The sun was low down when the men saw a strange shape – a horseman without a head! ...

It was just a gigantic black shape against the golden background of the setting sun.

It was so strange –and so absolutely unnatural!

Beginner

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Intermediate

Для продолжающих второго уровня

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Для продолжающих третьего уровня

Advanced

Для совершенствующихся

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АЙРИС ПРЕСС

THOMAS MAYNE REID THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN

ТОМАС МАЙН РИД · ВСАДНИК БЕЗ ГОЛОВЫ

АЙРИС ПРЕСС

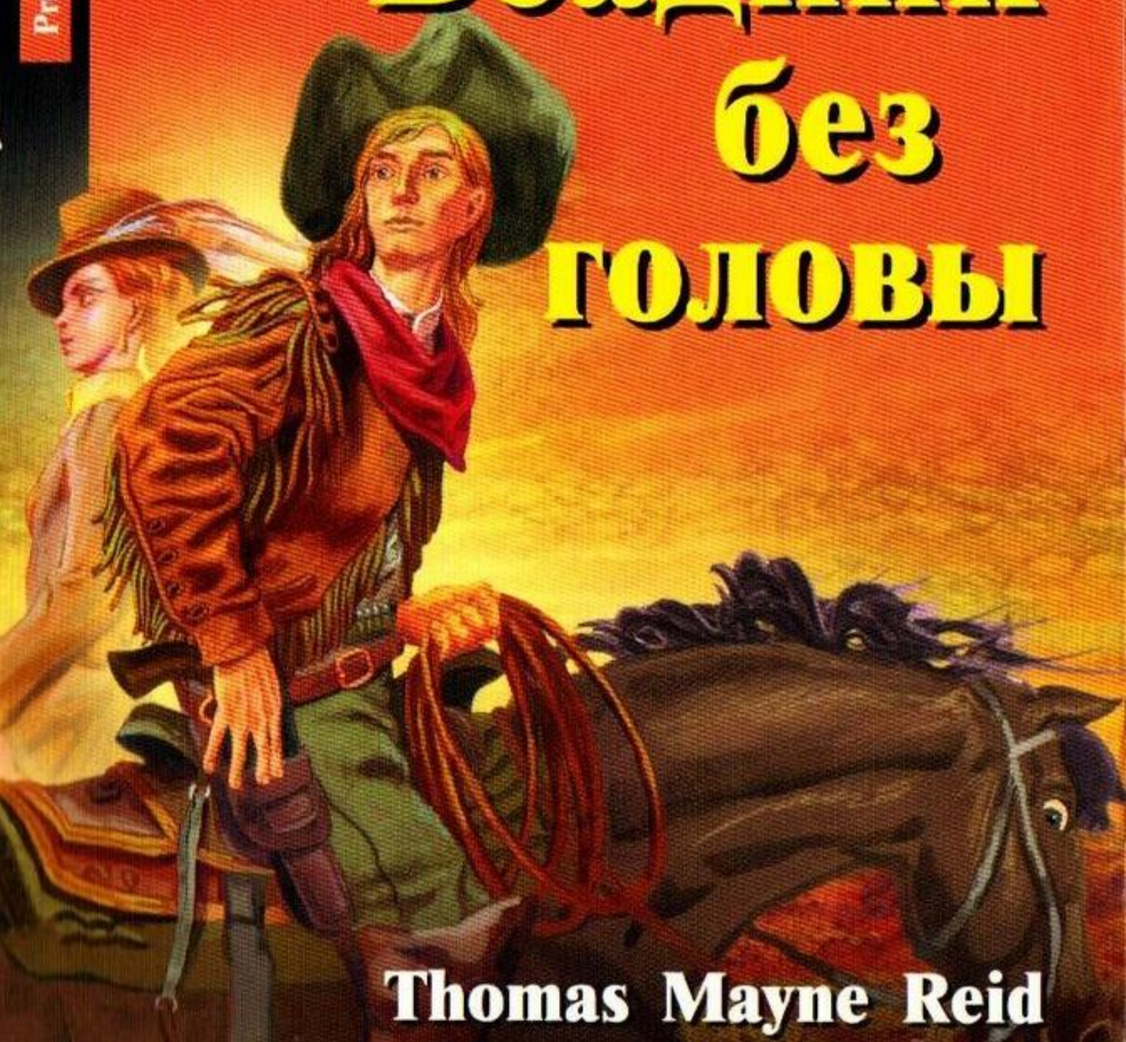
Английский клуб

Домашнее чтение

Pre-Intermediate

Томас Майн Рид

Всадник без головы



Thomas Mayne Reid

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Адаптация текста, предисловие, комментарий, упражнения, словарь Е.В. Угаровой

Москва

АЙРИС ПРЕСС

2010

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Р49

Серия «*Английский клуб*» включает книги и учебные пособия, рассчитанные на пять этапов изучения английского языка: Elementary (для начинающих), Pre-Intermediate (для продолжающих первого уровня), Intermediate (для продолжающих второго уровня), Upper Intermediate (для продолжающих третьего уровня) и Advanced (для совершенствующихся).

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Данная книга представляет собой адаптацию приключенческого романа «Всадник без головы» английского писателя Томаса Майна Рида (1818–1883). Действие романа происходит в Техасе в период покорения Дикого Запада. В прерии случается загадочное убийство. Подозрение в убийстве падает на молодого мустангера Мориса Джеральда, которому отдала свое сердце дочь плантатора красавица Луиза. Друг мустангера, отважный охотник Зеб Стамп, находит главного свидетеля преступления...

После каждой главы дается комментарий и перевод трудных слов и выражений, а также упражнения, направленные на проверку понимания текста, отработку лексики и грамматических правил, развитие устной речи. Новые слова включены в словарь, который помещен в конце книги.

Пособие адресовано учащимся 7–8 классов школ, лицеев, гимназий, а также широкому кругу лиц, изучающих английский язык самостоятельно.

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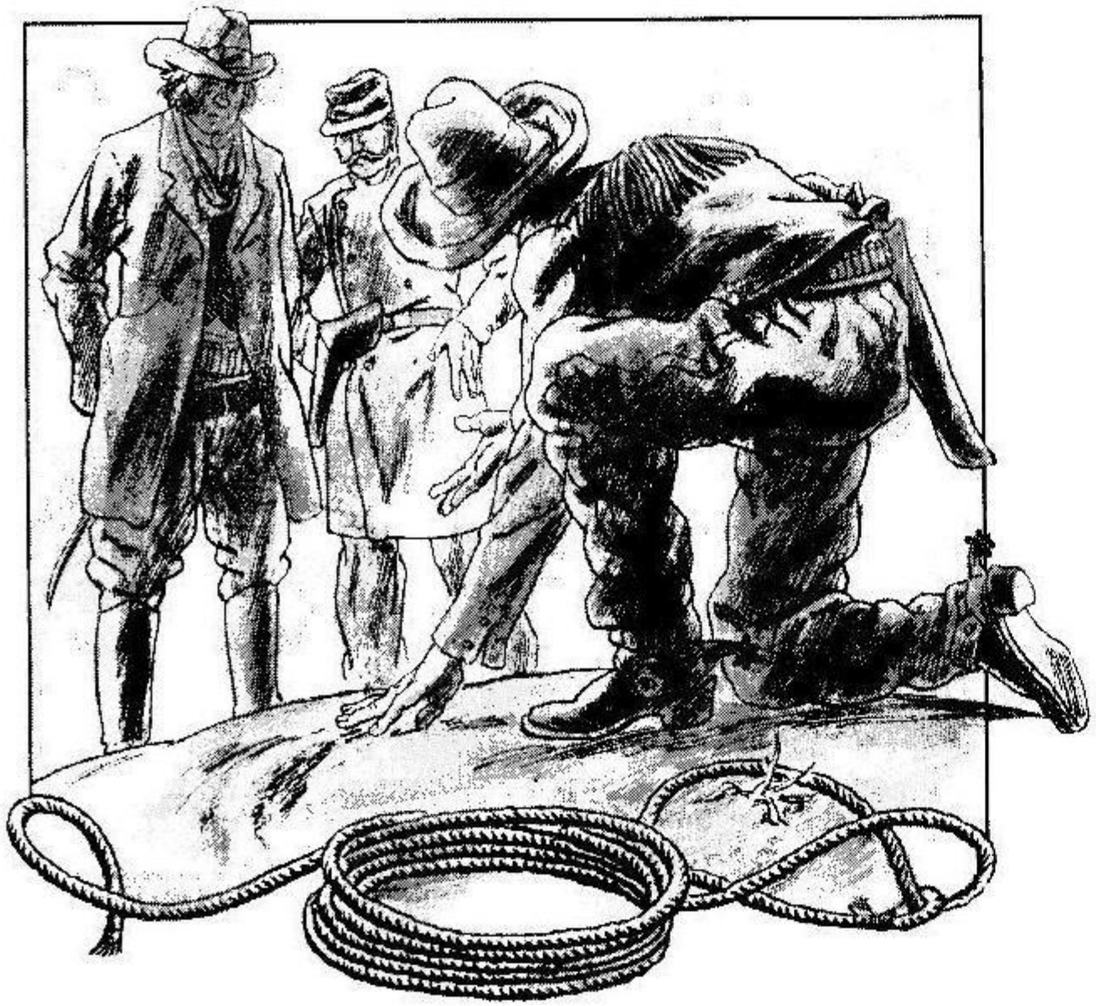
Предисловие

Дорогие ребята!

Книга, которую вы держите в руках, по праву считается одним из лучших приключенческих романов, популярных во многих странах, включая Россию. Автор «Всадника без головы», писатель Томас Майн Рид (1818–1883), родился в Ирландии, но долго жил в США и даже участвовал в американо-мексиканской войне. Ему довелось быть очевидцем, а порой и участником многих событий бурной американской истории времен покорения Дикого Запада, которые он описал в своих приключенческих романах. «Вольные стрелки», «Охотники за скальпами», «Белый вождь», «Квартеронка», «Оцеола, вождь семинолов» — это только самые известные из романов Рида, которыми зачитывались многие поколения молодых читателей. Самое почетное место в этом ряду занимает «Всадник без головы», написанный в 1865 году. Захватывающий сюжет романа основан на раскрытии загадочного преступления, совершенного в техасских прериях. Участниками этой истории стали благородные герои и злодеи, индейцы и охотники. Здесь есть место великодушию и отваге, самоотверженной любви и ревности, подлости и мистическому страху перед призраком.

Для того, чтобы чтение этой книги было для вас не только интересным, но и полезным, внимательно изучайте слова и комментарии, помещенные после каждой главы. У вас также есть возможность найти значение многих слов в словарике, который находится в конце книги. Упражнения помогут вам выучить новые английские слова и выражения и научиться правильно употреблять их в речи.

Желаем успеха!



Chapter 1

THE BURNT PRAIRIE

On the great plain of Texas, about a hundred miles from the town of San Antonio, the hot sun was shining from a bright blue sky. Under the golden light appeared a few wagons, covered with snow-white canvas. They were slowly moving across the **prairie** in the midday heat.

The owner of the wagons was Woodley Poindexter — a sugar planter from Louisiana. Mr. Poindexter had lost

most of his money and had left his home on the Mississippi river. He was going to a new home in Texas together with his family and black slaves.

Mr. Poindexter himself was riding behind the wagons. He was a tall thin man of fifty with a proud and severe face. He was wearing simple but rather expensive clothes, and a straw hat.

Two horsemen were riding beside the planter — one of them on his right, the other on the left.

The first one was his son Henry — a young man of twenty. He was dressed in a sky blue cotton shirt and trousers of the same material. There was a Panama hat on his head. Henry's face was open and cheerful.

The other horseman was Henry's cousin. Captain Cassius Calhoun — that was his name — was an **ex-officer of volunteers**. He was wearing a dark blue military suit and a cap. Calhoun was six or seven years older than Henry.

There was also a carriage with two passengers. One was a young lady with the whitest skin. The other was a black girl. The young lady was the daughter of Woodley Poindexter — Louise. The black girl was her maid.

* * * * *

Suddenly the wagons stopped. The worried manager came up to Woodley Poindexter.

"What is it, Mr. Sansom?" asked the planter.

"There's been a fire in the prairie. The grass has burnt, and the ground is black."

"What of that, Josh Sansom?" asked the planter's nephew. "How stupid of you **to raise such a row** about nothing!"

"But, Captain Calhoun," protested the manager, "how do we find the way?"

"Find the way! What are you talking about? We haven't lost it — have we?"

"I'm afraid we have, sir. The **wheel tracks** are no longer seen. They've burnt out, along with the grass."

"Can't we cross a burnt piece of prairie without wheel tracks? We'll find them again on the other side."

"Ye-es," said Sansom, "if there is any other side. I don't see it."

"Start moving!" shouted Calhoun. "Keep after me."

"Well, nephew," said the planter, "you know best."

"Don't be afraid, uncle. **I've made my way out of a worse fix than this.** Drive on! Keep after me."

The wagons of Woodley Poindexter started moving again. They made a mile or more, and then stopped.

"Have you lost the way, nephew?" said the planter, riding rapidly up to Calhoun.

"No, uncle — not yet," said the captain with less confidence. "I've only stopped to have a look. We should go in this direction — down that valley. Let them drive on. We're going all right — I'll answer for it."

The mules went down the hill, then along the valley, then up another hill. An hour later the travellers saw wheel tracks and **hoof marks** of the animals again.

"Our own tracks!" said Calhoun.

"What do you mean, Cassius? You don't say we have lost the way again?" asked the planter.

"Yes, uncle. **Bad luck!** We've made a couple of miles for nothing," said his nephew. He felt bad. It was his fault that the travellers had been left without a real guide. The ex-captain of volunteers had been rude to their guide, and the man refused to go with them.

"What should we do now?" asked the planter. "We may have to spend the night on the burnt prairie, and we don't have enough water for the animals. How can we find the way?"

No one had an answer to this question.

* * * * *

Another ten minutes was spent in deep moral and physical gloom. Then suddenly the cheerfulness returned. Everyone saw a horseman, who was riding in the direction of the wagons. It was a miracle!

"He's coming this way, isn't he?" asked the planter.

"Yes, father," replied Henry.

The young man took his hat and waved it. He also began shouting to attract the horseman. But the stranger had already seen the wagons. He soon arrived on the spot occupied by the planter and his companions.

He was a handsome young man of not more than twenty-five, with a noble and friendly face. He was dressed in a picturesque Mexican costume: **a short velveteen jacket, trousers laced along the seams, and leather boots with spurs.** On his head he had a black sombrero decorated with gold.

"A Mexican!" whispered Henry.

"**So much the better,**" replied Poindexter, in the same tone of voice. "He'll be more likely to know the road."

"No," said the stranger, with a protesting smile. "Anything but that. Have you lost your way?"

"We have, sir," said Poindexter. "And we hope you will be so kind as to direct us."

"Not much kindness in that. By chance I saw your trail, as I was crossing the prairie. I saw you were in the wrong direction. I have come **to set you right.**"

"It is very good of you. We shall be most thankful, sir. My name is Poindexter — Woodley Poindexter, of Louisiana. I bought a house on the Leona River, near Fort Inge. We hoped to get there before night. Can we do this?"

"Yes, if you follow my instructions. I'm sorry, Mr. Poindexter, I cannot stay. I need to get a very important document to the fort. Go straight forward for about five miles. Always **keep the sun on your right shoulders**. You will then see the top of a very tall tree — a cypress. Go directly to this tree. It stands on the bank of the river. You can cross the river there."

The young horseman was about to ride off, when something made him stop. It was a pair of lovely dark eyes. They were watching him with interest through the curtains of the carriage. He looked at the beautiful girl with admiration.

"You are very kind, sir," said Poindexter. "The sun will surely show us —"

"I'm afraid it will not. Look at the sky. There are clouds in the north. Stay!" he continued after a pause. "I have a better plan still: follow the trail of my **lasso**!"

He took his lasso from his saddle and threw the loose end to the ground. Then he said good-bye and rode off. The lasso left a clear line on the ground.

"A very curious fellow!" said the planter, as they stood watching the horseman. "I would like to know his name."

"A very conceited fellow, I should say," said Calhoun. He had noticed the glance sent by the stranger in the direction of the carriage. "As to his name, I don't think it matters much. It mightn't be his own he would

give you. Texas is full of such people, who take new names when they get here."

"Come, cousin Cash," protested young Poindexter. "You are unfair to the stranger. He looks, in fact, a gentleman."

"A gentleman! Unlikely. I never saw a man in a Mexican dress, who was a gentleman."

Helpful Words & Notes

prairie — прерия, степь (Североамериканские прерии представляют собой равнины, поросшие высокой травой и редкими кустарниками и лесами.)

ex-officer of volunteers — отставной офицер из волонтеров (Волонтеры активно участвовали в американо-мексиканской войне 1846–1848 гг., после которой штат Техас вошел в состав США.)

to raise such a row — поднимать такой шум

wheel tracks — отпечатки колес

I've made my way out of a worse fix than this. — Я и не из таких передряг выбирался.

hoof marks — следы копыт

Bad luck! — Вот не повезло!

a short velveteen jacket, trousers laced along the seams, and leather boots with spurs — короткая вельветовая куртка, брюки со шнуровкой по бокам и кожаные сапоги со шпорами

So much the better — Тем лучше (для нас)

to set you right — направить вас на правильный путь

keep the sun on your right shoulders — держитесь так, чтобы солнце у вас оставалось справа

lasso — лассо́; аркан, предназначенный для ловли животных

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

1) What was Woodley Poindexter doing in the prairies of Texas?
2) What can you say about his family?
3) Why did they lose their way on the plain?
4) Who gave the travellers directions?
5) What else did the stranger do for them?
6) What did Poindexter and Calhoun think about him?

2. Complete the sentences.

1) The planter continued the journey even in the mid-day heat because _____.
2) The travellers had no real guide because _____.
3) The stranger used his lasso to show the travellers the way because _____.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the nouns from the box.

spot tracks glance planter lasso

1) The wheel _____ burnt out, along with the grass.

2) The stranger arrived on the _____ occupied by the planter and his companions.
3) The _____ left a clear line on the ground.
4) Calhoun didn't like the _____ sent by the stranger in the direction of the carriage.
5) The owner of the wagons was a sugar _____ from Louisiana.

2. Choose the correct form of the verb.

1) The travellers saw a horseman, who *was riding/rode* in the direction of the wagons.
2) Henry took his hat and *was waving/waved* it.
3) The stranger was about to ride off, when something *was making/made* him stop.
4) Another ten minutes *spent/was spent* in deep moral and physical gloom.

Discussing the Text

1. Describe all the members of Mr. Poindexter's family. Talk about your first impression about them.

2. Imagine that you are Josh Sansom, the planter's manager. Say:

- what made you leave Louisiana.
- where you were going to.
- why you lost the way in the prairie.
- what kind of help you got from the stranger.

3. What do you think?

Calhoun called the stranger "a very conceited fellow." Do you agree? Why? Why didn't Calhoun like the stranger?

Chapter 2

THE TRAIL OF THE LASSO

It was easy for the travellers to follow the trail of the lasso. After a while they saw the cypress. But they didn't have enough time to reach it. The sky was now low and grey.

On the northern horizon suddenly appeared a number of ink-coloured columns — unlike anything ever seen before. They were changing size, shape, and place all the time. From these columns came terrible noises. The travellers immediately felt danger. The shouts of people and screams of the mules and horses filled the air.

The noises were gradually growing louder. The danger, whatever it might be, was approaching too fast! The eyes of all were turned towards the low sky, and the black columns that were coming on to crush them!

At this critical moment a shout reached their ears from the opposite side. They turned to see a horseman. He was riding towards them. The horse was black as coal. The rider was black too, even the skin of his face. But it was easy to recognize him: he was the stranger they had met before.

"What is it?" asked the planter **in alarm.** "Is there a danger?"

"There is, Mr. Poindexter. It's the **norther.** I didn't see it coming when I passed you. A norther is not usually so bad, but this one... Look there! Do you see those black columns?"

"We've been wondering. **We didn't know what to make of them.**"

"They're nothing — just the first signs of the storm. Look at the sky! Don't you see a coal-black cloud? That's

what you have to fear. A hurricane is coming this way, and you have no chance to escape it."

"Good God! Is the danger so great? Can we do anything to avoid it?"

The stranger remained silent for a few seconds.

"Yes, we can!" he said. "There is a chance. I didn't think about it before. Order your men to cover the horses and mules with blankets. The storm can make the animals blind, and they can **go mad.** When that's done, let all get inside the wagons."

Poindexter gave the orders fast.

"And you, sir?" asked the planter.

"I know what's coming. It isn't the first time I have seen it. Get in! Quick, or the dust cloud will be around us!"

The planter and his son got into the carriage. Calhoun remained seated in his saddle. Why should he listen to some man dressed as a Mexican?

The stranger quickly took off his **serape** from the saddle and put it over the head of his horse. Then he covered his hat with a scarf. After that he turned once more towards the carriage. He was surprised to see Calhoun still in the saddle.

"Once again, sir, I ask you to get inside! If you don't, you may be a dead man!"

Cassius Calhoun reluctantly slipped out of his saddle and got into the carriage.

* * * * *

To describe what followed is **beyond the power of the pen.** One of the sable columns broke, and down came a shower of black dust. There was a short interval of open atmosphere — hot as the inside of an oven. Then came cold winds, accompanied by terrible noises. In an-

other moment the norther was around them. The atmosphere was as cold as the icebergs of **the Arctic Ocean.**

Nothing was seen for over an hour. Finally the stranger said:

"You can get out. The hurricane is over."

"Sir!" said the planter, "we have to thank you for — for —"

"Our lives, father!" cried Henry. "I hope, sir, you will give us your name?"

"Maurice Gerald," said the stranger, "though at the fort I am better known as Maurice the **mustanger.**"

"A mustanger!" scornfully said Calhoun, but only loud enough to be heard by Louise.

"Only a mustanger!" thought the aristocratic Poindexter.

"You will no longer need either myself, or my lasso now," said the hunter of wild horses. "Keep straight towards the cypress. As soon as you cross the river, you will see the flag over the fort. You may yet reach your home before night. Good-buy."

And he rode off.

Helpful Words & Notes

in alarm — встревоженно

norther — сильный сухой северный ветер, дующий на юге США и в Мексике

We didn't know what to make of them. — Мы не могли понять, что это такое.

go mad — обезуметь

serape — серапэ; традиционная мужская домотканая мексиканская накидка до колен

beyond the power of the pen — перо не в силах

the Arctic Ocean — Северный Ледовитый океан

mustanger — мустангер; охотник за дикими лошадьми, мустангами

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

1) Why did the stranger return?
2) What did he ask Poindexter to do?
3) What did the stranger do to protect himself from the dust cloud?
4) What did Mr. Poindexter and Calhoun say when they learnt that the stranger was a mustanger?

2. Say why:

- the mustanger asked to cover the horses and mules with blankets.
- Mr. Poindexter took the mustanger's advice at once.
- Calhoun remained seated in his saddle.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Use the verbs in the right form.

1) From the black columns (to come) terrible noises.
2) The travellers immediately (to feel) danger.
3) The horseman was the stranger they (to meet) before.
4) Cassius Calhoun reluctantly (to slip) out of his saddle.

2. **Explain in your own words who is:**

- a traveler.
- a planter.
- a rider.
- a mustanger.

Discussing the Text

1. **Prove that the hurricane in the prairie was very dangerous.**

2. **Maurice Gerald returned to the travellers just before the hurricane. Describe in detail what he did to make them safe.**

3. **What do you think?**

   Cassius Calhoun didn't like Gerald's orders. What made him finally change his mind (передумать) and get inside the carriage?

Chapter 3

THE SPOTTED MUSTANG

About a week after his arrival, the Louisiana planter invited guests to his new home for a **house-warming party**. Mr. Poindexter's **hacienda** was known as Casa del Corvo. The house itself was built where the Leona River makes a curve like the shoe of a horse.

Hence the name — Casa del Corvo — "the House of the Curve."

The architecture of Casa del Corvo, like that of other large country homes in Texas, was Mexican. It had only one storey and a flat roof, with railing all round. There was a courtyard inside the walls, open to the sky, with a fountain, and a stone stairway leading up to the roof. The house had a massive wooden door with two or three windows on each side, protected by strong iron bars.

The best part of a Mexican house was the roof. In fine weather — it is always fine in that sunny climate — the Mexicans preferred to spend evenings on the roof. The family of the Louisiana planter liked it too.

On that same evening Mr. Poindexter's guests gathered after dinner on the roof for a pleasant evening. There were officers from Fort Inge and old friends of the planter, who, like him, had bought a home in South-Western Texas.

Louise Poindexter moved about among the admiring guests with the smile of a queen. She was happy to be surrounded by friends or admirers — young planters, lawyers, statesmen. But in that splendid crowd there was a man who watched her every move. It was Cassius Calhoun. He followed her everywhere, not close, but like a shadow. He went from place to place; upstairs, and downstairs, standing in corners, with eyes turned upon his cousin's face, like a policeman on duty. And more than once it was noticed by those standing near.

From time to time Louise came up to the edge of the roof and looked at the plain. Why she did so no one could tell. No one was interested in her movements except Cassius Calhoun. He had thoughts about it —

thoughts he didn't like. When a group of moving objects appeared on the prairie, the ex-officer of volunteers had more suspicion.

"Wild horses!" said the major from Fort Inge. "Someone is bringing them in," he added. "Oh! I see now. It's Maurice the mustanger. He is coming this way — straight to your place, Mr. Poindexter."

"I asked the young fellow to catch me some horses. Perhaps he's bringing me the first ones."

"I am sure of it," said the planter's son. "I can tell the horseman is Maurice Gerald."

The planter's daughter could see it too. But she tried not to show her interest: her malicious cousin was still looking at her with great suspicion.

Maurice came up sitting on his mustang. He had a **spotted mare** at the end of his lasso. The colour of the animal was dark chocolate — in places even black. With white spots over her skin she looked like a jaguar.

"What a beautiful creature!" exclaimed some of the guests.

"It's such a pleasure to look at such an animal!" said the major's wife. "Let's all go down! What do you say, Miss Poindexter?"

"Oh, certainly," said Louise.

The ladies went down the stone stairway — the gentlemen after them. Henry Poindexter hurried down before the rest and started talking with the mustanger. Maurice and Louise just nodded to each other. It was impossible for a planter's daughter to give a warmer welcome to a horse-hunter: the "society" wouldn't like that. The major's wife alone greeted him in a nice way. **But that was in a tone that told of superior position.** He was more pleased to exchange quick glances with Louise. Many ladies smiled admiringly at the mustanger.

In truth, the young man looked splendid — handsome and strong.

"I'll pay you two hundred dollars for this horse," said the planter to Maurice, pointing to the spotted mare.

"I cannot take your money," said the mustanger with a smile. "**She is not for sale.**"

"Oh, indeed!" said the planter.

He was disappointed. The other planters and the officers of the fort looked surprised. It was such a good price! Two hundred dollars for a mustang! The usual price was from ten to twenty. The mustanger must be mad.

"Mr. Poindexter," said Maurice, "you have given me a very good price for my other horses. And now I can afford to make a gift. In Ireland, when a man buys many horses, we make a special gift to one of the members of his family. Can we do the same thing in Texas?"

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Gerald," said the planter.

"Thank you. I would be happy to give this mare to Miss Poindexter, if she accepts my gift," said the mustanger to the girl.

"I accept your gift, sir. Thank you," said the girl and smiled at the horse-hunter.

Why did Louise Poindexter, daughter of the proud Louisiana sugar-planter and a very beautiful girl, choose a poor horse-hunter of Texas? She could marry the richest and the noblest men in the country! Louise didn't know the answer herself. She felt some strange interest in a mustanger — he was so different from the men from the "society." And she knew that interest was much stronger now than a week ago, in the burnt prairie.

Helpful Words & Notes

house-warming party — новоселье
hacienda — *исп.* гасиенда, поместье
spotted mare — крапчатая кобыла
But that was in a tone that told of superior position. — Но в ее тоне звучало снисхождение.
She is not for sale. — Она не продается.

•

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. Complete the sentences.

1) Woodley Poindexter invited guests to his new home for a _____.
2) The best part of a Mexican house was _____.
3) No one was interested in Louise's movements except _____.
4) Maurice had a _____ at the end of his lasso.
5) With white spots over her skin the mare looked like a _____.

2. Say why:

- Mr. Poindexter's guests gathered on the roof of the house.
- Calhoun watched Louise's every move.
- Maurice Gerald and Louise just nodded to each other.
- many ladies smiled admiringly at the mustanger.
- the mustanger refused to sell the spotted mare to Poindexter.

- the planter's daughter felt interest in the poor horse-hunter.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Write the words below in the plural.

a roof, a policeman, a lady, a price, a wife

2. Fill in the prepositions *on, over, by, for, in.*

1) Louise was surrounded _____ friends or admirers.
2) Calhoun followed his cousin like a policeman _____ duty.
3) The wild mare had white spots all _____ her skin.
4) The major's wife greeted the mustanger _____ a nice way.
5) "She is not _____ sale," said the mustanger.

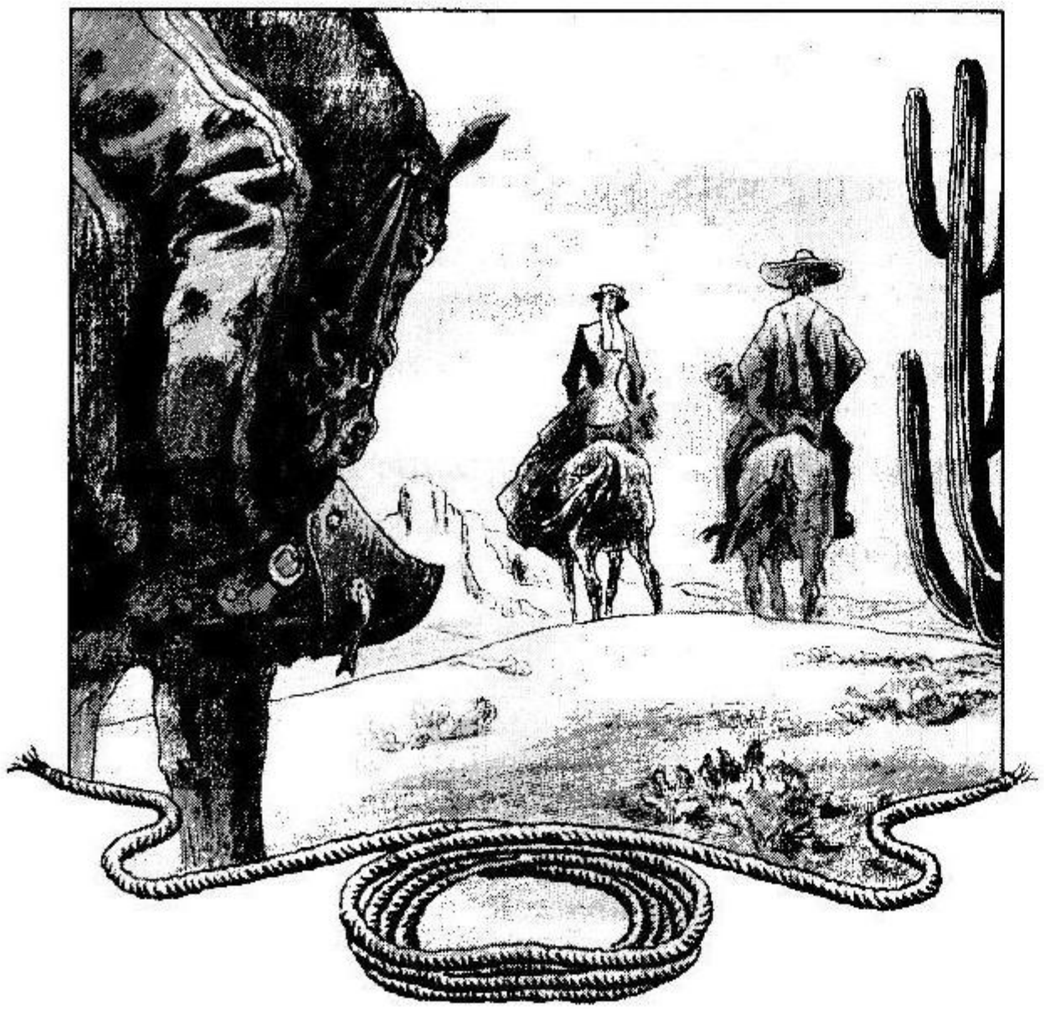
Discussing the Text

1. Imagine that you were one of the guests at the house-warming party. Talk about:

- the planter's hacienda.
- other guests.
- the mustanger's gift to Louise Poindexter.

