

1: The Haunting Of Low Fennel Novel, The Haunting of Low Fennel Part 27

The Haunting of Low Fennel is a collection of seven stories by the prolific Sax Rohmer (nee' Arthur Henry Ward) best known for his Fu Manchu novels. Rohmer was a talented man who transitio Rohmer was a talented man who transitio.

Aug 19, Mike rated it really liked it Recommends it for: Anyone The review from afar â€” No. Since emulating a yo-yo, I continue to rely on the old-style Kindle 3G for any non-technical reading. I tip my hat to the fine folks at Project Gutenberg: Rohmer was a talented man who transitio The review from afar â€” No. There are decent author profiles here in Goodreads and elsewhere. As one of my Goodreads friends recently noted, authors that grew up in an age without mass electronic media Radio, Movies, or TV have a different voice. Their intellectual and popular entertainment was conveyed either by print or by live performance and it shows in the language, voices, and backdrop that they employ. Generally, I do not give extensive synopsis of the books I review. The Haunting of Low Fennel Set in the English countryside, this tale follows the narrator, Addison, as he tries to unravel a mysterious and horrifying sighting at a country estate. He comes at the behest of the owner whose house is the scene of these apparitions. Although forced to sell off the ancestral hall, he retained this manse that is part Tudor, Part Jacobean, and part Modern Edwardian the construction of which wing was only finished months before. The site itself is the source of many tales including the trial and death of a witch hundreds of years afore. The tale continues with a combination of further hauntings as well as solid detective work. Eventually he tests a theory that proves Mother Nature really should not be fooled with. I found the story interesting overall, but really enjoyed the scientific method applied by Addison. I found myself anticipating story elements that pretty much fell in place as the mystery was resolved. Not the most twisted of plots, but a nice read. The wife has come on this expedition to spite her distant and older hubby. Ramsa Las serves as friend, guide and inspiration. They are heading to a sacred place containing a temple to a long-dead holy man. Ramsa Las warns her that no one can remain the night if they are not just. As they march and camp we learn details of her marriage and her husband neither of which are exemplary. On reaching the valley, he calls camp even though the natives are uneasy. He goes off alone appearing hours later with gold and rubies looted from the temple, but feverish and delirious. In his bed he mixes up the past and all but confesses to attacking another man after allegations of card cheating. Ramsa Las insists that he and she must return every bit of the loot or else they will not survive the night. Everyone else has fled, save the stricken man. When asked, he says that once before he passed the evening with two companions, only one of whom was holy and righteous. They two live today, while the third died on the spot. While returning the treasure, she opens the crypt, freeing a winged horror that launches itself into the sky. Back at the camp, they find her husband dead with one ruby ring still on his finger. Ramsa Las deliberately left it there as he knows full well the evil the man had shown to the woman. Simultaneously, the man he attacked comes out of his coma and once able will seek her out for the love they now know they share. I did find the prior survival of Ramsa Las in the valley to be a bit contrived and the backstory about the crime could have been better organized and fleshed out. I think he intended it to heighten the suspense, but I found that it detract from the flow. The Blue Monkey view spoiler [In this tale we seemingly have a return of the two protagonists of the Dr. Petrie tries to keep the locals from disturbing his friends recuperation. They find the man, dead, but without walking stick or parcel. He has been beaten and strangled and the only other tracks appear to be that of some small child or animal. Did it come to life and walk away from the murdered man? One of my favorite three. The riddle is a piece of doggerel that is carved elsewhere and possibly in the Late Stuart period. In addition to the family, we have the narrator, Harry Lorian, Felix Hulme, and a couple of other guests. Felix shows much attention to the lovely Sybil to the great consternation of Harry. He had taken sketches of the carvings for an upcoming book and was the first person ever allowed to copy the inscription. Like all good, upper class English families, the Reynors have black sheep. One was a notorious pirate. Just the mention of him is enough to agitate the current lord. In the evening there are lights and bangs that only the narrator sees. He confides in Harry, who confides that he will ask Sybil for her hand. Delayed by rain they return late only to see a flash of blinding light come from the main hall as it did the prior night. Inside, nothing is amiss. The next day, they take a series of exposures,

