

中文导读英文版

福尔摩斯经典探案系列

The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes

福尔摩斯冒险史

[英] 阿瑟·柯南·道尔 原著

王勋 纪飞 等 编译

清华大学出版社



(中 文 导 读 英 文 版)

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内 容 简 介

The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, 中文译名为《福尔摩斯冒险史》, 这是一部充满传奇、冒险与智慧的侦探小说, 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。《福尔摩斯冒险史》便是其中的一个。该书被公认为世界侦探小说的经典之作, 至今已被译成世界上多种文字, 曾经先后多次被改编成电影。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, 特别是青少年读者都将产生积极的影响。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”。

他于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、逻辑学破案，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，并且对案件极其热情、认真负责，这使他的侦探本领达到了神鬼莫测的境地。柯南·道尔通过福尔摩斯探案故事，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，已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语的大环境。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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Part 1 A Scandal in Bohemia



第一章

福尔摩斯总是称赞艾韵·爱得勒是女性中的佼佼者，这并不表明他爱上了她。用华生的话说，福尔摩斯是一部最有观察力的理性机器。华生结婚后搬离了贝克街，他现在从军中退出，成了一位民间医生。

一天，华生路过贝克街，便去看福尔摩斯。福尔摩斯对华生又重新执业表示祝贺，看华生惊奇，又说知道他最近曾把自己弄得浑身湿透，还有一个笨拙的女仆。随后便解释说，从华生的左边鞋子的内侧可以看到几条乱痕，这说明他在恶劣天气出门后笨拙的女仆没把鞋子弄好；而华生身上有消毒水的味道和帽子右侧藏听诊器的凸痕就能看出他的新职业了。

福尔摩斯让华生看他收到的一封短信，信中预告今晚七点三刻将有一位戴面具的客人来访。这时响起了马蹄声，他们看到楼下停了一辆四轮马车和一匹名贵的小马。

华生要回避，但福尔摩斯把华生推回椅子。这时，响起了敲门声，进来一位六英尺多的魁梧男子。这个男子戴着一个面罩，自称是波希米亚贵族，叫范格姆伯爵，他希望单独和福尔摩斯谈谈。福尔摩斯拦住要走的华生，告诉伯爵，任何话都可以在这位先生面前说。

来人要求他们将秘密保守两年，否则将影响欧洲的历史，并说刚才说的头衔不是真的。福尔摩斯表示自己已经意识到了，并表示只有陛下说出

自己的事情，他才能给出准确的意见。那人猛地跳了起来，将面罩扯了下来。不明白福尔摩斯是怎么知道自己的身份的。

福尔摩斯告诉他自己知道他是威廉·卡兹瑞克·西棋门·奥姆斯坦，卡索费尔斯坦大公爵——波希米亚的世袭国王。国王告诉福尔摩斯自己五年前，在访问华沙期间，他和女侦探艾韵·爱得勒认识，并给她写了信还在一起合了影。当时自己很年轻，还不到三十岁，现在他必须把相片拿回来，用钱买，可她 not 卖，几次让人去她房内找也都没找到。

现在国王要和斯堪地那维亚国王的二公主结婚，艾韵·爱得勒威胁他要在婚事公布当天把相片寄出。福尔摩斯问他最近是否留在伦敦，他告诉福尔摩斯他在兰姆旅舍以范格姆伯爵的名字住宿。

谈起费用时，国王表示愿以国家的一个省换取相片，并预付了三百镑金币和七百镑银币，他告诉了福尔摩斯那位小姐的地址，并确定相片是六英寸的。

福尔摩斯告诉他，三天时间够用了，他很快就能得到好消息，并让华生明天下午三点来听这件小事。

第二章

华生三点到贝克街时，福尔摩斯还没回来。快四点时，一个喝醉了的马夫来到，华生经过再三辨认，才看出是福尔摩斯。福尔摩斯进屋去换了衣服出来，说他今天一直在观察爱得勒小姐的日常习惯和住所。

福尔摩斯告诉华生自己从早上八点就扮成一个失业的马车夫，帮那些马车夫干活，得了两便士，并听到了想听的话。爱得勒小姐只有一个男性访客，他是律师学院的戈弗雷·诺顿先生。

在他还拿不准他俩是怎么样的关系时，一位绅士坐马车到来，在屋里待了半个小时。这位绅士一会儿来告诉马夫，先到瑞琴街的克劳丝及汉克公司，然后去圣莫尼卡教堂。如在二十分钟赶到，可得半个金币。

