1984年版高中英语课本第一册

**LESSON 1 HOW MARX LEARNED FOREIGN LANGUAGES**

**马克思怎样学习外语**

Karl Marx was born in Germany, and German was his native language. When he was still a young man, he was forced to leave his homeland for political reasons. He stayed in Belgium for a few years; then he went to France. Before long he had to move on again. In 1849, he went to England and made London the base for his revolutionary work.

Marx had learned some French and English at school. When he got to England, he found that his English was too limited. He started working hard to improve it. He made such rapid progress that before long he began to write articles in English for an American newspaper. In fact, his English in one of these articles was so good that Engels wrote him a letter and praised him for it. Marx wrote back to say that Engels' praise had greatly encouraged him. However, he went on to explain that he was not too sure about two things -- the grammar and some of the idioms.

These letters were written in 1853. In the years that followed, Marx kept on studying English and using it. When he wrote one of his great works, The Civil War in France, he had mastered the language so well that he was able to write the book in English.

In the 1870s, when Marx was already in his fifties, he found it important to study the situation in Russia, so he began to learn Russian. At the end of six months he had learned enough to read articles and reports in Russian.

In one of his books, Marx gave some advice on how to learn a foreign language. He said when people are learning a foreign language, they should not translate everything into their own language. If they do this, it shows they have not mastered it. When they used the foreign language, they should try to forget all about their own. If they cannot do this, they have not really learned the spirit of the foreign language and cannot use it freely.

**LESSON 2 AT HOME IN THE FUTURE**

**未来的家**

A medical examination without a doctor or nurse in the room? Doing shopping at home? Borrowing books from the library without leaving your home?

These ideas may seem strange to you. But scientists are working hard to turn them into realities.

Let us suppose we can visit a home at the end of this century. We will visit a boy named Charlie Green. He is not feeling well this morning. His mother, Mrs Green, wants the doctor to see him. That is, she wants the doctor to listen to him. She brings a set of wires to Charlie's room. These wires are called sensors. She places one sensor in his mouth and one on his chest. She puts another one around his wrist and one on his forehead. Then she plugs the sensors into a wall outlet. She says the code "TCP". This means "telephone call placed." A little light flashes on the wall. The Green's wireless telephone is ready for a call.

Mrs Green says "2478", the doctor's telephone number. From a speaker on the wall comes the doctor's voice: "Good morning."

"Good morning, Dr Scott," answers Mrs Green. "Charlie isn't feeling too well this morning. I've put the sensors on him. I wonder if you can examine him now."

"Sure," the doctor's voice says. "Well, he doesn't have a fever. And his pulse is fine. Now, breathe deeply, Charlie."

Charlie does so.

"Just a little cold," says the doctor. "Better stay inside today, Charlie. And take it easy."

"Thank you, Doctor," says Mrs Green. "TCC (telephone call completed)." The light on the wall turns off. The phone call and the examination are finished.

"Charlie," says Mrs Green," since you have to stay at home, why don't you do some shopping? You can pick out your new bicycle. After all, your birthday is only two weeks away."

"Great," Charlie answers.

Charlie and his mother sit in front of one of the visionphones. There are several in their house. "TCP," says Charlie. The word ready appears on the screen of the visionphone.

"New Forest Bicycle Shop," a voice says. "May I help you?"

Charlie answers, "I'd like to see your ten-speed bicycles."

In the next few minutes, pictures of many models of the bicycles are flashed on the creen. The price of each model is also shown.

Then the voice asks, "Are you interested in any of these models?"

"Yes, I'm interested in model 6."

"Do you wish to place an order at this time?"

"Not just yet," answers Mrs Green. "My son's birthday is in two weeks' time. Thank you. TCC." The visionphone shuts off.

Such would be our home in the future.

**LESSON 3 THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT**

**盲人和象**

Once upon a time there were six blind men who lived in a village in India. Every day they went to the road nearby and stood there begging. They had often heard of elephants, but they had never seen one, for , being blind, how could they?

One morning an elephant was led down the road where they stood. When they heard that an elephant was passing by, they asked the driver to stop the beast so that they could have a "look".

Of course they could not look at him with their eyes, but they thought they might learn what kind of animal he was by touching and feeling him. For, you see, they trust their own sense of touch very much.

The first blind man happened to place his hand on the elephant's side. "Well, well, " he said. "This beast is exactly like a wall."

The second grasped one of the elephant's tusks and felt it. "You're quite mistaken," he said. "He's round and smooth and sharp. He's more like a spear than anything else."

The third happened to take hold of the elephant's trunk. "You're both completely wrong," he said. "This elephant is like a snake, as anybody can see."

The fourth opened both his arms the closed them around one of the elephant's legs. "Oh, how blind you are!" he cried. "It's very clear that he's round and tall like a tree."

The fifth was a very tall man, and he caught one of the elephant's ears. "Even the blindest person must see that this elephant isn't like any of the things you name." he siad. "He's exactly like a huge fan."

The sixth man went forward to feel the elephant. He was old and slow and it took him quite some time to find the elephant at all. At last he got hold of the beast's tail. "Oh, how silly you all are!" cried he. "The elephant isn't like a wall, or a spear, or a snake, or a tree; neither is he like a fan. Any man with eyes in his head can see that he's exactly like a rope."

Then the driver and the elephant moved on, and the six men sat by the roadside all day, quarrelling about

the elephant. They could not agree with one another, because each believed that he knew just what the beast looked like.

It is not only blind men who make such stupid mistakes. People who can see sometimes act just as foolishly.

**LESSON 4 GALILEO AND ARISTOTLE**

**伽利略和亚里斯多德**

About 2300 years ago, there lived in Greece a great thinker named Aristotle. He observed that feathers fell to the ground slowly, while stones fell much faster. He thought it over carefully and concluded that heavy objects always fell faster than light ones. His conclusion certainly sounded reasonale. But we now know that it is not true.

In those days people seldom did experiments to test their ideas. When they observed anything that happened, they thought about it and then drew a conclusion. Once Aristotle made up his mind that heavy objects always fell faster than light objects, he taught it as a truth to his students. And because he was Aristotle, the great thinker, no one questioned his idea for almost 2000 years.

Then, almost 400 years ago, an Italian scientist named Galileo began to question Aristotle's theory of falling objects. He was not ready to believe something just because Aristotle said so. He decided to do some experiments to test Aristotle's theory.

Galileo lived in the city of Pisa, where there is a leaning tower about 180 feet high. From the top of the tower Galileo dropped a light ball and a heavy ball at exactly the same time. They both fell at about the same speed and hit the ground together. He tried the experiments again and again. Every time he got the same result. At last, he decided that he had found the truth about falling objects. As we know now, heavy objects and light objects fall at the same speed unless air holds them back. A feather falls slower than a stone only because the air holds the feather back more than it does the stone.

When Galileo told people of his discovery, no one would belive him. But Galileo was not discouraged. He went on doing experiments to test the truth of other old ideas. He built a telescope through which he could study the skies. He collected facts that proved the earth and all the other planets move around the sun.

Today we praise Galileo and call him one of the founders of modern science. He observed things carefully and never took anything for granted. Instead, he did experiments to test and prove an idea before he was ready to accept it.

An experiment was done on the moon in July, 1971. One of the US astronauts who made the first deep space walk on the moon dropped a hammer and a feather together. They both landed on the surface of the moon at the same time. This experiment proved that Galileo's theory of falling objects is true.

**LESSON 5 THE LOST NECKLACE**

**丢失的项链**

Place: a park in Paris

Time: a summer afternoon in 1870

People: Mathilde Loisel, wife

Pierre Loisel, husband

Jeanne Forrestier, their friend

(Jeanne is sitting in the park. Mathilde walks towards her, she stops and speaks to Jeanne.)

Mathilde: Good afternoon, Jeanne.

Jeanne: (Looking at the other woman) I'm sorry, but I don't think I know you.

Mathilde: No, you wouldn't, but many years ago you knew me well. I'm Mathilde Loisel.

Jeanne: Mathilde! My old school friend. Is it possible? But yes, of course it is. Now I remember. Where have you been all these years, Mathilde? I hope you weren't ill.

Mathilde: No, Jeanne, I wasn't ill. You see here an old woman. But it's because of hard work - ten years of hard work.

Jeanne: But I don't understand, Mathilde. There's only one year between us; I'm thirty-five and you're thirty-four. Can hard work change a person that much?

Mathilde: Yes, it can. Years of hard work, little food, only a cold room to live in and never, never a moment to rest. That has been my life for these past ten years.

Jeanne: Mathilde! I didin't know. I'm sorry. But what happened?

Mathilde: Well, I would rather not tell you.

Jeanne: Oh, come, Mathilde .Surely you can tell an old friend.

Mathilde: Well, ... Well, it was all necause of that necklace. Your necklace.

Jeanne: My necklace?

Mathilde: Do you remember one afternoon ten years ago when I came to your house and borrowed a diamond necklace?

Jeanne: Let me think. Ten years ago... Oh, yes, I remember. You were going to the palace with your husband, I think.

Mathilde: Right. Pierre was working in a govenrment office, and for the first time in our lives we were invited to an important ball.

(The scene changed to that evening in the home of Pierre and Mathilde Loisel.)

Pierre: Yes, Mathilde, we're going to the ball, the palace ball!

Mathilde: I can't believe it!

Piere: But it's true.

Mathilde: Oh, Piere, how wonderful! But I haven't got a dress for the ball!

Pierre； What does a new evening dress cost?

Mathilde: Mathilde: About four hundred francs.

Pierre: Four hundred! That's a lot of money. But perhaps, just this once, we'll use what we have to get a new dress for you. This ball is very important to me. I was the only person in my office who was invited. Mathilde: Thank you, Pierre, you're so kind. Oh, but there's one other thing...

Pierre: What is it, Mathilde?

Mathlde: I ... I have no jewelry.

Pierre: Jewelry? Do you need jewelry? Why not just a flower?

Mathilde: To go to the palace with just a flower is to say "I'm poor. I haven't got any jewelry."

Pierre: Can't you borrow some jewelry from a friend, Mathilde?

Mathilde: Which friend? My friends are all poor, too.

Pierre: Let me think. How about Jeanne? She married well. Perhaps she has some.

Mathilde: Ah, yes, Jeanne. She married a man with a lot of money. I'll go and see her on Friday, after I get the new dress.

Pierre: I'm sure she has something you can borrow.

(The scene changes back to the park. Mathilde continues to tell Jeanne her story.)

Mathilde: One Friday I came to see you, Jeanne. Remember?

Jeanne: Yes, Mathilde, I remember.

Mathilde: You were very kind. You brought out your jewelry and told me to take anything I wanted. Jeanne: (Smiling) You were like a little girl. Your eyes became so big.

Mathilde: There were so many things and they were all beautiful. It was hard to choose.

Jeanne: Until you saw the diamond necklace.

Mathlde: Yes, and then I knew I wanted to borrow the necklace. I didn't want anything else, only the necklace.

Jeanne: I'm sure you looked beautiful that evening, Mathilde. You were always a very pretty girl. Mathilde: Perhaps in those days I was, but everything changed after that night at the palace.

Jeanne: Didn't you have a good time at that ball?

Mathilde: Yes, a very good time, but that was the last time... the last happy evening for the next ten years.

Jeanne: But why, Mathilde?

Mathilde: On the way home I looked down at my dress and saw that the necklace was gone. I told Pierre. We returned to the palace and looked in every room, but couldn't find it. I never saw your necklace again, Jeanne.

Jeanne: But Mathilde, you brought it back to me the next afternoon. I remember very well.

Mathilde: Yes, Jeanne, I brought a necklace to you. It was exactly like your necklace but it was a different one. I hope it was as good as the one you lent me. It cost us thirty-six thousand francs.

Jeanne: Thirty-six thousand!

Mathilde: Yes, Pierre and I brrowed the money and bought it. During the next ten years we both worked night and day to pay for it. That is why you see this old woman before you now, Jeanne. Well, after all these years we've paid off all our debts.

Jeanne: But Mathilde, my dear friend, that wasn't a real diamond necklace you borrowed from me. It was made of glass. It was worth five hundred francs at the most.

**LESSON 6 ABRAHAM LINCOLN**

**亚伯拉罕·林肯**

Abraham Lincoln, the son of a poor family, was born in Kentucky on February 12, 1809. He spent his childhood in hard work, helping his father on their small farm. His mother, who he loved dearly, died in 1818. Happily for him, his father' s second wife was kind to him too. When she saw that Abraham liked reading, she did all she could to help him. But the family was poor and the boy could not get many books. Abraham Lincoln later said himself that he only went to school a little now and little then. His whole school education added up to no more than one year.

As a young man he was a storekeeper and later a postmaster. He studied law in his spare time and became a lawyer. He was active in politics and strongly against slavery. In all his political life, he thought of building a free state for all the people.

In 1860, Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States. Then he worked still harder for freedom for the slaves. Soon the Southern states rebelled. They set up a state of their own, where they would be free to keep Negroes as slaves. Lincoln said that it was not right for the south to break away from the Union. Fighting broke out between the North and the South. This was the American Civil War. The war lasted four years before the North won in the end. The nation was reunioned and the slaves were set free.

In 1864, Lincoln was elected President of the United States for the second time. But his enemies, the slave owners in the South and the bankers in big cities, who had grown rich on the work of the slaves, could not let Lincoln continue his work. He, who led the United States through these years, was shot on April 14,

1865, at a theatre in Washington, D.C. and died early the next morning. The whole nation was in deep sorrow at this news, for the people had come to love him as an inspiring leader, and a wise, warm-hearted, honest man.

About seventeen months before his death, at the opening of a memorial to the many men who lost their lives fighting for the freedom of the Negroes, Abraham Lincoln told his people that the living must finish the work of those dead; that they must fight for freedom for all-Negroes and whites; that America must strengthen government of the people, by the people and for the people.

Today, Abraham Lincoln is regarded as one of the greatest of all American presidents.

**LESSON 7 THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES**

**皇帝的新装**

Many years ago there lived an Emperor, who cared more for fine new clothes than for anything else. He had different clothes for every hour of the day.

One day two cheats camt to see the Emperor. They called themselves weavers and said that they knew how to weave cloth of the most beautiful colors and designs in the world. They also said that the most interesting thing about the cloth was that clothes made of it would be invisible to anyone who was either stupid or unfit for his office.

"Ah, what splendid clothes!" thought the Emperor. "They are just what I shall have. When I put them on, I shall be able to find out which men in my empire are unfit for their offices. And I shall be able to tell who are wise and who are foolish. This cloth must be woven for me right away."

The Emperor gave the cheats some gold in order that they might begin their work at once.

So the two men set up two looms and pretended to be working very hard. They asked for the most beautiful silk and the best gold thread. This they kept for themselves. And then they went on with their work at the empty looms until late into the night.

After some time had passed, the Emperor said to himself, "I wonder how the weavers are getting along with my cloth." Then he remembered that those who were either fools or unfit for their offices could not see the cloth. Though he believed that he ought to have nothing to fear for himself, he wanted someone else to look at the cloth first.

The Emperor thought a while and decided to send his old Prime Minister to see the cloth. He thought the Prime Minister a wise, honest man who was more fit for his office than anyone else.

So the old Prinme Minister went into the hall where the cheats were working at the empty looms.

"God save me!" thought the old man, opening his eyes very wide. "I can't see anything at all." But he was careful not to say so.

The men who were pretending to weave asked him to come closer. They pointed to the empty looms and asked him if he liked the design and the colors.

The poor old Prime Minister opend his eyes wid wider, but he could see nothing on the looms.

"Dear me," he said to himself, "Am I foolish or unfit for my office? I must never tell anyone that I could not see the cloth."

"Oh! it's most beautiful!" said the Prime Minister quickly. "The design and the colors! I will tell the Emperor how wonderful they are."

The Emperor was pleased by what the Prime Minister told him about the cloth. Soon after, he sent another official to find out how soon the cloth would be ready. The same thing happened. The official could see nothing, but he sang high praise for the cloth. When he got back, he told the Emperor that the cloth was beautiful indeed.

All the people in the city were now talking about this wonderful cloth which the Emperor had ordered ro be woven for so much money.And they were eager to know how wise or foolish their friends and neighbors might be.

**LESSON 8 THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES(Continued)**

**皇帝的新装（续）**

Now at last the Emperor wished to go himself and see the cloth while it was still on the looms. He took with him a few of his officials, including the old Prinme Minister and the official who had already been there. As soon as the weavers heard the Emperor coming, they pretended to work harder than ever, though they were not weaving a single thread through the empty looms.

"Isn't the cloth magnificent?" said the official and the Prime Minister. "What a splendid design! And what colors!" they said, while pointing to the empty looms. They thought that everyone else could see the wonderful work of the weavers though they could not see it themselves.

"What on earth can this mean?" said the Emperor to himself. "I don't see anything. This is horrible! But I mustn't let anyonek now."

"The cloth is beautiful," he cried out loud. "Beautiful! I am very pleased with it."

The officials could see no more than the Emperor, but they all shouted, ‘Beautiful! Excellent! Magnificent!" and other such expressions. They told the Emperor that he should have new clothes made of this splendid cloth for the coming great procession.

They Emperor nodded. He cried hard to pretend to share in the pleasure of his officials and gave each of the weavers a medal.

The night before the procession, the two men had their lights burning all night long. They wanted everyone to see how hard they were workingon the Emperor's new clothes.

At last they cried, "Finished! The Emperor's new clothes are now ready!"

Then the Emperor arrived with his hgh officials.

"Now if you take off your clothes, Your Majesty, we will fit the new clothes on you in front of the mirror," said the cheats.

