

## <<杰克·伦敦短篇小说集>>

### 图书基本信息

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### 内容概要

LONDON's "strength of utterance" is at its height in his stories , and they are painstakingly well-constructed. Western writer and historian Dale L. Walker writes : "London's true metier was the short story.... London's true genius lay in the short form , 7 , 500 words and under , where the flood of images in his teeming brain and the innate power of his narrative gift were at once constrained and freed." Although his writings suggest a complexity of ideas , he is commonly categorized as a literary naturalist. His adventure stories of Alaska and the Pacific continue to fascinate new generations of readers.

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作者简介

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书籍目录

A HYPERBOREAN BREW  
A PIECE OF STEAK  
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THE HANDSOME CABIN BOY  
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THE LEAGUE OF THE OLD MEN  
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THE PRIESTLY PREROGATIVE  
THE SHADOW AND THE FLASH  
THE SON OF THE WOLF  
THE WHITE MAN'S WAY  
THE WIFE OF A KING

## 章节摘录

版权页： Though the dipping gold-trace increased the man's work, he found consolation in the increasing richness of the pans. Twenty cents, thirty cents, fifty cents, sixty cents, were the values of the gold found in the pans, and at nightfall he washed his banner pan, which gave him a dollar's worth of gold-dust from a shovelful of dirt. "I'll just bet it's my luck to have some inquisitive cuss come buttin' in here on my pasture," he mumbled sleepily that night as he pulled the blankets up to his chin. Suddenly he sat upright. "Bill!" he called sharply. "Now, listen to me, Bill; d'ye hear! It's up to you, tomorrow mornin', to mosey round an' see what you can see. Understand? Tomorrow morning, an' don't you forget it!" He yawned and glanced across at his side-hill. "Goodnight, Mr. Pocket," he called. In the morning he stole a march on the sun, for he had finished breakfast when its first rays caught him, and he was climbing the wall of the canon where it crumbled away and gave footing. From the outlook at the top he found himself in the midst of loneliness. As far as he could see, chain after chain of mountains heaved themselves into his vision. To the east his eyes, leaping the miles between range and range and between many ranges, brought up at last against the white-peaked Sierras—the main crest, where the backbone of the Western world reared itself against the sky. To the north and south he could see more distinctly the cross-systems that broke through the main trend of the sea of mountains. To the west the ranges fell away, one behind the other, diminishing and fading into the gentle foothills that, in turn, descended into the great valley which he could not see. And in all that mighty sweep of earth he saw no sign of man nor of the handiwork of man—save only the torn bosom of the hillside at his feet. The man looked long and carefully. Once, far down his own canon, he thought he saw in the air a faint hint of smoke. He looked again and decided that it was the purple haze of the hills made dark by a convolution of the canon wall at its back.

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