

А. КОНАН ДОЙЛ

РАССКАЗЫ



- *тексты для чтения и аудирования*
- *упражнения на совершенствование произношения*
- *упражнения на понимание текста*
- *упражнения на закрепление новых слов*
- *творческие задания*

A. CONAN DOYLE

STORIES

**А. КОНАН ДОЙЛ**

# **РАССКАЗЫ**

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**A. CONAN DOYLE**

# **STORIES**

Адаптация, комментарии,  
словарь, упражнения  
*Ю. Б. Голицынского*

УДК 373  
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О. Ю. Яхнина*

**Конан Дойл А.**

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В книгу вошли рассказы о знаменитом сыщике Шерлоке Холмсе.

Рассказы снабжены разнообразными упражнениями на расширение словарного запаса учащихся, приобретение навыков перевода, развитие способности детально понимать прочитанный материал и умение выражать свое мнение на английском языке.

Книга предназначена для старших классов школ с углубленным изучением английского языка, студентов и широкого круга людей, самостоятельно изучающих английский язык.

Адаптация текстов, комментарии, словарь и упражнения Ю. Б. Голицынского.

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## A CASE OF IDENTITY

“This is one of my clients, or I am much mistaken,” said Sherlock Holmes<sup>1</sup> one evening, as we were both in his little sitting-room in Baker Street<sup>2</sup>. He had risen from his chair and was standing between the parted blinds looking down into the dull London street.

Looking over his shoulder, I saw that on the pavement opposite there stood a large woman with a heavy fur boa round her neck, and a large curling red feather in a broad-brimmed hat. From under this great hat she looked up in a nervous, hesitating fashion at our windows. Suddenly, with a plunge<sup>3</sup>, as of the swimmer who leaves the bank, she hurried across the road, and we heard the sharp clang of the bell.

“I have seen those symptoms before,” said Holmes, throwing his cigarette into the fire. “Hesitation upon the pavement always means a love affair. She wants advice, but is afraid that the matter is too delicate for communication. But here she comes in person to resolve our doubts.”

As he spoke there was a tap at the door, and the servant boy entered to announce Miss Mary Sutherland<sup>4</sup>, while the lady herself loomed behind his

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<sup>1</sup> Sherlock Holmes [ˈʃɜːlək ˈhɒlmz] Шерлок Холмс

<sup>2</sup> Baker Street [ˈbeɪkə ˌstri:t] Бейкер стрит

<sup>3</sup> with a plunge [wɪð ə ˈplʌndʒ] рывком

<sup>4</sup> Mary Sutherland [ˈmeəri ˈsʌðələnd] Мэри Садерленд

small black figure like a full-sailed merchant-ship behind a tiny pilot boat.

Sherlock Holmes welcomed her and, having closed the door and offered her an armchair, he looked attentively at her.

“Do you not find,” he said, “that with your short sight it is a little difficult to do so much typewriting?”

“It was difficult at first,” she answered, “but now I know where the letters are without looking.”

Then, suddenly she gave a violent start and looked up, with fear and astonishment upon her broad, good-humoured face.

“You’ve heard about me, Mr. Holmes,” she cried, “otherwise how could you know all that?”

“Never mind,” said Holmes, laughing; “it is my business to know things. Perhaps I have trained myself to see what others don’t notice. What do you want to consult me about?”

“I came to you, sir, because I heard of you from Mrs. Etherege<sup>1</sup>, whose husband you found so easy when the police and everyone had given him up for dead. Oh, Mr. Holmes, I wish you would do as much for me. I’m not rich, but still I have a hundred a year, besides I earn a little by typewriting and I am ready to give it all to know what has become of Mr. Hosmer Angel<sup>2</sup>.”

“Why did you leave home this morning in such a hurry?” asked Sherlock Holmes.

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<sup>1</sup> **Etherege** [ˈeθərəɪdʒ] Этередж

<sup>2</sup> **Hosmer Angel** [ˈhɒsmə ˈeɪndʒəl] Хосмер Эйнджел



*“What do you want to consult me about?”*

*“I came to you, sir, because I heard of you from Mrs. Etherege, whose husband you found so easy when the police and everyone had given him up for dead.”*

Again a surprised look came over the face of Miss Mary Sutherland. “Yes, I did hurry out of the house,” she said, “for it made me angry to see the easy way in which Mr. Windibank — that is my father — took it all. He did not want to go to the police, and did not want to go to you, and so at last, as he did nothing and kept on saying that everything was all right, it made me angry, and I just put on my things and hurried away to you.”

