RETRADUÇÃO DA RETRADUÇÃO: "LE CORBEAU", "THE RAVEN", "O CORVO"

Helciclever Barros da Silva[1]

Resumo: o objetivo é realizar um exercício de retradução de uma retradução do poema "The Raven". Trata-se da versão em inglês do referido texto da tradução francesa feita por Charles Baudelaire e publicada no Jornal *Detroit Free Press* em 15 de novembro de 1891 e reproduzido várias outras vezes em outros jornais norte-americanos entre 1891 e 1892. Com base em uma retradução em língua portuguesa desse raro material poético, intenta-se discutir não exatamente a qualidade da retradução norte-americana, mas apenas apresentar à crítica brasileira este inédito texto em nosso contexto literário, realizando breves comentários sobre a migração do "Corbeau" baudelaireano para a língua inicialmente de partida, que, neste caso, passou a ser língua de chegada do poema edgariano em uma versão anônima. E, ao mesmo tempo, intenta-se oferecer uma nova partida da dita versão de 1891, agora, para a língua portuguesa do Brasil.

Abstract: the objective is to perform an exercise of retranslation of a retranslation of the poem "The Raven". It is the English version of the referred text of the translation made by Charles Baudelaire and published in the *Detroit Free Press* newspaper on November 15, 1891 and reproduced several other times in other American newspapers between 1891 and 1892. Based on a retranslation in the Portuguese language of this rare poetic material, it is tried to discuss not exactly the quality of the North American retranslation, but only to present to the Brazilian critic this unpublished text in our literary context, making brief comments on the migration of the Baudelairean "Corbeau" to the language initially of departure, which, in this case, became the target language of the Edgarian poem in an anonymous version. And, at the same time, it is tried to offer a new departure of the said version of 1891, now, for the Portuguese language of Brazil.

Palavras-chave: Le Corbeau, The Raven, "O Corvo", Retradução, Baudelaire

Keywords: Le Corbeau, The Raven, "O Corvo", Re-translation, Baudelaire

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O texto *"THE RAVEN SAID, 'NEVER AGAIN.'"A frenchman's Brilliant and Artistic translation From Edgar A. Poe* publicado em diversos jornais do EUA entre 1891 e 1892, sendo a primeira publicação, salvo outra que não pude localizar, a do jornal *Detroit Free Press*, é uma retradução para o inglês da tradução de Charles Baudelaire de 1853.

O texto é seguido de uma breve apresentação que não se sabe ao certo se é dos editores ou redatores do supracitado jornal ou se é da tradução que "re-inglesou" o poema de Poe. Ao mesmo tempo, esse texto de apresentação, bem curto, pouco colabora para se entender os motivos de tal retradução, assim como faltam mais argumentos para justificar as suas escolhas estéticas e poéticas.

De todo modo, trata-se de material poético bastante interessante, pois mostra o retorno do poema de Poe para os EUA sob manto protetor exatamente de seu maior defensor: Charles Baudelaire.

O retradutor não deixou de tecer algumas críticas pontuais à tradução de Baudelaire, e o fez tanto no texto de apresentação, se dele for este texto, e também no corpo de sua retradução, assinaladas entre colchetes.

Interessante que o tradutor anônimo da versão de Baudelaire optou pelo retorno do texto em versos, o que em si já traz complicadores para se pensar sua retradução sob a ótica da fidelidade.

Ao que parece, o tradutor anônimo posicionou-se por uma defesa de que o texto de Poe deveria ser mantido em versos, o que sinaliza de partida certa crítica ao trabalho tradutório de Baudelaire.

Em verdade, o tradutor anônimo parece ter aproveitado o ensejo para conflagrar a sua própria visão do poema de Poe, vertendo-o em função de suas próprias considerações poéticas, o que pode, inicialmente, parecer problemático, mas a história de "The Raven" mostrou que este expediente de recriação poética foi extremamente exuberante e frutífero.

Apenas à guisa de maior amplitude e divulgação da retradução de 1891/1892 oferecemos, sem maiores pretensões, duas versões em português brasileiro deste texto: uma em verso e outra em prosa.

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“THE RAVEN SAID, 'NEVER AGAIN.’

A frenchman's Brilliant and Artistic translation From Edgar A. Poe” (1891/1892)

Anônimo

“O CORVO DISSE: ‘NUNCA MAIS’
A tradução brilhante e artística de Edgar A. Poe por um francês” (1891/1892)

Helciclever Barros da Silva (2018)

Poe’s remarkable popularity in France is well known. The French, however, have always considered him as a prose writer and not a poet, while with the present generation in America the case is vice versa.

Since Charles Baudelaire first introduced Poe's writings in France there have been numberless translations of his marvelous stories, and now the firm of Marpon & Flamarion in Paris have got out a colection which includes “Le Corbeau.”

“Le Corbeau,” of course, is “The Raven.” Just how the French people regard Poe’s masterpiece the present writer is not able to state, but he has grave doubts about its producing any such weird and horrowing effect as we Americans associate with it in the readers of our childhood. This is the way it runs, as re-Englished:

A notável popularidade de Poe na França é bem conhecida. Os franceses, no entanto, sempre o consideraram como um escritor de prosa e não como um poeta, enquanto que com a geração atual na América o caso é o inverso.

Desde que Charles Baudelaire introduziu pela primeira vez os escritos de Poe na França, houve inúmeras traduções de suas maravilhosas histórias, e agora a firma de Marpon & Flamarion, em Paris, lançaram uma coleção que inclui “Le Corbeau”.

“Le Corbeau”, óbvio, é “O Corvo”. Exatamente como o povo francês considera a obra-prima de Poe, o atual escritor não pode afirmar, mas ele tem sérias dúvidas sobre a produção de qualquer efeito tão estranho e angustiante como nós americanos associamos a ele na nossa infância de leitores. É assim que funciona, como na re-tradução para o inglês:

It was midnight. I was vaguely poring
over certain volumes, which were forgotten,
although curious and bizarre. Some one
rapped softly on my door. [The talented
translator boiled this verse down altogether
too much.]

