



TWO STORIES

After MARK TWAIN





МАРК ТВЕН

ДВА РАССКАЗА

КНИГА ДЛЯ ЧТЕНИЯ
НА АНГЛИЙСКОМ ЯЗЫКЕ
ДЛЯ X КЛАССА
СРЕДНЕЙ ШКОЛЫ

*Адаптация и примечания
Д. Г. РЫЖКИНОЙ*

Предисловие К. М. Нартова

ГОСУДАРСТВЕННОЕ
УЧЕБНО-ПЕДАГОГИЧЕСКОЕ ИЗДАТЕЛЬСТВО
МИНИСТЕРСТВА ПРОСВЕЩЕНИЯ РСФСР
Москва 1961

Книга "Two Stories" содержит два адаптированных рассказа Марка Твена: «Человск, который совратил Гедлиберг» и «Курьезное происшествие». Книга предназначена для самостоятельного чтения учащимися X классов с большим англо-русским словарем.

Для облегчения чтения в книге даются постраничные примечания. Перед каждым рассказом помещен список собственных имен и географических названий, встречающихся в рассказе.

МАРК ТВЕН
ДВА РАССКАЗА

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— дано в набор 14/VI-1960 г. Подписано к печати 26/XI-1960 г. 84×108^{1/2}.
Печ. л. 5^{1/4} (4,72). Уч.-изд. л. 5,31. Тираж 80 тыс. Зак. 1010.

Учпедгиз, Москва, 3-й проезд Марьиной рощи, 41.
Московская типография № 3 Мосгорсовнархоза

Цена 14 к.

ПРЕДИСЛОВИЕ

Полвека прошло со дня смерти величайшего американского сатирика Марка Твена (Самюэл Ленгхорн Клеменс, 1835—1910), но все еще не стихают споры вокруг его творчества. Много написано о Твене, но написано по-разному, с различных позиций. Американское буржуазное литературоведение пытается изобразить Марка Твена беззлобным юмористом, весельчаком, который больше всего на свете ценит легкую шутку и высмеивает пороки общечеловеческие, слабости, присущие людям во все времена.

Это литературоведение стремится доказать, что книги Твена всего лишь забавы шутника-развлекателя, который веселым лукавством смешит людей, подмечая их невинные чудачества. Вытравить из произведений Твена сатирическое начало, затушевать социальный протест писателя, не согласного с общественным бытием современной ему Америки, — такие цели ставит перед собой официальное литературоведение на службе американского империализма.

Но превратить Твена в «сердечного юмориста», чей смех никого не обижает, невозможно, ибо это противоречит смыслу его лучших и крупнейших произведений, смыслу его творчества в целом. В глазах прогрессивной общественности Марк Твен навсегда останется борцом за человечность, за истинную демократию, честным и мужественным писателем, не побоявшимся во имя правды охарактеризовать страну, где он родился и жил, как «Соединенные Линчующие Штаты» (название одного из самых сильных сатирических памфлетов Твена).

Сын бедного провинциального юриста, он не получил законченного образования, но прошел большую жизненную школу. Двенадцати лет он поступает учеником наборщика в типографию, затем плавает помощником лоцмана по Миссисипи, становится рудокопом-золотоискателем и, наконец, делается репортером различных американских газет.

Хорошее знакомство с миром простого человека, горячее и искреннее сочувствие ему предопределили характер и направленность боль-

шинства произведений Твена-репортера и профессионального писателя.

Твен много читает, стараясь компенсировать пробелы в своем образовании. Уже в ранней юности Твен-наборщик посвящает вечера изучению в подлиннике книг Вольтера, а будучи лощманом, читает Шекспира и ведет о нем бесконечные споры со своими товарищами. Среди писателей, которыми Твен восхищался, были замечательные сатирики Рабле, Диккенс, Теккерей. Воспринял он и лучшие традиции своих соотечественников.

Первая книга рассказов Твена появилась в 1867 г. Она называлась «Знаменитая прыгающая лягушка из Калавераса и другие рассказы». Этот сборник был написан в духе «консервативного» американского юмора, оставляющего в стороне основные социальные противоречия эпохи. Многие рассказы построены на сюжетном материале индейского и негритянского фольклора. К этому-то, самому раннему периоду творчества Твена и обращаются постоянно буржуазные литературоведы, характеризуя все его наследие как работу аполитичного юмориста, строящего свои рассказы на беззлобном гротеске и нелепо-фантастических ситуациях.

Но разве это может хоть в малейшей степени убить великого сатирика и памфлетиста, автора прославленных романов: «Приключения Тома Сойера» (1876), «Принц и нищий» (1882), «Приключения Гекльберри Финна» (1884), «Янки при дворе короля Артура» (1889) и других, создателя огромного количества злободневных сатирических рассказов и статей? Разумеется, нет.

Известнейшие романы Твена исполнены не только живого восхищения перед природой, преклонения перед естественной добротой и благородством простых людей, — они бичуют деспотизм во всех его формах и проявлениях, обличают религию, зло и беспощадно осмеивают американскую «демократию», с откровенной нетерпимостью издеваются над ханжеством и жадной наживы американского обывателя.

Мы с удовольствием познакомимся с незамысловатыми приключениями героев рассказов «Мои часы», «Миссис Мак-Вильямс и круп», улыбнемся «Разговору с интервьюером», посмеемся над простаками из «Прыгающей лягушки», но истинный Марк Твен, сатирический изобразитель ненавистного ему и нам мира эксплуатации человека, предстает перед читателем в рассказах «Человек, который совратил Гедлиберг», «Как меня выбирали в губернаторы», «Письма китайца» и многих других. Справедливое возмущение произволом, царящим в «демократических» Соединенных Штатах, вызовут у нас блестящие памфлеты писателя «Человеку, ходящему во тьме», «Соединенные

«Линчающие Штаты», «Американский джентльмен», «Мы — англосаксы» и др.

Чтобы почувствовать всю горечь и силу обличений подлинного Твена-борца, достаточно привести лишь небольшой отрывок из последнего названного нами памфлета, относящегося к 1906 г. Твен рассказывает о банкете, где «отставной военный высокого ранга провозгласил громким голосом и с большим воодушевлением: «Мы принадлежим к англосаксонской расе, а когда англосаксу что-нибудь нужно, он просто идет и берет». Это заявление вызвало несмолкаемые аплодисменты. На банкете присутствовало не менее семидесяти пяти штатских и двадцати пяти офицеров армии и флота...

Если перевести эту декларацию на простой английский язык, она звучит так: «Мы, англичане и американцы, — воры, разбойники и пираты, чем мы и гордимся».

Стоит ли удивляться, что прислужники самых агрессивных кругов США с удовольствием упрятали бы такого Твена подальше от читателя?

В молодости Твену случилось быть в Ялте, и он оставил город, очарованный русскими обычаями и русским искусством, развитием которого он постоянно интересовался всю жизнь, сожалея о незнании языка. Твен встречался затем с И. С. Тургеневым и М. Горьким. Он приветственно встретил революцию 1905 г. в России и говорил М. Горькому: «Я надеюсь и верю, что она победит».

Миролюбивое, демократическое человечество никогда не отдаст Марка Твена мракобесам, прикрывающимся «бескорыстной» любовью к писателю.

В этой книжке вы прочтете 2 рассказа Марка Твена. Один из них, «Курьезное происшествие», чрезвычайно занимателен своим сюжетом, энергичным развитием интригующих событий. Увлекающийся юноша, который начитался детективных романов, а от природы наделен живым воображением, мечтает о необычайных приключениях.

Идет гражданская война Севера и Юга (1861—1865). При довольно странных обстоятельствах в форту, занятом отрядами северян, появляется подросток. Жизнь его в форту, странное поведение, являющееся причиной курьезных происшествий, и составляют фабулу рассказа. Шпион или нет?! Это хотят узнать северяне, которые сначала приютили юношу, а затем перестали ему доверять.

Напряженный, «стремительный» рассказ завершается очень неожиданным концом. Разгадку трудно предвидеть, и это еще более обостряет интерес к «Курьезному происшествию».

Другой рассказ, «Человек, который совратил Гедлиберг» (1899), — один из самых едких и злых среди произведений Твена, обличаю-

щих лицемерную, ханжескую мораль буржуазного общества Америки. Здесь мы также встречаемся с острой, оригинальной фабулой, но не она главное, не ею определяется смысл рассказа.

Действие его протекает в стандартном американском городке, каких в стране тысячи. «Дух соревнования и соперничества» побуждает наиболее состоятельных горожан создать Гедлибергу рекламу. Рекламой в Соединенных Штатах может быть все: сенсация любого пошиба, человеческие радости и горести, пороки и добродетели — лишь бы только привлекало внимание, а там умелые дельцы сумеют извлечь прибыль из «популярности». Хозяева Гедлиберга сделали рекламой города редчайший товар: честность! (Оно и выгодно: не только престиж города, но и гарантия сохранения «честно нажитых» капиталов.)

И самым именитейшим семействам удался их план. С пути подрастающего поколения убиралась все соблазны. Всю жизнь дома, в школе, на улице слышали горожане бесконечные проповеди о честности. Христианская мораль учила, что награда за добродетели впереди, за гробом. Постепенно гедлибергцев стало объединять что-то вроде чувства корпоративной чести. А кучка заправил всячески поддерживала у обитателей Гедлиберга иллюзию их превосходства над жителями остальной Америки. Ханжество и выгода — вот побуждения, которые привели сливки городского общества к проповеди «честности и бескорыстия».

Твен не обвиняет в ханжестве огульно весь американский народ, хотя и показывает, что растлевающее влияние буржуазной пропаганды воздействует на него.

Но вот однажды оскорбленный городом человек решает наказать тщеславных гедлибергцев, осмеяв их «неуязвимую» честность. Он изобрел фантастическую историю о пожертвовании неким неизвестным жителем города 20 долларов опустившемуся бродяге-игроку и от имени этого благодетельствованного, вернувшегося к новой жизни, просит вручить жертвователю мешок с 40 тыс. долларов. Одновременно каждому из 19 «символов неподкупности» Гедлиберга он сообщает в тайне от других пароль, который якобы должен открыть им путь к «заслуженной» награде.

И что же? Чванливая честность не выдержала искушения, и все «символы» попали впросак. Банкир и стряпчий, фабрикант и кассир оказались людьми с весьма гибкой совестью, обман и кража логично входят в их «праведную, бескорыстную» жизнь, они поистине достойны своего «ограниченного, фарисейски самодовольного и скандального города».

Вещь выше доброго имени — такова неприкрашенная мораль обывателя. Но этого мало. В ходе событий становится

«сым», что «символы» трусливы, лишены и намека на чувство солидарности, с готовностью и хищной изворотливостью спекулируют даже на собственных преступлениях, ставших достоянием общественного мнения (показательна история приобретения «символом» Харкнесом мешка с «золотом» для уничтожения соперника во время выборной кампании).

Твен показывает и «пробуждение» народа, не настолько одуряченного, чтобы не встретить саркастическим ликованием разоблачение «символов неподкупности».

Среди горожан писатель выделил Гудсона, который отвергал ханжескую мораль гедлибергцев, Хэллдея, который издевается над «честными», богобоязненными традициями города. Нравственное здоровье народа нельзя подорвать окончательно, показывает Твен.

Грустные ноты рассказа связаны с трагической судьбой четы Ричардсов, бедняков, не сумевших побороть соблазна, но и погибших под бременем своей вины. Писатель не оправдывает их, но сожалеет о людях, погубленных миром, который ничего не дал им: ни благосостояния, ни хваленых нравственных устоев.

В целом же этот рассказ живое свидетельство глубокого разочарования Марка Твена в американской демократии. Твен не был революционером в нашем понимании этого слова, но он глубоко сочувствовал порабощенному монополиями трудящемуся люду США, выступал против агрессивных акций империалистической Америки, декларировал в своих произведениях право народа на насильственное свержение деспотической власти.

Борцом за всеобщее благосостояние, за равные права для всех людей, грозным сатириком-обличителем «американского образа жизни» войдет Марк Твен в историю мировой литературы.

К. Нартов

ЧЕЛОВЕК, КОТОРЫЙ СОВРАТИЛ ГЕДЛИБЕРГ

ИМЕНА СОБСТВЕННЫЕ

- Billson, John Wharton [bɪlsn, 'dʒɒn 'wɔ:tɪn] — Билсон, Джон Уортон
Cox [kɒks] — Кокс
Goodson, Barclay [gʊdsn, 'bɑ:kli] — Гудсон, Баркли
Halliday, Jack {'hæliɪdeɪ, dʒæk] — Хэлидей, Джэк
Dr. Harkness, Clay ['dɒktə 'hɑ:knis, kleɪ] — Доктор Харкнес, Клей
Hewitt, Nancy ['hju:ɪt, 'nænsɪ] — Хьюит, Нэнси
Johnny ['dʒɒni] — Джонни
Pinkerton ['pɪŋkətən] — Пинкертон
Reverend Burgess {'revərənd 'bɜ:dʒɪs] — преподобный Барджес
Richards, Edward and Mary ['rɪtʃədz, 'edwəd ənd 'mɛəri] Ричардс, Эдвард и Мэри
Stephenson, Howard L. ['sti:vns(ə)n, 'hauəd] — Стивенсон, Хауэрд Л.
Thompson [tɒmpsn] — Томпсон
Wilson, Thurlow G. [wɪlsn, 'θɜ:lou] — Уилсон, Тэрлоу Г.
Yates, Gregory [jɛts, 'ɡregəri] — Эйтс, Грегори

ГЕОГРАФИЧЕСКИЕ НАЗВАНИЯ

- Brixton ['brɪksɪn] — г. Брикстон
Hadleyburg ['hædli:bɜ:g] — г. Гедлиберг

The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg



PART I



The Reader Learns a Few Facts About the Town of Hadleyburg

It happened many years ago in a small American town which was called Hadleyburg. Hadleyburg was the most honest town in all the region around.¹ It had had that reputation for many years already and was prouder of it than of anything else.

The neighbouring towns disliked the people of Hadleyburg greatly, because they themselves did not have that kind of reputation and were, of course, envious. They said that Hadleyburg's honesty was all rotten and that it was vanity.² They tried very hard to prove it, but they could not. There had been no chance. And they were waiting for a good chance. At last it came.

Hadleyburg Offends a Stranger

Once it so happened that Hadleyburg offended a passing stranger. Maybe they did not know it and certainly they did not notice it. Hadleyburg paid very little attention to³ strangers or their opinions. And that was bad for Hadleyburg, because the stranger was a bitter man and never forgot any unkind thing that had been done to him.

Jgc.

¹ in all the region around — во всей округе

² Hadleyburg's honesty was all rotten and that it was vanity [ˈvænɪtɪ] — честность у Гедлиберга была насквозь фальшивая и что это было просто тщеславие

³ paid very little attention to — очень мало обращал внимания



The offended man began thinking and thinking how to avenge himself in the best way.¹ He thought of many plans, and all of them were good, but still he did not like them. He wanted a plan which could hurt not one man or several but the whole town. At last he had a good idea and it filled him with joy. He began to form a plan at once, saying to himself, "That is the thing to do² — I will corrupt the town. Not several people, but the whole town."

The Stranger Begins to Fulfil His Plan

Six months later he arrived at Hadleyburg and came to the house of the old cashier of the bank at about ten o'clock at night. He had a heavy sack with him which he carried with some difficulty to the door and knocked at it. A woman's voice said, "Come in," and he entered and placed his sack on the floor in the darkest corner. Then he said politely to the old lady, who sat reading a newspaper by the lamp:

¹ how to avenge himself in the best way — как лучше всего отомстить за себя

² That is the thing to do. — Вот так я и поступлю.

"Don't stand up, madam, I shall not disturb you. Well, now the sack is in a safe place; no one will see it here. Can I speak to your husband a moment, madam?"

The old lady said that her husband had gone to Brixton, and would not return before twelve.

"Very well, madam, it does not matter. I simply wanted to leave that sack in his care¹ until the man, who has the right to take it, is found. I am a stranger here; your husband does not know me and you will never see me again. There is a paper with the sack which will explain everything. Good night, madam."

Mrs. Richards Remains Alone With a Sack of Gold

The old lady was a little frightened, so she was glad when he went. But she was very eager to see the paper and went at once to the sack and brought out the paper. It began as follows:

"Please do one of the two following things:

1. Publish the paper, or
2. find the right man by asking one person, then another, then again another secretly.

Both ways are good.

There are gold coins in the sack and they make forty thousand dollars."

"My God, and the door is not locked!" Mrs. Richards exclaimed.

She ran to the door, shaking with fear and excitement, locked it, closed the windows and stood frightened and thinking: was there anything else she could do in order to make herself and the money safe?²

Mrs. Richards Gets More and More Excited--the Letter Is So Interesting

The old woman listened for a minute for thieves (all this was happening in the honest town of Hadleyburg) and then went back to the lamp and finished reading the paper.

¹ in his care — на его попечение

² in order to make herself and the money safe — чтобы лучше обезопасить я себя и деньги



"I am a foreigner, and am now going back to my own country. I am very thankful to America for what I received from the country when I lived there; and to one of her citizens — a citizen of Hadleyburg — I am especially thankful. I will explain. I was a gambler.¹ I say I was. Once I arrived at this village at night, hungry and without a penny, because I had lost all my money. I asked for help, and I begged of the right man. He gave me twenty

dollars — he gave me life. Soon after that I became very rich at the gambling-table. Now I must say that the man made a remark to me,² and it has remained with me to this day. His words have saved me. I shall never gamble again. I have no idea who that man was, but I beg you to find him and give him this money. He may give the money away,³ throw it away, or keep it, as he likes. I simply want to show him my thankfulness. I cannot stay in this country and find him myself. But I am sure he will be found. This is an honest town, a town that cannot be corrupted, and I know I can trust it. You can recognize the man by the remark he made to me. I am sure he remembers it.

"And now my plan is this: tell about my note secretly to any one whom you think to be the right man. If he says, 'I am the man; the remark I made to the stranger was so-and-so',⁴ test the words: open the sack, and in it you will find an envelope with the remark. If what he has said is correct, give him the money, because he is certainly the right man. But you may do everything openly. Publish my letter in the local newspaper. Then, thirty days later, let the candidate come to the townhall at eight in the evening (Friday). There he must give his re-

¹ gambler — картежник, азартный игрок

² made a remark to me — обратился ко мне со словами

³ he may give the money away — он может раздать деньги

⁴ the remark I made... was so-and-so — я сказал то-то и то-то

mark, in an envelope, to the Rev.¹ Mr. Burgess. Let Mr. Burgess there and then open it and see whether the remark is correct; if it is correct, give the money to my benefactor."

