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Е. Д. САДОВСКАЯ, С. Н. МОКРОУСОВА,
Ж. М. ПОПЛАВСКАЯ

АНГЛИЙСКИЙ ЯЗЫК

ПРАКТИЧЕСКОЕ ПОСОБИЕ
по подготовке к государственным экзаменам
для студентов 5 курса
специальности 1-02 03 06 02 «Немецкий язык»

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Рецензенты:

С. Н. Колоцей, доцент, кандидат филологических наук; кафедра теории и практики английского языка учреждения образования «Гомельский государственный университет имени Франциска Скорины»

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С 143 Английский язык: практическое пособие по подготовке к государственным экзаменам для студентов 5 курса специальности 1- 02 03 06 02 «Немецкий язык» / Е. Д. Садовская, С. Н. Мокроусова, Ж. М. Поплавская; М-во образования РБ, Гомельский государственный университет им. Ф. Скорины. – Гомель: ГГУ им. Ф. Скорины, 2008. – 98 с.

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Практическое пособие содержит неадаптированные тексты из художественной литературы и лексико-грамматические задания к ним и адресовано студентам 5 курса специальности 1– 02 03 06 02 «Немецкий язык», изучающим английский язык как вторую специальность.

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СОДЕРЖАНИЕ

Введение

Целью данного практического пособия является оказание практической помощи студентам при подготовке к государственному экзамену по второму иностранному языку – английскому.

Практическое пособие представляет собой единый комплекс, состоящий из двух разделов. Тексты и задания первого раздела составлены таким образом, что предполагают постоянное речевое сотрудничество и речевое взаимодействие студентов и преподавателя, а задания второго раздела направлены на самостоятельную работу студентов.

Практическое пособие включает неадаптированные тексты из оригинальной художественной литературы. Содержание текстов и лексико-грамматических заданий соответствует требованиям учебной программы. Лексические упражнения способствуют более полному усвоению лексического материала и формируют умения и навыки оценки и интерпретации текстовой информации.

Материал пособия соответствует современному коммуникативному подходу к обучению иностранному языку в вузе.

Данное практическое пособие имеет практико-ориентированное значение, так как включает не только содержательный и интересный материал, но и задания, направленные на формирование устойчивых навыков говорения.

Практическое пособие может быть использовано как на занятиях под руководством преподавателя, так и при самостоятельной подготовке студентов к государственному экзамену.

I TEXTS AND EXERCISES

THE MAN WITH THE SCAR

W. S. Maugham

It was on account of the scar that I first noticed him, for it ran, broad and red, from his temple to his chin. This scar spoke of a terrible wound and I wondered whether it had been caused by a sabre or by a fragment of shell. It was unexpected on that round, fat and good-humoured face. He had small features and his face went oddly with his large and fat body. He was a powerful man of more than common height. I never saw him in anything, but a very shabby grey suit, a khaki shirt and an old sombrero. He was far from clean. He used to come into the Palace Hotel at Guatemala City every day at cocktail time and tried to sell lottery tickets. I never saw anyone buy, but now and then I saw him offered a drink. He never refused it. He walked among the tables, pausing at each table, with a little smile offered the lottery tickets and when no notice was taken of him with the same smile passed on. I think he was the most part a little drunk.

I was standing at the bar one evening with an acquaintance when the man with the scar came up. I shook my head as for the twentieth time since my arrival he held out his lottery tickets to me. But my companion greeted him, kindly.

"How is life, general?"

"Not so bad. Business is not too good, but it might be worse."

"What will you have, general?"

"A brandy."

He drank it and put the glass back on the bar. He nodded to my acquaintance.

"Thank you."

Then he turned away and offered his tickets to the men who were standing next to us.

"Who is your friend?" I asked. "That's a terrific scar on his face."

"It doesn't add to his beauty, does it? He's an exile from Nicaragua. He's a ruffian of course and a bandit, but not a bad fellow. I give him a few pesos now and then. He took part in a rebellion and was general of the rebellious troops. If his ammunition hadn't given out he'd have upset the government and would be minister of war now instead of selling lottery tickets in Guatemala. They captured him together with his staff, and tried him by court-martial. Such things are usually done without delay in these countries, you know, and he was sentenced to be shot at dawn. I think he knew what was coming to him when he was caught. He spent the night in

jail and he and the others, there were five of them altogether, passed the time playing poker. They used matches for chips. He told me he'd never had such bad luck in his life: he lost and lost all the time. When the day broke and the soldiers came into the cell to fetch them for execution he had lost more matches than a man could use in a life-time.

"They were led into the courtyard of the jail and placed against a wall, the five of them side by side with the firing squad facing them, There was a pause and our friend asked the officer commanding the squad what the devil they were keeping him waiting for. The officer said that the general commanding the troops wished to attend the execution and they awaited his arrival.

"'Then I have time to smoke another cigarette,' said our friend.

"But he had hardly lit it when the general came into the courtyard. The usual formalities were performed and the general asked the condemned men whether there was anything they wished before the execution took place. Four of the five shook their heads, but our friend spoke.

"'Yes, I should like to say good-bye to my wife.'

"'Good,' said the general, "I have no objection to that. Where is she?'

"'She is waiting at the prison door.'

"'Then it will not cause a delay of more than five minutes."

"'Hardly that, Señor General.'

"'Have him placed on one side.'

"Two soldiers advanced and between them the condemned rebel walked to the spot indicated. The officer in command of the firing squad on a nod from the general gave an order and the four men fell. They fell strangely, not together, but one after the other, with movements that were almost grotesque, as though they were puppets in a toy theatre. The officer went up to them and into one who was still alive emptied his revolver. Our friend finished his cigarette.

"There was a little stir at the gateway. A woman came into the courtyard, with quick steps, and then, her hand on her heart, stopped suddenly. She gave a cry and with outstretched arms ran forward.

"'Caramba," said the general.

"She was in black, with a veil over her hair, and her face was dead white. She was hardly more than a girl, a slim creature, with little regular features and enormous eyes. Her loveliness was such that as she ran, her mouth slightly open and the agony on her beautiful face, even the indifferent soldiers who looked at her gave a gasp of surprise.

"The rebel advanced a step or two to meet her. She threw herself into his arms and with a cry of passion: 'soul of my heart,' he pressed his lips to

hers. And at the same moment he drew a knife from his ragged shirt – I haven't a notion how he had managed to keep it – and stabbed her in the neck. The blood spurted from the cut vein and dyed his shirt. Then he threw his arms round her and once more pressed his lips to hers.

"It happened so quickly that many didn't know what had occurred, but the others gave a cry of horror; they sprang forward and seized him. They laid the girl on the ground and stood round watching her. The rebel knew where he was striking and it was impossible to stop the blood. In a moment the officer who had been kneeling by her side rose.

"'She's dead,' he whispered.

"The rebel crossed himself.

"'Why did you do it?' asked the general.

"'I loved her.'

"A sort of sigh passed through those men crowded together and they looked with strange faces at the murderer. The general stared at him for a while in silence.

" 'It was a noble gesture,' he said at last, 'I cannot execute this man. Take my car and drive him to the frontier. I honour you, Señor, as one brave man must honour another.'

"And between the two soldiers without a word the rebel marched to the waiting car."

My friend stopped and for a little while I was silent. I must explain that he was a Guatemaltecan and spoke to me in Spanish. I have translated what he told me as well as I could, but I have made no attempt to change his rather high-flown language. To tell the truth I think it suits the story.

"But how then did he get the scar?" I asked at last.

"Oh, that was due to a bottle that burst when he was opening it. A bottle of ginger ale."

"I never liked it," said I.

Exercises

Ex. 1 Find in the story the English for:

шрам от виска до подбородка, добродушное лицо, довольно грязный, время от времени, знакомый, протянуть билет кому-либо, судить военным судом, быть приговоренным к расстрелу, проводить время, не везти (об удаче), заставлять кого-либо ждать, присутствовать на казни, выполнять формальности, правильные черты лица, нанести удар ножом, высокопарный язык, из-за чего-либо.

Ex. 2 Choose the right word.

1) But now and then I saw him _____ a drink.
a) suggested; b) proposed; c) offered.
2) He never _____ it.
a) refused; b) denied; c) rejected.
3) He _____ to my acquaintance.
a) shook his head; b) nodded; c) bowed.
4) The general asked the condemned men whether there was anything they wished before the execution took place. Four of the five _____ their heads.
a) shook; b) nodded; c) bowed.
5) The general commanding the troops wished to_____ the execution.
a) visit; b) attend; c) be present.
6) The blood spurted from the cut vein and _____ the shirt.
a) painted; b) dyed; c) coloured.
7) They _____ the girl on the ground and stood watching her.
a) lay; b) laid; c) lied.
8) To tell the truth I think it _____ the story.
a) fits; b) suits; c) matches.

Ex. 3 Change the following sentences from the story:

a) into direct speech.

1) I wondered whether it had been caused by a sabre or by a fragment of shell.
2) He told me he'd never had such bad luck in his life.
3) Our friend asked the officer commanding the squad what the devil they were keeping him waiting for.
4) The officer said that the general commanding the troops wished to attend the execution and they awaited his arrival.
5) The general asked the condemned men whether there was anything they wished before the execution took place.

b) into indirect speech.

1) "How's life, general?"
"Not so bad. Business is not too good, but it might be worse."
"What will you have, general?"
"A brandy."
2) "She's dead," he whispered.
The rebel crossed himself.
"Why did you do it?" asked the general.

"I loved her."
3) "But how then did he get the scar?" I asked at last.
"Oh, that was due to a bottle that burst when he was opening it. A bottle of ginger ale."
"I never liked it," said I.

Ex. 4 Put the verbs:

a) into the Active Voice.

1) No notice was taken of him.
2) Such things are usually done without delay in these countries, you know.
3) I think he knew what was coming to him when he was caught.
4) They were led into the courtyard of the jail and placed against the wall.
5) The usual formalities were performed.

b) into the Passive Voice.

1) My companion greeted him.
2) They captured him together with his staff and tried him by court-martial.
3) They used matches for chips.
4) He drew a knife from his ragged shirt.
5) They laid the girl on the ground.

Ex. 5 Answer the following questions:

1) Why did the author notice the man? What did the scar speak of?
2) What did the man with the scar look like? What was he like?
3) What did he use to do?
4) Who told the author the story of the man? How did he characterize him?
5) Where was the man with the scar from?
6) Why was he tried by court-martial? What was the sentence?
7) How did he spend the night before the execution?-
8) How was the execution carried out? Why was there a pause?
9) What was the man's last wish? Why was it easy to fulfil?
10) What did his wife look like?
11) What happened when she threw herself into his arms? Why did the man with the scar stab her in the neck?

12) Why did the general say he couldn't execute the man? What did he order the soldiers to do?

13) Where did the man get the scar?

Ex. 6 Retell the story according to the outline using the given words and word combinations.

1) The frame of the story: the beginning which expresses the problem and the purpose, and the end in which the author provides the answer to the main question.

To speak of, to be caused by, of more than common height, a shabby suit, far from clean, used to come, now and then, offer smb a drink, to refuse smth. to take no notice of, an acquaintance, to shake one's head, to hold out smth to, to nod to, due to.

2) The rebellion and the night in jail.

To capture, to try by court-martial, without delay, to be sentenced to, at dawn, to pass the time, to have bad luck.

3) The execution.

To be led, to face smb, to keep smb waiting, to attend the execution, to perform the formalities, to have no objection to, to cause a delay, on a nod from the general, grotesque, puppets in a toy theatre.

4) The last wish.

To give a cry, a slim creature, regular features, indifferent soldiers, to throw oneself into smb's arms, to draw a knife from, to stab smb in the neck, the cut vein, to seize, to lay smb on the ground, to stare at, a noble gesture, the frontier, to honour smb.

A FRIEND IN NEED

W. S. Maugham

For thirty years now I have been studying my fellow-men. I do not know very much about them. I suppose it is on the face that for the most part we judge the persons we meet. We draw our conclusions from the shape of the jaw, the look in the eyes, the shape of the mouth. I shrug my shoulders when people tell me that their first impressions of a person are always right. For my own part I find that the longer I know people the more they puzzle me: my oldest friends are just those of whom I can say that I don't know anything about them.

These thoughts have occurred to me because I read in this morning's paper that Edward Hyde Burton had died at Kobe. He was a merchant and he had been in Japan for many years. I knew him very little, but he interested me because once he gave me a great surprise. If I had not heard the story from his own lips I should never have believed that he was capable of such an action. It was the more startling because both his appearance and his manner gave the impression of a very different man. He was a tiny little fellow, very slender, with white hair, a red face much wrinkled, and blue eyes. I suppose he was about sixty when I knew him. He was always neatly and quietly dressed in accordance with his age and station.

Though his offices were in Kobe Burton often came down to Yokohama. I happened on one occasion to be spending a few days there, waiting for a ship, and I was introduced to him at the British Club. We played bridge together. He played a good game and a generous one. He did not talk very much, either then or later when we were having drinks, but what he said was sensible. He had a quiet, dry humour. He seemed to be popular at the club and afterwards, when he had gone, they described him as one of the best. It happened that we were both staying at the Grand Hotel and next day he asked me to dine with him. I met his wife, fat, elderly and smiling, and his two daughters. It was evidently a united and loving family. I think the chief thing that struck me about Burton was his kindliness. There was something very pleasing in his mild blue eyes. His voice was gentle; you could not imagine that he could raise it in anger; his smile was kind. Here was a man who attracted you because you felt in him a real love for his fellows. He had charm. But there was nothing sentimental about him: he liked his game of cards and his cocktail, he could tell a good and spicy story, and in his youth he had been something of an athlete. He was a rich man and he had made every penny himself. I

suppose one thing that made you like him was that he was so small and frail; he aroused your instincts of protection. You felt that he would not hurt a fly.

One afternoon I was sitting in the lounge of the Grand Hotel. From the windows you had an excellent view of the harbour with its crowded traffic. There were great liners; merchant ships of all nations, junks and boats sailing in and out. It was a busy scene and yet, I do not know why, restful to the spirit.

Burton came into the lounge presently and caught sight of me. He seated himself in the chair next to mine.

"What do you say to a little drink?"

He clapped his hands for a boy and ordered two drinks. As the boy brought them a man passed along the street outside and seeing me waved his hand.

"Do you know Turner?" said Burton as I nodded a greeting.

"I've met him at the club. I'm told he's a remittance man."

"Yes, I believe he is. We have a good many here."

"He plays bridge well."

"They generally do. There was a fellow here last year, a namesake of mine, who was the best bridge player I ever met. I suppose you never came across him in London. Lenny Burton he called himself."

"No. I don't believe I remember the name."

"He was quite a remarkable player. He seemed to have an instinct about the cards. It was uncanny. I used to play with him a lot. He was in Kobe for some time."

Burton sipped his gin.

"It's rather a funny story," he said. "He wasn't a bad chap. I liked him. He was always well-dressed and he was handsome in a way, with curly hair and pink-and-white cheeks. Women thought a lot of him. There was no harm in him, you know, he was only wild. Of course he drank too much. Fellows like him always do. A bit of money used to come in for him once a quarter and he made a bit more by card-playing. He won a good deal of mine, I know that."

Button gave a kindly little chuckle.

"I suppose that is why he came to me when he went broke, that and the fact that he was a namesake of mine. He came to see me in my office one day and asked me for a job. I was rather surprised. He told me that there was no more money coming from home and he wanted to work. I asked him how old he was.

"'Thirty five,' he said.

"'And what have you been doing before?' I asked him.

"'Well, nothing very much,' he said.

"I couldn't help laughing.

"'I'm afraid I can't do anything for you just now,' I said. 'Come back and see me in another thirty-five years, and I'll see what I can do.'

"He didn't move. He went rather pale. He hesitated for a moment and then he told me that he had had bad luck at cards for some time. He hadn't a penny. He'd pawned everything he had. He couldn't pay his hotel bill and they wouldn't give him any more credit. He was down and out. If he couldn't get a job he'd have to commit suicide.

"I looked at him for a bit. I could see now that he was all to pieces. He'd been drinking more than usual and he looked fifty.

"'Well, isn't there anything you can do except play cards?' I asked him.

"'I can swim,' he said.

"'Swim!'

"I could hardly believe my ears; it seemed such a silly answer.

"'I swam for my university.'

"'I was a pretty good swimmer myself when I was a young man,' I said.

"Suddenly I had an idea.

Pausing in his story, Burton turned to me.

"Do you know Kobe?" he asked.

"No," I said, "I passed through it once, but I only spent a night there."

"Then you don't know the Shioya Club. When I was a young man I swam from there round the beacon and landed at the creek of Tarumi. It's over three miles and it's rather difficult on account of the currents round the beacon. Well, I told my young namesake about it and I said to him that if he'd do it I'd give him a job.

"I could see he was rather taken aback.

"'You say you're a swimmer,' I said.

"'I'm not in very good condition,' he answered.

"I didn't say anything. I shrugged my shoulders. He looked at me for a moment and then he nodded.

"'All right,' he said. 'When do you want me to do it?'

"I looked at my watch. It was just after ten.

"'The swim shouldn't take you much over an hour and a quarter. I'll drive round to the creek at half-past twelve and meet you. I'll take you back to the club to dress and then we'll have lunch together.'

"'Done,' he said.

"We shook hands. I wished him good luck and he left me. I had a lot of work to do that morning and I only just managed to get to the creek at half

past twelve. I waited for him there, but in vain."

"Did he get frightened at the last moment?" I asked.

"'No, he didn't. He started swimming. But of course he'd ruined his health by drink. The currents round the beacon were more than he could manage. We didn't get the body for about three days."

I didn't say anything for a moment or two. I was a little shocked. Then I asked Burton a question.

"When you offered him the job, did you know that he'd be drowned?"

He gave a little mild chuckle and he looked at me with those kind blue eyes of his. He rubbed his chin with his hand.

"Well, I hadn't got a vacancy in my office at the moment."

Exercises

Ex. 1 The title of the story is the beginning of the proverb "A friend in need is a friend indeed". Why do you think the author doesn't give the end of the proverb?

Ex. 2 Find in the story the English for:

судить о человеке, делать вывод, озадачивать (ставить в тупик), приходить на ум, быть способным на что-либо, морщинистый, повышать голос, и мухи не обидит, помахать рукой, тезка, потягивать джин, кроме (за исключением), быть высокого мнения о ком-либо, посмеиваться, в отчаянном состоянии, совершить самоубийство, измученный, течение, ошеломленный, пожать плечами, пожелать удачи, тщетно (зря), подорвать здоровье, утонуть.

Ex. 3 Fill the gaps with one of the words or word combinations from the box in an appropriate form.

to draw conclusions	to wave one's hand	a current
to be capable of	to commit suicide in vain	to sip
to shrug one's shoulders	wrinkled	to be drowned

1) We _____ from the shape of the jaw, the look in the eye, the shape of the mouth.

2) I should never have believed that he _____ such an action.

3) He was a tiny little fellow, very slender, with white hair, a red face

much _____ and blue eyes.

4) A man passed along the street outside and seeing me _____.

5) Burton _____ his gin.

6) If he couldn't get a job he'd have to _____ .

7) The _____ round the beacon were more than he could manage.

8) I _____ when people tell me that their impressions of a person are always right.

9) I waited for him there but _____ .

10) When you offered the job did you know that he _____?

Ex. 4 Replace the italicized words and word combinations with a synonym from the box in an appropriate form.

to judge	a namesake of	to raise one's voice	puzzle
to think a lot of	to ruin one's health	to occur	down and out

1) We often *form an opinion* about a person by his looks.

2) These thoughts *came to my mind* because I read in this morning's newspaper about Edward Burton's death.

3) You could not imagine that he could *speak in a higher tone* in anger.

4) There was a fellow there last year *whose name was also* Edward.

5) Women *thought highly of* him.

6) He was *unemployed and without money.*

7) I could see he was rather *taken aback.*

8) But of course *he'd undermined his health* by drink.

Ex. 5 Choose the right word.

pleasing/ pleased

1) There was something _____ in his mild blue eyes.

2) I was _____ to be staying at the same hotel with him.

frightening/ frightened

3) Was he _____ at the last moment?

4) His suggestion was _____.

loving/ loved

5) They were a _____ family.

6) He was much _____ by his family.

startling/ startled

7) The story was _____ because both his appearance and his manner gave the impression of a very different man.

