

## <<福尔摩斯归来>>

### 图书基本信息

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### 内容概要

The Return of Sherlock Holmes，中文译名为《福尔摩斯归来》，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。

《福尔摩斯归来》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，《福尔摩斯归来》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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### 章节摘录

1. 空荡荡的屋子 The Adventure of the Empty House 罗纳德·艾德尔于一八九四年春天被谋杀，他是澳洲某殖民地总督梅努斯爵士的次子，曾与伊迪丝·吴德利小姐订婚，后经双方同意解除婚约。

罗纳德喜欢玩纸牌，被杀的当天下午曾和莫瑞先生、约翰·哈弟爵士和莫兰上校玩牌，输了五镑钱，几星期前曾与莫兰上校搭档赢了四百二十镑。

当晚他在俱乐部玩牌，十点回家，在房中生了火，由于有烟，所以窗户是开着的。

十一点二十分，他的母亲和妹妹回来，敲他的门没回音。

找人撬开房门，发现他头部被左轮枪子弹击中，已身亡。

桌上放着一堆堆的钱并写着俱乐部朋友的名字。

他的窗口离地二十英尺，窗下没有被踩踏的痕迹。

凶手应该是神枪手，从街上射击致其死亡。

这天六点左右，华生来到牛津街，看到一个人在讲对此案的推论，不小心将一个驼背老人的书碰掉。

华生赶快拾起书交还老人，老人怒骂着消失在人群中。

华生回到肯辛顿家中还不到五分钟，那个驼背老人来找他，对刚才的态度表示道歉。

并说自己有几本书正好可以填满华生的书柜。

当华生看了一眼书柜转回身时，听到了福尔摩斯的笑声，华生高兴地叫道：“福尔摩斯，你真的还活着吗？”

！

福尔摩斯告诉华生当年他写完那封信后，走到小路的尽头，莫利亚蒂紧跟着他，并冲过来抱住他。

福尔摩斯学过柔道，摆脱了莫利亚蒂。

教授疯狂地猛踢猛抓，身体失去了平衡，掉下了悬崖。

但福尔摩斯知道他的同 It was in the spring of the year 1894 that all London was interested, and the fashionable world dismayed, by the murder of the Honourable Ronald Adair under most unusual and inexplicable circumstances. The public has already learned those particulars of the crime which came out in the police investigation, but a good deal was suppressed upon that occasion, since the case for the prosecution was so overwhelmingly strong that it was not necessary to bring forward all the facts. Only now, at the end of nearly ten years, am I allowed to supply those missing links which make up the whole of that remarkable chain. The crime was of interest in itself, but that interest was as nothing to me compared to the inconceivable sequel, which afforded me the greatest shock and surprise of any event in my adventurous life. Even now, after this long interval, I find myself thrilling as I think of it, and feeling once more that sudden flood of joy, amazement, and incredulity which utterly submerged my mind. Let me say to that public, which has shown some interest in those glimpses which I have occasionally given them of the thoughts and actions of a very remarkable man, that they are not to blame me if I have not shared my knowledge with them, for I should have considered it my first duty to do so, had I not been barred by a positive prohibition from his own lips, which was only withdrawn upon the third of last month. It can be imagined that my close intimacy with Sherlock Holmes had interested me deeply in crime, and that after his disappearance I never failed to read with care the various problems which came before the public. And I even attempted, more than once, for my own private satisfaction, to employ his methods in their solution, though with indifferent success. There was none, however, which appealed to me like this tragedy of Ronald Adair. As I read the evidence at the inquest, which led up to a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown, I realized more clearly than I had ever done the loss which the community had sustained by the death of Sherlock Holmes. There were points about this strange business which would, I was sure, have specially appealed to him, and the efforts of the police would have been supplemented, or more probably anticipated, by the trained observation and the alert mind of the first criminal