Mrs. Richards Begins to Be Sorry It Was Not Her Husband Who Gave the Money to the Stranger

Mrs. Richards sat down, shaking with excitement.

"What a strange thing it is!... And what good luck² for that kind man who gave the money. It is such a pity³ it is not my husband who did it. We are so poor, so old and poor! No, it was not Edward who gave the stranger twenty dollars. It is a pity. I see it now..."

Then she thought:

"But it is the money of a gambler! It is dishonest money; we can't take it, we can't touch it. I don't like to be near it."

She stood up from her chair and sat down on another, away from the sack... "When Edward comes, he must take the sack to the bank; a thief may come at any moment; it is terrible to be here all alone⁴ with it."



Mr. Richards Returns Home

At eleven Mr. Richards arrived. He said, "I am so tired, very tired, it is terrible to be poor and work so hard at my time of life.⁵ It is terrible to work for another man, to be his slave. My master is at home now, sitting in his arm-chair, rich and comfortable."

"I am so sorry for you, Edward, you know that; but you must remember that still we have a little money and we have our good name —"

"Yes, Mary, and that is everything. Don't mind my talk.⁶ I said it simply because I am tired."

¹ Rev. = Reverend — преподобный

² good luck — счастье, удача

³ It is such a pity. — Какая жалость.

⁴ all alone — одна-одинешенька

⁵ at my time of life — в мои годы

⁶ Don't mind my talk. — Не обращай внимания на мои слова.

Then he saw something in the dark corner.

"What's this? What's in the sack?"

His wife told him the great secret. So great was his surprise that he kept silent for a moment; then he said:

"Why, Mary, only think of it: forty thousand dollars is a whole fortune! There are not more than ten people in our town who are as rich as that. Give me the paper."

Mr. Richards Acts and Mrs. Richards Thinks He Acts Foolishly

He read it quickly and said:

"Isn't it an adventure! Why, it's wonderful, it's like something that people read about in books, and never see in life." He felt very happy now. "Why, we're rich, Mary, rich; it is our money now. If the gambler ever comes to see where his money is, we'll simply look at him coldly and say: 'What are you talking about? We have never heard of you and your sack of gold before,' and then —"

"And while you are talking and making jokes, the money is still here. It is night and it's just the time for burglars."¹

"Yes, you are right. Very well, what shall we do: ask the town people about the remark secretly? No, not that; it will spoil the whole adventure. I shall publish the letter. Think what a noise it will make! And it will make all the other towns jealous. They know it could happen only in Hadleyburg, because we are so honest here. I must run to the printing-office now, or I shall be too late."

"But stop — stop — don't leave me here alone with it, Edward!"

But he was gone.

Mr. Richards started for the printing-office.

Not far from his house, just as the old cashier was turning the corner, he met Mr. Cox, editor of the local paper.

Mr. Richards gave him the stranger's letter, and said:

"Here is a good thing for you, Cox, — publish it."

"I think it is too late, Richards, but I'll see."

And Mr. Cox hurried back to the printing-office.

¹ it's just the time for burglars — как раз такое время, когда грабителям раздолье

*Mrs. Richards Is Back Home Again, and He
and His Wife Think They Know Who the
Benefactor Was*

At home Richards and his wife again began to talk about the thing; they could not even think of sleep now. The first question was, who had given the stranger the twenty dollars? Both Mr. Richards and Mrs. Richards thought the question was a simple one. Both answered it very quickly:

"Barkley Goodson."

"Yes," said Richards. "I am sure it was Goodson. Everybody will agree, though our village hated him. Now he is dead and Hadleyburg is again honest, narrow, self-righteous and stingy."¹

"It is always what he said about Hadleyburg. That is why he was hated so much. Now only the Reverend Burgess is hated as greatly as Goodson was. Well, Burgess deserves it. The town is very bad, but Burgess is still worse. Edward, isn't it strange that according to the letter² it is Burgess who must hand the money to the right man?"

"Well, yes — it is. Mary, maybe the stranger knows him better than the town does?"

*From This Chapter the Reader Learns That Some
People in Hadleyburg Are Not What They
Seem to Be*

His wife looked at him rather critically.

"Mary, Burgess is not a bad man."

His wife was certainly surprised.

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed.

"He is not a bad man, I know. There was only one thing that made him so unpopular!" said Richards. "But he was not guilty of it".

"How you talk! Not guilty of it! Everybody knows he WAS guilty."

"Mary, I give you my word — he was not guilty."

"How do you know?"

¹ narrow, self-righteous [ˈraɪfʃəs] and stingy — ограниченный, самодовольный и скарредный

² according to the letter — согласно письму

"It is a confession. I am ashamed, but I shall tell you the truth. Only I knew he was not guilty. I could have saved him, but — but — well, you know how the town was against him—so I was very much afraid of what people would say about me."

"I—I don't think," said Mary, stammering, "what would people say. Yes, of course. But — but one thing is very important, Edward: does Burgess know that you could have saved him?"

"He? He has no idea of it."

"Oh," exclaimed his wife with relief.¹ "I am glad to hear that. Of course he has no idea of it. I have noticed that he always tries to be friendly with us, though we are rather cold to him. But why does he like us so?"

"I can explain it, Mary. I am ashamed again, but it is another confession. When I learned that the town was going to ride him on a rail,² I secretly went to his house and warned him. He got out of the town and stayed away till it was safe to come back."

"Edward! If the town had found it out —"

"Don't! It is awful even now, when I think of it. I didn't sleep for a moment that night. But after a few days, when I saw that no one knew anything, I was glad I had done it. And I am glad now, very, very glad."

"But, Edward, suppose people learn about it, some day!"

"They won't."

"Why?"

"Because everybody thinks it was Goodson who warned Burgess."

"Oh, yes, of course!"

The Gold Sack Begins to Play a Great Part

Here they both noticed that they had forgotten all about the mysterious sack. So the conversation again returned to the stranger and to the money. Soon, however, Richards became silent and very thoughtful. He sat looking at the floor, his hands were making little nervous movements. He was whispering something. His wife also sat thinking of something.

¹ with relief [rɪ'li:f] — с облегчением

² to ride him on a rail — амер. провести его по городу обманив его делом и вывалив его в перьях

³ to play a great part — играть большую роль

Then Richards got up and began to walk about the room like a person in a bad dream. Finally he put on his hat without a word and went quickly out of the house.

Mrs. Richards was so lost in thought¹ that she did not even notice that she was left alone. Now and then² she whispered, "Lead us not into³ — ... but — but — we are so poor, so poor!... Lead us not into ...". After a while she looked up and said, half-frightened, half-glad:

"He is gone! Oh, he may be too late — too late ... But maybe there is still time!"

She began to clasp and unclasp her hands nervously. Then she went down on her knees by the sack and looked at it lovingly. She looked at it with a gloating light in her poor old eyes.⁴

"How foolish it was that Edward didn't wait and ran to tell Cox."

Mrs. Cox Is Also Left Alone at Home

Meantime Cox had gone home from his office and told his wife all about the strange thing that had happened. They talked it over eagerly. They also thought that it was Goodson who had given the stranger the twenty dollars. Then there was a pause in the conversation, and the two became thoughtful and silent, just like the Richardses.⁵ At last the wife said, as if to herself:⁶

"Nobody knows the secret but the Richardses⁷... and us ... nobody."

The husband looked at his wife, whose face had become very pale; then he slowly stood up, and glanced at his hat, then at his wife, then at the hat again.

Mrs. Cox swallowed once or twice, then instead of saying anything, she nodded her head. In a moment she was left alone.

¹ was so lost in thought — так была поглощена своими мыслями

² now and then — время от времени

³ "Lead us not into..." — «Да не введи нас (во искушение)». Слова протестантской молитвы Гедлиберг сделал своим девизом, украсив им городскую печать.

⁴ with a gloating light in her poor old eyes — с алчным огоньком в подслеповатых старческих глазах

⁵ just like the Richardses — совсем как супруги Ричардс

⁶ as if to herself — как бы про себя

⁷ but the Richardses — кроме Ричардсов

Mr. Cox Is Angry With Mr. Richards



And now Richards and Cox were running towards each other through the night streets, from opposite directions. They met at the door of the printing-office. Cox whispered:

"Does anybody else know about this?"

The whispered answer was,

"Not a soul,¹ I give you my word — not a soul"

"If it isn't too late —"

At this moment they saw a boy, and Cox asked:

"Is that you, Johnny?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is not necessary to send the early mail; wait till I tell you."

"The mail has already been sent, sir."

"SENT?!"

Both men turned and walked slowly away, not waiting to hear the rest. They did not speak for ten minutes; then Cox said, and his tone was very angry:

"Why were you in such a hurry?² I can't understand it."

"I see it now. But next time —"

"Next time be hanged!³ It won't happen in a thousand years!"

Then the friends separated without even saying good-bye.

Mrs. Richards Speaks Her Mind⁴

At home their wives met them with "Well?" — then saw the answer with their eyes and turned away from their husbands.

¹ Not a soul. — Ни одна душа.

² Why were you in such a hurry? — Зачем вам надо было так торопиться?

³ Next time be hanged! — Тыфу, пропасть с вашим следующим разом!

⁴ Mrs. Richards speaks her mind — Миссис Ричардс высказывается откровенно

In both houses there was a heated discussion that night.

In both houses the conversations were strangely alike. Mrs. Richards said:

"Why were you in a hurry, Edward? Why did you not stop to think before you ran to the printing-office? If you had only stopped —"¹

And here she began to cry and she cried bitterly.

"Don't you see,² Edward, that we can't find the right man because he is dead. Goodson is dead, and he has left nothing and nobody behind him. And we need the money, we are so poor, and — and —"

"But, Mary, the letter said 'Publish it.' So I did. When people read the newspaper, they will think: 'Hadleyburg is really very honest. It can always be trusted.' And we must remember that it was so ordered —"³

"Ordered! Oh, you always say ORDERED when you can't explain a thing. All right, let's say it was ordered. But it was Providence⁴ that brought us the sack here. Who gave you the right not to obey Providence?!"

"Well, Mary, you know how we have been trained all our lives to be honest —" Here Mr. Richards was again interrupted by his wife.

"Oh, it has always been training and training and training in honesty.⁵ So it's not real honesty. It is as weak as water when temptation comes, as we have seen this night."

With these words she went down on her knees by the sack and looked at it lovingly.

"I always was sure I was honest, until now — and now... Edward, this town's honesty is as rotten as mine is; as rotten as yours is. It is a mean town, it is a bad town. And now I have said everything and I feel better."



¹ If you had only stopped — Если бы ты только остановился

² Don't you see — Разве ты не понимаешь

³ It was so ordered — так было предначертано свыше

⁴ Providence [ˈprɒvɪdəns] — провидение

⁵ training in honesty [ˈɒnɪstɪ] — эд. дрессировка и наставления в честности

"I— well, Mary, to tell you the truth, I feel very much as you do, I certainly do. It seems strange, too, so strange."

After that there was a long silence. At last the wife looked up and said:

"I know what you are thinking about, Edward. I am thinking about the same question myself."

"What is it?"

"You were thinking, what was the remark that Goodson made to the stranger?"

"It's quite true, Mary. I feel ashamed. And you?"

"I'm past it¹. Now, what was it, Edward? What was that remark? We must sit down near the sack and think."

The other family, the Coxes, were busy doing the same thing; they were also trying to guess the remark. Neither the Richardses nor the Coxes slept a wink² that night thinking hard about the remark; that golden remark; that remark worth³ forty thousand dollars.

The Story of the Gold Sack Finds Its Way into Print⁴

That night the local telegraph-office was opened later than usual. The reason was this: the foreman of Cox's paper⁵ was sending the news to the Associated Press.⁶

By breakfast-time the next morning the name of Hadleyburg the Incorruptible was on every lip⁷ in America; and millions and millions of people were discussing the stranger and the money-sack. Everybody was eager to know if the right man would be found.

¹ I am past it. — Мне уже не до этого.

² Neither the Richardses nor the Coxes slept a wink — Ни Ричардсы, ни Коксы не сомкнули глаз

³ that remark worth — эти слова ценой в...

⁴ ...finds its way into print — ... попадает в прессу

⁵ paper = newspaper

⁶ the Associated [э'соуштерид] Press — «Ассошиейтед пресс», одно из главных информационных агентств в США

⁷ the name of Hadleyburg the Incorruptible was on every lip — имя Геддлберга-Неподкупного было у всех на устах

The Press Makes Hadleyburg Famous Within One Night¹

Hadleyburg woke up next morning world-famous—astonished—happy—vain. Vain beyond words.² Its nineteen important citizens³ and their wives went about shaking hands with each other,⁴ and smiling. They congratulated each other and said that the whole thing added a new word to the dictionary—Hadleyburg, synonym for Incorruptible. And the unimportant citizens and their wives went about the town acting in much the same way.⁵ Everybody ran to the bank to see the gold sack. Crowds of grieved and envious people⁶ began to arrive from neighbouring towns. Then came reporters from everywhere.

They made free-hand pictures⁷ of the sack, and of Richards's house, and the bank, and the Presbyterian church, and the Baptist⁸ church, and the public square, and the town-hall. The town-hall was the place where the stranger's remark was to be tested⁹ and the money was to be given to the right person.

The reporters also made pictures of the Richardses and Pinkerton, the banker; of Cox and the newspaper boy, and Reverend Burgess, and even of Jack Halliday—a lazy, good-natured fisherman, who was also a hunter, boys' friend and dogs' friend. The little mean Pinkerton showed the sack to all comers,

¹ within one night — за одну ночь

² Vain beyond words. — эд. Довольный собой свыше всякой меры.

³ Its nineteen important citizens — эд. Его (города) девятнадцать первейших граждан

⁴ went about shaking hands with each other — расхаживали, обмениваясь рукопожатиями

⁵ acting in much the same way — действуя очень похожим образом

⁶ crowds of grieved and envious people — эд. толпы раздосадованных завистников

⁷ They made free-hand pictures — Они делали зарисовки от руки

⁸ the Presbyterian, [prezbi'tiəriən] church — пресвитерианская церковь;

the Baptist church — баптистская церковь.

(Марк Твен высмеивает набожность геддибергцев.)

⁹ where the stranger's remark was to be tested — где предстояло подвергнуть проверке слова незнакомца

rubbing his hands pleasantly, and spoke to them about the town's excellent old reputation for honesty. He hoped and believed that this new example of its incorruptibility would become known far and wide¹ and would be epoch-making.

Jack Halliday Notices That the People of Hadleyburg Do Not Seem to Be Very Happy

By the end of the week the town had quieted down again.² The people's wild pride and joy turned into silent and quiet happiness.

Then a change came. It was a slow change, so slow that it was difficult to notice it at first. And nobody saw it except Jack Halliday, who noticed everything. He began to say here and there that people did not look as happy as they had looked a day or two before. The next day he said he could notice sadness in the people's faces. Then he said that they looked as if they were ill. And finally he said that everybody looked so thoughtful and absent-minded that he could, very easily, rob the meanest man of the town of a cent out of the bottom of his pocket,³ and the man would not notice it.

The Nineteen Principal Families Are Trying to Answer a Very Difficult Question

At this time one and the same thing could be heard in the houses of all the nineteen principal families. The head of the family would say⁴ to his wife late in the evening: "Ah, what was the remark that Goodson made?" And his wife would at once answer angrily: "Oh, what a terrible thing you are speaking about! Don't think of it, for God's sake!⁵ It is not honest."

But the men asked the same question the next night, and the wives gave them the same answer, though their anger was weaker this time.

¹ far and wide — повсюду, по всей стране

² had quieted down again — утих опять

³ ...rob the meanest man of the town of a cent out of the bottom of his pocket — ... выудить цент со дна кармана самого жадного человека в городе

⁴ would say — обычно говорил

⁵ for God's sake! — ради бога!

And the third night the men would ask the question again, with despair in their voices. This time — and the following night — the wives would try to say something very weakly. But they didn't.

And the night after that the wives found the necessary words and answered, with great eagerness:

"Oh, but we can't guess it!"

Halliday Remains the Only Cheerful Man in the Town of Hadleyburg

Halliday went about the town making very unpleasant remarks. He was no longer a lazy man. He was seen now in one place, then in another, laughing at the people and making jokes. But it was impossible to see even a smile anywhere. Halliday carried a cigar-box around on a tripod and said it was a camera. He stopped all passers-by in the street, aimed the thing and said, "Ready! — now smile and look pleasant, please." But even this wonderful joke could not surprise them and could not soften their thoughtful, sad faces.

✓ *The Time of the Test Is Approaching*

Three weeks passed — one week was left before the test. It was Saturday evening. Instead of the usual Saturday-evening excitement and shopping, the streets were empty and deserted.

Richards and his old wife sat apart in their little drawing-room, sad and thinking. This was their evening habit now. They no longer sat reading and talking pleasantly to one another; they no longer received guests or went to see their neighbours. And everywhere it was much the same thing. Nobody talked now, nobody read, nobody visited — the whole town sat at home, sighing, worrying, silent. They were trying to guess out that remark.

Mrs. Richards Falls Because She Is So Happy

That evening the postman came and left a letter. Richards looked at it apathetically, threw it carelessly on the table and began to think again.



Two or three hours later his wife slowly got up from her chair and was going away to bed, without a good night¹ (now they never said good night), but she stopped near the letter and eyed it with a dead interest.² Then she quickly opened it and began to read it. Richards, sitting deep in thought, suddenly heard something fall. It was his wife. He ran to her, but she cried out:

“Leave me alone. I am too happy. It is the letter. I’ll read it to you.”

And she did.