这时过来了一辆带篷的四轮马车，她跳上去，让车在二十分钟内赶到圣莫尼卡教堂。福尔摩斯也随即跳上一辆马车，追随其后。等福尔摩斯赶到教堂时，见那二人正在和牧师争论。看到福尔摩斯来，他们把他拖到神坛，当了他们结婚的见证人。随后，他们一个回学院，一个回了家。

福尔摩斯让华生和他一起去，不管发生什么事都不准干涉。只等自己被送入起居室四五分钟后，一旦看到他举起手，就将他给的东西扔到屋里，然后大叫失火了。说完福尔摩斯便把一个会自动点燃的烟枪给了华生。

一会儿，福尔摩斯扮成一个牧师出来。近七点钟，他们来到爱得勒小

姐屋前，附近有几个人在散步。

一会儿，一辆四轮马车停在小姐门前。两个游手好闲的人为争开马车门打了起来，另外几人围了过去，福尔摩斯冲上去保护女士，刚到旁边便倒在地上，脸上出了好多血。两个流浪汉跑了，有人说他死了；有人说他没死；还有人说要不是他，女士的钱包和手表就会被抢走。

这时有人问女士能不能把他抬到屋里，于是他便被抬到起居室的沙发上。他嫌闷，坐了起来。一位仆人打开了窗户，这时他举起了手，华生将烟枪丢进房内，大叫失火了，别人也都跟着叫了起来。

华生刚到街角一会儿，福尔摩斯也来了。告诉他刚才那些人都是自己找的，他脸上的血只是红漆。当房子着火时，爱得勒小姐飞快地冲到一个暗格前，把相片拉出时，这时福尔摩斯告诉她那是谎报。她又将相片放了回去，看了一下烟枪，跑了出去。福尔摩斯准备明天和国王一起去拜访爱得勒小姐，让国王亲自拿到相片。

当他们到达贝克街时，听到有人对他们说晚安，但不知那人是谁。

第三章

当晚，华生住在了贝克街。早上他们正在用餐，国王就来了，他们便坐上他的车。在车上，福尔摩斯告诉国王，爱得勒小姐已和诺顿律师结婚了，她没理由破坏陛下的计划了。

他们来到门前，一位老妇人告诉他女主人让她转告福尔摩斯：自己与丈夫到欧洲大陆去了。福尔摩斯冲进屋里，里面很乱。他拉开暗格，里面有一张爱得勒穿晚礼服的相片和一封信。

信中爱得勒小姐赞扬福尔摩斯做得太好了，自己直到发生火灾时也没怀疑他。虽然几个月前有人让自己提防他，她也拿到了他的地址。当她暴露秘密后便怀疑福尔摩斯了，就让马夫监视他。爱得勒小姐自己也上楼换了服装并跟踪到了他的门口，还向他道了晚安。

信中表明她和丈夫都不想和福尔摩斯纠缠，并请国王放心做他想做的事。她只是用相片做保护资金的武器，而现在留下的相片国王可能愿意保存。

福尔摩斯为此事不够圆满而抱歉，国王却觉得很圆满，便将戒指取下来送给他，而福尔摩斯却希望留下那张相片。国王很惊讶，但也同意了。

自从福尔摩斯的完美计划被一位女士击败后，他总是用尊敬的口气称艾韵为“那女士。”

Chapter 1

*T*o Sherlock Holmes she is always the woman. I have seldom heard him mention her under any other name. In his eyes she eclipses and predominates the whole of her sex. It was not that he felt any emotion akin to love for Irene Adler. All emotions, and that one particularly, were abhorrent to his cold, precise but admirably balanced mind. He was, I take it, the most perfect reasoning and observing machine that the world has seen, but as a lover he would have placed himself in a false position. He never spoke of the softer passions, save with a gibe and a sneer. They were admirable things for the observer—excellent for drawing the veil from men's motives and actions. But for the trained reasoner to admit such intrusions into his own delicate and finely adjusted temperament was to introduce a distracting factor which might throw a doubt upon all his mental results. Grit in a sensitive instrument, or a crack in one of his own high-power lenses, would not be more disturbing than a strong emotion in a nature such as his. And yet there was but one woman to him, and that woman was the late Irene Adler, of dubious and questionable memory.