develop them in a cellar and Harry makes prints that afternoon with Sybil. During which time he pops the question. That evening, Sybil sports her new bijou rather than the Phoenician ring that the heir wears once reaching their majority. That night they fail to solve the riddle. Sybil has lost her ring and stumbled over an iron-bound chest in the hall. Harry fingers Felix as the source of all these goings-on but he has given them the slip; leaving behind the chest, the ring, and a map of all of the secret passages and hidey holes in the house. First, what kind of a criminal except possibly a turn-of-last-Century, proper Brit gives in like wet tissue paper, but in his flight also pleads for clemency? She is the adopted daughter of Dr. Later when he meets the Dr. In the ensuing days he learns that the Grange is considered haunted by the locals, the Dr. When confronted the girl readily admits this and relates their final messages. What can they mean? When she asked her father he had no answer, but she has seen his attitude and interest toward her change. One evening Dillon finds a small book in a lower hall. They are based on ideas proposed by von Hohenhiem regarding an unpublished work of Paracelus see, no mere cannon-fodder this Jack. He returns the book just in the nick of time; watching as the Dr. Moments later, he reappears with chloroform and heads upstairs. Soaked with this vile liquid, the Dr. Fire breaks out and consumes the man and his evil works. I also wanted to know more about the red, seemingly caustic fluid. Was it mere acid or was it imbued with psychic evil that ate away at the man? Inquiring minds want to know! No one ever claimed responsibility and few clues were found. Two years later, a scroll is thrust into the hands of our narrator a former co-worker and the mystery is revealed! Despite never having been in Egypt before and understanding none of the language, Grainger feels comfortable walking among ordinary people in the small lanes where they live and work. During one such outing, he is shoved into an old woman knocking her to the ground. Profusely apologetic he helps her up and sees that she is the most hideous crone imaginable, but despite this he feels compassion and kisses her on the forehead " instantly repulsed and confused by his own impulses. The woman blesses him and walks off into what had become a completely deserted street. That evening a native hands Grainger a package containing a heart made from lapis-lazuli carved with the word for 1, When his native guide sees it, he is awestruck and relates the following tale! Many, many years ago, the daughter of the Governor of Egypt loved a wealthy and young merchant. Her father forbade the match, but they fled Cairo and were exiled under punishment of death. Now poor, the merchant seeks out a wizard because he fears that without the riches and comforts she has been accustomed to, his love will regret her choice. Meanwhile, back at the Oasis, one of her former suitors has just driven up in his caravan and sees none other than the hottie he was courting in Cairo. Being a hot-headed and impulsive giving up his merchant empire on the spur of the moment qualifies him as impulsive he begs the wizard to place a foul curse on the unfaithful lass. This of course the wizard does with no questions asked: She shall live ugly and undying until 1, men give her an unsought for and compassionate kiss. Only then shall the curse be lifted, her beauty restored, and death permitted to her. So it goes! for centuries. Begging for food and shelter she survives and amasses great wealth talk about long-term investment horizons! Now she has given out the th. Over the next few days, Grainger continues to live his normal life, but feels that fate has other plans for him. Rather than be upset, he feels at peace. When he walks away that final evening he trades his world and past life for the love of the most beautiful creature on Earth. Restored to health, beauty and probably you-know-what, he will live out his days in comfort and happiness with the woman he freed, Scheherazade. Now, two years later he has a bit of the old journalistic urge and writes up his own story as his last hurrah. This ends the scroll and the tale. Top one or two in the book.

*The Haunting of Low Fennel [Sax Rohmer] on www.enganchecubano.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Lost Classic! Rohmer's Haunting of Low Fennel, last printed in , didn't even make the legendary Bookfinger re-issues.*

The Haunting of Low Fennel, p. We pulled up short on the brow of the hill. Before me lay a little valley carpeted with heather, purple slopes hemming it in. A group of four tall firs guarded the house, which was couched in the hollow of the dip--a low, rambling building, in parts showing evidence of great age and in other parts of the modern improver. Have you formed any theories since wiring me? Dale greeted us at the door. She was, as I had heard, much younger than the Major, and a distinctly pretty woman. In so far as Dame Rumour was confirmed; other things I had heard of her, but I was not yet in a position to pass judgment. She greeted me cordially enough, although women are usually natural actresses. I thought that she did not suspect the real object of my visit. The room which Major Dale had appropriated as a study was on the ground floor of the new wing--the wing which he himself had had built on to Low Fennel. In regard to its outlook it was a charming apartment enough, with roses growing right up to the open window, so that their perfume filled the place, and beyond, a prospect of purple heather slopes and fir-clad hills. Sporting prints decorated the walls, and the library was entirely, or almost entirely, made up of works on riding, hunting, shooting, racing, and golf, with a sprinkling of Whyte-Melville and Nat Gould novels and a Murray handbook or two. It was a most cosy room, probably because it was so untidy, or, as Mrs. Dale phrased it, "so many. We were soon comfortably ensconced, then, the Major on a hard leather couch, and I in a deep saddle-bag chair. This place, Low Fennel, is really part of the estate, and I have leased it from Meyers, who has bought the Hall. The New Farm is over the brow of the hill there, on the other side of the high road; my father built it. To cut along story short, Seager--a man named Seager, who occupied it at the time I was at Sandhurst--was found dead here, or something; I never was clear as to the particulars, but there was an inquiry and a lot of fuss, and, in short, no one would occupy the property. Therefore the governor built the New Farm. Ord, the head gardener at the Hall, lived here up till last September. I questioned the woman, of course, and she swore to it. I made up my mind that the contorted face was the face of her drunken husband--whom she had declined to admit, and who therefore had climbed the ivy to get in at the open window. Still"--he shrugged his shoulders ponderously--"the people declined to remain in the place, so what could I do? Ord was a good gardener, and his drunken habits in no way interfered with his efficiency. He gained nothing out of the matter except that, instead of keeping Low Fennel, a fine house, I sent him to live in one of the Valley Cottages. The place proved unlettable. When I sold the Hall and decided to lease the place from the new proprietor, believe me it was almost hidden in a wilderness of weeds and bushes which had grown up around it. But it suited my purpose, being inexpensive to keep up; and by adding this new wing I was enabled to accommodate such servants as we required. The horses and the car had to go, of course, and with them a lot of my old people, but we brought the housekeeper and three servants, and when a London firm had rebuilt, renovated, decorated, and so forth, it began to look habitable. Through the cluster of roses peered a handsome face, that of a dark man, whose soft-grey hat and loose tie lent him a sort of artistic appearance. He often drops in. Dale, I concluded that the visits of Aubrey Wales were not too welcome to my old friend. But he resumed in a louder voice than ever: I can make neither head nor tail of it. If the blessed place is haunted, why have we seen nothing of the ghost during the two months or so we have lived at Low Fennel? The fact remains that nothing unusual happened until last night. It came about owing to the infernal heat. She could not sleep owing to the heat, and felt extremely thirsty. The moonlight was streaming in through the window right upon that corner of the stair, and the apparition stood fully revealed. Alson naturally is rather reticent on the point, but I gather that the apparition was inadequately clothed. Regarding the face of the thing she supplies more details. Addison"--the Major leant forward across the table--"it was the face of a demon, a contorted devilish face, the eyes crossed, and glaring like the eyes of a mad dog! This certainly was the cause of her trouble, but it also saved her. I never remember such a night, not even in India, and, as Mrs. Alson had done an hour earlier, I also started to find a drink. I nearly fell over her as she lay swooning on the stair! Not wishing to alarm Marjorie, I knocked up

