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(英语课程标准六级之五)

The Sign of Four

四 签 名

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

原著 阿瑟·柯南道尔

“我很害怕，”莫斯坦小姐说。“我该怎么办，福尔摩斯先生？”

福尔摩斯兴奋地跳了起来：“今晚我们去莱西厄姆剧院，我们三个人一起去，你、我和华生医生。我们去见你那未曾谋面的朋友，解开这个谜团。”



上海外语教育出版社

外教社

SHANGHAI FOREIGN LANGUAGE EDUCATION PRESS

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Retold by Anne Collins

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注释 刘思远



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出版说明

为了促进我国中学生的英语学习,培养他们的文化素养和文学修养,上海外语教育出版社经过长时间的酝酿和市场调研,决定将英国麦克米伦出版公司的一套文学名著简写本引荐给我国的中学生。

麦克米伦出版公司是从20世纪初开始陆续出版这套文学名著简写本的。为了满足世界各地英语为非母语国家、也包括英语国家不同程度中学生的阅读需要,他们请专家对一些大家耳熟能详的世界文学名著进行了改写,在保留原著的故事情节和原著者的创作风格的同时,适当地降低了语言的难度,至今已经推出了200多本。若干年过去了,这些书仍然受到世界各地读者的欢迎。

外教社从麦克米伦出版公司的这套文学名著简写本中精心挑选了40本,汇成一套“轻松读经典丛书”,难易程度跨越“英语课程标准”的3级—8级。这套丛书选编了英、美、法等国文学大师的经典之作,包括莎士比亚、狄更斯、马克·吐温、哈代、大仲马等著名作家的作品。为了让中学生在阅读过程中更好地把握原书的精髓和作家的创作历程,外教社还特地对读物中的语言难点做了注释;并加入了一篇关于作家、作品的背景介绍。

我们衷心希望“轻松读经典丛书”能够有助于提高我国中学生的文学欣赏水平,陶冶他们的道德情操,增强他们的英语阅读能力,成为开启中学生英语文学名著阅读之门的金钥匙。

外教社编辑部

2002年11月

简 介

歇洛克·福尔摩斯以他惊人的推理令读者折服，塑造这一人物的作家柯南道尔也正如他笔下的人物一样富有传奇色彩。亚瑟·柯南道尔于1859年5月出生在英国的爱丁堡。道尔家共有十个孩子，他的父亲是个并无多少抱负的小公务员，一家人仅靠父亲每年240英镑的微薄收入度日。有着爱尔兰血统的母亲常常给小柯南讲传奇故事，这些传说为他日后的历史小说创作提供了很好的素材。在家中和爱丁堡当地的学校读了几年书后，柯南道尔被送到免费的耶稣会学校。对严酷校规和体罚的憎恶使小小年纪的柯南道尔开始反思对天主教的信仰，并最终放弃了这一信仰。1876年他进入爱丁堡的一所大学学医。柯南道尔一生中到过很多地方。读大学时为贴补家用他曾任随船医生到过英国的许多城市，甚至还去了北极，毕业后他又随船去了西非海岸。婚后他曾去维也纳学习眼科，为治疗妻子的病他在开罗生活过一段时间。在晚年为宣扬唯灵论他长途跋涉前往澳大利亚、美国、加拿大和南非做演讲。柯南道尔非常渴望为自己的祖国冲锋陷阵，1899年冬天，英国在南非的战事使全国笼罩在阴影中，没有被官方部队录用的柯南道尔自愿去当地一家私人开办的医院救治伤员。第一次世界大战爆发时，他自发组织了一支志愿军，很快当局就将这支志愿军纳入了正规部队，柯南道尔还被任命为苏塞克斯第六

皇家志愿兵团某连的二等兵。这些经历不仅成为他写作的源泉,也使他本人颇具神秘色彩。

在大学时,柯南道尔结识了约瑟夫·贝尔医生。这位常以精确的推理来了解病人病史的医生就是歇洛克·福尔摩斯的原型。完成学业后柯南道尔曾在南太平洋地区行医,在那些安静的日子里他开始写侦探故事,故事中第一次出现了歇洛克·福尔摩斯。《血字的研究》出版后非常受欢迎,自此他创作了一系列以歇洛克·福尔摩斯为主角的侦探小说。

《四签名》是柯南道尔最有影响力的福尔摩斯探案故事之一,故事讲述了人心的贪婪和巨宝的诱惑。莫斯坦小姐拿着一封神秘的信来见福尔摩斯,请求他的帮助。和阿格拉巨宝有关的人相继死去,这是怎样一个谜呢?随着福尔摩斯对案情的分析,真相逐渐展现在我们眼前。

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1

A Visitor for Sherlock Holmes

FOR many years, I shared an apartment in London with my friend, Sherlock Holmes.

