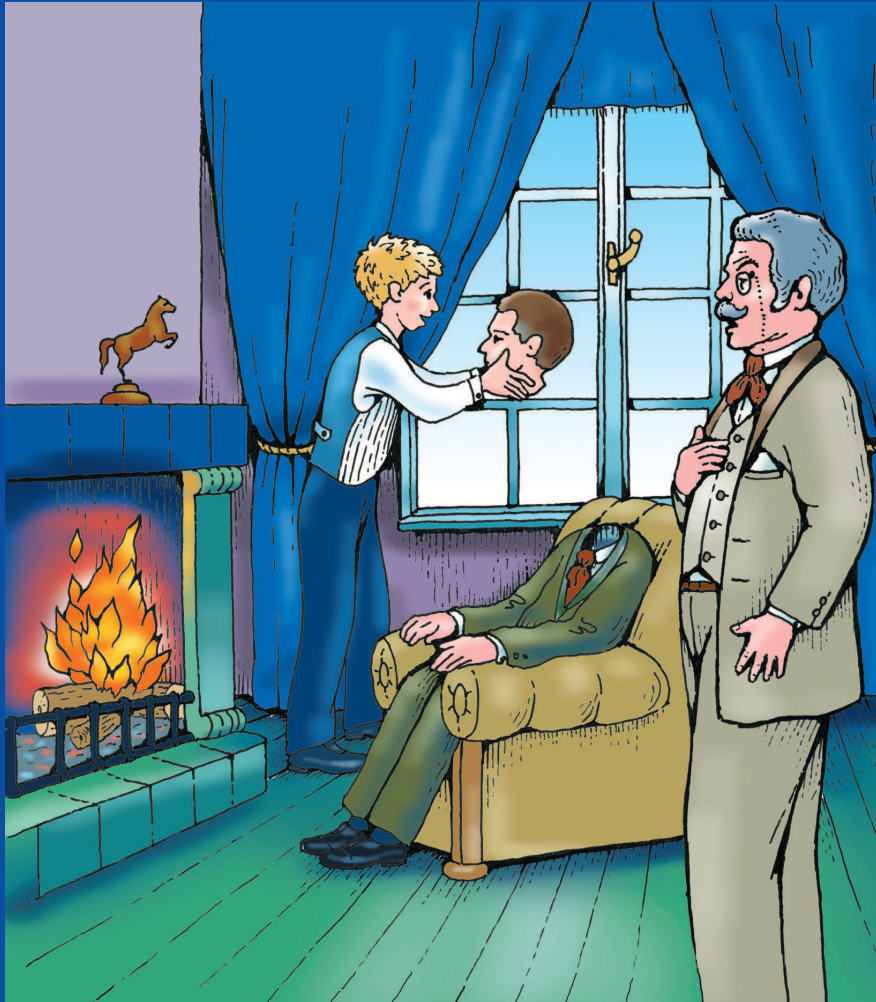


FELBERG ENGLISH READERS

THREE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE



SIMPLIFIED EDITION


Felberg SJA

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**THREE
ADVENTURES
OF SHERLOCK
HOLMES**

Simplified edition of stories by
SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

LOWER INTERMEDIATE LEVEL

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THE ADVENTURE OF THE MAZARIN STONE

It was pleasant to Dr. Watson to be once more in the untidy room of the first floor in Baker Street. In the past this room had been the beginning of so many **remarkable** adventures. He looked round and finally his eyes noticed the fresh and smiling face of Billy. Billy was a young but very wise and tactful boy who worked for the great detective.

“It all hasn’t changed a lot, Billy. You don’t change, either. I hope the same can be said of him?”

Billy looked at the closed door of the bedroom.

“I think he’s in bed and asleep,” he said.

It was seven in the evening of a lovely summer day, but Dr. Watson, who knew his old friend’s strange habits quite well, wasn’t at all surprised.

“That means a **case**, I suppose?”

“Yes, he is working very hard on it just now. I worry about his health. He gets paler and thinner, and he eats nothing. ‘When would you like to eat, Mr. Holmes?’ Mrs. Hudson asked, the other day. ‘Seven-thirty, the day after tomorrow,’ said he. You know his way when he concentrates on a case.”

“Yes, Billy, I know.”

“He’s following someone. Yesterday he was **dressed up** as a workman looking for a job, and today an old woman.

“But what is it all about, Billy?”

remarkable *nadzwyczajny*; **case** *sprawa*; **dress up** *przebrać się*

Billy **whispered**, “I can tell you , sir, but don’t tell anybody else. It’s this case of the **Crown diamond**.”

“What!—the hundred-thousand-pound **burglary**?”