The Richardses Think That Their Troubles Have Come to an End

The letter said:

“I am a stranger to you, but it doesn’t matter. I have something to tell. I have just learned about the whole thing. Of course you do not know who made that remark,

¹ without a good night — не пожелав доброй ночи

² eyed it with a dead interest — окинула его тупым, равнодушным взглядом

but I know, and I am the only person living who does know.¹ It was Goodson. I knew him well, many years ago. I passed through your village that very night, and was Goodson's guest till the night train came. I heard Goodson make that remark to the stranger in the dark. He and I talked of it in his study while smoking. Goodson mentioned many of your people in his talk. He spoke about most of them in a very uncomplimentary way.² The only man about whom he spoke favourably was you. He said he did not like any person in the town—not one; but that you — I think he said you — I am almost sure — had done him a very great service once.³ He said you had done it without knowing the full value of it⁴ and he wished he had a fortune to leave you⁵ when he died. If it was you who did him that service, you are his heir and must get the sack of gold. I know I can trust to your honour and honesty, because you are a citizen of Hadleyburg. So I am going to reveal the remark to you. I am sure that if you are not the right man, you will find him. Thus Goodson's debt will be paid.⁶

This is the remark:

'YOU ARE FAR FROM BEING A BAD MAN; GO AND REFORM'⁷

Howard L. Stephenson"

✓ Their Troubles Have Not Come to an End After All

No words can tell how happy the Richardses were. Mrs. Richards again spoke kindly to her husband (she had not done that since the stranger brought the sack of gold).

¹ I am the only person living who does know — я единственный человек, который действительно знает

² about most of them in a very uncomplimentary way — о большинстве из них очень нелицезно

³ had done him a very great service once — однажды оказал ему очень большую услугу

⁴ without knowing the full value of it — не подозревая истинную ценность ее (услуги)

⁵ he wished he had a fortune [ˈfɔ:ʃən] to leave you — будь у него большое состояние, он бы оставил вам его в наследство

⁶ Thus Goodson's debt will be paid. — Долг Гудсона будет таким образом оплачен.

⁷ You are far from being a bad man; go and reform. — Ты далеко не такой плохой человек; ступай и попытайся исправиться.



"Oh, Edward," she said with tears in her eyes, "the money is ours and we need it so badly, so badly. Now you won't have to work for Pinkerton at his bank, you will be free of that awful man. Oh, I'm so happy!"

Here the old woman noticed that Mr. Richards was silent and did not express his joy as enthusiastically as she did. He seemed to be thinking very hard about something; the old man was trying to remember what was the service that he had done Goodson.

"By the way¹, Edward, I did not know, you had ever done Goodson a great service. Well, but, of course, I know you do not like to boast. I'm very proud of you! Now you will tell me all about that service..."

But instead of telling his wife, Mr. Richards only stammered and stuttered.

Mr. Richards Discovers That His Memory Is Not Very Good

All that night the Richardses lay awake, Mary happy and busy, Edward busy but no so happy. Mary was planning what she would do with the money. Edward was trying to remember the service.

¹ by the way — кстати

Had he done that service at all? Even Mr. Stephenson, in his letter, was not quite sure whether it was Richards or some other person who had done the service. But Mr. Stephenson trusted to his honesty. He did not doubt that if Richards was the wrong man he would go and find the right one. A citizen of Hadleyburg could be trusted.

But then there was another thing in it. How did it happen that Richards's name remained in Stephenson's mind and not some other man's name? That looked good. Yes, that looked very good. It went on looking better and better until it grew into positive proof.¹

And now what must he do? He must recall what that service was. So he thought and thought. He thought of many things — possible services, even probable services — but none of them seemed good enough, none of them seemed large enough, none of them seemed worth the money.² What kind of service could be worth forty thousand dollars? Ah — the saving of one's soul!³ That was the thing! Yes, he could remember, now, how once he had decided to save Goodson's soul by converting him.⁴ Richards thought he could remember now how he had worked at it — for three months, no a month, no even less than a week. And when he thought a little harder, it came to a day, then to nothing. Yes, he remembered now, that Goodson had told him to go to thunder and mind his own business,⁵ because he, Goodson, had no wish to follow Hadleyburg to heaven!⁶

So, after all, Richards had not saved Goodson's soul.

Mr. Richards Is Very Sorry That He Did Not Learn to Swim in His Childhood

Then in a few minutes came another idea. Had he saved Goodson's life? Yes! Of course. Richards's imagination began to work hard, and it worked for two very difficult hours, during which

¹ positive proof — прямое доказательство

² none of them seemed worth the money — казалось, ни одна из них (услуг) не стоила тех денег

³ the saving of one's soul — спасение чьей-либо души

⁴ by converting him — обратив его на путь истинный

⁵ to go to thunder and mind his own business — идти ко всем чертям и не совать нос в чужие дела

⁶ to follow Hadleyburg to heaven [hevn] — следовать за Гедлибургом в царствие небесное

he saved the man's life several times. In each case the saving went well¹ up to a certain point. But then there always appeared a detail which made the whole thing impossible. Take the matter of drowning, for instance.² Richards was sure he could remember how he had swum and brought Goodson to the shore. And how there had been a great crowd on the shore watching and applauding. But, at this point the detail came:³ Richards couldn't swim.

The Reader Learns That Once Goodson Had a Narrow Escape⁴

Oh, what service had he done Goodson "without knowing the full value of it?" After thinking again, Richards discovered that he had found it. Why, really, that was it! Many, many years ago Goodson was going to marry a very sweet and pretty girl, whose name was Nancy Hewitt. But in some way or other, the match had been broken off;⁵ the girl died and Goodson never married after this. Soon after the girl's death the village found out, or thought it had found out, that she had carried a spoonful of Negro blood in her veins.⁶

Richards thought of the details for a long time. Now he seemed to remember that it was he who found out about the Negro blood; that it was he who told Goodson. Thus he had saved Goodson from marrying the girl and had done him that great service "without knowing the full value of it." He also seemed to remember that Goodson knew the value of it and was very thankful to him because he had had a narrow escape. In fact,⁷ Goodson was so grateful to him that when he was dying he wished he had a fortune to leave him.⁸

¹ In each case the saving went well — Каждый раз спасение шло как нужно

² Take the matter of drowning, for instance. — Если взять, к примеру, спасение утопающего.

³ at this point the detail came — в этом месте появлялась та самая деталь

⁴ had a narrow escape — был на волоске от страшной опасности

⁵ But in some way or other the match had been broken off. — Но брак почему-то расстроился.

⁶ she had carried a spoonful of Negro blood in her veins — в ее венах была капля (букв. ложка) негритянской крови

⁷ in fact — факт. Конечно

⁸ he wished he had a fortune to leave him — он сожалел, что у него нет состояния, которое он мог бы оставить ему

it was all clear and simple now. Richards seemed to remember the whole thing just as if it had been yesterday. He could even remember Goodson telling him how grateful he was.

And old Richards fell asleep satisfied and happy. Meantime his wife had spent six thousand dollars on a new house for herself and a pair of slippers for her pastor, and then she also fell peacefully to rest.¹

All the Principal Hadleyburg Families Are Very Busy One Saturday

That same Saturday² each of the principal citizens of Hadleyburg received a letter — nineteen letters altogether. The envelopes were all different and the addresses were written in a different hand, but inside the letters were exact copies of the letter that Richards had received, and they were all signed by Stephenson.

All night long the eighteen principal citizens were doing their best to recall³ what service they had done Barclay Goodson. It was not an easy job; still they all succeeded.

And while the men were at this work, which was difficult, their wives were spending the money, which was easy. During that one night each of the nineteen wives spent about seven thousand dollars out of the forty thousand in the sack — a hundred and thirty-three thousand altogether.

Halliday Is Having a Hard Time⁴

Next day there was a surprise for Jack Halliday. He noticed that the faces of the nineteen principal citizens and their wives had the expression of peaceful happiness again. He could not understand it. He tried to make remarks to disturb, even to spoil, their peaceful state, but without success. And so it was his turn to become dissatisfied with life. He tried to guess why there was an expression of holy happiness⁵ in their faces,

¹ fell peacefully to rest — мирно уснул

² That same Saturday — В ту же субботу

³ were doing their best to recall — все всех сил старались вспомнить

⁴ Halliday is having a hard time — Халлидею приходится трудно-вато

⁵ holy happiness — веваемое счастье

but did not succeed. When he met Mrs. Wilcox and saw that expression in her face and in her eyes, he said to himself, "Her cat has had kittens" — and went and asked the cook. It was not so. The cook had also noticed she was unusually happy, but did not know the cause. When Halliday found exactly the same expression in the face of Bilson, he was sure that some neighbour of Bilson's had broken his leg. But Halliday asked many people and they said this had not happened. The soft happiness in Gregory Yates's face could mean only one thing — his mother-in-law had died; it was another mistake. And so on, and so on.¹ At last he said to himself, "The nineteen Hadleyburg families are temporarily in heaven."² I don't know how it happened. I only know Providence is off duty today."³

The Nineteen Principal Families Are Making Plans

An architect and builder⁴ from a neighbouring state had come some time before to live and make business⁵ in the village. He put up a sign above the door of his house, but no one came to order anything. He was a very unhappy man, and sorry he had come to the village. But the weather changed suddenly now. First one and then another principal citizen's wife said to him privately:

"Come to my house on Monday next week — but say nothing about it. We think of building."

He got eleven invitations that day. That night he wrote his daughter and ordered her to tell her student that she would not marry him. He said she could marry a mile higher⁶ than that.

Pinkerton, the banker, and two or three other men planned country-seats. The Wilsons thought of a grand thing — a fancy-dress ball.⁷ They did not promise anything definite, but said

¹ And so on, and so on — И так далее, и тому подобное.

² are temporarily ['tempərəri] in heaven — Временно переселились в рай

³ Providence is off duty today — Провидение сегодня не на своем посту

⁴ architect ['ɑ:kitekt] and builder — архитектор-строитель

⁵ make business ['biznis] — завести дело

⁶ marry a mile higher — эд. найти себе птицу куда более высокого полета

⁷ a fancy-dress ball — бал-маскарад

to their friends privately: "We are planning it and we think we shall give it. And if we do, you will be invited, of course." People were surprised, and said to one another: "Why, they are crazy, those poor Wilsons, they can't afford it."

Some time passed. The nineteen principal citizens seemed to be doing nothing but spending their future wealth. In some cases they not only planned to spend, they really spent — on credit.¹ They bought land, farms, fine clothes, horses and various other things.

Jack Halliday and Mr. Burgess Are Puzzled

Soon, however, they began to worry. Halliday noticed that anxiety was beginning to show up in many faces. Again he didn't know what to make of it.² "The Wilcox kittens aren't dead, for they weren't born; nobody has broken a leg; nobody's mother-in-law has died; nothing has happened — then it is a mystery that I can't solve."³

There was another man who did not know what to make of it. It was Mr. Burgess. No matter where he went,⁴ people followed him or stood waiting for him. And if there were no people around, one of the nineteen would appear,⁵ put an envelope privately into his hand, whisper, "Open it at the town-hall Friday evening," and then quickly disappear.

When the great Friday came at last, he found that he had nineteen envelopes.

PART III

*

Hundreds of People Come to the Town Hall on Friday at Eight in the Evening

The town hall had never looked finer. The platform at the end of it was decorated with flags and flowers; there were also flags all over the walls; the balconies were clothed in

¹ on credit — в кредит

² what to make of it — как это все понять

³ then it is a mystery that I can't solve — тогда это тайна, которую я не могу разгадать

⁴ No matter where he went — Куда бы он ни пошел

⁵ would appear — обычно появлялся



flags, the columns bathed in flags which went round them.

The house was full.¹ All the 412 seats were occupied; 62 extra chairs had been brought, and they were also occupied. People sat on the steps of the platform.

Many strangers had come from all parts of the country, and many pressmen among them. A strong army of special correspondents, who had come from everywhere, sat along the sides of the platform.

It was the best dressed house² the town had ever seen. There were some rather expensive toilets there; and in some cases the ladies who wore them, did not look quite familiar with such clothes.³

The gold sack stood on a little table at the front of the platform where all the house could see it. Most of the people looked at it with a burning interest, a mouthwatering inte-

¹ The house was full. — Зал был переполнен.

² house — здесь и во многих случаях далее — публика, все присутствующие в зале

³ did not look quite familiar with such clothes — казалось, такие наряды были не очень-то для них привычны

rest, a wistful interest;¹ the nineteen families looked at it tenderly, lovingly. The nineteen men were busy saying to themselves the little speeches of thankfulness to all those present² for their applause and congratulations. From time to time³ one of those nineteen men would take a piece of paper out of his pocket and glance at it when nobody saw it. In this way he refreshed his memory.

Mr. Burgess Makes a Very Moving Speech⁴

Of course it was very noisy in the hall; but at last when Mr. Burgess appeared on the platform and put his hand on the sack, the place became very still. He told the strange history of the sack. Then, very warmly, he spoke of Hadleyburg's old reputation for spotless honesty.⁵ He said that the town was proud of this reputation; that that reputation had always been a treasure of priceless value.⁶ Now it had become of much greater value, for the episode with the sack had made the town known far and wide.⁷ The eyes of the American world were upon Hadleyburg, he then said, and, he hoped and believed, the name of the town would always be a synonym of incorruptibility. (*Applause.*)

"And who is to guard⁸ this noble reputation of our town? The responsibility is individual!⁹ Each and every one of you must guard it and see that no harm comes to it!¹⁰ Are you — is each of you — ready to do so? (*We are! we are!*)" Then all

¹ with a burning interest, a mouthwatering interest, a wistful interest — сгорая от зависти, пуская слюнки от зависти, загрузив от зависти

² were busy saying to themselves the little speeches of thankfulness to all those present — лихорадочно повторяли про себя небольшие сличия (речи) с выражением признательности всем присутствующим

³ from time to time — время от времени

⁴ makes a very moving speech — произносит очень трогательную речь

⁵ of ... reputation for spotless honesty — о репутации... которую Гедлибург завоевал своей безупречной честностью

⁶ a treasure ['trezə] of priceless value — бесценное сокровище

⁷ far and wide — повсюду

⁸ who is to guard — кому надлежит оберегать

⁹ The responsibility is individual. — Ответственность ложится на каждого в отдельности

¹⁰ must... see that no harm comes to it — должен... заботиться, чтобы ей (репутации) не был нанесен какой-нибудь ущерб



is well. Tell your children to do so, and your children's children. Today no one can doubt our honesty. Today there is not a person in our village who will touch a penny not his own — see to it that you remain the same. ("We will! we will!") This is not the place to compare ourselves and other towns — some of them think little of us;¹ they have their ways,² we have ours; let us be satisfied. (*Applause.*) I have finished. Under my hand, my friends, rests a stranger's eloquent recognition of what we are;³ through him the world will always know what we are.

We do not know who the stranger is, but in your name⁴ I thank him and ask you to raise your voices in thankfulness."

The house rose in a body⁵ and the walls shook with the thunders of its thankfulness. Then it sat down, and Mr. Burgess took an envelope out of his pocket. The house held its breath⁶ while he opened it and took from it a sheet of paper. He read it slowly and with much feeling. The people listened with great attention to this wonderful document, each word of which meant gold.

"The remark which I made to the poor stranger was this: 'You are very far from being a bad man; go and reform.'"

Then Mr. Burgess continued:

"We shall know in a moment now whether the remark I have just read is the same as the one that is hidden in the sack; and if it is — and it certainly is — this sack of gold belongs to one of our citizens. That citizen will always stand as the symbol of the virtue⁷ which has made our town famous throughout the land — Mr. Billson!"

¹ think little of us — относиться к вам неприязненно

² they have their ways — у них свои обычаи

³ rests a stranger's eloquent recognition [ˌrɛkəɡ'nɪʃn] of what we are — лежит то, что служит красноречивым признанием наших заслуг. Оно исходит от чужестранца.

⁴ in your name — от вашего имени

⁵ in a body — как один человек

⁶ The house held its breath — Все присутствующие затаили дыхание

⁷ will... stand as the symbol of the virtue — будет являть собой символ добродетели

Mr. Billson and Mr. Wilson Behave Strangely

The house had prepared itself to burst into a thunder of applause;¹ but instead of doing it, it seemed to be paralyzed. There was a deep silence for a moment or two, then all those present began to whisper to one another: "Billson! oh, come, this is too thin!² To give twenty dollars to a stranger — or anybody — Billson! tell it to the marines!"³

But at this point⁴ the house was again paralyzed — this time with astonishment. While in one part of the hall Deacon Billson was standing up with his head humbly bowed,⁵ in another part of it Lawyer Wilson was doing the same. There was a puzzled silence now for a while. No one could understand anything. Billson and Wilson turned and stared at each other. Billson asked angrily:

"Why do you rise, Mr. Wilson?"

"Because I have a right to. Perhaps you will be good enough to explain to the house why you rise."

"With great pleasure. Because I wrote that paper."

"It is a lie! I wrote it myself."

It was Burgess' turn to be paralyzed. He stood looking first at one of the men and then at the other. The house caught its breath.⁶ Lawyer Wilson spoke up now and said:

"I ask the Chair⁷ to read the name under that short letter."

That brought Mr. Burgess to himself,⁸ and he read out the name:

"John Wharton Billson."

"There!"⁹ shouted Billson, "what have you got to say for yourself, now?"

"I publicly charge you with stealing my note from Mr. Burgess and giving back to him a copy of it which is signed

¹ The house had prepared itself to burst into a thunder of applause — Присутствующие приготовились разразиться громом аплодисментов
² oh, come, this is too thin! — ну, уж это белыми нитками шито!
³ tell it to the marines [mæ'ri:nz] — расскажи это кому-нибудь другому

⁴ at this point — тут

⁵ with his head humbly bowed — со смиренно склоненной головой

⁶ The house caught its breath. — Все присутствующие затаили дыхание.

⁷ Chair = chairman — Председатель

⁸ That brought Mr. Burgess to himself — Это вывело мистера Барджеса из состояния оцепенения

⁹ There! — Вот видите!

with your own name. It was impossible for you to find out the words in any other way; I alone, of living men, possessed the secret of the words."

The state of things was getting scandalous;¹ everybody noticed that the stenographers were writing like mad; many people cried: "Chair, Chair! Order! Order!"

Burgess said:

"Let us be calm. There has surely been a mistake somewhere, but really that is all. If Mr. Wilson gave me an envelope -- and I remember now that he did -- I still have it."

He took an envelope out of his pocket, opened it, glanced at it, and looked surprised and worried. Then he moved his hand in a surprised and mechanical way, and tried to say something, but could not. Several voices cried out:

"Read it! Read it! What is it?"