The Emperor was then undressed, and the cheats pretened to dress him in his new clothes. The Emperor turned from side to side in front of the mirrior.

"How splendid the Emperor looks in his new clothes!" everyone cried. "And how well they fit! What a splendid design! And what colors!"

"Well, I suppose I'm ready for the procession," said the Emperor. "Don't you think they are a nice fit?" And he turned again in front of the mirror, in order to make the others think he was looking at his new clothes. "Yes, perfectly wonderful!" cried his officials.

And so the procession began.

The Emperor walked in the middle of the procession, through the streets of the city. And all the people standing by and those at the windows cried out, "On, how splendid our Emperor's new clothes are! What a perfect fit!"

No one dared say that he could not see the Emperor's new clothes.

Suddenly a little child's voice was heard:" But he has nothing on!"

"Good heavens! Listen to that silly child!" said the father.

"Did you hear what the child said?" some people nearby asked each other.

What the child had said was whispered from one to the other.

"I can't see anything at all on the Emperor," cried one or two of the braver ones.

The cry was taken up and soon everyone was noddng and saying," BUT HE HAS NOTHING ON!"

The Emperor heard the cries. He felt very silly, for he knew that the people were right. But he thought, "The procession has atarted, and it must go on!"

So the Emperor held his head higher than ever. And the two officials who were following him took great trouble to hold up higher the train of the robe that wasn't there at all.

**LESSON 9 LADY SILKWORM**

**蚕花娘子**

Long long ago, there lived in Hangzhou a girl called Aqiao. When Aqiao was nine years old, her mother died. Her father remarried and the stepmother was cruel to Aqiao and her brother.

One winter morning, the stepmother told Aqiao to go out and cut some grass for the sheep. The poor girl, with a basket on her back, searched all day from the riverside to the foot of the mountain. But where could she find any green grass in winter? She was tired, cold and hungry, but she was afraid to go home and face her stepmother.

As she walked along, she noticed an old pine tree ahead at the entrance to a valley. Aqiao pushed the branches aside. She saw a brook with red flowers and green grass on both sides. She bent down immediately to cut the grass. She went on cutting and cutting until she came to the end of the brook. She stood up to wipe the sweat off her face. Suddenly she saw a lady all in white standing in front of her. The lady was smiling. "Little girl, how nice to see you! Won't you come and stay with us for a while?"

Aqiao looked around. To her surprise, she found herself in a different world. There were rows of white houses with trees in front of them. The leaves on the trees were green and large. And there were many other ladies in white, who were singing and picking the leaves from the trees.

Aqiao liked what she saw and decided to stay.

After that she worked together with the ladies in white. They picked leaves from the trees, and fed them to some little white worms. Slowly, the little worms would grow up and spit out silk to form cocoons. The lady in white told Aqiao how to reel the shining silk from these cocoons and how to dye the silk different colors.

Time passed quickly and three months went by before Aqiao knew it.

One day, Aqiao thought of her brother:"Why not ask my brother to cme here too?"

Early next morning, without telling the lady in white, she hurried back home. When left, Aqiao took some silkworm eggs and a bag of mulberry seeds with her. As she walked, she dropped the seeds along the road so that she would know the way back.

When Aqiao reached home, she found that her father had grown old and her brother had become a young man. The cruel stepmother had died.

It had been fifteen years since she left!

"Aqiao! Why didn't you come home all these years? Where have you been?"

Aqiao told her father all that had happened. Her father thought that she must have met a fairy.

The next day Aqiao decided to go back to the valley with her brother. But when she opened the door, she found things had changed. The road was lined with mulberry trees. All the seeds she had dropped had grown into trees. She walked along the trail of mulberry trees until she came to the valley. The old pine tree still stood there like an umbrella covering the entrance, but she could no longer find a way to get into the valley. So all she could do was to go back home.

It was said that that was how the Chinese first raised silkworms. The lady in white whom Aqiao met in the valley was Lady Silkworm, the fairy in charge of the harvesting of silk.

**LESSON 10 THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA**

**中国的万里长城**

The Great Wall of China, the longest wall in the world, runs across north China like a huge dragon. It winds its way from west to east, across deserts, over mountains, through valleys, till at last it reaches the sea. It is one of the wonders of the world. And it was one of the few man-made objects on earth that could be seen by the astronauts who landed on the moon.

The Great Wall has a history of over twenty centuries. The first part of it was built during the Spring and Autumn Period (770 B.C.- 476 B.C.). During the Warring States Period (475 B.C. - 221 B.C.), more walls were put up to defend the borders of the different kingdoms.

In 221 B.C., the kingdom of Qin united the different parts of China into one empire. To keep the enemy out of his empire, Emperor Qin Shi Huang had all the walls joined up. Thus the Great Wall came into being. Since then, it has often been added to, rebuilt and repaired, especially during the Ming Dynasty (1368-1644). The Great Wall, which is called in Chinese "The Ten-thousand-li Great Wall", is actually more than 6,000 kilometres long, 6-7 metres high and 4-5 metres wide. In most places it is wide enough for five horses or ten men to walk side by side along the top. It has great gateways which connect the main roads of north China.

Every few hundred meters along the Wall there are watchtowers, where soldiers used to keep watch. When the enemy came, fires were lit and at the same time guns were fired to warn soldiers at other towers. One column of smoke with one gunshot meant an enemy troop of about 100, two columns with two shots meant 500. In this way, a warning message could be sent 500 kilometres within a few houra.

It was very difficult to build and rebuild such a great wall over wild and distant country without any modern machines. All the work had to be done by hand. Many people were forced to work on the wall far away from their homes. They lifted earth in baskets, assed bricks from hand to hand and dragged heavy stones with ropes over their shoulders. Their living conditions were terrible. Thousands of men died and were buried under the wall they built. The Great Wall was made not only of stone and earth, but of the flesh and blood of millions of men.

After the Great Wall were rebuilt hundreds of years ago, no more work was done on it until the People's Republic of China was founded. After that, parts of the Wall were repaired. On both sides of it new cities appeared, trees were planted, and desrets became grasslands. The old Great Wall took on a new look.

Today the Great Wall has become a place of interest not only to the Chinese people, but also to people from all over the world. Many of them have come to know the famous Chinese saying:" He who does not reach the Great Wall is not a true man."

**LESSON 11 AT A TAILOR'S SHOP**

**在服装店（选自《百万英镑》）**

I was wandering through the streets when I caught sight of a tailor's shop. I wanted very much to get a new suit and throw off my old clothes. But... I had nothing in the world but a million-pound note. However, I could not resist the temptation. I went in and asked if they had a cheap suit. The fellow I spoke to made no answer at first, looked me up and down, noticed that I was almost in rags, then said, "Just a minute."

I waited till he had finished his work. Then he took me into a back room, where the rejected suits were kept. He looked through the suits and selected the cheapest one for me. I put it on. It didn't fit, but it was new and I was anxious to have it, so I said shyly:

"Could you wait a few days for the money? I haven't any small change on me."

The fellow looked at me coldly and said, "Oh, you haven't? Well, of course, I know that gentlemen like you carry only large notes."

I was hurt and said, "My friend, you shouldn't judge a stranger always by the clothes he wears. I'm quite able to pay for this suit. I simply didn't wish to put you to the trouble of changing a large note."

"Why do you think we can't change your note? On the contrary, we can."

I handed the note to him and said: "Oh, very well, I apologize."

He received it with a smile, and then as he looked at the note, his smile froze. Holding the note in his hand, he stood there dumbfounded. The owner of the shop came up to see what was the matter.

I said, "There isn't any trouble. I'm just waiting for my change."

"Come, come; get him his change, Tod; get him his change."

Tod answered, "Get him his change! It's easy to say, sir; but look at the bill yourself."

The owner took a look, gave a low whistle, then made a dive for the rejected clothing and began to snatch it this way and that, talking all the while excitedly, as if to himself.

"To sell such a suit as that to a millionaire! Tod's a fool. Ah, here's the thing I'm after. Please get those things off, sir, and throw them into the fire. Do me the favor to put on this shirt, and this suit. Ah, it's just the thing, the very thing! The trousers are all right; now the waistcoat; aha, right again! Now the coat - sir! Look at that, now! Perfect - the whole thing!"

I expressed my satisfaction.

"Quite right, sir, quite right. But wait till you see what we'll make for you to your own measure." Before I could get in a word he had measured me, and was giving orders for evening suits, morning suits, shirts and all sorts of things. "They will be ready the day after tomorrow," he said.

"But I can't give these orders, unless you can wait some time, or change the note."

"I can wait all my life, sir. Tod, you will send these things to the gentleman's address. Put down the gentleman's address and... "

"I'm changing my hotel. I'll drop in and leave the new address," I said.

"Quite right, sir, quite right. One moment - let me show you out, sir. Good day, sir, good day."

**LESSON 12 POLLUTION**

**污染**

The pollution of the earth is increasing very fast. Man must make the earth support more people. This has made it necessary for agriculture and industry to develop very quickly.

With the development of modern agriculture and industry, more and more waste is produced. Much of this waste is harmful. It goes into the water, the soil and the air. Some of it is absorbed and made harmless. But where there is too much of it, the poisonous waste may do great harm to the things around us. This is called pollution.

When farmers add fertilizer to the soil to make plants grow better, or apray poison to kill plant pests, poison is sent into the air, the water and the soil. When birds, fish and people eat the grain, drink the water or breathe the air, harm will be done to there health.

The air in big cities is often made very dirty by factories. Millions of tons of waste and poisonous gases are sent into the air with the smoke. In some places, little is done to make the smoke clean before it goes into the air.

Oil is burnt in cars, trucks and buses. They produce waste gases almost as harmful as the gases from factories. In big cities during cold winter months, many old people die from the polluted air. In places around

big factories, trees and vegetables are often killed by the bad air.

Another kind of polllution is noise. Very loud noises can make people ill, hurt their ears, or even drive them mad. Houses near airports sometimes have their windows broken by the noise of jet planes passing overhead. Workers in some industries have their hearing harmed by the noise of the machines.

Every day, people throw away a lot of rubbish. Some of the rubbish, such as food, paper and iron, rots away over a long period of time. But plastics and rubber never rot. If they are burned, they give off poisonous gases. How to get rid of these things is a big problem.

Fortunately, people are beginning to realize just how serious the whole situation is. In many countries, laws have been passed to prevent factories from sending out poisionous gases and polluted water.

Many natural materials are becoming scarce. Scientists have found ways to take some useful things out of the waste materials and use them again. Ths is called recycling. Steel, iron, glass, cloth and paper can all be recycled.

Waste water, too, can be recycled. When the waste water from factories is made clean and reused, a lot of money is saved. Waste water from a number of cities is "cleaned" before flowing back into rivers. Today, many rivers that were polluted are getting cleaner and cleaner. Fish and birds are returning to these rivers, and the water in them is no longer poisonous or dangerous to people's health.

Man is fighting a battle against pollution. Yet, the battle will not be won until evryone knows how serious the danger is, and does something to stop it.

**LESSON 13 THE FOOTPRINT**

**脚印（选自《鲁滨逊漂流记》）**

One day, walking along the sands towards his boat, Crusoe saw in the sand the mark of a man's foot. He was terrified at the sight. He looked round, but could see nobody. He listened, but could hear nothing. There were no other marks. Who had made the footprint? Was there someone else on this lonely island? Was it a savage? Crusoe stared at the footprint, full of fear.

He hurried home, looking behind from time to time as he went. For some days he stayed in this cave, behind his wall. He was afaid to go out, even for food.

But no savages came and after a time he began to go out again. His dog, which was now very old, became ill and died. This made Crusoe very sad. He now felt even more lonely without his friend, the dog. He often thought about the footmark. Perhaps he had made it himself? He decided to go back and look again. The footprint was still there. He tried his foot in it, but it was much larger than his own. So there must be someone else on the island. Full of fear again, Crusoe returned home.

He built another fence round his cave. Now he made holes in the wall and placed his guns in them, pointing outwards.

But he still did not feel safe enough. He decided to look for another cave, where he could hide if savages came.

He found a good place in the rocks, more than twelve feet high, with a narrow entrance. He stepped into the cave. Suddenenly he saw two eyes glaring at him out of the darkness. Was it a man, or a wild animal? He hurried out into the daylight.

Crusoe lit a fire and from it took a burning stick. He stepped back into the cave, holding the stick high above his head. He heard a noise, as if aomeone was breathing. He stopped. Nothing happened. He went farther into the cave.

On the ground lay an old sick goat, which had gone into the cave to die. It was the goat's eyes that he had seen in the darkness. As he looked at it, the goat rolled over and died.

Crusoe looked about the cave. The ground and the sides were quite dry. Inside, the top of the cave was nearly twenty feet high. It was a good hiding place.

Crusoe had eleven guns altogether. He brought five of them to his new cave and a great deal of gun-powder. The cave was quite dark inside, so he made some candles to give light.

Now he had a safe place if the savages came.Every day he climbed to a high rock near his cave to keep watch. And so the months and years went by.

It was autumn, the time for Crusoe to gather his small harvest of corn. Early one morning, before starting work, he climbed up to his lookout.

There, on the shore, were nine savages, sitting round a fire. Nearby were two canoes in which they had came to the island. They seemed to be eating something they had cooked on the fire. Crusoe watched, full of fear.

As soon as the savages had gone, Crusoe returned home for two guns. Then he made his way down to the shore. He looked out to sea. The two canoes were almost out of sight.

He went towards the fire, which was still smoking. Among the ashes he found bones. They were not the bones of an animal, but of a human being!

Crusoe knew that the savages killed their enemies and ate them. He made up his mind to shoot them if they came again. But many months went by and no one visited the island.

**LESSON 14 WATCHING ANTS**

**观蚁**

If you go into the fields and turn over a few big stones, you may uncover a city of ant "people". You will see the workers, who gather food for themselves and for all the others. You will see the nurses, who care for the baby ants. And you will see some of the babies too.

While ants grow, they change their form three times. They start as tiny white eggs, and when these hatch, out come little fat white worms. These worms then weave silk cocoons around themselves, inside which they change from fat worms into ants. When the time comes, the cocoons are torn open by the ant nurses, and the new ants with their tender legs and bodies are very gently helped out. You may see some of these new ants, still very pale in colour.

A lucky visitor to the ant city may see the queen. She is much larger than the others and her hind half is very big because it is full of eggs. Laying eggs is her full-time jobs. She may have tens of thousands of babies in one summer. The nurses keep her very clean, washing her with their tongues. From the outside, the workers bring her food. As the mother of many children, she is respected and taken good care of.

Not all the ants go out for food. Some have extra powerful jaws. These act as guards and soldiers in time of trouble. Some workers keep the tunnels and rooms clean. All rubbish is carried out.

Ants are fond of sweet food. They often milk little bugs called ant cows. You can see ant cows on the leaves and flowers of many plants. These cow bugs drink much more sap than they can use. It passes right through their bodies, only getting a little thickes and sweeter. The ant knows how to milk them. It strikes a cow bug's back with its forelegs and feelers. The cow bug seems to enjoy this, and presently a tiny drop of honeydew milk appears. The ant laps it up and goes to the next cow bug for more.

The ant is not gathering this food for itself alone. It has two stomachs in its body, one for itself and one for carrying food for "the folks back home". When it returns, a nurse ant which has been busy indoors all day is sure to ask for honeydew. The two ants place their mouths together. The one which has the honeydew brings up a drop from its public stomach and passes it into the nurse ant's mouth; later, the nurse will give some of her drop to the babies, or to the queen. This is how the city is fed.

When one ant wants food from another, it taps on the other's head with its feelers, using a kind of telegraph code. They "talk" a great deal by this means. If you watch long enough, you will see many problems settled by this "tap-talking" with the feelers.

**LESSON 15 NAPOLEON'S THREE QUESTIONS**

**拿破仑的三个问题**

A story is told about a Swede who wanted to join Napoleon’s Grand Army. One evening some of Napoleon’s soldiers were drinking together when a young Frenchman brought friend to their table. He expained that his friend was a Swede and knew no French, but this Swede admired Napoleon so much that he wanted to join the French army and fight for him.

The soldiers looked up and saw a tall young man with blue eyes, a friendly face, strong arms and broad shoulders. They like him at once.

The officers saw that he was just the right sort of man, so they accepted him and he became one of Napoleons soldiers. His new friends smoothed away the difficulties. He fought bravely in many battles and gained their respect. However, his knowledge of French remained very weak, because he was not good at learning languages, but this did not prevent him from fighting hard.

Several yaears later, word came that Napoleon himself was coming to inspect them, and the Swede was warned that the great man world probably ask him some question. There was some difficulty in expaining this to the Swede, but when at last he understood he became very anxious.

“The Swede won’t understand the questions.” One of the Frenchmen said, “What can he do?” It was well know that Napoleon always asked the same three questions, I and usuall in the same order. The first question was, “How old are you?” The second was, “how long have you been in my army?” And the third was, “Did you serve in either of my last two campaigns?”

The Swede could not possibly remember all these words and so his friends decided to teach him only the answers in their proper order. They gave him a lot of practice. Whenever possible, one of them would stop him, make him stand at attention, and ask him the three questions. “How old are you?” he would demand, and the Swede would answer, “Twenty-three, sir.” Then his friend would ask, “How long have you been in my army?” and the Swede would answer, “Three years, sir.” To the third question, “Did you serve in either of my last two campaigns?” the Swede would answer with pride, “Both, sir!”

For many days this practice continued. The Swede would walk about, saying to himself, “Twenty-three, sir. Three years, sir. Both, sir!” Before the day of the inspection, his friends were satisfied. He knew his answer. There ought to be no trouble.