Era meia-noite. Estava vagamente debruçado
sobre certos volumes, que foram esquecidos,

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embora curiosos e bizarros. Alguém
bateu suavemente na minha porta. [O talentoso
tradutor resumiu esse verso
demais.]

We were in December. The embers, dying
away in the fireplace, projected red silhou-
ettes over the floor. In vain I tried to get
oblivion of my woes from my favorite books.
I was continually thinking of her, my lost
Lenore, that rare and radiant young girl
whose soft name the angels of Heaven are
repeating just now. "Lenore."

Estávamos em dezembro. As brasas, morrendo
na lareira, projetavam silhu-
etas vermelhas no chão. Em vão, tentei
esquecer minhas angústias em meus livros favoritos.
Estava continuamente pensando nela, minha perdida
Lenore, aquela jovem rara e radiante
cujo nome delicado os anjos do Céu
estão repetindo agora. "Lenore".

Everything, even the rustling of the cur-
tains of silk filled me with a melancholy
terror. In order to reassure myself I said
inwardly, "It is some late visitor, nothing
more."

Tudo, até mesmo o farfalhar das cortinas
de seda me encheu de melancolia
e terror. A fim de me tranquilizar eu disse
a mim mesmo: "É algum visitante tardio, nada
mais."

And I yelled out without further hesita-
tion, "Monsieur or madame, I ask your par-
don. I was half sleeping when you came
knocking on my door. I didn't hear you at
first, you rapped so low." Then I opened
the door: but I perceived nothing-except
the darkness of the night.

E gritei sem mais hesita-
ção: "Monsieur ou madame, eu peço per-
dão. Eu estava meio dormindo quando veio
bater na minha porta. Não te ouvi no
começo, você bateu tão baixo." Então abri

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a porta: mas não percebi nada exceto
a escuridão da noite.

I looked more attentively into the dark,
But Still I saw nothing. Was I the victim
of a hallucination? I whispered the name
of Lenore. The echo sent me back this
name. And That was all.

Olhei mais atentamente para o escuro,
mas ainda assim não vi nada. Era a vítima
de uma alucinação? Eu sussurrei o nome
de Lenore. O eco me mandou de volta esse
nome. E isso foi tudo.

I went back into my chamber, but it was
not long before I heard a new rapping of
more distinct style. "This time," I Thought,
"it is at the blinds of my window. Let's
clear up this mystery which troubles my
heart, and find out whether it is the wind."

Voltei para o meu quarto, mas não demorou
muito para ouvir um novo bater de
forma mais distinta. "Desta vez", pensei,
"é nas portinholas da minha janela. Vamos
esclarecer este mistério que perturba meu
coração e descobrir se é o vento".

I pushed the shutter. A superb raven
darted into my chamber, gracefully flutter-
ing his wings. He did not make me any
reverence. He came in as if he felt perfectly
at home and perched. Full of majesty, with
the grand airs of a lord or lady, on a bust
of Pallas above my door.

Empurrei a fechadura. Um soberbo corvo
disparou para o meu quarto, graciosamente agita-
ndo suas asas. Não me fez nenhuma
reverência. Entrou como se se sentisse perfeitamente
em casa e empoleirou, cheio de majestade, com
os grandes ares de um senhor ou senhora, em um busto
de Palas acima da minha porta.

I could not refrain from smiling before
the grave countenance of this bird of ebony.
"Tell me," I said aloud, "What is your

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lordly name on the Plutonian shore of the night?" He responded, "Never Again."

Não pude deixar de sorrir antes diante do semblante grave deste pássaro de ébano. "Diga-me", disse em voz alta: "Qual é o seu nome senhorial na margem plutoniana da noite?" Ele respondeu: "Nunca mais".

This response didn't seem to have much sense. Did it ever happen to anybody to find at midnight over his door on a bust of Pallas a bird calling itself "Never Again?"

Esta resposta não pareceu ter muito sentido. Alguma vez aconteceu a alguém encontrar à meia-noite sobre sua porta em um busto de Palas um pássaro chamando-se "Nunca Mais?"

But the raven only pronounced these two words as if all his soul were shut up in them. Then I murmured in a low tone: "Already other friends have taken their Flight. To-morrow he will leave me as my hopes have also left me, all alone." And The raven said "Never Again."

Mas o corvo apenas pronunciou estas duas palavras como se toda a sua alma estivesse trancada nelas. Então eu murmurei em voz baixa: "Outros amigos já pegaram seus voos. Amanhã ele me deixará, assim como minhas esperanças também me deixaram, tão sozinho". E o corvo disse "Nunca mais".

"Without doubt." I Thought, "he has caught these two words from some bankrupt master, so constantly overwhelmed with misfortune that he dared to hope never again"

"Sem dúvida." Pensei: "ele pegou essas duas palavras de algum falido mestre, tão constantemente tomado pelo infortúnio que ele ousou esperar nunca mais"

I rolled a fauteuil in front of the bird and

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began to cudgel my brains to make out
what this sad, lean, somber fowl meant by
his refrain "Never again."

Rolei uma poltrona em frente ao pássaro e
comecei a espatifar meu cérebro para entender
o que essa triste, magra e sombria ave dizia sobre
seu refrão "Nunca mais".

I no longer addressed my remarks to the
bird whose flaming eyes burned my heart.
But I sad down before him for the purpose
of studying him out. My head rested on a
cushion of violet velvet, softly lighted by a
lamp, the lamp which she will light never
again. [Translator Nº 2 wishes it dis-
tinctly understood that he is not respon-
ible for a bad mistake in this verse, which
will be seen by comparison with the origi-
nal poem.] Poe had it thus:

"But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp-
light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!"

Não mais dirigi minhas observações ao
pássaro cujos olhos flamejaram meu coração.
Mas me sentei diante dele com o propósito
de estudá-lo. Minha cabeça repousava sobre uma
almofada de veludo violeta, insinuada por uma
lâmpada, a lâmpada que ela não acenderá nunca
mais. [O Tradutor Nº 2 deseja
entender claramente que ele não é respon-
sável por um erro grave neste verso, que
será visto na comparação com
o poema original.] Poe teve isso assim:

"But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp-
light gloating o'er,
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The word "she" should be in italics, but as
this paper does not use them, parlor elocu-
tionists are reminded that they can secure
the propor effect by reading the verse in a
low tone and suddenly raising the voice to a
stentorian yell at the word "she."]