2. Give your opinion.

What is a house-warming party? Is it different from a birthday party? Have you ever been to a house-warming party? What was it like?



Chapter 4

A PRAIRIE PICNIC

The first rays from a rosy morning sun fell on a group of objects in Fort Inge. In the centre of the group there was a small wagon. Little Mexican mules were eager to move off. Near the wagon there was a man of colossal size in a woollen coat. It was Zeb Stump, the hunter and **tracker.** He was sitting on his old mare. Other people were all moving from the wagon to the door of the **officers' quarters**, and back again.

Most of them were soldiers, two or three more — officers' servants. Two more were cooks. **A sergeant was in charge of the group.** He was directing their movements. His task was to put in the wagon baskets of all shapes and sizes with food and drinks for a picnic.

"Aren't you ready, sergeant?" asked old Zeb. "How can I shoot a wild turkey when the sun is up in the sky? If you want a turkey for your guests, we must go now."

"True, Mr. Stump. I know the major wants a wild turkey. He told me so."

The sergeant did all that was possible to hurry the departure of the wagon, with Zeb Stump as its guide.

* * * * *

Twenty minutes later other people started to gather on the same spot. There were a lot of ladies **on horseback.** They were accompanied by their fathers, brothers, lovers, and husbands. Most, if not all, who had been present at Poindexter's house-warming party, were in Fort Inge that morning.

The planter himself was there. As also his son Henry, his nephew Cassius Calhoun, and his daughter Louise. The young lady was sitting on the spotted mustang.

The picnic was a simple return of hospitality. The major and his officers were the hosts, the planter and his friends — the invited guests. It was planned to go for about twenty miles to the south of Fort Inge — to hunt wild horses. Hence the necessity for an early start.

Just as the rays of the sun began to dance upon the crystal waters of the Leona, the party was ready to move. Like the party before them, they too had a guide — a handsome horseman in a Mexican costume.

"Come, Maurice!" cried the major at last. "Ladies and gentlemen! If there's a man in Texas, who can show us how to hunt wild horses, it's Maurice the mustanger."

* * * * *

A twenty-mile ride in the prairie was over in less than three hours. The picnic started long before noon under the shade of a gigantic **pecan tree**, which stood near the banks of the Nueces River.

"Wild mares!" cried a Mexican, who had been watching the prairie.

"To the saddle!" **was the thought on every mind.** Before a hundred could be counted, everyone, ladies and gentlemen, was in the saddle, ready for the hunt.

The wild mares appeared coming from the top of the hill. They were going at mad **gallop.** They saw neither the wagon, nor the people around it.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" shouted Maurice. "Keep your places. The mares are too excited. I know where they are going now. We shall find them again. If you pursue them now, they'll go into those woods, and we won't find them."

At that moment Louise Poindexter suddenly separated from the crowd and followed the wild mares. Maurice realized that her spotted mustang was eager to join the other mares. Maurice, Calhoun, young planters, lawyers and officers rode off to help the girl.

Twenty minutes later everyone except Maurice was far behind. The wild mares, the spotted mustang with Louise and the mustanger had the prairie to themselves.

The chase continued for another mile, without much change. Maurice was beginning to worry.

"Come, Castro!" he exclaimed. 'What's the matter with you today? We need **to overtake** her. Remember, you overtook her before. What if I lose her? She'd be in trouble."

The wild mares disappeared in the woods. As if their disappearance was a signal for the spotted mustang, it suddenly stopped! Maurice, continuing his gallop, came up in the middle of an **opening.** The girl was sitting silently in the saddle, as if waiting for him to ride up.

"Miss Poindexter!" he said. "I am glad that you're all right. I was beginning to worry about —"

"About what, sir?" asked Louise.

"Your safety, of course," he said, somewhat surprised.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Gerald. Was I really in any danger?"

"Any danger?" asked the Irishman, with increased astonishment. "On the back of a runaway mustang — in the middle of the prairie!"

"And what of that? My Luna couldn't throw me. I'm good in the saddle, sir. But you see, Mr. Gerald, I like a good gallop — especially in the prairie, where I'm not afraid of running over pigs or people. To tell the truth, I wanted fresh air, and to be alone. I'm tired of too much talk — and compliments."

"You wanted to be alone?" said the mustanger, with a disappointed look. "I'm sorry, Miss Poindexter. I followed, because I believed you to be in danger."

"I am truly grateful, sir. You meant the Indians?"

"No, not the Indians. It was not of them I was thinking."

"Some other danger? What is it, sir?"

Maurice did not answer. A sound made him turn away. At that moment the young men heard a scream, then another and another, followed by the loud hammer-

ing of hoofs. It was no mystery to the hunter of horses. The words that came quick from his lips were a direct answer to the question she had put.

"The wild stallions!" he exclaimed.

"Is that the danger you meant?"

"It is."

"Are they really dangerous? They are only mustangs!"

"True, and at other times there is no reason to be afraid of them. But just now, at this season of the year, they become as savage as tigers."

"What can we do?" asked the young lady. She felt fear for the first time.

"If they attack us," answered Maurice, "we'll try to escape."

"But, Mr. Gerald, why shouldn't we ride at once, in the opposite direction?"

"**It's no use.** On that side there's nothing but open prairie. They'll soon overtake us. I know a place, where we shall be as safe as in Casa del Corvo. **But it lies the other way.** They are now on the way to it. If we start too soon, we may **ride into their teeth.** We must wait, and try **to steal away** behind them. Are you sure you can control the mustang?"

"Quite sure," said Louise.

She was afraid to lie in presence of the danger.

Helpful Words & Notes

tracker — *зд.* следопыт
officers' quarters — помещение, занимаемое офицерами
A sergeant was in charge of the group. — Руководил этой группой сержант.
on horseback — верхом

The picnic was a simple return of hospitality. — Пикник устраивался в ответ на гостеприимство плантатора.
pecan tree — пекан; дерево из семейства ореховых, орехи пекан похожи по вкусу на грецкий орех
was the thought on every mind — было в мыслях у каждого
gallop — галоп; самый быстрый способ бега лошади
to overtake — догнать
opening — просека, вырубка
It's no use. — Бесполезно.
But it lies the other way. — Но оно в другой стороне.
ride into their teeth — столкнуться с ними
to steal away — незаметно ускользнуть

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

1) Who was Zeb Stump?
2) Why did he come to Fort Inge that morning?
3) Who was invited to the picnic?
4) What happened after the picnic started?
5) Why did Louise Poindexter separate from the crowd and follow the wild mares?
6) When did Maurice Gerald finally overtake Louise?
7) Why were Gerald and Louise in danger?
8) What did Gerald decide to do?

2. Complete the sentences.

1) The wagon was full of baskets with _____ for a picnic.

2) It took _____ to get to the spot of the picnic.
3) Maurice overtook Louise in _____.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the words from the box.

saddle
chase
departure
opening

1) Zeb Stump asked the sergeant to hurry the _____ of the wagon.
2) Louise was good in the _____.
3) The _____ continued for a few miles.
4) Maurice hoped that the stallions wouldn't go to the _____.

2. Fill in prepositions if necessary.

1) A sergeant was _____ charge of the group.
2) There were a lot of ladies _____ horseback.
3) The wild mares were going _____ a mad gallop.
4) Louise's spotted mustang was eager to join _____ other mares.
5) Maurice decided to steal _____ from the wild stallions.

Discussing the Text

1. Describe the picnic and the chase. Why was Maurice Gerald worried about Louise? Was she in danger in the prairie? Give your opinion.

2. What do you think?

Do you like picnics? Do you often go on a picnic? What do you take there? How do you spend your time there?

Chapter 5

THE WILD STALLIONS

Louise and Maurice remained seated in their saddles. The girl knew there must be some great danger. At the same time she liked that the mustanger was worried about her safety.

"I think we may try now," said the mustanger, **after a while**. "Follow me."

Suddenly they heard loud screams, hammering of hoofs and cracking of branches. It told of a terrible conflict between the wild stallions, which were fighting. When Maurice gave the signal to start, the wild horses suddenly appeared in the opening.

"This way!" cried Maurice. "They've discovered us! On — on! Miss Poindexter! Remember **you are riding for your life!**"

Words were not necessary. It was clear that speed alone could save the spotted mustang and its rider. The stallions went galloping after Louise and Maurice's horses. They were eager to overtake them. From that moment it became a chase across the prairie.

Maurice was worried about Louise's mare. She was galloping slower and slower.

"We keep our distance, don't we?" asked the girl.

She noticed his worried look.

"So far, yes. But we shall have to get over something. I know you are a good rider. What about your mare? You know her better than I. Do you think she can carry you over?"

"Over what, sir?"

"You'll see in a second. We should be near the place now."

The riders soon approached an **arroyo** — wide and deep. It must be crossed, or the stallions would overtake them! Maurice knew that his own horse could go over it — he had done it before. But the mare?

"Do you think she can do it?" he asked.

"I'm sure she can," said Louise. "Come, Luna! Show him one of those jumps, which you can do."

Without even waiting for the mustanger, the brave girl approached the edge of cliff and easily jumped across the arroyo.

There were two thoughts on the mustanger's mind. The first was simple astonishment. The second — admiration.

The stallions stopped at the edge of the cliff. They couldn't bring themselves to jump. The riders were safe now.

* * * * *

"You know horses very well, Mr. Gerald," said Louise.

"I am a mustanger," said the young man. "I hunt wild horses."

"How do you do it?"

"My weapon is this — the lasso."

"You use it with great skill. I've heard that you do."

"It's nice of you to say that. But you are mistaken. The Mexicans do it much better."

"You're too modest, Mr. Gerald. Can I learn to throw the lasso?" asked Louise.

"I know a lady who is very good at it," said the mustanger.

"An American lady?"

"No. She's Mexican. She lives on the Rio Grande, but sometimes comes to the Leona to see her relatives."

"A young lady?"

"Yes. About your own age, I think, Miss Poindexter."

"Is she tall?"

"Not so tall as you."

"Does it take long to learn to throw the lasso?" said Louise. "Or am I too old to start now?"

"Not at all. It's possible, with a year or two's practice, to become very good at it," said Maurice. "I, myself, have only been three years at it, and —"

He saw that Louise was not listening to him any more.

"Perhaps you want to get back to your family and friends?" he said. "Your father may be worried by your long absence."

"Ah, true!" said the girl. "I was not thinking of that. Let us go back!"

* * * * *

Maurice took the girl to the spot of the picnic using the shortest way. The planter's daughter was surprised to see around herself beautiful flowers, green grass, and blue horizon.

"It's so beautiful!" exclaimed the girl.

"Do you admire these wild scenes, Miss Poindexter?"

"Admire them? Something more, sir! I see around me all that is bright and beautiful in nature. I would like to live under these trees."

"I'm afraid, miss, you would soon be tired of such a rude life — no roof, no society..."

"And you, sir? How is it you are not still tired of it? How do you live? Have you got a house?"

"It doesn't deserve such a name," laughed the mustanger. "It's a hut."

"Where is it? Anywhere near where we've been today?"

"It is not very far from where we are now. A mile, perhaps."

"How I should like to have a look at it! a real rude hut, you say? Only a mile, you say —"

"A mile there — the same to return — would be two."

"That's nothing. It would take us a few minutes," said Louise. "Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Gerald. I did not think of it. Perhaps you do not live alone?"

"Oh, yes. I have a companion — one who has been with me ever since I —"

Before the mustanger could finish his phrase, the planter's daughter imagined a dark-haired girl of her own age, with a lasso in her hand.

"It's my **foster-brother** Phelim. He's glad to see visitors at any time."

"I shall be happy to meet him."

Louise Poindexter paid a visit to the mustanger's hut, on the Alamo River. She noticed, with surprise, books and writing materials. She talked to Phelim O'Neal and tasted everything he offered. Finally she left, **in high spirits.**

On the way back to the place of the picnic Maurice and Louise met Cassius Calhoun. The girl told her cousin

about the chase and the jump over the arroyo. The mustanger didn't say a word.

The ex-captain felt black jealousy. He was sure that Maurice the mustanger had become his most powerful **rival.**

Helpful Words & Notes

after a while — спустя какое-то время
you are riding for your life — вы спасаете свою жизнь
arroyo — высохшее русло
foster-brother — молочный брат; сын кормилицы
in high spirits — в отличном настроении
rival — соперник, соперница

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. Put the sentences in the right order.

1) Louise Poindexter paid a visit to the mustanger's hut on the Alamo River.
2) The stallions stopped at the edge of the cliff.
3) The riders approached a wide and deep arroyo.
4) Maurice took the girl to the spot of the picnic using the shortest way.
6) The stallions went galloping after Louise and Maurice's horses.
7) Maurice and Louise heard terrible screams, hammering of hoofs and cracking of branches.
8) Louise approached the edge of cliff and easily jumped across the arroyo.

2. Fill in the names.

1) _____ was good at throwing the lasso.
   a) Zeb Stump
   b) Louise
   c) Maurice

2) _____ was Maurice's foster-brother.
   a) Phelim O'Neal
   b) Josh Sansom
   c) Zeb Stump

3) Louise's _____ felt black jealousy.
   a) father
   b) cousin
   c) servant

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the adjectives from the box.

spotted
worried
good
tired

1) "You would soon be _____ of such a rude life."
2) Maurice was _____ about Louise's safety.
3) The _____ mare easily jumped across the arroyo.
4) "I know a lady who is very _____ at throwing the lasso."

2. Fill in the prepositions *with, in, of, at.*

1) The stallions stopped _____ the edge of the cliff.

2) The mustanger could throw his lasso _____ great skill.
3) Louise left Maurice's hut _____ high spirits.
4) The planter's daughter imagined a dark-haired girl _____ her own age.

Discussing the Text

1. Describe the chase and the jump over the arroyo.

2. Imagine the mustanger's hut in the prairie. Describe it.

3. What do you think?

Louise invited herself to Maurice's hut. Why did she do it? Did she like what she saw there? Prove that.

Chapter 6

WHISKY AND WATER

Almost everyone who had taken part in the hunting expedition visited the **saloon** at Fort Inge hotel that evening. The subject of most conversations was the picnic.

"Did you notice Calhoun as he came back?" asked one of the officers.

"He looked rather unhappy," said the major. "But surely, Captain Sloman, you don't mean —"

"Jealousy. And nothing else."

"What! Do you mean to say that he's jealous of Maurice the mustanger? Poh-poh! Impossible."

"And why, major?"

"My dear Sloman, Louise Poindexter is a lady, and Maurice Gerald — a horse-hunter."

"Ah, gentlemen!" said Sloman, shaking his head. "You don't know Miss Poindexter so well as I do. **An eccentric young lady — to say the least of her.** You may have already seen that for yourselves."

"Come, come, Sloman!" said the major. "A mustanger? Poh-poh!"

"He's an Irishman, major, this mustanger. And if he is what I have some reason to suspect —"

"Whatever he is," said the major, "he's here. You may learn everything from him."

"I don't think you will," said Sloman, as the other officers turned towards the newcomer.

The mustanger came up to the counter and asked for a glass of whisky and water. The officers were about to ask him a few questions when another man entered the saloon. It was Cassius Calhoun. It could be seen that the ex-officer of volunteers was **under the influence of drink.**

"Come, gentlemen!" he cried to the officers. "Drinks all round! What do you say?"

"**Agreed!**" replied several voices.

"You, major?"

"With pleasure, Captain Calhoun."

Apparently by accident Calhoun stood next to Maurice Gerald. The mustanger was at that moment quietly drinking his whisky and water, and smoking a cigar. The two men were back to back.

"A toast!" cried Calhoun, taking his glass from the counter. "America for the Americans, without foreigners — especially the Irish!"

After that he stepped back and pushed the mustanger with his elbow. As a result Maurice's drink spilt on his shirt.

Was it an accident? No one believed it was — even for a moment.

The mustanger put his glass on the counter, then drew a silk handkerchief out of his pocket, and started to wipe the wet shirt.

"*I* am an Irishman," said the young man. He returned his handkerchief to the place from which he had taken it.

"You?" asked Calhoun, turning round. "You're an Irishman? I thought you were a Mexican, judging by your shirt."

"I don't know why my shirt concerns you, Mr. Cassius Calhoun. But as you spilt half my whisky on it, I'll do the same."

The mustanger took up his glass. Before the ex-captain of volunteers could get out of the way, Maurice splashed the rest of the drink into his face. Calhoun drew his revolver from its **holster.** The mustanger did the same. The two men were ready to shoot.

"Hold!" said the major.

"Why?" shouted Calhoun in anger. "Why, Major Ringwood? After an insult like that, and **from a low fellow like him** —"

"You were the first to do it, Captain Calhoun."

"I don't care! Stand out of the way, major. The quarrel is not yours — you have no right to interfere!"

"Indeed! Ha! Ha! I have no right to interfere! Do you know where you are, sir? This, sir, is a military post, and I am the commander. I order you to return your revolver to the holster from which you have taken it," said the major. "You will have a chance to

kill one another, if you like. But not just now. You must understand, Mr. Calhoun, that you may hurt other people. Wait till the rest of us can move to a safe distance."

Calhoun and Maurice lowered their revolvers. But they were still holding them in hand.

"I suspect you still want to fight?" said the major.

"I have no particular wish for it," modestly answered Maurice. "If Mr. Calhoun apologizes for what he has said, and also what he has done —"

"He should do it. He began the quarrel!" said some of the officers.

"Never!" scornfully said the ex-captain. "Cash Calhoun will do **nothing of the sort**. Apologize indeed! And to a monkey like that!"

"Enough!" cried the young Irishman, for the first time showing serious anger. "I gave him a chance for his life. He refuses to accept it. Now, we don't both leave this room alive! Major! I insist that you and your friends go away. I want to put an end to it."

"Ha-ha-ha!" said the ex-captain, laughing. "A chance for my life! Go away, all of you. I'll show him —"

"Stay!" cried Major Ringwood. "There must be a signal for the duel. Neither should fire till it is given. Can anyone suggest anything?"

"I think I can," said Captain Sloman. "Let the gentlemen go outside along with us. There is a door at each end of the room. Let them enter again — one at each door. Then they can fire."

"The very thing!" said several voices.

"And what for a signal?" asked the major. "A shot?"

"No. Ring the hotel bell!"

"Nothing could be better," said the major.

All the visitors of the saloon hurried into the street.

"Major!" screamed Mr. Oberdoffer, the owner of the hotel and the saloon. "Surely the gentlemen are not going to shoot their guns inside the saloon! They'll break all my bottles, and my splendid looking-glasses, my crystal clock!"

"No doubt you'll be paid for the damage," said the major. "If you stay in your saloon, you'll get a bullet through your body. And that would be worse than the breaking of your bottles."

Helpful Words & Notes

saloon — салун; питейное заведение на Диком Западе, в котором посетителям подавались преимущественно крепкие напитки

An eccentric young lady — to say the least of her. — Это эксцентричная молодая особа, если не сказать больше.

under the influence of drink — навеселе

Agreed! — Решено!

holster — кобура

from a low fellow like him — от такого негодяя

nothing of the sort — ничего подобного

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

1) Where did the men who had taken part in the hunting expedition go in the evening?
2) What was the subject of most conversations?

3) What kind of drink did the mustanger order?
4) What did Calhoun do to start the quarrel?
5) What did Gerald do in response to the insult?
6) Who interfered in the quarrel?
7) What rules did the major set?
8) What was chosen as a signal for the duel?

2. Complete the sentences.

1) Captain Sloman thought that Calhoun looked unhappy because _____.
2) The officers had no chance to ask Gerald a few questions because _____.
3) Major Ringwood ordered Calhoun and Gerald to go outside because _____.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the nouns from the box.

newcomer accident distance holster saloon

1) The _____ at Fort Inge hotel was very popular with the local men.
2) Calhoun drew his revolver from its _____.
3) The _____ came up to the counter and asked for a glass of whisky and water.
4) No one believed it was an _____.
5) The major asked all the visitors to move to a safe _____.

2. Choose the right modal verb.

1) "He's the mustanger. You *may/should* learn from him everything."
2) "Calhoun *can/should* apologize. He began the quarrel!"
3) "There *must/can* be a signal for the duel."
4) "Let them enter again — one at each door. Then they *must/can* fire."

Discussing the Text

1. Describe the quarrel in the saloon. Prove that it wasn't an accident.

2. What do you think?

Why Major Ringwood let Calhoun and Gerald have a duel in the saloon? Did he do the right thing?

Chapter 7

A DUEL

The night was rather dark, though there was still light enough to see a lot of people outside the saloon. They knew that something unusual was going on in the square. The spectators were standing about a dozen yards from the building. They were watching the movements of two men — one at each door. Both were looking into the

saloon where no sound could be heard. Both were **in their shirt sleeves**, without hats. Each had a **six-shooter** in his hand. The men were waiting for a signal for the duel.

Finally the hotel bell rang. The duelists rushed inside the saloon. The first shots filled the room with smoke. **Both kept their feet**, though both were wounded. The second shots were also fired at the same time. Then came a single shot, quickly followed by another. Then there was silence.

Were both dead? No! More shots proved that both were still alive. Then more shots — and then a single shot — the eleventh. The crowd of spectators in the street was listening for the twelfth shot. But instead of it they heard the voice of the mustanger.

"My gun is at your head! I have one shot left — make an apology, or die!"

After a while the other man spoke. It was Calhoun.

"Enough! Drop your gun — I apologize," he said almost in whisper.

* * * * *

The duel between Cassius Calhoun and Maurice Gerald caused something more than the usual interest: it was the subject of conversations for nine days. Calhoun was disliked in the fort for his arrogance. And there was almost universal satisfaction at the result of the duel.

Both men had to stay in bed: the wounds were serious. In the hour of his triumph, Maurice had fainted from loss of blood. He had been taken to a small room upstairs. Phelim came to the hotel to stay by his side.

"Do you know what the owner is talking about?" said Phelim. "He's going to make you pay for the bottles, and glasses, and other things that were broken that day."

"Me pay?"

"Yes, Master Maurice, and not that **Yankee.**"

"What reason did he give for saying that I should pay?"

"He said that you were the bird in the hand, and he would keep you till you paid for everything."

"**He'd better present his bill to the bird in the bush.** I'm ready to pay for half the damage done. No more. You may tell him so, if he speaks to you about it. And, to tell you the truth, Phelim, I don't know how I can do even that. I'm afraid, we'll have to sell my silver cup, and perhaps my gun!"

"Don't say that, master! How will we live, if the gun goes?"

"As we can. The lasso will help us."

At that moment a maid appeared in the door, with a big basket.

"A gentleman's brought this to you," she said.

In the basket Phelim found a few bottles of wine, sweets and delicacies from the kitchen.

"A gentleman, she says. A kind gentleman, I say!" said Phelim. "Who do you think he was, master?"

"I have no idea. And there's no note. Some of the officers of the fort?"

"No. It was packed by a woman."

"Nonsense, Phelim! I know no lady who should take so much interest in me."

Two days later the second basket arrived, then the third. In the last basket there was finally a letter.

"It's only Isidora!" said the mustanger.

He opened the letter and read:

"*Dear Sir,*

I have been staying for a week at the house of Uncle Silvio. I have heard about your wounds and I am sending you some little things. Please make use of them, as a souvenir of what you did for me. I write in the saddle. In another moment I am leaving the hacienda.

Isidora Covarubio de los Llanos"

"Thanks — thanks, sweet Isidora!" whispered the mustanger. "She is so nice to me. But I can't love her. I love Louise Poindexter."

* * * * *

Cassius Calhoun spent all his time in his room. He was a selfish man and had no friends. The only person he loved was his cousin Louise. Calhoun knew that she didn't love him. So he planned to influence her father, Woodley Poindexter. The planter had lost almost all his money. Cassius Calhoun was, in fact, the real owner of Casa del Corvo.

The ex-captain felt he was a defeated man in the eyes of Louise. But what was even worse, he'd been defeated by his rival. Maurice, the mustanger, must die! If not by Calhoun's own hand, then by the hand of another. And he knew the very man. There was a Mexican at the time — like Maurice himself — a mustanger. He was one of those who had carried Calhoun home on the night of the duel. And he was Maurice's enemy.

Calhoun invited the Mexican for a talk. The mustanger made no secret of his hostility to Maurice Gerald. He said nothing about the reason. Calhoun guessed, that it was the same as **in his own case** — a woman! The Mexican did not give the name. The only thing Calhoun knew was that it was some dark-eyed girl from a place on **the Rio Grande.**

The ex-captain and the Mexican met several times, possibly discussing plans of revenge. The outside world

only knew that Calhoun's new friend was Miguel Diaz known by the nickname "El Coyote," or "Prairie Wolf."

Helpful Words & Notes

in their shirt sleeves — в одних рубашках, без верхней одежды

six-shooter — шестизарядный револьвер

Both kept their feet — Оба продолжали стоять

Yankee — янки, коренной американец (Колхаун — коренной житель США, а Морис Джеральд и Фелим О'Нил не так давно приехали из Ирландии.)

He'd better present his bill to the bird in the bush. — Здесь обыгрывается пословица *A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush* (Лучше одна птичка в руках, чем две в кустах).

in his own case — у него самого

the Rio Grande — река Рио-Гранде, разделяющая США и Мексику

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. Put the sentences in the right order.

1) The second shots were also fired at the same time.
2) Calhoun and Gerald kept their feet, though both were wounded.
3) The spectators heard the voice of the mustanger.

4) Then came more shots — and then a single shot — the eleventh.
5) The duelists rushed inside the saloon.
6) The first shots filled the room with smoke.

2. Say *true* or *false*. Correct the false statements.

1) The duel caused great interest in Fort Inge.
2) The wounds of the duelists were not serious.
3) Maurice Gerald wanted to sell his books to pay for his half of the damage.
4) Isidora sent Maurice Gerald a basket with a few bottles of wine and delicacies from the kitchen.
5) Mr. Oberdoffer carried Cassius Calhoun home on the night of the duel.
6) Calhoun invited Miguel Diaz for a talk.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the nouns from the box.

hostility
revenge
arrogance
loss
shot

1) The crowd of spectators in the street was listening for the twelfth _____.
2) Calhoun was disliked in the fort for his _____.
3) Maurice had fainted from _____ of blood.
4) The Mexican mustanger made no secret of his _____ to Maurice Gerald.

5) Calhoun discussed with Miguel Diaz a plan of _____.

2. Fill in prepositions if necessary.

1) Calhoun and Gerald were _____ their shirt sleeves.
2) "My gun is _____ your head!"
3) "Drop _____ your gun!"
4) The mustanger must die _____ Calhoun's own hand.
5) Miguel Diaz was known _____ the nickname "El Coyote."

Discussing the Text

1. Describe the duel. Was it fair? Talk about its result.

2. Give your opinion.

What do you know about duels? Can you name any famous duels? What weapons were used in duels? Why do you think there are no duels now?

3. Talk about Calhoun and his plan of revenge.

Chapter 8

ON THE ROOF

It was early morning. Louise Poindexter was standing on the roof of the house in Casa del Corvo. Was she looking at a beautiful landscape? No. She was worried about the young mustanger.

Suddenly a horseman rode out of the woods and headed towards the hacienda. Louise recognized him. It was Zeb Stump the hunter.

"The man I need!" exclaimed the girl. "Perhaps he can tell me how he is."

After a while the rider approached the gate.

"Dear Mr. Stump! I'm so glad to see you. Come up here! There's a nice view from this roof."

The old hunter joined the girl on the roof.

"Tell me, Mr. Stump!" said Louise and looked into Zeb's grey eyes. "You must know everything. How is he? Are his wounds dangerous?"

"If you mean Mister Calhoun —"

"No — no — no. I know all about him. I'm speaking not about Mr. Calhoun."

"Well, Miss Louise. There's one other man who is wounded too. And it's Maurice the mustanger. Are you speaking about him?"

"Yes! Yes! I know about his quarrel with my cousin. You see, I have my reasons to be worried about Mr. Gerald's health. He saved my life — twice I may say. Tell me — is he in great danger?"

"Not at all," said Zeb. "He's got two bullet holes: one is just above the ankle, and the other in his left arm. The wounds are not dangerous, but he lost a lot of blood. He's all right now. He says he's going to be out of doors in a couple of days."

"Where is he?"

"He is staying at the hotel. That's where the duel took place."

"Stay here, Mr. Stump, till I come up to you again," said the girl and went downstairs. Soon she came back. She was carrying a basket.

"Dear old Zeb, you will take this to Mr. Gerald? These are little things sick people would like to eat and drink."

"Certainly, Miss Louise," said the old hunter. "Though, I as far as I know, he's already got a couple of baskets."

"From whom?"

"From some Mexican woman. Her servant brought them to the hotel. I've seen them myself today, not far from here."

Louise Poindexter realized she had a rival — perhaps something more. It was not by accident, that the basket fell from her hands on the stone floor of the courtyard.

For the first time in her life Louise Poindexter was jealous. It was her first real love: she *was* in love with Maurice Gerald.

"I'm sorry about the basket," she said. "After all, Mr. Gerald doesn't need these things. Come, Mr. Stump. It's getting hot up here. Let us go down and find you a glass of your favourite whisky. Come!"

Later Louise thought much about Zeb's words.

"This Mexican woman and her servant will be coming back from Fort Inge soon!" she told herself.

Louise ordered the spotted mare to be saddled and rode out in the direction of the fort. Soon she met her rival. It was a young lady, not older than herself. Her hair was black, and the face was charmingly attractive.

The girls only exchanged short glances. But as they two rode on, going in opposite directions, both turned round in the saddle for a second glance at the other.

"Beautiful!" told herself Louise. "Yes. Too beautiful to be his friend! He loves her!"

During the next three days she saw the Mexican lady once again — from the roof. She knew more about her now. Isidora Covarubio de los Llanos lived in her father's house on the Rio Grande. Her uncle had his hacienda on the Leona, a mile from Casa del Corvo. She was an eccentric young lady, as some people thought. And she was good at throwing the lasso.

There was an interval of several days, during which the Mexican lady was not seen again. Then early in the morning Louise saw Maurice Gerald. The mustanger was slowly riding down the road.

Louise quickly hid behind the railing of the roof. The horseman stopped by the side of the road and remained there for a long time, watching Casa del Corvo. Then Maurice rode on. He returned an hour later. Louise was sure that he had visited Isidora Covarubio de los Llanos.

The next morning she saw Maurice again. As on the day before, she hid behind the railing. As on the day before, he stopped to watch the hacienda. Louise's heart was full of hope and fear. There was a moment when she was ready to show herself. But at the next moment he was gone. Where? Where, if not to meet Isidora? The jealous heart of the girl could hold out no longer. She must find out!

In less than twenty minutes after that, a spotted mare with a lady on its back appeared on the same road, and riding in the same direction. Soon she reached the top of a hill and looked at a house surrounded by tall trees. It was the hacienda of Silvio Martinez, the uncle of Isidora.

For some time she watched the hacienda. No one was seen at the house, or near it. Suddenly she heard a noise and looked below. The mustanger was riding up the hill directly towards her. He was alone. There was nothing to show that Isidora had recently been with him.

"Good morning, Miss Poindexter," said the mustanger. "Are you alone?"

"I'm alone, sir. And why not?"

"True. I think I've heard you say you that prefer that sort of thing."

"Don't you like it yourself, Mr. Gerald?"

"Yes. To tell the truth, I like it very much. I live at the hotel. It's a noisy place. That's why I like to ride along this quiet road."

"I believe you come here often."

"Often! I have been only twice down this road. But, Miss Poindexter, may I ask how you knew that I go this way at all?"

"Oh!" said Louise, and she blushed. "I spend much time on the roof. The view, songs of the birds — it's a nice spot, especially in the morning. I saw you as you passed."

"You saw me, then?" asked Maurice.

"How could I help it?" said Louise. "The road is not far from the house. I even saw a lady called Isidora."

"Isidora? Ah, true! She has been here for some time."

"And has been very kind to Mr. Maurice Gerald?"

"Indeed, it is true. She has been very kind. But I've had no chance of thanking her. And now she has gone back to her home on the Rio Grande."

"Are you telling the truth, sir?"

"Of course, I have not seen her," said Maurice. "She sent me some delicacies while I was ill. So I knew she was here. Isidora is grateful for a small thing I once did for her."

"May I ask what it was, Mr. Gerald?"

"Oh, certainly. I once saved her from some rude Indians — Wild Cat and his **Seminoles**. They captured her when she was making a journey from the Rio Grande to visit her uncle on the Leona — Silvio Martinez. It's his house you can see from here."