8) He was _____ when he heard Mr. Button's suggestion.

surprising/ surprised

9) It was _____ that he should come to Mr. Burton when he was broke.

10) I was rather _____.

Ex. 6 a) Decide what the difference is between these two sentences.

1) — What have you been doing before?
— Well, nothing very much.

2) — What have you done in your life so far?
— Well, nothing very much.

b) Use the verbs in brackets in the Present Perfect or Present Perfect Continuous.

1) He _____ more than usual recently. (to drink)

2) He _____ his health by drink. (to ruin)

3) He _____ cards since he came here. (to play)

4) He _____ bad luck at cards for some time. (to have)

5) I _____ a lot of Mr. Burton these days as we are both staying at the Grand Hotel. (to see)

6) I just _____ Mr. Burton sitting in the lounge of the hotel. (to see)

7) He is in good condition. He _____ round the beacon. (to swim)

8) I _____ round the beacon for an hour and can't land at the creek as the current is very strong. (to swim)

Ex. 7 Change the complex sentences below into simple as in the examples.

a) Example: It so happened that I was spending a few days in Yokohama.

I happened to be spending a few days in Yokohama:

1) It so happened that we were both staying at the Grand Hotel.

2) It happened that I read about Mr. Burton's death in the morning newspaper.

3) It so happened that I met him at the club.

4) It so happened that Mr. Burton came into the lounge of the hotel when I was sitting there.

5) It so happened that I came across him in London.

b) **Example**: It seemed he was popular at the club.
He seemed to be popular at the club:

1) It seemed he had an instinct about the cards.

2) It seemed they were a united family.

3) It seemed he had a real love for his fellows.

4) It seemed his suggestion took him aback.

5) It seemed he had been drinking more than usual.

Ex. 8 Answer the questions:

1) What thoughts occurred to the author when he read in the newspaper about Mr. Burton's death?

2) Why did Mr. Burton interest the author?

3) Where did the author make Mr. Burton's acquaintance? What did they use to do together?

4) What did the author know about Mr. Burton?

5) What did Mr. Burton look like? What attracted the author in Mr. Burton?

6) When and where did Mr. Burton tell the author the story of his namesake?

7) What kind of man was young Burton?

8) Why did he once come to Mr. Burton?

9) What was the situation he found himself in?

10) What idea did Mr. Burton suddenly have when his namesake said he had swum for his university?

11) Why was young Burton taken aback?

12) Why was young Burton drowned?

13) What was the author's reaction to the story?

14) Why did Mr. Burton say he offered his namesake the job?

LOUISE

W. S. Maugham

I could never understand why Louise bothered with me. She disliked me and I knew that behind my back she seldom lost the opportunity of saying a disagreeable thing about me. She had too much delicacy ever to make a direct statement, but with a hint and a sigh and a little gesture of her beautiful hands she was able to make her meaning plain. It was true that we had known one another almost intimately for five and twenty years, but it was impossible for me to believe that this fact meant much to her. She thought me a brutal, cynical and vulgar fellow. I was puzzled at her not leaving me alone. She did nothing of the kind; indeed, she was constantly asking me to lunch and dine with her and once or twice a year invited me to spend a week-end at her house in the country. Perhaps she knew that I alone saw her face behind the mask and she hoped that sooner or later I too should take the mask for the face.

I knew Louise before she married. She was then a frail, delicate girl with large and melancholy eyes. Her father and mother adored and worshipped her, for some illness, scarlet fever I think, had left her with a weak heart and she had to take the greatest care of herself. When Tom Maitland proposed to her they were dismayed, for they were convinced that she was much too delicate for marriage. But they were not too well off and Tom Maitland was rich. He promised to do everything in the world for Louise and finally they entrusted her to him. Tom Maitland was a big strong fellow, very good-looking and a fine athlete. He adored Louise. With her weak heart he could not hope to keep her with him long and he made up his mind to do everything he could to make her few years on earth happy. He gave up the games he played excellently, not because she wished him to, but because it so happened that she always had a heart attack whenever he was going to leave her for a day. If they had a difference of opinion she gave in to him at once for she was the most gentle wife a man could have, but her heart failed her and she would stay in bed, sweet and uncomplaining, for a week. He could not be such a brute as to cross her.

On one occasion seeing her walk eight miles on an expedition that she especially wanted to make, I remarked to Tom Maitland that she was stronger than one would have thought. He shook his head and sighed.

"No, no, she's dreadfully delicate. She's been to all the best heart specialists in the world and they all say that her life hangs on a thread. But she has a wonderfully strong spirit."

He told her that I had remarked on her endurance.

"I shall pay for it tomorrow," she said to me in her melancholy way. "I shall be at death's door."

"I sometimes think that you're quite strong enough to do the things you want to," I murmured.

I had noticed that if a party was amusing she could dance till five in the morning, but if it was dull she felt very poorly and Tom had to take her home early. I am afraid she did not like my reply, for though she gave me a sad little smile I saw no amusement in her large blue eyes.

"You can't expect me to fall down dead just to please you," she answered.

Louise outlived her husband. He caught his death of cold one day when they were sailing and Louise needed all the rugs there were to keep her warm. He left her a comfortable fortune and a daughter. Louise was inconsolable. It was wonderful that she managed to survive the shock. Her friends expected her speedily to follow poor Tom Maitland to the grave. Indeed they already felt dreadfully sorry for Iris, her daughter, who would be left an orphan. They redoubled their attentions towards Louise. They would not let her stir a finger; they insisted on doing everything in the world to save her trouble. They had to, because if it was necessary for her to do anything tiresome or unpleasant her heart failed her and she was at death's door. She was quite lost without a man to take care of her, she said, and she did not know how, with her delicate health, she was going to bring up her dear Iris. Her friends asked her why she did not marry again. Oh, with her heart it was out of the question, she answered.

A year after Tom's death, however, she allowed George Hobhouse to lead her to the altar. He was a fine fellow and he was not at all badly off. I never saw anyone so grateful as he for the privilege of being allowed to take care of this frail little thing.

"I shan't live to trouble you long," she said.

He was a soldier and an ambitious one, but he threw up his career. Louise's health forced her to spend the winter at Monte Carlo and the summer at Deauville. He prepared to make his wife's last few years as happy as he could.

"It can't be very long now," she said. "I'll try not to be troublesome."

For the next two or three years Louise managed, in spite of her weak heart, to go beautifully dressed to all the most lively parties, to gamble very heavily, to dance and even to flirt with tall slim young men. But George Hobhouse had not the strength of Louise's first husband and he had to brace himself now and then with a drink for his day's work as Louise's

second husband. It is possible that the habit would have grown on him, which Louise would not have liked at all, but very fortunately (for her) the war broke out. He rejoined his regiment and three months later was killed. It was a great shock to Louise. She felt, however, that in such a crisis she must not give way to a private grief; and if she had a heart attack nobody heard of it. In order to distract her mind she turned her villa at Monte Carlo into a hospital for convalescent officers. Her friends told her that she would never survive the strain.

"Of course it will kill me," she said, "I know that. But what does it matter? I must do my bit. "

It didn't kill her. She enjoyed her life as never before. There was no convalescent home in France that was more popular. I met her by chance in Paris. She was lunching at a restaurant with a tall and very handsome young Frenchman. She explained that she was there on business connected with the hospital. She told me that the officers were very charming to her. They knew how delicate she was and they wouldn't let her do a single thing. They took care of her, well - as though they were all her husbands. She sighed.

"Poor George, who would ever have thought that I with my heart should survive him?"

"And poor Tom!" I said.

I don't know why she didn't like my saying that. She gave me her melancholy smile and her beautiful eyes filled with tears.

"You always speak as though you grudged me the few years that I can expect to live."

"By the way, your heart's much better, isn't it?"

"It'll never be better. I saw a specialist this morning and he said I must be prepared for the worst."

"Oh, well, you've been prepared for that for nearly twenty years now, haven't you?"

When the war came to an end Louise settled in London. She was now a woman of over forty, thin and frail still, with large eyes and pale cheeks, but she did not look a day more than twenty-five. Iris, who had been at school and was now grown up, came to live with her.

"She'll take care of me," said Louise. "Of course it'll be hard on her to live with such a great invalid as I am, but it can only be for such a little while, I'm sure she won't mind."

Iris was a nice girl. She had been brought up with the knowledge that her mother's health was very weak. As a child she had never been allowed to make a noise. She had always realized that her mother must on no

account be upset. And though Louise told her now that she would not hear of her sacrificing herself for a tiresome old woman the girl simply would not listen.

With a sigh her mother let her do a great deal.

"It pleases the child to think she's making herself useful," she said.

"Don't you think she ought to go out more?" I asked.

"That's what I'm always telling her. I can't get her to enjoy herself. Heaven knows, I never want anyone to give up their pleasures on my account."

And Iris, when I talked to her about it, said: "Poor dear mother, she wants me to go and stay with friends and go to parties, but the moment I start off anywhere she has one other heart attacks, so I much prefer to stay at home."

But presently she fell in love. A young friend of mine, a very good lad, asked her to marry him and she consented. I liked the child and was glad that she would be given at last the chance to lead a life of her own. But one day the young man came to me in great distress and told me that the marriage was postponed for an indefinite time. Iris felt that she could not desert her mother. Of course it was really no business of mine, but I made the opportunity to go and see Louise. She was always glad to receive her friends at teatime.

"Well, I hear that Iris isn't going to be married," I said after a while.

"I don't know about that. She's not going to be married as soon as I wished. I've begged her on my bended knees not to consider me, but she absolutely refuses to leave me."

"Don't you think it's rather hard on her?"

"Dreadfully. Of course it can only be for a few months, but I hate the thought of anyone sacrificing themselves for me."

"My dear Louise, you've buried two husbands, I can't see why you shouldn't bury at least two more."

"Oh, I know, I know what you've always thought of me. You've never believed that I had anything the matter with me, have you?"

I looked at her full and square.

"Never. I think you've carried out a bluff for twenty-five years. I think you're the most selfish and monstrous woman I have ever known. You ruined the lives of those two unhappy men you married and now you're going to ruin the life of your daughter."

I should not have been surprised if Louise had had a heart attack then. I fully expected her to fly into a passion. She only gave me a gentle smile.

"My poor friend, one of these days you'll be so dreadfully sorry you

said this to me."

"Have you quite decided that Iris shall not marry this boy?"

"I've begged her to marry him. I know it'll kill me, but I don't mind. Nobody cares for me. I'm just a burden to everybody."

"Did you tell her it would kill you?"

"She made me."

"Nobody can make you do anything that you yourself don't want to do."

"She can marry her young man tomorrow if she likes. If it kills me, it kills me."

"Well, let's risk it, shall we?"

"Haven't you got any pity for me?"

"One can't pity anyone who amuses one as much as you amuse me," I answered.

A spot of colour appeared on Louise's pale cheeks and though she smiled her eyes were hard and angry.

"Iris shall marry in a month's time," she said, "and if anything happens to me I hope you and she will be able to forgive yourselves."

Louise was as good as her word. A date was fixed, a rich trousseau was ordered, and invitations were sent. Iris and the lad were very happy. On the wedding-day, at ten o'clock in the morning, Louise, that devilish woman, had one of her heart attacks and died. She died gently forgiving Iris for having killed her.

Exercises

Ex. 1 Find in the story the English for:

за чьей-либо спиной, оставить в покое, принимать за что-либо, обожать, заботиться о ком-либо, сделать предложение кому-либо, быть убежденным, быть состоятельным, уступать кому-либо, пережить кого-либо, пальцем не пошевелить, воспитывать, об этом не может быть и речи, поддаваться горю, превратить что-либо в..., наслаждаться жизнью, быть несправедливым по отношению к кому-либо, жертвовать (собой), бывать в обществе, иметь личную жизнь, отложить на неопределенное время, хоронить, жалость к..., жалеть кого-либо, сдержать слово, назначить день, сердечный приступ.

Ex. 2 Fill each gap with one of the words or word combinations from the box in an appropriate form.

to draw conclusions	to wave one's hand	a current	
to be capable of	to commit suicide	in vain	to sip
to shrug one's shoulders	wrinkled	to be drowned	

1) She hoped that sooner or later I should ____ the mask _____ the face.

2) Her parents ____ that she was much too delicate for marriage.

3) If they had a difference of opinion she _____ to him.

4) It was wonderful that she managed to _____ the shock.

5) She didn't know how, with her delicate health, she was going to _____ her dear Iris.

6) In order to distract her mind she _____ her villa at Monte Carlo _____ a hospital.

7) Don't you think she ought ____ more?

8) I was glad that she would be given at last the chance _____.

9) I hate the thought of anyone _____ themselves for me.

10) My dear Louise, you __ __ two husbands, I can't see why you shouldn't ____ at least two more.

Ex. 3 Replace the italicized words and word combinations with a synonym from the box in an appropriate form.

to judge	a namesake of	to raise one's voice		puzzle
to think a lot of	to ruin one's health	to occur		down and out

1) She never said a disagreeable thing *straight to my face.*

2) I was puzzled at her not *leaving me in peace.*

3) Tom *adored* Louise.

4) He was a fine fellow and he *was well-to-do.*

5) It didn't kill her. She *enjoyed her life.*

6) But one day the young man came to me in great distress and told me that the marriage *was put off* for an indefinite time.

7) She was quite lost without a man *to look after* her.

8) Louise *kept her word.*

Ex. 4 A Say which of the italicized verbs is followed by:

a) the full infinitive?
b) the bare infinitive?
Fill the gaps.

1) They wouldn't *let* her ____ do a single thing.
2) She *wants* me ____ go and stay with friends.
3) I can't *get* her _____ enjoy herself.
4) I *saw* her_____ walk eight miles on an expedition that she especially wanted to make.
5) Her friends *expected* her _____ speedily follow poor Tom.
6) Nobody can *make* you _____ do anything that you yourself don't want to.

B Make the sentences complete using the complex objects from the list below.

Flirt with tall slim young men, do a great deal, tell her, fall down dead, do a single thing, give up their pleasures, marry the young man, spend the winter, fill with tears, fly into a passion.

1) You can't expect me _____just to please you.
2) Louise's health made her _____ at Monte Carlo.
3) He saw her _____ at the parties.
4) The officers were charming. They wouldn't let her_____.
5) He saw her beautiful eyes _____.
6) With a sigh her mother let her _____.
7) I don't want anyone ____ on my account.
8) I fully expected her _____.
9) She made me _____ it would kill me.
10) I'll get her _____ tomorrow.

Ex. 5 Answer the following questions:

1) How long had the author known Louise?
2) What was her attitude to him?
3) What was she like when he first knew her?
4) Why did she have to take the greatest care of herself?
5) Why did her parents agree to her marrying Tom Maitland?
6) What kind of husband did Tom make? What kind of wife did Louise make?
7) What made the author think that Louise was stronger than one would have thought?
8) How did Tom catch his death? What did he leave Louise?

9) Why did Louise's friends redouble their attention towards her?
10) What was her second husband like?
11) How did Louise spend the two or three years after her second marriage?
12) Where did George find his death?
13) How did Louise try to distract her mind?
14) What did she do when the war came to an end?
15) Why did her daughter Iris come to stay with her in London?
16) How had Iris been brought up?
17) Why did she prefer to stay at home rather than go out?
18) Why was her marriage postponed for an indefinite time?
19) How did the author manage to make Louise agree to Iris's marriage?
20) What happened on the wedding-day?

Ex. 6 Discuss the following:

1) Why do you think Louise could always find a man to take care of her? Why did her two husbands give up everything to make her happy?
2) Why did her second husband have to brace himself now and then with a drink for his day's work of Louise's husband? What kind of work do you think it was?
3) Why do you think Louise turned her villa at Monte Carlo into a hospital? Did she really mean to distract her mind?
4) Why didn't she look at forty a day more than twenty-five?
5) Was Louise's health really very weak or did she "carry out a bluff for twenty-five years" as the author put it? Was she "the most selfish and monstrous woman"?
6) Did she "ruin the lives of those two unhappy men she married"? Was she going to ruin the life of her daughter?
7) "She died gently forgiving Iris for having killed her". What does the final sentence of the story mean? Why do you think Louise died on the wedding day?
8) What's your personal reaction to the story?

HOME

W. S. Maugham

The farm lay in a hollow among the Somersetshire hills, an old-fashioned stone house, surrounded by barns and outhouses. Over the doorway the date when it was built had been carved, 1673, and the house, grey and weather-beaten, looked as much a part of the landscape as the trees that surrounded it. An avenue of splendid elms led from the road to the garden. The people who lived here were as stolid, sturdy and unpretentious as the house. Their only boast was that ever since the house was built from father to son they had been born and died in it. For three hundred years they had farmed the surrounding land.

George Meadows was now a man of fifty, and his wife was a year or two younger. They were both fine, upstanding people in the prime of life; and their children, two sons and three girls, were handsome and strong. I have never seen a more united family. They were merry, industrious and kindly. Their life was patriarchal. They were happy and they deserved their happiness.

But the master of the house was not George Meadows; it was his mother. She was a woman of seventy, tall, upright and dignified, with grey hair, and though her face was much wrinkled, her eyes were bright and shrewd. Her word was law in the house and on the farm; but she had humour, and if her rule was despotic it was also kindly. People laughed at her jokes and repeated them.

One day Mrs. George stopped me on my way home. She was all in a flutter. (Her mother-in-law was the only Mrs. Meadows we knew: George's wife was only known as Mrs. George.)

"Who do you think is coming here today?" she asked me. "Uncle George Meadows. You know, the one that was in China."

"Why, I thought he was dead."

"We all thought he was dead."

I had heard the story of Uncle George Meadows a dozen times, and it had amused me because it was like an old ballad: it was touching to come across it in real life. For Uncle George Meadows and Tom had both courted Mrs. Meadows when she was Emily Green, fifty years and more ago, and when she married Tom, George had gone away to sea.

They heard of him on the China coast. For twenty years now and then he sent them presents; then there was no more news of him. When Tom Meadows died his widow wrote and told him, but received no answer, and at last they came to the conclusion that he must be dead. But two or three

days ago to their astonishment they had received a letter from the matron of the sailors' home at Portsmouth saying that for the last ten years George Meadows, crippled with rheumatism, had been living there and feeling that he had not much longer to live, wanted to see once more the house in which he was born. Albert Meadows, his great nephew, had gone over to Portsmouth in the car to fetch him and he was to arrive that afternoon.

"Just fancy," said Mrs. George, "he's not been here for more than fifty years. He's never even seen my George, who's fifty-one next birthday."

"And what does Mrs. Meadows think of it?" I asked.

"Well, you know what she is. She sits there and smiles to herself. All she says is, 'He was a good-looking young fellow when he left, but not so steady as his brother.' That's why she chose my George's father. 'But he's probably quietened down by now,' she says."

Mrs. George asked me to look in and see him. With the simplicity of a country woman who had never been further from her home than London, she thought that because we had both been in China we must have something in common. Of course I went to see him. I found the whole family assembled when I arrived; they were sitting in the great old kitchen, with its stone floor, Mrs. Meadows in her usual chair by the fire, very upright, and I was amused to see that she had put on her best silk dress, while her son and his wife sat at the table with their children. On the other side of the fireplace sat an old man. He was very thin and his skin hung on his bones like an old suit much too large for him; his face was wrinkled and yellow and he had lost nearly all his teeth.

I shook hands with him.

"Well, I'm glad to see you've got here safely, Mr. Meadows," I said.

"Captain," he corrected.

"He walked here," Albert, his great nephew, told me. "When he got to the gate he made me stop the car and said he wanted to walk."

"And mind you, I've not been out of my bed for two years. They carried me down and put me in the car. I thought I'd never walk again, but when I saw those elm-trees, I felt I could walk. I walked down that drive fifty-two years ago when I went away and now I've walked back again."

"Silly, I call it," said Mrs. Meadows.

"It's done me good. I feel better and stronger than I have felt for ten years. I'll see you out yet, Emily!"

"Don't be too sure," she answered.

I suppose no one had called Mrs. Meadows by her first name for a generation. It gave me a little shock, as though the old man were taking a liberty with her. She looked at him with a shrewd smile in her eyes and he,

talking to her, grinned with his toothless gums. It was strange to look at them, these two old people who had not seen one another for half a century, and to think that all that long time ago he had loved her and she had loved another. I wondered if they remembered what they had felt then and what they had said to one another. I wondered if it seemed to him strange now that because of that old woman he had left the home of his fathers, and lived an exile's life.

