

THE BOSCOMBE VALLEY MYSTERY	LA MISTERIO DI VALO BOSCOMBE
We were seated at breakfast one morning, my wife and I, when the maid brought in a telegram. It was from Sherlock Holmes and ran in this way:	Ni sidis uldie por frua-dejunajo, mea spozino e me, kande la servistino adportis telegramo. Ol esis de Sherlock Holmes, e me lektis tale:
"Have you a couple of days to spare? Have just been wired for from the west of England in connection with Boscombe Valley tragedy. Shall be glad if you will come with me. Air and scenery perfect. Leave Paddington by the 11:15."	«Ka tu havas kelka dii disponebla? On jus telegrafis a me pri la tragedio di valo Boscombe. Me joyos se tu akompanos me. Aero e pejzajo esos perfekta. Livez Paddington-staciono per la 11.15 treno.»
"What do you say, dear?" said my wife, looking across at me. "Will you go?"	«Quon tu pensas pri to, karo?» dicis mea spozino, regardante me. «Ka tu iros?»
"I really don't know what to say. I have a fairly long list at present."	«Me reale ne savas. Me prezente havas pasable longa listo.»
"Oh, Anstruther would do your work for you. You have been looking a little pale lately. I think that the change would do you good, and you are always so interested in Mr. Sherlock Holmes' cases."	«Or, Anstruther facus tua laboro por tu. Tu recente aspektis kelke pala. Me pensas, ka la chanjo bonfacos tu, e tu sempre interesas tu pri la kazi di Sherlock Holmes.»
"I should be ungrateful if I were not, seeing what I gained through one of them," I answered. "But if I am to go, I must pack at once, for I have only half an hour."	«Me altre esus desgratitudema, konsiderinte to quon me ganis pro un de li», me respondis. «Ma se me esas ironta, me mustas quik preparar mea valizo, nam me havas nur mi-horo.»
My experience of camp life in Afghanistan had at least had the effect of making me a prompt and ready traveller. My wants were few and simple, so that in less than the time stated I was in a cab with my valise, rattling away to Paddington Station. Sherlock Holmes was pacing up and down the platform, his tall, gaunt figure made even gaunter and taller by his long grey travelling-cloak and close-fitting cloth cap.	Mea experienci pri kampo-vivo en Afganistan adminime igis me esar quika e pronta voyagero. Me havis poka e simpla bezoni, tale ke, pos min kam ta tempo, me esis en fiaktro kun mea valizo, sukuseme vehante a Paddington-staciono. Sherlock Holmes pavis adavane ed ad-dope sur la staciono-embarkeyo; ilua longa griza vojajomantelo e kasqueto igis ilua alta, magra figuro mem plu alta e magra.
"It is really very good of you to come, Watson," said he. "It makes a considerable difference to me, having someone with me on whom I can thoroughly rely. Local aid is always either worthless or else biased. If you will keep the two corner seats I shall get the tickets."	«Esas granda afablajo, ke tu decidis venar, Watson», dicis il. «Por me lo efektigas granda difero, havar kun me ulu a qua me povas tote fidar. Lokala helpo sempre esas o senvalora o predispozita. Se tu retenos la du angulo-sideyi, me queros la bilieti.»
We had the carriage to ourselves save for an immense litter of papers which Holmes had brought with him. Among these he rummaged and read, with intervals of note-taking and of	Ni esis la sola okupanti di la vagono, ecepte imensa desordino de jurnali quin Holmes adportabis. Inter oli il traserchis e lektis, tempope pauzante por notar e meditar, til ke

meditation, until we were past Reading. Then he suddenly rolled them all into a gigantic ball and tossed them up onto the rack.	ni vehabis preter la urbo Reading. Pose il envolvis oli aden enorma bilo es adsupre jetis oli adsur la valizo-tabulo.
"Have you heard anything of the case?" he asked.	«Ka tu audis irgo pri la kazo?» il questionis.
"Not a word. I have not seen a paper for some days."	«Nula vorto. Me ne vidis jurnalono de plura dii.»
"The London press has not had very full accounts. I have just been looking through all the recent papers in order to master the particulars. It seems, from what I gather, to be one of those simple cases which are so extremely difficult."	«La Londonana journali ne havis tre plena naraci. Me jus lektis omna la recenta journali por parlar la detali. Semblas, segun mea kompreno, esar un de ti simpla kazoj kiuj fakte esas tre desfacila.»
"That sounds a little paradoxical."	«To esas kelke paradoxala.»
"But it is profoundly true. Singularity is almost invariably a clue. The more featureless and commonplace a crime is, the more difficult it is to bring it home. In this case, however, they have established a very serious case against the son of the murdered man."	«Ma esas profunde vera. Singulareso, preke sempre, esas indico. Quante plu krimino esas ordinara e sen saliaĵo, tante plu la solvuro esas desfacila. amen, ĉa-kaze li establis grava kazo kontre la filio de la okidito.»
"It is a murder, then?"	«Do, ĉu esas okido-kazo?»
"Well, it is conjectured to be so. I shall take nothing for granted until I have the opportunity of looking personally into it. I will explain the state of things to you, as far as I have been able to understand it, in a very few words."	«On supozas ke esas tale. Me supozas nulo ĉu ke mi havas la oportunaĵo por mea propra esplori. Me explikos al vi la stato de la afero, segun mea savo, en kelkaj vortoj.
"Boscombe Valley is a country district not very far from Ross, in Herefordshire. The largest landed proprietor in that part is a Mr. John Turner, who made his money in Australia and returned some years ago to the old country. One of the farms which he held, that of Hatherley, was let to Mr. Charles McCarthy, who was also an ex-Australian. The men had known each other in the colonies, so that it was not unnatural that when they came to settle down they should do so as near each other as possible. Turner was apparently the richer man, so McCarthy became his tenant but still remained, it seems, upon terms of perfect equality, as they were frequently together. McCarthy had one son, a lad of eighteen, and Turner had an only daughter of the same age, but neither of them had wives living. They appear to have avoided the society of the neighbouring English families and to have led retired lives, though both the McCarthys were fond of sport and were frequently seen at the race-meetings of the neighbourhood."	«Valo Boscombe esas rurala loko ne tre for de Ross, en Herefordshire. La maksimuma terala proprieto en ĉi loko esas de S-ro John Turner, kiu akiris riĉeson en Australia kaj kiu retrovenis antaŭ pluraj jaroj al la antikva lando. Unu de la farmoj kiujn li posedis, farmejo Hatherley, li donis al S-ro Charles McCarthy, kiu ankaŭ venis de Australia. La homoj konokis unu la alian en Australia, tial ke estis naturala, kande li establis kun li, loĝi tam proksima kiel eblas. Turner ŝajne estis pli riĉa, do McCarthy fariĝis lia lokanto, sed semblas ke li ankoraŭ restis, l'unu rilatis al la alia, tute egala, ĉar li ofte estis kune. McCarthy havis unu filion, junulo evanta, dek-ed-oĝ jaroj, kaj Turner havis sola filino evanta same, sed nek la unu nek la alia havis vivanta spozino. Semblas ke li evitis frequentar la najbarajn anglajn familiojn, kaj ke li vivis en retiro, ĉar ambaŭ McCarthys estis sportemaj, kaj ofte vidis ilin ĉe la kurkonkursoj en la vicino. McCarthy havis du

McCarthy kept two servants--a man and a girl. Turner had a considerable household, some half-dozen at the least. That is as much as I have been able to gather about the families. Now for the facts.	servisti – un homulo ed un yunino. Turner havis granda servistaro, adminime sis. Ti esis omno quon me povis deskovrar pri la familii. Nun, la fakti.
"On June 3rd, that is, on Monday last, McCarthy left his house at Hatherley about three in the afternoon and walked down to the Boscombe Pool, which is a small lake formed by the spreading out of the stream which runs down the Boscombe Valley. He had been out with his serving-man in the morning at Ross, and he had told the man that he must hurry, as he had an appointment of importance to keep at three. From that appointment he never came back alive.	«Ye la 3-a junio – to esas, lasta lundio – McCarthy livis sua domo, ye proxime tri kloki posdimeze, e marchis a la lageto di Boscombe, qua esas formacita per la extenso di la rivereto qua fluas tra la valo Boscombe. Ta-matine il vizitabis Ross kun sua servistulo, ed il dicabis ad ilca ke il mustas hastar, nam il havas importanta rendevuo ye tri kloki posdimeze. De ta rendevuo il ne retrovenis vivante.
"From Hatherley Farm-house to the Boscombe Pool is a quarter of a mile, and two people saw him as he passed over this ground. One was an old woman, whose name is not mentioned, and the other was William Crowder, a game-keeper in the employ of Mr. Turner. Both these witnesses depose that Mr. McCarthy was walking alone. The game-keeper adds that within a few minutes of his seeing Mr. McCarthy pass he had seen his son, Mr. James McCarthy, going the same way with a gun under his arm. To the best of his belief, the father was actually in sight at the time, and the son was following him. He thought no more of the matter until he heard in the evening of the tragedy that had occurred.	«Esas quarima milio de farmeyo de farmeyo Haterley a la lageto di Boscombe, e du personi vidis il dum ke il tra-pasis ca tereno. Un de li esis olda muliero, di qua la nomo ne menciasas, e la altra esis William Crowder, chasgardisto employata da Sro Turner. Amba testi atestas ke Sro McCarthy marchis sole. La chasgardisto dicas anke ke, nur kelka minuti pos ke il vidis Sro McCarthy, il vidis ilua filiulo, Sro James McCarthy, iranta sam-direcione, portante pafilo sub sua brakio. Segun ilua kredo. la patro ankore esis videbla ye ta tempo e la filiulo sequis il. Il pensis nulo pluse pri to, til ke il vespere audis pri la tragedio qua eventabis.
"The two McCarthys were seen after the time when William Crowder, the game-keeper, lost sight of them. The Boscombe Pool is thickly wooded round, with just a fringe of grass and of reeds round the edge. A girl of fourteen, Patience Moran, who is the daughter of the lodge-keeper of the Boscombe Valley estate, was in one of the woods picking flowers. She states that while she was there she saw, at the border of the wood and close by the lake, Mr. McCarthy and his son, and that they appeared to be having a violent quarrel. She heard Mr. McCarthy the elder using very strong language to his son, and she saw the latter raise up his hand as if to strike his father. She was so frightened by their violence that she ran away and told her mother when she reached home that she had left the two McCarthys quarrelling near Boscombe Pool, and that she was afraid	«Le du McCarthy videsis pos la tempo kande William Crowder, la chasgardisto, ne plu vidis li. La cirkumajo di valo Boscombe esas tre arboroz, havante nur bordo de herbajo e kani. Yunino evanta dek-e-quar yari, Patience Moran, qua esas la filiino di la lojio-gardisto di la domeno di valo Boscombe, esis kolia flori en un de la boski. El konstatas ke, dum ke el esis ibe, el vidis, ye la bordo di la bosko ed apud la lageto, Sro McCarthy ed ilua filiulo, e ke semblis ke li violente disputis. El audis Sro McCarthy maledikanta sua filiulo, ed el vidis ilca lavanta sua manuo quale po frapar sua patro. El tante pavorigesis da lia violento ke el fugis, ed el dicis a sua matro, kande el atingis sua hemo, ke el lasis le du McCarthy disputanta apud la lageto di Boscombe, e ke el timis ke li kombateskos. Quik pos ke el dicis ca vorti,

