

世界文学名著精品中英文对照全译本

BILINGUAL EDITION

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

The Best of Sherlock Holmes

Volume I

福尔摩斯探案集

上册

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世界文学名著精品 中英文对照全译本

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when at last I came to myself and became convalescent, I was so weak and emaciated that a medical board determined that not a day should be lost in sending me back to England. I was dispatched, accordingly, in the troopship "Orontes," and landed a month later on Portsmouth jetty, with my health irretrievably ruined, but with permission from a paternal government to spend the next nine months in attempting to improve it.

I had neither kith nor kin in England, and was therefore as free as air – or as free as an income of eleven shillings and sixpence a day will permit a man to be. Under such circumstances, I naturally gravitated to London, that great cess-pool into which all the loungers and idlers of the Empire are irresistibly drained. There I stayed for some time at a private hotel in the Strand, leading a comfortless, meaningless existence, and spending such money as I had, considerably more freely than I ought. So alarming did the state of my finances become, that I soon realised that I must either leave the metropolis and rusticate somewhere in the country, or that I must make a complete alteration in my style of living. Choosing the latter alternative, I began by making up my mind to leave the hotel, and to take up my quarters in some less pretentious and less expensive domicile.

On the very day that I had come to this conclusion, I was standing at the Criterion Bar, when some one tapped me on the shoulder, and turning round I recognized young Stamford, who had been a dresser under me at Barts. The sight of a friendly face in the great wilderness of London is a pleasant thing indeed to a lonely man. In old days Stamford had never been a particular crony of mine, but now I hailed him with enthusiasm, and he, in his turn, appeared to be delighted to see me. In the exuberance of my joy, I asked him to lunch with me at the Holborn, and we started off together in a hansom.

"Whatever have you been doing with yourself, Watson?" he asked in undisguised wonder, as we rattled through the crowded London streets. "You are as thin as a lath and as brown as a nut."

I gave him a short sketch of my adventures, and had hardly concluded it by the time that we reached our destination.

"Poor devil!" he said, commiseratingly, after he had listened to my misfortunes. "What are

扎, 不过我最后仍然清醒了, 身体也在慢慢地恢复, 但是我还是非常虚弱、形容枯槁。经过医生的会诊, 决定立即把我送回英国。所以, 我被送到了部队的运输船“奥隆蒂斯号”上, 一个月以后登上朴次茅斯码头。我的身体状况已经极其糟糕, 不过好心的政府给了我九个月的假期来养病。

我在英格兰举目无亲, 因此过得非常自在。一个一天有十一先令六便士收入的人能有多快活, 我也就有多悠闲。在这种情形下, 我理所当然地去了伦敦, 那是全国所有不务正业、无所事事的人最向往的地方。我起初是住在湖滨路一家私人旅馆里, 过着无所事事、极其枯燥的生活。我的钱有多少花多少, 有的时候还入不敷出, 我在经济方面日见拮据, 很快我就认识到自己有两种选择, 我或者离开城都搬到乡村小镇去, 或者完全改变一下自己闲散的生活方式。我选择了第二种, 打算搬出这家旅馆, 去找一家简朴一些、不太奢侈的旅馆。

就在我准备这样做的那天, 当我站在克里特利安酒吧门前的时候, 有个人忽然拍了一下我的肩头。我扭头一看, 原来是在圣·巴多罗马医院的时候曾经给我打过下手的绷带员小斯坦姆福德。对于一个形单影只的人而言, 在茫茫人海的伦敦城里能够碰到一个熟人的心情是无可比拟的。斯坦姆福德以前和我也并不是特别要好, 但现在我却满怀热情地向他打招呼起来, 并且他似乎也十分高兴遇到我。欢喜中, 我立即请他和我一道去霍尔伯恩饭店吃午餐, 接着我们两个就一同乘马车走了。

马车嘎吱嘎吱地从伦敦熙熙攘攘的大街上经过的时候, 他抑制不住自己的好奇心问道: “华生, 你近来到底是怎么回事? 看你如今瘦骨嶙峋、面色乌青。”

我把自己的经历对他简单地讲述了一遍, 但话还没说完, 我们就已经到了饭店。

“真是太惨了,” 他听我讲完我不幸的经历以后, 对此表示同情地

the further end a low arched passage branched away from it and led to the chemical laboratory.

This was a lofty chamber, lined and littered with countless bottles. Broad, low tables were scattered about, which bristled with retorts, test-tubes, and little Bunsen lamps, with their blue flickering flames. There was only one student in the room, who was bending over a distant table absorbed in his work. At the sound of our steps he glanced round and sprang to his feet with a cry of pleasure. "I've found it! I've found it," he shouted to my companion, running towards us with a test-tube in his hand. "I have found a reagent which is precipitated by hæmoglobin, and by nothing else." Had he discovered a gold mine, greater delight could not have shone upon his features.

"Dr. Watson, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said Stamford, introducing us.

"How are you?" he said cordially, gripping my hand with a strength for which I should hardly have given him credit. "You have been in Afghanistan, I perceive."

"How on earth did you know that?" I asked in astonishment.

"Never mind," said he, chuckling to himself. "The question now is about hæmoglobin. No doubt you see the significance of this discovery of mine?"

"It is interesting, chemically, no doubt," I answered, "but practically —"

"Why, man, it is the most practical medico-legal discovery for years. Don't you see that it gives us an infallible test for blood stains. Come over here now!" He seized me by the coat-sleeve in his eagerness, and drew me over to the table at which he had been working. "Let us have some fresh blood," he said, digging a long bodkin into his finger, and drawing off the resulting drop of blood in a chemical pipette. "Now, I add this small quantity of blood to a litre of water. You perceive that the resulting mixture has the appearance of pure water. The proportion of blood cannot be more than one in a million. I have no doubt, however, that we shall be able to obtain the characteristic reaction." As he spoke, he threw into the vessel a few white crystals, and then added some drops of a transparent fluid. In an instant the contents assumed a dull mahogany colour, and a brownish dust was precipitated to the bottom of

走廊另一端有一条又低又矮的弧形过道岔开了，通往化验室。

这是一个高大的房子，里边到处都放着不可计数的瓶子。几个低矮的桌子乱七八糟地摆在屋里，桌子上摆着曲颈瓶、试管和发着蓝色火焰的煤气灯。屋子里就一个人，伏在较远的一张桌子上全神贯注地做实验。听见我们走路的声音，他转身看了看，跳起身来兴奋地嚷着：“我找到了！我找到了！”他一边对着我的伙伴高声喊着，一边举着试管向我们跑了过来，“我找到了一种反应物，只能用血红蛋白才能使它沉淀，而和其它的物质都不行。”瞧他那种神情，似乎比找到金山银矿还要高兴。

斯坦姆福德给我们两个做了介绍：“这位是华生医生，这位是歇洛克·福尔摩斯先生。”

“你好！”他紧紧地握住我的手，热诚地说。他的力量之大无法想像，“我相信你去过阿富汗。”

“你是怎么知道的？”我觉得特别纳闷。

“这无关紧要，”他轻轻一笑，“现在的问题是血红蛋白。毋庸置疑，你也看出我找到它的意义有多么重大了吧？”

我答道：“那是当然，从化学方面来讲，这确实相当有趣，但从实践角度来讲——”

“嘿，先生，这是多年来法医学方面最有价值的发现。难道你不这样认为？它能够非常精确地为我们提供血迹检验证明。请到这儿来！”他迫切地拉着我的袖口，把我拉到了他方才做实验的那张桌子旁边。“我们放点儿血，”说话间，他用一根很长的针扎进自己的手指里，把流到外面来的那滴血吸入了一个吸管，“我此刻把这滴血放入一立升水中。你瞧，这种混合液看起来和清水别无二致，血在这里边的比例在百万分之一以下。不过，就算这样，也会有所反应。”他一边说，一边把几颗白色的晶体放入那个容器中，接着又加入一些透明的液体。很快，那混合液就成了淡红色，一些棕色颗粒慢慢地沉淀到了瓶子底部。

reaction would seize him, and for days on end he would lie upon the sofa in the sitting-room, hardly uttering a word or moving a muscle from morning to night. On these occasions I have noticed such a dreamy, vacant expression in his eyes, that I might have suspected him of being addicted to the use of some narcotic, had not the temperance and cleanliness of his whole life forbidden such a notion.

