

THE NEW METHOD READERS
KING SOLOMON'S MINES

所羅門王的寶窟

BY
H. RIDER HAGGARD

RETOLD BY
MICHAEL WEST

CHUNG HWA BOOK CO., LTD.
SHANGHAI, CHINA

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KING SOLOMON'S MINES

BY

SIR H. RIDER HAGGARD

*Abridged and brought within the vocabulary of Readers IA-V, 1779 words—
but otherwise told in the words of the original.*

BY

MICHAEL WEST, M.A., D.PH. (OXON)

ILLUSTRATED BY

H. B. MILLAR & MRS. MICHAEL WEST



CHUNG HWA BOOK CO., LTD.

SHANGHAI, CHINA

民國二十六年一月印刷
民國二十六年一月發行

韋氏英文補助讀本(8)
所羅門王的寶窟 (全一冊)

◎ 實價國幣三角五分

(郵運匯費另加)

H. Rider Haggard

Michael West

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作 翻 權 印

原 著 者

重 述 者

發 行 者

印 刷 者

總 發 行 處

上海福州路

中華書局發行所

上海
中華書局印刷所
澳門路

中華書局有限公司
代表人 路錫三

分 發 行 處

各 埠

中華書局

序

這部書的原本，乃是哈葛德爵士 (Sir H. R. Haggard) 所作的一部冒險小說。哈葛德這個名字，在現在聽去雖覺生疎，可是在幾十年前，是曾在中國的翻譯小說裏，出過很大風頭的。林琴南譯的說部叢書中，有三十餘種都是他的原作。就是本書，以前也曾被收在林譯之中以“鐘乳骷髏”之名而問過世的。可是一因林譯的誤譯太多，二因林譯的不合時代口味，因此，這部很有趣的冒險小說，也就隨着其他林譯說部一塊兒淹沒，而哈葛德的名字，也就久不在世人的記憶中了。其實，就在當時，林琴南譯他的書的時候，也並沒有留意他是個什麼人，在現在更用不着說。所以，在此，我們把他簡單地介紹一下，於讀者似乎也有一點小補。

哈葛德是以一八五六年六月二十二日生於英國的，死時在一九二五年。他從十九歲起便在非洲生活。那時他是當南非英國總督的秘書，過後，又在彼處做過法院長，因此，對於非洲的情形很是精通，而他的小說大多數即是以他最深知的南非作背景，本篇也是其中之一。

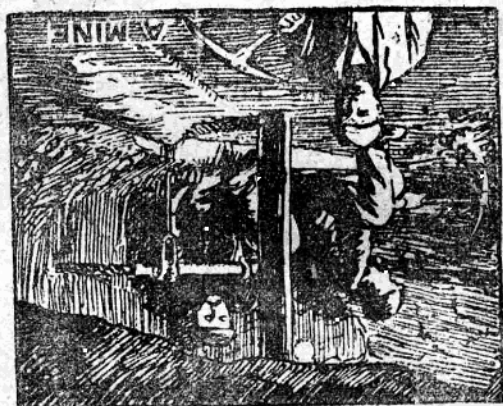
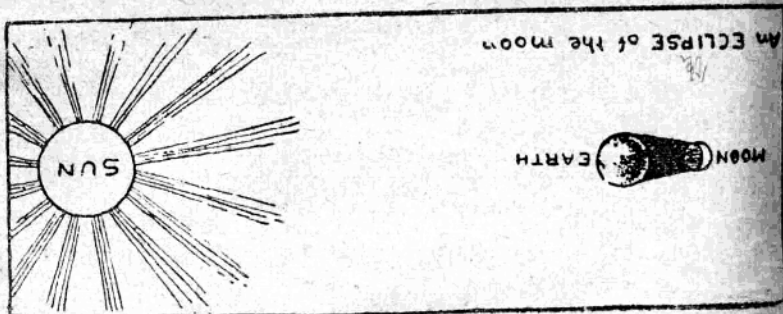
他從一八八四年發表“Dawn” (長篇小說) 以後，到死為止，曾作了小說四五十部，其中如“~~She~~” 如本篇，都已成為冒險小說中的 Classics 了。

他原是一個法律家，對於社會問題也很有研究。這方面的著書很多。一九一二年便以這些著作上與政績上的功績而得了爵士的稱號。

講到他的小說，都是通俗作品，在純文藝方面並無貢獻。所以我們看它時，也不要拿文藝的眼光來批評。他的作品在通俗小說裏，是很有它的價值的。本書經 Dr. West 簡單化之後，很可作為學習英文者的讀物。其中故事的引人入勝，文字的淺顯流利，讀者讀後，自可知道。

