

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

Andy Grant's Pluck
格兰特的勇气

[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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北京

内 容 简 介

Andy Grant's Pluck, 中文译名为《格兰特的勇气》, 由美国著名教育家、小说家霍瑞修·爱尔杰编著。主人公格兰特是一个正直、勤奋、诚实、聪明、勇敢的少年。他学习成绩优秀, 对未来充满憧憬和期待。当他准备上大学时, 家庭突然遭遇变故, 父亲被骗, 家庭濒临破产。格兰特不得不结束自己的学习生活, 勇敢地帮助父母分担家庭责任。为了谋生, 他在珠宝店当过学徒, 做过家庭教师, 干过房地产经纪人。年轻的格兰特经历了无数坎坷, 被同乡欺负, 被同事嫉妒, 被上司陷害, 还被街头的小流氓羞辱。无论生活多么艰难, 充满勇气的格兰特总是能够化险为夷。通过自己的努力, 他最终成了房地产公司的合伙人, 并为父亲偿还了债务, 使自己的家人过上了幸福的生活。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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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，书中难免有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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第一章 电报

Chapter 1 The Telegram



安迪·格兰特正在学校里，突然收到母亲发来的电报。安迪感觉家里一定出了什么事情，他赶紧找到克拉伯博士。成绩优秀的安迪是他最喜欢的学生，再过几个月，安迪就可以上大学了；博士正推荐他去自己的母校达特茅茨大学上学，安迪的父母也差不多接受这个建议了。

安迪坐火车只需两个小时就到家了。一下车他见到了邻居亨特，了解到家里人都挺健康，他放下心来。安迪的父亲拥有一个农场，又投资了政府债券，一家人生活很好。当安迪回到家时，得知当地银行的收银员劳伦斯携款潜逃，还以安迪父亲的名义购买了六千美元的债券，现在家里必须偿还这笔债务。父亲的所有债券都必须用来还债，同时还需抵押农场换得另外三千美元。每年还需支付一百八十美元利息，这相当于安迪一年的学费了。安迪明白自己不得不离开学校了。

“A telegram for you, Andy!” said Arthur Bacon, as he entered the room of Andy Grant in Penhurst Academy.

“A telegram!” repeated Andy, in vague alarm, for the word suggested something urgent—probably bad news of some kind.

He tore open the envelope and read the few words of the message:

“Come home at once. Something has happened. MOTHER.”

“What can it be?” thought Andy, perplexed. “At any rate, mother is well,

for she sent the telegram.”

“What is it?” asked Arthur.

“I don’t know. You can read the telegram for yourself.”

“Must you go home?” asked Arthur, in a tone of regret.

“Yes. When is there a train?”

“At three this afternoon.”

“I will take it. I must go and see Dr. Crabb.”

“But won’t you come back again?”

“I don’t know. I am all in the dark. I think something must have happened to my father.”

Dr. Crabb was at his desk in his library—it was Saturday afternoon, and school was not in session—when Andy knocked at the door.

“Come in!” said the doctor, in a deep voice.

Andy opened the door and entered. Dr. Crabb smiled, for Andy was his favorite pupil.

“Come in, Grant!” he said. “What can I do for you?”

“Give me permission to go home. I have just had a telegram. I will show it to you.”

The doctor was a man of fifty-five, with a high forehead and an intellectual face. He wore glasses, and had done so for ten years. They gave him the appearance of a learned scholar, as he was.

“Dear me!” he said. “How unfortunate! Only two weeks to the end of the term, and you are our primus!”

“I am very sorry, sir, but perhaps I may be able to come back.”

“Do so, by all means, if you can. There is hardly a pupil I could not better spare.”

“Thank you, sir,” said Andy gratefully. “There is a train at three o’clock. I would like to take it.”

“By all means. And let me hear from you, even if you can’t come back.”

“I will certainly write, doctor. Thank you for all your kindness.”

Penhurst Academy was an endowed school. On account of the endowments, the annual rate to boarding scholars was very reasonable—only three hundred dollars, including everything.

The academy had a fine reputation, which it owed in large part to the high character and gifts of Dr. Crabb, who had been the principal for twenty-five years. He had connected himself with the school soon after he left Dartmouth, and had been identified with it for the greater part of his active life.

Andy had been a pupil for over two years, and was an excellent Latin and Greek scholar. In a few months he would be ready for college.

Dr. Crabb was anxious to have him go to Dartmouth, his own alma mater, being convinced that he would do him credit and make a brilliant record for scholarship. Indeed, it was settled that he would go, his parents being ready to be guided by the doctor's advice.

From Penhurst to Arden, where Andy's parents lived, was fifty miles. Starting at three o'clock, the train reached Arden station at five.

As Andy stepped on the platform he saw Roland Hunter, the son of a neighbor.

"How are you, Andy?" said Roland, with a cheerful greeting. "How do you happen to be coming home? Is it vacation?"

"No, I was summoned home by a telegram. Is—are they all well at home?"

"Yes, so far as I know."