As the weeks went by, my interest in him and my curiosity as to his aims in life, gradually deepened and increased. His very person and appearance were such as to strike the attention of the most casual observer. In height he was rather over six feet, and so excessively lean that he seemed to be considerably taller. His eyes were sharp and piercing, save during those intervals of torpor to which I have alluded; and his thin, hawk-like nose gave his whole expression an air of alertness and decision. His chin, too, had the prominence and squareness which mark the man of determination. His hands were invariably blotted with ink and stained with chemicals, yet he was possessed of extraordinary delicacy of touch, as I frequently had occasion to observe when I watched him manipulating his fragile philosophical instruments.

The reader may set me down as a hopeless busybody, when I confess how much this man stimulated my curiosity, and how often I endeavoured to break through the reticence which he showed on all that concerned himself. Before pronouncing judgment, however, be it remembered, how objectless was my life, and how little there was to engage my attention. My health forbade me from venturing out unless the weather was exceptionally genial, and I had no friends who would call upon me and break the monotony of my daily existence. Under these circumstances, I eagerly hailed the little mystery which hung around my companion, and spent much of my time in endeavouring to unravel it.

He was not studying medicine. He had himself, in reply to a question, confirmed Stamford's opinion upon that point. Neither did he appear to have pursued any course of reading which might fit him for a degree in science or any other recognized portal which would give him an entrance into the learned world. Yet his zeal for certain studies was remarkable, and within eccentric limits his knowledge was so extraordinarily ample and minute that his observations have fairly astounded me. Surely no man

都躺在起居室的沙发上，数日不说一句话，也不动弹。每逢这个时候，我都会发现他的双眼中流露出一种迷茫的神情，好像处于幻觉状态。假如不是他平日自我约束，不沾染一点儿坏习惯的话，我几乎会怀疑他肯定食用什么麻醉品上瘾了。

几个星期以后，他这个人使我对他产生的兴趣还有对他人生目标所生出的好奇心也慢慢地愈来愈大了。他的相貌和外表特别惹人注意，就算是最不注意别人的人也会留意他的。他身材足有六英尺高，不过因为身体过分瘦削，所以看起来特别高。除去我在前面说起过的那种他沉思时的茫然时刻以外，他的双眼始终都是炯炯有神，看人深刻；他那又细又长的鹰钩鼻给他增添了一种机敏坚定的神情。他的下巴颏也长得很宽大，向前突出，说明他颇有毅力。他的两只手尽管沾得到处都是墨水和化学药品，不过动作却格外灵敏，因为我在看着他摆弄那些容易破碎的化学仪器的时候，经常可以发现这一点。

我不否认，这个人引起了我的极大的好奇心，我也经常试图想攻破他那只矢口不谈自己的习惯。或许读者会觉得我这么做几乎像个无可救药的多事人吧。但是，在你们下结论以前，我要提醒你们想一想：我那个时候的生活是多么索然乏味，而能够吸引我注意的事物又有多少。我的身体特别差，只准许我在天气极好的时候去屋外转一转，并且我也没有什么朋友来访、打破我枯燥无聊的平日生活。在这种情况下，我当然把深厚的兴趣都放到了围绕在我伙伴四周的这个很小的秘密上，并把大多数的时间消磨在想法揭穿这个谜。

他并非学医出身。他在回答我的一个问题的時候，自己验证了斯坦姆福德在这一方面上的观点是对的。他似乎也并非在研究某种能让他获得一种科学学位或者能让他进入学术界的学科。但是他对某些方面研究的热情却是令人吃惊的，在一些奇怪的知识方面，他的学识却又格外深入、正确，足以让他说出一些令我瞠目结舌的看法。很明显，一个人假如没有某种特定的目的，绝对不会这样专一地

"What ineffable twaddle!" I cried, slapping the magazine down on the table, "I never read such rubbish in my life."

"What is it?" asked Sherlock Holmes.

"Why, this article," I said, pointing at it with my egg spoon as I sat down to my breakfast. "I see that you have read it since you have marked it. I don't deny that it is smartly written. It irritates me though. It is evidently the theory of some arm-chair lounge who evolves all these neat little paradoxes in the seclusion of his own study. It is not practical. I should like to see him clapped down in a third class carriage on the Underground, and asked to give the trades of all his fellow-travellers. I would lay a thousand to one against him."

"You would lose your money," Sherlock Holmes remarked calmly. "As for the article I wrote it myself."

"You!"

"Yes, I have a turn both for observation and for deduction. The theories which I have expressed there, and which appear to you to be so chimerical are really extremely practical - so practical that I depend upon them for my bread and cheese."

"And how?" I asked involuntarily.

"Well, I have a trade of my own. I suppose I am the only one in the world. I'm a consulting detective, if you can understand what that is. Here in London we have lots of Government detectives and lots of private ones. When these fellows are at fault they come to me, and I manage to put them on the right scent. They lay all the evidence before me, and I am generally able, by the help of my knowledge of the history of crime, to set them straight. There is a strong family resemblance about misdeeds, and if you have all the details of a thousand at your finger ends, it is odd if you can't unravel the thousand and first. Lestrade is a well-known detective. He got himself into a fog recently over a forgery case, and that was what brought him here."

"And these other people?"

"They are mostly sent on by private inquiry agencies. They are all people who are in trouble about something, and want a little enlightening. I listen to their story, they listen to my comments, and then I pocket my fee."

"But do you mean to say," I said, "that with-

令人费解。"

"简直是瞎说，荒谬至极！"我把杂志重重地丢到桌子上，高声说，"我这一生还没有看到过这种胡说八道的文章。"

"你指的是什么？"歇洛克·福尔摩斯问。

"看，就是这篇。"我一边坐下来吃早饭，一边用汤勺指着杂志说，"我想你肯定看完了，因为你在上边画了标记。我承认，这篇文章的确写得挺微妙，不过我读完以后还是难免觉得有点儿生气。这很明显是一个坐在轮椅中玩推理游戏的闲人把自己关到书房里杜撰出来的谬论，一点儿实际价值都没有。我倒想把这种人关到地铁的一节三等车厢去，让他猜出车厢里每一位乘客的职业。我敢同他下一千比一的赌注。"

"那你肯定会输，"福尔摩斯安静地说，"因为那篇文章的作者是。"

"你？！"

"不错。我的观察和推理两方面有着特殊的才能。我在那篇文章中所说到的论点，在你眼中是荒谬绝伦，但我觉得十分符合实际——实际到这种程度：我靠这门手艺来挣自己的面包和奶酪。"