that they were going to fight. She had hardly said the words when young Mr. McCarthy came running up to the lodge to say that he had found his father dead in the wood, and to ask for the help of the lodge-keeper. He was much excited, without either his gun or his hat, and his right hand and sleeve were observed to be stained with fresh blood. On following him they found the dead body stretched out upon the grass beside the pool. The head had been beaten in by repeated blows of some heavy and blunt weapon. The injuries were such as might very well have been inflicted by the butt-end of his son's gun, which was found lying on the grass within a few paces of the body. Under these circumstances the young man was instantly arrested, and a verdict of 'wilful murder' having been returned at the inquest on Tuesday, he was on Wednesday brought before the magistrates at Ross, who have referred the case to the next Assizes. Those are the main facts of the case as they came out before the coroner and the police-court."	yuna Sro McCarthy kuris a la lojio por dicar ke il trovis sua patro mortinta en la bosko, e por pregar ke la lojio-gardisto helpez il. Il esis tre desqujeta, havante nek sua pafilo nek sua chapelo, ed on observis ke ilua dextra manuo e maniko kalorigesis per fresha sango. Pos sequir il, li trovis la kadavro di olua patro, jacanta sur la herbi apud la lageto. La kapo esis parbatita pro iterata batadi per ula pezoza e senpinta armo. La vunduri esis tala, quala posible kauzita per la kroso di la pafilo di olua filiulo, olqua on trovis apud la kadavro. Pro ca cirkonstanci la yunulo ne-mEDIATE arestesis; pro ke verdikto 'ocido premeditata' donesis ye la inquesto ye mardio, il ad-duktesis ye merkurdio koram la judiciisti ye Ross, qui referis la kazo a la sequanta kriminala tribunalo. To esas la precipua fakti pri la kazo, quale esis deklarata koram la mort-inquestisto e ye la polico-korto.»
"I could hardly imagine a more damning case," I remarked. "If ever circumstantial evidence pointed to a criminal it does so here."	«Me apene povus imaginar plu damnanta kazo», me dicis. «Se cirkonstancala evidentajo ultempe indikis kriminanto, ol hike facas tale.»
"Circumstantial evidence is a very tricky thing," answered Holmes thoughtfully. "It may seem to point very straight to one thing, but if you shift your own point of view a little, you may find it pointing in an equally uncompromising manner to something entirely different. It must be confessed, however, that the case looks exceedingly grave against the young man, and it is very possible that he is indeed the culprit. There are several people in the neighbourhood, however, and among them Miss Turner, the daughter of the neighbouring landowner, who believe in his innocence, and who have retained Lestrade, whom you may recollect in connection with the Study in Scarlet, to work out the case in his interest. Lestrade, being rather puzzled, has referred the case to me, and hence it is that two middle-aged gentlemen are flying westward at fifty miles an hour instead of quietly digesting their breakfasts at home."	«Cirkonstancala evidentajo esas tre necerta kozo», respondis Holmes reflekteme; «forsan semblas ke ol direte indikas kozo, ma se on movos sua vid-punto kelke, on forsan trovos ke ol indikas, egale ne-kompromisante, ulo tote diferanta. Tamen, on mustas agnoskar ke la kazo aspektas extreme grava por la yunulo, ed esas tre posibla ke il advere esas la kulpanto. Esas plura personi en la vicineso, tamen, inter li damzelo Turner, la filiino di la vicina terala proprietero, qui kredas ke il esas senkulpa, e qui retenis Lestrade, quan tu forsan memoras relate la Studio pri Skarlato, por solvar la kazo por il. Lestrade, esante kelke perplexigita, referis la kazo a me, e pro to du mez-evanta sioruli vehas vers la westo per rapideso di kinadek milii po horo, vice kalme digestar sua dejuneti heme.»
"I am afraid," said I, "that the facts are so obvious that you will find little credit to be gained out of this case."	«Me timas», me dicis, «ke la fakti esas tante evidenta ke tu trovos poka honoro ganenda de ca kazo.»

"There is nothing more deceptive than an obvious fact," he answered, laughing.	«Esas nulo plu deceptanta kam evidenta fakto», il respondis, ridante.
"Besides, we may chance to hit upon some other obvious facts which may have been by no means obvious to Mr. Lestrade. You know me too well to think that I am boasting when I say that I shall either confirm or destroy his theory by means which he is quite incapable of employing, or even of understanding. To take the first example to hand, I very clearly perceive that in your bedroom the window is upon the right-hand side, and yet I question whether Mr. Lestrade would have noted even so self-evident a thing as that."	«Pluse, forsan eventos ke ni deskovros ula altra evidenta fakto qua posible esis nula-maniere evidenta por Sro Lestrade. Tu konocas me tro bone por kredas ke me fanfaronas, kande me dicas ke me o konfirmos o destruktos ilua teorio per moyeni quin il tote ne povas uzar, o mem komprenar. Prenante exemplo, me tre klare perceptas ke, en tua lito-chambro, la fenestro esas ye la dextra latero, e malgre to me questionas me ka Sro Lestrade remarkabus ulo tante eveidenta per su ipsa.»
"How on earth--"	«Ma – quale tu savis ...?»
"My dear fellow, I know you well. I know the military neatness which characterises you. You shave every morning, and in this season you shave by the sunlight; but since your shaving is less and less complete as we get farther back on the left side, until it becomes positively slovenly as we get round the angle of the jaw, it is surely very clear that that side is less illuminated than the other. I could not imagine a man of your habits looking at himself in an equal light and being satisfied with such a result. I only quote this as a trivial example of observation and inference. Therein lies my métier, and it is just possible that it may be of some service in the investigation which lies before us. There are one or two minor points which were brought out in the inquest, and which are worth considering."	«Mea kara amiko, me bone konocas tu. Me konocas la militala neteso qua karakterisas tu. Tu razas tu singla-matine, ed en ca sezono tu razas tu per sunlumo, ma pro ke tua razuro divenas sempre min kompleta dum ke on plu dopeskas ye la sinistra latero, til ke ol divenas fakte neglija kande on cirkumeskas la angulo di la maxilo, esas certe tre klara ke ta latero esas min bone lumizata kam la altra. Me ne povus imaginar ke ulu havanta tua kustumi regardas su per uniforma lumo e satisfacesas da tala rezultajo. Me donas to nur kom triviala exemplo di observo ed infero. En to esas mea mestiero, ed esas posibla ke ol forsan esos utila por la venonta explorado. Esas un o du min granda punti quin on mencionis ye la mort-inquesto, e qui esas konsiderenda.»
"What are they?"	«Quo esas ti?»
"It appears that his arrest did not take place at once, but after the return to Hatherley Farm. On the inspector of constabulary informing him that he was a prisoner, he remarked that he was not surprised to hear it, and that it was no more than his deserts. This observation of his had the natural effect of removing any traces of doubt which might have remained in the minds of the coroner's jury."	«Semblas ke ilua aresto ne eventis ne-mediate, ma nur pos la retroveno a farmeyo Hatherley. Lor ke la polic-inspektisto informis il ke il esas kaptito, il dicis ke il ne surprizesas da audir to, e ke to esas nur quon il meritas. Ca observo naturale efektigis la formovo di irga mikra quanto di dubito qua posible restis en la mento di la jurio.»
"It was a confession," I ejaculated.	«Ol esis konfeso», me klamis.
"No, for it was followed by a protestation of innocence."	«No, nam ol sequesis da aserto di ilua senkulpeso.»
"Coming on the top of such a damning series of events, it was at least a most suspicious	«Pos tante damnanta serio di eventi, ol adminime esis tre suspektinda dico.»

remark."	
"On the contrary," said Holmes, "it is the brightest rift which I can at present see in the clouds. However innocent he might be, he could not be such an absolute imbecile as not to see that the circumstances were very black against him. Had he appeared surprised at his own arrest, or feigned indignation at it, I should have looked upon it as highly suspicious, because such surprise or anger would not be natural under the circumstances, and yet might appear to be the best policy to a scheming man. His frank acceptance of the situation marks him as either an innocent man, or else as a man of considerable self-restraint and firmness. As to his remark about his deserts, it was also not unnatural if you consider that he stood beside the dead body of his father, and that there is no doubt that he had that very day so far forgotten his filial duty as to bandy words with him, and even, according to the little girl whose evidence is so important, to raise his hand as if to strike him. The self-reproach and contrition which are displayed in his remark appear to me to be the signs of a healthy mind rather than of a guilty one."	«Kontree», dicis Holmes, «ol esas la maxim lumanta fendo quen me prezente povas vidar en la nubi. Irge quanta il esas senkulpo, il ne povis esar tante absoluta imbecilo, ke il ne povis vidar ke la cirkonstanci kontre il esas tre grava. Se il semblabus surprizata da sua aresto, o simulabus indigno pri ol, me konsiderabus lo kom tre suspektinda, pro ke tala surprizo od iraco ne esus naturala lor la cirkonstanci, e malgre to, lo forsam semblus la maxim bona ideo ad intrigemo. Ilua kandida acepto di la situeso montras il kom o senkulpa, o havanta granda su-rezervemeso e fermeso. Pri ilua dico pri quon il meritis, to esas anke ne kontre-natura se on konsideresas ke il stacis an la kadavro di suo patro, ed esas nula dubito ke til ta dio ipsa, il tante obliviabis sua filiala devi, ke il disputis kun il, ed il mem, segun la yunino di qua la atesto esas tante importanta, levis sua manuo quale pro frapar il. La su-reprocho e kontriko qua montresas en ilua dico semblas a me esar la signi di mento sana, prefere kam kulpoza.»
I shook my head. "Many men have been hanged on far slighter evidence," I remarked.	Me kap-sukusis. «Multa homi esas pendita per multe plu mikra atestajo», me dicis.
"So they have. And many men have been wrongfully hanged."	«To esas vera. E multa homi esas ne-yuste pendita.»
"What is the young man's own account of the matter?"	«Quale esas la naraco di la yunulo ipsa pri la afero?»
"It is, I am afraid, not very encouraging to his supporters, though there are one or two points in it which are suggestive. You will find it here, and may read it for yourself."	«Ol esas, me timas, ne tre kurajiganta por ilua helpanti, quankam esas un o du punti en ol qua esas sugestiva. Tu trovos ol hike, e tu povas lektar ol por tu ipsa.»
He picked out from his bundle a copy of the local Herefordshire paper, and having turned down the sheet he pointed out the paragraph in which the unfortunate young man had given his own statement of what had occurred. I settled myself down in the corner of the carriage and read it very carefully. It ran in this way:	Il prenis, ek sua amasa, exemplero di la lokala jurnalato di Herefordshire, e, retrofaldinte la folio, il indikis la paragrafo en qua la desfortunoza yunulo donabis sua propra naraco pri to qui eventabis. Me komfortigis me en la angulo di la vagono, e lektis ol tre sorgeme. Me lektis tale:
"Mr. James McCarthy, the only son of the deceased, was then called and gave evidence as follows: 'I had been away from home for three days at Bristol, and had only just	– Sro James McCarthy, la unika filiulo di la mortinto, lore sumnesis, e donis atesto quale sequas: «Me foresabis dum tri dii ye Bristol, e me jus retrovenabis ye la matino di lasta

