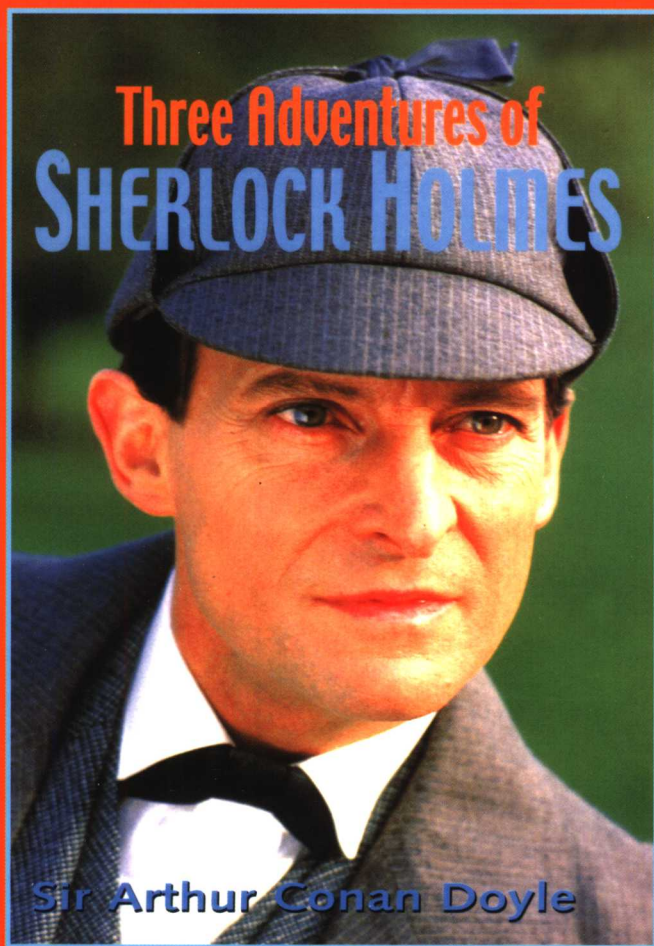




企鵝英語簡易读物精選

# 福尔摩斯三故事



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企鵝英語簡易读物精选 (高三学生)

# *Three Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*

## 福尔摩斯三故事

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改

丛书

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## 大量阅读简易读物 打好英语基础（代序）

北京外国语大学英语系历来都十分重视简易读物的阅读。我们要求学生在一、二年级至少要阅读几十本经过改写的、适合自己水平的英语读物。教学实践证明，凡是大量阅读了简易读物的学生，基础一般都打得比较扎实，英语实践能力都比较强，过渡到阅读英文原著困难也都比较小。这是我们几十年来屡试不爽的一条经验。

为什么强调在阅读英文原著之前必须阅读大量的简易读物呢？原因之一是简易读物词汇量有控制，内容比较浅易，而原著一般来说词汇量大，内容比较艰深。在打基础阶段，学生的词汇量比较小，阅读原著会遇到许多困难。在这种情况下，要保证足够的阅读量只能要求学生阅读简易读物。其次，简易读物使用的是常用词汇、短语和语法结构，大量阅读这类读物可以反复接触这些基本词语和语法，有助于他们打好基础，培养他们的英语语感。第三，简易读物大部分是文学名著改写而成，尽管情节和人物都大为简化，但依旧保留了文学名著的部分精华，仍不失为优秀读物。大量阅读这些读物对于拓宽学生视野、提高他们的人文素养大有帮助。

在这里我们还可以援引美国教学法家克拉申（Stephen Krashen）的一个著名观点。他认为，学生吸收外语有一个前提，即语言材料只能稍稍高于他们的语言理解水平，如果提供的语言材料难度大大超过学生的水平，就会劳而无功。这是克拉申关于外语学习的一个总的看法，但我们不妨把这个道理运用到阅读上。若要阅读有成效，必须严格控制阅读材料的难易度。目前学生阅读的英语材料往往过于艰深，词汇量过大，学生花了很多时间，而阅读量却仍然很小，进展缓慢，其结果是扼杀了学生的阅读兴趣，影响了他们的自信心。解决这个问题关键是向学生提供适合他们水平的、词汇量有控制的、能够引起他们兴趣的英语读物。“企鹅英语简易读物精选”是专门为初、中级学习者编写的简易读物。这是一套充分考虑到学生的水平和需要，为他们设计的有梯度的读物，学生可以循序渐进，逐步提高阅读难度和扩大阅读量，从而提高自己的英语水平。

