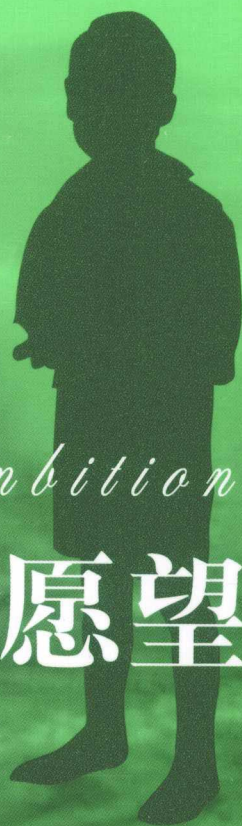


不断进取的信念
顽强奋斗的精神
百折不挠的勇气
坚忍不拔的毅力

中文导读英文版



Grant Thornton's Ambition
格兰特·萨顿的愿望

[美] 霍瑞修·爱尔杰 著

清华大学出版社



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北京

内 容 简 介

Grant Thornton's Ambition, 中文译名为《格兰特·萨顿的愿望》, 由美国著名教育家、小说家霍瑞修·爱尔杰编著。主人公格兰特·萨顿是个聪明、正直、勇敢的孩子。他的父亲是个博学的乡村牧师, 由于不善经营, 他的家庭陷入了债务危机。为了分担家庭责任, 年少的格兰特不得不放弃学业, 前往大城市谋生。在证券经纪人雷诺兹的帮助下, 他进入了证券交易所工作。格兰特依靠自己的努力, 很快赢得了雷诺兹的好感和重用。正当他对未来充满憧憬和期待时, 一场针对他的阴谋也随即展开。在经历了无数坎坷之后, 格兰特终于战胜了一个又一个艰难险阻, 不仅使自己的父母过上了幸福的生活, 同时还成了雷诺兹的合伙人。

书中所展现的励志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

格兰特·萨顿的愿望: 中文导读英文版/ (美) 爱尔杰 (Alger, H.) 著. —北京: 清华大学出版社, 2010.2

书名原文: Grant Thornton's Ambition

ISBN 978-7-302-20877-8

I. 格… II. 爱… III. 长篇小说—美国—现代 IV. I712.45

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2009) 第 159253 号

责任编辑: 李 晔

责任校对: 梁 毅

插图绘制: 李先达

责任印制: 杨 艳

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: 三河市兴旺装订有限公司

经 销: 全国新华书店

开 本: 170×260 印 张: 13.5 字 数: 226 千字

版 次: 2010 年 2 月第 1 版 印 次: 2010 年 2 月第 1 次印刷

印 数: 1~5000

定 价: 25.00 元

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: 032285-01



霍瑞修·爱尔杰 (Horatio Alger, 1832—1899), 美国著名教育家、小说家。一生共创作了一百多部以“奋斗、成功”为主题的励志小说, 其代表作有《菲尔是如何成功的》、《小贩保罗》、《衣衫破烂的迪克》、《赫可特的继承权》、《乔伊历险记》、《沃尔特的考验》、《格兰特的勇气》和《格兰特·萨顿的愿望》等, 这些小说被译成多种文字, 在世界上广为流传。

霍瑞修·爱尔杰于 1832 年 1 月 13 日出生在马萨诸塞州的一个牧师家庭。自小受到良好的教育, 19 岁毕业于哈佛大学。他做过家庭教师、记者, 1868 年开始从事文学创作。在其作品中, 爱尔杰塑造了一系列出身卑微, 但依靠自身的勇气、信念和努力, 终于获得成功的少年形象。这些形象也是对“美国梦”的生动诠释, 激励着一代又一代人。正因为如此, 爱尔杰被数届美国总统赞誉为“美国精神之父”, 人们将他与马克·吐温并列为“对今日美国影响最深的两位作家”。

在中国, 爱尔杰的作品也广受读者的欢迎。目前, 国内已出版的爱尔杰作品的形式主要有两种: 一种是中文翻译版, 另一种是中英文对照版。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, 我们决定编译爱尔杰作品中的经典, 其中包括《菲尔是如何成功的》、《小贩保罗》、《衣衫破烂的迪克》、《乔伊历险记》、《格兰特的勇气》、《沃尔特的考验》、《赫可特的继承权》和《格兰特·萨顿的愿望》, 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