returned upon the morning of last Monday, the 3rd.	lundio, la 3-a.
My father was absent from home at the time of my arrival, and I was informed by the maid that he had driven over to Ross with John Cobb, the groom. Shortly after my return I heard the wheels of his trap in the yard, and, looking out of my window, I saw him get out and walk rapidly out of the yard, though I was not aware in which direction he was going. I then took my gun and strolled out in the direction of the Boscombe Pool, with the intention of visiting the rabbit warren which is upon the other side. On my way I saw William Crowder, the game-keeper, as he had stated in his evidence; but he is mistaken in thinking that I was following my father. I had no idea that he was in front of me. When about a hundred yards from the pool I heard a cry of "Cooee!" which was a usual signal between my father and myself. I then hurried forward, and found him standing by the pool. He appeared to be much surprised at seeing me and asked me rather roughly what I was doing there. A conversation ensued which led to high words and almost to blows, for my father was a man of a very violent temper. Seeing that his passion was becoming ungovernable, I left him and returned towards Hatherley Farm. I had not gone more than 150 yards, however, when I heard a hideous outcry behind me, which caused me to run back again. I found my father expiring upon the ground, with his head terribly injured. I dropped my gun and held him in my arms, but he almost instantly expired. I knelt beside him for some minutes, and then made my way to Mr. Turner's lodge-keeper, his house being the nearest, to ask for assistance. I saw no one near my father when I returned, and I have no idea how he came by his injuries. He was not a popular man, being somewhat cold and forbidding in his manners, but he had, as far as I know, no active enemies. I know nothing further of the matter.'	Mea patro esis ne-heme lor mea arivo, e me informesis da la servistino ke il vehis a Ross kun John Cobb, la grumo. Kurte pos mea retroveno, me audis la roti di ilua chareto en la korto, e, regardante ek mea fenestro, me vidis il ekirar e rapide marchar ek la korto, quankam me ne savis pri vers il iris. Me lore prenis mea pafilo, e flanis vers la lageto di Boscombe, intencante vizitar la kuniklo-gareno qua situesas ye la altra latero. Dum la pasajo me vidis William Crowder, la chasgardisto, quele il konstatis en sua atesto; ma il eroras, kredante ke me sequis mea patro. Me havis nula ideo, ke il esis avan me. Kande me esis proxime cent metri de la lageto, me audis krio Ku-i!» qua esis kustumala signo inter mea patro e me. Me lore hastis e trovis il stacanta apud la lageto. Il aspektis multe astonata vidar me, e questionis me kelke bruske pri quon me facis ibe. Interparoladi sequis, qua duktis ad iracoza vorti, e preske a bati, nam mea patro esis tre irocema homo. Vidante ke lua pasiono violentozeskis, me livis il, e retrovenis vers farmeyo Hatherley. Me irabis nur cent-e-kinadek metri, tamen, kande me audis hororinda krio dop me, qua igis me retrokurar. Me trovis mea patro mortanta sur la sulo, ilua kapo terorigive vundita. Me lasis mea pafilo flara, e tenis il en mea brakii, ma il preske ta-instante mortis. Me genu-pozis apud il dum plura minuti, e pose me iris a la lojio-gardisto di Sro Turner, di qua la domo esis la maxim proxima, por demandar helpo. Me vidis nulu apud me patro kande me retrovenis, e me havas nula ideo, pri quale is obtenis sua vunduri. Il ne esis populara persono: il havis manieri kelke kolda e severa: ma il havis, segun mea savo, nula aktiva enemiki. Me savas nulo pluse pri la afero.»
"The Coroner: Did your father make any statement to you before he died?	La Mort-inquestisto: «Ka vua patro facis irga aserto a vu ante ke il mortis?»
"Witness: He mumbled a few words, but I could only catch some allusion to a rat.	Testo: «Il murmuris kelka vorti, ma me povis nur audo aludo di rato.»
"The Coroner: What did you understand by that?	Inquestisto: «Quon vu komprenis pri to?»
"Witness: It conveyed no meaning to me. I	Testo: «Lo signifikis nulo a me. Me kredis,

thought that he was delirious.	ke il deliras.»
"The Coroner: What was the point upon which you and your father had this final quarrel?"	Inquestisto: «Quo esis la punto pro qua vu e vua patro finale disputis?»
"Witness: I should prefer not to answer.	Testo: «Me preferus ne responder.»
"The Coroner: I am afraid that I must press it.	Inquestisto: «Me timas ke me mustar persequar lo.»
"Witness: It is really impossible for me to tell you. I can assure you that it has nothing to do with the sad tragedy which followed.	Testo: «Esas reale ne-posibla por me dicar lo a vu. Me povas certigar vu, ke lo tote ne koncernas la trista tragedio qua sequis.»
"The Coroner: That is for the court to decide. I need not point out to you that your refusal to answer will prejudice your case considerably in any future proceedings which may arise.	Inquestisto: «To esas decidenda da la korto. Ne esas necesa indikar a vu ke vua refuzo responder grande detrimentos vua kazo en irga futura procedi qua forsan eventos.»
"Witness: I must still refuse.	Testo: «Tamen me mustas refuzar.»
"The Coroner: I understand that the cry of 'Cooee' was a common signal between you and your father?"	Inquestisto: «Me komprenas, ke la krio «Ku-i» esis kustumala signo inter vu e vua patro?»
"Witness: It was.	Testo: «To esas vera.»
"The Coroner: How was it, then, that he uttered it before he saw you, and before he even knew that you had returned from Bristol?"	Inquestisto: «Do, quale eventis, ke il kriis ol ante ke il vidis vu, ed ante ke il mem savis ke vu retrovenis de Bristol?»
"Witness (with considerable confusion): I do not know.	Testo (multe konfuzate): «Me ne savas.»
"A Juryman: Did you see nothing which aroused your suspicions when you returned on hearing the cry and found your father fatally injured?"	Juriano: «Ka vu vidis nulo qua igis vu suspektama, kande vu, audinte la krio, retrovenis e trovis vua patro mortigante vundita?»
"Witness: Nothing definite.	Testo: «Nulo explicita.»
"The Coroner: What do you mean?"	Inquestisto: «Quon vu intencas [volas dicar per to]?»
"Witness: I was so disturbed and excited as I rushed out into the open, that I could think of nothing except of my father. Yet I have a vague impression that as I ran forward something lay upon the ground to the left of me. It seemed to me to be something grey in colour, a coat of some sort, or a plaid perhaps. When I rose from my father I looked round for it, but it was gone.	Testo: «Me tante troublesis ed ecitesis lor ke me precipitoze kuris aden la sen-arboreyo, ke me povis pensar pri nulo ecepte mea patro. Tamen, me havas ne-definita impresio ke, lor ke me kuris adavane, ulo jacis sur la sulo ye sinistre. Semblis a me esar ulo griza de koloro, ulsorta vesto, o forsan mantelo. Kande me rilevis me de mea patro, me serchis cirkume por ol, ma ol esis desaparinta.»
"Do you mean that it disappeared before you went for help?"	«Ka vu intencas [volas dicar per to] ke ol desaparitis ante ke vu iris por helpo?»
"Yes, it was gone."	«Yes, ol esis desaparinta.»

"You cannot say what it was?"	«Vu ne povas dicar, quo ul esis?»
"No, I had a feeling something was there."	«No, me perceptis ke ulo esis ibe.»
"How far from the body?"	«Quante for la kadavro.»
"A dozen yards or so."	«Cirkume dek-e-du metri.»
"And how far from the edge of the wood?"	«E quantе for la bordo di la bosko?»
"About the same."	«cirkume same.»
"Then if it was removed it was while you were within a dozen yards of it?"	«Do, se ol formovesis, lo eventis dum ke vu esis min kam dek-e-du metri de ol?»
"Yes, but with my back towards it."	«Yes, ma mea dorso esis vers ol.»
"This concluded the examination of the witness."	To konkluzis la questionado di la testo.
"I see," said I as I glanced down the column, "that the coroner in his concluding remarks was rather severe upon young McCarthy. He calls attention, and with reason, to the discrepancy about his father having signalled to him before seeing him, also to his refusal to give details of his conversation with his father, and his singular account of his father's dying words."	«Me vidas», me dicis, dum ke me regardis la kolumno, «ke la inquestisto, en sua konkluzanta dicaji, traktis yuna McCarthy kelke severe. Il atencigas, kun kauzo, la deskonkordo pri ke ilua patro signalis ad il ante ke il vidis il, ed anke ilua refuzo detaligar sua konversado kun sua patro, ed ilua stranja deskripto di la lasta vorti di sua patro.
They are all, as he remarks, very much against the son."	To esas omne, quale il dicas, tre multe kontre la filiulo.»
Holmes laughed softly to himself and stretched himself out upon the cushioned seat. "Both you and the coroner have been at some pains," said he, "to single out the very strongest points in the young man's favour. Don't you see that you alternately give him credit for having too much imagination and too little? Too little, if he could not invent a cause of quarrel which would give him the sympathy of the jury; too much, if he evolved from his own inner consciousness anything so outré as a dying reference to a rat, and the incident of the vanishing cloth. No, sir, I shall approach this case from the point of view that what this young man says is true, and we shall see whither that hypothesis will lead us. And now here is my pocket Petrarch, and not another word shall I say of this case until we are on the scene of action. We lunch at Swindon, and I see that we shall be there in twenty minutes."	Holmes dolce ridis a su, ed extensis su en la kusenizita sideyo. «Tu e la inquestisto ambe penis», il dicis, «la maxim forta punti por la yunulo. Ka tu ne vidas ke tu alterne kreditas il kom havanta tro multa imaginado e tro poka? Tro poka, se il ne povis inventar ula kauzo di disputo qua simpatiigus il da la jurio; tro multa, se il developis, de sua propra interna koncio, irgo tam stranja kam mortanta aludo [aludo dil mortanto] di rato, e la incidento pri la desaparinta tuko. No, me advenos ca kazo de la vidpunto ke to quon ca yunulo dicas esas vera, e nu vido ad-ube ta hipotezo duktos ni. En un, yen mea posholibro da Petrarch, e me dicos nula vorto pluse pri ca kazo til ke ni esos ye la ceno. Ni repastos ye Swindon, e me vidas ke ni esos ibe en duadek minuti.»
It was nearly four o'clock when we at last, after passing through the beautiful Stroud Valley, and over the broad gleaming Severn, found ourselves at the pretty little country-	Esis preske quar kloki kande ni fine, pos trapasinte la bela valo di Stround, e super la larje brilanta fluvio Severn, trovis ni ye la bela rurala urbeto Ross. Magra, furetatra

town of Ross. A lean, ferret-like man, furtive and sly-looking, was waiting for us upon the platform. In spite of the light brown dustcoat and leather-leggings which he wore in deference to his rustic surroundings, I had no difficulty in recognising Lestrade, of Scotland Yard. With him we drove to the Hereford Arms where a room had already been engaged for us.	homulo, aspektanta furtema e ruzema, vartis ni sur la staciono-desembarkeyo. Malgre la bruna paltoto e ledra getri, quin il *weris pro sua rurala cirkumaji, me rikonocis sen desfacilajo Lestrade, de Scotland Yard. Kun il ni vehis a la «Herford Arms», ube chambro ja rezervesabis pos ni.
"I have ordered a carriage," said Lestrade as we sat over a cup of tea. "I knew your energetic nature, and that you would not be happy until you had been on the scene of the crime."	«Me komendis veturo», dicis Lestrade, dum ke ni sidis drinkante tasi de teo. «Me konocis vua agemeso, e savis ke vu ne esos felica til ke vu esos ye la ceno di la krimino.»
"It was very nice and complimentary of you," Holmes answered. "It is entirely a question of barometric pressure."	«To esis tre jentila e komplimentoza», Holmes respondis. «Lo tote koncernas barometrala preso.»
Lestrade looked startled. "I do not quite follow," he said.	Lestrade aspektis surprizata. «Me ne tote sequas [komprenas]», il dicis.
"How is the glass? Twenty-nine, I see. No wind, and not a cloud in the sky. I have a caseful of cigarettes here which need smoking, and the sofa is very much superior to the usual country hotel abomination. I do not think that it is probable that I shall use the carriage to-night."	«Quale esas [Quon indikas] la barometro? Dudadek-e-non, me vidas. Nula vento, e nula nublo en la cielo. Me havas hike buxo de sigareti qua esas fumenda, e la sofao esas multe plu bona kam la kustumala abominaji di rurala hoteli. Me ne pensas ke esas probabla ke me uzos la veturo ca-vespere.»
Lestrade laughed indulgently. "You have, no doubt, already formed your conclusions from the newspapers," he said. "The case is as plain as a pikestaff, and the more one goes into it the plainer it becomes. Still, of course, one can't refuse a lady, and such a very positive one, too. She has heard of you, and would have your opinion, though I repeatedly told her that there was nothing which you could do which I had not already done. Why, bless my soul! here is her carriage at the door."	Lestrade ridis indulgante. «Vu sendubite ja formacis vua konkluzi per la journali», il dicis. «La kazo esas tre klara, e quante plu on exploras ol, tante plu ol klarekas. Tamen, on kompreneble ne povas refuzar a damzelo; ad ula, pluse, tante decidema. El audabis pri vu, e deziris vua opiniono, quankam me itere dicis ad el ke esas nulo quon vu povas facar, quon me ne ja facis. Ma ho Deo! yen elua veturo ye la pordo.»
He had hardly spoken before there rushed into the room one of the most lovely young women that I have ever seen in my life. Her violet eyes shining, her lips parted, a pink flush upon her cheeks, all thought of her natural reserve lost in her overpowering excitement and concern.	Quik pos ke il parolabis, aden la chambro hastis un de la maxim bela damze, quin me irgatempe vidis. Elua violea okuli brilante, elua labii separate, elua vangi redeskite, omna konsidero pri elua naturala rezervemeso perdita dum elua dominacanta eciteso e desquieteso.
"Oh, Mr. Sherlock Holmes!" she cried, glancing from one to the other of us, and finally, with a woman's quick intuition, fastening upon my companion, "I am so glad that you have come. I have driven down to tell	«Ho, Sioro Sherlock Holmes!», el klamis, jetante regardi de l'unu a l'altru de ni, e fine, per la rapida intuico di homino, fixigante su an mea kompano. «Me tante joyas, ke vu esas veninta. Me vehis adhike por dicar to a

