



阳 程 王 萤◆主编

(英文版)

# 旅馆服务生裘

展现英语文学魅力

搭建双语学习桥梁

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英语 PARTY

旅馆服务生裘  
Joe the Hotel Boy

著者/Horatio Alger (美)

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## 前 言

往事如烟,岁月如歌。在生活的旅途中,我们总会在心灵深处,去释放情怀,去重温回忆,去瞻仰经典,去领悟生活。每一次当心灵之语流过你的心河,你是否坚守信仰的庄严,是否释放心灵的微笑,是否感动记忆的声音,是否感恩生活的赏赐。脚步在不停地走,心就有不断的追求。憧憬每一份惬意的灵动感受,一切就在我们为你营造的英语 PARTY 现场。

在这套丛书中,你将体验到:时尚前沿的超级冲击,域外风情的宜人风采,文坛诗海的字字珠玑,谚语神话的美妙奇幻,异国情调的清新独特,超强口语的纯正顺畅,人生丰碑的熠熠光辉,多元时空的绚丽多彩,爱意无限的神圣伟大,唐诗双声的意味深长,小品幽默的生活滋味,还有时间流逝的永恒定格等等。丰富、自然、悠扬、愉悦,是我们为青少年朋友举办这场 PARTY 的宗旨,相信



你定会在这里邂逅生活的美好与奇特。让我们一起来亲临感受、回味感悟吧！

由于编写的内容只是亿万之一，加之编者水平有限，不足之处，愿大家批评和指正。

编 者



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# CHAPTER I

## OUT IN A STORM







# CHAPTER I

What do you think of this storm, Joe?"



"I think it is going to be a heavy one, Ned. I wish we were back home," replied Joe Bodley, as he looked

at the heavy clouds which overhung Lake Tandy.

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"Do you think we'll catch much rain before we get back?"

And Ned, who was the son of a rich man and well dressed, looked at the new suit of clothes that he wore.

"I'm afraid we shall, Ned. Those black clouds back of Mount Sam mean something."

"If this new suit gets soaked it will be ruined," grumbled Ned, and gave a sigh.

"I am sorry for the suit, Ned; but I didn't think it was going to rain when we started."

"Oh, I am not blaming you, Joe. It looked clear enough this



morning. Can't we get to some sort of shelter before the rain reaches us?"

"We can try."

"Which is the nearest shelter?"

Joe Bodley mused for a moment.

"The nearest that I know of is over at yonder point, Ned. It's an old hunting lodge that used to belong to the Cameron family. It has been deserted for several years."

"Then let us row for that place, and be quick about it," said Ned Talmadge. "I am not going to get wet if I can help it."

As he spoke he took up a pair of oars lying in the big rowboat he and Joe Bodley occupied. Joe was already rowing and the rich boy joined in, and the craft was headed for the spot Joe had pointed out.

The lake was one located in the central part of the State of Pennsylvania. It was perhaps a mile wide and more than that long, and surrounded by mountains and long ranges of hills. At the lower end of the lake was a small settlement of scant importance and at the upper end, where there was a stream of no mean

size, was the town of Riverside. At Riverside were situated several summer hotels and boarding houses, and also the elegant mansion in which Ned Talmadge resided, with his parents and his four sisters.

Joe Bodley was as poor as Ned Talmadge was rich, yet the two lads were quite friendly. Joe knew a good deal about hunting and fishing, and also knew all about handling boats. They frequently went out together, and Ned insisted upon paying the poorer boy for all extra services.

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Joe's home was located on the side of the mountain which was just now wrapped in such dark and ominous looking clouds. He lived with Hiram Bodley, an old man who was a hermit. The home consisted of a cabin of two rooms, scantily furnished. Hiram Bodley had been a hunter and guide, but of late years rheumatism had kept him from doing work and Joe was largely the support of the pair,—taking out pleasure parties for pay whenever he could, and fishing and hunting in the between times, and using or selling what was gained thereby.

There was a good deal of a mystery surrounding Joe's parent-



age. It was claimed that he was a nephew of Hiram Bodley, and that, after the death of his mother and sisters, his father had drifted out to California and then to Australia. What the real truth concerning him was we shall learn later.

