

EVERYDAY ENGLISH SNACK

SHERLOCK HOLMES ALL FOUR NOVELS (I)

每天读点英文

福尔摩斯长篇小说全集(上)

[英] 柯南·道尔 著 邵泽娜 刘昕蓉 译

典藏英文全集



365天享受阅读

Sherlock  
Holmes



中国宇航出版社



每天读点英文。

# 福尔摩斯长篇小说全集 (上)

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[英]柯南·道尔 著

邵泽娜 刘昕蓉 译



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# Preface 前言

与众多侦探迷一样，我们过去曾多次阅读英国侦探小说之父柯南·道尔所著的《福尔摩斯探案全集》。福尔摩斯和华生，这两位耳熟能详的人物带给了我们太多的惊喜和记忆，引得数代人一窥究竟、拍案叫绝。《福尔摩斯探案全集》共有4部长篇和56部短篇。《每天读点英文福尔摩斯长篇小说全集》上、下两册涉及的便是其中的4部长篇：《血字的研究》（1887年）、《四签名》（1890年）、《巴斯克维尔猎犬》（1902年）和《恐怖谷》（1915年）。

1885年起，柯南·道尔开始创作侦探小说《血字的研究》，小说几经退稿，终于发表在1887年的《比顿圣诞年刊》上。1890年，柯道·道尔出版其第二部小说《四签名》并一举成名。次年，他开始专事侦探小说的创作，作品多为短篇小说。直到1902年，柯道·道尔又推出了《巴斯克维尔猎犬》，该小说讲述的是福尔摩斯早期的探案故事，而《恐怖谷》则为其最后一部长篇。1930年7月7日，柯南·道尔逝于英国苏塞克斯的克罗伯勒。

福尔摩斯的魅力之大，不仅令众多侦探小说的主人公黯然失色，而且使福尔摩斯这个脍炙人口的名字已经俨然成为了侦探和智慧的代名词。他具有高超的探案才能，是个有血有肉的人物，读者甚至相信现实社会中确有其人。他乘坐大家熟悉的马车或火车，出没于11月伦敦的大雾之中，他住在众所周知的旅馆里，阅读《每日电讯报》和其他流行的报纸，与社会上各个阶层的人们来往接触……

《每天读点英文福尔摩斯长篇小说全集》是《每天读点英文》系列丛书之一。与其他译本相比，其特点有三。其一，译文忠实而准确。目前社会上各种福尔摩斯探案集均是源于或改自民国时期的版本。经过调查研究后，我们发现原有的译本存在着各种问题。错译、漏译、篡改、自创等问题不一而足。本书



本着尊重事实，还原真相的治学态度对这些问题一一进行了矫正，增强了故事的逻辑性和合理性。其二，中英对照、注释详尽而准确。一方面本书采用中英对照方式，方便读者在英汉两种语言之间进行切换。另一方面，我们对英文原文中理解有难度或者易误解的词和词组进行了注释，方便读者理解。其三，译文流畅、自然，逻辑性强。中英对照读本的难点之一就是如何再现原文的风骨。希望本书的译文能在读者领略精巧故事的同时，感受到译文的流畅、自然和严谨。

本书译者之所以对福尔摩斯4部长篇重新翻译，正是源于我们对福尔摩斯的热爱和敬仰，于是臻于至善的信念便督促和鼓励着我们在这条注定艰辛的道路上勇敢前行。从柯南·道尔的第一部侦探小说《血字的研究》诞生至今一百多年间，福尔摩斯早已越过推理一隅，成为了神探的代名词。愿诸位福尔摩斯迷、侦探迷、英语爱好者、广大英语师生、研究人员能细细品味个中滋味，感受福尔摩斯的无穷魅力。本书付梓之际，心中惴惴，欢迎广大读者朋友互相切磋，不吝赐教。

邵泽娜



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Part I Being a Reprint from the Reminiscences of  
John H. Watson, M.D., late of the  
Army Medical Department

# *A Study in Scarlet*

## 血字的研究



# Part I Being a Reprint from the Reminiscences of John H. Watson, M. D., Late of the Army Medical Department

## Chapter 1 Mr. Sherlock Holmes

In the year 1878 I took my degree of Doctor of Medicine of the University of London, and proceeded to Netley to go through the course prescribed for surgeons in the Army. Having completed my studies there, I was duly attached to the Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers as assistant surgeon. The regiment was stationed in India at the time, and before I could join it, the second Afghan war had broken out. On landing at Bombay, I learned that my corps had advanced through the passes, and was already deep in the enemy's country. I followed, however, with many other officers who were in the same situation as myself, and succeeded in reaching Candahar in safety, where I found my regiment, and at once entered upon my new duties.