So he began, but he read as if in a sleep:

"The remark which I made to the unhappy stranger was this: 'You are far from being a bad man. (*The house sat astonished.*) Go and reform.'"

(VOICES: "Amazing! what can this mean?") "This one," said the Chair, "is signed Thurlow, G. Wilson."

"There!" cried Wilson. "Now everything is quite clear! I knew perfectly well my note was stolen."²

"Stolen?!" cried Billson. "How dare you speak to me like that!"

THE CHAIR: "Order, gentlemen, order! Take your seats, both of you, please."

They obeyed, but they shook their heads and said something angrily under their noses.

The Hatter and the Shoemaker Attack Some of the Principal Men

The house was at a loss;³ it had expected anything but this. And now Thompson got up. Thompson was a hatter. It was his life-dream to become one of the Nineteen; but that was not for him; the number of hats was not great enough for the position. He said:

"Mr. Chairman, it is very strange that both of the gentlemen said the same words to the stranger. It seems to me --"

¹ The state of things was getting scandalous -- Дело начинало принимать скандальный оборот

² The house was at a loss -- Публика была ошарашена

The shoemaker got up and interrupted him. The shoemaker was a dissatisfied man; he thought he had the right to be one of the Nineteen, but he couldn't get recognition.¹ Because of this his manner of speaking was sometimes a little unpleasant. Said he:

"Sure, but that's not the main thing. That could happen twice in a hundred years — but I am sure: neither of them gave the twenty dollars!"

(Loud applause.)

BILLSON: "I did!"

WILSON: "I did!"

Then each said the other had stolen the note. Mr. Burgess ordered them to sit down, both of them, and said that this could not be so, because he had kept both the notes in his pocket all the time.

The shoemaker rose again and said that one thing was now clear: one of the two men had hidden under the other's bed in order to steal family secrets. Here the noise in the hall became maddening. The shoemaker said more softly:

"If one of them has overheard the other's words, we shall catch him now."

A VOICE: "How?"

THE SHOEMAKER: "Easily. The words in both the notes are not exactly the same!"

A VOICE: "Name the difference."

THE SHOEMAKER: "The word 'very' is in Billson's note, and not in the other."

MANY VOICES: "That's so — he's right!"

THE SHOEMAKER: "And so, if the Chair examines the remark in the sack, we shall know which of these two frauds — (THE CHAIR: "Order! order!") which of these two adventurers — (THE CHAIR: "Order! order!") — which of these two gentlemen² — (*laughter and applause*) — has the right to wear the belt as the first dishonest idle talker³ in this town — which he has dishonoured, and which will be a bad place for him to live in!" (*Loud applause.*)

MANY VOICES: "Open it! — open the sack!"

¹ he couldn't get recognition — он не мог завоевать признание

² frauds ... adventurers... gentlemen — мошенников... авантюристов... джентльменов (*Значения слов идут по убывающей линии, так как председатель требует, чтобы все было в рамках приличия.*)

³ has the right to wear the belt as the first dishonest idle talker — заслужил право быть опоясанным лентой со званием первейшего бесчестного болтуна

Mr. Wilson Begins to Smile Happily When Something Unexpected Happens

Mr. Burgess opened the sack a little, put his hand in and brought out an envelope. In it were two folded notes. He said:

"One of the notes is marked 'Don't open it until the Chair has read all the notes which he has received'. The other is marked 'The Remark'. Allow me to read it: 'The first part of the remark was not very important and striking and could be forgotten; but its last fifteen words are quite striking, and I think it has been easy to remember them; if the applicant does not repeat them exactly, he is a fraud. The kind person who helped me began by saying that he seldom gave advice to any one. Then he said this — and it has always been in my memory: 'You are far from being a bad man.'"

FIFTY VOICES: "That settles it¹ — the money is Wilson's. Wilson! Wilson! Speech! Speech!"

People jumped up and crowded round Wilson, shaking his hand with all their strength, and congratulating him. But the Chair shouted:

"Order, gentlemen! Order! Order! Let me finish reading, please." When it was quiet again, he read the following:

"Go and reform — or, mark my words — some day, for your sins you will die and go to hell or Hadleyburg — TRY AND MAKE IT THE FORMER."²

A deathlike silence followed. First an angry cloud came down upon the faces of the citizens; then the cloud began to rise, and smiles tried to take its place, the reporters and the people who had come from nearby towns and villages bent their heads down and covered their faces with their hands heroically trying to hold in³ and not laugh openly.

¹ That settles it — Это решает все дело

² or, mark my words — some day, for your sins you will die and go to hell or Hadleyburg — try and make it the former — иначе, помни мои слова — когда-нибудь твои грехи сведут тебя в могилу, и ты попадешь в ад или в Гедлибург — так уж постарайся, чтобы это было первое

³ trying to hold in — стараясь сдержаться

At this most unsuitable moment one loud voice broke the silence.¹ It was Jack Halliday's:

"That's really a nice piece of advice!"

The Town's Good Name Is in Danger

Then the house let go.² Everyone in the hall, even Mr. Burgess, had a good long laugh. The people laughed until tears ran down their cheeks, and they took out their handkerchiefs and wiped their tears, after which they laughed again.

When Mr. Burgess was able to speak, and when the house was able to listen to him, he pronounced these serious words:

"Your town's honour and its good name are in danger.

The difference of the letters that were given to me by Mr. Wilson and Mr. Billson, was itself a serious thing. It showed that one or the other of these gentlemen had committed a theft —"³

At these words the two men jumped up from their seats.

"Sit down!" said the Chair sharply, and they obeyed. "That as I have said was a serious thing for only one of them. But the matter has become graver,⁴ the honour of both is now in danger, very great danger. Both left out the most important fifteen words."

He paused and allowed the deep silence in the hall to become still deeper,⁵ then added: "How could this happen? I ask these gentlemen. Was there agreement?"⁶

Billson sat quite helpless. He was not used to such things. But Wilson was a lawyer. Very pale, he rose and said.—

Here the Reader Learns That Lawyers Make Long Speeches Not Only at Court

"I ask the favour of this house⁷ while I explain this most unpleasant matter. I am sorry to say what I must say, because

¹ broke the silence — нарушил тишину

² Then the house let go. — Тут уж публика дала себе волю.

³ had committed a theft — совершил кражу

⁴ But the matter has become graver — Но дело осложнилось

⁵ allowed the deep silence in the hall to become still deeper — выжидал, пока глубокое молчание в зале станет еще более глубоким

⁶ Was there agreement? — Был ли это тайный сговор?

⁷ I ask the favour of this house — Я прошу благосклонного внимания публики



it brings shame on Mr. Billson,¹ whom I have always respected until now and in whose incorruptibility I believed — as did you all. But for the preservation of my own honour I must speak² — and with frankness. I feel ashamed — and I beg your pardon for it — that I said to the unhappy stranger all of the words that are in the letter from the sack. I said those terrible fifteen words. (*Excitement.*) Now I will ask you to consider the following point and consider it well: the stranger that night was very thankful to me. He said that if he ever was able he would repay me a thousandfold.³ Now, then, I ask you this: Could I expect — could I

believe — could I ever think — that he would be so thankless and write those quite unnecessary fifteen words in his letter? I could never expect this, it was too impossible. And so, I wrote on a piece of paper the opening words — ending with⁴ ‘Go, and reform’, — and put down my name. When I was about to put it in an envelope⁵ I was called into my back office and I left the paper lying open on my desk.” He stopped, turned his head slowly toward Billson, waited a moment, then added: “When I returned, a little later, Mr. Billson was going out through my street door”. (*Sensation.*)

In a moment Billson was on his feet and shouting:

“It’s a lie! It’s a bad lie!”

THE CHAIR: “Be seated, sir! Mr. Wilson has the floor.”⁶

Billson’s friends pulled him into his seat and quieted him, and Wilson went on:

¹ it brings shame on Mr. Billson — это посямраляет мистера Бильсона

² But for the preservation of my own honour [’онэ] I must speak ... Но я должен говорить, ибо задета моя честь

³ he would repay me a thousandfold — он вознаградит меня тысячекратно

⁴ the opening words — ending with... — начальные слова, кончая словами...

⁵ when I was about to put it in an envelope — Когда я уже совсем собрался положить листок в конверт

⁶ Mr. Wilson has the floor — Слово предоставлено мистери Уилсону

"Those are the simple facts. My note was now lying in a different place on the table. I noticed that, but did not think at that moment it was important. The thought that Mr. Billson would read somebody's private paper could never come into my mind.¹ I have finished."

Mr. Wilson Becomes Very Popular, but Only for a Short Moment

Wilson sat down victorious. The house shook with applause; friends rushed to him in crowds and shook him by the hand and congratulated him, and Billson was shouted down² and not allowed to say a word. The Chair hammered and hammered with his gavel and shouted several times:

"But let us continue, gentlemen, let us continue!"

At last when it was quiet again the hatter said to the Chair:

"Sir, now the money must be given to the worthy man — Mr. Wilson", and then to the house — "Three cheers for Mr. Wilson,³ who..."

The cheers were heard before he could finish. Some enthusiasts put Wilson on somebody's strong shoulders and were going to bring him in triumph⁴ to the platform, when the Chair's voice now rose above the noise:

"Order! You forgot that we are to read the second note." He took up the document and was going to read it, but laid it down again, saying, "I forgot. I am to read it only after I have read all the letters I have received."

He took an envelope out of his pocket — glanced at the letter — seemed astonished — stared at it.

Twenty or thirty voices cried out:

"What is it? Read it! read it!"

"The remark which I made to the stranger was this: 'You are far from being a bad man. (VOICES: "Great

¹ could never come into my mind — никогда не могла прийти мне в голову

² Billson was shouted down — Билсона зашикали

³ Three cheers for Mr. Wilson — Троекратное «ура» в честь мистера Уилсона

⁴ in triumph — с триумфом, торжественно



Scott! "1) Go and reform.' Signed by Mr. Pinkerton, the banker."

A dog sleeping in the vestibule jumped up, scared out of its wits,² and barked like mad — a terrible noise was coming from the hall. The people there laughed as they

had not laughed for many years.

"Hurrah, we're getting rich! Poor Wilson — victim of two thieves!"

The Reader Learns That Hadleyburg Is Very Rich in "Honest" People

Meanwhile Mr. Burgess took something more out of his pockets.

VOICES: "Hurrah! Is it something fresh? Read it! read! read!"

THE CHAIR (*reading*): "The remark which I made,' etc. 'You are far from being a bad man. Go', etc. Signed by Gregory Yates."

The house was now roaring like a stormy ocean. Several of the Nineteen, looking very pale, got up and began to work their way³ towards the doors, but some voices shouted:

"The doors, the doors — close the doors; no Incorruptible shall leave this place! Sit down, everybody!"

After this everything went on with great regularity: the Chair would fish in his pockets,⁴ a letter would come out; the house would greet the names with shouts: "Hooray! hooray! it's a symbolical day!"

Somebody started a song and Jack Halliday's voice rose high and clear. Never before had there been such a merry-making in the town-hall.

¹ Great Scott! — Вот это да!

² scared out of its wits — обезумев от испуга

³ to work their way — пробираться

⁴ would fish in his pockets — рылся в карманах (to fish — удить рыбу)

The Reader Meets His Old Friends — the Richardses

At last a voice asked:

"Mr. Chairman, how many of those envelopes have you got?"

The Chair counted.

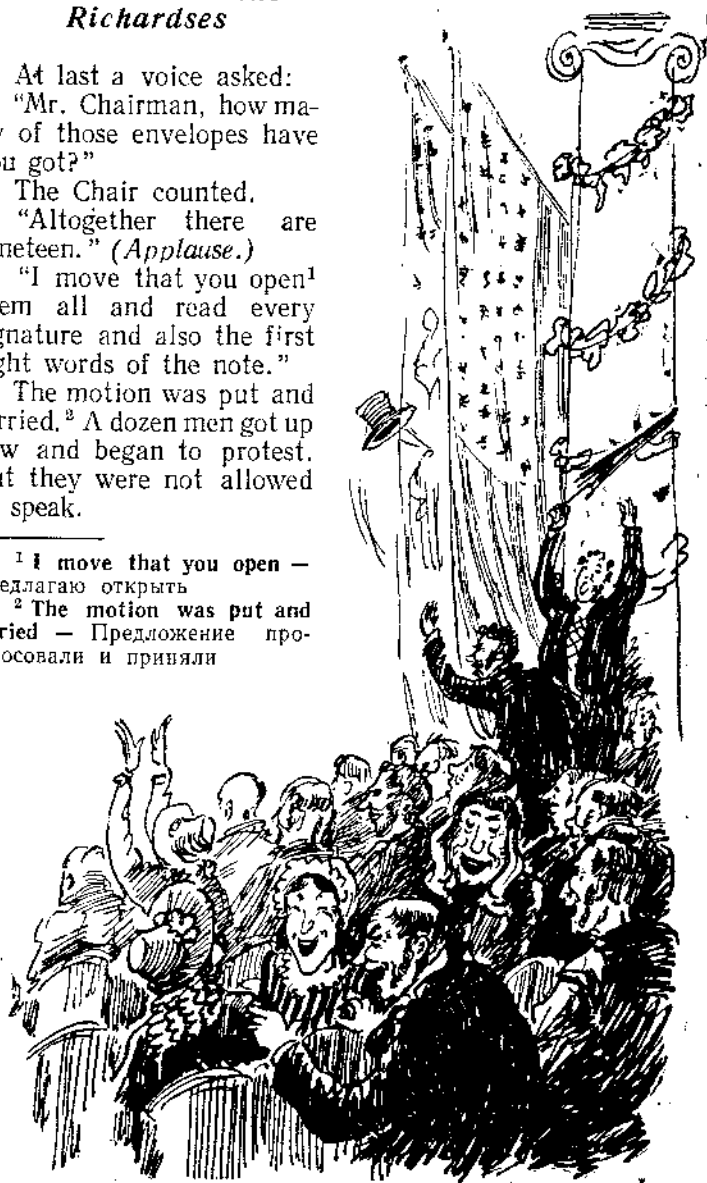
"Altogether there are nineteen." (*Applause.*)

"I move that you open¹ them all and read every signature and also the first eight words of the note."

The motion was put and carried.² A dozen men got up now and began to protest. But they were not allowed to speak.

¹ I move that you open —
Предлагаю открыть

² The motion was put and
carried — Предложение про-
голосовали и приняли



Then poor old Richards got up, and his wife rose and stood at his side. Her head was bent down, so that no one might see that she was crying. Her husband began to speak in a trembling voice: "My friends, you have known us two — Mary and me — all our lives, and I think you have liked us and respected us —"

"Yes, yes, it's quite true," the Chair said, "Mr. Richards: this town does know and respect you two; more¹ — it honours you and loves you —" Here the house rose in mass,² filled the air with a snowstorm of handkerchiefs and cheered the old couple with all its loving heart.

The Chair then continued: "Mr. Richards, we know your kind heart and I see your purpose in your face, but I cannot allow you to plead for these dishonest men —"

"But I was going to—," said Mr. Richards.

"Please take your seat, Mr. Richards. We must examine the rest of these notes. As soon as this has been done, we shall listen to you."

The old couple sat reluctantly down, and the husband whispered to his wife, "It is a great pity that we shall have to wait; the shame will be greater when they find we were only going to plead for ourselves."

The merry-making started afresh³ with the reading of the names. The house took the initiative from the Chairman's hands. Now when he held up each note, the house sang the eight words in chorus — "You are f—a—r from being a b—a— —a—a—d man" (The melody greatly resembled a well-known church chant.) Everybody had a wonderfully good time except the poor Nineteen.

"And go to hell or Hadleyburg — try and make it the for—or—m—e—r!"

The Richardses Become Heroes of the Day

The list became smaller and smaller, poor old Richards counted the names, trembling every time when the name sounded like his own and waiting unhappily for the time when

¹ more — более того

² rose in mass — поднялись все как один человек

³ The merry-making started afresh — Веселье возобновилось с новой силой

his turn would come. At the same time he was thinking of the words he would say:

"Until now we have never done any wrong thing. We are very poor, we are old, and have nobody to help us; we were tempted, and we fell¹. It was my purpose, when I got up before, to make confession and beg the Chairman not to read out my name in this public place, for it seemed to us that we could not bear it; but I was not allowed to do so. It was just; we must suffer with the rest. But it is the first time that our name has been stained. Be merciful." At this point Mary whispered to him, seeing that his thoughts were somewhere away:

"Be ready, your name comes now; he has read eighteen."

Burgess put his hand into his pocket. The old couple, trembling, began to rise. Burgess felt in his pockets, then said,

"I find I have read them all".

Weak with joy and surprise, the couple sank into their seats, and Mary whispered:

"Oh, thank God, we are saved! — he has lost ours!"

After this Jack Halliday got up and proposed cheers "for the cleanest man in town, the only important citizen who didn't try to steal that money — Edward Richards."

The cheers were given with great and moving heartiness.

The Reader As Well As the House May Wonder "Who Is to Get the Money After All?"

There was a pause; then a voice asked, "Who is to get the sack?"

THE SHOEMAKER (*sarcastically*): "That's easy. The money must be divided among the eighteen Incorruptibles. Each of them gave the suffering stranger twenty dollars and that remark. The whole sum is \$360.³ All they want is just the loan back — and interest⁴ — forty thousand dollars altogether."

¹ and we fell — пали жертвой соблазна

² Who is to get the money after all? — Кому же в конце концов должно достаться деньги?

³ \$ 360 — 360 долларов

⁴ the loan back — and interest — деньги, которые они дали, — обратно, плюс проценты

MANY VOICES. "That's it!¹ Be kind to the poor -- don't keep them waiting!"

THE CHAIR. "Order! I'll now read the stranger's second document. It says:

'If the man who has the right to get the money does not appear (*a chorus of groans*), you must open the sack and give out the money to the principal citizens of your town. I desire that they use the money for the propagation and preservation of the town's noble reputation for incorruptible honesty.'² ("Oh! Oh! Oh!") (*An outburst of sarcastic applause.*) That seems to be all. No -- here is a postscript:

'P. S. -- Citizens of Hadleyburg: There was no remark -- nobody made one. (*Great sensation.*) There wasn't any poor stranger, nor any twenty dollars. (*General noise of astonishment and delight.*) Allow me to tell my story. I passed through your town once, and received a deep offense which I had not earned.³ I could have taken revenge by killing one or two of you; but the dead do not suffer. Besides, I could not kill you all. So I decided to damage⁴ every man in the place, and every woman -- and not in their bodies or in their property, but in their vanity -- the place where weak and foolish people feel the pain most of all. So I secretly came back and studied you. You had an old and noble reputation for honesty, and naturally you were proud of it -- it was your treasure of treasures.⁵ As soon as I found out that you carefully kept yourselves and your children out of temptation, I knew how to act. Virtue which has not been tested in the fire is the weakest of all weak things. I thought of a plan, and gathered a list of names. My project was to corrupt Hadleyburg the Incorruptible.⁶ I decided to make liars and thieves of men and women who had never in their lives told a lie or stolen a penny. Maybe

¹ That's it! -- Правильно!

