

Jack London
HEARTS OF THREE

CHAPTER I

Events happened very rapidly with **Francis Morgan**¹, inheritor of many millions, that late spring morning.

“**Parker**²,” he said to the valet. “Parker, I’m going fishing.”

“Yes, sir!”

“I ordered some rods. Please bring them. I need two weeks in the woods. Do you remember **Sir Henry**³? the old Sir Henry, the buccaneer?”

“Yes, sir; I’ve read of him, sir.”

Parker paused in the doorway.

“Just an old pirate, you know.”

¹ **Francis Morgan** — Френсис Морган

² **Parker** — Паркер

³ **Sir Henry** — сэр Генри

“Oh, no, sir,” Parker protested. “He was **Governor of Jamaica**¹. He was a respectable man.”

“Hm, we Morgans never found his treasure.”

A telephone buzzed.

“One moment, sir,” said Parker. “It’s **Mr. Bascom**², sir.”

Francis went to the phone.

“Hello, yes, this is I, Morgan. What is it?... To sell? Never! Of course. Sure... yes. Good-bye.”

While Francis returned delightedly to his arm-chair, **Thomas Regan**³ was in his office. Suddenly a clerk told him about a foreign visitor. Regan listened, glanced at the card, and said:

“Tell this **Senor Alvarez Torres**⁴ that I can’t see him.”

¹ **Governor of Jamaica** — губернатор на Ямайка

² **Mr. Bascom** — мистер Бэском

³ **Thomas Regan** — Томас Риган

⁴ **Senor Alvarez Torres** — сеньор Альварес Торрес

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

“Dear Mr. Regan,

“Honoured Sir:

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

Alvarez Torres.”

Regan shook his head.

“Let him in!”¹ At once.”

Senor Alvarez Torres’ English was perfect.

“By great effort, and years of research, I have finally found the clue to the gold of Sir Henry Morgan,” he began. “Of course it’s on the **Mosquito Coast**². The nearest town is **Bocas del Toro**³. I was born there, and I know the neighbourhood. A small schooner is cheap, very cheap; but the reward is the treasure!”

Senor Torres paused.

¹ **Let him in!** — Пусть войдёт!

² **Mosquito Coast** — Москитовый Берег

³ **Bocas del Toro** — Бокас-дель-Торо

“You need the money,” the stock operator said brutally, and Senor Torres bowed.

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

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

Senor Alvarez Torres bowed.

“Now, for his health, as well as his wealth, the best thing for him is a trip after treasure, adventure, exercise, and... you understand, I am sure.”

Again Alvarez Torres bowed.

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

Senor Alvarez Torres folded and unfolded the check.

“I... I accept,” he stammered. “I... I... What to say? ... I am yours. Mr. Regan, it is true. I need the money. You are so generous, and I’ll do my best...”

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

“I need your advice,” he said. “You were a friend of my father. You and he were partners, I understand. He always told me to trust your judgment. And, well, here I am. What’s up with **Tampico Petroleum**¹?”

“Tampico Petroleum?” Regan asked.

“Exactly,” Francis answered. “I worry. Somebody is trying to get control, right?”

Regan shook his head.

“What do you say?” he asked.

“Of course it’s good,” was Francis’ response. “If it drops, I’ll buy.”

“Don’t you worry about that, my boy. Just go fishing and forget it.” Regan paused, picked up Alvarez Torres’ card. “Look, who’s just been here — Senor Alvarez Torres.”

¹ **Tampico Petroleum** — «ТЭМПИКО Петролеум»

Regan retained the card a moment.

“Look, your father always was always proud of that old family pirate.”

“I know about his treasure. And what?”

Francis looked up questioningly.

“Senor Torres,” Regan explained, “gave me the map. Here is the treasure. It is buried. Of course, I don’t believe him. But... You know, Sir Henry died practically a poor man, and they never found his treasure. Oh, I’m too old for that!”

