



SHERLOCK  
HOLMES

# 福尔摩斯

## 探案精华本

银色马      魔鬼之足  
硬纸盒子      布鲁斯-帕廷顿计划

[英] 柯南·道尔 著

刘青 郭养婷 郭嘉 译

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天津人民出版社

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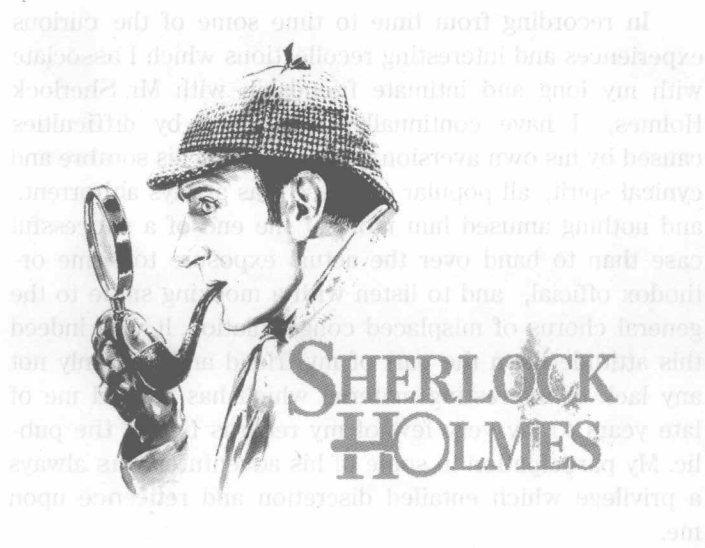
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It was then with considerable surprise that I received a telegram from Holmes last Tuesday — he has never been known to write where a telegram would serve — in the following terms: "Why not tell them of the Cornhill horror — stranger case I have handled."

I have no idea what backward sweep of memory had brought the matter fresh to his mind, or what freak had caused him to desire that I should recount it; but I hasten before another cancelling telegram may arrive, to hunt out the notes which give me the exact details of the case and to lay the narrative before my readers.

It was then, in the spring of the year 1897, that

# *The Devil's Foot*

In recording from time to time some of the curious experiences and interesting recollections which I associate with my long and intimate friendship with Mr. Sherlock Holmes, I have continually been faced by difficulties caused by his own aversion to publicity. To his sombre and cynical spirit, all popular applause was always abhorrent, and nothing amused him more at the end of a successful case than to hand over the actual exposure to some orthodox official, and to listen with a mocking smile to the general chorus of misplaced congratulation. It was indeed this attitude upon the part of my friend and certainly not any lack of interesting material which has caused me of late years to lay very few of my records before the public. My participation in some of his adventures was always a privilege which entailed discretion and reticence upon me.

It was, then, with considerable surprise that I received a telegram from Holmes last Tuesday — he has never been known to write where a telegram would serve — in the following terms: *Why not tell them of the Cornish horror — strangest case I have handled.*

I have no idea what backward sweep of memory had brought the matter fresh to his mind, or what freak had caused him to desire that I should recount it; but I hasten, before another cancelling telegram may arrive, to hunt out the notes which give me the exact details of the case and to lay the narrative before my readers.

It was, then, in the spring of the year 1897 that

# 魔鬼之足

在我记录我和我的知心老友歇洛克·福尔摩斯一起经历的种种奇怪而有趣的往事时，由于他自己不愿公诸于众而往往使我深感为难。他性情沉闷，不爱俗套，厌恶人们的一切赞扬。一旦案件胜利侦破，他最大的乐趣就是把破案的结果告知警方时假装一副笑脸去倾听那套文不对题的齐声祝贺。我朋友的态度虽即如此，但是，也并非没有一些有趣的材料促使我在以后几年里把极少数案情公开发表。我曾亲历过他的几次冒险活动，这是我所拥有的特权，也正如此，我谨慎小心，保持缄默。

上星期二，我十分意外地收到福尔摩斯的一封信——只要有地方打电报，他不会动笔写信——电文如下：

为何不将科尼什恐怖事件告诉读者，那是我所经办的最奇特的案件。

我真不知道是何处吹来的一阵回忆往昔的思绪使他重新想起了这桩事，或者是一种怎样的奇怪念头促使他要我叙述此事。在他或许会发来另一封反悔电报之前，我赶紧翻出笔记。笔记如实记载了案件的详尽内容，在此谨向读者披露。

那是 1897 年的春天。福尔摩斯日夜操劳，



Holmes' s iron constitution showed some symptoms of giving way in the face of constant hard work of a most exacting kind, aggravated, perhaps, by occasional indiscretions of his own. In March of that year Dr. Moore Agar, of Harley Street, whose dramatic introduction to Holmes I may some day recount, gave positive injunctions that the famous private agent lay aside all his cases and surrender himself to complete rest if he wished to avert an absolute breakdown. The state of his health was not a matter in which he himself took the faintest interest, for his mental detachment was absolute, but he was induced at last, on the threat of being permanently disqualified from work, to give himself a complete change of scene and air. Thus it was that in the early spring of that year we found ourselves together in a small cottage near Poldhu Bay, at the further extremity of the Cornish peninsula.