"Have you ever been married, Captain Meadows?" I asked.

"Not me," he answered with a grin. "I know too much about women for that."

"That's what you say," retorted Mrs. Meadows. "If the truth was known I shouldn't be surprised to hear that you had half-a-dozen black wives in your day."

"They're not black in China, Emily, you ought to know better than that, they're yellow."

"Perhaps that's why you've got so yellow yourself. When I saw you, I said to myself, why, he's got jaundice."

"I said I'd never marry anyone but you, Emily, and I never have."

He said it very simply, as a man might say, "I said I'd walk twenty miles and I've done it." There was a trace of satisfaction in his speech.

"Well, you might have regretted it if you had,'" she answered.

I talked a little with the old man about China.

"There's not a port in China that I don't know better than you know your coat pocket. Where a ship can go I've been. I could keep you sitting here all day long for six months and not tell you half the things I've seen in my day."

"Well, one thing you've not done, George, as far as I can see," said Mrs. Meadows, the smile still in her blue eyes, "and that's to make a fortune."

"I am not a man to save money. Make it and spend it; that's my motto. But one thing I can say for myself: if I had the chance of going through my life again, I'd take it. And not many men can say that."

"No, indeed," I said.

I looked at him with admiration and respect. He was a toothless, crippled, penniless old man, but he had made a success of his life, for he had enjoyed it. When I left him he asked me to come and see him again next day. If I was interested in China he would tell me all the stories I wanted to hear.

Next morning I thought I would go and ask if the old man would like to see me. I walked down the beautiful avenue of elm-trees and when I came to the garden saw Mrs. Meadows picking flowers. I said good morning and

she raised herself. She had a huge armful of white flowers. I glanced at the house and I saw that the blinds were drawn: I was surprised, for Mrs. Meadows liked the sunshine.

"Time enough to live in the dark when you're buried," she always said.

"How's Captain Meadows?" I asked her.

"He always was a harum-scarum fellow," she answered. "When Lizzie brought him a cup of tea this morning she found he was dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes. Died in his sleep. I was just picking these flowers to put in the room. Well, I'm glad he died in that old house. It always means a lot to the Meadows to do that."

They had had a good deal of difficulty in persuading him to go to bed. He had talked to them of all the things that had happened to him in his long life. He was happy to be back in his old home. He was proud that he had walked up the drive without assistance, and he boasted that he would live for another twenty years. But fate had been kind: death had written the full stop in the right place.

Mrs. Meadows smelt the white flowers that she held in her arms.

"Well, I'm glad he came back," she said. "After I married Tom Meadows and George went away, the fact is I was never quite sure that I'd married the right one."

Exercises

Ex. 1 Home is the place where one lives, especially with one's family. What is home to you? Do you know any proverbs about home?

Ex. 2 Find in the story the English for:

трудолюбивый, заслуживать чего-либо, хозяин дома, проницательный, ухаживать за кем-либо, стать моряком, прийти к заключению, сходить (съездить) за кем-либо, уравновешенный, иметь что-либо общее, успокаиваться, пойти кому-либо на пользу, ухмыляться, сожалеть о чем-либо, насколько я понимаю, нажить состояние, копить деньги, интересоваться чем-либо, уговаривать кого-либо, хвастаться.

Ex. 3 Use one of the words or word combinations from the box in an appropriate form to fill each gap.

to go to sea to have smth in common as far as I can see

to deserve to come to the conclusion to grin to boast to court

1) They were happy and they _____ their happiness.
2) When Emily Green married Tom, George _____.
3) At last they _____ that he must be dead.
4) She thought that because we had both been in China we must _____.
5) He, talking to her, _____ with his toothless gums.
6) Well, one thing you haven't done, George, _____, and that's to make a fortune.
7) He _____ that he would live for another twenty years.
8) George Meadows and Tom_____ Mrs. Meadows when she was Emily Green.

Ex. 4 Say the opposite of:

lazy
dull
unbalanced
to do smb harm
to go broke
to spend money

Ex. 5 Choose the right word and use it in an appropriate form.

landlady/the master of the house/a hostess

1) He owned his _____ a month's rent.
2) As Mrs. Hill was away, Jane, the eldest daughter, acted as _____ at the dinner party.
3) But the _____ was George's mother.

to court/ to take care of

4) George Meadows and Tom both _____ Mrs. Meadows when she was Emily Green.
5) The officers _____ Loise as though they were all her husbands.

to be interested/ to wonder

6) He will _____ to know what the old man has seen in his life.
7) I ____ if they remembered what they had felt then and what they had said to one another.

to persuade/ to convince

8) They had a good deal of difficulty in _____ him to go to bed.
9) The old man's words _____ him that he had made a success of his life.

Ex. 6 a) Which of the verb tenses in the sentences below is used to describe:

a) an action in a period of time up to the present?
b) an action in the past, in a period which is finished?
c) recent events that have results in the present?

1) And mind you, I've not been out of my bed for two years.
2) They carried me down and put me in the car.
3) But when I saw those elm-trees, I felt I could walk.
4) I walked down the drive fifty-two years ago when I went away and now I've walked back again.
5) It's done me good.
6) I feel better and stronger than I have felt for ten years.

b) Use the verbs in brackets in the Past Simple or the Present Perfect.

1) - They are not black in China, they are yellow.
— Perhaps, that's why you (to get) so yellow yourself. When I (to see) you I (to say) to myself, why, he (to get) jaundice.
2) Just fancy, he (not to be) here for more than fifty years. He (to see) never my George, who is fifty-one next birthday.
3) He (to be) a good-looking young fellow when he (to leave) but not so steady as his brother. But he probably (to quieten) down by now.
4) — I'm glad to see you (to get) here safely, Mr. Meadows.
— He (to walk) here when he (to get) to the gate, he (to make) me stop the car and (to say) he (to want) to walk.

Ex. 7 Answer the following questions.

1) What was the farm like?
2) What kind of people lived in the house and farmed the land? What was their only boast?
3) Who was the master of the house? What did she look like? What was she like?
4) What was the story of George Meadows? Why had he gone to sea? How had he spent fifty years of his exile's life?

5) Why had the matron of the sailors'home written to them? How did Mrs. Meadows take the news?

6) What did the author see when he came to see them?

7) What did the old man look like?

8) How had he got to the house? Why was he proud he could walk?

9) Why was it strange to look at the old people, Emily Meadows and George Meadows?

10) Why had the old man never married?

11) Why hadn't he made a fortune?

12) Why did the author look at the old man with admiration and respect?

13) What did the author see when he came the next morning?

14) Why does the author say fate was kind to the old man?

15) What was Mrs. Meadows never quite sure of?

THE END OF THE FLIGHT

W. S. Maugham

I shook hands with the skipper and he wished me luck. Then I went down to the lower deck crowded with passengers, and made my way to the ladder. Looking over the ship's side I saw that my luggage was already in the boat. It was full of gesticulating natives. I got in and a place was made for me. We were about three miles from the shore and a fresh breeze was blowing. As we drew near I saw a lot of coconut trees and among them the brown roofs of the village. A Chinese who spoke English pointed out to me a white bungalow as the residence of the district officer. Though he did not know it, it was with him that I was going to stay. I had a letter of introduction to him in my pocket.

I felt somewhat lonely when I landed and my bags were put beside me on the beach. This was a far off place, this little town on the north coast of Borneo, and I felt a trifle shy at the thought of presenting myself to a total stranger with the announcement that I was going to sleep under his roof, eat his food and drink his whisky, till another boat came in to take me to the place where I was going.

But everything turned out all right. The moment I reached the bungalow and sent in my letter he came out, a sturdy, ruddy, cheerful man, of thirty five perhaps, and greeted me with heartiness. While he held my hand he shouted to a boy to bring drinks and to another to look after my luggage. He cut short my apologies.

"Good God, man, you have no idea how glad I am to see you. Don't think I'm doing anything for you in putting you up. The boot's on the other leg. And stay as long as you like. Stay a year."

I laughed. He put away his day's work, saying that he had nothing to do that could not wait till tomorrow, and threw himself into a long chair. We talked and drank and talked. Towards evening, when it was no longer hot we went for a long walk in the jungle and came back wet to the skin. We took a bath, and then we dined. I was tired out and though it was clear that my host was willing to go on talking straight through the night I was obliged to beg him to allow me to go to bed.

"All right, I'll just come along to your room and see that everything's all right."

It was a large room with verandahs on two sides of it and a huge bed protected by mosquito netting.

"The bed is rather hard. Do you mind?"

"Not a bit. I shall sleep without rocking tonight."

My host looked at the bed thoughtfully.

"It was a Dutchman who slept in it last. Do you want to hear a funny story?"

I wanted chiefly to go to bed, but he was my host, and then I know that it is hard to have an amusing story to tell and find no listener.

"He came on the boat that brought you here. He came into my office and asked me where he could find a place to stay for some time. I told him that if he hadn't anywhere to go I didn't mind putting him up. He jumped at the invitation. I told him to send for his luggage.

«'This is what I've got,' he said.

"He held out a little shiny black bag. It seemed a bit scanty, but it was no business of mine, so I told him to go to the bungalow and I would come as soon as I was through with my work. While I was speaking the door of my office was opened and my clerk came in. The Dutchman had his back to the door and it may be that my clerk opened it a bit suddenly. Anyhow, the Dutchman gave a shout, he jumped about two feet into the air and whipped out a revolver.

"'What the hell are you doing?' I said.

"When he saw it was the clerk, he collapsed. He leaned against the desk, breathing hard, and upon my word he was shaking as though he'd got fever.

"'I beg your pardon,' he said. 'It's my nerves. My nerves are terrible.'

"'It looks like it,' I said.

"I was rather short with him. To tell you the truth I was sorry that I had asked him to stop with me. He didn't look as though he'd been drinking a lot and I wondered if he was some fellow the police were after.

"'You'd better go and lie down,' I said.

"He went, and when I got back to my bungalow I found him sitting quite quietly, but very upright, on the verandah. He'd had a bath and shaved and put on clean things and he looked much better.

"'Why are you sitting in the middle of the place like that?' I asked him. 'You'll be much more comfortable in one of the long chairs.'

"'I prefer to sit up,' he said.

"Queer, I thought. But if a man in this heat prefers to sit up rather than lie down it's his own business. He wasn't much to look at, tall and heavily built, with a square head and close-cut hair. I think he was about forty. The thing that chiefly struck me about him was his expression. There was a look in his eyes, blue eyes they were and rather small, that I could not understand, and his face gave you the feeling that he was going to cry. He had a way of looking quickly over his left shoulder as though he thought he

heard something. By God, he was nervous. But we had a couple of drinks and he began to talk. He spoke English very well; except for a slight accent you'd never have known that he was a foreigner, and I have to admit he was a good talker. He'd been everywhere and he'd read a great deal. It was a pleasure to listen to him.

"We had three or four whiskies in the afternoon and a lot of gin later on, so that when dinner came we were rather gay and I'd come to the conclusion that he was a damned good fellow. Of course we had a lot of whisky at dinner and I happened to have a bottle of Benedictine, so we had some liqueurs afterwards. I think we both got very drunk.

"And at last he told me why he had come. It was a strange story."

My host stopped and looked at me with his mouth slightly open as though, remembering it now, he was struck again with its strangeness.

"He came from Sumatra, the Dutchman, and he'd done something to an Achinese and the Achinese had sworn to kill him. At first he thought nothing of it, but the fellow tried two or three times and it began to be rather a nuisance, so he decided to go away for a bit. He went over to Batavia and made up his mind to have a good time. But when he'd been there a week he saw the fellow hiding behind a wall. By God, he'd followed him. It looked as though he meant business. The Dutchman began to think it was getting beyond a joke and he thought the best thing he could do was to go off to Soerabaya. Well, he was strolling about the town one day, when he happened to turn round and saw the Achinese walking quite quietly just behind him. It gave him a turn. It would give anyone a turn.

"The Dutchman went straight back to his hotel, packed his things and took the next boat to Singapore. Of course he put up at the hotel where all the Dutch stay, and one day when he was having a drink in the courtyard in front of the hotel, the Achinese walked in, looked at him for a minute, and walked out again. The Dutchman told me he was just paralysed. The fellow could have stuck his dagger into him there and then and he wouldn't have been able to move a hand to defend himself. The Dutchman knew that the Achinese was just awaiting his time, that damned fellow was going to kill him, he saw it in his eyes; and he went all to pieces. "

"But why didn't he go to the police?" I asked.

"I don't know. I suppose he didn't want the police to know anything about this thing."

"But what had he done to the man?"

"I don't know that either. He wouldn't tell me. But by the look he gave me when I asked him, I suppose it was something pretty bad. I have an idea he knew he deserved whatever the Achinese could do."

My host lit a cigarette.

"Go on," I said.

"The skipper of the boat that runs between Singapore and Kuching lives in that hotel between trips and the boat was starting at dawn. The Dutchman thought it an excellent chance to get away from the Achinese; he left his luggage at the hotel and walked down to the ship with the skipper, as if he were just going to see him off, and stayed on the boat when she sailed. His nerves were in a terrible state by then. He didn't care about anything but getting rid of the Achinese. He felt pretty safe at Kuching. He got a room at a hotel and bought himself a couple of suits and some shirts in the Chinese shops. But he told me he couldn't sleep. He dreamt of that man and half a dozen times he awakened just as he thought a dagger was being drawn across his throat. By God, I felt quite sorry for him. He just shook as he talked to me and his voice was hoarse with terror. That was the meaning of the look I had noticed. You remember, I told you he had a funny look on his face and I couldn't tell what it meant. Well, it was fear.

"And one day when he was in the club at Kuching he looked out of the window and saw the Achinese sitting there. Their eyes met. The Dutchman collapsed and fainted. When he came to himself, his first idea was to get out. This boat that brought you was the only one that gave him a chance to get away quickly. He got on her. He was quite sure the man was not on board."

"But what made him come here?"

"Well, the boat stops at a dozen places on the coast and the Achinese couldn't guess that the Dutchman had chosen this one. He only made up his mind to get off when he saw there was only one boat to take the passengers ashore, and there weren't more than a dozen people in it.

"'I'm safe here for a bit at all events," he said, 'and if I can only be quiet for a while I shall get my nerve back.'

" 'Stay as long as you like,' I said. 'You're all right here, at all events till the boat comes here next month, and if you like we'll watch the people who come off.'

"He thanked me again and again. I could see what a relief it was to him.

"It was pretty late and I told him it was time to go to bed. I took him to his room to see that everything was all right. He bolted the shutters, though I told him there was no risk, and when I left him I heard him lock the door I had just gone out of.

"Next morning when the boy brought me my tea I asked him if he'd called the Dutchman. He said he was just going to. I heard him knock and

knock again. Funny, I thought. The boy hammered on the door, but there was no answer. I felt a little nervous, so I got up. I knocked too. We made enough noise to rouse the dead, but the Dutchman slept on. Then I broke down the door. I pulled apart the mosquito curtains that were round the bed. He was lying there on his back with his eyes wide open. He was as dead as mutton.

"A dagger lay across his throat, and say I'm a liar if you like, but I swear to God it's true, there wasn't a wound about him anywhere. The room was empty."

"Funny, wasn't it?"

"Well, that all depends on your idea of humour," I replied.

My host looked at me quickly.

"You don't mind sleeping in that bed, do you?"

"N-no. But I would have preferred to hear the story tomorrow morning."

Exercises

Ex. 1 Flight is running away from danger. What sort of danger was the man in the story running away from? How did the flight end?

Ex. 2 Find in the story the English for:

пожать кому-либо руку, направляться куда-либо, абсолютно незнакомый человек, оказаться (кем-либо, чем-либо), прервать кого-либо, извинение, останавливаться у кого-либо (где-либо), промокший до нитки, хозяин (принимающий гостя), мое дело (не мое дело), закончить что-либо, поразить кого-либо, покляться, хорошо провести время, тут же (на месте), видеть во сне кого-либо, отделаться от кого-либо, чувствовать жалость к кому-либо, чувство облегчения, на борту (корабля).

Ex. 3 Use one of the words or word combinations from the box in an appropriate form to fill each gap.

there and then	to swear	a relief	to get rid of
host on board	wet to the skin	to shake hands	to put smb up

1) I _____ with the skipper and he wished me luck.

2) We went for a walk in the jungle and came back_____.

3) Don't think I'm doing anything for you in _____.
4) I was tired out but it was clear that my ____ was willing to go on talking straight through the night.
5) He'd done something to an Achinese and the Achinese _____to kill him.
6) The fellow could have stuck the dagger into him _____.
7) He didn't care about anything but_____of the Achinese.
8) He got on the boat and was quite sure the man was not _____.
9) I could see what _____ it was to him.

Ex. 4 Replace the italicized words or word combinations in an appropriate form with a synonym from the box.

to dream of	to have a good time	to turn out
to make one's way	no business of mine	to cut short
to feel sorry for	to strike	to be through with

1) But everything *proved* to be all right in the end.
2) I went down to the lower deck and *directed my steps* to the ladder.
3) I told him I would come as soon as I *finished* my work.
4) The thing that chiefly *surprised* me about him was his expression.
5) He went over to Batavia and made up his mind *to amuse himself.*
6) By God, I *pitied* him.
7) It seemed a bit scanty but it was *no concern of mine.*
8) He *interrupted* my apologies.
9) He *saw* the Achinese *in a dream.*

Ex. 5 Choose the right word and use it in an appropriate form.

quite/ quiet
1) When I got back to my bungalow I found him sitting____.
2) He was _____ sure the man was not on board.
3) If I only can be _____ for a while I shall get my nerve back.
another/ other
4) I was going to sleep under his roof till _____ boat came in to take me.
5) The boot's on the _____ leg.
6) He shouted to a boy to bring drinks and to _____ to look after my luggage.
7) Of course he put up at the hotel where _____ Dutchmen stayed.

a stranger/ a foreigner
8) I felt a trifle shy at the thought of presenting myself to a total _____.
9) Except for a slight accent you'd never have known that he was _____.

lonely/ alone
10) I felt somewhat _____ when I landed.
11) He was _____ on the verandah.
12) The officer was happy to put up the author because he was living quite a _____ life in that small town.

Ex. 6 a) Which of the following verb tenses is used to express:
a) an action that happened before another past action?
b) an action in progress going on around a particular past moment?
c) a single past action or a succession of past actions?

1) We were about three miles from the shore and a fresh breeze was blowing.
2) We talked and drank and talked.
3) To tell you the truth I was sorry I had asked him to stop with me.

b) Use the verbs in brackets in an appropriate tense form (active or passive).

1) By God, he was nervous. But we (to have) a couple of drinks and he (to begin) to talk. I have to admit he was a good talker. He (to be) everywhere and (to read) a great deal. At last he (to tell) me why he (to come).

2) One day when he (to have) a drink in the courtyard in front of the hotel, the Achinese (to walk) in, (to look) at him for a moment, and (to walk) out again. The Dutchman told me he just (to paralyse). He knew that the Achinese (to await) his time.

3) He (to come) from Sumatra and he (to do) something to an Achinese and the Achinese (to swear) to kill him. At first he (to think) nothing of it, but the fellow (to try) two or three times and the Dutchman thought it (to get) beyond a joke.

Ex. 7 Make the sentences complete using one of the complex object structures from the box.

him come	him sitting	the Achinese walking
the fellow hiding	him lock	the police to know

1) When I got back to my bungalow I found _____ quite quietly.
2) But when he'd been there a week he saw _____ behind a wall.
3) He happened to turn round and saw_____ quite quietly just behind him.
4) I suppose he didn't want _____ anything about this thing.
5) But what made _____ here?
6) When I left I heard _____ the door I had just gone out of

Ex. 8 A Which of the italicized participles denote:
a) time?
b) manner?
1) *Looking* over the ship's side I saw that my luggage was already in the boat.
2) He put away his day's work *saying* that he had nothing to do that could not wait till tomorrow.
3) He leaned against the desk *breathing* hard.
4) *Remembering* it now, he was struck again with its strangeness.