“Your father,” said Holmes, “he is your stepfather, surely, since the name is different.”

“Yes, my stepfather. I call him father, though it sounds funny, because he is only five years and two months older than myself.”

“And is your mother alive?”

“Oh, yes, mother is alive and well. I was very pleased, Mr. Holmes, when she married again so soon after father’s death, and a man who was nearly fifteen years younger than herself. Father was a plumber in Tottenham Court Road<sup>1</sup>, and he left a good business behind him, which mother carried on with Mr. Hardy<sup>2</sup>, the foreman; but when Mr. Windibank<sup>3</sup> came he made her sell the business, for he was very superior<sup>4</sup>, being a traveller in wines.”

“Does your own little income,” he asked, “does it come out of the business?”

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<sup>1</sup> **Tottenham Court Road** [ˈtɒtnəm ˈkɔ:t ,roud] Тоттенэм Корт Роуд (название улицы)

<sup>2</sup> **Hardy** [ˈhɑ:di] Харди

<sup>3</sup> **Windibank** [ˈwɪndɪbæŋk] Уиндибэнк

<sup>4</sup> **he was very superior** [sjuˈrɪəriə] он очень важничал

“Oh, no, sir. It is quite separate and was left me by my uncle Ned in Auckland<sup>1</sup>, New Zealand<sup>2</sup>.”

“Well,” said Holmes, “since you draw so large a sum as a hundred a year, and earn something by typewriting, you no doubt travel a little and enjoy yourself in every way. There is enough money for that.”

“Yes, Mr. Holmes, but you understand that as long as I live at home I don’t wish to be a burden to them, and so they use my money while I am staying with them. Mr. Windibank draws my interest<sup>3</sup> every quarter of a year and gives it over to mother, and I spend on my personal needs what I earn by typewriting.”

“You have made your position very clear to me,” said Holmes. “This is my friend, Dr. Watson<sup>4</sup>, before whom you can speak as freely as before myself. Kindly tell us now all about your connection with Mr. Hosmer Angel.”

“I met him first at the gasfitters’ ball,” said Miss Sutherland. “They used to send father tickets when he was alive, and then afterwards they remembered us, and sent them to mother.”

“Mr. Windibank did not wish us to go. He never wished us to go anywhere.”

“But this time I was determined to go; and what right had he to prevent?”

“He went off to France upon the business of the firm, and we went, mother and I, with Mr. Hardy,

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<sup>1</sup> **Auckland** [ˈɔːklænd] Окленд

<sup>2</sup> **New Zealand** [ˈnjuː ˈziːlənd] Новая Зеландия

<sup>3</sup> **draws** [drɔːz] **my interest** берет мои проценты (с капитала)

<sup>4</sup> **Watson** [ˈwɒtsn] Ватсон



who used to be our foreman, and it was there I met Mr. Hosmer Angel.

“He called the next day to ask if we had got home all safe, and after that we met him — that is to say, Mr. Holmes, I met him twice for walks, but after that father came back again, and Mr. Hosmer Angel could not come to the house any more.”

“No?”

“Well, you know father didn’t like anything of the sort. He did not want to have any visitors and he used to say that a woman should be happy in her own family circle.”

“But how about Mr. Hosmer Angel? Did he make no attempt to see you?”

“Well, father was going off to France again in a week, and Hosmer wrote and said that it would be safer and better not to see each other until he had gone.

“We could write in the meantime, and he used to write every day. He always typed his letters.”

“Were you engaged to the gentleman at this time?”

“Oh, yes, Mr. Holmes. We were engaged after the first walk that we took. Hosmer — Mr. Angel — was a cashier in an office in Leadenhall Street<sup>1</sup> — and -”

“What office?”

“That’s the worst of it, Mr. Holmes, I don’t know.”

“And you don’t know his address?”

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<sup>1</sup> **Leadenhall Street** [ˈlednɪhɔ:l ,stri:t] Лэденхолл стрит

“No — except that it was Leadenhall Street.”

“Where did you address your letters, then?”

“To the Leadenhall Street Post-Office, to be left till called for<sup>1</sup>.”

“What kind of man was Mr. Hosmer Angel?”

“He was a very shy man, Mr. Holmes. He preferred to walk with me in the evening: he said that he hated walking in the daylight. Very gentlemanly he was. Even his voice was gentle. He’d had the quinsy and swollen glands when he was young, he told me, and it had left him with a weak throat, and a hesitating, whispering fashion of speech. He was always well dressed, but his eyes were weak, and he wore dark glasses against the bright light.”

