

中文导读英文版

福尔摩斯经典探案系列

The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes

福尔摩斯回忆录

[英] 阿瑟·柯南·道尔 原著

王勋 纪飞 等 编译



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内 容 简 介

The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes, 中文译名为《福尔摩斯回忆录》,这是一部充满传奇、冒险与智慧的侦探故事,它由英国著名侦探小说家、“英国侦探小说之父”阿瑟·柯南·道尔编著。在充满雾气的伦敦贝克街上,住着一位富有正义感的侦探福尔摩斯。他和他忠实的医生朋友华生一起经历了无数千奇百怪的案子,制造了许多经典的侦探故事。《福尔摩斯回忆录》便是其中的一部。该书被公认为世界侦探小说的经典之作,至今已被译成多种文字,并曾经多次被改编成电影。书中所展现主人公福尔摩斯的传奇故事伴随了一代又一代人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。

无论作为语言学习的课本,还是作为通俗的文学读本,本书对当代中国读者,特别是青少年读者将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况,进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平,在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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阿瑟·柯南·道尔（Arthur Conan Doyle，1859—1930），英国著名侦探小说家、剧作家，现代侦探小说的奠基人之一，被誉为“英国侦探小说之父”。

柯南·道尔于1859年5月22日出生于爱丁堡，1881年获爱丁堡大学医学博士学位。博士毕业后，柯南·道尔以行医为职业。1885年，柯南·道尔开始创作侦探小说《血字的研究》，并于1887年发表在《比顿圣诞年刊》上。1890年，柯南·道尔出版了第二部小说《四签名》，并一举成名。次年，他弃医从文，专事侦探小说的创作，陆续出版了以福尔摩斯为主人公的系列侦探小说：《波希米亚丑闻》、《红发会》、《身份案》、《恐怖谷》、《五个橘核》、《巴斯克维尔的猎犬》等。1902年，他因有关布尔战争的著作被加封为爵士。1930年7月7日，柯南·道尔逝世于英国。

柯南·道尔一生共创作了60多篇以福尔摩斯为主人公的侦探小说，他塑造的福尔摩斯形象其实就是正义的化身。福尔摩斯已成为世界上家喻户晓的人物、侦探的象征，印在全世界不同种族、不同肤色的人心中。福尔摩斯是一个栩栩如生、有血有肉的形象。他活动在伦敦大雾迷漫的街道上、普普通通的公寓里，似乎随时都可能跟走在街上的读者擦肩而过，因此使人感到十分亲切可信。福尔摩斯善于运用医学、心理学、逻辑学，尤其是他的逻辑推理能力令人叹为观止。他又十分注重调查研究，并且对案子极其热情，认真负责这些使他的侦探本领到了神鬼莫测的境地。柯南·道尔通过福尔摩斯探案故事，惩恶扬善，宣扬善恶有报、法网难逃的思想。小说中所涉及的医学、化学、生物学、犯罪学、法学知识以及探案和侦察方法，即便是对今天的侦探工作也具有一定的借鉴作用。

柯南·道尔以福尔摩斯为主人公的系列侦探小说出版100多年来，



一直畅销至今，被译成世界上几十种语言，是全世界公认的侦探小说名著。在中国，福尔摩斯系列侦探小说是最受广大读者欢迎的外国文学之一。目前，在国内数量众多的福尔摩斯侦探小说书籍中，主要的出版形式有两种：一种是中文翻译版，另一种是英文原版。而其中的英文原版越来越受到读者的欢迎，这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英文的大环境。从英文学习的角度来看，直接使用纯英文素材更有利于英语学习。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读，使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式，也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排，这样有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。基于以上原因，我们决定编译“福尔摩斯经典探案系列”丛书，该系列丛书收入了柯南·道尔的《血字的研究》、《四签名》、《福尔摩斯冒险史》、《福尔摩斯回忆录》、《福尔摩斯归来》、《巴斯克维尔的猎犬》、《恐怖谷》、《最后的致意》、《新探案》等经典之作，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作故事主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的科学素养和人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、左新杲、黄福成、冯洁、徐鑫、马启龙、王业伟、王旭敏、陈楠、王多多、邵舒丽、周丽萍、王晓旭、李永振、孟宪行、熊红华、胡国平、熊建国、徐平国、王小红等。限于我们的文学素养和英语水平，书中难免不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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银 色 马