"A small thing, you call it? You are modest, Mr. Gerald. A man who would do that much for me —"

"What would you do for *him*?" asked the mustanger.

"I'd *love* him," said the girl.

"Then," whispered Maurice into Louise's ear, "I would give half my life to see you in the hands of the Indians — the other half to save you from the danger."

"Do you mean this, Maurice Gerald? Do you really mean it?"

"I do!" said Maurice.

Louise Poindexter laid her hands on Maurice's shoulder and kissed him.

Helpful Words & Notes

How could I help it? — Как я могла не заметить?
Seminoles — семинолы; индейское племя

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

1) Who came to see Louise Poindexter?
2) What did the hunter tell her about Maurice?
3) Why did Louise ride out in the direction of Fort Inge?
4) What was her opinion of the Mexican girl?
5) Whom did Louise see early in the morning?
6) Why did she go towards the hacienda of Silvio Martinez?
7) What did Maurice Gerald tell Louise about Isidora?

2. Put the sentences in the right order.

1) Louise Poindexter laid her hands on Maurice's shoulder and kissed him.
2) The girls only exchanged short glances.
3) Gerald stopped to watch Casa del Corvo.
4) The old hunter approached the gate.
5) Louise ordered the spotted mare to be saddled and rode out in the direction of the fort.
6) The basket fell from her hands on the stone floor of the courtyard.
7) Louise quickly hid behind the railing of the roof.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the adjectives from the box.

attractive
jealous
favourite
grateful
rude

1) The Mexican girl was _____.
2) Louise was _____ to Zeb Stump for good news.
3) The hunter asked for a glass of his _____ whisky.
4) Louise was _____ of her beautiful rival.
5) "I once saved her from some _____ Indians."

2. Choose the correct form of the verb.

1) Louise said that Maurice *saved/had saved* her life twice.

2) "The mustanger says he *is going/was going* to be out of doors in a couple of days."
3) The basket *fell/had fallen* from her hands on the stone floor of the courtyard.
4) Maurice said that Isidora *went/had gone* back to her home on the Rio Grande.

Discussing the Text

1. Talk about Isidora.

Describe her. Say what you know about her family. What did Maurice Gerald do for her?

2. Talk about Louise. Say why she:

- was so interested in her rival.
- hid behind the railing of the roof.
- went after Maurice Gerald.

3. Prove that Louise Poindexter was an emotional and active person.

Chapter 9

COMANCHES ON THE WAR-PATH

There was no open war in Texas with the Indians at that time. But they were still a topic of discussion at the breakfast, dinner, and supper tables. In the planter's hacienda, as in the hunter's camp, people were less afraid of wild animals, than of the Indians.

The Poindexters knew little about the Indians, but they believed that the danger was real. About two weeks after the picnic in the prairie they received a letter from the fort. It came in the early morning and was put into the hands of the planter. He was sitting at the breakfast-table, together with his daughter Louise, his son Henry, and his nephew Cassius Calhoun.

"Unpleasant news, father?" asked his daughter.

" **'The Comanches are on the war-path'** — so writes the major."

"Is the major sure of it? What does he say, uncle?" asked Calhoun.

"Last night Wild Cat, the Seminole chief, came to the fort with some of his men. He said that the Comanches all over Texas had been dancing **the war dance** for more than a month. Some of the Comanches can be expected **in these parts** at any moment."

"And Wild Cat himself?" asked Louise. "Can we trust this Indian? He appears to be as much an enemy to the whites as to his own people."

"Quite true, my daughter. You have described the chief of the Seminoles almost in the same words as I find in the letter. The major thinks that **this two-faced old rascal will take sides with the Comanches.** Well, I hope we shall not see any redskins in Casa del Corvo — either Seminoles, or Comanches. And, Louise," continued the planter, "please don't ride out alone. Henry must be with you, or your cousin Cassius."

"Why, father? I have often ridden out alone," asked his daughter.

"Yes. Perhaps too often," said the planter.

Louise didn't like his words, but she didn't ask for an explanation.

"Remember, my child, you are not in Louisiana, where a lady may travel anywhere. In Texas there are Indians, and other criminals."

"I'll do what you want, father," said Louise, rising from the breakfast table. She went to her room, thinking: "What does that mean? Does father know that we met?"

* * * * *

Calhoun left the dining-room after his cousin. He was already strong enough to have walks. That morning he went up the river in the direction of Fort Inge. Half way between the hacienda and the fort there was the hut of Miguel Diaz, the Mexican mustanger. He was better known in Texas as El Coyote.

"Ah, captain, come in," said the horse-hunter. "Sit down. Take a chair."

Calhoun was tired after his long walk. He took a chair and sat down.

"Mr. Diaz!" he said. "I have come for —"

"Oh, I know well enough why you are here. You want me to kill that Irishman!"

"Well!"

"Well, I promised you I would do it, for five hundred dollars. I will. But the time's not come yet. What if somebody finds out? I can't risk that. I hate the Irishman as much as you do. But I must wait for the time, and the chance."

"You said you could easily do it, if there was any Indian trouble going on?"

"Of course I said so. If there was —"

"You have not heard the news, then?"

"What news?"

"That the Comanches are on the war-path."

"Is that right, captain?"

"Yes. The news has just reached the fort. I know that from Major Ringwood."

"In that case," answered the Mexican, "Maurice may die. The Comanches can kill him. Ha! Ha!"

"You are sure of it?"

"Yes, but five hundred dollars is not enough. His scalp is worth a thousand dollars."

"A thousand dollars then."

"Do you promise it?"

"I do."

"Then the Comanches will get his scalp."

Calhoun left the hut.

"A thousand dollars for killing the man I wanted to kill myself," said Diaz. "The Comanches are on the war-path! Can it be true? If so, I must find my old Indian costume. It's time to use it again after these three long years of peace."

* * * * *

Louise Poindexter not only stopped riding out alone, but refused to do so in company. If there was danger on the outside prairie, it was safe in the garden, behind the high wall of the hacienda. In fact, Louise didn't need to ride out to meet Maurice. They could see secretly each other in the garden. Maurice had already visited Casa del Corvo twice. The mustanger and the planter's daughter agreed to meet again.

About midnight Maurice crossed the river in a small boat. He stood under the shadow of a big oak, waiting for the girl.

Helpful Words & Notes

The Comanches are on the war-path — Племя команчей на тропе войны (Команчи — индейское племя, отличавшееся особой воинственностью; тропой войны называлась тропа, которую индейцы использовали для нападения на лагерь врага, начиная военные действия.)

the war dance — пляска войны, которую устраивали команчи перед военным походом или набегом

in these parts — в этих краях

this two-faced old rascal will take sides with the Comanches — этот двуличный старый негодяй перейдет на сторону команчей

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. **Answer the questions.**

   1) What letter did the Poindexters receive one day?
   2) Did they take the news about the Indians seriously?
   3) What did Woodley Poindexter ask his daughter to do?
   4) Where did Cassius Calhoun go?
   5) What topic did he discuss with Miguel Diaz?
   6) How much money did El Coyote ask for Gerald's scalp?
   7) Where and when did Louise and Gerald agree to meet?

2. **Say who:**

   - came to the fort to warn the officers about the Comanches' possible attack.

- decided to find his old Indian costume.
- stopped riding out of the hacienda.
- could see secretly each other in the garden.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Complete the table.

to ride			
	saw		
		gone	
			leaving
to take			

2. Fill in prepositions if necessary.

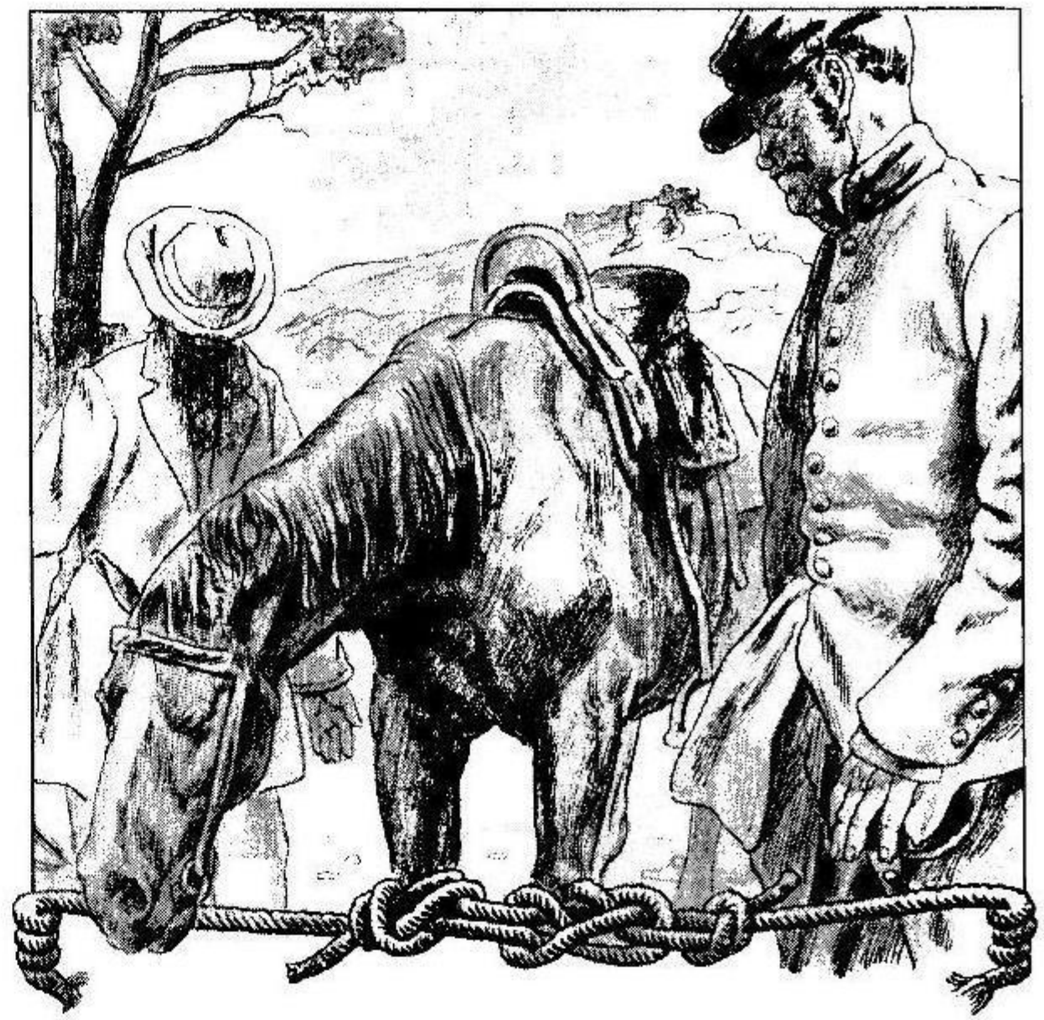
1) The planter was sitting _____ the breakfast table.
2) Louise thought that Wild Cat could take sides _____ the Comanches.
3) "I must wait _____ the time, and the chance."
4) "The Comanches are _____ the war-path."
5) Louise felt safe _____ the high wall of the hacienda.
6) Maurice had already visited _____ Casa del Corvo twice.

Discussing the Text

1. Major Ringwood told the news about the Comanches in a letter. Can you write such a letter?

2. Describe Calhoun's meeting with Miguel Diaz.

Why did the mustanger double the price of Maurice's scalp? Why did Calhoun agree to pay thousand dollars? Give your ideas.



Chapter 10

IN THE GARDEN

The mustanger didn't have to wait for Louise long. At the very moment when he was stepping into the boat, a small white hand opened a window. After a while a girl appeared on the top of the stairway that led down to the garden. She could be no other than Louise Poindexter.

The girl noiselessly passed the statues and shrubs and arrived under the shadow of the oak to meet Maurice.

"I need to tell you something, love," said the young man. "Tomorrow I am going to the Alamo."

"Why?" asked Louise, worried.

"I have excellent reasons for going," said the mustanger.

"Excellent reasons! Do you want to meet anyone there?"

"Phelim — no one else. I sent him out about ten days ago — before the news about the Indians. I'll stay there only for a day or two. I'm going to put an end to my prairie life."

"I don't understand what you mean."

"It's very simple. I've made a very important decision. I know you will forgive me, when you know about it."

"Forgive you, Maurice! For what?"

"For keeping it a secret from you, that — that I am not what I seem. And one more thing. Yesterday I received an important letter from Ireland. I'll need to go there for a short time. I'll return soon and prove to your proud father that the poor horse-hunter who's won his daughter's heart... Have I won it, Louise?"

"Won it? You know you have more than won it!"

The lovers didn't hear the footsteps on the **gravelled path** of the garden. They didn't see the dark shadow, which was hiding behind statues or trees. The listener, in fact, could hear every word. He could see all their movements. Was it Cassius Calhoun? Yes, it was he.

* * * * *

It was by accident the cousin of Louise Poindexter found out the truth he didn't like. At midnight Calhoun went to the roof to smoke a cigar. He was standing, with his arms crossed, when he saw a horseman near Casa del Corvo. The stranger crossed the river and **made his way into the garden**. Was he a thief?

Then the ex-captain saw Louise.

"Who could this man be but Maurice the mustanger?" he said.

Calhoun hurried down the stairs, made his way through the house, and out into the garden. He was witness to their kisses. He learned about the mustanger's plan to leave in the morning and about his promise to return.

The ex-captain was so angry, that he was ready to kill his rival with a knife. But something stopped him. Something made him hurry back in the direction of the house, leaving the lovers. Where did Cassius Calhoun go? Certainly not to his own room. He went to the room of his cousin, young Henry Poindexter.

Calhoun didn't need a candle: Henry's room was filled with moonlight. The ex-captain came up to the bed with mosquito curtains.

"Wake up! Henry! Wake up!" he said.

He shook Henry's shoulder.

"Oh! Ah! You, cousin Cash? What is it? Not the Indians, I hope?"

"Worse than that — worse! Quick! Get up! Quick, or it will be too late! Quick, or **the name of Poindexter will be the laughing-stock of Texas!**"

After such words the youngest Poindexter got up and stood on his feet in the middle of the floor in surprise.

"Don't wait to dress," cried Calhoun. "Stay, you may put on your pants."

"What is it, Cash? What does it all mean?" asked the young man.

They ran out into the garden.

"See for yourself!" said Calhoun. "Look through that opening in the trees. Do you see anything there?"

"Something white. It looks like a woman's dress. It is that. It's a woman!"

"It *is* a woman. Who do you think she is?"

"I can't tell. There's another figure by her side. Is it a man?"

"It is a man. That man is Maurice the mustanger!"

"And the woman?"

"It's Louise — your sister — in his arms!"

These words made Henry jump.

"Go! And take this," said Calhoun.

He passed his own knife and gun into the hands of his cousin.

As if a shot had struck him through the heart, the brother rushed along the path.

"On, my boy! See that you don't hurt *her*. Shoot at him, and then go at him with the knife if you miss. **Don't give him a word of warning.** I'll stay near and take care of you, if you get into danger."

In six seconds Henry was by his sister's side.

"Louise!" he cried, "Stand aside, and give me a chance of killing this scoundrel! Aside, sister!"

For Henry to shoot at the mustanger was to risk taking his sister's life. So he paused before pulling the trigger. The girl suddenly threw her arms around her brother.

"Go! Go!' she shouted to Maurice. "My brother is wrong. Leave me to explain. Away, Maurice!"

"Henry Poindexter," said the young Irishman. "I am not the scoundrel you think I am. Give me time, and I shall prove that **I deserve her confidence** — and love."

Henry's struggle to get from his sister's arms became less energetic. Maurice was on his way back to the wild prairies.

"Oh, Henry! You are wrong!" cried Louise. "Believe me, brother, he is a gentleman. He's a noble man. And I love him! Oh, brother! Why did you insult him?"

"Have I done so?"

"You have, Henry — rudely!"

"I shall go after, and apologize. I shall go now. I liked him when we first met — you know I did? Sister! Come back into the house with me. You'd better go to bed. As for me, I'll ride to the hotel. I hope I can still overtake him and apologize for my rudeness."

Louise and Henry returned to the house. As soon as they got inside, a third figure appeared from the shrubs and followed them up the stone steps. It was their cousin, Cassius Calhoun. He, too, had thoughts about the mustanger.

Helpful Words & Notes

gravelled path — усыпанная гравием дорожка

made his way into the garden — пробрался в сад

the name of Poindexter will be the laughing-stock of Texas — имя Пойндекстеров будет посмешищем для всего Техаса

Don't give him a word of warning. — Предупреждать не надо.

I deserve her confidence — Я заслуживаю ее доверия

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

1) Where did Louise Poindexter meet Maurice Gerald?

2) Where was the mustanger going the following day?
3) What was Cassius Calhoun doing in the garden?
4) Why did he follow Louise and Gerald?
5) Where did Calhoun tell Henry?
6) What did Henry do?
7) How did Louise save the man she loved?

2. Complete the sentences.

1) Maurice Gerald received an important letter from _____.
2) At midnight Calhoun went to the roof to smoke a _____.
3) Calhoun was ready to kill his rival with a _____.
4) Calhoun passed his own _____ into the hands of his cousin.
5) Henry decided to go after the mustanger to apologize for his _____.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the nouns from the box.

trigger scoundrel confidence laughing-stock thief

1) Henry was afraid that his family name would be the _____ of Texas.
2) "He's a noble man, he's not a _____."

3) Henry couldn't make himself pull the _____.
4) Gerald wanted to prove that he deserved Louise's _____ and love.
5) Calhoun first thought that the stranger was a _____.

2. Fill in the prepositions *around, into, at, by, on.*

1) Louise appeared _____ the top of the stairway.
2) Calhoun found out the truth about Louise and Gerald _____ accident.
3) "Shoot _____ him, and then go _____ him with the knife, if you miss."
4) "I'll take care of you, if you get _____ danger."
5) Louise suddenly threw her arms _____ her brother.

Discussing the Text

1. Talk about the date (свидание) of Louise and Maurice Gerald. Say:

- where and when they met.
- what Maurice told Louise.
- how Henry tried to kill the mustanger.
- how Louise saved Maurice.

2. Describe how Calhoun followed the lovers and tried to use Henry to kill his rival.

3. What can you tell about Henry? Prove that he was a noble man and a good brother.

Chapter 11

THE TRAVELLERS ON THE SAME ROAD

"Such a fool! And I am a fool myself! There was a perfect chance for me to shoot that horse-hunter from behind the tree. And without risking anything! My cousin, a young lady, deceived by a scoundrel! **No word against it!** Such a chance! Why have I missed it? And now this baby is going to apologize to the man who has made a fool of his sister!"

Those were the thoughts of the ex-captain of cavalry Cassius Calhoun. He came up to the stable of Casa del Corvo. At that moment a man pushed the door wide open, a saddled horse was following him. The man had a Panama hat on his head, and a **cloak** around his shoulders. It was Henry.

"Fool! **You've let him off?**" said the ex-captain. "Give me back my knife and gun. Why didn't you use them as I told you? **You've made a mess of it!**"

"I have," said the young man. "I know it. I've insulted a noble man."

"Insulted a noble man! Ha — ha — ha! You're mad!"

"I have done enough to deserve being called worse than mad."

"Where are you going?"

"After Maurice the mustanger — to apologize to him for my rudeness."

"Ha — ha — ha! Surely you are joking?"

"No. If you come along with me, you will see!"

"Then I say again you are not only mad! You're an idiot."

"You're not very polite, cousin Cash."

Without any another word, the young gentleman jumped into his saddle and rode off.

Calhoun hurried to his own room and took his coat. Then he came out again, went to the stable to get his own horse.

For a mile or more Calhoun followed the same road that had been taken by Henry Poindexter. When he was about halfway between Casa del Corvo and the fort, he took another road, saying to himself:

"There's still a chance. A good one, though not so cheap as the other. It will cost me a thousand dollars. What of that? I need **to get rid of** this Irishman, who has poisoned every hour of my existence! Coyote will get before him on the road. He spoke of his hut upon the Alamo. The Mexican must know the place, or the trail leading to it. The owner may never reach it. There may be Indians upon the road!"

Calhoun arrived at the door of the hut of the Mexican mustanger. The door was wide open. Miguel Diaz was snoring. The captain couldn't wake the mustanger: the man was drunk.

"Another chance lost!" said Calhoun through his teeth. "All this night it's been against me! No use staying here. It might be morning before he wakes up. I may as well go back to the hacienda and wait there; or else — or else —"

Calhoun said nothing more. But it was clear he had made a decision. He jumped into his saddle and rode off.

* * * * *

Just at the time when Calhoun was leaving the hut of the Mexican mustanger, there were two other horsemen in the prairie of Southern-Western Texas. The

first one had left the hotel in Fort Inge and was riding calmly, **deep in thought**. He had a striped serape on his shoulders.

After a while another horseman in a cloak appeared on the same road. He was in a hurry. It seemed he was trying to overtake the first one.

Then he also disappeared from view. And at that very moment a third horseman rode from Fort Inge. Like the other two, he continued to ride across the prairie. He had a short rifle under his red coat. The horseman was riding slowly — even for a traveller. From time to time he turned around and listened.

An hour later the positions of the three travellers changed. The first horseman was entering an opening in the woods. For the first time he showed hesitation. He stopped, and for a second or two sat in his saddle looking at the ground before him. Then he rode into the opening.

At that moment the horseman in the cloak saw him and rode after him without hesitation.

Soon the third horseman approached the opening. But instead of riding into it, as the others had done, he turned to the edge of the forest. Then he left his horse among the trees, and came out into the opening on foot.

* * * * *

Then came a sound of a rifle shot. No other sounds followed.

Helpful Words & Notes

No word against it! — Никто бы и слова не сказал!
cloak — плащ, накидка

You've let him off? — Ты его отпустил?
You've made a mess of it! — Ты всё испортил!
to get rid of — избавиться от
deep in thought — поглощенный своими мыслями

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. **Say who:**

   - had a Panama hat on his head, and a cloak around his shoulders.
   - called Henry an idiot.
   - arrived at the door of the hut of the Mexican mustanger.
   - was snoring.
   - left Diaz's hut with a new decision on his mind.

2. **Put the sentences in the right order.**

   1) A horseman in a red coat rode from Fort Inge.
   2) A horseman in a cloak appeared on the same road.
   3) The first horseman rode into the opening in the woods.
   4) The third horseman turned to the edge of the forest.
   5) A horseman with a serape on his shoulders left the hotel in Fort Inge.
   6) The third horseman left his horse among the trees, and came out into the opening on foot.
   7) The second in the cloak saw the first rider and rode after him without hesitation.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Use the verb in the right form.

1) Henry was sure that he (to insult) a noble man.
2) Calhoun thought that he (to need) to get rid of Gerald.
3) Calhoun felt that Gerald (to poison) every hour of his existence.
4) An hour later the positions of the three travellers (to change).

2. Fill in the gaps with the nouns from the box.

opening
fool
stable
chance
cloak

1) Henry had a good _____ of overtaking Maurice Gerald.
2) Calhoun made a _____ of his cousin.
3) The first horseman entered the _____ in the woods.
4) Calhoun went to the _____ to get his own horse.
5) Henry put on his _____ and rode off.

Discussing the Text

1. Describe the conversation between Calhoun and his cousin Henry. Prove that Henry Poindexter was polite but firm.

2. What do you think?

Calhoun said that he had missed a perfect chance to shoot the mustanger from behind the tree. Why didn't he shoot?

Chapter 12

A MAN MISSING

The planter's family gathered in the dining-room for breakfast, when it was discovered that one of its members was missing. Henry was the absent one.

"Where can the boy be?" asked his father, for the fourth time.

Louise and Calhoun said nothing. The ex-captain sat nervously in his chair.

A black servant entered.

"It's very strange that Henry is not here for breakfast!" said the planter, for about the tenth time. "Pluto!" he called the servant. "Go to Henry's room. If he's there, tell him we're at breakfast."

"Yes, Mister Woodley," said the servant.

"There's something strange in all this," said the planter. "If he is not there, where is he? At the fort, perhaps, with those young fellows. Not at the saloon, I hope?"

"Oh, no! He wouldn't go there," said Calhoun.

He was puzzled by the absence of Henry as was Poindexter himself. But he said nothing about what he had seen at night.

"I hope he knows nothing about it," thought Louise. "If not, it may still remain a secret between brother and me. But why is he still absent? I hope he overtook Maurice and **made it up with him.**"

Pluto came back in the dining-room.

"Well!" cried his master, without waiting for him to speak. "Is he there?"

"No, Mister Woodley," said Pluto, "he is not there. But his horse is there."

"His horse there! Not in his sleeping-room, I suspect?"

"No, Mister Woodley. It's at the big gate."

"His horse at the gate?"

"Yes, and the animal —"

"Speak out! What's wrong with him? Is his tail missing?"

"No! I'm afraid the old horse has lost his rider!"

"What! Henry thrown from his horse? Nonsense, Pluto! My son is a good a rider. Impossible!"

"I don't say he was thrown out of the saddle. Come to the gate, Mister Woodley, and see for yourself."

The planter, his daughter and nephew went to the outside gate of the hacienda. Another servant stood holding Henry's horse. The animal was wet and very excited. There were dark spots over his shoulders — all of the colour of blood.

* * * * *

The planter went to Fort Inge. Calhoun, on his own horse, followed him.

The news soon spread around. The Indians were out! Henry Poindexter had no enemies in all Texas! Among the horsemen, who came quickly to Fort Inge, no one

doubted that the Comanches had done it. It was simply a question of how, when, and where. And where is the body? Who last saw Henry Poindexter?

Oberdoffer, the hotel's owner, made his way through the crowd. He said that Maurice the mustanger had that night ridden out at a late hour. He had returned to the hotel at a still later hour and asked for his bill. Then he paid every cent of it and left. Twenty minutes later Henry Poindexter knocked at the door, and asked after Mr. Maurice Gerald. And then he rode off, clearly trying to overtake the mustanger.

Did anyone know where the horse-hunter had his home? There were some people who believed it was somewhere on the Alamo.

So it was decided to go to the Alamo to find the missing man or his dead body. Perhaps, also, to find the body of Maurice the mustanger.

* * * * *

The **search-party** under command of Major Ringwood tried to move slowly. There were good reasons for that: the Indians were on the war-path.

In the prairie no trail was discovered. Finally the search-party approached an opening in the woods. The trackers knew that a path to the Alamo passed through this opening. So they guided the expedition into it.

After a while one of the trackers came up to Major Ringwood.

"What is it?" asked the major.

"The hoof marks of two horses, major."

"Well, Spangler, my good fellow, what do you make of it?"

"Not much," said Spangler. "Do you see that, major?" said he, pointing to the ground.

"Blood, a pool of it," said the major. "Did the Comanches do it?"

"No," said the tracker.

"Why do you say that, Spangler?"

"There are only four hoof marks instead of forty. You see, both horses had shoes. Comanches don't ride **shod horses**. One of the horses was a mustang, the other — an American horse."

Spangler and Ringwood followed the hoof marks. Soon the trail ended: the horses came back.

The tracker got off his horse to examine the ground.

"They were here together," he said, "and for some time. They even had enough time to smoke a cigar. Here're the stumps. Men don't smoke in company when they want to cut each other's throats. So the quarrel had to be after the cigars were smoked out. And one of them killed the other. I'm afraid poor Mr. Poindexter will never see his son alive."

"Most strange!" exclaimed the major.

"We must follow the hoof marks of the two horses from the place where the blood is," said the tracker.

"All right, Spangler," said the major. "But say nothing about what we've seen."

"All right," said the tracker. "Give me ten minutes to find them, and then come on to my signal."

Helpful Words & Notes

made it up with him — помирился с ним
search-party — поисковая группа
shod horses — подкованные лошади

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. Say who was:

- Pluto.
- Mr. Oberdoffer.
- Spangler.
- Ringwood.

2. Answer the questions.

1) Who was missing in Casa del Corvo the following morning?
2) What was wrong with Henry's horse?
3) Where did Woodley Poindexter and Calhoun go?
4) What did Mr. Oberdoffer have to say about Henry and Maurice Gerald?
5) Where did the search-party go?
6) What did the tracker discover in the woods?
7) What conclusions did he make?

3. Complete the sentences.

1) No one doubted that Henry Poindexter had been taken by the Indians because _____.
2) The search-party moved slowly because _____.
3) It was thought in the fort that Gerald could be missing too because _____.
4) The tracker was sure that the Indians had nothing to do with Henry's disappearance because _____.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the nouns from the text.

1) Henry's horse was covered by small _____ of blood.

2) The mustanger came up to the hotel's owner and asked for his _____.
3) A _____ to the Alamo passed through the opening in the woods.
4) The tracker discovered the _____ marks of two shod horses.

2. Fill in the prepositions *into, through, up, of.*

1) Mr. Oberdoffer made his way _____ the crowd.
2) "I hope he overtook Maurice and made it _____ with him."
3) The trackers guided the expedition _____ the opening in the woods.
4) "Spangler, what do you make _____ it?"

Discussing the Text

1. Imagine that you're Pluto.

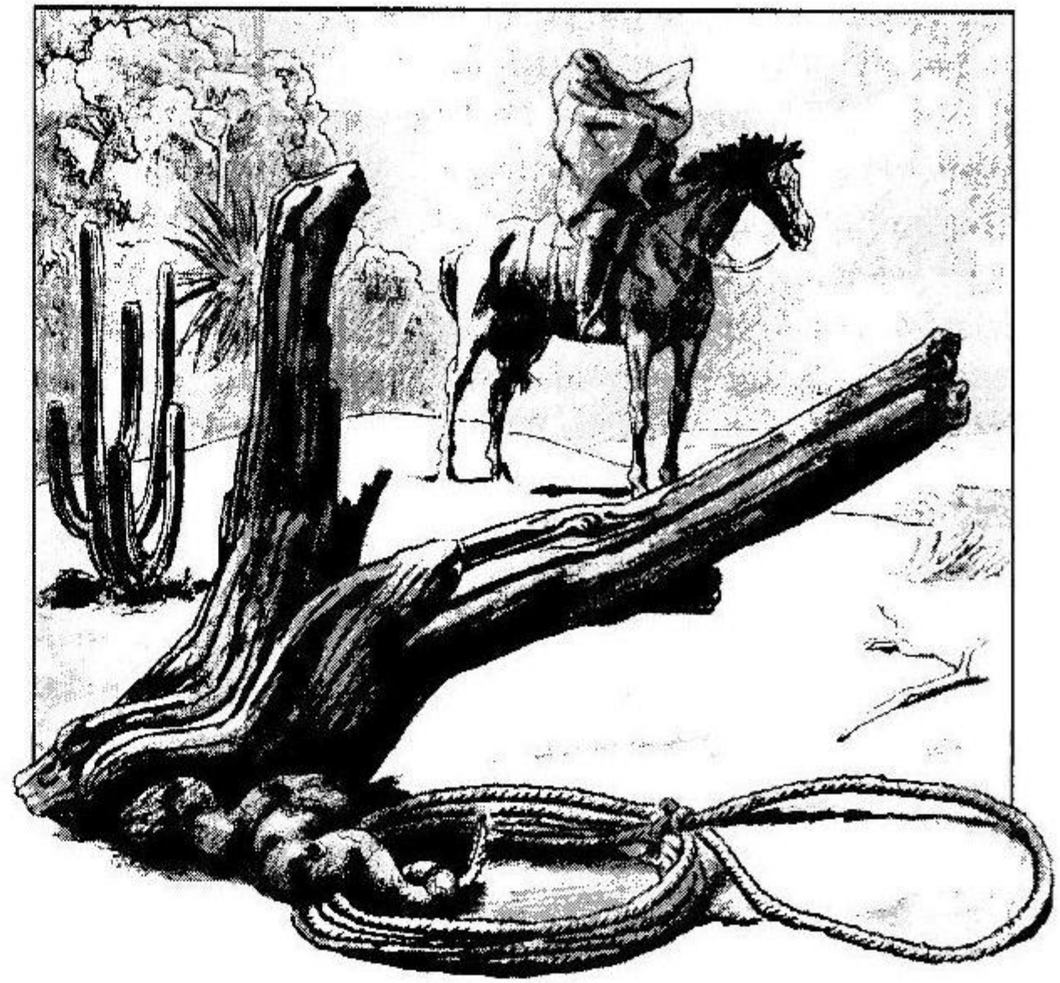
Say when you discovered that Henry was missing. Describe Henry's horse.

2. Imagine that you're Mr. Overdoffer.

Say what you remember about the previous evening.

