

中英文对照

穿破衣服的 迪克

Ragged
DICK

美国青少年必读经典

[美] 霍瑞修·爱尔杰\著 谭自强\译

中国书籍出版社



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RAGGED DICK

CHAPTER I

RAGGED DICK

"Wake up there, youngster." said a rough voice.

Ragged Dick opened his eyes slowly, and stared stupidly in the face of the speaker, but did not offer to get up.

"Wake up, you young vagabond!" said the man a little impatiently; "I suppose you'd lay there all day, if I hadn't called you."

"What time is it?" asked Dick.

"Seven o'clock."

"Oh! Seven o'clock! I ought to have been up an hour ago. I know what't was made me so precious sleepy. I went to the Old Bowery last night, and didn't turn in till past twelve."

"You went to the Old Bowery? Where'd you get your money?" asked the man, who was a porter in the employ of a firm doing business on Spruce Street.

"Made it by shines, in course. My guardian don't allow me no money for theatres, so I have to earn it."

"Some boys get it easier than that." said the porter significantly.

"You don't catch me stealing, if that's what you mean." said Dick.

"Don't you ever steal, then?"

"No, and I wouldn't! Lots of boys does it, but I wouldn't."

"Well, I'm glad to hear you say that. I believe there's some good in you, Dick, after all."

"Oh, I'm a rough customer!" said Dick, "But I wouldn't steal. It's mean."

"I'm glad you think so, Dick." and the rough voice sounded gentler than at first, "Have you got any money to buy your breakfast?"

第 1 章

穿破衣服的迪克

“小混蛋，还不赶快给我爬起来。”只听有个粗暴的声音喊道。

穿破衣服的迪克慢慢地睁开眼睛，迷迷糊糊地看了看那个讲话的人，却并没有站起身来。

“起来，你这个小流浪汉！”那人不耐烦地说道，“要是不叫你的话，你看来会在这儿睡一天呢。”

迪克问道：“现在几点啊？”

“7 点了。”

“天啊，已经 7 点了，6 点我就应该起来了啊。我知道为什么我这么困了，昨天晚上我去了鲍威利那地方，玩到 12 点以后。”

“你昨天晚上到鲍威利去了？你从哪里弄的钱啊？”那个人问道——他在斯布鲁斯大街的一家商行做车夫。

“是我擦皮鞋挣到的钱啊！我的看护人不给我钱去看戏，我只有自己挣啦！”

“别的孩子可以用一种更容易的方式挣到钱的。”车夫别有用心地说道。

迪克说道：“你说我的钱是偷来的，但是你没有抓到我在偷别人钱啊？”

“你敢发誓说自己从来没偷过东西吗？”

“没有，我根本不会那么做的！有很多孩子都去偷东西，但我不会。”

“迪克，你能这么说我很高兴。我相信你毕竟是个好孩子。”

“是的，虽然我是难缠的顾客，”迪克说道，“但我肯定不会去偷东西的。”

“你能这么想我真的很高兴，迪克。”车夫的口气柔和了许多，“挣到钱去吃早饭吗？”



"No, but I'll soon get some." said Dick.

While this conversation had been going on, Dick had got up. His bedchamber had been a wooden box half full of straw, on which the young boot-black had reposed his weary limbs, and slept as soundly as if it had been a bed of down. He dumped down into the straw without taking the trouble of undressing.

Getting up too was an equally short process. He jumped out of the box, shook himself, picked out one or two straws that had found their way into rents in his clothes, and, drawing a well-worn cap over his uncombed locks, he was all ready for the business of the day.

Dick's appearance as he stood beside the box was rather peculiar. His pants were torn in several places, and had apparently belonged in the first instance to a boy two sizes larger than himself. He wore a vest, all the buttons of which were gone except two, out of which peeped a shirt which looked as if it had been worn a month. To complete his costume he wore a coat too long for him, dating back, if one might judge from its general appearance, to a remote antiquity.

Washing the face and hands is usually considered proper in commencing the day, but Dick was above such refinement. He had no particular dislike to dirt, and did not think it necessary to remove several dark streaks on his face and hands. But in spite of his dirt and rags there was something about Dick that was attractive. It was easy to see that if he had been clean and well dressed he would have been decidedly good-looking. Some of his companions were sly, and their faces inspired distrust; but Dick had a frank, straightforward manner that made him a favorite.

Dick's business hours had commenced. He had no office to open. His little blacking-box was ready for use, and he looked sharply in the faces of all who passed, addressing each with, "Shine yor boots, sir?"

"How much?" asked a gentleman on his way to his office.



