down hacks and carry-alls stood drawn up in a despondent line, and the lank horses with fly-nets over their withers swayed their heads drearily to and fro. She recognized the staring signs over the eating-houses and billiard saloons, and the long lines of wires on lofty poles tapering down the main street to the park at its other end. Taking the way the wires pointed, she went on

少減退，幾分鐘過後，她站起來，害怕極了，摸索到帽子，跌跌撞撞步出圖書館。她拖着腳步踏上那無窮無盡的歸家路之時，整個滿載陽光的秋天卻在她的周圍旋轉、捲摺，發出轟鳴。

她快到紅屋了，看到門口有輛單座馬車在那裏停下來，心急跳一下。但下車的只是萊亞先生，他手裏提着旅行袋，見到她走近，就在門廊等候。她知道他正在仔細打量她，似乎她的外表有異常的地方。她昂起頭，竭力扮作輕鬆的樣子。兩人四目交投，她說：「你回來了？」像是什麼事也沒發生過。他答道：「是的，我回來了。」他走在她的前頭，打開辦公室的門進去了。她也辛苦地爬上樓去，但覺腳底像塗了膠水，緊緊黏着每道梯級提不起來。

兩天後，她在蕁麻鎮下了火車，從車站步入塵土飛揚的廣場。短暫的冷冽氣候過去了，這日天氣和暖，簡直可說是炎熱，就跟與夏尼來訪那天差不多。在廣場裏，景象如一，仍是那一行死氣沉沉的殘舊出租馬車和篷車，肩隆上掛了蠅

hastily, with bent head, till she reached a wide transverse street with a brick building at the corner. She crossed this street and glanced furtively up at the front of the brick building; then she returned, and entered a door opening on a flight of steep brass-rimmed stairs. On the second landing she rang a bell, and a mulatto girl with a bushy head and a frilled apron let her into a hall where a stuffed fox on his hind legs proffered a brass card-tray to visitors. At the back of the hall was a glazed door marked: "Office." After waiting a few minutes in a handsomely furnished room, with plush sofas surmounted by large gold-framed photographs of showy young women, Charity was shown into the office....

When she came out of the glazed door Dr. Merkle followed, and led her into another room, smaller, and still more crowded with plush sofas and gold frames. Dr. Merkle was a plump woman with small bright eyes, an immense mass of black hair coming down low on her forehead, and unnaturally white and even teeth. She wore a rich black dress, with gold chains and charms hanging from her bosom. Her hands were large and smooth, and quick in all their movements; and she smelt of musk and carbolic acid. She smiled on Charity

網的瘦馬，仍然立在那裏，下垂的頭慵倦地左右擺動。她認得那些食肆和桌球室的顯眼招牌，高高的柱子上吊着長鐵綫，從大街一直遠遠延展至另一頭的公園去。隨着鐵綫的指向，她垂頭急步前行，直至到達橫向大街角落的磚房子。她先過了這條大街，偷偷回望磚房子的前面一眼；然後走回來，進入房子門口，走上一道梯級鑲了銅邊的斜灰樓梯。在二樓梯間，她按動門鈴，有個頭髮濃密、穿着花邊圍裙的棕色混血女郎應門，帶她進入門廳去。那裏有隻狐狸標本，以後腿站立，前腳掌持着銅造的名片匣，上面放了名片讓客人自己拿取。門廳末處有道鑲了玻璃的門，上面標明是「辦公室」。慈諦被帶入一個房間等候，這房間佈置得很漂亮，擺放了豪華舒服的梳化，梳化上面的牆上，掛了大大的鍍金相架，嵌在裏頭的是年輕冶艷女郎的照片。等了幾分鐘，慈諦被帶進辦公室內……

她踏出辦公室後，就被麥歌醫生帶到另一個房間去。那房間小一些，也同樣擺放了很多豪華梳化和鍍金相架，顯得有

with all her faultless teeth. "Sit down, my dear. Wouldn't you like a little drop of something to pick you up?... No.... Well, just lay back a minute then.... There's nothing to be done just yet; but in about a month, if you'll step round again... I could take you right into my own house for two or three days, and there wouldn't be a mite of trouble. Mercy me! The next time you'll know better'n to fret like this...."

Charity gazed at her with widening eyes. This woman with the false hair, the false teeth, the false murderous smile--what was she offering her but immunity from some unthinkable crime? Charity, till then, had been conscious only of a vague self-disgust and a frightening physical distress; now, of a sudden, there came to her the grave surprise of motherhood. She had come to this dreadful place because she knew of no other way of making sure that she was not mistaken about her state; and the woman had taken her for a miserable creature like Julia.... The thought was so horrible that she sprang up, white and shaking, one of her great rushes of anger sweeping over her.

Dr. Merkle, still smiling, also rose. "Why do you run off in such a hurry? You can stretch out right here on my sofa...." She paused, and her smile grew more motherly. "Afterwards--if there's been

點擠。麥歌醫生是個豐腴的女士，眼睛小而亮，一頭極濃密的黑髮重重覆在前額上，牙齒異常齊白。她穿的是件華貴的黑裙子，多條金鏈和掛飾垂至胸口；她的手大而光滑，動作靈活；身上傳出一股麝香和石炭酸的味道。她向着慈諦微笑，露出一口毫無瑕疵的牙齒。「請坐！要喝點酒嗎？好讓妳提提神。……不要？……那就休息一會吧！……暫時沒什麼要做，不過一個月後妳再來的話……我會把妳帶到我家中，逗留兩三天，那就什麼麻煩都給解決了。哎呀！下次妳就不用這麼擔心了……」

慈諦瞪大眼睛望着她，這個女人——頭髮是假的、牙齒是假的，連那殺人的笑容也是假的，有什麼好建議？偷偷把小生命除掉？那是叫人想也不敢想的罪孽！直至那刻，慈諦還只是隱隱覺得自己糟透了，害怕那種生理上的不適；現在突然之間，她驚覺遇上人生大事，自己快要當母親了。她來到這個可怕地方，是因為沒其他方法確定她沒弄錯；而這個女人竟把她當作茉莉亞那類可憐的女孩……真可恥！，想到這裏，她

any talk at home, and you want to get away for a while... I have a lady friend in Boston who's looking for a companion... you're the very one to suit her, my dear...."

Charity had reached the door. "I don't want to stay. I don't want to come back here," she stammered, her hand on the knob; but with a swift movement, Dr. Merkle edged her from the threshold.

"Oh, very well. Five dollars, please."

Charity looked helplessly at the doctor's tight lips and rigid face. Her last savings had gone in repaying Ally for the cost of Miss Balch's ruined blouse, and she had had to borrow four dollars from her friend to pay for her railway ticket and cover the doctor's fee. It had never occurred to her that medical advice could cost more than two dollars.

"I didn't know... I haven't got that much..." she faltered, bursting into tears.

Dr. Merkle gave a short laugh which did not show her teeth, and inquired with concision if Charity supposed she ran the establishment for her own amusement? She leaned her firm shoulders against the door as she spoke, like a grim gaoler

霍地站起來，面都白了，身體簌動，怒火又如慣常那般高升。

麥歌醫生也站起來，仍然微笑着。「幹嘛趕着要走？妳可在這張梳化上躺躺……」她停下來，微笑更添了母親般的親切意味。「之後，如家人有什麼說話，而妳又想離開一陣子……波士頓有位女士，是我的朋友，正想找個伴兒……妳是很理想的人選哩！」

慈諦已走到門邊。「我不想多留……不想再回來。」她口齒不清地說道，手已在門把上。但麥歌醫生迅速轉身，插在慈諦與門檻之間。

「沒問題。費用是五元。」

慈諦無助地望着醫生那緊閉的嘴唇和木然的面容，她剩餘的積蓄都給了雅莉，用來賠償那件被她撕破的罩衣，她還要倒過來問雅莉借四元買火車票和繳付診費。她從沒想到單是診症，醫生的收費會多過兩元。

making terms with her captive.

"You say you'll come round and settle later? I've heard that pretty often too. Give me your address, and if you can't pay me I'll send the bill to your folks.... What? I can't understand what you say.... That don't suit you either? My, you're pretty particular for a girl that ain't got enough to settle her own bills...." She paused, and fixed her eyes on the brooch with a blue stone that Charity had pinned to her blouse.

"Ain't you ashamed to talk that way to a lady that's got to earn her living, when you go about with jewellery like that on you?... It ain't in my line, and I do it only as a favour... but if you're a mind to leave that brooch as a pledge, I don't say no.... Yes, of course, you can get it back when you bring me my money...."

On the way home, she felt an immense and unexpected quietude. It had been horrible to have to leave Harney's gift in the woman's hands, but even at that price the news she brought away had not been too dearly bought. She sat with half-closed eyes as the train rushed through the familiar landscape; and now the memories of her former journey, instead of flying before her like dead leaves, seemed to be ripening in her blood like sleeping grain. She would never again know what it was to

「我不知道……我沒那麼多錢……」她斷續地說，終於哭了起來。

麥歌醫生冷笑一聲，這次牙齒不露，短誚地問：「妳以為我開診所是消遣玩兒？」說時堅實的肩膊抵在門上，就像個嚴峻的獄卒在跟囚犯講條件。

「妳說妳會下次帶錢來？這句話我聽得多了。妳的地址在哪？現在不付清，我就把賬單寄給妳家人……什麼？我聽不明白……這也不方便？連自己的賬單也沒錢付的女孩當中，妳可真難搞呀！……」她停下來，眼睛盯着慈諦別在罩衣上、嵌了藍寶石的胸針。

「妳有能力戴着那件首飾到處去，竟然跟個要賺錢養活自己的女士說這些話，不羞嗎？……這不是我的主要業務，我只是為了幫人……如妳把胸針留下作抵押也可以……當然，妳拿錢來就可贖回……」

回家途上，出乎意料之外，她的內心感到異常的寧靜；不得不把夏尼送的禮物

feel herself alone. Everything seemed to have grown suddenly clear and simple. She no longer had any difficulty in picturing herself as Harney's wife now that she was the mother of his child; and compared to her sovereign right Annabel Balch's claim seemed no more than a girl's sentimental fancy.

That evening, at the gate of the red house, she found Ally waiting in the dusk. "I was down at the post-office just as they were closing up, and Will Targatt said there was a letter for you, so I brought it."

Ally held out the letter, looking at Charity with piercing sympathy. Since the scene of the torn blouse there had been a new and fearful admiration in the eyes she bent on her friend.

Charity snatched the letter with a laugh. "Oh, thank you--good-night," she called out over her shoulder as she ran up the path. If she had lingered a moment she knew she would have had Ally at her heels.

She hurried upstairs and felt her way into her dark room. Her hands trembled as she groped for the matches and lit her candle, and the flap of the envelope was so closely stuck that she had to find her scissors and slit it open. At length she

留在那女人處，是糟透了的事，但即使如此，離去時得知診症的結果，付出的代價也不算大。她坐在疾馳的火車上，沿途的景物都是熟悉的，她的眼睛半閉，上次旅程的記憶，並非化作片片枯葉在眼前飛舞，而是像沉睡的麥子在她血液中逐漸成熟。她以後再也不會感到孤單一人。一切都突然變得簡單清晰；她再也不難想像做夏尼的妻子，因為她已是他孩子的母親。與她的主權相比下，安娜貝·巴柱宣稱所擁有的身份，只像個女孩的浪漫幻想。

她在傍晚抵家。薄暮中，雅莉佇立紅屋柵門前等候。「郵局關門前我剛好去到，威爾·泰格說妳有封信，我就給妳捎來了。」

雅莉把信遞過來，望着慈諦，眼中透出的那份同情直刺人心。自那次撕罩衣事件後，她望着好友的眼神就摻入新的元素，是讚嘆中帶着敬畏意味。

慈諦笑一笑，從她手中一把抓了信，轉頭就往小徑跑，不忘向背後喊道：「謝

read:

DEAR CHARITY:

I have your letter, and it touches me more than I can say. Won't you trust me, in return, to do my best? There are things it is hard to explain, much less to justify; but your generosity makes everything easier. All I can do now is to thank you from my soul for understanding. Your telling me that you wanted me to do right has helped me beyond expression. If ever there is a hope of realizing what we dreamed of you will see me back on the instant; and I haven't yet lost that hope.

She read the letter with a rush; then she went over and over it, each time more slowly and painstakingly. It was so beautifully expressed that she found it almost as difficult to understand as the gentleman's explanation of the Bible pictures at Nettleton; but gradually she became aware that the gist of its meaning lay in the last few words. "If ever there is a hope of realizing what we dreamed of..."

But then he wasn't even sure of that? She understood now that every word and every reticence was an avowal of

謝！晚安！」她知道只要停下一刻，雅莉肯定會跟上來。

她趕快上樓去，在黑暗中找到房門口。從摸索到火柴到燃亮蠟燭的一刻，她的手一直是顫抖的，信封口又黏得那麼緊，她要找把剪刀來把信封剪開。最後她讀到：

親愛的慈諦：

妳的信我收到了，它令我感動得說不出話來。為了作出回報，我一定會盡最大努力，妳要信我。有些事我很難解釋，更難說是否有足夠的理據；但妳大方的態度使一切變得容易多了。我現在所能做到的是從靈魂深處感謝妳的理解。妳說寧願我做對的事，妳這句話幫忙之大，我無法言喻。假使我們的夢想有望實現，妳會見到我馬上回來；我仍沒失去希望。

她很快把信讀完了，然後一次又一次重讀，每一次讀得更慢、更仔細，它的措辭太美妙了，令她想起蕁麻鎮那位紳士

Annabel Balch's prior claim. It was true that he was engaged to her, and that he had not yet found a way of breaking his engagement.

As she read the letter over Charity understood what it must have cost him to write it. He was not trying to evade an importunate claim; he was honestly and contritely struggling between opposing duties. She did not even reproach him in her thoughts for having concealed from her that he was not free: she could not see anything more reprehensible in his conduct than in her own. From the first she had needed him more than he had wanted her, and the power that had swept them together had been as far beyond resistance as a great gale loosening the leaves of the forest.... Only, there stood between them, fixed and upright in the general upheaval, the indestructible figure of Annabel Balch....

Face to face with his admission of the fact, she sat staring at the letter. A cold tremor ran over her, and the hard sobs struggled up into her throat and shook her from head to foot. For a while she was caught and tossed on great waves of anguish that left her hardly conscious of anything but the blind struggle against their assaults. Then, little by little, she began to relive, with a dreadful poignancy, each separate stage of her

對聖經圖片的講述，兩者差不多是同等難於理解。不過她逐漸明白信的主旨是在最後的幾個字。「假使我們的夢想有望實現……」

原來他連那個也不肯定？現在她明白每個字詞、每段謹慎用語，都說明了安娜貝·巴柱對他一早就擁有主權。他果真已跟她訂婚，但還未找到解除婚約的辦法。

慈諦細味那封信的時候，想到他必然寫得很辛苦。他並非要逃避糾纏不清的婚約，對於這兩個不能相容的女孩，他真誠地帶着悔意，為了個人的責任而內心掙扎。在她心中，對他隱瞞早有婚約一事，連怨懟也沒有。如他的所作所為應受譴責，她的何嘗不是？一開始就是要他，比他要她更甚。那股席捲他們在一起的力量是沒法抗拒的，就如一陣狂風吹來，一下子刮走林間樹梢的葉子……只是在這片動盪當中，屹立不搖、不能毀滅的是安娜貝·巴柱的形象……

poor romance. Foolish things she had said came back to her, gay answers Harney had made, his first kiss in the darkness between the fireworks, their choosing the blue brooch together, the way he had teased her about the letters she had dropped in her flight from the evangelist. All these memories, and a thousand others, hummed through her brain till his nearness grew so vivid that she felt his fingers in her hair, and his warm breath on her cheek as he bent her head back like a flower. These things were hers; they had passed into her blood, and become a part of her, they were building the child in her womb; it was impossible to tear asunder strands of life so interwoven.

The conviction gradually strengthened her, and she began to form in her mind the first words of the letter she meant to write to Harney. She wanted to write it at once, and with feverish hands she began to rummage in her drawer for a sheet of letter paper. But there was none left; she must go downstairs to get it. She had a superstitious feeling that the letter must be written on the instant, that setting down her secret in words would bring her reassurance and safety; and taking up her candle she went down to Mr. Royall's office.