Silver Blaze



早餐时，福尔摩斯对华生说，今天他要去达木耳那里。华生知道他是为温赛克斯杯大赛中有希望夺冠的马失踪及驯马师被杀一案去的，表示希望一起去。一个小时后，他们已坐进驶往艾克斯斯的火车。

福尔摩斯告诉华生他在星期二收到了马的主人罗斯上校和办理此案件的格里格莱探长的电报，他们请求协助。但福尔摩斯觉得这匹英国第一名驹不会藏得太久，昨天就应该有杀害约翰·史崔克的人的消息，但没想到只有拘捕费兹诺·辛普森的消息。

银色马现在五岁，曾是这次温赛克斯杯最有希望夺冠的马匹。虽然它的赌注只有三比一，但还是有很多人为它下了赌注。福尔摩斯介绍说上校为此也做了许多防范措施，约翰·史崔克曾跟上校做了五年骑师和七年驯马师。马厩里共有四匹马，有三个马童轮流在下面值班，其余两个睡在上面堆草的阁楼上。

约翰·史崔克和夫人没有小孩，在距马厩二百码的小别墅里居住。房子四周比较荒僻，野外居住着一些流浪的吉卜赛人。案发那天晚九点多，女仆伊德丝给守候在马厩的马童纳德·亨特送晚饭，马厩中不允许喝饮料，只有一盘咖喱羊肉。

女仆快到马厩时，一个绅士模样、拿着一根粗手杖的三十岁的男子拦住了她。让她把一张折着的白纸交给马童，就可得到一笔钱。她吓坏了，赶紧跑到递晚餐的窗口，亨特正在小桌旁坐着。这时，那人也



过来了，他向亨特打听参赛马匹银色马及亚红棕驹的情况。

亨特知道他是探听赛马消息时，就到马厩另一边去放狗。女仆跑回了屋子，一分钟后亨特带着狗过来时，那人已不见了。华生问福尔摩斯马童出来时锁门没有，福尔摩斯告诉他们门是锁着的。

案发那晚一点时，史崔克太太见丈夫在穿衣服，他说自己要到马厩去看看。外面下着雨，他穿着雨衣走了。早上七点还没见丈夫回来，史崔克便和女仆到马厩，见亨特昏睡在椅子中，驯马师和马都不在里面。

两个睡在阁楼上的马童马上起来，他们一起去找失踪的人。在离马厩不远的金雀花丛上发现了史崔克的外衣，他躺在低洼处，头部被钝器打烂，腿部有一个被利器割伤的伤口，右手拿一把沾满血迹的小刀，左手抓一条红黑色相间的丝领巾。女仆说是头天晚上来马厩的陌生人的，后来亨特也确定了。

大家都怀疑陌生人在窗前向羊肉中下了药，事后也检查出里面有鸦片粉，警方对此人提出了悬赏通缉。

案子由格里格莱探长负责，他很快就抓到了陌生人费兹诺·辛普森。此人受过良好的教育，喜欢赌马。他承认那晚曾去马厩，但声明与此案无关，但是说不清领巾在被害人手中的原因。

听完了叙述，华生认为，驯马师身上的伤有可能是自己弄的，福尔摩斯也认为极有可能。根据警方的推测，费兹诺·辛普森对马童下了药，拿着复制的钥匙开了马厩，牵出了马，但碰到了驯马师，他们发生了搏斗。辛普森用手杖打驯马师的头部，然后把马藏了起来，或许马在他们搏斗时跑掉了。

福尔摩斯和华生到达车站时，上校和探长在等他们，随后他们坐进了四轮马车。探长告诉福尔摩斯，辛普森有对马童下药的嫌疑，并且他那粗重的手杖可以当武器。史崔克的刀伤是自己摔倒时割伤的。