3. Talk about the search-party. Say:

- who took part in it.
- what Spangler discovered in the opening.
- why Major Ringwood decided to keep new facts a secret.



Chapter 13

THE MARKED BULLET

Major Ringwood gave orders to move through the forest, so that Woodley Poindexter couldn't see the blood of his son. When the search-party reached a small stream, an animal jumped out of the bushes. It was a beautiful and rare creature — the jaguar. Two people fired their guns at the same time. They were Cassius Calhoun and a young planter, who was riding by his side. The jaguar dropped dead. Whose shot killed him?

"Mine, I'll prove," said the ex-captain. "You see, gentlemen, if the bullet is mine, you'll find my initials on it — C. C. C. My bullets are special, so that I can always tell when the trophy is mine."

The bullet was taken out. It showed Calhoun had told the truth.

Soon the search-party arrived at the spot where the tracker had found hoof marks. There were no longer marks made by two horses. The ground showed only the hoof marks of one horse. Spangler knew it was the mustang. But he was puzzled. **The hoof marks went zigzagging, turning and circling.**

"Perhaps there was no rider or he was asleep in the saddle," thought the tracker. "Could these be the hoof marks of a horse with a killer?"

Spangler didn't know what to think.

What happened after that, made the mystery even worse. The sun was low down when the men saw a strange shape — a horseman without a head!

The eyes of all the men were turned in the same direction. Officers, planters, soldiers, trackers couldn't move in the saddles and say a word. No one even offered an explanation. Most men were so **terrified** that they couldn't even think. They could only see that there was a horse of a large size, with a man on his back. Nothing of colour could be noticed — neither the clothes of the man, nor the skin of his horse. **It was just a gigantic black shape against the golden background of the setting sun.** It was so strange — and so absolutely unnatural!

What could it mean? Was it a ghost? Surely it couldn't be human!

"It's the devil himself!" cried one of the bravest soldiers.

The headless horseman suddenly turned his horse and went straight towards the sun.

* * * * *

The search-party, under command of Major Ringwood, was not the only one that left Fort Inge that morning. Long before it — in fact **at dawn** — four horsemen went in the direction of the Nueces. They could not be going in search of the dead body of Henry Poindexter. At that hour no one suspected that the young man was dead, or even that he was missing.

All the horsemen were Mexicans. One of the four rode a better horse than any of his companions. **The man was in his mid thirties.** His face was handsome, but he had **a cold and cruel animal eye.** He was known among his friends by a name of an animal well known upon the plains of Texas — "El Coyote."

What made him cross the prairie at this early hour of the morning — as the leader of others — when a few hours before, he was seen drunk in his hut?

The sudden change of situation is not so hard to explain.

Calhoun had left the door open, and in this way it remained until early morning. Cold air woke El Coyote. He found a large bottle, but it was now empty.

"Not a drop," he cried in angry disappointment. "I must go to the saloon. If it is open, Oberdoffer'll give something to the Coyote. Ha, ha, ha!"

The hotel was a few hundred yards from his hut, on the same side of the river. Twenty minutes later El Coyote was in the fort. He was lucky. Oberdoffer was already in the saloon.

"Mister Diaz!" said Oberdoffer to his new guest. "You're early. Give me your bottle. I'll fill it for you."

"Here's the money. And be quick about it."

"Are you in a hurry? I'm afraid the Irishman'll get wild horses before you. He went off last night. He left my house late — after midnight. Mister Maurice Gerald was a good guest. He paid his bill like a rich man."

The Mexican tried not to show his interest.

"There are plenty of mustangs on the plains — enough for all horse-hunters in Texas," he said and walked out of the saloon.

El Coyote visited three other houses and returned home. Only then he noticed the hoof marks near the hut.

"The American captain was here last night," he said. "I remember something. I think he wanted to tell me about Gerald's departure. Ha! Ha! I don't need more instructions from him. I'm going to earn his thousand dollars. When I get them, I'll go back to the Rio Grande, and see what can be done with Isidora."

Diaz remained at his hut only long enough to eat a few pieces of meat. Then he rode to meet the three horsemen. He told his companions that they were going to the Alamo.

"I know the Alamo well," said one of them, a mustanger himself. "I've hunted horses there. The nearest way to it is through an opening you see out there."

"You forget that we're riding shod horses. Indians don't go out from Fort Inge and then straight to the Alamo," said Diaz.

"Oh, true!" answered the man. "I didn't think about it."

The three companions followed El Coyote in silence till they reached the forest, a few miles from the opening. The four men got off their horses and tied them to the trees.

Helpful Words & Notes

The hoof marks went zigzagging, turning and circling. — След извивался зигзагами, менял направление и описывал круги.

terrified = frightened

It was just a gigantic black shape against the golden background of the setting sun. — Это был всего лишь гигантский черный силуэт на золотом фоне заходящего солнца.

at dawn — на рассвете

The man was in his mid thirties. — Мужчине было за тридцать.

a cold and cruel animal eye — холодный и даже зверский взгляд

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

1) Where did the search-party go?
2) Who shot the jaguar?
3) How did Calhoun prove it?
4) Whose hoof marks did the search-party discover?
5) What terrified the men in the forest?
6) Who else left Fort Inge before the search-party?
7) What was Diaz's plan?

2. Say why:

- Major Ringwood gave orders to move through the forest.

- Spangler was puzzled when he saw zigzagging hoof marks.
- Miguel Diaz went to the saloon early in the morning.
- El Coyote refused to ride through the opening in the forest.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the nouns from the box.

ghost
bullet
size
shape
stream

1) The headless horseman was riding a horse of a large _____.
2) Calhoun's _____ had his initials on it.
3) The jaguar attacked the men by the _____.
4) The men saw a gigantic black _____ — a horseman without a head.
5) Most people thought it was a _____ or a devil.

2. Fill in prepositions if necessary.

1) Planters, officers, trackers went _____ search of Henry Poindexter or his dead body.
2) The four Mexicans left Fort Inge _____ dawn and went _____ the direction of the Nueces.
3) Miguel Diaz was a man _____ his mid thirties.
4) Two people fired _____ their guns at the jaguar.

5) The three companions followed El Coyote _____ silence till they reached _____ the forest.

Discussing the Text

1. Imagine that you took part in that search-party. Talk about the headless horseman.

When did you see him? What did he look like? What did you feel about him? Why?

2. Answer the questions and talk about Miguel Diaz.

1) What did he look like?
2) What did he do for a living?
3) What kind of nickname did he have? Can you say why?
4) Why was he eager to kill Maurice Gerald?

Chapter 14

FOUR COMANCHES

The following morning, about a quarter of a mile from the opening, a young man in the cloak and Panama hat was lying on the ground. He was on his back, with face turned to the sky. A big tree was near, but it could not protect him from the sun. Was he dead?

The man opened his eyes.

"Where am I? Trees above — around me!" he said. "Now I have it. I struck my head against a tree. My left leg

hurts. Ah! It may be broken! Where is the horse? Gone off, of course. He should be in the stable of Casa del Corvo."

The young man tried to get up and failed. Then he tried to rise to his feet again. He found that he could stand only on one leg. It was no use, standing upon it. So he lay down again.

Two hours brought no change in his situation.

"It will kill me, if I stay here," he said. "I must try to reach water. There's a stream somewhere in this forest. I must get to it, if I have to crawl on my hands and knees. The longer I stay here, the worse it will be. The sun grows hotter. I may faint, and then — the wolves... But if I find water, all may yet be well. I remember the stream well enough. It should be south-east from here. I shall try that way."

The man began making his way through the forest, crawling on his hands and knees. He often had to make stops to rest. He was about a quarter of a mile from that place, when he had a new idea.

"What about a **crutch**?" he said. "Ho! My knife is still here."

The young man drew the knife from his belt and cut down a young tree and made a rude crutch. Now he could move a little faster.

It was not easy. The sun was almost in the zenith. The man was thirsty. His wounded leg caused him much pain with every step. The thorns of the bushes scratched his face, hands and legs. Soon all his face was covered in sweat and blood.

Suddenly he heard sounds of running water. It was the stream!

The wounded man took his crutch again and went in its direction. It was his strength and the love of life that saved him.

* * * * *

In the mustanger's hut Phelim O'Neal sat down on a chair in the middle of the room and looked at Tara, his master's dog.

"Where is the master, I wonder? He said he would be here by eight o'clock in the morning, and it's now six in the afternoon. Something's keeping him. Don't you think so, Tara?" he said. "Come! Let us take a look over the big plain. If master's coming at all, we could see him."

Phelim took the path through the woods and came to the top of the cliff. From that spot where he was standing, he could see the whole plain. The sun was low down on the horizon, but shining from a cloudless sky. Phelim looked in the direction in which he expected his master should appear, and stood silently watching.

After a while he saw a horseman, who was heading towards the Alamo. He was still more than a mile away, but even at that distance the faithful servant could see that it was his master. The horseman was wearing a striped serape. **It was true Navajo.** Maurice Gerald was the only man in those parts who had such a serape.

"It looks strange, doesn't it, Tara? It's hot enough **to roast a steak** on these stones. And yet the master doesn't seem to think so," said Phelim. "I hope he hasn't caught a cold in that hotel."

The man watched the approaching horseman for some time.

"What's that?" he cried. "He's got the serape over his head! **He's playing us a trick,** Tara. He wants to give you and me a surprise... No! He has no head! *Is* it the master? It's too short for him! And the head... Where is it? Something's clearly very wrong! What does it mean, Tara?"

The dog gave a howl and rushed towards the horseman. Tara was already close, when the horse suddenly turned around and galloped away across the plain.

Phelim rushed down from the top of the cliff to the hut. He closed the **skin door** behind him and barricaded it with several large packages that lay near. But it was no use. What protection could there be in a closed door against something which was not of this world?!

The only thing that could give the frightened man some **comfort** was whisky.

* * * * *

At midnight a group of men got off their horses and came up to the mustanger's hut. There were only four of them — all in the war costume of the Comanche. But they were not Indians. They were Mexicans. And their chief was Miguel Diaz, the mustanger, better known as El Coyote.

The Mexicans spent some time by the door of the hut, listening.

"He's not here," said El Coyote. "It is possible he hasn't yet got home."

"We'd better go inside, and make sure," suggested one of his men.

"Why not?" asked the second.

"Let's have something to eat too. I'm hungry," added the third.

Diaz kicked the skin door.

"It's closed," he said. "Done **to keep out visitors** in his absence. Lions, tigers, bears — perhaps Indians. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

He gave another kick.

"No use kicking. It's barricaded with something — something heavy, too," said the mustanger. "It doesn't matter. I'll soon see what's inside."

El Coyote drew a knife from his belt and cut a large hole in the skin of the door. Then he put his hand into the hole and found the packages.

The Mexicans moved the packages aside and opened the door. Then they entered the hut and saw a man in the middle of the floor.

"Is he asleep?" asked one of the Mexicans.

Diaz examined the man.

"No, he's drunk. He's the servant of the Irishman. I saw this fellow before. His master is not at home," he said. "Ah! Here's the bottle. There's enough to give us a drink."

The men distributed the whisky.

"We must wait for him," said El Coyote. "He cannot be much longer now. You, Barajo, go up to the cliff. He must come that way from the Leona. The rest remain here with me. We can meet him under the big cypress tree. Barajo, as soon as you see him, come here and let us know. And be sure you give us time to get under the cypress. We may never have such a chance again."

Barajo left the hut, and the other visitors sat down to play cards.

Helpful Words & Notes

crutch — костыль

It was true Navajo. — Это было серапэ, сотканное индейцами племени навахо.

to roast a steak — чтобы зажарить кусок мяса

He's playing us a trick — Он хочет над нами пошутить

The dog gave a howl — Собака взвыла
skin door — дверь, сделанная из рамы, обтянутой шкурой мустанга
comfort — *зд.* утешение
to keep out visitors — не впускать гостей

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. Complete the sentences.

1) The wounded man began making his way through the forest, crawling on his hands and knees to the _____.
2) He cut down a young tree and made a rude ____ _____.
3) The horseman was wearing a Navajo striped ____ _____.
4) The only one thing that could give terrified Phelim some comfort was _____.
5) The Mexicans were wearing _____.
6) El Coyote decided to meet Gerald under _____.

2. Answer the questions.

1) What was the wounded young man wearing?
2) What was wrong with him?
3) Why did Phelim come to the top of the cliff?
4) What did Phelim think when he saw the horseman without a head?
5) How did the Mexicans get inside the mustanger's hut?
6) What did they do there?

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the adjectives from the box.

wounded
thirsty
striped
faithful
running

1) The man wanted to reach the stream because he was _____.
2) The _____ leg caused the man much pain with every step.
3) After a while he heard the sound of _____ water.
4) Even from a mile away the _____ servant could recognize his master.
5) Gerald was the only man with a _____ serape.

2. Find in the text the English for:

- Что-то его задержало.
- Сейчас так жарко, что можно жарить мясо на этих камнях.
- Надеюсь, что он не простудился в этой гостинице.
- Он хочет, чтобы мы с тобой удивились.
- Может быть, нам никогда больше не представится такой случай.

Discussing the Text

1. Talk about the wounded man. Describe what he felt and what he did to get to the stream.

2. **Imagine that you're Phelim. Say:**
   - why you came to the top of the cliff.
   - whom you saw on the plain.
   - what you thought about the horseman.

3. **Talk about the Mexicans. Describe how they got inside Gerald's hut.**

Chapter 15

THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN AGAIN

An hour passed. Suddenly some sound interrupted the game of the Mexicans. It was the cry of Phelim. He finally opened his eyes and saw a strange company with him in the hut.

The players jumped to their feet, and drew their knives from the belt. At that moment Barajo appeared in the doorway.

"He is coming — quick!"

The other men rushed out of the hut to the cliff. They hid under the branches of a big cypress, waiting for the mustanger.

Soon they heard the sound of hoofs. But the horseman was not yet seen in the dark.

"Don't kill him!" whispered Miguel Diaz to his men. "There's no need for that just yet. I want to have him alive for an hour or so. I have my reasons. Get him and his horse. There can be no danger. He'll be surprised, and unprepared. If he resists, shoot him. But let me fire first."

The horseman finally approached the shadow of the cypress.

"Stop! To the ground!" cried El Coyote.

He rushed forward and seized the reins. The other three tried to get the man in the saddle.

There was no struggle at all. No shots. Not even a word in protest.

The horse alone protested. He moved back and drew the Mexicans after him into the moonlight. What was that? The Mexicans let the horseman go and ran back to their own horses with loud cries. Then they hurriedly rode off.

They saw something that had frightened braver people. They saw *a horseman without a head*!

* * * * *

Was it a ghost? Surely it could not be human!

So thought El Coyote and his terrified companions. So thought Phelim. So thought the people from the search-party, who saw the Headless Horseman as well.

"What do you make of it, gentlemen?" asked Major Ringwood.

"An Indian trick?" suggested one of the officers.

"I don't think it's Indian," said the major. "I don't know what to think. What's your opinion, Spangler?"

The tracker shook his head.

"I don't know. It must either be a man, or a **dummy**!" he said.

"That's it — a dummy!" cried several people.

"Whatever it is — man, dummy, or devil," said one officer, "there's no reason why we should be frightened to follow his trail. Has it left any trail, I wonder?"

"If he has," replied Spangler, "we'll soon see. Shall we move forward, major?"

"Yes, of course," said the major.

By that time the sun had disappeared over the horizon. So it was decided to continue the search in the morning. But soon a horseman arrived with a letter for the major. It was from the commanding officer of the district. The letter said that the Comanches had killed men, women, and children in a village close to the town of San Antonio. The commanding officer ordered the major to bring his people to take part in the operation against the Comanches.

A small group of people was left with Spangler to follow the trail of the American horse. The rest returned to the fort with the dragoons. Woodley Poindexter and older men decided to go back to their homes too, so that they could start a new search the following morning.

Before the departure the major told Poindexter and his friends about the pool of blood and other facts. He also told them about his ideas about the murder. The major liked the young mustanger, and he didn't believe in his guilt, but all the facts were against him.

With the planter and his friends it was no longer a suspicion. The Indians were out of the question. So men called Maurice Gerald a murderer.

* * * * *

The group left with Spangler remained on the spot which the major had chosen for a camp. The group was small: no more than ten people. They were young men — sons of planters. Calhoun was there as well.

Instead of going to sleep, the men gathered around a fire. They were **in low spirits**. And it was easily explained. **The Headless Horseman was fresh in their thoughts.** They were still under the influence of fear.

Calhoun looked more frightened than the rest of the group. He was sitting under the shadow of the trees, at

some distance from the fire. He hadn't said a word since the departure of the dragoons. There was still the same wild look in his eyes.

"I say, Cash Calhoun!" cried one of the young fellows by the fire, who was already under the influence of whisky. "Come up, old fellow, and join us in a drink! We all respect your sorrow. We'll do what we can to get satisfaction, for you and yours. But a man mustn't always be as sad as you're now. Come along. **Whisky'll do you a lot of good**, I promise."

Calhoun accepted the invitation and came up to the fire.

From that moment he changed. Instead of being sad, he became too cheerful. It was strange to see it in a man, whose cousin had been murdered that very morning.

An invited guest soon became the host of the party. He brought many bottles of whisky from his saddle-bags. The young planters talked, sang, and even danced until the alcohol could no longer keep them awake. Then, tired, they fell asleep.

The ex-officer of volunteers was the last to lie down, and he was the first to get up. He quietly went to his horse and rode noiselessly away.

"Thank God, there's a clear moon, and six good hours before those boys think of getting up! I'll have time to search every corner, for a couple of miles around the place. If the body is there, I'll find it," he said, as he rode through the forest. "But what could that thing mean? They all saw it — every one of them. What was it?"

He arrived at the opening already described. He was about to turn into it, when he saw that he was not the only horseman there. Long before Calhoun knew it, he saw that the rider was *headless*!

There could be no mistake about that. **It couldn't be an illusion of the moon's light.** Calhoun had seen that same shape in the light of the setting sun. More still — he recognized the horse, the striped serape on the shoulders of the rider. All these belonged to Maurice the mustanger!

Calhoun had enough time to see these details. He was so frightened that he couldn't move. His own horse clearly shared the feeling. It was only after the horse of the strange rider turned back, that Calhoun could move again.

"Good God!" he cried. "What does it mean? Is it man, or demon? Has this whole day been a dream? Or am I mad?"

Calhoun turned his horse and rode back by the way he had come. He came up to the fire and lay down among his companions — **not to sleep, but to stay trembling.**

Helpful Words & Notes

dummy — *зд.* чучело

in low spirits — в плохом настроении

The Headless Horseman was fresh in their thoughts. — Всадник без головы все еще стоял у них перед глазами.

Whisky'll do you a lot of good — Виски пойдет вам на пользу

It couldn't be an illusion of the moon's light. — Это не могло быть иллюзией, созданной лунным светом.

not to sleep, but to stay trembling — но он не заснул, и до самого утра его трясло, как в лихорадке

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

1) What interrupted the card game of the Mexicans?
2) What orders did Diaz give to his companions?
3) What made Major Ringwood and his dragoons leave the camp?
4) What did the major tell the rest of the search-party about his suspicions?
5) Who stayed in the camp?
6) How did the men in the camp spend the evening?
7) Where did Calhoun go at dawn?

2. Say why:

- the Mexicans didn't touch Phelim.
- the Mexicans let the horseman go and ran back to their horses.
- the men in the camp were in low spirits.
- the Headless Horseman frightened Calhoun so much.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the nouns from the box.

trail
guilt
search
sorrow
dummy

1) The men from the search-party thought the Headless Horseman could be a _____.
2) Spangler wanted to follow the _____ of the American horse.
3) It was decided to continue the _____ in the morning.
4) The major didn't believe in the mustanger's _____.
5) Everyone respected Poindexter's _____.

2. Choose the right form of the verb.

1) If he *resist/resists*, shoot him.
2) They saw something that *had frightened/frightened* braver people.
3) Calhoun *accepted/had accepted* the invitation and came up to the fire.
4) Calhoun turned his horse and rode back the same way he *had come/came*.

Discussing the Text

1. Imagine you're one of the four Mexicans. Describe your visit to the mustanger's hut and your meeting with the Headless Horseman.

2. Imagine that you're Spangler. Talk about the search and the facts against Maurice Gerald. Say what you planned to do next.

3. Talk about Calhoun. What was strange about him that night?

Chapter 16

A SECRET

At dawn the courtyard of Casa del Corvo was already crowded with armed men. They carried long hunting rifles, all types of guns, knives, and even **tomahawks**. They were ready to continue the search for Poindexter's missing son. Some of the men had been out on the day before, along with the dragoons. Others had now joined the rest.

There was one part of the crowd that could even be called an organization. These were "**Regulators.**" There

was nothing special about them in their clothes or guns. But they knew one another. And they talked about the murder of Henry Poindexter by Maurice the mustanger.

There was one more subject of discussion. Those who had seen the Headless Horseman, were telling those who had not about the horrible sight. Of course they tried to find an explanation. Finally a good explanation was found — that the horse was real enough, but the rider was a dummy.

All those people were ready to go. They were only waiting for Woodley Poindexter to give them the signal. The planter still hoped to get a guide. He needed someone who could take them to the Alamo — the house of Maurice the mustanger.

There was only one man who could do this — old Zeb Stump. But Zeb could not be found. He was away, hunting. So the **searchers** decided to leave without him.

* * * * *

They had already left Casa del Corvo when Zeb Stump came to the hacienda.

The old hunter was surprised to find the gate closed.

"Ho, Pluto! Why is the big gate closed in the middle of breakfast time?" he asked the black servant. "What's wrong? Nothing's happened to Miss Louise, I hope?"

"No, nothing's happened to Miss Louise. Bad enough without it," answered Pluto. "Young miss is inside the house. Come in, Mister Stump. She'll tell you the news herself."

"Your master's at home too, isn't he?"

"No. He left a quarter of an hour ago. He's off to the prairies. Where there was a big hunt about a month ago."

"Why did he go there? Who's with him?"

"Ho! That's Mister Calhoun, and many other white gentlemen."

"And young Mister Henry? Has he gone, too?"

"Oh, Mister Stump! That's the trouble. Mister Henry's gone too. I mean Mister Henry's dead."

"Dead? Are you joking?"

"Oh! That's true. They've gone in search for his body."

"Mister Stump, come this way, please!" said Louise, coming out to meet him. "It is too true what Pluto has been telling you. My brother is missing. He hasn't been seen since the night before last. His horse came home, with spots of blood on his skin."

"Sure enough that's bad news. He rode out somewhere, and the horse came back without him. As they are still searching, I might be able to help. Please tell me about it **in detail.**"

Louise told Zeb what she knew. The only thing she kept back was the garden scene. Then she told Zeb about the suspicion that Maurice was the murderer.

"It's a lie!" cried the hunter. "It's impossible. The mustanger's not the man to do such a thing. Of course, he hated your cousin Cash. And who doesn't, I'd like to know? Excuse me for saying it. As for Henry, it's different. There's never been a quarrel between them."

"No!" cried the girl. "It was all over. Henry said so. And Maurice —"

She covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"Oh! There has been something?" asked Zeb. "Do you say, Miss Louise, there was a quarrel between your brother and?.."

"Dear Zeb!" cried Louise, "Promise me that you'll keep my secret. Promise it, as a friend — as a good and brave man. You will — will you?"

The hunter gave her the promise. Five minutes later he knew the girl's secret. But he showed almost no surprise.

"I thought it would come to something like that. Especially after that chase across the prairie," he said. "Miss Louise, Zeb Stump doesn't see anything wrong in all that. Women will be women all over the world — on the prairies or off them. The mustanger is a good and honest man. As for what you told me, what proof has been found? Only the horse coming home with some red spots on the skin?"

"Oh, there is more. The people were all out yesterday. They followed a trail, and saw something. They didn't tell me what. They've gone off again."

"But the mustanger? What does he say?"

"Oh, I thought you knew. He hasn't been found either. He, too, may be killed!"

"If he's alive he should be in his hut. Why didn't they go there? Ah! I see. Nobody knows where he lives. Have they gone that way again?"

"They have. I heard some of them say so. There are many rough men along with father. There are some of those called 'Regulators.' As they went away I heard them use wild words. If they find him, and he can't prove his innocence, who knows what may be done to him? Dear Zeb, go to his hut, please! Reach the Alamo before them, and warn him about the danger!"

"There's some truth in what you say," said the hunter, preparing to move off. "There's some danger for the young fellow. I'll do what I can to help him. I'm sure the mustanger's innocent."

Helpful Words & Notes

tomahawk — томагавк; легкий топорик американских индейцев

Regulators — регуляторы; люди, которые в период освоения западных штатов брали на себя право ловить преступников и вершить правосудие; в тот период у американских поселенцев не было сильной власти и системы правосудия, поэтому созданные ими специальные комитеты сами устанавливали порядок и жестоко расправлялись с бандитами, часто устраивая самосуд — суд Линча

searchers — участники поисков

in detail — подробно

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

1) Why did armed men gather in the courtyard of Casa del Corvo at dawn?
2) What was the main topic of discussion among the Regulators?
3) What kind of explanation was found for the Headless Horseman?
4) Why did the searchers need Zeb Stump?
5) When did the old hunter come to Casa del Corvo?
6) What did Louise tell Zeb?
7) What did she ask him to do?

2. Say *true* or *false*. Correct the false statements.

1) The searchers had guns, rifles, knives and tomahawks.

2) The Regulators wore military uniforms of the dragoons.
3) Zeb Stump found the gate of Casa del Corvo wide open.
4) Louise told Zeb Stump everything.
5) The hunter didn't believe in Gerald's guilt.
5) Zeb Stump was surprised by Louise's secret.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Complete the sentences with the right verbs.

1) The only thing Louise _____ back was the garden scene.
2) Louise covered her face with her hands and _____ into tears.
3) "The searchers _____ a trail, and saw something."
4) "Reach the Alamo before them, and _____ him about the danger!"

2. Fill in the prepositions *off, by, for, in.*

1) The Regulators talked about the murder of Henry Poindexter _____ Maurice the mustanger.
2) "The master's _____ to the prairies."
3) "They've gone in search _____ Henry's body."
4) "Tell me everything _____ detail."

Discussing the Text

1. Imagine that you're Zeb Stump.

Talk about the visit to Casa del Corvo. Explain why you were not surprised by what you heard from Louise.

2. What do you think?

Why did Louise ask Zeb Stump for help? What did she ask him to do? Did she have a good reason to be worried about the man she loved?

Chapter 17

ISIDORA

El Coyote and his three companions had no wish to return to the hut of Maurice Gerald. All four knew that it was the Irishman. There was his horse, known to them, his Navajo serape, and his black sombrero. There was even the dog, which Diaz remembered to be his.

They rode across the prairie as fast as their horses could carry them. After a while they arrived at the place where they had transformed themselves into Comanches. They washed the war-paint from their skins, found their usual clothes, put them on and rode towards the Leona.

"Not much chance of sleeping after that," said El Coyote, as he stepped into his own hut. "What was it? It couldn't be a ghost. I felt a body. Bah! It could be a trick! That, and that only, can be the explanation. Fools! Frightened at a dummy! Tomorrow I'll go back to the Alamo. I'll get those thousand dollars! And if I find out that Isidora still loves him, I'll destroy not only the man I hate, but the woman I love!"

These thoughts made Diaz feel better, and he soon fell asleep.

He woke up in the morning and saw a visitor.

"Jose!" he cried out in surprise. "Glad to see you, good Jose. Is Isidora here? — on the Leona, I mean?"

"Yes, Mister Diaz," said the visitor.

"So soon again! She was here two weeks ago, wasn't she? I was expecting to hear from you, good Jose. Why didn't you write?"

"Oh, Mister Diaz, there was no man I could trust. I have something to tell you. Something, I'm sorry to say, yon won't thank me for telling you. But my life is yours, and I promised you should know all."

"About her, and him? Your mistress has met him?"

"No, she hasn't."

"What then?" asked Diaz.

"That's why I've come to see you now. I'm on my way to the fort with her letter."

"Ha! Her letter?"

"Yes. Here it is, Mister Diaz."

With a shaking hand Diaz took the paper, and read:

"Dear Friend,

I am once more here, staying with uncle Silvio. I could no longer live without hearing from you. Tell me if you are all right. I want to look into your eyes — those eyes are so beautiful — to make sure you are in good health again. In half an hour I shall be on the top of the hill, above my uncle's house. Come, sir, come!

Isidora Covarubio de los Llanos"

"Ha! Her invitation shall be answered. Though not by him," cried the angry Diaz. "The man to whom it is addressed isn't any longer in the fort, or anywhere about here. God knows where he is! There's some mystery about it. No matter. Here's a dollar to get you a drink at the saloon."

As soon as Jose left, Diaz set the saddle upon his horse, jumped into it, and rode off in the opposite direction.

* * * * *

The sun had just risen above the prairie horizon. Isidora Covarubio de los Llanos was riding alone up the hill above the Leona River — not far from the hacienda of her uncle, Silvio Martinez.

She was young, about twenty. She was, no doubt, a very beautiful girl, but her beauty was more like that of the jaguar. In her face there was no sign of fear, only determination and courage.

Isidora was fond of riding horses. Every time she rode out, she took a light lasso with her. She knew how to use it. She could throw it with the skill of a mustanger.

Isidora rode into the opening in the forest. Near its centre she stopped.

"I am too early," she said, drawing a gold watch from her pocket. "If, indeed, I should expect him at all. Am I trembling? Is it fear? It's strange though — to fear the man I love — the only one I have ever loved. I didn't love Miguel. It was **a girl's silly fancy.** He is a coward. My romantic dream was gone when I discovered that. I hate him now. Can it be true that he's become a robber? It's strange that I fear not him, but the man I love. No — there is nothing strange in it. I tremble not from any thought of danger — only the danger of not being loved. I have never told him about my love. But I must do it. Uncertainty for me is much worse. Ha! a horse is coming down the road! Is it his?"

Isidora recognized the horseman, who came galloping into the opening. It was Miguel Diaz, not Maurice Gerald! Isidora felt deep disappointment.

"What are you doing in this lonely place, my beautiful Isidora?" asked El Coyote.

"In what way can it concern you, Mister Diaz?" asked Isidora.

"What an absurd question! You know it can, and does. And you know the reason why. You know how madly I love you. And you used to love me."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Diaz. I never told you I loved you. You are an excellent horseman. And I admired that. But it was three years ago. I was a girl then. I am now a woman. All that has changed."

"My life's changed too. I had my own hacienda, and am now only a hunter of horses. What of that? a poor mustanger has as many chances in your eyes as the owner of a hundred horses."

"What do you mean, Mr. Diaz?"

"This pretty letter from Isidora Covarubio de los Llanos to one mustanger."

"How did you get it?" she asked in an angry tone.

"It doesn't matter. This letter says that you love him. You want to look into his beautiful eyes. But you will never see them again!"

"What does it mean, Mister Diaz?"

"If I have lost you, my lady, no other man will call you his. **I've made up my mind about that.**"

"Are you joking, Mr. Diaz?"

"Not at all, my lovely Isidora."

During the early part of the dialogue the girl didn't stop to look in the direction where she hoped to see Maurice. Then this hope disappeared. She realized that her letter had not reached the mustanger.

She saw she was in danger. Miguel Diaz was a coward, but he had a cold cruel determination in his eyes. It was possible for her to turn round and ride off. But

it was also possible for her to be killed then. El Coyote's gun was as near to his hand as his knife.

Isidora didn't even show her fear.

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed. "You want to frighten me. Ha! Ha! Why should I fear you? I can ride and throw my lasso as well as you. Look at this!"

With a smile she took the lasso from her saddle. Diaz was so puzzled by her movements, that he didn't see what was coming. When he felt the lasso closing around his elbows, it was too late to do something. Then Isidora jerked him out of his saddle and threw him to the ground.

"Now, Miguel Diaz!" she cried. "I don't like threats. You wanted to kill me. I saw it in your eyes. There's not much chance you can overtake me, before I can reach home. Good-bye, Mr. Diaz!"

Isidora drew a small sharp knife, cut the rope and rode off, leaving Diaz upon the ground, still in the loop of the lasso.

Helpful Words & Notes

a girl's silly fancy — глупые фантазии девчонки
I've made up my mind about that. — Таково мое решение.

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

1) Where did El Coyote and his companions go after their meeting with the Headless Horseman?
2) Who visited Miguel Diaz the following morning?

3) What did Jose bring him?
4) Did Diaz like the letter? Why?
5) Where did Diaz send Jose?
6) Where did Diaz ride?
7) What did he tell Isidora?
8) How did Isidora defend herself?