应该如何做才能取得最佳效果呢？首先，要选择难易度适当的读物。如果一页书上生词过多，读起来很吃力，进展十分缓慢，很可能选的材料太难了。不妨换一本容易些的。总的原则是宁易毋难。一般来说，学生选择的材料往往偏难，而不是过于浅易。其次，要尽可能读得快一些，不要一句一句地分析，更不要逐句翻译。读故事要尽快读进去，进入故事的情节，就像阅读中文小说一样。不必担心是否记住了新词语。阅读量大，阅读速度适当，就会自然而然地记住一些词语。这是自然吸收语言的过程。再次，阅读时可以做些笔记，但不必做太多的笔记；可以做一些配合阅读的练习，但不要在练习上花过多时间。主要任务还是阅读。好的读物不妨再读一遍，甚至再读两遍。你会发现读第二遍时有一种如鱼得水的感觉。

青年朋友们，赶快开始你们的阅读之旅吧！它会把你们带进一个奇妙的世界，在那里你们可以获得一种全新的感受，观察世界也会有种新的眼光。与此同时，你们的英语水平也会随之迅速提高。

## Introduction

*'Holmes,' I said, as I stood one morning at the window, looking down Baker Street, 'here is a madman coming. It seems rather sad that his relatives allow him to go out alone.'*

All kinds of people visit Sherlock Holmes with their problems, and some of them are on the edge of madness when they arrive at 221b Baker Street. But Sherlock Holmes is a great detective. There are few cases that he cannot solve. Fortunately, too, his friend Dr Watson is with him, taking notes. These are Dr Watson's stories.

In 'The Speckled Band', Holmes's visitor is a very frightened young woman. Two years earlier, and only two weeks before her marriage, the young woman's twin sister died suddenly and mysteriously. Her last words were: 'It was the band! The speckled band!' Now Holmes's visitor also plans to marry, and strangely similar events are happening in her home. Will Sherlock Holmes be able to solve the puzzle in time to save her life?

In the second story, five orange pips, the seeds of the fruit, are sent to John Openshaw's uncle. Soon, the old man is dead. Then pips are sent to other members of the family. Who are they from? What do they mean? And will the deaths continue?

Holmes's visitor to Baker Street in the third story is a very successful banker. Diamonds have been stolen from him, and to his horror he believes that he knows the thief. But is he right? The banker hopes that Holmes can disprove his worst fears.

Arthur Conan Doyle's readers first met Sherlock Holmes in *A Study in Scarlet*, which appeared as a book in 1888. In the late nineteenth century, for the first time, most of the population of

England could read, and there was a great demand for entertaining fiction.

Before he became a writer, Conan Doyle studied medicine, and much of the character of Sherlock Holmes is taken from one of his teachers, Joseph Bell. When patients came to see him, Bell often told them about their jobs, their habits and perhaps their illnesses before they said a word. He taught his students the importance of small details. This is one of the skills of the great detective. Sherlock Holmes is more interested in the activities of his brain than in human emotion. He shows no interest in women, and his only friend is Dr Watson. He is often very cold.

The reading public did not seem to notice Holmes's faults. When stories about him appeared in the *Strand* magazine, he quickly became famous, and the magazine sold more copies than it had ever sold before. The three stories in this book were first printed in the *Strand*, and then appeared together in one book as *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* in 1892.

Conan Doyle was making money, but he wanted people to think of him as a serious writer. He wanted to write other kinds of books. So when he agreed to write a second group of stories for the *Strand*, he decided that his detective had to die. The last story ends with Holmes in Switzerland, in a terrible fight with his greatest enemy, Moriarty. When Watson arrives, both men have disappeared. They have, it seems, fallen together to their deaths.

This was not the end, of course. Conan Doyle was offered large amounts of money to write more stories about Sherlock Holmes. The result was the third full-length Holmes book, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. However, this story takes place some time before the fight in Switzerland. Holmes's return to life came in 1903, when an American company offered the enormous sum of 25,000 dollars for six stories. Conan Doyle could not refuse,

and Holmes returned to Baker Street – to the great shock of Dr Watson. It seemed that only Moriarty had died at the Falls, but Holmes had spent the next two years travelling because other men also wanted to kill him. This did not make much sense, but readers did not care. Their hero was back, and nothing else mattered. After this third group of adventures, there were two more collections of stories and a final book about Sherlock Holmes, *The Sign of Four*.