前言



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。



第一章 牧师的儿子\

Chapter 1 The Minister's Son	1
------------------------------------	---

第二章 格兰特做了两次生意上的拜访\

Chapter 2 Grant Makes Two Business Calls	6
--	---

第三章 格兰特前去萨默塞特\

Chapter 3 Grant Walks to Somerset	11
---	----

第四章 一次及时的援救\

Chapter 4 A Timely Rescue	16
---------------------------------	----

第五章 萨顿太太的珍珠\

Chapter 5 Mrs. Thornton's Pearls	22
--	----

第六章 格兰特遇到意外的麻烦\

Chapter 6 Grant Gets Into Unexpected Trouble	27
--	----

第七章 辛普森太太的悲痛\

Chapter 7 Mrs. Simpson Comes to Grief	33
---	----

第八章 格兰特走出关键的一步\

Chapter 8 Grant Takes a Decisive Step	38
---	----

第九章 格弗雷伯伯同格兰特意见分歧\

Chapter 9 Uncle Godfrey Parts from Grant	44
--	----

第十章 在华尔街的一天\

Chapter 10 A Day in Wall Street	49
---------------------------------------	----

第十一章 格兰特交了一个新朋友\

Chapter 11 Grant Makes a Friend	54
---------------------------------------	----

第十二章 埃斯塔布鲁克太太的计划\

Chapter 12 Mrs. Estabrook's Plans	59
---	----

第十三章 汤姆·卡尔德的两个看法\

Chapter 13 Two Views of Tom Calder	65
--	----

第十四章 威利斯·福特的新朋友\

Chapter 14 Willis Ford's New Friends	70
--	----



第十五章 陷阱\	
Chapter 15 A Trap.....	75
第十六章 格兰特被怀疑\	
Chapter 16 Grant Falls Under Suspicion.....	80
第十七章 泄密的钥匙\	
Chapter 17 The Tell Tale Key.....	86
第十八章 格兰特的敌人胜利了\	
Chapter 18 Grant's Enemies Triumph	92
第十九章 重要证据\	
Chapter 19 Important Evidence	97
第二十章 在第五大道酒店\	
Chapter 20 At The Fifth Avenue Hotel.....	102
第二十一章 小偷被找到了\	
Chapter 21 The Thief is Discovered.....	108
第二十二章 威利斯·福特陷入困境\	
Chapter 22 Willis Ford at Bay	113
第二十三章 正义的胜利\	
Chapter 23 Justice Triumphs	118
第二十四章 令人震惊的消息\	
Chapter 24 Startling News.....	124
第二十五章 令人焦虑的搜寻\	
Chapter 25 Anxious Inquiries.....	129
第二十六章 一辆西部马车\	
Chapter 26 A Western Cabin	133
第二十七章 乘车前往巴顿家\	
Chapter 27 The Ride To Barton's	136
第二十八章 赫伯特有了一个新家\	
Chapter 28 Herbert Is Provided With A New Home.....	140
第二十九章 巴顿先生的情况介绍\	
Chapter 29 Introduces Mr. Barton	146
第三十章 模范家庭\	
Chapter 30 A Model Household.....	151
第三十一章 管家的罪行\	
Chapter 31 The Housekeeper's Crime.....	156
第三十二章 愿望实现了\	
Chapter 32 I Hope Deferred.....	161



目录

CONTENTS

第三十三章 旅程开始\	
Chapter 33 The Journey Begins	165
第三十四章 巴顿太太很惊讶\	
Chapter 34 Mrs. Barton's Surprise	169
第三十五章 赫伯特累坏了\	
Chapter 35 Herbert Breaks Down	175
第三十六章 格兰特收到一封信\	
Chapter 36 Grant Receives A Letter	181
第三十七章 威利斯·福特找到了逃跑者\	
Chapter 37 Willis Ford Finds The Runaways	185
第三十八章 福特的大胆举动失败了\	
Chapter 38 Ford Takes A Bold Step. But Fails	188
第三十九章 管家受到了惩罚\	
Chapter 39 The Housekeeper's Retribution	194
第四十章 大结局\	
Chapter 40 Conclusion	198

