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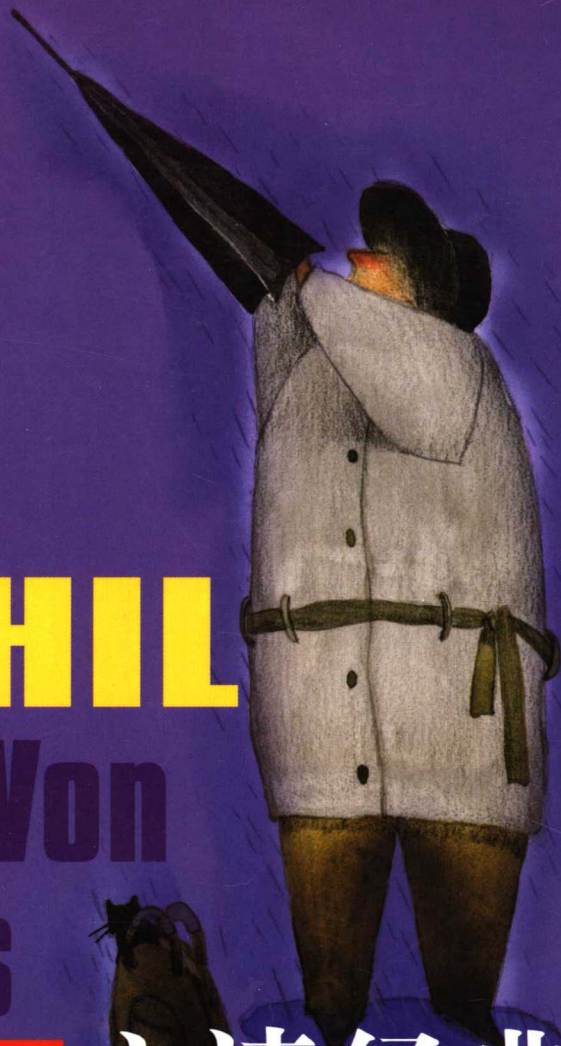
听差 菲尔

How PHIL BRENT Won Success

美国青少年必读经典

[美] 霍瑞修·爱尔杰\著 刘洋\译

中国书籍出版社



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*HOWPHIL BRENT
WON PULCESS*

CHAPTER I

PHIL HAS A LITTLE DIFFICULTY

Phil Brent was plodding through the snow in the direction of the house where he lived with his stepmother and her son, when a snowball, moist and hard, struck him just below his ear with stinging emphasis. The pain was considerable, and Phil's anger rose.

He turned suddenly, his eyes flashing fiercely, intent upon discovering who had committed this outrage, for he had no doubt that it was intentional.

He looked in all directions, but saw no one except a mild old gentleman in spectacles, who appeared to have some difficulty in making his way through the obstructed street.

Phil did not need to be told that it was not the old gentleman who had taken such an unwarrantable liberty with him. So he looked farther, but his ears gave him the first clew. He heard a chuckling laugh, which seemed to proceed from behind the stone wall that ran along the roadside.

"I will see who it is," he decided, and plunging through the snow he surmounted the wall, in time to see a boy of about his own age running away across the fields as fast as the deep snow would allow.

"So it's you, Jonas!" he shouted wrathfully. "I thought it was some sneaking fellow like you."

Jonas, his stepbrother, his freckled face showing a degree of dismay, for he had not calculated on discovery, ran the faster, but while fear winged his steps, anger proved the more effectual spur, and Phil overtook him after a brief run, from the effects of which both boys panted.

"What made you throw that snowball?" demanded Phil angrily, as he seized Jonas by the collar and shook him.

"You let me alone!" said Jonas, struggling ineffectually in his grasp.

