

Сердца трёх / Hearts of three

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Легко читаем по-английски

Джек Лондон известен, как автор множества приключенческих рассказов и романов. «Сердца трёх» – это последний роман автора, повествующий о молодом американце Фрэнсисе Моргане, который, следуя совету бизнес-партнера своего отца, отправляется в Центральную Америку с целью найти сокровище предков. Для удобства читателя текст сопровождается комментариями и кратким словарем. Предназначается для продолжающих изучать английский язык (уровень 4 – Upper-Intermediate).

Джек Лондон / Jack London

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Chapter I

Events happened very rapidly with Francis Morgan,[1 - Francis Morgan – Френсис Морган] inheritor of many millions, that late spring morning.

“Parker,[2 - Parker – Паркер]” he said to the valet who had been his father’s before him. “Parker, I’m going fishing.”

“Yes, sir!”

“I ordered some rods. Please joint them. Two weeks in the woods is what I need. You remember Sir Henry?[3 - Sir Henry – сэр Генри] The old Sir Henry, the buccaneer?”

“Yes, sir; I’ve read of him, sir.”

Parker had paused in the doorway.

“Nothing to be proud of, the old pirate.”

“Oh, no, sir,” Parker protested. “He was Governor of Jamaica.[4 - Governor of Jamaica – губернатор на Ямайке] He was a respectable man.”

“Hm, we Morgans never found his treasure.”

A telephone buzzed. “One moment, sir,” said Parker. “It’s Mr. Bascom,[5 - Mr. Bascom – мистер Бэском] sir.”

Francis went to the phone.

“Hello, yes, this is I, Morgan. What is it?... To sell? Nothing of the sort... Of course, I’m glad to know. Nonsense. If it goes down five points,[6 - if it goes down five points – если акции упадут на пять пунктов] buy. Buy all that’s offered. Sure... yes. Good-bye.”

* * *

And while Francis returned delightedly to his arm-chair, Thomas Regan[7 - Thomas Regan – Томас Риган] in his down-town private office arranged his various brokers to buy. Suddenly a clerk told him about a foreign visitor. Regan listened, glanced at the card, and said:

“Tell this Senor Alvarez Torres[8 - Senor Alvarez Torres – сеньор Альварес Торрес] that I can’t see him.”

Five minutes later the clerk was back, this time with a message. Regan read it:

“Dear Mr. Regan,

“Honoured Sir:

“I have the honour to inform you that I know the location of the treasure Sir Henry Morgan buried in old pirate days.

“Alvarez Torres.”

Regan shook his head.

“Let him in![9 - Let him in! – Пусть войдёт!] At once.”

Senor Alvarez Torres’ English was perfect, though his skin advertised his Latin-American origin.[10 - Latin-American origin – латиноамериканское происхождение]

“By great effort, and years of research, I have finally won to the clue to the buccaneer gold of Sir Henry Morgan,” he began. “Of course it’s on the Mosquito Coast.[11 - Mosquito Coast – Москитовый Берег] The nearest town is Bocas del Toro.[12 - Bocas del Toro – Бокас-дель-Торо] I was born there, and I know the neighbourhood like a book. A small schooner is cheap, very cheap; but the reward is the treasure!”

Senor Torres paused in eloquent inability to describe more definitely.

“And sir,” Senor Torres continued, “I am somewhat embarrassed for immediate funds.”

“You need the money,” the stock operator assured him brutally, and he bowed.

Regan wrote a check, in the name of Alvarez Torres, and when that gentleman glanced at it he read the figures of a thousand dollars.

“Now here’s the idea,” said Regan. “I don’t believe a word in your story. But I have a young friend, and he is too tired to live in a big town, you understand?”

Senor Alvarez Torres bowed.

“Now, for the good of his health, as well as his wealth and the saving of his soul, the best thing that could happen to him is a trip after treasure, adventure, exercise, and... you readily understand, I am sure.”

Again Alvarez Torres bowed.