最後，還要附帶說明的，便是關於本書的結構。這篇小說是作者開始作小說後的第三部作品，成於一八八六年。出版之後，轟傳一時，一般讀書界都認為是冒險小說的模範，就到現在還有不少人愛讀。全書是用第一人稱敘述。書中自稱我的那位狩獵家 Allan Quartermain，便是作者自己假託的人名。本書因為受人歡迎，所以在第二年作者又出了一部，即以 Allan Quartermain 為名。過後還出了一部叫 Allan Quartermain and his Wife 的。三書中的故事雖是空想，但其中所述的地理，風俗人情，都是作者基於實際經驗觀察而成的。

一九三七，一月。 張夢麟



You know ALL the words
in this book

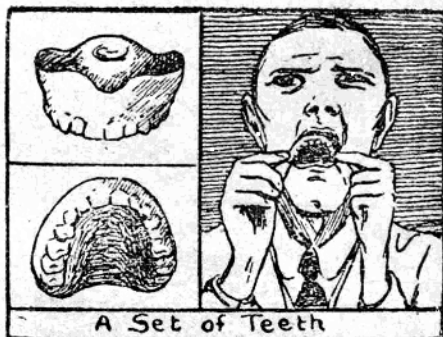
except



A ZULU



AN EYE-GLASS



A Set of Teeth

NOTE

I have thought that the best plan would be to tell my story in a plain straight way.

I ask pardon for my rough way of writing. I can only say that I am more accustomed to using a gun than a pen.

There is a Kukuana saying, "A sharp spear needs no polish." In the same way I hope that a true story, however strange it may be, does not require to be dressed up in fine words.

Allan Quartermain





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KING SOLOMON'S MINES

CHAPTER I

I MEET SIR HENRY CURTIS

A

It is a curious thing that at my age—fifty-five last birth-day—I should find myself taking up a pen to write a history. I wonder what sort of a history it will be when I have finished it. I have done a good many things in my life, which seems a long one to me—perhaps because I began work so young. At an age when other boys are at school, I was working for my living as a trader in Africa. I have been trading, hunting, fighting, or working at the **mines** ever since. And yet it is only eight months ago that I made a lot of money. It is a lot of money—I don't yet know how much; but I do not think that I would go through the last fifteen or sixteen months again for it, no, not even if I knew that I should come out safe at the end.

Now to begin.—I, Allan Quartermain, of Durban, Natal, Gentleman, promise to speak the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

It is eighteen months ago since first I met Sir Henry Curtis and Captain Good. After spending a week at Cape

Town,¹ I determined to go back to Natal by ship. Among the persons who came on board were two who interested me. One, a gentleman of about thirty, was the largest and strongest-looking man I ever saw. He had yellow hair, a thick yellow beard, a clear-cut face, and large grey eyes set deep in his head. I never saw a finer looking man. His face seemed to me familiar: it made me think of someone I had seen before; but at the time I could not remember who it was. The big man's name was Sir Henry Curtis.

The other man who stood talking to Sir Henry was short and dark and of quite a different cut. I imagined that he was an officer on a ship. I was right, for I learnt that he was an officer who had just left the King's employment after seventeen years' service at sea. His name, I found out, was Good—Captain John Good. He was broad, of the usual height, had dark hair, and was rather a curious man to look at. He was so very much in order, so smooth, so clean, so polished; and he always wore an **eye-glass** in his right eye: it seemed to grow there, for it had no string, and he never took it out except to clean it. At first I thought that he used to sleep with it, but afterwards I found that this was a mistake. He put it in his pocket, when he went to bed, together with his teeth. (For he had lost his real teeth and he had had a very fine **set of teeth** made to take their place.)

¹ See map facing page 1.

B

Captain Good and I went down to dinner together, and there we found Sir Henry Curtis already seated. The Captain and I soon fell into talk about shooting and such things; after some time he began to talk about elephants.

"Ah, sir," called out somebody who was sitting near me, "you've reached the right man for that; 'Hunter' Quartermain should be able to tell you about elephants if anybody can."

Sir Henry, who had been sitting quite quiet listening to our talk, showed signs of surprise.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, leaning forward across the table and speaking in a low deep voice, "Pardon me, sir, but is your name Allan Quartermain?"

I said that it was.

The big man said nothing more; but I heard him murmur "Fortunate" into his beard.

Dinner came to an end. As we were leaving the dinner-table, Sir Henry approached me and asked if I would come into his room to smoke a pipe. I accepted; so we three sat down and lit our pipes.

