



外国文学经典



Stories of  
Sherlock Holmes 6



# 福尔摩斯 探案集 6

福尔摩斯的最后致意

*Arthur Conan Doyle*

(英) 著



外语教学与研究出版社

FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS

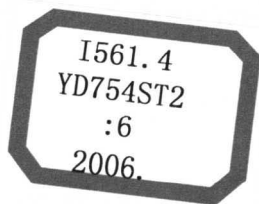
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S T O R I E S O F  
S H E R L O C K  
H O L M E S

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北京 BEIJING

## 图书在版编目(CIP)数据

福尔摩斯探案集 6 = Stories of Sherlock Holmes 6 / (英)柯南·道尔  
(Conan Doyle, A.) 著. — 北京: 外语教学与研究出版社, 2006. 11

(外国文学经典)

ISBN 7-5600-6101-X

I. 福… II. 柯… III. ①英语—语言读物 ②侦探小说—作品集—英国—现代 IV. H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2006) 第 121733 号

出 版 人: 李朋义

责任编辑: 周 晶

装帧设计: 林 力

出版发行: 外语教学与研究出版社

社 址: 北京市西三环北路 19 号 (100089)

网 址: <http://www.fltrp.com>

印 刷: 北京市鑫霸印务有限公司

开 本: 880×1168 1/32

印 张: 8.25

版 次: 2006 年 12 月第 1 版 2006 年 12 月第 1 次印刷

书 号: ISBN 7-5600-6101-X

定 价: 15.00 元

\* \* \*

如有印刷、装订质量问题出版社负责调换

制售盗版必究 举报查实奖励

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# 福尔摩斯探案集

## 1. 血字的研究 四签名

### 2. 福尔摩斯历险记

波希米亚丑闻

红发会

身份之谜

博斯库姆溪谷疑案

五个桔核

歪唇男人

蓝色宝石

有斑点的带子

工程师的拇指

贵族单身汉

绿玉王冠

紫叶山毛榉庄园

### 3. 福尔摩斯回忆录

银光

黄面人

证券经纪人的书记员

“格洛丽亚·斯科特”号

马斯格雷夫仪式

赖盖特之谜

驼背人

常住病人

希腊译员

海军协议

最后一案

## 4. 福尔摩斯归来

空屋

诺伍德的建筑师

跳舞的小人儿

独自骑车的人

修道院公学

黑彼得

米尔沃顿

六座拿破仑像

三个学生

金边夹鼻眼镜

消失的中卫

阿比庄园

第二个污点

## 5. 巴斯克维尔的猎犬 恐怖谷 ◀

### 6. 福尔摩斯的最后致意

威斯塔里亚小屋

硬纸盒子

红圈会

布鲁斯—帕廷顿计划

临终的侦探

弗朗西丝·卡法克斯的失踪

魔鬼之足

最后致意

### 7. 福尔摩斯新探案

显贵的委托人

变白的军人

王冠宝石

三山墙

萨塞克斯郡的吸血鬼

三个同姓人

雷神桥之谜

爬行的人

狮鬃

戴面纱的房客

肖斯科姆别墅

退休的颜料商



### 作者介绍:

阿瑟 柯南 道尔 Arthur Conan Doyle (1859—1930)

阿瑟 柯南·道尔是英国著名小说家，因成功塑造歇洛克 福尔摩斯这一人物而成为侦探小说历史上最重要的作家之一。他曾在爱丁堡大学学习医学，毕业后作为随船医生前往西非海岸，1882年回国后开业行医，在此期间开始写作。1887年，《血字的研究》发表。道尔一生一共写了56篇短篇侦探小说以及4部中篇侦探小说，全部以福尔摩斯为主角。



# CONTENTS

<b>I</b>	<b>HIS LAST BOW</b>
3	Preface
5	The Adventure of Wisteria Lodge
47	The Adventure of the Cardboard Box
77	The Adventure of the Red Circle
104	The Adventure of the Bruce-Partington Plans
146	The Adventure of the Dying Detective
169	The Adventure of Lady Frances Carfax
197	The Problem of the Devil's Foot
232	His Last Bow



## ***HIS LAST BOW***





## PREFACE

The friends of Mr. Sherlock Holmes will be glad to learn that he is still alive and well, though somewhat crippled by occasional attacks of rheumatism. He has, for many years, lived in a small farm upon the downs five miles from Eastbourne, where his time is divided between philosophy and agriculture. During this period of rest he has refused the most princely offers to take up various cases, having determined that his retirement was a permanent one. The approach of the German war caused him, however, to lay his remarkable combination of intellectual and practical activity at the disposal of the government, with historical results which are recounted in *His Last Bow*. Several previous experiences which have lain long in my portfolio have been added to *His Last Bow* so as to complete the volume.

