

ВВЕДЕНИЕ

Предлагаемое пособие по домашнему чтению представляет один из многочисленных вариантов самостоятельной и аудиторной работы над языком. Система заданий носит комплексный характер, сочетая в себе классический лексико-грамматический, стилистический и коммуникативный подходы к обучению иностранным языкам.

Богатство лексики, образность и живость изобразительных средств делают рассказы О. Генри из сборника «Благородный жулик» (*The Gentle Grafter*) незаменимым источником и средством изучения английского языка. Трудно переоценить возможности, которые получают студенты для глубокой филологической работы над словом при чтении рассказов О. Генри. Анализ морфологии и семантики поможет начинающим проникнуть в тайны чужого языка. Особенностью лексико-грамматических заданий в данном пособии является то, что все они получают развитие и закрепление в речевых формах и креативных видах работ.

Целью пособия является совершенствование умений чтения, анализа и интерпретации художественного текста.

Пособие состоит из разделов, каждый из которых посвящен одному рассказу из сборника *The Gentle Grafter*, а также упражнений к нему. Для удобства работы с пособием все разделы сформированы по единому принципу и включают идентичные по характеру упражнения. Комплекс упражнений, вопросов и дополнительных заданий помогает формировать и развивать языковые навыки (лексические и грамматические) и речевые умения в таких видах речевой деятельности, как чтение, говорение и письмо.

Работа с данным пособием требует от студентов творческого подхода к выполнению заданий, обязательного использования справочной литературы (словаря антонимов и синонимов, толкового словаря и др.)

В пособии не ставится задачи охватить весь материал, заслуживающий внимания с учебно-методической точки зрения. Автор надеется, что предлагаемое пособие будет интересным и полезным для студентов, аспирантов и преподавателей филологических факультетов вузов, а также всех, изучающих английский язык самостоятельно.

О. ГЕНРИ

Искусство повествования заключается в том, чтобы скрывать от слушателей всё, что им хочется знать, пока вы не изложите своих заветных взглядов на всевозможные, не относящиеся к делу предметы.

О. Генри

Жанр короткого юмористического рассказа чрезвычайно популярен как среди литераторов, так и среди читателей. Основа популярности короткого юмористического рассказа, как правило, лежит в сюжетной линии и особенностях повествования. Внимание читателя намеренно концентрируется на тех событиях, которые, по мнению автора, являются недостойными с точки зрения человеческих норм морали. Читателю предоставляется право оценить поступки героя и сделать соответствующие выводы. Именно в жанре короткого юмористического рассказа работал известный писатель О. Генри (настоящее имя Уильям Сидни Портер). В его произведениях в этом жанре, тесно переплетаются элементы легкого юмора и жесткой социальной сатиры. Юмор в рассказах вскрывает неполноценность жизни, подчеркивая, преувеличивая, гиперболизируя ее, делая ее ощутимой, конкретной в произведениях. Юмористическая стихия у О. Генри является одной из наиболее привлекательных сторон его творчества, уходя корнями в традиции комического рассказа [1].

Лучшие произведения О. Генри успешно выдержали испытание временем и сохранили значение художественных документов американской действительности начала XX века. В многоплановом и многоплановом языке творчества художника отразилась жизнь различных областей Америки — Запада и Юга, Большого города и маленьких поселков. В языке произведений писателя нашла свое место обширная галерея типов и характеров, представителей самого многочисленного «среднего класса» современной О. Генри Америки [2].

О. Генри никогда не изменяет чувства юмора, он умеет находить смешную сторону в самых обыденных и далеко не веселых

ситуациях. Однако его юмор отнюдь не всегда весел и добродушен. Сочувствуя «маленьким людям», он четко указывает на причины их бедственного положения — грабительскую политику монополий, наживающихся на труде бедняков и обрекающих их на голодное существование. И здесь его юмор приобретает характер острой социальной сатиры. Отделить иронию и юмор от повествования О. Генри невозможно — это его «стихия, природная среда его таланта. Далеко не всегда ситуация новелл юмористична; и все же на какие эмоциональные клавиши ни нажимал бы автор, неизменно иронический склад его ума придает совершенно особый оттенок всему происходящему» [3].

О. Генри — значительный мастер языка новеллистического жанра. С его именем связан расцвет короткого рассказа в первые два десятилетия XX века («эра О. Генри» — Ф. Патти). Он значительно развил язык новеллы, обогатил его новыми темами, расширил сферу охвата жизненного материала. Значительность идейно-образного содержания языка, легкость, грациозность, изящество формы, экономия изобразительных средств, широкое использование родного языка разных стилевых пластов делают язык новеллы О. Генри неповторимым [2].