“Yes, sir. They must get it back, sir. Yesterday the Prime Minister and the Home Secretary visited Mr. Holmes. Mr. Holmes was very nice to them and promised to do all he could. Then Lord Cantlemere came as well.”

“Ah!”

“Yes, sir, you know what that means. He’s so serious, sir, if I may say so. I like both the Prime Minister and the Home Secretary, but I **can’t stand** Lord Cantlemere. Neither can Mr. Holmes, sir. The Lord doesn’t believe in Mr. Holmes and hopes that Mr. Holmes will fail.”

“And Mr. Holmes knows it?”

“Mr. Holmes always knows everything.”

“But, Billy why is that curtain hanging across the window?”

“Mr. Holmes asked for it. We’ve got something funny behind it.”

Billy showed Dr. Watson what was behind the curtain. Dr. Watson was shocked because there was a **dummy** of his old friend wearing a dressing-gown. Billy took the head and held it in the air.

“We put it at different angles, so that it seems more real. When the curtain is up you can see this head from across the street.”

“We used something like that in the past.”

“Before my time,” said Billy. He looked out into the street. “Good gracious, there is somebody watching us from over there. Have a look for yourself.”

Watson took one step forward when the bedroom door opened, and Holmes appeared. His face was white but he was as lively as usual. With a quick jump he was at the window, and he pulled the curtain down.

“That’s enough, Billy,” said he. “Your life was in danger. Well, Watson, it is good to see you at my place once again. You come at a critical moment.”

whisper *szeptać*; **crown** *korona*; **burglary** *włamanie*; **can’t stand** *nie znosić*; **dummy** *kukła*

“I thought so.”

“I’m expecting something this evening.”

“Expecting what?”

“That somebody will murder me, Watson.”

“You are joking, Holmes!”

“Even my limited sense of humor could produce a better joke than that. But while waiting let’s smoke a pipe. I do it instead of eating.”

“But why not eat?”

“Because I need all powers of my brain now. When I eat, part of the blood goes to my stomach but I need it all for my brain.”

“But this danger, Holmes...”

“Ah, yes, if this murder happens, you should know the name and address of the murderer. You can give it to Scotland Yard, with my love. The name is Sylvius—**Count** Negretto Sylvius. Write it down, man, write it down! 136 Moorside Gardens, N.W. Got it?”

“But can’t you tell the police to arrest this man?”

“Yes, Watson, I can. That’s what worries me so.”

“But why don’t you?”

“Because I don’t know where the diamond is.”

“Ah! Billy told me—the **missing** Crown jewel!”

“Yes, the great yellow Mazarin stone. I’ve **cast the net** and I have my fish. But I have not got the stone. What is the point of taking them? It’s the stone I want.”

“And is this Count Sylvius one of your fish?”

“Yes, and he’s a shark. He bites. The other is Sam Merton, the boxer. Not a bad fellow, Sam, but the Count has used him. Sam’s not a shark.”

“Where is this Count Sylvius?”

“I was following him all the morning. I followed him to old Straubenzee’s **workshop** in the Minories. Straubenzee makes light guns—and I think such a gun is in the opposite window at the moment. Well, my dummy may get a **bullet** through its beautiful head at any moment. Ah, Billy, what is it?”

count *hrabia*; *missing* *zgubiony*; *cast the net* *zarzucić sieć*; *workshop* *warsztat*; *bullet* *nabój*

The boy came into the room with a calling card. Holmes looked at it with a smile.

“Count Sylvius himself! I didn’t expect this. Possibly you have heard that he is a famous sportsman, excellent at shooting. Shooting me could be a wonderful ending of his career. His visit here means that he feels I am too close to him.”

“Send for the police.”

“I probably will. But not just yet. Would you look out of the window, Watson, and see if there is anyone **suspicious** in the street?”

Watson looked carefully round the edge of the curtain.

“Yes, there is one dangerous-looking man near the door.”

“That will be Sam Merton. Where is this gentleman, Billy?”

“In the waiting-room, sir.”

“Ask him to come in when I ring.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Ask him to the room no matter if I am in the room or not.”

“Yes, sir.”

Watson waited until the door was closed, and then said in a worried voice.

“Look here, Holmes, this is simply impossible. This is a desperate man, who isn’t afraid of anything. He may come to murder you.”

“I should not be surprised.”

“I want to stay with you.”

“You would be horribly in the way.”

“Well, I can’t possibly leave you.”

“Yes, you can, Watson. This man has come for his own reasons, but he may stay here for my reasons.” Holmes took out his notebook and wrote a few lines. “Take a cab to Scotland Yard and give this to them. Come back with the police. They will arrest the man.”

“I’ll do that with pleasure.”