you so. I know that James didn't do it. I know it, and I want you to start upon your work knowing it, too. Never let yourself doubt upon that point. We have known each other since we were little children, and I know his faults as no one else does; but he is too tender-hearted to hurt a fly. Such a charge is absurd to anyone who really knows him."	vu. Me savas, ke James ne facis lo. Me savas lo, e me deziras ke vu anke savez lo lor ke vu komencos vua laboro. Nultempe lasez vu dubitar pri ta punto. Ni konocas ni [l'una l'altra] depos ke ni esis mikra infanti, e me konocas ilua kulpi quale nulu altra; ma il esas tro dolca-kordia mem por vundar musho. Tala akuzo esas absurda ad irgu que vere konocas il.»
"I hope we may clear him, Miss Turner," said Sherlock Holmes. "You may rely upon my doing all that I can."	«Me esperas ke ni povos absolvar il, damzelo Turner», dicis Sherlock Holmes. «Vu darfas fidar, ke me facos omno quon me povos facar.»
"But you have read the evidence. You have formed some conclusion? Do you not see some loophole, some flaw? Do you not yourself think that he is innocent?"	«Ma vu lektis la atestajo. Vu formacis ula konkluzo) Ka vu ipsa ne kredas ke il esas sen-kulpa?»
"I think that it is very probable."	«Me kredas ke to esas tre probabla.»
"There, now!" she cried, throwing back her head and looking defiantly at Lestrade. "You hear! He gives me hopes."	«Nu!» el klamis, dopjetante sua kapo e regardante Lestrade defiantoze [defiante, defieme]. «Vu audas! Il donas espero a me.»
Lestrade shrugged his shoulders. "I am afraid that my colleague has been a little quick in forming his conclusions," he said.	Lestrade levis la shultri. «Me timas, ke mea kolego esis kelke rapida formacante sua konkluzi», il dicis.
"But he is right. Oh! I know that he is right. James never did it. And about his quarrel with his father, I am sure that the reason why he would not speak about it to the coroner was because I was concerned in it."	«Ma il esas justa. Ho! me savas ke il esas justa. James nultempe [nulkaze] facis lo. E pri ilua disputo kun ilua patro, me esas certa ke la expliko, pri quo il ne volis parolar a la inquestisto, esis ke lo koncernis me.»
"In what way?" asked Holmes.	«Quala-maniere?» questionis Holmes.
"It is no time for me to hide anything. James and his father had many disagreements about me. Mr. McCarthy was very anxious that there should be a marriage between us. James and I have always loved each other as brother and sister; but of course he is young and has seen very little of life yet, and--and--well, he naturally did not wish to do anything like that yet. So there were quarrels, and this, I am sure, was one of them."	«Ne esas la tempo por celar irgo. James ed ilua patro ofte deskonkordis pri me. Sro McCarthy deziregis ke esez mariajo inter ni. James e me sempre amis uni la altru quale fratulo e fratino, ma kompreneble il esas yuna, e til nun il vidis ne-multe de vivado, e – e kompreneble, il ne ja deziris facar tala ago. Do, esis multa disputi, e me esas certa ke to esis un de li.»
"And your father?" asked Holmes. "Was he in favour of such a union?"	«E vua patro?» questionis Holmes. «Kad il favoris tala uniono?»
"No, he was averse to it also. No one but Mr. McCarthy was in favour of it." A quick blush passed over her fresh young face as Holmes shot one of his keen, questioning glances at her.	«No, il anke desinklinis ad ol. Nulu, exepte Sro McCarthy, favoris ol.» Rapida redesko pasis elua fresha yuna vizajo dum ke Holmes jetis un de sua penetranta e questionanta regardi ad el.

"Thank you for this information," said he. "May I see your father if I call to-morrow?"	«Dank pro ca informeso [informajo]», dicis il. «Ka me darfas vidar vua patro se me vizitos vi morgo?»
"I am afraid the doctor won't allow it."	«Me timas ke la mediko ne permesos lo.»
"The doctor?"	«La mediko?»
"Yes, have you not heard? Poor father has never been strong for years back, but this has broken him down completely. He has taken to his bed, and Dr. Willows says that he is a wreck and that his nervous system is shattered. Mr. McCarthy was the only man alive who had known dad in the old days in Victoria."	«Yes, ka vu ne audis? Povra patro nultempe esas forta de multa jari, ma co par-debiligis il. Il esas enlitigita, e mediko Willows dicas ke il esas ruino, e ke ilua nervala sistemo esas ruptita. Sro McCarthy esis la unika vivanto qua konocabis patreto dum la anciena dii en Viktoria.»
"Ha! In Victoria! That is important."	«Ha! En Viktoria! To esas importanta.»
"Yes, at the mines."	«Yes, ye la mineyi.»
"Quite so; at the gold-mines, where, as I understand, Mr. Turner made his money."	«Exakte; ye la oro-mineyi, ube, segun mea kompreno, Sro Turner akiris richeso.»
"Yes, certainly."	«Yes, certe.»
"Thank you, Miss Turner. You have been of material assistance to me."	«Dank, damzelo Turner. Vu jus helpis me importante.»
"You will tell me if you have any news to-morrow. No doubt you will go to the prison to see James. Oh, if you do, Mr. Holmes, do tell him that I know him to be innocent."	«Vu informos me se vu morgo havos irga nova informi. Sendubite vu iros a la karcero por vizitar James. Ho, se vu facos lo, Sro Holmes, dicez ad il, ke me savas ke il esas senkulpa.»
"I will, Miss Turner."	«Me facos lo, damzelo Turner.»
"I must go home now, for dad is very ill, and he misses me so if I leave him. Good-bye, and God help you in your undertaking." She hurried from the room as impulsively as she had entered, and we heard the wheels of her carriage rattle off down the street.	«Me nun mustas irar adheme, nam patreto esas tre malada, ed il multe sentas mea absenteso se me livas il. Til rivido, e Deo helpez vu en vua laboro.» El hastis de la chambro tam impulseme kam el envenabis, e ni audis la roti di elua veturo iranta sukuseme alonge la strado.
"I am ashamed of you, Holmes," said Lestrade with dignity after a few minutes' silence. "Why should you raise up hopes which you are bound to disappoint? I am not over-tender of heart, but I call it cruel."	«Vu agis shaminde, Holmes», dicis Lestrade dignoze, pos tacir dum kelka minuti. «Pro quo vu levas esperi quin vu ne-evitable deceptos? Me ne esas tro sentiva, ma me pensas ke to esas kruela.»
"I think that I see my way to clearing James McCarthy," said Holmes. "Have you an order to see him in prison?"	«Me kredas ke me povos absolvar James McCarthy», dicis Holmes. «Ka vu havas permis-atesto por vizitar il en la karcero?»
"Yes, but only for you and me."	«Yes, ma nur por vu e me.»
"Then I shall reconsider my resolution about going out. We have still time to take a train to Hereford and see him to-night?"	«Do, me rikonsideros mea rezolvo pri ekirar. Ni ankore havas tempo por prenar treno a Hereford e vizitar il ca-vespere?»

"Ample."	«Ampla.»
"Then let us do so. Watson, I fear that you will find it very slow, but I shall only be away a couple of hours."	«Do, ni agez tale. Watson, me timas ke esos tre tedanta, ma me esos absenta nur dum paro de [poka] hori.»
I walked down to the station with them, and then wandered through the streets of the little town, finally returning to the hotel, where I lay upon the sofa and tried to interest myself in a yellow-backed novel. The puny plot of the story was so thin, however, when compared to the deep mystery through which we were groping, and I found my attention wander so continually from the action to the fact, that I at last flung it across the room and gave myself up entirely to a consideration of the events of the day. Supposing that this unhappy young man's story were absolutely true, then what hellish thing, what absolutely unforeseen and extraordinary calamity could have occurred between the time when he parted from his father, and the moment when, drawn back by his screams, he rushed into the glade? It was something terrible and deadly. What could it be? Might not the nature of the injuries reveal something to my medical instincts? I rang the bell and called for the weekly county paper, which contained a verbatim account of the inquest. In the surgeon's deposition it was stated that the posterior third of the left parietal bone and the left half of the occipital bone had been shattered by a heavy blow from a blunt weapon. I marked the spot upon my own head. Clearly such a blow must have been struck from behind.	Me marchis a la staciono kun li, e pose me vagis tra la stradi di la mikra urbeto, fine retrovenante a la hotelo, ube me jadis sur la sofao ed esforcis interesar me pri ula novelo. Tamen, la febla intrigo di la rakonto esis tante povra, komparate a la profunda misterio tra qua ni esis tastanta, e mea atenco vagis tante konstante de la rakonto a la fakti, ke me fine jetis ol trans la chambro, e tote devotigis me a konsiderar la eventoj di la jorno. Supozante ke la naraco di ca desfelica junulo esis absolute vera: ta-kaze qua infernalajo, qua absolute neprevidita ed extraordinara kalamitato posible eventabis inter la tempo lor ke il livis sua patro, e la instanto lor ke, retro-atraktita da ilua kribi, il precipitis su aden la sen-arborejo? Esis ulo hororigiva e mortigiva. Quo esis ol? Ka la naturo di la vunduro ne povis rivelar ulo a mea medicinala instinto? Me klosis-sonigis e demandis la semanal komtio-jurnalo, qua kontenis vortopa naraco di la mort-inquesto. En la atesto di la kirurgiisto, konstatis ke la dolo triumo di la sinistral parietalo e la sinistral duomo di la okcipito frakasis per pezoza bato de senpinta armilo. Me atencis la loko sur mea propra kapo. Klare, tala bato fraposis de dolo.
That was to some extent in favour of the accused, as when seen quarrelling he was face to face with his father. Still, it did not go for very much, for the older man might have turned his back before the blow fell. Still, it might be worth while to call Holmes' attention to it. Then there was the peculiar dying reference to a rat. What could that mean? It could not be delirium. A man dying from a sudden blow does not commonly become delirious. No, it was more likely to be an attempt to explain how he met his fate. But what could it indicate? I cudgelled my brains to find some possible explanation. And then the incident of the grey cloth seen by young McCarthy. If that were true the murderer must have dropped some part of his dress, presumably his overcoat, in his flight, and	Ulgrade, to favoris la akuzato, nam kande oni vidis il disputanta, il esis vizajo kontre vizajo kun sua patro. Tamen, lo ne signifika multe, nam la plu olda homulo forsan deturnis ante ke la bato venis. Ma forsan lo meritis la atenco di Holmes. Anke, esis la stranga mortanta aludo [aludo dil mortanto] di rato. Quon to povis signifika? Lo ne povis esir deliro. Persono mortanta pro subita bato kustumale ne delireskas. No, esis plu probable ke lo esis esforto explika pri quale il renkontris sua fato. Ma quon to povis indika? Me par-exploris mea mento por trovar ula possible expliko. E la incidento pri la griza tujo, vidita da juna McCarthy. Se to esis vera, la okcidento mustis, lor sua fugo, faligir ula vesto, supozeble sua mantelo, ed il mustis havi la audaco por retro-iri e for-