Arthur Conan Doyle was one of ten children, born into an Irish family in Edinburgh in 1859. His father, Charles Doyle, was an artist, but he drank too much and life was difficult. Young Arthur was sent away to a Catholic school in the north of England, and did not often see his father.

In 1876 he returned to Edinburgh to study medicine, but by 1890 he had stopped practising medicine and become a full-time writer. Conan Doyle died in 1930 but, like Moriarty, he had not been able to kill Sherlock Holmes. Even today, people write to the Baker Street address (now a bank), asking for the help and advice of the great detective. Sherlock Holmes never lived, but he refused to die – and, to his readers, he is still alive today.

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## **The Speckled Band**

During the past eight years I have watched my friend Sherlock Holmes at work on more than seventy cases. The most unusual is the case connected with the well-known Surrey family, the Roylotts of Stoke Moran. The events there happened not long after I first met Holmes, before my marriage, when we were sharing rooms in Baker Street.

Early in April 1883 I woke one morning and found Sherlock Holmes standing, fully dressed, by the side of my bed. He normally got up quite late, but the clock showed that it was only a quarter past seven, so I looked up at him in some surprise.

‘What is it?’ I asked. ‘A fire?’

‘No. A young lady has arrived in a great state of excitement, and wants to see me. When young ladies visit people at this early hour, I imagine that they want to talk about something very important. If this becomes an interesting case, you may want to follow it from the beginning. So I thought that I should call you.’

‘My dear Holmes, I would not miss it for anything.’

My greatest pleasure was to help Holmes in his detective work, and so I quickly put on my clothes and followed him down to the sitting-room.

A lady dressed in black, wearing a thick veil, was sitting by the window. She stood up as we came into the room.

‘Good morning, madam,’ said Holmes cheerfully. ‘My name is Sherlock Holmes. This is my friend Dr Watson. Ah, I am glad that Mrs Hudson has had the good sense to light the fire. Please come and sit beside it and I shall order you a cup of coffee. I can see that you are shaking.’

‘It is not the cold that makes me shake,’ said the woman quietly, changing her seat as Holmes suggested.

‘What, then?’

‘It is fear, Mr Holmes. It is terror!’ She lifted her veil as she spoke. Her face was pale and her eyes were frightened, like the eyes of a hunted animal. She looked about thirty years old, but her hair was quite grey.

‘You must not be afraid,’ Sherlock Holmes said gently, bending forward to touch her arm. ‘We shall soon be able to help, I have no doubt. You have come in by train this morning, I see.’

‘You know me?’

‘No, but I can see the second half of a return ticket just inside your left glove.’

‘Yes, I left home before six and came in by the first train to Waterloo. Sir, I shall go mad if it continues. Only one person cares about me, and he, poor man, cannot help.’

‘I have heard of you, Mr Holmes, from Mrs Farintosh. You gave her help when she needed it. Oh sir, do you think that you could help me too? At the moment I cannot pay you for your services, but in a month or two I shall be married, and I shall have my own money.’

Holmes turned to his desk and, unlocking it, took out a small notebook. He studied this for a moment.

‘Farintosh,’ he said. ‘Ah, yes, I remember the case. It was about some jewellery. I think it was before your time, Watson. I can only say, madam, that I shall be happy to give you my attention. My profession brings its own rewards. You may, though, pay my costs when you are able to. And now please tell us what your problem is.’

‘Oh dear!’ our visitor replied. ‘The most terrible thing about my situation is that the facts seem so small and so unimportant. I have talked about this to the one man that I can call a friend. Even he thinks that it is all just in the imagination of a nervous woman. He does not say so, but I know this from the way he

speaks and looks at me. But I have heard, Mr Holmes, that you can see into the human heart. You can advise me how to walk among the dangers that surround me.

‘My name is Helen Stoner, and I am living with my stepfather. He is the last of one of the oldest Saxon families in England, the Royslotts of Stoke Moran, on the western border of Surrey.’

‘Yes,’ Holmes said, ‘I have heard the name.’

‘The family was once the richest in England, with very large amounts of land. In the last century, however, four oldest sons, one after another, wasted the fortunes of the family. Now there is nothing left except a small piece of land and the 200-year-old house, and a lot of money is still owed.