B Change the sentences below using participles instead of the italicized verbs.
1) The Dutchman gave a shout and *jumped* about two feet into the air.
2) When he *saw* it was the clerk he collapsed.
3) My host stopped and *looked* at me with his mouth slightly open.
4) He *packed* his things and took the next boat to Singapore.
5) One day in the club he *looked* out of the window and saw the Achinese sitting there.
6) As he talked to me he just *shook*.

Ex. 9 Answer the following questions:
1) Where did the author arrive one day and who was he going to stay with? Why did the author feel lonely and a trifle shy?
2) How did the district officer meet him?
3) How did they spend the day?
4) Why couldn't the author go to bed though he was tired out?
5) Who did his host tell him about?
6) Why had the district officer put up the Dutchman?

7) What happened while the district officer was speaking to the Dutchman?
8) What did the Dutchman look like? What was queer about him?
9) Why did the author's host come to the conclusion that the Dutchman was a good fellow?
10) How did the Dutchman's flight start?
11) What places did he go to and who would he find following him?
12) Why didn't he go to the police?
13) Where did he feel pretty safe? Why did he have to get away quickly?
14) How did the Dutchman find himself in that little town in the house of the district officer?
15) What precautions did he take before he went to bed?
16) How did the Dutchman's flight end?

Ex. 10 Tell the story of the Dutchman's flight. Pick out sentences from the story to show how the Dutchman's fear grew until he went all to pieces.

THE VERGER

W. S. Maugham

There had been a christening that afternoon at St. Peter's Church, and Albert Edward Foreman still wore his verger's gown. He kept his new gown for funerals and weddings (St. Peter's, Neville Square, was a church often chosen by fashionable people for these ceremonies) and now he wore only his second-best. He wore it with pride, for it was the dignified symbol of his office. He took pains with it; he pressed it and ironed it himself. During the sixteen years that he had been verger of this church he had had a number of such gowns, but he had never been able to throw them away when they were worn out, and all of them, neatly wrapped up in brown paper, lay in the bottom drawer of the wardrobe in his bedroom.

The verger was waiting for the vicar to have finished in the vestry so that he could tidy up in there and go home.

""What's he hanging about for?" the verger said to himself. "Doesn't he know I want my tea?"

The vicar had been appointed only recently, a red-faced energetic man in the early forties, and Albert Edward still regretted the last vicar, a clergyman of the old school who never fussed and was not like this new man who wanted to have his finger in every pie.

Presently he saw the vicar coming up.

"Foreman, will you come into the vestry for a minute. I have something to say to you."

"Very good, sir."

They walked up the church together, and the vicar preceded Albert Edward into the vestry. Albert Edward was a trifle surprised to find the two churchwardens there. He had not seen them come in. They gave him pleasant nods.

"Good afternoon, my lord. Good afternoon, sir," he said to one after the other.

They were elderly men, both of them, and they had been churchwardens almost as long as Albert Edward had been verger. They were sitting now at a handsome table that the old vicar had brought many years before from Italy and the vicar sat down in the vacant chair between them. Albert Edward faced them, the table between him and them, and wondered with slight uneasiness what the matter was. He remembered still the occasion on which the organist had got into trouble and how difficult it was to hush things up. In a church like St. Peter's, Neville Square, they couldn't afford a scandal. On the vicar's red face was a look of resolute

kindness, but the others had an expression that was slightly troubled.

"He's been trying to make them do something, but they don't like it," said the verger to himself. "that's what it is, you mark my words."

But his thoughts did not appear on Albert Edward's face. He stood in a respectful, but dignified attitude. He had been in service before he was appointed verger, but only in very good houses. Starting as a page-boy in the household of a rich merchant, he had risen by degrees to the position of butler to a widowed peeress, then, till the vacancy occurred at St. Peter's he had been butler with two men under him in the house of a retired ambassador. He was tall, thin, grave and dignified. He looked, if not like a duke, at least like an actor of the old school who specialized in dukes' parts. He had tact, firmness and self-assurance.

The vicar began briskly.

"Foreman, we've got something rather unpleasant to say to you. You've been here a great many years and you've fulfilled your duties quite satisfactorily."

The two churchwardens nodded.

"But a most extraordinary-fact came to my knowledge the other day and I felt it my duty to inform the churchwardens. I discovered to my astonishment that you could neither read nor write."

The verger's face showed no sign of embarrassment.

"The last vicar knew that, sir," he replied. "He said it made no difference. He always said there was a great deal too much education in the world for his taste."

"It's the most amazing thing I ever heard," cried one of the churchwardens. "Do you mean to say that you've been verger of this church for sixteen years and never learned to read or write?"

"I went into service when I was twelve, sir. The cook in the first place tried to teach me once, but I didn't seem to have the knack for it and later on I never seemed to have the time. I've never really found the want of it."

"But don't you want to know the news?" said the other churchwarden. "Don't you ever want to write a letter?"

"No, sir, I seem to manage very well without.' Now they've all these pictures in the papers so I know what's going on pretty well. If I want to write a letter my wife writes it for me."

The two churchwardens gave the vicar a troubled glance and then looked down at the table.

"Well, Foreman, I've talked the matter over with these gentlemen and they quite agree with me that the situation is impossible. At a church like St. Peter's we cannot have a verger who can neither read nor write."

Albert Edward's thin, pale face reddened and he moved uneasily on his feet, but he made no reply.

"But couldn't you learn, Foreman?" asked one of the churchwardens.

"No, sir, I'm afraid I couldn't, not now. You see I'm not as young as I was and if I couldn't get the letters in my head when I was a boy I don't think there's much chance of it now."

"We don't want to be harsh with you. Foreman," said the vicar. "But the churchwardens and I have quite made up our minds. We'll give you three months and if at the, end of that time you cannot read and write I'm afraid you'll have to go."

Albert Edward had never liked the new vicar. He'd said from the beginning that they'd made a mistake when they gave him St. Peter's. He knew his value, and now he straightened himself a little.

"I'm very sorry, sir, I'm afraid it's no good. I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks. I've lived a good many years without knowing how to read and write and if I could learn now I can't say I'd want to."

"In that case, Foreman, I'm afraid you must go."

"Yes, sir, I understand. I shall be happy to hand in my resignation as soon as you've found somebody to take my place."

But when Albert Edward with his usual politeness had closed the church door behind the vicar and the two churchwardens he could not keep up the air of dignity any longer and his lips quivered. H-walked slowly back to the vestry and hung up on the peg his verger's gown. He sighed as he thought of all the grand funerals and weddings it had seen. He tidied everything up, put on his coat, and hat in hand walked out of the church. He locked the church door behind him. He strolled across the square, but deep in his sad thoughts he did not take the street that led him home, where a nice strong cup of tea awaited him; he took the wrong turning. He walked slowly along. His heart was heavy. He did not know what he should do with himself. He did not like the idea of going back to domestic service. After being his own master for so many years he could not become a servant again. He had saved a tidy sum, but not enough to live on without doing something, and life seemed to cost more every year. He had never thought to be troubled with such questions. The vergers of St. Peter's, like the popes of Rome, were there for life. He sighed deeply. Albert Edward was a non-smoker and a total abstainer, but he liked a glass of beer with his dinner and when he was tired he enjoyed a cigarette. It occurred to him now that a cigarette would comfort him and since he did not carry them he looked about him for a shop where he could buy a packet of cigarettes. He did not at once see one and walked on a little. It was a long street, with all

sorts of shops in it, but there was not a single one where you could buy cigarettes.

"That's strange," said Albert Edward.

To make sure he walked right up the street again. No, there was no doubt about it. He stopped and looked thoughtfully up and down.

"I can't be the only man that walks along this street and wants a smoke," he said. "If some fellow opened a little shop here he might make good money. Tobacco and sweets, you know."

He gave a sudden start.

"That's an idea," he said. "Strange how things come to you when you least expect it."

He turned, walked home, and had his tea.

"You're very silent this afternoon, Albert," his wife remarked.

"I'm thinking," he said.

He considered the matter from every point of view and next day he went along the street and by good luck found a little shop to let. Twenty-four hours later he had taken it and a month later set up in business as a tobacconist and news-agent. His wife said it was a dreadful come-down after being verger of St. Peter's, but he answered that you had to move with the times and that the church wasn't what it had been.

Albert Edward did very well. He did so well that in a year or so it struck him that he could take a second shop and put a manager in. He looked for another long street that hadn't got a tobacconist in it and when he found it, and a shop to let, he took it. This was a success too. Then it occurred to him that if he could run two shops he could run half a dozen. He began walking about London, and whenever he found a long street that had no tobacconist and a shop to let he took it. In the course of ten years he was running no less than ten shops and he was making money hand over fist. He went round to all of them himself every Monday, collected the week's takings and took them to the bank.

One morning when he was there paying in a bundle of notes and a heavy bag of silver the cashier told him that the manager would like to see him. He was shown into an office and the manager shook hands with him.

"Mr. Foreman, I wanted to have a talk to you about the money you've got on deposit in our bank. D'you know exactly how much it is?"

"Not within a pound or two, sir; but I have a pretty rough idea."

"Apart from what you paid in this morning it's a little over thirty thousand pounds. That's a very large sum to have on deposit and it is better to invest it."

"I don't want to take any risks, sir. I know it's safe in the bank."

"You needn't have the least worry. We'll make you out a list of absolutely safe securities. They will bring you in a better rate of interest than the bank can afford to give you."

A troubled look settled on Mr. Foreman's aristocratic face. "I've never had anything to do with stocks and shares, and I'd like to leave it all in your hands," he said.

The manager smiled. "We'll do everything. All you'll have to do next time you come in is to sign the transfers."

"I could do that all right," said Albert uncertainly. "But how should I know what I was signing?"

"I suppose you can read," said the manager a trifle sharply.

Mr. Foreman gave him a disarming smile.

"Well, sir, that's just it. I can't. I know it sounds funny, but I can't read or write, only my name, and I only learnt to do that when I went into business."

The manager was so surprised that he jumped up from his chair.

"That's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard." The manager stared at him as though he were a prehistoric monster.

"And do you mean to say that you've built up this important business and made a fortune of thirty thousand pounds without being able to read or write? Good God, man, what would you be now if you had been able to?"

"I can tell you that, sir," said Mr. Foreman, a little smile on his still aristocratic features, "I'd be verger of St. Peter's, Neville Square."

Exercises

Ex. 1 Find in the story the English for:

завертывать, прибирать, быть назначенным, суетиться, попасть в беду, замять дело, специализироваться в чем-либо, выполнять обязанности, не иметь значения, обсудить что-либо, вручить, повернуть не туда, быть самому себе хозяином, некурящий, не употребляющий спиртных напитков, убедиться, рассмотреть вопрос со всех сторон, преуспевать, провести (ввести) в..., вкладывать деньги, рисковать.

Ex. 2 Use one of the words or word combinations from the box in an appropriate form to fill each gap.

to get into trouble	to make sure	to invest	to be appointed
to hand in	to be shown into	to specialize in	one's own master

1) The vicar _____ only recently, and Albert Edward still regretted the last vicar.

2) He remembered the occasion how the organist _____.

3) He looked like an actor who _____ dukes' parts.

4) I shall be happy _____ my resignation as soon as you found somebody to take my place.

5) After being _____ for so many years he could not become a servant again.

6) There was not a single shop where he could buy cigarettes. _____ he walked up the street again.

7) He _____ an office and the manager shook hands with him.

8) That's a very large sum to have on deposit and it is better _____ it.

Ex. 3 Replace the italicized words and word combinations in an appropriate form with a synonym from the box.

to do well	to make no difference	to hush up
to talk the matter over	to tidy up	to wrap up
to consider	to be a non-smoker and a total abstainer	

1) All his gowns, neatly *packed* in brown paper, lay in the bottom drawer of the wardrobe.

2) He remembered how difficult it was *to keep the* scandal *secret.*

3) The last vicar knew it, he said it *didn't matter.*

4) Well, we *discussed the matter* with these gentlemen.

5) He *cleaned* everything *up,* put on his coat, and hat in hand walked out of the church.

6) He *neither smoked nor took alcoholic drinks.*

7) He *thought over* all the possibilities.

8) Albert Edward *was so successful* that in a year or so it struck him that he could take a second shop and put a manager in.

Ex. 4 Choose the right word and use it in an appropriate form.

as/ like

1) The old vicar was not _____ this new man who wanted to have his finger in every pie.

2) Starting _____ a page-boy in the household of a rich merchant he had risen to the position of a butler to a widowed peeress.

3) In a church _____ St. Peter's they couldn't afford a scandal.

4) A month later he set up in business _____ a tobacconist and newsagent.

another/ (the) other

5) He looked for _____ long street that hadn't got a tobacconist in it.

6) He was a trifle surprised to find two churchwardens there. "Good afternoon, my lord. Good afternoon, sir," he said to one after the _____ .

7) On the vicar's red face was a look of resolute kindness, but _____ had an expression that was slightly troubled.

8) He found _____ shop to let and took it.

to lie/ to lay

9) When his gowns wore out he wrapped them in brown paper and _____ them in the bottom drawer.

10) His old gowns _____ in the wardrobe in his bedroom.

Ex. 5 Use the adjective or the adverb to fill each gap.

1) His gowns though worn out were _____. (neat, neatly)

2) They were _____ wrapped in brown paper. (neat, neatly)

3) The vicar began _____ . (brisk, briskly)

4) The vicar was _____ . (brisk, briskly)

5) You fulfilled your duties quite _____ . (satisfactory, satisfactorily)

6) Your service was quite _____. (satisfactory, satisfactorily)

7) His heart was _____ . (heavy, heavily)

8) His heart was beating _____ . (heavy, heavily)

9) He stopped and looked _____ up and down the street. (thoughtful, thoughtfully)

10) He looked _____ . (thoughtful, thoughtfully)

11) I know it sounds _____ , but I can't read or write. (funny, funnily)

12) _____ enough, I can't read or write, (funny, funnily)

Ex. 6 Make up sentences with *neither ... nor, either ... or ....*

1) Albert Edward didn't smoke and he didn't drink.

2) He could become a servant again. He could also live on the tidy sum he had saved.

3) He could not read and he could not write.

4) He didn't have the knack for learning to read and he didn't have the want of it.

5) He wore his best gown for funerals, he also wore it for weddings.

Ex. 7 Answer the following questions.

1) How did the verger wear his gowns? What did he do with them when they were worn out?

2) What did the new vicar look like? How did he differ from the last vicar?

3) Why did the vicar invite Albert Edward into the vestry that afternoon? What did the verger think when he found the two churchwardens in the vestry? Did his thoughts appear on his face?

4) What did the verger look like? What positions had he been in before he was appointed verger?

5) What did the vicar tell the verger? Why did the verger's face show no sign of embarrassment?

6) Why had the verger never thought of learning to read and write?

7) What was the vicar's suggestion? Why didn't the verger accept it?

8) Why was the verger's heart heavy when he walked out of the church?

9) Why did he begin to look for a shop where he could buy a packet of cigarettes? What idea suddenly came to his mind?

10) How did he set up in business as a tobacconist and newsagent? How was he doing?

11) Why did the manager of the bank want to see him? What did he advise him to do?

12) Why was the verger uncertain about investing his money?

13) What made the manager jump from his seat? What question did he ask the verger? What was the verger's answer?

Ex. 8 Discuss the following:

1) What do you think made the verger a successful businessman? What qualities do you think are essential for a person to do well in business?

2) *Every dark cloud has a silver lining.* Does the story prove the truth of this proverb?

THE BUM

W. S. Maugham

I had come to Vera Cruz from Mexico City to catch a ship to Yucatan; and found that, a dock strike having been declared the previous night, my ship could not put in. I was stuck in Vera Cruz. I took a room in the Hotel Diligencias overlooking the square and spent the morning looking at the sights of the town. I wandered down side streets and peeped into quaint courts. I visited the parish church which is very picturesque. Then I found that I had seen all that was to be seen and I sat down in the coolness of the arcade that surrounded the square and ordered a drink. The sun beat down on the square and dusty coco palms mercilessly. Great black buzzards perched on them for a moment, flew down on the ground to gather some bit of offal, and then flew up to the church tower. I watched the people crossing the square; Negroes, Indians, Spanish; they varied in colour from ebony to ivory. As the morning wore on the tables around me filled up, chiefly with men, who had come to have a drink before luncheon. I had already bought the local paper but the news-boys tried to sell me more copies of the same paper. I refused, oh, twenty times at least, the boys who wanted to shine my spotless shoes; and having come to the end of my small change I could only shake my head at the beggars who gave me no peace. Little Indian women, each one with a baby tied in the shawl on her back held out skinny hands to me; blind men were led up to my table by small boys; cripples exhibited their deformities; and half naked, hungry children endlessly demanded coppers.

But suddenly my attention was attracted by a beggar who, unlike the rest of them and unlike the black-haired people sitting round me, had hair and beard of a red so vivid that it was startling. His beard was ragged and his long hair looked as though it had not been brushed for months. He wore only a pair of trousers and a cotton singlet, but they were rags, dirty and foul, that barely held together. I have never seen anyone so thin: his legs, his naked arms, were skin and bone and through the holes of his singlet you saw every rib of his body; you could count the bones of his dust-covered feet. He was not old, he could not have been more than forty, and I wondered what had brought him to this state. It was absurd to think that he would not have worked if he had been able to get work. He was the only one of the beggars who did not speak. He said nothing. He did not even hold out his hand, he only looked at you, but with such wretchedness and despair in his eyes, it was dreadful; he stood on and on silently looking at you, and then, if you took no notice of him, he moved slowly to the next

table. If he was given nothing he showed neither disappointment nor anger. If someone offered him a coin he stepped forward a little, held out his hand, took it without a word of thanks and went his way. I had nothing to give him and when he came to me, I shook my head and used the polite formula with which the Spaniards refuse a beggar.

But he paid no attention to what I said. He stood in front of me, for as long as he stood at the other tables, looking at me with tragic eyes. There was something terrifying in his appearance. He did not look quite sane. At last he passed on.

It was one o'clock and I had lunch. When I awoke from my siesta it was still very hot, but towards evening a breath of air coming in through the window tempted me into the square. I sat down under my arcade and ordered a drink. Presently people began to fill up the tables in the restaurant and the band began to play. And again bootblacks begged me to let them clean my shoes, newsboys pressed papers upon me, beggars demanded alms. I saw once more that strange, red-bearded fellow and watched him stand before one table after another. He did not stop before mine. I suppose he remembered me from the morning and having got nothing from me then thought it useless to try again. You do not often see a red-haired Mexican, and I wondered if he could be a sailor, English, Scandinavian or American, who had deserted his ship and by degrees had sunk to this pitiful condition. He disappeared.

Since there was nothing else to do, I stayed on till I got hungry and when I had eaten I came back. I sat on till it was bedtime. I confess the day had seemed long and I wondered how many similar days I should be forced to spend there.

But I woke after a little while and could not get to sleep again. My room was stifling. I opened the shutters and looked out at the church. There was no moon, but the bright stars faintly lit its outline. The buzzards gathered on the cross above the cupola and on the edges of the tower, and now and then they moved a little. The effect was uncanny. And then, I have no notion why, I remembered that red-haired fellow again, and I had suddenly a strange feeling that I had seen him before. It was so vivid that it drove away from me the possibility of sleep. I felt sure that I had come across him, but when and where I could not tell.

As the dawn approached it grew a little cooler and I was able to sleep.

I spent my second day at Vera Cruz as I had spent the first. But I watched for the coming of the red-haired beggar, and as he stood at the tables near mine I examined him with attention. I felt certain now that I had seen him somewhere. I even felt certain that I had known him and

talked to him, but I still could recall none of the circumstances. Once more he passed my table without stopping and when his eyes met mine I looked in them for some gleam of recollection. Nothing. I wondered if I had made a mistake. But I could not get out of my head the impression that at some moment he had entered into my life. I was sure now that he was either English or American. But I was shy of addressing him. The day wore on.

Another day came, another morning, another evening. It was Sunday and the square was more crowded than ever. The tables under the arcade were packed. As usual the red-haired beggar came along, a terrifying figure in his silence, his rags and his pitiful distress. He was standing in front of a table only two from mine when I saw the policeman who at intervals tried to protect the public from all these beggars. He gave him a blow on the back. The beggar's thin body trembled, but he made no protest and showed no anger; he slowly walked away.

Then suddenly I remembered.