At that hour she was not likely to find

面對他坦認這事，她只是呆坐瞪着那封信，一陣冷冷戰慄襲來，啜泣狠狠地噎在喉頭，令她由頭到腳不住搖晃。有一段時間，她在一波又一波的痛苦巨浪中翻騰，只知盲目地抵禦，其他事都渾然不覺。慢慢地，她逐漸憶起她那悲慘愛情故事的先後片段，感到無限辛酸。她想起最初說過的傻話、夏尼的輕鬆回答、他們一起挑選藍胸針的那刻、煙花消散後他在黑暗中的初吻、他見她為了逃避福音傳道人弄丟了信、而調侃她的樣子。這些回憶，還有其他千百件事，在她腦中交鳴，直至她感到他宛如在身邊那麼真切——他的手指爬梳她的髮鬢，他把她的頭像朵花般後仰，面龐上感受到他溫暖的呼吸氣息。這些都是屬於她的東西，它們已進入她的血液裏，成為她的一部分、孕育在她子宮內的胎兒；她沒可能把交織成生命的東西扯開、撕走。

這個信念使她逐漸振作起來，她要回信給夏尼，並開始在腦中構思如何開首。她要馬上寫，熱呼呼的手在抽屜裏翻，想找張紙；可是一張也沒有，必須下樓

him there: he had probably had his supper and walked over to Carrick Fry's. She pushed open the door of the unlit room, and the light of her lifted candle fell on his figure, seated in the darkness in his high-backed chair. His arms lay along the arms of the chair, and his head was bent a little; but he lifted it quickly as Charity entered. She started back as their eyes met, remembering that her own were red with weeping, and that her face was livid with the fatigue and emotion of her journey. But it was too late to escape, and she stood and looked at him in silence.

He had risen from his chair, and came toward her with outstretched hands. The gesture was so unexpected that she let him take her hands in his and they stood thus, without speaking, till Mr. Royall said gravely: "Charity--was you looking for me?"

She freed herself abruptly and fell back. "Me? No----" She set down the candle on his desk. "I wanted some letter-paper, that's all." His face contracted, and the bushy brows jutted forward over his eyes. Without answering he opened the drawer of the desk, took out a sheet of paper and an envelope, and pushed them toward her. "Do you want a stamp too?" he asked.

She nodded, and he gave her the stamp.

去拿。不知怎的，總之她覺得這封信必須即時寫，只要把她的秘密宣諸紙筆，她就會放下心來，感到安全。她持着蠟燭下樓，來到萊亞先生的辦公室。

她沒想到這個時份他會在；通常他吃過晚餐，會去了嘉力·費爾那兒。她推開門，房內沒有燭光，她高持的蠟燭在黑暗中照出他的身影。他坐在高背椅上，手臂擱在扶手上，頭微微下垂；但一見到慈諦進來，就馬上抬起。雙方眼神甫接那一刻，她猛地一驚，想到自己的眼睛哭腫了，臉也因旅程疲倦和種種情緒而變得灰啞。不過現在已不能避開，只好站定靜靜望着他。

他從椅子站起，伸出雙臂朝她走來。他的舉動太出乎她意料之外了，使她無從反應，雙手就此被他緊執着，不懂得抗拒。兩人就是這樣站着不說話，直至萊亞先生以肅穆的神情說：「慈諦，有事找我嗎？」

她猝地掙脫他的手，後退一步。「我？」

As he did so she felt that he was looking at her intently, and she knew that the candle light flickering up on her white face must be distorting her swollen features and exaggerating the dark rings about her eyes. She snatched up the paper, her reassurance dissolving under his pitiless gaze, in which she seemed to read the grim perception of her state, and the ironic recollection of the day when, in that very room, he had offered to compel Harney to marry her. His look seemed to say that he knew she had taken the paper to write to her lover, who had left her as he had warned her she would be left. She remembered the scorn with which she had turned from him that day, and knew, if he guessed the truth, what a list of old scores it must settle. She turned and fled upstairs; but when she got back to her room all the words that had been waiting had vanished....

If she could have gone to Harney it would have been different; she would only have had to show herself to let his memories speak for her. But she had no money left, and there was no one from whom she could have borrowed enough for such a journey. There was nothing to do but to write, and await his reply. For a long time she sat bent above the blank page; but she found nothing to say that really expressed what she was feeling....

Harney had written that she had made it

不……」她把蠟燭放在桌面。「我只是想找張信紙。」他的臉一下抽搐，濃密的眉毛在眼睛上緊蹙凸起，不作聲，就從桌子抽屜拿了張信紙和信封出來，推向她面前。「要郵票嗎？」他問。

她點點頭，他又遞過來一枚郵票。她知道他一直在仔細望她，蠟燭火光在她蒼白的臉上晃動，她哭腫了的五官必然看來扭曲，眼下的黑眼圈也會更深了。她從桌上極快撿起信紙、信封。在他無情的審視下，她的信心頓時消散。他的眼睛像是說：她目前處境嚴峻，當日在同一室內，他不是說過可逼夏尼娶她嗎？何等諷刺！他也似在表示：知道她想寫信給離她而去的愛人，而他早已告誡過她會遭人遺棄。她記得那天她拒絕建議時，自己的態度是多麼輕蔑，如他現在知道所有真相，許多舊怨定會一筆勾銷！她轉身逃也似的急步上樓去，但在她回到房間時，所有準備說的話已無影無蹤了……

如果可去找夏尼，那事情就不一樣，她只須現身在他眼前，他就會想起跟她一

easier for him, and she was glad it was so; she did not want to make things hard. She knew she had it in her power to do that; she held his fate in her hands. All she had to do was to tell him the truth; but that was the very fact that held her back.... Her five minutes face to face with Mr. Royall had stripped her of her last illusion, and brought her back to North Dormer's point of view. Distinctly and pitilessly there rose before her the fate of the girl who was married "to make things right." She had seen too many village love-stories end in that way. Poor Rose Coles's miserable marriage was of the number; and what good had come of it for her or for Halston Skeff? They had hated each other from the day the minister married them; and whenever old Mrs. Skeff had a fancy to humiliate her daughter-in-law she had only to say: "Who'd ever think the baby's only two? And for a seven months' child--ain't it a wonder what a size he is?" North Dormer had treasures of indulgence for brands in the burning, but only derision for those who succeeded in getting snatched from it; and Charity had always understood Julia Hawes's refusal to be snatched....

Only--was there no alternative but Julia's? Her soul recoiled from the vision of the white-faced woman among the plush sofas and gilt frames. In the established order of things as she knew

起的時光。但她已不名一文，也沒有誰可借給她足夠的旅費。她只能寫信，和等候他的回覆。她在空白的信紙前低頭坐了很久，仍然想不出如何確切表達出她的感受……

夏尼寫道，她使一切變得容易多了，她覺得是好事，因為她並不想為難他。本來她大可這樣做，他的命運操縱在她手裏——只須把目下事實說出來，但就是這事令她止住了……在小屋內跟萊亞先生對峙的五分鐘，剝奪了她的最後幻想，讓她再次認清北多馬人的想法。那些為了彌縫醜事而被逼結婚的女孩，她們以後的命運在眼前清晰而無情地浮現，村中的情事就此告終的多了。玫瑰·高爾斯那段淒慘的婚姻就是其一，它對玫瑰或侯士頓·施基夫有什麼好處？從牧師證婚那一天開始，他倆已痛恨對方；只要施基夫老太哪時想羞辱媳婦一番，只須說：「誰會猜到娃兒只有兩歲呢？他還是個七星仔哩！這麼壯健真少有呀！」北多馬對於未婚而走去墮胎的女孩，是非常縱容的，反而對於那些有幸結婚而毋須墮胎的女孩，村人

them she saw no place for her individual adventure....

She sat in her chair without undressing till faint grey streaks began to divide the black slats of the shutters. Then she stood up and pushed them open, letting in the light. The coming of a new day brought a sharper consciousness of ineluctable reality, and with it a sense of the need of action. She looked at herself in the glass, and saw her face, white in the autumn dawn, with pinched cheeks and dark-ringed eyes, and all the marks of her state that she herself would never have noticed, but that Dr. Merkle's diagnosis had made plain to her. She could not hope that those signs would escape the watchful village; even before her figure lost its shape she knew her face would betray her.

Leaning from her window she looked out on the dark and empty scene; the ashen houses with shuttered windows, the grey road climbing the slope to the hemlock belt above the cemetery, and the heavy mass of the Mountain black against a rainy sky. To the east a space of light was broadening above the forest; but over that also the clouds hung. Slowly her gaze travelled across the fields to the rugged curve of the hills. She had looked out so often on that lifeless circle, and wondered if anything

只會嘲笑一番；慈諦早已了解茉莉亞·巧斯就是不想那麼「幸運」……

是否除了學茉莉亞，就沒有其他出路？想起那個身處豪華梳化和鍍金相架之間的婦人，一張臉搽得白白的，她的靈魂就畏縮了。在她所知曉的社會倫序中，她看不到有獨自闖蕩一番的餘地……

她坐在椅子上，衣服也沒脫，直至一綫綫灰色曙光開始分隔百頁窗的黑色頁片。她站起來推開窗子，讓光綫完全透進來。新的一天讓她更清楚感到現實是不可逃避的，亦須馬上採取行動了。她在窗子玻璃上端詳自己，在秋季的拂曉中，她的臉是蒼白的，面頰癟陷、眼圈藍黑，這些身體癥狀是何含意她本來並不覺察，是麥歌醫生的診斷才令她恍然大悟。她不敢寄望虎視眈眈的村人會看不透這些癥狀，就算體型未生變化之前，她的臉已會把她出賣。

倚在窗前，她凝望外面昏暗、空寥的景色，一排排百頁窗緊閉的黯淡屋子，灰

could ever happen to anyone who was enclosed in it....

Almost without conscious thought her decision had been reached; as her eyes had followed the circle of the hills her mind had also travelled the old round. She supposed it was something in her blood that made the Mountain the only answer to her questioning, the inevitable escape from all that hemmed her in and beset her. At any rate it began to loom against the rainy dawn; and the longer she looked at it the more clearly she understood that now at last she was really going there.

## XVI

THE rain held off, and an hour later, when she started, wild gleams of sunlight were blowing across the fields.

After Harney's departure she had returned her bicycle to its owner at Creston, and she was not sure of being able to walk all the way to the Mountain. The deserted house was on the road; but the idea of spending the night there was unendurable, and she meant to try to push on to Hamblin, where she could sleep under a wood-shed if her strength should fail her. Her preparations had been made with quiet forethought. Before starting she had forced herself to swallow a glass of milk and eat a piece

色的路隨着坡度爬升到墳場上的鐵杉林去，煙雨迷濛的天空下，峨然矗立的大山是黑黝黝的巨大實體。東面樹林之上，天空越來越亮了；可是也有雲翳低垂。她的視線從田野慢慢遠望出去，移到弧型山丘群的嶙峋坡脊上。她常常仰望那個沒有生命的圓圈，心想給它圍着的人，日子還會有什麼指望……

不用怎樣去想，她就自然地作出決定了。當她的視線順着圓圈似的山丘眺望，她的腦袋也循着一貫的思路盤算。大概是身上血液內某些東西，使她認為大山是唯一的答案。她又再想到必須逃跑，逃離那圈禁、圍困她的一切；總之，大山在飄雨的黎明中更是高高臨下，她望得越久，就越加清楚，最後她真的要在那裏去了。

## 十六

雨絲止住，曉風拂開了雲層，朝陽的微光東一道、西一道在田野上閃爍掠過。一小時後，她啓程離開紅屋。

夏尼走後，她就把單車歸還給在瓜斯頓

of bread; and she had put in her canvas satchel a little packet of the chocolate that Harney always carried in his bicycle bag. She wanted above all to keep up her strength, and reach her destination without attracting notice....

Mile by mile she retraced the road over which she had so often flown to her lover. When she reached the turn where the wood-road branched off from the Creston highway she remembered the Gospel tent--long since folded up and transplanted--and her start of involuntary terror when the fat evangelist had said: "Your Saviour knows everything. Come and confess your guilt." There was no sense of guilt in her now, but only a desperate desire to defend her secret from irreverent eyes, and begin life again among people to whom the harsh code of the village was unknown. The impulse did not shape itself in thought: she only knew she must save her baby, and hide herself with it somewhere where no one would ever come to trouble them.

She walked on and on, growing more heavy-footed as the day advanced. It seemed a cruel chance that compelled her to retrace every step of the way to the deserted house; and when she came in sight of the orchard, and the silver-gray roof slanting crookedly through the laden branches, her strength failed her and she sat down by the

河的物主，不知能否一直步行到山上去。途中她會經過那荒廢小屋，如須在那裏宿一宵，叫她情何以堪！她希望能一口氣走到希賓，要是氣力不繼，那裏有個小木棚可以歇一晚。她在出走之前，先靜靜地籌劃了一番，逼自己喝下一杯牛奶、吃了一塊麪包；並且在帆布背包裏放了一小包朱古力，那是夏尼的單車袋子常備的。最重要的是，她想保持體力，避開所有人，悄悄抵達目的地……

行行重行行，她逐步重蹈那條昔日飛馳往會情人的熟路。走到拐彎處、轉上林間支路時，她想起了那福音帳幕與及那胖胖的福音播道人。福音帳幕早已拆走移到別處了。當日播道人說：「救世主知曉一切，來告解吧！」她聽到了，不由自主地嚇一大跳。此刻她不覺得自己有什麼罪，受不了的只是村人輕蔑的眼光，她亟想守護這秘密，走去與不識不知、不懂村子嚴苛規矩的山民一起生活。她其實沒好好分析這股衝動，只知必須保護孩子，和他一起藏在某地，以後相依為命，不會受到旁人騷擾。

road-side. She sat there a long time, trying to gather the courage to start again, and walk past the broken gate and the untrimmed rose-bushes strung with scarlet hips. A few drops of rain were falling, and she thought of the warm evenings when she and Harney had sat embraced in the shadowy room, and the noise of summer showers on the roof had rustled through their kisses. At length she understood that if she stayed any longer the rain might compel her to take shelter in the house overnight, and she got up and walked on, averting her eyes as she came abreast of the white gate and the tangled garden.

The hours wore on, and she walked more and more slowly, pausing now and then to rest, and to eat a little bread and an apple picked up from the roadside. Her body seemed to grow heavier with every yard of the way, and she wondered how she would be able to carry her child later, if already he laid such a burden on her.... A fresh wind had sprung up, scattering the rain and blowing down keenly from the mountain. Presently the clouds lowered again, and a few white darts struck her in the face: it was the first snow falling over Hamblin. The roofs of the lonely village were only half a mile ahead, and she was resolved to push beyond it, and try to reach the Mountain that night. She had no clear plan of action, except that, once in the settlement, she meant to look for Liff Hyatt, and get him to take her to her

隨着時間過去，她雙腳越來越重。命運何等殘酷，逼得她逐步踏上往那荒廢小屋之路！終於她見到果園了，在果實纍纍的樹梢上，露出一幅歪斜的銀灰屋頂，但她渾身乏力，只好在路邊坐下來。她坐了很久，希望凝聚勇氣助她繼續前行——走過那毀損了的柵門、那些吊着紅果的野薔薇叢……零星雨點開始洒落，她想起那些溫暖的傍晚，她跟夏尼在陰影幢幢的房間裏相擁，熱吻時聽着夏季暴雨打落屋頂的「沙沙」聲響。最後她省覺，再逗留的話，她就會被迫走到屋子內避雨，並在那兒留宿；於是站起來繼續上路。白色柵門和植物糾結的花園到了，她的眼睛避開不去望。

時間逐分逐秒地過去，她行得越來越慢，不時停下來休息，拿出麪包咬幾口，或從路邊撿個蘋果吃。走不了幾步，她就感到身軀越發沉重，心想現已覺得重贅，日後胎兒長大，懷着他不知啥辦哩……起風了，清爽的風從大山颯颯吹來，把雨點吹散，現在雲層又再低

mother. She herself had been born as her own baby was going to be born; and whatever her mother's subsequent life had been, she could hardly help remembering the past, and receiving a daughter who was facing the trouble she had known.

