Sherlock Holmes Investigates

(Three Stories on Dictation)

by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
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The Blue Carbuncle

Part One

I visited my friend Sherlock Holmes on the second morning of Christmas. When I arrived he was sitting in front of the fire, wearing his purple dressing-gown. Next to the sofa was a wooden chair, and on the chair was a dirty old hat. A magnifying glass and a forceps were on the chair, so the hat was probably part of one of Holmes' investigations.

'You are busy,' I said. 'Perhaps I interrupt you.'

'Not at all,' he replied, and indicated the hat. 'The problem is very simple, but it is still interesting and maybe even instructive.'

I sat down in an armchair and warmed my hands in front of the fire because it was very cold outside.

'I imagine,' I said, 'that this hat is connected with a terrible crime.'

'No, no. No crime,' said Sherlock Holmes, laughing. 'It is only one of those strange things that happens when four million human beings live within the small area of a city.

With so many people, every imaginable combination of events is possible, and sometimes you can find a problem that is striking and strange but not criminal.

'Do you know Peterson, the commissionaire?'

'Yes.'
'This trophy\textsuperscript{①} belongs to him.' 'It is his hat?'

'No, no. He found it. Its owner\textsuperscript{②} is unknown. Look at it carefully, and not as a dirty old hat, but as an intellectual\textsuperscript{③} problem. It arrived here on Christmas morning together with a good fat goose. That goose\textsuperscript{④} is probably cooking at Peterson's house at this very moment.

'These are the facts. About four o'clock on Christmas morning Peterson was returning from a party along Tottenham Court Road. In front of him he saw a tall man carrying a white goose. Then he saw some men attack the tall man. One of the attackers knocked his hat off\textsuperscript{⑤}, so the man lifted his walking stick\textsuperscript{⑥} to defend himself. But when he lifted the stick he broke a shop window by mistake. Peterson ran to help the man, but when the man saw Peterson with his commissionaire uniform, he thought he was a policeman, and he ran away and so did the attackers. Peterson was there all alone with the hat and the goose.'

'Of course, Peterson then returned the goose to its owner;' I said.

'No,' replied Holmes, 'that is the problem. It is true that "For Mrs Henry Baker" was written on a small card attached\textsuperscript{⑦} to the leg of the goose, and that the initials\textsuperscript{⑧} "H.B." are written on the lining\textsuperscript{⑨} of the hat. But there are thousands of Bakers and hundreds of Henry Bakers in London.'

'What, then, did Peterson do?'

'He brought both the goose and the hat to me on Christmas morning,'
because he knows that I am interested in even the smallest problems. I kept the goose until this morning and then I gave it to Peterson to cook for dinner.'

'Did the man who lost the goose put a notice in the newspaper?'

'No.'

'Then how can you discover who he is?' I asked.

'From his hat,' replied Holmes.

'You are joking! What can you learn from this dirty, old hat?'

'Here is my magnifying glass,' replied Holmes. 'You know my methods. Look at the hat and see what you can discover about the identity of the man.'

I picked up the hat and looked at it carefully. It was a very ordinary round black hat. It was very worn and inside I could see the initials 'H.B.'. There was a hole in the brim for the hat-securer, but the elastic was missing. It was very dusty and spotted in several places, but the owner had tried to cover these spots with black ink.

'I can see nothing,' I said, and gave the hat to Holmes.

'On the contrary, Watson, you can see everything, but you do not reason with what you see.'

'Then please tell me what you can deduce from this hat,' I said.

'Well,' said Holmes as he looked at the hat carefully, 'I can see that the man was highly intellectual, and that three years ago he had enough money,
but recently he has had difficulties with money. He had foresight\(^1\) in the past, but much less now, which means he has some problem, probably drink. This is probably the reason why his wife has stopped loving him.'

'My dear Holmes!'

'He has, however, kept some self-respect,' continued Holmes.

'He stays at home and goes out very little. He is totally out of training\(^2\), is middle-aged, has grey hair, which has been recently cut, and he uses lime-cream. These are the main facts. Also, I do not think he has gas lighting in his house.'

'You are certainly joking, Holmes.'

'Not at all. Don't you understand how I inferred\(^3\) these things?'

'I am certain that I am very stupid,' I replied, 'but I can't follow your reasoning\(^4\). For example, how did you deduce that this man was an intellectual?'

To answer me Holmes put the hat on his head. The hat was too big for him and covered his eyes.

'It's a question of volume\(^5\),' said Holmes. 'If a man has such a big brain, he must have something in it.'

'How do you know he has less money now than in the past?'

'This kind of hat first came out three years ago. It is a hat of the very best quality. If this man had enough money to buy such an expensive hat three years ago, but he has not bought another hat since then, then it is clear that he has much less money now.'

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\(^1\) foresight: 先见之明。
\(^2\) out of training: 缺乏锻炼的。
\(^3\) inferred: 推断。
\(^4\) your reasoning: 你的想法。
\(^5\) volume: 容积。
'Well, that is clear enough, certainly. But how about the foresight?'

Sherlock Holmes laughed. 'Here is the foresight,' he said, pointing at the hat-securer. 'Hat-securers are never sold with hats. This means that he ordered it, which is a certain sign of foresight. But since he has not replaced the broken elastic, this means that he has less foresight than before. But he has tried to hide some of the spots on his hat with ink which means he has not completely lost his self-respect.'

'Your reasoning is certainly very good,' I said.

'That he is middle-aged, that his hair is grey, that his hair has been recently cut and that he uses lime-cream¹ can all be seen by looking closely at the inside of the hat. With the magnifying glass you can see the partially² grey hairs cut by a barber's scissors. They stick to the hat and there is the distinct odour of lime-cream. Also, you will observe that the dust on the hat is the soft, brown dust you find in houses, not the hard, grey dust you find in the streets. This means that the hat is kept inside the house most of the time, and that he doesn't go out very often. Also you can see the sweat³ stain⁴ on the inside of the hat, which means he perspired⁵ a lot. A man who perspires so much can't be in the best of training.'

'But his wife - you said that she stopped loving him.'

'This hat has not been brushed for weeks. When a man's wife lets him go out in such bad condition it means that she doesn't love him anymore.'

'But he could be a bachelor⁶,' I said.