“没有，不过我很快就能挣到钱的。”迪克说道。

一边聊着，迪克一边爬了起来。他的床是一个装了一半干草的木头箱子，一到晚上，这个年轻的擦鞋匠就会钻到自己这个舒适的床上舒展自己疲惫的四肢，他睡得很香，就像睡在鸭绒铺的床上一样。他倒进稻草连衣服也不用脱。

所以他起床也同样快。只见他从箱子里跳出来，伸了个懒腰，然后从衣服的破缝里拔出了几根干草，头发梳也不梳，又戴上破烂不堪的帽子，然后就开始了一天的工作。

让我们现在看看站在箱子旁的迪克奇特的样子吧：裤子破着几个大洞，而且要比迪克本人大两号。一件只剩下两个扣子的背心穿在身上。一件看样子已经一个月没洗的衬衣露了出来。然后他穿上了一件长大衣，那衣服太长了，而且看样子至少是古董级的了。

人们一般早上起床后会洗脸和手，可迪克并不买这些礼节的账。他并不特别讨厌灰尘，而且他并不觉得有必要洗掉脸上或手上的那几道灰尘。但虽然穿得破破烂烂，而且浑身脏兮兮的，迪克身上还是有一些很吸引人的地方。要是把自己打扮干净一些，再配上好衣服的话，他的确称得上是个“美男子”。迪克的一些同伴看起来很狡猾，而且很容易让人产生怀疑，但迪克他为人直爽，很讨人喜欢。

迪克的营业时间开始了。当然，他没有办公室。他把自己的小擦鞋盒子准备好之后，就睁大了眼睛，努力注视着过往的行人，向每个人打着招呼：“先生，来擦擦鞋吗？”

“多少钱？”一位正在赶往办公室的先生问道。



"Ten cents." said Dick, dropping his box, and sinking upon his knees on the sidewalk, flourishing his brush with the air of one skilled in his profession.

"Ten cents! Isn't that a little steep?"

"Well, you know taint all clear profit." said Dick, who had already set to work, "There's the —blackening— costs something, and I have to get a new brush pretty often."

"And you have a large rent too." said the gentleman quizzically, with a glance at a large hole in Dick's coat.

"Yes, sir." said Dick, always ready to joke, "I have to pay such a big rent for my mansion up on Fifth Avenue, that I can't afford to take less than ten cents a shine. I'll give you a bully shine, sir."

"Be quick about it, for I am in a hurry. So your house is on Fifth Avenue, is it?"

"It isn't anywhere else," said Dick, and Dick spoke the truth there.

"What tailor do you patronize?" asked the gentleman, surveying Dick's attire.

"Would you like to go to the same one?" asked Dick, shrewdly.

"Well, no; it strikes me that he didn't give you a very good fit."

"This coat once belonged to General Washington," said Dick, comically. "He wore it all through the Revolution, and it got torn some, cause he fit so hard. When he died he told his widow to give it to some smart young feller that hadn't got none of his own; so she gave it to me. But if you'd like it, sir, to remember General Washington by, I'll let you have it reasonable."

"Thank you, but I wouldn't want to deprive you of it. And did your pants come from General Washington too?"

"No, they was a gift from Lewis Napoleon. Lewis had outgrown them and sent them to me, —he's bigger than me, and that's why they don't fit."

"It seems you have distinguished friends. Now, my lad, I suppose you would like your money."

“10 美分，”迪克一边说着，一边放下箱子，跪在人行道上，用一副很老练的样子拿出了鞋刷。

“要 10 美分啊！有些贵了吧？”

“先生，您知道擦鞋是要花钱的。”迪克已经开始干活了，“鞋油是需要花钱的，我还要经常换新刷子。”

“是啊，你还要花很多钱付房租呢。”这位先生瞥了一眼迪克衣服上的大洞，一边开玩笑地说道。

“对啊，先生，”迪克总是喜欢跟人开玩笑，“您也知道，第五大道的房租是很贵的，要是您不给 10 美分的话，我都交不起房租啦！先生，我会给您擦得很好的。”

“你擦快点吧，我也正在赶时间，你刚才说你在第五大道住？”

“是啊，我还能去哪住啊！”迪克说道，而且他说的也确实是实情。

“那您经常到哪家服装店做衣服啊？”这位先生看着迪克的外衣说道。

“您想跟我去同一家吗，先生？”迪克机灵地答道。

“哦，不。我只是突然发现他们好像没有给你量好尺寸。”

“我穿的这件可是华盛顿将军以前穿的呢，”迪克俏皮地说道，“将军在整个革命战争期间一直穿着它，它确实有些破了，因为他过得很艰苦。将军在去世的时候交代他的遗孀，说这件衣服一定要交给那些没衣服穿的机灵鬼，所以她就把它给我了。如果您喜欢以此来纪念华盛顿将军的话，把它送给您怎么样？”

“谢谢了，君子不夺人之美！那你的裤子也是华盛顿将军的喽？”

“不，裤子是路易斯·拿破仑作为礼物送给我的。他长个儿啦，所以就把它送给我了——他比我高大，所以我穿起来也不大合适。”

“这样啊，你还真交了不少大人物啊。好了，小伙子，把钱给你吧。”



"I shouldn't have any objection," said Dick.

"I believe," said the gentleman, examining his pocket-book, "I haven't got anything short of twenty-five cents. Have you got any change?"

"Not a cent," said Dick, "All my money's invested in the Erie Railroad."

"That's unfortunate."

"Shall I get the money changed, sir?"

"I can't wait; I've got to meet an appointment immediately. I'll hand you twenty-five cents, and you can leave the change at my office any time during the day."

"All right, sir. Where is it?"