В языке цикла рассказов «Благородный жулик» (*The Gentle Grafter*) писатель изобразил пагубное влияние американского образа жизни на людей, развивающего потребительские стороны личности, высмеял фальшь и лицемерие буржуазной филантропии, законодательства. Рассказы сборника объединены сквозным героем — Джеффом Питерсом (*Jeff Peters*), от имени которого ведётся повествование (точнее, новеллы построены как рассказ Джеффа автору). Второй сквозной герой цикла — Энди Таккер (*Andy Tucker*), друг и компаньон Питерса. Оба персонажа с переменным успехом зарабатывают на жизнь с помощью мелкого мошенничества, эксплуатируя человеческие жадность, глупость, страх и тщеславие, время от времени попадаясь на удочку своих более предприимчивых собратьев по профессии.

О. Генри принадлежал к числу немногих талантов, умеющих использовать сатирико-юмористический характер языка. Умение видеть предмет, явление, лицо с неожиданной стороны, в неожиданной связи, способность сближать по ассоциации или контрасту самые неожиданные факты, видеть их нелепую или комическую

сторону, умение страшное и непонятное делать смешным и легким для восприятия, чувство юмора определяют совершенно особый колорит языка произведений писателя, создают стихию комического. Писатель нередко теряется в шутках, каламбурах, противопоставлениях. Но смех — великий посредник в деле различения добра и зла. О. Генри в языке своих новелл смеялся над злом и приглашал читателя разделить радость от его раскрытия. Юмор в языке произведений автора прошел тот же путь развития — от безобидной шутки до злого сарказма. Смех скрывал боль и разочарование, помогал спрятать сатиру, которую не прощали в Америке, вызывал искренность и сострадание. Формы юмора и его функции в языке творчества О. Генри разнообразны: это и форма разговора с читателем, и принцип анализа действительности. Источник комического — сама жизнь, ситуации, характеры, их столкновения. Градация смеха — от шутки над самоуверенным ковбоем до злой пародии на общественное явление. В смехе О. Генри много от фольклора западного фронта с его преувеличениями и комическими нелепостями, практической шуткой и смешением речевых пластов речи, эвфемизмами и острыми непереводаемыми словечками. Писатель необычайно обогатил арсенал выразительных средств языка американской сатиры [2].

О. Генри творчески использовал язык поэтики устного народного рассказа, анекдота, пародии, занимательной интриги. Оригинальность рассказов О. Генри проявилась в блестящем применении жаргона, острых словечек и фразеологизированных конструкций, в общей колоритности диалогов [1]. Сюжетность — характерная особенность новеллы. Писатель придавал сюжетно-фабульной основе своих произведений серьезное значение. Его новелла динамична, занимательна, отличается нарастанием драматического конфликта к финалу, четкой структурой.

Отличительной чертой коротких рассказов О. Генри является, в частности, то, что он вводит не одну, а две концовки. Первое окончание, как правило, оказывается ложным, зато второе все расставляет по своим местам. Сила таланта О. Генри не только в умелом юмористическом сюжете, а в скрытом философском смысле каждого из рассказов. Все короткие рассказы пронизаны мыслью о том, что счастливый конец будет для тех, кто не теряет надежду [1].

Герои О. Генри поступали по велению сердца. Неожиданным финал был только для читателей, но не для персонажа. В этом — особенность психологизма языка новелл. Индивидуальность языка произведений писателя ставила его особняком в истории развития языка короткого рассказа. Любое подражание было лишь слабым отсветом оригинала [2]. Влияние О. Генри испытали, сознательно или бессознательно, крупнейшие мастера американской прозы. Тема человечности, широко и мощно прозвучавшая в языке произведений автора, остается главной в языке произведений современных писателей Америки.

UNIT 1

THE OCTOPUS MAROONED

"A trust is its weakest point," said Jeff Peters.

"That," said I, "sounds like one of those unintelligible remarks such as, 'Why is a policeman?'"

"It is not," said Jeff. "There are no relations between a trust and a policeman. My remark was an epitogram — an axis — a kind of mulct'em in parvo. What it means is that a trust is like an egg, and it is not like an egg. If you want to break an egg you have to do it from the outside. The only way to break up a trust is from the inside. Keep sitting on it until it hatches. Look at the brood of young colleges and libraries that's chirping and peeping all over the country. Yes, sir, every trust bears in its own bosom the seeds of its destruction like a rooster that crows near a Georgia colored Methodist camp meeting, or a Republican announcing himself a candidate for governor of Texas."

I asked Jeff, jestingly, if he had ever, during his checkered, plaided, mottled, pied and dappled career, conducted an enterprise of the class to which the word "trust" had been applied. Somewhat to my surprise he acknowledged the corner.