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A palavra “ela” devia estar em itálico, mas
como este artigo não os usa, defensores eloque-
ntes são lembrados pelo que podem assegurar
do efeito proposto ao ler o verso em um
tom baixo e de repente levantando a voz para um
grito estentórico com a palavra “ela.”]

The air seemed lighter, as if permude by
the invisible censer of the seraphim. “Oh,
miserable one!” I exclaimed, “thy God has
seut thee by his angels respite and nepen-
thes. Drink, oh drink this good nepenthes
and forget this lost Lenore.” The raven
said, "Never again.”

O ar parecia mais leve, como se perfumado pelo
incensário invisível dos serafins. “Oh,
miserável!” Eu exclamei: “teu Deus
te enviou por seus anjos, descanso e nepe-
ntes. Beba, oh beba este bom nepentes
e esqueça essa perdida Lenore.” O corvo
disse: “Nunca mais”.

“Prophet,” I said to him, “bird of mis
fortune, bird or demon, tell me, I entreat
you, since the devil sends you into my
desolate lodge, tell me, I implore you, is
there any balsam obtainable in Judea?”
The raven said, “Never again.”

“Profeta”, disse a ele, “pássaro de infor-
túnio, pássaro ou demônio, diga-me, suplico-te,
já que o diabo te manda para minha
cabana desolada, diga-me, imploro-te,
há algum bálsamo disponível na Judeia? “
O corvo disse: “Nunca mais”.

“Prophet, bird or demon, by the heavens,
by the God whon we adore, the two of us,
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whether it is going to embrace some day in
Eden a sanctified young girl - a rare and
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“Profeta, pássaro ou demônio, pelos céus,
pelo Deus que adoramos, nós dois,
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se vai abraçar algum dia no
Éden uma jovem santificada - uma garota rara e
radiante que os anjos chamam Lenore".
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"Since you talk that way," I yelled, "get
out: Quit me! Go off int the tempest of
the night on the somber shores of Pluto.
Don't leave here one solitary black feather
to remind me of the awful lie you have just
uttered. Leave me alone in my abandon.
Quit that bust, take your shadow somewhere
else." The raven said, "Never again."

"Desde que você fala assim", gritei,
"saia: Deixe-me! Suma na tempestade da
noite nas margens sombrias de Plutão.
Não deixe aqui uma pena preta solitária
para me lembrar da terrível mentira que acabou de
dizer. Deixe-me sozinho em meu abandono.
Saia desse busto, leve sua sombra para outro lugar."
O corvo disse: "Nunca mais".

And the raven, without budging, without
fluttering, still sits on the bust of Pallas
over my door. His eyes have the glare of
demon who dreams. My lamp projects
his shadow on the floor. And this shadow
will be effaced "never again."

E o corvo, sem se mexer, sem
esvoaçar, ainda sentado no busto de Palas
sobre a minha porta. Seus olhos têm o brilho do
demônio que sonha. Minha lâmpada projeta
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I looked more attentively into the dark, but still I saw nothing. Was I the victim of a hallucination? I whispered the name of Lenore. The echo sent me back this name. And that was all.

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Era meia-noite. Estava vagamente debruçado sobre certos volumes, que foram esquecidos, embora curiosos e bizarros. Alguém bateu suavemente na minha porta. [O talentoso tradutor resumiu demais esse verso.]

Estávamos em dezembro. As brasas, morrendo na lareira, projetavam silhuetas vermelhas no chão. Em vão, tentei esquecer minhas angústias em meus livros favoritos. Estava continuamente pensando nela, minha perdida Lenore, aquela jovem rara e radiante cujo nome delicado os anjos do Céu estão repetindo agora. "Lenore".

Tudo, até mesmo o farfalhar das cortinas de seda me encheu de melancolia e terror. A fim de me tranquilizar eu disse a mim mesmo: "É algum visitante tardio, nada mais."

E gritei sem mais hesitação: "Monsieur ou madame, eu peço perdão. Eu estava meio dormindo quando você veio bater na minha porta. Não te ouvi no começo, você bateu tão baixo." Então abri a porta: mas não percebi nada exceto a escuridão da noite.

Olhei mais atentamente para o escuro, mas ainda assim não vi nada. Era a vítima de uma alucinação? Eu sussurrei o nome de Lenore. O eco me mandou de volta esse nome. E isso foi tudo.

Voltei para o meu quarto, mas não demorou muito para ouvir um novo bater de forma mais distinta. "Desta vez", pensei, "é nas portinholas da minha janela. Vamos esclarecer este mistério que perturba meu coração e descobrir se é o vento".

Empurrei a fechadura. Um soberbo corvo disparou para o meu quarto, graciosamente agitando suas asas. Ele não me fez nenhuma reverência. Ele entrou como se se sentisse perfeitamente em casa e empoleirou, cheio de majestade, com os grandes ares de um senhor ou senhora, em um busto de Palas acima da minha porta.

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Esta resposta não pareceu ter muito sentido. Alguma vez aconteceu a alguém encontrar à meia-noite sobre sua porta em um busto de Palas um pássaro chamando-se "Nunca Mais?"

Mas o corvo apenas pronunciou estas duas palavras como se toda a sua alma estivesse trancada nelas. Então eu murmurei em voz baixa: "Outros amigos já pegaram seus voos. Amanhã ele me deixará, assim como minhas esperanças também me deixaram, tão sozinho". E o corvo disse "Nunca mais".

"Sem dúvida." Pensei: "ele pegou essas duas palavras de algum mestre falido, tão constantemente tomado pelo infortúnio que ele ousou esperar nunca mais"

Rolei uma poltrona em frente ao pássaro e comecei a espatifar meu cérebro para entender o que essa triste, magra e sombria ave significava para seu refrão "Nunca mais".