“Well, and what happened when Mr. Windibank, your stepfather, returned to France?”

“Mr. Hosmer Angel came to the house again and proposed that we should marry before father came back. He made me swear, with my hands on the Testament, that whatever happened I would always be true to him. Mother said he was quite right to make me swear, and that it was a sign of his passion. Mother was all in his favour<sup>2</sup> from the first and was even fonder of him than I was.

“Our wedding was arranged for last Friday. It was to be at St. Saviour’s Church<sup>3</sup>, near King’s Cross. Hosmer came for us in a hansom, but as there were two of us he put us both into it and got himself into a cab.

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<sup>1</sup> **till called for** до востребования

<sup>2</sup> **all in his favour** [ˈfeɪvə] очень к нему благосклонна

<sup>3</sup> **St. Saviour’s Church** [sntˈseɪvjəz ˈtʃə:tʃ] Церковь Святого Спасителя

“We got to the church first, and when the cab drove up we waited for him to step out, but he never did, and when the cabman got down from the box and looked there was no one there!

“The cabman said that he could not imagine what had become of him, for he had seen him get in with his own eyes.

“That was last Friday, Mr. Holmes, and I have never seen or heard anything of him since then.”

“It seems to me that you have been very shamefully treated,” said Holmes.

“Oh, no, sir! He was too good and kind to leave me so. Why, all the morning he was saying to me that, whatever happened, I was to be true; and that even if something quite unforeseen occurred to separate us, I was always to remember that sooner or later he would come back.”

“How did your mother take the matter?”

“She was angry, and said that I was never to think of the man again.”

“And your father? Did you tell him?”

“Yes; and he said he thought that something had happened, and that I should hear of Hosmer again.

“I don’t know, Mr. Holmes, what could have happened. And why could he not write? Oh, it drives me half-mad to think of it, and I can’t sleep a wink<sup>1</sup> at night.”

She took a little handkerchief out of her muff and began to cry into it.

“I shall look into the case for you,” said Holmes, rising, “and I have no doubt that we shall reach

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<sup>1</sup> can’t sleep a wink не могу сомкнуть глаз

some definite result. Do not think about it. Above all, try to let Mr. Hosmer Angel vanish from your memory, as he has vanished from your life.”

“Then you don’t think I’ll see him again?”

“I fear not.”

“Then what has happened to him?”

“I shall find it out. I should like an accurate description of him and his letters which you can give me.”

“I advertised for him in last Saturday’s Chronicle<sup>1</sup>,” said she. “Here is the description and here are four letters from him.”

“Thank you. And your address?”

“No. 31 Lyon Place, Camberwell<sup>2</sup>.”

“Where is your father’s place of business?”

“He travels for Westhouse & Marbank<sup>3</sup>, the great claret importers of Fenchurch Street<sup>4</sup>.”

“Thank you.”

When Miss Sutherland left us, Sherlock Holmes sat silent for a few minutes with his fingertips pressed together, his legs stretched out in front of him, and his gaze directed upward to the ceiling.

“Quite an interesting study, that girl,” he observed.

“You read a good deal upon her which was quite invisible to me,” I remarked.

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<sup>1</sup> **Saturday’s Chronicle** [ˈkrɒnɪkl] Субботняя хроника (*название газеты*)

<sup>2</sup> **Lyon Place, Camberwell** [ˈlaɪən ˌpleɪs ˈkæmbəwel] улица Лайон плейс, Кэмберуэл

<sup>3</sup> **Westhouse & Marbank** [ˈwesthaus ənd ˈmɑːbəŋk] Уэстхаус и Марбэнк (*название фирмы*)

<sup>4</sup> **Fenchurch Street** [ˈfentʃɜːtʃ ˌstri:t] улица Фэнчерч

“Not invisible but unnoticed, Watson. You did not know where to look, and so you missed all that was important.

“My first glance is always at a woman’s sleeve. As you saw, this woman had plush upon her sleeves, which is a most useful material for showing traces.

“The double line a little above the wrist, where the typewritist presses against the table, was beautifully marked.

“Then I looked at her face, and, observing the mark of a pince-nez at either side of her nose, I made a remark upon short sight and typewriting, which seemed to surprise her.”

“It surprised me.”

“But, surely, it was obvious.