John H. Watson, M.D.



## THE ADVENTURE OF WISTERIA LODGE



### I. THE SINGULAR EXPERIENCE OF MR. JOHN SCOTT ECCLES

I find it recorded in my notebook that it was a bleak and windy day, towards the end of March in the year 1892. Holmes had received a telegram while we sat at our lunch, and he had scribbled a reply. He made no remark, but the matter remained in his thoughts, for he stood in front of the fire afterwards with a thoughtful face, smoking his pipe, and casting an occasional glance at the message. Suddenly he turned upon me with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

“I suppose, Watson, we must look upon you as a man of letters,” said he. “How do you define the word ‘grotesque’?”

“Strange—remarkable,” I suggested.

He shook his head at my definition.

“There is surely something more than that,” said he; “some underlying suggestion of the tragic and the terrible. If you cast your mind back to some of those narratives with which you have afflicted a long-suffering public, you will recognize how often the grotesque has deepened into the criminal. Think of that little affair of the red-headed men. That was grotesque enough in the outset and yet it

ended in a desperate attempt at robbery. Or, again, there was that most grotesque affair of the five orange pips, which led straight to a murderous conspiracy. The word puts me on the alert."

"Have you it there?" I asked.

He read the telegram aloud.

"Have just had most incredible and grotesque experience.  
May I consult you?"

"SCOTT ECCLES,  
"Post-Office, Charing Cross."

"Man or woman?" I asked.

"Oh, man, of course. No woman would ever send a reply-paid telegram. She would have come."

"Will you see him?"

"My dear Watson, you know how bored I have been since we locked up Colonel Carruthers. My mind is like a racing engine, tearing itself to pieces because it is not connected up with the work for which it was built. Life is commonplace; the papers are sterile; audacity and romance seem to have passed forever from the criminal world. Can you ask me, then, whether I am ready to look into any new problem, however trivial it may prove? But here, unless I am mistaken, is our client."

A measured step was heard upon the stairs, and a moment later a stout, tall, gray-whiskered and solemnly respectable person was ushered into the room. His life history was written in his heavy features and pompous manner. From his spats to his gold-rimmed spectacles he was a Conservative, a churchman, a good citizen, orthodox and

conventional to the last degree. But some amazing experience had disturbed his native composure and left its traces in his bristling hair, his flushed, angry cheeks, and his flurried, excited manner. He plunged instantly into his business.

"I have had a most singular and unpleasant experience, Mr. Holmes," said he. "Never in my life have I been placed in such a situation. It is most improper—most outrageous. I must insist upon some explanation." He swelled and puffed in his anger.

"Pray sit down, Mr. Scott Eccles," said Holmes in a soothing voice. "May I ask, in the first place, why you came to me at all?"

"Well, sir, it did not appear to be a matter which concerned the police, and yet, when you have heard the facts, you must admit that I could not leave it where it was. Private detectives are a class with whom I have absolutely no sympathy, but none the less, having heard your name——"

"Quite so. But, in the second place, why did you not come at once?"

"What do you mean?"

Holmes glanced at his watch.

"It is a quarter-past two," he said. "Your telegram was dispatched about one. But no one can glance at your toilet and attire without seeing that your disturbance dates from the moment of your waking."

Our client smoothed down his unbrushed hair and felt his unshaven chin.

"You are right, Mr. Holmes. I never gave a thought to my toilet. I was only too glad to get out of such a house. But I have been running round making inquiries before I came to you. I went to the house agents, you know, and they said that Mr. Garcia's rent was paid up all right and that everything was in order at Wisteria Lodge."

"Come, come, sir," said Holmes, laughing. "You are like my friend, Dr. Watson, who has a bad habit of telling his stories wrong end foremost. Please arrange your thoughts and let me know, in their due sequence, exactly what those events are which have sent you out unbrushed and unkempt, with dress boots and waistcoat buttoned awry, in search of advice and assistance."