² for the propagation and preservation of the town's noble reputation for incorruptible honesty -- на пропагандирование и поддержание благородной репутации вашего города, который славится своей неподкупной честностью

³ received a deep offence which I had not earned -- мне была нанесена глубокая обида, которую я не заслужил

⁴ to damage -- *зд.* погубить

⁵ treasure of treasures -- самым дорогим сокровищем

⁶ to corrupt Hadleyburg the Incorruptible -- сорвать Гедлиберг-Неподкупный (*букв.* Несовратимый)

I shall not catch all the men to whom I sent the "secret" letters, but I shall catch most of them, if I know Hadleyburg nature.¹ (VOICES: "Right — he got every last one of them."²)

By doing all this I hope to make your vanity silent for ever. Let the whole world know that your town deserves another name and reputation."

A CYCLONE OF VOICES: "Open the sack! Open it! The Eighteen to the front!³ Forward — the Incorruptibles!"

The Chair opened the sack wide and gathered up a handful of bright yellow coins, then examined them —

"Friends, they are only gilded disks of lead."⁴

There was a crashing outbreak of delight over the news.⁵ The noise became terrible.

An Angry Man Forgets His Manners

Then the shoemaker rose and said:

"I suggest that Mr. Wilson, who has beaten all the records today, should step forward and receive the money."

The last thing that Wilson said, in a voice trembling with anger, was:

"You will allow me to say, and I don't ask you to excuse my language, — damn the money!"⁶ And —

A VOICE: "Oh, and him a Baptist!"⁷

Mr. Wilson left the hall cursing the sack, the stranger, cursing the whole world.

A New, No Less Interesting Page of the Story Begins

The shoemaker seemed to be full of good ideas that Friday evening. Again he stood up and said:

¹ if I know Hadleyburg nature — эд. или я не раскусил, что из себя представляет житель Гедлибурга

² Right—he got every last one of them. — Правильно — он их всех, голубчиков, поймал.

³ The Eighteen to the front! — Восемнадцать выйти вперед!

⁴ gilded disks of lead — позолоченные свинцовые бляхи

⁵ There was a crashing outbreak of delight over the news. — За этим сообщением последовал оглушительный взрыв восторга.

⁶ damn the money! — черт бы побрал эти деньги!

⁷ Oh, and him a Baptist! — Вот это да, а еще баптист! (Баптисты — религиозная секта.)

"Mr. Chairman, we've got one clean man left, out of the town aristocracy; and he needs money and deserves it. I suggest that Jack Halliday should get up there, auction off the sack of gilded twenty-dollar disks and give¹ the result to the right man — the man whom Hadleyburg is proud to honour — Edward Richards."

This was received with great enthusiasm. Even the dog took part in it.

At the beginning of the auction Mr. Richards whispered in distress to his wife: "O Mary, can we allow it? It — it — you see, it is a reward for honesty. Can we allow it? O Mary, what must we do?"

Meantime the excitement and the bids grew higher and higher.

"It is another temptation, Edward — I'm all trembling and yet, Edward, (nobody suspects — o Edward (*beginning to cry*), we are so poor! — but — but — do as you think best — do as you think best."

Edward sat still, circumstances were stronger than he was.

The Reader Gets Acquainted with a New but Very Important Character of the Story

No one in the hall paid any attention to a stranger, who looked like a detective (not a real one) but who was dressed like an English aristocrat (again not a real one). The man had been watching all the events of the evening with open interest and with a satisfied expression in his face.

And all the time he had been secretly making remarks to himself. He was now speaking to himself like this. "None of the Eighteen are taking part in the auction; that is not good; I must change that; they must buy the sack they tried to steal; they must pay a heavy price², too — some of them are rich. And another thing: I have made one mistake in Hadleyburg nature³ — I mean old Richards, — so he has the right to a high reward, and some one must pay it. I am ashamed that I have made that mistake; he is an honest man: — I don't

¹ I suggest that ... should get up ... auction off ... and give ... — Я предлагаю, чтобы (он) встал ..., продал с аукциона... и отдал....

² pay a heavy price — заплатить (за все) дорогой ценой

³ I have made one mistake in Hadleyburg nature — Я совершил одну ошибку в своей оценке природы гедлибергца

understand it, he disappointed me, but let him have the pot."¹

He was watching the bidding. A moment before, the bids had been growing. But when the price was a thousand dollars, one by one the people began to drop out.²

The moment was dangerous. Now the stranger stood up and raised the price; someone raised it still higher; he waited a moment, then added fifty dollars, and the sack was his — at \$1,282.³ Loud cheers sounded in the house — then stopped; for the stranger was on his feet, and had raised his hand. He began to speak.



The Stranger Makes a Proposition

"Allow me to say a word and to do something. I buy rare things and sell them with profit, and I know many people all over the world, who collect rare coins and medals. This sack is mine now and I can make a profit on it, just as it stands.⁴ But I can make every leaden disk in this sack worth its face in gold,⁵ and perhaps more. For this I need your permission. Give me that permission, and Mr. Richards, whose great honesty you have recognized tonight, will get a large part of my profit on the sack; he will get ten thousand dollars, and I will hand him the money tomorrow. (*Great applause from the house. But the words "great honesty" made the Richardses blush; however, it went for modesty.*)⁶ The thing that I beg you to allow me to do is this: allow me to stamp upon the faces of each of these disks the names of the eighteen gentlemen who —"

¹ pot — добыча; букв. горшок (с деньгами)

² one by one the people began to drop out — один за другим люди стали выходить из игры

³ at \$ 1,282 — за 1.282 доллара

⁴ I can make a profit on it, just as it stands — Я могу выгодно продать этот мешок так, как он есть

⁵ But I can make every leaden disk in this sack worth its face in gold — Но я могу так сделать, что каждая свинцовая бляха будет доведена до стоимости золотой монеты того же достоинства

⁶ it went for modesty — это сошло за проявление скромности с их стороны

Nine-tenth of the house were on their feet in a moment—dog and all — and the proposition was carried¹ with a great deal of applause and laughter.

They sat down, and then all the Eighteen, except Dr. Clay Harkness, got up, strongly protesting and threatening to —

"I beg you not to threaten me," said the stranger, calmly. "I know my rights, and am not afraid of your threats." (*Applause.*) He sat down.

Dr. Harkness Makes Business

Dr. Harkness was thinking very hard. He saw an opportunity here.

He was one of the two very rich men of the village, and Pinkerton was the other. Harkness was running for the legislature on one ticket,² and Pinkerton on the other. Both hated each other with all their might.³ Both had strong appetites for money,⁴ each had bought a great piece of land, as there was going to be a new railway, and each was eager to be in the legislature, because in this way he could make the route run on his own territory.⁵ A single vote on the election day might decide everything, and that meant a great deal of money. Harkness was ready to do anything to win the votes of his electors.

Now, while the house was applauding and laughing, Harkness saw an opportunity in the sack. The stake was large, but he was a daring speculator.⁶ He was sitting close to the stranger, and while no one could hear him because of the protesting speeches of the Eighteen, he asked in a whisper.

"What is your price for the sack?"

"Forty thousand dollars."

"I'll give you twenty."

"No."

¹ the proposition was carried — предложение было принято

² Harkness was running for the legislature on one ticket — Харкнес выдвинул свою кандидатуру в городское управление от одной партии (legislature [¹ledzislaitʃə] — магистратура, городское управление)

³ with all their might — изо всей силы

⁴ Both had strong appetites for money — Оба были очень жадны о денег

⁵ he could make the route run on his own territory — он мог устроить так, чтобы дорога проходила по его территории

⁶ He was a daring speculator — он был смелым, дерзким игроком

"Twenty-five."

"No."

"Say thirty."¹

"The price is forty thousand dollars, not a penny less."

"All right. I'll give it. I'll come to the hotel at ten in the morning. I don't want anyone else to know it. I'll see you privately."

"Very good." Then the stranger got up and said to the house:

"It is very late. The speeches of these eighteen gentlemen are not without interest; but if I may be excused I shall leave. I thank you for your permission. I ask the Chair to keep the sack for me until tomorrow, and to hand these three five hundred-dollar notes to Mr. Richards." The notes were given to the Chair. "At nine I shall call for the sack, and at eleven shall give the rest of the money— \$8, 500 — to Mr. Richards at his home. Good night."

Then he quickly went out and left the house which was making a great noise. And in that noise you could clearly hear the words, "You are f-a-r from being a b-a-a-d man -a-a-a man!"

PART IV

*

The Reader Finds the Richardses at Home Again and Not at All Happy

At home the Richardses had to receive visitors until midnight. It was hard for them to hear many nice compliments and words about their honesty. Then they were left to themselves. They looked a little sad, and they sat silent and thinking. At last Mary sighed and said,

"Do you think we have done a bad thing — a very bad thing?" and her eyes turned to the accusing banknotes² lying on the table. The visitors had looked at them as if ready to

¹ Say thirty. — Пускай будет тридцать.

² her eyes turned to the accusing banknotes — она перевела взгляд на обвиняющие банкноты

eat them. Edward did not answer at once; then he sighed too and said, hesitatingly:

"We — we couldn't help it,¹ Mary. It — well, it was ordered.² All things are."

Mary glanced up and looked at him for a long time, but he didn't return the look.³ Then she said:

"I always thought compliments and good words were so nice. But — it seems to me, now — Edward?"

"Well?"

"Are you going to stay in the bank?"

"N-no."

Richards hid his head in his hands and said very softly:

"Before, I was not afraid of oceans of people's money going through my hands, but — Mary, I am so tired, so tired —"

Mr. Richards Puts a Note in the Fire Because He Cannot Live in Its Presence

At nine in the morning the stranger called for the sack and took it to the hotel in a cab. At ten Harkness came and had a talk with him privately. The stranger asked for and was given five checks — four checks for \$1,500 each, and one for \$34,000. He put one of the \$1,500 checks in his pocketbook and the rest of the money — \$38,500 — in an envelope. Then, after Harkness was gone, he wrote a note and also put it in the envelope. At eleven he called at Richards' house and knocked. Mrs. Richards peeped through the curtains, then went and received the envelope, and the stranger disappeared without a word. She came back very red in the face, trembling all over.

"I am sure I recognized him! Last night it seemed to me that maybe I had seen him somewhere before."

"Is he the man that brought the sack here?"

"I am almost sure of it."

"Then he is that Howard Stephenson, too, who got in a trap every important citizen in this town with his 'secret'. Now if he has brought checks instead of money, we are also in a trap, after we thought we had escaped. I was beginning to feel quite comfortable once more, after my night's rest, but

¹ we couldn't help it — мы не могли поступить иначе

² it was ordered — это было predeterminedено свыше

³ he didn't return the look — зд. он отвел глаза в сторону

The envelope looks strange and I feel ill again. The envelope is fat enough."

"Edward, what do you have against checks?"

"Checks signed by Stephenson! I can yield¹ and take the money — \$8,500 in bank-notes — for, Mary, all things are ordered.² But I tremble when I think that I'll have to go to the bank and show them the check which is signed by that awful man. I think it will be a trap, that man is trying to catch me. If it is —"

"Oh, Edward, it is too bad!" and she began to cry.

"Put the checks in the fire! quick! we mustn't be tempted. It is a trick to make the world laugh at us. Give them to me, if you can't do it!" He snatched them and went slowly to the fire; but he was human, he was a cashier, and he stopped a minute to see the signature. Mary heard a loud cry.

"Fan me, Mary, fan me! The checks are signed by Harkness. Look here — look at this! Fifteen — fifteen — thirty four. Thirty eight thousand five hundred! What a strange thing it is! Mary, the sack isn't worth twelve dollars, and Harkness has probably paid that tremendous sum for it."

"Why does the money all come to us instead of the ten thousand? And what is that, Edward, — a note?"

"Yes. It was with the checks."

The note was in the "Stephenson" handwriting, but there was no signature. It said:

"I am a disappointed man. Your honesty is so great that you cannot be tempted. I had a different idea about it, but I was mistaken, and I beg pardon, and I do it sincerely. I honour you — and that is sincere too. This town is not worthy to kiss your hand. Dear sir, I told myself that there were nineteen corrupted men in your self-righteous village. I am wrong. I have lost the bet.³ Take the money, you have the right to it."

Richards sighed deeply.

"To think, Mary, he believes in me."⁴

"Oh, Edward, don't speak so — I can't bear it."

"God knows, I once deserved these beautiful words. If I

¹ I can yield [ji:ld] — Я могу уж уступить

² all things are ordered — все предначертано свыше

³ I have lost the bet. — Я проиграл пари.

⁴ To think... he believes in me. — Только подумать... что он верит в меня.

deserved them now I should give the forty thousand dollars for them. And I would put that note away and keep it always, because it is dearer than gold and jewels. But now we could not live in its presence, Mary."

He put it in the fire.

Mr. Richards Receives One More Letter Which Is the Last

A man arrived and brought an envelope.

Richards took from it a note and read it; it was from Burgess.

"... You saved me, in a difficult time, when all the people in the town were against me. I saved you last night. Nobody in this village knows so well as I know how brave and good and noble you are. So I saved you out of a grateful heart.¹

(Signed) Burgess"

"Saved,² once more. But this is terrible!" He put the note in the fire. "I — I wish I were dead, Mary! I wish I were out of it all."

"Oh, these are bitter, bitter days, Edward. Both the letters write such nice things about us. But it is worse than anything else in the world. I wish I were also dead!"

Mr. Harkness Knew Well What He Was Doing When He Bought the Sack for Forty Thousand Dollars

Three days before the election each of the two thousand voters in Hadleyburg suddenly received a souvenir — one of the bogus coins from the sack. Around one of its sides were stamped these words: "The remark I made to the poor stranger was —" Around the other side were these: "go and reform. (signed) Pinkerton." Thus the disastrous joke was attached to a single person.

¹ out of a grateful heart — по велению сердца, исполненного благодарности

² Saved — Спасены

Mr. Pinkerton was now the only author of the well-known words. And the result was very sad: Pinkerton lost¹ and Harkness's election was a walkover.²

The Richardses Are Having a Very Bad Time

In twenty-four hours after the Richardses had received their checks their consciences began to quiet down;³ the old couple did not sigh so often now and they didn't say they wished they were dead. Their sin did not seem so terrible to them now. But little by little their life became harder and harder, until it was unbearable: they were afraid to be found out.⁴

At church where they went in the morning everything went on as usual; the man⁵ said the same old things in the same old way; they had heard them a thousand times and had always found them harmless, almost meaningless. The words of the sermon had often made them very sleepy. But now it was different. Every word seemed to be specially addressed to people who were concealing deadly sins.

After church they got away from the people, who continued congratulating them, as soon as they could, and hurried homeward. They were afraid of something they did not know what. Once they noticed Mr. Burgess, as he turned a corner, and said, "Good morning." He did not answer! Simply he hadn't seen them; but they did not know that. What could that mean? It might mean — it might mean—oh, many awful things. Richards at once thought, "The man knows that many, many years ago I could have saved him, but didn't, and now he is waiting for a chance to take revenge."⁶

At home, in their fear, they suddenly imagined that their servant had probably been in the next room, when Richards told his wife the secret of Burgess's innocence; next, Richards was almost sure that he had heard a little noise in there at that

¹ Pinkerton lost — Пинкертон потерпел поражение (на выборах)

² Harkness's election was a walkover — Харкнес одержал легкую победу на выборах

³ their consciences ['kɒŋjənsɪz] began to quiet down — совесть их начала успокаиваться

⁴ they were afraid to be found out — они стали бояться, что их обман будет раскрыт

⁵ the man — эд. священник

⁶ to take revenge — отомстить

time; next, he was sure he had heard it. They decided to call the servant in and watch her face, while speaking to her. The girl came and they asked her such strange and disconnected questions that the poor girl felt sure the old people's minds had been affected by their sudden good fortune.¹ The way they looked at her frightened her, and — she turned red, she became nervous — the old people were sure now she was guilty — without doubt she was a spy and a traitor! When they were alone again they began to put many things together² and got terrible results out of the combination.

Then the husband thought of Burgess's letter and his wife heard a loud cry:

"Oh, what is it? — what is it?"

"The note — Burgess's note! Its language was sarcastic. I see it now. Do you remember that piece?: 'Nobody in this village knows so well as I know how brave and good and noble you are.' Oh, everything is quite clear to me now. God help me!³ Do you see, Mary, how cleverly he writes it?"

"It is terrible. I know what you are going to say: he didn't return to you your envelope with the remark."

"No, he didn't. Because he wants to kill us with it. Mary, he has told some people about us already. I know it — I know it well. I saw it in many faces after church. And when we saw him turning the corner, he didn't even say 'Good morning' to us!"

It Is Not in Medicine's Power to Help the Richardses⁴

In the night the doctor was called. The news went around in the morning that the old couple were seriously ill. The doctor said the great excitement, the congratulations, and the late hours had had a bad effect on their health.⁵ The town became

¹ the old people's mind had been affected by their sudden good fortune — старики повредились в уме от неожиданно привалившего богатства

² began to put many things together — начали связывать воедино отдельные факты

³ God help me! — Боже праведный!

⁴ It is not in medicine's power to help the Richardses. — Медицина бессильна помочь Ричардсам.

⁵ had had a bad effect on their health — оказали плохое воздействие на их здоровье

very sad: the Richardses were the only family, now, the town could be proud of.

Two days later the news was worse. The old couple were delirious¹ and were doing strange things. The nurses, who were looking after the Richardses, assured the doctor that old Richards had shown them checks — for \$ 8,500? No, — for an amazing sum — \$ 38,500!

