

<<血字的研究/四签名>>

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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，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。

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内容概要

A Study in Scarlet, The Sign of Four, 中文译名分别为《血字的研究》、《四签名》，这是两部充满传奇、冒险与智慧的侦探故事，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。

《血字的研究》与《四签名》便是其中最经典的两部，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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作者简介

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”。

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章节摘录

第1章 夏洛克·福尔摩斯 Chapter 1 Mr. Sherlock Holmes 华生，一八七八年在伦敦大学取得医学博士学位，曾参加国外战争，在旺德战役中负伤回国休养。

回国后华生住在一家私人旅馆，后来由于经济原因，想找一个便宜点的住处。一天，他和包扎护士史丹佛闲谈时，史丹佛说在医院化学试验室工作的夏洛克·福尔摩斯正好想找人合租房子。

他是个一流的化学师，而且对解剖学很精通。

华生想见一见福尔摩斯。

在去医院的路上，史丹佛对此事有点儿担心：福尔摩斯的性格及一些古怪的做法使他担心他们合不来。试验室只有福尔摩斯一个人在做试验，听到他们的脚步声，他高兴地走过来告诉大家自己终于找到了一种只沉淀血红素，而不和其他物质产生反应的试剂。

史丹佛为他俩做了介绍，福尔摩斯推断出华生从阿富汗回来，并拉着他来到桌旁，从手上取了一点血放入一公升的水中，然后将一点点结晶放入容器，再放入一些滴过血的水，水变成红褐色而沉淀出一些棕色的微小颗粒，他向大家解释一个人在案发几个月后被怀疑，用这种方法测试嫌疑犯衣服上的污渍就可以判断出是不是血迹。

史丹佛告诉福尔摩斯华生想找住处，因此想把他们凑在一起。

福尔摩斯很高兴地告诉他们自己在贝克街看中了一套房子。

于是两人都将自己的爱好和习惯都说了出来，并约定次日中午去看房子。

华生和史丹佛告别福尔摩斯出来，仍然不知道他怎么知道自己是从阿富汗回来的。

In the year 1878 I took my degree of Doctor of Medicine of the University of London, and proceeded to Netley to go through the course prescribed for surgeons in the Army. Having completed my studies there, I was duly attached to the Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers as assistant surgeon. The regiment was stationed in India at the time, and before I could join it, the second Afghan war had broken out. On landing at Bombay, I learned that my corps had advanced through the passes, and was already deep in the enemys country. I followed, however, with many other officers who were in the same situation as myself, and succeeded in reaching Candahar in safety, where I found my regiment, and at once entered upon my new duties. The campaign brought honours and promotion to many, but for me it had nothing but misfortune and disaster. I was removed from my brigade and attached to the Berkshires, with whom I served at the fatal battle of Maiwand. There I was struck on the shoulder by a Jezail bullet, which shattered the bone and grazed the subclavian artery. I should have fallen into the hands of the murderous Ghazis had it not been for the devotion and courage shown by Murray, my orderly, who threw me across a packhorse, and succeeded in bringing me safely to the British lines. Worn with pain, and weak from the prolonged hardships which I had undergone, I was removed, with a great train of wounded sufferers, to the base hospital at Peshawar. Here I rallied, and had already improved so far as to be able to walk about the wards, and even to bask a little upon the veranda, when I was struck down by enteric fever, that curse of our Indian possessions. For months my life was despaired of, and when at last I came to myself and became convalescent, I was so weak and emaciated that a medical board determined that not a day should be lost in sending me back to England. I was despatched, accordingly, in the troopship Orontes, and landed a month later on Portsmouth jetty, with my health irretrievably ruined, but with permission from a paternal government to spend the next nine months in attempting to improve it. I had neither kith nor kin in England, and was therefore as free as air—or as free as an income of eleven shillings and sixpence a day will permit a man to be. Under such circumstances I naturally gravitated to London, that great cesspool into which all the loungers and idlers of the Empire are irresistibly drained. There I stayed for some time at a private hotel in the Strand, leading a comfortless, meaningless existence, and spending such money as I had, considerably more freely than I ought. So alarming did the state of my finances become, that I soon realized that I must either leave the metropolis and rusticate somewhere in the country, or that I must make a complete alteration in my style of living. Choosing the latter alternative, I began by making up my

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mind to leave the hotel, and take up my quarters in some less pretentious and less expensive domicile. On the very day that I had come to this conclusion, I was standing at the Criterion Bar, when someone tapped me on the shoulder, and turning round I recognized young Stamford, who had been a dresser under me at Barrs. The sight of a friendly face in the great wilderness of London is a pleasant thing indeed to a lonely man. In old days Stamford had never been a particular crony of mine, but now I hailed him with enthusiasm, and he, in his turn, appeared to be delighted to see me. In the exuberance of my joy, I asked him to lunch with me at the Holborn, and we started off together in a hansom. "Whatever have you been doing with yourself, Watson?" he asked in undisguised wonder, as we rattled through the crowded London streets. "You are as thin as a lath and as brown as a nut." I gave him a short sketch of my adventures, and had hardly concluded it by the time that we reached our destination. "Poor devil!" he said, commiseratingly, after he had listened to my misfortunes. "What are you up to now?" "Looking for lodgings," I answered. "Trying to solve the problem as to whether it is possible to get comfortable rooms at a reasonable price." "That's a strange thing," remarked my companion; "you are the second man today that has used that expression to me." "And who was the first?" I asked.