Not his name, that escaped me still, but everything else. He must have recognized me, for I have not changed very much in twenty years, and that was why after that first morning he had never paused in front of my table. Yes, it was twenty years since I had known him. I was spending a winter in Rome and every evening I used to dine in a restaurant in the Via Sistina where you got excellent macaroni and a good bottle of wine. It was often visited by a group of English and American art students, and one or two writers; and we used to stay late into the night engaged in endless arguments upon art and literature. He used to come in with a young painter who was a friend of his. He was only a boy then, he could not have been more than twenty-two; and with his blue eyes, straight nose and red hair he was pleasant to look at. I remembered that he spoke a great deal of Central America, he had had a job with the American Fruit Company, but had thrown it over because he wanted to be a writer. He was not popular among us because he was arrogant. He thought us poor fish and did not hesitate to tell us so. He would not show us his work, because our opinion meant nothing to him. His vanity was enormous. He was so certain of himself that he infected some of his friends with his own assurance. I recalled his high spirits, his vitality, his confidence in the future.

It was impossible that it was the same man, and yet I was sure of it. I stood up, paid for my drink and went out into the square to find him. My thoughts were in a turmoil. I was aghast. I had thought of him now and then and wondered what had become of him. I never imagined that he could come to this dreadful state. This was awful. I asked myself what had happened. What disappointments shattered him and broke his spirit, what

lost illusions ground him to the dust? I asked myself if nothing could be done. I walked round the square. He was not in the arcades. There was no hope of finding him in the crowd that circled round the band-stand. Evening was coming on and I was afraid I had lost him. Then I passed the church and saw him sitting on the steps. I cannot describe what a pitiful object he looked. Life had broken him, torn him limb from limb, and then flung him on the stone steps of that church. I went up to him.

"Do you remember Rome?" I said.

He did not move. He did not answer. He took no notice of me as if I were not standing before him. He did not look at me. His blue eyes rested on the buzzards that were screaming and tearing at some object at the bottom of the steps. I did not know what to do. I took a yellow-backed note out of my pocket and pressed it in his hand. He did not give it a glance. But his hand moved a little, his thin fingers closed on the note and crumpled it. Then he made it into a little ball and suddenly nicked it into the air so that it fell among the screaming buzzards. I turned my head instinctively and saw one of them seize it in his beak and fly off. When I looked back the man was gone.

I stayed three more days in Vera Cruz. I never saw him again.

Exercises

Ex. 1 A few adjectives ending in *-ed* have a special pronunciation: the last syllable is pronounced [id] instead of [d] or [t]. Practise pronouncing such adjectives.

beloved	[bi'lʌvid]	ragged	['rægid]	crooked	['krukid]
sacred	['seikrid]	learned	['lɜ:nid]	wicked	['wikid]
naked	['neikid]	wretched	['retʃid]		

Ex. 2 Find in the story the English for:

застрять, выходить на ...(об окнах), различаться, выставлять напоказ, привлечь внимание, не обращать внимания, нормальный (в своем уме), встретиться (случайно), обратиться к кому-либо, изучать кого-либо, ускользать, узнавать кого-либо, вот почему, надменный, тщеславие, уверенность, сломить дух.

Ex. 3 Fill each gap with a word or word combination from the box in an appropriate form.

to exhibit confidence	to break smb's spirit	to address
to examine	to pay no attention	to be stuck
to overlook	to come across	to escape

1) As a dock strike had been declared the previous night I _____ in Vera Cruz.
2) Cripples _____ their deformities.
3) I used the polite formula with which the Spaniards refuse a beggar but he _____ to what I said.
4) I took a room in a hotel _____ the square.
5) As he stood at the table near me I _____ him with attention.
6) I felt certain I _____ him but where and when I couldn't tell.
7) Then suddenly I remembered. Not his name, that _____ me still.
8) I recalled his high spirits, his vitality, his _____ in the future.
9) What disappointments shattered him and _____ .
10) I was shy of_____ him.

Ex. 4 Choose the right word and use it in an appropriate form.

to sink/ to drown

1) I thought he could be a sailor who had deserted his ship and by degrees _____ to this pitiful condition.
2) He was aware of the risk he was taking, it was a case of _____ or swim.
3) He _____ as the current was very strong.

work /(a) job

4) He had had _____ with the American Fruit Company, but had thrown it over.
5) He didn't work, he hadn't been able to get _____ .
6) He would not show us his _____ , because our opinion meant nothing to him.

because/ that's why

7) He was arrogant, _____ he was not popular among us.
8) He didn't stop before my table _____ he hadn't got anything from me in the morning.
9) Towards evening a breath of air came in through the window, _____ I went out into the square.

to vary/ to differ

10) I watched the people crossing the square, they _____ in colour from ebony to ivory.
11) But suddenly my attention was attracted by a beggar who ____ from the rest of them.
12) The second day at Vera Cruz didn't _____ from the first.

Ex. 5 Use *somebody, anybody, nobody, something, anything, nothing* to fill the gaps.

1) I have never seen _____ so thin.
2) If _____ offered him a coin he held out his hand and took it without a word of thanks.
3) Having got _____ from me he thought it useless to try again.
4) I asked myself if _____ could be done.
5) There was _____ terrifying in his appearance.
6) Hungry children with hardly _____ on endlessly demanded copper.
7) Since there was _____ else to do, I stayed on.
8) When I looked back I didn't see _____ .

Ex. 6 Use *such + adjective + noun* instead of *so + adjective.*

1) His eyes were so desperate.
He looked at you with such _____ .
2) I couldn't sleep. My room was so stifling.
It was such _____ .
3) I have never seen anyone so thin.
I have never seen such _____ .
4) His hair was so red.
He had such _____ .
5) The weather was so hot.
It was such _____ .
6) He looked so pitiful.
He was such _____ .

Ex. 7 Answer the following questions:

1) Why was the author stuck in Vera Cruz?
2) How did he pass the time?
3) What was the weather like?
4) What sort of people came up to his table while he was sitting in the arcade?
5) Who was his attention suddenly attracted by?

6) What did the beggar look like? What was terrifying in his appearance?

7) How did he differ from other beggars?

8) What did he do when he came up to the author's table? Why didn't he stop before his table in the evening?

9) What strange feeling drove away from the author the possibility of sleep that night?

10) What did the author feel certain about while he was examining the beggar with attention on the second day in Vera Cruz? What did he suddenly remember?

11) How was the author spending the winter in Rome twenty years ago?

12) What did the red-haired beggar look like then?

13) Why wasn't he popular among art students?

14) What thoughts passed through the author's mind when he remembered the beggar as an arrogant youth?

15) Why did the author start looking for the beggar? Where did he find him?

16) What was the beggar's reaction to the author's question whether he remembered Rome?

17) What did the beggar do with the yellow-packed note the author gave him?

18) Did the author ever see him again?

Ex. 8 Discuss the following:

1) "What had happened to the man? What disappointments shattered him and broke his spirit, what lost illusions ground him to the dust?" Try to find answers to the author's questions.

2) Why do you think the bum never spoke? Why did he make no protest when the policeman gave him a blow?

3) Why did the bum take no notice of the author when he found him on the steps of the church? Why do you think he took the money the author gave him, made it into a ball and flicked it into the air?

4) "I asked myself if anything could be done?" Do you think something could be done to get the bum out of that pitiful condition?

5) How do you think the bum ended his life?

6) What is your impression of the story?

THE WASH-TUB

W. S. Maugham

Positano stands on the side of a steep hill and is a very picturesque place. In winter its two or three modest hotels are crowded with painters, male and female, but if you come there in summer you will have it to yourself. The hotel is clean and cool and there is a terrace where you can sit at night and look at the sea. Down on the quay there is a little tavern where you can have macaroni, ham and fresh-caught fish, and drink cold wine.

One August, tiring of Capri where I had been staying, I made up my mind to spend a few days at Positano, so I hired a fishing-boat and rowed over. I arrived at Positano in the evening. I strolled up the hill, my two bags following me on the heads of two sturdy Italian women, to the hotel. I was surprised to learn that I was not its only guest. The waiter, whose name was Guiseppe, was an old friend of mine, and at that season he was boots, porter, chambermaid and cook as well. He told me that an American signore had been staying there for three months.

"Is he a painter or a writer or something?" I asked.

"No, signore, he's a gentleman."

Odd, I thought. No foreigners came to Positano at that time of year. I could not imagine anyone wishing to spend three months there; unless it was somebody who wanted to hide. And since all London had been excited by the flight earlier in the year of an eminent, but dishonest, financier, the amusing thought occurred to me that this mysterious stranger was perhaps he. I knew him slightly and hoped that my sudden arrival would not disturb him.

"You'll see the Signore at the tavern," said Giuseppe, as I was going out. "He always dines there."

He was certainly not there when I arrived. In a few minutes, however, a man walked in who could be no other than my fellow-guest at the hotel and I had a moment's disappointment when I saw that it was not the hiding financier. A tall, elderly man, bronzed after his summer on the Mediterranean, with a handsome, thin face. He wore a very neat suit of cream-coloured silk and no hat. His gray hair was cut very short, but was still thick. There was ease in his bearing, and elegance. He looked round the half-dozen tables at which the natives of the place were playing cards or dominoes and his eyes rested on me. They smiled pleasantly. He came up.

"I hear you have just arrived at the hotel. Giuseppe said that as he

couldn't come down here to introduce me you wouldn't mind if I introduced myself. Would it bore you to dine with a total stranger?"

"Of course not. Sit down."

He turned to the maid who was laying a cover for me and in beautiful Italian told her that I would eat with him.

He made a very good cocktail and with added appetite we began our dinner. My host had a pleasant humour and his fluent conversation was agreeable.

"You must forgive me if I talk too much," he said presently. "This is the first chance I've had to speak English for three months.

I don't suppose you will stay here long and I mean to make the most of it."

"Three months is a long time to stay at Positano."

"I've hired a boat and I bathe and fish. I read a great deal. I have a good many books here and if there's anything I can lend you I shall be very glad."

"I think I have enough reading matter. But I should love to look at what you have. It's always fun looking at other people's books."

"It also tells you a good deal about them," he said.

When we finished dinner we went on talking. The stranger was well-read and interested in various topics. He spoke with so much knowledge of painting that I wondered if he was an art critic. But then he began to speak of the books he had read and I came to the conclusion that he was a college professor. I asked him his name.

"Barnaby," he answered.

"That's a name that has recently become known to everybody," I said.

"Oh, how so?"

"Have you never heard of the celebrated Mrs. Barnaby? She's a compatriot of yours."

"I admit that I've seen her name in the papers rather often of late. Do you know her?"

"Yes, quite well. She gave the grandest parties all last season and I went to them whenever she asked me. Everyone did. She's an amazing woman. She came to London to spend the season, and, by George, her parties were the most successful in London."

"I understand she is very rich?"

"Oh, yes, very! But it's not the money that has made her success. Plenty of American women have money. Mrs. Barnaby has won her place in society by sheer force of character. She never pretends to be anything but what she is. She's natural. She's priceless. You know her history, of

course?"

My friend smiled.

"Mrs. Barnaby may be a great celebrity in London, but in America she is almost unknown."

I smiled also.

"Well, I'll tell you about her. Her husband appears to be a very rough diamond; he's a great strong fellow, she says, who could fell a steer with his fist. He's known in Arizona as 'One-Bullet Mike.'

"Good gracious! Why?"

"Well, years ago in the old days he killed two men with a single shot. She says that even now he shoots better than any man West of the Rockies. He's a miner, but he's been a cowpuncher, a gun-runner and God knows what in his day."

"A real Western type," said my professor a trifle acidly I thought.

"Mrs. Barnaby's stories about him are very amusing. Of course every one's been begging her to let him come over, but she says he'd never leave the wide open spaces. He struck oil a year or two ago and now he's got all the money in the world. I've heard her keep the whole dinner-table spellbound when she's talked of the old days and their adventures. It gives you quite a thrill when you see this gray-haired woman, not at all pretty, but wonderfully dressed, with the most wonderful pearls, and hear her tell how she washed the miners' clothes and cooked for the camp. When you see Mrs. Barnaby sitting at the head of her table, quite at home with princes of the blood, ambassadors, cabinet ministers and the duke of this and the duke of that, it seems almost incredible that only a few years ago she was cooking the food of seventy miners."

"Can she read or write?"

"I suppose her invitations are written by her secretary, but she's by no means an ignorant woman. She told me she had always made herself read for an hour every night after the fellows in camp had gone to bed."

"Remarkable!"

"On the other hand One-Bullet Mike only learnt to write his name when he got rich and had to sign cheques."

We walked up the hill to our hotel and before separating for the night arranged to spend the next day together. We spent a charming day bathing, reading, eating, sleeping and talking, and we dined together in the evening. The following morning, after breakfast on the terrace, I reminded Barnaby of his promise to show me his books.

"Come right along."

I accompanied him to his bedroom where Giuseppe, the waiter, was

making his bed. The first thing I caught sight of was a photograph in a beautiful frame of the celebrated Mrs. Barnaby. My friend caught sight of it too and suddenly turned pale with anger.

"You fool, Giuseppe. Why have you taken that photograph out of my wardrobe? Why the devil did you think I put it away?"

"I didn't know, Signore. That's why I put it back on the Signore's table. I thought he liked to see the portrait of his Signora."

I was staggered.

"Is Mrs. Barnaby your wife?" I cried.

"She is."

"Good lord, are you One-Bullet Mike?"

"Do I look it?"

I began to laugh.

"I must say you don't."

I glanced at his hands. He smiled grimly and held them out. "No, sir, I have never felled a steer with my naked fist." For a moment we stared at one another in silence. "She'll never forgive me," he moaned. "She wanted me to take a false name, and when I refused she was quite angry with me. She said it wasn't safe. I said it was bad enough to hide myself in Positano for three months and categorically refused to change my name." He hesitated. "Now I can do nothing, but beg you not to disclose a secret that you have discovered quite by chance."

"I will be as silent as the grave, but honestly I don't understand. What does it all mean?"

"I am a doctor by profession and for the last thirty years my wife and I have lived in Pennsylvania. I don't know whether I have impressed you as a roughneck, but I may tell you that Mrs. Barnaby is one of the most cultivated women I have ever known. Then a cousin of hers died and left her a very large fortune. My wife is a very, very rich woman. She has always read a great deal of English fiction and her one desire was to have a London season, to give parties and do all the grand things she had read about in books. It was her money and although the prospect did not tempt me, I was glad she could gratify her wish. We sailed last April. The young Duke and Duchess of Hereford happened to be on board. I was ill when we sailed and stayed in my cabin, so Mrs. Barnaby was left to look after herself. Her deck-chair happened to be next to the duchess's. My wife has a very keen sense of humour. Getting into conversation with the duchess, she told her a little anecdote and to make it more interesting she said that it had happened to herself. The success of the story was immediate. The duchess begged for another and my wife went a little further. Twenty-four hours

later she had the duke and duchess eating out of her hand. She used to come down to my cabin at intervals and tell me of her progress. It amused me greatly and since I had nothing else to do, I sent to the library for the works of Bret Harte and supplied her with interesting details."

I slapped my forehead. "We said she was as good as Bret Harte." I cried.

"I had a grand time thinking of the disappointment of my wife's friends when at the end of the voyage I appeared and we told them the truth. But I did not know my wife. The day before we reached Southampton Mrs. Barnaby told me that the Herefords were arranging parties for her. The duchess was crazy to introduce her to all sorts of wonderful people. It was a chance in a thousand;

but of course I would spoil everything; she admitted that she had been forced by the course of events to represent me as very different from what I was. I did not know that she had already transformed me into One-Bullet Mike, but I had a suspicion that she had forgotten to mention that I was on board. Well, to make a long story short, she asked me to go to Paris for a week or two till she had strengthened her position. I didn't mind that. I liked the prospect of doing a little work at the Sorbonne much more than going to parties in London, and so, leaving her to go on to Southampton, I went to Paris. But when I had been in Paris ten days she flew over to see me. She told me that her success had exceeded her wildest dreams: it was ten times more wonderful than any of the novels; but my appearance would ruin it all. Very well, I said, I would stay in Paris. She didn't like the idea of that; she said she'd never have a moment's peace so long as I was so near and might run across someone who knew me. I suggested Vienna or Rome. They wouldn't do either, and at last I came here and here I have been hiding like a criminal for three endless months."

"Do you mean to say you never killed the two gamblers, shooting one with your right hand and the other with your left?"

"Sir, I have never fired a pistol in my life."

"And what about the attack on your log-cabin by the Mexican bandits when your wife loaded your guns for you and you stood the siege for three days till the government troops came to your help?"

Mr. Barnaby smiled grimly.

"I never heard that one. Isn't it a trifle crude?"

"Crude! It was as good as any Wild West picture."

"I suppose that is where my wife got the idea."

"But the wash-tub. Washing the miners' clothes and all that. You don't know how she made us laugh with that story. Why, she swam into London

Society in her wash-tub."

I began to laugh.

"She's made the biggest fools of us all," I said.

"She's made a pretty big fool of me too," remarked Mr. Barnaby.

"She's a wonderful woman and you're right to be proud of her. I always said she was priceless. She realized the passion for romance that beats in every British heart and she's given us exactly what we wanted." I wouldn't betray her for worlds.

"It's all very fine for you, sir. London may have gained a wonderful hostess, but I am beginning to think that I have lost a perfectly good wife."

"The only place for One-Bullet Mike is the great open West. My dear Mr. Barnaby, there is only one course open to you now. You must continue to disappear."

"I'm very much obliged to you." I thought he replied with a good deal of acidity.

Exercises

Ex. 1 Find in the story the English for:

переполненный, взять напрокат, представиться кому-либо, надоедать, прятаться, прошать, использовать наилучшим образом, давать взаймы, соотечественник, притворяться, ни в коем случае, сопровождать, художественная литература, удовлетворять желания, снабжать чем-либо, устраивать вечера, испортить, короче говоря, превысить, предавать

Ex. 2 Fill each gap with a word or word combination from the box in an appropriate form.

to arrange	to lend	to introduce	to hire
to pretend	fiction	to spoil	

1) I made up my mind to spend a few days at Positano, so I _____ a boat and rowed over.
2) You wouldn't mind if I _____ myself.
3) I don't suppose you will stay here long and I mean _____ it.
4) I have a good many books here and if there's anything I can _____ you I shall be very glad.

5) She never _____ to be anything but what she is.
6) She has always read a great deal of English _____.
7) She told me that the Herefords _____ parties for her. But of course I would _____ everything.

Ex. 3 Replace the italicized words and word combinations with a synonym from the box in an appropriate form.

to forgive	to exceed	to accompany	to be crowded with
by no means	to supply with	to cut a long story short	

1) In winter the hotels *are full of* painters, male and female.
2) You must *pardon* me if I talk too much.
3) She is *in no way* an ignorant woman.
4) I *went with* him to the bedroom.
5) I *provided* her *with* interesting details.
6) *In short,* she asked me to go to Paris for a week or two.
7) She told me that her success *went far beyond* her wildest dreams.

Ex. 4 Choose the right word (say, tell, talk, speak) and use it in an appropriate form.

1) You must forgive me if I _____ too much.
2) I thought of the disappointments of my wife's friends when at the end of the voyage I appeared and we _____ them the truth.
3) He _____ with so much knowledge of painting that I thought he was an art critic.
4) She used to come to my cabin and _____ me of her progress.
5) She _____ the duchess a little anecdote and to make it more interesting she _____ it had happened to her.
6) Then he began to _____ about the books he had read.
7) She _____ he'd never leave the wide open spaces.
8) I've heard her keep the whole dinner-table spell-bound, when she _____ of the old days and their adventures.

Ex. 5 Complete the sentences. Use a comparative or a superlative.

1) She gave _____ parties all last season. (grand)

2) She says that even now he shoots _ _ than any man West of the Rockies. (good)

3) She is one of ___ _ women I have ever known. (cultivated)

4) My wife went a little _____. (far)

5) I liked the prospect of doing a little work at the Sorbonne ___ - than going to parties in London. (much)

6) Her success was ten times _____ than any of the novels. (wonderful)

7) Her parties were ____ in London. (successful)

Ex. 6 Answer the following questions:

1) Where did the author decide to spend a few days one August? Why? What did the place look like?

2) Why did he think it odd he was not the only guest at the hotel? Who did he think the other guests could be?

3) What did his fellow guest look like?

4) Why did he talk so much? What did he speak about?