"Once," said he. "And the state seal of New Jersey never bit into a charter that opened up a solider and safer piece of legitimate octopusing. We had everything in our favor — wind, water, police, nerve, and a clean monopoly of an article indispensable to the public. There wasn't a trust buster on the globe that could have found a weak spot in our scheme. It made Rockefeller's little kerosene speculation look like a bucket shop. But we lost out."

"Some unforeseen opposition came up, I suppose," I said.

"No, sir, it was just as I said. We were self-curbed. It was a case of auto-suppression. There was a rift within the loot, as Albert Tennyson says.

"You remember I told you that me and Andy Tucker was partners for some years. That man was the most talented conniver at stratagems I ever saw. Whenever he saw a dollar in another man's hands he took it as a personal grudge, if he couldn't take it any other way. Andy was educated, too, besides having a lot of useful information. He had acquired a big amount of experience out of books, and could talk for hours on any subject connected with ideas and discourse. He had been in every line of graft from lecturing on Palestine with a lot of magic lantern pictures of

the annual Custom-made Clothiers' Association convention at Atlantic City to flooding Connecticut with bogus wood alcohol distilled from nutmegs.

"One Spring me and Andy had been over in Mexico on a flying trip during which a Philadelphia capitalist had paid us \$2,500 for a half interest in a silver mine in Chihuahua. Oh, yes, the mine was all right. The other half interest must have been worth two or three thousand. I often wondered who owned that mine.

"In coming back to the United States, me and Andy stubbed our toes against a little town in Texas on the bank of the Rio Grande. The name of it was Bird City; but it wasn't. The town had about 2,000 inhabitants, mostly men. I figured out that their principal means of existence was in living close to tall chaparral. Some of 'em were stockmen and some gamblers and some horse speculators and plenty were in the smuggling line. Me and Andy put up at a hotel that was built like something between a roof-garden and a sectional bookcase. It began to rain the day we got there. As the saying is, Juniper Aquarius was sure turning on the water plugs on Mount Amphibious.

"Now, there were three saloons in Bird City, though neither Andy nor me drank. But we could see the townspeople making a triangular procession from one to another all day and half the night. Everybody seemed to know what to do with as much money as they had.

"The third day of the rain it slacked up awhile in the afternoon, so me and Andy walked out to the edge of town to view the mudscape. Bird City was built between the Rio Grande and a deep wide arroyo that used to be the old bed of the river. The bank between the stream and its old bed was cracking and giving away, when we saw it, on account of the high water caused by the rain. Andy looks at it a long time. That man's intellects was never idle. And then he unfolds to me a instantaneous idea that has occurred to him. Right there was organized a trust; and we walked back into town and put it on the market.

"First we went to the main saloon in Bird City, called the Blue Snake, and bought it. It cost us \$1,200. And then we dropped in, casual, at Mexican Joe's place, referred to the rain, and bought him out for \$500. The other one came easy at \$400.

"The next morning Bird City woke up and found itself an island. The river had busted through its old channel, and the town was surrounded by roaring torrents. The rain was still raining, and there was

heavy clouds in the northwest that presaged about six more mean annual rainfalls during the next two weeks. But the worst was yet to come.

"Bird City hopped out of its nest, waggled its pin feathers and strolled out for its matutinal toot. Lo! Mexican Joe's place was closed and likewise the other little 'dobe life saving station. So, naturally the body politic emits thirsty ejaculations of surprise and ports hellum for the Blue Snake. And what does it find there?

"Behind one end of the bar sits Jefferson Peters, octopus, with a sixshooter on each side of him, ready to make change or corpses as the case may be. There are three bartenders; and on the wall is a ten foot sign reading: 'All Drinks One Dollar. Andy sits on the safe in his neat blue suit and gold-banded cigar, on the lookout for emergencies. The town marshal is there with two deputies to keep order, having been promised free drinks by the trust.

"Well, sir, it took Bird City just ten minutes to realize that it was in a cage. We expected trouble; but there wasn't any. The citizens saw that we had 'em. The nearest railroad was thirty miles away; and it would be two weeks at least before the river would be fordable. So they began to cuss, amiable, and throw down dollars on the bar till it sounded like a selection on the xylophone.

"There was about 1,500 grown-up adults in Bird City that had arrived at years of indiscretion; and the majority of 'em required from three to twenty drinks a day to make life endurable. The Blue Snake was the only place where they could get 'em till the flood subsided. It was beautiful and simple as all truly great swindles are.

"About ten o'clock the silver dollars dropping on the bar slowed down to playing two-steps and marches instead of jigs. But I looked out the window and saw a hundred or two of our customers standing in line at Bird City Savings and Loan Co., and I knew they were borrowing more money to be sucked in by the clammy tendrils of the octopus.