Suddenly the deadly faintness came over her once more and she sat down on the bank and leaned her head against a tree-trunk. The long road and the cloudy landscape vanished from her eyes, and for a time she seemed to be circling about in some terrible wheeling darkness. Then that too faded.

She opened her eyes, and saw a buggy drawn up beside her, and a man who had jumped down from it and was gazing at her with a puzzled face. Slowly consciousness came back, and she saw that the man was Liff Hyatt.

She was dimly aware that he was asking her something, and she looked at him in silence, trying to find strength to speak. At length her voice stirred in her throat, and she said in a whisper: "I'm going up the Mountain."

"Up the Mountain?" he repeated, drawing aside a little; and as he moved she saw behind him, in the buggy, a heavily coated figure with a familiar

垂，有幾點白色東西落到面龐，是希賓的初雪降臨。她計算着，還差半哩路就去到那孤零零的村落，她決心越過它，希望晚上時份抵達大山。她沒怎樣規劃動向，只想到達山區之後，尋着利夫·凱悅了，就叫他帶自己去見母親。她的身世，就跟胎兒的身世一樣，不管母親在山上的生活好歹，總不能不憶記昔日、不能不接待遇上同一麻煩的女兒。

忽然間，叫人透不過氣的暈眩又再襲來，她坐在路邊，頭靠在樹幹上。眼前的漫漫長路和煙雨朦朧的景物都消失了，有段時間，她像是置身於一個可怕的黑暗漩渦之中，身不由己地打轉。

幻覺終於消逝了，她張開眼睛，見到有輛單座馬車停在身邊，有個男人從上面跳下來，神情困惑地望着她。慢慢地她恢復了知覺，認出那人是利夫·凱悅。

她大致明白他在發問，但是虛弱得很，

pink face and gold spectacles on the bridge of a Grecian nose.

"Charity! What on earth are you doing here?" Mr. Miles exclaimed, throwing the reins on the horse's back and scrambling down from the buggy.

She lifted her heavy eyes to his. "I'm going to see my mother."

The two men glanced at each other, and for a moment neither of them spoke.

Then Mr. Miles said: "You look ill, my dear, and it's a long way. Do you think it's wise?"

Charity stood up. "I've got to go to her."

A vague mirthless grin contracted Liff Hyatt's face, and Mr. Miles again spoke uncertainly. "You know, then--you'd been told?"

She stared at him. "I don't know what you mean. I want to go to her."

Mr. Miles was examining her thoughtfully. She fancied she saw a change in his expression, and the blood

開不了口，只是望着他。等到可以開聲了，她低低說道：「我要上山去。」

「上山去？」他重複她的話，向旁移開一步。然後她看見他身後的馬車上，坐了個穿上厚外套的男士，面靨是熟悉的粉紅色，高大的希臘鼻子上架了副金框眼鏡。

「慈諦！妳在這兒幹嘛？」邁爾斯牧師驚叫道。他把韁繩往馬背一扔，就從馬車上爬下來。

她抬起澀重的眼睛迎接他的目光。「我要找我媽去。」

兩個男人對望，好一會都不作聲。

然後邁爾斯牧師說：「妳面色不好，而且路程很遠，太傻了吧！」

慈諦站起來，說：「我一定要去找她。」

利夫·凱悅的臉抽搐一下，口咧開但又不是在笑。邁爾斯牧師不大肯定地問：

rushed to her forehead. "I just want to go to her," she repeated.

He laid his hand on her arm. "My child, your mother is dying. Liff Hyatt came down to fetch me.... Get in and come with us."

He helped her up to the seat at his side, Liff Hyatt clambered in at the back, and they drove off toward Hamblin. At first Charity had hardly grasped what Mr. Miles was saying; the physical relief of finding herself seated in the buggy, and securely on her road to the Mountain, effaced the impression of his words. But as her head cleared she began to understand. She knew the Mountain had but the most infrequent intercourse with the valleys; she had often enough heard it said that no one ever went up there except the minister, when someone was dying. And now it was her mother who was dying... and she would find herself as much alone on the Mountain as anywhere else in the world. The sense of unescapable isolation was all she could feel for the moment; then she began to wonder at the strangeness of its being Mr. Miles who had undertaken to perform this grim errand. He did not seem in the least like the kind of man who would care to go up the Mountain. But here he was at her side, guiding the horse with a firm hand, and bending on

「那妳知道了？有人告訴妳？」

她盯着他。「我不明白這話。我只想去找她。」

邁爾斯牧師深深地打量她，若有所思。她覺得他的神情有了改變，紅暈直飛上額頭。「我只想去找她。」她重複說。

邁爾斯牧師把手搭在她的臂上，說道：「孩子，妳媽快要離世了。利夫·凱悅下山就是來找我……坐車一起上去吧！」

他扶她上車，把她安頓在他旁邊的座位，利夫·凱悅爬到後面，他們就朝咸連進發。最初慈諦沒聽清邁爾斯牧師說什麼，能夠坐單座馬車安安穩穩上山去，登時令身心交疲的她鬆弛下來，沒去細想他的說話內容。慢慢她的腦袋開始清醒了，她知道谷中所有村落跟大山的干係極少，常聽到的是從沒人敢上山去，唯一會去的人是牧師，原因是有山民已處於彌留狀態。現在輪到她母親了……那她到了山上，也是孤單一人，

her the kindly gleam of his spectacles, as if there were nothing unusual in their being together in such circumstances.

For a while she found it impossible to speak, and he seemed to understand this, and made no attempt to question her. But presently she felt her tears rise and flow down over her drawn cheeks; and he must have seen them too, for he laid his hand on hers, and said in a low voice: "Won't you tell me what is troubling you?"

She shook her head, and he did not insist: but after a while he said, in the same low tone, so that they should not be overheard: "Charity, what do you know of your childhood, before you came down to North Dormer?"

She controlled herself, and answered: "Nothing only what I heard Mr. Royall say one day. He said he brought me down because my father went to prison."

"And you've never been up there since?"

"Never."

Mr. Miles was silent again, then he said: "I'm glad you're coming with me now. Perhaps we may find your mother alive, and she may know that you have come."

跟在世上哪兒都一樣。此刻她只感到無處逃避的孤單之感；然後，她開始奇怪竟是邁爾斯牧師接下這份難堪的差使，他完全不像個不介意上山去的人啊！不過現在他坐在身邊，堅定的雙手策着韁繩，眼鏡下投過來的目光是和藹的，似乎認為兩人在這情況下共坐是自然不過的事。

她久久都不能說話，他亦似明白了，而不追問下去。接着她發覺淚水湧上來，在憔悴的臉上淌流。他一定也看見了，因為他把手覆在她的手掌上，低聲問道：「妳有煩惱事兒嗎？可以告訴我。」

她搖搖頭，而他也沒逼迫她。過了一刻，他仍用低低的聲綫跟她說話，以防外人聽到。「慈諦，還記得小時在山上事嗎？」

她控制着自己的情緒，回答說：「只有一次聽萊亞先生提過。他說帶我下山是因為我父親入獄了。」

They had reached Hamblin, where the snow-flurry had left white patches in the rough grass on the roadside, and in the angles of the roofs facing north. It was a poor bleak village under the granite flank of the Mountain, and as soon as they left it they began to climb. The road was steep and full of ruts, and the horse settled down to a walk while they mounted and mounted, the world dropping away below them in great mottled stretches of forest and field, and stormy dark blue distances.

Charity had often had visions of this ascent of the Mountain but she had not known it would reveal so wide a country, and the sight of those strange lands reaching away on every side gave her a new sense of Harney's remoteness. She knew he must be miles and miles beyond the last range of hills that seemed to be the outmost verge of things, and she wondered how she had ever dreamed of going to New York to find him....

As the road mounted the country grew bleaker, and they drove across fields of faded mountain grass bleached by long months beneath the snow. In the hollows a few white birches trembled, or a mountain ash lit its scarlet clusters; but

「以後從沒去過？」

「沒有。」

邁爾斯牧師又不作聲了，過一會才說：

「妳隨着來是好事。或者妳母親還未離世，會知曉妳來了哩！」

他們已到達咸連，雪花飄落在路邊的硬草叢和那些朝北的屋頂上，積聚成白濛濛的一團團。咸連是個位於大山花崗岩側脊下的貧瘠村落，越過它之後，就開始上山去。上山的路很陡，而且佈滿深陷的轍跡，馬兒改為一步步前行。上呀上，世界越來越遠了，山下的樹林和田野逐漸化成斑駁的一大片，溶入風暴中的暗藍遠方。

慈諦以前常常遠眺這條高峻的上山路，但從不知它所俯瞰的範圍可以有多廣。現在見到它每一方延展出去的陌生景色，對於夏尼之遙不可及，有了新的體會。那最遠的一列山嶺像是天之涯，但她知道他更遠在山嶺那邊迢迢千哩之外，奇怪自己怎會生出去紐約找他的

only a scant growth of pines darkened the granite ledges. The wind was blowing fiercely across the open slopes; the horse faced it with bent head and straining flanks, and now and then the buggy swayed so that Charity had to clutch its side.

Mr. Miles had not spoken again; he seemed to understand that she wanted to be left alone. After a while the track they were following forked, and he pulled up the horse, as if uncertain of the way. Liff Hyatt craned his head around from the back, and shouted against the wind: "Left----" and they turned into a stunted pine-wood and began to drive down the other side of the Mountain.

A mile or two farther on they came out on a clearing where two or three low houses lay in stony fields, crouching among the rocks as if to brace themselves against the wind. They were hardly more than sheds, built of logs and rough boards, with tin stove-pipes sticking out of their roofs. The sun was setting, and dusk had already fallen on the lower world, but a yellow glare still lay on the lonely hillside and the crouching houses. The next moment it faded and left the landscape in dark autumn twilight.

念頭……

他們一路沿山而上，景色更顯荒涼，馬車駛過的草地，都因長期埋在雪中而褪去青綠，像給漂洗過了。在一些岩凹處，幾株白樺樹隨風輕搖，間或有棵山梨迸發一串串的鮮紅果實；但整幅山脊上，只得少許松樹生長，掩蓋着部分花崗岩礁。猛烈大風吹過空曠的山坡，馬兒的頭垂下來，竭力用側腹抵擋，馬車不時向兩邊晃得厲害，慈諦需要緊緊抓着車邊。

邁爾斯牧師沒再說話，似乎明白她想獨個兒靜一靜。過了一會，馬車來到路的一個分叉，邁爾斯牧師策停馬匹，似不肯定應走哪邊。利夫·凱悅從後頭伸長脖子望望周圍，在風中喊道：「左邊——」於是他們就轉入一個矮小的松樹林，從山的另一邊下去。

走了一兩哩路，他們來到一塊空地，那裏有三兩間矮矮的房屋，豎立在石塊貫突的田野上。屋子蹲伏在大石之間，似乎就是依靠岩石來抵擋大風。這些房屋

"Over there," Liff called out, stretching his long arm over Mr. Miles's shoulder. The clergyman turned to the left, across a bit of bare ground overgrown with docks and nettles, and stopped before the most ruinous of the sheds. A stove-pipe reached its crooked arm out of one window, and the broken panes of the other were stuffed with rags and paper.

In contrast to such a dwelling the brown house in the swamp might have stood for the home of plenty.

As the buggy drew up two or three mongrel dogs jumped out of the twilight with a great barking, and a young man slouched to the door and stood there staring. In the twilight Charity saw that his face had the same sodden look as Bash Hyatt's, the day she had seen him sleeping by the stove. He made no effort to silence the dogs, but leaned in the door, as if roused from a drunken lethargy, while Mr. Miles got out of the buggy.

"Is it here?" the clergyman asked Liff in a low voice; and Liff nodded.

Mr. Miles turned to Charity. "Just hold

只比木棚好一點，以木頭和板塊搭建而成，屋頂上，火爐的鐵皮煙管子突兀地伸出來。太陽開始下山了，山下的世界已是薄暮微昏，但在這孤零零的山邊及蹲伏的矮房子上，仍是一片眩目的橙黃。不過很快夕陽餘暉消散，整塊大地沒入秋季的昏暗暮色之中。

「是那邊！」利夫喊道，瘦長手臂從邁爾斯牧師的肩膊後伸出來指着。牧師驅車左轉，穿過一小塊長滿了酸模草和蕁麻的泥地，停在一間最破爛的木棚子前面。一枝歪曲的煙管子從窗口伸出，另一個窗子的玻璃破了，用碎布塊和紙團塞着。

跟這棚子相比，沼澤的棕屋可算是豐盛之家。

馬車靠近時，三兩隻雜種狗在薄暮中衝出來，連聲狂吠。有個懶洋洋的年輕漢子拖着腳步走到門邊，雙眼發直地朝他們望。在暮色中，慈諦想起在棕屋火爐旁睡着了的霸殊·凱悅，兩個人都是醺醺的模樣。這男人沒去制止狗吠，歪

the horse a minute, my dear: I'll go in first," he said, putting the reins in her hands. She took them passively, and sat staring straight ahead of her at the darkening scene while Mr. Miles and Liff Hyatt went up to the house. They stood a few minutes talking with the man in the door, and then Mr. Miles came back. As he came close, Charity saw that his smooth pink face wore a frightened solemn look.

"Your mother is dead, Charity; you'd better come with me," he said.

She got down and followed him while Liff led the horse away. As she approached the door she said to herself: "This is where I was born... this is where I belong...." She had said it to herself often enough as she looked across the sunlit valleys at the Mountain; but it had meant nothing then, and now it had become a reality. Mr. Miles took her gently by the arm, and they entered what appeared to be the only room in the house. It was so dark that she could just discern a group of a dozen people sitting or sprawling about a table made of boards laid across two barrels. They looked up listlessly as Mr. Miles and Charity came in, and a woman's thick voice said: "Here's the preacher." But no one moved.

在門邊的樣子，似是在醉鄉中被狗吠聲驚醒。

邁爾斯牧師下車，低聲問利夫說：「是這裏嗎？」利夫點點頭。

邁爾斯牧師轉向慈諦，說道：「替我管着馬兒。我先過去看看。」然後把韁繩遞到她手上，她不抗拒、不說話，接住了，直望前面逐漸昏暗的景色。邁爾斯牧師和利夫步上屋前，跟靠在門邊的男人交談幾句後，就回到馬車旁。他走近時，慈諦看見他平滑的粉紅面龐上添了嚴肅意味，內裏透出一絲惶然。

「妳的母親死了，慈諦！跟我來吧！」他說。

慈諦下車步在他後頭，利夫把馬牽開去。她朝着門口走，一面對自己說：「這是我出生的地方……我屬於的地方……」從前她的視線越過朗日下的山谷、凝望着大山時常常跟自己說這句話；但那時單在口邊說說，現在就真的成為事實了。邁爾斯牧師輕挽她的手

Mr. Miles paused and looked about him; then he turned to the young man who had met them at the door.

"Is the body here?" he asked.

The young man, instead of answering, turned his head toward the group.

"Where's the candle? I tole yer to bring a candle," he said with sudden harshness to a girl who was lolling against the table. She did not answer, but another man got up and took from some corner a candle stuck into a bottle.

"How'll I light it? The stove's out," the girl grumbled.

Mr. Miles fumbled under his heavy wrappings and drew out a match-box. He held a match to the candle, and in a moment or two a faint circle of light fell on the pale aguish heads that started out of the shadow like the heads of nocturnal animals.

"Mary's over there," someone said; and Mr. Miles, taking the bottle in his hand, passed behind the table. Charity followed him, and they stood before a mattress on the floor in a corner of the

臂，一起進入屋子內。似乎整間屋子只得一個房間，裏面很暗，她望到約有十來個人，圍着一張用木板和兩個木桶併湊而成的桌子，或坐或臥，見到他們進來，沒精打采地抬起頭來。有把女聲粗聲粗氣地說：「牧師來了。」但沒有人動。

邁爾斯牧師停下腳步，望望四周，然後對站在門口的小夥子說：「遺體是在這兒嗎？」

他沒回答，卻轉過身去，面對那些人，忽然厲聲對一個趴在桌子邊的年輕姑娘說：「蠟燭呢？早就叫你拿枝蠟燭來！」她並不理睬。有個男人站起身來，從角落找來蠟燭插進一個瓶子裏。

「叫我怎點火？爐子熄了呀！」那女孩咕噥着。

邁爾斯牧師從層層疊疊的厚衣服中摸索到一盒火柴，抽出一枝把蠟燭點着了。頓時間，淡淡的一圈光暈照在一夥蒼白、冷得發抖的人的頭上，他們從陰

room. A woman lay on it, but she did not look like a dead woman; she seemed to have fallen across her squalid bed in a drunken sleep, and to have been left lying where she fell, in her ragged disordered clothes. One arm was flung above her head, one leg drawn up under a torn skirt that left the other bare to the knee: a swollen glistening leg with a ragged stocking rolled down about the ankle. The woman lay on her back, her eyes staring up unblinkingly at the candle that trembled in Mr. Miles's hand.