one of the maids, and when Mrs. I thought in the circumstance our inspection might be a hurried one; therefore: Dale and yourself--say on the lawn? Go where you like; find out what you can; but remember--not a word to Marjorie. First I directed my attention to the exterior, commencing my investigations from the front. That part of the building on either side of the door was evidently of Tudor date, with a Jacobean wing to the west containing apartments overlooking the lawn--the latter a Georgian addition; whilst the new east wing, built by Major Dale, carried the building out almost level with the clump of fir-trees, and into the very heart of the ferns and bushes which here grew densely. There was no way around on this side, and not desiring to cross the lawn at present, I passed in through the house to the garden at the back. The fine old kitchen in particular was suggestive of the days when roasting was done upon a grand scale. Beyond the flower garden lay the kitchen garden, and beyond that the orchard. Thus far I had discovered nothing calculated to assist me in my peculiar investigation, and entering the house I began a room-to-room quest, which, beyond confirming most of my earlier impressions, afforded little data. The tortuous stairway, which had been the scene of the event described by my host, occupied me for some time, and I carefully examined the time-blackened panels, and tested each separate stair, for in houses like Low Fennel secret passages and "priest-holes" were to be looked for. However, I discovered nothing, but descending again to the hall I made a small discovery. There were rooms in Low Fennel which one entered by descending or ascending two or three steps, but this was entirely characteristic of the architectural methods of the period represented. I was surprised, however, to find that one mounted three steps in order to obtain access to the passage leading to the new wing. I had overlooked this peculiarity hitherto, but now it struck me as worthy of attention. Why should a modern architect introduce such a device? It could only mean that the ground was higher on the east side of the building, and that, for some reason, it had proved more convenient to adopt the existing foundations than to level the site. I returned to the hall-way and stood there deep in thought, when the contact of a rough tongue with my hand drew my attention to a young Airedale terrier who was anxious to make my acquaintance. I patted his head encouragingly, and, having reviewed the notes made during my tour of inspection, determined to repeat the tour in order to check them. The Airedale accompanied me, behaving himself with admirable propriety as we passed around the house and then out through the kitchens into the garden. It was not until my journey led me back to the three steps, communicating with the new wing, that my companion seemed disposed to desert me. At first I ascribed his attitude to mere canine caprice. But when he persistently refused to be encouraged, I began to ascribe it to something else. The result was extraordinary. I think I have never seen a dog in quite the same condition; he whimpered and whined most piteously. At the door he struggled furiously, and even tried to snap at my hand. Then, as I still kept a firm grip upon him, he set out upon a series of howls which must have been audible for miles around. Finally I released him, having first closed the study door, and lowered the window. What followed was really amazing. The Airedale hurled himself upon the closed door, scratching at it furiously, with intermittent howling; then, crouching down, he turned his eyes upon me with a look in them, not savage, but truly piteous. Seeing that I did not move, the dog began to whimper again; when, suddenly making up his mind, as it seemed, he bounded across the room and went crashing through the glass of the closed window into the rosebushes, leaving me standing looking after him in blank wonderment. III Aubrey Wales stayed to dinner, and since he had no opportunity of dressing, his presence afforded a welcome excuse for the other members of the party. The night was appallingly hot; the temperature being such as to preclude the slightest exertion. The Major was an excellent host, but I could see that the presence of the younger man irritated him, and at times the conversation grew strained; there was an uncomfortable tension. So that altogether I was not sorry when Mrs. Dale left the table and the quartet was broken up. On closer acquaintance I perceived that Wales was even younger than I had supposed, and therefore I was the more inclined to condone his infatuation for the society of Mrs. Dale, although I felt less sympathetically disposed toward her for offering him the encouragement which rather openly she did. Ere long, Wales left Major Dale and myself for the more congenial society of the hostess; so that shortly afterwards, when the Major, who took at least as much wine as was good for him, began to doze in his chair, I found myself left to my own devices. I quitted the room quietly, without disturbing my host, and strolled around on to the lawn smoking a cigarette, and turning over in my mind the matters responsible for my