The following day the nurses had more news for the doctor — and wonderful. They said that the checks that had been under old Richards's pillow the day before had disappeared. When they asked Richards about it, the old man said:

"There are no checks, you will never see them again — they are destroyed. They came from Satan. I knew they were sent to make a sinner of me." Then he began saying strange and dreadful things which the nurses could not understand clearly. The doctor ordered them not to speak about those things to anyone.

Richards was right; the checks were never seen again.

In spite of² the doctor's order, somehow or other³ (probably a nurse spoke in her dream) the town soon learned about the strange things that Richards had spoken of. The news was of a surprising sort. It seemed that Richards had been a claimant for the sack himself⁴ and that Burgess had concealed that fact and then gave Richards away.⁵

After a day or two it was reported that in her delirious state Mrs. Richards said exactly the same things as her husband had been saying. Hadleyburg had no doubts any longer. The town's pride in the incorruptibility of its one important citizen began to grow smaller and smaller and then disappeared completely.

Old Richards Once More Does Burgess a Wrong⁶

Six days passed, then came more news. The old couple were dying. Richards's mind cleared⁷ in his last hour, and he sent for Burgess. Burgess said:

¹ were delirious — заговаривались

² in spite of — несмотря на

³ somehow or other — каким-то образом

⁴ Richards had been a claimant for the sack himself — Ричардс тоже предъявлял права на мешок

⁵ then gave Richards away — потом выдал Ричардса

⁶ Old Richards once more does Burgess a wrong. — Старый Ричардс еще раз несправедлив к Барджесу.

⁷ Richards's mind cleared — Рассудок Ричардса прояснился

"Leave us alone. I think he wishes to tell me something privately."

"No!" said Richards, "I want witnesses. I want you all to hear my confession, so that I may die a man¹ and not a dog. I was clean — artificially — like the rest; and like the rest I fell when temptation came. I also wrote a letter and claimed the miserable sack.² Mr. Burgess thought that I had done him a service. He did not know that really I had not helped him, and being thankful he didn't say anything about my letter in the town hall. He thus saved me. You know what Burgess was accused of years ago. I, only I alone could have proved that he was innocent because I was the only person who knew the truth. But I was a coward, and he had to suffer —"

"No — no — Mr. Richards, you —"

"My servant gave away my secret to him —"

"No one has told anything to me —"

"and— then he did a natural thing: he gave me away — as I deserved —"

"Never! — I give my word —"

"Out of my heart I forgive him."³

The man could not hear Burgess's loud protestations; the man died without knowing that once more he had done poor Burgess a wrong. The old wife died that night.

The Town's Motto Is Changed

That was how the last of the Nineteen fell victim⁴ of the wicked sack; the town's past glory was gone. Its mourning was not showy⁵, but it was deep.

The people of the town of Hadleyburg decided to hand in a petition, and the town was allowed to change its name to (never mind what,⁶ I will not give it away).

Every town or village has its own motto written on its official seal. Hadleyburg had also had a motto for many, many

¹ so that I may die a man — чтобы я мог умереть человеком

² claimed the miserable sack — предъявлял права на этот злосчастный мешок

³ Out of my heart I forgive him — Я прощаю его от всего сердца

⁴ fell victim — пал жертвой

⁵ Its mourning [ʼтэ:пн] was not showy — Он не выставял на показ своей скорби

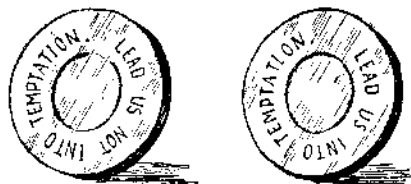
⁶ never mind what — неважно на какое (имя)

years. Now it was allowed to leave one word out of its former motto.¹

It is an honest town once more, and the man will have to rise early to take it by surprise.²

¹ to leave one word out of its former motto -- выпустить одно слово из прежнего своего девиза

² the man will have to rise early to take it by surprise -- букв. человеку потребуется встать спозаранку, чтобы застать его (город) врасплох (город держит ухо востро -- теперь его так легко не проведешь)



КУРЬЕЗНОЕ ПРОИСШЕСТВИЕ

ИМЕНА СОБСТВЕННЫЕ

- Bristow, George** ['brɪstəʊ, dʒɔ:dʒ] — Бристоу, Джордж
Gaylord ['geɪləd] — Гейлэрд
Rayburn, John ['reɪbə:n, dʒən] — сержант Рейберн, Джон
Sterne [stɜ:n] — Стэрн
Webb [web] — Уэбб
Wicklow, Robert ['wɪkləʊ, 'rɒbət] — Уиклоу, Роберт

ГЕОГРАФИЧЕСКИЕ НАЗВАНИЯ

- Boston** ['bɒstən] — г. Бостон, *крупнейший морской порт на северо-востоке США*
Bond Street ['bɒnd stri:t] — Бонд Стрит, *улица в Нью-Йорке*
Chicago [tʃɪ'kɑ:gəʊ] г. Чикаго
Fort Trumbull ['fɔ:t 'trʌmbʊl] — Форт Трэмбул
Louisiana [lu: i:zɪ'æniə] — г. Луизиана, *город на юге США*
the Mississippi River=the Mississippi [ˌmɪsɪ'sɪpi] — река Миссисипи
New London ['nju:lʌndən] — г. Нью-Лондон
New Orleans ['nju: 'ɔ:liənz] — г. Новый Орлеан, *крупный торговый город на юге США*
New York ['nju: 'jɔ:k] — г. Нью-Йорк
Philadelphia [ˌfɪlə'delfiə] — г. Филадельфия

A Curious Experience¹



This is the story which the Major told me:

In the winter of 1862-63, I was commandant of Fort Trumbull at New London. I cannot say that our life at the fort was as eventful as it was at the front. But still we were very busy, and our brains didn't cake together because of idleness.² Take, for instance, the mysterious rumours. All the Northern atmosphere was full of mysterious rumours. The rumours said that there were rebel spies everywhere doing their work noiselessly. They also said that the spies were planning to blow up our Northern forts, burn our houses, send infected clothes into our towns, and all that sort of thing. You remember it. All this kept us awake, and made our garrison life very busy. Besides, we received recruits³ and had a very busy time with them. Yes, as I said before, our life was not dull or monotonous.



Well, one day I was in my quarters alone, doing some writing, when a pale and ragged lad of fourteen or fifteen entered, very politely greeted me, and said —

"I believe recruits are received here?"⁴

¹ Действие рассказа относится к периоду Гражданской войны в США 1861—1865 гг. — войны между Северными штатами, выступавшими за отмену рабовладения и установление системы наемного труда, и поднявшими мятеж рабовладельческими Южными штатами, которые добивались не только сохранения рабства в Южных штатах, но и распространения его на всю территорию США.

² our brains didn't cake together because of idleness — мы не подвергались риску отупеть от безделья; букв. мозги у нас не запекались от безделья

³ we received recruits — у нас был прием новобранцев

⁴ I believe recruits are received here? — Кажется, здесь принимают новобранцев?

"Yes."

"Will you please take me as a recruit, sir?"

"Dear me, no!¹ You are too young, my boy, and too small."

A disappointed look came into his face. He had hoped to be taken, and now... He turned slowly away, as if to go; hesitated, then looked at me again, and said, in a tone which went to my heart²—

"I have no home, and not a friend in the world. If you could only take me!"

But of course I couldn't, and I said so very gently. Then I told him to sit down by the fire and warm himself.

"You must have something to eat now. Are you hungry?" I asked him.

He did not answer; it was not necessary; he thanked me with his big soft eyes better than with any words. He sat down by the fire, and I went on writing.

From time to time when he was not looking I took a quick glance at him. I noticed that his clothes and shoes, although rather worn, were of good style and material. That meant something. Besides, his voice was low and musical; his manners and speech gentlemanly. Probably the poor chap was in trouble. I became interested.

However, the work I was doing took all my attention, and I forgot all about the boy. I don't know how long this lasted; but then, I happened to look up.³ The boy's back was towards me, but his face was turned in such a way that I could see one of his cheeks — and down that cheek tears were rolling noiselessly.

"God bless my soul!"⁴ I said to myself; "I forgot the poor chap was very hungry." I decided to be very kind to him. "Come along,⁵ my lad; you will dine with me; I am alone today."

He gave me another of those grateful looks, and his face was happy now. At the table he stood with his hand on his chair-back. He did not sit down until I did.

¹ Dear me, no! — Как можно! Что ты!

² in a tone which went to my heart — таким тоном, который проник до глубины моего сердца

³ I happened to look up — Я случайно поднял глаза

⁴ God bless my soul! — Боже мой!

⁵ Come along — Идем

During our meal I noticed several times that young Wicklow — Robert Wicklow was his full name — knew what to do with his knife, fork and napkin; and well, in a word¹, he knew his table manners.

We talked mostly about his life, and I had no difficulty in getting his story out of him: he seemed to speak with simple frankness. When he said he was born in Louisiana, I felt I liked him more and more because I had lived for some time there and loved that region of the Mississippi. It was pleasant to hear the very names² that he mentioned in his story.

In short³ this was little Wicklow's history: —

When the war broke out, he and his invalid aunt and his father were living on a great and rich plantation near the Mississippi. His father was a Union man.⁴ He was persecuted in all sorts of ways,⁵ but he remained true to his principles. At last, one night, masked men burned his house down, and the family had to fly for their lives.⁶ They were hunted from place to place, homeless, hungry and without a penny in their pockets. The invalid aunt could not bear all this: she died in an open field. The rain was beating upon her, and the thunder sounded terrible.

Not long after this the father was captured by some armed men, and while the son begged and cried, the father was killed before his eyes. (At this point⁷ an angry light shone in the lad's eyes.) The son was told that if he was not out of that region within twenty-four hours it would go hard with him.⁸

That night he crept noiselessly to the river-side and hid near a plantation. Soon a steamboat stopped there, and he swam up to it and hid in it. Before daylight the boat reached New Orleans, and he slipped ashore.⁹ He walked three miles until he reached the house of an uncle of his, and then his troubles were over, but only for a short time.

¹ in a word — одним словом

² the very names — одни уже имена сами по себе

³ in short — вкратце

⁴ a Union man — т. е. сторонник Союза Северных штатов в войне против рабовладельческого Юга

⁵ He was persecuted in all sorts of ways — Он подвергался всякого рода преследованиям

⁶ to fly for their lives — спасать жизнь бегством

⁷ At this point — В этом месте (рассказа)

⁸ it would go hard with him — ему не поодоровится

⁹ he slipped ashore — он незаметно проскользнул на берег

This uncle was a Union man too, and very soon he decided that it would be better to leave the South. So he and young Wicklow slipped out of the country on board a steamboat, and soon reached New York. They put up at a big comfortable hotel.¹ Young Wicklow had a good time in New York for a short while: he walked up and down the streets, he observed things that were new and unusual to a boy from the South.

But soon a change came. His uncle, who had been cheerful at first, now began to look troubled and gloomy. He often shouted at the boy, saying that they had very little money and could not get more. "We haven't enough money for one, let alone two,"² he now often said. Then, one morning, the uncle disappeared — did not come to breakfast. The boy found the manager of the hotel and spoke to him. He was told that the uncle had paid his bill the night before and gone away—to Boston, the manager said, but he was not sure.

The lad was alone and friendless. He did not know what to do, but then he decided to follow and find his uncle. The money he had, however, brought him only to New London. He had now been wandering about the streets of New London three days and nights, hungry and homeless. He had given up the idea of finding his uncle; his courage and hope were both gone.³ So he came to the fort.

The boy begged me to allow him to become a soldier. If he could not get in as a soldier, couldn't he be a drummer-boy? Ah, he would work so hard and would be so thankful!

Well, that's the history of Young Wicklow, just as he told it to me. I said —

"My boy, you're among friends now — don't be troubled any more."

Now his eyes filled with tears. I called in Sergeant John Rayburn and said,

"Rayburn, this boy will have his bed and food with the musicians. I am going to take him as a drummer-boy, and I want you to look after him and see that everybody treats him well."

Well, of course, after that I did not see him very often. I was always very busy, but the poor little friendless chap lay heavy on my heart, because when I did see him, he always

¹ put up at a ... hotel — остановился в гостинице

² let alone two — не говоря уже о двоих

³ his courage and hope were both gone — мужество и надежда покинула его

looked very sad. I hoped, as the days went on, that he would soon forget his troubles and would become cheerful. But no, there was no change. The boy liked to be alone; he was always absent-minded, always thoughtful.

One morning Rayburn said he wished to speak to me about something privately.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but the truth is, the musicians think the boy is very strange. So I have decided to speak to you."

"Why, what is the trouble?"

"The musicians are angry with the Wicklow boy. You can't even imagine how angry they are."

"Well, go on, go on. What has he been doing?"

"Praying, sir."

"Praying!"

"Yes, sir; the musicians can't live in peace any longer because of that boy's praying. He goes down on his knees behind the big drum and prays. First thing in the morning he's

at it;¹ noon he's at it; and nights — well, nights he is the worst. Sleep? Bless you,² they can't sleep; once the boy begins it, there's no stopping him.³ He starts with the bandmaster,⁴ and he prays for him; next he takes the head bugler,⁴ and he prays for him; next the drum,⁴ and he takes him too; and so on,⁵ right straight through the band.⁶ And when you hear him with all his praying, you begin to think he will not live long



¹ First thing in the morning he's at it — Как утро так он первым делом принимается за это (за молитву)

² Bless you — Помилуйте

³ Once the boy begins it, there's no stopping him — уж как он начнет так ничто его не остановит

⁴ bandmaster — капельмейстер; head bugler — первый (горнист) трубач; next the drum — потом идет барабанщик

⁵ and so on — и так далее

⁶ right straight through the band — так он перебирает весь оркестр



in this world, and when he is in heaven, he can't be happy without a brass band along.¹ Well, sir, the musicians throw boots at him, but it is useless, it's dark in there; and besides, even if they rain boots at him,² he doesn't pay any attention to it. They shout, 'Oh, give us a rest!' 'Shoot him!' 'Oh, take a walk!' and all sorts of such things. But he doesn't mind it."³ The sergeant paused. "He seems to be a good little fool, too; gets up in the morning and takes all those boots back, and sorts them out, and puts each pair in the right place. The boots have been thrown at him so much now, that he knows every boot in the band, he can sort them out with his eyes shut."

There was another pause. I did not say anything though the story interested me very greatly. Rayburn continued.

"When the boy finishes praying—if he ever does—he begins to sing. Even when he speaks, his voice is as sweet as honey. But when he sings.. Oh, his singing is so soft and sweet there in the dark, it makes you think you are in heaven.⁴ You begin to melt all up⁵ and the water comes into your eyes. His singing goes straight to your heart. It makes you feel like the wickedest brute in the world. And when he sings songs of his home, and mother, and childhood, and of things that you have loved and lost, your heart seems to break. The band—well, they all cry—every rascal of them cries⁶ and doesn't try to hide it. Then, all those who a moment ago were throwing boots at him, rush over to him in the dark and hug him! Yes, they do—and slobber all over him and call him pet names,⁷ and beg him to forgive them. If just at a moment like that, a regiment, a whole army corps, hurt a hair of that boy's head, they would attack that army corps!"

¹ without a brass band along — если не захватит с собой духовой оркестр

² rain boots at him — закидывают его сапогами (Глагол употреблен в переносном значении — на него львнем обрушиваются сапоги.)

³ he doesn't mind it — он не обращает на это ровно никакого внимания

⁴ it makes you think you are in heaven — вы начинаете думать, что слышите райское пение (бука, заставляет вас думать, что вы в раю)

⁵ to melt all up — совсем таять

⁶ every rascal of them cries — все эти негодяи до единого ревут

⁷ slobber all over him and call him pet names — распускают над ним нюни и называют его всякими ласковыми именами

Another pause.

"Is that all?" said I.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what do they complain of then?! What do they want me to do?!"

"To do, sir! Why, sir, they want you to stop him from singing."

"What an idea!¹ You said his music was heavenly."

"That's just it.² It's too heavenly. A mortal man can't stand it. It makes him feel so bad and wicked that nothing tastes good and there isn't any comfort in life. And then they all cry, you see, and every morning they are ashamed to look one another in the face."

"Well, this is a strange and unusual case. So you really want me to stop the singing?"

"Yes, sir, that is the idea. They think they can stand the praying, but the main thing is the singing."

I told the sergeant I would try to do something. That night, I noiselessly entered the musicians' quarters and listened. The sergeant had not told lies. I heard the praying voice in the dark; I heard the curses of the angry men; I heard the rain of boots fly through the air and fall around the big drum.

Soon, after a short pause, came the singing. Lord!³ Nothing in the world was ever so sweet, so touching, so tender, so heavenly. I could not stay in the quarters any longer: my emotions at that moment were not proper⁴ to the commandant of a fortress.

Next day, I issued orders which stopped the praying and singing. Then followed three or four days which were so busy and so full of excitement that I forgot all about my drummer-boy. But now comes Sergeant Rayburn one morning, and says.

"That new boy acts rather strangely, sir."

"Why?"⁵

"Well, he's all the time writing."

"Writing? What does he write — letters?"

¹ What an ideal — Что за вздор!

² That's just it. — В том-то и дело.

³ Lord! — Господи!

⁴ were not proper — не подобали

⁵ Why? — эд. А что?



"I don't know, sir, but whenever he is not on duty, he is always poking and nosing around the fort,¹ alone; there isn't a hole or corner in it he hasn't been into, —and very often he takes out a pencil and paper and writes something down."

This gave me a very unpleasant feeling. I did not want to take it seriously,² but I had to, because it was wartime and the thing looked suspicious. Things were happening all around us, in the North, and we had to be watchful and always careful. I recalled the fact that this boy was from the South, —from Louisiana, —and the thought was not pleasant under the circumstances.³ However, it hurt me to give the orders which I now gave to Rayburn, because I felt I loved the boy like a father. I told Rayburn to keep quiet,⁴ watch the boy, and get me some of those writings, if possible. I also told the sergeant that he must do everything without the boy's suspecting anything. I instructed Rayburn to allow the lad to go wherever he wished, but follow him at a distance when he went out into the town.

During the next two days, Rayburn reported to me several times. No success. The boy was still writing, but he always pocketed his paper as if nothing had happened whenever Rayburn appeared near-by. He had gone twice to an old deserted stable in the town, remained a minute or two, and come out again. I could not ignore these things—they looked bad.