5) Why did they begin to speak about Mrs. Barnaby? What did the author tell his new friend about Mrs. Barnaby and her parties?

6) What did Mrs. Barnaby look like? What was she like?

7) How did Mrs. Barnaby win her place in society according to the author?

8) How did the author learn that Mrs. Barnaby was his new friend's wife?

9) What did his friend tell him about his wife? How did she become rich? What was her only desire?

10) How did she make friends with the young Duke and Duchess of Hereford? What kind of stories did she tell then? Who supplied her with interesting details?

11) What kind of man did she transform her husband into?

12) Why did she ask Mr. Barnaby to go to Paris for a week or two? Why didn't he mind it?

13) Why did she fly to Paris to see him? Why did she persuade him to hide somewhere for three months?

14) Why did the author say his friend should be proud of her? What did he think was the only course open to Mr. Barnaby? How did Mr. Barnaby like the idea?

Ex. 7 Discuss the following:

1) "Why, she swam into London society in her wash-tub". "She realized the passion for romance that beats in every British heart and she's given us exactly what we want." What do you think the wash-tub has to do with the passion for romance? What do you think society wanted? Why could she make fools of them?

2) What do you think is the author's attitude to London society?

3) Comment on the title of the story. Do you find the story dramatic or humorous?

2 TEXTS FOR SELF-CONTROL

Exercises

Ex. 1 Make use of the following words and word combinations while interpreting the stories:

chapter	глава
episode	эпизод
narrator (storyteller)	рассказчик
plot	сюжет
meaning	смысл, значение
event	событие
action	действие
main character	главный герой
minor character	второстепенный персонаж
human (interpersonal) relationships	человеческие (межличностные) взаимоотношения
attitude to (towards)	отношение к кому-либо, чему-либо
common features	общие черты
sensible	разумный
sensitive	чувствительный
self-confident	уверенный в себе
reserved	сдержанный
shy, modest	застенчивый, скромный
cunning	хитрый
dishonest	бесчестный
honourable (generous)	благородный
egoistic (selfish)	эгоистичный
ironical	ироничный
pleasant	приятный
pleased	довольный
good-tempered (good-natured)	добродушный
kind	добрый
cheerful (gay)	жизнерадостный, весёлый

innocent (harmless)	невинный (безвредный)
shallow	легкомысленный
hospitable	гостеприимный
lonely	одинокий
to feel restricted	чувствовать неловко
to feel disappointed	испытывать разочарование
to be angry	сердиться, злиться
to be proud of	гордиться чем-то, кем-то
misunderstanding	недоразумение
quarrel, argument	ссора, спор
difference of opinion	расхождение во мнениях

Ex. 2 Mind the use of the following prepositions:

at Christmas	на Рождество
at 40 (years of age)	в 40 (лет)
at 6 o'clock	в 6 часов
at mealtimes	во время еды
at this/that time	в это/то время
at the weekend/at weekends	в выходные
at the moment	в данный момент
at once	тотчас же, сразу
in time (on time)	вовремя (по расписанию)
in the morning/evening	утром/вечером
in a minute/moment	через минуту
at the chemist's	в аптеке
at smb's (home)	дома у кого-либо
at the table	за столом
at hand	под рукой
in the street	на улице
in the sky	на небе
in the picture/photo	на картине/фотографии
on the way to	по пути в.../к...
on the board	на доске
on board	на борту
on the wall	на стене
on the beach	на пляже
on the bus/plane	в автобусе/самолёте
on the left/right	слева/справа

on business	по делу
on the one/on the other hand	с одной/с другой стороны
at last	наконец
at least	по крайней мере
in a loud/low voice	громким/тихим голосом
in my opinion	по моему мнению
in the end, in conclusion	в заключение
in addition to	в дополнение к…
in any case	во всяком случае
in comparison with	в сравнении с…
in different/various ways	различными способами
on foot	пешком
on horseback	на лошади
on TV	по телевизору
on the radio	по радио

Ex. 3 Read the following texts and:
a) give their full interpretations;
b) analyze the underlined grammar structures.

AT DOVER

N. Balchin

In travelling home from Florence it is usual to go to Pisa, and there to change on to the Rome Express. In fact, there is (or was) a carriage which runs all the way from Florence, but you will be told that it is reserved for Very Important People.

Too much notice should not be taken of this. Nearly every seat in an Italian train is always reserved for Important People or for men who lost a limb in the war. But very few of them ever seem to travel much, and personally I have never found this carriage from Florence so crowded with great men that it could not take me.

On the particular occasion that I speak of, it also took Miss Bradley, who certainly did not look important. She looked more like an out-of-work nurse, and I only noticed her because of her surprising ugliness. She was a rather large, heavy woman of about thirty-five, with a big red nose, and steel-framed glasses; and she had one of those unpleasant skin-diseases which had covered her face with spots. It is an important part of this story

that I really very much disliked looking at Miss Bradley.

It is equally important that later on when I went to the dining car, Miss Bradley was already seated, and the man who was attending to us placed me opposite her.

Meals on the Rome Express take a long time. This one seemed to go on for ever, and I could not help noticing that Miss Bradley found it all very difficult.

If you are English, it is almost impossible to speak Italian or French on these occasions, because the waiters are anxious to practise their English on you. The waiter who served us spoke quite good English. Yet Miss Bradley was determined to order her food in unbelievably bad schoolgirl French, though she was red in the face when she did so, and plainly very ashamed.

I had the greatest difficulty myself in understanding what she said, and the waiter soon gave it up and brought her whatever he had ready. One was forced to believe that Miss Bradley was not only very ugly, but very stupid too.

I think we may have exchanged half a dozen words at dinner, when passing the sugar or the bread to one another. It is difficult to dine endlessly opposite somebody without making a few polite sounds. But they were certainly all that we exchanged, and after we left the dining car I did not see Miss Bradley again until we reached Calais.

She was then trying very hard to get out of the train at Calais Town, where we stopped for a moment, and a man was trying equally hard to explain that she must get out at Calais Port.

This time I certainly spoke to Miss Bradley. I said, "It's the next stop. This is Calais Town." And Miss Bradley, with a red face, said, "Oh, I see. Thank you."

And then, when we reached the sea, we really began to know each other, and it was my fault. There were plenty of porters to carry the bags, and I called one from the window of the train without difficulty. But as I got out I saw Miss Bradley standing on the station platform. She had two large very old cardboard suit-cases, one of which seemed to be held together by a thick string.

She was standing there saying "Porter" rather weakly and the stream of porters was dividing round her, and passing her by, like water dividing past a rock, looking for richer people.

It was at this moment I went towards her. I am quite sure that if she had been less ugly I should not have done it. But she was so ugly and she looked so sad and helpless standing there with her baggage tied together

with a string, crying "Porter!" that I was filled with pity —a thing which seldom happens.

I smiled at her with a real and pleasant sense of virtue and said, "My porter can take your cases, if you like." Miss Bradley turned and looked at me.

She was even uglier than I had thought. "Oh — thank you," she said. "It is very kind of you."

My porter unwillingly added her baggage to mine and in a few minutes we found ourselves on board the ship. Our cases were placed side by side, and Miss Bradley and myself were naturally side by side also.

I hope it will be agreed that up to this point I had acted like a gentleman, though perhaps at no great personal sacrifice. I say I hope it will be agreed, because there is no doubt that from this point my usual bad qualities began to take control.

In less than ten minutes I realized that Miss Bradley, quite apart from her ugliness was very, very dull. With hesitation, but continually, she talked about nothing, and said nothing interesting about it.

I learned that she had been in Italy for two weeks, visiting her sister, who was married to an Italian. She had never been out of England before.

At home she was a clerk in an office. The work was quite interesting, but travelling to and from the office was tiring.

I do not suggest that any of this in itself was duller than most conversations, but somehow Miss Bradley managed to make it duller.

I considered that I should certainly have to see Miss Bradley safely off the boat at Dover and on to her train; and after that there would be no reason, except rudeness, why we should not travel to London together. That meant four hours of it.

I could not face this; so, excusing myself, I went along to the office on board and bought myself a seat on the Golden Arrow.

Miss Bradley was travelling by the ordinary train, so this would mean that we should separate at Dover. I went back to Miss Bradley, who told me about the flat in London that she shared with another girl from the office.

We reached Dover without any interruption in Miss Bradley's flow of conversation. I hired a man to carry our baggage. I had two expensive suit-cases which had once been given to me as a present, and she had her two pieces of ancient cardboard.

Usually passengers for the Golden Arrow are dealt with first, because the train leaves twenty minutes before the ordinary train. When the boy asked if we were going on the Golden Arrow, I hesitated and then said,

"Yes."

It was too complicated to explain that one of us was and one of us wasn't, and in any case it would help Miss Bradley because they would deal with her bags quickly.

As we went towards the hall I explained carefully to her that my train left before hers, but that I would help her with her baggage first. The boy could then take our cases to the right trains, and she could sit comfortable in hers until it left. Miss Bradley said, "Oh, thank you very much."

The boy, of course, had put our suit-cases together, and Miss Bradley and I went and stood before them. At the proper time the examiner reached us, looked at the four suit-cases in that sharp way which examiners must practise night and morning, and said, "This is all yours?"

I was not quite sure whether he was speaking to me, or me and Miss Bradley, who was standing slightly behind me, and I was just about to say "Yes" for both of us. But suddenly the worst bits of pride in my nature rose to the surface. I did not want to admit that those terrible old cardboard suit-cases with the string were mine, and I replied, "Well — mine and this lady's."

The examiner said, "But you're together?"

"For the present time," I said rather foolishly, smiling at Miss Bradley. I did not want to hurt her feelings.

"Yes," said the examiner patiently. "But are you travelling together? Does this baggage belong to both of you?"

"Well, no. Not exactly. We're just sharing a porter."

"Then if you will show me which are your things," said the examiner very slowly and carefully, as if he were talking to a child, "I'll deal with them."

I pointed to my cases. I had nothing valuable, and said so. Without asking me to open them, the examiner chalked the cases and then, instead of moving to my left and dealing with Miss Bradley, he moved to the right and began to talk to a man whose baggage covered a space of about seven feet.

Miss Bradley said: "Oh dear—"mildly. I started to say: "Listen- could you do the lady's too, so that—" but the examiner took no notice of me. He was already examining the man on the right.

The boy swung my cases away, and more were immediately put in the space. The owner gave me a gentle push in the back. I hesitated for a moment, but there did not seem to be much advantage in standing there waiting for Miss Bradley when we were about to separate, so I said: "Well, I'll say goodbye now, and go to find my train. I expect he'll come back to

you next. The porter will bring all our cases to the trains when you've finished. Good-bye."

Miss Bradley said, "Oh ... good-bye and thank you so much." We shook hands and I left with some relief mixed with a feeling that I was being slightly rude.

I found my seat in the Golden Arrow and began to read. Twenty minutes later I suddenly realized that the train was going to leave in five minutes and that the porter had still not brought my cases. I was just setting off to look for him when he came, breathless, carrying them. I asked him rather sharply what he had been doing.

"It was her," he said shortly.

"Miss Bradley? Well, where is she and where's her baggage?"

"She's still there," said the boy in a hard voice. "And will be for some time, I guess. Examining her properly."

"But why?"

"Well, they'd found forty watches when I came away, and that is only the start. So I thought maybe you wouldn't want me to wait."

The sad part of the story is this: if I had beena nicer and kinder person, and more patient, and had really decided to see Miss Bradley safely to London, or if I had not been too proud about her baggage, it would almost certainly have been carelessly passed with mine; or, if it had been opened, I should have had some very awkward explaining to do In fact, I seem to have been rude just in time. But I have often wondered whether, when Miss Bradley stood alone and sad on the station at Calais, she had already chosen me as the person to save her, or whether she was just quietly sure that someone would.

Looking back, I am fairly sure that she chose me, though I have never understood exactly how she did so. I am quite sure she never made the slightest effort to speak to me first or to get to know me.

THE USE OF FORCE

W. C. Williams

They were new patients to me, all I had was the name, Olson. Please come down as soon as you can, my daughter is very sick.

When I arrived I was met by the mother, a big startled looking woman, very clean and apologetic who merely said, Is this the doctor? and let me

in. In the back, she added. You must excuse us, doctor, we have her in the kitchen where it is warm. It is very damp here sometimes.

The child was fully dressed and sitting on her father's lap near the kitchen table. He tried to get up, but I motioned for him not to bother, took off my overcoat and started to look things over. I could see that they were all very nervous, eyeing me up and down distrustfully. As often, in such cases, they weren't telling me more than they had to, it was up to me to tell them; that's why they were spending three dollars on me.

The child was fairly eating me up with her cold, steady eyes, and no expression to her face whatever. She did not move and seemed, inwardly, quiet; an unusually attractive little thing, and as strong as a heifer in appearance. But her face was flushed, she was breathing rapidly, and I realized that she had a high fever. She had magnificent blonde hair, in profusion. One of those picture children often reproduced in advertising leaflets and the photogravure sections of the Sunday papers.

She's had a fever for three days, began the father and we don't know what it comes from. My wife has given her things, you know, like people do, but it doesn't do any good. And there's been a lot of sickness around. So we thought you'd better look her over and tell us what is the matter.

As doctors often do I took a trial shot at it as a point of departure. Has she had a sore throat?

Both parents answered me together, No.... No, she says, her throat doesn't hurt her.

Does your throat hurt you? added the mother to the child. But the little girl's expression didn't change nor did she move her eyes from my face.

Have you looked?

I tried to, said the mother, but I couldn't see.

As it happens we had been having a number of cases of diphtheria in the school to which this child went during that month and we were all, quite apparently, thinking of that, though no one had as yet spoken of the thing.

Well, I said, suppose we take a look at the throat first. I smiled in my best professional manner and asking for the child's first name I said, come on, Mathilda, open your mouth and let's take a look at your throat.

Nothing doing.

Oh, come on, I coaxed, just open your mouth wide and let me take a look. Look, I said opening both hands wide, I haven't anything in my hands. Just open up and let me see.

Such a nice man, put in the mother. Look how kind he is to you. Come on, do what he tells you to. He won't hurt you.

At that I ground my teeth in disgust. If only they wouldn't use the word "hurt" I might be able to get somewhere. But I did not allow myself to be hurried or disturbed but speaking quietly and slowly I approached the child again.

As I moved my chair a little nearer suddenly with one catlike movement both her hands clawed instinctively for my eyes and she almost reached them too. In fact she knocked my glasses flying and they fell, though unbroken, several feet away from me on the kitchen floor.

Both the mother and father almost turned themselves inside out in embarrassment and apology. You bad girl, said the mother, taking her and shaking her by one arm. Look what you've done. The nice man ...

For heaven's sake, I broke in. Don't call me a nice man to her. I'm here to look at her throat on the chance that she might have diphtheria and possibly die of it. But that's nothing to her. Look here, I said to the child, we're going to look at your throat. You're old enough to understand what I'm saying. Will you open it now by yourself or shall we have to open it for you?

Not a move. Even her expression hadn't changed. Her breaths however were coming faster and faster. Then the battle began. I had to do it. I had to have a throat culture for her own protection. But first I told the parents that it was entirely up to them. I explained the danger but said that I would not insist on a throat examination so long as they would take the responsibility.

If you don't do what the doctor says you'll have to go to the hospital, the mother admonished her severely.

Oh yeah? I had to smile to myself. After all, I had already fallen in love with the savage brat, the parents were contemptible to me. In the ensuing struggle they grew more and more abject, crushed, exhausted while she surely rose to magnificent heights of insane fury of effort bred of her terror of me.

The father tried his best, and he was a big man but the fact that she was his daughter, his shame at her behaviour and his dread of hurting her made him release her just at the critical times when I had almost achieved success, till I wanted to kill him. But his dread also that she might have diphtheria made him tell me to go on, go on though he himself was almost fainting, while the mother moved back and forth behind us raising and lowering her hands in an agony of apprehension.

Put her in front of you on your lap, I ordered, and hold both her wrists.

But as soon as he did the child let out a scream. Don't, you're hurting me. Let go of my hands. Let them go I tell you. Then she shrieked terrifyingly, hysterically. Stop it! Stop it! You're killing me!

Come on now, hold her, I said.

Then I grasped the child's head with my left hand and tried to get the wooden tongue depressor between her teeth. She fought, with clenched teeth, desperately! But now I also had grown furious — at a child. I tried to hold myself down but I couldn't. I know how to expose a throat for inspection. And I did my best. When finally I got the wooden spatula behind the last teeth and just the point of it into the mouth cavity, she opened up for an instant but before I could see anything she came down again and gripping the wooden blade between her molars she reduced it to splinters before I could get it out again.

Aren't you ashamed, the mother yelled at her. Aren't you ashamed to act like that in front of the doctor?

Get me a smooth-handled spoon of some sort, I told the mother. We're going through with this. The child's mouth was already bleeding. Her tongue was cut and she was screaming in wild hysterical shrieks. Perhaps I should have desisted and come back in an hour or more. No doubt it would have been better. But I have seen at least two children lying dead in bed of neglect in such cases, and feeling that I must get a diagnosis now or never I went at it again.

The damned little brat must be protected against her own idiocy, one says to one's self at such times. Others must be protected against her. It is a social necessity.

In a final assault I overpowered the child's neck and jaws. I forced the heavy silver spoon back of her teeth and down her throat till she gagged. And there it was — both tonsils covered with membrane. She had fought valiantly to keep me from knowing her secret.

RECIPE FOR MURDER

C. P. Donnel, Jr.

Just as the villa, clamorous with flowers, was not what he had expected, so was its owner a new quality in his calculations. Madame Chalon, at forty, fitted no category of murderers; she was neither Cleopatra nor beldame. A Minerva of a woman, he told himself instantly, whose large, liquid eyes were but a shade lighter than the cobalt blue of the Mediterranean twinkling outside the tall windows of the salon where they sat.

"Dubonnet, Inspector Miron?" As he spoke, she repared to pour. His

reflex of hesitation lit a dim glow of amusement in her eyes, which her manners prevented from straying to her lips.

"Thank you." Annoyed with himself, he spoke forcefully.

Madame Chalon made a small, barely perceptible point of drinking first, as though to say, "S e, M. Miron, you are quite safe." It was neat. Too neat?

With a tiny smile now: "You have called about my poisoning of my husbands," she stated flatly.

"Madame!" Again he hesitated, nonplused. "Madame, I..."

"You must already have visited the Prefecture. All Villefranche believes it," she said placidly.

He adjusted his composure to an official calm. "Madame, I come to ask permission to disinter the body of M. Charles Wesser, deceased January 1939, and M. Etienne Chalon, deceased May 1946, for official analysis of certain organs. You have already refused Sergeant Luchaire of the local station this permission. Why?"

"Luchaire is a type without politeness. I found him repulsive. He is, unlike you, without finesse. I refuse the attitude of the man, not the law." She raised the small glass to her full lips. "I shall not refuse you, Inspector Miron." Her eyes were almost admiring.

"You are most flattering."

"Because," she continued gently, "I am quite sure, knowing the methods of you Paris police, that the disinterment has already been conducted secretly." She waited for his colour to deepen, affecting not to notice the change. "And the analyses," she went on, as though there had been no break, "completed. You are puzzled. You found nothing. So now you, new to the case, wish to estimate me, my character, my capacity for self-control — and incidentally your own chances of maneuvering me into talk that will guide you in the direction of my guilt."

So accurately did these darts strike home that it would be the ultimate stupidity to deny the wounds. Better a disarming frankness, Miron decided quickly. "Quite true, Madame Chalon. True to the letter. But — " he regarded her closely — "when one loses two husbands of some age — but not old— to a fairly violent gastric disturbance, each within two years of marriage, each of a substantial fortune and leaving all to the widow ... you see ...?"

"Of course." Madame Chalon went to the window, let her soft profile, the grand line of her bosom be silhouetted against the blue water. "Would you care for a full confession, Inspector Miron?" She was very much woman, provocative woman, and her tone, just short of caressing, warned

Miron to keep a grip on himself.

"If you would care to make one, Madame Chalon," he said, as casually as he could. A dangerous woman. A consumedly dangerous woman.

"Then I shall oblige." Madame Chalon was not smiling. Through the open window a vagrant whiff of air brought him the scent of her. Or was it the scent of the garden? Caution kept his hand from his notebook. Impossible that she would really talk so easily. And yet...