"怎么挣呢？"我不由自主地问。

"哦，我有自己的行业。我相信我是这个世上惟一干这行的人。我是一个咨询侦探，不过不知道你是不是清楚这个行当。在这个伦敦城里有很多官方侦探和私家侦探。那些人碰到麻烦的时候就来找我，而我则想方设法把他们引向正确的路线。他们把所有的证据都摆在我面前，而我依据推理，通常情况下能把他们的错误更正过来。犯罪的形式和类型都很相像，假如你已经熟悉了一千个案例的具体情节，那么，假如你无法澄清第一千零一个案例，那才叫怪呢。雷斯垂德是一个著名的侦探，但他近来在调查一桩伪造案的时候被弄得无所适从，不得不前来找我帮忙。"

"别的那些来访者呢？"

"他们大部分都是私家侦探指点来的。他们都碰到了一些麻烦，需要别人给予指点。我听他们对我讲述事实的经过，他们就听取我的意见，然后我就收取一些佣金。"

"你的意思是说，"我说，"你

have the marine. He was a man with some amount of self-importance and a certain air of command. You must have observed the way in which he held his head and swung his cane. A steady, respectable, middle-aged man, too, on the face of him – all facts which led me to believe that he had been a sergeant."

"Wonderful!" I ejaculated.

"Commonplace," said Holmes, though I thought from his expression that he was pleased at my evident surprise and admiration. "I said just now that there were no criminals. It appears that I am wrong – look at this!" He threw me over the note which the commissioner had brought."

"Why," I cried, as I cast my eye over it, "this is terrible!"

"It does seem to be a little out of the common," he remarked, calmly. "Would you mind reading it to me aloud?"

This is the letter which I read to him –

My dear Mr. Sherlock Holmes, – There has been a bad business during the night at 3, Lauriston Gardens, off the Brixton Road. Our man on the beat saw a light there about two in the morning, and as the house was an empty one, suspected that something was amiss. He found the door open, and in the front room, which is bare of furniture, discovered the body of a gentleman, well dressed, and having cards in his pocket bearing the name of 'Enoch J. Drebber, Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.' There had been no robbery, nor is there any evidence as to how the man met his death. There are marks of blood in the room, but there is no wound upon his person. We are at a loss as to how he came into the empty house; indeed, the whole affair is a puzzler. If you can come round to the house any time before twelve, you will find me there. I have left everything in statu quo until I hear from you. If you are unable to come I shall give you fuller details, and would esteem it a great kindness if you would favour me with your opinion.

*Yours faithfully,
TOBIAS GREGSON.*

"Gregson is the smartest of the Scotland Yarders," my friend remarked; "he and Lestrade are the pick of a bad lot. They are both quick and energetic, but conventional – shockingly so.

海军陆战队呆过了。他这个人认为自己很好，并且有点儿爱下达命令的神气。你一定留意到他抬头挺胸的姿态了。从外表看，他是个庄重、大方的中年人——所有这一切事实让我相信他过去是个中士。"

"真是太棒了!"我情不自禁地喊了起来。

"这也平淡无奇,"福尔摩斯说,但是从他面部的神色来看,我相信他仍然为我所流露出来的吃惊和佩服之情而洋洋自得。"我方才还说没有罪犯,但此刻看来,我说错了——你读一下这封信吧!"他把那个门卫送来的短信扔到我跟前。

我大体上浏览了一遍,不由自主地喊了起来:"哎呀,太吓人了!"

"事情的确有点儿非比寻常,"他平静地说道,"你能不能高声对我读一遍?"

下边就是我读给他听的那封信:

亲爱的歌洛克·福尔摩斯先生:

昨天晚上在布里斯克斯顿路尽头的劳瑞斯顿花园街三号发生了一件凶杀案。我们的巡警于早上两点左右看见那儿灯火通明。因为那所房屋无人居住,因此那位巡警疑心发生了什么事。他看到房门是打开的,前边的房间里空无一物,不过有一个男尸。此尸体穿着考究,衣兜里有名片,上边印着'伊诺克·J·德雷伯,美国俄亥俄州克利夫兰市'。现场没有明显的抢劫迹象,也没有什么证据能说明死者是怎么死的。房间内有血迹,不过死者身体上并无任何伤痕。我们难以判断死者是怎样进入空宅的。此案件使我们倍感迷惑。假如您能在十二点以前到现场来查看,我会恭候大驾。在没接到您的指点以前,我会把现场保护完好。假如您不能亲临,我会把细节呈报。如果蒙您赏光指点,将万分感谢。

您忠实的朋友
托比亚斯·格雷格森

我的伙伴说:"格雷格森是苏格兰警场最有智慧的警官。他和雷斯垂德是那帮无能之辈中的领先者。他们两个查案迅速、精力充沛,不过都循

cab, and they walked down the pathway together as friendly as possible – arm-in-arm, in all probability. When they got inside they walked up and down the room – or rather, Patent-leathers stood still while Square-toes walked up and down. I could read all that in the dust; and I could read that as he walked he grew more and more excited. That is shown by the increased length of his strides. He was talking all the while, and working himself up, no doubt, into a fury. Then the tragedy occurred. I've told you all I know myself now, for the rest is mere surmise and conjecture. We have a good working basis, however, on which to start. We must hurry up, for I want to go to Halle's concert to hear Norman Neruda this afternoon."

This conversation had occurred while our cab had been threading its way through a long succession of dingy streets and dreary by-ways. In the dingiest and dreariest of them our driver suddenly came to a stand. "That's Audley Court in there," he said, pointing to a narrow slit in the line of dead-coloured brick. "You'll find me here when you come back."

Audley Court was not an attractive locality. The narrow passage led us into a quadrangle paved with flags and lined by sordid dwellings. We picked our way among groups of dirty children, and through lines of discoloured linen, until we came to Number 46, the door of which was decorated with a small slip of brass on which the name Rance was engraved. On enquiry we found that the constable was in bed, and we were shown into a little front parlour to await his coming.

He appeared presently, looking a little irritable at being disturbed in his slumbers. "I made my report at the office," he said.

Holmes took a half-sovereign from his pocket and played with it pensively. "We thought that we should like to hear it all from your own lips," he said.

"I shall be most happy to tell you anything I can," the constable answered with his eyes upon the little golden disk.

"Just let us hear it all in your own way as it occurred."

Rance sat down on the horsehair sofa, and knitted his brows as though determined not to omit anything in his narrative.