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¹ lime-cream: 一种发乳。
² partially: 部分。
³ sweat: 汗水。
⁴ stain: 污泽。
⁵ perspired: 出汗。
⁶ bachelor: 单身汉。
'No, he was bringing the goose to make peace\(^1\) with his wife. Do you remember the card on its leg?'

'You have an answer for everything. But how did you deduce that he doesn't have gas lighting in his house?'

'Well, if you saw one or two wax\(^2\) stains on a hat, it could be by chance\(^3\). But I can see at least five on this hat, which means that this man must use candles very frequently.'

'Well, it is very ingenious\(^4\),' I said laughing, 'but since a crime has not been committed\(^5\), all this seems to be a waste of time.'

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\(^1\) make peace: 和解。
\(^2\) wax: 蜡。
\(^3\) chance: 运气。
\(^4\) ingenious: 足智多谋。
\(^5\) committed: 做。
Part Two

Sherlock Holmes had opened his mouth to reply, when the door opened and Peterson, the commissionaire, rushed in. He looked incredibly shocked.

'The goose, Mr Holmes! The goose, sir!' he cried.

'What? Has it returned to life and flown out of your kitchen window?' said Holmes.

'Look here, sir! Look what my wife found in its stomach!' He showed us a shiny blue stone in his hand.

'By Jove, Peterson,' said Holmes, 'this is a treasure! Do you know what you have got?'

'A diamond, sir! A precious stone! It cuts glass like butter.'

'It is more than a precious stone. It's the precious stone.'

'Not the Countess of Morcar's blue carbuncle that was stolen?' I cried.

'Precisely, so,' responded Holmes, 'and here is the newspaper article that tells the story:

Hotel Cosmopolitan Jewel Robbery

John Horner, 26-year-old plumber, has been arrested for stealing the famous blue carbuncle from the Countess of Morcar.

James Ryder, an attendant at the hotel, said that he had sent Horner to the Countess' room on the day of the robbery to repair a bar of the grate.

Ryder said that he stayed with Horner for a few minutes, but then he had

① rushed in: 冲进来。
② incredibly: 极端的。
③ by Jove: 表示惊讶。
④ precisely: 正，恰恰。
⑤ responded: 回答。
to leave. When Ryder returned he saw that somebody had forced① open the Countess' bureau②. Ryder called the police and the police arrested Horner that same evening.

Catherine Cusack, the Countess' maid said that she heard Ryder call for help. She ran into the room and saw the same things that Ryder described to the police. In addition, the police discovered that Horner had already been charged with③ robbery in the past, but Horner says that in this case he is innocent. His trial④ will be soon.

'Hum! So much for⑤ the police report,' said Holmes throwing the paper on a chair. 'You see, Watson, our little deductions⑥ about the hat have become much more important and less innocent. Here is the stone: the stone came from the goose, and the goose came from Mr Henry Baker, the gentleman with the bad hat which we examined so carefully. Now we must discover Mr Baker's part in this mystery. To find him, the simplest thing is to put an advertisement⑦ in the evening newspaper.'

'What will you say?' I asked.

'Well,' said Holmes, 'Ifound at the corner of Goodge Street a goose and a black hat. Mr Henry Baker can have them if he comes to 221b Baker Street at 6:30 this evening.'"

Then Holmes sent Peterson to buy another goose to give to Baker if he came, and to put the advertisement in all the newspapers. I left to work for

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① forced: 用力做某事。
② bureau: 写字台。
③ charged with: 被指控。
④ trial: 审讯。
⑤ so much for...: 关于……就谈这么多。
⑥ deductions: 推理。
⑦ advertisement: 广告。
the day.

That evening when I returned, I saw a tall man wearing a Scotch hat waiting outside Holmes' house. We entered together.

'Mr Henry Baker, I believe,' said Holmes when he saw us.

'Please sit by the fire and get warm. Ah, Watson, you have come at the right time. Is that your hat, Mr Baker?'

'Yes, sir, that is certainly my hat.'

'We have kept your things,' said Holmes, 'but we had to eat the goose.'

'You ate it!' said our visitor with excitement.

'Yes, it was going to go bad, but I bought you another goose.

It is over there, and I think it is just as good.'

'Oh, certainly, certainly!' answered Mr Baker with relief.

'Oh course,' said Holmes, 'we have the feathers, legs and stomach of your bird if you want them.'

The man laughed loudly. 'Perhaps I could keep them to remember my adventure, but, no, I don't need them. Thank you, but I will take this goose and go.'

'There is your hat, then, and there is your bird,' said Holmes. 'By the way, could you tell me where you got your goose from? It was a splendid bird, and I would like to get another one like it.'

'Certainly, sir,' said Mr Baker, 'I got it at the Alpha Inn near the Museum. You see, the owner of the inn, Mr Windigate, started a goose-club. Each week we gave him a few pence, and then at Christmas we received a goose.'

After this Mr Henry Baker picked up his hat and goose, and left.

① with relief: 松了口气。
② by the way: 顺便提一下。
③ splendid: 极好的。
④ inn: 客栈。
'So much for Mr Henry Baker,' said Holmes when Baker had gone.

We decided to go immediately to the Alpha Inn to investigate the goose. At the Alpha Inn we discovered that the goose had come from a salesman called Mr Breckinridge in Covent Garden.

So, once again, Holmes and I put on our coats and walked to Covent Garden to talk to Mr Breckinridge.

'Remember,' said Holmes as we walked to Covent Garden, 'at one end of this chain of events we have a simple goose, but at the other end of the chain there is a man who will go to prison for seven years if we cannot show that he is innocent.'

We soon found Mr Breckinridge's stall, and Holmes asked him about his geese. I was surprised when Mr Breckinridge replied angrily to Holmes' questions.

'I have had enough. I am tired of people asking me "Where are the geese?" and "Who did you sell the geese to?" and "How much money do you want for the geese?" Enough!'

With a little bit of difficulty, Holmes finally got the information we needed: the geese had come from Mrs Oakshott, 117 Brixton Road. We were walking away when we heard shouting from Mr Breckinridge's stall. We turned round and saw a little man in front of the stall.

'I've had enough of you and your geese! If you come here again, my dog will attack you!' shouted Mr Breckinridge at the little man.

The little man started walking away, and Holmes and I went after him. Holmes put his hand on the man's shoulder. The little man turned around and looked frightened. He said, 'Who are you? What do you want?'

