

中文导读英文版

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



Joe the Hotel Boy

乔伊历险记

[美] 霍瑞修·爱尔杰 原著

王勋 纪飞 等 编译

清华大学出版社



(中 文 导 读 英 文 版)

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内 容 简 介

Joe the Hotel Boy, 中文译名为《乔伊历险记》, 由美国著名教育家、小说家霍瑞修·阿尔杰编著。主人公乔伊是一个聪明、善良而富于正义感的乡村少年, 从小与单身汉叔叔一起过着平静的生活。一天, 一场灾难降临在这个无忧无虑的少年身上, 一个雷电劈倒了一棵大树, 他们的房子被树压塌了, 叔叔也被砸成重伤致死。叔叔在临死前告诉乔伊, 他有一个蓝色盒子, 但话还没有说完就去世了。失去了依靠的乔伊独自一人开始闯荡社会, 他先在一个小镇旅店里做服务生, 结果无意中卷入了一场与骗子的争斗中。经过不懈的努力, 最后正义战胜了邪恶, 同时也解开了蓝盒子之谜, 而乔伊的命运也彻底改变了。

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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前言

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。而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文的大环境。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



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。



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第一章 走进风暴

Chapter 1 Out in a Storm



乔伊和耐得此刻正在湖面上划船，忽然天空阴云密布。耐得是有钱人家的儿子，他穿着一身漂亮的衣服，担心会全部淋湿。乔伊想到最近的能避雨的地方是一个废弃的小木屋，他们决定抓紧时间划到那个地方去。

乔伊是个穷孩子，但他和耐得的关系非常好。乔伊对于打猎和划船很在行，他经常陪着耐得出去玩耍，耐得每次都会坚持付他一些钱。乔伊和老猎人希拉木住在一起，人们都说乔伊是希拉木的侄子；由于希拉木现在身体不好，两个人的生活都是

乔伊在负担着。

两个孩子用力地划着船，正好到达岸边的时候下起了大雨。乔伊让耐得先跑到屋里去，自己留下把船和桨放好。等乔伊也来到屋里的时候，外面雷电交加，耐得对于这恶劣的天气有点担心。乔伊很乐观，毕竟他们现在不会被雨淋湿。在风雨没来之前，他们已经钓了很多鱼，耐得坚持要付钱，他知道乔伊还需要养活希拉木。他问起乔伊有关亲身父亲的事情，乔伊自己也不太清楚，因为希拉木好像不太愿意谈论这个事情；但乔伊已经决定一定要找出答案。

“*W*hat 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.

“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 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 one end of the lake was a small settlement of scant importance and at the other 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.

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 parentage. 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.

"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 row-boat 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.

“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 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.”

“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.

第二章 一次神秘的谈话

Chapter 2 A Mysterious Conversation



乔伊和耐得打量着这座小木屋，这间屋子已经开始漏雨，他们趁着暴雨间歇的时候跑到了另外一间。他们突然听到了屋子隔壁传来一阵窃窃私语。乔伊听出是两个男人的声音，他认为最好不要去打扰那两个人，于是偷偷地透过窗户朝里面看。那间屋里已经点上了火炉，两个男人穿得很体面，他们手里拿着枪，正在谈论着赚钱和被抓的话题。乔伊敢肯定这两个人不是好人，又推断出两个人肯定在逃避抓捕。耐得认为他们应该继续监听两个人的谈话，这样就可以知道两个坏人有什么计划。

这两个男人一个叫帕特·马龙，一个叫盖甫·凯文。从他们谈话中可以知道盖甫以极低的价钱得到了一千股矿藏的股票，他正打算找到另外的买家。他们决定在报纸上登广告，吸引别的人购买。由于风雨雷声交杂，后面的谈话乔伊他们没有听清楚。等到雨过天晴后，乔伊和耐得打算继续留下以弄清楚两个坏人的计划。过了几分钟，他们发现那两个人竟然消失不见了；遗憾的是他们并没有看清两个人的长相。

他们决定放弃跟踪，乔伊把船里的水倒空，又擦干了座位，然后两个孩子往家划去。路上他们看到很多树木被雷电击中，耐得付了鱼钱后便和乔伊分了手。

The old hunting lodge where the two boys had sought shelter was a rambling affair, consisting of a square building built of logs, and half a dozen

wings, running to the rear and to one side. There were also two piazzas, and a shed, where wood had been kept for winter use.

“In another year or two this old lodge will fall down.” remarked Ned, as he gazed around him.

“It must have been a nice place in its day,” returned Joe. “What a pity to let it run down in this fashion.”

“The rain is coming around on this side now, Joe; let us shift to the other.”

The hermit’s boy was willing, and watching their chance, between the downpours, they ran around to another portion of the old lodge.

“It certainly is a little better here.” observed Joe, as he dashed the water from his cap.

A minute later the rumbling of the thunder ceased for the time being, and they heard a murmur of voices coming from one of the rooms of the lodge.

“Why, somebody must be here!” ejaculated Ned. “Who can it be?”

“Two men, by their voices,” answered the hermit’s boy. “Wait till I take a look at them?”

“Why not go in?” questioned the rich youth, carelessly.

“They may not be persons that we would care to meet, Ned. You know there are some undesirable characters about the lake.”

“That’s true.”

Not far off was a narrow window, the panes of glass of which had long since been broken out. Moving toward this, Joe peered into the apartment beyond.