坐一辆马车来的，并且二人特别友善地经过花园的小路——极有可能还手拉着手。他们进入屋子以后还在屋子里走了片刻——或者准确地说，穿着漆皮靴的那个人基本上没动，而穿着方头靴子的那个人却在屋子里踱来踱去。我从地面上的灰尘中能够推断出这点，并且我还能够推断出穿着方头靴子的那个人情绪愈来愈激昂。我们可以从他愈走愈大的步子里看出这一点。他一边走路，一边说话，毫无疑问，最后狂怒起来，然后惨剧就发生了。我已经把我自己此刻所了解的情况全都对你说了，余下的只是一些臆测和推断。但是我们已经有了一个很好的开端，此刻必须抓紧一些，因为我还准备今天下午去参加哈勒爵士举办的音乐会，听诺尔曼·聂鲁达的音乐呢。"

在我们说话间，马车已飞驰过了一条条死气沉沉的大街和极其沉闷的小巷。忽然停在了一条肮脏不堪、最阴暗的小巷中，车夫用手指着一条夹在黑色砖墙之间窄窄的小巷说："那正是奥德利大院。我在这儿等着你们回来。"

奥德利大院并非什么使人觉得惬意的地方。那条窄窄的小巷把我们引入一个四四方方的院子。院子里铺着石板，周围的房屋破烂不堪。我们从一群不整洁的孩子当中走了过去，又从一排排晒得掉了色的衣裳下面钻过去，最后到了四十六号。四十六号的门前挂了一块很小的铜牌，上边写有"兰斯"的名字。我们打听以后才知道，这位警察正在睡觉，所以我们就被带入了前边的一间小小的会客室里，等候着他。

他很快出来了，脸上流露出一愉快的表情，因为他的好梦被我们打扰了。他说："我已向警察局写过报告了。"

福尔摩斯从衣兜里取出一个半镑金币，似乎漫不经心地手里摆弄着。他说："我们想听你亲自从头到尾说一遍。"

这位警察双眼看着金币回答说："我很愿意奉告自己所知道的一切。"

"那你就原原本本地把自己看到的事情告诉我们吧。"

兰斯走到马毛呢的沙发前坐下。他紧锁双眉，好像下定决心在讲述过程中绝对不漏掉任何一个细节。

Gregson looked quite crest-fallen.

"I had no idea that you noticed that," he said.
"Have you been there?"

"No."

"Ha!" cried Gregson, in a relieved voice;
"you should never neglect a chance, however small it may seem."

"To a great mind, nothing is little," remarked Holmes, sententiously.

"Well, I went to Underwood, and asked him if he had sold a hat of that size and description. He looked over his books, and came on it at once. He had sent the hat to a Mr. Drebbler, residing at Charpentier's Boarding Establishment, Torquay Terrace. Thus I got at his address."

"Smart - very smart!" murmured Sherlock Holmes.

"I next called upon Madame Charpentier," continued the detective. "I found her very pale and distressed. Her daughter was in the room, too - an uncommonly fine girl she is, too; she was looking red about the eyes and her lips trembled as I spoke to her. That didn't escape my notice. I began to smell a rat. You know the feeling, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, when you come upon the right scent - a kind of thrill in your nerves. 'Have you heard of the mysterious death of your late boarder Mr. Enoch J. Drebbler, of Cleveland?' I asked.

"The mother nodded. She didn't seem able to get out a word. The daughter burst into tears. I felt more than ever that these people knew something of the matter.

"At what o'clock did Mr. Drebbler leave your house for the train?" I asked.

"At eight o'clock," she said, gulping in her throat to keep down her agitation. "His secretary, Mr. Stangerson, said that there were two trains - one at 9.15 and one at 11. He was to catch the first."

"And was that the last which you saw of him?"

"A terrible change came over the woman's face as I asked the question. Her features turned perfectly livid. It was some seconds before she could get out the single word 'Yes' - and when it did come it was in a husky unnatural tone.

"There was silence for a moment, and then

格雷格森觉得多少有点失望。

他说：“没料到你也留意到这——点了。你到那家礼帽店里去过没有？”

“没去过。”

“哈！”格雷格森如释重负，高声说道，“就算可能性再小，你都不应当放弃任何一个线索。”

“对于一个伟大杰出的人而言，世上没有微乎其微甚至不足挂齿的事情。”福尔摩斯说。他的那种语调似乎是在引用至理名言似的。

“好。我去找了安德伍德，问他是不是卖过一个这么大规模、这种样子的帽子。他查看了购买记录，很快就找到了。那顶帽子卖给了在坎伯威尔区托奎街夏邦迪太太那儿寄宿的德雷伯先生，并且是店里送的货。我就这样知道了这个人的住址。”

“嗨，干得真是太漂亮了！”歇洛克·福尔摩斯自言自语地称赞说。

这个侦探继续说：“接着我就去了夏邦迪太太家里。我看到她面色惨白，神情十分不安。她女儿那个时候也在家——那个姑娘长得很出众。我和她女儿说话的时候，发现她的双眼通红，嘴唇不断地颤抖。这些都被我看得清清楚楚。我产生了怀疑。歇洛克·福尔摩斯先生，你也知道找到准确线索的时候是什么感觉——你觉得每一根神经都使人发抖。我问：

‘你们知不知道，过去寄宿在你们这儿的那个克利夫兰的伊诺克·J·德雷伯先生已经被人杀死了？’

“那位母亲点了一下头，不知道应该说什么，但她的女儿却失声痛哭起来。我越发觉得他们肯定与此案有关。

“德雷伯先生是什么时候离开你家到火车站去的？”我问。

“八点钟，”她不停地咽唾沫，用此来抑制自己激动的心情。“他的秘书斯坦森先生说共乘两趟火车到利物浦去，一趟是九点一刻开，另外一趟十一点开。他打算去坐第一趟车。”

“这是你们最后一次见面吗？”

“我说出这个问题的时候，那位母亲的脸立即变得煞白，面无人色。过了很长时间，她才说：‘不错’。但她说话时，声音低沉，很不自然。

“沉默了一会儿以后，那位姑娘

above all, there is absolute silence. Listen as one may, there is no shadow of a sound in all that mighty wilderness; nothing but silence – complete and heart-subduing silence.

It has been said there is nothing appertaining to life upon the broad plain. That is hardly true. Looking down from the Sierra Blanco, one sees a pathway traced out across the desert, which winds away and is lost in the extreme distance. It is rutted with wheels and trodden down by the feet of many adventurers. Here and there there are scattered white objects which glisten in the sun, and stand out against the dull deposit of alkali. Approach, and examine them! They are bones: some large and coarse, others smaller and more delicate. The former have belonged to oxen, and the latter to men. For fifteen hundred miles one may trace this ghastly caravan route by these scattered remains of those who had fallen by the wayside.

Looking down on this very scene, there stood upon the fourth of May, eighteen hundred and forty-seven, a solitary traveller. His appearance was such that he might have been the very genius or demon of the region. An observer would have found it difficult to say whether he was nearer to forty or to sixty. His face was lean and haggard, and the brown parchment-like skin was drawn tightly over the projecting bones; his long, brown hair and beard were all flecked and dashed with white; his eyes were sunken in his head, and burned with an unnatural lustre; while the hand which grasped his rifle was hardly more fleshy than that of a skeleton. As he stood, he leaned upon his weapon for support, and yet his tall figure and the massive framework of his bones suggested a wiry and vigorous constitution. His gaunt face, however, and his clothes, which hung so baggily over his shrivelled limbs, proclaimed what it was that gave him that senile and decrepit appearance. The man was dying – dying from hunger and from thirst.

