

中文导读英文版

福尔摩斯经典探案系列

His Last Bow

最后的致意

[英] 阿瑟·柯南·道尔 原著

王勋 纪飞 等 编译



清华大学出版社

(中 文 导 读 英 文 版)

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内 容 简 介

His Last Bow, 中文译名为《最后的致意》, 这是一部充满传奇、冒险与智慧的侦探故事, 它由英国著名侦探小说家、“英国侦探小说之父”阿瑟·柯南·道尔编著。在充满雾气的伦敦贝克街上, 住着一位富有正义感的侦探福尔摩斯。他和他忠实的医生朋友华生一起经历了无数千奇百怪的案子, 制造了许多经典的侦探故事。《最后的致意》便是其中的一部。该书被公认为世界侦探小说的经典之作, 至今已被译成世界上多种文字, 并曾经多次被改编成电影。书中所展现主人公福尔摩斯的传奇故事伴随了一代又一代人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。

无论作为语言学习的课本, 还是作为通俗的文学读本, 本书对当代中国读者, 特别是青少年读者都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况, 进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平, 在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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阿瑟·柯南·道尔（Arthur Conan Doyle，1859—1930），英国著名侦探小说家、剧作家，现代侦探小说的奠基人之一，被誉为“英国侦探小说之父”。

柯南·道尔于 1859 年 5 月 22 日出生于爱丁堡，1881 年获爱丁堡大学医学博士学位。博士毕业后，柯南·道尔以行医为职业。1885 年，柯南·道尔开始创作侦探小说《血字的研究》，并于 1887 年发表在《比顿圣诞年刊》上。1890 年，柯南·道尔出版了第二部小说《四签名》，并一举成名。次年，他弃医从文，专事侦探小说的创作，陆续出版以福尔摩斯为主人公的系列侦探小说：《波希米亚丑闻》、《红发会》、《身份案》、《恐怖谷》、《五个橘核》、《巴斯克维尔的猎犬》等。1902 年，他因有关布尔战争的著作被加封为爵士。1930 年 7 月 7 日，柯南·道尔逝世于英国。

柯南·道尔一生共创作了 60 多篇以福尔摩斯为主人公的侦探小说，他塑造的福尔摩斯形象其实就是正义的化身。福尔摩斯已成为世界上家喻户晓的人物、侦探的象征，印在全世界不同种族、不同肤色的人心中。福尔摩斯是一个栩栩如生、有血有肉的形象。他活动在伦敦大雾迷漫的街道上、普普通通的公寓里，似乎随时都可能跟走在街上的读者擦肩而过，因此使人感到十分亲切可信。福尔摩斯善于运用医学、心理学、逻辑学，尤其是他的逻辑推理能力令人叹为观止。他又十分注重调查研究，并且对案子极其热情、认真负责，这些使他的侦探本领到了神鬼莫测的境地。柯南·道尔通过福尔摩斯探案故事，宣扬善恶有报、法网难逃的思想。小说中所涉及的医学、化学、生物学、犯罪学、法学知识以及探案和侦察方法，即便是对今天的侦探工作也具有一定的借鉴作用。

柯南·道尔以福尔摩斯为主人公的系列侦探小说出版 100 多年来，一直畅销至今，被译成世界上几十种语言，是全世界公认的侦探小说名著。在中国，福尔摩斯系列侦探小说是最受广大读者欢迎的外国文学作品之一。



目前，在国内数量众多的福尔摩斯侦探小说书籍中，主要的出版形式有两种：一种是中文翻译版，另一种是英文原版。而其中的英文原版越来越受到读者的欢迎，这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英语的大环境。从英文学习的角度来看，直接使用纯英文素材更有利于英语学习。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读，使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式，也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排，这样有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。基于以上原因，我们决定编译“福尔摩斯经典探案系列”丛书，该系列丛书收入了柯南·道尔的《血字的研究》、《四签名》、《福尔摩斯冒险史》、《福尔摩斯回忆录》、《福尔摩斯归来》、《巴斯克维尔的猎犬》、《恐怖谷》、《最后的致意》、《新探案》等经典之作，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作故事主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的科学素养和人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、左新杲、黄福成、冯洁、徐鑫、马启龙、王业伟、王旭敏、陈楠、王多多、邵舒丽、周丽萍、王晓旭、李永振、孟宪行、熊红华、胡国平、熊建国、徐平国、王小红等。限于我们的文学素养和英语水平，书中难免不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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威斯特里亚寓所

