

福尔摩斯探案全集 V

英汉对照  
珍藏单行本

# The Case-book OF Sherlock Holmes

[英] 阿瑟·柯南·道尔 著  
青闰 丹冰 译

新探案



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# 序

英国小说家毛姆说：“与阿瑟·柯南·道尔的《福尔摩斯探案全集》相比，没有任何侦探小说曾享有如此高的声誉。”自从阿瑟·柯南·道尔把无与伦比的侦探夏洛克·福尔摩斯介绍给世人以来，100多年过去了，福尔摩斯的声望有增无减，以跨越时空的无限魅力吸引着一代又一代读者。

阿瑟·柯南·道尔(1859. 5. 22—1930. 7. 7)生于苏格兰爱丁堡，后来考入爱丁堡大学攻读医学，1881年获医学博士学位，业余时间喜欢读书，阅读了大量文学作品，其中爱伦·坡和威尔基·柯林斯的侦探小说引起了极大的兴趣，并对他以后的文学创作产生了非常重要的影响。

夏洛克·福尔摩斯是柯南·道尔虚构的才华横溢的侦探形象。福尔摩斯自称自己是一名“咨询侦探”，经常足不出户就能解决许多疑难问题，但大部分故事都集中讲述一些比较棘手、需要福尔摩斯出门调查的案子。福尔摩斯善于通过观察和采用演绎法来解决问题。柯南·道尔是从自己在爱丁堡皇家医院见习时一名善于观察的老师身上获得灵感，塑造了福尔摩斯这一人物。

《福尔摩斯探案全集》是欧美侦探小说的经典之作，它以跌宕起伏的情节、缜密的逻辑推理、细致的心理分析，以及福尔摩斯这个家喻户晓的侦探形象，深入人心。故事主要发生在1878年到1907年间，最晚的一个故事是以1914年为背景。这些故事中有两篇是以福尔摩斯的口吻写成，还有两篇以第三人称写成，其余都是华生的叙述。他的小说在英国受读者欢迎的程度几乎可以和狄更斯、莎士比亚的作品相媲美，他堪称侦探悬疑小说的鼻祖。

阿瑟·柯南·道尔的侦探小说别具一格，具有以下四个特点：一、他把社会犯罪与政治制度、道德观念结合起来，多侧面反映了英国社会存在的问题；二、他成功地表现了“文学是人学”的观点；三、他创造了侦探小说的严谨结构，善于在构思和布局上埋下伏笔，使故事更

加曲折离奇、引人入胜；四、他的小说最初吸引读者的是离奇与神秘的感受，几乎每个案子的发生都不可思议。

《血字的研究》是阿瑟·柯南·道尔的开山之作，奠定了他侦探小说大师的地位。

《巴斯克维尔的猎犬》是阿瑟·柯南·道尔最得意的长篇杰作之一，堪称福尔摩斯探案小说的代表作。全书跌宕起伏，环环相扣，以一个又一个悬念吸引着读者，给读者带来智力上的享受和挑战。

《恐怖谷》是阿瑟·柯南·道尔最惊悚的一部长篇力作。

《最后的致意》是阿瑟·柯南·道尔最经典的短篇集，匪夷所思的事件，扑朔迷离的案情，心思缜密的推理，惊奇刺激的冒险，隐藏在黑暗中的真正凶手在福尔摩斯面前纷纷原形毕露。

《新探案》是阿瑟·柯南·道尔娴熟多变、臻于化境的收山之作。在这些故事中，福尔摩斯虽已处于半退隐状态，但仍然宝刀不老，屡破奇案。

在新时代下，读者通过阅读这些作品，最终会感悟到福尔摩斯的英勇无畏、锲而不舍的忘我精神，领略到他出神入化分析问题和解决问题的能力，以及他面对险境大智若愚巧妙化解的高超手法……

在翻译过程中，我们字斟句酌，精益求精，尤其从英汉对照的角度去把握语言，力求再现原作的风姿和神韵。同时，我们得到了大连理工大学出版社邹怡编辑的大力支持和悉心指导，在此深表谢忱。