‘The present oldest son, my stepfather, borrowed money from a relative, which allowed him to study medicine. When he became a doctor he went out to Calcutta, where he was very successful.

‘However, one day some money was stolen from his house. He blamed one of his servants, and in an angry temper beat him hard until he died. He was sent to prison for many years, and afterwards returned to England, a very sad and angry man.

‘When Dr Royslott was in India, he married my mother, Mrs Stoner. Her first husband, an army officer, had died. My sister Julia and I were twins, and we were only two years old at the time of my mother’s remarriage. She had quite a lot of money, not less than a thousand pounds a year, and this became Dr Royslott’s while we lived with him. However, she also ordered that quite a large amount of money should be ours if we got married.

‘A short time after our return to England, my mother died in a railway accident near Crewe. Dr Royslott then stopped working as a doctor in London and took us to live with him in the family home at Stoke Moran. My mother’s money was enough for all

our needs, and there seemed no reason for us not to live happily.

‘But our stepfather changed at about this time. Our neighbours were at first very happy to see a Royslott of Stoke Moran back in the old house, but he shut himself away. When he did appear, he argued with everyone.

‘The men of the family have always had a violent temper. In my stepfather’s case, this was made worse by his time in prison. Two terrible fights ended in the police court, and at last he became the terror of the village. He is a man of great strength, and cannot be controlled when he is angry.

‘Last week he threw a local man off a bridge into a stream. This was not reported to the police only because I paid all the money that I could find. He has no friends except for some travelling people. He allows them to camp in the woods on the small piece of land we still own. They invite him into their tents, and sometimes he goes away with them for several weeks.

‘He also likes Indian animals, which are sent over to him by a friend. These are feared by the villagers almost as much as their owner is.

‘You can imagine that my poor sister Julia and I did not have much pleasure in our lives after our mother died. No servant stayed with us for long, and we had to do all the housework. Julia was only thirty at the time of her death, but her hair was already turning white, like mine now.’

‘So your sister is dead?’

‘She died two years ago, and her death is the reason that I am here. You can understand that we were very unlikely to see anyone of our own age and position. We had, however, an aunt, my mother’s sister, who lives near Harrow, and we were occasionally allowed to visit her.

‘Julia went there at Christmas two years ago, and she met a man who asked her to marry him. My stepfather learned of this when she returned, and seemed quite happy about the marriage.

But two weeks before the wedding day, a terrible thing happened.'

Holmes was sitting back in his chair with his eyes closed. He half opened them now, and looked across at his visitor.

'Please tell me all the details,' he said.

'It is easy for me to do that, because every event of that time is burned into my memory. The family house is, as I have already said, very old, and we now live in only one part of it. The bedrooms in this part are on the ground floor. The first room is Dr Roylott's, the second my sister's, and the third my own. There are no doors between them, but they all open into the same passage.

'The windows of these rooms open out on the garden. On the night of my sister's death, Dr Roylott had gone to his room early. However, we knew that he had not gone to bed. My sister could smell his strong Indian cigarettes.

'Because of this smell, she left her room and came into mine. She sat there for some time, talking about her wedding. At eleven o'clock she got up to leave, but she paused at the door and looked back.

"Tell me, Helen," she said, "have you ever heard anyone whistle in the middle of the night?"

"Never," I said.

"You do not whistle in your sleep?"

"Certainly not. But why?"

"Because during the last few nights I have heard a low clear whistle, always at about three in the morning. I am a light sleeper, and it has woken me. I cannot tell where it came from – perhaps from the next room, perhaps from the garden. Have you heard it?"

"No. It must be those travelling people in the woods."

"Very likely. But if it was from the garden, I am surprised that you did not hear it too."

“Ah, but I sleep more heavily than you do.”

“Well, it does not matter very much,” she said, and she smiled at me and left the room. A few moments later I heard her key turn in the lock.

‘Really?’ said Holmes. ‘Did you always lock your doors at night?’

‘Always.’

‘And why?’

‘I think I told you that the doctor kept some wild animals. They ran about at night. We did not feel safe unless our doors were locked.’

‘I understand. Please continue.’

‘I could not sleep that night. I had a feeling that something very bad was going to happen. My sister and I, you remember, were twins, and twins can be very close. It was a wild night. The wind was blowing hard outside and the rain was beating against the windows.