The Adventure of Wisteria Lodge



第一章 约翰先生的独特经历

Chapter 1 The Singular Experience of Mr. John Scott Eccles

一八九二年末的一个午餐时间，福尔摩斯收到一位名叫约翰·史考特·艾克立斯的电报，说自己有一次奇怪的经历，要来请教。于是他草草地回了电报。一会儿，一个身材高大、长着灰胡子的人走进来，谈起了自己遇到的很奇特的事。

福尔摩斯请史考特·艾克立斯先生坐下，问他发生了什么事。福尔摩斯从他的打扮中看出他一早就碰到了不愉快的事，便问他为什么现在才来？

他理了理头发说自己一早去了房地产公司，加西亚的房租已缴，威斯特里亚寓所一切正常。福尔摩斯让他从头讲起。这时，葛里格森探长来到，向福尔摩斯介绍了舍瑞郡的贝恩斯警探。探长说他们正在追踪疑犯，说着眼睛落在了艾克立斯身上，又说是为威斯特里亚寓所的艾洛埃雪斯·加西亚昨晚死亡一案而来。探长说死者的口袋有史考特·艾克立斯的一封信，知道他昨晚在那里过夜。

福尔摩斯告诉探长，艾克立斯刚才正准备叙述经过，现在应让他说完。于是史考特·艾克立斯接着说自己是单身汉，一天，在退休的酿酒商麦尔菲家的饭桌上认识了西班牙人加西亚。两人很投缘，两天后加西亚去找他玩，后来又邀请他去威斯特里亚寓所住几天，昨晚他便去了。

史考特·艾克立斯开车去了那里，加西亚热情地接他进去，一个凶悍



的男仆带他到卧室。晚餐时只有他们两个人，感觉气氛很沉闷，快结束时，仆送来一张纸条，加西亚看完后将纸条扔进了火炉里，神情更加古怪。快十一点时史考特·艾克立斯离开餐桌去就寝，很久以后加西亚来问他，是否拉铃叫过人，并为半夜一点还来打搅他而道歉。

史考特·艾克立斯早上醒来时已经九点，他头天曾交待让人八点叫醒他，便拉铃叫仆人，但没人应，穿上衣服后发现一个人也没有了。他想他们可能想赖房租，便去房地产公司查问，但不是这回事儿；后来又西班牙领事馆查问，没人知道这个人；又去麦尔菲家，麦尔菲对此人也不了解，于是便来请教福尔摩斯了。这时，贝恩斯警探从口袋中拿出一张变了色的纸，说是在炉架上找到的。当时加西亚扔过了，纸条才没被烧掉。纸条上说到绿白两种颜色、主楼梯、右七等字眼儿，最后署名D。他们看出那是一个女人的笔迹，而地址好像是用另一支笔或由另一个人写的。

葛里格森告诉他们，加西亚今天早上被发现死在离他家一英里的牛榭公宅，头被重物打得稀烂，但没有被抢劫的迹象。从死者口袋中的信里知道死者和他在一起。随后警探便把史考特·艾克立斯带走了。

史考特·艾克立斯告诉福尔摩斯不要怕花钱，一定要查出事情的真相。贝恩斯表示，欢迎福尔摩斯参加调查，并说死者是在一点左右下雨前被杀的。可史考特·艾克立斯说，那不可能，因为那时死者还来他房间问过话。

福尔摩斯拉铃让赫森太太送几位下去，并派了一个小孩去发封电报，并付了五先令的回电费。随后，福尔摩斯和华生开始分析这个案件，艾克立斯去威斯特里亚寓所，绝不是有人和他开玩笑，而是要他与某事扯上关系，可那西班牙人要利用他什么呢？看来是要用他的证词。

那些人原计划要做某一件事，准备一点钟时发生，于是便提前告诉史考特·艾克立斯一点了，如果他们那个阴谋实现了，便可让史考特·艾克立斯作证明。一点钟时他们在家，字条上可能是地点，而后面字母的D应该是一个西班牙女人的名字。

一会儿，福尔摩斯发的电报的回电来了，华生看到是一张写有名字和地址的清单。

福尔摩斯分析说从加西亚收到的字条看，那房子非常大，离牛榭公宅不会超过两英里，因为远了，加西亚回不来，于是就发了电报给房地产代理所要了这份名单。

近六点时，他们在贝恩斯探长的陪同下，来到伊榭尔村，并在公牛旅馆订了房间，随后去了威斯特里亚寓所。

1. THE SINGULAR EXPERIENCE OF MR.

JOHN SCOTT ECCLES

I find it recorded in my notebook that it was a bleak and windy day towards the end of March in the year 1892. Holmes had received a telegram while we sat at our lunch, and he had scribbled a reply. He made no remark, but the matter remained in his thoughts, for he stood in front of the fire afterwards with a thoughtful face, smoking his pipe, and casting an occasional glance at the message. Suddenly he turned upon me with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

"I suppose, Watson, we must look upon you as a man of letters," said he. "How do you define the word 'grotesque'?"