"Mr. Quartermain," said Sir Henry Curtis, "the year before last, about this time, you were, I believe, at a place called Bamangwato to the north of the Transvaal."

"I was," I answered, rather surprised that he should know my movements so well.

"You were trading there, were you not?" put in Captain Good in his quick way.

"I was. I took up a wagon-load of goods and made a camp outside the place, and stopped until I had sold them."

Sir Henry was sitting opposite to me, his arms leaning on the table. He now looked up, fixing his large grey eyes full upon my face. There was a curiously anxious look in them, I thought.

"Did you happen to meet a man called Neville there?"

"Oh, yes; he stopped just beside me for a couple of weeks to rest his cattle before going on. I had a letter a few months ago, asking me if I knew what had happened to him. I answered it as well as I could at the time."

"Yes," said Sir Henry, "your letter was sent on to me. You said in it that the gentleman called Neville left Bamangwato at the beginning of May in a wagon with a driver and a native hunter called Jim, with the intention of going to Inyati,¹ the last trading place. There he meant to sell his wagon and proceed on foot. You also said that he did sell his wagon; for six months afterwards, you saw the wagon in the possession of a Portuguese² trader. This trader told you that he had bought it at Inyati from a white man whose name he had

¹ See map.

² The people of Portugal are called the 'Portuguese'.

forgotten, and that he believed the white man with the native servant had started off on a shooting trip."

"Yes."

Then came a pause.

"Mr. Quartermain," said Sir Henry suddenly, "I suppose you know, or can guess, nothing more of the reason of my—of Mr. Neville's journey to the northward, or as to what point that journey was directed."

"I heard something," I answered, and stopped. The subject was one about which I did not wish to speak.

Sir Henry and Captain Good looked at each other, and Captain Good nodded.

"Mr. Quartermain," went on the former, "I am going to tell you a story, and ask your advice, and perhaps your help. The gentleman who sent me your letter told me that I might place perfect faith in it, as you were well-known and respected by all in Natal."

I bowed,—and Sir Henry went on.

"Mr. Neville was my brother."

"Oh," I said,—for now I knew of whom Sir Henry had made me think when I first saw him.

"He was," went on Sir Henry, "my only and younger brother, and till five years ago I do not think we were ever a month away from each other. But just about five years ago we quarrelled, and I behaved unjustly to my brother in my anger."

Here Captain Good nodded his head.

"It so happened that just at the time when we quarrelled, our father died and all his money came to me, as the eldest son. My brother was left without a penny. Of course it was my duty to provide for him, and my father would have wished me to do so. But at that time, because of the quarrel between us, I did not offer to do anything. To my shame I say it. I waited for him to ask me: and he did not. I am sorry to trouble you with all this, Mr. Quartermain, but I must make things clear,—eh, Good?"

"Quite so, quite so," said the Captain. "Mr. Quartermain will, I am sure, keep this history to himself."

"Of course," said I.

"Well," went on Sir Henry, "my brother had a few hundred pounds. Without saying a word to me, he took this money and, using the name Neville, he started off for South Africa in the wild hope of gaining riches there. This I learnt afterwards. Some three years passed, and I heard nothing of my brother though I wrote several times. No doubt the letters never reached him. But, as time went on, I became more and more troubled about him. I began to make enquiries, and your letter was one of the results. At last I made up my mind to come and look for him myself, and Captain Good was so kind as to come with me."

"Yes," said the Captain; "I had nothing else to do. And now perhaps, sir, you will tell us what you know or have heard about the gentleman called Neville."

CHAPTER II

I SPEAK OF KING SOLOMON'S MINES

A

"What was it you heard about my brother's journey at Bamangwato?" said Sir Henry, as I paused to fill my pipe before answering Captain Good.

"I heard this," I answered, "and I have never spoken of it to anybody till to-day. I heard that he was starting for Solomon's mines."

"Solomon's mines!" cried both my hearers at once. "Where are they?"

"I don't know," I said. "I know where they are said to be. Once I saw the tops of the mountains that border them, but there were a hundred and thirty miles of desert between me and them, and I do not know that any white man ever got across it,—except one. Perhaps the best thing I can do is to tell you the story of Solomon's Mines as I know it. But you must promise me that you will keep secret everything that I tell you. Do you agree to do so? I have my reasons for asking it."

Sir Henry nodded, and Captain Good replied, "Certainly, certainly."

"Here and there," I began, "you meet a man who takes the trouble to collect the old stories of the natives. It was such a man who first told me of King Solomon's mines. His name was Evans."