“Before you return I may have just enough time to **find out** where the stone is.” He touched the bell. “I think we will go out through the bedroom. This second exit is very useful. I would

suspicious *podejrzany*; **find out** *dowiedzieć się*

like to see my shark but I don't want him to see me. I have my own way of doing it."

Billy asked Count Sylvius to an empty room. This famous sportsman was a big man with a dark **complexion** with a small mustache over a cruel, thin mouth and with a **crooked** nose. As the door closed behind him he looked round carefully because he was afraid that it was a trap. Then he was very surprised when he saw a figure sitting in the armchair near the window. Suddenly, murderous ideas crossed his mind. Once again he looked round, making sure nobody else was in the room, and slowly started to walk towards the figure. He raised his thick stick and was about to hit the figure with it when he heard a cool, sarcastic voice:

"Don't break it, Count! Don't break it!"

The **assassin** moved back and for a moment he aimed his stick at Holmes but after a while he put it down.

"Put your hat and stick on the side-table. Thank you! Would you be so kind as to put your revolver there, as well? Your visit comes at a very good time because I wanted to have a few words with you."

The Count looked at Holmes angrily.

"I, too, wished to talk to you, Holmes. That is why I am here. I won't **deny** that I just tried to kill you."

Holmes relaxed a bit.

"I suspect that you would like to do that," said he. "But what do you have against me?"

"Your men were following me."

"My men! I can give you my word that it isn't true!"

"Nonsense! I know there were your men, Holmes."

"It is a small point, Count Sylvius, but I would be grateful if you called me Mr. Holmes."

"Well, Mr. Holmes, then."

"Excellent! But I must tell you are wrong about my agents."

Count Sylvius laughed ironically.

complexion *karnacja*; **crooked** *krzywy*; **assassin** *zamachowiec*; **deny** *zaprzeczyć*

“Other people can observe as well as you. Yesterday there was an old man. Today it was an elderly woman. They have observed me all day.”

“Really, sir, you compliment me.”

“It was you—you yourself? But why?”

“Come now, Count. You used to shoot lions in Algeria.”

“Well?”

“But why?”

“Why? The sport—the excitement—the danger!”

“And, no doubt, to free the country from a **pest**?”

“Exactly!”

“So these are also my reasons, you may say!”

The Count jumped from his seat, and his hand moved back to his hip-pocket.

“Sit down, sir, sit down! There was another, more practical, reason. I want that yellow diamond!”

Count Sylvius relaxed in his chair with an **evil** smile.

“Really!” said he.

“You knew that I was after you because of that. The real reason why you are here tonight is to find out how much I know about the matter and if it is necessary to kill me. In my opinion it is necessary because I know all about it, except one thing, which you are about to tell me.”

“Oh, indeed! And just tell me, what is this missing fact?”

“Where the Crown diamond is now.”

The Count looked sharply at Mr. Holmes. “Oh, you want to know that, do you? How on earth should I be able to tell you where it is?”

“You can, and you will.”

“Indeed!”

“Now, Count, if you are reasonable we can do business. If not, you will get hurt.”

Holmes looked at him like a master chess-player planning his final move. Then he opened the table drawer and took a notebook out of it.

“Do you know what I keep in this book?”

pest szkodnik; evil zły

“No, sir, I do not!”

“You!”

“Me!”

“Yes, sir, you! You are all here—every action of your evil and dangerous life.”

“Damn you, Holmes!” cried the Count with fire in his eyes. “There are limits to my patience!”

“It’s all here, Count. Evidence of your dishonest and criminal activities.”

“What has all this talk to do with the jewel which you mentioned?”

“Be patient, Count. Let me do it my own way. I have a clear case for the Crown diamond against you and your partner.”

“Really!”

“I have the **cabman** who took you to Whitehall and the cabman who brought you away. I have also another person who saw you near the case. I have Ikey Sanders, who didn’t want to cut the diamond up for you and he **gave you away**. So the game is up.”

The **veins** became thicker on the Count’s forehead and he tried to keep his emotions under control. The Count tried to speak, but he simply couldn’t.

“So I have just put all my cards on the table,” said Holmes. “But one card is missing. I don’t know where the stone is.”

“You will never know.”

“No? Now, be reasonable, Count. You and Sam Merton will go to prison and you are going to get nothing out of your diamond. But if you **hand it over**, you can go free so long as you behave yourself in the future. We want the stone, not you or Sam.”

“But if I refuse?”

“Well, then I am sorry to say that it must be you and not the stone.”

Billy appeared in answer to a ring.

evidence *dowód*; cabman *taksówkarz*; give away *wydać*; vein *żyła*; hand over *oddać*

“I think, Count, your friend Sam should be here now with us. Billy, you will see a large and ugly gentleman outside the front door. Ask him to come up.”

“What are you going to do now?” asked the Count as Billy disappeared.

