

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

Paul the Peddler

小贩保罗

[美] 霍瑞修·爱尔杰 原著
王勋 纪飞 等 编译



清华大学出版社



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内 容 简 介

Paul the Peddler, 中文译名为《小贩保罗》, 由美国著名教育家、小说家霍瑞修·爱尔杰编著。主人公保罗是一个聪明、有商业头脑的少年, 他原本过着衣食无忧的生活。由于父亲不幸去世, 保罗一家人陷入困境之中。弟弟年幼、母亲体弱多病, 14 岁的保罗挑起了生活的重担。他卖过幸运奖券, 当过报童, 做过搬运工……几乎所有街头小贩能做的生意, 他都尝试过。面对现实的困境和生活的艰辛, 保罗不屈不挠, 依靠勤劳、诚信, 赢得了顾客和伙伴的尊重。经过努力, 保罗最后有了属于自己的货摊, 并开始了新的生活。

本书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, 这些小说已被译成多种文字, 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

前言



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 小贩保罗

Chapter 1 Paul the Peddler



保罗今年 14 岁，目前主要以贩卖“幸运袋”为生。此刻他正站在邮局前叫卖着。“幸运袋”是保罗想出来的新花样，任何人花 5 美分购买一袋糖果，保证每袋都有奖品，最高达到 10 美分。这吸引了很多小孩围观，他们纷纷出手尝试自己的运气，不过正常抽出来的奖金最多只有 2 美分。恰好一个年轻人经过，他买了一袋糖果，抽中了 10 美分的奖金，保罗爽快地给了他 10 美分。这个大奖让围观的不少人看到了希望，他们都掏出钱购买幸运袋，但没有人能够获得大奖。第一批围观的人们渐渐散去，不过由于邮局前面人来人往，很快便聚集了一批新的客人。大部分人由于好奇而购买了一袋，每袋都有一两美分的奖金；他们几乎都没有领走，而是重新购买了糖果。保罗卖出去了很多，最后只剩下一袋。

一个男孩和他的爸爸一起走过，在儿子的央求下那位父亲买下了最后这袋糖果，获得了一美分的奖金；那位父亲怎么都不肯接受这份奖金，这样保罗的幸运袋全都卖光了。保罗赶着回家告诉母亲这个好消息，半路上遇到泰迪；泰迪想和他合伙做生意，但保罗不需要，他不知道泰迪其实已经盯上了他的生意。

“Here’s your prize packages! Only five cents! Money prize in every package! Walk up, gentlemen, and try your luck!”

The speaker, a boy of fourteen, stood in front of the shabby brick building,

on Nassau street, which has served for many years as the New York post office. In front of him, as he stood with his back to the building, was a small basket, filled with ordinary letter envelopes, each labeled "Prize Package."

His attractive announcement, which, at that time, had also the merit of novelty—for Paul had himself hit upon the idea, and manufactured the packages, as we shall hereafter explain—drew around him a miscellaneous crowd, composed chiefly of boys.

"What's in the packages, Johnny?" asked a bootblack, with his box strapped to his back.

"Candy," answered Paul. "Buy one. Only five cents."

"There ain't much candy," answered the bootblack, with a disparaging glance.

"What if there isn't? There's a prize."

"How big a prize?"

"There's a ten-cent stamp in some of 'em. All have got something in 'em."

Influenced by this representation, the bootblack drew out a five-cent piece, and said:

"Pitch one over then. I guess I can stand it." An envelope was at once handed him.

"Open it, Johnny," said a newsboy at his side. Twenty curious eyes were fixed upon him as he opened the package. He drew out rather a scanty supply of candy, and then turning to Paul, with a look of indignation, said:

"Where's the prize? I don't see no prize. Give me back my five cents."

"Give it to me. I'll show you," said the young merchant.

He thrust in his finger, and drew out a square bit of paper, on which was written- One Cent.

"There's your prize," he added, drawing a penny from his pocket.

"It ain't much of a prize," said the buyer. "Where's your ten cents?"

"I didn't say I put ten cents into every package," answered Paul.

"I'd burst up pretty quick if I did that. Who'll have another package? Only five cents!"

Curiosity and taste for speculation are as prevalent among children as with men, so this appeal produced its effect.

"Give me a package," said Teddy O'Brien, a newsboy, stretching out a dirty hand, containing the stipulated sum. He also was watched curiously as he opened the package. He drew out a paper bearing the words- Two Cents.

"Bully for you, Teddy! You've had better luck than I," said the bootblack.

The check was duly honored, and Teddy seemed satisfied, though the amount of candy he received probably could not have cost over half-a-cent. Still, he had drawn twice as large a prize as the first buyer, and that was satisfactory.

"Who'll take the next?" asked Paul, in a businesslike manner.

"Maybe there's ten cents in this package. That's where you double your money. Walk up, gentlemen. Only five cents!"