"She jus' dropped off," a woman said, over the shoulder of the others; and the young man added: "I jus' come in and found her."

An elderly man with lank hair and a feeble grin pushed between them. "It was like this: I says to her on'y the night before: if you don't take and quit, I says to her..."

Someone pulled him back and sent him reeling against a bench along the wall, where he dropped down muttering his unheeded narrative.

There was a silence; then the young woman who had been lolling against the

暗中冒現，就像是一群夜行獸露出頭來。

「瑪莉在那邊。」有人說。邁爾斯牧師持着瓶子，繞到桌子後邊的屋角去。慈諦跟着他，兩人在一塊鋪在地面的墊褥旁站住了。有個女人躺在上面，那張權充的「床」似是個狗窩，她看上去不像是條屍體，更似喝醉後就此倒下來，之後就沒人動過她。她身上的衣服亂七八糟地搭掛着，破破爛爛，一隻手臂擱在頭的上方，一條腿在破裙下屈曲，另一條露出來，腫得發亮，殘舊的長襪褪到腳踝上捲成一團，整條小腿直至膝蓋都是光禿禿的。那女人仰面臥着，她的眼睛張開，直瞪着邁爾斯牧師手中微晃的蠟燭，一眨也不眨。

「她是剛死的。」有個女人從其他人身後發聲。那小夥子加上一句：「我進來一望，就發現她死了。」

有個頭髮稀疏的老頭擠開兩人步上前來，他帶着慘淡的笑容說：「是這樣的，昨晚我跟她講：你不就好死歹活走一趟

table suddenly parted the group, and stood in front of Charity. She was healthier and robuster looking than the others, and her weather-beaten face had a certain sullen beauty.

"Who's the girl? Who brought her here?" she said, fixing her eyes mistrustfully on the young man who had rebuked her for not having a candle ready.

Mr. Miles spoke. "I brought her; she is Mary Hyatt's daughter."

"What? Her too?" the girl sneered; and the young man turned on her with an oath. "Shut your mouth, damn you, or get out of here," he said; then he relapsed into his former apathy, and dropped down on the bench, leaning his head against the wall.

Mr. Miles had set the candle on the floor and taken off his heavy coat. He turned to Charity. "Come and help me," he said.

He knelt down by the mattress, and pressed the lids over the dead woman's eyes. Charity, trembling and sick, knelt beside him, and tried to compose her mother's body. She drew the stocking over the dreadful glistening leg, and pulled the skirt down to the battered

啊！我這樣講……」

有人從後大力扯他一把，他失卻平衡、撲向牆邊的板凳、跌坐在上面，繼續自言自語。

屋子靜下來，原先趴在桌邊的年輕姑娘突然從那夥人中走出來，停在慈諦面前。她看上去比其他人健康、粗壯，飽嚙風霜的面孔有種沉鬱之美。

「這女的是誰？是誰帶她來的？」她盯着那個罵她不點蠟燭的小夥子，不放心地問。

邁爾斯牧師回答說：「是我帶她來的；她是瑪莉·凱悅的女兒。」

「什麼？她也來了呀？」她揶揄說。小夥子轉身過去，咒罵她道：「閉嘴！天殺的！不就給我出去！」然後他又恢復不聞不問的樣子，歪倒在板凳上，頭倚在牆壁。

邁爾斯牧師把蠟燭放在地上，除下厚大

upturned boots. As she did so, she looked at her mother's face, thin yet swollen, with lips parted in a frozen gasp above the broken teeth. There was no sign in it of anything human: she lay there like a dead dog in a ditch Charity's hands grew cold as they touched her.

Mr. Miles drew the woman's arms across her breast and laid his coat over her. Then he covered her face with his handkerchief, and placed the bottle with the candle in it at her head. Having done this he stood up.

"Is there no coffin?" he asked, turning to the group behind him.

There was a moment of bewildered silence; then the fierce girl spoke up. "You'd oughter brought it with you. Where'd we get one here, I'd like ter know?"

Mr. Miles, looking at the others, repeated: "Is it possible you have no coffin ready?"

"That's what I say: them that has it sleeps better," an old woman murmured. "But then she never had no bed...."

衣，轉身對慈諦說：「過來幫我一把。」

他跪在墊褥旁，把婦人的眼簾闔上。慈諦泛起一陣煩惡，身體顫抖，跪在他身邊，試圖整理她母親的遺體。她把褪至腳踝的長襪拉上那腫得發亮、怕人的腿，把裙子拉下來，掩蓋那對朝上的破舊靴子。她一面整理，一面端詳她母親的面容——瘦削而浮腫，僵硬的嘴唇張開，露出多顆崩了的牙齒，似是喘氣的樣子凝結了。她毫無生人的氣息，就像條躺在溝渠內的死狗。慈諦的手碰觸到她身體，也變得冰涼了。

邁爾斯牧師把婦人的手橫放在胸口上，拿自己的大衣蓋着她的軀體，再抽出手帕，蓋在她的臉上，把插了蠟燭的瓶子放在她的頭旁邊。一切完成後，他就站起來。

「有棺木嗎？」他轉過身，面對後面那群山民說。

他們面面相覷、不作聲。那強悍的姑娘又開口了，「你應帶一副來。在這裏怎

"And the stove warn't hers," said the lank-haired man, on the defensive.

Mr. Miles turned away from them and moved a few steps apart. He had drawn a book from his pocket, and after a pause he opened it and began to read, holding the book at arm's length and low down, so that the pages caught the feeble light. Charity had remained on her knees by the mattress: now that her mother's face was covered it was easier to stay near her, and avoid the sight of the living faces which too horribly showed by what stages hers had lapsed into death.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life," Mr. Miles began; "he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.... Though after my skin worms destroy my body, yet in my flesh shall I see God...."

**IN MY FLESH SHALL I SEE GOD!**  
Charity thought of the gaping mouth and stony eyes under the handkerchief, and of the glistening leg over which she had drawn the stocking....

"We brought nothing into this world and we shall take nothing out of it----"

會有？倒要問問你。」

邁爾斯牧師望着其他人，重複說：「怎么可能不準備棺木？」

「我說了嘛：有就能安眠。」有個老婦喃喃說道。「不過，她向來連床也沒一張。」

「火爐也不是她的呀！」頭髮稀疏的老人為了保衛權益，加上一句。

邁爾斯牧師原本站在他們旁邊，現走開數步，從衣袋中抽出一本書，稍停就打開來讀。他的手臂伸長，把書持得低低的，好讓微弱的燭光照在書頁上。慈諦一直跪在墊褥旁，現在她母親的臉已給掩蓋了，留在她身邊可較為自在，那就不用再去望那些生人，因為他們的臉孔逐一顯示出她母親生前經歷的種種可怕階段。

「我就是復活，我就是生命。」邁爾斯牧師開始誦讀。「信我的人，即使死了，也將要活……我這皮肉滅絕之後，我必

There was a sudden muttering and a scuffle at the back of the group. "I brought the stove," said the elderly man with lank hair, pushing his way between the others. "I wen' down to Creston'n bought it... n' I got a right to take it outer here... n' I'll lick any feller says I ain't...."

"Sit down, damn you!" shouted the tall youth who had been drowsing on the bench against the wall.

"For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain; he heapeth up riches and cannot tell who shall gather them...."

"Well, it ARE his," a woman in the background interjected in a frightened whine.

The tall youth staggered to his feet. "If you don't hold your mouths I'll turn you all out o' here, the whole lot of you," he cried with many oaths. "G'wan, minister... don't let 'em faze you...."

"Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first-fruits of them that slept.... Behold, I show you a mystery.

在肉體之外得見神……」

我必在肉體之外得見神！慈諦想起手帕下那咧開的口、石頭似的眼神；套上長襪時碰觸到的腫得發亮的腿……

「我們沒有帶什麼到世上來，也不能帶什麼去——」

人群後面突然傳來話語聲及一陣騷動。「爐子是我捎來的，」那頭髮稀疏的老人排眾而出。「我去瓜斯頓買的……有權把它帶走……誰說不，我就揍誰……」

「坐下！天殺的！」那個頭倚在牆壁、坐在板凳上瞌睡的高大小夥子喊道。

「世人行動實係幻影，他們忙亂、真是枉然，積蓄財寶、不知將來有誰收取……」

「是他的！沒錯兒！」有個在後面的女人惶恐地尖聲插進一句。

We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump.... For this corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruption shall have put on incorruption, and when this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in Victory...."

One by one the mighty words fell on Charity's bowed head, soothing the horror, subduing the tumult, mastering her as they mastered the drink-dazed creatures at her back. Mr. Miles read to the last word, and then closed the book.

"Is the grave ready?" he asked.

Liff Hyatt, who had come in while he was reading, nodded a "Yes," and pushed forward to the side of the mattress. The young man on the bench who seemed to assert some sort of right of kinship with the dead woman, got to his feet again, and the proprietor of the stove joined him. Between them they raised up the mattress; but their movements were unsteady, and the coat slipped to the floor, revealing the poor body in its helpless misery. Charity, picking up the coat, covered her mother once more. Liff had brought a lantern, and the old woman who had already spoken took it up, and opened the door to let the little

那高大的小夥子搖搖晃晃地站起來，叫道：「還不給我閉嘴，就把你們趕出去！一個也不留！」接着加上多句咒罵。「牧師，繼續吧……不要理他們……」

「但如今，基督已經從死人中復活，成為睡了之人初熟的果子……我現在把一個奧秘告訴你們：我們不是都要睡覺，而是在一剎那，眨眼之間，就是號角最後一次吹響的時候，我們都要改變……這必朽壞的既變成不朽壞的，這必死的既變成不死的，那時經上所記『死被得勝吞滅』的話就應驗了……」

這些震懾的語句逐一降到慈諦低垂的頭上，掃除了恐懼、平息了內心的躁動，主宰着她，也主宰着她後面那群喝得醉醺醺的生物。邁爾斯牧師唸完了最後一句，閉上聖經。

「墓穴掘好了嗎？」他問。

利夫·凱悅在他唸經時溜了進來，現在點點頭示意，然後擠到墊褥的旁邊。那板凳上的小夥子似要表明跟死者有親

procession pass out. The wind had dropped, and the night was very dark and bitterly cold. The old woman walked ahead, the lantern shaking in her hand and spreading out before her a pale patch of dead grass and coarse-leaved weeds enclosed in an immensity of blackness.

Mr. Miles took Charity by the arm, and side by side they walked behind the mattress. At length the old woman with the lantern stopped, and Charity saw the light fall on the stooping shoulders of the bearers and on a ridge of upheaved earth over which they were bending. Mr. Miles released her arm and approached the hollow on the other side of the ridge; and while the men stooped down, lowering the mattress into the grave, he began to speak again.

"Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live and is full of misery.... He cometh up and is cut down... he fleeth as it were a shadow.... Yet, O Lord God most holy, O Lord most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death...."

"Easy there... is she down?" piped the claimant to the stove; and the young man called over his shoulder: "Lift the light there, can't you?"

There was a pause, during which the

屬關係，也再度站起來，火爐的主人跟着幫忙。他們合力把墊褥提起，但動作不一致，致蓋着的大衣滑到地上，露出那可憐屍體的無助慘況。慈諦撿起大衣，再次蓋在她母親的遺體上。利夫原先帶了個燈籠進屋，剛才打岔的老婦提着它，打開門，讓這小隊伍出去。風止息了，夜已深沉，冷得令人難以抵受。老婦走在前面引路，手持的燈籠搖晃不定，在無盡的黑夜中，照出前面一畦蒼白、夾雜着粗葉子的枯草地。

邁爾斯牧師挽着慈諦的手臂，併肩走在墊褥的後面。提着燈籠的老婦終於停下來，燈籠的光照出提墊褥的人佝僂的背脊，他們在一道翻起的泥土旁彎下腰來。邁爾斯牧師鬆開慈諦的手臂，從已翻起的泥土的另一邊走近窠穴。那些男人彎身、卸下墊褥之時，他又開始說話了。

「凡婦人所生的，在世上不能長久，且多受苦難……像草生長，必遭剪割……像影快快過去，決不停留……我們還是求至聖全能的主上帝、至聖最慈悲的救

light floated uncertainly over the open grave. Someone bent over and pulled out Mr. Miles's coat----("No, no--leave the handkerchief," he interposed)--and then Liff Hyatt, coming forward with a spade, began to shovel in the earth.

"Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of His great mercy to take unto Himself the soul of our dear sister here departed, we therefore commit her body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust..." Liff's gaunt shoulders rose and bent in the lantern light as he dashed the clods of earth into the grave. "God--it's froze a'ready," he muttered, spitting into his palm and passing his ragged shirt-sleeve across his perspiring face.

"Through our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body that it may be like unto His glorious body, according to the mighty working, whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself..." The last spadeful of earth fell on the vile body of Mary Hyatt, and Liff rested on his spade, his shoulder blades still heaving with the effort.

"Lord, have mercy upon us, Christ have mercy upon us, Lord have mercy upon

主，莫使我們受永死的痛苦……」

「悠着點……到底了嗎？」聲稱火爐是他財物的老頭尖聲說。那小夥子則向後面喊道：「燈籠照這裏呀！」

這時大家都停下來，燈光在掘開的墓穴上飄浮不定。有人彎身撿起邁爾斯牧師的大衣，他制止道：「手帕不要！就留在那兒。」然後利夫·凱悅提着鐵鍬上前，開始往穴內填土。

「全能慈悲的上帝既因祂的旨意把我們的姊妹召回到天家，如今我們將她的遺體安葬在這裏，使塵歸於塵，土歸於土……」利夫鏟起泥塊扔進墓穴內。他瘦削的肩膀在燈籠映照下，一升一降。「上帝——已結冰了。」他喃喃說道，吐口痰在手心，伸長破袖子揩抹滿面的汗水。

「我們仰望主耶穌基督，確有復活和永生的盼望，屆時主必用能力使萬物歸服在祂的大權能下，把我們能朽壞的身軀變化過來，仿如祂光榮的身體，在末世

us..."

Mr. Miles took the lantern from the old woman's hand and swept its light across the circle of bleared faces. "Now kneel down, all of you," he commanded, in a voice of authority that Charity had never heard. She knelt down at the edge of the grave, and the others, stiffly and hesitatingly, got to their knees beside her. Mr. Miles knelt, too. "And now pray with me--you know this prayer," he said, and he began: "Our Father which art in Heaven..." One or two of the women falteringly took the words up, and when he ended, the lank-haired man flung himself on the neck of the tall youth. "It was this way," he said. "I tole her the night before, I says to her..." The reminiscence ended in a sob.

Mr. Miles had been getting into his coat again. He came up to Charity, who had remained passively kneeling by the rough mound of earth.

"My child, you must come. It's very late."

She lifted her eyes to his face: he seemed to speak out of another world.

的日子，與基督同享復活的生命……」最後一鎗泥土終於掩蓋了瑪莉·凱悅醜惡的身體。利夫停下了，身軀靠在鐵鍬上，勞累使到他的肩胛骨仍起伏不已。

「求主憐憫我們，求基督憐憫我們；求主憐憫我們……」

邁爾斯牧師從老婦手中，取來燈籠高高提着，燈光掃過周圍那一圈醉醺醺的臉。他命令說：「現在全體跪下！」他的聲音帶着權威性，是慈諦前所未聞的。她跪在墓穴旁邊，其他人有點遲疑，不過都僵直地跪下了。最後，邁爾斯牧師也跪下來，說道：「現在跟我一起祈禱，你們都懂這段經文的。」他開始領禱：「我們在天上的父……」其中有一兩個女人斷斷續續地跟着唸下去。主禱文唸完後，那頭髮稀疏的老人轉向高個子，把頭埋在他的肩上，說道：「這就對路了，昨晚我就跟她說了。我說……」想起死者，他的鼻子就大大抽搐一下。

邁爾斯牧師之前已穿上他的大衣，見到

"I ain't coming: I'm going to stay here."