'Excuse me,' said Holmes, 'but I heard you talking to the goose salesman, and I think I can help you.'
'You? Who are you? How could you know anything about the matter?'

'My name is Sherlock Holmes. It is my business to know what other people don't know.'

'But do you know anything about this?'

'Excuse me, I know everything about this. You are trying to find some geese which were sold by Mrs Oakshott, of Brixton Road, to a salesman called Breckinridge, who then sold them to Mr Windigate of the Alpha Inn, who then gave one of them to a member of his goose-club called Mr Henry Baker.'

'You are the man I wanted to meet,' said the little man, whose name, as we then discovered was John Ryder. Yes, John Ryder, the man who had called the police to report the stolen blue carbuncle. We then returned to Holmes' house to discuss the matter in front of a warm fire.

'Here we are!' said Holmes happily, as we entered his room.

'Now do you want to know what happened to those geese?'

'Yes, sir,' replied Ryder.

'But you really want to know what happened to that goose — the white one with a black bar across its tail.'

Ryder shook with emotion. 'Oh sir,' he cried, 'where did it go?'

'It came here.'

'Here?'

'Yes, and it was an incredible bird. I am not surprised that you want to find that goose. It laid an egg after it died — the brightest little blue egg that

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① the matter: 情况。  
② business: 职责。  
③ shook: 发抖。  
④ emotion: 强烈的感情。  
⑤ laid an egg: 生蛋。
you have ever seen. I have it here in my museum.'

Our visitor stood up and then almost fell down. Holmes took out the blue carbuncle, and Ryder stared at it. He did not know if he should say it was his or not.

'The game is up, Ryder. I know almost exactly what happened.

Because you worked at the Hotel Cosmopolitan you knew that the Countess of Morcar had the blue carbuncle in her room.'

'It was the Countess' maid, Catherine Cusack, who told me about it.'

'I see,' continued Holmes, 'so you and Catherine Cusack broke the grate\(^1\) in the Countess' room so that Horner had to come and repair it. You knew that Horner had had a part in a robbery before so that he would be blamed\(^2\) for this one. Then, when Horner had finished repairing the grate, you called the police and the unfortunate man was arrested. You then ...'

Ryder threw himself onto the rug\(^3\) and held onto Holmes' knees, 'For God's sake\(^4\) have mercy! Think of my father! Think of mother! It would break their hearts.'

'Get back into your chair!' said Holmes sternly\(^5\). 'It is easy to say that now, but you did not think of this poor Horner before.'

'I will go away, Mr Holmes, and without my testimony\(^6\). Horner will be free.'

'Hum! We will talk about that next,' said Holmes. 'And now tell us how the blue carbuncle came into the goose, and how the goose came into the open market. Tell us the truth because that is your only chance not to go to

\(^{1}\) grate: 炉条。
\(^{2}\) be blamed: 受到指责。
\(^{3}\) rug: 小地毯。
\(^{4}\) For God's sake: 看在上帝的份上。
\(^{5}\) sternly: 严厉的。
\(^{6}\) testimony: 口头或书面证词。
Ryder moved his tongue over his dry lips and began his story.

'I will tell you exactly what happened. After I had the blue carbuncle I was terrified. I did not know where to go. I thought I saw the police everywhere. Finally I decided to go to my sister's. My sister married a man called Oakshott and lives on Brixton Road, where she fattens① geese for the market. When I arrived she asked me what was wrong. I told her that I was upset about the robbery at the hotel.

'I then went out into the backyard② where the geese are, and smoked a pipe. I had a friend called Maudsley who had been in prison. He had told me how thieves sold stolen property③, so I decided to go to him with the blue carbuncle. However, I did not know how I could carry the blue carbuncle to his house. Then I had the idea to force one of the geese to swallow④ the stone. My sister had told me that I could have one of the geese for Christmas. So I caught one of the geese—a big white one with a barred tail, and forced open its beak and pushed the stone in with my finger. The goose then swallowed the stone. Then I told my sister that I wanted my Christmas goose then. She thought it was a bit strange, but in the end she said I could have the goose.

'Unfortunately, while I was talking to my sister the goose escaped and went in the middle of the flock⑤ with the other geese. I caught it again, killed it and took it to my friend Maudsley. I told him the story. We then cut open the goose, but we could not find the stone! I ran back to my sister, and

① fattens: 把动物养肥。
② backyard: 后院。
③ stolen property: 偷窃的财物。
④ swallow: 吞下。
⑤ flock: 一群鸟。
asked her if there were any other white geese with barred tails. She said that there were two other ones, but she had sold them to the dealer\(^1\) called Breckinridge of Covent Garden.

'I went to him, and he told me that he had sold them all.

You heard him tonight. Now I will be considered a thief, and I have not even touched the blue carbuncle. God help me!' There was a moment of silence, and then Holmes got up and opened the door.

'Get out\(^2\)!' shouted Holmes.

'What sir? Oh thank you!' cried Ryder. 'No more words. Get out!'

And there were no more words. Ryder ran out of the room and out of the house.

'After all, Watson,' said Holmes, reaching for his pipe, 'if the police can't catch their own criminals, I don't have to do it for them. Also this Ryder will never commit another crime again. He is too frightened. Besides\(^3\), this is the season of forgiveness\(^4\). Chance has given us an incredibly interesting little problem, and its solution should satisfy us. And now, Doctor, we shall begin another investigation in which a bird is also the most important part: our dinner.'

\(^{1}\) dealer: 商人。
\(^{2}\) Get out: 滚开。
\(^{3}\) besides: 而且。
\(^{4}\) forgiveness: 宽恕。
A Case of Identity

Part One

'My dear fellow,' said Sherlock Holmes as we sat by the fire in his house at Baker Street, 'real life is infinitely stranger than anything we could invent. We would not dare invent things, which are commonplace things of life. If we could go out of that window, fly over this great city, gently remove the roofs of houses and look at the peculiar things that are happening, the strange coincidences, the plans, and the wonderful chains of events, we would discover things much more interesting than in books.'

'But I do not believe it,' I answered. 'The stories in the newspapers are never very interesting. In fact, they are always very boring.'

'That is because,' said Holmes, 'newspapers always repeat the official reports of magistrates and police reports. You can be certain that there is nothing as unnatural and strange as the commonplace.'

'I know,' I replied, 'that your cases are always very interesting, but let us look at today's newspaper.'