“Well, I shall write two letters, which should settle the matter. One is to a firm in the City, the other is to the young lady’s stepfather, Mr. Windibank, asking him to meet us here at six o’clock tomorrow evening. And now, Doctor, we can do nothing until the answers to those letters come.”

The whole of next day I was busy at the bedside of a patient. It was close upon six o’clock when I found myself free at last and was able to spring into a cab and drive to Baker Street.

I found Sherlock Holmes alone.

“Well, have you solved the mystery?” I asked as I entered.

“Yes. There was never any mystery in the matter, though. The only drawback is that there is no law, I fear, that can punish the scoundrel.”

“Who was he, then, and why did he desert Miss Sutherland?”

Holmes had not yet opened his lips to reply, when we heard heavy steps in the corridor and a tap at the door.

“This is the girl’s stepfather, Mr. James Windibank,” said Holmes. “He has written to me to say that he would be here at six. Come in!”

The man who entered was a middle-sized fellow, some thirty years of age, clean-shaven, with a pair of sharp gray eyes. He shot a questioning glance<sup>1</sup> at each of us, put his shiny top-hat upon the side-board, and with a slight bow sat down into the nearest chair.

“Good-evening, Mr. James Windibank,” said Holmes. “I think that this typewritten letter is from you, in which you made an appointment with me for six o’clock?”

“Yes, sir. I am sorry that Miss Sutherland has troubled you about this little matter. It is a useless expense, for how could you possibly find this Hosmer Angel?”

“On the contrary,” said Holmes quietly; I have every reason to believe that I will succeed in discovering Mr. Hosmer Angel.”

Mr. Windibank gave a violent start and dropped his gloves. “I am delighted to hear it,” he said.

“It is a curious thing,” remarked Holmes, “that a typewriter has really quite as much individuality as a man’s handwriting. No two of them write

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<sup>1</sup> shot a questioning glance бросил вопросительный взгляд

exactly alike. Some letters get more worn than others, and some wear only on one side<sup>1</sup>.

“Now, you will see in this note of yours, Mr. Windibank, that in every case there is some little slurring over of the ‘e,’<sup>2</sup> and a slight defect in the tail of the ‘r.’ There are fourteen other characteristics, but those are the more obvious.”

“We do all our correspondence with this typewriter at the office, and no doubt it is a little worn,” our visitor answered, glancing keenly at Holmes with his bright little eyes.

“And now I will show you what is really very interesting, Mr. Windibank,” Holmes continued. “I have here four letters which came from the missing man.

“They are all typewritten.

“In each case, not only are the ‘e’s’ slurred and the ‘r’s’ tailless, but you will observe, if you care to use my magnifying lens, that the fourteen other characteristics which I have mentioned are there as well.”

Mr. Windibank sprang out of his chair and picked up his hat.

“I cannot waste time over this sort of fantastic talk, Mr. Holmes,” he said. “If you can catch the man, catch him, and let me know when you have done it.”

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<sup>1</sup> **Some letters get more worn than others, and some wear only on one side** Некоторые буквы изнашиваются больше других а некоторые изнашиваются только с одной стороны

<sup>2</sup> **there is some little slurring** [‘slə:ɪŋ] **over of the ‘e,’** буква «е» немножко смазана

“Certainly,” said Holmes, stepping over and turning the key in the door. “I let you know, then, that I have caught him!”

“What! where?” shouted Mr. Windibank, turning white to his lips and glancing about him like a rat in a trap.

“Oh, it won’t do,” said Holmes. “You cannot get out of it, Mr. Windibank. Sit down and let us talk it over.”

Our visitor dropped into a chair, with a ghastly face and a glitter of moisture on his forehead.

“It — it’s not punishable,” he stammered.

“I am very much afraid that it is not. But between ourselves, Windibank, it was a cruel, selfish and heartless trick.

“Now, let me just tell you the course of events, and you will contradict me if I go wrong.”

Holmes leaned back in his armchair, with his hands in his pockets, and began talking, rather to himself, than to us.

“The man married a woman very much older than himself for her money,” said he, “and he enjoyed the use of the money of the daughter as long as she lived with them.

“It was a considerable sum, and the loss of it would have made a serious difference.

“It was worth an effort to preserve it.

“The daughter was a nice-looking girl, affectionate and warm-hearted, and so it was evident that she would not remain single long.

“Now her marriage would mean, of course, the loss of a hundred a year, so what does her stepfather do to prevent it?



“He keeps her at home and forbids her to seek the company of people of her own age.