¹ is always poking and nosing around the fort — рыщет по форту. Здесь — переносное употребление слов *poke* и *nose* которые обычно употребляются как существительные и означают «кочерга» (ворочит всё) и «нос» (разнюхивает всё).

² take it seriously — принимать это всерьез

³ under the circumstances — при данных обстоятельствах

⁴ to keep quiet — зд. держать все в тайне



I sent for my second in command,¹ an officer who was very clever. His name was Webb. He was surprised and troubled. We had a long talk over the matter, and came to the conclusion² that it would be necessary to search the boy's things secretly.

I said I should do everything myself. So I ordered a soldier to wake me at two in the morning. He did so; and soon after this, I was in the musicians' quarters, crawling along the floor on my stomach among the snorers. I reached the homeless boy's bunk, without waking anybody, seized his clothes and kit, and crawled noiselessly back again.

When I got to my own quarters, I found Webb there. He was eager to know the results.³ We searched the boy's things immediately. The clothes were a disappointment.⁴ In the pockets we found sheets of paper with nothing written on and a pencil, nothing else, except a jack-knife and such useless things as boys like to collect in their pockets. Then we took the kit hoping to find something here. Nothing there, except,—oh! a little Bible with this written on the first page: "Stranger, be kind to my boy, for his mother's sake."⁵

I looked at Webb—he dropped his eyes;⁶ he looked at me—I dropped mine. We did not say a word. I put the book

¹ second in command — заместитель (заместитель командира)

² came to the conclusion — пришли к заключению

³ He was eager to know the results. — Он с нетерпением ждал результатов.

⁴ The clothes were a disappointment. — Одежда принесла нам разочарование.

⁵ for his mother's sake — ради его матери

⁶ he dropped his eyes — он опустил глаза

back in its place. Webb got up and went away, without remark. I took the kit and clothes back to the quarters, crawling on my stomach as before. At that time it seemed the only possible way of doing the job. I was most honestly glad when it was over.

About noon next day Rayburn came as usual, to report. I cut him short.¹ I said—

“Enough of this nonsense! We are making a bugaboo out of² a poor little lad who has got no more harm in him than a lamb”.

The sergeant looked surprised and said—

“Well, you know it was your orders, sir, and I’ve got some of the writing.”

“How did you get it?”

“I looked through the key-hole, and saw him writing. And then, just as I came in, he crumpled up the paper and threw it in the fire. A moment later he looked as if nothing had happened. I spoke to him and then sent him on an errand.³ He obeyed me without a word, and went at once. I began to look for the writing in the fire. Luckily it had got behind a large piece of coal, and the boy hadn’t noticed it. I got it out; and here it is.”

I glanced at the paper and read a sentence or two. Then I sent away the sergeant telling him to bring Webb to my quarters at once. Here is the paper in full⁴

“Fort Trumbull, the 8th.

“Colonel,—I was mistaken as to⁵ the calibre of the three guns I mentioned before. They are 18-pounders;⁶ all the rest of the armament is as I reported. The garrison remains as before, except that the two light infantry companies that were to go to the front are to stay here;⁷ for how long, I can’t find out, just now, but will soon. We think it is better not to undertake anything bef—”

¹ I cut him short. — Я резко оборвал его.

² We are making a bugaboo [’bugʊbu:] out of... — Мы делаем пугало из ...

³ sent him on an errand — отослал его, дав ему поручение

⁴ in full — полностью

⁵ I was mistaken as to — Я ошибся в отношении

⁶ They are 18-pounders — Они (пушки) со снарядами весом в 18 фунтов

⁷ except that the two light infantry companies that were to go to the front are to stay here — за исключением того, что те две роты легкой пехоты, которые должны были отправиться на фронт, остаются теперь здесь

There it broke off¹—Rayburn entered and the boy stopped writing. All my love for the boy, all the respect for him, all my wish to help him disappeared in a moment. The boy was a coldblooded scoundrel!² It was necessary to act at once. Webb and I read the letter over and over again, and examined it all around. Webb said—

“What a pity³ Rayburn interrupted him! Something was going to happen, but that scoundrel writes they must wait. What was going to happen? When? If only that little reptile had mentioned it!”

“Yes, what a pity. And who is “we” in the letter? Is it conspirators inside the fort or outside?”

It was a very important and unpleasant thing. However, we couldn't guess it, so we decided to be more practical. First of all, we decided to double the sentries and keep the strictest possible watch.⁴ At first, we thought of speaking to young Wicklow and making him tell us everything. But then we changed our mind:⁵ it was not a very clever thing to do. We must have some more of his writings; so we began to plan how to get them. And now we had an idea: Wicklow never went to the post-office,—perhaps the deserted stable was his post-office. We sent for my confidential clerk⁶—a young man named Sterne, who was a sort of natural detective⁷ and told him all about the case and ordered him to watch Wicklow and follow him everywhere. In an hour we were informed that the boy was writing again. Soon afterwards, we were told that he had asked for permission to go out into the town. Sterne hurried off and hid himself in the stable.

Soon he saw Wicklow walk in slowly. The boy looked around, then hid something under some boxes in a corner, and slowly walked out. Sterne at once seized the hidden thing—a letter—and brought it to us. It had no address and no signature.—It repeated what we had already read, and then went on to say:—

¹ it broke off — (записка) обрывалась

² a coldblooded scoundrel — закоренелый негодяй

³ What a pity — Какая жалость

⁴ to keep the strictest possible watch — самым строжайшим образом осуществлять охрану

⁵ we changed our mind — мы передумали

⁶ a confidential clerk — (в армии) писарь-секретарь по особым поручениям

⁷ who was a sort of natural detective — у которого были природные способности сыщика

"We think it is better not to undertake anything before the two companies are gone. The four of us inside think so.¹ We have not communicated with the others—afraid of attracting attention. I have something else very important to say, but am afraid to trust it to this method of communication; will try the other."²

"The little scoundrel!" said Webb; "who could have thought he was a spy?! Now, let us analyse the details and see what we can do. First we've got a rebel spy among us, whom we know; secondly, we've got three more among us, whom we don't know; thirdly, all these spies get into the fort very simply and easily: they enlist as soldiers in the Union army;³ fourthly, there are spies 'outside'—we don't know how many. That is the case, as it now stands.⁴ Shall we collar⁵ Wicklow and make him tell us everything? Or shall we catch the scoundrel who comes to the stable for the letters and make him tell? Or shall we keep quiet and find out more facts?"

We decided upon the last.⁶ It was clear that the conspirators could not do anything before those two light infantry companies were sent to the front. We allowed Sterne to do anything he found suitable and told him to do his best to find out Wicklow's "other method" of communication. For this purpose it was necessary to keep the spies in an unsuspecting state⁷ as long as possible. So we ordered Sterne to return to the stable immediately and hide Wicklow's letter where it had been before for the conspirators to get.⁸

Soon night came. It was cold and dark. Everything was quiet, only it was raining and a wind was blowing. I left my warm bed several times during the night and went the rounds in person,⁹ to see that all was right and that every sentry

¹ The four of us inside think so. — Так думаем мы четверо, внутри форта

² will try the other — попробую другой (способ поддерживать связь)

³ the Union army — армия северян в войне прогрессивного промышленного Севера против реакционного рабовладельческого Юга (1861—1865 гг.)

⁴ That is the case as it now stands. — Так обстоит дело.

⁵ Shall we collar — Схватить ли нам за шиворот...

⁶ We decided upon the last. — Мы остановились на последнем.

⁷ to keep the spies in an unsuspecting state — чтобы шпионы ничего и не подозревали (бука. держать их в неподозреваемом состоянии)

⁸ for the conspirators to get — чтобы их взяли заговорщики

⁹ went the rounds in person — самолично совершал обход

was awake. I found them all wide awake and watchful;¹ probably some rumours had reached them, and besides they saw that the sentries had been doubled... Once towards morning, I ran into Webb, making his way against the bitter wind.² He told me that he, also, had gone the rounds several times to see that all was going right.

Next day things began to happen. Wicklow wrote another letter; Sterne followed him to the stable and saw him put it behind the boxes. As soon as Wicklow left the stable, Sterne slipped out and followed the little spy at a distance. A detective in plain clothes³ followed Sterne as his assistant. Wicklow went to the railway station, and waited till the train from New York came in. Then he stood examining the faces of the crowd as they poured out of the train. Soon an old gentleman, with green goggles and a cane, came out, stopped near Wicklow and began to look around him as if trying to find somebody. In a moment Wicklow rushed forward, slipped an envelope into his hand, then moved away and disappeared in the crowd. The next moment Sterne snatched the letter from the old gentleman and whispered to the detective: "Follow the old gentleman—don't lose sight of him."⁴ Then Sterne hurried out of the crowd, and came straight to the fort.

We sat with closed doors, and ordered the sentry outside not to allow anyone in.

First we opened the letter from the stable. It read as follows:⁵

"Holy Alliance,⁶—found⁷ in the usual gun, orders from the Master which he left there last night. Have left in the gun the usual sign that the orders reached the proper hand⁸—"

¹ wide awake and watchful — бодрствующими и начеку

² I ran into Webb, making his way against the bitter wind — Я столкнулся с Уэббом, который прокладывал себе путь против резкого ветра

³ A detective in plain clothes — Агент сыскной полиции в штатской одежде

⁴ don't lose sight of him — не теряйте его из виду

⁵ It read as follows — Вот что в нем было написано.

⁶ Holy Alliance [ˈhɒli ˈælɪəns] — эд. Священные Союзники

⁷ found—I found; ниже—Have left—I have left. — Эти формы передают деловой тон записки.

⁸ reached the proper hand — попали в нужные руки

Webb interrupted me—

“Isn't the boy always watched now?”

I said yes; he had been closely watched since we found his letter in the fire.

“Then how could he put anything into a gun, or take anything out of it and not get caught?”

“Well”, I said, “I don't like it and I don't understand it either.”

“It simply means,” said Webb, “that there are conspirators among the very sentries¹ and that they allowed him to use the guns.”

I sent for Rayburn, and ordered him to examine the batteries and see what he could find. After this we continued reading the letter:

“The new orders demand that the M M M M shall be² F F F F at 3 o'clock tomorrow morning. Two hundred will arrive, in small parties,³ by train and in a different manner, from many directions, and will be at the appointed place at the right time. I am almost sure of success; almost because the chiefs have learned something: the sentries have been doubled, and the chiefs went the rounds⁴ last night several times. W.W. comes from the South today and will receive secret orders—by the other method. All six of you must be in 166 at 2 a. m. sharp. You will find B.B. there, who will give all the instructions. Password same as last time,⁵ only turned backwards.⁶ Remember XXXX. Do not forget. Be as brave as ever; before the next sun rises you will be heroes; your names will become well-known all over the country: you will add a deathless page to history.”

“Thunder and Mars!”⁷ said Webb, “things are getting more and more serious, as I understand it.”

¹ among the very sentries — среди самих часовых

² shall be — *зд.* должны быть

³ in small parties — небольшими группами

⁴ went the rounds — *см. стр. 74.*

⁵ Password same as last time. — Пароль такой же, как в прошлый раз. Выпущены артикли и глагол-связка, это придает лаконичный, деловой тон записке.

⁶ only turned backwards — только перевернутый

⁷ Thunder and Mars! — Гром и молния! (*букв.* Гром и Марс! Марс — бог войны у древних римлян. М. Твен недаром вкладывает именно такое восклицание в уста военного человека.)

"They are ready to start something, that is clear enough. Tonight is the time set for it¹—that, also, is clear. That 'something' is hidden away from us under M's and F's; and the purpose of all this, I think, is to take the fort by surprise² and capture it. We must be quick now. It will be wrong to continue our secret game with Wicklow. We must know, and as soon as possible, where '166' is located so as to catch the gang there at 2 a. m. The quickest way to get that information will be to force it out of that boy. But before we undertake anything important, I must inform the War Department³ and ask for instructions."

The despatch was written in cipher⁴ and sent at once.

After we finished discussing this letter, we opened the one which Sterne had snatched from the old gentleman. The letter had nothing in it but⁵ two blank sheets of paper!

For a moment we felt as blank as the paper, and twice as foolish.⁶ But it was for a moment only; for, of course, immediately after this, we thought of "sympathetic ink."⁷ We held the paper close to the fire thinking that the letters of figures would come out;⁸ but nothing appeared. We then called in the surgeon, and ordered him to test the blank sheets in every possible way until he got the words.

Now appeared Sergeant⁹ Rayburn and took from his pocket a piece of string about a foot long,¹⁰ with three knots tied in it. He gave it to us.

"I got it out of a gun," said he. "Then I examined all the guns carefully; this string was the only thing that was in any of them—"

¹ Tonight is the time set for it — Для этого выбрана сегодняшняя ночь

² to take the fort by surprise — захватить форт врасплох

³ the War Department — *амер.* военный департамент (военное министерство)

⁴ The despatch was written in cipher — официальное донесение (дешпа) было зашифровано

⁵ but — кроме

⁶ as blank as the paper and twice as foolish — *бука* такими же пустыми как (невписанная) бумага и (даже) в два раза глупее

⁷ "sympathetic ink" — симпатические чернила; чернила, которые проступают только под воздействием определенной температуры или какого-либо химического вещества

⁸ that the letters or figures would come out — что проступят буквы или цифры

⁹ sergeant ['sɜ:dʒənt] — сержант (surgeon ['sɜ:dʒən] — хирург)

¹⁰ about a foot long — длиной около фута

So this bit of string was Wicklow's "sign" to show that the "Master's" orders had reached him. Every sentry, who had been near the guns during the past twenty-four hours was at once arrested. The arrested soldiers were not allowed to communicate with anyone without my permission.

A telegram now came from the Secretary of War.¹ It read as follows:²

"Put town under martial law.³ Make necessary arrests. Act energetically and quickly. Keep the Department informed.⁴"

We at once began to act. Two soldiers were sent to the town, quietly arrested the old gentleman and quietly brought him into the fort. I forbade speech to him and from him. He shouted angrily at first, but soon found it useless.

Next came the news that Wicklow had given something to a couple of our new recruits; and that the moment he went these had been arrested too. We found that Wicklow had given each recruit a small list of paper with the following words and signs in pencil:

Eagle's Third Floor Remember XXXX 166

In accordance with instructions,⁵ I telegraphed to the War Department, in cipher, about what we had undertaken, and also about the above note.⁶ I also sent for the surgeon and asked him about the letter written in sympathetic ink. The surgeon said that so far⁷ his tests had been unsuccessful. He added he could continue them if necessary. I sent him away.

¹ the Secretary of War — амер. военный министр

² It read as follows — см. стр. 75.

³ Put town under martial law — Объявите в городе военное положение. В этом и в следующем предложениях перед словами town и arrests опущен артикль the. Это частое явление в телеграммах, газетных заголовках.

⁴ Keep the Department Informed — Держите военный департамент в курсе дела.

⁵ In accordance with instructions — В соответствии с инструкциями

⁶ the above note — вышеупомянутая записка

⁷ so far — пока что

It seemed to me that now it was time to throw off the mask as regards Wicklow;¹ so I sent for him.

Soon Wicklow entered. He looked tired and worried, but he was calm, and if he suspected anything it could not be seen in his face or manner. I allowed him to stand there a moment or two, then I said pleasantly—

"My boy, why do you go to that old stable so much?"

He answered very simply and without confusion—

"Well, I don't know, sir. There isn't any special reason, except that I like to be alone and amuse myself there."

"Is that all you do there?"

"Yes, sir," he said, looking at me with childlike surprise² in his big soft eyes.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir, sure."

After a pause, I said—

"Wicklow, why do you write so much?"

"I do not write much, sir."

"You don't?"

"No, sir. Oh, if you mean scribbling, I do scribble sometimes³, to amuse myself."

"What do you do with your scribblings?"

"Nothing, sir—throw them away."

"Never send them to anybody?"⁴

"No, sir."

Here I suddenly opened before him the letter to the "Colonel." He started slightly,⁵ but immediately became calm again. Only his cheeks turned a little red.

"How did it happen that you sent this scribbling, then?"

"I nev-never meant any harm,⁶ sir."

"Never meant any harm! You write to someone about our armament and mean no harm by it?"

He hung his head and was silent.

"Now, tell me all you know about it, and stop lying. To whom was this letter written?"

¹ it was time to throw off the mask as regards Wicklow — пора нам было разоблачить Уиклоу (бука. что касается Уиклоу, пора нам было сбросить с него маску)

² with childlike surprise — с невинным (как у ребенка) удивлением

³ I do scribble sometimes — Я действительно иногда царапаю записки. Глагол do здесь употреблен для усиления.

⁴ Never send them to anybody? = Do you never send...

⁵ started slightly — зд. слегка вздрогнул

⁶ I never meant any harm. — Я это делал без всякого злого умысла.

He looked nervous now; but quickly collected himself,¹ and replied in a tone of deep earnestness—

"I will² tell you the truth, sir—the whole truth. That letter was written to nobody at all. I wrote it only to amuse myself. I see my mistake and the foolishness of it now."

"Ah, I am glad of that. It is dangerous to be writing such letters. I hope you are sure this is the only letter you wrote?"

"Yes, sir, perfectly sure."

He was quite calm. He told that lie with an open, face looking me straight in my eyes. I had to wait a moment, because I felt was getting angry; and when I collected myself I said—

"Wicklow, think a little, and see if you can help me with two or three little things which I want to find out."

"I will do my very best, sir."

"Then to begin with³—who is 'the Master'?"

It made him cast a startled glance⁴ at our faces; but that was all. He was calm again in a moment, and answered—

"I don't know, sir."

"You do not know?"

He tried hard to keep his eyes on mine, but it was too much: his chin went down slowly towards his breast and he was silent.

I broke the silence⁵ with the question—

"Who are the 'Holy Alliance'?"

He began to shake, and made a slight gesture with his hands, as if begging us to have pity on him⁶. But he made no sound and continued to stand with his chin on his breast. As we sat looking at him, waiting for him to speak, we saw big tears running down his cheeks. But he remained silent. In a moment I said—

"You must answer me, my boy, and you must tell me the truth. Who are the Holy Alliance?"

He wept on in silence. Then I said, rather sharply—
"Answer the question!"

¹ collected himself — овладел собой

² I will—Will в 1-м лице часто выражает желание, готовность говорящего выполнить действие, выраженное инфинитивом.

