

Навчальний посібник з аудіювання англійською мовою



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Навчальний посібник з аудіювання англійською мовою з курсу “Практика усного та писемного мовлення” для здобувачів 4 року навчання факультету іноземних мов / К. І. Зайцева. — Одеса: ПНПУ імені К. Д. Ушинського, 2023. — 203 с.

Навчальний посібник з аудіювання англійською мовою з курсу “Практика усного та писемного мовлення” для здобувачів 4 року навчання факультету іноземних мов. Посібник призначений для здобувачів першого (бакалаврського) рівня вищої освіти 4-го року навчання за спеціальністю 014.021 Середня освіта (Англійська мова та література). Посібник розроблено до семи автентичних аудіо- записів оповідань за темами, на яких базується підручник Возна М. О., Гапонів А. Б., Антонюк М.Н. Хоменко Н. С., Пермінова А.В. «Англійська мова IV курс».

Посібник складається з семи розділів, кожен з яких містить автентичний аудіо-запис оповідань на англійській мові, комплекс вправ і завдань до нього, а також завдання для самостійної роботи здобувачів освіти. Посібник також містить короткі довідки про авторів у вигляді тесту, цитати з роману, загальні тести для перевірки отриманих знань, транскрипти семи текстів автентичних аудіооповідань та ключі до комплексу вправ та завдань розділу Listening.

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ПЕРЕДМОВА

Аудіювання, як вид мовленнєвої діяльності, характеризується одномоментністю сприйняття, необхідністю одночасного сприйняття та переробки певних відрізків мови, безповоротністю слухової рецепції, нав'язаним темпом мовлення та деякими іншими характеристиками, що припускають особливий підхід до навчання даному виду мовленнєвої діяльності. Майбутнім випускникам треба навчитись розуміти автентичний текст, здобувати з нього основну інформацію, розуміти деталі.

Навчальний посібник з аудіювання з курсу “Практики усного та писемного мовлення” призначений для здобувачів першого (бакалаврського) рівня вищої освіти 4-го року навчання за спеціальністю 014.021 Середня освіта (Англійська мова та література) і може використовуватися як під час аудиторних занять з аудіювання, так й у самостійній роботі.

Мета навчального посібника – допомогти студентам у розумінні оригінальних художніх творів і на його основі розвивати власні практичні мовленнєві уміння і навички, культуру мовлення, навчитися сприймати літературний твір в його культурологічному і часовому контексті.

Посібник розроблено до семи автентичних аудіо- записів оповідань за темами, на яких базується підручник Возна М. О., Гапонів А. Б., Антонюк М.Н. Хоменко Н. С., Пермінова А.В. «Англійська мова IV курс».

Посібник з аудіювання складається з семи розділів, кожен з яких містить три частини: Pre-Listening, Listening та Follow-up activities з комплексом вправ та завдань.

Комплекс вправ та завдань у кожному розділі складається з лексичних вправ та завдань, спрямованих на опанування лексики оповідань; питань для обговорення подій, дійових осіб, проблематики творів; творчих завдань на вміння грамотного використання у вільній формі лексики оповідань при


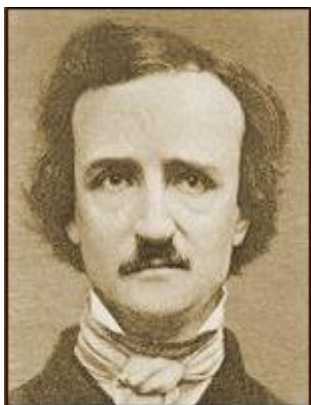
обговоренні цікавих та важливих питань, поштовхом до яких були події в оповіданнях та власні думки авторів оповідань.


Крім цього, рецензований навчальний посібник містить розділи для самостійної роботи студентів, які складаються з двох блоків завдань: Vocabulary Work and Creative Work. У блоці з творчою роботою завдання було побудовано за інтерактивними методами навчання: метод проєктів, рольові ігри, дискусії, дебати, тощо.

Завдання рекомендується виконувати вибірково, залежно від цілей заняття і рівня підготовки здобувачів освіти.

Biographical Leading-in

Match the writers with their portraits and biographies:

The writers	The portraits	The writers' biographies
Howard Phillips Lovecraft	a) 	<p> <u>September 11, 1862</u> Born <u>Greensboro, North Carolina, United States</u> Died <u>June 5, 1910 (aged 47)</u> <u>New York City</u> Occupation <u>Writer</u> </p> <div>1</div>
William Sydney Porter (O'Henry)	b) 	<p> Born <u>August 20, 1890</u> <u>Providence, Rhode Island, United States</u> Died <u>March 15, 1937 (aged 46)</u> <u>Providence, Rhode Island, United States</u> Occupation <u>short story writer; novelist</u> </p> <div>2</div>
Kate Chopin	c)	<p> Born <u>February 8, 1850</u> <u>St. Louis, Missouri, United States</u> </p>

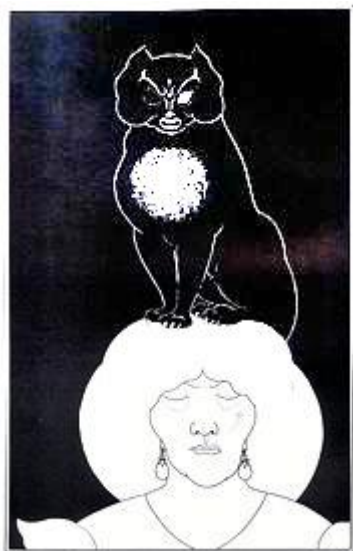
		<p><u>States</u></p> <p><u>August 22, 1904</u> (aged 54)</p> <p>Died <u>St. Louis, Missouri, United States</u></p> <p><u>Occupation</u> Novelist, short story writer</p>
<u>Edgar Allan Poe</u>	d)	<p><u>December 7, 1873</u></p> <p>Born <u>near Winchester, Virginia, United States</u></p> <p><u>April 24, 1947</u></p> <p>Died <u>New York City, New York, United States</u></p> <p><u>Occupation</u> <u>Novelist</u></p>
Willa Sibert Cather	e)	<p><u>January 19, 1809</u></p> <p>Born <u>Boston, Massachusetts United States</u></p> <p><u>October 7, 1849</u> (aged 40)</p> <p>Died <u>Baltimore, Maryland United States</u></p> <p><u>Occupation</u> Poet, short story writer, editor, literary critic</p>

The writers and their stories	Their portraits	Their biographies
1. <u>Edgar Allan Poe</u> (“The Black Cat”)		
2. William Sydney Porter (O’Henry) (“Confessions of a Humorist”; “The Ransom of Red Chief”)		
3. Howard Phillips Lovecraft (“The Music of Erich Zann”)		
4. Willa Sibert Cather (“A Wagner Matinee”)		
5. Kate Chopin (“ <u>The Story of an Hour</u> ”)		

1. "The Black Cat" by Edgar Allan Poe

Pre-Listening

Look at the illustration for "The Black Cat" created by Aubrey Beardsley and discuss what you think the story is about.



Extensive Listening

1. Understanding key points

All of these statements are true but which statement is the key to understanding the main idea of the story:

- a. The narrator was brought to punishment for the hideous murder of his wife.
- b. The narrator's general temperament and character experienced a radical alteration for the worse.
- c. The visitation of God lighted upon the narrator for his lifestyle, perversity of his soul and crimes.
- d. The fury of a demon possessed the narrator sometimes.
- e. Pluto helped the police to detect the criminal.

2. Listening for gist

Choose the correct variant:

1) The genre of this story is

- a. gothic horror;
- b. mystery and romance;
- c. detective story.

2) Pluto is

- a. the narrator's son;
- b. a cat;
- c. a dog.

3) While listening to the story we can retrace

- a. degradation of the narrator's personality;
- b. development of the narrator's personality;
- c. the golden mean in the narrator's inner world.

4) The narrator's first pet was

- a. killed;
- b. tortured;
- c. died its natural death.

5) The narrator concealed in the cellar the body

- a. of his enemy;
- b. of his wife;
- c. of his pet.

3. Following the course of events

Put the following events of the story in the correct chronological order:

1. Finding in a den a black cat resembling Pluto.
2. The narrator's death.
3. The narrator's entire worldly wealth being swallowed up.
4. The narrator's general temperament and character experiencing a radical alteration for the worse.
5. The narrator's torturing and killing the cat.

Intensive Listening

1. Listening for specific information

Choose the correct word or phrase to complete these sentences:

- a. But to-morrow I ... , and to-day I would unburthen my soul.
 - be executed;
 - emigrate
 - die

- b. From my infancy I was noted for the ... of my disposition.
 - cruelty and bloodiness;
 - docility and humanity;
 - peacefulness.

- c. One night, returning home, ... , from one of my haunts about town, I fancied that the cat avoided my presence.
 - much intoxicated;
 - very excited;
 - in high spirits.

d. And then came, as if to my final and irrevocable overthrow, the spirit of

- vengeance;
- humiliation;
- perverseness.

e. No sooner had the reverberation of my blows sunk into silence, than I was answered by a voice from ... !

- purgatory;
- hell;
- within the tomb

2. Listening for specific details

Listen to the recording and find the situations where the following words and word combinations were used:

1. to expound; 2. docility; 3. through the instrumentality; 4. intemperance; 5. equivocal; 6. to consummate; 7. to jeopardize; 8. incumbent; 9. to render doubly sure; 10. to consign smb. to

3. Guessing unfamiliar vocabulary

Match the words and word combinations with their explanation:

1. a phantasm	a. a very large fire that destroys a lot of buildings, forests etc.
2. a debauch	b. behaviour that is deliberately intended to make other people believe you are brave and confident
3. a noose	c. happiness
4. a conflagration	d. a wild party with a lot of drinking

5. a den	e. something that exists only in your imagination [= illusion]
6. a chimera	f. a structure used for killing criminals by hanging them from a rope
7. gallows	g. the act of murdering an important person
8. felicity	h. the end of a piece of rope, which closes more tightly as it is pulled, used especially for killing someone by hanging them
9. an assassination	i. a place where secret or illegal activities take place
10. bravado	j. something, especially an idea or hope, that is not really possible and can never exist

4. Focusing on vocabulary

a. Match the adjectives taken from the recording with their synonyms:

1. unoffending	a. mysterious; inconceivable
2. uncomplaining	b. definitive
3. uncongenial	c. discrepant
4. unfathomable	d. innocuous
5. irrevocable	e. unrepugnant

b. Write down the sentences with these adjectives and translate them into Ukrainian.

Follow-up Activities

1. Topics for discussion:

1. The reasons of the narrator's temperament and character altering for the worse.
2. The reasons of killing the first cat and searching for the second.

3. The narrator's attitude towards the second cat.
4. The Providence that had interfered in the narrator's life and had consigned him to the hangman.

2. Explain the following:

“...perverseness is one of the primitive impulses of the human heart — one of the indivisible primary faculties, or sentiments, which give direction to the character of Man.”

3. Express your own opinion on the following:

1. “There is something in the unselfish and self-sacrificing love of a brute, which goes directly to the heart of him who has had frequent occasion to test the paltry friendship and gossamer fidelity of mere *Man*.”
2. “Have we not a perpetual inclination, in the teeth of our best judgment, to violate that which is *Law*, merely because we understand it to be such?”

4. Imagine that you are the narrator. Write a confession in which:

- a. you repent and plead guilty;
- b. you plead not guilty;
- c. you don't repent and plead guilty

5. The role-play. Retell the events of the story as if you were:

- a. the narrator;
- b. the narrator's wife;
- c. one of the policemen.

2. “Confessions of a Humorist” by O' Henry

Pre-Listening

1. Look at the illustration for “Confessions of a Humorist” and discuss what you think the story is about.



2. Giving your opinion

- a) How far is humour universal? Can you give any examples of humour which you think everyone would find funny?
- b) Do you think each country and nationality has a different sense of humour? Are there things that make people laugh in your country which you think other nationalities might not understand even if they knew the language well?
- c) Do you know anyone who makes people laugh a lot? Which actors or comedians do you find funny; ironic; sarcastic?
- d) Has anyone ever pulled your leg? What happened? How did you feel?
- e) Are you good at telling jokes? Can you tell one in English?

Extensive Listening

1. Understanding a joke

Which of the following statements best explains waning of the narrator's wit and a facility for quick and spontaneous repartee?

a) And then I became a harpy, a Moloch, a Jonah, a vampire, to my acquaintances.

b) A literary Judas, I kissed her (my wife) and betrayed her. For pieces of silver I dressed her sweet confidences in the pantalettes and frills of folly and made them dance in the market place.

c) God help me! Next my fangs were buried deep in the neck of the fugitive sayings of my little children.

2. Listening for gist

Choose the correct variant:

1) The protagonist of the story is

- a. William Sydney Porter;
- b. O' Henry;
- c. an ordinary person.

2) The protagonist of the story worked as a

- a. bookkeeper;
- b. clerk;
- c. manager.

3) The protagonist's reputation as a humorist dated from

- a. childhood;
- b. his graduating from the college;
- c. half-past nine o'clock on the morning of the senior partner's fiftieth birthday.

4) After being published in the magazine the protagonist

- a. continued his work;
- b. became a well-known screen-writer;

c. started his own business.

5) The protagonist's literary career lasted

- a. till his death;
- b. for several weeks;
- c. several months.

3. Following the course of events

Put the following events of the story in the correct chronological order:

1. A partnership in Heffelbower and Co's undertaking.
2. Becoming a professional humorist.
3. The senior partner's fiftieth birthday.
4. Plundering in search of humorous ideas.
5. Finding a haven.

Intensive Listening

1. Listening for specific information

Choose the correct word or phrase to complete these sentences:

- a. I was expected ... about the crockery and lighten up the granite ware with persiflage.
- to speak in jest;
 - to crack jokes;
 - to witticize.
- b. My wife already crowned me in her mind with the imperishable evergreens...
- of literary fame;
 - of literary success;

- of literary career.

c. After five or six months ... seemed to depart from my humor.

- a facility for spontaneous repartee;

- bon mots;

- the spontaneity.

d. Here, on the brink of life, was a little niche pervaded by the spirit of

- eternal rest;

- oblivion;

- sanctuary.

e. In conclusion, I will say that to-day you will find no man in our town as well liked, as jovial, and ... as I.

- full of bright ideas;

- full of merry sayings;

- full of infinite wisdom.

2. Listening for specific details

Listen to the recording and find the situations where the following words and word combinations were used:

1. imperishable; 2. doxology; 3. to eavesdrop; 4. paraphernalia; 5. levity

3. Guessing unfamiliar vocabulary

a. Match the words and word combinations with their explanation:

1. persiflage	a. conversation which is fast and full of intelligent and amusing remarks and replies
2. repartee	b. a clever remark
3. a quip	c. play on words

4. a droll saying	d. an amusing change in a story
5. a pun	e. conversation that involves a lot of jokes or humour
6. an epigram	f. behaviour or situations that are funny in a strange or unexpected way
7. comicality	g. a facetious thing to say when you express an opinion
8. a funny twist	h. a clever and amusing saying
9. a bon mot	i. an amusing in an unusual way short statement
10. a jocose remark	j. a short sentence that expresses an idea in a clever or amusing way

b. Use these words and word combinations to describe the humorist's career:

- a) its becoming;
- b) its development;
- c) its extinction

4. Focusing on vocabulary

a. Match the adjectives taken from the recording with their synonyms:

1. superfluous	a. frenetic
2. lugubrious	b. essential
3. delirious	c. abundant
4. indispensable	d. unnoticed
5. unheeded	e. mournful

b. Make the word combinations as used in the recording, matching the words in box A with the words in box B:

A	B
1. to bring down	a. the swing
2. to crack	b. one's heart bare
3. to get	c. the house

4. to lay	d. one's feet
5. to sweep off	e. jokes

5. Checking comprehension

Listen to the recording and answer the questions (write out exact sentences):

1. What speeches were expected from the narrator after the senior partner's fiftieth birthday?
2. What gift did the narrator have?
3. What was the narrator's new place of work at home where he could write his humorous masterpieces?
4. What was the inside of the narrator's haven?

6. Listening for specific expressions

Describe the ways of the narrator's extracting humorous ideas from his surroundings:

- his friends;
- his wife;
- his children;
- public places

Follow-up activities

1. Topics for discussion:

1. Career development or creative development: which is the better?
2. Sacrificing the happiness of your family for the sake of well-being.

2. Explain the following:

1. "My salary as bookkeeper in the hardware concern kept at a distance those ills attendant upon superfluous wealth".

2. “No jests from me ever bid for their smiles now. They were too precious. I could not afford to dispense gratuitously the means of my livelihood”.

3. “And then I became a harpy, a Moloch, a Jonah, a vampire, to my acquaintances”.

3. Express your own opinion on the following:

“... those amusing but lovable inconsistencies that distinguish the female mind”.

4. O’ Henry, the writer of the short story, is known for his ingenious use of the ironic “twist ending”—what does this term mean? Is there any twist ending in “Confessions of a Humorist”?

Write your own humor story, and give it a twist ending like O. Henry does in most of his short stories.

5. The role-play. Retell the events of the story as if you were:

- a. the narrator;
- b. the narrator’s wife;
- c. a child of the narrator’s;
- d. a friend of the narrator’s;
- e. a colleague of the narrator’s.

3. “The Music of Erich Zann” by Howard Phillips Lovecraft

Pre-Listening

1. Look at the illustrations for “THE POWER OF ERICH ZANN’S MUSIC” and discuss what you think the story is about.



2. Expressing your preferences

Electronic musician Jim Jupp took as an alias the name of the viol-player of this story – Eric Zann. He is a co-founder of a new musical genre - Ghost Box Music. Eric Zann's sound is deliberately darker and more gothic than other Ghost Box artists, containing elements of Hammer Horror soundtracks, ambient music and drones; in Jupp's words, it contains references to "crows, church bells, magic spells and other horror signifiers".

- a) Speak about your attitude to this kind of music.
- b) Compare Eric Zann's music with Jim Jupp's music.
- c) Name classical or nowadays composers whose music reminds Eric Zann's oeuvre.

Extensive Listening

1. Understanding key points

All of these statements are true but which statement is the key to understanding the main idea of the story:

- a. Eric Zann, a strange old man, possessed the qualities of supreme genius.
- b. Unimagined space having no semblance of anything on earth which surrounded the viol-player had partial influence on his music.
- c. The sensation of savage and impenetrable darkness with chaos and pandemonium before the narrator, and the demon madness of one night-baying viol and the presence of a corpse behind him in one ancient peaked garret made him completely forget the situation of the Rue d'Auseil where the house was situated.
- d. The aloofness of Eric Zann reflected in his music.

e. One cannot know the inside of a man's mind: his behaviour, social life, fruits of labour can help in partial understanding but not in attempts to change a man's personality and the chosen walk of life.

2. Listening for gist

Choose the correct variant:

- 1) Eric Zann was the name of
 - a. the narrator;
 - b. an old German viol-player;
 - c. the owner of the boarding-house.

- 2) The Rue d'Auseil was the street where the narrator
 - a. had lived since childhood;
 - b. met a beautiful woman;
 - c. found a lodging.

- 3) The old German viol-player lived in
 - a. on the fifth story;
 - b. in the lofty and isolated garret room;
 - c. on the ground floor.

- 4) The old German viol-player was
 - a. a very sociable person;
 - b. an unclubbable person;
 - c. an insane person.

- 5) Eric Zann's music was
 - a. frantic and full of horror;
 - b. bewitching;

c. full of harmony.

3. Following the course of events

Put the following events of the story in the correct chronological order:

1. The narrator's acquaintance with Eric Zann.
2. Eric Zann's frantic playing that one evening became a blind, mechanical, unrecognizable orgy.
3. The narrator's removal into a more expensive room on the third floor.
4. The impoverished life of a student of metaphysics at the university.
5. The narrator's attempts to imitate Eric Zann's music.

Intensive Listening

1. Listening for specific information

Choose the correct word or phrase to complete these sentences:

a. That my memory is ..., I do not wonder; for my health, physical and mental, was gravely disturbed throughout the period of my residence in the Rue d'Auseil, and I recall that I took none of my few acquaintances there.

- terrible;
- broken;
- lost.

b. Of furniture there was only ... and three old-fashioned chairs.

- a narrow iron bedstead, a dingy wash-stand, a small table, a large bookcase, an iron music-rack;
- an oval table, a dirty washbasin, a small wardrobe, a dusty music stand;
- a shaky table, a shabby armchair; a tiny folding-bed, a bookrack.

c. Those haunting notes I had remembered, and had often ... inaccurately to myself, so when the player at length laid down his bow I asked him if he would render some of them.

- sang in a soft voice;
- descanted melodiously;
- hummed and whistled.

d. There in the narrow hall, outside ..., I often heard sounds which filled me with an indefinable dread—the dread of vague wonder and brooding mystery.

- the bolted door with the covered keyhole;
- the locked door with the broken keyhole;
- the closed door with the botched keyhole.

e. When my hand touched his ear I shuddered, though I knew not why—knew not why till I felt ... whose glassy eyes bulged uselessly into the void.

- the cold face with an infernal sneer; the distorted face;
- the still face; the ice-cold, stiffened, unbreathing face;
- the face with a grimace of pain and horror; the face.

2. Listening for specific details

Listen to the recording and find the situations where the following words and word combinations were used:

1. to delve into; 2. odorous; 3. to evict for; 4. to intercept; 5. placidity; 6. to defray;
7. lenient; 8. to be afflicted; 9. incessantly; 10. ghoulish

3. Guessing unfamiliar vocabulary

a. Match the words and word combinations with their explanation:

1. weirdness	a. the condition of being mentally healthy
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2. senility	b. a person that leads a rackety life and has uncontrolled behaviour
3. a babel	c. a state of something strange and unusual, and difficult to understand or explain
4. pandemonium	d. a wild party with a lot of eating, drinking, and sexual activity
5. abyss	e. a piece of music with a tune that is repeated regularly in different keys by different voices or instruments
6. sanity	f. mental confusion or strange behaviour, because of old age
7. an orgy	g. a very dangerous or frightening situation
8. a bacchanal	h. notes of music combined together in a pleasant way
9. a harmony	i. a situation in which there is a lot of noise because people are angry, confused or frightened
10. fugue	j. the confusing sound of many voices talking together

4. Focusing on vocabulary

a. Match the adjectives taken from the recording with their synonyms:

1. execrable	a. chuffy
2. crude	b. silent
3. reticent	c. putrescent
4. rickety	d. abhorrent
5. putrid	e. quaky

b. Make the word combinations as used in the recording, matching the words in box A with the words in box B:

A	B
1. impoverished	a. stench
2. evil	b. dread

3. indefinable	c. life
4. impenetrable	d. mystery
5. brooding	e. darkness

5. Listening for specific expressions

Focus your attention on the description of:

- the Rue d'Auseil
 - a) the bridge; b) the houses; c) the atmosphere of the street;
- Eric Zann
 - a) his appearance; b) his state of mind; c) his manner of playing;
- the parallel between Eric Zann's music and natural or supernatural forces

Follow-up activities

1. Topics for discussion:

1. The influence of music on people's moods, behaviour, health and the wheels of life in general.
2. The instant dependence of a composer's personality and his music.
3. A composer's music: music of soul and inner life or music composed under the impression of the outside world and its pressure on a composer.

2. Explain the following:

1. "... the blackness screamed with shocking music."
2. "The playing grew fantastic, dehnous, and hysterical, yet kept to the last the qualities of supreme genius which I knew this strange old man possessed."
3. "In his frenzied strains I could almost see shadowy satyrs and bacchanals dancing and whirling insanely through seething abysses of clouds and smoke and lightning."

3. Express your own opinion on the following:

“Erich Zann’s world of beauty lay in some far cosmos of the imagination”.

4. Imagine you attended the Opera House where you saw and listened to the opera composed by Eric Zann. Write a critical review of this opera.

5. The role-play. Retell the events of the story as if you were:

- a. the narrator;
- b. Eric Zann;
- c. the owner of the boarding-house.

4. "The Ransom of Red Chief" by O' Henry

Pre-Listening

1. Look at the picture for "The Ransom of Red Chief " and discuss what you think the story is about.



2. Thinking about what you know

How is kidnapping punished in our country if it is committed:

- a) by a group of persons under a previous collusion?
- b) with the use of violence dangerous for the life or health, or with the threat of applying such violence?
- c) with the use of weapon or objects used as a weapon?
- d) pertaining to a minor (non-adult)?
- e) from selfish motives?

Extensive Listening

1. Understanding key points

All of these statements are true but which statement is the key to understanding the main idea of the story:

- a. The kidnappers were not cruel people and the boy cottoned to them.
- b. The kidnappers were the very people Johnny found congenial to him.
- c. The kidnappers unconsciously and without any wish encompassed the boy with attention and gave him all what he lacked being at home.
- d. People are responsible for those whom they tamed and endeared themselves to them.
- e. The child fixes its affections upon a person with a kind heart no matter what ferocious look that person might have.

2. Listening for gist

Choose the correct variant:

1) What are Bill and Hank's reasons for kidnapping Johnny?

- a. They want to build a house in the woods;
- b. They need the money to complete preparations for a crime scheme;
- c. They just like the boy;
- d. They want to make the town enormously worried.

2) Who is Red Chief?

- a. Ebenezer;
- b. Old Hank;
- c. Johnny;

d. Bill.

3) How much money do the men want?

- a. 2000;
- b. 250;
- c. 1000;
- d. None. They just want to make his parents worried.

4) What is the father's reply to the men's ransom note?

- a. I could care less;
- b. You men are wanted now;
- c. I'll pay you the money! Just give me my son;
- d. You need to pay me 250 dollars to take him back.

5) What is the main tone in this story?

- a. seriousness;
- b. anxiety;
- c. humor;
- d. carelessness.

3. Following the course of events

Put the following events of the story in the correct chronological order:

1. A niggerhead rock the size of an egg caught Bill just behind his left ear.
2. Kidnapping the boy.
3. A letter of two desperate men.
4. Bill and Sam had a joint capital of about six hundred dollars, and they needed just two thousand dollars.

5. Taking the Red Chief back home.

Intensive Listening

1. Listening for specific information

Choose the correct word or phrase to complete these sentences:

a. They weren't yells, or howls, or shouts, or whoops, or yelps, such as you'd expect from ... - they were simply indecent, terrifying, humiliating screams, such as women emit when they see ghosts or caterpillars.

- a human being;
- a manly set of vocal organs;
- ordinary human vocal cords.

b. Over toward Summit I expected to see ... of the village armed with scythes and pitchforks beating the countryside for the dastardly kidnappers.

- the sturdy yeomanry;
- a group of policemen;
- furious folk.

c. "I ain't attempting," says he, " ... , but we're dealing with humans, and it ain't human for anybody to give up two thousand dollars for that forty-pound chunk of freckled wildcat.

- to lay hands on the Ark;
- to profane the name of God;
- to decry the celebrated moral aspect of parental affection.

d. I bought some smoking tobacco, referred casually to the price of..., posted my letter surreptitiously and came away.

- tinned meat;

- black-eyed peas;
- a bar of chocolate.

e. When the kid found out we were going to leave him at home he started up a howl like ... and fastened himself as tight as a leech to Bill's leg.

- a calliope;
- a wolf;
- a wounded animal.

2. Listening for specific details

Listen to the recording and find the situations where the following words and word combinations were used:

1. lackadaisical; 2. a forecloser; 3. pesky; 4. a war-whoop; 5. dastardly; 6. somnolent; 7. to get smb. going; 8. depredation; 9. a spendthrift; 10. getaway

3. Guessing unfamiliar vocabulary

Match the words and word combinations with their explanation:

1. a bloodhound	a. a piece of thin material that is stuck on to the skin to cover a small wound
2. welterweight	b. someone who leaves one side in a war, politics etc in order to join the opposing side - used to show disapproval
3. court-plaster	c. a large dog with a very good sense of smell, often used for hunting
4. to reconnoiter	d. a fence built from long thick pieces of wood pushed into the ground, used to defend a place
5. a case-knife	e. to find out information about an area:
6. a skyrocket	f. a wound on your body treated by burning it with hot metal,

	or a chemical
7. a stockade	g. of a weight less than 66.68 kilograms
8. cauterized	h. a secret plan by a group of people, to do something harmful or illegal
9. a counterplot	i. a price or an amount of something that greatly increases very quickly
10. a renegade	j. a big metal blade fixed into a handle, used for cutting or as a weapon

4. Guessing vocabulary from context

Think about the way you understand these words denoting different types of a shout, mentioned in the recording: “*a screech*”, “*a whoop*”, “*a yell*”, “*a howl*”, “*a yelp*”.

a. “*a screech*” means _____

b. “*a whoop*” means _____

c. “*a yell*” means _____

d. “*a howl*” means _____

e. “*a yelp*” means _____

5. Checking comprehension

Listen to the recording and answer the questions (write out exact sentences):

1. What was the boy’s behaviour? How did he treat quite strangers?
2. What were the kidnappers’ demands during keeping the boy “under lock and key”?

3. What was the boy's father's reaction to his son's being kidnapped?

Follow-up activities

1. Topics for discussion:

1. A child kidnapped: in the story and in real life: similar and different aspects.
2. Kidnappers in the story and nowadays kidnappers: similar and different aspects.
3. A child kidnapped: inborn gifts or traits of character that may be helpful in challenging circumstances (e.g. a vivid imagination).

2. Questions for discussion:

1. Discuss the character of Red Chief. Why do you think Red Chief is such a wild kid? If the kidnapping is fun, why does Red Chief behave so disrespectfully to Sam and Bill?
2. In order to get Red Chief to follow instructions, Sam uses a technique commonly known as "reverse psychology". What is reverse psychology? Did it work on Red Chief? Is it an effective way to take control of a situation?
3. Why does Sam always make Bill look after Red Chief? Do you think Sam is fair in his delegation of duties?
4. One of the things that makes "The Ransom of Red Chief" such a good story is its strongly developed characters. Sam and Bill's personalities, for example, are very distinct from one another. How does this make their relationship interesting? If they were very similar, how might the story be different?
5. Red Chief loves to make-believe being part of an Indian tribe. What are some of the actual Native American tribes that inhabited the American Southwest at the time the story takes place? How were they structured? In what type of dwellings did they live?

3. Explain the following:

1. “Philoprogenitiveness, says we, is strong in semi-rural communities...”.
2. “Just then we heard a kind of war-whoop, such as David might have emitted when he knocked out the champion Goliath”.
3. “I've stood by you without batting an eye in earthquakes, fire and flood -- in poker games, dynamite outrages, police raids, train robberies and cyclones”.

4. Express your own opinion on Mr. Dorset's final answer to the kidnappers' terms:

Gentlemen: I received your letter to-day by post, in regard to the ransom you ask for the return of my son. I think you are a little high in your demands, and I hereby make you a counter-proposition, which I am inclined to believe you will accept. You bring Johnny home and pay me two hundred and fifty dollars in cash, and I agree to take him off your hands. You had better come at night, for the neighbours believe he is lost, and I couldn't be responsible for what they would do to anybody they saw bringing him back.

Very respectfully,

EBENEZER DORSET.

5. Imagine that a person dear to you was kidnapped. You don't have money to pay the kidnappers and you want to return the kidnapped person unharmed. Write a letter to the kidnappers which will help to achieve your aims.