Napolen arrived. Stading in front of the straight lines of soldiers, he looked at them with great satisfaction. Then he began to walk along the lines, smiling sometimes, and saying a few word here and there. The Swede stood quite still, except that his lips moved slightly. He was still practicing.

Napoleon suddenly caught sight of the tall soldier and realized at once that he had never seen him before. He stopped in front of the Swede. For some reason, this time the great man began with the second question. “How many years have you been in my army?” he demanded.

“Twenty-Three, sir,” said the Swede clearly and well.

Napoleon was surprised. He look at tall man and asked, “How old are you then?”

“Three years, sir,” replied the Swede quickly.

Napoleon was astonished. “Either you are mad, or I am,” he declared.

“Both, sir!” cried the Swede proudly.

**LESSON 16 CONTINENTS AND OCEANS**

**大陆和海洋**

From space the earth looks like a huge water-covered globe, with a few patches of land sticking out above the water. North of the equator about 61 percent of the surface is covered by water. South of the equator 81 percent of the surface is water. Altogether more than 70 percent of the surface of our planet is covered by water.

As you study a globe, you may notice that most of the large land areas are connected, or almost so. We often speak of seven continents, but you can see that Europe, Asia, and Africa are really one landmass. South America is joined to North America, and only a narrow strait separates North America from Asia. Oceania is a separate landmass, but it is separated from Asia by very shallow water. Antarctica is about 600 miles from the tip of South America.

The largest landmass is usually divided into two "continents" along the Ural Mountains. Land to the east of the Urals is called Asia; land to the west, Europe. Asia is the largest continent, covering one third of the earth's land area. Africa is the second largest continent. It is actually connected with Asia at the spot where the Suez Canal was dug. Oceania is the smallest continent.

The world's coldest continent, and the most difficult to reach, is Antartica. For centuries, people have wondered what this continent is really like, since it is covered with solid thick ice and deep snow. You may think it strange that anyone would live there. Actually a very small number of people do. They are mostly visiting scientists. A lot of reasrch work has been carried out in recent years, but much still has to be learned about the land lying under the ice.

As we have seen, oceans cover more than 70 percent of the earth. Study of a globe shows that the oceans actually form one continuous body of water. From Antartica, three main "gulfs" exyend northward. These are called the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans. The Atlantic is longer and narrower than the other two. The Arctic Ocean is considered by some to be a northern part pf the Atlantic Ocean. The Pacific Ocean is by far the largest ocean and covers covers almost half of the total ocean area.

Because the ocean surface is so smooth, people may think the ocean bottom is made up of smooth plains. Actually the ocean floors are almost as irregular as the exposed land areas. Many scientists are making a study of animal and plant life in the oceans. They hope to fiond new resources for mankind.

**LESSON 17 THE STORY OF WILLIAM TELL**

**威廉·泰尔的故事**

A long time ago the tiny country of Switzerland was ruled by Austria. But the Swiss did not take their fate lying down.Every week there was a rebellion somewhere, and the Austrian soldiers were kept busy hurrying from one town to another in order to put down the rebellions. The town of Altorf was particularly troublesome.

The emperorof Autria finally decided to teach the Swiss a lesson. He sent a special governor to Altorf, a man named Gessler, who would rule with a firm hand.

One of Gessler's orders required all Altorfers to bow before him. Anyone who refused to bow was thrown into prison. Although most of the people bowed to Gessler, they spat into the dirt as they did so. So Gessler decided to get even tougher. He placed his hat on a pole in the marketplace and ordered the Altorfers to bow before it whenever they passed.

One day, William Tell, a famous hunter, came to Altorf with his little son. He saw that ten soldiers were atationed beside the pole. He knew about the order, and he knew why the sodiers were there, but he would

have none of it.

Holding his head high, he walked past the poleand the soldiers as if they didn't exist. Immediately the soldiers surrounded him and his son, saying:" You must bow before the hat!"

"Why?"

"It's an order!"

"It's your order," said William Tell,"not mine."

"We'll show you whose order it is," said the soldiers, and they led the father and son to Gessler.

Even before the cruel governor himself William Telldid not bow. He held his son's hand firmly to be sure that the boy did not bow either.

"You broke the law," said Gessler.

"That is not my law," said William Tell. "I am a citizen of Switzerland,not Austria."

Gessler turned red with anger. He then thought of a plan to punish William Tell.

"You're a hunter," he said. "We'll see how good you are." Picking an apple from a tree overhead, he turned to a soldier and said, "Take the boy one hundred paces down the street and place this apple on his head." Then he ordered William Tell to shoot at the apple with one of his arrow.

The people who had gathered around gasped at the cruelty of the order.

Without saying a word, William Tell drew two arrows. He looked at his son, one hundred paces away with an apple on his head. The soldiers had him stand with his back to his father.

"Turn around," William Tell called to his son. "Look this way."

The boy turned around and faced his father.

William Tell studied the two arrows, selected one, and placed it in his bow. Slowly he raised the bow, pulled back the cord, and after taking careful aim, let the arrow fly.

It split the apple in half!

The people raised a shout of joy. William Tell turned and looked calmly at Gessler.

"Congratlations!" said Gessler, sneering."Now tell me why you took a second arrow."

"If I had missed," said William Tell, "and had shot too low, I was going to use this arrow on you."

The story of the bravery of William Tell and his son quickly got round throughout Switzerland. It filled the hearts of the Swiss with pride and courage, and it was not long before the whole country rose up and drove the Austrian soldiers from their homeland.

**LESSON 18 A LITTLE HERO**

**小英雄**

A group of Italian soldiers led by a captain were advancing alowly toward the position of the enemy. They were expecting to see in the distance some signs of the enemy. They arrived at a farmhouse, in front of which sat a small boy. The boy was cutting a branch of a tree with his knife to make a cane.

When the boy saw the soldiers, he stopped working on the branch, stood up, and took off his cap. He was a handsome boy with large, bright eyes and fair hair.

"What are you doiing here?" asked the captain. " Why didn't you leave with your family?"

"I don't have any family," said the boy. "I'm an orphan. I used to work for the family that lived here. They've gone, but I stayed in order to see the fighting."

"Hace you seen any Austrians pass by here?"

"Not within the last three days."

The captain got off his horse, and went into the house. His head soon appeared out of one of the second storey windows, from where he could see nothing but trees. In front of the house was a tall tree, its top well

above the tops of the other trees. The captain came out and asked the boy:

"Do you have good eyesight, young man?"

"Me? "asked the boy. "I can see a sparrow two hundred paces away."

"Do you think you could climb that tree and tell me whether you see anything of the Austrians in the distance?"

"Sure," said the boy eagerly, jumping up, kicking off his shoes, and throwing aside his cap.

"How much do you want for that?" asked the captain.

"I don't want anything," said the boy, already starting to climb. "I world do anything for our soldiers." In a few minutes the boy was at the top of the tree.

"Look straight ahaed," cried the captain, "and tell me what you see."

"Two men on horseback - nothing else."

"How far away?"

"About a mile and a half. They're standing still."

"What else do you see?" asked the captain after a moment of silence.

The boy looked to the right. after a while he said:

"Near the cemetery, between the trees, there's something shining, perhaps bayonets."

"Do you see any soldiers?"

"No, if there are any,they must be hidden among the trees."

Just then there was the sharp whistle of a bullet which passed near the boy.

"Get down!" said the captain.

Another bullet whistled by.

"They're shooting at me," said the boy. "but don't worry. Let me tell you what's to the left. Well, there's a church and I think I see..."

A third bullet passed, and at almost the same moment the boy was seen to fall suddenly fom the tree. He struck the gound heavily. Blood was trickling from his mouth. The captain ran to him and tore open the boy's shirt. A bullet had passed through his chest on the left. The boy opened his eyes for a moment, looked at the captain, and then died.

"Poor boy!" said the captain over and over. He looked at the boy for a minute. He ordered a soldier to bring a national flag and covered the bot's body with it, leaving only his face exposed. The captain collected the boy's cap,shoes, knife, and the branch he had been cutting, and placed them near the boy's body.

"We'll send somone to pick him up," said the capyain. "He died like a soldier and we must bery him like a soldier."

The captain and his group moved on, but the story of the little boy spread quickly. Later that afternoon other groups of soldiers movrd up to the front. When they passed the place where the dead boy lay, each soldier saluted. Some of them placed flowers on the boy's body. Soon it was covered with flowers. On the boy's pale face there was a half-smile that seemed to suggest that he was happy to have given his life to his country.

# English -- Book Two -- 1984年版高中英语课本

LESSON 2-01 PORTRAIT OF A TEACHER

一位教师的写照

　　The night before last, just before dinner, while my father was looking through the evening paper, he suddenly let out a cry of surprise. Later he explained:" I had thought that he had died at least twenty years ago. But can you believe that my first teacher, Mr. Crossett, is still living? He is eight-four years old and yesterday the Department of Education gave him a medal for having completed sixty years of teaching. Sixty years! Can you imagine it? He gave up teaching only two years ago. He lives in Deleville, which is only about an hour's ride from here. Henry, tomorrow is Saturday. Let's drive over there and say hello to him."

　　The next afternoon my father and I drove over to Deleville to see Mr. Crossett. Everyone in the town knew him so we had no trouble in finding his house. When he came to the door, my father recognized him at once though, of course, he was now a very old man.

　　"Mr. Crossett," said my father, "will you permit an old pupil to shake hands with you?"

　　Mr. Crossett looked at us curiously.

　　"An old pupil? I'm sorry but... your name?"

　　My father told him his name - Albert Borden, the year in which he had studied, and the name of the school.

　　The old man dropped his head and began to murmur my father's name. Suddenly he looked up.

　　"Albert Borden? Your father was an engineer, and you live very near the school."

　　"Exactly," said my father, shaking the old man's hand.

　　Later my father and Mr. Crossett talked for about half an hour of things and persons they remembered in the school. The old man's hands shook constantly, and he explained to my father how this shaking had begun two years before, and how he had been forced to give up his teaching because of this. Otherwise he would still be working, because his heart and soul were still in the schoolroom with his students. He went to a closet and after a moment brought out package, marked with name and date. Out of the package he drew a paper and gave it to my father. It was marked with my father's name and with the month and the year. It was one of my father's own copybook exercises! Mr. Crossett thus kept a record of all his old students. My father read the exercise and tears came to his eyes.

　　On the way home my father told me of an incident that took place on his first day at school in Mr. Crossett's class. During the course of the lesson Mr. Crossett noticed that one of the students looked sick and feverish. He walked to the student's desk and put his hand on the child's forehead. While his back was turned another student in the class got up from his seat, and began to make faces just to make the other students laugh. Mr. Crossett turned rapidly and glared at the student.

　　"Don't do that again," he said quietly but firmly. Then he went back to his desk and went on with the lesson. After a while he put down his book, looked at the students in silence for several minutes, then said:

　　"My friends, we have to spend this year together and we must try to spend it together happily. You should study hard and be good students. I do not want you simply to promise me with words that you will be good. I want you to show me with your hearts that here we are all part of one big family. I want to be proud of you."

　　At the moment the bell rang announcing the end of the class. One by one the students got up from their seats and left the room quietly. The boy who had made faces, however, went up to Mr. Crossett's desk and in a trembling voice said:

　　"I'm sorry, sir!"

　　Mr. Crossett patted him affectionately on the head and said:

　　"Do not think any more about it, my son. Here we are all good friends."

LESSON 2-02 THE TALLEST GRASS

最高的草

　　Did you ever see grass growing high as a tree - a tall tree? Bamboo is this kind of grass. It grows up straight and thin with branches at the top.

　　Although bamboo is really a kind of grass, it looks more like a tree - a beautiful tree. It has long leaves that sway in the wind like slim fingers reaching to touch something. Chinese and Japanese poets write poems and songs about bamboo, and artists paint it in pictures.

　　Not all bamboo grows tall. Altogether there are more than 500 different kinds of bamboo, and some grow no higher than your ankles. Bamboo grows best in places where it is warm and where it rains often. Some kinds of bamboo grow very fast. If they are growing near a house, their slim leaves brush the roof gently and cool the house with their shade.

　　Some bloom and have seeds every year. Some never bloom at all. Some bloom only once, after living about forty years, and then die. However, new shoots of bamboo will come up from around the roots of the old ones.

　　But the most interesting things about this remarkable plant is what people do with it after it is cut down. Bamboo probably has more uses than any other plant in the world.

　　Bamboo is not a tree, remember, so the long straight stems of bamboo are not like tree wood. They are hollow, which make them very light. You can lift a big piece of bamboo with one hand. At the same time, bamboo is so strong that people use it to build houses and even high bridges over rivers.

　　In warm countries, many people have their houses made almost entirely of bamboo: the walls, the roof, the floor. Nearly everything within their houses is made of bamboo, too. The chairs, tables, curtains, cooking pots, flower vases, drinking cups, birdcages, and so on are all made of bamboo. And the fence around their garden is made of bamboo too.

　　Some bamboo is thinner than your little finger. Some is much thicker than your waist. And because it is hollow, it can be fitted together and used for pipes to carry water. Many farmers' fields are irrigated by water brought from a river or lake through bamboo pipes.

Bamboo is used for more than building. People eat it. The tender young shoots of bamboo are crisp and tasty. They are often found in Chinese or Japanese dishes. Some are put into cans and shipped all over the world.

　　Bamboo is also made into paper. The soft pulp inside the hard stems is taken out and sent to a factory. There it is made into a fine paper. Bamboo can also be made into good walking sticks and fishing poles.

　　Who can tell what new use someone may find for this special kind of grass - bamboo?

LESSON 2-03 ALL THESE THINGS ARE TO BE ANSWERED FOR(Ⅰ)

所有这一切都是要偿还的（选自《双城记》）

　　The following account was written by Alexandre Manette, a French doctor, in 1767 when he was a prisoner in the Bastille in France.

　　In his account Dr. Manette told the story of the great wrong done to him. When he was walking by the river Seine one night in December 1757, two noblemen forced him into their carriage and took him to a lonely house. There, in a room upstairs, he found a young and beautiful girl, who kept shouting and crying, obviously mad. He did what he could to calm her, and then he was taken down to another room, where he found a wounded peasant boy, who was dying. The boy told him his story and also that of the girl upstairs, who was his sister, and of the terrible wrongs that had been done them by the two noblemen. The boy died, and a week later, so did his sister.

　　The doctor wrote a letter to the Minister disclosing the whole affair. The next day he was kidnapped and thrown into the Bastille.

　　The following is taken from Dr. Manette's account of his meeting with the boy and of what the boy told him.

　　The older of the two noblemen took a light and led me into a back room. There on some hay on the ground lay a peasant boy of not more than seventeen. He lay on his back, his teeth set, his right hand clenched on his breast, and his glaring eyes looking straight upward. I could not see where his wound was as I knelt on one knee over him, but I could see that he was dying.

　　"I am a doctor, my poor fellow," said I. "Let me examine you."

　　"I do not want to be examined," he answered. "Let me be."

　　The wound was under his hand, and I persuaded him to let me move his hand away. It was a sword-thrust, received from twenty to twenty-four hours before, but nothing could have saved him even if he had been tended without delay. He was then dying fast.

　　"How did this happen, monsieur?"

　　"A serf, He forced my brother to draw upon him, and fell by my brother's sword," said the nobleman.

　　The boy's eyes had slowly moved to the nobleman as he spoke, and they now moved to me.. Slowly, he spoke out:

　　'He is lying, Doctor. I have a sister. She was engaged to a young man, a tenant of his. We were all tenants of his - of that man who is standing there."

　　It was with the greatest difficulty that the boy gathered his strength to speak, but he spoke with a frightful emphasis.

LESSON 2-04 ALL THESE THINGS ARE TO BE ANSWERED FOR(Ⅱ)

所有这一切都是要偿还的（续）

　"We were robbed by that man who is standing there, taxed by him without mercy, obliged to work for him without pay, obliged to feed scores of his tame birds on our wretched crops, and forbidden to keep a single bird of our own - I say, we were so robbed, and were made so poor, that our father told us it was a dreadful thing to bring a child into the world."

　　I had never before seen the feeling of being oppressed, bursting forth like a fire. I had supposed that it must be latest somewhere in the people, but I had never seen it break out until I saw it in the dying boy.

　　"Doctor, my sister married the man she was engaged to. He was ill at the time, and she married him so that she might tend and comfort him in our cottage. She had not been married many weeks when that man's younger brother saw her and was struck by her beauty. Then with that man's permission and even with his help, he seized her and took her away. I saw them pass me on the road. When I told our father about this, his heart burst. Then, last night I followed him here, and climbed in, sword in hand.

　　"My sister heard me, and ran in. Then that man's brother came in. He first threw me some pieces of money, then struck me with a whip. As I fought back, he drew his sword and thrust it at me.

　　"Now, lift me up, Doctor; lift me up, where is he?"

　　"He is not here," I said, supporting the boy. I thought he was referring to the younger of the two noblemen.

　　"Ha! Proud as these nobles are, he is afraid to see me. Where is the man who was here? Turn my face to him."

　　I did so, raising the boy's head against my knee. But, filled for the moment with extraordinary strength, he raised himself completely, obliging me to rise too, or I could not have supported him.

　　"Marquis," said the boy, turning to the man, and his right hand raised, "in the days when all these things are to be answered for, I summon you and yours, to the last of your bad race, to answer for them. In the days when all these things are to be answered for, I summon your brother, the worst of your bad race, to answer for them separately."

　　He stood there for an instant with his hand still raised. Then, as it dropped, he dropped with it, and I laid him down dead.

LESSON 2-05 WINTER SLEEP

冬眠

　　Some birds will fly away to the south when the weather turns cold. Other birds and all animals stay with you but you, will not see all the animals all through the winter. In the cold weather some of them hibernate.

