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·英汉对照·

# 美语原声听力精粹③

——侦探故事

Mystery and Others

[美]吉姆·韦斯 播讲

中国对外翻译出版公司

**图书在版编目(CIP)数据**

侦探故事:英汉对照/(美)韦斯(Weiss,J.)编.—北京:中国  
对外翻译出版公司,1997.5

(美语原声听力精粹;第三辑)

ISBN 7—5001—0460—X

I. 侦… II. ①韦… III. ①英语—语言读物,文学②英  
语—视听教学—教学参考资料 IV. H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(96)第 02245 号

版权登记号:图字 01—97—0300

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出版发行/中国对外翻译出版公司

地 址/北京市西城区车公庄大街甲 4 号(物华大厦)

电 话/68002480

邮 编/100044

责任编辑/林 燕

印 刷/北京市密云县银河商标印刷厂印刷

经 销/新华书店北京发行所

规 格/850×1168 毫米 1/32

印 张/8.25

版 次/1997 年 7 月第一版

印 次/2001 年 1 月第二次

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**ISBN 7—5001—0460—X/G·90 定价:11.00 元**



## **Mystery, Mystery!**

### **Side 1**

Reading or listening to a really good mystery is like riding on a fast train. There's simply no way to get off until you reach the end and solve the mystery. The creator of the first mystery stories knew a thing or two about holding the attention of readers. This was Edgar Allan Poe. Poe is better known as a writer of terrifying short stories and of wildly romantic poems, such as "The Raven". But it was he who invented the first fictional detective, Auguste Dupin. Dupin was the first detective to solve a crime simply by using his great mental powers and observing clues, rather than using violence. Of course, Edgar Allan Poe was so concerned with his hero that he didn't bother to give names to most of his other characters, leaving blanks where the storyteller has to fill in for a recording, such as this. But over all, the story of the purloined, or stolen, letter remains one of the classic mysteries.

### **The Purloined Letter**

*by Edgar Allan Poe*

"This is a matter of the gravest urgency. If word should somehow leak out, why, the entire government of France might fall." Monsieur Gerond, Chief of the French Secret Police looked across at his two listeners to make sure that they understood the importance of the situation. They did. The first of them was his host for the evening, Monsieur Auguste Dupin. Dupin was one of the most brilliant men in all of Europe. And seated next to Dupin was his cousin, Adele, and she smiled across at Monsieur Gerond. He continued.

"The matter centered around a stolen paper, a purloined letter, to exact," said Gerond. "The letter was sent to a lady whom I shall not

## 侦探故事

A 面：

阅读或听讲一个真正吸引人的侦探故事，就像乘坐一列开得飞快的火车。在到达终点前，也就是在谜底揭开之前，你是根本无法下车的。最早写侦探故事的人就知道如何吸引读者的注意力。此人就是艾德加·爱伦·坡。坡更著名的是写恐怖短篇小说和疯狂的爱情诗，例如“渡鸦”。然而是他虚构了第一个小说中的侦探人物：奥古斯特·杜平。杜平是第一个只靠自己非凡的脑力并根据所观察到的线索而不是暴力来破案的侦探。当然，艾德加·爱伦·坡对他的主人公情有独钟，以至竟不屑于给书中其他大多数人物取名。他留出许多空白让讲故事的人自己去填补，我们在这盘磁带里讲的这个故事就是如此。但总的说来，“窃信案”这个故事仍是经典侦探故事之一。

### 窃 信 案

艾德加·爱伦·坡 著

“此事十万火急。如果事情泄露出去，整个法国政府就有可能倒台。”法国秘密警察头子葛伦先生扫视了一下自己的两位听众，以确保他们理解局面的严重性。他们都很明白。第一位听众是今晚的东道主奥古斯特·杜平先生。杜平先生是全欧洲最聪明的人。他身旁坐着他的表妹阿黛尔，她正微笑着看着葛伦先生。他接着说：

“事情围绕着一份被窃的文件。确切地说，是一封被窃的信。”葛伦说，“信是写给一位我不应透露姓名的贵妇的。”

name."