本书除翻译外还有很多注解工作，参加注解的老师还有张连亮、白秀玲、刘爱莲、张灵敏、高金双、宋洁宇、张慧婷、魏艳萍、原清波、王琳、苗玉胜、柳恭善、辛天玉等，在此也深表谢意。

青 闰

2011年5月

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悬崖底部碧波之上有一排岩石，我沿着这排岩石走去，迫不及待地向我下面的深潭望去。我将目光落到最深最静的碧潭，终于看到了正在搜寻的东西。我突然发出了一阵欢欣声。

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这是一张可怕的脸——是一个人形猪，或者更准确地说，是人形野猪。那双恶毒的小眼睛对世人射出的都是恶意。暴虐、欺凌、兽性——这都写在那张下巴粗重的脸上。

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他擦燃火柴，照亮了这个阴森的地方——阴沉沉，散发着邪恶的气息，摇摇欲坠的粗凿石古墙，一堆堆的棺材，靠着一边垒起，直达穹窿屋顶，屋顶消失在了我们头顶的阴影里。

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他是一个畸形魔鬼。福尔摩斯像猛虎一样扑上去，卡住他的喉咙，把他的脸扭向地面。一粒白色小药丸从他气喘吁吁的嘴唇中间掉了出来。



门在他身后关上时，他用凶狠震惊的目光环顾四周，就像怀疑处处都有陷阱一样。随后，他看到窗口扶手椅上方伸出的无动于衷的脑袋和晨衣领子时，猛地一惊。起初，他的表情纯粹是惊愕。接着，他凶残的黑眼睛中闪现出一种可怕的希望之光。他又向四周看了一下，看到没有任何目击者，然后蹑手蹑脚，半举起粗手杖，靠近那个无声的隐约人影……



It was pleasant to Dr. Watson to find himself once more in the untidy room of the first floor in Baker Street which had been the starting-point of so many remarkable adventures. He looked round him at the scientific charts upon the wall, the **acid-charred** bench of chemicals, the violin-case leaning in the corner, the **coal-scuttle**, which contained of old the pipes and tobacco. Finally, his eyes came round to the fresh and smiling face of Billy, the young but very wise and **tactful** page, who had helped a little to fill up the gap of loneliness and **isolation** which surrounded the **saturnine** figure of the great detective.

"It all seems very unchanged, Billy. You don't change, either. I hope the same can be said of him?"

Billy glanced with some **solicitude** 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's day, but Dr. Watson was **sufficiently** familiar with the **irregularity** of his old friend's hours to feel no surprise at the idea.

"That means a case, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, he is very hard at it just now. I'm frightened for his health. He gets paler and thinner, and he eats nothing. 'When will you be pleased to dine, Mr. Holmes?' Mrs. Hudson asked. 'Seven-thirty, the day after to-morrow,' said he. You know his way when he is keen on a case."

"Yes, Billy, I know."

"He's following someone. Yesterday he was out as a workman looking for a job. To-day he was an old woman. Fairly took me in, he did, and I ought to know his ways by now." Billy pointed with a grin to a very baggy **parasol** which leaned against the sofa. "That's part of the old woman's outfit," he said.

"But what is it all about, Billy?"

Billy sank his voice, as one who discusses great secrets of State. "I don't mind telling you, sir, but it should go no farther. It's this case of the Crown diamond."

"What—the hundred-thousand-pound **burglary**?"

"Yes, sir. They must get it back, sir. Why, we had the Prime Minister and the Home Secretary both sitting on that very sofa. Mr. Holmes was very nice to them. He soon put them at their ease and promised he would do all he could. Then there is Lord Cantlemere—"

"Ah!"

"Yes, sir, you know what that means. He's a stiff 'un, sir, if I may say so. I can get along with the Prime Minister, and I've nothing against the Home Secretary, who seemed a civil, **obliging** sort of man, but I can't stand his Lordship. Neither can Mr. Holmes, sir. You see, he doesn't believe in Mr. Holmes and he was against employing him. He'd rather he failed."