My name is Doctor Watson. I worked as a doctor in the British Army for several years. While I was in the army, I travelled to many strange and interesting places. I had many exciting adventures.

Then one day, in Afghanistan, I was shot in the shoulder. My wound was deep and took many months to heal. I nearly died from pain and fever. At last I got better, but I could not work in the army any more. I retired from the army and came back to England.

That is why I was living in London with Sherlock Holmes. I had known my friend for many years. Our address was 221B Baker Street, in the centre of the city.

I enjoyed sharing an apartment with Holmes. My friend was a very clever man. He was the most famous private detective in London. He helped to solve crimes and catch criminals.

When people were in trouble or needed help, they came to Holmes. Sometimes the police came to Holmes and asked for help in catching a criminal.

Sherlock Holmes did not care if his clients were

rich or poor. He enjoyed solving their interesting problems. He was very happy when he was working. It was the most important thing in his life.

One afternoon, I was reading a book and Holmes was standing by the window in our sitting-room. Usually he was very busy and active. But this afternoon he did not seem very happy. I was worried about my friend.

‘What’s the matter with you today, Holmes?’ I asked.

‘Come and stand at the window, Watson,’ Holmes said. Look out into the street. See how uninteresting London is today.’

It was winter. The street outside was almost empty. Everyone was at home in front of their warm fires.

‘I need some work, Watson,’ said Holmes impatiently. ‘I cannot live without interesting problems and mysteries. That’s why I became a private detective. I love my work. It keeps my brain active. But when there are no crimes and no mysteries to solve—ah, then life becomes very boring for me.’

He turned sadly away from the window.

At that moment, there was a knock at the door. Our housekeeper¹ came into the room. She was carrying a small white card on a silver tray. Holmes picked up the card.

‘Miss Mary Morstan,’ he read aloud. ‘I don’t know anyone of that name. Please ask the lady to come in. Perhaps it is a new client.’

A few moments later, Miss Morstan entered the

1 housekeeper: 女管家



room. She was young and not very tall, with blonde¹ hair and blue eyes. Her clothes were not fashionable, but they were clean and tidy. She had a lovely face. I noticed at once that she looked worried and unhappy.

‘Please sit down, Miss Morstan,’ said Holmes kindly. ‘I am Sherlock Holmes and this is my good friend, Doctor Watson. Doctor Watson and I have worked together many times.’

‘I’m very pleased to meet you both,’ said the young lady. Then she turned to Holmes and looked at him with her lovely blue eyes.

‘Mr Holmes, I’ve heard that you give people good advice. I’m not a rich woman but I hope you can help me too. Something very strange has happened. Mr Holmes, I need your help!’



1 blonde: (头发)金黄色的

2

Miss Morstan's Story

HOLMES ^{用手擦} rubbed his hands together excitedly. His eyes shone and he leaned ^{向前} forward in his chair.

‘Tell us your story,’ he said.

Miss Morstan began her story and we listened.

‘My father,’ she began, ‘was a captain in the army. When I was very young, he was sent to India. My mother was dead and I had no other relatives in England. So, while my father was away, I was sent to school.

‘When I was seventeen, I received a letter from my father. He said that he was leaving India and coming back to England. He gave me the address of a hotel in London. He asked me to meet him there.

‘I was very happy and excited about seeing my dear father again. I went to London and arrived at the hotel. I asked for Captain Morstan, my father. But I was told by the hotel manager that my father was not there. He had gone out the night before and not returned.

‘I waited all day and all night, but my father didn't come back to the hotel. Finally, I went to the police. They advertised for Captain Morstan in all the



newspapers, but without success. I never saw my dear father again. '

Miss Morstan began to cry.

Holmes opened his notebook. 'What was the date that your father disappeared?' he asked.

'It was 3rd December 1878—nearly ten years ago. '

'What happened to his luggage?'

'It was still at the hotel,' replied Miss Morstan. 'The cases contained some books and clothes, and some paintings and ornaments¹ from the Andaman Islands. '

'The Andaman Islands. What are they?' I asked.

'A small group of islands near the coast of India,' said Miss Morstan. 'There is a prison on one of the islands. My father was one of the officers in charge of the prisoners. He worked there for many years. '

'Did your father have any friends in London?' asked Holmes.

'Only one—Major Sholto. He was also in charge of the prisoners in the Andaman Islands. The Major had retired from the army some time before my father disappeared. He was living in London and, of course, I went to see him. But he didn't know that my father had arrived in England. '

'Your story is very interesting,' said Holmes, rubbing his hands together once more. 'Please, go on. '

¹ ornament: 装饰品

‘Four years after my father disappeared,’ continued Miss Morstan, ‘I saw an advertisement in the newspaper. The date was 4th May 1882. To my surprise, the advertisement asked for the address of Miss Mary Morstan. It said that if I advertised my address, I would receive some very good news.’