"You do not need to name her," said Auguste Dupin. "There is only one lady in all of France with sufficient power to draw into her situation the Chief of the Secret Police," and he smiled at his cousin Adele for they both knew that this must be the Empress of France herself.

"Do go on, Monsieur," added cousin Adele.

"Yes, Madam. As I was saying, the Lady (for he would not name her) was reading this very private letter in what she thought was the privacy of her rooms, but suddenly, in walked the Minister of Finance, Pierre Darcet, followed by several of his assistants. Taken by surprise, the Lady had no time to hide the letter in the drawer. The best that she could do was to set it down on her desk, face downward. Darcet, who had been the first to enter the room, saw her do this and he must have read from her expression that she did not wish anyone to know the contents of the letter. Calmly, he approached the desk, carrying a stack of papers he had brought for her to sign. These he set down on the desk immediately next to her letter. And in the course of shuffling his papers, he lifted her letter, put it among his own papers and replaced it with another unimportant document."

"Excuse me," interrupted Auguste Dupin. "There is no doubt of this?"

"The Lady saw him do it but she could say nothing. It would only have focused the attention of the others in the room upon her stolen letter. Well, you know Pierre Darcet. He calmly finished his official business with the Lady, smiling at her all the while, and left, knowing he had the letter and that she knew it."

"Now let me guess," said Auguste Dupin. "Since that day, Pierre Darcet has been blackmailing the E... Excuse me... the Lady, and has become quite a bit wealthier. Am I correct?"

"Of course, but it is not merely a matter of money. It is a matter of power also. He has forced her to exert her influence with her husband in such a way that Darcet's own power within the government grows every day, throwing the balance of government out completely. The Lady has asked me to find the letter and bring it back to her."

“你不必说出她的名字，”奥古斯特·杜平说，“她是全法国惟一有足够权力把秘密警察头子拉入困境的女士。”他微笑着看了一眼阿黛尔表妹，因为他们都知道，这只能是法国皇后本人。

“接着往下说，先生。”阿黛尔表妹补充道。

“好吧，小姐。正如我所说，这位贵妇（他没有说她的名字）正在自己房间里她认为很隐密的地方看这封非常秘密的信，财政大臣皮埃尔·德西突然走了进来，后面还跟着他的几位助手。因为完全出乎意料，所以这位贵妇没来得及把信藏在抽屉里。她只能把它字朝下扣在桌子上。第一个走进来的德西看到她的举止，他一定是从她脸上的表情猜出她不愿让任何人知道这封信的内容。他不动声色，走近桌子，手里拿着一沓儿带来请她签字的文件。他把这些文件放在桌上，紧挨着她的那封信。在移动这些文件的过程中，他把这封信拿起来放在自己的文件中，用另外一份不重要的文件代替了它。”

“请原谅，”奥古斯特·杜平打断他的话。“这肯定无疑吗？”

“那贵妇看到他这样做了，但她什么也不能说。否则只会使屋里其他人的注意力集中到这封被窃的信上来。嗯，你知道皮埃尔·德西。他不动声色地完成了他与这位女士的公干，一直冲她微笑着，然后走了，知道自己拿到了这封信，而且她也明白这一点。”

“现在让我猜猜，”奥古斯特·杜平说。“从那天起，皮埃尔·德西就一直在敲诈皇……对不起……是那位贵妇，而且日见富有。我说得对吗？”

“当然，这不仅仅是钱的问题。这还是权力问题。他迫使她对她的丈夫施加影响，使德西本人在政府中权力与日俱增，而政府却完全失去了平衡。这位贵妇要求我找到这封信，把它还给她。”



Cousin Adele said, "Won't that be a terribly difficult task, Monsieur? After all, a letter might be hidden anywhere... Eh, Pierre Darcet might even mail the letter himself."