2. Say why:

- the Mexicans had no wish to return to Gerald's hut.
- El Coyote decided to go to the Alamo again.
- Jose visited El Coyote.
- Isidora was so angry with Miguel Diaz.
- Isidora threw her lasso at Diaz.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the nouns from the box.

coward disappointment visitor way

1) El Coyote woke up to see an unexpected _____.
2) Jose was on his _____ to the fort with Isidora's letter.
3) Isidora thought that Miguel Diaz was a cruel _____.
4) The girl saw El Coyote and felt deep _____.

2. Choose the right form of the verb.

1) The Mexicans washed the war-paint from their skins and *had taken/took off* the Indian costumes.

2) Every time Isidora rode out, she *was taking/took* a light lasso with her.
3) Isidora realized that her letter *didn't reach/had not reached* the mustanger.
4) "This letter says that you *love/loved* him."

Discussing the Text

1. Describe the meeting between Isidora and Miguel Diaz.

What did they talk about? Why did Isidora throw her lasso at El Coyote?

2. Talk about Isidora. Say what you know about her character.

Chapter 18

UNEXPECTED HELP

The sun was up when Louise Poindexter decided to go for a walk in the garden. She was about to go downstairs when she heard voices. Two people were talking on the roof. They were her maid Florinde, and Pluto, the servant.

"Ho! Look, Florinde. Do you see the man on horseback? That's Maurice Jerald. The same man we met on the black prairies. The same that gave Miss Louise the spotted horse. The same they've all gone to search for. But they've gone the wrong way. They won't find him on the prairies today."

"Oh, Pluto! Aren't you glad?" said the maid. "I'm sure he's innocent — that brave handsome young gentleman —"

Louise made her way towards the roof. The beating of her heart was almost as loud as her footsteps.

"What have you seen, that you talk so loudly?" she said.

"Oh, Miss Louise, look over there. The young fellow they're searching for."

"I see no one."

"He's just gone in among the trees. Look! Do you see his black hat and velveteen jacket with silver buttons?"

"You may be mistaken. There are many here who dress like him. Never mind. You, Pluto! I'm going out for a ride. Put the saddle on Luna. Quick!"

In ten minutes' time Louise was across the river, entering the forest where the horseman had disappeared. Suddenly she heard voices of a man and woman. She rode nearer, listened again. Then the man's voice was no longer heard. The woman's voice sounded angry. Then there was silence — and the sound of hoofs.

Louise knew the voices had come out of the opening. When she reached it, she saw a man in a Mexican costume lying on the ground. A saddled horse was walking nearby. **The man had a lasso looped around his arms.** He looked dead. It was the same man she had seen from the roof. And he was not Maurice Gerald. He was clearly a Mexican.

Louise slipped out of the saddle and came up to the stranger.

"He doesn't seem to be dead. Is he breathing?" she said, and **released him from the lasso.** "Now, he can breathe more freely. Ah! **He's coming to!** He will be able to explain everything."

"Who are you?" asked Miguel Diaz, raising his head. "Where is she?"

"I haven't seen anyone here, sir. But I heard a woman's voice, as I rode up."

"I'd rather say a devil's voice. I'm sure that Isidora Cavarubio de los Llanos *is* a devil."

"Was it she who did this?"

"Yes! Thank you for releasing me from this lasso. You've been very kind to me. Can you help me into the saddle? I mustn't stay here. I have enemies, not far off. You will not refuse to help me, will you?"

"Why should I?" said Louise.

She helped the horseman get into his saddle.

"I don't know who you are. I see you are not one of our people," he said. "But you are as kind as you are beautiful. And Miguel Diaz will always remember what you've done for him."

The Mexican rode off. Louise picked up a sheet of paper left by Diaz. She read what was written on it. It was Isidora's letter to Maurice Gerald.

When Louise Poindexter rode off, there was an expression of deep despair on her face.

* * * * *

It was nearly noon when Phelim woke up. A bucket of cold water made him jump. It was Zeb Stump who gave him the shower.

The old hunter had taken the shortest road from Casa del Corvo to the Alamo. From what Louise Poindexter had told him, he knew that Maurice Gerald was in danger. He rode straight across the prairie because he needed to reach the mustanger's hut before the Regulators.

Zeb entered the forest by the path which on the day before had been taken by Diaz and his three companions. After a while he arrived at the spot he needed. He came up to the hut. The skin door was closed, but there was a large hole in the middle of it. What was the meaning of that?

The old hunter listened. He heard a loud snore.

Zeb looked into the hole on the skin door. The sleeper was Phelim.

The hunter rose to his feet, and entered the hut by the door.

"Phelim! Phelim!"

Phelim made no reply.

"Phelim, I say! Phelim!"

Still no reply. Zeb shook the Irishman. Still no reply.

At that moment the old hunter noticed a bucket of water in a corner of the hut. Zeb took up the bucket and poured the water on the sleeper.

A few minutes later the two men could start a serious conversation. Phelim was only too glad to see Zeb Stump. He was still under the influence of his fears. He told the hunter in detail about strange things he had seen. It was the first time when Zeb Stump had heard of the Headless Horseman.

At first Zeb called the idea of a man without a head **"a fantasy of Phelim's brain."**

"How could I be mistaken?" asked the Irishman. "Didn't I see Mister Maurice as I see you now? Besides, there was his serape and the saddle. And haven't I told you that Tara went away after him, and then I heard her voice, just before the Indians."

"Indians!" exclaimed the hunter. "Indians playing with Spanish cards?"

"Do you think they weren't Indians, after all?"

"Never mind what I think. Go on, tell me all you know about it."

Helpful Words & Notes

The man had a lasso looped around his arms. — Руки мужчины были связаны лассо.

released him from the lasso — сняла с него лассо

He's coming to! — Он приходит в себя!

a fantasy of Phelim's brain — игра воображения Фелима

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. **Put the sentences in the right order.**

   1) Zeb Stump gave Phelim a shower.
   2) A man in a Mexican costume was lying on the ground.
   3) Louise picked up a sheet of paper left by Diaz.
   4) Louise was about to go downstairs when she heard voices on the roof.
   5) Phelim told the hunter in detail about strange things he had seen.
   6) Louise released the stranger from the lasso.

2. **Say who:**

   - saw a horseman in Mexican clothes from the roof.
   - had a lasso looped around his arms.
   - read Isidora's letter.
   - poured the water on Phelim.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Find in the text the English for:

- мужчина на лошади
- Они поехали не в ту сторону.
- Не похоже, что он умер.
- выражение глубокого отчаяния
- Не важно, что я думаю.

2. Fill in the prepositions *under, into, by, to, up.*

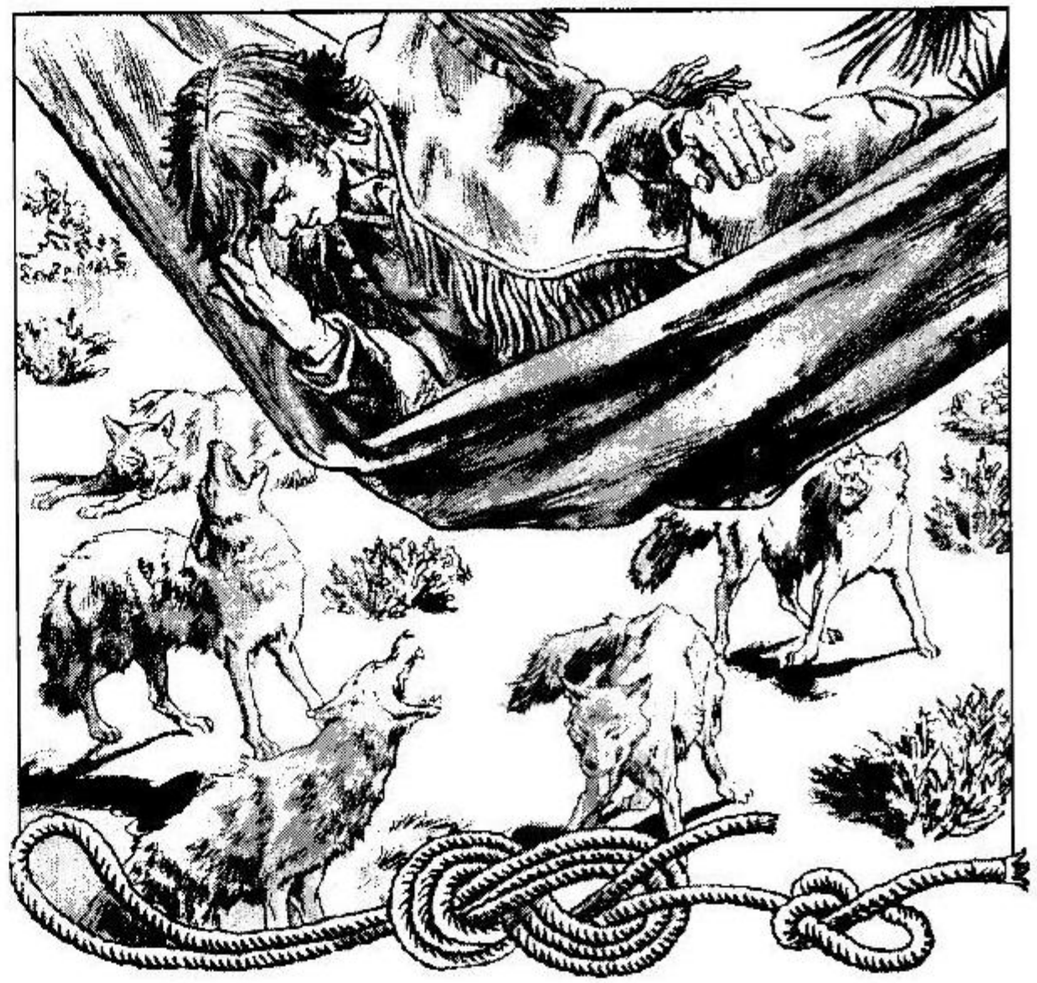
1) "Ah! He is coming _____!"
2) "Can you help me _____ the saddle?"
3) Louise picked _____ a sheet of paper left by Diaz.
4) Zeb entered the forest _____ the path that had been taken by the Mexicans.
5) Phelim was still _____ the influence of his fears.

Discussing the Text

1. Imagine that you're Louise.

1) Say what made you go for a ride that day and what you heard in the woods.
2) Describe your meeting with Miguel Diaz.

2. Zeb Stump came up to the mustanger's hut to see the skin door closed, and a large hole in the middle of it. Say how he made Phelim talk and what he learned from the Irishman. What did the hunter think about his story?



Chapter 19

JUST IN TIME

The old hunter was lost in thought, and he didn't see Maurice's dog as it ran up to the hut. A shout of surprise attracted his attention.

"What is it, Phelim? What's wrong?"

"Oh, Mister Stump, look at Tara! There's something tied around his neck. It wasn't there when he left. What do you think it is?"

The hunter looked at the dog. Sure enough there was something around the animal's neck: a card. There was a name on the card, and some more words — in what looked like red ink. But it was *blood!*

Zeb Stump read the words on the card.

"He's alive, Phelim," he cried. "Look at this. Oh, *you* can't read. It doesn't matter. He's alive!"

"Who? Mister Maurice?"

"Yes! Get a blanket and a couple of straps. You can do it while I catch the old mare. Quick! Half an hour lost, and we may be too late!"

These were the last words of the hunter, as he hurried away from the hut.

* * * * *

Zeb Stump was right. The man, who had asked them for help, was in grave danger. It was Maurice Gerald, of course. He had reached the stream and had finally fallen asleep.

The pain of his wounds, once more returning, woke him. To go away from the spot was simply impossible. Any movement gave him pain. There was no alternative but stay where he was.

Ha! What was that sound? The mustanger heard little feet on the sand and excited breathing.

"The coyotes!" he said.

The smell of blood had made them mad. The mustanger knew they would attack him. He had no weapon but a knife. His rifle and guns had been carried off by his horse. He drew the knife and prepared to defend himself.

Four or five wolves attacked the wounded man. The mustanger shook them off, striking out with his

knife. Some of the coyotes went away, but new ones appeared.

Suddenly the wounded man heard the sound of hoofs, followed by the loud barking of a dog. He called for help. But the horseman didn't hear him. The horse, or horseman passed on, but the dog — it was Tara! — broke through the bushes and rushed at the coyotes. It attacked two of the wolves. A third one could be attacked, but the frightened coyotes ran away.

The man had no strength left. He drew the cloak over his face to cover it from the sun, and then he fell asleep. The dog lay down at his feet.

A few hours later the mustanger woke up. His faithful dog had saved his life, and would still protect him against the attacks of coyotes. But it couldn't get him from the spot. And to stay there would be to die of hunger and of the wounds.

"But Tara may take a message to the hut," he said. "Come here, old fellow! I want you to play postman for me."

Maurice found a card in his pocket. No pencil! **He could do without it.**

He broke a thorn off the closest bush and wrote something with the blood of a coyote. Then he tied the card to the neck of the dog and made it go to the hut.

After a while the mustanger was surrounded by the coyotes again.

This time Maurice had a plan. He took off his cloak and cut a few holes with his knife. Then he tore up his scarf in two parts and used them to tie the cloak to a tree, making a **hammock.**

The mustanger climbed into the hammock. He thought there he was no longer in danger.

There *was* danger, however, which he had not seen. Very soon he realized he hadn't taken with him enough water. He could not return to the stream now. That would be certain death.

It was a torture for the wounded man to see the fresh water of the stream and be unable to reach it.

Suddenly he saw the coyotes get to their feet and rush off. What made them leave?

The mustanger turned on his knee and looked around. There were no coyotes. He listened. No sounds.

Maurice got out of the hammock and reached the stream. He once more looked around him and felt danger. He noticed the spotted yellow skin among the leaves. It was the jaguar. It was that dangerous animal that had made the coyotes go away. And now its eyes were on the wounded man. It was ready to attack Maurice.

To get back to the hammock would be useless. The jaguar can climb like a cat. The mustanger knew this. In despair he rushed into the stream, until he stood up to his knees in the water. He had nothing to defend himself with — no knife — no gun — not even his crutch!

Those were the last thoughts of that day that remained in Maurice's memory. He didn't hear the shot which killed the jaguar. He didn't see his faithful dog and two men who had come to help him.

Helpful Words & Notes

He could do without it. — Можно обойтись и без него.
hammock — гамак

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

1) Who brought Maurice's message to his hut?
2) What things did Zeb and Phelim take with them?
3) Who attacked Maurice Gerald?
4) How did he defend himself from the coyotes?
5) Who saved the mustanger from the wolves?
6) Where did Maurice hide from the coyotes?
7) Who made the coyotes go away?

2. Say *true* or *false*. Correct the false statements.

1) Zeb Stump was the first to see Maurice's dog.
2) The letters on the card were written in pencil.
3) Maurice had no weapon but his knife.
4) Maurice got out of the hammock because he was very hungry.
5) Zeb Stump shot the jaguar.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the nouns from the box.

torture
hammock
smell
hunger
shout

1) A loud _____ frightened the horse.
2) The mustanger thought he could die of _____.

3) Gerald used the cloak to make a _____.
4) It was a _____ to be unable to reach water.
5) The _____ of blood attracted coyotes.

2. Fill in the prepositions *with, on, at, in, off.*

1) The mustanger heard little feet _____ the sand.
2) He shook the coyotes _____, striking out with his knife.
3) Tara lay down _____ his master's feet.
4) Maurice wrote a few words _____ the blood of a coyote.
5) He tore up his scarf _____ two parts.

Discussing the Text

1. Talk about the message which Gerald sent to the hut.

- Say where and how it was written.
- Prove that the mustanger was hoping to get the message to Zeb Stump.
- Write your own version of that message.

2. Prove that the mustanger was in grave danger in the woods.

Chapter 20

A SHOT AT THE DEVIL

Zeb Stump carried the unconscious man to the bank of the stream.

"He's fainted," he said to Phelim, examining the mustanger. "But I see no serious wounds. The leg isn't broken. Ho, ho! The young fellow's been attacked by coyotes!"

Phelim was so happy to see his master alive that he started dancing in excitement. Zeb paid no attention to his actions. He began examining Maurice's things. He had already noticed the Panama hat.

"It's strange," he thought.

He knew that the young Irishman always wore a Mexican sombrero. Then Zeb thought he had seen *that* hat before, and on some other head. He looked inside the hat and read: "Henry Poindexter." After that he examined the cloak. It, too, belonged to the same owner.

"Strange, all this!" said the hunter. "Something's terribly wrong. But it's no use asking Maurice. No one knows when he is going to be all right again. We must get him to the hut. That leg looks worse and worse."

Zeb and Phelim cut a couple of trees and made a **stretcher.** Then they carried Maurice Gerald to his home.

It was already night when the group arrived at the hut. The mustanger was still unconscious. **He had developed a fever.**

Phelim went to sleep, and the hunter stayed with his friend. He sat listening to Maurice's words. He was not surprised to hear the name "Louise". But there was another name he heard as well. It was the name of Louise's brother.

In the morning Zeb Stump knew that Henry Poindexter was dead.

* * * * *

Isidora was already near the hacienda of her uncle Silvio Martinez, when she thought: "I'd better release Diaz.

Let him live. He's a scoundrel, but I'm not afraid of him. After what's happened he will not come near me again."

The girl headed her horse for the hill again. After a while she arrived at the opening where she'd left Miguel Diaz. But she saw no Miguel Diaz there — no man of any kind. The letter she'd lost, wasn't there anymore.

Isidora was about to go to the hacienda, when she saw her servant Jose.

"What did you do with me letter, Jose?" she asked.

"I left it at — at the hotel, my lady," said the servant, turning pale. "Mr. Gerald had gone out."

"Liar! You gave it to Miguel Diaz. I've seen it."

"I'm so sorry! Please! I am not guilty."

"How much did Mr. Diaz pay you for your treason?"

"It was not treason, my lady. He — he forced it from me — by blows. I — I was not paid."

"You will be, then! Take that, and that, and that..."

She repeated the words at least ten times, **lashing him with her horsewhip.**

"Now, go away! I don't want to see you anymore."

The servant ran away, only too happy to hide in the woods. Isidora rode back to the Hacienda Martinez.

When she arrived there, she heard the latest news: the son of the American planter had been murdered by Maurice the mustanger.

The next morning Isidora headed her horse **to** the banks of the Alamo.

* * * * *

All night long the hunter sat **at bed-side** of the wounded mustanger. He went out only once. That was near morning, when he heard Tara's howl.

Zeb looked at the open lawn, then under the shadow of the trees. There was nothing there, except what should be.

He raised his eyes to the cliff. There was nothing to be seen there. But there was something to be heard. As Zeb stood listening, there came a sound from the top of the cliff. It was the clatter of a horse's shoes. After a while he saw the horse. There was a man on its back, but only from the saddle to the shoulders. Above, there was nothing — no head!

Zeb Stump rubbed his eyes and looked again. He saw the same — the horseman without a head. He stood watching the horseman until he disappeared behind the trees.

"The Irishman was right, after all," he said in a very low voice. "He saw something. And I saw it myself. What can it be? Why not get closer to it?"

The hunter went through the trees along the path that led up to the cliff. He had taken the rifle with him, when he heard the howl of the dog.

A few minutes later Zeb saw the horseman again and stopped. He was frightened but eager to discover what that was — a man or the devil!

"Hello, stranger! You're out for a late ride, aren't you? Haven't you forgotten to take your head with you?" he cried.

There was no reply.

"Look here, stranger! Old Zeb Stump from Kentucky is speaking to you. **Explain your game!** Speak, before you get a bullet!"

No reply.

"Six seconds more! I give you six more seconds. If you don't speak by that time, I'll shoot," shouted the hunter. "If you're a dummy or the devil, it won't do

you any harm. But if you're a man, you deserve to be shot for such a trick... Speak! You won't? One — two — three — four — five — six!"

Then came a shot. It frightened the horse, but the rider was still in the saddle!

The animal went off at a gallop. Zeb Stump was not only surprised at the result — he was terrified. He was sure that his bullet had passed through the man's heart.

"It's not a man. It's the devil," he whispered.

Helpful Words & Notes

stretcher — носилки
He had developed a fever. — У него резко поднялась температура.
lashing him with her horsewhip — стегая его кнутом
at bed-side — у постели
Explain your game! — Объясни свой фокус!

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. Say who:

- examined the wounded mustanger and his things.
- stayed with his friend all night.
- returned to the opening to release Miguel Diaz from the lasso.
- ran away to hide in the woods.
- shot at the Headless Horseman.

2. Complete the sentences.

1) Phelim was so happy to see his master alive that he _____.
2) Zeb and Phelim cut two trees and made a _____.
3) Isidora lashed her servant with a _____.
4) Zeb went out in the morning because _____.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the nouns from the box.

trick
bank
clatter
harm
treason

1) "If you're a dummy or the devil, the bullet won't do you any _____."
2) Zeb heard the _____ of a horse's shoes.
3) "How much did Mr. Diaz pay you for your _____?"
4) Zeb saw a jaguar at the _____ of the stream.
5) "You deserve to be shot for such a _____."

2. Choose the right form of the verb.

1) In the morning Zeb Stump knew that Henry Poindexter *was/had been* dead.
2) Isidora arrived at the opening where she *left/had left* Miguel Diaz.
3) Zeb Stump went along the path that *led/had led* up to the cliff.

4) The hunter was sure that his bullet *had passed/ passed* through the man's heart.

Discussing the Text

1. **Zeb Stump examined Maurice and his things. What was it that he thought to be strange about them?**

2. **Describe the conversation between Isidora and her servant. Did Jose tell Isidora the truth? Isidora lashed him with her horsewhip. Was it a severe punishment? Give your opinion.**

Chapter 21

THE RIVALS IN LOVE

Zeb Stump was still near the cliff, when Phelim woke up. Several minutes later he heard the sound of hoofs — someone was approaching the hut. He couldn't see the horseman because of the thick trees. Was it the Headless Horseman again?

His first impulse was to rush across the lawn. But at that moment the horseman rode out from among the trees. That horseman had a head.

"A real head. And a pretty face on it. But this young fellow looks as if he's just buried his grandmother," said Phelim. "Oh! *He's a woman!*"

It *was* a woman. It was Isidora.

Phelim was right. She looked worried.

"Is Mister Gerald at home?" she asked. "I wish to see him."

"Do you? Perhaps you'll have to wait. The master isn't in a condition to receive visitors — especially pretty ladies."

"I must see him — I must — I will — I shall!"

Isidora slipped out of the saddle and went in the direction of the door. But there was somebody else who was protecting his master. It was Tara. The dog was standing directly in front of Phelim and the door.

Isidora made no more moves. Surprise was, for the time, the only feeling she had.

At that moment a tall man with a rifle came from behind the trees.

"You haven't lost your way, have you, miss?" he asked Isidora.

"No, sir," she said.

"**In that case**, you know where you are?"

"Yes. This is the house of Mister Gerald, isn't it?"

"That's not much of a house, I'm afraid. Perhaps you want to see the master of it?"

"Oh, yes, sir. That's why I am here."

"Well, **no objection to that**. But it's no use talking to him now. He wouldn't know you."

"Is he ill?"

"He's wounded a bit," said Zeb, "and he's got fever."

"But are you sure, sir, that his wounds aren't dangerous?" asked Isidora.

"I don't think so. In a week's time he'll be on his feet again."

"What happened to him? The Indians? Has there been a quarrel with anyone?"

"I know there's been a quarrel with coyotes, miss. But what happened before that, is a mystery to me. He can't talk yet. We must wait until he does."

"Can I see him now? I am his friend."

"Why not? You can look after him, till we get back. Come along, Phelim. Let's take a short walk," said the old hunter.

Phelim followed him at once.

"This is the same girl who sent him baskets to the hotel," thought Zeb Stump. "She's clearly in love with him. So is the other. But it's also clear that he's thinking about the other, and not about her. Poor thing! She isn't a bad girl. But the Irishman can't belong to both."

Isidora entered the hut and came up to the wounded man. She kissed his unconscious lips, **and then started back**. What made her do it? It was a name, but not her own.

* * * * *

The day Louise Poindexter released Miguel Diaz from the lasso was, perhaps, the darkest day of her life. She was worried about her brother and the man she loved. When she read Isidora's letter, she felt jealousy and despair. Why should this woman write to him like this? Maurice said she was just a friend. But this was not the letter of a friend.

"Ah, me!" she told herself. "I see it all now. She's in love with Maurice. But is he in love with her too?"

After long unhappy hours Louise's thoughts became more rational. She re-read the letter. There was still the hope that Maurice had gone away, as he promised.

In the morning she finally made a decision: she would ride to the Alamo alone. There was no one to stop her. The planter and other searchers had not yet returned. Louise needed to find the truth, no matter how hard it was. She needed to find proof to destroy her jealousy, or confirm it. Proof stronger that this letter.

* * * * *

The first hour of sunrise saw her in the saddle, riding from Casa del Corvo across the prairie already known to her. It was twenty miles from the hacienda to the mustanger's hut. It took Louise two hours to get there. As soon as the girl entered the hut, she saw the proof she had been so afraid of. *There was a woman in the hut!*

Isidora turned to the door and saw the woman, whose name the mustanger had just said for the hundredth time — "Louise".

Louise saw before her the writer of that letter. The writer, who had praised his eyes. The writer, who had asked Maurice to come and meet her. The writer, who was now by his side. These thoughts were too painful for the girl.

Isidora felt the same. She already knew that Maurice didn't love her. And on the door-step was her rival.

Face to face, **with flashing eyes**, the two women stood looking at each other. Both were in love with the same man. Both were jealous. Both were beside the man they loved, but he didn't know about their presence.

This scene lasted only a few seconds. It was Louise Poindexter who stopped it. She turned and went to her horse. The hut of Maurice Gerald was no place for her!

Isidora came out too. The same thought was in her heart. The hut of Maurice Gerald was no place for her!

The grey horse stood nearest — the mustang was farther out. Isidora was the first to get into the saddle — the first to move off. As she passed, her rival had also got into the saddle, and was holding the reins.

The rivals exchanged glances again. Louise's glance was a strange mixture of sadness and surprise. The last look of Isidora was full of anger and hatred.

Helpful Words & Notes

In that case — В таком случае
no objection to that — никаких возражений
and then started back — а потом вдруг отшатнулась
with flashing eyes — с горящими глазами
The grey horse stood nearest — the mustang was farther out. — Серая лошадь стояла ближе, мустанг — дальше.

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

1) Who visited the mustanger's hut that morning?
2) Who was the first to arrive there?
3) What did Zeb tell Isidora about Gerald?
4) Why was Louise jealous of Isidora?
5) What happened when the rivals met in the mustanger's hut?

2. Complete the sentences.

1) Phelim refused to let Isidora enter the hut because _____.
2) Zeb Stump felt sorry for Isidora because _____ _____.
3) Louise went to the Alamo because _____ _____.
4) Louise and Isidora left the hut because _____ _____.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the nouns from the box.

proof
condition
mixture
despair

1) The mustanger wasn't in a _____ to receive guests.
2) Louse felt jealousy and deep _____.
3) She needed to find _____ to destroy her jealousy, or confirm it.
4) Louise's glance was a strange _____ of sadness and surprise.

2. Choose the right form of the verb.

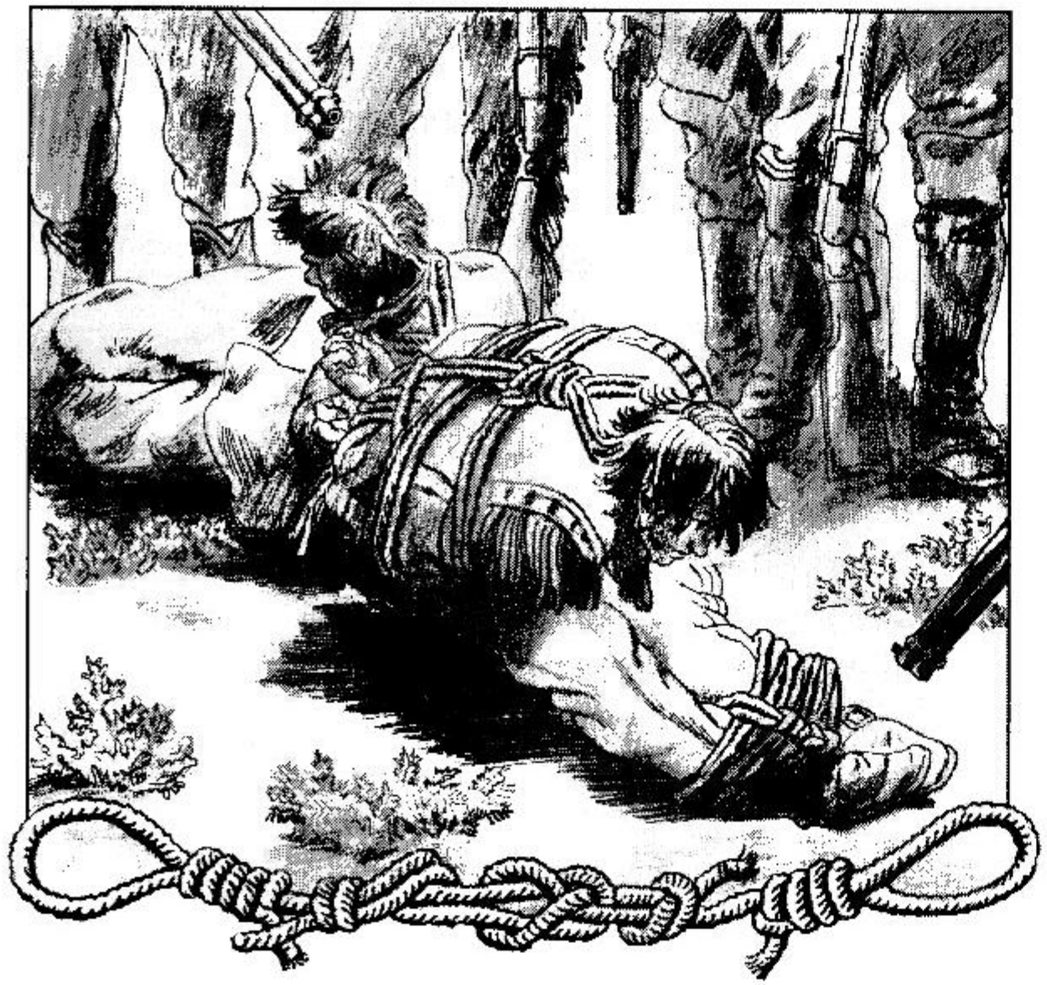
1) Zeb asked Isidora if she *has lost/had lost* her way.
2) "You can look after him till we *got/get* back."
3) "This is the same girl who *sent/has sent* him baskets to the hotel."
4) Isidora saw the woman, whose name the mustanger *had said/said* for the hundredth time.

Discussing the Text

1. Describe the meeting between Louise and Isidora. Talk about their feelings. What was different about the girls?

2. Why do you think?

Why did Zeb Stump feel sorry about Isidora?



Chapter 22

REVENGE

Isidora reached the top of the hill and stopped under a big cypress. There were thoughts in her heart darker than the shadow of the tree.

"Shall I go back and kill her? It couldn't win me back his heart. It's lost — lost, without hope! Oh! There is no hope for me!.. Not only she, he also — both must die! But not yet — not until he can feel his punishment and know where it comes from."

Suddenly Isidora noticed a large group of horsemen on the open prairie. The Indians? No. White men.

"Robbers? No. Too well dressed for them. They must be the searchers, about whom I've heard — led by the father of... Yes — yes, it's them. Here is a perfect chance of revenge."

Isidora stopped, waiting for the men to approach.

Minutes later she was surrounded by armed horsemen. But the girl was not afraid of them. She knew some of the men **by sight**.

An elderly man approached Isidora. Instinct told her that he was the father of the murdered man — and of the woman she hated. Oh! What an opportunity!

"Tell me, miss, have you seen anybody out here?" asked Woodley Poindexter.

Isidora hesitated.

The planter politely asked her another question.

"May I ask where you live?"

"On the Rio Grande, sir?"

"Have you come directly from there?"

"No, from the Leona."

"From the Leona!"

"It's the niece of old Martinez," said one of the men. "His plantation joins yours, Mister Poindexter."

"Yes. I'm the niece of Silvio Martinez."

"Then you've come from his place, have you? I'm sorry to ask you such questions, miss. We have serious reasons."

"Yes, I've come from the Hacienda Martinez," answered Isidora, "I left my uncle's house two hours ago."