must have had the hardihood to return and to carry it away at the instant when the son was kneeling with his back turned not a dozen paces off. What a tissue of mysteries and improbabilities the whole thing was! I did not wonder at Lestrade's opinion, and yet I had so much faith in Sherlock Holmes' insight that I could not lose hope as long as every fresh fact seemed to strengthen his conviction of young McCarthy's innocence.	portir ol lor ka la filiulo genu-pozis, sua dorso vers il, min kam dek-e-edu pazi distante. Quante la tota afero esis intrigizata da ministerii e nekrediblesi [nekredablaj]! Me ne esis astonita da la opiniono di Lestrade, e malgre to me tante fidis a la konoco di Sherlock Holmes, ke me ne povis perdar espero dum [tam longe] ke singla [omna] fresha fakto semblis fortigar ilua konvinko ke yuna McCarthy esas senkulpa.
It was late before Sherlock Holmes returned. He came back alone, for Lestrade was staying in lodgings in the town.	Esis tarda kande Sherlock Homes retrovenis. Ul venis sole, nam Lestrade havis lojeyo en la urbeto.
"The glass still keeps very high," he remarked as he sat down. "It is of importance that it should not rain before we are able to go over the ground. On the other hand, a man should be at his very best and keenest for such nice work as that, and I did not wish to do it when fagged by a long journey. I have seen young McCarthy."	«La barometro ankore montras alta preso», il dicis, sideskante. «Esas importanta ke ne pluvos ante ke ni povis esplorar la tereno. Tamen, on devas standar maxim bone e sagace por laboro tante delikata, e me ne deziris facar lo kande fatigata da longa voyajo. Me jus vidis yuna McCarthy.»
"And what did you learn from him?"	«E quon tu saveskis de il?»
"Nothing."	«Nulo.»
"Could he throw no light?"	«Kad il ne povis klarigar irgo?»
"None at all. I was inclined to think at one time that he knew who had done it and was screening him or her, but I am convinced now that he is as puzzled as everyone else. He is not a very quick-witted youth, though comely to look at and, I should think, sound at heart."	«Tote ne. Me inklinesis a kredar, ye ula tempo, ke il savas qua facis lo, e ke il shirmas lu, ma me nun konvinkesas ke il esas tam perplexigata kam omni altra. Il ne esas tre espritoza yunulo, quankam aspektante decanta, e, me pensus [pensas], fundamentale sana.»
"I cannot admire his taste," I remarked, "if it is indeed a fact that he was averse to a marriage with so charming a young lady as this Miss Turner."	«Me ne povas admirar ilua gusto», me dicis, «se advere esas fakto ke il desinklinis a mariajo kum yuna damzelo tam charmanta kam damzelo Turner.»
"Ah, thereby hangs a rather painful tale. This fellow is madly, insanely, in love with her, but some two years ago, when he was only a lad, and before he really knew her, for she had been away five years at a boarding-school, what does the idiot do but get into the clutches of a barmaid in Bristol and marry her at a registry office? No one knows a word of the matter, but you can imagine how maddening it must be to him to be upbraided for not doing what he would give his very eyes to do, but what he knows to be absolutely impossible. It was sheer frenzy of this sort which made him throw his hands up into the air when his father,	«Nun [ha], pri to esas kelke doloroza naraco. Ca yunulo fole, demente amas el, ma ante cirkume du yari, kande il esas nur puerulo, ed ante ke il vere konocis el, nam el foresabis dum kin yari ye internerio, la idioto seduktesas da drinkservistino en Bristo, e mariajas su kum el ye mariaj-kontoro! Nulu savas irgo pri la afero, ma tu povas imaginar quante esas iraciganta por il, nam on reprochas ad il ne facar to quon il tate multe deziras facar, ma quo, quake il savas, esas absolute ne-posibla. Esis tala aceso di frenezio ke igis il jetar la manui adsupre kande ilua patro, ye lia lasta interparolado,

at their last interview, was goading him on to propose to Miss Turner. On the other hand, he had no means of supporting himself, and his father, who was by all accounts a very hard man, would have thrown him over utterly had he known the truth. It was with his barmaid wife that he had spent the last three days in Bristol, and his father did not know where he was. Mark that point. It is of importance. Good has come out of evil, however, for the barmaid, finding from the papers that he is in serious trouble and likely to be hanged, has thrown him over utterly and has written to him to say that she has a husband already in the Bermuda Dockyard, so that there is really no tie between them. I think that that bit of news has consoled young McCarthy for all that he has suffered."	esis pikanta [instiganta] il a propozar mariajo a damzelo Turner. Tamen, il havis nula moyeni por entratenar su, ed ilua patro, qu esis, segun omna naraci, tre severa homulo, tote abandonabus il, se il saveskabus la veraĵo. Kun sua drinkservistino-spozino il pasabis la lasta tri dii en Bristol, ed ilua patro ne savis ubi il esis. Merkez ta punto. Ol esas importanta. Tamen, bonajo venis ek malajo, nam la drinkservistino, deskrovrinte per la ĵurnali ke il grave afliktesas, e probable esos pendata, tote abandonis il, ed el skribis ad il por dicar ke el ja havas spozulo en la Bermuda Doko, di esas fakte nula ligilo inter li. Me kredas, ke ta informeso [informajo] konsolacis yuna McCarthy pri omno quan il sufris.»
"But if he is innocent, who has done it?"	«Ma se il esas senkulpa, qua facis lo?»
"Ah! who? I would call your attention very particularly to two points. One is that the murdered man had an appointment with someone at the pool, and that the someone could not have been his son, for his son was away, and he did not know when he would return. The second is that the murdered man was heard to cry 'Cooee!' before he knew that his son had returned. Those are the crucial points upon which the case depends.	«Ha! Qua? Me atencigas da tu, tre partikulare, du punti. Unesme, lacidito fixigabis rendevuo kun ulu ye la lageto, ed esas ne-posibla ke ca ulu esis sua filiulo, nam ilua filiulo foresis, ed il ne savis kande il retrovenos. Duesme, on audis la ocidito kriad «Ku-i!» ante ke il saveskis ke sua filiulo retrovenis. Tis esas la decidiganta punti de qua l akazo dependas.
And now let us talk about George Meredith, if you please, and we shall leave all minor matters until to-morrow."	E nun, ni parolez pri George Meredith, se tu voluntas, e ni lasos min importanta punti til morgo.»
There was no rain, as Holmes had foretold, and the morning broke bright and cloudless. At nine o'clock Lestrade called for us with the carriage, and we set off for Hatherley Farm and the Boscombe Pool.	Esis nula pluvo, quale Holmes predicabis, e jorneskis sunoze e sennube. Ye non kloki, Lestrade venis kun la veturo, e ni departis ad farmejo Hatherley e la lageto di Boscombe
"There is serious news this morning," Lestrade observed. "It is said that Mr. Turner, of the Hall, is so ill that his life is despaired of."	«Esas grava informeso [informajo] camatine», Lestrade dicis. «On dicas ke Sro Turner, de la domeno-domo, esas tante malada ke ilua vivo esas desesperata.»
"An elderly man, I presume?" said Holmes.	«Evoza homulo, me supozas?» dicis Holmes.
"About sixty; but his constitution has been shattered by his life abroad, and he has been in failing health for some time. This business has had a very bad effect upon him. He was an old friend of McCarthy's, and, I may add, a great benefactor to him, for I have learned that he gave him Hatherley Farm rent free."	«Cirkume sisadek; ma ilua konstituco esas ruptita da ilua vivo exterlanda, ed ilua saneso febleskas de pasable longa tempo. Ca afero tre male afektis il. Il esis amiko di McCarthy dum multa yari, ed anke grande bonfacis il, nam me saveskas ke il donis farmejo Hatherley ad il senprece.»

"Indeed! That is interesting," said Holmes.	«Advere! To esas interesanta», dicis
"Oh, yes! In a hundred other ways he has helped him. Everybody about here speaks of his kindness to him."	«Ho, yes! Per cent altra moyeni il helpis il. Omnu hike parolas pri ilua bonvolala agi ad il.»
"Really! Does it not strike you as a little singular that this McCarthy, who appears to have had little of his own, and to have been under such obligations to Turner, should still talk of marrying his son to Turner's daughter, who is, presumably, heiress to the estate, and that in such a very cocksure manner, as if it were merely a case of a proposal and all else would follow? It is the more strange, since we know that Turner himself was averse to the idea. The daughter told us as much. Do you not deduce something from that?"	«Fakte! Ke ne semblas a vu esar kelke singulara ke ca McCarthy, qua semblante posedis ne-multo, e tante obligesis a Turner, tamen parolas pri mariajar sua filiulo kun la filiino di Turner, qua, supozeble, heredos la havajo, e parolas pri to quale lo esis absolute certa, quale on nur propozus ed omno ne-eviteble sequus? Esas plu stranja pro ke ni savas ke Turner ipsa desinklinis a la ideo. La filiino dicis tale a ni. Ka vu ne deduktas ulo de to?»
"We have got to the deductions and the inferences," said Lestrade, winking at me. "I find it hard enough to tackle facts, Holmes, without flying away after theories and fancies."	«Ni atingis la dedukti e la inferi», dicis Lestrade, signifikante per la okulo a me. «Semblas a me esar sat desfacila traktar la fakti, Holmes, sen anke persequar teorii e fantazii.»
"You are right," said Holmes demurely; "you do find it very hard to tackle the facts."	«Vu esas justa», dicis Holmes modeste; «ya semblas a vu esar tre desfacila traktar la fakti.»
"Anyhow, I have grasped one fact which you seem to find it difficult to get hold of," replied Lestrade with some warmth.	«Irgaquale, me komprenas ula fakto quan vu semblante ne povas facile komprenar», respondis Lestrade kelke varme.
"And that is--"	«E to esas?»
"That McCarthy senior met his death from McCarthy junior and that all theories to the contrary are the merest moonshine."	«Ke McCarthy, patro, renkontris sua morto pro McCarthy, filiulo, e ke omna kontrea teorii esas tam ne-reala kam lunlumo.»
"Well, moonshine is a brighter thing than fog," said Holmes, laughing. "But I am very much mistaken if this is not Hatherley Farm upon the left."	«Or. lunlumo esas plu brilanta kam nebulo», dicis Holmes, ridante. «Ma me tre eroras, se ne esas farmeyo Hatherley ye sinistre»
"Yes, that is it." It was a widespread, comfortable-looking building, two-storied, slate-roofed, with great yellow blotches of lichen upon the grey walls. The drawn blinds and the smokeless chimneys, however, gave it a stricken look, as though the weight of this horror still lay heavy upon it. We called at the door, when the maid, at Holmes' request, showed us the boots which her master wore at the time of his death, and also a pair of the son's, though not the pair which he had then had. Having measured these very carefully from seven or eight different points, Holmes	«Yes, yen ol.» Esis granda, komfortoz-aspektanta strukturo havanta du etaki, ardeza tekto, e granda flava makuli de likeno an la griza muri. La tirita stori e la senfuma kameni igis ol aspektar sufrinta, quale [quale se] la graveso di ta hororo ankore jacis pezoze sur ol. Ni venis a la pordo, e la servistino, segun la demando di Holmes, montris a ni la boti quin sua mastrulo *weris lor ilua morto, ed anke la boti di la filiulo, quankam ne la paro quan il lore *weris. Mezurinte olca tre sorgoze de sep od ok diferanta punti, Holmes deziris ke on duktez