　　They go to sleep in all kinds of places. Red squirrels disappear inside trees, bears use caves, frogs go deep under the mud, and many other animals dig tunnels in the earth. A good many animals sleep under the snow. There is a lot of air in loose snow, and this helps to keep the cold out.

　　Some warm-blooded animals, like the cat, the dog or the wolf, do not need to hibernate; they lead an active life which keeps up their normal body temperature even in very cold winter weather. But for a cold-blooded animal such as a frog or a snake it is a different matter. When the air temperature is below freezing, the creature's body temperature drops too. It cannot move about in its usual way. Then it has no choice but to lie down and sleep. To do that, it must find a place where it can keep fairly warm; and it must be a place where its enemies cannot find it.

　　Hibernation is more than sleep. It is a very deep sleep. The animal’s temperature drops to just over zero centigrade, and its heart beats very slowly. People who find hibernating animals asleep often think that they are dead: the body feels very cold, and the animal may breathe only once every five minutes. A hibernating animal cannot feel any pain. You can touch it, or even pull its tail, without causing it to move or wake up. In its hibernating state it can even live in a poisonous atmosphere for a long time without any ill effect.

　　Hibernating in that way, the animal can sleep all through the winter. You might wonder how it manages to live without eating for so many months. The answer lies in two facts. The first is that it has stored supplies of fat in its body during the summer and autumn. The second is connected with the main use the body makes of food - to supply the energy for movement. We have seen that the hibernating animal reduces movement to far below the ordinary level. Even the movements of the heart and lungs are greatly reduced. The animal hardly makes any movement, hardly uses any energy, and hardly needs any food.

　　Some animals, including some bears, only halfhibernate. That is to say, they sleep during the winter but their sleep is not such a deep one, and their body temperature does not drop. In the autumn the bear eats and eats and becomes very fat indeed. His hair grows longer. Soon it has a thick covering of fat and fur. In November he finds a place in a cave or under a tree and just lies down and goes to sleep. On warm winter days he may think that spring has arrived; it gets up and walks around. When he sees that the snow is still thick on the ground, he quickly goes to sleep again.

　　The squirrel is an animal which makes secret food stores for the winter. It hides large quantities of nuts inside trees. In the old stories, the squirrel was a good animal: it saved something for the future.

LESSON 2-06 ALBERT EINSTEIN(Ⅰ)

阿尔伯特·爱因斯坦

　　Although Princeton, New Jersey, has a world-famous university, it is still a small quiet town. It is not a place where anyone would expect to see strange characters on the street. That is why one woman will never forget the day in 1940 when, as a child, she suddenly saw a funny-looking man coming towards her. "I remember," she tells her children now, "how wild his white hair looked - as if it had been electrified. He was short. His clothes seemed to be just pulled on to keep him covered, like a blanket to keep one warm. He had a big nose, a short, thick moustache, and deep-set eyes. He was staring, thinking. He almost knocked me down before he saw me. He gave me a friendly smile, then he walked on and went on thinking. I noticed he had on bedroom slippers. He had forgotten to put on his shoes. He looked as if he had just stepped out of my book of fairy tales and had passed me like a spirit. That night at dinner when I told my family about the strange, funny man I had seen, my father put down his knife and fork, looked at me and said, 'My child, remember this. Today you saw the greatest man in the world!'"

　　That man was Elbert Einstein. How and why he had come to Princeton, New Jersey is a story of struggle, success, and sadness.

　　Einstein was born in Ulm, Germany in 1879. When he was a boy, he liked to ask questions. By the time he was fourteen years old, he had learned advanced mathematics all by himself. By then he knew what he wanted to be when he grew up. He wanted to be physicist and devoted himself to abstract research.

　　The Einsteins, however, could not pay for the advanced education that young Albert needed. But the family did manage to send him to a technical school and later to the Federal Institute of Technology in Switzerland. After graduation, he went to work, first as a teacher, then in a government office. With the pay that he received and saved, he was later able to go on with his education at the University of Zurich, where he received a doctor's degree in 1905. This was the period when he first began the research and studies which led to his famous Theory of Relativity.

His theory was so advanced that few people could understand it at that time and even fewer would accept it. Many scientist laughed at it. But Einstein stuck to his theory and went on with his research.

LESSON 2-07 ALBERT EINSTEIN(Ⅱ)

阿尔伯特·爱因斯坦（续）

　　As time went on, Einstein's theory proved to be correct and by 1914 he had become famous all over the world. His work was stopped, however, by the First World War. The war and the suffering that it caused affected him greatly. He lost interest in much of his research. Only when the war was over in 1918 was he able to get happily back to work. During the postwar years in Germany, many honors were given to Einstein. He won the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1921. In 1929 a great celebration was held on his fiftieth birthday in Berlin. Being a shy man, Einstein did not attend, but he received several baskets full of cards, flowers and telegrams of congratulation. The gifts to him would have filled a railway car.

　　When Hitler came into power in Germany, Einstein, who was a Jew, found the doors of study closed to him. Not only was everything that he had taken away from him, but also his German citizenship. He became a man without a country.

　　Fleeing Germany, Einstein went first to France, then to Belgium, and then to Britain. There he received a letter inviting him to go to the United States to teach at a well-known research institute in Princeton. He accepted, but asked for a very small salary. Einstein cared little for money, though he could have been very rich. He once refused to speak on the radio for $1000 a minute. Another time he was seen using a check for $1500 as a bookmark. Then he lost the book!

　　Like many scientists, Einstein loved music; he played the violin fairly well. In Princeton, he lived quietly, working at the institute and enjoying himself by playing his violin in his simple home. Often there were visitors like the twelve-year-old girl who, for a time, formed the habit of visiting him on her way home from school. After some time, the puzzled mother met Dr. Einstein and asked him what he and her daughter talked about. The doctor smelled and explained:" Oh, she brings me cookies and I do her arithmetic homework for her."

　　Such was Albert Einstein, a simple man of great achievements.

LESSON 2-08 THE PROFESSOR AND HIS INVENTION

教授和他的发明

Characters

P - Professor Hunter, an old man

M - Mary Hunter, his daughter

G - Miss Green, his secretary

B- Dr Brown, R - Mr Rose, men from London

I - Inspector White

S - Sergeant Bull

Scene 1

　　(Mary Hunter and Miss Green are in the professor's room - a large, pleasant room with many books. There is a big desk near the window.)

M: Father seems to be excited this morning, Miss Green.

G: Of course he's excited. This is a very important day for him. Today his invention will belong to the world! And the papers are complete already.

M: But what is his invention? I only know it's some kind of machine. Father tried to explain to me but I just couldn't understand. Do you?

G: No, not really! I think only the professor really understands it. But I know the government thinks highly of it. Your father is doing a great thing, giving his invention to the government. Everyone then will be able to benefit from it.

M: Yes, Father's that way. He wants to do things for people. I'm sorry Father's not strong enough to go to London himself.

G: The men from the government should be here before long. They'll take his paper to London.

(The telephone rings. Mary picks it up.)

M: Hello? Yes, this is Professor Hunter's house. Yes, this is Mary speaking. Oh, Dr Smith. How are you? What's that? Kate's in hospital? Yes, of course I'll come. I wanted to stay with Father, but it doesn't matter. Yes, I'll be there in an hour. Goodbye.

(Mary puts down the telephone.)

G: What's the matter with Kate? Is she very ill?

M: She's broken her leg. Oh, dear! I wanted so much to stay here this morning. I wanted to look after Father.

G: Don't worry, Mary. I'll be with him.

(The professor comes in.)

P: I can't find my glasses. Have you seen them, Mary?

G (going to the professor's desk): Here they are, professor.

P: Ah, thank you, Miss Green. (He puts on his glasses.) I can't see without them. Now, what's the time? Hm, where's my watch? (He looks for his watch in his pocket.)

M (laughing): You're wearing it, Father.

P (also laughing): Yes, of course. I forget so many things, don't I?

M: But you can still do your work, Father. That's the important thing.

P (looking at his watch): Why, it's almost ten. When are the men coming from London? At ten thirty, wasn't it, Miss Green?

G: No, eleven.

P: Oh, I thought it was ten thirty. Well, then, I can read through my papers again.

M: Dr Smith telephoned a few minutes ago, Father. He said Kate's broken her leg. I'm going to see her now. I'm sorry I can't stay with you, Father.

P: That's all right, Mary. Miss Green will look after me.

(Mary kisses her Father and goes out.)

P: Now, let me see. Ah yes, my papers. (He goes to his desk and sits down.)

G: Do you need me now, professor?

P: Er, no, thanks. I'll ring if I need you.

(Miss Green goes out of the room.)

P (talking to himself) : These women! They don't think I can look after myself. (He begins to read his papers.)

Scene 2

(Half an hour later. The professor is still reading his papers. Miss Green comes in.)

G(very excited): Professor! They've arrived!

P(looking up): Who, Miss Green? What are you talking about?

G: The men from the government, of course.

P(looking at his watch): But it's only half past ten. You said they were coming at eleven.

G: Well, they've come early. Shall I bring them in?

P: Yes, bring them in of course. But give me five minutes. I want to finish this page.

(Miss Green goes to the door. Then she stops.)

G: Oh, they've shown me their cards, professor. They are the right men.

P: Good. So I don't have to look at their cards then. I certainly don't want to give my invention to the wrong men.

(Miss Green goes out. Five minutes later she comes in with two men.)

B: Good morning, professor. My name's Brown, Dr Brown. And this is Mr. Rose. He's my assistant.

G: Shall I bring some coffee?

B: No coffee for us, thank you. We can't stay long. We have to go back to London soon.

(Miss Green goes out.)

P: So you've come for the papers of my invention.

B: That's right, professor.

P: I wanted to take the papers to London myself, but my daughter wouldn't let me go. She's afraid the trip will be too much to me.

B: You needn't worry, professor. We'll take good care of the papers.

P: Now let me see. Where did I put them?

(Dr Brown is rather surprised. He looks at Mr. Rose.)

B: Those papers on your desk, professor, are they the ones?

P: Oh, these? No, they're not the papers for you. These are only some old papers. Ah, I remember now. I put the papers behind some books. (He stands up.)

B: Behind your books? That's not a very good place for papers, isn't it?

P: Yes, it is. No one touches my books. (He takes down some books. There are some papers behind them.) Yes, here they are. (He gives the papers to Dr Brown.) You know about my invention, don't you?

B: Of course, professor. This invention of yours will greatly benefit the whole world. We've talked a lot about it. You'll be famous, sir. And of course you will be well rewarded.

P: I don't want to be famous. And I don't want any money for it, either.

B: We understand how you feel, sir. The country will thank you for it. (He looks at his watch. ) I'm afraid we have to go now.

P: Well, take good care of the papers.

B: Yes, professor. You can be sure of that. Goodbye.

(The two men go out. The professor sits down and starts to laugh.)

P: Well, well, that was fun! Now let's wait and see.

Scene 3

(It is about eleven o'clock. The professor is looking at some papers on his desk. Miss Green runs into the room.)

G: Oh, professor! Those two men! Have they left?

P: Yes, of course they've left, Miss Green. They've taken the papers and gone back to London.

G: Oh, that's terrible!

P: What's terrible? What are you talking about, Miss Green?

G: Those weren't the right men, professor.

P: I don't understand. You looked at their cards, didn't you?

G: I know. But the cards they had were stolen.

P: How do you know?

G: The police telephoned. The right men were coming from London, but their car were stopped by two men. These two shut the men in an empty house and took away their cards. And now they've stolen your invention! (Begins to cry.)

(The doorbell rings.)

P: Go and open the door, Miss Green. It may be the police.

(Miss Green goes out. She comes back with two policemen.)

I: I'm Inspector White, sir. And this is Sergeant Bull.

P: Please take a seat .

(They both sit down.)

I: So the two impostors have taken your papers. We'll try our best to catch them.

P; It isn't necessary, inspector.

I: Not necessary?

P: Oh, the papers aren't important.

I: I don't understand, sir.

G: But your invention! Now those men have it and they'll sell it. That's not what you wanted.

P: Those two men won't sell my invention.

I: Why not?

P: Because they didn't have it. Let me explain. When I saw the men, I didn't trust them. They seemed to be too nervous and were too anxious to leave. You looked at their cards, Miss Green, but I had to be certain, very certain. I couldn't give my invention to the wrong men, could I?

I: What did you do?

P: Well, Dr Brown said that they had talked about my invention. But that wasn't possible. Only a few very important people knew about it.

G: Quite right.

P: I gave Dr Brown some other papers. He took a quick look and he accepted then. It showed that he didin't know about my invention, so I knew that he wasn't the right man.

I: So you've still got the papers, professor?

P: Yes, they're still on my desk.

I: But we must try to catch those men, professor. Can you tell us what they look like?

P: Mmm, let me see. Doctor Brown was short and fat. He had no hair and...

G: No, professor. That was Mr. Rose. Dr Brown was tall and thin.

P: Are you sure? Well, perhaps you're right.

I(standing up): It doesn't matter, professor. We mustn't waste your time. Let Miss Green help us. Thank you very much.

(Miss Green and the policemen go out. The professor sits down at his desk again.)

P(to himself): I'll take the papers to London myself. Now for some work! Hm, where did I put my glasses, eh?

　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　 　The Curtain Falls

LESSON 2-09 SPORTS AND GAMES

体育运动

　　What fun it is to jump into a pool or go swimming in a river in summer. How joyful and relaxing it is to have a game of table tennis after a day of study at school. And how exciting it is to play or watch a close game of basketball or volleyball. All over the world millions of people take part in different kinds of sports. Sports are perhaps the most popular form of relaxation that almost all can enjoy, whether boys or girls, men or women, young or old.

　　Some people seem to think that sports and games are unimportant things that people do, at times when they are not working, instead of going to the cinema, listening to the radio, or sleeping. But in fact sports and games can be of great value, especially to people who work with their brains most of the day. They should not be treated only as amusements.

　　Sports and games build our bodies, prevent us from getting too fat, and keep us healthy. But these are not their only uses. They give us valuable practice in helping the eyes, brain and muscles to work together. In table tennis, the eyes see the ball coming, judge its speed and direction, and pass this information on to the brain. The brain then has to decide what to do, and sends its orders to the muscles of the arms, legs, and so on, so that the ball is met and hit back where the players wants it to go. All this must happen with great speed, and only those who had a lot of practice at table tennis can do this successfully. For those who work with their brains, the practice of such skills is especially useful.

　　Sports and games are also very useful for character-training. In their lessons at school, boys and girls may learn about such virtues as unselfishness, courage, discipline and love of one's country; but what is learned in books cannot have the same deep effect on a child's character as what is learned through experience. The ordinary school cannot give much practical training in living, because most of the students' time is spent in classes, studying lessons. So what the students do in their spare time is of great importance. If each of them learns to go all out for his team and not for himself on the sports field, he will later find it natural to work for the good of society, for the good of his country.

LESSON 2-10 THE LAST LESSON（Ⅰ）

最后一课Alphonse Daudet

　　I was very late that morning on my way to school and was afraid of being scolded. The master had told us he would question us on verbs, and I did not know a thing about them, for I had not studied my lesson.

　　For a moment I thought of playing truant. The air was so warm and bright, and I could hear birds whistling at the edge of the woods, and the Prussians drilling in the meadow behind the sawmill.

　　I liked this much better than learning the rules for verbs, but I did not dare to stop, so I ran quickly towards school.

　　Passing the mayor's office, I saw people standing before the little bulletin board. For two years it was there that we had received all the news of battles, of victories and defeats.

　　"What is it now?" I thought, without stopping.

　　Then, as I ran along, the blacksmith, who was there reading the notice, cried out to me, "Not so fast, little one, you'll get to your school in plenty of time."

　　I thought he was making fun of me and ran faster than ever, reaching the schoolyard quite out of breath.

　　Usually at the beginning of school, the noise of desks being opened and closed, and lessons repeated at the top of the children’s voices could be heard out in the street. Occasionally the master beat the table with his heavy ruler as he cried, "Silence, please, silence!"

　　I had hoped to be able to take my seat in all this noise without being seen; but that morning the room was quiet and orderly.

　　Through the open window I saw my schoolmates already in their places. The master was walking up and down the room with the iron ruler under his arm and a book in his hand.

　　As I entered he looked at me kindly and said, without scolding, "Go quickly to your place, little Franz; we were going to begin without you. You should have been here five minutes ago."

　　I climbed over my bench and sat down at once at my desk. Just then I noticed, for the first time, that our master wore his fine green coat and his black silk embroidered cap.

　　But what surprised me most was to see some of the village people seated on the benches at the end of the room. One of them was holding an old spelling book on his knee; and they all looked sadly at the master.

　　While I was wondering at this, our schoolmaster took his place. "Children," he said, "this is the last time that I shall give you a lesson. An order has come from Berlin that no language but German may be taught in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. A new master will come tomorrow who will teach you German. Today is your last lesson in French. I beg you to pay attention."

　　These words frightened me. This was what they had posted on the bulletin board then! This was what the blacksmith was reading!

LESSON 2-11 THE LAST LESSON（Ⅱ）

最后一课（续）Alphonse Daudet

　　My last lesson in French! I hardly knew how to write, and I would never learn now. How I regretted the hours wasted in the woods and fields, the days when I had played and should have studied!

　　My books that a short time ago had seemed so tiresome, so heavy to carry, now seemed to me like old friends.

　　I was thinking of this when I heard my name called. It was my turn to recite. How I wish I had been able to say the rules without a mistake! But I could not say a word, and stood at my bench without daring to lift my head. Then I heard the master speaking to me.

　　"I shall not scold you, little Franz. You are punished enough now. Every day you have said to yourself: 'I have plenty of time. I will learn my lessons tomorrow.' Now you see what has happened."