I picked up the newspaper and began to read an article. It was about a husband who was cruel to his wife.

'I don't have to read the article,' I said, 'but I am sure that the man had a
girlfriend, that he drank and that he began to hit his wife. I am also sure that there was a sympathetic sister or landlady.'

'You have chosen a bad example, Watson,' said Holmes, 'because I have worked on this case. The man, Mr Dundas, did not have a girlfriend and he did not drink and he did not hit her. Instead, at the end of every meal he took out his false teeth and threw them at his wife. You must admit that nobody could invent such a story!'

'Do you have any interesting cases now?' I asked.

'Well, I am working on ten or twelve cases, but none of them are interesting. They are important, you understand, without being interesting. I have found that unimportant matters are usually more interesting. If there is a big crime, the motive is generally obvious. So, they are generally not very interesting. But I think I will have an interesting case in a few minutes.'

Holmes was standing at the window and looking down at the dull, grey London streets. There was a woman standing in the street. She was moving her hands nervously. It was obvious that she could not make up her mind. Then suddenly she ran across the road and rang Holmes' doorbell.

'I know those symptoms,' said Holmes. 'When a woman hesitates like that on the pavement, it means that she has a love problem. She wants help, but she thinks that her problem is too delicate to communicate. But when a woman does not hesitate and rings the doorbell hard, it means she was
seriously\(^\text{1}\) wronged\(^\text{2}\). In this case, this woman is confused and perplexed, and wants an explanation. '

As Holmes was speaking, the servant announced Miss Mary Sutherland. She was a large woman. She wore a hat with a red feather, a black jacket, a dark brown dress and grey gloves. She also wore small, round gold earrings.

When Holmes saw her he said, 'Isn't it difficult for you to type\(^\text{3}\) with such bad eyesight\(^\text{4}\).'

'I thought so at first,' Miss Sutherland replied, 'but now I can type without looking at the keys.' Then she looked surprised and frightened when she understood that Holmes already knew so much about her.

'How do you know that?' asked Miss Sutherland.

'It is my business to know things,' said Holmes laughing. 'If I could not see these things, why would people come to me? In any case\(^\text{5}\), I can see the marks of the glasses on your nose.'

'I have come here,' she said, 'because I want to know where Mr Hosmer Angel has gone.'

'Why did you come here in such a hurry?' asked Holmes. Once again Miss Sutherland looked very surprised. Holmes then explained that her boots were not the same and that they were not completely buttoned.

'Yes, I did hurry out of the house because I was angry at Mr Windibank, that is, my father. He did not want to ask the police about Mr Angel. He said that nothing bad had happened.

This made me angry so I came here to see you.'

\(^{\text{1}}\) seriously: 严重的。
\(^{\text{2}}\) wronged: 被冤枉。
\(^{\text{3}}\) type: 打字。
\(^{\text{4}}\) bad eyesight: 视力差。
\(^{\text{5}}\) in any case: 无论如何。
'Your father?' said Holmes. 'He must be your stepfather\(^1\) because his surname is different from yours.'

'Yes, my stepfather. I call him father, even though that seems strange to me. You see, he is only five years older than me.'

'And is your mother alive?' asked Holmes.

'Oh, yes, mother is alive and well,' answered Miss Sutherland, 'but I was not happy when she married Mr Windibank so soon\(^2\) after father died. Also, Mr Windibank is fifteen years younger than mother. Father was a plumber and had a good business, and when he died mother continued the business. But when she married Mr Windibank, he made her sell it.'

'Do you live on the money from the business?' asked Holmes.

'Oh no,' replied Miss Sutherland, 'I inherited some money from my uncle. I cannot touch it, but with the interest I receive one hundred pounds a year.'

'That should be enough for you to live quite comfortably,' said Holmes.

'I give that money to mother, and I live on the money I make typing,' she replied.

'Now, can you tell us about Mr Hosmer Angel?' asked Holmes.

Miss Sutherland blushed\(^3\) deeply\(^4\) and said, 'I met him at the plumbers' ball. They used to send tickets to my father when he was alive, and after he died they sent them to my mother. But Mr Windibank didn't want us to go. He said that my father's friends were not good enough for us. But the day of the ball, Mr Windibank went to France on business, so mother and I went to the ball, and it was there I met Mr Angel.'

'I suppose,' said Holmes, 'that Mr Windibank was very angry with you

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\(^1\) stepfather: 继父。
\(^2\) so soon: 很快。
\(^3\) blushed: 脸红。
\(^4\) deeply: 非常。
when he discovered that you had gone to the ball.'

'No, not very,' replied Miss Sutherland, 'he said that it was impossible to stop a woman when she really wanted something.'

'And did you see Mr Hosmer after the ball?' asked Holmes.

'Yes, but he couldn't come to the house when father was there. Father didn't want anybody to come to the house. So Mr Hosmer said, "We should wait until your father goes to France before we see each other. In the meantime, we can write to each other every day."'

'Were you engaged to the gentleman at this time?' asked Holmes.

'Oh yes, Mr Holmes. We were engaged after the first walk that we took. Mr Angel worked in an office in Leadenhall Street.'

'Which office?'

'That's the worst part. I don't know.'

'Then where did you send your letters?'

'To the Leadenhall Street Post Office where he got them. He said to me, "The other workers in my office will make fun of me, if they see my letters."'

'I told him that I could type my letters, like he did his. But he said, "A typed letter comes from an impersonal machine and not from you." This shows how fond he was of me, Mr Holmes, and the nice little things he thought of.'

'It was most suggestive,' said Holmes. 'I have always said that the little things are infinitely the most important. Can you remember any other little
things about Mr Hosmer Angel?'

'He was a very shy man, Mr Holmes. He always wanted to walk with me in the evening instead of during the day. He was very gentlemanly. Even his voice was gentle.

He told me that he had had a bad infection of the tonsils when he was a child, so he had to whisper.

He always wore elegant clothes. His eyes were weak, just like mine, and he wore dark glasses against the sun.'

'Well, what happened when Mr Windibank returned to France?' asked Holmes.

'Mr Angel came to my house and said that we should get married before father returned. He was very serious and said, "Put your hand on the Bible and promise me that you will always love me." Mother agreed with him. Mother liked him from the beginning, and liked him even more than I did. When they started talking about our getting married within the week, I asked them if I should ask father first. They said no. I, however, did not want to do anything in secret, so I wrote to father at his office in France. But the letter came back to me on the very day of the wedding.'