"Here? Where? What do you mean?"

"These are my folks. I'm going to stay with them."

Mr. Miles lowered his voice. "But it's not possible--you don't know what you are doing. You can't stay among these people: you must come with me."

She shook her head and rose from her knees. The group about the grave had scattered in the darkness, but the old woman with the lantern stood waiting. Her mournful withered face was not unkind, and Charity went up to her.

"Have you got a place where I can lie down for the night?" she asked. Liff came up, leading the buggy out of the night. He looked from one to the other with his feeble smile. "She's my mother. She'll take you home," he said; and he added, raising his voice to speak to the old woman: "It's the girl from lawyer Royall's--Mary's girl... you remember...."

慈諦仍沒動、跪在那堆黃土之旁，就步上前來。

「孩子，跟我走吧！很晚了！」

她抬頭望着他，覺得他似在另一個世界說話。

「我不走，我想留下來。」

「這兒？哪裏呀？什麼意思？」

「他們是我的親人，我想跟他們過活。」

牧師壓低聲音說：「不可能的，妳不知道自己在幹什麼，妳不能就在這些人身邊，一定要跟我走。」

她搖搖頭，站起來。墓穴旁的一群人已在黑暗中四散，但持着燈籠的老婦仍在等候，她枯乾的面容看上去悽慘，但並非兇惡，慈諦走上前去。

「我想借宿一晚，可以嗎？」她問道。

The woman nodded and raised her sad old eyes to Charity's. When Mr. Miles and Liff clambered into the buggy she went ahead with the lantern to show them the track they were to follow; then she turned back, and in silence she and Charity walked away together through the night.

## XVII

CHARITY lay on the floor on a mattress, as her dead mother's body had lain. The room in which she lay was cold and dark and low-ceilinged, and even poorer and barer than the scene of Mary Hyatt's earthly pilgrimage. On the other side of the fireless stove Liff Hyatt's mother slept on a blanket, with two children--her grandchildren, she said--rolled up against her like sleeping puppies. They had their thin clothes spread over them, having given the only other blanket to their guest.

Through the small square of glass in the opposite wall Charity saw a deep funnel of sky, so black, so remote, so palpitating with frosty stars that her very soul seemed to be sucked into it. Up there somewhere, she supposed, the God whom Mr. Miles had invoked was waiting for Mary Hyatt to appear. What a long flight it was! And what would she have to say when she reached Him?

利夫正從黑夜中牽着馬車過來，他帶着若有若無的微笑，望望慈諦，又望望那老婦，說：「她是我娘親，會帶妳家去。」然後提高聲綫對老婦說：「這就是萊亞律師家的女娃——瑪莉的女兒……你記得哦？」

老婦點點頭，抬起昏瞶、悲傷的眼睛望着慈諦。邁爾斯牧師和利夫爬上單座馬車後，她提着燈籠走在前面，照出他們所要行的小路，然後走回來，與慈諦默默穿越黑夜離開。

## 十七

慈諦睡在地面的一塊墊褥上，一如她母親的遺體。房間很冷、很黑，天花板很低，屋內家徒四壁，甚至比瑪莉·凱悅的塵世居所更為簡陋。在沒生火的爐子另一端，利夫·凱悅的母親睡在毛毯上，她說是孫兒的兩個小孩蜷伏在她身邊，就像睡夢中的小狗。他們身上蓋的是所穿的薄衣服，因僅有的另一張毯子已讓予客人用。

慈諦望着對面的牆壁，那裏有個小小的

Charity's bewildered brain laboured with the attempt to picture her mother's past, and to relate it in any way to the designs of a just but merciful God; but it was impossible to imagine any link between them. She herself felt as remote from the poor creature she had seen lowered into her hastily dug grave as if the height of the heavens divided them. She had seen poverty and misfortune in her life; but in a community where poor thrifty Mrs. Hawes and the industrious Ally represented the nearest approach to destitution there was nothing to suggest the savage misery of the Mountain farmers.

As she lay there, half-stunned by her tragic initiation, Charity vainly tried to think herself into the life about her. But she could not even make out what relationship these people bore to each other, or to her dead mother; they seemed to be herded together in a sort of passive promiscuity in which their common misery was the strongest link. She tried to picture to herself what her life would have been if she had grown up on the Mountain, running wild in rags, sleeping on the floor curled up against her mother, like the pale-faced children huddled against old Mrs. Hyatt, and turning into a fierce bewildered creature like the girl who had apostrophized her in such strange words.

四方型窗子，它像隻深嵌在牆壁裏的漏斗，遠遠望出去，天空是漆黑一片、那麼遙遠，霜結的星星簌簌閃動，似要把她的靈魂吸進去。她想像在天上某處，邁爾斯牧師祈求的上帝正在等候瑪莉·凱悅到來。那要飛多長的路程啊！她見到祂，不知會說什麼？

慈諦思潮起伏，努力去想像她母親的一生，看它如何符合一個公平、慈悲的天主的旨意，不過她發現那是不可能的，兩者毫無關連。目睹那可憐人遺體給卸下草草掘出來的墓穴裏，她也感到同等遙遠，就像與高不可攀的天堂分隔。她亦曾體驗貧窮與不幸，但所見的不外是在北多馬這條小村子中，巧斯太太如何慳儉、雅莉如何勤勞而已。她們近乎貧苦無依，可是跟山民這種赤貧生活相比，實在遠遠不及。

慈諦躺在那裏，被從沒見過的人生慘況唬住了，無法想像自己可以那樣子過活。她搞不清這群人的關係，不知他們算是她母親哪門子親屬。似乎他們一夥人聚居、雜交，是沒有其他選擇；他們

She was frightened by the secret affinity she had felt with this girl, and by the light it threw on her own beginnings. Then she remembered what Mr. Royall had said in telling her story to Lucius Harney: "Yes, there was a mother; but she was glad to have the child go. She'd have given her to anybody...."

Well! after all, was her mother so much to blame? Charity, since that day, had always thought of her as destitute of all human feeling; now she seemed merely pitiful. What mother would not want to save her child from such a life? Charity thought of the future of her own child, and tears welled into her aching eyes, and ran down over her face. If she had been less exhausted, less burdened with his weight, she would have sprung up then and there and fled away....

The grim hours of the night dragged themselves slowly by, and at last the sky paled and dawn threw a cold blue beam into the room. She lay in her corner staring at the dirty floor, the clothes-line hung with decaying rags, the old woman huddled against the cold stove, and the light gradually spreading across the wintry world, and bringing with it a new day in which she would have to live, to choose, to act, to make herself a place among these people--or to go back to the

之間的最大聯繫，就是命運悽慘如一。她意圖想像自己如在山上長大，所過的生活會是什麼樣子——穿着破衣服到處跑、睡在地上蜷伏緊靠她媽，就像那些蒼白的小孩靠着凱悅老太一樣；長大後，會變成一個躁烈而蒙昧的生物，就像那個年輕姑娘，針對她說些奇奇怪怪的話。想到自己和那女孩暗中有某些相同之處、與及小時的生活背景，她害怕起來。然後，她又想起萊亞先生如何向夏尼敘述她的身世：「母親還在；但她沒什麼不捨得，有人肯收養就好，給誰都行……」

對！既然如此，還指責她母親什麼？自聽到身世秘密那天開始，慈諦常常認為她的母親不帶人性；現在覺得她只是個可憐人而已。有哪個母親不想自己的兒女脫離這種生活？慈諦由此想到自己孩子的將來，淚水從澀痛的眼睛湧出來，一直流下面龐。如她不是如此疲累、懷着他的身子又是如此重甸甸，她就會馬上跳起來逃跑……

嚴峻的黑夜逐小時慢慢過去，最後天空

life she had left. A mortal lassitude weighed on her. There were moments when she felt that all she asked was to go on lying there unnoticed; then her mind revolted at the thought of becoming one of the miserable herd from which she sprang, and it seemed as though, to save her child from such a fate, she would find strength to travel any distance, and bear any burden life might put on her.

Vague thoughts of Nettleton flitted through her mind. She said to herself that she would find some quiet place where she could bear her child, and give it to decent people to keep; and then she would go out like Julia Hawes and earn its living and hers. She knew that girls of that kind sometimes made enough to have their children nicely cared for; and every other consideration disappeared in the vision of her baby, cleaned and combed and rosy, and hidden away somewhere where she could run in and kiss it, and bring it pretty things to wear. Anything, anything was better than to add another life to the nest of misery on the Mountain....

The old woman and the children were still sleeping when Charity rose from her mattress. Her body was stiff with cold and fatigue, and she moved slowly lest

現出曙色，晨曦將一道冷冷的藍光投進房間來。她躺在一方角落裏，呆呆望着污穢的地板、衣物繩吊掛的霉破布、瑟縮在冷爐子旁的老婦。晨光逐漸照遍那嚴冬的世界，帶來新的一天，她必須活下去；她要作出抉擇、要行動，在這群人中謀取立身之地，或是回到她已離開的生活去。沉重之極的疲乏感襲來，她幾度只想繼續靜靜地躺在那裏，不受人打擾；不過，想到重新跟這夥淒慘的親人過活、成為他們的一分子，她就無法忍受。她要把孩子從這種命運中拯救出來，那無論路途多遠、無論生活的重壓有多大，她都會有力扛起這個擔子前行！

「蕁麻鎮」這念頭數度掠過腦際。她告訴自己：在那裏找個靜悄悄的地方養胎，生下孩子後交給正當人家照顧，她就可像茱莉亞·巧斯那樣外出工作，養活兩人。她知道有些同等遭遇下的女孩可賺夠錢，使孩子得到良好的照顧。想到她的嬰孩給梳洗得乾乾淨淨、面龐玫瑰般粉紅，偷偷養在某處，而她可跑進去、親吻他，捎來美麗衣物給他穿

her heavy steps should rouse them. She was faint with hunger, and had nothing left in her satchel; but on the table she saw the half of a stale loaf. No doubt it was to serve as the breakfast of old Mrs. Hyatt and the children; but Charity did not care; she had her own baby to think of. She broke off a piece of the bread and ate it greedily; then her glance fell on the thin faces of the sleeping children, and filled with compunction she rummaged in her satchel for something with which to pay for what she had taken. She found one of the pretty chemises that Ally had made for her, with a blue ribbon run through its edging. It was one of the dainty things on which she had squandered her savings, and as she looked at it the blood rushed to her forehead. She laid the chemise on the table, and stealing across the floor lifted the latch and went out....

The morning was icy cold and a pale sun was just rising above the eastern shoulder of the Mountain. The houses scattered on the hillside lay cold and smokeless under the sun-flecked clouds, and not a human being was in sight. Charity paused on the threshold and tried to discover the road by which she had come the night before. Across the field surrounding Mrs. Hyatt's shanty she saw the tumble-down house in which she supposed the funeral service had taken place. The trail ran across the ground between the two houses and disappeared

上，她就沒有其他顧慮了。無論是任何待遇，都會比在山上這個悲慘淵藪添一條生命好……

慈諦從地上的墊褥爬起來，老婦和兩個孩子仍在熟睡。她的身體因寒冷和疲累而僵硬，只好慢慢走動，免致沉重的腳步聲驚醒他們。她餓得發昏，但背包裏的食物全吃光了。她瞥見桌上有半個餛麵包，無疑是供凱悅老太和孩子早餐之用，但慈諦不管了，她必須先顧及自己的胎兒。她掰了一塊麵包，大口大口地吃；接着，她望到睡夢中的兒童的瘦削面孔，就頓時內疚起來。她在背包中亂翻，希望找件東西作為補償。她翻出一件雅莉替她縫製的罩衣，邊緣穿了條藍絲帶，別致得很；她的積蓄，就是浪費在這類精緻的東西上。看着它，自己不禁面上漲紅。她把罩衣擱在桌上，躡手躡腳走到門邊，提起門門出去……

是個寒冷徹骨的早晨，淡淡的朝陽剛從大山的東脊升起。在閃爍着太陽光芒的

in the pine-wood on the flank of the Mountain; and a little way to the right, under a wind-beaten thorn, a mound of fresh earth made a dark spot on the fawn-coloured stubble. Charity walked across the field to the ground. As she approached it she heard a bird's note in the still air, and looking up she saw a brown song-sparrow perched in an upper branch of the thorn above the grave. She stood a minute listening to his small solitary song; then she rejoined the trail and began to mount the hill to the pine-wood.

Thus far she had been impelled by the blind instinct of flight; but each step seemed to bring her nearer to the realities of which her feverish vigil had given only a shadowy image. Now that she walked again in a daylight world, on the way back to familiar things, her imagination moved more soberly. On one point she was still decided: she could not remain at North Dormer, and the sooner she got away from it the better. But everything beyond was darkness.

As she continued to climb the air grew keener, and when she passed from the shelter of the pines to the open grassy roof of the Mountain the cold wind of the night before sprang out on her. She bent her shoulders and struggled on against it for a while; but presently her breath failed, and she sat down under a

雲霧下，散落在山坡上的屋子冷冷無煙，杳無人跡。慈諦在門檻邊停下來，認清楚昨夜行來的小路。小屋的周圍是塊田，遠處有個搖搖欲墜的棚子，應是昨夜舉行葬禮的地方。小屋和棚子之間的小路一直延展，直至沒入大山側面的松林。路旁右邊不遠之處，在一株被風吹歪了的荊棘下，深色的新墳在一叢褐黃的草根間凸起，明顯可見。慈諦穿過田地，朝着它走過去。走近之時，靜靜的空氣中傳來鳥鳴叫聲，抬頭一望，原來是一隻歌帶鷓立在墳上的荊棘枝梢高處，孤零零地唱牠的小調。她站着靜聽一會，回到小路上，循着它往上行，朝着松林走去。

直至現在，她的行動是受到必須逃跑的盲目本能所驅使，但隨着每個步伐，她就更能認清現實。之前徹夜難眠，精神昏亂，想到的景象都是朦朦朧朧的；現在走在光天化日之下，再次目睹熟悉的景物，她的想像也開始清醒過來了。但有一個想法不會改變：她不可能留在北多馬，越早離開就越好；可是北多馬範

ledge of rock overhung by shivering birches. From where she sat she saw the trail wandering across the bleached grass in the direction of Hamblin, and the granite wall of the Mountain falling away to infinite distances. On that side of the ridge the valleys still lay in wintry shadow; but in the plain beyond the sun was touching village roofs and steeples, and gilding the haze of smoke over far-off invisible towns.

Charity felt herself a mere speck in the lonely circle of the sky. The events of the last two days seemed to have divided her forever from her short dream of bliss. Even Harney's image had been blurred by that crushing experience: she thought of him as so remote from her that he seemed hardly more than a memory. In her fagged and floating mind only one sensation had the weight of reality; it was the bodily burden of her child. But for it she would have felt as rootless as the whiffs of thistle down the wind blew past her. Her child was like a load that held her down, and yet like a hand that pulled her to her feet. She said to herself that she must get up and struggle on....

Her eyes turned back to the trail across the top of the Mountain, and in the distance she saw a buggy against the sky. She knew its antique outline, and the gaunt build of the old horse pressing forward with lowered head; and after a moment she recognized the heavy bulk

圍以外呢，她看到的就只是漆黑一片。

她繼續往上行，空氣更冷峭了。走出蔭蔽的松林後，就是山頂那幅空曠草地，昨夜的寒風迎面撲來，她縮起肩膊，與風對抗了一會，很快已難於呼吸。在搖晃不定的檉樹下，她覓得一處頂頭突出的岩凹處坐下歇息。從坐的位置，她見到小徑穿越褪色的野草地逶迤向着咸連而去。在另一頭，大山的花崗岩一直伸展到無盡的遠方，那邊的山谷仍是罩於冬日陰影之下；而在遠處的平原裏，陽光已沾上村落的屋脊和尖塔頂，給在迷茫遠方市鎮上空的烟雲鍍上金黃。

慈諦覺得自己只是寂寥穹蒼下的一粒微塵，過去兩天發生的事，似把她與短暫出現的幸福夢境永遠分隔開來。連夏尼的形象，也被那段慘痛經歷弄得模糊了；他現在離她那麼遠，似是一份遺留的記憶而已。在她疲累、迷亂的腦袋中，所有感官變得麻木，現實予她的唯一感受，就是身上胎兒的重贅。要不是它，她會感到飄浮無根，仿似隨風飄送的薊花冠毛。她的孩子是個重甸甸的負

of the man who held the reins. The buggy was following the trail and making straight for the pine-wood through which she had climbed; and she knew at once that the driver was in search of her. Her first impulse was to crouch down under the ledge till he had passed; but the instinct of concealment was overruled by the relief of feeling that someone was near her in the awful emptiness. She stood up and walked toward the buggy.