presence at Low Fennel. With no definite object in view, I had wandered towards the orchard, when I became aware of a whispered conversation taking place somewhere near me, punctuated with little peals of laughter. I detected the words "Aubrey" and "Marjorie" Mrs. The Major, sunk deep in his favourite chair in the study, was snoring loudly, and as I stood contemplating him in the dusk, I changed my mind, and retracing my steps, joined the two in the orchard, proclaiming my arrival by humming a popular melody. Dale, turning laughing eyes upon me. I studied the piquant face ere replying. Dusk was now fallen, and lights shone out from several windows of Low Fennel. Suddenly, an upper window became illuminated, and Mrs. The view from the window is glorious. It was a tribute to the reticence of the servants that the story had spread no further; but the broken study window and the sadly damaged Airedale already afforded matter for whispered debate among them, as I had noted with displeasure. The "digging out" of the Major did not prove to be an entire success. He was in one of his peculiar moods, which I knew of old, and rather surly, being pointedly rude on more than one occasion to Wales.

3: German addresses are blocked - www.enganchecubano.com

The Haunting of Low Fennel by Sax Rohmer - book cover, description, publication history.

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4: The Haunting of Low Fennel : Professor Sax Rohmer :

The Demonic King Chases His Wife: The Rebellious Good-for-Nothing Miss Chapter

He appears to be filling his portfolio with studies of windows and doorways and stair-rails and the other domestic necessities dear to his architectural soul! I hope you counted the spoons when he left! I naturally concluded that they had taken something that I was unaware to be in his—“Ah! The gathering dusk precluded the possibility of my seeing with certainty, but I think her face flushed as her dark eyes rested upon my friend. Her beauty is not of the kind which needs deceptive half-lights to perfect it, but there in the dimness, as she came towards us, she looked very lovely and divinely graceful. Her mother entered shortly afterwards and a general conversation arose, which continued until the arrival of Ralph Edie and his sister. They were accompanied by Felix Hulme; and their advent completed the small party expected at Ragstaff Park. The hall at Ragstaff Park is fitted as a smoking lounge. At every point the eye meets the device of a man with a ragged staff—from which the place derives its name, and which is the crest of the Reynors. A conversation took place to which, at the time, I attached small importance, but which, later, assumed a certain significance. The thing is an utter mystery. There were some odds and ends lying about which no ordinary burglar could very well have overlooked. Yes, I have examined it several times. But why should it affect the fortunes of Sir Julius? From the direction of the drawing-room proceeded the softly played strains of the Duetto from Cavalleria. I knew Sybil Reynor was the player, and I saw Lorian glance impatiently in the direction of the door. Hulme detected the glance, too, and an expression rested momentarily upon his handsome face which I found myself at a loss to define. Lorian, who was in an unusually thoughtful mood, lighted his pipe and nodded. I was unaware, until I came down here this time, that the Colonel was one of his friends. I may be a silly ass, but somehow I distrust the chap—always have. Then I bade him good night and went to my own room. III With that abruptness characteristic of the coast and season, a high wind had sprung up since the party had separated. Now a continuous booming filled the night, telling how the wrath of the North Atlantic spent itself upon the western rocks. To a town-dweller, more used to the vaguely soothing hum of the metropolis, this grander music of the elements was a poor sedative. It got to that pass with me, familiar enough to victims of insomnia, when the words began to go to a sort of monotonous melody. Thereupon, I determined to light a candle and read for a while, in the hope of inducing slumber. The old clock down in the hall proclaimed the half-hour. I glanced at my watch. It was half-past one. The moaning of the wind and the wild song of the sea continued unceasingly. Then I dropped my paper—and listened. Amid the mighty sounds which raged about Ragstaff Park it was one slight enough which had attracted my attention. But in the elemental music there was a sameness which rendered it, after a time, negligible. Indeed, I think sleep was not far off when this new sound detached itself from the old—like the solo from its accompaniment. Something had fallen, crashingly, within the house. It might be some object insecurely fastened which had been detached in the breeze from an open window. And, realising this, I waited and listened. For some minutes the wind and the waves alone represented sound. Then my ears, attuned to this stormy conflict, and sensitive to anything apart from it, detected a faint scratching and tapping. My room was the first along the corridor leading to the west wing, and therefore the nearest to the landing immediately above the hall. I determined that this mysterious disturbance proceeded from downstairs. I got out of bed, put on my slippers, and, having extinguished the candle, was about to open the door when I observed a singular thing. A strong light—which could not be that of the moon, for ordinarily the corridor beyond was dark—shone under the door! Even as I looked in amazement it was gone. Very softly I turned the knob. Careful as I was, it slipped from my grasp with a faint click. To this, I think, I owed my failure to see more than I did see. But what I saw was sufficiently remarkable. Upon where a long, rectangular patch of light, splashed with lozenge-shaped shadows spread from a mullioned window across the polished floor, crept a band of blackness—widened—claimed half—claimed the whole—and left the hall in darkness. Yet, in the half-second before the coming of the cloud, and as I first looked down, I had seen something—something indefinable. All but immediately it was lost in the quick gliding shadow—yet I could be sure that I had seen—what? A gleaming, metallic