福尔摩斯却认为，辛普森没必要把马带走，在马厩里把它弄伤就可以了。再说在这陌生的地方，他能把马藏哪儿？鸦片粉又是从哪里弄来的呢？探长推测，辛普森可能和吉卜赛人有联系，把马让他们带走了。而鸦片粉可能是他去塔维德克时买的，警方第二天也搜查了赛马热门的驯马师修赖斯·布朗的马厩，也没有结果。

这时，马车停在了小别墅前，福尔摩斯要检查史崔克口袋里的物品。他们一起来到客厅，探长拿出一个铁箱，里面有火柴、半截蜡烛、一

个烟斗和装着烟丝的小袋子、几张纸和铅笔盒、一把刻有卫斯公司伦敦字样的象牙手柄小刀。华生告诉福尔摩斯那是做白内障手术时用的刀。探长告诉他们史崔克太太告诉他们刀是丈夫在离开房间时顺手拿的。

在那几张纸中，其中一张是上校的指示；一张是由庞德街李修瑞尔夫人开给威廉·德比歇尔的三十七英镑十五先令的富人服装店的账单。史崔克夫人证实德比歇尔是丈夫的一个朋友，福尔摩斯感到这件礼服实在不便宜。

他们出来时，史崔克太太问抓到凶犯没有。这时，福尔摩斯说在一个宴会中见过她，当时她穿着一件鸽灰色丝礼服。史崔克太太告诉他认错人了，自己没有那样的衣服。

他们来到发现尸体的地方，探长拿出准备好的史崔克的一只靴子、辛普森的鞋子及一只马蹄铁，福尔摩斯趴在地上检查起来。他在地上找到了烧了一半的火柴棒，并表示希望在野地里熟悉一下。上校有点不耐烦，就准备先和探长回去。福尔摩斯告诉上校，可以让银色马继续保留在参赛名单上，然后就分手了。

在路上，他告诉华生吉卜赛人的性格是不会让麻烦惹上自己的，所以犯人不可能绑架马，而马是群居动物，它会自然回到国王场或麦坡顿。于是他们开始在野外寻找马蹄印，终于找到了和马蹄铁相吻合的马蹄印。他们一直追踪到了通往麦坡顿马厩的柏油路上。

这时一个马童拦住了他们，因为此地禁止闲逛。福尔摩斯向马童做出了一个掏钱的姿势，并问他自己如果早上五点钟来拜访修赖斯是否合适。马童告诉他修赖斯总是起得很早，他们会被他发现的。

这时一个粗暴的人拿着狩猎棒出来告诉他们，这里不欢迎陌生人。福尔摩斯在他耳边说了些话，那人红着脸请福尔摩斯到里面谈。二十分钟后他俩出来，修赖斯保证按福尔摩斯说的做。

在回去的路上，福尔摩斯告诉华生马在修赖斯那里，他根据修赖斯的鞋印和习惯，知道修赖斯早上起来看到了银色马，就把它牵到了马厩，并把它进行了伪装，想把它藏到比赛结束。现在他为了保住脸面才会听自己的。但为了惩罚上校的傲慢，福尔摩斯决定先不告诉上校这件事。

当他们表示要回城时，看到了探长惊奇和上校轻蔑的表情。福尔摩斯要了一张史崔克的相片，并对上校保证他的马会准时参加星期二的



比赛。

四天后他们如约在车站与罗斯上校去看了比赛。上校因为到现在还没见到马而非常焦急，他对福尔摩斯认为自己到时会同认出银色马这件事表示生气，并说自己相信他的话，把另一匹马撤出了比赛。

这时赛马出场，前五匹都不是银色马，第六匹由上校的骑师骑着出来，但上校没看到马身上的白额斑。比赛开始了，上校的马最终夺得了第一。

他们走到马栏旁，福尔摩斯告诉上校，用酒精擦洗马的脸部和腿部后，他的银色马就现出原形了。上校为自己以前的怀疑表示了歉意，并表示希望能抓到凶手。福尔摩斯表示已经抓到了，凶手就站在自己身边。上校对他的玩笑表示了极大的愤慨。福尔摩斯指了指上校身后的马。