　　Then he began to talk to us about the French language, saying that it was the most beautiful tongue in the world, and that we must keep it among us and never forget it.

　　Finally he took up the grammar book and read us the lesson. I was surprised to see how well I understood. Everything seemed easy. I believed, too, that I had never listened so attentively; It almost seemed as if the good man were trying to teach us all he knew at this last lesson.

　　When the lesson in grammar was over, we began our writing. For that day the master had prepared some cards on which were written, "Alsace, France; Alsace, France."

　　They seemed like so many little flags dotted about the schoolroom. How we worked! Nothing was heard but the voice of the master and the scratching of pens on paper. There was no time for play now. On the roof of the schoolhouse some pigeons were softly cooing, and I said to myself, "Will they, too, be obliged to sing in German?"

　　From time to time, when I looked up from my page, I saw the master looking about him as if he wished to impress upon his mind everything in the room.

　　After writing, we had a history lesson. Next, the little ones recited in concert their "Ba, be, bi, bo, bu".

　　Oh, I shall always remember that last lesson!

　　Suddenly the church clock struck twelve. The master rose from his chair. "My friends," said he, "my friends, ... I ... I ..."

　　But something choked him; he could not finish the sentence. He returned to the blackboard, took a piece of chalk, and wrote in large letters, "VIVE LA FRANCE!"

　　Then he stood leaning against the wall, unable to speak. He signed to us with his hand: "The lesson is over. You are dismissed."

LESSON 2-12 WALKING IN SPACE

太空行走

　　The whole world seemed to be black and empty. The sky was black with bright, shining stars that never twinkled. The sun, white, round and burning, seemed to hang in the black space. This was the scene that spread before the eyes of the first astronaut who left his spaceship to walk in outer space. The name of this Soviet astronaut was Leonov; and the date was March 18, 1965. Several months later, an American astronaut did the same thing. Both of these "space walkers" had spent months before their flight learning how to control their movements under the strange conditions that they would find in outer space. Wearing their thick space suits, they learned to deal with conditions where there is neither weight nor gravity, neither "up" nor "down".

　　We do not realize how much we depend on the earth's gravity. When there is no gravity, our feet no longer stay on the ground. We float around in the air and the slightest touch may send us floating off in the opposite direction.

　　In the laboratories where astronauts are trained for their journeys, the conditions are like those of flight. It takes time for them to prepare for the great changes that take place in space. When the spaceship leaves the earth at very high speed, the astronauts feel as if they are being crushed against the spaceship floor. Later, when they are far away from the earth and their is no more gravity, they find they are unable to stay in one place. Simple actions, such as eating and drinking, become very difficult. You may have some idea of what the astronauts have to deal with if you try to drink a glass of water while standing on your head or while just lying down.

　　Leonov and his companion, Beliaiev, began making preparations for the historic walk shortly after their flight began. Their spaceship was equipped with a double door, which was fitted with a bellows between the ship and the outside. This made it possible for the astronaut, in his space suit with oxygen supply, to go first from the air-filled ship to the bellows. Then the air was let out of the bellows. When the man then stepped outside, the air inside the ship remained at normal pressure. If the door had opened directly into space, the air in the ship would have rushed out and been lost when the door opened.

　　Leonov and his companion practiced testing the doors several times after they had begun to circle around the earth. When the time came for Leonov to go out, his companion helped him fix the line that was to keep him from floating away from the ship. Then Leonov entered the bellows and the door closed behind him. As the air was let out of the bellows, his suit began to grow out, like a balloon, because of the air pressure inside. When there was no air left in the bellows, the outer door opened, and Leonov stepped out into the empty black space.

　　If the sky appears blue to us on earth, it is because the earth's atmosphere scatters a certain number of blue rays of sunlight. Out where there is no air, this phenomenon does not take place. On the earth, when the sun is up, our atmosphere diffuses light, making it seem to be everywhere. However, in the airless outer space, strong lights, such as the sun, can be seen side by side with a dark that is like the dark of the blackest night. The absence of air also explains why the stars do not seem to twinkle in space, as they do from the earth.

　　While Leonov was outside the ship, he kept in touch by telephone with his companion and with the earth. With his camera, he kept taking pictures of what he did and saw. When it was time for him to return to the ship, he was enjoying the scene so much that he was disappointed to have to stop his stroll in space so soon.

LESSON 2-13 MADAME CURIE AND RADIUM

居里夫人和镭

　　Madame Curie will always be remembered as the discoverer of the element radium.

　　A certain scientist had discovered that a medal called uranium gave off a kind of radiation, which Marie Curie was later to call radioactivity. But where did this radiation come from, and what was it like? This was what she set out to discover. She did experiment after experiment. There was failure, a little success, a little more failure. All seemed to prove that in the mineral which she was examining there was some source of radiation which man knew nothing about.

　　Four years before this, Marie had expressed her thoughts in words much like this:" Life is not easy for any of us. We must work, and above all we must believe in ourselves. We must believe that each one of us is able to do something well, and that, when we discover what this something is, we must work until we succeed." This something in Marie Curie's own life was to lead science down a new path to a great discovery.

　　At this time her husband left his own laboratory work, in which he had been very successful, and joined her in her research for this unknown radiation. In 1898 they declared that they believed there was something in nature which gave out radiation. To this something, still unseen, they gave the name radium. All this was very interesting, but it was against the beliefs of some of the scientists of that day. These scientists were very polite to the Curies, but did not believe them. The common feeling among them was:" Show us some radium, and we will believe you."

　　There was an old building at the back of the university where Piere Curie had been working. Its walls and roof were made of wood and glass. It was furnished with some old tables, a blackboard, and an old stove. It was not much better than a shed, and no one else seemed to want it. The Curies moved in and set up their laboratory and workshops. Here for four difficult years they worked every moment that they could spare, weighing and boiling and measuring and calculating and thinking. They believed that radium hidden somewhere in the mass of mineral dirt which was sent to them from far away. But where?

　　The shed was hot in summer and cold in winter, and when it rained, water dripped from the ceiling. But in spite of all the discomforts, the Curies worked on. For them these were the four happiest years of their lives.

　　Then, one evening in 1902, as husband and wife sat together in their home, Marie Curie said:" Let's go down there for a moment." It was nine o'clock and they had been "down there" only two hours before. But they put on their coats and were soon walking along the street to the shed. Piere turned the key in the lock and open the door. "Don't light the lamps," said Marie, and they stood there in the darkness. "Look! ... Look!"

　　And there, glowing with a faint blue light in the glass test-tubes on the tables, was the mysterious something which they had worked so hard to find: Radium.

LESSON 2-14 THE GIFTS（Ⅰ）

礼物

　　One dollar and eight-seven cents. That was all she had saved. Three times Della counted it. Only one dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

　　There was clearly nothing left to do but drop herself onto the shabby little couch and weep. So Della did. You see, life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, but mainly of sniffles.

　　When Della had finished her crying she went to the window and looked out sadly at a grey cat walking along a grey fence in a grey backyard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only $1.87 with which to buy Jim, her husband, a present. She had been saving every cent she could for months, but twenty dollars a week - which was the total of their income - doesn't leave much for saving. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. And now she had only $1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Many happy hours she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare - something worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

　　There was a mirror between the windows of the room. Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but soon her face lost its color. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

　　Now, Della and Jim had two possessions in which they both took very great pride. One was Jim's gold watch, which had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. It fell about her, rippling and shining like a brown waterfall. It reached below her knees and almost made a garment for her.

　　She did her hair up again nervously and quickly. She hesitated for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

　　On went her old brown jacket. On went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she ran out the door and down the stairs into the street.

　　She stopped at a sign that read: "Madame Sofronie. We Buy Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and paused for a moment, panting. She opened the door.

　　"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

　　"Take your hat off and let's have a look at it," said Madame.

　　Down came the long brown waves.

　　"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass of hair with a practised hand.

　　"Give it to me quickly," said Della.

　　The next two hours sped by in a whirl of happiness. She searched shop after shop for Jim's present.

　　She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. It was a gold watch chain. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was just right for him. Twenty-one dollars they took for it, and she hurried home with the remaining 87 cents.

　　When Della reached home she looked at what was left for her poor hair and started to work on it.

　　Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny curls that made her look wonderfully like a naughty schoolboy. She looked at herself in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

　　At 7 o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove, hot and ready to cook the supper.

LESSON 2-15 THE GIFTS（Ⅱ）

礼物（续）

　　Jim was never late. Della held the gold chain tightly in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door by which he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stairs, and she turned pale for just a moment.

　　The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two - and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and his shoes were old and worn.

　　As soon as Jim stepped inside the door, he stood still. His eyes were fixed upon Della. There was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the emotions that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her with that peculiar expression on his face.

　　Della jumped off the table and went for him. "Jim!" she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow again - you won't mind, do you? I just had to do it. My hair grows very fast, you know. Say `Merry Christmas!' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice - what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

　　"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim, slowly, as if he had not yet understood that obvious fact yet even after the hardest mental labor.

　　"I've cut it off and sold it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you - sold and gone. It's Christmas Eve, Jim. Be good to me, for it went for you."

　　Jim seemed quickly to wake out of his trance. He drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

　　"Don't make any mistake about me, Della," he said, "I don't think there's anything about a haircut that could make me love you any less. But if you unwrap that package you will see why I was upset at first."

　　Della's fingers tore at the string and paper. Then an excited scream of joy, and then, alas! a quick change to tears.

　　For there lay The Combs - the set of combs that Della had worshipped for many months in a shopwindow. Beautiful combs, pure tortoiseshell, with jewels set in - just the colour to wear in her beautiful hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had longed for them without the least hope of possession. And now they were hers, but with her hair gone their could be no use for them.

　　But she hugged them to her chest, and at last she was able to look up with tearful eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

　　Them Della remembered something else and cried, "Oh, oh!"

　　Jim had not yet seen his beautiful gift. She held it out to him eagerly in her open hand.

　　"Isn't it lovely, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

　　Instead of obeying, Jim dropped onto the couch, put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Della," said he, "let's put our Christmas gifts away and keep them a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs ... And now, let's have our supper.

LESSON 2-16 ADVENTURE ON HIGHWAY 66

66号公路历险记

A snowstorm can be exciting. But too much snow can cause trouble. I learned this in a way I will never forget.

My name is Tom Johnson. I'm a bus driver. At five o'clock one morning I turned my bus onto Highway 66. It was snowing. But I was used to driving in all kinds of weather. Maybe the storm wouldn't last long, I thought.

As I drove, I counted my passengers. There were 14 - nine men, four women and a little two-year-old boy. It was so early that most of them were asleep. No one seemed to worry about the storm.

　After an hour or two, I felt the wind getting stronger. It was snowing harder, and I had to drive even more slowly and more carefully. I wish I had never started out.

Real Trouble!

Soon the wind had piled the snow into drifts. But I still thought I could get through. I stepped on the gas. The wheels turned quickly, but instead of going forward the bus slid into a drift four feet high. The men got out and pushed the bus. But it wouldn't move, not one bit!

At first the passengers joked about being stuck in the snow. They felt sure that help would come very soon. Now and then I turned on the motor to keep the bus warm.

One man said with a laugh, "They must be talking about us on the radio right now." He was right. We found out later that news flash were being broadcast - "Bus stuck on Highway 66. Road blocked. Passengers in danger."

When help did not come, I began to worry. Snow was still falling. It had grown colder, much colder.

"We're in real trouble." I said to myself. "There's still enough gas, and while it lasts the motor will keep the bus warm. When it's gone, everyone will be freezing cold. That poor little boy!"

I told the passengers, " I'm going up the road. I'll get gas and food. When it gets cold in here, let the motor run a while. You'll be warm enough. I'll get back as soon as I can."

Then I stepped out of the bus and into the snowstorm.

Fighting the Storm

It was snowing much harder now. The whiteness hurt my eyes. Snowdrifts gad covered the highway in many places and I kept falling down and bumping my knees. I stayed on the road by following the telephone poles.

As it was growing dark, I came to a car stuck in a drift. There were people in it - safe and warm. They asked me to stay. But I thought of the passengers waiting for help. I went on.

By seven o'clock, the wind was blowing harder than ever. I had been fighting the storm for five hours. Oh, how I wanted to rest! But I knew I couldn't. If I did, I would freeze.

In the darkness I kept losing my way. I bumped into fences and bushes. The bumps told me when I was off the highway. Each time I fought my way back again.

Then I began to fall over my own feet. Down I went, again and again. Was I falling asleep? I slapped my face hard. The slaps kept me awake. I pushed on through the snow.

End of the Adventure

Hours later I saw lights ahead. They looked strange and not clear, but beautiful! I pushed on toward them.

Step by step I came nearer the first building. It was a gas station. I could not ask for help there. But I was so worn out I wasn't thinking clearly. So I went right by, trying to get to the next lights on the road.

Suddenly, my legs gave out under me. I fell in a snowdrift and lay there. I couldn't get up, but I was wide awake now. "Don't give up. Don't give up," I kept telling myself. I tried to shout, but I couldn't. My voice was too weak.

All at once I knew what to do. I could whistle. Taking a deep breath, I gave a sharp whistle through my teeth.

"You need help?" called a voice out of the darkness.

"Yes," I tried to shout, but my voice sounded strange. "T can't walk."

"Keep talking, We'll get to you in a minute," said the voice.

Some men got to me and carried me into the gas station. As soon as I could, I told them about the bus. At first, they could not believe I had come so far. I had been out in the storm for nine hours!

The men put blankets, food and gas on a heavy truck. It had a special motor and chains to help it travel through snow.

I found out later that the truck reached the bus at two o'clock in the morning. The bus was still warm and the passengers were safe.

They cheered when the truck came. They all started talking at once.

"Where's our driver? Did he send you after us? Is he all right?"

"They're taking him to the hospital," one of the men said. "He's half frozen. But he'll be fine in a few days. Believe it or not, he walked 12 miles to get help for you!"

Later, many of the passengers visited me.

"We want to thank you," they said. " You saved our lives. We think you're a hero."

"It takes more than a long walk to make a hero," I answered. "I just take care of my passengers. That's my job."

第三册  
**LESSON 1  PERSEVERANCE  
毅力**

　　Many years ago I stepped into a bookstore in Cincinnati in search of some books that I anted. While I was there，a poor little boy，not over twelve years of age，came in to ask whether they had geographies to sell．  
　　"Plenty of them ，"was the salesman's reply．  
　　"How much do they cost？"  
　　"One dollar，my lad．"  
　　"I didn't know they cost so much．"  
　　He turned to go out and even opened the door，but closed it again and came back．"I have only sixty-two cents，"he said．"Will you let me have the book and wait a little while for the rest of the money？"  
　　How eagerly the lad looked for an answer，and how disappointed he seemed when the man refused him his request！The little fellow looked up at me with a weak smile，and left the store．I followed him．  
　　"And what now？"I asked．  
　　"I shall try another place，sir．"  
　　"Do you mind if I go too and see how you succeed？"  
　　"If you like，"he said in surprise．  
　　Four different stores I entered with him，and four times I saw the boy's face turn to disappointment．  
　　"Are you going to try again？"I asked．  
　　"Yes，sir．I shall try them all，or I shall not know whether I could get one．"  
　　We entered the fifth store and the little fellow walked straight up and told the gentleman just what he wanted and how much money he had．  
　　"Do you want the book very much？"asked the bookseller．  
　　"Yes，sir，very much．"  
　　"Why do you want it so much？"  
　　"To study，sir．I cannot go to school，but when I have time I study at home．All the boys have geographies and they will be ahead of me if I do not get one．Besides，my father was a sailor，and I want to know about the places he used to go to．"  
　　"Does he go to those places now？"  
　　"He is dead，"replied the boy，softly．In a moment he added，"I'm going to be a sailor，too．"  
　　"Are you，my boy？"aksed the gentleman，raising his eyebrows curiously．  
　　"Yes，sir，if I live．"  
　　"Well，my lad，I'll tell you what I will do．I'll let you have the new geography and you may pay me the remainder of the money when you can，or I will let you have one that is not new for fifty cents．"  
　　"Are the leaves all in it and is it just like the others，only not new？"  
　　"Yes，it's as good as the new ones．"  
　　"It'll do just as well then，and I shall have twelve cents left to buy some other book．I'm glad they didn't let me have one at any of the other places．"  
　　At the boy's last remark the bookseller looked at him．What did the boy mean？I told him what I had seen and heard at the five other places．When the boy had bought the book，the bookseller gave him a nice new pencil and some clean white paper．  
　　"A present，my lad，for your perseverance．Always have courage like that and you will make your mark，"said the bookseller．  
　　"Thank you，sir，it's very kind of you．"  
　　"What is your name，my lad？"  
　　"William Hartley，sir．"  
　　"Do you want any more books？"I now asked，earnestly regarding the boy's serious face．  
　　"More than I can even get，"he replied．  
　　I gave him two dollars．"The money will buy some for you，"I said．  
　　Tears of joy came into his eyes．  
　　"May I buy what I want with it？"  
　　"Yes，my lad，whatever you want．"  
　　"Then I'll buy a book for Mother，"he said．"I thank you very much，and some day I hope I can repay you．"  
　　He asked my name and I gave it to him．Then I left him standing by the counter so happy that I almost envied him．  
　　Many years later，I was going to Europe on one of the finest ships that ever ploughed the waters of the Atlantic．We had pleasant weather the greater part of the voyage，but toward the end there came a terrible storm and the ship would have sunk with all on board had it not been for the captain．  
　　A great leak was filling the ship with water．The crew was made up of strong and able men and the mates were experienced seamen of the first class．But after pumping for one whole night with the water still gaining upon them，the sailors gave up in despair．  
　　The captain，who had been below，now came up．He saw how matters stood．  
　　He ordered every man to his position．It was surprising to see those strong men bow before his strong will and hurry back to the pumps．The captain then started below to look for the leak．As he passed me I asked him whether there was any hope of saving the ship．  
　　He looked at me．"Yes，sir，"he said，"so long as one inch of this deck remains above water， there is hope．Only when that fails shall I leave the ship，but not before that，nor shall any of my crew．Everything shall be done to save the ship，and if we fail，it will not be our fault．"Then he turned to all of us passengers on board and said，"Every one of you，at the pumps！"  
　　Three times during that day we gave up in despair．But the captain's courage，perseverance，and powerful will mastered every man on board，and we went to work again．"I will land you safe in Liverpool，"he said，"if you will be men．"  
　　And in the end he did land us safe，but the ship sank soon after she reached Liverpool．The captain stood on the deck of the sinking ship receiving the thanks of the passengers as they hurried off the ship．  
　　As I passed，he grasped my hand and said，"Sir，do you not recognize me？"I told him that I did not．  
　　"Do you remember the boy whom you followed when he had so much difficulty in getting a geography，some thirty years ago，in Cincinnati？"  
　　"Why yes，I remember that boy very well．His name was William Hartley．"  
　　"I am William Hartley，"said the captain．"God bless you！"  
　　"And may God bless you too，Captain Hartley，"I said．"The perseverance that thirty years ago got you that geography has today saved our lives．"

