

中文导读英文版

凡尔纳科幻小说系列

*The Mysterious Island*

# 神秘岛

下部

[法] 儒勒·凡尔纳 原著  
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

清华大学出版社

( 中 文 导 读 英 文 版 )

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## 内 容 简 介

*The Mysterious Island*, 中文译名《神秘岛》, 这是一部充满传奇、冒险与幻想的科幻巨著, 是法国著名作家、“现代科幻小说之父”儒勒·凡尔纳的代表作之一。美国南北战争期间, 五名北方军俘虏乘坐气球, 从南方军大本营里士满出逃。途中遭遇风暴, 被抛到南太平洋一个荒无人烟的小岛上。他们并没有绝望, 而是团结一致, 用智慧和毅力克服了重重困难, 自己动手制造了生产工具和生活用具。他们不仅顽强地生存了下来, 而且还把小岛建设成一个繁荣富庶的乐园, 后来还搭救了被遗弃在另一个荒岛上独居了十二年的“野人”。在他们遭遇危难的时刻, 总有一个神秘人在暗中帮助他们。最后, 火山爆发, 荒岛遭到灭顶之灾, 他们被抛到荒岛仅存的一块礁石上侥幸逃命。生死存亡关头, 格兰特船长的儿子指挥的“邓肯号”搭救了他们, 使他们重返祖国。整部小说情节跌宕起伏, 充满了对奇异多姿的自然界的描写, 并且把各种知识融汇到惊心动魄的故事之中。

该书一经出版, 很快就成为当时最受关注和最畅销的科幻作品, 至今已译成世界上多种文字, 曾经先后多次被改编成电影。书中所展现的神奇故事伴随了一代又一代人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。无论作为语言学习的课本, 还是作为通俗的文学读本, 本书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况, 进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平, 在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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### 图书在版编目(CIP)数据

神秘岛=The Mysterious Island (下部): 中文导读英文版 / (法) 凡尔纳 (Verne, J.) 原著; 王勋, 纪飞等编译. —北京: 清华大学出版社, 2009.1  
(凡尔纳科幻小说系列)  
ISBN 978-7-302-19015-8

I. 神… II. ①凡… ②王… ③纪… III. ①英语—语言读物 ②科学幻想小说—法国—近代 IV. H319.4: I  
中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2008) 第 188147 号

责任编辑: 李 晔

插图绘制: 王 轲

责任校对: 白 蕾

责任印制: 孟凡玉

出版发行: 清华大学出版社

地 址: 北京清华大学学研大厦 A 座

<http://www.tup.com.cn>

邮 编: 100084

社 总 机: 010-62770175

邮 购: 010-62786544

投稿与读者服务: 010-62776969, c-service@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn

质 量 反 馈: 010-62772015, zhiliang@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn

印 刷 者: 清华大学印刷厂

装 订 者: 三河市新茂装订有限公司

经 销: 全国新华书店

开 本: 170×260 印 张: 19.75 字 数: 360 千字

版 次: 2009 年 1 月第 1 版 印 次: 2009 年 1 月第 1 次印刷

印 数: 1~5000

定 价: 69.00 元(上下册)

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本书如存在文字不清、漏印、缺页、倒页、脱页等印装质量问题, 请与清华大学出版社出版部联系调换。联系电话: (010)62770177 转 3103 产品编号: 030327-01

# 前言

儒勒·凡尔纳（Jules Verne, 1828—1905），法国著名作家，现代科幻小说的奠基人，被誉为“科幻小说之父”。凡尔纳一生共创作了六十多部充满神奇与浪漫的科幻小说，其代表作有《气球上的五星期》、《地心游记》、《从地球到月球》、《海底两万里》、《八十天周游世界》、《格兰特船长的儿女》和《神秘岛》等，这些小说被译成世界上几十种文字，并多次被搬上银幕，在世界上广为流传。

儒勒·凡尔纳于 1828 年 2 月 8 日出生在法国西部海港南特。自幼热爱海洋，向往远航探险。他的父亲是一位事业成功的律师，并希望凡尔纳日后也以律师作为职业。18 岁时，他遵从父训到首都巴黎攻读法律。可是他对法律毫无兴趣，却爱上了文学和戏剧。1863 年，他发表第一部科幻小说《气球上的五星期》，之后又出版了使他获得巨大声誉的科幻三部曲：《格兰特船长的儿女》、《海底两万里》和《神秘岛》。凡尔纳的科幻小说是真实性与大胆幻想的结合：奇幻故事情节、鲜明的人物形象、丰富而奇妙的想象、浓郁的浪漫主义风格和生活情趣，使之产生了巨大的艺术魅力，赢得了全世界各国读者，特别是青少年读者的喜爱。他的作品中所表现的自然科学方面的许多预言和假设，在他去世之后得以印证和实现，至今仍然启发着人们的想象力和创造力。