'It missed him then?'

'Yes, sir, he had started back to England just before the letter arrived in France.'

'Ha! That was unfortunate. Your wedding was planned then for the Friday of that week. Was it to be in church?'

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① gentlemanly: 温文尔雅地。
② infection: 传染病。
③ tonsils: 扁桃体。
④ within the week: 在本周内。
⑤ in secret: 秘密地。
⑥ missed: 没遇上。
'Yes, sir, but very quietly. On the day of the wedding Hosmer came in a hansom to take mother and me to the church. But since there were two of us, mother and I went in the hansom, and Hosmer took a cab\textsuperscript{1}. We got to the church first, and when the cab arrived, we waited for him to come out, but he never did. The cabman said that he could not understand what had happened to him.'

'I think that you have been very badly treated,' said Holmes.

'Oh no, sir! Hosmer was too good and kind to leave so. Why, all morning before the wedding he said to me, "If anything happens to me, you must always love me. You must wait for me. I will return to you." I thought this very strange to say on the day of our wedding, but his disappearance\textsuperscript{2} explains everything. '

'It certainly does,' said Holmes. 'In your opinion, did he know that he was in danger?'

'Yes, I think so.'

'But do you know what the danger was?'

'No, I don't.'

'One more question. How did your mother react?'

'She was angry and told me that I should never speak about him again.'

'And your father? Did you tell him?'

'Yes, he said, "Something terrible has happened to Hosmer, but he will return." I agree with my father. Why would Hosmer leave me? After all, there was no money involved\textsuperscript{3}. Hosmer did not borrow money from me, and I never put the money which I had inherited in his name. So he did not

\begin{flushleft}
\textsuperscript{1} cab: 一种马车。
\textsuperscript{2} disappearance: 失踪。
\textsuperscript{3} involved: 涉及的。
\end{flushleft}
take my money and leave.'

Then she pulled out a handkerchief, and began to cry.

'I will try to solve your problem,' said Holmes, 'but don't think about it anymore. Forget about Mr Angel.'

'Do you think that I will ever see him again?' 'No, I'm afraid not.'

'Then what has happened to him?'

'You will leave the question with me. Now, I need some of Mr Angel's letters, a good description\(^1\) of him, and also your father's address.'

'I never had Mr Angel's address,' said Miss Sutherland, 'but here is Mr Windibank's address. He works for a wine importer\(^2\).

Here is the advertisement with a description of Hosmer that I put in the newspaper the Chronicle.'

Miss Sutherland then left, but before leaving she said, 'I will always wait for Hosmer Angel to return.'

\(^{1}\) description: 描述。

\(^{2}\) importer: 进口商。
Part Two

When she had left, I asked Holmes about the case.

'The young woman is quite interesting, but her little problem is not very difficult or unusual. Would you mind reading me the description of Hosmer Angel?'

I then read it to Holmes:

Missing, a gentleman called Hosmer Angel. About 5ft. 7 in tall. He's strongly built with black hair, black sideboards and moustache; he's a little bald in the centre; he wears dark glasses; and he's got a speech defect. He has got a sallow complexion. He was wearing a black coat, black waistcoat, grey trousers and brown boots. Please contact Miss Sutherland etc. etc.

'That is enough,' said Holmes. 'Now look at these letters which Hosmer wrote to her. What do you see?'

'They are typed,' I said.

'Not only that, but the signature is typed too. The point about the signature is very suggestive — in fact, we can call it conclusive.'

'Of what?'

'My dear fellow, can't you see how important this fact is to the case?'

'No, I can't,' I replied, 'unless Hosmer didn't sign his letters because he

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① strongly built: 身体强壮。 
② bald: 秃头。 
③ speech defect: 语言缺陷。 
④ sallow: 蜡黄色。 
⑤ conclusive: 令人信服。
didn't want to be legally responsible for what he promised.'

'No, that was not the point,' said Holmes, 'but now I will write two letters which will solve this mystery. One of the letters is to Mr Windibank's firm in the City, and the other one will be to Mr Windibank himself to ask him to come here to meet us tomorrow evening at six o'clock.'

A few minutes before six the next day I returned to Baker Street. When I walked in, Holmes was doing chemistry experiments.

'Well, have you solved it?' I said as I walked into the room. 'Yes, it was the bisulphate of baryta.'

'No, Miss Sutherland's mystery!' I cried.

'Oh, that! I thought you were asking me about the chemistry experiment. There was never any mystery in the matter. The only problem is that the scoundrel did not do anything illegal, so he can't be punished.'

'Who was Hosmer Angel, and why did he abandon Miss Sutherland?'

But Holmes did not have time to answer me, because just then we heard someone knock at the door, and then someone walking towards Holmes' room.

'This is the girl's stepfather. He wrote to me to say that he was coming,' said Holmes.

The man who entered the room was a strongly built fellow without sideboards or moustache, with a sallow complexion and he looked at us

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1. legally: 在法律上。
2. firm: 公司。
3. the City: 伦敦的金融中心。
4. chemistry: 化学。
5. bisulphate of baryta: 一种杀鼠药。
6. scoundrel: 无赖，恶棍。
7. just then: 就在那时。
8. complexion: 肤色。
with a pair of penetrating grey eyes. He was wearing a black top-hat.

'Good evening, Mr James Windibank,' said Holmes. 'I believe this is the typed letter that you wrote to me to say that you were coming here!'

'Yes, sir. I am sorry that Miss Sutherland has troubled you about this little problem. Also I don't like other people knowing about our family misfortune. Anyway, I don't think that you will ever find this Hosmer Angel.'

'On the contrary,' said Holmes quietly, 'I am almost certain that I will find him.'

Mr Windibank started violently, and dropped his gloves. 'I am happy to hear that,' he said.

'It is a curious thing,' remarked Holmes, 'that a typewriter is just as distinctive as a man's handwriting. For example, in this letter of yours, I can see that this part of the 'r' has a slight defect. There are also fourteen other characteristics of your typewriter.'

'We write all the letters in the office with this typewriter,' said Mr Windibank.

'And now,' continued Holmes, 'I will show you what is really very interesting. In fact, I am thinking about writing a book on the typewriter and its relation to crime.'

Mr Windibank jumped out of his chair and picked up his hat. 'I cannot waste time over this ridiculous talk. If you can catch the man, catch him, and let me know when you have caught him.'