"At the fashionable hour of noon everybody went home to dinner. We told the bartenders to take advantage of the lull, and do the same. Then me and Andy counted the receipts. We had taken in \$1,300. We calculated that if Bird City would only remain an island for two weeks the trust would be able to endow the Chicago University with a new dormitory of padded cells for the faculty, and present every worthy poor man in Texas with a farm, provided he furnished the site for it.

"Andy was especial inroaded by self-esteem at our success, the rudiments of the scheme having originated in his own surmises and premonitions. He got off the safe and lit the biggest cigar in the house.

"Jeff, says he, 'I don't suppose that anywhere in the world you could find three cormorants with brighter ideas about down-treading the proletariat than the firm of Peters, Satan and Tucker, incorporated. We have sure handed the small consumer a giant blow in the sole apoplectic region. No?

"Well, says I, 'it does look as if we would have to take up gastritis and golf or be measured for kilts in spite of ourselves. This little turn in bug juice is, verily, all to the Skibo. And I can stand it, says I, 'I'd rather batten than bant any day.

"Andy pours himself out four fingers of our best rye and does with it as was so intended. It was the first drink I had ever known him to take.

"By way of liberation, says he, 'to the gods.

"And then after thus doing umbrage to the heathen diabetes he drinks another to our success. And then he begins to toast the trade, beginning with Raisuli and the Northern Pacific, and on down the line to the little ones like the school book combine and the oleomargarine outrages and the Lehigh Valley and Great Scott Coal Federation.

"It's all right, Andy, says I, 'to drink the health of our brother monopolists, but don't overdo the wassail. You know our most eminent and loathed multi-corruptionists live on weak tea and dog biscuits.

"Andy went in the back room awhile and came out dressed in his best clothes. There was a kind of murderous and soulful look of gentle riotousness in his eye that I didn't like. I watched him to see what turn the whiskey was going to take in him. There are two times when you never can tell what is going to happen. One is when a man takes his first drink; and the other is when a woman takes her latest.

"In less than an hour Andy's skate had turned to an ice yacht. He was outwardly decent and managed to preserve his aquarium, but inside he was impromptu and full of unexpectedness.

"Jeff, says he, 'do you know that I'm a crater — a living crater?

"That's a self-evident hypothesis, says I. 'But you're not Irish. Why don't you say 'creature, according to the rules and syntax of America?

"I'm the crater of a volcano, says he. 'I'm all aflame and crammed inside with an assortment of words and phrases that have got to have an exodus. I can feel millions of synonyms and parts of speech rising in me, says he, 'and I've got to make a speech of some sort. Drink, says Andy, 'always drives me to oratory.

"It could do no worse, says I.

"From my earliest recollections, says he, 'alcohol seemed to stimulate my sense of recitation and rhetoric. Why, in Bryan's second campaign, says Andy, 'they used to give me three gin rickeys and I'd speak two hours longer than Billy himself could on the silver question. Finally, they persuaded me to take the gold cure.

"If you've got to get rid of your excess verbiage, says I, 'why not go out on the river bank and speak a piece? It seems to me there was an old spell-binder named Cantharides that used to go and disincorporate himself of his windy numbers along the seashore.

"No, says Andy, 'I must have an audience. I feel like if I once turned loose people would begin to call Senator Beveridge the Grand Young Sphinx of the Wabash. I've got to get an audience together, Jeff, and get this oral distension assuaged or it may turn in on me and I'd go about feeling like a deckle-edge edition de luxe of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth.

"On what special subject of the theorems and topics does your desire for vocality seem to be connected with? I asks.

"I ain't particular, says Andy. 'I am equally good and varicose on all subjects. I can take up the matter of Russian immigration, or the poetry of John W. Keats, or the tariff, or Kabyle literature, or drainage, and make my audience weep, cry, sob and shed tears by turns.

"Well, Andy, says I, 'if you are bound to get rid of this accumulation of vernacular suppose you go out in town and work it on some indulgent citizen. Me and the boys will take care of the business. Everybody will be through dinner pretty soon, and salt pork and beans makes a man pretty thirsty. We ought to take in \$1,500 more by midnight.

"So Andy goes out of the Blue Snake, and I see him stopping men on the street and talking to 'em. By and by he has half a dozen in a bunch listening to him; and pretty soon I see him waving his arms and elocuting at a good-sized crowd on a corner. When he walks away they string out after him, talking all the time; and he leads 'em down the main street of Bird City with more men joining the procession as they go. It reminded me of the old legerdemain that I'd read in books about the Pied Piper of Heidsieck charming the children away from the town.