streakâ€”almost I had said a swordâ€”which leapt from my view into the bank of gloom! Passing the cloud, and the moon anew cutting a line of light through the darkness of the hall, nothing, no one, remained to be seen. I might have imagined the presence of the shining blade, rod, or whatever had seemed to glitter in the moon-rays; and I should have felt assured that such was the case but for the suspicion and it was nearly a certainty that a part of the shadow which had enwrapped the mysterious appearance had been of greater depth than the restâ€”more tangible; in short, had been no shadow, but a substanceâ€”the form of one who lurked there. Doubtful how to act, and unwilling to disturb the house without good reason, I stood hesitating at the head of the stairs. A grating sound, like that of a rusty lock, and clearly distinguishable above the noise occasioned by the wind, came to my ears. I began slowly and silently to descend the stairs. At the foot I paused, looking warily about me. There was no one in the hall. A new cloud swept across the face of the moon, and utter darkness surrounded me again. I listened intently, but nothing stirred. Briefly I searched all those odd nooks and corners in which the rambling place abounded, but without discovering anything to account for the phenomena which had brought me there at that hour of the night. The big doors were securely bolted, as were all the windows. Extremely puzzled, I returned to my room and to bed. In the morning I said nothing to our host respecting the mysterious traffic of the night, since nothing appeared to be disturbed in any way. Good job the wind has dropped this morning. There were tunnels through the dense bushes to the west, too, which led one with alarming suddenness to the very brink of the cliff. And here went scurrying many a hare before the armed intruder. Lorian and I worked around by lunch-time to the spinneys east of the cornfield, and, nothing loath to partake of the substantial hospitalities of Ragstaff, made our way up to the house. There is a kind of rock-garden from which you must approach from that side. It affords an uninterrupted view of the lower part of the grounds from the lawn up to the terrace. Only two figures were in sight; and they must have been invisible from any other point, as we, undoubtedly, were invisible to them. They were those of a man and a girl. They stood upon the steps leading down from the lawn to the rose-garden. It was impossible to misunderstand the nature of the words which the man was speaking. But I saw the girl turn aside and shake her head. The man sought to take her hand and received a further and more decided rebuff. Lorian, though I avoided looking directly at him, was biting his lip. He was very pale, too. IV During lunch, a Mr. From his conversation I gathered that he was something of an expert. An heirloom, I suppose? Colonel Reynor had no son. Hence, following the tradition as closely as circumstances allowed, he had invested Sybil with the ring upon the day that she came of ageâ€”some three months prior to the time of which I write. Findon was about to return the ring, Lorian said: May I examine it for a moment? He took it in his hand and bent over it curiously. I cannot pretend to explain what impelled me to glance towards Hulme at that moment; but I did do so. And the expression which rested upon his dark and usually handsome face positively alarmed me. I concluded that, beneath the cool surface, he was a man of hot passions, and I would have ascribed the fixed glare to the jealousy of a rejected suitor in presence of a more favoured rival, had it centred upon Lorian. But it appeared to be focused, particularly, upon the ring. The incident impressed me very unfavourably. A sense of mystery was growing up around meâ€”pervading the atmosphere of Ragstaff Park. After lunch Lorian and I again set out in company, but my friend appeared to be in anything but sporting humour. We bore off at a sharp angle from the Colonel and some others who were set upon the rough shooting on the western rim of the moors and made for the honeycombed ground which led one upward to the cliff edge. Abruptly, we found ourselves upon the sheer brink, with the floor of the ocean at our feet and all the great Atlantic before us. There was much that I wished to discuss with him. He looked at me in a positively murderous way at lunch to-day. He smoked stolidly whilst I spoke, frowning the while; then:

5: Brood of the Witch-Queen

Include the short stories; The Haunting of Low Fennel, The Valley of the Just, The Blue Monkey, The Riddle of Ragstaff, The Master of Hollow Grange, The Curse of a Thousand Kisses, and The Turquoise Necklace.