Não mais dirigi minhas observações ao pássaro cujos olhos flamejantes queimaram meu coração. Mas me sentei diante dele com o propósito de estudá-lo. Minha cabeça repousava sobre uma almofada de veludo violeta, suavemente iluminada por uma lâmpada, a lâmpada que ela não acenderá nunca mais**.** [O Tradutor Nº 2 deseja entender claramente que ele não é responsável por um erro grave neste verso, que será visto na comparação com o poema original.] Poe teve isso assim:

"But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

A palavra "ela" devia estar em itálico, mas como este artigo não os usa, defensores eloquentes são lembrados pelo que podem assegurar do efeito proposto ao ler o verso em um tom baixo e de repente levantando a voz para um grito estentórico com a palavra "ela."]

O ar parecia mais leve, como se perfumado pelo incensário invisível dos serafins. "Oh, miserável!" Eu exclamei: "teu Deus te enviou por seus anjos, descanso e nepentes. Beba, oh beba este bom nepentes e esqueça essa perdida Lenore." O corvo disse: "Nunca mais".

"Profeta", disse a ele, "pássaro de infortúnio, pássaro ou demônio, diga-me, suplico-te, já que o diabo te manda para minha cabana desolada, diga-me, imploro-te, há algum bálsamo disponível na Judeia? "
O corvo disse: "Nunca mais".

"Profeta, pássaro ou demônio, pelos céus, pelo Deus que adoramos, nós dois, diga, oh diga, à minha alma carregada de dor, se vai abraçar algum dia no Éden uma jovem santificada - uma garota rara e radiante que os anjos chamam Lenore ".
O corvo disse: "Nunca mais".

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"Desde que você fala assim", gritei, "saia: Deixe-me! Suma na tempestade da noite nas margens sombrias de Plutão. Não deixe aqui uma pena preta solitária para me lembrar da terrível mentira que você acabou de dizer. Deixe-me sozinho em meu abandono. Saia desse busto, leve sua sombra para outro lugar. "
O corvo disse: "Nunca mais".

E o corvo, sem se mexer, sem esvoaçar, ainda sentado no busto de Palas sobre a minha porta. Seus olhos têm o brilho do demônio que sonha. Minha lâmpada projeta sua sombra no chão. E essa sombra não será apagada "nunca mais".

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ANEXO - Fac-símile do original do texto *"THE RAVEN SAID, 'NEVER AGAIN.'" A frenchman's Brilliant and Artistic translation From Edgar A. Poe'* publicado no *Detroit Free Press* (1891)

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THE DETROIT FREE PRESS: SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1891.

TO

Little Goldy strolled leisurely along the smooth strip of road which runs under the cut-bank down to the crossing of the Cottonois, thinking to herself how beautiful everything was, and how strange it was that all her friends should conspire to keep her shut up in that gloomy ranch-house back under the hill, when such strange and delightful places were to be found just on the outside of it.

The sun was high in the cloudless northern sky; but the soft breeze, which come-hither with the spicy breath of pines, lightly lifted the golden curls, under the brim of the old sun hat, and tempered its noonday heat.

The short season of summer blooms was at its hight, and lilies and fire-flowers were being crowded by golden-rod and the tall spikes of the yucca; while the sage brush exhaled under the heat of the sun, that pungent odor which reminds you of old New England gardens, shut in by picket palings and filled with beds of sage, thyme, rue, lavender and all the aromatic herbs our grandmothers knew and valued—yet is, withal, a wild, sweet perfume quite distinctively its own.

A little way out on the level which topped the cut-bank at the right, lay the low foothills of the Antelope Mountains, rising and, rounding against the dark blue of the sky, while on the other side they fell as gradually into the plain below. Between ran the road, along one of these ledges, which, forming the top of one and base of another group of hills, wound its way down into the canyon below, and was gladly accepted as a highway "ready to hand" by the dwellers in those mountainous regions; and upon this wild trail the little maid, having slipped away from her mamma, who was busy in her own room writing letters, and the housekeeper, who was deeply absorbed in the manufacture of huckleberry jelly in the kitchen, had set out upon her travels.

"Papa Jack, Papa Jack!" she sang at the top of her clear little voice, as she wandered on, "Goldy's comin' to wide on big Toby along wif you, Papa Jack!"

This prairie dogs came out and sat on the roofs of their houses and chattered back at her; a big "rattler" reared himself into a few lazy coils, and then sank back under the protecting shadow of a grassswood; a lynx-cat, stretched in a crevice of the ledge above, opened his half-shut eyes and blinked sleepily at her; and the soft wind, coughing through the tops of the big pines then stood everywhere among the hills, caught up the refrain—"Papa Jack!"

And as the words came just in time to the ears of Jim, who was heating a long-horned steer back to the bunch which was being held for the week of the round-up, half a mile away on the other side of the Cottonois.

Jim was a cowboy of the Crescent outfit, and Goldy's papa's right-hand man; and though he was what Jack Fordham sometimes called a "balky brute" no better cowman ever coiled a rope, or bestrode a broncho. Jim—the name by which his "few and far-between" letters came addressed to the Oregon postoffice was "Charles Arthur Stokes;" but a cowboy must needs be christened into his rough calling, and since Charley, a good name, and one well liked among the boys—was ruled out of court by the fact that it belonged to him of right, he was called "Jim;" and the name suited the man, and the man answered to the name, and no one demurred thereat. Jim and his horse Ginger were worth more on the "rounding" than any other two boys, or three ponies, on the Cottonois or the Bijou; and Jim knew it as well as everybody else on the river. He had more than once been offered "big money" to take charge of some rival outfit; but Fordham had picked him up, years before, away south on the Canadian, when he was dead broke busting against his luck at faro, in Jule Howard's "Place," in the Old Adobe Walls; and they had stayed together ever since that old time.