desired to be led to the court-yard, from which we all followed the winding track which led to Boscombe Pool.	il a la korto, de qua ni omna sequis la sinuifanta treko qua duktis a la lageto di Boscombe.
Sherlock Holmes was transformed when he was hot upon such a scent as this. Men who had only known the quiet thinker and logician of Baker Street would have failed to recognise him. His face flushed and darkened. His brows were drawn into two hard black lines, while his eyes shone out from beneath them with a steely glitter. His face was bent downward, his shoulders bowed, his lips compressed, and the veins stood out like whipcord in his long, sinewy neck. His nostrils seemed to dilate with a purely animal lust for the chase, and his mind was so absolutely concentrated upon the matter before him that a question or remark fell unheeded upon his ears, or, at the most, only provoked a quick, impatient snarl in reply. Swiftly and silently he made his way along the track which ran through the meadows, and so by way of the woods to the Boscombe Pool. It was damp, marshy ground, as is all that district, and there were marks of many feet, both upon the path and amid the short grass which bounded it on either side. Sometimes Holmes would hurry on, sometimes stop dead, and once he made quite a little detour into the meadow. Lestrade and I walked behind him, the detective indifferent and contemptuous, while I watched my friend with the interest which sprang from the conviction that every one of his actions was directed towards a definite end.	Sherlock Holmes transformesis kande il ardoroze sequis tala flara. Personi qua [qui] nur konocabis la pacoza pensanto e logikisto de Baker Street faliabus rikonocar il. Ilua vizajo redeskis [ed obskureskis]. Ilua brovi tensesis til [a] du harda nigra linei, ed ilua okuli penetrante [stalatre harde] brilegis sub oli. Ilua vizajo esis inklinata ad-infre, ilua shultri esis kurva, ilua labii kleminta, e la veini saliiis quale kordo en ilua longa magra kolo. Ilua naztrui semblis dilatar pro tote bestiala deziro por la chaso, ed ilua mento esis tante absolute koncentrata pri la lora afero, ke questiono o komento ignoresis, od admaxime provokis nur abrupta, nepacienta gruno kom respondo. Rapide e silencoze il progresis alonge la treko qua iris tra la prati, e pose tra la bosko a la lageto di Boscombe. Esis humida, marshema tereno, quale esas la tota regiono, ed esos multa pedo-traci, sur la treko ed anke meze di la [kurta] herbajo qua limitizis ol ye amba lateri. Lore Holmes hastis adavane, lore subite haltis, ed unfoye il kelke cirkumiris aden la prato. Lestrade e me marchis dop il, la detektivo esante indiferanta e desestimoza, e me observante mea amiko kun la intereso qua venis de la konvinkeso ke omna ilua agi direktesas a preciza skopo.
The Boscombe Pool, which is a little reed-girt sheet of water some fifty yards across, is situated at the boundary between the Hatherley Farm and the private park of the wealthy Mr. Turner. Above the woods which lined it upon the farther side we could see the red, jutting pinnacles which marked the site of the rich landowner's dwelling. On the Hatherley side of the pool the woods grew very thick, and there was a narrow belt of sodden grass twenty paces across between the edge of the trees and the reeds which lined the lake. Lestrade showed us the exact spot at which the body had been found, and, indeed, so moist was the ground, that I could plainly see the traces which had been left by the fall of the stricken man. To Holmes, as I could see by his eager face and peering eyes, very many other things were to be read upon the trampled grass. He	La lageto di Boscombe, qua esas mikra kano-cirkondata exenso de aquo larja de kinadek metri, situesas ye la limito inter farmeyo Hatherley e la privata parko di la richa Sro Turner. Super la bosko qua bordizis ol ye la plu fora latero, ni povis vidar la reda salianta pinakli qua [qui] indikis la situeso di la rezideyo di la richa terala proprietero. Ye la latero di la lageto vers Hatherley, la bosko divenis tre densa, ed esis streta zono di trempata herbajo, larja de duadek pazi, inter la bordo di la arbori e la kani qua bordizis loko ube on trovabis la mortinto, ed advere, tante trempata esis la sulo ke me povis klare vidar la traci qua restis de la falo di la vundito. Segun Holmes, quale me povis vidar per ilua avida vizajo ed atencoza okuli, tre multa altra kozi esis lektenda en la tramplita herbajo. Il cirkumiris, quale hundo

ran round, like a dog who is picking up a scent, and then turned upon my companion.	qua trovis flaro, e pose subite turnis a mea kompano.
"What did you go into the pool for?" he asked.	«Pro quo vi iris aden la lagetito?» il questionis.
"I fished about with a rake. I thought there might be some weapon or other trace. But how on earth--"	«Me serchis cirkume per rastilo. Me pensis ke esas posible ula armo, od ula altra traco. Ma quale vu savis ...?»
"Oh, tut, tut! I have no time! That left foot of yours with its inward twist is all over the place. A mole could trace it, and there it vanishes among the reeds. Oh, how simple it would all have been had I been here before they came like a herd of buffalo and wallowed all over it. Here is where the party with the lodge-keeper came, and they have covered all tracks for six or eight feet round the body. But here are three separate tracks of the same feet." He drew out a lens and lay down upon his waterproof to have a better view, talking all the time rather to himself than to us. "These are young McCarthy's feet. Twice he was walking, and once he ran swiftly, so that the soles are deeply marked and the heels hardly visible. That bears out his story. He ran when he saw his father on the ground. Then here are the father's feet as he paced up and down. What is this, then? It is the butt-end of the gun as the son stood listening. And this? Ha, ha! What have we here? Tiptoes! tiptoes! Square, too, quite unusual boots! They come, they go, they come again--of course that was for the cloak. Now where did they come from?"	«Ho, fi! me havas nula tempo. La traco di vua sinistra pedo, havanta olua adinterna turno, esas omnaloke. Talpo povus trovar ol, ed ibe ol desaparar inter la kani. Esabus quante simpla, se nur me esabus hike ante ke li venis quale bufalo-trupo, e rulis su omnaloke. Yen ube la partio kun la lojio-gardisto venis, e li kovris omna traci de du o tri metri cirkum la kadavro. Ma yen tri separata traci di la sama pedi.» Il ektiris lenso, e jadis [jaceskis] sur sua aqu-espruva mantelo por plu bone vidar, parolante dume a su ipsa, prefere kam a ni. «Oli esas la pedi di yuna McCarthy. Dufoye il marchis, en unfoye il rapide kuris, tale ke la suoli forte markifis, e la taloni esas apene videbla. To mantenas ilua naraco. Il kuris kande il vidis sua patro sur la sulo. E yen la pedi di la patro, lor ke il pazis adavane e retroe. Do quo esas to? Kad ol esas la kroso di pafilo, dum ke la filiulo stacis askoltante? E to? Ha, ha! Quon me vidas hike? Pedopinti, pedopinti! Anke quadrata: pasable neordinara boti! oli venas, oli iras, oli itere venas – kompreneble, to esis por la manelo. Nu, de ube oli venis?»
He ran up and down, sometimes losing, sometimes finding the track until we were well within the edge of the wood and under the shadow of a great beech, the largest tree in the neighbourhood. Holmes traced his way to the farther side of this and lay down once more upon his face with a little cry of satisfaction. For a long time he remained there, turning over the leaves and dried sticks, gathering up what seemed to me to be dust into an envelope and examining with his lens not only the ground but even the bark of the tree as far as he could reach. A jagged stone was lying among the moss, and this also he carefully examined and retained. Then he followed a pathway through the wood until he came to the highroad, where all traces were lost.	Il kuris adavane e retroe, lore perdante, lore trovante la traco, til ke ni esis pasable interne di la bordo di la bosko ed en la ombro di granda fago, la maxim granda arborio en la vicineso [vicinajo]. Holmes sequis la traci til la fora latero di olca, ed itere jadis [jaceskis] vizajo-adinfre, kun mikra klamo di satisfaco. Dum longa tempo il restis ibe, riturnante la folii e sika brancheti, rekoliante aden envelopilo to quo sembris a me esar polvo, e regardante per sua lenso ne nur la sulo, ma mem la kortico di arborio tam fore kam il povis extensar. Aspera stono jadis meze di la musko, ed anke olun il sorgoze regardis e retenis. Pose il sequis treko tra la bosko til ke il atingis la chefa voyo, ube omna traci perdesis.
"It has been a case of considerable interest," he remarked, returning to his natural manner. "I	«La kazo esis multe interesiva», il dicis, rivenante a sua kustumala maniero. «Me

fancy that this grey house on the right must be the lodge. I think that I will go in and have a word with Moran, and perhaps write a little note. Having done that, we may drive back to our luncheon. You may walk to the cab, and I shall be with you presently."	supozas ke ta griza domo ye dextre esas la lojio. Me pensas, ke me eniros e kelke parolos kun Moran, e forsan skribos mikra letreto. Facinte to, ni povos retrovehar por nia repasto. Vi darfas retromarchar a la veturo, e me esos kun vi balde.»
It was about ten minutes before we regained our cab and drove back into Ross, Holmes still carrying with him the stone which he had picked up in the wood.	Proxime dek minuto plu tarde ni retrovenis a nia veturo, e rivehis aden Ross, Holmes ankore portante la stono quan il trovabis en la bosko.
"This may interest you, Lestrade," he remarked, holding it out. "The murder was done with it."	«Ca forsan interesos vu, Lestrade», il dicis, montrante ol. «La ocido facesis per ol.»
"I see no marks."	«Me vidas nula marki.»
"There are none."	«Esas nula»
"How do you know, then?"	«Do, quale vu savas lo?»
"The grass was growing under it. It had only lain there a few days. There was no sign of a place whence it had been taken. It corresponds with the injuries. There is no sign of any other weapon."	«La herbi kreskis sub ol. Ol jacabis ibe nur dum poka dii. Esis nula traci di irga loko de ube ol prenabesis. Ol konformesias a la vunduri. Esas nula indiko di irga altra armo.»
"And the murderer?"	«E la oxidanto?»
"Is a tall man, left-handed, limps with the right leg, wears thick-soled shooting-boots and a grey cloak, smokes Indian cigars, uses a cigar-holder, and carries a blunt pen-knife in his pocket. There are several other indications, but these may be enough to aid us in our search."	«Esas alta homulo, sinistrizanta, klaudikas per la dextra gambo, *weras dik-suolizita paf-boti e griza mantelo, fumas Indiana sigari, uzas sigariero, e portas senpinta posh-kulteleteo en sua posho. Esas plura altra indici, ma ti forsan suficos per helpar ni dum nia serchado.»
Lestrade laughed. "I am afraid that I am still a sceptic," he said. "Theories are all very well, but we have to deal with a hard-headed British jury."	Lestrade ridis. «Me timas, ke me ankore esas skeptikema», il dicis. «Teorii esas tre bona, ma ni mustas traktar sensentema Britana jurio.»
"Nous verrons," answered Holmes calmly. "You work your own method, and I shall work mine. I shall be busy this afternoon, and shall probably return to London by the evening train."	«Nous verrons (ni vidos)», respondis Holmes kalme. «Vu laborez per vua propra metodi, e me laboras per le mea. Me esos okupata caposdimeze, e probable retrovenos a London per la verpero-treno.»
"And leave your case unfinished?"	«E lasos vua kazo ne-finigita?»
"No, finished."	«No, finigita.»
"But the mystery?"	«Ma la misterio?»
"It is solved."	«Ol esas solvita.»
"Who was the criminal, then?"	«Do, qua esis la krimianto?»

"The gentleman I describe."	«La siorulo quan me deskriptas.»
"But who is he?"	«Ma qua esas il?»
"Surely it would not be difficult to find out. This is not such a populous neighbourhood."	«Sendubite, ne esus desfacila deskovrar. Ol ne esas tante populoza vicineso [vicinajo].»
Lestrade shrugged his shoulders. "I am a practical man," he said, "and I really cannot undertake to go about the country looking for a left-handed gentleman with a game leg. I should become the laughing-stock of Scotland Yard."	Lestrade levis la shultri. «Me esas praktikemo», il dicis, «e me reale ne povas asumiar, irar cirkume en la regiono, serchante sinistruzanto havanta klaudikema gambo. Me divenus la mokajo di Scotland Yard»
"All right," said Holmes quietly. "I have given you the chance. Here are your lodgings. Good-bye. I shall drop you a line before I leave."	«Bone», dicis Holmes kalme. «Me donis a vu la oportunajo. Yen vua lojeyo. Til rivido. Me sendos letreto a vu ante ke me departos.»
Having left Lestrade at his rooms, we drove to our hotel, where we found lunch upon the table. Holmes was silent and buried in thought with a pained expression upon his face, as one who finds himself in a perplexing position.	Lestrade decensinte ye sua lojeyo [livinte Lestrade ye ilua lojeyo], ni vehis a nia hotelo, ube ni trovis nia repasto sur la tablo. Holmes esis tacanta e pensema, havanta doloroza aspekto ye la vizajo, quale ulu qua trovas su en perplexiganta situeso.
"Look here, Watson," he said when the cloth was cleared "just sit down in this chair and let me preach to you for a little. I don't know quite what to do, and I should value your advice. Light a cigar and let me expound."	«Nu, Watson,» il dicis, kande la tablo-utensili esis forprenita, «voluntez sideskar en ta stulo e lasez me kelke predikar a tu. Me ne tote savas quon me devas facar, e me prizus tua konsilo. Acendez sigaro, e lasez me explikar.»
"Pray do so."	«Me pregas, facez lo.»
"Well, now, in considering this case there are two points about young McCarthy's narrative which struck us both instantly, although they impressed me in his favour and you against him. One was the fact that his father should, according to his account, cry 'Cooee!' before seeing him. The other was his singular dying reference to a rat. He mumbled several words, you understand, but that was all that caught the son's ear. Now from this double point our research must commence, and we will begin it by presuming that what the lad says is absolutely true."	«Nu, konsiderante ca kazo, esas du punti pri la naraco di yuna McCarthy qui quik semblis, a ni amba, esar remarkinda, quankam oli impresis me kom favoranta i, e tu kom kontre il. Un de li esis la fakto ke ilua patro, segun ilua naraco, klamis <ku-i!> ante ke il vidis il. La altra esis ilua stranja mortanta aludo [stranja aludo, mortante,] di rato. Il murmuris plura vorti, tu komprenas, ma to esis omno quon la filiulo povis askoltar. Nu, de ca duoplo punto nia serchado mustas komencar, e ni incios ol supozante ke to quon la yunulo dicas esas absolute vera.»
"What of this 'Cooee!' then?"	«Or, quale pri la <ku-i!> ta-kaze?»
"Well, obviously it could not have been meant for the son. The son, as far as he knew, was in Bristol. It was mere chance that he was within earshot. The 'Cooee!' was meant to attract the attention of whoever it was that he had the appointment with. But 'Cooee' is a distinctly	«Evidente, ol ne esis destinata a la filiulo. La filiulo, segun quante il savis, esis en Bristol. Esis nur hazarde ke il audis ol. La patro intencis ke la <ku-i!> esez atencata da ulu kun qua il havis rendevuo. Ma <ku-i!> esas partikulare Australia klamo, uzata inter