Joe was a boy of twelve, but constant life in the open air had made him tall and strong and he looked to be several years older.

He had dark eyes and hair, and was much tanned by the sun. The rowboat had been out a good distance on the lake and a minute before the shore was gained the large drops of rain began to fall.

“We are going to get wet after all!” cried Ned, chagrined.

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“Pull for all you are worth and we’ ll soon be under the trees,” answered Joe.

They bent to the oars, and a dozen more strokes sent the rowboat under a clump of pines growing close to the edge of the lake. Just as the boat struck the bank and Ned leaped out there came a great downpour which made the surface of Lake Tandy fairly sizzle. “Run to the lodge, Ned; I’ ll look after the boat!” shouted Joe.

“But you’ ll get wet.”

“Never mind; run, I tell you!”

Thus admonished, Ned ran for the old hunting lodge, which was situated about two hundred feet away. Joe remained behind long enough to secure the rowboat and the oars and then he followed his friend.

Just as one porch of the old lodge was reached there came a flash of lightning, followed by a clap of thunder that made Ned jump. Then followed more thunder and lightning, and the rain came down steadily.

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“Ugh! I must say I don’t like this at all,” remarked Ned, as he crouched in a corner of the shelter. “I hope the lightning doesn’t strike this place.”

“We can be thankful that we were not caught out in the middle of the lake, Ned.”

“I agree on that, Joe,—but it doesn’t help matters much. Oh, dear me!” And Ned shrank down, as another blinding flash of lightning lit up the scene.

It was not a comfortable situation and Joe did not like it any more than did his friend. But the hermit’s boy was accustomed to



being out in the elements, and therefore was not so impressed by what was taking place.

“The rain will fill the boat,” said Ned, presently.

“Never mind, we can easily bail her out or turn her over.”

“When do you think this storm will stop?”

“In an hour or two, most likely. Such storms never last very long. What time is it, Ned?”

“Half-past two,” answered Ned, after consulting the handsome watch he carried.

“Then, if it clears in two hours, we’ll have plenty of time to get home before dark.”

“I don’t care to stay here two hours,” grumbled Ned. “It’s not a very inviting place.” “It’s better than being out under the trees,” answered Joe, cheerfully. The hermit’s boy was always ready to look on the brighter side of things.

“Oh, of course.”

“And we have a fine string of fish, don’t forget that, Ned. We were lucky to get so many before the storm came up.”

“Do you want the fish, or are you going to let me take them?”

"I'd like to have one fish. You may take the others."

"Not unless you let me pay for them, Joe."

"Oh, you needn't mind about paying me."

"But I insist," came from Ned. "I won't touch them otherwise."

"All right, you can pay me for what I caught."

"No, I want to pay for all of them. Your time is worth something, and I know you have to support your—the old hermit now."

"All right, Ned, have your own way. Yes, I admit, I need all the money I get."

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"Is the old hermit very sick?"

"Not so sick, but his rheumatism keeps him from going out hunting or fishing, so all that work falls to me."

"It's a good deal on your shoulders, Joe."

"I make the best of it, for there is nothing else to do."

"By the way, Joe, you once spoke to me about—well, about yourself," went on Ned, after some hesitation. "Did you ever learn anything more? You need not tell me if you don't care to."

At these words Joe's face clouded for an instant.

"No, I haven't learned a thing more, Ned."



“Then you don’ t really know if you are the hermit’ s nephew or not?”

“Oh, I think I am, but I don’ t know whatever became of my father. ”

“Does the hermit think he is alive?”

“He doesn’ t know, and he hasn’ t any means of finding out. ”

“Well, if I were you, I’ d find out, some way or other. ”

“I m going to find out—some day,” replied Joe. “But, to tell the truth, I don’ t know how to go at it. Uncle Hiram doesn’ t like to talk about it. He thinks my father did wrong to go away.

I imagine they had a quarrel over it.” “Has he ever heard from your father since?”

“Not a word. ”

“Did he write?”

“He didn’ t know where to write to. ”

“Humph! It is certainly a mystery, Joe. ”

“You are right, Ned; and as I said before, I am going to solve it some time, even if it takes years of work to do it,” replied the hermit’ s boy.





## CHAPTER II

### A MYSTERIOUS CONVERSATION