"You know something of the art of food, M. Miron?"

"I am from Paris, you remember?"

"And love, too?"

"As I said, I am from Paris."

"Then — " the bosom swelled with her long breath — "I can tell you that I, Hortense Eugenie Villerois Wesser Chalon, did slowly and deliberately, with full purpose, kill and murder my first husband, M. Wesser, aged 57, and likewise my second, M. Chalon, aged 65."

"For some reason, no doubt." Was this a dream? Or insanity?

"M. Wesser I married through persuasion of family. M.Wesser, I learned within a fortnight, was a pig—a pig of insatiable appetites. A crude man, inspector; a belcher, a braggart, cheater of the poor, deceiver of the innocent. A gobbler of food, an untidy man of unappetizing habits — in short, with all the revolting faults of advancing age and none of its tenderness or dignity. Also, because of these things, his stomach was no longer strong."

Having gone thoroughly into the matter of M. Wesser in Paris and obtained much the same picture, he nodded. "And M. Chalon?"

"Older — as I was older when I wed him."

With mild irony. "And also with a weak stomach?"

"No doubt. Say, rather a weak will. Perhaps less brutish than Wesser. Perhaps, au fond, worse, for he knew too many among the Germans here. Why did they take pains to see that we had the very best, the most unobtainable of foods and wines, when daily, children fainted in the street? Murderess I may be, Inspector, but also a Frenchwoman. So I decided without remorse that Chalon should die, as Wesser died."

Very quietly, not to disturb the thread. "How, Madame Chalon?"

She turned, her face illuminated by a smile. "You are familiar, perhaps, with such dishes as 'Dindonneau Ford aux Marrons'? Or 'Supremes de Volaille a l'Indienne'? Or 'Tournedos Mascotte'? Or 'Omelette en Surprise a la Napolitaine'? Or 'Potage Bagration Gras', 'Aubergines a la Turque'. 'Chaud-Froid de Cailles en Belle Vue', or..."

"Stop, Madame Chalon! I am simultaneously ravenous and smothering

in food. Such richness of food! Such ..."

"You asked my methods, Inspector Miron. I used these dishes and a hundred others. And in each of them, I concealed a bit of ..." Her voice broke suddenly.

Inspector Miron, by a mighty effort, studied his hand as he finished his Dubonnet. "You concealed a bit of what, Madame Chalon?"

"You have investigated me. You know who was my father."

"Jean-Marie Villerois, chef superb, matchless disciple of the matchless Escoffier. Once called Escoffier's sole worthy successor."

"Yes. And before I was twenty-two, my father—just before his death — admitted that outside of a certain negligible weakness in the matter of braising, he would not be ashamed to own me as his equal."

"Most interesting. I bow to you." Miron's nerves tightened at this handsome woman's faculty for irrelevancy. "But you said you concealed in each of these incomparable dishes a bit of ..."

Madame Chalon turned her back to him. "A bit of myart, and no more. That and no more, Inspector. The art of Escoffier, or Villerois. What man like Wesser or Chalon could resist? Three, four times a day I fed them rich food of the richest; varied irresistibly. I forced them to gorge to bursting, sleep, gorge again; and drink too much wine that they might gorge still more. How could they, at their ages, live — even as long as they did?"

A silence like the ticking of a far-off clock. Inspector Miron stood up, so abruptly that she started, whirled. She was paler.

"You will come with me to Nice this evening, Madame Chalon."

"To the police station, Inspector Miron?"

"To the Casino, Madame Chalon. For champagne and music. We shall talk some more."

"But Inspector Miron...!"

"Listen to me, Madame. I am a bachelor. Of forty-four. Not too bad to look at, I have been told. I have a sum put away. I am not a great catch, but still, not one to be despised." He looked into her eyes. "I wish to die."

"The diets," said Madame Chalon finally and thoughtfully, "if used in moderation, are not necessarily fatal. Would you care to kiss my hand, Inspector Miron?"

THE TREASURE-SHIP

H.H. Munro

The great galleon lay in semi-retirement under the sand weed and water of the northern bay where the fortune of war and weather had long ensconced it. Three and a quarter centuries had passed since the day when it had taken the high seas as an important unit of a fighting squadron—precisely which squadron the learned were not agreed. The galleon had brought nothing into the world but it had, according to tradition and report, taken much out of it. But how much? There again the learned were in disagreement. Some were as generous in their estimate as an income-tax assessor, others applied a species of higher criticism to the submerged treasure chests, and debased their' contents to the currency of goblin gold. Of the former school was Lulu, Duchess of Dulverton.

The Duchess was not only a believer in the existence of a sunken treasure of alluring proportions; she also believed that she knew of a method by which the said treasure might be precisely located and cheaply disembedded. An aunt on her mother's side of the family had been Maid of Honour at the Court of Monaco, and had taken a respectful interest in the deep-sea researches in which the Throne of that country, impatient perhaps of its terrestrial restrictions, was wont to immerse itself. It was through the instrumentality of this relative that the Duchess learnt of an invention, perfected and very nearly patented by a Monegaskan savant, by means of which the homelife of the Mediterranean sardine might be studied at a depth of many fathoms in a cold white light of more than ball-room brilliancy. Implicated in this invention (and, in the Duchess's eyes, the most attractive part of it) was an electric suction dredge, specially designed for dragging to the surface such objects of interest and value as might be found in the more accessible levels of the ocean-bed. The rights of the invention were to be acquired for a matter of eighteen hundred francs, and the apparatus for a few thousand more. The Duchess of Dulverton was rich, as the world counted wealth: she nursed the hope of being one day rich at her own computation. Companies had been formed and efforts had been made again and again during the course of three centuries to probe for the alleged treasures of the interesting galleon; with the aid of this invention she considered that she might go to work on the wreck privately and independently. After all, one of her ancestors on her mother's side was descended from Medina Sidonia, so she was of opinion that she had as much right to the treasure as any one. She acquired the invention and bought the apparatus.

Among other family ties and encumbrances, Lulu possessed a nephew, Vasco Honiton, a young gentleman who was blessed with a small income and a large circle of relatives, and lived impartially and precariously on both. The name Vasco had been given him possibly in the hope that he might live up to his adventurous tradition, but he limited himself strictly to the home industry of adventurer, preferring to exploit the assured rather than explore the unknown. Lulu's intercourse with him had been restricted of recent years to the negative processes of being out of town when he called on her, and short of money when he wrote to her. Now, however, she bethought herself of his eminent suitability for the direction of a treasure-seeking experiment; if any one could extract gold from an unpromising situation it would certainly be Vasco — of course, under the necessary safeguards in the way of supervision. Where money was in question Vasco's conscience was liable to fits of obstinate silence.

Somewhere on the west coast of Ireland the Dulverton property included a few acres of shingle, rock, and heather, too barren to support even an agrarian outrage, but embracing a small and fairly deep bay where the lobster yield was good in' most seasons. There was a bleak little house on the property, and for those who liked lobsters and solitude, and were able to accept an Irish cook's ideas as to what might be perpetrated in the name of mayonnaise, Innisgluther was a tolerable exile during the summer months. Lulu seldom went there herself, but she lent the house lavishly to friends and relations. She put it now at Vasco's disposal.

"It will be the very place to practise and experiment with the salvage apparatus," she said; "the bay is quite deep in places, and you will be able to test everything thoroughly before starting on the treasure hunt."

In less than three weeks Vasco turned up in town to report progress.

"The apparatus works beautifully," he informed his aunt; "the deeper one got the clearer everything grew. We found something in the way of a sunken wreck to operate on, too!"

"A wreck in Innisgluther Bay!" exclaimed Lulu.

"A submerged motor-boat, (he Sub-Rosa," said Vasco.

"No. Really?" said Lulu. "Poor Billy Yuttley's boat. I remember it went down somewhere off the coast some three years ago. His body was washed ashore at the Point. People said at the time that the boat was capsized intentionally a case of suicide, you know. People always say that sort of thing when anything tragic happens."

"In this case they were right," said Vasco.

"What do you mean?" asked the Duchess hurriedly. "What makes you think so?"

"I know," said Vasco simply.

"Know? How can you know? How can anyone know? The thing happened three years ago."

"In the locker of the Sub-Rosa I found a water-tight strong-box. It contained papers." Vasco paused with dramatic effect and searched for a moment in the inner-breast-pocket of his coat. He drew out a folded slip of paper. The Duchess snatched at it in almost indecent haste and moved appreciably nearer the fireplace.

"Was this in the Sub-Rosa's strong-box?" she asked.

"Oh, no, "said Vasco carelessly, "this is a list of the well-known people who would be involved in a very disagreeable scandal if the Sub-Rosa's papers were made public. I've put you at the head of it, otherwise it follows alphabetical order."

The Duchess gazed helplessly at the string of names, which seemed for the moment to include nearly every one she knew. As a matter of fact, her own name at the head of the list exercised an almost paralyzing effect on her thinking faculties.

"Of course you have destroyed the papers?" she asked, when she had somewhat recovered herself. She was conscious that she made the remark with an entire lack of conviction.

Vasco shook his head.

"But you should have," said Lulu angrily: "if, as you say, they are highly compromising... "

"Oh, they are, I assure you of that," interposed the young man.

"Then you should put them out of harm's way at once. Supposing anything should leak out, think of all .these poor, unfortunate people who would be involved in the disclosures," and Lulu tapped the list with an agitated gesture.

"Unfortunate, perhaps, but not poor," corrected Vasco: "if you read the list carefully you'll notice that I haven't troubled to include any one whose financial standing isn't above question."

Lulu glared at her nephew for some moments in silence. Then she asked hoarsely: "What are you going to do?"

"Nothing—for the remainder of my life," he answered meaningly. "A little hunting, perhaps," he continued, "and I shall have a villa at Florence. The Villa Sub-Rosa would sound rather quaint and picturesque, don't you think, and quite a lot of people would be able to attach a meaning to the name. And I suppose I must have a hobby; I shall probably collect Raeburns."

Lulu's relative, who lived at the Court of Monaco, got quite a snappish

answer when she wrote recommending some further invention in the realm of marine research.

JANE

W.S.Maugham

I remember very well the occasion on which I first saw Jane Fowler. It is indeed only because the details of the glimpse I had of her then are so clear that I trust my recollection at all, for, looking back, I must confess that I find it hard to believe that it had not played me a fantastic trick. I had lately returned to London from China and was drinking a dish of tea with Mrs Tower.

I had no notion what her age was. When I was quite a young man she was a married woman a good deal older than I, but now she treated me as her contemporary. She constantly said that she made no secret of her age, which was forty, and then added with a smile that all women took five years off. She never sought to conceal the fact that she dyed her hair (it was a very pretty brown with reddish tints), and she said she did this because hair was hideous while it was going grey; as soon as hers was white she would cease to dye it.

"Then they'll say what a young face I have."

Meanwhile it was painted, though with discretion, and her eyes owed not a little of their vivacity to art. She was a handsome woman, exquisitely gowned, and in the sombre glow of the alabaster lamps did not look a day more than the forty she gave herself.

"It is only at my dressing-table that I can suffer the naked brightness of a thirty-two-candle electric bulb," she added with smiling cynicism. "There I need it to tell me first the hideous truth and then to enable me to take the necessary steps to correct it."

We gossiped pleasantly about our common friends and Mrs Tower brought me up to date in the scandal of the day. After roughing it here and there it was very agreeable to sit in a comfortable chair, the fire burning brightly on the hearth, charming tea-things set out on a charming table, and talk with this amusing, attractive woman. She treated me as a prodigal returned from his husks[1] and was disposed to make much of me. She prided herself on her dinner-parties; she took no less trouble to have guests suitably assorted than to give them excellent food; and there were few

persons who did not look upon it as a treat to be bidden[2] to one of them. Now she fixed a date and asked me whom I would like to meet.

"There's only one thing I must tell you. If Jane Fowler is still here I shall have to put it off."

"Who is Jane Fowler?" I asked.

Mrs Tower gave a rueful smile.

"Jane Fowler is my cross."

"Oh!"

"Do you remember a photograph that I used to have on the piano of a woman in a tight dress with tight sleeves and a gold locket, with hair drawn back from a broad forehead and her ears showing and spectacles on a rather blunt nose? Well, that was Jane Fowler."

"Well who is Jane Fowler?" I asked again, smiling.

"She's my sister-in-law She was my husband's sister and she married a manufacturer in the North. She's been a widow for many years, and she's very well-to-do."

"And why is she your cross?"

"She's worthy, she's dowdy, she's provincial. She looks twenty years older than I do and she's quite capable of telling anyone she meets that we were at school together. She has an overwhelming sense of family affection and because I am her only living connection she's devoted to me When she comes to London it never occurs to her that she should stay anywhere but here — she thinks it would hurt my feelings—and she'll pay me visits of three or .four weeks. We sit here and she knits and reads. And sometimes she insists on taking me to dine at Claridge's and she looks like a funny old charwoman and everyone I particularly don't want to be seen by is sitting at the next table."

Mrs Tower paused to take breath.

"I should have thought a woman of your tact would find a way to deal with a situation like that."

"Ah, but don't you see, I haven't a chance. She's so immeasurably kind. She has a heart of gold She bores me to death, but I wouldn't for anything let her suspect it."

"And when does she arrive?"

"Tomorrow."

But the answer was hardly out of Mrs Tower's mouth when the bell rang. There were sounds in the hall of a slight commotion and in a minute or two the butler ushered in an elderly lady.

"Mrs Fowler," he announced.

"Jane," cried Mrs Tower, springing to her feet. "I wasn't expecting you

today."

"So your butler has just told me. I certainly said today in my letter."

Mrs Tower recovered her wits.

"Well, it doesn't matter. I'm very glad to see you whenever you come. Fortunately I'm doing nothing this evening."

"You mustn't let me give you any trouble. If I can have a boiled egg for my dinner that's all I shall want."

A faint grimace for a moment distorted Mrs Tower's handsome features. A boiled egg!

"Oh, I think we can do a little better than that."

I chuckled inwardly when I recollected that the two ladies were contemporaries. Mrs Fowler looked a good fifty-five. She was a rather big woman; she wore a black straw hat with a wide brim and from it a black lace veil hung over her shoulders, a cloak that oddly combined severity with fussiness, a long black dress, voluminous as though she wore several petticoats under it, and stout boots. She was evidently short-sighted, for she looked at you through large gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Won't you have a cup of tea? "asked Mrs Tower.

"If it wouldn't be too much trouble."

I felt it high time for me to leave the two ladies to themselves, so I took my leave.

Early next morning Mrs Tower rang me up and I heard at once from her voice that she was in high spirits.

"I've got the most wonderful news for you." she said. "Jane is going to be married."

"Nonsense."

"Her fiance is coming to dine here tonight to be introduced to me and I want you to come too."

"Oh, hut I shall be in the way."

"No, you won't. Jane suggested herself that I should ask you. Do come."

When I arrived Mrs Tower. very splendid in a tea-gown a little too young for her, was alone.

"Jane is putting the finishing touches to her appearance. I'm longing for you to see her. She's all in a flutter. She says he adores her. His name is Gilbert and when she speaks of him her voice gets all funny and tremulous. It makes me want to laugh."

"I wonder what he's like."

"Oh, I'm sure I know. Very big and massive, with a bald head and an immense gold chain across an immense tummy. A large, fat, clean-shaven,

red face and a booming voice."

Mrs Fowler came in. She wore a very stiff black silk dress with a wide skirt and a train. At the neck it was cut into a timid V and the sleeves came down to the elbows. She wore a necklace of diamonds set in silver. She carried in her hands a long pair of black gloves and a fan of black ostrich feathers. She managed (as so few people do) to look exactly what she was. You could have never thought her anything in the world but the respectable relict of a North-country manufacturer of ample means.

"You've really got quite a pretty neck, Jane," said Mrs Tower with a kindly smile.

It was indeed astonishingly young when you compared it with her weather-beaten face. It was smooth and unlined and the skin was white. And I noticed then that her head was very well placed on her shoulders.

"Has Marion told you my news?" she said, turning to me with that really charming smile of hers as if we were already old friends.

"I must congratulate you," I said.

"Wait to do that till you've seen my young man."

"I think it's too sweet to hear you talk of your young man," smiled Mrs Tower.

Mrs Fowler's eyes certainly twinkled behind her preposterous spectacles.

"Don't expect anyone too old. You wouldn't like me to marry a decrepit old gentleman with one foot in the grave, would you?"

This was the only warning she gave us. Indeed there was no time for any further discussion, for the butler flung open the door and in a loud voice announced:

"Mr Gilbert Napier."

There entered a youth in a very well-cut dinner jacket. He was slight, not very tall, with fair hair in which there was a hint of a natural wave, clean-shaven, and blue-eyed. He was not particularly good-looking, but he had a pleasant, amiable face. He was certainly not more than twenty-four. My first thought was that this was the son of Jane Fowler's fiance (I had not known he was a widower) come to say that his father was prevented from dining by a sudden attack of gout. But his eyes fell immediately on Mrs Fowler, his face lit up, and he went towards her with both hands outstretched. Mrs Fowler gave him hers, a demure smile on her lips, and turned to her sister-in-law.

"This is my young man, Marion," she said.

He held out his hand.

"I hope you'll like me, Mrs Tower," he said. "Jane tells me you're the

only relation she has in the world."

Mrs Tower's face was wonderful to behold. I saw then to admiration how bravely good breeding and social usage could combat the instincts of the natural woman. For the astonishment and then the dismay that for an instant she could not conceal were quickly driven away, and her face assumed an expression of affable welcome. But she was evidently at a loss for words. It was not unnatural if Gilbert felt a certain embarrassment and I was too busy preventing myself from laughing to think of anything to say. Mrs Fowler alone kept perfectly calm.

"I know you'll like him, Marion. There's no one enjoys good food more than he does." She turned to the young man. "Marion's dinners are famous."

"I know," he beamed.

Mrs Tower made some quick rejoinder and we went downstairs. I shall not soon forget the exquisite comedy of that meal. Mrs Tower could not make up her mind whether the pair of them were playing a practical joke on her or whether Jane by wilfully concealing her fiance's age had hoped to make her look foolish. But then Jane never jested and she was incapable of doing a malicious thing. Mrs Tower was amazed, exasperated, and perplexed. But she had recovered her self-control, and for nothing would she have forgotten that she was a perfect hostess whose duty it was to make her party go. She talked vivaciously; but I wondered if Gilbert Napier saw how hard and vindictive was the expression of her eyes behind the mask of friendliness that she turned to him. She was measuring him. She was seeking to delve into the secret of his soul. I could see that she was in a passion, for under her rouge her cheeks glowed with an angry red.

"You've got a very high colour, Marion," said Jane, looking at her amiably through her great round spectacles.

"I dressed in a hurry. I dare say I put on too much rouge."

"Oh, is it rouge? I thought it was natural. Otherwise I shouldn't have mentioned it." She gave Gilbert a shy little smile. "You know, Marion and I were at school together. You would never think it to look at us now, would you? But of course I've lived a very quiet life."

I do not know what she meant by these remarks; it was almost incredible that she made them in complete simplicity; but anyhow they goaded Mrs Tower to such a fury that she flung her own vanity to the winds. She smiled brightly.

"We shall neither of us see fifty again, Jane," she said.

If the observation was meant to discomfit the widow it failed.

"Gilbert says I mustn't acknowledge to more than forty-nine for his sake," she answered blandly.

Mrs Tower's hands trembled slightly, but she found a retort.

"There is of course a certain disparity of age between you," she smiled.

"Twenty-seven years," said Jane. "Do you think it's too much? Gilbert says I'm very young for my age. I told you I shouldn't like to marry a man with one foot in the grave."

I was really obliged to laugh and Gilbert laughed too. His laughter was frank and boyish. It looked as though he were amused at everything Jane said.

"I suppose you're very busy buying your trousseau," I said.

"No, I wanted to get my things from the dressmaker in Liverpool I've been to ever since I was first married. But Gilbert won't let me. He's very masterful, and of course he has wonderful taste."

She looked at him with a little affectionate smile, demurely, as though she were a girl of seventeen.

Mrs Tower went quite pale under her make-up.

"We're going to Italy for our honeymoon. Gilbert has never had a chance of studying Renaissance architecture and of course it's important for an architect to see things for himself. And we shall stop in Paris on the way and get my clothes there."