"No, Adele," said Auguste Dupin. "Darcet must keep the letter close at hand so that at any moment he might publish it and ruin the Lady's reputation."

"That is what I thought, of course," said Gerond of the Secret Police. "We know for a fact that Darcet does not, however, keep the letter on his own person. On two occasions, my men have attacked him... I beg your pardon, Madam... and a thorough search has shown no letter upon his own person."

"Of course," said Auguste Dupin. "A man as clever as Pierre Darcet would not carry the letter himself. Well, whatever steps have you taken, Gerond?"

"Every day for the last six weeks, we have entered his home, and his office, we have taken the furniture apart and reassembled it, lifted the rugs, broken into his safe. We even probed the end of his bedposts with long needles, but we found no letter."

"Hm... well, perhaps you are trying too hard, Monsieur."

"Do not joke with me, Dupin. Can you help?"

"I will try. Can you describe the letter to me, so that if I should see it, I will recognize it."

"I can do better than that, Dupin. Here." And Monsieur Gerond reached into his coat pocket and drew out a single sheet of paper. "This sheet is the same size, the same type of paper. Naturally we have not written the actual contents of the stolen letter upon it."

"Naturally," said Auguste Dupin.

"However, we went so far as to duplicate the wax seal that originally closed the first letter."

"May we see it now, Monsieur?" asked cousin Adele, and Gerond passed the paper to her.

"Well, I will go on in my own way, Gerond, and I suggest you continue your own searches."

"Of course, we shall meet here when either of us has news."

"Fine," and he walked Monsieur Gerond to the door. When he

阿黛尔表妹说：“这难道不是一个相当棘手的差事吗，先生？毕竟，一封信是可以随便藏在任何地方的……哦，皮埃尔·德西甚至可能会自己毁了这封信。”

“他不会，阿黛尔，”奥古斯特·杜平说。“德西必须把这封信放在手头，以便随时可以把它公开，毁了这位贵妇的名声。”

“当然，我就是这么想的，”秘密警察葛伦说。“不过我们知道，事实上，德西并没有把这封信放在身上。我的人袭击过他两次，我请你原谅，小姐……彻底搜身，证明他身上没带这封信。”

“当然，”奥古斯特·杜平说。“像皮埃尔·德西那么聪明的人，是不会随身带着这封信的。好吧，你已经采取了哪些措施，葛伦？”

“六个星期以来，我们每天进入他家和办公室，拆装家具，掀开地毯，撬开保险柜。我们甚至用长针探入他的床柱，但都没有找到那封信。”

“嗯……也许你们太卖力气了，先生。”

“别和我开玩笑，杜平。你能不能帮忙？”

“我试试看。你可以描述一下这封信吗？让我看到它时，会认出它来。”

“这不难，杜平，听着。”葛伦先生把手伸进外衣口袋，拿出一张纸。“和这张纸同样大小，同一类的纸。当然这张纸上没有写着被窃信件的内容。”

“那是当然，”奥古斯特·杜平说。

“不过，我们甚至仿造了原来封信的封蜡。”

“可以让我们看看吗，先生？”阿黛尔表妹问。葛伦把纸递给她。

“好吧，我将按我自己的方式行事，葛伦。而且我建议你继续你自己的搜查。”

“当然。我们谁有了消息就在这里碰头。”

“好，”杜平送葛伦先生到门口。他回来后，他的表妹问：“不过

returned, his cousin said, "But Auguste, how can you possibly succeed when the entire Secret Police Force has failed?"

"Well, cousin," said Auguste Dupin, "the Secret Police have a certain method that they always follow. Give them a crime similar to one they have already solved and they will solve this new one. However, give them something new and original, such as the matter now before us, they have no idea how even to begin. Well, we shall see. We shall see." And he climbed the stairs, humming to himself.