Three more responded to this invitation, one drawing a prize of two cents, the other two of one cent each. Just then, as it seemed doubtful whether any more would be purchased by those present, a young man, employed in a Wall street house, came out of the post office.

"What have you got here?" he asked, pausing.

"Prize packages of candy! Money prize in every package! Only five cents!"

"Give me one, then. I never drew a prize in my life."

The exchange was speedily made.

"I don't see any prize," he said, opening it.

"It's on a bit of paper, mister," said Teddy, nearly as much interested as if it had been his own purchase.

"Oh, yes, I see. Well, I'm in luck. Ten cents!"

"Ten cents!" exclaimed several of the less fortunate buyers, with a shade of envy.

"Here's your prize, mister," said Paul, drawing out a ten-cent stamp from his vest pocket.

"Well, Johnny, you do things on the square, that's a fact. Just keep the ten cents, and give me two more packages."

This Paul did with alacrity; but the Wall street clerk's luck was at an end. He got two prizes of a penny each.

"Well," he said, "I'm not much out of pocket. I've bought three packages,

and it's only cost me three cents."

The ten-cent prize produced a favorable effect on the business of the young peddler. Five more packages were bought, and the contents eagerly inspected; but no other large prize appeared. Two cents was the maximum prize drawn.

Their curiosity being satisfied, the crowd dispersed; but it was not long before another gathered. In fact, Paul had shown excellent judgment in selecting the front of the post office as his place of business. Hundreds passed in and out every hour, besides those who passed by on a different destination. Thus many ears caught the young peddler's cry—"Prize packages! Only five cents apiece!"—and made a purchase; most from curiosity, but some few attracted by the businesslike bearing of the young merchant, and willing to encourage him in his efforts to make a living. These last, as well as some of the former class, declined to accept the prizes, so that these were so much gain to Paul.

At length but one package remained, and this Paul was some time getting rid of. At last a gentleman came up, holding a little boy of seven by the hand.

"Oh, buy me the package, papa?" he said, drawing his father's attention.

"What is there in it, boy?" asked the gentleman.

"Candy," was the answer.

Alfred, for this was the little boy's name, renewed his entreaties, having, like most boys, a taste for candy.

"There it is, Alfred," said his father, handing the package to his little son.

"There's a prize inside," said Paul, seeing that they were about to pass.

"We must look for the prize by all means," said the gentleman.

"What is this? One cent?"

"Yes sir"; and Paul held out a cent to his customer.

"Never mind about that! You may keep the prize."

"I want it, pa," interposed Alfred, with his mouth full of candy.

"I'll give you another," said his father, still declining to accept the proffered prize.

Paul now found himself in the enviable position of one who, at eleven o'clock, had succeeded in disposing of his entire stock in trade, and that at an

excellent profit, as we soon shall see.

Business had been more brisk with him than with many merchants on a larger scale, who sometimes keep open their shops all day without taking in enough to pay expenses. But, then, it is to be considered that in Paul's case expenses were not a formidable item. He had no rent to pay, for one thing, nor clerk hire, being competent to attend to his entire business single-handed.

All his expense, in fact, was the first cost of his stock in trade, and he had so fixed his prices as to insure a good profit on that. So, on the whole, Paul felt very well satisfied at the result of his experiment, for this was his first day in the prize-package business.

"I guess I'll go home," he said to himself. "Mother'll want to know how I made out." He turned up Nassau street, and had reached the corner of Maiden lane, when Teddy O'Brien met him.

"Did you sell out, Johnny?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Paul.

"How many packages did you have?"

"Fifty."

"That's bully. How much you made?"

"I can't tell yet. I haven't counted up," said Paul.

"It's better'n sellin' papers, I'll bet. I've only made thirty cents the day. Don't you want to take a partner, Johnny?"

"No, I don't think I do," said Paul, who had good reason to doubt whether such a step would be to his advantage.

"Then I'll go in for myself," said Teddy, somewhat displeased at the refusal.

"Go ahead! There's nobody to stop you," said Paul.

"I'd rather go in with you," said Teddy, feeling that there would be some trouble in making the prize packages, but influenced still more by the knowledge that he had not capital enough to start in the business alone.

"No," said Paul, positively; "I don't want any partner. I can do well enough alone."

He was not surprised at Teddy's application. Street boys are as enterprising, and have as sharp eyes for business as their elders, and no one

among them can monopolize a profitable business long. This is especially the case with the young street merchant. When one has had the good luck to find some attractive article which promises to sell briskly, he takes every care to hide the source of his supply from his rivals in trade. But this is almost impossible. Cases are frequent where such boys are subjected to the closest espionage, their steps being dogged for hours by boys who think they have found a good thing and are determined to share it. In the present case Paul had hit upon an idea which seemed to promise well, and he was determined to keep it to himself as long as possible. As soon as he was subjected to competition and rivalry his gains would probably diminish.