总的说来，凡尔纳的小说有两大特点。第一，他的作品是丰富幻想和科学知识的结合。虽然凡尔纳笔下的幻想极为奇特、大胆，但其中有着坚实的科学基础，这些作品既是科学精神的幻想曲，也是富有幻想色彩的科学预言，他的许多科幻猜想最后都变成了现实。例如，他不仅在小说《从地球到月球》中用大炮将探月飞行器送上太空，甚至还将发射场安排在了美国佛罗里达州，这正是“阿波罗登月计划”的发射场；他在小说《海底两万里》中虚构了“鹦鹉螺号”潜水艇，在该小说出版 10 年后，第一艘真正的潜水艇才下水；在《征服者罗比尔》中有一个类似直升飞机的飞行



器，数十年后，人类才将这一设想变成了现实。此外，他的小说中还出现了电视、霓虹灯、导弹、坦克和太空飞船等科学技术应用概念，而这些后来都变成了现实。第二，他的作品中的主人公是一些鲜明、生动而富有进取心和正义感的人物，他们或是地理发现者、探险家、科学家、发明家，他们具有超人的智慧、坚强的毅力和执著不懈的精神；或是反对民族歧视、民族压迫的战士，反对社会不公的抗争者，追求自由的旅行家，在他们身上具有反压迫、反强权、反传统的战斗精神，他们热爱自由、热爱平等，维护人的尊严。凡尔纳所塑造的这些人物形象，他们远大的理想、坚强的性格、优秀的品质和高尚的情操已赢得了亿万读者的喜爱和尊敬，并成为人们向往的偶像和学习的榜样。

1900年，儒勒·凡尔纳的第一部中译本小说《八十天周游世界》（当时的中文译名是《八十日环游记》）被介绍给中国的读者，直至新中国成立之前，陆续又有梁启超、鲁迅等文化名人将凡尔纳的作品翻译出版。20世纪50年代后期，凡尔纳的科幻小说又开始为国内翻译界和出版界所关注，并在新中国读者面前重新显示了科幻小说旺盛的生命力。20世纪80年代，凡尔纳的作品再次受到读者的青睐，国内许多出版社相继翻译出版了凡尔纳的科幻小说，一时形成了“凡尔纳热”。

目前，国内已出版的凡尔纳小说的形式主要有两种：一种是中文翻译版，另一种是中英文对照版。而其中的中英文对照读本比较受读者的欢迎，这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英语的大环境。从英文学习的角度来看，直接使用纯英文的学习资料更有利于英语学习。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读，使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式，也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排，这样有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。基于以上原因，我们决定编译凡尔纳系列科幻小说中的经典，其中包括《气球上的五星期》、《地心游记》、《从地球到月球》、《环游月球》、《海底两万里》、《八十天周游世界》、《格兰特船长的儿女》、《神秘岛》、《沙皇的信使》、《隐身新娘》、《无名之家》、《征服者罗比尔》、《大臣号幸存者》、《亚马逊漂流记》、《太阳系历险记》、《两年假期》和《测量子午线》等，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作的风格。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，这些经典著作的引进对



加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的科学素养和人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、左新杲、黄福成、冯洁、徐鑫、马启龙、王业伟、王旭敏、陈楠、王多多、邵舒丽、周丽萍、王晓旭、李永振、孟宪行、熊红华、胡国平、熊建国、徐平国、王小红等。限于我们的文学素养和英语水平，书中难免不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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## 第三十四章

### Chapter 34



他们捕猎了好多野味，由于别人都有事干，第二天记者帮纳布把一些猎物制成储存食品，还留了一些趁新鲜吃。水手和哈伯在这个星期中把船帆制作好了，并让工程师在自制的车床上做了一些滑轮。水手还做了一面美国国旗，竖在花岗岩宫的一扇窗户上。

一天夜里四点左右，大家被狗叫惊醒，听到外面的雪地上有一种奇怪的叫声。哈伯听出是狐狸的声音，记者想起来：他忘记把吊桥拉起来了。于是大家拿起武器，跳进升降机的柳条筐，下到了沙滩，对准狐狸群射击。朱普也拿着一根短木棒挥舞着，他们借着子弹的亮光，看到一百多只狐狸，还有不少正从桥上过来。最后他们和狐狸展开了肉搏战。托普愤怒地向狐狸发起攻击，朱普也挥动着短棒进攻敌人。经过两个小时的战斗，狐狸们越过桥向北逃跑了。