During the next ten days, Adele saw very little of her cousin, Auguste Dupin, and then one night, she walked into the parlor of his home to find him sitting, reading, in the most relaxed manner, but she, who knew him so well, could tell that inside he was very agitated. From time to time, he would glance up at the clock. Finally, at precisely 8 p.m. there was a firm knock on the front door. Without looking up from his book, Auguste said,

"Adele, would you be so kind as to answer that? It will be Monsieur Gerond of the French Secret Police."

A few moments later, the three of them were seated together and Dupin asked, "Have you made any progress, Monsieur Gerond?"

"I regret to say that we have made none, Dupin, and the matter grows more dangerous every day. Darcet pushes the Lady further and further in his quest for power."

"Good!" said Auguste Dupin to their surprise. "And your own personal situation?"

"Let us just say that the Lady is not pleased with our lack of progress on the case. Why, that letter would be worth fifty thousand francs to the man or woman who can get it for me."

"Indeed!" said Auguste Dupin. "Have you your check book with you?"

"Yes."

"Would you be so kind then as to write out a check for that amount." He spoke in such a way that Monsieur Gerond said nothing, but only looked at him. He drew forth from his pocket his check book, wrote a check for fifty-thousand francs, slowly tore it off and handed

奥古斯特，整个秘密警察都失败了，你怎么可能成功呢？”

“哦，表妹，”奥古斯特·杜平说，“秘密警察有一套他们自己惯用的把戏。给他们一个案子，如果与他们已经破过的案子相似，他们也会破了这一个。但若给他们一个新的没见过的案子，例如我们现在面对的这个，他们就会甚至不知所措了。好吧，我们等着瞧。等着瞧。”说完他上楼去了，嘴里还哼着歌。

以后一连十来天，阿黛尔很少看到她的表哥奥古斯特·杜平。之后有一天晚上，她走进他家的起居室，发现他正坐在那里看书，一副轻松自在的样子。但她太了解他了，看得出来他内心很焦急。他不时抬头瞥一眼挂钟。最后，晚上八点整，前门传来几声坚定的敲门声。奥古斯特没有抬头，说：

“阿黛尔，麻烦你开一下门好吗？这是法国秘密警察的葛伦先生。”

过了一会儿，三人坐在一起，杜平问：“你有什么进展吗，葛伦先生？”

“很遗憾，我们没有任何进展，杜平。事情变得愈发危险了。德西得寸进尺，不断威逼那位贵妇，要求得到更大的权力。”

“好！”奥古斯特·杜平令他们吃惊地说。“那你个人的处境呢？”

“让我们这么说吧，那位贵妇对我们在这个案子上毫无进展大为不满。因此谁要是为我找到那封信，我就给他五万法郎。”

“真的！”奥古斯特·杜平说。“你带了支票簿吗？”

“带了。”

“那你能不能现在就写一张那个数额的支票？”他说话的方式让葛伦先生二话未说，只看了他一眼。他从口袋里掏出支票簿，写了一张五万法郎的支票，慢慢撕下来，递给坐在对面的奥古斯特·

it across to Auguste Dupin, who glanced at it. And then, from between the pages of the book he had been reading, Auguste Dupin pulled out a single sheet of paper.

"Here is the missing letter. Please be kind enough to return it to the Lady," he said.

"Auguste!" exclaimed cousin Adele. But Gerond said nothing. He only stood up, took the single sheet of paper and unfolded it, and then he said,

"This, this is the letter. But how... however did you..."

"It does not matter. What matters is this. Pierre Darcet does not know we have the letter. He believes it is still in his possession."

Seeing that Auguste Dupin was not going to give him any more explanation, Monsieur Gerond quickly left with the letter. After she had walked him to the door and returned, cousin Adele clapped her hands and she said, "Auguste, it was wonderful. It was like watching a magician drawing a rabbit from a hat. But surely you won't hide from me how you did this thing?"