The campaign brought honours and promotion to many, but for me it had nothing but misfortune and disaster. I was removed from my brigade and attached to the Berkshires, with whom I served at the fatal battle of Maiwand. There I was struck on the shoulder by a **Jezail**<sup>①</sup> bullet, which shattered the bone and grazed the **subclavian**<sup>②</sup> artery. I should have fallen into the hands of the murderous Ghazis had it not been for the devotion and courage shown by Murray, my orderly, who threw me across a pack-horse, and succeeded in bringing me safely to the British lines.

Worn with pain, and weak from the prolonged hardships which I had undergone, I was removed, with a great train of wounded sufferers, to the base hospital at Peshawar. Here I rallied, and had already improved so far as to be able to walk about the wards, and even to bask a little upon the veranda, when I was struck down by enteric fever, that curse of our Indian possessions. For months my life was despaired of, and when at last I came to myself and became **convalescent**<sup>③</sup>, 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 despatched, 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 **cesspool**<sup>④</sup> 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 realized that I must either leave the **metropolis**<sup>⑤</sup> and **rusticate**<sup>⑥</sup> 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 take up my quarters in some less **pretentious**<sup>⑦</sup> and less expensive domicile.





# 第一部 录自前陆军军医部医学博士 约翰·H·华生回忆录

## 第一章 歇洛克·福尔摩斯先生

1878年我获得了伦敦大学医学博士学位，接着就到内特黎进修军医的必修课程。在内特黎完成学业后，我被派往诺森伯兰第五明火枪团做军医助理。这个团当时驻扎在印度。还没等我赶到部队，第二次阿富汗战役就爆发了。我在孟买上岸，就听说我要去的那个团已经穿过山隘，继续挺进，深入敌境了。不过，我还是跟许多和我一样掉队的军官赶上前去，平安抵达坎大哈。我在那里找到了那个团，立即承担起我的新职责。

这次战役给许多人带来了荣誉和升迁的机会，但带给我的只有不幸和灾难。我后来被调到了巴克州旅，并和这个旅一起参加了迈旺德决战。在那次战役中，一粒捷则尔枪弹打中了我的肩部，打碎了肩骨，擦伤了锁骨下面的动脉。如果不是我那忠勇的勤务兵默里把我抓起来扔到一匹驮马背上，把我安全地带回英国阵地，我早就落到残忍的嘎吉人手里了。

疼痛使我神色憔悴，长期的磨难使我身体虚弱。于是，我和一大批伤员被送到了波舒尔的后方医院。在那里，我的身体恢复起来，已经能在病房里四处走动，甚至还能在阳台上晒一会儿太阳。可是，这时候我又病倒了，染上了我们印度属地那种倒霉的疫症——伤寒。好几个月，我的生命都失去了希望。最后，我终于清醒过来，逐渐康复起来。但是，我的身体在病后十分虚弱、憔悴，所以医生会诊后决定一天也不许耽搁，立即送我回英国。于是，我就乘“奥伦梯斯”号运兵船被送回国。一个月后，我在朴次茅斯码头上岸了。当时，我的身体已经垮了，全无康复的希望。但是，慈爱的政府给了我九个月的假期，让我调养身体。


我在英国本土无亲无故，所以就像空气一样自由；或者说，像一个每天收入十一先令六便士的人那般逍遥自在。在这种情况下，我就很自然地被吸引进伦敦这个大污水坑里。所有大英帝国的游民懒汉都集中在这里。我在河滨路一家私人旅馆里住了一段时间，过得很不舒服，也很无聊，有多少钱就花多少钱，自由得大大超出我的能力。我的经济状况变得非常令人担忧起来。我很快就意识到，要么离开这个大都市去乡下住，要么彻底改变自己的生活方式。我选择了后者，开始决定搬出这家旅馆，另找一个不太豪华而又便宜一点儿的住处。



### 注释

- ① Jezail *n.* 捷则尔枪（当时的一种阿富汗滑膛枪）  
② subclavian *adj.* 锁骨下的  
③ convalescent *adj.* 康复的  
④ cesspool *n.* 污水坑

- ⑤ metropolis *n.* 大都市  
⑥ rusticate *v.* 去乡下  
⑦ pretentious *adj.* 虚饰的



On the very day that I had come to this conclusion, I was standing at the Criterion Bar, when someone tapped me on the shoulder, and turning round I recognized young Stamford, who had been a dresser under me at Bart's. 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**<sup>①</sup> 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**<sup>②</sup>, after he had listened to my misfortunes. "What are you up to now?"