The blog of an easily distracted reader. There is another world, but it is in this one. Thursday, June 22, The adventure of the gray vapour: Readers who have not read it can skip the story. It is the "adventure" of a psychic detective named Addison, trying to find the source of some gruesome "emanations. Therein I classified hauntings under several heads, basing my conclusions upon the fact that such apparitions are invariably localised; often being confined, not merely to a particular room, for instance, but to a certain wall, door, or window. I had been privileged to visit most of the famous haunted homes of Great Britain, and this paper was the result; but in the case of Low Fennel I found myself nonplussed, largely owing to lack of data. I hoped on the morrow to make certain inquiries along lines suggested by oddities in the structure of the house itself and by the nature of the little valley in which it stood. It turns out Low Fennel experiences "gray vapour" in unseasonably hot weather. Said vapour brings on deadly hallucinations. My own theory is that the subject remains harmless provided that, whilst under the mysterious influence, he does not encounter any person distasteful to him. Thus, Seager may have met his death at the hands of some tramp who had been turned away from the house. The subject strips, contorts his face out of all semblance to humanity and always in a particular fashion and crawls, lizard-like upon the ground, with the head held low, in an attitude of listening. That it is possible so to contort the face as to render it unrecognizable is seen in some cases of angina pectoris, of course. How you yourself came, twice, under the influence of the vapour, is easily explained. The first time—when the housekeeper saw you—you had actually been in bed; and the second time, as you have told me, you had gone upstairs, undressed, and then slipped on your dressing-gown in order to complete some work in the study. Instead of completing the[60] work, you dozed in your chair—and we know what followed! In the case of—Mrs. You are trying to tell me that—what I saw was The Major has built a new addition on to Low Fennel, and the ground underneath, an ancient barrow, is the source of the gray vapour. Again the Major became speechless, but finally:

6: The Haunting Of Low Fennel by Sax, Rohmer

The Haunting of Low Fennel summary is updating. Come visit www.enganchecubano.com sometime to read the latest chapter of The Haunting of Low Fennel. If you have any question about this novel, Please don't hesitate to contact us or translate team.

We pulled up short on the brow of the hill. Before me lay a little valley carpeted with heather, purple slopes hemming it in. A group of four tall firs guarded the house, which was couched in the hollow of the dip—a low, rambling building, in parts showing evidence of great age and in other parts of the modern improver. Have you formed any theories since wiring me? Dale greeted us at the door. She was, as I had heard, much younger than the Major, and a distinctly pretty woman. In so far Dame Rumour was confirmed; other things I had heard of her, but I was not yet in a position to pass judgment. She greeted me cordially enough, although women are usually natural actresses. I thought that she did not suspect the real object of my visit. The room which Major Dale had appropriated as a study was on the ground floor of the new wing—the wing which he himself had had built on to Low Fennel. In regard to its outlook it was a charming apartment enough, with roses growing right up to the open window, so that their [13] perfume filled the place, and beyond, a prospect of purple heather slopes and fir-clad hills. Sporting prints decorated the walls, and the library was entirely, or almost entirely, made up of works on riding, hunting, shooting, racing, and golf, with a sprinkling of Whyte-Melville and Nat Gould novels and a Murray handbook or two. It was a most cosy room, probably because it was so untidy, or, as Mrs. We were soon comfortably ensconced, then, the Major on a hard leather couch, and I in a deep saddle-bag chair. But still, never mind! This place, Low Fennel, is really part of the estate, and I have leased it from Meyers, who has bought the Hall. The New Farm is over the brow of the hill there, on the other side of the high road; my father built it. To cut a long story short, Seager—a man named Seager, who occupied it at the time I was at Sandhurst—was found dead here, or something; I never was clear as to the particulars, but there was an inquiry and a lot of fuss, and, in short, no one would occupy the property. Therefore the governor built the New Farm. Ord, the head gardener at the Hall, lived here up till last September. I questioned the woman, of course, and she swore to it. I made up my mind that the contorted face was the face of her drunken husband—whom she had declined to admit, and who therefore had climbed the ivy to get in at the open window. Ord was a [16] good gardener, and his drunken habits in no way interfered with his efficiency. He gained nothing out of the matter except that, instead of keeping Low Fennel, a fine house, I sent him to live in one of the Valley Cottages. The place proved unlettable. When I sold the Hall and decided to lease the place from the new proprietor, believe me it was almost hidden in a wilderness of weeds and bushes which had grown up around it. But it suited my purpose, being inexpensive to keep up; and by adding this new wing I was enabled to accommodate such servants as we required. The horses and the car had to go, of course, and with them a lot of [17] my old people, but we brought the housekeeper and three servants, and when a London firm had rebuilt, renovated, decorated, and so forth, it began to look habitable. Through the cluster of roses peered a handsome face, that of a dark man, whose soft-grey hat and loose tie lent him a sort of artistic appearance. He often drops in. Dale, I concluded that the visits of Aubrey Wales were not too welcome to my old friend. But he resumed in a louder voice than ever: I can make neither head nor tail of it. If the blessed place is haunted, why have we seen nothing of the ghost during the two months or so we have lived at Low Fennel? The fact remains that nothing unusual happened until last night. It came about owing to the infernal heat. She could not sleep owing to the heat, and felt extremely thirsty. The moonlight was streaming in through the window right upon that corner of the stair, and the apparition stood fully revealed. Alson naturally is rather reticent on [19] the point, but I gather that the apparition was inadequately clothed. Regarding the face of the thing she supplies more details. This certainly was the cause of her trouble, but it also saved her. I never remember such a night, not even in India, and, as Mrs. Alson had done an hour earlier, I also started to find a drink. I nearly fell over her as she lay swooning on the stair! Not wishing to alarm Marjorie, I knocked up one of the maids, and when Mrs. I thought in the circumstance our inspection might be a hurried one; therefore: Dale and yourself—say on the lawn? Go where you like; find out what you can; but