“But soon he found that his measures did not work. The girl insisted upon her rights, and finally announced her positive intention of going to a certain ball.

“What did her clever stepfather do then?

“With the assistance of his wife he disguised himself, covered his keen eyes with dark glasses, masked the face with a moustache and a pair of bushy whiskers, changed his voice into a whisper, and, doubly secure thanks to the girl’s short sight, he appeared as Mr. Hosmer Angel, and kept off other lovers by making love himself.”

“It was only a joke at first,” groaned our visitor.

“Very likely.

“However that may be, the young lady was flattered by the gentleman’s attentions, and the effect was increased by the loudly expressed admiration of her mother.

“But the deception could not be kept up forever. He brought her as far as the church door and then, as he could go no farther, he conveniently vanished away by the old trick of stepping in at one door of a cab and out at the other.

“I think that was the chain of events, Mr. Windibank!”

Our visitor rose from his chair with a cold sneer upon his pale face.

“It may be so, or it may not, Mr. Holmes,” said he, “but if you are so very sharp you ought to be sharp enough to know that it is you who are breaking the law now, and not me. I have done nothing

punishable by law, but as long as you keep that door locked, your actions are punishable.”

“The law cannot, as you say, touch you,” said Holmes, unlocking and throwing open the door, “yet there never was a man who deserved punishment more.

“If the young lady has a brother or a friend, he ought to lay a whip across your shoulders. By Jove!” he continued, flushing up at the sight of the bitter sneer upon the man’s face, “it is not part of my duties to my client, but here’s a good whip, and I think I shall just treat myself<sup>1</sup> to — “ He took two swift steps to the whip, but before he could grasp it there was a wild clatter of steps upon the stairs, the heavy hall door banged, and from the window we could see Mr. James Windibank running at the top of his speed down the road.

## EXERCISES

### 1. Practice the pronunciation of the following words.

client ['klaɪənt]

handkerchief ['hæŋkətʃɪf]

advertised ['ædvətaɪzd]

pince-nez ['pænsneɪ]

affair [ə'feə]

resolve [rɪ'zɒlv]

bow [bau]

succeed [sək'si:d]

superior [sju'piəriə]

patient ['peɪʃnt]

shoulder [ʃouldə]

pavement ['peɪvmənt]

boa ['bouə]

drawback ['drɔ:bæk]

scoundrel ['skaundrəl]

violent ['vaɪlənt]

good-humoured ['gud'hju:məd]

key [ki:]

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<sup>1</sup> I shall just treat myself я позволю себе удовольствие

ghastly ['gɑ:stli]  
moisture ['mɔɪstʃə]  
forehead ['fɔ:ri:d]  
punishable ['pʌnɪʃəbl]  
worth [wɜ:θ]  
Testament ['testəmənt]  
sign [saɪn]  
passion [pæʃn]  
arranged [ə'reɪndʒd]  
shamefully ['ʃeɪmfʊli]  
gloves [glɒvz]  
quinsy ['kwɪnzɪ]

income ['ɪnkəm]  
circle [sə:kl]  
engaged [ɪn'geɪdʒd]  
heartless ['hɑ:tli:s]  
affectionate [ə'fekʃnɪt]  
measures ['meʒəz]  
disguised [dɪs'gɑɪzd]  
moustache [mə'stɑ:ʃ]  
doubly secure ['dʌbli sə'kjʊə]  
unforeseen [ʌnfɔ:'si:n]  
determined [dɪ'tə:mɪnd]  
cashier [kə'ʃɪə]

## 2. Fill in the blanks with the following words and word-combinations.

*Affair, good-humoured, given him up, made, called, dark, step out, shamefully, sleep a wink, close upon, courting.*

1. It seems to me that you have been very \_\_\_\_\_ treated.
2. He kept off other lovers by \_\_\_\_\_ the girl himself.
3. He wore \_\_\_\_\_ glasses against the bright light.
4. Hesitation upon the pavement always means a love \_\_\_\_\_.
5. He \_\_\_\_\_ the next day to ask if we had got home all safe.
6. It drives me half-mad to think of it, and I can't \_\_\_\_\_ at night.
7. She looked up, with fear and astonishment upon her broad, \_\_\_\_\_ face.
8. It was \_\_\_\_\_ six o'clock when I found myself free.
9. When Mr. Windibank came, he \_\_\_\_\_ her sell the business.
10. When the cab drove up, we waited for him to \_\_\_\_\_, but he never did.
11. You found her husband when the police and everyone had \_\_\_\_\_ for dead.

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