"And Mr. Holmes knows it?"



acid-charred  
['æsɪd'tʃɑ:d]  
adj. 被酸烧焦的

coal-scuttle  
['kəʊl'skʌt(ə)l]  
n. 煤斗

tactful ['tæktfʊl]  
adj. 机智的

isolation  
[aɪsə'leɪʃən]  
n. 孤独

saturnine  
['sætə(:)naɪn]  
adj. 性格阴沉的; 表情忧郁的

solicitude  
[sə'lisɪtju:d]  
n. 挂念; 渴望

sufficiently  
[sə'fɪʃəntli]  
adv. 足够地

irregularity  
[i,regju'lærɪti]  
n. 无规律

parasol [ˌpærə'sɒl]  
n. 太阳伞

burglary ['bɜ:gləri]  
n. 夜盗; 夜盗行为

obliging [ə'blaɪdʒɪŋ]  
adj. 和蔼可亲的

华生医生非常愉快,又一次回到了贝克街2楼那个凌乱的房间,这里曾经是许许多多不同寻常冒险经历的出发点。他环顾四周,看着墙上那些科学图表,看着被酸烧坏的化学药品长形工作台,看着斜放在墙角的小提琴盒,看着装有从前的烟斗和烟草的煤斗。最后,他的目光环顾到了比利精神饱满的笑脸。比利是一个年纪轻轻却又聪明机智的听差,曾经稍微帮助填补过环绕在大侦探忧郁身影四周的寂寞和孤独。

“好像一切都没有变化,比利。你也没有变。我希望也可以这样说他吧?”

比利有些焦虑地瞥了一眼卧室关着的门。

“我想他上床睡着了,”他说。

尽管是一个美丽夏日的傍晚7点,但华生医生对他的老朋友没有规律的生活足够熟悉,所以对朋友此刻睡觉一点也不感到吃惊。

“我想,那意味着有案子吧?”

“是的,先生,他现在非常辛苦。我非常担心他的健康。他越来越苍白消瘦,而且什么也不吃。‘福尔摩斯先生,你乐意几点钟吃饭?’哈德森太太问。‘后天7点半。’他说。你知道他专心办案时是什么样子。”

“是的,比利,我知道。”

“他正在跟踪某个人。昨天他装成一个找工作的工人出去。今天他又成了一个老太太。他完全把我也给骗了,而我现在应该知道他的习惯了。”比利咧嘴笑着指向靠在沙发上的一把松弛下垂的阳伞。“这是老太太的一部分行头。”他说。

“可这到底是什么案子呢,比利?”

比利压低了声音,就像谈论重大国家机密似的。“先生,我不介意告诉你,可绝不应该外传。这是王冠宝石案。”

“什么——是那件10万英镑的盗窃案?”

“是的,先生。他们必须找回宝石,先生。啊,首相和内政大臣都来了我们这里,就坐在那个沙发上。福尔摩斯先生对他们很好。他很快就让他们放下心来,并答应竭尽所能。后来,还有坎特米尔勋爵——”

“啊!”

“是他,先生,你知道那意味着什么。先生,如果我可以这样说的话,他是一个倔强的家伙。我能和首相谈得来,也不讨厌内政大臣,他看起来是一个亲切礼貌的人,可我无法忍受这位勋爵大人。福尔摩斯也无法忍受,先生。你明白,他不相信福尔摩斯先生,反对雇佣福尔摩斯先生,宁愿他破不了案。”

"Mr. Holmes always knows whatever there is to know."

"Well, we'll hope he won't fail and that Lord Cantlemere will be **confounded**. But I say, Billy, what is that curtain for across the window?"

"Mr. Holmes had it put up there three days ago. We've got something funny behind it."

Billy advanced and drew away the drapery which **screened** the **alcove** of the bow window.