“You need the money,” Regan continued. “Try to interest him. That thousand is for your effort. If he departs after old Morgan’s gold, two thousand more is yours. If he remains away three months, two thousand more; six months – five thousand. Oh, believe me, I knew his father. We were comrades, partners, I might say, almost brothers. I can sacrifice any sum to his son. What do you say? The thousand is yours to begin with. Well?”

With trembling fingers Senor Alvarez Torres folded and unfolded the check.

“I... I accept,” he stammered and faltered in his eagerness. “I... I... How shall I say?... I am yours. Mr. Regan, it is true. I need the money. You are so generous, and I shall do my best...”

Senor Torres went away. In some minutes Francis Morgan came in.

“I have come for a bit of counsel,” he said, greetings over.[13 - greetings over - после обмена приветствиями] “And to whom but you should I apply, who was a friend of my father? You and he were partners, I understand, on some of the biggest deals. He always told me to trust your judgment. And, well, here I am. What’s up with Tampico Petroleum?[14 - Tampico Petroleum - «Тэмпико Петролеум»]”

“Tampico Petroleum is up two points,[15 - Tampico Petroleum is up two points – акции «Тэмпико Петролеум» поднялись на два пункта]” Regan said.

“That’s what I say,” Francis answered. “I worry. Don’t you think somebody is trying to get control?”

His father’s associate shook the head.

“Why,” he said, “What do you say?”

“Of course it’s good,” was Francis’ warm response. “If it drops, I’ll buy. I tell you, Regan, it’s immense. I have a kind of interest, I’m doing nicely, and I don’t want Tampico Petroleum to go up.”

“Don’t you worry about that, my boy. You go fishing and forget it.” Regan paused, with finely simulated sudden recollection, and picked up Alvarez Torres’ card with the note. “Look, who’s just been here – Senor Alvarez Torres.”

Regan retained the card a moment. “Why go fishing? After all, it’s only recreation. Here’s a full-size man’s recreation. It’s about old Morgan’s treasure. Look, your father always was always proud of that old family pirate.”

“I was told about his treasure. Look, here is the map.”

Francis looked up questioningly from the reading of the card.

“Senor Torres,” Regan explained. “Gave me the map. Here is the treasure buried. Of course, I don’t believe a word of it. But... You know, Sir Henry died practically a poor man, and they never did find any of his buried treasure. Oh, I wish I were younger!... Anyway, good fishing,” Regan girded edly.

“I’d like to meet this Alvarez Torres,” the young man responded. “Do you know where I can find him?”

The next morning the meeting took place in Regan’s office. Modern maps and ancient charts were studied, as well as old documents, and at the end of half an hour Francis announced that his next fishing would be on the Bull Island,[16 - Bull Island – Остров

Быка] where – as Torres averred – the treasure lay.

“I’ll catch tonight’s train for New Orleans,” Francis announced. “And then I’ll go to Colon![17 - Colon – Колон]”

“But don’t charter a schooner[18 - charter a schooner – фрахтовать шхуну] at Colon,” Torres advised. “It’s better in Belen.[19 - Belen – Белен]”

“I always wanted to see that country down there!” Francis said. “And you, Senor Torres?”

“I shall join you later, Mr. Morgan.” Alvarez Torres said. “I have some little business here.”

“And, before you start,” Regan noticed, “it might be well to arrange with Senor Torres some division of the treasure... if you ever find it.”

“What would you say?” Francis asked.

“Equal division, fifty-fifty,” Regan answered, he was talking of something he was certain did not exist.

“Fine!” Francis cried. “And I’ve got to rush to pack and break engagements and catch the train. Good-bye, Regan. Good-bye, Senor Torres, until we meet somewhere around Bocas del Toro, or in on the Bull!”

And Senor Alvarez Torres remained with Regan some time longer, receiving explicit instructions.

“In short,” Regan concluded, “I don’t almost care if he never comes back if you can keep him down there for the good of his health that long and longer.”

Chapter II

So Francis Morgan, three weeks after he had said good-bye to Regan, found himself on board his schooner, the Angelique.[20 - the Angelique - «Анжелика» (название шхуны)] The water was glassy. Francis, through his glass, saw a white hacienda, and, on the beach, a white-clad woman's form. He asked the captain to order a small skiff over the side.[21 - to order a small skiff over the side - спустить за борт маленький ялик]

"Who lives around here?" he asked.