Andy breathed a sigh of relief.

"I am glad of that," he said. "I was afraid some one in the family might be sick."

"I don't think so. I would have heard, living so near."

"Father is well, then?"

"Come to think of it, I heard he had a bad headache."

"At any rate, it isn't anything serious. Are you going home? If you are, I'll walk along with you."

"We can do better than that; I've got uncle's buggy on the other side of the depot. I'll take you, bag and baggage."

"Thank you, Roland. My bag is rather heavy, and as it is a mile to the house, I shall be glad to accept your offer."

"Bundle in, then," said Roland, merrily. "I don't know but I ought to charge you a quarter. That's the regular fare by stage."

"All right! charge it if you like," rejoined Andy, smiling. "Are your folks all well?"

"Oh, yes, especially Lily. You and she are great friends, I believe."

"Oh, yes," answered Andy, with a smile.

"She thinks a good deal more of you than she does of me."

"Girls don't generally appreciate their brothers, I believe. If I had a sister, I presume she would like you better than me."

Roland dropped Andy at his father's gate.

It may be said here that Mr. Grant owned a farm offitty acres, that yielded him a comfortable living when supplemented by the interest on three thousand dollars invested in government bonds. On the farm was a house of moderate size which had always been a pleasant home to Andy and his little brother Robert, generally called Robbie.

Andy opened the gate and walked up to the front door, valise in hand.

The house and everything about it seemed just as it did when he left at the beginning of the school term. But Andy looked at them with different eyes.

Then he had been in good spirits, eager to return to his school work. Now something had happened, he did not yet know what.

Mrs. Grant was in the back part of the house, and Andy was in the sitting room before she was fully aware of his presence. Then she came in from the kitchen, where she was preparing supper.

Her face seemed careworn, but there was a smile upon it as she greeted her son.

"Then you got my telegram?" she said. "I didn't think you would be here so soon."

"I started at once, mother, for I felt anxious. What has happened? Are you all well?"

"Yes, thank God, we are in fair health, but we have met with misfortune."

"What is it?"

"Nathan Lawrence, cashier of the bank in Benton, has disappeared with twenty thousand dollars of the bank's money."

"What has that to do with father? He hasn't much money in that bank."

"Your father is on Mr. Lawrence's bond to the amount of six thousand

dollars.”

“I see,” answered Andy, gravely, “How much will he lose?”

“The whole of it.”

This, then, was what had happened. To a man in moderate circumstances, it must needs be a heavy blow.

“I suppose it will make a great difference?” said Andy, inquiringly.

“You can judge. Your father’s property consists of this farm and three thousand dollars in government bonds.

It will be necessary to sacrifice the bonds and place a mortgage of three thousand dollars on the farm.”

“How much is the farm worth?”

“Not over six thousand dollars.”

“Then father’s property is nearly all swept away.”

“Yes,” said his mother, sadly. “Hereafter he will receive no help from outside interest, and will, besides, have to pay interest . on a mortgage of three thousand dollars, at six percent.”

“One hundred and eighty dollars.”

“Yes.”

“Altogether, then, it will diminish our income by. rather more than three hundred dollars.”

“Yes, Andy.”

“That is about what my education has been costing father,” said Andy, in a low voice.

He began to see how this misfortune was going to affect him.

“I am afraid,” faltered Mrs. Grant, “that you will have to leave school.”

“Of course I must,” said Andy, speaking with a cheerfulness which he did not feel. “And in place of going to college I must see how I can help father bear this burden.”

“It will be very hard upon you, Andy,” said his mother, in a tone of sympathy.

“I shall be sorry, of course, mother; but there are plenty of boys who don’t go to college. I shall be no worse off than they.”

“I am glad you bear the disappointment so well, Andy. It is of you your

father and I have thought chiefly since the blow fell upon us.”

“Who will advance father the money on mortgage, mother?”

“Squire Carter has expressed a willingness to do so. He will be here this evening to talk it over.”

“I am sorry for that, mother. He is a hard man. If there is a chance to take advantage of father, he won’t hesitate to do it.”

第二章 乡绅卡特

Chapter 2 Squire Carter



安迪看到父亲愁容满面，完全失去了以往的快乐。父亲将劳伦斯留下的便条拿给安迪，信中主要是他携款潜逃的解释以及对格兰特先生的歉意。安迪主动向父亲提出自己将放弃上大学，可父亲不愿意看到孩子牺牲前程。安迪不停地安慰父亲，一起等着乡绅卡特前来商量有关农场抵押的事情。

卡特先生是镇上最有钱的人，他声称自己会努力帮助格兰特先生度过难关。卡特先生听说安迪不会继续上学的消息表示很同意这个决定，在他看来安迪学的那些拉丁文和希腊文没有任何好处。他虽然很富有，但是也不愿意送自己的孩子去上大学。

When Mr. Grant entered the room, he seemed to Andy to have grown five years older. His face was sad, and he had lost the brisk, cheerful manner which was habitual to him.

“Has your mother told you?” he asked.