"Strange—remarkable," I suggested.

He shook his head at my definition.

"There is surely something more than that," said he; "some underlying suggestion of the tragic and the terrible. If you cast your mind back to some of those narratives with which you have afflicted a long-suffering public, you will recognize how often the grotesque has deepened into the criminal. Think of that little affair of the red-headed men. That was grotesque enough in the outset, and yet it ended in a desperate attempt at robbery. Or, again, there was that most grotesque affair of the five orange pips, which led straight to a murderous Conspiracy. The word puts me on the alert."

"Have you it there?" I asked.

He read the telegram aloud.

"Have just had most incredible and grotesque experience. May I consult you.?"

"SCOTT ECCLES,

"Post-Office, Charing Cross."

"Man or woman?" I asked.

"Oh, man, of course. No woman would ever send a replypaid telegram. She would have come."

"Will you see him?"

"My dear Watson, you know how bored I have been since we locked up Colonel Car-ruthers. My mind is like a racing engine, tearing itself to pieces

because it is not connected up with the work for which it was built. Life is commonplace; the papers are sterile; audacity and romance seem to have passed forever from the criminal world. Can you ask me, then, whether I am ready to look into any new problem, however trivial it may prove? But here, unless I am mistaken, is our client."

A measured step was heard upon the stairs, and a moment later a stout, tall, gray-whiskered and solemnly respectable person was ushered into the room. His life history was written in his heavy features and pompous manner. From his spats to his gold-rimmed spectacles he was a Conservative, a churchman, a good citizen, orthodox and conventional to the last degree. But some amazing experience had disturbed his native composure and left its traces in his bristling hair, his flushed, angry cheeks, and his flurried, excited manner. He plunged instantly into his business.

"I have had a most singular and unpleasant experience, Mr. Holmes," said he. "Never in my life have I been placed in such a situation. It is most improper—most outrageous. I must insist upon some explanation." He swelled and puffed in his anger.

"Pray sit down, Mr. Scott Eccles," said Holmes in a soothing voice. "May I ask, in the first place, why you came to me at all?"

"Well, sir, it did not appear to be a matter which concerned the police, and yet, when you have heard the facts, you must admit that I could not leave it where it was. Private detectives are a class with whom I have absolutely no sympathy, but none the less, having heard your name—

"Quite so. But, in the second place, why did you not come at once?"

"What do you mean?"

Holmes glanced at his watch.

"It is a quarter-past two," he said. "Your telegram was dispatched about one. But no one can glance at your toilet and attire without seeing that your disturbance dates from the moment of your waking."

Our client smoothed down his unbrushed hair and felt his unshaven chin.

"You are right, Mr. Holmes. I never gave a thought to my toilet. I was only too glad to get out of such a house. But I have been running round making inquiries before I came to you. I went to the house agents, you know, and they

said that Mr. Garcia's rent was paid up all right and that everything was in order at Wisteria Lodge."

"Come, come, sir," said Holmes, laughing. "You are like my friend, Dr. Watson, who has a bad habit of telling his stories wrong end foremost. Please arrange your thoughts and let me know, in their due sequence, exactly what those events are which have sent you out unbrushed and unkempt, with dress boots and waistcoat buttoned awry, in search of advice and assistance,"

Our client looked down with a rueful face at his own unconventional appearance.

"I'm sure it must look very bad, Mr. Holmes, and I am not aware that in my whole life such a thing has ever happened before. But I will tell you the whole queer business, and when I have done so you will admit, I am sure, that there has been enough to excuse me."

But his narrative was nipped in the bud. There was a bustle outside, and Mrs. Hudson opened the door to usher in two robust and official-looking individuals, one of whom was well known to us as Inspector Gregson of Scotland Yard, an energetic, gallant, and, within his limitations, a capable officer. He shook hands with Holmes and introduced his comrade as Inspector Baynes, of the Surrey Constabulary.

"We are hunting together, Mr. Holmes, and our trail lay in this direction." He turned his bulldog eyes upon our visitor.

"Are you Mr. John Scott Eccles, of Popham House, Lee?"

"I am."

"We have been following you about all the morning."

"You traced him through the telegram, no doubt," said Holmes.

"Exactly, Mr. Holmes. We picked up the scent at Charing Cross Post-Office and came on here."

"But why do you follow me? What do you want?"

"We wish a statement, Mr. Scott Eccles, as to the events which led up to the death last night of Mr. Aloysius Garcia, of Wisteria Lodge, near Esher."