当晚他们回伦敦时，在火车包箱里，福尔摩斯告诉华生他从一开始就注意到了马童吃的咖喱羊肉，如果别的食物放了鸦片粉，是容易吃出来的，他就不会再吃了。而那晚恰巧加了咖喱，这真是太巧了，而辛普森不能决定他们那晚吃咖喱，只有史崔克夫妇能决定，并且只有马童的晚餐里有鸦片粉。

马厩里有一条狗，而案发那晚狗并没叫，所以牵马人应是狗熟悉的人。福尔摩斯就认为这人是史崔克，因为有些驯马师会押了很大的赌注，赌自己的马输。最后死者手中有一把刀，这是想在马的后腿腱子处割一道别人看不出来的小口，这样马腿会有一点跛，所以他要把马拉到外面进行，这就用上了火柴和蜡烛。

福尔摩斯在检查史崔克的东西时，发现了那个账单，一个男人是不会把别人的账单放在自己口袋里的。他就巧妙地问出史崔克太太并没有这个账单所买的衣服。福尔摩斯认为史崔克可能还有第二个家，于是拿着他的照片去了服装店。老板认出他就是顾客德比歇尔，一个十分偏爱昂贵衣服的夫人是他的妻子，显然史崔克因为那个女人负了债务。

案发时，他脱下外衣把马带到洼地，这样远处不会看到灯光，并捡到了辛普森的领巾。当他擦亮火柴时，马受到了惊吓，踢到了他的前额，而刀子正好割到了他的大腿。后来马跑到一个地方，被一个人照顾了起来。

这时，他们到了车站，福尔摩斯邀请上校到住所做客。

“*I* am afraid, Watson, that I shall have to go,” said Holmes as we sat down together to our breakfast one morning.

“Go! Where to?”

“To Dartmoor; to King’s Pyland.”

I was not surprised. Indeed, my only wonder was that he had not already been mixed up in this extraordinary case, which was the one topic of conversation through the length and breadth of England. For a whole day my companion had rambled about the room with his chin upon his chest and his brows knitted, charging and recharging his pipe with the strongest black tobacco, and absolutely deaf to any of my questions or remarks. Fresh editions of every paper had been sent up by our news agent, only to be glanced over and tossed down into a corner. Yet, silent as he was, I knew perfectly well what it was over which he was brooding. There was but one problem before the public which could challenge his powers of analysis, and that was the singular disappearance of the favourite for the Wessex Cup, and the tragic murder of its trainer. When, therefore, he suddenly announced his intention of setting out for the scene of the drama, it was only what I had both expected and hoped for.

“I should be most happy to go down with you if I should not be in the way,” said I.

“My dear Watson, you would confer a great favour upon me by coming. And I think that your time will not be misspent, for there are points about the case which promise to make it an absolutely unique one. We have, I think, just time to catch our train at Paddington, and I will go further into the matter upon our journey. You would oblige me by bringing with you your very excellent field-glass.”

And so it happened that an hour or so later I found myself in the corner of a first-class carriage flying along en route for Exeter, while Sherlock Holmes, with his sharp, eager face framed in his ear-flapped travelling-cap, dipped rapidly into the bundle of fresh papers which he had procured at Paddington. We had left Reading far behind us before he thrust the last one of them under the seat and offered me his cigar-case.



“We are going well,” said he, looking out of the window and glancing at his watch. “Our rate at present is fifty-three and a half miles an hour.”

“I have not observed the quarter-mile posts,” said I.

“Nor have I. But the telegraph posts upon this line are sixty yards apart, and the calculation is a simple one. I presume that you have looked into this matter of the murder of John Straker and the disappearance of Silver Blaze?”

“I have seen what the Telegraph and the Chronicle have to say.”

“It is one of those cases where the art of the reasoner should be used rather for the sifting of details than for the acquiring of fresh evidence. The tragedy has been so uncommon, so complete, and of such personal importance to so many people that we are suffering from a plethora of surmise, conjecture, and hypothesis. The difficulty is to detach the framework of fact—of absolute undeniable fact—from the embellishments of theorists and reporters. Then, having established ourselves upon this sound basis, it is our duty to see what inferences may be drawn and what are the special points upon which the whole mystery turns. On Tuesday evening I received telegrams from both Colonel Ross, the owner of the horse, and from Inspector Gregory, who is looking after the case, inviting my coöperation.”