大家没看到朱普，喊它，也没有听到回答。后来发现它躺在一堆死狐狸中，胸前有几处伤口。纳布发现它还活着，于是他们把朱普抬到升降梯上，升到了花岗岩宫，把它安置在一个床垫上，又给它包扎了伤口，并喂它喝了点草药。

上午大家把死狐狸拖到森林中，深深地埋了。十天后，八月二十一日，朱普的伤口已经愈合，能下床了。

八月二十五日，纳布发现朱普拿着水手的烟斗在抽烟，水手慷慨地把烟斗送给了它。

九月份到了，冬季已经过去，大家又开始了紧张的造船工作。九月十

五日，船的主体基本上完工了，大家用一万二千斤的花岗岩石块作为压舱物，砌在了船舱下面，并给船装上了桅杆。十月的第一个星期，船造成了，大家商定，沿海岛做一次试航行，并为船起名为“乘风破浪”号。

十月十日，他们在船上装上食品，在十点半时上了船，其中也包括托普和朱普。“乘风破浪”号扬帆，在水手的操纵下，向大海出发。

这天天气很好，船驶到离气球港口的海面上，大家看到了海岛的全貌，感到海岛是那么美丽！

水手又和工程师谈起了去塔波岛的事，认为作为近邻，也应该去拜访一次，自己只要有一个同伴跟去就行。工程师认为没必要冒这个险。

这时，哈伯在水里捡到了一个封着口的瓶子，里面的一张纸上写着“塔波岛”、“遇难者”等字样，并写有经纬度。

*I*n the evening the hunters returned, having enjoyed good sport, and loaded with game; indeed, they had as much as four men could possibly carry. Top wore a necklace of teal and Jup wreaths of snipe round his body.

“Here, master,” cried Neb; “here’s something to employ our time! Preserved and made into pies we shall have a welcome store! But I must have some one to help me. I count on you, Pencroft.”

“No, Neb,” replied the sailor; “I have the rigging of the vessel to finish and to look after, and you will have to do without me.”

“And you, Mr. Herbert?”

“I must go to the corral tomorrow, Neb,” replied the lad.

“It will be you then, Mr. Spilett, who will help me?”

“To oblige you, Neb, I will,” replied the reporter; “but I warn you that if you disclose your receipts to me, I shall publish them.”

“Whenever you like, Mr. Spilett,” replied Neb; “whenever you like.”

And so the next day Gideon Spilett became Neb’s assistant and was installed in his culinary laboratory. The engineer had previously made known to him the result of the exploration which he had made the day before, and on this point the reporter shared Harding’s opinion, that although he had found nothing, a secret still remained to be discovered!

The frost continued for another week, and the settlers did not leave Granite

House unless to look after the poultry-yard. The dwelling was filled with appetizing odors, which were emitted from the learned manipulation of Neb and the reporter. But all the results of the chase were not made into preserved provisions; and as the game kept perfectly in the intense cold, wild duck and other fowl were eaten fresh, and declared superior to all other aquatic birds in the known world.

During this week, Pencroft, aided by Herbert, who handled the sailmaker's needle with much skill, worked with such energy that the sails of the vessel were finished. There was no want of cordage. Thanks to the rigging which had been discovered with the case of the balloon, the ropes and cables from the net were all of good quality, and the sailor turned them all to account. To the sails were attached strong bolt ropes, and there still remained enough from which to make the halyards, shrouds, and sheets, etc. The blocks were manufactured by Cyrus Harding under Pencroft's directions by means of the turning lathe. It therefore happened that the rigging was entirely prepared before the vessel was finished. Pencroft also manufactured a flag, that flag so dear to every true American, containing the stars and stripes of their glorious Union. The colors for it were supplied from certain plants used in dyeing, and which were very abundant in the island; only to the thirty-seven stars, representing the thirty-seven States of the Union, which shine on the American flag, the sailor added a thirty-eighth, the star of "the State of Lincoln," for he considered his island as already united to the great republic. "And," said he, "it is so already in heart, if not in deed!"

In the meantime, the flag was hoisted at the central window of Granite House, and the settlers saluted it with three cheers. The cold season was now almost at an end, and it appeared as if this second winter was to pass without any unusual occurrence, when on the night of the 11th of August, the plateau of Prospect Heights was menaced with complete destruction.

After a busy day the colonists were sleeping soundly, when towards four o'clock in the morning they were suddenly awakened by Top's barking.

The dog was not this time barking near the mouth of the well, but at the threshold of the door, at which he was scratching as if he wished to burst it open. Jup was also uttering piercing cries.