"One o'clock came; and then two; and three got under the wire for place; and not a Bird citizen came in for a drink. The streets were deserted except for some ducks and ladies going to the stores. There was only a light drizzle falling then.

"A lonesome man came along and stopped in front of the Blue Snake to scrape the mud off his boots.

"Pardner, says I, 'what has happened? This morning there was hectic gaiety afoot; and now it seems more like one of them ruined cities of Tyre and Siphon where the lone lizard crawls on the walls of the main port-cullis.

"The whole town, says the muddy man, 'is up in Sperry's wool warehouse listening to your side-kicker make a speech. He is some gravy on delivering himself of audible sounds relating to matters and conclusions, says the man.

"Well, I hope he'll adjourn, sine qua non, pretty soon, says I, 'for trade languishes.

"Not a customer did we have that afternoon. At six o'clock two Mexicans brought Andy to the saloon lying across the back of a burro. We put him in bed while he still muttered and gesticulated with his hands and feet.

"Then I locked up the cash and went out to see what had happened. I met a man who told me all about it. Andy had made the finest two hour speech that had ever been heard in Texas, he said, or anywhere else in the world.

"What was it about? I asked.

"Temperance, says he. 'And when he got through, every man in Bird City signed the pledge for a year."

Task 1.

1. Read and understand the story "The Octopus Marroned".
2. Make a glossary on the given story.

Task 2.

Translate from English into Russian the following passage from the story.

"In coming back to the United States me and Andy stubbed our toes against a little town in Texas on the bank of the Rio Grande. The name of it was Bird City; but it wasn't. The town had about 2,000 inhabitants, mostly men. I figured out that their principal means of existence was in living close to tall chaparral. Some of 'em were stockmen and some gamblers and some horse speculators and plenty were in the smuggling line. Me and Andy put up at a hotel that was built like something

between a roof-garden and a sectional bookcase. It began to rain the day we got there. As the saying is, Juniper Aquarius was sure turning on the water plugs on Mount Amphibious.

"Now, there were three saloons in Bird City, though neither Andy nor me drank. But we could see the townspeople making a triangular procession from one to another all day and half the night. Everybody seemed to know what to do with as much money as they had.

"The third day of the rain it slacked up awhile in the afternoon, so me and Andy walked out to the edge of town to view the mudscape. Bird City was built between the Rio Grande and a deep wide arroyo that used to be the old bed of the river. The bank between the stream and its old bed was cracking and giving away, when we saw it, on account of the high water caused by the rain. Andy looks at it a long time. That man's intellects was never idle. And then he unfolds to me a instantaneous idea that has occurred to him. Right there was organized a trust; and we walked back into town and put it on the market.

"First we went to the main saloon in Bird City, called the Blue Snake, and bought it. It cost us \$1,200. And then we dropped in, casual, at Mexican Joe's place, referred to the rain, and bought him out for \$500. The other one came easy at \$400.

Task 3.

Use words and phrases in sentences.

1. mulct'em in parvo
2. legitimate octopusing
3. roof-garden
4. sixshooter
5. multi-corruptionists
6. deckle-edge edition
7. main port-cullis

Task 4.

Answer the questions.

1. What adjectives did O. Henry use to describe the word "career"?
2. With what did O. Henry compare the trust?
3. Who was Andy Tucker?
4. Where was Bird City situated?

5. What was the name of the first saloon, which they have bought?
6. What was the description of Jefferson Peters?
7. How did alcohol stimulate Andy?
8. What was the idea of the trust?
9. Why did they business fail?
10. What was Andy's speech about?

Task 5.

Match the sentence halves.

1. Look at the brood of young colleges and libraries
2. There wasn't a trust buster on the globe that could have found
3. The other half interest must have been worth
4. But we could see the townspeople making a triangular procession
5. The bank between the stream and its old bed was cracking and giving away,
6. Andy sits on the safe in his neat blue suit and gold-banded cigar,
7. He got off the safe and lit
8. There was a kind of murderous and soulful look of gentle riotousness in his eye
9. I feel like if I once turned loose people would begin
10. We put him in bed while he still muttered
 - a. to call Senator Beveridge the Grand Young Sphinx of the Wash.
 - b. when we saw it, on account of the high water caused by the rain.
 - c. that's chirping and peeping all over the country.
 - d. and gesticulated with his hands and feet.
 - e. two or three thousand.
 - f. on the lookout for emergencies.
 - g. a weak spot in our scheme.
 - h. from one to another all day and half the night.
 - i. that I didn't like.
 - j. the biggest cigar in the house.

Task 6.

Explain a word or phrase, not translating it.

1. candidate for governor
2. conniver

3. matutinal toot
4. cormorants
5. gin rickeys

Task 7.