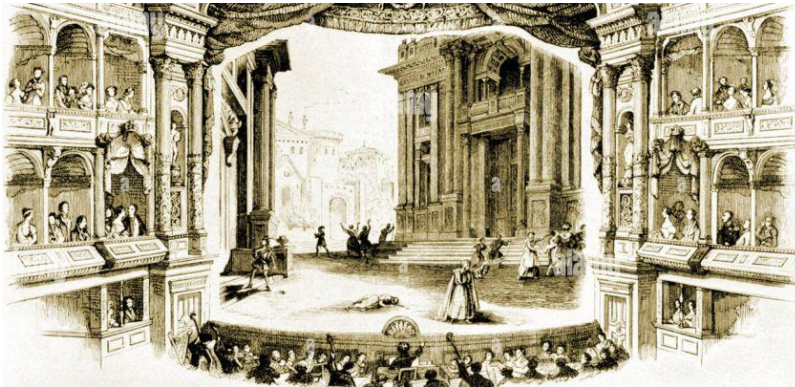
6. The role-play. Retell the events of the story as if you were:

- a. Bill;
- b. Sam;
- c. the boy;
- d. Mr. Dorset

5. "A Wagner Matinee" by Willa Sibert Cather

Pre-Listening

1. Look at the illustrations for "A Wagner Matinee" and discuss what you think the story is about.



2. Describing your experience:

Talk about your childhood impressions in pairs or groups:

- a) Which of your close relatives have a significant role in the process of your upbringing?
- b) Which methods did your close relatives use in the process of your upbringing?

- c) What effect did your close relatives have on your likings or dislikings towards anything?
- d) How did your close relatives influence your personality?
- e) Which traits would you like to take over from your close relatives in your future process of your children's upbringing?

Extensive Listening

1. Understanding key points

All of these statements are true but which statement is the key to understanding the main idea of the story:

- a. Aunt Georgiana went to Boston to attend to the settling of the estate.
- b. Clark decided to invite his aunt to a Wagner Matinee while her visiting Boston.
- c. While sitting at the performance Clark could see how different forgotten impressions influenced his aunt and reflected on her face.
- d. A Wagner Matinee made Clark realize what she really had in her mind and how deep was the tragedy of her unrealized potential in life.
- e. The performance had such a great impact on aunt Georgiana that she didn't want to return back to her former life.

2. Listening for gist

Are these statements true or false?

- a) Aunt Georgiana was famous by ancestry.
- b) Little Clark had several tutors in childhood.
- c) Clark's parents lived in Boston and they provided him a fine future.
- d) Aunt Georgiana's figure presented astonishing difficulties to any dressmaker.
- e) During a Wagner Matinee music of different composers could be heard.

3. Following the course of events

Put the following events of the story in the correct chronological order:

1. Going to the Wagner Matinee.
2. Mrs. Springer's shock at Clark's aunt's appearance.
3. Clark's reciting Latin declensions and conjugations.
4. Aunt Georgiana's visiting the little village among the Greek mountains.
5. Clark's receiving a letter from his uncle.

Intensive Listening

1. Listening for specific information

Choose the correct word or phrase to complete these sentences:

a. I received one morning a letter, written in pale ink on glassy, blue-lined notepaper, and bearing the postmark of ...

- Vancouver;
- a little Nebraska village;
- the capital of our country.

b. I became, in short, the gangling farm boy my aunt had known, scourged with ...

- chilblains and bashfulness;
- a whip;
- mischief and devilry.

c. From the time we entered the concert hall, however, she was ..., and for the first time seemed to perceive her surroundings.

- energetic;

- a trifle less passive and inert;
- full of rose-coloured anticipation.

d. My aunt Georgiana regarded them (the audience) as though ...

- they had been so many daubs of tube-paint on a palette;
- they had been characters from different operas and ballets;
- they had been all her acquaintances whom she hadn't seen for a long time.

e. Then it was I first realized that for her this (music at the performance) broke a silence of ...

- five years;
- ten years;
- thirty years;

2. Guessing unfamiliar vocabulary

Think about the way you understand these words: “*dugout*”, “*alkaline*”, “*trepidation*”, “*treadmill*”, “*deluge*”. Now listen to these sentences and explain the correct meaning of the words below:

They built a *dugout* in the red hillside, one of those cave dwellings whose inmates so often reverted to primitive conditions.

a. “*dugout*” means _____

She wore ill-fitting false teeth, and her skin was as yellow as a Mongolian's from constant exposure to a pitiless wind and to the *alkaline* water which hardens the most transparent cuticle into a sort of flexible leather.

b. “*alkaline*” means _____

I had felt some *trepidation* lest she might become aware of the absurdities of her attire, or might experience some painful embarrassment at stepping suddenly into the world to which she had been dead for a quarter of a century.

c. “*trepidation*” means _____

I came fresh from plowing forever and forever between green aisles of corn, where, as in a *treadmill*, one might walk from daybreak to dusk without perceiving a shadow of change.

d. “*treadmill*” means _____

The *deluge* of sound poured on and on; I never knew what she found in the shining current of it; I never knew how far it bore her, or past what happy islands.

e. “*deluge*” means _____

3. Understanding implications

How do you think what feelings and memories of childhood had Clark when he witnessed such events? Choose the appropriate key words from the box.

being astonished being distressed having the feeling of awe and respect
being ashamed having the feeling of a sudden revelation being worried

- a) receiving a letter from uncle Howard;
- b) seeing his aunt’s misshapen figure;
- c) seeing his aunt’s attire;
- d) listening to the music at the Symphony Orchestra.

4. Checking comprehension

Give answers to these questions:

1. What did you get to know about aunt Georgiana’s daily routine?

2. What musical compositions were played during the performance? Who were the composers?
3. What effect had each piece of music on aunt Georgiana and on Clark?

Follow-up Activities

1. Topics for discussion:

1. A daily routine may kill any inborn gift.
2. Means to prevent a daily routine from killing an inborn gift.
3. To choose between directing all your energy to foster your talent (your gift) or to follow the way of ordinary people and to be lost in tribulations of everyday life.

2. Explain the following:

1. “As for myself, I saw my aunt's misshapen figure with that feeling of awe and respect with which we behold explorers who have left their ears and fingers north of Franz Josef Land, or their health somewhere along the Upper Congo”.
2. “I understood. For her, just outside the door of the concert hall, lay the black pond with the cattle-tracked bluffs; the tall, unpainted house, with weather-curved boards; naked as a tower, the crook-backed ash seedlings where the dishcloths hung to dry; the gaunt, molting turkeys picking up refuse about the kitchen door”.

3. Express your own opinion on the following:

1. “An overwhelming sense of waste and wear we are so powerless to combat”.
2. “The soul that can suffer so excruciatingly and so interminably withers to the outward eye only; like that strange moss which can lie on a dusty shelf half a century and yet, if placed in water, grows green again”.

4. Role-play. Retell the events of the story as if you were:

- a. aunt Georgiana;

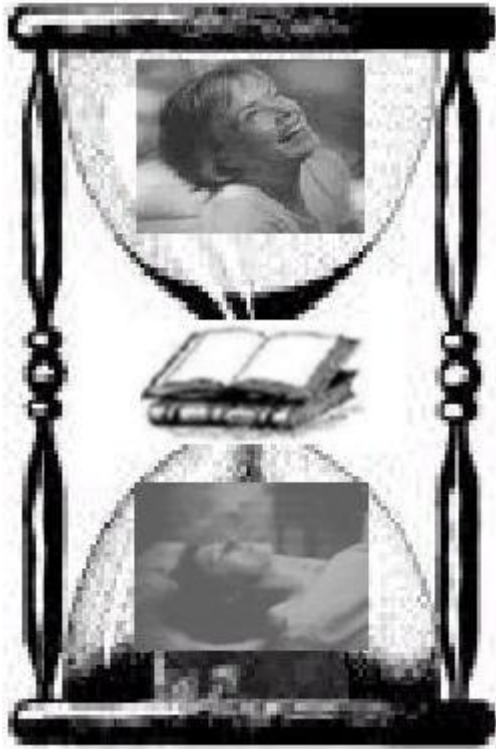
b. Clark;

c. Mrs. Springer

6. “The Story of an Hour” by Kate Chopin

Pre-Listening

Look at the picture and discuss what you think the story is about.



Extensive Listening

1. Understanding key points

Among the following statements find the key theme of the story:

- a. The theme is how crude humans could be.
- b. The theme is the importance of freedom.
- c. The theme is the value of friendship.
- d. The theme is the value of live.
- e. The theme is the value of love

2. Listening for gist

Are these statements true or false?

- a) Mrs. Millard afflicted with cancer.
- b) The bad news that Mrs. Millard received was that a dangerous storm was coming that day.
- c) Mrs. Millard said to herself when she received the news: "Free! Body and soul free!"
- d) Mrs. Millard husband's name was Richard.
- e) Mr. Millard involved in a train accident.

3. Following the course of events

Put the following events of the story in the correct chronological order:

- 1. Mrs. Millard's sister Josephine told her about her husband's death.
- 2. The whole wedlock flashed in her mind's eye.
- 3. Mrs. Millard's husband's friend discovered that Mr. Mallard was in the list of "killed."
- 4. Brently Mallard entered the front door carrying his grip-sack and umbrella.
- 5. Mrs. Millard saw the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life.

Intensive Listening

1. Listening for specific information

Choose the correct word or phrase to answer these questions:

- 1) Who is the main character of the story?
 - a. Josephine
 - b. Louise

- c. Eliza
- d. Kate

2) Why is her family concerned about her?

- a. She's hysterical.
- b. She doesn't have any money.
- c. She's afflicted with a heart trouble.
- d. She's a woman.

3) What is the name of Louise's sister?

- a. Sarah
- b. Josephine
- c. Joyce
- d. Emily

4) What happened to Louise's husband?

- a. He left her.
- b. He drowned.
- c. He lost money by gambling.
- d. He was on a list of "killed" in a railroad accident.

5) What does Louise do when she hears that her husband's name is on the list of "killed"?

- a. She kills herself.
- b. She wept and went to her room.
- c. She says, "He's gone."
- d. She simply says his name and faints.

6) When the wild abandonment possesses Louise, what does she do?

- a. She whispers: "free, free, free!"
- b. She laughs hysterically.
- c. She swims out to sea.
- d. She sits out on the porch.

7) What does Josephine believe that Louise is doing behind her closed door?

- a. Nothing.
- b. Making herself ill.
- c. Looking at pictures.
- d. Killing herself.

8) What does Josephine do when she sees Brently?

- a. She doesn't do anything.
- b. She faints.
- c. She laughs.
- d. She lets out a piercing cry.

9) What happens to Louise when she sees Brently?

- a. She runs to him.
- b. She thinks he's a ghost.
- c. She tells him she's leaving him.
- d. She dies.

10) What is the story's point of view?

- a. first person.
- b. third-person limited
- c. self conscious
- d. self reflexive

2. Listening for specific details

Listen to the recording and find the situations where the following words and word combinations were used:

to be afflicted with; to forestall; repression; a vacant stare; to dismiss the suggestion; to impose a will; possession of self-assertion; a suspension of thought; importunities; unwittingly

3. Guessing vocabulary from context

Think about the way you understand these words: “*abandonment*”, “*aquiver*”, “*suspension*”, “*illumination*”, “*riot*”. Now listen to these sentences and explain the correct meaning of the words below:

She wept at once, with sudden, wild *abandonment*, in her sister's arms.

a. “*abandonment*” means _____

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all *aquiver* with the new spring life.

b. “*aquiver*” means _____

It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a *suspension* of intelligent thought.

c. “*suspension*” means _____

A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of *illumination*.

d. “*illumination*” means _____

Her fancy was running *riot* along those days ahead of her.

e. “*riot*” means _____

4. Focusing on vocabulary

a. Match the adjectives taken from the recording with their synonyms:

A	B
1. elusive	a. eager
2. tumultuous	b. vague
3. keen	c. sharp
4. subtle	d. intangible
5. piercing	e. aflutter

b. Make the word combinations as used in the recording, matching the words in box A with the words in box B:

A	B
1. feverish	a. joy
2. monstrous	b. persistence
3. paralyzed	c. triumph
4. blind	d. perception
5. exalted	e. inability

5. Understanding implications

How do you think what feelings and emotions had Mrs. Mallard from the moment she got to know about her husband's death and up to her end? Choose the appropriate key words from the box and put them in the correct chronological order:

relieved	exulted	paralyzed with grief	pacified	petrified with terror	
shocked	renewed	full of life	motionless	hopeful	in the depths of despair

Follow-up activities

1. Topics for discussion:

1. Repression of women in a male-dominated society.
2. The typical 19th century American woman: what society expected of her.
3. The impact of nature on a person's state of mind.

2. Questions for discussion:

1. What is the nature of Mrs. Mallard's "heart trouble," and why would the author mention it in the beginning of the story? Is there any way in which this might be considered symbolic or ironic?
2. The setting of the story is very limited; it is confined largely to a room, a staircase, and a front door. How does this limitation help to express the themes of the story?
3. In what ways is this passage significant? "She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves." What kinds of sensory images does this passage contain, and what senses does it address? What does the vision through the open window mean to her? Where else does she taste, smell, or touch something intangible in the story?
4. What kind of relationships do the Mallards have? Is Brently Mallard unkind to Louise Mallard, or is there some other reason for her saying "free, free, free!" when she hears of his death? How does she feel about him?
5. Mrs. Mallard closes the door to her room so that her sister Josephine cannot get in, yet she leaves the window open. Why does Chopin make a point of telling the reader this? How might this relate to the idea of being "free" and to the implicit idea that she is somehow imprisoned? Do other words in the story relate to this idea?

6. What does Josephine represent in the story? What does Richards represent?
7. Mrs. Mallard is described as descending the stairs "like a goddess of Victory." In what ways does she feel herself victorious?
8. The last line of the story is this: "When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease – of joy that kills." In what ways is this an ironic statement? What is gained by having the doctors make such a statement rather than putting it in the mouths of Josephine or Richards?
9. What view of marriage does the story present? The story was published in 1894; does it only represent attitudes toward marriage in the nineteenth century, or could it equally apply to attitudes about marriage today?
10. If this is, in some sense, a story about a symbolic journey, where does Mrs. Mallard "travel"?

3. Explain the following:

"There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination."

4. Kate Chopin's "The Story of an Hour" fascinates the reader with the "surprise ending" – what does this term mean?

Write your own story, and give it a surprise ending like Kate Chopin.

5. The role-play. Retell the events of the story as if you were:

- a. Mrs. Mallards;
- b. Mr. Mallards;
- c. Mr. Richards;
- d. Josephine;
- e. one of the doctors.

7. "THE GOLD-BUG" by Edgar Allan Poe

Pre-Listening

Look at the picture and discuss what you think the story is about.



Extensive Listening

1. Understanding key points

Among the following statements find the key one:

1. In "The Gold Bug," who wrote the treasure map?
 - a. Captain William Kidd
 - b. Blackbeard the Pirate
 - c. Ann Bonny
 - d. Long John Silver

2. In "The Gold Bug," what is the importance of the Bishop's Castle?
 - a. The map is found there

- b. The treasure is buried there
 - c. There is a boat hidden there with further directions to the treasure
 - d. One can see the tree near where the treasure is buried from there
3. In "The Gold Bug," why do the characters initially dig in the incorrect place?
- a. LeGrand mistranslates the coded message and goes to the wrong spot to dig
 - b. The narrator confuses the coordinates on the map
 - c. Jupiter drops the scarab through the wrong eye in the skull
 - d. LeGrand chooses the wrong rock to dig under
4. Poe has been called the "father of the detective story."
- a. This is primarily for his C. Auguste Dupin stories
 - b. "The Gold Bug" is a detective story, but with a different protagonist.
5. "The Gold Bug" is considered as being influential upon the modern day treasure story.
- a. Most treasure stories of the time were about treasure seekers.
 - b. "The Gold Bug" is about a treasure finder.
6. Some elements in "The Gold Bug" are common to many Poe writings.
- a. It follows a successful series he wrote on Cryptography.
 - b. There are references to alchemy.
7. It is different in some ways from Poe's other work.
- a. It is not gothic and dark.
 - b. The characters are more developed.
 - c. It has a cheerful tone and a happy ending.

2. Following the course of events

Put the following passages of the story summary in the correct chronological order:

1. Legrand looks for some paper so that he can draw the beetle. Initially unable to find any, Legrand finally pulls what looks like a scrap of dirty paper from his waistcoat and begins to sketch out the bug. Just as Legrand is handing the drawing over, his pet Newfoundland bounds in and excitedly licks the narrator all over. After saying hello to the dog, the narrator turns his attention to Legrand's sketch, but is very confused. The drawing doesn't look anything like a beetle at all, but resembles "a skull, or a death's head". Perplexed, the narrator hands the paper back to Legrand, gently jibing that he is not much of an artist—he hasn't even included the antennae that he previously described. Legrand is irritated and insists he did draw the antennae. Taking his sketch back, a ruffled Legrand is about to screw it up "when a casual glance at the design seemed suddenly to rivet his attention". Legrand furiously begins to study the scrap of paper, first where he sits and then by candlelight in the far corner of the room. Legrand does not explain what he is doing, and the narrator is astonished by his friend's odd behavior. In the end, Legrand composes himself and puts the paper away, but he remains distracted for the rest of the narrator's visit.

2. The trio, along with Legrand's dog, depart on their mysterious expedition, with Jupiter carrying the spades and scythes. Jupiter curses the gold-bug, whilst Legrand contentedly walks along, swinging the beetle from a length of whipcord, and "twirling it to and fro, with the air of a conjurer". The narrator is upset by Legrand's behavior and takes it as further evidence of his insanity. Legrand leads the group across the island, apparently consulting landmarks as he goes, but refusing to disclose what he is looking for. Eventually, the party arrives at a hill that is thickly covered in brambles. Jupiter clears a path using one of the scythes, and the trio ascend until they reach the foot of an enormous tulip tree. The narrator remarks that the tree surpasses all other trees "in the beauty of its foliage and form".

3. The story opens with an anonymous narrator recounting how he came to be acquainted with Mr. William Legrand, a member of an old Huguenot family from

New Orleans. Legrand had once been wealthy, but a series of unfortunate events led him to impoverishment. He relocated to Sullivan's Island in South Carolina to avoid the shame of his reduced circumstances. Accompanying Legrand is Jupiter, an emancipated slave who refuses to abandon his old master. Legrand builds himself a hut on Sullivan's Island, which is largely wilderness, and it is here that he and the narrator meet and become friends.

4. Almost immediately, the narrator stumbles over an iron ring and the group unearths a large wooden chest. Opening the lid, the group discovers "a treasure of incalculable value". All the men are amazed to find the box is full of gold and jewels. Rousing themselves, the trio begins to remove the treasure, as the chest is too heavy to lift with the weight of all its contents. The process of moving all the gold and jewels to Legrand's hut requires a return trip, and once they have finished, the men sleep for several hours. Upon waking, the group calculates their newfound wealth and estimates the treasure's worth at a million and a half dollars, although the narrator notes that they subsequently discovered that they had greatly undervalued it.

5. Legrand orders Jupiter to suspend the gold-bug on its piece of string through the left eye of the skull. After some confusion, Jupiter says he has done this and Legrand spots the hanging bug and marks the place where the bug would fall, should Jupiter let go of the string. Legrand proceeds to make a series of measurements, eventually marking out a rough circle and telling his companions to begin digging. The narrator believes Legrand has become deranged with fantasies of buried treasure, but he complies with Legrand's orders if only to prove his friend wrong.

6. One unusually cold day in October, the narrator is making his way to visit Legrand, but finds he is not home. The narrator lets himself in and discovers a welcoming fire burning. Soon after nightfall, Legrand and Jupiter arrive home. Pleased to see his friend, Legrand enthusiastically tells the narrator that he has discovered a new species of scarabaeus. Legrand wants to show the narrator the beetle, but on the way home he bumped into the Lieutenant from the nearby fort

and lent him the bug, which is “of a brilliant gold color—about the size of a large hickory nut—with two jet black spots near one extremity of the back, and another, somewhat longer, at the other”. Amazed by the color of the beetle, Jupiter is convinced that the bug is solid gold.

7. Legrand reveals that the parchment also contained a cryptogram, which he deciphered as directions to buried treasure, hidden by the pirate Captain Kidd. Poe goes to significant lengths to explain how to crack the cypher. The last part of the puzzle required a bullet or weight to be dropped through the left eye socket of the skull in the tulip tree, which is why their first dig failed—because Jupiter dropped the bug through the right eye socket by mistake. At this point, the narrator questions why Legrand insisted on dropping the gold-bug through the skull’s eye, and not a bullet as the cypher suggested—he also queries Legrand’s odd behavior. Legrand confesses that he was annoyed that his friend doubted his sanity and so resolved to punish him with “a little bit of sober mystification”, playing along with the narrator’s conviction that he had lost his mind.

8. Arriving back at the island, Jupiter and the narrator find Legrand eagerly awaiting them, though he is “pale even to ghastliness” and his eyes have an “unnatural luster”. Legrand has retrieved the gold-bug from the Lieutenant and claims that Jupiter is right after all—it is a “bug of REAL GOLD”. The narrator is incredulous at this bizarre assertion, but Legrand is convinced the bug will make his fortune. The narrator cautions his friend that he is ill and must have bed rest, though Legrand isn’t exhibiting any sign of fever or physical illness. Legrand rebuffs the narrator’s advice and tells him that the only way to relieve the nervous excitement from which he is suffering, is for the narrator to join Jupiter and himself on a nightlong expedition in connection with the gold-bug. The narrator fears his friend is experiencing a mental health condition, but he agrees to accompany him on the condition that Legrand promises to follow his advice when they return.

9. After two hours, the group have found nothing. Legrand is bitterly disappointed. The trio begins to pack up and head for home when Legrand seizes

Jupiter and furiously demands he point to his left eye. When Jupiter touches his right eye, Legrand forces the group to return to the tree and repeat the whole exercise, adjusting all the measurements slightly. The narrator, seeing some method in his friend's mental health experience, begins to feel a sense of excitement and digs eagerly. Legrand's dog begins to howl, and when Jupiter attempts to muzzle it, it jumps into the hole that the men are digging and claws up the earth itself. The dog's digging reveals two human skeletons, and Jupiter is impressed but Legrand is crestfallen, urging his servant and the narrator to keep working.

10. Over a month later, the narrator receives a visit from a troubled Jupiter, who claims Legrand. He implies that his master has lost his mind. Jupiter confides that Legrand keeps a cypher with strange figures that he obsesses over, and he once disappeared all day. The servant blames his master's apparent illness on the discovery of the gold-bug, which bit Legrand when he first tried to catch it; now, Legrand talks about gold in his sleep. Jupiter hands over a letter from his master. Legrand writes to confirm he has not been well, but that Jupiter annoys him, and he wants the narrator to visit him that night because he has something important to tell him. The narrator is alarmed at the tone of Legrand's letter and agrees to return with Jupiter. When the pair reach the boat that will take them to Sullivan's Island, the narrator spots a scythe and three spades that Legrand instructed Jupiter to buy, although the servant doesn't know why his master wants the tools.

11. Legrand supposes that the skeletons they found could have been members of Kidd's crew, who Kidd used to help transport and bury the chest and then murdered to ensure the location of the treasure remained known only to him.

12. Legrand asks Jupiter to climb the tree, telling him to take the gold-bug with him. Jupiter is reluctant to touch the bug, believing it to be dangerous, but Legrand forces him to comply with the threat of a beating. Jupiter begins to scale the tree, and Legrand instructs him to climb to the eighth branch. Once there, Jupiter reports that the branch is rotten, and he is afraid it will break. He threatens

to throw the gold-bug away under the guise of reducing the weight on the branch. Legrand is enraged and first threatens to beat Jupiter, then bribes him with a silver dollar to continue out onto the branch as far as it is safe. Edging his way onto the branch, Jupiter is horrified to encounter a human skull fastened to the tree.

13. At last, Legrand explains the strange chain of events and how he came to know of the buried treasure. On the day that Legrand found the gold-bug, Jupiter picked up a stray piece of parchment to wrap it in. Legrand absentmindedly kept hold of the parchment, even when he later passed the bug on to the lieutenant. That evening, when Legrand was unable to find any paper, he rediscovered the parchment and used it to draw the bug for the narrator. In a series of coincidences, the unusually cold weather and the interruption of Legrand's dog, the narrator ended up holding the parchment very close to the hearth. The heat revealed an invisible ink drawing of a skull, the symbol of pirates, explaining why the narrator was unable to see the beetle that Legrand sketched.

Intensive Listening

1. Listening for specific details

Listen to the recording and find the situations where the following words and word combinations were used:

2. Guessing unfamiliar vocabulary

Match the words with their explanation:

1. mortification	a. a size of paper formerly standard in Great Britain; broadly: a piece of writing paper.
2. slime	b. a person who lives a solitary life and tends to avoid other people
3. a foolscap	c. a perverse or unfounded belief or notion

4. a coadjutor	d. great embarrassment and shame.
5. revery	e. agreement or consistency
6. horticulturist	f. an unpleasantly thick and slippery liquid substance
7. a recluse	g. a pleasant, sweet smell
8. a bivalve	h. a light informal meal
9. a sally	i. a bishop appointed to assist and often to succeed a diocesan bishop.
10. a crotchet	j. holding strongly to an opinion, purpose, or course of action. : stubbornly or annoyingly persistent
11. a bramble	k. an act of running or jumping about playfully
12. a foreboding	l. a stupid person
13. concordance	m. daydream. : the condition of being lost in thought
14. fragrance	n. a small sheltered bay
15. a gambol	o. an expert in garden cultivation and management
16. a blockhead	p. a prickly scrambling shrub of the rose family, especially a blackberry
17. a cove	q. a person in a group who becomes separated from the others, typically because of moving more slowly
18. collation	r. an aquatic mollusc which has a compressed body enclosed within a hinged shell, such as oysters, mussels, and scallops
19. pertinacity	s. a witty or lively remark, especially one made as an attack or as a diversion in an argument; a retort
20. a straggler	t. a feeling that something bad will happen; fearful apprehension

4. Focusing on vocabulary

a. Give synonyms to the adjectives taken from the recording:

1. lustre	a.
2. grandiloquent	b.

3. infernal	c.
4. nettled	d.
5. peevish	e.
6. promiscuous	f.
7. imperishable	g.
8. prodigious	h.
9. virtual	i.
10. obstreperous	j.
11. delineated	k.
12. insulated	l.
13. abstruse	m.
14. expedient	n.
15. impending	o.
16. unguided	p.
17. insoluble	q.
18. overacute	r.
19. deep-seated	s.
20. avoirdupois	t.

b. Write down the sentences with these adjectives and translate them into Ukrainian.

c. Make the word combinations as used in the recording, matching the words in box A with the words in box B:

A	B
1. a brisly	a. smb's attention
2. an impenetrable	b. the slip
3. a cordial	c. palmetto
4. to rivert	d. smb's family possessions

5. to be confided	e. sail
6. to give smb.	f. coppice
7. to reinstate smb. in	g. a fortune
8. a sea-	h. welcome
9. to make	i. to bed
10. to make	j. chest
11. unsettled in	k. process
12. a mineralizing	l. regia
13. a dogged air of	m. meant
14. aqua	n. moods
15. to throw smb. off	o. impressions
16. deep seated	p. intellect
17. a manor	q. house
18. perverse	r. deliberation
19. a dogged	s. the scent
20. well	t. air

Follow-up Activities

1. Topics for discussion:

1. The riches of the chest: its contents and valuing of that treasure.
2. The process of finding and getting the treasure.
3. All steps that Mr. Legrand took to find the treasure. How did he decipher the code?

2. Explain the following:

“The Gold-Bug” is a tangle of puns, many of them, as the literary scholar Marc Shell has pointed out, having to do with currency.

3. Express your own opinion on the following:

The Gold Bug, While Influential on Other Writers, is Not a Typical Edgar Allen Poe Story.

4. The role-play. Retell the events of the story as if you were:

- a) Mr. Legrand;**
- b) the author;**
- c) Jupiter**

TAPESCRIPTS

1. “The Black Cat” by Edgar Allan Poe

For the most wild, yet most homely narrative which I am about to pen, I neither expect nor solicit belief. Mad indeed would I be to expect it, in a case where my very senses reject their own evidence. Yet, mad am I not — and very surely do I not dream. But to-morrow I die, and to-day I would unburden my soul. My immediate purpose is to place before the world, plainly, succinctly, and without comment, a series of mere household events. In their consequences, these events have terrified — have tortured — have destroyed me. Yet I will not attempt to expound them. To me, they have presented little but horror — to many they will seem less terrible than *baroques*. Hereafter, perhaps, some intellect may be found which will reduce my phantasm to the commonplace — some intellect more calm, more logical, and far less excitable than my own, which will perceive, in the circumstances I detail with awe, nothing more than an ordinary succession of very natural causes and effects.

From my infancy I was noted for the docility and humanity of my disposition. My tenderness of heart was even so conspicuous as to make me the jest of my companions. I was especially fond of animals, and was indulged by my parents with a great variety of pets. With these I spent most of my time, and never was so happy as when feeding and caressing them. This peculiarity of character grew with my growth, and, in my manhood, I derived from it one of my principal sources of pleasure. To those who have cherished an affection for a faithful and sagacious dog, I need hardly be at the trouble of explaining the nature of the intensity of the gratification thus derivable. There is something in the unselfish and self-sacrificing love of a brute, which goes directly to the heart of him who has had frequent occasion to test the paltry friendship and gossamer fidelity of mere *Man*.

I married early, and was happy to find in my wife a disposition not uncongenial with my own. Observing my partiality for domestic pets, she lost no opportunity of

procuring those of the most agreeable kind. We had birds, gold-fish, a fine dog, rabbits, a small monkey, and *a cat*.

This latter was a remarkably large and beautiful animal, entirely black, and sagacious to an astonishing degree. In speaking of his intelligence, my wife, who at heart was not a little tinctured with superstition, made frequent allusion to the ancient popular notion, which regarded all black cats as witches in disguise. Not that she was ever *serious* upon this point — and I mention the matter at all for no better reason than that it happens, just now, to be remembered.

Pluto — this was the cat's name — was my favourite pet and playmate. I alone fed him, and he attended me wherever I went about the house. It was even with difficulty that I could prevent him from following me through the streets.

Our friendship lasted, in this manner, for several years, during which my general temperament and character — through the instrumentality of the fiend Intemperance — had (I blush to confess it) experienced a radical alteration for the worse. I grew, day by day, more moody, more irritable, more regardless of the feelings of others. I suffered myself to use intemperate language to my wife. At length, I even offered her personal violence. My pets, of course, were made to feel the change in my disposition. I not only neglected, but ill-used them. For Pluto, however, I still retained sufficient regard to restrain me from maltreating him, as I made no scruple of maltreating the rabbits, the monkey, or even the dog, when by accident, or through affection, they came in my way. But my disease grew upon me — for what disease is like alcohol? — and at length even Pluto, who was now becoming old, and consequently somewhat peevish — even Pluto began to experience the effects of my ill-temper.

One night, returning home, much intoxicated, from one of my haunts about town, I fancied that the cat avoided my presence. I seized him; when, in his fright at my violence, he inflicted a slight wound upon my hand with his teeth. The fury of a demon instantly possessed me. I knew myself no longer. My original soul seemed, at once, to take its flight from my body; and a more than fiendish malevolence, gin-nurtured, thrilled every fibre of my frame. I took from my

waistcoat pocket a pen-knife, opened it, grasped the poor beast by the throat, and deliberately cut one of its eyes from the socket! I blush, I burn, I shudder, while I pen the damnable atrocity.

When reason returned with the morning — when I had slept off the fumes of the night's debauch — I experienced a sentiment half of horror, half of remorse, for the crime of which I had been guilty; but it was, at best, a feeble and equivocal feeling, and the soul remained untouched. I again plunged into excess, and soon drowned in wine all memory of the deed.