Australian cry, and one which is used between Australians. There is a strong presumption that the person whom McCarthy expected to meet him at Boscombe Pool was someone who had been in Australia."	Australiani. Esas forta supozo ke la persono kun qua McCarthy expektis rendevuar an la lageto di Boscombe esis ulu qua esabis en Australia.»«»
"What of the rat, then?"	«Or, quale pri la rato?»
Sherlock Holmes took a folded paper from his pocket and flattened it out on the table. "This is a map of the Colony of Victoria," he said. "I wired to Bristol for it last night." He put his hand over part of the map. "What do you read?"	Sherlock Holmes prenis faldita papero ek sua posho e platigis ol sur la tablo. «To esas mapo di la kolonio Viktoria», il dicis. «Me telegrafis a Bristol por ol lasta-verspere.» Il pozis sua manuo sur parto di la mapo. «Quon tu lektas?» il questionis.
"ARAT," I read.	«ARAT», me lektis
"And now?" He raised his hand.	«E nun?» Il levis sua manuo.
"BALLARAT."	«BALLARAT»
"Quite so. That was the word the man uttered, and of which his son only caught the last two syllables. He was trying to utter the name of his murderer. So and so, of Ballarat."	«Precize. To esis la vorto quan la homulo murmuris, e di qua ilua filiulo audis nur la lasta silabo. Il esforcis pronuncar la nomo di sua ocidanto. Ulu-de-Ballarato.»
"It is wonderful!" I exclaimed.	«Lo esas marveloza!» me klamis.
"It is obvious. And now, you see, I had narrowed the field down considerably. The possession of a grey garment was a third point which, granting the son's statement to be correct, was a certainty. We have come now out of mere vagueness to the definite conception of an Australian from Ballarat with a grey cloak."	«Lo esas evidanta. En un, tu vidas, me multe stretigis la posiblesi. La posedo di griza vesto esis triesma punto qua, supozante ke la naraco di la filiulo esis justa, esis certajo. Ni esas nun veninta ek nura konfuzeso a la klara ideo pri ula Australiano de Ballarat havanta griza mantelo.»
"Certainly."	«Certe.»
"And one who was at home in the district, for the pool can only be approached by the farm or by the estate, where strangers could hardly wander."	«E pri ulu qua bone konocas la regiono, nam on povas nur advenar la lageto de la farmeyo o de la domeno, ube stranjeri ne vagus.»
"Quite so."	«Precize.»
"Then comes our expedition of to-day. By an examination of the ground I gained the trifling details which I gave to that imbecile Lestrade, as to the personality of the criminal."	«E pose, nia expediciono ca-die. Per explorado di la tereno me ganis la mikreta detali quin me donis a ta imbecilo Lestrade, pri la personaleso di la kriminto.»
"But how did you gain them?"	«Ma quale tu ganis oli?»
"You know my method. It is founded upon the observation of trifles."	«Tu konocas mea metodo. Ol fondesas sur la observo di mikreti.»
"His height I know that you might roughly judge from the length of his stride. His boots, too, might be told from their traces."	«Lua alteson on povus proxime judikar, quale me savas, per la longeso di lua pazi. Anke lua botin on povus dicernar per olia

	traci.»
"Yes, they were peculiar boots."	«Yes, oli esis partikulara boti.»
"But his lameness?"	«Ma lua klaudikado?»
"The impression of his right foot was always less distinct than his left. He put less weight upon it. Why? Because he limped--he was lame."	«La impresuro di lua dextra boto sempre esis min klara kam lua sinistra. Lu pozis minmulta pezo sur ol. Pro quo? Pro ke lu klaudikis.»
"But his left-handedness."	«Ma lua sinistruzanteso?»
"You were yourself struck by the nature of the injury as recorded by the surgeon at the inquest. The blow was struck from immediately behind, and yet was upon the left side. Now, how can that be unless it were by a left-handed man? He had stood behind that tree during the interview between the father and son. He had even smoked there. I found the ash of a cigar, which my special knowledge of tobacco ashes enables me to pronounce as an Indian cigar. I have, as you know, devoted some attention to this, and written a little monograph on the ashes of 140 different varieties of pipe, cigar, and cigarette tobacco. Having found the ash, I then looked round and discovered the stump among the moss where he had tossed it. It was an Indian cigar, of the variety which are rolled in Rotterdam."	«Semblis a tu ipsa ke la naturo di la vunduro, quale la kirurgiisto registragis ye la inquesto, esis remarkinda. La bato venis nemediate de dope, e malgre to ol esis ye la sinistra latero. Or, quale to eventis se ne facita da sinistruzanto? Il stacabis dop ta arboro dum la konverso inter la patro e la filiulo. Il mem fumis ibe. Me trovis la cindri di tabako kapabligis me deklaras ke ol esis Indiana sigaro. Quale tu savas, me ja devotigis ula atenco a ta temo, e skribis mikra monografio pri la cindri di 140 diferanta sorti de la tabako di pipi, sigari e sigareti. Trovinte la cindri, me pose serchis cirkume e deskovris la stumpo meze di la musko, ad-ube il jetabis ol. Ol esis Indiana sigaro, de la sorto qua fabrikesas en Rotterdam.»
"And the cigar-holder?"	«E la sigariero?»
"I could see that the end had not been in his mouth. Therefore he used a holder. The tip had been cut off, not bitten off, but the cut was not a clean one, so I deduced a blunt pen-knife."	«Me povis vidar ke la extremajo ne esabis en ilua boko. Do, il uzis sigariero. La pinto esis detranchita, ne demordita, ma la trancho ne esis neta, do me deduktis senpinta [ne-akuta] posh-kulteleto.»
"Holmes," I said, "you have drawn a net round this man from which he cannot escape, and you have saved an innocent human life as truly as if you had cut the cord which was hanging him. I see the direction in which all this points. The culprit is--"	«Holmes», me dicis, «tu tiras reto cirkum ta homulo, de qua il ne povas eskapar, e tu salvas senkulpa homala vivo tante certe quale se tu ipsa tranchas la kordo qua pendas il. La kulpanto esas --»
"Mr. John Turner," cried the hotel waiter, opening the door of our sitting-room, and ushering in a visitor.	«Sioro John Turner», klamis la hotel-servistulo, apertante la pordo di nia flanejo, ed enduktante vizitanto.
The man who entered was a strange and impressive figure. His slow, limping step and bowed shoulders gave the appearance of decrepitude, and yet his hard, deep-lined, craggy features, and his enormous limbs	La homulo qua eniris esis stranja ed impresozza figuro. Ilua lenta, klaudikanta pazo es inklinita shultri sembligis esar febla, e tamen ilua harda, forte-lineizita vizajo, ed ilua enorma membri montris ke il posedis

showed that he was possessed of unusual strength of body and of character. His tangled beard, grizzled hair, and outstanding, drooping eyebrows combined to give an air of dignity and power to his appearance, but his face was of an ashen white, while his lips and the corners of his nostrils were tinged with a shade of blue. It was clear to me at a glance that he was in the grip of some deadly and chronic disease.	neordinara fortoso en sua korpo e karaktero. Ilua desordinata barbo ed hararo, e salienta, pendanta brovi ensemble presentis aspekto di respektindeso e povo, ma ilua vizajo esis mortatre blanka, ed ilua labii e la anguli di ilua naztrui havis blua tinteso. Esis quik klara a me ke il tenegesis da ula mortiva e kronika morbo.
"Pray sit down on the sofa," said Holmes gently. "You had my note?"	«Me pregas, sideskez sur la sofao», dicis Holmes dolce. «Vu recevis mea letreto?»
"Yes, the lodge-keeper brought it up. You said that you wished to see me here to avoid scandal."	«Yes, la lojio-gardisto adportis ol. Vu skribis ke vu deziris rendevuar hike kun me, por evitar skandalo.»
"I thought people would talk if I went to the Hall."	«Me pensis ke la popolo babilus, se me venus a la domeno-domo.»
"And why did you wish to see me?" He looked across at my companion with despair in his weary eyes, as though his question was already answered.	«E pro quo vu deziras rendevuar kun me?» Il transe regardis mea kompano, desespere en sua fatigita okuli, quale on ja respondabis ad ilua questiono.
"Yes," said Holmes, answering the look rather than the words. "It is so. I know all about McCarthy."	«Yes», dicis Holmes, respondante a la regardo, prefere kam a la vorti. «Esas tale. Me savas omno pri McCarthy»
The old man sank his face in his hands. "God help me!" he cried. "But I would not have let the young man come to harm. I give you my word that I would have spoken out if it went against him at the Assizes."	La oldulo sinkis la vizajo aden la manui. «Deo helpez me!» il klamis. «Ma me ne lasabus la yunulo esar ruinita. Me donas a vu mea honor-promiso ke me laute parolabus se la kazo divenabus desbona por il ye la tribunalo.»
"I am glad to hear you say so," said Holmes gravely.	«Me joyas, ke me audas ke vu dicas tale», dicis Holmes grave.
"I would have spoken now had it not been for my dear girl. It would break her heart--it will break her heart when she hears that I am arrested."	«Me ja parolabus, ecepte pro mea kara filiino. Lo ruptus elua kordio – lo ruptos elua kordia kande el audos ke me arestesas.»
"It may not come to that," said Holmes.	«Forsan to ne eventos», dicis Holmes.
"What?"	«Quo!»
"I am no official agent. I understand that it was your daughter who required my presence here, and I am acting in her interests. Young McCarthy must be got off, however."	«Me esas nula oficala agento. Me komprenas ke esas vua filiino, qua bezonas mea asisto hike, e me agas por el. Yuna McCarthy, tamen, mustas liberigesar.»
"I am a dying man," said old Turner. "I have had diabetes for years. My doctor says it is a question whether I shall live a month. Yet I would rather die under my own roof than in a	«Me esas mortanto», dicis olda Turner. «Me havas diabeto de multa yari. Mea mediko dicas ke esas dubito pri ka me vivos dum monato. Tamen, me preferus mortar sub mea