"No. 125 Fulton Street. Shall you remember?"

"Yes, sir. What name?"

"Greyson, —office on second floor."

"All right, sir; I'll bring it."

"I wonder whether the little scamp will prove honest," said Mr. Greyson to himself, as he walked away, "If he does, I'll give him my custom regularly. If he doesn't as is most likely, I shan't mind the loss of fifteen cents."

Mr. Greyson didn't understand Dick. Our ragged hero wasn't a model boy in all respects. He swore sometimes, and now and then he played tricks upon unsophisticated boys from the country, or gave a wrong direction to honest old gentlemen unused to the city. A clergyman in search of the Cooper Institute he once directed to the Tombs Prison, and, following him unobserved, was highly delighted when the unsuspecting stranger walked up the front steps of the great stone building on Centre Street, and tried to obtain admission.

"I guess he wouldn't want to stay long if he did get in," thought Ragged Dick, hitching up his pants.

Another of Dick's faults was his extravagance. Being always wide-awake and ready for business, he earned enough to have supported him comfortably and respectably. There were not a few young clerks who employed Dick from time to time in his professional capacity, who scarcely earned as much as he, greatly as their style and dress exceeded

“那我可没意见。”迪克说道。

“我相信。”这位先生摸了摸自己的口袋说，“我身上恐怕只有 25 美分了。你能找得开吗？”

“现在我身上一分钱也没有，”迪克说，“钱都投给伊利铁路公司了！”

“那真是太不巧了啊。”

“需要我帮您去换零钱吗，先生？”

“我等不及了。我马上就要去赴一个很重要的约会。你先拿着这 25 美分，换成零钱以后，今后有空的时候，你把剩下的钱送到我的办公室里吧。”

“好的，先生。但是您的办公室在什么地方呢？”

“富尔顿大街 125 号，你能记住吗？”

“没问题的，先生。请问怎么称呼您？”

“格莱森，我的办公室在二楼。”

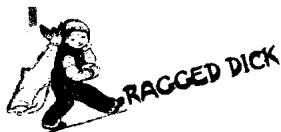
“好的，先生，我记住了。我一定会把钱送到您的办公室的。”

“哼，对这个啊，我可没抱什么希望，”格莱森先生自己嘟囔着走了。“不过他要是真送来的话，以后我就经常让他擦鞋。他真的不送的话，也就 15 美分，没什么的。”

其实格莱森先生并不了解迪克。我们这位穿破衣服的主人公无论从哪个方面来说都不是模范少年。他有时候会骂人，时不时地也会拿那些乡下来的孩子开玩笑，还会故意给那些问路的正直的老人家指错路。记得有一次他把一位想去库伯协会的牧师指到了墓地监狱，而且，他还悄悄跟着人家，当这个毫不怀疑的陌生人走到中央大街的监狱门前，哀求门卫让他进去的时候，迪克非常地高兴。

“哈哈，我想，他就是进去了，也不会在里面长住的。”穿破衣服的迪克边想，边提了提开始下滑的裤子。

迪克的另一个缺点是他的奢侈。因为他特别精明，随时准备干活，所以他挣的钱足够让他过上舒适体面的生活。说实话，别看很多来擦鞋的人穿得很体面，其实他们还没有迪克的工资高呢。



his. But Dick was careless of his earnings. Where they went he could hardly have told himself. However much he managed to earn during the day, all was generally spent before morning. He was fond of going to the Old Bowery Theatre, and to Tony Pastor's, and if he had any money left afterwards, he would invite some of his friends in somewhere to have an oyster-stew; so it seldom happened that he commenced the day with a penny.

Then I am sorry to add that Dick had formed the habit of smoking.

This cost him considerable, for Dick was rather fastidious about his cigars, and wouldn't smoke the cheapest. Besides, having a liberal nature, he was generally ready to treat his companions. But of course the expense was the smallest objection. No boy of fourteen can smoke without being affected injuriously. Men are frequently injured by smoking, and boys always. But large numbers of the newsboys and boot-blacks form the habit. Exposed to the cold and wet they find that it warms them up, and the self-indulgence grows upon them. It is not uncommon to see a little boy, too young to be out of his mother's sight, smoking with all the apparent satisfaction of a veteran smoker.

There was another way in which Dick sometimes lost money. There was a noted gambling-house on Baxter Street, which in the evening was sometimes crowded with these juvenile gamblers, who staked their hard earnings, generally losing of course, and refreshing themselves from time to time with a vile mixture of liquor at two cents a glass. Sometimes Dick strayed here, and played with the rest.

I have mentioned Dick's faults and defects, because I want it understood, to begin with, that I don't consider him a model boy.

But there were some good points about him nevertheless. He was above doing anything mean or dishonorable. He would not steal, or cheat, or impose upon younger boys, but was frank and straight-forward, manly and self-reliant. His nature was a noble one, and had saved him from all mean faults. I hope my young readers will like him as I do, without being blind to his faults. Perhaps, although he was only a boot-black, they may find something in him to imitate.

And now, having fairly introduced Ragged Dick to my young readers, I must refer them to the next chapter for his further adventures.