It was a singular spot, and one peculiarly well suited to the grim humour of my patient. From the windows of our little whitewashed house, which stood high upon a grassy headland, we looked down upon the whole sinister semicircle of Mounts Bay, that old death trap of sailing vessels, with its fringe of black cliffs and surge-swept reefs on which innumerable seamen have met their end. With a northerly breeze it lies placid and sheltered, inviting the storm-tossed craft to tack into it for rest and protection. Then come the sudden swirl round of the wind, the blustering gale from the south-west, the dragging anchor, the lee shore, and the last battle in the creaming breakers. The wise mariner stands far out from that evil place.

On the land side our surroundings were as sombre as on the sea. It was a country of rolling moors, lonely and dun-coloured, with an occasional church tower to mark the



他那铁打的身体渐渐有些支撑不住，又加上他自己平时不够注意，健康情况逐渐恶化。那年3月，住在哈利街的穆尔·阿加医生——关于把他介绍给福尔摩斯的戏剧性场面，我将改日再谈及——明确命令我们这位著名的私家侦探放下手头所有案件，彻底休息，如果他不想完全垮掉的话。福尔摩斯向来一心扑在工作上，丝毫不考虑自己的健康状况。不过，他怕以后再也不能工作，终于听从劝告，决心变变环境，换换空气。于是，就在那年初春，我们一起搬到科尼什半岛尽头、波尔都海湾附近的一所小别墅里居住。

这个独特的地方，特别适合我的病人的恶劣心情。刷过石灰粉的住宅坐落在一处绿草如茵的海岬上。从窗口往下望去，整个芒茨湾的险要的半圆形地势尽收眼底，四周都是黝黑的悬崖和被海浪拍打的礁石，很多海船在此失事，无数海员葬身于此。北风吹拂时，海湾平静而隐蔽，招引着遭受风浪颠簸的船只前去停歇避风。然后风向突然猛转，西南风疯狂袭来，拖曳着的铁锚，背风的海岸，都在滔滔白浪中垂死挣扎。聪明的海员都会远离这个凶险的地方。

在陆地上，我们的周围和海上一样阴沉。这一带是连绵起伏的沼泽地，孤寂阴暗，偶尔露出一座教堂的钟楼，表明这是一处古老乡村

site of some oldworld village. In every direction upon these moors there were traces of some vanished race which had passed utterly away, and left as its sole record strange monuments of stone, irregular mounds which contained the burned ashes of the dead, and curious earthworks which hinted at prehistoric strife. The glamour and mystery of the place, with its sinister atmosphere of forgotten nations, appealed to the imagination of my friend, and he spent much of his time in long walks and solitary meditations upon the moor. The ancient Cornish language had also arrested his attention, and he had, I remember, conceived the idea that it was akin to the Chaldean, and had been largely derived from the Phoenician traders in tin. He had received a consignment of books upon philology and was settling down to develop this thesis when suddenly, to my sorrow and to his unfeigned delight, we found ourselves, even in that land of dreams, plunged into a problem at our very doors which was more intense, more engrossing, and infinitely more mysterious than any of those which had driven us from London. Our simple life and peaceful, healthy routine were violently interrupted, and we were precipitated into the midst of a series of events which caused the utmost excitement not only in Cornwall but throughout the whole west of England. Many of my readers may retain some recollection of what was called at the time "The Cornish Horror" though a most imperfect account of the matter reached the London press. Now, after thirteen years, I will give the true details of this inconceivable affair to the public.

I have said that scattered towers marked the villages which dotted this part of Cornwall. The nearest of these was the hamlet of Tredannick Wollas, where the cottages

的遗址。在这些沼泽地上，到处是早已淹没消失的某一民族所留下的遗迹。唯一能记载他们存在的就是那些奇异的石碑，埋有死者骨灰的零乱的土堆以及在史前时期用来战斗的奇怪的土制武器。这处神奇而具有魅力的地方，以及它那被人遗忘的民族的不祥气氛，对我朋友的想象力是巨大的吸引。他时常在沼泽地上长时间散步，独自沉思。古老的科尼什语也引起了他的注意。我记得，他曾推断科尼什语和迦勒底语相似，大都是做锡平生意的腓尼基商人传来的。他已经收到了一批语言学方面的书籍，正在安心研究这一论题。然而，突然使我有些发愁，而他却感到由衷高兴的是，我们发觉自己，即使在这梦幻般的地方，也还是陷入了一个就发生在我们家门口的疑案中。这件事情比我们为之逃离、在伦敦发生的那些案件中的任何一个都更紧张，更吸引人，更加神秘难测。我们简单的生活和宁静养生的日常作息遭到严重干扰。我们被牵连进一系列不仅震惊了康沃尔，也震惊了整个英格兰西部的重大事件之中。许多读者可能还记得一点当时叫做“科尼什恐怖事件”的情况，尽管发给伦敦报界的报道是极不完整的。现在，事隔十三年，我将把这一不可思议的事件的真相公诸于世。