“My friend Watson was with me just now. I told him that I had a shark and a fry in my net; now I am slowly closing the net and now they are coming together.”

“You won’t die in your bed, Holmes,” the Count said getting up from his chair.

A sudden light **blinded** the criminal. Holmes’s figure appeared to be taller as he grew **tense** and ready.

“Don’t use your revolver, my friend,” Holmes said in a quiet voice. “You know perfectly well that you wouldn’t risk using it even if you could. Ah! I think I hear the steps of your partner. Good day, Mr. Merton. Rather boring in the street, isn’t it?”

“What’s that all about now, Count? What does this man want? What’s wrong?” His voice was deep and unpleasant

The Count **shrugged** his shoulders, so Holmes answered.

“In short, Mr. Merton, everything is wrong.”

The boxer still talked only to his partner.

“Is this **chap** trying to be funny, or what? I’m not in a funny mood myself.”

“No, I expect not,” said Holmes. “And you will feel even less funny in a while. Now, look here, Count Sylvius. I am leaving you to explain to your friend what the situation is. I will play my violin a bit and in five minutes I will return for your final answer. You understand the choice you have—either you or the stone.”

Holmes left and a few minutes later his music came quietly to the room.

“What is up, then?” asked Merton in an angry voice. “Does he know about the stone?”

“He knows too much about it. I’m not sure if he doesn’t know all about it.”

“Good Lord!” The boxer’s face turned whiter.

fry *plotka*; *blind* *oslepić*; *tense* *spięty*; *shrug* *wzruszyć*; *chap* *facet*

“Ikey Sanders has given us away.”

“He has, hasn’t he? I’ll close his mouth.”

“That won’t help us much. We’ve got to decide what to do.”

“Just a moment,” said the boxer looking suspiciously at the bedroom door. “He’s a **cunning** chap. I suppose he’s not listening?”

“How can he be listening with that music?”

“That’s right. Maybe somebody’s behind the curtain.” As he looked round he suddenly saw for the first time the dummy in the window and stood too amazed to say anything.

“Don’t worry! It’s only a dummy,” said the Count.

“Oh, leave the curtains! We are wasting our time, and there isn’t much of it left. He can order the police to arrest us because of the stone.”

“I am sure he can!”

“But he’ll let us go if we only tell him where the stone is.”

“What! Give it up? Give up a hundred thousand pounds?”

“We have got to choose.”

Merton thought for a moment.

“He’s alone in there. Let’s finish him off. If he died, there would be nothing to be afraid of.”

The Count shook his head.

“He is armed and ready. And most probably the police know what he knows about us. Hallo! What was that?”

There was a quiet sound which seemed to come from the window. Both men turned around but there was nothing except the dummy.

“Something in the street,” said Merton. “Now look, you have got **the brains**. Surely you can think of something.”

“I’ve managed to fool better men than he,” the Count answered. “The stone is here in my secret pocket. I wouldn’t leave it anywhere. It can be out of England tonight and cut into four pieces in Amsterdam before Sunday. He doesn’t know about Van Seddar.”

“I thought Van Seddar was going next week.”

“He was. But now it must be sooner. One of us has to take the stone to him and tell him.”

“But the false **bottom** of the suitcase isn’t ready.”

“Well, he must take it as it is and hope he will be lucky. We have no time to lose.”

“As for Holmes,” he continued, “I will lie to him about where the stone is, telling him it is in Liverpool. So before he realizes it isn’t true, the stone will be in Holland and we will be out of the country. Come over here, here is the stone.”

“You are a brave man not to be afraid to carry it.”

“It is safest with me. If we could take it out of Whitehall, someone else could, with no problem, take it from my place.”

“Let’s have a look at it.”

Count Sylvius **hesitated** for a moment.

“What—do you think I am going to run away with it?”

“Well, well, sorry, Sam. Come over to the window if you want to see the beauty properly. Now hold it to the light! Here!”

“Thank you!”

With a quick move Holmes jumped from the dummy’s chair and **grasped** the valuable jewel. He had it now in one hand, and a revolver pointing at the Count’s head in the other. The two criminals were completely shocked and before they could react Holmes pressed the electric bell.

“Stay calm, gentlemen! The police are waiting below.”

The Count was totally surprised.

“Your surprise is very natural. You most probably didn’t know that the second door from my bedroom leads behind that curtain. You heard me when I was taking the dummy’s place but you didn’t notice the change. I could listen to your conversation with you thinking that you were alone.”

The Count eventually gave up.

“I believe you are the devil himself.”

It took Sam Merton some time to understand what happened so in the end he said:

“But what about that violin music? I heard it.”

bottom *spód, dno*; **hesitate** *wahać się*; **grasp** *złapać*