I had seen little of Holmes lately. My marriage had drifted us away from each other. My own complete happiness, and the home-centred interests which rise up around the man who first finds himself master of his own establishment, were sufficient to absorb all my attention, while Holmes, who loathed every form of society with his whole Bohemian soul, remained in our lodgings in Baker Street, buried among his old books, and alternating from week to week between cocaine and ambition, the drowsiness of the drug, and the fierce energy of his own keen nature. He was still, as ever, deeply attracted by the study of crime, and occupied his immense faculties and extraordinary powers of observation in following out those clues, and clearing up those mysteries which had been abandoned as hopeless by the official police. From time to time I heard some vague account of his doings: of his summons to Odessa in the case of the Trepoff murder, of his clearing up of the singular tragedy of the Atkinson brothers at Trincomalee, and finally of the mission which he had accomplished so delicately and successfully for the reigning family of Holland. Beyond these signs of his activity, however, which I merely shared with all the

readers of the daily press, I knew little of my former friend and companion.

One night—it was on the twentieth of March, 1888—I was returning from a journey to a patient (for I had now returned to civil practice), when my way led me through Baker Street. As I passed the well-remembered door, which must always be associated in my mind with my wooing, and with the dark incidents of the Study in Scarlet, I was seized with a keen desire to see Holmes again, and to know how he was employing his extraordinary powers. His rooms were brilliantly lit, and, even as I looked up, I saw his tall, spare figure pass twice in a dark silhouette against the blind. He was pacing the room swiftly, eagerly, with his head sunk upon his chest and his hands clasped behind him. To me, who knew his every mood and habit, his attitude and manner told their own story. He was at work again. He had risen out of his drug-created dreams and was hot upon the scent of some new problem. I rang the bell and was shown up to the chamber which had formerly been in part my own.

His manner was not effusive. It seldom was; but he was glad, I think, to see me. With hardly a word spoken, but with a kindly eye, he waved me to an armchair, threw across his case of cigars, and indicated a spirit case and a gasogene in the corner. Then he stood before the fire and looked me over in his singular introspective fashion.

“Wedlock suits you,” he remarked. “I think, Watson, that you have put on seven and a half pounds since I saw you.”

“Seven!” I answered.

“Indeed, I should have thought a little more. Just a trifle more, I fancy, Watson. And in practice again, I observe. You did not tell me that you intended to go into harness.”

“Then, how do you know?”

“I see it, I deduce it. How do I know that you have been getting yourself very wet lately, and that you have a most clumsy and careless servant girl?”

“My dear Holmes,” said I, “this is too much. You would certainly have been burned, had you lived a few centuries ago. It is true that I had a country walk on Thursday and came home in a dreadful mess, but as I have changed my clothes I can’t imagine how you deduce it. As to Mary Jane, she is incorrigible, and my wife has given her notice; but there, again, I fail to see

how you work it out.”

He chuckled to himself and rubbed his long, nervous hands together.

“It is simplicity itself,” said he; “my eyes tell me that on the inside of your left shoe, just where the firelight strikes it, the leather is scored by six almost parallel cuts. Obviously they have been caused by someone who has very carelessly scraped round the edges of the sole in order to remove crusted mud from it. Hence, you see, my double deduction that you had been out in vile weather, and that you had a particularly malignant boot-slitting specimen of the London slavey. As to your practice, if a gentleman walks into my rooms smelling of iodoform, with a black mark of nitrate of silver upon his fight forefinger, and a bulge on the right side of his top-hat to show where he has secreted his stethoscope, I must be dull, indeed, if I do not pronounce him to be an active member of the medical profession.”

I could not help laughing at the ease with which he explained his process of deduction. “When I hear you give your reasons,” I remarked, “the thing always appears to me to be so ridiculously simple that I could easily do it myself, though at each successive instance of your reasoning I am baffled until you explain your process. And yet I believe that my eyes are as good as yours.”

“Quite so,” he answered, lighting a cigarette, and throwing himself down into an armchair. “You see, but you do not observe. The distinction is clear. For example, you have frequently seen the steps which lead up from the hall to this room.”

“Frequently.”

“How often?”

“Well, some hundreds of times.”

“Then how many are there?”

“How many? I don’t know.”

“Quite so! You have not observed. And yet you have seen. That is just my point. Now, I know that there are seventeen steps, because I have both seen and observed. By the way, since you are interested in these little problems, and since you are good enough to chronicle one or two of my trifling experiences, you may be interested in this.” He threw over a sheet of thick, pink-tinted note-paper which had been lying open upon the table. “It came by the last

post," said he. "Read it aloud."