gaol."	propra tekto, kam en karcero.»
Holmes rose and sat down at the table with his pen in his hand and a bundle of paper before him. "Just tell us the truth," he said. "I shall jot down the facts. You will sign it, and Watson here can witness it. Then I could produce your confession at the last extremity to save young McCarthy. I promise you that I shall not use it unless it is absolutely needed."	Holmes levis su e sideskis an la tablo, sua plumo en sua manuo, ed amaso de papero avan su. «Dicez a ni la verajo», il dicis. «Me notos la fakti. Vu signatos ol, e Watson atestos pri ol. Konseque me povos prizentar vua konfeso lor bezonego, por salvar yuna McCarthy. Me promisas a ve ke me ne uzos ol se ne absolute bezonata.»
"It's as well," said the old man; "it's a question whether I shall live to the Assizes, so it matters little to me, but I should wish to spare Alice the shock. And now I will make the thing clear to you; it has been a long time in the acting, but will not take me long to tell.	«Bone», dicis la oldulo; «esas dubito pri ka me vivos til la tribunalo, do lo poke impartas a me, ma me dezirus ke Alice dispensez de la shoko. En un, me klarigos la afero por vu; ol duris longe por agar, ma ol ne duros longe por naracar.»
"You didn't know this dead man, McCarthy. He was a devil incarnate. I tell you that. God keep you out of the clutches of such a man as he. His grip has been upon me these twenty years, and he has blasted my life. I'll tell you first how I came to be in his power.	«Vu ne konocis ta mortinto, McCarthy. Il esis diablo inkarnacinta. Me dicas to a vu. Deo gardez vu de la povo di tala homulo. Ilua tenego esis sur me dum la lasta duadek yari, ed il ruinis mea vivo. Me komence naracos pri quale me divenis esar sub ilua povo.»
"It was in the early '60's at the diggings. I was a young chap then, hot-blooded and reckless, ready to turn my hand at anything; I got among bad companions, took to drink, had no luck with my claim, took to the bush, and in a word became what you would call over here a highway robber. There were six of us, and we had a wild, free life of it, sticking up a station from time to time, or stopping the wagons on the road to the diggings. Black Jack of Ballarat was the name I went under, and our party is still remembered in the colony as the Ballarat Gang.	«Lo eventis ye [en] la frua okacent-esisadek-yari ye la mineyi. Me esis lore nur yunulo, pasionoza e desprudenta, pronta por adaptar me ad irgo; me trovis me inter mala kompani, me kustumeskis drinkar, ne esis fortuneza pri mea parcelo, iris aden la ruo, e, en un vorto, me divenis to quon vi hike nomizus kom voyo-raptisto. Ni esis sis, e ni vivis extravageme, raptante staciono de tempo a tempo, o haltigante la vagoni dum la pasajo a la mineyi. Black Jack de Ballarat esis la nomo quan me havis, e nia partio ankore memoresas en la kolonio kom la Ballarat-Bando.
"One day a gold convoy came down from Ballarat to Melbourne, and we lay in wait for it and attacked it. There were six troopers and six of us, so it was a close thing, but we emptied four of their saddles at the first volley. Three of our boys were killed, however, before we got the swag. I put my pistol to the head of the wagon-driver, who was this very man McCarthy. I wish to the Lord that I had shot him then, but I spared him, though I saw his wicked little eyes fixed on my face, as though to remember every feature. We got away with the gold, became wealthy men, and made our way over to England without being suspected. There I parted from my old pals and	Uldie, oro-konvoyo venis de Ballarat a Melbourne, e nic jacis vartante ol ed atakis ol. Esis sis soldati e ni esis anke sis, do la afero esis pasable egala, ma ni vakuigis quar de lia seil ye la unsesma salveo-pafo. Tamen, tri de nia kerli ocidesis, ante ke ni ganis la raptajo. Me pozis meo pistolo an la kapo di la vagono-veturisto, qua esis ta ipsa homulo, McCarthy. Me deziras a Deo ke me lore papafabis il, ma me dispensis il, quankam me vidis ilua mikra maligna okuli fixcigita an mea vizajo, quale por memorar singla traiti. Ni departis kun la oro, divenis richa homuli, e progresis ad Angli sen suspektesar. Ibe me livis mea anciena kerli, e rezolvis establisar

determined to settle down to a quiet and respectable life. I bought this estate, which chanced to be in the market, and I set myself to do a little good with my money, to make up for the way in which I had earned it. I married, too, and though my wife died young she left me my dear little Alice. Even when she was just a baby her wee hand seemed to lead me down the right path as nothing else had ever done. In a word, I turned over a new leaf and did my best to make up for the past. All was going well when McCarthy laid his grip upon me.	me en pacoza e respektinda vivo. Me kompris ca proprietajo, qua hazarde esis vendota, e me intencis agar kelke bonvolante per mea pekunio, por kompensar la moyeno per qua me ganabis ol. Anke me spozeskis, e quankam mea spozino mortis yune, el donis a me mea kara mikra Alice. Mem kande el esis nur infanto, elua mikra manuo semblis duktar me alonge la yusta voyo, quale nulo altra irgatempe facabis. en un vorto, me plubonigis mea konduto, ed agis maxime bone posible por kompensar la pasintajo. Omno standis bone, kande McCarthy pozis sua tenego sur me.
"I had gone up to town about an investment, and I met him in Regent Street with hardly a coat to his back or a boot to his foot.	Me irabis a London pri ula kolokajo, e me renkontris il en Regent Street, apene posedante o mantelo o boto.
"'Here we are, Jack,' says he, touching me on the arm; 'we'll be as good as a family to you. There's two of us, me and my son, and you can have the keeping of us. If you don't--it's a fine, law-abiding country is England, and there's always a policeman within hail.'	«Yen ni, Jack», dicis il, tushante me ye la brakio. «Ni esos tam bona kam familio por tu. Ni esas du, me e mea filiulo, e tu darfas entratenar ni. se ne – or, Anglia esas bona, leg-obediema lando, ed esas sempre policisto disponebla.»
"Well, down they came to the west country, there was no shaking them off, and there they have lived rent free on my best land ever since. There was no rest for me, no peace, no forgetfulness; turn where I would, there was his cunning, grinning face at my elbow. It grew worse as Alice grew up, for he soon saw I was more afraid of her knowing my past than of the police. Whatever he wanted he must have, and whatever it was I gave him without question, land, money, houses, until at last he asked a thing which I could not give. He asked for Alice.	Konseque, li venis a ca regiono, ne esis posibla for-sukusar li, e depose li habitis senlokace sur mea maxim bona tereno. Esis nula repozo por me, nula paco, nula oblivieso; ad irgaloke me turnus, yen ilua ruzacha, ridetacha vizajo ye mea kudo. Divenis plu mala dum ke Alice matureskis, nam il balde vidis ke me plu timis pro ke Alice konoceskus mea pasintajo, kam pro la policistaro. Irge quon il deziris, ton il mustis havar, e me donis ol sen questiono: Tereno, pekunio, domi, til fine il demandis ulo quon me ne povis donar. Il demandis Alice.
"His son, you see, had grown up, and so had my girl, and as I was known to be in weak health, it seemed a fine stroke to him that his lad should step into the whole property. But there I was firm. I would not have his cursed stock mixed with mine; not that I had any dislike to the lad, but his blood was in him, and that was enough. I stood firm. McCarthy threatened. I braved him to do his worst. We were to meet at the pool midway between our houses to talk it over.	Ilua filiulo matureskis, vo komprenas, ed anke mea filiino matureskis, e pro ke on savis ke mea saneso esas desbona, semblis ad il esar bona stroko, ke ilua filiulo pazes aden la tota havajo. Ma ibe me esis ferma. Me volis ke ilua odieginda lineo ne mixez kun la mea; to ne esas ke me desprizis l a ynunulo, ma ilua sango esis en il, e to suficis. Me stacis ferme. McCarthy minacis. Me defiis il facar ilua maxim malajo. Ni esis rendevuonta ye la lageto inter nia domi por diskutar lo.
"When I went down there I found him talking with his son, so I smoked a cigar and waited behind a tree until he should be alone. But as I listened to his talk all that was black and bitter	Kande me iris ad-ibe, me trovis il parolanta kun sua filiulo, do me dumis sigaro, e vartis dop arboro til ke il esus sola. Ma dum ke me askoltis ilua parolado, omno quo esis nigra e

in me seemed to come uppermost. He was urging his son to marry my daughter with as little regard for what she might think as if she were a slut from off the streets. It drove me mad to think that I and all that I held most dear should be in the power of such a man as this. Could I not snap the bond? I was already a dying and a desperate man. Though clear of mind and fairly strong of limb, I knew that my own fate was sealed.	bitra en me semblis predominacar. Il esis incitanta sua filiulo mariajar su kun mea finliino, havante tante poka egardo pri quon el pesnsus, quale se el esis sordidachino de la stradi. Furiigis me, pensar ke me, ed omno quon me maxim multe afecionis, esis sub la povo di tala homulo. Ke me ne povis ruptar la ligilo? Me ja esis mortanta e desesperanta homulo. Quankam mentale klara e korpale pasable forta, me savis ke mea propra fato esas certa.
But my memory and my girl! Both could be saved if I could but silence that foul tongue. I did it, Mr. Holmes. I would do it again. Deeply as I have sinned, I have led a life of martyrdom to atone for it. But that my girl should be entangled in the same meshes which held me was more than I could suffer. I struck him down with no more compunction than if he had been some foul and venomous beast. His cry brought back his son; but I had gained the cover of the wood, though I was forced to go back to fetch the cloak which I had dropped in my flight. That is the true story, gentlemen, of all that occurred."	Ma mea memorajo e mea filiino! Ambo povis salvesar, se me nur povis tacigar ta sordida lango. Me facis lo, sioro Holmes. Me facis lo itere. Quale profunde me pekis, tale me vivis martiresoze por expiar lo. Ma, ke mea filiino esez intrikata en la sama reto que tenis me, esis plu kam me povis sufrag. Me abatis il, ne plu kompuncionoze kam se il esabis venenoza bestio. Ilua krio retrovenigis sua filiulo; ma me atingabis la shirmilo di la bosko, quankam me mustis retroirar por querar la mantelo quan me faligabis dum mea fugo. To esas la vera naraco, sioruli, di omno quo eventis.»
"Well, it is not for me to judge you," said Holmes as the old man signed the statement which had been drawn out. "I pray that we may never be exposed to such a temptation."	«Or, vu ne esas judikenda da me», dicis Holmes, dum le la oldulo signatis la deklaro qua esis formuligita. «Me pregas ke ni nultempe expozesas a tala tenteso.»
"I pray not, sir. And what do you intend to do?"	«Me anke pregas lo, sioro. E quon vu intencas facar?»
"In view of your health, nothing. You are yourself aware that you will soon have to answer for your deed at a higher court than the Assizes. I will keep your confession, and if McCarthy is condemned I shall be forced to use it. If not, it shall never be seen by mortal eye; and your secret, whether you be alive or dead, shall be safe with us."	«Pro vua saneso, nulo. Vu ipsa konocas ke vu balde mustos esar responsenda pro vua ago ye plu elevita korto kam la kriminala tribunalo. Me retenos vua konfeso, e, se McCarthy kondamnesos, me musto uzar ol. Se ne, ol nultempe videsos da irgu; e vua sekreajo, sive vu esos vivanta, sive mortinta, esos sekura kun ni.»
"Farewell, then," said the old man solemnly. "Your own deathbeds, when they come, will be the easier for the thought of the peace which you have given to mine." Tottering and shaking in all his giant frame, he stumbled slowly from the room.	«Do, adio», dicis grave la aldulo. «Vi propra liti di morto, kande lo eventos, esos plu tranquila pro la memoro di la paco quan vi donis a la mea.» Shancelante e tremante en omna sua giganta korpo, il lente, heziteme iris de la chambro.
"God help us!" said Holmes after a long silence. "Why does fate play such tricks with poor, helpless worms? I never hear of such a case as this that I do not think of Baxter's words, and say, 'There, but for the grace of	«Deo helpz ni!» dicis Holmes, pos longa taco. «Pro quo, fato tale atrapas povra senpova vermi? Me nultempe audas pri tala kazo sen memorar la vorti di Baxter, e dicar: «Tale, ecepte per la graco di Deo, agas

God, goes Sherlock Holmes."	Sherlock Holmes.»»
James McCarthy was acquitted at the Assizes on the strength of a number of objections which had been drawn out by Holmes and submitted to the defending counsel. Old Turner lived for seven months after our interview, but he is now dead; and there is every prospect that the son and daughter may come to live happily together in ignorance of the black cloud which rests upon their past.	James McCarthy absolvesis ye la tribunalo, pro plura objeconi qui esis formuligita da Holmes, e prizentita a la defensanta advokato. Olda Turner vivis dum sep monati pos nia interviuvo, ma il nin esas mortinta; ed esas forta expekto ke la filiulo e filiino divenos vivar felice kune, ne konocante la nigra nubo qua jacas sur lia pasintajo.