Write out and translate sentences with passive voice.

Task 8.

Write a short story summary.

UNIT 2

JEFF PETERS

AS A PERSONAL MAGNET

Jeff Peters has been engaged in as many schemes for making money as there are recipes for cooking rice in Charleston, S. C.

Best of all I like to hear him tell of his earlier days when he sold liniments and cough cures on street corners, living hand to mouth, heart to heart with the people, throwing heads or tails with fortune for his last coin.

"I struck Fisher Hill, Arkansaw," said he, "in a buckskin suit, moccasins, long hair and a thirty-carat diamond ring that I got from an actor in Texarkana. I don't know what he ever did with the pocket knife I swapped him for it.

"I was Dr. Waugh-hoo, the celebrated Indian medicine man. I carried only one best bet just then, and that was Resurrection Bitters. It was made of life-giving plants and herbs accidentally discovered by Ta-quala, the beautiful wife of the chief of the Choctaw Nation, while gathering truck to garnish a platter of boiled dog for the annual corn dance.

"Business hadn't been good in the last town, so I only had five dollars. I went to the Fisher Hill druggist and he credited me for half a gross of eight ounce bottles and corks. I had the labels and ingredients in my valise, left over from the last town. Life began to look rosy again after I got in my hotel room with the water running from the tap, and the Resurrection Bitters lining up on the table by the dozen.

"Fake? No, sir. There was two dollars' worth of fluid extract of cinchona and a dime's worth of aniline in that half-gross of bitters. I've gone through towns years afterwards and had folks ask for 'em again.

"I hired a wagon that night and commenced selling the bitters on Main Street. Fisher Hill was a low, malarial town; and a compound hypothetical pneumocardiac anti-scorbutic tonic was just what I diagnosed the crowd as needing. The bitters started off like sweetbreads-on-toast at a vegetarian dinner. I had sold two dozen at fifty cents apiece when I felt somebody pull my coat tail. I knew what that meant; so I climbed down and sneaked a five dollar bill into the hand of a man with a German silver star on his lapel.

"Constable, says I, 'it's a fine night.

"Have you got a city license, he asks, 'to sell this illegitimate essence of spooju that you flatter by the name of medicine?"

"I have not, says I. 'I didn't know you had a city. If I can find it to-morrow I'll take one out if it's necessary.

"I'll have to close you up till you do, says the constable.

"I quit selling and went back to the hotel. I was talking to the landlord about it.

"Oh, you won't stand no show in Fisher Hill, says he. 'Dr. Hoskins, the only doctor here, is a brother-in-law of the Mayor, and they won't allow no fake doctor to practice in town.

"I don't practice medicine, says I, 'I've got a State peddler's license, and I take out a city one wherever they demand it.

"I went to the Mayor's office the next morning and they told me he hadn't showed up yet. They didn't know when he'd be down. So Doc Waugh-hoo hunches down again in a hotel chair and lights a jimpsoneed regalia, and waits.

"By and by a young man in a blue necktie slips into the chair next to me and asks the time.

"Half-past ten, says I, 'and you are Andy Tucker. I've seen you work. Wasn't it you that put up the Great Cupid Combination package on the Southern States? Let's see, it was a Chilian diamond engagement ring, a wedding ring, a potato masher, a bottle of soothing syrup and Dorothy Vernon — all for fifty cents.

"Andy was pleased to hear that I remembered him. He was a good street man; and he was more than that — he respected his profession, and he was satisfied with 300 per cent. profit. He had plenty of offers to go into the illegitimate drug and garden seed business; but he was never to be tempted off of the straight path.

"I wanted a partner, so Andy and me agreed to go out together. I told him about the situation in Fisher Hill and how finances was low on account of the local mixture of politics and jalap. Andy had just got in on the train that morning. He was pretty low himself, and was going to canvass the whole town for a few dollars to build a new battleship by popular subscription at Eureka Springs. So we went out and sat on the porch and talked it over.

"The next morning at eleven o'clock when I was sitting there alone, an Uncle Tom shuffles into the hotel and asked for the doctor to come and see Judge Banks, who, it seems, was the mayor and a mighty sick man.

"I'm no doctor, says I. 'Why don't you go and get the doctor?"

"Boss, says he. 'Doc Hoskins am done gone twenty miles in de country to see some sick persons. He's de only doctor in de town, and Massa Banks am powerful bad off. He sent me to ax you to please, suh, come.

"As man to man, says I, 'I'll go and look him over. So I put a bottle of Resurrection Bitters in my pocket and goes up on the hill to the mayor's mansion, the finest house in town, with a mansard roof and two cast iron dogs on the lawn.