**LESSON 2  A GERMAN STAMP  
一张德国邮票**

　　　　Mr Amory,  a businessman  
　　　　Mallet, his manservant  
　　　　Mr Ramsay, a visitor to the house  
　　The sitting-room of Amory's house in London. It is a few minutes past seven o'clock on a cold October evening in 1946. Amory is standing with his back to the fire. Mallet is busy with glasses and drinks which are standing on a table near one of the walls.  
Amory: We'll have dinner at eight o'clock, Mallet. Please, tell your wife.  
Mallet: Yes, sir.  
Amory: Your wife is sometimes a little late with the dinner, Mallet.  
Mallet: I'm sorry, sir. She didn't work before the war. I wasn't a servant before I met you in the war, and my wife stayed at home and took care of me. When my dinner was late, it didn't matter much.  
Amory (taking a stamp from a small table): Look at this, Mallet. Can you see anything unusual about it?  
Mallet: It's astamp, sir. Is it unusual?  
Amory: Very. Look at the head on it.  
Mallet: Yes, sir. The head's upside down. That is rather unusual, isn't it?  
Amory: It certainly is. Have you ever seen a stamp like this in your life?  
Mallet: No, sir, never. Where did you get it?  
Amory: At the post office. I was posting thirteen letters and I bought stamps for them. Twelve of the stamps were of the usual kind. This was the thirteenth. I was just putting it on the envelope when I noticed the head. So I kept it.  
Mallet: Very wise, I'm sure, sir.  
Amory: Yes. Some people will pay a lot of money for a stamp like this. Perhaps Mr Ramsay will.  
Mallet: Is he the gentleman who's coming to dinner tonight, sir?  
Amory: He is.  
Mallet: Does he know that you have the stamp,sir?  
Amory: Yes. I wrote him about it. He may give me two or three hundred pounds for this stamp. He's a rich man and he has a lot of strange stamps. So tell your wife to have dinner ready at eight o'clock. Mr Ramsay will be here soon. He's coming from Scotland, and he's on his way to Dover. He'll want a good dinner after his long journey.  
Mallet: I'll tell my wife, sir.  
　　(The sound of a taxi is heard outside the house.)   
Amory: Here he is now. Rather early. Go and bring him in, and then be ready to give us drinks..  
Mallet(going out of the room): Yes, sir.  
　　(Amory moves one of the chairs nearer to the fire and puts a small table near it. Mallet returns with Ramsay.)  
Amory: Mr Ramsay, sir. (Mallet goes to the drinks.)  
Amory: Good evening, Ramsay. I'm very glad to see you. Come in and sit down.  
Ramsay: Good evening, Amory. Thanks. (Sits down.)  
Amory: Did you have a good journey? Will you have a drink?  
Ramsay: Thanks. I need one. I'm glad to be out of that taxi alive.  
 (Mallet brings two drinks and gives them to Ramsay and Amory.)  
Ramsay: Thanks.  
Amory: Thank you, Mallet. (He speaks to Ramsay.)  
　　What happened in your taxi?  
　　(Mallet goes out of the room.)  
Ramsay: The driver nearly killed me. He drove too fast. We nearly killed a man who was crossing the street. I told the driver to drive slowly, but he wouldn't listen.  
Amory: I'm surprised. Most of our London taxi-drivers are very careful. They're good drivers usually.  
Ramsay: Yes, nearly always. But not quite always.  
　　(Mallet returns and stands by the drinks.)  
Amory: I've always found them safe enough.  
Ramsay: Yes, they're often too slow for me. But once before I was driven too fast. It was many years ago. About 1939, I believe.  
Amory: That's a long time ago. Why do you remember it after so many years?  
Ramsay: Because I lost something. It was allvery strange; very strange. I reached Victoria station and ran out to find a taxi. I wanted to go to King's Cross station to catch a train.  
Amory: The other side of London.  
Ramsay: Yes. I hadn't much time and the driver started off at once and drove much too fast. I said nothing at first because I wanted to catch that train. But the man drove very badly, and he wasn't going the right way. T got angry.  
Amory: Perhaps he knew a better way to King's Cross.  
Amory: I don't think so. He drove along a lot of small ateets that I didn't know at all. He went faster and faster. It wasn't safe. I asked him to go the right way to the station, but he didn't listen to me. He seemed to be in a very strange state of mind. He just went on ang on. I was lost. I didn't remember any of the streets.  
Amory: London taxi-drivers know all the small streets. Some time they use them to save time. The bigger streets are full of cars. Mallet, Mr Ramsay wants another drink, please.  
Mallet(taking Ramsay's glass): Yes, sir.  
Ramsay: Thanks. My driver took me far out of my way. Then, in a small street, he stopped the taxi and looked out of his window. I told him to go on. I didn't want ot miss my train. But he got out.  
　　(Mallet drops Ramsay's glass on the floor.)  
Amory(looking round at Mallet): Must you do things like that, Mallet? Bring Mr Ramsay another glass.  
Mallet:(quietly) Yes, sir. I'm sorry.  
Ramsay: The taxi-driver left me in the taxi and  ran into a doorway near a shop.  
　　（Mallet listens with a troubled face.)  
Amory(surprised): Left you in the taxi?  
Ramsay: Yes, he did just that. I got out to look for another taxi, but of course there weren't any there. The driver was away for about two minutes and then he came out of the doorway again. I got back into the taxi, but the driver ran into the shop. I waited. What else could I do? But then he came back to the taxi. (Mallet gives Ramsay a drink.) Thanks.  
　　(Mallet goes out of the room.)  
Amory: Where has that man gone now? What happened next?  
Ramsay: The driver took me as fast as he could to the King's Cross station.  
Amory: Did you catch that train?  
Ramsay: Yes, I just caught it. I've often wanted to meet that driver again. I lost a stamp that day. Perhaps I left it in the taxi.  
Amory: What kind of stamp？  
Ramsay: It was a German stamp and it was still on its envelope. The postmark was clear. The date was clear too: July 1st. Those stamps were sold for the first time on July 1st, and so I was very sorry to lose that envelope. I've often tried to find another like it, but there aren't many in the world. The German post offices didn't sell any more stamps like that after about a week. There was somthing wrong with the name of the country on them.  
Amory: How did you get the stamp?  
Ramsay:  I bought it. It cost quite a lot of money. And now those atamps cost even more.  
　　(Mallet returns with an envelope in his hand. He gives it to Ramsay.)  
Mallet: Is this yours, sir?  
Ramsay(looking at the envelope): Mine? Oh, look at this! Well, well, well! Where did you get this? Yes, it's mine. It's the lost stamp. I can't believe it. How did you get it? The same envelope! The same German writing! Who gave you this?  
Mallet(quitely): You left it in the taxi, sir. I was the taxi-driver.  
Amory and Ramsay(together): You?!  
Mallet: Yes, sir. I drove a taxi before the war.  
Amory: Do you mean that you are the driver who left Mr Ramsay in a taxi and ran into a shop?  
Mallet(in a low voice): Yes, sir.  
Amory: But why did you do that? Tell us, man. There must be a reason. Taxi-drivers don't usually do things like that.  
Mallet: My wife was ill, sir. She was in bed and she was alone.  
Amory: Why didn't you stay with her?  
Mallet: I had to get some money, sir, with my taxi. We needed money. I went to Victoria station and Mr Ramsay got into my taxi. I didn't know him then, of course. He wanted to go to King's Cross. I took him along those small streets so that I could see my wife's bedroom window.  
Ramsay: Why?  
Mallet: She was alone n her room, in bed. When she wanted me, she turned her light on. When it wasn't turned on, she wasn't very ill. That was our plan, sir.  
Ramsay: I see. And on that day ...  
Mallet:  When I stopped the taxi on that day and looked up at the window of her room. I saw the light. It was turned on, sir. You could just see it from the side of the street.  
Amory: So you knew she needed help.  
Mallet: Yes, sir. I ran into the house to see her. She was very bad. I thought that she was dying.  
Ramsay: But after you came back, you ran into the shop. Why did you do that?  
Mallet: There was a telephone in the shop. I telephoned to the doctor. Then I ran back to the taxi and took you to the King's Cross.  
Ramsay: I see; I see. Yes, I understood now. But I was rather angry at the time. I said a lot of unkind things to you. I'm sorry.  
Mallet: It didn't matter, sir. You wanted to catch your train and you didn't know about my wife's illness.  
Ramsay: Well, I'm very glad to have this stamp again. Thank you very much. Why did you keep it?  
Mallet: I knew it was yours,sir, but I didn't know your name or your address. The address on the envelpoe isn't English. It's a place in Germany. Once I nearly posted it to Germany, but, to tell you the truth, I didn't want to spend money on a stamp. Then the war started and I went to fight. When I came home again last year, I found the envelope in a book. I never did anything more about it. But when I heard your story, sir, I rememberd it; and there it is.  
Ramsay: Well, I'm very glad. Thank you very much again. I'm glad I came to see you, Amory. This is a great day for me. Did your wife get better, Mallet?  
Mallet: Yes, thank you, sir. She got better, but the doctor was glad that I.telephoned. She's getting your dinner  ready now. It's five minutes to eight. I'll serve dinner in five minutes, sir. (He goes out.)

**LESSON 3  ON READING  
谈读书**

　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　 　The Authors' Club  
　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　     London, S.W.1  
　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　 2nd January, 19\_\_  
Dear Fransisco,  
　　I'm glad to know you enjoyed the books I sent you for Christmas. Your letter of thanks was very well written and I congratulate you on being able to write so well.  
　　You ask me for advice on reading. That's a very difficult request. I always hesitate to advise my friends on what to read. How can I possibly know what will interest other people? And you don't say in your letter what you want to read.  
　　What you do say is that you're very fond of reading, and I'm delighted by that. Do you know the essays  of Francis Bacon, who lived about the same time as Shakespeare? They're full of good advice about reading. Here's a bit from the essay "Of Studies".  
　　"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. "  
　　I can't give you better advice than that. It tells you how to read books of different kinds. I suppose most travel books are to be "tasted"; it's enough to dip into them and read bits here and there. If you're fond of stories, you will, if you're like me, read them quickly; you'll "swallow" them. And then there are books that you'll read slowly and carefully. If a book's on an important subject and a subject you're interested in, you'll want to "chew and digest" it.  
　　If the book's in English, that may mean slow progress for oyu. But I don't advise you to read too slowly. When I was living in Tokyo many years ago, I used to go to the second-hand bookshops. They were full of English books. The first twenty or thirty pages of many of them had their margins filled with penciled notes and there were dozens of words and phrases underlined. The owners, probably earnest students, had started out very seriously, determined to master the books. Then, as I turned the pages over, I found clean white margins, with not a single note. It was clear that the reader had given up in despair.  
　　I suppose that's a common experience in many countries with books in a foreign language. The reader starts out, full of hope and determination. Then, the need to turn to a dictionary or a reference book, perhaps ten or even twenty times a gage, tires him out.  
　　There are two or three answers to this problem. The first is: Don't start reading a book unless you see, from the first few pages, that it's one you can read with ease and understanding. Don't try to run before you can walk. There are plenty of books that have been rewritten in simple language - and shortened too, if necessary.  
　　My second answer to this question of diffcult vocabulary is, I think, a much better one. Don't stop every time you come to a word or phrase you don't know. Read the whole chapter quickly. Quite often you'll find the unknown word comes again, perhaps several times, and by the end of the chapter you've have guessed its meaning. That's how we learn the meaning of words in our own language, isn't it? When we're children, I mean. When I'm telling a story to children, they seldom stop to ask what a word means. Even when they read, they don't turn to the dictionary every time they see an unknown word.  
　　Read a chapter quickly, and then go back and read it more slowly. This time, use your reference books when necessary. But try to judge what is worth looking up and what is not.  
　　You'll tell me it's diffcult, very often, for oyu to judge whether an unknown word is important or not. I agree that this is often true. But it's not always difficult. You're going to be an architect, so words used in architecture are important to you. If they're new to you, you'll look them up. But the reader is not interested in architecture, he could pass them by.They're not always necessary for his enjoyment of the book.  
　　When I read my Times these days I often find articles about the uses of atomic energy. There are sometimes words Idon't know - and some of them are so new that they're not yet in the dictionaries. But I'm slowly beginning to understand what some of the words mean - simply by meeting them so often.  
　　Well, that's my advice to you. I hope you'll find it helpful. It isn't perfect, I know. There will be times when, if you decide not to look up a reference, you'll miss something that may be important.  
　　But I feel I'm right in advising you not to be too thorough in your use of reference books - except when you're studying you own special subjuct. If you're too thorough, you'll lose heart and perhaps give up.  
　　Good luck to you in you reading. Do read again, and if you think I can help you any way, please don't hesitate to ask.

　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　Yours ever,                　　　　  
　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　John Churchman

**LESSON 4  THREE GOLD MEDALS FOR WILMA  
威尔玛的三枚金牌**

　　The stands were packed. People from all over the world were watching the greatest sports show of all - the Olympic Games.  
　　The next race was the woemn's relay race, and it promised to be an exciting one. Teams from six countries were entered. The winning team would be champions of the world.  
　　The crowd became silent as the teams took their places. Many eyes turned to a tall, 20-year-old black girl on the U.S. team. She was Wilma Rudolph, the fourth and the last runner for the United States.  
　　At the sound of the gun, the first runners shot from their starting points. Relay sticks in their hands, they raced to the second runners. The second runners, already moving, grabbed the sticks and raced on. Now the third runners had the sticks. And the runners for the U.S. team was in the lead! She dashed toward Wilma. Already running, Wilma reached for the stick. But her teammate almost dropped it. Wilma had to stop to get a good hold on the stick.  
　　That moment's stop cost the U.S. its lead. A girl of the German  team was flying two steps ahead of Wilma. Wilma urged herself "Faster! Faster!" Bit by bit she closed the gap. She caught up with the German girl. Then she pulled ahead. At the finishing line Wilma breasted the tape. She and her teammates had taken first place!  
　　It was a wonderful victory, even more wonderful than you might think. For Wilma hadn't even been able to walk for one third pf her life!  
　　Wilma Rudolph was the youngest child in a big family. Both parents worked in order to have enough money to raise the children. The older boys and girls were healthy, but Wilma was sick most of the time. She was barely walking at the age of four. Then she became seriously ill and for weeks was near death. She managed to pull through, but she couldn't move her left leg. It appeared that the little girl would probably never walk.  
　　But Wilma's mother was determined to give her a chance. She wrapped Wilma on a blanket and took her by bus to a hospital 45 miles away. The doctors give the little girl all kinds of tests. Finally they said that rubbing the little girl's leg might help. But she would have to be treated every day..And it might take years!  
　　"I can't bring her here every day," Wilma's mother said. "Can you teach me?"  
 　　The doctors showed Mrs Rudolph what to do. "But you'll still have to bring her here to the hospital once a week, "they said.   
　　Wilma's mother followed the doctors' orders. Every day after supper she rubbed Wilma's leg. She rubbed and eubbed until long after Wilma had fallen asleep. And on her day off once a week, she and Wilma made the 90-mile round trip to the hospital.  
　　'After a year the doctors said, "We think the leg is better, but it's hard to tell."  
　　That night Mrs Rudolph taught her three older children how to rub Wilma's leg. From then on, Wilma's leg got treated  four times a day. "She's going to walk," Mrs Rudolph said.   
　　In another year, Wilma could manage a sort of hop. And at the age of eight she was walking a bit with the aid of a leg brace. That summer the doctors changed the brace for a special heavy shoe. In the fall, Wilma limped off to school.  
　　Wilma's brother Wesley liked to play basketball. He had put up a basket on a pole in the back yard. To the family's surprise, Wilma was soon out in the yard - playing basketball. If the heavey shoe bothered her, she didn't seem to show it. When the other children stopped to rest, she kept on shooting baskets. "She's making up for the playing she missed," Wilma's mother said.  
　　One day Wilma's mother went to the door to call everybody in for supper. She stopped in surprise. She couldn't believe it. Wilma was bouncing the ball around under the basket. And she was barefoot. She no longer needed the shoe!  
　　Wilma more than made up for the playing she missed. In high school she became a track star. In college she won a national championship in the dashes.  
　　Then came the tryouts for the Olympic Games. Wilma won the 100- and 200-meter dashes. She and her college teammates also tried out for the relay race. They won, which meant they would run for the United States.  
　　How Wilma helped win the relay for the U.S. team in the Plympics is well known. But that wasn't all. She also won the 100- and 200-meter dashes, and in the 100-meter dash she had set a new world record. Wilma became the first American woman to win three Olympic gold medals in track!  
　　What a wonderful victory for Wilma! And what a wonderful victory for Wilma's mother!