Our client looked down with a rueful face at his own unconventional appearance.

"I'm sure it must look very bad, Mr. Holmes, and I am not aware that in my whole life such a thing has ever happened before. But I will tell you the whole queer business, and when I have done so you will admit, I am sure, that there has been enough to excuse me."

But his narrative was nipped in the bud. There was a bustle outside, and Mrs. Hudson opened the door to usher in two robust and official-looking individuals, one of whom was well known to us as Inspector Gregson of Scotland Yard, an energetic, gallant and, within his limitations, a capable officer. He shook hands with Holmes and introduced his comrade as Inspector Baynes, of the Surrey Constabulary.

"We are hunting together, Mr. Holmes, and our trail lay in this direction." He turned his bulldog eyes upon our

visitor. "Are you Mr. John Scott Eccles, of Popham House, Lee?"

"I am."

"We have been following you about all the morning."

"You traced him through the telegram, no doubt," said Holmes.

"Exactly, Mr. Holmes. We picked up the scent at Charing Cross Post-Office and came on here."

"But why do you follow me? What do you want?"

"We wish a statement, Mr. Scott Eccles, as to the events which led up to the death last night of Mr. Aloysius Garcia, of Wisteria Lodge, near Esher."

Our client had sat up with staring eyes and every tinge of colour struck from his astonished face.

"Dead? Did you say he was dead?"

"Yes, sir, he is dead."

"But how? An accident?"

"Murder, if ever there was one upon earth."

"Good God! This is awful! You don't mean—you don't mean that I am suspected?"

"A letter of yours was found in the dead man's pocket, and we know by it that you had planned to pass last night at his house."

"So I did."

"Oh, you did, did you?"

Out came the official notebook.

"Wait a bit, Gregson," said Sherlock Holmes. "All you desire is a plain statement, is it not?"

"And it is my duty to warn Mr. Scott Eccles that it may be used against him."

"Mr. Eccles was going to tell us about it when you entered the room. I think, Watson, a brandy and soda would do him no harm. Now, sir, I suggest that you take no notice of this addition to your audience, and that you proceed with your narrative exactly as you would have done had you never been interrupted."

Our visitor had gulped off the brandy and the colour had returned to his face. With a dubious glance at the inspector's notebook, he plunged at once into his extraordinary statement.

"I am a bachelor," said he, "and being of a sociable turn I cultivate a large number of friends. Among these are the family of a retired brewer called Melville, living at Albemarle Mansion, Kensington. It was at his table that I met some weeks ago a young fellow named Garcia. He was, I understood, of Spanish descent and connected in some way with the embassy. He spoke perfect English, was pleasing in his manners, and as good-looking a man as ever I saw in my life.

"In some way we struck up quite a friendship, this young fellow and I. He seemed to take a fancy to me from the first, and within two days of our meeting he came to see me at Lee. One thing led to another, and it ended in his



inviting me out to spend a few days at his house, Wisteria Lodge, between Esher and Oxshott. Yesterday evening I went to Esher to fulfil this engagement.

“He had described his household to me before I went there. He lived with a faithful servant, a countryman of his own, who looked after all his needs. This fellow could speak English and did his housekeeping for him. Then there was a wonderful cook, he said, a half-breed whom he had picked up in his travels, who could serve an excellent dinner. I remember that he remarked what a queer household it was to find in the heart of Surrey, and that I agreed with him, though it has proved a good deal queerer than I thought.

“I drove to the place—about two miles on the south side of Esher. The house was a fair-sized one, standing back from the road, with a curving drive which was banked with high evergreen shrubs. It was an old, tumble-down building in a crazy state of disrepair. When the trap pulled up on the grass-grown drive in front of the blotched and weather-stained door, I had doubts as to my wisdom in visiting a man whom I knew so slightly. He opened the door himself, however, and greeted me with a great show of cordiality. I was handed over to the manservant, a melancholy, swarthy individual, who led the way, my bag in his hand, to my bedroom. The whole place was depressing. Our dinner was tête-à-tête, and though my host did his best to be entertaining, his thoughts seemed to continually wander, and he talked so vaguely and wildly that I could hardly understand him. He continually drummed his fingers on the table, gnawed his nails, and gave other signs of nervous impatience. The dinner itself was neither well served nor well cooked, and the