Mr. Royall saw her, and touched the horse with the whip. A minute or two later he was abreast of Charity; their eyes met, and without speaking he leaned over and helped her up into the buggy.

She tried to speak, to stammer out some explanation, but no words came to her; and as he drew the cover over her knees he simply said: "The minister told me he'd left you up here, so I come up for you."

He turned the horse's head, and they began to jog back toward Hamblin. Charity sat speechless, staring straight ahead of her, and Mr. Royall occasionally uttered a word of encouragement to the horse: "Get along there, Dan.... I gave him a rest at Hamblin; but I brought him along pretty quick, and it's a stiff pull up here against the wind."

擔，也是隻拉扯她起立的手。她對自己說：一定要站起來，竭力繼續前行……

她轉頭回望那橫越山頂的小徑，遠處天空下有部單座馬車，她認得那古老的綫條、那瘦削老馬低首向前跑的體形，再過一刻，她認出持着韁繩的魁梧男人。馬車循着小徑直往她攀越的松林而來，她知道駕車人是來找她的。她第一個反應是想蹲藏在突出的岩石之下，但在無垠的寥廓下，見到還有另一個人在近處，她感到如釋重負，要躲藏的天性登時驅走了。她站起來，朝着馬車走去。

萊亞先生見到她，用馬鞭碰碰馬兒，一會已來到慈諦身旁。他倆四目交投，萊亞先生不發一語，彎身把她扶上馬車去。

她開口意圖有所解釋，但啞啞說不出話來。他把座位的蓋毯拉到她的膝上，只簡短地說：「牧師說他沒帶妳走，所以

As he spoke it occurred to her for the first time that to reach the top of the Mountain so early he must have left North Dormer at the coldest hour of the night, and have travelled steadily but for the halt at Hamblin; and she felt a softness at her heart which no act of his had ever produced since he had brought her the Crimson Rambler because she had given up boarding-school to stay with him.

After an interval he began again: "It was a day just like this, only spitting snow, when I come up here for you the first time." Then, as if fearing that she might take his remark as a reminder of past benefits, he added quickly: "I dunno's you think it was such a good job, either."

"Yes, I do," she murmured, looking straight ahead of her.

"Well," he said, "I tried----"

He did not finish the sentence, and she could think of nothing more to say.

"Ho, there, Dan, step out," he muttered, jerking the bridle. "We ain't home yet.--You cold?" he asked abruptly.

我來了。」

他驅使馬兒轉過頭來，緩緩返回咸連去。慈諦仍然無法說話，只是直望着前面。萊亞先生偶爾說句話給馬兒打氣：「行呀！丹尼……我讓牠在咸連歇息一會，但這段路跑得很快，迎着風上山頂來可真費力。」

聽到他的話，她才想到他能夠這麼早來到這裏，一定是在夜半氣溫最低時離開北多馬的家，然後一直駕車前來，中途只在咸連停了一會。自從那次她放棄入讀寄宿學校，留在家中與他為伴，他因此買來紅薔薇送她，他從來都沒做過一件事，能如此觸動她的心。

過了半晌，他又開口了。「那天我第一次上山來把妳帶走，天色也一樣，一直飄着雪。」然後，像是怕她以為他在重提舊日恩情，很快地加上一句：「不過，妳可能不認為是件好事。」

「不，是好事。」她囁嚅低語，眼睛一直望着前面。

She shook her head, but he drew the cover higher up, and stooped to tuck it in about the ankles. She continued to look straight ahead. Tears of weariness and weakness were dimming her eyes and beginning to run over, but she dared not wipe them away lest he should observe the gesture.

They drove in silence, following the long loops of the descent upon Hamblin, and Mr. Royall did not speak again till they reached the outskirts of the village. Then he let the reins droop on the dashboard and drew out his watch.

"Charity," he said, "you look fair done up, and North Dormer's a goodish way off. I've figured out that we'd do better to stop here long enough for you to get a mouthful of breakfast and then drive down to Creston and take the train."

She roused herself from her apathetic musing. "The train--what train?"

Mr. Royall, without answering, let the horse jog on till they reached the door of the first house in the village. "This is old Mrs. Hobart's place," he said. "She'll give us something hot to drink."

Charity, half unconsciously, found

「總之，我想——」他沒說下去，她也想不出還有什麼話可說。

「嗨！丹尼，走！」他低聲吆喝，一面策動韁繩。「還沒到家哩！——冷嗎？」他忽然問道。

她搖搖頭，但他把蓋毯往上拉得更高，蓋至她的大腿上，又彎腰把它在她腳踝處裹緊。她繼續凝望前方，身體的疲累、虛弱令她想哭，淚水漸漸模糊了雙眼，開始流下面頰了，可是她不敢去揩抹，怕他看見。

在靜默中，他們驅車前行，循着一匹又一匹長長的彎路下山到咸連去。萊亞先生一路上沒再說話，直到抵達村子的外緣，他鬆開手上韁繩，讓它垂在擋泥板上，掏出袋錶來看。

他說：「慈諦，妳看來累透了，北多馬還遠着哩！我想不如在這裏歇一歇，吃過早餐，然後駕車到瓜斯頓乘火車去。」

herself getting out of the buggy and following him in at the open door. They entered a decent kitchen with a fire crackling in the stove. An old woman with a kindly face was setting out cups and saucers on the table. She looked up and nodded as they came in, and Mr. Royall advanced to the stove, clapping his numb hands together.

"Well, Mrs. Hobart, you got any breakfast for this young lady? You can see she's cold and hungry."

Mrs. Hobart smiled on Charity and took a tin coffee-pot from the fire. "My, you do look pretty mean," she said compassionately.

Charity reddened, and sat down at the table. A feeling of complete passiveness had once more come over her, and she was conscious only of the pleasant animal sensations of warmth and rest.

Mrs. Hobart put bread and milk on the table, and then went out of the house: Charity saw her leading the horse away to the barn across the yard. She did not come back, and Mr. Royall and Charity sat alone at the table with the smoking coffee between them. He poured out a cup for her, and put a piece of bread in the saucer, and she began to eat.

她從渾渾噩噩的思想狀態中醒覺，問道：「火車——什麼火車？」

萊亞先生沒回答，任得馬慢慢前行，直至在村中第一道打開的屋門口停下，才說：「這是荷伯特老太的家。她會弄些熱東西給我們吃喝。」

慈諦仍是渾渾噩噩，下車隨他進門。入去後是個整潔的廚房，爐子生了火，燒得「逼迫」作響。有個一臉慈祥的老婦正在桌子上擺放杯碟，見到他們進來，就抬起眼睛，點點頭。萊亞先生走到火爐前面，舉起冷得麻木的雙手互拍。

「荷伯特太太，有早餐給這姑娘來一份嗎？妳瞧她，又冷又餓哩！」

荷伯特太太望着慈諦微笑，從火爐上取來盛着咖啡的鋅鐵壺，同情地說：「可不是！怪可憐的！」

慈諦面上升起了紅暈，在桌子旁坐下來。她又覺得完全失去自主能力，此刻的感受，仿似隻休歇下來的動物，享受

As the warmth of the coffee flowed through her veins her thoughts cleared and she began to feel like a living being again; but the return to life was so painful that the food choked in her throat and she sat staring down at the table in silent anguish.

After a while Mr. Royall pushed back his chair. "Now, then," he said, "if you're a mind to go along----" She did not move, and he continued: "We can pick up the noon train for Nettleton if you say so."

The words sent the blood rushing to her face, and she raised her startled eyes to his. He was standing on the other side of the table looking at her kindly and gravely; and suddenly she understood what he was going to say. She continued to sit motionless, a leaden weight upon her lips.

"You and me have spoke some hard things to each other in our time, Charity; and there's no good that I can see in any more talking now. But I'll never feel any way but one about you; and if you say so we'll drive down in time to catch that train, and go straight to the minister's house; and when you come back home you'll come as Mrs. Royall."

着溫暖和恬適。

荷伯特太太把麪包和牛奶放在桌面，就出去了。慈諦見到她牽着馬穿過前庭到穀倉那邊去，再沒出來。屋子內，只有萊亞先生和她相對而坐，中間是冒煙的咖啡壺，他給她斟上一杯，拿片麪包放在她碟子上，她就開始進食。

咖啡的熱度，汨汨在她體內流動，她的腦袋開始清醒，又活過來了；可是回到人間實在太痛苦，但覺麪包梗在喉嚨，難以下嚥。她低頭呆望桌面，默默承受着煎熬。

過了一會，萊亞先生推開椅子站起來，說：「好了！如要走——」見到她沒有反應，就往下說：「妳同意的話，我們可乘中午去蕁麻鎮的火車。」

聽到他的話，熱血沖上她的面頰，她抬起驚惶的眼睛望着他。他站在桌子的另一邊，望着她的眼神是和藹而嚴肅的；突然之間，她知道他準備說什麼。她繼續呆坐，嘴唇上像壓了塊鉛。

His voice had the grave persuasive accent that had moved his hearers at the Home Week festival; she had a sense of depths of mournful tolerance under that easy tone. Her whole body began to tremble with the dread of her own weakness.

"Oh, I can't----" she burst out desperately.

"Can't what?"

She herself did not know: she was not sure if she was rejecting what he offered, or already struggling against the temptation of taking what she no longer had a right to. She stood up, shaking and bewildered, and began to speak: "I know I ain't been fair to you always; but I want to be now.... I want you to know... I want..." Her voice failed her and she stopped.

Mr. Royall leaned against the wall. He was paler than usual, but his face was composed and kindly and her agitation did not appear to perturb him.

"What's all this about wanting?" he said as she paused. "Do you know what you really want? I'll tell you. You want to be

「過去，我和妳彼此都曾惡言相向，那些事現在也毋須提了。但我對妳的心一直不變，如妳同意，我們就駕車到火車站去，趕乘去蕁麻鎮那班火車，一到埠就去找牧師，回到家，妳就會是萊亞太太。」

就像那次回鄉省親周的演講，他的語調嚴肅，而又帶有感染力。他把整件事說得簡單平易，她卻聽得出內裏蘊藏着哀傷和容忍。她為自己的軟弱而害怕起來，整個身體開始戰慄。

「啊！我不可以——」她無力地衝口而出。

「不可以什麼？」

她自己也不知道，不知道是否對他的建議表示拒絕，或對她已沒權利要的東西，她在掙扎、抗拒那份誘惑。她站起來，全身哆嗦，茫亂地開口：「我知道我經常對你不公道；不過現在不會了……我想你知道……我想……」然後

took home and took care of. And I guess that's all there is to say."

"No... it's not all...."

"Ain't it?" He looked at his watch. "Well, I'll tell you another thing. All I want is to know if you'll marry me. If there was anything else, I'd tell you so; but there ain't. Come to my age, a man knows the things that matter and the things that don't; that's about the only good turn life does us."

His tone was so strong and resolute that it was like a supporting arm about her. She felt her resistance melting, her strength slipping away from her as he spoke.

"Don't cry, Charity," he exclaimed in a shaken voice. She looked up, startled at his emotion, and their eyes met.

"See here," he said gently, "old Dan's come a long distance, and we've got to let him take it easy the rest of the way...."

He picked up the cloak that had slipped to her chair and laid it about her

她不知如何往下說了。

萊亞先生靠在牆上，面色比平日蒼白，但很平靜、和藹，她激動的情緒，似沒影響到他。

「說那麼多『我想』幹嘛？」見到她停下來，他就開口了。「妳知道妳最想要什麼嗎？我告訴妳，就是有人帶妳回家、好好照料妳。要說的話就應是這麼多。」

「不……還有其他……」

「是嗎？」他望望袋錶。「還有件事我要告訴妳，我只想知道妳肯不肯嫁給我，再沒有其他。在我這年紀，男人能分得清什麼是重要的事，什麼是不重要的事；那是人生唯一的好回報。」

他的語調是如此強而有力，就像承托着她的一隻手。聽着他的話，她感到反抗的心思在溶解，力量逐漸減弱。

「慈諦，不要哭了！」他叫她道，聲音

shoulders. She followed him out of the house, and then walked across the yard to the shed, where the horse was tied. Mr. Royall unblanketed him and led him out into the road. Charity got into the buggy and he drew the cover about her and shook out the reins with a cluck. When they reached the end of the village he turned the horse's head toward Creston.

### XVIII

They began to jog down the winding road to the valley at old Dan's languid pace. Charity felt herself sinking into deeper depths of weariness, and as they descended through the bare woods there were moments when she lost the exact sense of things, and seemed to be sitting beside her lover with the leafy arch of summer bending over them. But this illusion was faint and transitory. For the most part she had only a confused sensation of slipping down a smooth irresistible current; and she abandoned herself to the feeling as a refuge from the torment of thought.

Mr. Royall seldom spoke, but his silent presence gave her, for the first time, a sense of peace and security. She knew that where he was there would be warmth, rest, silence; and for the moment they were all she wanted. She

是抖簌的。她抬起頭來，驚訝他流露的情緒，兩人的眼神就此相遇。

「這樣吧！」他溫和地說：「丹尼走了好大段路，餘下路程要悠着點……」

他撿起滑在椅上的斗篷，圍在她的肩  
上。

她隨着他走出屋子，穿過前庭，走到繫馬的棚屋。萊亞先生把蓋在牠身上的毯子拿下來，牽着牠走到大路上。慈諦爬上馬車的座位，萊亞先生把蓋毯拉到她的膝蓋上，「颯」一聲抖動疆繩，馬車就啓行了。穿越整條村子後，他驅使馬匹往瓜斯頓走。

### 十八

順着老丹尼的慵懶步伐，他們沿彎路下山到山谷去。慈諦覺得自己陷進更深的疲憊當中，在穿過枯禿的樹林之時，好幾度她變得迷糊了，以為仍是跟她的愛人並肩坐在夏日的茂密林蔭之下；不過這個幻覺並不清晰，一閃即過。在這段路上，更多時候，她感到茫然地滑入一

shut her eyes, and even these things grew dim to her....

In the train, during the short run from Creston to Nettleton, the warmth aroused her, and the consciousness of being under strange eyes gave her a momentary energy. She sat upright, facing Mr. Royall, and stared out of the window at the denuded country. Forty-eight hours earlier, when she had last traversed it, many of the trees still held their leaves; but the high wind of the last two nights had stripped them, and the lines of the landscape were as finely pencilled as in December. A few days of autumn cold had wiped out all trace of the rich fields and languid groves through which she had passed on the Fourth of July; and with the fading of the landscape those fervid hours had faded, too. She could no longer believe that she was the being who had lived them; she was someone to whom something irreparable and overwhelming had happened, but the traces of the steps leading up to it had almost vanished.

When the train reached Nettleton and she walked out into the square at Mr. Royall's side the sense of unreality grew more overpowering. The physical strain of the night and day had left no room in her mind for new sensations and she followed Mr. Royall as passively as a tired child. As in a confused dream she

條無力抗拒的順流，而她亦不再抗拒，讓自己逃離思想的折磨。

萊亞先生沒怎說話，他的靜默首次為她帶來祥和、安寧之感；她知道他所在之處，會讓人得到歇息、感受溫暖、保持沉默，這些都是她目前所需要的。她閉上眼睛，但就連這些都開始模糊了……

從瓜斯頓到蕁麻鎮的短程火車內，車廂的溫暖使她恢復了精神，更因覺得周圍都是陌生人，令她暫時生出力量。萊亞先生的座位與她相對，她坐得畢直，望着窗外光禿禿的郊野。四十八個小時之前，在她穿越它之時，樹上還有茂密的葉子；但連續兩晚的大風已把葉子全吹走了，景物的綫條，給勾勒整潔得一如十二月。七月四日坐車去蕁麻鎮那天，她曾望見豐沃的田野、恬閒的矮叢林，只是秋季數天的峭寒，就把所有的夏日痕跡一掃而清；隨着景物的消逝，那些狂熱的辰光也變得模糊不清。她不能相信自己曾經歷那段日子，在她身上發生了一些無法彌補、無法抗拒的事，可是

presently found herself sitting with him in a pleasant room, at a table with a red and white table-cloth on which hot food and tea were placed. He filled her cup and plate and whenever she lifted her eyes from them she found his resting on her with the same steady tranquil gaze that had reassured and strengthened her when they had faced each other in old Mrs. Hobart's kitchen.