In the meantime the cat slowly recovered. The socket of the lost eye presented, it is true, a frightful appearance, but he no longer appeared to suffer any pain. He went about the house as usual, but, as might be expected, fled in extreme terror at my approach. I had so much of my old heart left, as to be at first grieved by this evident dislike on the part of a creature which had once so loved me. But this feeling soon gave place to irritation. And then came, as if to my final and irrevocable overthrow, the spirit of PERVERSENESS. Of this spirit philosophy takes no account. Yet I am not more sure that my soul lives, than I am that perverseness is one of the primitive impulses of the human heart — one of the indivisible primary faculties, or sentiments, which give direction to the character of Man. Who has not, a hundred times, found himself committing a vile or a silly action, for no other reason than because he knows he should *not*? Have we not a perpetual inclination, in the teeth of our best judgment, to violate that which is *Law*, merely because we understand it to be such? This spirit of perverseness, I say, came to my final overthrow. It was this unfathomable longing of the soul *to vex itself* — to offer violence to its own nature — to do wrong for the wrong's sake only — that urged me to continue and finally to consummate the injury I had inflicted upon the unoffending brute. One morning, in cool blood, I slipped a noose about its neck and hung it to the limb of a tree — hung it with the tears streaming from my eyes, and with the bitterest remorse at my heart — hung it *because* I knew that it had loved me, and *because* I felt it had given me no reason of offence — hung it *because* I knew that in so doing I was committing a sin — a deadly sin that

would so jeopardize my immortal soul as to place it — if such a thing were possible — even beyond the reach of the infinite mercy of the Most Merciful and Most Terrible God.

On the night of the day on which this cruel deed was done, I was aroused from sleep by the cry of “Fire!” The curtains of my bed were in flames. The whole house was blazing. It was with great difficulty that my wife, a servant, and myself, made our escape from the conflagration. The destruction was complete. My entire worldly wealth was swallowed up, and I resigned myself thenceforward to despair.

I am above the weakness of seeking to establish a sequence of cause and effect between the disaster and the atrocity. But I am detailing a chain of facts, and wish not to leave even a possible link imperfect. On the day succeeding the fire, I visited the ruins. The walls, with one exception, had fallen in. This exception was found in a compartment wall, not very thick, which stood about the middle of the house, and against which had rested the head of my bed. The plastering had here, in great measure, resisted the action of the fire — a fact which I attributed to its having been recently spread. About this wall a dense crowd were collected, and many persons seemed to be examining a particular portion of it with very minute and eager attention. The words “strange!” “singular!” and other similar expressions, excited my curiosity. I approached and saw, as if graven in bas-relief upon the white surface, the figure of a gigantic *cat*. The impression was given with an accuracy truly marvellous. There was a rope about the animal's neck.

When I first beheld this apparition — for I could scarcely regard it as less — my wonder and my terror were extreme. But at length reflection came to my aid. The cat, I remembered, had been hung in a garden adjacent to the house. Upon the alarm of fire, this garden had been immediately filled by the crowd — by some one of whom the animal must have been cut from the tree and thrown, through an open window, into my chamber. This had probably been done with the view of arousing me from sleep. The falling of other walls had compressed the victim of my cruelty into the substance of the freshly-spread plaster; the lime of which, with the flames

and the *ammonia* from the carcass, had then accomplished the portraiture as I saw it.

Although I thus readily accounted to my reason, if not altogether to my conscience, for the startling fact just detailed, it did not the less fail to make a deep impression upon my fancy. For months I could not rid myself of the phantasm of the cat; and, during this period, there came back into my spirit a half-sentiment that seemed, but was not, remorse. I went so far as to regret the loss of the animal, and to look about me, among the vile haunts which I now habitually frequented, for another pet of the same species, and of somewhat similar appearance, with which to supply its place.

One night as I sat, half-stupefied, in a den of more than infamy, my attention was suddenly drawn to some black object, reposing upon the head of one of the immense hogsheads of gin, or of rum, which constituted the chief furniture of the apartment. I had been looking steadily at the top of this hogshead for some minutes, and what now caused me surprise was the fact that I had not sooner perceived the object thereupon. I approached it, and touched it with my hand. It was a black cat — a very large one — fully as large as Pluto, and closely resembling him in every respect but one. Pluto had not a white hair upon any portion of his body; but this cat had a large, although indefinite, splotch of white, covering nearly the whole region of the breast.

Upon my touching him, he immediately arose, purred loudly, rubbed against my hand, and appeared delighted with my notice. This, then, was the very creature of which I was in search. I at once offered to purchase it of the landlord; but this person made no claim to it — knew nothing of it — had never seen it before.

I continued my caresses, and when I prepared to go home, the animal evinced a disposition to accompany me. I permitted it to do so; occasionally stooping and patting it as I proceeded. When it reached the house it domesticated itself at once, and became immediately a great favourite with my wife.

For my own part, I soon found a dislike to it arising within me. This was just the reverse of what I had anticipated; but — I know not how or why it was — its

evident fondness for myself rather disgusted and annoyed me. By slow degrees, these feelings of disgust and annoyance rose into the bitterness of hatred. I avoided the creature; a certain sense of shame, and the remembrance of my former deed of cruelty, preventing me from physically abusing it. I did not, for some weeks, strike, or otherwise violently ill- use it; but gradually — very gradually — I came to look upon it with unutterable loathing, and to flee silently from its odious presence, as from the breath of a pestilence.

What added, no doubt, to my hatred of the beast, was the discovery, on the morning after I brought it home, that, like Pluto, it also had been deprived of one of its eyes. This circumstance, however, only endeared it to my wife, who, as I have already said, possessed, in a high degree, that humanity of feeling which had once been my distinguishing trait, and the source of many of my simplest and purest pleasures.

With my aversion to this cat, however, its partiality for myself seemed to increase. It followed my footsteps with a pertinacity which it would be difficult to make the reader comprehend. Whenever I sat, it would crouch beneath my chair, or spring upon my knees, covering me with its loathsome caresses. If I arose to walk, it would get between my feet, and thus nearly throw me down, or, fastening its long and sharp claws in my dress, clamber, in this manner, to my breast. At such times, although I longed to destroy it with a blow, I was yet withheld from so doing, partly by a memory of my former crime, but chiefly — let me confess it at once — by absolute *dread* of the beast.

This dread was not exactly a dread of physical evil — and yet I should be at a loss how otherwise to define it. I am almost ashamed to own — yes, even in this felon's cell, I am almost ashamed to own — that the terror and horror with which the animal inspired me, had been heightened by one of the merest chimeras it would be possible to conceive. My wife had called my attention, more than once, to the character of the mark of white hair, of which I have spoken, and which constituted the sole visible difference between the strange beast and the one I had destroyed. The reader will remember that this mark, although large, had been

originally very indefinite; but, by slow degrees — degrees nearly imperceptible, and which for a long time my reason struggled to reject as fanciful — it had, at length, resumed a rigorous distinctness of outline. It was now the representation of an object that I shudder to name — and for this, above all, I loathed, and dreaded, and would have rid myself of the monster *had I dared* — it was now, I say, the image of a hideous — of a ghastly thing — of the GALLOWS! — oh, mournful and terrible engine of horror and of crime — of agony and death!

And now was I indeed wretched beyond the wretchedness of mere humanity. And a *brute beast* — whose fellow I had contemptuously destroyed — a *brute beast* to work out for *me* — for me, a man, fashioned in the image of the High God — so much of insufferable woe! Alas! neither by day nor by night knew I the blessing of rest any more! During the former the creature left me no moment alone; and, in the latter, I started, hourly, from dreams of unutterable fear, to find the hot breath of *the thing* upon my face, and its vast weight — an incarnate nightmare that I had no power to shake off — incumbent eternally upon my *heart*!

Beneath the pressure of torments such as these, the feeble remnant of the good within me succumbed. Evil thoughts became my sole intimates — the darkest and most evil of thoughts. The moodiness of my usual temper increased to hatred of *all* things and of all mankind; while, from the sudden, frequent, and ungovernable outbursts of a fury to which I now blindly abandoned myself, my uncomplaining wife, alas! was the most usual and the most patient of sufferers.

One day she accompanied me, upon some household errand, into the cellar of the old building which our poverty compelled us to inhabit. The cat followed me down the steep stairs, and, nearly throwing me headlong, exasperated me to madness. Uplifting an axe, and forgetting, in my wrath, the childish dread which had hitherto stayed my hand, I aimed a blow at the animal which, of course, would have proved instantly fatal had it descended as I wished. But this blow was arrested by the hand of my wife. Goaded, by the interference, into a rage more than demoniacal, I withdrew my arm from her grasp, and buried the axe in her brain. She fell dead upon the spot, without a groan.

This hideous murder accomplished, I set myself forthwith, and with entire deliberation, to the task of concealing the body. I knew that I could not remove it from the house, either by day or by night, without the risk of being observed by the neighbours. Many projects entered my mind. At one period I thought of cutting the corpse into minute fragments and destroying them by fire. At another, I resolved to dig a grave for it in the floor of the cellar. Again, I deliberated about casting it into the well in the yard — about packing it in a box, as if merchandise, with the usual arrangements, and so getting a porter to take it from the house. Finally I hit upon what I considered a far better expedient than either of these. I determined to wall it up in the cellar — as the monks of the Middle Ages are recorded to have walled up their victims.

For a purpose such as this the cellar was well adapted. Its walls were loosely constructed, and had lately been plastered throughout with a rough plaster, which the dampness of the atmosphere had prevented from hardening. Moreover, in one of the walls was a projection, caused by a false chimney, or fire-place, that had been filled up and made to resemble the rest of the cellar. I made no doubt that I could readily displace the bricks at this point, insert the corpse, and wall the whole up as before, so that no eye could detect anything suspicious.

And in this calculation I was not deceived. By means of a crowbar I easily dislodged the bricks, and having carefully deposited the body against the inner wall, I propped it in that position, while, with little trouble, I relaid the whole structure as it originally stood. Having procured mortar, sand, and hair, with every possible precaution, I prepared a plaster which could not be distinguished from the old, and with this I very carefully went over the new brickwork. When I had finished, I felt satisfied that all was right. The wall did not present the slightest appearance of having been disturbed. The rubbish on the floor was picked up with the minutest care. I looked around triumphantly, and said to myself, “Here at least, then, my labour has not been in vain.”

My next step was to look for the beast which had been the cause of so much wretchedness; for I had, at length, firmly resolved to put it to death. Had I been

able to meet with it at the moment, there could have been no doubt of its fate; but it appeared that the crafty animal had been alarmed at the violence of my previous anger, and forbore to present itself in my present mood. It is impossible to describe, or to imagine, the deep, the blissful sense of relief which the absence of the detested creature occasioned in my bosom. It did not make its appearance during the night — and thus for one night at least, since its introduction into the house, I soundly and tranquilly slept; aye, *slept* even with the burden of murder upon my soul!

The second and the third day passed, and still my tormentor came not. Once again I breathed as a free man. The monster, in terror, had fled the premises for ever! I should behold it no more! My happiness was supreme! The guilt of my dark deed disturbed me but little. Some few inquiries had been made, but these had been readily answered. Even a search had been instituted — but of course nothing was to be discovered. I looked upon my future felicity as secured.

Upon the fourth day of the assassination, a party of the police came, very unexpectedly, into the house, and proceeded again to make rigorous investigation of the premises. Secure, however, in the inscrutability of my place of concealment, I felt no embarrassment whatever. The officers bade me accompany them in their search. They left no nook or corner unexplored. At length, for the third or fourth time, they descended into the cellar. I quivered not in a muscle. My heart beat calmly as that of one who slumbers in innocence. I walked the cellar from end to end. I folded my arms upon my bosom, and roamed easily to and fro. The police were thoroughly satisfied, and prepared to depart. The glee at my heart was too strong to be restrained. I burned to say if but one word, by way of triumph, and to render doubly sure their assurance of my guiltlessness.

“Gentlemen,” I said at last, as the party ascended the steps, “I delight to have allayed your suspicions. I wish you all health, and a little more courtesy. By-the-by, gentlemen, this — this is a very well-constructed house.” (In the rabid desire to say something easily, I scarcely knew what I uttered at all.) “I may say an *excellently* well-constructed house. These walls — are you going, gentlemen? —

these walls are solidly put together”; and here, through the mere frenzy of bravado, I rapped heavily, with a cane which I held in my hand, upon that very portion of the brickwork behind which stood the corpse of the wife of my bosom.

But may God shield and deliver me from the fangs on the Arch- Fiend! No sooner had the reverberation of my blows sunk into silence, than I was answered by a voice from within the tomb! — by a cry, at first muffled and broken, like the sobbing of a child, and then quickly swelling into one long, loud, and continuous scream, half of horror and half of triumph, such as might have arisen only out of hell, conjointly from the throats of the damned in their agony and of the demons that exult in the damnation.

Of my own thoughts it is folly to speak. Swooning, I staggered to the opposite wall. For one instant the party upon the stairs remained motionless, through extremity of terror and of awe. In the next, a dozen stout arms were toiling at the wall. It fell bodily. The corpse, already greatly decayed and clotted with gore, stood erect before the eyes of the spectators. Upon its head, with red extended mouth and solitary eye of fire, sat the hideous beast whose craft had seduced me into murder, and whose informing voice had consigned me to the hangman. I had walled the monster up within the tomb!

2. “Confessions of a Humorist” by O' Henry

There was a painless stage of incubation that lasted twenty-five years, and then it broke out on me, and people said I was It.

But they called it humor instead of measles.

The employees in the store bought a silver inkstand for the senior partner on his fiftieth birthday. We crowded into his private office to present it. I had been selected for spokesman, and I made a little speech that I had been preparing for a week.

It made a hit. It was full of puns and epigrams and funny twists that brought down the house--which was a very solid one in the wholesale hardware line. Old Marlowe himself actually grinned, and the employees took their cue and roared.

My reputation as a humorist dates from half-past nine o'clock on that morning. For weeks afterward my fellow clerks fanned the flame of my self-esteem. One by one they came to me, saying what an awfully clever speech that was, old man, and carefully explained to me the point of each one of my jokes.

Gradually I found that I was expected to keep it up. Others might speak sanely on business matters and the day's topics, but from me something gamesome and airy was required.

I was expected to crack jokes about the crockery and lighten up the granite ware with persiflage. I was second bookkeeper, and if I failed to show up a balance sheet without something comic about the footings or could find no cause for laughter in an invoice of plows, the other clerks were disappointed. By degrees my fame spread, and I became a local "character." Our town was small enough to make this possible. The daily newspaper quoted me. At social gatherings I was indispensable.

I believe I did possess considerable wit and a facility for quick and spontaneous repartee. This gift I cultivated and improved by practice. And the nature of it was kindly and genial, not running to sarcasm or offending others. People began to smile when they saw me coming, and by the time we had met I generally had the word ready to broaden the smile into a laugh.

I had married early. We had a charming boy of three and a girl of five. Naturally, we lived in a vine-covered cottage, and were happy. My salary as bookkeeper in the hardware concern kept at a distance those ills attendant upon superfluous wealth.

At sundry times I had written out a few jokes and conceits that I considered peculiarly happy, and had sent them to certain periodicals that print such things. All of them had been instantly accepted.

Several of the editors had written to request further contributions.

One day I received a letter from the editor of a famous weekly publication. He suggested that I submit to him a humorous composition to fill a column of space; hinting that he would make it a regular feature of each issue if the work proved satisfactory. I did so, and at the end of two weeks he offered to make a contract with me for a year at a figure that was considerably higher than the amount paid me by the hardware firm.

I was filled with delight. My wife already crowned me in her mind with the imperishable evergreens of literary success. We had lobster croquettes and a bottle of blackberry wine for supper that night. Here was the chance to liberate myself from drudgery. I talked over the matter very seriously with Louisa. We agreed that I must resign my place at the store and devote myself to humor.

I resigned. My fellow clerks gave me a farewell banquet. The speech I made there coruscated. It was printed in full by the Gazette. The next morning I awoke and looked at the clock.

"Late, by George!" I exclaimed, and grabbed for my clothes. Louisa reminded me that I was no longer a slave to hardware and contractors' supplies. I was now a professional humorist.

After breakfast she proudly led me to the little room off the kitchen. Dear girl! There was my table and chair, writing pad, ink, and pipe tray. And all the author's trappings--the celery stand full of fresh roses and honeysuckle, last year's calendar on the wall, the dictionary, and a little bag of chocolates to nibble between inspirations. Dear girl!

I sat me to work. The wall paper is patterned with arabesques or odalisques or--perhaps--it is trapezoids. Upon one of the figures I fixed my eyes. I bethought me of humor.

A voice startled me--Louisa's voice.

"If you aren't too busy, dear," it said, "come to dinner."

I looked at my watch. Yes, five hours had been gathered in by the grim scytheman. I went to dinner.

"You mustn't work too hard at first," said Louisa. "Goethe--or was it Napoleon?--said five hours a day is enough for mental labor. Couldn't you take me and the children to the woods this afternoon?"

"I am a little tired," I admitted. So we went to the woods.

But I soon got the swing of it. Within a month I was turning out copy as regular as shipments of hardware.

And I had success. My column in the weekly made some stir, and I was referred to in a gossipy way by the critics as something fresh in the line of humorists. I augmented my income considerably by contributing to other publications.

I picked up the tricks of the trade. I could take a funny idea and make a two-line joke of it, earning a dollar. With false whiskers on, it would serve up cold as a quatrain, doubling its producing value. By turning the skirt and adding a ruffle of rhyme you would hardly recognize it as *~vers de societe~* with neatly shod feet and a fashion-plate illustration.

I began to save up money, and we had new carpets, and a parlor organ.

My townspeople began to look upon me as a citizen of some consequence instead of the merry trifler I had been when I clerked in the hardware store.

After five or six months the spontaneity seemed to depart from my humor. Quips and droll sayings no longer fell carelessly from my lips. I was sometimes hard run for material. I found myself listening to catch available ideas from the conversation of my friends. Sometimes I chewed my pencil and gazed at the wall paper or hours trying to build up some gay little bubble of unstudied fun.

And then I became a harpy, a Moloch, a Jonah, a vampire, to my acquaintances. Anxious, haggard, greedy, I stood among them like a veritable killjoy. Let a bright saying, a witty comparison, a piquant phrase fall from their lips and I was after it like a hound springing upon a bone. I dared not trust my memory; but, turning aside guiltily and meanly, I would make a note of it in my ever-present memorandum book or upon my cuff for my own future use.

My friends regarded me in sorrow and wonder. I was not the same man.

Where once I had furnished them entertainment and jollity, I now preyed upon them. No jests from me ever bid for their smiles now. They were too precious. I could not afford to dispense gratuitously the means of my livelihood.

I was a lugubrious fox praising the singing of my friends, the crow's, that they might drop from their beaks the morsels of wit that I coveted.

Nearly every one began to avoid me. I even forgot how to smile, not even paying that much for the sayings I appropriated.

No persons, places, times, or subjects were exempt from my plundering in search of material. Even in church my demoralized fancy went hunting among the solemn aisles and pillars for spoil.

Did the minister give out the long-meter doxology, at once I began: "Doxology --sockdology--sockdolager--meter--meet her."

The sermon ran through my mental sieve, its precepts filtering unheeded, could I but glean a suggestion of a pun or a ~bon mot~. The solemnest anthems of the choir were but an accompaniment to my thoughts as I conceived new changes to ring upon the ancient comicalities concerning the jealousies of soprano, tenor, and basso.

My own home became a hunting ground. My wife is a singularly feminine creature, candid, sympathetic, and impulsive. Once her conversation was my delight, and her ideas a source of unfailing pleasure. Now I worked her. She was a gold mine of those amusing but lovable inconsistencies that distinguish the female mind.

I began to market those pearls of unwisdom and humor that should have enriched only the sacred precincts of home. With devilish cunning I encouraged her to talk. Unsuspecting, she laid her heart bare. Upon the cold, conspicuous, common, printed page I offered it to the public gaze.

A literary Judas, I kissed her and betrayed her. For pieces of silver I dressed her sweet confidences in the pantalettes and frills of folly and made them dance in the market place.

Dear Louisa! Of nights I have bent over her cruel as a wolf above a tender lamb, hearkening even to her soft words murmured in sleep, hoping to catch an idea for my next day's grind. There is worse to come.

God help me! Next my fangs were buried deep in the neck of the fugitive sayings of my little children.

Guy and Viola were two bright fountains of childish, quaint thoughts and speeches. I found a ready sale for this kind of humor, and was furnishing a regular department in a magazine with "Funny Fancies of Childhood." I began to stalk them as an Indian stalks the antelope. I would hide behind sofas and doors, or crawl on my hands and knees among the bushes in the yard to eavesdrop while they were at play.

I had all the qualities of a harpy except remorse.

Once, when I was barren of ideas, and my copy must leave in the next mail, I covered myself in a pile of autumn leaves in the yard, where I knew they intended to come to play. I cannot bring myself to believe that Guy was aware of my hiding place, but even if he was, I would be loath to blame him for his setting fire to the leaves, causing the destruction of my new suit of clothes, and nearly cremating a parent.

Soon my own children began to shun me as a pest. Often, when I was creeping upon them like a melancholy ghoul, I would hear them say to each other: "Here comes papa," and they would gather their toys and scurry away to some safer hiding place. Miserable wretch that I was!

And yet I was doing well financially. Before the first year had passed I had saved a thousand dollars, and we had lived in comfort.

But at what a cost! I am not quite clear as to what a pariah is, but I was everything that it sounds like. I had no friends, no amusements, no enjoyment of life. The happiness of my family had been sacrificed. I was a bee, sucking sordid honey from life's fairest flowers, dreaded and shunned on account of my stingo.

One day a man spoke to me, with a pleasant and friendly smile. Not in months had the thing happened. I was passing the undertaking establishment of Peter

Heffelbower. Peter stood in the door and saluted me. I stopped, strangely wrung in my heart by his greeting. He asked me inside.

The day was chill and rainy. We went into the back room, where a fire burned, in a little stove. A customer came, and Peter left me alone for a while. Presently I felt a new feeling stealing over me -a sense of beautiful calm and content, I looked around the place.

There were rows of shining rosewood caskets, black palls, trestles, hearse plumes, mourning streamers, and all the paraphernalia of the solemn trade. Here was peace, order, silence, the abode of grave and dignified reflections. Here, on the brink of life, was a little niche pervaded by the spirit of eternal rest.

When I entered it, the follies of the world abandoned me at the door.

I felt no inclination to wrest a humorous idea from those sombre and stately trappings. My mind seemed to stretch itself to grateful repose upon a couch draped with gentle thoughts.

A quarter of an hour ago I was an abandoned humorist. Now I was a philosopher, full of serenity and ease. I had found a refuge from humor, from the hot chase of the shy quip, from the degrading pursuit of the panting joke, from the restless reach after the nimble repartee.

I had not known Heffelbower well. When he came back, I let him talk, fearful that he might prove to be a jarring note in the sweet, dirgelike harmony of his establishment.

But, no. He chimed truly. I gave a long sigh of happiness. Never have I known a man's talk to be as magnificently dull as Peter's was. Compared with it the Dead Sea is a geyser. Never a sparkle or a glimmer of wit marred his words. Commonplaces as trite and as plentiful as blackberries flowed from his lips no more stirring in quality than a last week's tape running from a ticker. Quaking a little, I tried upon him one of my best pointed jokes. It fell back ineffectual, with the point broken. I loved that man from then on.

Two or three evenings each week I would steal down to Heffelbower's and revel in his back room. That was my only joy. I began to rise early and hurry through

my work, that I might spend more time in my haven. In no other place could I throw off my habit of extracting humorous ideas from my surroundings. Peter's talk left me no opening had I besieged it ever so hard.

Under this influence I began to improve in spirits. It was the recreation from one's labor which every man needs. I surprised one or two of my former friends by throwing them a smile and a cheery word as I passed them on the streets. Several times I dumfounded my family by relaxing long enough to make a jocose remark in their presence.

I had so long been ridden by the incubus of humor that I seized my hours of holiday with a schoolboy's zest.

My work began to suffer. It was not the pain and burden to me that it had been. I often whistled at my desk, and wrote with far more fluency than before. I accomplished my tasks impatiently, as anxious to be off to my helpful retreat as a drunkard is to get to his tavern.

My wife had some anxious hours in conjecturing where I spent my afternoons. I thought it best not to tell her; women do not understand these things. Poor girl!-- she had one shock out of it.

One day I brought home a silver coffin handle for a paper weight and a fine, fluffy hearse plume to dust my papers with.

I loved to see them on my desk, and think of the beloved back room down at Heffelbower's. But Louisa found them, and she shrieked with horror. I had to console her with some lame excuse for having them, but I saw in her eyes that the prejudice was not removed. I had to remove the articles, though, at double-quick time.

One day Peter Heffelbower laid before me a temptation that swept me off my feet. In his sensible, uninspired way he showed me his books, and explained that his profits and his business were increasing rapidly. He had thought of taking in a partner with some cash. He would rather have me than any one he knew. When I left his place that afternoon Peter had my check for the thousand dollars I had in the bank, and I was a partner in his undertaking business.

I went home with feelings of delirious joy, mingled with a certain amount of doubt. I was dreading to tell my wife about it. But I walked on air. To give up the writing of humorous stuff, once more to enjoy the apples of life, instead of squeezing them to a pulp for a few drops of hard cider to make the public feel funny--what a boon that would be!

At the supper table Louisa handed me some letters that had come during my absence. Several of them contained rejected manuscript. Ever since I first began going to Heffelbower's my stuff had been coming back with alarming frequency. Lately I had been dashing off my jokes and articles with the greatest fluency. Previously I had labored like a bricklayer, slowly and with agony.

Presently I opened a letter from the editor of the weekly with which I had a regular contract. The checks for that weekly article were still our main dependence. The letter ran thus:

DEAR SIR:

As you are aware, our contract for the year expires with the present month. While regretting the necessity for so doing, we must say that we do not care to renew same for the coming year. We were quite pleased with your style of humor, which seems to have delighted quite a large proportion of our readers. But for the past two months we have noticed a decided falling off in its quality. Your earlier work showed a spontaneous, easy, natural flow of fun and wit. Of late it is labored, studied, and unconvincing, giving painful evidence of hard toil and drudging mechanism.

Again regretting that we do not consider your contributions available any longer, we are, yours sincerely,

THE EDITOR.

I handed this letter to my wife. After she had read it her face grew extremely long, and there were tears in her eyes.

"The mean old thing!" she exclaimed indignantly. "I'm sure your pieces are just as good as they ever were. And it doesn't take you half as long to write them as it did." And then, I suppose, Louisa thought of the checks that would cease coming. "Oh, John," she wailed, "what will you do now?"

For an answer I got up and began to do a polka step around the supper table. I am sure Louisa thought the trouble had driven me mad; and I think the children hoped it had, for they tore after me, yelling with glee and emulating my steps. I was now something like their old playmate as of yore.

"The theatre for us to-night!" I shouted; "nothing less. And a late, wild, disreputable supper for all of us at the Palace Restaurant. Lumpty-diddle-de-dee-de-dum!"

And then I explained my glee by declaring that I was now a partner in a prosperous undertaking establishment, and that written jokes might go hide their heads in sackcloth and ashes for all me.

With the editor's letter in her hand to justify the deed I had done, my wife could advance no objections save a few mild ones based on the feminine inability to appreciate a good thing such as the little back room of Peter Hef--no, of Heffelbower & Co's. undertaking establishment.

In conclusion, I will say that to-day you will find no man in our town as well liked, as jovial, and full of merry sayings as I. My jokes are again noised about and quoted; once more I take pleasure in my wife's confidential chatter without a mercenary thought, while Guy and Viola play at my feet distributing gems of childish humor without fear of the ghastly tormentor who used to dog their steps, notebook in hand.

Our business has prospered finely. I keep the books and look after the shop, while Peter attends to outside matters. He says that my levity and high spirits would simply turn any funeral into a regular Irish wake.

3. "The Music of Erich Zann" by Howard Phillips Lovecraft

I have examined maps of the city with the greatest care, yet have never again found the Rue d'Auseil. These maps have not been modern maps alone, for I know that names change. I have, on the contrary, delved deeply into all the antiquities of the place, and have personally explored every region, of whatever name, which could possibly answer to the street I knew as the Rue d'Auseil. But despite all I have done, it remains an humiliating fact that I cannot find the house, the street, or even the locality, where, during the last months of my impoverished life as a student of metaphysics at the university, I heard the music of Erich Zann.

That my memory is broken, I do not wonder; for my health, physical and mental, was gravely disturbed throughout the period of my residence in the Rue d'Auseil, and I recall that I took none of my few acquaintances there. But that I cannot find the place again is both singular and perplexing; for it was within a half-hour's walk of the university and was distinguished by peculiarities which could hardly be forgotten by any one who had been there. I have never met a person who has seen the Rue d'Auseil.

The Rue d'Auseil lay across a dark river bordered by precipitous brick blear-windowed warehouses and spanned by a ponderous bridge of dark stone. It was always shadowy along that river, as if the smoke of neighboring factories shut out the sun perpetually. The river was also odorous with evil stench which I have never smelled elsewhere, and which may some day help me to find it, since I should recognize them at once. Beyond the bridge were narrow cobbled streets with rails; and then came the ascent, at first gradual, but incredibly steep as the Rue d'Auseil was reached.

I have never seen another street as narrow and steep as the Rue d'Auseil. It was almost a cliff, closed to all vehicles, consisting in several places of flights of steps, and ending at the top in a lofty ivied wall. Its paving was irregular, sometimes stone slabs, sometimes cobblestones, and sometimes bare earth with struggling greenish-grey vegetation. The houses were tall, peaked-roofed, incredibly old, and

crazily leaning backward, forward, and sidewise. Occasionally an opposite pair, both leaning forward, almost met across the street like an arch; and certainly they kept most of the light from the ground below. There were a few overhead bridges from house to house across the street.

The inhabitants of that street impressed me peculiarly; At first I thought it was because they were all silent and reticent; but later decided it was because they were all very old. I do not know how I came to live on such a street, but I was not myself when I moved there. I had been living in many poor places, always evicted for want of money; until at last I came upon that tottering house in the Rue d'Auseil kept by the paralytic Blandot. It was the third house from the top of the street, and by far the tallest of them all.

My room was on the fifth story; the only inhabited room there, since the house was almost empty. On the night I arrived I heard strange music from the peaked garret overhead, and the next day asked old Blandot about it. He told me it was an old German viol-player, a strange dumb man who signed his name as Erich Zann, and who played evenings in a cheap theater orchestra; adding that Zann's desire to play in the night after his return from the theater was the reason he had chosen this lofty and isolated garret room, whose single gable window was the only point on the street from which one could look over the terminating wall at the declivity and panorama beyond.

Thereafter I heard Zann every night, and although he kept me awake, I was haunted by the weirdness of his music. Knowing little of the art myself, I was yet certain that none of his harmonies had any relation to music I had heard before; and concluded that he was a composer of highly original genius. The longer I listened, the more I was fascinated, until after a week I resolved to make the old man's acquaintance.

One night as he was returning from his work, I intercepted Zann in the hallway and told him that I would like to know him and be with him when he played. He was a small, lean, bent person, with shabby clothes, blue eyes, grotesque, satyrlike face, and nearly bald head; and at my first words seemed both angered and

frightened. My obvious friendliness, however, finally melted him; and he grudgingly motioned to me to follow him up the dark, creaking and rickety attic stairs. His room, one of only two in the steeply pitched garret, was on the west side, toward the high wall that formed the upper end of the street. Its size was very great, and seemed the greater because of its extraordinary barrenness and neglect. Of furniture there was only a narrow iron bedstead, a dingy wash-stand, a small table, a large bookcase, an iron music-rack, and three old-fashioned chairs. Sheets of music were piled in disorder about the floor. The walls were of bare boards, and had probably never known plaster; whilst the abundance of dust and cobwebs made the place seem more deserted than inhabited. Evidently Erich Zann's world of beauty lay in some far cosmos of the imagination.

Motioning me to sit down, the dumb man closed the door, turned the large wooden bolt, and lighted a candle to augment the one he had brought with him. He now removed his viol from its moth-eaten covering, and taking it, seated himself in the least uncomfortable of the chairs. He did not employ the music-rack, but, offering no choice and playing from memory, enchanted me for over an hour with strains I had never heard before; strains which must have been of his own devising. To describe their exact nature is impossible for one unversed in music. They were a kind of fugue, with recurrent passages of the most captivating quality, but to me were notable for the absence of any of the weird notes I had overheard from my room below on other occasions.