Dr. Watson could not **restrain** a cry of amazement. There was a **facsimile** of his old friend, dressing-gown and all, the face turned three-quarters towards the window and downward, as though reading an **invisible** book, while the body was sunk deep in an armchair. Billy **detached** the head and held it in the air.



"We put it at different angles, so that it may seem more lifelike. I wouldn't dare touch it if the blind were not down. But when it's up you can see this from across the way."

"We used something of the sort once before."

"Before my time," said Billy. He drew the window curtains apart and looked out into the street.

"There are folk who watch us from over **yonder**. I can see a fellow now at the window. Have a look for yourself."

Watson had taken a step forward when the bedroom door opened, and the long, thin form of Holmes emerged, his face pale and drawn, but his step and bearing as active as ever. With a single spring he was at the window, and had drawn the blind once more.

"That will do, Billy," said he. "You were in danger of your life then, my boy, and I can't do without you just yet. Well, Watson, it is good to see you in your old **quarters** once again. You come at a **critical moment**."

"So I gather."

"You can go, Billy. That boy is a problem, Watson. How far am I justified in allowing him to be in danger?"

"Danger of what, Holmes?"

"Of sudden death. I'm expecting something this evening."

"Expecting what?"

"To be murdered, Watson."

"No, no, you are joking, Holmes!"

"Even my limited sense of humour could evolve a better joke than that. But we may be

confound

[kən'faund]

vt. 证明……有错

screen [skri:n]

vt. 遮蔽;掩护

alcove [æl'kəuv]

n. 凹处

restrain [ris'trein]

vt. 克制(自己)

facsimile

[fæk'simili]

n. 精确的复制品

invisible [in'vizəbl]

adj. 无形的

detach [di'tætʃ]

vt. 拆卸

yonder ['jəndə]

adv. 在那边;在远处

quarters ['kwɔ:təz]

n. 住处

critical moment

决定性时刻

“福尔摩斯先生知道这事儿吗?”

“福尔摩斯先生总是知道需要了解的任何事情。”

“啊,我们希望他成功,让坎特米尔勋爵见鬼去吧。可是,我说,比利,窗户上挂那个帘子是干什么用的?”

“是3天前福尔摩斯先生让挂上去的。我们在那后面放有一个有趣的东西。”

比利走上前,拉开遮在凸窗凹处的窗帘。

华生医生情不自禁地发出一声惊叫。居然是他的老朋友的一尊蜡像,身穿晨衣,装扮俱全,脸的四分之三转向窗户,目光俯视,好像在看一本无形的书,而身体则深陷在扶手椅里。比利把头取下来,举在空中。

“我们把头摆成了各种不同的角度,这样也许看上去更逼真。要是帘子没有放下来,我是不敢去摸它的。可是,拉起窗帘时,你在路对面就可以看到。”

“我们以前使用过一次类似的东西。”

“那是在我来之前,”比利说。他拉开窗帘,向街上望去。“有人在那边监视我们。我可以看到那个窗边有一个人。你自己看看。”

华生向前迈了一步,卧室门突然开了,福尔摩斯瘦长的身材走了出来,只见他脸色苍白憔悴,但步伐和举止像往常一样灵敏。他健步跳到窗边,又一次拉上了窗帘。

“够了,比利,”他说。“我的伙计,你刚才有生命危险,我现在还不能没有你。啊,华生,很高兴又一次在老地方见到你。你来的正是关键时刻。”

“我也是这样推断。”

“你可以走了,比利。那孩子也是一个问题,华生。我有什么理由让他冒险?”

“什么危险,福尔摩斯?”

“暴死的危险。我料想今天晚上会有事儿。”

“料想什么事?”

“被谋杀,华生。”

“不,不,你是在开玩笑,福尔摩斯!”