"Then, no doubt, you know that there has been a murder."

"Yes, sir. I heard about it yesterday **at uncle Silvio's**."

"But today — when you left — was there any fresh news? Have you heard anything, miss?"

"That people had gone after the murderer. Your people, sir?"

"Yes — yes. It meant us, no doubt. Have you met, or seen, anyone, miss — out here?"

"Yes, I have."

"You have! What sort of person? Can you describe him?"

"A lady."

"What sort of a lady?"

"American."

"An American lady! Out here? Alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know her? What was she like? How was she dressed?"

"In a **riding habit.**"

"She was on horseback, then?"

"On horseback."

"Where did you meet this lady?"

"Not far from here. On the other side of the forest."

"Which way was she going? Is there any house on the other side?"

"A hut. I only know about that."

"To whom does it belong — this hut?"

"Maurice the mustanger."

These words caused excitement in the crowd. After two days of search they have found the trail of the murderer!

"We don't wish to be rude, Miss Martinez — if that is your name — but you must guide us to this place."

"It takes me a little out of my way — though not far. Come on, gentlemen! I'll show you, if you want to go there."

Isidora rode through the forest again. This time she was followed by the hundred horsemen. She stopped on the western edge of the forest.

"There!" she said, pointing over the plain. "Do you see that black spot on the horizon? It is the top of a cypress. **Its roots are in the lower bank of the Alamo.** Go there! There is a path leading down the cliff. You will find below the hut I've told you about."

The searchers were too excited **to stay for further directions.** They forgot at once the woman who had given them. The whole crowd rushed across the plain, heading straight for the cypress.

There was only one of the men who didn't move. Not the leader, but a man very interested in the lady seen by Isidora.

"Tell me, miss," he said, bringing his horse alongside hers. "Did you notice this lady's horse?"

"Certainly, sir."

"The colour?"

"A spotted mustang."

"A spotted mustang! Good God!" exclaimed Cassius Calhoun. And he went at a gallop after the searchers.

Isidora realized that there was one other person, who hoped to get revenge as much as she did.

Helpful Words & Notes

by sight — внешне
at uncle Silvio's — в доме дяди Сильвио

riding habit — амазонка; дамский костюм для верховой езды, состоявший из приталенного корсета, пышных брюк, которые надевались под юбку с разрезами, и шляпы, чаще всего цилиндра

It takes me a little out of my way — though not far. — Мне придется сделать для этого крюк — правда, небольшой.

Its roots are in the lower bank of the Alamo. — Он растет на низком берегу Аламо.

to stay for further directions — чтобы расспрашивать дорогу подробнее

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

1) Whom did Isidora meet on the way from the mustanger's hut?
2) Who was the man who spoke to Isidora?
3) What did she tell Mr. Poindexter?
4) Who was the man who stayed to ask her his own questions?
5) What did Isidora tell him?
6) What did she realize then?

2. Say *true* or *false*. Correct the false statements.

1) Isidora didn't know anyone from the searching-party.
2) Isidora showed the way to Gerald's hut in revenge.

3) All the searchers rushed across the plain in the direction of the hut.
4) Isidora saw that Calhoun wanted to get revenge as much as she did.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Choose a word to complete the sentences.

1) If I kill her, it couldn't _____ me back his heart.

a) bring
b) win
c) get

2) _____ told Isidora that the older man was the father of the murdered man.

a) Jealousy
b) Hatred
c) Instinct

3) The searchers were too _____ to stay longer.

a) terrified
b) angry
c) excited

2. Fill in the prepositions *by, of, in, for*.

1) "Here's a perfect chance _____ revenge."
2) Isidora knew some of the horsemen _____ sight.
3) "The lady was dressed _____ a riding habit."
4) The searchers rushed across the plain, heading _____ the cypress.

Discussing the Text

1. **Describe the meeting between Isidora and the searchers. What did the searchers learn from the Mexican girl? Did she tell them the truth?**

2. **Talk about Isidora's revenge.**

   - Say why she wanted to get revenge on her rival.
   - Prove that she was glad to use the opportunity she had.

Chapter 23

IN THE HUT

Louise Poindexter had climbed into the saddle. But something made her stay.

"Why did she leave?" she thought. "Why that look of hatred?"

Instead of going away, Louise Poindexter once more slipped out of her saddle, and entered the hut again. The girl saw the pale cheeks and wild eyes of the man she loved. And that made her forget about her anger and sadness.

"Maurice — wounded — dying!" she cried, running up to the bed. "Maurice, who has done this?"

There was no reply.

"Maurice! Maurice! Speak to me! Do you not know me? Louise!"

"Ah! Louise! You are very beautiful, Louise — Louise — Louise," whispered the mustanger. "I love you with all my heart, my angel."

And he closed his eyes again. Louise was very happy to hear these words.

At that moment a man came through the **doorway**. It was Phelim. He was surprised to see another woman in the hut.

"I must be dreaming," he exclaimed, opening his eyes wide. "I must be dreaming. It can't be you, Miss Poindexter."

"But it is, Mr. O'Neal. It's bad you've forgotten me so soon."

"Forgotten you! You needn't accuse me of doing something which is impossible, miss. Who can forget your sweet face? There's a man here who can't forget it, even in his dreams!" said Phelim. "But what does it all mean? Didn't you see a woman here, Miss Poindexter?"

"Yes — yes."

"Oh! You did. And where is she now?"

"Gone away, I think."

"Gone away? She didn't stay long. It's very strange."

"Indeed! Oh! It is strange — very strange!" said Louise. "Dear Phelim! Tell me all that has happened."

"Then you'll have to stay here longer. It would take a lot of time to describe the strange things which have happened since the day before yesterday."

"Has anyone else been to this place?"

"Ah, plenty of people. All sorts, and colours too. **First and foremost** there was somebody, though he didn't get all the way to the hut. But I can't tell you about him. It may frighten you, miss."

"Tell me. I'm not afraid."

"It was a man on horseback without a head."

"Without a head!"

"And what's more, miss, he was like Mister Maurice himself. With his horse under him, and his Mexican serape, and everything just as the young master looks. I was so **scared** when I saw him!"

"But where did you see this, Mr. O'Neal?"

"Up there, on the top of the cliff."

"I'm sure it was a trick."

"A trick, miss! That's just what old Zeb said."

"He has been here, then?"

"Yes, but after the others."

"The others?"

"Yes, miss. Zeb arrived only yesterday in the morning. The others came here the night before."

"But who? What others?"

"The Indians. There was a whole tribe of them. Oh! What's that?"

"What?"

"Didn't you hear something? There it is again. The horses. Many horses. They're just outside."

Phelim rushed towards the door.

"The place is surrounded by men on horseback. There's a thousand of them. I must find old Zeb. Oh! I'll be too late!"

Phelim ran out of the hut.

"It's them!" cried Louise. "My father... and I am here! How shall I explain it?"

She saw the opening in the skin door. Should she get away through that? It was no longer possible. There were horsemen behind the hut! Besides, her own mare was in front.

But there was another thought that made her stay.

It was more noble. *He* was in danger! Who could protect him?

And she sat down on a chair beside the hero of her heart.

* * * * *

Woodley Poindexter rode up to the hut and saw the spotted mare.

"Ho! What's this?" he said. "Why — it — it's Louise's mustang!"

"It is, uncle," answered Cassius Calhoun, who had ridden up along with him.

"I wonder who's brought it here."

"Louise herself, I think."

"Nonsense! Are you joking, Cash?"

"No, uncle, I'm not."

"You mean to say my daughter has been here?"

"Has been — still is, I think."

"Impossible!"

"Look there, then!"

The door has just been opened. A woman could be seen inside the hut.

"It is my daughter!"

Poindexter got down from his horse, and went into the hut. Calhoun followed him.

"Louise, what does it means? A wounded man! Is it he — Henry?"

At that moment the planter saw the cloak and hat — Henry's!

"It is. He's alive!"

He came up to the bed. The pale face on the pillow was not that of his son. Louise's father started back **with a groan.**

Calhoun seemed shocked even more than Poindexter. He looked at the mustanger in horror and ran out of the hut.

"What is it?" asked the planter. "Can you explain it, Louise?"

"I can't, father. I came here only a few minutes ago. I found him as you see. He's got a fever."

"And — and — Henry?"

"I don't know. Mr. Gerald was alone when I entered. His servant was absent, and has just returned. I haven't had time to ask him a question."

"But how did you come here?"

"I couldn't stay at home any longer. It was terrible — alone, with no one at the house. And I thought I could find Henry here."

"Here! But how did you know about this place? Who guided you? You are **by yourself?**"

"Oh, father! I knew the way. Do you remember the day of the picnic — when the mustang ran away with me? Mr. Gerald then told me he lived here. I thought I could find the way back."

"You've done a strange thing, my daughter. And dangerous. You have acted like a silly girl. Come — come away! This isn't a good place for a lady — for you. Get to your horse, and ride home again. Someone will go with you. You shouldn't see what may happen here. Come, come!"

The father took the daughter to her horse.

"Louise, Mr. Yancey will ride home with you," he said.

The young planter thanked Poindexter for the opportunity in his soul.

"But, father!" protested the young lady. "Why shouldn't I wait for you? You are not going to stay here long?"

"It is my wish, daughter. Please do as I tell you."

Louise and the young planter rode off.

Helpful Words & Notes

doorway — вход в помещение, дверной проем
First and foremost — Прежде всего
scared = frightened
with a groan — со стоном
by yourself = alone

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

1) What made Louise Poindexter return to Gerald's hut?
2) What did Phelim tell Louise?
3) Who came to the hut?
4) What kind of explanation did Louise give to her father?
5) Where did Woodley Poindexter take his daughter?
6) Whom did the planter ask to get his daughter home?

2. Say why:

- Phelim was surprised to see Louise in the hut.
- Louise didn't leave Maurice when the searchers arrived.
- Woodley Poindexter sent Louise home.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Choose a word to complete the sentences.

1) "There's a man here who can't _____ your sweet face, even in his dreams."

a) remember
b) forget
c) see

2) Calhoun was _____ when he saw the mustanger.

a) surprised
b) scared
c) shocked

3) "You've acted like a _____ girl."

a) silly
b) good
c) brave

2. Fill in the gaps with the nouns from the box.

horror tribe pillow doorway

1) "There was a whole _____ of Indians here."
2) Phelim came through the _____.
3) Calhoun looked at the wounded man in _____.
4) The pale face on the _____ was not that of Henry Poindexter.

Discussing the Text

1. Imagine that you're Phelim. Say:

- who was in the hut when you returned there.
- what you told Louise.

2. What do you think?

Why did the planter ask Mr. Yancey to take his daughter home? Was the young man happy? Why?

Chapter 24

A JURY OF REGULATORS

Louise Poindexter and the young planter were riding through the trees, when the girl suddenly stopped.

"Mr. Yancey," said the girl, after a short pause, "something's wrong with my saddle. I can't sit comfortably in it. Can you have a look, please?"

Yancey jumped to the ground, **happy to please the beautiful girl**. He began examining the saddle.

"Wait a minute!" said Louise. "Let me get down. **You will get better at it.**"

Without waiting for his help, she slipped from the saddle and stood by the side of the mustang.

The young man continued to examine the saddle. Then he fixed something.

"Now, Miss Poindexter, I think **it will do**," he said at last.

"Perhaps, it will," said Louise, putting her hand on the saddle and shaking it. "No doubt it will do now. After all it's a pity to go back so soon. I arrived not long ago after a fast gallop, and my poor Luna hasn't had time to breathe. What if we stop here and let her have a little rest? It's cruel to take her back without it."

"But your father?" asked the young planter. "He said you should —"

"That I should go at once. That's nothing. He only wanted to get me out of the way of these rough men. It's a nice place here, so cool, under these fine trees. Let us stay a while and give Luna a rest! And we can watch these beautiful silver fish in the stream. Look there, Mr. Yancey! What little pretty creatures they are!"

The young planter didn't want to upset the beautiful girl.

"Miss Poindexter," he said, "I am happy to stay here, as long as you wish it."

They stayed by the side of the stream. Yancey was surprised to see Louise's interest in the silver fish and the spotted mustang. **He preferred to have some of her attention to himself.**

Louise, in fact, tried to catch every sound that came from the hut. The young man couldn't help listening too. First they heard a number of voices. Then only one voice was left. Louise recognized this angry voice. It belonged to her cousin Cassius.

Louise couldn't stay away any longer. She rushed to the hut as quickly as it was possible. Yancey noticed that at the last moment so he couldn't stop the girl.

* * * * *

The men, whom she had left behind, were no longer in different groups. They gathered into a crowd,

in shape of a circle. Inside them there were the Chief of the Regulators with three or four of his assistants. Woodley Poindexter was there too, and by his side Cassius Calhoun. Both of them were mainly spectators now.

It was a trial for murder, with a jury of Regulators.

The prisoners — Maurice Gerald, and his servant Phelim — were already inside the circle, on the grass. The Regulators had tied them up, so they could move neither hand nor foot. Maurice couldn't even speak, because a **gag** had been put between his teeth.

The trial lasted only ten minutes. In fact the jury didn't need more time. Everyone was sure that Henry Poindexter was dead, and that Maurice Gerald was responsible for his death.

The jury asked Phelim what he had to say. It was no use putting questions to his master.

The servant told his story about a horseman without a head, the Indians and the jaguar. Too strange to be true. His story only confirmed the suspicion that Headless Horseman was a part of the plan of murder.

"All those stories about tiger-fights and Indians are lies," said the spectators. "He's trying to protect the murderer. Why should we believe him?"

Finally the jury expressed their opinion: Maurice Gerald must die. But some people didn't like the verdict. Among them was Sam Manly, the Chief of the Regulators.

"Fellow citizens!" he cried, as soon as he had an opportunity of making himself heard, "I think, we should give the man a chance to speak. It's no use asking him questions now, as you all see. I think we should postpone the trial till —"

"What's the use of postponing it?" interrupted Cassius Calhoun. "What's the use, Sam Manly? What more do you want to show that he's guilty? More proofs?"

"That's just what we want, Captain Calhoun."

"Can you give them, Mister Cassius Calhoun?" asked a voice.

"Perhaps I can."

"Let's have them, then!"

"Well, then, there's enough proof — and more than enough, in my opinion. But if you want more, I can give it."

"Give it!" cried several people.

"Gentlemen!" said Calhoun, "You all know what happened between this man and me. I never wanted revenge. I don't want it now. But what I heard —"

"What did you hear, Mr. Calhoun?" asked Manly. "What did you hear? And where, and when did you hear it?"

"It was the night my cousin was missing. Last Tuesday night."

"Tuesday night, well?"

"I couldn't get any sleep with the heat. So I got up again and went to the roof to smoke a cigar. It was about midnight or maybe a little earlier. Just as I was about to take a second cigar out of my case, I heard the voices of two men. They were up the river, as I thought on the other side. There was loud angry talk between them. I could tell that two men were quarrelling. As I listened, I recognized one of the voices. And then the other. The first was my cousin Henry's. The second — of the man who is there. The man who has murdered him."

"Please continue, Mr. Calhoun! You can say your opinion later."

"Well, gentlemen. As you may imagine, I was surprised to hear my cousin's voice so late at night. I knew it was his voice. And I was quite sure that the other

was that of the horse-hunter. I listened to catch what the quarrel was about, but I couldn't **make out** anything that was said on either side. Henry called him by some strong names. Then the Irishman threatened. Each loudly pronounced the other's name. I decided to go out and see what the trouble was. But I was in my slippers, and before I could put my boots on, it was all over. I waited for Henry, but he didn't come home. I thought he had gone back to the fort to meet some of his friends. So I went back to bed. Now, gentlemen, I've told you all I know. My poor cousin never came back to Casa del Corvo. He's somewhere in the prairie. And there's the only man who knows where."

Calhoun's story seemed true. This time almost all the searchers demanded the punishment.

At that moment a beautiful woman passed like a meteor through the crowd to the mustanger.

"Texans! Cowards!" she cried. "Shame! And you call this justice? Texan justice? You don't ever hear the man! Murderers!"

"What does it mean, Louise?" shouted Poindexter, rushing up, and seizing his daughter by the arm. "You are mad! Didn't I tell you to go home? Away! **Do not interfere with what doesn't concern you!**"

"Father, it does concern me!"

"How? Oh, true — as a sister! This man is the murderer of your brother."

"I will not — can't believe it. Never! There was no motive. Give him a fair trial, and then —"

"He's had a fair trial," said one of the men. "He's guilty. He's killed your brother, and nobody else. Mr. Poindexter, you'd better take your daughter away."

"Come, Louise. You must come away. Here, Cash, hold her arm, and conduct her from the spot. Louise, if

you refuse to go willingly, we'll use force. Do as I tell you. Go! Go!"

Calhoun dragged Louise from the crowd. She didn't stop protesting, but she could do nothing to help the hero of her heart.

Helpful Words & Notes

happy to please the beautiful girl — он был рад оказать услугу красивой девушке

You will get better at it. — Так вам будет удобнее.

it will do — так будет нормально

He preferred to have some of her attention to himself. — Ему хотелось, чтобы хоть часть своего внимания она обратила на него.

It was a trial for murder, with a jury of Regulators. — Это было судебное разбирательство по обвинению в убийстве с регуляторами в качестве присяжных.

gag — кляп

Fellow citizens! — Сограждане!

make out — разобрать

Do not interfere with what doesn't concern you! — Не вмешивайся в то, что тебя не касается!

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

1) What kind of excuse did Louise use to stay close to the hut?

2) Why did she run back to the hut?
3) Who took part in Gerald's trial?
4) How long did the trial last? Why?
5) Why did the Chief of the Regulators suggest postponing the trial?
6) What other proof of Gerald's guilt did Calhoun give?

2. Say *true* or *false*. Correct the false statements.

1) Louise suggested to Yancey that they should watch the birds.
2) The jury didn't believe Phelim's story.
3) Woodley Poindexter didn't like the verdict of the jury.
4) Louise demanded a fair trial for the mustanger.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the nouns from the box.

jury trial circle gag

1) The searchers gathered into a crowd in shape of a _____.
2) The Regulators put a _____ between the mustanger's teeth.
3) It didn't take the _____ long to express their opinion.
4) Sam Manley thought that they should postpone the _____.

2. Fill in prepositions if necessary.

1) Yancey was happy to please _____ the beautiful girl.
2) "My father only wanted to get me _____ of the way of these rough men."
3) It was a trial _____ murder.
4) "Henry called him _____ some strong names."
5) "Do not interfere _____ what doesn't concern you!"

Discussing the Text

1. Imagine that you're Yancey. Describe what happened after you left the hut.

2. Talk about the trial.

- Describe all the people who took part in it.
- Describe Calhoun's statement.

Chapter 25

ZEB INTERFERES

The Regulators gathered around Maurice Gerald again. They had no pity for him. They wished to hang the man as soon as possible.

"Eh, Bill! Are you ready with the rope?" shouted one of the hangmen to the other.

"All right!" answered Bill. "We'll hang the scoundrel! Up with him! Come!"

"No, you don't!" shouted a loud voice.

A big man with a rifle rushed out from among the trees into the centre of the crowd.

"No, you don't!" repeated the man. "Drop the rope, or I'll shoot. Drop it!"

The words of the man made the hangmen stop, because he was Zeb Stump. Almost all the searchers knew him. Most of them respected the hunter, many of them were afraid of him. Among the last were Bill Griffin and his friends.

"You don't mean to hang this man, boys?" continued Zeb. "Do you?"

"We do," answered a voice.

"And why not?" asked another.

"Why not! You can't hang a fellow citizen without a trial, can't you?"

"Not much of a fellow citizen. Besides, he's had a trial — a fair trial."

"A man who's got a fever and can't defend himself! You call that a fair trial, do you?"

"It doesn't matter. We know he's guilty. We're all satisfied with that."

"You, Sam Manly, and you, Mister Poindexter, surely you haven't agreed to this murder?"

"You haven't heard anything, Zeb Stump," said the Regulator Chief. "There are facts."

"Facts? I don't want to hear them. It'll be enough time for them, when there's a real trial. Any objections?"

"You take too much upon yourself, Zeb Stump. **It's none of your business.** The man that's been murdered wasn't *your* son. Not your brother, not your cousin!" said Calhoun. "It doesn't concern you."

"It does. It concerns me. First, because this young fellow is my friend, though he's Irish. And secondly, because Zeb Stump doesn't like **foul play,**" said the hunter. "Give the young fellow a fair trial in the fort. You've got no proof. I know that young Poindexter was his friend."

"You don't know other facts, Mr. Stump," said the Regulator Chief, in a calm voice. "We've got proof that there was a quarrel between Gerald and young Poindexter that night."

"Who says that, Sam Manly?"

"I say it," answered Calhoun, stepping a little forward.

"Oh, you do, Mister Cash Calhoun! Did you see the quarrel?"

"I haven't said that I saw it, Zeb Stump. And what's more, I'm not going to answer any questions from you. I don't see why this old fool should interrupt —"

"Old fool!" said the hunter. "You call me an old fool? **You'll live to take these words back,** or my name isn't Zeb Stump of Kentucky. Never mind now. There'll be time for that, Mister Cash Calhoun."

"As for a quarrel between Henry Poindexter and the young fellow here," continued the hunter. "I won't believe, until there's better proof than *his* words. You say you've got new facts? I've got facts too."

"What facts?" demanded the Chief of Regulators. "Let's hear them, Stump."

"First what do you think of the young fellow's wounds? I don't talk about the scratches. I believe they've been done by coyotes that attacked him. But look at his knee. Something else than coyotes did that. He hurt his head as well. What do you make of it, Sam Manly?"

"Well, some of the boys here think that there was a fight between him and —"

"Between him and who?" asked Zeb.

"Why, the man that's missing."

"Yes, that's he who we mean," said one of the regulators. "They began fighting and fell on the rocks. That's how he hurt his knee. Besides, there's the mark of a blow on his head — from the gun, I think. As for the scratches, we can't tell what made them. That foolish fellow has a story about a tiger, but **it won't do for us.**"

"What fellow are you talking about? You mean Irish Phelim? Where is he?"

"He stole away. We'll find him later and draw the truth out of him."

"If you mean about the tiger, you'll draw no other truth out of him what you have already. I saw the jaguar myself, and was there just in time to save the young fellow. **But that's not the point.** Did Phelim tell you nothing about what he had seen?"

"He said something about Indians. Who believes it?"

"Well, he told me the same story. There's clearly some truth in it. Besides, he says they were playing cards. I found them on the floor of the hut. They are Mexican cards."

Zed drew the cards out of his pocket and gave them to the Chief of Regulators.

"Who ever heard of Comanches playing cards?" asked a man. "Nonsense!"

"Nonsense, you say!" said an old hunter who had been twelve months a prisoner among the Comanches. "It may be nonsense, but it's true. The Comanches do play cards. I saw them play cards more than once."

Zeb Stump was glad to hear these words which could help him to postpone the trial.

"Sure," he said. "It could be Indians, or something like them. Oh! What's that? Where is *she* coming from?"

No one asked Stump what he meant. Along the top of the cliff, and close to its edge, everybody saw a horse. There was a woman — a lady on his back, with no hat.

The men recognized her **at first glance.** She was their guide. It was that beautiful Mexican girl who half an hour before showed the searchers the way to the hut.

Helpful Words & Notes

Not much of a fellow citizen. — Плохой из него гражданин.

It's none of your business. — Это не твое дело.

foul play — нечестная игра

You'll live to take these words back — Вам еще придется взять эти слова обратно

it won't do for us — мы ему не верим

But that's not the point. — Но не в этом дело.

at first glance — сразу же, с первого взгляда

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

1) Who interfered with the punishment of the mustanger?
2) What arguments for a real trial did the hunter give?
3) Who supported Zeb's suspicion about the cards?
4) What interrupted the unfair trial?

2. Complete the sentences.

1) The words of Zeb Stump stopped the hangmen because _____.
2) The old hunter demanded to give the mustanger a fair trial because _____.
3) Calhoun called Zeb Stump an old fool because _____.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Find in the text the English for:

- Это не ваше дело.
- Что вы об этом думаете?
- Это не имеет значения.
- Не в этом дело.

2. Fill in the gaps with the nouns from the box.

proof
blow
play
trial

1) "Give the young fellow a fair _____ in the fort."
2) "Zeb Stump doesn't like foul _____."
3) "We've got _____ that there was a quarrel that night."
4) "There's the mark of a _____ on his head."

Discussing the Text

Say what methods Zeb Stump used to postpone the trial of Maurice Gerald.

Chapter 26

COMANCHES CHASE ISIDORA

It was indeed Isidora. But what was bringing her back? To explain it, we must return to her thoughts after the meeting with the Texans.

When the men rushed to the Alamo, Isidora headed her horse to her uncle's hacienda. There was only one thing **on her mind** — revenge. So she went on without even giving a glance behind.

After a while Isidora realized that Louise wasn't on the road to the Leona.

"**She's changed her mind.** She's stayed by the hut," thought the Mexican girl. "That's even better. It's only fair **to bring shame on her.** She's the one who has stolen the man I love."

Suddenly she stopped.

"What have I done?" she whispered. "If these men find him guilty, where may it end? In his death! I don't want that. **When I pointed out the way,** how quickly they rode off, without even thinking about me. Oh, they have made up their minds that he should die! He's a stranger among them. Not of their country. Alone, without any friends, and with many enemies."

At that moment she heard the sound of hoofs. Then she heard men's voices.

First Isidora wasn't alarmed.

"Some travellers, perhaps. They may be going to the Rio Grande," she thought. "It is only natural to be so careful, when the Indians are on the war-path."

After a while Isidora heard the sounds of hoofs again. The horsemen were heading towards her. And not along the road, but through the bushes! It could be robbers or Indians! What should she do?

The girl rode to one side of the road to hide and take her horse under a big tree. But she didn't stay there long. The strangers were clearly trying to surround her! She could tell this, hearing the sounds of hoofs in different directions.

It frightened Isidora. She realized that she would soon be discovered.

Isidora rode out from the forest into the open plain and galloped along the road to the Alamo. At that moment **the horsemen burst forth from among the bushes**, almost as fast as she herself! They rode towards her. When she looked back, she could see men of bronze-coloured skins, with red paint on their faces, and red feathers in their hair.

"The Indians!" thought the Mexican. "Four of them."

Four Indians were too many against one — and that one a woman!

Isidora thought that her only hope was to get to the Alamo under the protection of the Texans.

As soon as she was by the edge of the cliff she cried:

"Texans! Save me! Save me! The Indians! They are behind me — close — close."

The leading Indian was so eager to throw his lasso at the girl, that he paid no attention to her cry. He didn't even hear a **rifle-shot**. He just let go his lasso and looked below in surprise. He saw a hundred men, with a hundred guns. His three followers saw them at the same time. All four turned and rode away from the cliff.

* * * * *

The Indians made part of the jury change their opinion about Maurice Gerald. The Chief of the Regulators had to respect their wish. He decided to carry the mustanger to the fort and have a proper trial there.

"What about the Indians? Should we follow them?" asked one of the Texans.

"Of course," said another man. "But when? Now?"

"Let us wait till the woman comes down," said one of the officers. "She may know more about the Indians. There may be much more of them."

Some minutes later the Texans began to feel the alarm: "Where is the niece of Silvio Martinez? Can it be that she is taken?"

Finally the younger ones jumped into their saddles and went off in search of Isidora — to save her from the Indians. The older men preferred to stay by the hut. Zeb Stump was among them. He took the gag from between the teeth of the unconscious prisoner and cut the ropes.

The old hunter was not the only friend who remained true to the mustanger. There were two other people. One — a beautiful girl — was watching him at a distance, trying not to show her interest. The other — Phelim — had just left the top of the tree and was going to take care of his master.

* * * * *

The **campaign** against the Comanches was short. It lasted only three or four days. It was discovered that the Indians didn't mean war. It was an attack of some young Indians who wanted to return home with some-

thing to show to the tribe. The soldiers found them among the hills of San Saba. The Comanches were lucky to escape by going beyond the neutral ground. The soldiers returned to Fort Inge to their duties.

The men who had gone in search of the Indians after their attack on Isidora, found no Indians on the Alamo. They even brought proof: blue, green and red feathers, some clothes, and war-paint. They had found all this in a hole of a big tree.

Helpful Words & Notes

on her mind — у нее в мыслях
She's changed her mind. — Она передумала.
to bring shame on her — опозорить ее
When I pointed out the way — Когда я указала им дорогу
the horsemen burst forth from among the bushes — всадники вылетели из кустов
rifle-shot — выстрел из ружья
campaign — *зд.* военный поход

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. Put the sentences in the right order.

1) All four Comanches turned and rode away from the cliff.
2) The younger men jumped into their saddles and went off in search of Isidora.

3) Isidora heard the sound of hoofs and men's voices.
4) The leading Indian didn't even hear a rifle-shot.
5) Isidora headed her horse to her uncle's hacienda.
6) The horsemen burst forth from among the bushes.

2. Say why:

- Isidora forgot about revenge.
- she rushed to the edge of the cliff.
- part of the jury changed their opinion about Gerald's guilt.
- the campaign against the Comanches was short.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Choose the right verb.

1) "She *has robbed/has stolen* the man I love."
2) Isidora realized that the strangers would *hide/discover* her soon.
3) The old hunter *cut/released* the ropes.
4) The Comanches *managed/failed* to escape from the dragoons.

2. Fill in prepositions if necessary.

1) There was only one thing _____ Isidora's mind — revenge.
2) "She's changed _____ her mind."
3) "They have made _____ their minds that he should die."
4) An idea crossed _____ Isidora's mind.

Discussing the Text

1. Talk about the chase on the prairie. Say:

- what alarmed Isidora.
- what Isidora tried to do when she realized that she was in danger.
- where she rode for protection.

2. What do you think?

Did Isidora use the chase to save the mustanger by attracting the searchers' attention to herself? Or was it just her only chance to escape from the Indians?

Chapter 27

SORROW AND MYSTERY

There was great change in Casa del Corvo after the death of Henry Poindexter. The members of the planter's family no longer doubted that he was dead. There were only three of them left, and they met only in the dining-room, talking very little to each other.

It was a hard time for Louise. Apart from the sorrow about her brother, she felt a strong fear of losing the man she loved. She knew that Maurice Gerald was shut up within the walls of a prison — the strong walls of a military **guardhouse**. But she couldn't show herself at the prison without risk to her reputation. There were soldiers on guard, and always a crowd around it.

On the morning of the fourth day Zeb Stump appeared at Casa del Corvo. He told Louise that the soldiers had come back to the fort.

"Nobody can take the young fellow from his guards now. So you needn't worry about that," said the old hunter.

"What did you do, Zeb?" asked Louise.

"Well, in the first place I've seen the major. I told him the whole story, as far as I know it myself. Luckily he isn't against the young fellow. The major doubled the guards around the prison."

"I am so glad! You think there's no danger from —"

"If you mean Mister Miguel Diaz — yes. Before he thinks about getting anybody else out of a prison, he must get himself out first."

"What? Diaz in prison! How? When? Where?"

"You've asked three separate questions at once, Miss Louise. I'll start with the last one. Where? There's only one prison in these parts. That is the guardhouse at the fort. He's there."

"Along with —"

"I know who you're going to name — the young fellow. Yes. They're in the same building, though not in the same room. There are three others along with the Mexican — his comrades."

"This is good news. But how and when — you've not told me?"

"Give me a little time, Miss Louise. Your second question was when. **He was locked up** about an hour ago. I saw it with my own eyes. After that I've come straight here."

"But you haven't said why he was arrested. This Mexican — Miguel Diaz I mean? I think I know something of the man. I have reasons."

"And you are not the only person who may have reasons for knowing him, Miss Louise. What I know, or strongly suspect, is that this Miguel Diaz has had something to do with... You know what I mean?"

"Go on, Mr. Stump!"

"Well, the story is this. The fellows, who went in search of the Indians, found out that they were not Indians at all. You've heard that yourself. Some things were discovered in the hole of a tree. It's clear now that what we saw on the cliff was a group of whites. I suspected it myself, when I saw the cards they'd left in the hut."

"It was the same, then, who visited the hut at night — the same Phelim saw?'

"Yes. The same Mexicans."

"Why do you think they were Mexicans?"

"I found them," said Zeb. "You see, the cards, and also some words, which the Irishman remembered, told me that they should be Mexican. I know enough about the Mexicans of these parts to guess what they could be. Well, as soon as the soldiers came back with the story of whites instead of red-skins, I took my old mare and rode out to the place where our fellows had hidden their things. I tracked every horse of the four scoundrels to his own stable. **Besides, on one of them I'd made my mark.**"

"Your mark? How, Zeb?"