Our client had sat up with staring eyes and every tinge of colour struck from his astonished face.

"Dead? Did you say he was dead?"

“Yes, sir, he is dead.”

“But how? An accident?”

“Murder, if ever there was one upon earth.”

“Good God! This is awful! You don’t mean—you don’t mean that I am suspected?”

“A letter of yours was found in the dead man’s pocket, and we know by it that you had planned to pass last night at his house.”

“So I did.”

“Oh, you did, did you?”

Out came the official notebook.

“Wait a bit, Gregson,” said Sherlock Holmes. “All you desire is a plain statement, is it not?”

“And it is my duty to warn Mr. Scott Eccles that it may be used against him.”

“Mr. Eccles was going to tell us about it when you entered the room. I think, Watson, a brandy and soda would do him no harm. Now, sir, I suggest that you take no notice of this addition to your audience, and that you proceed with your narrative exactly as you would have done had you never been interrupted.”

Our visitor had gulped off the brandy and the colour had returned to his face. With a dubious glance at the inspector’s notebook, he plunged at once into his extraordinary statement.

“I am a bachelor,” said he, “and being of a sociable turn I cultivate a large number of friends. Among these are the family of a retired brewer called Melville, living at Albemarle Mansion, Kensington. It was at his table that I met some weeks ago a young fellow named Garcia. He was, I understood, of Spanish descent and connected in some way with the embassy. He spoke perfect English, was pleasing in his manners, and as good-looking a man as ever I saw in my life.

“In some way we struck up quite a friendship, this young fellow and I. He seemed to take a fancy to me from the first, and within two days of our meeting he came to see me at Lee. One thing led to another, and it ended in his inviting me out to spend a few days at his house, Wisteria Lodge, between Esher and

Oxshott. Yesterday evening I went to Esher to fulfil this engagement.

“He had described his household to me before I went there. He lived with a faithful servant, a countryman of his own, who looked after all his needs. This fellow could speak English and did his housekeeping for him. Then there was a wonderful cook, he said, a half-breed whom he had picked up in his travels, who could serve an excellent dinner. I remember that he remarked what a queer household it was to find in the heart of Surrey, and that I agreed with him, though it has proved a good deal queerer than I thought.

“I drove to the place—about two miles on the south side of Esher. The house was a fair-sized one, standing back from the road, with a curving drive which was banked with high ever-green shrubs. It was an old, tumble-down building in a crazy state of disrepair. When the trap pulled up on the grass-grown drive in front of the blotched and weather-stained door, I had doubts as to my wisdom in visiting a man whom I knew so slightly. He opened the door himself, however, and greeted me with a great show of cordiality. I was handed over to the manservant, a melancholy, swarthy individual, who led the way, my bag in his hand, to my bedroom. The whole place was depressing. Our dinner was tête-a-tête, and though my host did his best to be entertaining, his thoughts seemed to continually wander, and he talked so vaguely and wildly that I could hardly understand him. He continually drummed his fingers on the table, gnawed his nails, and gave other signs of nervous impatience. The dinner itself was neither well served nor well cooked, and the gloomy presence of the taciturn servant did not help to enliven us. I can assure you that many times in the course of the evening I wished that I could invent some excuse which would take me back to Lee.

“One thing comes back to my memory which may have a bearing upon the business that you two gentlemen are investigating. I thought nothing of it at the time. Near the end of dinner a note was handed in by the servant. I noticed that after my host had read it he seemed even more distraught and strange than before. He gave up all pretence at conversation and sat, smoking endless cigarettes, lost in his own thoughts, but he made no remark as to the contents. About eleven I was glad to go to bed. Some time later Garcia looked in at my door—the room was dark at the time—and asked me if I had rung. I said that I had not.

He apologized for having disturbed me so late, saying that it was nearly one o' clock. I dropped off after this and slept soundly all night.

“And now I come to the amazing part of my tale. When I woke it was broad daylight. I glanced at my watch, and the time was nearly nine. I had particularly asked to be called at eight, so I was very much astonished at this forgetfulness. I sprang up and rang for the servant. There was no response. I rang again and again, with the same result. Then I came to the conclusion that the bell was out of order. I huddled on my clothes and hurried downstairs in an exceedingly bad temper to order some hot water. You can imagine my surprise when I found that there was no one there. I shouted in the hall. There was no answer. Then I ran from room to room. All were deserted. My host had shown me which was his bedroom the night before, so I knocked at the door. No reply. I turned the handle and walked in. The room was empty, and the bed had never been slept in. He had gone with the rest. The foreign host, the foreign foot-man, the foreign cook, all had vanished in the night! That was the end of my visit to Wisteria Lodge.”