“即使我的幽默感有限,也可以开比这更好的玩笑。不过,现在我们可以轻松一下,对吗?允许喝酒吗?煤气炉和雪茄都在老地方。让我看到你再次像平常一样坐在扶手椅里。我想,你还没有学会瞧不起我的烟斗和糟糕的烟草吧?这些天它不得不代替我的食

comfortable in the meantime, may we not? Is alcohol **permitted**? The **gasogene** and cigars are in the old place. Let me see you once more in the customary armchair. You have not, I hope, learned to **despise** my pipe and my **lamentable** tobacco? It has to take the place of food these days."

"But why not eat?"

"Because the **faculties** become **refined** when you **starve** them. Why, surely, as a doctor, my dear Watson, you must admit that what your **digestion** gains in the way of blood supply is so much lost to the brain. I am a brain, Watson. The rest of me is a mere **appendix**. Therefore, it is the brain I must consider."

"But this danger, Holmes?"

"Ah, yes, in case it should come off, it would perhaps be as well that you should burden your memory with the name and address of the murderer. You can give it to Scotland Yard, with my love and a parting blessing. Sylvius is the name—Count Negretto Sylvius. Write it down, man, write it down! 136 Moorside Gardens, N. W. Got it?"

Watson's honest face was **twitching** with anxiety. He knew only too well the immense risks taken by Holmes and was well aware that what he said was more likely to be **understatement** than **exaggeration**. Watson was always the man of action, and he **rose to the occasion**.

"Count me in, Holmes. I have nothing to do for a day or two."

"Your morals don't improve, Watson. You have added fibbing to your other vices. You bear every sign of the busy medical man, with calls on him every hour."

"Not such important ones. But can't you have this fellow arrested?"

"Yes, Watson, I could. That's what worries him 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 my net and I have my fish. But I have not got the stone. What is the use of taking them? We can make the world a better place by laying them by the heels. But that is not what I am out for. 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. He is a great big silly bull-headed **gudgeon**. But he is **flopping** about in my net all the same."

"Where is this Count Sylvius?"

"I've been at his very elbow all the morning. You've seen me as an old lady, Watson. I was never more convincing. He actually picked up my parasol for me once. 'By your leave, madame,' said he—half-Italian, you know, and with the Southern graces of manner when in the mood, but a



gasogene

[ˈgæsə,dʒi:n]

n. 煤气发生装置

despise [disˈpaɪz]

vt. 看不起某人(某事)

lamentable

[ˈlæməntəbl]

adj. 可悲的;令人惋惜的

faculty [ˈfækəlti]

n. 官能

refined [riˈfaɪnd]

adj. 精良的

starve [stɑ:v]

v. (使)挨饿

digestion

[diˈdʒestʃən]

n. 消化

appendix

[əˈpendiks] n. 附件

twitch [twɪtʃ]

vt. 使颤动

understatement

[ʌndəˈstertmənt]

n. 轻描淡写

exaggeration

[ɪɡˌzædʒəˈreɪʃən]

n. 夸张

rise to the occasion

挺身而出;应付自如

gudgeon [ˈɡʌdʒən]

n. 鲇鱼(小型淡水鱼,可作钓饵)

flop [flɒp] v. 扑腾

物。”

“可为什么不吃饭?”

“因为饿一下,先天的智能会变得没有杂质。啊,我亲爱的华生,当然,作为一名医生,你必须承认,消化供血增加多少,大脑供血就会减少多少。我是用脑的人,华生。我的其他部分仅仅是附属品。所以,我必须考虑的是大脑。”

“可这个危险呢,福尔摩斯?”

“啊,是的,万一出事,你在脑海里记住凶手的姓名和地址也许会有好处。你可以把它连同我的爱和临别祝福交给伦敦警察厅。名字是西尔维娅斯——内格雷托·西尔维娅斯伯爵。写下来,伙计,写下来!莫尔赛花园西北136号。记下了吗?”

华生诚实的脸庞因焦急而颤抖。他非常清楚福尔摩斯冒的风险有多大,也非常清楚福尔摩斯说的话与其说是夸大其辞,不如说是保守陈述。华生向来雷厉风行,所以就当机立断。

“算我一个,福尔摩斯。我这一两天没有什么事儿做。”

“华生,你的行为原则没有提高。你还给自己的恶习增加了说小谎的毛病。你明明是一个忙碌的医生,时刻都有人来看病。”

“那都没有这个重要。可是,难道你不能让人逮捕这个家伙吗?”