"You remember the shot I fired from the door of the hut?"

"Oh, certainly! I didn't see the Indians. I was under the trees at the time. I heard your shot."

"Well, Miss Louise, I know my bullet hurt one of them."

"And what did you do?"

"I talked to the major. And in half an hour the four of them were locked up in the guardhouse. Miguel Diaz was taken first. We found my mark on his right arm."

"It was Diaz, then! Very strange!" thought Louise. "And the woman — this Mexican — Isidora? Ah! There is some mystery in all this."

"Tell me, dear Zeb," she asked, stepping closer to the old hunter. "That woman — the Mexican lady I mean — who — who was out there. Do you know if she often visited him?"

"Him! Which him, Miss Louise?"

"Mr. Gerald, I mean."

"I don't know. I don't often go to the Alamo myself. You'd better ask Irish Phelim. But if you ask my opinion, I'd say that the girl was there only once. I know nothing about her. I only know about the other lady's visit to the hut."

"Who?" she asked.

At that moment she regretted that she had asked the question. The colour came to her cheeks, as she noticed Zeb's glance.

"Never mind," she continued, without waiting for an answer.

"So, Zeb," she went on, "you think that these men could do it with Henry... these Mexicans?"

"To tell you the truth, Miss Louise, I don't know what to think. Sometimes I think the Mexicans did it. Sometimes I think that **somebody else has had a hand in the black business.** I won't say who."

"Not *him*, Zeb. Not *him*!"

"Not the mustanger. I'm sure about that."

"But how can he prove it? Everything is against him!"

"I can't say that. **I didn't have much chance of getting about, because I had to keep an eye on the mustanger and his prison.** But there's an opportunity now, and I plan to use it. The prairie is a big book, Miss Poindexter, a wonderful big book — for people who know how to read it. I've learnt to do that."

"Do you think you can discover some traces?"

"I'm going out to have a good look around me. Especially at the place where I found the young fellow in the claws of the jaguar. I must start **straight away**, Miss Louise. The trial may be in less than three days. And I must get back before it begins."

"Go, Zeb! And come back with proofs of *his* innocence."

Helpful Words & Notes

guardhouse — гауптвахта; помещение для содержания под арестом военнослужащих

He was locked up — Его заключили в тюрьму

Besides, on one of them I'd made my mark. — Кроме того, одному из них я поставил свою метку.

somebody else has had a hand in the black business — кто-то другой участвовал в этом грязном деле

I didn't have much chance of getting about, because I had to keep an eye on the mustanger and his prison. — У меня еще не было возможности выяснить это, потому что пришлось присматривать за мустангером и его тюрьмой.

straight away — немедленно

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

1) How did the atmosphere in Casa del Corvo change after Henry's death?
2) Why was it a hard time for Louise?
3) Why was Miguel Diaz arrested?
4) How did Zeb Stump track the Mexicans down?
5) Why was the hunter going out to the prairie?

2. Complete the sentences.

1) Maurice Gerald was locked up in the _____.
2) Zeb Stump made his mark on Diaz's _____.
3) The old hunter needed to come back before _____ _____.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Choose the right form of the verb.

1) Zeb said that the major *doubled/had doubled* the guards around the prison.
2) "Do you remember the shot I *had fired/fired* from the door of the hut?"
3) Louise said she *knew/had known* something about Diaz.
4) Louise regretted that she *was asking/had asked* the question about her rival.

2. Fill in the prepositions *up, on, in, at*.

1) "You've asked three separate questions _____ once."

2) "Diaz was locked _____ about an hour ago."
3) "Somebody else's had a hand _____ that black business."
4) "I had to keep an eye _____ the mustanger and his prison."

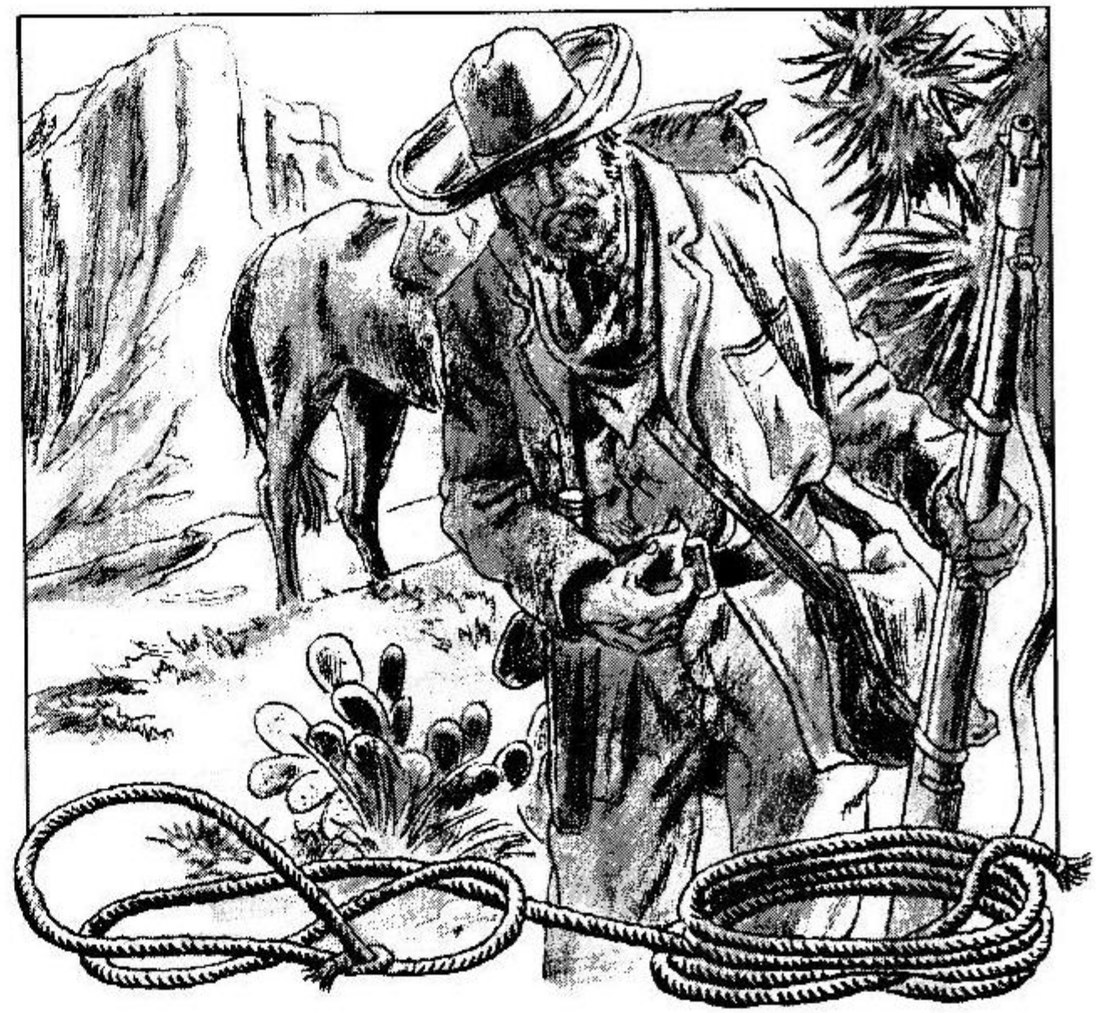
Discussing the Text

1. Describe Louise's talk with Zeb Stump. Say:

- what topics they discussed.
- what topic she failed to discuss.

2. Give your opinion.

We know now that the Indians who chased Isidora were Diaz and his companions. Why did they do it?



Chapter 28

IN THE STABLE

The hunter went to the stable, where he had left his mare. The horse was eating some **corncobs**, which Pluto had put before her. The servant himself was standing by her side. He was unusually silent after the loss of his young master.

Zeb didn't notice the sad mood of the servant. He was in a great hurry to let the old mare finish her meal.

He pulled on the reins and tried to lead her out. **The mare didn't turn without a struggle.**

"Ho! Ho! Mister Stump!" cried Pluto. "Why are you in such a big hurry? Why don't you let her eat all this corn? It'll do her a lot of good."

"I can't stay here long. I'm going off on a bit of a journey. I've got about a hundred miles to make in less than a couple of hours."

"Ho! Ho! That's the fastest kind of travelling. Are you joking, Mister Stump?"

"No, I am not."

"They make wonderful journeys on these prairies. I think that horse over there travelled *two* hundred miles **the other night.**"

"What horse?"

"That old black horse over there. Mister Calhoun's horse."

"What makes you think he travelled two hundred miles?

"Because he was so **done up** that he could hardly walk. Ho! Ho!"

"What night are you talking about, Pluto?"

"What night? Let me see. Why, of course the night Mister Henry didn't come home. I saw that horse in the morning, about an hour after sunrise. I didn't see him before then. When I came to the stable, he was so tired —"

"Who had him out that night?"

"I don't know, Mister Stump. Only that nobody is allowed to ride it except Mister Calhoun himself."

"Why, wasn't it Captain Calhoun himself who took the animal out?"

"I don't know, Mister Stump."

"If the owner of the horse took it out himself,

there's an end of it. He has the right to ride his horse wherever he wants. It's none of my business."

"Ho! Ho! Neither mine, Mister Stump. But I didn't think that way this morning. I was wrong."

"What happened this morning?"

"Ho! What happened this morning? **I got kicked,** Mister Stump."

"Kicked! Which of the horses kicked you?"

"Ho! Not the horses, but the master of them. I was kicked by Mister Calhoun."

"For what reason?"

"I only asked the captain what had put his old horse in such a bad condition, and what had made him so tired. He said it wasn't my business. And then he kicked me. And then he started to lash me with his whip. I'd never seen Mister Calhoun so mad — never, in all my life!"

"But where is he now? I didn't see him here today."

"He's rode out, Mister Stump. He goes much away from the house now."

"On horseback?"

"Yes. He goes on the grey horse. He hasn't ridden the black one since that night."

"Look here, Pluto," said Zeb, after standing silent for a second or two. "After all, I'd better let the old mare have a couple of these corncobs. She's got a long journey before her. While she's eating, I could do the same myself. Can you go to the kitchen and see if there's something to chew? a bit of cold meat and a piece of corn bread will do."

"Of course, Mister Stump. I'll go and get more than this."

The black servant left the stable. Zeb Stump went to Calhoun's black horse.

"I don't mean any harm to you," he said. "Let's have a look at your feet."

He lifted the horse's feet one after the other. On one of the feet he discovered a broken horseshoe. Almost a quarter of the shoe was missing from the hoof.

Zeb drew his huge hunting knife and used it to take the broken shoe off the hoof. Then he put it in the pocket.

After a while Pluto returned to the stable. He brought a lot of food and a small bottle of whisky.

"Look here, Pluto!" said Zeb some minutes later. "Who puts shoes on your horses? Your own people?"

"Yes. Yellow Jake. Why do you ask, Mister Stump?"

"Well, I'd like to shoe the mare. Do you think Jake could do it for me?"

"Ho! Ho! I'm sure he'd do it with pleasure."

"Question is if I can wait. How long does it take him to put on a couple of shoes?"

"Not long, Mister Stump. Besides, **he has the shoes all ready**. I know it because Jake's going to shoe the black horse. One of his shoes is broken. It happened ten days ago. Mister Calhoun told Jake to take off the broken shoe and put a new one. This very morning. I heard him myself."

"After all," said Zeb, as if suddenly changing his mind. "I can do it when I come back. I don't have time for that now."

"No, I don't have time," he added, when stepped outside. "**I must be off.** Now, old girl! Stop chewing and take this bit between your teeth."

The hunter led the animal out of the stable, got into the saddle, and headed his horse in the direction of Fort Inge.

It took Zeb less than a quarter of an hour to reach the fort. Usually it took him three, but this time he was

very excited. When he rode into the square, he slipped out of the saddle and went to see Major Ringwood.

The guard passed him without any questions, and an officer warned the military chief of the fort about his new visitor.

"Ah! Mister Stump! Glad to see you so soon," said Major Ringwood. "Have you found anything useful? From your quick return, I can almost say you have. Something, I hope, that can help this poor young fellow. I still believe he's innocent. What have you learnt?"

"Well, Major," said Zeb, taking off his hat. "What I've learnt isn't much, though enough to bring me back to the fort. I came back here to have a word with you."

"Of course. What is it you have to say?"

"That you should **keep back the trial** as long as you can. **I know there's a pressure from outside**. But I know, too, that you've got the power to resist it, Major."

"Yes, I have that, Mister Stump, but I can't go against the law."

"I don't ask you to do that, Major. You know there are people here who want to take it into their own hands. One especially wants to do it. I know who that one is. At least, I guess who that may be."

"Who?"

"Can you keep a secret, Major? I know you can."

"Mister Stump, **you may speak your mind**. Everything we say here is between you and me."

"Well, Major, I can say that the murderer is not Maurice the mustanger."

"That's my opinion as well. You know it already. Can you say more?"

"Perhaps, I can, Major. But the time's not right for that yet. I've got only suspicions. I may be wrong, and I'd better keep them to myself **for the time being**. First

I need to make a short excursion across to the Nueces River."

"I'll be glad to wait for your return, Mister Stump. What do you need me to do while you're away?"

"Keep back the trial — only that. The rest will be all right."

"How long?"

"Can you promise me three days?"

"Oh! I think I can do that. I give you an officer's promise that for three days Maurice the mustanger will not go out of my guardhouse. Innocent or guilty, for that time he will be protected."

"Thank you, Major. You're a good man and a good friend," said the hunter and left.

Helpful Words & Notes

corncobs — початки кукурузы

The mare didn't turn without a struggle. — Кобыла очень неохотно повернулась к хозяину.

the other night — прошлой ночью

done up — измученный

Who had him out that night? — Кто на нем ездил в ту ночь?

there's an end of it — тогда всё в порядке

I got kicked — Меня исколотили (*игра слов: эту же фразу можно перевести как* Меня лягнули)

he has the shoes all ready — у него есть готовые подковы

I must be off. — Пора двигаться в путь.

keep back the trial — оттянуть начало суда

I know there'll be a pressure from outside — Я знаю, что будет давление извне.

you may speak your mind — вы можете говорить откровенно

for the time being — на некоторое время

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. Say who:

- went to the stable.
- was eating corncobs.
- was so done up that he could hardly walk.
- took the broken shoe off the horse's hoof.
- promised to keep back the trial.

2. Complete the sentences.

1) Zeb Stump was in a great hurry to get out of Casa del Corvo because _____.
2) Calhoun kicked Pluto because _____.
3) Zeb came to see Major Ringwood because _____ _____.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Use the verbs in the right form.

1) The old hunter (to pull) the reins and tried to lead his mare out of the stable.
2) Pluto asked the captain what (to put) his old horse in such a bad condition.
3) Jake (to shoe) Louise's spotted mare.

2. **Fill in the prepositions *up, from, on, to.***

1) Zeb Stump was going off _____ a journey to the prairies.
2) The black horse was so done _____ he could hardly walk.
3) Almost a quarter of the shoe was missing _____ the hoof.
4) Zeb decided to keep his suspicions _____ himself.

Discussing the Text

1. **Talk about the meeting between Zeb Stump and Pluto.**

- Describe the men's mood.
- Say what they talked about.

2. **Imagine that you're Major Ringwood. Say:**

- what you think about the trial and Gerald's guilt.
- what Zeb Stump asked you to do before his departure.

Chapter 29

ZEB STUMP ON THE TRAIL

The hunter rode away from the fort and returned on the road to Casa del Corvo. When he reached Poindexter's plantation, he stopped.

"Calhoun's horse was out the same night, and returned home done up. What could that mean?" he asked himself. "Could he kill his own cousin? He could do that, or any other bad thing, if there was a reason for that. But there isn't. I mean I can't think of any such reason. Old Poindexter doesn't own anything on this ground any longer. All belongs to Calhoun. Why should he want to kill his cousin? There's also this mustanger, and **the sham Indians**, and this Mexican girl, and the horseman without a head. What a puzzle!"

Zeb looked around as if in search of answers. Then he said some words to his mare and went in the direction of the Nueces River. After a while he changed his course and headed to the Rio Grande.

The hunter had ridden about a mile in the new direction, when something made him stop. He got out of the saddle and dropped down on his knees. Then he drew the broken shoe out of his pocket and put it in the hoof mark on the ground. **It fitted.**

"That's the mark of the traitor — and, perhaps, a murderer!" said Zeb.

He spent a few more minutes on the spot. After that he rose to his feet, and went on foot along the trail of the horse with a broken shoe. The old mare followed him.

He was more than a mile from that spot when he heard a shot. He stopped and raised his eyes. He saw a small cloud of blue smoke above the trees.

"Who can be hunting out there?" he asked himself. "I know there's nothing in that forest except coyotes... Heigh! Something's coming this way. A horse, and somebody on his back. What! It's the Headless Horseman!"

The old hunter was right. There could be no mistake about the rider, who was galloping towards the

spot where Zeb stood. It was the horseman without a head.

Zeb Stump was a brave man. He was never afraid of jaguars, bears, or the Indians. But it wasn't easy for him to come face to face with something that was absolutely unnatural.

He saw some bushes close by — they could give him the chance of a hiding-place.

"Down!" he cried to his mare.

The horse dropped down on her front knees, and then lay down on the grass. Zeb hid in the bushes.

The Headless Horseman came galloping up. He saw neither the hunter nor his horse.

As the horse passed Zeb, he saw under the serape a shirt he had seen before. It was a shirt of blue cotton. Though there were spots of dark red blood on the shirt, the hunter recognized it. Everything — the horse, the saddle, the striped serape, the sky-blue shirt and trousers — was known to him.

The hunter didn't try to stop the rider. He said in a slow, sad tone:

"It's true, then! Poor young fellow is dead!"

The Headless Horseman galloped on over the prairie. Zeb followed him only with his eyes. He was about to get on his feet, when he saw a man on horseback. A real horseman, with a head upon his shoulders. He was examining the ground, over which he was guiding his horse. Zeb guessed what this horseman was doing. He was tracking the headless rider.

"Ho! Ho!" he whispered. **"I'm not the only one who's got a reason for solving this mystery.** Who can he be? I'd like to know that."

Zeb didn't have to wait for an answer very long. The man approached the bushes, and the hunter saw who he

was. It was Cassius Calhoun. The ex-captain was wearing his usual dark blue military suit and a cap. He had a knife and guns on his belt.

It was not Calhoun's weapons that kept Zeb Stump from showing himself. He wasn't afraid to meet the ex-officer of volunteers. He remained in the bushes to see what the captain would be doing.

Calhoun passed the hunter and his horse. Zeb Stump decided to follow him. The hunter didn't need to stay close to Calhoun. He was sure he could easily find the trails of the horseman without a head and the horseman without a heart.

After a while Zeb saw the captain again. He was examining the edge of the **chalk prairie.** Zeb guessed that Calhoun had lost the trail of the Headless Horseman and was trying to find it again.

The captain failed to do it, and angrily galloped off in the direction of the Leona.

Zeb also tried to find the lost trail. But the sunlight was so bright that it was impossible to do it.

The hunter decided to return to the forest. After a while he saw the hoof marks of three horses. All three had gone over the same ground, **but at separate times.** First — a mustang, then — an American horse. The horse with the broken shoe was behind both horses.

"Here they've separated," said the hunter, examining the ground at his feet. "The horse with the broken shoe went in a different direction. Why? If I go after those two, I know where they'll lead. They'll come up to that pool of blood. Let's track this one."

Zeb followed the trail of the horse with the broken shoe. It led him to a spot where the horse had stood tied to a tree. The footprints of a man could be seen on the

ground. Zeb discovered **two sets of them — one going, another coming back.**

The old hunter left his mare there and followed the footprints of the rider. They brought him out into the opening — close to the pool of blood. On the way there he saw a spot where a man had remained for some time. The same footprints were leading out towards the pool of blood, and then coming back again. And in the branches of a tree Zeb Stump saw a small half-burnt piece of paper. He took the paper from the thorn and read on it the initials he knew very well — "C. C. C."

"That's a piece of a letter," he said. **"It was used as a wad."**

The hunter drew out a wallet out of his pocket, put the paper into it, and returned the wallet to his pocket.

"Well," he said, "the man who was murdered was out there by that pool of blood. The man, who did it, was standing behind this tree."

Zeb returned to the place where the horse with the broken shoe had been left. Not far from that spot he discovered another path. The hunter saw that several shod horses had passed along it, some days before.

"It's Spangler and the other searchers," said Zeb.

He went along the path, looking for the hoof marks of Henry Poindexter's horse. After a while the hunter stopped near a huge tree with a low thick branch. He looked at the bark of the branch.

"What about this cut?" he asked himself. "It's been done by a head. The man was on horseback. He struck his head against the branch. Of course, he couldn't keep in the saddle after that.... I thought so. Ah! He fell right here and hurt his leg. And that's where he began crawling."

Zeb Stump followed the trail of the wounded man to the stream.

Helpful Words & Notes

the sham Indians — мнимые индейцы

It fitted. — Они совпали.

I'm not the only one who's got a reason for solving this mystery. — Не мне одному хочется разгадать эту тайну.

chalk prairie — меловая прерия

but at separate times — но в разное время

two sets of them — one going, another coming back — две цепочки следов: одни вели вперед, другие — обратно

It was used as a wad. — Это использовалось в качестве пыжа. (Пыж — прокладка, предотвращающая высыпание пороха и дроби из патрона; в качестве пыжа использовались кусочки шерсти, кожи, картона, бумаги.)

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

1) Where did Zeb go from Fort Inge?
2) Where did Zeb hide from the Headless Horseman?
3) How was the Headless Horseman dressed?
4) Who followed the Headless Horseman?
5) Why did Calhoun stop the search?
6) What did Zeb discover in the forest?

2. Say why:

- Zeb Stump hid in the bushes from the Headless Horseman.
- Zeb didn't show himself to Captain Calhoun.
- the hunter lost the trail of the Headless Horseman.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the adjectives from the box.

half-burnt
sham
separate
broken

1) Zeb Stump didn't know how the _____ Indians fitted into the mystery of Henry's death.
2) The hunter followed the trail of the horse with a _____ shoe.
3) Zeb Stump saw in the bushes a small _____ piece of paper.
4) Three riders went over the same ground, but at _____ times.

2. Use the right form of the verb.

1) After a while the hunter (to change) his course and headed to the Rio Grande.
2) "Heigh! The Headless Horseman (to come) right this way!"
3) The hunter's mare (to drop) down on her front knees, and then (to lie) down on the grass.
4) Zeb read on the piece of paper the initials he (to know) very well.

Discussing the Text

1. Talk about Zeb's journey in the prairies. What places did he visit? What things did he discover?

2. What do you think?

Zeb Stump found answers to some of his answers. What was the puzzle that still remained unsolved?

Chapter 30

A HORSE EXCHANGE

Calhoun turned away from the edge of the chalk prairie, where he had lost the trail of the Headless Horseman.

"No use following further! If I go back to the river, I may see him again. But I need another horse, fast enough to overtake the mustang. There must be one like that in town. I'll see when I get back," he told himself.

Calhoun was already not far from Casa del Corvo when he saw a horse with a rider upon his back. It was Isidora Covarubio de los Llanos. She noticed him too.

In Calhoun, Isidora saw the man who loved the woman she herself hated. In Isidora, Calhoun saw the woman who loved the man he hated and wanted to destroy. The situation didn't make them friends. It is not natural that man, or woman, should like the admirer of a rival.

Cassius Calhoun and Isidora Covarubio de los Llanos were about to pass each other when a thought crossed his mind.

"Excuse me, miss," he said, looking at her horse. "I know it's very rude to talk to you as we are strangers."

"If I'm not mistaken, we met before — on the prairie, out near the Nueces."

"True!" said Calhoun. "We saw you later, too, as you came galloping along the cliff. We all wondered what had happened to you."

"The shot which some of your people fired from below, made those Indians leave. I mean the sham Indians, as we know now. As soon as they left, I continued my journey."

"**I couldn't help noticing your splendid horse.** He was not galloping, miss. He was flying."

"Are you joking, sir? There's nothing splendid about him. Perhaps a little pretty, and quick. My father has five thousand horses like him. Many of them are prettier, and, no doubt, faster than him."

"Excuse me, miss, I should be only too glad to make an exchange with you. My horse is expensive, though he's a little slow. But I can promise that he will carry you safely to your home, and will serve you well afterwards."

"What!" exclaimed the lady in surprise. "Exchange your wonderful American horse for a Mexican mustang! Do you know that on the Rio Grande for one of your horses you can get three, sometimes six, of ours?"

Calhoun knew this very well. But he knew also that he needed Isidora's quick mustang.

"If it's not a joke, you can have what you want," said Isidora.

"It's not a joke."

"Take him, then!" she said. "But we can't exchange saddles. Yours would be too big for me!"

Calhoun was so happy than he couldn't find words to thank Isidora. He took off her saddle and then took off his own.

In less than five minutes the horses were exchanged. Isidora almost laughed. But for Calhoun it was a very serious and important matter.

As soon as the exchange was over, Isidora went off on Calhoun's horse. The ex-officer headed the grey mustang in the direction of Casa del Corvo.

* * * * *

Zeb arrived at the spot where he had left his mare. He began following the trail of the horse with the broken shoe again. He was sure that this trail would leave him to Casa del Corvo. Not far from the hacienda he saw Cassius Calhoun and Isidora Covarubio de los Llanos. He hid in the bushes and listened to their conversation.

"What could be Calhoun's motive to exchange horses?" he thought. Zeb knew that the Mexican girl was right: the American horse was far more expensive than the mustang.

"There's only one explanation," he told himself. "The grey mustang is the faster of the two. And Mister Cash wants him because he is fast. He wants to overtake the Headless Horseman. He's tried his own horse and found him slow. Now he thinks, with the mustang, he may have a better chance to get the fellow."

* * * * *

Woodley Poindexter entered his daughter's room.

"Louise, I wanted to talk to you," he said.

"What is it, father?"

"You know that your cousin Cash loves you. He wants to marry you."

"But I don't want to marry *him*. No, father. I shall die first. I know what it means. He has sent *you* to make this proposal! I'd rather go to the prairies to catch wild horses with the lasso than become his wife."

"Dear daughter, you, perhaps, don't know that —"

"That my cousin is your creditor? I know all that, dear father. But I know also that you are Woodley Poindexter, and I am your daughter."

"Forgive me, my girl," said the proud planter. "I shall leave it to you. You are free to refuse to marry him, if that's what you want!"

* * * * *

Less than an hour after that conversation Louise Poindexter refused to marry Cassius Calhoun. Her cousin didn't show surprise. Probably he expected such an answer.

"Well," he said **with a sneering smile**. "Though I'm not master of your heart, your happiness is in my hands. Tomorrow is the day of the trial. Mr. Maurice Gerald will be accused of murdering your brother."

"It's a lie! Maurice Gerald never did it."

"Well, **that remains to be proved**. No one knows, Louise, about your meeting with Gerald in the garden. No one knows about his quarrel with Henry. There were only two people who saw what happened after that quarrel."

"Two — who were they?"

"One was Cassius Calhoun. The other — Louise Poindexter."

The girl didn't even look surprised.

"Do you understand me? You know what I mean?" asked Calhoun.

"Yes."

"You will not refuse me now?"

"Now more than ever!"

"Be it so! Tomorrow you'll stand before the judge as a witness. And nobody'll save you from shame. Good night, Louise! I'll sleep thinking of you."

Calhoun left the room, **looking less triumphant than guilty.**

Helpful Words & Notes

I couldn't help noticing your splendid horse. — Я не мог не заметить, какая великолепная у вас лошадь.
with a sneering smile — с усмешкой
that remains to be proved — это еще надо доказать
looking less triumphant than guilty — с видом не столько торжествующим, сколько виноватым

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

1) Where did Calhoun meet Isidora?
2) How did he get her mustang?
3) Who saw Calhoun and Isidora and listened to their conversation?
4) Who helped Calhoun to convince Louise to marry her cousin?
5) What arguments did Calhoun use himself?

2. Say why:

- Calhoun asked Isidora to exchange horses.
- Isidora agreed to the exchange.
- Louise refused to marry her cousin.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the nouns from the box.

exchange	chance
proposal	matter

1) Calhoun's _____ didn't surprise Louise.
2) As soon as the _____ was over, Isidora went off on Calhoun's horse.
3) Calhoun had a better _____ to overtake the Headless Horseman on a quick mustang.
4) It was a very serious _____ for the captain.

2. Report the sentences in indirect speech.

1) "Nobody'll save you from shame," said Calhoun.
2) "He's tried his own horse and found him slow," said Zeb Stump.
3) "Louise, I wanted to talk to you," said Woodley Poindexter.
4) "Are you joking, sir?" asked Isidora.

Discussing the Text

1. Describe the horse exchange between Calhoun and Isidora.

2. Give your own opinion.

Talk about the meeting between Louise and Cassius Calhoun. Describe their conversation. Did he expect such an answer to his proposal?

3. Prove that Calhoun didn't like what he was going to do to Louise.

Chapter 31

A TEXAN COURT

The following morning a lot of different people gathered around Fort Inge: planters, lawyers, hunters, **cattle-dealers and horse-dealers, storekeepers, adventurers.** Many of them had with them their wives, sisters, and daughters. Some were on horseback, others stayed in wagons or in elegant carriages.

All these people had come for the trial of Maurice Gerald — known as Maurice the mustanger. They had

little doubt that he had done it. They only waited to learn the details: how, and when, and where.

The trail began at ten o'clock. There was no courthouse in the fort. The day promised to be hot, and it was decided that the judge would sit at a large table under a tree. Close to the judge there were twelve people. About half of them chose to sit on a rough bench, the other half — on the grass. It was the jury. Other people gathered around the judge and jury.

Before the trial **Miguel Diaz and his three companions said that they had disguised themselves as Indians.** They explained that it'd been a joke. It was also proved that Diaz had been drunk on the night of Henry Poindexter's disappearance, and his friends had been at home. So the Mexicans were released from prison.

The mustanger was brought before the court. The judge asked him his first question.

"Maurice Gerald, are you guilty or not guilty of this crime?"

"Not guilty," firmly said the mustanger.

Then the **prosecutor** called his first witness. It was Franz Oberdoffer, the owner of the hotel and the saloon. He repeated the story he had told before. Other witnesses confirmed that the prisoner and Henry Poindexter had been friends. Captain Cassius Calhoun told the court about the scene in the garden. He said that Henry had followed the mustanger, but he kept to himself the true reason for this, and his own actions.

Then Louise Poindexter was called. Calhoun had kept his word.

"Where were you, Miss Poindexter, on the night when your brother was last seen?" asked the prosecutor.

"At home — in my father's house."

"May I ask, if on that night you went into the garden?"

"I did."

"Was there someone with you?"

"There was. My brother was there. And Mr. Maurice Gerald."

"May I ask the motive of your meeting with Mr. Gerald?"

The witness hesitated only for a moment.

"I went into the garden to meet the man I love. Now, sir, I hope you are satisfied?"

The answer caused in the crowd surprise, and something more: **contempt, and even indignation.**

"I must ask you another question, Miss Poindexter," said the prosecutor. "You have heard what Mr. Calhoun said. Is it true that your brother had a quarrel with Mr. Gerald?"

"Quite true."

The answer made the crowd shout. Her words confirmed the story of Calhoun! That was the *motive* of the murder!

"Order in the Court!" cried the judge.

"But my brother didn't follow him in anger," continued the witness. "He realized that he had been wrong, and went after Mr. Gerald to apologize."

Louise went back to her carriage with a cold feeling in her heart. By telling the truth, she had done harm to Maurice and to herself.

"Call the **witnesses for the defence,**" said the judge.

First Phelim O'Neal was called. His story, full of improbable things, was strange. The lawyer asked to call another witness.

"Zebulon Stump!"

A tall hunter made his way through the crowd.

"Well, Mister Judge!" he said. "I've no objection to tell what I know about the business, but I'd prefer that

the young fellow should give his story first. I could then confirm it."

"It would be somewhat irregular," said the judge. "After all, we want to get at the truth. If the jury doesn't object, let it be as you say."

The jury agreed too. The mustanger stepped forward.

There was universal silence. Everyone was looking at the prisoner. Everyone was eager to catch his words.

"Judge, and gentlemen of the jury!" said the mustanger. "Not all of the statements you heard today are true. Some of them are false as the man who gave them."

The speaker glanced at Cassius Calhoun. Then he described what had happened in the garden.