"Ginger was the pride of Jim's heart, the very apple of his eye. No common broncho, but a clean-built little mustang, with a record as a cow-pony brought from the wild Texas country where Jim found him. What he wouldn't do, at Jim's command, you might be certain that no horse could do. Bear! till you'd swear he was bound to fall backward and crush his rider; walk, at a nod from Jim, into a saloon, and knowingly wink an eye at the man behind the bar; and as for cows—holding, driving, roping or cutting out—he knew it all as well as his rider, and a great deal better if his rider happened to be a green hand.

And now, as I said, horse and rider were on top of the cut-bank, some twenty feet above the road along which trotted little Goldy, lifting her sweet voice in invocation of "Papa Jack," scouring and crashing along in hot pursuit of a big Texas steer that had broken away from beneath the branding-iron: wild and savage with pain, and wilder and more savage for the rough baiting given him by Jim and Ginger.

The round up had been working that morning, half a mile away, across the Cottonois; had just made camp for dinner, and at that fateful moment, "Papa Jack" was saying, as he pulled the saddle from off his tired horse:

"I'll throw this onto Tobe and lope over to the ranch for dinner. It's only a couple of miles; I'll be back before you are fairly at work."

And so, with his coat thrown over his arm, and his right leg curled around the pommel of the saddle, to rest the tired muscles; he galloped his fresh horse easily up the slope from the Cottonois, to see—his child, his golden-haired baby, running toward him, with arms outstretched, crying: "Papa Jack! I tomed to wide!" And behind her, only a few rods behind, coming at full charge, head down, eyes rolling in their blood-full sockets, maddened by his morning's torture, and wild to attack something—the big Texas steer, which had slipped down a blind coulee under the very eyes of Jim and Ginger.

"Great Heavens!" cried the father, as the full significance of the sight burst upon him. "Great heavens! I won't make it! *Tobe!!*" and voice, and spur, and quirt were put at their work: and leaning forward in the saddle, the man brought all the strength that was in him to the task of urging on the willing animal he rode.

The horse was a good one, and he ran well, striking at his full reach, sides and flanks laboring with the sudden strain, and sure footed with the flying foota from his mouth, which mingled with the blood drawn by the madly driven spurs of his rider. But in vain! The distance was too great; and Jack Fordham closed his eyes, and his senses reeled, at the thought of the horrible thing which he saw that he was powerless to prevent.

Meanwhile, Jim had missed his steer not, riding near the edge of the bank in his search, heard Goldy's cry at the sight of her approaching father and, peering over, took in the situation at a glance. Measuring from his origin of vantage the relative position of the actors in the scene below, he wheeled his horse and galloped back a few yards; then, heading him towards a point which would bring him between the child and the infuriated animal which was so rapidly nearing her, he gave a significant shake to the bridle. "We've got to do it, Ginger," he said. "Good-bye, old boy," and straight as a shot the obedient creature sped—and horse and man came hurtling down with a crash that put an effectual stop to the career of the brute below, which, recognizing its old adversaries, turned and fled down the valley of the Cottonois.

A minute later Jack Fordham flung himself from his panting horse, and with difficulty dragged his half-conscious friend away from the carcass of poor Ginger, whose neck had been broken in the desperate leap.

"Jim?" he cried, "Jim, old man! do you know what you've done? You've saved her from those horns and hoofs, man! The baby! don't you understand? Think of her mother, Jim; and of me! old man. What is it? Your leg? We'll have you in bed in the house, and the best doctor in the territory—Jim, old friend! can't you speak to me?"

Jim opened his eyes, and his friends saw that a manly tear was standing in each of them.

"Never mind the leg!" he cried; "it's poor old Ginger I'm thinking of!"

"THE RAVEN SAID, 'NEVER AGAIN.'"

A Frenchman's Brilliant and Artistic Translation From Edgar A. Poe.

Poe's remarkable popularity in France is well known. The French, however, have always considered him as a prose writer and not a poet, while with the present generation in America the case is vice versa. Since Charles Baudelaire first introduced Poe's writings in France there have been numberless translations of his marvelous stories, and now the firm of Marpon & Flammarion in Paris have got out a collection which includes "Le Corbeau."

"Le Corbeau," of course, is "The Raven." Just how the French people regard Poe's masterpiece the present writer is not able to state, but he has grave doubts about its rendering any such weird and harrowing effect as we Americans associate with it in the readers of our childhood. This is the way it runs, as re-Englished:

It was midnight. I was vaguely poring over certain volumes, which were forgotten, although curious and bizarre. Some one rapped softly on my door. (The talented translator boiled this verse down altogether too much.)

We were in December. The embers, dying away in the fireplace, projected red shadows over the floor. In vain I tried to get oblivion of my woes from my favorite books. I was constantly thinking of her, my lost Lenore, that rare and radiant young girl whose soft name the angels of Heaven are repeating just now. "Lenore."

Everything, even the rustling of the curtains of silk filled me with a melancholy terror. In order to reassure myself I said towardly, "It is some late visitor, nothing more."

And I yelled out without further hesitation, "Monsieur or madame, I ask your pardon. I was half sleeping when you came knocking on my door. I didn't hear you at first, you rapped so low." Then I opened the door: but I perceived nothing—except the darkness of the night.

I looked more attentively into the dark, but still I saw nothing. Was I the victim of a hallucination? I whispered the name of Lenore. The echo sent me back this name. And that was all.

I went back into my chamber, but it was not long before I heard a new rapping of more distinct style. "This time," I thought, "it is at the blinds of my window. Let's clear up this mystery which troubles my heart, and find out whether it is the wind."

I pushed the shutter. A superb raven darted into my chamber, gracefully flutterings his wings. He did not make me any reverence. He came in as if he felt perfectly at home and perched, full of majesty, with the grave air of a lord or lady, on a bust of Pallas above my door.

I could not refrain from smiling before this grave countenance of this bird of ebony. "Tell me," I said aloud, "what is your lauly name on the Plutonian shore of the night?" He responded, "Never Again."

This response didn't seem to have much sense. Did it ever happen to anybody to find at midnight over his door on a bust of Pallas a bird calling itself "Never Again?"

But the raven only pronounced these two words as if all his soul were shut up in them. Then I murmured in a low tone: "Already other friends have taken their flight. To-morrow he will have me as my hopes have also flown, all alone." And the raven said "Never again."