‘What did you do?’ asked Holmes.

‘I advertised my address in the same newspaper. The next day, I received a small cardboard box. Inside the box was a lovely pearl. And I have received another five pearls since that day. They arrive every year on the same day. Look.’

She opened a flat box and showed us six beautiful pearls.

‘There was no letter with the pearls?’ asked Holmes.





‘Nothing at all,’ replied Miss Morstan. Then she continued. ‘But the strangest thing of all happened this morning. That is why I came to see you. This morning, I received a letter. Please read it.’

‘Thank you,’ said Holmes. He took the letter and studied it carefully. Then he handed it to me.

London

17th November 1887

Dear Miss Morstan,

Go to the Lyceum Theatre tonight at seven o'clock. Stand outside the entrance, on the left. If you are afraid, bring two friends. Do not bring the police.

You have been deceived¹, but you will learn the truth tonight.

Your Unknown Friend

‘What can this letter mean?’ asked Miss Morstan. ‘I am afraid. What should I do, Mr Holmes? You are a clever man and can give me good advice.’

Holmes jumped up excitedly.

‘We shall go tonight to the Lyceum Theatre—the three of us you and me and Doctor Watson. The letter asks you to bring two friends with you. You will come with us, won’t you, Watson?’

‘Of course,’ I said. ‘I’ll be very happy to come.’

I was speaking the truth. I wanted to help Miss Morstan.

1 deceive: 欺骗

‘You are both very kind,’ said Miss Morstan. ‘Since my father disappeared, I have been alone in the world. I have no friends whom I can ask for help. What time shall we meet this evening?’

Holmes looked at his watch.

‘It’s now half past three,’ he said. ‘Come back at six o’clock. Don’t be afraid, Miss Morstan. This evening we’ll come with you to the Lyceum Theatre. We’ll meet your unknown friend. And we’ll try to solve the mystery.’

‘Thank you,’ said Miss Morstan. She smiled at us and left the room.

‘What a lovely woman,’ I remarked.

‘I’m going out now,’ said Holmes. ‘I’ll be back in about an hour.’

When Holmes had gone I sat down by the window and tried to read a book. But I could stop thinking about Miss Morstan. I hoped that we would be able to help her.

3

A Strange Meeting

AT half past five, Holmes returned. He was very pleased about something.

‘I have had great success, Watson,’ he said, as I gave him a cup of tea.

‘What, Holmes! Have you solved the mystery already?’ I asked in surprise.

‘No, no. But I have discovered something very interesting. Miss Morstan said that her father had a very good friend in India. His name was Major Sholto.’

‘Yes,’ I said. ‘Major Sholto had retired from the army. He was living in London when Captain Morstan disappeared. But he did not know that Morstan was in England.’

‘Well,’ said Holmes. ‘I have just been to the offices of *The Times* newspaper. I looked through the old copies of the newspaper and I discovered that Major Sholto died on 28th April 1882.

‘Perhaps I am very stupid, Holmes, but I don’t see why this discovery is interesting.’

‘Listen,’ Holmes said. ‘Captain Morstan disappeared. He had one friend in London—Major Sholto. But Major Sholto said that he didn’t know that

Captain Morstan was in London.

‘Four years later, on 28th April 1882, Sholto died. A few days later, on 4th May 1882, Captain Morstan’s daughter saw the advertisement in a newspaper. Then, she received a valuable present. These presents came every year. Why do the presents arrive on that day? They must have something to do with Sholto’s death.’

I was still puzzled. ‘But Sholto died six years ago,’ I said. ‘Why did Miss Morstan receive that letter today—six years later? The letter speaks of telling her the truth. What can it mean?’

‘I hope that we’ll find the answers to these questions tonight, Watson,’ said Holmes seriously. ‘Are you ready? It’s six o’clock and here is Miss Morstan.’

Miss Morstan entered the room. She was wearing a dark cloak¹ and hat. She did not seem afraid, but her beautiful face was very pale.

I picked up my hat and my heaviest stick. I noticed that Holmes took his gun from his drawer and put it into his pocket.

We got into a cab² and were soon on our way to the Lyceum Theatre. In the cab, Miss Morstan took a piece of paper out of her bag.

‘Mr Holmes, I forgot to show you this. This note was found in my father’s luggage. It is very strange. I don’t know what it means. Perhaps it isn’t very important, but I wanted you to see it.’

1 cloak: 斗篷 2 cab: 出租马车