"The Enrico Solano[22 - Enrico Solano - Энрико Солано] family, sir," was the answer. "They own the entire general landscape from the sea to the Cordilleras[23 - Cordilleras - Кордильеры] and half of the Chiriqui Lagoon[24 - Chiriqui Lagoon - лагуна Чирикви] as well. They are prideful and fiery as cayenne pepper.[25 - fiery as cayenne pepper - вспыльчивы, как порох]"

Straight to the white beach of coral sand Francis rowed, not looking over his shoulder to see if the woman remained or had vanished. When the skiff grounded, he stepped out, and with one sturdy arm lifted its nose up the sand to fasten it by its own weight. Then he turned around. The beach to the jungle was bare. He went forward confidently.

Suddenly, the woman sprang out of the green wall of jungle and with both hands seized his arm. She muttered tensely:

"Quick! Follow me!"

A moment he resisted. She shook him.

"Do as I do."

He smiled and obeyed. Abruptly she stopped and sat down, her hand directed him to sit beside her. "Thank God!"

"My dear lady..." Francis began.

But an abrupt gesture checked him. He heard the movement of men several yards away.

She slipped away down the runway. Francis followed her, through the jungle to the beach. She stopped.

“You fool!” she cried, lifting her finger to his toothbrush moustache. “As if that could disguise you!”

“But my dear lady...” he began to protest.

“I won’t talk with you,” she answered. “Go back to your schooner, and go away... Forever. If you ever come back I shall shoot you.” She showed him a revolver.

“So I’d better go, then,” he uttered, as he turned to the skiff. She had followed him. The strange young woman, dropped to her side, was crying. Francis was about to turn to the boat, when she stopped him.

“At least you...” she began, then faltered and swallowed, “you might kiss me good-bye.[26 - kiss me good-bye - поцеловать меня на прощание]”

She advanced impulsively. Francis hesitated a puzzled moment, then gathered her in to receive an astounding passionate kiss on his lips. She lifted her tear-wet face and kissed him again and again.

Then she menacingly directed him with the revolver to get into the boat.

From the edge of the jungle he saw three men, armed with rifles, run toward her where she had sunk down in the sand. They caught sight of Francis, who had begun rowing. The next moment, one of the tree men on the beach, a bearded elderly man, was directing the girl’s binoculars on him. And the moment after, dropping the glasses, he was taking aim with his rifle.[27 - he was taking aim with his rifle - он целился из ружья]

The bullet spat on the water within a yard of the skiff’s side, and Francis saw the girl spring to her feet, knock up the rifle with her arm, and spoil the second shot. She was threatening the men with the revolver.

“Cayenne pepper, those damned, horrible, crazy Solanos,” the captain said.

“Yes, you’re right,” Francis agreed.

The Angelique made the outer rim of Chiriqui Lagoon and the Bull. After breakfast Francis landed to reconnoiter on the Bull.[28 - to reconnoiter on the Bull - исследовать остров Быка]

And Francis very immediately found that he had traversed not merely thirty degrees of latitude from New York but thirty hundred years, or centuries. Nearly naked, armed with cruelly heavy hacking blades of machetes,[29 - machetes - мачете, большой широкий нож] the Indians told him that the Bull belonged to them. But there lives a madly impossible Gringo.[30 - Gringo - гринго (иностранец, англоговорящий выходец с другой страны, слово используется для обозначения жителей Америки и Европы)]

Francis decided to meet the mysterious Gringo. He came down to the beach. On the shore, across the narrow channel, he saw a barefooted young man in the canvas trousers, who stepped from behind a palm, automatic pistol in hand, and shouted:

“Get out!”

“I beg you pardon?” Francis grinned, half-humorously, half-seriously.

“Nobody invited you,” the stranger retorted. “You’re intruding. Get off my island. I’ll give you half a minute.”

Francis’ arrival behind the trunk was simultaneous with the arrival of a bullet that thudded into the other side of it.

