

---

# THE SELECTED STORIES OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN WRITERS

---



УДК 372.8:821.111.0  
ББК 81.2 Англ-93  
ИЗ2

ИЗ2 Избранные рассказы английских и американских писателей : книга для чтения на английском языке [подготовка текста, комментарии и словарь С. Ф. Шмелькина]. — Санкт-Петербург : КАРО, 2015. — 192 с. — (Серия «Classical Literature»).

ISBN 978-5-9925-1041-6.

В предлагаемый вниманию читателей сборник вошли отрывки из произведений знаменитых английских и американских писателей Р. Л. Стивенсона, Г. Лонгфелло, М. Твена и других. Книга адресована в первую очередь юным читателям, начинающим изучать английский язык и знакомящимся с английской и американской литературой.

**УДК 372.8:821.111.0**  
**ББК 81.2 Англ-93**

**ISBN 978-5-9925-1041-6**

© КАРО, 2015

# CONTENTS

THE OLD SEA-DOG . . . . .	3
PAID IN HIS OWN COIN . . . . .	10
THE MAGIC MIRROR . . . . .	17
THE INDIANS AND THE BLUE BIRD. . . . .	25
THE STORY OF PELORUS JACK. . . . .	34
THE NERVOUS LAWYER . . . . .	43
A PERILOUS QUEST . . . . .	50
CROSSING THE LINE . . . . .	61
AN EXCITING ADVENTURE. . . . .	71
THE STORY OF GRACE DARLING . . . . .	79
THE SECRET TREASURE . . . . .	87
A BUSY MORNING. . . . .	96
THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER . . . . .	108
THE CHRISTIANS TO THE LIONS . . . . .	119
<i>Vocabulary</i> . . . . .	130

## THE OLD SEA-DOG

From “Treasure Island,”  
by R.L. Stevenson

*Treasure Island, by Robert Louis Stevenson, is one of the most popular stories ever written. The tale is related by a boy — Jim Hawkins — and it is crammed with exciting adventures — a stolen map — cruel and blood-thirsty pirates — thrilling incidents on board the “Hispaniola” while in quest of hidden treasure — the discovery of untold wealth and the final victory over the buccaneers.*

I take up my pen and go back to the time when my father kept the “Admiral Benbow” Inn, and the brown old seaman with the sabre-cut first took up his lodging under our roof.

I remember him as if it was yesterday, as he came plodding to the inn-door, his sea-chest following behind him in a hand-barrow; a tall, strong, heavy, nut-brown man; his tarry pigtail falling over the shoulders of his soiled blue coat; his hands ragged and scarred, with black, broken nails; and the sabre-cut across one cheek, a dirty livid white.

I remember him looking round the cove and whistling to himself as he did so, and then breaking out in that old sea-song that he sang so often afterwards —

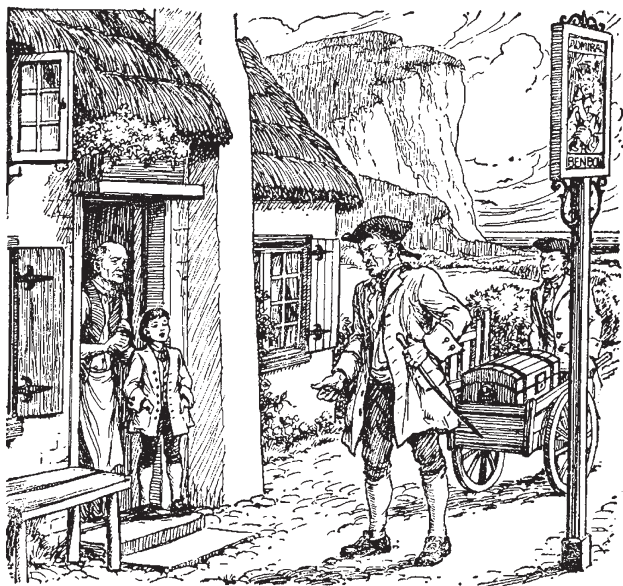
“Fifteen men on the dead man’s chest —  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum,  
Drink and the devil had done for the rest —  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum.”