'Certainly,' said Holmes, walking over to the door and locking it. 'I let you

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1. penetrating: 敏锐。
2. misfortune: 不幸。
3. slight: 微小的。
4. defect: 缺失部分。
know that I have caught him.'

'What! Where?' shouted Mr Windibank becoming white, and looking around like a rat in a trap.

'You can't get away, Mr Windibank,' said Holmes. 'This case was really very easy. Now sit down and we can talk about it.'

Mr Windibank fell back into the chair.

'I did not do anything illegal,' he stammered①.

'I am afraid that you are right. But, Mr Windibank, it was a cruel, selfish② and heartless③ trick. Now, let us look at what happened,' said Holmes.

Then Holmes sat down and began to talk.

'The man marries a woman older than himself for her money. He can also use the money of the daughter as long as④ the daughter lives with him and the mother. The daughter has a lot of money so it is important not to lose it. But the daughter is friendly and affectionate⑤, so it is clear that she will soon find a husband. At first this man tells the daughter that she cannot go out, but this will not solve the problem forever. Then one day the daughter says that she wants to go to a ball. What does the clever stepfather do then? With the help of the wife, he disguises himself⑥. He wears dark glasses, and puts on a fake⑦ moustache. Then he changes his voice and speaks very softly. He is even more certain that his plan will work because the girl is

① stammered: 结巴着说话。
② selfish: 自私的。
③ heartless: 残酷的。
④ as long as: 只要。
⑤ affectionate: 有爱心的。
⑥ disguises himself: 伪装。
⑦ fake: 假的。
short-sighted\(^1\). Then at the ball\(^2\) this man keeps away\(^5\) other lovers by becoming the girl's lover himself.'

'It was just a joke at first,' groaned\(^4\) Mr Windibank. 'We didn't think that the girl would fall in love.'

'Yes, that is probably true,' continued Holmes. 'But the girl really fell in love, and you decided to take the situation to the extreme\(^5\). You began to see her often, and the mother said that she liked him very much. Then you decided to ask Miss Sutherland to marry you so that she would never again think about other men. But it was difficult for you to pretend\(^6\) to go to France every time Miss Sutherland had to see Mr Angel. You had to end the situation dramatically\(^7\). In some way, you had to keep Miss Sutherland from thinking about other men in the future. Therefore, you made her promise on the Bible, and you told her that something could happen on the very morning of the wedding. You took her to the church, but obviously you could not marry her. You disappeared by using the old trick\(^8\) of entering one door of a cab and walking out the other. I think this is the chain of events, Mr Windibank!'

'Yes, maybe that is true,' replied Mr Windibank, 'but I did not do anything illegal, and now you are breaking the law because you will not let me leave this room.'

'You are right. You did not do anything illegal,' said Holmes as he unlocked and opened the door, 'but you really deserve to be punished, and I

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\(^1\) is short-sighted: 近视。
\(^2\) ball: 舞会。
\(^3\) keeps away: 阻拦。
\(^4\) groaned: 呻吟。
\(^5\) take the situation to the extreme: 充分的利用这种情况。
\(^6\) pretend: 假装。
\(^7\) dramatically: 突然。
\(^8\) trick: 诡计。
would like to do it.'

Then Holmes picked up a riding-crop, but Mr Windibank ran out the door and out of the house.

'Now, he certainly is a cold-blooded scoundrel!' said Holmes laughing. 'That fellow will continue doing worse and worse crimes until he does something really bad and finishes on the gallows\(^1\). In any case, this case had some interesting points.'

'I cannot completely follow your reasoning in this case,' I said.

'Well, it was clear from the first, that Mr Hosmer Angel had a very good reason for his actions, and that the only man who could really profit from the situation was the stepfather: he wanted to keep the hundred pounds a year. Then it was very suggestive that Mr Windibank and Mr Hosmer Angel were never together, and so were the dark glasses, the soft voice and the moustache; they all suggested a disguise. The final point was the typed signature. This made me think that the handwriting of the man must be very familiar to Miss Sutherland, and that if she saw even a small portion\(^2\) of it, she would recognise it.'

'And how did you verify\(^3\) these ideas?' I asked.

'First I wrote to Mr Windibank's firm. In the letter I described Mr Angel after I had eliminated everything that could be a disguise, like the glasses, the moustache and the voice, and I asked them if they had an employee like that.

They wrote back to me and said that I had described Mr James Windibank. Then I wrote to Mr Windibank to invite him here, and as I expected he typed

\(^1\) gallows: 绞刑架。
\(^2\) portion: 部分。
\(^3\) Verify: 证实。
his reply to me. Then I compared his letter with the letters of Mr Angel.

Voila tout\(^1\)!'

'And Miss Sutherland?' I asked.

'If I tell her, she will not believe me,' replied Holmes.

'Maybe you remember this Persian saying, "It is dangerous to take a tiger cub\(^2\) from its mother, and it is dangerous to take a delusion\(^3\) from a woman."

\(^1\) Voila tout: 就是这样。
\(^2\) cub: 幼狮。
\(^3\) delusion: 错觉。
The Yellow Face

Part One

Sherlock Holmes did not like aimless\(^1\) physical exercise, but one spring day I persuaded him to go for a walk with me in the park. We walked for two hours, and it was almost five when we returned to Baker Street.

'I beg your pardon\(^2\), sir,' said our page-boy\(^3\), as we entered, 'there was a man waiting for you. He was a very restless\(^4\) gentleman. He walked all around the room saying, "Isn't Mr Holmes going to return?" Finally he left.'

'You see,' Holmes said to me, 'I needed a case, and now I have lost this one because we went for a walk in the park.

Hullo\(^5\)! That's not your pipe on the table. Well, that man must have a very big problem because he left his pipe. It is obvious that he likes this particular pipe very much.'

'How do you know that he likes it very much?' I asked.

'Well,' explained Holmes, 'I think this pipe costs around seven-and-sixpence. Now, look it has been mended\(^6\) twice with silver bands that probably cost more than the pipe itself. So, this man must like his pipe very much if he prefers to mend it instead of buying a new one with the same money.'

Just then, as Holmes was talking, we heard someone walking up the stairs, and then a man walked into the room without knocking.