"A fellow who is working at the chemical laboratory up at the hospital. He was bemoaning himself this morning because he could not get someone to go halves with him in some nice rooms which he had found, and which were too much for his purse." "By Jove!" I cried; "if he really wants someone to share the rooms and the expense, I am the very man for him. I should prefer having a partner to being alone." Young Stamford looked rather strangely at me over his wineglass. "You don't know Sherlock Holmes yet," he said; "perhaps you would not care for him as a constant companion." "Why, what is there against him?" "Oh, I didn't say there was anything against him. He is a little queer in his ideas—an enthusiast in some branches of science. As far as I know he is a decent fellow enough." "A medical student, I suppose?" said I.

"No— I have no idea what he intends to go in for. I believe he is well up in anatomy, and he is a first-class chemist; but, as far as I know, he has never taken out any systematic medical classes. His studies are very desultory and eccentric, but he has amassed a lot of out-of-the-way knowledge which would astonish his professors." "Did you never ask him what he was going in for?" I asked.

"No; he is not a man that it is easy to draw out, though he can be communicative enough when the fancy seizes him." "I should like to meet him," I said. "If I am to lodge with anyone, I should prefer a man of studious and quiet habits. I am not strong enough yet to stand much noise or excitement. I had enough of both in Afghanistan to last me for the remainder of my natural existence. How could I meet this friend of yours?" "He is sure to be at the laboratory," returned my companion.

"He either avoids the place for weeks, or else he works there from morning till night. If you like, we will drive round together after luncheon." "Certainly," I answered, and the conversation drifted away into other channels. As we made our way to the hospital after leaving the Holborn, Stamford gave me a few more particulars about the gentleman whom I proposed to take as a fellow-lodger.

"You mustn't blame me if you don't get on with him," he said; "I know nothing more of him than I have learned from meeting him occasionally in the laboratory. You proposed this arrangement, so you must not hold me responsible." "If we don't get on it will be easy to part company," I answered. "It seems to me, Stamford," I added, looking hard at my companion, "that you have some reason for washing your hands of the matter. Is this fellow's temper so formidable, or what is it? Don't be mealy-mouthed about it." "It is not easy to express the inexpressible," he answered with a laugh. "Holmes is a little too scientific for my tastes—it approaches to cold-bloodedness. I could imagine his giving a friend a little pinch of the latest vegetable alkaloid, not out of malevolence, you understand, but simply out of a spirit of inquiry in order to have an accurate idea of the effects. To do him justice, I think that he would take it himself with the same readiness. He appears to have a passion for definite and exact knowledge." "Very right too." "Yes, but it may be pushed to excess. When