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

The next morning the meeting took place in Regan’s office. They were examining modern maps and ancient charts, and old documents. Finally, Francis announced his next fishing: on the **Bull Island**¹, where — as Torres averred — the treasure lay.

“I’ll catch the train for New Orleans,” Francis said . “And then I’ll go to **Colon**²!”

¹ **Bull Island** — Остров Быка

² **Colon** — Колон

“But don’t **charter a schooner**¹ at Colon,” Torres advised. “It’s better in **Belen**².”

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

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

“And, before you go,” Regan noticed, “it’s reasonable to arrange with Senor Torres some division of the treasure ... if you ever find it.”

“What’s that?” Francis asked.

“Equal division, fifty-fifty,” Regan answered.

“Fine!” Francis cried. “Good-bye, Regan. Good-bye, Senor Torres, until we meet somewhere around Bocas del Toro, or in on the Bull!”

And Senor Alvarez Torres remained with Regan some time longer. He was receiving instructions.

“You see,” Regan said, “I don’t care if he never comes back. Try to keep him down there as long as you can.”

¹ **charter a schooner** — фрахтовать шхуну

² **Belen** — Белен

CHAPTER II

So Francis Morgan **found himself**¹ on board his schooner, the **Angelique**². The water was glassy. Francis, through his glass, saw a white hacienda, and a woman on the beach.

“Who lives here?” he asked

“The **Enrico Solano**³ family, sir,” was the answer. “And they are prideful and **fiery as cayenne pepper**⁴.”

Francis took a boat to the shore. When the skiff grounded, he stepped out. Then

¹ **found himself** — оказался

² **the Angelique** — «Анжелика» (*название шхуны*)

³ **Enrico Solano** — Энрико Солано

⁴ **fiery as cayenne pepper** — вспыльчивы, как порох

he looked around. The beach to the jungle was bare.

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

“Quick! Follow me!”

She shook him.

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

“My dear lady...” Francis began.

But he heard the movement of men several yards away. She slipped away down the runway. Francis followed her, through the jungle to the beach. She stopped.

“You fool!” she cried, and lifted her finger to his moustache. “That won’t disguise you!”

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

“I won’t talk with you,” she answered. “Go back to your schooner, and go away... Forever. If you ever come back I’ll shoot you.”

She showed him a revolver.

“So I’d better go, then,” he uttered, as he turned to the skiff. She followed him. The

strange young woman was crying. Suddenly she stopped him.

“At least you can...” she began, then faltered and swallowed, “**kiss me good-bye¹.**”

She advanced impulsively. Francis hesitated a moment, then she kissed his lips. She lifted her face and kissed him again and again.

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

From the edge of the jungle he saw three men. They were armed with rifles. They ran toward the woman. They saw Francis, who was rowing. The next moment, one of the tree men on the beach, an elderly man with a beard, was directing the girl's binoculars on him. And the moment after, **he was taking aim with his rifle².**

The bullet spat on the water within a yard of the skiff's side. The girl sprang to her feet, knocked up the rifle with her arm, and spoiled the second shot. She was threatening the men with the revolver.

¹ **kiss me good-bye** — поцеловать меня на прощание

² **he was taking aim with his rifle** — он целился из ружья

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

“Yes, you’re right,” Francis agreed.

After breakfast Francis landed **to reconnoiter on the Bull**¹. He found that was not merely thirty degrees of latitude from New York but thirty hundred years, or centuries. Nearly naked, armed with **machetes**², the Indians told him that the Bull belonged to them. But there lives a madly impossible **Gringo**³.

Francis decided to meet the mysterious Gringo. He came down to the beach. On the shore, he saw a barefooted young man in the canvas trousers. That Gringo was standing behind a palm. The man had an automatic pistol in hand, and shouted:

“Get out!”

“I beg you pardon?” Francis grinned.

¹ **to reconnoiter on the Bull** — исследовать остров Быка

² **machetes** — мачете, большой широкий нож

³ **Gringo** — гринго (*иностранец, слово используется для обозначения жителей Америки и Европы*)