\(^1\) aimless：没有目标的。
\(^2\) I beg your pardon：对不起。
\(^3\) page-boy：年轻男侍。
\(^4\) restless：不安的。
\(^5\) Hullo!：看这里。
\(^6\) mended：修补。
'I beg your pardon,' said the man, 'I should have knocked, but I am very upset\textsuperscript{1}, and I need help.'

The man then took off his hat, and sat down on a chair. 'My dear Mr Grant Munro... ' began Holmes.

Our visitor jumped from his chair. 'What!' he cried. 'You know my name?'

'If you want to preserve your incognito\textsuperscript{2},' said Holmes smiling, 'then you should not write your name on the inside of your hat, or else you should turn the inside of your hat away from the person whom you are addressing.

'Anyway, my friend and I have heard many strange secrets in this room, and we have had the fortune\textsuperscript{3} to help many people. Please tell us the facts of your case.'

'The facts are these, Mr Holmes,' he said. 'I have been married for three years, and my wife and I were very happy until last Monday. Suddenly a barrier\textsuperscript{4} appeared between us, and she has become like a stranger to me. I want to know why. But, Mr Holmes, I am sure that my wife loves me.'

'Please let me have the facts, Mr Munro,' said Holmes, with some impatience.

'Effie, my wife was a young widow\textsuperscript{5}, only twenty-five years old, when I met her. Her name then was Mrs Hebron. She went to America when she was very young and lived in the town of Atlanta, where she married a man called Hebron who was a lawyer. They had one child, but there was a yellow fever epidemic\textsuperscript{6} there, and both her husband and child died of it. I have seen his death certificate. After this tragedy, she decided to leave America,

\textsuperscript{1} upset: 担心。
\textsuperscript{2} incognito: 隐藏某人的真实身份。
\textsuperscript{3} fortune: 运气。
\textsuperscript{4} barrier: 栅栏。
\textsuperscript{5} widow: 寡妇。
\textsuperscript{6} epidemic: 流行病。
and come back to England to live with her aunt.

'I should also mention that her husband left her a large amount of money. This money was invested, and she can live very well with the income from it. She met me after six months in England. We fell in love with each other, and we married a few weeks afterwards.

'I am a hop merchant, and I, too, have a good income. We rented a nice house in the country near Norbury. There is an inn and two houses near our house, and a single cottage across the field in front of our house. Until this recent incident my wife and I lived very happily there.

'There is one more thing I should tell you. When we married, my wife put all her money in my name. I did not think this was a good idea, but she insisted. Well, about six weeks ago she came and asked me for some.

"'Jack," she said, "when you took my money you said that if I ever wanted some, I should just ask you."

"'Certainly," I said, "it's your money. How much do you want?"

"One hundred pounds," she said.

"'What for?" I asked, very surprised by the large amount.

"'Oh," she said playfully, "you said that you were only my banker, and bankers never ask questions, you know."

'I was not happy about this because this was the first time that there was a secret between us. I gave her the cheque, and forgot about the matter. It may have nothing to do with what happened afterwards, but I thought that I should mention it.

'Anyway, I told you that there is a cottage near our house. Well, I like

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① invested: 投资。
② income: 收入。
③ playfully: 快活的。
④ cheque: 支票。
walking past that cottage, and last Monday, as I walked past the cottage, I saw an empty van\(^1\) going away from the cottage, and furniture in front of the cottage. Someone was finally going to live there.

'I was looking at the cottage, when suddenly I saw a face watching me from an upper window. There was something strange about the face, Mr Holmes, that frightened me. I was not very near, but there was something unnatural and inhuman\(^2\) about the face. It was yellow and rigid\(^3\). I walked closer to the house, but the face suddenly disappeared.

'Then I went to the door and knocked. A tall woman answered the door. I told her that I was her neighbour, and asked her if she needed any help.

"If we need any help, we'll call you," she said and shut the door in my face.

'That night I did not tell my wife about the strange face and the rude woman, but I did tell her that people were now living in the cottage.

'That same night something strange happened. In the middle of the night, when I was not completely asleep, I became aware\(^4\) that my wife was dressed and was leaving the room. She looked very frightened and nervous. I waited for about twenty minutes, and then she returned.

"Where have you been, Effie?" I asked as she entered. She moved back quickly with fright\(^5\).

"Are you awake, Jack?" she cried with a nervous laugh. She told me that she had wanted some fresh air, but I did not believe her. What was my wife hiding from me?

'The next day I had to go to the City, but I was so worried about my wife

\(^1\) van:一种大型的有篷盖的货车。
\(^2\) inhuman:残酷的。
\(^3\) rigid:僵硬。
\(^4\) became aware:意识到。
\(^5\) fright:恐惧。
that I returned early to Norbury at about one o'clock. Walking home I went past the cottage. I stopped for a minute in front of it to look for that strange face. As I stood there, imagine my surprise, Mr Holmes, when the door suddenly opened and my wife walked out!

"'Oh, Jack!' she said, "I came here to see if our new neighbours needed anything. Why are you looking at me like that? Are you angry with me?"

"'So,' I said, "this is where you went during the night?"

"'What do you mean?' she cried. "'You came here. I am sure of it. Who are these people?'"

"'I have not been here before.'"

"'I know you are not telling me the truth. I am going to enter the cottage and discover the truth!'"

"'Please, don't go in, Jack,' she cried. "I promise that I will tell you everything some day, but if you enter now, you will cause great sadness.'"

Then she held me tightly\(^1\), and I tried to push her off.

"'Trust me\(^2\), Jack!' she cried. "You will not be sorry. If you come home with me, all will be well. If you force your way into that cottage, our marriage is finished.'"

"'I will trust you,' I said, "if you promise never to come here again.'"

'She was greatly relieved. Then as we started to leave, I looked up and there was that yellow face watching us out of the upper window. What link\(^3\) could there be between that creature and my wife?'

'After that everything went well, but one day I returned home early. I discovered that my wife had been to the cottage again, so I went to the

\(^1\) tightly: 紧紧的。

\(^2\) trust me: 相信我。

\(^3\) link: 联系。
cottage. I walked into the house and found no one, but upstairs I found a comfortable room, and on the mantelpiece\(^1\) stood a full-length photograph of my wife. I am sure that our maid had warned\(^2\) them that I was arriving, and they all went away. That is why I didn't find anyone there.

'When I saw my wife again I told her that there could be no peace between us until she told me the truth. That was yesterday, Mr Holmes, and then I decided to come and see you for help.'