He rapped at the door with a bit of stick, and when my father appeared, called roughly for a glass of rum. This, when it was brought to him, he drank slowly, and kept looking about him at the cliffs and up at the signboard.

“This is a handy cove,” says he at length, “and a pleasant grog-shop. Much company, mate?”

My father told him no — very little company, the more was the pity.

“Well, then,” said he, “this is the berth for me. Here you, matey,” he cried to the man who trundled the barrow, “bring up alongside and help up my chest. I’ll stay here a bit,” he continued. “I’m a plain man; rum and bacon and eggs is what I want, and that head up there, for to watch ships off. You may call me Captain. Oh! I see what you’re at — there!” and he threw down three or four gold pieces on the threshold. “You can tell me when I’ve worked through that,” says he, looking as fierce as a commander.



And indeed, bad as his clothes were, and coarsely as he spoke, he had none of the appearance of a man who had sailed before the mast; but seemed like a mate or skipper. The man who came with the barrow told us the mail had set him down the morning before at the "Royal George," that he had enquired what inns there were along the coast, and hearing ours well spoken of, I suppose, and described as lonely, had chosen it from the others as his place of residence. And that was all we could learn of our guest.

He was a very silent man by custom. All day he hung around the cove, or upon the cliffs, with a brass telescope; all evening he sat in a corner of the parlour next the fire, and drank rum and water very strong. Mostly he would not speak when spoken to; only look up sudden and fierce, and blow through his nose like a fog-horn; and we, and the people who came about the house, soon learned to let him be. Every day when he came back from his stroll, he would ask if any seafaring men had gone by along the road.

At first we thought it was the want of company of his own kind that made him ask this question; but at last we began to see he was desirous to avoid them. When a seaman put up at the "Admiral Benbow," he would look in at him through the

curtained door before he entered the parlour; and he was always sure to be as silent as a mouse when any such was present. For me, at least, there was no secret about the matter, for I was, in a way, a sharer in his alarms.

He had taken me aside one day, and promised me a silver fourpenny on the first of every month, if I would only keep my “weather-eye open for a seafaring man with one leg,” and let him know the moment he appeared. Often enough, when the first of the month came round, and I applied to him for my wage, he would only blow through his nose at me, and stare me down; but before the week was out he was sure to think better of it, bring me my fourpenny piece, and repeat his orders to look out for “the seafaring man with one leg.”

How that personage haunted my dreams, I need scarcely tell you. On stormy nights, when the wind shook the four corners of the house, and the surf roared along the cove and up the cliffs, I would see him in a thousand forms. To see him leap and run and pursue me over hedge and ditch, was the worst of nightmares. And altogether, I paid pretty dear for my monthly fourpenny piece in the shape of these fancies.

But, though I was so terrified by the idea of the seafaring man with one leg, I was far less afraid of



the Captain himself, than anybody else who knew him. There were nights when he took a deal more rum and water than his head could carry; and then he would sometimes sit and sing his wicked, old, wild sea-songs, minding nobody; but sometimes, he would force all the trembling company to listen to his stories, or bear a chorus to his singing.

Often I have heard the house shaking with “Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum”; all the neighbours joining in for dear life, with the fear of death upon them, and each singing louder than the other, to avoid remark. People were frightened at the time, but on looking back they rather liked it; it was a fine excitement in a quiet country life; and there was even a party of the younger men who pretended to admire him; calling him a “true sea-dog” and a “real old salt,” and such like names, and saying there was the sort of man that made England terrible at sea.

\* \* \*

**sea-dog** [ˈsi:dɔg] — опытный моряк, морской волк,  
пират

**Treasure Island** [ˈtreʒəˈaɪlənd] — Остров Сокровищ

## QUESTIONS ON THE STORY

1. From what famous story is this lesson taken?
2. Who is the author of the story?
3. What was the name of the inn?
4. Who is the chief character of the story?
5. Describe in detail his appearance.
6. Where did he keep all his worldly possessions?
7. What other inn is mentioned in the story?
8. Give as much as you can of the song.
9. Why did the Captain choose to stay at this particular inn?
10. What advance payment for lodging did he make?
11. How did he pass the time during the day?
12. What did he take with him?
13. What question did he always ask on return from his daily strolls?
14. What happened when a seafarer put up at the inn?
15. For whom was the boy told to keep a sharp look-out?
16. How much did the Captain promise to give the boy?
17. When was the reward to be paid to him?
18. What did the boy see in his nightmares?
19. What would the Captain sometimes force the company to do?
20. How did some of the younger folk describe him?