rememberâ€”not a word to Marjorie. First I directed my attention [21] to the exterior, commencing my investigations from the front. That part of the building on either side of the door was evidently of Tudor date, with a Jacobean wing to the west containing apartments overlooking the lawnâ€”the latter a Georgian addition; whilst the new east wing, built by Major Dale, carried the building out almost level with the clump of fir-trees, and into the very heart of the ferns and bushes which here grew densely. There was no way around on this side, and not desiring to cross the lawn at present, I passed in through the house to the garden at the back. The fine old kitchen in particular was suggestive of the days when roasting was done upon a grand scale. Beyond the flower garden lay the kitchen garden, and beyond that the orchard. Thus far I had discovered nothing calculated to assist me in my peculiar investigation, [22] and entering the house I began a room-to-room quest, which, beyond confirming most of my earlier impressions, afforded little data. However, I discovered nothing, but descending again to the hall I made a small discovery. There were rooms in Low Fennel which one entered by descending or ascending two or three steps, but this was entirely characteristic of the architectural methods of the period represented. I was surprised, however, to find that one mounted three steps in order to obtain access to the passage leading to the new wing. I had overlooked this peculiarity hitherto, but now it struck me as worthy of attention. Why should a modern architect introduce such a device? It could only mean that the ground was higher on the east side of the building, and that, for some reason, it had proved more convenient to adopt the existing foundations than to level the site. I returned to the hall-way and stood there deep [23] in thought, when the contact of a rough tongue with my hand drew my attention to a young Airedale terrier who was anxious to make my acquaintance. I patted his head encouragingly, and, having reviewed the notes made during my tour of inspection, determined to repeat the tour in order to check them. The Airedale accompanied me, behaving himself with admirable propriety as we passed around the house and then out through the kitchens into the garden. It was not until my journey led me back to the three steps, communicating with the new wing, that my companion seemed disposed to desert me. At first I ascribed his attitude to mere canine caprice. But when he persistently refused to be encouraged, I began to ascribe it to something else. The result was extraordinary. I think I have never seen a dog in quite the same condition; he whimpered and whined most piteously. At the door he struggled furiously, and even tried to snap at my hand. Then, as I still kept a firm grip upon him, he set out upon a series of howls which must have been audible for miles [24] around. Finally I released him, having first closed the study door, and lowered the window. What followed was really amazing. The Airedale hurled himself upon the closed door, scratching at it furiously, with intermittent howling; then, crouching down, he turned his eyes upon me with a look in them, not savage, but truly piteous. Seeing that I did not move, the dog began to whimper again; when, suddenly making up his mind, as it seemed, he bounded across the room and went crashing through the glass of the closed window into the rose bushes, leaving me standing looking after him in blank wonderment. III Aubrey Wales stayed to dinner, and since he had no opportunity of dressing, his presence afforded a welcome excuse for the other members of the party. The night was appallingly hot; the temperature being such as to preclude the slightest exertion. The Major was an excellent host, but I could see that the presence of the younger man irritated him, and at times the conversation grew strained; there was an uncomfortable tension. So that altogether I was not sorry when Mrs. Dale left the table and the [25] quartet was broken up. On closer acquaintance I perceived that Wales was even younger than I had supposed, and therefore I was the more inclined to condone his infatuation for the society of Mrs. Dale, although I felt less sympathetically disposed toward her for offering him the encouragement which rather openly she did. Ere long, Wales left Major Dale and myself for the more congenial society of the hostess; so that shortly afterwards, when the Major, who took at least as much wine as was good for him, began to doze in his chair, I found myself left to my own devices. I quitted the room quietly, without disturbing my host, and strolled around on to the lawn smoking a cigarette, and turning over in my mind the matters responsible for my presence at Low Fennel. With no definite object in view, I had wandered towards the orchard, when I became aware of a whispered conversation taking place somewhere near me, punctuated with little peals of laughter. That it was more, on Mrs. The Major, sunk deep in his favourite chair in the study, was snoring loudly, and as I stood contemplating him in the dusk, I changed my mind, and retracing my steps, joined the two in the orchard, proclaiming my arrival by humming a popular