As everything else in her consciousness grew more and more confused and immaterial, became more and more like the universal shimmer that dissolves the world to failing eyes, Mr. Royall's presence began to detach itself with rocky firmness from this elusive background. She had always thought of him--when she thought of him at all--as of someone hateful and obstructive, but whom she could outwit and dominate when she chose to make the effort. Only once, on the day of the Old Home Week celebration, while the stray fragments of his address drifted across her troubled mind, had she caught a glimpse of another being, a being so different from the dull-witted enemy with whom she had supposed herself to be living that even through the burning mist of her own dreams he had stood out with startling distinctness. For a moment, then, what he said--and something in his

導致這件事的軌跡已差不多完全消失了。

火車抵達蕁麻鎮後，她傍着萊亞先生走進廣場中，更有疑幻疑真之感。昨天一日一夜的折騰，令她精疲力盡，她的腦袋已感受不到其他東西。她跟着萊亞先生走，乖乖的就像個累透的小孩。仿如迷夢之中，她發覺置身一間舒服的房間內，跟他坐在鋪有紅白檯布的桌子旁，桌上放了熱噴噴的茶點。他給她斟了熱茶，在她碟子上放滿吃食。每逢她的眼睛從杯子、碟子上抬，就看見他以平靜、堅定的眼神望着她，令她感到安心、恢復了力量，就像在荷伯特太太的廚房裏，他倆相對而坐時他給予她的感覺。

她的意識越來越混亂了，一切東西變得不真實，就像在昏瞶的眼中，整個世界溶解成微光閃閃的一片。這時萊亞先生的形象反從這模糊的背景中排闥而出，堅定有如磐石。她以前老是覺得他討厭、處處礙着她，這還是只在偶有想及他之時；不過，要是她肯花點功夫的

way of saying it--had made her see why he had always struck her as such a lonely man. But the mist of her dreams had hidden him again, and she had forgotten that fugitive impression.

It came back to her now, as they sat at the table, and gave her, through her own immeasurable desolation, a sudden sense of their nearness to each other. But all these feelings were only brief streaks of light in the grey blur of her physical weakness. Through it she was aware that Mr. Royall presently left her sitting by the table in the warm room, and came back after an interval with a carriage from the station--a closed "hack" with sun-burnt blue silk blinds--in which they drove together to a house covered with creepers and standing next to a church with a carpet of turf before it. They got out at this house, and the carriage waited while they walked up the path and entered a wainscoted hall and then a room full of books. In this room a clergyman whom Charity had never seen received them pleasantly, and asked them to be seated for a few minutes while witnesses were being summoned.

Charity sat down obediently, and Mr. Royall, his hands behind his back, paced slowly up and down the room. As he

話，就可把他擺弄於股掌之間。只有一次，就是那次回鄉省親周的演講中，他的部分說話溜進她心神不屬的腦袋裏，她瞥見了另一個人的存在。這個同一屋簷下的人，跟她素來心目中的蠢蛋敵人並不一樣；即使她的美夢燃起了層層煙霧，他也是如此卓爾不群！有一刻，他說的話，又或者其實是他說話的方式，內有某種東西，令她明白為何常常覺得他是個寂寞的人。不過，當日她夢中的煙霧又把他掩蔽了，致使她忘了那轉瞬消逝的印象。

這印象現在回來了，此刻他倆在桌上相對而坐，在她的心境陷進無底深淵之際，忽然感到兩個人是多麼的接近！可是，她的身體太衰弱了，在昏昧的意識中，這些感覺只是一閃而過。她隱隱知道萊亞先生出去了一會，剩下她一個坐在溫暖的房間內桌子旁。然後他回來了，說已從車站租了部馬車來載她。那是一部有篷的出租馬車，掛的藍色絲簾子已被太陽曬得褪了色。萊亞先生駕着它，去到教堂旁一座房子。房子外牆爬滿了攀藤植物，前面有幅草地。馬車停

turned and faced Charity, she noticed that his lips were twitching a little; but the look in his eyes was grave and calm. Once he paused before her and said timidly: "Your hair's got kinder loose with the wind," and she lifted her hands and tried to smooth back the locks that had escaped from her braid. There was a looking-glass in a carved frame on the wall, but she was ashamed to look at herself in it, and she sat with her hands folded on her knee till the clergyman returned. Then they went out again, along a sort of arcaded passage, and into a low vaulted room with a cross on an altar, and rows of benches. The clergyman, who had left them at the door, presently reappeared before the altar in a surplice, and a lady who was probably his wife, and a man in a blue shirt who had been raking dead leaves on the lawn, came in and sat on one of the benches.

The clergyman opened a book and signed to Charity and Mr. Royall to approach. Mr. Royall advanced a few steps, and Charity followed him as she had followed him to the buggy when they went out of Mrs. Hobart's kitchen; she had the feeling that if she ceased to keep close to him, and do what he told her to do, the world would slip away from beneath her feet.

The clergyman began to read, and on her dazed mind there rose the memory of

下了，他倆下車，沿着小徑進入裝了壁板的門廳，接着來到一間放滿書本的房間。房間內，有個素未謀面的牧師和藹地迎上前來，請他們坐下等候，說見證人會很快來到。

慈諦順從地坐下，萊亞先生則把雙手放在背後，在房間內慢慢來回踱步。每次他轉身面向慈諦之時，慈諦見到他的嘴唇稍稍搖動，但眼神是嚴肅平靜的。有一次，他在她面前停下腳步，小心翼翼地說：「妳的頭髮給風吹亂了。」她舉起手來，盡量將幾縷散亂的髮絲抵入髮辮內；牆上有面嵌了雕架的鏡子，但她不敢去照，怕見鏡中的自己。她雙手交疊擱在膝上，就是那樣坐着，直至牧師回到房間來。接着他們一起出去，走過一道類似拱廊的通道，來到一個地下室內，那裏有個聖壇，上面有個十字架，聖壇前有幾排長椅。牧師在他們步入地下室之前走開了，現在穿着法袍站在聖壇前面等候；另外，有位像是牧師太太的女士、還有之前在草地上掃葉的藍衣男人亦進來坐在長椅上。

Mr. Miles, standing the night before in the desolate house of the Mountain, and reading out of the same book words that had the same dread sound of finality:

"I require and charge you both, as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment whereby ye may not be lawfully joined together..."

Charity raised her eyes and met Mr. Royall's. They were still looking at her kindly and steadily. "I will!" she heard him say a moment later, after another interval of words that she had failed to catch. She was so busy trying to understand the gestures that the clergyman was signaling to her to make that she no longer heard what was being said. After another interval the lady on the bench stood up, and taking her hand put it in Mr. Royall's. It lay enclosed in his strong palm and she felt a ring that was too big for her being slipped on her thin finger. She understood then that she was married....

Late that afternoon Charity sat alone in a bedroom of the fashionable hotel where she and Harney had vainly sought a table

牧師打開一本書，示意慈諦和萊亞先生上前。萊亞先生走前數步，慈諦亦步亦趨，就像離開荷伯特太太的廚房、跟着他步向馬車時一樣。她覺得如不緊緊跟着他、不聽從他的吩咐做事，整個世界就會從腳下溜走。

牧師開始誦讀經文。恍惚之中，她茫然想起邁爾斯牧師。那夜在大山上，他站在那孤清的小屋外頭，從同一本書讀出經文，聽起來也是有千鈞之重，意味着終結。

「我要求並告誡你們兩人，因為在可怕的最後審判日，所有人內心的秘密都要袒露無遺時，你們也將作出回答，如果你們中的一位知道有什麼障礙使你們不能合法地聯姻……」

慈諦抬頭往上望，與萊亞先生的眼神不期而遇；他仍是親切、堅定地望着她。接下來是一段她沒聽清的誦文，她一直望着牧師示意的手勢，意圖理解、忙亂地跟隨去做，因此聽不到他在唸什麼，過了半晌，她聽到萊亞先生說：「我願

on the Fourth of July. She had never before been in so handsomely furnished a room. The mirror above the dressing-table reflected the high head-board and fluted pillow-slips of the double bed, and a bedspread so spotlessly white that she had hesitated to lay her hat and jacket on it. The humming radiator diffused an atmosphere of drowsy warmth, and through a half-open door she saw the glitter of the nickel taps above twin marble basins.

For a while the long turmoil of the night and day had slipped away from her and she sat with closed eyes, surrendering herself to the spell of warmth and silence. But presently this merciful apathy was succeeded by the sudden acuteness of vision with which sick people sometimes wake out of a heavy sleep. As she opened her eyes they rested on the picture that hung above the bed. It was a large engraving with a dazzling white margin enclosed in a wide frame of bird's-eye maple with an inner scroll of gold. The engraving represented a young man in a boat on a lake over-hung with trees. He was leaning over to gather water-lilies for the girl in a light dress who lay among the cushions in the stern. The scene was full of a drowsy midsummer radiance, and Charity averted her eyes from it and, rising from her chair, began to wander restlessly about the room.

意！」。又過了一會，坐在長椅上的女士站起來，拿她的手放在萊亞先生的手內，讓他那厚實的掌心握在其中，然後是一隻過大的戒指給套進她纖細的手指內。她明白到自己已結婚了……

那天下午稍後，慈諦坐在酒店的房間內——那是七月四日那天，她和夏尼枯候桌子的時尚酒店。她從未踏足過一所佈置得如此高雅的房間；梳粧檯上的鏡子映照出雙人床的高背板、有皺邊的枕套，床單是潔白如雪，令她遲疑地持着帽子和外套，不敢把它們擱在上面。暖爐「嗡嗡」低鳴，散發着暖氣，使人昏昏欲睡。從一道半開的門，她瞥見並排的兩個雲石洗手盆，上面的鏤龍頭閃閃發亮。

有段時間，竟日竟夜經歷的折騰痛苦緩緩離她而去，她閉上眼睛坐着，讓溫暖和靜默主宰自己。而在這可喜的渾沌當中，忽然眼前一亮，就像病人有時從沉睡中驚覺一樣。她張開眼睛，視線停留在床上頭掛的一幅畫。那是一塊很大的版畫，四周留着耀目的白邊，裝嵌的畫

It was on the fifth floor, and its broad window of plate glass looked over the roofs of the town. Beyond them stretched a wooded landscape in which the last fires of sunset were picking out a steely gleam. Charity gazed at the gleam with startled eyes. Even through the gathering twilight she recognized the contour of the soft hills encircling it, and the way the meadows sloped to its edge. It was Nettleton Lake that she was looking at.

She stood a long time in the window staring out at the fading water. The sight of it had roused her for the first time to a realization of what she had done. Even the feeling of the ring on her hand had not brought her this sharp sense of the irretrievable. For an instant the old impulse of flight swept through her; but it was only the lift of a broken wing. She heard the door open behind her, and Mr. Royall came in.

He had gone to the barber's to be shaved, and his shaggy grey hair had been trimmed and smoothed. He moved strongly and quickly, squaring his shoulders and carrying his head high, as if he did not want to pass unnoticed.

"What are you doing in the dark?" he called out in a cheerful voice. Charity made no answer. He went up to the window to draw the blind, and putting his finger on the wall flooded the room

架是雀眼楓木所製，裏面有一層金色的裝裱紙。版畫描繪的是一男一女在樹蔭覆蓋的湖上泛舟共遊，女孩穿著薄紗裙子，倚在船尾的數個靠墊中間，年輕的男子正彎身採摘水中的睡蓮，準備送給她；整幅景物散發着朗朗仲夏的慵懶味道。慈諦移開視線，再也坐不下，站起來在房間內來回走動。

房間位於五樓，大幅的平板玻璃窗望出去，是鎮內一列列房子的屋頂。更遠處是茂密的叢林，落日餘暉殘照其上，閃映出一道鐵灰色的光芒。慈諦驚詫地凝望，在暮色四合之中，她仍可認出它四周山丘的柔和綫條、旁邊的草地斜坡，她望見的是蕁麻鎮的湖水。

她在窗前站了很久，一直眺望那逐漸暗下來的湖。它令她首次察覺自己做了什麼；就算手上的戒指，也沒有帶來這種不可挽回的尖銳感覺。從前那種遠走高飛的衝動倏地又來了，但她的翼經已折斷，舉翅也是廢然！然後她聽到背後的房門響動，是萊亞先生進來了。

with a blaze of light from the central chandelier. In this unfamiliar illumination husband and wife faced each other awkwardly for a moment; then Mr. Royall said: "We'll step down and have some supper, if you say so."

The thought of food filled her with repugnance; but not daring to confess it she smoothed her hair and followed him to the lift.

An hour later, coming out of the glare of the dining-room, she waited in the marble-panelled hall while Mr. Royall, before the brass lattice of one of the corner counters, selected a cigar and bought an evening paper. Men were lounging in rocking chairs under the blazing chandeliers, travellers coming and going, bells ringing, porters shuffling by with luggage. Over Mr. Royall's shoulder, as he leaned against the counter, a girl with her hair puffed high smirked and nodded at a dapper drummer who was getting his key at the desk across the hall. Charity stood among these cross-currents of life as motionless and inert as if she had been one of the tables screwed to the marble floor. All her soul was gathered up into one sick sense of coming doom, and she watched Mr. Royall in fascinated terror while he pinched the cigars in successive boxes and unfolded his evening paper with a steady hand.

他剛理過髮，蓬亂的灰髮現在修剪整齊，鬍鬚也剃過。他在房裏大步走過來，步伐很快，肩膀挺直、頭高高抬起，似叫人不要忽略他的存在。

「黑魘魘的，妳站在那裏幹嗎？」他愉快地向她喊道。慈諦沒有回答。他走到窗邊，拉動窗簾，在牆上按一下，天花中央的水晶吊燈登時抒發耀目的光芒，整個房間都照亮了。在不熟悉的光綫下，夫婦兩人不自然地相對。過了一會，萊亞先生說：「下去吃晚餐，好嗎？」

一想到食物，她就有作嘔的感覺，但不敢說什麼。她整理一下頭髮，就跟隨他踏出房門步向升降機去。

一個鐘頭後，她從燈火通明的餐廳出來，站在雲石大堂等候；萊亞先生則在一個角落圍了銅格的櫃臺上，挑選一枝雪茄和買份晚報。在耀目的水晶吊燈下，幾個男士閒閒地坐在搖椅上，旅客在大堂穿梭往來，叫人鐘的鈴聲不時響起，門僮拖曳行李而過。萊亞先生俯身櫃台挑選之時，慈諦的視線落在櫃台後

Presently he turned and joined her. "You go right along up to bed--I'm going to sit down here and have my smoke," he said. He spoke as easily and naturally as if they had been an old couple, long used to each other's ways, and her contracted heart gave a flutter of relief. She followed him to the lift, and he put her in and enjoined the buttoned and braided boy to show her to her room.

She groped her way in through the darkness, forgetting where the electric button was, and not knowing how to manipulate it. But a white autumn moon had risen, and the illuminated sky put a pale light in the room. By it she undressed, and after folding up the ruffled pillow-slips crept timidly under the spotless counterpane. She had never felt such smooth sheets or such light warm blankets; but the softness of the bed did not soothe her. She lay there trembling with a fear that ran through her veins like ice. "What have I done? Oh, what have I done?" she whispered, shuddering to her pillow; and pressing her face against it to shut out the pale landscape beyond the window she lay in the darkness straining her ears, and shaking at every footstep that approached....