He had toiled painfully down the ravine, and on to this little elevation, in the vain hope of seeing some signs of water. Now the great salt plain stretched before his eyes, and the distant belt of savage mountains, without a sign anywhere of plant or tree, which might indicate the presence of moisture. In all that broad landscape there was no gleam of hope. North, and east, and west he looked with wild questioning eyes, and then he realised that his wanderings had come to an end, and that there, on that barren rag, he

广阔无垠的土地上悄无声息，周围只是一片完全的、使人看不到一丝希望的死寂。

听说这片宽广的土地上没有丝毫生命的迹象，但是事实并不是这样的。要是你站在布兰科山上往下看，能够看见一条小路蜿蜒曲折地伸入沙漠，在远远的天边消失不见了。这条小路上到处都是车轮走过时留下的痕迹和许多探险者经过的足迹。太阳底下有些白色物体闪烁着光芒，这儿一堆，那儿一堆，在这乏味的盐碱地上看起来尤其刺眼。走上前去定睛一看，那些都是一堆堆骸骨；又粗又大的是牛骨，又细又小的是人骨！顺着这一千五百英里可怕的车道，人们处处都能看见死在道路旁边的一堆堆白骨。

一八四七年五月四日，一个孤独的行路人站在山上望着这凄凉的景色。从他的相貌看，他几乎就像保卫这片荒凉土地的神灵或者魔鬼。就算是具有独特观察力的人，也不能轻易说出他到底是四十多岁还是年近六十。他面貌清癯、极其憔悴，干羊皮一般的棕色皮肤牢牢地包着往外突出的身躯；很长的棕色须发已经变白；陷进去的两眼射出奇特的光芒；紧紧地拿着来复枪的手，上面的肉比骨架也多了多少。虽然他此时把枪支在地上站在那儿，不过他高大的身材和强壮的体魄都说明他过去是一个十分健壮的人。但是，他那消瘦的面庞和如同大口袋一般罩在他枯瘦如柴的四肢上的衣裳，让他看上去老朽不堪。这个家伙饥渴交迫，已经快要命丧黄泉了。

他经历了千辛万苦，才离开山谷，爬到这片小小的高地上，希望能在这儿找到一点儿水。但如今他所能看到的只是漫无边际的盐碱地和远方绵延不绝的荒山，看不见一株能预示水源的树木。这片荒凉的土地上没有丝毫能够找到水的希望。他睁大了茫然的双眼，往北方、东方和西方看去，接着他知道自己的末日即将来临，他快要躺在这凄凉的岩石上安息了。“死在这儿，和二十年后躺在

was about to die. "Why not here, as well as in a feather bed, twenty years hence," he muttered, as he seated himself in the shelter of a boulder.

Before sitting down, he had deposited upon the ground his useless rifle, and also a large bundle tied up in a grey shawl, which he had carried slung over his right shoulder. It appeared to be somewhat too heavy for his strength, for in lowering it, it came down on the ground with some little violence. Instantly there broke from the grey parcel a little moaning cry, and from it there protruded a small, scared face, with very bright brown eyes, and two little speckled, dimpled fists.

"You've hurt me!" said a childish voice reproachfully.

"Have I though," the man answered penitently, "I didn't go for to do it." As he spoke he unwrapped the grey shawl and extricated a pretty little girl of about five years of age, whose dainty shoes and smart pink frock with its little linen apron all bespoke a mother's care. The child was pale and wan, but her healthy arms and legs showed that she had suffered less than her companion.

"How is it now?" he answered anxiously, for she was still rubbing the tousy golden curls which covered the back of her head.

"Kiss it and make it well," she said, with perfect gravity, shoving the injured part up to him. "That's what mother used to do. Where's mother?"

"Mother's gone. I guess you'll see her before long."

"Gone, eh!" said the little girl. "Funny, she didn't say good-bye; she 'most always did if she was just goin' over to Auntie's for tea, and now she's been away three days. Say, it's awful dry, ain't it? Ain't there no water, nor nothing to eat?"

"No, there ain't nothing, dearie. You'll just need to be patient awhile, and then you'll be all right. Put your head up ag'in me like that, and then you'll feel bullier. It ain't easy to talk when your lips is like leather, but I guess I'd best let you know how the cards lie. What's that you've got?"

"Pretty things! Fine things!" cried the little girl enthusiastically, holding up two glittering fragments of mica. "When we goes back to home I'll give them to brother Bob."

鹅绒棉被的床上死去又有什么不同呢?"他小声说着,然后在一个突出的岩石的阴影里坐了下来。

他在坐下以前,先把没用的来复枪放到地上,接着又把右肩上的一个用灰色披肩包着的大包袱放在地上。他好像已经疲惫至极拿不动了,因为那个包袱着地的时候稍稍重了一点儿。包袱里马上传出一声刺耳的哭声,然后就从里边钻出一张受惊的小脸,并且还伸出一双胖墩墩、脏兮兮的小手。

"你把我摔疼了!"有个孩子的声音抱怨道。

"是真的吗?"那个男人用一种带着歉意的语气回答道,"我不是有意的。"他一边说一边打开那个灰色包袱,从里边抱出一个大约五岁的美丽的小女孩。小女孩脚上穿着一双精美的鞋子,身上穿着时髦的粉红上衣,围着一一条亚麻布围兜,说明她的母亲特别疼爱她。虽然孩子面色也很憔悴,看起来有点儿疲惫不堪,不过她那依然胖乎乎的胳膊和大腿都证明她受的苦不如她的同路人多。

"现在怎么样了?"他担心地问道,因为她仍然在揉搓脑后凌乱的金色头发。

"你亲一下这儿就好了,"她把头上被摔疼的地方指着让他看,接着一本正经地说,"妈妈经常这样说的。妈妈去什么地方了?"

"妈妈走了。我相信你很快就会看见她了。"

"走了?"那个小女孩说道,"太怪了,她连声再见也没有对我说。她过去即到姨妈家里去喝茶也经常和我说一下的,但她这次都走了三天了。我说,嘴太干了,是吗?难道一点儿吃的喝的也没有了吗?"

"没了,亲爱的,一点儿也没有了。你再耐着性子忍一下,一会儿就会好了。把头倚在我身上,这样你就会觉得舒服一点儿了。嘴唇和树皮一样干的时候,讲话很吃力,不过我觉得最好还是把事情的真相对你说一下。你手中拿的是什么东西?"

"漂亮的玩意儿!好看极了!"那个小女孩拿起两块闪闪发光的云母片,兴高采烈地喊着,"回家以后我就把它们送给鲍伯弟弟。"

“You'll see prettier things than them soon,” said the man confidently. “You just wait a bit. I was going to tell you though – you remember when we left the river?”

“Oh, yes.”

“Well, we reckoned we'd strike another river soon, d'ye see. But there was somethin' wrong; compasses, or map, or somethin', and it didn't turn up. Water ran out. Just except a little drop for the likes of you and – and –”

“And you couldn't wash yourself,” interrupted his companion gravely, staring up at his grimy visage.

“No, nor drink. And Mr. Bender, he was the first to go, and then Indian Pete, and then Mrs. McGregor, and then Johnny Hones, and then, dearie, your mother.”

“Then mother's a deader too,” cried the little girl dropping her face in her pinafore and sobbing bitterly.

“Yes, they all went except you and me. Then I thought there was some chance of water in this direction, so I heaved you over my shoulder and we tramped it together. It don't seem as though we've improved matters. There's an almighty small chance for us now!”

“Do you mean that we are going to die too?” asked the child, checking her sobs, and raising her tear-stained face.

“I guess that's about the size of it.”

“Why didn't you say so before?” she said, laughing gleefully. “You gave me such a fright. Why, of course, now as long as we die we'll be with mother again.”

“Yes, you will, dearie.”

“And you too. I'll tell her how awful good you've been. I'll bet she meets us at the door of Heaven with a big pitcher of water, and a lot of buckwheat cakes, hot, and toasted on both sides, like Bob and me was fond of. How long will it be first?”