第二章 保罗为家操持

Chapter 2 Paul at Home



保罗一家住在一栋廉价出租的公寓里，他和弟弟住一间房，妈妈一个人一间房；房间布置得很讲究，除了一些必备的家具之外，还有不少书籍。保罗的父亲在世的时候是一个手艺精良的木匠，他们一家人生活很好；但一场意外的车祸夺走了父亲的生命，他们维持不了日常的生活开销，只能搬到了廉价社区里。他们攒的钱现在已经花光了，保罗只好走到大街上加入了街头小贩的行列。他刚开始卖火柴，后来发现竞争过于激烈，转而尝试其他生意。他赚的钱足够养活自己，但家里还有母亲和弟弟，他不得不继续想更赚钱的生意。一天他突然想到了“幸运袋”的点子，今天上午半天就赚了 1 美元 30 美分，下午他打算再去买些糖果和信封。

保罗的弟弟杰米回来了，他今年 10 岁，因身体虚弱，腿脚不灵便，家里的人都很疼爱他。弟弟帮忙做好了幸运袋，他自己目前正在学画画，梦想长大以后能当个艺术家。下午保罗出去做生意又赚了 1 美元，回家时给弟弟买了画画用品。

Paul went up Centre street and turned into Pearl. Stopping before a tenement-house, he entered, and, going up two flights of stairs, opened a door and entered.

“You are home early, Paul,” said a woman of middle age, looking up at his entrance.



“Yes, mother; I’ve sold out.”

“You’ve not sold out the whole fifty packages?” she asked, in surprise.

“Yes, I have. I had capital luck.”

“Why, you must have made as much as a dollar, and it’s not twelve yet.”

“I’ve made more than that, mother. Just wait a minute, till I’ve reckoned up a little. Where’s Jimmy?”

“Miss Beckwith offered to take him out to walk with her, so I let him go. He’ll be back at twelve.”

While Paul is making a calculation, a few words of explanation and description may be given, so that the reader may understand better how he is situated.

The rooms occupied by Paul and his mother were three in number. The largest one was about fourteen feet square, and was lighted by two windows. It was covered with a neat, though well-worn, carpet; a few cane-bottomed chairs were ranged at the windows, and on each side of the table. There was a French clock on the mantel, a rocking chair for his mother, and a few inexpensive engravings hung upon the walls. There was a hanging bookcase containing two shelves, filled with books, partly school books, supplemented by a few miscellaneous books, such as “Robinson Crusoe”, “Pilgrim’s Progress”, a volume of “Poetical Selections,” an odd volume of Scott, and several others. Out of the main room opened two narrow chambers, both together of about the same area as the main room. One of these was occupied by Paul and Jimmy, the other by his mother.

Those who are familiar with the construction of a New York tenement-house will readily understand the appearance of the rooms into which we have introduced them. It must, however, be explained that few similar apartments are found so well furnished. Carpets are not very common in tenement-houses, and if there are any pictures, they are usually the cheapest prints. Wooden chairs, and generally every object of the cheapest, are to be met with in the dwellings of the New York poor. If we find something better in the present instance, it is not because Paul and his mother are any better off than their neighbors. On the contrary, there are few whose income is so small. But they have seen better days, and the furniture we see has been saved from the

time of their comparative prosperity.

As Paul is still at his estimate, let us improve the opportunity by giving a little of their early history.

Mr. Hoffman, the father of Paul, was born in Germany, but came to New York when a boy of twelve, and there he grew up and married, his wife being an American. He was a cabinetmaker, and, being a skillful workman, earned very good wages, so that he was able to maintain his family in comfort. They occupied a neat little cottage in Harlem, and lived very happily, for Mr. Hoffman was temperate and kind, when an unfortunate accident clouded their happiness, and brought an end to their prosperity. In crossing Broadway at its most crowded part, the husband and father was run over by a loaded dray, and so seriously injured that he lived but a few hours. Then the precarious nature of their prosperity was found out. Mr. Hoffman had not saved anything, having always lived up to the extent of his income. It was obviously impossible for them to continue to live in their old home, paying a rent of twenty dollars per month. Besides, Paul did not see any good opportunity to earn his living in Harlem. So, at his instigation, his mother moved downtown, and took rooms in a tenement-house in Pearl street, agreeing to pay six dollars a month for apartments which would now command double the price.

They brought with them furniture enough to furnish the three rooms, selling the rest for what it would bring, and thus obtaining a small reserve fund, which by this time was nearly exhausted.

Once fairly established in their new home, Paul went out into the streets to earn his living. The two most obvious, and, on the whole, most profitable trades, were blacking boots and selling newspapers. To the first, Paul, who was a neat boy, objected on the score that it would keep his hands and clothing dirty, and, street boy though he had become, he had a pride in his personal appearance. To selling papers he had not the same objection, but he had a natural taste for trade, and this led him to join the ranks of the street peddlers. He began with vending matches, but found so much competition in the business, and received so rough a reception oftentimes from those who had repeated calls from others in the same business, that he gave it up, and tried something else. But the same competition which crowds the professions and