“Tuesday evening!” I exclaimed. “And this is Thursday morning. Why didn’ t you go down yesterday?”

“Because I made a blunder, my dear Watson—which is, I am afraid, a more common occurrence than anyone would think who only knew me through your memoirs. The fact is that I could not believe it possible that the most remarkable horse in England could long remain concealed, especially in so sparsely inhabited a place as the north of Dartmoor. From hour to hour yesterday I expected to hear that he had been found, and that his abductor was the murderer of John Straker. When, however, another morning had come and I found that beyond the arrest of young Fitzroy Simpson nothing had been done, I felt that it was time for me to take action. Yet in some ways I feel that yesterday has not been wasted.”

“You have formed a theory, then?”

“At least I have got a grip of the essential facts of the case. I shall emunerate them to you, for nothing clears up a case so much as stating it to another person, and I can hardly expect your coöperation if I do not show you the position from which we start.”

I lay back against the cushions, puffing at my cigar, while Holmes, leaning forward, with his long, thin forefinger checking off the points upon the palm of his left hand, gave me a sketch of the events which had led to our journey.

“Silver Blaze,” said he, “is from the Somomy stock and holds as brilliant a record as his famous ancestor. He is now in his fifth year and has brought in turn each of the prizes of the turf to Colonel Ross, his fortunate owner. Up to the time of the catastrophe he was the first favourite for the Wessex Cup, the betting being three to one on him. He has always, however, been a prime favourite with the racing public and has never yet disappointed them, so that even at those odds enormous sums of money have been laid upon him. It is obvious, therefore, that there were many people who had the strongest interest in preventing Silver Blaze from being there at the fall of the flag next Tuesday.

“The fact was, of course, appreciated at King’s Pyland, where the colonel’s training-stable is situated. Every precaution was taken to guard the favourite. The trainer, John Straker, is a retired jockey who rode in Colonel Ross’s colours before he became too heavy for the weighing-chair. He has served the colonel for five years as jockey and for seven as trainer, and has always shown himself to be a zealous and honest servant. Under him were three lads, for the establishment was a small one, containing only four horses in all. One of these lads sat up each night in the stable, while the others slept in the loft. All three bore excellent characters. John Straker, who is a married man, lived in a small villa about two hundred yards from the stables. He has no children, keeps one maidservant, and is comfortably off. The country round is very lonely, but about half a mile to the north there is a small cluster of villas which have been built by a Tavistock contractor for the use of invalids and others who may wish to enjoy the pure Dartmoor air. Tavi stock itself lies two miles to

the west, while across the moor, also about two miles distant, is the larger training establishment of Mapleton, which belongs to Lord Backwater and is managed by Silas Brown. In every other direction the moor is a complete wilderness, inhabited only by a few roaming gypsies. Such was the general situation last Monday night when the catastrophe occurred.

“On that evening the horses had been exercised and watered as usual, and the stables were locked up at nine o’ clock. Two of the lads walked up to the trainer’s house, where they had supper in the kitchen, while the third, Ned Hunter, remained on guard. At a few minutes after nine the maid, Edith Baxter, carried down to the stables his supper, which consisted of a dish of curried mutton. She took no liquid, as there was a water-tap in the stables, and it was the rule that the lad on duty should drink nothing else. The maid carried a lantern with her, as it was very dark and the path ran across the open moor.

“Edith Baxter was within thirty yards of the stables when a man appeared out of the darkness and called to her to stop. As she stepped into the circle of yellow light thrown by the lantern she saw that he was a person of gentlemanly bearing, dressed in a gray suit of tweeds, with a cloth cap. He wore gaiters and carried a heavy stick with a knob to it. She was most impressed, however, by the extreme pallor of his face and by the nervousness of his manner. His age, she thought, would be rather over thirty than under it.

““Can you tell me where I am?” he asked. ‘I had almost made up my mind to sleep on the moor when I saw the light of your lantern.’

““You are close to the King’s Pyland training stables,” said she.