‘Suddenly, through all the noise of the storm, I heard a wild scream. I knew that it was my sister’s voice. I jumped from my bed and rushed into the passage. As I opened my door, I seemed to hear a low whistle, like the one my sister had described. A few moments later, I heard a noise like a heavy piece of metal falling.

‘As I ran down the passage, my sister’s door opened. By the light of the passage lamp, I saw my sister appear in the opening. Her face was white with terror.

‘I ran to her and threw my arms round her, but at that moment she fell to the ground. She moved on the floor like someone in terrible pain. At first I thought she had not recognized me, but as I bent over her she suddenly screamed, “Oh, my God! Helen! It was the band! The speckled band!”

‘She wanted to say something else, and she pointed in the direction of the doctor’s room, but the words did not come.

‘I called loudly for my stepfather, and both of us tried hard to



*'I heard a wild scream. I knew that it was my sister's voice.'*

save her life. We sent for medical help from the village, but there was nothing we could do. She never opened her eyes again.'

'Was your sister dressed?' asked Holmes.

'No. She was in her nightclothes. In her right hand we found the burnt end of a match, and in her left there was a matchbox.'

'So she struck a light and looked around her when she first woke up. That is important. What did the police decide?'

'They were very careful, as Dr Roylott's bad behaviour had been well known for a long time, but they were unable to find the cause of her death. I was able to say that the door had been locked on the inside, and the windows were closed every night.'

'The walls were carefully checked, and had no hidden doors. The police also checked the floor, with the same result. The chimney is wide, but there are iron bars across it. It is certain, therefore, that my sister was alone. Also, there were no marks of violence on her.'

‘What about poison?’

‘The doctors examined her for it, but without success.’

‘What do you think this unfortunate lady died of, then?’

‘I believe that she died of fear, though I cannot imagine what frightened her so much.’

‘Ah, and what did you think she meant by a band – a speckled band?’

‘I do not know. Perhaps it was wild talk caused by fear. Perhaps she meant a band of people – those travellers in the woods. Many of them wear spotted handkerchiefs.’

Holmes shook his head. ‘Please continue with your story,’ he said.

‘Two years have passed since then, and until recently my life has been a lonely one. A month ago, however, a dear friend, who I have known for many years, asked me to marry him. My stepfather has agreed to our marriage, and this will happen in the spring.

‘Two days ago, some repairs were started in the west part of the building, and I have had to move into my sister’s room. Imagine my terror when, last night, I suddenly heard the low whistle which she talked about on the night she died. I jumped up and lit the lamp, but I could see nothing in the room.

‘I was too frightened to go to bed again, so I got dressed. When daylight came, I ran to the Crown Inn and got a carriage to Leatherhead. I have come from there this morning, to see you and to ask your advice.’

‘You have been very sensible,’ said my friend. ‘But have you told me everything?’

‘Yes, everything.’

‘Miss Stoner, you have not. You are protecting your stepfather.’

‘What do you mean?’

Holmes took Helen Stoner’s hand, which lay on her knee, and pulled it forward a little. On her wrist were five little red spots,



the marks of four fingers and a thumb.

‘He has been cruel to you,’ said Holmes.

The lady looked embarrassed, and covered her wrist. ‘He is a difficult man,’ she said, ‘and perhaps he does not know his own strength.’

There was a long silence. Holmes stared into the fire.

‘This is a very complicated business,’ he said at last. ‘There are a thousand details which I would like to know. But we cannot waste time. If we came to Stoke Moran today, would it be possible for us to see these rooms without your stepfather’s knowledge?’

‘Yes, I think so. He spoke of spending the whole day in London. He has some important business here.’

‘Excellent. You will come with me, Watson?’

‘I shall be very pleased to come.’

‘I have one or two things that I would like to do since I am in London. But I shall return by the twelve o’clock train.’

‘Then you will see us early in the afternoon,’ Holmes said. ‘Will you not eat breakfast with us?’

‘No, I must go. I feel better since I have told my trouble to you. I shall look forward to seeing you again this afternoon.’

She dropped her veil over her face, and left the room.

‘And what do you think of it all, Watson?’ asked Sherlock Holmes, sitting back in his chair.

‘It seems to me a terrible business. But the lady said that there is no way through the floor and walls. The chimney has iron bars across it, and nobody could pass through the door or the window. That means her sister was certainly alone when she met her strange death.’

‘What about these whistles in the night, and the very odd words of the dying woman?’

‘I have no idea.’

‘I think it is possible that these travelling people had