"Of course not, cousin. We have no secrets between us. I shall be glad to tell you. As you know, Pierre Darcet is not my favorite person. He and I have had several encounters in the past and he has treated me, shall we say, rather shabbily. Nevertheless, I have learned that the man is highly intelligent. I tried to put myself in his place. Think myself inside of his own brain, so to speak. Being a member of the government's inner circle, Pierre Darcet must surely know the workings of the French Secret Police and be totally familiar with their methods. He would expect them to look in his innermost hiding places for the stolen letter. He must, therefore, hide it in, shall we say, one of his outermost hiding places. Twice in the last ten days I have visited Darcet at home, the first time under the guise of looking at the art work in his home office. I glanced around, looking for the letter. I noticed against one wall a letter rack and in the letter rack..."

"Auguste!" interrupted cousin Adele. "Surely you're not going to tell me that the missing letter was there!"

"Actually, all that I could see, Adele, was a sheet of paper of the same size and the same color. Under the circumstances, I could not

杜平。杜平看了一眼支票，然后从他正在阅读的书页之间，抽出一张纸。

“这就是那封被窃的信，请把它还给那位贵妇吧。”

“奥古斯特！”阿黛尔表妹喊道。但葛伦没说话，只是起身拿过那张纸，叠好，然后说：

“这……这就是那封信。但是你……你到底怎么……”

“这无关紧要。重要的是皮埃尔·德西并不知道我们弄到了这封信。他以为信仍在他手中。”

葛伦先生看出奥古斯特·杜平并不打算向他做更多的解释，就赶快拿着那封信走了。阿黛尔表妹送他到门口，回来后拍着手说：“奥古斯特，太棒了。这就像看魔术师从帽子里掏出一只兔子来。不过，你到底是怎样把它弄到手的？你肯定不会也瞒着我吧？”

“当然不会，表妹，我们之间没有秘密。我很乐意告诉你。你知道，我并不喜欢皮埃尔·德西。我们过去见过几次，他对待我的方式，让我们这么说吧，是极不公正的。但我听说他这个人极聪明。我试着把自己放在他的位置上。比如说，用他的脑子想我自己。皮埃尔·德西是政府圈内的人，他肯定了解法国秘密警察的运作方式，并对他们的方法了如指掌。他料到他们为找那封信，会去搜查他最隐秘的地方。于是，他就把它藏在，让我们这么说吧，最不隐秘的地方。这十天中我两次去德西家拜访，第一次是装作去看他家里办公室中的艺术品。我东瞧西望，找那封信。我注意到在一面墙上有一个信架，在信架中……”

“奥古斯特！”阿黛尔表妹打断他的话。“你当然不是要告诉我，那封失踪的信就在里面！”

“事实上，我所能看到的，阿黛尔，只是一张同样大小和同样颜色的纸。在那种情况下，我不能走得太近去查看。不过，它确有可

look too closely. However, it did appear possible that this was indeed the purloined letter and that all that he had done was to turn the letter side to the wall, write something else on the other side and leave that side facing out for anyone walking into the room to see. The more I thought about it, the more I believed that this is the kind of thing Pierre Darcet would do. I made an excuse to come back another day. Today to be exact. Darcet was his usual smooth self, which is to say positively oily. In the midst of our conversation, we were interrupted suddenly. There was a gunshot outside his window, followed by some screaming."

"Auguste, what happened?"

"It appears that some country fellow had accidentally fired off a hunting rifle on a crowded sidewalk. Naturally there were shouts and screams."

"Was anyone hurt?"

"No. The rifle was empty. No one was hurt, except Pierre Darcet. You see I had arranged the incident of the hunting rifle. He went to the window, as I'd anticipated, to see what was going on, and in those few moments, Adele, I went to the letter rack, removed the page he had there and replaced it with the copy Monsieur Gerond had given me the other night. It was only a matter of moments. Darcet noticed nothing. I joined him at the window and then remained for another twenty minutes so he would not be suspicious."

