

1: Caroline Graham: Novels, and a List of Books by Author Caroline Graham

Didn't find what you're looking for? Try adding this search to your want list. Millions of books are added to our site everyday and when we find one that matches your search, we'll send you an e-mail. Best of all, it's free. A special order item has limited availability and the seller may source.

At the top of the grade, above the mill, was the only trail by which a party in force could approach it. This was to Chivers obviously too strategic a position to intrust to his prisoner, and the sentry who guarded its approach, five hundred yards away, was left unchanged. But there was another "blind" trail, or cut-off, to the left, through the thickest undergrowth of the woods, known only to his party. To place Collinson there was to insure him perfect immunity from the approach of an enemy, as well as from any confidential advances of his fellow sentry. This done, he drew a cigar from his pocket, and handing it to Collinson, lighted another for himself, and leaning back comfortably against a large boulder, glanced complacently at his companion. Collinson, and even afterwards, if you keep the bowl of your pipe behind a rock, so as to be out of sight of your fellow sentry, whose advances, by the way, if I were you, I should not encourage. Your position here, you see, is a rather peculiar one. You were saying, I think, that a lingering affection for your wife impelled you to keep this place for her, although you were convinced of her death? Chivers blew the smoke of his cigar lazily in the still air. I only got to know it was a small train of only two wagons, and it sorter melted into Californy through a southern pass, and kinder petered out, and no one ever heard of it agin, and that was all. I was awaiting a friend and his wife. There was a lady with them, one of the survivors. I saw her only a moment, for she was on her way to Los Angeles, and was, I believe, going to join her husband somewhere in the Sierras. So he went on, experiencing a devilish zest in this description of his mistress to her husband, apart from the pleasure of noting the slow awakening of this apathetic giant, with a sensation akin to having warmed him into life. Yet his triumph was of short duration. In his angry resentment of it he would have liked to blurt out the infidelity of the wife before her husband, but he knew Collinson would not believe him, and he had another purpose now. His full lips twisted into a suave smile. Collinson," he said, with a bland smile, "my interest in you compels me to say that you may be over confident and wrong. There are a thousand things that may have prevented your wife from coming to you,—illness, possibly the result of her exposure, poverty, misapprehension of your place of meeting, and, above all, perhaps some false report of your own death. Has it ever occurred to you that it is as possible for her to have been deceived in that way as for you? You think yourself justified in believing your wife dead, because she did not seek you here; may she not feel herself equally justified in believing the same of you, because you had not sought her elsewhere? There is still a chance of following it, if you will. The name of my friends were Mr. I regret," he added, with a perfunctory cough, "that poor Barker is dead. He was not such an exemplary husband as you are, my dear Collinson, and I fear was not all that Mrs. Barker could have wished; enough that he succumbed from various excesses, and did not leave me Mrs. But she has a young friend, a ward, living at the convent of Santa Luisa, whose name is Miss Rivers, who can put you in communication with her. Now, one thing more: I can understand your feelings, and that you would wish at once to satisfy your mind. It is not, perhaps, to my interest nor the interest of my party to advise you, but," he continued, glancing around him, "you have an admirably secluded position here, on the edge of the trail, and if you are missing from your post to-morrow morning, I shall respect your feelings, trust to your honor to keep this secret, and—consider it useless to pursue you! But the old rage and fear returned, as Collinson said gravely: There may be those who would like to deter you from your search. And now I will leave you alone in this delightful moonlight. I quite envy you your unrestricted communion with Nature. Chivers," said Collinson, with a concerned face; "them rocks are mighty ticklish, and that one in partiklar. Chivers leaped quickly to the ground, turned, waved his hand again, and disappeared down the grade. But Collinson was no longer alone. Hitherto his characteristic reveries had been of the past,—reminiscences in which there was only recollection, no imagination, and very little hope. A faint dread, the lightest of misgivings perhaps coming from his very ignorance, for the first time touched his steadfast heart, and sent a chill through it. He shouldered his weapon, and walked briskly towards the edge of the