"It is true that Henry Poindexter interrupted our meeting with his sister in the garden. It's true that I heard angry words from him. But at our next meeting he apologized for them."

"Where did this meeting take place?" asked the judge.

"I'm coming to it now. After I left the garden I went to the hotel. There was nothing to keep me any longer under Mr. Oberdoffer's roof. So I paid for my stay and I rode off. I knew I could reach the Alamo before morning.

I travelled slowly, and I never thought of looking behind me. I had no suspicion that anyone was coming after me, until I heard the sound of hoofs and I saw a horseman. It was Henry. I rode up to him. His first words were to ask if I would forgive him for what he had said to me. **He held out his hand in the most friendly manner.** Need I tell you that I took that hand?

We rode together for a while, and then stopped under the shadow of a tree. We exchanged cigars, and smoked. And there was another exchange — **to cement our friendship.** We exchanged our hats and cloaks. The Comanches do that. I gave Henry Poindexter my Mexican sombrero and striped serape and took his cloak and Panama hat.

Then he rode away, and I stayed to have some rest. A couple of minutes later I heard a sound. It was a shot. I jumped to my feet, and listened. But I could hear nothing more. So I thought I had been mistaken. I lay down on the grass again, and fell asleep.

I woke up early in the morning. It was cold. It wasn't pleasant to stay longer under the tree. So I decided to continue my journey. But first I wanted to go in the direction in which Henry Poindexter had gone. I needed an explanation for the shot. I didn't go far till I found it. I saw —"

"*The Headless Horseman!*" exclaimed a voice from the crowd.

"*The Headless Horseman!*" cried fifty others. "There! He's coming this way!"

The Headless Horseman was indeed coming to the fort. Suddenly he stopped and looked at the crowd around the tree. He clearly didn't like it, because he turned around and rode off.

Three-fourths of the crowd rushed towards their horses. They were eager to overtake the Headless Horseman.

Helpful Words & Notes

cattle-dealers and horse-dealers, storekeepers, adventurers — торговцы скотом и лошадьми, владельцы магазинов, авантюристы

Miguel Diaz and his three companions said that they had disguised themselves as Indians — Мигель Диас и его товарищи признались, что изображали индейцев

The mustanger was brought before the court. — Мустангер предстал перед судом.

prosecutor — обвинитель, прокурор

contempt, and even indignation — презрение и даже возмущение

witnesses for the defence — свидетели защиты

It would be somewhat irregular — Это было бы не совсем правильно

There was universal silence. — Воцарилось молчание.

He held out his hand in the most friendly manner. — Он дружески протянул мне руку.

to cement our friendship — чтобы скрепить наши дружеские отношения

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

1) What kind of people gathered to watch the trial of Maurice Gerald?
2) Whom did the prosecutor called as his witnesses?
3) What did Louise say at the trial?
4) What did the mustanger say?
5) What interrupted the trial?

2. Say why:

- the judge and the jury sat under the shadow of a big tree.
- the Mexicans were released from prison.
- Louise went back to her carriage with a cold feeling in her heart.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the nouns from the box.

witness
jury
judge
prosecutor

1) The _____ agreed to listen to Gerald's story first.
2) The _____ called Mr. Oberdoffer as his first witness.
3) Phelim wasn't a good _____.
4) Part of the _____ chose to sit on the grass.

2. Choose the right form of the verb.

1) Miguel Diaz and his three companions said that they *disguised/had disguised* themselves as Indians.
2) Other witnesses confirmed that Gerald and Henry Poindexter *were/had been* friends.
3) "It is true that Henry Poindexter *had interrupted/interrupted* our meeting with his sister in the garden."
4) "I had no suspicion that anyone *came/was coming* after me, until I saw Henry."

Discussing the Text

1. Talk about the trial of Maurice Gerald.

Describe the place of the trial. Talk about the statements of the main witnesses and the prisoner himself.

2. **What do you think?**

Why did Zeb Stump ask the judge to hear the mustanger's story first?

Chapter 32

THE LAST WITNESS

The judge decided to wait for the return of those people who had gone after the Headless Horseman.

"If we catch him," he said, "we will throw light on the murder."

After a while almost all the men returned. The only two people still missing were the old hunter and the ex-captain of volunteers.

An hour later the judge decided to go on with the trial. The prisoner stood before the judge again.

"You were about to tell us what you saw," said the lawyer to the mustanger. "What was it you saw?"

"A man lying on the grass."

"Asleep?"

"Dead, and with his head cut off."

Someone of the crowd cried in horror, "Who was the man?"

"It was Henry Poindexter."

Cries were heard again.

"Continue, sir!" asked the lawyer.

"I touched the body. It was cold. I could see that Henry had been dead for some time. I also remembered the shot I had heard in the night. So I decided to look for a bullet wound. I turned the body.

I was right. I saw a hole in the serape and the shirt, covered with blood. I could tell that a bullet had entered there. There was no wound at the back. So I knew that the bullet had to be still inside the body."

"What did you do then?"

"I couldn't think of leaving the body there. My first idea was to cover the body with the cloak and go to the fort for some help. It would be protected from coyotes, till we could get back. But then I changed my mind. I decided to take Henry's body with me. I thought about something I had read about **the Gauchos** of South America. When one dies, or is killed by accident, far from home, his friends carry the body in the saddle, seated as though he were still alive.

First I tried to set him on his own horse. But his saddle is flat. There was only one other chance for us to make the home journey together: by exchanging horses. I knew that my own horse wouldn't object. Besides, my Mexican saddle is deeper. In a short while I put the body in it, seated. I cut a few pieces of my lasso and used them **to fix** the body in the saddle.

I got on the horse of the murdered man. My own horse was going to follow me. Then I headed back to the fort. But in less than five minutes after that **I was knocked out of my saddle.**"

"Knocked out of your saddle!" exclaimed the judge. "How did it happen?"

"A simple accident. Something frightened the horse, and he rushed along the path, right under a low thick branch of a large tree. I struck my head against that branch, fell on the ground and hurt my knee. I don't know where the horses went afterwards. You all know that, I believe, better than I. I came to only two hours later."

Maurice then told the court how he had been attacked by coyotes and then saved from the claws of the jaguar by Zeb Stump.

"Gentlemen of the jury! That's all I remember until the day before yesterday, when I woke up in prison."

* * * * *

The judge, jury, and spectators felt that the mustanger's story was true. Still it was only his own story. There was one witness who could confirm it. Where was Zeb Stump?

Five hundred pairs of eyes turned towards the prairie. Five hundred hearts hoped the old hunter would return soon — with or without the Headless Horseman.

Ten minutes later the figures of three horsemen appeared on the prairie. Two of them were easily recognized, as Zeb Stump and Cassius Calhoun. There wasn't any doubt about the third figure either. It was the Headless Horseman.

The riders stopped outside the crowd of spectators. Two of them slipped out of the saddle. The third one remained in the saddle.

Zeb Stump conducted the horse of the Headless Horseman under the tree. Calhoun went away from the crowd.

"Now, judge and the jury!" he said. "Here's your last witness."

"It's Henry!" a tall man came up to the Headless Horseman. It was his father.

Some people led Woodley Poindexter to the carriage. He took a seat by his crying daughter.

Zeb Stump came up to the judge. He told the court how he had come to the mustanger's hut to find his servant there, how the dog had come with a card tied

to his neck, and how he had found the mustanger and saved him from the jaguar. He then described everything that had happened up to the time the mustanger was locked up in the guardhouse.

"And now," he said, "I'm going to say something more. But not about the prisoner, but about the other man. I think this man should be standing in his place. I'll tell you what I know."

"Please, continue, Mr. Stump!" said the lawyer.

No one interrupted him. Everyone was sure that the hunter could **solve the mystery of the murder.**

"Well, it was clear for me: it wasn't the mustanger who killed that poor young Poindexter. Who was it, then? I decided to discover the truth. I examined all the hoof marks around the place of the murder. **There was one particular set of marks that attracted my attention** — the hoof marks of an American horse with a broken shoe. Here's it."

The hunter drew the shoe out of the pocket of his coat and showed to the judge and the jury.

"The man, who rode that horse, followed Poindexter and Gerald. Then he hid behind the trees and fired the shot that killed poor young Poindexter. He's the murderer!"

"Who was it? Give his name!" asked twenty people.

"I think you'll find it in that body. Take out the bullet, and you'll know everything."

The judge asked some of the men to examine the Headless Horseman. They took him from the horse and found two bullet holes on his body. Zeb pointed to the smaller one.

"It's the bullet I fired myself," he said. "You can see that there's no blood around it. It proves that it was a dead body then. The other hole is different. It's all covered in blood. Take out the bullet and you'll see yourself."

The doctor took the bullet out and gave it to the jury. The bullet was marked with the letters "C. C. C."

Those of the men who had taken part in the search-party knew those initials very well.

"There's one more thing," said the old hunter, drawing a piece of paper out of his pocket. "I found this in the bushes where the murderer had fired his gun. It came out of the same gun as that bullet. It's a piece of a letter with a name on it. The jury can read the name."

One of the men took the piece of paper and read aloud: CAPTAIN CASSIUS CALHOUN!

Helpful Words & Notes

the Gauchos — гаучо; «ковбои» испано-индейского происхождения в Аргентине, Уругвае, Чили и Бразилии

to fix — *зд.* закрепить

I was knocked out of my saddle — Я был выбит из седла

solve the mystery of the murder — разгадать тайну убийства

There was one particular set of marks that attracted my attention — Меня особенно заинтересовали следы одной лошади

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

1) Who was still missing when the trial started again?

2) What did the mustanger tell the court about the death of Henry Poindexter?
3) Why did Gerald set Henry's body in the saddle seated?
4) Who brought the Headless Horseman to the place of the trial?
5) What proofs of Calhoun's guilt did Zeb give to the court?

2. Complete the sentences.

1) The judge waited for the return of those people who had gone after the Headless Horseman because _____.
2) Maurice Gerald set Henry's body on his own horse because _____.
3) The mustanger was knocked out of the saddle because _____.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Find in the text the English for:

- пролить свет на убийство
- продолжить судебное разбирательство
- прийти в себя
- подтвердить рассказ
- узнать правду

2. Fill in the prepositions *in, around, against, for.*

1) "I decided to go to the fort _____ some help."
2) "I struck my head _____ a low thick branch."
3) "I think another man should be standing _____ Gerald's place."

4) "I examined all the hoof marks _____ the place of the murder."

Discussing the Text

1. **Imagine that you're a member of the jury. Say what statements impressed you most.**

2. **Say how Zeb Stump proved that Calhoun was guilty of Henry's murder.**

Chapter 33

TWO SHOTS

The name of the ex-captain made a strong impression on the judge and the jury. The crowd of spectators began shouting. It was clear now that Maurice Gerald was not the man who should be **on trial** for the murder of Henry Poindexter. Calhoun was the man.

Zeb Stump continued his story. He told the court how Calhoun had tried to catch the Headless Horseman to get rid of the marked bullet and how he had exchanged horses with Isidora.

"Mr. Calhoun was going to take the bullet out of the body when I overtook him. He couldn't stop me from bringing the poor boy here," said the hunter.

"Let the Irishman go — he is innocent!" cried someone from the crowd. "Let Cassius Calhoun be arrested, and put on his trial! He's the murderer! That's

why he was against the other. If he's innocent, let him prove it. He'll have a fair trial. Come, judge! Order Mr. Calhoun to be brought before the court. An innocent man's been there long enough. Let the guilty take his place!"

The judge couldn't ignore demands of the people. He ordered to bring Calhoun before the court.

"Look! It's Calhoun! He's trying to escape!"

Calhoun reached his grey mustang, jumped in the saddle and headed the horse towards the prairie.

"Follow him!" shouted the judge. "Follow, and bring him back!"

Fifty horsemen rushed towards their horses. Zeb Stump and Maurice the mustanger were among them.

"He will not escape!" said those people who had remained under the tree.

Calhoun failed to escape. He was already in the woods when he saw Maurice Gerald behind. The captain turned around and fired his revolver. But the bullet whistled through the air and did no harm to the mustanger.

Maurice threw his lasso and jerked Calhoun out of his saddle.

"You up, old boss," said Zeb Stump, riding up to the man on the ground. "Up, I say. And come along with us. **It won't do to keep the court waiting.**"

"I'm not going back," said Calhoun.

He looked at Stump — at Gerald — around him. Then he tried to reach his revolver.

"Bad idea," said the hunter, pointing to his rifle. "Get into the saddle, Mister Cash Calhoun, I say!"

The ex-captain of cavalry got on his mustang. The hunter led him to the fort on foot. His own mare followed him. The mustanger rode behind.

* * * * *

A new trial began. The judge was the same, the jury the same, and the spectators as before. There was only one change. Maurice Gerald was no longer the prisoner. Cassius Calhoun was the prisoner now.

It was clear to everyone that he was guilty of the murder. But why did he kill his own cousin? And why did he cut off his head?

Only the murderer could answer these questions.

The trial was short. After a while **the jury found Calhoun guilty**. The judge invited the prisoner to make his final speech.

Calhoun looked around. He saw no face with an expression of **sympathy**. There wasn't even pity.

"Have you anything to say about the verdict?" asked the judge.

"No!" he said, "It's a right verdict. I deserve to lose my life. It's quite true that I killed Henry Poindexter. You are all asking what motive I had. There was no motive."

The spectators looked at the prisoner in surprise: it was hard to believe him.

"It's easily explained. I killed him **by mistake**! Yes, by mistake. I was going to kill the man who is standing before me."

Calhoun looked at Maurice Gerald with hatred.

"Yes. I wanted to kill *him*. I had my reasons. I'm not going to say what they were. It's no use now. I thought I *had* killed him. You know that this man exchanged cloaks with my cousin. I shot Henry by mistake. Poor boy dropped from his horse. **And to make more sure**, I drew my knife and cut off his head."

The crowd demanded to punish the murderer.

"Now!" cried Calhoun. "I've got one more thing to do."

Suddenly he drew a revolver. Two shots came at once, and two men fell forward on their faces. One was Maurice Gerald, the mustanger — the other Cassius Calhoun, ex-captain of volunteer cavalry.

* * * * *

Calhoun had fired the bullet right in the mustanger's heart. Luckily it hit a small **locket** — a gift from Louise Poindexter — then **turned aside** and scratched his arm.

The wound wasn't serious, but Louise made him stay in bed for a week. She spent all this time in his hut, at his bed-side. No one objected. Not even her own father. The planter was no longer against Louse's marriage to Maurice Gerald. He was even happy to have such a son-in-law, because he was, in fact, Sir Maurice Gerald. The young Irish baronet had also inherited **a large fortune**.

After the wedding Maurice Gerald and Louise visited Ireland and returned to Casa del Corvo. Only once the girl was jealous again. That day her husband came home to the hacienda with a beautiful woman in his arms. She was not dead, but a wound in her bosom showed she had not long to live. To the question, "Who has done this?" she was only able to answer, "Diaz!"

It was the last word of Isidora Covarubio de los Llanos.

Gerald tracked down the murderer and brought him to the fort for a trial.

* * * * *

There are new names for men, places, and things now in Texas. But you may still hear a strange story, connected with these parts. It is the story of the HEADLESS HORSEMAN.

Helpful Words & Notes

on trial — под судом
It won't do to keep the court waiting. — Нехорошо заставлять суд ждать.
the jury found Calhoun guilty — присяжные признали Колхауна виновным
sympathy — сочувствие
by mistake — по ошибке
And to make more sure — И чтобы не оставалось сомнений
locket — медальон
turned aside — отскочила
a large fortune — крупное состояние

Activities

Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

1) What did Calhoun do to escape the punishment for his crime?
2) Who captured him and brought back to court?
3) What did Calhoun say about the motive of his crime?
4) Who shot Calhoun? Why?
5) What saved Gerald's life?

2. Put the sentences in the right order.

1) Two shots came at once.
2) The jury found Gerald not guilty.

2) Maurice threw his lasso and jerked Calhoun out of his saddle.
3) Zeb Stump led Calhoun to the fort on foot.
4) The captain turned around and fired his revolver.
5) The judge ordered to bring Calhoun before the court.
6) Calhoun headed the horse towards the prairie.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the nouns from the box.

trial
harm
sympathy
fortune

1) The bullet whistled past the mustanger, doing him no _____.
2) Maurice Gerald inherited a large _____ from his relatives in Ireland.
3) The mustanger brought El Coyote for a _____ for the murder of Isidora.
4) No one in Fort Inge felt any _____ for the murderer.

2. Fill in the prepositions *through, by, on, in*.

1) The judge ordered to put the captain _____ trial for the murder.
2) Calhoun killed Henry Poindexter _____ mistake.
3) Maurice Gerald stayed _____ bed for a week.
4) The bullets whistled _____ the air.

Discussing the Text

1. **Imagine that you were a member of the jury at Calhoun's trial. Describe what you saw and felt.**

2. **What do you think?**

   1) What's your opinion about the end of the story? Was it unexpected?
   2) Did you like the novel? What did you like about it?
   3) Talk about the main characters of the book. Whom did you like best? Why?

Vocabulary

A

accuse [ə´kju:z] *v* обвинять
afford [ə´fɔ:d] *v* позволить себе
alarmed [ə´lɑ:md] *a* встревоженный
ankle [´æŋkl] *n* лодыжка
approach [ə´prəʊtʃ] *v* приближаться
armed [ɑ:md] *a* вооруженный
arrogance [´ærəgəns] *n* заносчивость, высокомерие
astonishment [ə´stɒnɪʃmənt] *n* изумление
avoid [ə´vɔɪd] *v* избегать

B

barking [´bɑ:kɪŋ] *n* лай
barricade [ˌbærɪ´keɪd] *v* баррикадировать
bars [bɑ:s] *n pl* решетка
belt [belt] *n* пояс
bill [bɪl] *n* счет за услуги
blush [blʌʃ] *v* краснеть
bosom [´bʊzəm] *n* грудь
bullet [´bʊlɪt] *n* пуля

C

camp [kæmp] *n* лагерь
canvas [´kænvəs] *n* полотно
cap [kæp] *n* шапка, фуражка
capture [´kæptʃə] *v* захватывать силой
cause [kɔ:z] *v* вызывать
chase [tʃeɪs] *n* погоня; *v* преследовать, гнаться
chew [tʃu:] *v* жевать
clatter [´klætə] *n* стук, топот
cliff [klɪf] *n* обрыв; крутой склон

climb [klaɪm] *v* влезать
cloak [ˈkləʊk] *n* плащ
close [kləʊs] *adv* близко; *a* близко расположенный
come to [ˈkʌmtuː] *phr v* прийти в себя, очнуться
conceited [kənˈsiːtɪd] *a* самодовольный
concern [kənˈsɜːn] *v* касаться; волновать
confidence [ˈkɒnfɪdəns] *n* уверенность; самоуверенность
confirm [kənˈfɜːm] *v* подтверждать, подкреплять
contempt [kənˈtempt] *n* презрение
conversation [ˌkɒnvəˈseɪʃn] *n* разговор, беседа
counter [ˈkaʊntə] *n* стойка, прилавок
courage [ˈkʌrɪʤ] *n* мужество, смелость
court [kɔːt] *n* суд
courtyard [ˈkɔːtjɑːd] *n* внутренний двор
coyote [ˈkɔɪəʊt] *n* койот
cracking [ˈkrækɪŋ] *n* треск
crawl [krɔːl] *v* ползать
criminal [ˈkrɪmɪnl] *n* злоумышленник, преступник
crush [krʌʃ] *v* давить
curve [kɜːv] *n* изгиб, излучина
cypress [ˈsaɪprəs] *n* кипарис

D

damage [ˈdæmɪʤ] *n* ущерб
deceive [dɪˈsiːv] *v* обманывать
defeat [dɪˈfiːt] *v* побеждать
defend [dɪˈfend] *v* защищать
delicacy [ˈdelɪkəsɪ] *n* деликатес
departure [dɪˈpɑːʧə] *n* отъезд
deserve [dɪˈzɜːv] *v* заслуживать
despair [dɪsˈpeə] *n* отчаяние
destroy [dɪsˈtrɒɪ] *v* уничтожать
determination [dɪˌtɜːmɪˈneɪʃn] *n* решимость
discover [dɪsˈkʌvə] *v* обнаруживать

distribute [dɪˈtrɪbjuːt] *v* распределять
district [ˈdɪstrɪkt] *n* район, округ
doorway [ˈdɔːweɪ] *n* вход в помещение
draw [drɔː] **(drew, drawn)** *v* тянуть; вытаскивать
  draw a knife выхватить нож
drunk [drʌŋk] *a* пьяный
dust [dʌst] *n* пыль

E

eager [ˈiːgə] *a* страстно желающий
earn [ɜːn] *v* зарабатывать
escape [ɪsˈkeɪp] *v* сбежать; избежать
exchange [ɪksˈʧeɪnʤ] *n* обмен; *v* обмениваться

F

fail [feɪl] *v* не сделать, не удаваться
faint [feɪnt] *v* потерять сознание, упасть в обморок
fair [feə] *a* справедливый
faithful [ˈfeɪθfʊl] *a* верный, преданный
fear [fɪə] *v* бояться
feather [ˈfeðə] *n* перо
fever [ˈfiːvə] *n* высокая температура, жар
fire [ˈfaɪə] *v* стрелять
  fire a gun at smb стрелять из пистолета / ружья в кого-л.
firmly [ˈfɜːmlɪ] *adv* твердо
fix [fɪks] *v* закреплять
flat [flæt] *a* плоский
frighten [fraɪtn] *v* пугать
frightened [ˈfraɪtnd] *a* испуганный

G

gallop [ˈgæləp] *n* галоп; *v* скакать галопом (во весь опор)
ghost [ˈgəʊst] *n* призрак

gloom [glu:m] *n* уныние
go after (smb) [gəʊ´ɑ:ftə] *phr v* преследовать; следовать за (кем-л.)
gradually [´grædi:vəlɪ] *adv* постепенно
grateful [´greɪtfʊl] *a* благодарный
groan [grəʊn] *n* стон
guess [ges] *v* догадываться
guide [gaɪd] *v* направлять
guilt [gɪlt] *n* вина
guilty [´gɪltɪ] *a* виновный
gun [gʌn] *n* ружье; пистолет

H

hammering [´hæmərɪŋ] *n* стук, удары
hang [hæŋ] **(hanged, hanged)** *v* казнить через повешение
hangman [´hæŋmən] *n* палач
harm [hɑ:m] *n* вред
  do harm причинить вред
head [hed] *n* голова; *v* направлять(ся)
hence [hens] *adv* отсюда; поэтому
hold [həʊld] **(held, held)** *v* держать
  hold out выдерживать
hoof [hu:f] **(*pl* hoofs, hooves)** *n* копыто
horror [´hɒrə] *n* ужас
horrible [´hɒrɪbl] *a* ужасный
host [həʊst] *n* хозяин
hostility [hɒ´stɪlɪtɪ] *n* враждебность
howl [haʊl] *n* вой; *v* выть
human [´hju:mən] *a* человеческий; *n* человек, смертный
hurricane [´hʌrɪkən] *n* ураган
hurriedly [´hʌrɪdlɪ] *adv* поспешно, торопливо
hurry [´hʌrɪ] **(hurried)** *v* торопить(ся)
hurt [hɜ:t] **(hurt, hurt)** *v* ранить; болеть
hut [hʌt] *n* хижина

I

indignation [ˌɪndɪg´neɪʃn] *n* возмущение, негодование
innocence [´ɪnəsns] *a* невиновность
innocent [´ɪnəsnt] *a* невиновный
insult [´ɪnsʌlt] *n* оскорбление; [ɪn´sʌlt] *v* оскорблять
interfere [ˌɪntə´fɪə] *v* вмешиваться
interrupt [ˌɪntə´rʌpt] *v* прерывать

J

jealous [´ʤeləs] *a* ревнивый, ревнующий; завидующий
  be jealous of smb / smth ревновать к кому-л.; завидовать чему-л.
jealousy [´ʤeləsɪ] *n* ревность
jerk [ʤɜ:k] *v* резко дергать *или* толкать
judge [ʤʌʤ] *n* судья
jury [´ʤʊərɪ] *n* присяжные
justice [´ʤʌstɪs] *n* справедливость; правосудие

K

keep back [ki:p´bæk] *phr v* задерживать; утаивать
kick [kɪk] *v* ударять ногой, пинать; *n* пинок

L

landscape [´lændskeɪp] *n* ландшафт, пейзаж
lasso [læ´su:] *n* лассó
last [lɑ:st] *v* длиться
laughing-stock [´lɑ:fɪŋˌstɒk] *n* посмешище
lawyer [´lɒɪə] *n* юрист; адвокат
lead [li:d] **(led, led)** *v* вести; приводить
lower [´ləʊə] *v* опускать

M

maid [meɪd] *n* служанка
major [ˈmeɪʤə] *n* майор
malicious [məˈlɪʃəs] *a* злобный, злой
mark [mɑ:k] *n* метка; след
matter [ˈmætə] *v* иметь значение, значить
miss [mɪs] *v* упустить; промахнуться
missing [ˈmɪsɪŋ] *a* пропавший, недостающий
mixture [ˈmɪkstʃə] *n* смесь, смешение
modest [ˈmɒdɪst] *a* скромный
move [mu:v] *n* движение; шаг; *v* двигать(ся)
  move about переходить с места на место
  move off отъезжать
murder [ˈmɜ:də] *n* убийство; *v* убивать
murderer [ˈmɜ:dərə] *n* убийца

N

nearby [ˈnɪəbaɪ] *adv* поблизости
newcomer [ˈnju:ˈkʌmə] *n* новоприбывший
nickname [ˈnɪkneɪm] *n* прозвище
noble [ˈnəʊbl] *a* благородный

O

oak [ˈəʊk] *n* дуб
opening [ˈəʊpnɪŋ] *n* просека, вырубка
oven [ˈʌvn] *n* печь
overtake [ˌəʊvəˈteɪk] **(overtook, overtaken)** *v* догнать

P

pain [peɪn] *n* боль
painful [ˈpeɪnfʊl] *a* мучительный; болезненный
plain [pleɪn] *n* равнина

planter [ˈplɑ:ntə] *n* плантатор
poison [ˈpɔɪzn] *v* отравлять
postpone [pəʊstˈpəʊn] *v* откладывать
prairie [ˈprɛərɪ] *n* прерия, степь
praise [preɪz] *v* хвалить, превозносить
proof [pru:f] *n* подтверждение, доказательство
proper [ˈprɒpə] *a* правильный, надлежащий
proposal [prəˈpəʊzəl] *n* предложение
prosecutor [ˈprɒsɪˈkju:tə] *n* обвинитель, прокурор
prove [pru:v] *v* доказывать
punishment [ˈpʌnɪʃment] *n* наказание
pursue [pəˈsju:] *v* преследовать

R

railing [ˈrəɪlɪŋ] *n* перила, ограждение
regret [rɪˈgret] *n* сожалеть, пожалеть
reins [reɪnz] *n pl* поводья
release [rɪˈli:s] *v* освобождать, отпускать
resist [rɪˈzɪst] *v* сопротивляться; противостоять
responsible [rɪsˈpɒnsɪbl] *a* несущий ответственность
revenge [rɪˈvenʤ] *n* месть
ride [raɪd] **(rode, ridden)** *v* ехать верхом; *n* поездка, езда
  ride away / off отъезжать (на лошади)
  ride out выезжать на прогулку
rider [ˈraɪdə] *n* всадник, наездник
rifle [ˈraɪfl] *n* ружье
rise [raɪz] **(rose, risen)** *v* подниматься
risk [rɪsk] *v* рисковать; отваживаться (на что-л.)
rival [ˈraɪvəl] *n* соперник, соперница
robber [ˈrɒbə] *n* грабитель
rough [rʌf] *a* грубый, жесткий
rude [ru:d] *a* грубый
runaway [ˈrʌnəweɪ] *a* сбежавший; понесший (*о лошади*)

S

sable [ˈseɪbl] *n* песок
saddle [ˈsædl] *n* седло
safe [seɪf] *a* безопасный; защищенный от опасности
safety [ˈseɪftɪ] *n* безопасность
scalp [skælp] *n* скальп
scare [skeə] *v* пугать; испугать
scared [skeəd] *a* испуганный
scene [siːn] *n* сцена
scornfully [ˈskɔːnfʊlɪ] *adv* презрительно
search [sɜːʧ] *n* поиски; *v* искать; обыскивать
selfish [ˈselfɪʃ] *a* эгоистичный
separate [ˈsepərət] *a* отдельный; [ˈsepəˌreɪt] *v* отделяться; расставаться
sergeant [ˈsɑːʤənt] *n* сержант
set [set] **(set, set)** *v* размещать, сажать
severe [sɪˈvɪə] *a* суровый
sham [ʃæm] *a* мнимый, фальшивый
share [ʃeə] *v* разделять
shock [ʃɒk] *v* шокировать, потрясать
shoe [ʃuː] *n зд.* подкова; *v* **(shod, shod)** подковывать (лошадь)
shoot [ʃuːt] **(shot, shot)** *v* стрелять; застрелить
shot [ʃɒt] *n* выстрел
sight [saɪt] *n* зрелище
sign [saɪn] *n* знак; признак
skill [skɪl] *n* мастерство; ловкость
slave [sleɪv] *n* раб
sleeper [ˈsliːpə] *n* спящий человек
slip [slɪp] **(slipped)** *v* выскользнуть
snore [snɔː] *n* храп; *v* храпеть
sorrow [ˈsɒrəʊ] *n* горе, печаль
soul [səʊl] *n* душа

spectator [spekˈteɪtə] *n* зритель; очевидец
spill [spɪl] **(spilt, spilt)** *v* проливать(ся)
splash [splæʃ] *v* плескать
spot [spɒt] *n* пятно; место
spotted [ˈspɒtɪd] *a* пятнистый, крапчатый
spread [spred] **(spread, spread)** *v* распространять(ся)
stallion [ˈstæljən] *n* жеребец
stand [stænd] **(stood, stood)** *v* стоять, вставать
  stand aside оставаться в стороне
statesman [ˈsteɪtsmən] *n* государственный деятель, политик
stay [steɪ] *v* оставаться; *n* пребывание
straight [ˈstreɪt] *a* прямой; прямо
stranger [ˈstreɪnʤə] *n* незнакомец
strap [stræp] *n* ремень
stream [striːm] *n* ручей
strength [ˈstreŋθ] *n* сила
strike [straɪk] **(struck, struck)** *v* ударять(ся)
striped [straɪpt] *a* полосатый
stump [stʌmp] *n* окурок
suspect [səˈspekt] *v* подозревать; предполагать
suspicion [səˈspɪʃn] *n* подозрения
sweat [swet] *n* пот; *v* потеть

T

thorn [θɔːn] *n* колючка, шип
threaten [θretn] *v* угрожать
tie [taɪ] *v* связывать; привязывать
till [tɪl] *conj* до тех пор пока
torture [ˈtɔːʧə] *n* пытка
track [træk] *n* след, отпечаток; *v* следить
  track down выследить
tracker [ˈtrækə] *n* следопыт
trail [treɪl] *n* след, хвост

traitor [ˈtreɪtə] *n* предатель
treason [ˈtriːzn] *n* измена
trial [ˈtraɪəl] *n* судебный процесс, суд
tribe [traɪb] *n* племя
trick [trɪk] *n* выходка, проделка
trigger [ˈtrɪgə] *n* спусковой крючок, курок
  pull the trigger спустить курок
trust [trʌst] *v* доверять
turkey [ˈtɜːkɪ] *n* индейка

U

uncertainty [ʌnˈsɜːtəntɪ] *n* неопределенность
unconscious [ˈʌnˈkɒnʃəs] *a* без сознания
unfair [ʌnˈfeə] *a* несправедливый
unnatural [ʌnˈnætərəl] *a* неестественный
upset [ʌpˈset] **(upset, upset)** *v* огорчать

V

verdict [ˈvɜːdɪkt] *n* приговор, решение суда присяжных
volunteer [ˌvɒlənˈtɪə] *n* волонтер, доброволец

W

wagon [ˈwægən] *n* повозка, фургон
weapon [ˈwepən] *n* оружие
wheel [wiːl] *n* колесо
while [waɪl] *n* промежуток времени; *conj* пока, в то время как
whistle [ˈwɪsl] *v* свистеть; проноситься со свистом
witness [ˈwɪtnɪs] *n* свидетель
woolen [ˈwʊlən] *a* шерстяной
worth [wɜːθ] *a* стуящий; заслуживающий
wound [wuːnd] *n* рана; *v* ранить

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