**LESSON 5  THE SNAKE IN THE SLEEPING BAG  
睡袋里的蛇**

　　It was morning. I finished my breakfast and waited for the rest of the team. It was going to be another hot day in the jungle. The heat took the strength out of us. But we had a job to do. I was the head engineer. It was up to me to get the four of us moving.  
　　Vargas and our Indian guide joined me. But Al wasn't up yet. I went to wake him up.  
　　On the way to his sleeping bag. I called, "Al, wake up!" Al didn't move. Then, when I was almost up to him, I saw his eyes. They were open - and rolling wildly. His face was as gray as ashes.  
　　I stopped. Al's eyws warned me. then his lips moved. I crawled close and heard his whisper. "Snake!"  
　　My eyes followed Al's--down to the lump over his stomach. My blood froze. A snake was in Al'a sleeping bag.  
　　Another sound from me and the snake might strike. I inched backwaod. Then I turned and tiptoed toward the Indian and Vargas and in a whisper told them what I had seen. We stared at one another, not daring to speak out loud.  
　　"It's our own fault," I thought bitterly. "We should have cut away the jungle brush. There's always a chance of a snake hiding there." But we had talked it over and decided we should be safe on the top of the hill. How wrong we were!  
　　The three of us tiptoed toward Al. We stared silently at the lump the snake made in the bag. From its shape, it could be a bushmaster - the most deadly snake of all!  
　　Vargas reached for his gun. But Al's eyes rolled from left to right. that meant "No." And I knew why. How could we know where the snake's head was? And if Vargas's shot missed the head, the snake would strike at Al. We didin't dare try a shot.   
　　Suddenly the Indian spoke, "Smoke!" It was just one word, but it broke the silence like a shot. And the snake moved! We held our breath. Slowly the snakle settled itself again. Quitely we moved away.  
　　Then the Indian showed us what he meant. He acted as if he were smoking. Then he cupped his hands. He puffed breath in and out. On the ground, he drew a sleeping bag. He got out his knife and acted out cutting into the bag.  
　　Vargas and I got the idea. Cut a hole in Al's sleeping bag. Smoke out the snake! Yes, it might work. Vargas and I nodded.  
　　The Indian began tearing up damp grass. He piled it up near our breakfast fire. Vargas emptied his tool bag and left the bag with the Indian. Then Vargas and crawled back to Al.  
　　I studied the part of the sleeping bag around Al's feet. Then quietly but quickly my knife cut into the bag, making a hole the size of an orange. Vargas waved, and the Indian brought me the tool bag filled with smoke. We were ready to rush away when the snake moved. If it atsrted out and sensed  that we were near, it might strike Al.  
　　I put the smoke bag to the hole in the sleeping bag. Soon smoke curled around Al's face. Tears came to his eyes. Suddenly the snake twisted. The smoke was doing its work!  
　　We dashed away. But now the smoke was gone. The snake settled back on Al's stomach.  
　　What were we going to do now?  
　　The sun was now high in the sky. Al's face was washed in sweat. I know how hot that sleeping bag could be. I looked at the rain cover above the sleeping bag. At least it gave Al shade.  
　　Suddenly I remembered something Al had told me. "Snakes are cold-blooded," he said. "Their body heat changes with the air around them. They can heat up fast. A half hour in the hot jungle sun will kill them. "  
　　I knew what we had to do. Excitedly, I acted it out for the others. Remove the rain cover and let the sun heat the sleeping bag. That would drive the snake out. Al spoke with his eyes, "Yes!"  
　　We took the rain cover away. The sun heat down on Al and the bag. He looked half dead, his eyes closed tight. The heat was like fire. Could Al hold out? "Just a little longer," I prayed. The Indian and Vargas were praying too.  
　　The snake made a small move. The sun was doing its work! Quickly we slid into the brush and then watched.  
　　The snake twisted, humped up, then became flat. Then it moved up slowly toward the open end of the sleeping bag. A heavy, evil head appeared, right next to Al's face. The snake was a bushmaster - a deadly bushmaster!  
　　The head turned this way and that. Then the ugly brown body poured itself through the neck of the sleeping bag. It slid past Al's face and moved toward a nearby bush.  
　　Vargas pulled out his gun. Crack! The snake was blown to pieces.

**LESSON 6  MY TEACHER  
我的老师（选自海伦·凯勒《我的一生》）**

　　Before Anne Sullivan came to our house, one or two people had told my mother that I was an idiot. I can understand why. Here was a seven-year-old girl who at the age of 19 months had become deaf and blind. And because I was deaf, I could not learn to speak. Struggling in a world of silence and darkness, I did seem like an idiot.  
　　But this was before Annie sullivan came to stay. She was a lively young woman with patience and imaginaion. A born teacher, she dreamed of turning a deaf-blind creature into a useful human being.  
　　What a challenge I must have been to this young teacher! I remember the many times she tried to spell words into my small hand. But neither words nor letters meant anything to me. I thought her finger movements were some kind of game. But at last, on April 5, 1887, she reached my understanding. About a month after her arrival, she taught me the word "water."  
　　It happened at the well where I was holding a jar while Annie pumped. As the water splashed onto my hand, she kept spelling w-a-t-e-r into my other hand with her fingers. Suddenly I understood!  
　　It was the first joy I had known for years. I reached out to Annie’s hand. She understood I was begging for new words, for the names of the things I touched. The words - so full of meaning - flew from her hand to mine. Those first words were to change my world.  
　　One of the first things Annie did was to teach me to play. I had not laughed since I became deaf. One day she came into my room laughing merrily. Putting my hand on her face, she spelt l-a-u-g-h. Then she tickled me into a burst of laughter. Next Annie took me by the hand and taught me how to hop and skip. She then immediately spelt the words h-o-p and s-k-i-p for me. In a few days I was learning - and enjoying it - like any child.  
　　Annie kept some pigeons in a cage so that when they were let out I might feel the air from their wings. In this way I found out how birds could fly. The pigeons would land on my head and shoulders. I learned to feed them and understand their ways. That is why birds, though I could not see them, have always been as much a part of my world as flowers and stones.  
　　Teacher would not let the world about me be silent. Through my hands and fingers, I "heard" the sounds that one hears on a farm, the noise made by cows, horses, chickens, pigs. She brought me into touch with everything that could be reached or felt - sunlight, the rustling of silk, the noises of insects, the creaking of a door, the voice of a loved one.  
　　Annie treated me exactly as if I were a seeing and hearing child. As soon as I had enough words to know the difference between right and wrong, I was put to bed whenever I did something wrong. How wonderful to be treated like a normal child, even when I was bad!  
　　As I look back upon those years, I am struck by Annie's wisdom. Perhaps she understood me because she herself had always had very weak eyes.  
　　Annie was born in a poor family, on April 4, 1866. Her mother died when she was eight years old. Two years later, her father dissappeared, never to be heard from again. Annie and. her brother were sent to a house for orphans. There the boy died.  
　　No one outside the orphans'  home was interested in Annie, who was almost blind. But finally, after four years, she managed to escape by crying out to a group of visitors, "I want to go to school!"  
　　At an institution for the blind, Annie learned braille. This is a kind of printing for blind people so that they can read by touch. She also learned a kind of alphabet for the blind, in which different finger positions stand for different letters of the alphabet.  
　　Later, an operation helped her to get back part of her sight, but she remained at her institution for six years more. There she studied about teaching deaf-blind children.  
　　One day a letter from my father arrived at the school. It asked a teacher for me. Annie considered the challenge just the one she wanted. That is how Annie came to with us.  
　　Annie was among the first to realize that a blind person never knows his hidden strength until he is treated like a normal human being. She never pitied me; she never praised me unless what I did was as good as that of the best of a normal person. And she encouraged me when I made up my mind to go to college.  
　　During my years in school, Annie sat beside me every class. She spelled out the things that the teachers taught. And, because most books were not printed in braille, she herself read them to me by spelling into my hand what was written in the books.  
　　Teacher's eyes were always a problem. "I can't see an inch ahead, " she once told me. A doctor was shocked when he heard that she read to me five or more hours every day. Because of this, I often pretended to remember parts of books that I had forgotten, so that she wouldn't have to reread them to me.  
　　It took great imagination as well as patience for Annie to teach me to speak.  Putting both my hands on her face when she spoke, she let me feel all the movements of her lips nad throat. Together we repeated and repeated words and sentences. My speech was clumsy and not pleasant to hear. But I was delighted to be able to say words that my family and a few friends could understand. For Annie I owe thanks for this priceless gift of speech. It has helped me to serve others.  
　　Teacher's inpiration lived on after her death. She had believed in me. I must always keep on trying to do my best.  
　　"No matter what happens, " she often said, "keep on beginning. Each time you fail, atart all over again. You will grow stronger each time, until you can doand finish what you started out to do." Who could count the times Annie tried, failed, and then conquered?  
　　What a great teacher! What a great person!

**LESSON 7  THE TRIAL  
审判（选自《威尼斯商人》）**

　　Antonio, a merchant in Venice, was liked by everyone because he was always ready to help others. He had many ships which traded with other countries. Now his ships were all at sea.  
　　Bassanio, Antonio's best friend, was in love with Portia, a rich and beautiful lady who also loved him. But he was sad because he could not ask Portia to marry him while he himself had no money. So he asked Antonio to lend him three thousand ducats. Antonio did not have any money just then. He went to Shylock, a cruel moneylender, who hated him, because he had often publicly scolded him for his greed. Shylock agreed to lend Antonio the money on condition that Antonio must promise to give him a pound of his flesh and allow him to cut the flesh from any part of his body if he did not pay back the money at the end of three months. Antonio agreed, took the three thousand ducats and gave the money to Bassanio.  
　　Bassanio and Portia arranged to get married. It so happened that Bassanio's servant Gratiano had fallen in love with Portia's maid Nerissa. These two also decided to get married. As the two couples were discussing the wedding arrangements, a letter arrived from Antonio, saying that all his ships were all lost at sea and he would have to give Shylock a pound of his flesh. He wished to see Bassanio before he died.  
　　After the couples got wedding, Portia told Bassanio to go at once to his friend. When Bassanio and Gratiano had gone, Portia thought of a clever plan to save Antonio. She had a good friend who was a doctor of laws. She asked him to lend her some of his lawyer's clothes and notes. She pretended to be a lawyer and Nerissa dressed herself like a lawyer's clerk. They went to Vinice. When they arrived, Antonio and Shylock had been brought before the Duke, and the trial had begun.  
　　\*　　　　\*　　　　\*  
Duke: Have mercy on Antonio. Everyone thinks that you will pretend to be cruel until the last minute. Then you will show your mercy.  
Shylock: I've promised to take my pound of flesh. If you do not let me have it, that will be bad for Venice. No one will trust your laws any more. The greatness of Venice will soon be lost. Antonio is my enemy, I hate him.  
Bassanio: Do all men kill the things they do not love?  
Antonio: It is useless trying to talk to Shylock. Don't wait any longer. Pass judgement on me and give Shylock what he wants.  
Bassanio: I'll pay you six thousand ducats for the three thousand ducats that Antonio borrowed.  
Shylock: If you offered me six times the amount that you have just offered, I would still take my pound of flesh. Give me my pound of flesh!  
Duke: How can you hope for mercy yourself when you show none?  
Shylock: I have done nothing wrong and I fear no judgement. Give me my pound of flesh!  
(As the Duke is wondering what to do, Nerissa, dressed like a lawyer's clerk, arrives with a letter from the famous lawyer whom Portia has visited.  
　　While the Duke is talking to Nerissa, Shylock begins to get ready to cut his pound of flesh from Antonio.  
　　Then the letter is read out for all the court to hear: "I am very ill. When your letter reached me, I had with me a learned young doctor from Rome. I told him about the quarrel between Shylock and Antonio. We studied many lawbooks and he knows what I would say. I ask you to let him stand in my place and give judgment. He is young, but I never knew so young a body with so wise a head."  
　　After the letter has been read to the court, Portia, in lawyer's clothes, enters the room. She takes her seat as judge.)  
Portia: Are you Antonio? -- And is this your agreement with Shylock?  
Antonio: It is.  
Portia: Then Shylock must be merciful; he must have mercy on Antonio.  
Shylock: Why must I have mercy on him? Tell me that!  
Portia: Mercy falls like the gentle rain from the sky upon the earth. It blesses him who gives it, and him who receives it. We should learn to show mercy to others. Do you still ask for this pound of flesh?  
Shylock: I ask for what is mine by law!  
Bassanio: I offer ten times the amount of money that Antonio has borrowed. Please change the law a little so that we may save Antonio.  
Portia: We cannot change a law. If one law is changed, then other men will later want to change other laws.  
Shylock: Oh, wise young judge!  
Portia: Let me see this agreement, this promise of Antonio to you.  
Shylock: Here it is.  
Portia: Yes, by law Shylock may have a pound of flesh to be cut off by him nearest to Antonio's heart. Be merciful! Let me destroy this paper. --No? Then, Antonio, be ready; and Shylock, take your knife.  
Shylock: Oh, learned judge! Oh, wise young man!  
Portia: Have you brought anything to weigh the flesh?  
Shylock: Yes. I have everything ready here.  
Portia: Do you have a doctor, Shylock, to stop Antonio's blood?  
Shylock: That is not in the agreement.  
Portia: Do you wish to say anything, Antonio?  
Antonio: Only a little. Goodbye, Bassanio. Don't be sad for me. Tell your wife about me and how much I loved you. If Shylock cuts deep enough, I'll pay him back with all my heart.  
Bassanio: I love you more than my own life, more than my wife, and more than all the world. (He cries.)  
Portia: Your wife wouldn't like that offer if she were present to hear you.  
Gratiano: I have a wife, whom I love very much. But I wish that she were dead and in heaven, so that she would be able to ask God to help Antonio.  
NerissAntonio: It is good that you make this wish when she is not here. If she were present, there would be trouble in your home.  
Shylock: We are wasting time.  
Portia: Take your pound of flesh. The court allows it and the law gives it to you.  
(Shylock begins to move towards Antonio, and is ready to act.)  
Portia: Wait! There is something else. Antonio has promised to give you a pound of his flesh. But he has not promised to give you any of his blood. If you let one drop of his blood fall, you will lose all your land and all your money.  
Gratiano: Oh, learned judge! Oh, wise young man!  
Shylock: Is that the law?  
Portia: You shall see the law. You wanted justice; so you shall get justice - more than you wanted.  
Shylock: I will take the money. Give me three times more than Antonio borrowed from me.  
Bassanio: Here it is. (He cries out, full of joy.)  
Portia: Wait! Shylock would not take the money earlier. All he wanted was justice. That is all he can have now. You must cut off just one pound of flesh. No more, no less, just one pound - and not one drop of blood.  
(Shylock turns and starts to leave the court.)  
Portia: Wait, Shylock. The law of Venice says that if anyone tries to kill any citizen of Venice, everything that he owns shall be taken away from him. One half of his money and his goods shall be given to the city of Venice and the other half shall be given to the person he has tried to kill. His life shall be at the mercy of the Duke. Therefore, go down on your knees and beg the Duke for mercy.  
Duke: I shall not kill you. But half of your money is now Antonio's. You must give the other half to the city of Venice.  
Shylock: Take my life too! My money and goods are as dear to me as life itself. When you take those away from me, you also take my life.  
Antonio: I shall be happy to give up my part of Shylock's money. Shylock must promise to leave the money upon his death to his daughter and her husband.  
Shylock: I promise. Let me go home now. I am not well.  
　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　THE CURTAIN FALLS

**LESSON 8  CHARLES DARWIN  
查尔斯·达尔文**

　　Two men were deep in argument．They were men of wealth and good education．The discussion was taking place in the library of a large country house which one of them owned．Gradually the argument became more heated．It was about a book which lay on the table in front of them．They disagreed about some of the views in the book．Both of them had read it carefully．Then they had read some of the chapters again and again．One of the men held the view that what the book said was right．The other was sure that it was wrong．  
　　The year was 1859．The book had not long been published and had shocked many learned people in Britain．Its title was the Origin of Species，written by Charles Darwin．He had set out to question views about how life had developed on the Earth．In doing so，he had thrown doubt on some people's religious beliefs．And religion was such an important part of life at that time that some men were quite angry with Darwin．How dare he attack beliefs and ideas which had been held for centuries？  
　　Darwin's views were the result of years of careful observation，thought and study．One of his most important ideas was that different types of living creatures on the Earth had not been created suddenly．Instead，they had been developing over thousands of millions of years．In the struggle for life，some species had not been successful．They had died out．Others，however，remained because they were able to fit in with their surroundings．This was what was known as "the survival of the fittest．"  
　　The book was not meant to be an attack on Christian belief．Darwin simply set out the facts that he believed to be true．And he based his ideas on scientific experiment．He did not want to make a statement without trying to prove it．But naturally，the Origin of Species was seen as a book written against religion．Its ideas did not agree with what was written in the Bible．For example，Darwin's points about slow evolution did not agree with the story of how Man was created in the Bible．Therefore the book caused great interest and argument，and its author was soon the centre of attention．  
　　Darwin was born in 1809 at Shrewsbury，where he went to school．Later，he studied medicine at Cambridge．However，he was very interested in plants，animals and geology．Therefore when the opportunity arose to go on amost important and interesting voyage for scientific study，he took it．  
　　The journey lasted for five years，from 1831—36．It took him to many different parts of the world．Wherever he went，Darwin made a most careful study of the animal and plant life found there．He was not prepared to accept the usual teachings about how things developed．In true scientific manner，he liked to put ideas to the test．If possible，he wanted proof before he would believe something．  
　　After Darwin returned to Britain he married and settled down to live in Kent．He lived and worked there for the rest of his life．For much of the time he suffered from bad health．However，his work continued．Over the years he read widely．Gradually he gathered together the proof for his beliefs．One of Darwin's friends，Alfred Wallace，was also a naturalist．Wallace and Darwin agreed on the way in which different forms of life had begun．Some of their work was published in 1858．Immediately，it aroused interest．Darwin's main work，the Origin of Speices，was published a year later，in November 1859．The book was received so eagerly that it was sold out on the first day！  
　　Then came the arguments．Most scientists of the time were prepared to accept what Darwin said．The man was something of a genius．He had made his points carefully．Proof was given to support his views．But many people simply could not believe that what he had written was true．It was so different from what the Church taught，and Church leaders declared that Darwin's book was an attack on Christian belief．So many of them wrote and spoke out strongly against it．One of these was the Bishop of Oxford，who took part in a debate against T. H. Huxley，a well-known scientist．The views which they spoke in public showed the great differences which existed between many scientists and many church people．The Bishop said that Darwin's ideas were wrong．Huxley asked him to offer proof，as Darwin had done．The Bishop mainly read statement from the Bible．  
　　The argument went on for many years．The whole question was of interest to a large number of people．Whether or not they agreed with Darwin's views，many of them thought deeply．  
　　Darwin lived on until 1882．Later in his life，he wrote several other books．But none of them caused the kind of interest and argument that had come in 1859．His Origin of Species was one of the most important books published during the nineteenth century．