"Do you expect to be away long?"

"Gilbert has arranged with his office to stay away for six months. It will be such a treat for him, won't it? You see, he's never had more than a fortnight's holiday before."

"Why not?" asked Mrs Tower in a tone that no effort of will could prevent from being icy.

"He's never been able to afford it, poor dear."

"Ah!" said Mrs Tower, and into the exclamation put volumes.

Coffee was served and the ladies went upstairs; but in two minutes a note was brought in to me by the butler. It was from Mrs Tower and ran as follows:

"Come upstairs quickly and then go as soon as you can. Take him with you. Unless I have it out with Jane at once I shall have a fit."

I told a facile lie.

"Mrs Tower has a headache and wants to go to bed. I think if you don't mind, we'd better clear out."

"Certainly," he answered.

We went upstairs and five minutes later were on the doorstep. I called a taxi and offered the young man a lift.

"No, thanks," he answered, "I'll just walk to the corner and jump on a bus."

Mrs Tower sprang to the fray as soon as she heard the front-door close behind us.

"Are you crazy, Jane?" she cried.

"Not more than most people who don't habitually live in a lunatic asylum, I trust," Jane answered blandly.

"May I ask you why you're going to marry this young man?" asked Mrs Tower with formidable politeness.

"Partly because he won't take no for an answer. He's asked me five times. I grew positively tired of refusing him."

"And why do you think he's so anxious to marry you?"

"I amuse him."

Mrs Tower gave an exclamatfon of annoyance.

"He's an unscrupulous rascal. I very nearly told him so to his face".

"You would have been wrong, and it wouldn't have been very polite."

"He's penniless and you're rich. You can't be such a besotted fool as not to see that he's marrying you for your money."

Jane remained perfectly composed. She observed her sister-in-law with detachment.

"I don't think he is, you know," she replied. "I think he's very fond of me."

"You're an old woman, Jane."

"I'm the same age as you are, Marion," she smiled.

"I've never let myself go. I'm very young for my age. No one would think I was more than forty. But even I wouldn't dream of marrying a boy twenty years younger than myself."

"Twenty-seven," corrected Jane.

"Do you mean to tell me that you can bring yourself to believe that it's possible for a young man to care for a woman old enough to be his mother?"

"I've lived very much in the country for many years. I dare say there's a great deal about human nature that I don't know. They tell me there's a man called Freud, an Austrian, I believe ..."

But Mrs Tower interrupted her without any politeness at all.

"Don't be ridiculous, Jane. It's so undignified. It's so ungraceful. I always thought you were a sensible woman. Really you're the last person I should ever have thought likely to fail in love with a boy."

"But I'm not in love with him. I've told him that. Of course I like him very much or I wouldn't think of marrying him. I thought it only fair to tell him quite plainly what my feelings were towards him."

Mrs Tower gasped.

" If you're not in love with him why do you want to marry him?"

"I've been a widow a very long time and I've led a very quiet life. I thought I'd like a change."

"If you want to marry just to be married why don't you marry a man of your own age?"

"No man of my own age has asked me five times. In fact no man of my own age has asked me at all."

Jane chuckled as she answered. It was altogether too much for Mrs Tower and she burst into tears.

"You're going to be so dreadfully unhappy," Mrs Tower sobbed.

"I don't think so, you know," Jane answered in those equable, mild tones of hers, as if there were a little smile behind the words. "We've talked it over very thoroughly. I always think I'm a very easy person to live with. I think I shall make Gilbert very happy-and comfortable. He's never had anyone to look after him properly. We're only marrying after mature consideration. And we've decided that if either of us wants his liberty the other will place no obstacles in the way of his getting it."

Mrs Tower had by now recovered herself sufficiently to make a cutting remark.

"How much has he persuaded you to settle on him?"

"I wanted to settle a thousand a year on him, but he wouldn't hear of it. He was quite upset when I made the suggestion. He says he can earn quite enough for his own needs."

"He's more cunning than I thought," said Mrs Tower acidly.

Mrs Tower gathered herself together with dignity. "I'm so upset that I really must go to bed," she said. "We'll resume the conversation tomorrow morning."

"I'm afraid that won't be very convenient, dear. Gilbert and I are going to get the licence tomorrow morning."

The marriage took place at a registrar's office. Mrs Tower and I were the witnesses. Gilbert in a smart blue suit looked absurdly young and he was obviously nervous. It is a trying moment for any man. But Jane kept her admirable composure. She might have been in the habit of marrying as frequently as a woman of fashion. Only a slight colour on her cheeks suggested that beneath her calm was some faint excitement. We saw them off, and I drove Mrs Tower back to her house.

"How long do you give it?" she said. "Six months?"

"Let's hope for the best," I smiled.

"Don't be so absurd. There can be no 'best'. You don't think he's marrying her for anything but her money, do you? Of course it can't last.

My only hope is that she won't have to go through as much suffering as she deserves."

I laughed. The charitable words were spoken in such a tone as to leave me in small doubt of Mrs Tower's meaning.

"Well, if it doesn't last you'll have the consolation of saying: 'I told you so'," I said.

"I promise you I'll never do that."

"Then you'll have the satisfaction of congratulating yourself on your self-control in not saying: 'I told you so'!"

"She's old and dowdy and dull."

"Are you sure she's dull?" I said. "It's true she doesn't say very much, but when she says anything it's very much to the point."

"I've never heard her make a joke in my life."

I was once more in the Far East when Gilbert and Jane returned from their honeymoon and this time I remained away for nearly two years. Mrs Tower was a bad correspondent and though I sent her an occasional picture-postcard I received no news from her. But I met her within a week of my return to London; I was dining out and found that I was seated next to her. When Mrs Tower and I had exchanged the conventional remarks that two people make when they have not seen one another for a couple of years I asked about Jane.

"She's very well," said Mrs Tower with a certain dryness.

"How has the marriage turned out?"

Mrs Tower paused a little and took a salted almond from the dish in front of her.

"It appears to be quite a success."

"You were wrong then?"

"I said it wouldn't last and I still say it won't last. It's contrary to human nature."

"Is she happy?"

"They're both happy."

"I suppose you don't see very much of them."

"At first I saw quite a lot of them. But now ..." Mrs Tower pursed her lips a little. "Jane is becoming very grand."

"What do you mean?" I laughed.

"I think I should tell you that she's here tonight."

"Here?"

I was startled. I looked round the table again. Our hostess was a delightful and an entertaining woman, but I could not imagine that she would be likely to invite to a dinner such as this the elderly and dowdy

wife of an obscure architect. Mrs Tower saw my perplexity and was shrewd enough to see what was in my mind. She smiled thinly.

"Look on the left of our host."

I looked. Oddly enough the woman who sat there had by her fantastic appearance attracted my attention the moment I was ushered into the crowded drawing-room. I thought I noticed a gleam of recognition in her eye, but to the best of my belief I had never seen her before. She was not a young woman, for her hair was iron-grey; it was cut very short and clustered thickly round her well-shaped head in tight curls. She made no attempt at youth, for she was conspicuous in that gathering by using neither lipstick, rouge, nor powder. Her face, not a particularly handsome one, was red and weather-beaten; but because it owed nothing to artifice had a naturalness that was very pleasing. It contrasted oddly with the whiteness of her shoulders. They were really magnificent. A woman of thirty might have been proud of them. But her dress was extraordinary. I had not often seen anything more audacious. It was cut very low, with short skirts, which were then the fashion, in black and yellow; it had almost the effect of fancy-dress and yet so became her that though on anyone else it would have been outrageous, on her it had the inevitable simplicity of nature. And to complete the impression of an eccentricity in which there was no pose and of an extravagance in which there was no ostentation she wore, attached by a broad black ribbon, a single eyeglass.

"You're not going to tell me that is your sister-in-law," I gasped.

"That is Jane Napier," said Mrs Tower icily.

"Let me have a long drink of champagne and then for heaven's sake tell me all about it," I said.

Well, this is how I gathered it had all happened. At the beginning of their honeymoon Gilbert took Jane to various dressmakers in Paris and he made no objection to her choosing a number of "gowns" after her own heart; but he persuaded her to have a "frock" or two made according to his own design. It appeared that he had a knack for that kind of work. He engaged a smart French maid.

Gilbert and the French maid taught her how to wear her clothes, and, unexpectedly enough, she was very quick at learning.

So they went down to Italy and spent happy months studying Renaissance and Baroque architecture. Jane not only grew accustomed to her changed appearance, but found she liked it. Pygmalion had finished his fantastic masterpiece: Galatea had come to life.

"Yes," I said, "but that isn't enough to explain why Jane is here tonight amid this crowd of duchesses, Cabinet Ministers, and suchlike; nor why

she is sitting on one side of her host with an Admiral of the Fleet on the other."

"Jane is a humorist," said Mrs Tower. "Didn't you see them all laughing at what she said?"

There was no doubt now of the bitterness in Mrs Tower's heart.

"When Jane wrote and told me they were back from their honeymoon I thought I must ask them both to dinner. I didn't much like the idea, but I felt it had to be done. I knew the party would be deadly and I wasn't going to sacrifice any of the people who really mattered. On the other hand I didn't want Jane to think I hadn't any nice friends. I'd been too busy to see Jane until the evening of the party. She kept us all waiting a little -- that was Gilbert's cleverness --- and at last she sailed in. You could have knocked me down with a feather. She made the rest of the women look dowdy and provincial. She made me feel like a painted old trollop."

Mrs Tower drank a little champagne.

"I wish I could describe the frock to you. It would have been quite impossible on anyone else; on her it was perfect. And the eyeglasses I'd known her for thirty-five years and I'd never seen her without spectacles."

"But you knew she had a good figure."

"How should I? I'd never seen her except in the clothes you first saw her in. Did you think she had a good figure? She seemed not to be unconscious of the sensation she made but to take it as a matter of course. I thought of my dinner and heaved a sigh of relief. Even if she was a little heavy in hand, with that appearance it didn't so very much matter. She was sitting at the other end of the table and I heard a good deal of laughter. I was glad to think that the other people were playing up well; but after dinner I was a good deal taken aback when no less than three men came up to me and told me that my sister-in-law was priceless, and did I think she would allow them to call on her? I didn't quite know whether I was standing on my head or my heels. Twenty-four hours later our hostess of tonight rang me up and said she had heard my sister-in-law was in London and she was priceless and would I ask her to luncheon to meet her? She has an infallible instinct, that woman: in a month everyone was talking about Jane. I am here tonight, not because I've known our hostess for twenty years and have asked her to dinner a hundred times, but because I'm Jane's sister-in-law."

"I'm dying to renew my acquaintance with her."

"Go and talk to her after dinner. She'll ask you to her Tuesdays."

"Her Tuesdays?"

"She's at home every Tuesday evening. You'll meet there everyone you

have heard of. They're the best parties in London. She's done in one year what I've failed to do in twenty."

"But what you tell me is really miraculous. How has it been done?"

Mrs Tower shrugged her handsome but adipose shoulders.

"I shall be glad if you'll tell me," she replied.

After dinner I tried to make my way to the sofa on which Jane was sitting, but I was intercepted and it was not till a little later that my hostess came up to me and said:

"I must introduce you-to the star of my party. Do you know Jane Napier? She's priceless. She's much more amusing than your comedies."

I was taken up to the sofa. The admiral who had been sitting beside her at dinner was with her still. He showed no sign of moving and Jane, shaking hands with me, introduced me to him.

"Do you know Sir Reginald Frobisher?"

We began to chat. It was the same Jane as I had known before, perfectly simple, homely and unaffected, but her fantastic appearance certainly gave a peculiar savour to what she said. Suddenly I found myself shaking with laughter. She had made a remark, sensible and to the point, but not in the least witty, which her manner of saying and the bland look she gave me through her eyeglass made perfectly irresistible. I felt light-hearted and buoyant. When I left she said to me:

"If you've got nothing better to do, come and see us on Tuesday evening. Gilbert will be so glad to see you."

"When he's been a month in London he'll know that he can have nothing better to do," said the admiral.

So, on Tuesday but rather late, I went to Jane's. I confess I was a little surprised at the company. It was a quite a remarkable collection of writers, painters and politicians, actors, great ladies and great beauties: Mrs Tower was right, it was a grand party. No particular entertainment was provided. The refreshments were adequate without being luxurious. Jane in her quiet way seemed to be enjoying herself; I could not see that she took a great deal of trouble with her guests, but they seemed to like being there and the gay, pleasant party did not break up till two in the morning. After that I saw much of her. I am an amateur of humour and I sought to discover in what lay her peculiar gift. It was impossible to repeat anything she said, for the fun, like certain wines, would not travel. She had no gift for epigram. She never made a brilliant repartee. There was no malice in her remarks nor sting in her rejoinders. There are those who think that impropriety, rather than brevity, is the soul of wit." but she never said a thing that could have brought a blush to a Victorian cheek. I think her humour was

unconscious and I am sure it was unpremeditated. It depended on the way she spoke and on the way she looked. Gilbert was delighted with her success. As I came to know him better I grew to like him. It was quite evident that he was neither a rascal nor a fortune-hunter. He was not only immensely proud of Jane but genuinely devoted to her.

"Well, what do you think of Jane now?" he said to me once, with boyish triumph.

"I don't know which of you is more wonderful," I said. "You or she."

"Oh, I'm nothing."

"Nonsense. You don't think I'm such a fool as not to see that it's you, and only you, who've made Jane what she is."

"My only merit is that I saw what was there when it wasn't obvious to the naked eye," he answered.

"I can understand you seeing that she had in her the possibility of that remarkable appearance, but how in the world have you made her into a humorist?"

"But I always thought the things she said a perfect scream. She was always a humorist."

"You're the only person who ever thought so."

Mrs Tower, not without magnanimity, acknowledged that she had been mistaken in Gilbert. She grew quite attached to him. But notwithstanding appearances she never faltered in her opinion that the marriage could not last. I was obliged to laugh at her.

"Why, I've never seen such a devoted couple," I said.

"Gilbert is twenty-seven now. It's just the time for a pretty girl to come along. Did you notice the other evening at Jane's that pretty little niece of Sir Reginald's? I thought Jane was looking at them both with a good deal of attention, and I wondered to myself."

"I don't believe Jane fears the rivalry of any girl under the sun."

"Wait and see," said Mrs Tower.

"You gave it six months."

"Well, now I give it three years."

When anyone is very positive in an opinion it is only human nature to wish him proved wrong. Mrs Tower was really too cocksure. But such a satisfaction was not mine, for the end that she had always and confidently predicted to the ill-assorted match did in point of fact come. Still, the fates seldom give us what we want in the way we want it, and though Mrs Tower could flatter herself that she had been right, I think after all she would sooner have been wrong. For things did not happen at all in the way she expected.

One day I received an urgent message from her and fortunately went to see her at once. When I was shown into the room Mrs Tower rose from her chair and came towards me with the stealthy swiftness of a leopard stalking his prey. I saw that she was excited.

"Jane and Gilbert have separated," she said.

"Not really? Well, you were right after all."

Mrs Tower looked at me with an expression I could not understand.

"Poor Jane," I muttered.

"Poor Jane!" she repeated, but in tones of such derision that I was dumbfounded.

She found some difficulty in telling me exactly what had occurred.

Gilbert had left her a moment before she leaped to the telephone to summon me. When he entered the room, pale and distraught, she saw at once that something terrible had happened. She knew what he was going to say before he said it.

"Marion, Jane has left me."

She gave him a little smile and took his hand.

"I knew you'd behave like a gentleman. It would have been dreadful for her for people to think that you had left her."

"I've come to you because I knew I could count on your sympathy."

"Oh, I don't blame you, Gilbert," said Mrs Tower, very kindly. "It was bound to happen."

He sighed.

"I suppose so. I couldn't hope to keep her always. She was too wonderful and I'm a perfectly commonplace fellow."

Mrs Tower patted his hand. He was really behaving beautifully.

"And what's going to happen now?"

"Well, she's going to divorce me."

"Jane always said she'd put no obstacle in your way if ever you wanted to marry a girl."

"You don't think it's likely I should ever be willing to marry anyone else after being Jane's husband," he answered

Mrs Tower was puzzled.

"Of course you mean that you've left Jane."

"I? That's the last thing I should ever do."

"Then why is she divorcing you?"

"She's going to marry Sir Reginald Frobisher as soon as the decree is made absolute."

Mrs Tower positively screamed. Then she felt so faint that she had to get her smelling salts.

"After all you've done for her?"

"I've done nothing for her."

"Do you mean to say you're going to allow yourself to be made use of like that?"

"We arranged before we married that if either of us wanted his liberty the other should put no hindrance in the way."

"But that was done on your account. Because you were twenty-seven years younger than she was."

"Well, it's come in very useful for her," he answered bitterly.

Mrs Tower expostulated, argued, and reasoned; but Gilbert insisted that no rules applied to Jane, and he must do exactly what she wanted. He left Mrs Tower prostrate. She was still in a state of extreme agitation when the door was opened and the butler showed in — Jane herself. She was dressed in black and white as no doubt befitted her slightly ambiguous position, but in a dress so original and fantastic, in a hat so striking, that I positively gasped at the sight of her. But she was as ever bland and collected. She came forward to kiss Mrs Tower, but Mrs Tower withdrew herself with icy dignity.

"Gilbert has been here," she said.

"Yes, I know," smiled Jane. "I told him to come and see you. I'm going to Paris tonight and I want you to be very kind to him while I'm away. I'm afraid Just at first he'll be rather lonely and I shall feel more comfortable if I can count on your keeping an eye on him."

Mrs Tower clasped her hands.

"Gilbert has just told me something that I can hardly bring myself to believe. He tells me that you're going to divorce him to marry Reginald Frobisher."

"Don't you remember, before I married Gilbert you advised me to marry a man of my own age? The admiral is fifty-three."

"But, Jane, you owe everything to Gilbert," said Mrs Tower indignantly. "You wouldn't exist without him. Without him to design you clothes, you'll be nothing."

"Oh, he's promised to go on designing my clothes." Jane answered blandly.

"No woman could want a better husband. He's always been kindness itself to you."

"Oh, I know he's been sweet."

"How can you be so heartless?"

"But I was never in love with Gilbert," said Jane. "I always told him that. I'm beginning to feel the need of the companionship of a man of my

own age. I think I've probably been married to Gilbert long enough. The young have no conversation." She paused a little and gave us both a charming smile. "Of course I shan't lose sight of Gilbert. I've arranged that with Reginald. The admiral has a niece that would just suit him. As soon as we're married we'll ask them to stay with us at Malta — you know that the admiral is to have the Mediterranean Command — and I shouldn't be at all surprised if they fell in love with one another."

Mrs Tower gave a little sniff.

"And you have arranged with the admiral that if you want your liberty neither should put any hindrance in the way of the other?"

"I suggested it," Jane answered with composure. "But the admiral says he knows a good thing when he sees it and he won't want to marry anyone else, and if anyone wants to marry me — he has eight twelve-inch guns on his flagship and he'll discuss the matter at short range." She gave us a look through her eyeglass which even the fear of Mrs Tower's wrath could not prevent me from laughing at. "I think the admiral's a very passionate man."

Mrs Tower gave me an angry frown.

"I never thought you funny, Jane," she said. "I never understood why people laughed at the things you said."

"I never thought I was funny myself, Marion," smiled Jane, showing her bright, regular teeth. "I am glad to leave London before too many people come round to your opinion."

"I wish you'd tell me the secret of your astonishing success," I said.

She turned to me with that bland, homely look I knew so well.

"You know, when I married Gilbert and settled in London and people began to laugh at what I said no one was more surprised than I was. I'd said the same things for thirty years and no one ever saw anything to laugh at. I thought it must be my clothes or my bobbed hair or my eyeglass. Then I discovered it was because I spoke the truth. It was so unusual that people thought it humorous. One of these days someone else will discover the secret and when people habitually tell the truth of course there'll be nothing funny in it."

"And why am I the only person not to think it funny?" asked Mrs Tower.

Jane hesitated a little as though she were honestly searching for a satisfactory explanation.

"Perhaps you don't know the truth when you see it, Marion, dear," she answered in her mild good-natured way.

It certainly gave her the last word. I felt that Jane would always have the last word. She was priceless.

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Садовская Елена Дмитриевна
Мокроусова Светлана Никитична
Поплавская Жанна Михайловна

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