第一章 牧师的儿子

Chapter 1 The Minister's Son



村里杂货店的老板都德寄来一封信，催促萨顿一家尽快将赊欠的账单付清，这令萨顿太太一筹莫展。萨顿的爸爸是当地的一个牧师，虽然每年有六百美元的收入，不过这对于维持一个有三个孩子的家庭实在是太艰难了。爸爸满腹经纶，却没有一点经济头脑，家里大小事务全靠妈妈来打点。萨顿太太兢兢业业料理家事，却也是巧妇难为无米之炊，一年下来，家里不仅没有闲钱，还欠下了不少债。所以，即使是一张六十七美元的账单，也令萨顿太太陷入了烦恼之中。十五岁的格兰特·萨顿知道了妈妈的忧虑和烦恼后，毅然做出了一个决定，他打算放弃今年九月份读大学的计划，要出去找一份工作，减轻家里的负担。不过当务之急是先付清杂货店的欠单，格兰特决定先去教会一趟，把教会欠爸爸的六十美元薪金要回来，然后再去杂货店还一部分钱。于是，格兰特带着妈妈仅有的八美元出发了。

“I wish we were not so terribly poor, Grant,” said Mrs. Thornton, in a discouraged tone.

“Is there anything new that makes you say so, mother?” answered the boy of fifteen, whom she addressed.

“Nothing new, only the same old trouble. Here is a note from Mr. Tudor, the storekeeper.”

"Let me see it, mother."

Grant took a yellow envelope from his mother's hand, and drew out the inclosure, a half sheet of coarse letter paper, which contained the following lines:

"July 7, 1857.

REV. JOHN THORNTON:

DEAR SIR: Inclosed you will find a bill for groceries and other goods furnished to you in the last six months, amounting to sixty-seven dollars and thirty-four cents (\$67.34). It ought to have been paid before. How you, a minister of the Gospel, can justify yourself in using goods which you don't pay for, I can't understand. If I remember rightly, the Bible says: 'Owe no man anything.' As I suppose you recognize the Bible as an authority, I expect you to pay up promptly, and oblige.

Yours respectfully, THOMAS TUDOR."

Crant looked vexed and indignant. "I think that is an impudent letter, mother," he said.

"It is right that the man should have his money, Grant."

"That is true, but he might have asked for it civilly, without taunting my poor father with his inability to pay. He would pay if he could."

"Heaven knows he would, Grant," said his mother, sighing.

"I would like to give Mr. Tudor a piece of my mind." "I would rather pay his bill. No, Grant, though he is neither kind nor considerate, we must admit that his claim is a just one. If I only knew where to turn for money!"

"Have you shown the bill to father?" asked Grant.

"No, you know how impractical your father is. It would only annoy and make him anxious, and he would not know what to do. Your poor father has no business faculty."

"He is a very learned man," said Grant, proudly.

"Yes, he graduated very high at college, and is widely respected by his fellow ministers, but he has no aptitude for business."

"You have, mother. If you had been a man, you would have done better than he. Without your good management we should have been a good deal

worse off than we are. It is the only thing that has kept our heads above water.”

“I am glad you think so, Grant. I have done the best I could, but no management will pay bills without money.”

It was quite true that the minister's wife was a woman of excellent practical sense, who had known how to make his small salary go very far. In this respect she differed widely from her learned husband, who in matters of business was scarcely more than a child. But, as she intimated with truth, there was something better than management, and that was ready cash.

“To support a family on six hundred dollars a year is very hard, Grant, when there are three children,” resumed his mother.

“I can't understand why a man like father can't command a better salary,” said Grant. “There's Rev. Mr. Stentor, in Waverley, gets fifteen hundred dollars salary, and I am sure he can't compare with father in ability.”

“True, Grant, but your father is modest, and not given to blowing his own trumpet, while Mr. Stentor, from all I can hear, has a very high opinion of himself.”

“He has a loud voice, and thrashes round in his pulpit, as if he were a prophet,” said Grant, not quite knowing how to finish his sentence.

“Your father never was a man to push himself forward. He is very modest.”

“I suppose that is not the only bill that we owe,” said Grant.

“No; our unpaid bills must amount to at least two hundred dollars more,” answered his mother.

Grant whistled.

Two hundred and sixty-seven dollars seemed to him an immense sum, and so it was, to a poor minister with a family of three children and a salary of only six hundred dollars. Where to obtain so large a sum neither Grant nor his mother could possibly imagine. Even if there were anyone to borrow it from, there seemed no chance to pay back so considerable a sum.