**LESSON 9  THE LANGUAGE OF THE BEES  
蜜蜂的语言**

　　Animals, including insects, do not have a language like ours. They do not talk to each other in words and sentences. But if we watch them, we can see that they do have ways of coomunicating with each other.  Professor Karl von Frisch is a scientist whose experiments have thrown great light on the amazing ways honeybees communicate in their dark hives.   
　　Professor von Frisch had worked with bees for many years. He was puzzled by something he had observed again and again. When he placed little dishes of honey on a table, bees soon same. As soon as one bee discovered the honey, many more came to it one after another in a short time. It seemed that one bee was able to communicate the news of food to other bees in its hive. How was this possible? To find out, Von Frisch built special hives, each with only one honeycomb. He built a glass wall through which he could watch what went on inside. In order to tell the bees apart, he painted some bees with little spots of color.  
　　When a marked bee returned to the hive from the feeding table, Von Frisch watched through the glass. To his amazement, the bee began to perform a dance on the surface of the honeycomb. First she made a circle to the right, then to the left. She repeated these circles over and over. But that was not all. The dance seemed to excite the surrounding bees. They trooped behind the first dancer, imitating her movements. Then the bees left the hive and went to the feeding place. The circle dance seemed to communicate news of food. But what else?  
　　Von Frisch wanted to find out whether the dance told them how far away the feeding place was. So he set up two feeding places. One was close to the hive. The other was much farther away from the hive. He marked all the bees that came to the nearby feeding place blue, and all the bees that went to the faraway place were marked red. When the bees came back to the hive, Von Frisch saw a curious sight. All the bees that had been at the nearby place were doing the circling dance. All the bees that had been at the distant feeding place were doing a completely different dance, a wagging dance. The dancer ran in a straight line, wagging from side to side. Then she turned in a semicircle, ran straight again, and turned in another semicircle to the opposite side. She kept repeating the "steps" over and over. Things were clear now. The circle dance meant that food was near. The wagging dance meant that food was far away.     
　　But then another question came up. Did the wagging dance tell the bees how away the food was? To answer this question, Von Frisch and his co-workers set up a feeding place close to the hive. Then they slowly move it farther and farther away. Back at the hive they watched the wagging dance closely. With a stopwatch, they counted how many times the bees repeated the dance during one minute. They discoverd that the farther away the feeding station was, the slower the dance was. The slower the dance was, the fewer the times it could be repeated in a minute. So another amazing fact came to light. The number of wagging dances per minute told the distance to the feeding place.  
　　Next Von Frisch thought that bees needed to know more than just the disctance to a faraway place. He thought they needed to know the direction to it. He set out to discover whether the wagging dance showed direction. He put a glass dish with sugar water and honey to the west of the hive. A marked bee fed itself from the dish and returned to the hive. Soon, the bees in the hive flew out. They flew right to the dish. Then Von Frisch moved the dish to the eat of the hive and waited for a marked bee to feed. Again the bees flew right to the dish. How did the bees know exactly in which direction to fly?  
　　Von Frisch watched the wagging dance very carefully. He noticed that the straight part of the dance was different in the morning from what it had been in the afternoon. It soon became clear that the straight part of the dance changed when the sun's position changed. If the feeding place was toward the sun, the dancer headed straught upward during the straight of the wagging dance. If the feeding place was away from the sun, the straight part of the wagging dance poited downward. The wagging dance of the honeybee, therefore, did show the diirection of  a feeding place.  
　　What do these experiments of Professor Karl von Frisch tell us about bees? Dp bees have minds? Can they figure out direction and distance? There is no scientific answer to these questions at present. All we can say is that bees can and do communicate with each other. Their dances are a kind of "language." But the world of the honeybee is just beginning  to be ioened to us. More research is being done. Someday, as we understand more about them, we may be able to learn how bees developed their amazing "language."

**LESSON 10  THE SIXTH DIAMOND  
第六颗钻石**

　　It was my first job, working as a temporary salesgirl during the Christmas rush at Richardson's, the finest jewelry store in our city.  
　　The job was very important to Mother and me. Dad had passed away and Mother and I did not have enough to live on in those hard Depression years. After graduation, I had spent the summer and fall hunting for a job. Dozens of better-trained persons had been turned down before me. There were just not enough jobs for the number of people out of work. Finally I had managed to get the temporary job at Richardson's.  
　　The department where I worked sold cheap jewelry. It was the klind of work that I liked. I could sell thimgs just by listening to people and finding out what they really wanted. By the end of the first week the head of the department was saying very nice things about me. By the end of the second week she was saying Good-bye - Mr Richardson, the owner, was sending me to the diamond department.  
　　"It's an honor, you know, " she told me. "Generally we only send our regular people there. Mr Richardson wants a quick, neat girl, someone who can run errands."  
　　The diamond department was the heart and center of the store. It sold both precious stones and the better kinds of jewelry. My duties were to arrange the goods, keep them clean,  help out in the workroom and, above all, run errands  
　　It was interesting work that I enjoyed thoroughly.  
　　As Christmas drew near, the days became more rushed, but also more exciting. I really loved my work. My only worry was that January would find me hunting for a job again.  
　　One afternoon I heard Mr Richardson say to Mr McCallum, head of the diamond department,  "Tell me about the little runner. I like her; she's a cheerful child."  
　　Part of the reply reached my ears. "Yes," Mr McCallum said, "she's a good girl. I've been meaning to suggest keeping her on..." That was all, but it sent me home feelng as if I were on top of the world!  
　　But the next day started badly. And it kept right on that way. I had to run for my bus and got my stockings dirty; Miss Allan, Mr McCallum's assistant, who wanted her people always neat, ordered me to go out and buy another pair. I came back to find that the girl who was working with me was ill and had been sent home. It was only a week until Christmas - the busiest time of the year. We were all nervous.  
　　At 4:30 a call came from Miss Allan. "Please get me the diamond ring from the end showcase," she said.  
　　As I hurried back, the ring in my hand, I looked up and noticed a man on the other side of the row of showcases. He was tall, fair and in his early thirties. But it was the expression on his face that stopped me even as I hurried toward Miss Allan's room. It was the look of a great many people in those unhappy Depression years. He looked bitter, angry, bewildered. His well-cut suit, shabby now, told me his story. He was one of thousands trained for jobs they could no longer find. He gazed at the beautiful stones with the despair of a man whose right to earn them has been taken away.  
　　I had a sudden deeling of sympathy. But I had other things on my mind and soon forgot all about him.  
　　A few minutes later Miss Allan called for me again.  
　　"Now get the clip that goes with this ring," Miss Allan said.  
　　The clip was at the very front of the window. To reach it meant climbing up a small set of steps and carefully leaning over the jewelry and other goods on display. I got it. Just as I was backing out, my sleeve caught on the corner of a tray of diamonds. The tray started to fall. I grabbed at it, and six magnificent diamond rings rolled across the floor.  
　　Mr McCallum ran to help me, upset and excited, but not really angry at me. He knew what a day I'd been through. "Pick them up quickly," he said, "and put the tray back."  
　　Down on my knees, I said through my tears, "Oh, Mr McCallum, Miss Allan is waiting!"  
　　"I'll see to Miss Allan myself, child," he said. "Just pick up those rings!"  
　　With the greatest speed I collected five rings and put them in the tray. But I couldn't find the sixth! I thought it must have slipped through the tiny opening between the showcase and the window. I ran around the counter and looked down. It wasn't there. Just then, out of the corner of my eye I saw the tall man moving toward the door of the shop, a few yards away. At that moment I knew that he had the ring. He had been standing at the only spot to which it could have rolled. I reached him just as he got to the door.  
　　"Excuse me, please," I said.  
　　He turned, and for an endless minute neither of us spoke. I prayed for some way to save my future in the diamond department. To drop a tray of rings was bad, but that would be forgiven. To lose a ring was unthinkable.  
　　"What do you want?" he asked. He seemed to be a bit nervous.  
　　What should I say?  Disaster could come to me from what I was sure he'd done. Yet I felt he hadn't come into the store planning to steal. Perhaps he had just wanted to get warm.  
　　"What do you want?" he repeated. Suddenly I had the answer. Mother had always told me people are generally kind, I didn't think this man would want to hurt me. I looked out into the cold fog outside. "This is my first job," I said softly. "Jobs are hard to get now, aren't they?"  
　　He searched my face, then smiled a very gentle smile. "Yes," he said. "Indeed they are. But I'm  sure you'll do very well in yours. May I wish you luck?"  
　　He put his hand out and clasped mine. "Good luck to you," I whispered as he opened the door and disappeared in the fog. Then I turned and put the sixth diamond in the tray.

**LESSON 11  A SPEECH BY NORMAN BETHUNE  
诺尔曼·白求恩的演讲**

　　Comrades, I thank you for the beautiful banners you have given to me and for the kind things you have said about me.  
　　The eyes of millions of freedom-loving Canadians, Americans and Englishmen are turned to the East and are fixed eith admiration on China in her glorious struggle against Japanese imperialism. This hospital has been equipped by your foreign comrades. I have the honour to have been sent as their representative. Do not consider it strange that people like yourselves, 30,000 li away,  half-way around the globe, are helping you. You and we are internationalists: we recognize no race, no color, no language, no national boundaries to separate and divide us.  
　　It is not many months since I arrived here to work with you in this hospital. I used to think of it as "your"  hospital, now I think of it as "our" hospital. From you I have learned many valuable lessons. You have shown me a spirit of selflessness, of working cooperatively, of overcoming great difficulties, and I thank you for those lessons. In return I may have been able to teach you a little about medical technique.  
　　It was the adoption of Western technique that was responsible, in part, for the transformation of Japan from a tenth-rate backward nation into a great world power in less than fifty years. Technique, in the hands of imperialists, has made Japan the enemy of the world. Technique in the hands of the workers of China will make her a great power for world peace. We must use that technique for the happiness and prosperity of the millions and not just to make a few people rich.  
　　Why must we learn good technique? Because good technique in medicine and surgery means more quickly-cured patients, less pain, less discomfort, less death, less disease and less deformity. What is the duty of a doctor, of a nurse, of an orderly? It is our duty to make our patients happy, to help them in their fight back to health and strength.  
　　I cannot close without expressing my admiration for the courage and uncomplaining spirit of our wounded, both of the 8th Route Army and the partisans. For these there is nothing less we can do, than to give them the greatest care and skill, in return for what they have endured and suffered for us. For they have fought, not only for the China of today, but that great, free, democratic Chinese Republic of tomorrow, which they, and we, may never live to see. The important thing is that both they and we, by our actions now, are making that new Republic possible, are assisting in its birth. But whether it will be born or not, depends on our actions today and tomorrow. It is not self-generating. It must be created by the blood and the work of all of us who believe in the future; who believe in man and his glorious man-made destiny. Only in this way is it inevitable.  
　　To those who have fallen, to those whom we have not been able to save, let us say:  we shall remember the sacrifices of the dead. Our goal is the new China for which they died. In their memory, in devotion to our great cause, let the living and the dying seal our comradeship. In struggle and sacrifice we shall have one purpose, one thought. Then we will be invincible. Then we will know that even if we do not live to see it, some day those who come after us will gather here, as we do today, to celebrate, not just the building of a model hospital, but of a great and democratic republic for the liberated people of China.

**LESSON 12  FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH  
绝处逢生**

　　Dunkirk is a small port on the northern coast of France. It lies close to Belgium. Before 1940, the town was not widely known. But since that time, it has entered Britain's history in the story of an almost miraculous escape.  
　　In the summer of 1940, Hitler ordered his armies to attack in the West. The Germans drove forward and on the 10th of May they invaded Holland and Belgium. Thousands of tanks and trucks moved forward. They were supported by large numbers of planes. Dive-bombers blasted advanced positions and strongpoints. Fighters flew at treetop level, firing cannons and machine-guns at lines of transport. Troops were dropped or landed by gliders behind the defenders.  
　　The British Expeditionary Force had been in France since the end of 1939. Shortly after the war began, British soldiers were tranported across the English Channel to fight beside their French allies. When the German invasion of Belgium took place in May 1940, British forces moved into that country to help the Belgians.  
　　But the German battle plan had been well prepared. A few days later, the German armies launched blows at the French defences around Sedan. Soon they broke through. They moved with a speed which bewildered the defenders. Tanks and amoured cars thrust deep behind the French lines.  
　　The British forces had to fall back quickly, but suddenly they found their retreat cut off. They were surrounded on the open beaches of Dunkirk.  
　　In Britain there was deep gloom. The strength and success of the German advance had surprised everybody. The French Army was being smashed. The British Expeditionary Force seemed to be trapped at Dunkirk. Perhaps a few men would escape, but it seemed as if the majority would have to surrender. The blow would be so heavy that Britain might have to ask for peace.  
　　Then the miracle began.  
　　No one knows exactly how it began, how word was spread, but somehow the massage was passed that Englishmen were trapped and dying on the beaches of France and that other Englishmen must go to take them off those beaches. Some boats were needed, anything that could float and move under its own power -- lifeboats, tugs, fishing boats, pleasure boats. Large and small, new and old, wide and narrow, fast and slow, they moved down to the shore. The "crews" were made up of bankers and doctors, taxi drivers and sportsmen, old longshoremen and very young boys, engineers and fishermen. There were fresh-faced young Sea Scouts and old men with white hair blowing in the wind. Some were poor, with not even a raincoat to protect them from the weather, others were owners of great wealth and property. A few had machine-guns, but most had nothing but their own brave hearts.  
　　Off they went ay sundown on May 26, more than a thousand boats in all. It was a miracle that so many had been able to come together at one place at one time, and even more miraculous that crews had been found for them. But now came the strangest part of the miracle. The English Channel, ordinarily one of the roughest places in the world - no place at all for a small boat - suddenly became calm and flat. The little boats went out into a calm night, headed for the French coast, where anxious British soldiers were waiting. Coming up behind them were warships and gunboats.  
　　Suddenly out of the night dozens of flares were dropped over Dunkirk by German bombers. They lit up a terrible scene: wrecked and burning ships everywhere, thousands of British soldiers standing deep in the water holding their weapons over their heads, hundreds of thousands more in lines on the beaches. Through it all moved the little boats coming to the rescue.  
　　The planes came in to attack. But the people on the little boats fought back, firing rifles and old guns as the dive-bombers  screamed down. Bombs exploded everywhere. Through it all, the little boats continued to move in to the beach and began taking aboard soldiers.  
　　Those who were there will never forget the long lines of tired men staggerng across the beach, falling into the little boats, while others, caught where they stood, died among the bombs and bullets.  
　　The amazing thing was the lack of panic. There was no mad rush for boats. The men moved slowly forward, neck deep in the water, with their officers guiding them. As those in front were dragged aboad the boats, those in the rear moved up, until at last it was rtheir turn to be piled up over the side.  
　　Boats that had never carried more than a dozen people at a time were now carrying sixty or more. Somehow they backed off rhe beach, remained floating, took their loads out to the larger ships waiting offshore and then returned to the beach foe men.  
　　German guns and German planes rained down bombs, shells, and bullets until the little boats seemed to be moving through a sea of fire. The Germans were closing in for the kill. Still the little boats went about their business, moving steadly through the water.  
　　All through the long hours, the work went on. The old men and boys who made up the crewskept pulling the men aboard, made the wounded as comfortable as possible, took them out to the larger ships, then returned for more. No matter how many times they made the trip, their were still more men, waiting to be rescued.  
　　And then at long last, on the morning of June 4, with the fires growing pale against the daylight and the dive-bombers sweeping in for the kill, the job was done; the beach was empty of life. The "fleet" turned and started home to England.  
　　It had been hoped that some 30,000 men might be rescued. What the little boats actually did was to take off 335,000 men, the best of British army. Although their heavy equipment was lost, the men were saved.  
　　Britain had suffered a defeat, but thanks to the courage and skill of those who manned the boats, the British army was ready to fight again, with what is now called the "Dunkirk spirit."