"Looking for lodgings," I answered. "Trying to solve the problem as to whether it is possible to get comfortable rooms at a reasonable price."

"That's a strange thing," remarked my companion; "you are the second man to-day that has used that expression to me."

"And who was the first?" I asked.

"A fellow who is working at the chemical laboratory up at the hospital. He was bemoaning himself this morning because he could not get someone to go halves with him in some nice rooms which he had found, and which were too much for his purse."

"By Jove!" I cried; "if he really wants someone to share the rooms and the expense, I am the very man for him. I should prefer having a partner to being alone."

Young Stamford looked rather strangely at me over his wineglass. "You don't know Sherlock Holmes yet," he said; "perhaps you would not care for him as a constant companion."

"Why, what is there against him?"

"Oh, I didn't say there was anything against him. He is a little queer in his ideas—an enthusiast in some branches of science. As far as I know he is a decent fellow enough."

"A medical student, I suppose?" said I.

"No—I have no idea what he intends to go in for. I believe he is well up in **anatomy**<sup>③</sup>, and he is a first-class chemist; but, as far as I know, he has never taken out any systematic medical classes. His studies are very desultory and eccentric, but he has amassed a lot of out-of-the-way knowledge which would astonish his professors."

"Did you never ask him what he was going in for?" I asked.

"No; he is not a man that it is easy to draw out, though he can be communicative enough when the fancy seizes him."

"I should like to meet him," I said. "If I am to lodge with anyone, I should prefer a man of studious and quiet habits. I am not strong enough yet to stand much noise or excitement. I had enough of both in Afghanistan to last me for the remainder of my natural existence. How could I meet this friend of yours?"



就在我决定这样做的那天，我在克莱梯利安酒吧门前站着，忽然有人拍了拍我的肩膀。我回头一看，认出是小斯坦福德。他是我在巴茨时的一个助手。在伦敦的茫茫人海中，看见一张熟悉的面孔，对于一个孤独的人来说，的确是一件令人开心的事。当初斯坦福德跟我绝非特别要好，可是我现在竟热情地向他招呼起来。他见到我，似乎也很高兴。在狂喜之余，我邀请他到霍尔本餐厅共进午餐。于是，我们就一同乘车出发了。

“华生，你近来究竟在做什么？”当我们的车子穿过伦敦热闹街道时，他毫不掩饰，惊讶地问道，“看你骨瘦如柴、面黄肌瘦的。”

我向他简述了我的种种危险经历，还没讲完，我们就到了。

“可怜的家伙！”他听完我的不幸遭遇后，同情地说道，“你现在有何打算？”

“找个住处，”我答道，“打算租几间价钱公道又舒适的房子，不知道能不能找到。”

“怪事，”我的伙伴说，“今天你是第二个对我说这话的人。”

“第一个是谁？”我问道。

“一个在医院化验室工作的家伙。今天早上他还唉声叹气，因为他找到了几间好房子，可是，租金太贵，一个人住不起，又找不到人跟他合租。”

“太好了！”我叫道，“如果他真想找人合租、分担租金，我正合适。我宁愿有个伴儿，总比孤孤单单一个人住好。”

小斯坦福德的眼神越过酒杯，惊讶地看着我。“你还不知道歇洛克·福尔摩斯吧，”他说，“你也许不愿意和他长期合住。”

“为什么，难道他有什么不好吗？”

“哦，我不是说他有什么不好。他只是思想有点儿古怪——狂热地研究一些科学。据我所知，他绝对是一个正派的人。”

“我猜，他是学医的？”我说。

“不是，我也不知道他打算研究些什么。我相信他精通解剖学，也是一流的药剂师。不过，据我所知，他从来没有系统地学过医。他所研究的东西非常杂乱、古怪；但是，他积累了不少稀奇古怪的知识，这些知识足以使他的教授感到震惊。”

“你从来没有问过他在研究什么吗？”我问道。

“没有，他不是个轻易说出心里话的人，虽然兴致来了的时候，他也是滔滔不绝。”

“我想见见他，”我说，“如果我要和别人合住，我宁愿找一个既好学又安静的人。我现在身体还不太结实，受不了太多吵闹和刺激。我在阿富汗已经受够了这两种滋味，这辈子再也不想受了。我怎样才能见到你的这位朋友？”



#### 注释

① exuberance *n.* 感情洋溢的言行

② commiseratingly *adv.* 同情地

③ anatomy *n.* 解剖学



"He is sure to be at the laboratory," returned my companion. "He either avoids the place for weeks, or else he works there from morning till night. If you like, we will drive round together after luncheon."