“Now, just for that![31 - Now, just for that! - Ах так!]” he called out, as he centered a bullet into the trunk of the other man’s palm.

The next few minutes they were shooting each other.

“What gun are you using?” Francis asked with cool politeness.

“Colt’s,” came the answer.

Francis stepped boldly into the open, saying: "Then you're all out.[32 - you're all out - у вас кончились пули] I counted them. Eight. Now we can talk."

The stranger stepped out, and it seemed Francis had previously known him. It was a replica of himself!

"Talk!" the stranger sneered, throwing down his pistol and drawing a knife. "Now we'll just cut off your ears, and maybe scalp you."

"Gee! Let's wrestle." Francis retorted.

"I want your ears," the stranger answered pleasantly, as he slowly advanced.

"Sure. The man who wins gets the other fellow's ears."

"Agreed." The young man in the canvas trousers sheathed his knife.

They began to fight. Francis was winning, but the stranger planted his foot in Francis' abdomen. In a moment Francis was lying on his back.

"Why do you wear a mustache?" the stranger muttered.

"Go on and cut my ears," Francis gasped. "The ears are yours, but the mustache is mine."

"As for your ears, keep them. I never intended to cut them off. Get up and get out of here. And don't come here again!"

In greater disgust than ever, Francis turned down to the beach toward his canoe.

"Say, will you leave your card?" the victor called after him.

"My name's Morgan, that's enough," Francis answered.

"Really? No wonder we look alike. Listen," the stranger said. "I am a Morgan, too."

“My first name is Francis,” Francis returned. “And yours?”

“Henry. We must be remote cousins[33 - remote cousins – дальние родственники] or something or other. What are you doing here? As for me, I am looking for the old Morgan’s treasure.”

“So am I,” said Francis, extending his hand.

Chapter III

Henry rowed off to the Angelique with orders from his visitor to the skipper to stay at anchor. Francis slept until late in the morning of the following day.

“Let me tell you an interesting story,” Francis said to Henry. “Day before yesterday, I rowed ashore over on the mainland. The moment I landed, the prettiest girl in the world dragged me away into the jungle. I thought she was going to eat me or marry me. I didn’t know which. Then she passed uncomplimentary remarks on my mustache and pushed me back to the boat with a revolver. She told me never come back.”

“Where on the mainland was this?” Henry demanded.

“The other end of Chiriqui Lagoon,” Francis replied. “It was the ground of the Solano family, I learned; and they are a tough family. But I haven’t told you all. Listen. First she dragged me into the jungle and insulted my mustache; next she chased me to the boat with a drawn revolver; and then she wanted to know why I didn’t kiss her.”

“And did you?” Henry demanded.

“What could a poor stranger in a strange land do? The girl was very pretty.”

“Oh, my God! That was Leoncia![34 - Leoncia – Леонсия]” Henry said angrily.

“What if it was Leoncia? Or Mercedes? Or Dolores? Can’t a fellow kiss a pretty girl?”

“You see, this pretty girl is engaged to marry the ruffian in the dirty canvas pants!”

“She took me for you,[35 - she took me for you - она приняла меня за тебя]” Francis said. “And your Leoncia pulled her little revolver on a long-bearded old fellow who wanted to kill me.”

“It was her father, old Enrico[36 - Enrico - Энрико] himself,” Henry exclaimed. “And the other chaps were her brothers.”

“By the way, Henry, since they all thought it was you, and not I, why did they want to kill you?”

Henry looked at him a moment, and then answered.

“I quarreled with her uncle. He was her father’s youngest brother.”

“Was?” interrupted Francis.