"Ah, Auguste, and... and the letter you took?"

"Was the letter I just gave to Monsieur Gerond and which he identified as the purloined letter."

"And what will happen now, Auguste?"

"Now? Now we have only to wait for Pierre Darcet to spring the trap on himself. A man so hungry for power will never be satisfied. He will push the Lady again, but now, with the letter back in her own hands, she will not protect him. The Emperor will hear of his rudeness and Darcet will be dismissed from his post in the government forever. When he rushes home to get the stolen letter to publish it and ruin the Empress' reputation, he will pick up the page, turn it over and he will not find the dangerous letter that he expects to see. Instead, he will see

能就是那封被窃的信，他做的只是把写着字的一面冲着墙，然后在另一面写上另一些字，并让那一面冲着所有走进屋里的人。我越想越觉得皮埃尔·德西会这么做。过了一天，我又找借口去了一趟，确切地说，就是今天。德西仍像平时那样圆滑，应该说是油嘴滑舌。我们正在谈话，突然被打断了：窗外一声枪响，接着是有人尖叫。”

“奥古斯特，出了什么事？”

“好像是有个乡巴佬的猎枪走火了，冲着人行道上的人群。他们自然要尖叫了。”

“有人受伤了？”

“没有，枪是空的。没人受伤，除了皮埃尔·德西。你知道是我安排了这个猎枪事件。不出我所料，他走到窗前去看发生了什么事。就在那一刹那，阿黛尔，我到信架边拿走了他放在里面的那张纸，并把葛伦先生那晚给我的那张纸放在了上面。这只是瞬间之事，德西毫无察觉。我走到窗前和他站在一起，又呆了二十分钟，免得他起疑心。”

“啊，奥古斯特，你拿到的那封信？”

“就是我才交给葛伦先生的那封信，他已证明那就是被窃的信。”

“现在会发生什么事，奥古斯特？”

“现在？现在我们只需等待皮埃尔·德西自己往套里钻了。如此疯狂追逐权力的人是永不餍足的。他会再去要挟那位贵妇。而现在这封信已物归原主了，她不会再保护他了。皇帝将听说他的粗鲁行为，德西就会被永远解职了。当他赶回家去取那封被窃的信，准备公开发表并毁了皇后的名声时，他拿起那张纸，翻过来，却找不着他以为会看到的那封危险的信。相反，他在上面看到的是用他



there, written in a hand with which he is not familiar, the words "Thou shalt not steal."

And Auguste Dupin smiled.

G. K. Chesterton was already a famous British author when he turned from poetry and serious essays to writing detective stories. His sleuth, little Father Brown, is still one of the most beloved of all fictional detectives. This was the first of the Father Brown stories.

### **The Blue Cross**

*by G. K. Chesterton*

Where is Flambeau? The police in a dozen European countries wanted to know the whereabouts the most daring, the most creative thief of this century. Where is Flambeau? Every newspaper reader wondered about this fascinating, huge Frenchman who was a master of disguise and accent. Where is Flambeau? In all of Europe there was only one man who thought he knew. This was Aristide Valentin, Chief of the Paris Police Department Detective Force.

He had sent a telegram ahead to his colleagues at Scotland Yard in London, informing them that "Flambeau is, I am convinced, on his way to London to attend the International Conference of Clergymen late this week. He is, of course, in disguise. I remind you he is a master of accent in disguise. But there is one detail he cannot hide. He is six feet four inches tall with an athlete's build. Therefore, look for someone large. It may be old, young, male or female. That may be Flambeau. Flambeau is coming to London, but so am I, Aristide Valentin."

When the ferry boat arrived from the coast of Belgium to the coast of England, Valentin looked around him for someone that might be Flambeau, but no one could possibly have been the arch-thief. Again, when he reached the railway station to catch the train that would take him up to London, his eyes were wide open but there was no one over