“Yes, father.” Then he added with indignation: “What a wicked man Mr. Lawrence must be!”

“I suppose he was tempted,” said Mr. Grant, slowly. “Here is a note I received from him this morning.”

Andy took the envelope from his father’s hand, and, opening it, read the following lines:

OLD FRIEND:

Perhaps by the time you receive this letter you will have heard of the wrong I have done you and yours, and the loss I have brought upon you. It is to me a source of the greatest sorrow, for I fear you will never recover from it. I am just ready to go away. I cannot stay here to receive punishment, for it would tie my hands, and prevent my making reparation, as I hope some day to do. Why did I go wrong? I can't explain, except that it was infatuation. In a moment of madness I took some of the funds of the bank and risked them in Wall Street. I lost and went in deeper, hoping to be more fortunate and replace the stolen money. That is the way such things usually happen.

I can say no more, except that it will be my earnest effort to give you back the money you will lose by me. It may take years, but I hope we both shall live long enough for me to do it.

NA THAN LAWRENCE

Andy read this letter in silence and gave it back to his father.

"Do you believe he is sincere?" he asked.

"Yes, he has many good points, and I believe he really feels attached to me."

"He has taken a strange way to show it."

"He was weak, and yielded to temptation. There are many like him."

"Do you believe he will ever be able to make up the loss?"

"I don't know. He is a man of fine business talent, and may be able in time to do something, but his defalcation amounts to twenty thousand dollars."

"We must try to make the best of it, father. You have been spending three hundred dollars a year for me, besides the expense of my clothes. If that is saved, it will make up your loss of income."

"But, my dear boy, I don't like to sacrifice your prospects."

"It won't be sacrificing them," said Andy, with forced cheerfulness. "It will only change them. Of course, I must give up the thought of a college education, but I may make a success in business."

"It will be very hard upon you," said Mr. Grant, sadly.

"No, father. I won't deny that I shall be sorry just at first, but it may turn out better for me in the end."

“You are a good boy, to take it so well, Andy. I had no right to risk so much, even for a friend like Lawrence.”

“You have known Mr. Lawrence for many years, have you not, father?”

“Yes, we were schoolboys together. I thought him the soul of honor. But I ought not to have risked three-quarters of my estate, even for him.”

“You can’t be blamed, father. You had full confidence in him.”

“Yes, I had full confidence in him,” sighed Mr. Grant.

“And he may yet be able to make up the loss to you.”

Though Andy said this, he only said it to mitigate his father’s regret, for he had very little confidence in the missing cashier or his promises. He was repaid by seeing his father brighten up.

“You have cheered me, Andy,” he said. “I don’t care so much for myself, but I have been thinking of you and your mother.”

“And we have been thinking of you, father,” said Mrs. Grant. “It might be worse.”

“I don’t see very well how that could be.”

“We are in good health, thank God! and your reputation is unblemished. Compare your position with that of Nathan Lawrence, forced to flee in disgrace under a load of shame.”

“You are right, wife. He is more to be pitied than I am.”

“Is he a married man, father?”

“No, that is, he is a widower.”

“While we are spared to each other. We must trust in God and hope for the best.”

“Mother tells me you expect to get part of the money you need from Squire Carter,” said Andy.

“Yes, he has promised to take a mortgage of three thousand dollars on the old place.”

“I have heard he is a hard man, father. I don’t think he is influenced by kindness.”

“I can’t afford to inquire into his motives. It is enough that he will furnish the money. But for that I might have to sell the farm, and then we should be quite helpless.”

About seven o'clock Squire Carter made his appearance. Andy opened the door for him.

He was a tall, florid-faced man, with an air of consequence based upon his knowledge that he was the richest man in the town.

"Good-evening, Andrew," he said, for he was always formal. "So you are home from school?"

"Yes, sir."

"When did you come?"

"This afternoon, sir."

"I suppose you heard of your father's misfortune?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ha! it is very sad-very sad, indeed. I quite feel for your father. I am trying to help him out of his trouble. He was a very foolish man to risk so much on that rascal, Lawrence."

Andy was disposed to agree with the squire, but he did not like to hear his father blamed.

"I think he realizes that he was unwise, Squire Carter," said Andy. "Won't you walk in?"

"I suppose your father is at home?" said the squire, as he stepped into the front entry.

"Yes, sir, he was expecting you."

Andy opened the door of the sitting room, and the squire entered. Mr. Grant rose from the rocking-chair in which he was seated and welcomed his visitor.

"I am glad to see you, squire," he said. "Take a seat by the fire."

"Thank you," said the squire, with dignity. "I came, as I said I would. I do not desert an old neighbor because he has been unfortunate."

But for his patronizing tone his words would have awakened more gratitude. As it was, his manner seemed to say: "See how kind-hearted I am."

Somehow, Andy felt more and more sorry to think his father must be indebted to such a man.

"It is getting quite fallish," said the squire, rubbing his hands. "I suppose I am more sensitive to cold, as my home is heated throughout with steam."