## PAID IN HIS OWN COIN

From “Hajji Baba of Ispahan,”  
by J. Morier

*When Muhammad [or Mahomet] the Great Prophet died, the Arabs entrusted the spiritual power of their religion to the Caliphs. The following story illustrates the wisdom of the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, who was known as the “Solomon of the Arabs.” So that you will understand the story better, here are the meanings of certain uncommon words which appear in the lesson: BEY — a governor, AGA — a commander or lord, CADI — a local judge, MUFTI — a law official, KORAN — the Muslim Scriptures upon which Arab Law is based.*

In the reign of Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, of happy memory, there lived in the city of Baghdad

a celebrated barber of the name of Ali Sakal. He was famous for a steady hand and so dexterous in his profession was he, that he could shave a head or trim a beard and whiskers with his eyes blindfolded, without once drawing blood.

There was not a man of any fashion in Baghdad who did not employ him; and such a run of business had he, that at last he became proud and insolent, and would scarcely ever touch a head whose master was not at least a bey or an aga.

Wood for fuel was always scarce and dear in Baghdad, and, as his shop consumed a great deal, the wood-cutters brought their loads to him in preference, almost sure of meeting with a ready sale.

It happened one day that a poor wood-cutter, new in his profession, and ignorant of the character of Ali Sakal, went to his shop and offered him for sale a load of wood, which he had just brought from a considerable distance in the country on his donkey. Ali immediately offered him a price, making use of these words, "For all the wood that is upon the donkey."

The wood-cutter agreed, unloaded his beast, and asked for the money. "You have not given me all the wood yet," said the barber; "I must have the pack-saddle" (which is chiefly made of wood) "into the bargain — that was our agreement." "How?"

said the other in great amazement, “who ever heard of such a bargain? It is impossible.”

In short, after many words and much argument, the overbearing barber seized the pack-saddle, wood and all, and sent away the poor peasant in great distress. He immediately ran to the *cadi* and stated his grievance. The *cadi* was one of the barber’s customers and refused to hear the case.

The wood-cutter went to a higher judge. He also patronised Ali Sakal and made light of the complaint. The poor man then appealed to the *mufti*, who, having pondered over the question, at length settled that it was too difficult a case for him to decide, no provision being made for it in the Koran; and therefore the peasant must put up with his loss.

The wood-cutter was not disheartened, but forthwith got a scribe to write a petition to the Caliph himself, which was duly presented on Friday, the day when he went in state to the mosque. The Caliph’s punctuality in reading petitions was well known, and it was not long before the wood-cutter was called to his presence.

When he had approached the Caliph, he knelt and kissed the ground; and then placing his arms straight before him, his hands covered with the sleeves of his cloak and his feet close together, he awaited the decision of his case.

“Friend,” said the Caliph, “the barber has words on his side — you have the spirit of justice on yours. The law must be defined by words, and agreements must be made in words; the former must have its course or it is nothing, and agreements must be kept, or there would be no faith between man and man; therefore the barber must keep all his wood.” Then calling the wood-cutter close to him, the Caliph whispered something in his ear, which none but he could hear, and sent him away quite satisfied.

The wood-cutter having made his bows of reverence, returned to his donkey, which was tied without, and proceeded to his home. A few days later, he applied to the barber, as if nothing had happened between them, requesting that he and a companion of his from the country might enjoy the dexterity of his hand; and the price at which both operations were to be performed was settled.

When the wood-cutter’s crown had been properly shorn, Ali Sakal asked where his companion was.

“He is just standing without here,” said the other, “and he shall come in presently.”

Accordingly he went out and returned, leading his donkey after him by the halter.

“This is my companion,” said he, “and you must shave him.”