"Without doubt," I thought, "he has caught those words from some bankrupt master, so constantly overwhelmed with misfortune that he dared to hope never again."

I rolled a fauteuil in front of the bird and began to conjure my brains to make out what this sad, lean, somber fowl meant by his refrain "Never again."

I no longer addressed my remarks to the bird whose flaming eyes burned my heart. I sat down before him for the purpose of studying him out. My head rested on a cushion of violet velvet, softly lighted by a lamp, the lamp which she will light never again. (Translator No. 2 wishes it distinctly understood that he is not responsible for a bad mistake in this verse, which will be seen by comparison with the original poem.) He had it thus:

"Sur velvet violet-violet fading with the lamp light gloating o'er
She shall press, ah nevermore."

The word "she" should be in italics, but as this paper does not use them, parlor elocutionists are reminded that they can secure the greatest effect by reading this verse in a low tone and suddenly raising the voice to a mountainous yell at the word "she."]

The incense burned lighter, as if perfumed by the invisible censer of the seraphim. "Oh, miserable one!" I exclaimed, "thy God has sent thee by his angels respite and nepenthe. Drink, oh drink this good nepenthes and forget this lost Lenore." The raven said, "Never again."

"Prophet," I said to him, "bird of mis fortune, bird or demon, tell me, I entreat you, since the devil sends you into my desolate lodge, tell me, I implore you, is there any balsam obtainable in Judea?" The raven said, "Never again."

"Prophet, bird or demon, by the heavens, by the God whom we adore, the two of us, say, oh say, to my soul laden with grief, if in Eden a sanctified young girl—a rare and radiant girl whom the angels style Lenore." The raven said, "Never again."

"Since you talk that way," I yelled, "get out! Quit you! Go off into the tempest of the night on the somber shores of Pluto. Don't leave here one solitary black feather to remind me of the awful lie you have just uttered. Leave me alone in my abandon. Quit that bust, take your beak from my heart, go carry your shadow somewhere else." The raven said, "Never again."

And the raven, without budging, without fluttering, still sits on the bust of Pallas over my door. His eyes have the glare of a demon who dreams. My lamp projects his shadow on the floor. And this shadow will be effaced "never again."

HIS UNLUCKY NUMBER.

There was a commotion in the hotel when the Denver stage came in, and the men who were playing poker in the bar-room, and the ladies who were waiting for somebody to travel, hurried to see what was up.

"There's a sick traveling man. He's carried half, and can't go any further. Fix him up a bed, and send for a doctor," some one in authority was saying.

Other people gave plenty of volunteers to help carry the sick man to a room and soon a temporary nurse was installed, and a doctor in charge of the case.

There was nothing unusual about it. He wasn't the first sick man that had strayed there, and would not be the last. The only curious thing about him was this: He heard the landlord say:

"Take him into 13."

"No, no," he said feebly, "that is an unlucky number to me—don't put me there."

"All right," said the landlord, "give him 15, that's empty." And the men here him carefully upstairs.

But the landlord had winked to those who had him in charge, and they had responded by an answering wink, which said in dumb show, "All right, we understand."

So they carried him into the room with the unlucky number, and he, having faith in the man in bed answered no, asked no questions. Indeed he could not, for as they carried him into the room, he swooned, and they had enough to do, with the doctor's help, to revive him.

Then he dozed, and started up in feverish delirium, and called for people who were far away, and raved and muttered. And the landlord was laughing down at the bar, telling of his good joke in deceiving the sick man.

"He'll never know the difference," he said, "I didn't no patience with such superstitions, and what the eye don't see the heart don't feel. Here's health and long life to the stranger in No. 13."

They clinked glasses and drank.

The woe of their carousal penetrated the room above, where death wrestled with life in an unequal encounter.

"What time is it?"

The sick man had wakened suddenly and as he asked the question the clock on the mantel began to strike the hour.

"One-two-three-four," he counted the strokes aloud.

The nurse tried to dissuade him from speaking, by shaking her head in disapproval and laying a finger on her lips, but he persisted and had his way.

"Five—six—seven—eight—"

The doctor held his finger on the sick man's pulse and felt an accelerated thrill in his irregular beat. The sick man's voice trembled:

"Nine—ten—eleven—twelve—"

"Midnight," said the doctor, giving the nurse a warning look.

"Thirteen?"

"The clock struck one too many: it is out of order," grumbled the nurse.

"It has stopped," said the doctor, raising his irregular beat. The sick man's voice faltered. "Strange! I did not think the end was so near."

Neither did the landlord who had just wished the traveler long life.

But the clock that struck one too many had been the strange instrument of fate.

Had Business.

He stood in front of a factory on Congress street west and looked fiercely at the sign reading, "No admittance, except on business." Then he entered, and was hardly inside before he was sized up by an employe, who demanded:

"Didn't you see that sign on the door?"

"Cert," was the reply quiet.

"Then you've got business, have you?"

"I should remark: I want to borrow two shillings of some of you to run me along until after the holidays, when I hope to strike something in my line?"

Have Beecham's Pills ready in the household.

ONE WAY OF BEING A FOOL.

By Luke Sharp.

If you take an ordinary-sized map of Edinburgh and look at the eastern end of it, you will see Duddingston Crags marked thereon. If you will look still closer you may see marked on the map the Radical road and the Queen's drive. There will be, probably, depending on the size of the map, half an inch of space between those two thoroughfares. This carefully article is a record of how I overcame that half inch of space.

The Queen's drive one would naturally expect to be the higher road of the two, the easier to ride on. The Queen's drive is a broad road at the bottom of the valley, leading from Holyrood Palace around the green grassy slope to Duddingston, where Sir Walter Scott said he would like to live. The Radical road is away up in the air above the grassy slope and directly under the frowning crags.

Now as it happened, one hazy Edinburgh day, I strolled out to walk from Holyrood Palace, where Queen Mary had lived, round to the Village of Duddingston, where Sir Walter would like to have lived. It is a nice, easy, level, comfortable road for a middle-aged man to walk on if the middle-aged man has nearly the sense to keep it. It has long been a problem with myself, and possibly my friends have also wondered at it, why increasing age in my case does not bring with it increasing wisdom.