Sherlock Holmes was rubbing his hands and chuckling as he added this bizarre incident to his collection of strange episodes.

“Your experience is, so far as I know, perfectly unique,” said he. “May I ask, sir, what you did then?”

“I was furious. My first idea was that I had been the victim of some absurd practical joke. I packed my things, banged the hall door behind me, and set off for Esher, with my bag in my hand. I called at Allan Brothers', the chiefland agents in the village, and found that it was from this firm that the villa had been rented. It struck me that the whole proceeding could hardly be for the purpose of making a fool of me, and that the main object must be to get out of the rent. It is late in March, so quarter-day is at hand. But this theory would not work. The agent was obliged to me for my warning, but told me that the rent had been paid in advance. Then I made my way to town and called at the Spanish embassy. The man was unknown there. After this I went to see Melville, at whose house I had first met Garcia, but I found that he really knew rather less about him than I did. Finally when I got your reply to my wire I came out to you, since I gather that you are a person who gives advice in difficult cases. But

now, Mr. Inspector, I understand, from what you said when you entered the room, that you can carry the story on, and that some tragedy has occurred. I can assure you that every word I have said is the truth, and that, outside of what I have told you, I know absolutely nothing about the fate of this man. My only desire is to help the law in every possible way.”

“I am sure of it, Mr. Scott Eccles—I am sure of it,” said Inspector Gregson in a very amiable tone. “I am bound to say that everything which you have said agrees very closely with the facts as they have come to our notice. For example, there was that note which arrived during dinner. Did you chance to observe what became of it?”

“Yes, I did. Garcia rolled it up and threw it into the fire.”

“What do you say to that, Mr. Baynes?”

The country detective was a stout, puffy, red man, whose face was only redeemed from grossness by two extraordinarily bright eyes. almost hidden behind the heavy creases of cheek and brow. With a slow smile he drew a folded and discoloured scrap of paper from his pocket.

“It was a dog-grate, Mr. Holmes, and he overpitched it. I picked this out unburned from the back of it.”

Holmes smiled his appreciation.

“You must have examined the house very carefully to find a single pellet of paper.”

“I did, Mr. Holmes. It’s my way. Shall I read it, Mr. Gregson?”

The Londoner nodded.

“The note is written upon ordinary cream-laid paper without watermark. It is a quarter-sheet. The paper is cut off in two snips with a short-bladed scissors. It has been folded over three times and sealed with purple wax, put on hurriedly and pressed down with some flat oval object. It is addressed to Mr. Garcia, Wisteria Lodge. It says:

“Our own colours, green and white. Green open, white shut. Main stair, first corridor, seventh right, green baize.

Godspeed. D.

It is a woman’s writing, done with a sharp-pointed pen, but the address is either done with another pen or by someone else. It is thicker and bolder, as

you see.”

“A very remarkable note,” said Holmes, glancing it over. “I must compliment you, Mr. Baynes, upon your attention to detail in your examination of it. A few trifling points might perhaps be added. The oval seal is undoubtedly a plain sleeve-link—what else is of such a shape? The scissors were bent nail scissors. Short as the two snips are, you can distinctly see the same slight curve in each.”

The country detective chuckled.

“I thought I had squeezed all the juice out of it, but I see there was a little over,” he said. “I’m bound to say that I make nothing of the note except that there was something on hand, and that a woman, as usual, was at the bottom of it.”

Mr. Scott Eccles had fidgeted in his seat during this conversation.

“I am glad you found the note, since it corroborates my story,” said he. “But I beg to point out that I have not yet heard what has happened to Mr. Garcia, nor what has become of his household.”

“As to Garcia,” said Gregson, “that is easily answered. He was found dead this morning upon Oxshott Common, nearly a mile from his home. His head had been smashed to pulp by heavy blows of a sandbag or some such instrument, which had crushed rather than wounded. It is a lonely corner, and there is no house within a quarter of a mile of the spot. He had apparently been struck down first from behind, but his assailant had gone on beating him long after he was dead. It was a most furious assault. There are no footsteps nor any clue to the criminals.”

“Robbed?”

“No, there was no attempt at robbery.”

“This is very painful—very painful and terrible,” said Mr.

Scott Eccles in a querulous voice, “but it is really uncommonly hard upon me. I had nothing to do with my host going off upon a nocturnal excursion and meeting so sad an end. How do I come to be mixed up with the case?”

“Very simply, sir,” Inspector Baynes answered. “The only document found in the pocket of the deceased was a letter from you saying that you would be with him on the night of his death. It was the envelope of this letter which gave