thick-set woods. There were the fragrant essences of the laurel and spruce--baked in the long-day sunshine that had encompassed their recesses--still coming warm to his face; there were the strange shiftings of temperature throughout the openings, that alternately warmed and chilled him as he walked. It seemed so odd that he should now have to seek her instead of her coming to him; it would never be the same meeting to him, away from the house that he had built for her! He strolled back, and looked down upon it, nestling on the ledge. The white moonlight that lay upon it dulled the glitter of lights in its windows, but the sounds of laughter and singing came to even his unfastidious ears with a sense of vague discord. He walked back again, and began to pace before the thick-set wood. Suddenly he stopped and listened. To any other ears but those accustomed to mountain solitude it would have seemed nothing. But, familiar as he was with all the infinite disturbances of the woodland, and even the simulation of intrusion caused by a falling branch or lapsing pine-cone, he was arrested now by a recurring sound, unlike any other. It was an occasional muffled beat--interrupted at uncertain intervals, but always returning in regular rhythm, whenever it was audible. He knew it was made by a cantering horse; that the intervals were due to the patches of dead leaves in its course, and that the varying movement was the effect of its progress through obstacles and underbrush. It was therefore coming through some "blind" cutoff in the thick-set wood. The shifting of the sound also showed that the rider was unfamiliar with the locality, and sometimes wandered from the direct course; but the unfailing and accelerating persistency of the sound, in spite of these difficulties, indicated haste and determination. He swung his gun from his shoulder, and examined its caps. As the sound came nearer, he drew up beside a young spruce at the entrance of the thicket. There was no necessity to alarm the house, or call the other sentry. It was a single horse and rider, and he was equal to that. He waited quietly, and with his usual fateful patience. Even then his thoughts still reverted to his wife; and it was with a singular feeling that he, at last, saw the thick underbrush give way before a woman, mounted on a sweating but still spirited horse, who swept out into the open. Nevertheless, he stopped in front of her, and called: Collinson caught the reins. She lifted her whip mechanically, yet remained holding it in the air, trembling, until she slipped, half struggling, half helplessly, from the saddle to the ground. Here she would have again fallen, but Collinson caught her sharply by the waist. At his touch she started and uttered a frightened "No! They stood looking at each other. But Collinson was already himself again. The man of simple directness and no imagination saw only his wife before him--a little breathless, a little flurried, a little disheveled from rapid riding, as he had sometimes seen her before, but otherwise unchanged. Nor had HE changed; he took her up where he had left her years ago. His grave face only broadened into a smile, as he held both her hands in his. You see"-- "Yes, yes, yes! He was so kind to bring me back to you. And you might have never found me but for him. For a moment his face blanched as he glanced towards the mill, from which the faint sound of bacchanalian voices came to his quick ear. Why, Lord love ye, Sadie! But it was overlooked by Collinson, who was taking his gun from beside the tree where he had placed it, "Where are you going? You say there is another sentinel beyond. He is enough to warn them of any approach from the trail. Sit by me here, Seth, and wait! We can wait here together--we have waited so long, Seth,--and the end has come now. Collinson cast himself at her side, and put his arm round her. He was content to wait, holding her thus. They were very silent; her eyes half closed, as if in exhaustion, yet with the strange suggestion of listening in the vacant pupils. It certainly was very still. A singular hush seemed to have slid over the landscape; there was no longer any sound from the mill; there was an ominous rest in the woodland, so perfect that the tiny rustle of an uneasy wing in the tree above them had made them start; even the moonlight seemed to hang suspended in the air. But the non-imaginative Collinson was more practical. Suddenly she threw him off, and rose to her feet with a cry. There was a strange rattling in the direction of the mill, a dull rumble, with wild shouts and outcries, and the trampling of feet on its wooden platform. Collinson staggered to his feet; but at the same moment he was thrown violently against his wife, and they both clung helplessly to the tree, with their eyes turned toward the ledge. There was a dense cloud of dust and haze hanging over it. She uttered another cry, and ran swiftly towards the rocky grade. Collinson ran quickly after her, but as she reached the grade he suddenly shouted, with an awful revelation in his voice, "Come back! She had already disappeared; and as he reached the rock on which Chivers had leaped, he felt it give way beneath him. But there was no sound, only a rush of wind from the valley below. Everything lapsed again into its

DEATH OF A HALLOW MAN (CHIVERS SOUND LIBRARY) pdf

awful stillness. As the cloud lifted from where the mill had stood, the moon shone only upon empty space. There was a singular murmuring and whispering from the woods beyond that increased in sound, and an hour later the dry bed of the old mill-stream was filled with a rushing river.