“不,我能,华生。这正是让他烦恼的事儿。”

“可你为什么不做呢?”

“因为我不知道宝石在哪里。”

“啊!比利告诉过我——就是那个丢失的王冠宝石!”

“是的,就是那颗黄灿灿的深蓝色大宝石。我已经撒下了网,也网住了鱼,可我没有拿到宝石。那样抓他们来又有什么用呢?我们拘留他们,可以让世界变成更加美好的地方。可这不是我的目的,我要的是宝石。”

“这个西尔维娅斯伯爵是你的一条鱼吗?”

“是的,而且他是一条鲨鱼。他会咬人。另一个是拳击手萨姆·默顿。尽管萨姆不是坏家伙,但伯爵利用了他。萨姆不是鲨鱼。他是一条傻乎乎并且固执任性的大鲇鱼。可他仍然在我的网里来回扑腾。”

“这个西尔维娅斯伯爵在什么地方?”

“我整整一上午都在他身边。你曾经看到过我装成老太太,华生。我从来没有这样令人信服过。有一次,他居然为我抬起阳伞。

devil **incarnate** in the other mood. Life is full of **whimsical** happenings, Watson."

"It might have been tragedy."

"Well, perhaps it might. I followed him to old Straubenzee's workshop in the Minories. Straubenzee made the air-gun—a very pretty bit of work, as I understand, and I rather fancy it is in the opposite window at the present moment. Have you seen the **dummy**? Of course, Billy showed it to you. Well, it may get a bullet through its beautiful head at any moment. Ah, Billy, what is it?"

The boy had reappeared in the room with a card upon a tray. Holmes glanced at it with raised eyebrows and an amused smile.

"The man himself. I had hardly expected this. **Grasp the nettle**, Watson! A man of nerve. Possibly you have heard of his reputation as a shooter of big game. It would indeed be a triumphant ending to his excellent sporting record if he added me to his bag. This is a proof that he feels my toe very close behind his heel."

"Send for the police."

"I probably shall. But not just yet. Would you glance carefully out of the window, Watson, and see if anyone is hanging about in the street?"

Watson looked warily round the edge of the curtain.

"Yes, there is one rough fellow near the door."

"That will be Sam Merton—the faithful but rather **fatuous** Sam. Where is this gentleman, Billy?"

"In the waiting-room, sir."

"Show him up when I ring."

"Yes, sir."

"If I am not in the room, show him in all the same."

"Yes, sir."

Watson waited until the door was closed, and then he turned earnestly to his companion.

"Look here, Holmes, this is simply impossible. This is a **desperate** man, who **sticks at nothing**. He may have come to murder you."

"I should not be surprised."

"I insist upon staying with you."

"You would be horribly in the way."

"In his way?"

"No, my dear fellow—in my way."

"Well, I can't possibly leave you."

"Yes, you can, Watson. And you will, for you have never failed to play the game. I am sure you will play it to the end. This man has come for his own purpose, but he may stay for mine." Holmes

incarnate

[ˈɪnkɑːneɪt]

adj. (用于名词之后)

化身的

whimsical

[ˈ(h)wɪmzɪkəl]

adj. 反复无常的

dummy [ˈdʌmi]

n. 人体模型

grasp the nettle

迎着困难上

fatuous [ˈfætjuəs]

adj. 愚昧的; 昏庸的

desperate

[ˈdespəɪt]

adj. 不顾一切的; 拼命的

stick at nothing

毫无顾忌; 不择手段

“对不起,夫人,”他说。你知道,他有一半意大利血统,而且心情好时带有南方的优雅风度,可心情不好时却是魔鬼的化身。人生真是反复无常,充满了偶然性,华生。”

“人生也可能是悲剧。”

“是的,也许有可能。我跟踪他来到了米诺里斯的老斯特劳本齐作坊。是老斯特劳本齐做的气枪——据我了解,做工非常漂亮,我宁愿认为它此时此刻就在对面的窗边。你看到那个蜡人了吧?当然,比利给你看过了。啊,蜡人漂亮的脑袋随时可能让子弹打穿。啊,怎么了,比利?”