我曾经说过，分散的教堂钟楼表明康沃尔这一带地方有零落的村庄。其中距离最近的就

of a couple of hundred inhabitants clustered round an ancient, moss-grown church. The vicar of the parish, Mr. Roundhay, was something of an archeologist, and as such Holmes had made his acquaintance. He was a middle-aged man, portly and affable, with a considerable fund of local lore. At his invitation we had taken tea at the vicarage and had come to know, also, Mr. Mortimer Tregennis, an independent gentleman, who increased the clergyman's scanty resources by taking rooms in his large, straggling house. The vicar, being a bachelor, was glad to come to such an arrangement, though he had little in common with his lodger, who was a thin, dark, spectacled man, with a stoop which gave the impression of actual, physical deformity. I remember that during our short visit we found the vicar garrulous, but his lodger strangely reticent, a sad-faced, introspective man, sitting with averted eyes, brooding apparently upon his own affairs.

These were the two men who entered abruptly into our little sitting-room on Tuesday, March the 16th, shortly after our breakfast hour, as we were smoking together, preparatory to our daily excursion upon the moors.

"Mr. Holmes," said the vicar in an agitated voice, "the most extraordinary and tragic affair has occurred during the night. It is the most unheard-of business. We can only regard it as a special Providence that you should chance to be here at the time, for in all England you are the one man we need."

I glared at the intrusive vicar with no very friendly

是特里丹尼克沃拉斯小村，在那里，几百户村民的小屋环绕着一座长满青苔的古老教堂。教区牧师朗德黑先生是个考古学家。福尔摩斯就是把他当作一位考古学家同他认识的。他是个仪表堂堂、和蔼可亲的中年人，很有学问而且熟悉当地情况。他邀请我们到他的教区住宅里去喝过茶，并从而认识了莫蒂默·特里格尼斯先生，一位自食其力的绅士。他租用牧师那座又大又分散的住宅里的几个房间，因而增补了牧师的微薄收入。这位教区牧师，作为一个单身汉，也欢迎这种安排，虽然他同这位房客没有多少共同之处。特里格尼斯先生又瘦又黑，戴副眼镜，弯着腰，使人感到他的身体确实有些畸形。我记得，在我们那次的短暂拜访过程中，牧师喋喋不休，而他的房客却出奇地沉默，满脸愁容，坐在那里沉思，眼睛转向一边，显然在想他自己的心事。

3月16日，那天是星期二。早餐过后，我和福尔摩斯正在一起抽烟，并准备着到沼泽地去作一次每天例行的闲逛时，这两个人突然闯进了我们小小的起居室。

“福尔摩斯先生，”牧师声音激动地说，“昨天晚上发生了一件最奇怪而悲惨的事，真是闻所未闻。恰好您在这里，这真是天意，在整个英格兰，只有您是我们需要的人。”

我以不大友好的眼光打量着这位破门而

eyes; but Holmes took his pipe from his lips and sat up in his chair like an old hound who hears the view-halloa. He waved his hand to the sofa, and our palpitating visitor with his agitated companion sat side by side upon it. Mr. Mortimer Tregennis was more selfcontained than the clergyman, but the twitching of his thin hands and the brightness of his dark eyes showed that they shared a common emotion.

"Shall I speak or you?" he asked of the vicar.

"Well, as you seem to have made the discovery, whatever it may be, and the vicar to have had it second-hand, perhaps you had better do the speaking," said Holmes.

I glanced at the hastily clad clergyman, with the formally dressed lodger seated beside him, and was amused at the surprise which Holmes's simple deduction had brought to their faces.