“Hello, Top!” cried Neb, who was the first awake. But the dog continued to bark more furiously than ever.

“What’s the matter now?” asked Harding.

And all dressing in haste rushed to the windows, which they opened. Beneath their eyes was spread a sheet of snow which looked gray in the dim light. The settlers could see nothing, but they heard a singular yelping noise away in the darkness. It was evident that the beach had been invaded by a number of animals which could not be seen.

“What are they?” cried Pencroft.

“Wolves, jaguars, or apes?” replied Neb.

“They have nearly reached the plateau,” said the reporter.

“And our poultry-yard,” exclaimed Herbert, “and our garden!”

“Where can they have crossed?” asked Pencroft.

“They must have crossed the bridge on the shore,” replied the engineer, “which one of us must have forgotten to close.”

“True,” Said Spilett, “I remember having left it open.”

“A fine job you have made of it, Mr. Spilett,” cried the sailor.

“What is done cannot be undone,” replied Cyrus Harding. “We must consult what it will now be best to do.”

Such were the questions and answers which were rapidly exchanged between Harding and his companions. It was certain that the bridge had been crossed, that the shore had been invaded by animals, and that whatever they might be they could by ascending the left bank of the Mercy reach Prospect Heights. They must therefore be advanced against quickly and fought with if necessary.

“But what are these beasts?” was asked a second time, as the yelpings were again heard more loudly than before. These yelps made Herbert start, and he remembered having heard them before during his first visit to the sources of the Red Creek.

“They are colpeo foxes!” he exclaimed.

“Forward!” shouted the sailor.

And all arming themselves with hatchets, carbines, and revolvers, threw themselves into the lift and soon set foot on the shore.



Colpeos are dangerous animals when in great numbers and irritated by hunger, nevertheless the colonists did not hesitate to throw themselves into the midst of the troop, and their first shots vividly lighting up the darkness made their assailants draw back.

The chief thing was to hinder these plunderers from reaching the plateau, for the garden and the poultry-yard would then have been at their mercy, and immense, perhaps irreparable mischief, would inevitably be the result, especially with regard to the corn-field. But as the invasion of the plateau could only be made by the left bank of the Mercy, it was sufficient to oppose the colpeos on the narrow bank between the river and the cliff of granite.

This was plain to all, and, by Cyrus Harding's orders, they reached the spot indicated by him, while the colpeos rushed fiercely through the gloom. Harding, Gideon Spilett, Herbert, Pencroft and Neb posted themselves in impregnable line. Top, his formidable jaws open, preceded the colonists, and he was followed by Jup, armed with knotty cudgel, which he brandished like a club.

The night was extremely dark, it was only by the flashes from the revolvers as each person fired that they could see their assailants, who were at least a hundred in number, and whose eyes were glowing like hot coals.

"They must not pass!" shouted Pencroft.

"They shall not pass!" returned the engineer.

But if they did not pass it was not for want of having attempted it. Those in the rear pushed on the foremost assailants, and it was an incessant struggle with revolvers and hatchets. Several colpeos already lay dead on the ground, but their number did not appear to diminish, and it might have been supposed that reinforcements were continually arriving over the bridge.

The colonists were soon obliged to fight at close quarters, not without receiving some wounds, though happily very slight ones. Herbert had, with a shot from his revolver, rescued Neb, on whose back a colpeo had sprung like a tiger cat. Top fought with actual fury, flying at the throats of the foxes and strangling them instantaneously. Jup wielded his weapon valiantly, and it was in vain that they endeavored to keep him in the rear. Endowed doubtless with sight which enabled him to pierce the obscurity, he was always in the thick of

the fight uttering from time to time—a sharp hissing sound, which was with him the sign of great rejoicing. At one moment he “advanced so far, that by the light from a revolver he was seen surrounded by five or six large colpeos, with whom he was coping with great coolness.

However, the struggle was ended at last, and victory was on the side of the settlers, but not until they had fought for two long hours! The first signs of the approach of day doubtless determined the retreat of their assailants, who scampered away towards the North, passing over the bridge, which Neb ran immediately to raise. When day had sufficiently lighted up the field of battle, the settlers counted as many as fifty dead bodies scattered about on the shore.

“And Jup!” cried Pencroft; “where is Jup?” Jup had disappeared. His friend Neb called him, and for the first time Jup did not reply to his friend’s call.

Everyone set out in search of Jup, trembling lest he should be found among the slain; they cleared the place of the bodies which stained the snow with their blood. Jup was found in the midst of a heap of colpeos whose broken jaws and crushed bodies showed that they had to do with the terrible club of the intrepid animal. Poor Jup still held in his hand the stump of his broken cudgel, but deprived of his weapon he had been overpowered by numbers, and his chest was covered with severe wounds.