"Certainly," I answered, and the conversation drifted away into other channels.

As we made our way to the hospital after leaving the Holborn, Stamford gave me a few more particulars about the gentleman whom I proposed to take as a fellow-lodger.

"You mustn't blame me if you don't get on with him," he said; "I know nothing more of him than I have learned from meeting him occasionally in the laboratory. You proposed this arrangement, so you must not hold me responsible."

"If we don't get on it will be easy to part company," I answered. "It seems to me, Stamford," I added, looking hard at my companion, "that you have some reason for washing your hands of the matter. Is this fellow's temper so formidable, or what is it? Don't be mealy-mouthed about it."

"It is not easy to express the inexpressible," he answered with a laugh. "Holmes is a little too scientific for my tastes—it approaches to cold-bloodedness. I could imagine his giving a friend a little pinch of the latest vegetable alkaloid, not out of **malevolence**<sup>①</sup>, you understand, but simply out of a spirit of inquiry in order to have an accurate idea of the effects. To do him justice, I think that he would take it himself with the same readiness. He appears to have a passion for definite and exact knowledge."

"Very right too."

"Yes, but it may be pushed to excess. When it comes to beating the subjects in the dissecting-rooms with a stick, it is certainly taking rather a bizarre shape."

"Beating the subjects!"

"Yes, to verify how far bruises may be produced after death. I saw him at it with my own eyes."

"And yet you say he is not a medical student?"

"No. Heaven knows what the objects of his studies are. But here we are, and you must form your own impressions about him." As he spoke, we turned down a narrow lane and passed through a small side-door, which opened into a wing of the great hospital. It was familiar ground to me, and I needed no guiding as we ascended the bleak stone staircase and made our way down the long corridor with its vista of whitewashed wall and dun-coloured doors. Near the farther 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**<sup>②</sup> 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 re-agent which is precipitated by **haemoglobin**<sup>③</sup>, 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."





“他肯定在化验室。”我的伙伴答道，“他要么几个星期不去，要么就从早到晚在那里工作。如果你愿意，我们吃完饭就坐车一起去。”

“当然愿意！”我答道。然后，我们的谈话转到别的话题上。

在我们离开霍尔本餐厅出来前往医院的路上，斯坦福德给我讲了一些我打算跟他合租的那位先生的详细情况。

“如果你和他处不来可千万别怪我。”他说，“我只是在化验室里偶尔碰到他，因此对他稍微有一些了解。其他的一无所知。是你提议这么办的，所以，千万别叫我负责任。”

“如果我们处不来，散伙也容易。”我答道。我盯着我的伙伴接着说道：“斯坦福德，我觉得，你在这件事情上急于撇清关系，一定有什么原因。是不是这个人脾气非常可怕，究竟是怎么回事？不要这样吞吞吐吐。”

“要把难以形容的东西用语言表达出来不容易。”他笑道，“我觉得，福尔摩斯这个人太科学化了，几乎算是冷血。我能想象出他拿一小撮刚刚提取的植物碱给朋友尝尝的情形。你知道，这并不是出于什么恶意，只不过是出于一种钻研的精神，想确切地了解这种药物的不同效果。说句公道话，我想他自己也愿意吞下去。他似乎热衷精确的知识。”

“也对呀。”

“是，不过好像太过分了。说到他在解剖室里用棍子抽打尸体，肯定是一件非常奇怪的事吧。”

“抽打尸体！”

“是的，为了验证人死后还能造成什么样的伤痕。我亲眼见过他抽打尸体。”

“可你说他不是学医的？”

“是的。天晓得他在研究什么东西。你对他必须有自己的看法。”他说着，我们下了车，走进一条狭窄的胡同，穿过一个小侧门，就到了一所大医院的侧楼。这是我熟悉的地方，不用人领路我们就走上光秃秃的石级，走进一条长长的走廊。走廊两壁刷得雪白，两旁有许多暗褐色的门。远处快到走廊尽头的地方有一个低低的拱形通道，通往化验室。