Those haunting notes I had remembered, and had often hummed and whistled inaccurately to myself, so when the player at length laid down his bow I asked him if he would render some of them. As I began my request the wrinkled satyrlike face lost the bored placidity it had possessed during the playing, and seemed to show the same curious mixture of anger and fright which I had noticed when first I accosted the old man. For a moment I was inclined to use persuasion, regarding rather lightly the whims of senility; and even tried to awaken my host's weirder mood by whistling a few of the strains to which I had listened the night before. But I did not pursue this course for more than a moment; for when the dumb musician

recognized the whistled air his face grew suddenly distorted with an expression wholly beyond analysis, and his long, cold, bony right hand reached out to stop my mouth and silence the crude imitation. As he did this he further demonstrated his eccentricity by casting a startled glance toward the lone curtained window, as if fearful of some intruder—a glance doubly absurd, since the garret stood high and inaccessible above all the adjacent roofs, this window being the only point on the steep street, as the concierge had told me, from which one could see over the wall at the summit.

The old man's glance brought Blandot's remark to my mind, and with a certain capriciousness I felt a wish to look out over the wide and dizzying panorama of moonlit roofs and city lights beyond the hilltop, which of all the dwellers in the Rue d'Auseil only this crabbed musician could see. I moved toward the window and would have drawn aside the nondescript curtains, when with a frightened rage even greater than before, the dumb lodger was upon me again; this time motioning with his head toward the door as he nervously strove to drag me thither with both hands. Now thoroughly disgusted with my host, I ordered him to release me, and told him I would go at once. His clutch relaxed, and as he saw my disgust and offense, his own anger seemed to subside. He tightened his relaxing grip, but this time in a friendly manner, forcing me into a chair; then with an appearance of wistfulness crossing to the littered table, where he wrote many words with a pencil, in the labored French of a foreigner. The note which he finally handed me was an appeal for tolerance and forgiveness. Zann said that he was old, lonely, and afflicted with strange fears and nervous disorders connected with his music and with other things. He had enjoyed my listening to his music, and wished I would come again and not mind his eccentricities. But he could not play to another his weird harmonies, and could not bear hearing them from another; nor could he bear having anything in his room touched by another. He had not known until our hallway conversation that I could overhear his playing in my room, and now asked me if I would arrange with Blandot to take a lower room where I could not hear him in the night. He would, he wrote, defray the difference in rent.

As I sat deciphering the execrable French, I felt more lenient toward the old man. He was a victim of physical and nervous suffering, as was I; and my metaphysical studies had taught me kindness. In the silence there came a slight sound from the window—the shutter must have rattled in the night wind, and for some reason I started almost as violently as did Erich Zann. So when I had finished reading, I shook my host by the hand, and departed as a friend.

The next day Blandot gave me a more expensive room on the third floor, between the apartments of an aged money-lender and the room of a respectable upholsterer. There was no one on the fourth floor.

It was not long before I found that Zann's eagerness for my company was not as great as it had seemed while he was persuading me to move down from the fifth story. He did not ask me to call on him, and when I did call he appeared uneasy and played listlessly. This was always at night—in the day he slept and would admit no one. My liking for him did not grow, though the attic room and the weird music seemed to hold an odd fascination for me. I had a curious desire to look out of that window, over the wall and down the unseen slope at the glittering roofs and spires which must lie outspread there. Once I went up to the garret during theater hours, when Zann was away, but the door was locked.

What I did succeed in doing was to overhear the nocturnal playing of the dumb old man. At first I would tip-toe up to my old fifth floor, then I grew bold enough to climb the last creaking staircase to the peaked garret. There in the narrow hall, outside the bolted door with the covered keyhole, I often heard sounds which filled me with an indefinable dread—the dread of vague wonder and brooding mystery. It was not that the sounds were hideous, for they were not; but that they held vibrations suggesting nothing on this globe of earth, and that at certain intervals they assumed a symphonic quality which I could hardly conceive as produced by one player. Certainly, Erich Zann was a genius of wild power. As the weeks passed, the playing grew wilder, whilst the old musician acquired an increasing haggardness and furtiveness pitiful to behold. He now refused to admit me at any time, and shunned me whenever we met on the stairs.

Then one night as I listened at the door, I heard the shrieking viol swell into a chaotic Babel of sound; a pandemonium which would have led me to doubt my own shaking sanity had there not come from behind that barred portal a piteous proof that the horror was real—the awful, inarticulate cry which only a mute can utter, and which rises only in moments of the most terrible fear or anguish. I knocked repeatedly at the door, but received no response. Afterward I waited in the black hallway, shivering with cold and fear, till I heard the poor musician's feeble effort to rise from the floor by the aid of a chair. Believing him just conscious after a fainting fit, I renewed my rapping, at the same time calling out my name reassuringly. I heard Zann stumble to the window and close both shutter and sash, then stumble to the door, which he falteringly unfastened to admit me. This time his delight at having me present was real; for his distorted face gleamed with relief while he clutched at my coat as a child clutches at its mother's skirts.

Shaking pathetically, the old man forced me into a chair whilst he sank into another, beside which his viol and bow lay carelessly on the floor. He sat for some time inactive, nodding oddly, but having a paradoxical suggestion of intense and frightened listening. Subsequently he seemed to be satisfied, and crossing to a chair by the table wrote a brief note, handed it to me, and returned to the table, where he began to write rapidly and incessantly. The note implored me in the name of mercy, and for the sake of my own curiosity, to wait where I was while he prepared a full account in German of all the marvels and terrors which beset him. I waited, and the dumb man's pencil flew.

It was perhaps an hour later, while I still waited and while the old musician's feverishly written sheets still continued to pile up, that I saw Zann start as from the hint of a horrible shock. Unmistakably he was looking at the curtained window and listening shudderingly. Then I half fancied I heard a sound myself; though it was not a horrible sound, but rather an exquisitely low and infinitely distant musical note, suggesting a player in one of the neighboring houses, or in some abode beyond the lofty wall over which I had never been able to look. Upon Zann the effect was terrible, for, dropping his pencil, suddenly he rose, seized his viol, and

commenced to rend the night with the wildest playing I had ever heard from his bow save when listening at the barred door.

It would be useless to describe the playing of Erich Zann on that dreadful night. It was more horrible than anything I had ever overheard, because I could now see the expression of his face, and could realize that this time the motive was stark fear. He was trying to make a noise; to ward something off or drown something out—what, I could not imagine, awesome though I felt it must be. The playing grew fantastic, heinous, and hysterical, yet kept to the last the qualities of supreme genius which I knew this strange old man possessed. I recognized the air—it was a wild Hungarian dance popular in the theaters, and I reflected for a moment that this was the first time I had ever heard Zann play the work of another composer.

Louder and louder, wilder and wilder, mounted the shrieking and whining of that desperate viol. The player was dripping with an uncanny perspiration and twisted like a monkey, always looking frantically at the curtained window. In his frenzied strains I could almost see shadowy satyrs and bacchanals dancing and whirling insanely through seething abysses of clouds and smoke and lightning. And then I thought I heard a shriller, steadier note that was not from the viol; a calm, deliberate, purposeful, mocking note from far away in the West.

At this juncture the shutter began to rattle in a howling night wind which had sprung up outside as if in answer to the mad playing within. Zann's screaming viol now outdid itself emitting sounds I had never thought a viol could emit. The shutter rattled more loudly, unfastened, and commenced slamming against the window. Then the glass broke shiveringly under the persistent impacts, and the chill wind rushed in, making the candles sputter and rustling the sheets of paper on the table where Zann had begun to write out his horrible secret. I looked at Zann, and saw that he was past conscious observation. His blue eyes were bulging, glassy and sightless, and the frantic playing had become a blind, mechanical, unrecognizable orgy that no pen could even suggest.

A sudden gust, stronger than the others, caught up the manuscript and bore it toward the window. I followed the flying sheets in desperation, but they were gone

before I reached the demolished panes. Then I remembered my old wish to gaze from this window, the only window in the Rue d'Auseil from which one might see the slope beyond the wall, and the city outspread beneath. It was very dark, but the city's lights always burned, and I expected to see them there amidst the rain and wind. Yet when I looked from that highest of all gable windows, looked while the candles sputtered and the insane viol howled with the night-wind, I saw no city spread below, and no friendly lights gleamed from remembered streets, but only the blackness of space illimitable; unimagined space alive with motion and music, and having no semblance of anything on earth. And as I stood there looking in terror, the wind blew out both the candles in that ancient peaked garret, leaving me in savage and impenetrable darkness with chaos and pandemonium before me, and the demon madness of that night-baying viol behind me.

I staggered back in the dark, without the means of striking a light, crashing against the table, overturning a chair, and finally groping my way to the place where the blackness screamed with shocking music. To save myself and Erich Zann I could at least try, whatever the powers opposed to me. Once I thought some chill thing brushed me, and I screamed, but my scream could not be heard above that hideous viol. Suddenly out of the blackness the madly sawing bow struck me, and I knew I was close to the player. I felt ahead, touched the back of Zann's chair, and then found and shook his shoulder in an effort to bring him to his senses.

He did not respond, and still the viol shrieked on without slackening. I moved my hand to his head, whose mechanical nodding I was able to stop, and shouted in his ear that we must both flee from the unknown things of the night. But he neither answered me nor abated the frenzy of his unutterable music, while all through the garret strange currents of wind seemed to dance in the darkness and Babel. When my hand touched his ear I shuddered, though I knew not why—knew not why till I felt the still face; the ice-cold, stiffened, unbreathing face whose glassy eyes bulged uselessly into the void. And then, by some miracle, finding the door and the large wooden bolt, I plunged wildly away from that glassy-eyed thing in the dark,

and from the ghoulish howling of that accursed viol whose fury increased even as I plunged.

Leaping, floating, flying down those endless stairs through the dark house; racing mindlessly out into the narrow, steep, and ancient street of steps and tottering houses; clattering down steps and over cobbles to the lower streets and the putrid canyon-walled river; panting across the great dark bridge to the broader, healthier streets and boulevards we know; all these are terrible impressions that linger with me. And I recall that there was no wind, and that the moon was out, and that all the lights of the city twinkled.

Despite my most careful searches and investigations, I have never since been able to find the Rue d'Auseil. But I am not wholly sorry; either for this or for the loss in undreamable abysses of the closely-written sheets which alone could have explained the music of Erich Zann.

4. "The Ransom of Red Chief" by O' Henry

It looked like a good thing: but wait till I tell you. We were down South, in Alabama--Bill Driscoll and myself--when this kidnapping idea struck us. It was, as Bill afterward expressed it, "during a moment of temporary mental apparition"; but we didn't find that out till later.

There was a town down there, as flat as a flannel-cake, and called Summit, of course. It contained inhabitants of as undeleterious and self-satisfied a class of peasantry as ever clustered around a Maypole.

Bill and me had a joint capital of about six hundred dollars, and we needed just two thousand dollars more to pull off a fraudulent town-lot scheme in Western Illinois with. We talked it over on the front steps of the hotel. Philoprogenitiveness, says we, is strong in semi-rural communities; therefore and for other reasons, a kidnapping project ought to do better there than in the radius of newspapers that send reporters out in plain clothes to stir up talk about such things. We knew that Summit couldn't get after us with anything stronger than constables and maybe

some lackadaisical bloodhounds and a diatribe or two in the "Weekly Farmers' Budget". So, it looked good.

We selected for our victim the only child of a prominent citizen named Ebenezer Dorset. The father was respectable and tight, a mortgage fancier and a stern, upright collection-plate passer and forecloser. The kid was a boy of ten, with bas-relief freckles, and hair the colour of the cover of the magazine you buy at the news-stand when you want to catch a train. Bill and me figured that Ebenezer would melt down for a ransom of two thousand dollars to a cent. But wait till I tell you.

About two miles from Summit was a little mountain, covered with a dense cedar brake. On the rear elevation of this mountain was a cave.

There we stored provisions. One evening after sundown, we drove in a buggy past old Dorset's house. The kid was in the street, throwing rocks at a kitten on the opposite fence.

"Hey, little boy!" says Bill, "would you like to have a bag of candy and a nice ride?"

The boy catches Bill neatly in the eye with a piece of brick.

"That will cost the old man an extra five hundred dollars," says Bill, climbing over the wheel.

That boy put up a fight like a welter-weight cinnamon bear; but, at last, we got him down in the bottom of the buggy and drove away. We took him up to the cave and I hitched the horse in the cedar brake. After dark I drove the buggy to the little village, three miles away, where we had hired it, and walked back to the mountain.

Bill was pasting court-plaster over the scratches and bruises on his features. There was a fire burning behind the big rock at the entrance of the cave, and the boy was watching a pot of boiling coffee, with two buzzard tail-feathers stuck in his red hair. He points a stick at me when I come up, and says:

"Ha! cursed paleface, do you dare to enter the camp of Red Chief, the terror of the plains?"

"He's all right now," says Bill, rolling up his trousers and examining some bruises on his shins. "We're playing Indian. We're making Buffalo Bill's show look like magic-lantern views of Palestine in the town hall. I'm Old Hank, the Trapper, Red Chief's captive, and I'm to be scalped at daybreak. By Geronimo! that kid can kick hard."

Yes, sir, that boy seemed to be having the time of his life. The fun of camping out in a cave had made him forget that he was a captive himself. He immediately christened me Snake-eye, the Spy, and announced that, when his braves returned from the warpath, I was to be broiled at the stake at the rising of the sun.

Then we had supper; and he filled his mouth full of bacon and bread and gravy, and began to talk. He made a during-dinner speech something like this:

"I like this fine. I never camped out before; but I had a pet 'possum once, and I was nine last birthday. I hate to go to school. Rats ate up sixteen of Jimmy Talbot's aunt's speckled hen's eggs. Are there any real Indians in these woods? I want some more gravy. Does the trees moving make the wind blow? We had five puppies. What makes your nose so red, Hank? My father has lots of money. Are the stars hot? I whipped Ed Walker twice, Saturday. I don't like girls. You dassent catch toads unless with a string. Do oxen make any noise? Why are oranges round? Have you got beds to sleep on in this cave? Amos Murray has got six toes. A parrot can talk, but a monkey or a fish can't. How many does it take to make twelve?"

Every few minutes he would remember that he was a pesky redskin, and pick up his stick rifle and tiptoe to the mouth of the cave to rubber for the scouts of the hated paleface. Now and then he would let out a war-whoop that made Old Hank the Trapper shiver. That boy had Bill terrorized from the start.

"Red Chief," says I to the kid, "would you like to go home?"

"Aw, what for?" says he. "I don't have any fun at home. I hate to go to school. I like to camp out. You won't take me back home again, Snake-eye, will you?"

"Not right away," says I. "We'll stay here in the cave a while."

"All right!" says he. "That'll be fine. I never had such fun in all my life."

We went to bed about eleven o'clock. We spread down some wide blankets and quilts and put Red Chief between us. We weren't afraid he'd run away. He kept us awake for three hours, jumping up and reaching for his rifle and screeching: "Hist! pard," in mine and Bill's ears, as the fancied crackle of a twig or the rustle of a leaf revealed to his young imagination the stealthy approach of the outlaw band. At last, I fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamed that I had been kidnapped and chained to a tree by a ferocious pirate with red hair.

Just at daybreak, I was awakened by a series of awful screams from Bill. They weren't yells, or howls, or shouts, or whoops, or yawps, such as you'd expect from a manly set of vocal organs--they were simply indecent, terrifying, humiliating screams, such as women emit when they see ghosts or caterpillars. It's an awful thing to hear a strong, desperate, fat man scream incontinently in a cave at daybreak.

I jumped up to see what the matter was. Red Chief was sitting on Bill's chest, with one hand twined in Bill's hair. In the other he had the sharp case-knife we used for slicing bacon; and he was industriously and realistically trying to take Bill's scalp, according to the sentence that had been pronounced upon him the evening before.

I got the knife away from the kid and made him lie down again. But, from that moment, Bill's spirit was broken. He laid down on his side of the bed, but he never closed an eye again in sleep as long as that boy was with us. I dozed off for a while, but along toward sun-up I remembered that Red Chief had said I was to be burned at the stake at the rising of the sun. I wasn't nervous or afraid; but I sat up and lit my pipe and leaned against a rock.

"What you getting up so soon for, Sam?" asked Bill.

"Me?" says I. "Oh, I got a kind of a pain in my shoulder. I thought sitting up would rest it."

"You're a liar!" says Bill. "You're afraid. You was to be burned at sunrise, and you was afraid he'd do it. And he would, too, if he could find a match. Ain't it

awful, Sam? Do you think anybody will pay out money to get a little imp like that back home?"

"Sure," said I. "A rowdy kid like that is just the kind that parents dote on. Now, you and the Chief get up and cook breakfast, while I go up on the top of this mountain and reconnoitre."

I went up on the peak of the little mountain and ran my eye over the contiguous vicinity. Over toward Summit I expected to see the sturdy yeomanry of the village armed with scythes and pitchforks beating the countryside for the dastardly kidnappers. But what I saw was a peaceful landscape dotted with one man ploughing with a dun mule.

Nobody was dragging the creek; no couriers dashed hither and yon, bringing tidings of no news to the distracted parents. There was a sylvan attitude of somnolent sleepiness pervading that section of the external outward surface of Alabama that lay exposed to my view.

"Perhaps," says I to myself, "it has not yet been discovered that the wolves have borne away the tender lambkin from the fold. Heaven help the wolves!" says I, and I went down the mountain to breakfast.

When I got to the cave I found Bill backed up against the side of it, breathing hard, and the boy threatening to smash him with a rock half as big as a cocoanut.

"He put a red-hot boiled potato down my back," explained Bill, "and then mashed it with his foot; and I boxed his ears. Have you got a gun about you, Sam?"

I took the rock away from the boy and kind of patched up the argument. "I'll fix you," says the kid to Bill. "No man ever yet struck the Red Chief but what he got paid for it. You better beware!"

After breakfast the kid takes a piece of leather with strings wrapped around it out of his pocket and goes outside the cave unwinding it.

"What's he up to now?" says Bill, anxiously. "You don't think he'll run away, do you, Sam?"

"No fear of it," says I. "He doesn't seem to be much of a home body. But we've got to fix up some plan about the ransom. There don't seem to be much excitement

around Summit on account of his disappearance; but maybe they haven't realized yet that he's gone. His folks may think he's spending the night with Aunt Jane or one of the neighbours.

Anyhow, he'll be missed to-day. To-night we must get a message to his father demanding the two thousand dollars for his return."

Just then we heard a kind Of war-whoop, such as David might have emitted when he knocked out the champion Goliath. It was a sling that Red Chief had pulled out of his pocket, and he was whirling it around his head.

I dodged, and heard a heavy thud and a kind of a sigh from Bill, like a horse gives out when you take his saddle off. A niggerhead rock the size of an egg had caught Bill just behind his left ear. He loosened himself all over and fell in the fire across the frying pan of hot water for washing the dishes. I dragged him out and poured cold water on his head for half an hour.

By and by, Bill sits up and feels behind his ear and says: "Sam, do you know who my favourite Biblical character is?"

"Take it easy," says I. "You'll come to your senses presently."

"King Herod," says he. "You won't go away and leave me here alone, will you, Sam?"

I went out and caught that boy and shook him until his freckles rattled.

"If you don't behave," says I, "I'll take you straight home. Now, are you going to be good, or not?"

"I was only funning," says he sullenly. "I didn't mean to hurt Old Hank. But what did he hit me for? I'll behave, Snake-eye, if you won't send me home, and if you'll let me play the Black Scout to-day."

"I don't know the game," says I. "That's for you and Mr. Bill to decide. He's your playmate for the day. I'm going away for a while, on business. Now, you come in and make friends with him and say you are sorry for hurting him, or home you go, at once."

I made him and Bill shake hands, and then I took Bill aside and told him I was going to Poplar Cove, a little village three miles from the cave, and find out what I

could about how the kidnapping had been regarded in Summit. Also, I thought it best to send a peremptory letter to old man Dorset that day, demanding the ransom and dictating how it should be paid.

"You know, Sam," says Bill, "I've stood by you without batting an eye in earthquakes, fire and flood--in poker games, dynamite outrages, police raids, train robberies and cyclones. I never lost my nerve yet till we kidnapped that two-legged skyrocket of a kid. He's got me going. You won't leave me long with him, will you, Sam?"

"I'll be back some time this afternoon," says I. "You must keep the boy amused and quiet till I return. And now we'll write the letter to old Dorset."

Bill and I got paper and pencil and worked on the letter while Red Chief, with a blanket wrapped around him, strutted up and down, guarding the mouth of the cave. Bill begged me tearfully to make the ransom fifteen hundred dollars instead of two thousand. "I ain't attempting," says he, "to decry the celebrated moral aspect of parental affection, but we're dealing with humans, and it ain't human for anybody to give up two thousand dollars for that forty-pound chunk of freckled wildcat. I'm willing to take a chance at fifteen hundred dollars. You can charge the difference up to me."

So, to relieve Bill, I acceded, and we collaborated a letter that ran this way:

Ebenezer Dorset, Esq.:

We have your boy concealed in a place far from Summit. It is useless for you or the most skilful detectives to attempt to find him.

Absolutely, the only terms on which you can have him restored to you are these: We demand fifteen hundred dollars in large bills for his return; the money to be left at midnight to-night at the same spot and in the same box as your reply--as hereinafter described. If you agree to these terms, send your answer in writing by a solitary messenger to-night at half-past eight o'clock. After crossing Owl Creek, on the road to Poplar Cove, there are three large trees about a hundred yards apart,

close to the fence of the wheat field on the right-hand side. At the bottom of the fence-post, opposite the third tree, will be found a small pasteboard box.

The messenger will place the answer in this box and return immediately to Summit.

If you attempt any treachery or fail to comply with our demand as stated, you will never see your boy again.

If you pay the money as demanded, he will be returned to you safe and well within three hours. These terms are final, and if you do not accede to them no further communication will be attempted.

TWO DESPERATE MEN.

I addressed this letter to Dorset, and put it in my pocket. As I was about to start, the kid comes up to me and says:

"Aw, Snake-eye, you said I could play the Black Scout while you was gone."

"Play it, of course," says I. "Mr. Bill will play with you. What kind of a game is it?"

"I'm the Black Scout," says Red Chief, "and I have to ride to the stockade to warn the settlers that the Indians are coming. I'm tired of playing Indian myself. I want to be the Black Scout."

"All right," says I. "It sounds harmless to me. I guess Mr. Bill will help you foil the pesky savages."

"What am I to do?" asks Bill, looking at the kid suspiciously.

"You are the hoss," says Black Scout. "Get down on your hands and knees. How can I ride to the stockade without a hoss?"

"You'd better keep him interested," said I, "till we get the scheme going. Loosen up."

Bill gets down on his all fours, and a look comes in his eye like a rabbit's when you catch it in a trap.

"How far is it to the stockade, kid?" he asks, in a husky manner of voice.

"Ninety miles," says the Black Scout. "And you have to hump yourself to get there on time. Whoa, now!"

The Black Scout jumps on Bill's back and digs his heels in his side.

"For Heaven's sake," says Bill, "hurry back, Sam, as soon as you can.

I wish we hadn't made the ransom more than a thousand. Say, you quit kicking me or I'll get up and warm you good."

I walked over to Poplar Cove and sat around the post office and store, talking with the chawbacons that came in to trade. One whiskerando says that he hears Summit is all upset on account of Elder Ebenezer Dorset's boy having been lost or stolen. That was all I wanted to know. I bought some smoking tobacco, referred casually to the price of black-eyed peas, posted my letter surreptitiously and came away. The postmaster said the mail-carrier would come by in an hour to take the mail on to Summit.

When I got back to the cave Bill and the boy were not to be found. I explored the vicinity of the cave, and risked a yodel or two, but there was no response.

So I lighted my pipe and sat down on a mossy bank to await developments.

In about half an hour I heard the bushes rustle, and Bill wobbled out into the little glade in front of the cave. Behind him was the kid, stepping softly like a scout, with a broad grin on his face. Bill stopped, took off his hat and wiped his face with a red handkerchief.

The kid stopped about eight feet behind him.

"Sam," says Bill, "I suppose you'll think I'm a renegade, but I couldn't help it. I'm a grown person with masculine proclivities and habits of self-defense, but there is a time when all systems of egotism and predominance fail. The boy is gone. I have sent him home. All is off. There was martyrs in old times," goes on Bill, "that suffered death rather than give up the particular graft they enjoyed. None of 'em ever was subjugated to such supernatural tortures as I have been. I tried to be faithful to our articles of depredation; but there came a limit."

"What's the trouble, Bill?" I asks him.

"I was rode," says Bill, "the ninety miles to the stockade, not barring an inch. Then, when the settlers was rescued, I was given oats. Sand ain't a palatable substitute. And then, for an hour I had to try to explain to him why there was nothin' in holes, how a road can run both ways and what makes the grass green. I tell you, Sam, a human can only stand so much. I takes him by the neck of his clothes and drags him down the mountain. On the way he kicks my legs black-and-blue from the knees down; and I've got to have two or three bites on my thumb and hand cauterized.

"But he's gone"--continues Bill--"gone home. I showed him the road to Summit and kicked him about eight feet nearer there at one kick. I'm sorry we lose the ransom; but it was either that or Bill Driscoll to the madhouse."

Bill is puffing and blowing, but there is a look of ineffable peace and growing content on his rose-pink features.

"Bill," says I, "there isn't any heart disease in your family, is there?"

"No," says Bill, "nothing chronic except malaria and accidents. Why?"

"Then you might turn around," says I, "and have a look behind you."

Bill turns and sees the boy, and loses his complexion and sits down plump on the round and begins to pluck aimlessly at grass and little sticks. For an hour I was afraid for his mind. And then I told him that my scheme was to put the whole job through immediately and that we would get the ransom and be off with it by midnight if old Dorset fell in with our proposition. So Bill braced up enough to give the kid a weak sort of a smile and a promise to play the Russian in a Japanese war with him as soon as he felt a little better.

I had a scheme for collecting that ransom without danger of being caught by counterplots that ought to commend itself to professional kidnappers. The tree under which the answer was to be left--and the money later on--was close to the road fence with big, bare fields on all sides. If a gang of constables should be watching for any one to come for the note they could see him a long way off crossing the fields or in the road. But no, sirree! At half-past eight I was up in that tree as well hidden as a tree toad, waiting for the messenger to arrive.

Exactly on time, a half-grown boy rides up the road on a bicycle, locates the pasteboard box at the foot of the fence-post, slips a folded piece of paper into it and pedals away again back toward Summit.

I waited an hour and then concluded the thing was square. I slid down the tree, got the note, slipped along the fence till I struck the woods, and was back at the cave in another half an hour. I opened the note, got near the lantern and read it to Bill. It was written with a pen in a crabbed hand, and the sum and substance of it was this:

To Desperate Men:

Gentlemen: I received your letter to-day by post, in regard to the ransom you ask for the return of my son. I think you are a little high in your demands, and I hereby make you a counter-proposition, which I am inclined to believe you will accept. You bring Johnny home and pay me two hundred and fifty dollars in cash, and I agree to take him off your hands. You had better come at night, for the neighbours believe he is lost, and I couldn't be responsible for what they would do to anybody they saw bringing him back.

Very respectfully,

EBENEZER DORSET.

"Great pirates of Penzance!" says I; "of all the impudent".

But I glanced at Bill, and hesitated. He had the most appealing look in his eyes I ever saw on the face of a dumb or a talking brute.

"Sam," says he, "what's two hundred and fifty dollars, after all? We've got the money. One more night of this kid will send me to a bed in Bedlam. Besides being a thorough gentleman, I think Mr. Dorset is a spendthrift for making us such a liberal offer. You ain't going to let the chance go, are you?"

"Tell you the truth, Bill," says I, "this little he ewe lamb has somewhat got on my nerves too. We'll take him home, pay the ransom and make our get-away."

We took him home that night. We got him to go by telling him that his father had bought a silver-mounted rifle and a pair of moccasins for him, and we were going to hunt bears the next day.

It was just twelve o'clock when we knocked at Ebenezer's front door. Just at the moment when I should have been abstracting the fifteen hundred dollars from the box under the tree, according to the original proposition, Bill was counting out two hundred and fifty dollars into Dorset's hand.

When the kid found out we were going to leave him at home he started up a howl like a calliope and fastened himself as tight as a leech to Bill's leg. His father peeled him away gradually, like a porous plaster.

"How long can you hold him?" asks Bill.

"I'm not as strong as I used to be," says old Dorset, "but I think I can promise you ten minutes."

"Enough," says Bill. "In ten minutes I shall cross the Central, Southern and Middle Western States, and be legging it trippingly for the Canadian border."

And, as dark as it was, and as fat as Bill was, and as good a runner as I am, he was a good mile and a half out of Summit before I could catch up with him.

5. "A Wagner Matinee" by Willa Sibert Cather

I received one morning a letter, written in pale ink on glassy, blue-lined notepaper, and bearing the postmark of a little Nebraska village. This communication, worn and rubbed, looking as though it had been carried for some days in a coat pocket that was none too clean, was from my Uncle Howard and informed me that his wife had been left a small legacy by a bachelor relative who had recently died, and that it would be necessary for her to go to Boston to attend to the settling of the estate. He requested me to meet her at the station and render her whatever services might be necessary. On examining the date indicated as that

of her arrival I found it no later than tomorrow. He had characteristically delayed writing until, had I been away from home for a day, I must have missed the good woman altogether.

The name of my Aunt Georgiana called up not alone her own figure, at once pathetic and grotesque, but opened before my feet a gulf of recollection so wide and deep that, as the letter dropped from my hand, I felt suddenly a stranger to all the present conditions of my existence, wholly ill at ease and out of place amid the familiar surroundings of my study. I became, in short, the gangling farm boy my aunt had known, scourged with chilblains and bashfulness, my hands cracked and sore from the corn husking. I felt the knuckles of my thumb tentatively, as though they were raw again. I sat again before her parlor organ, fumbling the scales with my stiff, red hands, while she, beside me, made canvas mittens for the huskers.

The next morning, after preparing my landlady somewhat, I set out for the station. When the train arrived I had some difficulty in finding my aunt. She was the last of the passengers to alight, and it was not until I got her into the carriage that she seemed really to recognize me. She had come all the way in a day coach; her linen duster had become black with soot, and her black bonnet gray with dust, during the journey. When we arrived at my boardinghouse the landlady put her to bed at once and I did not see her again until the next morning.

Whatever shock Mrs. Springer experienced at my aunt's appearance she considerately concealed. As for myself, I saw my aunt's misshapen figure with that feeling of awe and respect with which we behold explorers who have left their ears and fingers north of Franz Josef Land, or their health somewhere along the Upper Congo. My Aunt Georgiana had been a music teacher at the Boston Conservatory, somewhere back in the latter sixties. One summer, while visiting in the little village among the Green Mountains where her ancestors had dwelt for generations, she had kindled the callow fancy of the most idle and shiftless of all the village lads, and had conceived for this Howard Carpenter one of those extravagant passions which a handsome country boy of twenty-one sometimes inspires in an angular, spectacled woman of thirty. When she returned to her duties in Boston,

Howard followed her, and the upshot of this inexplicable infatuation was that she eloped with him, eluding the reproaches of her family and the criticisms of her friends by going with him to the Nebraska frontier. Carpenter, who, of course, had no money, had taken a homestead in Red Willow County, fifty miles from the railroad. There they had measured off their quarter section themselves by driving across the prairie in a wagon, to the wheel of which they had tied a red cotton handkerchief, and counting off its revolutions. They built a dugout in the red hillside, one of those cave dwellings whose inmates so often reverted to primitive conditions. Their water they got from the lagoons where the buffalo drank, and their slender stock of provisions was always at the mercy of bands of roving Indians. For thirty years my aunt had not been further than fifty miles from the homestead.