“I don't know – not very long.” The man's eyes were fixed upon the northern horizon. In the blue vault of the heaven there had appeared three little specks which increased in size every moment, so rapidly did they approach. They speedily resolved themselves into three large

“过一会儿，你就会看见比它还美丽的东西了。”男人的口气说得很肯定，“你再耐着性子等一等。我方才刚想对你说——你没有忘记我们离开那条河时的情形吗？”

“哦，没忘。”

“好，我们那个时候估计不久又会看见一条河，你听懂了吗？不过不知道什么地方出了差错，或许是指南针，或许是地图，或许是其它的什么，以后我们再也没有找到水源。我们的水都喝光了，只留下一丁点儿，是给像你们这样的孩子留的。以后——以后——”

“以后你就连脸也不能洗了。”小女孩认真地说道，一边抬头看着她那肮脏的脸。

“不仅不能洗脸，甚至连喝的水都没有了。后来，本顿先生首先走了，接着是印第安人皮特、麦克格雷戈太太和约翰尼·霍恩斯，再往后，亲爱的，就是你妈妈。”

“这么说，妈妈也死了！”小女孩喊了起来，接着用围兜盖住脸，不停地哭。

“不错，如今只有你和我了。后来，我原想沿着这个方向或许能发现水源，就把你背在肩上一步步来到这儿。看来我们的情形丝毫不见好转。我们两个如今活下去的机会已经很小很小了。”

“你的意思是说我们也快要死了吗？”小女孩不再流泪了，抬起挂满泪水的笑脸。

“我猜也许是这样吧。”

“那你为什么不早些对我说呢？”小女孩高兴地笑着说，“你方才吓了我一大跳。好了，要是我们死了，就能重新和妈妈在一块儿了。”

“不错，肯定能，亲爱的。”

“你也会见到她的。我会对妈妈说你对我多么好。我敢保证，她肯定拿着一大罐水在天堂门前等候我们，并且还有许多荞麦饼，冒着热气，两面都烤得焦黄焦黄的，就像鲍伯和我爱吃的。但是我们还得等多久才能死呢？”

“我也不知道——不会等很久了。”男人的双眼凝视着北方的地平线。蓝色的天空下出现了三个很小的斑点，渐渐地变大了，变近了，很快就让人辨认出那是三只棕色的大鸟。它们在这两个流浪者的头顶上方飞了

his determination. There were some who accused him of lukewarmness in his adopted religion, and others who put it down to greed of wealth and reluctance to incur expense. Others, again, spoke of some early love affair, and of a fair-haired girl who had pined away on the shores of the Atlantic. Whatever the reason, Ferrier remained strictly celibate. In every other respect he conformed to the religion of the young settlement, and gained the name of being an orthodox and straight-walking man.

Lucy Ferrier grew up within the log-house, and assisted her adopted father in all his undertakings. The keen air of the mountains and the balsamic odour of the pine trees took the place of nurse and mother to the young girl. As year succeeded to year she grew taller and stronger, her cheek more ruddy and her step more elastic. Many a wayfarer upon the high road which ran by Ferrier's farm felt long-forgotten thoughts revive in their mind as they watched her lithe girlish figure tripping through the wheatfields, or met her mounted upon her father's mustang, and managing it with all the ease and grace of a true child of the West. So the bud blossomed into a flower, and the year which saw her father the richest of the farmers left her as fair a specimen of American girlhood as could be found in the whole Pacific slope.

It was not the father, however, who first discovered that the child had developed into the woman. It seldom is in such cases. That mysterious change is too subtle and too gradual to be measured by dates. Least of all does the maiden herself know it until the tone of a voice or the touch of a hand sets her heart thrilling within her, and she learns, with a mixture of pride and of fear, that a new and a larger nature has awoken within her. There are few who cannot recall that day and remember the one little incident which heralded the dawn of a new life. In the case of Lucy Ferrier the occasion was serious enough in itself, apart from its future influence on her destiny and that of many besides.

It was a warm June morning, and the Latter Day Saints were as busy as the bees whose hive they have chosen for their emblem. In the fields and in the streets rose the same hum of human industry. Down the dusty high roads defiled long streams of heavily-laden mules, all heading to

并不虔诚，而有的人则猜想他一心聚敛钱财，不肯破费。还有的人说他过去曾经有过什么风流韵事，有位漂亮的姑娘曾在大西洋沿岸为他抑郁而亡。无论因为什么，费里尔仍然过着乏味的单身生活。除去这一点外，他在别的方面都严格遵守这个新移民区的宗教，并给自己取得了恪守传统、正派诚实的美誉。

露西·费里尔在这个木屋里慢慢地长大，帮助费里尔照料所有的家务。山区新鲜的空气和松林里散发出的松脂的馨香，慈母般地抚育着这个年轻的姑娘。岁月悠悠，日子一天天过去了，她也长得愈来愈高，愈来愈健壮。她脸颊绯红，步态袅娜。很多从费里尔农庄旁边的大路上走过的人，当看见露西苗条的身材轻快地走过麦田，或者在看见她骑在父亲的马上，露出地道的西部少年所独有的那种娴熟而美好的姿态时，过去的思绪就会再次浮现在他们的脑海中。就是这样，那时的花苞如今已经成了一朵盛开的花朵。在她父亲成了农民中最富裕的人的那一年中，她也成为太平洋沿岸全山区里最漂亮的一位美洲少女。

但是，第一个觉察到这个小女孩已经一天天变成大姑娘的并不是她的父亲——这样的事情也很少是父亲第一个发觉的，这种奇特的变化十分微妙，十分缓慢，无法用时间来衡量。姑娘自己也是在听见某个人的话语或者碰到某个人的手时才会觉察到这样的变化。此时，她的心会噼噼直跳，会产生一种自豪和惧怕交织在一起的情感，发现一种新奇的、更加奔放的本性已经在她心底深处苏醒。这个世上几乎所有的人都不会忘记那个特殊的日子，或者不会忘记预示着未来命运开始的那件微乎其微的小事。对露西·费里尔来说，暂且不说这件事情对于她自己和别的人将来的命运会产生怎样的影响，只是事情的本身就已经非常严重了。

那是六月一个阳光明媚的早上，摩门教徒们如同蜜蜂一般辛勤地工作着——他们正是以蜜蜂巢当作他们的标志的。田地里，大街上，处处都是大家劳动时嚤嚤嗡嗡的喧嚣声。灰尘四起的大街上，一列列载着重物的骡

the west, for the gold fever had broken out in California, and the Overland Route lay through the City of the Elect. There, too, were droves of sheep and bullocks coming in from the outlying pasture lands, and trains of tired immigrants, men and horses equally weary of their interminable journey. Through all this motley assemblage, threading her way with the skill of an accomplished rider, there galloped Lucy Ferrier, her fair face flushed with the exercise and her long chestnut hair floating out behind her. She had a commission from her father in the City, and was dashing in as she had done many a time before, with all the fearlessness of youth, thinking only of her task and how it was to be performed. The travel-stained adventurers gazed after her in astonishment, and even the unemotional Indians, journeying in with their peltries, relaxed their accustomed stoicism as they marvelled at the beauty of the pale-faced maiden.

