

<<福尔摩斯冒险史>>

图书基本信息

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前言

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。

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内容概要

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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章节摘录

第一部 波希米亚丑闻 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，可她不卖，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 Chapter 1 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 mens 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,

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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 right 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

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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 oclock [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 companions 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. Theres 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.

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