But Mrs. Springer knew nothing of all this, and must have been considerably shocked at what was left of my kinswoman. Beneath the soiled linen duster which, on her arrival, was the most conspicuous feature of her costume, she wore a black stuff dress, whose ornamentation showed that she had surrendered herself unquestioningly into the hands of a country dressmaker. My poor aunt's figure, however, would have presented astonishing difficulties to any dressmaker. Originally stooped, her shoulders were now almost bent together over her sunken chest. She wore no stays, and her gown, which trailed unevenly behind, rose in a sort of peak over her abdomen. She wore ill-fitting false teeth, and her skin was as yellow as a Mongolian's from constant exposure to a pitiless wind and to the alkaline water which hardens the most transparent cuticle into a sort of flexible leather.

I owed to this woman most of the good that ever came my way in my boyhood, and had a reverential affection for her. During the years when I was riding herd for my uncle, my aunt, after cooking the three meals--the first of which was ready at six o'clock in the morning--and putting the six children to bed, would often stand until midnight at her ironing board, with me at the kitchen table beside her, hearing me recite Latin declensions and conjugations, gently shaking me when my drowsy

head sank down over a page of irregular verbs. It was to her, at her ironing or mending, that I read my first Shakespeare', and her old textbook on mythology was the first that ever came into my empty hands. She taught me my scales and exercises, too--on the little parlor organ, which her husband had bought her after fifteen years, during which she had not so much as seen any instrument, but an accordion that belonged to one of the Norwegian farmhands. She would sit beside me by the hour, darning and counting while I struggled with the "Joyous Farmer," but she seldom talked to me about music, and I understood why. She was a pious woman; she had the consolations of religion and, to her at least, her martyrdom was not wholly sordid. Once when I had been doggedly beating out some easy passages from an old score of *Euryanthe* I had found among her music books, she came up to me and, putting her hands over my eyes, gently drew my head back upon her shoulder, saying tremulously, "Don't love it so well, Clark, or it may be taken from you. Oh, dear boy, pray that whatever your sacrifice may be, it be not that."

When my aunt appeared on the morning after her arrival she was still in a semi-somnambulant state. She seemed not to realize that she was in the city where she had spent her youth, the place longed for hungrily half a lifetime. She had been so wretchedly train-sick throughout the journey that she had no recollection of anything but her discomfort, and, to all intents and purposes, there were but a few hours of nightmare between the farm in Red Willow County and my study on Newbury Street. I had planned a little pleasure for her that afternoon, to repay her for some of the glorious moments she had given me when we used to milk together in the straw-thatched cowshed and she, because I was more than usually tired, or because her husband had spoken sharply to me, would tell me of the splendid performance of the *Huguenots* she had seen in Paris, in her youth. At two o'clock the Symphony Orchestra was to give a Wagner program, and I intended to take my aunt; though, as I conversed with her I grew doubtful about her enjoyment of it. Indeed, for her own sake, I could only wish her taste for such things quite dead, and the long struggle mercifully ended at last. I suggested our visiting the

Conservatory and the Common before lunch, but she seemed altogether too timid to wish to venture out. She questioned me absently about various changes in the city, but she was chiefly concerned that she had forgotten to leave instructions about feeding half-skimmed milk to a certain weakling calf, "old Maggie's calf, you know, Clark," she explained, evidently having forgotten how long I had been away. She was further troubled because she had neglected to tell her daughter about the freshly opened kit of mackerel in the cellar, which would spoil if it were not used directly.

I asked her whether she had ever heard any of the Wagnerian operas and found that she had not, though she was perfectly familiar with their respective situations, and had once possessed the piano score of *The Flying Dutchman*. I began to think it would have been best to get her back to Red Willow County without waking her, and regretted having suggested the concert.

From the time we entered the concert hall, however, she was a trifle less passive and inert, and for the first time seemed to perceive her surroundings. I had felt some trepidation lest she might become aware of the absurdities of her attire, or might experience some painful embarrassment at stepping suddenly into the world to which she had been dead for a quarter of a century. But, again, I found how superficially I had judged her. She sat looking about her with eyes as impersonal, almost as stony, as those with which the granite Rameses in a museum watches the froth and fret that ebbs and flows about his pedestal-separated from it by the lonely stretch of centuries. I have seen this same aloofness in old miners who drift into the Brown Hotel at Denver, their pockets full of bullion, their linen soiled, their haggard faces unshaven; standing in the thronged corridors as solitary as though they were still in a frozen camp on the Yukon, conscious that certain experiences have isolated them from their fellows by a gulf no haberdasher could bridge.

We sat at the extreme left of the first balcony, facing the arc of our own and the balcony above us, veritable hanging gardens, brilliant as tulip beds. The matinee audience was made up chiefly of women. One lost the contour of faces and figures - indeed, any effect of line whatever-and there was only the color of bodices past

counting, the shimmer of fabrics soft and firm, silky and sheer: red, mauve, pink, blue, lilac, purple, ecru, rose, yellow, cream, and white, all the colors that an impressionist finds in a sunlit landscape, with here and there the dead shadow of a frock coat. My Aunt Georgiana regarded them as though they had been so many daubs of tube-paint on a palette.

When the musicians came out and took their places, she gave a little stir of anticipation and looked with quickening interest down over the rail at that invariable grouping, perhaps the first wholly familiar thing that had greeted her eye since she had left old Maggie and her weakling calf. I could feel how all those details sank into her soul, for I had not forgotten how they had sunk into mine when I came fresh from plowing forever and forever between green aisles of corn, where, as in a treadmill, one might walk from daybreak to dusk without perceiving a shadow of change. The clean profiles of the musicians, the gloss of their linen, the dull black of their coats, the beloved shapes of the instruments, the patches of yellow light thrown by the green-shaded lamps on the smooth, varnished bellies of the cellos and the bass viols in the rear, the restless, wind-tossed forest of fiddle necks and bows-I recalled how, in the first orchestra I had ever heard, those long bow strokes seemed to draw the heart out of me, as a conjurer's stick reels out yards of paper ribbon from a hat.

The first number was the *Tannhauser* overture. When the horns drew out the first strain of the Pilgrim's chorus my Aunt Georgiana clutched my coat sleeve. Then it was I first realized that for her this broke a silence of thirty years; the inconceivable silence of the plains. With the battle between the two motives, with the frenzy of the Venusberg theme and its ripping of strings, there came to me an overwhelming sense of the waste and wear we are so powerless to combat; and I saw again the tall, naked house on the prairie, black and grim as a wooden fortress; the black pond where I had learned to swim, its margin pitted with sun-dried cattle tracks; the rain-gullied clay banks about the naked house, the four dwarf ash seedlings where the dishcloths were always hung to dry before the kitchen door. The world there was the flat world of the ancients; to the east, a cornfield that

stretched to daybreak; to the west, a corral that reached to sunset; between, the conquests of peace, dearer bought than those of war.

The overture closed; my aunt released my coat sleeve, but she said nothing. She sat staring at the orchestra through a dullness of thirty years, through the films made little by little by each of the three hundred and sixty-five days in every one of them. What, I wondered, did she get from it? She had been a good pianist in her day I knew, and her musical education had been broader than that of most music teachers of a quarter of a century ago. She had often told me of Mozart's operas and Meyerbeer's, and I could remember hearing her sing, years ago, certain melodies of Verdi's. When I had fallen ill with a fever in her house she used to sit by my cot in the evening--when the cool, night wind blew in through the faded mosquito netting tacked over the window, and I lay watching a certain bright star that burned red above the cornfield--and sing "Home to our mountains, O, let us return!" in a way fit to break the heart of a Vermont boy near dead of homesickness already.

I watched her closely through the prelude to *Tristan and Isolde*, trying vainly to conjecture what that seething turmoil of strings and winds might mean to her, but she sat mutely staring at the violin bows that drove obliquely downward, like the pelting streaks of rain in a summer shower. Had this music any message for her? Had she enough left to at all comprehend this power which had kindled the world since she had left it? I was in a fever of curiosity, but Aunt Georgiana sat silent upon her peak in Darien. She preserved this utter immobility throughout the number from *The Flying Dutchman*, though her fingers worked mechanically upon her black dress, as though, of themselves, they were recalling the piano score they had once played. Poor old hands! They had been stretched and twisted into mere tentacles to hold and lift and knead with; the palms unduly swollen, the fingers bent and knotted--on one of them a thin, worn band that had once been a wedding ring. As I pressed and gently quieted one of those groping hands I remembered with quivering eyelids their services for me in other days.

Soon after the tenor began the "Prize Song," I heard a quick drawn breath and turned to my aunt. Her eyes were closed, but the tears were glistening on her cheeks, and I think, in a moment more, they were in my eyes as well. It never really died, then-- the soul that can suffer so excruciatingly and so interminably; it withers to the outward eye only; like that strange moss which can lie on a dusty shelf half a century and yet, if placed in water, grows green again. She wept so throughout the development and elaboration of the melody.

During the intermission before the second half of the concert, I questioned my aunt and found that the "Prize Song" was not new to her. Some years before there had drifted to the farm in Red Willow County a young German, a tramp cowpuncher, who had sung the chorus at Bayreuth, when he was a boy, along with the other peasant boys and girls. Of a Sunday morning he used to sit on his gingham-sheeted bed in the hands' bedroom which opened off the kitchen, cleaning the leather of his boots and saddle, singing the "Prize Song," while my aunt went about her work in the kitchen. She had hovered about him until she had prevailed upon him to join the country church, though his sole fitness for this step, insofar as I could gather, lay in his boyish face and his possession of this divine melody. Shortly afterward he had gone to town on the Fourth of July, been drunk for several days, lost his money at a faro table, ridden a saddled Texan steer on a bet, and disappeared with a fractured collarbone. All this my aunt told me huskily, wanderingly, as though she were talking in the weak lapses of illness.

"Well, we have come to better things than the old *Trovatore* at any rate, Aunt Georgie?" I queried, with a well-meant effort at jocularly. Her lip quivered and she hastily put her handkerchief up to her mouth. From behind it she murmured, "And you have been hearing this ever since you left me, Clark?" Her question was the gentlest and saddest of reproaches.

The second half of the program consisted of four numbers from the *Ring*, and closed with Siegfried's funeral march. My aunt wept quietly, but almost continuously, as a shallow vessel overflows in a rainstorm. From time to time her dim eyes looked up at the lights which studded the ceiling, burning softly under

their dull glass globes; doubtless they were stars in truth to her. I was still perplexed as to what measure of musical comprehension was left to her, she who had heard nothing but the singing of gospel hymns at Methodist services in the square frame schoolhouse on Section Thirteen for so many years. I was wholly unable to gauge how much of it had been dissolved in soapsuds, or worked into bread, or milked into the bottom of a pail.

The deluge of sound poured on and on; I never knew what she found in the shining current of it; I never knew how far it bore her, or past what happy islands. From the trembling of her face I could well believe that before the last numbers she had been carried out where the myriad graves are, into the gray, nameless burying grounds of the sea; or into some world of death vaster yet, where, from the beginning of the world, hope has lain down with hope and dream with dream and, renouncing, slept.

The concert was over; the people filed out of the hall chattering and laughing, glad to relax and find the living level again, but my kinswoman made no effort to rise. The harpist slipped its green felt cover over his instrument; the flute players shook the water from their mouthpieces; the men of the orchestra went out one by one, leaving the stage to the chairs and music stands, empty as a winter cornfield.

I spoke to my aunt. She burst into tears and sobbed pleadingly. "I don't want to go, Clark, I don't want to go!"

I understood. For her, just outside the door of the concert hall, lay the black pond with the cattle-tracked bluffs; the tall, unpainted house, with weather-curved boards; naked as a tower, the crook-backed ash seedlings where the dishcloths hung to dry; the gaunt, molting turkeys picking up refuse about the kitchen door.

6. "The Story of an Hour" by Kate Chopin

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves. There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will--as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been. When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under her breath: "free, free, free!" The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body. She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial.

She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome. There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him--sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

"Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. "Louise, open the door! I beg, open the door--you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven's sake open the door."

"Go away. I am not making myself ill." No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window. Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own.

She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Someone was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of the accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

But Richards was too late.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease — of the joy that kills.

7. “THE GOLD-BUG” by Edgar Allan Poe

What ho! what ho! this fellow is dancing mad !

He hath been bitten by the Tarantula.

—All in the Wrong.

MANY years ago, I contracted an intimacy with a Mr. William Legrand. He was of an ancient Huguenot family, and had once been wealthy; but a series of misfortunes had reduced him to want. To avoid the mortification consequent upon his disasters, he left New Orleans, the city of his forefathers, and took up his residence at Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, South Carolina. This Island is a very singular one. It consists of little else than the sea sand, and is about three miles long. Its breadth at no point exceeds a quarter of a mile. It is separated from the main land by a scarcely perceptible creek, oozing its way through a wilderness of reeds and slime, a favorite resort of the marsh hen. The vegetation, as might be

supposed, is scant, or at least dwarfish. no trees of any magnitude are to be seen. Near the western extremity, where Fort Moultrie stands, and where are some miserable frame buildings, tenanted, during summer, by the fugitives from Charleston dust and fever, may be found, indeed, the bristly palmetto; but the whole island, with the exception of this western point, and a line of hard, white beach on the seacoast, is covered with a dense undergrowth of the sweet myrtle, so much prized by the horticulturists of England.

The shrub here often attains the height of fifteen or twenty feet, and forms an almost impenetrable coppice, burthening the air with its fragrance.

In the inmost recesses of this coppice, not far from the eastern or more remote end of the island, Legrand had built himself a small hut, which he occupied when I first, by mere accident, made his acquaintance. This soon ripened into friendship—for there was much in the recluse to excite interest and esteem. I found him well educated, with unusual powers of mind, but infected with misanthropy, and subject to perverse moods of alternate enthusiasm and melancholy.

He had with him many books, but rarely employed them. His chief amusements were gunning and fishing, or sauntering along the beach and through the myrtles, in quest of shells or entomological specimens;—his collection of the latter might have been envied by a Swammerdamm. In these excursions he was usually accompanied by an old negro, called Jupiter, who had been manumitted before the reverses of the family, but who could be induced, neither by threats nor by promises, to abandon what he considered his right of attendance upon the footsteps of his young “Massa Will.” It is not improbable that the relatives of Legrand, conceiving him to be somewhat unsettled in intellect, had contrived to instil this obstinacy into Jupiter, with a view to the supervision and guardianship of the wanderer.

The winters in the latitude of Sullivan's Island are seldom very severe, and in the fall of the year it is a rare event indeed when a fire is considered necessary. About the middle of October, 18-, there occurred, however, a day of remarkable chilliness. Just before sunset I scrambled my way through the evergreens to the hut

of my friend, whom I had not visited for several weeks—my residence being, at that time, in Charleston, a distance of nine miles from the Island, while the facilities of passage and re-passage were very far behind those of the present day. Upon reaching the hut I rapped, as was my custom, and getting no reply, sought for the key where I knew it was secreted, unlocked the door and went in. A fine fire was blazing upon the hearth. It was a novelty, and by no means an ungrateful one. I threw off an overcoat, took an arm-chair by the crackling logs, and awaited patiently the arrival of my hosts.

Soon after dark they arrived, and gave me a most cordial welcome.

Jupiter, grinning from ear to ear, bustled about to prepare some marsh-hens for supper. Legrand was in one of his fits—how else shall I term them?—of enthusiasm. He had found an unknown bivalve, forming a new genus, and, more than this, he had hunted down and secured, with Jupiter's assistance, a scarab^{us} which he believed to be totally new, but in respect to which he wished to have my opinion on the morrow.

“And why not to-night?” I asked, rubbing my hands over the blaze, and wishing the whole tribe of scarabⁱ at the devil.

“Ah, if I had only known you were here!” said Legrand, “but it's so long since I saw you; and how could I foresee that you would pay me a visit this very night of all others? As I was coming home I met Lieutenant G—, from the fort, and, very foolishly, I lent him the bug; so it will be impossible for you to see it until the morning.

Stay here to-night, and I will send Jup down for it at sunrise. It is the loveliest thing in creation!”

“What?—sunrise?”

“Nonsense! no!—the bug. It is of a brilliant gold color—about the size of a large hickory-nut—with two jet black spots near one extremity of the back, and another, somewhat longer, at the other.”

“The antenn[?] Are...”

“Dey aint no tin in him, Massa Will, I keep a tellin on you,” here interrupted Jupiter; “de bug is a goole bug, solid, ebery bit of him, inside and all, sep him wing—neber feel half so hebby a bug in my life.”

“Well, suppose it is, Jup,” replied Legrand, somewhat more earnestly, it seemed to me, than the case demanded, “is that any reason for your letting the birds burn? The color”—here he turned to me—“is really almost enough to warrant Jupiter's idea. You never saw a more brilliant metallic lustre than the scales emit—but of this you cannot judge till tomorrow. In the mean time I can give you some idea of the shape.” Saying this, he seated himself at a small table, on which were a pen and ink, but no paper. He looked for some in a drawer, but found none.

“Never mind,” said he at length, “this will answer;” and he drew from his waistcoat pocket a scrap of what I took to be very dirty foolscap, and made upon it a rough drawing with the pen. While he did this, I retained my seat by the fire, for I was still chilly.

When the design was complete, he handed it to me without rising. As I received it, a loud growl was heard, succeeded by a scratching at the door. Jupiter opened it, and a large Newfoundland, belonging to Legrand, rushed in, leaped upon my shoulders, and loaded me with caresses; for I had shown him much attention during previous visits.

When his gambols were over, I looked at the paper, and, to speak the truth, found myself not a little puzzled at what my friend had depicted.

“Well!” I said, after contemplating it for some minutes, “this is a strange scarab?us, I must confess: new to me: never saw anything like it before—unless it was a skull, or a death's-head—which it more nearly resembles than anything else that has come under my observation.”

“A death's-head!” echoed Legrand “Oh—yes—well, it has something of that appearance upon paper, no doubt. The two upper black spots look like eyes, eh? and the longer one at the bottom like a mouth—and then the shape of the whole is oval.”

“Perhaps so,” said I; “but, Legrand, I fear you are no artist. I must wait until I see the beetle itself, if I am to form any idea of its personal appearance.”

“Well, I don't know,” said he, a little nettled, “I draw tolerably—should do it at least—have had good masters, and flatter myself that I am not quite a blockhead.”

“But, my dear fellow, you are joking then,” said I, “this is a very passable skull—indeed, I may say that it is a very excellent skull, according to the vulgar notions about such specimens of physiology—and your scarab?us must be the queerest scarab?us in the world if it resembles it. Why, we may get up a very thrilling bit of superstition upon this hint. I presume you will call the bug scarabus caput hominis, or something of that kind—there are many similar titles in the Natural Histories. But where are the antenn? you spoke of?”

“The antenn?!” said Legrand, who seemed to be getting unaccountably warm upon the subject; “I am sure you must see the antenn?. I made them as distinct as they are in the original insect, and I presume that is sufficient.”

“Well, well,” I said, “perhaps you have—still I don't see them;” and I handed him the paper without additional remark, not wishing to ruffle his temper; but I was much surprised at the turn affairs had taken; his ill humor puzzled me—and, as for the drawing of the beetle, there were positively no antenn? visible, and the whole did bear a very close resemblance to the ordinary cuts of a death's-head.

He received the paper very peevishly, and was about to crumple it, apparently to throw it in the fire, when a casual glance at the design seemed suddenly to rivet his attention. In an instant his face grew violently red—in another as excessively pale. For some minutes he continued to scrutinize the drawing minutely where he sat. At length he arose, took a candle from the table, and proceeded to seat himself upon a sea-chest in the farthest corner of the room. Here again he made an anxious examination of the paper; turning it in all directions. He said nothing, however, and his conduct greatly astonished me; yet I thought it prudent not to exacerbate the growing moodiness of his temper by any comment. Presently he took from his coat pocket a wallet, placed the paper carefully in it, and deposited both in a writing-desk, which he locked. He now grew more composed in his demeanor; but his

original air of enthusiasm had quite disappeared. Yet he seemed not so much sulky as abstracted. As the evening wore away he became more and more absorbed in reverie, from which no sallies of mine could arouse him. It had been my intention to pass the night at the hut, as I had frequently done before, but, seeing my host in this mood, I deemed it proper to take leave. He did not press me to remain, but, as I departed, he shook my hand with even more than his usual cordiality.

It was about a month after this (and during the interval I had seen nothing of Legrand) when I received a visit, at Charleston, from his man, Jupiter. I had never seen the good old negro look so dispirited, and I feared that some serious disaster had befallen my friend.

“Well, Jup,” said I, “what is the matter now?—how is your master?”

“Why, to speak de troof, massa, him not so berry well as mought be.”

“Not well! I am truly sorry to hear it. What does he complain of?”

“Dar! dat's it!—him neber plain of notin—but him berry sick for all dat.”

“Very sick, Jupiter!—why didn't you say so at once? Is he confined to bed?”

“No, dat he aint!—he aint find nowhar—dat's just whar de shoe pinch—my mind is got to be berry hebbly bout poor Massa Will.”

“Jupiter, I should like to understand what it is you are talking about. You say your master is sick. Hasn't he told you what ails him?”

“Why, massa, taint worf while for to git mad about de matter—Massa Will say noffin at all aint de matter wid him—but den what make him go about looking dis here way, wid he head down and he soldiers up, and as white as a gose? And den he keep a syphon all de time—”

“Keeps a what, Jupiter?”

“Keeps a syphon wid de figgurs on de slate—de queerest figgurs I ebber did see. Ise gittin to be skeered, I tell you. Hab for to keep mighty tight eye pon him noovers. Todder day he gib me slip fore de sun up and was gone de whole ob de blessed day. I had a big stick ready cut for to gib him deuced good beating when he did come—but Ise sich a fool dat I hadn't de heart arter all—he look so berry poorly.”

“Eh?—what?—ah yes!—upon the whole I think you had better not be too severe with the poor fellow—don't flog him, Jupiter—he can't very well stand it—but can you form no idea of what has occasioned this illness, or rather this change of conduct? Has anything unpleasant happened since I saw you?”

“No, massa, dey aint bin noffin unpleasant since den—'twas fore den I'm feared—'twas de berry day you was dare.”

“How? what do you mean?”

“Why, massa, I mean de bug—dare now.”

“The what?”

“De bug,—I'm berry sartain dat Massa Will bin bit somewhere bout de head by dat goole-bug.”

“And what cause have you, Jupiter, for such a supposition?”

“Claws enuff, massa, and mouth too. I nebber did see sick a deuced bug—he kick and he bite ebery ting what cum near him. Massa Will cotch him fuss, but had for to let him go gin mighty quick, I tell you—den was de time he must ha got de bite. I did n't like de look oh de bug mouff, myself, no how, so I would n't take hold ob him wid my finger, but I cotch him wid a piece ob paper dat I found. I rap him up in de paper and stuff piece ob it in he mouff—dat was de way.”

“And you think, then, that your master was really bitten by the beetle, and that the bite made him sick?”

“I do n't tink noffin about it—I nose it. What make him dream bout de goole so much, if taint cause he bit by de goole-bug? Ise heerd bout dem goole-bugs fore dis.”

“But how do you know he dreams about gold?”

“How I know? why cause he talk about it in he sleep—dat's how I nose.”

“Well, Jup, perhaps you are right; but to what fortunate circumstance am I to attribute the honor of a visit from you to-day?”

“What de matter, massa?”

“Did you bring any message from Mr. Legrand?”

“No, massa, I bring dis here pissel;” and here Jupiter handed me a note which ran thus:

MY DEAR.

Why have I not seen you for so long a time? I hope you have not been so foolish as to take offence at any little brusquerie of mine; but no, that is improbable. Since I saw you I have had great cause for anxiety. I have something to tell you, yet scarcely know how to tell it, or whether I should tell it at all.

I have not been quite well for some days past, and poor old Jup annoys me, almost beyond endurance, by his well-meant attentions Would you believe it?—he had prepared a huge stick, the other day, with which to chastise me for giving him the slip, and spending the day, solus, among the hills on the main land. I verily believe that my ill looks alone saved me a flogging.

I have made no addition to my cabinet since we met.

If you can, in any way, make it convenient, come over with Jupiter. Do come. I wish to see you to-night, upon business of importance. I assure you that it is of the highest importance.

Ever yours, WILLIAM LEGRAND.

There was something in the tone of this note which gave me great uneasiness. Its whole style differed materially from that of Legrand.

What could he be dreaming of? What new crotchet possessed his excitable brain? What “business of the highest importance” could he possibly have to transact? Jupiter’s account of him boded no good. I dreaded lest the continued pressure of misfortune had, at length, fairly unsettled the reason of my friend. Without a moment’s hesitation, therefore, I prepared to accompany the negro.

Upon reaching the wharf, I noticed a scythe and three spades, all apparently new, lying in the bottom of the boat in which we were to embark.

“What is the meaning of all this, Jup?” I inquired.

“Him syfe, massa, and spade.”

“Very true; but what are they doing here?”

“Him de syfe and de spade what Massa Will sis pon my buying for him in de town, and de debbils own lot of money I had to gib for em.”

“But what, in the name of all that is mysterious, is your ‘Massa Will’ going to do with scythes and spades?”

“Dat’s more dan I know, and debbil take me if I don’t blieve ’tis more dan he know, too. But it’s all cum ob do bug.”

Finding that no satisfaction was to be obtained of Jupiter, whose whole intellect seemed to be absorbed by “de bug,” I now stepped into the boat and made sail. With a fair and strong breeze we soon ran into the little cove to the northward of Fort Moultrie, and a walk of some two miles brought us to the hut. It was about three in the afternoon when we arrived. Legrand had been awaiting us in eager expectation. He grasped my hand with a nervous emprossement which alarmed me and strengthened the suspicions already entertained. His countenance was pale even to ghastliness, and his deep-set eyes glared with unnatural lustre. After some inquiries respecting his health, I asked him, not knowing what better to say, if he had yet obtained the scarabus from Lieutenant G—.

“Oh, yes,” he replied, coloring violently, “I got it from him the next morning. Nothing should tempt me to part with that scarab?us. Do you know that Jupiter is quite right about it?”

“In what way?” I asked, with a sad foreboding at heart.

“In supposing it to be a bug of real gold.” He said this with an air of profound seriousness, and I felt inexpressibly shocked.

“This bug is to make my fortune,” he continued, with a triumphant smile, “to reinstate me in my family possessions. Is it any wonder, then, that I prize it? Since Fortune has thought fit to bestow it upon me, I have only to use it properly and I shall arrive at the gold of which it is the index. Jupiter; bring me that scarab?us!”

“What! de bug, massa? I’d rudder not go fer trubble dat bug—you mus git him for your own self.” Hereupon Legrand arose, with a grave and stately air, and brought me the beetle from a glass case in which it was enclosed. It was a beautiful

scarab?us, and, at that time, unknown to naturalists—of course a great prize in a scientific point of view. There were two round, black spots near one extremity of the back, and a long one near the other. The scales were exceedingly hard and glossy, with all the appearance of burnished gold. The weight of the insect was very remarkable, and, taking all things into consideration, I could hardly blame Jupiter for his opinion respecting it; but what to make of Legrand's concordance with that opinion, I could not, for the life of me, tell.

“I sent for you,” said he, in a grandiloquent tone, when I had completed my examination of the beetle, “I sent for you, that I might have your counsel and assistance in furthering the views of Fate and of the bug”—

“My dear Legrand,” I cried, interrupting him, “you are certainly unwell, and had better use some little precautions. You shall go to bed, and I will remain with you a few days, until you get over this. You are feverish and”—

“Feel my pulse,” said he.

I felt it, and, to say the truth, found not the slightest indication of fever.

“But you may be ill and yet have no fever. Allow me this once to prescribe for you. In the first place, go to bed. In the next”—

“You are mistaken,” he interposed, “I am as well as I can expect to be under the excitement which I suffer. If you really wish me well, you will relieve this excitement.”

“And how is this to be done?”

“Very easily. Jupiter and myself are going upon an expedition into the hills, upon the main land, and, in this expedition we shall need the aid of some person in whom we can confide. You are the only one we can trust. Whether we succeed or fail, the excitement which you now perceive in me will be equally allayed.”

“I am anxious to oblige you in any way,” I replied; “but do you mean to say that this infernal beetle has any connection with your expedition into the hills?”

“It has.”

“Then, Legrand, I can become a party to no such absurd proceeding.”

“I am sorry—very sorry—for we shall have to try it by ourselves.”

“Try it by yourselves! The man is surely mad!—but stay!—how long do you propose to be absent?”

“Probably all night. We shall start immediately, and be back, at all events, by sunrise.”

“And will you promise me, upon your honor, that when this freak of yours is over, and the bug business (good God!) settled to your satisfaction, you will then return home and follow my advice implicitly, as that of your physician?”

“Yes; I promise; and now let us be off, for we have no time to lose.”

With a heavy heart I accompanied my friend. We started about four o'clock—Legrand, Jupiter, the dog, and myself. Jupiter had with him the scythe and spades—the whole of which he insisted upon carrying—more through fear, it seemed to me, of trusting either of the implements within reach of his master, than from any excess of industry or complaisance. His demeanor was dogged in the extreme, and “dat deuced bug” were the sole words which escaped his lips during the journey. For my own part, I had charge of a couple of dark lanterns, while Legrand contented himself with the scarab^{us}, which he carried attached to the end of a bit of whip-cord; twirling it to and fro, with the air of a conjuror, as he went. When I observed this last, plain evidence of my friend's aberration of mind, I could scarcely refrain from tears. I thought it best, however, to humor his fancy, at least for the present, or until I could adopt some more energetic measures with a chance of success. In the mean time I endeavored, but all in vain, to sound him in regard to the object of the expedition. Having succeeded in inducing me to accompany him, he seemed unwilling to hold conversation upon any topic of minor importance, and to all my questions vouchsafed no other reply than “we shall see!”

We crossed the creek at the head of the island by means of a skiff; and, ascending the high grounds on the shore of the main land, proceeded in a northwesterly direction, through a tract of country excessively wild and desolate, where no trace of a human footstep was to be seen. Legrand led the way with decision; pausing only for an instant, here and there, to consult what appeared to be certain landmarks of his own contrivance upon a former occasion.

In this manner we journeyed for about two hours, and the sun was just setting when we entered a region infinitely more dreary than any yet seen. It was a species of table land, near the summit of an almost inaccessible hill, densely wooded from base to pinnacle, and interspersed with huge crags that appeared to lie loosely upon the soil, and in many cases were prevented from precipitating themselves into the valleys below, merely by the support of the trees against which they reclined. Deep ravines, in various directions, gave an air of still sterner solemnity to the scene.

The natural platform to which we had clambered was thickly overgrown with brambles, through which we soon discovered that it would have been impossible to force our way but for the scythe; and Jupiter, by direction of his master, proceeded to clear for us a path to the foot of an enormously tall tulip-tree, which stood, with some eight or ten oaks, upon the level, and far surpassed them all, and all other trees which I had then ever seen, in the beauty of its foliage and form, in the wide spread of its branches, and in the general majesty of its appearance. When we reached this tree, Legrand turned to Jupiter, and asked him if he thought he could climb it. The old man seemed a little staggered by the question, and for some moments made no reply. At length he approached the huge trunk, walked slowly around it, and examined it with minute attention. When he had completed his scrutiny, he merely said,

“Yes, massa, Jup climb any tree he ebber see in he life.”

“Then up with you as soon as possible, for it will soon be too dark to see what we are about.”

“How far mus go up, massa?” inquired Jupiter.

“Get up the main trunk first, and then I will tell you which way to go—and here—stop! take this beetle with you.”

“De bug, Massa Will!—de goole bug!” cried the negro, drawing back in dismay—

“what for mus tote de bug way up de tree?—d-n if I do!”

“If you are afraid, Jup, a great big negro like you, to take hold of a harmless little dead beetle, why you can carry it up by this string—but, if you do not take it up

with you in some way, I shall be under the necessity of breaking your head with this shovel.”

“What de matter now, massa?” said Jup, evidently shamed into compliance; “always want for to raise fuss wid old nigger. Was only funnin any how. Me feered de bug! what I keer for de bug?” Here he took cautiously hold of the extreme end of the string, and, maintaining the insect as far from his person as circumstances would permit, prepared to ascend the tree.