The note was undated, and without either signature or address.

"There will call upon you to-night, at a quarter to eight o'clock [it said], a gentleman who desires to consult you upon a matter of the very deepest moment. Your recent services to one of the royal houses of Europe have shown that you are one who may safely be trusted with matters which are of an importance which can hardly be exaggerated. This account of you we have from all quarters received. Be in your chamber then at that hour, and do not take it amiss if your visitor wear a mask.

"This is indeed a mystery," I remarked. "What do you imagine that it means?"

"I have no data yet. It is a capital mistake to theorize before one has data. Insensibly one begins to twist facts to suit theories, instead of theories to suit facts. But the note itself. What do you deduce from it?"

I carefully examined the writing, and the paper upon which it was written.

"The man who wrote it was presumably well-to-do," I remarked, endeavouring to imitate my companion's processes. "Such paper could not be bought under half a crown a packet. It is peculiarly strong and stiff."

"Peculiar—that is the very word," said Holmes. "It is not an English paper at all. Hold it up to the light."

I did so, and saw a large "E" with a small "g" a "P," and a large "G" with a small "t" woven into the texture of the paper.

"What do you make of that?" asked Holmes.

"The name of the maker, no doubt; or his monogram, rather."

"Not at all. The 'G' with the small 't' stands for 'Gesellschaft,' which is the German for 'Company.' It is a customary contraction like our 'Go' 'P,' of course, stands for 'Papier.' Now for the 'Eg.' Let us glance at our Continental Gazetteer." He took down a heavy brown volume from his shelves. "Eglow, Eglonitz—here we are, Egria. It is in a German-speaking country—in Bohemia, not far from Carlsbad. 'Remarkable as being the scene of the death of Wallenstein, and for its numerous glass-factories and paper-mills.' Ha, ha, my boy, what do you make of that?" His eyes sparkled, and he sent up a great blue triumphant cloud from his cigarette.

“The paper was made in Bohemia,” I said.

“Precisely. And the man who wrote the note is a German. Do you note the peculiar construction of the sentence— ‘This account of you we have from all quarters received.’ A Frenchman or Russian could not have written that. It is the German who is so uncourteous to his verbs. It only remains, therefore, to discover what is wanted by this German who writes upon Bohemian paper and prefers wearing a mask to showing his face. And here he comes, if I am not mistaken, to resolve all our doubts.”

As he spoke there was the sharp sound of horses hoofs and grating wheels against the curb, followed by a sharp pull at the bell. Holmes whistled.

“A pair, by the sound,” said he. “Yes,” he continued, glancing out of the window. “A nice little brougham and a pair of beauties. A hundred and fifty guineas apiece. There’s money in this case, Watson, if there is nothing else.”

“I think that I had better go, Holmes.”

“Not a bit, Doctor. Stay where you are. I am lost without my Boswell. And this promises to be interesting. It would be a pity to miss it.”

“But your client—”

“Never mind him. I may want your help, and so may he. Here he comes. Sit down in that armchair, Doctor, and give us your best attention.”

A slow and heavy step, which had been heard upon the stairs and in the passage, paused immediately outside the door. Then there was a loud and authoritative tap.

“Come in!” said Holmes.

A man entered who could hardly have been less than six feet six inches in height, with the chest and limbs of a Hercules. His dress was rich with a richness which would, in England, be looked upon as akin to bad taste. Heavy bands of astrakhan were slashed across the sleeves and fronts of his double-breasted coat, while the deep blue cloak which was thrown over his shoulders was lined with flame-coloured silk and secured at the neck with a brooch which consisted of a single flaming beryl. Boots which extended halfway up his calves, and which were trimmed at the tops with rich brown fur, completed the impression of barbaric opulence which was suggested by his whole appearance. He carried a broadbrimmed hat in his hand, while he wore

across the upper part of his face, extending down past the cheekbones, a black vizard mask, which he had apparently adjusted that very moment, for his hand was still raised to it as he entered. From the lower part of the face he appeared to be a man of strong character, with a thick, hanging lip, and a long, straight chin suggestive of resolution pushed to the length of obstinacy.

"You had my note?" he asked with a deep harsh voice and a strongly marked German accent. "I told you that I would call." He looked from one to the other of us, as if uncertain which to address.