化验室是一间高大的屋子，里面杂乱地摆放着无数瓶子。

几张既矮又大的桌子四处分散着，放满了蒸馏瓶、试管和闪烁着蓝色火焰的小小的本生灯。屋子里只有一个人，坐在一张远远的桌子旁，伏在桌上聚精会神地工作着。那人听到我们的脚步声，略略环视了一下就高兴得跳了起来。“我发现了！我发现了！”他手里拿着一支试管，边向我们跑来，边朝我的伙伴大喊着，“我发现了一种试剂，只能用血色蛋白质来沉淀，别的都不行。”即使他发现了金矿，也不会比现在高兴。

“这位是华生医生，这位是福尔摩斯先生。”斯坦福德给我们介绍道。

“您好！”福尔摩斯一边热情地问候，一边使劲握着我的手，我简直不敢相信他的手劲竟这样大，“我看得出，您去过阿富汗。”



#### 注释

① malevolence *n.* 恶意

② bristle *v.* 竖立

③ haemoglobin *n.* 血红蛋白，血色素





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

"Never mind," said he, chuckling to himself. "The question now is about haemoglobin. 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**<sup>①</sup> 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**<sup>②</sup> colour, and a brownish dust was precipitated to the bottom of the glass jar.

"Ha! ha!" he cried, clapping his hands, and looking as delighted as a child with a new toy. "What do you think of that?"

"It seems to be a very delicate test," I remarked.

"Beautiful! beautiful! The old **guaiacum**<sup>③</sup> test was very clumsy and uncertain. So is the microscopic examination for blood **corpuscles**<sup>④</sup>. The latter is valueless if the stains are a few hours old. Now, this appears to act as well whether the blood is old or new. Had this test been invented, there are hundreds of men now walking the earth who would long ago have paid the penalty of their crimes."

"Indeed!" I murmured.

"Criminal cases are continually hinging upon that one point. A man is suspected of a crime months perhaps after it has been committed. His linen or clothes are examined and brownish stains discovered upon them. Are they blood stains, or mud stains, or rust stains, or fruit stains, or what are they? That is a question which has puzzled many an expert, and why? Because there was no reliable test. Now we have the Sherlock Holmes's test, and there will no longer be any difficulty."

His eyes fairly glittered as he spoke, and he put his hand over his heart and bowed as if to some applauding crowd conjured up by his imagination.

"You are to be congratulated," I remarked, considerably surprised at his enthusiasm.

"There was the case of Von Bischoff at Frankfort last year. He would certainly have been hung had this test been in existence. Then there was Mason of Bradford, and the notorious Muller, and Lefevre of Montpellier, and Samson of New Orleans. I could name a score of cases in which it would have been decisive."

"You seem to be a walking calendar of crime," said Stamford with a laugh. "You might start a paper on those lines. Call it the *Police News of the Past*."

"Very interesting reading it might be made, too," remarked Sherlock Holmes, sticking a small piece of plaster over the prick on his finger. "I have to be careful," he continued, turning to me with a smile, "for I dabble with poisons a good deal." He held out his hand as he spoke, and I noticed



“您究竟是怎么看出来的？”我吃惊地问道。

“这不重要，”他得意地说，“现在要说的是血色蛋白质的问题。毫无疑问，您一定看出这项发现的重要性吧？”

“从化学角度看，这无疑是有趣的，但实用性……”我答道。

“怎么，先生，这是近几年来法医学上最实用的发现。您难道看不出这种试剂能使我们在鉴别血迹时万无一失吗？请到这里来！”他急切地抓住我的大衣袖子，把我拖到他原来一直工作的那张桌子面前。“我们弄一点儿鲜血。”他边说，边用一根又长又粗的针刺破自己的手指，又用一支吸管吸了那滴血。“现在，把这点鲜血放进一公升水里。您看，这种混合液看上去像清水一样。其中，血所占的比例不到百万分之一。虽然如此，但我敢肯定我们还是能发现一种特有的反应。”他说着，就把几粒白色结晶放入容器，然后加了几滴透明的液体。不一会儿，溶液就呈现出暗红色，棕色颗粒缓缓地沉淀到玻璃瓶底。

“哈！哈！”他兴高采烈地拍着手，高兴得像小孩子拿到新玩具一样，大声说道，“您觉得怎样？”