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agent in Europe. All day, as I drove upon my round, I turned over the case in my mind and found no explanation which appeared to me to be adequate. At the risk of telling a twice-told tale, I will recapitulate the facts as they were known to the public at the conclusion of the inquest. The Honourable Ronald Adair was the second son of the Earl of Maynooth, at that time governor of one of the Australian colonies. Adair's mother had returned from Australia to undergo the operation for cataract, and she, her son Ronald, and her daughter Hilda were living together at 427 Park Lane. The youth moved in the best society—had, so far as was known, no enemies and no particular vices. He had been engaged to Miss Edith Woodley, of Carstairs, but the engagement had been broken off by mutual consent some months before, and there was no sign that it had left any very profound feeling behind it. For the rest of the man's life moved in a narrow and conventional circle, for his habits were quiet and his nature unemotional. Yet it was upon this easy-going young aristocrat that death came, in most strange and unexpected form, between the hours of ten and eleven-twenty on the night of March 30, 1894. Ronald Adair was fond of cards—playing continually, but never for such stakes as would hurt him. He was a member of the Baldwin, the Cavendish, and the Bagatelle card clubs. It was shown that, after dinner on the day of his death, he had played a rubber of whist at the latter club. He had also played there in the afternoon. The evidence of those who had played with him—Mr. Murray, Sir John Hardy, and Colonel Moran—showed that the game was whist, and that there was a fairly equal fall of the cards. Adair might have lost five pounds, but not more. His fortune was a considerable one, and such a loss could not in any way affect him. He had played nearly every day at one club or other, but he was a cautious player, and usually rose a winner. It came out in evidence that, in partnership with Colonel Moran, he had actually won as much as four hundred and twenty pounds in a sitting, some weeks before, from Godfrey Milner and Lord Balmoral. So much for his recent history as it came out at the inquest. On the evening of the crime, he returned from the club exactly at ten. His mother and sister were out spending the evening with a relation. The servant deposed that she heard him enter the front room on the second floor, generally used as his sitting-room. She had lit a fire there, and as it smoked she had opened the window. No sound was heard from the room until eleven-twenty, the hour of the return of Lady Maynooth and her daughter. Desiring to say good-night, she attempted to enter her son's room. The door was locked on the inside, and no answer could be got to their cries and knocking. Help was obtained, and the door forced. The unfortunate young man was found lying near the table. His head had been horribly mutilated by an expanding revolver bullet, but no weapon of any sort was to be found in the room. On the table lay two banknotes for ten pounds each and seventeen pounds ten in silver and gold, the money arranged in little piles of varying amount. There were some figures also upon a sheet of paper, with the names of some club friends opposite to them, from which it was conjectured that before his death he was endeavouring to make out his losses or winnings at cards. A minute examination of the circumstances served only to make the case more complex. In the first place, no reason could be given why the young man should have fastened the door upon the inside. There was the possibility that the murderer had done this, and had afterwards escaped by the window. The drop was at least twenty feet, however, and a bed of crocuses in full bloom lay beneath. Neither the flowers nor the earth showed any sign of having been disturbed, nor were there any marks upon the narrow strip of grass which separated the house from the road. Apparently, therefore, it was the young man himself who had fastened the door. But how did he come by his death? No one could have climbed up to the window without leaving traces. Suppose a man had fired through the window, he would indeed be a remarkable shot who could with a revolver inflict so deadly a wound. Again, Park Lane is a frequented thoroughfare; there is a cab stand within a hundred yards of the house. No one had heard a shot. And yet there was the dead man, and there the revolver bullet, which had mushroomed out, as soft-nosed bullets will, and so inflicted a wound which must have caused instantaneous death. Such were the circumstances of the Park Lane Mystery, which were further complicated by entire absence of motive, since, as I have said, young Adair was not known to have any enemy, and no attempt had been made to remove the money or valuables in the room. All day I turned these facts over in my mind, endeavouring to hit some theory which could reconcile them all, and to find that line of least resistance which my poor friend had declared to be the starting-point of every investigation. I confess that I made little

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progress. In the evening I strolled across the Park , and found myself about six oclock at the Oxford Street end of Park Lane. A group of loafers upon the pavements , all staring up at a particular window , directed me to the house which I had come to see. A tall , thin man with coloured glasses , whom I strongly suspected of being a plain-clothes detective , was pointing out some theory of his own , while the others crowded round to listen to what he said. I got as near him as I could , but his observations seemed to me to be absurd , so I withdrew again in some disgust. As I did so I struck against an elderly , deformed man , who had been behind me , and I knocked down several books which he was carrying. I remember that as I picked them up , I observed the title of one of them , The Origin of Tree Worship , and it struck me that the fellow must be some poor bibliophile , who , either as a trade or as a hobby , was a collector of obscure volumes. I endeavoured to apologize for the accident , but it was evident that these books which I had so unfortunately maltreated were very precious objects in the eyes of their owner. With a snarl of contempt he turned upon his heel , and I saw his curved back and white side-whiskers disappear among the throng. My observations of No. 427 Park Lane did little to clear up the problem in which I was interested. The house was separated from the street by a low wall and railing , the whole not more than five feet high. It was perfectly easy , therefore , for anyone to get into the garden , but the window was entirely inaccessible ; since there was no waterpipe or anything which could help the most active man to climb it. More puzzled than ever , I retraced my steps to Kensington. I had not been in my study five minutes when the maid entered to say that a person desired to see me. To my astonishment it was none other than my strange old book collector , his sharp , wizened face peering out from a frame of white hair , and his precious volumes , a dozen of them at least , wedged under his fight arm. "Youre surprised to see me , sir , " said he , in a strange , croaking voice. I acknowledged that I was.

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