"Pray take a seat," said Holmes. "This is my friend and colleague, Dr. Watson, who is occasionally good enough to help me in my cases. Whom have I the honour to address?"

"You may address me as the Count Von Kramm, a Bohemian nobleman. I understand that this gentleman, your friend, is a man of honour and discretion, whom I may trust with a matter of the most extreme importance. If not, I should much prefer to communicate with you alone."

I rose to go, but Holmes caught me by the wrist and pushed me back into my chair. "It is both, or none," said he. "You may say before this gentleman anything which you may say to me."

The Count shrugged his broad shoulders. "Then I must begin," said he, "by binding you both to absolute secrecy for two years; at the end of that time the matter will be of no importance. At present it is not too much to say that it is of such weight it may have an influence upon European history."

"I promise," said Holmes.

"And I."

"You will excuse this mask," continued our strange visitor. "The august person who employs me wishes his agent to be unknown to you, and I may confess at once that the title by which I have just called myself is not exactly my own."

"I was aware of it," said Holmes drily.

"The circumstances are of great delicacy, and every precaution has to be taken to quench what might grow to be an immense scandal and seriously compromise one of the reigning families of Europe. To speak plainly, the matter implicates the great House of Ormstein, hereditary kings of Bohemia."

"I was also aware of that," murmured Holmes, settling himself down in his armchair and closing his eyes.

Our visitor glanced with some apparent surprise at the languid, lounging figure of the man who had been no doubt depicted to him as the most incisive reasoner and most energetic agent in Europe. Holmes slowly reopened his eyes and looked impatiently at his gigantic client.

"If your Majesty would condescend to state your case," he remarked, "I should be better able to advise you."

The man sprang from his chair and paced up and down the room in uncontrollable agitation. Then, with a gesture of desperation, he tore the mask from his face and hurled it upon the ground. "You are right," he cried; "I am the King. Why should I attempt to conceal it?"

"Why, indeed?" murmured Holmes. "Your Majesty had not spoken before I was aware that I was addressing Wilhelm Gottsreich Sigismond von Ormstein, Grand Duke of CasselFelstein, and hereditary King of Bohemia."

"But you can understand," said our strange visitor, sitting down once more and passing his hand over his high white forehead, "you can understand that I am not accustomed to doing such business in my own person. Yet the matter was so delicate that I could not confide it to an agent without putting myself in his power. I have come incognito from Prague for the purpose of consulting you."

"Then, pray consult," said Holmes, shutting his eyes once more.

"The facts are briefly these: Some five years ago, during a lengthy visit to Warsaw, I made the acquaintance of the wellknown adventuress, Irene Adler. The name is no doubt familiar to you."

"Kindly look her up in my index, Doctor," murmured Holmes without opening his eyes. For many years he had adopted a system of docketing all paragraphs concerning men and things, so that it was difficult to name a subject or a person on which he could not at once furnish information. In this case I found her biography sandwiched in between that of a Hebrew rabbi and that of a staff-commander who had written a monograph upon the deep-sea fishes.

"Let me see!" said Holmes. "Hum! Born in New Jersey in the year 1858. Contralto—hum! La Scala, hum! Prima donna Imperial Opera of Warsaw—yes!

Retired from operatic stage—ha! Living in London—quite so! Your Majesty, as I understand, became entangled with this young person, wrote her some compromising letters, and is now desirous of getting those letters back.”

“Precisely so. But how—”

“Was there a secret marriage?”

“None.”

“No legal papers or certificates?”

“None.”

“Then I fail to follow your Majesty. If this young person should produce her letters for blackmailing or other purposes, how is she to prove their authenticity?”

“There is the writing.”

“Pooh, pooh! Forgery.”

“My private note-paper.”

“Stolen.”

“My own seal.”

“Imitated.”

“My photograph.”

“Bought.”

“We were both in the photograph.”

“Oh, dear! That is very bad! Your Majesty has indeed committed an indiscretion.”

“I was mad—insane.”

“You have compromised yourself seriously.”

“I was only Crown Prince then. I was young. I am but thirty now.”

“It must be recovered.”

“We have tried and failed.”

“Your Majesty must pay. It must be bought.”

“She will not sell.”

“Stolen, then.”

“Five attempts have been made. Twice burglars in my pay ransacked her house. Once we diverted her luggage when she travelled. Twice she has been waylaid. There has been no result.”