“Shave him!” exclaimed the barber in the greatest surprise. “It is enough that I have consented to lower myself by touching you; and do you dare to insult me by asking me to shave your donkey? Away with you or I’ll send you both to Jericho!” And forthwith he drove them out of his shop.

The wood-cutter immediately went to the Caliph, was admitted to his presence, and related his case.

“Tis well,” said the Commander of the Faithful. “Bring Ali Sakal and his razors to me this instant!”



he exclaimed to one of his officers; and in the course of ten minutes the barber stood before him.

“Why do you refuse to shave this man’s companion?” said the Caliph to the barber. “Was not that your agreement?”

Ali, kissing the ground, answered, “’Tis true, O Caliph, that such was our agreement; but who ever made a companion of a donkey before or who ever thought of treating it as a true believer?”

“You may say right,” said the Caliph; “but at the same time, who ever thought of insisting on a pack-saddle being included in a load of wood? No, no, it is the wood-cutter’s turn now. To the donkey immediately, or you know the consequences.”

The barber was then obliged to prepare a large quantity of soap, to lather the beast from head to foot, and to shave him in the presence of the Caliph and the whole court, whilst he was jeered and mocked by the taunts of the by-standers. The poor wood-cutter was dismissed with a present of money, and all Baghdad resounded with the story, and celebrated the justice of the Commander of the Faithful.

\* \* \*

**Solomon** [ˈsɒləmən] — древний иудейский царь  
Соломон (мудрец)



## QUESTIONS ON THE STORY

1. In what city did the story take place?
2. What was the barber's name?
3. What proof is given to show his skill as a barber?
4. How did his success in business affect him?
5. From where did the poor wood-cutter bring the load of wood?
6. How did the barber deceive him?
7. To whom did the wood-cutter first state his grievance?
8. What answer did he receive and why?
9. What did the second judge (the mufti) say to his appeal?
10. To whom did he send a petition?
11. On which day was his petition presented?
12. Describe the wood-cutter's actions in the mosque.
13. What was the Caliph's reply?
14. How did the wood-cutter deceive the barber?
15. What did the poor man do to obtain justice?
16. What orders did the Caliph give to his officers?
17. Give the barber's reasons for not shaving the donkey.
18. State the Caliph's answer and decision.
19. How did the by-standers behave?
20. What other name was given to the Caliph?

## THE MAGIC MIRROR

From "Forty More Tales,"  
by S. Southworld

*The following story [not a true one] is very cleverly written and makes interesting reading. It points out a moral which we should all bear in mind.*

King Bardolph was probably the most handsome monarch who had ever ruled over the fine and prosperous country of Carsovia. He was tall, and dark, and broad, and upright. His black hair was thick and curly, his eyes blue, his teeth white, his complexion ruddy, and his strong legs were as straight as fir trees.

In his throne-room, facing the throne, was a very bright, clear mirror; and although he was by no means vain, King Bardolph would often stand in

front of this mirror, and regard, with much satisfaction, his very comely reflection.

But as the years rolled on the King grew lazy. He gave up his hunting, and his riding; he walked no more; he breakfasted in bed, and then turned over and took a nap until noon. When he did go out, he lolled back in his fine carriage, and yawned.

After leading this indolent life for some time, King Bardolph came one morning, and stood before his splendid mirror. As he gazed at his reflection, he started back with horror. What could be wrong with the mirror? Looking back at him from its smooth, polished surface was a fat, blotchy, red-faced man with puffy eyes, a mottled nose, and a rounded stomach.

“Bless my buttons!” gasped Bardolph, “what a horrid-looking fellow! The mirror must be bewitched, for I’m sure that can’t be me. I may be a trifle plump, but that creature is hideously fat, and certainly eats too much. Now, I don’t eat too much. Let me see, what did I have for breakfast? Dear, dear, dear, what was it now? Er — six eggs, seven sausages, half a chicken, four rolls, some butter, some honey, and a couple of flagons of canary wine. Now that’s not too much for a king. No, it certainly can not be me. Some wizard has bewitched the thing.” And pulling a little doubtfully at his lips, he rang a bell.