“Was, I said,” Henry nodded. “He isn’t now. His name was Alfaro Solano,[37 - Alfaro Solano - Альфаро Солано] and one day we quarreled. It was in the little town over there San Antonio.[38 - San Antonio - Сан-Антонио] He always was looking for trouble with me, he didn’t want me to marry Leoncia, you see. He insulted me all right, and we promised to kill each other. Our threats were heard by many people. Within two hours the Comisario[39 - the Comisario - комиссар] himself and two gendarmes found Alfaro’s body in a back street in the town. He was killed. I haven’t been back in San Antonio since. Alfaro was very popular, and everybody is sure that I killed him. In Bocas del Toro, a messenger from Leoncia delivered back the engagement ring. I didn’t dare go back, so I came over here to dig for Morgan’s treasure... I wonder who killed Alfaro. If ever I find him, then I clear myself with Leoncia and the rest of the Solanos and there isn’t a doubt in the world that there’ll be a wedding.”

“Hmm,” Francis murmured. “No wonder her father and brothers wanted to kill me. Why, the more I look at you, the more I see we’re as like as two peas, except for my mustache-”

“And for this...” Henry rolled up his sleeve, and on the left forearm showed a long, thin white scar. “I got that when I was a boy. I fell off a windmill.”

“Now listen to me,” Francis said. “I shall help you. You stay here, while I go back and explain things to Leoncia and her people.”

“If only they don’t shoot you first before you can explain you are not I,” Henry muttered bitterly. “That’s the trouble with those Solanos. They shoot first and talk afterward.”

“I’ll take a chance, old man,” Francis wanted to clear up the distressing situation between Henry and the girl.

But the thought of her perplexed him. That lovely creature belonged to the man who looked so much like him! He saw again the vision of her on the beach. He sighed involuntarily.

“Leoncia is an exceedingly pretty girl,” Francis said. “Where’s that ring she returned? If I don’t put it on her finger for you and be back here in a week with the good news, you can cut off my mustache along with my ears.”

An hour later, Captain sent a boat to the beach from the Angelique. The two young men said good-bye.

“Just two things more, Francis. First, and I forgot to tell you, Leoncia is not a Solano at all, though she thinks she is. Alfaro told me himself. She is an adopted child, Alfaro said she wasn’t Spanish at all. I don’t even know whether she’s English or American. You see, she was adopted when she was a baby, and she’s never known anything else than that Enrico is her father.”

“And no wonder she scorned and hated me for you,” Francis laughed, “She believes that you killed her uncle.”

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

notes

Примечания

1

Francis Morgan – Френсис Морган

2

Parker – Паркер

3

Sir Henry – сэр Генри

4

Governor of Jamaica – губернатор на Ямайке

5

Mr. Vascom – мистер Бэском

6

if it goes down five points – если акции упадут на пять пунктов

7

Thomas Regan – Томас Риган

8

Senor Alvarez Torres – сеньор Альварес Торрес

9

Let him in! – Пусть войдёт!

10

Latin-American origin – латиноамериканское происхождение

11

Mosquito Coast – Москитовый Берег

12

Vocas del Toro – Бокас-дель-Торо

13

greetings over – после обмена приветствиями

14

Tampico Petroleum – «Тэмпико Петролеум»

15

Tampico Petroleum is up two points – акции «Тэмпико Петролеум» поднялись на два пункта

16

Bull Island – Остров Быка

17

Colon - Колон

18

charter a schooner - фрахтовать шхуну

19

Belen - Белен

20

the Angeliqne - «Анжелика» (название шхуны)

21

to order a small skiff over the side - спустить за борт маленький ялик

22

Enrico Solano - Энрико Солано

23

Cordilleras – Кордильеры

24

Chiriqui Lagoon – лагуна Чирикви

25

fiery as cayenne pepper – вспыльчивы, как порох

26

kiss me good-bye – поцеловать меня на прощание

27

he was taking aim with his rifle – он целился из ружья

28

to reconnoiter on the Bull – исследовать остров Быка

29

machetes – мачете, большой широкий нож

30

Gringo – гринго (иностранец, англоговорящий выходец с другой страны, слово используется для обозначения жителей Америки и Европы)

31

Now, just for that! – Ах так!

32

you're all out – у вас кончились пули

33

remote cousins – дальние родственники

34

Leoncia – Леонсия

35

she took me for you – она приняла меня за тебя

36

Enrico – Энрико

37

Alfaro Solano – Альфаро Солано

38

San Antonio – Сан-Антонио

39

the Comisario – комиссар

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