第 1 章

菲尔的麻烦

大雪茫茫，菲尔·布伦特正在艰难地往家里赶。跟他住在一起的，还有继母和她的儿子。突然，一个又湿又硬的雪球向他飞来，狠狠地打在他的耳朵下面。这让菲尔感到疼痛难忍，不由地怒气横生。

他两眼冒火，突然转过身来，想找出肇事者——因为他肯定是有有人在暗算他。

他向周围看了看，除了一位戴着眼镜、相貌和蔼的老先生外，再也没有其他人了——而看那老先生走路的样子，就知道他已经非常地困难了。

毫无疑问，雪球绝不是老先生扔过来的，于是菲尔就开始向更远的地方寻找。就在这个时候，他听到了几声“吃吃”的笑声，好像是从路旁一堵石墙的后面传来的。

“我倒要看看到底是谁干的。”菲尔自言自语道。于是他艰难地穿过雪地，爬上石墙，突然看到一个跟自己年龄差不多的男孩子正玩命地往前狂奔。

“原来是你，乔纳斯！”菲尔愤怒地大叫道，“我还以为是哪个卑鄙的家伙干的呢！”

乔纳斯是菲尔的同父异母兄弟，他那满是雀斑的脸显得十分沮丧。因为他万万没有想到自己会被发现。因为心虚，乔纳斯撒开两条腿就开始往前跑，越跑越快；但显然，愤怒更让菲尔加快了速度，所以很快，菲尔就追上了乔纳斯，两个男孩子都气喘吁吁的。

“为什么用雪球打我？”菲尔愤怒地问道，一把揪住了乔纳斯的衣领，用力地推搡着。

“放开我！”乔纳斯说着，想用力挣脱，可怎么也挣脱不了。



HOW PHIL BRENT WON SUCCESS

"Answer me! What made you throw that snowball?" demanded Phil, in a tone that showed he did not intend to be trifled with.

"Because I chose to," answered Jonas, his spite getting the better of his prudence. "Did it hurt you?" he continued, his eyes gleaming with malice.

"I should think it might. It was about as hard as a cannonball," returned Phil grimly. "Is that all you've got to say about it?"

"I did it in fun." said Jonas, beginning to see that he had need to be prudent.

"Very well! I don't like your idea of fun. Perhaps you won't like mine." said Phil, as he forcibly drew Jonas back till he lay upon the snow, and then kneeling by his side, rubbed his face briskly with snow.

"What are you doing? Going to murder me?" shrieked Jonas, in anger and dismay.

"I am going to wash your face." said Phil, continuing the operation vigorously.

"I say, you quit that! I'll tell my mother." ejaculated Jonas, struggling furiously.

"If you do, tell her why I did it." said Phil.

Jonas shrieked and struggled, but in vain. Phil gave his face an effectual scrubbing, and did not desist until he thought he had avenged the bad treatment he had suffered.

"There, get up!" said he at length.

Jonas scrambled to his feet, his mean features working convulsively with anger.

"You'll suffer for this!" he shouted.

"You won't make me!" said Phil contemptuously.

"You're the meanest boy in the village."

"I am willing to leave that to the opinion of all who know me."

"I'll tell my mother!"

"Go home and tell her!"

“说，为什么要用雪球打我？”菲尔的口气非常坚定，一副绝对不受玩弄的样子。

“我高兴，”乔纳斯好像并不在乎后果，“打伤你了吗？”他继续说道，露出邪恶的眼神。

“可不是伤着了，雪球太硬了，像炮弹一样。”菲尔严厉地说道，“不能这么就算了吧？”

“我只是开个玩笑而已。”乔纳斯开始明白事情的严重性了，他觉得自己还是小心点好。

“很好！可我并不喜欢你开的玩笑，估计你也不会喜欢我开玩笑的方式吧！”菲尔边说边用力把乔纳斯摁倒在地上，并跪在他旁边，抓起一把雪就往他的脸上抹去。

“你要干什么？你是要杀了我吗？”乔纳斯一脸惊恐地尖叫道。

“我只是想好好地给你洗个脸罢了。”说着，菲尔继续用力地抹了起来。

“赶快住手，不然我就去告诉妈妈了！”乔纳斯突然喊道，并用力地挣扎。

“好啊，最好也告诉她我为什么会这样做。”菲尔说道。

乔纳斯一边挣扎一边尖叫，但这一切好像都无济于事。菲尔继续用雪擦着他的脸，直到觉得自己已经报复够了才停止。

“起来吧！”最后他说道。

乔纳斯挣扎着从雪地上爬起来，一张丑脸因愤怒而抽搐不停。

“你会因此受到惩罚的！”乔纳斯叫嚷道。

“没门！”菲尔一脸的不在乎。

“你是村子里最卑鄙的家伙。”