“He is living,” cried Neb, who was bending over him.

“And we will save him,” replied the sailor. “We will nurse him as if he was one of ourselves.”

It appeared as if Jup understood, for he leaned his head on Pencroft’s shoulder as if to thank him. The sailor was wounded himself, but his wound was insignificant, as were those of his companions; for thanks to their firearms they had been almost always able to keep their assailants at a distance, it was therefore only the orang whose condition was serious.

Jup, carried by Neb and Pencroft, was placed in the lift, and only a slight moan now and then escaped his lips. He was gently drawn up to Granite House. There he was laid on a mattress taken from one of the beds, and his wounds were bathed with the greatest care. It did not appear that any vital part had been reached, but Jup was very weak from loss of blood, and a high fever soon set in

after his wounds had been dressed. He was laid down, strict diet was imposed, "just like a real person," as Neb said, and they made him swallow several cups of a cooling drink, for which the ingredients were supplied from the vegetable medicine chest of Granite House. Jup was at first restless, but his breathing gradually became more regular, and he was left sleeping quietly. From time to time Top, walking on tip-toe, as one might say, came to visit his friend, and seemed to approve of all the care that had been taken of him. One of Jup's hands hung over the side of his bed, and Top licked it with a sympathizing air.

They employed the day in interring the dead, who were dragged to the forest of the Far West, and there buried deep.

This attack, which might have had such serious consequences, was a lesson to the settlers, who from this time never went to bed until one of their number had made sure that all the bridges were raised, and that no invasion was possible.

However, Jup, after having given them serious anxiety for several days, began to recover. His constitution brought him through, the fever gradually subsided, and Gideon Spilett, who was a bit of a doctor, pronounced him quite out of danger. On the 16th of August, Jup began to eat. Neb made him nice little sweet dishes, which the invalid devoured with great relish, for if he had a pet failing it was that of being somewhat of a gourmet, and Neb had never done anything to cure him of this fault.

"What would you have?" said he to Gideon Spilett, who sometimes expostulated with him for spoiling the ape. "Poor Jup has no other pleasure than that of the palate, and I am only too glad to be able to reward his services in this way!"

Ten days after taking to his bed, on the 21st of August, Master Jup arose. His wounds were healed, and it was evident that he would not be long in regaining his usual strength and agility. Like all convalescents, he was tremendously hungry, and the reporter allowed him to eat as much as he liked, for he trusted to that instinct, which is too often wanting in reasoning beings, to keep the orang from any excess. Neb was delighted to see his pupil's appetite, returning.

"Eat away, my Jup," said he, "and don't spare anything; you have shed



your blood for us, and it is the least I can do to make you strong gain!”

On the 25th of August Neb's voice was heard calling to his companions.

“Captain, Mr. Spilett, Mr. Herbert, Pencroft, come! come!”

The colonists, who were together in the dining-room, rose at Neb's call, who was then in Jup, room.

“What's the matter?” asked the reporter.

“Look,” replied Neb, with a shout of laughter. And what did they see? Master Jup smoking calmly and seriously, sitting crosslegged like a Turk at the entrance to Granite House!

“My pipe,” cried Pencroft. “He has taken my pipe! Hello, my honest Jup, I make you a present of it! Smoke away, old boy, smoke away!”

And Jup gravely puffed out clouds of smoke which seemed to give him great satisfaction. Harding did not appear to be much astonished at this incident, and he cited several examples of tame apes, to whom the use of tobacco had become quite familiar.

But from this day Master Jup had a pipe of his own, the sailor's ex-pipe, which was hung in his room near his store of tobacco. He filled it himself, lighted it with a glowing coal, and appeared to be the happiest of quadrumana. It may readily be understood that this similarity of tastes of Jup and Pencroft served to tighten the bonds of friendship which already existed between the honest ape and the worthy sailor.

“Perhaps he is really a man,” said Pencroft sometimes to Neb. “Should you be surprised to hear him beginning to speak to us some day?”

“My word, no,” replied Neb. “What astonishes me is that he hasn't spoken to us before, for now he wants nothing but speech!”

“It would amuse me all the same,” resumed the sailor, “if some fine day he said to me, Suppose we change pipes, Pencroft.”

“Yes,” replied Neb, “what a pity he was born dumb!”

With the month of September the winter ended, and the works were again eagerly commenced. The building of the vessel advanced rapidly, she was already completely decked over, and all the inside parts of the hull were firmly united with ribs bent by means of steam, which answered all the purposes of a mold.