Mother and son looked at each other in perplexity. Finally, Grant broke the silence.

“Mother,” he said, “one thing seems pretty clear. I must go to work. I am

fifteen, well and strong, and I ought to be earning my own living.”

“But your father has set his heart upon your going to college, Grant.”

“And I should like to go, too; but if I did it would be years before I could be anything but an expense and a burden, and that would make me unhappy.”

“You are almost ready for college, Grant, are you not?”

“Very nearly. I could get ready for the September examination. I have only to review Homer, and brash up my Latin.”

“And your uncle Godfrey is ready to help you through.”

“That gives me an idea, mother. It would cost Uncle Godfrey as much as nine hundred dollars a year over and above all the help I could get from the college funds, and perhaps from teaching school this winter. Now, if he would allow me that sum for a single year and let me go to work, I could pay up all father’s debts, and give him a new start. It would save Uncle Godfrey nine hundred dollars.”

“He has set his heart on your going to college. I don’t think he would agree to help you at all if you disappoint him.”

“At any rate, I could try the experiment. Something has got to be done, mother.”

“Yes, Grant, there is no doubt of that. Mr. Tudor is evidently in earnest. If we don’t pay him, I think it very likely he will refuse to let us have anything more on credit. And you know there is no other grocery store in the village.”

“Have you any money to pay him on account, mother?”

“I have eight dollars.”

“Let me have that, and go over and see what I can do with him. We can’t get along without groceries. By the way, mother, doesn’t the parish owe father anything?”

“They are about sixty dollars in arrears on the salary.”

“And the treasurer is Deacon Gridley?”

“Yes.”

“Then I’ll tell you what I will do. I’ll first go over to the deacon’s and try to collect something. Afterward I will call on Mr. Tudor.”

“It is your father’s place to do it, but he has no business faculty, and could

not accomplish anything. Go, then, Grant, but remember one thing.”

“What is that, mother?”

“You have a quick temper, my son. Don’t allow yourself to speak hastily, or disrespectfully, even if you are disappointed. Mr. Tudor’s bill is a just one, and he ought to have his money.”

“I’ll do the best I can, mother.”

第二章 格兰特做了两次生意 上的拜访

Chapter 2 Grant Makes Two Business Calls



教会的执事叫格里德利，他是一个非常抠门、小气的家伙，生活极度节俭，即使对自己的妻子也不例外，那个可怜的女人终年穿得破破烂烂的，已经五年没有买过一顶新帽子了。不过，他在财务问题上非常讲求信誉，于是成为了教会的财务官。

格兰特来到执事这里，跟他说明了来意。格里德利刚刚收缴上来五十美元，不过他不愿意付给格兰特，他更愿意把这笔小钱借出去，收缴百分之一的利息。于是，他对格兰特说， he 可以先拿出五十美元，不过他要收取利息。格兰特虽然意识到这是一个比较苛刻的条件，但是一个月五十美分的利息，就可以解决燃眉之急，还是值得的。于是，格兰特欣然答应，他告诉执事，他回去就通知父母下午来取钱。随后，格兰特来到杂货店，他把从家里带出来的八美元交给老板，并且向都德保证，第二天早晨再还二十五美元。这令都德非常满意。格兰特带着一份轻松的心情回家了，他今天做得很成功。

*D*eacon Gridley had a small farm, and farming was his chief occupation, but he had a few thousand dollars laid away in stocks and bonds, and, being a thrifty man, not to say mean, he managed to save up nearly all the interest, which he added to his original accumulation. He always coveted

financial trusts, and so it came about that he was parish treasurer.

"Good-morning, Deacon Gridley," said the minister's son.

"Morning, Grant," answered the deacon. "How's your folks?"

"Pretty well in health," returned Grant, coming to business at once," but rather short of money."

"Ministers most generally are," said Deacon Gridley, dryly.

"I should think they might be, with the small salaries they get," said Grant, indignantly.

"Some of them do get poorly paid," replied the deacon; "but I call six hundred dollars a pretty fair income."

"It might be for a single man; but when a minister has a wife and three children, like my father, it's pretty hard scratching."