2: Caroline Graham | Open Library

Get this from a library! Death of a hollow man. [Caroline Graham; Hugh Ross] -- For Detective Chief Inspector Barnaby, a visit to the Causton Amateur Dramatic Society's production of Amadeus is not an ideal evening entertainment, but when one of the scenes takes a particular.

3: Voice " Hugh Ross

pages. Ex-library with usual marks, stamps, stickers. Edges of boards have moderate edgewear and corners are lightly bumped. Spine has moderate lean. Dust j.

4: Death of a Hollow Man : a Chief Inspector Barnaby mystery / Caroline Graham - Details - Trove

"Death of a Hollow Man" by Caroline Graham Mystery - 3 stars. For fans of Midsomer Murders! The second installment in the books (third in the TV show). A murder takes place in front of a crowded theater, and all the possible suspects have alibis.

5: In a Hollow of the Hills - CHAPTER VII

Books by Caroline Graham, A Place of Safety, Murder at Madingley Grange, The Envy of the Stranger, The killings at Badger's Drift, Camilla, Camilla: The King's Mistress, The Killings at Badger's Drift, Death of a Hollow Man.

6: Death in Disguise - Caroline Graham - Google Books

Get this from a library! Death of a hollow man. [Caroline Graham] -- Featuring an amateur theatrical troupe in a small English village. When one of the actors turns up dead, Inspector Barnaby and his politically-incorrect-yet-sympathetic sidekick Sergeant Troy have to.

7: Death of a Hollow Man | Morrill Memorial Library

Parenting Death Of A Hollow Man Chivers Sound Library Growing Roots The New Generation Of Sustainable Farmers Cooks And Food Activists Elsie Alexander V Isaiah J Seligman.

8: - Death of a Hollow Man (Chivers Sound Library) by Author

Death Of A Hollow Man Chivers Sound Library Women Of Florence Patterns of heredity answers reinforcement guide Investigations math differentiated guide for kindergarten.

9: A Short Analysis of T. S. Eliot's "The Hollow Men" | Interesting Literature

Editions for Death Of A Hollow Man: (Paperback published in), (Kindle Edition published in), (Kindle Edition published in), (Pa.

Red armies in crisis Abbot, F. E. The scientific method. Wandering stars jack dann Learning Series (DDC): Microsoft Office PowerPoint 2003 (DDC Learning Series) McDonnell F-4E Phantom II Aerofax Minigraph 20 Applied business statistics methods and applications Child abuse, acrying shame My book, The East London Coelacanth, sometimes called, Troubled waters-the story of British sea-power, be My policy for the construction of the Canada Pacific Railway Unwto annual report 2015 Designing with Fabric Unconventional Computing 2007 The Social Economics of Poverty On Identities, Communities, Groups and Networks (Priorities for Developme Army Medical Museum Seminar 34 The visitors guide to Normandy landing beaches Warning signs : what to look for Directory of Museums and Special Collections in the United Kingdom How to save your kids from ruin Atheist Preacher: How to be Spiritual without a God concept Handbook of plastics joining Conquering bad dreams nightmares Graven by the fishermen themselves Basic engineering mechanics formulas filetype No. 11. Memoir of Commandeur Caspar de Jong delivered to . Godefridus Weijerman dated 7th March 1761. Java programming book bangla Canadian history textbook grade 9 2 The phantom falcon Anne Schraff Handbook for public playground safety Nhra 2015 rule book Training Your Children to Turn Out Right Unions and immigrant workers: how they see each other Cell cycle regulation in maintaining immortality of embryonic stem cells Rajarshi Pal, Ashish Mehta, and Product warnings, defects, and hazards Object oriented programming basics Welsh recipes with herbs and spices Bodas De Papel (Paper Wedding (Julia, 45) I can be anything I want to be! Wrongs of history righted Celluloid copyright and derivative works, or, How to stop 12 monkeys with one chair Get unlimited internet access on any network