听差再次来到房间,托盘上放着一张名片。福尔摩斯扬眉瞥了一眼,露出了开心的微笑。

“是那个人本人。我几乎没有料到这一点。迎难而上,华生!真是一个有胆量的人。他作为大猎物射手的名声,你也许听说过吧。如果他把我收入囊中,那的确会是他精彩狩猎的胜利结束。这就是他感觉我紧紧追随他的证明。”

“派人去叫警察。”

“我也许该叫警察,可现在还不能叫。华生,你从窗口向外仔細扫一眼,看是不是有什么人在街上晃悠?”

华生小心翼翼地窗帘边向外望了一眼。

“是的,有一个粗暴的家伙就在门口附近。”

“那一定是萨姆·默顿——忠实却相当愚蠢的萨姆。比利,这个先生在哪里?”

“在等候室,先生。”

“我按铃,你就带他上来。”

“是,先生。”

“如果我不在房间,你也要让他进来。”

“是,先生。”

等一关上门,华生就认真地转向同伴。

“听我说,福尔摩斯,这简直不可能。这是一个亡命徒,什么都干得出来。他可能是来杀你的。”

“我不应该感到吃惊。”

“我一定要和你待在一起。”

“你一定会挡路的。”

“挡他的路?”

“不,我亲爱的伙计——是挡我的路。”

“那我也不可能离开你。”

“不,你能,华生。你会走,因为你一向都遵守比赛规则。我相信你会遵守到底。尽管这个人是为了达到自己的目的而来,但他可



took out his notebook and **scribbled** a few lines. "Take a cab to Scotland Yard and give this to Youghal of the C. I. D. Come back with the police. The fellow's arrest will follow."

"I'll do that with joy."

"Before you return I may have just time enough to find out where the stone is." He touched the bell. "I think we will go out through the bedroom. This second exit is exceedingly useful. I rather want to see my shark without his seeing me, and I have, as you will remember, my own way of doing it."

It was, therefore, an empty room into which Billy, a minute later, ushered Count Sylvius. The famous game-shot, sportsman, and **man-about-town** was a big, **swarthy** fellow, with a **formidable** dark moustache shading a cruel, thin-lipped mouth, and **surmounted** by a long, curved nose like the beak of an eagle. He was well dressed, but his brilliant necktie, shining pin, and glittering rings were **flamboyant** in their effect. As the door closed behind him he looked round him with fierce, startled eyes, like one who suspects a trap at every turn. Then he gave a violent start as he saw the impassive head and the collar of the dressing-gown which **projected** above the armchair in the window. At first his expression was one of pure amazement. Then the light of a horrible hope gleamed in his dark, murderous eyes. He took one more glance round to see that there were no witnesses, and then, on tiptoe, his thick stick half raised, he approached the silent figure. He was **crouching** for his final spring and blow when a cool, **sardonic** voice greeted him from the open bedroom door:

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

The assassin **staggered** back, amazement in his **convulsed** face. For an instant he half raised his loaded cane once more, as if he would turn his violence from the **effigy** to the original; but there was something in that steady gray eye and mocking smile which caused his hand to sink to his side.

"It's a pretty little thing," said Holmes, advancing towards the image. "Tavernier, the French modeller, made it. He is as good at waxworks as your friend Straubenzee is at air-guns."

"Air-guns, sir! What do you mean?"

"Put your hat and stick on the side-table. Thank you! Pray take a seat. Would you care to put your revolver out also? Oh, very good, if you prefer to sit upon it. Your visit is really most **opportune**, for I wanted badly to have a few minutes' chat with you."

The Count **scowled**, with heavy, threatening