“看上去是一种非常精密的实验。”我答道。

“妙极了！妙极了！过去用愈创木液试验的方法，既难做又不可靠。用显微镜检验血球的方法也不好。血迹过了几个小时，就无法用显微镜检验了。现在，不论血迹新旧，这种新试剂一样会起作用。如果早发现这个试验方法，世界上数以百计逍遥法外的罪犯早就受到法律的制裁了。”

“确实如此！”我喃喃道。

“刑事案件往往取决于这一点。也许案发后几个月才能查出一个嫌疑犯。检查其亚麻物品或者衣服后，发现上面有褐色斑点。这些斑点是血迹、泥点、铁锈、果汁的痕迹，还是什么？这个问题一直困扰着许多专家。为什么？因为没有可靠的检验方法。现在，我们有了歇洛克·福尔摩斯检验法，以后不会有任何困难了。”

他说话的时候，两眼炯炯有神。他把一只手放在胸前，鞠了一躬，好像是向许多想象中正在鼓掌的观众致谢似的。

“你应当得到祝贺。”我说道，对他的激情相当惊讶。

“去年在德国法兰克福发生过冯·比肖夫案。如果当时有这个检验方法，他一定早就被绞死了。发生在布拉德福德的梅森案，臭名昭著的马勒案，还有发生在法国蒙彼利埃的列夫维尔案以及发生在美国新奥尔良的萨姆森案，我可以列举出二十多起案件，在这些案件里，这种方法都会起到决定性的作用。”

“你就像犯罪案件活词典。”斯坦福德笑着说，“你可以据此创办一份报纸，名字就叫《警讯旧闻》。”

“读读这样的报纸也很有趣，”福尔摩斯一边把一小块橡皮膏贴在手指扎破的地方，一边答道，“我不得不小心一点，”他朝我笑了笑，接着说，“因为我常和毒药接触。”说着，他伸出手



#### 注释

① bodkin *n.* 刺针

② mahogany *n.* 红褐色

③ guaiacum *n.* 愈创树脂

④ corpuscle *n.* 血球

that it was all mottled over with similar pieces of plaster, and discoloured with strong acids.

"We came here on business," said Stamford, sitting down on a high three-legged stool, and pushing another one in my direction with his foot. "My friend here wants to take diggings; and as you were complaining that you could get no one to go halves with you, I thought that I had better bring you together."

Sherlock Holmes seemed delighted at the idea of sharing his rooms with me. "I have my eye on a suite in Baker Street," he said, "which would suit us down to the ground. You don't mind the smell of strong tobacco, I hope?"

"I always smoke 'ship's' myself," I answered.

"That's good enough. I generally have chemicals about, and occasionally do experiments. Would that annoy you?"

"By no means."

"Let me see—what are my other shortcomings? I get in the dumps at times, and don't open my mouth for days on end. You must not think I am sulky when I do that. Just let me alone, and I'll soon be right. What have you to confess now? It's just as well for two fellows to know the worst of one another before they begin to live together."

I laughed at this cross-examination. "I keep a bull pup," I said, "and I object to rows because my nerves are shaken, and I get up at all sorts of ungodly hours, and I am extremely lazy. I have another set of vices when I'm well, but those are the principal ones at present."

"Do you include violin playing in your category of rows?" he asked, anxiously.

"It depends on the player," I answered. "A well-played violin is a treat for the gods—a badly played one—"

"Oh, that's all right," he cried, with a merry laugh. "I think we may consider the thing as settled—that is, if the rooms are agreeable to you."

"When shall we see them?"

"Call for me here at noon to-morrow, and we'll go together and settle everything," he answered.

"All right—noon exactly," said I, shaking his hand.

We left him working among his chemicals, and we walked together towards my hotel.

"By the way," I asked suddenly, stopping and turning upon Stamford, "how the deuce did he know that I had come from Afghanistan?"

My companion smiled an **enigmatical**<sup>①</sup> smile. "That's just his little peculiarity," he said. "A good many people have wanted to know how he finds things out."

"Oh! a mystery is it?" I cried, rubbing my hands. "This is very **piquant**<sup>②</sup>."

"I am much obliged to you for bringing us together. 'the proper study of mankind is man,' you know."

"You must study him, then," Stamford said, as he bade me good-bye. "You'll find him a knotty problem, though. I'll wager he learns more about you than you about him. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," I answered, and strolled on to my hotel, considerably interested in my new acquaintance.