Suddenly she sat up and pressed her

的女郎，她的頭髮梳得蓬鬆鬆鬆的，向着在大堂另一邊的桌子拿鑰匙那個時髦鼓手擠眉弄眼、點頭招呼。慈諦站在川流人群之中，呆呆不動，跟那些用螺絲嵌進雲石地板的桌子沒兩樣。她整副精神都為面臨的厄運而大起恐慌，瞧着萊亞先生逐盒雪茄去捏，又用他穩定的手把晚報攤開，她怕得不知如何是好。

他轉身走到她旁邊，跟她說：「妳早點上床吧！我在這裏坐坐，吸幾口雪茄。」他的語調輕鬆自然，就像老夫跟老妻說話，深知對方的習慣一樣，她提起來的心頓時放下。她隨着他走到升降機門邊，他和她步入，並吩咐那個穿制服的門僮領她進房。

她在黑暗的房間中摸索，忘記了電燈掣在哪兒，但就算找到了，她也不知如何開關。不過一輪潔白的秋月已冉冉升起，澄明的夜空投來微光，借助這一點點光綫，她除下衣裳、摺好枕套的皺邊，膽怯地溜進那一塵不染的床單下。她從沒體驗過如此滑溜的床單、如此輕暖的毛毯；但溫軟的大床並不能使她安

hands against her frightened heart. A faint sound had told her that someone was in the room; but she must have slept in the interval, for she had heard no one enter. The moon was setting beyond the opposite roofs, and in the darkness outlined against the grey square of the window, she saw a figure seated in the rocking-chair. The figure did not move: it was sunk deep in the chair, with bowed head and folded arms, and she saw that it was Mr. Royall who sat there. He had not undressed, but had taken the blanket from the foot of the bed and laid it across his knees. Trembling and holding her breath she watched him, fearing that he had been roused by her movement; but he did not stir, and she concluded that he wished her to think he was asleep.

As she continued to watch him ineffable relief stole slowly over her, relaxing her strained nerves and exhausted body. He knew, then... he knew... it was because he knew that he had married her, and that he sat there in the darkness to show her she was safe with him. A stir of something deeper than she had ever felt in thinking of him flitted through her tired brain, and cautiously, noiselessly, she let her head sink on the pillow....

When she woke the room was full of morning light, and her first glance showed her that she was alone in it. She

心。她躺在上面哆嗦，恐懼在血管內流竄，冷冷像冰。她低語：「我做了什麼？我做了什麼？」她在枕上瑟縮，把面孔埋在裏面，不想重睹窗外遠方暗淡下來的景觀。她在黑暗中豎起耳朵，每下走近的腳步聲都令她戰慄不已……

忽然間，她倏地坐起來，雙手壓在驚恐跳動的心上；她聽到輕微的聲響，察覺到房內有人，她一定是睡着了，因為沒聽見有人進來。月亮從對面屋頂上沉下去了，在灰色窗子框出來的黑暗方型背景中，她見到有人坐在搖椅內。那人沒有動，雙手交抱、低頭蜷坐椅中，原來是萊亞先生。他沒脫衣服，只從床尾取來毛毯蓋在膝上。她屏息靜氣、害怕得微微發抖，盯着他不敢動，怕驚醒了他；但他仍是一動也不動。最後她明白：他想我以為他是睡着了。

她一直注視着他，慢慢感到放下了重擔，這是種無可言喻的輕鬆之感，令她緊繃的神經和累透的身體鬆馳下來。他知道了……他知道……因為他知道已

got up and dressed, and as she was fastening her dress the door opened, and Mr. Royall came in. He looked old and tired in the bright daylight, but his face wore the same expression of grave friendliness that had reassured her on the Mountain. It was as if all the dark spirits had gone out of him.

They went downstairs to the dining-room for breakfast, and after breakfast he told her he had some insurance business to attend to. "I guess while I'm doing it you'd better step out and buy yourself whatever you need." He smiled, and added with an embarrassed laugh: "You know I always wanted you to beat all the other girls." He drew something from his pocket, and pushed it across the table to her; and she saw that he had given her two twenty-dollar bills. "If it ain't enough there's more where that come--I want you to beat 'em all hollow," he repeated.

She flushed and tried to stammer out her thanks, but he had pushed back his chair and was leading the way out of the dining-room. In the hall he paused a minute to say that if it suited her they would take the three o'clock train back to North Dormer; then he took his hat and coat from the rack and went out.

A few minutes later Charity went out, too. She had watched to see in what direction he was going, and she took the

跟她成婚；而他在黑暗中坐着，是要說明她跟着他是安全的。想到這一點，她深深受到觸動，對他前所未有的感受閃過疲累的腦袋。然後，她小心翼翼、無聲無息地讓她的頭深埋在枕頭裏……

她醒來時，滿室已是晨早的陽光，第一眼告訴她，室內只有她一個。她起來穿衣服，正在繫裙子時，房門打開，萊亞先生進來了。在明朗陽光下，他看上去很蒼老、疲倦，但臉孔一如在山上，神情和善而嚴肅，令她安心；似乎所有的陰暗面已在他身上消失。

他倆下樓到餐廳進早餐，之後他說要去處理一些保險業務。他微笑道：「我出去後，妳不如也上街看看，喜歡什麼就買。」然後他尷尬地笑笑，補上一句：「妳知道我常想妳勝過所有女孩。」他從口袋裏抽出點東西，從桌子那邊推過來，原來是兩張廿元鈔票。「如果不夠，我還有呢！我就是想妳把她們全比下去。」他再次說道。

opposite way and walked quickly down the main street to the brick building on the corner of Lake Avenue. There she paused to look cautiously up and down the thoroughfare, and then climbed the brass-bound stairs to Dr. Merkle's door. The same bushy-headed mulatto girl admitted her, and after the same interval of waiting in the red plush parlor she was once more summoned to Dr. Merkle's office. The doctor received her without surprise, and led her into the inner plush sanctuary.

"I thought you'd be back, but you've come a mite too soon: I told you to be patient and not fret," she observed, after a pause of penetrating scrutiny.

Charity drew the money from her breast. "I've come to get my blue brooch," she said, flushing.

"Your brooch?" Dr. Merkle appeared not to remember. "My, yes--I get so many things of that kind. Well, my dear, you'll have to wait while I get it out of the safe. I don't leave valuables like that laying round like the noospaper."

She disappeared for a moment, and returned with a bit of twisted-up tissue paper from which she unwrapped the brooch.

她面上緋紅，囁嚅道謝；但他已站起來，把椅子推回原位，領先走出餐廳。在大堂裏，他停下來問她乘坐三時的火車去瓜斯頓、接着回北多馬可好不好，然後他從架上取回帽子和大衣就走了。

幾分鐘後，慈諦也隨即外出；之前留意到他往哪邊走，現在她採取相反的方向，快步走過大街，來到湖邊路街角的磚房子。她停下來，警戒地望望大街的左右，步上鑲銅邊的梯級，去到麥歌醫生診所的門口。仍是那個頭髮濃密的混血女郎來應門。她被領進那紅色的豪華房間內，等了同樣長的時間後，又被召進麥歌醫生的辦公室。麥歌醫生見到她，並沒流露出意外神色，就帶她到裏間舒適的避難所去了。

麥歌醫生將她全身上下打量了一會，說道：「我猜妳會回來的；但早了一丁點兒，我說了嘛，要有耐性，不必擔心。」

慈諦從懷中抽出鈔票，說道：「我想取回我的藍胸針。」她的面紅了。

Charity, as she looked at it, felt a stir of warmth at her heart. She held out an eager hand.

"Have you got the change?" she asked a little breathlessly, laying one of the twenty-dollar bills on the table.

"Change? What'd I want to have change for? I only see two twenties there," Dr. Merkle answered brightly.

Charity paused, disconcerted. "I thought... you said it was five dollars a visit...."

"For YOU, as a favour--I did. But how about the responsibility and the insurance? I don't s'pose you ever thought of that? This pin's worth a hundred dollars easy. If it had got lost or stole, where'd I been when you come to claim it?"

Charity remained silent, puzzled and half-convinced by the argument, and Dr. Merkle promptly followed up her advantage. "I didn't ask you for your brooch, my dear. I'd a good deal ruther folks paid me my regular charge than have 'em put me to all this trouble."

She paused, and Charity, seized with a

「妳的胸針？」麥歌醫生像是忘了這樁事。「呀！對了——那類東西留在我裏可多着呢！妳等等，我要從夾萬拿出來，那些值錢東西可不能像報紙那般隨處擱。」

她消失了一會，回來時拿着一塊皺摺的紙巾，打開就是她的胸針。

慈諦望着它，心裏浮起一陣溫暖之感，急不及待伸手過去。

「妳有零鈔嗎？」她的呼吸急速，將一張廿元鈔票放在桌上。

「零鈔？我幹嘛要零鈔？妳不是有兩張廿元嗎？」麥歌醫生明快地回答。

慈諦給弄得糊塗了，遲疑着說：「我以為……妳說診費是五元……」

「酌情收妳五元，我有說過。但責任呢？保險呢？妳從沒想過吧？這胸針怎也值一百元，如不見了、給人偷了，妳來贖回時我拿什麼給妳？」

desperate longing to escape, rose to her feet and held out one of the bills.

"Will you take that?" she asked.

"No, I won't take that, my dear; but I'll take it with its mate, and hand you over a signed receipt if you don't trust me."

"Oh, but I can't--it's all I've got," Charity exclaimed.

Dr. Merkle looked up at her pleasantly from the plush sofa. "It seems you got married yesterday, up to the 'Piscopal church; I heard all about the wedding from the minister's chore-man. It would be a pity, wouldn't it, to let Mr. Royall know you had an account running here? I just put it to you as your own mother might."

Anger flamed up in Charity, and for an instant she thought of abandoning the brooch and letting Dr. Merkle do her worst. But how could she leave her only treasure with that evil woman? She wanted it for her baby: she meant it, in some mysterious way, to be a link between Harney's child and its unknown father. Trembling and hating herself

她的理據慈諦聽不明白，困惑地說不出話來。麥歌醫生覺得已佔了上風，即時連勝追擊：「當初我可沒問妳要胸針。我寧願人家付我正常診金，省卻許多麻煩。」

她沒再往下說。慈諦此刻只渴望逃離，她站起來，手裏拿着其中一張鈔票。

「這樣對不對？」她說。

「廿元我不收，除非多給一張。妳不信我的話，我可寫張收據給妳，簽字作實。」

「我不能啊！我只有這麼多！」慈諦叫起來。

麥歌醫生坐在舒適的梳化上愉快地抬頭上望。「妳昨天結了婚吧？聽說是在聖公會教堂那邊辦的；牧師的雜工一五一十都告訴我了。要是萊亞先生知道妳來過這兒，並有瓜葛未清，多遺憾呀！我這樣說是開心見誠，跟妳媽的話沒兩

while she did it, she laid Mr. Royall's money on the table, and catching up the brooch fled out of the room and the house....

In the street she stood still, dazed by this last adventure. But the brooch lay in her bosom like a talisman, and she felt a secret lightness of heart. It gave her strength, after a moment, to walk on slowly in the direction of the post office, and go in through the swinging doors. At one of the windows she bought a sheet of letter-paper, an envelope and a stamp; then she sat down at a table and dipped the rusty post office pen in ink. She had come there possessed with a fear which had haunted her ever since she had felt Mr. Royall's ring on her finger: the fear that Harney might, after all, free himself and come back to her. It was a possibility which had never occurred to her during the dreadful hours after she had received his letter; only when the decisive step she had taken made longing turn to apprehension did such a contingency seem conceivable. She addressed the envelope, and on the sheet of paper she wrote:

I'm married to Mr. Royall. I'll always remember you. CHARITY.

The last words were not in the least what she had meant to write; they had flowed from her pen irresistibly. She had not

樣。」

慈諦怒火中燒，有一刻她想撇下胸針不要，隨麥歌醫生幹她的勾當去。但胸針是她唯一的珍貴東西，怎能留在那邪惡女人手中？她想把它留給她的孩子：這是她的心願，為孩子和他不知情的父親營造某個神秘的聯繫。她全身哆嗦，痛恨着自己，在桌上扔下萊亞先生給的兩張鈔票，把胸針攥在手中，從那診室、那房子逃出去……

在街上她站住了，頭因剛才的歷程而有點發昏；但胸針在她懷中像個護身符，為她私下帶來輕鬆的感覺，給予她力量。過了一會，她慢慢朝郵局行去，從旋轉門步入大樓。她從其中一個玻璃窗買了張信紙、一個信封和一枚郵票，然後在桌子坐下來，伸出郵局裏生鏽的筆咀去蘸墨水。打從指頭給套上萊亞先生的戒指，直至到達那裏，她一直懷着恐懼，怕夏尼最後恢復了自由，回到她的身邊。收到他的信之後，在受盡煎熬的幾個鐘頭內，她本來絕無此想法；不過一採取了斷然的行動，她的渴望變成懸

had the strength to complete her sacrifice; but, after all, what did it matter? Now that there was no chance of ever seeing Harney again, why should she not tell him the truth?

When she had put the letter in the box she went out into the busy sunlit street and began to walk to the hotel. Behind the plateglass windows of the department stores she noticed the tempting display of dresses and dress-materials that had fired her imagination on the day when she and Harney had looked in at them together. They reminded her of Mr. Royall's injunction to go out and buy all she needed. She looked down at her shabby dress, and wondered what she should say when he saw her coming back empty-handed. As she drew near the hotel she saw him waiting on the doorstep, and her heart began to beat with apprehension.

He nodded and waved his hand at her approach, and they walked through the hall and went upstairs to collect their possessions, so that Mr. Royall might give up the key of the room when they went down again for their midday dinner. In the bedroom, while she was thrusting back into the satchel the few things she had brought away with her, she suddenly felt that his eyes were on her and that he was going to speak. She stood still, her half-folded night-gown in her hand, while the blood rushed up

念，勾起這個萬一的可能性。她先寫好信封，然後在信紙上寫道：

我已與萊亞先生結婚。永遠懷念你。慈諦

最後一句完全不是她原先要說的話；但她控制不了她的筆。她沒有能力去完成她的犧牲；可是就算完成了，會有用嗎？既然日後與夏尼不復相見，為什麼還不說出真心話？

把信投進郵箱後，她踏出外面陽光照耀的繁忙大街上，步行回酒店去。百貨公司的大玻璃櫥窗內，她瞧見那些誘人的裙子和布料，憶起昔日和夏尼一起步過瀏覽之時，它們如何令她燃發無限想像。這時她想起萊亞先生囑咐她去買喜歡的衣服，她望望身上的殘舊裙子，不知自己空手而回，該如何向他交代。快到酒店了，萊亞先生已在門前階級上等候，慈諦的心忐忑地怦怦跳動。

to her drawn cheeks.

"Well, did you rig yourself out handsomely? I haven't seen any bundles round," he said jocosely.

"Oh, I'd rather let Ally Hawes make the few things I want," she answered.

"That so?" He looked at her thoughtfully for a moment and his eye-brows projected in a scowl. Then his face grew friendly again. "Well, I wanted you to go back looking stylister than any of them; but I guess you're right. You're a good girl, Charity."

Their eyes met, and something rose in his that she had never seen there: a look that made her feel ashamed and yet secure.

"I guess you're good, too," she said, shyly and quickly. He smiled without answering, and they went out of the room together and dropped down to the hall in the glittering lift.

Late that evening, in the cold autumn moonlight, they drove up to the door of the red house.

他見到她，點頭揮手示意，就和她一起穿過大堂上樓收拾行李，再下樓進午餐時，就可把房間鑰匙交回酒店。在房間內，她把隨身的幾件衣物逐一塞進背包裏，忽然察覺到他一直在望着她，好像有話要說。她登時站着動不了，手裏拿着摺了一半的睡袍，熱血直沖上憔悴的面龐。

「有沒有買漂亮東西呀？我見不到有大包小包。」他戲謔地說道。

「噢！我要的幾件東西，寧願叫雅莉·巧斯縫。」她回答說。

「是嗎？」他若有所思地望了她一會，眉毛都蹙起來了，然後又恢復了和藹神情，說道：「本來我想妳回去時神神氣氣的，把她們都比下去。或者妳這樣子才對。慈諦，妳是個好女孩。」

他們的眼神相遇，她瞧見他的眼睛裏迸發某些東西，是她前所未見的——它令她感到羞恥，但也覺得安全。

「你也是個好人。」她很快地怯怯說道。他莞爾一笑，沒有回答，偕同她走出房間，從那閃爍的升降機下降到大堂去。

夜已深了，在冷冷的秋月下，他倆駕車回到紅屋門前。