Close to an old fireplace, in which a few sticks of half-green timber were burning, sat two men. Both were well dressed, and Joe rightfully surmised that they were from the city. Each wore a hunting outfit and had a gun, but neither had any game.

“We came on a wild-goose chase,” grumbled one, as he stirred the fire. “Got nothing but a soaking for our pains.”

“Never mind, Malone,” returned the other, who was evidently the better educated of the two. “As we had to make ourselves scarce in the city this was as good a place to come to as any.”

“Don’t you think they’ll look for us here?”

“Why should they? We were sharp enough not to leave any trail behind—at least, I was.”

“Reckon I was just as sharp, Caven.”

“You had to be—otherwise you would have been nabbed.” Gaff Caven chuckled to himself. “We outwitted them nicely, I must say. We deserve credit.”

“I’ve spent more than half of what I got out of the deal.” went on Pat Malone.

“I’ve spent more than that. But never mind, my boy, fortune will favor us again in the near future.”

A crash of thunder drowned out the conversation following, and Joe hurried back to where he had left Ned.

“Well, have you found out who they are?” demanded the rich youth, impatiently.

“No, Ned, but I am sure of one thing.”

“What is that?”

“They are two bad men.”

“What makes you think that?”

“They said something about having to get out of the city, and one spoke about being nabbed. Evidently they went away to avoid arrest.”

At this announcement Ned Talmadge whistled softly to himself.

“Phew! What shall we do about it?” he asked, with a look of concern on his usually passive face.

Joe shrugged his shoulders.

“I don’t know what to do.”

“Let us listen to what they have to say. Maybe we’ll strike some clew to what they have been doing.”

“Would that be fair—to play the eaves-dropper?”

“Certainly—if they are evildoers. Anybody who has done wrong ought to be locked up for it.” went on Ned boldly.

With caution the two boys made their way to the narrow window, and Ned looked in as Joe had done. The backs of the two men were still towards the opening, so the lads were not discovered.

“What is this new game?” they heard the man called Malone ask, after a



peal of thunder had rolled away.

“It’s the old game of a sick miner with some valuable stocks to sell.” answered Gaff Caven.

“Have you got the stocks?”

“To be sure—one thousand shares of the Blue Bell Mine, of Montana, said to be worth exactly fifty thousand dollars.”

“Phew! You’re flying high, Gaff!” laughed Pat Malone.

“And why not, so long as I sell the stocks?”

“What did they cost you?”

“Well, they didn’t cost me fifty thousand dollars.” and Gaff Caven closed one eye suggestively.

“You bet they didn’t! More than likely they didn’t cost you fifty dollars.”

“What, such elegantly engraved stocks as those?”

“Pooh! I can buy a bushel-basket full of worthless stocks for a dollar,” came from Pat Malone. “I go into the deal if you give me my fair share of the earnings.”

“I’ll give you one-third, Pat, and that’s a fair share, I think.”

“Why not make it half?”

“Because I’ll do the most of the work. It’s no easy matter to find a victim.” And Gaff Caven laughed broadly. He had a good-appearing face, but his eyes were small and not to be trusted.

“All right, I’ll go in for a third then. But how soon is the excitement to begin?”

“Oh, in a week or so. I’ve got the advertisements in the papers already.”

“Not in New York?”

“No, it’s Philadelphia this time. Perhaps I’ll land one of our Quaker friends.”

“Don’t be so sure. The Quakers may be slow but they generally know what they are doing.”

More thunder interrupted the conversation at this point, and when it was resumed the two men talked in such low tones that only an occasional word could be caught by the two boys.

“They surely must be rascals,” remarked Ned, in a whisper. “I’m half of a

mind to have them locked up.”

“That’s easier said than done,” answered Joe. “Besides, we haven’t any positive proofs against them.”

The wind was now rising, and it soon blew so furiously that the two boys were forced to seek the shelter of the woodshed, since they did not deem it wise to enter the lodge so long as the two men were inside. They waited in the shed for fully half an hour, when, as suddenly as it had begun, the storm let up and the sun began to peep forth from between the scattering clouds.

“Now we can go home if we wish,” said Joe. “But for my part, I’d like to stay and see what those men do, and where they go to.”

“Yes, let us stay by all means.” answered the rich youth.

They waited a few minutes longer and then Ned suggested that they look into the window of the lodge once more. The hermit’s boy was willing, and they approached the larger building with caution.

Much to their astonishment the two strangers had disappeared.

“Hullo! what do you make of that?” cried Ned, in amazement.

“Perhaps they are in one of the other rooms.” suggested Joe.

At the risk of being caught, they entered the lodge and looked into one room after another. Every apartment was vacant, and they now saw that the fire in the fireplace had been stamped out.

“They must have left while we were in the woodshed.” said Ned.

“Maybe they are out on the lake.” answered the hermit’s boy, and he ran down to the water’s edge, followed by his companion. But though they looked in every direction, not a craft of any kind was to be seen.

“Joe, they didn’t take to the water, consequently they must have left by one of the mountain paths.”

“That is true, and if they did they’ll have no nice time in getting through. All the bushes are sopping wet, and the mud is very slippery in places.”

They walked to the rear of the lodge and soon found the footprints of the two strangers. They led through the bushes and were lost at a small brook that ran into the lake.

“There is no use of our trying to follow this any further,” said Joe. “You’ll get your clothing covered with water and mud.”