In youth, the tulip-tree, or *Liriodendron Tulipferum*, the most magnificent of American foresters, has a trunk peculiarly smooth, and often rises to a great height without lateral branches; but, in its riper age, the bark becomes gnarled and uneven, while many short limbs make their appearance on the stem. Thus the difficulty of ascension, in the present case, lay more in semblance than in reality. Embracing the huge cylinder, as closely as possible, with his arms and knees, seizing with his hands some projections, and resting his naked toes upon others, Jupiter, after one or two narrow escapes from falling, at length wriggled himself into the first great fork, and seemed to consider the whole business as virtually accomplished. The risk of the achievement was, in fact, now over, although the climber was some sixty or seventy feet from the ground.

“Which way mus go now, Massa Will?” he asked.

“Keep up the largest branch—the one on this side,” said Legrand. The negro obeyed him promptly, and apparently with but little trouble; ascending higher and higher, until no glimpse of his squat figure could be obtained through the dense foliage which enveloped it. Presently his voice was heard in a sort of halloo.

“How much fudder is got for go?”

“How high up are you?” asked Legrand.

“Ebber so fur,” replied the negro; “can see de sky fru de top ob de tree.”

“Never mind the sky, but attend to what I say. Look down the trunk and count the limbs below you on this side. How many limbs have you passed?”

“One, two, tree, four, fibe—I done pass fibe big limb, massa, pon dis side.”

“Then go one limb higher.”

In a few minutes the voice was heard again, announcing that the seventh limb was attained.

“Now, Jup,” cried Legrand, evidently much excited, “I want you to work your way out upon that limb as far as you can. If you see anything strange, let me know.” By this time what little doubt I might have entertained of my poor friend's insanity, was put finally at rest. I had no alternative but to conclude him stricken with lunacy, and I became seriously anxious about getting him home. While I was pondering upon what was best to be done, Jupiter's voice was again heard.

“Mos feerd for to ventur pon dis limb berry far—tis dead limb putty much all de way.”

“Did you say it was a dead limb, Jupiter?” cried Legrand in a quavering voice.

“Yes, massa, him dead as de door-nail—done up for sartain—done departed dis here life.”

“What in the name heaven shall I do?” asked Legrand, seemingly in the greatest distress. “Do!” said I, glad of an opportunity to interpose a word, “why come home and go to bed. Come now!—that's a fine fellow. It's getting late, and, besides, you remember your promise.”

“Jupiter,” cried he, without heeding me in the least, “do you hear me?”

“Yes, Massa Will, hear you ebber so plain.”

“Try the wood well, then, with your knife, and see if you think it very rotten.”

“Him rotten, massa, sure nuff,” replied the negro in a few moments, “but not so berry rotten as mought be. Mought ventur out leetle way pon de limb by myself, dat's true.”

“By yourself!—what do you mean?”

“Why I mean de bug. 'Tis berry hebby bug. Spose I drop him down fuss, and den de limb won't break wid just de weight ob one nigger.”

“You infernal scoundrel!” cried Legrand, apparently much relieved, “what do you mean by telling me such nonsense as that? As sure as you drop that beetle I'll break your neck. Look here, Jupiter, do you hear me?”

“Yes, massa, needn't hollo at poor nigger dat style.”

“Well! now listen!—if you will venture out on the limb as far as you think safe, and not let go the beetle, I’ll make you a present of a silver dollar as soon as you get down.”

“I’m gwine, Massa Will—deed I is,” replied the negro very promptly—“mos out to the eend now.”

“Out to the end!” here fairly screamed Legrand, “do you say you are out to the end of that limb?”

“Soon be to de eend, massa,—o-o-o-o-oh! Lor-gol-a-marcy! what is dis here pon de tree?”

“Well!” cried Legrand, highly delighted, “what is it?”

“Why taint noffin but a skull—somebody bin lef him head up de tree, and de crows done gobble ebery bit ob de meat off.”

“A skull, you say!—very well!—how is it fastened to the limb?
—what holds it on?”

“Sure nuff, massa; mus look. Why dis berry curous sarcumstance, pon my word—dare’s a great big nail in de skull, what fastens ob it on to de tree.”

“Well now, Jupiter, do exactly as I tell you—do you hear?”

“Yes, massa.”

“Pay attention, then!—find the left eye of the skull.”

“Hum! hoo! dat’s good! why dare aint no eye lef at all.”

“Curse your stupidity! do you know your right hand from your left?”

“Yes, I nose dat—nose all bout dat—tis my lef hand what I chops de wood wid.”

“To be sure! you are left-handed; and your left. eye is on the same side as your left hand. Now, I suppose, you can find the left eye of the skull, or the place where the left eye has been. Have you found it?”

Here was a long pause. At length the negro asked,

“Is de lef eye of de skull pon de same side as de lef hand of de skull, too?—cause de skull aint got not a bit ob a hand at all—nebber mind! I got de lef eye now—here de lef eye! what mus do wid it?”

“Let the beetle drop through it, as far as the string will reach—but be careful and not let go your hold of the string.”

“All dat done, Massa Will; mighty easy ting for to put de bug fru de hole—look out for him dare below!”

During this colloquy no portion of Jupiter's person could be seen; but the beetle, which he had suffered to descend, was now visible at the end of the string, and glistened, like a globe of burnished gold, in the last rays of the setting sun, some of which still faintly illumined the eminence upon which we stood. The scarab^{us} hung quite clear of any branches, and, if allowed to fall, would have fallen at our feet. Legrand immediately took the scythe, and cleared with it a circular space, three or four yards in diameter, just beneath the insect, and, having accomplished this, ordered Jupiter to let go the string and come down from the tree.

Driving a peg, with great nicety, into the ground, at the precise spot where the beetle fell, my friend now produced from his pocket a tape measure. Fastening one end of this at that point of the trunk, of the tree which was nearest the peg, he unrolled it till it reached the peg, and thence farther unrolled it, in the direction already established by the two points of the tree and the peg, for the distance of fifty feet—Jupiter clearing away the brambles with the scythe. At the spot thus attained a second peg was driven, and about this, as a centre, a rude circle, about four feet in diameter, described. Taking now a spade himself, and giving one to Jupiter and one to me, Legrand begged us to set about digging as quickly as possible.

To speak the truth, I had no especial relish for such amusement at any time, and, at that particular moment, would most willingly have declined it; for the night was coming on, and I felt much fatigued with the exercise already taken; but I saw no mode of escape, and was fearful of disturbing my poor friend's equanimity by a refusal. Could I have depended, indeed, upon Jupiter's aid, I would have had no hesitation in attempting to get the lunatic home by force; but I was too well assured of the old negro's disposition, to hope that he would assist me, under any circumstances, in a personal contest with his master. I made no doubt that the latter

had been infected with some of the innumerable Southern superstitions about money buried, and that his phantasy had received confirmation by the finding of the scarab^{us}, or, perhaps, by Jupiter's obstinacy in maintaining it to be "a bug of real gold." A mind disposed to lunacy would readily be led away by such suggestions—especially if chiming in with favorite preconceived ideas—and then I called to mind the poor fellow's speech about the beetle's being "the index of his fortune." Upon the whole, I was sadly vexed and puzzled, but, at length, I concluded to make a virtue of necessity—to dig with a good will, and thus the sooner to convince the visionary, by ocular demonstration, of the fallacy of the opinions he entertained.

The lanterns having been lit, we all fell to work with a zeal worthy a more rational cause; and, as the glare fell upon our persons and implements, I could not help thinking how picturesque a group we composed, and how strange and suspicious our labors must have appeared to any interloper who, by chance, might have stumbled upon our whereabouts.

We dug very steadily for two hours. Little was said; and our chief embarrassment lay in the yelpings of the dog, who took exceeding interest in our proceedings. He, at length, became so obstreperous that we grew fearful of his giving the alarm to some stragglers in the vicinity;—or, rather, this was the apprehension of Legrand;—for myself, I should have rejoiced at any interruption which might have enabled me to get the wanderer home. The noise was, at length, very effectually silenced by Jupiter, who, getting out of the hole with a dogged air of deliberation, tied the brute's mouth up with one of his suspenders, and then returned, with a grave chuckle, to his task.

When the time mentioned had expired, we had reached a depth of five feet, and yet no signs of any treasure became manifest. A general pause ensued, and I began to hope that the farce was at an end. Legrand, however, although evidently much disconcerted, wiped his brow thoughtfully and recommenced. We had excavated the entire circle of four feet diameter, and now we slightly enlarged the limit, and went to the farther depth of two feet. Still nothing appeared.

The gold-seeker, whom I sincerely pitied, at length clambered from the pit, with the bitterest disappointment imprinted upon every feature, and proceeded, slowly and reluctantly, to put on his coat, which he had thrown off at the beginning of his labor. In the mean time I made no remark. Jupiter, at a signal from his master, began to gather up his tools. This done, and the dog having been unmuzzled, we turned in profound silence towards home.

We had taken, perhaps, a dozen steps in this direction, when, with a loud oath, Legrand strode up to Jupiter, and seized him by the collar. The astonished negro opened his eyes and mouth to the fullest extent, let fall the spades, and fell upon his knees.

“You scoundrel,” said Legrand, hissing out the syllables from between his clenched teeth—“you infernal black villain!—speak, I tell you!—answer me this instant, without prevarication!—which—which is your left eye?”

“Oh, my golly, Massa Will! aint dis here my lef eye for sartain?” roared the terrified Jupiter, placing his hand upon his right organ of vision, and holding it there with a desperate pertinacity, as if in immediate dread of his master's attempt at a gouge.

“I thought so!—I knew it! hurrah!” vociferated Legrand, letting the negro go, and executing a series of curvets and caracols, much to the astonishment of his valet, who, arising from his knees, looked, mutely, from his master to myself, and then from myself to his master.

“Come! we must go back,” said the latter, “the game's not up yet;” and he again led the way to the tulip-tree.

“Jupiter,” said he, when we reached its foot, “come here! was the skull nailed to the limb with the face outwards, or with the face to the limb?”

“De face was out, massa, so dat de crows could get at de eyes good, widout any trouble.”

“Well, then, was it this eye or that through which you dropped the beetle?”—here Legrand touched each of Jupiter's eyes.

“Twas dis eye, massa—de lef eye—jis as you tell me,” and here it was his right eye that the negro indicated.

“That will do—must try it again.”

Here my friend, about whose madness I now saw, or fancied that I saw, certain indications of method, removed the peg which marked the spot where the beetle fell, to a spot about three inches to the westward of its former position. Taking, now, the tape measure from the nearest point of the trunk to the peg, as before, and continuing the extension in a straight line to the distance of fifty feet, a spot was indicated, removed, by several yards, from the point at which we had been digging. Around the new position a circle, somewhat larger than in the former instance, was now described, and we again set to work with the spades. I was dreadfully weary, but, scarcely understanding what had occasioned the change in my thoughts, I felt no longer any great aversion from the labor imposed. I had become most unaccountably interested—nay, even excited. Perhaps there was something, amid all the extravagant demeanor of Legrand—some air of forethought, or of deliberation, which impressed me. I dug eagerly, and now and then caught myself actually looking, with something that very much resembled expectation, for the fancied treasure, the vision of which had demented my unfortunate companion. At a period when such vagaries of thought most fully possessed me, and when we had been at work perhaps an hour and a half, we were again interrupted by the violent howlings of the dog. His uneasiness, in the first instance, had been, evidently, but the result of playfulness or caprice, but he now assumed a bitter and serious tone. Upon Jupiter's again attempting to muzzle him, he made furious resistance, and, leaping into the hole, tore up the mould frantically with his claws. In a few seconds he had uncovered a mass of human bones, forming two complete skeletons, intermingled with several buttons of metal, and what appeared to be the dust of decayed woollen. One or two strokes of a spade upturned the blade of a large Spanish knife, and, as we dug farther, three or four loose pieces of gold and silver coin came to light.

At sight of these the joy of Jupiter could scarcely be restrained, but the countenance of his master wore an air of extreme disappointment. He urged us, however, to continue our exertions, and the words were hardly uttered when I stumbled and fell forward, having caught the toe of my boot in a large ring of iron that lay half buried in the loose earth.

We now worked in earnest, and never did I pass ten minutes of more intense excitement. During this interval we had fairly unearthed an oblong chest of wood, which, from its perfect preservation and wonderful hardness, had plainly been subjected to some mineralizing process—perhaps that of the Bi-chloride of Mercury. This box was three feet and a half long, three feet broad, and two and a half feet deep. It was firmly secured by bands of wrought iron, riveted, and forming a kind of open trelliswork over the whole. On each side of the chest, near the top, were three rings of iron—six in all—by means of which a firm hold could be obtained by six persons. Our utmost united endeavors served only to disturb the coffer very slightly in its bed. We at once saw the impossibility of removing so great a weight. Luckily, the sole fastenings of the lid consisted of two sliding bolts. These we drew back—trembling and panting with anxiety. In an instant, a treasure of incalculable value lay gleaming before us. As the rays of the lanterns fell within the pit, there flashed upwards a glow and a glare, from a confused heap of gold and of jewels, that absolutely dazzled our eyes.

I shall not pretend to describe the feelings with which I gazed.

Amazement was, of course, predominant. Legrand appeared exhausted with excitement, and spoke very few words. Jupiter's countenance wore, for some minutes, as deadly a pallor as it is possible, in nature of things, for any negro's visage to assume. He seemed stupified—thunderstricken. Presently he fell upon his knees in the pit, and, burying his naked arms up to the elbows in gold, let them there remain, as if enjoying the luxury of a bath. At length, with a deep sigh, he exclaimed, as if in a soliloquy,

“And dis all cum ob de goole-bug! de putty goole bug! de poor little goole-bug, what I boosed in dat sabage kind ob style! Aint you shamed ob yourself, nigger?—answer me dat!”

It became necessary, at last, that I should arouse both master and valet to the expediency of removing the treasure. It was growing late, and it behooved us to make exertion, that we might get every thing housed before daylight. It was difficult to say what should be done, and much time was spent in deliberation—so confused were the ideas of all. We, finally, lightened the box by removing two thirds of its contents, when we were enabled, with some trouble, to raise it from the hole. The articles taken out were deposited among the brambles, and the dog left to guard them, with strict orders from Jupiter neither, upon any pretence, to stir from the spot, nor to open his mouth until our return. We then hurriedly made for home with the chest; reaching the hut in safety, but after excessive toil, at one o'clock in the morning. Worn out as we were, it was not in human nature to do more immediately. We rested until two, and had supper; starting for the hills immediately afterwards, armed with three stout sacks, which, by good luck, were upon the premises. A little before four we arrived at the pit, divided the remainder of the booty, as equally as might be, among us, and, leaving the holes unfilled, again set out for the hut, at which, for the second time, we deposited our golden burthens, just as the first faint streaks of the dawn gleamed from over the tree-tops in the East.

We were now thoroughly broken down; but the intense excitement of the time denied us repose. After an unquiet slumber of some three or four hours' duration, we arose, as if by preconcert, to make examination of our treasure.

The chest had been full to the brim, and we spent the whole day, and the greater part of the next night, in a scrutiny of its contents. There had been nothing like order or arrangement. Every thing had been heaped in promiscuously. Having assorted all with care, we found ourselves possessed of even vaster wealth than we had at first supposed. In coin there was rather more than four hundred and fifty thousand dollars—estimating the value of the pieces, as accurately as we could, by

the tables of the period. There was not a particle of silver. All was gold of antique date and of great variety—French, Spanish, and German money, with a few English guineas, and some counters, of which we had never seen specimens before. There were several very large and heavy coins, so worn that we could make nothing of their inscriptions. There was no American money. The value of the jewels we found more difficulty in estimating. There were diamonds—some of them exceedingly large and fine—a hundred and ten in all, and not one of them small; eighteen rubies of remarkable brilliancy;—three hundred and ten emeralds, all very beautiful; and twenty-one sapphires, with an opal. These stones had all been broken from their settings and thrown loose in the chest. The settings themselves, which we picked out from among the other gold, appeared to have been beaten up with hammers, as if to prevent identification.

Besides all this, there was a vast quantity of solid gold ornaments;—nearly two hundred massive finger and earrings;—rich chains—thirty of these, if I remember;—eighty-three very large and heavy crucifixes;—five gold censers of great value;—a prodigious golden punch bowl, ornamented with richly chased vine-leaves and Bacchanalian figures; with two sword-handles exquisitely embossed, and many other smaller articles which I cannot recollect. The weight of these valuables exceeded three hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois; and in this estimate I have not included one hundred and ninety-seven superb gold watches; three of the number being worth each five hundred dollars, if one. Many of them were very old, and as time keeps valueless; the works having suffered, more or less, from corrosion—but all were richly jewelled and in cases of great worth.

We estimated the entire contents of the chest, that night, at a million and a half of dollars; and upon the subsequent disposal of the trinkets and jewels (a few being retained for our own use), it was found that we had greatly undervalued the treasure.

When, at length, we had concluded our examination, and the intense excitement of the time had, in some measure, subsided, Legrand, who saw that I was dying with

impatience for a solution of this most extraordinary riddle, entered into a full detail of all the circumstances connected with it.

“You remember,” said he, “the night when I handed you the rough sketch I had made of the scarab^{us}. You recollect also, that I became quite vexed at you for insisting that my drawing resembled a death's-head. When you first made this assertion I thought you were jesting; but afterwards I called to mind the peculiar spots on the back of the insect, and admitted to myself that your remark had some little foundation in fact. Still, the sneer at my graphic powers irritated me—for I am considered a good artist—and, therefore, when you handed me the scrap of parchment, I was about to crumple it up and throw it angrily into the fire.”

“The scrap of paper, you mean,” said I.

“No; it had much of the appearance of paper, and at first I supposed it to be such, but when I came to draw upon it, I discovered it, at once, to be a piece of very thin parchment. It was quite dirty, you remember. Well, as I was in the very act of crumpling it up, my glance fell upon the sketch at which you had been looking, and you may imagine my astonishment when I perceived, in fact, the figure of a death's-head just where, it seemed to me, I had made the drawing of the beetle. For a moment I was too much amazed to think with accuracy. I knew that my design was very different in detail from this—although there was a certain similarity in general outline.

Presently I took a candle, and seating myself at the other end of the room, proceeded to scrutinize the parchment more closely. Upon turning it over, I saw my own sketch upon the reverse, just as I had made it. My first idea, now, was mere surprise at the really remarkable similarity of outline—at the singular coincidence involved in the fact, that unknown to me, there should have been a skull upon the other side of the parchment, immediately beneath my figure of the scarab^{us}, and that this skull, not only in outline, but in size, should so closely resemble my drawing. I say the singularity of this coincidence absolutely stupified me for a time. This is the usual effect of such coincidences. The mind struggles to

establish a connexion—a sequence of cause and effect—and, being unable to do so, suffers a species of temporary paralysis.

But, when I recovered from this stupor, there dawned upon me gradually a conviction which startled me even far more than the coincidence. I began distinctly, positively, to remember that there had been no drawing upon the parchment when I made my sketch of the scarab^{us}. I became perfectly certain of this; for I recollected turning up first one side and then the other, in search of the cleanest spot. Had the skull been then there, of course I could not have failed to notice it. Here was indeed a mystery which I felt it impossible to explain; but, even at that early moment, there seemed to glimmer, faintly, within the most remote and secret chambers of my intellect, a glow-worm-like conception of that truth which last night's adventure brought to so magnificent a demonstration. I arose at once, and putting the parchment securely away, dismissed all farther reflection until I should be alone.

“When you had gone, and when Jupiter was fast asleep, I betook myself to a more methodical investigation of the affair. In the first place I considered the manner in which the parchment had come into my possession. The spot where we discovered the scarabaeus was on the coast of the main land, about a mile eastward of the island, and but a short distance above high water mark. Upon my taking hold of it, it gave me a sharp bite, which caused me to let it drop. Jupiter, with his accustomed caution, before seizing the insect, which had flown towards him, looked about him for a leaf, or something of that nature, by which to take hold of it. It was at this moment that his eyes, and mine also, fell upon the scrap of parchment, which I then supposed to be paper. It was lying half buried in the sand, a corner sticking up. Near the spot where we found it, I observed the remnants of the hull of what appeared to have been a ship's long boat. The wreck seemed to have been there for a very great while; for the resemblance to boat timbers could scarcely be traced.

“Well, Jupiter picked up the parchment, wrapped the beetle in it, and gave it to me. Soon afterwards we turned to go home, and on the way met Lieutenant G-. I

showed him the insect, and he begged me to let him take it to the fort. Upon my consenting, he thrust it forthwith into his waistcoat pocket, without the parchment in which it had been wrapped, and which I had continued to hold in my hand during his inspection. Perhaps he dreaded my changing my mind, and thought it best to make sure of the prize at once—you know how enthusiastic he is on all subjects connected with Natural History. At the same time, without being conscious of it, I must have deposited the parchment in my own pocket.

“You remember that when I went to the table, for the purpose of making a sketch of the beetle, I found no paper where it was usually kept. I looked in the drawer, and found none there. I searched my pockets, hoping to find an old letter, when my hand fell upon the parchment. I thus detail the precise mode in which it came into my possession; for the circumstances impressed me with peculiar force.

“No doubt you will think me fanciful—but I had already established a kind of connexion. I had put together two links of a great chain. There was a boat lying upon a sea-coast, and not far from the boat was a parchment—not a paper—with a skull depicted upon it. You will, of course, ask ‘where is the connexion?’ I reply that the skull, or death's-head, is the well-known emblem of the pirate. The flag of the death's head is hoisted in all engagements.

“I have said that the scrap was parchment, and not paper.

Parchment is durable—almost imperishable. Matters of little moment are rarely consigned to parchment; since, for the mere ordinary purposes of drawing or writing, it is not nearly so well adapted as paper. This reflection suggested some meaning—some relevancy—in the death's-head. I did not fail to observe, also, the form of the parchment. Although one of its corners had been, by some accident, destroyed, it could be seen that the original form was oblong. It was just such a slip, indeed, as might have been chosen for a memorandum—for a record of something to be long remembered and carefully preserved.”

“But,” I interposed, “you say that the skull was not upon the parchment when you made the drawing of the beetle. How then do you trace any connexion between the boat and the skull—since this latter, according to your own admission, must have

been designed (God only knows how or by whom) at some period subsequent to your sketching the scarab?us?”

“Ah, hereupon turns the whole mystery; although the secret, at this point, I had comparatively little difficulty in solving. My steps were sure, and could afford but a single result. I reasoned, for example, thus: When I drew the scarab?us, there was no skull apparent upon the parchment. When I had completed the drawing I gave it to you, and observed you narrowly until you returned it. You, therefore, did not design the skull, and no one else was present to do it. Then it was not done by human agency. And nevertheless it was done. “At this stage of my reflections I endeavored to remember, and did remember, with entire distinctness, every incident which occurred about the period in question. The weather was chilly (oh rare and happy accident!), and a fire was blazing upon the hearth. I was heated with exercise and sat near the table. You, however, had drawn a chair close to the chimney. Just as I placed the parchment in your hand, and as you were in the act of inspecting it, Wolf, the Newfoundland, entered, and leaped upon your shoulders. With your left hand you caressed him and kept him off, while your right, holding the parchment, was permitted to fall listlessly between your knees, and in close proximity to the fire. At one moment I thought the blaze had caught it, and was about to caution you, but, before I could speak, you had withdrawn it, and were engaged in its examination. When I considered all these particulars, I doubted not for a moment that heat had been the agent in bringing to light, upon the parchment, the skull which I saw designed upon it. You are well aware that chemical preparations exist, and have existed time out of mind, by means of which it is possible to write upon either paper or vellum, so that the characters shall become visible only when subjected to the action of fire. Zaffre, digested in aqua regia, and diluted with four times its weight of water, is sometimes employed; a green tint results. The regulus of cobalt, dissolved in spirit of nitre, gives a red. These colors disappear at longer or shorter intervals after the material written upon cools, but again become apparent upon the re-application of heat.

"I now scrutinized the death's-head with care. Its outer edges—the edges of the drawing nearest the edge of the vellum—were far more distinct than the others. It was clear that the action of the caloric had been imperfect or unequal. I immediately kindled a fire, and subjected every portion of the parchment to a glowing heat. At first, the only effect was the strengthening of the faint lines in the skull; but, upon persevering in the experiment, there became visible, at the corner of the slip, diagonally opposite to the spot in which the death's-head was delineated, the figure of what I at first supposed to be a goat. A closer scrutiny, however, satisfied me that it was intended for a kid."

"Ha! ha!" said I, "to be sure I have no right to laugh at you—a million and a half of money is too serious a matter for mirth—but you are not about to establish a third link in your chain—you will not find any especial connexion between your pirates and a goat—pirates, you know, have nothing to do with goats; they appertain to the farming interest."

"But I have just said that the figure was not that of a goat."

"Well, a kid then—pretty much the same thing."

"Pretty much, but not altogether," said Legrand. "You may have heard of one Captain Kidd. I at once looked upon the figure of the animal as a kind of punning or hieroglyphical signature. I say signature; because its position upon the vellum suggested this idea."

The death's-head at the corner diagonally opposite, had, in the same manner, the air of a stamp, or seal. But I was sorely put out by the absence of all else—of the body to my imagined instrument—of the text for my context."

"I presume you expected to find a letter between the stamp and the signature."

"Something of that kind. The fact is, I felt irresistibly impressed with a presentiment of some vast good fortune impending. I can scarcely say why. Perhaps, after all, it was rather a desire than an actual belief;—but do you know that Jupiter's silly words, about the bug being of solid gold, had a remarkable effect upon my fancy?"

And then the series of accidents and coincidences—these were so very extraordinary. Do you observe how mere an accident it was that these events should have occurred upon the sole day of all the year in which it has been, or may be, sufficiently cool for fire, and that without the fire, or without the intervention of the dog at the precise moment in which he appeared, I should never have become aware of the death's-head, and so never the possessor of the treasure?”

“But proceed—I am all impatience.”

“Well; you have heard, of course, the many stories current—the thousand vague rumors afloat about money buried, somewhere upon the Atlantic coast, by Kidd and his associates. These rumors must have had some foundation in fact. And that the rumors have existed so long and so continuous, could have resulted, it appeared to me, only from the circumstance of the buried treasure still remaining entombed. Had Kidd concealed his plunder for a time, and afterwards reclaimed it, the rumors would scarcely have reached us in their present unvarying form. You will observe that the stories told are all about money-seekers, not about money-finders. Had the pirate recovered his money, there the affair would have dropped. It seemed to me that some accident—say the loss of a memorandum indicating its locality—had deprived him of the means of recovering it, and that this accident had become known to his followers, who otherwise might never have heard that treasure had been concealed at all, and who, busying themselves in vain, because unguided attempts, to regain it, had given first birth, and then universal currency, to the reports which are now so common. Have you ever heard of any important treasure being unearthed along the coast?”

“Never.”

“But that Kidd's accumulations were immense, is well known. I took it for granted, therefore, that the earth still held them; and you will scarcely be surprised when I tell you that I felt a hope, nearly amounting to certainty, that the parchment so strangely found, involved a lost record of the place of deposit.”

“But how did you proceed?”

“I held the vellum again to the fire, after increasing the heat; but nothing appeared. I now thought it possible that the coating of dirt might have something to do with the failure; so I carefully rinsed the parchment by pouring warm water over it, and, having done this, I placed it in a tin pan, with the skull downwards, and put the pan upon a furnace of lighted charcoal. In a few minutes, the pan having become thoroughly heated, I removed the slip, and, to my inexpressible joy, found it spotted, in several places, with what appeared to be figures arranged in lines. Again I placed it in the pan, and suffered it to remain another minute. Upon taking it off, the whole was just as you see it now.” Here Legrand, having re-heated the parchment, submitted it to my inspection. The following characters were rudely traced, in a red tint, between the death's-head and the goat:

“53‡‡‡305))6*;4826)4‡)4‡;806*;48‡8¶(60))85;1-(:;*8-83(88)5*‡
;46(;88*96*?;8)*‡(;485);5*†2:*‡(;4956*2(5*- 4)8¶8*;40692
85);)6†8)4;1(‡9;48081;8:8‡1;48†85;4)485†528806*81(‡9;48;
(88;4(‡?34;48)4‡;161;:188;‡?;”

“But,” said I, returning him the slip, “I am as much in the dark as ever. Were all the jewels of Golconda awaiting me upon my solution of this enigma, I am quite sure that I should be unable to earn them.”

“And yet,” said Legrand, “the solution is by no means so difficult as you might be lead to imagine from the first hasty inspection of the characters. These characters, as any one might readily guess, form a cipher—that is to say, they convey a meaning; but then, from what is known of Kidd, I could not suppose him capable of constructing any of the more abstruse cryptographs. I made up my mind, at once, that this was of a simple species—such, however, as would appear, to the crude intellect of the sailor, absolutely insoluble without the key.”

“And you really solved it?”

“Readily; I have solved others of an abstruseness ten thousand times greater. Circumstances, and a certain bias of mind, have led me to take interest in such

riddles, and it may well be doubted whether human ingenuity can construct an enigma of the kind which human ingenuity may not, by proper application, resolve. In fact, having once established connected and legible characters, I scarcely gave a thought to the mere difficulty of developing their import.

“In the present case—indeed in all cases of secret writing—the first question regards the language of the cipher; for the principles of solution, so far, especially, as the more simple ciphers are concerned, depend upon, and are varied by, the genius of the particular idiom. In general, there is no alternative but experiment (directed by probabilities) of every tongue known to him who attempts the solution, until the true one be attained. But, with the cipher now before us, all difficulty was removed by the signature. The pun upon the word ‘Kidd’ is appreciable in no other language than the English. But for this consideration I should have begun my attempts with the Spanish and French, as the tongues in which a secret of this kind would most naturally have been written by a pirate of the Spanish main. As it was, I assumed the cryptograph to be English.

“You observe there are no divisions between the words. Had there been divisions, the task would have been comparatively easy. In such case I should have commenced with a collation and analysis of the shorter words, and, had a word of a single letter occurred, as is most likely, (a or I, for example,) I should have considered the solution as assured. But, there being no division, my first step was to ascertain the predominant letters, as well as the least frequent.

Counting all, I constructed a table, thus:

Of the character 8 there are 33.

; “ 26.

4 “ 19.

‡) “ 16.

* “ 13.

5 “ 12.

6 “ 11.

† 1 “ 8.

0 “ 6.

9 2 “ 5.

: 3 “ 4.

? “ 3.

¶ “ 2.

—. “ 1.

“Now, in English, the letter which most frequently occurs is e.

Afterwards, succession runs thus: a o i d h n r s t u y c f g l m w b k p q x z. E predominates so remarkably that an individual sentence of any length is rarely seen, in which it is not the prevailing character.

“Here, then, we leave, in the very beginning, the groundwork for something more than a mere guess. The general use which may be made of the table is obvious—but, in this particular cipher, we shall only very partially require its aid. As our predominant character is 8, we will commence by assuming it as the e of the natural alphabet. To verify the supposition, let us observe if the 8 be seen often in couples—for e is doubled with great frequency in English—in such words, for example, as ‘meet,’ ‘. fleet,’ ‘speed,’ ‘seen,’ ‘been,’ ‘agree,’ &c. In the present instance we see it doubled no less than five times, although the cryptograph is brief.

“Let us assume 8, then, as e. Now, of all words in the language, ‘the’ is most usual; let us see, therefore, whether there are not repetitions of any three characters, in the same order of collocation, the last of them being 8. If we discover repetitions of such letters, so arranged, they will most probably represent the word ‘the.’ Upon inspection, we find no less than seven such arrangements, the characters being ;48. We may, therefore, assume that represents t, 4 represents h, and 8 represents e—the last being now well confirmed. Thus a great step has been taken.

“But, having established a single word, we are enabled to establish a vastly important point; that is to say, several commencements and terminations of other

words. Let us refer, for example, to the last instance but one, in which the combination ;48 occurs—not far from the end of the cipher. We know that the ; immediately ensuing is the commencement of a word, and, of the six characters succeeding this ‘the,’ we are cognizant of no less than five. Let us set these characters down, thus, by the letters we know them to represent, leaving a space for the unknown—t eeth.