As I was about half way around the Queen's drive in the shadow of the mountain I glanced up that steep, grassy slope and saw two men looking like two little boys away up under the crags on the Radical road. Instantly, instead of being satisfied where I was, a wild desire possessed me to attain the position they occupied. I saw that the slope was very steep, but thought I could climb it leisurely and in less time than it would take me to go round two miles round to the beginning of the Radical road.

I went to stop here for a moment and point out, what I had known before but what I had forgotten, that grass on a steep slope is more dangerous than ice. No one can would think for a moment of climbing an ice cliff of the steepness of that grass slope at the foot of Salisbury Crags. Grass looks fresh and green and innocent, ice looks cold and deadly, but the grass slopes of the Alps have proved more killed more men than the glaciers, for they are deceiving and treacherous.

These reflections occurred to me as I lay at full length on the slope half way up and deadly tired with the point of my umbrella stuck in the soft soil and to keep me from sliding down. I lay there clutching two tufts of damp grass, which were gradually giving way, bitterly wishing that I had been born with more sense, or had used some of my misspent years in acquiring a quantity as I lounged along through life. I thought that if that umbrella point didn't stick strictly to business Edinburgh would presently hear a dull thud and wonder what remarks the coroner would make on my sanity. "While of unsound mind" seemed to me about the size of it.

The roar of the busy city came up to me through the increasing haze. I had the satisfaction of knowing that even if I did get to the top I should probably see nothing when I was there, for the thickening haze was fast blotting out the prominent city. After resting awhile I saw that this sort of thing could not last and I struggled upwards, sadly out of breath. It was inch by inch, with the slope constantly getting steeper and the long distance below looking ten times more precipitous than it did from the Queen's drive. I resolved to look neither down nor up, but to attend strictly to the matter in hand. I didn't need to be drawn and rest, for I was in that position all the time, gradually making way upwards, sometimes edging towards the north and sometimes towards the south. Suddenly the green grass grew dimmer, and I said to myself, "I am going to faint." I looked downwards to see how far I had to drop and saw instead that all creation was blotted out by a thick white mist which made the heads of water form on the blades of grass. I thought of the other historical fool who claimed to the natural bridge of Virginia, cutting his way into the rock with his insane knife. It is at least bad solid rock for foundation for his efforts, and then again he was a boy. People would say it served me right, a person of my age, as they picked the rips of the umbrella out of me at the foot of the slope. I thought with a shudder of what a will what the umbrella would have of it going down. Then I took in a fresh roof and crawled up again inch by inch. I had now no means of reassuring myself by noting the lessening distance to the top. I worked on and on until I was thoroughly exhausted. Then I made my last efforts in forcing the umbrella point down into the yielding earth to hold me where I was until the mist cleared away and help came. I thrust out my right hand to feel for a reasonably secure tuft of grass. I was startled to find my hand disappear as it were, into space, and as my arm came down it rested on the unseen edge of the Radical road. I was about to thank my stars for my luck when it occurred to me not to hallow until I was out of the wood. I began to doubt if I had the strength even then to raise myself up and over the ledge. Of course I did it, otherwise this would not have been written, and then in a thick fog I lay down at full length on the hard rock of the road and resolved never to be a fool again.

It was rather disappointing afterwards to be told by the inn keeper at the only hotel in Duddingston that the drive I had climbed in such fatigue and irony was a favorite retreat for Edinburgh children from 7 years old upwards. Sentiment cooled, fallen I was the good-natured man added that only a few weeks before a London gentleman had got half way up and then hung on to the grass and yelled. Some chimney-sweeps came along with a rope, which they threw to him, and then hauled him up hand over hand.

I should like to shake hands with that London gentleman. I know just how he felt.

Ask for Van Houten's Cocoa—take no other.

BLACK SILKS,
Worth up to $1.50,
FOR 73c YD.

November Price Festival!

DRESS GOODS
Worth up to 75c,
FOR 39c YD.

We are Reaching Toward a Retailing Power Never Attained Before.

ON account of our inability to wait on the surging thousands who visited our store on Saturday to take advantage of our Benefit Sale, and to show our appreciation of the mighty response to our Friday announcement, we have decided to continue for three days

THE PEOPLE'S PRICE LIST
MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY
THE PEOPLE'S DAYS.

THE PEOPLE'S 5c LIST.
Every morning from 9 o'clock until 12 noon, Golden rod Bleached Cotton at 5c, worth 10c yard.
The following prices good all day:
Best 15c Germantown Yarn ..... 5c skein
15c Worsted Plaid Dress Goods for ..... 5c yard
Fancy Metal and Ivory Buttons, worth up to 35c dozen, for 5c dozen
Ladies' Fancy Handkerchiefs, worth 10c each, for 5c
Lot Dress Trimmings, worth up to 25c, to close at ..... 5c yard
White Allisim Flannels, worth 12½c, for ..... 5c yard
We put in all our 10, 15, 20 and 25c Pure Silk Ribbons until all are sold at ..... 5c yard

THE PEOPLE'S 9c LIST.
Children's Wool Mitts, worth 20c, for ..... 9c pair
Ladies' plain and Fancy Hose, worth 15c, for ..... 9c pair
Gent's 20c Hose for ..... 9c pair
Children's 15c Heavy Ribbed Hose for ..... 9c pair
Ladies' Plain and Fancy Vests, worth 20c, for ..... 9c each
Children's heavy Merino Pants and Vests, Nos. 16 and 18, worth 25c, for ..... 9c each
Children's Natural Wool, No. 16, worth 25c, for ..... 9c each
Our 20c Stockinet and double-faced Dress Shields for ..... 9c pair
36-inch Vicuna Dress Plaids, worth 20c, for ..... 9c yard
Ladies' 12½c and 15c Handkerchiefs for ..... 9c each