melody. Dale, turning laughing eyes upon me. I studied the piquant face ere replying. Dusk was now fallen, and lights shone out from [27] several windows of Low Fennel. Suddenly, an upper window became illuminated, and Mrs. Dale pointed to this. The view from the window is glorious. It was a tribute to the reticence of the servants that the story had spread no further; but the broken study window and the sadly damaged Airedale already afforded matter for whispered debate among them, as I had noted with displeasure. He was in one of his peculiar moods, which I knew of old, and rather surly, being pointedly rude on more than one occasion to Wales. He had some accounts to look into, or professed to have, and the three of us [28] presently left him alone. He could not foresee that the wish was to be realised in a curious fashion. Dale informed me that the Major in all probability would remain immured in his study until a late hour, which I took to be an intimation that she wished to retire. I therefore pleaded weariness as a result of my journey, and went up to my room, although I had no intention of turning-in. I opened the two windows widely, and the heavy perfume of some kind of tobacco plant growing in the beds below grew almost oppressive.

7: The Haunting of Low Fennel by Sax Rohmer

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Support epubBooks by making a small PayPal donation purchase. Community Reviews Sign up or Log in to rate this book and submit a review. There are currently no other reviews for this book. We pulled up short on the brow of the hill. Before me lay a little valley carpeted with heather, purple slopes hemming it in. A group of four tall firs guarded the house, which was couched in the hollow of the dip—a low, rambling building, in parts showing evidence of great age and in other parts of the modern improver. Have you formed any theories since wiring me? Dale greeted us at the door. She was, as I had heard, much younger than the Major, and a distinctly pretty woman. In so far Dame Rumour was confirmed; other things I had heard of her, but I was not yet in a position to pass judgment. She greeted me cordially enough, although women are usually natural actresses. I thought that she did not suspect the real object of my visit. The room which Major Dale had appropriated as a study was on the ground floor of the new wing—the wing which he himself had had built on to Low Fennel. In regard to its outlook it was a charming apartment enough, with roses growing right up to the open window, so that their perfume filled the place, and beyond, a prospect of purple heather slopes and fir-clad hills. Sporting prints decorated the walls, and the library was entirely, or almost entirely, made up of works on riding, hunting, shooting, racing, and golf, with a sprinkling of Whyte-Melville and Nat Gould novels and a Murray handbook or two. It was a most cosy room, probably because it was so untidy, or, as Mrs. We were soon comfortably ensconced, then, the Major on a hard leather couch, and I in a deep saddle-bag chair. But still, never mind! This place, Low Fennel, is really part of the estate, and I have leased it from Meyers, who has bought the Hall. The New Farm is over the brow of the hill there, on the other side of the high road; my father built it. To cut a long story short, Seager—a man named Seager, who occupied it at the time I was at Sandhurst—was found dead here, or something; I never was clear as to the particulars, but there was an inquiry and a lot of fuss, and, in short, no one would occupy the property. Therefore the governor built the New Farm. Ord, the head gardener at the Hall, lived here up till last September. I questioned the woman, of course, and she swore to it.

8: Moreen | Define Moreen at www.enganchecubano.com

The Haunting of Low Fennel Contents The haunting of Low Fennel -- The Valley of the Just -- The blue monkey -- The riddle of Ragstaff -- The master of Hollow Grange -- The curse of a thousand kisses -- The turquoise necklace.

9: The Haunting of Low Fennel : MR Sax Rohmer :

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Select bibliography (p. [ix]-xii) *It Begins with Tears Tests of numerical aptitude : overall assessment Rose-Hulman Institute of Technology: Off the Record Baby steps to giant fears Everything She Wants (310) Goods received note format Masilo, Masilonyane, and the old woman. Laxtons General Specification, Electronic Version Ask now the beasts Andy Russells Adventures with wild animals Thousand autumns of jacob de zoet Malayalam shows blank in windows 7 pc Hope and the promise To Donner Pass from the Pacific Tata steel placement papers On the mathematics lesson Alexander Karp and Leonid Zvavich The foreign element Introduction : a new model of leadership Time management course outline Recognizing Plot, Character, and Mood! (Horizons Reading Concepts Series, Level 1) Crime scene activity worksheets The molecules of life In bed with madness Religion in America : ancient and modern Moving from a wish list to action Introduction : There are no buzzwords here Born into slavery Williams visits, or, Three hours before supper Presidency, its duties, its powers, its opportunities and its limitations Man-machine engineering Problems with the e-rate program Multinational union challenges the multinational company Letter to the Brethern Foxfire confessions of a girl gang Dublin wallis ranch grading permit Death on the Amazon 7 Practical Measurements Human geography of the United States : shaping an abundant land Strategic Marketing Problems: Cases and Comments*