"This Mayor Banks was in bed all but his whiskers and feet. He was making internal noises that would have had everybody in San Francisco hiking for the parks. A young man was standing by the bed holding a cup of water.

"Doc, says the Mayor, 'I'm awful sick. I'm about to die. Can't you do nothing for me?

"Mr. Mayor, says I, 'I'm not a regular preordained disciple of S. Q. Lapius. I never took a course in a medical college, says I. 'I've just come as a fellow man to see if I could be off assistance.

"I'm deeply obliged, says he. 'Doc Waugh-hoo, this is my nephew, Mr. Biddle. He has tried to alleviate my distress, but without success. Oh, Lordy! Ow-ow-ow!! he sings out.

"I nods at Mr. Biddle and sets down by the bed and feels the mayor's pulse. 'Let me see your liver — your tongue, I mean, says I. Then I turns up the lids of his eyes and looks close that the pupils of 'em.

"How long have you been sick? I asked.

"I was taken down — ow-ouch — last night, says the Mayor. 'Gimme something for it, doc, won't you?

"Mr. Fiddle, says I, 'raise the window shade a bit, will you?

"Biddle, says the young man. 'Do you feel like you could eat some ham and eggs, Uncle James?

"Mr. Mayor, says I, after laying my ear to his right shoulder blade and listening, 'you've got a bad attack of super-inflammation of the right clavicle of the harpsichord!

"Good Lord! says he, with a groan, 'Can't you rub something on it, or set it or anything?

"I picks up my hat and starts for the door.

"You ain't going, doc? says the Mayor with a howl. 'You ain't going away and leave me to die with this — superfluity of the clapboards, are you?

"Common humanity, Dr. Whoa-ha, says Mr. Biddle, 'ought to prevent your deserting a fellow-human in distress.

"Dr. Waugh-hoo, when you get through plowing, says I. And then I walks back to the bed and throws back my long hair.

"Mr. Mayor, says I, 'there is only one hope for you. Drugs will do you no good. But there is another power higher yet, although drugs are high enough, says I.

"And what is that? says he.

"Scientific demonstrations, says I. 'The triumph of mind over sarsaparilla. The belief that there is no pain and sickness except what is produced when we ain't feeling well. Declare yourself in arrears. Demonstrate.

"What is this paraphernalia you speak of, Doc? says the Mayor. 'You ain't a Socialist, are you?

"I am speaking, says I, 'of the great doctrine of psychic financing — of the enlightened school of long-distance, sub-conscientious treatment of fallacies and meningitis — of that wonderful in-door sport known as personal magnetism.

"Can you work it, doc? asks the Mayor.

"I'm one of the Sole Sanhedrims and Ostensible Hooplas of the Inner Pulpit, says I. 'The lame talk and the blind rubber whenever I make a pass at 'em. I am a medium, a coloratura hypnotist and a spirituous control. It was only through me at the recent seances at Ann Arbor that the late president of the Vinegar Bitters Company could revisit the earth to communicate with his sister Jane. You see me peddling medicine on the street, says I, 'to the poor. I don't practice personal magnetism on them. I do not drag it in the dust, says I, 'because they haven't got the dust.

"Will you treat my case? asks the Mayor.

"Listen, says I. 'I've had a good deal of trouble with medical societies everywhere I've been. I don't practice medicine. But, to save your life, I'll give you the psychic treatment if you'll agree as mayor not to push the license question.

"Of course I will, says he. 'And now get to work, doc, for them pains are coming on again.

"My fee will be \$250.00, cure guaranteed in two treatments, says I.

"All right, says the Mayor. 'I'll pay it. I guess my life's worth that much.

"I sat down by the bed and looked him straight in the eye.

"Now, says I, 'get your mind off the disease. You ain't sick. You haven't got a heart or a clavicle or a funny bone or brains or anything. You haven't got any pain. Declare error. Now you feel the pain that you didn't have leaving, don't you?

"I do feel some little better, doc, says the Mayor, 'darned if I don't. Now state a few lies about my not having this swelling in my left side, and I think I could be propped up and have some sausage and buckwheat cakes.

"I made a few passes with my hands.

"Now, says I, 'the inflammation's gone. The right lobe of the perihelion has subsided. You're getting sleepy. You can't hold your eyes open any longer. For the present the disease is checked. Now, you are asleep.

"The Mayor shut his eyes slowly and began to snore.

"You observe, Mr. Tiddle, says I, 'the wonders of modern science.

"Biddle, says he, 'When will you give uncle the rest of the treatment, Dr. Pooh-pooh?

"Waugh-hoo, says I. 'I'll come back at eleven to-morrow. When he wakes up give him eight drops of turpentine and three pounds of steak. Good morning.