"Perhaps I had best say a few words first," said the vicar, "and then you can judge if you will listen to the details from Mr. Tregennis, or whether we should not hasten at once to the scene of this mysterious affair. I may explain, then, that our friend here spent last evening in the company of his two brothers, Owen and George, and of his sister Brenda, at their house of Tredannick Wartha, which is near the old stone cross upon the moor. He left them shortly after ten o'clock, playing cards round the dining-room table, in excellent health and spirits. This morning, being an early riser, he walked in that direction before breakfast and was overtaken by the carriage of Dr. Richards, who explained that he had just been sent for

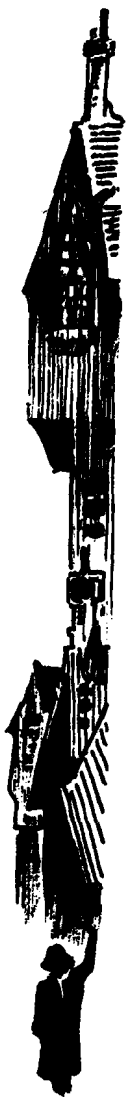
人的牧师，但是，福尔摩斯从嘴边抽出烟斗，在椅子上坐起，如同一只老练的猎犬听见了呼叫它的声音。他用手指指沙发。我们心惊肉跳的来访者和他那焦躁不安的同伴紧挨着在沙发上坐下来。莫蒂默·特里格尼斯先生比牧师更能够控制自己一些，不过他那双瘦手不停地抽搐，黑色的眼珠炯炯发光，这表明他们二人的情绪是同样的激动。

“我说，还是你说？”他问牧师。

“唔，不管是什么事，看来是你发现的，牧师也是从你这里知道的。最好还是由你来说。”福尔摩斯说。

我瞟了眼牧师，他的衣服是匆匆穿上的。他旁边坐着他的房客，衣冠端正。福尔摩斯几句简单的推论之言使他们面带惊色，我看了很觉好笑。

牧师说：“还是我先说几句吧，然后您再看是不是需要听特里格尼斯先生讲详细的情况，或者我们是否不急于立刻赶到这桩怪事的现场。我来说明一下，我们的朋友昨天晚上同他的两个兄弟欧文和乔治以及妹妹布伦达在特里丹尼克沃萨的房子里。这个房子在沼泽地上的一个石头十字架附近。刚过十点钟，他就离开了他们。当时他们在餐桌上玩牌，身体很好，兴致极高。特里格尼斯总是很早起床。今天早上吃早餐之前，他朝着那所房子走去。理查德



on a most urgent call to Tredannick Wartha. Mr. Mortimer Tregennis naturally went with him. When he arrived at Tredannick Wartha he found an extraordinary state of things. His two brothers and his sister were seated round the table exactly as he had left them, the cards still spread in front of them and the candles burned down to their sockets. The sister lay back stone-dead in her chair, while the two brothers sat on each side of her laughing, shouting, and singing, the senses stricken clean out of them. All three of them, the dead woman and the two demented men, retained upon their faces an expression of the utmost horror — a convulsion of terror which was dreadful to look upon. There was no sign of the presence of anyone in the house, except Mrs. Porter, the old cook and housekeeper, who declared that she had slept deeply and heard no sound during the night. Nothing had been stolen or disarranged, and there is absolutely no explanation of what the horror can be which has frightened a woman to death and two strong men out of their senses. There is the situation, Mr. Holmes, in a nutshell, and if you can help us to clear it up you will have done a great work. ”

I had hoped that in some way I could coax my companion back into the quiet which had been the object of our journey; but one glance at his intense face and contracted eyebrows told me how vain was now the expectation. He sat for some little time in silence, absorbed in the strange drama which had broken in upon our peace.

“I will look into this matter, ” he said at last. “On the face of it, it would appear to be a case of a very excep-



医生的马车赶到了他的前面。理查德医生说刚才有人请他快到特里丹尼克沃萨去看急诊。莫蒂默·特里格尼斯先生自然与他同行。当他到达特里丹尼克沃萨，发现事情不对劲。他的两个兄弟和妹妹仍像他离开他们时一样地围坐在桌边，纸牌仍然散放在他们面前，蜡烛烧到了烛架底端。妹妹僵死在椅子上，两个兄弟分坐在她的两边又是笑，又是叫，又是唱，疯疯癫癫。三个人——一个死了的女人和两个发了狂的男人——他们的脸上都呈现出一种惊恐的表情，惊厥恐怖的样子简直叫人不敢正视。除了老厨师兼管家波特太太以外，没有别人去过的痕迹。波特太太说她睡得很熟，根本没有听到晚上有什么动静。没有东西被偷，也没有东西被翻过。是什么样的恐怖能把一个女人吓死，把两个身强力壮的男子吓疯，真是绝对的没法解释。简单地说，情况就是这样，福尔摩斯先生，如果您能帮我们破案，那真干了一件好事了。”

本来我满心希望可以用某种方式哄骗我的同伴，回复平静的生活，这才是我们此次旅行的目的，但是，我一看见他满脸严肃、双眉紧皱，就知道我的希望落空了。他默默坐了一会儿，完全沉浸在这桩打破我们平静的怪事里。

“让我研究一下，”他最后说，“从表面看，这件案子的性质很不一般。你本人去过那里