““Oh, indeed! What a stroke of luck!” he cried. ‘I understand that a stable-boy sleeps there alone every night. Perhaps that is his supper which you are carrying to him. Now I am sure that you would not be too proud to earn the price of a new dress, would you?’ He took a piece of white paper folded up out of his waistcoat pocket. ‘See that the boy has this to-night, and you shall have the prettiest frock that money can buy.’

“She was frightened by the earnestness of his manner and ran past him to the window through which she was accustomed to hand the meals. It

was already opened, and Hunter was seated at the small table inside. She had begun to tell him of what had happened when the stranger came up again.

“‘Good-evening,’ said he, looking through the window. ‘I wanted to have a word with you.’ The girl has sworn that as he spoke she noticed the corner of the little paper packet protruding from his closed hand.

“‘What business have you here?’ asked the lad.

“‘It’s business that may put something into your pocket,’ said the other. ‘You’ve two horses in for the Wessex Cup—Silver Blaze and Bayard. Let me have the straight tip and you won’t be a loser. Is it a fact that at the weights Bayard could give the other a hundred yards in five furlongs, and that the stable have put their money on him?’

“‘So, you’re one of those damned touts!’ cried the lad. ‘I’ll show you how we serve them in King’s Pyland.’ He sprang up and rushed across the stable to unloose the dog. The girl fled away to the house, but as she ran she looked back and saw that the stranger was leaning through the window. A minute later, however, when Hunter rushed out with the hound he was gone, and though he ran all round the buildings he failed to find any trace of him.”

“One moment,” I asked. “Did the stable-boy, when he ran out with the dog, leave the door unlocked behind him?”

“Excellent, Watson, excellent!” murmured my companion. “The importance of the point struck me so forcibly that I sent a special wire to Dartmoor yesterday to clear the matter up. The boy locked the door before he left it. The window, I may add, was not large enough for a man to get through.

“Hunter waited until his fellow-grooms had returned, when he sent a message to the trainer and told him what had occurred. Straker was excited at hearing the account, although he does not seem to have quite realized its true significance. It left him, however, vaguely uneasy, and Mrs. Straker, waking at one in the morning, found that he was dressing. In reply to her inquiries, he said that he could not sleep on account of his anxiety about the horses, and that he intended to walk down to the stables to see that all



was well. She begged him to remain at home, as she could hear the rain pattering against the window but in spite of her entreaties he pulled on his large mackintosh and left the house.

"Mrs. Straker awoke at seven in the morning to find that her husband had not yet returned. She dressed herself hastily, called the maid, and set off for the stables. The door was open; inside, huddled together upon a chair, Hunter was sunk in a state of absolute-stupor, the favourite's stall was empty, and there were no signs of his trainer.

"The two lads who slept in the chaff-cutting loft above the harness-room were quickly aroused. They had heard nothing during the night, for they are both sound sleepers. Hunter was obviously under the influence of some powerful drug, and as no sense could be got out of him, he was left to sleep it off while the two lads and the two women ran out in search of the absentees. They still had hopes that the trainer had for some reason taken out the horse for early exercise, but on ascending the knoll near the house, from which all the neighbouring moors were visible, they not only could see no signs of the missing favourite, but they perceived something which warned them that they were in the presence of a tragedy.

"About a quarter of a mile from the stables John Straker's overcoat was flapping from a furze-bush. Immediately beyond there was a bowl-shaped depression in the moor, and at the bottom of this was found the dead body of the unfortunate trainer. His head had been shattered by a savage blow from some heavy weapon, and he was wounded on the thigh, where there was a long, clean cut, inflicted evidently by some very sharp instrument. It was clear, however, that Straker had defended himself vigorously against his assailants, for in his right hand he held a small knife, which was clotted with blood up to the handle, while in his left he clasped a red and black silk cravat, which was recognized by the maid as having been worn on the preceding evening by the stranger who had visited the stables. Hunter, on recovering from his stupor, was also quite positive as to the ownership of the cravat. He was equally certain that the same stranger had, while standing at the window, drugged his curried mutton, and so deprived the stables of their watchman. As to the missing horse,