"The next morning I was back on time. 'Well, Mr. Riddle, says I, when he opened the bedroom door, 'and how is uncle this morning?

"He seems much better, says the young man.

"The mayor's color and pulse was fine. I gave him another treatment, and he said the last of the pain left him.

"Now, says I, 'you'd better stay in bed for a day or two, and you'll be all right. It's a good thing I happened to be in Fisher Hill, Mr. Mayor, says I, 'for all the remedies in the cornucopia that the regular schools of medicine use couldn't have saved you. And now that error has flew and pain proved a perjurer, let's allude to a cheerfuller subject — say the fee of \$250. No checks, please, I hate to write my name on the back of a check almost as bad as I do on the front.

"I've got the cash here, says the mayor, pulling a pocket book from under his pillow.

"He counts out five fifty-dollar notes and holds 'em in his hand.

"Bring the receipt, he says to Biddle.

"I signed the receipt and the mayor handed me the money. I put it in my inside pocket careful.

"Now do your duty, officer, says the mayor, grinning much unlike a sick man.

"Mr. Biddle lays his hand on my arm.

"You're under arrest, Dr. Waugh-hoo, alias Peters, says he, 'for practising medicine without authority under the State law.

"Who are you? I asks.

"I'll tell you who he is, says Mr. Mayor, sitting up in bed. 'He's a detective employed by the State Medical Society. He's been following you over five counties. He came to me yesterday and we fixed up this scheme to catch you. I guess you won't do any more doctoring around these parts, Mr. Fakir. What was it you said I had, doc? the mayor laughs, 'compound — well, it wasn't softening of the brain, I guess, anyway.

"A detective, says I.

"Correct, says Biddle. 'I'll have to turn you over to the sheriff.

"Let's see you do it, says I, and I grabs Biddle by the throat and half throws him out the window, but he pulls a gun and sticks it under my chin, and I stand still. Then he puts handcuffs on me, and takes the money out of my pocket.

"I witness, says he, 'that they're the same bank bills that you and I marked, Judge Banks. I'll turn them over to the sheriff when we get to his office, and he'll send you a receipt. They'll have to be used as evidence in the case.

"All right, Mr. Biddle, says the mayor. 'And now, Doc Waugh-hoo, he goes on, 'why don't you demonstrate? Can't you pull the cork out of your magnetism with your teeth and hocus-pocus them handcuffs off?

"Come on, officer, says I, dignified. 'I may as well make the best of it. And then I turns to old Banks and rattles my chains.

"Mr. Mayor, says I, 'the time will come soon when you'll believe that personal magnetism is a success. And you'll be sure that it succeeded in this case, too.

"And I guess it did.

"When we got nearly to the gate, I says: 'We might meet somebody now, Andy. I reckon you better take 'em off, and — Hey? Why, of course it was Andy Tucker. That was his scheme; and that's how we got the capital to go into business together."

Task 1.

1. Read and understand the story "Jeff Peters as a Personal Magnet".
2. Make a glossary on the given story.

Task 2.

Translate from English into Russian the following passage from the story.

"I was Dr. Waugh-hoo, the celebrated Indian medicine man. I carried only one best bet just then, and that was Resurrection Bitters. It was made of life-giving plants and herbs accidentally discovered by Ta-quala, the beautiful wife of the chief of the Choctaw Nation, while gathering truck to garnish a platter of boiled dog for the annual corn dance.

"Business hadn't been good in the last town, so I only had five dollars. I went to the Fisher Hill druggist and he credited me for half a gross of eight ounce bottles and corks. I had the labels and ingredients in my valise, left over from the last town. Life began to look rosy again after I got in my hotel room with the water running from the tap, and the Resurrection Bitters lining up on the table by the dozen.

"Fake? No, sir. There was two dollars' worth of fluid extract of cinchona and a dime's worth of aniline in that half-gross of bitters. I've gone through towns years afterwards and had folks ask for 'em again.

"I hired a wagon that night and commenced selling the bitters on Main Street. Fisher Hill was a low, malarial town; and a compound hypothetical pneumocardiac anti-scorbutic tonic was just what I diagnosed the crowd as needing. The bitters started off like sweetbreads-on-toast at a vegetarian dinner. I had sold two dozen at fifty cents apiece when I felt somebody pull my coat tail. I knew what that meant; so I climbed down and sneaked a five dollar bill into the hand of a man with a German silver star on his lapel.

Task 3.

Use words and phrases in sentences, that their meaning can be clear.

1. buckskin suit
2. boiled dog
3. malarial town
4. pneumocardiac anti-scorbutic tonic

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Приобрести книгу можно

в интернет-магазине

«Электронный универс»

e-Univers.ru