She had reached the outskirts of the city when she found the road blocked by a great drove of cattle, driven by a half-dozen wild-looking herdsmen from the plains. In her impatience she endeavoured to pass this obstacle by pushing her horse into what appeared to be a gap. Scarcely had she got fairly into it, however, before the beasts closed in behind her, and she found herself completely imbedded in the moving stream of fierce-eyed, long-horned bullocks. Accustomed as she was to deal with cattle, she was not alarmed at her situation, but took advantage of every opportunity to urge her horse on in the hopes of pushing her way through the cavalcade. Unfortunately the horns of one of the creatures, either by accident or design, came in violent contact with the flank of the mustang, and excited it to madness. In an instant it reared up upon its hind legs with a snort of rage, and pranced and tossed in a way that would have unseated any but a most skilful rider. The situation was full of peril. Every plunge of the excited horse brought it against the horns again, and goaded it to fresh madness. It was all that the girl could do to keep herself in the saddle, yet a slip would mean a terrible death under the hoofs of the unwieldy and terrified animals. Unaccustomed to sudden emergencies, her head began to swim, and her grip upon the bridle to relax. Choked by the rising cloud of dust and by the steam from the struggling creatures, she might have abandoned her efforts in despair, but for a kindly voice at her elbow which assured

队正纷纷而过，全都朝着西方前进，因为加利福尼亚掀起了淘金的狂潮，而横穿美国大陆的路恰好经过摩门教徒的圣城。大路上还有从远方的牧区赶来的牛群和羊群；也有极其疲劳的移民——他们历经漫长的旅途以后，马和人看起来都很疲乏。在这喧闹的地方，露西·费里尔仗着自己骑术高明，纵马往前飞驰。她那美丽的脸因为用力而红了起来，棕色的长发飘飞在脑后。她是遵照父亲之命去城里办事的。和平日一样，她凭借年轻人无比的活力，纵马穿行而过，心里想的只是父亲交给自己的任务还有怎样去完成它。那些一路走来的冒险家们全都诧异地看着她，甚至连那些运送皮革的冷淡的印第安人，看见这个漂亮的皮肤白皙的少女也觉得特别惊讶，禁不住松弛了他们向来刻板的面孔。

她到了市郊的时候，看到六个面目蛮横的牧人从荒原上赶过来一大群牛，堵住了她前行的道路。她很不耐烦，企图穿过这个阻碍，就策马冲入了牛群当中的一条空隙。但是，她刚冲进牛群，后边的牛又接着挤上来，把她围得特别严实。她立即发觉自己陷进了一片牛海中，处处都是眼睛滚圆、犄角很长的家伙在挤着、动着。因为她平日经常和牛群打交道，因此她对现在所处的境地丝毫都不觉得恐慌，而是瞅准时机催马前行，准备冲开一条路。不巧的是，一头牛有意无意地用角猛然触到了马的侧腹，使马受到惊吓。马立即把前蹄腾跃而起，不停地嘶鸣，狂跳乱踢；假如不是她有超凡的骑乘能力，早已从马上摔下来了。那个时候的情形极其危险。受到惊吓的马每跳动一次，就会受到一次牛角的抵触，最后增加了它狂跳的力量。露西此时不得不趴在马背上，没有其它的办法。她只要稍有不慎，就会摔下马去，落在乱蹄之下被踩得粉碎。因为第一次经历这样的场面，露西感到晕眼花，牢牢抓着的缰绳开始渐渐地松下来。牛群扬起的烟尘和散发出来的呛鼻气味也让她无法喘息。就在这危急时刻，假如不是她身旁传来一个温和的声音，让她知道有人来救她了，露西也许会毫无希望地放弃了。就在这时，一只强劲有力的棕色大手抓到了受到惊吓的的马的嚼环，在牛群当中冲出一条路，没过

“As He will all the nations in His own good time,” said the other in a nasal voice; “He grindeth slowly but exceeding small.”

John Ferrier bowed coldly. He had guessed who his visitors were.

“We have come,” continued Stangerson, “at the advice of our fathers to solicit the hand of your daughter for whichever of us may seem good to you and to her. As I have but four wives and Brother Drebber here has seven, it appears to me that my claim is the stronger one.”

“Nay, nay, Brother Stangerson,” cried the other; “the question is not how many wives we have, but how many we can keep. My father has now given over his mills to me, and I am the richer man.”

“But my prospects are better,” said the other, warmly. “When the Lord removes my father, I shall have his tanning yard and his leather factory. Then I am your elder, and am higher in the Church.”

“It will be for the maiden to decide,” rejoined young Drebber, smirking at his own reflection in the glass. “We will leave it all to her decision.”

During this dialogue, John Ferrier had stood fuming in the doorway, hardly able to keep his riding-whip from the backs of his two visitors.

“Look here,” he said at last, striding up to them, “when my daughter summons you, you can come, but until then I don’t want to see your faces again.”

The two young Mormons stared at him in amazement. In their eyes this competition between them for the maiden’s hand was the highest of honours both to her and her father.

“There are two ways out of the room,” cried Ferrier; “there is the door, and there is the window. Which do you care to use?”

His brown face looked so savage, and his gaunt hands so threatening, that his visitors sprang to their feet and beat a hurried retreat. The old farmer followed them to the door.

“Let me know when you have settled which it is to be,” he said, sardonically.

“You shall smart for this!” Stangerson cried, white with rage. “You have defied the Prophet

沙漠里旅行过。”

另外那个家伙鼻音浓重地说道：“上帝早晚都会把普天之下的人们引入他的天国。他尽管有时做得很慢，却十分精细，一点儿疏漏都没有。”

约翰·费里尔冷冷地对他们点头致意。他已经猜出了来者是什么人。

斯坦杰森继续说：“我们是秉承父亲的意思，前来向你的女儿求婚的，请你看一下我们哪位更适合。我只有四个妻子，而德雷伯兄弟已经有了七个，因此我认为我比他更需要。”

“不，不对，斯坦杰森兄弟，”另外那个喊道，“此刻的问题并非我们已经娶了几个妻子，而是我们能够养得起几个妻子。我父亲已经把他的磨坊交给我了，因此我如今比你更富有。”

斯坦杰森立即反驳说：“不过我以后会比你富有。等上帝请我父亲去见他的时候，我就能拥有他的硝皮坊和制革厂了。到那时，我就是你的长老，在教会中的地位也会比你更高。”

小德雷伯一边照着镜子，看着自己，一边装作满面微笑地说：“这要让姑娘亲自做出选择，我们还是完全听凭她的决定好了。”

在这番无耻争论进行的时候，约翰·费里尔始终站在门前，恼怒得禁不住想用手里的鞭子去鞭打这两个不请自来的人的脊背。

后来，他阔步来到他们跟前说：“你们给我听着，我女儿让你们来时，你们才能够到这儿来。不过要是她没有让你们来，我不想再次看见你们这副嘴脸。”

两个家伙十分惊讶地睁大双眼看着他。在他们眼中，他们这样争抢着让这位姑娘嫁给自己，无论是对他或者对他女儿，都是一种至高无上的荣誉。

费里尔怒不可遏地说：“这个屋子有两条路可以走。或者从门出去，或者从窗户出去。你们愿意选择哪一条？”

他那棕色的脸看起来特别凶恶，青筋暴突的两手透着威胁。他的二位来客吓得立即跳起身来，抬腿就溜。费里尔一直走到门前。

他讥讽地说道：“你们两个想好到底哪一条路合适，请告诉我一声。”

斯坦杰森被气得面色煞白。他叫嚣起来：“你这是自讨苦吃！你居然

precipitous and dangerous path.

It was a bewildering route for anyone who was not accustomed to face Nature in her wildest moods. On the one side a great crag towered up a thousand feet or more, black, stern, and menacing, with long basaltic columns upon its rugged surface like the ribs of some petrified monster. On the other hand a wild chaos of boulders and debris made all advance impossible. Between the two ran the irregular track, so narrow in places that they had to travel in Indian file, and so rough that only practised riders could have traversed it at all. Yet in spite of all dangers and difficulties, the hearts of the fugitives were light within them, for every step increased the distance between them and the terrible despotism from which they were flying.