“Here we are enabled, at once, to discard the ‘th,’ as forming no portion of the word commencing with the first t; since, by experiment of the entire alphabet for a letter adapted to the vacancy, we perceive that no word can be formed of which this th can be a part.

We are thus narrowed into t ee, and, going through the alphabet, if necessary, as before, we arrive at the word ‘tree,’ as the sole possible reading. We thus gain another letter, r, represented by (, with the words ‘the tree’ in juxtaposition.

“Looking beyond these words, for a short distance, we again see the combination ;48, and employ it by way of termination to what immediately precedes. We have thus this arrangement:

the tree ;4(‡?34 the,

or, substituting the natural letters, where known, it reads thus:

the tree thr‡?3h the.

“Now, if, in place of the unknown characters, we leave blank spaces, or substitute dots, we read thus:

the tree thr... h the,

when the word ‘through’ makes itself evident at once. But this discovery gives us three new letters, o, u and g, represented by ‡ ? and 3.

“Looking now, narrowly, through the cipher for combinations of known characters, we find, not very far from the beginning, this arrangement,

83(88, or egree,

which, plainly, is the conclusion of the word ‘degree,’ and gives us another letter, d, represented by †.

“Four letters beyond the word ‘degree,’ we perceive the combination

;46(;88.

“Translating the known characters, and representing the unknown by dots, as before, we read thus: th rtee. an arrangement immediately suggestive of the word ‘thirteen,’ and again furnishing us with two new characters, i and n, represented by 6 and *.

“Referring, now, to the beginning of the cryptograph, we find the combination, 53‡‡‡‡.

“Translating, as before, we obtain

good,

which assures us that the first letter is A, and that the first two words are ‘A good.’

“It is now time that we arrange our key, as far as discovered, in a tabular form, to avoid confusion. It will stand thus:

5 represents a

‡ “ *d*

8 “ *e*

3 “ *g*

4 “ *h*

6 “ *i*

* “ *n*

‡ “ *o*

(“ *r*

; “ *t*

“We have, therefore, no less than ten of the most important letters represented, and it will be unnecessary to proceed with the details of the solution. I have said enough to convince you that ciphers of this nature are readily soluble, and to give you some insight into the rationale of their development. But be assured that the specimen before us appertains to the very simplest species of cryptograph. It now only remains to give you the full translation of the characters upon the parchment, as unriddled. Here it is:

"A good glass in the bishop's hostel in the devil's seat forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes northeast and by north main branch seventh limb east side shoot from the left eye of the death's-head a bee line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out."

"But," said I, "the enigma seems still in as bad a condition as ever. How is it possible to extort a meaning from all this jargon about 'devil's seats,' 'death's heads,' and 'bishop's hotels?'"

"I confess," replied Legrand, "that the matter still wears a serious aspect, when regarded with a casual glance. My first endeavor was to divide the sentence into the natural division intended by the cryptographer."

"You mean, to punctuate it?"

"Something of that kind."

"But how was it possible to effect this?"

"I reflected that it had been a point with the writer to run his words together without division, so as to increase the difficulty of solution. Now, a not over-acute man, in pursuing such an object would be nearly certain to overdo the matter. When, in the course of his composition, he arrived at a break in his subject which would naturally require a pause, or a point, he would be exceedingly apt to run his characters, at this place, more than usually close together.

If you will observe the MS., in the present instance, you will easily detect five such cases of unusual crowding. Acting upon this hint, I made the division thus: 'A good glass in the Bishop's hostel in the Devil's seat—forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes— northeast and by north—main branch seventh limb east side—shoot from the left eye of the death's-head—a bee-line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out.'

"Even this division," said I, "leaves me still in the dark."

"It left me also in the dark," replied Legrand, "for a few days; during which I made diligent inquiry, in the neighborhood of Sullivan's Island, for any building which went by the name of the 'Bishop's Hotel;' for, of course, I dropped the obsolete word 'hostel.' Gaining no information on the subject, I was on the point of

extending my sphere of search, and proceeding in a more systematic manner, when, one morning, it entered into my head, quite suddenly, that this 'Bishop's Hostel' might have some reference to an old family, of the name of Bessop, which, time out of mind, had held possession of an ancient manor-house, about four miles to the northward of the Island. I accordingly went over to the plantation, and re-instituted my inquiries among the older negroes of the place.

At length one of the most aged of the women said that she had heard of such a place as Bessop's Castle, and thought that she could guide me to it, but that it was not a castle nor a tavern, but a high rock.

"I offered to pay her well for her trouble, and, after some demur, she consented to accompany me to the spot. We found it without much difficulty, when, dismissing her, I proceeded to examine the place. The 'castle' consisted of an irregular assemblage of cliffs and rocks—one of the latter being quite remarkable for its height as well as for its insulated and artificial appearance I clambered to its apex, and then felt much at a loss as to what should be next done.

"While I was busied in reflection, my eyes fell upon a narrow ledge in the eastern face of the rock, perhaps a yard below the summit upon which I stood. This ledge projected about eighteen inches, and was not more than a foot wide, while a niche in the cliff just above it, gave it a rude resemblance to one of the hollow-backed chairs used by our ancestors. I made no doubt that here was the 'devil's seat' alluded to in the MS., and now I seemed to grasp the full secret of the riddle.

"The 'good glass,' I knew, could have reference to nothing but a telescope; for the word 'glass' is rarely employed in any other sense by seamen. Now here, I at once saw, was a telescope to be used, and a definite point of view, admitting no variation, from which to use it.

Nor did I hesitate to believe that the phrases, "forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes,' and 'northeast and by north,' were intended as directions for the levelling of the glass. Greatly excited by these discoveries, I hurried home, procured a telescope, and returned to the rock.

“I let myself down to the ledge, and found that it was impossible to retain a seat upon it except in one particular position. This fact confirmed my preconceived idea. I proceeded to use the glass. Of course, the ‘forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes’ could allude to nothing but elevation above the visible horizon, since the horizontal direction was clearly indicated by the words, ‘northeast and by north.’ This latter direction I at once established by means of a pocket-compass; then, pointing the glass as nearly at an angle of forty-one degrees of elevation as I could do it by guess, I moved it cautiously up or down, until my attention was arrested by a circular rift or opening in the foliage of a large tree that overtopped its fellows in the distance. In the centre of this rift I perceived a white spot, but could not, at first, distinguish what it was.

Adjusting the focus of the telescope, I again looked, and now made it out to be a human skull.

“Upon this discovery I was so sanguine as to consider the enigma solved; for the phrase ‘main branch, seventh limb, east side,’ could refer only to the position of the skull upon the tree, while ‘shoot from the left eye of the death's head’ admitted, also, of but one interpretation, in regard to a search for buried treasure. I perceived that the design was to drop a bullet from the left eye of the skull, and that a bee-line, or, in other words, a straight line, drawn from the nearest point of the trunk through ‘the shot,’ (or the spot where the bullet fell,) and thence extended to a distance of fifty feet, would indicate a definite point—and beneath this point I thought it at least possible that a deposit of value lay concealed.”

“All this,” I said, “is exceedingly clear, and, although ingenious, still simple and explicit. When you left the Bishop's Hotel, what then?”

“Why, having carefully taken the bearings of the tree, I turned homewards. The instant that I left ‘the devil's seat,’ however, the circular rift vanished; nor could I get a glimpse of it afterwards, turn as I would. What seems to me the chief ingenuity in this whole business, is the fact (for repeated experiment has convinced me it is a fact) that the circular opening in question is visible from no other

attainable point of view than that afforded by the narrow ledge upon the face of the rock.

“In this expedition to the ‘Bishop's Hotel’ I had been attended by Jupiter, who had, no doubt, observed, for some weeks past, the abstraction of my demeanor, and took especial care not to leave me alone. But, on the next day, getting up very early, I contrived to give him the slip, and went into the hills in search of the tree.

After much toil I found it. When I came home at night my valet proposed to give me a flogging. With the rest of the adventure I believe you are as well acquainted as myself.”

“I suppose,” said I, “you missed the spot, in the first attempt at digging, through Jupiter's stupidity in letting the bug fall through the right instead of through the left eye of the skull.”

“Precisely. This mistake made a difference of about two inches and a half in the ‘shot’—that is to say, in the position of the peg nearest the tree; and had the treasure been beneath the ‘shot,’ the error would have been of little moment; but ‘the shot,’ together with the nearest point of the tree, were merely two points for the establishment of a line of direction; of course the error, however trivial in the beginning, increased as we proceeded with the line, and by the time we had gone fifty feet, threw us quite off the scent.

But for my deep-seated impressions that treasure was here somewhere actually buried, we might have had all our labor in vain.”

“But your grandiloquence, and your conduct in swinging the beetle—how excessively odd! I was sure you were mad. And why did you insist upon letting fall the bug, instead of a bullet, from the skull?”

“Why, to be frank, I felt somewhat annoyed by your evident suspicions touching my sanity, and so resolved to punish you quietly, in my own way, by a little bit of sober mystification. For this reason I swung the beetle, and for this reason I let it fall it from the tree. An observation of yours about its great weight suggested the latter idea.”

“Yes, I perceive; and now there is only one point which puzzles me. What are we to make of the skeletons found in the hole?”

“That is a question I am no more able to answer than yourself.

There seems, however, only one plausible way of accounting for them—and yet it is dreadful to believe in such atrocity as my suggestion would imply. It is clear that Kidd—if Kidd indeed secreted this treasure, which I doubt not—it is clear that he must have had assistance in the labor. But this labor concluded, he may have thought it expedient to remove all participants in his secret.

Perhaps a couple of blows with a mattock were sufficient, while his coadjutors were busy in the pit; perhaps it required a dozen—who shall tell?”

GLOSSARY

THE BLACK CAT GLOSSARY

unburthen

Archaic form of unburden, meaning to relieve yourself of something causing anxiety, worry or torment.

phantasm

Sometimes spelled fantasm; it is an illusion or figment of the imagination. Usually within the context of being horrifying or inspiring dread.

sagacious

Exceptionally wise and insightful.

paltry

An insignificant amount, often to the degree of challenging one's very self-esteem.

intemperate

Unrestrained, self-indulgent lack of control.

malevolence

A malicious intent to inflict wickedness or evil upon others.

irrevocable

Something that is permanent, unchangeable, and with a conclusion that is certain and unavoidable.

conflagration

More than a mere fire; an inferno unleashed and out of control.

fidelity

Intense loyalty and unbound faithfulness to a person, an object, or even an abstract idea or belief.

chimera

Technically, an ancient mythic monster comprising various body parts of three different animals, but as a metaphor, the word can represent any sort of weird and terrifying phantasm created by a troubled mind.

bravado

Energetically boastful display of false courage in an attempt to either intimidate a foe or pump up one's own actual courage and determination.

aversion

A dislike of something so intense that it leads to avoidance.

perverse

Deviating from the norm to the point of being unnatural.

hideous

So ugly as to instill fright or revulsion.

equivocal

Unclear as to meaning; open to interpretation.

inscrutable

Difficult to understand; conveying a sense of puzzlement based on trickery.

odious

Disagreeable and unpleasant.

pertinacious

Exceptionally unwavering and stubborn.

THE MUSIC OF ERICH ZANN GLOSSARY

scions

heirs or heirs-presumptive, who expect to inherit some asset or tradition

mausolea

tombs in which multiple people, generally members of the same family, are buried

unutterable

unspeakable; so intense or extreme that it cannot be described in words

singular

unique or unusual

stupor

state of being in which communication, thought, or reasoning is impossible

loath

unwilling or reluctant

remnant

leftover or surviving portion

trepidation

fear or nervousness

transom

a rectangular piece of building material, generally wood or stone, that serves to reinforce the top of a door frame and sometimes to support a window above the door

vestibule

small chamber at the entrance to a larger structure, often referred to as a "foyer"

discern

read, understand, or comprehend

redolent

reeking or giving off an odor

archaism

a style that deliberately evokes old age or antiquity

spectacles

eyeglasses

obelisks

vertical pillars with flat sides

transient

passing, fleeting, and impermanent

gibbous

a moon phase in which more than half of the light side is visible

venerable

worthy of respect

loquacious

verbose or inclined to speak at length

pallid

pale and lacking color

gnarled

twisted, especially in the case of a tree trunk or limbs

machicolated

refers to a defensive wall, such as a castle battlement, in which there are floor-level holes that can be opened to allow hot oil or other substances to be dropped on an attacking force

resounded

echoed

plebian

of, or related to, low social rank

augmented

enhanced

entailed

placed, or having been placed, under an obligation or duty

THE RANSOM OF RED CHIEF GLOSSARY

diatribe

a bitter verbal attack

terrorize

threaten in a frightful manner

ferocious

fierce and violent

humiliate

make someone likely to feel shame

dastardly

extremely evil, wicked and cruel

reconnoiter

to scout with the aim of gaining information

somnolent

marked by literal or figurative sleepiness

peremptory

accepting no refusal or disagreement; final

accede

yield to another's demand, request or treaty

foil

prevent something that is wrong and undesirable

scheme

systematic plan

surreptitious

involving secret methods to fulfill one's own aims

proclivity

a natural tendency to do something regularly

subjugate

use of force to dominate

depredation

an act of plundering or looting

impudent

showing no respect; being disrespectful

spendthrift

someone who spends money extravagantly or irresponsibly; a big spender

Maypole

a flower- and ribbon-decorated pole around which people dance on May Day

undeleterious

not causing harm or damage

philoprogenitiveness

the inclination to have many children; the inclination to show love toward one's
children

A WAGNER MATINÉE GLOSSARY

Celestial

Used to describe an object found in the space

Thence

Something previously mentioned

Surge

A dramatic increase which takes place over a short period of time

Assay

The process of testing a metal to assess its quality

Anon

In a short period of time

Seemly

Accepting general ideas about beauty, norms, or good taste; decorous.

Lofty

Extremely tall

Conjoined

Combined or to join two ideas to create something new

Wile

A statement or strategy used to manipulate someone

Sojourn

A temporary stay

THE STORY OF AN HOUR GLOSSARY

acquiescence

Agreement and acceptance without complaint

antebellum

The period before a war, used most often to describe the decades immediately prior to the United States Civil War, particularly in the South

apostrophe

An address to either a person who is not present or to a personified object

batture

A higher section of a riverbed

bayou

A slow-moving stream of water that travels through marshes or other swampy,
low-lying areas

cabriolet

A two-seat carriage with two wheels that is drawn by one horse

corbeille

A basket of objects, often used in French in the context of a wedding present

Creole

A descendant of the original French settlers in the southern United States,
particularly in the area surrounding New Orleans

crepe myrtle

A type of flowered shrub often grown in warm climates

damask

Fine linen, often with a distinctive woven pattern

deuce

The devil; "deuced" also means "darned"

gaudy

Tastelessly flashy and overdecorated

grobec

In English spelled "grosbeak," a type of finch with a large bill

layette

A wardrobe of clothes for a baby

peignoir

A dressing gown for women

percale

A finely woven type of cotton cloth

picayune

A Spanish-American coin of small denomination once used as a form of alternate
currency in Louisiana

porte-monnaie

French term for a wallet

portico

A front porch with columns

quadroon

Someone who is one-fourth of black descent

THE GOLD BUG GLOSSARY

mortification

a feeling of humiliation or shame

coppice

a thicket of small trees or bushes

recluse

a person who lives in seclusion or apart from society; often for religious meditation

misanthropy

hatred, disgust, or distrust of mankind

obstinacy

stubbornness

lustre

the state or quality of shining by reflecting light, glitter

burnished

to make smooth, bright, or buff

countenance

appearance; the look or expression on someone's face

empressement

demonstrative warmth or cordiality

compliance

the act of complying, a disposition to yield or comply with each other.

scarabaeus

any of family of beetles with fan shaped face

perceptible

adj. capable of being perceived recognizable

scant

adj. limited, not abundant

palmetto

n. any of various fan-shaped leaves

peevishly

adj. showing annoyance, irritation, or bad mood

nettled

irritate, annoy, provoke

TASKS FOR STUDENTS' INDEPENDENT WORK

VOCABULARY SECTION

Choose the right variant

THE BLACK CAT QUIZ

1. The narrator calls his story "wild" but
 - a. docile
 - b. homely
 - c. exciting
 - d. witty
2. What will happen the day after the narrator gives his account?
 - a. HE WILL BE PUT TO DEATH
 - b. HE WILL TRY TO ESCAPE
 - c. HE GOES ON TRIAL
 - d. HE GETS OUT OF PRISON
3. The narrator describes what happened as a series of
 - a. MISTAKES
 - b. HOUSEHOLD EVENTS
 - c. TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS
 - d. EBBS AND FLOWS
4. When he was younger, the narrator was known for his
 - a. WARM HEART
 - b. WIT
 - c. STRENGTH
 - d. INTELLIGENCE
5. Whom/what did the narrator like a great deal in his youth?

- a. ANIMALS
 - b. THE ELDERLY
 - c. CHILDREN
 - d. FLOWERS
6. The narrator and his wife have all the following pets except
- a. A FERRET
 - b. A GOLD-FISH
 - c. RABBITS
 - d. A SMALL MONKEY
7. The first black cat
- a. IS PURE BLACK
 - b. HAS A WHITE PATCH OF FUR
 - c. COMES WITH ONLY ONE EYE
 - d. IS UNPLEASANT
8. What is the first cat's name?
- PLUTO
- CAESAR
- ZEUS
- PLATO
9. The narrator calls his disease
- INSANITY
- ANXIETY
- ALCOHOL
- DEPRESSION
10. What is the first act of violence the narrator commits on the cat?
- a. HITS IT
 - b. SHOOTS AT IT

c. CUTS ITS EYE OUT

d. HANGS IT

11. How does Pluto behave after the narrator takes his eye?

a. TERRIFIED

b. VENGEFUL

c. LOVING

d. INDIFFERENT

12. What is "one of the primitive impulses of the human heart"?

a. DEPRAVITY

b. DESPAIR

c. MANIA

d. PERVERSENESS

13. How does the narrator kill Pluto?

a. THROWS IT INTO A FIRE

b. STRANGLES IT

c. HANGS IT

d. SHOOTS IT

14. What happens the night the narrator kills the cat?

a. HE KILLS HIS WIFE AS WELL

b. A FIRE BURNS DOWN HIS HOUSE

c. HE GETS DRUNK

d. HE FINDS A NEW CAT

15. What is the only thing left in the ruins of the house?

a. A BOOK

b. A PIECE OF FURNITURE

c. A DOCUMENT

d. A WALL

16. The indent on the plaster wall is of a/an
- a. EYE
 - b. GALLOWS
 - c. CAT
 - d. DEVIL
17. How does the narrator think the cat imprint got on the wall?
- HIS WIFE MUST HAVE DONE IT
- MAGIC
- SOMEONE THREW THE BODY IN
- THE WORK OF THE DEVIL
18. After the first cat has been gone for awhile,
- a. THE NARRATOR REALIZES HE NEVER WANTS ANOTHER PET
 - b. THE NARRATOR NEVER THINKS ABOUT IT AGAIN
 - c. THE NARRATOR DECIDES TO TRY AND RAISE IT FROM THE DEAD
 - d. THE NARRATOR DECIDES HE WANTS ANOTHER ONE
19. Where does the narrator find the second cat?
- a. AT A BAR
 - b. IN THE GARDEN
 - c. AT HIS HOUSE
 - d. IN THE STREET
20. What is different about the second cat?
- a. IT HAS TWO EYES
 - b. IT IS MEAN
 - c. HAS A PATCH OF WHITE FUR
 - d. IS ORANGE
21. How does the narrator come to feel about the second cat?

- a. HE TOLERATES IT
 - b. HE LIKES IT BETTER THAN THE FIRST
 - c. HE LOATHES IT
 - d. HE IS INDIFFERENT TO IT
22. How does the second cat treat the narrator?
- a. IT CONSTANTLY ATTACKS HIM
 - b. IT LEAVES HIM ALONE
 - c. IT PREFERS HIS WIFE
 - d. IT FOLLOWS HIM WHEREVER HE GOES
23. What does the narrator see in the white patch of fur?
- a. AN EYE
 - b. A CROSS
 - c. A DEVIL
 - d. A GALLOWS
24. The second cat does all the following except
- a. RUNS BETWEEN HIS LEGS AND ALMOST TRIPS HIM
 - b. SITS ON THE NARRATOR WHILE HE SLEEPS
 - c. EATS FOOD FROM HIS HAND
 - d. JUMPS ON HIM TO BE PET
25. What kind of thoughts become the narrator's constant companion?
- a. REASONABLE
 - b. DEPRESSED
 - c. INSANE
 - d. EVIL

THE RANSOM OF RED CHIEF QUIZ

1. Who wrote "The Ransom of Red Chief"?

- a. SAM
 - b. O. HENRY
 - c. EBENEZER DORSET
 - d. BILL DRISCOLL
2. Who narrates "The Ransom of Red Chief"?
- a. JOHNNY
 - b. SAM
 - c. O. HENRY
 - d. BILL
3. Who is the protagonist of "The Ransom of Red Chief"?
- a. JOHNNY
 - b. SAM
 - c. DORSET
 - d. BILL
4. In what country is "The Ransom of Red Chief" set?
- a. UNITED STATES
 - b. ENGLAND
 - c. RUSSIA
 - d. CANADA
5. In what state is "The Ransom of Red Chief" set?
- a. ALABAMA
 - b. ILLINOIS
 - c. NEW YORK
 - d. LOUISIANA
6. In what region is "The Ransom of Red Chief" set?
- a. HAWAIIAN ISLANDS
 - b. THE SOUTH

- c. WEST COAST
 - d. THE NORTH
7. In what town is "The Ransom of Red Chief" set?
- a. DORSET
 - b. SUMMIT
 - c. DELETERIOUS
 - d. MAYPOLE
8. What are Sam's and Bill's professions?
- a. BODY GUARDS
 - b. CRIMINALS
 - c. BABYSITTERS
 - d. BANKERS
9. The repetition of the line "but wait till I tell you" is an example of what literary device?
- a. ALLUSION
 - b. SIMILE
 - c. METAPHOR
 - d. MOTIF
10. In what tense is "The Ransom of Red Chief" narrated?
- a. FUTURE TENSE
 - b. PAST TENSE
 - c. PRESENT TENSE
 - d. IT CHANGES TENSE ACCORDING TO NO APPARENT LOGIC
11. In what year was "The Ransom of Red Chief" published?
- a. 1997
 - b. 1907
 - c. 1989

d. 2001

12. "As flat as a flannel-cake" is an example of what literary device?

a. SUBSTITUTION

b. SIMILE

c. METAPHOR

d. ONOMATOPOEIA

13. How much money do Bill and Sam have (combined) at the beginning of the story?

a. \$600

b. \$2000

c. \$0

d. \$250

14. Why do Sam and Bill plan the kidnapping?

a. TO ESCAPE TO CANADA

b. TO PULL OFF A FRAUDULENT TOWN-LOT SCHEME IN ILLINOIS

c. TO PAY FOR BILL'S MEDICINE

d. TO ESCAPE TO MEXICO

15. Why do the kidnappers target this particular town?

a. THEY BELIEVE PEOPLE ARE CONCERNED ABOUT THEIR CHILDREN

b. THE CITIZENS ARE UNLIKELY TO BE CONTACTED BY NEWSPAPER JOURNALISTS

c. THEY DON'T HAVE MUCH IN THE WAY OF POLICE RESOURCES

d. ALL OF THESE

16. What color is Johnny's hair?

a. RED

b. YELLOW

c. BROWN

d. BLACK

17. What is Johnny's father's first name?

a. DORSET

b. KELSEY

c. EBENEZER

d. KRAMER

18. What are the men driving when they abduct Johnny?

a. MODEL T

b. BICYCLES

c. HORSE-DRAWN BUGGY

d. JALOPY

19. What is Johnny's doing when the men first see him?

a. PULLING UP GRASS

b. RIDING A SCOOTER

c. THROWING ROCKS AT A KITTEN

d. SELLING LEMONADE

20. What do the men offer Johnny to get him to come along with them?

a. CANDY

b. ICE CREAM

c. WATERMELON

d. POPCORN

21. Where is the kidnappers' hideout?

a. A CAVE ON A MOUNTAIN

b. IN A SECRET TUNNEL

c. IN A SHED

d. UNDER A BRIDGE

22. What persona does Johnny adopt when kidnapped?
- a. OLD HANK
 - b. RED CHIEF
 - c. GERONIMO
 - d. BUFFALO BILL
23. What does Johnny pretend has happened instead of him being held captive?
- a. THAT A CAVALRY IS ON ITS WAY TO SAVE HIM
 - b. THAT HIS FATHER IS AFTER HIM
 - c. THAT HE IS HOLDING THE KIDNAPPERS HOSTAGE
 - d. ALL OF THESE
24. What name does Johnny give Sam?
- a. SNAKE-EYE
 - b. SNAKE HANDLER
 - c. RED EYE
 - d. RED CHIEF
25. What does Johnny threaten will be Bill's fate?
- a. RUN OUT OF TOWN
 - b. BURNED AT THE STAKE
 - c. DROWNED IN THE RIVER
 - d. SCALPED AT DAWN

A WAGNER MATINÉE QUIZ

1. Who sent Clark the letter at the start of the story?
- a. CLARK'S MOTHER
 - b. AUNT GEORGIANA
 - c. UNCLE HOWARD
 - d. CLARK'S FRIEND

2. Why was Aunt Georgiana coming to Boston?
 - a. SHE WANTED TO GET AWAY FROM NEBRASKA FOR A LITTLE WHILE.
 - b. SHE WANTED TO VISIT CLARK.
 - c. SHE WANTED TO CONNECT WITH SOME FORMER COLLEAGUES AT THE BOSTON CONSERVATORY.
 - d. SHE HAD BEEN LEFT A LEGACY BY A BACHELOR RELATIVE AND HAD TO SETTLE THE ESTATE.
3. When was Aunt Georgiana due to arrive?
 - a. THE VERY NEXT DAY
 - b. IN ONE YEAR
 - c. THE DAY PRIOR
 - d. TWO WEEKS FROM WHEN CLARK RECEIVED THE LETTER
4. How does Uncle Howard's letter make Clark feel?
 - a. SAD
 - b. EXCITED
 - c. ANGRY
 - d. OVERCOME BY MEMORIES
5. How did Aunt Georgiana travel from Nebraska to Boston?
 - a. DAY COACH
 - b. HORSE-DRAWN WAGON
 - c. PLANE
 - d. BOAT
6. What happened to Aunt Georgiana on the train ride?
 - a. SHE FELL ASLEEP AND MISSED HER STOP.
 - b. SHE MADE FRIENDS WITH A FELLOW PASSENGER.
 - c. HER CLOTHES BECAME BLACK WITH SOOT AND DUST.
 - d. SHE DECIDED TO NOT RETURN TO NEBRASKA.
7. What did Aunt Georgiana do immediately upon arriving at Clark's boarding house?

- a. CRY
 - b. LISTEN TO MUSIC
 - c. ASK HIM ABOUT HIS LIFE IN BOSTON
 - d. TAKE A NAP
8. What had been Aunt Georgiana's occupation before marriage?
- a. A CONDUCTOR AT THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
 - b. A DRESSMAKER
 - c. A FARMHAND IN NEBRASKA
 - d. A MUSIC TEACHER AT THE BOSTON CONSERVATORY
9. Where did Aunt Georgiana first meet Howard Carpenter?
- a. IN NEBRASKA
 - b. IN THE AUDIENCE OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
 - c. AT THE BOSTON CONSERVATORY
 - d. IN A VILLAGE IN THE GREEN MOUNTAINS, VERMONT
10. How does Clark describe the love between Aunt Georgiana and Uncle Howard?
- a. STAR-CROSSED
 - b. REGRETFUL
 - c. INSPIRING
 - d. INEXPLICABLE
11. Where did Aunt Howard buy a homestead?
- a. FENWAY, BOSTON
 - b. RED WILLOW COUNTY, NEBRASKA
 - c. DOUGLAS COUNTY, NEBRASKA
 - d. THE GREEN MOUNTAINS, VERMONT
12. How long had Aunt Georgiana lived on the Nebraska homestead before visiting Clark in Boston?
- a. THIRTY YEARS
 - b. A DECADE
 - c. FIVE YEARS

- d. ONE YEAR
13. What does Clark consider the most striking aspect of his aunt's appearance?
- a. HER YELLOW SKIN
 - b. THE DISORDER THAT CAUSED THE TWITCHING OF HER EYEBROWS AND MOUTH
 - c. HER ILL-FITTING FALSE TEETH
 - d. THE POOR QUALITY OF HER DRESS
14. How did Clark feel about his aunt as a boy?
- a. REVERENTIAL AND AFFECTIONATE
 - b. DISGUSTED AND AFRAID
 - c. FRIENDLY
 - d. RESENTFUL
15. What did Aunt Georgiana teach Clark as a boy on the Nebraska prairie?
- a. HOW TO HUSK CORN
 - b. HOW TO COOK
 - c. HOW TO PLAY AN ACCORDIAN
 - d. MUSIC SCALES AND EXERCISES
16. How did Aunt Georgiana feel about religion?
- a. SHE GREW UP RELIGIOUS BUT DIDN'T PAY IT MUCH MIND.
 - b. SHE ADOPTED THE RELIGION OF HER HUSBAND.
 - c. SHE WAS PIOUS AND MARTYR-LIKE.
 - d. SHE HATED RELIGION.
17. What outing did Clark plan for Aunt Georgiana's visit?
- a. A MATINÉE PERFORMANCE OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
 - b. A WALK ON THE BOSTON COMMON
 - c. A TOUR OF THE BOSTON CONSERVATORY
 - d. A FINE MEAL AT A RESTAURANT
18. What was Aunt Georgiana preoccupied with when she arrived in Boston?
- a. CONCERN OVER THE ESTATE SHE WAS IN BOSTON TO SETTLE

- b. EAGERNESS TO HEAR ABOUT CLARK'S STUDIES
- c. CONCERN OVER THE CHORES SHE HAD LEFT BEHIND IN NEBRASKA
- d. ANTICIPATION ABOUT BEING BACK IN BOSTON

19. What was Clark afraid of as he and his aunt entered the concert hall?

- a. SHE WOULD FEEL EMBARRASSED OR OUT OF PLACE.
- b. SHE WOULD EMBARRASS HIM.
- c. SHE WOULD HATE THE MUSIC.
- d. HE HAD WASTED HIS MONEY.

20. Who was in the audience at the concert hall?

- a. MOSTLY CONSERVATORY STUDENTS
- b. MOSTLY FAMILIES WITH YOUNG CHILDREN
- c. A MIX OF AGES, RACES, AND PROFESSIONS
- d. MOSTLY WOMEN IN BEAUTIFUL DRESSES

21. What was Aunt Georgiana's physical reaction when the concert started?

- a. SHE BEGAN TO CRY.
- b. SHE GOT UP AND LEFT.
- c. SHE CLOSED HER EYES.
- d. SHE CLUTCHED CLARK'S COAT SLEEVE.

22. What did Clark think about during the concert?

- a. HE WATCHED HIS AUNT, TRYING TO DEDUCE HER FEELINGS.
- b. HE WAS GRATEFUL FOR HIS MUSIC STUDIES.
- c. HE REMEMBERED HIS CHILDHOOD.
- d. HE WAS OVERCOME WITH EMOTION HIMSELF.

23. What did Aunt Georgiana do with her hands as the concert continued?

- a. SMOOTHED HER HAIR
- b. HELD CLARK'S HANDS
- c. KNOTTED THEM IN HER LAP
- d. PLAYED A PHANTOM PIANO

24. When did Aunt Georgiana begin crying?

- a. DURING THE PRELUDE TO TRISTAN AND ISOLDE
 - b. DURING THE SECOND HALF OF THE CONCERT
 - c. WHEN THE CONCERT ENDED
 - d. DURING THE "PRIZE SONG"
25. What did Clark learn about his aunt by the end of the concert?
- a. SHE LOVED HER LIFE IN NEBRASKA.
 - b. SHE HATED MUSIC NOW.
 - c. SHE DID NOT WISH TO RETURN TO NEBRASKA.
 - d. SHE MISSED HIM VERY MUCH.