After hearing this strange story, Holmes sat silent for a few minutes, thinking. Then he said, 'Are you sure that the yellow face was a man's face?'

'Each time I saw it,' he replied, 'I saw it from a distance, so I am not sure.'

'When did your wife ask you for the money?' asked Holmes.

'Almost two months ago.'

'Have you ever seen a photograph of her first husband?'

'No, there was a great fire in Atlanta after her husband's death, and all her papers were destroyed.'

'And yet\(^3\) she had a death certificate. Have you ever seen it?'

'Yes, she got a duplicate\(^4\) after the fire.'

'Have you ever met anyone who knew your wife in America?'

'No.'

'Has she ever talked about visiting America again?'

'No.'

'Has she ever received letters from there?'

'No, I don't think so.'

'Thank you,' concluded Holmes. 'Now, go back to Norbury, and when you

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\(^1\) mantelpiece: 壁炉台。
\(^2\) warned: 事先提醒。
\(^3\) Yet: 然而。
\(^4\) duplicate: 复制品。
see that those people have returned to the cottage, call us. It will be easy to solve this mystery.'
Part Two

Then Mr Grant Munro left, and Holmes and I discussed the case.
'I am afraid that this is a case of blackmail①,' said Holmes.
'And who is the blackmailer②?' I asked.
'Well, it must be that creature with the yellow face. Upon my word, Watson, there is something very attractive③ about that yellow face at the window, and I would not miss this case for worlds④.'
'Have you got a theory?' I asked.
'Yes,' Holmes replied, 'I think her first husband is in the cottage. This is what I think happened: This woman was married in America. Her husband got a terrible disease. That is why he has that horrible⑤ yellow face. She ran away from him at last, and came back to England, where she changed her name and started a new life. After three years of marriage, she feels safe again, but her first husband, or some unscrupulous⑥ woman attached to him, discovers where she lives. They write to her and tell her to send them a hundred pounds, or they will tell her new husband everything. When her husband tells her that someone is living in the cottage, she knows that they are her blackmailers. In the middle of the night, while her husband is sleeping, she decides to go to the cottage. That night she is not able to convince her blackmailers to leave her alone⑦, so she returns the next day. That was when her husband saw her coming out of the house. She then

① blackmail: 勒索。  
② blackmailer: 勒索犯。  
③ attractive: 引人注意。  
④ I would not miss...worlds: 我一定要调查这个案子。  
⑤ horrible: 令人恐怖的。  
⑥ unscrupulous: 无耻的。  
⑦ leave her alone: 别打搅她。
promises her husband that she will not return, but she wants to get rid of her blackmailers. She decides to go again, and this time she brings a photograph, which they probably asked her for. Fortunately for her, her maid warns her that her husband is coming, and she and her blackmailers leave the house in time.

'Now we can do nothing except wait for Mr Munro to call us, and then we will see if my theory is correct.'

We did not have to wait long. After tea we received a message from Mr Munro saying, 'There are people in the house.'

That night Holmes and I took a train to Norbury. Mr Munro was waiting for us at the station, and he took us to the cottage.

When we arrived there, Holmes asked Mr Munro if he was sure he wanted to enter the cottage. Mr Munro said he was sure and we went to the door of the cottage. As we approached the door, a woman suddenly appeared. It was Effie.

'For God's sake, don't Jack!' she cried. 'Trust me!'

'I have trusted you too long, Effie!' he cried sternly. 'Let go of me! My friends and I are going to solve this mystery.'

We rushed up the stairs to the lighted room. In one corner there was a desk, and at that desk there appeared to be a little girl. Her face was turned away from us when we entered the room, but we could see she was wearing a red dress and long white gloves. She turned around to us, and gave a cry of surprise and horror. Her face was the strangest yellow colour and it had absolutely no expression.

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① get rid of: 赶走。
② rushed up: 冲上去。
③ absolutely: 完全的。
④ expression: 表情。
A moment later the mystery was explained. Holmes, with a laugh, put his hand behind the ear of the little girl, and pulled off the mask, and there was a little coal-black girl.

She laughed, and I laughed too, but Grant Munro stood staring with his hand holding his throat.

'My God!' he cried, 'what does this mean?'

'I will tell you everything,' cried his wife with a proud face. 'You have forced me, and now we must both accept the situation. My husband died at Atlanta. My child survived.'

'Your child!' cried Grant Munro.

She pulled out a locket, and inside the locket was the picture of a very handsome and intelligent man, but a man who was obviously of African descent.

'This is John Hebron, of Atlanta,' said Mrs Munro, 'and he was a very noble man. I cut myself off from my race to marry him, but I never regretted it for a moment. Unfortunately, our only child took after his people rather than mine. She is very dark, but she is my dear little girl.'

When the little girl heard these words, she ran to her mother.

'I left her in America with a trusted servant,' Mrs Munro continued, 'because she was not very healthy, but I never considered abandoning her. When I met you by chance and learned to love you, I was afraid to tell you about my child. I was afraid to lose you. I kept her existence a secret from you for three years, but finally I had to see my little girl. I sent the servant a

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① coal-black: 漆黑。
② cut myself off: 把自己同其他人隔离开。
③ race: 种族。
④ never regretted it: 从未为此后悔。
⑤ took after: 长得像。
⑥ by chance: 意外的。
hundred pounds, and told her to come to this cottage. I took every possible precaution\(^1\) so that there would not be gossip\(^2\) about a little black girl. That is why she wore that yellow mask.

'You told me about her arrival in the cottage, and that night I had to see her, and that was the beginning of my troubles. And now, tonight, you know everything. What are you going to do about me and my child?'

Mr Grant Munro did not say anything for two minutes, and his answer was one of which I love to think. He lifted the little child, kissed her, and, with the little girl in his arms, he gave his other hand to his wife.

'We can talk it over\(^3\) more comfortably at home,' he said. 'I am not a very good man, Effie, but I think that I am better than you thought.'

We all left the cottage together, and then Holmes and I returned to London. We did not say another word about the case until late that night at Holmes' house in Baker Street, just before Holmes went to bed.

'Watson,' he said, 'if you should ever think that I am becoming too confident\(^4\) in my powers, or that I am not working hard enough on a particular case, please whisper "Norbury" in my ear, and I will be infinitely obliged\(^5\) to you.'