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it comes to beating the subjects in the dissecting rooms with a stick, it is certainly taking rather a bizarre shape.” “Beating the subjects!” “Yes, to verify how far bruises may be produced after death. I saw him at it with my own eyes.” “And yet you say he is not a medical student?” “No. Heaven knows what the objects of his studies are. But here we are, and you must form your own impressions about him.” As he spoke, we turned down a narrow lane and passed through a small side door, which opened into a wing of the great hospital. It was familiar ground to me, and I needed no guiding as we ascended the bleak stone staircase and made our way down the long corridor with its vista of whitewashed wall and dun-coloured doors. Near the farther end a low arched passage branched away from it and led to the chemical laboratory. This was a lofty chamber, lined and littered with countless bottles. Broad, low tables were scattered about, which bristled with retorts, test-tubes, and little Bunsen lamps, with their blue flickering flames. There was only one student in the room, who was bending over a distant table absorbed in his work. At the sound of our steps he glanced round and sprang to his feet with a cry of pleasure. “I’ve found it! I’ve found it,” he shouted to my companion, running towards us with a test-tube in his hand. “I have found a re-agent which is precipitated by h²moglobin, and by nothing else.” Had he discovered a gold mine, greater delight could not have shone upon his features. “Dr. Watson, Mr. Sherlock Holmes,” said Stamford, introducing us. “How are you?” he said cordially, gripping my hand with a strength for which I should hardly have given him credit. “You have been in Afghanistan, I perceive.” “How on earth did you know that?” I asked in astonishment. “Never mind,” said he, chuckling to himself. “The question now is about h²moglobin. No doubt you see the significance of this discovery of mine?” “It is interesting, chemically, no doubt,” I answered, “but practically—” “Why, man, it is the most practical medico-legal discovery for years. Don’t you see that it gives us an infallible test for blood stains? Come over here now!” He seized me by the coatsleeve in his eagerness, and drew me over to the table at which he had been working. “Let us have some fresh blood,” he said, digging a long bodkin into his finger, and drawing off the resulting drop of blood in a chemical pipette. “Now, I add this small quantity of blood to a litre of water. You perceive that the resulting mixture has the appearance of pure water. The proportion of blood cannot be more than one in a million. I have no doubt, however, that we shall be able to obtain the characteristic reaction.” As he spoke, he threw into the vessel a few white crystals, and then added some drops of a transparent fluid. In an instant the contents assumed a dull mahogany colour, and a brownish dust was precipitated to the bottom of the glass jar. “Ha! ha!” he cried, clapping his hands, and looking as delighted as a child with a new toy. “What do you think of that?” “It seems to be a very delicate test,” I remarked. “Beautiful! beautiful! The old guaiacum test was very clumsy and uncertain. So is the microscopic examination for blood corpuscles. The latter is valueless if the stains are a few hours old. Now, this appears to act as well whether the blood is old or new. Had this test been invented, there are hundreds of men now walking the earth who would long ago have paid the penalty of their crimes.” “Indeed!” I murmured. “Criminal cases are continually hinging upon that one point. A man is suspected of a crime months perhaps after it has been committed. His linen or clothes are examined and brownish stains discovered upon them. Are they blood stains, or mud stains, or rust stains, or fruit stains, or what are they? That is a question which has puzzled many an expert, and why? Because there was no reliable test. Now we have the Sherlock Holmes test, and there will no longer be any difficulty.” His eyes fairly glittered as he spoke, and he put his hand over his heart and bowed as if to some applauding crowd conjured up by his imagination. “You are to be congratulated,” I remarked, considerably surprised at his enthusiasm. “There was the case of Von Bischoff at Frankfort last year. He would certainly have been hung had this test been in existence. Then there was Mason of Bradford, and the notorious Muller, and Lefevre of Montpellier, and Samson of New Orleans. I could name a score of cases in which it would have been decisive.” “You seem to be a walking calendar of crime,” said Stamford with a laugh. “You might start a paper on those lines. Call it the Police News of the Past.” “Very interesting reading it might be made, too,” remarked

Sherlock Holmes, sticking a small piece of plaster over the prick on his finger. "I have to be careful," he continued, turning to me with a smile, "for I dabble with poisons a good deal." He held out his hand as he spoke, and I noticed that it was all mottled over with similar pieces of plaster, and discoloured with strong acids. "We came here on business," said Stamford, sitting down on a high three-legged stool, and pushing another one in my direction with his foot. "My friend here wants to take diggings; and as you were complaining that you could get no one to go halves with you, I thought that I had better bring you together." Sherlock Holmes seemed delighted at the idea of sharing his rooms with me. "I have my eye on a suite in Baker Street," he said, "which would suit us down to the ground. You don't mind the smell of strong tobacco, I hope?" "I always smoke ships myself," I answered.

"That's good enough. I generally have chemicals about, and occasionally do experiments. Would that annoy you?" "By no means." "Let me see—what are my other shortcomings? I get in the dumps at times, and don't open my mouth for days on end. You must not think I am sulky when I do that. Just let me alone, and I'll soon be right. What have you to confess now? It's just as well for two fellows to know the worst of one another before they begin to live together." I laughed at this cross-examination. "I keep a bull pup," I said, "and I object to rows because my nerves are shaken, and I get up at all sorts of ungodly hours, and I am extremely lazy. I have another set of vices when I'm well, but those are the principal ones at present." "Do you include violin playing in your category of rows?" he asked, anxiously. "It depends on the player," I answered. "A well-played violin is a treat for the gods—a badly played one—" "Oh, that's all right," he cried, with a merry laugh. "I think we may consider the thing as settled—that is, if the rooms are agreeable to you." "When shall we see them?" "Call for me here at noon to-morrow, and we'll go together and settle everything," he answered. "All right—noon exactly," said I, shaking his hand. We left him working among his chemicals, and we walked together towards my hotel. "By the way," I asked suddenly, stopping and turning upon Stamford, "how the deuce did he know that I had come from Afghanistan?" My companion smiled an enigmatical smile. "That's just his little peculiarity," he said. "A good many people have wanted to know how he finds things out." "Oh! a mystery is it?" I cried, rubbing my hands. "This is very piquant. I am much obliged to you for bringing us together. The proper study of mankind is man, you know." "You must study him, then," Stamford said, as he bade me good-bye. "You'll find him a knotty problem, though. I'll wager he learns more about you than you about him. Good-bye." "Good-bye," I answered, and strolled on to my hotel, considerably interested in my new acquaintance.

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