³ to begin with — для начала

⁴ It made him cast a startled glance — При этих словах он бросил (на нас) испуганный взгляд

⁵ I broke the silence — Я нарушил молчание

⁶ to have pity on him — сожалеть над ним

"Oh, sir! I cannot answer it, for I do not know."

"What!"

"Indeed, sir, I have never heard of the Holy Alliance till this moment. Upon my honour, sir,¹ this is so"—

"Good heavens!² Look at this second letter of yours, there,³ do you see those words, 'Holy Alliance'? What do you say now?"

He looked into my face with a hurt expression, then said with feeling—

"This is some cruel joke, sir; how could they play it upon me.⁴ Some one has imitated my hand; I never wrote a line of this; I have never seen this letter before!"

"Oh, you mean liar!⁵ Here,⁶, what do you say to this?"— and I snatched the sympathetic ink letter from my pocket and pushed it before his eyes.

His face turned white!—as white as snow. After a moment he asked, in a voice so faint that I could hardly hear it—

"Have you read it?"

Our faces answered "no" before my lips said "yes", for I clearly saw the courage come back into that boy's eyes.⁷ I said—

"Well, what have you got to say now?"

"Nothing, except that it is perfectly harmless and innocent; it can hurt nobody."

I felt at a loss⁸ now. I did not know exactly how to continue. However, an idea came into my mind, and I slowly drew out the string with three knots from my pocket. He looked at it indifferently. There was a question in his eyes. My patience was getting very thin.⁹ However, I took myself in hand,¹⁰ and said in my usual voice—

"Wicklów, do you see this?"

¹ Upon my honour, sir — Честное слово, сэръ

² Good heavens! — Вот так-так!

³ there — вот

⁴ how could they play it (joke) on me — как могли сыграть надо мной такую злую шутку

⁵ Oh, you mean liar! — Ах ты низкий лгунишка!

⁶ here — вот

⁷ I clearly saw the courage come back into that boy's eyes — Я ясно видел что мальчик снова осмелел (*бука...* как смелость возвращается в глаза мальчика)

⁸ I felt at a loss — Я растерялся

⁹ My patience was getting very thin. — Терпение мое готово было вот-вот лопнуть

¹⁰ I took myself in hand — Я взял себя в руки

"Yes, sir."

"What is it?"

"It seems to be a piece of string."

"Seems? It is a piece of string. Do you recognize it?"—

"No, sir," he replied very calmly.

His calmness was wonderful! I paused now for several seconds in order to impress him more by what I was going to say; then I stood up and put my hand on his shoulder, and said gravely—

"It will do you no good,¹ poor boy, none in the world. This sign to the 'Master', this string with knots, that we have found in one of the guns—"

"Found in the gun! Oh, no, no, no! do not say in the gun, but in a crack!—It was in the crack!" His face was wild with terror.

"No, it was in the gun," said I.

"My God, I am lost!"² And he darted this way and that, doing his best to escape from the place. But, of course, escape was impossible. Then he went on his knees crying very loudly and put his arms around my legs. He begged and sobbed, saying, "Oh, have pity on me! Oh, be merciful to me! Do not betray me; they will kill me! Protect me, save me. I will tell everything!"

It took us some time to quiet him down. Then I began to question him. He answered slowly, with downcast eyes and from time to time wiping his tears.

"So you are a rebel?"

"Yes, sir."

"And a spy?"

"Yes, sir."

"And have been acting in accordance with orders from outside?"³

"Yes, sir."

"Then you made up the tale you told me of⁴ your troubles and the troubles of your family?"

"They—they told me to say it, sir."

"And you would betray⁵ and destroy those who helped

¹ It will do you no good — Это тебе не поможет

² I am lost! — Я пропал

³ And have been acting in accordance with orders from outside? — И все это время действовал в соответствии с приказами извне?

⁴ Then you made up the tale you told me of... — Значит все, что ты рассказал мне о..., ты выдумал

⁵ you would betray — ты предал бы

you and gave you home. Do you realize how mean you are?"

He replied with sobs only.

"Well, we won't speak about it any more. Let's get down to business.¹ Who is the 'Colonel', and where is he?"

He began to cry again. He said he would be killed if he told. I threatened to put him in the dark cell and lock him up if he did not speak. At the same time I promised to protect him if he told everything. But he closed his mouth firmly and put on a stubborn air,² and I could not do anything. At last I led him to the cell; but a single glance into that dark hole opened his mouth. He broke into passionate sobs,³ and promised to tell everything.

So I brought him back, and he named the "Colonel," and described him. Said he could be found at the biggest hotel in the town, in citizen's dress.⁴ I had to threaten him again before he described and named the "Master." Said the Master could be found at No. 15 Bond Street, New York, under the name of R. F. Gaylord. I telegraphed name and description⁵ to the chief of police of the capital, and told him that Gaylord must be arrested.

"Now," I said to Wicklow, "it seems that there are several of the conspirators 'outside,' in New London.⁶ Name and describe them."

He named and described three men and two women; they were all staying at the biggest hotel. I gave orders and the "Colonel" and the rest of them were quietly arrested and kept as prisoners in the fort.

"Next, I want to know all about the three conspirators 'inside' the fort."

He was about⁷ to tell me some lie, I thought; but I showed him the bits of paper which we had found upon the two arrested recruits. I told him he must point out the third. All this frightened him badly, and he cried out—

¹ Let's get down to business. — эд. Вернемся к делу.

² put on a stubborn air — заупрямился (букв. напустил на себя упрямый вид)

³ He broke into passionate sobs — зарыдал, обливаясь горючими слезами

⁴ in citizen's dress — в штатском платье

⁵ name and description — Статьи перед этими существительными опущены так, как если бы это был подлинный текст телеграммы

⁶ Не забудьте, что действие происходит в форте близ города New London.

⁷ He was about — Он уже был готов

"Oh, please don't make me; he will kill me on the spot."¹

I said that that was all nonsense and promised to protect him. Then I ordered all the new recruits to be mustered without arms² and after this the poor trembling boy went down along the line. At last he stopped and spoke a single word to one of the men and before he had gone five steps the man was arrested.

Then all the three men were brought into my room, and Wicklow also. I made one of them stand forward and said—

"Now, Wicklow, remember, you must tell only the truth. Who is this man, and what do you know about him?"

Now he was "in for it,"³ so he fixed his eyes on the man's face and spoke quickly, without hesitation.

"His real name is George Bristow. He is from New Orleans; was captain of the 'Capitol'⁴ two years ago; is a terrible person; killed two sailors and served two years in prison.⁵ Then he was second mate of the 'St. Nickolas'⁶ and was nearly killed for robbing the dead and wounded. He is a spy and was sent here by the 'Colonel'."

And so forth and so on⁷—he gave the man's full biography.— When he had finished I said to the man—

"What have you to say to this?"

"I'll be damned,⁸ if it isn't the worst lie I have ever heard in my life!"

I sent him back into his cell and called in the two others in turn.⁹ Same result.¹⁰ The boy gave a detailed history of each, without ever hesitating for a word or a fact; but all I heard from both rascals was the angry "No! It is all a lie!" They told nothing. I returned them to their cells and brought

¹ on the spot — тут же, на месте

² to be mustered without arms — выстроиться без оружия

³ he was "in for it" — он чувствовал, что ему уже не отвертеться

⁴ the 'Capitol' [ˈkæpɪtəl] — «Капитолий» название парохода (Капитолий — здание Конгресса США; также — др.-римск. Капитолий).

⁵ served two years in prison — отсидел в тюрьме два года

⁶ the 'St. Nickolas' [snt ˈnɪkələs] — «Св. Николой» название парохода

⁷ And so forth and so on — и так далее и тому подобное

⁸ I'll be damned... — Черт меня подери...

⁹ in turn — по очереди

¹⁰ Same result — The same result М. Твен опускает здесь артикль в стилистических целях; придать деловитость языку военного человека.

out the rest of my prisoners one by one.¹ Wicklow told all about them—what towns in the South they were from, and every detail of their connection with the conspiracy.

But they all denied his facts, not one of them said "Yes" a single time. The men raged, the women cried. They said they were all innocent people and loved the Union above all things in the world.² I locked them all up, and began to question Wicklow once more.

"Where is No. 166, and who is B. B.?"

But now he decided to say no more. He kept silent. I decided to give him a good lashing,³ because time was flying, and it was necessary to take measures.⁴

He screamed with pain, and I felt sorry for him, but I was firm and soon he cried out—

"Oh, please stop it, stop it, and I will tell!"

"No—you'll tell before I stop."

The pain was great, so he cried out—

"No. 166. Eagle Hotel!"⁵

It was the name of a poor tavern near the river.

I ordered him to tell me the aim of the conspiracy.

"To take the fort tonight," said he, sobbing.

"Have I got all the chiefs of the conspiracy?"

"No, you've got all except those that are to meet⁶ at 166."

"What does 'Remember XXXX' mean?"

No reply.

"What is the password to No. 166?"

No reply.

"What do those letters mean—'FFFF' and 'MMMM'?"

Answer, or you will be lashed again."

"I never will answer! I will die first."

"Think what you are saying, Wicklow. Is it final?"⁷

He answered—

¹ brought out the rest of my prisoners one by one — выводил (для допроса) по одному остальных моих заключенных

² they all loved the Union (= the Union of Northern States) — все они приверженцы Севера (=Союза Северных Штатов); above all things in the world — прежде всего на свете

³ to give him a good lashing — задать ему хорошую порку

⁴ to take measures — принимать меры

⁵ No 163 Eagle Hotel — отель «Орел», комната № 166

⁶ are to meet. — должны встретиться. Глагол to be употреблен здесь в модальном значении высказывает предварительную договоренность.

⁷ Is it final? — Это окончательно?

"It is final. As sure as I love my poor country,¹ I will die before I tell you those things."

Well, we had to give it up.² We believed the boy that he certainly would die rather than confess. So we imprisoned him, under strict guard.

Then for some hours we were very busy: we sent telegrams to the War Department, and made preparations for our raid on No. 166, Eagle Hotel.

That night was black and bitter. Things had leaked out³ and the whole garrison was very excited. The sentries were trebled, and nobody could move, outside or inside.

However, Webb and I were less worried now than we had been before, because the conspiracy could not be strong now.

We decided to be at No. 166 at one o'clock in the morning, capture B. B., and be ready for the rest when they arrived. At about a quarter past one in the morning I crept out of the fortress with half a dozen bravest soldiers — and the boy Wicklow, with his hands tied behind him. I told him we were going to No. 166, and that he would have to show us the right place or be severely punished.

We crept up to the tavern. A light was burning in the small bar-room, the rest of the house was dark. I tried the front door; it opened at once, and we softly entered, closing the door behind us. Then we took off our boots, and I led the way⁴ to the bar-room. The German landlord sat there, asleep in his chair. I woke him gently, and I ordered him to take off his shoes, walk in front of us and lead the way to 166. I warned him at the same time not to say a word. He obeyed without a sound, but it was clear he was badly frightened. We went upstairs as softly as a file of cats.⁵ Then, when we reached the end of a long hall, the landlord whispered to me that that was 166. I felt for the door⁶ in the dark and tried it — it was locked on the inside.⁷ I whispered an order to one of my biggest soldiers; we pressed our strong shoulders against the

¹ As sure as I love my poor country. — Это так же верно, как то, что я люблю свою бедную родину.

² we had to give it up — нам пришлось прекратить допрос

³ Things had leaked out — Новости стали каким-то образом известны, просочились

⁴ I led the way — я пошел всех за собой

⁵ as a file of cats — как кошки (a file — ряд)

⁶ I felt for the door — Я нащупал дверь

⁷ on the 'inside — изнутри



door and with one push burst into the room.¹ I noticed a figure in a bed — saw its head dart toward the candle; out went the light,² and we were in darkness. With one big leap I was at the bed and pinned³ the figure with my knees. My prisoner struggled fiercely but I was stronger. I snatched out my revolver, and pressed the cold metal against his cheek.

"Now somebody strike a light!" I commanded. "I've got him safe."⁴

The light was struck. I looked at my prisoner, and, oh, God, it was a young woman!

I let go my victim,⁵ feeling rather foolish. Everybody stared stupidly at me, so sudden had been the surprise. The young woman began to cry, and covered her face with the blanket. The landlord said:

¹ burst into the room — ворвались в комнату

² out went the light — огонь погас

³ pinned — пригвоздил

⁴ somebody strike a light... I've got him safe. — эд. пусть кто-нибудь зажжет огонь... Я его крепко (голубчика) держу.

⁵ I let go my victim — Я выпустил свою жертву



"This is my daughter, sir."

"Your daughter? Is she your daughter?"

"Oh, yes, she is. She has just tonight come home from Chicago a little bit sick."

"That boy has lied again! This is not the right 166, this is not B. B. Now, Wicklow, you will find the correct 166 for us, or — hello! where is that boy?"

Gone, as sure as guns!¹ I cursed myself for not tying him to one of the men; but it was too late to think of it now. What should I do next?² — that was the question. That girl might be B. B. after all.³ I did not believe it, but I did not want to take any risk.⁴ So I left my men in the hall and told them

¹ Gone, as sure as guns! — Убежал, ясно как день!

² What should I do next? — Что мне следует делать дальше?

³ after all — все-таки, в конце концов

⁴ to take any risk — рисковать

to capture anybody and everybody that approached the girl's room, and to keep the landlord with them, under strict watch.¹ Then I hurried back to the fort to see if all was right there.

Yes, all was right. And all remained right. I stayed up all night to make sure of that.² Nothing happened. I was very glad that, when morning came, I was able to telegraph the War Department that our flag still floated over Fort Trumbull.

About noon came news of the boy. He had been seen on the road about eight miles away from the fort, at six in the morning. I sent two cavalry-men on his track³ at once. They reached him twenty miles out.⁴

He had climbed a fence and was wearily crossing a field towards a large old-fashioned house at the end of a village. The cavalry men rode through a bit of wood, made a detour,⁵ and approached the house from the opposite side; then left their horses behind the trees and ran into the kitchen. Nobody there. The cavalry-men noiselessly went into the next room. Nobody here. The door from that room into the drawing-room was open. They were about to go into⁶ it when they heard a soft voice and a low crying. One of the men put his head in and saw an old woman weeping and an old man speaking to her. Just at that moment the front door opened and the Wicklow boy⁷ stepped in. Both of these people rushed to him, and embracing and kissing him, shouted —

"Our boy! our darling! The lost is found! We thought you were dead, but you are alive again!"

Well, sir, what do you think! That young imp was born and brought up⁸ in that house, and had never been five miles away from it in all his life, till the night when he wandered into my quarters and told me stories⁹ about himself and his parents. What a sentimental fool I had been! That old man was his father — a learned old retired schoolmaster; and that old lady was his mother.

¹ under strict watch — под строгим надзором

² stayed up all night to make sure of that. — Я всю ночь бодрствовал чтобы убедиться в этом (т. е. что все было в порядке).

³ on his track — по его следу

⁴ twenty miles out. — в двадцати милях от форта

⁵ made a detour ['dɛtʊə] — сделали крюк

⁶ They were about to go into... — Они уже были готовы войти...

⁷ the Wicklow boy — шутивая фирма этот мальчишка Уиклоу

⁸ was brought up — воспитывался, вырос

⁹ told me stories — насочинял мне историй

Let me now give some explanation of the boy's conduct and tricks. It turned out that he was very fond of books of adventure and sensation-stories — therefore, dark mysteries¹ and heroisms were just in his line.² Besides he had read many newspaper reports of rebel spies and of their evil deeds, till his imagination began to work very energetically.

Do you know why the boy said he would die rather than explain some of his secrets? Simply because he couldn't explain them! — they had no meaning. He couldn't say what was hidden in the "sympathetic ink" letter, for the simple reason³ that there wasn't anything hidden in it; it was blank paper only. He hadn't put anything into a gun, and had never intended to⁴ — for his letters were all written to imaginary persons. When he hid a letter in the stable he always took away the one he had put there the day before. When I showed him the string with knots, he saw it for the first time. But as soon as I spoke of it, he adopted the fact,⁵ because it was very romantic, and invented some story. He invented Mr. "Gaylord", there wasn't any 15 Bond Street, just then — the house had been pulled down three months before. He invented the "Colonel", he invented the histories of those unfortunate people whom I arrested; he invented "B. B."; he even invented No. 166, for when he wrote it in his letter, he didn't know there was such a number in the Eagle Hotel. He was ready to invent anybody or anything whenever it was wanted.⁶ Ah, he lived in a wonderful, mysterious, romantic world during those few exciting days, and I think it was real to him, and he enjoyed it to the bottom of his heart.⁷

But he made trouble enough for us and just no end of humiliation.⁸ You see, because of him we had fifteen or twenty people under arrest and confinement in the fort, with sentries before their doors. Some of them were first-class

¹ dark mysteries — необыкновенно таинственные приключения

² were just in his line — были как раз в его вкусе

³ for the simple reason — по той простой причине

⁴ had never intended to — had never intended to put

⁵ he adopted the fact — он воспринял это так, будто это было на самом деле

⁶ whenever it was wanted — когда бы это только ни потребовалось

⁷ to the bottom of his heart — всей душой

⁸ he made trouble enough for us and just no end of humiliation — он причинил нам достаточно хлопот и заставил нас пройти через безграничные унижения

citizens,¹ from all over the country. And those two ladies, what angry tears they poured out on me! The men just raged and made no end of trouble.² That old gentleman with the goggles was a college president from Philadelphia, who had come to New London to attend his nephew's funeral.³ Well he not only missed the funeral and was arrested as a rebel spy, but Wicklow had stood up there in my quarters and coldly described him as a Negro-trader and horse-thief. And this was a thing which that poor old gentleman couldn't get over at all.⁴

And the War Department! But, let's draw the curtain over that part!⁵

¹ were first-class citizens — были весьма уважаемыми гражданами

² The men just raged and made no end of trouble. — эд. Мужчины — те так просто бушевали, и уж задали они нам перца.

³ to attend his nephew's ['nevju:z] funeral — чтобы присутствовать на похоронах своего племянника

⁴ And this was a thing which that poor old gentleman couldn't get over at all. — От таких обвинений старый джентльмен никак не мог оправиться.

⁵ let's draw the curtain over that part — тут лучше уж задернуть занавес

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Цена 14 коп.

Учпедгиз · 1961