They soon had a proof, however, that they were still within the jurisdiction of the Saints. They had reached the very wildest and most desolate portion of the pass when the girl gave a startled cry, and pointed upwards. On a rock which overlooked the track, showing out dark and plain against the sky, there stood a solitary sentinel. He saw them as soon as they perceived him, and his military challenge of "Who goes there?" rang through the silent ravine.

"Travellers for Nevada," said Jefferson Hope, with his hand upon the rifle which hung by his saddle.

They could see the lonely watcher fingering his gun, and peering down at them as if dissatisfied at their reply.

"By whose permission?" he asked.

"The Holy Four," answered Ferrier. His Mormon experiences had taught him that that was the highest authority to which he could refer.

"Nine from seven," cried the sentinel.

"Seven from five," returned Jefferson Hope promptly, remembering the countersign which he had heard in the garden.

"Pass, and the Lord go with you," said the voice from above. Beyond his post the path broadened out, and the horses were able to break into a trot. Looking back, they could see the solitary watcher leaning upon his gun, and knew that they had passed the outlying post of the chosen people, and that freedom lay before them.

任何一个对大自然地形感到陌生的人,这条石径都会使人寸步难行。石径的一侧是悬崖峭壁、山石巍峨,黑黝黝的岌岌可危,坎坷崎岖的陡壁上那很长的石梁,就魔鬼化石身上的一条条肋骨。石径的另外一侧则是乱七八槽的巨石,根本没有可行的路。就在这绝壁和巨石当中,一条石径弯曲着穿行于其中。有些地方特别窄,只能容下一个人侧身走过。石径坎坷、不易行走,只有接受过良好训练的骑手才能够骑着马在上边通过。然而,虽然有这么多的险情和困难,这几个逃跑的人的心情却十分欢快,因为每往前行走一步都会把他们和他们此刻正在逃走的那个暴政横行的世界之间的距离拉得更远。

不过,他们没用多久就发现,他们仍然没有逃出摩门教管辖的范围。当他们三人来到石径中最荒僻孤寂的地方时,露西忽然发出一声大叫,同时用手指着上边。夜光衬托出石径上面的一个岩石,岩石上面站着一个形单影只的哨兵。他们看到他的时候,他同样看见了他们。所以,幽静的山谷中就传来了他那军队里查问的口令:"什么人在那儿走动?"

"是到内华达去的旅行者。"杰弗逊·霍普一边说着,一边伸手去取挂在马鞍旁边的来复枪。

他们能够看见那个孤零零的哨兵用手指扣住扳机,正低头看着他们,似乎对他们的回答觉得不满意。

他问:"是什么人批准的?"

费里尔答道:"四圣会!"他在摩门教中的经验使他明白,这是教会当中至高无上的权威。

哨兵叫着:"九到七!"

杰弗逊·霍普想到自己在花园中听见的暗号,就马上对答:"七到五!"

上边的人说道:"走吧!希望上帝保佑你们!"经过这个哨位,前方的道路变得宽广起来,马匹能够放开脚步,小跑向前行进了。他们转身看去,看见那个哨兵仍然支着枪孤零零地在那儿站着。此时,他们知道自己已逃出了摩门教的领地,自由就在前方了。

he retraced his steps to where he had dropped the food, and having stirred up the smouldering fire, he cooked enough to last him for a few days. This he made up into a bundle, and, tired as he was, he set himself to walk back through the mountains upon the track of the avenging angels.

For five days he toiled footsore and weary through the defiles which he had already traversed on horseback. At night he flung himself down among the rocks, and snatched a few hours of sleep; but before daybreak he was always well on his way. On the sixth day, he reached the Eagle Canon, from which they had commenced their ill-fated flight. Thence he could look down upon the home of the saints. Worn and exhausted, he leaned upon his rifle and shook his gaunt hand fiercely at the silent widespread city beneath him. As he looked at it, he observed that there were flags in some of the principal streets, and other signs of festivity. He was still speculating as to what this might mean when he heard the clatter of horse's hoofs, and saw a mounted man riding towards him. As he approached, he recognized him as a Mormon named Cowper, to whom he had rendered services at different times. He therefore accosted him when he got up to him, with the object of finding out what Lucy Ferrier's fate had been.

"I am Jefferson Hope," he said. "You remember me."

The Mormon looked at him with undisguised astonishment – indeed, it was difficult to recognize in this tattered, unkempt wanderer, with ghastly white face and fierce, wild eyes, the spruce young hunter of former days. Having, however, at last, satisfied himself as to his identity, the man's surprise changed to consternation.

"You are mad to come here," he cried. "It is as much as my own life is worth to be seen talking with you. There is a warrant against you from the Holy Four for assisting the Ferriers away."

"I don't fear them, or their warrant," Hope said, earnestly. "You must know something of this matter, Cowper. I conjure you by everything you hold dear to answer a few questions. We have always been friends. For God's sake, don't refuse to answer me."

"What is it?" the Mormon asked uneasily. "Be quick. The very rocks have ears and the trees eyes."

"What has become of Lucy Ferrier?"

着脚印重新走回他丢掉兽肉的地方。他把将要熄灭的火苗重新燃烧起来，在火上烤了够他吃几天的肉。接着，他把那些烤好的肉打成一包，顾不得身体的劳累，顺着那群复仇天使留下的足迹翻过了一座又一座山，向回走去。

他顺着原先骑马经过的山路，不分昼夜地行走了五天，一直走到浑身乏力、脚疼难耐。夜里，他就在乱石当中躺下，随便睡几个钟头，但天还没亮，他就早已经在路上了。第六天，他总算到了老鹰谷——他们那不幸的逃亡正是从这儿开始的。他从老鹰谷向下能够看到摩门教徒的田舍家园。这个时候，他既劳累又瘦弱，倚着他的来复枪，冲着脚下这座安静而广大的城市，使劲地舞动着他那皮包骨头的拳头。当他望着这座城市的时候，他看见一些主要的大街上都挂有旗子和其它节日的标志。就在他猜想其中缘由的时候，他突然听见了马蹄奔跑时发出的嘚嘚声，然后就看见有个人骑着马向他这儿走来。骑马人来到近前时，霍普看出他是考伯，一个摩门教徒。霍普过去曾经多次帮过他的忙，所以当他来到近前时，就向他打了一个招呼，企图从他那儿打听到露西的命运到底怎样了。

他说："我是杰弗逊·霍普。你还认识我了吗？"

这个摩门教徒看着他，脸上显现出无法抑制的惊讶之情。确实，人们难以看出眼前这个面无血色、眼露凶光、穿着破衣烂衫、面容憔悴的流浪汉，就是以前那个俊美洒脱的年轻猎人。不过，当他看出他真的是霍普的时候，考伯的诧异之情马上转成了害怕。

他喊着："你难道疯了，居然有胆子返回这儿。假如有人看见我和你讲话我也会性命难保的，因为你曾协助费里尔父女二人偷跑，四圣会已经把你列为通缉要犯。"

霍普诚挚地说："我不害怕他们，也不在乎他们的威胁。考伯，你肯定清楚此事的详情情况。我求你不管怎么都要告诉我一些事情。我们一直关系不错，请看在上帝的名义上，千万别拒绝我。"

这个摩门教徒神色慌张地说道："你想问什么？赶紧说。这些岩石都长着耳朵，这些大树也都有眼睛呢。"

"露西·费里尔现在怎样了？"