THE STORY OF AN HOUR QUIZ

1. What is Mrs. Mallard's response to her husband's death in "The Story of an Hour"?
 - a. ANGER
 - b. JOY
 - c. ANNOYANCE
 - d. SADNESS
2. What is Mr. Mallard's first name in "The Story of an Hour"?
 - a. JOHN
 - b. BRENTLY
 - c. CHARLES
 - d. RICHARD
3. What occurs at the end of "The Story of an Hour"?
 - a. LOUISE MALLARD REVELS IN HER ROOM.
 - b. MR. MALLARD RETURNS HOME.
 - c. LOUISE MALLARD FALLS DOWN THE STAIRS.
 - d. JOSEPHINE REVEALS THAT SHE LIED.
4. Why is Louise Mallard sick in "The Story of an Hour"?

- a. HEART TROUBLE
 - b. EXTREME OLD AGE
 - c. MEMORY LOSS
 - d. CANCER
5. In "The Story of an Hour," what word does Louise repeat to herself in her room?
- a. FREE
 - b. WHY
 - c. LIFE
 - d. DEATH
6. What does NOT characterize Mrs. Mallard's face in "The Story of an Hour"?
- a. REPRESSION
 - b. STRENGTH
 - c. CALMNESS
 - d. DEPRESSION
7. How did Mr. Mallard supposedly die in "The Story of an Hour"?
- a. TRAIN ACCIDENT
 - b. CAR ACCIDENT
 - c. STROKE
 - d. HEART ATTACK
8. What emotion does Louise NOT feel over the course of "The Story of an Hour"?
- a. ANTICIPATION
 - b. IRE
 - c. EXHAUSTION
 - d. GRIEF
9. In what season does "The Story of an Hour" occur?
- a. SPRING
 - b. SUMMER
 - c. AUTUMN

d. WINTER

10. How does Louise Mallard characterize human relationships in "The Story of an Hour"?
- A. AS A GIFT
 - B. AS A CRIME
 - C. AS A PUZZLE
 - D. AS A NECESSITY
11. What emotion does Louise feel toward her husband in "The Story of an Hour"?
- A. COMPANIONSHIP
 - B. HATRED
 - C. FEAR
 - D. LOVE
12. From where does Louise Mallard's revelation come in "The Story of an Hour"?
- A. HER SISTER
 - B. NATURE
 - C. HER GRIEF
 - D. THE BEDROOM

CREATIVE WORK SECTION

1. Look at the list of quotes. Choose to what literary works they belong.

1. "I felt somewhat annoyed by your evident suspicions touching my sanity, and so resolved to punish you quietly ... by a little bit of sober mystification. I felt somewhat annoyed by your evident suspicions touching my sanity, and so resolved to punish you quietly ... by a little bit of sober mystification."
2. "When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease--of the joy that kills."
3. "You infernal soundrel! ... I'll break your neck."

4. "Our friendship lasted, in this manner, for several years, during which my general temperament and character—through the instrumentality of the Fiend Intemperance —had (I blush to confess it) experienced a radical alteration for the worse."

5. It may well be doubted whether human ingenuity can construct an enigma ... which human ingenuity may not ... resolveGentlemen: I received your letter to-day by post, in regard to the ransom you ask for the return of my son. I think you are a little high in your demands, and I hereby make you a counter-proposition, which I am inclined to believe you will accept.

6. "The bug is to make my fortune."

7. "Have we not a perpetual inclination, in the teeth of our best judgment, to violate that which is Law, merely because we understand it to be such?"

8. "[Kidd] may have thought it expedient to remove all participants in his secret. Perhaps a couple of blows with a mattock were sufficient ... who shall tell?

"Don't love it so well, Clark, or it may be taken from you. Oh! dear boy, pray that whatever your sacrifice be it is not that."

9. "I could scarcely refrain from tears. I thought it best, however, to humor his fancy."

10. "I knew myself no longer."

11. 'Tis my left hand what I chops de wood wid.

12. "From my infancy I was noted for the docility and humanity of my disposition."

13. "In speaking of his [the cat] intelligence, my wife, who at heart was not a little tinctured with superstition, made frequent allusion to the ancient popular notion, which regarded all black cats as witches in disguise."

14. "I'm berry sartain dat Massa Will bin bit somewhere bout de head by dat goole-bug."

15. "Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.

16. "Ah, hereupon turns the whole mystery; although the secret ... I had comparatively little difficulty in solving."

17. "I received one morning a letter, written in pale ink, on glassy, blue-lined note-paper, and bearing the postmark of a little Nebraska village. This communication, worn and rubbed, looking as though it had been carried for some days in a coat-pocket that was none too clean, was from my Uncle Howard."

18. I no longer felt any great aversion from the labor imposed.

19. "For the most wild, yet most homely narrative which I am about to pen, I neither expect nor solicit belief."

20. Ain't you shamed ob yourself ... answer me dat!

You bring Johnny home and pay me two hundred and fifty dollars in cash, and I agree to take him off your hands.

21. What ho! What ho! this fellow is dancing mad! / He hath been bitten by the Tarantula. / All in the Wrong.

22. "And as I stood there looking in terror, the wind blew out both the candles in that ancient peaked garret, leaving me in savage and impenetrable darkness with chaos and pandemonium before me, and the demon madness of that night-baying viol behind me."

23. I say the singularity of this coincidence absolutely stupefied me for a time. "Aw, what for?" says he. "I don't have any fun at home. I hate to go to school. I like to camp out. You won't take me back home again, Snake-eye, will you?"

24. "He had once been wealthy; but a series of misfortunes had reduced him to want."

25. "Red Chief," says I to the kid, "would you like to go home?"

26. "Parchment is durable—almost imperishable."

2. Kate Chopin is known as a famous feminist writer. Present the project on the topic: "Feminism in Kate Chopin's 'The Story of An Hour' – A New Critical Reading".

3. In the form of Clark 's inner monologue (A Wagner Matinée) dwell upon

the lesson he drew from Aunt Georgiana's final statement declaring, "I don't want to go!"?

4. Known as a master of psychological horror, between 1841 and 1844, Edgar Allan Poe invented the genre of detective fiction. He wrote mysteries like "The Gold Bug," which display his superior logic, exciting readers with intellectual rather than emotional suspense. Legrand in this story solves puzzles to ensure the gold bug restores his fortune. Pretend to be Sherlock Homes and decipher several messages from Moriarty:

a. *A coded message had been delivered by hand to Sherlock Homes. The message read:*

***R DROO PROO RMHKVXGLI OVHGIZWV FMOVHH BLF YIRMT UREV
GSLFHZMW KLFMWH, NLIRZIGB.***

"What does it mean, Holmes?" asked Watson. Holmes was able to tell Watson that it was from Moriarty and that he was holding Inspector Lestrade.

b. ***J XJMM SPC UIF CBOL PG***

FOHMBOE UPOJHIU

NPSJBSUZ

5. Write essays on the themes:

- a. What is the significance of the games Johnny plays?
- b. What is the central conflict of "The Ransom of Red Chief"?
- c. How is "The Ransom of Red Chief" an example of poetic justice?

6. Dwell upon symbols in Poe's "Black Cat". What role did they play in the destiny of the main character?

7. Characterize personages of "Confessions of a Humorist" by O' Henry through their world perception, ideas and thoughts unfolded in their quotes.

8. Have group discussion on the topics: “Extraterrestrial/Extradimensional Influences on Humanity”, “Religion and Superstition”, “Esoteric Knowledge” in H.P. Lovecraft’s “The Music of Erich Zann”.

ANSWER KEYS

Biographical Leading-in

The writers and their stories	Their portraits	Their biographies
1. <u>Edgar Allan Poe</u> (“The Black Cat”)	b	5
2. William Sydney Porter (O’Henry) (“Confessions of a Humorist”; “The Ransom of Red Chief”)	e	1
3. Howard Phillips Lovecraft (“The Music of Erich Zann”)	c	2
4. Willa Sibert Cather (“A Wagner Matinee”)	a	4
5. Kate Chopin (“ <u>The Story of an Hour</u> ”)	d	3

1. “The Black Cat” by Edgar Allan Poe

Extensive Listening

1. Understanding key points:

c.

2. Listening for gist:

1. a
2. b
3. a
4. b; a
5. b

3. Following the course of events:

- 1) The narrator's general temperament and character experiencing a radical alteration for the worse.
- 2) The narrator's torturing and killing the cat.
- 3) The narrator's entire worldly wealth being swallowed up.
- 4) Finding in a den a black cat resembling Pluto.
- 5) The narrator's death.

Intensive Listening

1. Listening for specific information:

- a. die;
- b. docility and humanity;
- c. much intoxicated;
- d. perverseness;
- e. within the tomb

2. Listening for specific details:

1. to expound – In their consequences, these events have terrified — have tortured — have destroyed me. Yet I will not attempt to expound them. To me, they have presented little but horror — to many they will seem less terrible than *baroques*.

2. docility – From my infancy I was noted for the docility and humanity of my disposition. My tenderness of heart was even so conspicuous as to make me the jest of my companions. I was especially fond of animals, and was indulged by my parents with a great variety of pets.

3. through the instrumentality – Our friendship lasted, in this manner, for several years, during which my general temperament and character — through the

instrumentality of the fiend Intemperance — had (I blush to confess it) experienced a radical alteration for the worse.

4. intemperance – Our friendship lasted, in this manner, for several years, during which my general temperament and character — through the instrumentality of the fiend Intemperance — had (I blush to confess it) experienced a radical alteration for the worse.

5. equivocal – When reason returned with the morning — when I had slept off the fumes of the night's debauch — I experienced a sentiment half of horror, half of remorse, for the crime of which I had been guilty; but it was, at best, a feeble and equivocal feeling, and the soul remained untouched. I again plunged into excess, and soon drowned in wine all memory of the deed.

6. to consummate – This spirit of perverseness, I say, came to my final overthrow. It was this unfathomable longing of the soul *to vex itself* — to offer violence to its own nature — to do wrong for the wrong's sake only — that urged me to continue and finally to consummate the injury I had inflicted upon the unoffending brute.

7. to jeopardize – One morning, in cool blood, I slipped a noose about its neck and hung it to the limb of a tree — hung it with the tears streaming from my eyes, and with the bitterest remorse at my heart — hung it *because* I knew that it had loved me, and *because* I felt it had given me no reason of offence — hung it *because* I knew that in so doing I was committing a sin — a deadly sin that would so jeopardize my immortal soul as to place it — if such a thing were possible — even beyond the reach of the infinite mercy of the Most Merciful and Most Terrible God.

8. incumbent – During the former the creature left me no moment alone; and, in the latter, I started, hourly, from dreams of unutterable fear, to find the hot breath of *the thing* upon my face, and its vast weight — an incarnate nightmare that I had no power to shake off — incumbent eternally upon my *heart*!

9. to render doubly sure – The police were thoroughly satisfied, and prepared to depart. The glee at my heart was too strong to be restrained. I burned to say if but

one word, by way of triumph, and to render doubly sure their assurance of my guiltlessness.

10. to consign smb. to – The corpse, already greatly decayed and clotted with gore, stood erect before the eyes of the spectators. Upon its head, with red extended mouth and solitary eye of fire, sat the hideous beast whose craft had seduced me into murder, and whose informing voice had consigned me to the hangman. I had walled the monster up within the tomb!

3. Guessing unfamiliar vocabulary:

1. e
2. d
3. h
4. a
5. i
6. j
7. f
8. c
9. g
10. b

4. Focusing on vocabulary:

- a.
 1. d
 2. e
 3. c
 4. a
 5. b

b. 1. Someone stood up and asked the professor an apparently **innocuous** question about his laboratory work.

2. From the other end of the animal a soft **uncomplaining** grunt reminded me that I wasn't the only one involved.

3. I had developed a very **uncongenial** relationship with my boss

4. The persistence of the image is as **unfathomable** as the alleged attributes of the people of the Celestial Empire themselves.

5. I posted the letter, then realized that what I had done was **irrevocable**, and that I couldn't change my mind now.

2. “Confessions of a Humorist” by O' Henry

Extensive Listening

1. Understanding a joke:

a.

2. Listening for gist:

1. a; b

2. a

3. c

4. c

5. c

3. Following the course of events:

1. The senior partner's fiftieth birthday.

2. Becoming a professional humorist.

3. Plundering in search of humorous ideas.

4. Finding a haven.

5. A partnership in Heffelbower and Co's undertaking.

Intensive Listening

1. Listening for specific information:

- a. to crack jokes;
- b. of literary success;
- c. the spontaneity;
- d. eternal rest;
- e. full of merry sayings

2. Listening for specific details:

1. imperishable - ... at the end of two weeks he offered to make a contract with me for a year at a figure that was considerably higher than the amount paid me by the hardware firm. ... My wife already crowned me in her mind with the imperishable evergreens of literary success.

2. doxology – No persons, places, times, or subjects were exempt from my plundering in search of material. Even in church my demoralized fancy went hunting among the solemn aisles and pillars for spoil. Did the minister give out the long-meter doxology, at once I began: "Doxology --sockdology--sockdolager--meter--meet her."

3. to eavesdrop – Next my fangs were buried deep in the neck of the fugitive sayings of my little children. ... I would hide behind sofas and doors, or crawl on my hands and knees among the bushes in the yard to eavesdrop while they were at play.

4. paraphernalia – I was passing the undertaking establishment of Peter Heffelbower. ... He asked me inside. ... There were rows of shining rosewood caskets, black palls, trestles, hearse plumes, mourning streamers, and all the paraphernalia of the solemn trade.

5. levity – Our business has prospered finely. I keep the books and look after the shop, while Peter attends to outside matters. He says that my levity and high spirits would simply turn any funeral into a regular Irish wake.

3. Guessing unfamiliar vocabulary:

- a.
 - 1. e
 - 2. a
 - 3. h
 - 4. i
 - 5. c
 - 6. j
 - 7. f
 - 8. d
 - 9. b
 - 10. g

- b.
 - a) puns; epigrams; funny twists; repartees; persiflage
 - b) bon mots; comicalities; quips; droll sayings;
 - c) a jocose remark; puns

4. Focusing on vocabulary:

- a.
 - 1. c
 - 2. e
 - 3. a
 - 4. b
 - 5. d

- b.
 - 1. c
 - 2. e
 - 3. a
 - 4. b
 - 5. d

5. Checking comprehension:

1. Speeches full of puns and epigrams and funny twists that could bring down the house.
2. Considerable wit and a facility for quick and spontaneous repartee.
3. The little room off the kitchen. ... There was my table and chair, writing pad, ink, and pipe tray. And all the author's trappings--the celery stand full of fresh roses and honeysuckle, last year's calendar on the wall, the dictionary, and a little bag of chocolates to nibble between inspirations.
4. There were rows of shining rosewood caskets, black palls, trestles, hearse plumes, mourning streamers, and all the paraphernalia of the solemn trade.

6. Listening for specific expressions:

- And then I became a harpy, a Moloch, a Jonah, a vampire, to my acquaintances. Anxious, haggard, greedy, I stood among them like a veritable killjoy. Let a bright saying, a witty comparison, a piquant phrase fall from their lips and I was after it like a hound springing upon a bone. I dared not trust my memory; but, turning aside guiltily and meanly, I would make a note of it in my ever-present memorandum book or upon my cuff for my own future use. ... I was a lugubrious fox praising the singing of my friends, the crow's, that they might drop from their beaks the morsels of wit that I coveted.

- She (my wife) was a gold mine of those amusing but lovable inconsistencies that distinguish the female mind. ... I began to market those pearls of un wisdom and humor that should have enriched only the sacred precincts of home. With devilish cunning I encouraged her to talk. ... Of nights I have bent over her cruel as a wolf above a tender lamb, hearkening even to her soft words murmured in sleep, hoping to catch an idea for my next day's grind.

- Next my fangs were buried deep in the neck of the fugitive sayings of my little children. ... Guy and Viola were two bright fountains of childish, quaint thoughts and speeches. ... I began to stalk them (my children) as an Indian stalks the antelope. I would hide behind sofas and doors, or crawl on my hands and knees

among the bushes in the yard to eavesdrop while they were at play. ... I covered myself in a pile of autumn leaves in the yard, where I knew they intended to come to play. ...

- No persons, places, times, or subjects were exempt from my plundering in search of material. Even in church my demoralized fancy went hunting among the solemn aisles and pillars for spoil.

3. “The Music of Erich Zann” by Howard Phillips Lovecraft

Extensive Listening

1. Understanding key points:

d.

2. Listening for gist:

1. b
2. c
3. b
4. b
5. a.

3. Following the course of events:

1. The impoverished life of a student of metaphysics at the university.
2. The narrator’s acquaintance with Eric Zann.
3. The narrator’s attempts to imitate Eric Zann’s music.
4. The narrator’s removal into a more expensive room on the third floor.
5. Eric Zann’s frantic playing that one evening became a blind, mechanical, unrecognizable orgy.

Intensive Listening

1. Listening for specific information:

- a. broken;
- b. a narrow iron bedstead, a dingy wash-stand, a small table, a large bookcase, an iron music-rack;
- c. hummed and whistled;
- d. the bolted door with the covered keyhole;
- e. the still face; the ice-cold, stiffened, unbreathing face.

2. Listening for specific details:

1. **to delve into** – I have examined maps of the city with the greatest care, yet have never again found the Rue d’Auseil. These maps have not been modern maps alone, for I know that names change. I have, on the contrary, delved deeply into all the antiquities of the place, and have personally explored every region, of whatever name, which could possibly answer to the street I knew as the Rue d’Auseil.

2. **odorous** – The Rue d’Auseil lay across a dark river bordered by precipitous brick blear-windowed warehouses and spanned by a ponderous bridge of dark stone. It was always shadowy along that river, as if the smoke of neighboring factories shut out the sun perpetually. The river was also odorous with evil stench which I have never smelled elsewhere, and which may some day help me to find it, since I should recognize them at once.

3. **to evict for** – I had been living in many poor places, always evicted for want of money; until at last I came upon that tottering house in the Rue d’Auseil kept by the paralytic Blandot.

4. **to intercept** – One night as he was returning from his work, I intercepted Zann in the hallway and told him that I would like to know him and be with him when he played.

5. **placidity** – Those haunting notes I had remembered, and had often hummed and whistled inaccurately to myself, so when the player at length laid down his

bow I asked him if he would render some of them. As I began my request the wrinkled satyrlike face lost the bored placidity it had possessed during the playing, and seemed to show the same curious mixture of anger and fright which I had noticed when first I accosted the old man.

6. **to defray** – The note which he (Zann) finally handed me was an appeal for tolerance and forgiveness. ... He had not known until our hallway conversation that I could overhear his playing in my room, and now asked me if I would arrange with Blandot to take a lower room where I could not hear him in the night. He would, he wrote, defray the difference in rent.

7. **lenient** – As I sat deciphering the execrable French, I felt more lenient toward the old man (Zann). He was a victim of physical and nervous suffering, as was I; and my metaphysical studies had taught me kindness.

8. **to be afflicted** – Zann said that he was old, lonely, and afflicted with strange fears and nervous disorders connected with his music and with other things.

9. **incessantly** – Then one night as I listened at the door ... I heard Zann stumble to the window and close both shutter and sash, then stumble to the door, which he falteringly unfastened to admit me. ... Subsequently he seemed to be satisfied, and crossing to a chair by the table wrote a brief note, handed it to me, and returned to the table, where he began to write rapidly and incessantly.

10. **ghoulish** – When my hand touched his ear I shuddered, though I knew not why — knew not why till I felt the still face; the ice-cold, stiffened, unbreathing face whose glassy eyes bulged uselessly into the void. And then, by some miracle, finding the door and the large wooden bolt, I plunged wildly away from that glassy-eyed thing in the dark, and from the ghoulish howling of that accursed viol whose fury increased even as I plunged.

3. Guessing unfamiliar vocabulary:

1. c
2. f
3. j

- 4. i
- 5. g
- 6. a
- 7. d
- 8. b
- 9. h
- 10. e

4. Focusing on vocabulary:

- a.
 - 1. d
 - 2. a
 - 3. c
 - 4. e
 - 5. b
- b.
 - 1. c
 - 2. a
 - 3. b
 - 4. e
 - 5. d

5. Listening for specific expressions:

- the Rue d'Auseil – The Rue d'Auseil lay across a dark river bordered by precipitous brick blear-windowed warehouses and spanned by a ponderous bridge of dark stone

a) the bridge – It was always shadowy along that river, as if the smoke of neighboring factories shut out the sun perpetually. The river was also odorous with evil stench which I have never smelled elsewhere, and which may some day help me to find it, since I should recognize them at once. Beyond the bridge were

narrow cobbled streets with rails; and then came the ascent, at first gradual, but incredibly steep as the Rue d'Auseil was reached.

b) the houses – I have never seen another street as narrow and steep as the Rue d'Auseil. It was almost a cliff, closed to all vehicles, consisting in several places of flights of steps, and ending at the top in a lofty ivied wall. Its paving was irregular, sometimes stone slabs, sometimes cobblestones, and sometimes bare earth with struggling greenish-grey vegetation. The houses were tall, peaked-roofed, incredibly old, and crazily leaning backward, forward, and sidewise. Occasionally an opposite pair, both leaning forward, almost met across the street like an arch; and certainly they kept most of the light from the ground below.

c) the atmosphere of the street – very dark, gravely disturbing physical and mental health of its inhabitants.

- Eric Zann - an old German viol-player, a strange dumb man who signed his name as Erich Zann, and who played evenings in a cheap theater orchestra.

a) his appearance – He was a small, lean, bent person, with shabby clothes, blue eyes, grotesque, satyrlike face, and nearly bald head.

b) his state of mind – afflicted with strange fears and nervous disorders; he was a victim of physical and nervous suffering.

c) his manner of playing – weirdness of his music; sounds which filled me with an indefinable dread—the dread of vague wonder and brooding mystery. It was not that the sounds were hideous, for they were not; but that they held vibrations suggesting nothing on this globe of earth, and that at certain intervals they assumed a symphonic quality which I could hardly conceive as produced by one player. Certainly, Erich Zann was a genius of wild power.

- the parallel between Eric Zann's music and natural or supernatural forces - It would be useless to describe the playing of Erich Zann on that dreadful night. It was more horrible than anything I had ever overheard. ... He was trying to make a noise; to ward something off or drown something out—what, I could not imagine,

awesome though I felt it must be. The playing grew fantastic, heinous, and hysterical, yet kept to the last the qualities of supreme genius which I knew this strange old man possessed. ... Louder and louder, wilder and wilder, mounted the shrieking and whining of that desperate viol. ... In his frenzied strains I could almost see shadowy satyrs and bacchanals dancing and whirling insanely through seething abysses of clouds and smoke and lightning. And then I thought I heard a shriller, steadier note that was not from the viol; a calm, deliberate, purposeful, mocking note from far away in the West. At this juncture the shutter began to rattle in a howling night wind which had sprung up outside as if in answer to the mad playing within. Zann's screaming viol now outdid itself emitting sounds I had never thought a viol could emit. The shutter rattled more loudly, unfastened, and commenced slamming against the window. Zann ... was past conscious observation. His blue eyes were bulging, glassy and sightless, and the frantic playing had become a blind, mechanical, unrecognizable orgy that no pen could even suggest. ... Music having no semblance of anything on earth... The demon madness of that night-baying viol. ... The ghoulish howling of that accursed viol whose fury increased.

4. "The Ransom of Red Chief" by O' Henry

Extensive Listening

1. Understanding key points:

c.

2. Listening for gist:

1. b
2. c
3. a
4. d

5. c

3. Following the course of events:

1. Bill and Sam had a joint capital of about six hundred dollars, and they needed just two thousand dollars.
2. Kidnapping the boy.
3. A niggerhead rock the size of an egg caught Bill just behind his left ear.
4. A letter of two desperate men.
5. Taking the Red Chief back home.

Intensive Listening

1. Listening for specific information:

- a. a manly set of vocal organs;
- b. the sturdy yeomanry;
- c. to decry the celebrated moral aspect of parental affection;
- d. black-eyed peas;
- e. a calliope.

2. Listening for specific details:

1. **lackadaisical** – We knew that Summit couldn't get after us with anything stronger than constables and maybe some lackadaisical bloodhounds and a diatribe or two in the “Weekly Farmers' Budget”.
2. **a forecloser** – We selected for our victim the only child of a prominent citizen named Ebenezer Dorset. The father was respectable and tight, a mortgage fancier and a stern, upright collection-plate passer and forecloser.
3. **pesky** – Every few minutes he would remember that he was a pesky redskin, and pick up his stick rifle and tiptoe to the mouth of the cave to rubber for the scouts of the hated paleface. Now and then he would let out a war-whoop that made Old Hank the Trapper shiver. That boy had Bill terrorized from the start.

4. **a war-whoop** – Every few minutes he would remember that he was a pesky redskin, and pick up his stick rifle and tiptoe to the mouth of the cave to rubber for the scouts of the hated paleface. Now and then he would let out a war-whoop that made Old Hank the Trapper shiver. That boy had Bill terrorized from the start.

5. **dastardly** – I went up on the peak of the little mountain and ran my eye over the contiguous vicinity. Over toward Summit I expected to see the sturdy yeomanry of the village armed with scythes and pitchforks beating the countryside for the dastardly kidnappers. But what I saw was a peaceful landscape dotted with one man ploughing with a dun mule.

6. **somnolent** - Nobody was dragging the creek; no couriers dashed hither and yon, bringing tidings of no news to the distracted parents. There was a sylvan attitude of somnolent sleepiness pervading that section of the external outward surface of Alabama that lay exposed to my view.

7. **to get smb. going** - "You know, Sam," says Bill, "I've stood by you without batting an eye in earthquakes, fire and flood--in poker games, dynamite outrages, police raids, train robberies and cyclones. I never lost my nerve yet till we kidnapped that two-legged skyrocket of a kid. He's got me going. You won't leave me long with him, will you, Sam?" - "I'll be back some time this afternoon," says I. "You must keep the boy amused and quiet till I return. And now we'll write the letter to old Dorset."

8. **depredation** - "Sam," says Bill, "I suppose you'll think I'm a renegade, but I couldn't help it. I'm a grown person with masculine proclivities and habits of self-defense, but there is a time when all systems of egotism and predominance fail. The boy is gone. I have sent him home. All is off. There was martyrs in old times," goes on Bill, "that suffered death rather than give up the particular graft they enjoyed. None of 'em ever was subjugated to such supernatural tortures as I have been. I tried to be faithful to our articles of depredation; but there came a limit."

9. **a spendthrift** - "Sam," says he, "what's two hundred and fifty dollars, after all? We've got the money. One more night of this kid will send me to a bed in Bedlam.

Besides being a thorough gentleman, I think Mr. Dorset is a spendthrift for making us such a liberal offer. You ain't going to let the chance go, are you?"

10. **get-away** - "Tell you the truth, Bill," says I, "this little he ewe lamb has somewhat got on my nerves too. We'll take him home, pay the ransom and make our get-away."

3. Guessing unfamiliar vocabulary:

1. c
2. g
3. a
4. e
5. j
6. i
7. d
8. f
9. h
10. a

4. Guessing vocabulary from context:

- a. "*a screech*" means "a loud shout in an unpleasant high voice because you are angry, afraid, or excited";
- b. "*a whoop*" means "a happy and loud shout";
- c. "*a yell*" means "a loud shout";
- d. "*a howl*" means "a loud cry or shout showing pain, anger, happiness";
- e. "*a yelp*" means "a short sharp high cry which a person or an animal makes because they are excited, in pain, surprised etc."

5. Checking comprehension:

1. Mischievous, decisive and combative.

Firstly, the boy caught one of the strangers (kidnappers) neatly in the eye with a piece of brick. Secondly, he put up a fight like a welter-weight cinnamon bear.

2. Fifteen hundred dollars in large bills.

3. An absolutely unruffled and composed reaction and a counter-proposition to the kidnappers - to bring Johnny home and pay two hundred and fifty dollars in cash for his father to agree to take Johnny off their hands.

5. “A Wagner Matinee” by Willa Sibert Cather

Extensive Listening

1. Understanding key points:

d.

2. Listening for gist:

a) false;

b) false;

c) false;

d) true;

e) false.

3. Following the course of events:

1. Aunt Georgiana’s visiting the little village among the Green mountains.

2. Clark’s reciting Latin declensions and conjugations.

3. Clark’s receiving a letter from his uncle.

4. Mrs. Springer’s shock at Clark’s aunt’s appearance.

5. Going to the Wagner Matinee.

Intensive Listening

1. Listening for specific information:

- a. a little Nebraska village;
- b. chilblains and bashfulness;
- c. a trifle less passive and inert;
- d. they had been so many daubs of tube-paint on a palette;
- e. thirty years.

2. Guessing unfamiliar vocabulary:

- a. “*dugout*” means “a shelter dug into the ground usually for soldiers to use”;
- b. “*alkaline*” means “containing an alkali (a substance that forms a chemical salt when combined with an acid)”;
- c. “*trepidation*” means “a feeling of anxiety or fear about something that is going to happen”;
- d. “*treadmill*” means “a piece of exercise equipment that has a large belt around a set of wheels that you can walk or run on while staying in the same place”;
- e. “*deluge*” means “a large amount of something such as letters or questions that someone gets at the same time; a large flood”.

3. Understanding implications:

- a. ill at ease;
- b. having the feeling of awe and respect;
- c. being astonished;
- d. being ashamed; being distressed; being worried; having the feeling of a sudden revelation.

4. Checking comprehension:

1. What did you get to know about aunt Georgiana’s daily routine?
2. What musical compositions were played during the performance? Who were the composers?
3. What effect had each piece of music on aunt Georgiana and on Clark?

6. “The Story of an Hour” by Kate Chopin

Extensive Listening

1. Understanding key points:

b.

2. Listening for gist:

a) false;

b) false;

c) true;

d) false;

e) true.

3. Following the course of events:

1. Mrs. Millard's husband's friend discovered that Mr. Mallard was in the list of "killed."

2. Mrs. Millard's sister Josephine told her about her husband's death.

3. Brently Mallard entered the front door carrying his grip-sack and umbrella.

4. Mrs. Millard saw the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life.

5. The whole wedlock flashed in her mind's eye.

Intensive Listening:

1. Listening for specific information:

1. b

2. c

3. b

4. d

- 5. b
- 6. a
- 7. b
- 8. d
- 9. d
- 10) b.

2. Listening for specific details:

1. **to be afflicted with** – Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

2. **to forestall** – He (her husband's friend Richards) had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

3. **repression** – She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength.

4. **a vacant stare** – She said it over and over under her breath: "free, free, free!" The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

5. **to dismiss the suggestion** – She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial.

6. **to impose a will** – There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature.

7. **possession of self-assertion** – What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

8. **a suspension of thought** - But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

9. **importunities** – She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities.

10. **unwittingly** – There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

3. Guessing vocabulary from context:

a. “*abandonment*” means “being left by someone, especially someone who is responsible for you”;

b. “*aquiver*” means “trembling”;

c. “*suspension*” means “something that is stopped for some period of time”;

d. “*illumination*” means “a clear understanding of a particular subject”;

e. “*run riot*” means “you cannot or do not control your imagination, emotions, thoughts etc.”.

4. Focusing on vocabulary:

a. 1. b

2. e

3. a

4. d

5. c

b. 1. c

2. a

3. e

4. b

5. d

5. Understanding implications:

1. shocked;
2. petrified with terror;
3. paralyzed with grief;
4. in the depths of despair;
5. motionless;
6. relieved;
7. renewed;
9. hopeful;
10. full of life;
11. exulted.

LITERATURE AND INTERNET SOURCES

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