“还是让那些更了解我的人去下结论吧。”

“我要把这件事情告诉妈妈！”

“去吧！”





HOW PHIL BRENT WON SUCCESS

Jonas started for home, and Phil did not attempt to stop him.

As he saw Jonas reach the street and plod angrily homeward, he said to himself: "I suppose I shall be in hot water for this; but I can't help it. Mrs. Brent always stands up for her precious son, who is as like her as can be. Well, it won't make matters much worse than they have been."

Phil concluded not to go home at once, but to allow a little time for the storm to spend its force after Jonas had told his story. So he delayed half an hour and then walked slowly up to the side door. He opened the door, brushed off the snow from his boots with the broom that stood behind the door, and opening the inner door, stepped into the kitchen.

No one was there, as Phil's first glance satisfied him, and he was disposed to hope that Mrs. Brent — he never called her mother — was out, but a thin, acid, measured voice from the sitting-room adjoining soon satisfied him that there was to be no reprieve.

"Phil Brent, come here!"

Phil entered the sitting-room.

In a rocking-chair by the fire sat a thin woman, with a sharp visage, cold eyes and firmly compressed lips, to whom no child would voluntarily draw near.

On a sofa lay outstretched the hulking form of Jonas, with whom he had had his little difficulty.

"I am here, Mrs. Brent," said Phil manfully.

"Phil Brent," said Mrs. Brent acidly, "are you not ashamed to look me in the face?"

"I don't know why I should be," said Phil, bracing himself up for the attack.

"You see on the sofa the victim of your brutality," continued Mrs. Brent, pointing to the recumbent figure of her son Jonas.

Jonas, as if to emphasize these words, uttered a half groan.

Phil could not help smiling, for to him it seemed ridiculous.

"You laugh," said his stepmother sharply. "I am not surprised at it. You delight in your brutality."

乔纳斯一边叫嚷着，一边往家里走去，菲尔也没有阻止他。

看着乔纳斯愤怒地离开，步履艰难地往家走去，他在心里想道：“这下麻烦了，可我也没有办法啊，布伦特太太总是袒护自己的宝贝儿子，娘俩一副德性。不过管他呢，这样的事我又不是没经历过。”

菲尔决定先不回家，等乔纳斯告完状，娘俩的火气过后再说。于是他就先在外面呆了半个小时，然后才悄悄地从家里的偏门走进去。他把门打开，用门后的扫帚扫了一下靴子上的雪，然后打开里面的门，走进厨房。

菲尔往屋子里一看，发现里面没有一个人，不由得在心里暗暗庆幸起来。他真希望自己的继母布伦特太太（菲尔从来不喊她妈妈）现在不在家。可就在这个时候，隔壁的起居室突然传来一声微弱而尖利、又拿腔拿调的呼唤，麻烦来了！

“菲尔·布伦特，过来！”

菲尔只好走了进去。

在炉火旁边有一把摇椅，上面坐着一个身材瘦小的女人，她嘴唇扁平，两只眼睛里放出冷漠的光，一脸的尖刻——估计没有小孩会喜欢这样一个女人。

在旁边的一张沙发上，刚刚被菲尔收拾过的乔纳斯那笨重的身躯躺在上面。

“我来了，布伦特太太。”菲尔理直气壮地说道。

“菲尔·布伦特，”布伦特太太尖声叫道，“你难道不感到可耻，不为自己的行为感到脸红吗？”

“有什么好脸红的？”菲尔反问道，抵制着他们的攻击。

“看看沙发上那个刚刚被你残忍地伤害过的人吧。”布伦特太太指着横躺着的乔纳斯说道。

好像是为了应和母亲的话，乔纳斯在这个时候呻吟了一下。

菲尔差点没笑出声来，他觉得这实在是可笑。

“你还笑！”布伦特太太厉声问道，“不过我也习惯了，你从来不会为自己的粗暴行为感到可耻！”



HOW PHIL BRENT WON SUCCESS

"I suppose you mean that I have treated Jonas brutally."