"Some folks ain't got faculty," said the deacon, adding, complacently, "it never cost me nigh on to six hundred dollars a year to live."

The deacon had the reputation of living very penuriously, and Abram Fish, who once worked for him and boarded in the family, said he was half starved there.

"You get your milk and vegetables off the farm," said Grant, who felt the comparison was not a fair one. "That makes a great deal of difference."

"It makes some difference," the deacon admitted, "but not as much as the difference in our expenses. I didn't spend more than a hundred dollars cash last year."

This excessive frugality may have been the reason why Mrs. Deacon Gridley was always so shabbily dressed. The poor woman had not had a new bonnet for five years, as every lady in the parish well knew.

"Ministers have some expenses that other people don't," persisted Grant.

"What kind of expenses, I'd like to know?"

"They have to buy books and magazines, and entertain missionaries, and hire teams to go on exchanges."

"That's something," admitted the deacon. "Maybe it amounts to twenty or thirty dollars a year."

"More likely a hundred," said Grant.

"That would be awful extravagant sinful waste. If I was a minister, I'd be

more cheerful.”

“Well, Deacon Gridley, I don’t want to argue with you. I came to see if you hadn’t collected some money for father. Mr. Tudor has sent in his bill, and he wants to be paid.”

“How much is it?”

“Sixty-seven dollars and thirty-four cents.”

“You don’t tell me!” said the deacon, scandalized. “You folks must be terrible extravagant.”

Grant hardly knew whether to be more vexed or amused.

“If wanting to have enough to eat is extravagant,” he said, “then we are.”

“You must live on the fat of the land, Grant.”

“We haven’t any of us got the gout, nor are likely to have,” answered Grant, provoked. “But let us come back to business. Have you got any money for father?”

Now it so happened that Deacon Gridley had fifty dollars collected, but he thought he knew where he could let it out for one per cent, for a month, and he did not like to lose the opportunity.

“I’m sorry to disappoint you, Grant,” he answered, “but folks are slow about paying’ up, and-”

“Haven’t you got any money collected?” asked Grant, desperately.

“I’ll tell you what I’ll do,” said the deacon, with a bright idea.

“I’ve got fifty dollars of my own-say for a month, till I can make collections.”

“That would be very kind,” said Grant, feeling that he had done the deacon an injustice.

“Of course,” the deacon resumed, hastily, “I should have to charge interest. In fact, I was going to lend out the money to a neighbor for a month at one per cent; but I’d just as live let your father have it at that price.”

“Isn’t that more than legal interest?” asked Grant.

“Well, you see, money is worth good interest nowadays. If your father don’t want it, no matter. I can let the other man have it.”

Grant rapidly calculated that the interest would only amount to fifty cents, and money must be had.

"I think father'll agree to your terms," he said. "I'll let you know this afternoon."

"All right, Grant. It don't make a mite of difference to me, but if your father wants the money he'll have to speak for it today."

"I'll see that the matter is attended to," said Grant, and he went on his way, pleased with the prospect of obtaining money for their impoverished household, even on such hard terms.

Next he made his way to Mr. Tudor's store.

It was one of those country variety stores where almost everything in the way of house supplies can be obtained, from groceries to dry goods.

Mr. Tudor was a small man, with a parchment skin and insignificant features. He was in the act of weighing out a quantity of sugar for a customer when Grant entered.

Grant waited till the shopkeeper was at leisure.

"Did you want to see me, Grant?" said Tudor.

"Yes, Mr. Tudor. You sent over a bill to our house this morning."

"And you've come to pay it. That's right. Money's tight, and I've got bills to pay in the city."

"I've got a little money for you on account," said Grant, watching Tudor's face anxiously.

"How much?" asked the storekeeper, his countenance changing.

"Eight dollars."

"Eight dollars!" ejaculated Tudor, indignantly. "Only eight dollars out of sixty-seven! That's a regular imposition, and I don't care of your father is a minister, I stick to my words."

Grant was angry, but he remembered his mother's injunction to restrain his temper.

"We'd like to pay the whole, Mr. Tudor, if we had the money, and....."

"Do you think I can trust the whole neighborhood, and only get one dollar in ten of what's due me?" spluttered Mr. Tudor. "Ministers ought to set a better example."

"Ministers ought to get better pay," said Grant.

"There's plenty don't get as much as your father. When do you expect to