THE PEOPLE'S 19c LIST.
40-in. Plaid Suiting, worth 25c, for ..... 19c yard
40-in. Stripe Suiting, worth 35c for ..... 19c yard
36-in. Tricot, cheap at 25c, for ..... 19c yard
Odd lot 35c and 37½c Dress Goods to close at ..... 19c yard
Gents' 25c Camel's Hair Socks at ..... 19c pair
Children's 25c Wool Hose for ..... 19c pair
Ladies' Fancy 37½c Long Sleeve Jersey Vests for ..... 19c pair
(Slightly Damaged) 50c Linen Handkerchiefs for ..... 19c each
Strictly Pure Silk (Perfect) Ladies' Initial Handkerchiefs, worth 50c, for ..... 19c each
Ladies' 35c Cashmere Gloves for ..... 19c pair

THE PEOPLE'S 39c LIST.
50c Black and Colored Dress Goods for 39c
Selling 50c Homespuns for ..... 39c yard
50c Camel's Hair for ..... 39c yard
50c Snowflake Camel's Hair for ..... 39c yard
50c Cleviots for ..... 39c yard
75c Black Foule for ..... 39c yard
75c Black Camel's Hair for ..... 39c yard
65c Schastopol for ..... 39c yard

LADIES' UNDERWEAR.
50c Merino Pants and Vests for ..... 39c each
50c Natural Gray for ..... 39c each
Ladies' and Gents' 50c Onyx Fast Black Hose for ..... 39c pair
Ladies' 65c Knit Skirts for ..... 39c each
Ladies' and Children's 75c pure Pure Silk Mitts at ..... 39c pair
Closing large lot Ladies' Scarlet Underwear, medicated, (slightly soiled), was $1.25, for ..... 75c each
Closing out our entire stock of Umbrellas and going out of the business; buy Umbrellas at your own price.
(With all Silesias or Dress Patterns sold we give Lining Cambric, Sewing Silk and Twist free.)

NOTICE—For the tremendous patronage bestowed upon us by the people of Detroit, we wish to show our appreciation and will make this—our Three Days' Peoples' Sale—a Sale that will cause an upheaval in Dry Goods Circles never witnessed by the people of this city before.
Clip this advertisement out, bring it down town to shop on and see who are the bargain givers of Michigan.

ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST.

W. N. WINANS & CO.,
191 Woodward Avenue.

29TH WEEK
OF THE
BIG SALE
ADVANCE
HOLIDAY SALE

The Most Wonderful Aggregate Bargains ever known in the history of Dry Goods Trade of this country. The most stupendous Bargains for the entire week—a veritable "Feast" of Bargains. The only house in Detroit, and one of the only two in the west—the only house in the United States offering such bargains. Our buyers have offered most interest every where in the quantities are almost unlimited, attending purchasers out of the city will rely upon having mail orders filled with the same care and at the same prices as though they were made in person at the crush at our counters.

$1.98 with Picture Crayon Free $2.98 sold elsewhere at $4.

1,000 Infants' and Children's Fine Winter CLOAKS, made from Lamas, Heavy Cashmere, Bedford Cords, Cloths, etc., trimmed with Fur, Velvet, Fancy Braids, prices, $8.50, $12.50, up to $18.00.
5,000 Infants' and Children's Winter Caps, Hoods, Leggins, Crochet, Knit, Silk Caps, up to $5.00.
One immense lot Infants' Plain Cashmere Hook and Loop, Linen Lined and Short Sacques, commencing at 75c upwards to $15.00.
Infants' Plain Cashmere and Nainsook Embroidered and Hemstitched Long and Short Slips, "in prices to suit your purse."
Infants' Long and Short Flannel Slips, Embroidered Flannel Slips, Infants' Flannel Bands, Infants' Cashmere, WRAPPERS and SACQUES, Infants' Wool Hoods.
Worsted Knitted BOOTEES as low as 15c.
Hand Knit Zephyr SACQUES as low as 25c.
An endless assortment of Infants and Children's Fancy and Knitted HOSE from 10c to 50c.
Rubber SHEETS, Rubber BIBS and Rubber DIAPERS.

WINTER GOODS
600 Ladies' All-Wool WRAPPERS and DOWNS, $1.98 and $3.00.
300 Ladies' All-Wool WARMING SKIRTS, $1.48.
Ladies' Wool SKIRTS, 39c to $1.50.
Ladies' and Children's Knitted SKIRTS, 25c to $2.25.
Ladies' and Children's LEGGINS, 25c and 50c.
FASCINATORS, 30c, upwards to $1.50.
Ladies' Fine White Flannel SHIRTS, 50c to $6.00.

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR BARGAINS.

LADIES! Please examine our "Fine French Muslin" Gowns. We put in a "carload" of them last week and "just for fun" had a sale in Detroit. It succeeded. We will sell the Gowns more ladies who crowded our department Friday and Saturday for three days! Every one is a beauty, and it made us home by the hundreds. Our buyer, who is a lady, and a good one at that, was with us at the time, and she fairly danced. We want every lady in Detroit to have two of them.

Ladies' Genuine "Fruit of the Loom" Gowns, 75c.
Ladies' Embroidered CHEMISES, 25c.
Children's "FRUIT OF THE LOOM" Gowns, 25c.
Children's DRAWERS, 10c.
Children's Embroidered DRAWERS, 25c.
Ladies' Embroidered DRAWERS, 25c.
Corsets in Ladies' and Misses' Corsets, prices $1.25 to $5.00.
Ladies' Fine Suits of PILLOW SHAMS, the finest.
A magnificent line of Holiday APRONS.
A magnificent line of Ladies' SHIRTS, for the Holidays.
An Infants' Complete Outfit, special Holiday offering, $14.98.
Special—500 Infants' Silk and Knit SHIRTS, 25c to 75c.
Come to us for their comfort, are advised to our stairs in the morning and then ask for persons each at the counters of Muslin Underwear Department.
Catalogue and price list free on application. Mail orders filled promptly.

METCALF'S

JAMES T. STERLING,
GENERAL INSURANCE
45 Congress St. W. Telephone 1475.
Fire, Accident, Mill, Employer's Liability, Marine and Boiler Insurance.

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