"I see you confess it."

"No, Mrs. Brent, I do not confess it. The brutality you speak of was all on the side of Jonas."

"No doubt," retorted Mrs. Brent, with sarcasm. "It's the case of the wolf and the lamb over again."

"I don't think Jonas has represented the matter to you as it happened," said Phil. "Did he tell you that he flung a snowball at my head as hard as a lump of ice?"

"He said he threw a little snow at you playfully and you sprang upon him like a tiger."

"There's a little mistake in that," said Phil. "The snowball was hard enough to stun me if it had hit me a little higher. I wouldn't be hit like that again for ten dollars."

"That isn't so! Don't believe him, mother!" said Jonas from the sofa.

"And what did you do?" demanded Mrs. Brent with a frown.

"I laid him down on the snow and washed his face with soft snow."

"You might have given him his death of cold," said Mrs. Brent, with evident hostility. "I am not sure but the poor boy will have pneumonia now, in consequence of your brutal treatment."

"And you have nothing to say as to his attack upon me?" said Phil indignantly.

"I have no doubt you have very much exaggerated it."

"Yes, he has," chimed in Jonas from the sofa.

Phil regarded his stepbrother with scorn.

"Can't you tell the truth now and then, Jonas?" he asked contemptuously.

"You shall not insult my boy in my presence!" said Mrs. Brent, with a little spot of color mantling her high cheek-bones. "Phil Brent, I have too long endured your insolence. You think because I am a woman you can be insolent with impunity, but you will find yourself mistaken. It is time that you understood something that may lead you to lower your tone. Learn, then, that you have not a cent of your own. You are wholly dependent upon my bounty."

“你是说我对乔纳斯很粗暴吗？”

“你终于承认了！”

“不，布伦特太太，我不承认。你说的粗暴行为都是乔纳斯干的。”

“是吗？”布伦特太太挖苦道，“豺狼又在埋怨羔羊的粗暴啦！”

“我看乔纳斯并没有告诉你事情的真相，”菲尔接着问道，“你知道他把一块硬得像冰的雪球砸我的事情吗？”

“他说自己只是扔了个小雪球，完全是在开玩笑，可你却像头老虎一样扑到他身上。”

“不是这样的，”菲尔说道，“你不知道那个雪球有多硬，如果他再扔得高一点的话，我就会被打昏的。即使给我 10 美元，我也不愿意再被打一下。”

“不是那样的，妈妈，别相信他说的话！”躺在沙发上的乔纳斯辩解道。

“那你是怎么对待他的？”布伦特太太皱着眉头追问道。

“我把他摁在地上，用松软的雪擦他的脸。”

“你这样做会把他冻死的，你知道吗？”布伦特太太明显带着敌意，“说不定就因你的野蛮行为，他会得肺炎的。”

“那他打我的事就这样算了么？”菲尔气愤地问道。

“你肯定是有些夸张了。”

“就是！”乔纳斯在沙发上附和道。

菲尔不屑地盯着布伦特太太。

“你就不能偶尔说句实话吗，乔纳斯？”他轻蔑地问道。

“你不能当着我的面侮辱我的儿子！”颧骨突起，一脸雀斑的布伦特太太叫道，“菲尔·布伦特，我实在无法忍受你的无礼了！难道就因为我是女人，你就以为可以在我面前放肆了吗？你这样想可就大错特错了。看来是该让你明白一些事情的时候了，不然你永远改不了这种德性。告诉你吧，你其实什么也没有，完全在靠我的施舍生活！”